

### ABEYANCE THE THIRD.

DRIVEN from our darling homes,<sup>1</sup> forlorn exiles  
 1523 suddenly, and nearly naked, without the  
 least one of those comforts to which  
 human creatures are used, tossed into the wild  
 waters in the depth of winter, in small crazy  
 vessels, pell-mell we went rolling about in a dark  
 tempestuous sea, without knowing where we were,  
 or whither we were carried, during ten whole days.  
 Few were the knights of the order that outlived  
 that dreadful siege. The vast majority of the fleet  
 were Rhodians—the greater the resemblance to  
 Æneas—yet had not L'Isle Adam neglected to send  
 for the knights in the islets, St. Peter's of the  
 Freed, and fortresses, and forts, to join him in  
 Candia.

At last some of us, on the seventh of January,

<sup>1</sup> Fontanus : 376, &c., &c.

some a few days later, and some much later, reached Sittia, in the island of Candia, where our largest ship ran the utmost risk of being broken to pieces, though after casting anchor; and the large galley, commanded by Sir Jerome Carmagnola, lately knighted for his heroism in coming a volunteer to Rhodes, drove on that part of the coast where the infidels were tented, and he and all on board perished miserably. The salt sea had the lives of so many of our shipwrecked fellow-citizens—and the Mahometans, whatever our poor men had been able to convey with them. The stormy ocean and barbarous Saracens went shares. The artillery that went down was esteemed at forty thousand crowns.<sup>1</sup>

Nearly similar was the fate of another of our ships, which only escaped pirates to strike against a rock. Most of the ships were little sea-worthy, from having lain uncareened six months in the Rhodian harbour; scarcely looked to, all hands being called off to the siege, their keels and sides never cleaned properly, and they came away too much in a hurry to be caulked; even the great karack, not having time to weigh, left three anchors in the port of Rhodes; and with others the same. So it was a miracle half the vessels were not lost.

<sup>1</sup> Bosio : par. iii., lib. i. 1.—Bourbon : 29.

And still more horrible, the grand master's own galley (for he had kept with the people), and the other galleys with him, which had been driven off Scarpanto, shared the like tremendous danger, and tarried; but by the Divine assistance, in ten more days their small hulls, with wide Lateen sails, after great struggles, and many losses, arrived.

On their arrival, the grand master made the muster, and to four thousand amounted the Rhodians, or similar from its islets, who, flying the impious cruelty of the Turks, preferred being his followers into exile over the dangerous frightful sea in that tremendous season; nor in the four thousand are included any of the soldiers in the order's pay, or any one in their hire. The now poor Rhodians were the principal nobility, gentry, and citizens, all reduced to subsist on the charity of the order; most of them having lost not only all their landed property, but even the few things they had been able in the flurry to bring from Rhodes; so that few had now even a change of clothes, their trunks having gone overboard in the disastrous passage through stormy seas, considered hardly navigable in winter. Many were most miserably clad, and half naked, trembling with cold and hunger; so that the grand master had to dole out alms to them, as he did, putting with his own

piteous honoured hands into theirs the sum that was to purchase their necessary raiment and food, he less a benign prince than most tender father; they, who as naturally took the sorrowful precedence of embarking, and suffering, as once of social consideration and refinement in their own sweet home, full of gratitude and wild affection, they knelt in crowds to kiss his hands; and he, who had been remarkable for never having shed a tear during all the calamities he had endured, and seen others undergo in the late frightful scenes at Rhodes, he, that impassable, but gentle white-haired stoic, burst into a loud flood of weeping. No doubt at that moment the whole accumulated miseries were thrown on his mind at once; and if he did not break down under such an awful load, he shuddered with a bitter gush that refused to be mastered, and every part of his frame quivered. The death of so many he had loved, the infinitude of carnage before his eyes, the probable utter ruin of his revered order—and his faithful, devoted vassals, to see them fallen into this sad plight—what sadder did human creatures ever exhibit?—And what is to become of them? How could he refrain from dissolving, diamond as he was? How could they not but doat on him the more? That was in a remote angle of the Isle of

Candia; and he did not know how he might be received. Nevertheless he sent to the capital to ask permission to victual and refit his fleet and army from who commanded there for Venice, a republic that had acted no friendly, if not a hostile part during the late siege; but in return came a most courteous and affectionate letter, assuring him of every service and all possible succours. So he and his ships proceeded to the port of Castel,<sup>1</sup> about seventy miles west of Sittia. A Venetian nobleman, accompanied by the Duke of Candia and the chief magistrates and nobility of the island, came to the beach to meet him (Sunday, 18th January, 1523) with all the honours that could be given to the mightiest sovereign; for had he not firmly sustained with such constancy and valour, a long siege against the forces and personal efforts of the most powerful monarch in the world? To which the afflicted and high-minded grand master replied, that he had only tried to preserve Rhodes to Christendom, but failed, though he had given full time for Europe to come to his aid.

In Candia he heard with grief that poor Zain's son had been seized by Solyman, and he and his boys strangled, and the females of his family sent

<sup>1</sup> Bourbon calls the capital of Candia, Castel; others Candido, the present Khania.

to the Constantinopolitan seraglio. It was evident the Turk's kindness had ended with the order's departure, and that no further hope was to be placed in that quarter.

In Candia, not to have even the appearance of declining an accorded privilege, the grand master assumed all civil and criminal jurisdiction over his own people, and held a chapter general, where among other things, in place of the Turcopolier Sir John Bouch, slain at Rhodes, that dignity was given to Sir William Weston, as well as the command of the great karack, and that of the Pearl of the Sea to the Commander Sir John Maringo Farfan; which proves both these Englishmen to have been excellent naval officers for those times. The grand master also sent to Messina to stop the succours; for that Rhodes was already lost. At which the knights, congregated there to embark, were struck with immense grief and disappointment. All the princes began to regret. Who but envied the bright fame of having fought at Rhodes by L'Isle Adam's side, and his immortal glory? And it was then that Charles V. exclaimed to his warriors: "Nothing has ever been well lost but Rhodes."

