

CHAPTER II.

Now such being the universal spirit of Christendom, a consequence somewhat analogous could not but ensue. It is the only time that history presents us a simultaneous unison of so many nations; and who knows if such a sight will ever come again? With all its defects, it has certainly an air of majesty that cannot be put down by any sneer. Sneers are the trophies of what is grand. Homer and Virgil (but not their inferiors) have been travestied. What was so often in Napoleon's mouth is eminently true; "From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step." It may be ridiculous to call ridicule a test of truth. Yet is it the sincerest homage to truth—unwilling homage.

Nor was it Christendom alone, but also the Mahometans had been long undergoing a not dissimilar preparation. Whatever be the doctrines deduced by subsequent commentators from the Koran, that book itself has much more of moral severity than sensualism, and shows so thorough a knowledge of both the Testaments that it has been reported it was from a monk called Gabriel that Mahomet had his inspirations, though he pretends it was the archangel of that name.

The *sonna* or oral law was reduced to writing two centuries after Mahomet; so the absurdities it may contain are no more to be imputed to him, than the fables of the Talmud to the Patriarchs. A collection of seventy-two thousand old popular customs and tales may easily furnish food of every kind. But is it a refined taste to select for publication whatever of most shockingly indecent can be discovered in that anonymous farrago or any of its impure appendages? Is it just to charge the Koran with that superfluous filth? Let the Koran stand on its own merits; or if to be condemned, be condemned for its own faults. Plurality of wives existed in Arabia long before Mahomet, nor could he have abolished it, if he wished; but he found adultery common, and he vigorously forbade it; and put an end to drunkenness also, and instituted

prayers to the living God, instead of the idolatry of the Caaba. It is no approval of his tenets, to refuse accusing him falsely. Who grieve he went no further towards true religion, may praise him, as far as he went. That the Koran is the most classic of the language has been long ago decided, on the best possible authority and beyond all appeal—that of the whole Arab people themselves.

It is no defect of his, if, notwithstanding our cherished ideas of Oriental magnificence and an established reputation for richness, and that the Arabs have a great idea of their own superiority in everything, and contempt for all who do not speak Arabic and wear any other dress, still the Arab tongue is very poor. Will it be believed that a warlike nation has no word for *garrison*? Yet so it is, and hundreds of such deficiencies. For the Arabic in general has but one word for each thing, including all its varieties. For which I have the authority of one of the most learned Orientalists of France—Renaud, in his preface to the Arabian Chronicles. If the Ommydes were harsh and audacious, beginnings are proverbially so, and the Fatimites were weak and falling, and may have imbibed the credulous cruelty of Egypt; but the Abassides and Spain can tell whether in its best times Mahometanism was remarkable for intole-

rance. Nor does it not savour of tolerance, that Mahomet admits of an exception in favour of those of the *Book*, by which most understand the old Testament, which includes all Christians—and some, all who believe in God and have a written law. The superstitious corruptions of the Turks and their ferocious barbarity must go to their own account. No doubt but they were at least as superstitious as the most illiterate of the Christians could be; and the Turkish annalists recount very gravely, how angels or even legions of angels joined Islam's ranks during battle; and at almost every important event the same writers accompany it with an eclipse of the sun, darkness over the whole globe, and the stars visible at broad noon day. The Turks had probably been worse when idolators in Scythia, both as to superstition and fierceness; and those of them who had become a little effeminate and luxurious, also lost something of their native coarseness.

The Arabian historians themselves avow that in the eleventh century the whole East exhibited frightful disorder; that it was indeed the most disastrous of the periods; that the empire founded by the successor of Mahomet had melted away; and a wild race from the depths of Tartary reigned over the most delicious of the countries held once

by the Arab; that the Turks or Turcomans under the children of Seljuk had taken Persia, Mesopotamia, Syria and Asia Minor, and were now menacing at once Cairo and Constantinople; that nevertheless the population of nearly all the towns taken by the Turks in Anatolia, continued for the chief part Christians, Greek, Armenian, Syrian, Georgian; while the victors, habituated to the freedom of a nomade life, preferred dwelling in tents in the open fields, taking care of the cattle along with some tribes of Arab origin, and that all that remained of the famous Arabian Empire was Egypt, with a few fragments of Africa and Spain.

As early as 1010 the Turks had commenced speaking of a Christian army preparing to march against them, *exercitus Francorum super Saracenos orientales commotos*; and at the destruction of the Holy Sepulchre then, certain stones glittered and resisted the fire like diamonds, which, without any miracle, might really be. Signs in the skies had told the Turks repeatedly that the West was going to rise against them; and at last in 1062, a meeting was held at Omar's Mosque in Jerusalem, for the Moslem doctors to study in the Koran for an explanation of what had been seen and could still be seen in the air; and these wise men, after gazing up intently from morning until night, declared

it was clear that the constellations prophesied great disorders; and all these expounders of the law agreed, that some dark prediction was thus foreshadowed of people, who seemed to be Christians, seizing on much of the true believers' lands, after immense victories. And every one drew the consequence, that something of great importance was at hand, since announced by such prodigies.

In truth, it is in a Mahometan mouth that I first observe the words *holy war*, calling on all Mussulmen to leave off discord among themselves, and unite in a *holy war* against the Greek; words used in about 1084, and in that very Asia Minor, and assented to by that very same Solyman, whom (or son) any army from Constantinople would have first to encounter; sanguinary Turks, lately Mahometans, and still savages, who had never seen any better Christians than Greeks, Syrians, and defenceless pilgrims, and therefore scorned and hated Christianity. These were the hyenas and lions, leopards, tigers, crowding down to the Asiatic margin of the Sea of Marmora, snuffing for blood along it, as if round where travellers have pitched their nightly camp, defended by fires in the desert.

The opinion of most Christians then was, that the end of the world was at hand; but all people

were in expectance of some great event, no one knew what, yet something surpassing human vicissitudes. To popular imagination it seemed that all nature was busy announcing by prodigies of every sort and every day what was the will of Heaven, and proclaiming it too clearly and loudly for any to misunderstand. Human laws were as nothing to those who conceived themselves called on by the voice of God. Moderation was cowardice; indifference, treason; opposition, sacrilege. Subjects scarcely recognised their sovereigns, and slave and master were all one to Christians. Domestic feelings, love of country, family, and every tender affection of the heart, were to be sacrificed to the ideas and reasonings that carried away all Europe.

The whole West resounded with these holy words: "Whosoever bears not his cross, nor follows me, is unworthy of me!" So, when the hermit began riding on his mule from town to town, from province to province, a crucifix in his hand, his feet naked, his cowl thrown back, leaving his head quite bare, his lank body girt with a piece of coarse rope over his long, rugged cassock, with a pilgrim's mantle of the commonest stuff, the singularity of his attire, austerity of his manners, and his charity, had a great effect upon the people, and the morality he preached; and caused his being

everywhere revered as a saint, and followed with enthusiasm by a great crowd, showing him a reverence not dissimilar to what Mahometans of our own day have shown a *Haggi* just returned from Mecca, or beyond, where their prophet sleeps in Medina.

