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DARK SCENES OF HISTORY.

BY

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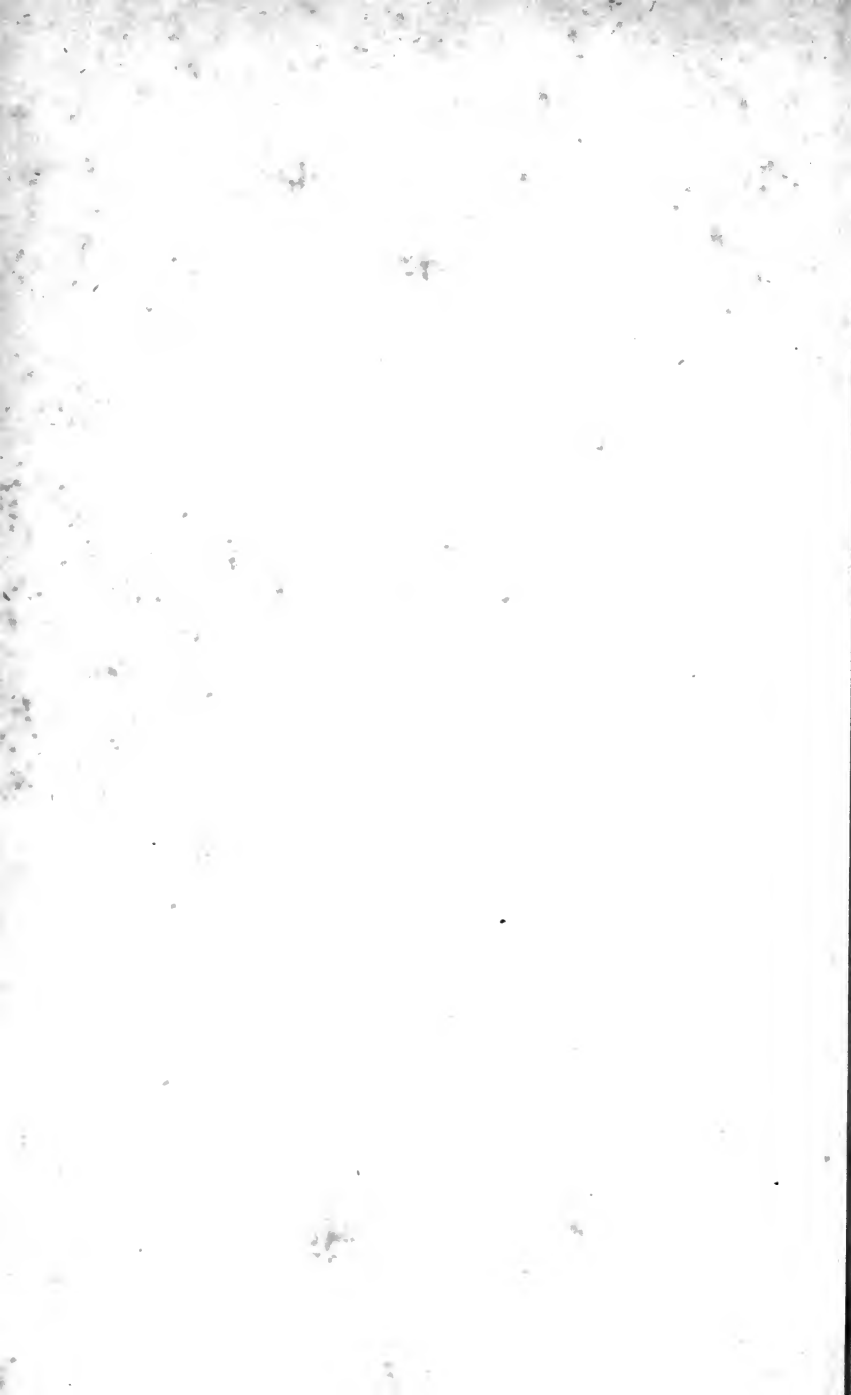
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DARK SCENES OF HISTORY.

FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

AMBOISE.

THERE is a solitary hall, ceiled by a vaulted roof, with five tall windows looking to the south, through which the moon-light is pouring on the floor. It is, perhaps, forty feet in length, and somewhat less than thirty in width, with the walls destitute of ornament, and the furniture scanty, though rich. A long table occupies the center of the hall ; seats are ranged on either side ; but no guests, for the moment, tenant the chamber, and the only light is that afforded by the bright planet as she wanders further and further to the south.

Hark, a door opens. It is that of the ante-chamber ; and the wind which it admits shakes the door of the hall, and makes it rattle on its hinges. Other sounds find their way in also ; those of voices laughing and talking. They are soon excluded, as the door of the ante-room is closed again ; and then a man, in the dress of a servant, enters, bearing a lighted taper. His step is slow and quiet ; and one by one he lights the candles in the sconces, arranges the seats more orderly round the table, and retires.

A few minutes after there comes a buzz, and then the noise of opening doors, and steps ; and then the end of the hall is thronged by some twenty or thirty men, all entering together. They pause for a moment, as if waiting for some one, ere they take their seats ; and a harsh, grating sound, like that of a key turning in a lock, is heard from the ante-room. The next instant, passing through the midst of them, as they draw back to give him entrance, comes the lord of the Castle of La Ferté himself. Somewhat less than the middle height, but beautifully and gracefully formed, with a face of almost feminine beauty, and a world of fire and intelligence in his bright

black eyes, dressed with exquisite taste and neatness, and with a free and dignified carriage, he advances toward the head of the table, looking and feeling the prince.

"Be seated, noble sirs, be seated," said Condé; "I crave your pardon for detaining you; but it is better that an empty room should lie between ourselves and listening ears. All my people are doubtless honest; but yet I am fond of having a lock between them and my counsels."

One by one they took their places round the table. The first—who seated himself on the right hand of Condé—was dressed in a scarlet robe, with a broad edge of lace. He advanced with a quiet, gliding step, a graceful air, and a countenance the general expression of which was mild but shrewd. The features were good, the forehead broad, the eye quick and clear, and there was a bland and polished smile about the mouth which was wondrous winning.

It was the Cardinal de Chatillon.

The next who appeared was a powerful man of the middle age, with thin, white locks, and somewhat shaggy eyebrows. The brow was broad and massive, the lower part of the face square cut, the chin somewhat prominent, and the lips and teeth compressed, as if he feared his thoughts might have too ready utterance. He was plainly dressed in a dark brown suit, and across the back of his large, bony hand was the scar of an ancient wound. His steps were peculiarly slow and considerate, each one falling firm upon the floor, and seeming to take hold of it, before another was advanced. It was a very characteristic step; and those who knew the Admiral de Coligni, could tell his approach by his footfall long before they saw him.

Next came his brother, D'Andelot, somewhat taller than Coligni, with his hair much darker and his forehead higher, but not so broad. His movements were lighter and more free, and, though the features of his face were stern, there was a bold and open frankness in the expression, and a somewhat sarcastic turn of the lip, which diminished the likeness between himself and his brother. He advanced quickly to his seat, cast himself down upon it abruptly, and swung his arm over the tall back of the chair.

Some eighteen or twenty more made up the party; and among them, as they ranged themselves round the table, might be seen many a different set of features, many a different expression. There was the hard and stern, the light and gay, the dull and heavy, the look of thoughtless simplici-

ty, and the keen and fox-like glance of the shrewd and cunning.

As soon as they were all seated, the Prince de Condé looked to Coligni, as if expecting him to speak; but Coligni was silent; and the prince then began the consultation himself, by saying, with his eyes still turned toward the admiral,

“I think we are all agreed that this is to be borne no longer, and that immediate steps must be taken for wrenching the staff of rule out of the hands which usurp it, for restoring it to our sovereign, from whom it has been virtually snatched, and for freeing France from the oppression of the house of Lorraine.”

Coligni bowed his head slowly; and the prince went on in the same rapid manner to paint, with a few sharp, decided touches, the state to which he said France was reduced by the family of Guise, and ended with a laugh, saying,

“So now, noble gentlemen, our business is to consider how we will catch the wolf without getting our fingers bit.”

“Faith, I mind not if he fix all his fangs in my left hand, so my right be free to cut his throat,” replied D’Andelot.

“We must leave the choice of which hand he will bite to himself,” said the Cardinal de Chatillon, with a quiet smile, “if we do not take care that he shall not bite at all. We must be more wary than we have been, my good brother, not alone because we may be injured ourselves, but because we may irretrievably ruin a good cause, and sacrifice the best interests of France by any precipitancy. What say you, Monsieur de Rohan?”

“Decision of counsel, firmness of purpose, careful preparation, and resolute execution are all needed,” said the duke; “but I think your eminence saw some difficulties in the way of our acting together as a body before every preparation is separately made.”

“Nay, my noble friend,” said the cardinal, with a courtly smile, “your usual generosity attributes to me that wise foresight which you yourself so eminently possess. It was you who suggested that it would be better for all inferior personages belonging to the party opposed to the tyranny of the Guises to be prepared, armed, and on their march before the principal personages took any share in the enterprise.”

Rohan understood the Cardinal de Chatillon well, and knew that, although apparently as frank and free as D’Andelot, he was at heart as reserved and cautious as Coligni, and never loved to commit himself to an opinion where he could help it.

"True," he answered; "but it was your foresight of the dangers which induced me to suggest the course by which they might be avoided. You saw that, if we were to superintend all the details of the enterprise ourselves, our frequent meetings would call the jealous eyes of power upon us, and means would be taken to frustrate our efforts ere our plans were well matured."

"Well, well," cried D'Andelot, "it matters little which found the hole, and which set the trap; by my faith! we must cease compliments. What is the plan suggested? I do not understand it."

"To move the pawns forward before the knights and castles," said Condé, with a light laugh.

"Not forgetting to keep the bishops out of all danger," replied D'Andelot; "but let us hear more of the game."

It was then that the voice of Coligni was heard for the first time.

"There are nearly two millions of Protestants in France," he said, in a calm, grave tone, "and on them we must principally rely to overthrow the tyranny of those who have oppressed them, although we may hope for the assistance of all good men who hate tyranny, whatsoever be their faith. Of those two millions, there are fully three hundred thousand capable of bearing arms. At the moment of action they must have a leader, who, from his high position, will have authority, and who, from his military skill, will be at once recognized as the fittest person to command them. There is but one on whom the task can fall: the noble prince here on my left. But if he should take any part in these proceedings before the moment for action is arrived, he will lead the eyes of our enemies to the conduct of the inferior agents; for the very qualities which fit him for the task render him an object of jealousy of those whom we seek to overthrow. The Protestant party, and all who are inclined to act with them in opposing oppression, must be warned, prepared, armed, and directed; and the difficulty to be overcome is to find a means of effecting this without exciting suspicion. Consider of it, gentlemen. It can be done, undoubtedly. The question is, how it may best be done."

"If each of us were to employ some secret agent in his own neighborhood," said a gentleman some way down the table, "and were to suffer him to make all the arrangements in his own name?"

"Among so many we should find a Judas," said D'Andelot.

"You can never make toils to catch a lion out of butterfly-nets," replied Condé.

"It must be trusted to one," murmured Coligni, in a low voice. "There is no strong action without unity of design."

"There must be a leader, I think," said the Cardinal de Chatillon, in his quiet, insinuating manner, "during the time of preparation, as well as a chief at the moment of action."

"And that leader," said the Duke de Rohan, "must be one not sufficiently distinguished to attract observation, but sufficiently resolute and energetic to obtain authority by the force of his own mind, sufficiently docile to follow the course pointed out to him, and sufficiently trust-worthy not to betray the cause in which he is engaged."

"A combination of rare qualities!" exclaimed D'Andelot, "only to be found united, I believe, in myself—and the other gentlemen present."

He spoke with an abrupt laugh, as if he thought it impossible to find a suitable person; and the conversation became for a few moments broken up into low consultations, at different parts of the table, between the gentlemen placed near each other.

At length a name began to be mentioned—though who originally brought it forward no one ever knew—and, at first passing about in whispers, it was at length pronounced aloud. Condé, as soon as he caught it, exclaimed, "La Renaudie? The very man!"

Several of the gentlemen looked doubtful; and the Cardinal de Chatillon, although he knew the man's history well, said, in a quiet tone, "La Renaudie? Who is he?"

"I will tell you all about him in a few words," said Condé. "He is a man without scruples and without fears. As to his religion, he will give offense to no church and no sect by that. He has the courage of a lion, the activity of a deer, the perseverance of a ferret, the cunning of a fox. His eloquence is extraordinary, and can be used for any purpose he has in view; for he can find equal arguments for all sorts of persons, and has no hesitation in using them. He once nearly persuaded me that robbery is honest, and lying truth."

"I think I have heard of him," said the cardinal. "Was he not tried for forgery in Perigueux?"

"No, he was not tried," answered Condé. "He was only arrested; but prison walls have little hold upon him. He soon got out, and went to Switzerland till the storm had

blown over. He has lived among storms, indeed, all his life, but always got his boat safe into port."

"Were it not dangerous to trust such important secrets to such a man?" asked a grave personage from the bottom of the table.

"No, my noble friend, no," answered Condé. "He has one principle; and it is all the stronger for being solitary. He never betrays any one, and some five years ago had nearly lost his life by this discreet honesty. But I may as well answer all objections at once, for the moment his name was mentioned I saw that he was the man for our purpose. He is of a good family in the South, so that he will have no difficulty in communicating with all our best friends; and I have no fear whatever in taking upon myself the task of communicating with him, without risking the intervention of any one else. Thus no one will be put to hazard, and as soon as your plans are fully sketched out, I will send for him, and propose the enterprise to him."

"I hope your highness will take care of paper," said Rohan. "One never knows how it will appear when it comes out of La Renaudie's hands."

Condé nodded with a smile, replying, "Word of mouth, word of mouth, my friend. He will undertake the task, I am sure; for I believe he would steal the thunder-bolts out of the hand of Jupiter, or filch the keys from Saint Peter."

"Is he of the Reformed Church?" demanded the cardinal.

"Oh, we ask no questions about religion," exclaimed D'Andelot. "No one inquires into yours, my good brother; and we must not narrow down our operations into a mere religious movement. It is one in which all good men of France may join who seek to throw off oppression. Otherwise," he added with a smile, "how happen we to have you among us to-day?"

"One thing ought to be made clear," said a heavy-looking man, who had hitherto taken no share in the conversation. "Are we justified in taking arms for the purposes in view?"

Coligni turned his calm, thoughtful eyes upon him with a look of some surprise; and the gentleman added, "Depend upon it, it is a question which will be put by many, when the matter is first proposed to them."

Condé looked impatient; and D'Andelot's lip quivered; but the Cardinal de Chatillon interposed with his mellifluous voice and soft, courtly manner, saying, "That is a subject which should have been touched upon before. My noble

friend Monsieur de Seéz might be quite sure he would not see me here unless I had ascertained that we are justified in law as well as in conscience. The first jurisconsults in France have been applied to, as to the question of how far it is lawful to take arms for the purpose of freeing the king and the state from the oppression of those who now rule it. I have the answers of three of them here in writing. Look at them, Monsieur de Seéz, and let all scruples vanish. Copies of these must be given to La Renaudie, in order to remove doubts wherever he finds they exist."

He handed the papers down the table, each person taking a glance at them before he passed them to the next; and these several great points being determined, a long consultation ensued in regard to the details of the enterprise. Several times Condé quitted the room; once to seek a map, once to bring a large paper register in which were inscribed numerous names of families and villages. The party did not separate till nearly three o'clock in the morning; and after he had reached his chamber, Coligni sat for nearly half an hour in deep thought, with his cheek resting on his hand, but without any change of expression crossing his calm and marble countenance.

CHAPTER II.

AMBOISE.

In various parts of France, now here, now there, in cities, in hamlets, in castles, and in cottages, sometimes by night, sometimes in the broad day, passing from place to place with a rapidity which seemed to give him the quality of ubiquity, coming and going no one knew whence or whither, and leaving no trace of his passage, but a stern and thoughtful look on the faces of the men with whom he conversed, was seen a powerful man, somewhat above the middle height, with a handsome countenance, a prepossessing air and manner, and a dress plain but rich, savoring somewhat of the military, somewhat of the mercantile man.

He was always well mounted, always well furnished with money, always alone. Sometimes he stopped with those he sought only for a moment, sometimes he remained for an

hour or two. Sometimes he spoke with gay and laughing tenderness to the children, sometimes with gallantry to the women, and at others, in a graver tone, to the men; but in almost all cases he left them pensive. Even the children drew back and gazed. His eye had a peculiar fascination in it, which drew attention at once: his voice a strange power, which seemed to carry the words beyond the ear, direct to the heart and mind: and on he went, ever, as I have said, alone, sometimes stopping, it is true, to speak with a horseman who met him on the road, but passing forward speedily, and neither seeking nor suffering companionship on his journey.

At Christmas he was at Rheims; on New-year's eve in Paris; on the third of January, 1550, at Rennes; on the fifth at Angers; on the sixth at Nantes. No one seemed to know his business; no one called him by his name; few asked him any questions; but all listened to him, and all remained thoughtful.

It was a gay and busy time in the good old town of Nantes. The Parliament of the province was assembled within its walls; fêtes and ceremonies were going on; multitudes thronged the streets and the churches; and little boys, who had come with their parents from the country, stood by the side of the Loire, and dropped stones upon the thin ice. But many a one in that old town sat quietly in some private room, reading, with a heavy brow, "The Defense against Tyrants," or "The History of the House of Guise, Masters of all France," or "The Chapter of St. Michael," or some of the other lampoons or satires of the day.

But toward nine o'clock at night, one by one, up a narrow street in the older part of the city, went man after man, wrapped in general in a short cloak, and with the bonnet pressed over the brow. There seemed nothing remarkable about them, except that they all went in the same direction, and all stopped opposite a large ancient house, and all went in at the same door. It was neither church, nor spectacle, nor private dwelling that they sought; but they found their way to a very spacious old hall, dimly lighted, with a table toward the upper end, and some benches around. The room soon grew crowded; and at length the doors were shut.

For some time, no order prevailed, men stood together in groups and talked in low tones, or seated themselves on the benches and conversed with their neighbor in a whisper.

That man who had been so lately at Rheims, and Paris, and Angers, was among them there; and he went from one

to another at the lower part of the hall, saying a few words to many, but to none speaking much.

At length, some gentlemen ranged themselves on the upper side of the table. Those below left as much space round it as they could; and several persons, who seemed of authority, spoke to the assembly, descanting in general terms on the evils of the times, the misgovernment under which France labored, and the oppression of the house of Guise; but none proposed remedies, none pointedly mentioned the cause of their meeting.

There were occasional murmurs and some signs of impatience; for most of the persons there were more fully prepared for speedy action than their leaders thought. A voice had gone forth among them, telling that the evils under which France groaned were intolerable, and they required something definite. They did not come to hear things which they had all heard a hundred times; they did not come to learn what they all knew right well. What they asked in their hearts was, "How was their state to be redressed?"

At length a tongue pronounced aloud the name of "La Renaudie," and a dozen others took it up instantly.

There was a pause; and then a clamor of the same name, in the midst of which, that solitary traveler over the face of the land came forward to the table, and was greeted by a shout as if he were destined to be the savior of France.

Then poured forth the stream of eloquence, the most subtle, the most plausible, the most powerful, the most persuasive. There was a mixed multitude before him, of different classes, characters, feelings, passions, interests, objects, prejudices; but, by a peculiar and wonderful power, he seemed to hold their reasons and their wills at his disposal. The prejudices of each seemed to be courted and enlisted in turn, the objects of each seemed certain to be obtained by the course he advocated; each man found something to win him, each something to persuade him. No one saw that the ends were incompatible, the interests irreconcilable, the means inharmoonious with the object. He prophesied boldly; he flattered expectation; he obscured all risks; he displayed all hopes; he offered change to men enduring evil. He was the prototype of the agitator of the present day.

It would be impossible to report what he said; and were it possible, the report would not convey the truth; for one half of his eloquence consisted in his knowledge of the men whom he addressed. He began by assuring those who heard

him of his loyalty and attachment to his king, and went on to declare that it was the interests of the king that first he sought. The authority of the monarch, if not his life, was in danger, he said, from the ambition of the house of Guise. The people of France were mere serfs to the family of Lorraine. The princes of the blood royal were trampled under the feet of upstarts. Nobles and peasantry groaned beneath one yoke. In a few bold, powerful words, he drew a fearful picture of the state of the land ; and as briefly, but as powerfully, displayed what it might be. He assured his hearers that all the principal personages of the realm were ready to co-operate with them, that success was certain, and the end prosperity. He spared no assertions ; he refrained from no prophecies ; and then he sketched out his scheme in its broad details.

There was to be a universal arming, merely to overawe. The preparation for resistance would paralyze the arm of oppression. A deputation of gentlemen, unarmed, were to present a petition to the king for the redress of the grievances pointed out. If rejected, they were to seize the Duke of Guise, the cardinal his brother, and their principal supporters, and to place the gallant Prince de Condé at the head of affairs till the king was old enough to rule firmly. The people were to stand by armed, and to see this effected. In the mean time secret levies were to be made in all parts of France, and persons were to be chosen from those present to superintend the raising of the troops.

No burst of applause followed his eloquence ; but a low, well-satisfied, consenting murmur ran through the assembly.

A voice from the head of the table exclaimed, " We are all agreed. Let us to action."

An oath was proposed and administered, to aid in carrying out the scheme suggested. Every one took it readily ; sixteen persons were chosen to raise the necessary troops in all the provinces ; and then began the movement of many feet toward the door.

La Renaudie was the last to quit the hall, except a servant who extinguished the lights ; and in darkness and in silence each man carried to his home the dangerous secret with which he was loaded.

CHAPTER III.

AMBOISE.

IN a fine old château, in one of the midland parts of France, now called the department of Cher et Loire, sat a gentleman of the middle age, with a fine broad forehead, eyes full of mild and intelligent light, and an expression of countenance betokening a calm, high-toned, resolute spirit. There was a deep scar upon his cheek, but it diminished very little the placid beauty of his face; and his tall, manly form, and graceful, dignified carriage, seemed to speak the soldier and the gentleman. At his knee stood a beautiful little girl of eight or nine years of age, half reclining on his bosom, and looking up with her large, dark, speaking eyes into his face, while he gazed down upon her, and played with the shining curls of her hair. She had no mother, and the memory of buried affections mingled with and deepened the tenderness of the surviving parent for his only child. Her light prattle seemed like music to his ear, though he was a man of high thoughts and commanding intellect. But all really great men have loved children.

In the midst of their conversation, the door of the room, in which they sat near the window, opened quietly, and a man entered, booted and spurred. It was the wanderer, whom I have mentioned, over so many parts of France; and as soon as he appeared, Monsieur de Castelnau kissed the fair forehead of his child, and sent her from him.

When she was gone, La Renaudie approached the master of the house, and said, in a low voice,

"The day is the fifteenth of March; the place, Blois. How many men do you think you can bring?"

"Some hundred and fifty," replied the Lord of Castelnau; "but I think it needless, and even hazardous, to bring them in arms. I have read the paper that you gave me, and see nothing in the resolutions taken that could compromise my loyalty or my faith. I presume that the names affixed to that paper are a guarantee that no more is intended than is there set down."

"Nothing, upon my honor," replied La Renaudie.

"If so, why then go in arms?" demanded the Lord of Cas-

telnau. "The gentlemen, of course, will bear their usual weapons; but why should they arm their tenants, if the intention be merely to prove to the king the sense of the great mass of the people?"

"Because, with the rule under which we live," replied La Renaudie, "the highways of France are no longer safe. Dying vipers will bite; and as soon as these men find that their last hour is coming, they will assuredly strive to strike some blow, either for vengeance or for safety. It may fall upon me; it may fall upon you; but the only means to render it harmless to any, or perhaps to avert strife altogether, is to go prepared for resistance, and to make sure that no one party of true-hearted men be cut off by the way in going to pull down a tyrant."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the Lord of Castelnaud, after a short pause. "Perhaps you are right," he repeated, thoughtfully; "but let me order you some refreshment."

"No," replied La Renaudie; "I must forward upon my way. I have these seven-and-thirty noble gentlemen to see before nightfall. The whole of France is with us, except the creatures of the Guise."

Thus saying, he turned away. The Lord of Castelnaud recalled his child, and listened, sometimes with attention, sometimes absently, to her innocent talk. The wanderer sped on from château to château, and from house to house, staying but a few moments at each, till night fell. The next morning found him following the same career, but approaching nearer and nearer to Paris as he went. The wind and the rain beat upon him. The snow came down and flecked his black horse's sides. The morning light found him in the saddle: at the close of day he was still hurrying on.

At length, on quitting the door of a large mansion, at the distance of a few leagues from Paris, he murmured, "Well, that is done," and tore into small fragments a long list of names which seemed to have guided him on the way.

He then rode forward, and entered the city just after nightfall. Through the dark and narrow streets, with the tall houses rising up story above story on either hand, without a gleam of light to show the way, except when some careful citizen, picking his steps over the muddy stones by the glare of a lantern, drew back against the houses to avoid being splashed by the passing horse's feet, La Renaudie rode on till he came to the quarter in which stands the Palais de Justice. There, in a small, tortuous street at the back of the great

building, he drew in the rein before a melancholy-looking house, with a great, yawning porte cochère, which was not opened to him till he had knocked frequently. At length a porter appeared, and, seeming to recognize the visitor, threw the gates back. But La Renaudie dismounted in the street; and, giving the rein to the man, he said,

“Take the horse over to the Swan, Barbe, and let it be well cared for. I will find my way up alone.”

The porter did as he was directed; and the visitor entered the small, confined court, from the bottom of which, one looked up toward the sky as if from the depth of a well. Though there was no light but the faint glimmer of a cloudy spring night above, he found his way to a small door at the further side of the court, and mounted the stairs, which presented themselves immediately on entering. They were slippery with dirt, and uneven with much usage. There was a close, foul smell in the stair-case; and no wind ever seemed to find its way in, except by the open door below. Step after step he went up, passed the first floor and the second, but halted at the third, and there knocked for admission. A door was opened by a neat, jimp-bodied peasant girl, who smiled to see him, and, on asking if Maître Avenelles was at home, she answered,

“Yes, Sieur Renaudie, he is in his little study.”

The light which was in her hand served to show the way along a narrow passage, with branches here and there, and manifold doors upon the right and left. It was evidently a large apartment or floor in one of the great old houses of a part of Paris, then principally inhabited by advocates and men of the robe. The visitor seemed to know it well, however, for he walked straight on; and, finding his way to a door, nearly at the end of the passage, he opened it, and went straight in, without knocking.

A pale, middle-aged man was seated at a table, reading a book. His face and his figure seemed wasted by thought and study; and the expression of his countenance was grave and anxious. He started, as the door opened, with a nervous sort of jerk; but when he saw who it was, his whole face brightened up, and he shook La Renaudie warmly by the hand.

“I could not think what had become of thee, old school-fellow,” he said. “Thou hast not been here these four months; and I feared thou wert in some new trouble. The room is always ready, and I am right glad to see thee. But come, we will both wash our hands, for thou art dusty with

one dry road and I with another, and then we will have some supper, and a bottle or two of the old Burgundy which thou lovest so well."

"Agreed, Avenelles, agreed," replied La Renaudie, in a very different tone from that in which he spoke to other men. "I have been living the life of an anchorite for the last three months, never venturing to take more than two finger-breadths of wine to a glass of pure water, lest any thing should escape my lips that I might afterward wish unspoken."

"Ha, ha!" said Avenelles, with a laugh. "What, plotting, plotting? Thou wilt bring thyself to mischief some day."

"Or make my fortune and save my country," answered La Renaudie; but at that moment the servant girl appeared; and he followed her to a good large chamber, containing a heavy, old-fashioned bed.

In half an hour more La Renaudie and Avenelles were seated at a small, well-dressed supper, for the advocate loved life and the good things thereof. The Burgundy was excellent, and they both drank deep; but La Renaudie did not forget himself that night.

The next morning the advocate had to attend the courts early, to plead in a cause which he expected would detain him all day; and he parted with his friend and school-fellow, telling him they would meet again at supper. The cause was tried and decided sooner than he expected; and when he returned, La Renaudie was out. Soon after Avenelles heard his step as he came in, and proceeded toward his chamber. Then there were other steps going in the same direction. A man passed along the passage, carrying something that jingled like pieces of iron as he went. Avenelles looked out and saw that it was an armorer's boy, loaded with several sorts of weapons.

All the morning something of the same kind went on. Visitor after visitor entered La Renaudie's chamber, remained a few minutes with him, and then departed; and the curiosity of the advocate was aroused.

He determined to find out what it all meant. He dared not ask La Renaudie openly, for he had much reverence and some fear for his old school-fellow—the reverence and fear which the timid and the cunning feel for the bold and the decided, even while they undervalue their intellect, and read them homilies on their rashness. He determined to trust to wine and good-fellowship, saying to himself, "La Renaudie

will trust me if any man upon earth. I am his oldest friend in the world. Perhaps he has something in hand by which I may benefit. We are cruelly oppressed here in France, it is true; and we poor advocates suffer more than any other class, what between one extortion and another. I ought to have been a master of requests by this time."

The hour of supper came. The Burgundy was there, the nice little well-dressed meal, with many a provocative to drinking. The tidy maid set the dishes on the table and disappeared. Avenelles began his approaches prudently. At first he talked of matters he had heard mentioned in the courts, of the creation and sale of several new offices for the purpose of raising money, of a new order, issued by the house of Guise, forbidding any one to bring complaints or remonstrances to the king, under pain of the royal displeasure and of punishment. La Renaudie knew him to be a discontented man, and replied in such a way as he thought would irritate him still more against the court; but still he knew him also to be a timid man, who would serve no party well till he saw its success assured, and therefore he was cautious. He agreed with his complaints; he joined in his murmurs; but for the time he told him nothing. The wine flowed; both drank steadily; and gradually, as Avenelles saw that it had its effect in loosening the bonds which La Renaudie placed upon his tongue, he led him on skillfully, still plying him with the juice of the grape. From speaking of grievances, they began to talk of how wrongs might be redressed; and the advocate, as well as his companion, feeling the influence of the wine, spoke hopefully of the future. They agreed that the time must come when the people of France would throw off the yoke, and that, sooner or later, some great effort must be made to free the state from the oppressive family which sat upon it like an incubus.

Encouraged by the tone of his companion, and thrown off his guard by the first stage of drunkenness, La Renaudie, at length, told the advocate that the time had already come, that men were prepared to hurl the obnoxious house of Guise to the ground, and that the month of March would not pass without a catastrophe which would give liberty to France.

The surprise in Avenelles' countenance first woke La Renaudie to a sense of his imprudence, and he would tell him no more. His thoughts, too, he perceived, were not clear. He recognized the effect of the grape, and he put away the full glass untasted. But it was too late.

On the following morning La Renaudie quitted Paris.

Avenelles woke, feeling feeble and depressed. He had gone to bed with vague visions of prosperity and success, and whirling, beautiful changes floating before his eyes, like moats crossing a sunbeam. But the wine had now lost its power, and he was anxious and out of spirits. He was burdened with a heavy secret. He was full of fears for himself and others. He knew enough to feel alarm, but not to derive confidence. A great fabric seemed, to his imagination, to be falling to pieces around him; and he thought he might be crushed to death in the ruins. For three days he bore the load about with him in silence, pondering, meditating, trembling. Whenever he thought of it his heart failed him. It took away his appetite. It distracted his thoughts. Wine gave but a temporary relief; and when the excitement was over, the depression was more great. He would have given the world to see La Renaudie again; but by this time he was far away in the Vendomois. Avenelles sought something to lean against, like all weak men. He would fain have shared the responsibility which oppressed him with another, forgetting that by merely putting a burden on another man's shoulders, we do not relieve our own.

At length it became insupportable; and, as if moved by despair, he hurried away to the house of a man named Marmagne. He was a shrewd, cool, cautious courtier; an epicurean in his principles, but a little more licentious than Epicurus, and not quite so strict in his notions of justice as a magistrate should be. He was only a master of requests, however; but it was a lucrative office; and he owed it to the kindness of the Cardinal of Lorraine. There was some friendship between him and the Advocate Avenelles, for at heart they were both of the same school of philosophy; and the latter met with a very gracious reception, and was listened to with every mark of kindness and respect.

Before he left the house, however, Marmagne extorted from him a promise that he would set off at once to convey his own confession to the Duke of Guise at Blois. It was the only means, he assured him, that could now save him from torture and decapitation. He took care to assure himself that the promise was fulfilled, for he set a man to watch the movements of Avenelles, and to follow him on horseback, stage by stage, to Blois. He had every cause, however, to be satisfied with the haste and exactness of his terrified penitent. Avenelles set out that very night, and hurried post to

Blois. But there he was disappointed in his expectation. Rumors had got abroad of plots and conspiracies. No one knew whence they arose, or on what ground they rested. They seemed but mere shadows, phantoms of the popular imagination ; but they attested the existence of great discontent ; and the Duke of Guise wisely removed the court from Blois to the better defended city of Amboise. The king, his young and beautiful wife, her gallant, depraved, and ambitious uncles, had set out three days before Avenelles reached the city of Blois ; and such was the impatient terror he felt, that he would not rest even for one night, till he had disburdened himself of his perilous secret. ' He set out on the same night for Amboise ; and the courier of Monsieur Marmagne followed him at a little distance. The poor wretch knew that he was watched ; but he was now in the toils, and he could not struggle free without a greater effort than he had strength to make.

CHAPTER IV.

AMBOISE.

MERRIMENT and pastime had reigned in the fine old city of Amboise, with even more complete sway over the minds of court and people than they had exercised at Blois. Grave persons had exhibited themselves in ludicrous pageants. Distinguished warriors had played the part of buffoons. There had been feasts and revelry, and jousts, and running at the ring. All thoughts of danger, all memory of the rumored conspiracies seemed to have died away ; and it was evidently the design of the two great brothers of Lorraine to wrap the young king of France in pleasures, and to withdraw his mind from all knowledge of state affairs, and all share in the task of government. If any thing seemed to cloud the brightness of those days, it was a certain indefinite anxiety in the minds of the people regarding the state of the young monarch's health. What it was that caused it, no one could well tell. Tall, graceful, active, he appeared in the courtly circle, so little changed from what he had been as a boy, that no indication of failing powers could be gathered from his general

appearance. His cheek was a little paler, it is true, but not so much so as to cause any alarm. Then, when seated beside his young queen—the loveliest of the lovely—love, and happiness, and life seemed sparkling in his eyes. All his words were joyous, and every tone full of delight. It is true, that when absent from her, even when engaged in the merriest pastimes, there would come a shade of deep melancholy over him, an absent look, a sad and thoughtful air, passing away quickly as soon as he was roused, but ay returning when his mind was not busily occupied. Men interpreted this according to their own thoughts. Some said that it was love made the cheek pale and the mind meditative, and others would have it that he was weary of the rule of the house of Guise, that he sought to be a king in deed, to sway his own scepter, and to rule his own land.

Be that as it may, morning, and noon, and afternoon of the fourth day from the court's arrival at Amboise, had passed away in every sort of amusement that could be devised. Night fell; and in a small round cabinet, decorated with every thing costly, graceful, or luxurious, that art could supply or wealth could purchase, sat a tall, handsome, dignified man, dressed in a crimson robe, with a small square velvet bonnet on his head. His face was remarkably beautiful; but there was a fierce, stern, remorseless expression spread over it all, not to be fixed down or limited to any one feature, which affected more or less every other expression as it passed. All the rest were transient; this was permanent. It was like the specter of a diseased imagination, which is seen through every other object that passes before the eyes. If he read, it was there. If he prayed, it was still present. If he discoursed, it was apparent. If he laughed, it mingled with each smile which came upon his lip.

He was now reading by the light of a thick wax taper; and it would have seemed that the thin book before him amused him much, by the merry look with which he read. The door opened; and a man of great height, enormous strength, and dignified carriage entered, dressed with much splendor, and wearing a jeweled collar of gold rings round his neck. The cardinal raised his eyes for an instant, and then went on reading. The other approached him with a slow and stately step, and, looking over his shoulder, gazed upon the lines beneath his eyes. As he did so, however, the expression of his countenance became very different from that of the other. Wrath and indignation were upon it.

“This is too bad,” he said, pointing to the page. “The man must be discovered and punished.”

The other only laughed; and then there was a low knock at the door of the cabinet. Neither of the two gentlemen heeded it at first, but went on talking about the libel which lay before them. The knock was repeated at the end of a few minutes; and then the Duke of Guise, raising his voice, bade the applicant come in.

It was a servant who appeared; and he came to say that a man of the name of Avenelles had arrived at the castle, an advocate of the royal court, bearing a letter from Maître Marmagne, master of request in Paris, but on the letter was written “Life and Death.”

“It is strange,” said the Duke of Guise, thoughtfully, “how objects increase or diminish in size by the height from which we look at them. My life for it, that which is matter of life and death to a master of requests will seem but a feather blown by the wind to you and me. Let the man come tomorrow. We are busy.”

