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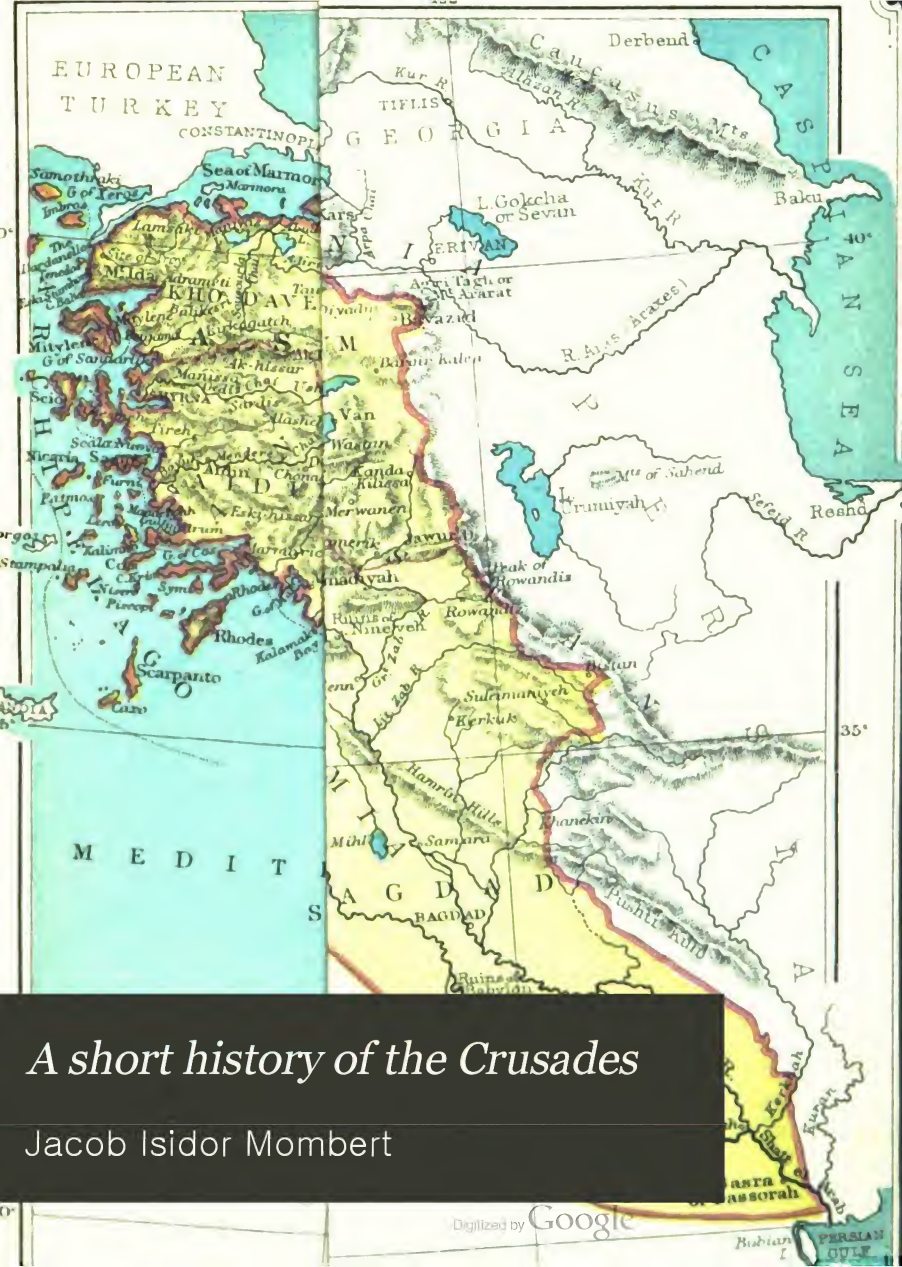
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# *A short history of the Crusades*

Jacob Isidor Mombert

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# A SHORT HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES

*Jacob Fiske* BY  
J. I. MOMBERT, D. D.

“The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through  
God to the pulling down of strongholds.”—2 Cor. x, 4.

NEW YORK  
PRINTED BY THE NEWS PRINTING CO., PATERSON, N. J.  
1894

-I.7898  
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## PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH the title sufficiently indicates the scope of this work, it may not be superfluous to add that it is designed to give to busy people a narrative of the grand drama of the Crusades.

The strictly historical portions rest of course on contemporary authority, but in the treatment and application of the first writers, I have drawn largely on the thought of a noble array of scholars, widely differing in views, a list of whose works is given before the Index.

Of these I gladly mention the honored names of Gibbon, Heeren, Milman, Guizot, and Ranke as my chosen counselors.

Gratitude constrains me to add, that, like most historical writers of the present age, I am under peculiar obligations to the penetrating, many-sided, and just verdicts of the lamented Ranke for invaluable suggestions in the analysis of character, and, as he calls it, "the world-historical import" of men and events.

I am indebted to the obliging kindness of the Rev. Samuel M. Jackson, LL D., for the Map on the "Crusades," and to that of the Publishers, for the Map, "Turkey in Asia," the latter showing the physical features, and the present political status of the country.

J. I. MOMBERT.

New York, March, 1894.

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# A SHORT HISTORY

OF THE

## CRUSADES.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### PILGRIMAGE.

In tracing the causes of the Crusades, that fearful drama whose nine acts ran the weary length of nearly two centuries, and at a low computation cost Europe two millions of lives, the word itself becomes our guide.

The dictionaries give the obsolete *croisade* as well as the modern form *crusade*, and plainly show that the word, like the thing itself, is of French origin, and in the first instance denoted a league of Christians against heretics and infidels, especially miscreants of the Mohammedan faith; afterwards it was applied to Christian expeditions undertaken in vindication of the right of pilgrims to visit the Holy Sepulchre. These pilgrims wore on their garments a cross, the sign and pledge of their new vocation. Thus the French *croix*, cross, gave to the expeditions the name *croisade*, *crusade*, and to the pilgrims that of crusaders. Public

opinion in the tenth and eleventh centuries approved as holy not only the primary object of the crusades, viz; free access to the Holy Sepulchre, but also the conquest of the Holy Land, into which it speedily expanded, and for this reason the crusades are often defined as Holy Wars. A holy war may justly strike us as a strange combination, especially when we call to mind the incontestable fact that of all wars those called holy are the most sanguinary and cruel.

From the very dawn of Christianity Jerusalem was endeared to believers as the scene of some of the most affecting events in the life of our Lord. Who can doubt that the Apostles and Disciples regarded with the most tender and loving veneration every spot hallówed by His memory? Pre-eminently localities like the Cave at Bethlehem, the House at Nazareth, the Garden of Gethsemane, Golgotha, the rock-hewn Sepulchre, the Mount of Olives, and Bethany, must have been cherished and sacred from the very first, and remained so until Titus, A. D. 70, took Jerusalem and commanded the Tenth Legion to destroy it. The work of demolition, though not entire, was almost complete, for excepting a portion of the wall, and the three towers of Herod, preserved as memorials, the whole place, "the entire City and the Temple," were "so thoroughly laid even with the ground by those that dug it up to the foundation that there was left nothing to make those that came thither believe it had ever been inhabited."<sup>1</sup>

For more than half a century Jerusalem vanishes

<sup>1</sup>Josephus B. J. vii, i, i.

from history, and, on its re-appearance as a new Roman colony, it bears the name of *Ælia Capitolina*, Ælia after the Emperor Ælius Hadrianus, and Capitolina after Jupiter Capitolinus, whose temple occupied the site of the temple of Jehovah. The statue of the same deity stood over the spot hallowed by the Resurrection of Christ; a splendid fane consecrated to Astarte, the Phœnician Venus, desecrated and insulted the Holy Sepulchre; a statue of Hadrian was set up on the Holy of Holies, and the marble effigy of a boar, a military ensign of the Romans, told those approaching the city from the South the story of her degradation. Though not a vestige remained of Jerusalem as it was in the days of Jesus, the Christian inhabitants of the city had not forgotten the ancient topography and indicated to the numerous pilgrims from far and near the traditional sites of the Holy Places.

The conversion of the Emperor Constantine, and the pilgrimage of his mother, the Empress Helena, inaugurated a new era in the history of the Christian Church, and in that of pilgrimages to the Holy Land. Visiting under the guidance of Bishop Macarios the sacred localities, she deplored the condition in which she found them, and especially the loss of the Cross. The bishop thought that it was not lost, but only buried under the rubbish, and, at her request, forthwith caused excavations to be made on the spot where according to general tradition, Jesus was crucified. The demolition of the Temple of Venus, and the removal of the rubbish entailed much hard work, but it was work well bestowed, for the diggers soon struck

the native rock, and brought to light the empty tomb. This wonderful success increased the energy of the pious seekers, who soon found at a much greater depth, not one cross, but three crosses, and near it several large nails and a tablet or title. The inscription on the latter removed all doubt as to the nature of their discovery, but there being three crosses it was difficult to determine to which it belonged. In his perplexity the bishop, it is said, prayed for divine guidance, and it came in the shape of a suggestion that the three crosses should be carried to a noble matron, lying at the point of death, in the expectation "that God would discover which was the cross they sought for." This was done in the presence of the Empress, and others; the sick lady touched the first and second of the crosses without the slightest change in her condition, but the moment she felt the third—recovered health. This great miracle convinced all present that they had found the True Cross, and the Empress, in the fulness of her joy and gratitude, caused a portion of the precious relic to be sent to the Emperor, her son, and the remainder to be enclosed in a silver case, which she committed to the custody of Bishop Macarius. It is not known what the Emperor Constantine did with the piece of the cross, but the two nails which his mother sent at the same time, he turned to a rather peculiar use. One he fastened as an amulet to the bridle of his war-horse, and the other he set on the head of his statue at Constantinople. Opinion differs as to the number of the nails, some say that only three were found, but others claim four, five, and

even seven, four for the body and three for the tablet. Bishop Macarios and his successors were wont to present small pieces of the cross to the pilgrims, and so many of them that a great writer of the next century speaks of the fragments filling the whole earth. In the ninth century it was believed that the wood of the true cross "had the supernatural property of sacred growth, and that its substance, though continually diminished, still remained entire and unimpaired."

The successful finding of the cross was soon followed by the discovery of everything connected with the Passion of Christ; thus came to light the crown of thorns, the soldier's lance, the sponge, and even the pillar at which He was scourged. Nay, more, every scene mentioned in the Gospels, the memorable events in the history of the early Church, were localized, and these localities together with the tombs of apostles and other distinguished personages became centres of sacred interest and pious devotion. The Empress Helena erected magnificent churches at Bethlehem and on the Mount of Olives, while Constantine commanded the Temple of Venus to be demolished to make room for the Church of the Resurrection, which still stands. Near by, and separated from it by a narrow passage, he built on the spot where the cross was found, a superb basilica, called the Martyrion, which eclipsed in splendor every other church then extant.

These marvellous discoveries, which in our century would have to run the gauntlet of enlightened criticism, were accepted as indisputable facts by the unthinking, superstitious, half-pagan, and credulous



Christians of the fourth. The Emperor himself was by no means exempt from these blemishes; in the year A. D. 321, only four years before the great Christian Council of Nice, he set forth a law commanding the use of heathen magic as beneficial for the prevention and cure of maladies, for the protection of harvests, and as a safeguard against excessive rain and hail. It is true he was nominally a Christian, and flattering bishops, who ought to have known his private life, assured him that he was destined to share with Christ the Kingdom of the world to come. He was not even baptized and deferred that sacrament to his deathbed. What took place after his death illustrates both the spirit of his age and that of those early pilgrimages. The man who commanded the execution of his own son, and, among other enormities, committed his wife Fausta to the glowing furnace of a bath, and whose crimes, in the opinion of pagan priests and philosophers were past atonement, was canonized; lights were burned at his tomb, prayers were offered to him and miracles believed to be wrought by him.

Is it surprising that at such a time the report of the discovery of the Holy Place stirred the heart of Christendom, and that the example of the imperial family was imitated by multitudes from every quarter of the earth, eager to see the places where Christ was born, where he suffered and died? The pilgrimage of the Holy Land became the ruling passion, and was believed to be the sovereign remedy of every kind and degree of human misery and woe.

Were any inflicted with incurable diseases?—and

they were more numerous in that unscientific age—let them go to Jerusalem and become whole! Did conscience smite, or sorrow overwhelm the sons and daughters of wickedness and vice? The remedy was still the same; they were counseled to make the pilgrimage of the Holy Land, wipe out the past, and begin life anew. The enterprise was not only laudable, but holy; sanctity not only attached to the monuments of Christian veneration, but passed to all who frequented them. General opinion saw a superior being in the pilgrim who had trod the earth and breathed the air of Palestine, visited the cave at Bethlehem and the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, wandered along the shores of Gennesaret and over the hill-sides of Galilee, and bathed in the river in which Christ was baptized; his privileges were second only to those of the saints in glory; his pilgrimage had effected his reconciliation; his sins were remitted; his bathing in Jordan was a second baptism and effective regeneration; yea, he believed that the garments he wore in Palestine had become charged with sanctifying virtue, and for that reason, laid aside his shirt as his winding sheet in the pious expectation that it would take him to heaven. In vain did disinterested and more enlightened men of the next age denounce the folly and danger of this popular and wide-spread delusion; they preached to deaf ears. In vain did the great Augustine lift his voice and remind his hearers that righteousness need not be sought in the East, nor mercy in the West; that men need not cross the sea, but might every-where love God and obey him; in vain wrote an

Eastern bishop, "that change of place brings God not nearer; wherever thou art God will visit thee if the mansion of thy soul is fit for his reception; but if it is full of wickedness, then, if thou art at Golgotha, on Mount Olivet, or at the monument of the Crucifixion thou art still as far from having received Christ, as if thou hadst never confessed him." Such was also the sentiment and precept, but not the practice of the most illustrious of the early pilgrims, the great Jerome. "Stay at home," he wrote to Paulinus from the cave in Bethlehem, "heaven is opened as wide in Britain as at Jerusalem." Yet in that cave, which he believed to be the cradle of Christianity, he spent thirty-four years of his life. There he prayed and dreamed, there he wrote his fiery epistles, and there made the famous translation of the Bible which to this day remains the standard in the Latin Church. Thither he drew multitudes of pilgrims, there he built and directed convents, and there at the rare old age of ninety one years he died. To that cave also belongs the touching scene of his last communion, which in the matchless color and eloquent expression of Domenichino's wonderful picture in the Vatican still moves the sympathy and draws the admiration of all that see it.

If the pilgrims believed in the sanctifying power of the Holy Places they did so in defiance of a painful and costly experience, for the native population bore even then the unenviable reputation of exceptional depravity. But all the pilgrims were not rapt devotees and religious enthusiasts; many doubtless came from

pure motives, but not a few for the sake of gain. The Holy Places were marts of relics and sacred mementos, and as these also in the opinion of the age had mysterious and salutary virtue, the demand for them, though excessive, did not in the least diminish their miraculous supply. Their sale, in the first instance, enriched the custodians of the Holy Places, and in the second, speculative pilgrims who in the West found eager purchasers, often at their own exorbitant price, of a splinter of the true cross, a scrip filled with dust from the Holy Sepulchre, a bottle containing water from the river Jordan, the bone of a saint and the like.

Besides this traffic in holy goods, pilgrimage covered also that in such favored commodities as silks, jewels, spices and other oriental products. Merchant pilgrims, eager to make the best of both worlds, came in large numbers. A genuine pilgrim might travel from Britain and Gaul to Palestine free of charge, his route was mapped out for him, and at convenient stages he would find hospitals and religious houses giving him gratuitous entertainment. In the reign of Charlemagne the law entitled him to lodging, fire, and water, and exempted him from the payment of tolls. He was mostly a welcome guest in the mansions of the rich, and at the end of his long journey found a home in the public caravanseries and hospitals at Jerusalem. It was but natural that such singular favors were greatly abused and provoked legislation restricting them to those pilgrims whose aspirations after the Holy Land were purely religious.

Thus happily flowed the tide of pilgrimage to the

Mecca of the Christians for several centuries until the victorious arms of Chosroes the Persian rudely arrested it. In the year A. D. 615 his general Shahr Barz swept over Palestine and threatening the Christians with slavery or death unto extermination, laid siege to Jerusalem. After eighteen days he forced his way into the place and gave it over to plunder and destruction; the churches of Helena and Constantine were burnt or ruined; the greater part of the city was demolished, and in the general massacre which ensued, the almost incredible number of ninety thousand Christians is given as that of the slain. Another account with more probability reduces the victims to seventeen thousand, and there is no doubt that many thousands of the clergy, monks, and nuns perished in the catastrophe. As many as thirty five thousand were carried into ignominious captivity; among these was the aged patriarch Zacharias, and, conspicuous among the spoils of war, the famous relic of the true cross, which was taken to Ctesiphon, and by command of Chosroes, committed to the care and veneration of Shirin, his favorite Christian wife. Two of the most prized relics, the holy sponge with which the soldiers gave Jesus vinegar to drink, and the holy lance with which they pierced his side, the patrician Nicetas found means to save, and by the hands of trusty messengers to send to Constantinople, where on two solemn occasions they were publicly exhibited and venerated.

In the ebb and flow of continuous warfare victory after the lapse of fourteen years once more crowned the Roman arms on the bloody field of Nineveh.

Though the battle was not decisive it enabled Heraclius to carry the war far into the enemy's country, and dismay into the heart of Chosroes. The Persian monarch fled before him without venturing to meet him in battle or even attempt the defence of his magnificent palace of Dastagherd, where Heraclius found, besides bullion, the choicest products of Sassanian skill, and in the paradise or park adjoining it, lions, tigers, and other animals confined there for the purpose of being hunted, and flocks of gazelles; ostriches, peacocks, and pheasants kept for the amusement of more than three thousand ladies who formed part of the royal establishment; he also recovered three hundred Roman standards, tokens of the departed glory of the fugitive King; the precious things which were too heavy to carry off he burnt, and then completely demolished the rest. Heraclius marched upon Ctesiphon, but within sight of the city retraced his steps.

The shelter of Seleucia beyond the Tigris might protect Chosroes from the pursuit of the Romans, but not from the machinations of an unnatural son and a most cruel death "by arrows," in the "House of Darkness," the strong place where he kept his money.

Immediately after the murder of his father, the new king, Kobad the Second (also called Siroës), wrote to Heraclius that having been elevated to the throne by "the special favor of God," and cherishing only feelings of love and friendship for his clement brother, he desired to learn the terms upon which the Emperor would consent to make peace. An amicable solution was found and a peace concluded in virtue of which

the belligerents accepted the territorial conditions existing before the war, surrendered the captives, and Persia restored to the Romans the precious relic of the true cross.

Heraclius carried it in great triumph to Constantinople, and in token of his gratitude for his victories undertook in the following year a grand pilgrimage to Jerusalem, intending with his own hands to replace it in the shrine from which it had been taken. The story runs that he placed it upon his shoulders, but was not able to go forward. The Patriarch of Jerusalem who was walking beside him explained that his imperial pomp sadly contrasted with the humility of Christ when He bore the cross. "You walk in your gaudy imperial robes," he said, "He was meanly clad; you have on your head a rich diadem, He wore a crown of thorns; you go with your shoes on, He walked barefoot." Heraclius thereupon laid aside his purple and crown, put on mean apparel, went along barefoot with the procession, and had no difficulty in carrying the cross, which he devoutly replaced where it stood before. It still remained intact in its silver case; the patriarch and clergy examined the seals and found them whole; then they opened the case, and after venerating the sacred relic, showed it to the people; this ceremony, which is one of great and solemn pomp, is called the Exaltation of the Cross.

The triumph of Heraclius and the dominion of the Christians in the Holy City were of short duration. Eight years later the victorious Arabs laid siege to it, and after an obstinate defence of four months the



Patriarch Sophronios surrendered to the Caliph Omar in person, A. D. 673, on terms unequalled for leniency in the history of Arab conquest. Omitting the tolerant and humane details of the terms of capitulation, it may suffice to record the text of the writing executed under his own hands which Omar gave to the Christians.

“In the name of the most merciful God. From Omar Ebno’l Alchitâb to the inhabitants of Ælia. They shall be protected and secured both in their lives and fortunes, and their churches shall neither be pulled down, nor made use of by any but themselves.”

Entering the City, the Caliph, being met at the gate by the Patriarch, went in his company through the church of the Holy Sepulchre and that of Constantine at one of the five set times of prayer, which Moslems religiously observe, and asked Sophronios to show him a place where he might perform his devotions. “Here,” said the Patriarch, but Omar refused to pray in either church, and deliberately withdrawing alone to the eastern steps of Constantine’s church, knelt down there. He afterwards asked the Patriarch if he understood his motive. “No,” said the latter. “I will tell you,” Omar replied, “I promised you that none of your churches should be taken from you, and that you should possess them quietly yourselves. Now had I prayed in either church, the Moslems would surely have taken it from you, and in spite of your remonstrances would have said, ‘Here Omar has prayed, and we will pray here too.’ Thus you would have been turned out of your church against my intention and

your expectation ; and, lest my praying on the steps cause future annoyance, I will do what I can to prevent it." And suiting the action to the word he called for writing material and then and there ordered, " that Moslems should not pray in multitudes upon the steps, but only one at a time ; that they should never meet there to go to prayers, and that the muëzzin, or crier, that calls the people to prayer, should not stand there."

His singular fidelity, however, was not imitated by his brethren, for they built a mosque over the spot where he had prayed, but that which bears his name stands on the traditional site of Jacob's Stone, so called from his dream in which he saw the angels of God ascend and descend on the ladder. This venerated stone Sophronios is said to have indicated to Omar as appropriate for the building of a mosque ; it being thickly covered with dirt, Omar scraped some off and put it in his vest. His companions immediately followed his example, some filling their bucklers, others their vests and baskets, and so quickly that in a short time the stone was perfectly clean.

Beyond the inconveniences just narrated the Arab conquest of Jerusalem imposed no great hardship on the Christians. The Holy City was more than ever a place of pilgrimage not only to Christians but to Moslems, who held the Mosque of Omar almost as sacred as the Caaba at Mecca.

In the next century the friendly intercourse between the enlightened Caliph Harun-al-Rashid and Charles the Great made the Moslem possession of the Holy

Places a purely nominal affair. His envoys carried to the great Emperor of the West the keys and other symbols of the Holy Places, thus making him virtually their lord, and placing the Christians under his powerful protection. His munificence supplied the means for the erection of a hospital for the entertainment of Latin pilgrims, and of a church in the valley of Jehoshaphat; he ordered alms to be collected throughout his dominion in aid of the Christians, and authorized the Patriarch of Jerusalem to levy the annual tax of two gold coins from every merchant carrying on business in the market place before the hospital. The condition of the Christians, nevertheless, rapidly grew worse, partly in consequence of the bigoted and deadly feuds of the Arabs, partly in consequence of their own rivalry and mutual hatred, and last, not least, in consequence of the blasphemous and transparent pious fraud of the so called Holy Fire, pretended to be annually and miraculously kindled on Easter Even in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The precise date of its introduction is not known, but the monk Bernard, who made the pilgrimage of the Holy Land in A. D. 870, was an eye-witness of the performance, which edified credulous pilgrims, and stirred the scornful indignation of the Moslems. After the lapse of a thousand years the sacrilegious farce is still repeated to the shame of Oriental Christianity and the general contempt of the rest of Christendom.

With the fall of the Abbassides the Holy Land passed into the hands of the Fatimite Caliphs whose liberal policy seemed to be auspicious to the Chris-

tians. They concluded a treaty of commerce and amity with the Republic of Amalfi in which her citizens are described as "friends and importers of useful commodities." Her vessels transported the Latin pilgrims to the ports of Egypt and Palestine and maintained a traffic of mutual advantage. These amenities, however, were short-lived and followed by a season of fierce and sanguinary persecution in the earlier years of the reign of the famous, and infamous Caliph El Hakem. That frantic youth, whose life was a wild mixture of vice, folly, and blood-thirsty cruelty, began his career as a bigoted and fanatically intolerant Moslem and ended it as a god. In the former character he cooled his wrath in the indiscriminate slaughter of eighteen thousand victims,—Sunnite or orthodox Moslems, Christians, and Jews—for the unpardonable sin of holding creeds different from his own. His latter character, that of a god, though seemingly incredible, is a sober and well attested historical fact. Its announcement to the world was fortunately accompanied by an edict of toleration to the children of Abraham and the followers of Jesus.

El Hakem, also called Mokanna, and familiar to the readers of *Lalla Rookh* as the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, being a Fatimite, dressed in white in opposition to the Abbasside Caliphs who adopted black in their garments, turbans, and standards; he also wore a veil to cover his extraordinary ugliness, as is generally believed, although his adherents accepted its use as a necessary and merciful protection from the dazzling and perilous splendor of the rays which shot

from his divine countenance. An adept in legerdemain and natural magic, El Hakem pretended to work miracles, and among them that of making moons has earned for him the title of *Sagend'h Nah*, moon-maker.

It is said that he wrought this pretended miracle to the delight of the people of Neksheb who saw him night after night for two entire months evoke from the bottom of a well a luminous body resembling a moon, so brilliant that it shone for miles around, and eclipsed in brightness the heavenly orb itself. His end is shrouded in mystery; some say that he was assassinated, others that he committed suicide by leaping into a cistern filled with burning acid in which the whole of his body, a few hairs excepted, was dissolved, in order that men might believe him to have ascended to heaven alive. This is actually the belief of his followers, for the Druses of Lebanon to this day accept him as their divinity, holding both that he disappeared and that he will return to judgment when the triumph of Unitarianism, the name he gave to his religion, shall be the signal of the discomfiture of all other religions.

A few years before the appearance of this new divinity in the East, all Christendom was agitated by the millennial delusion. The almost universal belief that the world would come to an end in the year A. D. 1000, and that Christ would hold the Last Assize in the Valley of Jehoshaphat greatly stimulated the pilgrimage to Palestine. Men hastened thither to be spectators of the momentous transactions foretold in

the Scriptures, expecting to meet the Lord in the air, or, if they should die before that time, to answer the summons of the last trump from a grave in the Holy Land. The year 1000 came and the world went on as before, but the tide of pilgrimage ran higher than ever; the enthusiasm was not confined to one country or to particular classes; it was all but universal.

Pilgrimage at this time, entailed no particular hardship, and the greatest indignity was the exaction by the Moslems of a byzant from every visitor to the Holy Sepulchre.

Matters, however, changed rapidly for the worse with the advent of the Seljukian Turks, who took Jerusalem A. D. 1076, and inaugurated a state of cruel fanaticism and oppression, which roused Western Christendom and burst out in the Crusades.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT, A. D. 1095.

About the time of the First Crusade, Alexius Comnenus was Emperor at Constantinople; the Normans were established in Apulia and Sicily; Ruy Diaz, called the Great Cid, fought the Moors on the Spanish Peninsula; William Rufus was King of England; Philip I., bore the title of King of France; Henry IV., was Emperor, and Conrad, his son, figured as King of Italy; the rich and priest-ridden Mathilda was Countess of Tuscany; Urban II., was Pope, and Clement III., his rival, or Antipope.

In the year 1093, Peter of Amiens, called the Hermit, made the pilgrimage of the Holy Land. His parentage is obscure; his education was doubtless primitive, but may have extended to the arts of reading and writing; his vocation was that of a soldier, and he fought, without distinction, under the banner of the Count of Boulogne. On the death of his wife,—some say during her life—he forsook the world, and turned monk and hermit. Praying and fasting he had visions, and in response to these, as he said, he donned the Pilgrim's garb and went to Palestine. When he came to the Holy Places, and saw the insults which the Turks heaped upon the pilgrims and the native Christians, the whole man was on fire with grief and indignation.



Pouring out his soul to the persecuted patriarch Simeon, he wept as he heard from his lips the sad story of the cruel insolence of the Seljukian Turks, and of the hopeless impotence of the Greek emperor to stop the outrage.

“If the Christians of the East,” said Peter, “are too weak to wrest the Holy Places from the infidels, those of the West will come and do it.” Of this, he said, he was absolutely sure; for as he lay prostrate in prayer in the Temple, he saw Christ. “Rise, Peter!” said the Saviour, “go forth and make known the tribulations of my people. The hour is come for the deliverance of my servants, and for the recovery of the Holy Places.”

It is impossible to tell if this is fact, or illusion. At any rate, Peter said that it was true, and, if the account, which has come down to us, is true, the Patriarch Simeon believed Peter, and gave him a letter to Urban II., depicting the sufferings of the Christians, and imploring his assistance.

Peter, according to the same account, thereupon set out for Italy and delivered the letter.

Urban read it with deep emotion, and is said to have caught the bearer's enthusiasm, as he spoke of all he had heard and seen, of his wonderful vision in the Temple, and delivered an oral message from Christ, enjoining the Pope to summon Christendom to the sacred work of rescuing the Holy Sepulchre from the grasp of the infidels, and to promise the kingdom of heaven to all who should engage in it.

The Hermit's story agreed in the main with that of

other pilgrims, and seemed to confirm the statements of the Greek ambassadors to Urban, whom he had recently met in Apulia.

Peter's fiery eloquence, and glowing zeal, his intense earnestness, and indomitable courage, so impressed the Pope, that he gave him authority to travel through the countries, and, testifying before men of high and low degree to the scenes he had witnessed, call upon them to prepare for the immediate *deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre*.

That was the watchword of the Crusade, which on the lips of Peter inflamed the world.

He was about forty years old, a man small of stature, and ungainly of aspect. His emaciated frame told the story of an abstemious life; his deep-set eyes glowed like carbuncles. He rode on a mule, and wore under a hermit's cloak a long cassock girt with a cord; his head and feet were bare; he carried a crucifix in one hand, and in the other a letter, which, he said, was written in heaven and addressed to Christians everywhere.

He preached wherever he found men together; in churches, in market-places, by the roadside, in the palaces of princes, in the cots of the poor. Immense crowds gathered round him, and received his words like an oracle's. His oratory was wonderful and irresistible; he believed in his visions, and the success of his work.

He painted the sufferings of the pilgrims, and of the Syrian Christians, in torrents of strong, impassioned words; when his vocabulary failed him, he wept and

groaned, smote his breast, and lifted his arms to heaven. Kindling the piety and indignation of his hearers, he challenged the warriors, all men able to carry arms, to hasten to the punishment of the infidels, the defence of their brethren, the rescue of their Saviour. Again and again he told his visions, and passionately raising the crucifix, called upon the Lord Himself, the Virgin Mary, upon angels and archangels, upon all the saints and martyrs, to bear witness that he spoke true; if he met any who like himself had knelt at the Holy Sepulchre, he made them stand forth and confirm by their testimony his own declaration.

The effect of his preaching was wonderful not only in the immediate object of his mission, but in other respects; he reconciled enemies, persuaded the most worldly men to take holy vows, the most vicious to reform. Gifts and alms showered upon him, he gave them to the poor; he was venerated as a saint; people of every rank and age entreated his intercession, crowded upon him that they might touch the hem of his garments, and in their eagerness to obtain from him something, snatched up as precious relics the very hairs which dropped from his mule.

Such was Peter the Hermit, preaching the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre and a Holy War, and preparing the way for Urban. The idea of such an undertaking was not original with him, nor inspired; it took shape gradually, begotten not of a sudden impulse, but of political necessity. The grand scheme of united Christendom marching forth against Moham-  
medanism engaged the attention successively of Popes

Silvester II., and Gregory VII. The last, the Cæsar of the Pontiffs, would fain have led a conquering host to Constantinople, and, at the price of the Greeks accepting the supremacy of Latin Rome, offered it to the Emperor of the East. More than fifty thousand warriors, he said, were ready under his lead to march against the enemies of God and deliver the Holy Sepulchre. But domestic troubles, especially his quarrel with the Emperor Henry IV., nipped the plan in the bud.

A deadly quarrel it was; the Pope excommunicated the Emperor; the Emperor retaliated and deposed the Pope; then the bishops on the Emperor's side made Guibert, Archbishop of Ravenna, Pope; the old Pope answered by excommunicating the new Pope, known in history as the Antipope Clement III.

The death of Gregory did not heal the breach; his mantle fell, after the brief pontificate of Victor III., on Urban II., the first Frenchman who ascended the throne of St. Peter. In hierarchical pretensions and aggressiveness he was Gregory's equal; in crafty, and unscrupulous diplomacy his superior. Where Gregory used the naked sword, Urban chose a dagger dipped in venom. The Emperor and the Antipope he hated with deep and implacable hatred.

One of his first home-thrusts at the former, other than the customary interdict, came through the Countess Mathilda; he forced her—a maiden lady in her forty-fourth year—solely on political grounds to wed the younger Guelf, a youth of eighteen, the son of the Duke of Bavaria, the most powerful and dangerous of

the Emperor's opponents. The event brought Henry to Italy to crush the alliance; fortune favored his cause for two years, then it turned, and the victorious Mathilda hung up his dishonored banner in the castle church at Canosa. When the young Bavarian prince, having only sought her possessions, discovered that the title to these had been given to the Church, and that the Pope had deceived him, he shook off the unnatural yoke, and re-crossed the Alps. Urban, however, had accomplished his purpose.

The Emperor had two sons, Conrad and Henry. Conrad was a youth of singular beauty, gentle and religious, but weak; in an evil hour he sent him to Italy. Urban, through his tools, the Countess Mathilda and a train of priests, persuaded Conrad that it was his duty to forsake his father, lying under the ban of the Church, and obey him, the Pope, assuring him that the act would turn to his eternal benefit in heaven, and be followed by his immediate and independent possession of the crown of Italy. Conrad thereupon was crowned King, first at Monza, and afterwards at Milan. Urban, moreover with intent to widen the unnatural breach, and attach him more closely to himself, arranged his marriage with the beautiful daughter of his opulent partisan, the Norman Roger, Count of Sicily.

The revolt of Conrad almost killed his father; it stunned him; in the gloom of despair he would have fallen upon his own sword, had not his friends prevented him. But the last and most deadly blow Urban reserved for the great Church Council at Piacenza, to which two hundred bishops, four thousand of the

clergy, and more than thirty thousand of the laity repaired, to witness, as all expected, his triumph over the empire, and other exciting scenes. No church, no building, of any kind, could hold such a multitude, and the Council met in the open plain. There they introduced the Emperor's second wife, the Russian Praxedis accusing her husband of incredible crimes; the Pope and the Council believed them, and condemned him unheard. Urban's triumph was complete; his enemy was crushed, his cause irretrievably lost.

To that Council came also the ambassadors of the Greek Emperor, Alexius Comnenus, entreating the Pope and assembled Latin Christendom to aid him against the Moslems. It were better, they said, to repel them on the frontiers of Asia than give them battle in the heart of Europe.

The Council wept at the sad tale they told, but did not commit itself to a promise. A number of the most faithful of Urban's partisans nevertheless pledged themselves on oath, at his bidding, to join an expedition. The whole matter was left in his hands with the general understanding that in the event of a satisfactory arrangement with the Greeks the demonstration would be made, and that the crisis would come to a head in the Council which later in the year was to meet at Clermont in the Auvergne. There in his native land Urban expected to complete and celebrate his triumph. The scheme gathered strength and took shape in the interval. He crossed the Alps and conferred first, at Le Puy, with the bishop Adhemar de Monteil, who had recently made the pilgrimage of the

Holy Land, and then, at St. Gilles, the home of Count Raymond of Toulouse, with that opulent, powerful, and influential man, whose interest and example would doubtless secure the co-operation of every noble between the Alps and the Pyrenees.

There is no doubt whatever that the whole course of the business to be transacted by the Council was most skillfully prepared, and arranged beforehand. The master-mind and artistic disposition of Urban gave consistency and effect to the whole. The interval of seven months between Piacenza and Clermont had been well employed; all Christendom was excited as never before; the highways of Europe were crowded with bishops and priests, abbots and monks, princes, nobles, knights, and their following on the way to Clermont. The city was crowded to excess, and though the season was far advanced, many thousands of people lived in the city of tents without the walls.

The records enumerate over and above the Court, and the Cardinals accompanying the Pope, thirteen archbishops, two hundred and twenty five bishops, four hundred abbots, one army of priests and monks, another of knights and soldiers, and a multitude of lords, chieftains, men of high and low degree in fabulous numbers.

The Council lasted eight days; in one of its earliest sessions the ancient *Truce of God* was made a general law; this was the first and necessary preliminary. Until then the operation of this beneficent institution, forbidding the baneful practice of private war, was limited to the days hallowed by the Passion and

Resurrection of our Lord; the Council of Clermont extended it to the great church-seasons of Advent, Lent, Easter, and Whitsun, together with all feast and fast-days, and decreed, "that all churches and altars, monks, nuns, women, pilgrims, and merchants, together with all men and things belonging to agriculture should perpetually enjoy the truce of God, and that all Christians everywhere more than twelve years old should swear to keep it, on pain of loss, bodily suffering, and excommunication. This law, thus authoritatively set forth, awed the host of armed men present, and assured those unable or unfit to go to war, that their lives and possessions had the powerful protection of the Church while their natural defenders fought the infidel.

This impression was deepened by the solemn and formal excommunication, in the heart of his own country, of Philip I., King of France; all felt that the Pontiff who thus punished the immorality and disobedience of a crowned head, would not shrink from striking at less exalted offenders.

The tenth session of the Council was held in the *Grande Place* in presence of an immense multitude. On a lofty platform or stage stood an extemporized throne. Urban, followed by his Cardinals, and other high dignitaries, ascended it. At his side was Peter the Hermit, and prepared the way in one of his characteristic speeches, of the same tenor as that given on a former page. Then Urban addressed the Assembly in French.

He spoke of Palestine, the land of promise, hallowed



by the most exalted associations, desecrated and defiled by foul infidels, the lords not only of the country, but of the Holy City and the Sepulchre of Christ; the dogs had entered and polluted the sanctuary; the people of God, he said, had become slaves; the royal priesthood was condemned to the vilest occupation; the Holy Temple had become a den of thieves, and the abode of devils; the churches, even that of the Holy Sepulchre, were used as stalls for cattle; the children of Christians were seized and forced to deny God; Christian men and priests were massacred, Christian maidens insulted or tortured to death. When he depicted the captivity and the misfortunes of Jerusalem, the whole assembly wept; when he expatiated on the tyranny and perfidy of the Turks, the warriors present clutched their swords.

Although he spoke to all the nations that were represented in the Council, he made a special appeal to the Franks, who formed the majority. "Nation beloved by God," he said, "it is in your courage that the Church has placed its hope; it is because I am well acquainted with your piety and valor, that I have crossed the Alps to preach here the word of God. You have not forgotten that your country has been invaded by the Saracens, and that but for the exploits of Charles Martel and Charlemagne, France would have received the laws of Mohammed. Recall, without ceasing, the danger and the glory of your fathers; led by heroes whose names should never die, they delivered your country, and saved the West from shameful slavery. More noble triumphs await you;

under the guidance of the Lord of hosts you will deliver Europe and Asia; you will save the city of Jesus Christ,—that Jerusalem which was chosen by the Lord, and from whence the law is come to us.”

He spoke to the chivalry, so strongly present, words which no other man living would have dared to utter.

“Christian warriors,” he said, “who seek without end for vain pretexts for war, rejoice, for you have to-day found true motives. You, who have been so often the terror of your fellow-men, go and fight against the barbarians, go and fight for the deliverance of the Holy Places; you who for vile pay sell the strength of your arms to the fury of others, armed with the sword of the Maccabees, go and merit an eternal reward. If you triumph over your enemies, the kingdoms of the East will be your heritage: if you are conquered you will have the glory of dying in the very same place as Jesus Christ, and God will not forget that He shall have found you in His holy ranks. This is the moment to prove that you are animated by a true courage; this is the moment in which you may expiate so many violences committed in the bosom of peace, so many violences furnished at the expense of justice and humanity.

“If you must have blood, bathe your hands in the blood of the infidels. I speak to you with harshness, because my ministry obliges me to do so: **SOLDIERS OF HELL, BECOME SOLDIERS OF THE LIVING GOD!** When Jesus Christ summons you to His defence, let no base affections detain you in your homes; see nothing

but the shame and evils of the Christians; listen to nothing but to the groans of Jerusalem, and remember well what the Lord has said to you: 'He who loves his father and his mother more than me, is not worthy of me; whoever will leave his house, or his father, or his mother, or his wife, or his children, or his inheritance for my name's sake, shall be rewarded a hundred-fold, and possess life eternal.'

The effect of this eloquent sermon, which appealed to every prejudice and passion of the excited multitude, was tremendous; it was like oil poured on a burning flame.

Again and again, during its delivery, arose the groans and cries of his hearers, and at its close the welkin rang with the loud and simultaneous shout of many thousand voices, *Dies lo vult*,—"it is the will of God! It is the will of God!"

"It is his will," said Urban, "Christ has inspired the words that I have heard. Let them be your war-cry. It is Christ Himself who issues from His tomb and presents to you His cross (at these words he raised a cross); it will be the sign raised among the nations which will gather again the dispersed children of Israel. Wear it upon your shoulders, and upon your breasts; let it shine upon your arms and upon your standards; it will be to you the surety of victory or the palm of martyrdom; it will remind you world without end that Christ died for you, and that it is your duty to die for Him."

The suggestion roused the wildest enthusiasm. A sensation was produced, when Adhemar, the chivalrous bishop of Le Puy, with radiant countenance stepped

up to Urban, and kneeling at his feet, craved leave of absence and permission to join the expedition. The Pope granted it; thousands of priests and laymen followed the bishop's example; Cardinal Gregory, afterwards Pope Innocent II., in the name of all, said the Confession, and the Pope gave the Absolution. Then he took a red cross and fastened it on Adhemar's garment; the number of volunteers grew apace, and as many as took the vow of the pilgrimage, received a red cross, which they wore on the right shoulder. This was the origin of the word Crusader, "bearer of the Cross."

The people begged Urban to lead them in person, but he declined the dangerous honor, and nominated Adhemar to be his deputy or legate. "Duty," he said, "required him to stay at home and stand aloof, but like Moses of old he would not cease to pray for them while they were slaughtering the Amalekites. He asked the prayers and alms of those who like himself were tied to their homes, and enjoined the bishops to preach at once and without ceasing in every diocese, the duty of all Christians to arm for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre."

This memorable speech, so wonderful in its results, was made on the 26th of November. Such as hesitated made up their mind on the next day, when Count Raymond of Toulouse sent a message to the Council announcing that he had taken the Cross, that he was arming the multitudinous train of his vassals, that he desired others to follow his example, and promised out of his ample possessions to be at the charge of those who might need assistance.

Neither Urban's authority, nor the piety of the age, are sufficient to explain the unparalleled rapidity with which the enthusiasm, or more correctly the frenzy, spread through the nations. Men and women of every rank and station, of every age, in every country of Latin Christendom, rose in prodigious numbers to swell the crusading host. The Pope's authority in the Council of Clermont was undisputed; it passed a law that no bishop or priest should take the oath of allegiance to any king or layman, and another, that the title of "Pope," or "Father," which until then was given to all bishops, should henceforth be exclusively borne by the successors of St. Peter.

The universal enthusiasm of the crusaders sprang from another source. Society in the eleventh century was rotten to the core. Corruption and violence went hand in hand with gross ignorance and superstition. The laws were inoperative, justice had become a dead letter. Kings and princes, dukes and knights, the heads and rulers of the Church, the great Body of the clergy and the monastic orders held forth examples of the most enormous crimes. The Church, by her legislation, grew rich from the vices of mankind; every crime and sin might be expiated by a penance extending from forty days to seven years, during which the offender, clad in penitential garb, was excluded from the ordinary commerce of life. The clergy compelled men to confess their thoughts, words, and deeds, and prescribed the terms of their reconciliation. As each sinful act was numbered separately, a man's indebtedness of penance grew at an alarming rate and soon ran

into centuries; to pay it he would have needed twenty, thirty, a hundred times the length of his natural life. The Church solved the difficulty by setting a fixed pecuniary value upon every year of penance; in the case of a rich man it amounted to twenty dollars, in that of a poor man to two dollars and twenty-five cents. The rich man who owed a hundred years of penance, made his peace with the Church by the payment of two thousand dollars, or its equivalent in land, houses, or other commodities; this was called an *indulgence*. Such an indulgence, in the fullest sense, a plenary indulgence, including the absolution of all their sins, together with the outstanding debt of penance, Urban offered to the Crusaders.

“Whoever,” ran the decree, “shall from *pure devotion*, and not for the sake of honor or gain, go to Jerusalem to deliver the Church of God, his journey shall be accepted in lieu of his entire penance.”

The volunteer-army doubtless included not a few who took the cross from “pure devotion,” but they were like a few plants of wheat in a wilderness of tares. The “pure devotion” received the most liberal construction, and the “plenary” indulgence wrought the miraculous conversion of hundreds of thousands who enlisted on the spot. The Holy Father instructed the robber, the incendiary, the man-slayer, and the like, that they might gratify their wild passions on the Saracens, and so far from incurring penance, acquire the martyr’s crown if they died, the riches of the slain if they survived.

The Crusaders made light of the perils of the way,

believing that the prayers of Urban, and the intercession of saints would be at least as potent as those of Moses, that they would cross the sea dry-shod, that at the blast of their trumpets the walls of Jerusalem would fall down, that the Turks would run away from them like hares, and that after their utter discomfiture they would enter their desolate homes and fare like kings and princes in the land of promise.