Nor that poorly-dressed envoy of Christianity, preaching alike in churches, fields, market-places, found a scanty or unwilling auditory when he descanted on the dangers, insults, afflictions, he had undergone, and far worse, those he had been a tearful eye-witness of, where so many of their fellow-Christians were doomed to suffer all kinds of ill-treatment and bitter scoffs, and horrid tortures for their religion; and he called upon them by all they held dear, or deserving tenderness or veneration, and in the name of Him whom they feared and worshipped, and His Divine, immaculate, and far above all the rest of creation, most blessed mother, and the God-head of her uncreated Son, that thrice-sacred Redeemer, that dearest Lord Jesus; when in His sempiternal unearthly cause, he summoned every professor of this heavenly creed, to join hand in hand, without any distinction of country, sex, condition, rank, as the best preparation for that mighty day of judgment that was surely very near, in one immense crusade to expel those infidel dogs

from where He left His mortal remains for our prayers and consolation, and to which no Christian but has undoubtedly a full right to go for that worthiest of purposes, and far greater right than any person can have to any earthly inheritance from any mortal parent, or any lands from a worldly father, or houses, or money, or chattels; for this is from his omnipotent, immortal Father, whose recompense is utterly superior to all earthly value, and can never die; road which was made and decreed by no creatures mortal or immortal, but the Infinite Being's self, and therefore ought most rightfully, by all laws, human and divine, to be left free for all Christians, the poorest and feeblest, as well as the richest and most powerful, and not, if they venture, be exposed to injury, whips, and death; when he thus conjured and supplicated with most piteous exclamations, and tears and gestures of the wildest enthusiasm, he let loose a torrent that no one in his senses could even attempt to stem.

It had long been pent up; but he has now (perhaps carelessly) unsluiced it. And if it can be guided, that tremendous gush, the Lord alone knows. Yet men only heard what they were ready for; and those of any wealth or foresight began their outfit at once. Not a single syllable, I will not say of

doubt, but even of delay. Thousands upon thousands were in readiness to depart forthwith. It required the hermit himself to persuade them to wait for a few months, that estates might be sold or mortgaged, and that the lowest classes that possessed anything, should convert their furniture and household goods into a little money.

Yet, where all wished to sell, and none to buy, what but hamper themselves, each with as much as ever he could, and leave the rest for any person that should pass? Heaps of articles strewed every road in Europe, and lay neglected, though they would have been all stolen at any other time; but now the meanest mendicant refused to lose a moment by looking on them. What was proposed to all, and was the duty of all, was so paramount to arms, provisions, horses, ships, in the apprehension of millions, that they smiled at such superfluous cares, and held them in supreme disdain. Yet some had the prudence to occupy themselves a little with these trifles, nor every head of a family deemed it praiseworthy to renounce his duties of providing for those whom his Creator had confided to his administration; it were a tempting of Providence! But no further deferring than was absolutely necessary.

To every class of the community the crusade

became the great business of life—the only real business—all things else were playthings for children. This was the mighty, universal law, absorbing or comprehending all other laws, civil, criminal, ecclesiastical, military, political, international. These all were mere gewgaws, or primers in comparison. Nor was there any exception even for the clergy; since they were men too! as pious and learned as you will, but still men—like ourselves in substance, mere mortal men, and bound to worship Christ and prepare for doomsday, make their souls, and get in order for salvation.

Put Satan to flight, is what is of importance. There is but one way to do this—come on the crusade. The rest is tinsel; crown or tiara, alike all tinsel. So the priests, far from inciting their parishioners, had only to follow them, and were obliged to follow them whether they wished it or not; nor when the Pope convened the councils, was either of them his own doing. His Holiness could not have acted otherwise. Certainly a large portion of the wisest and most religious of the clergy of all ranks beheld these puritanical tumults with disapprobation, and feared for the contaminating effect of such a mixture of both sexes, and of the most devout and pure young people with the impure, repentant, and perhaps not repentant re-

probates. But what could those virtuous and most prudent pastors do? No one seemed to have any time for reflection. Everywhere all was ferment and effervescence.

Even sagacious elderly men and women appeared to have lost all power over themselves or others. Nor did not some individuals act from baser motives than holiness or zeal; although the vast majority did act from these laudable motives, and no others; even owning that their zeal was often blind, and no few of the vicious really were reclaimed. But there were not wanting sprinklings of hypocrisy, and what is probably worse, a profuse assortment of iniquitous wretches, male and female, who neither changed, nor intended, nor pretended to change their lives! Swearers, cursers, pick-pockets, highwaymen, robbers of every description, murderers, whole parties of the most scandalous of ruffians, and the vilest Delilahs and Jezebels, and such like, who embraced the adventure as a glorious speculation, resolved on the very reverse of any amendment of manners; but to make the most of the opportunity, in the sense of rejecting all restraint, and throwing the loosest reign to every one of their most shameless passions.

The unfortunate priest, forced to participate in the sure destruction and disgrace of such a

squad, had an awful duty. Nor imagine possible that his mild voice could be heard in that outrageous confusion. Total ruin could scarcely not ensue. Undoubtedly there were persons who reprobated the crusade from the beginning, and perceived that such a reckless frenzy augured nothing good. To them it was a terrific hurricane. But, on discovering the evident impossibility of stopping it (which they soon discovered), they in every way favoured it. Some of them might even think it were self-love to suppose they saw so much better than others, and therefore joined the cry sincerely, though against their own judgment. But that this cry was in the spirit of the times, is a manifest deduction from the former pilgrims.

As often happens in great events, a strange and mighty presentiment had invaded all the nations in Europe for nearly a century; a growing disquietude that at last broke out at the same instant everywhere, north, south, east, west. Also the Turks had their presentiments, as noted. Nor was it the eloquence of the hermit, who was not eloquent, and soon was flung aside by the very crusade he had preached; for success was then considered proof of a Divine mission, and he was unsuccessful; but men were ripe for his words. It only required a word, and he said it. It was soon given. Any

one else would have done as well. It was a moment too when adventurers, and idlers, and vagabonds, were unusually numerous, in consequence of the recent civil wars and discharged armies; and bands of robbers and famishing soldiery were roving everywhere at discretion. When all at once, as if at the wave of some conjurer's wand, crimes and all illegal proceedings ceased, and merged into the crusade; and Europe enjoyed, during some months, a peace she had not known for a long time. Almost everything virtuous and everything vicious took the same direction. Not one plunderer, robber, murderer was any more to be found within the precincts of all Europe. One only thought and deed pervaded every community. Nothing else was worth alluding to.

Great and little, poor and rich, literate and illiterate, folly and wisdom, males and females, parents and children, sovereign and subjects, priests and people—all had no other grave concern. Soon was there nothing but mutual encouragement, and who at first had blamed it as madness, became at last fully as mad as the rest. Impatient all to sell their property, and none to purchase but what was portable. What could not be carried was destroyed, and in like manner much provisions, which produced a famine. Kings were shelved for awhile,

or if they resolved to sell or mortgage their dominions or rid themselves of them in any way—even by gift—they imitated the multitude, and joined the crusade as individuals; so they could manage to be lent money enough to buy a battle horse, it filled them with delight to enroll as a common crusader.

The heir apparent of England jumped to pledge Normandy, and left his birthright to his younger brother. Fortunately none of the great European monarchs could so easily make away with their realms, or create a national debt, to squander it; but as they were obliged to wait a little, and put their finances in some order—though resolved to take their turn, and set out as soon as the others came back—yet being of the last, they only went after men had in some degree regained their senses. But in this first crusade they could take no part, but were constrained to remain at home—sadly against their wishes—and considered themselves unhappy, and considered so by others, who sincerely bewailed their piteous lot, and the miserable elevation which condemned them to be a sacrifice for the public, and defer their felicity, and descend to the second place. Poor sovereigns, no longer in the highest, but at this most important crisis, in a quite inferior station!

