

## BOOK THE SECOND—ACRE.

## CHAPTER I.

IMMEDIATELY after Richard's departure, then at the close of November, died Sir N. Gardiner in Acre, and was succeeded by Sir 1192 Daps, who may have reigned for some days in January, but not longer, since a document shows Sir Godfrey de Duisson, Grand Master in 1193 January, 1193,<sup>1</sup> which completely agrees with that letter in April,<sup>2</sup> which contains no allusion to recent promotion. Of Daps nothing is known; nor if he did anything during his short reign. It is only reverence for former historians (a sort of prescription) which gives him a right to be placed in that post at all; for not a scrap of documentary evidence names him.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros. Num. clxxiii.—Appendix, xlvi. —Bosio writes D'Aps, Sir Esmengard D'Aps, lib. vii.

<sup>2</sup> Bib. Crois., iii. 302.—Appendix, xlix.

<sup>3</sup> Seb. Paoli : Serie, i. 340.



Daps is said by some to have been an Englishman, but upon no sufficient authority. It may seem ridiculously minute, but there must have been many English. But as the order's historians have been nearly all foreigners, these names are translated or ill spelt; so as to have been too difficult to discover even formerly, and now impossible. Yet many old English names have in themselves proof of a Palestine origin, as D'Acre. England was much more connected with the Continent then than in Bonaparte's time.—But you so often speak to us of those documents as certain. Are they quite so? Are you very sure of it?—Why, yes, quite! as certain as anything human.—How? Might they not have been forged?—No!—Have not similar forgeries been?—No! never! For these only regard individuals and things of little importance to any except private interests, and each of them has been sifted and resifted thousands of times, and they all agree with each other, as well as with whatever is extant of like validity. They are neither historical nor political, but only the solid basis on which history may be raised. History must cover far wider ground, and embrace within itself not only much that is highly probable, and from coincidences acquires a moral certainty or nearly, and some particulars



of more or less truth, or perhaps doubtful; but also a few quite incredible in themselves, but yet with this of verity, that they express the way of thinking of that time. Then these documents may be relied on blindly as far as they go, and that is not far, save dates and small contracts and concerns of no general value. But they may be used as a test with regard to others that are. What is in contradiction with them, in even so minor a point as date or place, must be apocryphal or necessarily be false. They are the cross-examinations of a lawyer.

Ibn-Alatir's observation, that the founder of an empire has scarcely in any instance been succeeded by his children, for that he probably lies under pollution of blood, which, however necessarily shed or legitimately, cannot but be displeasing to the Eternal—so that ambition is punished even in this life—is applied by many Moslems to Saladin himself, who leaving seventeen sons and one daughter, these and his turbaned emirs cut up his inheritance into a number of small states, and conducted themselves so ill, that Safadin was in a manner forced to become Sultan of Egypt and Damascus; and ended by concentrating in himself and transmitting to his own children the entire possessions of his mighty brother, with the single exception of



Aleppo, which small angle one of his sons contrived to keep. Had Saladin left a will, it might perhaps have been otherwise; but he died intestate, and the natural consequence was confusion.<sup>1</sup> He was but fifty-seven when he died.<sup>2</sup>

Far from indifference in religion and doubt, as is pretended, Saladin, after having lain senseless three days, at the imam who assisted his last moments coming to the line, which he read with solemn strength, "God is Omnipotent!" "It is true it is true," cried the Soldan, springing up; and then fell back and expired.<sup>3</sup> He was sincerely attached to his creed, and tenderly loving his children, brought them up in the same principles; yet he left no will to regulate the succession;<sup>4</sup> forgotten it perhaps, as what appeared to him so trifling a matter, in the magnitude of his dying thoughts. Singularly affectionate in his domestic relations, a trait is related of him that resembles what the French relate of Henry the Fourth. His private secretary recounts that, on the conclusion of peace a little before his death, some ambassadors presenting themselves for audience, when he was employed in playing with his youngest child, who astonished to see men with their beards cut, and short hair,

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 376, 382.

<sup>2</sup> Id., 363.

<sup>3</sup> Id., 367.

<sup>4</sup> Id., 377.



and in clothes different from what he was accustomed to see, began crying; on this the soldan begged the ambassadors to excuse him, and put off their business to the next day.<sup>1</sup>

But in addition to what was said already, it is proper to take a further review of Acre; for it must now be for a period what Malta has since been, the sovereign dominion and chief residence of the order; though a fief of Jerusalem, as that other of Sicily; and therefore called for the future not simply Acre, but St. John's Acre, *St. Jean d'Acre*. At the foot of Carmel, its shelter to the south, and Thabor within sight—seated on the sea, commanding the whole line of coast from Egypt to Asia Minor—not far from the celestial Nile, nor from the king of rivers, Euphrates; emporium not only of Palestine and Syria, but also what Alexandria had been before it, and was to be after it, chief transit between the Oriental countries and Europe, whether *viâ* Pisa, or Genoa, or Naples, or Venice, termination of the tongue of that beautiful and renowned plain that runs northward all along the shores between it and Libanus, and leaving the cedars, crosses to Mount Taurus, and returning to Caiphaz stretches east to where our Saviour passed

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 365.



his boyhood, and where He pronounced His divinest discourse, and to the lake whose waters He trod, and Jordan and stern Judea's hills:—with so grand a situation, whether considered materially, relative to commerce and landscape, or morally from its historic and sacred recollections, Acre could not well but be one of the richest, most populous, and most agreeable cities of the whole world.<sup>1</sup> And though it had more than once been partially razed, it had always been rebuilt with increasing magnificence. If the Moslems had been its masters twice, yet they had not been long so either time, and treated it on both occasions with unusual respect; and the Franks being always lords of the sea, Acre was on the skirts of Europe, and enjoyed complete security in that direction. And if it was continually menaced, yet what foe approached close enough to injure its suburban districts? That could be only in a regular siege; rare misfortune, to which all cities are liable, and six years had scarcely elapsed since its taking in the third crusade, when its houses had been greatly embellished, and many of them re-erected, for which the not distant hills yielded a white stone nearly equal to the finest marble. Nor had those huge armies been unattended

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: *Hist. des Crois.*, v. 119.—*Corneri Chron.*—*Bib. Crois.*, iii. 135.



with considerable compensation, for they had imported and spent immense treasures, and, with all their doleful memorials, left also much wealth of every kind behind them, and refinements and fashions, and usages, from the best of every land over the civilised globe; and that long fallow and those tremendous slaughters had rendered its fertile plain more fertile than ever; so that with a gayer and more vivid vegetation than before, it lay in a labyrinth of villas and gardens. The roofs were flat, with terraces; so that you could go from one end of the city to the other in an uninterrupted walk on the same level, without descending into the street, as is partially the case in Aleppo even now; and the streets were wide for the Levant, which might be worse respecting sun, but gave air, and above all was better for riders, and all knights went then on horseback as universally as the Turks now. The whiteness of the cut stone houses, those marble terraces ornamented with jars of orange and lemon trees and flowers, the universal practice of glass windows, then a singularity everywhere else, without excepting London or Paris of that day (which is certain), but even of the present, which may be doubtful—paintings decorating the interior of the principal houses, the gilded cupolas, domes, minarets, steeples standing out from the brightness of the



green and sparkling waters for horizon on one side, and on the other those gorgeous mountains, presented a most impressive view whether you approached Acre by land or sea. The population was usually calculated at one hundred and fifty thousand, a third more than Jerusalem. Acre was by far the gayest and most fashionable place then in existence. It had no duties, nor, it would appear, any other taxes than a very small capitation and an easy land tax. But the tithes were rather heavy, as were the feudal obligations on knights and large proprietors. Altogether these were the bright features which had, for counterpart, the want of order in the legislation. There are said to have been seventeen jurisdictions for various nations, each of which pretended to be governed by its own code—Venetians living exclusively in one street, Genoese in the next, Pisans, Templars, Syrians, and so on; most of those having acquired their rights long previous to the Hospitallers' reign there. Indeed Venetians, Pisans, and Genoese, date by treaties from the first crusade, nor could Richard have given away what did not belong to him; nor did he pretend to conquer, but only restore, and Acre had been a fief of Jerusalem, and those Franks had title deeds that derived from former Kings of Jerusalem; but the Hospitallers, having much of



the republican in their own constitution, did not dislike this. Gerard, when he had to choose, did not choose a monarchy, but a sort of commonwealth, with a Moderator or President, with only one vote more than any other knight of the order. Indeed it was but conforming to the Norman fashion, for the first Normans established a military republic in Puglia; and, if they afterwards became royal, it was to follow the taste they found there; they only did not resist the temptation, but they had brought other usages. The Normans permitted, as an exception, the use of force as to what they considered their right to visit the Holy Sepulchre as often as they pleased. Their desire to go there might be religious, but to impede them was an attack on their liberty; and would be, had the Moslems been Christians. The holy war was then (at least at its best, the first crusade) not so much a war against Mahometanism as against tyranny; and rather defensive, than aggressive. So in strict neutrality between Christians, the order were only keeping to Norman principles, never to use force in matters of mere belief.

The Hospitallers perhaps gave the example for the Italian republics. It is not hard to credit that the reins of government were loose in Acre—too loose. Times of great trouble, as a siege,



might unite; but even then, to have taken such habits of independence must have been injurious to soldierly discipline. The bad had its good also—mixture as in all human things. Many of the most illustrious rank chose Acre for habitual residence. So that at one time twenty crowned heads lived there, and kept up stately and splendid establishments and courts. Not ex-sovereigns, but rich and potent masters of far-off realms. There were the three military orders, and grandees of every country. And beside these residents, there were always Emperors of Germany, or Kings of France, Sicily, England, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, as well as troops from all those parts. There were a great number of stately palaces; and we have seen that even before the Christians took it, King Guy, foreseeing it would be soon theirs, had given a spot to the Hospitallers to erect a wide gate to their Xenodochia, and a square in front, as to increase their hospital to be worthy of the one they had left in Jerusalem.

The order having become sovereign, their hospital was no longer restricted to the crusaders alone, but received Moslems also, or any one whatever. The flimsiest disguise, if even that was requisite, sufficed. So, on that score, the current story is very possible; but, on another it is scarcely so—



Saladin's death in March.<sup>1</sup> But he was so astonishing a person, that it is hard to say what he could not do. Who durst deny but in the short space of a few months, it is barely possible that what is told he may have executed, during some military recognisance into the immediate vicinity of that town, before his mortal sickness? At all events the rumour shows the public opinion at that time. "Master Saladin, King of Babylon, who commanded over thirty kings, having heard surprising matters of the hospital at Acre, determined on taking a stick, and piece of old carpet for cloak, fumbling it round him as well as he could, and came straight to Acre, feigning grievous sickness; and hobbling, inquired whether, for the love of God, they could lodge him. On which he was received at once, and invited to lie down at his ease, and a little after, asked what he wished to eat. He who desired to be thought sick, declared he did not care for eating, but for God's sake to allow him to repose, as being very tired, and that he had long wished to die, so they let him sleep all that day and night. The next day the infirmarians asked what he would eat, but he assured them that not only he did not wish to eat, but could not. 'Friend,' replied the in-

<sup>1</sup> Appendix, Num. xlix.



firmarian, 'eat; for, unless you eat, you cannot live long.' But Saladin remained two days and nights without bit or sup. Then the chief infirmarian returned to say, 'My dear friend, you must really take something to eat; for, otherwise, we should be much blamed, and my superiors would say you died here of starvation.' 'My lord,' replied Saladin, 'I believe I shall never eat again in all my life, and it is far better for me to die, since the only thing I could eat, and desire intensely, it is madness even to name.' 'Oh, as for that, sweetest brother, do not hesitate in the least, for the established law in this house is to use the very extreme of charity. A sick man, here, is given everything he fancies, if gold can buy it; so, ask for whatever your warmest fancy demands, and be assured of it you shall have it.' On which Saladin determined to ask: 'Then I wish for the right foot of Moriel, your grand master's favourite horse, and that it be cut off here in my presence, or I'll never eat a morsel more; so now you have my desire; see if it be not preferable I die; for I am but a poor man, and that beast is very valuable; the grand master would not take a thousand bezants of gold for him, they say.' Then the chief infirmarian went and told it all to the grand master, who reflected a little, and could not imagine how such a strange



desire could come into the head of a sick person. 'However, since it is so, take my horse,' replied he to the infirmarian. 'Better that all my horses were dead, than a man; and, besides, we should be reproached with it for ever!' So the horse was led out, and thrown down alongside Saladin's bed, and tethered close, and a groom got ready, and having armed himself with a large hatchet and a small block of wood, 'Which foot is it,' said he, 'which the sick man wishes for?' Whereat he was told the right fore-foot; and he took the wooden block, and put it under that foot, and raised the hatchet with both his hands to strike with more force, on which Saladin cried, 'Hold! for my desire is satisfied; and I would be contented now with a good slice of mutton.' So Moriel was loosed and led back to the stable. And the grand master was vastly pleased, and all the brethren too. And the sick man ate and drank well, for he had fasted for four days, and then taking his cloak and stick, he thanked the infirmarians for all the honour and courtesy he had received, and returned to his own land; nor forgot to write a charter, which he sealed with his seal, to this purpose in substance: 'Let all know that I Saladin, Soldan of Babylon, leave and bequeath in perpetuity to the Hospital of Acre one thousand bezants of gold every year, on St. John



the Baptist's day, to buy sheets, and secure said sum on my rent-roll of Babylon; and expressly desire that in all wars between Saracens and Christians, this continue to be paid the same, and sent to the grand master, whoever he be; and that it is in gratitude for the wonderful charity of his order.'"<sup>1</sup>

Margat<sup>2</sup> is a clear proof of what I have stated already, that the stories of dissensions between Templars and Hospitallers are likely to have been inventions of malignant idlers, to which neither of the parties themselves attended much. There could never have been any dispute between them concerning Margat; for the Templars knew just as well as the Hospitallers themselves, that given to these latter it had been years before by a regular deed of gift or sale, and with a whole cloud of witnesses among whom the Bishop of Valence, the Prince of Antioch, &c., &c., in date of 1186;<sup>3</sup> and was a fief of the Massocians—*Castrum munitissimum Margatum quod fuit Hospitalis*.<sup>4</sup> Were the information of Mathew Paris perfectly correct, that the Templars had become enormously richer than the Hospitallers,

<sup>1</sup> MS. du Roi de France, Num. 454.—Bib. Crois., iii. 341.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., iii. 12.

<sup>3</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. lxxvii., vol. i. 77.—Seb. Paoli Notizie Geograf., i. 423.—Appendix, l.

<sup>4</sup> Sanuti: lib. iii. 14.



these might perhaps have been goaded on to see with some displeasure their own children put over their heads; but indeed it was not so, and other chroniclers of that time say the direct contrary. The fact is, that neither orders had time for such squabbles; and it was those who hated both who tried to play them off against each other, and alas! had too quickly their intent regarding one. But all that is childish now.

Great warriors were lost in those holy wars, and Mahometanism survived. Frederick I. was held quite as valiant and as able a soldier as Alexander the Great; and they appeared on nearly the same scene. One conquered the Sultan, the other Darius; why then so different a result? Frederick had an established religion against him, Alexander not; but an established religion is what is hardest to vanquish.<sup>1</sup>

In 1193, another Bohemond becomes an aggregated member of the order by election;<sup>2</sup> and a new Pope confirms what his predecessors had said, particularly respecting the Hospitalleresses in Spain—his Holiness praising them as no doubt they deserved;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Suabian Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii. 184.

<sup>2</sup> Confrater factus sum S. Domûs Hospitalis. Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. lxxx., i. 86.

<sup>3</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. xxxiv., i. 313.—Appendix, Num. li.



but he does not mention what tradition adds, that they each had to hold a little silver sceptre in their hand during divine service, to remind them that some of their sisterhood had been queens;<sup>1</sup> nor avows that it was contrary to the ancient custom of the order that they should be thus shut up like  
1194 nuns. Of Cœur de Lion's nephew, Harry Count Palatine of Troyes (or Champagne), we have a deed of gift, less remarkable for his not entitling himself sovereign for the property in Acre, than for his care to mention his wife, in whose right he could pretend to royalty.<sup>2</sup>

But early in the next year is a letter from the grand master to the prior of his knights in England,  
1195 in which he relates the shipwreck of several noble gentlemen of his order, the sore famine in Egypt, where that river of paradise had not overflowed, the menaces of Safadin, and worse still, the forlorn state of their house in Sicily, from its having been sacked by Germans and others; so that their knights were obliged to leave it; nor was it possible for it to assist the Holy Land; "Wherefore, my good brother, we entreat of you to send us all you can by the very earliest opportunity in March, for we are heavily in debt, and you know what loads

<sup>1</sup> Vertot: ii. 301.—Bosio.

<sup>2</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. lxxxii., i., 87.—Appendix, lii.



of money and provisions of every kind are necessary to maintain our garrisons and armies; and it is but with these that we can hope any respite from the Moslem. Fearfully monstrous is our expenditure. But our trust is in God."<sup>1</sup> How tender is the command "good brother!" But it is only a fair specimen of the order's affectionate fraternization!

Next comes a deed from the Empress Constance, confirmatory of all her ancestors had done for the order, and executed in Palermo.<sup>2</sup> Cœur de Lion's truce having been renewed by mutual accord of the parties, was broken by some Franks headed by Valeran de Limbourg, son of the Duke of Ardennes, 1197 without the knowledge of Henry, England's nephew,<sup>3</sup> to the great detriment of the Christians of the land; for the Paynim, in reprisal, marched against those of Jaffa, and slew five thousand of them.<sup>4</sup> And unfortunate Henry, who had gone thither, and returned to Acre, anxiously to prepare for inevitable war, whether in washing his hands, he backed and fell from the window, as the servant held a basin of water, or in rising 1198 by night, for whatever purpose, or in the

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. xxxviii., i. 317.—Bosio.—Appendix, l.

<sup>2</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. clxxxv., i. 228.

<sup>3</sup> Michaud: Hist., iii. 24.

<sup>4</sup> Lamberti Parvi: Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 334.



morning, while looking out from a terrace on his troops filing past, or in the portico, had a sudden apoplectic stroke;<sup>1</sup> however it was, he was killed. Another Henry, Duke of Lorraine and Brabant, succeeded;<sup>2</sup> but in two or three months to be superseded by the defunct's widow taking a new husband—Almeric, who had followed his brother Guy, on the throne of Cyprus, and now married Isabella, by the Grand Master of the Hospitallers' means, and in her right became titular King of Jerusalem, which he hastened to authenticate by a deed, dated Tyre, in August, 1198.<sup>3</sup> Almeric is represented to be a good wise man by the Moslems themselves;<sup>4</sup> which, and the Pope's eulogy, is no contradiction to the same Pope's blame of the patriarch, for having connived at a woman's taking a fourth husband while her first one was still alive.<sup>5</sup>

And, what was of more consequence, a truce was again assented to, by the Moslems, for six years six months and six days, permitting the Christians a free passage to and from the Sepulchre, Jordan,

<sup>1</sup> Bib. Crois., iii. 284.—Arnold de Lubeck : Chron. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Lamberti Parvi : Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 334.

<sup>3</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros, Num. clxxxix.—Appendix, liii.

<sup>4</sup> Arab. Chron., 381.

<sup>5</sup> Seb. Paoli : Storiche, i. 376.—Muratori.—Bib. Crois., ii. 497.



and the other sacred places.<sup>1</sup> And in the very end of that same year, is a bull of Innocent III., requesting of the Hospitallers to defend Cyprus, whose king they had themselves elected to Jerusalem, and to defend him and his island as cordially as Palestine itself.<sup>2</sup>

Beautiful—which law papers rarely are—is the deed by which a lady of Holy Land certifies she has become a sister of the order, with her husband's consent, without calumny, without 1201 revocation, without contradiction.<sup>3</sup>

Nor could De Duisson have died earlier than the last days of 1201 (Vertot mistakes much), as documentary proof shows, and in 1202, he was succeeded by Sir Alphonso, of the royal family of 1202 Portugal (probably son of Alphonso I.), who being very austere at the expenditure, called a chapter in cloaks<sup>4</sup> for some minute and ill-timed reforms, where, not considering it compatible with his own dignity, he had a proposal made by another, to whom a younger knight having replied sharply, that it would render harder what was already hard, that no officer could ever do with one horse—at least

<sup>1</sup> Reiner: Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 334.

<sup>2</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Bolla iii., i. 270.

<sup>3</sup> Id., Num. lxxxvi., i. 91.—Appendix, liv.

<sup>4</sup> Bosio:—Appendix, Num. xxxvi.—Seb. Paoli: Serie, i. 340.



not the Hospitallers, in continual dangers and exertion of every sort, the warm debate was closed by one of their best veterans standing up, and reverently laying back his hood thus calmly: "Were the regulations from our Grand Master, and my opinion unfavourable to them, I should hesitate to interfere; but, as I am decidedly in their favour, I permit myself to express it, because this peace is propitious to grave proceedings, as our very conversation in this hall attests; for the sanguinary Marchtoub once commanded here in the name of the law of Mahomet, whereas Cœur de Lion drove off the Saracens for ever; and if three of the best horses were not then enough to enable me to fulfil my various duties, but I was often obliged to borrow a fourth, and on one pressing occasion, in the battle near Antioch, a fifth—that was a period of war, and very different from what we see at present."

And when he sat down, the turcopolier rose smiling, "and now let every one of you judge by what he has just heard, and give his vote without our losing more time in vain discourse." And the sequel was that Alphonso abdicated and returned to Lisbon, and it is said died badly, after having taken a prominent part in some revolutionary attempt. And on his tombstone in that country



was inscribed, "Anno 1245, Kalend. Martii, obiit Alfonsus, Magister Hospitalis Hierusalem."<sup>1</sup>

Any considerable diversity of opinion in their chapters, or among themselves or with those of the Temple or others, is not so much to be considered a passing burst or exception, as indeed a radical consequence of the republican spirit kneaded up with the first principles of the Hospitallers from the very beginning; which however excellent, still share in the nature of all human things, and have some defects amalgamated with their excellencies. If, as a commonwealth, each individual took an intense and personal interest in every proposal, that exclusiveness easily during intervals of armistice degenerated into disputes in their own body and a facility to offend their neighbours. It was only in war and the execution of their decisions, that much of the dictatorial power entered. There are few or, I believe, no instances of disobedience, or even the smallest hesitation to obey on the field of battle in the fine times of the order; but very many of the fullest exertion of the power of a most rigid dictator by whoever happened to be their grand master, from whom all authority was then derived.

<sup>1</sup> Seb. Paoli : Serie, i. 340.



That Sir Godfrey Lo Rath did not succeed till  
1205 (though Vertot like the rest has 1195)  
1205 is clear from the document of December,  
1204, in which Alphonso was still the reigning Grand  
Master.<sup>1</sup>

But if the fourth crusade took place earlier about a year, yet as a war between Roman and Greek Christians, the order had nothing to do with it, but kept true to its neutrality between all such; except that individual Templars and Hospitallers went to Greece also, for it was the land of glory;<sup>2</sup> nor either then nor ever could the grand master prevent individual knights from taking what side they pleased; nor, though the order had a priory and much property at Constantinople, did its banner ever fly there, although it had scarce a member but had near relatives amongst those Franks, and they had certainly its sympathies and names that were very dear to it, and reminded it of its own Norman descent, and its earliest protectors and friends, and its founder, and all his glorious race. Nor is it surprising it exulted when a Baldwin was elected Emperor of Constantinople, and testified his singular esteem by sending it, as proof of his victory, the chain he had to break, to reach the

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. lxxxvii., i. 92.—Appendix, lv.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud : Hist., iii. 210.



Golden Horn, and the gates of that celebrated Byzantium,<sup>1</sup> and likewise a deed in aid of its exchequer,<sup>2</sup>—the fourth part of his own private estate (the Duchy of Neocast)—and therefore the surer and more expressive of his warm friendship; no crown property, but entirely his own. Yet there was a person, who paid for so much glory with her life—his wedded spouse, his faithful and affectionate Margaret, who had preceded her husband to Acre to join him there on their way to Jerusalem, and whose gratification for his sake at his attainment of what she knew was the object of his ambition, that immensity of joy killed her. What brought out the chain and gates under orders to return with their young and lovely sovereign, expected with such ardour, as the fittest to preside at the coronation festivities she was to share—alas! that ship returned with no living empress, but her corpse—sad presage of what was brewing (in the not far clouds) for Baldwin himself.<sup>3</sup> About the same time there were various scourges of earthquakes and plague and famine in Egypt, Palestine, and Syria. More than two thousand Christians were buried in one day at Acre of plague.<sup>4</sup> The ground rolled

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., iii. 121, 210.

<sup>2</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. lxxxviii., i. 93.—Appendix, lvi.

<sup>3</sup> Michaud: Hist., iii. 211.—Vertot: iii. 360.

<sup>4</sup> Id.: Id., 154.



about, like the rising and falling of a bird's wings,<sup>1</sup> and devastated what remained of the antique in the Holy Land, Baalbec, and many places round Lebanon (whose mountains opened and descended), and much of Damascus, Tyre, Tripoli, and other towns; and the walls of Acre, and even the very palace where the King of Jerusalem was staying; so that the monies raised in Europe for the crusade had to be laid out in rebuilding the walls of Acre.<sup>2</sup> The state of affairs could not be pleasing for people that loved quiet—every one making war *ad libitum*—even the poet Saadi for awhile in prison, and condemned to work like a galley slave. Though Aleppo was at peace with Jerusalem, the Christians of Antioch were at open war with Saracen Hamah; so, as Almeric liked quiet, he thought it best to come and die at Acre.<sup>3</sup> Isabella is once more free. Will she take her a fifth husband? John de Brienne took heed of that, for disembarking at Acre with only three hundred horse and eighty thousand livres (half from the King of France, and the other half from the Pope) he was received with great pomp and married to her daughter, and in her right became King of Jerusalem—at least to the Latins, for the Moslems called him King of

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., iii. 255.    <sup>2</sup> Id.: Id., 256.

<sup>3</sup> Id.: Id., 258.



Acre.<sup>1</sup> And these besieging Tripoli and threatening Acre, the new king marched out and made his valour be admired on the field of battle. Still he had no other than that shadow of feudal superiority, and no army to defend it.<sup>2</sup> That most shameful of crusades (with which, thank Heaven, the order had nothing to do), that against the Albigeois, in every sense belonged to Europe, and “from their persecution,” says the French historian, “came the Inquisition, that disgrace to humanity, religion, and our country.”<sup>3</sup> I am glad to copy that fervent Catholic’s words. What has been said about the earthquakes, is by some referred to May, 1202; but such dates are uncertain, and let me observe once for all, that it is only the chronology in the margin that can pretend to documentary certainty, while that in the text is only extremely probable. But not only Godfrey Lo Rath was Grand Master in 1205, immediately on Alphonso’s abdication, as has been shown, but also we have a deed of his the year next following which even Seb. Paoli 1206 seems not to have read with attention, probably from its coming too late.<sup>4</sup> And the same grand master was living in May of 1207 (though

<sup>1</sup> Michaud : Hist., iii. 260.—Arab. Chron., 379.

<sup>2</sup> Id. : Id., 266.   <sup>3</sup> Michaud : Hist., iii. 271.