“There are no such things as trifles,” said the Cardinal of Lorraine. “Marmagne is shrewd too, though a sad glutton. We had better attend to a warning from such a hand. Bring me the letter, and let the man wait.”

In a few minutes, the letter was in the hand of the cardinal; and in a few minutes more, Avenelles himself was brought up the stairs and sent into the cabinet. The door was closed behind him, and no one but the two brothers and himself knew what passed. At the end of a quarter of an hour, however, the door was again opened; and the stern voice of the Duke of Guise was heard, exclaiming, “Send up a guard!”

The guard was soon upon the spot; and pale, trembling, with tears in his eyes and terror in his look, Avenelles was removed to a dungeon, cursing his own cowardice, and feeling too late that courage is the best means of safety.

From that moment a strange change came over the whole court at Amboise. There was no more security; there were no more sports and pageants. All was bustle, activity, consternation, and no little confusion. Couriers were sent off in every direction. The Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine sat up all night writing or consulting; the chancellor, Olivier, was called to their councils; the guards were doubled at the gates of the castle and of the town, and at an early hour on the following morning the young king was be-

sought to be present, while some great and important events were brought under consideration.

It was necessary now to inform him that his people were discontented, that there was disaffection in the land and danger in the times. It was necessary, also, that the council should be made aware that men were already taking arms in various parts of France for some great but ill-defined object. It was the policy of the house of Guise to prevent that object from being clearly defined; and when the council met, all the rhetorical art of the Cardinal of Lorraine and all the more manly and soldier-like eloquence of the Duke of Guise were employed to prove that the threatened insurrection was merely the effort of a faction to throw off legitimate rule.

The truth, however, made itself felt, though it was not spoken. The council, whose functions had been usurped almost entirely by the brothers of Lorraine, was anxious to diminish their authority and re-establish the rule of law; and it was decided that messengers should instantly be sent to the princes of the blood royal and to the heads of the great house of Chatillon, requiring their immediate presence in Amboise, to afford their sovereign advice and support.

The cardinal and the duke made no opposition, for their plans were already formed; and in a step, intended to diminish their influence, they saw a means of crushing the most formidable of their enemies. Condé, Coligni, D'Andelot, once within the walls of Amboise, were more or less in the power of the house of Guise; and with an open insurrection in the land, it was little to be doubted that some pretext would be found for using that power.

The messengers were accordingly dispatched at once without a dissenting word; but when the soft, melodious voice of the king was heard proposing the only step which could at that moment have averted strife and bloodshed; when he suggested that it would be better for his princely cousins of Guise and Lorraine to retire from Amboise, and thus allow him to judge whether his people were disaffected toward his own person, or discontented with their acts, the brothers saw that the whole fabric of their power was in danger; and they treated the expressed will of their sovereign with scornful inattention.

Condé, Coligni, D'Andelot, without hesitation or fear, hurried to Amboise; and the voice of the admiral was boldly raised against the oppressors of the people, demanding tolerance in religion and respect for the law. A great part of the

council joined with him. The queen mother supported his views from enmity toward the Duke of Guise. The chancellor eagerly aided the cause of justice and reason, and an edict was promulgated which promised very moderate toleration and the redress of some grievances. It was neither sufficiently vigorous nor sufficiently timely. The conspirators were already in arms. Innumerable bands were pouring forward upon Amboise from different parts of France; and the Prince de Condé had been followed into the town itself by a considerable body of armed attendants, all "*men of execution.*"

The situation of Guise and his brother was perilous; but they were vigorous, bold, and unscrupulous. They possessed the ear of the young king, notwithstanding their contempt for his authority; and they had the whole military power of France at their disposal. All that they wanted was knowledge. Avenelles could tell them little. Torture could not wring from him more than he knew; but he pointed out one who could tell them more; a man named Linieres, who had been three times with La Renaudie in Paris. He was brought to Amboise, pardoned, bribed; and he laid before them the whole scheme. A large body, unarmed, was to enter Amboise, and present a petition to the king for full redress. The armed bands of cavalry and infantry were to surround the town on every side. Certain gates were to be seized; and co-operation was to be provided within the town itself. The Duke of Guise and his brother were to be seized, the Prince de Condé put at the head of the government; and then were to follow trials, banishments, and executions, as might afterward be advised. The routes of the various bands, their places of rendezvous, the part which each was to play, the gates which were to be seized, the parts of the castle garden that were to be attacked, were all displayed before the eyes of the brothers of Lorraine; and nothing remained but vigorous and energetic action.

Troops flowed into Amboise like rivers flowing into the sea. The gates which were to be seized were walled up. The guards at the castle were changed. The walls were manned and strengthened. The garden of the castle was secured, and bodies of cavalry were sent out with precise orders as to where and how they were to act. Letters were dispatched to the king's lieutenants in various provinces to disperse and cut to pieces any bands of armed men not actually soldiers of the king, who were found traversing the country.

Coligni, D'Andelot, Condé saw that the conspiracy was discovered. But what could they do? They were as prisoners in a garrisoned town. Every movement was watched; and armed men dogged them wherever they went. —

Still, large bodies of men from every province poured on toward Amboise. They were ignorant of the fatal preparations made against them. Intelligence reached them slowly. They knew the places where they were to halt, the bands with which they were to co-operate, the object at which they were to aim, but they knew no more. Onward they came in detached troops, of various numbers, from twenty to two or three hundred; and rumors of their rapid approach spread through Amboise, and filled the court and the citizens with apprehension. The Duke of Guise, however, and his brother walked proudly, and looked calm; and it was rumored, that on this night or on that, a band of men at arms had gone forth from one gate or another in silence and in secrecy.

The result was soon seen. Guards of soldiers arrived, dragging along prisoners with their hands tied. Hundreds and hundreds were brought in, and the work of massacre commenced. There was no investigation, no trial, no sentence. They had been taken in arms—that was enough; and the cord, and the bullet, and the sword did its work. They were hung from the spouts and windows of the castle. They were shot in the open streets. They were hewn down in the market-place. You could turn nowhere without seeing a corpse. You could not take a step without setting your foot in a pool of blood.

Horror and anguish spread through the tenderer hearts within the walls of Amboise. Surely, surely, mercy, if not justice, may be heard!

Lo! in that courtly saloon with the hangings of violet and gold, kneels a lovely and gentle girl at the feet of the young king. Grave men and fair women stand around her, listening eagerly to her eloquent words, while the tears fall over her cheeks, and her hands are lifted up in supplication.

It is a queen pleading to her husband for mercy to his subjects. It is the beautiful being destined to fall beneath the ax herself, trying to avert it from the heads of others.

She has succeeded. The edict is prepared, the king's name written. Mercy to all who lay down their arms and retire peaceably! But hardly is the ink dry, hardly has the sun set, when a small body of the conspirators is found in Amboise. What drove them there, how they gained admission,

whether the fierceness of pursuit, or the treacherous connivance of their enemies, none can say. But there they are. They are attacked, cut down, defend themselves, die. The cry is raised that the king's mercy is despised. The edict is revoked; and the order goes forth to slay without pity. Armed and unarmed are hunted through the fields, put to death, brought in as prisoners—those who trusted in the edict and were returning tranquilly to their homes, as well as those who never heard of it.

A few were permitted, by the lenity of some officers, to escape, we are told. A few! good-God! a few out of several hundred thousand men! The streets of Amboise were crowded with captives. Executioners were found in less numbers than victims. The arm grew weary and the heart sick; but there was no mercy in the breast of those who now commanded in Amboise. They had conspired against the power of the Guises, and they were traitors. They were enemies, and they must die. They tied them hand and foot, and they hurled them in crowds into the Loire. The river, already red with blood, was now choked with corpses.

But we must change the scene, though the tragedy is not yet over.

CHAPTER V.

AMBOISE.

THROUGH a fair, rich country, bright in the first smiles of spring, the Lord of Castelnau led a gallant troop of brave and honest men. A number of the inferior gentlemen of his neighborhood accompanied a leader distinguished in arms, well known for honorable and upright dealing, a man on whose name there was no dark spot, in whose heart there was no guile. Well received were they wherever they came. Every thing was honorably paid for which they took. Order, discipline, and courtesy marked the demeanor of all; and the peasantry eagerly sought to furnish them with whatever was needed, and to forward them on the way. On the morning of the third day's march, however, rumors reached them of skirmishes having taken place here and there, and of royal

troops being in the field. The Lord of Castelnau's brow became grave, for he felt all the responsibility of his position; and in the afternoon, just as he was mounting his horse, after having refreshed his men at a village on the Loire, a peasant ran eagerly up to him and gave him some intelligence in a whisper. It was that a party of some thirty armed men had just been cut to pieces by a body of the king's troops, on the edge of a wood some five miles distant.

Castelnau at once communicated to those who accompanied him the tidings he had received, adding, "This shows the necessity of being armed, gentlemen; for, in such cases, the minions of a court make few distinctions."

"What do you propose to do, sir?" demanded one of his companions.

"Go forward," replied the Lord of Castelnau, with a look of some surprise. "There are many noble gentlemen, our friends and confederates, who rely upon our co-operation. We must not deceive them. We know our intentions to be loyal. We are a hundred and fifty stout men at arms; and I myself would not turn back before double that number, which is more than the house of Guise can send against us. I think you can trust to me, gentlemen, to give no real offense, and not to take offense needlessly. You can trust to me also, I hope, to lead you in the hour of danger; and be assured I will be as careful of your honor, your interests, and your safety, as if you were my own children."

They all exclaimed that they knew it; and they followed him on without a murmur or a doubt. They had advanced but a few miles further, when, across the setting sun on their left, they saw a body of horse maneuvering as if to reconnoiter them. It was not numerous, however, consisting of some forty or fifty men at the most; but the Lord of Castelnau would not show his flank to an enemy, although inferior, and deviating a little from the direct road, he advanced straight upon the party he had seen. His approach was not waited for; the adverse force retreated rapidly; and he pursued his way uninterrupted. When seated in the little village inn at night, one day's march from Amboise, a messenger was brought to him, bearing a letter. It contained but few words, and was signed La Renaudie. Haste was evident; and Monsieur de Castelnau thought he perceived traces of strong anxiety. The letter urged him to advance with all speed to the Château of Noisé, near Amboise, taking care, however, to avoid the town of Montrichard.

"We are here in possession of a strong point," said La Renaudie; "but the bands come slowly in. Speed, I entreat you. Adieu!"

The next morning early, half an hour before sunrise, indeed, the Lord of Castelnau was in the saddle. To avoid Montrichard implied a considerable circuit; but intelligence had come in during the night; and he had learned that the Duke of Guise was proclaimed lieutenant general of the kingdom, and that a large body of his troops were on the right bank of the Cher. Taking the road, therefore, by Sublaine and Blizé, he advanced as fast as possible, nor met with any impediment by the way. The country in that quarter seemed clear of all enemies, although, at every village, some fresh rumor of moving bands and fierce skirmishes reached him. Before night fell, the town of Amboise, with its castle on the height, appeared clear against the evening sky; and, guided by a lad, who knew the country well, the Lord of Castelnau and his troop turned away from the high road, just as darkness was gathering thick around, to seek the Château of Noisé.

Situated in the midst of woods and meadows, on a rising ground which commanded the approaches in all directions. Noisé was well calculated for either defense or concealment; and the Lord of Castelnau little doubted that he would there find a very considerable body of men under the command of La Renaudie. He was surprised, however, as with tired horses he advanced slowly through the woods, to meet with no outposts, and to see no sign of military precaution. Beyond the walls of the castle, not a man appeared; and, though challenged on his approach to the gates, he and his whole troop were admitted instantly. On riding in, he saw no cause to fear that their quarters would be crowded. There might be a hundred men or more within the place, but certainly not two hundred; and Castelnau immediately sought a private interview with La Renaudie, to ascertain the exact position of affairs.

They stood alone in a small room of one of the turrets, with a single light between them; and Castelnau gazed upon the other's face with a searching look. "How is this, La Renaudie?" he asked. "I had hoped to find you better furnished with men."

La Renaudie's face was bold and confident.

"Do not be alarmed," he said. "They come in slowly, but they are all marching on. A few small bands have been destroyed by some of the tyrants' parties; but from the side

of Nantes there is a large force coming up; and a smaller, but most serviceable body from Niort, should have been here this evening. I am under some anxiety on account of the delay, for they are badly furnished with arms, of which we have abundance here to equip ten thousand men. If they do not arrive within two hours, I shall go out with a party to look for them. Indeed, I should have gone this morning to give them escort; but I could not leave the château undefended, with such valuable stores within."

Castelnau mused. "Better go at once," he said at length. "We must endeavor to collect a larger force at some one point, otherwise we may be cut to pieces in detail, and never have an opportunity of presenting the petition at all."

A faint smile passed over La Renaudie's face at the word petition; but he took no other notice of it, and would insist on seeing to the refreshment of Monsieur de Castelnau and his troop. His hospitality had a tendency to deviate into revelry; but Castelnau was uneasy: no fresh band arrived; and he twice put La Renaudie in mind of his purpose before the other would get upon it.

At length, however, the latter gathered together almost all the men who had been in the château when Castelnau arrived, and set out, with horses fresh and full of fire from two days' inactivity, leaving the château, and all that it contained, in charge of the Lord of Castelnau. The whole night went by without any tidings of his progress, and the whole of the following day. Castelnau sent out some small parties to make inquiries; but nothing could be heard of La Renaudie and his band.

Would the reader desire to know what became of them? It is easily told. Gayly, and at a quick pace, undismayed by any dangers, and persisting against every loss, La Renaudie marched on for several leagues during the darkness of the night. Just as morning dawned, he halted his troop at a small village, and refreshed the men and horses. No news had been heard of the people from Niort; but, while they were at the village, a small party, consisting of three or four men on horseback, was seen on the acclivity of a hill to the right. The insurgent immediately sent out to ascertain who or what they were; but they instantly retired; and, after a short pause, La Renaudie recommenced his march. He had not gone three miles, however, and was just entering a piece of meadow ground, watered by a rivulet, with a somber wood on the left, and a bed of osiers on the right, when he saw

straight before him, coming round the angle of the wood, a body of the royal men-at-arms, nearly double his own party in number. At their head there was a flag, or *guidon*, as it was then called, which he knew right well, and a figure which was equally familiar to him: that of his own cousin, Pardailion.

La Renaudie was a man of no hesitation. "Upon them!" he cried, turning to his men, and drawing his sword, for lance he had none at that moment; "upon them! We shall have them a cheap bargain in their disarray."

On he dashed without hesitation, and without any further preparation. It was his cousin whom he himself charged; and, spurring forward upon him with fiery haste and remorseless resolution, he slew him with his own hand at the very head of his troop. He was followed close by his companions, and the fight in an instant was fierce and general. But it lasted not long.

There was a young page, a boy not seventeen years old, who had ridden immediately behind Monsieur de Pardailion. He saw his lord fall; he saw him writhe for a moment, and then lie still and heavy on the ground. The page had a petronel in his hand. He struck his spurs deep into his horse's flank, brought the mouth of the weapon close to La Renaudie's head, and fired.

Through the steel cap, through the skull and brains, the ball tore its way; and La Renaudie fell headlong from the saddle. No word had passed between him and his cousin, no word between the page and him. Pardailion and La Renaudie lay dead, side by side; and the insurgents were cut down almost to a man.

CHAPTER XII.

AMBOISE.

HEAVEN and earth were weary of witnessing bloodshed. The citizens of Amboise murmured aloud. The most faithful of the king's subjects and servants expressed their disgust; and the Chancellor Olivier moved about the castle with the look of a specter, and an eye full of horror and dismay. None

rejoiced but the house of Guise and its partisans. With them, every head that fell was the head of an enemy. The fabric of their power seemed built up by the corpses of the slain, and cemented by the blood that was shed.

But yet their situation was not without its danger. Multitudes were still pressing forward from distant parts of France toward the town of Amboise. The royal troops had not escaped without suffering severe loss. The Castle of Noisé was strong; and it was known to contain resolute men, a vast store of arms, and abundance of provisions. It was a rallying point for the disaffected: a point of peril.

Such was the situation when the body of La Renaudie was brought into the town and hanged over the center arch of the bridge, with the words "Chief of the Rebels" written on the breast. At the same time, however, intelligence was received that a body of nearly two thousand men, most of whom had seen service, was within two days' march of Amboise, and was directing its course straight toward Noisé. Multitudes of other parties were scattered abroad over the land ready to unite with any larger force under any distinguished leader. It was, perhaps, the moment of the greatest danger; and the duke and the cardinal consulted eagerly without witnesses. Then the chancellor was sent for, and then the Lord of Vielleville, an old and experienced soldier, a shrewd and clear-sighted politician, a steady Catholic, but one who stood detached from party, too reasonable to be a zealot, too independent to be a tool. They proposed to him to take a small body of horse, which was all that could be spared from Amboise at a time when such numerous parties were scouring the country, and, going to Noisé, endeavor to induce the Lord of Castelnau and his companions to lay down their arms, and come to present their petition to the king peaceably, upon promise of safety and free access. Vielleville looked toward the chancellor, whose eyes were still bent down upon the papers before him; and then the old soldier boldly declined the task, not well assured that his plighted word, if given, would be respected.*

A long consultation ensued; and then James of Savoy, duke of Nemours, was sent for. The gay and gallant prince, bold, rash, and straight-forward, undertook the commission readily, glad to terminate by an act of grace, as he imagined, a scene of civil strife, especially when the person to whom he was sent was an old and valued friend, the Lord of Castelnau.

* "Knowing the felony of the two brothers," say the Memoirs of Vielleville.

He was soon at the head of his men-at-arms and upon the way. The distance was short, not much more than a league and a half; and he approached the Château of Noisé just as the setting sun, within a palm's breadth of the horizon, filled the whole western sky with rosy light. He found the château prepared for vigorous defense; and riding on alone, before the head of his troop, he asked the sentry at the barbican to be permitted to speak with his friend, the Lord of Castelnaud. In a few minutes Castelnaud appeared above the gate; and Nemours waved his hand to him with a cheerful air, saying, "How is it, my noble friend, that I find you here in arms against your king? I could have believed it of any man but you."

"I am not in arms against my king," replied Castelnaud. "We come but to present to his majesty our humble remonstrances against the tyranny of the house of Guise."

"Is it thus, with weapons in their hands," demanded the duke, "that the people of France should express their wishes to their monarch? If you will lay down your arms, I promise you, upon my faith and honor, to take you at once to the presence of the king, and to bring you back in safety."

"I have companions within, whom I must consult," replied Castelnaud. "Though I myself would trust implicitly to your word, they may be more careful."

"Let me come in and reason with them," replied Nemours. "They shall have full assurance."

He was admitted, with ten companions. He repeated the offer he had made. He plighted his honor and his faith to the safety of those who would trust themselves with him, and he signed the engagement with his hand. The Lord of Castelnaud and fourteen of his friends mounted their horses in the court-yard, and, with a feeling of perfect security, rode away with Nemours at the head of his troop.

In the gray twilight they reached the gates of Amboise, which opened at the approach of the duke. They rode through the street to the castle, and dismounted at the great entrance. But there had been people who had met the cavalcade at the gates of the town, and had run on before, to notify the coming of the Lord of Castelnaud.

Side by side with his friend, the Duke of Nemours mounted the stone stair-case, and at the first ante-room left him to announce his arrival, and to ask an audience of the king. But the door was not yet closed behind him, when a body of armed men entered the chamber, and a tall Gascon laid his

hand on Castelnau's shoulder, saying, "I arrest you for high treason!"

Castelnau raised his voice and pronounced the name of Nemours. The duke heard it in the passage, and turned back; but when he came the room was vacant, and Castelnau slept in a dungeon. The Château of Amboise showed a scene of great confusion and dismay during the whole of that evening. Fury and indignation took possession of the Duke of Nemours. He had been made the base tool of a shameless conspiracy to betray his friend, a brave man, a distinguished soldier, an old and honorable servant of the crown, into the hands of merciless enemies. He argued, he remonstrated, he petitioned in vain. Men pitied him, but dared not speak; but women's hearts and sympathies went with him warmly, and they are ever more bold in a noble cause.

Again Mary Stuart knelt at her husband's feet. Even the monarch's ruthless mother interceded; but Mary knelt, and Catharine pleaded in vain. Guise and the cardinal stood by the king's side, and Francis felt that he was but a cipher in their hands.

On their faces alone was the look of satisfaction; the calm, half-contemptuous smile, which told that the day was won and its dangers extinguished. But though peril was over, they were not men to spare; and they spared not. Torture preceded trial, but from the lips of Castelnau it wrung nothing; and then came the condemnation and the preparation for death.

CHAPTER VII.

AMBOISE.

It was a clear March morning, with the wind somewhat high, but soft. One felt in it the breath of April. There was a great crowd in the market-place of Amboise, for the people had not seen an execution for five days, and that was a long period then. There was a scaffold in the midst of the market-place, and a number of the high dignitaries of the court were present; for the house of Guise had determined that this last act of vengeance should be accompanied by all form and ceremony. Men in arms surrounded the scaffold on

all sides. The bare-armed executioner stood leaning on his heavy ax. Two pale and trembling priests were there, and in the front three gentlemen of noble mien, bareheaded. They spoke together, and embraced; and the Lord of Castelnau replied to some words which one of his friends whispered in his ear,

“No: I will be the last. I have seen brave men die, and know how to meet death too; but I have got a task to perform which must be done, my friend, when you are in heaven.”

The gentleman to whom he spoke then turned to the block, threw off his doublet, and laid down his head. To the people he spoke no word, and to the executioner only said,

“Strike boldly!”

The ax fell; the dark blood spouted forth; and with an eye that did not wink, and his arms folded on his chest, the Lord of Castelnau gazed sternly on the murder of his friend.

Another followed; and the same tragedy was again enacted. But then Castelnau strode forward, and, turning to the people, exclaimed aloud,

“In the face of earth and heaven, I proclaim James, duke of Nemours, and all who have abetted him in the death of these true and noble gentlemen, traitors, false, perjured, and man-sworn!”

Then striding to the block, he dipped his hands in the warm blood, and raised them up to heaven. “God Almighty,” he said, “seer of all hearts, thou to whom vengeance alone belongs, witness the deeds done this day, and deal according to thy wisdom on our base betrayers. Give them measure for measure, and may this blood of thy servants not reek up to heaven in vain!”

He laid his head upon the block, and in another moment it rolled in the dust.

There is a man in a black robe, a man of mild and venerable aspect, who turns away from that frightful scene with a pale cheek, a quivering lip, and a haggard eye. Officers and staff bearers precede him; and several servants and attendants follow. He calls one of them to him, and leans upon the man’s shoulder; for his limbs are seized with trembling, as if a palsy had struck him, and will not bear him up. Let us follow him to his chamber in that high castle. He has lain him down upon his bed to die. In vain the surgeons and physicians crowd around him. In vain priests pour words into his ear. All the medicines of the pharmacy can bring no cure. All the eloquence of the priests can afford no con-

solation to the smitten, heart-broken chancellor. The news that he is sick, that he is dying; spreads through the castle, and reaches the ears of the Cardinal of Lorraine.

"I will go and visit him," said the scarlet sin; and he went. He approached with a grave and sympathizing air, and a slow, light step; but the Chancellor Olivier, as soon as he beheld him, like the despairing King of Israel, turned his face to the wall, and would not look on him. In mild and honeyed accents the cardinal spoke to him for some ten minutes; but he obtained no answer, and murmuring to himself, "He is speechless, methinks," Lorraine rose from the bedside, and walked away.

His retreating steps caught the ear of the dying man; and he turned his head round, with a look of fear and horror. He saw that he was gone; and then he said, aloud,

"Ah! cursed cardinal, thou hast damned thyself, and made us also condemn ourselves to all eternity!"

At the end of two days more, they bore a corpse from that same chamber, with unavailing honors, to the chapel of the castle; and thus ended the tragedy of Amboise.*

* All the facts stated in this paper on Amboise will be found in the memoirs of Vielleville, or those of Castelnau Mauvissierre, with some few particulars from Aubigny, Belleforest, and other cotemporary, or nearly cotemporary writers.

ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

· ARTHUR.

SUMMER and sunshine, bright skies, rich fields, and fair scenery were all around. Pennons and banners were fluttering in the air. The Epte and the St. Aubin were glittering on toward their confluence. Thousands of horse and foot covered the hilly ground on the bank of the river, with their bright arms and their gay dresses sparkling beneath the unclouded sun. There was laughter and merriment too, and many a gay exclamation. It seemed no fierce, warlike expedition, but a great meeting of princes, knights, and soldiers upon some high festival.

Such was the scene on one side ; but on the other the case was very different. On the grounds below that joyous party, and on the other bank of the stream, crowds were seen flying in terror and confusion from the wide-open gates of the town of Gournay ; women carrying children in their arms, or dragging them along in haste by the hand ; rich citizens and poor artisans running fast from the town, loaded with their most valuable effects ; knights and soldiers galloping away as speedily as their horses could carry them ; and yet no signs of war or strife, except the pennons and the banners ; no couched lance, no drawn bow, no sword waving in the air.

What had become of the walls of Gournay, deemed almost impregnable ? Where were the battlements lately glittering with arms, and lined with strong defenders ? They lay in ruins all along the lower part of the town, without any military engine having been brought against them, without having been struck by catapult or mangonel. The dike which sustained the waters of the artificial lake above the city had been cut by orders of the shrewd and artful King of France ; and the deluge had swept all before it. Walls, and forts, and houses had given way. The meadows had become a sea, and every street a river.

And there he sat upon his proud black horse, Philip of France, smiling at the easy destruction he had wrought. Impregnable Gournay was taken in a day ; and the first triumph of many was accomplished.

By his side, mounted on a beautiful white barb, and glittering in undented arms, was a fair lad some sixteen years of age. His face was gentle and mild in its expression, but his eyes full of fire and intelligence ; and as, with the beaver of his helmet up, he gazed at the scene of devastation, he laughed not with the war-hardened soldiers around ; he smiled not with the remorseless politician by his side.

"Poor people," he said, "I fear many must perish."

Philip answered not, but merely pointed with the finger of his gauntleted hand to the standard that waved above his head. He might mean that it must so wave over many such a scene of destruction before the thirst of his ambition was sated.

Six hours passed, and the sun was sinking in the sky ; the waters had abated ; the streets were clear ; the town and its castle, no longer defensible, had sent out to seek mercy and make submission ; and with floating banners and ringing clarions, Philip of France, and Arthur of Brittany, the rightful King of England if there was force in feudal law, rode into Gournay, and ascended toward the castle. At the gates stood an old knight, bareheaded, with the keys in his hand ; and, as Philip took them, he turned to his young companion with a fatherly smile, saying,

"Here, in our first town taken, will I dub thee knight, dear boy, and may this be an augury to you and me of the recovery of all your dominions, while your union with my daughter shall prove an indissoluble bond between the crowns of France and England."

Philip kept his word ; and on the morning of the following day, in the chapel of the castle, Arthur of Brittany knelt at the great monarch's feet, while he struck him on the shoulder with his sword, exclaiming, "In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight. Be faithful, true, and valiant !"

He then threw over his shoulder a glittering scarf. Fair hands fixed the spurs upon his heels, and girt him with the knightly sword, while a page brought forward the glittering casque, on which appeared the humble badge of the proud Plantagenets, the branch of broom supported by the traditional crest of the fabulous King Arthur, the lion, the unicorn, and the griffin, wrought in massy gold.

Round about stood a crowd of the highest nobles and most distinguished knights of the land, with many a lord of Brittany, Poitou, and Maine.

One by one, the vassals of the crown of England came forward to do homage to the young prince; and Philip, seating him in his own chair, stood by his side to sanction and witness the oath.

“I, Hugo le Brun, lord of Lusignan, count of La Marche, do liege homage to you, Arthur Plantagenet, my born lord and suzerain, for all the lands I hold or ought to hold of you, save always, and except the rights of our Lord Philip, king of France, his heirs and successors. I will yield you honorable service. I will ransom you in captivity. I will offer no evil to your wife or to your daughter, in your house dwelling, and to this I plight my faith as your true vassal and liege-man.”

Similar was the oath of each; and Arthur, rising, took them, one by one as they did homage, by the hand, and gave them the kiss of peace.

The ceremony was over and the banquet followed; but, while lords and princes feasted, there was busy preparation going on; for it was needful that the young knight should win renown in arms; and he was going forth, aided by the chivalry of France, to strive for the conquest of the territory of his fathers. It was well known that a multitude of the vassals of the crown of England, disgusted with a prince without vigor or conduct, without honor or feeling, who had been a traitor to his brother and his friend, who was an oppressor of his vassals and his people, would rise in behalf of the young, amiable, and accomplished heir of Geoffrey Plantagenet; and all that was wanted was money and men, to begin the struggle, which was certain to bring into its vortex every one who could draw a sword on either side. The money was supplied by Philip. Two hundred knights, and several bands of archers were added; and with high hopes, a gallant train, and every prospect of success, Arthur of Brittany set out for the banks of the Loire, to meet with a short gleam of triumph, and then reverse, captivity, and death.

CHAPTER II.

ARTHUR.

As if on a gay party of pleasure, the new-made knight and his followers rode on from Gournay to Poissy, from Poissy to Chartres, from Chartres to Blois, from Blois to Tours. The merry sunshine of the mid-year was upon them, some of the brightest lands of France around; and on the pleasant banks of the Loire, they seemed to drink in from the face of nature the inspiration to great deeds. At Tours, a general rendezvous had been given to all on whose support the young prince fancied he could count; but execution is ever slow by the side of expectation; and day by day went by without any great accession to his numbers. Hugh le Brun, who had left him to levy more men, rejoined him, it is true, on the first day after his arrival at Tours, with fifteen knights; and on the following day, Raoul of Issoudun, with forty knights. William of Mauléon came with thirty, and with seventy men-at-arms; and Geoffrey de Lusignan brought in a force nearly equal. But still the number was small compared with that of John Lackland, who was at the head of nearly twenty thousand mercenaries.

But then he was afar, at least so rumor said; and distant dangers are seldom heeded by youth. Arthur was eager to win, and those who were with him were not men backward in confidence. Filled with the rash, gay, boasting spirit of the south, they had also many a high deed done in the past, and many a memory of success, to cheer them onward to immediate enterprise. All, all cried aloud for action; and the only question was, which way should their steps be directed?

It was soon decided. The Castle of Mirebeau was near at hand; and in it Eleanor of Aquitaine, the mother of John, the grandmother of Arthur, the great supporter of the former, the pertinacious enemy of the latter, was said to make her abode, and to have stored up both gold and arms. It was resolved that Mirebeau should be attacked; and thither, on a bright day of August, marched the princely boy in the freshness of his chivalry.

The walls were strong and high. There were gallant defenders within ; and the resistance was vigorous, but not long. Each knight of Poitou was eager to distinguish himself in the cause of his newly-acknowledged sovereign, and Arthur himself to win honor to his arms.

This is not a book of sieges and battles. The walls were won, the city gained ; and the glad prince saw his first effort crowned with success. The castle still held out ; but there was every hope of soon overcoming its resistance. Nothing was heard but the gay voice of triumph ; and the pleasure-loving lords of Poitou gave themselves up to feasting and to revelry. Arthur rejoiced too. He had none with him to supply the forethought which youth wanted. He had gallant men, good soldiers, skillful officers, but none of those experienced, gray-headed men, who found one success upon another.

They wasted their time beneath the walls of the castle, skirmishing with the garrison by day, feasting and singing by night. It was what Eleanor desired. At the first sound of danger she had dispatched messengers to her son, calling for immediate aid ; and John showed himself for once prompt, energetic, and bold. By long, forced marches, he crossed the country at the head of a large force, taking means to conceal his approach as far as possible. At some distance from Mirebeau he halted his troops, in order to take his nephew, by surprise. Success attended him, for early in the morning, before the barons of Poitou were prepared for resistance, John was upon them. A small party, who either slept without the town, or went out at the first intelligence of an enemy's approach, fought gallantly, and delayed for a moment the final catastrophe ; but, overwhelmed by numbers, they were driven back into the town, and John entered Mirebeau along with them. The resistance in the streets was not long ; and those who had been conquerors but a few days before, were now either corpses on the field, or prisoners in the hands of a merciless tyrant. Though so often pardoned, John never learned to spare. The prisoners were sent to various different fortresses, loaded with chains, subject to every sort of indignity and cruelty, to linger out existence in misery, or to perish by privation. Two-and-twenty noble gentlemen of Poitou, Anjou, and Maine, for following the standard of their natural prince, were carried like the basest criminals to a dungeon in Corfe Castle, and actually starved to death.

Another fate awaited Arthur, who, while his sister, the lily

of Bretagne, was sent to England, to wither for forty years in hopeless imprisonment, was conveyed to the Château Falaise, and kept a strict prisoner within its walls. There he had the pain of hearing that not one stroke was struck for his deliverance by him who had so lately bestowed knighthood upon him; that, so far from it, Philip, as if struck with sudden fear at the disastrous day of Mirebeau, had raised the siege of Arques, and retired with his army in confusion to Paris.

Did the poor boy's heart give way? Did hope yield to despair? Did his courage and his firmness abandon him in the moment of disappointment and regret? Far from it. The spirit of his race was in him. The unconquerable soul of his great uncle of the lion heart he had inherited, though not his dominions or his success; and he sat in his lonely chamber, in the high tower of Falaise, dreaming still of empire.

An autumn day was drawing to the close, and there were sounds of bustle and movement in Falaise. Clarions had been sounding: horses had been neighing and trampling below the tower; and voices speaking, and the sound of many feet had risen up to the lonely chamber. The door opened; and the graceful form, smooth, deceitful countenance, and cold, soulless eye of John, his uncle and his captor, were before Arthur of Brittany.

The boy rose; and his face grew pale and then red; and the two gazed at each other for an instant in silence. A frown gathered upon John's face; but it passed away instantly, and he took a seat, with a soft and smiling air. Arthur seated himself too; and the king began, with his sweet tones and his easy eloquence.

"Arthur," he said, "I have come to reason with you, anxious to treat you with kindness rather than with harshness. I am your uncle, your nearest and dearest friend, your liege sovereign, your well-wisher. You have allied yourself with the French king, the long-persisting enemy of your uncle Richard, my persevering foe, the hereditary adversary of the English crown. He has used you, and only seeks to use you, for his own purposes. He desires merely to encourage hostilities between the uncle and nephew, to take advantage of their dissensions for the advancement of his own ambitious schemes, and for the injury of both."

There was some truth in what he said—truth from lips which seldom spoke it—and Arthur meditated in silence. He recollected how inefficient had been the succor afforded him by Philip, how readily he had been abandoned in the

hour of need. "Why am I in Falaise," he thought, "if the great King of France, with all his unlimited power and great resources, be really willing to deliver me?"

John saw that he was moved, and he proceeded.

"Rightly viewed, Arthur," he continued, "your interests are intimately bound up with mine. Abandon your alliance with Philip, adhere to me faithfully and truly, as your natural friend, protector, and ally. Your hereditary dominions of Brittany shall be restored to you, and I will shower honors and benefits on your head. You shall share in all my bounties, and no one shall receive more favor in my dominions."

Indignation had been growing up in Arthur's heart. True, Philip had aided him with a niggard hand; but then the king had probably calculated upon greater and more rapid efforts on the part of the barons of Poitou and Maine. True, the King of France had not come to his deliverance; but Arthur knew that he was himself embarrassed by treacherous vassals and unruly peers. True, Philip had not given him all the support he expected; but he *had* supported, and had never plundered him. Philip had kept his word. Philip, in hatred or in friendship, was persevering. Philip pursued an enemy or supported a friend without fear or wavering; and John—what was John? There rose up before the boy's eyes the history of his race. He saw the rebellious and deceitful son, the treacherous brother, the false friend, the weak prince, the man who never kept an oath to friend or enemy, the plunderer of his house, the oppressor of his mother, the usurper of his rights. They were all before him in John, king of England; and when he heard him talk of his dominions—when he spoke of bestowing favors and honors upon one before whom his knee should bow as a vassal and his brow bend with humility and shame, the spirit of Plantagenet rose up in the bold boy's heart! and he replied but too frankly.

"Give me back the crown of England which you have usurped," he said; "deliver to me the territories in this land of France which are mine by inheritance; yield up to me, as your elder brother's son and representative, all the broad possessions of my uncle Richard at the day of his death; do homage to me as your sovereign lord, for the fiefs you hold of my crown, and I will honor and favor you according to your obedience. But of this be assured, that for these things never will I cease to struggle; for my rights and my dominions never will I cease to fight while I have life and strength."

The dark frown gathered on the weak tyrant's brow, and

his lip turned pale and quivered ; but, without reply, he quitted the chamber, and the heavy bolts were shot in the door behind him.