The cross was the only real resource for every one, and equalled every one. If it was against the ancient discipline for the clergy to bear arms, yet that this was admitted to be an exceptional case was highly beneficial to the crusades. If a novelty, and in ordinary occurrences uncanonical, a holy war made a difference. Devoted wives followed their husbands, or induced them to permit it. Some wives asked for no permission, but their own will; and on such an excursion, no one dared to blame them. Married or unmarried pairs, set out on the adventure together, no fault could be found with them. Some priests might possibly have Asian bishopricks in their heads, even in a few instances it was so certainly; but nevertheless they stuck to their flocks, and preached the same heavenly doctrines they had always preached. Ambition also might have had much to do with several of the leaders who were laymen, and dreamed of crowns and empires in Asia, and remembered that a little nosegay of Normans had conquered Sicily and Puglia.

But notwithstanding all deductions, yet was religious enthusiasm the first and principal cause of this crusade; and put the whole Christian world in motion. Lands, castles, houses, ceasing all at once to be of any value, might well be given away

gratis to the few who were so unhappy as to be obliged to remain at home. Domains worth little or nothing, are donations that can be accepted by even a king, so as they contribute to assuage his poignant and most reasonable grief—wretched lords—pitiable indeed their lot! The terrified Greeks, who had been sent ambassadors to the Council of Claremont, had no use for their fine harangues, but obtained a great deal more than they asked or desired. A small aid of ten thousand men or so, was all they thought of, and they beheld with perhaps some dismay, that whole nations were to flock through their country.

The first squad to whom I will not do Cromwell's wildest, the injustice to compare them (for those English fanatics were sedate prudent old gentlemen to those who under the hermit himself and his worthy associate, Sansavoir—without a penny or pennyworth—pushed off on their march in one vast irregular multitude, men and women) nearly all of the lowest classes—chiefly beggars, and knaves, and cut-throats, and virulent democrats, fanatical revellers and hypocrites, without food or money, or honesty or common sense, and imperfectly armed with long rusty knives and ancient scabbardless swords, more like saws, and greasy monks the best of them, and sturdy clowns and peasant girls, and

the majority drunkards male and female, and lawless perpetrators of the grossest debauchery of every description, most of them pell mell, on foot, half-naked, with only ten horses amongst such thousands, and the most reputable in various carts and waggons drawn by their usual teams or plough cattle, and little or no provisions; for it would have been an insult to the Almighty to have done otherwise, in the estimation of the religiously mad, who furnishes the birds with food; and the wicked having determined on ill-treating, robbing, sacking every creature, house and town they should come to, were extremely glad of that valid excuse.

Early in the spring of 1096, it was quite out of all possibility to restrain their impatience. Penitence the most austere and sincere, and piety the most fervent, were henceforth to associate with the grossest impurity, and every kind of low gaiety, worldly, and disfigured with vice. From the Tiber to the Northern Ocean, from the Danube to Portugal, all were hurrying to the crusade. These all in tears who were to remain in Europe, those marching towards Asia showed nothing but smiles of hope and joy. At every village they saw, the children kept asking, *Is that Jerusalem?* Happy in their ignorance, not a word of reason came from old or young, clerk or layman; nor did any one

express astonishment at what now surprises us. All were actors; there was no audience, posterity were to be that. Immense armies, many of them, might have been formed out of that multitude; enough, and far more than enough. But the chief captains agreed among themselves to set about making the preparations absolutely necessary, and then to take different roads, and meet again at Constantinople.

But first of all was it requisite to skim off the dross, and rid themselves of that heterogeneous and most unmilitary crowd. All the various gangs of that description were to proceed in three divisions. So the Heaven-elected hermit's insane squad, that was to form the first division, departed instantly with Sansavoir leading the vanguard. The zealous Cenobite, as fit for the mad hospital as any of them, convinced that a good hot will is enough to insure success in war, and that the undisciplined mob would obey his voice, figured at the head of that oddest of columns, in his woollen gown, and with cowl and sandals, riding jovially that same she mule which had carried him over all Europe—England included. But he had outriders with his penniless lieutenant, who had been followed close by two of the horsemen; so there were only eight horses to be scattered through the main body.

Altogether this division comprised at least a hundred thousand men, followed by a long train of rude vehicles, women, children, and the old, sick, or decrepid, or valetudinarians; all relying on the miraculous promises of their more than Moses. For their holy Peter needed but to tread where he had trod already. They expected that the rivers would open to let them pass, manna fall from Heaven to feed them.

The commanders were as miserable as their soldiers. To the East asking alms! And as long as they were in France or Germany, they were not wrong in their expectations; for they were fed by the charitable. Not so in Hungary; although its king had been known to the hermit on his way home from Jerusalem, when that new convert had heard with sympathy of the poor palmer's sufferings. But his Majesty was now dead; nor did his successor, though a recent Christian also, and in correspondence with the Pope, look with a kindly eye on these lawless crusaders; nor the Bulgarians, though Christians likewise, would recognise the desperate fellows as their brethren, but treated them worse than they had ever treated former pilgrims.

Cold charity was quickly over; so the crusaders, not contented with stealing, or with the strong hand seizing, the cattle, and driving them off

openly, or sacking cottages, set them on fire, insulted, beat, or even murdered the peasantry; and acted in like manner towards the outskirts of some towns, whereupon the terrified and irritated Bulgarians rushed to arms, and cut many of the others to pieces—to say nothing of sixty whom they burned in a church to which they had fled for protection, but perhaps deserved to find none; on which Sansavoir struck off into the forests and wildernesses. Nevertheless a considerable portion of the wretched fore-runners got to Constantinople, and remained two months under its walls; the emperor wisely refusing to let them inside the gates, but permitting them to wait there for the hermit, where they sordidly could keep soul and body together, on the coarsest food, doled out to them with the unkindest parsimony.

At length the hermit had reached Semlin—city called by him Maleville, from the bad reception it offered them—namely sixteen, not indeed corpses, but arms and garments of so many of their own vanguard by way of a scare-crow, to deter them from following the example of those culprits; at which he in a rage gave the signal for war, and at the blast of a trumpet the desperate assailants slew forty thousand of the peaceable inhabitants. Which horrid atrocity made the King of Hungary

advance with a large army. But before his arrival, hermit and congregation had all run away and contrived to cross the Save—where they found villages and towns abandoned—even Belgrade without a creature. Every one had sought refuge in the hills and woods. Thence onward did our famishing crowd labour sadly; and at last approached with expectations that were to be frustrated, the fortified town of Nyssa; but alas! they could not enter, and were only given some little food beneath its walls, on their promise of forthwith proceeding without perpetrating any misdemeanour; but a party of them, “certain children of Belial,” whom a chronicler calls Germans, recklessly firing some windmills in the vicinity belonging to the citizens, these, vexed beyond all longer endurance, rushed out against the rear and put multitudes to death, and likewise took numbers of prisoners—mothers and infants, many of whom were found living there in bondage several years after. The miserable remnant crept forwards—without either food or arms, and so reduced in numbers, found themselves in a far worse condition than ever.

But this extreme misery produced pity, which answered better than force; and the Greek Emperor charitably sent what enabled them to reach the walls of Constantinople. Yet the Greeks, not liking the

Latins—and pardonably enough, if to judge by this sample—interiorly applauded the courageous Bulgarians; though the emperor himself not fearing the garrulous Peter, nor his corps, now unarmed and in the rags of indigence, advised them, with as much condescension as sincerity, to wait for the Prince of the Crusade.