“It is the will of God!” preached the bishops; “it is the will of God!” cried the ignorant, credulous multitude. Men read it in the famine which had recently distressed the nations; in the pestilence, called the Sacred, or St. Anthony’s Fire, which had raged in France; in thick showers of stars which fell from the sky; in a comet with a sword-like tail. The Northern Light became a celestial call to the Crusade; an excited priest saw in the heavens the combat of two knights in which he with a cross carried the victory; another saw a sword rise in the nightly sky, and still another, armies of horse and foot hasten to the relief of a city. It was currently believed that Charlemagne had risen from the dead and would conduct the Crusaders to Jerusalem. Nothing was too preposterous for the common belief; men and women showed crosses, pretending that they had been miraculously stamped on their persons; not a few fanatics branded themselves with the holy sign. A French abbot, full of zeal, eager, but from want of funds unable, to join the expedition, showed a cross in his forehead, giving out that it had been left there by an angel. The people accepted his story and loaded him with gifts; he went to Palestine

and became Archbishop of Cæsarea. He confessed the fraud before he died, and it was forgiven him "because of his pious motives;" "he had a zeal of God" wrote a charitable brother, "but not according to knowledge."

The summons to the Holy War opened every prison, sundered every tie, broke every servile chain. The peasant, the menial and the burgher, who durst not leave the clod of earth on which they were born, fastened the cross to their dress, and became free; monks ran away from their abbots, debtors from their creditors, and all invoked the blessings of Heaven on the Holy Father, their omnipotent protector.

If *all* the crusaders, therefore, caught the epidemic enthusiasm, it was kindled by devotion, by superstition, by interest, by inclination, by the hope of gain. All were adventurers; the unthinking masses, having nothing to lose and everything to gain, embarked in the enterprise in blind and fool-hardy faith; the more prudent turned their lands and houses into ready money, or mortgaged them to those remaining behind. They had to buy arms, horses, and provisions, and according to their rank and territory be at the charge of the outfit and support of their vassals and retainers. Many pawned their property to the Jews; some sold them outright; and Robert of Normandy, a son of William the Conqueror, gave his duchy to William Rufus for six thousand six hundred and sixty-six pounds of silver. The value of land fell apace and gave the buyer an enormous advantage; princes, at a trifling expense, rounded off their estates; but the



lion's share of the bargains to be had went to the Church and religious houses. The Crusaders, moreover, gladly availed themselves of the Pope's promise that during their absence St. Peter would act as the guardian of their estates; a better guardian, they thought, could not be found; and they thought rightly, for if they died, the Church held and kept their possessions, using them for the benefit of their souls; and if they returned, broken in body and mind, they often sought refuge in a cloister, and made over their rights to their brethren.

Urban, in the prosecution of this great enterprise, sent his legates into every country of Latin Christendom, to preach the Crusade, to stimulate the alms and contributions of the laity toward the expense of the war, and to demand for the same object the so-called voluntary offerings of the clergy and religious houses. These offerings speedily became a tax, and a dangerous precedent, as establishing his superior right of laying burdens on the churches over which he claimed jurisdiction.

From the outset he assumed, as we have seen a pre-eminence which placed him over every temporal sovereign; he had laid the two most powerful princes, the Emperor of Germany, and the King of France, under the interdict; he had interfered with the sovereign rights of all princes by absolving the Crusader from all temporal, civil, and social obligation; he suspended and cancelled the operation of law; he stayed, on pain of excommunication, the hand of the creditor; he exempted the Crusader during the term of his service

from the payment of interest and taxes; he broke the bonds of the villain, serf, and slave; he stepped between the lord and his vassal: he forbade private warfare, he even drew "the men of blood and sons of death" from their dungeons, annulled the sentence of mutilation or death under which they lay, and set them free with the sole stipulation that they must not return from the Holy Land.

He had virtually become the Chief Prince, the Lord and King of all the kings in Europe, and was, though he went not in person, Commander-in-chief of the armies of the faith, and the Crusaders, from the royal personages at their head to the rank and file, owed their first allegiance to him. The dream of Gregory VII., was realized.

And as we realize these things, spectators, as it were, of the grand pageant, and witnesses of the Acts of the Council of Clermont, how can we help exclaiming, "How are the mighty fallen!" Three centuries have passed. Then, Pope Leo III., having crowned the Great Charles, to whom he owed life, honor, and the triple crown, knelt down at his feet to acknowledge his supremacy; now Urban, at the supreme moment of his life having humbled to the dust, and ignoring the very existence of Charlemagne's successors in Germany and France, crowned himself, as it were, Emperor, and accepted the double adoration of the Frankish hosts.

## CHAPTER III.

## FIRST CRUSADE, A. D. 1096—1099.

## I.

## PETER AND HIS HOSTS.

The Council of Clermont had ordered the departure of the Crusaders to take place on the Festival of the Assumption, August 15, 1096. Peter the Hermit, and the monk Gottschalk were foremost among the preachers who agitated the masses throughout France, Lorraine, and the region of the Lower Rhine; the priest Volkmar undertook the same work in Saxony and Thuringia. The promotion of the movement however was not confined to them. The Pope, in person, made the round of France, repeating in the lesser Councils of Rouen, Tours, and Nîmes the argument and persuasives of his grand speech at Clermont. Every bishop echoed the Pope's call in his diocese. Thus the enthusiasm was fed, and spread apace. It soon pervaded all the countries from the Pillars of Hercules, as the Strait of Gibraltar was still called, to the extremities of Scotland, from the Normans in Sicily to their true home in Norway. All Europe was arming; it was a shame to stay behind; the chivalry of all the lands of Western Christendom, being promised the expiation of their many crimes in the indulgence of war, their dominant passion, strained every nerve, and made every sacrifice, to take part in the Holy War. The most reckless arithmetic speaks of six mil-

lions of people who in the spring following the Council were ready to march ; a more sober estimate reduces them to three hundred thousand. These people clamored to be led to the Holy Sepulchre without delay, and Peter the Hermit, together with Walter the Penniless, a Burgundian knight and soldier, undertook the task of conducting a disorderly crowd of not less than sixty thousand people. Necessity compelled them to part company at Cologne. Walter led the van-guard, numbering twenty thousand foot and only eight horsemen ; they were destitute of everything and depended solely on the charity of their brethren, who provided for their wants on their march through Germany. But matters changed when they entered Hungary, where they encountered indifference, and Bulgaria, where they found enemies. The Slavonian population of that country, though nominally subject to the Greek Empire, preserved a sullen and savage independence, and their recent reception of Christianity had not yet softened their manners. The Crusaders were hungry and sought to exact by violence what the natives refused to give ; they stole their flocks, burned their houses, massacred some of their people. The Bulgarians fell upon the Crusaders carrying away their spoils, and set on fire a church in which they had taken refuge ; a hundred and forty perished in the flames, the others escaped to Nyssa. The generosity of the Greek commander supplied their wants ; they heeded the voice of Walter, refrained from further excesses, and, after a terrible march through the wilds of Thrace, at the end of two months, arrived

advised them to await the arrival of the column advancing under Peter the Hermit.

That fanatic's fiery zeal drew from the sympathizing Germans abundant stores for his troop, but they ceased in Hungary. He heard the misfortunes of his brethren, and saw swinging at the gates of Semlin the bodies of eight of their number. In his anger he bade his soldiers avenge their fate. They attacked and took the city; the people sought refuge on a hill, defended on one side by wooded rocks, by the Danube on the other. The Crusaders pursued them, massacring more than four thousand.

At the report of this foul deed, Coloman, the King of Hungary, hastily collected an army and appeared before Semlin. Dreading to meet him in battle, Peter crossed the Morava, and led his horde through a deserted country to Nyssa. The place was fortified, the people were brave, and the Crusaders, having obtained provisions, were content to continue their march.

But a hundred "sons of Belial," Crusaders, believing themselves wronged by some merchants, set seven mills on fire. Then the men of Nyssa incontinently attacked Peter's rear-guard, captured two thousand wagons, put a number of the Crusaders to the sword, and took many prisoners. The Hermit returned, demanding on plea of their glorious work, that their brethren, the Bulgarians, should restore the baggage, and release the prisoners. This the governor sternly refused; the unruly Crusaders, burning with indignation and spurning alike the Hermit's command and before Constantinople, where the Emperor Alexius

entreaty, flew to arms and provoked a fight. The crusaders were routed and cut to pieces; their wives and children, their horses and wagons, and their military chest containing their treasure, fell into the hands of the Bulgarians.

Those who escaped the sword ran like sheep, and Peter with only five hundred men, sought the shelter of a wooded height. All night long his clarions recalled the fugitives, and when all the stragglers had rejoined his standard his command was reduced to thirty thousand ragged vagrants, without arms and provisions of any kind. With these, no longer an object of terror, he pursued under incredible hardships, the weary march to Constantinople, and wept for joy, when the clemency of Alexius relieved their wants. The Crusaders entered the city with palms in their hands; the Emperor received the Hermit kindly and honorably, supplied him with arms, money, and provisions, but advised him to defer the invasion of Asia to the arrival of the regular army of the crusading hosts.

Meanwhile other and still more terrible champions of the cross were following the hordes of Walter and Peter. Such a band obeyed the voice of the priest Gottschalk, and arrived in Hungary towards the end of summer. At their approach a rich and abundant harvest vanished from the orchards and fields; the cry of lamentation arose from dishonored homes; hamlets had been set on fire; violence, pillage, and murder were laid to the charge of the Crusaders. The King sent soldiers to chastise the offenders, but their resistance alarmed the Hungarians and suggested the use of

stratagem. They visited the camp of the Crusaders not as enemies, but as brothers, loaded them with gifts and so plied them with promises that they consented to be disarmed. At a signal from their leader the Hungarians fell upon the Crusaders, and slew them to a man.

Yet another horde of savage fanatics, surpassing all the rest in brutal license, collected in Eastern France and the region of the Moselle and the Rhine. Under cover of the plenary indulgence they committed the most dreadful crimes; they assaulted those who refused to join their ranks and claimed their wealth as a lawful prize. That of the Jews especially, whom they denounced as the natural and domestic enemies of Christ, excited their cupidity; at the bidding of the priest Volkmar, a knight called William the Carpenter, and the Rhenish Count Heinrich (Enrico), a furious multitude pillaged and massacred many thousands of that unhappy people. The streets of Verdun, Trèves, Mayence, Worms and Spire ran with their blood; some found asylums in the palaces of the humane bishops of those cities, but many, preferring death, set fire to their houses and either perished in the flames, or cast themselves and their treasures into the rivers.

Exulting in these bloody exploits these ferocious Crusaders pursued their march to the East; before them went a goat and a goose to which they attributed certain divine influences; at their approach men fled.

Boastful, insulting, menacing, and alike ignorant of the people and of the country through which they were passing they appeared before Merseburg, the

modern *Ungarisch-Altenburg*, a fortified city, situated in the marshy delta of the Leytha above its confluence with the Danube, and demanded provisions. The city shut its gates upon them and denied the request. Indignant at the refusal the Crusaders swore that they would avenge the insult in the blood of the Hungarians. They crossed the river, cut down a forest, threw a causeway across the marsh and began to batter the place with their rams. Suddenly in their attempt to scale the walls, the ladders gave way and portions of the wall and the towers fell upon the besiegers. "God himself," says William of Tyre, "spread terror through their ranks to punish their crimes and to accomplish the wise man's saying that 'the impious flee when no man pursueth.'" They fled in wild dismay, and casting their arms away, were slaughtered by the enemy or perished in the marshes. Their companions of the van met the same fate among the Bulgarians who gave them no quarter and massacred them without mercy. Only a few survived to tell their story at Constantinople; it gave some comfort to the Greeks who by this time had learned to loathe the Latin champions of the cross. The united army of Walter and Peter the Hermit, which, with a recent accession of Italian Crusaders, numbered about a hundred thousand combatants, was a thorn in their side. The Crusaders' camp was tumultuary, a hot-bed of vice, a plague-spot; the men themselves were ingrates; like the viper in the fable they stung their benefactor, and pillaged the houses and palaces, the gardens, and even the churches of the city. Alexius no longer



advised their delay, but facilitated their speedy passage into Asia. There they gave a loose to their wild passions and committed the most horrible crimes; from their camp on the Gulf of Nicomedia they scoured the fertile region in quest of prey; they treated all the inhabitants, Moslems or Christians, as enemies, and, under the Banner of the Cross, committed deeds of almost incredible brutality; they spurned the authority of Peter and Walter, and, unable to agree among themselves, the Germans and Italians left the camp and boldly surprised a mountain fort near Nicæa. They massacred the garrison, but the Turks soon avenged the outrage; they fell upon them and obliged the few whom they spared to become Moslems. Their fate stimulated the ardor of their brothers, who, heedless of Walter's advice, marched upon Nicæa. The Sultan David, surnamed Kilidje Arslan, "The Sword of the Lion," allowed the disorderly multitude to proceed some distance and then overwhelmed it in total destruction. The carnage was terrible; Walter fell pierced by seven arrows. A huge pyramid of their bones told the story of their disaster.

Thus miserably perished within a year from the Council of Clermont three hundred thousand Crusaders; their enormities embittered the Christians of the East, and caused the Saracens to despise those of the West; their fate doubtless appalled Europe, but in no way discouraged those about to perform their holy vow; still it was a lesson they could not disregard. Peter, who had returned to Constantinople before the battle, would take no share of the responsibility of the

disaster, and laid the blame on the insubordination of those "robbers and brigands, whom God had deemed unworthy to see and adore the Tomb of his Son."

## 2.

## THE ARMY PROPER.

By far the most commanding of the leaders in the First Crusade was Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lower Lorraine, a scion of the illustrious race of the Counts of Boulogne, and descended in the female line from Charlemagne. He joined the valor of a hero to the simplicity of a monk; his courage and strength were proverbial; honor, fidelity, prudence, justice, kindness, piety, and unselfish devotion portray his character, and explain his influence. His fame on both sides of the Rhine, and the equal use of the idiom of two nationalities, drew to his standard, besides Eustace and Baldwin, his brothers, and Baldwin of Hainault, his cousin, many barons of France, Lorraine, and Germany, with their following, which raised his army to eighty thousand foot and ten thousand horse. His march, by the same route which the first Crusaders had followed, was orderly and dignified; the conduct of his troops, and his own moderation conciliated the Hungarians and Bulgarians, and turned their former enmity into friendship.

Two months after the Council of Clermont the Parliament of Paris considered the Crusade; Hugh,

Count of **H**ermandois, the King's own brother, a brilliant and popular knight, brave but vain-glorious, and like all the Capetians obedient to the priesthood, took the cross. So did Robert, Duke of Normandy, a son of William the Conqueror, an ideal knight-errant, who pawned his duchy for a mere pittance, and "often lay in bed because he had no clothes to put on, and for that reason could not attend mass." Another Robert, Count of Flanders, surnamed "the Lance and Sword of the Christians," led the Frisians and Flemings. Stephen, Count of Blois and Chartres, reputed the richest noble of his age, the owner of as many castles as there are days in the year, a man of letters and eloquence, more valuable in council than in battle, was the fourth chief in this splendid array of Northern chivalry, so numerous that the list of those owning one, two, three, or four towns would be longer than that of the heroes of the Trojan war. Most of them went with their wives and children and all their war-equipages. Marching by way of the Alps and Italy they greeted the Pope at Lucca, and in return for his blessing and the gift of the golden standard of the Church drove the Antipope from Rome. As the season was late and navigation difficult months passed away before they left the country. In Apulia they met their countrymen ready to join the expedition.

Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, was a son of Robert Guiscard, a giant in stature, a Hercules for strength, a Ulysses in council, who had served with distinction in the war with the Emperor Alexius, especially in the battles of Durazzo and Larissa. See

ing in the expedition an opening for conquest he raised the war cry "It is the will of God!" gathered under his banner the whole Norman army which was laying siege to Amalfi, and the chivalry from far and near. Foremost among them was his cousin and friend Tancred, the pattern of a perfect knight; religion and honor were his highest law. Before Bohemond embarked with his splendid army of twenty thousand foot and ten thousand horse, Hugh of Vermandois sailed for Greece, but encountered a tempest which cast the foremost of his vessels on the shores of Epirus; the Emperor's lieutenant at Durazzo, though profuse in his respect, detained his person, and by the orders of his master led the "Brother of the King of Kings and Commander of the Frankish hosts," as Hugh grandiloquently styled himself, captive to Constantinople.

In the South of France Raymond, Count of St. Gilles and Toulouse one of the richest of all the potentates of the age, placed himself at the head of a hundred thousand Crusaders. He had fought by the side of the Cid in Spain and defeated the Moors under Alfonso the Great; though nearing three score years and ten, the fire of enthusiasm still coursed in his veins, and he consecrated the rest of his life to the holy cause of this war. The chivalry of Gascony, Languedoc, Auvergne, the Provence and the Limousin accompanied him. The Pope's Legate, Adhemar, bishop of Puy, the spiritual chief of the Crusade, rode at his side. Raymond reputed alike for sagacity and pride, for avarice and obstinacy, and followed by his wife and

sons, conducted his army through Lyons, across the Alps into Lombardy, and thence by way of Friuli into Dalmatia and Sclavonia. For forty days the savage tribes of that savage country vexed his command; they refused him provisions and guides, and murdered the stragglers. He retaliated by cutting off the hands and noses, and putting out the eyes, of his prisoners, and found this a more efficacious protection than the lying promises of the Prince of Scodra; his strength sufficed to overcome the difficulties by which the Greek emperor sought to arrest his march between Durazzo and Constantinople.

Great was the perplexity of that wily monarch. His ambassadors had asked the Council of Piacenza for a moderate succor against the Seljukians; the West sent him "armies and soldiers numerous as locusts or the sands of the sea;" their presence on the confines of his empire and under the walls of his capital alarmed him and made him tremble on his throne. He was not a stranger to the ambitious designs of Bohemond who claimed the right of conquest over a considerable portion of his dominions. Eager to secure himself against the leaders of the Crusade and make them his allies, he instructed his ambassadors to flatter their vanity and discover their intentions; but enjoined his troops, to harass their passage. The Crusaders needed his assistance against the common enemy, but he would not render it without the assurance that Constantinople was safe, and that in the expected conquest all the cities, fortresses, and countries at one time belonging to the Byzantine Empire should be restored

to his jurisdiction. As a first step in this direction he claimed their homage, at least during the time of their stay in his dominions, and, acting upon this policy, caused the arrest of the Count of Vermandois, holding him as a hostage for their good intentions.

Godfrey of Bouillon had arrived at Philippopolis when he heard of the outrage; he demanded his instant release, and answered the Emperor's refusal with active hostilities. The Crusaders spoiled the country through which they passed. Alexius, terrified at the fierceness of their revenge, apologized to Hugh and promised Godfrey to set him free the moment the Crusaders should arrive at the gates of Constantinople. Godfrey accepted the promise and stopped hostilities.

Meanwhile the crafty Alexius accomplished his purpose and persuaded Hugh not only to pay him homage, but also to promise his best endeavors with the other leaders to do likewise. Hugh accordingly went to Godfrey's camp and told his comrades all that had happened; their indignation was unbounded, and they sternly refused to do the Emperor's bidding. He threatened to starve them into submission, but they made light of his threat, and took what they wanted without his leave.

About Christmas Alexius relented and sought to obtain by flattery what he could not accomplish by menace. He promised the Crusaders to give them provisions and other assistance, and in return persuaded them to swear fealty, and to pledge their word that they would restore, or hold their Asiatic conquests as vassals of the Roman Empire.

His crafty policy had of course exasperated the Crusaders, especially Bohemond and the Count of Toulouse who wanted to seize Constantinople; but Godfrey sternly rejected their counsel on the high ground that he had taken up arms solely for the defence of the Holy Sepulchre.

The lofty purity of his character allayed the Emperor's fears and even stirred his admiration, in token whereof he solemnly adopted him as his son, and named him Champion of the Empire. Their act of homage was doubtless humiliating; they bowed before the throne of the Emperor and bent the knee to a mute and motionless majesty; at any rate it seemed so to Count Robert of Paris, who resented it and advanced to seat himself at the side of Alexius. Not heeding the reproof of Baldwin, he replied in his own language, "Who is this rustic that keeps his seat while so many valiant captains are standing?" The Emperor, having learned the import of his speech, asked him who he was. "I am a Frank," said Robert, "of the purest nobility. All that I know is, that there is a Church in my neighborhood to which men repair who desire to show their valor in single combat. I have often gone there but never met the man who dared to accept my challenge." Nor did the Emperor accept it, but told "the swelling Latin," as his daughter Anna calls him, "if you waited then without meeting enemies, you are now going where you will find plenty; but do not place yourself at the head or the tail of the army, stay in the centre. I have learned how to fight with the Turks; that is the best place you can choose."

Even Bohemond yielded to flattery and corruption ; lodged in the palace he passed the open door of an apartment filled with riches of gold and silver, of gems and the like. " Here is enough," he said aloud, " to conquer kingdoms with." " It is yours," replied the attendant, and Bohemond, after some hesitation, accepted the gift. His cousin Tancred, however, scorned the gold and flattery of the imperial tempter, and followed by a small number of knights, left Constantinople without having taken the oath. The Count of Toulouse, who arrived last, at first bluntly told the messengers of Alexius that he had not come to the East to seek a master, and that Alexius might be satisfied with an *equal* treaty of alliance and friendship. The skill and address of the artful Emperor triumphed over the pride and vanity, the weakness and avarice of the Western princes, and made them more or less subservient to his will. Nor was this all ; he moved heaven and earth, and if we may believe all, or only a tithe of the things laid to his charge, the third place also, to rid himself of their presence. He is accused of the base design of destroying the Latins in a dangerous, unhealthy camp between the Black Sea, the Bosphorus and the River Barbyses ; it is certain that he adroitly prevented the junction of any two of the crusading armies at Constantinople, and that he recalled the vessels on which they crossed the Bosphorus the moment they had landed on Asiatic soil.

There they heard from the lips of several soldiers of Peter's army, who having escaped from the sword of the Saracens, had lived concealed in the mountains,



the awful story of its destruction. It will soon appear how far the magnificent hosts assembled on the plains of Bythinia profited by that terrible lesson. The lowest and most authentic, or rather, least fabulous estimate names a hundred thousand horsemen, completely armed with helmets and coats of mail, and five hundred thousand foot, besides the priests and monks, the women and children, enclosed within the vast limits of the Christian camp. It was probably the largest European army ever collected within the lines of a single camp. Strictly speaking it was not single, but the aggregate of nineteen separate camps, representing the same number of nations, different in name, manners and language. Each nation had its quarters enclosed with walls and palisades, and these, in the absence of wood or stone, were constructed with the unburied bones of the first Crusaders. In this immense army no Prince, no Duke, no Count, deigned to receive orders from any one. Honor, we are told, was their only law, religion their only tie. It is certain that this loose coherency, and absence of subordination were the elements fatal to its success.

Their first enterprise was the conquest of Nicæa, the capital of Bythinia, and that of the Sultan Kilidje Arslan. Having placed his family and treasures in the city, he observed the Christians from the mountains, and at the head of fifty thousand horse, twice assailed them with great loss. Despairing to save Nicæa, he retreated to collect new forces, while the Christians began the siege in good earnest. The place was very strong; a deep ditch covered its lofty walls

and three hundred and seventy towers; in the West the Lake Ascanius afforded to the besieged open communication, provisions, and a door of escape. For seven weeks the besieged offered a stubborn and skilful defence, but the situation suddenly changed when a large number of boats, furnished by the Greeks and transported over-land, each bearing fifty combatants, covered the lake. This completed the investment and sealed the fate of the city.

In the middle of the night one of the strongest towers, which had been undermined by Raymond's soldiers, fell down with a crash resembling an earthquake. The Christians were jubilant, the Saracens on the brink of despair. The Sultana fled, but her flight was intercepted on the lake. The Crusaders were preparing for the last assault, when suddenly the standards of Alexius appeared upon the ramparts and towers. He had advanced as far as Pelecania, and sent Butumitus, one of his officers accompanying the Crusaders, into Nicæa, with instructions to recommend the inhabitants to save themselves by a timely surrender from the inexorable vengeance of the Latins. The Nicæans took his advice.

Measureless was the surprise, the indignation, the anger of the Crusaders at the loss, by the fraud of their ally, of a city they had conquered at the price of their blood.

The praise and gifts of Alexius stifled the murmurs of the chiefs, but his treachery rankled in their hearts; they construed his generosity to the Turkish prisoners, the *miscreants* or unbelievers as they called them, and

to the Sultana and her train, whom he restored without ransom, as treason, and justly suspected the Greek general, designated to conduct them on their march, of secret connivance with the Sultan; the old invincible and irreconcilable hatred returned and was ready at a moment to burst into open war.

Kilidje Arslan had not been idle; he followed the Crusaders at the head of an army of two hundred thousand men watching for opportunity to surprise and punish them for their conquest of Nicæa. The Crusaders imprudently marched in two separate bodies at some distance from each other. The main army, commanded by Godfrey, Raymond, Adhemar, Hugh the Great, and Robert of Flanders, took the plain of Dorylæum, while the other under the lead of Bohemond, Tancred, and Robert of Normandy, followed the banks of a stream, and the valley of Dogorganhi, called *Gorgoni* by the Latins and *Ozellis* by the Greeks, to the left of the main body, and, beguiled by the presence of rich pasturage, pitched their tents for the night. At day-break their scouts, and clouds of dust on the heights, announced the presence of the enemy. Their camp was defended by the river on one side, by a reedy marsh on the other. Bohemond had barely time to surround the camp with chariots and tent-stakes hastily converted into palisades, and to dispose the troops; the infantry guarded the camp with the women and children, and the sick in the centre; the cavalry, divided into companies, was posted near the river to dispute its passage; the centre, commanded by Bohemond, was on high ground. The Saracens,

raising their wild war-cry, came sweeping down the mountains, and, within bow-shot, enveloped the Christians with a cloud of arrows; they glanced off the armor of the riders, but wounded their horses, and threw the ranks into disorder; the Crusaders, impatient to use the lance and the sword, crossed the river and attacked the enemy; the Saracens quickly opened their ranks and scattered, but, rallying at some distance, darkened the air with fresh clouds of arrows. Onward and onward they flew on their fast horses, drawing the Crusaders after them, and seeming to fly, fought them to great advantage. They knew the ground and followed a plan; the Crusaders were thrown into disorder, and fought as each saw fit. Robert of Paris found plenty of enemies, and fell mortally wounded; Tancred, whose lance was broken, fought only with his sword, and owed his life to Bohemond who drew him from the hands of the Saracens.

At the height of the conflict Kilidje Arslan came down with his choicest troops, crossed the river, and entered the Christian camp. The Saracens massacred all they met, sparing only young and comely women who preferring slavery to death "hastened to deck themselves in their most beautiful garments and succeeded in softening the hearts of their cruel captors."

Meanwhile Bohemond, the instant he heard that the camp was attacked, flew to its rescue and compelled the Sultan to rejoin his main army.

More furiously raged the battle on the banks of the river; the Saracens, receiving constantly fresh accessions, would have annihilated the Christians but for the

opportune arrival at the decisive moment of the main body of the Crusaders. When they appeared on the crest of the eastern mountains, the midday sun flashed from the helmets, shields, and naked swords of fifty thousand horsemen; the welcome sight, and the sound of their drums and clarions revived the hopes of their fainting brethren, and confounded those of the Saracens.

The arrival of Godfrey among the combatants was the signal of the enemy's retreat to the mountain; the Christian army, contrary to the Sultan's expectations, and exasperated by the death of their companions, formed in order of battle, and marched against the Saracens, who awaited them on the mountains. A terrible battle was fought; Raymond attacked them in front and broke their ranks; Tancred, Godfrey, Hugh, and the two Roberts fell upon their flanks with the same effect; Adhemar, having turned the mountains, took them in the rear, and completed their overthrow; only the most expert riders and the fleetest of foot escaped captivity or death; many emirs, three thousand officers, and more than twenty thousand soldiers perished in the battle and the flight; the Moslem camp, filled with immense treasures, abundance of provisions, and a multitude of beasts of burden, especially of camels, fell into the hands of the Crusaders; their own loss in dead numbered four thousand.

By their camp fires that night they rehearsed the incidents, the terrible work, of the day. "The Turks" some said, "expected to put us to flight with their arrows like Arabs, Armenians, Syrians and Greeks;

but they will never be our equals." "No," said others, and they expressed the general opinion, "they only need Jesus Christ to be a match for us." The Turks, on the other hand declared that "they and the Franks were the only soldiers in the world."

In the morning after the victory, the Crusaders buried their dead, weeping over their graves and honoring them as martyrs; then they stripped the bodies of the slain Saracens and quarrelled for their blood-stained garments; some, in the excess of joy, put on the armor and flowing robes of the dead, and in their tents played Turks.

The effect of the Christian victory was tremendous; the Christians throughout Asia Minor lifted up their heads; the Mohammedan world was in despair. Kilidje Arslan, with the wreck of his army and ten thousand Arabs who had joined him, preceded the Christian host and ravaged the country as far as Mount Taurus. The Crusaders passed through a land without inhabitants, without granaries, without standing crops; their march lay through "burning Phrygia," and the arid wilds of Sauria. Their sufferings from want of food and water were terrible; the greater number of their horses perished; their loss in men, women and children was prodigious. The dogs, it is said, saved the army. They had deserted their masters, but one day some returned to the camp, whose paws and hides were covered with moist sand; several soldiers followed their track and discovered a river, but the immoderate use of the boon cost them many valuable lives.

At last they reached Antiochetta, the capital of Pisidia, which opened its gates to them, and there, enjoying once more the blessings of plenty, they took a much needed repose. Offers of supplies with promises of obedience arrived from many parts; scouring parties set forth to collect provisions, scatter the enemy, and conquer the country.

On one of these excursions, conducted by Tancred and Baldwin, the troop of the former arrived under the walls of Tarsus, the birthplace of St. Paul, and persuaded the Turks to display the flag of the Christians on their walls, and to surrender if they were not speedily relieved. The banners of Bohemond and Tancred were accordingly set up. Presently Baldwin arrived and vehemently demanded possession, or at least the joint invasion, of the place and an equal share of the spoils. Tancred scorned the proposal, saying, that he had not taken up arms to pillage Christian cities, for Tarsus contained more Christian than Turkish inhabitants. A violent altercation ensued, but the matter of master-ship being left to the decision of the inhabitants, Baldwin awed them into rejecting Tancred and choosing him as their lord.

The event caused much ill-feeling and broke out at Malmistra in a bloody conflict between the troops of the rival chiefs in which those of Tancred were worsted. The chiefs then made their peace and openly embraced in sight of their soldiers.

Soon after their return to the Christian camp, Baldwin, in response to a summons calling him to aid the Greek tyrant Theodore of Edessa against the Sara-

cens, set out with only two hundred horse and about a thousand foot, and entered Mesopotamia. Theodore adopted him, and Baldwin, not ignorant of a conspiracy which ended in the assassination of his adoptive father, became master of Edessa. His marriage with an Armenian princess, and his conquests, speedily made him undisputed lord of all Mesopotamia. He soon forgot the deliverance of Jerusalem and devoted his efforts to the defence and enlargement of his Principality, which for the space of fifty years was the chief bulwark of the Christians in the East.

In the meantime the Franks had crossed Mount Tarsus and entered Syria, meeting no other foe than famine, heat, and impassable roads. Their passage of the "Mountain of the Devil," between Coxon and Marash was frightful; they lost a great part of their baggage; many of their horses perished, for want of footing, in the chasms beneath them; the soldiers flung away their arms, and dropped down to die where they fell; but the welcome sight of Syria revived their courage and made them soon forget all their sufferings.

They discerned from afar the land of their prayers and desires. Directly before them lay the Emirate of Antioch; beyond it, to the southward, at the foot of Mount Libanus, the Principality of Damascus; on the eastern horizon they saw the confines of Aleppo and Mosul, and turning to the West, the dark blue band of the sea, with the famous cities of Laodicea, Tripoli, Sidon and Tyre on its margin.

The Sultans and Emirs of those cities had shaken



off the yoke of Persia and asserted their independence, but were at war with each other. This civil war, and the disintegration of the splendid empire of Melik Shah was of immense benefit to the Crusaders. Ridwan, Emir of Aleppo, and Dekak, Emir of Damascus, both sons of Tutush, were at daggers drawn. Ridwan was confederate with his kinsman Bagi Sijan, Emir of Antioch, and the Emir Sokman of Jerusalem, and inclined to enter into an alliance with the Fatimites of Cairo; these, although they hardly understood the purpose of the crusading hosts, watched from afar, and with manifest pleasure, their conflict with the Seljukian Turks, hoping to turn their overthrow to good account.

At this favorable juncture the Christians appeared before Antioch, the capital of Syria, famed for its magnificence, its soft and luxurious life. It is hallowed in the annals of Christianity as the place where the disciples of Jesus began to be called Christians; the Apostle Peter was named as the first pastor of its church; no city could boast an equal number of saints and martyrs; men fondly called Antioch "the eldest daughter of Zion" and "Theopolis," the city of God, and pilgrims visited it with no less respect than Jerusalem.

The Crusaders took Artesia, carried the famous "Iron Bridge," and pitched their tents within a mile of the city. Antioch was very strong, and Bagi Sijan very brave. The more prudent Christian leaders thought it a perilous and daring thing to begin in October the siege of a city with ramparts sixty feet

high, solid as rocks and three leagues in extent, bristling with three hundred and sixty towers, defended, moreover, by wide ditches and marshes, the River Orontes, a strong citadel, and a garrison of seven thousand horse and twenty thousand foot.

The Count of Toulouse and the Legate Adhemar derided the notion of delay as cowardly; "they were not birds of passage" they said, "to dread winter, and their past exploits assured them of speedy victory and rich abundance in the doomed city." This was the general sentiment; that very day the siege was begun, but the investment was not complete, for the Crusaders left open the southern part, defended by Mount Casius, five thousand feet high, and the western side protected by the same mountain and the river, so that the besieged had ample means of receiving succors and making sallies.

The siege lasted seven months, but its history may be told in as many lines.

The Franks were improvident and unskillful. Famine, disease, vice, desertions, and the sallies of the besieged brought them to the brink of destruction, and they would have perished, if their Ulysses, the wily and ambitious Bohemond had not by means of a secret understanding with Phirouz, an Armenian renegade, and the promise of the sovereignty of Antioch, extorted from the distress of the other leaders, obtained in the nick of time the possession of one of the principal towers, and in a nocturnal surprise overwhelmed the city in the ferocious massacre of eight or ten thousand defenceless victims. In the morning the

Crusaders penetrated into the houses and massacred without mercy all who refused to pronounce the name of Christ.

Bagi Sijan was most unfortunate; he had just succeeded in effecting the reconciliation of the Seljukian Emirs, and was expecting relief from the advancing hosts of Kerboga, the Sultan of Mogul, when Phirouz betrayed him. He fled for his life, and had passed beyond the enemy's lines, when an Armenian wood-cutter recognized him, thrust him through, and carried his head to the Conquerors.

## 3.

## THE CROSS TRIUMPHANT.

THE City of Antioch was in the hands of the Crusaders, but the Citadel, built upon the crest of an inaccessible mountain, defied their efforts. They girt it with military engines and soldiers, but true to their habitual imprudence, abandoned themselves for the space of three days to the wildest and most extravagant indulgence of every species of intemperance.

On the morning of the fourth day, June 8, 1098, their frantic rejoicing was turned into weeping and wailing. The innumerable hosts of Kerboga, with the Sultans of Nicæa, Aleppo, and Damascus, the Governor Sokman of Jerusalem, and twenty eight Emirs from Persia, Palestine, and Syria, were under the walls of Antioch, and quickly encompassed their vast extent.

The troops of Kerboga took possession of the Port

of St. Simeon, and of all vessels carrying provisions to the Christian army. The Crusaders were in sore plight. They were exposed to assault from the garrison of the Citadel, and shut in by the impassable barrier of the enemy without. An intolerable famine broke out; they killed and ate all their horses; all the unclean animals they could find; some even exhumed for the same purpose, the bodies of the Saracens. Many of the Crusaders deserted; some fled by sea; others, at the risk of their lives, jumped into the ditch; still others, the "rope dancers," descended from the ramparts by means of a rope and for a little bread forswore their faith. Many of the deserters perished from want or were killed by the Saracens. Of the leaders the Count of Blois, the standard-bearer of the host, had left the army two days before the capture of Antioch, and on the approach of Kerboga, took the road of Constantinople; Stephen, Count of Chartres, made his way to the camp of Alexius, who was advancing with an army towards Antioch, and so terrified him that he ordered a retreat.

The Crusaders in their despair offered to capitulate, but Kerboga left them only the choice of servitude or death. Fanaticism and superstition saved them.

The priest, Peter Barthélemi, of the diocese of Marseilles, declared before the Council that St. Andrew had appeared to him three times, saying: "Go to the Church of my brother Peter at Antioch. Near the chief altar you will find deep in the earth, the iron head of the lance which pierced the side of our Redeemer. Within three days this instrument of

eternal salvation shall be manifested to His disciples. This mystical iron, borne at the head of the army, shall effect the deliverance of the Christians, and pierce the hearts of the infidels." It is unnecessary to narrate how the lance, not of Roman make, but the work of a contemporary armorer, was smuggled into its hiding-place; the search was made, the lance was found; a cry of joy arose from the soldiers, from the whole city. No one doubted that God would save them; strength and vigor re-animated the Crusaders; all cried to be led forth to battle.

Peter the Hermit was sent to Kerboga to offer him single combat or a general battle. We need not repeat his speech; it amazed and incensed the Saracen; he bade Peter be gone, and tell the Crusaders to acknowledge the Prophet *at once* or expect the worst. "To-morrow," he concluded, "they shall leave Antioch only by the sword. They will then see if their crucified God, who could not save himself from the cross, can save them from the fate which is prepared for them." Peter who had been caught as a deserter before, and was fleet of foot, was warned by the Sultan's angry gesture and the Moslem's evident disposition to end his career, to return in hot haste.

His report was followed by an immediate order for battle. The Crusaders took the Holy Communion, and in the morning of the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul, marched out in twelve divisions, symbolical of the twelve apostles, to give battle to the Saracens. Only Raymond of Toulouse remained in the city to watch the garrison of the Citadel.

The Battle of Antioch reads more like fable than history; the Crusaders, a hundred thousand strong, with the exception of a few hundred mounted on horses, asses, and camels, marched on foot; many were in tatters; in the ranks were sick and attenuated soldiers weakened by famine and barely able to move. They issued from the city, chanting the martial psalm, "Let the Lord arise, and let His enemies be scattered;" following the banner of the Church, and the Holy Lance, borne by Raymond d'Agiles, one of the historians of this Crusade, they seemed rather an army of mendicants than one marching to victory. Thus, thought Kerboga, but sprang like a lion from the chess-board when fugitives rushed into his tent announcing that the Crusaders had cut to pieces the two thousand Saracens guarding the Bridge. His army, divided into fifteen bodies, covered the whole country round Antioch; his own division, in the centre, appeared like an inaccessible mountain. Seeing the Crusaders ranged in order of battle, on the plain, with a half circle of mountains protecting them from surprise, he ordered the Sultans of Damascus, Nicæa and Aleppo to turn the mountains and place themselves between the enemy and the city; then drew up his own army in line of battle to receive the Christians, advancing in perfect order, chanting hymns. The Saracens began the fight with a terrific charge by their right wing; the Christians stood the shock, repulsed the attack, and broke the Saracen ranks; Godfrey broke through their left wing and threw it into disorder; the Sultan of Nicæa, Kilidje Arslan, having turned the

mountains, fell upon Bohemond, commanding the rear and reserve; he fought like a lion, and in the heat of the battle caused lighted flax to be thrown amongst the bushes and dry grass of the plain; a blaze of flame and dense smoke enveloped the Christians.

At this, the critical moment of the battle, the Legate Adhemar, directed the attention of the Crusaders to a squadron, led by three Knights in white garments and shining armor, descending from the mountains. "Lo," he cried, "here comes help sent from heaven, the holy martyrs George, Demetrius, and Theodore come to fight for you." Who they were, whence they came, whither they went, or if they were present at all, nobody can tell; but, we learn, that the vision of the celestial combatants roused the wildest enthusiasm of the Crusaders who bore upon the affrighted hosts of the Saracens with irresistible fury. In a moment a panic broke out in every part of the field, and at once degenerated into "rout on rout, confusion worse confounded." Whatever was the cause of this great victory, the celestial legion, the fanatical heroism of the Crusaders, or the undoubted feud of the rival Sultans and Emirs, it is certain that it was complete. It ended in the massacre of a hundred thousand Saracens, the capture of the enemy's camp, with an immense booty in treasure, provisions, camels and horses; every Crusader had suddenly become rich; the garrison of the Citadel at once surrendered to Raymond; three hundred of them turned Christians, the remainder were permitted to enter the Mohammedan lines.

Antioch, despite the most violent opposition of Ray-

mond, Count of Toulouse, remained in the hands of Bohemond; but the leaders, loth to exchange the plenty of Antioch for the miseries of a summer-march, and deeming it expedient to wait for the arrival of reinforcements expected from Europe, deferred their departure to the winter.

They sent two of their number, Hugh of Vermandois and Baldwin of Hainault, to Constantinople to remind Alexius of his unfulfilled promises. Baldwin with all his train perished in Asia Minor; Hugh, who took a different road, was more fortunate, and reached his destination, but failing in the object of his mission, returned to Europe. The disgrace of a deserter clung to him, and men called him "the raven of the ark."

The Crusaders reaped nothing but misfortune from their stay at Antioch. The plague broke out and raged with frightful severity; some of the Annals speak of a hundred thousand victims, and mention among other renowned leaders who died in the epidemic, Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, the Pope's Legate. His death drew tears from many eyes. The Crusaders mourned for him as their spiritual guide, likened him to Moses, because he died without having even seen the promised land, and buried him in the very spot where the Holy Lance was found.

The plague stayed neither the discord of the leaders nor the quarrels of the soldiers. They broke out on all occasions, especially on their numerous predatory expeditions.

Passing over the foul and horrid details of the siege and capture of Maarah, we linger for a moment under



the walls of Archas to chronicle two memorable and more interesting events.

The first relates to the fabled Holy Lance which, in the custody of Raymond, proved a rich source of liberal alms, and provoked the envy and inquiry of his rivals, who denounced it as a fraud.

Peter Barthélemi, the inventor, appealed to the ordeal of fire. A pile of dry fagots, four feet high and fourteen long, was set up in the middle of the plain; the flames were burning to the height of twenty cubits; an opening two feet wide was left for the passage. Peter, accompanied by several priests, and bearing the Holy Lance, arrived at the entrance to the pile, one of the clergy saying in a loud voice: "If this man has seen Jesus Christ face to face, and if the Apostle Andrew did reveal the Divine Lance to him, may he pass safe and sound through the flames; but if, on the contrary, he is guilty of falsehood, may he be burned, together with the Lance which he bears in his hands." "The will of God be done," responded all present, bowing. Peter, on his knees, took heaven to witness, and having asked the prayers of the clergy, rushed into the flames, and passed out on the opposite side.

He seemed to be unhurt, but either had received fatal injuries in the fire, or from the ardor of those who pressed around him and touched him; for he died soon after, some say on the twelfth day, still protesting his innocence. Nevertheless the people "were satisfied with the judgment of God," whatever that may mean. It is certain that the Holy Lance thenceforth ceased to work miracles. The attempt to substi-

tute for it the ring and cross of Adhemar was an utter failure.

The second event was the arrival of a Fatimite embassy, bearing rich presents for the leaders of the Crusaders, announcing the conquest by their master, the Caliph at Cairo, of Tyre and Jerusalem, and proposing an arrangement opening that city to unarmed Christian pilgrims. The Christians kept the presents, and dismissed the ambassadors, with the haughty message that they were advancing to the conquest of Palestine and hoped to carry their arms to the banks of the Nile.

In the month of May, the Crusaders, reduced to an aggregate of about fifty thousand souls, and a fighting force of only fifteen hundred horse, and twenty thousand foot, began the march to Jerusalem.

Of the leaders Bohemond remained in Antioch, and Baldwin at Edessa. The Christian army followed the course of the sea, where they might be provisioned by fleets from Pisa, Genoa, and Flanders; and passing over the territories of Berytus (Beyrout), Sidon and Tyre, they arrived before the walls of Ptolemais (Accon, Acre). The Emir granted them free passage and sent them provisions, promising to follow the example of Jerusalem. They were congratulating themselves on this easy and unexpected submission when a letter of his, attached to the wing of a carrier-pigeon, found dead in their camp near Cæsarea, and addressed to the Emir of that city, enlightened them as to the real import of his professions. "The accursed Christians," he wrote, "have just passed through my territories, and

will soon cross yours; let the chiefs of all the Moslem cities be warned of their march, and let them take measures to crush our enemies." The Crusaders saw in the finding of this letter a clear intimation of the protection and favor of God, since He sent the birds of heaven to reveal to them the secrets of the infidels. Elated with joy and enthusiasm they continued their journey, and leaving Joppa (Jaffa) on their right, took in succession the deserted cities of Lydda, Ramlah, and Emmaus.

On their arrival at the last-named place some Christians of Bethlehem came to implore their assistance. Tancred, with three hundred men, set out in the middle of the night, and planted the flag of the Crusaders upon its walls at the same *hour* in which Christ was born and announced to the Shepherds. The Crusaders had agreed among themselves that when one of the leaders had planted his standard upon a city, or placed his mark on a castle or house, he should become its lawful possessor. In pursuance of this fact each tried to be first to the ruin of order and discipline, and the frequent disturbance of peace and concord.