The same chapter general, taking into consideration that their grand master's rentroll was almost all from Rhodes, and that his position re-

quired vast expenditure to sustain the proper decorum of his high office, after they had passed in review the whole property of the order all over the world, voted him a large income, to be calculated from the day of the Turk's coming to Rhodes; for from that day his means had commenced declining. He accepted not at all for himself, but as necessary for his order and his unfortunate Rhodians; and for that assembly's eternal honour in such an extremity, the law was proposed, fully debated, balloted for, and passed in one calm and short sitting, and without a single dissent. And to make some return for the noble Justinian's kindness, his son—whose birth might have been wanting in some formality, if put to the usual proof—was, without it, knighted with the due ceremonies, and insured the succession of the first commandery that should fall vacant in the Priory of Venice, with consent of the whole Italian Language, which highly pleased the grateful father; this and other largesses agreeing with what has been always the order's highly honourable custom, ever to testify its thankfulness and well remunerate any favour. Nor is it far distant from sublimity that it was in this pitiable state it was decreed, all the warehouses of the order should in every county be thrown open to the knights; and that whatsoever they took out they should not be called to

pay for then, but only by instalments in future years; perhaps the earliest real example of a nation's lending to its members or *vice versa*; and which indeed, as mainly a domestic transaction, deserves not so much the name of public debt, as of a strict bond of union between the several individuals composing the community.<sup>1</sup>

And magnanimous, wise, and noble was likewise the Governor Trevisan, whither he had been sent by Venice with sixty excellently-armed galleys while the Turks were besieging Rhodes. Nor did he treat the grand master with other than signal affection, and respect the profoundest. The entire of the knights of the order remained in that city until the first day of Lent, settling their things and affairs with the utmost care, and with diligence the most sorrowful repairing their vessels, and furnishing them with new seamen and soldiers, seeing that nearly all their best men had been killed during the siege. "Yet were our ships deficient in artillery; since the greater part of the guns had been brought on shore during the siege, and lost, and their crews slain, serving like soldiery in the bastions."

We anew embarked, by order of the grand master and of his appointed captain of the fleet, the peerless, most experienced of seamen, Sir William

<sup>1</sup> Bosio: par. iii., lib. i. 7.—Bourbon: 29.



Austin,<sup>1</sup> on the 12th of March, observes the judge; and, long tossed about by contrary winds, we nevertheless at length made Cerigo, where the great karack, and other large ships, might wait for a fair wind, and then stand straight to Messina across the open sea that rolls into the Adriatic; leaving the grand master with his charge, the Rhodians, to continue in the little galleys and lesser craft shoring along. Never do such pigmies venture far from land, but creep close under it; and frequently entering various harbours of Morea, Albania, Zante, Cephalonia, Corfu, and disembarking, it were difficult to say with what honours he was received everywhere by people and magistrates; still these marks of kindness and universal sympathy were necessarily far surpassed by the various sufferings and multiplied hardships travellers in our sad situation had to sustain. At last many of the sailors, of the soldiers, even of the knights, fell sick; in truth, we all so sickened, that we had to be disembarked at Gallipoli for physic and refreshments, the number of sick going on increasing always, and their maladies getting worse. During our halt, the grand master wrote signifying his arrival both to the Pope and the emperor. At length again did we re-embark; but soon sickened anew, and in a forlorn state did

<sup>1</sup> Englishman from his name.

part of his galleys reach Messina. The strongest among us found himself unequal to such reiterated hardships, and when sickness fell on persons unprovided with remedies or comforts, and already reduced by famine, drought, and fatigue, it proved dreadful; from this dearth and these ails sprang a variety of diseases that afterwards developed themselves with violence when on the shore wished for so ardently. Many whom war had spared, and had survived all the hardships and sickness of the voyage, went to the other world as soon as they got safe to land at Messina; and our little fleet separated, from the weather, some of the galleys, as mine (says Fontanus) reached it long before the rest. I, of the number, ascribe my recovery to no human, but Divine help, after being apparently quite dead. Yet hapless exiles as we were, and in a strange land, supported by the charity of strangers, we suffered far less for our own misery, than for fear of the grand master having come by some disaster, which grievously tormented us; and every day our anxiety increased, seeing none of his ships reach Sicily, and for three mortal weeks were we without tidings of him. We began to be afraid his galleys, unable to make any good defence, had been taken by the Moors, who in their piratical feluccas infest the Sicilian seas. Some thought his galleys had foundered in the waves,

others that the plague had broken out in that division of his marine, and that therefore he was prevented from coming near us. Everything went wrong and upside down, as always is the case with doubt and sorrow; every one kept imagining a calamity of his own. Different misfortunes, one worse than the other, but all frightful. At last, in the beginning of May, we were greeted with his attaining port.

Oh heavens, (exclaims the jurisconsult) how delighted we should have been to see our beloved prince, and his valiant Rhodians come back triumphantly, laden with hostile spoils! But instead of that, what had we to behold? He stept from a most miserable vessel all broken—it, as well as those in its company, all with their sails pieced, dirty, torn, their masts for the most part fallen, or only some bits of them standing, their upper works swept away, or wofully in wreck; some without their bowsprits, and with large holes in their stern or sides, foul, crazy, anchorless, rudderless, powerless to ride out the least squall, without half their oars, and showing a large blackish weather-beaten tattered flag, bearing what was intended to be a picture of the Virgin in tears, with her divine dead Son in her arms, and above in cubital letters: “Afflictis tu spes unica rebus,” such as no poorest Corsair would have deigned to take. So at seeing him in

such a wretched state, he dressed in deep mourning and all his people too in the same weeds, beholders involuntarily burst into tears. Every kind care and all sorts of honour they experienced on approaching beloved Messina. A prince so good, so grand, so valiant, of such benevolent and unspotted fame, and his company of the flower of the most noble and illustrious families in all Christendom! The mixture of wonder and compassion produced mighty effects in all ranks. The first sounds the hapless navigators could distinguish coming from shore, were sobs and bitter weeping. Mixed with the grandees from Messina, were seven hundred knights of the order, who had gathered there from every part of Europe, to sail for Rhodes, but too late! They were only in time to read his despatch from Candia.<sup>1</sup>

Scarcely can be described the reverential sorrow of the people waving round him, when he landed. The weeping was universal, and not to be calmed except by knights sent by himself to persuade the multitude. And besides all these demonstrations of grief and love from the people, most ample were the respect, honour, and favour, displayed by the chiefs of the Sicilian nobility, and particularly the viceroy, both by letter and person; for with the Archbishop of

<sup>1</sup> Bosio: par. iii., lib. i. 8.

