

CHAPTER II.

“WHERE are you, my son Louis?” To whom the king approaching: “What do you want, mother?”¹ 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

¹ 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.¹ Its contents would imply the grand master's absence, probably in Cyprus with Louis IX.² 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;³ 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

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. Num. cexix.—Appendix, xevi.

² Michaud: Hist., iv. 155.

³ Villani.—Bib. Crois., ii. 624.

Empress of Constantinople, who came to implore him to succour her husband.¹ 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

¹ 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."¹ 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;² though others say the name, indeed, became extinct, but their blood is the obscure origin of the present potent dynasty of the Ottomans.³

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,

¹ Mathew Paris.—Bib. Crois., ii. 826.

² Bib. Crois., ii. 826.

³ 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.¹ So the crusade sailed, and beautiful was their departure from Limisso, in eight hundred or eighteen hundred ships;² 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,³ and son of one who, after his father's death, became an Hospitalleress,⁴ Long-

¹ Michaud : Hist., iv. 166.

² Joinville.—Michaud : Hist., iv. 169.

³ Michaud : Hist., iv. 143.

⁴ 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.¹ 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

¹ 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 1798.¹

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,

¹ 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,¹ who now on the 19th of December got to the extreme

¹ 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!"¹ 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.² At last a Mahometan deserter told them

¹ Michaud: Hist., iv. 204.

² 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.¹ 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

¹ 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."¹ 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?*"² "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

¹ Mathew Paris.—Bib. Crois., ii. 834.

² 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!"¹—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!²

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.³ It is said his ghost visited his mother in England that same night.⁴ 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

¹ "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.

² Michaud: Hist., iv. 211.

³ Mathew Paris.

⁴ 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."¹ 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.² 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

¹ Michaud: Hist., iv. 215. ² 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.¹ 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.²

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!"³ Having got over the luckless bridge, which ought to have seen their horses turned the other way, Louis gave orders for

¹ MS. Rothelin, apud Michaud: Hist., iv. 424.

² Michaud: Hist., iv. 222.

³ 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.¹ 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.² And in chains hand and foot, and his two brothers as well,³ he was dragged back to Mansourah, and his soldiers tied with ropes, like so many cattle.⁴ 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

¹ Michaud: Hist., iv. 236.

² Arab. Chron., 463.

³ Michaud: Hist., iv. 241.

⁴ 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?¹ 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-

¹ 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.¹ "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.² 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

¹ Mathew Paris.—Bib. Crois., ii. 835.

² 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.¹ 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.

¹ Michaud: Hist., iv. 303.

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

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—⁴ 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-

¹ Michaud: Hist., iv. 305.

² Beaulieu: Chron.—Bib. Crois., i. 298.

³ Michaud: Hist., v. 2. ⁴ 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!"¹ 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-

¹ 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.¹ 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,² of which a few 1257 extracts shall be in the Appendix.³ The last we have of his is in April of 1257.⁴ 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.⁵ 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 Hungary⁶), went

¹ Michaud: Hist., iv. 317.

² Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Num. cxxiii.—Appendix, lxvii.

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

⁴ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Num. clxxxiii.—Appendix, lxxi.

⁵ Seb. Paoli: Serie, i. 342.

⁶ 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 1259.¹ So an authority most estimable² 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.³ 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;⁴ and had been grand preceptor for years before made grand commander.⁵ Truth is, commander is a dignity that dates as far back as 1194, or much earlier.⁶

Already had Bibars (the same who destroyed the

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i. Num. cxxxiii.—Appendix, lxxii.

² Seb. Paoli: i. 342.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., Bolla xii. 277.

⁴ Id. Num. cxxvi.—Appendix, lxix.

⁵ Id. Id. cxxiv.— Id., lxviii.

⁶ Id. Id. lxxxi.— 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,¹ attempted its ditches, renewed the truce, and returned to Egypt;² 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.³ 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.⁴

Alexander IV. by his bull however⁵ honourable, calling the Hospitallers "Terræ Sanctæ athletæ—

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

² Michaud: Hist., v. 9.

³ Michaud: Hist., v. 10.—Arab. Chron., 480.

⁴ Arab. Chron., 534.

⁵ 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?¹

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

¹ Tresor Matene.—Bib. Crois., i. 426.

² 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,¹ 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.²

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

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., cxi.—Appendix, lxxiv.

² Michaud: Hist., v. 15.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., Num. xlv., 325.

mosques.¹ 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.² 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."³ 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-

¹ Arab. Chron., 493.