At daybreak of June 10, 1099, the Crusaders ascended the heights of Emmaus. "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" broke from their lips, and all, with one accord wakened the echoes of Mount Sion and the Mount of Olives with their famous war-cry of "It is the will of God! It is the will of God!" They wept for joy, and over their sins; they fell on their knees, and kissed the ground hallowed by the presence of the Saviour; they walked barefooted; they pointed to His profaned tomb,

and renewed their oath to deliver the Holy City from the yoke of the Saracens.

The conquest of Jerusalem was not easy; the city was still very strong, and the Crusaders had neither skill nor military engines. They trusted in their courage, the strength of their arms, and the sharpness of their swords. A hermit on the Mount of Olives conjured them in the name of Christ to make a general assault and predicted their success. They decided to lay siege to the city, and occupied the points most favorable to their project; the two Roberts, and Tancred encamped towards the North; Godfrey of Bouillon planted his standard on the first swell of Mount Calvary; Raymond of Toulouse pitched his tent towards the West from the summit to the declivity of Mount Sion, which was not included within the precincts of the city; the approaches of the city from the South and the East they left free.

Iftikhar, the Caliph's lieutenant, had devastated the neighborhood, filled up or poisoned the cisterns, strengthened the fortifications, and was working day and night to make them more perfect. The city was well provisioned, it had a garrison of forty thousand soldiers, and twenty thousand of the inhabitants were under arms.

True to their purpose the Crusaders on the fifth day made a general assault; companies closely joined together, approached the wall, and under cover of their bucklers used pikes and hammers to destroy it, while others at some distance plied their slings and cross-bows to keep the enemy from the ramparts. By dint

of brutal force they burst the first wall, but were powerless against the second; with only one ladder they attempted an escalade, but the few who reached the top were hurled back.

Convinced that nothing could be done without engines of war they scoured the treeless neighborhood for building material; they found a few beams, and, after some time, all the timber they wanted in the forest of Shechem, thirty miles distant. Genoese carpenters and engineers, who had recently landed at Jaffa, were busily at work in the construction of machines, including three movable turrets, higher than the walls, each furnished with a draw-bridge that could be let down on the ramparts. After forty days of incessant toil and privation, the Crusaders, preceded by their priests singing psalms and hymns, marched bare-headed and barefooted around the walls of the Holy City, devoting them like those of Jericho to destruction, and on Thursday, July 14th, renewed the assault.

Throughout the day the combat was terrific, but at its close the besiegers had been repulsed at all points; two of their turrets could no longer be moved, and the third fell to pieces. They spent the night in refitting them for use, while the besieged were repairing their walls. In the morning the struggle was renewed with increased and ever increasing fury; at noon the cause of the besiegers looked desperate; their machines were on fire and they had neither water nor vinegar, which alone would put out the Greek Fire. The Saracens were triumphant, the Christians desponding. At that moment a Knight appeared on the Mount of Olives,

waving his shining buckler, and encouraging the Christians to enter the City. Godfrey and Raymond, who saw him first, cried aloud that St. George had come to help them. All greeted with delight their celestial ally and returned to the contest with irresistible fury. The wind now drove the flames and the smoke into the faces of the Saracens fighting on the ramparts. In the midst of the fire the drawbridge of Godfrey's tower was let down on the wall.

On the very day, and at the precise hour of the Passion, viz., on Friday at three o'clock, Godfrey of Bouillon, preceded by the brothers Lethalde and Engelbert of Tournay, and followed by Baldwin du Bourg, Eustace, Reimbault Creton, Gunher, Bernard de St. Vallier, and Amenjou d'Albret, stood upon the ramparts of Jerusalem. Thirsting for the blood of the Saracens, he rushed, sword in hand, after their retreating forms, and began the massacre in the streets of the unhappy city. Tancred, the two Roberts, and their following entered next; the gate of St. Stephen fell under their axes; the crowd of the Crusaders rushed in, while Raymond and his company scaled the walls on ladders and swords, and joined their brethren in the streets of Jerusalem, resounding with "It is the will of God! It is the will of God!"

Nothing could stay their progress, or arrest the flight of the terrified Moslems who with their Emir had taken refuge in the fortress of David. For a moment they rallied to charge the Christians who, secure of victory, were hastening to the pillage; but the Christian arms prevailed.

What then ensued in the streets, in the houses, in the palaces, and in the mosques of the city, my pen refuses to describe at length. At three o'clock of Friday, as was said just now, the very hour of the day, at which Christ expired on the cross for our salvation, the Crusaders, his sworn champions, began a massacre the like of which for extent, and for savage, inexorable, cruel, and worse than brutal ferocity has never been eclipsed; they ceased to be men; they sunk below the level of ravening beasts; their insatiable blood-thirstiness excelled that of wolves, hyenas, and tigers. I deliberately weigh my words and scan their meaning; they understate the facts.

Raymond d'Agiles, an eye-witness, writes: "In the Temple, and in Solomon's Porch the horsemen *rode* through the blood which rose up to the knees, and the *bridles* of the horses;" the leaders, Daimbert, *Archbishop* of Pisa, Godfrey of Bouillon, and Raymond of St. Gilles and Toulouse, say in a joint-letter addressed to the Pope, the Bishops, and Christians in general: "If you desire to know what became of the enemies we found in Jerusalem, know that in Solomon's Porch, and in the Temple, our soldiers had the vile blood of the Saracens up to the knees of their horses."

In the light and knowledge of these terrible lines, it seems incredible, but is undoubtedly true, that Godfrey, in an access of penitent and grateful devotion, and followed by three attendants, *walked* bare-headed and barefooted, and unarmed, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to kneel at the Tomb of Christ. His example was followed by all the Crusaders, who for a

while stayed the work of death. Kneeling in lowly adoration, they smote their breasts, with groans and tears confessed their sins, and offered their prayers and thanksgiving.

That night they sang hymns of penitence, and reviewing the work of the day just closed, and anticipating that <sup>of</sup> the morrow, they devoutly repeated the words of Isaiah: "Ye who love Jerusalem, rejoice with her." In this they were joined by their liberated Christian brethren who brought forth all the provisions of which they had been able to spoil the Saracens, and almost worshipped the now triumphant Peter the Hermit, magnifying the mercy of God for raising him up and enabling him to stir so much enthusiasm and achieve such marvellous works.

In the morning the leaders, on the ground of self-preservation, decreed a sentence of death against *all* the Saracens remaining in the city, and executed it with no more feeling of pity or abhorrence than that of an army of wood-cutters sent to clear a forest. I will not mention the details of the carnage which was extended to the Jews, who were however not put to the sword but left to perish alive in the flames of their synagogue.

The number of the massacred exceeded seventy thousand; three hundred Saracens, whom Tancred, the conqueror of Omar's Mosque had spared, were immolated in cold blood, to the indignation of that knight, who though he pitied not their fate, yet resented the act as a breach of honor and chivalry. The garrison and the fugitives in the fortress of David



alone escaped death; Raymond accepted their capitulation and was powerful enough to have it executed; the Crusaders exonerated him from the *charge* of compassion, but denounced his cupidity; those also, who were found alive after the Sunday following the conquest were granted life, but condemned to slavery. The first and most terrible work exacted from them was the burial of the mangled and dishonored remains of their brethren; "they wept, and carried them out," not alone, though, for the soldiers of Raymond having come last into the city, and, in consequence, lost much of the plunder, sought to repair the loss by a close search of the dead. The booty was immense and enriched the greater part of the Crusaders; nothing, however, elated them more than the recovery of the True Cross, which the Christians had carefully concealed from the Saracens during the siege; they bore it in triumph through the streets and replaced it in the Church of the Resurrection for "of this thing," to use the words of an Arab chronicle," the Christians were as much delighted as if they had seen the body of Christ hung thereupon."

A few words suffice to chronicle the subsequent events. The chiefs met to elect a King, and united their suffrages on Godfrey of Bouillon; their unanimity was regarded as an inspiration from on high; he was conducted in triumph to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where he swore to respect the laws of honor and justice, but refused the diadem, saying that he would never accept a crown of gold in a city in which his Saviour had been crowned with thorns. He would

accept no other title than that of "Baron and Defender of the Holy Sepulchre." His declination of the crown was probably less due to scruples of piety than to ecclesiastical pressure. Strictly speaking the Church, that is the Pope, claimed the city as the property of God.

A fortnight after his election Godfrey set out to meet the hosts of the Fatimite Caliph of Cairo marching under El Afdal; it was he who took Jerusalem from the Turks, and now threatened to annihilate the Christians root and branch, to destroy the Holy Places, and to reconquer Antioch. A battle was fought in the plain of Saphœa, or Serfend, between Joppa and Ascalon, ending in the total defeat of the Fatimite army; the booty was enormous; the Christian army of twenty thousand defeated ten! (or seven) times that number of infidels. In the panic, multitudes ran into the sea and perished in the waves; two thousand fugitives were crushed to death in the gates of Ascalon; El Afdal left his sword on the field and fled in hot haste; multitudes stood motionless, and "the sword mowed them down like the grass of the field;" others "scrambled up trees, and were shot down with arrows like birds." The Archbishop of Pisa fables of "a hundred thousand who fell beneath our swords."

It was a splendid victory; Godfrey returned to Jerusalem in triumph; the sound of his martial music and the voice of thanksgiving woke the echoes of the Holy City; "the mountains and hills broke forth into singing;" the Conqueror, amid the *Te Deum* of the faithful,

hung up the sword and the great standard of the Sultan in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Such is the end of the First Crusade, which cost Europe at least a million of men, and the Saracens not less. The Crusaders, having fulfilled their vows, after four years of perilous toil, returned by various routes to Europe, sadder, perhaps wiser, though hardly better men. Of the leaders, besides Godfrey, none remained in the East except Baldwin, Bohemond, Tancred, and Raymond. The last named went to Constantinople and received from the Emperor the city of Laodicea. Tancred remained with Godfrey, but Peter the Hermit, also, left Palestine and spent the remainder of his life in the Abbey of Neuf-Moutier at Huy. Urban II., did not live to hear the conquest of Jerusalem.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE KINGDOM OF JERUSALEM.

A. D. 1100—1145.

GREAT were the difficulties of Godfrey's Kingdom, but he overcame them. Wedged in between the rival Caliphates of Cairo and Bagdad, he had to defend it from both. The population of Jerusalem, his capital, was made up of Crusaders, Syrians, Greeks, renegades from all religions, adventurers from every land. His soldiers were fanatics and criminals.

He divided the conquered territory among his companions, but they were refractory; and the papal Patriarch, Cardinal Daimbert, was arrogant and troublesome. The soldiers said that they had conquered the land by their valor, but the priests ascribed the conquest to their prayers. All laid claim to reward, and all were more or less disobedient.

Two hundred knights and less than a thousand foot were the available strength for the defense of the Holy Sepulchre. Strictly speaking government, such as it was, was confined to only a few towns; the country population was thievish and rebellious. The only good road was that from Joppa to Jerusalem. Seawulf, an English pilgrim who passed it in 1103, saw many uninterred corpses lie in the way; men refused to bury them, because it imperilled their own life.

The organization of the Kingdom of Jerusalem was unique in many respects. We have to distinguish between the Kingdom of Jerusalem proper, and its feudal dependencies of Tripolis, Antioch and Edessa, the first of these being two hundred miles distant from Jerusalem, the second about three hundred, and the last more than four hundred miles. Each of these centres preserved usages answering to the nationality of the majority of the settlers. The government was feudal, with a predominant influence of the Church. Its characteristic features appear from the interesting constitution or Code of Laws, known as the "Assise of Jerusalem." It was drawn up by Godfrey in concert with Latin pilgrims best versed in law, and with the advice and approbation of the Patriarch and the Barons. The original document with the seals of the King, the Patriarch, and the Viscount of Jerusalem, was deposited in the Holy Sepulchre, but lost with the City. Restored from tradition by John d'Ibelin, Count of Jaffa, about 1260, it underwent a final revision in 1369 and was adopted as the Constitution of the Latin Kingdom of Cyprus. The Venetians made it known in Europe.

The King, according to the Code, was elected, but in the case of his demise, his next of kin was preferred, if possible; the Barons comprised his Council.

The King solemnly promised to be a good lord; then the Barons took the oath of allegiance. He was presented with the insignia of his office, to wit, a ring denoting fidelity; a sword importing his defence of the Holy Sepulchre; a crown and a sceptre as symbols of

authority and justice. He took the crown to the Temple and deposited it on the spot where Jesus was presented, but upon a fixed redemption it was restored to him. The whole transaction imported that the Holy Sepulchre was the real Sovereign, and the King only its supreme defender.

Military service was feudal; the same applies to a multitude of personal relations and obligations for mutual protection.

There were three Courts of justice. In the Supreme Court, called the Court of the Barons, the King presided in person; it was composed of all the nobles who held their land immediately of the crown. The second Court, called the Court of Burgesses, was composed of a limited number of chosen citizens; the third Court, called the Court of the Syrians, or native Christians who spoke Arabic, was composed of a select number of Syrians. The principle which underlay these several Courts was the broad one that as each was chosen by its own order, so every citizen was judged by his peers, and in the case of the Syrians, they were judged by their own national law.

The "Assise of Jerusalem" recognized and protected with singular justice and liberality all men capable of bearing arms, but treated villains, slaves, serfs, and captives of war with hardly more consideration than objects of property; the old medieval values remained, according to which a slave and a falcon were rated alike, and three slaves equalled the value of a war-horse, which as late as the fourteenth century was valued at three hundred pieces of gold.

The status of the Clergy was of the most pronounced assertion ; they claimed supremacy by divine right.

The Code allowed judicial combat, and the ordeal by iron and fire in criminal causes, sometimes also in civil matters.

By far the most efficient protection of the Kingdom of Jerusalem was afforded by the celebrated military Orders of the "Knights of St. John," and of the "Knights Templars."

The Monastery of Sancta Maria de Latina, and the Hospital adjoining it date from an earlier period ; its members, known as the Hospitallers, rendered valuable service to the first Crusaders, and the fame of their work enriched them in various ways. The influx of wealth moved them to effect their separation from the Monastery, and form themselves about A. D. 1099 into a purely religious Order ; its membership in course of time being largely recruited from the chivalry of the West, Hugues de Paganès, Geoffrey of St. Omer, and seven other French Knights in their turn left the Hospitallers, and about A. D. 1120 founded a religious and military Order, which took its name from the place of their residence, the Palace of the Temple, which stood on the site of Solomon's Temple ; they also acquired the Convent of the Temple, and called themselves "Poor Soldiers of the Temple of Solomon," "Militia of the Temple," or briefly "Templars." They took the usual monastic vows and consecrated themselves to the protection of the public roads, a euphemism for warfare against the Saracens. They affected great

poverty, and made it conspicuous on their seal and badge, which represented two knights mounted on one horse ; they wore a white habit. In the beginning of their Order only such as had foresworn all personal enmity were admitted to membership. All these things however changed apace, for though St. Bernard described the Templars as "more gentle than lambs in their Order, but fiercer than lions against the enemy," his portraiture is not sustained in history, which depicts their pride, rapacity, and cruelty and charges them and the Hospitallers with atrocities that abundantly justify the terse antithesis that "they neglected to live, but were prepared to die in the service of Christ."

The great success of the Templars reacted upon their parents, the Hospitallers, who likewise took up arms for the same purpose. A papal Bull, bearing date A. D. 1130, extols the protection they gave to the pilgrims. Raymond du Puy is named as the author of the statutes of their Order. These military Orders are doubtless the most striking characteristic of the crusading period ; they speedily formed branch-establishments in the most important maritime cities of Europe and elsewhere, through which they maintained unbroken communication between the East and the West both in the supply of recruits from the Chivalry of Europe, and of material support which they understood to attract from every quarter. They fed the enthusiasm of the movement, which without their fiery and fanatical zeal would have died much earlier.

The Hospitallers, converted into Knights of St.



John of Jerusalem, wore red surcoats adorned with a silver cross before and behind, and it may not be superfluous to add that they were the ancestors of the Knights of Rhodes, and Malta.

Godfrey reigned only one year. He died July 18, 1100,—it is said from poisoned fruit—universally regretted, and was fitly laid to rest near the Holy Sepulchre.

He was succeeded by his brother Baldwin, who relinquished his Principality of Edessa to Baldwin du Bourg, his nephew. Baldwin materially strengthened the little kingdom by conquest, and the more independent stand he took towards the Patriarch. His reign of eighteen years was an incessant and successful warfare with the Caliph of Cairo and the Turks. The Great Bell of Jerusalem summoned the faithful to prayer and war. Baldwin always caused the True Cross to be borne before him in battle, and preferred to attack the enemy of a Sunday, as the day on which Christ rose from the dead. His war-cry was "Christ Jesus, Christ the Conqueror," the Moslems' "Allah is great." In his enterprises he was largely aided from abroad, especially by the rising maritime powers of Genoa and Pisa. Thus he took Arsuf and Cæsarea. These allies, however, came for gain, not for religion, and drove sharp bargains; they claimed quarters of their own in every town, and one third of the spoils. At Cæsarea they took as their share the famous *emerald* vase, alleged to have been the gift of the Queen of Sheba. We need not doubt the fact of the gift, although the discovery of recent times has also estab-

lished the fact that the vase is of glass, and not of emerald. It is well known that the subjects of that ancient queen, the Sabæans of Arabia Felix, excelled in the imitation of gems, and, if report does not slander them, had a habit of passing their imitation for the genuine article.

Baldwin, aided by the Genoese, laid siege to Ptolemais (St. Jean d'Acre), and at the end of twenty days conquered the place. He had promised the brave garrison and the inhabitants free passage and the privilege of taking their portable possessions, but his rapacious allies, loth to see them depart, fell upon and massacred them; this happened in 1104. Five years later Bertrand, a son of Raymond of Toulouse, undertook an enterprise against Tripolis, which his father failed to take in 1099. The city held out bravely, and might have compelled the assailants to abandon the siege, if a Fatimite fleet advancing to its relief had not been delayed by adverse winds. This failure sealed its fate. The Frankish conquerors are charged with the barbarism of committing to the flames an Oriental library of a hundred thousand volumes on the ground that it contained only Korans.

Bibles, Sarcpta, and Berytus shared the fate of Tripolis.

Sidon, a city of immemorable antiquity, famed among other things for the manufacture of glass, and traditionally, as the place of its discovery, was the next point of attack. It stood on rising ground, and was defended by the sea on the North and the West, and by massive fortifications at the opposite points.

The siege, to be successful, had to be by land and by water; and a circumstance arose, quite unexpectedly, which favored the consummation. Animated by the desire of securing a share of the riches and precious booty which others had found in the service of the Byzantines and in the Holy Land, ten thousand Norwegians, led by Sigurd, a son of Magnus, King of Norway, set sail in a fleet of sixty vessels, and after landing in Spain and Sicily, arrived in Syrian waters in the very nick of time, when a Fatimite fleet was preparing to land an expedition in the Christian Kingdom. The opportune arrival of the Norsemen proved a true god-send; they frustrated the designs of the Fatimites, and co-operated with Baldwin in an attack of Sidon, which fell in the month of December 1110. The garrison was allowed free passage, and it is pleasant to read that Sigurd at least was not mercenary, and, content with a fragment of the True Cross, as the reward of his service, sailed away with his Norsemen, bearing the precious relic to his distant home, and laid it on St. Olaf's shrine at Drontheim.

Meanwhile Tancred having taken Bohemond's place at Antioch, won many laurels. He conquered not only Laodicea and Apamea, but a number of towns in Cilicia, which the Emperor Alexius, who had his hands full in other quarters, could not prevent. On the other hand he was equally successful in his encounter with the Turks, having wrested divers places from the Emir of Aleppo, and made him, as well as the Emir of Cæsarea and Hamah tributary.

“These Emirs,” says Ranke, “had become so

accustomed to the prestige of the Franks, that they preferred to oppose the army of the Emir al Omara at Bagdad, who purposed to regulate their affairs."

Frankish prowess, it appears, had in the course of a few years pushed back the Turks, and conquered the greater part of the Syrian coast. Baldwin entertained the plan of an invasion of Egypt, and took Farada near Pelusium, but on the return-march, fell sick and died in the desert of El Arish. His entrails were buried on the spot, and for years to come every Moslem that passed by his tomb would cast a stone at it in token of his hatred of so terrible an enemy of Islam. His bones were carried to Jerusalem, and placed along-side Godfrey's. The inscription on his tomb called him a second Judas Maccabæus.

In the first Crusade men denounced his ambition, but when he died everybody extolled his courage, generosity, and compassion. As he excelled in these qualities, and in stature all his contemporaries, so he distanced in ability all his successors in the throne. His word was law; the Barons and Knights bowed to his authority, and the people, though they feared his power, loved the man.

Nearing death he expressly commended Baldwin II., his nephew, successor. His eventful and checkered reign covers the space of thirteen years from A. D. 1118-1131. One of his first acts was the struggle for Antioch in the battle of Hab, A. D. 1119, which, though claimed by the Moslems as a victory, was doubtless won by him, since the object for which it was 'fought passed permanently under his control.

Baldwin II., was venturesome, taken prisoner by the Turks, and had to pay a heavy ransom for his liberty. Toward the close of his life he was actually obliged to take the field against his own daughter Elisa, who upon the death of her husband Bohemond II., of Antioch, had usurped the crown. She was compelled to sue for mercy and relinquish the principality. Baldwin then caused the vassals to swear allegiance to his grand-daughter Constantia, daughter of Bohemond II.

The most important event of his reign, the conquest of Tyre, took place without his participation, during the term of his captivity. It came about in a rather peculiar way. In the year A. D. 1123, the Egyptians fitted out an armament, and attacked Jaffa by land and by sea. The Chivalry of Jerusalem, accompanied by the Patriarch with the True Cross, went forth to meet the enemy. The Christian army numbered eight thousand combatants, the Egyptian four times as many. The former, commanded by the Constable Eustace, kissed the sacred emblem, rushed upon the Egyptians, and despite the great disparity in numbers, gained a complete victory. The Egyptians, utterly demoralized, left everything behind, made for their ships, and sailed away.

At this juncture a Venetian fleet, commanded by the Doge Domenico Michieli, arrived on the scene, pursued the Egyptians, overtook them in the harbor of Ascalon and destroyed their fleet. The Venetians were led in triumph to Jerusalem, and as they had come with a very powerful armament, which, according to some, numbered two hundred vessels, for the double purpose of delivering the Holy Land from the oppres-

sion of infidels, and of enlarging their own domain, their presence kindled the enthusiasm of the Knights for further enterprise. Opinion being divided as to whether Ascalon or Tyre should be attacked, the Doge proposed to decide the matter by an appeal to God. This advice prevailed, and accordingly two pieces of paper, one inscribed with Ascalon, the other with Tyre, were placed in the pyx on the altar, and after Mass, one was drawn by a child. It bore the name of Tyre, and Tyre accordingly was the destination of their expedition.

Before undertaking it, however, the Doge, an excellent hand in diplomacy, reached an understanding with the Barons which illustrates the situation. The Venetians, presumably in recognition of their past service, were guaranteed a church, a street, an open square, a bath, and a bake-house in every city of the Kingdom of Jerusalem; an annual contribution of three hundred byzants, and their own jurisdiction, and with respect to the anticipated possession of the cities of Tyre and Ascalon, one third of them, if conquered by their aid.

The City of Tyre, like Sidon, of immemorable antiquity, renowned for its superb combination of land and sea-scenery, for its wealth and commerce, especially its purple, was very strong, and its capture an undertaking of great difficulty. In the hoary past Shalmaneser besieged it by land for five years, apparently without success; Nebuchadnezzar blockaded it by land and by water for thirteen years, and, it is generally believed, ineffectually; Alexander the Great laid siege to it by land and by sea for seven months, and after unspeakable labors, took the City, set it on fire, and of the in-

habitants massacred eight thousand, and sold thirty thousand into slavery. A new city rose out of its ashes, which eighteen years after the Macedonian calamity had recovered so much of its former wealth and strength that it held out fifteen months against Antigonous. In the age of Jerome it was again one of the the most flourishing cities of the East, and in the seventh century passed into the hands of the Saracens. At the time under notice it presented the anomalous condition of being divided by the two rival factions of the Moslems. Although the city belonged to the Caliphs of Egypt, they had from fear of the Christians ceded one-third of it to Toghtekin, Atabek of Damascus, an Abbasside partisan, who being as it were on the spot, might do more for the defence of the place than its Egyptian masters.

The siege began to run its weary length, and for a time Christians and Saracens fought with equal bravery and success. Toghtekin, from whom so much had been expected, did virtually nothing for the relief of the city, and in the end reached an understanding with the besiegers granting the men of Damascus free passage. Their departure was the signal for the final attack; the Knights and Venetians took the city by storm. The Venetians planted their flag on one tower, the Royal Standard of Jerusalem waved from a second, and that of the Count of Tripolis, the Chief Vassal of the Kingdom, from a third. The siege lasted five months, and the conquest of Tyre gave the Christians possession of the entire coast, Ascalon alone excepted.

Fulk, Count of Anjou, ascended the throne of Jeru-

salem A. D. 1131. During his reign of twelve years the little kingdom attained its greatest extent. "The Franks," says a Moslem "decidedly preponderate; they hold the country from Maridin in Mesopotamia to El Arish, Haleb, Damascus, Hems, and Halad alone excepted, but Haleb is tributary, and Damascus is obliged to surrender Christian slaves."

Fulk, already advanced in years, was eminently conservative, and as neither he nor the men of his generation were equal to aggressive warfare, he directed his efforts to building castles and fortresses for the defence of his kingdom.

Thus far the Fatimites had been in the main the chief enemy of the Christian Kingdom, in the struggle with whom they had conquered the coast, and their political status, but it was necessary for its preservation to secure its frontiers in the direction of the Seljukians. But that was a task of insuperable difficulty, which might have succeeded had the whole strength of the West made common cause with the Greeks and Latins. Unaided such an attempt could not but terminate in disaster.

As it was, the Greek Emperor, John II., also called Calo-John, the successor of Alexius, concluded a treaty with the Latins, which recognized his claim to the Suzerainty of Antioch, and indemnified them with the possession of the cities of Aleppo, Cæsarea, and Emesa to be conquered by their joint efforts. For this purpose Raymond of Antioch, and Joscelin II., of Edessa, joined their strength with that of the Emperor, surprised the town of Buzagha, and threatened Aleppo.



It was a perilous success. Buzagha belonged to Zenghi, Atabek of Mosul. Atabek, or Father of the Prince, originally the title of the Regent during the minority of a Seljukian prince, was occasionally borne permanently, and became even hereditary.

Zenghi, son of Ascansar, grand-vizier of Melik Shah, distinguished for military ability and enthusiastic devotion to Islam, being the choice of the inhabitants, and at their special request, was appointed by Sultan Masud Atabek of Mosul. He entered with great ardor upon the war with the Christians. His military genius in organization, tactics, and generalship, was of a high order and made him the acknowledged champion of Islam. He soon united Mosul and Aleppo, and established for the protection of his territory a sort of standing militia. The camp was the home of his soldiers, who were forbidden to hold land, but taught to respect the rights of the country, population and to depend on his bounty for reward, on his power for the protection of their families. So confident was Zenghi of the loyalty of his people that he was wont to describe his country as a garden enclosed with a hedge.

He was laying siege to Emesa, when he heard the tidings of the attack. Forthwith he returned to the defence of Aleppo, united a number of independent Moslem commanders, and applied to Sultan Masud for support. In the face of such strenuous and effective opposition the Greek Emperor could not achieve much.

The militia of Aleppo drove him off. He besieged and took the Town of Cæsarea, but not the Citadel, and

was negotiating with the Moslem prince concerning indemnity and an annual tribute when the hosts of Zenghi arrived upon the scene and put an end to the matter, for both the Town and Citadel went over to one of his captians.

Simultaneously with this large and enthusiastic movement of the Moslems, the discord between the Greeks and Latins became more pronounced. The Latins of Antioch revolted from the Greek suzerainty. The Emperor returned and revenged himself by ravaging their country. Soon after he died (A. D. 1143). Raymond of Antioch and Joscelin also fell out, and about the same time King Fulk died.

His death increased the confusion. Queen Melisende, his widow, was appointed Regent, and Baldwin III., his son, a boy of thirteen, crowned King (1144). Rival parties distracted the poor kingdom; the Clergy, the Barons, the Knights, and the people, strove against each other. So many masters were in Jerusalem that the Saracens believed several princes were at the head of the kingdom.

Of this juncture Zenghi took advantage. Edessa, one of the principal bulwarks of the Latin Kingdom, was the object of his attack. Joscelin, its weak and effeminate prince resided at Turbessel, more than two hundred miles distant, and preferred a luxurious and shameful indolence to the protection of his capital and frontier. Suddenly the hosts of Zenghi appeared before the city, laid siege to it, battered its walls, and commanded its defenders to capitulate. Expecting relief they refused.

Joscelin turned for aid to Antioch and Jerusalem. Antioch made no response; the Queen-Regent sent troops, but they set out too late to save the place. On the twenty-eighth day of the siege several of the towers fell down. Zenghi ordered the assault and gave the city to his soldiers. They gave no quarter, and spared neither sex nor age. The Citadel surrendered for life, but in spite of the terms of the capitulation many of the garrison were put to the sword. The carnage was awful and the ferocity of the conquerors is said to have equalled that of the Crusaders in the capture of Jerusalem. The Latin Archbishop attempting to fly with his treasures, was massacred; an Armenian Patriarch was dragged through the streets and beaten with rods; the bloody trophies of Christian heads were sent to Bagdad and Khorassan, and all that were saved from the sword were sold as slaves. This happened A. D. 1144. Zenghi put a garrison into Edessa and pursued his victorious course. But it was arrested by the hands of assassins.

His death encouraged Joscelin to surprise and recapture the City, though he failed for lack of military engines in dislodging the enemy from the Citadel.

Noureddin, the son and successor of Zenghi, his equal in military and executive ability as well as in ardent enthusiasm for the cause of Islam, praised even by enemies for justice and an exemplary life, was not the man to allow Joscelin to repossess himself of his father's conquest. His hosts soon encompassed the City. The Christians, wedged in between the enemy above them in the Citadel and the enemy under their

walls, made a sortie by night, and attempted to cut their way through the ranks of the besiegers. The vigilant garrison of the Citadel discovered their flight and pursued them, taking care to massacre all whom they found *in* the City; the soldiers of Nouredin engaged and destroyed the greater part of those who had got without. Only a thousand of their number passed through the Moslem lines and escaped to Samosata.

More than thirty thousand Christians were slaughtered in the two sieges, and sixteen thousand were sold into slavery. Joscelin died in the prison of Aleppo. The victorious Nouredin punished the rebellious City by razing to the ground its Citadel, towers, and churches.

The fall of Edessa, one of the oldest cities known to history, the reputed Ur of the Chaldees, and birth-place of Abraham, in Christian times renowned for its theological schools and the vast number of its monasteries and churches, exalted the pride of the Saracens, terrified the Christians of the Latin Kingdom, and revived in Europe the ardor for the defence of the Holy Sepulchre.

## CHAPTER V.

## SECOND CRUSADE. A. D. 1146-1148.

## I.

## BERNARD.

DATES are not always wearisome; those about to be mentioned are strikingly interesting and instructive. The first calamity at Edessa occurred A.D. 1144, the second in 1146. Louis VII., King of France, announced his intention to take the Cross at Bourges on Christmas Day, A. D. 1145, and took it in the Council of Vezelay at Easter, 1146. These dates show that the Second Crusade began to be agitated before the final disaster of Edessa had taken place.

The first thing of note is the action of Louis VII. In the war with the Count of Champagne he had taken Vitry by assault, and set fire to a church, in which thirteen hundred people, men, women, and children had taken sanctuary. They all perished in the flames.

The barbarity of the act stirred the indignation of Abbot Bernard, of Clairvaux, who convinced the King of the enormity of his crime and encouraged him to expiate it by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. At Bourges the Bishop of Langres, having recently returned from Palestine, depicted the horrors of the first catastrophe of Edessa, the perilous condition of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, and urged the necessity of

armed intervention. The King, who was present, applauded the measure. Bernard advised that the Pope, Eugenius III., his pupil, ought to sanction the enterprise and lead in it. The Pope, having to contend with his rebellious Romans, refused to preach the Crusade in person, but addressed an exhortation to Christendom to take up arms, and commissioned Bernard to supply his place, and agitate the enterprise. The immediate effect and first preliminary of the Crusade was the Council of Vezelay. The appearance of Bernard, accompanied by the King, on a platform erected on the hill-side without the gates of the city, drew forth the tumultuous applause of the multitude assembled.

At the close of his splendid harangue, Louis VII. fell down before the eloquent preacher and demanded the Cross. He extorted the people to follow his example; the enthusiasm was unbounded. "The Cross, the Cross!" they cried, and crowded the stage to receive it. Bernard had not hands enough to deliver the Crosses; he scattered them around, and when his stock was exhausted, both he and some of his companions, tore up their vestments into strips to satisfy the demand.

From Vezelay, Bernard spread the enthusiasm through France. At Chartres he declined to take the command of the Crusade, saying that it was beyond his power and contrary to his calling. The people held him to be inspired, a teacher sent from God approving his mission by miracles. It was said that he made the blind to see, the deaf to hear, the lame to

walk ; in one day, claimed his followers, he wrought as many as thirty-six miracles. His influence was wonderful, his eloquence irresistible. The wild German Monk Rodolph raised the cry of persecution against the Jews ; a frightful massacre broke out in the cities of the Rhine. Bernard stopped the outrage. "God," he said, "had punished them by their dispersion ; it was not for man to punish them by murder." He silenced the Monk and sent him back to his convent.

The greatest of his miracles, said Bernard with pardonable pride, was his conquest of the Emperor Conrad. He sought him out, first at Frankfort, and then at Spire, in the Diet. Conrad urged the pressing necessities of the Empire ; the preacher bade him and the other princes set the seal to their concord by taking the Cross together. Conrad still wavered, but Bernard gave him no rest. After Mass he preached the Crusade, and addressing the Emperor personally, "not as a King, but as a man," caused him to call out, "I know what I owe to Jesus Christ, and swear to go wherever He shall call me." Bernard gave him the Cross and the consecrated Banner. The Barons and Knights in great number followed the Emperor's example.

He made the tour of Germany ; the Bishops of Passau and Ratisbon, Frederic, the Emperor's nephew, Guelf VI., and a multitude of others took the Cross. The whole country, from the Pyrenees to the Rhine, from the Rhine to the Danube, resounded with the Crusade ; it drowned every other cry and wrought the most wonderful conversions. "Such a multitude of

thieves and robbers crowded to the Standard of the Cross that no reasonable man," according to Otto von Freising, "could fail to see the hand of God." We, nevertheless, recall the fact that Eugenius III., like Urban II., promised the Crusaders remission of all their sins, and all the other benefits of the sacred vocation of slaughtering unbelievers.

Returning to France Bernard aided in completing the preparations for the expedition. Queen Eleanor, and many other ladies took the Cross; each wore a cuirass and a helmet, and carried a sword and a lance. A grand and solemn service took place at St. Denis; the Pope was present in person; the King knelt on the tomb of the Apostle of France, took the famous *Oriflamme*, a red standard with a golden lance, and received from Eugenius the pilgrim's scrip and staff. At Metz he placed himself at the head of a hundred thousand Crusaders, and taking the route of Germany, followed in the wake of the German army.

## 2.

## KINGCRAFT.

CONRAD had left Ratisbon two months before, April A. D., 1147, with an army so numerous, as one of the chroniclers records, "that the waves of the sea were not sufficient to transport it, nor the fields spacious enough to contain all its battalions." It was a splendid host, but numbered only seventy thousand.



His course lay through Hungary, a friendly country; and Manuel, the Greek Emperor, nearly connected with him by marriage, had promised his Ambassadors free and hospitable passage. Manuel, the grandson of Alexius, his equal, nay his superior in craft, said but did not. He had no fear of the Turks, but dreaded the approach of the Western warriors of an iron race, gigantic of stature, who darted fire from their eyes, and spilt blood like water. He belied his promises and vexed the Germans in Thrace. Greek soldiers slew a sick relative of Conrad in a monastery of Adrianople, and Frederic of Suabia avenged the insult with fire and sword. Manuel renewed the demand that the Crusaders should promise to restore to him all territory at one time belonging to the Byzantine Empire. Conrad spurned the proposal and would only converse with Manuel on horseback, and in the open field. The Germans crossed the Bosphorus and at once felt the hand of Manuel. He betrayed, on the authority of his own historian, the march of the Germans to the enemy; his own soldiers massacred their stragglers; his cities either refused them provisions, or giving them, mixed lime with the flour they sold, and tendered false coin in exchange; his guides deliberately misled them into the mountains of Cappadocia. The lightly-armed and agile Turks surprised the half-famished Crusaders, scarcely able to move under the weight of their corselets, bucklers, and helmets. Skirmishes were of daily occurrence; the Germans, in spite of their superiority in close combat, were unable to pursue the flying but ever rallying, ubiquitous foe,

and became demoralized; desertions increased; insubordination followed; the unarmed pilgrims were disorderly; a rout ensued and became general; the fugitives perished with want or under the swords of their pursuers; the women and children were led into slavery, and Conrad, after a fortnight's weary march on foot, wounded by two arrows, and only escaping capture as if by miracle, returned with only a *tenth* of his army to Nicæa.

The French fared not much better. Manuel met Louis with well-simulated cordiality, but his secret understanding with the Sultan of Iconium leaked out. The Bishop of Langres recommended the capture of Constantinople, but the wiles and the gold of Manuel defeated the plan. Louis permitted his Barons to take the oath, but refused to enter into an alliance against Roger of Sicily. Manuel took his revenge and betrayed him to the Turks; he spread the false report that the Germans had taken Iconium and thus having roused their jealousy, hastened the departure of his unwelcome guests.

At Nicæa Louis met Conrad and learned the truth. The Kings resolved to continue the march together, and, advancing through the hostile region of Phrygia, arrived at Philadelphia; there Conrad fell sick; on Manuel's invitation, to whom he had now ceased to be an object of fear, he embarked for Constantinople and thence continued the journey to Palestine by water.

## 3.

## THE CAMPAIGN.

THE conduct of the Greeks was outrageous; they deserted the cities and wasted the country; they openly fought with the Turks against the Crusaders, notably in a ravine of the Cadmus range on the banks of the Lycus; the Crusaders were victorious, but their loss was great. The Turks soon rallied, and taking advantage of a terrible blunder, avenged their defeat. Geoffrey de Rançon, commanding the van, and yielding to the Queen's entreaties, exchanged a safe but uninviting camping-ground on the top of a mountain for one more attractive in the valley. The Turks at once occupied the heights and awaited in silence the approach of the French rear which the King commanded in person. Confounding the Turks with their van, and moving without order, they were suddenly attacked and almost annihilated. The fugitives perished in the abyss, or were crushed by rocks; they could neither fight nor fly; the bravest rallied round the King and perished almost to a man; Louis stood on a rock, his back against a tree, and braved his assailants alone. Darkness, his own valor, and the ignorance of the enemy, saved his life; he mounted a stray horse and at dawn reached the camp of his van where all were lamenting his death.

His progress to Attaleia in Pamphylia was an incessant fight with the Turks and the treacherous Greeks; his camp outside the walls of the inhospitable city a death-trap; famine and exposure bore hard upon the

army and the horses. As a last resort it was decided that the pilgrims should go by sea, and the warriors continue the march to Antioch. Five weeks of intense misery were passed in waiting for the ships which the Governor of Attaleia had promised them, but they proved so few in number and capacity that in the end only the King, the Queen, the Court, and the cavalry remaining embarked, while the pilgrims and the sick were left behind in charge of the Count of Flanders, and Archambaud de Bourbon. The sad story of their fate is soon told. The Turks attacked their camp; the Greeks refused to receive them into the city; the two leaders basely deserted their trust and sailed to Antioch; seven thousand pilgrims set out for Cilicia and almost perished to a man; the sick in the city were put to the sword; three thousand Christians forswore their faith. But Nemesis overtook the Greeks; a pestilence broke out, and left the perfidious city almost without inhabitants.

Though Louis arrived at Antioch with only one fourth of his army, he was warmly welcomed by Raymond of Poitiers, Prince of Antioch and uncle to Queen Eleanor. The splendor and delights of gay festivities soon made the Crusaders forget their recent misfortunes, the sad fate of their brethren, and the sacred vow which had brought them to the East. The indiscretions of the beautiful but giddy Eleanor scandalized the army and moved the King to leave Antioch; the matter caused a rupture with Raymond and ended in a divorce. She ultimately became the wife of Henry II., King of England.

Jerusalem welcomed Louis as a deliverer; the boy-king Baldwin III., the princes, the prelates, and the people went forth to meet him, bearing branches of olive, and in execrable taste saluted him in the words of the Hosannah hallowed by the entry of Christ. There he met Conrad; they embraced, wept over their misfortunes, and knelt together at the Holy Sepulchre.

It was decided to abandon the purpose of attacking Edessa, and, on the ground that the possession of Damascus was necessary to the safety of Jerusalem and would open the way to Mesopotamia, to turn their arms against that important city.

Damascus, the earthly paradise of the Arabian poets, was defended on the East and the South by lofty walls, on the West and North by a forest of orchards or gardens, studded with palisades, earthworks, and numerous towers for archers. The attack was to be made through these gardens, and they were carried with skill and spirit. The King of Jerusalem with his army and the Knights of St. John and of the Temple were in the van; Louis VII. led the French Crusaders; the Emperor of Germany with the remains of his army commanded the rear. The Christians dislodged and pursued the Saracens to the River; there the Saracens rallied and made a gallant defence, repulsed young Baldwin's warriors, but recoiled before the tremendous charge of the German Emperor. In the thick of the fight a gigantic Saracen in full armor defied him to single combat. Conrad accepted the challenge. Both armies stood motionless watching the contest. Conrad flew at the Saracen, hurled him

from his horse, and with one terrific blow of his sword clave him asunder. "He struck him," says the chronicler, "between the collar bone and the left shoulder, so that the blade cut the whole chest and shoulder and descended obliquely to the right side, causing the back and the head to fall to the ground. The Turks," he adds, "were so terrified at the sight of so fearful a blow that they incontinently fled"—into the city, leaving the Christians masters of the River.

The people of Damascus were in despair and made preparations to fly. On the other hand the Christians were so confident of victory that they debated the sovereignty of the City, and assigned it to Thierry, Count of Flanders, the same who had abandoned the sick at Attaleia. This disposition being distasteful to the Syrian Barons, they opened negotiations with the besieged and took bribes to frustrate the success of the enterprise.

They easily persuaded the European leaders of the strategic necessity of a change of base, and at their instance the Christian army committed the almost incredible blunder of abandoning the vantage-ground of the orchards and the River, with abundance of water and copious forage in the very front of the most vulnerable part of Damascus, and of removing their camp to an arid plain stretched out before miles of impregnable towers and ramparts, exposed to the sallies of a vigilant foe. Anar, the sagacious commander of the City, received at the critical moment the re-inforcement of a splendid troop of twenty thousand Koords from the army of Nouredin.

The besieged, "having put on the buckler of victory," made a series of successful sallies, while the investing army, disunited and dispirited, failed in several aggressive movements, and was repulsed with great loss.

Tidings of the approach of a large army marching under the Sultans of Mosul and Aleppo convinced the Christians of the hopelessness of their task. Raising the siege they retreated to Jerusalem.

A proposed expedition against Ascalon fell through. The King of France, and the Emperor of Germany returned to Europe, the former glorying in the heroic defence of his life on a rock, the latter in his combat with the Saracen before Damsacus.

As to the treachery, some name the King of Jerusalem, others the Knights Templars, Raymond of Antioch, and the Syrian Barons. William of Tyre, and, on the weight of his testimony, the majority of modern historians, lay the blame on the Syrians.

The expedition ended in total failure; it might have succeeded if the Greeks had not been Greeks, the Syrians not Syrians, and the Greeks and Latins not as antagonistic as oil and water. This antagonism, and the fast growing feuds of the rival factions of the Latin Christians, together with the manifest incapacity of the leaders, abundantly explain this inglorious and disastrous enterprise.

A deep and sullen murmur arose against Bernard. The people held him to be a lying prophet, and laid to his charge the wide-spread misery of widowhood and orphanage. It was poor solace to the stricken ones to

be assured by the Monk John that the Apostles St. Peter and St. John had appeared, saying that the places of many of the fallen angels had been filled up by Christian warriors who had died for the Cross in the Holy Land. It was more than offset by the terrible story of those who returned, and we may well believe a writer of the day that those who heard it "never after undertook the road of this pilgrimage."

Bernard himself was depressed for a while, but soon rose from the ashes of his grief; the blame, he said, could not be his, since he had spoken with the authority of the Pope, and with that of God; he cast it on the perfidy of the Greeks, the Crusaders themselves, the license of their camp, their disorders and crimes; he compared them to the Hebrews to whom Moses had promised in the name of God, a land of blessedness, and who all perished on their journey, because they had done a thousand things against Him. He forgot that *he* had called those brigands to the Holy War, given them plenary absolution, and exposed the devout and good to their pernicious example.

The spirit of the age soon condoned the calamity; the Crusade, men said, had not been profitable for conquest or the mortal bodies of the pilgrims, but it had saved their immortal souls. Possibly this may have been believed by benighted bigots in the twelfth century; it may still be accepted by priest-taught fanatics in the nineteenth century, but enlightened men from that age to the present have known, and do know, that the religion of Jesus Christ neither inculcates the slaughter of Moslems, nor awards a blissful immortal-



ity to men who at the bidding of a Pope and his satellites made the Cross infamous, and Christianity a by-word among the nations.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE FALL OF JERUSALEM, A. D. 1154-1187.