Messina, and a knight of the same family, Pignatello, Prior of Bari, all three went together to receive him on the beach, and taking him by the hand embraced him, and kissed him on both cheeks most affectionately; and, accompanied with a crowd of most noble and illustrious personages, conducted him into the city. The Prior of Bari had come with two thousand youths of the choicest in Naples, to go and assist Rhodes; not from any obligations, although he belonged to the order, but merely from his own elevation of mind and compassion. For he had been only commanded to victual the Rhodian fleet, which he did with the utmost diligence and care. And to announce him, had sent his own nephew to Rhodes, and that Navarese knight, who was so famous for making the best gunpowder—both had been remarkably popular and rendered numberless services during those unhappy struggles. But what could they effect in our desperate situation, and with none of the European sovereigns to protect us, except lay down life in the most heroic individual efforts? They were both of them killed in the siege. Yet why should we now complain when it is idle? Yet is it certain those princes wished the Rhodians well, and Charles V. gave leave, through all his dominions (both the Sicilies, Spain, and Germany) for soldiers, arms, provisions

to go free of all costs to Rhodes, to the value of ten thousand ducats, and embark them in the ships of the Italian confederacy. But if, instead of sending us money, each had sent a few stout armed galleys, even without men (for we had brave men) they might have changed matters, and I believe Rhodes now would have the Turk not lording it, but in prison. And Francis I. (most Christian both in name and fact) wished to send us a large succour, but was prevented by his barons; because of his wars in Lombardy, where he was losing. Still he despatched La Tremouille with several French knights, volunteers; who sailed from Marseilles with six ships of war to assist Rhodes. But they were found at Messina by the grand master with the Spanish and Italian knights and succours.

In the viceroy's most affectionate and respectful address to the grand master, he supplicated him not to leave, or let his order leave that friendliest of cities and most beautiful and convenient harbour, until he should have resolved where to take up his permanent residence; and by the viceroy's care, large and commodious lodgings for the knights, and a palace with proper saloons for the grand master, and an excellent hospital for the sick, and comfortable habitations for the Rhodians, were furnished.

Great the expense, and holy and pious the charity. What a mischance! Had those succours come, they were quite enough to have made the Turks raise the siege of Rhodes! And the grand master had been advised of it previously, but that the letter never reached him.<sup>1</sup>

“Who were they, who defrauded their own order of such immense honour, such eternal glory?”—thus the grand master with grave and severe voice in a chapter general immediately holden. “If you have anything to say in your excuse, say it before your brethren, who will judge you. Each of your leaders plead his own cause and exculpate himself from this delay publicly, in a regular wise judicious speech rigidly proving it exactly true!” And these conscious of meriting praise, not blame; these deputies from every Christian nation, desired at once to be strictly examined and judged by those who had been at the siege. And so indeed was done, and after an acute process, they were all found not only innocent but faithful and industrious servants. Most incontestibly was it proved as clear as noon-day, that every one had set out three full months before the siege; of the preparations for which men spoke over the whole world, and that they were all driven back or impeded by different inevitable dis-

<sup>1</sup> Bosio: par. iii., lib. i. 9.

asters. No mortal was to be blamed, but evidently the whole to be attributed to our own unhappy destiny. Nothing could be more explicitly and searchingly investigated, more satisfactorily established by irrefragable testimony. Such was our fate, that it could not be avoided. How not rather impute to misfortune than to perfidy or ignorance of sea affairs, that the large first-rate of the Genoese, the Pharaoh, full of provisions, stores, arms, and men miserably went down in a calm within the port of Modon? The three hundred French knights had shipwrecked, and hardly saved themselves in Messina.

The Bailiff of the Eagle, Sir Thomas Newport, with the English knights, and a chosen body of English troops in their pay, incorporated into a legion, besides a large sum of gold and silver, as well as stores of all sorts, was driven by a furious tempest out of his course and into a creek where the whole cargo and every soul perished.

A sworn document related to his having been seen from the top of the cliff near Dover. That he was riding very fast, for now it was his last half-mile to the water which was quite calm, but he might have observed a very small red cloud in the distant horizon. He had landed from duty as he returned. His boat waited him on the beach all ready!



and his ship was tacking about two miles off. But scarce had he got on board, when the squall burst, and she instantly was dismasted, and lost her rudder. And now fell into the current, with which the wind drove her furiously and unmanageable on the rocks, where she was shattered to atoms, and every creature went down. It was said to have been an earthquake under water. Certainly on land it did not blow hard until several minutes later, and even then I (swore the beholder) could continue to look on the wreck in the sea beneath.<sup>1</sup>

Sir Anthony de St. Martin, Prior of the Order of Spain, aged man, brought up to arms from his childhood, a military Nestor, who had sailed with the knights from Arragon, Valentia, Navarre, in a great galeon with arms and ammunition of every kind for Rhodes, fell into an encounter with Moorish corsairs, whose assaults he withstood for an entire day and at last beat off, but a tempest ensuing so damaged his ship, that he with great difficulty escaped foundering, and to get to Sicily required his best skill, with no possibility of continuing the voyage in time.

Nor fared less badly the Prior of Castille, worthy son of the illustrious Duke of Alva, a young warrior, whose spirit was as remarkable for prudence and

<sup>1</sup> Bosio: par. iii., lib. i. 10, M. S. D.

every virtue, as his exterior for rare beauty, and bore the Castillian and Portuguese knights, had to combat off Barbary with pirates, who struck the vessel between wind and water with their weighty cannon several times, and most dangerously; so that though the Christians finally were victors, yet it was with extreme difficulty they got to land in the little port of Coviza, and with all his efforts, he could not make Messina before the 24th of October.

The Tuscan and Lombard knights had been inevitably detained by the sudden death of their captain near Pisa, and on account of the civil wars hard was it to communicate with the Receiver of Lombardy; so that if it were not for Cardinal Medici, they should never have reached Messina.

Also the Priors of Germany and Bohemia exonerated themselves completely of any dilatoriness.

At which with vast consolation did the grand master continue: "Brethern revered, dearest associates, I was too austere, instead of embracing, thanking, rewarding you. But consider, and you will perceive that mine was not severity, but useful diligence and necessity; for not only in conscience, but likewise on the theatre of the world, by the law of knighthood, honour, reason of state, we are responsible to all Christendom, and obliged to jus-

tify our conduct at this immensity of disaster. It was more than becoming of you and me that we should at the same time in justification leave authentic juridical proofs, that we did all we could, all that to human force and judgment was possible. And if the just grief I feel that so mighty a calamity has befallen our order in my time, and none could be greater except utter extinction (which I hope in God never shall take place) has made me seem unjust and transgress in terms, most lovingly do I beseech you to pardon me, and attribute it to no bad intention. And I am not a little proud both of you and myself that it was no fault or inattention of any of us. Then be His holy will done! Therefore to place our sacred order in some new residence not unworthy of it, assist me with your united wisdom and efforts!"