² Michaud : Hist., v. 17.

³ 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.¹ Yet even the Christians allow Bibars a few of the redeeming qualities, so as not to be quite a monster.² Monfort in 1270 confirms the splendid donation made by his great-grandmother.³ Yet 1270 Bibars was reluctant to attack Acre, for fear of Europe, to which the Patriarch and the two grand

¹ Arab Chron., 526.

² Bib. Crois., i. 308.—W. of Tripoli.

³ 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.¹ 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,² 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.³ 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

¹ Michaud : Hist., v. 30.

² Arab. Chron., 538.

³ 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.¹ 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-

¹ 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.¹ As to Carthage, neither St. Louis nor his grandees ever heard or read anything about it.²

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

¹ Michaud : Hist., v. 95.

² 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.¹ 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;² 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.³ 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

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros., i., Num. clii.—Appendix, xcviii.

² Zamfleit.—Bib. Crois., i. 338.

³ Michaud: Hist., v. 95.

by an assassin, as is generally told;¹ except, first, that it was no emissary sent by the Emir of Jaffa, then a Christian town, but by the Moslem governor of Ramlah,² who following Bibars' orders, feigned a wish to turn Christian³(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,⁴ 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

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

² Arab. Chron., 530.

³ Ex. lib. Saracen.—Bib. Crois., i. 307.

⁴ 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 1300¹—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

¹ 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."¹ 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 1271.² Yet not the wound may have caused his instant return home, but the news of his father's death and himself proclaimed king.³

¹ Chron. St. Bertin.—Bib. Crois., i. 420.

² Salisbury Chron.—Bib. Crois., ii. 652.

³ 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;¹ 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.²

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

¹ Vertot: iii. 534.

² 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.¹ 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.² 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.³ 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.⁴

¹ Cod. Dipl. Geros. i., Num. xiv. 279; Num. xv. 280.

² Michaud: Hist., v. 105.

³ Vertot: iii. 534.

⁴ 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.¹ 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.² 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

¹ Appendix, c.

² 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.¹ 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;

¹ 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.¹

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

¹ Arab. Chron., 545.

how terribly he abused the weakness of the Christians; it was the price of truce.¹

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."² 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-

¹ Arab. Chron., 546.

² 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."¹ These treaties, not only insulting, but calculated to deprive the unfortunate inhabitants of Acre of all hope,² 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*.³ There was a truce; it was dated

¹ Arab. Chron., 565.

² Michaud: Hist., v. 114.

³ Seb. Paoli: Serie, i. 423.

for ten years ten months ten days and ten hours,¹ and we are now only in the third year.² 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."³

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,⁴ 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,

¹ Arab. Chron., 549.

² Id., 548.

³ Id., 551.

⁴ 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,¹ 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.² 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;³ but Michaud proceeds regularly according to the real facts.⁴ 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 son⁵ when he showed

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 115.

² Id.: Id., 116.

³ Vertot: iii. 539.

⁴ Michaud: Hist., v. 110.

⁵ 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."¹

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.² Treason were quite a superfluity. The accusation against the Grand Master of the Templars falls of itself, he having been then in

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 117.

² 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.¹ 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

¹ 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,¹ many rich palaces, walls so thick that three knights could ride on them abreast,² and towers, and various strong fortifications. Even as late as 1278, a document shows Bohemond's tranquillity, choosing arbiters in a small disagreement.³ 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.⁴ 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 1289,⁵ fell Tripoli, that had belonged to the Christians for one hundred and eighty years.⁶ Yet one effect, quite

¹ Michaud: Hist., v. 119.

² Arab. Chron., 562.

³ Cod. Dipl. Geros., i. Num. clv.—Appendix, lxxv.

⁴ Michaud: Hist., v. 188.

⁵ Arab. Chron., 561.—Appendix, lxxvi.

⁶ 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.¹ 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

¹ 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;¹ 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

¹ 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!¹

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

¹ 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."¹—"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.² So without either cash or army De Lorgne

¹ Platina : iii. 156.—According to others, 1500

² Villani : Hist. Fior.—Bib. Crois., ii. 621 and 637.

returned to Acre, where within a short time those unpaid Papal ruffians¹ 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.² 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;³

¹ Muratori: *Annal.*, 1289.

² *Coll. Pez.—Bib. Crois.*, iii. 196, 290.

³ *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,¹ 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.² 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?

¹ Arab. Chron., 561.

² Bosio.—Vertot: iii. 542.