#### I.

#### MOSLEMS AND CHRISTIANS.

A PERIOD of thirty years lies between the siege of Damascus and the Fall of Jerusalem. The history of the Latin Kingdom after the former event is thus tersely summarized by William of Tyre: "From that day the condition and state of the Oriental Latins began continually to proceed from bad to worse."

Noureddin, whom we know already in connection with Edessa, became master of Damascus, A. D. 1154, and took up his residence there. He was not only a warrior, but one of the most intelligent and exemplary princes of the East. His learning, liberality, and justice were universally extolled. Twice a week he sat in judgment, and declined to apply any of the revenue of his extensive territory to his own use. The death of Baldwin III., A. D. 1162, affords a view of Noureddin's character. His advisers suggested to improve the event by a descent upon Palestine, but he scorned the notion, saying: "God forbid that I

should disturb the just grief of a people lamenting the death of so good a King, or fix upon such a season to attack a Kingdom which I have no reason to fear."

Baldwin died childless at the early age of thirty-three, and was succeeded by his brother Amalric or Amaury, the ablest, though not the most scrupulous of the later Kings of Jerusalem.

Truly might Nouredin say that he had no reason to fear Jerusalem, which was as much imperilled by his increasing strength as by the rapid disintegration of Fatimite rule in Egypt.

The Fatimites, claiming descent from Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet, and Ismael, a grandson of Ali, protected the Shiites and established the Ismaelitic doctrines as taught by a secret society connected with the Academy at Cairo, which they had founded and richly endowed.

Holding the untenable nature of the precepts of the Koran as axiomatic truth, the society taught that philosophy was the source of religious legislation, and that their system, a mystic pantheism, was the true philosophy, leaving it optional with the initiated to believe anything or nothing, and to regulate their life as fancy or inclination might prompt.

A system as flexible as the Ismaelitic found a large number of votaries and encouraged the most fantastic combinations. At the time under notice it had evolved one of the strangest and most horrible sects known to history. Its founder, one Hassan-ben-Sabbah, of Persian descent, having been advanced to the degree of an Ismaelite *dai*, or religious leader, quarrelled with

his superiors at Cairo and was sent into banishment. Effecting his escape he retraced his steps to Persia, and founded on the Cairo model, a secret society or Order of his own, which he destined to make a terror to the world at large. In this he was quite successful, and conquered, or obtained by the secret murder of the rightful owners, considerable territory in Jebal, Kuhistan, and the mountains of Syria. The supreme and absolute head of the Order bore the title of *Sheik-at-Jebal*, the Old Man of the Mountain; each of his three representatives or vicegerents was called *Dai-al-Kebir*, and next to these came the *Dais*, who were more or less initiated into the secret doctrines of the Order. Of the uninitiated, the *Fedais*, the devoted, ranked first. They were a band of youthful dare-devils ready for any bloody deed the Old Man might assign to them. From the custom of intoxicating these terrible ministers with *hashish*, hemp, before they received their murderous tasks, they obtained the name of *Hashishim*, hemp-eaters. The word corrupted into *assassin* still bears in the languages of the West the odious meaning of murder by secret assault. The daggers of this formidable Order, which stood outside the pale of humanity, struck Moslems of every creed, and Christians of every rank.

It is evident that this Order did not help the sinking cause of the Fatimite Caliphs, who abandoned themselves to the most enervating debauchery. Their Viziers, affecting the name of Sultan, were factious, and engaged in mutual animosity, the stronger expelling the weaker as occasion might serve. Thus

Dargham expelled Shower, his rival Sultan. In his necessity Shower, disregarding religious differences, turned to Noureddin for assistance, and returned with one of his best generals, the daring and skilful Shiracouh, or Shirkoo, leader of a picked and efficient troop of Koords. Dargham was slain and Shower became Sultan. Unprincipled as he was, he failed to keep faith with his deliverers, the Koords, who claimed one-third of the revenues of Egypt for their service, and with a view to ridding himself of their odious presence made overtures to the King of Jerusalem.

The conquest of Egypt had always been a favorite scheme of the Baldwins. Baldwin III. thought of it after the capture of Ascalon A. D. 1153. and Amalric, not slow to perceive that the establishment of the Koords in Egypt boded no good to his Kingdom, eagerly seized the opportunity of an armed intervention. He was fortunate enough to shut up the Koords in Pelusium, but in consequence of trouble from Noureddin at home, was obliged to allow them free passage. As they defiled before him, the redoubtable Shiracouh with uplifted battle-axe, bringing up the rear, a Frank exclaimed: "Are you afraid that we will not keep faith?" "You would not dare to do it," he replied, "for rest assured that not one of my soldiers will go to paradise till he has sent an infidel to hell."

The Koord's report of the state of Egypt revived the slumbering hatred of the Sunnites clamoring for the punishment of the false Caliphs of Cairo, and resulted in a second and much stronger expedition. Shiracouh was advancing at the head of twelve thousand

Turks and eleven thousand Arabs and at the report of the movement, Amalric also with his *Poullains*<sup>1</sup> appeared on the scene, and entered into close confederation with the Egyptians. A formal treaty was concluded. The Latin envoys charged with its ratification have left a graphic account of their introduction to the Caliph. They expatiate on the splendor of the wealth in his palace, especially the audience chamber, the most gorgeous of all the rooms, separated by a curtain profusely embroidered with gold and pearls from the inner sanctuary. The Archbishop of Tyre, one of the envoys, and a historian of the period, mentions among other costly things which he saw a pearl of the size of a pigeon's egg, a ruby weighing seventeen Egyptian drams, and an emerald a palm and a half in length.

Before the curtain, the Vizier, their conductor, laid aside his cimeter, prostrated himself thrice on the ground, and took his oath. Then the curtain was rolled back to afford them a view of the Caliph seated in his throne of gold. He extended his right hand to the envoys, but it was veiled. Hugh of Cæsarea objected saying that in the conduct of a treaty everything should be plain and open. The Caliph reluctantly complied with the request, and committed the defence of Cairo to the care of the Christians.

Shiracouh, having occupied Giseh, opposite to Cairo on the left bank of the Nile, was unable to hold it

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<sup>1</sup> *Pullani*, a term of derision used by contemporary writers of the degenerate offspring of the first Crusaders and their Syrian wives.

against the superior strength of the confederate armies, and marched into Upper Egypt.

Amalric followed him at the head of a mixed army of Franks and Orientals, not unlike that which Napoleon conducted six centuries later through the same country, and met the enemy near the Pass of Babein. Shiracouh was preparing to retreat to the opposite bank, but the courage of his troops urged him to remain. "How can you expect the blessings of Islam," exclaimed a Mameluke,<sup>1</sup> "if you flee from its enemies? The Atabek will reward you accordingly." In the action which ensued, Shiracouh defended his right wing with great spirit, while Amalric, having attacked the centre which seemed to fall back, was repulsed with great loss and narrowly escaped being taken prisoner.

Though crippled and forced to retreat, the King was strong enough to besiege Alexandria, which had been betrayed to Shiracouh, and was defended by his nephew Saladin. In consequence of this skilful movement Shiracouh consented to negotiate for peace. A treaty providing for the evacuation of Egypt by both the foreign belligerents gave to Shiracouh fifty thousand byzants, and to the Christians an annual subsidy.

Shawer breathed freely but not long. His Christian ally burning to possess himself of the wealth of Egypt, formed an alliance with the Greek Emperor Manuel for the joint conquest of that country. The relations of the Empire and the Latin Kingdom were in so far favorable to such an *entente*, that Amalric had married a Greek princess, while Manuel's second wife

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<sup>1</sup> At this time Mamelukes were purchased slaves.

was a Syrian ; the scheme is said to have originated with the Emperor, who was always ready to draw profit from whatever emergency might arise. But be that as it may the high contracting parties held with the Grand-Master of the Hospitallers that no faith need be kept with an infidel. The Knights Templars, on the other hand, denounced the enterprise as a perfidious breach of treaty, and declined to take part in it.

Too impatient to await the arrival of the promised contingent from Constantinople Amalric began hostilities alone, took Pelusium and made prisoner one of Shower's sons ; expecting a heavy ransom for him, he was advancing more leisurely towards Cairo, when he heard that Shiracouh also was hastening through the Desert.

In their extremity Shower and the Caliph again implored the protection of Nouredin, the Caliph even sent the hair of his wives to move his pity ; the Atabek respected their appeal and sent them the flower of his army with Shiracouh, and his nephew Saladin, the best of his generals.

The unexpected contrecoup frustrated the further prosecution of the invasion. The smoking ruins of the suburbs of Cairo, the impediments of the river, and the presence of a superior enemy in a hostile country forced the King to return ingloriously to Palestine.

The presence of a foreign army of deliverance led to alarming complications. It was darkly rumored that Shower harbored the design of murdering all the foreign emirs, and on the strength of so fearful, but

not incredible a charge, Saladin, taking advantage of the Sultan's visit to the tomb of a Moslem saint, obtained possession of his person. The quick Nemesis of the Orientals overtook him, and the Caliph consented to his execution. Shiracouh was appointed in his place but his honors were of short duration; he soon died (A. D. 1169); and his nephew Saladin succeeded to the dignity.

Nominally Grand-vizier of Egypt, but *de facto* Nouredin's lieutenant, he was slow to comply with his urgent request to precipitate the overthrow of the tottering and odious rival Caliphate, and chose to abide his time until by a firmer hold of power and the removal of dangerous opponents he saw the way clear. The propitious moment came when the ruling Caliph Aladid, the last of the Fatimites, still a young man, fell sick unto death. Then, acting under the highest authority known to Islam, he proclaimed the supremacy of the Caliph of Bagdad, and ordered prayers to be offered for him as Commander of the Faithful. Ten days later the Caliph died, happily in ignorance of his fate, Saladin took possession of his treasure and was master of Egypt.

Thus ended without effusion of blood the Fatimite Caliphate, and thus began the Ayubite Dynasty of which Saladin in the thirty-fourth year of his age became the founder (A. D. 1171.)

<sup>1</sup> Saladin was born A. D. 1137 at Tekreit, a town on the Tigris, of which his father Ayub was governor under the Seljuks. His real name was *Yussuf-ibn-Ayub*, i. e. Joseph the Son of Ayub, or Job. The prefix *Sala-ed-din*, contracted into Saladin, is a title signifying Preserver or Savior of religion.



Striving for independence his relations to Damascus became necessarily strained. He nevertheless observed a show of loyalty to Nouredin who scorned to credit the insinuations of unfriendly emirs, permitted Ayub and the whole family of Saladin to go to Egypt, and trusted him, until his refusal to join in the reduction of certain Christian castles commanding the road from Damascus to Egypt, roused his suspicion. Then he began preparations for an expedition against Saladin, but his death (A. D. 1174) prevented its execution.

Even then Saladin continued his policy of apparent loyalty to the house of his patron and had coins struck in the name of Melik-es-Salih, Nouredin's son and successor, a minor of eleven years of age. The government of the Regency however being far from satisfactory, the Syrians, encouraged by the Caliph of Bagdad, welcomed the victorious champion of Islam. He entered Damascus, December 1174, without opposition, and soon after obtained possession of Emesa, Hamah, and Baalbek. Melik-es-Salih gave up his claim to Damascus, and received Aleppo. After his death (A. D. 1181) that Sultanate also was added to the dominions of Saladin (A. D. 1183) which soon extended from beyond the Nile to the Tigris.

Even before his rise the Franks had learned to dread the brilliant genius of Saladin. It was he who with greatly inferior numbers compelled them to raise the siege of Alexandria, more recently foiled King Amalric and the Byzantine fleet in a renewed attempt on Egypt by way of Damietta, attacked them in the Red Sea and took their port of Ailah. Since then his

unification of the Moslem world had wiped out the religious antipathy of rival factions; even the Assassins of Lebanon, who had attempted his life, trembled in their dens. Three *Fedais* who attacked him, felt the strength of his arms, and their masters, whose country he ravaged, the power of his wrath.

It was not military ability alone that gave him such wonderful ascendancy. The man Saladin eclipsed the warrior. A strict Moslem and a fanatic, his religion and training encouraged and justified a usurpation of power which the code of Christian ethics must condemn, but cannot always prevent. Over and above those exercises of Moslempietty, which raise our smile, his shining virtues commanded universal admiration. A man of heroic mould, the ideal of Moslem chivalry, foremost in battle, true to his promise, simple in his habits, just and upright in his dealings, urbane and affable, gentle and compassionate, of unstinted liberality, sagacious in council and far-sighted in policy, magnanimous in victory, unbroken by reverses, Saladin was pre-eminently fitted to rule and defend the vast territory which gladly heard his voice.

Encompassed by so formidable an adversary, the fate of the Kingdom of Jerusalem trembled in the balance. Contrasted with the growing strength of the Moslem dominion the rapid decline of the Latin Kingdom was but too apparent. In addition to the numerous discordant elements, inherent to it from the beginning, the hereditary succession to the throne in the male and female lines deepened the prevailing confusion. To "the Kingdom of the Holy Sepulchre," a

strong executive, prepared for war, was always a pressing necessity. The succession gave it helpless boys, or incompetent adventurers, the capricious choice of female occupants of the throne. Internal dissensions and the general rottenness of the social and political fabric promoted inevitable dissolution.

Amalric did not live to see the great change in the Moslem world. He died A. D. 1173, and was succeeded by his son Baldwin IV., a boy of thirteen, afflicted with an incurable leprosy. The period of his purely nominal reign of twelve years forms one of the darkest chapters in the history of the Kingdom.

In the first instance the Regency was given to Raymond II., Count of Tripolis. Anticipating the hopelessness of a successful conflict with Saladin, he took advantage of his struggle with the heirs of Nouredin, and concluded a treaty of neutrality. This course, though politic, ran counter to the wishes of the Barons who repudiated it and displaced Raymond by William Longspada, Count of Montferrat. He had recently arrived from Europe, and married the Princess Sibylla, the King's eldest sister and natural heiress. A resolute and enterprising soldier, a hot-tempered but honest man, he might have improved matters, but died within a year, (A. D. 1176), leaving his infant son Baldwin V. heir presumptive of the Crown.

The Barons in the next place turned to Philip, Earl of Flanders and Vermandois, well known in English history as a bitter enemy of Henry II., and as warm a friend of Becket, who in expiation of a guilty past had made the pilgrimage of the Holy Land. It soon

appeared that he was not the man for the emergency and he returned to Europe.

After that they chose Rainald de Chatillon,<sup>1</sup> a soldier of fortune accompanying Louis VI., who had entered the service of Raymond, Prince of Antioch. Being a handsome man, the Princess Constantia, upon the death of Raymond, gave him her hand and made him the guardian of her son. He was pre-eminently the man to please the Barons and Knights of Palestine. Rash, venturesome, and full of military ardor, his enterprises were occasionally successful, and his defeat of Saladin in an attempt against Ascalon was certainly no mean achievement. About this time the Christians had built a Castle near Paneas on the Jordan and given it to the Knights Templars, who soon converted it into a veritable robber-nest, and by their predatory excursions provoked a Saracen demonstration. An action was fought in which Saladin defeated the Templars. Following up his victory he attacked their Castle and took it by storm. The Knights fought with desperate valor, and, scorning to surrender, preferred death, rushing into the fierce flames of the burning Castle, leaping into the river, or casting themselves headlong on the rocks (A. D. 1179).

In the Lateran Council (August 1178—March 1179) William, Archbishop of Tyre exposed in scathing terms the lamentable condition of the Latin Kingdom, and the insensate conduct of its rulers. It was but too plain, he said, that the Lord their Defence had

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<sup>1</sup> The forms of Renaud, Reginald, and even Arnold designate the same person.

departed from them. Though deeply moved by his eloquence, the Council did not do much to wipe out the stain, but even the little it did was most significant. It placed the Templars and Hospitallers under Episcopal authority, and passed canons forbidding *Christians* to furnish arms to Saracens, and Saracens and Jews to hold Christian slaves. The Canons were well enough in verbiage, but in Palestine a dead letter. The Pope also exhorted men to prepare for a new Crusade, but the set time for that had not yet come. The West was involved in warfare, and the Greek Emperor Manuel, who might have been induced to join the Kings of England and France in a united demonstration against the Saracens, died A. D. 1180. Like a vessel tossed by a stormy sea, Jerusalem was abandoned to its fate.

While Saladin was continuing his struggle for the entire subjugation of Nouredin's possessions, its sands, nevertheless, kept slowly running. Occasionally there were even gleams of hope. Thus the Franks scored a victory over Saladin in an engagement between Belveir and Ferbelet (A. D. 1182), and compelled him to raise the siege of Berytus. The plucky Rainald had the good fortune of recapturing the port of Ailah, but when the Latins passed over to Arabia and threatened Mecca and Medina, they were vanquished at Hauran, and, in the phrase of an Arab authority, "slaughtered in sacrifice,"

Upon the death of the poor leper King the crown devolved on his nephew, Baldwin V., the son of Sibylla and William Longaspada, a boy only five years

of age (A. D. 1185.) Count Raymond of Tripolis again undertook the Regency, and fully convinced that amicable relations with Saladin were indispensable to the very existence of the Kingdom, again signed an armistice. In the meantime Sibylla, in opposition to the Barons, gave her hand to Guy of Lusignan, an adventurer knight, handsome in person but of base antecedents, whom no one except the infatuated woman considered a fit person to conduct the affairs of the tottering Kingdom. The child King, left in her hands, as those of his natural guardian, died very soon (A. D. 1186); his early and opportune death was believed to have been due less to natural causes than to the arts of an unnatural mother.

Sibylla now claimed the crown in her own right but the Barons would not consent to her coronation unless she annulled her marriage. Professing to be convinced by their representations she authorized the Patriarch and the Grand-Master of the Templars to publish the impending divorce as part of the Coronation programme.

On the set day the Estates of Jerusalem were gathered in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Sibylla, having caused the gates of the city to be closed, received the homage of the Clergy and the people. The Patriarch pronounced the sentence of divorce, bidding her to bestow her hand and sceptre upon him whom she thought most worthy. Quickly she took the Crown and placed it on the head of Guy kneeling at her feet, saying: "Those whom God has joined together no man shall put asunder."

Raymond having intended to seize the Crown, stood alone in his remonstrance, and, being threatened with an assault of Tiberias by King Guy and his followers, turned to Saladin for assistance and obtained from him a troop of Turkish auxiliaries. His course, though strange, was not the first of the kind; a Knight Templar went over to Saladin and then led a body of Saracens against his brethren.

The Archbishop of Tyre had not overdrawn his picture of the poor Kingdom. The whole country bristled with robber-castles. The Military Orders were at variance with each other and with the Clergy. The Barons quarrelled with the warriors from Europe. The population of the maritime cities was factious and turbulent. Religion had become a by-word, the vices of Jerusalem proverbial. The lives of the Queens, of the Patriarch and the Clergy scandalized the world. The Templars were loathed for their perfidy, avarice, and pride. In short, honor and virtue had departed, corruption and violence reigned supreme.

Breaches of the truce were of daily occurrence, notably those of the Quixotic Rainald who had recently obtained possession of certain fortresses beyond Jordan, and pursued the unholy trade of plundering passing caravans, in one of which the Sultan's own mother is said to have been present.

The complaints, the demands, and the reprisals of Saladin remained unheeded, and war was the consequence.

## 2.

## THE CRESCENT VICTORIOUS.

A glance at the course of events in Syria explains the situation. On the death of Melik-es-Salih, the son of Noureddin (A. D. 1181) none of the collaterals was equal to hold Aleppo. Emadaddin attempted it but on the approach of Saladin lost heart and was glad of a compromise. He surrendered Aleppo and received in its place a number of castles which the Conqueror relinquished to him. Saladin entered Aleppo A. D. 1183; since then the success of his arms and wise administration had conquered the hearts and confidence of his new subjects. It was at this favorable juncture that he proclaimed the Holy War and at the head of eighty thousand horse and foot entered Galilee.

The Christian army, numbering fifty thousand combatants, was encamped on the plain of Sepphoris (Saffuria). The Knights of the Military Orders, the King's troops, the Barons, Count Raymond, all the garrisons, and every man able to bear arms, were in the field. The Patriarch with the True Cross was also present. Fugitives arrived announcing the capture of Tiberias, the property of Raymond whose wife and children had taken refuge in the Citadel. Raymond, at the sacrifice of his own interests wisely advocated purely defensive operations, but the Master of the Knights Templars fiercely opposed him and persuaded the feeble King to order the march upon Tiberias. It was a fatal mistake to abandon a secure camp with abundance of water, and take the offensive.



From the plain of Batouf the Christians beheld the standards of the enemy planted on the heights of Loubi. Saladin had chosen a very strong position ; he held all the hills and commanded every defile in the path of the Franks ; his van rested on the Lake of Tiberias in the rear. Unable to retreat with safety the Franks resolved to fight their way to the Jordan.

On the morning of the fourth of July they began their hazardous march exposed to the missiles of the Saracen archers. Saladin soon swept down with his cavalry and brought on the battle. His charge was terrific but the Christians stood it well, and fought with desperate valor, especially round the True Cross, "flying round it like moths round a light."

At sunset the issue was still uncertain. Saladin now drove the Christians, worn out with fatigue and faint with thirst, to the arid heights of Hittin, the traditional site of the Sermon on the Mount. It was the hottest day of the year. During the night, one of fearful suffering to the Christians, the Saracens completely surrounded them, and in the morning renewed the attack. A strong wind blew the dust, the smoke and flames of the burning grass into the faces of the Christians and scorched the feet of the men and horses.

Though a prey to hunger and thirst they fought like lions and rallied round the Cross until the Saracens bore it off. Then they cast away their arms and rushed upon the swords of the enemy. The battle degenerated into indiscriminate slaughter. King Guy, his brother, the Grand-Master of the Templars, Rainald, and a host of the leaders were taken prisoners. Count

Raymond and his troop, intending to cut their way through the enemy's lines, were saved that trouble, since the Saracens opened their ranks and allowed their old ally free passage. This is perfectly credible and no evidence of treachery; that charge certainly conflicts with the following passage of a letter written in Saladin's name by no less a person than the Caliph Alfdel. "Not one of the Christians," he writes, "was able to escape except the Count of Tripolis, whom God curse. God caused him afterwards to die, and sent him from the kingdom of death to hell." Raymond, it is said, died soon after of grief. Those who escaped death were sold as slaves; a Christian Knight was exchanged for a pair of shoes.

King Guy and the principal leaders were conducted into Saladin's tent. Perceiving that Guy was faint with thirst and terror, Saladin gave him a cup of sherbet cooled in snow, a token both of considerate hospitality and of pardon. Guy partook of it and would fain have given the remainder to Rainauld of Châtillon but Saladin forbade him, saying: "The person and dignity of a King are sacred; as for that traitor, he shall not drink in my presence, for I will show him no favor; this impious robber must instantly acknowledge the Prophet whom he has blasphemed, or meet the death he has so often deserved."

As Raymond refused, the angry Sultan struck him in the head, and the guards put him to death.

Report says that Saladin stained his victory by the massacre of two hundred and thirty Knights of St. John and of the Temple. He spared the Grand-Master

of the Temple, and sent Guy to Damascus prisoner of war.

The story of the fatal day of Hittin spread terror through the land. One by one the ungarrisoned cities on his march fell into Saladin's hands; his yellow standard floated over the battlements of Ptolemais, Arsuf, Sidon, Berytus, and Jaffa. Only Tyre, Tripolis and Antioch offered resistance. The City of Ascalon, or rather its garrison, stipulated the liberation of Guy as the price of their surrender. Saladin accepted the condition, limiting his captivity to one year.

Three months after the battle of Hittin he laid siege to Jerusalem. It contained a large population but only a small number of defenders. "I acknowledge," he said to a deputation he had summoned from the City, "as well as you, that Jerusalem is the house of God. I have no desire to defile its sanctity by the effusion of blood. Abandon its walls, and I will give you money, and as much land as you will be able to cultivate." They rejected the proposal. Then he swore upon the Koran that he would rase its walls and towers to the ground, and avenge the death of the Moslems slaughtered by the first Crusaders of Godfrey.

The siege lasted fourteen days. The besieged made several unsuccessful sorties and trembled for their fate when the wall had been opened to the breath of fifteen cubits, and the twelve banners of the Prophet and the Sultan waved over the breach. Then they asked for mercy, in the first instance unsuccessfully. "Jerusalem," they said after having repulsed an attack, "is not without defenders. If you refuse us mercy, we will

destroy the City with all its treasures, put five thousand Moslem prisoners to the sword, slay our wives and children, and then quit the place with fire and sword. Depend upon it not one of us will ascend to paradise, without having first sent ten Moslems to hell."

Assured by his counsellors that the offer was not incompatible with his oath, Saladin granted the warriors safe-conduct to Tyre and Tripolis, promised to spare the inhabitants and to accept for their liberty a ransom of ten pieces of gold for a man, of five for a woman, and of one piece for a child. Those unable to purchase their freedom should be held in perpetual slavery; Greek and Syrian Christians should leave the City after four days, but have liberty to live in his dominions.

On the fifth day the gates were shut, except that of David designated as the place of departure. Saladin, seated on a high throne, watched them as they went. First came the Clergy with their crosses, vases, and relics; Saladin had intended to forward them to the Caliph as a trophy, but permitted them to remain in the joint custody of the Patriarch and the Prince of Antioch.

Then came the Queen; he spoke kindly to her and granted her leave to join her husband. She was followed by a train of women bearing their children in their arms, and praying for the restoration of their captive fathers, husbands, and children. He granted their prayer.

The greater number of the one hundred thousand inhabitants paid their own ransom; the Sultan's brother paid that of two thousand poor persons; Saladin himself remitted the ransom of an equal or still greater

number of widows and orphans, giving them not only their freedom but liberal donations; he accepted a comparatively small sum for the ransom of seven thousand people of limited ability, reducing by these large exemptions the number of those who became slaves to less than twelve thousand. He even directed that such of the Hospitallers as had not taken up arms against him should for the space of a year minister to the wants of the sick.

It is unnecessary to contrast at length the humanity of the Saracen Victor with the barbarous cruelty of the first Crusaders, but Saladin at the Gate of David showing mercy, is one of the most affecting spectacles known to history.

Then followed his triumphal entry. All the churches except the Church of the Holy Sepulchre were converted into mosques. The great Mosque of Omar, which had been used as a Church he caused to be purified with rose-water from Damascus. On the first Friday after his entry the Chief Imaun ascended a pulpit, set up by Saladin himself, and concluded his prayer in these words: "Watch, O God! over the days of thy faithful servant who is thy sharp sword, thy shining star, the defender of thy Worship, the deliverer of thy sacred dwelling. O God! let thy angels surround his Empire, and prolong his days to the glory of thy name."

When the Golden Cross, that glittered on the Mosque, was taken down and dragged through the streets, a cry of agony was wrung from Christian breasts, a shout of triumph rose from Moslem lips.

Sad was the fate of the departing Christians. Repulsed by their brethren of the East who accused them of having betrayed the Holy Sepulchre, they wandered helpless and homeless over Syria. Many died of grief and perished by the way; some went to Egypt and moved the compassion of Moslems; many returned to Europe, weeping and repeating the sad story of the Fall of Jerusalem.

The event was regarded as a universal calamity and stirred the deepest grief of Western Christendom.

The intelligence is said to have caused the death of Urban III., which is now generally discredited, but the report strikingly indicates the intensity of the prevailing sentiment.

## CHAPTER VII.

THIRD CRUSADE, A. D. 1187-1192.

## I

FREDERIC BARBAROSSA.

JERUSALEM fell on the 2d October, Urban III., died on the 20th, Gregory VIII., succeeded him on the 25h. On the 29th, four days after his consecration, he addressed letters to Christendom, the first and most important act of his brief pontificate of only two months, announcing the disaster of Jerusalem.

"Saladin," he wrote, "has overthrown the whole Christian host and entered the Holy City; the Cross itself is taken, the Bishops slain, the King a prisoner; many Knights of the Temple and of St. John have been beheaded. This awful calamity is the Divine visitation for the sins, not of Jerusalem, but of Christendom, and should melt the hearts not only of all believers, but of mankind. It now behooves all men to take up arms, or at least to offer the most ample contributions for the relief of their imperiled brethren, and the recovery of the City, the Sepulchre, and the Cross of the Lord."

He likewise ordered a fast of five years to appease the wrath of God; the Cardinals moreover volunteered to take the Cross and go to the Holy Land as mendicant

**pilgrims**, to refuse presents, and the use of horses as long as the feet of unbelievers trod the ground on which the Saviour had walked.

Gregory also commissioned William, Archbishop of Tyre, to negotiate with the great potentates on the subject of the Crusade.

The Archbishop appeared at the great assembly present at the meeting of Henry II., of England, and Philip Augustus, of France, near to the Old Elm-Tree between Trie and Gisors (January, 1188), which had been arranged for the establishment of a well-settled peace, and was attended by the most illustrious knights and nobles of both countries.

“Have you forgotten,” said the eloquent preacher, “the deeds of your fathers? Will you suffer their work to perish? Has Europe ceased to produce warriors like Godfrey and Tancred? The prophets and saints buried at Jerusalem, the churches converted into mosques, the very stones of the sepulchres, cry out to avenge the glory of God, and the death of your brethren. The blood of Naboth, the blood of Abel which arose to heaven, found avengers; and shall the blood of Christ arise in vain against His enemies and executioners? If the King of heaven and earth find not you under His banner, whose standard will you follow? What will be the joy of the Saracens when they shall be told that the West has no more warriors faithful to Christ, and that the princes and kings of Europe have heard with indifference the disasters and captivity of Jerusalem?”

The sting of his reproaches touched the hearts of



his hearers. Henry and Philip, till then implacable enemies, embraced in tears, swore to be "brothers in arms for the cause of God," and, in token of their sincerity, demanded the Cross. Each took it from the Archbishop's hand, attached it to his dress, swearing never to quit or neglect the duties of a soldier of Christ, "either upon land or sea, in town or in the field," until his victorious return to his home.

All the princes and counts present followed their example and took the same oaths.

From Gisors William proceeded to Germany to enlist the sympathy and participation of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, who had already established friendly relations with France at the Conference of Ivois. In the spring a General Diet, called "A Court-day of Christ," was held at Mayence. The Emperor did not preside, the idea being that the Saviour, though invisible, discharged that duty. The Pope's letters were read; many of the prelates made speeches; the Emperor took the Cross. His son, Duke Frederic of Suabia, Duke Leopold of Austria, and a multitude of their vassals, together with the prelates present, followed his example.

So great was the number of volunteers that Frederic, recalling his experience in the Second Crusade, caused the Diet to direct that only those having the ability to provide their support for two years should be suffered to go, while those who stayed at home should contribute the tenth of their possessions toward the expense of the undertaking.

Thus began the so-called "Saladin's Tithe," which

was also legalized in England and France. The amount raised in England yielded only £70,000, but Henry extorted £60,000 more from the Jews, and obtained in his continental dominions a large but unknown sum of money for the same purpose. It was enacted on both sides of the Channel that priests, knights, and sergeants-at-arms taking the Cross should be exempted from the tax, but that burgesses or peasants, joining the crusading army without the express permission of their lords, should be made to pay their tenths even as if they had stayed at home.

That money, however, was not spent against the Turk nor does it appear that the alms dispensed by the Christians of the West ever reached their unfortunate brethren in Palestine. In the words of an entertaining chronicler of the time, "the malice of the ancient enemy of mankind was not asleep," turned the solemn oaths of the Old Elm-Tree into a mockery, and re-lit the flames of war, which were not quenched until Henry II., died at Chinon, the French Windsor of the early English kings, July 6, 1189.

In the meantime preparations for the Crusade had continued in Germany, and on St. George's Day, (April 23) the army was set in motion at Ratisbon.

Following the course of the Danube it entered Hungary, a friendly country, the cordiality being further augmented by the betrothal of the Emperor's son, Duke Frederic of Suabia, and the King's daughter, and the accession of large numbers of Bohemians and Hungarians. This fine and splendidly equipped host, the best that ever embarked on a similar enterprise,

mustered at Belgrade fifty thousand horse and a total of a hundred thousand warriors. The numbers, however, were not excessive in view of the magnitude and difficulty of the undertaking; it was well planned, the expectation being that the imperial army entering Syria from the North would effect a junction with the French and English advancing by the sea, and by their united efforts wrest the Holy Land from the grasp of the Moslem Conqueror. The progress of the imperial army was impeded by the decided enmity of the Greeks. Had the expedition been undertaken ten or twelve years before, it might have succeeded since Manuel would not have opposed their passage through his dominions.

His two wives were of the race of the Franks, the first a German, the second a daughter of the Prince of Antioch, and famed as the most beautiful woman of her age. His known partiality for Latins attracted multitudes from all parts of the West who flocked to him as their benefactor. This continued until some time after his death (A. D. 1180) under the nominal reign of his minor son Alexius II., when the exasperation against the Regent, the Empress Mother, broke out in a terrible reaction, induced by the return from exile of the ill-famed Andronicus, a son of Isaac Comnenus, and a Nero in character. He caused the Empress-Mother and Alexius to be strangled and ordered an indiscriminate massacre of the Latins.

His sanguinary ministers of death sought their victims in their houses, or slaughtered them in the streets. Those who escaped the sword perished in the confa-

gration of the Latin quarter ; only the more provident, who at the first outbreak quitted the city in their vessels, were saved. But his fierce wrath was not limited to the Latins, it descended on the Greeks themselves in a series of atrocities which filled the measure of his guilt and hastened his doom.

Among other victims of the tyrant, Isaac Angelus of the house of Comnenus in the female line, an aspirant to the throne, lay in prison under sentence of death. He overcame and killed the executioner and fled for refuge to a monastery ; an insurrection ensued in which the infuriated populace murdered Andronicus and proclaimed Isaac Emperor (A. D. 1185.)

His accession, however, did not restore a better feeling towards the Latins. The Normans, retaliating the injuries of Andronicus, vexed the Byzantine coasts, and in their turn were defeated by Isaac who cruelly mutilated the prisoners.

At this juncture Barbarossa was approaching the Byzantine dominions. Isaac, having been told that the Emperor came with a design upon Constantinople, cast the German ambassadors into prison. Had Frederic been more aggressive and less scrupulous, the provocations of Isaac might have justified that course, while his acceptance of the offer of the Princes of Servia and Wallachia to do him homage would have facilitated it. As it was, his lofty morality scorned the notion. Isaac, on the other hand, left no stone unturned to ruin "his dear brother." He instructed the provincial governors to embarrass his progress ; he barricaded the gate by which he was expected

to enter; he took pains to become a good marksman, and pointing to Philapation where he hoped to shoot the Germans, indicated to his companions the Emperor's person. Nor was this all. We know on Moslem authority that he entered into an alliance with Saladin, and, although Queen Sibylla is not good authority, her extraordinary statement, conveyed by letter, "that Saladin had sent six hundred bushels of poisoned flour to Constantinople for the destruction of the German army," seems to confirm the Arab account. It is said that Isaac caused the Patriarch of Constantinople to preach the murder of the Latins and to promise plenary absolution to the slayer of a hundred Crusaders.

Isaac was insolent until his troops ran like sheep before the Germans, then he became suave and pliant, offered more than Frederic had asked, sent presents to deprecate his anger, and blessed God, when the Greek fleet, after six days of incessant toil, had landed the last Crusaders on Asiatic soil. They began the passage of the Hellespont at Gallipoli on the 28th of March, A. D. 1190.

Everything promised success to Frederic who had learned in forty campaigns the art of war, but never were fairer hopes more rudely blasted.

Taking advantage of Frederic's presence, Kilidje Arslan II, Sultan of Iconium, sought and secured his help against his rebellious sons. Frederic defeated them and took Iconium by storm, but instead of holding that strong and populous city as a splendid base of supply, committed the capital blunder of relinquishing

the conquest, thereby discouraging the Christians of **Asia Minor** to flock to his standard. Five days after the capture he broke camp and continued the march to Seleucia, the modern *Selefskieh*, in Cilicia. His sad fate is an indisputable fact ; he perished in the waters of the Calycadnus, which here falls into the sea. According to some the accident was due to his temerity in attempting to swim the river, but others say that having crossed the river he took his meal, and returning to bathe, was drowned. The former account, though more heroic, is not as well attested as the latter.

This calamity gave the death-blow to the whole enterprise. His body was found, but disposed of in a singular way ; the flesh was separated from the bones and interred at Antioch, while the bones, which his son would fain have taken for burial to Jerusalem, but found it impracticable, were interred at Tyre.

The intense grief which the intelligence of his strange and sudden death occasioned gave rise to the legend whose spell still fascinates believers in the vast destiny of the German Empire. The people refused to credit the story of his death, saying that he had retired to some recess in the depth of the Kyffhäuser mountain, holding court there with his daughter and his heroic companions, seated around a marble table through which his red beard has grown, and waiting the set hour when the ravens shall cease to fly around the mountain. Then he is to come forth and bring about the millenial glory to the Vaterland.

When Barbarossa died, the soul, the strength, the

life of the undertaking died with him. The bond which had united the army was broken, for Duke Frederic lacked both power and ability to hold it together. Many of the Knights set out for Syrian ports by water, while the main army continued the march by land; but suffering greatly from famine and pestilence, arrived, greatly reduced in numbers, and in forlorn condition, in the Camp of Ptolemais.

## 2.

## RICHARD AND PHILIP.

UPON the death of Henry II., Richard, surnamed by flattery *Cœur de Lion*, his successor, having taken the cross at Gisors with his father, announced his intention of conducting a splendid army to the Holy Land. The English enthusiasm for the Crusade began on the day of his coronation with a terrible massacre of the Jews in London. The example set in the capital was followed in many of the large provincial towns, mostly at the instigation of noble but impecunious Crusaders, who, having obtained loans from the Jews, saw in their massacre the most convenient method of voiding the obligation of payment.

Neither their spoils, nor the produce of the "Saladin's Tithe," nor the money Richard found in his father's treasury, sufficed to meet his wants; he alienated the domains of the crown, sold the great dignities to the highest bidders, sold everything he could find whether

it belonged to him or to other men, and swore "that he would sell the city of London, if he could only find a buyer." Then he went to Normandy to plunder that rich province.

After these pious preparations, the two monarchs of England and France met at Vezelay, July 1190, the same place where Bernard forty-four years before had preached the Second Crusade. They swore eternal friendship; their joint strength numbered a hundred thousand combatants; at Lyons they separated with the understanding of repairing to the port of Messina in Sicily. Philip with his forces took the nearest road to Genoa, for having no fleet of his own, he had made an arrangement with that commercial Republic to furnish the necessary transports and several ships of war. Richard, on the other hand, having a fleet "which in size and strength of ships is said to have been the most formidable naval armament that had yet appeared in modern Europe," continued his course by the valley of the Rhone to Marseilles, the designated port of embarkation.

We catch a glimpse of the spirit of the times, and of the men, leaders and led, from the regulations agreed upon by the crusading kings: whoever gave a blow was plunged three times in the sea; whoever struck with a sword, had his hand cut off; whoever abused an other by swearing at him, or by offensive language was fined an ounce of fine silver for each offence; a man convicted of theft or "pickerie" was to have his head shaved, and hot pitch poured upon his bare pate, and over the pitch feathers of some pillow or cushion were



be to shaken, as a mark whereby he might be known as a thief; a man who killed another, was to suffer immediate death; if the crime was committed at sea, the murderer was to be lashed to the corpse of his victim, and then thrown overboard; if in port, or on shore, the murderer was to be bound to the corpse and buried alive with it.<sup>1</sup>

His fleet not having arrived, Richard, impatient of delay, hired twenty galleys, and ten great "busses," or barks, embarked a detachment of his troops, and proceeded coastwise to Genoa, and Naples. At that point he went ashore and rode on horseback through Calabria to the "Faro" or the Straits of Messina. The fleet having been advised of his arrival crossed over to Scylla, of Homeric fame, to receive and convey him to Messina. On the morning of September 23d he entered that noble harbor.

"As soon as the people heard of his arrival, they rushed in crowds to the shore to behold the glorious King of England, and at a distance saw the sea covered with innumerable galleys: and the sounds of trumpets from afar, with the sharper and shriller blasts of clarions, resounded in their ears; and they beheld the galleys rowing in order nearer to the land, adorned and furnished with all manner of arms, countless pennons floating in the wind, ensigns at the ends of the lances, the beaks of the galleys distinguished by various paintings, and glittering shields suspended to the prows. The sea appeared to boil with the multitude of the rowers; the clangor of their trumpets was

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<sup>1</sup>Howden and Rymer in "Pictorial History of England."

deafening; the greatest joy was testified at the arrival of the various multitudes."<sup>1</sup>

Philip, having arrived with a shattered fleet a week before, did not share that joy, and foreseeing inevitable dissensions, set sail for the East, but contrary winds and storms compelled him to return to port. The Kings now resolved to pass the winter on the island and find supplies for their armies as they were able, an arrangement which speedily sobered the enthusiasm of the Sicilians.

## 3.

## SICILIAN AFFAIRS.

AT that time the Kingdom of Sicily comprised not only the island proper, but Calabria, Apulia, and the whole of the Neapolitan realm. Its affairs were in great confusion. The late King William II., surnamed "The Good," had married Joan, daughter of Henry II., Richard's sister. Having no children, he named the Princess Constance, his aunt, his successor, and aware of the strong prejudice of the Sicilians against a female reign, contracted her hand to Henry VI., son and heir of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa. Their nuptials were celebrated with great pomp at Milan, A. D. 1186. About three years later William the Good died, committing his widow to the protection of his successor.

<sup>1</sup> Vinesauf.

Dissatisfied with the whole of this arrangement a majority of the Sicilian Barons took advantage of the absence of Constance and Henry, and called Tancred, Count of Lecce, an illegitimate cousin of the deceased King, to the throne; he was hailed King by public acclamation, and crowned at Palermo in the beginning of the year A. D. 1190. The Pope confirmed his choice and sent him the usual Bulls of Investiture, and the Benediction. Many of the Barons, especially those of Apulia, opposed him, declared for Constance, and armed in her cause. Though Tancred succeeded in the temporary suppression of the revolt, the partisans of Constance continued to plot against him, and Henry VI., now Emperor, was advancing with a powerful army to claim the throne for her.

At this critical juncture Richard appeared on the scene to secure justice for his sister, the young Dowager-Queen Joan. It was said, but falsely, that Tancred held her prisoner. Richard having demanded her liberation, the King of Sicily immediately sent her under escort of the royal galleys from Palermo to Messina. Richard in the next place demanded her rich dower, the whole of the promontory of Monte Gargano, situated between Apulia and the Abruzzi, but as that lay in the very heart of the region in open revolt, Tancred of course could not satisfy him.

Richard, distaining a peaceable solution of the difficulty, cut the Gordian knot in his own way. Crossing the Straits, he attacked and took the Town and Castle of Bagnara on the Calabrian coast, garrisoned the Castle, which he gave to Joan, then returning to

**Messina**, seized a monastery and converted it into a military post.

The license of his soldiers exasperated the Messinese and occasioned a tumultuous and bloody disturbance, in which Richard took part. The City having shut its gates against him, he brought up nearly all his troops, took it by storm, and after the manner of a conqueror, commanded his banner to be planted on the highest tower.

His course greatly incensed Philip; an angry altercation followed and would have led to a conflict of arms if Richard had not consented to lower his banner and, pending the settlement of his grievance with Tancred, put the Knights Hospitallers and Templars in charge of the City.

His high-handed measures nevertheless hastened an understanding with Tancred, who in the end, paid the sum of twenty thousand golden oncie<sup>1</sup> in satisfaction of all the demands of Joan, and the same amount to Richard, who waived his claim to "a tent of silk large enough to accommodate two hundred knights, sitting at meals, sixty thousand measures of wheat, and sixty thousand of barley, with one hundred armed galleys equipped and provisioned for two years," and in lieu thereof was content to take the money as the dower of

<sup>1</sup> An oncie at present is worth about two dollars and a half. This peculiar donation, a voluntary contribution to the Holy War, was left to Henry II., in the will of William the Good. But as the legate died without going to the Holy Land before the testator, the validity of the bequest must have been minimal indeed, or Richard would never have relinquished his pretended claim.

Tancred's infant daughter to whom he affianced his infant nephew Arthur, his heir presumptive. This betrothal was but part of a treaty of alliance with Tancred, in which, among other things, he guaranteed to him the possession of Apulia and Capua.

Among the many differences of the crusading brother-kings, that relating to the Princess Alix, Adalais, or Alice, the second daughter of Louis VII., to whom Richard had been affianced in early childhood, was one of peculiar acerbity.

Henry, having obtained possession of her person and dowry, kept both, and although since his death, Richard had every opportunity of consummating the marriage, he had thus far avoided the obligation, and, as Philip doubtless knew, was on the eve of contracting a marriage with another royal lady. At the height of their periodical disputes this matter also rose to the surface. "I see what it is," said Philip, "you seek a quarrel with me in order not to marry my sister, whom, by oath, you are bound to marry; but of this be sure, that if you abandon her and take another, I will be all my life the mortal enemy of you and yours." Richard replied that he could not, and never would marry Alix, for reasons, which to him at least, were conclusive. The result of the quarrel was a mutual understanding, according to which Richard promised to restore Alix and her dower of fortresses, and to pay Philip for releasing him from the obligations of the marriage contract, a pension of ten thousand marks. The insult, however, was not forgotten; it was "a nail stuck into and driven through the heart of Philip."