There were many secret consultations in the Castle of Falaise that night. Various men, not famed for honesty and scruples—men of harsh visages and hard hearts, were closeted separately with King John. But still he seemed dissatisfied when they went away. There were few who could bring their hearts to murder a boy, and one so good.

Nevertheless, Arthur had sealed his own fate, and naught but an agent was wanting.

The royal court of John quitted Falaise, and the castle and the high tower returned to their tranquillity again. It was dull and heavy, the passing of the next month ; and Arthur's heart sunk low, and expectation gave way to despondency. The flagging hours seemed weary of passing over his head, and he looked out to the blue sky, and longed, like the prophet poet, for the wings of a dove, that he might fly away and be at rest. Suddenly the information came that he was to be removed to Rouen ; and, though he was strictly guarded by the way, and suffered to speak to no one but his immediate attendants, the poor boy rejoiced. It was a change ; and any thing seemed better than the cold solitude of Falaise.

CHAPTER III.

ARTHUR.

WILLIAM DE BRAUSE sat with his wife in the Castle of Rouen ; and there was an open letter before them. His was a harsh face, with more than one scar upon it ; but it belied the heart within. Matilda of St. Valery was any thing but like her husband ; for she was bright and beautiful to behold, and looked as mild and gentle as a May morning. She *was* gentle too ; but yet, in a good cause and with a high aim, no lion that ever tore the hunter which pursued him was bolder than Matilda of St. Valery. Her high, true spirit cost her her life ere many years were over ; but that is beyond the limits of our tale.*

* She was thrown into prison in 1208, with William her eldest son,

"A strange letter, and a dark," said William de Brause. "The king trusting in my fidelity and affection to do him good service, sends Prince Arthur hither to Rouen, to my custody."

"Light comes from darkness, they say," replied Matilda of St. Valery; "and when John speaks darkly, his meaning is generally clear. When he speaks clearly, it is then men should ask themselves what it is he really means."

"I know not what he means," replied her husband, "unless that I should keep the poor boy strictly."

"Perhaps, that you should not keep him at all," replied his wife.

"God's life, thou speakest parables too," answered William de Brause. "Not keep him! Why does he send him to me then?"

"To make away with him," replied Matilda, in a low tone.

De Brause started and gazed at her silently.

"What have I done," he asked, at length, "that this man should think me a murderer?"

"Thou art rough in speech, bold in deed, harsh of visage, De Brause," replied his wife; "and it is only those that lie in thy bosom who know the beauty of the spirit and the softness of the heart within. This king mistakes thee, my husband. Thou must teach him not always to judge other men by himself."

"Pshaw, that is all woman's talk," replied De Brause, kissing her. "He would never seek to hurt the boy. No, no, he only wants to have him strictly guarded, to prevent mischief and keep down war. No man would ever dream of injuring a noble boy like this."

"Thou makest the same mistake that he does," said Matilda, sadly. "Thou judgest others by thyself. Hast thou heard, De Brause, that Geoffrey of Lusignan is dead in Corfe Castle—starved to death? Hast thou not heard the rumors which have come from Falaise, of men refusing to do dark deeds which they dared not name?"

"Wild, wandering reports," replied De Brause, "doubtless all false and fanciful." But he got up and strode about the room with a frowning brow and moody air, and then went away, bestowing some hearty curses upon something, he mentioned not what.

by order of King John. She had reproached him fearlessly with the murder of Arthur; and she died in Corfe Castle, no one knows how. Her son died also; and her husband was banished, and died two years after her.

It was night when Prince Arthur arrived ; and the good governor took him by the hand and led him to his wife.

"Here is our noble guest, Matilda," he said ; "and we must make him as comfortable as may be, in following the king's commands. You women know best how to soothe away sorrow, so try your skill on him, good housewife."

Her skill was not employed in vain ; for, though weary and sick at heart when he arrived, though the dark town and the frowning fortress were not calculated to raise up hopes, yet the kind woman's smile and her tender care had power to soothe and cheer ; and for a time Arthur thought Rouen better than Falaise. It lasted not long, however ; for it was not the purpose of the hard uncle that Arthur should be happy. First came a letter from the king, reproving De Brause for the liberty he had allowed his prisoner, and ordering that Arthur should be closely confined in the new tower. Then came a command to exclude every body from him but one jailer ; and then John himself arrived to take up his residence in Rouen, and there were gloomy looks and discontented speeches passed between De Brause and the king. The feudal baron was bold and stern, and, like the famous Scotch reformer, feared not the face of mortal man. He doubted the king's purpose. He knew him to be faithless, treacherous, and cruel ; and the words of his wife had now been confirmed by direct intelligence from Falaise.

It was one gloomy winter morning ; and the large logs burned upon the hearth. A white mist rose up from the Seine ; the wind was cold and cutting ; it was no day for traveling. De Brause had been sad and thoughtful all the preceding evening, and gloomy and stern in the early morning ; but he had a lighter look when he entered his wife's chamber, about ten o'clock before noon.

"Quick, wife," he exclaimed, "pack up your goods and gewgaws. We shall ride forth from Rouen before night."

"What has happened, De Brause ?" demanded Matilda.

"Nothing, dear love," he answered ; "but something is going to happen. Within an hour John will be here to hold a court, and receive the homage of Martin of Duclerc. Then, in the presence of all, I give up my command into his hands. I will bear these heavy thoughts no longer. I will neither be a jailer nor a murderer, good wife, so, with God's blessing, we will ride forth and leave him to do his will."

"Alas, the poor boy !" replied Matilda of St. Valery.

De Brause gazed at her sorrowfully.

"Alas, indeed!" he said; "but if I can do naught to help him, I will do naught to wrong him; and I will not stay to witness what is to happen. Perhaps, too, I may speak a word which will frighten the wolf from his prey. But God knows, there are some men who are only bold in evil deeds. However, I must hasten away; for I hear horses below;" and he left her.

John sat in his chair of state; and many a Norman and English baron stood around while the act of homage was performed by one of the vassals of Normandy. The king's face was smooth and smiling. A sleepy sort of languor was in his eyes; and the long hair, which hung upon his shoulders, was curled and perfumed with more than usual care. But those who knew him best argued no good from such indications. He seemed to remark that there were many cold and cheerless looks about him; and he spoke to several of the Norman nobles in soothing and familiar tones.

De Brause gave him no great time for discourse, however; for hardly had the homage been performed a minute, when he stepped forward into the circle, saying, with a grave, stern manner, "My lord the king, I deliver into your hands the command of this Castle of Rouen, with which you intrusted me some eighteen months ago, and also the custody of your nephew, Prince Arthur, which you gave me without my seeking, and contrary to my wish. What may be his fate hereafter, I know not; but witness, all noble gentlemen here present, that I deliver him into the king's hands safe, and in good health. I beg you to name some one to take this charge, which is too heavy for me. My own affairs call me immediately to my lordship of Brause, for which I must set out this very day."

John had frowned upon him from the beginning of his speech, with a fierce and vindictive look; but in this case the tiger was chained. The barons of Normandy stood around; and he dared not violate their rights in the person of De Brause.

"This is sudden," he said, slowly and thoughtfully; "sudden, and not courteous to your king, and to one who has favored you."

As he spoke, he rolled his eyes over the circle round him, with a doubtful and considerate look. He was long in finding a face that pleased him. Pembroke's would not do. Salisbury's would not do. Brionne's he did not like. The Lord of Maillé he dreaded. There was a man standing be-

hind, with his arms crossed upon his chest and a slight smile upon his lip, with more of bitter than of sweet in it; and, as John's eye lighted on his face, between the shoulders of two others, he exclaimed suddenly, "Robert de Vipont, stand forward. We will bestow on you the custody of our dear nephew, if you will undertake it."

"Right willingly, my liege," replied De Vipont, coming forward; "and I trust I shall give satisfaction in my office."

"Doubtless, doubtless," said John, bending his head; and then, turning toward De Brause, he said, coldly, "Give up your charge to him, sir."

"By your good leave, my liege," said De Brause, "I will have two of these noble lords to witness the surrender of my prisoner into his hands, that they may testify to your highness that the prince is safe and well. It is according to feudal custom, and my right."

John had turned toward him fiercely at the first words, but he overcame the passion in his heart with marvelous self-command.

"Be it so," he said, in the same cold, chilly tone. "Let us go, my lords;" and he rose and quitted the hall.

CHAPTER IV.

ARTHUR.

THE night was dark and tempestuous. Heavy gusts of wind swept down the Valley of the Seine. There was not a star to be seen in the sky, and sweeping clouds obscured the whole face of heaven. It was the night of the new moon, and very dark. The town of Rouen was still and silent. All the busy population of the Norman capital was buried in slumber; and on neither side of the river was any one seen except two poor women on the left bank, who sat close to the edge of the water, keeping up a fire in a raised chafing-dish, the light of which floated down the stream, but which was shaded on the other side from the northeasterly blast.

At that time the fish of the Seine was abundant and in high repute; and many fishermen from the neighborhood of Rouen and Canteleu made a scanty living by sailing down

toward the mouth of the river, and bringing all that they could sweep up in their nets for the daily supply of the city market. Their trade was not without peril; and this, as I have said, was a stormy night. The women I have spoken of were two fishermen's wives, watching for the return of their husbands, who had been absent longer than their wont; and the fire was a little homely beacon, lighted to show them, in the darkness of the night, their accustomed landing-place.

Patiently had they watched for many an hour, when, suddenly, they heard the sound of horses' feet coming down the Bernay road. "Heaven send it may be the king coming back," said one of the women to the other; "for then we shall have a good market for the fish."

"No such good luck," replied the other. "The king would not come at this hour; and, besides, I only hear two or three horses."

As she spoke, she went up the little bank to obtain a sight of the road. Her eyes had grown familiar with the darkness, and she saw three horsemen ride down toward the river and dismount. One of them gathered all the reins together, and remained where he was. The other two went close down to the edge of the water, one of them turning his head and saying, "Mind you stir not a step, for your life."

"I will not, my liege," replied the man who held the horses; and the other two walked for several yards close to the edge of the Seine.

The dip of oars in the water was heard, and the two women, looking out, saw faintly the outline of a boat, with two men in it, making its way toward the opposite shore. It was soon lost in the darkness, and they perceived not whither it went; but some twenty minutes or half an hour after a light streamed out from one of the lower windows of the new tower, where all had been black before. That light remained there; but very soon, through one of the loop-holes of the tall lateral turret, which contained the stair-case, a yellow glare broke forth upon the night, faded away, appeared at the loop-hole above, and then at another higher still. It was next seen spreading over one of the upper casements of the tower; and the women fancied they heard the sound of voices, speaking loud, borne across the river by the wind.

A moment or two after there was a loud and piercing shriek, a second fainter, and then what seemed a deep, murmuring groan; and at the same time the light was extin-

gushed in the chamber above. The women shook very much, but dared not ask each other what all this might mean. Not long after, they heard a heavy plunge in the water, and then the creaking sound of the oars upon the gunwale, and their measured dip in the stream. The boat returned before their eyes, with two men in it, as before; and, after a few minutes, the horses' feet were heard beating the ground, and taking, apparently, the way back to Bernay.

For two hours more the women waited and watched. All was silent and still; and they conversed often in low whispers, as if they feared that some one might be listening. At length the sound of voices was indistinctly heard, the rushing of a small bark through the water, a loud call from a well-known voice, as some one caught sight of the fire, and in a moment or two more husbands and wives were busily unloading the boat, which brought home an abundant freight to repay watching and anxiety. Joy and satisfaction first had way; but, after that had subsided, each wife told her husband what they had seen and heard, and much did they all marvel what it might mean. Some ten days after, one of those very men, fishing, with several companions, many miles further down the Seine, fancied he had caught in his net a larger draught of fishes than he had brought up that year; but when the nets were drawn in, though there were fish in plenty in it, yet there was an object which attracted more attention still. It was the body of a fair and beautiful boy of some sixteen years of age, with bright, long hair, which floated over the face as they raised it up. It was lightly clothed in such habiliments as persons of high rank in those days wore at night. There was the shirt tied with a blue ribbon at the neck, and a furred dressing-gown of cloth of silver. There was a large gold ring, too, upon the thumb, with a beautiful ruby in it of the size of a silver sol. When they came to examine the body more closely, they found a deep sword wound passing through and through it, and another, contused and ragged, on the left temple. The rough men shook their heads, with a sad and mournful look; and carrying the body, which was in no degree decomposed (for the weather had been very cold, although it was now the 13th of April, in the year of our Lord 1203), to the neighboring monastery of St. Mary of the Fields, they gave it into the hands of the good monks. The abbot was called to look at it; and when he had gazed at it for a moment or two, the tears came into the old man's eyes.

"Alas, alas!" he said; "and is it even so! Go your ways, good men, go your ways; and remember, if you would save your own lives, be very silent. We will give this youth burial here in our own church; and a mass shall be said every day for a twelve-month for the repose of his soul. He had little peace or happiness on earth. May he find both in heaven."

The body was buried in quiet secrecy by the good monks of St. Mary's; and masses were said as the abbot had promised; but Arthur of Brittany was never heard of more among the living.*

* The annals of Margan coincide in many particulars with the account of William the Breton. Matthew Paris is less explicit. Ralph of Coggeshal supplies a few particulars to the tale; and I have preferred the accounts of these authors to the less credible statement of Argentré, which I can not discover to have been based upon any thing but a vague rumor among the barons of Brittany. The unanimous testimony of historians proves that Arthur was murdered, almost all say by John's own hand, though some assert that it was done by others at his instigation, and Matthew Paris uses the delicate expression "Arthurus subito evanuit."

CHAPTER I.

PERKIN WARBECK.

It was an intensely hot day, toward the end of August, in the year 1485, and the busy citizens of London were taking some short repose, after enjoying the mid-day meal. Nevertheless, there was much agitation in the city, for it was known that hostile armies were marching toward each other in the heart of the land, and hourly news was expected of a battle, which would decide the fate of England. The two parties of York and Lancaster were not yet wholly extinct. Many who had fought for one rose or another were still living, and old wounds were still sore ; but, nevertheless, faction had lost much of its rancor ; and the accession of Richard III. had tended to unite many partisans of both houses, in opposition to a prince, whom both regarded as a usurper.

But Richard's friends were very powerful in London ; and on that day, the 25th of August, they walked the streets with a proud and confident air, well assured that their master, a great general as well as a great statesman, supported by veteran troops, and assisted by skillful officers, would obtain an easy victory over the scum of England, and the rabble of Brittany, led by the unwarlike and unfamed Richmond. All were eager for news from Leicester, however ; and though the malcontents were afraid to inquire too eagerly for intelligence, lest their hopes should become apparent, yet many a one questioned his neighbor in private. The partisans of the king, on the other hand, boldly questioned every one they saw, if any distinct information had been received of the royal success. Often might a man be seen in that after-dinner hour, quietly gliding from his own open door into that of the adjoining house, to gather the news of the day, or returning with a doubtful and dejected countenance as he heard report of Richmond's men having fallen from him, or of scanty levies among his friends, or of the indifference of the people of the country.

If any group was seen, however, gathered together at the shady corner of the street, discussing the passing events with loud tones and a swaggering air, sure might you be that they

were Richard's men, even though they displayed not the cognizance of the boar.

Toward evening one of those strange rumors which have something prophetic in them began to spread through the city. No messenger had arrived from Bosworth Field, no definite intelligence was to be got from any one, but yet the report ran from house to house, and mouth to mouth, with incredible rapidity, that a great battle had been fought, and that Henry Tudor was victor of the field.

About six o'clock, a dusty horseman, with a jaded horse, rode into the town, and was seen by many spurring on toward the Tower. He looked not to the right or left. His brow was dark and gloomy, and he seemed utterly wearied out. A man called to him from the door of an ale-house to stop and take a draught; but the horseman spurred on and heeded not. When not a bow-shot from the gates of the Tower, a draper, well to do, who knew him to be a servant of Brackenbury the lieutenant, ran up to the horse, and asked him what news from the North. The man answered not; and then the draper inquired, how was his noble master.

"Dead!" replied the man, and spurred on, nor paused further till he had passed the draw-bridge.

From that moment there was a strange movement within the Tower. Many people were observed to quit it carrying bundles and boxes. The gates were left unguarded, or nearly so; and the rumor spread fast that a battle had been fought, King Richard defeated and slain, and Brackenbury the lieutenant left among the dead. Groups collected around the gates; but they consisted only of the lower classes; for the lord mayor and the citizens had assembled in the Guildhall, and were discussing somewhat profusely what was to be done next.

As the evening began to close in, two men on foot passed over the draw-bridge into the Tower. One was a monk, and the other seemed a serving-man. They had not entered a quarter of an hour, when two others rode up, men bearing arms and of a military look. The horses were tired, but the riders had a gay and triumphant air. Both seemed to have fared well on the road too; for their speech was somewhat thick, and the tone boisterous.

"What news, what news?" cried some of the people in the crowd as they rode among them slowly.

"What news!" cried the soberer of the two. "Have you not heard it, lads? Well, then, long live Henry, king of England!" and he threw his cap up into the air.

“Lancaster! Lancaster! Long live King Henry!” shouted the mob; and a scramble took place to catch the man’s cap, which fell among the crowd.

“Come to the Guildhall! Come to the hall!” cried one of the most forward among the people. “Come, tell the mayor and aldermen the good tidings;” and he laid his hand upon the man’s bridle, while shouts of “Lancaster!” echoed round.

“Stay, stay—I must say a word to the warder, and then I am with you,” answered the horseman. “Here, good man with the boar on your breast, go tell the deputy that I will be back presently. You may say that the tyrant is dead on Bosworth Field, and Harry of Richmond, king of England—Ah, I forgot. That is not all. Say I come from Sir Robert Willoughby, now lieutenant of the Tower, to bid him be ready to yield his charge peaceably to-morrow before noon, for Sir Robert is by this time at Barnet, I dare say.”

The man went away, surrounded by a crowd of men and boys, eagerly seeking the news of Bosworth, and the warder ran in with the tidings. The deputy was speaking low and eagerly with the monk who had lately entered; and when he heard the news the warder brought, he made no comment thereon, but continued almost in a whisper, as if in conclusion of what he had been saying,

“Now is the moment. Quick, then—quick! Commend me to her highness, and crave her gracious favor for me.”

Ten minutes after, the monk and the serving-man went forth again from the Tower; but they had now a fair young boy between them, who looked round as if in terror, and held fast by the monk’s robe. No one noticed them. It was now nearly dark. All was confusion in the courts of the Tower; the gate was wide open, the draw-bridge down, the mob all gone to the Guildhall; and the monk, and boy, and serving-man passed on. They bent their steps through narrow streets to the water’s edge, and entered a lonely, melancholy house. The serving-man stationed himself at the door, which was open when they arrived, and the monk and the boy walked hastily in. They went up a broad flight of low, open stairs, and along a corridor. The monk threw back a door, and the boy sprang in.

There were two ladies in the room: one past the early prime of life, but still beautiful; the other like a flower in the spring; and the moment they beheld the boy they caught him in their arms, and smothered him with caresses. One

twined her arms around him ; then the other caught him to her heart. Both wept, and both smiled ; and speech seemed extinguished for some time in manifold emotions.

At length, however, the elder lady raised her eyes toward heaven with a look of anguish, strangely contrasting with the joy which her face had just before expressed.

"You must go, my boy," she said ; "you must go, Richard. We must not keep you here."

"But if my uncle is slain, dearest mother, why need I go ?" demanded the boy. "The Earl of Richmond is more unkind, if he sends me away from England, than my uncle Richard ; for, though he would not let me out of the Tower, he was kind, and kept me here."

"It is for your own good, my boy," answered the elder lady. "It is not he who sends you ; it is I. There are dangers abroad, Richard—more dangers than you wot of. Man's ambition is never to be trusted. Richmond is already proclaimed King of England, and we have no power to assert your title against his. The attempt would be destruction to all of us. You must go, my boy, and go at once. This good father will explain all to you by the way. The time may come when a brighter fate will attend you. Till that day arrives, you must conceal your name, your rights, your station. A mother's and a sister's love shall always watch over you, and we shall meet again, I trust, in happier hours. I have but one injunction to give ; but let it sink deep into your heart. Treasure up in your memory every scene, every word, every act of these times. Let nothing that has happened to you in these days pass from your remembrance. Let not new places or new friends banish them from your recollection, nor time wear out the soft traces from the mind of youth. Whether your hours be spent in pastime or in study, pause and ponder for a while each day, recalling, as clearly as possible, all that you now recollect : your father's court, your mother's love, the person and appearance of all your near relations, your dwelling in the Tower, the sports and companions of your childhood. And now farewell, my boy, farewell !"

It was a bitter parting ; but a mother's heart reconciled itself to the pang, by the knowledge that her child was saved.

The boy, the monk, and the serving-man set out. A wherry, with the common waterman, conveyed them down the river to a Flemish ship, which was lying below the bridge ; and in a few hours afterward they were upon the sea. The mouth of the Scheldt received them, after a tempestuous voyage ;

and, journeying on, they reached the town of Tournay, where their travels ceased. The monk spoke the language of the country well ; but neither the boy, nor the old serving-man, who remained with him, understood a word ; and the conversation of all three was in English when conversing with each other. There were many of their countrymen in the town, and occasionally they met and conversed, but it was always with reserve ; for the monk never lost sight of his young charge, till he had filled his mind with the conviction that his life or his liberty depended upon concealment. It would seem that the old man had obtained a dispensation from his vows of seclusion, for he quitted not the side of that boy for several years, but remained with him, instructing him in many things, and taking care that naught which he had learned should escape from his memory.

From time to time news came from England ; and money, though not in abundance, was never wanting. They heard that Henry of Richmond was king. They heard that he was husband of Elizabeth of York. And sometimes the boy would smile at the tidings which reached him ; sometimes he would weep.

At length a sore fever prevailed in the land, and the old serving-man caught it and died. The monk and the boy, however, escaped, and two more years passed, while time did its work on both. The boy grew up into a tall and handsome youth. He learned to ride, to dance, to use the sword and lance. The monk withered, and became bent and feeble ; and though he was still cheerful, as good men often are in life's decline, he evidently felt his days were drawing to a close.

In 1487, news reached Flanders that an aspirant to the crown of England had appeared, calling himself Edward Plantagenet, earl of Warwick, son of George, duke of Clarence. But the boy and the monk only smiled ; and when, some time after, they heard that the real Earl of Warwick had been shown to the people by King Henry, and that the pretender had been exposed, defeated in battle, and made a scullion in the king's kitchen, they laughed aloud.

The monk, however, as I have said, declined, wasting slowly but perceptibly. His memory began to fail. His thoughts were not so clear ; his speech became thick and indistinct. About this time a stranger visited them from England, and, seeing the state of the good old man, he gave some money, which he had been charged to deliver, into the hands of the

young boy. He bade him also, if the monk died, and he had need of writing into England, to address his letter to the Prior of St. Alban's; to make no mention of former times; to state his wants and wishes briefly, and to sign merely the name of Richard.

The monk died, and the boy remained alone, lodging in the house of a person named Usbeck, one of the officers of the town of Tournay. He soon got tired, however; for these were coarse, rude people among whom he dwelt, and he was now a noble-looking, princely youth, graceful in his manners, and with many a rich store in his mind. He resolved to see more of the wide world; there was none to restrain him; and, taking advantage of a Portuguese ship which happened to be in the Scheldt, he set sail for that land of bold adventurers.*

CHAPTER II.

PERKIN WARBECK.

It was a beautiful day in the spring of the year 1492, when a ship appeared off the coast of Ireland bearing Portuguese colors. A boat rowed off, containing, besides a portion of the ordinary crew, two or three persons of distinguished appearance, one of whom was a youth, apparently of some sixteen years of age, tall, handsome, beautifully formed, with a countenance, once seen, never to be forgotten. It was full of beautiful peculiarities: it was the countenance of a race. His dress was not what could be called splendid, but rich and graceful;

* The foregoing statement can not be borne out by any direct authority; but I have adopted this view of the escape of Richard, duke of York, out of the Tower, from a disquisition attributed, I believe justly, to Malcolm Laing, as the most probable explanation of the darker parts in the history of him who has been called by historians Perkin Warbeck, in consequence of the bold, though contradictory and unsubstantiated, assertions of the adherents of the house of Tudor. Mr. Laing only ventures to state that it is more probable that the young son of Edward was withdrawn from the Tower in the confusion which reigned in London between the death of Richard III. and the arrival of Sir Robert Willoughby at the Tower, than at any other time; but that the prince did escape, rests upon the much stronger body of evidence, principally negative, indeed, but yet most conclusive.

and his doublet of pale-blue silk suited well his clear and brilliant complexion. He wore a long, heavy sword upon his left hip, and a dagger thrust through his girdle, immediately in front; and, notwithstanding his extreme youth, his muscular limbs seemed well fitted to wield the weapons which he bore. When the boat touched the shore, two of the sailors jumped out, and held their hands to assist the passengers in disembarking. The youth at once rose and landed, and the others followed him with an air of respect. There were several persons watching the proceedings of the party, and one asked the other who these might be.

"I don't know," said an old soldier who was standing by; "but that lad is wonderfully like good King Edward IV., as I recollect him ten years before his death." He swore an oath, and added, "I believe it is himself come to life again."

The words had caught the youth's ear; and with a sudden movement, as if by an irresistible impulse, he turned round, with a bright smile, and held out his hand to the old man.

The soldier caught it, and pressed his lips upon it; and, while the party walked on into the town, he hurried away to the Mayor of Cork, and told him he had seen King Edward's son. There were many inquiries made as to where the strangers were lodged; and at nightfall the mayor went away, to see with his own eyes this extraordinary likeness of which the old soldier had spoken.

"I have seen good King Edward many a time," he said; "and methinks I should know his son if I beheld him."

When the mayor arrived at the lodging of the strangers, he found a certain seeming of royal state. A servant stood at the door of the room where they were, and demanded his name before he would give him admission.

"Tell him," said the visitor, "that I am John le Mellen, mayor of the town of Cork."

He was admitted instantly, and found the youth sitting with his bonnet on, while the other two persons present were bareheaded.

"You are welcome, Master Mayor," said the young man. "I pray you, be seated. What may be your business with me?"

The mayor gazed at him intently, still standing, and then replied, in a voice that shook a good deal, "May I first know in whose presence I am?"

"My name is Richard Plantagenet," replied the young man, with a bland smile. "Why do you ask?"

“My king, my king!” cried the mayor; “I can not be mistaken. The image of the royal Edward is before me;” and he bent his knee and kissed the young man’s hand.

“I did not know,” said the youth, “that I was so like, till I met an old man on the beach, who likewise recognized me instantly.”

Such was the first recognition of Richard, duke of York. But there be some whose fate seems to justify the old superstition of those who say that men are born under an unfavorable star. Richard’s sun was almost always clouded, from dawn till night; and if it yielded any brightness, it was but with the treacherous ray that lures the husbandman to sow the seed, and then leaves the produce to be blighted. On the following day, two or three others came in to see and to acknowledge the heir of their ancient kings: one Stephen Poynton, and one John Walter or O’Walter, among the rest. They had both served under King Edward, and required no arguments to convince them when they looked in the youth’s face. In truth, he never sought to convince; for he knew his own truth too well to doubt that it was apparent to others. By the advice of those who surrounded him, however, he wrote letters to the Earls of Desmond and Kildare, telling his birth, his history, and his claims; but those great leaders were cowed by the superior fortune of Henry. They remembered the result of Simnel’s attempt; and that which Richard of York had laughed at as a boy now proved the greatest obstacle to his own success. Kildare and Desmond answered coldly: they came not to see him; they sought not to judge of his rights; they left him to establish them, if he could; to fail, if such were God’s will.

Few gathered round him, though now one, now another, who had been attached to his family in former days, acknowledged his claim, and formed a little court around him in Cork. No rising in his favor showed itself: no army waited his command; and the hope which his speedy recognition had generated waxed faint and more faint, till it well-nigh died out altogether.

What was to be done? became the question. What step was to be taken to win and to convince? No one had yet appeared to deny his right, no one to resist his progress; but few, very few, were there to support his title; few to promise success to his efforts against a mighty enemy.

It was proposed that he should once more abandon the dominions of his father, and seek safety in obscurity again; but

the gleam of sunshine was coming, the only gleam that was to brighten his dark existence.

The utter neglect with which his pretensions had been treated by the English court had not been favorable to him. A just cause almost always gains by resistance : even an unjust cause, sometimes. But Henry's inactivity did not proceed from apathy ; he miscalculated, and judged that the appearance in Ireland of a new claimant to the throne was only a stratagem to divert him from his designs against France. He suffered a whole month to elapse, without heeding the rumors which reached his ears, and which began to spread dangerously among the English nobility. He even went on grinding his own subjects with excessive exactions, making them look round on every side for relief from the tyranny of his avarice.

I have said that this indifference was unfavorable to Richard Plantagenet. Noise and activity are the most seducing baits to the multitude. No opposition was shown to Richard's claim, and consequently there came few to support it. Desmond would not move. Kildare was silent. The great body of the people stood aloof. There seemed nothing but exile or death before the prince ; and the last hope of the house of York was going out, when one day there arrived at Cork a French vessel of war, with a gentleman of that country, who took upon himself the character of ambassador. His name was Trion. He spoke English well, and had formerly been French secretary to King Henry VII. He had quitted the court of that monarch on some disgust, had visited Paris, and now his first inquiries were for Richard, duke of York.

All the people of the town were surprised at the event, for their interest in the youth had died away, and most men were inclined to give up his cause as hopeless. But when the news spread that a French ambassador had arrived, acknowledging, on behalf of his royal master, the claims of the young man, who so strongly resembled the gallant Edward IV., a marvelous change took place in the minds of men. Adherents began to come in. Knights and gentlemen thronged to see the heir of Plantagenet. Support was promised, and enthusiasm began to raise up her fiery head. The advisers of Richard of York, however, knew how little such promises are ever to be depended upon, and the envoy of the French king had conveyed to him an invitation which held out brighter prospects for the future. Charles VIII. besought him to visit his court in Paris, and put himself under the protection of one capable

of assisting and supporting effectually. The youth took leave of his Irish friends with tender kindness, promised to return to them when his plan should be matured by consultation with his great protector, and sailed away for France with the light of hope upon his sails.

It may be that the heart of Richard Plantagenet beat with many emotions as he entered the gates of the city of Paris. He might feel hope, he might feel expectation, but he might feel that doubt, that fear springing from uncertainty, which agitates more than the presence of apparent danger.

How should he be received by the King of France? That was a question upon which much depended. If heartily acknowledged, though ultimate success might not, indeed, be secured, that for which every noble heart pants most eagerly was gained: the means of struggling vigorously for a right. If, on the contrary, he were met coldly, his title questioned, his descent subjected to carping objections, there was nothing to look forward to but doubt and difficulty, and the delay which makes the heart sick.

He might, indeed, feel agitated, but he did not show it; and he rode on, accompanied by his small train, with calm and easy dignity. His face was grave, but not sad. His look was thoughtful, but not anxious. All fears, however, were dispelled from the moment of his entrance into the palace. The young king met him in the lower hall, and embraced him as a brother; he led him by the hand to the presence of his new bride, the heiress of Brittany; he acknowledged him at once as Richard Plantagenet, duke of York, if not King of England; and had any one who saw the two young princes standing together been asked at that moment which Nature intended for a king, the reply must certainly have pointed to the young exile who sought a refuge within those walls. Apartments in the palace were assigned to him; a guard was appointed to attend upon him; and daily from that moment his own countrymen, disgusted with the conduct of the miser king they had chosen, or convinced of the rights of Edward's son, flocked to the little court he now held in Paris.

Those were bright and happy days. The French courtiers imitated the demeanor of their monarch; nothing was talked of but asserting Richard's claim in arms; and letters were received, signed by several of the proudest names of England, giving assurance that there was still many a sword ready to start from the sheath in defense of the house of York.

They were bright days; but clouds were upon the edge of

the sky, and the storm was coming on the gale. The poor lad little knew that, while all seemed so fair and blossoming, the crooked canker-worm of policy was gnawing the heart of the rose. Maximilian, the German emperor, was arming to take vengeance upon the King of France for a double injury: his bride* snatched from him, and his daughter,† betrothed to the same prince, cast off and despised. Henry VII. of England menaced Charles on the other side, talked loudly of war and conquest, and the revenge of injuries.

Led by ambition toward other scenes, given up to the enjoyment of present pleasure, and finding neither strength nor union in France to struggle with the two mightiest monarchs of the day, Charles saw the storm which menaced him with alarm, and prepared to avert it by any concession. Richard Plantagenet had been invited to Paris as a menace to the King of England. He was now destined to be sacrificed as an atonement to his enemy. The negotiations for the Peace of Etaples were conducted rapidly. Clause after clause was agreed to. Only one more point remained to be demanded and conceded: the surrender of Richard of York into the hands of Henry.

CHAPTER III.

PERKIN WARBECK.

THERE had been a busy day at the court of France. Messengers had come and gone. Many letters had been written; and a reception at the palace, which had been fixed for that night, was suddenly put off. Richard Plantagenet was in his chamber alone, sketching out with no unskillful hand, and in no unkingly terms, a proclamation to be addressed to the people of England on landing to claim the crown of his ancestors.

There was a gentle and quiet knock at his door, and he bade the visitor come in. The door opened. The tapestry

* Anne of Brittany, who had been actually married by proxy, with some very extraordinary and indecent ceremonies, to the Emperor Maximilian.

† Margaret of Austria, betrothed to the King of France, and actually in Paris.

was pushed aside, and, to the surprise of the young prince, he saw a cordelier enter. He knew the man well. He was Father Maillard, a celebrated preacher, and the confessor of the king, but one who meddled with policy fully as much as religion, and who, it is said, betrayed the interests of France to the seductions of Spain.

He bore a very reverend character, however; and the youth greeted him with all respect, kissed his hand, and besought him to be seated.

The friar wore a grave and sorrowful air. It was clear some unpleasant intelligence was coming; but Richard was not prepared for the whole.

"I have a very painful task to perform, my son," said the old man, looking upon him ruefully. "You have, of course, heard that a treaty of peace is about to be concluded between England and France?"

"No, indeed, father," answered the youth, with a grave and somewhat stern air. "Methinks I ought to have heard it, but I have not. I suppose I am to read your words, that a treaty of peace is about to be concluded between King Charles, my friend, and Henry Tudor, my enemy."

"Even so," answered the old man, mildly, taking no notice of the indignant tone in which the other spoke. "The state of France, his duty to his people, the menacing aspect of many neighboring powers, compels—for I will not use a lighter term—my sovereign, Charles, to make great sacrifices to avert the dangers which menace his monarchy."

"Methinks, were I king of the French nation," replied Richard, "no dangers would be found great enough to induce me to ally myself with an usurper, who has ever shown himself an enemy to the ruin of hopes I had nourished, and the injury of one whom I had promised to befriend."

"You know not, my son, what conduct might be forced upon you were you in such circumstances," answered the friar with the same gentle manner. "France is strong, and able to cope with any neighboring kingdom single-handed, but not with a great coalition against her. England, the empire, and Aragon have been all united for her destruction. The English, on the west, were ready to sweep her coasts, ay, and to carry war into the heart of the land. The Aragonese, in the south, were prepared to pour down into the fertile plains of Gascony and Languedoc. The emperor, on the east and north, was already in the field. Peace has been purchased—for I must not call it gained—by immense sacrifices,

by enormous payments in gold, by the cession of Artoise, and Franche Comte, by the surrender of Roussillon; and I must now add, it can only be ratified by a greater sacrifice still."

"He would not give me up to my enemy!" exclaimed Richard Plantagenet, now grasping, in some degree, the old man's meaning. "He has not invited me hither to violate in my person the rights of princes, his own solemn word and plighted faith, the laws of hospitality, and the rules of honor! I will not believe it."

"There you do him right," replied the confessor. "He has not done, he does not propose to do any of these things you mention. You are not even named in the treaty, and never, to my knowledge, have been spoken of in the negotiations. But the treaty must be signed to-morrow; and after that the king can not guarantee your safety. He has sent me to warn you of the fact."

"My safety from what danger?" asked the unfortunate prince. "If he withdraws not his countenance and friendship for me, from all other dangers I will guard myself."

"Nay, my son, listen to reason," said the cordelier. "In regard to political events near at hand, it needs no prophetic spirit to tell what will happen. Both you and I can easily foresee what will be demanded of the King of France as soon as this treaty is signed. King Henry will require that you should be given up to him."

"And will he consent?" exclaimed the young man. "Will he so betray the rights of hospitality, forfeit his plighted word, debase the kingly office, and bring contempt upon the crown of France?"

"What can he do?" inquired the friar.

"Reject the demand with scorn," replied the young man. "Tell the usurper of my throne that Charles of France is not his servant. Tell him that knights and gentlemen, to say naught of monarchs, do not sully their honor and disgrace their name at the bidding of any man."