With that he embraced the grand crosses, and gave his hand to kiss to the knights, until the head esquire called out, "Let all who are not of the interior council retire." Then were the financial questions entered into, and by way of farther rewarding Martinengo dreadfully wounded, and deprived of an eye at the siege, he was named to the Priory of Pisa just fallen vacant; which opened to him a fine field for promotion, that shortly he succeeded to Barletta—richest dignity in the Italian Language.

The Bailiff of the Eagle, Sir Thomas Newport, having perished in the shipwreck off England, he was succeeded by the Commander Sir Thomas Sheffield, a person of great parts, and therefore of the magisterial household; and several other promotions were made.

The *Draperius* of the order having valued its entire wardrobe, it, with a few other items, produced a sum sufficient to pay up the two years' arrears to several individuals in grievous want. At the same were discharged almost all the soldiery in its pay, and seamen and ships, keeping only as many as were absolutely necessary for the use of government and its followers. Superfluous expenses of every kind were retrenched or abolished.<sup>1</sup>

Such a reunion of the order now at Messina,<sup>2</sup> and likely to remain for some time, and the plague occupying so much the minds of men, it was thought wise to try to preserve the Rhodian exiles from falling into that mishap likewise; and therefore with paternal anxiety did the knights look out for a spot of most salubrious air for them to retire to. By common consent the kingdom of Naples was chosen as beautiful, wholesome, and fertile above every other part of Italy.

<sup>1</sup> Bosio : par. iii., lib. i. 12.

<sup>2</sup> Thence a knight of the name of Roberts wrote a letter to Lord Surrey, with some account of the siege of Rhodes. App. cciv.

We sailed for Pozzuolo; but fear of the plague (which had indeed broken out at Messina, and summoned off several of the knights) made the inhabitants refuse to let us land. Nor did the disconsolate grand master well know whither to go, ready for any spot where he might be properly purified, and then towards Tyber.<sup>1</sup> So two having died on board his own ship, we were forced to have recourse to Baia, near which we remained twenty-six days in strict quarantine.<sup>2</sup> Into Baia itself we could not venture—the Prior of Navarre having died of the plague the very day we arrived off its mouth. Where we were not allowed at first; and when it was left to the conscience of the grand master, he of course refused to land.<sup>3</sup> Finally allotted to us were the Cumæan Sybill's caves, about two miles from any town; and we had to live on provisions procured from Naples or Pozzuolo, and they were distributed by a knight who had been tribune of the soldiery during the siege of Rhodes; and to keep off robbers were forced to surround our little camp with light artillery from our galleys, as if facing the enemy. Purification of the ships; all the clothes of the poor Rhodians burned, and clad anew at the order's expense. Every suspicion

<sup>1</sup> Bosio: par. iii., lib. i. 16.

<sup>2</sup> Bourbon: 30.

<sup>3</sup> Id.: par. iii., lib. i. 17.

of plague was at length over; not an unhealthy person in our company. The viceroy of Naples deigned to speak to us in the Chapel of the Madonna al pie della Grotta.<sup>1</sup> But the sulphury smell of Pozzuolo, pungent to unaccustomed nerves, causing headaches and sickness to several, our dear and grey-haired leader (who had been expelled his throne and the country of his choice) thinking he could have recourse to no one so justly as to the thrice-sacred Church of Rome, to inform it of his calamities went, by the concordant advice of his followers, to Civita Vecchia, where a Spanish bishop received him with the due salutations in the Pope's name, handing him a letter from the Pope which had missed him at Messina, and been remanded; which letter told him to do what he had already of himself resolved to do, and was doing;<sup>2</sup> and that his Holiness expected a visit from him and his knights—which should be of congratulation, that by God's grace he and they had got alive from the rabid Saracen—that his Holiness hoped before his death to give an honourable seat and pacific city, where he and his order and the dispersed Rhodians could live at ease.

<sup>1</sup> Bosio : par. iii., lib. ii. 18.

<sup>2</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. clxiii., ii. 184.—Appendix, exciv.

So the grand master after a few days went to Rome, leaving his knights and army under command of a locum-tenens. How and with what honours the grand master was received by the Pope<sup>1</sup> is not for a person of little eloquence like me to say; and the shortness of this small book (says Fontanus) prevents me even attempting it. The cardinals came out beyond the walls to meet him (as is seldom the case, save the Pope alone); and several of the Roman barons and princes, and the diplomatic corps, amongst whom the French ambassador Anna de Montmorency, afterwards Constable of France, his own nephew.<sup>2</sup> As to the procession within the metropolis, came the rest of the diplomacy, and archbishops, bishops, prelates, the various degrees of the hierarchy. The grand master rode surrounded by the Papal guards, all Swiss, with their music and halberds, exactly as that ferocious nation advance to battle. There was also a numerous squadron of cavalry, and the prince of the city with his whole court, and all the magistrates on horseback. That the gray-haired grand master was the universal admiration and wonder, with grand discharges of artillery from Castle St. Angelo as he passed it, and was conducted

<sup>1</sup> On the 1st of September, says Bourbon : 30.

<sup>2</sup> Bosio : par iii., lib. ii. 20.

to the Vatican, and lodged there in a magnificent apartment, is only to hint at what actually happened. Had I inherited the power of Cicero, or even of that Rhodian who with most burning and fluent eloquence animated his countrymen to battle, when a ball hit and killed him, I might undertake a description of that day, and how Hadrian, though decrepid and sick, rose nevertheless, and advanced several paces to receive our grand master; and on his sitting down himself, bade the other sit near him, along with the cardinals. Hadrian, most excellent of ancient men, and as it were more divine than human, if the Almighty had granted him life even for a little longer, I am persuaded he would have placed the Hospitallers in their former position. But he was in his last sickness. At his arrival he had got up to receive him, and then returned to bed. But on the morning of the third day, finding himself a little better, he had the grand master called from his rooms in the Pontifical palace, for lodged in it were his, and much more he—who soon found himself fourth in the Pope's bedchamber—the other three being his Holiness on his couch, and on each side of it an assistant—where solemn was the Papal promise to do everything possible towards aiding him. But alas! the Pontiff from that moment got worse, and never spoke another



word, and expired in about eight hours.<sup>1</sup> It is to be hoped that what he left undone Clement VII. will do. As an earnest, the grand master was made Captain of the Guard of that conclave; during which he merited the trust of all the cardinals, and lived in familiarity with them; courteous to them all, but partial to none, as became his high post.