The Kings, moreover, renewed their compact of alliance and fraternity of arms swearing "that each would defend the life and honor of the other—that neither would desert the other in his danger—that the King of France would cherish and protect the rights of the King of England, even as he would protect his own City of Paris, and that the King of England would do the like by his Majesty of France, even as he would protect his own City of Rouen."<sup>1</sup>

Philip made ready his armament and on the morning of March 30th, 1190, sailed for Acre. Richard with the most gorgeous of his galleys accompanied him through the Straits, then, reversing his course, touched at Reggio on the coast of Calabria, received on board his mother Queen Eleanor, and the Princess Berengaria, his bride, and returned that self-same night to Messina.

This was quite a romantic affair, a case of love at first sight. Richard met the lady at the Court of her father, the King of Navarre, and after the lapse of years sent his mother to ask her hand. She joyfully responded, and travelling with a suitable escort, chaperoned by Queen Eleanor, came now from her distant home in the Pyrenees to join the fortunes of her royal lover on his way to the Holy Land. It being Lent the wedding was postponed. Queen Eleanor returned to England, leaving the bride in the protection of her daughter Joan, Dowager-Queen of Sicily. Richard's fleet sailed the next day, the royal ladies in a galley by themselves, living "together like two birds in one

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<sup>1</sup> Howden.

age.”<sup>1</sup> It was a splendid fleet, superior to any that ever was seen in those waters, numbering fifty galleys, thirteen dromonds, “mighty great ships with triple sails,” that is three-masters, a hundred carikes, or busses, and many smaller craft. The Sicilians though impressed with the spectacle and admiring the size and beauty of the vessels, still more admired their happy departure.

The sea is no respecter of persons and a furious storm in the dangerous Archipelago made sad havoc of the fleet; the vessels were scattered in all directions, not a few lost, or cast ashore. Richard’s own galley narrowly escaped shipwreck on the coast of Candia, but in the end got safely into Rhodes. There he fell sick, a prey to anxiety for the safety of the royal ladies. He despatched the swiftest of his vessels to search for their galley and collect the fleet.

## 4.

## CONQUEST OF CYPRUS.

PRESENTLY scouts arrived with the intelligence that two of his ships, having gone ashore on the island of Cyprus, had been plundered by the natives, and that their crews and the Crusaders had been cast into prison. Swearing revenge, Richard took all the vessels he had with him and hastened to Cyprus. Off Limisso, or Limasol, at that time the principal sea-port

<sup>1</sup> DeBrunne.

of Cyprus, he found the missing galley, and having assured himself of the perfect safety of Joan and Berengaria, forthwith challenged Isaac the "Emperor of Cyprus," a Greek of the house of Comnenus. In response Isaac sent several armed galleys to the mouth of the harbor and drew up his troops on the beach. They were not very formidable and consisted of a well-armed body-guard and a promiscuous rabble armed only with clubs and stones. Richard took the galleys, dispersed the troops, and entered the city; the frightened inhabitants fled in hot haste, leaving their property as spoils to the Crusaders. The Cypriots, having rallied during the night, were surprised by the Crusaders, and "killed like beasts." The Emperor Isaac fled without armor or clothes to Leicosia (the modern Lefcosia), his capital in the interior of the island, and in his extremity sued for peace. A parley ensued, in which Isaac agreed to pay an indemnity for the wrong done to the stranded vessels, to resign all his castles, to do homage to Richard, to follow him with a well-equipped body of troops to the Holy War, and to surrender to him his daughter and heiress as a hostage.

It is not surprising that Isaac, having been put to the further indignity of forcible detention, deceived the guards and fled. Richard forthwith sent part of his army into the interior, and with the rest made the circuit of the whole island by water, capturing all the maritime towns and seizing every vessel he could find, not excepting boats of the smallest size. Having thus cut off Isaac's flight by sea, he met him again in battle



and defeated him. Leicosia surrendered to the Conqueror and Isaac's daughter fell into his hands. He gave her to Berengaria as a companion. Love of his child drew Isaac from his place of refuge; he knelt before Richard imploring him to restore his daughter, and to spare his life and person. The Conqueror refused to restore the daughter, and sent her father, loaded with chains, a prisoner to Tyre. He died in captivity four years later.

Richard's harsh treatment of Isaac was partly due to his own antecedents. He was a usurper, a cruel tyrant and a bitter enemy of the Latins; his ships pursued those of the Crusaders, and it was said that he was in alliance with Saladin. The poor Cypriots, groaning under his oppression, and hoping for an amelioration of their condition, had by connivance, if not by active service, promoted the conquest, but soon discovered that their new lord equalled, perhaps surpassed the old in this respect. He taxed them to the extent of one-half of their moveable property, stripped the island of whatever stores and provisions he could lay hands on, appointed governors after his own heart, and celebrated the conquest by his marriage. The grand function took place at Limasol, where the Bishop of Evreux anointed and crowned Berengaria.

After this unexpected acquisition of the fine and important island of Cyprus, Richard pursued his victorious course to the Holy Land. On the way he had the good fortune of falling in with one of Saladin's dromonds, carrying stores and a large military force,—six Emirs and more than six hundred picked troops.

The superior height of her board, and the liberal use of the Greek Fire, which the English had never seen before, awed the assailants. Richard swore that he would crucify all his sailors if they allowed her to escape. A first attempt, led by him in person, was unsuccessful. Repulsed with great loss, he ordered a second attack, and running all his ships with beaked prows, full force on the dromond, tore open her sides. The water running in apace, Jacob of Aleppo, her commander, ordered the stores and the ship itself to be destroyed. Most of the Turks sprang overboard and were drowned; those who fell into the hands of the English were massacred; only thirty-five were saved; the dromond herself went down.

## 5.

## PTOLEMAIS.

TURNING to the changed situation at the seat of war the heroic figure of Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat, stands out in bold relief. A brother of William Longaspada, the first husband of Sibylla, and of Boniface Montferrat to be mentioned on a subsequent page, he came to the East for family reasons and in quest of fame. His father, William the Old, nearly connected with Louis VII., and Conrad III., had joined those Kings in the Second Crusade, and more recently returned to the Holy Land, fought at Hittin, and was now a prisoner in the hands of Saladin.

Conrad, on his way to the East, stopped at Constan-

tinople, and having married the sister of the Emperor Isaac Angelus, saved his life in the revolt of Alexius Branas. Though distinguished with the title of Cæsar, Conrad mistrusted the Greeks, and proceeding to the Holy Land, arrived at Ptolemais immediately after its capture by Saladin, but had the good fortune to escape to Tyre and, by the splendor of his defence, to save that important city from the ignominy of a surrender.

“The Green Knight,” so called from the color of his shield, on a mighty charger, and his helmet adorned with the antlers of a stag, dismayed the Saracens, and enforced the obedience of the Christians. His valor, his vigilance, his firmness are worthy of all admiration.

It is said that when Saladin offered to exchange Conrad's father for the surrender, Conrad scorned the notion; when he threatened<sup>1</sup> to expose the aged man in the front ranks, he replied that he would shoot the first arrow and glory in being a martyr's son.

Defeated by land and by water Saladin had to raise the siege, and Conrad was master of Tyre.

In the meantime, King Guy having obtained his freedom, and broken his oath to Saladin “that he renounced the Kingdom and would return to Europe,” appeared before Tyre, claiming to be admitted as its lord. The people laughed at his pretensions and sent him away. He nevertheless collected at Tripolis the remainder of the Christians, and undertook with an army of seven hundred Knights and a total of nine thousand combatants to lay siege to Ptolemais.

<sup>1</sup> It was only a threat.

This city, the Biblical Accho, the Akka of the Arabs, received the name of Ptolemais, when Ptolemy Soter was in possession of Cœlo-Syria, retained it under the Romans, and at the time of the Crusades was called so by the Greeks and Latins, while the Moslems mentioned it as Akka, Acon or Accon. Its modern name of St. Jean d'Acre, or simply Acre, dates from its occupation by the Knights of St. John. This famous place occupies the northwestern point of a spacious circular bay, whose opposite horn is formed by one of the ridges of Mount Carmel. The city lies on a fertile plain six miles broad, watered by the small river Belus which flows into the sea close under the walls. The Romans, under whom Ptolemais rose to the dignity of a colony, built a military road along the coast from Berytus to Sepphoris which passed through it. The plain is formed by the gradual recession of the hills of Galilee in the North, and the bold promontory of Mount Carmel in the South.

The Bay, from the City to Mount Carmel, is eight miles wide, but shallow and exposed; the deficiency however is supplied by Haïpha, at the opposite corner under the shelter of Mount Carmel, which was, and still is, the natural roadstead of the locality.

This deep indentation of the coast and its natural harbor, together with a situation, commanding the approaches from the North by sea and land, and affording a ready communication with the interior, made Ptolemais at all times a coveted possession. Napoleon called it the "Key of Syria." At the time under notice it seems to have been enclosed on the

land-side by a double wall, defended with numerous towers, and secured without by moats, ramparts and bastions.

To this safe anchorage in the grateful shade of wooded Carmel repaired the fleets of Christendom, to that wide and blooming plain and its natural amphitheatre its mail-clad chivalry and soldatesca. Here gathered the independent and separate groups of Crusaders from Sicily, Pisa, and Genoa, from Scandinavia, Frisia, Flanders, and France; even Germany had its representative companies, notably those of the Landgrave of Thuringia, Louis the Mild, or Gentle, a man of peace and conciliation, who persuaded Conrad of Montferrat, despite his refusal to serve under Guy, to take part in the siege.

It was a long and tedious affair; the besieged were brave and well supplied, and encouraged in their stubborn defence by Saladin with the presence of a powerful army in the rear of the Christians. On the 4th of October, 1189 the contending hosts met in battle, which began with decided advantage to the Christians, but ended in a Moslem victory. The Grand-Master of the Knights Templars was taken prisoner, and executed for breaking his parole not to bear arms against Saladin. The victory, however, was not decisive; the siege continued, and in the spring Conrad dealt the enemy a hard blow in the destruction of an Egyptian fleet, carrying supplies for the besieged.

Such was the condition when Frederic of Suabia with the remnant of the imperial army arrived under the walls of Ptolemais, October 7th, 1190. An attempt

of the Franks to isolate the besieged by attacking Saladin in his camp on the Mountain of Charoubah not only miscarried, but enabled Saladin to catch his assailants in an ambush, and rout them with great loss.

Too feeble to renew the offensive in the open field, the Franks nevertheless maintained the defensive, and the siege throughout the winter; their camps covered the entire semicircle of hills rising from the plain. Conrad with the Venetians, Lombards, Florentines, and a miscellaneous gathering of Crusaders held the country from the sea to the Damascus road in the North; the Genoese were on Mount Musara; the French and English (afterwards) held the centre in front of the "Accursed Tower;" next to them lay the Flemings, while King Guy together with the Danes and Germans were posted on Mount Thoron commanding the roads to Jerusalem and the port.

However picturesque the Camp might appear to the spectator at a distance, a visit to it would have revealed a most ghastly sight. Famine and pestilence had joined hands in a carnival of death. The mortality was positively frightful; an eye-witness who was present part of the time, calculates that three hundred thousand Christians perished during the siege, the best Arab writers give double that number. The brilliant floral bloom, the rich fertility, the deep tint of the oranges of that beautiful plain, the admiration of numerous gifted travellers, belong to a veritable Aceldama, or field of blood. The daily *burials* numbered between two and three hundred, but the number

of those who perished where they lay is not given. Duke Frederic of Suabia succumbed to the pestilence.

In addition to these horrors the mutual jealousies and antipathies of the different nations, and orders of men, and worse still, the rivalry of Conrad and King Guy, in which the whole Camp took sides, marred the successful conduct of almost every enterprise. The discord culminated in the death of Queen Sibylla and her two children, when her sister Elizabeth, her legitimate successor, gave her hand and crown to Conrad, Prince of Tyre.

This political marriage, which necessitated the dissolution of the former marriages of both parties, deepened the prevailing dissension, and the bishops, to prevent an open rupture, persuaded the claimants to defer the decision as to who was entitled to the throne, to the arrival of the Kings of England and France.

Philip arrived in April, 1191, but though he was received "as an angel of the Lord," yet the smallness of his armament was a great disappointment while the promptness with which he declared himself in favor of Conrad, as in all respects more eligible and suitable than his competitor, considerably aggravated the previous tension. Guy at once hastened to Cyprus, and finding favor with Richard, either out of personal pique to Philip, or because he came from Poitou, or for some other cause, secured his recognition and support.

The inactivity of the Franks gave Saladin time to collect re-inforcements, and how this was done is best

seen from the following specimen of an appeal of the Imauns to the Moslems.

“Numberless legions of the Christians,” said they, “from lands beyond Constantinople are come to rob us of conquests that gave such joy to the Koran, and to dispute with us a land upon which the companions of Omar planted the standard of the prophet. Spare not your lives and treasure to oppose them. Victory or paradise awaits you; fear God more than the infidels; Saladin calls you to his banners; Saladin is the friend of the Prophet as the Prophet is the friend of God. If you do not obey, your families will be driven from Syria, . . . Jerusalem will again fall into the power of idolaters, who gave a son, a companion, an equal, to the Most High and wish to extinguish the knowledge of God. Arm yourselves then with the buckler of victory; scatter the children of fire, the sons of hell, whom the sea has vomited on your shores, and remember the words of the Koran: ‘he who shall leave his dwelling to defend the holy religion, shall meet with abundance and a multitude of companions.’”

In response to such fiery appeals multitudes flocked to Saladin’s camp.

The appearance of the bold headland of Carmel may have suggested to Richard the miracle of Elijah, and the visits of Vespasian and Pythagoras, but poetic fancy gave way to stern reality as his fleet entered the roadstead, beheld the bannered tents encircling the massive fortress of Ptolemais and heard the deafening clangor of martial music with which the Christian Camp hailed his welcome arrival.



Though his coming animated besieged and besiegers to greater exertions, it did not improve his relations to Philip. Their constant quarrels divided the Camp, but Richard's more brilliant valor and superior command of resources gave him a stronger following.

The situation of the Christians was full of peril; they had, at an enormous sacrifice of human life, maintained the siege for almost two years, and were not only still outside the walls, but sorely pressed, and shut in by Saladin, who held Mount Carmel and the adjacent heights with a superior and ubiquitous army.

In the prosecution of the siege, the Turks tried to take the place by assault without the English, and failed; then the English attempted it without the French and were equally unsuccessful. At length the rival Kings patched up a temporary peace and co-operated with considerable energy. A price was offered for every stone taken out of the fortifications. Knights, eager for distinction and the bounty, climbed the toppling walls and often perished in their fall. Richard worked like a common soldier at the battering-engines and when sick, caused himself to be carried on a pallet to the entrenchments.

"The tumultuous waves of the Franks," says an Arabic writer, "rolled towards the place as in a flood-tide; they scaled the half-ruined walls as wild goats climb the steepest rocks, while the Saracens precipitated themselves upon the besiegers like stones detached from mountain tops."

Saladin attempted to take the Christian Camp by storm, but was repulsed with great loss. The steady

vigilance of the besiegers throughout the long extent of their lines cut off the supply of provisions from the brave garrison, and compelled it to offer to capitulate. After considerable wrangling the besiegers agreed upon the terms. The City was to be surrendered to the Crusaders, and Saladin, as a ransom for the lives of the garrison, promised to set at liberty fifteen hundred Christian captives, to restore the wood of the Holy Cross, and to pay within forty days an indemnity of two hundred thousand pieces of gold. The garrison and population of Ptolemais remained in the power of the conquerors for the performance of these conditions.

On the 12th of July, 1191 the Crusaders entered Ptolemais, and Saladin, evacuating all his positions, fell back to new lines at a greater distance. The banners of both kings floated over the ramparts, but Richard, as was his wont, claimed the lion's share, and occupied the Palace while Philip established his quarters in the House of the Templars.

The vexed question of the succession to the shadow-throne of Jerusalem was solved by compromise. It was agreed that the claims of Conrad, Marquis of Montferrat and Prince of Tyre, the protégé of Philip, should be recognized, but that Guy of Lusignan, the choice of Richard, should remain King for life, and that Conrad should be his successor.

As to future operations Richard proposed the joint prosecution of the war for the space of three years, but Philip refused, and on the alleged ground of ill-health announced his purpose of returning to Europe. This may have been a cause, for he had been sick, and,

as some of the French chroniclers allege, in consequence of poison administered by Richard, but there were other causes; one was, as an old rhymester puts it:

“So that King Philip was annoyed there at the thing,  
That there was not of him a word, but all of Richard the King.”<sup>1</sup>

There was something in that, but the true motive lay deeper. He was eager to turn Richard's absence to good account in strengthening and consolidating his own dominions. Divining his motives Richard made him swear not to make war upon any part of his possessions, nor to attack any of his vassals or allies until at least forty days after his return from the Holy Land. Philip swore to protect Richard's dominions, as he did Paris, but the oath sat lightly upon him, for he besought the Pope, though in vain, to absolve him from its obligation. He also agreed to leave the Duke of Burgundy with an army of ten thousand foot and five hundred horse at Ptolemais, gave Conrad his half of the conquered city, and left the Camp amid the hisses and execrations of the Crusaders, who regarded him as a deserter.

His departure was in so far a benefit to him that it saved him from a direct share in an infamous and foul deed. When the forty days fixed upon for the fulfilment of the Articles of Capitulation had expired, and neither the Christian captives, nor the True Cross, nor the indemnity were forthcoming, it was rumored in the Camp that Saladin had massacred his Christian captives, and the Crusaders cried for vengeance. In

<sup>1</sup> Robert of Gloucester.

response to the tumultuous clamor, the Saracen hostages, not less than three thousand in number, were led to a lofty spot beyond the Christian camps but within sight of Saladin's camp, and massacred before the brutal King, and the equally brutal Duke of Burgundy. Centuries elapsed before Christendom learned to abhor the atrocious deed; at the time, it was regarded as a laudable and meritorious work, which Vinesauf exultingly records as an evidence of his master's "wonderful great zeal for the glory of God," and the author of the Romance of "Richard Cœur de Lion," writing between two or three centuries later, introduces angel-hosts applauding Richard, and crying: "Kill, kill, Lord, and spare them not."

Nor was the slaughter of the hostages the least horrid part of the drama. Believing that the Saracens had swallowed their riches of gold and jewelry, the Crusaders cut open their bodies, and "found many of these things in their bowels, and gathered their gall for medicinal uses."

After this Saladin retaliated, and massacred his Christian captives.

None of the contemporary historians censure the course of the chiefs, but record the events as matters of course, nor express surprise that in spite of them, Richard and Saladin, not long thereafter, were on terms of courteous, almost amicable intercourse.

## 6.

## PROGRESS AND END OF THE CAMPAIGN.

PASSING over the brutal excesses of the Crusaders, we follow them, led by Richard, on their southward march. They advanced in order of battle; the Knights Templars led the van, the cavalry were in the centre and the Knights of St. John brought up the rear.

Every night when they halted, the heralds cried three times: "Save the Holy Sepulchre!" At the sound, the whole army knelt down, and said, "Amen!"

Following the coast-line, they were preceded by their fleet, and on their left by the Saracens, devastating the country, and impeding their progress by constant skirmishes.

Saladin awaited them at Ashdod, or Azotus; part of his army covered the heights, the remainder was drawn up along the banks of a stream. The Christians formed in order of battle; Jacques d'Avesnes commanded the van; Richard the centre; the Dukes of Burgundy and Austria the rear.

"*Alla Acbar!*" God is powerful, shouted the Saracens, and swarming round the Christians, sent showers of arrows into their ranks. The Crusaders, firm as a rock, let them draw near, but suddenly opened their ranks; the cavalry rushed forth, charged, and repulsed the Saracens flying in disorder. Richard drove them over the stream; then the choice troops of the Moslem attacked his rear but he quickly returned to protect it. The battle now became general; in the *mêlée* each man grappled with an antagonist, and when night set in the

Christians had gained a great victory. The enemy broken and repulsed at all points, retreated into the forest of Sharon; "the Franks, believing that the retreat was a feint, were afraid to give the pursuit; they might have destroyed the enemy had they followed up their victory." The Franks deplored the death of their gallant chief, Jacques d'Avesnes; at his third charge of the enemy, a Saracen sabre severed his leg; heedless of its loss he continued the pursuit, when his sword-arm was struck off at a blow; then he fell, adjuring Richard to avenge his death. The Saracens also lamented the loss of one of their champions, one of Saladin's Mamelukes, who fell from his horse, and encumbered with the weight of his iron armor, received several deadly wounds; his brethren came too late to save him, "he was already" they said, "amongst the inhabitants of Heaven." The loss, in slain, on both sides was very great; this battle was chiefly gained by the Christian infantry.

But Richard failed to reap the fruit of his victory; he wasted his time, in rebuilding the demolished ramparts of Jaffa, in luxurious repose and fruitless negotiations. At last, in November, he broke camp and marched upon Jerusalem. At Bethany, only twelve miles from the City, he ordered a halt, and—for reasons not satisfactorily explained (we read of tempestuous weather, famine, disease, and tempestuous discord), a retreat to Ascalon; the Moslem Light-horse hung upon his rear despatching the hapless stragglers that fell into their hands. Richard, to state the case mildly, could not endure contradiction, and

was neither over-choice in speech, nor too dignified in his acts. The Sultan having dismantled Ascalon, Richard ordered it to be rebuilt, and being fond of mason-work, donned overalls, set stones, cast the mortar, expecting the princes and dukes to do as he did and thus set an example to the rank and file. Duke Leopold, of Austria, having a very justifiable dislike of the English bully, refused point-blank, saying that he was the son neither of a carpenter nor of a mason. Richard was furious. At Ptolemais the same Duke, having taken one of the towers and planted his banner thereon, had a specimen of the King's temper, for Majesty tore it down and flung it into the ditch.

At Ascalon he behaved still worse, he kicked the Duke, using foul and insulting language. The noble masons nevertheless disdained moving stones and digging trenches, and murmured saying, that they had come, not to build Ascalon, but to conquer Jerusalem. The King's temper and speech explain the general defection; he fell foul of the French and Germans, and, last, not least, did not pay the soldiers. Open revolt broke out at Ptolemais, and Conrad, having also a grievance with Richard, made overtures to Saladin. Not to be behindhand, Richard did the same, offering to return into Europe for the *restoration* of Jerusalem, and of the True Cross.

"Jerusalem," replied Saladin, "never belonged to you, and we cannot without a crime abandon it to you; as to the wood of the True Cross, all the advantages in the train of peace cannot move me to restore this dis-

graceful monument of their idolatry to the Christians." This negotiation fell through; then Richard proposed a matrimonial alliance; his own sister, Queen Joan of Sicily, should be joined in wedlock to Saphadin, the Sultan's brother; that also failed, not from any repugnance on the part of the high contracting parties, but from the intolerance of the Saracen imauns and Christian bishops.

Pending these negotiations the Crusaders and the Moslems lived in friendly intercourse; Saladin and Richard exchanged presents; the former sent fruit and snow, the latter conferred the honor of Knighthood on Saladin's nephew.

Richard also cut the Gordian knot of the Latin Crown by giving that of Cyprus to Guy of Lusignan, and consenting to the coronation of Conrad. But that unfortunate prince was not permitted to ascend the throne; he was foully murdered, by two Assassins, the fanatic subjects of the Old Man of the Mountain, the Chief of the Ismaëlians. The French in the City attributed the crime to Richard, flew to arms, and demanded that Elizabeth<sup>1</sup> should resign Tyre to them; the people, on the other hand, sided with her and rose against the French. Richard interfered, took possession of Tyre, and gave Conrad's widow in marriage to his nephew, Henry, Count of Champagne, who thereupon was generally acknowledged as King of Jerusalem. This arrangement did not lessen the suspicions which rested on Richard. The Assassins were seized, put to the torture, and executed. They gloried, according to one account, in the act as one of obedi-

<sup>1</sup> She is also called Isabella.



ence to their master; according to another, they laid it to the charge of Richard; and according to a third, they died without naming their employer.

In May, Richard made a second attempt to conquer Jerusalem and advanced as far as Bethnubah, within a day's march from the City. Terror went before him; fugitives said, that the people were on the point of flying to Damascus; that not even the presence of Saladin could keep up the spirit of the soldiers. The Crusaders, however, discredited the report as a ruse, alleging that Saladin had strengthened the fortifications and thrown an overwhelming force between them and the City. They further represented, that they were short in numbers and supplies; that an advance exposed them to the danger of being cut off from their base, and that it was wiser to invade Egypt than attack Jerusalem.

These opinions, though opposed by the French, prevailed. Richard, moreover, could not shut his eyes to the discord among his chiefs, to their ill-disguised animosity, and especially to the alarming number of desertions. He ordered a retreat, and being led to a hill which commanded the full view of Jerusalem, he raised his shield before his eyes, saying that he was not worthy to behold a city, which he had not been able to deliver. The order of retreat was fatal to his army and blasted his military fame; discord and confusion reigned in his camp; disgraceful riots and conflicts broke out; the mass of the Germans and French left him altogether; he remained alone with the English, and fell back on Ptolemais.

Saladin turned the Christian retreat to good account; he came down from the mountains of Judea, and took the *City* of Jaffa, but not the Citadel.

Richard, the moment he heard of it, hastily sent forward by land every man he could spare, and flew, as fast as the wind would drive his fleet of only seven vessels, to its relief. On the beach stood the enemy.

“Cursed forever be he that followeth me not!” roared the Lion-hearted, and leaped into the water; the Knights followed his example; the enemy, seven thousand! are mentioned, scattered at their approach and Richard took the town. In the night, Saladin came up with his main army; the troops of Richard arrived also. A great battle was fought, the most brilliant of the whole war; the Saracens, though immensely superior in number, could not dislodge the Christians.

That day Richard more than recovered his military fame; he displayed strategical skill, and fought like a lion; he rode furiously along the enemy’s line from the right wing to the left, and challenged the Saracen champions to single combat; every champion he met was killed or dismounted. Even the enemy extolled his valor. Saphadin, seeing him dismounted, sent him during the action two splendid horses, and on one of these Richard maintained the fight to the close of day. At his approach, and the sight of his terrible battle-axe, the Saracens wheeled round and fled; the best smiths of England had wrought in its head twenty pounds of steel, and that day it fulfilled its mission, “to break the Saracens’ bones;” wherever it fell, the horseman and his horse went down to the ground.

The day ended in victory, and that victory ends the story of his exploits in the Holy Land. These exploits explain the terror of his name, which for generations to come was the bugaboo of wakeful or troublesome Saracen children, and the exclamation of Saracen horsemen to shying steeds, "Dost thou think King Richard's in that bush?"

He only used the victory to secure the best terms from Saladin. There is no reason to doubt the fact, as reported by a Saracen historian, that Richard "only sought for a pretext to return to Europe and took little interest in the affairs of the Holy Land." He was sick, and sick of the Holy Land, and knew only too well that the Crusaders, and the Christians of Palestine generally, were sick of him. Saladin also was sick, and disposed to sheathe the sword.

A truce was made for three years, three months, three days, and three hours, as the Latins record; "for three years and eight months," says Omar, who drew up the treaty with his own hand. Ascalon, the key to Egypt, and "Spouse of Syria" was to be dismantled; Tyre and Jaffa and the intermediate country was to remain in the hands of the Christians; Jerusalem was to be open to all pilgrims. All tolls and taxes were abolished; not a word was said about the True Cross. At the ratification of the treaty, the Moslem plenipotentiaries swore upon the Koran, the Christians upon the Gospels; the King and the Sultan not at all; they only pledged their word and touched the hands of the ambassadors; the truce went into effect September 1, 1192.

Tournamènts and festivities, joined in by Moslems and Christians, marked the conclusion of the peace. At the instance of Saladin most of the warriors of the West visited Jerusalem as pilgrims, but Richard denied the privilege to the French, who had refused to take part in the Battle of Jaffa. Those who went were nobly protected from injury or insult; the friends of the hostages murdered at Jaffa entreated Saladin to give them leave to retaliate on the pilgrims; he rejected their prayer in disgust and commanded them on pain of death to keep the peace and good faith.

Richard himself did not go to Jerusalem. On the morning after St. Dionisius' Day he watched from on board his galley the fast-fading mountains of the Libanus range. "Most holy land!" he cried with outstretched arms, "I commend thee to God's keeping. May He give me life and health to return and deliver thee from the infidel." He never returned; his own Queen, Queen Joan, and the Cypriot Princess, embarked on a separate galley, and reached Sicily in safety; what befell him is told in subsequent paragraphs.

Leaving aside the terrible expenditure of life, not less than half a million of men, including the flower of the Chivalry of Europe, the results of this Crusade, though small, were not altogether useless. The strip of land on the coast left the Christians a base for future enterprise, while the conquest of Cyprus opened the door for new undertakings, but the failure of this magnificent armament established the fact that the Christian West lacked the power to subdue the Mohammedan East.

Within six months after Richard's departure the Moslem world lamented the loss of Saladin; he died March 3d, 1193. I know no better discription of the character of that illustrious man than the words he addressed to his own son El-Daher setting out for his province; they mirror the man.

"My son," he said, "you are about to reign over states that I have bestowed upon you. My infirmities give me reason to fear that I may never see you again; I recommend you, then, my son, as my last command, to love and honor God, who is the source of all good, and to observe the precepts of His law; for your welfare depends upon it. Spare human blood for fear it should fall again upon your own head; for blood once shed never sleeps. Endeavor to gain the hearts of your subjects; administer justice, and be as careful of their interest as of your own. You will have to render an account to God of this trust which I confide to you in His name. Show respect and condescension for the emirs, the imauns, the caliphs, and all persons placed in authority. It is only by mildness and clemency that I have attained the elevated position in which you behold me. We are all mortal, O my son! entertain then no malice, no hatred against any one. Be careful, above all things, to offend nobody; men only forget injuries when they have revenged them, whilst God grants us pardon for our errors for a simple repentance; for He is beneficent and merciful."

It remains to sketch the romantic fortunes of Richard until his return to England. A storm dispersed

his fleet; his own vessel, after an erratic course, finally sailed into the port of Corfu. Proceeding thence on three small hired galleys with only twenty companions, first to Zara, and ultimately, in stress of weather, to the Istrian coast, he went ashore and overland to Goritz, a town of Carinthia, whose Governor, Maynard, was a near relation to the murdered Conrad of Tyre and Jerusalem. Maynard discovered his ill-concealed disguise and arrested eight of his companions. Richard and the others fled during the night, and after a narrow escape, and the arrest of all his followers, arrived with only one Knight and a boy conversant with German, at Erdberg near Vienna. There he fell into the hands of Duke Leopold, his mortal enemy who held him a prisoner. "You are lucky," said Leopold receiving his sword, "and ought to regard us as deliverers rather than enemies; for, by the Lord, had you fallen into the hands of the Marquis Conrad's friends, who are hunting for you everywhere, you had been but a dead man though you had had a thousand lives."

The Duke sent him to Dürrenstein near Krems, and upon the requisition of the Emperor Henry VI., saying that "a Duke must not presume to imprison a King,—that belongs to an Emperor," together with the promise of a good slice of the ransom, delivered him up to his imperial enemy.

Henry hated Richard for his interference in Sicily, held him in close custody at Trifels, placed him before a Diet at Hagenau, accused him of many crimes, and only surrendered him upon becoming his vassal and

the payment, or promise, of an enormous ransom. At length, after an absence of four years, including the fourteen months of his captivity, Richard returned to England. His subjects welcomed him with great enthusiasm, but had soon to suffer as much from his quarrels in England and France, as from his exploits in the Holy Land.

He died from the effects of an arrow-wound received in the siege of the Castle of Chaluz. It was taken by assault, and Richard, true to his savage menace, butchered all the men except Bertrand whose arrow had hit him. Feeling his end approach, he sent for Bertrand. "Wretch!" he cried, "what have I done unto thee that thou shouldst seek my life?" "My father and my two brothers thou hast slain with thine own hand, and myself thou wouldest hang!" said the chained youth. "Let me die now. . I am content if thou diest!" "Youth, I forgive thee!" cried Richard, "loose his chains, and give him a hundred shillings." Richard died in anguish and contrition, April 6th, 1199.

Marchadee, the leader of his mercenaries, according to a Winchester chronicle, delivered Bertrand to Queen Joan; *she* plucked out his eyes, and caused him to be tortured until he died. What a race they were those Plantagenets!

## CHAPTER VII.

HENRY VI.'S EXPEDITION. A. D. 1194-1198.

## I.

## THE PAPACY AND THE EMPIRE.

HISTORY often enforces the lesson that one man's sorrow is another man's joy, but seldom more strikingly than in the case of Saladin. His death, which filled the Moslem world with grief, revived the hope and rekindled the zeal of the bellicose Templars and Hospitallers for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. They were not slow to press the matter with the Pope and to carry their point. He gladly responded to their appeal and proclaimed a new Crusade.

The movement, though agitated in France and England, hung fire, and would have failed altogether if the Emperor Henry VI., had not taken it up.

The death of Barbarossa made him Emperor, that of William the Good, (through Constance his wife and heiress to the throne,) King of Sicily. His coronation as Emperor was the first act of Pope Cœlestine III.

In the meantime the Norman Tancred had seized Sicily and invaded the Kingdom of Naples. Henry advanced victoriously to the gates of the capital, but the obstinate resistance of the inhabitants and the terrible ravages of the plague checked his progress. He



was sick himself. At this critical juncture, Henry the Younger, the son of Henry the Lion, left the army and returned to Germany to join a powerful coalition against the Hohenstaufen.

These untoward complications compelled Henry to raise the siege and hasten to Germany. Constance, whom he had left at Salerno, fell into the hands of Tancred, but her captivity was neither long nor dishonorable. Tancred restored her to the Emperor not only without ransom, but enriched with magnificent presents.

His magnanimous conduct contrasts most favorably with Henry's in the case of Richard Cœur de Lion. The hard conditions he stipulated for the freedom of his royal captive are often and unjustly adduced as evidence of his rapacity. His detention was doubtless an act of violence in an age of violence, but the high ransom and compulsory vassalage were the requital of Richard's unwarranted and hostile interference with the affairs of Sicily. Henry's work in Germany was most difficult, but he was equal to the emergency, and succeeded in establishing his authority not only there, but upon the death of Tancred, throughout Italy and in Sicily. Pisa and Genoa embraced his cause. He marched almost unresisted to the extremity of the Peninsula, crossed the Straits, entered Messina in triumph, and proceeded amid the acclamations of the inhabitants to Palermo. The campaign which began in August 1194 ended with his coronation at Palermo in December.

At the zenith of his power he caused or sanctioned a judgment which has left an indelible stain on his

name. On the plea of an extensive conspiracy against him a judicial massacre, conducted with barbarous and inhuman cruelty, was executed upon the pretended conspirators. Even the sanctity of the grave was violated; the bodies of Tancred and his son were exhumed, and the crowns torn from their heads; his surviving son William was blinded and mutilated, the Queen and her daughters were cast into prison.

Henry's son, Frederic Roger, afterwards the Emperor Frederic II., was born at Jesi on the very day of the massacre.

The Pope excommunicated Henry for these atrocities, but he, conscious of his strength, proudly disdained to notice the censure. He was the high and mighty lord of all the lands from the northern seas to Sicily, and made as light of the ban of the Church as of the Lombard League and the German feuds.

Henry was still very young, and although not equal to Barbarossa, surpassed both his sire and his son, in actual power and bold enterprise. At thirty he easily eclipsed all his contemporaries. He was well informed, but shone less by physical qualities than by intellectual. If in the opinion of one of the chroniclers, he lacked the beauty of Absalom, he excelled in learning, prudence, and magnanimity. We may hesitate to accept the last attribute, which has a ring of flattery, but hesitation should yield to the fact that Henry was viewed differently in Germany and Italy. If his German critics erred on the side of adulation, the Italian, especially the papal scribes, erred as much on that of detraction. This Hohenstaufen was unques-

tionably a strong man, the most formidable antagonist of papal aggression, a man of vast resource and bold endeavor.

His project of making the Empire hereditary and securing the succession to his son Frederic both in Germany and Sicily was a measure of great consequence. A united Germany permanently bound to Naples and Sicily and ruled by one sovereign was a conception not unlike Charlemagne's. Such a union would have given an impulse to the Crusade which might have established the Cross throughout the East. He tried to obtain the consent of the German princes, by the promise of guaranteeing the hereditary descent of all the fiefs of the Empire in the male and female lines, and that of the Church, by abandoning the right of princes to the inheritance of the estate of church-dignitaries. The measure was acceptable to fifty-two princes of the Empire, to the great ecclesiastics, and, it is said, that even the Pope thought favorably of it. Nevertheless it failed eventually through the strenuous opposition of the Saxon princes and their following, who held that a hereditary Empire would speedily degenerate into a despotism, that the status of a German Emperor ruling over foreign lands, moreover, was a standing peril to the unity and liberty of the Empire, doubtless advantageous to the Emperor, but burdensome to the realm.

All the princes, however, united in the election of his son Frederic as King of the Romans.

## 2.

## PREPARATION.

FAR-REACHING indeed was the range of the Emperor's ambition. He thought of the conquest of the East, and had he lived to attempt it, might have succeeded. The dread and fame of him were remarkable. His imperial brother at Constantinople deemed it necessary to collect the *Allemanicon*, the German tax or tribute, to make him keep the peace.

With this ulterior end in view Henry hailed the new Crusade as a golden opportunity. The recovery of the Holy Places, the subjugation of Syria and Asia Minor, the capture of Constantinople, the overthrow of the effete Greek Dynasty, the conquest of the Byzantine Empire, and its union with that of the West, these were the successive steps of the vast scheme which filled the mind of this daring Hohenstaufen.

Not from complaisance to the Pope, but for the furtherance of his own plans, he eagerly fathered the idea that the death of Saladin was providential, and prophetic of success. On a Court-Day held at Bari in Italy, he spoke in glowing terms of the Crusade, and promised to be at the personal charge of the entire outfit and support, for the space of a year, of fifteen hundred Knights and their complement of squires and men. Again at the Diet of Worms he urged the matter with much warmth. He actually stood up in the Cathedral exhorting the Chivalry assembled to take the Cross. The magnetism of his presence, his fiery eloquence, his enthusiasm, the force of his example

thrilled his hearers. The result was a splendid armament, including the most illustrious names, secular and ecclesiastic, from Flanders to Hungary, from the confines of the German Ocean to distant Sicily.

The preparations were completed in 1196, when the Crusaders began to set out.

Those from the North went by sea to the rendezvous at Messina. Another company, commanded by the Archbishop of Mayence, took the familiar overland route through Hungary, and having received large accessions in that country including Queen Margaret and her train, arrived first in Palestine. A third body of forty thousand picked warriors accompanied Henry VI., the Commander-in-chief.

He swept through Italy to stamp out the last vestige of insurrection, and to consummate the final reduction of Naples and Sicily. Having sent all the troops he could spare to the East, Henry about the end of September laid siege to the castle of St. John in Sicily to punish its rebellious lord. The weather was very warm, the forest inviting. One day he rode out hunting, and heated with the sport, drank too freely of cold water, and lingered too long in the unwholesome evening air. He took a fever, which ran its fatal course, and snatched him away. He died at Messina in the arms of Constance on the 28th of September, 1197, in the thirty-second year of his age.

A strange fatality closed the career of sire and son; both died at the height of their fame, the victims of their own imprudence. The death of each brought on a crisis. Barbarossa's gave the death-blow to the

Third Crusade as Henry's did to the Fourth. But Henry's did more; it turned the world upside down. Three months later Pope Cœlestine died also. The splendid vision of Henry's universal empire vanished away; his widow was crushed beyond hope, his son was a helpless infant, and one stronger than Cœlestine arose to claim empire for the Church.

## 4.

## HEADLESS ARMIES.

MEANWHILE the Crusaders were fighting in Palestine. The situation there now claims our attention. Saladin had not ordered the succession of his sons. One, Melek el Afdel, was Sultan of Damascus; another took Aleppo; a third ruled over the Principality of Amath; a fourth, Melek el Aziz, or Alaziz, was Sultan of Cairo; Melek Adel, or Saphadin, Saladin's brother, was established in Mesopotamia.

The glory of the great Sultan and his splendid Empire extending from the Euphrates to the Nile, from the gates of Syria to Stony Arabia, had departed. Of the rival Sultans some were dissolute, and almost all weak, Saphadin alone was able and strong, and owing to the rivalries of his nephews, as well as the discords of the Christians, growing daily stronger. The Pullani, or native Christians, of course, were as vicious and contemptible as ever. Bohemond, Prince of Antioch was at daggers drawn with the King or

Prince of Armenia. Henry of Champagne, titular King of Jerusalem, lacked the strength and ability of Conrad of Montferrat; the two military Orders of St. John and the Temple lived in implacable feud. The truce had expired, and the Crusaders began to arrive, and their coming did not increase the peace of the happy family. The French and Syrians taunted the Germans that they had not been asked to come; the latter replied that they had come to deliver the Holy Sepulchre, provoked hostilities, and soon discovered to their cost the superior strategy of Saphadin, and the unerring aim of his archers.

Reports of Saracen successes dismayed the Christians at Ptolemais. They had taken Jaffa, dismantled the fortifications, and sent many thousand Christians into paradise or slavery.

Poor Henry of Champagne, reviewing his troops on their way to war, fell from a window and was killed on the spot; this happened just before the Jaffa calamity became known. In the midst of the public grief a fresh body of Crusaders arrived; eager to avenge Jaffa, they laid siege to Berytus, the rival of Ptolemais and Tyre; Saphadin marched to its relief, and brought on an engagement between Tyre and Sidon. A battle was fought, and the Christians were victorious. Berytus, Sidon, Laodicea and Giblet, were in their hands, Saphadin was wounded and fled for his life; his army was scattered; the way to Jerusalem was open.

After that Conrad, Bishop of Würzburg, Chancellor of the Empire, arrived late in the season with the victorious legions from Sicily. The Crusaders coveted

the Castle of Thoron, an eyrie perched on the top of an inaccessible mountain between the Libanus range and the sea; they cursed "the nest," whose vile garrison constantly annoyed the Christian cities, pounced upon Christian noblemen and soldiers of the cross engaged in the plunder of caravans, and often spoiled their sacred recreation. Swearing the strongest oaths that they must have Thoron, or die, they undermined the walls until they tottered, and the brave garrison, in the extremity of their distress offered to capitulate for free passage into Moslem territory. The proposal was accepted; but there were some who breathed slaughter, and the deputies, returning to the fortress, were warned of their design.

The besieged repudiated the capitulation, and returned with heroic ardor to the defence. They repaired the breaches; and countermining, surprised the besiegers and hurled the heads of their prisoners into the enemy's camp; *their* morale increased, while that of the Christians relaxed. Relieving armies were approaching; a panic broke out; the Christian chiefs basely decamped during the night; the rank and file were disgusted and affrighted; they ran they knew not whither, trembling like children at the growl of thunder and the flashes of lightning, and never stopped until they saw the walls of Tyre.

Then they quarrelled, each reproaching the other with cowardice and treachery. Otto of St. Blaise charged the Templars with taking Moslem bribes, and persuading Conrad to raise the siege. The Germans and the Syrians refused to serve under the same



colors; the former marched off and fought single-handed with Saphadin for the possession of Jaffa, scored a fine victory, and taunted the Syrian Christians with ingratitude and cowardice. The Syrians in return blamed them for making trouble and then running off, and likened them to birds of passage announcing a storm.

In the midst of these dissensions the tidings of the Emperor's death gave the death-blow to the Crusade; the German leaders, especially the Bishops, having a great interest in the election of a new Emperor, prepared to return into Europe. They did one good thing of lasting benefit; they instituted the Military Order of the Teutonic Knights. Its constitution was a sort of combination of the constitutions and rules of the older Orders, with this striking difference that while these were European, and had a membership of many nationalities, the new Order was restricted to Germans; the brothers were either militant or spiritual; all the Knights wore a white cloak with a black cross.

The Germans left the garrison in Jaffa, but the Moslems, taking advantage of their drunken celebration of the feast of St. Martin, surprised and massacred them. The whole enterprise ended in absolute failure, and Simon de Montfort, of infamous renown, acting for the French, was glad to renew the truce for three years with the Saracens. We may add that the widowed Elizabeth, in response to the entreaties of the prelates and barons of Syria, laid her weeds aside and gave a new King to Jerusalem in the person of her

fourth husband, Almeric of Lusignan, the brother and successor of Guy on the throne of Cyprus. It is pleasant to read of him, in the words of an Arabic historian, that he was "a wise and prudent man, who loved God and respected humanity." Certainly an exceptional record.

## CHAPTER IX.

### FOURTH CRUSADE A. D. 1202-1204.

#### I.

### INNOCENT III.

GERMANY lamented the untimely death of Henry VI., as a great calamity; Italy, from the Pope down to the meanest acolyte, rejoiced in it as a merciful providence. His portrait as drawn by ecclesiastical writers, his enemies, is a fiend's; it is doubtless a caricature, for Henry, though tyrannical, cruel, vindictive, was not worse in these respects than Richard and John, than Philip Augustus, than the Pope; he easily excelled them in strength of the highest kind; he was the *Emperor*, and had he lived, Italy, the whole Continent, all Europe, would have witnessed a terrible combat, between him and his real successor in the Empire, Lothair Conti, that is Pope Innocent III. These two tremendous men could not have lived at the same time—the one necessarily shut out the other; each said I, and I alone.

Twenty-three out of twenty-eight cardinals united their suffrages, only thirteen weeks after the death of the conqueror of Italy, on the meek young man who had discoursed of "contempt of the world and the misery of human life," saluting him, because of his blameless life, as Innocent.

