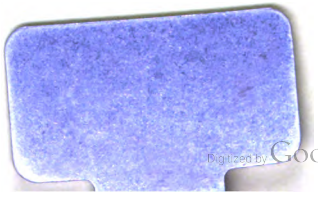
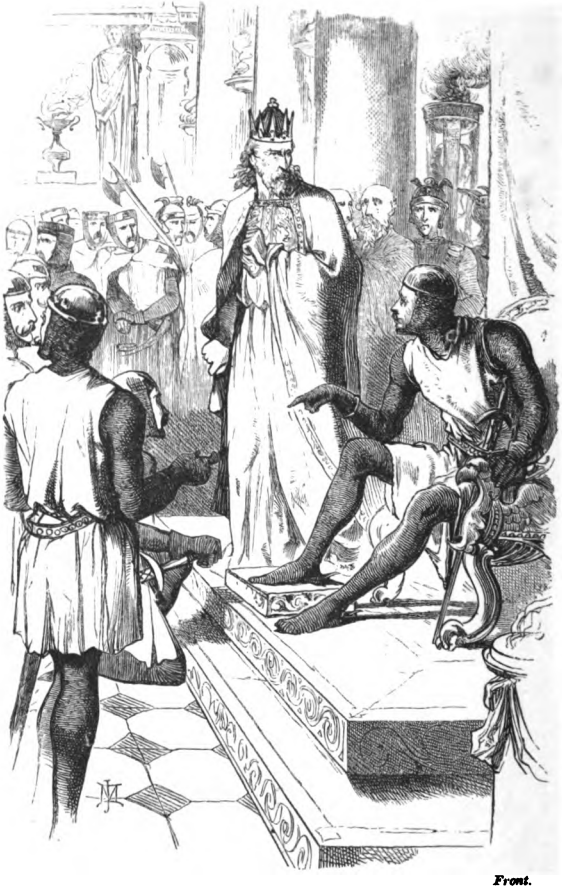
HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES





Front.

Robert of Paris seated on the Throne of the Emperor Alexius.—p. 37.

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History of the Crusades.

BY

GEORGE G. PERRY, M.A.,
PREBENDARY OF LINCOLN, ETC.

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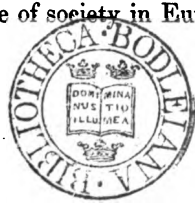
PREFACE.

A POPULAR history of the Crusades, compact in size and not overburdened in detail, appears to be a want in our language. There are excellent French and German histories of these wars—those, viz., of Michaud and Wilken. On these, and especially on the former, the present work is chiefly based. For the Fifth Crusade no other writer can take the place of Gibbon, as this forms one of the finest passages of his great work; and for the history of St. Louis, the Chronicles of the Seneschal De Joinville must ever form the groundwork. Dean Milman's "Latin Christianity," and Professor Heeren's excellent work on the Crusades, have also been freely used. The author has endeavoured not to omit any essential fact or interesting episode in the history of the Crusades, and to incorporate into his narrative the most important observations on their influence and effect on the state of society in Europe.



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THE

HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES.

CHAPTER I.

A.D. 1093—1096.

The History of the Crusades throws much light on the state of Europe during the Middle Ages—Pilgrimages to Jerusalem—Their prevalence—Hindered by the Turks, who maltreat the Christians—Indignation at this in Europe—Peter the Hermit—He goes to Pope Urban II.—The Pope calls the Councils of Placentia and Clermont—His speech at Clermont—Universal fervour to take the Cross—The first irregular Expeditions under Walter the Penniless and Peter—Their miserable destruction.

"The romance
Of many-coloured life that Fortune pours
Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores
Their labours end; or they return to lie,
The vow perform'd, in cross-legg d effigy
Devoutly stretch'd upon their chancel floors."

WORDSWORTH.

A PROFOUND interest is centred in that great and prolonged struggle of Europe against Asia, of Christianity against Mahometanism, which is described by the word Crusades. It was a conflict

which brought together nations the most diverse in their origin, their language, and their manners; which arrayed in deadly hostility two systems of religion, each of them seeking to exterminate the other; which assumed a peculiar character from the objects aimed at; and brought out qualities new in war: the union of devout fervour with relentless ferocity—of the deep humility of the pilgrim with the bold daring of the knight.

The period of the Crusades comprises about two hundred years—from the end of the eleventh to the end of the thirteenth century. During almost the whole of this time, a "religious" war, between the Christians of Europe on the one side and the Mahometans of Asia on the other, was either actually raging, or being devised and prepared for.

Nor is the interest which belongs to these wars confined to the incidents of the long and protracted struggle, the deeds of daring, the strange adventures, the sudden reverses, which they present to our view. A stronger and more special interest attaches itself to the Crusades. In the study of their history is to be found the best means of information as to the state of Europe during the Middle Ages. Here we learn the nature and the power of that system of religious belief which had grown

up during the dark times of ignorance, and through which the Pope of Rome became the dictator, both in temporal and spiritual matters, to all the monarchs of Europe. Here we notice the operation of the feudal system of the tenure of land, which, involving an obligation on the tenant to follow his lord to battle, was the great instrument for recruiting the armies of the Crusades. Here we trace the birth and development of the spirit of chivalry—the code of knightly honour held to be binding on all gentlemen who bore arms, and obliging them to succour the distressed.

The history of the Crusades reveals to us much of the manners and institutions, the thoughts, feelings, and motives, of mediæval Europe. We discover certain great constraining principles of faith, universally popular, universally dominant. The existence of these indeed alone made the Crusades possible. Christian Europe could at that period be swayed as one man. The voice of the preacher, exhorting brave men to open the way to the Holy Sepulchre for the pious pilgrim, was in every land alike regarded as the voice of God. All acknowledged the same duty of fighting for the faith. All were equally impressed with the vast religious importance of pilgrimages. All felt them-

selves bound alike to obey the voice of the spiritual father of Christendom—the Pontiff of Rome.

The period of these wars has been truly described as the "heroic age of Christendom;" and though philosophical writers may censure the extravagant and frenzied zeal which caused them, we meet with much in the account of them, nevertheless, which is great and noble. "It is easy now-a-days," says one of the ablest writers that have handled this subject, "to demonstrate with cool reason and calculation that a little corner of Syria was of small value, and that the expense of conquering it would greatly exceed its worth. This little land, contemptible in the eyes of statesmen, was a consecrated spot for the Christian of old time, in whose soul the religion which he professed had as yet lost nothing of its power and holiness. *There* was born, *there* lived and died for the salvation of men, the Divine Founder of his faith; there the first seeds of the doctrine of the Gospel had been scattered; and there a host of mighty memories still had living power."[1] To this land, almost from the first planting of the faith, Christians from every country had come as pilgrims. They thronged to see the Holy Sepulchre where the Lord had been

[1] Heeren, Essay on the Crusades.

laid, and over which a beautiful church had been built by the first Christian Emperor, Constantine. They came to say their prayers on the very spots which had been hallowed by the pressure of His sacred feet, and to shed tears of penitence on the hill-side where the wondrous Cross had stood. From farthest Gaul and more distant Britain, from the forests of Germany and the ice and fog of northern seas, an ever fresh stream of pilgrims flowed on towards the cradle of their faith. A guide-roll describing the way and the distances from the banks of the Rhone to the banks of the Jordan helped them on their journey,[1] while every monastery and religious house gave them food and shelter. At the holy city itself, when they had reached the object of their desires, they found charitable welcome and refreshment in large establishments built for the purpose, and supported by the alms of Christians. This flocking of pilgrims to Jerusalem went on in peace until the seventh century after Christ. At that time (A.D. 637) the city was taken from the Greek Emperors of Constantinople by the Mahometans of Arabia, under Caliph Omar. The Christians in Jerusalem had now to suffer some persecutions and oppressions

[1] Michaud, History of Crusades.

from their conquerors; but this did not avail to stop the stream of pilgrims from Europe. Rather it came about that pilgrimages were now more valued because they were more dangerous, and the superstitious notion that by making a pilgrimage a man could expiate his sins began to be generally entertained. The Mahometans soon found that it was their interest not to hinder the coming of these crowds of devotees, but rather to make a profit out of them by obliging them to pay a small tax for leave to enter the city. But it was not till the eleventh century after Christ that real dangers and difficulties began to bar the passage to Jerusalem to the Christian pilgrim. The followers of Mahomet had always been divided on the question to whom the true succession belonged after Mahomet's death, and the title of Caliph was borne by two rival princes, in Egypt and at Bagdad. At this time the Caliph of Egypt conquered Jerusalem from the Caliph of Bagdad, and proved himself much more hostile to the Christians than the preceding ruler had been. Still greater miseries however befell them, when the latter Caliph employed to recover his dominions for him a people of the Mahometan faith who were far more fierce and uncivilized than either the Arabians or Egyptians.

This people came from the north-east and the neighbourhood of the Caspian Sea, and were called Turcomans or Turks. They were a savage and barbarous nation; and, being full of enthusiasm for their own religion, they ill-treated and massacred the Christians without mercy. Neither would they suffer the pilgrims to visit the sacred spots which they had come so far to behold, without the payment of a large sum of money. The gates of the holy city were closed against them. Weary and exhausted, the unhappy pilgrims wandered around the walls, and lay down to die from starvation and disease among the rocks and caves, without having been able to accomplish the dearest wish of their hearts. Those that returned brought home harrowing stories of sacrilege and misery, and told of the thousands of Christians who had been put to death by the Turks—the ruthless enemies of the Cross. Europe was full of indignation, and panted for revenge. The notion began to gain ground that if peaceable pilgrims were not allowed to pay their devotions at the Holy Sepulchre, then all must band together, and, buckling on their good swords, go and force their way, in spite of the Turks, to the venerated spots. Surely (it was thought) this manner of going, being more dangerous and more

difficult than an ordinary pilgrimage, must be still more acceptable to God, and meritorious in His sight. While these thoughts were working in men's minds in all the countries of Europe, it chanced that a French priest named Peter, who, because he had once embraced the solitary life then so common, in some wild spot, was called Peter the Hermit, went to Jerusalem on a pilgrimage. With difficulty he was able to effect an entrance into the holy city, and when there he had much communication with Symeon, the Patriarch of the Church, as to the state of the Christians in Jerusalem. Symeon gave him a melancholy description of the ill-usage which they had to bear from the Turks, and Peter, full of indignation, desired the Patriarch to write these things in a letter addressed to the Pope and chief princes of Europe. For himself, he declared that he would dedicate his life to obtain a remedy for these evils and vengeance upon the fierce unbelievers. Bearing the letter of the Patriarch, Peter found his way to Italy, and at once sought out the Pope.

When Pope Urban II. read the letter, and heard from the lips of Peter the sad account of the cruelties of the Mahometans, he too was seized with the same spirit, and vowed that he would take revenge.

While Peter travelled through Europe, mounted on a mule and dressed in sackcloth, stirring up the people everywhere to undertake the task of driving out the infidels from the Holy Land, Urban summoned all the clergy and all the barons of Europe to meet him in two great councils, one of which was to be held at Placentia in Italy, and the other at Clermont in France. The authority of the Pope, which had been shortly before asserted by Gregory VII. with wonderful resolution and genius, was at this time rapidly growing, and exerted an ascendency even over kings and princes. When the Pope therefore took up a matter warmly it was sure to produce a great effect. Every one also had heard of the outrages committed on the Christians in Palestine, and every one was indignant at them; and thus when the Pope called them together they flocked in vast numbers to answer the summons. At Placentia thirty thousand clergy and four thousand barons decided that it was necessary that the Christians should go to war with the Mahometans; and at Clermont (A.D. 1095), an innumerable company of people from all parts of France and Germany flocked to meet Pope Urban. In the midst of this vast assemblage, the venerable man ascended a high pulpit and addressed the multitude. The

words which he used were such as were sure to command attention from all. He spoke to those whose consciences told them that they had committed grievous sins, and promised them complete pardon if they would engage in this war. "The cause of these labours," he said, "will be charity; if thus warmed by the grace of God you lay down your lives for the brethren, the wages of charity will be the grace of God; the grace of God is followed by eternal life. Go then with confidence to attack the enemies of God. For they usurp even the sepulchre of our Lord, that singular assurance of faith, and sell to our pilgrims admissions to that city which ought, had they a trace of their ancient courage left, to be open to Christians only. Go, then, rid God's sanctuary of the wicked, expel the robbers, bring in the pious. Let no love of relations detain you, for man's chiefest love is towards God. Let no attachment to your native soil be an impediment, for all the world is exile to the Christian, and all the world his country. Let none be restrained by the largeness of his patrimony, for a still larger is promised to him. God will be favourable to those who undertake this expedition, that they may have a favourable year, both in abundance of produce and in serenity of season. Those who

die will enter into the mansions of Heaven, while the living shall behold the sepulchre of the Lord. And what can be a greater happiness than for a man in his lifetime to see those places where the Lord of Heaven was conversant as a man? Blessed are they who, called to these occupations, shall inherit such a recompense. Fortunate are those who are led to such a conflict, that they may partake of such rewards."[1] Never, perhaps, did a single speech of man work such extraordinary effects as this of Pope Urban.[2] He who spoke it was regarded by his hearers in the place of God Himself, and the hearers to whom he appealed by every motive likely to influence them were already eager to do the thing he exhorted them to do. The Pope could scarcely conclude his speech. He was interrupted by ill-suppressed murmurs of grief and indignation. At its close one loud and simultaneous cry broke forth from the vast multitude—"It is the will of God!" All ranks, all classes were seized with the contagious frenzy. The assembly declared itself the army of God. While they were yet boiling with excitement the Pope again addressed them. He commanded the as-

[1] Abridged from the version given by Mills, Hist. Crusades.
[2] Milman, Latin Christianity.

sembled Bishops to preach the duty of taking up arms in this holy cause, each throughout his diocese. Those who agreed to become the soldiers of the Cross were to assume a red cross upon the right shoulder, and this was to mark them as devoted for ever to this holy work.

The enthusiasm did not die away when the assembly separated, but went on increasing. From every country in Europe came men-at-arms, with red crosses on their shoulders, eager to join in the expedition. No government hired the soldiers. The feudal chief gave the word, and his vassals accompanied him to the war. No preparations were made beyond what each man provided for himself. There was no general to take the lead, no systematic plan marked out. The men with crosses, or Crusaders, were so possessed with blind zeal that they never doubted of the immediate success of their arms; they looked upon themselves as the soldiers of God, and held that nothing human could arrest their course. Women joined in the expedition, and even separated themselves from their husbands when the latter were unwilling to accompany them. Monks threw aside their black gowns, and came forth from their cloisters clad in armour of proof. The Bishops and parochial clergy were

among the foremost of the eager bands. Many of the nobles sold their estates to procure the means of equipping themselves and their followers with arms and horses. In some instances the poor rustic shod his oxen like horses and placed his whole family in a cart, when it was amusing to hear the children, on the approach to any large town or castle, inquiring if the object before them were Jerusalem.[1]

Of the vast multitudes which began to move towards the East, immediately after the council of Clermont, it was natural that the worst, both in morals and in soldierly qualities, should move the first. The roving soldier of fortune, whose real object was to obtain plunder and booty, hastened to the front. The poor and ignorant, who had nothing to lose and no preparations to make, eagerly set forth on what they thought would be an easy journey. The first bands were a huge mass of undisciplined fanatics, without any controlling power over them, or any definite object in view. They chose indeed as their leaders, Walter, a gentleman of Burgundy, called "The Penniless," on account of his ruined fortunes, and Peter the Hermit, who had done so much in giving the first impulse to the

[1] Guibert.

Crusade. But these leaders had no real authority over them. Hungary lay on their way to Constantinople and the East, and into Hungary therefore the first huge mass of disorderly zealots swept. It was not much more than a century since the Hungarians had been converted to the Christian faith. They do not seem to have shared in the Crusading fervour, and they saw with dismay and dread these armies like locusts sweeping over their fertile plains. The first band, led by Walter, passed through the country without much open hostility on the part of the Hungarians; but in Bulgaria, which they next entered, they were not so fortunate. In order to satisfy the cravings of hunger they robbed the natives, and immediately the whole of Bulgaria rose in arms against them. Defeated and massacred on every side, some of the unfortunate Crusaders fled into a church, believing themselves certain of safety there. The church, however, was set on fire by the savage Bulgarians, and all those who were in it were burned to death.[1] Out of a band numbering about twenty thousand, only a very few, among whom was their leader Walter, found their way to Constantinople. The next band was double in number to the preceding, and led by

[1] Michaud.

Peter himself, but the history of its progress is only a record of crime, misery, and destruction.

At Semlin in Hungary the anger of Peter's followers was excited by seeing some of the spoils of the band which had preceded them publicly exhibited as trophies. They attacked and took the town, slaying many thousands of the Hungarians; then giving themselves up to wild riot and excess, they showed that the sacred cause in which they professed to be engaged exercised but little influence over their minds. The report of the near approach of the King of Hungary with a large army caused the soldiers of Peter to retreat from Semlin with all haste. They made their way into Bulgaria, but the people, terrified at the report of their fierceness and their cruelty, had everywhere fled into the forests, and they met with no opposition until they came before the walls of Nissa. Here the Bulgarians had assembled in force, but their leader wisely thought it better to supply the Crusaders with provisions, and encourage them to pass onwards, than to risk an encounter with so numerous an army. All was going on well, when a hundred German Crusaders, called by one of the historians of these events,[1]

[1] William, Archbishop of Tyre.

"children of Belial," to revenge themselves upon some merchants who had resisted their robberies, set fire to five mills upon the river Nissava. The sight of the flames excited the Bulgarian soldiers. They rushed upon the retreating Crusaders, and slew many of them. At once the host, eager for revenge, turned back to Nissa, and attacked the strong walls with vain fury. Again and again they were repulsed with slaughter, but they would not desist. Peter the Hermit, their leader, entreated them to abandon the useless and destructive attempt. Placing himself in front of them, he implored them with tears to remember that they were dedicated to the service of the war against the Mahometans. They thrust him aside, and rushed to the charge. Again a terrible slaughter awaited them, and the Bulgarians, sallying forth, completed the work of carnage. Peter, flying to a hill in the neighbourhood, passed the night surrounded only by about 500 men. The rest of his great army was scattered, but the trumpets were made to sound incessantly, and gradually large numbers of those who had fled were again assembled under his standard. The defeated host, suffering many hardships, made its way onwards to Constantinople. Here the Greek Emperor,

Alexius, whose conduct during the whole of these events was a mixture of cunning and treachery, at first showed himself ready to assist their necessities. It was his policy to make use of the bands of Latin Crusaders against his own powerful enemies, the Turks settled in Asia Minor, and accordingly he soon encouraged the soldiers of Peter to cross the Hellespont, and to march against the capital of the Turkish Sultan. During the time that the army had remained at Constantinople it had been joined by great numbers of other bands of Crusaders, and when it entered Asia Minor, it is said to have numbered not less than 100,000 men.[1] This vast host, without any discipline or leader of real authority, abandoned itself to pillage and every sort of violence. Peter the Hermit, struck with horror at the crimes committed by it, left the army and returned to Constantinople. On one occasion, a large number of the Crusaders being shut up in a fortified place by the Turks, their leaders, in order to escape, apostatized from the Christian faith, and embraced the religion of Mahomet. This procured for them a ready reception from their enemies, but the common soldiers were massacred without mercy,

[1] Michaud.

and the remainder of the host, excited to fury, compelled Walter the Penniless, who was now their only leader, and he only a nominal one, to conduct them against the Turks. With savage fury they rushed onwards towards the walls of Nicæa, thinking their revenge already within their reach. But the Turkish Sultan had skilfully prepared an ambuscade, and suddenly the exhausted host of the Crusaders found itself attacked on all sides at once. The accounts of the carnage of that day almost exceed belief.[1] It is said that only three thousand out of all that great army escaped the sword, and that afterwards a huge pile of bones, heaped up on the plains of Bithynia, stood as a warning to the Crusaders who were to follow of the terrible fate of their predecessors.

While such was the sad catastrophe of the wild and undisciplined masses that followed Peter the Hermit, there were yet other bodies coming behind them, which were still more outrageous in their conduct, and whose fate was still more tragical. A priest named Gotteschalk assembled in Germany about 20,000 men, who, at his persuasion, took the oath to combat the infidels in the Holy Land.

[1] The account is given by the Princess Anna Comnena, daughter of the Emperor Alexius, who wrote a clever and spirited history of these events.

Placing himself at their head he led them into Hungary, but here, abusing the power which their numbers gave them, they abandoned themselves to the wildest excesses of debauchery. The Hungarian king, unable to restrain them by force of arms, made use of treachery. Pretending good will and desire for peace, he persuaded the Crusaders to lay aside their arms, promising that they should be treated as brethren. As soon, however, as they were disarmed, the Hungarians fell ruthlessly upon them, and almost the whole body was put to the sword.

The last of these irregular bodies which we shall have to mention was also the most fanatical, ignorant, and vicious. It was said of them that, as they had been told that the Crusade was to expiate all their sins, they were determined to commit every sin that they could to add to the account. But that which chiefly distinguished this band in their excesses from the others, was the fearful and sanguinary persecutions which they directed against the Jews. The place of their assembling was the neighbourhood of the Rhine, in which rich and fertile country great numbers of Jews were settled. Almost all the trade of Europe was then in the hands of this industrious

people, and many of them possessed great wealth. Tempted by this, the savage enthusiasts, who had sworn to make war upon the enemies of the Christian faith, declared that there were no enemies who so much deserved their attacks as those whose forefathers had crucified the Lord. Seizing upon them everywhere, they put them to death with horrible tortures, and pillaged their goods. Such was the terror that their cruelties inspired, that great numbers of the wretched Jews committed suicide rather than fall into their hands. Mothers even strangled their sucking infants, saying that they would rather send them thus to the bosom of Abraham than see them given up to the fury of the Christians.[1] This body of atrocious miscreants, which murdered and robbed in the name of Christ, had no recognised leader. It is said that they were preceded by a goat and a goose, in which, in their mad superstitions, they thought the divine Spirit resided.[2] Marking their road with blood and rapine, they at length, like those that had preceded them, entered Hungary. When they reached the town of Mersburgh, they found the gate shut against them, and provisions refused to them. Immediately they made a fierce

[1] Albert of Aix. [2] Ibid.

attack upon the place, intending to carry it by storm. The townspeople defended themselves bravely, but they were vastly outnumbered. Ladders were placed against the walls, and the savage fanatics were just on the point of gaining an entrance, when suddenly one of the ladders broke, and some of the storming party fell to the ground. A general confusion followed. "God," says the Archbishop of Tyre, "spread terror in their ranks to punish their crimes, and to fulfil that word of the wise man, 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth.'" Presently the Hungarians issuing forth from their walls found only a terror-stricken and defenceless multitude, and took a terrible vengeance upon them with the sword.

In these irregular expeditions, commenced under pretence of delivering the Holy Land, it is conjectured that not less than 300,000 men perished. We stand amazed at the impetuous folly which could thus urge one band after another to rush, without preparation or forethought, on certain destruction. Some of these men, no doubt, were honest and sincere zealots, who thought to do God service by waging war on the infidel, but the majority of them were mere adventurers who were ready to go anywhere for the hope of plunder.

"The civil wars which had long troubled Europe had swelled the number of vagabonds and adventurers. Germany, especially, was full of these men, trained to robbery and violence, who had become the scourge of society. Almost all of them enrolled themselves under the banners of the Crusade, and carried with them in their new expedition the spirit of licence and turbulence with which they were animated."[1] If this were so, their destruction was no unmixed evil. Society in the countries which they quitted must have been relieved and benefited by being rid of so many elements of crime and disorder; neither was the failure of such irregular and ill-disciplined bodies likely to deter the advance of the regular and organized Crusaders—the feudal retainers under the banners of their lords, of whose first Crusade we come now to speak.

[1] Michaud.

CHAPTER II.

A.D. 1096—1097.

Godfrey of Bouillon leader of the First Crusade—March of the different bands to Constantinople—the Emperor Alexius—Obtains oath of allegiance from the Crusading chiefs—The Crusading Host in the Plains of Bithynia—Description of Nice—Its Siege undertaken—Account of the camp of the Crusaders—Great battle with the Turks—The city in danger—It surrenders to Alexius—Anger of the Crusaders—They march southwards—Battle of Doryleum—Complete victory of the Crusaders.

"And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever Him adored."

SPENSER. *Faery Queene.*

It must have been evident to all who reflected upon the sad fate of the first bands of Crusaders, that their failure and miserable destruction was principally due to their want of an efficient leader. Yet though all must have perceived a thing so plain as this, there was nevertheless much danger lest the great army of the princes and barons of Europe, which was now assembling from all countries, should fail in its purpose from the

very same cause. These high nobles, who were possessed of absolute authority in their own territories, were nearly equal in rank one to the other. Their mutual jealousy and rivalry seemed to make it impossible that any one of them could be selected, who would command the ready obedience of the rest. But what superiority of rank could not do, superiority of virtue and merit happily effected. There was one of the number of the great barons who undertook the First Crusade, acknowledged by all his fellows to be so superior to the rest in piety, virtue, and valour, that they unanimously agreed to act under his guidance. Without, as it appears, ever being formally elected leader,[1] Godfrey, Duke of Lower Lorraine, called Godfrey of Bouillon, from his castle and lordship of that name, was recognised and obeyed as chief throughout the long and difficult struggle. Poets have delighted to sing, and old chroniclers to dilate upon, the great and surpassing merit of this famous chieftain. He united the bravery and the virtues of a hero to the simplicity of a monk. His skill in battle, his extraordinary strength, gained for him the admiration of the soldiers. But prudence and moderation tempered his valour, and never did he

[1] Michaud.

disfigure his victory by a useless carnage, or lose the fruits of it by a foolish rashness. He was inspired by a sincere devotion, and esteemed it the truest glory to have promoted the triumph of justice or succoured the unfortunate and the innocent. The princes of the Crusade took him as their model, the soldiers regarded him as their father, the people as their firm defence. The worth of Godfrey was so well known from the fame which he had gained in former wars, that when he declared that he would undertake the Crusade, great numbers of the noblest and bravest hastened to follow him. In the zeal of the moment no sacrifices were deemed too great to procure an equipment. The barons sold their estates in such reckless haste, that the price of land fell to a very low point. Duke Godfrey himself sold his duchy of Bouillon to the Church of Liege, and is said to have only received fifteen hundred marks of silver for the bargain,[1] which, even at the very different value of money at that time, seems an incredibly small sum. Amongst his followers, Godfrey counted his brothers, Counts Eustace and Baldwin, Baldwin du Bourg, the Counts of Hainault and St. Paul, and many others of power and fame. These chiefs were followed by

[1] Michaud.

their retainers, some on foot, and some on horseback, armed in coats of mail, and each distinguished by some device on the surcoats, or jackets which they wore over their armour. Under Godfrey's firm discipline and wise conduct, the march of the army was orderly and prosperous. From the banks of Moselle to the frontier of Hungary, they met with no opposition or impediment.[1] In Hungary the lawless bands led by Peter the Hermit had found armed resistance, and had many of them perished miserably. But Duke Godfrey was able to make good terms with Carloman, King of Hungary. The bitter feeling which he and his people had cherished towards the Crusaders was removed. A free commerce of money and food was carried on between the strangers and the natives, and the soldiers of the Cross marched through Hungary with military discipline and religious decorum. Onwards with the same good success, Godfrey led his host through Bulgaria, and into Thrace, and as he came near to Constantinople, the capital city of the Greek Empire, supplies were furnished to his soldiers from the stores of government, and all seemed to promise a most successful march to Constantinople. But the character of Alexius, the Emperor of the

[1] Milla.