In the chamber called *Bussola* how many of his knights were painted in their scarlet sopravests, by the great Raphael d'Urbino, may still be seen, says Bosio; not that the knights themselves composed the guard, but had two thousand hired troops under them at the expense of the Papacy.<sup>2</sup> No one probably will blame my having had considerable satisfaction at finding in the British Museum what proves how accurate the chronology on which I had determined—consistent with it neither could L'Isle Adam have written a letter to the King of England from Rome, much before December, 1523, or later than the 25th of January immediately next, when he left that metropolis. Taking up the Cottonian, I knew I was on sacred ground, only dangerous for weak eyes like mine, from the minute, crabbed, and nearly obliterated writing. But what my delight at finding there (discovery all my own) the original letter of L'Isle Adam, dated Rome 26th

<sup>1</sup> Bourbon : 30.

<sup>2</sup> Bosio : par. iii., lib. ii. 21.

of December, 1523, in a fine, clear, quite legible state, though in antique letters of course. It evidently had lain all those ages unobserved, except by such as touched it with reverence. It shall of course be in the Appendix; and my exact researches would not have been ill repaid had I been even much longer. Now then for the first, does the hero's letter favour the press; and possibly it may embalm my book, which might otherwise be found undeserving of life. But at present it may be saved for containing that memorial of a personage in honour almost everywhere.<sup>1</sup>

Nor did L'Isle Adam, for all the Papal favours, cease going about as a private person; and one day towards vespers, walked into St. Peter's Church, where was a great crowd, as expecting the Pontifical display; on which he walked up to one of the masters of ceremonies, and asked what place he was to occupy, as he saw many places prepared. So the functionary, astonished at so unusual a question from an utter stranger, a private gentleman, referred to his superior, who demurred and looked on the stranger, and would have interrogated him, whom the Pope seeing, with his hand signalled the head master of ceremonies to approach the Pontifical throne, where he was then sitting, and bade

<sup>1</sup> Cottonian MSS.—Appendix, ccviii.

him assign him a part of his own throne—the right-hand part of it, as seat, where he should be invited to sit at all times, whether the Pope was present or not—a seat on a perfect level with the Pope himself, and above all others; where he might sit or stand as he pleased, and not like other princes, who were obliged to stand leaning against the wall. All which  
1524 the said three functionaries, for their own discharge, set down from the *oracular living voice* in a regular legal document now before me.<sup>1</sup>

“And one of the earliest fruits of Clement’s benevolence, is that he has given him Viterbo, the most delicious city of the Papal dominions, and the most magnificent, after Rome, to be his residence, and that most accomplished knight at the head, and of his household, has just gone to prepare his master’s habitation, while I am closing this journal,” says Fontanus, whom I quit with regret. But here the noble-minded lawyer closes his unpretending, most persuasive narrative.

Various, too, had been the embassies to the several Courts of Europe; those to England being confided to the Turcopolier, Sir William Weston, and another English knight, whose name is not mentioned. The Pope having once been of the order, and having spent, not indeed his childish,

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

but all his best years in it, *i suoi piu fioriti anni*, says Bosio, its quick re-establishment was considered certain. Yet not so; the Pope did all he could. But his was an unsteady position. The temporal decline of the Papacy had already begun. The banner of the order still had the place of honour, as at the procession of Leo X.; only it was now borne by another Prior of Capua. But though appearances remained the same, yet neither what waved, nor he for whom it waved, were in reality so potent as then.<sup>1</sup>

Fearing that in difficult times distinctions from the Pope might be misinterpreted into a charge of breach of neutrality between Christians, the grand master determined to remove to Viterbo, under pretext of his presence being required at the chapter general.<sup>2</sup> Viterbo was lent to him as a mixed jurisdiction, where he might preside as captain general of the army, and governor for the Pope, while left supreme authority over his own people.

He therefore quitted Rome on the 25th of January, 1524, his knights marching first, and after them the Rhodians, and with great joy and honour was he received by those of Viterbo, both nobles and people.<sup>3</sup> At Viterbo, then, the order remained

<sup>1</sup> Bosio: par. iii., lib. ii. 29.

<sup>2</sup> Id.: par. iii., lib. ii. 29.—Appendix, cxvii.

<sup>3</sup> Id.: par. iii., lib. ii. 29, anno 1524.

some time, not without severe suffering from the plague, which had crept into the miserable Rhodians, many of whom died, in truth the greatest part of them, from poverty and famine also; so that even no few of the knights had to stoop to menial crafts, which they were allowed to do by a dispensation from their grand master. Yet there was no instance of any individual of them seceding from their rule, or denying their usual obedience to their grand master, who was at least exempt from this grief, of seeing any indiscipline in his order. Nor did he spare himself, but notwithstanding his age and infirmities made long journeys, and is said to have visited every Court in Europe several times.<sup>1</sup>

In the meantime the Bailiff of the Eagle, Sir Thomas Sheffield, dying there, the Commander, Sir Alban Pole, succeeded; and in the trying predicament, it was voted necessary to have recourse to the two thousand marks of pure silver, left by a former Prior of England, to aid the order in any extraordinary disaster, most formidable and inevitable; proof that those good ancient dignitaries were accustomed to execute their wills themselves, before their last sickness, since he had deposited the money with his own hands, in the way he liked.<sup>2</sup> Elba, Candia, Cerigo, had been mentioned, but ended

<sup>1</sup> Bosio: par. iii., lib. ii. 29, anno 1524.

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

in smoke, and also Rhodes, whose inhabitants, highly disgusted with the Turkish government, kept inviting the grand master to return, and for a long time contrived to nourish what he and his so ardently desired, the recovery of that captivating spot; but all attempts that way were quite ineffectual, and void of the least hope.<sup>1</sup> Various traces of his prodigious activity in travels.<sup>2</sup> As to Malta, after many discussions, Charles V., 1525 who, as well as Francis I., of France, seems to have been ashamed of having allowed Rhodes to fall, or wearied out by the perseverant petitions of L'Isle Adam (at one time his knights began to be afraid their grand master was about retiring altogether, and going to lead a quiet life in<sup>3</sup> France), or by female cleverness, or Clement VII., the celebrated emperor offered the island of Malta to the knights, and the Pope advised them to accept of it.<sup>4</sup> This did not depend entirely on the 1526 grand master, but on the chapter general at Viterbo, where it decided to send a commission of eight to visit the island, previous to accepting;

<sup>1</sup> Bosio : par. iii., lib. ii. 29, anno 1524.