<sup>4</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. clxxv., i. 217.—Appendix, lvii.



others say he died in 1206), not only because there  
 1207 is a deed wherein one of the witnesses is his  
 successor, still marshal, as Paoli rightly  
 says,<sup>1</sup> but likewise, as I remark, because Lo Rath  
 is himself mentioned, though the name be ill  
 printed Lirath in one word, instead of two; and  
 still more, that in another contract of 1207, he signs  
 to it in full, *Lo Rath*, Master of the Hospitallers,  
 and writes the name correctly with his own hand.  
 Amongst this document's witnesses (the *alii plures*  
 of the Appendix), is Hugo de Burin, which no doubt  
 means Byron); so the late lord (the poet) was not  
 wrong in thinking he had ancestors in the crusades.<sup>2</sup>  
 And in another document of that same year, I read  
 among the witnesses Frater Galfridus Lo Rath.<sup>3</sup>  
 Lo Rath,<sup>4</sup> after exerting his insinuating manners  
 1208 by being a peace-maker, as became his age,  
 between the Armenian and Antioch, died in  
 1208, and his successor as grand master was one  
 who until then had been marshal, Sir Gawen de  
 Montacute,<sup>5</sup> whom Vertot unhesitatingly dubs Mon-  
 taigu,<sup>6</sup> and that he was a French gentleman. And

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. xci., i. 95.—Appendix, lix.

<sup>2</sup> Id., Num. xc., i. 94.—Appendix, lviii.

<sup>3</sup> Id., Num. x., of the *Giunta*, i. 289.—Appendix, lxxxv.

<sup>4</sup> Is not *Lo! Rath!* Anglo-Saxon? *Here! Early one!*

<sup>5</sup> Seb. Paoli: Serie, i. 341. <sup>6</sup> Vertot: iii. 367.



Bosio and even Seb. Paoli concur; but be it observed that, according to Lodge<sup>1</sup> and Sir Harris Nicolas,<sup>2</sup> the Montacute was an *old* English family in 1168, earlier than the period we are treating of, and that they did not take the name of Montaigu until two centuries later, when they merged in the Nevils and old Earls of Salisbury; so that, until the contrary be decided by greater authorities (and the historians of the order cite none), I must certainly vindicate the claim of England to the Grand Master Montacute, and that he was no further a Frenchman than that his ancestors had been Normans. But at that time, if the Montaigus belonged to Auvergne, the Montacutes did to Wiltshire; and Montacute is the name in all the documents. And he had to exercise his diplomatic talents much, in a similar pacific way; but also in a sterner sort, for they were unhappy times, and the military orders were an exception to the surrounding degeneracy, which induced people easily to have small regard for their oaths and break truces every moment without compunction. Nor is it quite clear whether Christians or Moslems were the first in that respect, since mutual are the accusations; and it is painful to decide (without the fullest

<sup>1</sup> Lodge : iv. 16.

<sup>2</sup> Synopsis, 2.



proof) against our own co-religionists. Nor had creeds much to do with the matter; for if the first crusades were more religious than political, the later ones were more political than religious.<sup>1</sup> And in lieu a great indifference of religion was observable over Syria and Palestine—all parties seeking but their interests, Christians against Christians, and Mahometans against Mahometans, with astonishing impartiality;<sup>2</sup> so that Pope Innocent III. wrote to the Sovereign of Aleppo to felicitate him on his having become a Christian—though he never thought of it, but only had been generous towards some of that belief;<sup>3</sup> which, if it scandalized the Pope of Rome the Great,<sup>4</sup> or Caliph of the Franks,<sup>5</sup> it did not less the Pope of the Infidels,<sup>6</sup> as the chroniclers call the Caliph of Bagdad; the Apostle of Rome, and the Apostle of the Saracens  
 1210 are also their terms.<sup>7</sup> We have a document  
 by which a German count and his wife  
 became aggregated to the order in October  
 of 1208.<sup>8</sup> A King of Cyprus in 1210 gives  
 1213 various lands to Sir Gawen Montacute,

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist. iii. 291.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. Chron., 382.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. Chron., 383.

<sup>4</sup> Id., 387.

<sup>5</sup> Id., 482. Note.

<sup>6</sup> Vitri.

<sup>7</sup> Michaud: Hist., iii. 325. Note.

<sup>8</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. xcii., i. 96.



Grand Master of the Sacred House of the Hospital of St. John, and the Hospitallers.<sup>1</sup> On the 13th of October, certain persons borrow a thousand Saracen bezants from Montacute, Grand Master of the Hospitallers, one of the witnesses being a Garnerius with the adjunct of *Alemannus*, the German, to distinguish him from others of the same name, English or of whatever country; for though *languages* were a posterior creation far, yet not so several leading offices being assigned to particular lands. Prior of England was always an Englishman by a custom dating from the very beginning of the order,<sup>2</sup> and on the 8th of the calends of 1216 August in 1216 the brief of Pope Honorius III.,<sup>3</sup> recommends the Prince of Antioch to the Hospitallers; and on the 9th of the same month and year, comes a letter from the said Pope to the Grand Master of the Hospitallers, bidding him to go to Cyprus to confer with the King of Hungary and Duke of Austria, as to the affairs of Palestine,<sup>4</sup> and in January, 1217, John of Brienne, King of 1217 Jerusalem, speaks of Gawen de Montacute Grand Master of the Hospitallers.<sup>5</sup> Therefore, in

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. xcvii., i. 101.

<sup>2</sup> Id., Num. xi., i. 290.—Appendix cvi.

<sup>3</sup> Id., Num. xl. 320.—Giunta.

<sup>4</sup> Id., Num. xli. 320.—Giunta.

<sup>5</sup> Id., Num. cexii. 253.—Pantaleone: Hist. book iii.



spite of the existing treaties, Brienne led a force against Jerusalem, and, upon discomfiture, determined on taking the road by where its resources came from; nor can there be any doubt of his being at Acre in the January of 1217,<sup>1</sup> and embarked for Egypt in the month of May, 1218, as the Islamites have it, whose authority as to dates is reputed better than that of our chroniclers. These differ a little, but those estimate the crusaders as (what is probably an exaggeration) seventy thousand horse and four hundred thousand foot,<sup>2</sup> and that while some of the fleet were only two days on the voyage from Jaffa to the Nile, others were an entire month; which, whatever it came from, it were wrong to attribute to nautical deficiency, since part of that same crusade leaving the Meuse in June, 1218, and in its way touching at ports on the south of England, and north of France and Spain, entered that of Lisbon towards the middle of July<sup>3</sup>—very tolerable sailing.<sup>4</sup> Four months hardly sufficed to take the first of the outworks of Damietta,<sup>5</sup> the tower of the chain, which seemed so violent a loss to

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. cexi., i. 253 —Appendix, lxxxvi.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. Chron., 388

<sup>3</sup> Michaud: Hist. iii., 313.

<sup>4</sup> Chron. Cologne.—Bib. Crois., iii. 20.

<sup>5</sup> Michaud: Hist., iii. 319.—Arab. Chron., 392.



Islam that it broke Safadin's heart when he heard of it on the banks of the Lake of Galilee;<sup>1</sup> so his corpse was borne secretly into the citadel, at Damascus, and buried at night, in private, for fear of a sedition; so loved and venerated was he by every class.<sup>2</sup> That the Grand Master was away is implied by there being a *locum-tenens*, in his stead, during those years, as in one document;<sup>3</sup> and, by another, that Montacute was still in Egypt, in May of 1221;<sup>4</sup> by a third, that he was still there in June;<sup>5</sup> and by a fourth, that he was back in Acre, in October of that year, since his travelling 1219 companion was.<sup>6</sup> Brienne's expedition went on swimmingly at first, taking Damietta after a good defence, to his exultation, except that it was found to be an immense charnel house, scarcely containing a human creature alive; but the streets choked up with loads of carcasses, in various stages of putrefaction, dead of plague, or famine, or

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 392.—Michaud: Hist., iii. 320. Note.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. Chron., 393. Note 1.

<sup>3</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros.—Num. xii.—Giunta: i. 290.—Appendix, lx.

<sup>4</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros.—Num. cviii.—Giunta: i. 114.—Appendix, lxxxvii.

<sup>5</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros.—Num. xiii.—Giunta: i. 291.—Appendix, lxi.

<sup>6</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros.—Num. cvii.—Giunta: i. 113.—Appendix, lxxxviii.



wounds, and emitting such an intolerable stench, that it frightened back the storming party,<sup>1</sup> much more the whole Christian army, when they got in by one of the gates, but arrested by the same horrible smell, were obliged to retreat, and encamp anew under its walls, until the streets and houses were a little cleaned; yet a moment sufficed to inoculate them with the plague, dire disease, that continued lurking in their ranks, and growing every day; during which interval arrived the Papal legate. So there were two cardinals, and, if one of them was meek and pious, the other was a fire-brand. But the former was soon killed, which only left the other's outrageous audacity without control.

1221 "Cardinal Peter is gone, and Cardinal Pelagius left living, the more the pity," says the chronicler.<sup>2</sup> Hospitallers and Templars, at the storming of Damietta, in which were then eighty thousand men,<sup>3</sup> were firmly believed by the Mahometans—not at all ashamed of being beaten by such—to be no human creatures, so transcendent was their valour, but white angels, and St. Bartholomew and St. George and company in red; the

<sup>1</sup> Olivier.—Bib. Crois., iii. 150.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist. iii., 325.

<sup>3</sup> Potestats di Reggio.—Bib. Crois., ii. 596.



Templars wearing their white mantles, and the Hospitallers their scarlet surcoats.<sup>1</sup>

The Sultan, Malek-Kammel, Safadin's eldest son, had written the most woe-begone letters to his brothers, who, all fourteen, came, one by one, from various parts of the East on this side, and from beyond Jordan; their different dominions, with their troops to join him. Above all, the Prince of Damascus, who, before he left Palestine, took care to raze the walls of Jerusalem, lest the Franks should take them, was remarkably enthusiastic;<sup>2</sup> and, by a stratagem, forced his brother Arschaff, King of Armenia, who, having come with his army into Palestine, and after they had a conversation late one evening, retired to bed; the prince, who may have perceived some hesitation in the other, pulled on his little boots in the middle of the night, and roused and harangued the troops, "March!—To Damietta!" But Arschaff, in the morning, dressed, took a bath, and coming from it, was astonished not to see his soldiery. But learning what the prince had done, mounted; and without one word, marched towards Egypt after him.<sup>3</sup>

So now the sultan's army counted forty thousand

<sup>1</sup> Potestats di Reggio.—Bib. Crois., ii. 591.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. Chron., 398. Note, and 410.

<sup>3</sup> Id., 411.



horse, and an infinite multitude of foot;<sup>1</sup> while that of the Christians, according to the Moslem himself, was only the half; twenty thousand horse, and two hundred thousand foot.<sup>2</sup> How diminished since landing! Still the Latins were such celebrated soldiers, and their advance struck their foes with such terror, that, in both Cairos they forgot to open the gates for two days; and, though the Nile was on its increase, that which brought fertility, and decided whether they should have a good harvest or a famine, and which formed then, as at present, the usual topic of conversation in all Egyptian classes, was completely unattended to,<sup>3</sup> and it got tacitly full up to the very edge of its banks, before it was perceived. Fertile Egypt had more Christians in it than Palestine. Egypt was so holy and precious in the sight of the Lord, that He chose it to be the road by which thousands of Franks should reach Him: for they died very quietly of dysentery.<sup>4</sup> The Saracens came within our hearing, drawn up on the other side of the river, and summoned us to renounce our superstitious creed: "For either you must turn Mahometans, or we Christians." And the circumcised

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 412.

<sup>2</sup> Id., 409.

<sup>3</sup> Id., 410.

<sup>4</sup> Vitri: Letters, iii. Bib. Crois., i. 429.



ate two fowls on it, to make good their oath, devouring the fowls as hungry dogs do bread. And the battle began, and in a twinkling—it was the day of the decollation of St. John the Baptist—who wanted companions, observes the chronicler, and here they were, fifty Templars, thirty Teutonics, thirty-two Hospitallers, the Chamberlain of the King of France, and that nobleman's son, several counts and princes, eighty knights, and five thousand men of different nations.<sup>1</sup> Unwillingly had Brienne set out from Damietta, disapproving totally of that unmilitary excursion, headlong, without any preparatives; and wished, at least, to wait for the succours promised by the emperor. But Pelagius treated his worldly misgivings with utter disdain, and arrogated to himself the supreme command, saying it was a Papal army, since composed in part of Italians, and under the Pope's protection.<sup>2</sup> And, although some Roman princes ran away at the first of the action, that was not very wonderful; and if, on another morning, a Spaniard was caught selling a piece of bread to two Saracens, the traitors—not Spaniards, but Saracens—were tied to a horse's tail, and dragged all through the Christian camp; no trifle, its extent being of ten

<sup>1</sup> Potestats di Reggio.—Bib. Crois., ii. 603.

<sup>2</sup> Oliveri : Hist. Damatiana.—Bib. Crois., iii. 155.



miles.<sup>1</sup> And when Brienne proposed that they should halt until the galleys cleared the river, Pelagius vociferated treason, and that his galley should not lower its masts till they reached Cairo, which he hoped would be within three days.<sup>2</sup> This utter blindness was deeply blamed by Brienne, but seems to have terrified the sultan; for he made frequent proposals for peace during the march, and now that the Christians had arrived at the southern extremity of the Delta, opposite to the new town of Mansourah, where the whole Moslem army was drawn up, continued for three weeks to send deputies proposing to give Jerusalem to the Christians,<sup>3</sup> and one hundred thousand pieces of gold to rebuild its walls, besides Ascalon and all the cities that had been won from them by Saladin in Syria and Palestine, in exchange for Damietta alone.<sup>4</sup> One would think such terms surrendered all that was wanted, and that the Christians would accept them with warm satisfaction. But not so Pelagius, who disdained any peace, and would be contented with nothing but the extermination of Islam, and effectually chasing every shadow of opposition from the face of the earth.

<sup>1</sup> Potestats di Reggio.—Bib. Crois., ii. 605.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., iii. 352.—Arab. Chron., 419. Note 2.

<sup>3</sup> Id.: Id., 354.

<sup>4</sup> Arab. Chron., 413.



Brienne once more expostulated: "Let us encamp where we are, we can entrench the army well; believe me, it is better not to be in a hurry, and if we were twenty years in conquering Egypt, it would not be too much."<sup>1</sup> At which words the legate could no longer contain his rage. Brienne replied, "Well, if you will go on, I'll accompany you, and be resigned to the will of God. Lead me where you please; you will see what will come of it!"<sup>2</sup> And did come of it, that the deputies were given a flat refusal.

"Ho! ho," cried the Saracens and their horses too. "Now you may just wheel about and retire; for we have lost all patience, and our scimitars are thirsty, and burning our hands to dash down on you!"<sup>3</sup> So we perceiving them reinforced and so resolute, thought it best to take them at their word, and turned to withdraw in some confusion; but it was too late, for they attacked us, and a great battle ensued, which we lost; and had it not been for the Hospitallers, and also the other military orders, and Brienne himself, we should have been cut to pieces to a man.<sup>4</sup> Nor was this enough, but the sultan had the dykes broken, and

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 418.

<sup>2</sup> Id., 419.

<sup>3</sup> Id., 418.

<sup>4</sup> Potestats di Reggio.—Bib. Crois., ii. 603.



out burst the Nile, bellowing most awfully, and the entire country was a deluge. Then might you see the cardinal quite changed, and hang his head in shame, and fear, and sorrow.<sup>1</sup> The very first thing was, of course, that all our boats and provisions were lost. Some of our people sprang the wine and spirit casks, that they knew would soon be swamped, and died dead drunk. Many who lay down on some dry spot, the waters coming over their heads while they slept, drowned them. Every horse of ours had disappeared; and those of pitiless Arabs and Mamelukes drove through the waters to get at us and trample us, or that their riders might transfix us with their long lances. Howling famine also waylaid us, and the plague; but why further of that deplorable retreat? Worse than by the recent Berezina; for this was a Berezina of several nights. It would have been hard for Brienne to have imitated Saladin, who on losing a battle had his charger's tail cut off, by way of mourning; since there was not a horse amongst us.<sup>2</sup> Not one of the whole Christian army would have got half way to Damietta alive, were it not for compassion in direct opposition to the Prince of Damascus, who voted for no

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., iii. 358.

<sup>2</sup> Sicardi: Chron.—Bib. Crois., ii. 549.



quarter;<sup>1</sup> but Moslem charity allowed the residue to retire in peace, on the sole condition of surrendering Damietta, though much injured; and hostages were given, Brienne and legate on the one side, and on the other the sultan's eldest son, a boy of about fifteen. So the sultan had the dykes closed, and the land was quickly as before. Yet this did not suffice, for the unfortunate Christians were fast dying of hunger; whereupon Brienne walked into the sultan's tent, and sat down and began to weep; then the sultan looked at the king, who dolefully was weeping, and said to him: "Sire, why do you weep?"—"Sire, good right I have to weep," replied the King; "for do I not see the people, whom God has given me in charge, die of hunger?" The sultan took pity of the king, that he had seen him dolefully weeping, and began to weep himself also, and gave thirty thousand loaves of bread for poor and rich without distinction; and so for the four following days.<sup>2</sup> And further still did the compassionate Malek-Kammel go; for he forbade the Mussulmen to direct a word of obloquy to the retreaters. Far from taking an ignoble advantage of their distress, the Christian deputies were always received by him with great honour;

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 416.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., iii. 367.



and the sultan's own brothers and all his grandees used to stand upon their entering, and remain standing, in token of respect for them.<sup>1</sup> And he sent commissaries from his own Court to protect them, and defray all their expenses on the road, even unto their own ships; nor will gratitude permit us to inquire whether something is not to be subtracted from his generosity, and to be ascribed to his wisdom; inasmuch as it is good policy to assist the departure of a defeated foe.<sup>2</sup> Of the few Hospitallers who came back to Acre, all were more or less badly wounded; and most severely so, the grand master. Not only Montacute was at Damietta in June, 1221, quietly receiving a donation to the order by a German officer then there<sup>3</sup> (which proves how accurate the Arabs are in their dates, by which late in spring was the advance of the Christians, and the 28th of August that of their retreat from the Delta<sup>4</sup>), but likewise in October Montacute was back at Acre.<sup>5</sup> The other Hospitallers had been slain, and most of the Templars and Teutonic also. She who had rejoiced at their first successes, and flattered herself with the Holy Land's being free for ever, Acre, had now to mourn in con-

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 417.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., iii. 362.

<sup>3</sup> Appendix, lxi.

<sup>4</sup> Arab. Chron., 416.

<sup>5</sup> Appendix, lxxxviii.



sternation at the plight in which they returned. But to console them, there was a grand procession; the Patriarch holding the true cross! How could he have it in 1222, whereas it had been taken by Saladin, who (and his descendants) always refused to restore it to the Christians? Very simply (replies the chronicler), because its thickness had been sawed in two previous to the battle of Tiberias, so that one half was preserved!<sup>1</sup>

But scarcely two years<sup>2</sup> of sweet pacific giving and receiving had elapsed, when Cairenes and Damascenes fell out; the former accusing the latter of partiality to the Franks, in consequence of which there were skirmishes near Ascalon, in one of which the Templars took a Turkish grandee prisoner, whom rumour called Prince of Damascus; and if they did not kill him instantly, it could have been for no common purpose they conceded him a respite, since they seldom either were given or gave quarter. So there took place a meeting of deputies from all the military orders of Acre in their cloaks and hoods, presided over by the Grand Master of the Templars, when the president thus addressed the prisoner: "Sir Turk, it having been too long the custom to except us and our associates of the other two

1225

<sup>1</sup> Oliveri: Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii. 139.

<sup>2</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. 254.—Num. ccxiii.—Appendix, lxxxix.



military orders, from quarter, we propose a change and wish to send you with that intent to the sultan on this condition, that you promise to return with an answer, when if it be (which God forbid) in the negative, it afflicts me to have to state, that you must submit to fair reprisals; except only that we shall use no torture, which so many Hospitallers and Templars have undergone from you."—"Superfluous totally is your pity," replied the captive, "for I am as ready to go joyous to death as any of you; I can speak as pure English as any of you, or purer. So need none of your foreign gibberish. *What, Sir Turk? What Damascus? My name is St. Alban.<sup>1</sup> Was not my cousin, Sir Thomas Montacute, your Grand Master? My other cousin of the same noble house your Hospitaller?*<sup>2</sup> My father was a Knight Templar as you are, and wore the white mantle like you, but had the grace to be enlightened, and abjuring his false creed fled to the magnificent Saladin, who received him kindly, and gave him wealth, and a high command, and his own niece in marriage;<sup>3</sup> so (Allah be praised) I was brought up in the true religion. Look on me sharp, and you will recollect me. Is not my skin as milky as that of

<sup>1</sup> Hoveden.—Bib. Crois., ii. 775.

<sup>2</sup> Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, i. 515.—Appendix, xc.

<sup>3</sup> Hoveden: 1187.—Bib. Crois., ii. 775.



any of you?" And he threw back his collar, and his lofty forehead was also of as dazzling a white; and his large blue eyes beneath his flaxen eyebrows shone terribly, and his expanded nostrils were transparent and immensely wide, as was perhaps necessary to feed the lungs of his capacious chest. Like almost all the Normans, he was of gigantic stature—nearly as tall as their lances.<sup>1</sup> "Think me a Bohemond!" and he stretched his muscular arm, and might seem an Apollo glorious from the Python, "I think I know that wolfish face, but it was then downcast, and you kept your tail between your legs. Look on me again! and remember Egypt! I am he who, when my gentle brother and master asked my counsel, answered, *Drive his owl of a soul out of the Christian.* Malek-Kammel gave you, too tenderly, your life and liberty. And now I see you here. But I repeat what I then advised, though in vain. Would you and I were with the faithful! my words would not again meet deaf ears. But I am far prouder of my maternal blood! Ought I not to be proud that I can call the King of kings father?<sup>2</sup> Yes, Malek-Adel, you were truly the sword of religion. The Christians feared you, and all your subjects loved and revered you, but

<sup>1</sup> Alexiad Anna Comnena.—Bib. Crois., iii. 400.

<sup>2</sup> Appendix, xc.



most your own kindred, of whom you were the defence and glory! Rejoice then, O my son, that two of the most illustrious of Islam, at the present day, were your near relatives! See then, Giaour, if you could have chosen a worse ambassador for your most infamous project? Not softness towards the infidel is what we want, but pitiless hate. Ay, by the verdant angels, and the Valley of Mecca,<sup>1</sup> hate! Like my fathers both Norman and Mahometan, my first shall be my last, my only love. The warm heart and true; not cold law! Plurality of wives proves the freedom of our doctrine; but many are the Moslems who have but one wife. This heart beats for only one, who responds as faithfully. What cares she for fidelity by statute? She has it more effectually by choice. Far better does the Norman war-cry, *God's aid*, suit us than you; for you believe in three Gods, we in one alone. You are the Paynims and idolators, not we. Was not my Mahometan brother, Malek-Kammel, knighted by Cœur de Lion? Did King Richard not come on purpose hither, and perform the proper ceremonies? Were I to accept your errand, I hope it would be useless; but at all events, I'll not submit to the opprobrium of having given such bad advice. Christians may.

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 425.



But who ever heard of a Moslem's being bribed? Thanking Him from whom all strength comes, I fling you back your offers, and reject and scorn them. What are your princes? Roaring lions in peace, or at board, or a-bed, but timid as deer in war. Shame to Latins! greater shame to Palestine! Are not its spotted hybrid Christians full of what is most base, and worse than brutal, prodigious, secret, disgusting vices and meanness? Bright eyes will be wet for my death; but she will have taught our son, the lotus-eyed David, to avenge it. Hearken to her all your days, O my dearest boy, and recollect I send my last blessing and kiss to you both. If there be any spark of feeling in any one of you, you will let them know these my dying words. I surely die while it is sweet living. Blasphemers, I defy, despise, spit on you. For I wish to die, being tired of enduring the same air with you; your smell corrupts it; the foul breath of your hypocrisy poisons me; it disgusts and sickens me! To me you are the filthiest of mangy curs, the most swinish of the grovelling swine. Yes, yes, yes, a blessed martyr am I! The honest, happy St. Alban's curse be on you all." And as he left the saloon, the grand master said in a placid and solemn tone, "At least, we have done our duty; so, Sir Hugh de Burin, see that the



master-at-arms does his.<sup>1</sup> If ever Acre is lost, it will be lost by a renegade!" And hardly had the Mahometan passed the threshold, when in the corridor was heard the noise of a heavy fall, as of a corpse, and the rolling of, as it were, a head, which sank on the silence of that meeting; and silently, as if in mourning, they broke up.

Though old and severely wounded, the grand master assisted when the Pope (Honorius III.) met the Emperor, Frederick II., at Ferentino, in Italy, in 1223,<sup>2</sup> and thence hastening back, was 1227 certainly alive and at Acre in May of 1227, as we find by a Frenchman, who came thither to implore his protection for his father, who had fallen into Saracen hands, where the poor man died in slavery, just as the Grand Master Montacute was on the point of obtaining his liberation; so the son, seeing that as much as depended on the Hospitallers had been done, testified his gratitude by presenting them with this deed, obliging himself and his heirs to pay a certain annual rent into the hand of the prior of the order in France. But the document shall tell its own story, for the substance shall be in the Appendix.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Note 48, page 15.

<sup>2</sup> Platina, iii. 66. Note F.

<sup>3</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros. i.—Num. clxxvii.—Appendix, lxii.



A quarrel having arisen between (I will not say the brothers) but the ministries of Cairo and Damascus, in which the latter, threatening to call in the Karismians, the former were so terrified, that application was made to Frederick II., who had long promised, and at Ferentino had newly sworn, to go on that crusade; and he might well think that he could not act in a more friendly manner than engaging the parties to a reasonable peace, for there had existed an old friendship betwixt the sultan and that emperor, who, as having been brought up in Sicily, where there were many Mahometans, and one of them his master in logic and astronomy, was almost ranked by them as one of themselves, and they vaunted his learning as something their own. Moreover, to hasten his coming, was sent the famous Emir Fakr-eddin, as celebrated in diplomacy as war, who quickly won a high place in Frederick's esteem, as finding him, on many points, of his own opinion in philosophy, which rendered him the Egyptian sovereign's warm ally. As long as the Prince of Damascus lived, the Cairo government was accused of partiality to the Franks, and this was the true foundation of his anger; and it was then the emperor had been invited. But when the Prince of Damascus died, the sultan thought his nephew's minority was a fortunate opportunity to



consolidate all Palestine, and even Syria, in his own hands, by uniting those countries to Egypt. Therefore came to Palestine, and changed so completely, that when young David entreated another of his uncles, Arschaff of Mesopotamia, to protect him (as indeed he marched with an army to do), the sultan wrote to him that he had come to curb the Christians, who were getting too audacious for a minor. "The land is without defence. The Franks have rebuilt the walls of Sidon and other fortresses that had been razed. You know that our uncle Saladin transmitted to us a name illustrious by taking Jerusalem. If the Christians had seized the Holy City, it would have been an eternal dishonour to us, and our memory would have been handed down blasted to our descendants. Become unworthy of the reputation gained by our uncle, how should we be estimated by God and men? Nor would the Franks have been contented with what they have already won, but would want to win more. However, since you are come, my presence is no longer necessary here. I'll return then to Egypt, and leave you to defend Syria. It shall never be said of me that I waged war against my brother. It is the idea furthest from me."<sup>1</sup> This

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 428.



letter had the desired effect; and the fear that the Franks might get so strong as to pay him a visit in his own dominions, made Arscaff turn against his nephew. And when Frederick II. arrived at Acre, the sultan, who was out of his embarrassment, would have been better contented he had never called him. But here he was, and must be satisfied. Nor did he arrive at Acre without presents, and forwarded them by a deputation in great pomp, which was received by the whole Mussulman army under arms; and the most intimate relations were immediately established between sultan and emperor.<sup>1</sup> And when the latter suspected some hesitation, he wrote thus, dissembling perhaps a tinge of resentment: "I am your cordial friend. You cannot but know I am the chief of all the sovereigns of Christendom. It was you yourself engaged me to come hither. The Pope and all the Western princes are informed of my voyage; and should I return without attaining anything, I should lose all consideration in their eyes. After all, was it not Jerusalem that gave birth to Christianity? Was it not you that destroyed it? It is now in a most miserable condition. I entreat of you then to restore it to me, in even the state it is; that when I go back to Europe, I may be able to hold

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 429.



up my head among our kings. I renounce every other advantage." For he had begun by asking not only for Jerusalem, but all the towns anciently possessed by the Franks, and favourable terms for commerce. "It is not," said he to Fakr-eddin, "that my motive in coming here was to deliver the Holy City! No such thing; but to preserve the esteem of the Franks. If I insist with such fervour on what I ask, it is simply that I am afraid of losing all credit in the West."