"And bring war and bloodshed upon the whole realm of France," said the monk, in a somewhat sterner tone; "true, had he no one to consult but his own courage, or rather his own rashness, he might commit such unchristian folly, might see his fair fields laid waste, his people slaughtered, his towns sacked and burned, merely for what men call a point of honor; but, happily for France, he must consult his council, who have already advised him to pay many hundred thousand crowns to avert the threatened evil. On their decision he must act;

and it is a kind deed of him to give you timely warning, before a demand is made which all men must see he can not venture to reject."

The young man bent his head, and sat silent for several minutes in bitter thought. At length he said, in a low tone, as if speaking to himself,

"The unfortunate have few friends, and none steadfast."

"He shows himself your friend in thus forewarning you," answered the confessor. "Many a man in his situation would have told you naught, but would have sacrificed you at once to the interests of his kingdom. He, however, gives you timely notice of a danger; nay, more, he offers you the means of avoiding it."

"And how?" demanded Richard Plantagenet. "By becoming once more a homeless outcast, by wandering away unprotected, to fall a ready prey into the hands of my fierce, ruthless enemy, whose attention has been awakened to my existence and my claims, while the King of France has kept me at his court, filling me with vague promises and unsubstantial hopes. Oh, hapless fortune! Doomed from my earliest years to sorrow and adversity, mourning for my father's death is among my first remembrances, and then comes a long imprisonment and a still longer exile, my brother's throne usurped, my own fortune, exile and obscurity, and now the downfall of all my expectations, built upon a monarch's word and the promises of a pretended friend."

"You are mistaken, young sir," rejoined the priest, "both in regard to the acts and to the intentions of the king. He does not send you back to poverty and to exile. He does not wish you to wander away unprotected, to fall a prey into the hand of your enemy. He advises you—for he has no right to command—to betake yourself to the court of your nearest relation out of England, Margaret of York, duchess of Burgundy and regent of Flanders. He will furnish you with abundant means to reach the territory under her rule in a state becoming your birth; and he will have you safely escorted to the frontier, so that no evil can befall you. This is surely all that you can expect."

The young man sighed deeply, and bent his head. He saw that the conduct of Charles was decided. There was no hope that any thing he could say would change the king's resolution, and he answered, in a low tone,

"Well, as it may be no better, I must even submit. When does the king wish that I should depart?"

"The treaty will be signed to-morrow at noon," replied the priest. "No one can tell how soon after the demand may be made. Perhaps, even now, the English envoys have their commands to require your surrender as soon as the negotiations have terminated, when they know that such a demand can not be refused."

"It were better, you would say, that I should go at once," answered Richard, rising. "Be it so. I am ready."

"Nay, nay, my son, no such haste," said Father Maillard, resuming his gentler tone, now that the object was attained. "To-morrow morning will be time enough. Then you had better go, and as privately as possible."

"Good!" answered Richard. "But I will beseech the King of France to recompense my page and my other attendants. They have been very faithful to me, and love me well, I believe. Some small gratuity, too, I would crave for the guard who have had in charge to protect the King of England. Another King of England is acknowledged now. So farewell to the first recognition of my rights; for the favor of this world passeth away."

He spoke in a low and melancholy tone, with an air of grave dignity, but no bitterness; and even Maillard was moved.

"Your page is doubtless ready to go with you, my lord," he replied; "and you had better take two of your other attendants at the least."

"Where shall they find a living with such a one as I am?" asked the unhappy prince. "I am but a poor exile, father."

"For such expenses as that," said the confessor, "the king has made provision sufficient. The enormous sums, indeed, which he is obliged to disburse to satisfy the King of England—six hundred and twenty thousand crowns of gold on one account, and a hundred and twenty-five thousand on another—will leave his treasury well-nigh empty."

The young man murmured something to himself which the cordelier did not or would not hear. The words were, "Is France fallen so low!"

The other, however, proceeded, saying, "He has, nevertheless, sufficient left to provide for the maintenance of a friend. Here you will find," and he drew a leathern bag from beneath his gown, "the sum of two thousand five hundred crowns of the sun. In the top there is also a paper, which, on being presented to Aaron Ardenheim, the Jew of Ghent, will procure for you an equal sum." He laid the bag upon the table, saying, "And now, my son, farewell."

“Stay, stay!” cried the young prince, gazing at the money with a look of doubt and hesitation. “I can not take this gold.”

“Take it, my son, take it,” said Maillard, “and because my royal master can not do all for you that he could wish and desire, do not reject that which his friendship and his kindness offers. Take it, I say; and let it be a warrant to you that his heart is with you, and that in happier days, when the dangers which surround him have passed away, you may find in him all you hoped and expected.”

“Ha!” cried Richard Plantagenet, with a brighter look; “if I am so to read the gift, right willingly do I take it, and gratefully do I thank him. So express me to him, father; and now farewell!”

How eagerly the heart of youth grasps at the fallacies of hope.

CHAPTER IV.

PERKIN WARBECK.

THERE was a gay and brilliant court assembled in the good old town of Malines. The coming of the young archduke was expected daily; and the Duchess Dowager of Burgundy, regent of Flanders and Brabant, had left Brussels to meet him on the way by which he came. Well and firmly had the sister of Edward IV. of England governed the territory intrusted to her care; well had she fulfilled every duty of her high station: the humble and obedient wife of an impetuous and violent prince: more than a mother to his daughter by his first marriage, after that prince's death; and a mother to his daughter's children, when an early fate snatched the amiable and unfortunate Mary from a people who had too late learned to love her. Wise, prudent, and gentle, yet firm and courageous, she had successfully triumphed over many difficulties, and won the respect and affection, even of a turbulent and never contented people. She was in the midst of her court, surrounded by all the high nobility of the realm, making various arrangements for some of the approaching ceremonies, when a letter was brought to her by one of her own attend-

ants, who informed her that the messenger was waiting in the hall below.

The princess smiled as she read the contents of the epistle; and, turning to the Prince de Chimay, who was standing near her, she said,

“Read, Monsieur de Chimay. Here is a new pretender started up to claim the crown of England from Henry Tudor. He calls himself Richard of York; but it is strange that Margaret of York should never have heard of her lost nephew for so many years, if he were really living near her, as this letter says.”

The Prince de Chimay took the letter and read it; but he did not smile.

“This is the young prince, madam,” he said, “whom we have heard of before when he was at the court of the King of France. A rumor reached me the other day that Charles had meanly sacrificed him to Henry of Richmond, and, not contented with paying immense sums of money as the price of peace, had thrown his honor and good faith also into the scale. I suppose your grace will see the young man.”

“Not I,” answered Margaret. “This is a second Simnel, depend upon it. Richard of York perished in the Tower, I do believe, although it is true that, about the time of Bosworth Field, a rumor reached me, countenanced in some degree by my brother Edward’s widow, that her youngest son was alive and had escaped. I judged it merely a report spread by that politic lady, to act as some sort of check upon Henry Tudor. But this is an impostor, depend upon it.”

“Methinks it were as well,” said the Lord of Solre, a man famous for his knowledge of the feudal law, and afterward Chancellor of Burgundy, “methinks it were as well that your highness should see this young man, in order that we may be resolved what ground there is for his pretensions. If there be even a chance that he is your nephew, you will thus make sure that you have no cause for self-reproach hereafter. Doubtless, minute inquiry into the circumstances of his tale will speedily show its truth or falsehood.”

“Well, I will see him,” answered the duchess, “and soon expose the imposture. Richard of York was old enough at his father’s death to recollect right well many whom I myself remember; and if I question him about my brother’s court, this lad will soon display his ignorance—unless, indeed, which I dare not believe, he be indeed my royal brother’s child. Write to him, Monsieur de Solre. Say boldly that I believe

not his story, but will see him to-morrow at the court of Brussels, if he desires it. But bid him not present himself to me without consideration, as I will take means to probe his story to the bottom."

The letter was written, and the court assembled on the following day at Brussels. Expectation was high. Some said the pretender would not appear; others that he would come and be exposed; but there were several who remarked that it was not likely King Charles and his council should even for a time acknowledge the young man as Richard of York, unless he brought pregnant proofs that he really was so. Orders had been given to admit him to the presence of the duchess; and many of her wisest and most experienced counselors were assembled round her.

Richard Plantagenet did not make her wait. The great door of the hall was thrown open within five minutes after Margaret had entered; and the young claimant of the English crown was introduced, accompanied by two English gentlemen of good repute, but no great fortune, who had followed him from Paris.

He was very plainly dressed. There was neither gold nor embroidery to set off his person to advantage; nothing gaudy or factitious in his costume. But the eye of Margaret fixed earnestly upon him; and those who watched her countenance saw that she turned deadly pale.

She was herself again in a moment; and, lifting her head proudly, she said, "How is it, sir, that you venture to present yourself before me, endeavoring to impose upon me with a tale which would not deceive a child? The persuasions of my unfortunate nephew, Lincoln, induced me once to render some assistance to an impostor whom I had never seen, and whose claims I could not try; but it is a very different thing to come boldly into my presence claiming to be my brother's son, when I have every means of discovering, exposing, and punishing the cheat. In compassion for your youth, I advise you to retire at once, and not to risk the consequences which will certainly fall upon you if you force me to investigate your pretensions, and they prove false."

Richard listened calmly, with his eyes bent down; and once there came a quick flush upon his cheek, as if he were somewhat moved with anger; but the instant she had done speaking he raised his eyes to her face, and gazed at her steadily, while he replied,

"Pardon me, madam, if I do not retire," he said; "for, to

do so, after your words, would be to acknowledge guilt of which I am unconscious. I will own that you have good cause to doubt ; for the precautions taken to insure my safety have now the effect of throwing doubt upon my rights. Knowing, however, what those rights are, I should be wanting in duty to myself did I not beseech you to investigate my claim with the utmost strictness. I stand before you declaring myself to be Richard, duke of York—or, rather, King of England, if my brother Edward be really no more—the son of your royal and victorious brother Edward IV., and, consequently, your nephew. These are lofty pretensions, I know ; but I am willing that they should be tried by any test you will. Let any one come forth to prove who are my parents, if Edward was not so. Let any one say who has tutored me in the history of the English kings, and in the knowledge of their court and private life. In Lambert Simnel's case, these things were proved. Let them be proved in mine ; and I am ready to submit to any punishment, to death itself, should I be adjudged a counterfeit. Here I stand in your own royal presence, prepared to meet any charge, ready to disprove any accusation, and to show, as far as circumstances have left me the power of showing it, that I am Richard Plantagenet, and your nephew."

It was evident to those who knew her best that the duchess was much moved, though she strove sternly with her emotions. She answered in the same tone as before, however : "There be other means, sir, of trying the truth or falsehood of your tale. It would require too much time, and, I may add, too much trouble, in a case like this, to trace out your previous history, to investigate who was your real father, where you were brought up, how you were tutored. First, if you are Edward's son, you have doubtless not forgotten your native language. Though you speak French well, it is with the accent of a foreign land, methinks that of Flanders."

"Oh no, madam," answered Richard at once, in English ; "it must be with that of England ; for I know no Flemish. The French tongue I have acquired of late years ; but English is my native language."

"It seems so, indeed," said the duchess, musing. "You speak it well, too. Your education has not been neglected. But there are other matters. At the period of the death of Edward IV. of England, his son Richard, duke of York, was old enough to remember now, were he still alive, many a thing concerning his father's court, many a minute particular by which the truth of your tale may be easily ascertained ; for

such intimate knowledge as would deceive me could not be acquired. If you are Richard of York, you must well recollect your father's court, many of those who dwelt therein, what happened after your father's death, what took place in the Tower, your mother's person and appearance, your uncle's, and those of several near relations."

"I do remember all these things," replied the young man, boldly; "but yet I might forget them, and still be Duke of York; for, if you remember, I was barely nine years old at my father's death, and in the ten years which have passed since, all might well be lost to memory. Nevertheless, I recollect very much of all that you have mentioned; for when I parted from my mother her last injunction was, never to forget all that I then remembered, but every day to call up again afresh the scenes and transactions of my youth, doubtless with a view to such circumstances as I am placed in now. I promised her to obey her instructions, and I have done so. Some things may be lost, it is true, but very little."

"Lucky that it is so," said the duchess, "for by your memory of such events can the reality of your story be best tested. First, however, let us hear how your escape was effected from the Tower. But speak in French, that your reply may be heard by these noble lords and ladies. I will testify to them that your English is such as few but an Englishman could speak."

"My escape from the Tower," replied the young man, "was effected without any difficulty; and, indeed, there is very little to tell concerning it, all was so easy."

"Why, the princes were strictly guarded," replied Margaret, interrupting him; "so strictly that none could get admission even to ascertain whether they were living or dead."

"True," answered Richard. "I was very strictly guarded for a long time, separated from my brother, allowed to see no one, not even to walk at liberty in the courts. The only persons who ever visited me were Robert Brackenbury the governor, who came once a day, and a man called Digby, who brought me food and clothes, and sometimes sat and talked with me. I remember well, it was one evening of a hot autumn day, in the month of August, I think, Digby told me that there was a rumor of a battle having been fought, somewhere in the north, near Leicester. I forgot to say that I had not seen Brackenbury for many a day, and used to ask what had become of him, when I was told that he had gone to the wars. However, Digby, when he mentioned a battle,

added that we should soon hear more, for Brackenbury, who was with my uncle Richard, would certainly send intelligence, and that it might come that very night. I was curious to know, for the days passed heavily then; and I got upon the table, after he was gone, and looked through the bars of the window into the court. I saw that there was a great deal of bustle, and people moving to and fro, more than ordinary, which amused me, without either raising hope or fear, for I knew not that the gain or loss of a battle would any way alter my fate."

"Poor boy," murmured the duchess, in a low voice.

"At length I got down," continued Richard, "for it was growing dark, and I was tired. I could hear people shouting, but could not distinguish what they said; and I became impatient for the lamp they used to bring me, to read a printed book which Digby had lent me two days before. At length I heard some one at the door, and thought he brought the lamp; but when the door opened three men came in, and I was very much frightened, for it was too dark to see their faces. One of them, however, raised his voice, saying, 'Oh, my prince, do you not remember me?' and then I recollected the voice of an old servant of my mother's, who used to wait upon the mistress of the maids. All that I remember still quite well; but what came next was done in so much haste that I hardly knew the particulars even at the time. Another of the men was a monk, one Father Prior; and the third man was Digby. Some one, however, told me that Brackenbury was dead, and my uncle Richard too, and that I must stay there no longer. They would not even let me wait to get clothes, or to gather together any of the things with which I used to amuse the weary days; but out we went through the gates and along many dark and narrow streets, the monk telling me by the way many a thing which had lately happened. They took me to a large, dark house by the river side. I should think we were half an hour in reaching it, or more. There I found my mother and my sister, Cecily. Elizabeth was not with them. I remained but a short time there, though I thought it very hard to be sent away again; but I was put into a boat with Prior the monk, and the old servant Soames, and rowed down the river to a very dirty ship, which sailed in a few hours for Antwerp. Thence we journeyed on to Tournay."

"The tale is well devised," said the duchess, coldly, "and 'tis clear you have good information so far. Brackenbury was

lieutenant of the Tower ; but that is matter of common notoriety. Digby, too, was an officer of his. How you learned his name I do not know. But tell me what like was this Brackenbury. I have seen the man, and remember him."

"Oh, I remember him right well," replied Richard Plantagenet. "I shall never forget him. He was a tall, gaunt man, with thick, shaggy eyebrows, but not unkind to me, though I was terrified at him at first. He had a large scar across his cheek and lip, and would sometimes sit and tell me how he had been wounded in a battle, in the service of the house of York."

"At Barnet," said the duchess. "Now let me hear some what more. When you and your brother, as you call him were first seized at Stony Stratford—"

"Stay, madam," exclaimed the prince. "I was not with my brother at Stony Stratford. The way was this : my brother had gone into Wales with my uncle Rivers, before my father's death ; and after that event he was seized at Stratford ; but I was still with my mother ; and I recollect quite well what terror was created by the news from Northampton. I was taken out of my bed sound asleep, and carried with my sisters to the sanctuary at Westminster. We had hardly clothes to cover us, and no furniture, so that we were forced to sit upon the ground, while the servants brought us what was needful from the palace. It was some weeks after that my mother was persuaded, by a tall old man in a scarlet gown, whom she called your Eminence, to give me up to my uncle Gloucester. Loath, loath was she to do it ; and she held me to her breast long, and shed many tears ; but at last they took me away from her."

"And then they carried you to the Tower," said the duchess.

"Your pardon, madam," replied the young prince ; "I was first conveyed to the house of the Bishop of London, near Paul's Church, where my brother Edward then was. We remained there well-nigh a week, I think, and then were carried to the Tower to prepare for his coronation. I have heard people speak ill of my uncle Gloucester, but to me he was ever kind and fatherly."

The duchess looked round the circle, though there was a bright drop swimming in her eyes, which well-nigh obscured her sight. The Lord of Solre bent his head with a gentle inclination, and spoke a few words in a low tone, as if prompting some further question.

"Do you remember your father well?" demanded the duchess.

"Right well," replied the young man. "He was taller than I am, though I am tall; and I remember quite well the day when his color first changed from a warm, glowing brown to a pale white. I had been standing at his knee, telling him that I wanted a man's bow and arrows, for that I should soon be strong enough to compete at the butts. But suddenly he turned very pale, and called to one of the gentlemen behind to open a window, saying, 'I am faint.'"

"Come to my heart," cried the duchess, spreading wide her arms. "You are indeed my nephew, Richard of York;" and she clasped him fondly to her bosom with the tears falling fast from her eyes.

"That fact," she continued, after the emotion had somewhat passed, "was carefully concealed from all, lest it should create dismay. It was only written to me under seal of secrecy; and I have never heard it mentioned by any one but you."

"It was some months before my father's death," said Richard; "and he rode out many times after, and had gay meetings at the palace, and feasted the nobility; but he was always pale from that day; and I remember the good Lord Hastings laying his hand upon my shoulder one day—the hand that had the black spot on it—and saying, 'Alas, my prince, I fear there is a darker time coming for you.'"

"You are indeed my nephew," said the duchess. "Your look, your air, your voice, your knowledge, all speak for you; and I acknowledge you as such; but still we will have every inquiry made, and every means taken, to remove all doubts, and place your claim upon the surest footing."

And such was the course pursued; but it was all in vain.

CHAPTER V.

PERKIN WARBECK.

ANOTHER gleam of sunshine, bright and delusive. But why should I tell all that it fell upon? The White Rose of England was the name bestowed on Richard Plantagenet. The court of Burgundy echoed his praises. His grace, his

beauty, his dignity, were the theme of every tongue; and his skill in sports and exercises won admiration from the chivalry of the land. A train of gentlemen were appointed to attend him as the officers of his household. Twenty archers were assigned for his guard, each bearing the White Rose embroidered on his tunic; and before the house appointed for his lodging, floated the banner of his arms, which, in the words of him who saw it, old John Molinet, bore three leopards and three fleurs-de-lis on one and the same shield, and there, too, was his title in Latin, "*Armi Richardi, principis Walie et ducis Elborasi, filii et heredis Edouardi quarti, nuper Dei gratia, regis Anglie et Francie, domini Ybernie.*"*

The rumor spread far and wide. Many an exiled Englishman hastened to the court of the young prince; and none who remembered Edward IV. failed to see the marvelous resemblance between the king and his son. The young archduke arrived in the territories which had descended to him from his mother; and he, too, acknowledged his young cousin of York, for so he called him, though the relationship was but nominal. But the report of these things spread beyond Flanders, and Burgundy, and France. It reached the shores of England. It was busy at the court and among the people. Richard of York was found. The rumor which had been general after the battle of Bosworth Field, that he had escaped to the Continent,† was remembered by many, and was now spoken of openly as an established fact.

Men would fain have inquired of the queen dowager if she knew of her son's flight, if there was reason to believe that he was still living. They would willingly have watched her looks, and listened to her words when the pretensions of the youth acknowledged by the Duchess of Burgundy were mentioned in her presence. But the policy of Henry VII. had insured that there should be no such confirmation of the tale. The mother of Edward's children, and of his own queen, on whose rights alone rested his title to the throne, was now in close confinement. Her estates were confiscated, her wealth snatched from her; and she had no means either of publishing a recognition of her son's right, or aiding him to support them in arms. It is sad that cunning should so often triumph over honesty.

* It will be seen that this heraldic Latin of the court of Burgundy was not of the very purest kind; but I have only ventured to change one word, substituting *Dei* for *Deo*.

† More. Polydore Virgil, page 569. Bacon.

But still the rumor went forth, still the belief gained ground. Secret meetings of noblemen who had supported the White Rose in all seasons were held, to deliberate and consult; and many a rich citizen too, groaning under the avaricious oppression of the miser king, and remembering with regret a more popular, if not a more virtuous monarch, talked with his neighbors of seeing the house of York again upon the throne, and looked with hope and expectation toward the shores of Flanders.

Henry was troubled on his uneasy throne; but with his shrewd, remorseless policy he prepared against all events. To discredit the pretensions of Richard Plantagenet was one step to be taken, to deprive him of the support of foreign princes was another, to strike terror into the hearts of those British subjects who might be inclined to espouse his cause was a third. The first appeared easy. Two men long accused of having murdered the sons of Edward IV. in the Tower, but who had been suffered to remain unpunished by Henry Tudor, were now seized and imprisoned; and spies were sent over to the Low Countries, to discover or to fabricate materials for a fictitious history of the youth who claimed the crown of England. Sir James Tyrrel and John Deighton were kept in close confinement; and who shall say what were the practices used with men who knew their lives were at stake, to induce them to confess a crime so serviceable to royalty? Nay, more, who knows what it was they did confess? All that we are sure of is, that a declaration was published in their name, acknowledging that Deighton had aided one Miles Forest to smother the two young princes, Edward and Richard, in their bed, and had then called in Tyrrel, by whose order it was done, to view the bodies, and witness that the crime was complete. They could not point out the place, they said, where the corpses were interred, because, though buried at the foot of the stair-case, they had afterward been removed by the chaplain of the Tower, and the priest was dead.

The tale was spread abroad by courtly diligence;* but all men thought it strange, that persons who acknowledged the murder of their queen's brother should be immediately set at liberty, and the principal criminal, Tyrrel, raised high in the favor of the king.† The reported confession convinced but

* It is to be remarked, that these confessions rested only on public report, at least so Lord Bacon implies.

† He was one of the commissioners who concluded the Treaty of Estaples with the French. He was governor of Guisnes, and enjoyed

few; and the story which was soon circulated, founded upon the letters of Henry's spies, that the youth calling himself Richard Plantagenet, speaking the English language perfectly, without error or accent, bearing the strongest resemblance to Edward, king of England, demeaning himself in every look and gesture as a prince, was the son of a poor Flemish Jew, keeping one of the gates of Tournay, seemed too incredible for even the most willing to believe it.

To deprive Richard of York of the support of foreign princes, Henry's measures were resolute, but not altogether judicious. Garter king at arms was sent to the court of Brussels, to denounce the pretender to the blood of Plantagenet, and insult him in the presence of his great allies. He told his story of Richard's birth to the archduke and the duchess dowager in presence of all the nobles of the land. But the tale was met with indignation and contempt by all; and his quality of a herald barely saved the bold messenger from imprisonment. Next came an ambassador, chosen from the house of Somerset, pretending another object for his mission. With all due reverence he saluted the archduke, and paid equal honor to the duchess dowager, but he took no notice whatsoever of Richard Plantagenet, who stood, as her nearest kinsman, on her left hand.

"How is it, sir," demanded Margaret of York, in an indignant tone, "that you know not my nephew Richard, and do not even bend your head to him?"

"Your nephew Richard, madam," replied the ambassador, "has long since passed from this world, and if you please to depute any one to examine, I will bring him straight to the chapel where the prince is buried."

"What!" exclaimed the duchess, "when we are told that the bodies were removed by the priest, and that no one knows where he interred them?"

Richard had heard the insulting message delivered by garter king at arms in silent contempt; but he now turned upon the ambassador sharply, saying, "I shall not forget your words, sir, when I am seated on the throne of England, as I trust right soon to be."

Thus far Henry had no success. Unhappily, the measures which he took to intimidate the nobles of England were more

liberty and distinction at the court of Henry, till the year 1502, when he was involved in the disgrace of Suffolk, attainted and beheaded. These facts are clearly proved; and Bacon's statement is false that Tyrrel was detained in prison.

treacherous, more terrible, and more successful. A secret meeting was held, to which many powerful, brave, and noble gentlemen came, to consider how they should act toward one whose pretensions to the crown were so boldly stated, and whose claims had been recognized by a princess well qualified to judge of their validity. The minds of men were in great doubt; but yet they leaned to belief. The Duchess of Burgundy was evidently fully convinced. So had been the King of France; and although he had driven a prince from his court, to purchase peace from a great and powerful adversary, he had never admitted that a deceit had been practiced on him, or asserted that he had discovered a flaw in the title of Richard of York. One hundred English gentlemen, headed by Sir George Nevil, had acknowledged him publicly in Paris. More had recognized his pretensions in Flanders; and every one admitted that, in manners, appearance, and language, he gave every proof of the station and the birth he claimed. Yet the English nobles, before they periled their lives in his cause, demanded further evidence; and this meeting was called together to inquire how it could be obtained. Among the rest, there appeared one Sir Robert Clifford. All present but himself were by descent or private attachment firm adherents of the house of York. He, however, was Lancastrian by birth and faction: the son of black Clifford, who slew young Rutland. Nevertheless they trusted him; for he seemed warm and zealous in the cause of right. He had often seen Richard of York, he said, as a boy. He recollected every feature well; and he would undertake to go to Brussels, to see the youth of whose claims they were doubtful, and make a true report of all that he observed.

The offer was accepted eagerly, and Clifford set out. He was accompanied, or followed immediately, by two others, who were not at that meeting, men of high name and station, but of little honor or honesty. Clifford, however, was the leader and the principal. He was welcomed frankly by the Duchess of Burgundy, although an ancient enemy of her house. He had every opportunity of investigation afforded him. He saw and conversed with Richard of York, and he wrote letters to the Yorkist party in England, stating that he had recognized the young prince at once, that his features were little changed, and that there remained no room whatever to doubt his identity with the son of Edward IV.

Was Clifford a traitor even now? Was he betraying men to their ruin, or were after inducements held out, which won

him from truth to falsehood? It is a dark secret, upon which, probably, no light will ever shine. But what we do know is, that Henry sent gentleman after gentleman to the court of Brussels, with secret instructions to insinuate themselves into the confidence of Richard Plantagenet, to discover all his secrets, and to learn who were his favorers and correspondents in England. Meanwhile, to cover their treachery, he pronounced them traitors, and caused the doom of outlawry to be pronounced against them from the cross of St. Paul's. He debased himself to corrupt servants and to bribe priests and confessors, and he was but too successful. The names of some of the best men in England were soon enrolled on his black list of proscription, and he determined to strike a blow that would carry terror to all wavering hearts.

The consummation of the treachery is described by an eyewitness. "A short time after, there arrived at the court of the King of the Romans, where the said Richard was, three great personages of England, seeking refuge with the said Richard, and assuring him that King Henry had banished them from the kingdom, on account of their supporting his cause, which they felt to be just, loyal, and well-founded. These three personages were amicably received by the said Richard, and he made his principal counselors of them; so much so, that nothing was done, either openly or in secret, that did not pass through their hands; and, in fact, they worked over the water so well, by sending their rescripts and otherwise, that the greatest men of England adhered to the quarrel of the said Richard, promising to favor his descent in that country, in assurance of which many of them sent letters sealed under their hands, and, among others, the high chamberlain of King Henry. Altogether, more than forty promised him assistance, and forty thousand florins to sustain his cause; and when the said letters, under seal, were given to Richard, these three great lords, by whom all business was transacted, communicated secretly to Henry that he should send for them, for it was time to return. The king sent off a man from Calais, who soon found himself in the town of Malines. Immediately, without regarding day or hour, they saddled their horses, and, possessed of the said sealed letters sent by those in England, set out suddenly from Malines, without taking leave of the said Richard; and, entering no large town lest they should be followed, they lodged first at Bethune, thence to Calais, and from Calais toward the King of England."

Pity it is the historian does not give the names of these three gentlemen, that their fame might find fitting note in history. However, Sir Robert Clifford was one of them; and, upon the information given by them, the Lord Fitzwalter, Sir Simon de Montfort, Sir Thomas Thwaites, William d'Aubigny, Robert Ratcliffe, Thomas Cressner, and Thomas Astwood were seized, tried, and condemned for corresponding with Richard, calling himself Duke of York. Four heads were immediately brought to the block, and terror spread through the land. The partisans of the unhappy prince learned, in the trial court and on the scaffold, that they were betrayed, and knew not by whom. They had to deal on one side of the water with one who had no mercy, and on the other with persons who had no honor. No wonder that zeal grew cold and doubtful.

Suspicion, however, was soon directed to a particular object. On the 7th of January, 1494, Henry held a council in the Tower, at which Sir William Stanley, the lord chamberlain, was present. Henry owed him much—life, a victory, a crown; but such men have no gratitude. Stanley is said to have declared privately, that if he were sure the new claimant of the blood of York were really the son of Edward IV., he would not bear arms against him, and that was treason in the eyes of Henry.

Suddenly, in the midst of deliberation, Sir Robert Clifford presented himself before the council, and boldly accused the lord chamberlain of treason. Stanley was arrested, tried, and condemned. But his execution was not yet. He was a victim of sufficient importance to be reserved. The very benefits he had conferred upon the king might give a value to his death, which ought not to be cast away. If the king spared not him, whom would he spare? And Henry reserved the bloody deed for the fitting moment. All the partisans of the house of York in England were struck with alarm, and remained quiet, fearing to bring the merciless hand of power upon their heads, or to aggravate the fate of Sir William Stanley; and the Duchess of Burgundy and her nephew, clearly perceiving that but little aid could be expected from the nobility of England, adjourned to a more happy time the advancement of his claim upon the crown. No movements took place; no ships were gathered together, no soldiers mustered; and Henry, judging from this inactivity that all interest in the unhappy prince was at an end, sent a solemn embassy to the archduke, demanding that the impostor, as he styled him, should be given into his hands.

The reply which he received was brief, and not satisfactory. The archduke's council answered, that it was his wish and intention to live on good terms with the King of England, and that, consequently, he would give no assistance to the Duke of York, but that the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy was sovereign in the territories forming her dowry, and therefore he could not interfere with what she might be pleased to do. Thus ended the matter for a time.

Richard of York remained in Flanders and Brabant, loved, admired, and acknowledged. He took part in all the great festivities of the day, and in all the ceremonies of that splendid court, and never, by word, look, or gesture, betrayed that he was other than that which he appeared. For more than two years he remained under watchful and clear-seeing eyes, surrounded by spies, and betrayed by several of those in whom he trusted. Methinks there was sufficient time to ascertain if he were or were not the son of a Jew of Tournay. Margaret of York denied that it was so. All her court recognized the youth as her nephew. The lords of Burgundy and the princes of Germany treated him as the Duke of York; and all that Henry could allege to account for these strange facts was, that Margaret, the amiable and the kind, the aunt of his own queen, hated him with so mad an enmity that she sought to dethrone him and her niece, only to place upon the throne of England the son of a Jew of Tournay: that Margaret, the high-minded and the dignified, was playing the part of an actress on the stage; and that the son of a poor Jew had been found, with talents so consummate as to be able to assume at once the character, the manners, the language of a prince; to acquire a foreign language so perfectly as to deceive the nicest ear, and to learn a tale filled with minute particulars, without ever forgetting one circumstance or betraying one inconsistency. Verily the explanation was not probable.

CHAPTER VI.

PERKIN WARBECK.

THERE were commotions in Ghent, riots in the town of Bruges: the people of Antwerp were discontented and moody; and many a commercial, many a manufacturing town remonstrated with the archduke upon the state of the country, and the severe injury that all the best interests of the land were sustaining. Henry VII. had prohibited all traffic between England and the Netherlands. The great mart for Flemish merchandise was closed, and every branch of trade suffered.

Richard Plantagenet felt that he was the cause of danger to the prince and distress to the people. He was like the sinful prophet in the tempest-tossed ship, and he made up his mind to be the sacrifice.

It was night. The gates of the palace at Brussels were closed; and in the cabinet of the queen dowager, in close consultation with her, sat the young Archduke Philip. She had still great influence over his mind. He recollected the tenderness with which she had guarded his youth; he recollected the firmness and wisdom with which she had governed his territories; and he was ready to yield to her advice and bend to her opinion; but yet he wished to lay before her the representations and remonstrances of his council before he acted in any way.

She listened patiently for some time, but then she started as if with some surprise; then listened again, and then said, not quite calmly, but yet in a subdued tone,

“I never yet did know, your highness, that any prince sacrificed his honor, his dignity, and his good faith for a mere temporary object without losing that he strove for, and calling down after punishment on his head. If you have any doubt that this young man is Richard of York, my nephew; if you have any reason to believe that he is a son of a Jew at Tournay; if you suspect for one moment, as the insolent Warham ventured to insinuate, that I have tutored him to act a part, that I have concealed aught or fabricated aught, send him forth from these dominions at once. But if you believe him to be the son of my brother Edward, king of En-

gland; if the minute examination of his claims and of the false story of Henry Tudor, into which we have entered, is sufficient to convince you that he is Richard Plantagenet, then you are bound in honor to give him, at least, shelter here against the power of his great adversary. The people of Ghent have revolted fourteen times within my memory, and the moment one pretext is taken from them they will find another. Think not that, by any unworthy concession, they can be rendered peaceable or obedient; for it is with the weak only that they strive, and the stern and resolute are their masters."

As she spoke there was a low, quiet knock at the door; and, on permission being given, Richard Plantagenet entered. He was received warmly by the duchess, and warmly, also, by the archduke; for Philip felt that he had dealt somewhat ungenerously with the youth, in his wishes, if not in his acts, and he sought to make atonement. Though a seat was placed near Richard, he did not take it, but stood by the side of the table, and, with that mixture of grace and dignity which all cotemporaries have mentioned, and even the Tudor writers of a subsequent period have admitted, he said,

"I am happy to have found your highnesses together, for I have something to say to my two best friends on earth. I expressed to you some time ago, my lord archduke, the grief which I felt for the interruption of commerce between this land and England, knowing that it had been inflicted on my account. I have lately heard with much greater pain that the people of the good towns murmur, and show a rebellious and disobedient spirit. Your protection of myself is the cause of all this, and that cause must exist no longer. I do beseech you both to let me go."

"Nay, nay, that can not be," replied the archduke. "It would bring shame and disgrace upon my name to send away this dear lady's nephew, a prince of the house of Plantagenet, of whose claims there can be no doubt."

"No disgrace, mighty prince," replied Richard, "if you send him not away disgracefully. It is necessary for the peace of your dominions that I should go. This Henry Tudor has, in reality, no warrior's spirit in his breast. He was successful in one great battle against a braver man than himself; but he was successful by the aid of those, most of whom he has now either imprisoned or slain. In your case, he dare not attack you in arms for affording a refuge to the heir of Edward IV., but he has cunningly contrived a plan to arm

your own subjects against you, and to injure you and oppress me by their hands. This I can not see and remain. I am eager, as both you and this noble lady know, to strike a blow for the recovery of my father's crown. I am sure that the hearts of the English people are with me, and I believe that the terror of this bloody man's executions has passed away. Give, then, but a few ships, and a few regular soldiers. There is many a gallant heart and many an adventurous spirit who will gladly accompany me, and I will not doubt that, as Richmond, with an unjust cause, won the crown from my uncle Richard, so shall I, with a holy and a righteous cause, win the crown from him. Then will I speak of gratitude, then will I speak of love."

The archduke looked to the duchess; and the duchess gazed on him.

"So be it, my dear boy," she said, at length. "I have long wished to aid you in ascending the throne of your father; but I alone have not had means sufficient; and this great prince was tied by the engagements of his council till these hostile measures were taken by Henry Tudor. Those engagements are now at an end; and he will aid you well, I am sure. I will leave you with him to consult over the means; but there is one thing you must promise me, which is, that if you are unsuccessful in your first attempt, you return to me—do you promise?"

"I do," replied Richard; and the duchess left the cabinet.

"The promise I have given," said Plantagenet, as soon as she was gone, "must not prevent your highness from carrying on negotiations with England, nor from entering into any stipulations consistent with your own honor, and tending to the benefit of your people. I have promised to return if unsuccessful; but I have not promised to stay. If I am successful, any treaty that you sign will be with me, and if not, I promise you I will throw no impediment in the way of its execution."

"There spoke the noble blood of Plantagenet," said the young archduke, who, though only seventeen years of age, had acquired the manners and demeanor of a man and a sovereign.* "Your conduct, my noble friend, would prove your

* He was born on the 22d of June, 1478, according to Molinet, who announces the fact in the following quaint terms: "During the time that my lord, the Duke of Austria, kept the field in front of the enemy, as has been said, and labored for the public weal, the Duchess of Austria, his spouse, only daughter of the Duke Charles, whom God ab-

race, were other proofs wanting ; but now let us call in the Lord of Bergues, upon whom you and I can both rely, and consult him as to what may best be done to insure success to your expedition."