He was not a gymnast or an acrobat, but a warrior, *the* warrior, and Champion of the Church Militant, its Commander-in-chief, armed with thunder and lightning, and her chief-herald besides.

In clarion tones he announced his creed and demanded its unconditional and absolute acceptance. The priest, he taught, anoints the king, not the king the priest; the priest rules the soul, the king only the body; each king is set over his particular kingdom, St. Peter is set over all kingdoms. St. Peter means Innocent, and Innocent means to be obeyed. He first drove the imperial place-men out of Rome, and founded the Estates of the Church; then he drove them out of Italy, and compelled Constance, the Emperor's widow to receive from him, St. Peter-Innocent, the Kingdoms of Naples and Sicily as fiefs; yea, he so awed the broken-hearted dying woman that she made him, St. Peter-Innocent, the guardian of her infant-son Frederic.

Thus fared things in Italy, throughout the whole of her extent, from Silicy to the everlasting Alps. Those mountains of rock lifting their snow-capped tops into blue ether, were not meant to bar out St. Peter-Innocent; they became his lofty throne. "Elect Otto IV., Emperor," he cried, and Germany heard his voice.

Philip Augustus did as naughtily in France, as John in England; excommunication, the interdict followed, France and England obeyed, and trembled. To be brief: Portugal, Leon, Scotland, Norway, Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, all Europe to the most distant outposts of western Christianity, felt his hand, and for a time seemed to admit the priest's, St. Peter-Innocent's claim to universal empire.

That man was not likely to abandon the East to the Saracens. He proclaimed a new Crusade; and would take no denial.

He gave the Cross to two of his Cardinals and sent them forth to prepare the way; to preach peace among princes; to exhort them and all their subjects to take the Cross; to require every prelate on pain of suspension to furnish either a certain number of combatants, or the money for their service; to promise to the penitent Crusader plenary absolution and eternal life; and the same blessings—but in just proportion to their offerings—to those remaining at home and giving money in lieu of personal service. St. Peter likewise would cheerfully become the guardian, or keeper, of their estates, exempt them from the payment of interest, and forbid the Jews to receive any.

The Crusade ought to have been successful, but it was not; neither the authority of Innocent nor the eloquence of his Cardinals could overcome the reluctance of the faithful; they had the experience of the past and the testimony of returned Crusaders; they held the heretical but deep-seated conviction that Crusades only benefited the Pope; they even charged

that money raised for the sacred purpose of exterminating Saracens was devoted to far less hallowed objects. The Pope was indignant and ordered the appointment in every diocese of the Bishop, a Knight Templar, and a Knight of St. John, as administrators of the fund for the maintenance of indigent Knight-Crusaders.

## 2.

## WORK IN EARNEST.

AT last two fiery preachers went forth to make the movement popular. Fulk of Neuilly agitated the Crusade in France, the Cistercian Abbot Martin in Germany, and they did wonders. Fulk claimed that more than two hundred thousand persons received the Cross from him in three years; he was very bold, and said—that is, people said that he did—to Richard Cœur de Lion, “You have three daughters to marry, Avarice, Pride, and Luxury.” “Well,” Richard replied, “I give Pride to the Templars, Avarice to the Monks of Citeaux, Luxury to the Bishops.” If the anecdote is true, Richard settled Fulk.

A beginning of the Crusade was made at a tournament at Cery in Champagne; Thiebault, Count of Champagne and Brie, Count Louis of Blois and Chartres, both very young men and related to the Kings of England and France, took the Cross; a number of nobles, belonging to the great houses of Mont-

mirail, Joinville, Brienne, Montmorency, Coucy, Dampierre, including Geoffrey of Villehardouin, the historian of this Crusade, followed their example. Soon after, in 1200, Count Baldwin of Flanders, with his wife Maria (Thiebault's sister), his brother, and many Flemish nobles, bearing the grand names of Bethune, Nesle, St. Pol, Avesnes etc., joined in the enterprise.

Its execution was the subject of anxious and protracted debate. The long and painful experience of former Crusaders taught them to shun the journey by land, the perfidy of the Greeks, and the horrors of Asia Minor. The Crusaders decided to go by sea, and designated six of their number Ambassadors to Venice, to treat with that interesting Republic, the greatest maritime power of the age, for the conveyance of their forces to the East.

Henry Dandolo, the aged Doge, accorded them a splendid reception. Though a nonagenarian, he was still a marvel for intellectual strength, physical ability, and his enemies thought, for consummate cunning. He knew the East and hated, not without cause, the Byzantines; his total or partial blindness being a standing memorial of the cruelty of Emperor Manuel.

"Sire," said the French Envoys in the Council, "we are come in the name of the great Barons of France who have taken the Cross, . . . and implore you, in God's name to have compassion on the Holy Land, to avenge with them the contumely on Jesus Christ, by furnishing them with ships and other conveniences to pass the sea."

“It is a grave matter,” said Dandolo, “and an enterprise of vast moment. In eight days ye shall have an answer.”

At the end of that time, he announced that the Republic would furnish craft for the transport of four thousand five hundred horses and nine thousand squires, and ships for four thousand five hundred horse, and twenty thousand foot, and provision the fleet for nine months, for the sum of eighty-five thousand marks, likewise to equip fifty galleys of its own to join the expedition.

The treaty was ratified and sent to Rome for papal approbation. The Envoys returned, two of their number proceeding direct to France, the others to Pisa and Genoa to implore further aid; their appeal failed.

Poor Thiebault, the designated leader of the Crusade, was so delighted with the success of the mission to Venice that sick, as he was, he left his bed and mounted his horse, but alas, he “got no more on horseback” thereafter. His untimely death left the Crusaders without a leader. The command was declined by the Duke of Burgundy, the Count of Barle-Duc, and others, but finally accepted by Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, the brother of William and Conrad, whom we know from the former Crusades.

Between Easter and Whitsuntide, 1202, the Crusaders were in motion. Many of the Flemings and French quietly repudiated the compact with Venice, and set out, the former on vessels of their own, the latter by way of Marseilles and other ports; the most respectable, however, repaired to Venice.

The Republic had kept her promise; the fleet was

ready to sail the moment the eighty-five thousand marks were paid, but not before. Most of those present were impecunious ; such as had means, notably the Counts of Flanders, Blois, and St. Pol, and the Marquis of Montferrat, most nobly gave all they had, their plate, everything, but there still remained thirty-four thousand marks to be paid.

## 3

## DANDOLO.

DANDOLO solved the difficulty. "The Republic," he said, "will not be hard with you; she will accept your assistance against the insurgent city of Zara, and put off the entire execution of the treaty until our common conquests give you the means to pay."

At first the proposal shocked the Crusaders as degrading and contrary to their vow ; but Dandolo was equal to the emergency ; he more than overcame their scruples. The Pope stigmatized the undertaking as sacrilegious and forbade it point-blank. The Doge brushed his veto aside as if it had been a spider's web; nonagenarian, though he was, he took the Cross, swore to live and die with the Crusaders, go with them first to Zara, and afterward to the conquest of the Holy Land, the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre, and the extermination, root and branch, of every Saracen living. They were to hold all things in common, and make equal division of the spoils and conquests.



And thus it was arranged in the end. Old Dandolo and Venice smiled at the wrath, the remonstrance of Innocent, and bade his Legate Peter of Capua, be silent or go home. The expedition sailed without him; and the Marquis of Montferrat, also, alleging important affairs, for a time declined to take the command.

On the eve of their departure there happened, as Villehardouin calls it, "a great wonder;" it was the arrival of certain messengers from an imperial fugitive, Alexius of Constantinople, then on a visit to Philip of Suabia, invoking the aid of the Crusaders to restore his blinded, imprisoned father.

"We have no time just now," said Dandolo, pleased and surprised "but by and by the matter may be reconsidered."

The Venetian fleet, numbering four hundred and eighty sail and carrying forty thousand combatants, proudly sailed away. At its approach Trieste, and other revolted towns, returned to obedience. The boom of Zara, a huge iron chain, could not arrest its course; the troops were landed, and made ready for the assault; the inhabitants of Zara offered to capitulate and the Doge gave them excellent terms. But Simon de Montfort and others intercepted their deputies and persuaded them to cancel the agreement. Dandolo was furious and forthwith ordered the assault; on the sixth day Zara opened her gates; the Doge took possession in the name of Venice, granted the inhabitants life, but gave the city to the soldiers, allowing the booty to be equally shared between the French and the Venetians.

In view of the bad season the departure of the fleet was postponed, and the army went into winter-quarters.

Then the Marquis of Montferrat arrived to take the command. The Pope censured the capture of Zara and commanded the Crusaders to restore the booty. A French deputation explained to His Holiness that necessity, not choice, had directed their actions, promised that they would cheerfully obey him in everything, restore the spoils, and by their future conduct merit his apostolic pardon. He gave it them together with his blessing, but excommunicated the impenitent, refractory Venetians, nevertheless explaining to the Crusaders, that his excommunication did not absolve the Republicans from the fulfillment of their promise, but that they were bound to convey the Crusaders to Syria, and that it was their, the Crusaders', duty upon their arrival to separate from them.

Suddenly the entire situation was changed. The Envoys of Alexius and Philip of Suabia persuaded Dandolo, and Dandolo persuaded the Crusaders, to inaugurate the conquest of Palestine with the restoration of Isaac and his son Alexius.

"If you first restore the legitimate sovereign," they said, "his son promises to submit the Empire of the East to the obedience of Rome, to maintain your fleet and army for a year, to pay you two hundred thousand marks of silver, to join you either in person or send you ten thousand men as his part of the armament, and to maintain during his life-time five hundred Knights in the Holy Land."

There was strong opposition to the plan, but the pact, on the terms just stated, became a reality. The dissidents, a large number of Knights together with Guido, Abbot of Vaux Cernay, the Abbot Martin, and Simon de Montfort, left the army; some, to return to their homes; others, to take the route of Palestine; still others, to go over to the King of Hungary who was at war with Venice. Five hundred set sail and perished by shipwreck; many who traveled overland were massacred by the Illyrians; but the Abbot Martin and others made their way to Palestine.

As these alarming defections were caused by the papal ban, the Bishops accompanying the army undertook upon their own authority to suspend it. Innocent either knew not, or would not know, anything of the expedition to Constantinople. It is certain that he denounced the whole scheme—in writing; but not with his customary vehemence. The enterprise seemed somehow destined to accomplish the subjugation of the Greek Church. He had received strong assurances in that direction from the usurper Alexius III., which he probably regarded as more substantial than those of his young namesake; this explains his denunciation. On the other hand, he was not the man to hold back with his claims if the legitimate sovereigns were restored, or to jeopardize them by further fulminations; this explains the mildness of his protest.

At any rate the sagacious Dandolo and the leaders of the Crusade put this construction upon the case, took young Alexius on board, and headed for Constantinople. Their progress was a gigantic triumphal pro-

cession. Durazzo, Corfu, Andros, and Negropont were delighted to recognize Alexius.

## 4.

## CAPTURE OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY the end of June the whole magnificent armament came to anchor in the port of St. Stephen, three leagues to the West of the imperial city, "unperceived by any body."

In the morning the Doge, Boniface, Baldwin, and the Count of Blois commanded all the standards of the army to be unfurled on the turrets of the vessels, and the shields of the Knights to be ranged along the bulwarks, both as a display of military strength and as affording increased protection against the arrows and fiery missiles of the enemy.

At a given signal the fleet, in sight of an immense multitude, collected on the ramparts, and on every spot all along the shore affording standing-room, majestically advanced to Chalcedon on the Asiatic coast. The Crusaders quickly effected a landing, pillaged the City and occupied the Imperial Palace and gardens.

Alexius III., sent an Italian, named Rossi, promising the Crusaders assistance against the Saracens, but demanding their instant departure on pain of immediate hostilities. They smiled and replied in terms of haughty defiance. "It was not" they said, "for a

usurper and tyrant to bid them be gone; they had come to restore Isaac, and bade him vacate the throne for him and Alexius; if he did so willingly, they promised to procure him a pension and honorable exile, if not, they spurned alike his threats and his promises."

After this declaration of war, the Crusaders deemed it wise, before they went further, to feel the pulse of Constantinople. A galley, having on board Dandolo and Boniface of the leaders, and the Imperial Prince, made the tour of the walls, a herald proclaiming: "Behold the heir of the throne; acknowledge your sovereign; have pity on him; have pity on yourselves." Contemptuous silence or insulting speech was the response from the walls.

It was evident that the restoration could not be effected peaceably. On the tenth day of their encampment the Crusaders made the passage of the Bosphorus. They embarked in six *battles*, or divisions; the chargers, saddled and covered with their long caparisons, the Knights in armor and lance in hand standing beside them, on palanders, that is, flat-bottomed boats; the remainder of the troops on transports. Each transport was in tow of a galley.

The Greek army, seventy thousand strong, drawn up in order of battle, watched their operations. Slowly, in perfect order, and without any accident, the Crusaders crossed the channel. The Barons and Knights, on approach of the shore, leaped into the sea, the water reaching to their girdle; the foot emulated their bravery; the squires having lowered the draw-bridges of

the palanders, led the horses up the shore. The whole army landed in less than an hour, in pursuit of an enemy retreating so swiftly, that the swiftest arrows of the Latins could reach only a few laggards. The Greek camp was deserted, and the Crusaders learnt from the plunder of his tent, that Alexius had been present in person.

In the morning the French took the Tower of Galata. The Venetians turned the prows of their galleys towards the port of Constantinople.

Its entrance was defended by a boom or iron chain of great strength, stretched from the Tower of Galata, in the suburb of Pera, to the opposite shore of Byzantium, and by a fleet of twenty galleys, the whole navy of the Empire. The enormous steel shears of the Venetian galleys, opening and shutting by machinery, especially those of the great *Aquila*, the Eagle, burst and cut the boom; they sunk or took the Greek vessels, and the whole Venetian fleet entered the port in triumph.

The French, masters of Galata, advanced to the West of the City, and encamped, without opposition, between the Gate of Blachernæ and the Tower of Bohemond. The bare fact that an army of only twenty thousand combatants accomplished this feat, and attacked a city with at least twenty times that number of men of a military age, and a population of a million and a half, is the most eloquent commentary on the morale of the besieged and their besiegers.

The siege, being necessarily confined to a small portion of the fortified walls, was very difficult. The Greeks

made daily sallies, and held the adjacent country; there was a tremendous exchange of artillery of stone. The besiegers had hardly time to take their food or nightly repose; they were also short of provisions, and the assault of the City was an imperious necessity.

On the morning of the 17th of July, 1203, the Count of Flanders began the attack. One tower gave way; the ladders were planted; fifteen French knights made their way through falling stones and beams, and torrents of the Greek Fire; five of their number reached and held the rampart until they were precipitated over the parapets, or made prisoners by the imperial guards.

The Venetians made a simultaneous attack from the sea. Their fleet formed in two ranks, the galleys in the first rank, the large ships with towers higher than the city-walls in the second. The soldiers from the galleys attempted to scale the walls; the large ships advanced, and lowering the draw-bridges, attacked the parapet from above. It was a fearful contest; the clash of arms, the roar of stone artillery, the air thick with flights of arrows, javelins, and hissing stones, tongues of horrid flame dancing and boiling on the water, the wild cries of the combatants, and the shrieks of the sailors, united to make it a pandemonium.

In the midst of this awful din old Dandolo, completely encased in armor and standing erect on the prow of his galley, thundered forth the menace that he would hang every man that did not land. His men took him up in their arms and swiftly bore him, under the banner of St. Mark, to the shore.

The old hero's example roused the enthusiasm of the entire fleet. Every galley struck the shore. Every soldier rushed to the fray. The vessels of the second rank filed in between the galleys; an unbroken line of ships hugged the walls; the floating towers lowered their draw-bridges; up the ladders ran the soldiers, down from the towers rushed eager combatants; at the foot of the walls ten thousand arms battered with rams; on their summit they fought with sword and lance.

Suddenly the Standard of St. Mark floated from one of the towers. The Venetians said that their patron-saint had planted it there, and soon were in possession of twenty-five towers; they pursued the Greeks into the City, and, on grounds of self-preservation, set it on fire. The flames were the heralds of their victory.

Alexius, unable to stem the tide of the Venetians, made a sally to stay that of the French. He led sixty battalions of Greek cavalry, issuing from three gates. At his approach, the Crusaders quickly left the ramparts, and formed in line of battle before their camp. Dandolo at once flew to their aid. The Greeks might easily have overwhelmed them; they were so strong in numbers; but they behaved like cowards from the start, and, after discharging a volley of arrows, returned into the City.

Theodore Lascaris, the Emperor's son-in-law, in vain demanded that the Crusaders should be attacked. But the craven Alexius, dreading alike the armies of the Latins, and the menaces of his people, fled in the night with his daughter and riches.



## 5.

## A DANGEROUS THRONE.

IN the morning the people drew the blinded Isaac out of his prison and proclaimed him Emperor ; hostilities ceased ; the Crusaders congratulated him upon his restoration and required him to ratify their pact with his son Alexius.

“It is a strange capitulation,” he said, “and I do not see how it can be performed ; it is so great and excessive ; nevertheless, you have done it all for him and for me, and if we were to give you the whole Empire, you would have deserved it.”

The Crusaders restored the son to his father ; a few days later Alexius was crowned his Associate in the Church of St. Sophia.

Alexius soon found that he had promised more than he was able to perform ; if he attempted to fulfil his engagement, he foresaw revolt ; if he left them unperformed, his liberators might overthrow his throne. Having to choose between two perils, he chose what he deemed the less, but fell between two stools.

“I owe you everything,” he said to the Crusaders, in their pleasant quarters at Galata opposite to the Golden Horn, “and only desire to perform all the promises I have made to you. If you leave me now, I cannot find the money, the troops, and the vessels ; but if you stay with me through the winter and help me to set things right, I shall be able to fulfil everything. The delay, moreover, is necessary to you ; winter is near, navigation is perilous, and Syria is impassable ; in

the spring all these evils will be avoided ;" and much more to the same effect, with the result that the Crusaders promised to remain until Easter.

They helped him to subdue Thrace, where his uncle, the fugitive usurper Alexius III., had stirred up a revolt ; they stood by him when he increased the imposts, and robbed the churches to raise money.

The old antipathy against the Latins broke out, and became unbounded when the Patriarch, at the demand of the Crusaders, and of Innocent goading them on, proclaimed from the pulpit of St. Sophia, in his own name, in the Emperor's, and in that of the Christian people of the East, the Pope's supremacy. A terrible and most destructive fire which laid in ashes two leagues of the City the Greeks imputed to the Latins.

A revolution followed ; poor Alexius sided with the Greeks ; the Crusaders declared war against him in his own Palace, and decided to attack the City. In the night the Greeks attempted, but failed, to destroy the Venetian fleet by fire. Alexius again invoked the aid of the Crusaders against his subjects ; his messenger and namesake Alexius Ducas, surnamed Mourzoufle (a Greek word signifying that his black and shaggy eye-brows met together,) divulged his mission ; the tumult grew apace ; the populace forcibly crowned and proclaimed one Canabus, an obscure man, Emperor. Alexius renewed his appeal to the Crusaders, but Mourzoufle terrified him, and, pretending to provide for his safety, hurried him into a private apartment, and thence, by means of his accomplices, into a dungeon. Returning to the people he boldly announced

how he had saved the Empire; they carried him in triumph to St. Sophia, and crowned him Emperor.

It is not known what became of the phantom Canabus, but history records that Alexius was first poisoned, then strangled, at the command, in the presence, and by the hand, of Mourzoufle. The Emperor Isaac Angelus, we read, died of terror and despair, also, that the assassin of his son commanded or performed the second parricide.

The tragical end of both Emperors, and the perfidy of their successor, who ascended the throne as Alexius V., completely changed the situation. He was not bound by their promises. The Latins swore to avenge Alexius, and wage implacable war with the parricidal usurper, and his perfidious, heretical people.

Mourzoufle displayed much energy; he replenished the treasury, restored discipline, rebuilt and strengthened the fortifications. He made a second though ineffectual attempt to burn the Venetian fleet, and being repulsed in a nocturnal sally, had to flee for his life, and sue for peace. Dandolo conversed with him on the point of the Gulf from his galley. Mourzoufle, mounted on horseback, stood on the shore, promising to pay an indemnity of five thousand pounds weight of gold, and to aid the Crusaders in their Syrian enterprise, but refusing to pledge the obedience of the Greek Church. The conference, if true—for only Nicetas mentions it—came to nothing.

## 6.

## FINAL CONQUEST.

THE Crusaders decided upon a second attack of the City and to operate only by sea. Their assurance of success was unparalleled. On the eve of the assault the leaders met in Council and drew up a truly marvelous treaty. The contracting parties were: Henry Dandolo, Doge of Venice; Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat; Baldwin, Count of Flanders and Hainault; Louis, Count of Blois and Clermont; and Henry, Count of St. Pol. They decided to elect a Latin Emperor, who was to receive besides the two Palaces of Blachernæ and Bucoleon one-fourth of the conquests, while the remaining three-fourths should be divided in equal proportions between the Crusaders and the Venetians. Everything was pre-arranged down to the several portions of the Clergy, the Lords, and the Barons; they amplified in full detail the rights and duties, all feudal, of the Emperor, of his subjects, of the great and small vassals.

On the 8th of April all the Crusaders went on board their fleet, and on the 9th made an unsuccessful attack; on the 12th they renewed it. The ships advanced by twos, that is, two ships lashed together assailed a given point, not here and there only, but throughout the whole fleet. The battle raged throughout the morning along the entire line of more than half a league in extent. It was fierce work. Javelins, beams, and stones crossed or met in mid-air over the heads of the furious combatants on the parapets and

the draw-bridges. About noon the united "Pilgrim" and "Paradise" went in a stiff northerly breeze close under the walls; the fighting Bishops of Troyes and Soissons were on board; the draw-bridges were lowered; the Latin warriors stood on the wall; suddenly the episcopal banners floated from the towers; the sight inflamed the Latins and dismayed the Greeks; this was the crisis of the day. The Latins flew to the walls; in a trice they scaled four towers, and burst three of the city gates. The horsemen came from the ships, and the whole army poured into the City. Panic went before them; *one* solitary horseman who appeared to the Greeks like a giant, and wore a helmet as large as a tower, rode up the hill where Mourzoufle and his army were posted. At his approach they fled, Mourzoufle as fast as any—and, unable to rally the troops, stole from the City by night.

The ease of their victory amazed the conquerors; they doubted its reality and set fire to the quarter which they had invaded; at the approach of night they checked the pursuit, fearing an ambushade. The Venetians encamped near their vessels; the Count of Flanders, it was thought by prophetic instinct, in the imperial pavilion. The Marquis of Montferrat felt his way to the Palace of Blachernæ. Consternation reigned supreme. Far and near rose columns of the terrible fire, which in the course of a few hours destroyed more houses than could then be found in any three of the largest cities of France and Germany. The inhabitants did not "whisper with white lips the foe! they come! they come!" but shrieked aloud,

wailed in despair, gathered in hot haste all they could carry, and fled into the open country. The soldiers cast away their arms and uniforms and ran with the affrighted populace; the greatest exodus was by the Golden Gate, a triumphal arch erected by Theodosius, and profusely ornamented with gold. It bore among other inscriptions, according to Raoul de Dicetto who wrote thirteen years before this capture, the prophetic words, *Quando veniet rex flavus occidentalis, ego per meipsam aperiar*, that is, "when the flax-haired King of the West shall come, I shall fly open of my own accord." The Count of Flanders had flaxen hair.

Constantinople had been conquered, and her conquerors were Crusaders; let that suffice, we remember Jerusalem, Antioch, and supply the rest. My pen refuses to depict the horrors. The fearful indictment of Innocent III., is matter of record; let those who will, read it. I exclude it from these pages, and chronicle the more pleasing facts that the Marquis of Montferrat and the Count of Flanders interfered and proclaimed on pain of instant death the sanctity of woman; and that the Latin Clergy stayed the effusion of blood. All the Latins, French and Venetian, nevertheless, exercised without restraint the conqueror's right of universal pillage. No spot in the vast City escaped their greedy search; they seized the public and private riches of the Greeks; they stripped the churches; they plundered the royal tombs; they ruthlessly cast into the furnace and converted into mean coin the bronze that breathed the genius of antiquity; the vile battle-

axes of the Barbarians demolished the master-pieces of Praxiteles and Phidias.

After the festival of Easter the conquerors divided the spoils according to the tenor of their treaty. The fourth part was set aside as the Emperor's portion; the remainder was equally divided between the French and Venetians; from the French share, however, was deducted the sum of fifty thousand silver marks, their debt to the Venetians; but it still amounted to four hundred thousand silver marks, a sum far in excess of the joint revenue of the Kingdoms of the West.

Their next work was the election of an Emperor. An Electoral Commission, six Venetian nobles, and six French ecclesiastics, twelve in all, was sworn upon the Gospels to crown only honor and virtue. The Electors convened in the Chapel of the Palace of Bucoleon, and upon solemn invocation of the Holy Ghost, began to deliberate and vote. They thought of Philip of Hohenstaufen, connected with the house of Angelus, and in a measure one of the prime movers in the enterprise; but Philip, as Emperor of the West and of the East, as universal Emperor, was a spectral apparition, intolerable to the Latin ecclesiastics. They also thought of Dandolo, but the Venetians opposed his choice as perilous to the Republic. The choice clearly lay between the Marquis of Montferrat and the Count of Flanders. The former, it seems, was not acceptable to Dandolo personally, as being too tough, too ambitious, and to the Venetians generally, as being an Italian prince, and a dangerous neighbor.

No such objections could be raised against Baldwin,

whose qualifications, it is true, were rather negative and far-fetched, but they told in his favor. He was well-connected; of the lineage in the female line, of Charles the Great; he was young, only thirty-two years of age; he had done nothing remarkable thus far, and though not a strong man, was virtuous, amiable, and last, not least, a man whom Innocent delighted to honor and direct. He was the man.

At midnight the Bishop of Soissons appeared in the vestibule and said in a loud voice to the Crusaders assembled before the Palace: "This hour of the night, which witnessed the birth of a Saviour of the world, gives birth to a new Empire under the protection of Almighty God. You have for Emperor, Baldwin, Count of Flanders and Hainault."

He was saluted by the loud and united applause of the French, Venetians, and Greeks; the Marquis of Montferrat was the first to kiss his hand and elevate him upon a buckler; he was borne in triumph to St. Sophia. His coronation took place three weeks later. Baldwin ascended a throne of gold. In the vacancy of the Patriarch the Pope's Legate crowned him and gave him the purple. "He is worthy to reign," said the priests. "He *is* worthy" responded the people. Loud rose the boisterous acclamations of the assembled Crusaders. Baldwin and those present had soon occasion to recall that part of the impressive ceremonial in which the new Emperor was presented with a small vase, containing dust and bones, and a lock of lighted flax, denoting the shortness, the nothingness, of earthly glory.



In the division of the conquered Empire, or more correctly, of the lands to be conquered, Baldwin received his fourth; the remaining three fourths were equally divided between the Venetians and the Crusaders.

Dandolo, whose share, of course, exceeded Baldwin's, was proclaimed Despot of Romania. Half the City obeyed him. He wore purple buskins, and was exempt from paying homage to the Emperor for the lands he was to possess. He transmitted to the Doges the strange but true title of lords "of one fourth and a half of the Roman Empire." The Marquis of Montferrat received, together with the royal title, the provinces beyond the Bosphorus and the Isle of Crete, but exchanged them for the more convenient Kingdom of Thessalonica. The Count of Blois acquired the provinces, and assumed the title, of Duke of Nicæa and Bithynia, the Count of St. Pol the lordship of Demotica, and Geoffrey of Villehardouin, a domain on the Hebrus together with the proud title of Marshal of Champagne, and of Romania. Be it understood, however, that they received, obtained or acquired these splendid portions under the dubious title of their compact, and were compelled to draw the sword to take possession. The division was easy, the possession precarious and sanguinary.

The Latin Clergy emulated the Barons in their distribution of the spoils. It was very simple, they turned the Greek Clergy out, and took their churches. An article of the famous treaty provided that, of whichever nation, Venetian or Frank, the Emperor should be chosen, the nomination of the Patriarch should

lie with the other. A Venetian therefore was to be Patriarch. In order to provide the necessary canonical apparatus the Venetians at once appointed the required number of Canons from their countrymen, and, having sworn them by a sacred oath to elect only Venetians into their Chapter, chose Thomas Morosini, a Venetian noble in favor with Innocent, Patriarch.

Baldwin at once announced to the Pope his elevation, imploring his ratification of the treaty with the Venetians, his blessing and absolution for the Crusaders, his personal visit, and the sending of Latin clergymen in great numbers with a plentiful supply of breviaries, missals, and rituals to convert the heretical, idolatrous Greeks. He called them heretical, because they disclaimed the authority of Rome; and idolatrous, because they worshipped pictures. The Marquis of Montferat, and the Doge wrote in the same strain. The Envoys of the Emperor and the leaders were instructed to explain everything, to sugar-coat all their naughty doings, and, in a general way by all means, by splendid presents, by splendid promises of amendment and the like, to mollify the wrath, and evoke the benediction of His Holiness. The letters and the mission accomplished all this.

“You have done wickedly,” wrote the Pope; “do better hereafter; God often allows evil that good may come.” One good was already visible; the Empire of the East was conquered for Christ; he recognized and took it under the peculiar protection of the Holy See. One thing, however, he disapproved of; the election of Thomas Morosini was illegal, un-

canonical, and unauthorized, and he felt bound to annul it. Nevertheless from his high respect for Thomas, and the necessity of the case, he, Innocent, in the exercise of his own supreme authority, elected and confirmed the aforesaid Thomas, clothed him with powers only second to his own, however with the distinct and explicit understanding that as they emanated from him, so they were prescribed and limited by his authority.

It is needless to say more on the subject. I sketch the history of the Crusade, not of the Church. The Crusade, as such, was a perversion; but as the Crusaders did not go to Palestine, and as all they did really ends with their conquest of Constantinople, so does this story of the Fourth Crusade.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE LATIN EMPIRE OF ROMANIA.

A. D., 1204-1261.

OF the conquerors Dandolo was best fitted to fill the throne. His long experience, his tact, his ability in council, his toleration, his tremendous courage, unawed by the sword, or the terror of an interdict, might have shaped and established the new Empire, but neither he, nor the Venetian Electors, coveted the perilous honor. They were better off in all respects. In Constantinople they had their own quarter, enjoyed the benefit of their own land, and reaped all the advan-

tages of a free trade. Venice ruled the sea. Her standard floated over the islands along the coast of Illyria, over Crete, over those of the Archipelago, over Eubœa, from the ramparts of Didymatica, and Adrianople. Dandolo was more powerful than Baldwin.

The new Emperor was not equal to his post. Difficulties multiplied at an alarming rate. The parcellation of the Empire was an element of weakness. The Barons had to fight for their allotted territories, and they were arrogant and quarrelsome. A Greek contemporary, their enemy, portrays them. He speaks of their elevated eye-brows and closely-shaven beard, their hands so ready to shed blood, their anger-breathing nostrils, their proud look, their prompt and hasty speech, above all, of their cruelty. The picture though overdrawn, was not untrue. Before three months had passed the Marquis of Montferrat, now King of Thessalonica, rose in arms against Baldwin, but fortunately Dandolo and the Barons interfered and composed the difficulty.

Baldwin told the Pope the Greeks considered the Latins not as men, but as dogs. The Latins, on the other hand, treated the Greeks as heathen men and publicans; they robbed them of everything but life, and embittered that by tyrannical oppression. They made the Assise of Jerusalem the law of the land, but no Greek was suffered to have a share in its administration. Latin priests served their churches, teaching that their religion was false, that they were heretics.

Baldwin bore the title but lacked the power of an Emperor. He was dependent on the caprice of his

former companions, and worse still, on the imperious will of Innocent who sent him priests to save, or exasperate, and fanatical soldiers, to oppress his people. The valor, the strength, the virtue, the intellect of Constantinople and the Empire left him and the Latins, flocking either to their countrymen at Durazzo, Trebizond and Nicæa, or to his new and terrible enemy Johannitius. It is interesting and necessary to explain this more in detail.

Michael Angelus, of Comnenian descent, fled from the camp of the Marquis of Montferrat, married the daughter of the Governor of Durazzo, and founded a strong Principality and Dynasty at Epirus. The Despots of Epirus, or Albania, continued for two centuries, only second in power to the Emperors at Constantinople. George Castriot, the last of these rulers, for more than twenty years resisted the combined strength of the Ottoman Empire; it was not till his death in 1466 that Albania became a Turkish province.

Trebizond, the ancient city of Trapezus in Pontus, less than two hundred miles distant from the ancestral home of the Comneni in Paphlagonia, became the centre of a numerous colony of Greeks, and from a simple provincial government soon expanded into a flourishing empire. It was there that Alexis I., a grandson of Andronicus, assumed imperial dignity in 1204 and subdued a large portion of Asia Minor. His Empire stretched from the Phasis to the Halys, and maintained its independence until 1462.

A third asylum was Nicæa. The usurping Emperor Alexius III., whom the Crusaders drove from Constan-

tinople, had two daughters, married respectively to Theodore Lascaris, and Alexius Ducas Mourzoufle. Theodore fled with his wife to the Asiatic coast, collected an army, and conquered Nicæa together with a large portion of Asia Minor. For a moment Count Louis of Blois wrested them from his grasp, but Theodore soon recovered them. In virtue of his marriage with Anna he claimed to be heir to the throne of Constantinople and was crowned Emperor in 1206. The other Greek princes disputed his claim, but he fought them successfully, and defeated, as will appear, the Emperor Henry and the Sultan of Iconium. At the time of his death in 1222, he bequeathed to Johannes Vatatzes a splendid empire.

These were the three centres of Greek opposition to the Latin Empire. It will save time to narrate at once the fortunes of the two fugitive Emperors of Constantinople.

We begin with Mourzoufle, who fled to his father-in-law. Alexius welcomed him with smiles and honors, but caused him to be seized in the bath and blinded, and having stripped him of his troops and treasure, sent him forth into the world. Mourzoufle fell into the hands of the Latins, and entered Constantinople in chains; he was tried and condemned to a shameful death. His judges decided to fulfil in him a prophecy describing the death of a perfidious emperor; they took him to the top of the Theodosian Column, one hundred and forty-seven feet high, and, in the presence of a vast multitude assembled in the Forum of Taurus, precipitated him on the pavement.

His amiable father-in-law was more fortunate; he wandered up and down in the world, and at last persuaded the Sultan of Iconium to make war, in his interest, with his son-in-law, Theodore Lascaris, the Emperor of Nicæa. The arms of Theodore triumphed; the Sultan fell in battle and Alexius owed to the clemency of the conqueror the confined home of a monastery and a natural death.

The fiercest and most formidable of Baldwin's enemies, however, was Johannitius, at one time insurrectionary Chief, now King, of the United Bulgarians and Wallachians, a recent convert to Christianity, or rather to papal supremacy. His crown and his banner were the gifts of Innocent. He greeted Baldwin as a brother and friend, but the Latin Emperor dismissed his ambassadors with the haughty message that it behooved a rebel to come as a suppliant, touching with his forehead the foot of the throne. The result was a wide-spread conspiracy, and league between the Bulgarians and Greeks. A war-cry arose from Mount Hemus to the Hellespont; the Greeks massacred the Latins; the Venetians and French who escaped destruction at Demotica and Adrianople fled to the Capital. All communication ceased. The provinces were terrified at the rumor that Constantinople was on fire; the inhabitants of the Capital at the report that Johannitius was coming with a strong army, preceded by fourteen thousand Comans, who drank the blood of their captives, and sacrificed Christians to their idols.

Baldwin at once recalled his brother Henry, in com-

mand of the flower of the army, from beyond the Bosphorus, but, without awaiting his arrival, marched against the enemy at the head of only one hundred and forty Knights, and a total of barely eight thousand men. The doughty Marshal Villehardouin led his van, the plucky Doge brought up the rear. With this army he undertook to lay siege to Adrianople, which was defended by a hundred thousand Greeks. The light-cavalry of the Comans came up to the edge of his lines. Villehardouin ordered the horse to mount and form, forbidding, on pain of death, a desultory pursuit. The Knights, deeming prudence incompatible with valor, disobeyed him; the Count of Blois with the Emperor rashly charged and pursued the Comans for the space of two leagues; then the Comans rallied, turned about, and overwhelmed the Latins. The Count was slain on the field, the Emperor taken prisoner. The wreck of the army in the camp escaped destruction by the prudent courage of the Doge, and the Marshal's superior strategy; their three days' retreat before a victorious and savage foe, vastly their superior in numbers, was masterly; an impenetrable wall of spears always checked the advancing Comans. At Rodosto they met the troops from Asia. Henry wept with the leaders, and in the emergency accepted the Regency of the tottering Empire.

Success continued with Johannitus, while disaster upon disaster befell the Latins. The Conqueror advanced without difficulty, and soon reduced the imperial domain to the Capital and several fortresses on the Propontis. The Latins deplored the loss of seven



thousand deserters, of a hundred and twenty Knights on the field of Rusium, and the massacre, in a surprise, of twenty thousand Armenians on their march to Henry. Their ambassadors sought help in Italy, France, and Flanders; but it was tardy or fallacious. Innocent conjured Johannitius to restore peace and the captive Emperor; he refused both, the latter, he coolly said, was impossible because he had *died* in prison. He doubtless suffered a cruel death, even though it should not be true that his savage captor exposed his mutilated limbs and used the imperial skull encased in gold as a drinking-cup. More than a year passed before the Latins were assured of his death, or Henry of Hainault would consent to succeed him in the throne.

The belief that Baldwin was alive lasted a long time. Some twenty years after the calamity, the people of Flanders declared that a hermit in the forest of Glançon was their long-lost Count Baldwin; the hermit, in an evil hour consented to play a part; a brief interrogatory in the Court of Louis VIII., established the imposture; the hermit suffered for it on the gallows in the Grande Place of Lisle; but the Flemish populace clung to their belief, and charged the Countess Jane with the murder of her father.

About this time, that is, the time of Henry's accession, the heroic Dandolo ended his glorious career at Constantinople and was magnificently buried in the Church of St. Sophia. His cuirass and helmet, his spurs, and his toga, may still be seen at Venice.

Henry of Hainault, 1205-1216, not only had all the

valor of his unfortunate brother, but also prudence, tact, firmness, humanity and business capacity. Boniface gave him his heart, and the hand of his daughter, and marched against the Bulgarians of Rhodope. At his approach they fled, but rallied and vexed his retreat; once more he couched his lance and chased them; a fatal shaft overtook him, and his head was carried in triumph to Johannitius.

Henry maintained a four-fold warfare, with the Bulgarians, the Greeks of Epirus, the Greeks in Asia, and the Pope at Rome.

The Greeks, by this time, loathed their Bulgarian deliverer more than their Latin conquerors, for he burnt their cities, and made them his slaves. They cried to Henry and not in vain. He trusted them and found them good auxiliaries; Adrianople and almost all the cities of Romania opened their gates to him; stranger still, Johannitius with forty thousand horse retreated before Henry's four hundred Knights and their complement of retainers. The Comans may have quitted their camp as it was their wont in the hot season; the Latins saw in his retreat the hand of God, and ascribed his assassination in his tent under the walls of Thessalonica to the lance of Demetrius, the patron-saint of the City.

Henry, now a widower, married the daughter of Johannitius and made peace with Phrorilas, his brother and successor; he also concluded a truce with Theodore Lascaris, and established living relations with the Despot of Epirus. In the Parliament at Ravennica, May 1210, he received the homage of all

his vassals, and began a general reformation. He conciliated the Greeks by strict impartiality ; they learned to love the man who preferred them to the highest offices in the State and the army. He took strong ground against the Pope and held it ; he inhibited the violent conversions of the Legate Pelagius, and replied to the theory of papal supremacy by setting his throne on the right hand of the Patriarch's in St. Sophia. The Pope might protest, but Henry forbade returning Crusaders to sell or cede their fiefs to the Church for spiritual or temporal reward. The mock-union between the Roman and Greek Churches, decreed by the Fourth Lateran Council in 1215, was short-lived.

Henry set out to wage war with Theodore, the new Despot of Epirus, but died suddenly at Thessalonica in 1216. If he was poisoned, as it was charged, the hand that mixed his cup, was an Italian's not a Greek's. The decennium of his reign is the Golden Age of the Empire of Romania.

Yolande, the sister of Baldwin and Henry, was married to Peter of Courtenay, Count of Auxerre ; he became Emperor. Pope Honorius III., crowned him at Rome in a church without the walls. Poor Peter set out for his Empire, made his way to Epirus, as he hoped, on the road to conquest, but found a prison, and died in captivity without having ever seen Constantinople. Yolande died soon after, 1219, and left three sons ; Philip, Marquis of Courtenay, Robert, and Baldwin II., an infant. Of these, Philip refused the Crown, but Robert accepted it, and was crowned in St. Sophia, 1219. He disgraced the purple. The Greeks

defeated him in Asia, the Despot of Epirus despoiled him of Adrianople. Married to the daughter of Vatatzes, Emperor of Nicæa, he introduced a French maiden, betrothed to a Burgundian Knight, and her mother into the palace. The Knight swore revenge, forced the palace-gate, caused the mother to be drowned, and the daughter to be mutilated. The Barons sided with the Knight; even the Pope dismissed Robert's appeal for redress, and bade him go home and do his duty.

Robert died, and was succeeded by John of Brienne, titular King of Jerusalem, as Regent-Emperor on condition that Baldwin, Yolande's youngest son, then only seven years old, should marry his second daughter and succeed him. John was old and slow; he wasted two years in preparations, and arrived at Constantinople in 1231. In the siege of the City by the Greeks and Bulgarians he is said to have achieved miraculous victories, which may be read in the dull rhymes of Philip Mouskes, but not in the Greek historians, and must have been most miraculous, for when John died in the habit of a Franciscan friar, he was minus an army, and left the Empire in the last stages of an incurable consumption.

The titular Emperor was still too young to reign; for which reason the Barons asked Geoffrey of Villehardouin, Prince of Achaia, to defend Constantinople, but sent the successor of Constantine on a begging expedition to the Pope and the Princes of the West. Thrice he made, on that errand, the tour of Europe; on his first visit to England he was warned not to

enter the Kingdom without leave; he nevertheless received seven hundred marks. The Pope gave him a splendid contribution of indulgences and unmarketable promises. In France he was more fortunate and raised, by hook or by crook, an army of thirty thousand soldiers. It is difficult to tell what he did with them. He contracted peculiar alliances; the Sultan of Iconium married his niece; he swore friendship with the chief of the Comans. A Christian Emperor and a savage Coman pledged their fidelity by tasting each other's blood; an unbaptized Coman chief who died at Constantinople was buried at the gates "with a *live* retinue of slaves and horses."

Baldwin was always in want, and not over scrupulous in raising money. The timber of vacant houses kept him warm in winter; lead from the churches settled the bills of his tradesmen; he pawned his *son* for a debt; he allowed the Barons to negotiate in Venice a loan on the sacred relic of the Holy Crown of Thorns, and put his cousin, Louis IX., the saintly King of France, in the way to redeem it. That pious monarch acknowledged the courtesy in a gift of ten thousand silver marks. In the same way a large and authentic portion of the True Cross, garments of the Infant Jesus, the Lance, the Sponge, and the Chain, of his Passion, part of the skull of St. John the Baptist, and the Rod of Moses, became the property of the same king.

Then came the end. In the night of July 15th, 1261, the soldiers of Alexius Strategopulus shouted in the streets of Constantinople, "Long life and victory

to Michael and John, the August Emperors of the Romans!"

Baldwin fled in hot haste, and died in exile an object more of contempt than compassion.

Thus ended the Latin Empire of Romania.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE ALBIGEOIS CRUSADE.

A. D. 1208-1249.

THE wide-spread, deep-seated religious defection of Languedoc and the Provence, two of the fairest, richest, and most civilized regions of the South of France kindled the zeal of Innocent III., and fanned it into a flame. Heresy was rampant and he resolved to root it out.

"The Albigeois," says a Troubadour historian, "God curse them, were thickly spread through the country of Abby, Carcassone, Laurac, the major part of Beziers as far as Bordeaux." The Albigeois or Albigenes designated primarily natives of the town of Alby, but after the condemnation, by a Church Council, of their religious opinions, all heretics in the South of France, and in a still looser way heretics generally were called Albigeois. It is sufficient to mention some by name. The Cathari, or Puritans, the Paterines, the Populars, the Waldenses, the Poor Men of Lyons, were notable

heretics. Omitting their peculiar tenets, it is interesting to state what they held in common. They renounced the authority of the Pope; holding that priests must lead holy lives, that the prayers and offerings of wicked priests are vain; that a priest living in open sin could not consecrate the Lord's Supper; that a virtuous layman was a royal priest and competent to administer religious rites; that the Church of Rome was not the true Church; that it was a damnable thing for Popes and Bishops to engage in war; that prayers for the dead, festivals, lights, purgatory, and indulgences were heathenish and superstitious practices. Some even prayed and preached in the vulgar tongue, and taught that God only could absolve from mortal sin.

Any and of all these views were damnable in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; they were the necessary consequence of the scandalous lives of the prelates, and the clergy generally who had ceased to be shepherds of the flock; they had become wolves and were treated with universal ridicule and contempt.

Pope Innocent III., under date of April 20, 1198, published a manifesto reciting the civil and religious outlawry of heretics, the duty of all in authority to expel them from the land, and their right to confiscate their property, to coerce and put them to death. The manifesto, moreover, exhorted the temporal sovereigns, the prelates, and the Christian people in the South of France to aid the Papal Legates to carry these penalties into effect and to reap all the benefits accruing from their execution.