The sultan also felt great pain at sacrificing Jerusalem;<sup>1</sup> but he had a powerful foe, and besides argued he, we give the Franks but dismantled churches and ruined houses. And, indeed, Jerusalem, at that time, was without walls or fortifications, and the sultan gave only one road and its villages, that from Jerusalem to Acre, so that the Mahometans remained masters of the country. In the Holy City, too, they retained the mosque of Omar, and the free exercise of their religion. And, likewise, there was a clause that the Christians should not re-build its ramparts, but that it should remain an open town. So, on this basis, was sworn a peace that was to last ten years and five months and days, from the twenty-fourth of February, 1229.<sup>2</sup> Most Christians, says the chronicle, ap-

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 430.

<sup>2</sup> Id., 430.



proved of Frederick's peace; though Templars and Hospitallers could not, from their attachment to Rome.<sup>1</sup> Before embarking for home, Frederick chose to visit Jerusalem, and there is a narrative of it by a Moslem, who officially accompanied him.

“The emperor was bald and red haired, and with weak eyes. Had he been a slave, he might sell for ten drachms. His conversation showed little belief in the Christian religion; since, when speaking of it, he always turned it into jest. When noon struck, we of course said our prayers, and the Mahometans in the suite of the prince, without his ever attempting to prevent them. Amongst them was his ancient teacher, of Sicilian origin. The *cadi* had orders from the sultan to see that nothing ever happened that could displease Frederick, and, particularly, that there should be no sermon in Omar's mosque, nor prayers proclaimed from any of the minarets. On the first day this was forgotten, so the *muezins* did as usual; even more, for one of them affected to recite at a most elevated pitch of voice various passages from the Alcoran against Christianity. The emperor lodged at that *cadi's*, whose house was quite close to Omar's minaret, and con-

<sup>1</sup> Gozlar Chron.—Alberic Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii., 126.—Bib. Crois., iii. 76.



sequently heard the muezzin in question, whom the cadi, much afflicted, called, and reproached, and to take care and let no one cry the next night. But the day after, the emperor asked for the cadi, and said: 'But the man I heard from the minaret say so and so, what has become of him?' The cadi, craving his excuse, said it was from fear of offending his Imperial Majesty. 'You were wrong,' replied Frederick. 'Why, on my account, renounce your duty, your law, your religion?' And he desired to see, with his own eyes, the chair in which the Imams sit, when they preach. And, while he was in the mosque, he saw a Christian priest entering it with a Bible in his hand, though it had been precisely stipulated that in the mosques the Mussulmen should be secured from all insult, and no trouble given in any case to them, or their religious ceremonies. This boldness irritated the emperor, and he forbade the priest to advance a step; swearing to punish any Christian severely who entered a mosque without a special permission; 'for,' he added, 'we are all the sultan's servants and slaves; it is he restored to us our churches, we ought not to misuse his favour.'"<sup>1</sup>

After this stay of two days in Jerusalem, Frederick went back to Acre, and sailed. He was

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 432.



remarkable above all the princes of his time for fine mental qualifications, and knew all the branches of sciences well, particularly logic, astronomy, and medicine. Such was the impression he left in the East.<sup>1</sup> But these are Mahometan accounts, which must be cooled down by those of our own chroniclers. It is not a wonder the Hospitallers and Templars should be against him, if the Popes were so; since even if the Pope erred, yet at that time they owed the Holy See too much gratitude for continued favours, not to obey it almost blindly. As for the Teutonics, they as Germans and the emperor's subjects, of course did him honour. But the Popes, even Gregory IX., was he not against him? It were in most direct contradiction to a bull by that same Gregory IX. (which shall be in the Appendix), in which he strictly commands the Hospitallers to assist the Emperor Frederick II. as much as ever they can in his Palestine expedition.<sup>2</sup> But on reading it over with more attention, it entirely alters my mind, and convinces me that no exaggerations, as I thought, but direct falsities, are what are told on the faith of the chroniclers. But these were in truth the newspapers of that day; and, when they are not in contradiction with solemn

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 433.

<sup>2</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Bolla v., vol. i. 271.—Appendix, lxiii.



documentary evidence, may be received as the opinions reigning; but where completely contradictory to it, they merit no kind of consideration whatever. Now here the Arab historians agree with this Papal record so far, that they are all perfectly silent as to that scene in the Holy Sepulchre, or that the Pope had ordered the Hospitallers and Templars not to fight under his command. Then no such things ever took place, but are only the inventions of malignancy or ignorance. And I observe on it the more, that historians of the highest estimation have copied those errors, even the most devout Roman Catholic Michaud. But they had never seen these decisive documents, or not examined them. The Mahometans and Papacy are two antipodes, and what they recount alike, cannot but be true; and what neither of them mentions cannot have subsisted at all. Is it not a fair conclusion? and even a necessary one for an honest writer, however eminent his predecessors, who have only fallen into a mistake? Truth is indeed what must prevail in the end, notwithstanding his weakness who wields it. This bull is so worthy of the head of a Church, and those fables so unworthy, and suppose such arrant dishonesty, that to drive them out of notice, is but mere justice, unless they be clearly proved. And the proofs are the other



way. Frederick II. was a very remarkable personage. That he spoke jestingly of his religion, rather in reference to their disbelief, than to himself, may be in bad taste, and exaggerated, but was no crime, nor argues scepticism.<sup>1</sup>

My introduction of this piece a little before its date is knowingly, because written in 1236; it refers to all that had preceded, and shows that after his conduct in Palestine, the Hospitallers are commanded to obey him, which is a complete refutation. His Holiness would have then been in manifest contradiction with himself. If he had complained even, we should find it in these secret archives. Behold, they are turned inside out. We thought to discover great things, and what do we discover? Nothing. Without a command in clear writing, who would have dared to insult Frederick? It would be to suppose something extravagantly bold; as foolish, as enormous, quite incredible. Married to the daughter of John de Brienne, who had abdicated in his favour, it was *jure uxoris* that Frederick inherited the title of King of Jerusalem, and his appearing there, converted the titular into a kind of reality; and that, and the peace, form a not dishonourable close to the fifth crusade. Of which if I have spoken at some

<sup>1</sup> Appendix, xci.



length, it is that Sir Gawen Montacute had taken a great part in the whole Egyptian war, and if he only sent his Hospitallers with the emperor to Jerusalem, and did not go himself, he had a most valid excuse in his age and wounds. But he expired towards the close of 1231; for we have two deeds in each of which he is named reigning in October of that year.<sup>1</sup> And he was succeeded by Sir Bernard de Taxis of whom there is no document extant, which agrees with his reign being only of a few months; but not with ten years and various other borrowed plumes given him by Vertot; since Sir Bernard was succeeded by Sir Girino, early in 1232, at least; to whom are to be ascribed all the fine things that regard the order and its grand masters from 1231 to May, 1236.<sup>2</sup> For a deed of the Queen of Cyprus in October of 1232 shows Girino was then Grand Master.<sup>3</sup> Nor were there hostile parties enough in that miserable land; but the Mogul Tartars were approaching, having left the bleak northern deserts to the spirits of their ancestors, and from some unlettered instinct or wild tradition, that

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros.—Num. cxiii, cxiv.—Appendix, lxiv.

<sup>2</sup> Seb. Paoli: i. 341.

<sup>3</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros. i.—Num., cexv.—Appendix, xcii.



remains a secret, began advancing south; and selecting five hundred thousand of their bravest, sent them in five divisions against Poland, Russia, Persia, and driving all before them, forced the fiercest of the preceding Tartaric hordes, the Karismians, to pass the Tigris and Euphrates, with the horrid ferocity of savages in despair. Not religious enthusiasm, but plunder and destruction were their furious passion. And Mussulman ambassadors went through Europe, imploring its nations to withstand the irruption of those who massacred alike circumcised and uncircumcised, and were just as inimical to Mahomet as to Christ. That the treaty made by Frederick had pleased neither party of fanatics, was natural, neither Moslems nor crusaders. The hot and thoughtless will be always against any wise measures. It certainly was not wrong in Frederick to decline breaking a truce; yet was it the age of paying little regard to treaties; and those who signed and swore, were at that very moment meditating a breach of them. It is a poor excuse, if any; but let it stand, that it was too general to be much of a deception. Not only in the East, but everywhere, it was, in the troubadour's words, "an age of felony, envy, and treason."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 70.



Another branch of the Ayoubites had now seized on Damascus, and the boy David had been obliged to content himself with Petra, and those fortresses about the Dead Sea, whence as he grew up, he made continual sanguinary inroads on the Christians; for he was incited not only by creed and booty, but also that it was avenging his father. Peace or otherwise, what cared he? It was never peace for him; so a bloody war in that direction. The peace which bound the Hospitallers and all regulated people, did not a bit the reckless, who wishing for war created it. Yet a far more pleasing intercourse than war was that which made the Sultan of Cairo in this very 1232 send what a wondrous tent, as a present to Frederick II. The sun, stars, whole firmament, were represented in its ceiling, moving about regularly in their orbits by a most marvellous mechanism; and the moon, and the hours of night and day with infallible exactness. Beautiful clockwork; what a miracle of art at that time, if but as described! Yet since the description was made *then*, that it were in the head of the describer is an almost equal wonder! Arabia then, and Egypt, were they not in arts and sciences what France and England are to-day? But the price was royal, more than thirty thousand pounds, and



well worthy was that splendid gift of a place in the imperial treasury, where it was long preserved.<sup>1</sup>

To Girino was directed a bull<sup>2</sup> in 1232, by which Gregory IX. exhorts him and his knights to assist his dearest son in Christ Jesus, Frederick the Roman Emperor, and King of Jerusalem and Cyprus; precisely of the same tenor as that four years later, and which has already been 1236 given as a talisman to meet whatever accusations, and reduce them to their just value.<sup>3</sup> It would not have been long now to wait for the treaty made by Frederick to have ended, but a great deal too long for perturbed spirits.

Many of these documents are *dentati*. Readers of ancient parchments will know very well what is meant; but others will not object to learning that it consists in writing counterparts in two different columns, divided by an alphabet, or some adage, generally pious, as *Gratiâ Dei*. This is cut all along through the middle of its letters; so the two parties take each a column, which contains one of the duplicates and halves of the letters of the adage, and by joining the two halves, if they fit and produce the adage whole, then each of the duplicates

<sup>1</sup> Cologne Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii. 22.—Arab. Chron., 435.

<sup>2</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Bolla, iv., i. 271.—Appendix, lxxv.

<sup>3</sup> Appendix, lxxiii.



is true and valid. The duplicates are in substance the same, but not always in the same language or dialect. Something of the sort is still used on the Barbary coast, as to passports of ships, not unlike our indentures.

Only come in the Papal name, and you may with a safe conscience break any truce with the Paynim; indeed many thought that not even the Pope could sanction such truces, and so some crusaders openly against his will, sailed off. The war had indeed quite changed from what it had been in the first crusade, and even the third, and scarcely had any more the least pretence to be called religious, but one of chivalrous delight, and by a most blasphemous union, "for the love of God and the ladies." In this state of things<sup>1</sup> emanated that bull of 1236. How Girino ended is unknown; but it was to him that those two bulls of Gregory IX. were directed; and it was he who, in manifest unison with those bulls, upheld with such vigour the right of Frederick's son to be King of Jerusalem against the pretensions of Adelaide, widow of Hugh of Lusignan, King of Cyprus. Nor could be what Vertot writes, that he fell in the battle against the Karismians;<sup>2</sup> for this took place in 1243,<sup>3</sup> long after Girino was dead, who, though he reigned in May

<sup>1</sup> Seb. Paoli: i. 342.

<sup>2</sup> Vertot: iii. 480.

<sup>3</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros.—Num. clxxviii.—Appendix, xciii.



1236,<sup>1</sup> yet his successor was reigning on the 20th of September of the same year,<sup>2</sup> Sir Bertrand de Comps, a gentleman of Dauphiny, Prior of St. Gilles, of the same illustrious family that had produced a former grand master. The lot of this Comps fell on most difficult times. All was in confusion. To make up for having lost a mistress, the crusading troubadour invokes the Virgin Mary as coming next,<sup>3</sup> and exhorts all ladies and misses to listen to no objection from husbands, parents, or any one, but set out East; for that all brave men flock thither, and none remain in Europe but cowards. No wonder therefore that such worthies scorned the advice of the Pope; and since he refused his consent, sailed without it, after insulting his nuncio. There was no longer even the name of religion, nor of soldiership either; but only of such extravagance as suits pipers, and drunkards, and lewd coxcombs, or who is, or fancies himself in love. It denotes an utter barbarism, 1237 that the same troubadour runs to see the burning of one hundred and eighty-four innocent men as heretics, just before he embarks.<sup>4</sup> At that

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros. i.—Num. cxvii.—Appendix, xciv.

<sup>2</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. 126.—Num. cxvi., dated Marseilles, 1234, among whose witnesses is another, Montacute, Knight Hospitaller, and Draperius, a very ancient charge in the order.

<sup>3</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 41.

<sup>4</sup> Id.: Id., 48.



time Cyprus ratifies a not inconsiderable cession to the Hospitallers.<sup>1</sup> Among the gallant enthusiasts were the Counts de Montfort and De Bar, flowers of chivalry, who, upon hearing from the people of Acre that it was peace, treated that as of no consequence, since they had pontifical authority to break it; and on the Templars and the Hospitallers refusing to join them, for that they would strictly maintain the truce to which they had sworn, determined to go alone, which Sir Comps did all in his power to dissuade them from; it being dangerous to march with so small a number, for that the Saracens might surround them; the advice was spurned. Still some Hospitallers followed them at a distance, but were soon recalled by their grand master. Valiantly the French advanced over the frontier, and were not far from robbing the Saracens, who however soon got them entangled in the sands near Gaza, where most of them were killed, and the rest led away into captivity. Which of these misfortunes the generous-minded De Bar underwent is untold, for never more was he seen; but long did he exist, if not in the hearts, in the songs of France.<sup>2</sup> It is said that about this time<sup>3</sup> Richard Plantagenet,

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. 117.—Num. cx.

<sup>2</sup> Rothelin MS.—Bib. Crois., i. 382.

<sup>3</sup> Wikes: Salisbury Chron.—Bib. Crois., ii. 651.



Earl of Cornwall, with a large sum of money, not with an army, but sufficient body-guard, came to Acre, and was dear as a nephew of his famous namesake; and went to Jerusalem, rebuilt its walls in some degree, got Frederick's recent truce prolonged for a couple of years, procured the sultan's permission to bury the corpses of the recently slain at Gaza, and by his strictly pacific conduct did all in his power that was really useful to Palestine, more than can be averred of many who made more noise; and he bought the freedom of a vast number of Christian captives.<sup>1</sup> And this reasonable conduct perhaps ought to have spared him the gibe of representing his election to the empire (some years later), as barely a stratagem to degrade the imperial dignity; though he was very proud to display that vain title for the last fourteen years of his life.<sup>2</sup>

The citation to the knights of his order, which Mathew Paris speaks of in 1237, calling on them to come and replace those killed in the battles of Aleppo, was from Comps, and not Taxis.<sup>3</sup> It was 1240 in the time of Comps that *the Pope asked the*

<sup>1</sup> Sir Harris Nicolas: Synopsis, i. 153.—Vertot: iii. 474.—Michaud: Hist., iv. 61.—Wike: Chron.—Rothelin MS.—Mathew Paris, anno 1240.—Chron. Waverley.—Bib. Crois., i. 383; ii. 654, 651, 814.

<sup>2</sup> Sismondi: Rep. Ital., iii. 346.

<sup>3</sup> Seb. Paoli: Serie, i. 342.



*Teutonics why they did not continue to obey the Hospitallers?*<sup>1</sup> Where Comps died, seems unknown, but probably at Acre, from the consequences of former martial duties; yet not in 1243, as said, but in 1241 truth in 1241,<sup>2</sup> for we have a deed, proving that his successor was reigning in November of that year. It was Sir Peter de Villebride then, that was fated to meet the full shock of the Karismians; against whom Moslems and Christians joined in Acre. The former came first under the Prince of Emessa, who was received there as a liberator, and called by the people, "*One of the best Barons of Paganism.*"<sup>3</sup> The Grand Masters of the Temple, and of the Hospitallers, and the other Latin grandees, and if not the Grand Master of the Teutonics, it was because he was in Germany with most of his knights—so that only a few of those called in the various records, German Hospitallers, could have been in Palestine, but all who were there, went; nor is it easy to conceive with what ardour the combined forces of the two religions marched, and encountering the terrible horde near Gaza, a most destructive conflict ensued, indeed of the longest and most sanguinary of that age.<sup>4</sup> Both Christians and the Syrian Mussul-

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Bulla vi., i. 272.

<sup>2</sup> Id., i., 129. Num. cxviii.,—Appendix, lxvi.

<sup>3</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 97.      <sup>4</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 100.



men were under one banner, so were the Karismians and Egyptians. It was on the same spot where De Bar and Montfort had been worsted a few years before; but that did not terrify the Christians. The Prince of Emessa counselled a retreat; but here, as elsewhere, the fault is imputed to a priest, that the Franks refused Emessa's soldierly advice, and following one who knew nothing about what he dabbled in, decided for battle. It lasted from the rising to the setting sun, and the most part of the second day, but, at last the Syrian Moslems were broken, and though the left wing, where the Hospitallers fought, resisted most perseveringly for several hours, yet the end was most disastrous; a total overthrow on our side, with the loss of thirty thousand, and of the military orders, only thirty-three Templars, twenty-six Hospitallers, and three Teutonics, ever got back to any Christian town. Among the slain was Villebride.<sup>1</sup> None of the Hospitallers—nor, perhaps, of the Templars and Teutonics, only they are not named—seem to have been taken prisoners, but got into the citadel of Ascalon, and were rigorously besieged there by the

<sup>1</sup> Seb. Paoli: Serie, i. 342. It seems to have been hoped at first that he had been only senseless, and so made prisoner. But true to his rule, he had ceased to be.



Egyptians, as the bishop declared, before the Council of Lyons, and in that sense, prisoners.<sup>1</sup>

Of what country Villebride was, is not specified, but, probably, a Spaniard. He was instantly succeeded by the marshal of the order,<sup>2</sup> a French gentleman, named Sir William of Chateaufort, in 1243, and not 1251.<sup>3</sup>

The letter of the Patriarch, giving a full account of the disastrous battle of Gaza, is one of these documents, dated November 25th, 1244,<sup>4</sup> and, in that same year, the Bishop of Beyrout was sent with the doleful news to Europe, and led by the Pope, afterwards, to the council.<sup>5</sup> Great were the rejoicings at Cairo; and the Karismians, who had visited Jerusalem the year before,<sup>6</sup> and slaughtered seven thousand of its Christian population, kept closer to the sea-coast on their return. But other Christians must have replaced the sufferers, for David, from Karac, made an inroad into the Holy City, with an enormous havock of its Christian inhabitants, immediately after the great Gaza defeat; and the tower of David was quite demolished, which, until then, existed in at least

<sup>1</sup> Bosio.—Vertot: iii. 490.

<sup>2</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. 133 Num. cxviii.

<sup>3</sup> Seb. Paoli: i. 342.

<sup>4</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. 321. Num. xliii. 1.

<sup>5</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 105, 107. <sup>6</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 94.



some remnants.<sup>1</sup> In consequence of a sickness, Louis IX. took, and tricked some of his nobles into taking the Cross;<sup>2</sup> but, for some years, the French flattered themselves they should persuade him not to effectuate his threat, for though they were ready to attend their monarch on a crusade, or anywhere else, the spirit of religion, or fanaticism, was extinct, and few ever thought of Jerusalem.

There is a letter of the emperor and of the Grand Master of the Hospitallers relative to the Karismians and the invasion of those destructive savages, who in 1246 (and even further back) appear to have penetrated into Palestine.<sup>3</sup> The Pope himself (Innocent IV.) seems to have been far too much occupied with politics and Guelphs and Ghibellines to think seriously of the holy war, except as it might be converted into an instrument against the emperor;<sup>4</sup> and it was more with this intent than any beyond-sea projects (though he pretended to them certainly, and wrote to excite who needed no excitation),<sup>5</sup> that he convened the Council of Lyons that was sitting in 1248.<sup>6</sup> A letter

1247

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 442, 446.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 126.

<sup>3</sup> Mathew Paris: 2.—Bib. Crois., ii. 817.

<sup>4</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 135.

<sup>5</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Num. xliv.—Appendix, xev.

<sup>6</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 141.



from the sultan to the Pope in 1246 is given; the letter was very respectful, did words suffice. "To the highly great, highly venerable, thirteenth of the Apostles, mouth and guide of the adorers of Christ. God loves who desire peace and seek it. We venerate the Holy Scriptures, and love them. We have heard your messenger, who has spoken to us of the Christ whom we praise, and of whom we know more than you do, and honour him more. You say that you wish for tranquillity and repose, and that you have motives for calling the nations to peace. We are as desirous of it as you; we have always desired and wished it; but being bound by a treaty of amity to the emperor, we send to have his opinion. The same ambassador will afterwards visit you; and when we know what both think, we mean to answer and decide. We will do nothing which is not beneficial to all parties, and agreeable to Almighty Allah!"<sup>1</sup>

The reason the sultan wrote in that tenor, and that no Mussulmen dared to defile the Holy Sepulchre, when they mercilessly sacked the rest of Jerusalem is (according to some chroniclers), that "the Mahometans believe firmly that Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary; that he lived without ever

<sup>1</sup> Zanzleit Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 337.



committing sin; that he was a prophet, and more than a prophet; that he cured lepers, gave sight to the blind, restored life to the dead, and ascended into Heaven. Also the wisest of the Turks asked us to lend them our books of the Gospel, and then kissed them, and showed signs of the deepest veneration for the law that Jesus Christ had preached; particularly at the words of the Evangelist St. Luke, 'Missus est Gabriel Angelus.'"<sup>1</sup> But the rumours of Louis' preparations were noised abroad; nor is it necessary to suppose any imperial espial, for communications with Egypt and Syria were then continual—even Venetians alone sufficed, who cared little for anything but commerce and earthly interests and the grandeur of their republic. From which resulted the vain menaces of the Old Man of the Mountain: and that all the pepper and other drugs from the Levant were poisoned, in hopes of murdering the King of France, respecting whom, if the diabolical conspiracy failed, yet a great many innocent individuals died of it. Perhaps, however, they were inventions to increase hatred for the people they were going to war with. Such fables suited the ignorant vulgar.<sup>2</sup> As to the Old Man, he was soon settled and disposed of; for a single word from

<sup>1</sup> Tours Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 392.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 140.



the Templars and Hospitallers sufficed, not only to make him forthwith renounce all menaces or pretension to tribute from the king, but to impel him to solicit to become his tributary, sending him presents and his own privy seal, cut in a golden ring, and shirt, which last might denote their close alliance, the shirt being next the skin and heart.<sup>1</sup> Truth is, that some chroniclers aver it could not be, for that those infernal sectaries (neither Mahometans nor Christians, but rather a sort of fire-worshippers, or other Pagans) had been extinguished, as far back as Saladin's time.<sup>2</sup> Yet descendants of that abominable race are said to exist still, near the same spot in Mount Libanus. Why on earth do they pretend to be English?<sup>3</sup>

In the Council of Lyons the Bishop of Beyrout repeated what has been related of the Karismians, and that they were of so fearful a cruelty, that even the Paynim refused harbouring them, and none but the Egyptians could have invited them. "Those direst of savages have ravaged the whole of Syria, from Thoron of the Knights, to Gaza, breaking into Jerusalem, and disembowelling the priests in their vestments at the altars of the Holy Se-

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 140.—Bosio.—Vertot: iii. 514.

<sup>2</sup> Pipini: Henri de Champagne, &c. &c. &c.,

<sup>3</sup> Michaud: Orient.



pulchre, with the most horrid scoffs, and committing enormities in the Cathedral of Bethlehem that I durst not mention; but impieties far more atrocious than any ever perpetrated by the Saracens. All our military orders, and nobility, and proprietors, as well as our Moslem allies, met the savages and those of Egypt, on the vigil of St. Luke, in a great battle, which was lost, by fault of the Moslems, who ran away, and most of our chiefs and soldiers were slain or taken. The remainder of the Hospitallers, having got into the citadel of Ascalon, are besieged there by the Saracens, so we do not know what to do, unless you succour us. We have implored the King of Cyprus and the Prince of Antioch, but what avail they to protect us? Yours, or Palestine has no human aid. Come to us in March next, or the Holy Land is desolate, and the Hospitallers to a man, and Templars, and all of us, are cut to pieces; or what is much worse, led off into slavery.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Bosio.—Vertot, iii. 486.



## CHAPTER II.

“WHERE are you, my son Louis?” To whom the king approaching: “What do you want, mother?”<sup>1</sup> And Queen Blanche, with deep sighs, and melting into tears; “Oh, my dear son, what is to be done in the terrible emergency, predicted by the news that has reached us? This invasion of Tartars threatens us with one universal ruin; us and Holy Church!” To which the king, in a plaintive tone, but not without something of divine inspiration, “Then, dearest mother, may the consolations of Heaven sustain us! If those barbarians assail us, either we shall drive them back to the Tartarus, whence they came, or better still, they send us to Paradise!” So leaving his mother as

<sup>1</sup> Mathew Paris.—Bib. Crois., ii. 815.



regent, St. Louis, accompanied by his wife (who could not be prevented), set out, having taken the cross nearly three years earlier, and embarking on the Mediterranean, the twenty-fifth August, 1248, reached Cyprus on the twenty-first September. A document, evidently composed with great care, being a contract, intended to stand for ages, and to anticipate a remedy in every possible case, is a fresh proof of how brittle are the designs of men; since, within the lifetime of some of its witnesses, a catastrophe was to occur rendering that and every other document of the sort perfectly null and invalid.<sup>1</sup> Its contents would imply the grand master's absence, probably in Cyprus with Louis IX.<sup>2</sup> There he passed the winter, and exerted his peace-making qualities in various ways, and with more or less success between the Greek and Latin clergy concerning missions to Tartars, who at first were about becoming Christians, but when they saw Syria yield to Mahometanism, became Mahometans;<sup>3</sup> mediating with Cyprus, who, by accepting the Pope's offer of the title of King of Jerusalem, fomented discord with Frederick II., rightful owner of that vain distinction, and negotiating with the

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. Num. cexix.—Appendix, xevi.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 155.