Greeks, was a constant danger to the Crusaders. He had, in the first instance, been very eager for European nations to undertake the Crusade, and had written letters to the Pope to urge it, but when the powerful armies of the Western barons came near his capital, he was possessed with fear lest they should turn their arms against him, and he practised every kind of craft and deceit towards them.

Following almost immediately after the great army of Duke Godfrey, Hugh, Count of Vermandois, and brother of the King of France, had led another band of Crusaders from France and England. These, taking a shorter route than the first army, had marched through Italy, and endeavoured to reach the coast of Greece by sea. But the storm scattered the fleet of Count Hugh, and he arrived at Durazzo in a miserable plight. Being brought to Constantinople as a prisoner, he was obliged by the Emperor Alexius to swear fealty to him. Now when the news of this reached Duke Godfrey, at the head of his army in Thrace, he was highly indignant. The Emperor, he said, had no right to treat as a captive the brother of the King of France, because he had unfortunately lost his ships and followers. It was at the express

desire of Alexius that they were making this expedition, and it was grievous treachery to use them thus. Therefore Godfrey gave orders to his soldiers to ravage the fields of the Greeks, and to plunder freely all that they could find. Terrified at this, the Emperor released Count Hugh, and pretended great friendship to Godfrey. But soon he again changed his demeanour, and refused to allow the Crusaders to purchase provisions. Then they ravaged his territory afresh, while the Greeks endeavoured to repel them by force of arms. A battle followed, in which the Crusaders completely defeated the Greeks, and, driving them within their walls, proceeded to besiege Constantinople. But peace was quickly made, for the Greeks had felt the bravery and strength of the Latins, and they heard with terror that great bands as brave and as well-disciplined as those under Godfrey were on their way from the West to join his forces.

From every port of Europe, indeed, princes and barons with their followers were making for this meeting-place at Constantinople. Robert, Duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, led his bold Normans to the Holy War. He was a prince so wild and reckless that often he had scarce bread to eat, or clothes to wear; while at

other times he would be revelling in all manner of luxury. Fond of adventure and frolic, he came to the East rather as an errant knight than as a devout soldier of the Cross. Of a different character was Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, also a Norman by birth. This prince was crafty and avaricious, and his great motive in joining the Crusading host was the hope of obtaining some addition to the small dominions which he had conquered for himself in Italy. Raymond, Count of Thoulouse, led to the East the warriors of the south of France. Trained from his earliest years to cherish an intense hatred towards the Mahometans, with whom his people had waged war continually in the neighbouring kingdom of Spain, Raymond was one of the most fierce and determined of the Crusading princes. Count Robert of Flanders was at the head of the stout and hardy Flemish soldiers. Count Stephen of Blois, famed as the richest noble of his time, and the number of whose castles was said to be equal to that of the days of the year, came also to the Greek city.

Over these great and powerful lords, who could command so many brave and devoted followers, it was the policy of the Greek Emperor, Alexius, to gain a recognised authority, that he might direct

their movements against the enemies he most feared, and save himself and his dominions from their attacks. Had he been willing to place himself at the head of the Crusading army, and to embark heartily in the cause, they might, perhaps, have readily acknowledged his headship, and obeyed his commands. But he desired, without trouble or cost to himself, to gain power and suzerainty over free and independent princes. Naturally they resisted his demand, that before proceeding to the Crusade they should all show fealty and do homage to him. Alexius however was not easily to be foiled in an object which he had so near his heart. By a mixture of violence and cunning, by making the most splendid promises of assistance to the Crusaders, and by displaying before them all the riches and luxury of his palace, he at last succeeded in inducing Duke Godfrey and most of the other chiefs to swear allegiance to him. On his part, he solemnly promised that he would help forward their expedition with all his power. To receive the homage promised, the Emperor arranged a stately ceremonial in his splendid palace. Causing the great chiefs of the West to be introduced before him, he made them humbly kneel, and, by the pride and ostentation which he affected, seemed

to celebrate his triumph over them. Rather than renew the disputes with the Emperor, the Western barons submitted, though sorely against their will, to the humiliation inflicted on them. However, by an incident which occurred at the interview, Alexius was made to know that it was not altogether safe to treat them as he did the servile courtiers who surrounded his throne. A retainer of Duke Godfrey, named Robert of Paris, disgusted at the arrogance of the Emperor, and at the manner in which the barons tolerated it, suddenly quitted his place, and, striding across the apartment, seated himself boldly on the very throne itself. Struck with amazement, the Emperor seemed for a moment unable to order him to depart. Count Baldwin called upon him to observe the rules of decorum, and not thus to insult the Emperor. "Though only a simple knight," said Robert, "I consider that I have a right to sit in the presence of him before whom you kneel as suppliants." His words created a profound impression. "From whence come you?" demanded the Emperor. "I am a Frenchman," replied Robert, "and ready to do battle with any man living." "Reserve your valour for the Turks," said Alexius; and the bold knight, having read a lesson to both the Emperor

and his own friends, was allowed to depart uninjured.[1]

And now, having obtained from most of the chiefs their promise of allegiance, and their agreement to give up to him any cities which they might take if they had formerly belonged to the Greek empire, Alexius was only eager to procure the departure of the Crusading host. Slowly its vast numbers crossed the narrow passage of the Hellespont which separates Europe from Asia, and spread themselves in the plains of Bithynia. The ancient chronicler asserts that when all the bands were united there, not less than 700,000 warriors were to be found in the army.[2] Of these, 100,000 were knights clad in complete armour; the remainder were men-at-arms, who accompanied the knights and fought with them in the battle. The principal weapon of these latter was the bow, while the mounted soldiers used iron maces, lances and swords. As the host advanced through Bithynia there might be seen on different sides pale and emaciated soldiers, hastening to join it. These were the scattered remains of the great band led by Peter the Hermit, who had escaped the slaughter

[1] Alexiad, quoted by Mills.
[2] William, Archbishop of Tyre.

of their fellows, and had hidden themselves in caves and mountains, naked, wounded, famished. The story of their woes filled the whole host with mourning, and as they pointed out the places where their terrible disasters had happened, as they showed the heap of festering bones which marked the spot where the army of Walter had perished, and the camp where the sick and the women had been ruthlessly massacred by the Turks, the whole army of the Crusaders threw itself on its knees, and raised one universal wail of grief.[1]

The chiefs of the Crusade were eager to avail themselves of the impression thus produced, and while they promised to lead on their soldiers to a speedy vengeance, they enforced upon them the absolute necessity of strict discipline if they would avoid the fate of their predecessors. The first movements of the mighty army gave the most flattering augury of its future fortunes. It was spring-time, and the meadows were full of flowers; they marched under the beautiful sky of Bithynia, provisions were abundant, their strength seemed to them irresistible, and they had perfect faith in the righteousness of their cause. Preserving complete order they gradually approached the great city of Nicæa; four

[1] Albert of Aix, quoted by Michaud.

thousand labourers prepared the roads before them, and iron crosses set up on the way pointed out the route to the long lines of the advancing host.[1]

Nicæa was the capital city of the Turks who had settled in Asia Minor, and who were distinguished by the name Seljookians, derived from that of one of the great warriors of their race. It was a city famous in Christian history, the first great Christian council having been held there, and the most terrible persecution of the Christians having begun in its neighbourhood. It was a place of great size and extraordinary strength. Ranges of high mountains surrounded it, and made the approach to it difficult. On the west and south the Lake Ascanius washed its ramparts, and provided the inhabitants with an easy communication with the sea; formidable ditches filled with water protected the other parts of the wall; three hundred and seventy towers built of brick defended the ramparts, which were wide enough to allow a carriage to pass along them. The chosen warriors of the Turks formed the garrison of this strong place, while their sultan was encamped upon the neighbouring mountains, at the head of an army of 100,000 men. To attempt the siege of such a

[1] Michaud.

place was a bold undertaking, even for so mighty an army as that of the Crusaders. But the Greek Emperor had persuaded them of the necessity of attacking it, as its fall and destruction would be of the greatest advantage to him. Accordingly, Duke Godfrey and his companions determined to lay siege to the city.

To arrange the proceedings of the army was a work of no small difficulty. The host of the Crusaders contained soldiers of no less than nineteen nations, each speaking a different language. "But," says the old chronicler, "though divided by language, we seemed to make but one people by our love to God."[1] To each of these nations, a particular spot in the great circle of the walls was assigned, which they were to attack with all their skill and valour; and for the assault of which they were each to furnish the requisite materials. It is said that, in order to supply the want of wood and stones in building their works, they employed the bones of the Crusading bands which had preceded them, which lay in vast numbers scattered over the plains of Bithynia. The religious character of the expedition was carefully kept in view by the leaders; in all parts of the Christian camp,

[1] Fulcher of Chartres, quoted by Michaud.

magnificent tents had been raised to serve as churches, which were thronged by reverent worshippers. Military exercises were also encouraged, to promote zeal and rivalry in war, between the various nations. Knights from different countries sought to match their strength and skill against one another, and from these combats sprung the custom, afterwards so common in Europe, of holding tournaments, in which knights tilted with one another with lances for a prize. Among so great a number, also, it was necessary for the knights and their followers to adopt badges and symbols to distinguish them, and from this arose the custom of wearing coats of arms, which has continued down to the present day. Other important regulations were also adopted by Godfrey and the chief barons, with a view to the peculiar character of the army. In all important matters a council of the chiefs was to be held; but ordinarily each lord was to direct his followers independently of the rest. The Christian army was in fact a republic in arms. In this republic all goods seemed to be common property, no other law was recognised but that of honour, no other bond of union but that of religion. A universal zeal possessed all; the chiefs shared the labours of the common soldiers; the ministers

of religion kept up the ardour of the army by continual addresses; and in striking contrast to those who had preceded them, the Crusaders before Nicæa seemed to offer the spectacle of a vast host of serious and earnest men intent upon a great religious object.

In spite, however, of their zeal and their courage, the Christian warriors could make no impression upon the strong walls of Nicæa. They rushed to the assault again and again, but were repulsed by showers of poisoned arrows discharged at them by the garrison from behind the ramparts. Soon also they were exposed to another danger. The Turkish Sultan from his camp in the mountains came sweeping down upon them at the head of fifty thousand men, and a fierce and deadly struggle ensued, It was now that the valour of the Western Crusaders was put to a real proof. The Turks were brave and disciplined, well-armed, and full of fierce hatred against the invaders of their country. From morning till night the battle raged. Godfrey and Baldwin, Duke Robert of Normandy, and Tancred the nephew of Prince Bohemond, showed themselves everywhere, and performed prodigies of valour. The Turks, astonished at the difference between these skilful

warriors and the weak bands of Peter which they had defeated so easily, at length yielded and fled, and four thousand of their dead left upon the field of battle testified to the victory of the Christians. It is sad to read that the Crusaders savagely mutilated the dead bodies, and cutting off their heads, used them as missiles against the besieged city, and that they sent also large numbers of them to the Emperor Alexius at Constantinople. After this victory the siege was pressed harder than ever. The Christians approached the wall under the shelter of their shields held together in a large mass over their heads; or they rolled forward huge towers of wicker-work, which were filled with soldiers, who battered the wall with iron maces, and endeavoured to drag out the stones with hooks. The Turks from the walls threw down upon them burning pitch and other combustible matter, and when they had destroyed their defences, they overwhelmed the soldiers with stones, or dragged them up into the city by hooks at the end of long ropes.

The siege had already lasted for seven weeks, and the Christians were beginning to despond, when it was discovered that the Turkish garrison was constantly reinforced by the way of the lake

which washed two sides of the city, and allowed fresh soldiers and supplies to be brought in with ease. On making this important discovery, the Crusading chiefs immediately despatched a large force of men and horses to the neighbouring port of Civitot, from whence, in one night, they transported some galleys furnished by the Greeks, and launched them upon the lake. When morning broke, the Turks beheld, with surprise and horror, a new army on another element advancing against them. The shouts of the Christians, the banners waving in the air, the sound of the trumpets, overwhelmed them with despair. Speedily the mighty city would have fallen as a prize to the bravery and perseverance of the Crusaders, when on a sudden their triumph was snatched from them by the perfidy of their pretended ally, the Emperor Alexius. While the inhabitants of Nicæa were in great fear of the Latins, the emperor introduced a messenger into the city, who told the terrified Turks that their only hope of being saved from utter and terrible destruction was to surrender at once to the Greek Emperor. This advice was immediately acted upon. Suddenly, when they were preparing for the assault, the Crusaders saw the banners of Alexius suspended over the walls,

and were informed that the city was in his possession. Their rage and fury at being thus baulked of their victory and their spoil were great and terrible, and it was with the utmost difficulty, and only by means of costly presents, that the emperor was able to appease them.

It was indeed no small trial to the temper of the Crusaders, who had fought so bravely and suffered so severely in this long siege, to find that in all their labours they had only been acting as the cat's-paw of the wily Greek. It was a still greater provocation to be informed, when they wished to penetrate into the city, and to see that which they had struggled so hard to gain, that they could only be permitted to enter by ten at a time, and that none of the Latin host could be suffered to dwell in Nicæa. It says much, indeed, for the discipline and sober spirit of the army, that it could be restrained under this great provocation from turning its weapons against the Greeks, and seizing by force that which had been snatched from it by cunning. Doubtless the chiefs were glad to proceed onwards in their march as quickly as possible, and on the ninth day after the surrender of Nicæa, the Crusading host moved southwards. It was now thought better to divide

the army into two parts, one of which was led by Godfrey, and the other by Bohemond. In this order they traversed the mountainous district of the Lesser Phrygia, but they were watched and followed by an active and vigilant foe. Kilig-Arslan, the Turkish Sultan, exasperated at the loss of his capital city, was burning for vengeance, and eagerly seeking for an opportunity of attacking the Christians at disadvantage.

It was not long before this opportunity was found. The army under Bohemond, after several days of toilsome march, was reposing itself by the side of a stream in the valley of Gosgen, when suddenly the news was brought to its leaders that the Turks were coming against them. Prince Bohemond had hardly time to make some hasty preparations ; the men-at-arms had scarcely buckled on their armour, and the knights mounted their steeds, before a cloud of Mahometan horsemen rushed upon them, discharging as they came a thick storm of arrows. The armour of the Crusaders turned aside the arrows, but many of their horses were pierced and slain, and confusion was spread in their ranks. The Christian knights were drawn up on one side of the little river, while the Turks assaulted them from the other;

but, exasperated at the attack, the Christians dashed through the water and strove to bring their foes to a hand-to-hand combat. This, however, they could not effect. The Turks, breaking away from them on their swift horses, avoided coming to close quarters, but continued to discharge their arrows as they turned and fled. Separated one from another in the vain attempt to catch their nimble adversaries, many of the Christian warriors were surrounded and slain. Whilst Bohemond and his knights were still contending with the Turkish horsemen, the terrible news was brought them that the Turkish Sultan had penetrated their camp, which had been left in the charge of the infantry, and that a pitiless massacre had begun. Leaving the command to Robert of Normandy, Bohemond with a few followers dashed into the camp, and so impetuous was the charge which he made upon the Turks, that he forced them to yield, and for a moment delivered the camp. Meantime, Duke Robert, seizing the white banner of his house, and shouting with a voice of thunder, "Normans, follow me!" performed prodigies of valour, and drove back the hosts of the unbelievers. It seemed now that the Christians were about to snatch the victory from their foes: but fresh bands

of Turks poured in; the Crusaders, wearied with the long struggle, were again borne back; a panic seized them; the shrieks of women resounded in the air; soldiers rushed to demand absolution of the priests, as expecting instant death; the swords of the Turks were everywhere; and all appeared lost. Nothing but the opportune arrival of assistance from the army of Duke Godfrey could have averted the catastrophe. But at the first beginning of the strife Bohemond had wisely despatched a messenger to the other division of the Christian host, which was marching at a considerable distance, to warn them of the danger. Godfrey at once directed his forces to advance with all speed to succour their friends. Not content, however, with the slow movement of the large army, he himself, at the head of fifty knights, spurred forward to the rescue. The Turks suddenly beheld the flashing of their armour, and heard their shouts. Struck with terror, they hesitated, and paused in their attacks. The prudent Sultan, who perceived the great army of the Christians advancing in the distance, gave the order for retreat, and led off his forces to the mountains. But when the host of Godfrey poured into the camp, and looked on the sad spectacle of the slaughter of their friends—when

they beheld priests, and women, and children lying massacred, and many knights of name weltering in their blood,—their impatience could not be restrained. They insisted on having vengeance on the Turks, and demanded to be led to the attack. The bold knights of the other army, Bohemond, and Tancred, and Robert, who had been combating since morning, were yet eager to renew the fray; and soon the whole host of the Christians was formed into a compact body, and marched against the Turkish camp in the mountains. And now came a terrible vengeance. The Turks, exhausted by their long battle, with all their arrows discharged, struck with terror at the sight of the mighty succour which had come to the Christians, made out a feeble resistance. The Crusaders slaughtered them almost without a struggle. Surrounded on all sides by their foes, few only were able to escape, and nearly 30,000 are said to have met their deaths from the enraged Crusaders. The Turkish camp was captured; vast stores of provisions, magnificent tents, and many horses fell into the hands of the Christians, but what most of all astonished them was the sight of the camels, which had then never been seen in Europe, and of the habits and use of which they were entirely ignorant.

Such was the great victory won by the Crusaders near the town of Doryleum. Four thousand of the Christians had perished in the strife, but they were regarded as martyrs. The terrible slaughter of the Mussulmans more than compensated to the survivors for the loss of their friends. The whole host gave itself up to wild excesses of joy, while the more religious among them thanked God for their deliverance, and declared that in the midst of the battle they had seen St. Demetrius and St. George, combating in the ranks of the Christian army against the enemies of the faith.[1]

[1] Michaud.

CHAPTER III.

A.D. 1097—1099.

Count Baldwin seizes the kingdom of Edessa—The army arrives at Antioch—Siege and capture of the city—Terrible sufferings of the conquerors—They attack and defeat the Persian army—The Crusaders advance—Ordeal of the Sacred Lance—The army reaches Jerusalem—First sight of the holy city.

"By the time the dewless meads reveal
The fervent sun's ascension in the sky,
Lo! toward Jerusalem salutes the eye—
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale;
'Jerusalem' a thousand voices cry—
'All hail Jerusalem,' hill, down and vale,
Catch the glad sounds and shout—
'Jerusalem hail!'"—TASSO.

THE benefits of the great victory of the Crusaders at Doryleum were more important in appearance than in reality. The Turkish Sultan, indeed, no longer ventured to meet them in battle; but he retreated before them, ravaging the country as he went, and effectually cutting off their supplies. The effect of this was, perhaps, as disastrous as if he had defeated them in battle. The want of food and water, the intense heat, the long and

toilsome march, destroyed vast numbers of the Crusaders. They wound their way slowly and painfully over the mountain chains of Phrygia, everywhere suffering dreadful privations, and though they found no armed enemies posted in their front, to bar their journey toward Jerusalem, yet the difficulties of the march seemed to be enough. At length, at Antioch, in Pisidia, a city mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles [1] as one of the places where St. Paul preached, they rested to recruit themselves after the great sufferings which they had gone through. But here other misfortunes overtook them. It was while they halted at this place, that a serious quarrel arose between two of their most famous chiefs, Tancred the Norman, and Count Baldwin, the brother of Duke Godfrey. The dispute began on the right to the possession of the town of Tarsus, the birthplace of St. Paul, which Tancred had captured, but which Baldwin had induced the inhabitants to surrender to him. The followers of the two chiefs came to blows; and, had not Tancred shown the greatest forbearance and nobility of character, very serious results must have followed. But when Tancred and Baldwin both returned to the main army, the

[1] Acts xiii. 14.

feeling of all the chiefs was so strongly in favour of the former, that Count Baldwin, whose pride was hurt, and who was also full of ambitious projects for his own advantage, secretly determined to leave the Crusading army, and to conquer a kingdom for himself. At that period the cities of Western Asia were almost an easy prey to any one who attacked them. The empire of the Greeks had been overthrown by the Turks, and the dominion of the Turks was threatened with decay through the divisions which ensued on the death of Malek Shah; the terror produced by the Crusading army was also everywhere prevalent. Count Baldwin thought he saw a great opportunity in this state of things for making an important conquest. Assembling, therefore, under his banner about 1,500 of the Crusading soldiers, whom he induced by great promises to desert the cause in which they had embarked, he secretly quitted the main army. Passing through Armenia, he everywhere found a welcome from the Christian inhabitants of the towns, who were eager by his help to drive away the Turkish garrisons; and, without meeting with any reverse, he arrived before Edessa, the capital city of Mesopotamia. This city, very famous in ancient Christian history, was then oc-

cupied by the Greeks, and ruled by a governor appointed by the emperor at Constantinople. But the Turks in the neighbouring cities made the Christians of Edessa pay a heavy tribute, and submit to many exactions. Baldwin offered them his help against their enemies, which was gladly accepted. By his bravery and skill he soon recommended himself to the people, so that they desired him for a ruler. In a tumult which arose, Thoros, the Greek governor, was slain, and Count Baldwin was raised to the throne of Edessa. His dominions were soon extended on every side; a great part of Mesopotamia recognised his authority; and Asia beheld with astonishment a simple Frankish knight reign without opposition over the richest provinces of the ancient kingdom of Assyria.[1] With such a splendid prize in his grasp, Count Baldwin no longer thought of continuing the adventurous journey to Jerusalem. He abandoned his comrades without shame, but afterwards, when they were in difficulties, he did not forget to send them timely supplies; and in fact the establishment of the Latin kingdom of Edessa had no small effect upon the success of the First Crusade.

Meantime, the main army moved southwards,

[1] Michaud.

though deprived for the present of the leadership of Duke Godfrey, who had been severely wounded in a dangerous combat with a bear. It met with no other enemies but drought, and heat, and the toilsome journey. Slowly and painfully it wound its way over the mountain ranges of the Taurus and Amanus; but when the ascent of the latter mountain was accomplished by the Crusaders, the prospect that lay before them seemed to more than compensate for all their toils. There stretched the land of Syria, so famous in the world's history—Syria, of which Palestine was a province, and one of the cities of which was the holy Jerusalem. Here was the land of Damascus, which had heard the first preaching of St. Paul; of Antioch, where the disciples of Jesus were first called Christians—the very cradle of their religion and faith. Full of ardour, the Crusaders descended into its sacred plains, and, easily putting to flight some bodies of Turks which ventured to oppose their march, quickly arrived before the walls of Antioch.

Antioch was then one of the most magnificent cities in the world. In its situation, in the beauty of its buildings, in the riches of its inhabitants, it could scarcely be surpassed. Here several of the great emperors of old times had made their resi-

dence, and in their attachment to it had given it the name of the Queen of the East. It was built in the midst of the fertile plain watered by the river Orontes; to the east, not far from its walls, extended a fine lake abounding in fish; while to the north and south, mountains, covered far up their sides with gardens and country houses, completed the beautiful prospect. The Crusaders were delighted at the charming scene, but when they looked on the fortifications of the city, of enormous strength, compared to which those of Nicæa were as nothing, they were struck with terror,[1] and the attempt to capture so vast a place seemed to them utterly hopeless. The city was defended by a Turkish general named Accien, and a garrison of about 27,000 men. The Crusading chiefs long hesitated whether they should undertake the siege; but at length, moved by the splendid harangues of Adhemar, Bishop of Puy, who acted as the legate or commissioner of the Pope in the army, they resolved to do so. When, however, they had commenced the great undertaking, they had no means of following it up efficaciously. They were without engines to batter the walls, and, though their host was so vast, they were yet unable to surround

[1] William of Tyre.

the city on every side. The siege, consequently, made but little progress, while the temptations to indulgence and dissipation presented by the beautiful country and abundant supplies of the neighbourhood led many of the Crusaders to neglect their task. Without any prudence or forethought, the provisions furnished by the surrounding country were wasted and consumed, and when winter came, and the fierce rains of that land began to fall, the army was quickly reduced to the greatest misery. In want of food, clothing and shelter, the unhappy Crusaders began to grow weary of their work, and to despair of success. Everywhere groans, lamentations, and even blasphemies were heard among them. The Turks harassed and distressed them by constant sallies, and the soldiers, becoming reckless, gave themselves up to every sort of crime and villany. Bishop Adhemar was unwearied in his efforts to stem the tide of corruption, and to recall to their minds the high and holy objects which they had proposed to themselves in undertaking the crusade. Prince Bohemond, who saw that the utter destruction of the army would soon arrive if their minds were prostrated as their bodies already were, put into operation a severe and cruel discipline, to rid the camp of the many licentious sojourners who

infested it. These efforts were not without good effect. The storms of winter also gradually passed away, and, together with the improvement in the weather, there appeared again in the midst of the Crusaders that chief whom they most venerated, and whose long absence might well account for many of the disorders which had taken place. During the march of the army up to the walls of Antioch, Duke Godfrey had been carried in a litter, and through the earlier part of the siege he had been constrained by his wound to remain in his tent. Now, however, he again appeared among them, restored to his wonted health and vigour. At the same time, provisions and supplies arrived from Edessa, sent by Count Baldwin, and contributions also came in from the Armenian Christians. Cheered and encouraged by all these things, the Crusading bands were again eager for the fray, and an attempt having been made by a powerful body of Turks to succour Antioch, they met and defeated them with great slaughter. Other battles followed, in all of which the Christians were victorious, sometimes repulsing the sallies of the besieged, and sometimes triumphing over Turkish bands which they met in the neighbouring country. A great scarcity began now to prevail

in the city, and in order to relieve it, Accien, the Turkish commander, proposed to the Christian leaders that a truce should be made. To this they foolishly consented, and the astute Mussulman took advantage of it to convey plentiful supplies into the town.