The proposal was grateful to Richard of York, for De Bergues had always been among his friends ; and he was immediately summoned.

CHAPTER VII.

PERKIN WARBECK.

ON the 3d of July, 1495, the inhabitants of Sandwich were much surprised by the appearance of a considerable military force, headed by the royal officers, entering the good town ; and more surprised still was created when the commanders of the train bands were called upon to consult with the mayor and the higher military authorities for the defense of the coast. Various rumors got abroad ; but great care was taken to prevent the common people from receiving any definite intelligence in regard to the threatened danger. Some said the French were about to land ; some said the Germans ; but all men were ready to defend the country from invasion ; and a small party of military, with the whole of the train bands, marched out in the course of the morning and took their way toward the sea-shore.

When within a short distance of the beach, the townsmen were more puzzled than ever by the orders they received. Means were taken to conceal the force collected, and especially to hide the regular troops, while a small party only of the citizen soldiers showed itself within sight of the sea, and remained waiting anxiously during the greater part of the morning. At length, however, several large ships of Flemish build, which had been apparent in the distance for some time, were seen rapidly to approach the shore ; and when as near as they could safely come, they lay to, without dropping an anchor. Boats were lowered and manned ; and a small body

solve ! worked for the good of the country on her part, and was delivered of a fair son in her town of Bruges, toward three o'clock of the day, the 22d of June, in the year seventy-eight."

of archers and pikemen, under three pennons, were landed upon the beach. Still no movement was made to oppose them; but, on the contrary, one of the royal officers rode forward, as if to parley with the strangers. When at a distance from them he reined in his horse, and inquired whose men they were, and what they came for.

"We are under the banner of Richard, duke of York," replied one of the strangers, who seemed to be in command. "He is now in the royal ship there, with the standard at the mast-head; and he comes to claim the allegiance of all men in England who remain true to the house of York."

"Ha!" said the royal officer; "is this the young prince of whom we have heard so much from the court of Burgundy? If so, I pray you send and beseech him to land. He will find here none but true and loyal subjects, ready to live and die with him. He and his companions will be received with all honor; and whatever we can do to serve him, with body or goods, we are ready to do with all our hearts."

"I will go to him myself with your message," replied the officer commanding the infantry; "and right glad will he be to hear that he has such faithful friends in this part of Kent."

The boat which conveyed him soon reached the ship in which Richard Plantagenet had sailed from the coast of Flanders; and the message which was delivered for a moment made the heart of the young prince beat with joy; but the officer who bore it speedily damped his hopes.

"I have thought fit, my lord," he said, "to fulfill my commission exactly; but I fear they are trying to cheat you. That little party on the hill is not the only body of armed men near, if my eyes have not deceived me. I caught the gleam of a long line of pikes above the edge of what seemed a deep ditch; and I am sure I saw a pretty strong body of horse among those trees there. Better let me return alone, till we have ascertained the facts. I will keep all the boats along the shore, ready to re-embark the men in case of danger; and should I find that they are dealing with us in good faith, I will send the barges back to your highness, that you may disembark the rest of the troops."

A brief counsel was held among the principal persons present, and it was agreed to follow the advice which had been given. The boat with the officer commanding the infantry rowed back to the shore, watched eagerly by Richard of York and his companions. Ere it touched the beach, however, a sight presented itself which filled every heart with dismay.

Out of the deep cuts in the ground, and from behind the sand-hills and a little clump of trees which sheltered a farm-house, poured out several thousand men, horse and foot, well armed, and led by a royal banner. A large body of cavalry, consisting of two complete troops, dashed down toward the barges from which the Flemish infantry had landed, while the English pikemen and archers drew closer and closer round the little body of invaders. There was no means of giving them support; for, with the exception of two small skiffs, all the boats were at the shore; and with a sickening feeling of horror and anxiety, the unhappy prince turned away his eyes.

When he lifted them again to the scene upon the beach, the commander of his infantry had sprang on shore, and was running in haste toward his men, who, now aware of the danger in which they were placed, were moving slowly and in good order toward the water. They were too late, however. The troops of Henry were upon them before they could gain the boats, and in an instant all was one scene of confusion and strife. They fought well; they fought long. Little quarter was asked or given; but ere half an hour was over, none of that small body of infantry remained alive, except a few prisoners;* and with a heavy heart Richard Plantagenet hoisted sail, and bore away from the shores of England. Thus ended the first attempt of the son of Edward IV. to assert in arms his title to the crown; and, according to the promise he had given, he returned to Flanders, where he was again received with every mark of kindness.

During his absence, however, the eagerness of the great trading communities of the country to conclude a peace with England, and recover the commerce they had lost, had produced a profound effect upon the council of the Archduke Philip; and it was clear that, sooner or later, the unhappy wanderer would be obliged to seek a refuge on some other shore. Negotiations were actually going on between England and the Netherlands; and day by day some advance was made toward a treaty which was destined to deprive the prince of the shelter which had been hitherto afforded him. His cause was still warmly espoused by the good Duchess Dowager of Burgundy, and she eagerly sought to prepare for her nephew some stronger

* It is generally stated by the English historians that all these prisoners were hanged, in order to show foreigners that they could not with impunity aid Henry's subjects in rebellion; but this is positively contradicted by the Burgundian writers, who state that none were hanged but such as were proved to be natives of England.

support in the prosecution of his claim than she could herself afford. Wherever she turned her eyes, indeed, difficulties met her. The King of France was full of other purposes. The politic King of Aragon was in close alliance with Henry Tudor. The King of Scotland had but lately concluded a truce with the great enemy of Richard Plantagenet. It was to the latter, however, that her eyes turned with the best hope; for James was known to be bold, generous, and warlike, and the duchess took care that her nephew's claims and the proofs of his birth should be made fully known at the court of Scotland.

The wishes of Richard himself turned toward Ireland. It was the land in which he had first asserted his title to the English throne. There he had been received with warmth and kindness, when he had none to support him but those who came voluntarily forward in his cause. There, he flattered himself, his claim would now be generally recognized, after it had been so fully admitted by more than one sovereign prince, and when, instead of a nameless wanderer, he could present himself with a royal train, and many a gallant man-at-arms. To Ireland, therefore, he sailed, before the signature of the treaty between Henry and the archduke compelled him to quit the court of Burgundy;* but all his hopes were disappointed; and in Ireland, though he found many to recognize his title, he found none to support his cause.†

* By the fourth article of the Treaty of 1496, Henry and Philip mutually agreed not to admit the enemies of each other into their territories. By the fifth article, each of the contracting parties undertook to expel from his territories such enemies of the other as had been previously admitted, and to do so within one month after a formal notice should be given to that effect by the other. It is not quite clear that Richard Plantagenet sailed for Ireland previous to the signature of the treaty; but, as these articles were evidently leveled at him, he must, at all events, have sailed within a month after.

† I have no proof to offer, that the Duchess of Burgundy actually held any communication with James IV. of Scotland; but it is perfectly evident, from the reception given by that monarch to Richard Plantagenet, that, even before the landing of the latter on the shores of Scotland, the king must have received very convincing evidence of his royal descent. The speech, reported to have been addressed to the Scottish sovereign by Richard, is so clearly a fabrication of the Tudor historians that it requires no comment. More, Grafton, and Bacon have all been justly accused of something more than partiality; but More, with all his wit, and Bacon, with all his wisdom, were not capable of manufacturing a tale which would not betray the handiwork of the artificer when compared with the facts ascertained by public documents.

CHAPTER VIII.

PERKIN WARBECK.

KING JAMES IV. of Scotland was riding back toward the Palace of Holyrood after the hunting of the deer. Only a few of his attendants were with him, and his dusty dress of green did little to distinguish the monarch from the rest; but there was a majesty in his air, given very naturally by the habit of command, which might well attract the passing eye. Such, it seems, was the case; for a horseman, splendidly dressed, and followed by two attendants and a page, who was riding along the road toward Edinburgh, turned to look at the little body of hunters as he passed them, and then springing to the ground, threw his rein to the boy, and approached the king on foot. His dress was not of the land in which he then was, but he was evidently a man of high distinction; for round his neck he wore a chain of gold, and gilded spurs over his untanned boots. James halted instantly, and asked,

“What is your pleasure, noble sir?”

The other, however, shook his head, with a smile, and replied, in French, “Alas! sire, I have no English; but, if I mistake not much, you are James, king of Scotland.”

“You are right, sir,” answered the king, in the same tongue. “Let me ask, if I may without lack of courtesy, who it is that speaks to me?”

“A very humble person, sire,” replied the stranger; “a poor and little-renowned knight, but one of a good house and name, Rudiger de Lalaing.”*

“A famous name, indeed,” replied the king. “We have heard of your deeds of arms, sir knight, and welcome you gladly to our realm of Scotland. I pray you mount your horse, and bear us company to our palace. If you have any business to communicate, you can speak it by the way.”

* This name is written in various ways: Rodighe, and sometimes even Modighe. It was really, however, Rudiger de Lalaing; and, although the nobleman who accompanied Richard of Plantagenet to Scotland was not so celebrated a captain as his great relation, Jame de Lalaing, he was, nevertheless, a distinguished knight, and maintained the high name of the Burgundian chivalry at the court of James by many gallant feats of arms.

Lalaing did as he was desired; and the king's attendants fell a little back as he rode forward with the stranger. The monarch and his companion were seen speaking eagerly together. Gestures, as if of wonder and surprise, on the part of the king, were remarked by the attendants. Curiosity led them a little nearer, as they approached the city, and they beheld the foreign knight place three sealed packets in the hand of the king, saying,

"This from his imperial majesty, Maximilian; this from his son, the Archduke Philip; this from the King of France. More than one dispatch, I believe, has already reached your highness from the Dowager Duchess of Burgundy."

James bent his head, saying, "I have received them, and will read these with all attention and respect. Your tale surprises me, I will acknowledge, for my ally Henry, king of England, has industriously spread a statement that the person at the court of Burgundy, pretending to be Duke of York, is an impostor, the son of a Jew of Tournay, tutored to act a part by the duchess dowager."

The blood mounted fiercely in Lalaing's cheek. "He is a false traitor," he exclaimed, "and has told a lie. Margaret of Burgundy is incapable of tutoring any one to practice a deceit."

"So I have always judged," replied the king; "but that part of the tale might be false and the other true. She might be herself deceived. Nevertheless, I will read these letters with due attention, and will willingly receive the prince at a public audience. I call him the prince, because I can not believe that three great and wise sovereigns, as well as a near relation of the person he pretends to be, would admit his claims and acknowledge his birth without clear evidence of the truth of his story."

"The same evidence can be laid before your highness," answered Lalaing; "and now I will take my leave, and inform the duke of your gracious promise to see him as soon as your convenience serves."

"He shall hear from me this very night," said James; and then he pressed the foreign knight to ride on with him to Holyrood, and partake of some refreshment.

Lalaing declined, however, and turned away to rejoin his young lord.

A truce existed between England and Scotland; but James would not receive the claimant to the English throne in secret or even in private. He fixed the day and hour, and invited

all the nobles of his court to be present, that they might hear and judge as well as himself. All eyes were fixed upon the young man when he entered; and there was many a one inclined to doubt or to disbelieve; but there was a grace and a dignity in the demeanor of Richard Plantagenet, which, added to the beauty of his person, and the frank openness of his countenance, soon dissipated all injurious prejudices. He looked, he moved, he spoke as a prince; and the perfect command of the English language which he displayed, the want of all foreign accent or idiom, at once refuted the tale of his being the son of a foreign Jew. He made no long harangue,* but, after his first introduction to the king, entered calmly and quietly into the details of his history, and tendered such proofs of his birth as left no doubt upon the mind of the monarch, or of his courtiers, as to the justice of his pretensions. He was accompanied by several Burgundian and several English gentlemen, who confirmed in many instances the facts he mentioned; and, after listening patiently, the king took him by the hand, and assured him that he should never have reason to repent that he had put himself under his protection.

Some further conversation followed; and, in the end, James turned to the Earl of Huntley, saying, "My noble cousin, you know that I am bound upon a pilgrimage, which must occupy me some days. I shall, therefore, put this young prince under your care and guidance till my own return, beseeching you to show him every courtesy and hospitality. When I come back, we will have jousts and games, to put the mettle of these gentlemen of Burgundy to the trial. We will then, also, take counsel as to what is to be done in the present circumstances; for the heir of the house of York shall not appeal in vain to James of Scotland."

The earl stood forward frankly, saying, "I will fulfill your highness's will to the best of my poor power. My lord duke, I will entreat you for the time to lodge at my house, with such attendants as you may need. The rest of your train we will

* The oration given by Lord Bacon is, as I have before said, evidently a fabrication from beginning to end. The language and turn of expression is altogether of a later period; and the statements differ materially from those put forth by Richard Plantagenet in his proclamation, which is the only known document regarding his pretensions that was not carefully suppressed under the Tudor dynasty. The address of the young prince to the King of Scots, as furnished by the noble author, is, in fact, merely one of those imaginary speeches which historians in all ages have not scrupled to manufacture for the persons whose histories they relate.

find lodgings for in the city ; and though, perhaps, we can not show you here such rich fields and golden harvests as you have seen elsewhere, nor such splendid scenes and glittering pageantry as France and Burgundy afford, yet we have blue mountains where we will teach you to hunt the roe and the deer ; and we have bold hearts and strong hands which never yet failed a friend at his need. I will now beseech your grace to follow me, after taking leave of my royal lord, and I will then lead you to my humble dwelling."

CHAPTER IX.

PERKIN WARBECK.

A BRIGHT and beautiful girl stood by the side of the stout Earl of Huntley, on the evening of the day just mentioned ; nor was it alone perfection of feature nor beauty of coloring that rendered her so lovely. The dark-brown hair, the pure blue eye, the fine straight nose, the lips like rounded rose leaves, the glowing cheek, the broad snow-white forehead, the fine arched eyebrows were nothing without that beaming brightness of expression, without those soul-gleams which sparkled in the eye, and played about the lips, sometimes in sunny smiles, sometimes with the intense light of thought, and sometimes with the shadow of deep feeling. Now she was in her gayest mood ; and laughingly did bright Catharine Gordon tease her father to tell her why such preparations as she had seen were making in the house. Who was expected ? she asked. Who was the great man coming ?

"I saw you walk down the street some hours ago," she said, "with a train fit for the Highlands ; and you stopped and pointed to the house ; and then there were manifold court-esses, and bows and ceremonies enow. I must and will know whom I am to receive, that I may do, with all discretion, the honors of the house in place of my mother."

"Guess, Kate," cried the stout earl, "guess ; for on my life I have no mind to satisfy a woman's curiosity. 'Tis an ever-craving appetite, which one morsel but serves to strengthen for more food."

"Is it an English ambassador ?" asked Catharine. The

earl shook his head. "Is it a French envoy? or a Spanish don?"

The earl answered "No."

"Then it must be some Burgundian noble, or some German prince," exclaimed Catharine.

"Near the truth, yet far from it," replied her father. "But, come, I will tell thee, Kate. It is the White Rose of England."

"The White Rose!" repeated Catharine Gordon, with a thoughtful look. "That is a flowery metaphor. I hope this white rose has not many thorns."

"Thorns for his enemies, I trust," replied Lord Huntley, "but sweet leaves for his friends. Come, sit you down, Kate, and I will tell you the history, for he will soon be here;" and placed beside him, she listened to the tale of Richard Plantagenet, with her eyes often swimming in bright dew, as she heard the sorrows and reverses which had crowded thickly into his brief life.

The tale was not quite finished when Richard of York arrived; and certainly, if, in the bright imagination of the young heart, she had painted the object of her interest in glowing colors, she thought them cold and insufficient when she saw him.

But we must pass over the next weeks lightly. It was a time of happy dreams for Richard Plantagenet. It was a time of fatal dreams for Catharine Gordon. There were dance, and song, and music. There were the gay hunting-party, the wild, reckless ride among blue and gleamy hills. There was the wandering by murmuring streams and glassy lakes. There were the moments of visionary meditation and of sweet converse.

It was impossible that two young hearts, thus brought together, should not draw closer and closer to each other. They could not help it. There were the ties of sympathy, and mutual tastes, and accomplishments common to both. Deep interest on the one side, warm admiration on the other; grace, beauty, feeling, fancy, all twined a net around them, from which there was no escape. The earl saw the growing passion, and mused over it much. At first he thought it would have been well otherwise; but that youth had won marvelously upon his affections, and he repeated over and over again to himself, "He is the son of the fourth Edward. True, the fortunes of his house are low; but where is the blood with which that of Plantagenet might not mingle? and there may be a brighter day beyond this cold present time. If England

do but rise in his favor, and Scotland lend her aid, the crown of his ancestors will be his, and my Catharine seated on a throne. I will let things take their course. God grant it be for the best! Would that the king acknowledged him more openly. He can have no doubt, and yet he seems to hesitate."

The hesitation continued not long, however; for, at the end of a few weeks, Richard Plantagenet was finally acknowledged and received at the court of Scotland as Duke of York. Jousts, passages of arms, and many a sport and pastime succeeded; but counsels were also held and consultations took place; and it was rumored in the land that war against England was in preparation, a report rarely unpleasant in those days to Scottish ears. Men began to call their retainers together, and to polish up their armor; and all eyes turned toward the border, with a longing desire to spoil the neighboring state.

The wars of those days combined pleasure and profit, in a way of which we can probably form no idea. The pastimes of almost every man were more or less warlike; and a foray over the border was much like an Indian hunting expedition, in which men went out at once for sport and food. Thus the very rumor spread great satisfaction through the capital of Scotland, and the gladness of the court was increased and confirmed by the announcement of an approaching marriage. Before war was proclaimed, it was affirmed that James, king of Scotland, would bestow his cousin, Catharine Gordon, the most beautiful and accomplished of the Scottish ladies, upon Richard, duke of York; and in this union the people saw the certainty of great efforts against the neighboring country. The very act would bind the monarch to assert the claim of the young prince to the crown of England. So the people thought, and they thought rightly.

The marriage took place in the midst of splendor and festivity, and a few short weeks of the brightest happiness that earth can give were granted to the two lovers in each other's arms. There was nothing like disappointment for them. Hope and expectation for once found fruition; and if they loved before, they loved better still now, when bound together by an everlasting tie. They heard the trumpet sound to arms with a sigh, though the prize to be struggled for was a crown.

The Scottish army marched forth with all the pomp and circumstances of war, and crossed the English border amid the brown shades of autumn.* This was no predatory foray,

no wild and sweeping incursion of frontier marauders, but it was a royal expedition, headed by a king, and by one who claimed to be a king. Order and regularity marked the advance of the troops; banner and pennon, cannon and culverin, the long lance of the trooper, the pike, and the bow, and the ax of the infantry, came pouring on in a long line over the frontier; and at the head of all appeared James, who was to fall, defeated, at Flodden, and Richard, who was to die a prisoner in London. Seldom have two more princely-looking men gone forth to war against a great enemy; and never did a Scottish army enter England with less violence or injury to the land through which they passed.

Still, as the royal host advanced, proclamation was made every where before it, in the name of Richard, by the grace of God King of England and of France, Lord of Ireland, Prince of Wales, inviting all men to flock to the standard of their lawful king, and setting forth, in brief but comprehensive terms, the claim of Plantagenet to the throne of England. It told how in his early years he had escaped, by God's might, out of the Tower of London, and had dwelt in divers countries beyond sea, while Henry Tudor usurped the crown. It told how the same Henry Tudor, as soon as he heard that Richard, duke of York, was alive, had wrought by all subtle means for his destruction; how he had accused him of being an impostor; had offered large sums to corrupt the princes who had taken his part; how he had seduced his servants, such as Sir Robert Clifford, to practice against his person, and forsake his righteous quarrel. It set forth all, too, which Henry had done to oppress and grind the English people, and showed how he had put to death many of the noblest gentlemen in the land, and kept in perpetual imprisonment Edward, son and heir of the Duke of Clarence; and it offered a reward of one thousand pounds, and a hundred marks yearly, to any one who would bring in the body of the said Henry Tudor, dead or alive. It promised, also, on the part of Richard Plantagenet, to the whole people of England, that if he succeeded in obtaining the throne of his ancestors, he would deal differently with his subjects; that he would administer equal justice to all; that he would maintain the good laws and customs of the kingdom; that he would protect its commerce, diminish its burdens, and uphold the rights and privileges of all men.

It was a powerful and a moving manifesto; but it had no effect. Men hated the rule of Henry; but they dreaded his unsparing vengeance. They knew him to be avaricious, cru-

el, oppressive ; but they knew him to be crafty, vigorous, and fortunate. They feared as much as abhorred ; and man whispered to man,

“ If he spared not Stanley, his best and noblest friend, how will he spare others ? ”

No one stirred. No nobleman or private gentleman of any note came forward to assert the rights of Richard of York ; and men made ancient enmity toward the Scottish people a motive or an excuse for yielding to their own apprehensions. A battle fought and won might soon have brought thousands to the standard of Richard Plantagenet ; but the officers of Henry were too wise to risk such a result. King James found no opposition in the field. The fortified cities shut their gates against him ; but no army appeared to oppose his progress ; and for some time he marched on, orderly and steadily, looking for some rising in favor of Plantagenet, but in vain.

At length the King of Scotland became impatient, and his nobles more so. They had come to fight, and they had found no one to oppose them. They had come to establish a king in his rights, and they found no one to acknowledge him. The border chieftains, long inured to predatory warfare, had restrained their followers and themselves with difficulty ; and a few words of encouragement, from the lips of their king, were sufficient to plunge them at once into all their old habits. Moderation, order, discipline were all forgotten ; and Northumberland was soon in a blaze from one side to the other. Hamlets and villages were sacked and destroyed, houses plundered, the peasantry slaughtered in the fields ; and Richard Plantagenet saw with grief his claims to the throne of his father made a pretense for destroying his fellow-countrymen and desolating his native land. His course was immediately taken ; and it was well suited to his character. He sought the King of Scotland at once, and expostulated with him firmly on the barbarous proceedings of his troops.

“ If this is done in my behalf, my noble lord, I beseech you to forbear,” he said. “ I would rather lose a crown than obtain one by the ruin of my subjects.”

James answered in a less kingly spirit. “ Methinks your highness gives yourself too much concern,” he said, “ about subjects who do not acknowledge you as their king.”

He retreated, however, from England, taking with him the wealth of the whole land through which he passed ; and Scotland was satisfied with plunder such as had seldom been brought home from the neighboring country.

Richard Plantagenet took nothing with him ; but his heart was more joyful than any one in the camp, for he was going back to her he loved ; and he knew that the eyes of Catharine were looking for him. Short time was allowed him, however, for the sweets of love. James regretted the rash words he had spoken to him ; and, as a proof of undiminished interest, he determined to lead another army into England, but to proceed on a different plan of operations.

The moment he chose was favorable. We often do more against ourselves than any enemy can do against us. No one had risen in arms to favor Richard Plantagenet ; but in the early part of 1497, many rose in arms against the oppression of Henry Tudor. The King of England had taken advantage of the invasion of his dominions by James and Richard, to exact large supplies from his Parliament. The Parliament granted his demands, but endeavored to guard against misapplication of the sums to be levied, of which many an instance was on record. Henry strode over all restrictions, however. The taxes were raised with severity, cruelty, and partiality ; and the people of Cornwall rose to resist. It was then that James and Richard once more advanced into England, and laid siege to Norham Castle. No great force was now collected ; for it was expected that the fortress would soon fall. But the princes were deceived. News came that the gallant Earl of Surrey was advancing with rapid marches at the head of twenty thousand men ; and the Scottish army was forced to raise the siege, and retreat beyond the border. They were pursued even into Scotland ; and the flames of Ayton witnessed the success of Surrey and the discomfiture of James.

CHAPTER X.

PERKIN WARBECK.

“My husband, my husband, there is danger abroad,” said the White Rose of Scotland to the White Rose of England. “That subtle Spaniard, Pedro of Ayala, has been closeted with the king ; and I fear much for the result.”

“Fear not, dear Kate,” replied Richard. “I am confident of the good faith and honor of King James. He will

neither betray nor abandon me. He knows the justice of my claims. He has had full proof of my birth and of my rights; and he will not be led to tarnish his honor by the offers of Henry Tudor, or the blandishments of Pedro de Ayala."

"Alas! that I should say so to you, Richard," answered Catharine; "but there are words in Scripture which should be a warning to all: 'Put not your faith in princes.' My father tells me, that deputies are already appointed to hold conferences regarding peace with the English commissioners at Ayton. The king is tired of the war. He had hoped for success; and he has met with reverse. He had fancied that, by a few light efforts, he could seat you on the throne of England; he has found the task too difficult for him; he has seen his army obliged to flee from before Norham; and our cause is lost, my dear husband."

Richard mused sadly. Then, looking up in Catharine's face, he said, "If I lose not thee, my beloved, I can bear the frown of fortune undismayed. She may refuse me a crown. She may condemn me to poverty and to obscurity. She may give my name down to coming ages as that of an impostor. She may brand my truth as falsehood, and annul the rights of my birth; but she has given me thy love, and in it a jewel which not fate itself can take from me."

"I will go and see," he continued, starting up. "I will ride into the city and to the court, and soon know what my fate is to be."

He called for his horse and for his train, presented himself at the palace, and desired an audience. It was granted instantly; and James advanced to meet him, and embraced him kindly. The king's brow, however, was sorrowful; and he said at once, "I am glad your highness has come; for I proposed to visit you this very day. The time has arrived when it is needful for me and my council to determine whether we will remain for many years at war with England, or conclude an honorable peace. My subjects call for repose; but still, it is with painful regret that I even think of sheathing the sword which I have drawn in your cause. However, I must show you the whole truth. Though a warlike nation, we are a very poor one, few in numbers compared with the English people, and not altogether so much united as we might be. Henry, your great enemy, has an overflowing treasury and vast resources of all kinds. He is at peace with every foreign country; the revolt of the Cornishmen is suppressed; and if his people do not love him well, still they obey him readily

If I refuse his offers now, it will be no longer the question, whether I shall march an army into England, but rather, how shall I defend Scotland against an invading force."

The king paused; and Richard Plantagenet crossed his arms upon his chest, and gazed silently down upon the ground. James would fain have had him speak; but he uttered not a word; and the monarch proceeded.

"I told you," he said, "when first you sought my court, that you should never repent having trusted in me; nor shall you. I will never deny that you have proved to me, beyond all doubt, your birth and rights. I will not give you up to the power of an enemy; but, for the sake of my people, and for the safety of my throne, I am compelled to tell you that while you remain in Scotland peace can not be concluded. Bitter is my task to say this; but assuredly I do believe it were better for you, and me, and Scotland that you sought some other land."

With hardly a change of countenance, Richard of York raised his eyes to the king's face. His look was very grave and very sad; but it showed neither anger nor apprehension. The color did not vary in his cheek. His lip did not quiver. His voice faltered not.

"I will not try, my lord the king," he said, "to change your determination. It is well considered, wise, I doubt not, in itself, and kindly and frankly told. A king's duty to his subjects is, or should be, a far higher consideration than the interests of one helpless stranger, whatever may be his claims upon generous pity. Even had I cause to think the motives on which you act insufficient, or to judge that you forego the assertion of my claims unnecessarily, which I have not, that could not cancel all the obligations under which you have laid me. I thank you deeply and sincerely for the protection and assistance you have been able to afford me, and for the many favors which you have conferred upon me. I will now take my leave, and prepare at once to depart; but, believe me, whithersoever I go, I shall ever retain a sincere affection for your person, and a grateful remembrance of your kindness."*

* These are very nearly Richard Plantagenet's own words, as recorded by historians. In general, the conversations to be found in these scenes must be looked upon merely as the dialogues which the author thinks might probably take place between the principal persons mentioned. The exact words are rarely given by historians. Wherever the author has found them he has inserted them; and where the substance merely is given, he has expressed it in the terms which he thought suitable to the characters.

He did take his leave, and rode home to his dwelling beyond the limits of the town. He was calm, firm, composed. None of his attendants beheld a trace of agitation in his face or manner; but who shall tell the feelings of his heart during that short ride?

Oh, that barren record called history, that catalogue of facts and falsehoods so intimately mingled together as often to be inseparable, how poor and meager it is, even while representing the great bubbles of the earth, how meager, I say, in all the mighty realities! It tells of the rise and fall of kings, of peace or war between two countries, of a skirmish here, a battle there, a bright meeting, a great discovery; but not one word does it say of the human feelings, and but few of the human thoughts does it record. Yet those two great streams of heart and mind are the rivers of life and light that flow through the mighty Garden of Time. What are laws, institutions, acts, but means to make man happier? What are study, exertion, discovery, but to make him wiser and better? Each man's individual sorrows or joys are portions of the great stream of life; each man's individual thoughts are parts of the River of Wisdom. These, however, we take no heed to reckon in history. We pass them over as if they had not been, as if they had no bearing upon the more apparent things of earth.

How is it that the writers of the "Old Almanac" mention this epoch in the life of Richard Plantagenet. "His departure," they say, "smoothed the road to a peace between the two monarchs; and a truce was signed in the Church of Ayton, September 29th, A.D. 1497." But they tell us not of the agony of that hour, when his last stay was taken from him, when once more he was sacrificed by those who had promised to protect him—sacrificed, not because he was base, wicked, false—not for any fault, failing, or crime, but simply because he was unfortunate—not because his rights were doubtful, but because the interests of kings were against them. Of all the monarchs and princes who acknowledged, supported, and abandoned him, there was not one who ever pretended to have been deceived. They were, at least, honest enough not to varnish their selfishness with a calumny. Charles, Philip, Margaret, Maximilian, James, boldly announced that they gave him up because it was for their interest to do so. They never pretended to discover a fraud or to expose and punish an impostor.

But what were the feelings of Richard Plantagenet during

that ride homeward? Were they the less bitter because he knew his misfortunes undeserved? Each man will judge as he feels. Had he felt that they were merited, he must have been prepared to meet with them, he must have ever known that fate, station, happiness, hung upon a discovery to which a moment might give birth. But when a man knows and feels himself to be true and honest, oh, what a bitter crushing of the heart it is to find that truth and honesty are as nothing in the sight of men, to be betrayed by those you trusted, to be cast off by those you loved, to be sacrificed for the tinsel prize of a momentary interest. But what were the feelings of Richard Plantagenet? Vain to ask, men may reply; can one see into his heart with the spectacles of history? No, certainly not. We can not see all the anguish, we can not distinguish all the pangs; but we may perceive a few of them. What had he to consider? Ruin was before him, and all around. Whither could he turn for help? Where could he find refuge? The spider policy of Henry had wound his threads round him in every direction. France, Burgundy, Germany, Scotland, were all closed against him. Support was taken away. Refuge was denied. A dark, ominous future, loomed awfully through the uncertain mists of the present; and now he was no longer alone to do battle against Fate with a stout heart, as he had previously done. The ties to life, the excitements to endeavor were both strengthened; but at the same time the gates were cast open to a thousand fears and apprehensions which could find no entrance, so long as all that he staked upon the struggle was his own life and fortunes. When he thought upon his beautiful and beloved bride, well might his heart sink with feelings such as he had never known before, well might he ask himself, how should he act for and to her?

To take her from her happy home and her native land, to plunge her into scenes of danger, difficulty, and strife, to remove her from affluence and ease to straitened poverty and toilsome wandering, would be, he thought, a cruelty and an injustice. But yet, how to part with her, how to resign that which was dearer to him than a crown, how to sacrifice the brightest and the purest light that had ever shone upon his stormy way! Yet he resolved to do so. But though he had loved truly and well, he knew not all the strength of woman's affection. Catharine knew the dangers, the difficulties, the privations that lay before him; she foresaw the anguish, and perhaps the degradation that was in store. But such was not

the moment that a true-hearted woman would choose to fly from her husband's side; and when Richard Plantagenet sailed from the shores of Scotland with less than two hundred followers, Catharine Gordon his wife went with him.

CHAPTER XI.

PERKIN WARBECK.

THERE had been an insurrection in Cornwall. The grasping spirit of the miserly king and the rapacity which he tolerated, if he did not encourage, in his collectors, had roused the indignation of the lower classes of his subjects to a higher point than it had ever reached before. You may do much with an Englishman, ye men in power, but beware how you finger his purse too carelessly. The Cornishmen lost patience. They had seen many a subsidy exacted upon the plea of wars which never took place, and expeditions which never set sail. They believed not the king's pretenses; they did not like the grant which Parliament had made; they resisted the exactions of the collectors. They were a rude, ill-disciplined set; but they found two or three of much courage and some ability to lead them, and an unprincipled all-hazard lord to put himself at their head. They were misled into Kent, at a moment when their efforts promised fair, and were defeated by regular forces with which they were not capable of contending. Their three leaders were executed, and the rest pardoned and dismissed.

This lenity is not altogether unaccountable in a man who was not by nature lenient. There might be some truth in the view which the Cornishmen took thereof. Henry was in somewhat perilous circumstances. There was a Scottish army upon the English border; there was great discontent among the nobility of the kingdom. Many were but kept down by terror. Others waited and watched for opportunity. The king's title to the throne was questioned. A rival for the crown was in the field; and it was not safe to irritate the great mass of the people by severities, which may have great effect upon individuals, but lose their terrors when exercised upon the crowd. The Cornishmen, returning to their homes,

declared that Henry had not dared to punish them ; but they should have added that they had not yet combined, with the offense of the revolt, the crime which the monarch never forgave, an assertion of the rights of York.

The taxes were still collected. The same odious officers were employed. The discontent spread far and wide ; and now, taking a wider view, the conspirators prepared to follow a still bolder and more decided course than before, and not only to resist the collection of the taxes, but to strike at the king who oppressed them.

It was rumored, though not clearly ascertained, that Richard Plantagenet, the son of Edward IV., after leaving the shores of Scotland, had once more landed in Ireland ; and deputies were sent from the men of Cornwall and Devonshire to find the prince, and ask him to put himself at their head. Many had fallen from him in despair of his fortunes, and those who were with him were neither the most wise nor the most experienced. His hopes in Ireland had been extinguished more speedily than even his expectations of support from Scotland. His means of sustaining the small force which was with him were rapidly diminishing ; and pressed by his advisers, and led on by specious promises, he consented to lead the insurgent forces, and strike one more stroke for the crown. Still, his bright and beautiful Catharine accompanied him ; and, with a hundred and forty fighting men, he set sail from Ireland, and landed on the Cornish coast on the 7th of September, 1498. The castle on St. Micheal's Mount fell into his hands at once ; and on the shores of that beautiful bay he parted forever with her who had given happiness to some portion, at least, of his existence. Catharine remained in the castle, while he marched forward to Bodmin ; and the first news she heard was, that in a few hours three thousand men in arms had flocked to her husband's standard.

His forces increased daily ; but their utter want of discipline, their ignorance of the use of the arms they possessed, and the impossibility of preserving any thing like order among them, filled him with alarm and doubt. He issued a new proclamation, however ; and, knowing that a first success is often but the herald of many more, he hastened on into Devonshire, and approaching the city of Exeter, demanded admission within its gates. He promised the citizens protection and the confirmation of all their privileges, together with advantages which they had not previously enjoyed. But the men of Exeter feared the Cornish rabble ; their walls were

considered strong in those days ; the prince's army—if it could be considered an army—had no artillery ; and admission into Exeter was refused.

All who had any skill or experience in the camp of Richard Plantagenet saw that it was needful to obtain some important town, both for the collection of stores and as a place of retreat. He resolved, therefore, to storm the city ; and the attack was gallantly made and gallantly resisted. One of the gates was partly burned ; possession was well-nigh obtained of the walls ; but the attacking parties were at length repulsed, and the Cornishmen found that they had lost two hundred men. They looked gloomy and discontented ; and news reached the camp that immense forces were marching rapidly to attack them in the open field.

Prosperity has always friends. The Earl of Devonshire, Sir Edmund Carew, Stafford, duke of Buckingham, Sir Thomas Fulford, Sir William Courtenay, Sir John Croker, Edgecombe, St. Maure, Trenchard, and a whole host of Courtenays, gathered troops together, and marched toward Exeter, while the Lord d'Aubeny, though he had seen a near relative sacrificed to the jealousy of the first Tudor, led a powerful army against the undisciplined forces of the prince. The news, too, ran that Henry himself, with a mighty host, was following quick, and it was necessary to prepare for resistance or to seek safety in flight.

The position near Exeter could not be maintained, and Richard retreated, slowly and in tolerable order, to Taunton, in Somersetshire. There he prepared to resist to the last ; and some there were among his followers who came to him, and with the courage of despair swore to shed the last drop of their blood in the maintenance of his cause. But there were others who looked very doubtful ; and several, who possessed the most power over the minds of the people, withdrew from the town, and were heard of no more.