The temporal sovereigns, however, being deeply implicated in the prevailing religious revolt, ignored the manifesto, so that the Legates for five long years preached to deaf ears.

“God bless me!” says the Provençal poet, “the heretics think no more of these sermons than a rotten apple.”

Stern measures followed. The Pope appointed a Commission of Inquisitors, clothed with tremendous powers, and consisting of the Legates Peter of Castelnaud and Raoul, both monks, and Arnold d' Amauri, the Abbot of Citeaux. They deposed sundry bishops and required the Count of Toulouse and the Executive of the district to promise on oath to banish the heretics. The oath was taken but heresy continued as rampant as before.

The next step was the appointment of a thoroughly servile, unscrupulous, and cruel bishop at the very centre and headquarters of heresy. Such a creature was found in the person of Fulk of Marseilles, by all accounts one of the vilest and most contemptible of infamous men of that dark age, whose horrid lives made the name of bishop a by-word among the nations.

This Fulk, being the son of a Genoese merchant, and holding trade in contempt, had a talent for poetry, and wrote love-songs. He was passionately fond of the ladies, and having spent half his life in amours, turned a somersault and became religious; that is, the libertine went to a monastery, donned the monastic garb, practiced the monastic discipline, drowned every spark of human feeling, and thence-



forth became a most violent apostle of the Inquisition, revelling in robbery and slaughter, the worthy companion of the sanguinary monsters of bigotry who who will soon have to be named in the course of this history.

With Fulk installed at Toulouse, the work of the Commissioners began to look more hopeful; they decided to begin with the head, the fautor or patron of heresy, Count Raymond of Toulouse.

Of the same house which gave one of the most powerful leaders to the First Crusade, Count Raymond was the chief man in the South of France; he was Suzerain of Narbonne, Beziers, Foix, Montpellier, Quercy and Rhodéz; the King of Aragon was one of his vassals. "Bring him to terms," said his enemies, "and heresy must go under." According to them he was a paragon of treachery, fraud and wickedness. He doubtless had his faults, for he was very uxorious, a gay and voluptuous liver. Religion sat lightly on his shoulders, and he was altogether too easy-going a man to be troubled about the vexed questions of orthodoxy and heterodoxy. He might have excelled in vice the Kings of England and France, even the Bishop of Toulouse, without molestation; the Church would have condoned his excesses, and covered them with the mantle of charity; but she could not and would not pardon his generosity and toleration, his connivance at heresy, his disregard of the pontifical mandate.

He and his nobles were enjoined to persecute unto death their subjects, the heretics. "We cannot do it," said Raymond, "we have been brought up with

them; they are our kindred, and they lead blameless lives."

Peter of Castelnau in reply excommunicated the Count and laid the whole of his territory under the interdict. Raymond appealed to Innocent and received a response which for violence and foul speech almost beggars belief. He called him a carrion-bird, threatened him with every temporal calamity, with everlasting hell-fire, with immediate loss of his territory, on the audacious plea that he held it of the Church of Rome. These were not idle threats, for the Pope suited action to his words. He commanded the King of France and his liege vassals to arm against the heretics, to seize, hold, and share their lands, promising them the same privileges and immunities which he was wont to grant to Crusaders in the Holy Land.

At this juncture an unforeseen circumstance added fresh fuel to the flame of the Pontiff's wrath. His Legate, Peter of Castelnau, in crossing the Rhône was transfixed by the lance of an overzealous but unauthorized partisan of Count Raymond. Innocent was furious; "such was his wrath," says a contemporary scribe, not improbably an eye-witness, "that he seized his jaws, and forthwith called in prayer upon St. James of Compostella, and St. Peter, who is buried in Rome. When he had done praying he put out the candle, on the fifteenth of January 1208." That is, he excommunicated Raymond, assuming him to be guilty, although he was unquestionably as innocent of the deed as a new-born babe. His innocence, however, was

too trifling a matter to deter the Holy Father from his purpose; he ought to have been guilty, and Innocent said that he was guilty; that was enough. The occurrence of the crime, moreover, was a golden opportunity, which he would nevermore allow to pass unimproved; it might be called, in the language of perverted theology which abounds in the epistles of Innocent, a providential dispensation, one of the evils, divinely permitted that a good may come.

“Up!” he wrote to Philip Augustus, “Up! Soldiers of Christ! Up! Most Christian King! Hear the cry of blood; aid us in wreaking vengeance on these malefactors.”

The Archbishops of Rheims, Sens, and Rouen unsheathed the sword. The hope of plunder, the passion for war, the promise of pardon for sins equal to that held out to Crusaders against the Saracens, swelled the host of Crusaders against the heretics to almost incredible numbers. One army gathered in the West; another at Lyons in the East; they came from all parts of France, from the remotest regions of Christendom; “all the nations took the Cross” says a cotemporary, “the moment they heard of the pardon of their sins, and never, I think, was there a larger army than that which marched against the heretics.” We read of five hundred thousand, three hundred thousand Crusaders; fifty thousand is the lowest estimate.

The Count was terrified; his envoys, by dint of smooth speech and bribes, obtained from the Pope the concession that Raymond should surrender seven of his castles as security for his submission. Innocent

sent Milo his private secretary, as Legate, with Theodisc, a Canon of Genoa, and Arnold, the Abbot of Citeaux, as associates. They compelled Raymond to make his submission, take the Cross, and lead the crusading host.

The Crusaders laid siege to Beziers, which refused to surrender the heretics; they took the city by assault. A general massacre followed.

"Slay them all, God will know his own," cried the Abbot Arnold. From twenty to fifty thousand, seven thousand in one church, fell in the carnage; the city was set on fire; even the Cathedral was destroyed.

Carcassonne was the next point of attack. The Viscount of Beziers with a strong body of troops held the place against the Crusaders until famine and sickness compelled him to accept a free conduct for himself. Most of the troops escaped by subterranean passages. The poor people's lives were spared, but the Legatine soldiers would not allow them to carry with them "so much as a button's worth," and compelled them "to leave the place naked burdened with nothing but their sins."

The perfidious Legate, despite his word, cast the poor Viscount into a dungeon, and committed him to the tender mercies of Simon de Montfort, the same bigot whom we have met before in Palestine and at Zara.

He was the Catholic Champion, an ideal Crusader, a man after the Pope's own heart, a daring, cruel, violent, rapacious man, but papally orthodox. Him Innocent

delighted to honor and reward, and, because of his singular zeal and devotion in the sacred cause of the Roman Church, invested him with all the lands conquered and to be conquered.

Simon certainly coveted the vast possessions of the Viscount of Beziers, and, in consequence of his opportune death, took them. The King of Aragon said that he gave him poison, and even the Pope did not hesitate to say that the poor young man had been "miserably killed." The accusation may have been false, but Simon, by common report, was capable of the deed. The author of the Provençal poem, an authority for the Albigeois Crusade, makes Guy de Montfort the mouth-piece of the current opinion, and apostrophize his sire in these terrible words: "A fine father! God has seen and judged your conduct. If you can only grasp all the possessions and all the money in the land you care not how many people die."

After the terrible work of Carcassonne, Count Raymond, as had been expected, left the army and went to Toulouse. The Pope, the Legate, and Simon de Montfort, having planned his ruin, rejoiced in his departure, as affording them a fresh excuse for the accomplishment of their vile purpose.

Their messengers were at his heels demanding the instant surrender of the persons and possessions of all heretics and their abettors. In vain he expostulated and appealed to the Pope; again he was excommunicated, and his territory laid under the interdict. He went to Rome in person to propitiate the Pope.

There are two independent accounts of his visit; though both seem to be contradictory, both may be true. It is perfectly credible that Innocent crushed him with an avalanche of reproaches, branding him as an unbeliever, a persecutor of the Cross, an enemy of the faith. Such phrases were always on his lips. It is equally credible that, having cooled his wrath in contumely, he affected fair speech, confessed and absolved the penitent, suffered him to touch the Veronica, the pretended miraculous face of Christ, and dismissed him with costly presents; this also accords with his character as abundantly disclosed in the damnable record in his own epistles. But if Raymond construed these civilities as tokens of the Pope's favor and change of purpose, he was most wofully mistaken. He had hardly left Rome, when Innocent sent a despatch to his Legate, containing among other things a most remarkable piscatorial simile, which is presented in his own words: "From the hook of your sagacity" he writes, "dangles the bait wherewith you should catch the swimming fish, but seeing that it abhors the most wholesome doctrine of your fish-craft, it is essential to give it the iron of severity under some wise artifice of gentleness." In justification of this precious counsel, the Holy Father tortures St. Paul in the citation of his favorite passage: "Being crafty I caught you with guile."

Beziers and Carcassonne, together with five hundred castles and towns, up to that time "the habitation of those possessed of the devil," were in the hands of the Crusaders, of Simon de Montfort. His realm was not

yet large enough ; much work remained to be done. It is wearisome to narrate the horrors at length ; one example may suffice.

The fortress of Minerve had long held out ; when provisions failed the Lord of Minerve offered to capitulate. Simon said "he might." "To be sure," replied the Abbot Arnold, "and we will spare the lives of all recanting heretics, even of the "*Perfect*," as they were called. A Knight protested against such unheard-of leniency ; Arnold allayed his fear, saying, "few will there be whose lives will be spared." The Castle surrendered, Arnold preached, and failing to convert the heretics, burnt them. A hundred and forty of the Perfect did not wait for their turn, but rushed headlong into the flames.

The Legates at length were ready for the Count of Toulouse ; they summoned him to appear before them, offering to restore his lands on fourteen impossible conditions. His people said, they would not accept them ; "they would all die. They would eat their own children ere they would abandon their injured Sovereign."

War followed, and went against Raymond. Again I confine to one example the spirit of its conduct, the siege and fall of Lavaur. It belonged to Roger Bernard, Count of Foix, a splendid fellow, and as his name imports, a Knight of Christian faith. Twelve or eighteen years later he made his submission, and told the Legate that the Pope had no business to meddle in the concerns of his religion ; in that matter every man ought to have his liberty. "This

liberty" he said, "my father always recommended to me, assuring me that in that attitude I might calmly look on if the heavens gave way, and have nothing to fear."

Lavaur resisted to the utmost and was taken by storm. The Bishops and Legates stood without chanting: "Come Holy Ghost!" The besieged hurled burning wood and fat on the engines of war. Lavaur was given up to the Crusaders; they killed men, women, and children, all but the garrison and certain special prisoners.

Four hundred were burnt in one huge pile, making "an eternal fire." By special direction of Simon, Aymeric of Montreal, the commander, and eighty nobles were hanged; the gibbets broke down, and the victims were hewn in pieces. The Lady of Lavaur, whom "no poor man ever left without being fed," was thrown into a well, and huge stones rolled down upon her. And the Bishops still chanted: "Veni Creator Spiritus."

To conclude, Simon de Montfort defeated Raymond and his ally, the King of Aragon, in the Battle of Muret, and became Prince and Sovereign of the whole land. The Fourth Lateran Council, one of the most numerous ever held, deposed, and forever excluded from the sovereignty of the land, the great Count of Toulouse, and awarded his territories, the greatest in France, to Simon de Montfort. They left him not "a thumb's breadth of land, nor were the ties of blood which connected him with almost all the Sovereigns of Europe able to save him from the machinations of



those who after all cared more for his dominions than for his belief."

Toulouse submitted. Count Raymond and his son went to England, but soon returned to draw the sword. For a time the fortune of war favored Simon de Montfort, later the Raymonds. Once more they were in Toulouse. The new Pope preached a new Crusade. Montfort laid siege to the City and the Legate says, by the mouth of the poet, addressing the Crusaders: "You are about to reconquer the City, to break into the houses, out of which no single soul, neither man nor woman, shall escape alive! not one shall be spared in church, in sanctuary, in hospital! It is decided in the secret councils of Rome, that the deadly and consuming fire shall pass over them."

But that was not to be. During the siege a stone from an engine hit Simon on the head and ended his earthly career. The Bishop of Toulouse said "that next to Christ Himself Simon headed the martyrs." This was too bad, and the Count of Soissons checked him, saying, "Do not call him a saint, for no man was so great a liar as he that died without confession."

His death was quick; he had only time to commend himself to the mercy of God and of the Holy Virgin.

The death of Simon did not end the war; nor did Raymond's; dying excommunicate the Church refused him burial in holy ground; his body lay three hundred years in the sacristy of the Knights Templars!

When peace came at last, the young Count, excommunicated, not because he was accused of heresy, but

because he would not tamely submit to be despoiled of his ancestral inheritance, received absolution. With bare shoulders and feet he was led up to Notre Dame, the Legate scourging him, saying, "Count of Narbonne, by virtue of the powers to me entrusted by the Pope, I absolve thee from my excommunication." "Amen," said Raymond, a wiser, a poorer, and a sadder man.

The Crusade, off and on, lasted thirty years. The worst outrages of fanaticism and cupidity were perpetrated in the name of religion. Hundreds of thousands of innocent people were cruelly massacred, but heresy was not extinct, and the Church not less orthodox than before.

The Council of Toulouse appointed a permanent Inquisition against heretics; it required Archbishops, Bishops, and exempt Abbots, to appoint in every parish, a priest with three or more laymen, inquisitors to ferret out, and denounce, with promise of liberal reward for the holy service, all heretics, or all persons suspected of heresy. All persons, males of the age of fourteen, females of twelve, were to take an oath of abjuration of heresy, and of their Catholic faith. Absentees not appearing within a fortnight, were held suspected of heresy, as were all persons not confessing and communicating three times a year.

At this intensely orthodox period, the Golden Age of sacerdotalism, it was heresy to own any book of the Old, or New Testaments, especially in a translation. Any person was suspected of heresy by common report—and how easy it is to raise a common report;

there was but one step from suspicion to accusation; accusation led to prison, and the prison to an *auto-da-fe*.

If crusading hosts stamped out heresy in the South of France, the same zeal was directed against the miscreants of the Iberian Peninsula in the Southwest, and the idolatrous barbarians of the Baltic in the Northeast.

The year 1211 was the semi-millennial year of the triumph of the Crescent. It commemorated the descent of the daring Tarik at the famous point which in the contract-form of Gibraltar, *Gebel al Tarik*, the mountain of Tarik, preserves to this day the splendor of his feat.

He marched in one campaign from the bloody field of Xeres to Gijon in the Bay of Biscay.

Its memory fired the old Arab lust of conquest in the breast of Mohammed en Nasir, the son and successor of Jusuf Almansor, the redoubtable Almohade, and, when he announced his purpose, that of the Moslem world in Africa and Spain. An army of six hundred thousand men, more than one fourth of whom were volunteers, flocked to his standard, and followed him on an expedition intended to conquer Castile, and plant the Crescent on the bulwark of the Pyrenees. But his course was impeded at the strong mountain-fortress of Salvatierra. It was the key to Castile, and its possession a military necessity. The Knights of Calatrava, its defenders, offered stubborn resistance, and compelled him to lay siege to the place. It fell after months of heroic endurance, when the season

was too far advanced for further operations. The delay gave the Christians time to prepare. The King of Castile, Alfonso VIII., appealed to the Christians of the Peninsula and to the Pope. The latter published a manifesto, prohibiting on pain of the ban any and every alliance with the enemy, and enjoining Christendom to march against the common foe. It was a call to a new Crusade, in consequence of which many thousands of valiant combatants repaired to the general rendezvous at Toledo.

In June 1212, a large army commanded by the Kings of Castile, Aragon, and Navarre, began its southward march. Success attended them from the start; they took several castles and recovered the strong fortress of Calatrava. Approaching the Pass of the Sierra Morena, where the Caliph awaited them they halted. He waited in vain; a shepherd showed them an obscure or forgotten by-path; they followed it, crossed the Sierra, and safely reached the lofty plateau of the Guadalquivir.

On the 16th of July the armies met in deadly conflict; for many hours the issue was uncertain; twice at the height of the struggle, Alfonso, despairing of success, called out to the Archbishop of Toledo, "let us die together." "If it please God," he replied, "we shall conquer; if not we will die with you." The triumph of the Cross was complete. Never, since the fatal day of Tours, had the Moors been so signally defeated; a hundred thousand of their warriors were slain in battle, fifty thousand more were prisoners of war. The spoil was immense. Conspicuous among the

trophies were the Caliph's silken pavilion, and gold-embroidered flag, which Alfonso sent to Rome; it was a proud day when the Pope set them up in St. Peter's.

The fame of the great victory of Navas de Tolosa resounded through Christendom, and was prophetic of further success. It broke the power of the Almohades; Nasir died at Morocco; confusion and disintegration set in, and the divided Moslem princes were unable to stem the tide of Christian conquest.

Jaime I., called the Conqueror, King of Aragon and Catalonia, took Mallorca in 1228, and Valencia in 1237. He was more than a conqueror, he was a humane and zealous Christian, far in advance of his age. Instead of exterminating his Moorish subjects with fire and the sword, he tried to convert them and founded schools in which many Arab youths were educated for the Ministry. But the Dominicans lacked the ability to carry out his plans, and Pope Clement IV., who frowned upon his missionary efforts, exhorted him to expel the Moriscoes. He soon discovered that it was a most difficult task.

Fernando III., King of Castile, conquered Cordova in 1236, and ten years later, Ibn-el-Ahmer, the Moorish King of Grenada, was content to become his tributary vassal. Seville fell in 1247, Xeres and Cadiz surrendered in 1250. By that time the whole of Algarve also had submitted to the Portuguese.

The Kingdom of Grenada, the last relic of Islam, survived until 1492, the most glorious year of the glorious reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; it commem-

orates two wonderful events, the final disappearance of the Crescent, and the discovery of the New World.

The Crusade against the idolaters in the region of the Baltic was directed by martial Bishops, and eventually by the Teutonic Knights. Among those idolaters the Prussians were exceptionally fierce and intractable; they would not tolerate in their borders the presence of Christian missionaries, and resented every attempt at their conversion with hostile incursions of Christian territory. Weary of their vexatious neighborhood, Duke Conrad of Massovia, induced Hermann of Salza to undertake their conquest and conversion. He granted to the Teutonic Knights the possession of their future conquests; the Emperor ratified the grant, and the Pope sanctioned and blessed the enterprise. Thus encouraged the Knights soon led an army of Crusaders into those inhospitable regions, and, after a most cruel and bloody war of fifty years' duration, effected their conversion. Their method was the same, which Charlemagne, in the spirit of Mohammed, had so successfully followed in the case of the Saxons. Such as had escaped destruction, were converted from the error of their ways; they embraced Christianity, and acknowledged as their Sovereigns the Teutonic Knights, who at the height of their prosperity ruled over a large territory with a population of from two to three millions. The history of this famous Order, and as famous Crusade, is the early history of Prussia. Albert, Margrave of Anspach and Baireuth, chosen Grand-Master of the Order in 1511, was a Hohenzollern, and became Duke of Prussia.

## CHAPTER XII.

## FIFTH CRUSADE, A. D. 1217-1221.

## I.

## PRELIMINARY.

THE condition of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem after the conquest of Constantinople was most alarming. The old discord continued; a famine, an earthquake, and the plague, had raged in succession from the Nile to the Gates of Syria. "The roads," say Arabian writers, "were like a field sown with dead bodies, the most populous provinces like a banqueting-hall for birds of prey." Many of the Barons and Knights of Syria went to Constantinople and the Kingdoms of the West. The Albigeois Crusade checked the flow of pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

A truce of six years had been concluded between Saphadin and the Christians in 1204, but it was constantly broken on both sides.

In 1206, upon the death of Almeric and Elizabeth, Mary, her daughter by Conrad of Tyre, being heiress of the shadowy throne, and the Barons of Syria having asked Philip Augustus, King of France, to find her a husband, he sent them John of Brienne, the same who many years later turned up as Latin Emperor at Constantinople.

John announced his intention to raise a large army and conduct it to Palestine, he moved heaven and earth to get one, but in the end arrived with only three hundred Knights for the salvation of the Holy Land. The wedding took place; the Coronation followed; the whole Kingdom indulged in festal rejoicing. At the height of the festivities the Saracens appeared. The new King flew to arms to punish their rudeness, but soon discovered that the task exceeded his ability.

Most of the French Knights, his companions, returned to their native land. In his distress he turned to Innocent. His envoys arrived in the midst of the Albigeois Crusade, and it stands to reason that the Pope could not do much.

In the meantime a marvelous thing had happened. The crusading fever had attacked the young. Fifty thousand children traversed France and Germany singing: "Lord Jesus restore to us the Holy Cross." When asked whither they were going and for what purpose, they said, "We are going to Jerusalem to deliver the Sepulchre of our Lord."

They were travelling in two companies; those from France went to Marseilles, those from Germany crossed the Alps to embark in Italian ports; they were of all ages and conditions, and of both sexes, some not more than twelve years old; they went without leaders, without guides, without provisions, without money. Many men and women of bad character joined them, to seduce them or rob them of the food and money which the charitable gave them. Many of the German children perished from fatigue, and heat,



from disease and want ; seven thousand only of more than four times that number reached Genoa ; the citizens ordered them to depart, and God only knows what became of the wanderers ; a few of the better class were allowed to remain, and rose, it is said to distinction.

The fate of the French children remains to be told ; many perished as the Germans had done ; they had been told that the drought of that year (1213) would be so great that the sea would be dry, and offer an easy road to Syria. Two infamous villains, at Marseilles they were called "merchants," offered to convey them for the love of God and free of charge to the Holy Land. Seven vessels laden with them left that port ; two of them perished in a shipwreck, the remaining five arrived at Alexandria and Algiers, where the poor deluded children were sold as slaves.

It is said that Innocent, when informed of their fate, exclaimed with a sigh, "these children reproach us with having fallen asleep, whilst they were flying to the assistance of the Holy Land."

He determined that others should do what these children had intended to do, and proclaimed a new Crusade. He revoked the indulgences of that against the Albigeois concluding his exhortation to the faithful to draw the sword against the Saracens with the assurance, that the power of Mohammed was about to fail, that he was the Beast spoken of in the Book of Revelation, that the six hundred and sixty-six years of its reign had expired, and that its overthrow was imminent. He also wrote sundry epistles,

among them a remarkable one to Saphadin enjoining him, on pain of Divine vengeance and a fearful effusion of blood, to restore the heritage of Jesus Christ; and another to the Patriarch of Jerusalem, commanding him to check the wickedness of the Syrian Christians. These rescripts and epistles were equally efficacious. The Christians of the West were slow in coming forward to annihilate the Moslems; the Moslems armed for resistance; the Syrian Christians forbore to amend their ways.

But Innocent had set his heart on the Crusade and caused it to be preached everywhere. Robert of Courçon, an Englishman, and his Cardinal Legate in France, was commissioned to agitate it in that country. The Cardinal was very eloquent and gave the Cross to multitudes, not only to warriors but to women and children, to the deaf, the blind and the lame.

His course scandalized the Barons and Knights, and warriors generally, who scorned the notion of being associated with such a horde of non-combatants.

This was bad enough, but the Cardinal did still worse. He had rather loose notions about money-matters and scandalized the King of France and his liege subjects by appropriating to his own use the alms and taxes offered or raised for the Holy War. The excitement was so intense that the Cardinal Legate had to suspend his missionary operations. For a time he disappeared from public life, but the Pope was his fast friend, and in due course appointed him "moral instructor" of the Crusading Army.

## 2.

## THE CRUSADE.

THE Crusade was decreed in the Fourth Lateran Council, the same which deposed Count Raymond of Toulouse and gave his dominions to Simon de Montfort. Then it was preached in dead earnest; every sermon ended with the words of Christ, "I am come to establish war." No one thought of Christ as the Prince of Peace; least of all this Pope, a most bellicose man. On one occasion he exclaimed, "Sword, sword! spring from thy scabbard, and sharpen thyself to kill."

First to go was Andrew II., King of Hungary; he landed with a large army at Ptolemais in 1217. The Dukes of Bavaria and Austria were with him; Lusignan, King of Cyprus, and the Cypriot Barons promised to follow.

The Crusaders arrived at an unfortunate juncture; it was a season of extraordinary scarceness; as they could not subsist on arms and machines of war, they spoiled their Christian brethren and ate them out of house and home. Then they marched forth against the Saracens, tried to take Mount Tabor, bravely advanced to the gates of the fortress, and then—from some cause or another—returned as fast as their feet would let them, to a safe distance. The necessity of subsistence happily imposed that of separation, for had they not separated they would have destroyed each other.

Poor King John, the Duke of Austria, and the

Grand-Master of the Hospitallers were encamped near Cæsarea. The Templars, the Teutonic Knights and others, fortified a castle at the foot of Mount Carmel. A third band went to Ptolemais intending to return into Europe. The King of Cyprus, and Andrew II., proceeded to Tyre, where the former fell sick and died.

The latter left for parts unknown but ultimately returned to his own kingdom. Unlike Cæsar, he came, he saw, and *went*; he took with him, no trophies, but a goodly collection of relics; the head of St. Stephen, the right hand of St. Thomas, one of the seven water-pots used at the marriage of Cana, a slip of the Rod of Aaron, and many more. Such was their virtue, as we learn from the Archdeacon Thomas, that they quelled a domestic insurrection, and caused peace, order, and justice to flourish in Hungary.

A large number of Crusaders from Holland, France and Italy, arrived in the following year and revived the drooping courage of their brethren. They came by sea, and spoke of their exploits against the Saracens in Portugal, where they had stopped on the way. They said that they had conquered the infidels in several battles, killed two princes, planted the banners of the Cross upon the ramparts of Alcazar, and fought on the Tagus by the side of angels, clothed in resplendent armor.

The Crusaders now planned the campaign, and decided, agreeably to the Pope's recommendation in the Lateran Council, to attack Palestine after the prior conquest of Egypt.

Embarking at Ptolemais, they landed at Damietta, situated on the northern bank of the second mouth of the Nile, and after several failures and a brave defence by the garrison, in a final and spirited attack, took the Tower or Castle in the middle of the river; they also burst an iron chain, which was stretched from the Tower to the City, and thus obtained free passage up to the double ramparts of the place which on the land-side was defended by a triple wall. This was a great success, and might have led to great results, had they understood to turn it to good account. Everything was in their favor.

The news of their victory hastened the death, at Cairo, of Saphadin, the brother of Saladin, and only second to him in renown. His real name, Malek Adel, gave way to that of Saphadin, "the sword of religion," which he had merited especially in the wars with the Christians. He was respected and loved for his virtues; he excelled in valor, justice, and truthfulness; "he listened without anger to that which displeased him." His death threw the Moslem world into confusion. His son El-Kamil, now Sultan of Egypt, fled into Arabia; but at the voice of the Caliph of Bagdad the Moslems buried their feuds and made common cause against the Christians. The Sultan of Damascus hastened to the relief of Damietta, and on his way caused the fortifications of Jerusalem, Mount Tabor, and other strongholds on the coast to be demolished, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Christians.

## CHAPTER XIII.

SIXTH CRUSADE, A. D. 1228-1229.

## I.

## FREDERIC II.

THERE was a new Pope at Rome, Honorius III., a much milder man than Innocent III. There was also a new Emperor, Frederic II., the son of Henry VI., the grandson of Barbarossa, the most striking, most interesting, and most commanding figure of the age.

Pope Innocent, the implacable enemy of his sire, was his guardian, the Church his nurse. The data of his early years and education are obscure; but we know that, while his tutors gave him a churchly bias, his nature and the traditions of his House tended to opposite ways, and that the Saracenic culture of his beloved Sicily intoxicated his youth. Innocent III., launched him upon his imperial career; it was at his instance that Siegfried, Archbishop of Mayence, presented the name of Frederic to the Assemblies at Bamberg, and Nuremberg, and that the Hohenstaufen Party recalling the fact of his unanimous election to the throne many years before, invited him to come to Germany and enter upon his ancestral inheritance. He was only eighteen years old, a blonde, handsome, magnetic youth, a prodigy for learning, and accom-

plishments, for he spoke Greek and Latin, Arabic, Italian, French and German, cultivated the Muses and wrote poetry. His guardian, the Pope, had found him a wife in the person of Constance, the daughter of Alfonso of Aragon, and widow of Emeric, King of Hungary. He married at fifteen, and rejoiced in the birth of his eldest son Henry, when two Suabian Knights came to lay the German crown at his feet.

The offer was too tempting to be refused; it roused his enthusiasm. Neither the counsels of the Sicilian nobles, nor the entreaties of his wife, to decline it and remain in the sunny South, could change his purpose; he hastened to provide for the administration of the Kingdom, and set out in quest of the imperial diadem.

The Pope and the Cardinal gave him a brilliant reception, and beheld him with hopeful pride, convinced that he would prove a pliant instrument in their hands for the aggrandizement and exaltation of the Church. Innocent sanctioned and blessed his enterprise, gave him much advice, some pecuniary aid, and in return exacted from him the solemn promise that he would never attempt the union of his hereditary Italian Kingdom and the German Empire.

While Frederic was cautiously threading his way through hostile territory, his excommunicated rival, the Emperor Otto, moved heaven and earth to oppose him, by all means and everywhere. Frederic's enterprise seemed hopelessly quixotic. He had no army, but pluck and luck. At the head of sixty followers, this daring Hohenstaufen eluded the pursuit of Otto's partisans, crossed the Alps by unknown paths, and

suddenly emerged from the wilds of the Via Mala. The Bishop of Coire welcomed him with open arms; the Abbot of St. Gall gave him a splendid retinue of Knights, and enabled him at a critical juncture to enter the City of Constance three hours before Otto's army. This time the race was to the swift. The possession of Constance led to further successes. He proceeded to Basle where the Bishop of Strasburg joined him with fifteen hundred Knights. Alsatia espoused his cause. Otto attempted to check his progress at Breisach, but the inhabitants drove him off. The whole country of the Upper Rhine, Suabia, and Southern Germany acknowledged Frederic.

The Pope rejoiced in the marvelous success of his imperial ward and understood to turn it to good account. Frederic signed at Eger a Golden Bull in which he guaranteed to the Holy See the dominions of the Countess Mathilda and the Estates of the Church, acknowledged the Papal suzerainty in Sicily, confirmed certain ecclesiastical privileges, and relinquished the long-contested right of the Crown to the inheritance of the personalities of Church-dignitaries.

Otto, being compelled to retire to Saxony, though still strong in the North, undertook in concert with the King of England and the Count of Flanders, to make war with Frederic's close ally, Philip Augustus, King of France. The Battle of Bouvines, July 27, 1214, in which France scored a great victory, sealed the fate of Otto and established the cause of Frederic; though not personally present at the engagement, he



still reaped its benefit. Lower Lorraine acknowledged him, and all Germany in due course followed her example. On the 25th of July, 1215 the Archbishop of Mayence crowned him King of Germany in the Cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Frederic, in the ardor of youthful gratitude, heightened the solemnity of the occasion by the voluntary assumption of the Cross. He promised to go to the Holy Land, but wisely forbore to fix the time of his departure, as contingent on other events. No reasonable person could have expected its immediate fulfilment or even justified it during the life-time of Otto.

Frederic had been crowned King, but quite a number of the Germanic Princes withheld their allegiance, nor gave it until after the death of Otto, which occurred on the 19th May, 1218.

In the meantime the situation in Italy had undergone great change. Innocent III., had died and been succeeded, 18th July 1216, by Honorius III. The restraint in Frederic's intercourse with Rome ceased with the death of Innocent. His successor, a much milder man, was equally ardent for the Crusade and soon urged Frederic to fulfil his vow. If the Pope would take no denial in the matter, Frederic had made up his mind that before he consented he must achieve both his own coronation as Emperor, and the succession of his son Henry in Germany.

The latter was the more difficult task; it was opposed at Rome, and he was bound, by treaty obligation not to attempt the union of Germany and Sicily.

A lengthy but amicable correspondence ensued, with

results, which, upon the whole, were satisfactory to both parties. Frederic wrote enthusiastically of the Crusade, and frankly explained that so far from designing to make Henry's election the means of effecting the union of the two crowns, he only desired to set his house in order, so that in the event of his death in the Holy Land, his son might be more certain of inheriting the throne of his fathers.

But Frederic did not leave the matter altogether in the hands of Honorius. He persuaded the temporal and spiritual Princes to adopt his view that Henry's election was compatible with his treaty obligations, provided it were decreed that an actual union of the two crowns should never take place. The result was that the Diet, without awaiting the Pope's assent, elected Henry.

Frederic had carried his point and hastened to mollify Honorius. The measure, he said, although he had much desired it, was the outcome of independent action on the part of the Princes, who, convinced of the absolute necessity of a King to maintain the peace of the Empire during his absence in the Holy Land, had with singular unanimity and without his instigation, made the election, and that he had given the Act his official approbation with the express proviso that the Act, bearing the signatures and seals of all the parties, should obtain Pontifical sanction and approbation.

The Pope, upon due reflection, dropped his opposition, and also consented to the Coronation, preceded by the execution on the part of Frederic of the so-called

*Capitulation*, the solemn reading of which in his name was a most important part of that imposing function.

Frederic's Coronation was in many respects memorable and unique; it was an event of world-wide interest and significance. It was exceptionally peaceable and splendid, and pathetically romantic.

Not a decade had passed since the youthful King of Sicily in a letter addressed to the Sovereigns of Europe spoke thus pitiably of his low estate: "I am King only in name, I am ruled not a ruler, I cannot command but am forced to obey." The Italians bore but scant love to the scion whose father they execrated; even the late Pope, his guardian, favored his departure for Germany not because he loved him much, but because he hated Otto more. Eight years had run their course, and Frederic returned in the splendor of manhood to receive at the hands of Honorius the imperial crown. It was felt that since the days of Charlemagne no abler prince had knelt at St. Peter's. Honorius crowned him and his Queen on the 22d November 1220 under the enthusiastic acclaim of assembled Italy.

The ceremonial was heightened by his assumption of the Cross. He received it a second time from Cardinal Ugolino, afterwards Pope Gregory, and swore to depart for the Holy Land in the summer of the coming year. The solemn reading of the *Capitulation* formed part of the programme. It set forth that the Emperor complied with all the demands of the Pope, that he promised him "obedience, honorificence,<sup>1</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> *Honorificentia*, veneration, an honorary title of the Pope.

reverence," that he confirmed him in the possession of the Matildine territory, and the Papal dominions, and his suzerainty over Sicily. He also promulgated certain laws, of which two in particular, touching the immunities of ecclesiastics, and the suppression of heretics, were peculiarly acceptable to the hierarchy. The Pope was delighted. "Never," he wrote, "did Pope love Emperor as he loved his son Frederic." He recognized him as Emperor, and King of Sicily. A day after the coronation Frederic set out for Sicily, where his presence was sadly needed.

## 2.

## THE CRUSADERS IN EGYPT.

ABOUT this time letters from the Crusaders in Egypt were coming in, but not at all encouraging. Frederic, in token of his interest in the cause, forthwith dispatched an auxiliary armament of forty triremes to Damietta, but they arrived too late to be of any use.

The Crusaders, it will be remembered, had captured the Tower of Damietta, but instead of following up their advantage, wasted much precious time in idleness and wrangling. The Legate Pelagius and King of Jerusalem were at daggers drawn, and Robert of Courçon, moral preceptor of the host, failed to bring it up to a standard of decency.

The siege went on but amounted to nothing; the enemy, from a fortified camp near by, maintained free

communication with the besieged, and threw provisions and re-inforcements into the place as they were needed. Seventeen months had passed away, when the Saracens, under the influence of an alarming report that the Emperor was coming, sued for peace, offering to restore not only the piece of the True Cross, but the whole of Palestine with the sole exception of Kerak and Montreal, as being necessary to them for the protection of the Mecca pilgrims. The leaders would fain have accepted these magnificent terms, but were overruled by Pelagius, who would hear of nothing but implacable war.

The siege was now prosecuted with vigor, and the City completely isolated. Famine and pestilence broke out, and the Commander, in his despair, caused the gates to be walled up, so that nobody could enter or leave. The besiegers were in total ignorance as to what was passing within. The towers and ramparts were deserted. At last, to terminate the uncertainty, the Christians scaled the walls. No one came out to oppose them. They demolished the gates, and, sword in hand, rushed in to fight the enemy, but met none. Horror befell them. They were in a vast sepulchre. Only three thousand emaciated creatures remained of a population of seventy thousand; they were barely alive, feebly gliding like ghosts among hecatombs of the unburied dead.

The place had become utterly uninhabitable. The Christians gave the survivors food and liberty, and employed them in cleansing and purifying the City. The spoil was immense.

Damietta fell into the hands of the Crusaders on the 5th of November. New quarrels arose, and grew worse with the arrival of numerous Crusaders of different nationalities. King John proposed that Jerusalem should be the point of attack, while the Legate demanded that it should be Cairo. His opinion prevailed and in the spring the Christians began their march upon that City. On the way the Sultan Kamil once more proposed peace on terms as generous as the former, but the Legate again rejected the offer.

Then the tables were suddenly turned. Large numbers of combatants flocked to the Moslem camp, and worse still, the Nile rose. The Saracens opened the sluices; the canals became navigable; their fleet ran up, and in a single engagement dispersed or destroyed by the Greek Fire that of the Crusaders. The Saracens occupied all the hills; the camp of the Christians was inundated; their baggage floated away; death by famine, by water, by the sword, stared them in the face.

Pelagius had to sue for peace, and implore of the clemency of Kamil free passage to Ptolemais. Damietta was restored to the Saracens.

The Sultan of Damascus and most of the Emirs advocated the massacre of the Christians; some suggested their captivity, but Kamil persuaded his brethren to be humane, and accepted the capitulation.

The auxiliary force on board the forty triremes which Frederic had sent arrived too late; the Crusaders returned to Ptolemais, and wrote to Honorius charging his Legate Pelagius with the failure of the expedition

and all the disasters that followed. The Pope, however, would not give up his minister, and cast the blame on Frederic. He called him an ingrate, oblivious of the benefits the Church had bestowed upon him, charging that his failure to head the expedition at the right time had caused the calamity, that his triremes had come too late, and that he only was answerable for the rejection of the Sultan's proposals as having been made under the impression of his speedy arrival.

Honorius not only expostulated with Frederic but urged him, on pain of excommunication, to fulfil his vow and repair the mischief.

The Emperor, for his part, wrote in mild terms, and softened the Pope's feelings by words of sympathy and promise, although a crusading expedition, on the scale of the Pope's expectations, could not have been undertaken in the near future. Delay was inevitable, and other matters made it doubly vexatious.

## 3.

## FAILURE OF THE EXPEDITION.

THE condition of Sicily was alarming and needed a firm hand to correct the abuses which ever since Frederic's minority had crept in. It was not easy to order affairs so confused without collision. A trouble in the matter of certain vacant bishoprics strained the Emperor's relations with the Holy See, and led to angry discussion, in the course of which Honorius

bade Frederic bear in mind his ability to stir up trouble for him not only in Germany, and other parts of the Empire, but also in Sicily, while the imperial Ambassador at Rome called the Church's pretended *protection* of Frederic a *perdition*, as she had intended to ruin him by letting loose his enemies on Apulia and by raising Otto to the throne of his fathers.

This mutual acrimony, however, gave way to more temperate intercourse. The Pope and the Emperor conferred in person at Veroli and Ferentino, and at the latter place, reached a definite understanding on the subject of the Crusade. The King of Jerusalem, the Patriarch, and the Grand-Master of the Knights Templars took part in the discussion. It was admitted by all present that the Crusade, in order to be effectual, should be of great magnitude, and that the two years next ensuing should be given to necessary preparations. The King of Jerusalem undertook to visit the Courts of Christendom to enlist their interest and co-operation, while the Emperor, in token of his personal identification with the movement, pledged his widowed hand to Iolante, that King's only daughter.

King John's mission proved a total failure; he was everywhere well received, but his zeal could not surmount the general apathy; only the riffraff offered to embark in the Crusade, and if here and there a noble, in an access of devotion took the Cross, he hastened in more sober moments to buy a dispensation. As Cardinal Ugolino and the Patriarch had been equally unsuccessful in other parts, the Pope had no choice but to submit to further delay.



A new agreement was entered into at San Germano fixing the month of August 1227 as the time for the final departure of the Crusade. Frederic promised to set out in that month for the Holy Land ; to be at the personal cost of maintaining one thousand Knights for two years, and of transporting two thousand Knights, together with their complement of men and horses ; to fit out a fleet of one hundred palanders, and maintain a hundred galleys at sea for two entire years. He likewise agreed to pay a fine of fifty marks for every Knight short of the set number, to deposit, in evidence of his good faith, one hundred thousand ounces of gold, and in the event of his failure to perform any or all of the said covenants, to fall under the interdict of the Church.

It may seem surprising that Frederic accepted such hard conditions, but he could not have prudently declined them ; a good understanding with Honorius was the only solution of his troubles in Germany, Lombardy, and Sicily, and the promotion of the Crusade the surest way to his friendship.

Even his marriage with Iolante, which took place at Brindisi, in November, five months after the signature of the Treaty of S. Germano, had been promoted by Honorius. But it was not a hilarious wedding.

The Syrians having formally elected her Queen, but excluded her father, who had been King only by right of his wife, Frederic in virtue of his marriage became, and claimed to be, King of Jerusalem. The Syrians present at once gave him their allegiance and he forthwith required John of Brienne to renounce his claims.

He was stupefied with amazement, but obeyed." The task of demanding his resignation may not have been entirely unpleasant to the Emperor, if it is true that John had designs upon Sicily, and had returned from his travels with a Spanish wife by no means to the liking of his son-in-law. The unthroned King was not only amazed but furious; he vituperated Frederic to his face, traduced him far and near, and ever after remained his implacable foe.

Honorius was not permitted to see the fulfilment of his favorite scheme; he died in March 1227, only a few months before the expiration of the term set for the Crusade. His strife with the Emperor had been but the gathering of the storm which was to burst forth in all its fury in the Pontificate of his successor.

Cardinal Ugolino, a kinsman of Innocent III., a man eighty years of age, assumed the tiara as Gregory IX. He was, in the language of a cotemporary, "handsome in person, of venerable aspect, conspicuous for intellectual strength, and a prodigious memory; he excelled in the liberal arts, in erudite knowledge of secular and canonical jurisprudence, and in Ciceronian eloquence; he was a diligent student and doctor of Holy Scripture, and a zealous defender of the faith." Even Frederic's estimate of the man, expressed at an earlier date, fell hardly short of this flattering summary; he calls him "a man of spotless reputation, of blameless morals, renowned for piety, erudition, and eloquence. He shines among the rest like a brilliant star." The astronomical simile, might in the light of history be somewhat modified; for the Emperor soon

perceived that he was a flaming, fiery, and scorching luminary.

This "zealous defender of the faith," having no time to lose and no words to waste, took the earliest possible occasion of ringing a warning note. The official announcement of his election, sent forth on the very day of his accession, summoned all Christendom to the new Crusade. His letter to the Emperor exceeded the form of a general exhortation, it was an imperious mandate; he would take no denial in the matter of the Crusade, and on no pretext whatsoever consent to further delay.

The Emperor did not resent, by word or deed, the tone of so offensive an inaugural, but made note of the fact that while the Cardinal Ugolino had been his friend, the Pontiff Gregory IX., oblivious of all former benefits, confronted him as an enemy. If Gregory had probed the mind of Frederic and mistrusted his sincerity, it was not for cause in the matter of the Crusade, but for the latent imperial spirit, which spurned the notion of Pontifical supremacy. Add to this the most pronounced contrariety of these formidable combatants, and the rest is plain.

Gregory was old, dead to human sympathies, a stern ascetic, an intense bigot, a sacerdotal tyrant. Frederic was young, gay, fond of luxurious ease, and addicted, as his enemies charge, to dissolute indulgence. His tolerance equalled that of his namesake of Prussian fame. Will-power was the only thing they had in common, and that pointed to opposite directions; both claimed supremacy, and neither would yield it to the other.

Frederic had made ample preparation for the Crusade ; he had raised a large amount of money, and provided a splendid armament ; and, as the time drew near, had come to Otranto to direct the movement. The Crusaders began to arrive in great numbers, and soon swelled to enormous proportions. They came from different countries, especially from Germany and England, from the latter country alone, according to Matthew of Paris, not less than sixty thousand. The movement was wide-spread, and this time not without an enthusiasm recalling the days of Peter the Hermit. Men said, and not a few believed, that on the eve of St. John's Day Christ had appeared in the heavens, bleeding, on a cross which shone like fire, and had been seen in many places. The apparition, they said was unmistakable, and betokened His approbation of their departure for the Holy Land. Some of the pilgrims, who passed through Rome, met with a strange adventure. They saw a man, in aspect and attire like the Pope, who stood on the steps of St. Peter's, selling indulgences and absolving Crusaders from their vow. The man, of course, was an impostor, and in due course had to pay the penalty of his fraud. His dupes nevertheless might rejoice in their credulity ; they had lost only part of their money, but returned to their distant homes ; had they continued their journey, they would most probably have fared much worse.

No commissariat in the world could have made adequate provision for the wants of the unnumbered multitude which had assembled in Apulia. The scarcity in stores and ships caused delay and much suffer-

ing, especially during the hot season, which set in with exceptional violence. So fierce was the heat, "that it might have melted solid metals." A pestilential fever broke out and swept away thousands of the hapless pilgrims. Nevertheless a large number of them embarked, and the ships sailed near the appointed time.

The Bishops of Augsburg and Angers succumbed to the disease. The Landgrave of Thuringia and the Emperor also fell sick, but being convalescent, embarked and left Otranto on the 8th of September. At sea both had so violent a relapse that it would have been folly to continue the voyage; a few days later the imperial galley returned to Otranto. The Landgrave died, but the Emperor was strong enough to hasten to the baths of Pozzuoli to restore his health.