The war soon began again, and the Crusaders seemed as far as ever from the capture of the place, when treachery came to their assistance. There was in Antioch a man named Phirous, a renegade, who had abjured the Christian faith and become a Mahometan. This man, who was not more faithful to his new creed than he had been to his old, was ready for any enterprise, however dangerous, which promised him profit and advancement. During the siege he contrived to communicate with Prince Bohemond, and as he was entrusted with the command of a tower, he offered to admit the Crusading soldiers into the place if he could be assured that Bohemond would have the chief command in it assigned to him, and would undertake to reward him fittingly. The ambition of Bohemond was fired by this offer; what if he could obtain Antioch, and found a kingdom there as Baldwin had done at Edessa? But how to persuade his brother chiefs to agree to this? They

were many of them jealous of him, and especially Raymond, Count of Thoulouse, who himself also cherished ambitious projects. Having called a meeting of the principal leaders, Bohemond cautiously put before them the proposal that, provided they would secure to him the principality of Antioch, he would assure its capture from the Turks. But to this they would not agree. Meantime the Christian army began again to suffer. Provisions ran short, and tidings were brought to them that a vast host, led by Kerboga, Prince of Mossul, was advancing to the relief of Antioch. The proposals of Bohemond were now more favourably received, and it was at length agreed that if he could conquer Antioch for the Christians, the prize should be his. The time was now fixed with the traitor Phirous. In the dead of night, when darkness covered everything, and a high wind and occasional claps of thunder prevented sounds from being heard and understood by the sentinels, a chosen band of Crusaders, led by Bohemond and his nephew, the brave Count Tancred, gathered under the high walls of Antioch. A ladder made of leather, attached to the top of the wall, was let down to them from above. But just at the critical moment a sudden panic seized the soldiers.

To trust themselves to that frail support in the midst of the wind and the darkness, and to encounter the unknown dangers which awaited them on the ramparts, seemed too perilous a venture. They refused to mount the ladder. Then Bohemond, seeing that exhortations were useless, himself ascended, and after reaching the tower and communicating with Phirous, came down again to try once more the effect of his words. Encouraged by his example sixty of the besiegers now mounted in safety, but as others were pressing to do so in too great numbers, the ladder suddenly gave way, and precipitated those who were on it upon the lances and swords of those who were waiting below. Great confusion was caused by this, but still the luckless garrison was not alarmed. Another ladder was procured, and more soldiers mounted. Soon a gate was forced open, and the Crusading host poured into the doomed city. Shouting as their war-cry the same words with which they had welcomed the first preaching of the Crusade, "God wills it! God wills it!" the fierce warriors of the West rushed sword in hand through the city, and a dreadful massacre of all the Mahometan inhabitants began. Accien, the Turkish commander, had escaped when he found the city taken, but in

the mountains of Armenia he was slain by some peasants, who sent his head to the camp of the Crusaders as a valuable offering. When the morning of that terrible night broke over Antioch, the Crusaders in their different camps saw the red flag of Prince Bohemond float proudly over one of the highest towers, and a mighty shout of triumph from many thousand voices told that the city had fallen. (June 3, 1098.) All were now anxious to enter the town to seek for booty, and to lend their aid in the extermination of the unbelievers. The whole host of the Christians was transported into the city, and their camp was left vacant.

But the joy and triumph of the Crusaders at the capture of Antioch were of short duration. The provisions of the town had all been exhausted by the Turkish garrison. The camp of the Crusaders was equally bare, and the neighbourhood had been cleared of everything that could be used as food. Famine soon began to prevail among the conquerors and the conquered. All the distresses of the Crusaders before the walls were nothing when compared with the horrors they suffered now that they were in possession of the city. They devoured the flesh of their horses, and drank their blood. The most nauseous vegetables

were greedily eaten; they boiled the leaves of trees, the skins of animals, and military accoutrements for food.[1] It is said by several of the chroniclers that they even resorted to still more horrible food, and greedily fed upon the dead bodies of the slain.[2] Desertion now became frequent, and some even of the principal chiefs abandoned the enterprise, and strove to make their way either to Constantinople or Edessa. The Emperor Alexius was advancing to their assistance, but hearing of the miserable state of the Christian army he basely deserted them, and returned back to Constantinople. The great Persian host led by Kerboga had now encamped near to the city, and destruction, either by famine or the sword, seemed the certain fate of all the unhappy soldiers of the Cross. But in their dreadful trial the courage and prudence of some of the great chiefs remained firm. Godfrey, Bohemond, and Tancred, Bishop Adhemar, and Count Raymond never for a moment faltered or desponded. As the common soldiers, giving themselves up to despair, refused to leave their homes, Bohemond caused a great portion of the city to be burnt. The priests in the Christian army took a still more effective means

[1] Mills. [2] William of Malmesbury.

The French Priest Bartholomew claims to have found the very spear that pierced the side of the Redeemer.—p. 65.

for rousing the spirit of the soldiers. A variety of visions were reported to have been seen, in which the Saviour had promised victory and the capture of Jerusalem to the Christian warriors. A French priest, named Bartholomew, declared that St. Andrew had appeared to him, and bidden him dig in a certain church in Antioch, near the high altar, promising that he should discover there the very spear which pierced the side of the Redeemer.

Bishop Adhemar caught at these words of the priest with the utmost eagerness. If the Crusaders could be brought to believe that a sacred relic like this were found by them, their spirit and bravery would be at once revived. A solemn search was therefore made in the spot pointed out by Bartholomew. In the presence of twelve chosen witnesses the priest sprang into the excavation made, and returned with the head of a lance in his hand. Then a wild joy instantly pervaded the whole army. It is difficult at this time to understand the intense reverence with which sacred relics were regarded in those ages. With this, so august a symbol among them, the Crusaders believed that it was impossible that they could fail of victory. They demanded to be led at once against the great army of the Persians, and the chiefs, taking advan-

tage of their enthusiasm, readily consented. Meantime, the priests and the bishops exhorted the soldiers to confess their sins, and to make themselves worthy to combat for Christ. Everywhere the churches were full of humble worshippers; the whole night previous to the battle was passed in acts of devotion, and not less than 100,000 warriors joined in the most solemn rite of the Christian religion.[1]

As day broke the gates of Antioch were opened, and the whole Christian army marched forth in twelve corps in honour of the twelve Apostles. Bishop Adhemar, with his episcopal robes put on over his suit of armour, was conspicuous at their head. Behind him a band of clergy marched in procession, chanting, "Let God arise, and let His enemies be scattered;" and the whole host, full of the most intense enthusiasm, though weak in strength, badly armed, and almost without horses, crossed the Orontes, and marched against the vast army of Kerboga. The clarions and trumpets sounded the charge. Godfrey, Tancred, and Robert of Normandy put themselves at the head of the Christian bands, and, with a wild shout of defiance, the Crusading host precipitated itself on the Mussulmans. In less than an hour the victory was

[1] Michaud.

won. The Turks and Persians could not resist the impetuous onset of the Western warriors, who were now infuriated by their zeal, and everywhere they broke and fled. So fearful was the slaughter that it is said that not less than 100,000 of the Persian host were slain. In the camp of Kerboga the utmost abundance of supplies and of all articles of luxury was found by the Crusaders, and the soldiers, who just before had been ready to perish of starvation and misery, came back triumphant, refreshed, and provided with all they needed. The knights again found horses, the foot-soldiers swords and spears, the whole army clothed itself in the dress of the vanquished, and joy and abundance reigned among them.

The history of this Crusade is made up of the records of great successes and terrible reverses which succeed one another alternately. The extraordinary victory of Antioch was immediately followed by one of the saddest of the trials which the Christian army had yet experienced. A dreadful pestilence broke out in the army, and while the chiefs left the camp and spread themselves over the neighbouring country, in search of booty and adventures, the unfortunate common soldiers, clamouring every day to be led onwards to Jerusalem, fell

victims by thousands to this fearful scourge. At length the impatience of the men-at-arms became open mutiny, and the chiefs were compelled to resume the march towards Jerusalem.

And now the sufferings which the army had experienced from the pestilence had availed to implant in the minds of many grave doubts as to the reality of the miracle of the sacred lance. The priest Bartholomew found himself treated as an impostor and deceiver. Anxious to regain his credit he rashly proposed to prove the truth of the miracle by the ordeal of fire. This was then thought to be an allowable appeal to the judgment of Heaven, and one which could not fail to elicit the truth. Two large piles of wood, fourteen feet in length, four feet in height, and separated from each other by an interval of about a foot, were built upon the plain. Bartholomew, accompanied by a band of priests, with his feet bare and the sacerdotal garments on him, advanced towards the burning mass. A priest pronounced a short prayer, desiring that if he had spoken the truth as to the finding of the lance, he might pass uninjured through the flames, but if not, that he might be consumed. Bartholomew, having first thrown himself on his knees in prayer, entered the flaming

passage. For a moment he seemed to stand still in the midst of the fire, and then he appeared on the other side, his dress unburnt, and even the light gauze with which he had encircled the sacred lance, which he carried in his hand, uninjured. With the weapon whose holiness was thus established, he made the sign of the cross, at the same time shouting with a loud voice, "God help me!" The crowd of people could no longer be restrained; they rushed upon him who had thus been owned of Heaven; they bore him to the ground, and in their eagerness to touch him, inflicted upon him several severe injuries, of which (say those writers who are on his side) he died within a few days. But others maintained the contrary, and declared that the ordeal of fire had gone against him; for though he was not actually consumed in the flames, he was so terribly injured by them that he died of the immediate effects of their burning.[1]

The Crusading host now continued to move southwards, greatly diminished in numbers, but hardened and tried by long toil and war, and, perhaps, more efficient for battle than when it had first quitted Constantinople. It followed the sea-coast, by which means it could draw its supplies from the Pisan and

[1] Wilken.

Genoese ships which coasted along the shore of Syria. Its ranks now preserved admirable order. The standards went first, then the men-at-arms, in the midst of the host the baggage was conveyed, behind this advanced the clergy and the unarmed pilgrims, and the march was closed by the rear-guard. The trumpets sounded continually, the first ranks proceeded slowly to allow the weak and feeble sufficient time, all were ready to assist one another, temperance, patience, and charity reigned supreme in the host.[1] They passed the famous cities of Tyre and Sidon, without endeavouring to possess themselves of them. The garrisons allowed them to go on their way in peace, and the Crusaders, bent upon reaching the holy city, did not desire to stop. By Acre, where the Turkish governor even supplied them with provisions; between Mount Carmel and the sea, to Lydda, so famous in Christian history, to Emmaus, dear to every Christian heart, the bands of the armed pilgrims marched. At the latter place a message from the Christians at Bethlehem met them, entreating their succour against the enemies of the faith. Tancred, full of zeal, started in the middle of the night, followed by 300 soldiers, and, before daylight, planted the

[1] Michaud.

banner of the Cross on the walls of the town of the Saviour's birth. All through that night the excitement in the army of the Crusaders was intense; the occurrence of an eclipse of the moon terrified them as ominous of evil, but was explained by some of the wiser or more politic amongst them to portend the destruction of the infidels. At the first rays of light, the army advanced with its ensigns displayed, and ranged in order of battle. Suddenly a cry is heard—"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" The city of their hopes, their fears, their love and reverence, lies before them. The goal of so many struggles, so many conflicts, of the long four years' march, is at last reached. The army is moved as one man; the knights spring from their saddles, and advance with bare feet; some throw themselves on their knees, and, with eyes alternately raised to heaven and turned towards the holy city, pour out their thanks to God, who has accomplished their vows; others, prostrate in the dust, lament their sins and their unworthiness to behold the city of the Lord. But as the transports of their joy and their lamentations for their unworthiness cease, all again unite in the solemn vow to deliver the Holy City from the hands of the Infidel, or to perish in the attempt.

CHAPTER IV.

A.D. 1099—1145.

Description of Jerusalem—First assault of the Crusaders—Their sufferings from thirst—Preparations for second assault—The capture of the city—Dreadful massacre of the Saracens—Godfrey chosen king—Battle of Ascalon—Return of the Crusaders—New bands leave Europe—Their destruction—Sketch of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem—The military orders of knights.

"Down came the Templars like Cedron in flood,
And dyed their long lances in Saracen blood—
The Saracens, Curdmans and Ishmaelites yield
To the scallop, the saltier, and crossleted shield;
And the eagles were gorged with the infidel dead,
From Bethsaida's fountains to Naphtali's head."

WALTER SCOTT.

THE exploit which had already been performed by the army of the Crusaders was one of astonishing greatness. For thousands of miles, over high mountains, across barren plains, mighty rivers, vast morasses, and every sort of natural difficulty, an army had been led by chiefs who were utterly ignorant of the country which they had to traverse, and of what we now describe as the *art of war*. Two of the largest and strongest cities in Asia had

been captured by soldiers unprovided with any of the machines and implements fit for sieges. Two vast armies of Mussulmans had been routed, not to mention victories gained in numerous smaller engagements. The greatest trials of famine, climate, and pestilence had been met and overcome throughout a period of nearly four years, and in spite of every obstacle the host of the Crusaders, unbroken and unsubdued, stood now before the walls of Jerusalem. It is true their long and dangerous march had cost them enormous losses. Of the 600,000 or 700,000 who had assembled on the plains of Nicæa, not more than 40,000 reached the end of their pilgrimage.[1] But the remainder had not all perished. Many had turned back and deserted the work. Some had been left in garrisons in places captured. Many had joined Count Baldwin at Edessa. Of the remainder, the greater part had died of disease or exhaustion; comparatively few had fallen by the sword of the enemy. No chapter in history furnishes a more decided proof of the military superiority of the European over the Asiatic than the history of the First Crusade. But the work was not all accomplished when the Christian army came in sight of the city of their hopes and their

[1] Mills, i. 242, note.

reverence. Jerusalem was a city of great strength. Time was, indeed, when it was the strongest city in the East,[1] but the Roman army under Titus had utterly destroyed its fortifications (as had been foretold by the Saviour), and it never fully recovered its grandeur and power. The Emperor Adrian had rebuilt the city on a smaller scale. Two hundred years after him Constantine, the first Christian emperor, had beautified and improved it. Then, after the lapse of some centuries, it became an object of contention between the Persians and the Greeks, and at the period just previous to the Crusades, it had been taken and retaken several times by the Egyptians and the Turks. When the Crusading army came before its walls it belonged to the Sultan of Egypt, who had lately captured it from the Turks. The Egyptian Mahometans were no less opposed to the Christians, and no less hated by them, than were the Turkish adherents of the Caliph of Bagdad. These two great divisions of the Mussulman world were bitterly hostile to one another, but they were united in a common desire to overthrow the armies of the Cross. Every preparation had been made by the emir in command of the city to resist the Crusading host. Large

[1] Michaud.

stores of provisions had been accumulated; 40,000 soldiers were assembled within the walls; the country around had been desolated, and the wells and fountains destroyed. It was no trifling undertaking for a small force, unprovided with warlike machines, to attempt the capture of such a place.

The city of Jerusalem formed, at the time of the Crusades, an oblong or parallelogram, the circuit of which was about three miles. The walls embraced the hills of Moriah, Acra, Bezetha, and Calvary, but they did not contain Mount Sion, which rose above them all on the south-west, as the Mount of Olives did on the east.

The Crusaders gazed with the keenest scrutiny upon the buildings of the holy city, and as they looked they were filled with grief and lamentation. Jerusalem appeared to them, instead of being the glory of the whole earth, to be a heap of ruins. Its square houses, with their flat roofs and absence of all windows, gave it a strange and deserted appearance. Here and there only the cypress and the myrtle might be discerned making a green spot in the midst of stones and rocks. All around the city the fields were utterly bare and desolate. A few straggling olive-trees contended with the parched and rocky soil, and the whole scene seemed to

recall to their minds the denunciations of the prophets, who had so often invoked desolation upon the rebellious city. Yet the sight of this sombre and melancholy prospect only served to stir up the zeal and eagerness of the Christian host. They believed that the desolation was due to the presence of the infidel, and that they were the chosen instruments to purify the holy city from his hated occupation. So eager were they for the assault, which they thought would at once put the city of the Lord into their hands, that their impatience could not be restrained. Without any preparations, they rashly advanced against the ramparts. Covering themselves with their shields held over their heads, some of them assailed the solid walls with picks and mattocks, while others plied the arquebus and the bow against the defenders of the city. The Saracens from the walls rained down upon the attacking bands boiling oil and pitch, and hurled mighty stones against them. Yet the Crusaders pressed on. They overthrew the outside wall, and penetrated to the second, which they endeavoured to escalade. But only one ladder was at hand. In vain the bravest of the army vied with each other in their eagerness to mount this. They only ascended the walls to fall back covered with wounds.

At length, awakened to the folly of this wild attack, the Christian army returned, after great losses, to its camp, and prepared for a more regular siege. But the dreadful scourge which the cunning of the Saracen commander of Jerusalem had prepared for them soon began to show all its horrors. The army was without water, and was perishing of thirst. It was the hottest part of summer when the Crusaders encamped before the city. The sky was like fire; the earth was parched. The wind instead of refreshing them only added to their misery; for it came charged with the hot sand ot the desert—stifling and insupportable; and in the midst of this there was no water. The brook Cedron was dry; all the wells near it were either filled up or poisoned. The fountain of Siloam sometimes contained a little water, but this was rapidly exhausted by the eager drinkers. What was the famine which they had suffered in Antioch—what were any of the miseries of the journey—compared to this? The army was dissolved into a straggling crowd of wretched wanderers, who penetrated every part of the neighbouring country in search of water. Yet so great was the terror which their former victories had inspired, that the Saracens did not venture to attack them, and in the midst of

the terrible miseries which they endured the Crusaders never despaired.

At length, in their sore need, some succour arrived. A fleet of Genoese ships, conveying stores for the army and skilled workmen to assist in making the engines for the siege, appeared on the coast. Water was brought to the camp from the more distant fountains, and the Crusaders, with ardour and zeal undiminished, prepared themselves for the great final struggle. For this they principally relied upon three enormous towers with three stages in each; the lower one for the workmen who directed the movements of the tower, the second and third for the soldiers. The height of these towers was equal to that of the walls, and they were furnished at the top with a drawbridge which could be dropped from the tower on the wall, so as to form a passage for the soldiers to enter.

Meantime, to stimulate their religious ardour, it was determined that the whole army should make a solemn procession round Jerusalem. For three days they kept a strict fast, then, with their arms in their hands, their feet bare, their heads uncovered, preceded by their priests, clothed in white, carrying images of saints and chanting litanies, the

whole army went slowly round the sacred city. They thought how in the old time the Israelites had encompassed Jericho, and they believed that for them, too, the walls would be certainly beaten down, and the unbelievers made their prey. As they passed, the Saracens collected on the ramparts mocked the holy procession by heaping insults upon the cross—insults which were soon to be terribly avenged. The religious ardour of the Christian army was now at so intense a pitch, that it was evidently the policy of the leaders to take advantage of it. They determined, therefore, no longer to delay the assault, and after making some prudent dispositions, on the early dawn of Thursday, July 14th, 1099, Duke Godfrey and the other chiefs of the Crusaders led the army to the attack. It was a deadly struggle. The Saracens defended the city with the same heroic determination with which the Christians attacked it. They had devised machines to meet and grapple with the machines used by the Crusaders. They rained upon them burning oil and pitch, and the Greek fire which could not be extinguished. The whole day the terrible conflict raged, and at night the Christians returned to their camp foiled and downcast. But their confidence soon returned. The next day they rushed

to the assault with fury greater than ever. The air seemed alive with javelins and fiery missiles. Duke Godfrey from the summit of his tower, which bore a cross of gold displayed aloft, seemed to carry death and destruction with every dart he hurled. Surrounded by the dead and dying, he never relaxed his labours for a moment. At the south, Count Raymond of Thoulouse, with his Provençals, skilled in the art of sieges, contended against the Emir of Jerusalem and his chosen soldiers. At the north, Count Tancred, the invincible hero, and Duke Robert of Normandy, carried on the attack with great hope of success. Yet, in spite of every effort, it seemed as though the city could not be taken. The machines of the Crusaders were in flames, their courage languished, when all at once a wild shout of joy is raised by many voices, On the summit of Mount Olivet, in view of the whole army, is seen a knight waving his golden shield. "Behold St. George come to the help of the soldiers of the Cross!" shouts Duke Godfrey.[1] The efforts of the besiegers are instantly redoubled. With superhuman labour the mighty tower of Godfrey is

[1] It is not improbable that this knight had been sent by some of the leaders to personate St. George, and thus to raise the confidence of the soldiers.

forced up to the walls. The drawbridge falls. Across it Godfrey, with his brother Eustace, Baldwin du Bourg, and other heroes rush tumultuously. The Christians are within the walls, and Jerusalem is taken. At the same moment Tancred and Duke Robert make their way in on the north; and on every side the Saracens, flying and terror-stricken, fall victims to the sword of the Crusaders. The saddest part of the history now commences. All the historians, some of whom were eye-witnesses, agree that the massacre of the Saracens was so fearful that soldiers literally waded up to their knees in blood.[1] Neither women nor children were spared. The Crusaders, irritated by the insults which the defenders of the city had heaped upon them, and by their fierce resistance, became like furious beasts of prey.

On the site of the ancient Temple of Solomon stood a great Mahomedan temple called the Mosque of Omar. It was here, where a vast number of fugitives had found refuge, that the most terrible slaughter took place. The fury of the Crusaders was stimulated by the Christians of Jerusalem, who had suffered much at the hands of the Saracens, and who now rejoiced to take vengeance. Not

[1] Raymond; Fulcher; Robert, quoted by Michaud.

only in the first tumult of the capture of the city, when their blood was heated, but deliberately, on the following day, when their passions had had time to cool, the Crusaders continued the slaughter. In fact, a deliberate resolution was taken by the Christian chiefs, that all the Mussulmans in the city should be slain. In the place where the Saviour had prayed for His murderers, one of the most dreadful butcheries recorded in history took place. It is supposed that not less than 70,000 Saracens were slain. Godfrey, Tancred, Raymond of Thoulouse, among the chiefs, appear to have done somewhat to mitigate the ferocity of the soldiers; but though the natural sentiment of pity could not be quite absent from noble minds, neither these chiefs nor the historians who recount the facts thought that there was any crime in slaying an infidel who had dared to possess himself of the city of the Lord, and to defend it against Christian pilgrims. The same spirit which had at first animated them to undertake the Crusades led them to carry out their design thus relentlessly. It was an ignorant fanaticism, and, whatever may be alleged in its excuse, it conveys a humiliating lesson upon the imperfection and blindness of human nature. The same men who butchered the unbe-

lievers, bent in the humblest and deepest devotion before the tomb of the Lord. They were reconciled to one another, they forgave injuries, and as they had exhibited self-denial, patience and devotion in their long and arduous struggle, so now that the struggle was over, it seemed as though their characters were raised thereby. There were no disputes among them as to the houses or the treasures of the city. The arrangement was made that the first who entered any house should have a right to it, and none sought to disturb his possession. A large portion of the spoil was set apart for the use of the sick and wounded and orphans. Finally, after a long and careful deliberation, the chiefs of the army agreed to raise to the throne of Jerusalem the most virtuous and the most prudent of their number; and Godfrey of Bouillon, declining the title of king in that city where the Lord had suffered, was unanimously elected Baron of the Holy Sepulchre, and its defender against the infidel.

No long period of repose was allowed to the new chief and his brother warriors after their arduous labours in the capture of Jerusalem. The Sultan of Egypt was approaching with a vast host to chastise the audacity of the Christians, and to revenge the slaughter of the Mussulmans. But the

Crusaders had now learned to be so confident of victory, that no fear of Saracen bands, however numerous, could affect them. Godfrey appealed to his ancient companions in arms to finish their enterprise by one more brilliant victory, and led forth about 20,000 of the hardy warriors of the West to meet the Egyptian host. He found them encamped near Ascalon in numbers so great as to defy calculation. But the Crusaders only regarded them as sheep appointed to the slaughter. Firm, confident, and calm, their chief divided them into three bands, of which one was to cut off the flight of the Saracens towards their ships, another was to hold the town of Ascalon in check, while the main body was to charge direct upon the centre of the Mussulman army. Scarcely had the dark bands of Ethiopians and Copts felt the powerful shock of the veterans of Europe when they fell into confusion. Panic-stricken, they rushed back upon their friends, and the army at once became a helpless mass of routed fugitives. Cut off from their ships, debarred from sheltering themselves within the town, the Saracen host fell before the sword of the Christians in unresisted slaughter, and the ending of the battle was the utter inability of the Crusaders to prolong the

butchery. By this decisive victory the kingdom of Jerusalem seemed to be established, and the work of the Crusaders completed. The knights and men-at-arms now began to think with eager desire of their homes in Europe, of their wives, their children, and their friends. They had accomplished their vow, they had delivered the holy city from the infidel, and opened the way for the pious pilgrims to the sepulchre of the Lord. They would now return, and leave to others, who had not undergone the long toils of the war, the task of preserving what had been so bravely won. Accordingly almost the whole of the Crusaders now turned their steps homeward. Some few of the chiefs there were, such as Raymond and Tancred, who had vowed never to return to Europe again, but to pass their lives in combating the infidel. The main body, however, departed, and some by sea, some by land, wended their way toward their distant homes. Godfrey was left to defend his new kingdom against the attacks of all Asia and the whole of the nations of the Mahometan faith, at the head of 300 knights and 2,000 soldiers; yet, such was the terror inspired by the great feats of the Crusaders, that this was sufficient.