<sup>2</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., Num. clxv.

<sup>3</sup> Bosio : par. iii., lib. iii., anno 1526.

<sup>4</sup> Id. : id., id., anno 1526.—Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. clxvi.

that is, a commissary by language; and the one for England was Sir Nicholas Hussey, who may have owed his life to having been posted not *on* the English bastion, but *in* its ditch; so was only severely wounded, not slain like his countrymen that day at Rhodes.<sup>1</sup>

At Viterbo, France and England continued appealing to the order, regarding their own internal affairs, as before, at Rhodes;<sup>2</sup> the former declaratory of the order's not being Churchmen, but 1527 voluntarily subscribed, in this instance, for the king's ransom;<sup>3</sup> the latter regarding the exchange of an English commandery to convenience Oxford.<sup>4</sup> Malta, though no doubt it seemed generosity to Charles V., yet, coupled as it was with Gozo and Tripoli, it was nowise flattering to the order. In the discords between Austria and France, it was hard to assemble a chapter general. It, however, at last met, and was often prorogued. Again in Viterbo, when the grand master had arrived, in February of 1527, the chapter general heard his account of his journeys, and agreed to the emperor's terms, without naming Tripoli. As

<sup>1</sup> Bosio: par. iii., lib. ii. 28.

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

<sup>3</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. clxix.

<sup>4</sup> Id., ii., Num. clxx.—Bosio: par. iii., lib. iii. 26.—Appendix, cxvii.

to the annual falcon, they declared that in yielding it, they understood it, not as feudal obligation, nor sign of subjection, but only as a courteous and perpetual memorial of the gift. But so unfavourable was the account of the commissioners, that notwithstanding the want and horrible plight of the order, it would never have accepted Malta, if it had not been for reverence for their grand master.

That Malta itself, about sixty miles in circuit, was but an arid rock, covered in many places with sand, and in a few with a light scattering of earth, brought from the neighbouring continent, or Sicily; that it had neither river or rivulet, nor spring, or any other fresh water for the most part, save rain preserved in tanks or cisterns, except a few wells, rather brackish; that it produced little corn, not half enough of anything to feed the scanty population; that it would be a very unpleasant residence, particularly during the summer; violently, nearly intolerably hot, with not one forest tree, hardly a green thing to repose the eye on; and a sort of ill-walled town, called its capital, in the middle of the island, at a considerable distance from the sea; that however its stone is not hard, but rather *tufu*, or soft, and easy to be cut into any shape; that the people speak a dialect of Arabic or Moorish, and are noted for their fruga-



lity of living; that, for the rest, harbours may be rendered good, and that what are termed Casali are miserable villages, or shocking huts, rather befitting fishermen and pirates, than the renowned Hospitallers; that as to Gozo, it was too little, though, in comparison of Malta, fertile and pleasant. And, worst of all, Tripoli, on the coast of Africa, utterly impossible to hold; its fortifications bad, and that it would require much time and expense to render it in any respect tenable, and never could be strong, with whatever prodigious outlay; and that to send a garrison of brave knights there, would be sending them to a butchery. Such was the relation of the commissioners, besides several papers in proof, full of the most accurate details. Yet when the chapter general asked them categorically, if the order ought to accept, they replied that notwithstanding all of disagreeable in Malta, yet in want of better, if the emperor would allow of free and quite illimitable permission to export victuals without any duty, as the Maltese have done hitherto, they were of opinion it might be accepted; but that as to Tripoli, they positively believed it ought not to take it on any terms. On which the chapter general applied to the Pope to engage the emperor to modify his resolve as to Malta with Gozo, adding, that if it were under such feudal condi-

tions as seemed a breach of neutrality, it could not but produce the irreparable destruction of the order, and then must not be accepted; and that as to Tripoli, the knights were in far too feeble a condition to undertake to defend it.

By his nephew Montmorency's advice, corroborated by that of Pope Clement, the grand master had sailed on the 25th of June, 1525, for Marseilles, there to take up the Duchess d'Alençon, and conduct her to Madrid,<sup>1</sup> to visit the hapless French king, who was a prisoner there, since his fall at Pavia. She was at once admitted to him; but L'Isle Adam went to Toledo, to have leave from Charles V., who, if he had been misinformed by his agents in Italy, soon perceived the grand master's honest and holy intentions, and told him to try to reconquer Rhodes, as the Duke d'Alba advised; but if his Rhodian expedition failed (to which Charles subscribed a large sum) then Malta, Gozo, and Tripoli, were at his disposal. And then he on the grand master's request allowed him to retire to Madrid and visit the king. Francis received him with the utmost joy, and not allowing him to kiss his hand, caught him in his arms instead, calling him repeatedly, "My most honoured father," and always treated him as such. Nor

<sup>1</sup> Bosio: par. iii., lib. ii., anno 1525.

could it not but be highly interesting to L'Isle Adam to hear the details of disaster from the royal lips (for he too was French), nor did he forget he was listening to his own native sovereign, who told him how his horse had been killed under him; so he necessarily fell himself, his own little wounds in face and one hand being not dangerous; how it required five soldiers, who did not know him, to take him prisoner; how sick and pining awhile, thinking himself neglected, he now, at the sight of his dear sister, recovered health and spirits in some days. When the grand master full of desire to liberate Francis, hastened back to Toledo, he there found no difficulty in persuading Charles, who asked him to accompany him to Madrid and be himself a witness of their reconciliation. As Francis had been all along in the imperial palace, it is not requisite to add it was fine, all the Spanish royal residences are fine; but now, at their first dinner as friends, in the emperor's apartment, the latter stopping at the door to let Francis take the lead, he did not, but stood straight up; and for all the emperor's courteous invitations would not stir, evidently from politeness; so Charles V., turning to L'Isle Adam, "Do you decide, you who are father to us both!" (and indeed they both had the custom to address him by that loving and revered name,

and the grand master was the only prince in Christendom whom Charles permitted to sit on the same dais and under the same canopy with himself when his throne was erected), and this was his decision: "Would to God that there never had been a harder question to settle between your Majesties!" and looking towards the king, "It is clear, sacred and most Christian Majesty, that to the Imperial all that is regal in the world, even the greatest, are obliged to yield as to their chief; so your kingly majesty ought to obey the emperor, the more so that it testifies his benevolence in his own house." And by this ingenious and discreet reply, he both pleased the emperor's pride, and obtained for his own natural monarch a highly distinguished honour.