<sup>3</sup> Villani.—Bib. Crois., ii. 624.



Empress of Constantinople, who came to implore him to succour her husband.<sup>1</sup> But Louis was relaxing the discipline of his army in that beautiful but immoral island, and lessening his provisions and finances. Yet in vain Templars and Hospitallers tried to engage him to an armistice with the sultan, who was no longer Frederick's old friend, Malek-Kammel, but his son. In which rejection the French nobility joined their monarch. Still, it required no very wary eye to see Louis, notwithstanding all his personal courage, and his sanctity, was a weak-minded man. This was most observable in his own family, where he allowed the queen mother to exert too great an ascendant over him, to the not unreasonable jealousy of her royal daughter-in-law, his true and faithful wife. The consequence was, that the gentle Margâret could not love the domineering, though virtuous and intelligent Blanche. The monarch's brothers, also, were turbulent spirits, nor obedient as they ought, to their sovereign; to say nothing of his rank of commander-in-chief. Which turbulence and which debility argued ill for the opening campaign, and rendered it still harder to quiet the haughty French grandees. Some want of provisions already brought

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 162.



distress upon the army, in consequence of their own carelessness, which was remedied by the emperor's sending a most timely supply. "But for this prince, Frederick II.," wrote Queen Blanche, in a letter to the Pope, "the king, my son, and all the Christian army, had undergone much jeopardy of life and honour."<sup>1</sup> The Moslems, themselves, in two or three most sanguinary battles, had entirely defeated the Karismians, who, like most savages, had an inordinate self-love, and despised all nations but their own—and their race extinguished totally, as an English bishop relates;<sup>2</sup> though others say the name, indeed, became extinct, but their blood is the obscure origin of the present potent dynasty of the Ottomans.<sup>3</sup>

But this was no stop to the Franks, more employed in thinking of the riches of their foe, than of his strength. That dissolute boastfulness was their ruin. It was contagious, too, and Louis was led into spending not only the whole winter, but spring, too, in Cyprus. The Grand Masters of the Templars and Hospitallers, who sent to advise him of the possibility of coming to accommodations with the sultan, were shrewder than to share the blind confidence of the crusaders, and,

<sup>1</sup> Mathew Paris.—Bib. Crois., ii. 826.

<sup>2</sup> Bib. Crois., ii. 826.

<sup>3</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 104.



besides, might have wished to free those of their orders who pined in captivity, or were besieged in Ascalon, since the day of Gaza. Besides they knew, by experience, that the Franks were subject to be feared at first, and begin war with brilliant success, but fall soon into discord and debility, and end with some huge disaster, and then thought only of getting back to Europe, and left Palestine Christians to suffer the full fury of an enemy, irritated by the loss he had to endure at the commencement. But Louis, with all his wisdom, still participating in his army's foible, not without superadding a little fanaticism of his own, scouted the proposal, and with violent indignation, forbade the grand masters ever again to address him in such a tone, for that it was as bitter an outrage to all Christian warriors, as injurious to himself.<sup>1</sup> So the crusade sailed, and beautiful was their departure from Limisso, in eight hundred or eighteen hundred ships;<sup>2</sup> at the mouth of the harbour falling in with the Duke of Burgundy's fleet, which had wintered in the Morea, and bore the then Earl of Salisbury, grandson of the beautiful Rosamond,<sup>3</sup> and son of one who, after his father's death, became an Hospitalleress,<sup>4</sup> Long-

<sup>1</sup> Michaud : Hist., iv. 166.

<sup>2</sup> Joinville.—Michaud : Hist., iv. 169.

<sup>3</sup> Michaud : Hist., iv. 143.

<sup>4</sup> Mathew Paris : 3.—Bib. Crois., ii. 826.



sword and his two hundred English; and of surpassing beauty likewise was their landing in Egypt, not unopposed—but what could withstand the gallantry of that body of Franks? Many of their vessels had been driven by the storm into various places along the coast, and chiefly Acre, where the two Grand Masters accused of being desirous of peace, and their Templars and Hospitallers, embarked. In their first impetuous outset, Louis' van of invaders, without waiting for their countrymen, or any one, had not only landed in the presence of an enemy, but also put to flight the entire Egyptian army, commanded by a renowned general, and taken Damietta. Nearly incredible, but so it was, and a joyful day it must have been for the Christian slaves there; fifty-three of whom had been in chains for twenty-two years.<sup>1</sup> And when the grand masters and “the nerve of the Christian armies” joined them, it was within Damietta; so that St. Louis in giving several of its best palaces to the military orders, it was not a recompense for any late succours, but in anticipation of their future utility, or as a tribute to the glorious reputation they had long earned. But for the contrary winds it is likely St. Louis would have landed at Alexandria, on the very spot where Bonaparte landed

<sup>1</sup> Rothelin Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 384.



five centuries after him. But, even from Damietta he could have reached Cairo, if he had manœuvred like Napoleon; but to this Michaud has a full right to reply that it would have been quite impossible for St Louis' unwieldy army to have executed the manœuvres of the French, in 1798.<sup>1</sup>

The bravest of the Moslems despaired of Egypt when Damietta fell; but not so the sultan, though labouring under a mortal sickness, and totally unable to mount a horse. What could he do? A reproach to Fakr-eddin, who hardly forbore from murdering him, and a capital sentence on many of the deserters, were ineffectual; but what more could be done by a pale and dying man, who saw the emir's looks interrogating Fakr-eddin's, ready at the slightest assent to hasten his sovereign's departure, nor allow his life to spin out for a few hours longer? He had got himself carried to Mansourah, the precise field of Brienne's overthrow thirty years before. Could nothing open the eyes of the French? Yet not one appears to have felt a presentiment! Dissoluteness, disobedience, high living, continued in their camp outside Damietta, produced epidemics and famine. The Count D'Artois particularly, a young and effervescent prince, proud of his birth, and prouder of his reputation for military bravery,

<sup>1</sup> Michaud : Hist., iv. 173 and 189.



would obey no one. The king himself was but a cipher. So the Earl of Salisbury (whose mother, when widow, became an Hospitalleress and Abbess of Lacock) surnamed Longsword, having received some indignity from that hot-headed youth, and having complained in vain to St. Louis, said, "You are no king then, since unable to render justice," and went away to Acre, nor returned till after repeated invitations from the monarch. Why ever return?

They were waiting the king's youngest brother, the Count of Poitiers, with the heavy baggage, and a heel of the French van and some residue from England; but at length he arrived—the money in vast tuns, that took eleven waggons, with many horses each, to draw them. The queen was left to lie in at Damietta, and the ladies with a strong garrison; whilst the king and army, amounting to twenty thousand cavalry and sixty thousand foot, with every sort of stores, marched, whether for Alexandria or Cairo was debated, till Artois deciding for the capital, "to kill a snake, crush its head," he cried; so for Cairo was their march. On the 7th of December, they encamped at about twenty miles south-west of Damietta. It was the very road Brienne had taken; but what did they mind that? Instead of instantly dying, the sultan



got a little better. It was only a gleam before death. But it sufficed to increase the pride and courage of the Moslems, who besides were getting large reinforcements every day. Still the beginnings of the march of the crusaders were triumphant. But then they encountered a small body of cavalry, only about five hundred at first, but it next day increased, and killed a Templar; and from that day forward they had to fight for every step. A storm was gathering all round them; they could not but see it, except that homeward was a meagre line of sombre light; but soon a retreat became as impossible as an advance. But the word impossible was to be erased from their dictionary.

About this time the sultan expired, and his son was far off in Mesopotamia. Yet the death was concealed by the heroic widow, "whom no woman ever exceeded in beauty, nor man in intellect;" and naming Fakr-eddin as Atabec or regent, she disclosed the secret to him alone. For weeks the guards were posted as usual at the sultan's door, and despatches brought in as usual; and his council received his counterfeited clamè, or signature, daily, to various ordinances, by which Fakr-eddin commanded the troops, and continued to face the invaders,<sup>1</sup> who now on the 19th of December got to the extreme

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 455.



south angle of the Delta, and there was only a canal between them and the Moslems at Mansourah. No mistake. It was the identical scene of Brienne's great disaster. The Turkish opinion being that, if the crusaders passed the canal, they would infallibly take Cairo or entire Egypt, there was to be a decisive battle; and they might expect the full resistance of the Moslems. Many days were lost in endeavours to make a mound across; tremendous exertions on both sides. The Greek fire from tubes of brass was horrible; and St. Louis, so fearless for himself, used to walk about praying and weeping at every explosion, in agonies, not knowing where it would fall: "Merciful Lord, protect this my poor host!"<sup>1</sup> Though often Turkish skirmishers came over to assail them, and returned before their faces, the misguided crusaders appear never to have thought it possible for their own army to have done the same. Were there not thoughts (if men of such inflamed and swollen eyes had then time to think) which went back to what once seemed 1250 unquiet Palestine? But it at that very day was quiet enough, since here is a document in 1250 concerning a church then building at Mount Thabor.<sup>2</sup> At last a Mahometan deserter told them

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 204.

<sup>2</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. cxxii., i. 140.



of a ford (there were many fords) about a league off; and instead of waiting till next day, when the bridge they were making would be finished, and their entire army might pass, and all Islam irrevocably be lost (persuasion of even the best Christian authority), they separated the infantry from the cavalry, and St. Louis allowed himself to be persuaded to this instance of monstrous impatience, and lead this entire body of twenty thousand horse to the ford, in the presence of the enemy at broad day, three miles' distance; for though it was night when they set out, it was sunrise when they reached the water. After this example of his own, he could not well blame any one else; nor does he in his letter to the queen, but only bewails Artois' death, without accusing him (nor even himself) of any error. It was the 5th of April.<sup>1</sup> The cavalry having come to the ford, the Count D'Artois, with the vanguard, insisted on his right to pass first, and Louis, knowing his disobedient spirit, made him swear on the Evangelists to wait for orders, drawn up on the opposite bank, till all the cavalry had got over; but the moment Artois was there, he ordered his troops to advance. And on the grand master's interposing, it was in vain; for all

<sup>1</sup> St. Louis : Official Letter to all France, apud Michaud : Hist., iv. 415.



the Templars, and Hospitallers, and English, were in that vanguard. Artois' outrageous reply to the grand masters, was to accuse them of being in league with the Saracen, and that they wished to prolong the war from ambition, to which they replied: "So we and our knights would relinquish our home and country and all domestic comforts, to spend our lives in danger and fatigue in a foreign land, and all from treason to our faith?" The Grand Master of the Temple turning his head, commanded his knights instantly to unfurl the banner of his order for the charge. The Earl of Salisbury pleaded the unskilfulness of separating its vanguard from the main body. "Timid counsels," cried Artois, "are not made for us." "Then let us go forward," retorted Salisbury; "and, prince, I'll lead you such a race that you shall not reach even the tail of my horse."<sup>1</sup> Then a French knight said: "Sire, see the Turks, how they are running away! Would it not be *grant mauvaisete et grant couardise si nous ne chaçons nos ennemis?*"<sup>2</sup> "If you are afraid," said Artois to the Grand Master of the Hospitallers, "stay where you are!" "No," replied he of the Hospital, "neither I nor

<sup>1</sup> Mathew Paris.—Bib. Crois., ii. 834.

<sup>2</sup> French knight then present. MS. apud. Michaud: Hist., iv. 421.



my brethren are afraid. We will not stay, but will go with you. Yet you must know, that we doubt much if ever we return." But worse and worse, for during the colloquy, the king had perceived Artois' preparations, and sent ten knights to give him a distinct specific command in his royal name not to stir, but to stay on that very spot until the King of France in person should come up; to which he had the amazing insolence to answer, "that the Saracens were in full flight and that he would not stay, but on the contrary pursue them, *et que il demeroroit mie, ains les chaceroit.*" And at the word, off he flew, and indeed took the Saracens by surprise, and slaughtered a great number, sparing none, but rushing into their tents and putting them to the sword, even their women and children; and which being told to the atabec himself, then in the bath, and getting his beard dressed (as was the Moslem fashion at that time), he jumping up half naked and throwing himself on a horse, had no sooner mounted than he falls down dead, pierced with a hundred wounds. And a worthy warrior and statesman he was; and much esteemed by the Turks for his courage also (notwithstanding his conduct at Damietta), and had been knighted by Frederick II., and wore the imperial coat of arms along with those of the Sultans of Egypt and



Damascus. And so, after leaving the Moslem camp in blood and confusion, Artois galloped into Mansourah; but a few minutes sufficed for the Mahometans to observe his slender number, who immediately chose Bibars Boudochdar to take Fakr-eddin's place in commanding them; and the first act of Bibars was to have the gates of Mansourah shut, and leaving injunctions to slay or take all those mad Giaours, he straight led his army to meet the masses of Christian cavalry that were appearing then on the rising ground. The sounding of the trumpets, the waving of the oriflamme, and such a large body of cavalry with the French monarch at their head, all radiant as he was from his golden helmet and the dazzling of his armour in the sun, his sword of German steel drawn, and his martial air, was a grand and magnificent sight; "I promise you," says Joinville, "there never was a handsomer soldier seen by me." And the whole plain beneath was covered with broken bucklers and cuirasses and the dying and the dead; and there was a confusion of banners. Drums, kettle-drums, trumpets, Saracen nackers, playing the charge everywhere—here the Christians were conquerors, here beaten or in flight—here the Saracens the same, hundreds of small conflicts, single combats, no telling which the infidels, which the



Franks, and cries of "Montjoie St. Denis!"<sup>1</sup>—and of "Islam! Islam!" Who ever beheld more beautiful feats of arms? No bows or crossbows or other artillery; but only right good knocks of sweet battle axes, iron maces, swords and steel of lances all pell-mell!<sup>2</sup>

But overwhelmed were the Franks in Mansourah, and fell; yet after a fearful struggle. The Earl of Salisbury was killed, true to his noble exclamation, "God forbid my father's son should ever fly before the Saracens!" so perhaps when he might have escaped, he disdained to turn his horse, and preferred a glorious death to a life of self-reproach.<sup>3</sup> It is said his ghost visited his mother in England that same night.<sup>4</sup> And every one of the English who had been increased to three hundred, were slain, including De Vere, who tearing England's colours from the staff wound them closely round his body, and as he carried them, died in them. And what more glorious winding-sheet? Nor did the unfortunate Artois fail to display signal bravery. He had now fought ten hours, from daybreak to three in the

<sup>1</sup> "Crierent tous á haute voix. 'Montjoie S. Denis!'"—Chron. Fiand. Montjoie is Mons Gaudium, the Mons Mars at Rome, but became the French war-cry. Vital: lib. xii.—Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, i. 546.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 211.

<sup>3</sup> Mathew Paris.

<sup>4</sup> Bib. Crois., ii. 835.



afternoon; horses and men were worn out. Covered with wounds, he dismounting retired from the streets heaped with corpses, into a house with a small remnant of the brave and devoted, and there entrenching himself made a further defence; but fell at last on a mound of dead, that seemed even in death to cast frowns that intimidated their enemies; yet Artois appears not to have been then quite dead, since Chateauneuf, who says he saw Salisbury killed, only says he saw Artois made prisoner. But mortally wounded, he must have died shortly after; for we find Louis mourning for his death that very evening late, when the Preceptor of the Hospital came to kiss his hand before bed time and inquired of his Majesty if he had news of Artois. "All I know," replied the King, weeping bitterly, "is that he is in Paradise."<sup>1</sup> Yet his body was never found, though sought for several days by his faithful servants amid the myriads of putrifying pestilential corpses; and indeed by the king too, for he paid a hundred of those bandits who gain their livelihood by that miserable trade, but they never found the prince.<sup>2</sup> Of many that had flown to save Artois, almost all of them perished. As to the two grand masters (who appear to have been the couple who remained by his royal highness to his end), he of the

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 215.

<sup>2</sup> Id.: Id., iv. 227



Hospitallers saw all his die as became them, and then in a swoon from loss of blood was made prisoner; he was the only Hospitaller in that fight, who survived it.<sup>1</sup> He of the Temple, after the death of two hundred and eighty of his knights, escaped as if by miracle, and joined the French army late that evening, after loss of an eye, with his face all bloody, his garments quite torn, and his cuirass pierced through in several places, which notwithstanding availed him little, for the poor gentleman was killed in a skirmish a few days later.<sup>2</sup>

Louis' cavalry had for awhile stood, but ended by retreating, and some entire regiments were drowned in a most disorderly attempt to get back over the canal, not at the ford, but lower down, exactly opposite the infantry, who were also seized by a panic, and exclaimed, little and great, weeping loud, beating their feet and heads, and straining their fists, and pulling their hair up by the roots, and tearing their cheeks most wofully: "See! See! Jesus and Mary! The king, his brothers, and their whole company, all lost!"<sup>3</sup> Having got over the luckless bridge, which ought to have seen their horses turned the other way, Louis gave orders for

<sup>1</sup> MS. Rothelin, apud Michaud: Hist., iv. 424.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 222.

<sup>3</sup> Mathew Paris.—Bib. Crois., ii. 835.



pulling it down, but they were not executed, and it enabled the Moslem to persecute them close; yet there were many most gallant actions, of which France has good reason to be proud. To so brave a nation, the heroism of Artois is almost a counter-balance for his faults, and it was certainly most magnificent in Louis not to have escaped when he might, but preferred sharing the lot of his soldiers; and valiant was his attempt to raise their spirits, notwithstanding all his own griefs, by appearing without either helmet or cuirass, but a sword in his hand, and on a fine Arabian.<sup>1</sup> Still all was vain; retreat to Damietta was cut off, and nothing remained but for king and army to surrender at discretion. So entire was the overthrow, that the Moslems say only two escaped; nor even two, since they threw themselves into the Nile and perished.<sup>2</sup> And in chains hand and foot, and his two brothers as well,<sup>3</sup> he was dragged back to Mansourah, and his soldiers tied with ropes, like so many cattle.<sup>4</sup> The new sultan had arrived; nor until then was his father's death published—not even on Fakr-eddin's; so steady and wise was the illustrious sultana. But her half son having been soon murdered by his

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 236.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. Chron., 463.

<sup>3</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 241.

<sup>4</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 245.—Arab. Chron., 464.



wicked emirs, headed by that upstart Bibars, as daring in assassination as in battle, she was for a short time proclaimed sovereign in right of her dead son, and her elevation astonished all Islam. The Caliph of Bagdad, in horror at the innovation, wrote to the Egyptian emirs, to ask them if there was not a single man of ability in entire Egypt, that they had recourse to a woman to govern them?<sup>1</sup> Yet the revolted emirs were not quite unmerciful to the Franks, but allowed St. Louis and army to embark, only taking back Damietta, and leaving hostages and property, which according to the treaty the Moslem promised to restore; but afterwards refused. And with Louis embarked all that remained of the military orders; three Templars, and four Hospitallers—of whom one was that preceptor for France, whose duty was to stay by the king's person, and another one dying of his wounds, and who in effect died previous to the ship's getting to Acre. Just before expiring it has been said, without citing authority, that he told the preceptor that Chateauneuf, just previous to their captivity, had visited him in a disguise, which he had received from the charity of a Saracen woman, whose medicaments had recalled him to life and staunched his wounds; and then she gave him his liberty. And, indeed, he was the only Hos-

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 472.



pitaller that got alive from Mansourah that day; and even the human beings were but four, he and two Templars, and one common man, who swam the river, naked, to carry the mournful news to the King of France.<sup>1</sup> "Indeed," said the dying man to the preceptor, "he forbade me to mention it then, for that it was his intention to profit by the confusion, and, disguised as he was, to traverse the Moslem parties, and make the sea-side. Yet I feel it to have been impossible, considering his weakness and many dangerous wounds, and that I shall find him in that other world, to which God calls me, within three or four minutes."

That the preceptor may have informed the king of all that afterwards, is more than probable, seeing how desirous his majesty was to learn whatever had any relation to his lamented brother's death; but this much, only, is recounted as certain, that Chateauneuf, however disabled, or in what way, got back to Acre, before August, in 1250; for that is the date of St. Louis' letter to his barons, spiritual and temporal, and the whole kingdom of France.<sup>2</sup> And, though Chateauneuf was naturally in too wretched a state of health to attend much to affairs (and, therefore, I see that several other authorities, who carefully mark

<sup>1</sup> Mathew Paris.—Bib. Crois., ii. 835.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 420.



that they are in place of the grand master, continued to act, just as while he was in Egypt), the tradition is that by a great struggle he rose from his bed, and received St. Louis, on the beach, at Acre, who said, seeing him so thin and tottering, "Now, my good Grand Master, return to your bed, where I will presently visit you." Which when the monarch did, a few hours later, the grand master on his couch, in his bedroom, and the king standing, they remained some instants looking at each other in silence, and finally St. Louis spoke: "So you saw him?"—And the monarch turned very pale, and burst into a great flood of tears.

A few months after his return, he received an embassy from the Old Man of the Mountain, not of menace, like that in Cyprus, but friendship and tribute, as to a superior, and his ring and a shirt as symbols of close alliance, as the finger to the hand, and the other as worn next the skin.<sup>1</sup> To which the king replied, through a knight who spoke Arabic well, whom he sent to compliment the sheick. What expedition could St. Louis undertake, who found but a corps of seven hundred at Acre, and had not of his own one hundred? That disastrous retreat in Egypt produced many renegades, who were despised by the Mahometans.

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 303.



And strange it is, that not only then, but during all the crusades, more Christians became Mahometans than Mahometans Christians.<sup>1</sup> During his stay in Palestine, he fortified some of the Christian towns,<sup>2</sup> and did his best to allay the spirit of discord; but his holy discourse and virtuous example were forgotten too soon.<sup>3</sup>

Perhaps it is hard to call wasting his time what contributed to his chief object—bettering the lot of those Eastern Christians. A long time prevented by the sickness among that small Court, he brought with him from the Nile a hundred knights only—<sup>4</sup> the epidemic was so destructive, that Joinville tells us twenty funerals a-day used to pass under the window of his own lodgings—he might have been much occupied about the twelve thousand prisoners he had left in Egypt—while the three military orders and the Franks of Acre were never without conjuring him not to abandon them; and that he should not, was not merely the opinion of the monarch, but also of many of his best barons, including Joinville. Latterly the king was preparing for visiting Jerusalem, at that time (for him particularly) very difficult; and before any oppor-

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 305.

<sup>2</sup> Beaulieu: Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 298.

<sup>3</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 2.      <sup>4</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 382.



tunity presented itself, tidings of the worst nature made it imperative on him to return to France immediately. Not at Acre, but the not distant Jaffa, seeing his confessor and the Papal legate enter, he mistrusted of some afflicting news; so retreated into what he called his arsenal against all the misfortunes of the world, and when he heard Queen Blanche was dead, calming his torrent of tears, he knelt down before the altar in that chapel, and with joined hands, prayed fervently: "O my God, who didst vouchsafe me such a mother, I thank thee for thy mercy. Thou knowest I loved her above every other creature; but it must be after all that thy decrees be accomplished: therefore, O Lord, be thy name blessed throughout the eternity of ages!"<sup>1</sup> When the excellent Joinville was called to Queen Margaret in the next room, he who had followed Louis to Egypt and Damietta, and thence to Palestine, could not but express his surprise, and that he never imagined her crying for the "woman whom she had reason to hate most in the world." "Very true," replied Margaret; "nor is it for her death I weep, but for the deep grief it will give the king." The jealous antipathy between the queen-mother and the queen was of old origin; and the former had acquired such an undue influ-

<sup>1</sup> Beaulieu: Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 299.



ence over her son, that his wife could only see him in secret. Most curious anecdotes go of the haughtiness of Blanche, the weakness of St. Louis, and timidity of Margaret.<sup>1</sup> In the spring of 1254, he removed to Acre, and on the 25th of April sailed for Europe.

It was not till the August next after his departure, that Chateauneuf was able to resume 1254 the reins of government, and begins again 1255 to appear in the documents,<sup>2</sup> of which a few 1257 extracts shall be in the Appendix.<sup>3</sup> The last we have of his is in April of 1257.<sup>4</sup> Necessarily he had been at Mansourah, and seen the Earl of Salisbury killed with the three hundred English, and Robert, brother to the King of France, and this king himself, and the rest of his princes, 1258 barons, and army, made prisoners.<sup>5</sup> And in about fifteen months (during which he however had the comfort of the bull of Alexander IV., in favour of the order to the King of Hungary<sup>6</sup>), went

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 317.

<sup>2</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Num. cxxiii.—Appendix, lxvii.

<sup>3</sup> Id. Id., cxxiv.— Id., lxviii., and Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Num. cxxvi. and ccxx.—Appendix, lxix. and lxx.

<sup>4</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Num. clxxxiii.—Appendix, lxxi.

<sup>5</sup> Seb. Paoli: Serie, i. 342.

<sup>6</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Bolla, xi. 276.



1259 the way of all flesh; since we find his successor, Sir Hugh de Revel, reigning in the Autumn of 1259.<sup>1</sup> So an authority most estimable<sup>2</sup> thinks (as he has full right) that it was in the spring of that year Chateauneuf died. Revel was of an illustrious family in that province which gave so many signal members to the order—Dauphiny; and if he had already acquired a high character, his reign as grand master was to be worthy of it. And in the last month of that same year, by that same Pope, is another bull on the same Hungarian affair—a sort of duplicate to the former, in consideration probably of the change of grand masters.<sup>3</sup> Yet it cannot be allowed that, as the other histories have it, he should be considered as the inventor of commanderies, since he was himself grand commander at the very time of his election to be grand master;<sup>4</sup> and had been grand preceptor for years before made grand commander.<sup>5</sup> Truth is, commander is a dignity that dates as far back as 1194, or much earlier.<sup>6</sup>

Already had Bibars (the same who destroyed the

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Num. cxxxiii.—Appendix, lxxii.

<sup>2</sup> Seb. Paoli: i. 342.

<sup>3</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., Bolla xii. 277.

<sup>4</sup> Id. Num. cxxvi.—Appendix, lxix.

<sup>5</sup> Id. Id. cxxiv.— Id., lxxviii.

<sup>6</sup> Id. Id. lxxxii.— Id., lxxiii.