When the news reached Europe of the wonder-

ful success of the Crusading army, and of the capture of Jerusalem, the excitement and enthusiasm knew no bounds. In every land was manifested the same eager zeal to share in the work which had showed itself at the first preaching of Peter, and the Council of Clermont. Three great armies of new Crusaders, chiefly from Italy, France, and Germany, one after the other, reached Constantinople and penetrated Asia Minor; but one after the other they perished miserably. These armies, indeed, over-confident, and badly led and disciplined, advanced to a certain destruction. They resembled more the rabble which first followed Peter the Hermit than the better ordered bands which had fought their way triumphantly to Jerusalem. Their destruction added fearfully to the amount of slaughter which had drained the countries of Europe in this deadly struggle. In less than five years, more than a million of lives had been sacrificed in the contest,[1] and, although those who instigated the enterprise might point at the substantial success of the capture of Jerusalem, yet the success was bought at so terrible a price, that it was hard for them to glory in its completeness. Yet, if we consider that a collision between East

[1] Michaud.

and West, between Mahometanism and Christianity, must needs have taken place at this time, either in the East or West, we may perceive that, besides the gratification thereby of the great hope and desire of Christendom, there were other important effects which followed from the First Crusade. The vast armies which were precipitated by Europe upon Asia, the courage which they displayed, and the victories which they won, were a complete and effectual check to the Mahometans, throwing them back on the east, and preventing them from again seriously menacing Europe as they had done before. The success of the first Crusade established an outwork of Christianity in the very territories of Mahometanism, and held these bitter enemies of the Christian name in check, until Europe had become stronger, and better versed in war, and was able to bring experience and skill to second valour and devotion.

The history of the Latin kingdom established by Godfrey at Jerusalem, and continued under his successors, is the most wonderful and romantic story to be found in any annals. The code of laws which Godfrey established for the guidance of the state, called the Assizes of Jerusalem, is the most singular by which any nation has been

governed. In it, the principle of the feudal system—the vassal giving to his lord military service as the condition of holding his land—is applied to all the relations of life. Doubtless this military organization of the state was well suited for the part which it had to play. A little band of soldiers, established like a garrison in the midst of a hostile country, was engaged in continual wars, and always with an enemy which outnumbered it in an enormous proportion; yet it not only defended itself, but was constantly gaining complete victories, and adding to its territory new possessions. In this history, as has been well said, "The most weighty incidents succeed one another like the scenes in a drama; the period of a few months is enough for events which might have filled the annals of a century."[1] Godfrey enjoyed his proud position but for a short period, and died, universally lamented, in the year 1100. His brother Baldwin succeeded him, having given up his principality of Edessa for the throne of Jerusalem. Under his vigorous rule, many of the chief cities on the sea-coast of Palestine fell into the power of the Christians; Cæsarea, Sidon, Tyre, Acre, Tripoli, were all taken by him or his successors, assisted by various

[1] Michaud.

armed bands of pilgrims when from time to time came from the far West to visit the scene of the glories of the Christian faith. Amongst these we find the citizens of the rich maritime republics of Pisa and Genoa in Italy the most conspicuous; but there were others also whose coming showed how far and wide the attraction which set on foot these wars had reached. When King Baldwin was about to undertake the siege of Sidon, suddenly there arrived at Jaffa, Sigur, son of Magnus, King of Norway, with 10,000 followers. It was not long since these Norsemen had been the terror and scourge of Christendom; they now came to be its defence. For three years they had ploughed the ocean, ever steering toward the cradle of their faith. They came at an opportune moment for showing their devotion to the cause. Baldwin at once proposed that they should join him in the siege of Sidon; Sigur consented, desiring only as his reward a fragment of the wood of the true cross.

By their united efforts Sidon was quickly taken, and Sigur and his followers, men of enormous stature, and armed with axes of ponderous size, were gazed at with astonishment and delight by the Christian inhabitants of the holy city.

Baldwin I. reigned over the kingdom of Jeru-

salem for eighteen years (1100—1118), and during the whole of that time was engaged in wars, either with the Turks or Egyptians, frequently gaining splendid victories, but sometimes suffering terrible reverses. The booty taken in war was the chief revenue of his government, and the terror of his name was so great that his impetuous charge at the head of a few hundred knights was usually sufficient to put to rout any army of Mussulmans, however vast.

On the death of Baldwin I. Baldwin du Bourg, his relative, who had succeeded him at Edessa, also succeeded him at Jerusalem, and reigned twelve years (1118—1130). He was unfortunate enough to be taken prisoner by the Saracens, and spent seven years in captivity; but even while he was captive, the soldiers of Jerusalem still continued to gain victories over the Saracens, and one of their most important conquests, the capture of Tyre, was effected at this time with the help of a Venetian fleet. Fulk of Anjou, who had married Baldwin's daughter, was the next king of Jerusalem, and after fourteen years was succeeded by his son, Baldwin III. a boy of only twelve years of age, who was assisted in the government by his mother Melisenda (1145).

Up to this time, this state, so strange in the manner of its foundation, its history, and its customs, had continued to flourish. Its customs and institutions deserve our most careful study, as illustrating, better than any other chapter of history, the spirit of chivalry. The warriors who contended in its battles were animated by a principle of honour which did not suffer them to fly, however unequal the combat might be; to abandon a comrade in peril was held to be infamous. This spirit served them instead of the discipline which governs modern armies, kept their ranks firm and unbroken, and prevented them from shrinking from any difficulties or dangers. It was out of this spirit, which prevailed among all the nobles and knights, who had sacrificed their ease and their home comforts to make war upon the infidel in distant lands, that the establishment of what are called the *military orders* took its rise (about 1118 A.D.). These were companies or bands of knights bound by a solemn vow, living together like monks under a rule or code of laws of their own. The object for which they were associated was to defend the Holy Sepulchre, and to make war upon the Saracens: this was the business of their lives, for which they gave up kindred, home,

and domestic pleasures. The most famous of these orders were the Knights of St. John, called Hospitallers, because they also had the charge of the hospitals at Jerusalem for the relief of the poor and suffering; the Knights Templars, who took their name from the ancient Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem; and the Teutonic or German knights, whose order dates a little later. These knights all lived bound by a severe rule; their diet was simple, their discipline was exact, they never quitted their arms, no decorations or ornaments were allowed either in the houses in which they lived, or in the churches in which they worshipped; the will of their Grand Master or head was the will of all; they declined no combat, at however great odds, against the enemies of the faith; they shrank from no dangers, however appalling, for the lot which they all expected, and even desired, was to die on the field of battle, contending against the infidels. They had no ties to hold them to life, and they were always ready to sacrifice all for the great cause which they were defending. So high was the estimation in which these orders of military monks came to be held, and so exactly did their organization suit the spirit of the age in which they lived, that there was scarcely any great family

of Europe which had not some one belonging to it enrolled in these bodies; even princes became members of these orders, and bound themselves by solemn oaths to submit to the poverty, humility, and discipline which their rules enjoined. It was this popularity, and the admiration they excited throughout Europe, which after a time brought on the military orders decay and ruin. They became possessed of large property, changed their poor and mortified manners of life for one of luxury and grandeur, had houses or lodges of their orders in various places in Europe, and at last excited the jealousy of kings and rulers, who were glad to find a pretext for seizing upon their vast wealth and possessions. But in their earlier days, while yet severity and strict discipline governed them, the military orders were of the most essential use in upholding the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, and defending the Christian cause in Syria. The spirit which these knights showed was imitated by others; adventurous pilgrims from all the lands of the West eagerly sought the honour of combating under their leadership; and wherever the red banner of the Hospitallers or the white ensign of the Templars was seen, there was either victory, or at least glory, for

the Christian cause. Yet, in spite of the great valour and chivalrous spirit which defended it, the kingdom of Jerusalem, standing as an outwork for Christendom, opposed by the whole Mahometan world, was ever in the utmost peril of destruction; and it will be our part now to describe the disasters which at length overtook it, as well as the vast efforts made by Europe for its support and relief.

CHAPTER V.

A.D. 1145—1149.

The fall of Edessa—Second Crusade preached by Saint Bernard —The Emperor and the King of France engage in it—The march of the German army—Of the French—The King of France reaches Jerusalem—Siege of Damascus—Its failure, and the effects of it.

" Unto the East we turn—like some bright star
Let down from heaven ; the land where angels still
Linger at Chinnereth's lake or Tabor's hill—
Here Jesus sat, there stood, here kneel'd in prayer,
Here was His cradle, there His sepulchre."

WILLIAMS. *The Cathedral.*

THE first serious blow to the power of the Crusaders in the East was the capture of Edessa, and the overthrow of the kingdom which had been established by Count Baldwin. This was effected in the year 1144, by Zengui, Prince of Mossul. A dreadful massacre of all the Christian inhabitants followed, an atrocity on the part of the Mahometans paralleled, unfortunately, on the side of the Christians in the slaughter at Jerusalem.

Had Edessa been defended with courage and skill it would probably have escaped capture, but the Count who had succeeded to the government was young and addicted to debauchery. He had retired to a villa in the country to pursue his pleasures, whilst the enemy was threatening his capital. Too late he attempted to retrieve his foolish negligence. The fierce Mussulman soon triumphed over the weakly-defended city. Thirty thousand Christians are said to have been put to death, and all the nations of the Mahometan religion were filled with exultation that one of the strongest places in Asia had again fallen into the hands of the true believers, as they loved to call themselves.

The effect of the news of the capture of Edessa in Europe was extraordinarily great. The Western Christians regarded these settlements of their friends in the East with an extreme interest. They looked upon them as showing the manifest owning and acceptance by God of their devotion in these holy wars; and as being the pledge of the further extension of the Christian power and its final triumph over the religion of the false prophet. When therefore the news was brought of a severe and important reverse happening to

this Christian power, and the loss of one of the chief cities acquired by the valour and skill of the Crusaders, all Europe was moved. At that moment there was among the churchmen of France a man who by the austerity of his life, his learning, his virtue, his eloquence, was most peculiarly suited to stir up his fellow-countrymen and all the Christians of the West to engage in a new religious war. This was St. Bernard, the most celebrated churchman of the Middle Ages. Bernard was born of a noble family in Burgundy, and having early devoted himself to the monastic life, he became the founder of a monastery at Clairvaux, which he rendered one of the most famous religious houses in Europe. So great was the influence which he acquired that he was said to have been able to make or unmake Popes by the power of his eloquence. "Prelates, princes, and monarchs regarded it as a glory to follow his counsels, and believed that God spake by his mouth."[1] When the news of the reverses of the Christians in the East reached him, Bernard instantly determined to become the preacher of a new Crusade.

At the moment when he began his exhortations

[1] Michaud.

to the princes and nobles of Christendom to succour the cause of the Christian faith against the infidel, Louis VII. King of France, in a war against some of his rebellious subjects, had been guilty of an act of sacrilege, as well as of unjustifiable cruelty. At Vitry, which he was besieging, 1,300 persons had taken refuge in a church, but the king, furious at the resistance offered him, had ordered the church to be burned, and all these unhappy wretches perished. St. Bernard boldly reproved the king for this savage action, and Louis, struck with remorse, determined to expiate his sin, according to the prevailing notion of that time, by undertaking a war in the Holy Land. The approval of the Pope was sought and obtained, and then the King of France entered into the project of a new Crusade as eagerly as St. Bernard himself, and readily seconded all the efforts of the eloquent abbot, and influenced his subjects to embrace it. At an assembly held at Vezelay the king and the abbot appeared together, and Bernard with his thrilling eloquence addressed the crowd of knights and nobles. "We live," he exclaimed, "in a time when the arm of the Lord is made bare in judgment. O ye who hear me, haste to appease the wrath of Heaven. Ask no longer the

mercy of God with idle groans. Cover yourselves no more with ashes, but with your invincible shields. War, with its dangers and its toils, is the penitence which God imposes upon you. Go, expiate your sins by victories over the infidels, and let the deliverance of the holy place be the noble reward of your repentance." Again, as after the speech of Pope Urban at the Council of Clermont, shouts were heard of "God wills it! God wills it!" and the enthusiasm rose to a mighty pitch. "Illustrious knights," continued the orator, "generous defenders of the Cross, recall the example of your fathers who conquered Jerusalem, and whose names are written in the book of life. Abandon, as they did, the perishable goods of earth that you may gather eternal rewards, and conquer for yourselves a kingdom which fadeth not away." As Bernard concluded his speech, the King of France, rising from his seat, threw himself on his knees at his feet and demanded to receive the Cross. The principal barons of his kingdom eagerly followed his example. Even the Queen, Eleanor of Guienne, shared in the enthusiasm, and received a cross to fasten on her dress. The number of crosses which Bernard had brought with him was soon exhausted. Without hesitation he pro-

ceeded to tear his garments into shreds to make the sacred symbol, in order to satisfy the eager zeal of the assembled throng. The enthusiasm which had begun at Vezelay extended throughout France. As Bernard preached everywhere the duty of making war on the infidel, miracles were said to be worked wherever he appeared, and vast numbers eagerly pressed to join the sacred standard. From France the eloquent orator entered Germany. At Spires he was called upon to preach before the Emperor Conrad IV. and all the princes of the empire. Turning to his favourite subject he drew a vivid picture of the sufferings the Saviour had undergone for men, and the debts of gratitude due to him which ought to make all ready to lay down their lives for His sake. In the midst of the sermon the Emperor, overcome by his emotions, exclaimed in a loud voice, "I know what I owe to Jesus Christ, and I swear to go where His will calls me." Henceforth the eagerness for the Crusade became as great in Germany as in France, and the two most powerful monarchs of Europe assembled enormous armies, for the purpose of annihilating the power of the Mahometans, and making the Christians in the East superior to any danger of attack. The influence

which St. Bernard exercised over all, both high and low, was so extraordinary that it was said that the Almighty had entrusted His omnipotence to one single man, who was able to draw the people as he pleased by his eloquence and his miracles.[1]

The enterprise seemed in many ways to give promise of good success. Besides that the whole power of the most warlike nations of Europe was embarked in it, the preparations were now more carefully made, leaders were chosen with more wisdom, and less impatience of delay was shown than on former occasions. The Germans assembled at Ratisbon, the French at Metz. Men came in abundance. Money was more difficult to procure. The King of France imposed heavy taxes on his people. The Jews were forced to contribute largely to escape persecution and death. The zealous who were unable to go to the war brought offerings to aid those who were about to go, and the rich on their death-beds willed all their possessions to the holy cause which they could not benefit by their personal aid. The country was almost ruined in the effort to provide the necessary equipments and stores for the great armies which were being prepared for the East. The German Emperor was

[1] Michaud.

the first to commence the march. In the spring of the year 1147 he left Ratisbon with an army so numerous that it was said that the plains were too narrow to hold them, and the rivers to bear them on their way. As the great host of the Germans drew near to Constantinople the Greek Emperor Manuel Comnenus trembled at the report of their strength. Like all the sovereigns of his race he was cunning and unprincipled, desiring the approach of the Crusaders when he had Mahometan enemies threatening him, but when he was safe from them fearing the Crusaders themselves, and ready to practise any treachery to ruin them. He met Conrad with the pretence of courtesy and friendship, but under a smiling exterior he concealed the deadliest hatred and the most atrocious designs. The Crusaders were in need of supplies, and the Greek Emperor expressed his willingness to furnish them. But according to the confession of one of his own historians, he caused noxious ingredients to be mixed in the provisions, and actually had false coins struck to be given to the Crusaders in change for their gold, but which were refused by the Greeks when offered for the price of a commodity.[1] And even worse treachery than this

[1] Nicetas.

was ruthlessly put in practice by this shameless intriguer. He corrupted the guides employed by the army, and induced them to lead the Germans by dangerous and difficult roads, while he supplied information to the Turks, that they might attack them unawares and at disadvantage. No wonder that one of the Latin chroniclers refuses to write the name of this emperor because he says it is not written in the book of life.[1]

The Emperor Conrad was a man of great bravery, but of small wisdom and discretion. Anxious to arrive at Jerusalem before the King of France, he pressed rashly onwards through the mountains and defiles of Asia Minor. The treacherous Greek guides led his army by the most difficult and ill-supplied routes. The soldiers became exhausted and enfeebled, when, suddenly, as they were enclosed in a narrow valley, the Turkish Sultan of Iconium, at the head of a vast army, attacked them; and so terrible was the defeat of the Germans, that sixty thousand of their number were either killed, or made captive. Only the emperor himself, with a small remnant of his forces, escaped from the disastrous combat.

The sad news of the destruction of the great

[1] Odon de Deuil.

army of the Germans reached the King of France as he lay encamped near to Nice, on the banks of the Lake Ascanius. He, too, had been made to experience the treachery and double-dealing of the Greeks; but the French being naturally more astute than the Germans, they suffered less in proportion. Indeed, the King of France and his nobles clearly understood the character of the Emperor Manuel, and some of the most influential men in the French army proposed that they should take possession of Constantinople, as the only way of saving themselves from the vile machinations of the Greeks. This might easily have been done by the powerful French army; but King Louis, who was the very opposite in character to the Greek emperor, refused to take advantage of his power and his position, and spared his secret enemy out of feelings of honour and chivalry. The departure of the French from the neighbourhood of Constantinople had been hastened by the arts of the Greeks, who cunningly spread rumours in their camp, that the Germans had gained great victories over the Turks. A jealous fear of being outstripped and eclipsed, quickly induced the French to begin their march; and the Greek emperor pleased himself with the notion that he

had completely outwitted both the Crusading monarchs. Very different rumours from those which had been spread in Constantinople soon, however, reached King Louis and his followers. The tidings of the terrible defeat of the Germans became distinct and assured; and the French king, with the spirit of honourable bravery which distinguished him, hastened, at the head of his knights, to meet and console the defeated and flying emperor. He heard from him of the treachery of Manuel, and the savage fierceness of the Turks; but, undeterred by the dangers which probably awaited his army, he determined to advance without hesitation. Leaving Mount Olympus on his left, and Mount Ida on his right, the French king led his troops through Ancient Phrygia. Everywhere they saw traces of the cowardice and weakness of the Greeks. Cities famous in antiquity had been allowed to fall into ruins, and to become an easy prey to the barbarian invaders. Pergamus, Ephesus, and many other celebrated towns, lay defenceless and uninhabited; while the people of the country, scattered and affrighted, fled away at the approach of the French army, and refused to assist them in obtaining provisions.

On reaching the River Meander, King Louis

found the Turks drawn up on the opposite bank to dispute the passage. Without hesitation, he ordered his men to rush forward to the attack, and such was the impetuosity with which they dashed into the stream and assailed the Turkish bands, that the Mahometan army was utterly routed and almost destroyed. But the confidence which this victory produced in the French camp was soon the means of bringing upon them a great disaster. The army marched in two divisions, and the place where each was to halt for the night was settled beforehand, the spots best adapted for defence being carefully selected. It so happened that on one occasion the advanced division of the army neglected the arrangement which had been made for it, the queen and her ladies who accompanied the troops desiring to reach a beautiful valley which they saw spread beneath them. The Turks, who watched from concealed spots all the movements of the Christian army, perceived in this change of plans an opportunity of which they quickly took advantage. They themselves occupied the position on the heights which the first division of the Crusaders had quitted in order to descend into the valley, and concealing themselves carefully they awaited the approach of the second

King Louis and his lords successfully resist the Turks.—p. 137.

division of the Christians. Without long delay, the second army came on, feeling perfectly secure, inasmuch as they knew that the advanced guard was in front of them. Making straight for the position which had been agreed upon for the night, they marched into the very midst of the Turkish forces without suspecting danger.

Never was surprise more complete and terrible. Confused and stunned, and many of them without their arms, the Christian soldiers were cut down by hundreds, unable to offer the least resistance. Terror prevailed everywhere; only the king in the midst of the dreadful tumult remained firm and undismayed. Setting his back against a tree, and rallying around him some of his principal nobles, Louis swore that he would never yield, and his bravery and determination saved his life. Thirty of his chief lords perished by his side; but so stubborn was the resistance which this little band of heroes made, that the Turks, tired of the bloody strife, and eager to secure their plunder, abandoned the attack, and Louis made his way safely to the first division of his army.

The terrible defeat and slaughter which the French army thus experienced, was but the beginning of the misfortunes which awaited them.

As they advanced, they suffered greatly from the effects of the climate and the want of provisions, and at Attalia, in Pamphylia, their miseries reached their height. Here the king, as a last resource, was obliged to abandon the bulk of his army to make their way as they could, and himself to embark on board ship with his principal nobles as the only hope of reaching the Holy Land. With the deepest dejection and despair the miserable and half-starved band of pilgrims saw the king depart. Without leaders, without resources, they felt themselves utterly abandoned and lost. The Greeks in Attalia, unmindful of the claims of their common Christianity, refused with hard-hearted indifference to give them any aid. The Turks soon came to attack them. Weak, spirit-broken, defenceless, they fell an easy prey to the enemy, and almost the whole of them perished miserably. The King of France arrived at Antioch with less than one fourth of that great army which had assembled, so full of hope and courage, to overthrow the Mussulman power in the East.

After a stay of considerable length at Antioch, King Louis advanced onward to the Holy Land. In Palestine he again met the Emperor Conrad, who came now, not at the head of an army, but as

a simple pilgrim, attended by a few of his nobles, to worship at the holy shrine. In the church of the Resurrection, the Emperor of Germany, the King of France, and Baldwin III., the young King of Jerusalem, offered their prayers together for the success of the Christian cause. It was determined by the leaders at any rate to attempt something with the remainder of the French army, and the forces of the King of Jerusalem; and after a council held, it was thought that no expedition was so likely to be useful to the Christian cause as an attack upon the great city of Damascus.

This ancient and famous town—which existed even in the days of Abraham,[1] which was celebrated by the prophet Ezekiel for its delicate wines and rich merchandise,[2] and which was especially interesting to Christians from the circumstances which connected it with the conversion and first labours of the Apostle Paul,[3]—was a place of great beauty and strength. It formed at that time a separate principality under a small Mussulman prince, who was regarded with jealous eyes by his more powerful neighbours, several of whom desired to obtain possession of the fair city. The Christian army, composed of soldiers of different nations, who all

[1] Gen. xv. 2. [2] Ezekiel xxvii. 18. [3] Acts ix. 2, 3, 19, 20.

emulated each other in deeds of daring, soon made great progress in the siege, and in spite of its mighty fortifications, Damascus would probably have added another to the Christian conquests in the East, had not a spirit of jealous rivalry and mutual distrust broken out in the Crusading ranks. It is said that the soldiers of the King of Jerusalem were jealous of the new comers from Europe, and that they even received bribes from the besieged to induce them to paralyse the action of the Christian army. However that may be, it is certain that the efforts of the army seemed all at once to become useless and ineffectual, and the siege was abandoned. The Emperor of Germany returned at once to Europe. The King of France remained for a year longer in the Holy Land, but only as a simple pilgrim, no longer as the leader of an army; and the vast preparations which had been made in answer to the appeals of St. Bernard, thus proved utterly powerless to effect any advancement of the Christian power in the East. Indeed, historians remark, that from this period (1148 A.D.), may be dated the rapid decline of the Christian states, which had so suddenly and so wonderfully sprung up in Asia. Edessa had already fallen. Antioch, Tripoli, and Jerusalem began now to be more seriously menaced. The

Turks and Saracens had learnt, by the defeats of the great armies of Conrad and Louis, to recover somewhat from the terror with which the heroic soldiers of the First Crusade had taught them to regard the knights and men-at-arms of Europe. And while greater dangers threatened the Christian settlements in Syria, succour was less likely to be sent to them from the West. The few survivors of the Second Crusade exaggerated the perfidy of the Greeks, the ferocity of the Saracens, and the treacherous ingratitude of the Syrian Christians. Opinions of men in Europe underwent a change. Enthusiasm for the holy wars abated, and St. Bernard was obliged to confess, that the Christians of that generation were not held worthy by the Almighty to perform the great work to which he had exhorted them.

CHAPTER VI.

A.D. 1149—1190.

The rise to power of Saladin—He attacks the Christians in Syria—Defeated at Ascalon—His great victory at Tiberias—Siege of Jerusalem—The city surrenders—Departure of the Christians—Sensation in Europe—The Third Crusade preached—Expedition of Barbarossa.

"The Saracen was stout and wondrous strong,
And heapëd blows like iron hammers great,
For after blood and vengeance he did long."
FAERY QUEENE.

AT the time of the Crusades the allegiance of the Mahometan world was divided between two great sovereigns—the caliphs called Fatimites, who reigned at Cairo in Egypt, and the caliphs called Abassides, who reigned at Bagdad. These caliphs were held to possess a sort of sacred and religious character, and the Mussulman princes who did not pay them any real obedience, nevertheless acknowledged a kind of subjection to them, very much like the service paid by the feudal retainers in Europe to their baron or lord. The two caliphs

were bitterly opposed to one another, and were constantly exciting their partisans to wage war to support their rival claims.