It was early in 1527, that L'Isle Adam had his last audience of Charles, when they sat together and communed at some length. Of the emperor's short and pithy remarks, an idea may be formed from the grand master's answer. "It is all very well for those quietly at home to talk of the *God who made all men*, but we in the East say *God of the Christians*, and refer Paynims to Tartarus; and our body being formed of Christians, are held to be brethren—and that though from different nations, they are all individually on a perfect par, and owe allegiance to their order alone; so that a knight

born in France, is no more a subject of the King of France, than of your imperial Majesty, who by giving us a fief can certainly have no idea of reducing us to feudal servitude. Whence our neutrality between Christians is extremely ticklish. Dearly as we appreciate your Majesty's gift of Malta, our commissioners are fearful it may be too signal, too partial, calling for special gratitude; and liable to be considered an attaint on our neutrality, and in that case are forbidden to accept it. Truly we are soldiers, not competent to theological disputes. Not that we have squandered blood, but shed it in defence of Christendom—then self-defence, which is legitimate and honourable. From what has been observed, your Majesty will see we are exactly and individually equal; if a body to others, we amongst ourselves are individuals, and have a right to be counted such; even our subjects being never many, are objects of individuality, and this individualising is I dare say one of the means of attaching them to us more than probably any government in the world; to judge from the poor Rhodians who accompanied us, every Christian inhabitant of that island would now follow us the same if they could, as these late letters tell me. What after all are our knights, but self-devoted defenders of all Christian populations?

What were they founded for, and whence they draw their name hospitality, which is charity and love, does it not oblige them to defend their guests? Or who may become their guests? What are our grand masters, but tribunes of the people? If your imperial majesty smile, what are we all, highest and lowest of Christians, but equals in the sight, not indeed of man, but of eternal truth?"<sup>1</sup> However, by a solemn letter the grand master and entire body accepted Malta and Gozo,<sup>2</sup> but do not name Tripoli, although it appears to have been the sly wish of Charles V. to have Tripoli garrisoned at the expense of the order. On which particular his diplomatists continued their iniquitous insisting, although it was repeatedly urged by well-informed persons, Tripoli could not but quickly fall, perhaps with much superfluous slaughter, as indeed was experienced in the sequel. This too the order had to put up with.

In the spring of 1527, when Bourbon advanced to the sack of Rome, Viterbo was saved by the quiet intrepidity of the grand master, who took the riotous squad for unbridled colts. Bourbon's furious undisciplined soldiery crying out, they were friends with no other order than that of the knight-

<sup>1</sup> Bosio: par. iii., lib. iii., anno 1527.

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

hood of Rhodes, as useful and necessary for defence of the Republic of Christendom ; though they reverentially passed Viterbo itself without attempting to enter it, yet sacked the next town and like wild-fire from heaven burned down all the neighbouring churches and left gentry, citizens, artisans, priests, peasantry stark-naked, and without food or a penny to buy it.<sup>1</sup>

But a few weeks later the order was driven by the plague from Viterbo (which they returned unsacked and undefiled) to Corneto, and arriving there, had tidings of the death of Sir Thomas Docrai; the Grand Priory of England was then given to Sir William Weston, whose Turcopoliership fell to Sir John Ranson, until then Prior of Ireland, which latter dignity was conferred on Sir John Babington ; and all those three gentlemen got leave for England ; a report going that the monarch of that country intended to give the priory to a favourite of his own, and send all the knights of the English Language to garrison Calais, and their incomes serving for the place's maintenance, he permitting no part of their funds to leave his dominions in future.<sup>2</sup>

During the plague at Corneto, L'Isle Adam was not without some consolation, for a very wise

<sup>1</sup> Bosio : par. iii., lib. iii. 52.      <sup>2</sup> Id. : id., iv. 59.

and holy man said to him, only in another tongue, "Rhodes, nor any in this world is thy lasting city? Why run about?" Yet he determined nevertheless to go to England, as it was his duty, but to be resigned to whatever was the Divine will.

At last the order, having lost several knights of the plague at Corneto, were forced to embark on the 3rd of August, 1527, at a haven about a mile from it, with such beautiful regularity and precision, that not an infected person or thing went on board; but also with such charitable care, that four healthy knights remained to tend the sick, without distinction between knights and Rhodians, with provisions and money during the malady, and to pay their journey to join in Piedmont when healed.<sup>1</sup>

So the fleet, after a cruise, wore for Villa Franca in October, where the Duke of Savoy received them favourably, with the compact that they should be allowed to rest neutral in the fierce and cruel wars of that time between Christians—that the grand master should have a separate inappealable jurisdiction over his people, as in his former halts—with food free of duties, and shambles, mills, ovens, and such other requisites of their own. The grand master and suite being lodged in the castle,

<sup>1</sup> Bosio: par. iii., lib. iv. 61.



but the other knights in divers private houses, which were now most of them vacant, from the plague having raged there, though it had ceased completely. However, in November they removed to Nice, where a magisterial palace, an hospital, and inns were regularly prepared. And thence were written letters to the absent knights to convene, and they came arriving every day. Among them returned the ambassadors sent to England, who related that they had been unable to effect anything, the king being evidently prejudiced against the order, and for pretext adducing that the grand master had not come to visit him, as he had the Emperor and King of France; so L'Isle Adam determined to set out forthwith for London. Nor was it easy, in the depth of that remarkably rigorous winter, at his age. He, leaving a locum-tenens with the minutest instructions, nor at all forgetful of his poor Rhodians, he nourishing hopes to raise a considerable sum by selling the order's forests in France, and that if he died absent, a new grand master should be chosen by the order in its own residence, that is, wherever the seals used in sealing the magisterial decrees should happen to be; he embarked for Antibes on the second of January, 1528,<sup>1</sup> and thence traversing France in its

<sup>1</sup> Bosio : par. iii., lib. iv., anno 1528.

whole length, and despatching Sir Anthony Bosio as his precursor, to announce him, got a most courteous and flattering invitation to the English court, in a letter from the king himself, in Latin, and another from Cardinal Wolsey, protesting his ardent desire to see the order re-established in its former flourishing condition, so that he had engaged the most potent king, his master, to subscribe twenty thousand gold crowns as a beginning, and to set the affair in motion. Nor do I think it needful to give more in the Appendix than a very brief extract from the Italian version of the king's letter, dated "London, my own house, 25th January, 1528," though not in Rymer since given at full in the book I cite.<sup>1</sup>

Clement indeed appears to have been his sincere well-wisher, and took care of his order, acting towards it almost as executor of his last will, in case so aged a man died on his journey to that distant kingdom of England.<sup>2</sup>

While Bosio had been in England, L'Isle Adam was doing his business in France with full success,

<sup>1</sup> Bosio: par. iii., lib. iv., anno 1528, in March.—Appendix, cxviii.