Christians at Mansourah and as emir murdered one sultan the sultana too being killed), ravaged many parts of the Holy Land and menaced Acre; but after remaining three days before it, riding up to its very gates with his scimitar drawn, at the head of a body of most terrible-looking Mamelukes, even mining one of its towers, and raising the takbir,<sup>1</sup> attempted its ditches, renewed the truce, and returned to Egypt;<sup>2</sup> where he murdered a second sultan and hurried to the Mameluke camp. "Who slew the sultan?"—"I," replied Bibars. "Reign then in place of him," said the Atabec.<sup>3</sup> And so Bibars assumed the sovereignty—doleful news for Christianity. Bibars had been originally a slave from the shores of the Black Sea, and, carried to Damascus, he was sold there for eight hundred pieces of silver. The emir, who bought him, sold him as unsound, for a white speck on one of his eyes. He took the name of Boudochdar from its being that of his former master.<sup>4</sup>

Alexander IV. by his bull however<sup>5</sup> honourable, calling the Hospitallers "Terræ Sanctæ athletæ—

<sup>1</sup> Mahometans have two war-cries, *Takbir* and *Tahlil*, in substance the same; "God is great."—Arab. Chron., 489.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 9.

<sup>3</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 10.—Arab. Chron., 480.

<sup>4</sup> Arab. Chron., 534.

<sup>5</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., Bolla xiii. 278.



incliti robusti electi," and his dear children, bidding them leave off their black whenever they were on military duty (which was always, except when precisely at home) and wear a scarlet mantle with the white cross wrought on it (which they had done of themselves long ago)—was no adequate compensation for the evil he had done, by publishing to the world in his reply to the ambassadors from Palestine, that his Holiness was more desirous of a crusade against others than the Mahometans; so that the Saracens must have discovered how impossible it was for any Christian prince to remain long in the East, and that it could never expect any real succour from such a distance; for that cruel truth came from his lips with dreadful weight—as disheartening to the disconsolate Christians as encouraging to their ruthless foe. Clement IV. in 1265 wrote a letter to the Grand Master of the Hospital, and to the Grand Master of the Temple as well, praising their past conduct and exhorting them to persevere in it; but what did such consoling words lead to?<sup>1</sup>

Bibars declared war against them at once. It was perhaps his first act of sultanship.<sup>2</sup> And he marched into Palestine with such an immense

<sup>1</sup> Tresor Matene.—Bib. Crois., i. 426.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 11.



army that he compares their numbers to all the animals that people the face of the earth and the multitudes of fish in the ocean, and well it might be said, compared to the small number of the Christians; and we may form some opinion from the document come down to us of the vassals which according to the feudal agreements one of the Syrian towns had to give,<sup>1</sup> from which it appears that the whole of Assur had only five knights' fiefs, or fifty horse and various provisions, of not much amount, in kind. 1261

The Franks sent to him overtures of peace, and his only answer was to set fire to the Church of Nazareth.<sup>2</sup>

In 1266 a corps of five hundred English cross-bowmen were shipped for the Holy Land.<sup>3</sup> 1266

Stern was the discipline in Bibars' soldiery, and (to a Moslem) there was the severest morality, for there was no scandalous wine, and elderly well-conducted matrons gave the troops water to drink and even aided the men in transporting the machinery for war. The standard of the Prophet was planted by the sultan himself and prayers regularly said in the churches converted into

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., cxi.—Appendix, lxxiv.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 15.

<sup>3</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., Num. xlv., 325.



mosques.<sup>1</sup> The Mamelukes massacred the greater part of the inhabitants of that quarter of Palestine, and the rest of them were made slaves, and often forced to destroy their own houses. The conquered lands were divided among the emirs, maximum of generosity in Bibars, that deserves to be written in the book of Heaven.<sup>2</sup> So say the Moslems, but the Christians call him very ungenerous when he wrote in 1271 to Sir Hugh de Revel—"Brother Hugh, whom it is to be hoped the Lord will not put among the number of those who harden themselves against their destiny and are foolhardy enough to resist the master of victory, we let you know what the Creator has just done for us. You have fortified this castle, and manned it with a select body of the bravest of your order; well, it is all labour in vain, you have only hastened their death, and by theirs secured your own."<sup>3</sup> Which intimidated the old warrior, so he made proposals of peace, and it was generously granted; but the Christians affirm that Bibars acted from no such noble sentiment, but that it was simply because he had not the courage to besiege Margat, but turned, and it was to attack New Sephet of the Templars (for Old Sephet had been destroyed by Saladin), whose garrison capitu-

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 493.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud : Hist., v. 17.

<sup>3</sup> Id., 525.



lated for their lives, but notwithstanding were all slaughtered, with the exception of two alone; an Hospitaller, that he might go to Acre to announce the terrible tidings; and a Templar, who became a renegade it is said, but is it true? Why assert it without proof? only the unfortunate Templars have to become callous to flippant accusations. It is a novelty to require proof in their case! Soon shall their whole innocent body be accused of all enormities without proof, and confess them too, but under torture, and to avoid the infamous stake, to which, however, they shall be condemned, and burn there to death, as guilty on their own avowal. Here by Bibars the rest, men, women, children—every human creature fell by the sword, whence the consternation and grief of the Acre Christians may be supposed. Nor is it an exaggeration, but much under the truth, by the Moslem accounts themselves.<sup>1</sup> Yet even the Christians allow Bibars a few of the redeeming qualities, so as not to be quite a monster.<sup>2</sup> Monfort in 1270 confirms the splendid donation made by his great-grandmother.<sup>3</sup> Yet 1270 Bibars was reluctant to attack Acre, for fear of Europe, to which the Patriarch and the two grand

<sup>1</sup> Arab Chron., 526.

<sup>2</sup> Bib. Crois., i. 308.—W. of Tripoli.

<sup>3</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., Num. cl.—Appendix, xcvi.



masters were again sent; but if they had a doubt, it soon vanished, and they were taught how fruitless all such errands were. Mahomet uses all his power, and adds to Bibars' ferocity.<sup>1</sup> He is reported not to have rested a single day during his reign of seventeen years, in Syria, Egypt, on the banks of the Euphrates; often was he walking in the streets of Aleppo, while his officers were waiting in his ante-rooms at Cairo, thinking he was not yet risen. "To-day in Egypt, to-morrow in Arabia, the day after in Syria, and in four days at Aleppo!" said his Mihmandor. Bibars was a great conqueror, but the most suspicious, vindictive, sanguinary of men. By a mistake he poisoned himself,<sup>2</sup> intending to poison another, and in various ways, and under many pretexts, murdered two hundred and ninety of his own emirs. So these, added to the sultans and the princes, make a formidable list, and well merit him his terrible character.<sup>3</sup> One sole prince in Europe spent a thought on the Holy Land; St. Louis could not forget it was there he passed many of his younger days; the hope to avenge the French disasters in Egypt, and far above all, the thought it was where our Saviour had shed his Divine blood, and redeemed us from our fallen state

<sup>1</sup> Michaud : Hist., v. 30.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. Chron., 538.

<sup>3</sup> Michaud : Hist., v. 107.



—another crusade in favour of that sacred country was what occupied his mind and heart. Yet he fancied it was more effectual to take people by surprise, and feared that otherwise some strong impediment might spring up in his own family. So it was with mystery he summoned his parliament, nobody knew decidedly for what. But soon did his crusade become the talk through Europe. The eldest son of Henry III. of England took the cross against his father's will. Whether it was reverence for St. Louis, Prince Edward's example was quickly followed by several of the most illustrious English. So acted the Kings of Castile and Portugal; and Donna Sancha, Queen of Arragon, having become an Hospitalleress, and died in the Hospital of St. John, in Syria, contributed to make the ladies of Spain highly favourable to the recovery of the Holy Land.<sup>1</sup> On the 4th of July, 1270, Louis embarked, as before, at the small port not far from Marseilles. But nothing did this seventh crusade effect in favor of the Christians in the Holy Land, except that it caused a diversion to distant Tunis; nor were there any Hospitallers that we read of there. They had enough to do at Acre. Twice had St. Louis led expeditions against the sultan, and was successful in neither. In Egypt he had been defeated, mal-

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 44.



treated, and made prisoner; in Western Africa was to die of the plague. The spirit of the holy wars had become quite defunct. Whether good or bad, this was the fact. The French barons seem to have been ready to go with St. Louis anywhere. Jerusalem was only an accessory; nor did they care for Palestine. So it was not till off Sardinia that they determined on Tunis—St. Louis alone being led away by the hope of converting that dey, which Anjou fomented from policy, to root out the pirates who annoyed Sicily; if he was not the first to put Tunis into St. Louis's head, and so was the bad adviser Joinville alludes to. The crusades, chiefly the last, led to forgetfulness of Jerusalem. They discouraged the Christians upon the whole.<sup>1</sup> As to Carthage, neither St. Louis nor his grandees ever heard or read anything about it.<sup>2</sup>

While the reverses were going on near Tunis, and St. Louis' death, and the return of that crusade, matters in Acre continued towards its calamitous destiny. There is an air of preparation in even these documents, as of people getting ready for removal, and unwilling to leave their affairs in disorder. So here is a solemn documentary restitution of forty-four papers which had been kept

<sup>1</sup> Michaud : Hist., v. 95.

<sup>2</sup> Id. : Id., 57.—Sismondi : Rep. Ital. iii. 332-5.



in the archives of the order in friendly deposit for safety, and were now restored to the lawful owner, in the presence of many great personages, among whom was the Grand Master of the Temple.<sup>1</sup> 1271

Prince Edward, whose declaration may have been a little exaggerated, though no doubt he was well aware that obedience in a crusade could never be considered an act of homage from England, arriving at Carthage a few days after the King of France's death, did not indeed raise the French, or any other army, to two hundred thousand men, as a chronicler pretends, with prodigious exaggeration;<sup>2</sup> yet not without satisfaction can an Englishman relate that ours was the only prince in Europe who, on that occasion, kept his promise, and refusing to sign the Tunis treaty, went to Acre with his corps of one thousand picked men; though so small a force could not do much. Yet is his name sacred as the last prince that ever went on a crusade.<sup>3</sup> After staying at Acre about a month, he went with his own, together with the Christian army of seven thousand, on an expedition up the country, and took Nazareth, and returning to Acre, was assailed

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., i., Num. clii.—Appendix, xcviii.

<sup>2</sup> Zamfleit.—Bib. Crois., i. 338.

<sup>3</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 95.



by an assassin, as is generally told;<sup>1</sup> except, first, that it was no emissary sent by the Emir of Jaffa, then a Christian town, but by the Moslem governor of Ramlah,<sup>2</sup> who following Bibars' orders, feigned a wish to turn Christian<sup>3</sup>(as Ibn-feral expressly avows, and justifies the homicide on the score of the English prince having put some Mahometans to the sword during his recent campaign), whence the murderer had an opportunity. Secondly, that by either word or sign the assassin must have triumphantly avowed the blade was poisoned; for how, otherwise, should it be known instantly on the felon's drawing it, as the chroniclers say? And Edward, after the wound, caught one of his hands, and wrenched the dagger, and ran it quite through the villain's body with such amazing strength, that he hurt his own forehead; so that when the courtiers intervened, and shattered the slain's head, the first words of the prince, who had swooned, were to blame them for ill-treating a corpse—noble sentiment,<sup>4</sup> even supposing it to be blended with a spice of anger at their attempt to arrogate to themselves what he was conscious belonged to his royal self alone, the

<sup>1</sup> Hemingford.—Bib. Crois., ii. 660.—Not of the Old Man of the Mountain's people.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. Chron., 530.

<sup>3</sup> Ex. lib. Saracen.—Bib. Crois., i. 307.

<sup>4</sup> Knighton of Leicester: Chron.—Bib. Crois., ii. 758.



honour of saving his own life. Thirdly, that if the sucking of the poison from Edward's wound by his wife be a romantic invention of some Spanish poet, and that there be greater truth in attributing his cure to a Knight Templar's antidote from beyond Jordan, or, as is more likely, to the skill of an English surgeon—though it may be replied that our medical men then were of far less celebrity than the Arabians, Neapolitans, or even Jews—yet the whole of these stories cede in extravagance to what is affirmed by another authority, of whose credibility the reader himself may judge; my own responsibility being no more than as regards the substantial fidelity of my translation, merely adding that Grandison is an ancient English name, being that of a baron, in 1299 and 1300<sup>1</sup>—also in these documents as witness to some ordinary transaction: “I, Abbot Joannes d'Ypre, have heard from certain Savoyards worthy of belief, that there lived in their country, a person called Grandison, who had borne to him a male child, of whom the astronomers called to his birth declared that if he lived, he would become great and victorious, and one of them drew by inspiration (perhaps) a little billet of lighted wood from the fire, saying that as long as the spark in that brand lasted, the child should live, and

<sup>1</sup> Sir Harris Nicolas: *Synopsis*, i. 274; ii. 777.



thrust the brand into the wall, and had it built up therein, that the spark might last the longer. And it came to pass that the boy lived and grew to extreme old age. At length, tired of living, he had the brand drawn from the wall, and thrown into the fire. As soon as the spark went out by the brand being consumed, Grandison died. This same Grandison had formed part of Prince Edward's suite. It was he who, learning that the English prince was poisoned, dared suck the wound, relying on his destiny attached to the spark in the walled-up brand. It was by his means the prince was cured. Ever since which time, the name of Grandison is celebrated in England, and his race greatly honoured by the English kings; and even to this day the Grandisons enjoy a distinguished rank in that realm."<sup>1</sup> The good abbot assures us he only recounts what was the common opinion of his time, and his MS. is of the earlier half of 1300. The attempt on Prince Edward is said to have been precisely on the 15th of the Kalends of 1271 July, in 1271.<sup>2</sup> Yet not the wound may have caused his instant return home, but the news of his father's death and himself proclaimed king.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Chron. St. Bertin.—Bib. Crois., i. 420.

<sup>2</sup> Salisbury Chron.—Bib. Crois., ii. 652.

<sup>3</sup> Seb. Paoli : Osservazioni, ii. 523.—Michaud : Hist., v. 94.



Edward's chaplain at Acre, who had come with him thither (but others say he came with some Friezlanders, yet both may agree, if these had joined Edward's fleet), and though not even a bishop, but only an Archdeacon of Liege, was elected Pope while at Acre, and went back to Europe as Gregory X., enthusiastically attached to the Holy Land, and with the warmest promises conducting with him to Rome the two Grand Masters of the Temple and Hospital;<sup>1</sup> but little did they gain there, but returned with sorrowful countenances; nor did it avail Revel that, true to what his rule prescribed, he declined interfering in the disputes of Sicily and Cyprus. Anjou nevertheless seized all the property of the Hospitallers in his dominions, for not siding with him; grievous loss to them, since Messina was the chief priory for communication with Acre.<sup>2</sup>

Both his bulls to the Hospitallers and Templars are honourable to them, and if that of 1274 speaks of discords between them, that could only refer to some of their subalterns; for as to the grand masters, they were under Gregory's own eyes, and had shared his ship in their long voyage, and he saw clearly they were like loving brothers; and in the bull particularly directed to the Hospitallers in

<sup>1</sup> Vertot: iii. 534.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 95.



1275 it contains but praise. And in addition to this, when the grand masters followed him to the Council of Lyons, they were given seats above the Peers of France and cardinals or ambassadors, and next to those intended for crowned kings.<sup>1</sup> Yet wherever Bibars went, whether to Egypt or against Cyprus, he had one reigning idea to which all his others were subservient, the conquest of Acre; though to execute this, he was resolved to employ every means and not to be in a hurry, but insure success.<sup>2</sup> His fleet shipwrecking off Cyprus, he indignantly swore to exterminate every Christian state; but death prevented the execution of his threats, nor did his sons stably succeed him, but were soon dethroned in turns; and the Emir  
1278 Kelaoun became Sultan. It was in 1278, in which year Sir Hugh de Revel died, and was succeeded by Sir Nicholas de Lorgne—which Vertot spells wrong. It is Lorgne and not Lorgue.<sup>3</sup> Of what country, uncertain. But that he was reigning in September, 1278, we have a document that proves it, and from the context he appears to have been grand master several weeks previously.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., Num. xiv. 279; Num. xv. 280.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 105.

<sup>3</sup> Vertot: iii. 534.

<sup>4</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Num. clv.—Appendix, lxxv.



And that in the same year the brave and noble Beaujeu had already become Grand Master of the Templars, is clear from an inscription found in an excavation at Acre.<sup>1</sup> The Codex Diplomaticus has nothing of Lorgne's earlier, nor of Revel within the last years; so it is close upon certainty that he expired in the August immediately preceding, at latest.

Of whatever land De Lorgne was native, his election at such a time proves him highly esteemed.

To Acre's catastrophe every event hurries, the good as well as the bad. Christians might have been thankful for the destruction of the Karismians and similar hordes.<sup>2</sup> Yet it accelerated or clinched the loss of Jerusalem and various inland places, and the ruin of the whole Christian cause; for Syrian Mahometans, often in alliance with Franks, and in a certain manner their friends, were then destroyed, and the Mahometans of Egypt and all other Mahometans were their foes. Kelaoun's bare name made the Christians shudder. And good right they had. Nor did he delay, but girded himself up at once to put an end to them, as natural allies of the Franks. His Cimerian origin much more than his attachment

<sup>1</sup> Appendix, c.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., iv. 104; vi. 127.



to Mahometanism might be his spur; yet something of what had the air of stern fanaticism mingled with his ferocity—as a new convert. Nevertheless the Hospitallers engaged him to a truce for three years; and he let it stand, only as a tiger goes back to spring the better. The storm was gathering all round them, blacker and blacker; Bibars had taken much, and Kelaoun will more—all to prepare for the crowning glory of Acre. It shall be a growing calamity. As Sephet, shall be Margat. Yet both are but out-works of Acre. Not the dismal doings themselves, but only the sure preparations for them, was the Grand Master Revel to see, kind Heaven so far sparing him; and better it was for him to die of grief (universal voice) at the coming tempest over those Providence had confided to his care. To him the order is indebted for many chapters holden opportunely, and wise statutes and custumals in the primitive spirit, but all in vain; at least as regarding its present establishment. Nothing can save it. So he expired of distress at what he foretold. Nor did that require any miraculous gift, but only not to be perfectly blind.<sup>1</sup> Bibars had finished his work with regard to all but the towns on the coast. So Kelaoun flew to level them to the dust. The truce he minded just as far as it answered him;

<sup>1</sup> Vertot: iii. 535.



and circumscribed to Acre itself. Not its closest allies, nor even its own property, but only to that individual city did he concede a respite, for the express purpose of separating it little by little from every one of its resources in the country and isolating it, leaving it nothing to depend on, except fickle Europe—and even this but partly; for had he a better fleet, he would have blocked it completely, by sea as well as land, and preserved it from all contact as his own peculiar prey. That it remained vilely neutral, while every one of its friends were disappearing, may be blamed; but what on earth could it do? The Hospitallers reduced to a mere handful—a group of officers without troops, or very few. The Templars no better. Indeed, one chronicler makes them already all killed, but this is an exaggeration. The Teutonics necessarily of trivial account, since their grand master and head-quarters were in Germany, so that in the treaty with Acre not the Grand Master of the Teutonics, but his Maggiordomo signs it, with the Grand Masters of the Hospital and Temple.<sup>1</sup>

Acre submitted to the condition of informing the sultan at least two months beforehand, whenever any Franks were coming. Ample proof of

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 545.



how terribly he abused the weakness of the Christians; it was the price of truce.<sup>1</sup>

And Kelaoun thought it expedient to remove the interference of even distant Armenia, so crossed the Euphrates; and to escape a war, that Christian king underwent the insult of swearing an oath of Kelaoun's own concoction: "I swear by God, by God, by God; in the name of God, of God, of God; by the verity of the Messiah, of the Messiah, of the Messiah; by the verity of the four Evangelists, and of the twelve Apostles, and of the three hundred and eighteen Fathers of the first Council of Nice; by the verity of the most Holy Virgin and St. John the Baptist; by the verity of the Lent, and every Christian dogma; and by the verity of the Cross, by the verity of the Gospel, by the verity of the Father, the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; and if I leave any of my promises unperformed, I vow to make thirty times the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, naked feet and head."<sup>2</sup> Yet not satisfied with such oaths from any party in that land, he also kept ambassadors in the Courts of Europe, and paid spies there to instruct him of any movement of Franks, and into every commercial, or other treaty, with them was foisted an article as into that of Arragon, by which that king and his brothers obliged them-

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 546.

<sup>2</sup> Id., 556, 557.



selves to refuse co-operating with any crusade proposed by "the Pope of Rome or Kings of the Franks, or Greeks, or Tartars."<sup>1</sup> These treaties, not only insulting, but calculated to deprive the unfortunate inhabitants of Acre of all hope,<sup>2</sup> and dictated by fear, or ambition, or avarice, contributed, every one of them, to raise an insuperable barrier between the Christians of the Levant and those of Europe. There was not a maritime town in Italy, or along the Mediterranean, that did not show a disposition to prefer advantages to its own particular commerce with the East, to deliverance of the Holy Land.

A small garrison at Marcab had resisted pirates, though Saracens; and not only beat them back, but nobly discomfited them in a battle not far from Acre. It was in defence of the best, nearly the only home left to the order, after Acre; yet let it not swell you, poor Lorgne; it is like the north-east wind, for even success shall produce your ruin. Kelaoun returning into Syria, attacks that stronghold of the Hospitallers which Saladin had respected; and it had been gaining ever since in strength, strongest and best-provisioned of fortresses, *castrum munitissimum*.<sup>3</sup> There was a truce; it was dated

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 565.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 114.

<sup>3</sup> Seb. Paoli: Serie, i. 423.



for ten years ten months ten days and ten hours,<sup>1</sup> and we are now only in the third year.<sup>2</sup> But what of that? Kelaoun accused the Hospitallers of having broken it, and of having thence made inroads on Mahometan lands. "It was like a city acting sentinel upon a mountain. The tops of the towers, surpassing those of Palmyra in height, were accessible but to few of the most soaring fowls of Lebanon. From the sea-side, one might take it for the sun perceived in the depths of blue, or through a mist. The constellations smile upon it with smiles of complacency, dogs bark up at it, but can do no more; only vultures can fly to its ramparts, and the eagles of heaven."<sup>3</sup>

However, in spite of every difficulty, the machines were placed, and the attack began towards the early days of April. The miners undermined the ramparts and towers; and a breach in the wall allowed of storming it. Yet, after many assaults, nothing would have been effected, but for the Mocarabins, or archangels and celestial troops,<sup>4</sup> who on proper invocation, like at Kaucab, as in Saladin's time, came again to aid Islam. The Christians finding there was no possibility of defending it any longer, undermined in every direction as it was,

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 549.

<sup>2</sup> Id., 548.

<sup>3</sup> Id., 551.

<sup>4</sup> Id., 549.



capitulated; and the Prophet's standard was planted on the bastions, and the inhabitants were treated as usual; while the garrison cut its way out into Tripoli,<sup>1</sup> where any surviving Hospitallers had soon to leave their bones.

Some fourteen months later, Kelaoun attacked another place of strength, called Marakia, whose ruins are still observable near Tortosa.<sup>2</sup> It belonged to a noted Frank warrior, and was a tower separated from the land, and so surrounded by the sea, that without a fleet, it was utterly impregnable. Here there is a confusion in some writers, as if there was a change of sultans;<sup>3</sup> but Michaud proceeds regularly according to the real facts.<sup>4</sup> It was the same Kelaoun who thereupon wrote this letter to the Count of Tripoli: "It was you that built, or permitted this castle to be built; woe to you, and capital, and people, if it be not instantly demolished." The count was terrified; and when the letter was written, the Mamelukes were already within his territory. So he offered the owner of the castle considerable lands in exchange; but no offers, however flattering, or prayers, would do. The old Frank slew his own son<sup>5</sup> when he showed

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 115.

<sup>2</sup> Id.: Id., 116.

<sup>3</sup> Vertot: iii. 539.

<sup>4</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 110.

<sup>5</sup> Arab. Chron., 552.



symptoms of disaffection; on which the garrison mutinied, the castle was demolished, and the irritated warrior becoming the bitterest enemy of the Christians, joined the Mahometans, and remained their most devoted friend and servant, and fanatical persecutor of Christianity as long as he lived. Next comes Laodicea. Kelaoun's pitiless hatred lost no opportunity. Everything seemed favourable. But Laodicea's citadel stood too far out in the sea to get at it; but there ensued an earthquake, and the famous Tower of Pigeons is thrown down, and the lighthouse to direct ships in the hours of darkness. "So Kelaoun had his terrible machines advanced, whose tongues sing triumph, and whose signals are the hands of victory."<sup>1</sup>

Now for Tripoli; since its avenues are all opened, neither fidelity to treaties, nor the fourth Bohemond's recent submissions, nor anything shall retard the fall of opulent Tripoli. As to pretended conspiracies of Templars, why believe them? The residue of Templars had enough to occupy them without plottings. The papers are certainly a forgery; not of recent, but remote times.<sup>2</sup> Treason were quite a superfluity. The accusation against the Grand Master of the Templars falls of itself, he having been then in

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 117.

<sup>2</sup> Confessio Guidonis, apud Michaud: Hist., v. 416.



Europe. Why should the Templars have interceded for a culprit? Their refusal testifies their ignorance of the plot, and that they had no participation in it whatever.

But such are trifles! What cares Kelaoun, whether Bohemond be guiltless or culpable, alive or dead, or as to his sister or mother? Seventeen huge machines battered the walls for thirty-five days, while fifteen hundred miners wrought underground, and showers of Greek fire flew in all directions. On the thirty-sixth day the Mahometans penetrated into the city, steel and flames brandishing and rolling with them. Butchered were first of all what remained of the Hospitallers, who, between siege and shambles, were lost, every one to a man; not only forty tried knights profest, but one hundred other individuals of the order, and arms and horses to a great amount.<sup>1</sup> And, after them, seven thousand other male Christians underwent butchery; their wives and children being carried off into slavery. A crowd of unfortunates sought an asylum in an islet: but he who visited it a few days after, found nothing but corpses. Some escaped on board ships that were afterwards driven on the coast, and all were murdered by the Saracens. Not only almost the entire population of Tripoli perished, but the

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. Num. ccxxv., 268.—Appendix, lxxvi.



sultan had the town itself burned down, and utterly razed. Yet, until then, it had flourished, with an excellent port of considerable traffic, and four thousand silk manufactories,<sup>1</sup> many rich palaces, walls so thick that three knights could ride on them abreast,<sup>2</sup> and towers, and various strong fortifications. Even as late as 1278, a document shows Bohemond's tranquillity, choosing arbiters in a small disagreement.<sup>3</sup> Such sources of prosperity in peaceful times, and security in time of war, all were broken, destroyed, consumed by fire, the hatchet, the sledge, every sort of violence. A new town was afterwards built near the spot, and took the name of Tripoli.<sup>4</sup> Rapine, and murder, and destruction, even entered into Saracen policy, to exterminate the Christians totally, and leave no trace of them or their power and riches all along the Syrian coast; so as nothing should remain to induce the princes and warriors of the West to send it succours, or be tempted to unfurl their banners in that land evermore. Thus, 1289 on the fourth of April, in 1289,<sup>5</sup> fell Tripoli, that had belonged to the Christians for one hundred and eighty years.<sup>6</sup> Yet one effect, quite

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 119.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. Chron., 562.

<sup>3</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. Num. clv.—Appendix, lxxv.

<sup>4</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 188.

<sup>5</sup> Arab. Chron., 561.—Appendix, lxxvi.