About the year 1164, Noureddin, the chief Mussulman prince in Syria, who was a supporter of the Bagdad caliph, was waging a fierce war against the Egyptian ruler. The Fatimite caliph of Egypt, being hardly pressed, asked the help of the Christians of Syria, and Amaury, King of Jerusalem, readily granted it. In the war which followed, the Egyptians and their Christian allies were vanquished, and the power of Noureddin was completely established in Egypt. The unhappy caliph was forced to choose as his vizier or chief minister one of the officers of the army of Noureddin, and his choice fell upon a young Curd named Saladin, who had gained great distinction for bravery and wisdom. Within a very short time after the promotion of Saladin to this high post the caliph died, murdered, as some suppose,[1] by his minister; the dynasty of the Fatimites came to an end, and Saladin became the actual ruler and Sultan of Egypt (1171). This skilful and ambitious prince was able, after the death of Noureddin, to add Syria also to his

[1] William of Tyre.

dominions, and then, having become possessed of considerable power, he turned his whole attention and energies towards combating the Christians. The power of the King of Jerusalem had been for some time growing weaker, through internal divisions in the state, and the exhaustion caused by the constant wars in which the Christians were engaged; and at the time when Saladin prepared to attack it, the Crusading state was governed by a young and inexperienced king, the fourth who had borne the name of Baldwin. The Sultan of Egypt invaded and ravaged the territory of the Christians, and the Crusading army, shut up within the walls of Ascalon,[1] saw with dismay and terror their goods destroyed, and their friends seized as slaves. At length their indignation became overpowering, and sallying forth suddenly from Ascalon, they fell upon the Mussulman spoilers in the midst of their excesses. The defeat which they inflicted upon them was complete and overwhelming. Saladin lost almost the whole of his army, and was in great danger of being captured himself. He returned to Cairo disgraced and furious, and with a savage cruelty, in order to

[1] Ascalon had been taken from the Egyptians, after a long siege, in the year 1153.

revenge himself upon the Christians, commanded all the prisoners who had fallen into his hands to be put to death.

The war now languished for some time, and a truce was concluded between Saladin and Baldwin. But one of the lawless barons settled in Palestine, named Reginald of Châtillon, refusing to be bound by this truce, and even, in his love of mad adventure, attempting an expedition against the Mahomedan sacred places of Medina and Mecca, soon again brought the Sultan of Egypt, with increased power and ferocity, to invade Palestine.

The account of the internal state of the kingdom of Jerusalem at this period is altogether wretched. Baldwin IV., a prey to the dreadful disease of leprosy, was unable to govern, and the chief nobles disputed with one another without any strong hand to control them. The Knights of the Temple and the Hospitallers were engaged in constant quarrels, while both of them carried on a feud with the clergy. Everything seemed to presage that the Christian kingdom could not long resist the attacks of a powerful monarch like Saladin, though the natural valour of the knights of European race and their long familiarity with war promised that the victory would not be a bloodless one.

Of this valour a signal proof was given on the plains of Galilee in the year 1187. An army of Mussulmans was advancing in the Christian territory, when 500 of the Templars and Hospitallers, animated by an indomitable spirit, precipitated themselves suddenly upon the host of the unbelievers. Though immensely outnumbered, they fought with such ferocity that the tide of battle was long doubtful. At length, surrounded by mountains of slain, the valorous Christian knights were nearly all left dead on the field. The Grand Master of the Temple and two of his knights alone escaped from that terrible carnage.

The great loss which the Christian power in Palestine received from the destruction of these brave defenders of the Holy Sepulchre, sufficed to show the Christian chiefs the danger in which they stood, and to make them unite in opposing the threatening preparations of Saladin. Guy de Lusignan, who was now recognised as King of Jerusalem, assembled an army of all the Christian soldiers who could be collected at Sephouri. The number of his forces amounted to about 50,000, while the Sultan of Egypt, at the head of 80,000 cavalry and an immense number of foot soldiers, was advancing in Galilee, and preparing to attack

Tiberias. In this place the wife and children of Raymond, Count of Tripoli, were shut up, but the count himself, believing that any attempt made by the Christian army to attack the vast host of Saladin would certainly be destructive to themselves, advised the Christian chiefs to submit to the loss of the place, and taking up the strongest defensive position which they could, to await the assaults of the Mahometan forces. The advice was both disinterested and sound, but unfortunately the King of Jerusalem listened to the rasher counsels of others, and determined to attack the Saracen army.

He found it encamped on the hills which surround the Sea of Galilee in a position carefully chosen, and well furnished with everything, while the Christian army was exhausted and ill-provided, and immensely out-numbered by its opponents. Nevertheless the Crusaders, full of their ancient valour, hesitated not to attack the Mussulmans, though at every disadvantage. They felt that all was staked upon the event of the combat. They had among them what was thought to be the wood of the true cross, carried by the Patriarch, and they supposed that victory must needs follow wherever it advanced. They had vanquished the Maho-

metans in a thousand unequal battles, and they believed that this would be another instance of their wonderful triumphs. It was on the 2d of July, 1187, that the battle of Tiberias was fought, and it was a day long considered of evil omen throughout Christendom. At the first attack of the Christians they were assailed by myriads of arrows and darts, while the Saracen cavalry charged furiously on their flanks. But the stern courage and military practice of the Crusading warriors availed to keep their ranks unbroken, and though many fell, they nevertheless advanced, fighting their way right through the host of the Saracens. Had their movements been directed by a skilful general the result might have been very different; but, as it was, their very bravery and skill only proved their ruin. They had penetrated into the midst of the position of Saladin's army, when night came and stopped the strife. Then the skilful Sultan moved his troops in the darkness so as completely to surround the small army of the Christians. When day broke, the Crusaders saw that enemies were on every side of them; that there was no chance of retreat; but that their only hope was to cut their way through their enemy's ranks. The Saracens began to rain their arrows

upon them; the dry grass and shrubs were set on fire, and the flames and smoke were carried by the wind into their faces; their horses fell, pierced by the arrows, and the knights, armed in their heavy coats of mail, and exhausted by the heat, and their thirst and hunger, were unable to continue the strife. In spite of the most heroic efforts, in which the Knights of the Temple and of St. John were especially remarkable, the Christian army was utterly broken and defeated. Surrounded on all sides and unable to fly, the unhappy soldiers of the Cross were either ruthlessly massacred or captured to be sold as slaves. The King of Jerusalem, with his brother, the Grand Master of the Templars, and Reginald of Châtillon, who was the chief cause of the present calamity, were brought as prisoners before the victorious Saladin. So great was the number of captives that cords could not be found in sufficient abundance to secure them, though all the fastenings of the Mussulman tents were used for the purpose. It is said that a Christian warrior could be purchased in the slave-market for the value of a pair of sandals.[1] Saladin disfigured his victory by cold-blooded cruelty. With his own hand he slew Reginald of Châtillon, though un-

[1] Michaud.

armed and a prisoner. He devoted to death the whole of the Templars and Hospitallers who had been taken, and caused the Mussulman doctors and priests whom he had brought with him, to become their executioners, assigning to each of them one Christian knight as his victim. The brave knights, who had vowed to devote their lives to the war against the unbelievers, met their fate even with joy, and so great was the enthusiasm among the captured soldiers, that many of them assumed to be Templars or Hospitallers in order to share what they considered a glorious martyrdom.

Immediately after his great victory at Tiberias, Saladin proceeded to attack the towns which had been occupied by the Christians. Acre, Cæsarea, Jaffa, Berouth, opened their gates to him. Tyre was too strong to yield without a regular siege, and Ascalon, which he began to besiege, fell into his hands by capitulation. The terms which he granted to the garrison of Ascalon seemed to show that the Sultan of Egypt was not altogether so cruel as some of his previous actions had indicated. As the price of the surrender of the city he spared the lives of the defenders of the town, their wives and children, and agreed to set at liberty the King of Jerusalem.

But the triumph of Saladin was as nothing, while yet the holy city, Jerusalem, remained in the hands of the Christians. Against this, therefore, he now directed his march; but before he commenced the attack, he offered safety and a settlement in some other part of his dominions to the Christians in Jerusalem, if they would surrender the city to him. The offer was rejected, and the siege began. The army of the Sultan of Egypt encamped almost on the very spot where the first Crusaders under Godfrey of Bouillon had been encamped when they besieged the city about ninety years before. Although the greater part of the knights and men-at-arms who followed the standard of the King of Jerusalem had perished in the fatal battle of Tiberias, yet those who remained offered a lively and vigorous resistance to the attack of the besiegers. They made frequent sallies, and by that superiority in combats of hand-to-hand which ever distinguished the soldiers of European race, they slew great numbers of their opponents. But resistance was almost hopeless against the vast resources of their enemy. The northern wall of the city was undermined; every day the enemy drew nearer and nearer, and the Christians were plunged into despair. In their

extremity they crowded the churches and addressed unceasing prayers to the Most High for deliverance, but, as an ancient chronicler remarks, their prayers were not heard, for their sins had been so great in the time of peace, that now in the hour of need their Lord would not listen to them.

It was at length determined to make an experiment upon the temper of Saladin, and to see whether a capitulation upon favourable terms might not be concluded with him. The Sultan of Egypt received the ambassadors sternly, and gave them no hope, declaring that he had sworn upon the Korân to put all the Christians in Jerusalem to the sword. "If this be so, then," cried Balean, the leader of the Christians, "we will not perish tamely. Every sacred building which you venerate in the city, the Mosque of Omar, and the mysterious stone of Jacob, which is an object of your reverence, shall be utterly destroyed. We will put to death all the Mussulman prisoners which we have, and ourselves slaying our wives and children, and setting fire to the city, we will rush out sword in hand, and sell our lives as dearly as we can."[1] Struck by this speech, and fearing to lose, through the despair of the Christians, the most

[1] Michaud.

precious fruits of his victory, Saladin agreed to allow the inhabitants of Jerusalem to ransom themselves on condition of the city being surrendered.

Eighty-eight years after it had been captured by the Christians, the holy city was again given up to the followers of Mahomet. With piercing cries and groans, the inhabitants bade adieu to the sacred spots hallowed by the first planting of their faith; they ran in crowds to Mount Calvary, where the Saviour of mankind had suffered; they visited every church which had been built to commemorate the scenes of His life and death. Too late they deplored their fatal quarrels, and the sins by which they had angered their God; they must now needs quit for ever that which each one of them held to be the most favoured spot upon earth. When the fatal day arrived, every gate was shut, save the Gate of David. Saladin sitting on a throne, caused the wretched procession to pass before him: the Patriarch of Jerusalem, followed by his clergy carrying the sacred vessels, went first; the queen, attended by the surviving barons and knights, came next; after these came a vast crowd of women, many of them carrying infants in their arms, who, with piteous cries addressed themselves to the sultan, desiring him to restore to them their husbands and

their children, who were held captives. Saladin, touched by their grief, promised that their prayers should be granted. His clemency also extended still further; he assisted with liberal alms the poor and suffering, and allowed great numbers also, who were unable to pay the ransom, to escape free. It is conjectured that out of a population of one hundred thousand Christians who were in Jerusalem when it capitulated, only about fourteen thousand, many of whom were young children, passed into slavery to the Saracens.

No sooner had the Christians gone sadly out of the city of their veneration, than Saladin, accompanied by the priests of his religion, and followed by his soldiers, proceeded to restore, with the greatest solemnity and magnificence, the worship of the false prophet Mahomet. All the churches, except the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, were turned into mosques. The famous Mosque of Omar, which stood on the site of the temple of Solomon, was purified with rose-water for the use of the Mahometan worship, and a solemn service was held here, at which the chief imaum or priest of the Mussulmans commemorated the great victories of their faith, and gave thanks to God in the name of the Sultan and his army.

We may gain some notion as to the effect which was produced in Europe by the news of the loss of Jerusalem, if we reflect on the efforts which had been made to win it, and to uphold the Christian power there. Not much less than two millions of men had laid down their lives in this sacred cause, and the richest countries of the West had been impoverished to support it. The Popes, the spiritual fathers of the Church, had made it the first object of their care, and the greatest saints and preachers of Christendom had devoted their lives to assist it. After these enormous efforts and proofs of the deepest interest, to find that all had been done in vain, was indeed a fearful blow to the whole of Christendom.

The first shock of the sad news cost Pope Urban III. his life. Everywhere the higher clergy, the cardinals and bishops, signalized the greatness of their grief by abandoning all luxury and comfort, walking barefoot, dressed in serge and sackcloth, and living on the meanest fare. The excitement among the people was kept up by means of pictures representing the overthrow of the holy city, and the Saviour trodden under foot by Mahomet, which pictures were carried about by the priests from city to city. Another powerful means

of influence was also in full operation. At this period, when reading was a rare accomplishment, and books not to be had except by a few of the most wealthy, the wandering minstrel, who sang long descriptive songs about famous deeds in war, or sentimental love-ditties, was highly valued both by rich and poor. These minstrels, called Troubadours (or inventors), now went everywhere, singing in doleful strains the misfortunes of the Christians in the East. "The noise of merriment ceased in the hospitable halls of the barons, the lyre of poetry was attuned to a holy theme, and the Provençal bards sung in lofty cantos the duties of chivalry. He who once had conducted three kings to Bethlehem had mercifully prepared a road by which even the most flagrant sinners might reach happiness. Man, foolish man, grovelling in avarice and sensuality, neglects to take the cross, and by such neglect loses at once his honour and his God. To fall in the Holy Land, and in behalf of the sacred cause, is preferable to a mere existence in our own country with common glory."[1]

At the same time, the most influential among the clergy went forth to preach the duty of a new Crusade. There was no longer a St. Bernard,

[1] Mills, Hist. of Crusades, ii. 11.

whose preaching was thought to be ever attended by miracles, but his place was supplied by William, Archbishop of Tyre, who could speak as an eye-witness of the triumph of the Mussulmans, and the degradation of the holy places. The effect of his words was so great, that he was able to procure the making of a peace between Henry II. King of England, and Philip Augustus, King of France, and to induce both of them to take the cross. Richard, the son of Henry, afterwards the famous Cœur de Lion, and many of the great lords, followed their example. The kings, with the agreement of the Pope, appointed a tax to be paid by all for the purpose of recovering Jerusalem. This was called the Saladin tithe. It amounted to the tenth part of all goods of the clergy and laity, and was enforced under peril of excommunication. Nor was the enthusiasm for the Crusade confined to France and England. The Archbishop of Tyre went onwards to Germany; and, as Bernard had been able to persuade the Emperor Conrad to undertake the sacred war, so now did Archbishop William avail to persuade a prince far more sagacious and wise than Conrad, undeterred by the sad fortunes of his predecessor, to embark in the same cause. Frederick, surnamed Barbarossa, or Red-beard, was then the

Emperor of Germany. This prince had signalized his valour in forty battles, a reign long and prosperous had made his name illustrious, but in his day men did not recognise any glory as true save that which they were obliged to go to Asia to seek.

There is, perhaps, no greater proof of the universal and overpowering influence of the Crusading spirit than this, that an emperor of the greatest wisdom and prudence, at the age of seventy, should leave his own rich and fair dominions, and, in person, at the head of a vast army, undertake the perilous task of marching into the East, to recover the Holy Sepulchre. In a Diet held at Mayence on the Rhine, the princes and prelates of Germany took the cross, together with their emperor; and, long before the forces of France and England were ready, Frederick, at the head of a picked army of a hundred thousand men, was already approaching Constantinople. In none of the Crusading expeditions was so great prudence, skill, and tact displayed as in this of the Emperor Frederick. All useless and unmilitary attendants on the army were forbidden. The German monarch showed that he understood both how to command an army, and how to deal with pretended friends and real enemies. Isaac Angelus, the Emperor of Constantinople, as false

and despicable as most of the other Greek emperors, tried in vain to stop him by wiles and menaces. Frederick calmly proceeded on his way, and obliged the Greek, by the fear of his power, to furnish him with supplies. Conducting his army skilfully towards the south, Frederick found the Turks again drawn up on the banks of the Meander to dispute his passage. In the battle which followed, he utterly routed and cut in pieces their army, and, pressing onward while the terror of his name was yet fresh, he assaulted and captured the city of Iconium, and thus forced the Sultan of the Turks to provide his exhausted army with all the supplies which it needed. The fame of the prowess of the German army, their discipline, the great skill of their leader, were now beginning to open an easy way for them through the Mahometan states, and to cause even Saladin himself to tremble; when, unfortunately for the success of the expedition, the aged emperor, bathing in the snow-cold waters of the river Selef, was struck with a sudden chill, and soon afterward expired. The spirit of the army seemed to die with him; the hardships which they had undergone, the great losses which they had experienced, were now remembered, and they dreaded the future with an overwhelming

fear. Many deserted the standard of the cross. The remainder, weak and dispirited, were led onwards by the Duke of Suabia, the son of the emperor, and, after a long march and great losses, which reduced their numbers to less than six thousand, they at last joined the army of the Christians which was then occupied in laying siege to Acre.

CHAPTER VII.

A.D. 1190—1192.

The siege of Acre—Arrival of the Kings of France and England—Surrender of Acre—Battle of Azotus—Richard's heroism at Jaffa—Peace between him and Saladin—Richard's return to England.

"Therefore friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy."

HENRY IV.—*Part I.*

THE city of Ptolemais, or Acre, the most important port on the coast of Palestine, had surrendered to Saladin a few days after the battle of Tiberias. Immediately a Mussulman garrison was placed within its walls, and it was accounted as not the least important of the conquests which had been made. It was now determined by the Christians to attempt to recapture this valuable place. Guy, King of Jerusalem, had been set at liberty by the Sultan, according to his promise to the people of Ascalon; and his first care, as soon as he could

get together a few thousand men, was to form the siege of Acre. Doubtless he calculated that Crusading bands would soon begin to pour into Syria from the Western world, and that those which came by sea could find no place so opportune for their arrival as the fine port of Acre. It would thus be the most convenient spot for gathering up the reinforcements which the devotion of Europe would send to the rescue of the holy city; and at the same time the possession of the place could not fail to have the most important bearing on the issue of the war. It has been well remarked that "the single city of Acre is so decisive of the fate of Palestine, that whoever possesses it may easily make himself master of the whole country. The history of the Israelites, as well as of the Crusades, establishes this; and the reason is, that from this port a great plain extends all the way to the river Jordan, dividing Palestine into two halves. In this plain have been fought most of those decisive battles which have caused the country to change its masters; that, for instance, against Sisera (Judges iv.); that wherein Saul fell (1 Sam. xxxi.); and that in which Josiah was defeated and slain (2 Kings xxii. 29.) It was precisely the same in the time of the Holy War, the chief scene

of which was this vale, and the city of Acre itself." [1] It was at the end of August, in the year 1189, that the famous siege of Acre was commenced. For a period of two years the principal nations of the East and West contended around its walls, and three hundred thousand men perished in the deadly strife.[2] The Christians, constantly supplied by fresh forces from the West, had raised round the city an entrenched camp so well fortified that it was said not even a bird could enter it. They had constructed every machine which the art of those times could produce, and their attacks upon the walls were unceasing. But the difficulties with which they had to contend were enormous. Not only was the garrison in Acre numerous and brave, and commanded by skilful generals, but Saladin, with a large army, was encamped close to the besiegers, and harassed them with such constant attacks, that they in their turn might be said to be besieged by him. Whenever they directed a more vigorous assault than usual on the works of Acre, gongs were beat in the city as a signal, and straightway Saladin would lead his forces against them, and compel them to abandon the attack. Again and again important battles were fought

[1] Michaelis. [2] Vinesauf.

between the troops of the Sultan and those of King Guy. In these the advantage was almost always at first with the Christians; but the wary leader of the Mussulmans frequently turned their victory into a defeat, when they had carelessly become scattered to look for booty or in pursuit of the flying enemy. In fact, the Crusading army, being composed of men of many different nations, no one commander could hold it completely under control, nor was there any one chief to whom all paid implicit obedience. Hence their discipline was bad; and, though their bravery always prevailed at the first onset, yet the Saracens, who were under complete control, and guided by a skilful general, often made them pay dear for their advantages. For nearly two years the stubborn contest had continued; the Christians were almost in despair of reducing the place; torrents of blood seemed to have been shed in vain, when the long-expected arrival of the two powerful Kings of France and England, with numerous and well-appointed armies, changed the face of affairs, and cheered the hearts of the besieging army.

The Kings of France and England had, as we have seen, under the influence of the exhortations of the Archbishop of Tyre, sworn to lay aside

their wars with one another, and to join in a Crusade to the Holy Land. But Henry II. of England had died soon after assuming the cross, and had been succeeded by his son Richard. Richard, who had joined his father in making the vow to deliver the Holy Sepulchre, determined to fulfil his promise, and immediately on his accession to the throne began making his preparations for the Holy War. He did not scruple to obtain the required treasure by any means, however violent and unjust; for the character of this prince was impetuous and overbearing, though his conspicuous bravery, his generosity and manly openness, served to endear him to his subjects, in spite of his oppressions.

The fleet containing the English troops left Marseilles in August, 1190, and at Sicily joined the fleet which was conveying Philip Augustus, King of France, and his barons to the Holy Land. Unfortunate disputes and quarrels arose between the two kings in Sicily, and a spirit of rivalry and ill-feeling was produced, which wrought much mischief afterwards. The winter was passed by both monarchs in Sicily, and in March, 1191, Philip sailed for Acre. About a fortnight afterwards, the English fleet departed, occupying, with its soldiers, horses, and stores, about two hundred

ships.[1] A storm dispersed this numerous fleet, and King Richard, who had reached Rhodes, heard that at Cyprus, where two of his ships had been wrecked, his people had been plundered and imprisoned by the inhabitants of the island. Such an outrage was not likely to be borne patiently by so impetuous a king, and Richard immediately sailed to Cyprus and demanded reparation. The King of Cyprus was a Greek of the family of the Emperor of Constantinople, and full of weak pride, like all the princes of his race, he ventured to refuse redress. Immediately Richard gave command to his men-at-arms to land and attack the island. The English archers bent their bows, and quickly cleared the way for the horsemen. The Norman knights, whose charge nothing could ever resist, drove the Greek soldiers before them, and in a very short time the island was at the mercy of the King of England, its king being captured, and all the people submitting readily to the new rule. It was here, at Cyprus, that King Richard was wedded to the Princess Berengaria of Navarre, to whom he had been long affianced; but so great was his eagerness for the Crusade, that after a very short time devoted to the festivities of the

[1] Mills.

wedding, the King of England again set sail, carrying with him the deposed King of Cyprus, and safely arrived at Acre, June 8, 1191.

His coming was greeted by the shouts and acclamations of the whole army. The fame of his valour and reckless daring, which had gained for him the surname of the Lion Heart, the greatness of the armament which he led, inspired confidence into the hearts of the besiegers of Acre. The French King, who had reached Acre some time before, had declared that he would not exert himself for the final capture of the place, until the English arrived. Saladin heard with dismay of the immense assemblage of Crusading forces now gathered around the devoted city, and every one in both camps expected its immediate capture. Yet so indomitable was the spirit of the defenders of Acre, that they repulsed two violent assaults, the one made by the French and the other by the English, and new efforts and arrangements became necessary before the place could be taken. While these were being prepared, the spirit of the defenders of the city at length gave way. For two years they had borne all the horrors of war, while their assailants seemed ever to increase, and their strength to multiply. At last, despairing of success, they abandoned the

struggle, and agreed to surrender the city, with the Christian prisoners whom they held, and the much-prized relic of the Christians—that which was considered to be the wood of the true cross, which had been captured by the Saracens in the battle of Tiberias. Besides this, they undertook to pay two hundred thousand pieces of gold to Richard and Philip within forty days, or else the Saracen prisoners who were in the hands of the Crusaders were to be put to death. Very soon after the capitulation of Acre, Philip Augustus, King of France, declared his intention of returning to Europe. He alleged the weakness of his health as the cause; but it is more probable that jealousy of Richard, and anger at the superior influence he enjoyed in the Crusading camp, was the real reason. A large portion of the French army was left behind under the command of the Duke of Burgundy; but the King of England now became the supreme commander of the whole force, and immediately the energy and vigour of his character were to be discerned in the conduct of the war. His stern spirit was first shown in the execution of the Mahometan prisoners, Saladin having refused or been unable to pay the sum agreed upon for their ransom, and, after a short time spent in recruiting

his army at Acre, Richard began to move southwards. The army preserved a close unbroken order in its march, and was protected on its right flank by the sea, from whence, also, it drew its supplies, a large fleet waiting upon its movements. It was assailed at every moment by the Turks and Saracens, who hung upon its left; the roads were rough and difficult, the heat was excessive, and a terrible scourge in the shape of insects called tarantulæ troubled the soldiers. Notwithstanding all this, however, so good was the order preserved, and so excellent was the spirit of the troops, that but small losses were experienced in the march. At length, near Azotus, the Crusaders found the whole army of Saladin, amounting to nearly two hundred thousand men, drawn up to oppose their progress. The Mussulman leader doubtless hoped that the mistake which had given to him the victory of Tiberias would again be repeated, that the ardour of the Christians would lead them to charge violently upon his ranks, and that thus being surrounded and attacked on all sides, the comparatively small numbers of the Crusading host might be destroyed by his numerous light-armed troops. But the Crusaders had now at their head a skilful and experienced leader,

which entirely changed the events of the day. Richard would not allow any assaults to be made by the Christian troops. All were to remain strictly on the defensive, and to repel the charges of the Saracens. Drawn up in compact order, the Crusading army stood motionless. Presently an immense band of Mussulman cavalry dashed wildly against it. These were the Bedouins of the desert, with their bows and arrows and their small round bucklers, the Scythians with their long hair, the Ethiopians, tall of stature and black of skin, with lines of red and white paint on their faces to increase the terror of their aspect. At the same time an immense clangour from a thousand strange instruments was raised, and horrible shouts issued from the ranks, which were given forth by men specially appointed for this purpose. Wave upon wave of this ferocious cavalry broke itself upon the firm array of the Christians. The Crusading army, defended in its rear by the brave knights of the Hospital, remained unbroken. At length, however, the patience of the Crusaders was exhausted. They could not remain for ever to be assaulted and to make no return. Some of the more impetuous made a charge upon the Saracens, others followed, and the combat became general. King Richard,

performing alike the duties of a good general and a valiant soldier, flew to every part of the field where the fight raged thickest, and wherever he appeared the Saracens yielded; nothing could for a moment stand the terrible vigour of his charge; shouting his war-cry, "God help the Holy Sepulchre!" the white plumes of his helmet were conspicuous throughout the field, and the Saracens fell before his sword, like corn before the scythe. The battle languished and appeared to be over: everywhere the Christians remained masters of the field, though they would not trust themselves to pursue the enemy. Suddenly the combat was renewed—the weary and exhausted Crusaders saw approaching against them what appeared to be a new army. Rallying round their standard, they prepared to repeat their efforts, but their spirit and strength were failing. At the critical moment Richard the Lion-hearted, followed by his bravest knights charged with undiminished fury upon the advancing Mussulmans. The enemy could not withstand the shock—again they broke and fled, pursued now in their turn by the Christians, and but few of that vast host would have escaped, had not the neighbouring forest concealed and protected the broken bands.[1]

[1] Michaud.