When those on board the fleet learned at the end of their voyage that the Emperor was not coming, they lost heart, and forthwith returned to Europe.

The whole enterprise, the cynosure of Europe and the Orient, ended in total failure.

## 4.

## STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY.

THE tidings of Frederic's return, and of the abandonment of the Crusade shocked Gregory; "an immoderate pain," he wrote, "an immense stupor, and extreme horror had befallen his body and soul." His inordinate grief deepened into superlative fury. He

flatly refused to believe the reality of the Emperor's illness; he repelled his Ambassadors; he held him up to the scorn and contempt of Europe as a hypocrite and a liar.

He laid to his charge incredible things; his accusations might savor of senile imbecility, if they had been less malicious. The irate old man held Frederic guilty of intentional neglect in not providing the necessary quantity of stores and ships, of the wanton detention of the pilgrims in that region of death and a pestilential atmosphere, and of the miserable ending of so many thousand victims. Even the death of the Landgrave was attributed to poison administered by the orders of Frederic.

He laid the whole blame on his guilty head, and on St. Michael's Day excommunicated him. At the supreme moment of the function all the bells were rung in jarring dissonance; the Clergy, each carrying a lighted torch or candle, surrounded the altar, and at the sound of the terrible curse, threw down and extinguished their lights. Twice again, on St. Martin's Day, and on Christmas Day, the Pope renewed and confirmed the excommunication.

His conduct, his temper, his speech roused the lion, the spirit of the Hohenstaufen; Frederic treated the excommunication with contempt; the Clergy of the Kingdom of Naples ignored it. A sovereign, having Etna and Vesuvius within his dominions, would not quake at the oral fulminations, at the fire and brimstone of the pontifical voice. The world had often heard, and expected to hear, such thunders from Rome,

but it was a new thing to hear an Emperor hurl defiance at a Pope, call him "a rapacious blood-sucker," denounce his wickedness, and summon all temporal sovereigns to make common cause against the common adversary. "Your house is in danger," he wrote, "when that of your neighbor is on fire."

On Holy Thursday the Pope thundered still louder than before; he commanded the Clergy to lay every place in which Frederic might happen to be under interdict. The Emperor replied that their attempt should entail the loss of their possessions.

The people of Rome made common cause with him against Gregory and drove him out of the City; the Empire and the Papacy once more were in open strife.

The Emperor rose to the idea of emancipating himself from the thralldom of sacerdotal rule; the Pope and the world should know that Caesar had no superior. The Pope had aspersed his sincerity; he would show to the world that the imputation was false. He took the initiative of a new Crusade, and, heedless of the Briarean animosity of his ubiquitous foe, made the necessary preparations. All his movements indicated that the projected enterprise would be attempted in the near future. The death of the Empress Iolante in child-birth did not arrest it, for the birth of her son Conrad, the undoubted heir to the Crown of Jerusalem, acted as a new incentive to increased activity.

The audacity of the thing astounded the Pope. He had every reason to believe that Frederic's Crusade was likely to succeed. He was well aware of his

cordial relations to Kamil, the Sultan of Egypt, and of that Sultan's disposition to surrender Jerusalem to the King of the kings of the West. He knew that Kamil was in Syria, that Moadhin, or Moazzam, the Sultan of Damascus, alike hostile to the Christians and the Sultan of Egypt, was dead, and that Kamil had recently offered Frederic an alliance. The success of the imperial Crusade, under such favorable circumstances, might have been predicted by the merest tyro in political vaticination. But the incensed Pontiff, who had so often cursed the daring Hohenstaufen officially and unofficially, and sincerely devoted him, with all his doings and belongings, to temporal and eternal destruction and perdition, even at the last moment dared the lion in his den, and sent messengers inhibiting the Crusade until, upon due satisfaction, he had released the Emperor from the ban of the Church. Frederic ignored the inhibition, and, for his part, instructed his Ambassadors to Gregory to demand the abrogation of the interdict.

## 5.

## FREDERIC VICTOR.

The imperial fleet of only twenty galleys and a force of only six hundred Knights sailed away.

Gregory derided it saying that it looked more like the armament of a pirate than an Emperor's. He scorned to receive Frederic's Ambassadors, and swore



to have his revenge. He publicly implored heaven to confound the pride of impious monarchs and to frustrate their sacrilegious enterprises. He instantly dispatched in the fleetest bark he could find, two Franciscan friars to Palestine, on the special commission of spoiling the Crusade.

They arrived before Frederic (who had stopped at Cyprus in the interest of his vassal, the young King of the Island), and proclaimed in the Pope's name that, as the Emperor was still under excommunication, all men were enjoined, on pain of their own excommunication, to avoid him as a profane person.

On the 7th of September the imperial galleys sailed into Ptolemais. The pilgrims present welcomed Frederic with acclamations of joy, but the Clergy refused him the kiss of peace, saying that it could not be given to one under the ban of the Church. The Patriarch, the Grand-Masters of the Knights Templars and of the Knights of the Hospital refused him obedience, and he had to submit to the humiliating expedient of issuing all his orders in the Name of God and of Christianity. These two military Orders, bearing Frederic a grudge for severe control in Sicily, were overglad to obey the Pope's mandate.

He asked them to evacuate a castle that it might be garrisoned with his own troops; the Templars shut its gates against him and bade him depart; they refused point-blank to help him build a fortress at Joppa. This was an enterprise of great moment and a military necessity; it would make him independent of Ptolemais, give him the port nearest to Jerusalem, and

bring him into closer neighborhood with his friend the Sultan of Egypt, who had established himself in a fortified camp near Gaza.

Kamil was master of Jerusalem, and waiting for a favorable turn to seize the territory of David, the youthful son of Moadhin, the late Sultan of Damascus, and frustrate the plans of Ashraf, the Prince of Khelath, Edessa, and Haran, who was even then laying siege to that City.

At this juncture Frederic arrived; his great name terrified the Moslems, but their terror ceased when they beheld his small army, and understood the dissensions in the Christian camp. He forthwith communicated with Kamil; his Ambassadors were received with military honors; the Emirs Fakreddin and Shems Eddin, the Ambassadors of Kamil, were constant guests in his camp. As Frederic spoke Arabic fluently this intercourse was mutually agreeable; the topics they discussed bore not only on details of the Treaty, but on mathematical and philosophical science. Presents were exchanged and no acts of hostility interrupted the negotiations.

Very different was the conduct of his Christian enemies, the Knights Templars. Having obtained intelligence of his intention to visit, as a pilgrim and without strong escort, the River Jordan to bathe in it, they betrayed his design to Kamil, hoping that he would surprise him and either take him prisoner or put him to death. Kamil sent their letter to the Emperor.

When the Treaty had taken definite shape Frederic

took the advice of the Syrian Barons. They thought that the terms were favorable and recommended their acceptance. He also conferred with the Grand-Masters of the two hostile Military Orders. They held that such a treaty could not be made without the assent of the Patriarch-Legate. He replied that his assent was unnecessary, and on the 18th of February, 1229, signed the Treaty.

He might justly glory in this triumph of his wise and humane statesmanship, as having accomplished without the effusion of a drop of blood what the mighty hosts of Europe for upwards of a century had striven in vain to conquer with the lance and the sword.

He ascribes this triumph, in a letter to the King of England, to a miracle wrought by the Lord of Hosts. Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, together with the district of Sharon and Sidon, he says, had been freely ceded to him in the face of two great armies; the Mohammedans were to enter Jerusalem only by sufferance; and the Sultan had bound himself to surrender without ransom all Christian prisoners remaining in his hands.

The surrender of Jerusalem was entire, the Mosque of Omar, or the Temple, only being excepted, and remaining in the hands of the Saracens. Nevertheless Christian pilgrims might visit and pray in that sacred place, while Mohammedan swere required to enter the City unarmed, and forbidden to spend a night within the walls.

The German Crusaders were eager to accomplish

their easy pilgrimage to Jerusalem. The Emperor also proposed to fulfil his vow, and assume in the Holy City the crown of his Kingdom. Every precaution was taken to secure his personal safety. Hermann of Salza, Master of the Teutonic Knights, the Emir Shems Eddin, and the Kadi of Naplous rode at his side. He had been preceded by the Archbishop of Cæsarea, who in the name of the Patriarch read the sentence of excommunication, and placed Jerusalem, even the Holy Sepulchre, under interdict. The Emperor went twice to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but no priest of the City dared to offer a prayer. On the second occasion there was a congregation but no service. Frederic went up to the altar, took the golden crown and with his own hands placed it upon his head. Hermann of Salza read in the Emperor's name an address in German, French, Latin, and Italian, remarkable for its pacific and forgiving tone, eminently worthy of the man, and suitable to the place and occasion.

On the same day the Emperor went to the Temple. The Arabic historians chronicle some curious, but distorted incidents of his visit. Meeting a Christian priest there, who carried in his hand the Book of the Gospel, he resented his act as an insult to the Mohammedans, and threatened to punish it as a flagrant breach of the Treaty. He read, and heard, without a token of displeasure, the import of the inscription that "Saladin in such and such a year purified the Holy City from the presence of those who worship many gods." He expressed neither surprise nor dissatisfaction when at the hour of noon all the Moslems present, even those in

attendance upon him, his Moslem instructor in dialectics included, fell on their knees to perform their devotions.

The Treaty was unpopular alike with Christian and Mohammedan fanatics; the former lamented the loss of the inestimable privilege of obtaining remission of their sins by the pillage and massacre of the miscreants; the latter, that of entering paradise by the slaughter of Christians. The surrender of Jerusalem shocked and agonized the Moslem world. "Great God," said a preacher at Damascus, "if our eyes were fountains, could we shed tears enough? If our hearts were cloven, could we be afflicted enough?"

Frederic returned to Ptolemais, and quenched an insurrection, the work of the Patriarch and the Military Orders.

His measures, the dictates of self-preservation, appear as flagitious crimes in the letters of his enemies. They charged that he stopped the Patriarch's attempt to surround himself with a formidable body-guard, and commanded all pilgrims, having fulfilled their vow, to return forthwith into Europe. He manned all the gates, and ordered his archers to permit all the Templars to leave the City, but to suffer none to enter it. When the Patriarch again excommunicated him and placed the City under interdict, Frederic compelled him to remain in his palace, and made it unsafe for his partisans to frequent the streets. Two Franciscan friars, the same it seems who bore the Pontifical commission, and undertook to denounce him in the Church, were by his orders forcibly removed from the

pulpit, and ignominiously scourged in the streets. All these and many more charges rest upon the sole authority of the Patriarch; it is needless to add, that they lost nothing in the redaction of his pontifical correspondent.

Frederic left Ptolemais on the 3d of May, 1229, and twelve days later his two barks dropped anchor at Astore near Brindisi.

He arrived not a moment too soon; Gregory had raised trouble for him in every conceivable way. A Papal army, commanded by John of Brienne, the deposed King of Jerusalem, the Legate Pelagius, and other of Frederic's most deadly foes, had ravaged his dominions and almost destroyed Apulia.

The Pope had sent his Legates far and near and commissioned them to preach a Crusade against him; he had dragooned the Lombards into a League with him against the absent enemy. He held him up to the scorn and contempt of Christendom. "The Christian Emperor," he said, "had presented arms, which he had received from the altar of St. Peter for the slaughter of infidels, to the Sultan of Babylon, the worshipper of Mohammed, the son of perdition, and promised not to bear arms against him; he had cast Christ from the Temple and placed there Mohammed, the son of perdition; he had excluded the Christians of Antioch, Tripolis and other places from the benefit of the Treaty, and thus betrayed the cause of Christ to the enemy; he had so bound himself by this Treaty that in the event of the Christian army attempting to avenge these insults, he, the Emperor must take

part with the foe. Thus, to give a verbal specimen of his language, "the antagonist of the Cross, the enemy of faith, the foe of all chastity, the condemned to hell, is lifted up for adoration by a perverse judgment, to the intolerable contumely of the Saviour, the inexpiable disgrace of the Christian name, the contempt of all the martyrs who have laid down their lives to purify the Holy Land from the worldly pollutions of the Saracens."

Frederic's first act upon his return was to send Ambassadors to Gregory; he rejected their overtures with contempt, and answered with the greater excommunication. The Emperor had a strong army of veteran soldiers; Italians, Germans, and even Saracens fought under his banners, and scattered the Papal troops. Capua and Naples returned to their allegiance; he threatened to invade the States of the Church; the Lombards withheld their aid from the Pope; Germany refused to espouse his cause. The old man began to relent. Frederic sent forth an appeal to the Sovereigns of Europe, representing the violence, the injustice, the implacable resentment of Gregory; he reviewed his course, and appealed to witnesses of all his acts.

The manifest unpopularity of his quarrel, the reluctance of Christendom to take his part, and the imminent danger of war within his own borders, warned Gregory to stop his fulminations, and strike more gentle chords. He condescended to listen to temperate counsels, and promised upon certain conditions to absolve the Emperor. The Treaty of San Germano,

August, 1230, in which Hermann of Salza appears as chief negotiator, sealed the reconciliation of Gregory and Frederic.

The Emperor made many concessions, which might seem humiliating, if they had not been those of a magnanimous victor.

Frederic immediately after his release from the ban of the Church visited Gregory at Anagni. Their meeting was singularly pacific. They exchanged the kiss of peace, and conferred in a long interview without rancor on the eventful past, with loving amity on the future. They sat down to a magnificent banquet, and separated as the best friends in the world.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### SEVENTH CRUSADE, A. D. 1248-1254.

#### I.

#### SURVEY.

AFTER nine years of treacherous peace, the Pope, alarmed at the Emperor's rapid progress and growing power, once more precipitated the conflict. The Popes had long claimed the Island of Sardinia as part of the Patrimony of St. Peter, but the Emperors of the Hohenstaufen Line invariably disputed the claim. Quite recently the Emperor's favorite son, the gallant and handsome Enzo, had married Adelasia, the heiress



of the District of Torre, and assumed the title of King of Sardinia. The Pope protested, made a League with Genoa and Venice, and on Maunday Thursday, 1239, again excommunicated the Emperor. The result was deadly, implacable war; and when Gregory having completed nearly five score of years, died, August, 1241, the Empire was triumphant.

Cœlestine IV., the next Pope, died a fortnight after his election. For two years the world continued without a Pope, but at length Sinibald Fiesco was chosen Pope, and took the ominous name of Innocent IV. An attempted peace fell through; Innocent fled the country, summoned a Church Council at Lyons, and solemnly excommunicated and deposed the Emperor, 17th July, 1245.

The contest began anew and continued to the last moment of Frederic's tumultuous career. Innocent was implacable and the Popes never ceased to persecute the descendants of the House of Hohenstaufen.

When Frederic died the Papacy was triumphant. It was not surprising that Innocent, who with unparalleled audacity proclaimed himself superior to the rest of mankind, saying "We are no mere man, we have the place of God upon earth!" should exult in his death, and bid "earth and heaven to break out into joy at this great deliverance."

If the war-cloud hung over Europe, the thunders of war rolled also over the vast region from beyond the Caspian to the Nile. In 1244, the Oriental situation was extraordinary. Savage hordes of the Charismians, who since their dispersion had roamed over Mesopo-

tamia and Asia Minor, entered Palestine, as allies of Ejub, the reigning Sultan of Egypt, and attacked the Christians and their allies, the Moslem Princes of Damascus, Emesa, and Kerak. Nothing could arrest the advance of the Charismians; they swept through the land like a whirlwind, and made a full end of whatever lay in their path. If terror went before them, ruin and desolation followed them. They took and destroyed Jerusalem, and having put every living soul to the sword, demolished the Holy Sepulchre, plundered the tombs of the Kings, and formed a junction with the Egyptian forces, advancing under the Emir Beibar.

On the 18th of October the opposing armies met on the plain between Gaza and Ascalon, and fought a terrible battle, in which the Christians and their Saracen allies were totally defeated, and almost annihilated. Their joint loss in slain and prisoners exceeded thirty thousand; the Grand-Masters of the Knights Templars, and of the Knights of the Hospital were among the dead; only fifty-nine of these Knights, and three of the Teutonic Knights escaped with their lives.

Ejub, the Sultan of Egypt was master of Syria. The few Christians remaining were in fear and trembling, and at the mercy of a conqueror whose eye did not pity, whose hand did not spare.

## 2.

## THE CRUSADE.

THE lamentable condition of the Holy Land came up in the Council of Lyons, which decreed a new Crusade. But in the terrible confusion arising from the Emperor's deposition the movement looked distant, if not impossible. "Oh, day of wrath, of tribulation, and of agony!" cried Thaddeus of Suessa, the Emperor's proctor and defender, "now will the heretics rejoice, the Charismians prevail, the foul Mongols pursue their ravages."

Nevertheless, the King of France, Louis IX., took it in hand. The story runs that he was sick unto death, when he heard a voice from the East, saying: "King of France! thou seest the outrages offered to the City of Christ; it is thou whom Heaven hath appointed to avenge them." In obedience to that voice he took the Cross.

He was an ideal monk on the throne; sincerely devout and virtuous; brave, honorable, and just; gentle, humane and charitable to *believers*; unmerciful to all sceptics, heretics, and unbelievers. His austerities were unexampled; he was free from rapacity, but plundered the Jews to buy relics; these only he coveted, and bought, as we know, all those which Baldwin II., the mendicant Emperor, had to sell.

A more orthodox, apt, and believing pupil the Church never had; yet no priest, no prelate, not even the Pope, durst encroach upon his rights as a King, or could make him swerve from the path of rectitude.

The Envoys of Gregory IX., came bearing the pontifical message : "We have deposed the reigning Emperor Frederic, and chosen in his place Robert, brother of the King of France." "Whence this pride and audacity of the Pope?" he replied, "which thus presumes to disinherit and depose a King who has no superior, nor even an equal among Christians?"

Louis showed singular firmness and tact in his dealings with Pope and Emperor as well as with his royal neighbors of England and Spain. His veracity was proverbial, his speech pure; he refused to defile his lips by mentioning the name of the devil.

On the 12th of June, 1248, the King, accompanied by his brothers, the Duke of Anjou and the Count of Artois, received at St. Denis the pilgrim's staff, the purse, the scrip, and the Oriflamme. On the 25th of August, his splendid armament, bearing besides his brothers and the Queen Marguerite, almost all the Chivalry of France, sailed from Aigues Mortes. In less than a month's time he landed at Cyprus; the King, Henry of Lusignan, and the Cypriots generally, were so profuse in their hospitality to the Crusaders that they spent eight months on the Island, to the injury of their morals, the loss of their money, and in many instances, of their lives; they suffered from an epidemic disease and from want. The liberality of the excommunicated Emperor saved them from famine.

Here at Cyprus Louis received Ambassadors from Ilshi-Gatai, the lieutenant of the Mogul Prince Kujuk Khan, representing that both being already baptized and about to attack the Caliphate of Bagdad, offered

their co-operation against the common foe. Their overtures doubtless masked some selfish purpose, probably that of keeping Louis out of Asia. They lauded the toleration in their country and hoped that Louis also would place all Christians, Latins, Greeks, Armenians, Jacobites, Nestorians and others on an equal footing in his, but the Legate replied in the King's name that the notion was preposterous, and impossible, for the Church of Rome was the only true Church.

Their mission, nevertheless, was in so far successful that Louis decided to open the campaign in Egypt.

In the spring the French fleet appeared before Damietta. Consternation preceded the Crusaders; the Moslem soldiers in the City massacred the Christian population, pillaged the houses, set fire to the public buildings, and abandoned the deserted place to the invaders. The Crusaders entered in triumph, and retaliated upon the unfortunate Moslems who from infirmity or old age had not been able to join in the flight.

The Queen and her ladies, the Legate, the Clergy and all non-combatants remained in the City, defended by five hundred Knights, but the King and the army went into camp upon the plain of the Nile.

It was not a nice camp; those who lived in it called it by the very worst names which their not over-choice vocabulary of Old French could supply; but the King saw not the wickedness and vice. Months were wasted in shameful indolence; large re-inforcements arrived, and in November, the army, numbering sixty

thousand combatants, of whom more than a third were horse, accompanied by a numerous fleet, set out for Cairo. In December they reached the Canal of Ashmoun and met the enemy in force.

The Saracens were on the right bank of the Nile, with the City of Mansoura as their base, and a strong fleet at hand. The Christians went into camp on the opposite bank between the hills and the Canal, the very worst situation they could have chosen. The enemy attacked their rear, destroyed the causeways they were building, and burnt their engines. The Crusaders even neglected to take soundings, and after a month's bungling paid a Bedouin five hundred byzants for showing them a ford which with a grain of wit they might have discovered the first day.

At length they crossed the Canal. The Count of Artois, without awaiting the main-body, pursued the flying Saracens through Mansourah into the open country. While the Crusaders were pillaging the Sultan's palace, the Saracens rallied, rapidly occupied the road between the Canal and the City, and every other road, seized all the gates, and held the Christians in a vise.

Nothing could save them ; they fought like lions but perished almost to a man. The Count of Artois and William Longsword were among the slain.

The King came up with the main-body and brought on an engagement, less a battle than a general *mêlée*.

In the evening the Crusaders were in the enemy's camp. Both sides claimed the victory ; if the Crusaders had the glory, the Saracens had the advantage.

Such was likewise the result of a second battle. Louis reported to France: "The camp being attacked, God favored the French, and the infidels were repulsed with great loss." In sober truth, the Christians were blockaded in their camp; pestilence and famine set in; the King offered to exchange Damietta for Jerusalem and other Saracen conquests in Palestine, but his proposals were rejected. A retreat was their sole hope of salvation; it was attempted but failed.

Louis might have escaped, but scorning to abandon his troops, he was taken prisoner; with the *Oriflamme* all the standards and all the baggage fell into the hands of the Saracens. The Crusaders laid down their arms at Minieh; the King was taken to Mansourah; all the Christian prisoners of war, having their hands tied behind them, followed the victorious Saracens.

When the disaster became known at Damietta, poor Queen Margu rite was like one beside herself. "Sir Knight," she cried at the feet of an aged Knight, her guard, "I require of you on the faith you have pledged me, that if the Saracens take the City you will cut off my head rather than suffer me to become their captive." "I shall do it very cheerfully," he replied, "and I had intended to do so in case of necessity."

The obliging Knight was spared so trying a proof of his fidelity. Queen Margu rite called her new-born son, Tristan, the child of sorrow.

Men may pity the strategy or smile at the austerities and credulity of Louis, but they must respect and admire him in captivity. The Sultan Turan Shah sent him royal robes; he returned them refusing to wear

the livery of a foreign prince ; he invited him to a banquet, he declined the invitation, deeming it a mark for his humiliation ; he offered him liberty for the surrender of the Syrian fortresses, he replied, that they were not his, but the Emperor's ; he threatened to exhibit him throughout the East, and put him to the torture of the "barnacles," which crushed the legs. "I am your prisoner," he said, "do what you will."

The most bitter of his sorrows was the fate of the ten thousand Christian captives ; they had to choose between apostasy and death ; a few abjured their faith and became free ; the greater part of them were put to death, but some were sent into the dungeons of Cairo. In the end Turan Shah proposed to accept the surrender of Damietta, the ransom of a million byzants for the King, and of five hundred thousand French livres for his Barons.

This arrangement was carried out, but not by Turan Shah. The formidable Mamelukes, a fierce and fanatical body of Caucasian slaves with a military education, denounced the leniency of the Treaty and assassinated the Sultan.

Their Emirs nevertheless ratified it ; a surprising thing, for Damietta could not have held out much longer. Joinville explained, and Gibbon was not indisposed to credit his statement, that they debated the expediency of offering to Louis the Crown of Egypt, and were only deterred by his stern Christianity.

Louis took the poor remnant of his army to Ptolemais and persisted in the hopeless attempt of conquer-



ing Palestine. Only the faithful Seneschal Joinville and a few devoted friends remained with him. He repaired and enlarged the fortifications of Ptolemais, Cæsarea, Joppa, and Caïpha, and negotiated, but unsuccessfully, for the country west of the Jordan, converted a number of Mohammedan and heathen slaves whom he had bought for that purpose, and visited Mount Tabor, Cana, and Nazareth, but not Jerusalem. A visit to the latter place he believed to be incompatible with his vow, saying that he had come not to visit, but to conquer, the Holy Sepulchre; that had he gone as a plain pilgrim he would have set a pernicious example, and other princes, taking the Cross hereafter, might reason that a bare visit to the Holy City sufficed to absolve them from the obligations of their vow.

He embarked at Ptolemais on the 24th of April 1254, and after a long, adventurous, and tempestuous voyage, arrived at the Isles of Hyères. On the 5th of September he returned to Vincennes. The people forgot his reverses and rejoiced in his coming; like many others he returned a wiser and a sadder man, unlike them truly a better man.

## CHAPTER XV.

## EIGHTH CRUSADE, A. D. 1270.

## I.

## COMMOTION IN THE EAST.

LOUIS had left Geoffrey de Sergines and a hundred Knights for the defence of the Holy Land, where the sands of the Latin Kingdom were fast running out.

The Mogul Prince Holagu had conquered Bagdad, and sent a herald demanding the submission of the Ejubide Sultans in Syria, and of Kotuz, the second Mameluke Sultan of Egypt. Kotuz scorned the demand and beheaded the herald. Holagu invaded Syria and conquered Damascus, Emesa, and Aleppo; the Christians fraternized with him and prayed for the success of his arms; he left Ketboga, his lieutenant, in command of Syria. But the pillage, by German Crusaders, of certain villages tributary to the Moguls so incensed Ketboga that he declared war against the Christians, ravaged the region of Sidon, and threatened Ptolemais. At the same time the Mameluke Kotuz was advancing from Egypt. The Christians were in sore plight, whoever might win, they must be the losers. The Moguls and Mamelukes fought two great battles, the first at the Spring of Goliath near Nablous, the second, a decisive one, under the walls of Emesa. Ketboga was slain, his army routed, and the Mameluke Kotuz became master of Syria.

He made a truce with the Christians, but the same fanatical Mameluke Beibars, who had been the head of the conspiracy against Turan Shah, and for the same reason, assassinated Kotuz, and became Sultan of Egypt (1261).

The Christians soon learned to understand the ominous import of his surname of "The Pillar of Islam and Father of Victories." The same old discord, between the Military Orders, of the Barons, and of the rival colonies of the maritime powers of Venice, Pisa, and Genoa, distracted them. Beibars broke the truce, fought and defeated them all, in five successive campaigns covering nine years, from 1262-1271. The Christians sued for peace, but he sternly refused it. "The time is come," he said, "that we shall endure no more injuries; for every cottage taken from us, we will have a castle; if you seize one of our laborers, we will cast a thousand of your warriors into chains."

City after city fell into his hands, and despite of a truce with Bohemond, Count of Tripolis and Prince of Antioch, he surprised and conquered Antioch. Adding insult to injury he wrote a long letter to Bohemond announcing his victory; a single passage stamps the man, or rather the savage.

"Death," he writes, "came among the besieged from all sides and by all roads: we killed all that thou hadst appointed to guard the City or defend its approaches. If thou hadst seen thy Knights trampled under the feet of the horses, thy provinces given up to pillage, thy riches distributed by measures-full, the wives of thy subjects put to public sale; if thou hadst

seen the pulpits and crosses overturned, the leaves of the Gospel torn and cast to the winds, and the sepulchres of thy Patriarchs profaned; if thou hadst seen thy enemies, the Mussulmans, trampling upon the Tabernacle, and immolating, in the Sanctuary monk, priest, and deacon; in short, if thou hadst seen thy palaces given up to the flames, the dead devoured by the fire of this world, the Church of St. Paul and that of St. Peter completely and entirely destroyed, certes, thou wouldst have cried out: 'Would to Heaven that I were become dust!'

Beibars and his soldiers revelled in every excess of license and victory; a hundred thousand Christians were dragged into slavery, seventeen thousand were massacred, the City itself became a prey to the flames.

Tripolis and Ptolemais only remained in Christian possession. The Archbishop of Tyre and the Grand-Masters of the Templars and of the Hospitallers bore the sad tidings to Europe, but the times were troublous, and the response was slow.

## 2.

### THE CRUSADE.

AT last Louis IX.,—St. Louis—acting in concert with Prince Edward of England, afterwards the first King of that name, and Charles of Anjou, King of Naples, undertook a new Crusade.

The King of Naples, who promised to direct it,

recommended that Tunis should be the initial point of the enterprise, on the ostensible ground that the Sultan of Tunis was believed to be friendly to the Christian religion, and that with him as an ally, the way to Egypt and Palestine would be open. This seemed to be plausible, but Charles thought also, and first, of his own interests. Tunis had been tributary to his Norman predecessors in Sicily, who had also held certain sea-ports on the African coast, and he desired to restore the former relation.

Louis landed with an army of sixty thousand men on the site of ancient Carthage. The Sultan, so far from entering into his designs, was decidedly hostile, and Louis, pending the arrival of Charles, fortified his camp. It was the hottest season of the year; he was short of water and provisions; a plague broke out; the mortality was fearful and among its victims was the King himself; his last words were: "O Lord! I shall enter into thy house, and shall worship thee in thy holy tabernacle."

Charles of Anjou arrived on the day the King died. Several engagements took place; negotiations followed; the Sultan of Tunis paid a rich indemnity to the French, made himself tributary to Charles, and accorded the Christians great privileges. The armament left Africa for Europe. But Prince Edward, who arrived several days after the truce had been signed, determined to spend the winter at Trapani, and in the spring passed into the Holy Land. The story of his exploits is soon told. He took Nazareth by storm, and massacred the whole Moslem population.

He captured two castles, and plundered a caravan. Then he fell sick and spent fifteen months in comparative idleness at Ptolemais. He narrowly escaped assassination. A messenger from the Emir of Joppa knelt at his lounge, and, presenting a letter with one hand, drew a dagger with the other, and struck at the Prince. Edward, though wounded, seized the man, threw him, and buried his own weapon in his heart. The dagger was poisoned; an English surgeon pared away the sides of the wound, the Grand-Master of the Templars sent an efficacious remedy, and Queen Eleanor was a good nurse. The pretty anecdote, that she sucked the poison from his wound, is the conceit of Spanish romance; no contemporary writer mentions the circumstance.

Edward concluded a ten years' truce with the Sultan of Egypt and left Palestine.

The results of this Crusade were pacific; the object for which it was undertaken had failed, and happily extinguished the enthusiasm for the deliverance or conquest of the Holy Land.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## CATASTROPHE AND NEMESIS.

A. D. 1262-1312.

THE end was at hand. Beibars, having died of poison, Kilawun his successor, and Alashraf the son of Kilawun, attacked the Christians. The fall of Tripolis was followed by the siege and capture of Ptolemais. It was a terrific struggle, memorable not only for the heroic defense of the now united Christians, but for the base desertion, in the hour of supreme peril, of Henry II., King of Cyprus, and his craven Cypriots. Leaving overnight, they abandoned their devoted brethren to an awful fate. The Moslems gave no quarter and spared only a few women and children. The City was given up to pillage. The principal buildings, all the towers, and ramparts were demolished. Not even those who attempted to escape by the sea were saved; a fierce storm prevented their boats to reach the vessels off-shore; many of the fugitives perished in the waves, the rest fell under the sabres of the Moslem horse. The fate of Ptolemais was shared by Tyre, Sidon, and Berytus; they were utterly destroyed, and their unfortunate inhabitants either massacred or led into slavery. Only seven Knights Hospitallers effected their escape.

Thus ended the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem.

It would be wrong to conclude from this terrible

catastrophe that Europe had forgotten the Holy Land, or been indifferent to its fate. On the contrary, its recovery was one of the objects for which the great Councils of the Church were convoked. The Crusade was the absorbing thought, the dominant passion of Gregory X. Rudolph of Hapsburg took the Cross, and engaged to conduct it, but that Pontiff's death killed the project and led to a state of things fatal to any further Crusade.

An inexorable Nemesis rapidly overtook the Papacy and precipitated its fall. In eighteen years eight insignificant Popes sat in the Chair of St. Peter. The last of these was Cœlestine V., an aged hermit, who abdicated in obedience to a fearful voice, which he heard at night, and believed to be divine. It really came through a well-contrived speaking-tube and belonged to Cardinal Benedict Gaetani, his counsellor and successor. The story may be fabulous, but portrays the situation.

He took the name of Boniface VIII., one of the darkest names in the annals of the Papacy. He was a man of tremendous pretensions; he claimed to be Vicar of Christ, the Representative of God, holding the two swords, the spiritual and the temporal; the spiritual to be used by the Church, the temporal to be used for the Church at his command and sufferance. He claimed superiority and lordship over every living creature, and to be infallible.

Erelong he came in collision with Philip the Fair, King of France, and excommunicated him. Philip retaliated and summoned a Parliament. The famous



lawyer, William of Nogaret, stood up, charging, that Boniface was not the true Pope, that he was a heretic, a simoniac, a man laden with terrible crimes, and that it was the King's office and function to promote the convocation of a General Council to take cognizance of these fearful accusations. The King with the sanction of his Nobles and of the Clergy published his appeal to this General Council and to a legitimate Pope. William of Nogaret had also suggested the necessity of the Pope's arrest.

Boniface was surprised and taken prisoner in Anagni, his native city. The inhabitants rescued him, and he returned to Rome almost in triumph. But he fell into the hands of the Orsini, and once more found himself a prisoner. The discovery completely unmanned him, and, it is said, made him insane. It was currently believed that he took his own life.

A few days after his demise, the Conclave elected Benedict XI., but he died within a year. His death was attributed to poison. The choice of his successor was most difficult. The Conclave was a hostile camp, the Italian faction being led by Francesco Gaetani, brother of Boniface VIII., the French faction by the Cardinal Da Prato. After months of intrigue, the Cardinals accepted Bertrand de Got, Archbishop of Bordeaux, the Italians under the impression that he was true to their party. Cardinal Da Prato informed Philip of his triumph. The King withheld his assent until he had bound the obsequious prelate by an oath, administered upon the Host, and the surrender of three hostages, to the faithful performance of six con-

ditions, five of which related to the condemnation of the memory of Boniface. The import of the sixth was, and still remains, a secret.

Bertrand became Pope, assumed the name of Clement V., and remained in France. With him began the so-called Babylonish Captivity of the Popes which lasted more than seventy years.

Clement V., though Philip's creature, shrunk from doing his bidding in the matter of Boniface, to secure his condemnation, as a heretic, and then to have his body disinterred and burnt; and in the end he accepted a compromise. The King desisted from persecuting the memory of the dead Pope, while the living Pope undertook to consummate the ruin of the Templars.

In the Church Council which met at Vienne on the 1st of November, 1311, Clement V., named the three objects for which it had been convoked, to wit, the dissolution of the Order of the Temple, the recovery of the Holy Land, and the reformation of manners, and of the discipline of the Church.

At the proper time he pronounced, in full Council and on his own authority, but without a formal sentence of condemnation, without the recital of the terrible crimes laid to the charge of the Templars, the dissolution of their Order.

The question of the memory of Boniface was adroitly introduced and disposed of. Three Cardinals stood up to defend the character of the dead Pope, and two Knights, to maintain his innocence by wage of battle. No one appeared to take up their gauntlets. The fair fame of Boniface was thus established.

On the other hand an edict, justifying his course, as prompted by duty and zeal, satisfied the King.

The recovery of the Holy Land also came up, but the pathetic and oft-told tale of its ignominious bondage fell on dull ears. The Papacy had been humbled to the dust. *Ichabod*, its glory had departed. The Templars were wiped out of existence; everybody felt and knew that the Crusades were entombed forever, beyond the hope of resurrection.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### CONCLUSIONS.

The Crusades utterly failed to accomplish the object for which they were undertaken. An experience of two centuries had taught the nations of the West that it could not be attained, and that the fanaticism of the East was fully as savage as their own.

The Crusades, the offspring of ignorance, rapacity, and blind or hypocritical zeal, did not and could not, as such, benefit mankind. They debased and imbruted the world; they destroyed many millions of valuable lives, and countless millions' worth of human labor. They enriched the Church and increased her power; but they also engendered superstition and persecution, and in the end sapped her strength.

All this lies on the surface, but there is also something underneath. The Crusades furnish a splendid commentary on the familiar passage, that the wrath of

man shall praise God. For indirectly, unintentionally, and in spite of them, they did good; they were blessings in disguise. They helped to break up feudalism, to emancipate the serf, to form society, to build up constitutional government, to enlarge commerce and encourage navigation, to promote travel and discovery, and to open the way to another Holy Land, better, larger, and richer, the Land of intellect and reason, of liberty, humanity and justice, the Land of virtue and toleration.

These conclusions deserve and require some amplification.

It is axiomatically established that the invincible antagonism, the struggle for supremacy between Islam and Christianity maintained for four centuries, culminated in the Crusades. This is the key-note of the proclamations of the Popes, their first and chief promoters, and the standing text of all their preachers. The Crusades obliterated a guilty past, removed the crushing weight of an oppressive, intolerable present, and opened a boundless view of riches and glory, of paradise and heaven. The movement pervaded all classes and spread through all the countries of Western Christendom. First came the rabble hosts of the Hermit; then the feudal nobility led by Godfrey and his associates set out; and in the end Emperors and Kings marched at the head of magnificent armies.

An experience of almost two centuries had so fully quenched the ardor of an enthusiasm, which in every country had been national, and for the first time had impelled all the nations of Europe to unite in a com-

mon cause, that neither the fiat of the Popes, nor the decrees of Councils, nor the eloquence of preachers were able to bring about a new expedition. At the close of the thirteenth century the Sovereigns of Europe were as apathetic and averse to such an undertaking as their subjects. All were convinced of the utter hopelessness of success, and not a few doubted the authority of the Popes to command it.

In the light of events beginning with the third Crusade the more intelligent portion of Western Christendom began to respect the Saracens, and to value the superior civilization of the East. William, Archbishop of Tyre, not only a preacher of a Crusade, but a Crusader, paid as noble a tribute to the memory of Nouredin, as did Bernard the Treasurer to Saladin's. Richard I., was on terms of amicable intercourse with Saladin and even proposed matrimonial alliance between his sister and Saphadin. Frederic II., welcomed to his Court eminent Arabian scholars, caused their philosophy to be translated into Latin, and gave to the West the first translation, from Arabic into Latin, of the writings of Aristotle. The same Sovereign, who on account of his liberality has justly been described as having been "prematurely born by many centuries," accomplished without the effusion of blood the surrender of Jerusalem.

It has been shown that in France, at least, the Crusades wrought a remarkable social change in the formation of greater fiefs by the absorption of a large number of small ones, leading to a centralization of vast political and social influence.

In the same direction it may be said that the Crusades created the large civic communities of Italy, Flanders, and the Hanseatic League, and gave a prodigious impulse to maritime commerce. The fleets of Venice, Genoa and Pisa not only transported the Crusaders and provisions to the East, but often took active part in the several expeditions. Venice directed the conquest of Constantinople and the establishment of the Romanian Empire. During the latter half of the thirteenth century the Hanseatic League had factories in London, Bruges, Novogorod, and Bergen, and maintained close relations with the most important sea-ports in Flanders, France, Spain, and the Mediterranean.

Centralization naturally led to the formation of national, and eventually, of constitutional government. At the close of the fifteenth century the whole aspect and relations of society had undergone a complete revolution. "The capture of Constantinople by the Turks scatters its fugitive scholars over Europe as missionaries of classical learning, and the invention of printing produces, just at the right moment, a ready supply for the demand so newly created. The publication of the great authors of antiquity, hitherto only to be studied in rare and costly manuscripts, necessarily leads to the prevalence of a higher taste and a sounder philosophy. . . . The great European governments now begin to acquire a unity and an organization before unknown; the national supplants the merely local power; the use of gunpowder revolutionizes the tactics and practice of war, and standing armies take the place of the old feudal tributaries."

Prior to the period of the Crusades, the policy, aims, and motives of the Popes were more or less concealed from the world, and known only to the Legates, and through them to the few laymen, such as princes and their representatives, whom they thought worthy of confidential communications.

The Crusades wrought a great change in this respect. On their way to or from the Holy Land many of the Crusaders passed through Rome and, coming in direct touch with the Pope and high dignitaries of the Church, became familiar with their ways. A freedom of criticism, inquiry, and thought ensued, of which the "Reformation of the Church universal, both in its head and members," so long and ardently desired, and as strenuously opposed, was the logical and natural outcome.

The Crusades opened a new world, and an unknown civilization to the warriors of the West. In a certain way they brought the East and the West into touch. The amenities in the intercourse of Saladin and Richard, the cordial relations between Frederic II., and the Sultan of Egypt, and the arrival of a Mogul Embassy at the Court of Louis IX., in Cyprus have been narrated on former pages of this history. In the same connection it should be added that Louis returned an Embassy to the Mongolians of which the Franciscan William de Rubruquis was the most intelligent member. Setting out on his journey in 1253, he visited successively Prince Sartach, the Mongolian general, his father Batu, and Mangu, the Great Khan, in his Palace at Caracorum.

This account<sup>1</sup> shows that the Nestorian Christians were widely dispersed and their priests "thoroughly ignorant, corrupt in their morals, wicked in their lives, great usurers and drunken sots." Of the pretended baptism of the Great Khan and the Princes Rubruquis could learn nothing; but he established his toleration. The Khan's creed was very brief. "We Mongols," he said, "believe there is but one God, by whom we live and die, and to whom our hearts are wholly directed." In a subsequent part of their interview, the Khan said: "As God has given many fingers to the hand, so He has appointed different ways of salvation for man. To the Christian he has given the Holy Scriptures, but they do not strictly observe what is prescribed therein; nor can they find it written there that one class should censure others." The Khan asked Rubruquis if he found that in the Scriptures; he answered "No." Then the Khan closed the colloquy thus: "I say, God gave you the Holy Scriptures whose commandments you do not keep; but to us He has given our soothsayers; we do whatsoever they prescribe to us, and live in peace with one another."

Rubruquis saw at Caracorum twelve idol-temples belonging to different nations, two mosques for Moslems, and one church; he also mentioned incidentally that in the City of Bolak there were many of the Khan's subjects that spoke the French language.

Their presence may be accounted for by the impetus which the Crusades gave to international intercourse. That intercourse was very considerable. The visits

<sup>1</sup> Preserved in the Collection of Bergeron, vol. I. 19.



and prolonged stay of the Venetian Polos, dating from A. D. 1260, were followed in the next century by the travels of John Mandeville, Oderic of Friaul, Pegeletti, and others. "The world seemed to open, as it were, toward the East; geography made an immense stride; an ardor for discovery became the new form assumed by European spirit of adventure. The idea of another hemisphere, when our own came to be better known, no longer seemed an improbable paradox; and it was in search of the Zipangri of Marco Polo that Christopher Columbus discovered the New World."<sup>1</sup>

One of the results of the Crusades, which in a certain sense still continues and is destined to continue, is their influence on Chivalry. They indissolubly united the martial spirit of the age and religion. Ideally and poetically the crusading Knight represented the noblest attributes of manhood in the noblest cause, as the Popes and the Clergy were wont to represent the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre and the Holy Land from the grasp, the deliverance of his brethren from the reproach and oppression of the infidel. Honor, courage, magnanimity, compassion, self-denial, self-sacrifice, consecrated to virtue and religion, and exerted for the benefit of the weak and oppressed, these were the elements of true Chivalry. History blames the *cause* rather than the *men* for their departure from so lofty a standard. Happily for mankind the cause, the Crusades, has

<sup>1</sup> Abel Rémusat, "Rapport des princes Chrétiens avec le grand empire des Mongoles," in the *Memoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, VI, p. 398, 1822, an Essay of great research which fully develops this interesting theme.

disappeared, and all things considered, a superior and nobler civilization than that of the Middle Ages has also exalted the ideal of Chivalry, and the cavalier, the gentleman of the nineteenth century, is doubtless the peer, and often the superior, of the armed Knight.

THE END.

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NOTE.

The material outlined in this volume has been abundantly applied to Romance; first in the old Rhyming Chronicles, and Gestes, later by Tasso in "JERUSALEM DELIVERED," and more recently by Sir Walter Scott in several of his novels.

Entertaining examples of the older class occur in Ellis, "SPECIMENS OF EARLY ENGLISH ROMANCES IN METRE," and in Chambers, "CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE." One bearing on the charge, that Richard I., was a cannibal, may be read in a long extract in the Appendix to the Introduction of "THE TALISMAN."

Michaud, BIBLIOTHÈQUE DES CROISADES, Paris, 1829, 4 vols. 8vo., very copious.—Reinaud, EXTRAITS DES HISTORIENS ARABES etc., Paris, 1829, 8vo.—Foot-notes in Gibbon, DECLINE AND FALL etc., vol. VI., contain references to contemporary writers.—The great Collections of Bouquet, Muratori, Pertz, Duchesne, Freher, and Struvius supply the text of most of the Christian, and of some of the Moslem first authorities.

#### HISTORIES ON THE WHOLE SUBJECT.

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 ERRATA.

- Page 46, line 1, read : Vermandois.  
 " 47, " 23, " : Alfonso VI., of Leon.  
 " 52, " 24, " : Bithynia.  
 " 59, " 13, " : Taurus.  
 " 62, " 7, " : Mosul.  
 " 97, " 15, " : Louis VII.  
 " 119, " 4, " : Louis VII.  
 " 112, " 22, " : quixotic Rainald.  
 " 148, " 14, " : alliance.  
 " 171, " 1, " : CHAPTER VIII.  
 " 263, " 6, " : Nablous.









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