<sup>6</sup> Id., 563.



opposite to the sultan's desire, ensued. These, his atrocities, and others still worse, that may pass nameless, not to disgust readers so near the outset, and frighten them away from these pages, which must lead you to sup with horrors before I have done with you, but it shall not last long—his inhuman enormities depriving those of Acre of every hope, mere castles in the air, mountains in the moon, were trainings for a desperate defence, which stands as a memorial to far future generations. More than any languid ruin, the fiery overwhelming at hand, was to warn, terrify, petrify, myriads of nations all alike interested to arrest the march of such ruthless, lawless, diabolical invaders.

On the fall of Tripoli, the sultan had menaced Acre with the same, if not instantly, yet in the next month of March.<sup>1</sup> But finally, since the other longer truce had been broken by the Christians themselves, he, out of his inexhaustible generosity and compassion, accorded them instead a new truce for two years two months two weeks two days and two hours, at the expiration of which time they might surely expect his avenging sword for any ill conduct; and at the same time, with most horrible sincerity, handed them a copy of Bibars' letter to the refugee when within Tripoli after

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 123.



having lost his metropolis, Antioch. "Glorious Count, magnificent, elevated in honour, magnanimous with the courage of a lion, Bohemond, glory of the nations of Messiah, champion of the cross, leader of the people of Jesus, but to whom no higher title than count can now be given, since fallen from that of prince by surrender of the principality of Antioch; may the Lord aid this count to remember and understand fully what we are going to write to him. Let this count recollect our late expedition well; our ravage of his fields into their very hearts, the desolation we have spread over his provinces, our devastation of his tillage and sown lands, our ruin to the inhabitants; how we swept the churches clean from the face of the ground; how our wheels have passed over where mansions smiled until that inauspicious day; how we have raised out into the sea a peninsula of crowds of corpses massacred by us—all the men, but the children were carried off into captivity; how the free have been made slaves—the timber cut down, except what we left for our own machines of war when we return, please God, to besiege your present asylum; how we plundered your riches, and those of your subjects, including your womankind and their cubs, and the beasts of burden; how those of our soldiers who were unmarried,



found themselves all of a sudden with wives and family; how our poorest, basest beggars became opulent, our menial servants rigid masters; our foot, horsemen. As to you, you see all that with the eye of a person struck with death-like palsy; or when you are able to speak or hear our voice, you cry, *How terrible it is!* You know also how we leave Tripoli, like such as intend to return; willing to allow you a respite, but hours numbered and determined! You know that when we left your country, there did not remain a single flock behind us, nor one young girl but had been subjected to our will and pleasure; nor a column but had fallen under our pickaxes; how we destroyed all your pleasant places; not a harvest but we reaped, not a thing in existence worth having, but we deprived you of it. No obstacle could stop us; nor wizard caverns nor precipitous mountains, nor visionary valley; but we took Antioch before any rumour of our advance had reached it; we got the city while you thought us still far away from you. If we at present depart, be assured of it we will return. We now are going to tell you of a matter that is quite and naturally over; to instruct you of a disaster that has swallowed up your whole happiness beyond all remedy. We set out from before Tripoli on the



24th of Shaban, and arrived under the walls of Antioch at the commencement of the great Ramadan. At our approach, the civic troops came out to fight us, but were completely routed, and the constable who commanded them made prisoner. He offered to treat with us in the name of his Giaours; so we permitted him his entering the city, and he brought us a squad of clergy and principal citizens. Conferences were opened; but as we soon observed they had a culpable object in view (exactly following your example), which could not but turn to their own ruin, and that differing as to the good, they agreed only as to proposing what was bad, we perceived nothing could be done with them, and that their destruction was decreed by God; and therefore sent off the deputies with these words: 'We are going to attack you; this is the last and only warning you are to expect from us.' So they retired, imitating your actions and conduct, expecting you to come and succour them with your horse and infantry. As to the marshal, who commanded in place of the constable, his affair was wholly done up in less than an hour; and we hammered terror into the inmost soul of the monks. Misfortune environed the castellan; death came to the besieged on all sides; we took Antioch by the sword on the fourth hour of the



morning of Saturday, the 4th of the grand Ramadan. Of all to whom you confided the guard and defence of that city, not one of them but we slew, not one of them but possessed something worth taking. At present there is not one of ours but shows something taken from them. Ah, had you seen how cruelly your knights were trampled under our horses' feet—how your beautiful Antioch was given up to pillage, victim to the violence of a rude licentious soldiery, unhappy prey of every description of ruffians, felons, outlaws, who tossed about and divided your treasures by the hundredweight—and each bought any four of your chief ladies for a single gold piece, or at whatever viler price he liked—if you had seen the churches and crosses overturned, the leaves of the sacred Gospel dispersed, or most irreverently torn and thrown away, the sepulchres of your saints and their holy bones profanely trod upon—if you had seen your enemy, the Mussulman, marching up the altar, and breaking open the tabernacle, and monk, deacon, priest, patriarch in his pontifical robes, all butchered on its consecrated steps—ah! the patriarchate itself abolished for ever and ever—and those who had been men in power, in the power of others—had you seen your palaces given to the flames, and those devoured by fire in this world before their being so in the next—your castles and



their dependencies annihilated, the Cathedral of St. Paul destroyed from the very foundations — had you seen such monstrous defilements! ah! had not this been your exclamation, *Would to God I had been dust? Would to God I had never received this paper, which brings me such sad tidings!* Your soul would be exhausted with sighing; your tears would be abundant enough to seem to extinguish what burns and devours you; but it would be only in seeming, for in reality it would be quite impossible. Had you but seen the place once so rich, and now fallen into such an extreme of misery, poverty the most squalid having there its lasting residence—if you had seen the port Seleucia and its shipping—how your vessels were at war with each other—alas! then you would have known that beyond question, the same God who had given you Antioch had now taken it from you; that the Master had wholly withdrawn his gift, and effaced it from the surface of the earth. You then certainly could not but have felt that the Divine grace was now assisting Islam to regain the edifices of which your ancestors had robbed them. We have chased all of you from these countries. We have dragged the Giaours by the hair of the head, and thrown them here and there; and many to a great distance. There is no other rebel but the Orontes, whose



name is rebel;<sup>1</sup> and no doubt it would wish to change it, if it could; and flows through Antioch, not with limpid and pure tears, as in your time, but turbid and of a dirty red to-day, from the blood with which we stained its banks.

“This letter is to rejoice with you on the favour Heaven showers on you, and to wish you a prolongation of life. The life you now have, is due to your absence from the siege; for had you not absconded from your home, you assuredly were a corpse at present, or a prisoner riddled with wounds. Your delight ought to be very great indeed; for the sensation of existence is never so dear, as when we have escaped a grievous disaster. Who knows, but the Creator indulges you with this respite, to give you time to repair your past disobedience? As not a human being has been left to acquaint you with the dreadful fact, and congratulate with you on your deliverance, we take that duty on ourselves. So you now are acquainted with the whole, and can draw up your own account, and cannot accuse us of hiding the truth from you; besides we save you the trouble of applying to another. Farewell!”

Such was the letter of Bibars, of which Kelaoun now handed a copy to those of Acre. What an

<sup>1</sup> That is in the Arabic.



excellent and charming epistle, cries the Mahometan! How courteous! What delicate irony! Severe blame and cutting to be sure, but in the most agreeable, placid, elegant words!<sup>1</sup>

Their immense expenses increasing in immensity every day, while all their feudal rent-roll in various parts of Syria had been for some time diminishing, and lately extinguished altogether, so that they were absolutely reduced to what they got from their estates in Europe, or European generosity, which at the best rendered them subject to the uncertainties of a long voyage; how were the Hospitallers to get on? It was a severe weight on poor De Lorgne's shoulders. They must have been strong, not to have broken down sooner. The vineyards on the hills, fine gardens, villas and verdure, and fruit in the vicinity of Acre, had been severely injured long before by Bibars; and the gates continually kept shut, all intercourse with land was over, and the population had to live wholly on what was imported. Their port closed, and they must have died of famine. By degrees all the succours this side of the sea had been removed, and of all the towns won by Godfrey de Bouillon or his successors, Acre alone remained

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 507, 511. And truly the original is held remarkable for its *elegance*.



in real independence. The weather made, from late in spring to early in autumn, the season of what were called *passages*; and navigation at any other season was considered very perilous and almost always ended badly. So Acre could only count on a provision of food twice a-year, which made large warehouses necessary; and a commensurate command of ready money. Lorgne considering all these matters, and highly alarmed at the sultan's threats, and that from the different nations mixed up at Acre, this, which should be its strength, was its weakness, and that without Messina and its ports in Puglia it must cease to exist, and Palestine be totally lost, set off on a mission to Europe; but could obtain nothing but good words, and from the Papacy a few soldiers of the worst description. He who then wore the tiara was Nicholas IV. "poor both in money and soldiers," says his biographer; "and the two thousand five hundred he sent, were at his own private expense, and did more harm to the Christians than to the Saracens." <sup>1</sup>—"I have been assured by some Florentine merchants then at Acre, that the breach of truce was the real cause of its ruin," says Villani. <sup>2</sup> So without either cash or army De Lorgne

<sup>1</sup> Platina : iii. 156.—According to others, 1500

<sup>2</sup> Villani : Hist. Fior.—Bib. Crois., ii. 621 and 637.



returned to Acre, where within a short time those unpaid Papal ruffians<sup>1</sup> first insulted and finally murdered some Mahometan merchants, and in a most disorderly sally infringed the truce. According to Ebendoffer the legate had Papal orders from Rome to break it; and the Leoben Chronicle says, that when he in his pontificals ascended the pulpit, as the people thought, to bless them, it was to pour anathema on them and all those who kept truce with the Paynim, and upon that, quitted the city.<sup>2</sup> And if that be in contrast with the character of the then Pope, that is no sufficient answer; for how much have Roman ministers, and all ministers done, and will do without their master's knowledge or even directly contrary to his well-known intentions! Which, it was easy to see, could not but bring down sure and speedy ruin upon the Christian cause. At which new displeasures, this afflicted grand master, too, died of that most honourable of deaths, a broken heart, like his predecessor; and also like him, we have no other certain date of Lorgne's death than that it must have ensued before his successor's election. And he was reigning on the 22nd of August in 1289;<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Muratori: *Annal.*, 1289.

<sup>2</sup> *Coll. Pez.—Bib. Crois.*, iii. 196, 290.

<sup>3</sup> *Cod. Dipl. Geros. i.*, Num. cexxv.—Appendix, lxxvi.



namely, Sir John de Villiers of France. And Tripoli having been taken at the end of April, as the Arabians in that year affirm,<sup>1</sup> Lorgne must have gone to Europe and back, and have died between April and August, which leaves scanty room for error—at most a month.

The indication of disorder, the death of Lorgne, the installation of his successor, the murderous breach of the truce, and the sultan's indignant departure for Egypt with the threat to be back as he had first said in March and effectually punish them, being all parts of one whole, it is fair to conclude that they took up a short time; and it is distinctly noted that the three last (*viz.*, breach, sultan and threat) occurred under Villiers.<sup>2</sup> But if it broke two stout hearts to have even a dim foresight of the calamities in the next chapter, should I not shudder at approaching it?

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 561.

<sup>2</sup> Bosio.—Vertot: iii. 542.



## CHAPTER III.

WHAT had been a fine town, and strong, in Saladin's day, had now, in a century, become finer and stronger; far stronger than when it had resisted all the forces of Europe for three years. Its villas and gardens already had been somewhat wasted, but not completely. Its fortifications added to by nearly all the Franks of eminence who visited it; amongst whom, St. Louis. The commerce of the East and Europe, during a hundred years, gradually increasing its riches, the treasures of Asia and Europe for or from the shipping that thronged its harbour, everywhere life and industry, buyers and sellers, shops, artizans, warehouses; if seaward, its walls were so thick that two chariots could go abreast, its walls and ditches were all double or treble towards the land, and every one of its gates



was flanked with towers; the towers along the ramparts being never at above a stone's throw distance from each other. Within it, its squares were all spacious and airy; coloured glass in nearly all its houses was what most distinguished it from the whole globe.<sup>1</sup> If no people in all Syria were so effeminate as of Acre, luxurious habits and laxity of morals are they not the almost inevitable evil consequences of great wealth? Streets and houses almost all rebuilt, with a wideness and magnificence till then unrivalled in other countries—otherwise its original features kept to in this, that all the buildings were of white marble or cut stone, all equal in height, with flat roofs and terraces, by which you could walk, or even ride, from one end of the city to the other, without descending, but bridging the streets; the principal of which had silk awnings, transparent enough for light, but of soft tints, and keeping off the sun. If glass was no longer singular in Europe,<sup>2</sup> yet here it was in far greater abundance, and in almost every window, great or small, poor or rich. Even the ancients had glass, says a very respectable authority; for though it be true that they kept the doors open much more than we do, yet in Pompeia and Hercu-

<sup>1</sup> Corneri Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii. 135.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 120.



laneum, we find that patricians had as fine panes in their windows as the best Bohemian crystal. What M. Taylor affirms in his letter to Chateaubriand, this latter doubles its weight by making it his own. To prevent surprise at Acre's having glass windows fully equal to our own, we must only be contented to consider that city as the great mart for all the commerce of the world in the thirteenth century, and the aggregation of everything that was then splendid in existence, and not as the miserable Arab village before us. It is on the same fifty times sacked and devastated spot, that is all. But the grand commercial Acre in question was razed (and the very ground scraped clean, for having been profaned by the feet of Giaours) six centuries and a half ago; and if Venice became remarkable for large plate-glass, it is likely enough she learned the art from Acre.<sup>1</sup> But stained, or painted glass, with us still somewhat of a singularity and reserved once to a few European cathedrals, was then much used in Acre, and also *pointed* arches, to credit antiquarian tradition, and some recent artists. Not only merchants, and habitual residents of high, or royal rank, there was a continual influx of strangers of all classes, but chiefly the most elevated, from every

<sup>1</sup> Chateaubriand : Itin. de Paris à Jerusalem, ii. 418.



country under heaven, and shows of some sort or other every day in the twelvemonth.—Not to speak of processions more or less religious, there were jousts, tourneys, tournaments, balls, masquerades, assemblies, concerts, parades, and other military displays, horse and foot, from all the services in Christendom, and several of the Pagan or Mahometan too—a perpetual fair and merry-making. Crowds of municipalities; if disorder, they also indicated liberty, independence, patriotism; and that with laudable pride, those of Acre never forgot their distant homes; nor be the same not said, as to the rivalry between Genoese and Venetians, and what was general to all Italians, the separation into Guelphs and Ghibellines; and it was the period of the Republics of the middle ages in Italy.<sup>1</sup> Resort of diplomatists from every nation in the world—if some of these soon disappeared on the darkening of events, as the Papal Legate, yet the greater part of them remained at their post to the last; and amongst these are especially noted the ambassadors of France and England, one of whom certainly, and probably both, were afterwards killed on the ramparts, gallantly heading their compatriots at the bloodiest moment of the siege. And each one had his own law and tribunal, and national flags were

<sup>1</sup> Michaud : Hist., v. 122.



always hoisted, which must have made a very gay sight—commensurate with the variety of splendid dresses and uniforms, and modest, or even wanton females (many of them, no doubt, very beautiful), adorned in the pink of innumerable fashions, mutable or immutable.—Acre was assuredly during no short period the most agreeable hubbub in the whole world.<sup>1</sup> Must all that vanish, and be as if it never had been? Worse! Woe! woe! woe!

Villiers' first act is said to have been a circular to all the knights of the order in Europe, to hurry to join him at Acre, of which this given in the Appendix may have been a kind of specimen, though of the circular itself no copy remains; this we have only presupposing it, and being rather a particular letter to some confidential lieutenant or other high dignitary.<sup>2</sup> It is to be supposed the delivering him from any contention about dues to the Church, would have given a sort of satisfaction to the grand master at any other time; but he was too occupied then; particularly that bull of Nicholas IV., given in the Appendix, chiefly for  
1290 the date: but also because the *quiet* and  
*prosperous state* spoken of in it was in  
curious contradiction to the sad fact.<sup>3</sup> A few

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 121.

<sup>2</sup> Appendix, lxxvi.

<sup>3</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., i., Bolla xvi., 280.—Appendix, lxxvii.



weeks after the breach of truce, and the murder of some Mahometans, as has been related, a meeting of citizens was held at Acre, where, after some fierce and vain debates, the majority resolved to send an embassy to Egypt with presents to excuse the city, and impute the blame to the real criminals, the strange recruits.<sup>1</sup> And on the deputation's design being known, yet previous to regular audience, a privy counsel at Cairo took lamentable cognisance of the business; "it having been decided already that we should take advantage of the least pretext to arm, and finish the ruin of the Christian colonies, (though our emirs began to desire repose, and to wish enjoying the riches acquired in their numerous victories), the treaty was extended on a table before us, to look out for anything to authorize what we desired;<sup>2</sup> and, after ripe reflection, Fakr-eddin divided with those who found no just reason for recommencing hostilities. "As for me," said Moha-eddin, "I had not spoken one word up to that moment, when turning round towards me, he asked my opinion. I replied, 'Mine? I am always of the sultan's. If he wish to annul the treaty, I declare it null; if to maintain it, valid!'—'It is not of that I speak,' retorted Fakr-eddin; 'we know the sultan is for war.' I

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 125.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. Chron., 568.



repeated, 'I am of the sultan's opinion,' and I cited an article of the treaty, which said, 'If Christians from the West come with evil designs against the Mahometans, the magistrates of Acre are to repress them.' I added that 'in the present case the magistrates ought to have prevented the murder, or at least have punished it; which, if they were without the power of doing, they ought to have denounced it themselves to us, that we might try to remedy it.' At these words the sultan rubbed his hands, unable to contain his joy, and forthwith he began his preparations."<sup>1</sup>

Yet it was no fault of the government of Acre; but most of the scum sent by his Holiness as soldiers, were adventurers, ready for every crime, as our own chroniclers avow; yet if the Saracen had the appearance, he had not the substance of right, and the city was an innocent victim. The ruffianly injurers took to their galleys and absconded, and left the injured inhabitants to be cut to pieces. So it was then; and so shall often be.

Nor had Kelaoun's spies not informed him of the great war breaking out between France and our King Edward, nor of the Pontiff's pusillanimity; and that, though it was reported the French mo-

<sup>1</sup> Makrisi: Vie de Kelaoun.



narch was sending a hundred and fifty thousand crusaders under his son, it had no foundation, and was but a bomb—open the casement, and let it fly out. At all events, they would arrive a great deal too late to save Acre; so that the security, as to any intervention from Christendom, combined with the resolution of his privy council to harden his severity, when summoning the Christian deputies, though his paleness indicated a dying man (and he was indeed to die of that decay within a few weeks), yet those exhilarating news, and the heat of the recent debate in council, gave a feverish colour to his cheeks, and more force to his voice than could be expected from so emaciated a frame. Nevertheless, he heard the deputation out, and their protestations, excuses, and desire of a renewal of truce. “No such thing,” replied he, “most treacherous Christians. Your words are as oily sweet as your alliance with us is false. What poisonous bitterness you hide under such honey! You mean venom, and not having the courage to say it, disguise it beneath a coat of the varnish of whining adulation. Your wicked humours begin to inflame, and you require a copious bleeding, and by the blessing of Allah, you shall have it; our good swords shall be your leeches. There are poisons that taste delicious; but he who allows himself to be deceived into drink-



ing of them, his heart is infected, and he is killed. Alas! your fawning caresses, like those of a wheedling courtesan, have too often taken us unawares, and seduced us into letting our vigilance wax drowsy, and neglect the care of our own security; but, invoking our holy law, our conduct shall be otherwise for the future! What a rage of lying has come upon you, O Giaours! What canine madness deprives you of reason, that you shamefully renounce the good faith of your ancestors? When, with an outside of simplicity, and in the gentlest terms, you gave us your solemn promise, by your trust in that Christ who you say is omnipotent, we believed you; and to the same constant peace which you swore, we also engaged ourselves by the trust we have in our invincible Mahomet; but when we see our people cheated by your falsity, and that, abandoning the truth which you affirm is in Christ, and is the foundation of your religion, you endanger our own dignity and the safety of our empire, what is to be done except not dispense ourselves from duties assumed of our own accord, but promptly take vengeance, and punish your enormous crime? Fully are we persuaded, that if Christ has the power of aiding you, through the faith you have in him, you have not any longer to count on his assistance when you refuse him your



faith, and prove that you have none; but profound is our conviction that by a just judgment of God we shall be permitted to overthrow you. Stand then must our determination, that while you retain and protect traitors who compromise your safety and ours, we must not endure your seductions and lies; so at the appointed hour we shall visit your perverse city, take it by storm, and with the strong hand crumble every resistance, and you shall all perish by the edge of the scimitar. Farewell; only in regard of your ambassadorial functions, we permit and command your being allowed to return safe and sound to those who sent you.”<sup>1</sup>

Full of sorrow, the deputies re-entered Acre, and the dolorous recital of their mission took place before a meeting, which included the Patriarch of Jerusalem, the French ambassador, Count de Gresli, and the English Sir Otho de Grandison, and the principal citizens. Nor can it be seen why Michaud adds the grand masters (the Teutonic was in Germany), whereas his authority mentions none of them;<sup>2</sup> and it is not discordant with sovereign right to give audience in their own house alone; as we shall see the Hospitallers do the very last day of their reign in Acre. Wherefore it is pro-

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 569.—Michaud. Hist., v. 125.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 424.



bable the city had authority from the grand master, and sent its deputation without referring to any military orders, and received the answer and reported it to their common sovereign; for, however loose the reins of government, he had them from Cœur de Lion.

On hearing the sultan's reply (though astonished at the novelty, and possibly terrified at his late cruelties at Tripoli) they all agreed it was their express duty as Christians and men to stand by each other, and not easily yield this city to the infidel, this only remaining road from Europe to dear revered Jerusalem; but that besides love of the Christian faith, they, who had been always accustomed to fight for their liberty, ought never, never submit to even the least idea of perpetual slavery; that so it was necessary to prepare for an honourable defence, even should they have to die by the barbarian sword; that any other conduct would be an eternal blot on their name; still that they ought to inform the princes of Christendom, and most of all the chief of it—the Pope; and no doubt valid succours would be sent them. And that they should exhort their immediate leaders to solicit universal piety and pity by an instant embassy to the West, since there was full time of which they had only wisely to profit; it being more than six months from this to



next spring; and certainly the Mahometans would, in *this*, keep strictly to their word.

The excellent old Patriarch, at passing the resolution, rose, and casting his eyes towards heaven, his long gray hair flowed back, and crossing his hands on his breast, he rendered thanks to God with sighs: "Blessed be the Holy Trinity that the inhabitants of Acre are of one mind, and on a subject of such importance, have had their spirit enlightened, and their heart. Persevere in this noble determination, O men of Acre! Faith and liberty! This be your banner; and with them you will obtain the Lord's aid!"<sup>1</sup>

Villiers let not the opportunity slip of testifying his alacrity by sailing that day itself on the desired embassy. Why must I say all his efforts were ineffectual? Though he may have set out on his mission in August, he could scarcely have reached Rome until the middle of October, so, after Nicholas had written.<sup>2</sup> But even Rome, like the rest of Europe, was too much taken up with its own intestine squabbles, to have men or money for Palestine. And when he re-entered Acre on the first days of January 1291 he knew full well, (and, though he did not reveal it to every one, lest it might have dispirited them, yet several of the leaders knew) that theirs

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 126.

<sup>2</sup> Appendix, lxxvii.



must be the very nearly hopeless struggle of a small minority against illimitable numbers. No! The moon is not entirely made of green cheese! Nor lay stress on idle will-o-the-wisps, that cannot but mislead. Hopes in Europe are no better. Calculate but on your own resources. And what are they? Alas!

There were the Templars, but of them little remaineth but glory, though their grand master and his twelve score of knights are worthy of their splendid name. The Teutonics, if you go look for them in the fine German battles; but here are only fifteen under a lieutenant. Other orders, too, there were, but altogether of slender amount. The Hospitallers—and every one of them is to be counted on—all heroes; each may be considered fifty according to the Mahometan superstition, that some Christians have many souls in them; and certainly the vulgar Saracens believed to have seen the same Christian killed several times, and beheld many living men proceed from within one Christian corpse.<sup>1</sup> If authority would do, there are a cloud of authorities, Christian too, to verify a fact that none can credit;<sup>2</sup> but even so, what of success can

<sup>1</sup> Frustra contra Christianos pugnamus, quia uno mortuo alius statim ex ore ejus nascitur, et ab hoc numerus nullatenus minuitur. Leoben Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii. 197.

<sup>2</sup> Appendix, ci.



be based on the Hospitallers? We have seen forty of them slain at Tripoli, and that it was held by the Grand Master to have almost extinguished his order in Asia. We do not know of any coming from Europe. But, supposing that some did come, with that self-devotion for which they are celebrated. Let them equal those they were to replace; and Acre, itself, gives sixty; yet, in all, we have only one hundred and forty, and that is the very most. Vertot tells us in one line,<sup>1</sup> that between Hospitallers and Templars, there were killed, at Acre, four hundred of them; and, in the next,<sup>2</sup> that the Templars lost three hundred there, and only ten of them escaped alive, which leaves the Hospitallers less than one hundred to be killed; and killed they were, almost all. But Vertot was not, perhaps, scrupulously exact, and did not mean to include their leaders, neither Villiers, who survived, nor Clermont or Beaujeu, who were slain. They had hired troops, but with little money they could have few, and their feudal, which used to be their chief forces, lay wholly extinguished. Knights may serve as officers, leaders, examples. But, after all, the main defence of Acre depends on its inhabitants, to whom are to be added five hundred Cypriots, brought by the king of that island, some few

<sup>1</sup> Vertot: iv. 72.

<sup>2</sup> Id.: iv. 72.



French under Count Gresli, and individuals from Picardy, with one hundred and fifty English under Grandison, as well as a sprinkling of warriors from various places, but not exceeding two score; in fine, the entire came to nine hundred horse, and eleven thousand foot,<sup>1</sup> or, in all, twelve thousand.<sup>2</sup> If a population, which, after the going away of many, amounted still to one hundred thousand, produced only twelve thousand soldiers, that was noted at the time, and shows Acre was far more mercantile than military.

Time advances rapidly.<sup>3</sup> Hard to reconcile divers accounts; one says the assault lasted forty days and forty nights, without a moment's intermission.<sup>4</sup> In this they agree, that it was one of the most fearful which history records.

Exact in his dealings, Kelaoun, at the beginning of March, finding his feebleness would not permit him to proceed, returned to Cairo himself, but sent on his seven or twelve emirs, with each of them four thousand horse and twenty thousand foot. So even now there were twenty-nine to one, in cavalry, against the Christians, and eight to one in infantry, or more.<sup>5</sup> Yet these were only an

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 126.      <sup>2</sup> Bosio.—Vertot: iii. 546.

<sup>3</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. i., pag. 1.

<sup>4</sup> Ebendorfer: Col. Pez.—Bib. Crois., iii. 201.