In the midst of busy preparations for resistance, the day passed with the eager activity of desperate courage, leaving little time for thought to wander. But night fell heavily, and with it came the darkness of dismay. Vague rumors spread. Men's hearts grew cold. Sadness fell upon the greater part of the small force, and though there was much silence, there was little sleep. In two quarters, however, there were persons who saw and talked. There was a group of men from Bodmin on the outskirts of the town, where the sight could stretch up that beautiful vale of Taunton, as it

lay in the moonlight, along the road upon which the first parties of the enemy were expected to appear. They were leading men of the insurrection, and they spoke in low but eager tones. What was it they discussed? It was the force marching down upon them. Some said a hundred thousand men surrounded them on all sides. That was nonsense; but we can hardly believe that a mite in a microscope is not a leviathan; and they were much afraid. The Lord d'Aubeny had twenty thousand men. The Earl of Devon came on with ten thousand. Buckingham had as many. The king's force was unknown, and doubt magnified it. Each one asked the other what was their chance of victory, what was their chance of safety? One man said, in a low, dull tone, that the only chance was in delivering a great enemy into a tyrant's hand. Thereupon all mused; but one of them rose and went away before any thing was decided.

In another place, at a house near the church, sat Richard Plantagenet and a small group of friends, receiving the reports of scouts and messengers from a distance. Oh, what a sad detail was poured upon the ear of the hapless youth that night! There was no rising in his favor. Those who had owned his right, acknowledged his birth, promised their aid, sat still and dull. There was an oppressive dread upon them.

The old adherents of the house of York, the friends, the servants of his father, stirred not. Those who had most murmured at the cold oppression of Tudor, drew not a sword in support of a cause which they might easily have rendered successful. An apathy of terror benumbed all men. Then came the tale of the forces mustering against him. It reached him in a more definite but not less terrible form than the rumors which spread among his followers. Forty thousand men were round about him, and he had not six thousand. They were all trained and disciplined; his were ignorant and disorderly. The strife would be a massacre, and not a fight. He thought of Catharine, and his heart was very sad. His friends advised him to seek safety in flight. They represented that the Cornishmen must submit, and that mercy to them, at least, would follow submission; but that with him destruction must follow defeat.

One of the most zealous, or the most fearful, ordered horses to be saddled; but the prince moved not. At length a man entered the room and whispered a few words in his ear. It was the same who had left the other group; and as he spoke, Richard turned very pale. He had met with unkindness;

he had seen his hopes blasted ; he had found friends grow cold ; he had often had to repine at promises unfulfilled and aid withdrawn ; but he had only once before met with treachery, and then it had been fatal to his best friends. Richard hesitated no longer ; but the question was, whither should he fly ? All his hopes, all his affections, turned toward St. Michael's Mount ; but the Earl of Devon was between him and Cornwall, and escape in that direction was cut off.

Time pressed ; the largest body of the enemy was near at hand ; intelligence was received that even during the darkness Henry's officers were pushing forward their parties in all directions ; and, a little after midnight, Richard Plantagenet mounted his horse and rode away from Taunton. He had five or six friends with him, chance for his guide, and Providence for his only protection. Thrice during that night was he turned from his course by meeting with bodies of the enemy ; but at length he reached the monastery of Bewly, which had the privilege of sanctuary. With slow and trembling hands, an old monk brought forward the register ; and, while one of the prince's followers watched at the door, Richard of York inscribed his name, as a sanctuary man of Bewly. The pen was hardly out of his hand, when the watcher at the door exclaimed,

"Make haste, my lord, make haste. There is a body of horse coming over the hill."

All the others registered their names without delay ; and, a few minutes after, D'Aubeny's cavalry surrounded the abbey, and set a guard at every gate, to prevent the escape of any one from within the walls.

What were the feelings of Richard then ? They must have been sad indeed. Hope itself seemed at an end. Fortune had passed away forever. He was in the power of an enemy ; and nothing but the thin thread of superstition kept the sword from his neck.

Henry did not venture to violate a sanctuary, however. For nine long days the cavalry of the king kept their watch round the abbey, and left no possibility of escape. The harshness of their tone, the strictness of their examination, when any monk passed beyond the walls, made the good brethren dread that the poor fugitives would be dragged from their place of refuge ; but at length a royal officer presented himself, and was admitted to Richard Plantagenet. They conversed long ; but no one knows fully what were the offers Henry's envoy was authorized to make. Certain it is, that he held out the

threat of violating the sanctuary, unless Richard surrendered himself. Certain it is, that he promised life, at least, if the prince, by yielding himself a prisoner, spared his enemy an act against which the interests and the pride of Rome were sternly armed. Some say that he promised more; but, at all events, Richard of York knew not how the cunning and the bold can render promises of no avail, and keep the letter of justice while they cast away the spirit. After much bitter thought, after calculating all the humiliation he might have to undergo, he yielded himself a prisoner, and in a few hours was on his way to London, guarded by a large party of horse.

CHAPTER XII.

PERKIN WARBECK.

“HURRA! hurra!” the boys shouted in the street. “Hurra! hurra! Here he comes. Here he comes!”

But when he did come, every tongue was silent; for, as he rode on, with a sufficient space between those who guarded him and himself for all the crowd to see his person perfectly, there was an air of calm dignity in his carriage, an expression of patient firmness in his countenance, that, for a time, rebuked even the violence of a Lancastrian mob. There was no appearance of terror or of shame. Sad he might be, indeed; he might look melancholy and gloomy; but there was nothing which could be rightly called dejection. He bore his head high and proudly; he rode his horse with ease and grace; he looked at the crowd which lined the streets on either side with a grave, firm gaze; and not even the stare of many thousand eyes, nor the hootings and yellings which were soon recommenced—perhaps by paid voices—could make him bend his brow or cause his eyelids to wink. Twice they took him through the city. Twice they exposed him to the gaze of the rude multitude; but they produced no alteration in his demeanor. His firmness remained unshaken from first to last.

The King of England was disappointed by the dignity of his captive; and the composure with which Richard bore indignity taught many men to believe that he did not deserve it. Nor was Henry's next step more successful. He placed

his captive in the hands of strict guardians, with orders to watch him narrowly, but to admit the nobility of England to his presence with some show of liberty. Many went to see an impostor, but found a prince—a prince in every look, and word, and jesture. They went to see the son of a poor Flemish Jew counterfeiting Richard of York; they found an Englishman, noble in manners, highly educated, speaking the English tongue in the utmost purity, without the slightest foreign accent. They looked in his face for some trace of that remarkable race which God chose from out the nations of the earth, and on which he set a mark that has never been effaced; and they found no Hebrew, but saw the living image of Edward Plantagenet. They could perceive no signs of imposture there.

Many went away convinced; and it became necessary to find some excuse for hiding Richard of York from the eyes of the people. We know not how it was brought about—whether new indignities were threatened or delusive hopes held out—but Richard escaped from those who watched him and took his way toward the coast. He was hotly pursued, for his escape was instantly discovered, and he had only time to enter himself as a sanctuary man at Shene. This time, however, Henry respected no sanctuary. The fugitive was dragged forth, notwithstanding the remonstrance of the prior, and carried straight to Westminster, whence he was removed to the Tower.* It was rumored through London that he had made a confession of imposture; and, some time afterward, such a confession was published by the king, who alleged that it had been publicly pronounced. That confession, however, was never really made by him who called himself Richard, duke of York. It is mentioned by subsequent writers favorable to the house of Tudor; but cotemporaries are silent.†

* At the Monastery of Bethlehem, founded at Shene, by Henry V. Some authors have it that the prior sought Henry, and exacted a promise from him to spare Richard's life, before he would give him up.

† Polydore Virgil, who visited this country during the following year, received his account of these transactions, I believe beyond all doubt, from Henry himself. He wrote his history at that monarch's express desire, and with the events fresh in the minds of all men. He relates the indignities that were inflicted upon the prisoner, and gives an account of his death; but he mentions not the confession, and blasts the tale by his silence. Fabian, too, the dull chronicler, who told without method or discrimination all he heard, who lived, and watched, and wrote at the very time, mentions not the confession either. Polydore Virgil might, perchance, in the spirit of criticism, know and reject a confession produced by the king, which he knew to be spurious; but

And where was Catharine Gordon all this time, the beautiful wife of the unfortunate Richard? She had been eager-

it had evidently not been produced in the time of Fabian, or Fabian would have mentioned it. Grafton is, I believe, the first who ever ventured to publish this confession, which never could have been made by Richard of York or Perkin Warbeck, as it is full of absurdities which account in no degree for those circumstances that tended to prove the justice of his claim. He is said, in that confession, to have learned English in Flanders; he is said to have been persuaded by the Mayor of Cork to assume the character to which he pretended; he is said to have completed his English education in Ireland, and to have been selected to perform the character of Edward's son because he had got on some silk clothes belonging to his master. But there is no explanation given of how a foreigner, by occasional conversation with Englishmen in Flanders, and a few weeks' tuition in Ireland, learned to speak English with the most perfect purity and without the slightest foreign accent. No explanation is given of his extraordinary resemblance to Edward IV. No explanation is given of the intimate knowledge which he possessed of the court of that monarch, and of the minute transactions which occurred toward the termination of his reign; for, in the pretended confession, the story previously circulated of his having been tutored by the Duchess of Burgundy is altogether given up, and her name is not even mentioned. Neither is any explanation given of how he persuaded the King of France, the archduke, the Duchess of Burgundy, and the King of Scotland to acknowledge his claims in the fullest manner, and admit that he had proved his royal birth. It is clear that the confession is a fabrication, that it was never made by the unhappy young man himself, nor even published till long after his death. Bacon and Hall readily adopted any tale which was likely to please the monarch whom they served; but Henry might have produced much more convincing testimony of the imposture, had there really been any. He asserted that his spies in Flanders had traced the whole of Warbeck's history from his infancy, and obtained positive proof of all the leading facts. Not one of these proofs was ever brought forward, although they might easily have been obtained after the youth's expulsion from Flanders. Many persons were still living who had seen, known, and conversed with Richard, duke of York. They could have been confronted with the pretender, and could have been told to state if they believed him to be the son of Edward or not. The mother and several of the sisters of the prince were still in existence; but the mother was in close confinement, and was never asked if she could recognize her son. It might have been very dangerous to do so, so dangerous, indeed, that Henry VII. never ventured to bring Warbeck to trial for treason, or for any crime which would have compelled the production of evidence regarding his identity with Richard Plantagenet. This fact has not been sufficiently dwelt upon by historians. It may be said that Henry promised him life on his surrendering out of sanctuary. But that did not at all preclude his bringing him to trial for heading a rebellion in the kingdom. He promised him life, but not that he would abstain from proving him an impostor, and could he have done so, most assuredly he would have done it. He shrunk from the trial, however, got possession of the person of his rival, entangled him in schemes which created an offense not immediately connected with the question of his birth, and tried and executed him for that offense,

ly sought by her husband's enemy as soon as he had crushed the Cornish rebellion, and perhaps, happily for her, his movements were so quick that she had not the protracted agony of hearing of her husband's repulse from Exeter, his retreat upon Taunton, his flight and captivity by slow degrees. Anxiety she must have felt, but it was not long protracted. Ere she knew of a difficulty or reverse, St. Michael's Mount was summoned to surrender, and yielded to the king; and she learned at once that Richard was a prisoner, and all bright hopes at an end. She was brought into the presence of the successful usurper at Exeter, with the tears of bitter anguish flowing down her cheeks; but her grace, her beauty, her distress, touched even the hard, cold heart of Henry. He treated her with tenderness, with gentleness, at least, and commended her to the care of his fair queen, where womanly sympathy might soothe, if it could not console. It did soothe; and Elizabeth and Catharine wept together; the one for the harshness, the other for the misfortunes of her husband.

Doubtless, Catharine, whose love had stood every test, besought permission to share the lot of Richard, to fulfill the duties to which she had pledged herself, to comfort and support him in adversity. But such was not the policy of Henry. He suffered his queen and his courtiers to call her the White Rose, and thus indirectly to acknowledge the title of his rival. He treated her with decency and respect himself, not alone on account of her sorrows and her virtues, but on account of her relationship to the King of Scotland; but he never suffered her to see her husband more. No, no; he would have no more heirs to the house of York. There were too many already. Warwick was alive; the persecuted, unhappy Warwick; he who from early youth had known no home but a prison; he who, without a fault, had been subjected to the doom of a malefactor, deprived of all the friendships and sympathies of life, and shut out from the fair face of nature, till the common objects of the external world, the beasts, the birds of the skies, the fields, the woods were as much unknown to him as if he had been born blind. Warwick and Richard, they were two stumbling-blocks in the way of ambition. The throne was not secure; the crown seemed to tremble on Henry's head. He hesitated: perhaps

without his claims being brought into discussion. Artfully and perseveringly was the whole transaction managed, so as to destroy the young claimant to the English throne, without ever forcing his enemy to bring forward proofs that his claim was false.

he had some remorse. But Ferdinand of Aragon gave the impulse. That king refused to bestow his daughter Catharine upon Arthur, prince of Wales, so long as a male heir of the house of York still lived. From that moment it was decided they must die. But murder startled the tender-conscienced king. No; he resolved he would not murder, except under form of law.

CHAPTER XIII.

PERKIN WARBECK.

DRAGGED from his place of refuge at Shene, exposed to every sort of indignity for two whole days, Richard Plantagenet knew that his treatment in the Tower would be rigorous. He gazed up at the gloomy walls, which he well remembered; and it seemed as if it were but yesterday that he fled from them. All the busy events of the last few years were but as an idle dream. His heart was very sad. He looked along the path of memory, and saw it strewed with withered flowers.

Then he asked himself to what dungeon he was to be conveyed; whether he should ever again see the light of the sun, or hear the cheerful tongues of fellow-men, or behold the bright face of nature, or exercise his limbs with freedom.

He was surprised to find that no such severity as he had expected was exercised toward him. A light and cheerful chamber, attendants not irreverent, an ample preparation for his bodily comfort, tended to relieve his mind. But yet, at first, he was closely imprisoned, and the days were rendered weary by vacant solitude. He was left to think over his fate, to give his heart up to bitter regrets, to recall the image of her whom he loved but saw no more, to dream of what might have been, and to long for the power of striking one more blow at him who wronged and oppressed him.

His heart burned within him to think how fortune favored the cold-hearted Tudor, and how calumny and falsehood had full room to deal with the name of one who had found no support in truth, in honesty no defense.

“He has already published far and wide,” thought the unhappy youth, “that I am a low and infamous impostor, and no

one has come forward to refute it. The magic of this man's fortune seems to overawe the princes of the earth, so that they dare not raise the voice in behalf of truth and justice. Why is my aunt of Burgundy silent? Why does the King of France not publish in the face of the world the proofs of my birth which I gave him? Why does the King of Scotland not declare the evidence which led him gladly to ally his own blood with that of Plantagenet? Where is my poor mother, that she speaks not one word in my behalf? Where is my sister Elizabeth, that she does not tell the tale of my escape? All, all bowed beneath the influence of this fortunate usurper! All without power or without courage!"

Wearily, wearily passed those days, till life became a burden and time a heavy load. At length, nearly at the end of a month, some slight change was made. There was a man, a heavy, dull-browed man, who used to serve the prince in prison with much civility and care; and now he often looked at him earnestly and thoughtfully, and sometimes stayed to speak a few words. He gave him some little piece of news from without: tidings from France or Italy, where great things were taking place; some idle courtly scandal, or the history of pageant or procession that was the wonder of the day.

Richard Plantagenet listened eagerly, for any thing that broke the dullness of the day was a comfort. It was like the singing of a small bird in a desert. He pondered over the interest which petty things had acquired in his mind; and looking up in the man's face, with a sad smile, he said,

"The time was, my friend, when I should have little heeded such matters; but now your tales are my only relief. Perhaps you know not, or disbelieve, that I once mingled in all the splendor of a court, enjoyed such scenes as you describe, took part in such events as you recount, till habit made them pall upon the mind, and I knew not that I was sharing in things which were the ambition of men who saw not their emptiness as I did. So it was, however. Here, in this Tower of London, was I received as a prince long ago, and then treated as a captive, but still as a sovereign's son and brother. Many courts, too, have I seen: England, and France, and Burgundy, and Scotland; and in all have I lived as a prince. You know not these things, but still so it is."

"I know them right well, my lord," replied the man; "and I know, too, that if you had your rights you would still be a prince. I have seen your royal father many a time; and it

needs but to look in your face to see who you are. But what skills it a man like me to speak of such things? I am but a poor servant of Sir John Digby, a hard master. However, you look ill as well as sad; and well you may, shut up here without air or exercise. Might I advise, you would write a few words to Sir John, requesting greater liberty. He would surely give it, I think."

"But how shall I write?" asked the prince. "What can I call myself? I will never take the name they would force upon me; and if I use my own, it will be a matter of offense."

"Call yourself the prisoner of the Cold Harbor Tower," replied the man, readily. "There can be no harm in that, when you seek to write to the lieutenant."

The paper was brought, the letter written; and the man carried it away, and laid it before Sir John Digby, who occupied some apartments in the royal palace. The knight smiled when he took it, and the man smiled too.

"Go tell him I must ask permission of the king," said Digby. "Then return, and I will send you to his majesty."

On the following morning the doors of Richard Plantagenet's prison were thrown open to him, and he was told that he might roam at liberty within the inner walls, provided he presented himself each night half an hour before sunset. Oh! how grateful did he feel to the man who bore him the message: and yet that man was betraying him. He thanked him eagerly. He went out with him down the stair. He walked with him through the courts, and round the buildings, and told him how he had played there in boyhood, pointing out to him the different towers in which he had lodged, and giving him many an anecdote of former times.

"Who dwells there now?" he asked, pointing with his hand to one of the towers, where, at a grated window, he had seen a face.

"'Tis the poor Earl of Warwick," answered the man. "He has been there many a year."

"What, my cousin?" asked the prince. "Would that I could speak with him, and cheer him. We are both in the same unhappy case."

"It were very easy," answered the man. "I can give you admission to him when I will."

Richard mused.

"It were better," he said, "to let him know that I am coming. Tell him that I will be with him at this time to-morrow. Say who I am. He may, perchance, remember me,

for we were nearly of an age ; and though I saw him but little, for his father was my father's enemy, yet I recollect him well."

"I will, I will," replied the man ; "and I will come and fetch you, or send one of my comrades."

At the same hour the next day the man came himself, and Richard followed him gladly to the prison of the Earl of Warwick. The door was opened by his guide, who withdrew as soon as the prince had entered. Before him sat a young man, of some four-and-twenty years of age, somewhat shorter than himself, and with his mustache and beard grown long. His face was pale, and there was a dull, despairing look in his eyes which was painful to behold. He gazed earnestly on Richard as he entered, and an expression of doubt—almost of fear—came upon his face. He tried to cover it with a faint, sneering smile, and asked at once,

"Who are you, young man ? What brings you here ?"

"Edward Plantagenet," said Richard, holding out his hand to him, "I am your cousin Richard, your brother in misfortune, your fellow-prisoner. You are much changed. Good Heaven ! can I be so altered also ?"

"I do not know you, sir," said Warwick, coldly. "My cousin Richard died long ago—at least, so men say."

"Men say many a falsehood," replied Richard, seating himself. "I feel so little difference in myself that I had fancied you would know me at once ; and although you are much changed, yet I can trace in your face many a well-remembered line. Do you not remember your cousin Richard at all ?"

"Ay, do I, right well," replied the earl ; "a curly-headed boy, somewhat shorter than myself : and you are somewhat like him ; but how can I know that you are he, indeed ?"

Richard smiled.

"Do you remember," he said, "when two boys played in the gardens at Eltham, and tried to shoot their arrows over the roof of the great hall ? how one sent his shaft through the window, and was frightened at what he had done ; but the other gave him his own arrow instead, and took the blame upon himself ?"

"My cousin ! my cousin !" cried Warwick, throwing his arms round him. "You are Richard indeed. Methinks, if you were King of England, you would not keep me a prisoner here."

"I should have no need," replied Richard. "'Tis only usurpers who have cause to fear. You have been hardly dealt with ; and, Heaven help me, Edward ! I can not do you right.

But we may comfort one another. Nay, perhaps the time may come when we may help each other likewise."

"Such hopes are vain," said Warwick, in a melancholy tone. "For fifteen years, hope in my heart has been withering away. Even were I free, what should I be fit for, as ignorant of the wide world around me as a child—nay, God help me! more ignorant far;" and he hid his face in his hands, as they rested on the table.

"Cheer up, cheer up," said Richard, after gazing at him for a moment, with many an indignant thought crossing his mind at the sight of what tyranny can dare to do against powerless innocence. "All the knowledge which is needful of this world is soon acquired; and, I fear me much, the school of experience is as dangerous a one to the heart as it is instructive to the wit. It teaches man to be hard, suspicious, selfish; to have no trust in man's professions, no confidence in his constancy, no expectation of honor, truth, or virtue, where it has not been tried seven times in the fire. It teaches man to strive for himself alone, knowing that every man will strive against him. It teaches every man to yield nothing to the claims, the rights, the needs of others, knowing that they will yield naught to him. Thank God! I have not lived long enough in that world to learn all this, but only to learn that it is so. Come, Edward, I will be your teacher, if I am permitted, as I trust, to see you; and you shall hear from me what the world is, such as my experience shows it."

"You must begin at the first rudiments, Richard," replied his cousin, looking up with a rueful smile. "I know not yet my very letters. Show me a tree or flower, I can not tell you what it is, unless it be one of the weeds that grow out of these old walls. I know not a bird that flies through the air, except the robin that perches on the window-sill, and sings till I think it the happiest of created beings, or the pigeon that whirls before the window, and makes me envy it its glorious liberty."

"Alas! alas! this is very sad," said Richard Plantagenet. "Oh, what a curse must that man draw upon his head, my poor cousin, who dares to deny, to an offending being like yourself, the blessings which a God of Mercy poured forth for the benefit of all. There must be a future state," he added, musing. "This man is prosperous, successful in all he does, pampered by fortune to the sating of all desires. There must be a future state, where there is retribution. Still, we may be a comfort to each other; and all that I can teach, I will.

Who can say what may be the purposes of fate? Prisoner as I am here, I may still some day sit upon the throne of England, and, if so, I will redress these things. Or it may please Heaven that I shall be taken hence, and you may hold the scepter. If so, remember these hours. It were better, I do believe, for all mankind, if kings, ere they received power, were chastised by adversity."

"Not too severely," answered Warwick; "for I have felt, and still feel, that misfortune may be carried to a pitch which renders the heart callous instead of sensible—where man becomes so hardened by the repeated blows of Fate, that he learns to estimate suffering too lightly. I know not whether I should make a good king; I do not think I should; but neither kingdom nor liberty will ever be mine."

"We can not tell," answered Richard Plantagenet. "This man, who let me in to see you just now, seems well disposed toward us both. Perhaps by his means, some time or another, we may obtain our freedom. At all events, there are so many sudden turns in human fate, changes of such importance, brought about by the most remote and trifling accidents, that we should never despair while there is life. When first I was brought hither, I too gave way to deep despondency; but now this good man's conversation, and the greater degree of liberty he has procured me, have revived my expectations, and made me think that all is not yet lost."

"My father died in the Bowyer tower out yonder," answered Warwick. "I have withered here for more than thirteen years; and I may well have learned that, for me at least, there is no hope. But, even if there were, that man could not raise it up. He is a dull and sullen being, who never gave me a kind word or pitiful look. Trust him not too far, Richard, for I doubt his honesty."

"I will have good proof before I trust," answered Richard Plantagenet, "though what he could gain by injuring me, I know not. By serving me, it is true, he would risk much and gain little. However, whatever we do, it must be done slowly and deliberately; but the very hope of deliverance is something which I would cherish, even if I knew it to be false; for it will give life to existence within these cold walls, where otherwise life were lifeless."

"Lifeless, indeed," answered Warwick. "Heavens, what a life mine has been, without one act for fifteen long years; without a remembrance. I look back, and it is all a blank. One day after another, the same, ever, ever the same. The

sun rises, the sun sets. The day is fine, or it is foul. There is sunshine, or there is rain; the mid-day meal, the supper at eventide; these are all—all upon which memory has to rest—all to which hope can look forward. Now, perhaps, there may be a little change, there may be something more for me in existence. I shall think each afternoon that you are coming the following day, and in the morning wait watching the hours. See you my clock there," and he pointed with his hand to some lines traced with chalk upon the floor. "As the light travels round," he said, "from one of those marks to another, I know that a quarter of an hour has gone by; and then the chimes of the castle clock give me the regular hours; so I know, at least, how time flies, if I know nothing else."

"How long have I been here?" asked Richard Plantagenet.

"Well-nigh three quarters of an hour," replied Warwick; "and they will not let you stay much longer, I am sure. Your being here at all is a miracle to me, for I have seen no human face but that of Digby, or his servants, for the last three years. Now, however, there is a relief; for, were there no other tie between us, it would still be a blessing indeed to hold even a short commune with a fellow-creature."

Barely had he finished when the lieutenant's servant again opened the door, and put in his head, saying,

"I must not let you stay longer, my lord; but I doubt not, some day soon, if you will be very quiet and submissive, to gain leave for both of you to walk in the private garden for a short time each day."

Warwick started, and looked at him hard, and the man turned away his face; but Richard Plantagenet seemed to perceive nothing, and, taking leave of his cousin, followed the lieutenant's servant from the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

PERKIN WARBECK.

THERE were busy consultations, from time to time, in the dark hours of night. The servants of the lieutenant seemed to have much business in the chamber of Richard Plantagenet. First one came, then another, then another; and

each stayed with him long ; but there were those in the prison who knew what he knew not, that ever, when they left him, they bent their steps toward the lieutenant's lodging, and remained closeted with him in secret. Sir John Digby laughed often, and talked gayly. He seemed to have become a marvelous good-humored man. Under his orders, the prison of the Tower had apparently changed its character. It was no longer a gloomy place of severity and restraint. Prisoners were allowed to mingle with each other, with all decent freedom. They had leave to walk in the gardens, with no other security than a warder at the gate.. Even the Earl of Warwick, the poor captive of so many years, was allowed to enjoy something which seemed to him like liberty ; and long and earnestly would he talk with his cousin Richard, as they walked to and fro, along the smooth, hard, dry pathway of the garden, at a distance from the rest of the prisoners.

An air of light and hope had come upon Richard Plantagenet. A new spirit seemed to have entered into his bosom, and to have dispersed the dark cloud which hung upon him when he first entered the gates of the Tower. Activity, energy, endeavor, they give life to hope ; and Richard was full of them.

Warwick himself, too, seemed roused. The dull, heavy gloom which had so long possessed him, was in part removed. He began to fancy there was such a thing as hope. Hope beget confidence ; and, though he thought it strange that men who had so long dealt harshly with him should suddenly unbend altogether toward his cousin Richard, yet he could not but own there was a grace and charm about his companion's manner, which might well move and win hearts, that otherwise were hard.

From time to time, some of the other prisoners would come and speak for a few moments with the two princes, with a reverent manner and in a low tone. Now those prisoners were more in number than they had been when Richard first entered the Tower ; for several of those who had been his companions in the field and in the sanctuary had been lately sent in to the same prison with himself. Though now in adversity, though nothing but difficulty and danger surrounded him, no portion of their respect was withdrawn. He was to them, as he had ever been, the son of Edward Plantagenet ; and fortune made no difference in their eyes.

There was an old man, however, a dull, stern old man, who had been for many years a captive in the Tower. He

seldom spoke with any one. He never spoke with either of the princes; but, from time to time, as they walked in the gardens—for he too enjoyed the unusual privileges granted—he turned a cold, sarcastic look upon them, and then, averting his eyes again, resumed his meditations. One day, however, when Richard and Warwick were going forth together, he came near, and said, in a low, gloomy tone,

“Young men, they are befooling you. When a cat plays with a mouse, it is but to devour it. When tyrants become gentle, they have some dark end in view.”

He said no more, but walked on, and never more approached them.

“There is some truth in what that man says,” remarked Warwick, as they proceeded toward their several rooms; for Warwick was easily depressed. “I can not fancy that these servants of Sir John Digby should really change so rapidly from the stern, harsh men they were before you came, to kind and zealous friends.”

“It were well, indeed, to try them further ere we trust them,” answered Richard. “They have named Thursday night for our enterprise. I will put it off for a week, which will give us more opportunity to observe.”

He did so; but nothing appeared to shake his confidence. The men whom he had gained to favor his escape, with Warwick and four of the other prisoners, seemed no way surprised or disappointed at his change of purpose.

“Perhaps it were better,” said the man to whom he spoke. “The nights will be longer and darker a week hence; and there will be more time for preparation.”

Richard of York told Warwick the result; and they sat long together the next day, pondering and considering their scheme in all its aspects.

“Would to Heaven,” said Richard, “that in this week of delay I could find means to give notice to my dear Lady Catharine, and beseech her to join me on the road.”

“Why can you not?” asked Warwick. “Methinks, if these men are faithful, they could easily be brought to convey to her a letter or message. Oh Heaven, what a blessing it must be to have some one whose fate is linked to yours by the sweet bonds of affection. You think yourself unfortunate, Richard, in having been deprived of a throne, denied your birth-right and your state; but, had God given to me such a companion as you describe your wife, I should have thought I possessed a treasure in her heart, to which the throne of the

world could add nothing. Were I you, I could not go without trying, at least, to take her with me."

"Yes, you would," replied Richard; "for if you loved as I love, you would not risk her safety. Should these men prove unfaithful, while I refrain from telling her of my plans, I hazard naught but my own life; but if I make her a sharer of the secret, I may put it in the tyrant's power to strike at her as well as me; and that I will never do. If I escape, she will find means to join me, of that I am right sure; but so long as danger surrounds me on every side, I will take my course alone."

The day came at length; and all preparations were made. Four servants of Sir John Digby had been gained; and every thing was ready by the hour of midnight. The prisoners who were in the secret were collected in the chamber of Richard Plantagenet; and they only waited for the arrival of him who was to be their guide, to proceed to the lieutenant's lodging, in order to secure his person and obtain the keys. It was calculated that the number engaged would be quite sufficient to overpower the small guard on night duty, and so to secure the soldiers, that no alarm would be given. At length the man appeared, bearing a common warder's lantern in his hand; the lights in the chamber were extinguished; and in darkness and silence the party descended the stairs.

All was quiet in the courts and buildings around; and they traversed the open space before the lieutenant's lodging without impediment, guided by the lantern through the deep obscurity of a November night. Richard Plantagenet followed close after the guide, with Warwick a little behind him, and the rest following; and thus they reached the door of the building to which they went. It was quietly opened by the man who preceded them; and he went in. Richard was about to follow; but the moment he put his foot upon the threshold he found a partisan at his breast. He now knew that he was betrayed, and was turning to his followers to bid them escape quickly, when, by the faint light, he saw the gleam of weapons all around them. Resistance would have been in vain; and the whole party were easily made prisoners, and conveyed to separate chambers.

When day broke, it found Richard Plantagenet with his head still leaning on his hand, in the position which he had first assumed when brought back from his unfortunate attempt.

"The cup is full, and I must drink it to the dregs."

That was the sum of all his thoughts ; and those words he had repeated to himself frequently throughout the night. But, though all hope was gone, dignity and courage did not forsake him in the last, most trying hours. It was announced to him, not long after, that he was to be tried on the 16th of November by a commission of oyer and terminer.

“ For what crime ? ” he asked.

“ For an attempt to break prison, in order to excite insurrection in the country,” was the reply.

Richard mused gloomily for a few moments, and then said, “ He has been successful ! ”

Those words were the only comment he uttered ; but they showed that he now understood the whole ; that he saw the scheme by which he had been betrayed, and the object of that scheme. He saw that it had been needful to his enemy to fix upon him some offense which brought not into question his birth and claims, and that Henry had indeed been successful. He knew that it was all over, that his last stake was played, that the game was lost ; and he nerved his mind for the final endurance.

The court was held at the time appointed. The prisoner was brought before it. He protested against its competency, but he made no defense. He knew that defense was useless. The judgment went against him ; but he was not aware till the judge spoke that there was a degradation to undergo. He had fancied that the block and the ax were to be his doom, not that he was to die like a common felon ; and, when the terrible words were pronounced, he stood stupefied and speechless. That was the bitterest blow of all. It seemed to crush his heart, to beat down the energies which had so well sustained him ; and he was removed from the court like one in a dream. At that moment he thought less of himself than of another.

“ Catharine, Catharine,” he murmured ; and, burying his face in his hands, he gave way for a short time to the weight of the infliction. His spirit soon rose again, and when the hour came it found him prepared.

CHAPTER XV.

PERKIN WARBECK.

THERE were thick and gloomy clouds over head. There was an obscure and foggy atmosphere below. Not a breath of air stirred in the sky. The sun had not shone upon the world all day. Cold, cold and chilling was the damp vapor that hung over the scene, and every object, to every sense, was sad and gloomy.

But under a group of large old elms, nearly at the summit of a little rise some two miles from London, as London existed in that day, was gathered together an immense crowd of people. These elms were, as I have said, upon the side of the rise, not at the top, for the top was occupied as a gallows. They were not far distant, however; for they stretched out their long, naked, brown branches to within twenty or thirty feet of the instrument of death.

Tyburn elms had seldom seen a greater multitude collected than on that 23d of November; and there were many different sensations among the people. Some came from mere curiosity, or the barbarous taste for death scenes so strong in the English people. Some came, anxious to hear what the prisoner would say before his death; whether he would give the lie to his whole life, or maintain his truth and innocence to the last. Some came, with feelings of commiseration and burning indignation, to see the consummation of a base act they could not prevent. Some came to triumph, and some to weep.

The spectacle was long delayed; and they looked anxiously toward the city, while a few thin drops of rain began to fall through the mist; and they hoped the fog would clear away, that they might have a better view. The fog persisted, however, and even grew more thick; but at length the creaking sound of a cart's wheel was heard, and those who were nearest to the road perceived the head of the procession approaching, the sheriff riding on horseback, and the soldiers, with their steel caps, surrounding the vehicle.

There were three figures in the cart: a man in the robes of a priest on the right hand; a stout, heavy-looking man

seated on the edge to the left ; and another tall, graceful figure between the two. Through the dim and hazy air, the eyes of the multitude could see him stand, firm, calm, and erect, with his unpinioned arms crossed upon his chest. The features of his face they could hardly discern ; but there was something in the air and the attitude not to be mistaken. There was no fear or trepidation there.

The cart moved on till it reached the foot of the gallows ; and the soldiers formed a ring around, keeping back the people, who pressed eagerly forward. By that time there was hardly a heart among them that was not moved with compassion. There was some little tumult occasioned by the efforts of several persons to get near ; and those who were on the outside of the crowd saw the scene that was passing but faintly through the mist, the figures looking like gray shadows rather than living things. But still that princely form towered above the rest. The priest pressed close to him with eager words, holding up the crucifix ; the hangman busied himself with the cord ; another man came a little forward on the platform at the foot of the ladder, and began to read something from a paper in his hand. No one heard what it was ; but they all saw the sufferer make an impatient and an indignant gesture, and some exclamation burst from the people near. Then was a good deal of hurry and confusion ; and, the next instant, Richard Plantagenet ceased to be.

Who shall attempt to tell the feelings of his heart during that dreadful morning ? who depict the burning, bitter, powerless indignation with which he, the son of a king, who had come but to claim his own, was led forth, with shame and contumely undeserved, to die the death of a dog ? Who shall say whether his faith did not waver, whether his trust in God did not fail, when he found that cunning, and artifice, and injustice prevailed against honor, and integrity, and right ?

Let us trust that it did not, and that the conviction wrought upon his mind by his own sad fate was the same which he had expressed to Warwick : " There must be a future state, where there is retribution."

The result was not what Henry the king had expected. He had put an enemy to death. He had loaded him with every sort of degradation ; but he failed to make the great mass of the people believe that Richard Plantagenet was an impostor. Courtly historians, under the Tudors and those who derived from them, corrupted the truths of history, and

grafted upon the bare facts transmitted to them by cotemporaries, interested fabrications of their own.

But another act was still to be performed, and some words to be spoken, which completed the tragedy and explained its cause. The helpless, hapless Earl of Warwick was brought to his trial before his peers. He was tried for a treasonable conspiracy against the person and government of the king. There was no danger, in his case, of any claims being asserted which Henry would have found it difficult to disprove. The Earl of Oxford presided at the trial. The peers went prepared for their task. Warwick pleaded guilty to having consented to his cousin's attempt to escape. He was condemned for high treason, and closed a life of misery under the ax upon Tower Hill. There was a roar of indignation throughout the land, for his birth and his innocence were undoubted. Henry strove to quiet the murmurs of his people, by boldly proclaiming the reasons of state policy which induced him to commit a deliberate, cold-blooded public murder. The King of Aragon had refused to give his daughter to the heir apparent, so long as there was any male heir living of the house of Plantagenet; and it was necessary, "*vacuam domum scelestis nuptiis facere.*"

Thus died, within five days of each other, Richard and Edward Plantagenet. The heir of Tudor obtained the daughter of Ferdinand the Catholic. The death of Arthur consigned her to the arms of his brother; and the marriage of Catharine with Henry severed England from the domination of Rome. The male line of Tudor became extinct in one more generation; and policy and crime effected nothing to perpetuate the dynasty.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE TEMPLARS.