It was a mighty triumph which the Christians thus gained at Azotus, effacing the disgrace of their defeat at Tiberias; but, unfortunately, very little real advantage followed from their victory. It was not thought prudent to march at once upon Jerusalem, and the time and resources of the army were wasted in restoring the fortifications of the town, which had been destroyed by the Saracens. Richard was opposed with a jealous bitterness by several of the princes of the army, and the greater fame he obtained by his deeds of arms, the fiercer did the opposition grow. Abundance of occasion was indeed given by the impetuous rashness of the King of England for his enemies to bring charges against him; he was constantly exposing himself to peril when his destruction or capture must have proved the ruin of his army. One day, when he was hawking, he was suddenly surrounded by the Saracens, and must have perished, had not one of his retinue, called William de Pratelles, exclaimed, "I am the king, save my life." The Saracens, eager to secure their supposed prize, neglected the real king, who was thus enabled to escape. On another occasion, news was suddenly brought that some Templars were overpowered and being destroyed by the Saracens. Richard, without

waiting to fasten on his coat of mail, dashed to the rescue, and, with such fury did he fight, that he delivered the imperilled Templars, and completely routed the enemy.

At length it was determined in the counsels of the Crusaders to make an attempt to recover Jerusalem. The army marched in the middle of winter, and, being badly provided, and suffering much from the inclemency of the season, Richard judged it wiser to order a retreat before they had attempted the siege. Negotiations for peace were now opened with Saladin, but nothing was decided, when suddenly news reached King Richard at Acre, that Jaffa, which had been newly fortified and garrisoned by the Christians, was being besieged by Saladin. He hastened to its assistance, but the city was already taken, and the defenders of the citadel were treating for surrender when he arrived. The King of England and his followers were met on their landing by a host of Saracens, determined to hinder their reaching Jaffa. But Richard, springing into the water up to his waist, fought his way to the shore, and, forming his men in close order, charged, sword in hand, upon the Mussulmans, and succeeded in cutting his way into the city. The Saracens were driven from the place, and

pursued in terror across the plain, but when the King of England returned triumphant within the walls of Jaffa, he found that he could not muster beneath his banner more than two thousand combatants. The enemy renewed the attack, in large masses, and the danger became imminent. On one occasion the defenders of the city were surprised, and obliged to rush to the fight with only part of their armour on. Only ten horses remained in the place; of these, one was assigned to the king, and the other nine to the most distinguished of his knights. Yet, with these small forces, Richard defeated the soldiers of Saladin in front of Jaffa, and drove them in flight. Again they rallied, and attacked his little troop in vast numbers; the Christians closed their ranks, and, presenting the points of their lances to their assailants, remained like a wall of iron; in vain the bravest of the Saracens endeavoured to penetrate their defences, they were broken and scattered. Presently the Christians take the offensive, and, making a violent charge, drive the Mussulmans before them. In the midst of their success, a breathless messenger overtakes King Richard, to tell him that the enemy are in the town massacring the unhappy Christians. Without a moment's

King Richard slays the Saracen Emir.—p. 145.

hesitation the king flies to their succour, followed only by two knights and a few archers. His presence is enough to spread instant terror among the Mussulmans; the Mamelukes, the chosen guard of Saladin, fly before his blows, and Richard returns again to the plain to finish his victory. Here a Saracen emir, distinguished for his stature and strength, ventures to provoke him to single combat; with one blow Richard severs his head, his right shoulder, and arm. The Christian knights are already sinking with fatigue and wounds, but Richard opens a way around them by slaying hosts of Saracens, and then, animated by an irresistible fury, he charges alone into the midst of the Mussulman host, and disappears from the sight of his companions. For a moment all believe him dead, but he quickly reappears, his horse covered with blood, and he himself carrying a whole bundle of arrows sticking in his armour.

Such is the account of the impetuous bravery of the English king, given by a chronicler who was an eye-witness of it.[1] It may be that the account is exaggerated, but, at any rate, his daring and successful courage excited the admiration of his enemies as well as his friends, and was one of the

[1] Walter Vinesauf.

principal means of inducing Saladin to consent to a truce, which was certainly advantageous to the Christians. By the conditions of this truce, which was to last for three years and eight months, the Christians were to have Jaffa and Tyre, and all the country lying between them; they were also to be allowed free access to Jerusalem as pilgrims, without the payment of the taxes which were formerly levied by the Mahometan rulers.

It had now become absolutely necessary for Richard to return to his own country if he hoped to preserve his royal authority. His brother John, in league with the French King, was strengthening himself day by day, with the manifest intention of holding the kingdom in spite of Richard. It required the presence and vigorous bravery of the latter to overthrow this dangerous conspiracy. Accordingly, Richard left Palestine, sorrowing and downcast that he had not been able to finish his work by the capture of Jerusalem, and in the hope of some day returning to deliver the Holy Sepulchre. The strange and unfortunate adventures which befell him on his journey homewards, his capture and imprisonment by the Duke of Austria, whom he had mortally offended at the siege of Acre; his further imprisonment by the Emperor Henry VI.;

his deliverance at length through the exertions of his mother Eleanor, the vigorous interposition of the Pope, and the payment of an enormous ransom, are narrated in all the histories of England. The King of England was made to pay dearly for the glory which he had acquired in the Holy Land; and the jealousy of the other princes, whom he had so completely eclipsed in war, found this base and petty means of making itself felt.

With the departure of Richard from Palestine, the Third Crusade may be considered to have ended, most of the other chief men having preceded him in their return to their homes. The general effect of this war had been to strengthen the position of the Christians in the East, though the main object for which it had been begun, the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, had not been accomplished. It had shown, more plainly than the First Crusade, the superiority in war of the European over the Asiatic, and that a comparatively small force of the soldiers of the West, when ably commanded and obedient to one direction, could triumph over the greatest hosts of Eastern combatants. It is said also that in this war the Crusaders had made great advances in the character of their weapons, both offensive and defensive: they now employed the

cross-bow, which sent its bolts with great force and certainty, while they learned to protect their bodies with an armour of leather, which was lighter than the metal armour, and even more efficacious against the arrows of the Saracens. At the same time the Saracens learnt from their European antagonists the use of the long lance, so valuable in the charge of cavalry, and impressed with the valour and devotion of the Christian knights, they sought to be taught the usages and laws of chivalry, which were so powerful a motive to their enemies. The superiority of the Western nations at sea was even more marked than it was on land. During the siege of Acre, numerous fleets arrived from Europe, chiefly those of the maritime republics of Italy, the Pisans, the Genoese, and Venetians. These were always able to drive before them the Mahometan fleets of Egyptians and Arabs, and no considerable battle was ever attempted at sea.

CHAPTER VIII.

A.D. 1192—1210.

Causes which led to the Fourth Crusade—Successes of the Germans in Palestine—Their return to Europe—Pope Innocent brings about the Fifth Crusade—The French barons seek aid from Venice—The sieges and capture of Constantinople by the Latins—The Latin empire in the East.

"Possess them not with fear, take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them."—HENRY V.

IT might be thought that after the great efforts which had been made in the Third Crusade, and the vast loss of life and treasure which it caused, Europe would be contented with the state of things which it left in Palestine, and would not soon again be eager for another Holy War. The Syrian Christians had wealthy towns on the sea-coast, and sufficient territory. The way to Jerusalem was open to all who would go in the guise of pilgrims; might not Christendom be satisfied with these things, and remain quiet to repair the losses by which they had been purchased? Several

causes, however, combined quickly to bring about another Crusade. Among these one of the chief was the death of Saladin, which took place soon after the departure of King Richard (1193), and the consequent confusion which was brought upon the empires of Damascus and Egypt by the quarrels of his sons. Another cause was the excessive zeal of the Pope Celestin III., who, at the age of ninety, was so eagerly set upon this project, that he ceased not to weary all the princes of Europe with his commands and entreaties. But the principal cause of the commencement of the Fourth Crusade was the ambitious policy of the Emperor of Germany, Henry VI. This prince designed, by means of armies raised for the Crusade, to seize upon rich territories in Sicily and Italy, and at the same time, by the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, to gain such credit with the Pope and the rest of Europe, as to be allowed to retain his conquests.. Henry VI. was under the ban of excommunication, on account of his treatment of King Richard on his return from Palestine, but the Pope did not scruple to urge him to undertake the Holy War. The exhortations of the Pope coincided exactly with his own wishes, and, in a Diet held at Worms (1196), Henry himself be-

came the preacher of a crusade, which was to rid Palestine for ever of the presence of the Infidel. Many of the great princes of Germany took the cross after the example of the emperor, but Henry himself had no real intention of going to Palestine. He dispatched two well-appointed armies to perform the work which he had undertaken, but he himself remained in Europe to prosecute his ambitious designs.

When the first of the German armies, commanded by the Archbishop of Mayence, arrived in the Holy Land, the truce which had been made between Richard and Saladin had not yet been broken, though the time which had been allotted to it had expired. The Syrian Christians were naturally unwilling to take the initiative in beginning the war; they had been living since the death of Saladin in quiet and security, and they did not desire to break through the repose which peace allowed to them. But the Germans, coming fresh from the excitement which prevailed in their country when the Crusade was preached, could not endure the notion of remaining at peace with the enemies of the faith, who still held the holy city in their power. They soon began to make incursions on the territory of the Saracens, which were met and repelled; and the

Mussulmans, in return, hoping to strike a severe and crushing blow upon the Christian power, suddenly attacked and captured Jaffa, and massacred a large number of Christians who were within its walls. The second army of the Germans had by this time arrived, and, together with the Christians of Syria, the Crusaders formed a large and formidable host. Malek-Adel, the brother of Saladin, had assembled a vast army to oppose them, and on the plains of the Eleutherus, between Tyre and Sidon, the forces of the Christians and Mahometans met once more in deadly strife. The result was the same as it always was, where the Christians preserved their ranks firmly, and were not induced to charge rashly upon foes more active in escaping than powerful in attacking. The Saracens, after many vain attempts to break the firm order of the Crusaders, were utterly defeated and scattered, and Sidon and all the cities of the neighbouring district at once capitulated.

The Christian army then proceeded to attack Beirouth, which was the great depôt of the treasures and arms of the Saracens, and which contained in its dungeons nine thousand Christian prisoners, captured in former wars between the Crescent and the Cross. The terror caused by the victory of

the Crusaders was sufficient to make it open its gates at once, and thus a most important conquest was secured for the Christian cause in Palestine. Hitherto, this Crusade had promised to be attended with the most decisive results, when, unfortunately, the army of the Christians received a severe and somewhat disgraceful check before a Saracen fort called Thoron. The effect of this was to produce exasperation and ill-will among the leaders, and a violent quarrel and separation between the Christian inhabitants of Syria and the Germans newly arrived for the Crusade. The Germans proceeding southwards, were attacked in the neighbourhood of Jaffa by the Saracen leader, Malek-Adel, at the head of all his forces. Again the indomitable firmness of the European warriors triumphed, and the Saracens were defeated. There remained now nothing for them to conquer but the sacred city, and this, perhaps, might have yielded to their valour, had not the sudden death of the Emperor Henry VI. caused the whole of the German troops to desire an immediate return to Europe. The supplies and support of the expedition had depended upon him, and the chief princes in the army felt their presence necessary in Germany, when the important matter of a new

election to the empire was being treated of. The German Crusaders, therefore, left the country, and the Syrian Christians found themselves with their territories, indeed, much enlarged, but without inhabitants to colonize, or soldiers to defend, the cities which they had acquired. They had been bitterly opposed to the German Crusaders while they were in Palestine; none the less, however, did they lament over their departure, when they saw themselves threatened with all the power of the Saracens, without any allies to support them. Messengers petitioning for succour were dispatched to Europe; and, as the former Crusade had been originated by the vigour of an aged Pope, who had since died, so the present need of the Christians attracted the attention of the young and vigorous Pontiff who had now succeeded to the chair of St. Peter.

Innocent III. had been made Pope at the age of thirty-three years, and, although he had received the high dignity with regret, he no sooner found himself invested with it, than he showed that extraordinary energy, bold and high spirit, and overweening pride in his position, which have made him (with the exception, perhaps, of Gregory VII.) the most famous of all the Popes. The Popes

were accustomed to encourage Crusades, from motives both of religion and policy. They could do so on religious grounds, as they were thus directing the energies of men to what was then thought the interests of their souls (for no one doubted the merit in the sight of God of these Holy Wars); and they did so also on grounds of policy, as they were thus strengthening their own power, by making kings do their bidding, and suffering them to exhaust their riches and their followers in distant wars. The Crusades contributed, perhaps, more than anything else to the growth of the vast power of the Popes. Innocent III. could see all this clearly, and consequently he eagerly laboured to bring about a new Crusade. Neither the King of France or of England, however, was willing to take a part in it, and Germany was in a state of confusion after the sudden death of the Emperor. The Pope then endeavoured to influence the great barons of the second order, and with these he was more successful. A famous orator again appeared to second the wishes of the Pontiff; Fulk, the priest of Neuilly, near Paris, became almost as renowned and as successful in his exhortations as Peter the Hermit, St. Bernard, and Archbishop William had been. The Counts of Champagne and Blois, both of

them relatives of the Kings of France and England, and the feudal lords over large districts, took the cross. Many of the French nobles of the first rank followed their example; Baldwin, Count of Flanders, a prince of great influence and of the highest reputation, joined the enterprise, and with him all the chief nobles of the Low Countries. The chiefs who had agreed to undertake the Holy War held a council at Compiègne, and, considering how much more fortunately and easily the armies of Crusaders had always been transported by sea than by land, they determined to apply to the republic of Venice to find them ships for the passage. Up to this time the Pisans and Genoese seem to have taken more part in the Holy Wars than the Venetians, and great riches had been gained by both these republics from the spoils of the East, and their commerce with the Crusaders; but Venice was now eclipsing all the other republics of Italy in its wealth, having been built in a position at the same time most suitable for commerce and for defence. To Venice, therefore, the French barons betook themselves.

The Doge or chief magistrate of the republic at this time was Henry Dandolo, an old man of ninety years of age, and blind; but, "under the

weight of years, and after the loss of his eyes, he retained a sound understanding and manly courage, the spirit of a hero ambitious to signalise his reign by some memorable exploits, and the wisdom of a patriot anxious to build his fame on the glory and advancement of his country."[1] At his advice the republic readily agreed to furnish ships for the Crusade, and itself to man fifty galleys in addition to those required for the transport of the French. The sum demanded from the barons was, however, a large one, and when at the point of departure it was found that the resources of the French nobles were not equal to raising the whole of it, the Doge proposed that, in place of paying the sum owing, they should aid the Venetians in an attack upon Zara, a strong town on the Sclavonian coast, which had revolted from Venice, and put itself under the protection of the King of Hungary.

The formidable expedition which had been prepared for the Holy Land easily captured Zara, and while the Crusaders remained here waiting a favourable time for sailing to Palestine, another expedition was proposed to them, destined to lead to far more important results. In one of the numerous revolutions which took place in Constantinople,

[1] Gibbon.

the Emperor Isaac Angelus had been dethroned, blinded, and imprisoned by his brother Alexius; the son of Isaac, also called Alexius, had been imprisoned, together with his father, but he had succeeded in escaping, and was now employed in seeking everywhere the means of delivering his father and avenging his wrongs. He came to the camp of the Crusaders at Zara, and besought them for aid, promising that if they would conquer Constantinople for him, the Greek and Latin Churches should henceforth be united by the submission of the Greek Church to the Pope; promising also that he would give to the Crusaders two hundred thousand marks of silver. At the same time he pointed out how dangerous an enemy the Greek Empire of Constantinople had ever been to former expeditions to the Holy Land, and how much greater was the probability of success in their Crusade, if they could first gain a firm footing in this important position. The Marquis of Montferrat, who had been chosen leader of the French barons, supported the young Alexius warmly in his request, and the aged Doge of Venice also showed himself favourably disposed towards him. The immense advantages of wealth and commerce which were likely to accrue to Venice from establishing herself

at Constantinople were indeed evident; but the enormous strength and size of the city, its large navy and numerous resources, might naturally deter prudent men from attempting so dangerous an enterprise. Besides this, the Pope forbade the enterprise with the most peremptory language, reminding the Crusaders that they were specially vowed to the war against the Mahometans, and could not, without danger of perjury, turn aside from their work.

These considerations made many of the Crusaders refuse to accompany the expedition against Constantinople, but the great majority readily agreed to go, and the fleet set sail. "A similar armament for ages had not rode the Adriatic; it was composed of one hundred and twenty flat-bottomed vessels, or palanders, for the horses; two hundred and forty transports, filled with men and arms; seventy store ships, laden with provisions; and fifty stout galleys well prepared for the encounter of an enemy. While the wind was favourable, the sky serene, and the water smooth, every eye was fixed with wonder and delight on the scene of military and naval pomp which overspread the sea. The shields of the knights and squires, at once an ornament and a defence, were arranged on either side of the ships,

the banners of the nations and families were displayed from the stern, our modern artillery was supplied by three hundred engines for casting stones and darts, the fatigues of the way were cheered with the sound of music, and the spirits of the adventurers were raised by the mutual assurance that forty thousand Christian heroes were equal to the conquest of the world."[1] Such was the commencement of what is usually called the Latin Crusade. The great armament successfully accomplished its voyage, and without any misadventure cast anchor at Abydos, on the Asiatic side of the Hellespont. "As they passed along, they gazed with admiration at the capital of the East, or, as it should seem, of the earth, rising from her seven hills, and towering over the continents of Europe and Asia. The swelling domes and lofty spires of five hundred palaces and churches were gilded by the sun and reflected by the waters, the walls were crowded with soldiers and spectators, whose numbers they beheld, of whose temper they were ignorant, and each heart was chilled by the reflection that, since the beginning of the world such an enterprise had never been undertaken by such a handful of warriors. But the momentary apprehension was dis-

[1] Gibbon.

pelled by hope and valour, and every man (says the Marshal of Champagne [1]) glanced his eye on the sword or lance which he must speedily use in the glorious conflict." [2] It was in this chivalrous spirit, which was dismayed by no obstacles, that the only hope of the expedition lay. Constantinople at that time was the largest city in the world, and its defences corresponded to its greatness. It is said that the sixteen hundred fishing-boats of the city might have furnished a fleet sufficient to sink the adventurous Latins. But the Greeks were faint-hearted slaves; the Emperor was a coward and a wretch neither loved nor feared, and at the very first attack which was made by the French, who were transported across the Bosphorus with their horses in flat-bottomed boats, the seventy thousand Greek soldiers fled disgracefully. The French easily established themselves at Pera, a suburb of Constantinople, while the Venetian galleys burst the chain at the mouth of the harbour, destroyed the Greek ships of war which lay there, and threatened the city from the sea. The siege was thus fairly begun, though the num-

[1] Geoffrey Villehardouin, who was present with the army. and wrote a spirited account of the siege.

[2] Gibbon.

ber of the assailants was in ludicrous disproportion to the size of the place. Great hardships in consequence had to be endured by them. The Greeks mustered courage to make frequent sallies upon detached parties; the labour needed for levelling the ground and forming engines of war was immense, and when at length they were able to make an assault upon a breach, the vast numbers of the enemy overwhelmed them with missiles, and forced them back. Meantime, on the side of the sea, the Venetians were more fortunate. "A double line, three bowshots in front, was formed by the galleys and ships, and the swift motion of the former was supported by the weight and loftiness of the latter, whose decks and poops and turrets were the platforms of military engines that discharged their shot over the heads of the first line. The soldiers who leapt from the galleys on shore, immediately planted and ascended their scaling ladders, while the large ships, advancing more slowly into the intervals, and lowering a drawbridge, opened a way through the air from their masts to the ramparts. On the sudden the banner of the republic was fixed on the ramparts, twenty-five towers were rapidly occupied, and, by the cruel expedient of fire, the Greeks were driven from the adjacent

quarters."[1] The Venetians having thus found their way within walls hitherto deemed impregnable, the Greek Emperor was overcome by terror and dismay, and during the night which followed the assault secretly fled away. Next day the blind Emperor Isaac and his son Alexius were solemnly restored, and the utmost professions of gratitude, and the highest marks of favour were lavished upon the Latin warriors by all classes in the fickle city.

Soon, however, another change took place. The Greeks, proud and conceited, were indignant at having been conquered by a handful of men whom they affected to call barbarians. They eagerly sought revenge, and were ready to support any one who would humble the Latins. A prince named Mourzoufle, taking advantage of this feeling, aspired to the throne. By a dark and treacherous plot, he basely murdered the aged emperor and his son Alexius, and, having seized the crown, he at once declared war against the Crusaders. Again did the brave bands of French and Venetians prepare to besiege the city; but the second siege proved far more difficult than the first. The assault, after long preparations, was made entirely from the water-side, and in above a hundred places at once;

[1] Gibbon.

the resistance, however, was so stubborn that it could not be overcome. Twice the Latins were driven back, overwhelmed by numbers; but in the third assault, two ships linked together were driven by a strong north wind upon the shore, four towers were scaled, three gates were burst open, a panic seized upon the Greek soldiers, and the city was again in the hands of the Latins. (April 12th, 1204.)

The enormous wealth which now fell to the lot of the pilgrims almost exceeds belief. Some idea may be gained of its amount from the expression of the historian, who says that the share of the French alone was equal to seven times the annual revenue of the kingdom of England.[1] Completely masters of the city, the Latin Crusaders determined now to appoint an emperor from their own body, as all the rightful heirs to the crown had been put to death. Six electors were chosen from the Venetians, six from the French, and this body solemnly proceeded to the choice of an emperor. The aged Doge of Venice refused the honour; and the choice of the electors fell unanimously upon Baldwin, Count of Flanders, a man in every way worthy of the high honour to which he was ad-

[1] Gibbon.

vanced. Pope Innocent, though he had strongly condemned the expedition, now, in view of the manifest advantage of having his authority recognised in the chief city of the Greek Church, which was thought to have schismatically separated from the obedience to the Roman See, gave the election his approval; and all Europe gazed with astonishment on the wonderful spectacle of the subversion of the great empire of the East by a handful of Latin knights and soldiers.

The territories of the Eastern emperor were divided between the chief barons who had taken part in the war, many of whom were now raised to the dignity of princes, and went to take possession of their principalities at the head of their armed followers, often in utter ignorance of the names of the towns assigned to them or of the country in which they lay. The Latin Church and ritual were formally established in the East, and the authority of the Pope superseded that of the Patriarch of Constantinople. But this led to constant disputes, the Greeks holding tenaciously to their old form. In fact, the period of fifty-three years, during which Latin princes continued to hold the sceptre of the East, was one of constant turmoil, war, and rapine. The occupant of the throne was

merely "a titular prince, the chief, and often the servant, of his licentious confederates; the fiefs of the empire, from a kingdom to a castle, were held and ruled by the sword of the barons; and their discord, poverty, and ignorance extended the ramifications of tyranny to the most sequestered villages."[1]

The capture of Constantinople by the Latin knights and the Venetian sailors was due to the same causes which had given Edessa, Antioch, Tripoli, Tyre, and Jerusalem to the arms of the West. The superior bravery, adventurous daring, and power of endurance displayed by the warriors of the West, arising in great measure from the spirit of chivalry, and strengthened by the religious character which was imparted to their attempts, had availed to overbear every obstacle. But the principles of coherence, of prudent development, and wise policy were wanting. The Latin knights could conquer, but they could not govern; and the splendid prizes which their arms had gained were soon lost. Their weak and wavering management of their conquests, their dissensions among themselves, their ignorance of the arts of peace, prevented permanent success. Doubtless, however, some im-

[1] Gibbon.

portant effects were produced by the Latin Crusade. The nations of the West learned many useful inventions from becoming familiarized with the more advanced civilization of the Greeks. Particularly it is said that they now became acquainted with the use of windmills, which soon superseded the old and tiresome process of bruising corn by hand labour. They also learnt the use of sugar, which was cultivated on the coast of Syria; and especially they owed to these wars the introduction of maize, a valuable plant, which has since that time formed one of the chief products of Italy and of the south of France.[1]

[1] Michaud.

CHAPTER IX.

A.D. 1210—1228.

Accession of John de Brienne to the throne of Jerusalem—Efforts of Innocent III. for another Crusade—The Sixth Crusade commanded by the King of Hungary—The siege and capture of Damietta—Calamities of the army in Egypt, and surrender of Damietta—Frederick II. goes to Palestine—His treaty with the Sultan.

"There the wild Crusaders form,
There assembled Europe stands;
Heaven they deem awakes the storm,
Hell the paynim's blood demands."

CARLYLE.

THE kingdom of Jerusalem in several instances descended by the female line, but the real administration of the authority belonging to it depended on the choice of the chief barons of Syria, who assigned husbands to the princesses. Thus Sybil, daughter of Baldwin IV., had married Guy de Lusignan, who thus became king, but after his disastrous defeat and capture by Saladin, was obliged to abdicate. King Richard of England gave him the island of Cyprus as some compensation for the loss of his throne, and his family long

continued to reign there. Isabella, the granddaughter of Almeric, or Amaury, was then the nearest in blood, and she married in succession Conrad, Marquis of Mountferrat, Henry, Count of Champagne, and Almeric of Lusignan, brother of Guy. All these by virtue of the choice of the lords, and their marriage with Isabella, became Kings of Jerusalem. Conrad, indeed, was murdered immediately after he had been elected to the throne, but his daughter by Isabella became the heiress to the kingdom, and conveyed it by marriage to John de Brienne, a young nobleman of France, who, at the request of the barons of Syria, had been selected by Philip Augustus as the husband of Mary. He succeeded to the troublous post of King of Jerusalem, the thirteenth in a line from Godfrey of Bouillon, in 1209. The interval between this date and the ending of the Fourth Crusade (1197) had been one of comparative peace, though not of prosperity, for the Christians in Palestine. The country had been desolated by famine; a terrible earthquake had shaken all the cities of the East; many of the knights and nobles who had settled in the Holy Land had been attracted to Constantinople by the splendid fortunes of their friends, and the Christian power in Palestine was gradually dwindling away.