<sup>5</sup> Milan Chron.—Bib. Crois., ii. 638.



earnest of what was coming, and to make due preparations, in a vast horse-shoe line, from the sea, at the foot of Mount Carmel, to that on the shore, towards where Tyre lately stood, curving east along the crests of Thabor and Lebanon; that from one extremity to the other, round by the curve line, was a day's journey.<sup>1</sup>

The real siege was to be on the arrival of the sultan in person.<sup>2</sup> Sappers and miners might have begun their burrowing, but little more, and engineers and hatchets begun to hew down the cedars of Lebanon, or in the mountains about Galilee, and the oaks of Naplouse,<sup>3</sup> and erect their battering machines; while men and horses refreshed after their march from the Nile, and their cuirasses got burnished, and their arms, that they should glitter well when his Highness arrived, and their chargers be fat and sleek, and restored to all their fierceness and mettle by proper repose and good grooming, food and exercise. So that the multitude of noises and human cries, and the neighing of horses, resounded the whole day through that vast enclosure; and by night the tents in the moonlight, and the challenges of sentinels, inspired a beholder or

<sup>1</sup> Ebendorfer.—Bib. Crois., iii: 200.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 127.

<sup>3</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 128.



hearer, with, it is difficult to say, what deep melancholy.

In the interim, Kelaoun was expiring; yet before it, had an interview with his son Chalil, and in presence of many of his emirs, charged him to promise he would not celebrate his father's funeral rites until after he had taken Acre, and put its inhabitants to the sword; and Chalil swore solemnly to execute the paternal commands. He thereupon urged his emirs to serve his son as faithfully as they had him, and then breathed his last, with devout peace of mind, as they said.<sup>1</sup>

As soon as he was a corpse, the ulemas and imams placed him in the middle of a lighted chapel, and kept reciting prayers over his remains, reading verses from the Koran the whole night, to invoke their Prophet against the Giaours; and it may be understood that the same mode was to continue until when the regular funeral should ensue after Chalil's return from Acre, for the which he instantly set out with his entire army according to his oath.<sup>2</sup> Tremendous were the battering engines now ready, the several pieces of one of which were hardly contained in a hundred waggons. And, had cannons been among them, it would not have astonished

<sup>1</sup> Bosio.—Vertot: iii. 545.—Arab. Chron., 569.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 127.



me; but I am a little so, that there were not, or at least they are not mentioned, for the Mahometans had them before that time—not indeed muskets or light artillery, but heavy guns for sieges—and used them at Algesiras and other places in Spain.<sup>1</sup> However, these exterior batteries, though so huge, and three hundred in number, were only secondary, and rather to cover the attacks of the soldiery than to breach the defences; for which they relied on what was more deadly sure, though somewhat slower and far less noisy. And by degrees their sappers and miners had driven the Christian from all his outworks and fairly demolished them. And now, murderous moles, they had passed under the ditch and undermined a great portion of the main wall itself, and that mine had only to be sprung by firing the wood that sustained it; operation awaiting the moment the sultan should arrive to order it.

It was on the 4th of April,<sup>2</sup> that the new sultan arrived at Acre, and that the siege really began; though several divisions had been already there above a month; so that those who during it had been accustomed to see masses of soldiery, when they looked

<sup>1</sup> In 1249, and even earlier. Hallam: Middle Ages, i. 254. —The Arabs had gunpowder, and fired it from cannons first of wood, next of metal, in 1230, Mines de l'Orient, Num. i. 248,

<sup>2</sup> Arab. Chron., 570.



from its ramparts a little after sunrise, saw no one; and, at the sudden disappearance, flattered themselves the Saracens had retreated. But not so, they had only gone to meet their sovereign, and returned with him in most magnificent triumph that same afternoon.<sup>1</sup>

At a really fine sight even the humblest-minded becomes poetical, and the chronicler tells us: "Now it was, that splendour was to be seen, and the earth trembled to its centre at the aspect (*rewart*, old Fr.) of such mighty forces moving as far as the eye could reach in every direction. From Arabia had come, and the Nile, Euphrates, Tigris, the different divisions composing that brilliant army and that strange variety of music. And as they passed, the sun was reflected by their golden targets, and the hills glittered to within their cores. The polished steel of their lance-points resembled the shining of heaven's stars on a serene night. And on the host's advancing, it was like a forest for the multitude of lances all held upwards; and well might it be, for they were four hundred thousand fighting men that covered the entire plain and mountains."<sup>2</sup>

Why talk of the coursers of Khorassan or Tur-

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 128.

<sup>2</sup> MS. apud Michaud, Hist., v. 425.—It is said to be by a French knight there present.



comania? If surefooted and hardy, slippery is the flagging and intricate the stone work they'll have to scramble up, or down; and on broken walls and the smoking fragments of fallen towers, is where they must charge. Ah, little the Frank battalions, gazing from the ramparts, are aware that sudden death is beneath their feet, where all seems sleeping in its strength! Though discordant and sufficiently rude, yet the music when softened, as now by some distance, was martial; and the sultan riding surrounded by so splendid a staff, and the sacred banner on his right, showed extremely grand.

And when two hours before sunset, he looked upon the innumerable force occupying nearly thirty miles, from the sea on one wing to the sea on the other, and then on the small town facing him, he almost regretted so much pains as superfluous. "A pity we have not our Alma girls here," said the sultan. "For our mercenary hussies to storm it would be laughable, I protest, and more applicable to the case than breaches and Mamelukes! But some one of our black-eyed wenches might perhaps be killed, and inasmuch, as they are Mahometans, it would be a shame to risk the ugliest of them. Still, since the worthless Giaours refused their weasands to my father, I owe his shade satisfaction; so let us stun them to death!"



Whereupon out came four hundred camels with two drummers upon each, and being led down into the plain, raised a monstrous peal. "I would order them to continue all night," cried the sultan, "but that it might prevent our sleeping, and dare say the uncircumcised have already enough; and, on reflection, will surrender at discretion, to sue for which we shall find a deputation of their curs waiting at our tent door by daybreak! Depend upon it!"<sup>1</sup>

Yet not thus; but dawn beheld the Christian files as before. So to the miners: "By the sultan's orders, fire the mine!" And towards sunrise there was a hideous crash, and behold a large breach, practicable, if not for others, for Delhis. But when these rushed forward, they were suddenly stopped by a wide deep ditch, till then invisible for a curve in the ground. And they had to be recalled from its edge, where they left a ridge of about five thousand corpses, and many others scattered all over the plain. Then in anger the sultan ordered a general charge of the cavalry, and truly it was a gallant sight. But the same ditch arresting them at every point, they had to retire, after suffering severely from the shots of numerous zemboureks,

<sup>1</sup> Michaud says three hundred camels; but what difference? Hist., v. 130.



and other missiles, from behind the parapet, while they could not themselves return a single blow. And so it was during five successive days of a vast number of charges; the two first days of cavalry, and the three last of cavalry and infantry by turns, or united;<sup>1</sup> till the sultan lashed himself into a rage, and the whole plain a Golgotha. At last the senior emirs convinced him he must give up his idea of taking it by a *coup de main*, and have the ditch filled; for which it was necessary to drain it first, and collect the stones from the neighbouring acclivities. So the sappers and excellent engineers soon succeeded in discharging the water. It was now May.<sup>2</sup> And the stones had been brought in heaps near the ditch, and fascines, and carrions, and other materials, enormous quantity to the eye, yet not enough, according to the measurement of the engineers, who intended two days longer of such labour; but the impatient sultan forbade all further waiting, and the heaps were flung into the ditch, not without considerable loss from the zemboureks anew; yet, as foreseen, the ditch wanted a full yard of being full; at which the sultan, quite out of his senses, called—and here what is related so surpasses credibility, pure truth as it is, and

<sup>1</sup> MS.—Michaud: Hist., v. 131.

<sup>2</sup> Arab. Chron., 570.



must be, since from both Christians and Mahometans, that I should abstain from noticing it, were it not that it would be too dastardly in a writer to conceal what such authorities recount—Chalil, in the midst of his Mamelukes and Delhis, called upon the Chages (new sect of Moslem fanatics), and with most impetuous gesticulations thus: “You who entitle yourselves the devoted of Islam, I call upon you to testify it by at once flinging yourselves into the ditch, that my Mamelukes may ride over you!” Nor did the Chages hesitate, but instantly ran and flung themselves into the ditch, and the whole body of cavalry charged over that pontoon of living human flesh.<sup>1</sup> Furiously mad as the fanatics must have been, some similar madness seems to have been infused by them into the Mamelukes and their horses, since they rushed up the breach, though in doing so most of them were necessarily killed. But their riders were incited by the hope of sabring or lancing the Christians; and some few of them they may have butchered; yet it could be but a few, for they soon met again an insurmountable obstacle, even thicker

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 132.—Ebendorfer 3. De Perditione Accharon Civitatis.—Muratori.—Arsenius, who declared he was an eye-witness of what he relates.—Bib. Crois., iii. 201.—Hist., Gen. Concilii Lyons.



than the old wall, a new one built during those short days, with admirable dexterity and steadiness, faced with oak beams, all hung with bales of woollen or cotton, as continued to be much used by those of Acre during the whole siege at the several breaches;<sup>1</sup> when out burst—but an actor in the scene shall speak for himself, who survived his wounds to write, long years after, what he then saw and participated:<sup>2</sup> “I had been allowed to join the Hospitallers; and, all horse, we had their Marshal Claremont, at our head. At the onset, in such a desperate precipitous spot, and against most able swordsmen, many of us were slain; but that was over in a twinkling, and what I can scarce myself believe, now that I am an old monk writing alone by this feeble lamp, is, that headlong down that breach, and over the bodies in the ditch at full gallop, I followed Claremont, who, like a wolf after a flock of sheep, flew, pursuing what remained of the Mamelukes across the entire plain, and to the very foot of the hills, cutting to shivers every creature on his way.<sup>3</sup> My hand trembles, and my heart bounds, and my pale, withered cheeks glow at thinking of the exaltation of that moment. But

<sup>1</sup> Villani.—Bib. Crois., ii. 621.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 133.—Relation MS.—MS. Accon.

<sup>3</sup> Michaud: Hist. v. 134.



we had to return; and return we did and slowly, in by that same glorious aperture. . . .

“ From that day out, though I had not the honour to be of the Hospitallers, or even knight, I continued in their corps till I was utterly disabled.<sup>1</sup>

“ But the losses of the Saracens were quickly remedied; those of the Christians were irreparable. After a short respite, also that second wall (according to one authority there were double walls and profound ditches, and to another, three walls and ditches, and the walls so thick that two chariots could pass each other<sup>2</sup>) was undermined, and then we had to maintain our post by dint of hard fighting. We always killed many more of our foe than we lost of ours. Still we were at last reduced to a few. What was worse, King Hugh and his Cypriots abandoned us; it was nightfall, and he said some repose was requisite for his men, who had neither slept nor eaten for three days. I thought I might say more; and my companions, and the marshal, for I do not know how many, but a great many; but his majesty never came back, which did not surprise me, for my right-hand man in the file (a Frank like myself) and my mother were of the same vil-

<sup>1</sup> MS. Accon.

<sup>2</sup> Eccard: 2, Hermann.—Bib. Crois., iii. 135.—Ebendorfer, 3, Pez.—Bib. Crois., iii. 200.



lage in Normandy, he and I had become great, and I held his horse while he retired during some minutes, and on his return, pointing to a corpse that I had just seen fall, 'overheard (he said) his discourse with King Hugh, who bade him not go on, but join him, for that the Saracens were hastening in at the breach, irresistibly.' To which that black cassock replied, 'If you were going east, I'd accompany you to death; but since your face is turned west, I'll not,<sup>1</sup> but hasten to die with the defenders of our religion and liberties, and leave you the anathema of a martyred priest.' Nevertheless in our cruelly abandoned situation, by the exertion of the Teutonics, who came to our assistance, and Templars, we contrived to keep the post the whole night, and great part of the next day, under reiterated, or rather, never-ceasing charges, and after losing half of our small body, it was only in the afternoon that we were driven from it, but rallied in a street that began with two strong towers, and a massive chain from one to the other,<sup>2</sup> which we drew, and manning the towers, there was a most desperate struggle which,

<sup>1</sup> Which resembles what the French relate more diffusely of another, Mathew Villani.—Bib. Crois., ii. 625.

<sup>2</sup> Corneri Chron. Eccard.—Bib. Crois., iii. 135. The main thoroughfare in Acre, leading to St. Anthony's Gate.



with the aid of a parcel of stout citizens, was upheld for two entire days, until at length Heaven sent us victory, and we drove the infidels back through the breach; and on the right of it, lo! my poor friend, who was mighty vigorous sprang from his horse, and seizing three of the enemy, one by one in his arms, threw them clear over the rampart down into the ditch; but the third struggled so, that just as his heels disappeared in the fall, he undid Tom's helmet, whose throat was instantly pierced through and through by the shot from a zembourek; whereupon I also dismounted, but in vain, for the faithful Christian was quite dead. And I too had my share, for while in the act of rising from my knees over his corpse, I was struck on the breast-bone by something very small, so suppose it a zembourek's bullet, which must have killed me but for my cuirass, which however it broke to pieces, and glanced off. As it was, I was dreadfully wounded, nor to this day can I make the least exertion without a spitting of blood, not even ascend a horse; and Marshal Claremont, seeing me drop, got down, and with his own hands examined my wound, and pronounced it severe and dangerous, but not mortal, and added, "Were you not thus, I should tell you to become an Hospitaller, but never attempt it; for you are an invalid



for life, and will require to be always very careful. I am at present your superior, and command you, by holy obedience, to swear to use every precaution not to be killed in Acre; but (as I know you use the pen) to write the truth of what you have seen; and is not this defence for faith and liberty? Both as Norman and as Christian, I wish to be useful, not only during this brief interval, but hereafter by example. So believe it no blameable vanity to tell you to transmit to distant ages how Claremont fought and died, and likewise assure our grand master that we have all done our duty. I think I shall never see you again. That way no more. I have too much to do. You, remember your oath.' "

But he said all that far more succinctly. At such moments mind and lips are quicker, both of who hears, and who speaks. Their words are winged, and their full meaning absorbed with rapidity, and deeply graven. But such was the substance of our irrevocable contract; nor I intend, but to be able to say I kept it, meeting in futurity. That success changed affairs,<sup>1</sup> and something similar a few hours later at St. Anthony's Gate, where the Grand Master of the Templars (who truly had been elected commander-in-

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 134.



chief, for his celebrity as a warrior<sup>1</sup>) spoke thus to the Grand Master of the Hospitallers, "Unless we make a diversion, the town is lost. Let us hazard a *sortie*." And as large a body as could be gathered was formed that evening, but not above five hundred, and bravely they attacked the infidel's flank, and would have taken his camp by surprise, had his sentinels been less alert;<sup>2</sup> but in spite of the discomfiture, the immense disproportion of numbers told, and many of the Hospitallers and most of the Templars were slain, and though re-entering Acre as victors, those were carrying their grand master, badly wounded, and these had too much reason to fear that theirs had been struck by a poisoned arrow;<sup>3</sup> which somewhat uncertain as yet, he rode, but very pale. This was on a moonlight night, and the bravest began to be oppressed with a presentiment of destruction, quite imminent, yet not less determined to sell their lives dearly. And, before dawn,<sup>4</sup> the Grand Master of the Hospitallers convoked not only his order, but a meeting of Templars and Teutonics, as well, and of the surviving leaders of the city, including the sick commander-in-chief himself, and the magnanimous

<sup>1</sup> Bosio.—Vertot: iii. 547.      <sup>2</sup> Bosio.—Vertot: iii. 550.

<sup>3</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 140.—Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, i. 536.

<sup>4</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 135.



Patriarch, as also the two ambassadors Gresli and Grandison. Nor is it wondrous that every one of them was pale in the first light of morning, since most were wounded, and all of them felt doomed; and that not only themselves, but every human creature in that city had but a few hours to live. Nor was there much to say; nor time for it. But the short debate was wound up worthily by the chief of their common creed, him of the long milky locks, and sweet, wan, unrugged face, their own dear, calm Patriarch: nor spoke of love of country, for he knew they were of all countries; nor reproofed any creature, for all reproof should be extinct; nor praised, for fear of jealousies; nor flattered them with earthly hope, for he knew no one could reasonably have any; and this very moment a paper had been laid before them that their eighteen thousand, soon twelve thousand, dwindled into nine thousand two days ago, had now been reduced to seven thousand—too small a number even to man the ramparts, although none of those heroic bands could be accused of want of exertion certainly; since but yesterday they had left several thousands of Saracen corpses, and two thousand of their own between towers and breach, as counted by those who were charged with putting them into graves, lest a plague should ensue. And in the dead body of



one single Christian knight, the iron heads of forty lances were found. Nor is this strange fact to be doubted, since it is an Arabian, not merely impartial, but unwilling witness, that writes it.<sup>1</sup> "Those twenty thousand are as nothing to the Saracens. But your two thousand, who replaces them? Then what remains, O my dear children, but to die valiantly, and confiding in the Creator, with arms in your hand. Calculate that one Christian is equal to five or six infidels; which will not give you victory indeed, but engage you to put your lives at their just value. Not a single one of you, but would a thousand times rather die by the sword, than be deficient in honourable fidelity to his legitimate prince, and stain his own name for ever. Why not as well in the cause of Christ? Are we not His lieges? Do we not owe salvation to Him? Let each of you think then that he has the cause of Christ to defend by the right of feudal servitude, which is merit and honour; the only difference being, that our earthly lord gives a temporal reward, and He an eternal. Nor fear that for your sins, or some other unknown motive, He will deprive you of His inheritance; and that therefore you may yield to those accursed miscreants, who have no just pretension, since not

<sup>1</sup> Arab. Chron., 40.



a shadow of trust can be reposed in them; but that whatever they pretend, they will infallibly massacre you, either in open war or by treachery, or some horrid torture—they, who always accomplish their threats, never their promises. Since no possible escape from them is left, why then let despair (as to earth) be your weapons, as long as you have the power to make a single struggle; and then recommend your soul to God, in the firm conviction that His tender charity can never be extinguished. His immense love will make up for our defects; and do not doubt but that without further penitence, or suffering after death, your spirit will ascend at once to a blessed eternity. So now confess your sins each to each other; be your death glorious to yourself and useful to Christianity, and be sure of pardon.”<sup>1</sup>

Then did every man kiss his neighbour; and many who had been long enemies, died warm friends. Mass was said, and they took the sacrament. Now to your posts!—The Grand Master of the Templars had determined upon his,<sup>2</sup> and with heavenly resignation and self-devotedness, went straight to the sultan's tent, and had less difficulty than he expected in persuading him of the peril of reducing the Christians to despair; so the Saracen was

<sup>1</sup> Michaud : Hist., v. 427.

<sup>2</sup> Id. : Id., 129.



willing to take a not intolerable ransom and depart. But when the generous veteran perceived a repugnance in those of Acre, he perhaps was not displeased, lest the sultan should not abide by his promises—the more that renegades were busy<sup>1</sup> blowing and blowing like a fierce desolating wind to heat their hatred to redness against those who were their own former co-religionists; which reminds us of his predecessor's prediction at St. Alban's sentence. Still, though the poison circulating through his veins must have killed him shortly, it is said the illustrious Beaujeu was slain in the ultimate battles; an end as becoming him as the Temple. By a stratagem of one of those renegades, the unhappy breach was left, and by that very gate of St. Anthony's the Mahometans broke into the city; and the rest is one scene of confusion. "I know versions are different, but prefer trusting my eyes corroborated by all I have heard from people likely to be well informed; nor may I shuffle from it. But the last I saw of them was on the rampart by St. Anthony's Gate, where remained at most a thousand men against the whole Mussulman army.<sup>2</sup> It was dark; but a gleam of Greek fire showed me them all on foot, with couched lances, and Grandison with his

<sup>1</sup> Chron. Estense.—Bib. Crois., ii. 638.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 142.—MS. Accon.



drawn sword; and Gresli stood a little further off, with his behind him in precisely the same way; and within two or three yards of them, was the head of the Moslem column, that rushed impetuously through the gate—and by the yellow they were the Mameluke horse. So I have no hesitation whatever to assert that all the English died in a corps as at Mansourah, and the French also, as well fits that valiant nation. The reverse seems to me idle stories, mere ridiculous inventions, as if English and French could have been cowards, where so many other nations were so brave. Not a true, but a pretended revelation; it would appear to me a trick of the devil! . . . . What if iron chains and rings had been thrown into the streets for the Moslem cavalry? They were now covered with corpses, a bitter, albeit rather unsteady footing; and after them, the savage infantry inundated the streets. Not a palace, or square, or house, but was a fort, and had to be stormed; not a lane but was the theatre of frightful carnage, battles, single combats. I cannot exactly tell what day, or if it was day or night; for the Greek fire never ceasing its infernal blaze, it made little difference whether the sun was up or not, for that lurid gleam and the noises continued the same.”

But here other authorities enable me to come to



the assistance of my MS. And to say it was the 18th of May,<sup>1</sup> a sable day in the Almanack of Christian Acre, when in burst the Mahometans, and what of soldiery of the cross survived joined the population in a wild and rapid current that ran in the direction of the House of the Templars in the very inmost heart of the town, down towards the sea; while one hideous crape of death seemed drawn over Acre, and all was fury, dismay, and massacre!

“None thought of sleep, nor can I tell how I existed. But kept steadily to my resolve to see and remember all I could, and do my best to survive. It was bitter cold, rain and hail—strange in that climate — and towards the end of May; but nature itself seemed to have changed, and the elements to sympathise, participate, and emulate the fury of men. And wild stories circulated. Every one ready to believe anything, and I think it would have been dark, but for the Greek fire, and my tread told me there had been hard fighting in that street. And then I saw Claremont come riding slowly (not rapidly as he had passed and re-passed often before), and his direction was that of returning from where the battle at that time was, a desperate defence of the Templars’ residence; but the Christians were so completely losers, that

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 140.



they must have been all killed or gone in some other direction; for except him, I did not observe any one else retreating, and I heard the Saracens approach. He seemingly as much done up as his horse, lay resting on its neck; yet holding his sword, and struck his charger with his heavy spurs and repeated hard checks of the bridle, but in vain, and I had myself known what it was to have a horse so fatigued as not to answer either aids. Claremont's refused, and stood still trembling, and in a moment fell, I thought, dead. But at that, while I was bawling to him now on foot, which either he could not hear from the screeches, or I had not the strength to raise my voice; the Saracens came rushing with a loud howl and charging furiously between him and me; and, not to be ridden over, I stepped under a vault—and they must have cloven him down instantly and galloped on; for when, the next moment, I reached his body, it was all covered with blood and quite dead. And think his spirit must have attended me and kept assiduously protecting me, the rest of that awful period; that ever I got alive out of the wilderness, blackest, direst, most murderous, most atrocious!

“Then I too made for the port, which I knew must be at hand, and walking on corpses and

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 143.



turning from the middle of the street, to where they were in a great number of layers one over another, heaped high at the angles, like bridges, I crossed by them and beheld—would I were rather blinded than ever see the like again—long lines of something of a speckled white, piled up against the wall, and supported by others of the same dirty white, thrown transverse, as if somebody had been opening a passage, but left the sad work not half done; and on approach those spectral white things, lo! they were dead females in their gowns and coifs, dabbled thickly with blood and utterly hideous! ‘O most desolate old woman, whither are you hurrying, and who are these?’ And she hobbling past, ‘Are what you see, but were once a goodly company. I owed them my existence, but their charity ended thus pitifully. So I may now die. What matter where I go? The wildest would scorn to touch me. These were mostly young and beautiful virgins—a whole nunnery, nuns, novices, girls in education, who all following their mother abbess’ example, scarified and furrowed themselves and breasts and faces frightfully with those great scissors, that used to be kept with a long chain and padlock, fixed to the great working table for the whole community. The abbess unlocked it, and, after wounding herself, handed the steel round, and



each of them took it, and inflicted it on herself unsparingly, and being without succour, every one of them bled to death; and better, since they escaped what they most dreaded from some inhuman ugly brute.' Indeed they could not be objects of anything but horror.<sup>1</sup> I now understood what I just had heard, a Saracen cursing most blasphemously at their not having waited to satisfy his lust before they died. And he spoke of the martyrs, as if they had done him an injury, and round from behind the corner of the house came stretched out what seemed a hairy brawny arm, and a large foul hand; and in a twinkling there was no longer that ancient hag, but I heard plunderers in an infidel tongue. And her shrieks were soon drowned by louder shrieks in the quarter towards which I was going.

"But I must get on. I am in too great a hurry to answer many questions. Quickly! What are yours? The way is frightful, but not of length. On! On!

"How describe the harbour whose shipping stood a little out, else the rush of the crowd would have foundered them at once? The boiling oil of the Greek fire, which once it catches hold of the outside of a ship's bottom, all is lost; its stink, and livid

<sup>1</sup> Wadin : *Annales Franciscorum.*, vi. 96.—Michaud: *Hist.*, v. 141. Note.



flames extending to a great distance—stones, iron, brass, every metal devoured and eaten up by it; nor can it ever be extinguished, but by a mixture of sand and vinegar in certain proportions. How horrid its hiss!<sup>1</sup> And though the city was all in a glare from the Greek fire, and that it whizzed terribly, with long traces of greasy blue, along the waves, showing their watery mountains rolling with a terrific violence, yet the sea itself looked dark and gloomy, nor can I be sure whether it was from the tempest, or that it was night; and the ball of Greek fire expanding to the size of a cask, with its several yards of undulatory tail shining and hissing most viciously, died away at last, after piercing more or less into that abyss of obscurity, whose dreadful bellow would have been fearful at any other time. That lasted for I do not know how long; no difference then between day and—it seemed always, night. Days were years, minutes days. Who minded sun or moon? Heaven seemed in a fury, and that it was the end of all things.

“Such a multitude, but chiefly women and children—some of them young ladies of the highest rank, endeavouring to persuade the boatmen to take them—not only offering jewels and money, but even their own persons, and that they would

<sup>1</sup> Vinisauf.—Bib. Crois., ii. 676.—Oliveri.—Bib. Crois., iii. 143.



marry any man that would save them.<sup>1</sup> In the surf thousands and thousands perished.”<sup>2</sup>

It is said sixty thousand Christians fell then, and may be no exaggeration. Of the rich, who escaped, not at that time, but weeks sooner, it is much to calculate them at twenty-five thousand, mostly women, and children, and invalids. And it can be hardly supposed that the carried into captivity came to another twenty-five thousand. And this leaves one hundred thousand, of whom nearly all must have died either during the siege, or at the final hour, and fifteen thousand, at most, can have fallen in those fair battles; leaving eighty-five thousand for ultimate butchery. All which is on the supposition of the correctness of the usual opinion that Acre contained one hundred and fifty thousand souls when Tripoli fell.

“On! On! You as you like, but I must not stop. But we are close to the shore. Stout to push through such a crowd. Yet even women can do much when desperate, and children themselves, as you now see, for most of these are such. Ah, what their frenzy and wail! And not few of the infants are killed by the press and the carelessness of their own mothers. And now the infuriated Delhis, and the likes, are cutting at them with

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 143.