CHAPTER I.

THE fatal battle of Tiberiad, and the fall of Jerusalem before the victorious arms of Saladin, terminated the Christian kingdom of Jerusalem, founded by Godfrey of Bouillon. True, the Franks continued to hold for some years various strong places in the Holy Land. True, the mighty arm of Richard Cœur de Lion brought temporary hope, and a brief prospect of success to the defeated and disheartened Christians of Syria. True, Henry of Champagne, Almeric, and Isabella, and others after their death, called themselves sovereigns of Jerusalem; but they never possessed one stone of the Holy City; nor were they or their followers permitted to set a foot within its walls, except by permission of the victorious Moslem.

Vice, luxury, and idleness had taken possession of the descendants of the early crusaders; and the sole bulwarks of the Christian power were the two great orders of the Temple and Hospital. Often rivals, often enemies, these bodies of military monks were rarely found wanting in harmony and zeal at the moment of danger and distress; and the misfortunes which fell upon the Christian kingdom after the return of Richard I. to England united them in defense of the little which remained of all the fair possessions which had been won from the infidels.

The greatest, the most valiant, and the most powerful of the monarchs who arose after the death of Saladin and his immediate successors, to oppress the remnant of the Christians in the East, was the Sultan of Egypt, named Bibars Bondocdar; and step by step, his course, which was as often marked by private assassination as by valiant deeds of war, brought under the rule of the cimeter Cesarea and Arsouf, Sifed and Kora, Schakif and Antioch. The second crusade of St. Louis diverted him, for a time, from his career in Syria; but, as soon as that danger had passed away, Bondocdar once more turned his arms against the Syrian Christians, and menaced

the county of Tripoli. The savage conqueror announced his approach by a letter characteristic of the man.

"Where canst thou save thyself now?" he wrote to the count. "By the living God, I know not what prevents me from tearing out thy heart and cooking it!"

Submission turned him from his purpose, however; and, soon after, the arrival of Prince Edward of England gave a shock to his power, and brought one more gleam of glory on the Christian arms. Edward came, indeed, with a mere handful of brave warriors; but he showed what skill, prudence, and courage might still effect. Nazareth was taken; a large Moslem force was defeated, and Bibars Bondocdar found that he had an adversary to deal with more dangerous than any who had yet risen up against him. He had recourse to the hand of the assassin;* but even then he was unsuccessful. The assassin penetrated to the presence of the prince upon the pretense of bearing him a letter. When near enough to his victim, he drew a poniard from his robe, and stabbed him in more than one place; but Edward instantly seized him with his powerful arm, cast him headlong on the ground, and stabbed him to the heart with his own hand. The dagger of the assassin was supposed to be poisoned; but the wounds the prince had received did not prove mortal. Shortly after, a treaty of peace was concluded for ten years, ten months, ten days, and ten hours between the Sultan of Egypt and the Christians of the Holy Land. But Edward himself would not enter into conventions with the infidel: the treaty ran in the name of Hugh, king of Cyprus; and the English prince sailed away for his native shores, at the earnest prayer of his father.

An effort was made shortly after to rouse the spirit of European nations to a new crusade. Theobald Visconti, arch-deacon of Liege, had dwelt in the Holy Land, had witnessed the miseries of the Christians, and had become deeply interested in the recovery of Jerusalem. He was still at Acre, when he was raised to the papal throne; and his first efforts, on his return to Europe, were directed to raise forces for the great object of his heart. A general council was summoned

* Mills, and almost all the modern writers on the crusades, lay the blame of the attempted assassination of Edward upon the Mussulman governor of Jaffa. They were apparently ignorant of the testimony of the Arabian historians; for Ibn Ferat clearly shows that the governor of Ramla and Jaffa was merely a tool in the hands of Bibars, and employed the assassin who stabbed Edward at the express command of the sultan.

to meet at Lyons, in May, 1274; and the grand masters of the Temple and the Hospital attended, to advocate the cause of the Syrian Christians. Monarchs and princes gave their aid: Rudolph of Hapsburg, Philip of France, Michael Palæologus, Charles of Anjou and Sicily, with many another noble name, took part in the movement; and every thing promised fair, when, after a short period of rule, Gregory X. was removed by death from the scene of his exertions, and the trumpet of the crusades ceased to sound in Europe.

Disappointed and desponding, the grand master of the Temple, William de Beaujeu, returned to Palestine. He took with him, it is true, a gallant band of knights of his own order, sent by the various Temple houses in England and France; but he found Acre, now the capital of the Christian power in the Holy Land, one scene of confusion, contest, and vice. In the council of Lyons, Mary, princess of Antioch, descended from the youngest daughter of Isabella, queen of Jerusalem, had ceded to Charles of Anjou her claim to the throne of a kingdom which had long existed but in name. The claim itself was visionary; for Hugh III., king of Cyprus, was lineally descended from the Princess Alice, an elder daughter of Isabella; and it only served as a pretext for disputes, of which there were already too many. The energies of the Christians of Syria were divided and weakened by contests for a visionary crown; and the period of peace was wasted either in indulgence or discussion, instead of being employed in preparations for war.

Nevertheless, the resolution of the grand master remained unshaken; but it was all in vain that he endeavored to inspire the same spirit into the breasts of others; and all aid, but that of a few Italian free companions, was refused by Europe to the petitions of the Syrian Christians. Negotiations with the infidel, and gradual encroachments upon the Christian territory, filled up a considerable space of time, during which a nominal peace existed. The Sultan Bibars died. His son succeeded him, and was dethroned; and another Mamaluke was raised to power, who inherited the courage, the skill, and the inveterate hatred of the Christian name which had distinguished Bondocdar.

Malek-Mansour Kelaoun, the new sultan, soon displayed the course he intended to pursue; but his operations were impeded by an event which might have afforded to the Christians of Syria a chance of recovering some portion, at least, of their lost empire, had they had force, energy, and union to

take advantage of the favorable occasion. Alaschker, viceroy of Syria, raised the standard of revolt against the usurper of the throne of Egypt. He called to his aid Tartars, Georgians, and Armenians, and even applied for aid to the Christians; but a general battle, won in the neighborhood of Emessa; restored the power of Egypt in Syria, and Kelaoun determined to seize the opportunity of driving the Franks into the sea. He soon found pretexts for violating treaties which were encumbered with numerous minute stipulations; and his own historians do not deny that his commanders first began the war, by desolating the territories of the Hospitalers in the neighborhood of the fortress of Margat.*

The knights of St. John took vengeance of the enemy; and the menacing incursions of the Tartars induced Kelaoun to agree to another hollow and deceitful truce. Treaties were also entered into with Templars, and with the town of Acre; but all these engagements were delusive; and on the 17th of April, 1285, Malek-Mansour appeared under the walls of Margat with an overwhelming force. For more than a month the brave Hospitalers resisted the whole efforts of the Mussulman army. An accident, indeed, aided their efforts; for, when a practicable breach had been effected, one of the towers of Margat fell, and filled up the open space. A mine, however, having been carried on into the very heart of the fortress, the knights perceived that resistance could no longer be effectual, and, after a gallant defense, obtained an honorable capitulation. They retired to Tripoli and to Tortosa; and another truce succeeded, destined to be as speedily violated as any which had preceded it. Two years had hardly passed before Kelaoun fabricated a cause of quarrel with the Count of Tripoli; and Laodicea was attacked and taken almost without resistance. Its principal defenses had been ruined by an earthquake; and the cunning Mameluke took advantage of the moment to attack the city before they could be repaired. The Christian, says the Arabian historian, feared to resist an army protected by earthquakes and the angels of heaven, and offered to capitulate.

Tripoli was now in a state of anarchy. The count himself was dead; and various persons strove for command in that important city. None of the neighboring Christian princes, except the King of Cyprus, afforded it any aid; and, notwith-

* Mills, as usual, takes the part of the Moslem, and, in direct opposition to the Arabian historians themselves, declares that "the restless Franks" gave the first offense.

standing its situation and its magnificent fortifications, it fell an easy prey to the Egyptian sultan.

Three men on horseback could ride round the top of the walls of Tripoli abreast. The peninsula on which it stood was only joined to the land by a very narrow isthmus; and the Isle of St. Nicholas, separated from the land by a small arm of the sea, was a citadel in itself. But nineteen military engines of enormous size now battered the walls incessantly; fifteen hundred engineers were employed in undermining the ramparts, or in throwing Greek fire and other combustibles into the city; and more than forty thousand men cut off the small garrison from all resource. The Knights Templars of the preceptory of Tripoli fought with their accustomed valor and devotion, and expiated, by their death in defense of the place, some treacherous practices against the count, of which they had been convicted. But the inhabitants of Tripoli were a manufacturing, self-indulgent people, ill-fitted to combat with the warlike Moslem. At the end of thirty-four days, the cavalry of Kelaoun passed over the breach encumbered with dead bodies of Hospitalers and Templars; and the town was given up to fire and pillage. Abul Feda, the historian prince, was present at the fall of Tripoli, and tells the horrors which he himself witnessed.

Acre, the last and strongest of the Christian cities, might well now tremble; but the menacing aspect of the Tartars deterred Kelaoun, for some time, from executing his meditated attack upon the remnant of the Christians.

Both Mamalukes and Tartars treated, in the mean time, with the European sovereigns; and many a curious page of history is occupied with an account of these negotiations between the East and the West. The Tartars sought to induce the Christian princes to engage, with their alliance, in a new crusade; the Egyptians to deter them from interfering in the affairs of Syria. But the crusading spirit was now but a spark in the ashes, and Europe held out no hand of help to Christian Palestine.

Several other small towns fell after the destruction of Tripoli; and then Malek-Mansour made vast preparations to attack the town of Acre. A pretext was speedily found in an act of wild justice perpetrated by a Christian upon a Mussulman who had seduced his wife; and the greatest armament was collected for the attack of Acre which had ever been seen in Egypt.

The state of Acre itself seemed to invite a conqueror. It is thus described by Fuller in his Holy War:

“In it were some of all countries; so that he who had lost his nation might find it here. Most of them had several courts to decide their causes in, and the plenty of judges caused the scarcity of justice, malefactors appealing to a trial in the courts of their own country. It was sufficient innocence for any offender in the Venetian court that he was a Venetian. Personal acts were entitled national, and made the cause of the country. Outrages were every where practiced, nowhere punished; as if to spare Divine revenge the pains of overtaking them, they would go forth and meet it. At the same time, they were in fitters about prosecuting their titles to this city, no fewer than the Venetians, Genoese, Pisans, Florentines, the kings of Cyprus and Sicily, the agents for the kings of France and England, the princes of Tripoli and Antioch, the patriarch of Jerusalem, the masters of the Templars and Hospitalers, and (whom I should have named first) the legate of his holiness, all at once, with much violence, contending about the right of nothing, the title to the kingdom of Jerusalem, and command of this city, like bees, making the greatest humming and buzzing in the hive when now ready to leave it.”

The city was divided into many quarters, and these quarters were apportioned each to one of the different nations which it contained. The Mohammedans from the neighborhood came and went, and some, it would appear, even possessed houses within the walls. Frequent feuds and sanguinary encounters took place among the inhabitants, and vice and debauchery of every kind were frightfully prevalent among all classes. The riches of the city were immense; the arts were cultivated; luxury was at its height; private houses, as well as the numerous churches, were decorated with pictures and statues, and windows of glass. We read of nothing but marble fountains, silken canopies, gold, and embroidery. The markets were supplied with the produce of all countries, and scribes and interpreters were found to write and translate every language of the earth.

The walls of Acre, repaired by Richard, had been strengthened at various times since his death, and consisted of a double rampart, with immense towers at intervals of a stone's throw. Within the walls were four fortified buildings, which might be considered as citadels, though the real citadel or castle was called the King's Tower. The other three consisted of the house or convent of the Knights Templars, the strongest and most important of all, capable of containing several thousand

men, and furnished with immense and well-constructed defenses, the convent of the Hospitalers, and that of the Teutonic Knights. The sea washed the walls of the city on one side; and an artificial port, with fortifications for its protection, completed the defenses of the place. Toward the sea, however, the wall was single;* but on the land side no means had been left unemployed to strengthen the fortifications; and a deep ditch surrounded the whole of the city.

Such was the state of Ptolemais, when Kelaoun gathered together his immense host for the attack of the city, and prepared the military engines which were to destroy its fortifications. The work of conquest, however, was reserved for another hand. Kelaoun was seized by illness ere he could set out on his expedition, and died at Cairo in the beginning of 1291. He was succeeded by his son, Malek-Aschraf Khalil, who hesitated not a moment to take upon himself the unaccomplished enterprise of his father. The troops were immediately put in motion. A wild enthusiasm for the destruction of the Christians seized upon all the Mussulman states; the volunteers were more numerous than the regular soldiers; enormous military engines were constructed, one of which required a hundred wagons to carry it; and two hundred thousand men, horse and foot, encamped under the walls of Acre in the beginning of April, 1291.

The inhabitants of the city were immensely numerous. The port was filled with merchant shipping, besides the galleys of the Hospital and the Temple. The Island of Cyprus offered a near and secure place of refuge; but yet, strange to say, comparatively few, even of the women, the children, or the aged and incapable, relieved the doomed city of their presence. About twelve thousand fighting men, besides the soldiers of the Temple and the Hospital, formed the garrison of Acre; but they had a worse enemy within the walls than even the foe who assailed them from without. Dissension was rife among the people. A scanty band of troops, which had been sent by the pope, gave themselves up to drunkenness and debauchery. The Genoese, the Pisans, and the Venetians, were in open contest in the port and in the streets, and refused to obey the commanders, who had been chosen from the military orders. Confusion, strife, crime, disarray, pervaded the city from end to end when the standard of the crescent appeared before the gates.

* Herman Corner.

The whole weight of the defense fell upon the military orders ; and it would appear that the principal command was intrusted to William de Beaujeu, grand master of the Temple, whose age, experience, and skill well justified the choice. For six weeks the siege continued. Night and day the contest lasted. The miners attacked the walls and towers ; the engines hurled immense masses of stone and pots of fire into the town ; houses and palaces were crushed and burned ; multitudes were killed in the streets ; sallies innumerable took place ; but the progress of the enemy, though from time to time retarded, was great ; and at length, one of the principal defenses, called the Cursed Tower, fell with a tremendous noise.

Early in the siege, the King of Cyprus arrived to the aid of the inhabitants, with a small force of horse and foot ; and for some time he continued the fight gallantly by the side of his fellow-Christians. His post was in the neighborhood of the Cursed Tower ; but when that important defense was destroyed, he retreated to his ships, followed not only by his own men, but by a considerable portion of the garrison, and made sail for Cyprus. Greatly has he been blamed for this defection ; and some blame he certainly deserved ; but those who have censured him most severely forgot to mention the awful disorders that reigned in the city, and which might preclude all hope of successful resistance to the enemy.*

A considerable number of the inhabitants followed the example of the King of Cyprus, and seemed to give up the city for lost. Still, however, William de Beaujeu and the grand master of the Hospital conducted the defense with unconquerable courage, and for ten days after the fall of the Cursed Tower, maintained the city against the whole force of the Moslem. It would seem that, on one occasion, the town was actually in the hands of the enemy ; but a charge of the Templars and Red Cross Knights drove the Mamalukes back through the breach by which they had entered.

At length, however, the fatal day of the fall of Acre came ; and on Friday, the 18th of May, some time before daybreak, the whole of the infidel troops were drawn up ready for the

* In an account of the siege of Acre, said to have been given by a monk of the order of St. Basil to the pope, the conduct of the King of Cyprus is highly lauded, while great blame is cast upon many of the Hospitalers and Templars, who are said to have shown great insubordination, and, scorning the commands of their superiors, to have refused to take part in the dangers and labors of the siege.

attack. Three hundred drummers, mounted on camels, sounded the charge; and the storming party rushed on toward a practicable breach in the wall, near the Cathedral of St. Anthony. The first body consisted of fanatics, called Chages, perfectly naked, who advanced sword in hand, as if for battle; but their devotion now had another object. Casting themselves into the ditch in crowds, and lying prostrate among the ruined walls, they filled up with their living bodies the whole of the deep fosse, making a bridge for the Mamaluke cavalry to pass over. With loud shouts and the clang of drums, the Moslem poured in, and step by step won their way to the heart of the city.

The defense was fierce and resolute; for, though the Arabs say the Christians soon fled, yet they allow themselves that the Mohammedans did not effect an entrance for several hours. Nothing, during this dreadful day, was wanting on the part of the grand masters of the Temple and the Hospital. For some time they fought side by side in the streets, their knights forming a living barrier, with their mailed bodies, against the torrent of infidel war. Hundreds and hundreds fell; and, as a last resource, it was agreed that while William de Beaujeu maintained the struggle in the streets, the grand master of the Hospital, with five hundred knights, should issue forth by a postern, and attack the enemy in flank. About this time fell Matthew de Clermont, marshal of St. John; and hardly had the grand master of the Hospital departed, when William de Beaujeu himself was slain by an arrow. The rest of the knights of the Temple who were left alive, retreated, fighting step by step, till they reached their fortified convent; and the Hospitalers who issued forth to attack the enemy's rear were all killed, with the exception of seven, who with difficulty made their way to the ships, after hearing that the place was actually taken.

Terrible was the scene which the devoted city now presented. The miserable inhabitants in thousands fled to the port, hoping to gain the ships and find refuge on another shore; but, as if to add to the horrors of that day, an awful tempest swept along the Syrian coast. Thunder and lightning, wind and rain, warred against the unhappy Christians of Palestine; and, in the words of the ancient Britons, the barbarians drove them into the sea; and the sea cast them back upon the barbarians. But a small portion escaped in the boats and ships; multitudes were drowned in the attempt; as many were slaughtered on the shore. More than ten

thousand madly hoped to find pity in a heart more inexorable than the storm, and cast themselves at the feet of Khalil praying for life. The sultan distributed them among his emirs; and each emir slaughtered his share. Not one was left. The women, the children, the old men, fled to the churches, embraced the altars, called upon the saints for help. But there was no aid, no mercy, no sanctuary. The cimeter and the torch pursued them wherever they turned. Palaces, markets, temples, were fired without remorse; and thousands of shrieking women and young children perished with the objects of their superstitious worship. For two days, says an eye-witness, the order of the barbarous conqueror was executed, to put every one, without distinction of age or sex, to the sword. The third day an order was given to burn the corpses; and some mitigation of the Moslem fury took place. The women and the children were spared to a life of slavery; but all the men capable of bearing arms were slaughtered. Rivulets of Christian blood flowed amid the burning streets of Acre.

In the mean time, one building, detached from all the rest, and a fortress in itself, resisted the efforts of the infidel forces. The Temple House of Acre covered a large space of ground, and was surrounded by walls and towers almost as strong as those of the city. It is, perhaps, not very possible to describe it accurately at present; but we know that, within the walls, it contained a palace, a church, a market-place, and a monastery. There, as I have before shown, the surviving knights of the Temple, somewhat more than three hundred in number, with the serving brethren and a considerable body of the inhabitants of Acre, among whom were many women and children of high rank, found refuge when the city itself fell. In all, it would appear from the account of Aboul Mohassen, the Temple House gave shelter to four thousand men. The knights, as soon as the gates were closed and the place in a position of defense, held a chapter of the order, and elected a grand master of the name of Gaudini, to supply the place of their deceased leader, William de Beaujeu. They then prepared to make the most strenuous resistance.

Their only hope must have been to obtain honorable terms of surrender; and it matters not much by whom the proposal of a capitulation was first made. The Christians and the Mohammedans differ. Certain it is, however, the sultan agreed to grant, and the Templars to accept, terms highly honorable to themselves. The lives of all persons at that

moment within the walls of the Temple were to be spared. Shipping was to be placed at their disposal to carry them to some other land; and they were to be allowed to retire in peace whithersoever they pleased, with the fugitives who were under their protection, and so much of their more precious goods as each man could carry. As a pledge of good faith, the sultan sent the Templars a standard, and a guard of three hundred Mussulman soldiers to insure the due execution of the treaty. The standard was placed on one of the towers of the Temple, and the Mussulman guard was admitted; but a shameful violation of the terms very speedily took place. The women had hidden themselves in the church of the Temple; but they did not escape the eyes or the violence of the Moslem. Attracted by their beauty, the guards, sent for their protection, forgot the terms of the treaty, burst into the church, and polluted the sacred edifice by infamous violence. The Templars closed their gates, and slaughtered the criminals to a man.

Immediately an attack from without began upon the Temple House; but the knights made a gallant defense during the whole of Saturday, the 19th of May. On the 20th, a deputation was sent to explain to the sultan the offense offered by his Mamalukes, and the cause of their massacre. The Franks and the Arabs differ much as to what followed; but both accounts are equally unfavorable to the honor and justice of Khalil. The Christians declare that he at once put the deputies to death, and that Gaudini, finding the place could not be maintained, selected a certain number of the knights, gathered together the treasures of the order, and all the holy relics it possessed, and escaping to the port by a secret postern, got possession of a galley, and reached Cyprus in safety. The Templars who remained defended the great tower, called the Master's Tower, with valor and success, till the walls were undermined and the building fell, crushing to death all whom it contained.

Such is the Christian account; and there can be no doubt that Gaudini, with a small body of the brethren, escaped by sea.

The story, as told by the Arabs, is different and more characteristic of Kahlil. After giving an account of the offense and massacre of the Mamaluke guard, Aboul Mohassen goes on to say that the standard of the sultan was thrown down, the strife recommenced, and the Temple House was besieged in form. The combat lasted all the Saturday. On the Sun-

day, the Templars having again demanded to capitulate, the sultan promised them their lives, and liberty to retire whithersoever they would. Thereupon they came down (this must mean with all the fugitives), and were put to death, to the number of more than two thousand. An equal number were made prisoners; and the women and children who were with them were conducted to the tent of the sultan. Some Templars, however, resisted still, and, having learned the treatment of their brethren, resolved to die with arms in their hands, and would hear no more of capitulation. Such was their rage that, having got possession of five Mussulmans, they cast them headlong from the top of the tower. The tower, however, was at length completely mined; and once more a promise of life was made to the Christians, if they would surrender. A body of Mussulmans approached to take possession; but at that moment the tower fell, and Christians and Mohammedans were crushed together under the ruins. Such is the Arabian account.

Thus fell the Temple House at Acre. The town was fired in four places; the walls were razed to the ground; the churches and the houses which escaped the flames were cast down; and nothing remained of Acre but a pile of stones.

The Order of the Temple, however, still subsisted. Numerous preceptories were to be found in various Christian countries; Limisso, or Limesol, in Cyprus, became the chief establishment of the order; and a powerful fleet, great wealth, and considerable bodies of troops rendered it an object of terror to the infidel and of jealousy to many Christian princes. Gaudini did not long survive the expulsion of the Christians from the Holy Land. He died in Cyprus during the year 1295; and James de Molay, of an illustrious family of Burgundy, then grand preceptor in England, was elected grand master of the order. His predecessors had fought and died in arms against the infidel; but the last grand master, James de Molay, was destined to fall before the evil passions of his fellow-Christians.

CHAPTER III.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE TEMPLARS.

STRANGE that the first grand triumph of the Order of the Temple, after more than a century of disaster, should take place at the period of its greatest depression, on the very eve of its utter extinction!

Why are there such rejoicings in Jerusalem? How is it that the Church of the Holy Sepulcher shines again as in the days of Christian rule? Who are these men with white garments and the red cross embroidered on the heart, who tread Moriah as conquerors? Who are these who celebrate on Mount Sion, with holy songs and rejoicings, the return of Easter?

The Templars are again in Jerusalem. The Christians stand as victors in the Holy City. Now, ye nations of Europe; now, ye descendants of those who shed their blood to recover from the infidel the scene of our Lord's earthly pilgrimage, now is the time to give aid to the soldiers of the Cross, and Palestine is yours forever!

How did this marvellous change come about? and how is it that the followers of Mohammed have been driven back?

Strange is the destiny of every nation; but it would seem that the changes and revolutions of Eastern countries are far more rapid than those of the West. Histories are enacted in a few years; and dynasties shoot up and perish with a rapidity unknown in other climates. Twelve years since, Kelaoun marched from conquest to conquest. Eight years since, the last of their possessions in Syria was wrested from the hands of the Christians; and yet now the Templars stand triumphant in the midst of Jerusalem, and give glory to God on Mount Sion. But a new race has descended from the mountains, to drive back the flood of Egyptian conquest. A new people has appeared in the great arena of Eastern warfare; and for a moment—for a brief moment, indeed—the religious fate of Asia hangs in the balance. Shall that whole vast continent become Christian? Shall the followers of the false prophet of Mecca be expelled by the sword of as fierce, as active, as unsparing a tribe as themselves? There is a chance of such a result.

Where are the preachers of Christendom now? Where are the bishops, the missionaries, the zealous servants of the Lord? They slumber. The tongue of St. Bernard is silent in the grave. The voice of Fulke is heard no more. Popes, and kings, and priests are busy with selfish cares and mundane interests. There is little faith, less zeal, no enthusiasm; and the hour goes by.

Somewhat less than a hundred years before the time of which I speak, the famous Zingis-Khan went forth from the highlands of Asia to conquer the nations of the plain. China felt the edge of his sword; and with seven hundred thousand men, Moguls and Tartars, he descended from his hills, and swept the whole country from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian. The banks of the Indus owned his sway; and the Euphrates saw him pass by like a tempest. His sons and grandsons rivaled the glory of their ancestor; and it was reserved for Houlagou-Khan, one of his many grandchildren, to extinguish the califate of Bagdad, by the death of Mostasem,* the last of the Abbassides. Asia Minor had been invaded. Aleppo and Damascus were pillaged; and though the Egyptian Mamlukes, under the Sultan Kotouz, toward the year 1250, drove back the stream of Mogul conquest across the Euphrates, Bagdad, Iran, and the whole of Persia remained in the power of the shepherd warriors.

Simple idolaters themselves, the Tartars, or Moguls, if it be necessary to make a difference, showed themselves far more disposed to embrace the doctrines of Christianity than to receive the tenets of Mohammed. They entered into close and almost constant alliance with the Christian kings of Armenia, and treated them more as friends than as conquered tributaries. Constantly menacing the Syrian territories of the Sultans of Egypt, they retarded, though they did not prevent, the subjugation of the Christians of Palestine; and it was under one of the greatest of their monarchs that the Templars once more entered into the city of Jerusalem.

* Mostasem was put to death, in what way we are not very sure. It is said that, when the unfortunate calif was brought before his conqueror, the latter ordered him to be shut up in a room filled with gold and silver, observing that ordinary food was not fitted for such a prince, and that silver, gold, and precious stones, of which he was so fond, ought to be sufficient for his nourishment. Others declare that he was forced to swallow melted gold; and others, that his head was cut off. The latter is the most probable account, although there can be no doubt that the Mogul barbarians entertained a great contempt for the lovers of gold and silver.

Leon, king of Armenia, had a daughter of the most exquisite beauty and of the highest virtue and accomplishments. The great monarch of Persia, Cazan-Khan, the friend and ally of the Armenian sovereign, demanded her in marriage. The princess was a Christian, the Persian emperor an idolater; and polygamy was not forbidden, either by religion or custom, to a Mogul prince. From five to seven hundred wives and concubines was a moderate establishment with the descendants of Zingis; and the princess might fear, in the multitude of her rivals, to possess but a small portion of influence with her imperial lover. Nevertheless, she became his wife, and not only won his almost undivided affection, but obtained great authority in his counsels, and by her moderation and wisdom, as well as by her extreme beauty, maintained the influence she had justly acquired. The free exercise of her own religion was permitted to her; a Christian temple was erected for her worship; and she drew closer and closer the bonds of alliance between her husband and her fellow-Christians. Such was the state of affairs in Bagdad when Cazan-Khan, seeing the immense progress of the Moslem in Syria, and judging that a struggle must come between himself and the Sultan of Egypt, determined to strike the first blow, and to pass the Euphrates with an overwhelming force.

The fate of the Templars had in the mean time been hard. The first reception by the King of Cyprus of the little band expelled from Syria had been kind and hospitable; but the numbers, both of the red-cross knights and the Knights of St. John, which now flocked to the island, alarmed the monarch; and, before Gaudini's death, a system of petty annoyance and exaction had begun, which the Templars resisted in vain. Three great preceptories of the order, at Limesol, Nicotia, and Gastira, with several smaller buildings, already belonged to the Knights of the Temple; but the King of Cyprus forbade any further establishments, and endeavored to impose a capitation tax upon the order, in common with the rest of the inhabitants of Cyprus. The soldiers of the Temple pleaded exemption under many decrees from Rome; but the descendant of Guy of Lusignan seemed to have little reverence for the papal mandates; and the disputes between the king and the order were running high, almost to open war, when the brief and inglorious career of Gaudini terminated.

James de Molay was a man of a very different character, firm but moderate, full of religious zeal without fanaticism, devout, strict, and disinterested. He was in England as grand

preceptor when his elevation to the head of the order was announced to him; and, after framing various wise regulations for the government of the knights in this country, he crossed the sea to France, acted as godfather to the son of Philip the Fair, and then hastened to join his brethren in Cyprus. He found the dissension between the knights and the sovereign of the island at its height; and the rash efforts of Boniface VIII. in favor of the Templars only rendered the dispute more violent. An opportunity soon presented itself, however, of quitting the island with dignity and propriety; and James de Molay seized it at once.

The preparations of Cazan-Kahn for the greatest enterprise of his whole reign were now complete. He had resolved to drive the Mamalukes from Syria. He demanded the co-operation of Georgia and Armenia. He negotiated even with the pope, and with the Christian princes of Europe; and he agreed that Palestine, if recovered from the Sultan of Egypt, should remain in possession of the Christians. Georgia and Armenia readily answered to his call; but the only European Christians who joined him were the knights of the military orders. James de Molay did not hesitate; but, gathering together as large a force of the Templars as could be spared from the preceptories, he set sail early in the year 1299, once more to plant the standard of the cross on the shores of Syria.

A large Tartar, Mogul, and Armenian force had already entered the territories over which the sultan claimed dominion, and had encamped among the ruins of Antioch. The distance from Cyprus was but small; and the galleys of the Temple reached Suadeah in safety. There, for the first time after many years, close by the ancient Selusia, with its sepulchral rocks, and under the towering heights of Mount Casius, with the mouth of the Orontes near at hand, and within a short march of that city whence Paul and Barnabas were sent forth to preach the Gospel among the isles of the Gentiles, the great standard of the cross was raised once more by the soldiers of the Temple. Under the shadow of the Beauseant they marched on at once to join the forces of Cazan-Khan; and a division, consisting of thirty thousand men, having been placed under the command of James de Molay, the combined forces of Moguls, Armenians, and Franks commenced their march toward Damascus.

The rulers of Egypt, however, were not inactive. Levies were instantly made, and led rapidly into Palestine. Damascus added her multitudes; and at Hems, on the high road

between Aleppo and Damascus, the two armies met and engaged. It seemed as if on that action depended the fate of Asia, and perhaps the ascendancy of the Christian or Mohammedan faith in the East, and the troops on either side fought with desperate valor. But the forces of Islam were totally defeated; and the victorious Moguls, with their Frankish allies, pursued and slaughtered them, till night stopped the carnage.

Aleppo, it would seem, had already surrendered. Damascus fell an easy prey to the conquerors. The Mussulmans abandoned the towns on the road to Jerusalem, and the Holy City itself was left nearly undefended. The Templars marched on and took possession of Hierosolyma, and it was now that they celebrated the feast of Easter in triumph and rejoicing.

One more effort was made by Cazan to rouse the European Christians to seize the favorable opportunity, and had it been successful, what might have been the result? All were dull to the call, however; and though Pope Boniface, in his letters, lauds the pagan protector of Christianity, he exerted himself but little to second the efforts of the Tartar.

In the mean time, disorders broke out in Iran, and Cazan was obliged to withdraw, in order to restore tranquillity in his own dominions. He left, however, a considerable force under the command of the grand master, who, pursuing his successful course, drove the Mamalukes back to Gaza, and forced them even, it is said, to take refuge in the desert.

Then comes a period of doubt and darkness. Cazan trusted, it would appear, to some Mohammedan officers, who betrayed his cause. The Mussulmans of Syria rose in defense of their religion; and, although supported by re-enforcements from Persia, De Molay was forced to retreat. The struggle, however, was again renewed; but the illness of Cazan, his death in 1303, and the decline of the Mogul power, deprived the Christians of their last hope of recovering the Holy Land.

After all had been lost which the brief campaign of 1299 had obtained, a party of the Templars retreated to a small island in the neighborhood of Tortosa, where they were speedily attacked by an overwhelming force, and the greater part of them were put to death or sent in chains to Egypt. Some of them escaped, however, or were ransomed from captivity; and among them was James de Molay, who was reserved for a fate more terrible than an honorable death by the sword of the infidel.*

* John Villani gives some curious details, both of the manner of life

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE TEMPLARS.

THERE is a vacancy in the history of the Templars for several years. The order was still numerous in England, France, Spain, Portugal, Germany, and Italy; but we know little of their proceedings, from a short time before the death of Cazan-Khan, to the first open commencement of the infamous persecution of the order in the year 1307. The head-quarters of the Templars had been re-established in Cyprus; and there was the chief treasury of the order, under the care of James de Molay, who was apparently unsuspecting of any evil act meditated against a body of men who had been for so many years the main support of Christian Palestine.

Nevertheless, numerous events had taken place which might have shown this brave, dignified, and amiable man the blow that menaced the order, its object, and its cause. Right and justice had been violated toward the Templars in many countries. Two Edwards had seized, without just cause, considerable sums belonging to the Templars in England. Many noblemen and sovereign princes had infringed their rights and privileges. The clergy, generally, hated and menaced them,

of the Moguls, and of the events which took place in Syria at the end of the thirteenth century. He declares that Cazan was actually converted to Christianity by his wife; but he loads the story of the conversion with a miracle which renders it doubtful. He asserts positively, however, that Cazan visited devoutly the Holy Sepulcher; and in most particulars he confirms the accounts of other authors respecting the Tartar invasion of Syria, and the recovery of Jerusalem. I am inclined to think that John of Ypres has confounded some of the actions of Cazan with those of Houlagou, for it would certainly seem that the author lived after the period at which his chronicle terminates. The manners of the Tartars, as described by Villani, would appear to be those which prevailed among the Moguls at an earlier period than the reign of Cazan, for they had certainly, by that time, adopted many of the habits of the nations they had conquered, and lost a great deal of that rude simplicity which he attributes to them. It is very possible, indeed, that they still drank the blood of their horses or their flocks, when they could not get water; but their residence in Bagdad must have inured them to many of the luxurious habits of civilized life; and it is clear, from other accounts, that the bow and arrow were not the only weapons which they employed.

on account of the immunities which had been granted to them by various popes. Separated from the rest of the world, and deprived, to a great extent, of the ties of kindred, they had few interests and feelings in common with the laity. The spirit of the crusades had died out; Palestine was lost; they were no longer admired as the incarnation of a wide-spread enthusiasm; they were no longer needed as the barrier to Christian Europe; but it was individual cupidity and personal malice which prompted their destruction, and directed the blow.

The Templars were not faultless. There is a certain degree of cold arrogance almost invariably generated by unsocial isolation; and the Templars, proud of their order, were probably offensively haughty to less devoted, if not less courageous persons. There is no proof that they were ambitious; but the fact is notorious that they took part in the feuds and warfares of the countries which they inhabited, and, on more than one occasion, drew, in the service of a secular prince, the sword which they had dedicated to the service of God, as they understood that service. Many Templars fell on the field of Falkirk, aiding the most iniquitous oppression that any prince ever attempted to inflict upon an independent people. They took part in the wars of the rival houses of Aragon and Anjou; and they supported Boniface VIII. in his opposition to Philip the Fair. This was a great crime in the eyes of the French king; but there was a still greater: the Templars were exceedingly wealthy.

Philip was a man, cold, calculating, remorseless, but ambitious and avaricious to a high degree. He mounted the French throne when only seventeen years of age, and very soon began to show the qualities which he afterward displayed more fully. His barbarous treachery toward Guy de Dampierre, count of Flanders, and his young daughter, in the year 1297, left a stain upon his name which nothing could efface; and the death of the unhappy princess, from grief, roused the indignation of all Europe, and produced a war between France and Flanders, which, of course, terminated to the disadvantage of the weaker power. By a double marriage, Philip contrived to detach England from the interests of the Count of Flanders; by another act of treachery, obtained possession of the count, his two sons, and forty Flemish noblemen; annexed Flanders to the crown of France, and filled it with blood-suckers, whose sole end and object seemed to be to drain the rich country of its wealth. A revolt and a massacre were

the consequences; and the king himself, not daring to quit his capital, where symptoms of disaffection were exceedingly strong, sent his impetuous cousin, Robert of Artoise, once more to subdue and punish the Flemings. The army of France, the choice of her nobility, supported by a large body of infantry, and comprising nearly five thousand men of knightly rank, was defeated at Courtrai, by the peasantry and citizens of Flanders. A terrible slaughter took place; and four thousand pairs of golden spurs, gathered on the field of battle, attested the destruction of the chivalry of France, and won for the event the name in history of the battle of the Spurs.