But the second division had yet to come. This resembled the hermit's, but rather worse. They were, for the most part, from the north of the Rhine, and towards the Elbe, and led by a priest of the Palatinate, of the name of Gotschalk. Wholly occupied with robbing, and all kinds of pillage, rapes, quarrels, murders, these worthies soon forgot Constantinople, Jerusalem, Jesus Christ himself. If any of them had ever had any religion, they certainly soon lost the least traces of it. Not a law, human or Divine, did they consider sacred. They were quite hurried away by their passions. The slenderest temptation was irresistible to them. Their ferocity was accompanied by imbecility, and would have worn itself out probably, but that they fell victims to perfect barbarity, nor could expect to be saved by the laws of humanity, which they had broken themselves.

Yet was there a third division of such frightful eminence in iniquity, anarchy, sedition, that no one

had the hardihood to be its captain. These desperadoes scorned every obedience, civil, military, ecclesiastical—all to them a grievous yoke. And they would have none, but would live and die as free as born. What property does a baby carry into the world? or a corpse out of it? What lawgivers have they? Choosing to believe that the crusade washed away all sins, they committed the most heinous crimes with the utmost indifference and a safe conscience. With a fanatical pride—or they feigned it—they despised and assaulted every one who did not join their march. Not all the riches on earth were sufficient to recompense their self-devotedness; let God and the Church know that—in whose service they are—the only service they acknowledge. They declared themselves *the Volunteers of Heaven*, and would not hear of any mixture of what is human. All that should fall into their hands was rightfully their own, and but a small part of what was due to them; an anticipated quota of the arrears of their pay, so much taken from the heathen. Of the lands they were traversing, they were themselves the true owners. The proprietors should thank them, if they left anything, and were in reality their debtors.

From such principles, you may imagine what followed. This furious troop moved disorderly;

and obeyed but the fits of their own insanity. They observed peremptorily that it was an enormous wrong to go against those who profaned the tomb of Christ, without first slaying who had crucified Him. Miraculous or pretended visions so inflamed their hate and horror and all their diabolical appetites, that they massacred all the Jews on their line of march with the most abominable and unnatural tortures. So the contents of each miserable Jewry craved for death as other men for life. But the boon without preamble of being tortured was rarely or never granted.

Since they could find no captain, they took a goose and made it march at their head, strutting pompously with a wave of its body and bobbing the pinnacle of its long windpipe, or a goat with a coquelico ribbon round its neck; and ascribed something of divine to it, and assured astonished beholders, that it was equal to any priest or bishop. For which impudent jeer they are condemned by the chroniclers more than for their deeds of tremendous guilt. This carnage of the unresisting Jews inebriated such felons, and made them as proud as if they had vanquished the Saracens. But the Hungarians exercised their implacable swords on this division to a man. At least only

a very few individuals of it lived to join the hermit under the Constantinopolitan bastions.

With this offal and what remained of all three of the divisions, re-inforced by Normans, Venetians, Pisans, Genoese, and others that he had picked up, he formed a new army of a hundred thousand, quite as undisciplined, and simple, and wicked as his first, and at the head of this collection the hermit set out along with his aide-de-camp Sansavoir, to try a fresh campaign, not unlike Don Quixote and Sancho Panza making for their second excursion. Many who left home pious, their piety went out on the road. Bold men get the upper hand, and bad example gives the law. Thus their robberies roused Constantinople, and even various churches in its suburbs suffering for their neighbourhood, the emperor was engaged to give them ships to transport them into Asia, without any further delay; when advancing with the same temerity as before, a Turkish army cut them to pieces — poor Sansavoir was run through the body ten several times, and the hermit in a most cowardly manner escaped — and in one single day that whole vast gathering disappeared, and left only a great heap of bones in a valley near Nice.

So Europe was horror struck at learning that of four hundred thousand crusaders she had sent out,

all were totally butchered. Yet the extermination of their less worthy parts, only increased the spirit-stirring glow of heroic and religious chivalry. The brilliant epoch of the holy war now begins. The princes of the crusade had not been yet ready. With Godfrey de Bouillon, Duke of Lower Lorraine, at their head, gathered nearly all the most illustrious captains of the time, and in a mass the nobility of France, and of both banks of the Rhine, and many of the English, and indeed of all Europe. No wonder then that the price of a war horse rose to an excessive height, the funds of a good estate hardly sufficing to arm and mount a single knight.

Germans and Hungarians were shown quite a different sight from the hermit's army, which was only a villainous mob—and re-established the honour of the crusaders in every land they went through. Hungary and Bulgaria wished Godfrey success; and he deplored the bad conduct and severe chastisement of those who had preceded him, but he did not once attempt to avenge their cause. Nor is his conduct or of any of the crusade to be ascribed to deep political views, for such matters were utterly unknown to them.

But what was purely accidental in those remote times, became to posterity, who judged of it by their own wisdom, the product of long foresight.

The brother of the King of France and the King of England's eldest son, were there mingled with their equals or superiors, many of them of the noblest birth and qualities, and as unambitious as themselves. Several of the others nourished views of earthly ambition no doubt, yet was it ambition of a very lofty kind. Monarchies, empires, diadems, and the summit of military reputation, might enter for some share, and mix with their religious feelings—even without their knowing it; still Vermandois and Robert of Normandy had no projects whatever, but heaven and glory.

Going round by Rome, the crusaders were so scandalized to see the soldiery of a Pope and of an Antipope fighting for the Lateran, the capital of Christianity serving as the theatre of a civil war, that some of them refused to go any further, and returned home. Profounder thinkers reflecting that in this life a portion of the human must ever unite with the best of the divine, and that inasmuch as it is human, it must be subject to imperfections—whence it is written, “the just man falls seven times a-day,” endeavoured to shut their eyes, and after saying their prayers and visiting the curiosities, hurried away; and all the divisions of that mighty army soon met at Constantinople.

And most sumptuously were they treated in that

celebrated metropolis, and entered it with all honours, and every demonstration of joy and public welcome. Only it was expected they would do homage to the emperor, which the Count of Toulouse refused, declaring he had not come so far to look for a master. Yet by surprise or cunning something that could be explained into homage, was worked out of him, and all of them—though an idle inane show. Tancred was the single exception, and he hastened his departure as the only way to avoid taking what at present was termed nothing, but might afterwards be construed into an oath of allegiance to Alexis. The brave generous Tancred was right. He was a Norman, and would have no breath on Norman honour.

Amidst such amplitude of luxury, and a constant variety of splendid amusements, few of the crusaders but seemed to have forgotten the Turks; nearly all but Godfrey, who at last asked for boats. And the Latins crossed the Bosphorus, and had advanced but a few leagues in Asia Minor, when they accosted some slaves who had left Europe with the hermit; and further on, towards Nice, a quantity of human bones told of that slaughter. That unfortunate Christian multitude had never been buried. Wolves and vultures had well consumed their flesh. So, in sad silence, the heroes

of the cross continued their march. It was a sight to end all discord, and put a curb on every worldly ambition—at least for a time; but only warmed their zeal for the holy war. So they took Nice, and won the glorious battle of Doryleum—Michaud's *chef d'œuvre*—where the valiant Duke of Normandy acquired great distinction. “O France, my delicious France, who art, indeed, superior to every other country,” sang the Troubadour, “how surpassingly beautiful were the tents of thy soldiers in Romanie!” which shows that the crusaders had tents, and were not left to needlessly bivouac in the open air, and so sicken and die—whereas we never read of the hermit's tents, or Gotschalk's. It is certain they had none. But it is also certain that tents are no superfluous expense, but in every way befitting warriors. The soldier not exposed unnecessarily to the damp nights, will be the abler to endure them when it is necessary. The contrary is but a foolish, beggarly, modern pretence to what is misnamed economy. It is no economy at all, but a positive loss, not only of life but of money.