<sup>2</sup> MS. Accon.



their scimitars, and pushing their horses after them into the very sea. Driven, pursued, ah, what will become of them? Alas! My God have compassion on them.<sup>1</sup>

“Unable in those floods of rain, and pelting hail and roaring wind, to get near the water for perhaps two hours (though no judging of time then, things seemed very long or very short accordingly), so beset was it by that deplorable multitude; not even at the charge of the pitiless Mamelukes, from my fear that my wounded breast would be crushed, did I stir; till there came so tremendous a crash, that one might think it an earthquake dividing the globe, and glancing towards the Templars' Tower, I saw their flag drop, and the tower itself tumble down, at which, believing all Acre was falling to pieces I, almost frantic, flew right through the crowd, and flung myself into the sea, and some paces out, was fished up into a boat. And who fished me was the pious Patriarch; but whose compassion had allowed such numbers to embark, that we shortly went down in the harbour; and better for me, for we certainly should have foundered, and been lost, every soul of us, when out in those boisterous waves; but here, though most of the unfortunates were drowned, and amongst them the

<sup>1</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 144.



venerable Patriarch himself, yet a few who swam well were saved, and I found myself on board a galley belonging to the Grand Master of the Hospitallers, with a large company of fugitives, and amongst them five of his own knights, all wounded like himself.<sup>1</sup> Fact is, all remaining of Templars had got into that tower, where many of the townsmen's women and children had also taken refuge; and a first capitulation made of what the underground Saracens had already mined, without perhaps the sultan's knowledge; three hundred of his had been admitted, and instantly began to maltreat the females. At which the few Templars, rising like one man, attacked the brutes, and flung them down from the roof dead, and would never hear of capitulating any more. So the sultan was forced to order the tower to be scaled; and when Saracenic multitudes, scimitar in one hand and ladder in the other, were in the very act of scaling, down it toppled, by fortuitous yielding of wooden props in the mine, and Templars, scalers, males, females, it buried them all together."<sup>2</sup>

How many days or nights after that is not known. Various accounts, each contradictory to the other. Like Saragossa, the streets were fields of battle for

<sup>1</sup> French MS.—Michaud: Hist., v. 421.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 145.



several days, and each house a fortress, and communications cut from one to the other through the walls, and the hole closed up again as soon as the house was taken; and pass on to the next.

“Imprecations were what I could distinguish, as hastily we weighed, and weathering Carmel Cape, the last sounds borne on the storm were hellish laughter, groans of dying men, and the long, long shriek of violated women.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> MS. Accon.



### ABEYANCE THE SECOND.

WITH grief Europe heard of the fall of Acre, and quickly was it followed by that of Tyre, and all the towns along the Syrian coast, from which the Latin inhabitants who could, fled by sea.

Beyrout was the last Christian town to fall, according to some,<sup>1</sup> but others say Nicopolis lasted two years after.<sup>2</sup> Glory to the Hospitallers, for of these was the little garrison, whose abandoned valour rendered it inexpugnable so long under reiterated assaults; nor did it ever yield to human arms, but was thrown down by an earthquake,<sup>3</sup> which buried the whole—soldiers, citadel, city. Ill-printed, or inexact, Sanuti has Venetians, and truce, and Sycopolis. There were several places

<sup>1</sup> Chron. St. Bertin.—Bib. Crois., i. 423.

<sup>2</sup> Sanuti.—Bib. Crois., ii. 634.

<sup>3</sup> Seb. Paoli: Not. Geo., i. 443.



called Nicopolis, as Prevesa,<sup>1</sup> and in Hungary;<sup>2</sup> but this Nicopolis was the ancient *Emmaus*.<sup>3</sup> The present may be in the immediate vicinity of the same spot; but otherwise no vestige of its predecessor.<sup>4</sup>

Besides the Pilgrim Castle near Tripoli, the Templars built another of nearly that name between Caiphas and Cesarea, of which the ruins still exist. This was a very strong fortress, an outwork of Mount Thabor, and the road to Jerusalem, and was once called Detroit. It fell after Acre.<sup>5</sup> Its foundations were an old tower that had long belonged to the order of the Temple, and was on the sea-side;<sup>6</sup> and in the new erection they were assisted by various pilgrims and the German Hospitallers. Many antiquities, and ancient coins, and treasures were found in digging the mountain. The Templars built also a Castle in Acre, the chief<sup>7</sup> there.

Thus miserable outcasts filled Christendom with their doleful tales, and increased the poverty of

<sup>1</sup> Eusebii Chron.

<sup>2</sup> Bosio.—Vertot: vi. 322.—Michaud: Hist., v. 210. Bib. Crois., iii. 157.

<sup>3</sup> Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 591.

<sup>4</sup> Appendix, ciii.

<sup>5</sup> Sanuti.—Bib. Crois., i. 195.

<sup>6</sup> Pantaleone: Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii. 21, and i. 427

<sup>7</sup> Vitri: Letters.—Cologne Chron.—Bib. Crois., iii. 136.



every country; and from the fall of Acre, Villani dates the beginning of the decline of the commercial towns in maritime Italy, since from that day out (he says), they lost half of the advantages that Eastern traffic brought. "For Acre was a universal resort, and in the middle of Syria, nay, in the middle of the civilised earth, as at equal distances between Levant and West, and almost on the European frontier, and transit for commerce from all those distant lands, and had interpreters of every language, and people of every class, and inhabitants of every climate; and therefore, in losing Acre, the world lost one of its elements.<sup>1</sup>" And the Holy Land, with its thickly populous districts, and its innumerable clusters of villages, quantities of strong castles, and eighty cities inhabited by Franks for the most part, and owing their defence to the Latins,<sup>2</sup> were all reduced to a devastated wilderness; "state in which it shall remain, please God, until the day of judgment," is the devout aspiration of a Moslem.<sup>3</sup>

What other circular was necessary than what Villiers had written already? And it had sufficed to

<sup>1</sup> Hist. Fior.—Bib. Crois. ii. 621.—Appendix, cii.—Hallam: Middle Ages, ii. 250.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 147.

<sup>3</sup> Arab. Chron., 575.—Michaud: Hist., v. 148.



call the knights of every age and rank, who instantly renouncing everything else, hurried down into the various ports of Christendom with most laudable ardour, young or old, in health or not, no delay, no excuse, but each one striving to be first, and embarking in any ship to be found, and all these put into Cyprus, so that not a day passed but some Hospitallers arrived from Europe. All of them might be bound for Acre, but Cyprus was on their road, and there, alas! learned they had to go no further. The nearly exterminated order reduced to half-a-dozen wounded men, without money, and in proportion, to perfect beggary; this European flow made it revive. The same of the Templars.

Nor in this island, within forty leagues from Palestine, had they not both some property already. Henry II., descended from Guy de Lusignan, was then its king, and so of Norman blood.<sup>1</sup> Nor did he not show it, by the cordiality with which he received the rest of the Templars and Hospitallers after their irreparable loss, and placed them in Limisso, one of his chief towns.<sup>2</sup> Perhaps it was from pure compassion, or that it was the advice of some evil-wisher, for Pope Nicholas IV. had the repute of loving those peerless knights; but he appears to have taken a most undue advantage of their miser-

<sup>1</sup> Bosio.—Vertot: iv. 4.

<sup>2</sup> Vertot: iv. 2.—Bosio.



able state, when he proposed uniting the Hospitallers and Templars into one order, whose common grand master, to prevent jealousy, should be elected by neither of them, but by himself, and likewise always for the future by the Holy See.<sup>1</sup> But that project was soon rejected.<sup>2</sup> The same Pope 1292 showed his liberality by applying to the schismatic Greek Church, to join him in renouncing for a time all religious differences for defence of universal Christianity against the Saracen, and also had recourse to the Pagan Tartars;<sup>3</sup> but of the whole powers of Christendom, not one, except the Templars and Hospitallers alone, took any real part in the attempt.<sup>4</sup> Yet before it there was a general chapter held at Limisso, of who so faithfully responded to the circular, that scarcely ever before, since the foundation of the order, such a number of Hospitallers of all nations as then appeared.<sup>5</sup> There (it is tradition) the grand master, hardly recovered from his wounds, entered with a sorrowful countenance, yet that magnanimity which usually is seen in virtue, and in a calm and slow tone said, "Of the ancient rule of our order, my

<sup>1</sup> Vertot: iv. 6.—Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. i. and ii.

<sup>2</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xv.

<sup>3</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 158.      <sup>4</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 159.

<sup>5</sup> Vertot: iv. 9.—Bosio.



being present may possibly appear an infraction; and therefore, not to scandalise you, cherished brethren, I have some documents to prove I had sworn to the population that, useless as I had become from my wounds, I should endeavour to survive for the purpose of leading away as many as I could from the Acre slaughter, as was likewise my duty, as sovereign of that unfortunate city. And I plead it is an exception no way derogatory to what continues our standing statute, that none shall recede without command, and that a knight of ours made prisoner is a knight dead. With regard to the few of our knights who came with me, they have no excuse to make, since they had my orders, for which the entire responsibility is mine, in consideration of their wounded condition, and that it would be an idle sacrifice of lives. Read these affidavits then; and I am ready either to be deposed, or even suffer death, or obtain your entire approval of my conduct, according to what you may determine, for which I retire."

And after some minutes the whole chapter followed Villiers, and declared him completely vindicated, and humbly besought him not to abandon them.

"Then abandon you I will not, but persevere in being your grand master and loving father; and



allow me to begin by thanking you," as, re-entering the hall, he sat down, "for the promptitude with which you obeyed my orders; and far better than had Divine Providence allowed you to be in time for Acre, since there you could only have increased superfluous deaths, but here you show that Holy Land has not lost all its defenders. But, by the courage that animates you, I see we have still men worthy of the name of Hospitallers, and capable of remedying all our losses; St. John's Acre is indeed ours, as sepulchre of so many of our gallant brethren. It is for you to replace them, and liberate Jerusalem from the barbarian's iron despotism."<sup>1</sup>

And observing Limisso to be an open town, with only a well-fortified citadel in the centre, too small for the order's residence, some proposed removing to one of the Italian ports, which was instantly quashed with indignation by the grand master and chief knights, as contrary to the spirit of their institution, which did not permit them to go far from Palestine, but be always at hand, and ready to profit by any opportunity. And this sentiment met universal applause, and was immediately drawn up as a sort of perpetual statute.<sup>2</sup> And the chapter

<sup>1</sup> Bosio.—Vertot: iv. 10.

<sup>2</sup> Id.—Id.: 12.



ended by determining to fortify Limisso, and erect it into a regular establishment of Hospitality.

Nor is there any earlier approximation to the naval, than when it was resolved that the ship which had conveyed them from Acre, should be used in learning to clear the coasts from the continual attacks of Saracen pirates. Nor did this prevent cavalry from being the order's principal care still; as we find (even five years later) certain lands set apart for forage for their horses, whereas there is little or nothing about galleys in these documents as yet.<sup>1</sup>

Such was the commencement of the navy of the Order of Malta; no auspicious one certainly, to commence in a period of abeyance (which some called decline or extinction), after having lived the trifle of above two hundred years; far from promising future maritime glory.

Fortunately their young efforts were not crushed by the sultan, enraged that the two bodies (Templars and Hospitallers), whom he had thought to have put an end to, were reviving; for the fleet he sent against them was lost, and he himself died shortly after.<sup>2</sup>

A new Pope, who had been chosen and soon ab-

<sup>1</sup> Appendix, lxxviii.

<sup>2</sup> Bosio.—Vertot: iv. 14.



dicated, one perhaps too unworldly for this world, even during his short reign found time to praise the Hospitallers.<sup>1</sup> His learned and wily successor, letting himself go to the audacious temptation of what was partly offered to him by the not upright kings of Europe themselves, and the unhappy circumstances of the time, tried to erect a despotism both spiritual and temporal; but whatever he was to others, he imitated his predecessors in being kind to the order—"Claret devotione conspicua Ordo St. Johannis Hierosolimitani"—are the words in his brief to the King of Portugal;<sup>2</sup> and in another, to our Edward, not dissimilar, as also in Rymer.<sup>3</sup> And now Villiers died; yet not in 1296, as Vertot has, for a document shows Sir John Villiers was reigning in September, 1297.<sup>4</sup>

That donations from private persons were still coming to the Hospitallers, and that, though the Teutonics had relinquished their name of German Hospitallers, they bore no ill-will to those they had left, is clear from the Hochsperg in the Appendix; where a father retired from the world, as dead to it from the moment he had joined the Teutonics,

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. iii.—Appendix, lxxix.

<sup>2</sup> Id. Id. iv.

<sup>3</sup> Id. Id. vii.

<sup>4</sup> Id. Id. x.



witnesses his son's confirmation of his own gift to the Hospital. Later it might be otherwise; but now they had known them too well and recently, not to esteem and love all three of the military orders.<sup>1</sup>

Villiers' successor was Sir Otho de Pins in 1298, a Provençal born, but descended from an illustrious Spanish family; and his stem still to be seen at Rhodes.<sup>2</sup> Yet Sir Otho might have been too old. He avoided deposition from his own knights by very wisely dying on his voyage to seek protection from Rome; and so the election took place of Sir William Villaret, of the 1300 *langue* of Provence,<sup>3</sup> and it is the first time I read of that term in the order, into which how, or when it obtained I cannot say; but regret it as implying not union but division, and which, if it bred emulation, did also discord; but what is certain is, that it does not come from the institution, and can at any time be without nicety expunged. Not having that patriarchal sanctity, it becomes a mere passing discipline, to be thrown aside as taken up.

In 1299, the head of the Tartars sent to Boniface VIII. to proclaim Jerusalem free, and all

<sup>1</sup> Appendix, lxxx.—Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 524.

<sup>2</sup> Seb. Paoli: Serie, ii. 461.

<sup>3</sup> Seb. Paoli (Cod. Dipl. Geros.): Serie, ii. 461.



Europe; and that the Tartar had liberated it from the Mahometan yoke, and so that the Christians might come back to re-people their lands, and sent letters of the same tenor to the Grand Masters of the Hospitallers and Templars, inviting them to return, and enter into peaceful enjoyment of their former possessions.<sup>1</sup> Villaret was at the time Prior of St. Gilles, and there, nor did he come instantly to Cyprus on his election; but first visited various houses of the order in France, including that of the Hospitalleresses under his own sister. And if it be interesting, we may learn that the dress of these ladies consisted in a robe of scarlet cloth and a cross of white linen with eight points.<sup>2</sup>

Ever since the Polos had been at Acre, years before its destruction, even further back than St. Louis' crusade, Cyprus had heard of Tartary and of Christian propensities in the Tartars,<sup>3</sup> or at least their finest horde; so now a body of Hospitallers, horse, was sent in 1301, in furtherance of the league that had been proposed by Nicholas IV., and these with the Tartars advanced all over Palestine, and had even the comfort to enter Jerusalem, but found it, like all the other towns in those

<sup>1</sup> Treves Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 331.

<sup>2</sup> Bosio.—Vertot: iv. 34.

<sup>3</sup> S. Bertin. Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 419.—Appendix, ciii.



parts, lying quite open; the Saracens having razed everything like a fortification in them after taking Acre. And might then have visited *Emmaus*, alias *Nicopolis*, with an intention of taking up their poor abandoned garrison, but it was much too late; no Hospitallers to take—nothing but a ruin of some years, yet not by Saracens, but God, evidently by an earthquake or other natural subversion!

If the khan was, as is said, a person of extraordinary intelligence, and an assiduous reader of the *Cyropediad*, and the life of Alexander, and that those princes were his models, no wonder he preferred Christianity to Mahometanism; for he could not but observe that what is against Nature must be false. All beneficent natural changes are slow and gradual, as the corn, the tree, the human creature. With what invisible slowness does the flower produce the fruit, and this enlarge and ripen! The line of separation you can never find. As the oak is in the acorn, so the grown-up male or female is in the infant. It is but a fair, slow development, without any change of essence, and requires years. But unnatural things are, for the most part, sudden and violent, and, nearly always, wicked or disastrous, like earthquakes or hurricanes. From the creation, the imperceptible progress which has now produced Christianity, has been going on,



and applies to your reason, which asks time for reflection; but the Koran or the sword admits none, but takes you by utter surprise.<sup>1</sup>

He and his were soon forced to return to their own country, in consequence of a civil war, and so the Hospitallers had to retreat as well, from evident inability to withstand the Sultan of Cairo, who was coming.<sup>2</sup>

In the meantime, Sir Gaudin, who had been made Grand Master of the Templars, after him killed at Acre, went with the King of Cyprus to make a diversion on the Syrian coast, and took Tortosa; but in 1302 it was won back by the Saracens, with the loss of one hundred and twenty of the Templars,<sup>3</sup> which being considered a great number, prepares us to disbelieve the exaggerations of times at hand.<sup>4</sup>

Not that the fusion of Hospitallers and Templars was in itself bad, but the design of depriving them of their independence for the benefit of a third, reminds you of the lawyer and two clients. And towards the end of 1304, when the two Grand Masters, of whom one was the glorious but un-

<sup>1</sup> Vertot: iv. 36.

<sup>2</sup> Id.: iv. 38.

<sup>3</sup> Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 526.

<sup>4</sup> Condussevi la maggior parte del suo convento. Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni, ii. 526.



fortunate Molay, who had now succeeded to Gaudin, spoke to each other for the last time, the greatest difficulty was got over, it is said, by their mutual generosity. They were ready each, to abdicate, for the whole mixed body to elect their chief, who, as long as any of the existing Templars lived, was to be of their order, and, after them, that things were to be as before. But, though the two generous chiefs were agreed thus, not so their knights, whose ratification was quite necessary, and, therefore, the whole plan miscarried, and the substance of their argument was sent, in his own name, by Molay, afterwards, in his answer to the Pope, whether Molay dictated it, or availed himself of that prepared already by his immediate predecessor, Gaudin, who had been elected by the only ten Templars who got alive from Acre, and was succeeded by one of them, Molay.<sup>1</sup>

“But my answer shall be simply that I cannot go till after I have settled respecting an island,” replied the Hospitaller, on their second interview that same day; “and many islands being in these seas, no one knows which I mean. None, even of my own knights, except my brother, perhaps in case I should die. But as to you, I will make no secret of it, but present you another offer, since it

<sup>1</sup> Seb. Paoli : Osservazioni, ii. 462.



is no fault of yours, if you do not accept my former one. It is now two hundred years and more that our orders have uniformly been together, or if ever at all separated not for long; and often have we shared the greatest dangers, and fought and bled side by side. Even our rivalry, as some choose to call it, cannot but bind us close; I would have rather said emulation, for we have always had the same cause.<sup>1</sup> If there be any difference in our rule, it is very little. For me I love to think we form but one, and derive from the same stem; and believe you are of similar sentiments, so regret to see you no more. Wishing well to the Teutonics in Germany, their branching off was long before my time. But you and I have always been together, and have both spilled a little of our blood at Acre, and known noble Beaujeu and Claremont. I will tell you, therefore, the island in my mind's eye, is Rhodes,<sup>2</sup> so famous in ancient ages, and that shall become famous and opulent, and in every way a desirable residence in ours also. Now, with your assistance, we shall take that beautiful spot and strong, and we shall both reside there, as at Acre:

<sup>1</sup> *Nunquam assavit fieri cavalcata contro Saracenos.* Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xv.

<sup>2</sup> The original has only *quædam insulam*, to which a commentator, after the event, wrote in the margin *Rhodum*; but Vertot has chosen to join both; iv. 64.



Besides, our rule is, as I have said, essentially the same, and it is your duty, as well as mine, to fix ourselves as near Jerusalem as we can. Whereas, if you decide for Europe, I have dark forebodings. Your order, as well as mine, has many enemies, but yours worse; and gives greater food for envy. In Rhodes we should be, as it were, our own masters and have our own good swords to protect us. But in Europe are malicious tongues, stronger than the brightest courage—there called pride and pretension. There your fawning courtier is the hero, and nocturnal falsehood invents what triumphs over the best and bravest. Better in our island of roses, than in Paris with whatever splendour. Think on it well before giving me a refusal. You will reap honour, wherever you go. If riches, these will bring you flattery and ruin. Remember I told you so.”—“We have both our duties,” answered Molay, with pensive sadness, “and you must cleave to your knights, and I to mine. The Morea and the glories of Greece and Constantinople are the dreams of mine. Yet all you observe afflicts me. No doubt of wealth and honours; but what are they to produce? Farewell!”

And the generous pair never met again. He and his Templars embarked for the Piræus that very evening; and shortly after, he of the Hospital



went reconnoitring several of the neighbouring islands.

During which came other letters from the new Pope; and that to the Grand Master of the Templars may have been a sort of duplicate of this. And if he of the Hospital was called only to hide the monstrous enormity, his disobedience was easily pardoned on Molay's being forwarded to Greece, and reaping full success; for the luckless nobleman obeyed, and went into the trap, Poitiers and Paris,—and was lost. Quickness and great secrecy were the Pope's injunctions; and writing in the earlier part of June, he says he would expect to hear their opinion on grave matters relative to the Holy Land, on the 15th of next November.<sup>1</sup>

But on his return from the islands, Sir William, finding his knights in ill humour, as ill-treated by the Court of Cyprus, and wishing to be in a home of their own, where they might attend to their duties and have to render an account to none but to their own superior and grand master alone, he thought it best to avail himself of the Pontifical orders, and go to Europe to try to organise a body to aid him in his projected invasion. More especially, seeing he was not to have the Templars,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Appendix, lxxx.—Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num xvi.

<sup>2</sup> Sismondi : Repub. Ital., iv.—Appendix, cv.



and that Rhodes, which had once been Genoese, and was now Greek nominally, belonged in reality to Saracen pirates—a bold, fierce, and most lawless race, resembling the Malays of this day, their resistance was sure to be desperate; keeping his secret, and pretending it was a crusade, which, however small, would suffice for his views. But he died previous to his voyage, towards the end of 1306; and early in the next year the order chose another, Villaret,<sup>1</sup> who (his brother or not)<sup>2</sup> was at all events his near relation, and known to be acquainted with his secret. Sir Fulk de Villaret, the moment he was elected, sailed for France.<sup>3</sup> One year is of little importance, yet it is inexact. That letter of Clement was directed to Sir William; though it was Sir Fulk who came to answer it in person, as required. Another brief to Sir Fulk himself, after his return from France, at Rhodes (against which he had advanced, but not as yet conquered, except in some little part), is dated August, 1307;<sup>4</sup> and from expressions in it, we cannot but perceive the Pope had recently spoken with the unconscious Fulk; who, however, heard nothing

<sup>1</sup> Seb. Paoli: Serie, ii. 462.

<sup>2</sup> Seb. Paoli doubts—Vertot affirms it, iv.

<sup>3</sup> Bosio.—Vertot: iv. 64.

<sup>4</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. xviii.—Seb. Paoli (Cod. Dipl. Geros.): Serie, ii. 463.



to make him suspect the frightful truth, though abundant ill-will certainly met his ears; but having never had a personal interview with the hapless Molay, he might exert his prudence in the elevated dignity he was now clothed with, to avoid one; and be desirous of removing from that dangerous position as fast as he could, well aware that his own order was exposed to envy, as well as that of the guiltless Templars. Things were already running high, not perhaps publicly, but in the minds of the Pontifical and French Courts; for they captured Molay a very few weeks afterwards, of a Friday on the 13th of October, 1307, although his Holiness did not declare it till the year after; but it was equal to the capture (*capetur*) in 1307. So we have two clear documentary proofs that Sir Fulk was Grand Master of the Hospital early in 1307.<sup>1</sup> In France he soon got what he wanted. A great crusade was impossible; but to gather a body of resolute individuals was easy. He might be in the greater hurry to return, that the courts had a gloomy aspect—though he knew that while the Hospitallers kept at a distance, and clear of inordinate show, their merit to Christendom and the Holy Land would be avowed; but that to be near

<sup>1</sup> Seb. Paoli: Osservazioni. ii., 526.—Appendix, lxxxii, and lxxxiii.



was dangerous. Gratitude was a reed not to be much relied on, happy if not converted into crime. Nor had he even a personal acquaintance with Molay. So Fulk ought not to be suspected; but it was better heave off, and he did so. The financial means were chiefly by a subscription of ladies, particularly those of Genoa, who sold their jewels for that purpose.<sup>1</sup> Some of these Genoese Amazons took the cross themselves, whose cuirasses, made small and with bulges to receive their breasts, were shown in the arsenal long after.<sup>2</sup> He had only to select the number of warriors he desired from several. Many of the most illustrious houses in Germany<sup>3</sup> took the white cross on that occasion. But he was so reserved, and perhaps severe a man, that not one of them dared to inquire where he was going to. So passing Rhodes, to lull any suspicion of the Saracens, he sailed to Cyprus, and there taking all his knights and their effects; sailed again to the astonishment of the King of Cyprus, and every one else. But when out of sight of Cyprus, Sir Fulk veered north-east, and keeping Syria on his right, instead of landing, went into a port on the coast of Asia Minor, and anchored. Immense

<sup>1</sup> Bosio.—Vertot: iv. 79.

<sup>2</sup> Michaud: Hist., v. 160.—Misson's Italy in 1702.

<sup>3</sup> Bosio.—Vertot: iv. 80.



was the wonder of his whole fleet; and not even his own choice knights but wondered where he could be bound for. Thence, however, he appears to have sent to the Emperor of Constantinople, asking him for the investiture of Rhodes, which pride and anti-Latin hate refused, though leave would have been only titular, for the expulsion of the Saracen pirates would not have been a whit the easier. If that the Greek Emperor gave Rhodes to the Hospitallers, ever got into the head of any one, he must now get it out of it; for the fact is not so. Were it, we should have it (as we have that of Charles V.), or some record of it, in these documents. A capitulation gave full time to get away the archives. Not as at Acre. Pirates seem to have been indeed at that time the only real inhabitants of the island,<sup>1</sup> the Venetians having all decamped long before, and most of the Greeks still earlier; later they returned. Nor did this refusal produce much effect on Sir Fulk, whose spies had already made their reports concerning island and capital; so that he had determined where he would disembark. Only it made him declare his project to his followers, unanimous in their approbation. So he let his allies think and call themselves crusaders; and such he called them, to gratify their vanity, and give them the pomp and

<sup>1</sup> Sismondi : Rep. Ital., i. 280.



circumstance of a crusade. His invasion succeeded at first, all the lesser islands and part of Rhodes itself yielding nearly without a struggle; but by little and little, the difficulties grew. The pirates who were at sea came back, and the war became long and bloody. In consequence, the crusaders went away one after another, and Sir Fulk had scarcely any one more than his own Hospitallers to support him, quite ineffectual, had they not paid troops. But to pay them? Yet so strenuous were his exertions, that he engaged the Florentine bankers to advance him a loan of money—a difficult matter in those times; and he had the ability to infuse his own spirit into his little army, resolution to conquer or die. Sanguinary in the highest degree were several attempts to take the city, into which the pirates had at last retreated, after a terrible resistance of four years. But take it he did in the end, what remained of the outlaws escaping by sea, being the first to proclaim their own defeat throughout the islands of the Archipelago, and along the coast of Lycia;<sup>1</sup> still at expense of a great number of his bravest Hospitallers, and one shout of admiration resounded through all Christendom<sup>2</sup> of *Knights of Rhodes*, a title that was to endure illustrious for above

<sup>1</sup> Bosio.—Vertot, iv. 89.

<sup>2</sup> Id. Id. iv. 90.



two centuries.<sup>1</sup> A letter from one of our kings in 1309 ( I suppose Edward II.), shows what has been already observed, that the order was still considered rather equestrian than naval.<sup>2</sup> Thus that glorious body of the select of all Christians on the edge of its orbit, or not far from it, wheeled its second course of more than another hundred years under seventeen grand masters.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Werner : Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 352.

<sup>2</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num xxi.—Rymer.—Bib. Crois., ii., 882.—Appendix, civ.

<sup>3</sup> Appendix, cvii.