The security of the Christians had been due to the still greater weakness of the Saracens, who, distracted by intestine divisions, and impoverished by the terrible famine, were not able to attack their neighbours. The Crusading spirit meanwhile had greatly declined in Europe, and was in danger of altogether dying out, had it not been for the unceasing and strenuous exertions made by Pope Innocent to keep it alive. Little satisfied with the results of the former expedition, which had responded to his exhortations by seizing upon a rich prize for the purposes of private ambition, he continually laboured by letters, by exhortations, by the despatch of legates and messengers, to stir up the kings and princes of Europe to another great effort for the recovery of the Holy Land. It was said that the time mentioned in the Apocalypse was come, and that the days of the Mahometan power were numbered, that only one great effort more was needed to accomplish for ever the desires of Christendom. At a general council held at Rome in the year 1215, presided over by Innocent, at which more than five hundred prelates were present, the deputies of the Church in the East were received, and their requests for succour were eagerly supported by the Pope. Innocent offered to march

himself at the head of the army, if the kings, the princes, and barons of Europe would assemble one worthy the object to be obtained. Nothing perhaps illustrates more distinctly the great power which the Church had obtained at this period than the fact that, in spite of every obstacle, the Pope was by these means able to procure the despatch to Palestine of another considerable army. Europe was then exhausted and distracted by wars, civil and religious. The fearful persecution of the Albigenses in the south of France had already begun. England was a prey to rapine and disorder. The Emperor of Germany had abundance of subjects of anxiety to occupy him in his vast dominions. The only king of Europe who could venture to join the expedition in person was Andrew, King of Hungary. Yet Innocent was allowed to see the beginning of the formation of a powerful armament, and after the death of this energetic pontiff, his successor, Honorius III., witnessed its departure in imposing numbers to the Holy Land.

The fleet, commanded by the King of Hungary, arrived safely at Acre (1217), but the great difficulty with which the army had to contend at its first debarkation was not the weapons of the Saracens,

but the sharp attacks of famine. The land which they had reached was suffering from drought and the failure of its crops; the provisions brought in the fleet were insufficient, and great sufferings and consequent disorder and outrage followed. The leaders of the Crusade thought it better to direct the fury and hunger of their soldiers against the territory of the enemy, and the Christian army marched into Eastern Palestine, and ravaged the banks of Jordan and the borders of the Lake of Gennesaret, without meeting with any enemy to oppose them. The Saracens, weak, divided, and dispirited, dared not measure themselves with the Christians. Had the latter now attacked Jerusalem, it would probably have fallen easily, but in this Crusade there was remarkably apparent that which was the cause of the ill success of so many—viz. the want of a general qualified to direct the movements of the troops. The King of Hungary showed no great abilities for war, and moreover, he did not remain long with the army. The King of Jerusalem was a skilful soldier, brave and prudent, but his authority was but little recognised by the European Crusaders. After a foolish expedition to Mount Thabor, in which the army was seized with a sudden panic, and fled disgracefully, it was

determined in the councils of the Crusading barons to leave Palestine, and to carry the war into Egypt, the head-quarters of the power of the Sultan, where a blow struck against him was thought likely to be more effective and crushing. The difficulties and hazards of the expedition were not taken into account. It was remembered that Pope Innocent in the Council of Lateran had spoken of this way of attacking the infidel, and it was not doubted that the suggestion was made by divine intimation.

Accordingly, in the spring of 1218, the whole army of the Christians, commanded by the King of Jerusalem, the Duke of Austria, and William, Count of Holland, appeared before the city of Damietta, situated on the eastern bank of the second mouth of the Nile. The place was one of great importance to the commerce of Egypt, and was defended by fortifications of proportionate strength. On the side of the river, besides a double line of works, it was protected by a tower built in the midst of the river, and having a strong iron chain extended from it to the city, so that no ships could pass upwards from the sea, to assault the river defences of the town. Against this tower the first efforts of the Crusaders were directed, and in the beginning with but poor success. At length it

was determined to construct an enormous castle of wood, which should float upon two ships, firmly braced together, and which, furnished with three hundred picked soldiers, and a drawbridge ready to let fall upon the tower as it approached, would, it was thought, ensure its capture. The Duke of Austria undertook to command the storming party, and the whole army waited in breathless suspense, addressing silent prayers to Heaven for its success, when at length the vast machine was propelled against the tower. At first the attack seemed doomed to failure; the drawbridge missed its hold, the ensign of Austria fell into the river, the moving castle was set on fire by the Greek flame. The whole army, with groans and tears, addressed itself to supplication of Heaven for mercy. Suddenly they beheld the drawbridge again firmly fixed, the fire extinguished, and the brave Germans rushing with irresistible fury into the tower. After a desperate fight, the Saracens sued for mercy, and the tower, to the possession of which so great importance had been attached, was captured by the Crusaders. But this first success gained, the siege began to languish. Many of the Crusaders departed homewards, while some fresh recruits reached the camp. Inactivity prevailed among the Crusaders, due partly perhaps

to the great heat of an Egyptian summer, and partly to the want of a fixed purpose and of wise generalship to direct their efforts.

Among the various nations gathered together in the camp, history especially notices a band of English, who, under the guidance of the Earls of Chester, Harcourt and Arundel, had been sent by King Henry III. in fulfilment of the vow which he had taken to succour the Holy Sepulchre. The representative of the Holy See was Cardinal Pelagius, to whose pride and arrogant self-conceit a great part of the subsequent misfortunes of the army was due. He ventured to interfere in all the military measures, and to thwart and overrule the opinion of the King of Jerusalem, an experienced and skilful captain.

The inactivity of the Christian army was at length broken through by the approach of Malek Kamel, the Sultan of Cairo, with a large force to attack them. The Crusaders had now moved from their original position on the western bank of the river to the eastern bank close under the walls of the city. In this position they were assailed with great fury by a large Mussulman force. But the valour and steadiness of the Western warriors again triumphed. The Saracens could make no impression upon their ranks, but were driven back with great

slaughter. Yet the siege did not advance; winter had come with its rains and storms, and the Crusaders suffered much. Cardinal Pelagius had, at any rate, the merit of an invincible obstinacy, and there was no thought of abandoning the enterprise. Fresh bands of Crusaders continually reached the camp from Europe, and cheered the spirits of the worn-out assailants of the impregnable city. The Sultan, seeing the determination of the Crusaders, and knowing the dreadful state of suffering to which the inhabitants of Damietta were reduced, offered honourable terms to the Christians. He proposed to restore to them Jerusalem, with a sufficient sum to rebuild its fortifications, and to liberate all the Christian prisoners whom he held. It was mere madness to refuse such terms as these, for what could the Christians gain more by the most successful war? Yet Cardinal Pelagius was foolish enough, and unfortunately powerful enough by means of the terrible weapon of the threat of excommunication, which he used freely on all occasions, to cause their rejection. It was thought that a certain victory awaited the Christian arms, and no less than the utter destruction of the Sultan of Cairo would satisfy them.

The cardinal directed the siege to be carried on with greater vigour than ever, and at length deter-

mined to deliver the final assault. Everything was prepared most carefully. The storming party rushed to the attack, expecting a stubborn resistance. They mounted the walls unopposed. Presently the gates were forced open, and the soldiers of the Cross dashed with a wild shout into Damietta. They had entered a city of the dead. The noxious odours of thousands of putrifying corpses arrested their progress, and as they looked around they beheld the streets, the squares, the public buildings, the gardens, all heaped with corpses. Out of seventy thousand inhabitants but three thousand remained alive in Damietta, and these so feeble from the effects of famine as to be scarcely able to crawl. History hardly furnishes us with so terrible a picture of the desolating effect of war. Women, little children, strong men, all lay together, overcome by the same terrible calamity. A complete cleansing and purifying of the place was required before the army of the Crusaders could occupy it.

The success thus gained was a considerable one. A strong and important city had been conquered, and a firm hold established on the coast of Egypt. The terror created among the Saracens also came to the aid of the Crusaders. A few Christian soldiers appearing before Tannis—another strongly

fortified place—it was immediately abandoned. Had not the most obstinate folly directed the counsels of the Crusaders, it is probable that any terms which they might have been pleased to dictate would have been gladly acceded to by the sultan. Unfortunately, however, the Cardinal Legate, inflated with pride at having, as he thought, brought about the capture of Damietta, was determined to carry on the war according to his own judgment, and in defiance of the opinion of all the wiser and more experienced men in the army. His plan was to march direct upon Cairo, the capital city of the sultan, in order that, as he said, he might destroy the mischief in its source. The King of Jerusalem pointed out with clearness the extreme hazard, the almost certain ruin of such a course; but the cardinal, by means of violence and threats, gained the majority of the barons to his views. The Crusaders, consisting of about seventy thousand men, began to ascend the Delta of the Nile, and arrived at its head without meeting any enemy. Here, however, the host of the Saracens lay encamped, barring further progress. The terror inspired by the Crusaders still prevailed among them, for they sent ambassadors again to repeat favourable offers of peace. Again the infatuated cardinal procured their rejection. The army re-

mained inactive, without attempting to attack the Mussulmans. The others remained also quiet, knowing that an ally, which the Christians would be powerless to defeat, would soon be fighting on their side. The Nile was gradually rising to the flood-level. The Mussulman fleet entered the river, and scattered or destroyed the Christian galleys. Too late the Crusading army saw the necessity of a retreat. The sultan, Malek Kamel, opened the sluices of the Delta, and the whole country which the army had to traverse became a vast sea. Without provisions, without fire, wading along through the rapidly-increasing flood, the army of the Christians must have perished to a man had not the Mussulman Sultan had compassion on them. Damietta was to be surrendered, and the army to evacuate Egypt. On these terms the sultan granted peace to the Crusaders, and generously furnished their army with supplies. The sluices were closed, and the army enabled to continue its march. It returned to Acre without any result of its Egyptian campaign save the exhibition of useless valour and the loss of valuable lives.

During all this time Frederick II., Emperor of Germany, ought to have been at the head of the Crusading expedition. He had promised the Pope

to undertake this charge, but, continually occupied with the disputes and convulsions which were taking place in Europe, he was either unable or unwilling to redeem his vow. Frederick was one of the most politic and astute sovereigns of the Middle Ages, but he was a man without honour, and without religion. When he assumed the cross, it was not from any religious enthusiasm, but simply as a piece of crafty policy, which he meant to turn to advantage in his constant wars and disputes with the Pope. In the same way he married the daughter of John, King of Jerusalem, and obtained for himself the title of King of Jerusalem, not that he cared for the Holy Land, but because it gave him credit with other princes. At length, as he continued to advance his power in Italy, he was excommunicated by Pope Gregory IX., a violent and overbearing man, and then, as if in contempt of the Pope and his spiritual censures, Frederick set sail for Palestine to deliver the holy city. (1228.)

The Knights Templars and Hospitallers, the clergy, and many of the barons of Palestine refused to have any dealings with a prince who was under the ban of the Church, but Frederick at once opened negotiations with Malek Kamel, the Sultan of Cairo, and found in him a spirit con-

genial with his own; the sultan was as indifferent about his faith as Frederick was about his, and it was agreed between the two that Jerusalem should be given up to the Christians, only under the condition that the Mosque of Omar should remain as formerly, and the free exercise of the Mahometan worship be allowed. This arrangement, which would have suited modern days, was utterly distasteful and abominable to both parties at that time: the Saracens at once abandoned the city altogether; the Archbishop of Cæsarea placed Jerusalem under an interdict, and forbade Christians to go there as pilgrims. Frederick, caring little for such censures himself, visited the holy city, and in the church of the Holy Sepulchre solemnly placed the crown of the King of Jerusalem on his own head. He then addressed a letter to the Pope and all the princes of the West, dated from Jerusalem, and boasting that he had delivered the holy places from the presence of the unbelievers. It was, doubtless, that he might be able to make this boast that he had undertaken the expedition.[1] Shortly afterwards, leaving his new dominions without any provision for their security, Frederick returned to Europe to carry on his wars against the Pope. (1229.)

[1] Michaud.

CHAPTER X.

A.D. 1228—1244.

Seventh Crusade opposed violently by the Pope—Events of the first expedition under the King of Navarre—The expedition of Richard, Earl of Cornwall—He obtains all that the Christians desired—The military orders of the knights in possession of Jerusalem—The invasion of the Tartars—Battle of Gaza and loss of Jerusalem.

"The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
Hark as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call."

CAMPBELL.

IT was natural that the Christians of Palestine should now address more than ever their petitions to the West for succour. They were weak in numbers, and without a head to control and guide them. Accordingly, we find Pope Gregory IX. at the earnest solicitation of his brethren in the East, ordering the preaching of a new Crusade. (1232—1238.) The exhortations to take arms were mainly successful in France, and a considerable number of the warlike barons of that country, the chief among whom was Thibaut, Count of

Champagne and King of Navarre, assumed the cross. They were assembled at Lyons to deliberate upon the necessary preparations for their expedition, when, to their great amazement, there arrived from Pope Gregory a messenger to forbid their departure. The Pope had become so furiously embittered in his quarrel with the Emperor Frederick, that he had proclaimed a Crusade against him, and he desired that all the faithful barons of Europe should be at hand to assist him in his violent designs. The French nobles, however, did not see the propriety of being thus suddenly called upon to abandon that which had been urged upon them by so many exhortations and commands; they refused to obey the messenger of the Pope. Shortly afterwards couriers arrived from the Emperor Frederick protesting also in strong terms against the expedition. These remonstrances, which came with a bad grace from one who had himself taken the cross and professed to be King of Jerusalem, were also disregarded, and the French nobles set sail.

Their numbers were but small, and the impression which they made upon the Mussulman power was but weak and transient. Damascus and Cairo, both of which formerly belonged to Saladin and his immediate descendants, were now the seats of two

separate monarchies which were opposed to one another, and from whose rivalry the Christians had more than once derived considerable advantage. But the quarrels and disputes of the Mussulmans, though they might occasionally save the Christians from attack, were often also the means of preventing them from making a solid and durable peace with their enemy. It was difficult sometimes for them to know whether it was peace or war—truces existing with some of the chiefs which others did not recognise. This appears to have been the state of things when the King of Navarre and the soldiers of the Seventh Crusade reached the Holy Land. The peace concluded between Frederick and the Sultan of Cairo had been broken; thereupon the barons did not scruple at once to invade the territories of the Sultan of Damascus, and to carry off a goodly spoil in oxen, horses, and camels. Jealous of this success, which had been gained by the Duke of Brittany and his followers, the Duke of Burgundy and the Counts of Bar and Mountfort were resolved to make an expedition in their turn. In spite of the remonstrances of the King of Navarre, the nominal leader of the Crusade, they invaded the rich territory of Gaza, and taking no precautions against a surprise by the Saracens, they suddenly

found themselves nearly surrounded by the enemy in a narrow pass. There was yet time for them to escape, by retreating rapidly by the way by which they had entered; but the majority refused to do this, as inconsistent with the high courage which they professed, and, after a desperate struggle, they were all either killed or made prisoners.

No other exploit signalized this Crusade. The chiefs remaining inactive at Acre quarrelled among themselves, and, as had so frequently happened, there was no master-mind to guide and control them. At length, after having troubled Palestine with their disputes, they determined to return to Europe, and quitted Acre, just as Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III. of England, with his fleet full of the warriors of England, arrived at that port.

The English barons had assembled at Northampton, and, in order to prevent the Pope from turning their arms to the aid of his wars in Italy and Germany, they had repaired to the church of All Saints and bound themselves by oath to conduct their levies straight to Palestine. In the spring of the year 1239, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, William Longsword, son of the Earl of Salisbury, Theodore,

the Prior of the Hospitallers, and many others of the nobility, embarked at Dover for France. They were accompanied from London to the sea-coast by King Henry and his court, and their departure was blessed with the prayers of the bishops. The French monarch received the army with distinction and favour; its march through France resembled a triumph, and the embarkation was completed at Marseilles in defiance of the prohibition of the Pope.[1] The army reached Acre in safety; their numbers were considerable, their equipment good; the very name of Richard and the English struck terror into the hearts of the Saracens, from the still cherished remembrance of the exploits of Cœur de Lion, and the state of affairs was also propitious for their producing a powerful impression. Richard led his forces to Jaffa; but as the Sultan of Egypt was then at war with the Sultan of Damascus, and dreaded a new danger from a powerful Christian army, he sent to offer Richard conditions of peace. These were as favourable as could possibly be desired: Jerusalem and almost all the Holy Land was to be definitely given up to the Christians, the prisoners taken in the late battle at Gaza were to be restored. The great object of the Crusades seemed now to be accomplished;

[1] Mills.

Palestine belonged to the Christians. Richard returned to Europe, and was received in every town as the deliverer of the Holy Sepulchre.

There was only one thing to mar the completeness of the work; this was the constantly increasing feud between the Knights of the Temple and the Knights of the Hospital. The former of these had made a separate treaty for themselves with the Sultan of Damascus, and refused to join in Richard's treaty with the Sultan of Cairo. It was enough for them that the Hospitallers were with him, they were ready to oppose anything of which their rivals approved. Both orders had now reached the summit of their wealth and greatness; in every country of Europe their estates, their houses, their vassals abounded; the Grand Masters of the orders possessed the power of sovereign princes. The Teutonic order of knights also, though of later introduction, was now almost equal to the older orders in power and greatness. The government of Jerusalem was now virtually in the hands of these military orders. The Hospitallers, especially, who had joined in the treaty, had the chief control and direction of all things. Neither did they neglect their trust; they made the greatest efforts to rebuild the ruined walls and to restore the fortifications of the holy city.

For two years all went well—Christianity was the only religion administered in Jerusalem, and the faithful began to exult in the apparently permanent downfall of infidelity. Then a fearful reverse came. A new enemy, stronger and more savage than their ancient foes, appeared on the scene. Jerusalem again streamed with Christian blood, which was shed without pity and without remorse.

From the vast steppes of Northern Asia, immense armies of Tartars and Mongols were at this period continually breaking forth, and carrying destruction and desolation wherever they appeared. Russia, Poland, and Hungary were ravaged and subjugated by them; China, Persia, and Hindostan felt their terrible attacks. They destroyed whatever they met without distinction or difference; all religions were alike to them, every nation which they entered was their enemy, they made no treaties, and they gave no quarter. Nor were the desolating effects of their marauding expeditions confined to the places which they themselves could reach; nations less fierce and less strong were moved from their settlements and driven before them, and these strove to imitate the cruelties of their terrible foes by reprisals against any whom they could find weaker than themselves. It was thus that the Carismians, a nation of kindred origin to the

Tartars, which had settled some time before in Persia,[1] were now driven from their abodes by a great irruption from the north, and came carrying fire and sword wherever they advanced. They penetrated into Mesopotamia, destroying alike Christians and Mussulmans. The Mahometan princes of Syria invited the Christians to join in a league against them, whereupon the Sultan of Egypt, jealous of both, sent ambassadors to the Carismians, pointing out the advantages of Palestine, and declaring that he would relinquish his claim over it if they could conquer it for themselves. Delighted with this proposal, twenty thousand Carismian cavalry came sweeping onwards from the east, and the smoke of burning villages soon announced their arrival in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. During the short time the Christians had occupied the holy city, they had been unable to raise the fortifications to a height sufficient for defence; they therefore determined to abandon the city, leaving behind them the sick and infirm, and those who were unwilling to trust themselves to the march. The Carismians entered the place, and, after having massacred these helpless victims, proceeded to put in practice a stratagem to draw those who had retreated within their reach: they

[1] Hallam, Middle Ages, i. 496.

raised the sign of the cross on all the towers, and caused the bells of the churches to ring. The joyful intelligence soon reached the Christian army that these fell barbarians, overcome by the sanctity of the place, had embraced the religion of Christ, or that they had been miraculously driven back by the few feeble defenders left in the city: at any rate, it was said that Jerusalem was still Christian, and they hastened to return to it. They returned, however, only to meet their death at the hands of the fierce Carismians. Many thousands were thus relentlessly slain. A few, escaping to Acre, carried the terrible news, and the Christian and Mussulman princes of Syria, drawn together by a common danger, formed an army which was led out to meet the barbarians on the plains of Gaza.

The want of a general to direct, control, and plan, worked the usual ill effects in the Christian host. They proposed to their allies an immediate assault. The Mussulmans, more prudent in their views, were yet carried away by the impetuous courage of the Christians, and agreed to attack the Carismians, instead of suffering them to expend their fury in a vain assault on a strong position. History records few more terrible struggles than this battle, which lasted without ceasing from the rising to the setting of the sun, and was renewed

on the morrow with the same ferocity. The Saracens were the first to fly, bringing by this means a double share of the labours of the day on the Christians; of these brave warriors nearly all were slain or made prisoners; thirty thousand are said to have fallen; thirty-three Templars, twenty-six Hospitallers, and three Teutonic knights were the only remnants left of the chevaliers of these brave orders. The poor remains of the Christian forces escaped into Acre. (1245.)

The barbarians who had inflicted this crushing blow upon the Christians of Syria were not long suffered to enjoy the advantages of victory. Having quarrelled with the Sultan of Egypt about the division of the spoil, he led an army against them, defeated and expelled them from Palestine. But the Christians could not rally from their prostrate state. The Egyptian Sultan took from them Jerusalem, and all the territory which he had ceded to them. They were now confined to Acre and the cities on the coast, together with their immediate neighbourhood. The only hope for rescuing the relics of the kingdom of Godfrey of Bouillon from utter destruction lay in the nations of Europe being once more excited to take up arms in its defence, and to organize another Crusade for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre.

CHAPTER XI.

A.D. 1244—1270.

Character of St. Louis—His expedition to Egypt—the Eighth Crusade—His early successes—Disasters and retreat—The King made prisoner, and the army destroyed—Louis is ransomed and goes to Acre—His successful management of affairs there—Returns to France—The Ninth Crusade—Death of Louis—Disasters of the French army

"Where shall the holy cross find rest?
On a crown'd monarch's mailed breast;
Like some bright angel o'er the darling scene,
Through court and camp he holds his heavenward
way serene."—KEBLE. *Christian Year.*

THE history of the Eighth and Ninth Crusades is, perhaps, the most interesting part of that strange narrative, which relates how, for so many generations, under so many different circumstances, Christian Europe persisted in sending the flower of her sons to suffer and to die in the distant East. Not that the war at this period was conducted with greater prudence or with greater skill; but because the narrative of these Crusades presents to view one of the most beautiful and saintly characters portrayed in history. Louis IX. the son

of Louis VIII. King of France, and Blanche of Castille, came to the throne at the very early age of ten. From his youth upwards he was an example to his court, to France, and to Europe, of the purest virtue. "He had kingly qualities of the noblest order; gentleness, affability, humanity towards all his believing subjects, a kind of dignity of justice and loftiness of virtue; a simple sincerity, an honest frankness, an utter absence of malignity, a conscientiousness such as few kings are able or dare to display on the throne, which never swerved, either through ambition or policy, from strict rectitude." [1] Being profoundly devoted to the interests of religion, as they were understood in his day, it is not to be wondered at that Louis desired to undertake a Crusade. His mother, Blanche of Castille, opposed this inclination with all her energy; but, after an illness, in which Louis had almost lost his life, he declared that nothing could turn him aside from a purpose which he believed to be God's will. Accordingly, he assumed the cross publicly, and strove, by every means in his power, to influence all the great nobles of France to follow his example. The fame of his virtue, the love of his

[1] Milman, Latin Christianity.

noble qualities, the power lent to him by his position, served to excite again the Crusading spirit, which had almost died out. The chief barons of France followed the example of their king. The clergy agreed to pay the tenth part of their revenues to the support of the army, and the common people flocked in great numbers to the standard of their chiefs. Louis discarded all the pomp and grandeur of kingly rank. Dressed in plain clothes, with no state or ceremony attending him, he occupied himself incessantly with preparations for his departure, and especially in redressing wrongs, administering justice, and making the best provision possible for the good government of his kingdom during his absence. One of his chief attendants, the Lord de Joinville, who has left us a most interesting account of this Crusade, tells us how he imitated his master in this respect. He summoned before him all his dependents, and called upon any to whom he had done any wrong, or to whom he owed any money, to speak; being unwilling, as he says, to go to the Holy War with even one penny that was not fairly his own.[1]

At this time the whole of the south of France

[1] Memoirs of Sieur de Joinville.

belonged either to the King of England, or the nearly independent Count of Provence. France did not possess a single port on the Mediterranean, neither had she any navy in which she could embark her troops. Louis purchased the port of Aigues Mortes, in Provence, which he caused to be cleared of sand, and fitted for the reception of a fleet. The maritime states of Italy lent him abundance of ships for hire; and the knights and soldiers of France, many of whom had never seen the sea, were assembled in a vast fleet, and set sail about the end of August, 1248.[1] It is amusing to read the expressions which De Joinville uses as to his experience on this unaccustomed element. He complains vividly of the horrors of sea-sickness. He does not attempt to disguise the terror with which the waves inspired him. "I must say," he writes, "that he is a great fool who shall put himself in such dangers; for when he goes to sleep in the evening, he knows not if in the morning he may not find himself under the sea."[2]

In about a month from their time of sailing, the fleet commanded by King Louis arrived at Cyprus: and here they determined to pass the winter. It was thought desirable, instead of making for Pales-

[1] Michaud. [2] De Joinville (Johne's Translation).

tine, to direct their course straight to Damietta, in Egypt. The Sultan of Egypt was the cause of all the evils which the Christians in Palestine were now suffering. It was he who, in spite of treaties, had induced the fierce Carismians to invade the Holy Land. It was he who, after the ruin which their attacks had inflicted, had profited by it to take away from the Christians Jerusalem and the other places which he had before conceded to them. Against the dominions of this prince, therefore, Louis determined to direct his army. Leaving Cyprus in the spring of 1249, the fleet was almost immediately scattered by a violent wind, and only half of it held with the ship which bore the leader of the expedition. This part, however, made a rapid passage to Egypt, and on the fourth day was before Damietta. The Mussulman army was drawn up on the shore; but so great was the ardour of the Christians, that they dashed recklessly into the waters, and struggled as they could to land. King Louis was immersed to the shoulders; but, holding his shield above his head, and shouting his war-cry, "Mountjoy St. Denis!" he manfully pressed on and gained the shore. The first Christian cavaliers who reached dry land were charged by the Saracen cavalry; but they formed them-

selves into a solid mass, and holding firmly the points of their lances against the enemy, they repelled the attack. At the same time the fleet of the Crusaders assailed the Egyptian ships, and sank or routed them. A panic seized upon the Mussulman forces. These terrible warriors, armed in steel, whom nothing seemed able to stop or to injure, could not any longer be withstood. The Saracen army dispersed in flight, and a complete victory was thus won by the French, with the loss of only three knights. Nor did the effect of the terror which they had inspired stop here. Damietta was immediately abandoned. Much to their surprise the Crusaders found the city deserted, and straightway established themselves in it. This place, which had cost the soldiers of the Sixth Crusade so long and terrible a struggle, was won by the army of King Louis without striking a blow.