This crusade was therefore equipped as hardy warriors ought to be; and in this sense it may be doubted if the world ever possessed a fairer army than that led by Godfrey, the victors of Nice and

Doryleum. When they took the Turkish camp, at this latter place, they found camels, animals till then unknown in Europe. It was July 1st, 1097. The Franks praised the Turks highly; and vaunted of their common origin. And chroniclers avow that, were the Turks but Christians, they would be equal to the crusaders; that is, the bravest, wisest, ablest soldiers in the world. What the Turks thought is evident from their attributing the victory to a miracle. "And what wonder since St. George and St. Demetrius were with our enemy? One sees you do not know the Franks," said Kilzig-Arslan to the Arabs, who blamed his retreat, "you have never experienced their astonishing bravery; such power is not human—but comes either from God or the devil."

On the next day but one after, the crusaders renewed their march eastward, nor found any more resistance throughout all Asia Minor, so completely had it been terrified by the day of Doryleum, to which was now to be added the approach of the main body of the Frank army, to both of which was it owing that Tancred, with two or three hundred cavalry, galloping rapidly about, took town after town, the whole of Cilicia, and up to the south of Scanderoon; killing every Turk without repose or mercy. In Asia Minor had

Florine, the Duke of Burgundy's daughter, disappeared with the young Crown Prince of Denmark, and if it gave rise to much fable and rumours, yet for certain where and how they ended was never discovered; though her afflicted father went seeking her over all the then known world for several years. And if Tasso relates how they died, it is that they offered a fair field for imagination—the perhaps grandest and most difficult of a poet's attributes. What is uncertain is *common* to everybody, and open to invention; *difficile est, proprie communia dicere*; it is in some sort a creation, and makes him (what he is in no sense otherwise) a creator.

But early in Asia had the crusaders begun following the hideous example of the Turks, in cutting off the heads of the slain, and riding with them dangling from their pommels, and threw a thousand of them at the enemy within Nice, with their besieging engines; and, filling sacks with another thousand heads, sent them as a present to the Greek Emperor.

But while Tancred was so cleverly employed in Cilicia, Baldwin (Godfrey's next brother, and the English Queen's father), devoured with ambition, and thinking the East had better things than any to be expected at Jerusalem, or accomplishment of

his vow at the Holy Sepulchre, set out by night to avoid the remonstrances of his friends, who all dissuaded him from that wild and shameful breach of his solemn compact, leading a small body of two thousand volunteers to assail one of the many fine cities and countries pointed out to him from the top of a lofty mountain by a fugitive Armenian adventurer.

So, passing the Euphrates at El Bir (the caravan road), at sixteen hours from Orfa, which the Talmuds affirm was founded by Nimrod, like Nineveh, he made straight for that capital of Mesopotamia, and those fragrant gardens that put one in mind of Eden, whose site they are said to be truly. A Greek governor now held it for Alexis, paying tribute to the Saracens, but, in the main, contriving to keep independent of either Bagdad or Constantinople. Both he and the people welcomed Baldwin, whom they mistook for the leader of the great Frank army. The city, fortunate enough to escape the Turks, had served as a refuge for a number of Christians; and they, rich. The bishop and twelve of the chief inhabitants met him as a deputation, telling him how wealthy Mesopotamia was, how devoted conscientiously to the cause of Jesus they were, and conjuring him to save a Christian establishment from the infidels' domina-

tion. Nor was Baldwin hard to be won. Yet having left little garrisons in all the various towns and villages he had stopped at, he had with him but a hundred horse. Curious was his triumphal entrance into that splendid, most civilised, and strongly-fortified place. The whole population walked out to receive him with olive branches and singing. But at their first interview, the prince or governor perceived he was more dangerous than a Mahometan; and, with a wish to get clear of him, offered him a considerable sum. The wily Baldwin however refused it, and threatened to go away, the townspeople, with loud cries, beseeching him to remain. But it could only be by his becoming bound to them by the binding link of duty; and by that honourable plea alone it were possible for him to be detached from the crusade, on the precise terms that the Prince of Orfa, who was old and childless, should adopt him, and proclaim him his successor; which being acceded to with eagerness, the legal ceremony of adoption was instantly gone through in the presence of Baldwin's own soldiers, and of the people, as indubitable witnesses, and according to the Oriental custom, the Greek passed the Latin between his shirt and his skin, and kissed him, in sign of his being his child. The aged wife of the prince did the same, and so Baldwin was ever

after considered their son and heir, and indeed neglected nothing to defend what had now become his own inheritance. When the death of the aged prince made him sovereign, he acquired in a signal degree the respect and love of his subjects; and in their annals he is held the best monarch they ever had. Being a widower, he married the niece of another of the small Armenian despots, a marriage that brought him a vast deal of money, and enabled him by purchase to extend his principality as far west as Mount Taurus. Orfa in the end was very useful to the crusaders, as a bulwark against the Turks on the side of the Euphrates towards the north-east.

But all this while was Godfrey stopped by Antioch, hard both to take and to maintain; and for a year and a half before it or within it, besieging or besieged, equally had the Franks to endure much and to suffer immense losses. The capital of Syria, with its massive fortifications of huge blocks of stone, and the iron bridge over the Orontes, and both its banks, were in quiet possession of the Latins, and the Turkish forces driven far away eastward of the Euphrates, but consequent on—ah! what tremendous sacrifices of life! Of the five or six millions computed to have left Europe, and

more than a million leaving Nice, only about sixty thousand now remained to set out for Jerusalem.

These were the ages of great things. Matters were always on a vast scale. For a few days we wander now all over a large city, or entire province, or as far as a newspaper goes; but then a father went wandering over whole continents; a great army was not of two hundred thousand men, but of five or six millions; nor of one, or of a few, but of almost all nations. A peasant now thinks it a great thing to go to a neighbouring shire, even with the aid of the railroad; but then, without any aid at all, a peasant with his entire family considered it a little undertaking to set out from the Vistula, or England, or the north of France, for Jerusalem.

Yet the sixty-thousand men that left Antioch were a far stronger body than the confused multitudes from which they were chosen; for they were every one of them excellent. After such rigid purifications—labours, diseases, battles, that along with some valuable lives, carried off almost all the useless and refuse, those that remained were veterans of rare merit. When find again a corps selected out from several millions? Nor by a fortuitous choice, but by a series of all sorts of experiments, without any danger of partiality or prejudice; for each was free to change masters, and as often as

he pleased. Nevertheless they shall be still more purified, if not to so small a compass as Gideon's, yet to one third.

There are wonderful things even to this day told about the whole country round Antioch—it is all holy ground to the Arab—whose fables are all appropriated to the French by the French historian; but Franks are meant to include almost all Europe. The old iron bridge—not that it was of metal, but that it had two towers covered with plates of iron—fell in 1822, from an earthquake, I think. But nothing was more consequential in all the various battles during the siege of Antioch, than that necessity reduced the cavalry to fight on foot, having devoured all their horses during the famine; and that dismounted cavalry formed an infantry to outdo either, and far superior to all the infantry then in use; and of which the famous Spanish foot afterwards were only a faint imitation, for this infantry was quite irresistible, and broke the Turkish cavalry at once. It was a lesson, that had a great effect then, and a far greater over the whole military world in process of time. For infantry, that up to that moment had been quite neglected in the middle ages, and considered a secondary arm, began to be held in due consideration and put on a par with the cavalry, which in

its turn, yielded the first place to the infantry. But it was ascertained, that to have the very best infantry, it must have been cavalry once. Particularly the English produced a celebrated corps (in their French wars, several centuries later) that used to be cavalry until they got to the field of battle, but then alighted and left their horses to the servants. "Then for the first time did Italy and France see horsemen in heavy armour that descended from their horses to fight on foot. Yet was it surely the best mode of warfare, for they thus joined the impenetrable armour of cuirassiers, to the steadiness of infantry, and it was almost impossible to break that firm phalanx. Those English too despised the most rigid winter, and never suspended their military operations at any season. And strange was the beauty of their arms and armour, all kept shining as a looking-glass; for every horseman was attended by two servants, who had nothing else to do, than clean their master's horse and accoutrements."