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

and when the former came back, the latter was ready to pass the Channel, as he did at once; but before entering London, held a general assemblage of his English knights in the Commandery of St. John, head of that priory, at which were present Sir William Weston, Prior of England, Sir John Ransom, the Turcopolier, Sir John Babington, Prior of Ireland, and Sir Alban Pole, Bailiff of the Eagle, these being the only grand crosses in that kingdom. But besides them there were several English knights, and Scotch and Irish; Scotland, Ireland, and England, forming the English Language. With curious foresight! There was it announced that Henry assented to the new prior, only that he was to pay four thousand pounds a-year to the king. Then did the grand master make his entry into London, escorted by most of the great lords of that kingdom, and received with a profusion of honours by his majesty, and lodged in his own royal palace. And the king had him to recount the whole siege of Rhodes, and questioned him regarding the smallest details, speaking enthusiastically of its recovery, giving his opinion, and confirming his promise of twenty thousand gold crowns towards it, but expressing his content at the order's accepting Malta, in case the attempt on Rhodes miscarried. And he listened to the old

warrior's supplications respecting Sir William Weston, and yielded the annuity of four thousand pounds, as also his claim on the property left by the late prior, and took off the sequester, and anew pledged himself to uphold all the order's privileges. After a short debate, every difficulty ended. And when he took leave, he had the most affectionate assurance from both king and queen, and many fine presents, amongst which a most splendèd lavabo of gold, and its golden ever adorned with jewels of immense value, which its grand master placed in the order's treasury;<sup>1</sup> and what finally became of it may be inferred from Botta.

So, having received a very kind letter from Pope Clement, he, in obedience to it, hastened his return to Italy.<sup>2</sup>

Towards the end of August in 1528, the grand master got as far back as Lyons, when he fell sick of a severe malady, that for a long time totally precluded him from any further progress, and his convalescence was gratified with a most affectionate letter from the emperor, sending twenty-five thousand gold crowns for his quota towards the Rhodian expedition; and that if it did

<sup>1</sup> Bosio: par. iii., lib. iv. 65.

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

not succeed, he again offered Malta, Gozo, and Tripoli. Clement, with real tenderness, fearful that if the recovery of Rhodes missed, the order might divide, and dissolve itself perhaps, under pretext of Malta's being accompanied with incompatible conditions, aware, as he was, that the French knights were sorely against accepting it, wrote to urge proceeding immediately to the aforesaid island, and there wait the news about Rhodes. Wherefore, on the 18th of July, 1529, the grand master sailed for Malta, with intention of touching at Sicily.<sup>1</sup> Soon, however, the certain information that the whole design had been discovered, and the attempt on Rhodes for ever disconcerted, agreed with an ancient prophecy mentioned by Diodorus, Varro, and others, as found in the old Temple of Minerva, at Cos, that Rhodes was to be destroyed by *serpents*! and that it meant the Turks, was the general comment in the middle ages. The continual delays extinguished the projected recovery, and would have alone sufficed if the Turks had found out nothing; the same with the conquest of Modon in the Morea (dreams dissipated, to L'Isle Adam's great grief), and Bosio had finally to recur to the emperor, and hastened to him at Bologna

<sup>1</sup> Bosio : par. iii., lib. iv., anno 1529.

in Italy, where he then chanced in October, 1529. But early in 1530, a large English ship came into Messina, with Commander Sir John Sutton, containing nineteen most beautiful bronze pieces of artillery, and one thousand and twenty-three big iron cannon-balls, sent by the King of England as a present to the grand master and order, who, with infinite thanks replied, that as the recovery of Rhodes proved abortive, the guns should be erected on the walls of Tripoli in Africa, as an eternal memorial of the royal donor; and at length, since neither the recovery of Rhodes, nor the conquest of Modon in the Morea were dreams of any duration, on the 24th of February, 1530, Charles V., who had on that same day accomplished thirty years of age, dictated the minute of donation, abating little, in substance nothing, of his original supreme stipulations of Malta, Gozo, and Tripoli, that is, on the only attainable terms.<sup>1</sup>

The not very generous Charles V., by a regular deed of donation, written out fair from the minute, and officially signed and sealed by his imperial majesty at Castel Franco,<sup>2</sup> in the Marca Trevi-

<sup>1</sup> Bosio : par. iii., lib. v., anno 1530.

<sup>2</sup> Castel Franco, now a small miserable village, contained then a fine palace.

giana, on the twenty-third of the next following month, on his road to Germany, gave them Malta, Gozo, and Tripoli in Barbary, as a free and sovereign feud, holding under Sicily, with the yearly payment of a falcon.<sup>1</sup> Bosio has given that 1530 document at its full length in an Italian translation, Vertot in a French; others are too rare; so my Appendix shall contain a short specimen of the original Latin.<sup>2</sup>

This was likewise confirmed by a Papal bull,<sup>3</sup> and another bull exempts all the Rhodians, who had followed the grand master, from any subjection to the Bishop of Malta, but subject to only the conventual prior of the order.<sup>4</sup>

Moreover, in consequence of some backwardness to acknowledge the change of masters (which shows no small patience, since it was the year after), Charles V. expedited a warrant for immediately giving the knights possession, of 1531 which warrant a scrap shall be given in the Appendix.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., clxxv.

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

<sup>3</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., Num. clxxvi.

<sup>4</sup> Id., id., Id., clxxvii.

<sup>5</sup> Id., id., Id. clxxix.—Appendix, cc.

Malta is a place where the knights shall be at least their own masters, and may receive the presents sent by nearly all Christendom.

Thus the order in a somewhat vagrant course, and out of its orbit, but not far out of it, wheeled its third revolution of above two centuries with considerable glory, under twenty grand masters.<sup>1</sup>

END OF BOOK AND ABEYANCE THE THIRD.

<sup>1</sup> Cod. Dipl. Geros., ii., 563—472.—Appendix, ccix.