An almost miraculous success had thus far attended the French Crusaders. But it had the usual effect of making them careless and overconfident. The army remained long at Damietta, given up to all sorts of licentiousness; and though the example set by the king was of the purest and most virtuous kind, yet it seemed to have no effect in repressing the disorders which were rampant in

the camp. At this time the death of the Egyptian Sultan, from a malady which had been long consuming him, was every day expected; but the opportunity thus given to the Crusaders of taking their enemy in confusion, and without a leader was neglected. At length, however, when that part of the fleet which had been scattered in the storm had arrived in Egypt, and other bands of Crusaders also had come to join the army, it was thought necessary to do something, and the same policy which had in the previous Crusade proved so disastrous—the advance into the interior of the country with a view of attacking Cairo—was again pursued. The Crusaders, however, taught by the misfortunes of their predecessors, avoided the time when the Nile was in flood, and on the 19th of December (1249) their army was encamped near to Mansoura, on the very spot which had been occupied by the troops of King John and the Cardinal Pelagius. Before them was the deep and wide canal of Aschmoun barring their further progress, and on the opposite side the Saracen host lay encamped ready to dispute with them its passage. The Crusading army laboured to construct a mole which should enable them to advance, but as quickly as they piled up

the stones and gravel so as to reach above the water, the enemy on the opposite side cut away the bank, and made the interval of water as large as before. Enormous towers were made by the French to protect the workmen employed in the canal, but the Saracens destroyed many of them with darts and arrows carrying that terrible Greek fire, which ever filled the Crusaders with terror at its sight. By this means they at length succeeded in burning the large wooden towers which held the soldiers of their assailants.

The Christians had been a month before the canal, unable to make any progress, when a Bedouin Arab proposed to the Constable of France to show him a passage by which the army might be led across. The offer was joyfully accepted, and a large reward given to the Arab. In the middle of the night the king, the Duke of Artois, his brother, and all the cavalry, commenced the march, and arrived at the spot indicated. The Count of Artois, with the Knights Templars and Hospitallers, and a band of English under William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, were the first to cross over the ford. Instead of waiting for the remainder of the army, the impetuous young Count of Artois charged instantly on the enemy, and penetrating

into his camp, took him completely by surprise, and spread terror and confusion everywhere. The commander of the Saracens was slain, and his troops rushed wildly into Mansoura, whither the brave but rash prince determined to follow them. In vain the experienced knights of the Temple and of St. John warned him against the danger; in vain did the Earl of Salisbury, who knew well the perils of Eastern war, explain to the young Frenchman that the panic of the troops was but momentary, that they would soon turn back in overwhelming numbers, and cut off and destroy the small band of Christians. They exhorted him to wait for the advance of the main body, but he only answered by reproaching them with cowardice. Fired by his words, the brave knights determined at least to show that his reproaches were unfounded, and they ordered their trumpets to sound the advance. They penetrated into Mansoura, which was abandoned by the enemy as they approached; but part of the small band, attracted by the opportunity of plunder, dispersed in quest of booty, while part of them pursued the flying Saracens in the direction of Cairo. Meantime the Mussulman troops, slowly recovering from their panic, perceived at length the small number of their assailants. Skilfully directed

by a chief named Bibars, they returned to Mansoura, and having shut the gates of the city, fell with a sudden and terrible force upon those Crusaders who were employed in pillaging. Surrounded and overwhelmed, almost all the Christian knights perished. The Count of Artois, brother of the king, the chief of the knights of St. John, the Earl of Salisbury, the brave leader of the English, all fell here. Outside and all around the town the slaughter was scarcely less. King Louis advanced hastily, with all his knights, to the succour of his brother. But though he was the bravest of warriors, he knew nothing of the duties of a general. The French, animated by a chivalrous spirit, rushed in detached parties wherever the enemy was seen. Thus the army was broken up into small bodies, and the battle became a series of hand-to-hand encounters. The conspicuous bravery of the Christians triumphed wherever they were not immensely outnumbered, but at the close of the day, though they held the site of their enemies' camp, their losses were so great, that they could scarcely be said to have gained a victory.

Louis now took the precaution of throwing a bridge across the canal to allow the passage of the infantry, which had taken no part in the

previous combat. Scarcely had they effected a junction with the knights and cavalry, when the Christian army was again attacked by the Saracens. Another fierce battle left the Crusaders masters of the field, but weakened by terrible losses, and without any of the substantial fruits of victory. Had wisdom directed their counsels, they would now have returned to Damietta, but the French were too proud to retreat before an enemy, and they decided to persevere in their attempt to advance. But another foe more dreadful than the Saracens now attacked them. A pestilence, arising from the effluvia of the unburied dead, and from the foul state of the water which the army had to drink, produced most frightful ravages. The king himself was attacked by it. Soon starvation came to add to the woes of the unfortunate Crusaders. The Egyptian Sultan conveyed galleys overland, and launched them in the river below the camp of the Christians. These interrupted the communication, and captured or destroyed all the ships which endeavoured to reach the camp from Damietta. It was now attempted to make terms with the Mussulmans, but they would not treat without having the King of France given up as an hostage. To this his nobles would not consent,

though he himself was willing, and the army began its retreat. The weaker and the wounded were embarked in boats to descend the Nile, the rest were to march by the banks of the river. The king, weak and feeble as he was, took the post of danger, and commanded the rear-guard.

The disasters which now befell the wretched Crusaders, both by land and water, are almost too sad to enumerate. The Saracens surrounded their exhausted bands, and destroyed them in detail. On the river the Mussulman ships barred the way, and the vessels of the Christians were either sunk or captured. Resistance was unavailing. The enfeebled remnants of the proud army of the French laid down their arms and implored compassion. The king, his two brothers, and the chief of his barons were captured. All those who appeared poor, weak, and unable to work, were ruthlessly put to death. More than thirty thousand perished in this disastrous retreat.

The conduct of King Louis, when in the hands of his enemies, was such as became his high character for piety and valour. He was calm, collected, and patient. Continually occupied in his devotions, his mind seemed to be raised above the world, but he was tenderly solicitous for the fate of his unfor-

tunate companions in arms, many thousands of whom were in captivity, and suffering the most savage cruelties. At length the Sultan of Egypt agreed to deliver up his prisoners on the conditions of the surrender of Damietta and the payment of a million crowns of gold. The treaty was on the point of being carried out, when the sultan was assassinated by some of his emirs. For some time it was doubtful whether the successful conspirators would ratify the engagement. At length, tempted by the greatness of the ransom, they determined to do so. Damietta was surrendered. The first instalment of the ransom was raised with difficulty, and paid to the Saracens, and the broken remnants of the French army sailed to Acre, where their arrival caused as much terror from the amount of their losses as rejoicing that any of the unfortunate expedition had been rescued from destruction.

With King Louis the desire to deliver the Holy Land from the infidel was not a mere passing sentiment or emotion, but a firm and stedfast purpose. Therefore, after the failure of the Egyptian expedition, and his escape to Acre, he yet determined not to abandon the cause, but to remain in Palestine, using every effort to forward it. The war which broke out and raged between the

Egyptians and Syrians after the murder of the Sultan of Egypt gave him great opportunities of benefiting the Christian cause without actually resorting to arms. Each of the Mussulman potentates was anxious to have the assistance of the French, and by this means Louis was enabled to obtain important concessions. The remainder of the ransom was remitted to him; the Christian prisoners who were groaning in the prisons of Egypt were released; the heads of the Crusaders which had been set up round the walls of Cairo were taken down and returned to their friends. Louis busied himself in strengthening the fortifications of the towns occupied by the Christians on the coast of Palestine; and though he could not obtain possession of Jerusalem, yet the affairs of the Christians in the East much improved while he remained there. At length, however, after nearly four years spent in Syria, the news of the death of his mother, who had been Regent of France in his absence, and the confusion into which affairs had fallen, obliged him to return to his own country. (April, 1254.)

His departure was a terrible misfortune to the Christians of Palestine. The dissensions and divisions which had been kept under by the

authority of the King of France, soon broke out with increased violence after he had left the country. The knights of St. John and the Temple quarrelled so fiercely that at length they came to an open battle, and so complete was the victory won by the former, that scarcely a Templar escaped alive. While the Christians were thus contending with one another, a new and formidable enemy appeared against them. The Mameluke chief Bibars, who had distinguished himself in the late war, had now seized on the throne of Egypt, and, eager to please the savage soldiers who had placed him there, he led them against the Christians of Palestine. They made their way to the gates of Acre with fire and sword. Cæsarea was captured by them; Azotus, defended by a small band of ninety knights of St. John, was held with extraordinary heroism, and when the Mamelukes at last entered it, the only surviving knight of the garrison fell dead on the ramparts before them. A still more fatal blow lighted on the Templars. A considerable body of these knights defended the fortress of Saphoury, which was besieged by the Egyptians. Finding resistance hopeless, they capitulated on condition of being allowed to proceed in safety to the next Christian town. The

treacherous Mussulmans, however, violated their agreement without scruple. The Christian knights had the alternative given to them of abandoning their religion, or being put to death, and they all chose death rather than apostasy (1266). Soon after this, Antioch, which through many changes and in the midst of many perils had yet remained ever since the First Crusade in the hands of the Christians, was now captured by Sultan Bibars; Jaffa, Laodicea, and other places also fell before him, and scarcely any other important possession remained to the Christians in the East, save the city of Acre.

Meantime in Europe the Pope had been zealously agitating to bring about a new Crusade. Louis, King of France, though much grieved by the poor results of his former attempt, was yet ready, upon what seemed to him the solemn call of duty, again to take the cross. England also was at this time in repose, and the martial spirit of her nobles and knights was eager to embrace the opportunity of displaying itself. At a Parliament held at Northampton (1268), Prince Edward, eldest son of King Henry III. took the vow of a Crusader. Five hundred knights and a vast number of the common people followed his example; but the king, dreading

the departure of so great a body of his subjects, delayed their going, and the French under King Louis set sail without them. (1270.)

An army of sixty thousand men is said to have been assembled for this, the Ninth Crusade, but misfortune alighted on it more rapidly even than on any of its predecessors. It was determined by the French leaders to attack the city of Tunis, in Africa, as being a faithful ally and supporter of Egypt, and also as offering great temptation for spoil by its riches and magnificence. With this view, the fleet sailed to Carthage and captured the camp and town. But a direful pestilence immediately broke out in the ranks of the French army. King Louis was attacked by it, and feeling his end approaching, he manifested the greatest resignation and devotion. His last words were—"I will enter Thy house; I will worship in Thy sanctuary." Thus, in the midst of his cherished project, without being allowed to see the success of his undertaking, was this good and devout king cut off. (August, 1270.) The grief felt by the army for his loss was excessive. They demanded loudly to be led against the enemy, as though careless of life now that their beloved monarch was gone. In several combats they defeated the Moors

with great loss; but to many of the chiefs the war seemed senseless and useless, and they began to desire to return. The King of Tunis gladly purchased their departure by a truce, in which the most favourable terms were given to the Christians. All Christian prisoners were to be released, all slaves set free, and a large sum of money was to be paid to the Kings of France, Sicily, and Navarre. Upon these conditions being agreed to, the French army set out on its departure to its own land.

But it seemed to be fated that in this, as in their other Crusading expeditions, misfortune should ever follow the steps of the French. A fearful tempest arose, and wrecked eighteen of their large vessels. Four thousand Crusaders perished in the waves. Moreover, the pestilence which had attacked the army in Africa followed them to their own land. The King and Queen of Navarre, the Queen of France, mother of the king, the Count and Countess of Poitiers, died; and when King Philip, who had succeeded his father Louis, entered the French capital, he seemed to be advancing at the head of a vast funeral procession. The people bitterly lamented the good Louis, who had loved justice and equity, had never oppressed the poor, but

had upheld every good work; and many even of the more enthusiastic began now to doubt the wisdom and the right of sacrificing their best and noblest, squandering their treasure and their resources, in a vain and useless attempt to recover the Holy Land and overthrow Mahometanism in the East. The death of Louis, not unfitly called *Saint*, may be said to have extinguished the Crusading spirit in France.

CHAPTER XII.

A.D. 1270—1292.

Expedition of Prince Edward of England—The fall of the power of the Christians in Palestine—Siege and capture of Acre—Extinction of the Crusading spirit—Effects of the Crusades, political, social, and industrial.

"There's a divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."—SHAKESPEARE.

THE expedition fitted out and commanded by Prince Edward of England had reached Egypt before the departure of the French army. Finding, however, the French treating with the enemy, and preparing to return home without proceeding to Palestine, the prince had left them in disgust, and sailed away to Sicily, intending to go to the Holy Land by himself. After passing the winter in Sicily in military exercises, Edward sailed in the spring, and arrived at Acre, April, 1271. The forces which he had did not exceed one thousand men. But the prowess of the English princes was dreaded by the Mussulmans, and the Sultan of Egypt retreated on his arrival from the neighbourhood of Acre. Edward immediately took the field

at the head of all the Syrian Christians who were ready to follow him. His army amounted only to seven thousand men, but the prince was prudent and skilful. He defeated a large Saracen force, and captured Nazareth. At this place, finding on their entry into it that the Egyptians had utterly destroyed the great church dedicated to the Virgin, the Christians stained their victory by the cruel slaughter of all the Mussulmans in the town. The fierce rays of the sun soon caused much suffering and loss among the English soldiers, and Prince Edward himself was stretched on a bed of sickness.

It was while he was in this state that that romantic incident occurred to him which has been made still more romantic by the inventions of the chroniclers. The Saracen governor of Jaffa, pretending friendship to the prince, sent to him as the bearer of letters one of those wretches whose profession and boast it was to commit murder by assassination. Of these there appears to have been a complete tribe or nation existing in Syria during the whole period of the Crusades. They owned allegiance to a chief called the Old Man of the Mountain. They styled themselves *Assassins*, the modern meaning of which word is derived from them, and at their chief's order were ready to undertake murder under any circumstances and

at all times. The miscreant, admitted to the room where Prince Edward lay on his couch, under pretence of delivering him letters, stabbed him suddenly in the arm. In another moment the blow would have been repeated and the prince slain, but being very active and powerful, he struck the assassin so violently that he felled him to the ground, and then, springing to his feet, he plunged the murderer's own dagger into his heart. The prince, however, had not altogether escaped the danger. The dagger was poisoned, and so powerful was the effect of the drug that his life was quickly despaired of. In this emergency, it is said that his wife, the Princess Eleanor, applied her lips to the wound, and, sucking the poison from it, "thus saved the life of her husband." There is, however, no sufficient authority for this romantic story. The truth seems to be that he owed his safety to the skill of an English surgeon, who had the boldness to cut away the flesh that had been infected by the poisonous taint of the dagger.[1]

After the English Prince had been fourteen months in Acre, the Sultan of Egypt offered peace, and Edward, whose force was very small, and whose return was urgently required by his father,

[1] Michaud.

made a treaty favourable for the Christians, and returned to England. (1272.)

This was the last expedition worthy of the name that went from Europe to combat the Mahometans in the Holy Land. The Western nations gradually abandoned as hopeless the attempt to conquer powerful nations in a country very trying to their health, far away from their supplies and reinforcements, and where any reverse was sure to entail ruin. They had learnt from the Crusades the impracticability of subduing the East. They had also learnt to appreciate the immense gains to be made by commerce, and the advantage of many of the arts and manufactures which then existed in the East in far greater perfection than in Europe. The spirit of fanatical devotion which had prompted the earlier Crusades had given place to a more worldly and prudent temper; and though the Popes continued to make efforts to arm the nations again, and to revive a system which had so greatly increased their own power and authority, yet the kings and nobles could no longer be induced to listen to them. It only remains, therefore, to relate briefly the fate of the Christian settlements which still survived in Syria.

It was evident to all that, once abandoned by the West, these settlements could not long stand

against the efforts of the whole Mahometan world. Their divisions and quarrels, their licentiousness and profligacy, also promised to insure their fall, and it was only the devoted bravery of the military orders—the Templars, Hospitallers, and Teutonic Knights—that so long averted it. The city of Tripoli, which had long been rich and flourishing from its great commerce, was taken, after an obstinate defence, by Sultan Kelaoun, the successor of Bibars (1289), and all its Christian inhabitants put to the sword. After this, Acre was the only place of real importance that remained to the Christians in the East, and in Acre were assembled "the wretched remains of those kingdoms and principalities which had been won by the blood of the West."[1] The King of Cyprus, who retained the title of King of Jerusalem, was here. Here, too, each in their separate quarters, were English, Venetians, Genoese, Pisans, Armenians, Tartars. In this vast assemblage of men of every country there was no efficient government—no way of preserving order. Luxury, wealth, and magnificence of display abounded. Acre was the great centre of the commerce between the East and West, which had been constantly growing in spite of the wars. But the various nations within its walls,

[1] Mills.

jealous of one another, had frequent and bloody quarrels; and it was evident that the city—in spite of its strong fortifications, which had been completed with great care by King Louis—would offer no effective resistance if once attacked in earnest by the Saracens.

In the year 1291, Sultan Chelil, the successor of Kelaoun, arrived before Acre with an immense army, and swore that he would never desist from the attack until the city was captured. The danger from the Saracens served to unite for a short period the motley population which inhabited the place. Measures were taken for defence, and the first attacks of the Saracens were repulsed with vigour. The devoted bravery of the military orders animated the courage of all, and it seemed at first as though the last stronghold of the Crusaders was not to be captured. But the sea was open. The temptation to the rich citizens of Acre to fly away with all their treasures from the besieged town to safety and security in Europe, was very great. After fighting for a time valiantly, even the King of Jerusalem himself secretly retreated with his followers to his more secure dwelling at Cyprus. Great apathy was shown by many of the inhabitants as to the defence. But there were still some brave spirits in Acre who

made this last struggle of the Crusaders in the East worthy of the fame of Godfrey and of Richard. William of Clermont, the Marshal of the Hospitallers, the Grand Master of the Templars, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, all showed extraordinary devotion and bravery. The walls were thrown down, but still the valour of the Christians prevented the Saracens from entering. Every day fresh attacks were made, but every day they were repulsed. The little band of Christians grew constantly smaller and weaker, but despair drove them to combat to the last. They could hope for no mercy from their enemies, and they determined to sell their lives dearly.

At length, overpowered by numbers, exhausted by a hundred conflicts, the Christian defenders of Acre were unable any longer to keep back the foe. The Saracens entered the city full of fury, and slaughtered all whom they met. In the midst of a fearful storm which broke over the devoted city, flames were seen to rise in various places, and the great stronghold of the Christians fell by fire and sword. Many of the inhabitants escaped by sea. Of the brave defenders of the place—those knights of the Temple and Hospital who scorned either to fly or surrender—all who survived threw themselves into the strong castle of

the Templars, which they determined to defend to the last. For several days they held the whole Mussulman army in check. At length the principal tower was mined, and the Saracens rushed to the assault. At the moment when they were thronging into it the tower tottered and fell, involving both attackers and defenders in a common ruin. This was the last effort of the Christians in Palestine.

Immediately after the fall of Acre, Tyre, Beirout, Sidon, and the other cities occupied by Christians surrendered to the Mussulman army. But their surrender did not save the inhabitants from murder and slavery and all the dreadful miseries of captured cities. Amidst scenes, the description of which makes the blood run cold with horror, the Christian power in Syria, and all the work of the Crusades and the efforts of two hundred years, finally disappeared.

When the news of the fall of Acre and the destruction of the remains of the kingdom of Jerusalem reached Europe no great sensation was produced. The public mind of the Western states had become gradually alienated from the Christians of the East, and their weakness, their dissensions, and their crimes had long led all men to anticipate their fall. No universal excitement now prevailed, as at the tidings of the recapture of Jerusalem.

All men in Europe seemed to acquiesce in the loss of the Holy Land as a sad but inevitable necessity. Occasional projects for its recovery may be traced here and there for some time forward, but no further attempt of real importance was ever made to carry out the great object of the Crusades.

The most remarkable product of these wars was the growth and immense development in power and riches of the military orders of knights.

Their history subsequent to the loss of the Holy Land is a strange and interesting one.

The Teutonic Knights conquered Prussia and Lithuania from the heathen inhabitants, and after long wars with the Kings of Poland the Grand Master of the knights, Albert of Brandenburg, became Duke of Prussia. (1525.)

The Knights of St. John succeeded in driving the Saracens from the island of Rhodes, and establishing themselves there, carried on continual wars with the Turks. At length, being expelled from Rhodes, they received the gift of Malta from the Emperor Charles V. (1530.) Here their bravery, always conspicuous, reached its highest point of glory in their heroic defence of Valetta against the Turks.

The Knights of the Temple met with a more melancholy and tragic fate—a fate which is still

involved in much mystery. Accusations of a revolting character were made against the order by Philip, King of France, to Pope Clement V. The knights were everywhere seized, and examined by torture. In France many of them perished miserably, but it does not appear that any crime could be proved against them. There is too much reason to suppose that the King of France and the Pope were guilty of the fearful crime of judicial murder in order to obtain the vast estates and great riches which the Templars had accumulated. In England and in all the other countries of Europe the Templars were also seized and imprisoned. In this country courts were opened for their trial at London, York, and Lincoln. (A.D. 1309.) Many of them made general confessions of heresy to obtain absolution and protection, but no tangible crime was established by their accusers. Their estates, however, were confiscated, and the order was finally suppressed by an iniquitous decree made by Pope Clement at the Council of Vienne, in spite of the remonstrances and opposition made by the council. (1310.) Such was the debt of gratitude which the See of Rome paid to the Red-cross Knights, who had been for two hundred years pouring out their blood like water to fight its battles in the East.

In conclusion, it is well to note some of the main effects produced by the Crusades on the political and social life, the knowledge, the arts, and the commerce of Europe.

These were of vast importance. And first with regard to the political and social life of Europe. At the time when the Crusades began almost all the bonds of civil society were broken. The feudal system had degenerated from its original conception; the princes were without power; the nobles were making themselves every day more independent; the orders beneath them were in a state of slavery. Violence and rapine prevailed everywhere. There was no law strong enough to reach the great. The Churchmen were worse than the lay barons, more despotic, more cruel. Europe was suffering all the throes of a hideous anarchy. The Crusades changed all this. First, they indirectly augmented the power of the Pope, inasmuch as these expeditions were undertaken at his command, and for an object declared sacred by his voice. Again, they broke the power of the chief nobles, which had been so grossly misused for the purposes of oppression and tyranny. Many of them were ruined in the Holy Wars, many were slain, and their independence, as a class, was in great measure overthrown. But the Crusades, which brought ruin

upon the barons, gave influence and power to the kings. By acting as the heads of armies they became able to act as the real heads of the nation, or by remaining at home while their nobles went to the wars, they secured their authority in their absence. Once more: the Crusaders may be said to have created the influence of the commercial and trading class—the citizens of towns—who came now to form a third estate between the nobles and the peasants. When land began to change hands, commerce to increase, and riches to flow into the possession of the active and intelligent; when the oppressor and spoiler was removed and the community was allowed to practise the arts of peace, the foundation of the prosperity of modern Europe was laid. All this was done by the Crusades, which sent the barons to roam to a distant land, and which obliged them to raise large sums of money to equip themselves and their followers. On the nobles themselves the Crusades exercised a humanizing and civilizing influence which ought not to be underrated. The unselfish nature of the work in which they engaged, its perils and adventures, tended much to produce a chivalrous spirit and a feeling of the value of honour among the nobles. And as these wars were the means of working a great revolution in the political and social

life of Europe, so as regards commerce and industry, their effects can scarcely be over-estimated. They made the nations of Europe first acquainted with distant voyages, they showed them the arts and riches of the East, and created a commerce between East and West. The Italian republics, Genoa, Pisa, Venice, all owed their greatness and their wealth to the Crusades. It was in these expeditions that Europeans first learnt the culture of the sugar-cane and the use of sugar. It was from the East that they brought the manufacture of silk and the secret of dyeing in various colours. Perfumes, spices, the art of enamelling were all due to the Crusades. And learning received great advances from them. Not only did the Europeans, who were for the most part profoundly ignorant, learn much of geography, natural history, and general knowledge from personal experience, but they also now first learnt the use of figures, and were introduced to some of that rich store of learning which the Arabian writers had treasured up. There is perhaps scarce one valued possession of modern times which is not in some measure due to this great opening of intercourse between the West and the East. But the useful effects which are distinctly traceable to these wars formed no part of the objects contemplated by the intrepid soldiers

of the Cross, who were moved by quite other motives to undertake their perilous enterprises. Nor would any weaker motives than those which animated them have been sufficient to nerve them against the dangers and toils of the way, and to cause them to regard without dismay the frightful loss of human life which these wars occasioned. Their animating power was a genuine, though blind, religious ardour, their view of those who fell was the happy transition of martyrs to the regions of bliss. Unconsciously they were doing a work to which they did not aspire, and preparing results of which they had no presentiment. Thus in the natural world the violent storm which scatters havoc and ruin all around often produces valuable effects, by moderating the temperature and deluging the earth with fertilizing showers. Just so the errors, the short-sightedness, and the violence of men are overruled by the Almighty to assist in His grand design of the advancement and development of the human race.

THE END.

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