If the crusaders were blinded as to the holy lance, the Turks were equally so in fearing it; though some of those Mahometan writers say it was not a lance but stick. On the whole the Moslem thought it so extraordinary to lose Antioch, that some of them abandoned Mahometanism as proved untrue. Yet

even then it was difficult to persuade the crusaders (or the commander-in-chief himself who had gone to Orfa to visit his brother) to quit that pleasant residence. First to avoid the heats of summer—then a fever in autumn retarded them by carrying off nearly all the women and children and beggars, at the rate of fifty thousand a month—which, though to their deep concern at the time (for the crusaders were renowned for charity), but eventually a kindness of Providence, relieved them from what would have acted as a distraction, if not temptation, and certainly an unwieldy heavy tail and impediment. And to that succeeded the cold of winter, so that it was early in March of 1099 that they at last marched; and Bohemond of the Red Flag remained there as Sovereign Prince of Antioch.

At Laodicea they were joined by several English—exiles from Hastings—noble warriors who had left their darling homes and quiet firesides to William the Conqueror, and full of pious zeal and signal valour, proceeded to deliver the Holy Sepulchre; which did not prevent the army to thin. For numbers died of distress, hunger, and sickness all along; although there was no fighting. But whatever still rested with the least tinge of indiscipline or discord kept working themselves off by death. One day a young officer saw what

might well astonish him: "You alive and quite in health; you whom I saw slain in that battle?" "Know," replied the other, "that those who fight for Christ, never die." "But why are you clad in that dazzling beam?" At which his companion pointed up to the sky, where stood a palace of crystal and diamonds. "It is there I dwell, and to it owe the beauty that so surprises you. But, for you likewise, is a still more beautiful palace prepared, which you will come to enjoy very shortly. Farewell! We meet again to-morrow!" And the apparition returned to heaven. The rest was reality. For in he called the priests, received the last sacraments, and, though perfectly well, took leave of his friends. And in a sudden skirmish, early the next day, was struck in the forehead; "so went," says the chronicle, "to that fine palace."

It was certainly necessary for the counts and barons of the crusade to keep the minds of their soldiery exalted to the utmost, in order to accomplish what still awaited them; else their own authority alone would have never had weight enough. The rather that doubts began to arise regarding several of the past miracles; particularly the lance advocated by a person of dissolute manners, though well versed in letters. The Fatimite Caliph, though hating the Franks as

unbelievers, hated the Turks too, as wishing to deprive him of Syria, sent an ambassador to both. But nothing could stop the crusade. These had been still further reduced, and little exceeded forty thousand men; too small a number for so great an undertaking as that to which they were hastening, picked men as they had a right to call themselves, after having been put to so many proofs, and surmounted them all; nor any longer followed by a useless disorderly crowd, fortified by their losses, they formed a body more to be feared than at the outset.

The memory of their exploits heightened their own constancy and confidence in themselves and valour; and the terror they had spread through the East made them be still held an innumerable army. If they had still somewhat of a train, all armies have camp-followers; but in their case, that idle appendage kept every day decreasing. So the Emir of Tripoli paid them a contribution for peace; and without entering his town, they continued on. It was the end of May. Admirable was the order in the army, wonder of all beholders, say the chronicles. Every movement was by sound of trumpet—the least error in discipline punished severely—a regular school for all the details of a soldier's day, on or off guard, and nightly guards and videttes; the chaplains too were active in instruct-

ing; brave, patient, sober, charitable as ever they could, were those gallant warriors. Nor did the Moslem ever dare to stop them, such respect preceded their advance; not even in those defiles of which we read, "A hundred Saracen warriors would have been sufficient to stop the entire of the human race." Beyrout's rich territory, and Sidon's and Tyre's they traversed, and reposed in the laughing gardens of those ancient cities, and beside their delightful waters; the Moslem shut up peacefully within their walls, and sending plenteous provisions to the passing pilgrims, conjuring them not to damage their flowers and orchards, decoration and wealth of their lands.

In a cool valley on the banks of *the sweet river* they encamped three days. No more dreams of ambition—no attempt at getting rich, to be able to pay their troops; the chiefs, who for the most part had become poor, took service under the Count of Toulouse, though it must have galled their fierce spirit; but the nearer they drew to Jerusalem, the more they seemed to lose something of their worldly loftiness and indomitable pride, and to have forgotten their pretensions, disputes, and piques. They passed Acre (accepting tribute from its emir), Joppa, and the plain of that St. George who had so often aided them in battle, and thence struck off

to Ramla, within thirty miles of the object of all their toils and wishes. But on arriving, they had not one single loiterer or superfluous creature; but on review that morning, had barely numbered twenty thousand men.

But it was a selection of the very best warriors of all Christendom, such as it is not to be expected (perhaps scarcely desired) shall ever meet again. Most assuredly nothing similar is to be found in the history of past eras. Heroes whose likes the world never saw, and, I think, will hardly see again; and therefore is unwilling to admit they ever existed, but rather insists upon their being imaginary and inventions of story-tellers and poets. But in truth they were of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, but with sublimer minds, and more energy of purpose. I would not wrong our own period either. Perhaps, if we could concentrate the choicest of every nation in Christendom, and extract the quintessence of five or six millions, we might get together twenty thousand heroes, even now. But it is very improbable that circumstances will ever occur again to call out such multitudes of willing victims. With time and fashion, weapons and systems change.

But in substance it was the same, and will be always the same. The determined heart and bold

hand and lightning mind, are of all times. Who was a capital soldier then, would be a capital soldier now—not the least doubt of it. Hardiness and exactness are the things; with them, any tactics will do; without them, no tactics can effect much. Martinets—or whatever be the name in vogue—never perform important matters. Something of what took place after the great French Revolution, took place then—I mean officers acting as privates. Not one individual of the whole twenty thousand but was an experienced able veteran warrior, both for cavalry and infantry; and several of them accomplished engineers, or for what would be now called artillery, and fully capable of conducting a siege. And to a siege they were going, and such a siege! One of the strongest fortresses in Asia, with a large valiant garrison, commanded by a noted Mahometan, chosen on purpose for that arduous station, and well furnished with every necessary ammunition, and they themselves but a handful. Who ever heard, before or since, in the usual routine of war, of the besieged army being as numerous as the besieging? Here they are three times more so. But none of the least worthy of these Franks but would have been a fit sergeant in our armies, or subaltern, or even captain—hundreds generals, and certainly several qualified to be com-

manders-in-chief to any army at present in Europe. Their discipline must much have struck the Arabs, for I see they continually talk of their coming on "*like one man.*"

In passing the narrow rugged defiles of the hills of Judea where the smallest resistance from an enemy would have delayed them, it is easy to believe that they interpreted their meeting none into a proof that *He* was delivering the holy city up into their hands; as, a little before too, He had informed them of their foe's designs by a dove's dropping into the midst of them, under whose wing was tied a letter from one Moslem Emir to his general; and it was perfectly clear that the sweet white bird had been sent direct from heaven, whence else could she have come? Nearer and nearer, with increase of impatience—and throbbing hearts every one of them—the venerated cupolas were now very near, though as yet unseen. So Tancred with a little vanguard was despatched round to occupy Bethlehem; and as for the centre, it halted for the night at a village within six miles of what they soon next morning came in view of—*Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Jerusalem!* flew from mouth to mouth and from rank to rank, and leaping from their horses, and kissing the ground, it were difficult to depict the fervour of that sublime moment.

Remounting to the highest antiquity, Jerusalem was even then the most magnificent of Asiatic cities, and it has never ceased to be a strong one. No other great metropolis was perhaps ever built from the first purposely for strength. The founders, says Tacitus, foreseeing that its difference of morals would be sure to make it the source of continual wars, had used every effort to fortify it; and under the Romans it was the mightiest fortress in Asia. And under the Moslem, who now held it, its circuit measured about three miles, in form an oblong square. The regular troops garrisoning it, were forty thousand; the militia twenty thousand; and the body of Turks and other Mahometans of every description that had come to join in the defence, were at least ten thousand, in all seventy thousand men, under the Fatimite lieutenant, an esteemed soldier, and his second in command, an Osmanli of still greater military reputation. Its garrison always numerous and brave, had been vastly increased for the occasion and in every respect excellently provided to stand a siege.

The Turks had made it an exception to their usual spirit of degradation; for finding it to be always an object of competition and by turns the ambition of every conqueror, they had not neglected its fortifications; much less the Egyptians,

who supplanted the Turks. Should not all Islam united be able to beat off whom neither the ramparts of Antioch nor innumerable armies could check on their victorious march? But the crusaders, melted down as they were in numbers, were far too few to invest the entire city; so had to confine themselves to the half of it. And when, after various attempts during forty days, they took it by assault at last, without any of the aids of modern warfare and little of the engineership then practised, not from want of talent and information but want of timber, without even ladders, but only a few machines made on the spot—far from the sea—and with scarcity of wood and iron—there is something very like a miracle in their ever having taken it at all. Bloody was the struggle—indeed *a giant fight*—and too bloody necessarily the first unsparing blast of victory.

Glad am I to be able to dispense myself from speaking of atrocities committed during many days. Butchered it is said were seven thousand souls in Omar's Mosque alone; nor is it easy to flatter one's self it is a grievous exaggeration, since vaunted of by the Christians themselves, and rather admitted by the Moslem chronicles, that proclaimed it with indignation; and indeed one of them goes so far as to labour to extenuate it, by affirming that from

a rumour that every Mahometan who left the town within three days, his life should be spared, a terrible disaster occurred ; for that, to be in time, numbers pressed out together, and choked up the doorway, and were many of them suffocated. But that could account for few deaths in seventy thousand; and the long space of three days. It rather makes the matter worse—and but adds an atrocious and more striking circumstance.

But it is very remarkable, that neither here nor on any occasion, do either Christians or Moslems condemn or lament their own crimes or barbarities, or those of their enemies, but quietly recite the enormity without a single word of surprise, sorrow, or blame. What a profound hatred must have been on both sides, since not one Mahometan ever came from the besieged, asking either capitulation or quarter; nor had the Christians once deigned—as was almost invariably practised everywhere else, in Palestine particularly—to summon them to surrender. Their encounter could not be otherwise than tremendous and merciless, whoever won.

With perfect justice has it been observed that Tasso introduces too much witchcraft; which is not to be in character. Witchcraft is in the spirit of the age in which the poet lived, and which

was full of that superstition, but not of that of which he wrote. The crusaders were very superstitious, to be sure, but their superstition was not conversant with little things, but with the phenomena of the heavens, and the apparition of saints and angels, and revelations made by the Creator himself; but not regarding necromancy and magicians. Fairies might have come through Normandy from the Scalds; and the mythology of Odin may have had some affinity with the alchymy of the Spanish Moors. But the crusaders of the first crusade believed little or not at all in magic and witches.

The Jerusalem of that time was the Jerusalem of Titus; or like it in some degree, and displayed desperate valour and rapacity, and the very utmost pitch of unsparing cruelty. Consolatory to have the operation quickly over, the Arab historians despatch the whole doleful matter in two lines: "It was the will of God that the city should be taken; and so the Christians, rushing on *like one man*, took it—God curse them!"

But Godfrey de Bouillon did not share in any of the barbarities; but if he could not give an order in a place taken by assault, gave his example, and the crusaders saw that he who had been the first and most ardently courageous and able of warriors on the walls, appeared to change his nature the

moment he entered the streets, and went straight and most meekly to pray at the Holy Sepulchre, helmless and barefooted. And after some time, the other chiefs of the crusade followed him; but grieved and ashamed am I to avow, that after that splendid act of piety, they returned to the vomit, with refreshed acrimony, and all the most unchristian passions. Yet some few tarried with their heroic lord; chiefly his own immediate servants, and one devoted youth who had long chosen him for *his man*, and been beside him during the whole crusade, and had saved his life in Natolia; and reminds us of the person who desired his own name should be forgotten, and this epitaph, and nothing else, inscribed on his tomb, *Here lies Sir Philip Sydney's friend*; — for chroniclers rarely designate him otherwise than *Duke Godfrey's young friend*, so that it required singular chance, and much antiquarian perseverance, to discover securely whom they meant. But now all doubt has unanswerably vanished. From deserters met at Ramla, not one Latin, male or female, had remained in Jerusalem. The contrary is but a fable. Had there been one, priest or layman, one single one of any age or either sex, any such would have been eagerly caught at; if even for no other purpose, yet for this, to identify the relics intended for Europe.

But the crusaders not finding one of their own persuasion, had to put up with the authority of schismatics, and others, or those they called heretics; and, at all events, not Latin Roman Catholics, but Orientalists, Jews, Pagans, Greeks, Nestorians, Armenians, Jacobites. There was no remedy. On the faith of these, blind reliance was to be placed by Europeans. Fact is, no Latin inhabitant had been tolerated in Jerusalem for the last half century, and that as to pilgrims, or passing traders, the Latin archbishop had seen the last of them off, before he left it himself, and fled to Cyprus, soon as the crusaders had reached Antioch.

The news of the fall of Jerusalem flying fast, a deputation from the Mahometans of the neighbouring town of Assur, came the very next day to Godfrey, the Christian Malek-Nasser, or Commander-in-Chief, to capitulate on terms of lives and property, for which they sent several hostages; and in return would be satisfied with one Christian chief; and the duke, who had but his young friend then on whom he could thoroughly count, and knowing that he had determined not to return home like the rest, but sacrifice himself to their sacred cause for life, appointed him at once; where-

upon he immediately delivered himself up to the deputies, and departed.

But in the next night's tumult, the Moslem hostages escaped; and when they got to Assur, tidings had come of the approach of the Egyptian army to expel the Christians; so those of that town, taking courage, refused to send back the refugees. Godfrey hastened to chastise them with what troops he could gather from the murderous sack still going on. The irritated Assurians then betaking themselves to an enormously lofty mast of a ship which had been erected as a trophy or ornament in the market-place, and shaping it into the form of a colossal cross, planted it on the walls near the Jerusalem Gate, and raising the youth to it with ropes, using a jerk, as in some of the by-gone modes of torture, must have cruelly dislocated all his limbs, and lacerated his muscles. Nailing at first had been perhaps less horrible. But they seem at the beginning to have meant only a jest; when the rescue from Jerusalem came in sight, within some paces, a voice bade them not advance, for that at their first step they would instantly kill him; or shoot, and you must shoot him. At which the poor crucified, with what strength he could, exclaimed most wofully: "Now do not forget, O most illustrious Duke, that it was under your com-

mand I was sent hither an exile and hostage amongst impious men and a barbarous nation; and therefore I beseech you to show mercy towards me, and not permit me to perish so cruelly by so dreadful a martyrdom." But Godfrey, well aware that the tribute naturally torn from his sufferings, was nowise a criterion of his resolute heart, replied, "Not at all, O most gallant of warriors, my dearly beloved young friend! Nor is it in my power to turn off the vengeance of these of mine come to pour it on this devoted town. Not were you even my own brother Eustatius of the same womb with myself, could I this day purchase your release at such a price. Believe me, it is better to die than make these soldiers falsify their oaths, and me mine, and allow this town to remain a lasting scourge to all pilgrims. Your departure is only to fly up to where you'll live for ever with our Lord Jesus!" Wonderful instance of the ruling passion strong in death, he thought of his horse and arms and the Holy Sepulchre; and that its future defenders should wear his armour and wield his sword, left as an heir-loom for the occasion, as frequently was practised in those ages: "Then, O friendliest and best of dukes, give the signal, without any longer attending to me. Only I ardently do beseech you to have my horse and arms presented as a gift and

legacy to the Holy Sepulchre, for the benefit of my own soul, and to be used by those who serve God there!" And at the instant ten arrows struck him.

It could not be avoided. But Assur was not to be taken by a *coup-de-main* thus; after many ineffectual attempts, it was clear that no small force like this, but only a large army and regular siege would do. So duke and Normans returned sadly to Jerusalem, reflecting that it would require two months to prepare the necessary machines. And all mourned for the death of their leader's "young friend." Yet dead he was not totally. But on their return, they beheld other duties, and what none of the crusade had expected. The uproar of the sack had (thank Heaven) ceased. Jerusalem, utterly altered, in a few days had changed inhabitants, laws, and religion; yet louder than ever was the martial bustle. The rumour that had emboldened the Assurians was not untrue. The visier had passed the frontier, and might reach the metropolis in three days. Not be besieged, as at Antioch; meet our foes, not wait for them within these shattered walls. There we may rely on our own courage; but here, who knows whether we might not find traitors by our side? Some such fear might be a palliation for the massacres in the Temple, whose

groans frightened Jordan, and were echoed back by its sandy hills.

The message had arrived in the middle of the night, and been published by torchlight and sound of trumpet, at all the principal crossings of the streets, with a proclamation in every quarter of the city, for the warriors to meet in the church by daybreak. Such the self-confidence of the crusaders, and their assurance of victory, that this sudden announcement of peril and call to battle, rousing them from slumber about half-past midnight, did not disconcert them, nor troubled the repose of darkness otherwise than by impatience for dawn; and joy-bells rang in matins.

Several hours before Godfrey's arrival, Tancred, and the other chiefs of the crusade, had come to this resolution, and now all was ready; and he warmly approving, and hardly listening while told he had been elected king during his absence, only changes his horse, and anew the trumpet, and once more their Malek-Nasser is at their head. To Ascalon! The Egyptians will have already entered it! But some of the crusaders, holding their vow of liberating the Holy Sepulchre accomplished, had already proceeded homeward, and almost all had their thoughts in that direction. But their hesitation was soon persuaded to march.

Yet very extremely small was the army of the cross, if compared to the multitude against whom it was advancing. To the myriads of the Nile were added the ablest and bravest of the Mahometan warriors from every country. Yet their vast superiority of numbers did not prevent their resorting to every stratagem they could devise, and one very extraordinary; a quantity of buffaloes, asses, mules, mares, sent wild through the fields, to create confusion among the crusaders' horses; and men too, from the temptation to plunder. But Godfrey, under the penalty of nose and ears, forbade any soldier's leaving the ranks. Nor meant more than a prohibition; with such warriors the penalty could not but be merely for form's sake; to which the patriarch added a malediction. So the crusaders no more harmed the herds and animals wandering around them, than if their shepherds.

That night, remaining under arms, and learning the foe was in the plain of Ascalon, now only a few miles off, on sunrise, the 14th of August, the heralds blew the warning of battle. The nearer they drew, the more ardent for combat, replete with hope, and a courageous glow. We look upon our opponents as so many timid deer, or innocent lambkins. They advanced to danger as to a joyous feast. The Emir of Ramla (a spectator in the

Christian army) could not but admire the hilarity of the soldiers at the approach of their formidable adversaries, and expressing his surprise to Godfrey, swore, taking him as a witness, to embrace the religion that inspired its followers with such strength and bravery. At length they got into the plain, all decorated with the Saracen flags and tents, stretching for a league eastward. Leaning back on the sand-hills to the south, were the Egyptian forces drawn up in form of a crescent, like a young stag presenting its long, unweathered horns. Nor the crusaders came without the wild herds spoken of, who, allured by the sound of their trumpets, raised clouds of dust as they kept wheeling round them, like charges of squadrons of cavalry, with a noise of strange confusion. Until then, the Saracen troops had been taught to believe that the Latins would not even dare to wait for them within the walls of Jerusalem, but would decamp for Europe at hearing of their approach, and now, seeing the direct contrary, the more they had shown security hitherto, the more they were struck with a sudden panic terror, and were sure that millions of crusaders had come fresh from beyond sea. The battle itself was not long. The new levies first, and the rest of the Mahometans ran away soon. Little resistance, but

they allowed themselves calmly to be butchered. Tancred and the Count of Flanders had done wonders, and broken through the Moslem line; and Duke Robert of Normandy, penetrating even to where the visier was giving his orders, seized on the infidels' standard, which was the signal for defeat, and the whole army took to flight. All was over, except a horrible massacre. Godfrey with about ten thousand horse, and three thousand foot, made such rapid evolutions, he seemed ubiquitous, and rendered vain every attempt to rally. Of a large body of Moslem cavalry, pursued into the sea by the Christian, three thousand were drowned in an idle endeavour to reach the Egyptian fleet, that had stood in as near as it could. Other Moslems, that had mounted into the sycamores and olive trees to hide in their leaves, were burned there, trees and all, as the Arab writers confess; adding, that some whom a lance or dart might strike, fell down from the branches, like a bird shot by the fowler. Thousands threw down their arms, and bowing, had their heads cut off. As many in consternation and trembling on the field of battle stood waiting the Christian sword, which mowed them down, as a mower mows the thick grass of a meadow, or a reaper reaps the rich wheat. A few escaped into the desert to die of

hunger, but by far the greater part were miserably cut to pieces to manure that melancholy flat. A crowd tried to seek refuge in the town of Ascalon, but blocked the gate up so, that two thousand of them were suffocated, or were trampled down by the horses. The visier hardly got off, and lost his scimitar. So immense had been his army that, in the words of the old chronicler, "only God could know their numbers." Yet to the Christians it was an easy victory, nor needed their usual bravery, nor miracles. They found Egyptians much less than Turks.

The Latins are said to have had seventeen thousand on that day, and Islam three hundred thousand men. But once that disorder and panic follow an army, numbers only make things worse. Godfrey might now return in triumph to Jerusalem, and the first crusade was indeed ended. But when all these heroes go back to Europe, as will happen in a few days now, who are to uphold the new kingdom? Godfrey, is he not worthier of the title of king, than his territories of that of kingdom? Sad, dark questions from which most shrank. Also there was some little discord, usual fruit of great success. Tancred's generous intercession reconciled the parties. With tears and much weeping the crusaders

separated from Godfrey, Tancred, and the others left in the Holy Land. This first crusade, the only one that succeeded, had not a monarch in it. Sacred orators expatiated for the future, not on the woes of Jerusalem, but the victories and glory of the crusaders.