Vengeance was strong in the heart of the King of France; but he was prevented from gratifying it, for the time, by the consequences of other crimes. The people of France suffered under the same extortions as the Flemings. Tax upon tax ground the lower classes to the earth; and the debasement of the coin had reached to such an extent, that each piece of silver or gold was only worth one seventh part of its nominal value. The king and his ministers forced the unhappy subjects of the crown to receive this money from the royal mints at the same rate at which a purer coinage passed in the reign of St. Louis; and in the mouth of the people the name of Philip the Fair was changed to Philip the False Money-maker.

Oppression, borne impatiently and long, at length roused the people to resistance. Riots took place in many towns; and in the capital, the people rose against the king and his ministers, pillaged the houses of their oppressors, and menaced the safety of the monarch. Forced to fly from his palace, Philip took refuge in the strong and defensible buildings of the Temple. The people followed him in arms, invested the Temple House, and threatened to starve Philip into surrender. For two days no provisions were suffered to enter; but the enthusiasm of fury died away; tranquillity was restored in the capital; and the king escaped the fate which seemed to menace him.

The Templars of Paris had given honorable shelter to the monarch, closed their gates against his enemies, and promised to protect his person. But there is much reason to believe that he demanded more of them, that he required them to act against his people, and that the Templars refused. It was forbidden to them to draw the sword against their fellow-Christians, except in their own defense; and although, as individuals, they had occasionally violated this rule, yet they had never done so in a body. Moreover, at that time the

most vehement dissensions existed between the King of France and the papal see, going on to indecent violence on the part of Philip, which the Templars could not see without indignation, exercised toward a pontiff who had always shown himself favorable to their order.

This cause of offense was probably not forgotten, yet Philip could dissemble; and it would appear that no plan for taking vengeance on the Templars, or stripping them of their wealth, suggested itself, so long as the papal throne was occupied by a pontiff independent of the power of France. The popes had so completely committed themselves to the support of the order of the Temple, that with no degree of decency could they withdraw their protection; and Alexander IV., in the middle of the thirteenth century, had even defended the Templars, both against the clergy and the monastic orders, with a vigor and decision that repressed for a time the jealousy which the military monks had excited.

Boniface VIII., an intemperate and turbulent man, died in the end of 1303, from the effects produced upon an exhausted frame and vehement mind, by the ill treatment he had received at the hands of Philip the Fair. He was succeeded by a wiser and a better pontiff, Benedict XI., cardinal of Ostia, not wanting in firmness, not wanting in moderation. He quieted the dissensions of the Church, mitigated the severity of the bulls which Boniface had fulminated against Philip, but refused to grant the perfect reconciliation of that monarch to the Church, till he had made more ample atonement for his sacrilegious violence than he was yet inclined to do. It was at this period that the French king, knowing that, under such a man as Benedict, it would be impossible to execute a scheme for the destruction of the Templars, affected, with a common artifice of tyrants, the greatest attachment toward those whose ruin he meditated. In an edict of 1304, by which he granted them numerous privileges in France, he burst forth in their praise with somewhat exaggerated panegyric.

“The works of piety and charity,” he says; “the magnificent liberality which the holy order of the Temple has exercised at all times and in all places, and their noble courage, which ought still to be excited to the perilous defense of the Holy Land, have determined us to spread our royal bounty over the order and its knights in our kingdom, and to afford special marks of favor to an institution for which we entertain a sincere predilection.”

Favors and praises, from a treacherous and unscrupulous monarch, ought, perhaps, to have caused alarm; but Philip had as yet displayed no enmity of any kind toward an order confident in its strength and proud of its services. The grand master, James de Molay, had held the infant son of the French king at the baptismal font. The Temple House at Paris had been the monarch's chosen place of refuge in the hour of danger. The order numbered among its knights nobles of the highest rank in France, and princes allied to the blood royal. They had no fear, no suspicion, even when their ruin was determined, and nothing was wanting but opportunity.

Opportunity soon came. On the 7th of July, 1304, died Benedict XI.; and intrigues began for the tiara, on which the fate of the order of the Temple depended. For many months, the cardinals proceeded to no election. The conclave was divided into two factions: the Italian headed by the family of Cajetan, from whence had sprung Boniface VIII.; and the French led by Orsini. The factions were equal; and for nine long months the despicable and detestable cabals continued. At length the Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, Nicolas di Prato, one of the Italian party, was secretly gained to the interests of Philip, and acted thenceforth with Italian cunning under French influence. To settle the long-pending election, he proposed to the conclave that the Italian party should name three persons, none of whom should be an Italian, that the French party should select one of the three, and that both should then unite for his election. The suggestion was immediately adopted, and secret messengers were sent off bearing intelligence from the Bishop of Ostia to the King of France.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE TEMPLARS.

It was in the bright month of May; and there is no month when nature looks more beautiful in the south of France. The fine old city of Bordeaux was full of fêtes, pageants, and processions; and the splendid ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church lost nothing in the hands of the archbishop. It was the 27th of May, Holy Thursday, Ascension-day. The Cathedral of St. Andrew was crowded. A multitude of

priests surrounded the altar. The archbishop officiated in person, blazing like a meteor in his gorgeous robes.

Wonderful it is, how many sins and iniquities, satin, and embroidery, and gold lace can cover entirely from the eyes of the multitude in the warm and enthusiastic South. The people gaze with reverence upon the majestic archbishop, and bow the head in humble devotion for his apostolical benediction. But Bertrand de Got, Bertrand de Got, thou art not a very holy man, if all tales be true! License and luxury, avarice and simony, are said to have comfortable lodging in thy palace; and the fair Countess of Perigord, who moves out of the church before thee, will probably go no further than that palace for the day.

With dignified step and slow, surrounded by his officers, and preceded by his cross-bearers, the archbishop moved down the nave, in his pontifical robes, and out of the great portal, willing to show himself, in his splendor, to the people who thronged the square. But when he was near the door, a chaplain pressed up to him, and whispered something in his ear. A change came over the archbishop's face. His cheek grew somewhat paler, and a frown came upon his brow. He marched on, however, with even a prouder air than before, and when he issued forth, looked to the right and left, as if in search of something. Not far from the gates of the archbishop's palace stood two or three men, holding dusty and tired horses by the bridle; but Bertrand de Got entered without taking notice of them, and retired to his private apartments, leaving his train in the halls below.

"Why you look angry, my lord," said the fair Countess of Perigord. "Has any thing evil happened since I left St. Andrew's?"

"Messengers have arrived from that beast, Philip of France," replied the archbishop, who was not always very choice in the epithets he applied in private to his enemies. "'Tis some new quarrel, I suppose, stirred up by that perturber of the peace of the Church. But we shall soon hear more."

A few minutes after, a handsome and graceful boy brought him a letter, closed with silk and a great seal; and, tearing it roughly open, the prelate read. The contents of the letter produced a great change upon him. He smiled, and then meditated, and then frowned, and then smiled again. Then, turning to the Countess of Perigord, he said,

"This seems a repentant son of the Church, this King of

France. We must not reject the penitent. He invites me to meet him secretly, on matters which much interest me."

"Does he give security for your safety?" demanded the countess.

"He does," replied the archbishop; "and I will go."

Horses were saddled in haste, and attendants ordered to prepare. A light meal was made ready, and taken; and issuing forth, shortly after, by a private door of the palace, Bertrand de Got mounted a strong horse, and, followed by a few attendants, set out in a northerly direction. His apparel was a good deal changed. It was not altogether unclerical; but over all was a large mantle, which concealed the signs of his profession. The archbishop rode well, and he rode fast. He rose the hill of Carbon Blanc and that of La Grave, and he drew not a bridle till he reached Cubzac. There he watered his horses; but he turned not aside; and immediately after rode on upon the way to Blaye. Here, however, he was obliged to pause for the night; for he had ridden six-and-thirty miles since he set out, and darkness had overtaken him on the road. He had a longer journey before him the next day, and he rose early; but there was a thick fog over the river, and the bishop paused for an hour or two till it had dispersed. As soon as the sun shone out a little, he was on horseback again, and on his way to St. Aubin. He stopped to breakfast at the priory, surprising the good monks by his unexpected visitation. Then on to Mirambeau, as fast as he could go, and thence to Pons, where he found hospitable entertainment at the castle; for the Lord of Pons was an old boon companion of the archbishop. The wine was exceedingly good and the archbishop tired. His horses, too, wanted rest, so he was charitable to them and to himself; and he stayed two hours. At the end of that time he mounted again, and rode on five leagues more, to Saintes, which he reached when the sun was not very far from the horizon. He had not got to the end of his journey, however, by six leagues and a half; and on he went, seeing the sun setting over the vines, which were covering hill and dale in rich profusion. From the last slight eminence, over which he passed before the close of day, he could see the distant towers of St. Jean d'Angely in the glowing light of the west, with its green vineyards, and a deep wood, which at that time stretched far away on the east, all flooded with purple and gold. Forward he went; but as he came near the town, it being then quite dark, he conferred with one of his attendants on the best road to take,

and turned away to the right, about a mile before he reached the gates. The road led through the forest; and, after pursuing it for about half an hour, he stopped at some great gates, above which, and towering over the trees around, rose the walls and pinnacles of an old abbey. Dismounting from his horse, the archbishop applied for admission, and inquired of the porter whether the Count of Puelle* had arrived there that day.

"Not an hour ago," replied the porter. "Who is it wishes to see him? I must not admit any one without warning."

"Tell him it is Father Bertrand, the poor priest of St. Andrew's of Bordeaux," replied the archbishop; and in a few minutes more he was admitted. He walked on, through the stone cloisters to the abbot's lodging, and was led by a lay brother to a small room, into which he was ushered unannounced; but at a table before him, perfectly alone, sat Philip the Fair, king of France, dressed in exceedingly plain garments, and looking somewhat aged and worn since the prelate had last seen him, but still, perhaps, the handsomest man in Europe at that time.

The archbishop bowed low, while the lay brother who had guided him shut the door; and Philip, without rising from his seat, gazed in his face with a dark, searching smile. The prelate advanced slowly to the table, not well knowing what to think of his reception, and then stood looking at the king with the lamp between them. The silence lasted nearly a minute; and then, with a low laugh, but in very distinct tones, Philip asked,

"Will you be pope?"

If he had struck him, the archbishop would have been less astonished. He was too much accustomed to dealing with great things, however, to show all the surprise he felt. Since his elevation to the archiepiscopal dignity, he had lived in continual disputes with the King of France, and had thwarted him on many occasions. Nevertheless, he grappled with the question at once, and that boldly.

"Considering all things, sire," he said, "I should have fancied myself the last man you would choose to name or the conclave to elect; but this I will say, that if you so favor me, and they so honor me, both shall find that I am no longer the Archbishop of Bordeaux."

"I care not what *they* find," answered Philip, bluntly;

* It was at Mons en Puelle that Philip and his brother gave a signal defeat to the Flemings.

“but of course, my good lord, I expect to find a difference. I am not unwilling to see men taken in their own net sometimes. Now it is very possible that, simply because they thought you the last man I would select, the cardinals have placed your name upon this paper. You will remark that it contains three. From these the Orsini faction are to choose one. I am to name which they are to choose; and whether I do choose the man whom they least expect, depends upon the accuracy of the judgment I have formed of him. I have found you an unruly bishop, my lord, a contumacious archbishop; but, methinks, you may be made a very good pope, to my mind.”

“You will find me most grateful for your majesty’s favors,” replied the archbishop, “and submissive in all things to your better judgment and your good designs.”

“I must, of course, have certainties,” replied the King of France. “I mean, something more definite than vague assurances. Five positive engagements you must enter into with me. Look, I will put down the conditions;” and, taking a piece of paper, he wrote. When he had done, he raised the paper toward the lamp and read:

“The first condition is,” he said, “that you reconcile me perfectly with the Church; the second, that you shall annul all ecclesiastical censures against my person, my ministers, my subjects, and my allies; the third, that you grant me, for five years, the tenths of my kingdom; the fourth, that you authoritatively condemn the memory of Boniface—”

The king paused, not with the slightest appearance of doubt—for he looked firmly in the prelate’s face—but with that calm, deliberate halt which is sometimes employed by orators in speaking, to render what they are about to say more impressive. Bertrand de Got, at each of the four conditions recited, had quietly bowed his head without raising his eyes, which were fixed upon the table, as he stood in the attitude of attention.

“The fifth,” said the king, in continuation, “I shall keep to myself for the present, but will let you know its nature at the proper time and place.”

Bertrand de Got gently bowed his head once more. Philip saw that he was his; that he was resolute to purchase at any price; and, putting the paper over to him, with a laugh, to seal the compact, he said, “There, sign that, my lord, and you are pope.”*

* This interview and conversation are not imaginary: at least, my imagination has nothing to do with it. The fact of the secret interview,

The Archbishop of Bordeaux, without the slightest hesitation, signed the paper; and Philip, laying his hand smartly on his shoulder, said, "I congratulate your holiness. The courier shall set out this very night (he is booted and saddled) and bear the letter to the conclave. It is already written."

"I am glad your majesty judged so justly of my devotion to your service," replied Bertrand de Got, "and comprehended that, in the unhappy differences which have occasionally taken place between us, I only had in view your real interests."

"Ha! my lord," replied Philip, "we both understood each other."

The letter was immediately dispatched. Both the Orsini and Cajetan factions were surprised at the nomination it contained. But they were bound by their compact. Bertrand de Got was elected pope, and assumed the name of Clement V. His coronation took place at Lyons; and, to the consternation of Italy, he declared that he would fix his residence at Avignon. Ten cardinals were created at his coronation. Nine of them were Frenchmen. It was clear to every one that he had sold himself for a tiara.

He proceeded in haste to execute the four specified conditions of the bond. What was the fifth? A French historian has said, "It has never been positively known what was the fifth article of the convention; but all historians have conjectured, perhaps from the facts which followed, that it was the destruction of the order of the Temple."

Can any one doubt it? Philip might well keep it secret, even from the creature whose soul he was purchasing, till he had in some degree prepared the way for a proposal the most monstrous and the most frightful that ever was made by one man to another.

To reconcile an offending monarch to the Church, to annul the place, and the time, is admitted. The conversation, with its compact, is told by almost every historian of the time, with some small variation in the words, but none in the sense, and very little in the manner. All give the same description of the king's abruptness, and of the brevity of the discussion. Philip and Bertrand de Got were here, as bad men meeting, the one to sell, the other to buy. The former named his price. The latter agreed at once to give it. This is the history of the whole transaction. How historians happen to know the details, I need not here inquire. Whether Philip, in one of his scornful moods, told the anecdote of his creature the pope, or whether Bertrand, in some amorous folly, divulged the secret history of his own disgrace, we do not discover. Certain it is, that the only persons present were Philip and the prelate; but the agreement of all historians as to what took place leaves little doubt regarding the facts.

ecclesiastical censures, to grant ecclesiastical property to secular purposes, was nothing very new or very alarming. To condemn the memory of a defunct pope might, perhaps, form an unpleasant precedent, and shake the authority of the Church; but it was a very different task from that of assailing, condemning, and destroying an order which had been the bulwark of Christendom, the defense of the Holy Land, the favorite child of the Church for centuries. It implied falsehood, injustice, oppression, cruelty, slaughter, murder. All this the new pope was called upon to sanction; and Philip might well reserve his explanation of the fifth dreadful condition till the mind of his bondman was familiarized with the contemplation by degrees.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE TEMPLARS.

A PRETEXT? Where was the wicked man, armed with power, who ever wanted a pretext? "Give me one line of a man's handwriting," said Richelieu, "and I will bring his head to the block." In an order, comprising some thousands, was not one traitor to be found? or one coward? or one weak and irresolute man? Among the chaplains, or the serving brothers, could no one be wrought upon by fear, or pain, or cupidity? Torture and death on the one side; life and riches on the other: surely some one, out of many thousands, could be found to lie, and to confess, and to betray.

The rules of the Temple were severe, burdensome to a degree, which could only be rendered tolerable by the sustaining power of enthusiasm. Some must have failed in the trial. Some must have yielded to temptation. Some must have bent under the load. It was known that some had been expelled from the order; that some had been severely punished; that some had been degraded and disgraced.

It is probable that Philip anticipated no great difficulty in finding a pretext! and the manner in which it was found is told in two ways, rightly, perhaps, in both instances.

The cloud was seen before the lightning, however. Rumors were spread, which, in many instances, can be clearly traced to the French capital, accusing the brethren of the Temple of heresy, impiety, and many other crimes. These rumors burst

upon Europe suddenly, soon after the elevation of Bertrand de Got to the chair of St. Peter. Good Heaven! Bertrand de Got in the chair of St. Peter!

Previous to that time the regular clergy had grumbled, the non-fighting monks had complained, many a noble and many a sovereign had carped at and pillaged the order of the Temple; but the brethren were universally admitted to be gallant and devoted soldiers of Christ. Now, however, whispers were heard that they were in reality infidels, worse than the pagans against whom they had fought; and the story soon assumed a tangible form.

According to one version, a man of the name of Florian, a citizen of Beziers, who had been condemned for manifold iniquities, made the first accusation. According to another, a Templar of the name of Florentine, who had been condemned by the grand preceptor of France to perpetual imprisonment for his crimes, made a confession of the heresies and wickedness of his order. The most probable account, however, is that given by a French author, who combines these two statements; for, in regard to the first assertion, taken separately, we do not see how a common criminal of Bezier could acquire any information regarding the practices of the Templars; and in regard to the second, it is impossible to suppose that the confession of a Templar, condemned by his own order to perpetual imprisonment, could reach the ears of the King of France; for the Templars had jurisdiction and prisons of their own.

The probable statement is this. Two criminals condemned for civil offenses, one a citizen of Beziers, another an apostate brother of the Temple, were confined in the same dungeon in Paris previous to execution. Confessors were not in those days allowed to ordinary criminals condemned to death; and these two men related, or confessed, to each other their several crimes. The degraded Templar charged his order with a multitude of iniquities; and the citizen of Beziers (seeing a chance of safety in the revelation of the secret he possessed) announced to his jailers that he had most important disclosures to make regarding the Templars, and demanded to speak with the king in person. The two prisoners were consequently brought before Philip, who listened to their tale.

Here ends the statement abruptly; and it is probable, the author might have added, with truth, that these persons were sought for, prompted, and promised life, on condition of serving the purposes of the monarch.

It is admitted on all hands, however, that the first charge against the Templars rested on the statement of one or two condemned criminals. When this statement was made, we do not exactly know; but it would appear that Philip and Clement diligently labored to get the grand master, James de Molay, into their power, before they suffered their intentions against the order to become apparent. It must not be supposed, indeed, that even Bertrand de Got felt no reluctance to comply with the cruel mandate of the French king. To him was first made known the charges against the Templars; and he replied at once, that he could not believe them, that they were "incredible, impossible, and unheard of."*

Philip, however, called for the execution of his bond. In June, 1306, Clement invited the grand masters of the Temple and the Hospital to join him in France, without delay, with as much secrecy, and as small a retinue as possible, in order to concert with him measures for the recovery of the Holy Land. The grand master of the Hospital was wise, and refused to come. The grand master of the Temple was simple and unsuspecting. He was at this time in Cyprus; and he set out at once, with sixty knights, to confer with the pope. He brought with him a considerable amount of treasure, which he deposited at the Temple House in Paris, in the beginning of the year 1307, and, after a friendly and familiar interview with the King of France, proceeded to Poitiers, where the pope at that time resided. He was there amused for some time with proposals very different from those which he had expected. Some mention was made, indeed, of a new expedition to the Holy Land; but the principal object which the pope appeared to have in view, was to effect a union between the orders of the Temple and the Hospital. The discussions on this subject were long. James de Molay refused to sanction the union, declaring that the charge of dissensions between the two great military orders was false, and that no jealousy existed between them, except that rivalry which was necessary to produce a salutary spirit of emulation.

In the mean time, the King of France was secretly taking his measures for the final catastrophe. A French historian says, that he feared the order of the Temple, knowing how unpopular he was in his own kingdom.

"To attempt to reform an armed body, and to warn it by

* "Ad credendum quæ tunc dicebantur, cum quasi incredibilia et impossibilia viderentur, nostrum animum vix potuimus applicare, quia tamen plura incredibilia et inauditur," &c.

public reproaches," says the author, "was to suggest to it to take measures which might have consequences dangerous to the tranquillity of the kingdom and the security of the king himself. Policy required that it should be taken by surprise; and policy was attended to."

Secret letters were written on the 14th of September, 1307, to the king's officers in all the provinces of France, charging the Templars with the most atrocious crimes, with crimes so monstrous and absurd as to refute the accusation, among which were prominent, heresy, idolatry, sorcery, the renunciation of the Christian religion, and mockery of the cross of Christ.

Two hundred and thirty knights of the Temple stood as prisoners before Saladin, by the shores of the Lake of Tiberias. One word spoken in acknowledgment of the false prophet, one renunciation of their faith in the Savior, would have saved their lives. But not a man was found to deny his Lord; and each died as he had lived, a Christian knight. From that hour nearly to the hour at which the charge was brought, generations of the same dauntless warriors had moistened the soil of Palestine with their blood. They had maintained to the last the breach at Acre. When all fled, the bosoms of the Red Cross knights made ramparts in the streets. They had defended the towers of the Temple to the last. They had again entered Jerusalem triumphant, and had prayed to God upon the heights of Mount Sion. Hundreds of them had died in the Island of Aradus. Since the commencement of the century, for the faith of Christ, many had perished in bonds, as well as in the field; but there was hardly an authentic instance known of a Templar having renounced his faith to save himself from death or slavery. Only three short years before, the King of France himself had lauded their works of piety and charity, their magnificent liberality, and their noble courage; and it was against these men that Philip the False Money-maker brought the charge of idolatrous apostasy. It was not a charge against one, but against all. It was not a charge of sudden dereliction, but of habitual, long-continued, systematic apostasy. The renunciation of Christ, he said, was the rule of the order.

But to return to his letters. He commanded his officers in the provinces to make preparations secretly, to seize upon all the Templars, their houses and property, and then to hand the brethren over to examination *by torture if it should be necessary*.

Before the latter measure was to be employed, it seemed

needful to inform the unhappy Templars of what they were expected to confess under the torture ; otherwise, in the ignorance of their crime, they might make some mistake in its acknowledgment. The seneschals and others were, therefore, directed to acquaint them, before proceeding to examination, that the king and the pope had been convinced, by irreproachable testimony, of the crimes specified in the letter. The officers were, moreover, ordered "to promise them pardon and favor, if they confessed the truth, and if not, to acquaint them that they would be condemned to death."

The king's commands were executed. On the night of Friday, the 13th of October, 1307, every Temple House was seized throughout the realm of France, and all the knights and serving brothers made prisoners.

En cel an qu'ai dist orendroit,
Je ne sai à tort ou à droit,
Furent li templiers, sans doutance,
Tous pris par le royaume de France
Ou mois d'Octembre, ou point du jour
A un vendredi, fut le jour.

Thus does old Godefroy of Paris tell the tale ; and the king's secret must have been well kept, for it does not appear that there was suspicion, preparation, or resistance any where.

The moment the first act was successfully accomplished, and the gallant knights, of whom there were at that time fifteen thousand, we are assured, in the preceptories of Europe, the mask was thrown off, and the charges made public to the world at large. Philip had, a few days before, communicated them by letter to several neighboring monarchs, in the hope of inducing others to follow his example, and work the overthrow of the whole order throughout Europe at once ; but the charges were so wild, so improbable, so incredible, that men required time to think ere they even affected to believe them. Even Edward the Second, the weak king of England, son-in-law to the French king, refused, at first, to give credit to the tale. In Germany and Spain, the noble order was acquitted of all guilt ; and the people of Cyprus bore honorable testimony to the conduct of the Templars among them. In Italy, Sicily, and France, the persecution raged ; and his own need of gold, the cupidity of his followers, and the bold interjections of the pope, speedily extinguished the short-lived sense of justice in the breast of Edward of England. It is, however, upon France that our eyes must remain fixed, for there the horrible conspiracy was formed, and its great objects

executed. Every step in the whole proceedings of Philip and Clement reveals the iniquity of their motives and the baseness of their object. Preaching friars were specially appointed to declaim against the order of the Temple in the public places of Paris, at the corners of streets, and in the royal gardens; and the charges made against the knights in these sermons would have shocked the common sense of any enlightened period. But this was an age of the most gross and debasing superstition, when the idlest tales and the wildest fancies, the most impudent quackery and most barefaced imposture found ready credence with the lower, the middle, and many of the higher classes.

Let us look into these charges, both those which were formally embodied in the act of accusation and those which were diligently urged by the agents of a false and perfidious king. Some, indeed, we must pass over in silence, for they are too foul to appear upon a page intended for the sight of all. It is well for innocence to remain unconscious of much that the heart of the wicked can conceive. The Templars were accused then, publicly, of denying Christ, of worshiping, in a dark cave, an idol, in the figure of a man covered with an old human skin and having two bright and lustrous carbuncles for eyes; of anointing it with the fat of young children, roasted; of looking upon it as their sovereign God, and trusting in it for prosperity and success. They were accused, also, of worshiping the devil, in the form of a cat; of burning the bodies of dead Templars, and giving the ashes to the younger brethren to eat and drink mingled with their food. They were charged with various unnatural crimes, frightful debaucheries and superstitious abominations, only to be credited upon the supposition that the whole order was insane. Moreover, it was distinctly charged against them that, at their reception into the order, or as soon as possible afterward, they were compelled, besides denying Christ, the Virgin, and the saints, to spit and trample upon the cross, and to gird themselves with, and wear continually, little cords which had touched the heads of their idols, of which they had many, besides the one already named; and, moreover, that they believed the grand master, the visitor, and the preceptor could absolve them from their sins.

Such is an abstract of the accusation. It is not to be doubted, indeed, that if the charges had been, in the first instance, submitted to Bertrand de Got, that politic and cunning prelate would have perceived that the extravagance of

the accusation was sufficient for its refutation, and would have so modified it as to render it more consonant with common sense. It is probable, therefore, that Philip, who was utterly careless of any disgrace attending the means, so that his object was attained, hurried on, without consulting the pope on the minor details. Clement endeavored, as far as possible, to remedy these errors. He saw that it was a great mistake to assert that the Templars had been long addicted to such practices; that no one would believe a body of men who had submitted to all privations, encountered all dangers, and undergone every sort of death in the assertion of the Christian faith, were themselves infidels and idolaters; that it would have been much more politic to accuse them of having deviated of late into infidelity; and he endeavored skillfully to put forth this view of the case, and to withdraw attention from the fact that the order of the Temple was actually charged with having long been the most corrupt, faithless, heretical, and idolatrous body on the face of the earth, and of celebrating in full assembly, mysteries, the abominations of which exceeded all parallel. Thus, in a letter to Edward, king of England, and in a bull to the English bishops, he boldly admits the former zeal and orthodoxy of the Templars, and declares that the well-known history of their sufferings and exertions under the cross in olden times had prevented him, at first, from believing the reports, which had reached him even before his election, of the apostasy and licentiousness of the order. Now, however, he commanded a strict examination to be made; implying that the King of France had laid before him proofs which had removed every doubt from his mind.

Some symptoms very soon appeared of the pope and the kings, who were leagued together for the destruction of the order of the Temple, quarreling about the division of the spoil. Philip and Edward seized all the property, estates, money, and jewels of the Templars; and Clement became alarmed lest he should not obtain his due proportion. He wrote to both sovereigns, commanding them to place the vast wealth of the order at the disposition of the Church, and holding out a very intelligible threat of thwarting their proceedings in case of disobedience. But kings can grasp tight as well as popes; and both monarchs answered in a bold and contumacious manner. It is probable, however, that some concessions were made to the pontiff, or some promises given, in order to avert his inconvenient opposition; but avarice is a

very greedy passion ; and the pope, though he yielded, was not fully satisfied ; for we find him afterward asserting, in a plaintive tone, that he had got a very small share of the plunder.

Philip, as I have shown, endeavored to draw from the Templars, or from some of them, by a promise of pardon, on the one hand, and a threat of death on the other, such an avowal of guilt as would justify his iniquity by their weakness. But every man remained firm, till something more terrible than menace was employed. Philip might not wish to destroy or to tear the bodies of the Templars, if he could attain his objects by other measures ; but he was not very patient ; and at the end of twelve, or, as some say, of only six days, during which he continued to use threats and promises, he gave them up to the tender mercies of the Dominicans, who were never known to fail when any act of monstrous cruelty was to be performed. They had gone through a long apprenticeship to the trade of torture, and were perfect masters of the craft. Let us now turn to see how they executed their function in this instance.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE TEMPLARS.

THE Temple House at Paris, whence had issued forth, like a glorious stream, a host of heroes to defend the Holy Land, was again crowded with gallant knights ; but they were no longer armed for the defense of the sepulcher. The sword was no longer drawn for the fight. The battle-horse bore them no more to the charge. Captives to their fellow-Christians, in the power of enemies more pitiless than the Saracens, they lay in chains, each in his silent cell, loaded with base accusations, and expecting death. All their immense possessions were gone. Their wealth, the gift of pious and admiring friends, filled the coffers of a tyrant or swelled the purses of his minions ; and no one retained sufficient to pay even a hired advocate to plead his cause before the judges. The grand master of the Temple himself had not four sous to buy him bread ; and bread was often wanting, for no sort of torture was forgotten.

Look into that dark cell, where lies, upon his miserable pallet, the form of an old man, with a long, white beard, and floating locks as pure as snow. He is an old brother of the order, of a princely race, with the blood of a long line of nobles flowing in his veins. Sixty-five years have passed since his mother first held him with pride and delight in her arms. Watchful love hung over his cradle. Care and thought fostered and instructed his youth. Wealth, and honor, and distinction were at his command. Every joy that the world could give was his. But he abandoned all to become a soldier of the cross; and this is his reward. Forty-two years ago he was received into the order of the Temple at the city of Tyre; and in many a field his blood has moistened the sands of Palestine. He aided in storming Lilion. He was at the attack upon Ascalon. He was one of the first in Bisan. He escaped, almost by a miracle, at the capture of Cesarea; and he held the standard of the cross at the Pilgrim's Castle. At Safitza, and the Castle of the Kurds, he displayed his valor; and he was one of the few who, after the walls were thrown down, and the citadel a heap of ashes, marched out of Beaufort, lance in the rest, and banner displayed with all the pageantry of war, in presence of the whole host of Bondocdar, compelled to grant an honorable capitulation to the unconquerable valor of the Temple. In many another field he has fought, and in the defense of many another place he has aided. The banner of the cross has never been disgraced by any one act of a long life; and this is his reward.

They have kept him without food or drink for eight-and-forty hours; they are condemning the old hero of the cross to die the death of a wolf. Lank hunger is upon him, gnawing his very entrails. He could tear his own flesh with his teeth. He has knocked and called in vain at the barred and bolted door; and now he lies and gazes at it with a haggard eye, listening as the steps pass and repass, but they bring him no relief. This is one species of torture.*

In a great hall—where once the knights of the order were wont to assemble upon solemn occasions, to receive a new brother, to consult as to the means of succoring the Holy Land, or to judge a malefactor—stretched upon a machine formed somewhat like a bed, but having movable joints and

* "Others, in a word, tormented and driven by the famine, with which they were oppressed in prison, or compelled in a number of other manners," says the continuator of William of Nangis, speaking of the Templars, under the year 1307.

various wheels and windlasses, lay a tall and powerful man of the middle age. His broad brow was knit with a stern and resolute frown; but his eyes had the anguish of apprehension in them; and his teeth were firm set, as if to prevent any sound escaping from his lips. His ankles and his wrists were firmly fastened with cords to the beams of the machine; and his body, too, was fixed with a hoop of iron. By his side stood the grand inquisitor, William of Paris. A number of Dominican monks were around. Near at hand was a surgeon with a vial and a cup; but by the side of the machine stood two powerful men, in a lay habit, with their arms bare.

"I exhort you, brother, in the name of God and the Holy Trinity," said the inquisitor, in a low, sweet voice, "to make confession of the truth, and save us the necessity of using means to force it from you."

"I have said the truth," replied the Templar, firmly; "and take notice, every one, that if, under your diabolical hands, I speak otherwise than I have spoken, I lie. These are my last words. Do your worst."

There was a profound silence. The two strong men, bending by the machine, lifted their eyes, and gazed earnestly on the face of the inquisitor. He spoke not, but made a little sign, waving his hand so slightly you could hardly perceive it. The men applied their whole force, and moved round the winch. There was a creaking sound, as of straining wood. The thick beams were forced apart. The joints in the wooden frame separated. The limbs of the Templar were drawn slowly but forcibly from each other. You could hear the stout sinews crack. There was a deep groan.

"Hold, hold!" said the surgeon, who had watched the tortured man's face. But the inquisitor made no sign. The strong men forced the wheels round; and there was a shriek of direful agony.

In the wide chimney of the refectory there was a great fire, logs piled up and blazing high; and before it were two screens, covered with linen cloth. The fire had a cheerful light, blazing and flashing over the stone walls, and the arches of the windows, and the great round columns.

But what is that before the fire? It is the good knight Bernard de Vado, stretched out upon an iron frame, pinioned with cords, and bound tightly down, so that his limbs can have no motion. The screens are so placed as to cover his face and body from the blaze of the fire; but his naked feet are extended to the full heat, within a few inches of the burn-

ing logs. What are those incarnate devils doing, in their gowns of black and white, those Dominican fiends, bred to the art of torture? They are greasing the scorched soles, to prevent the flesh from being actually burned away. Vain are his cries, his groans, his shrieks. It is speech they want; and he speaks not. They interpose one of the screens to moderate the heat, and then ask him, "Wilt thou confess now?"

He is silent: the Dominican moves his hand toward the screen again.

"What must I confess? What must I confess?" cries the unhappy man; and, with a smile, the soft Dominican instructs him.

In the interior of a small cell, one of the cells of the order, and on his own pallet-bed, is seen another knight, with a single figure seated quietly beside him. Is the poor Templar sick? It must be so; for see, the kind Dominican drops water from a cup upon his mouth. Now this is charity indeed!

Under the coarse rug that covers him, his body is bound down to the bed. He can move neither hand nor foot. Over his face is stretched a thick, wet cloth, through which he is forced to draw the breath of life; and ever, as the fearful heat of his intense agony dries up the moisture, so that he can breathe more freely, the Dominican drops more water on the cloth, and renders every sigh a pang. See how convulsively his chest heaves. See how the fingers move in the struggle for air, now clinched, till the nails sink into the palms of his hands, now extended wide with every sinew starting out like a rope; and now, faint and ill defined stains of crimson begin to mark the cloth over his face. It is the blood starting from his eyes and nostrils.

But let us drop the curtain over the awful scene. There were more tortures; and others too indecent and horrible to be mentioned; but be ye sure, my friends, no torment was spared that human beings could inflict or suffer. Revenge may be more fiery and impetuous than any other passion. The evils wrought by ambition may be wide-spread and destructive; but avarice is the most coldly cruel of all the vices which afflict mankind. Thirty-six Templars died under the torture without having uttered one word which could criminate their order. Many more were crippled for life; but it would appear that every one maintained the perfect innocence of the soldiers of the Temple, till forged letters were shown to them purporting to come from the hand of the grand master, and exhorting them to confess their guilt. If James de

Molay yielded to anguish or to fear, who should resist? Such was the argument which some of the Templars probably used toward themselves; and seventy of the brethren confessed, under the torture, any thing that was dictated to them. Those who confessed were formally absolved; but they were not yet set free; and the inquisitors proceeded throughout France, accompanied by lay commissioners from the king, and in each of the preceptories of the order the system of murder and torture was renewed.

These transactions were generally carried on in secret; but the tongue of rumor could not be kept quiet; and amazement, horror, and alarm spread throughout Europe. The pope himself interfered with an affectation of humanity; but his letter to the King of France savors strongly of avarice. It exposes more clearly a design to get the whole property of the Temple into the hands of the Church than a desire to save the Templars.

Philip treated his tool with very little ceremony. He threatened and abused him; but at the same time he feared impediments, and suffered the pope to take the nominal conduct of the trial, while he himself, in reality, directed the proceedings. A commission was appointed by Clement to take cognizance of the whole affair; and now a scene was enacted, little anticipated, either by the pontiff or the king. When the knights of the Temple appeared before the commissioners, in whose court greater publicity was assured to the prisoners than in the secret tribunals of the inquisition, those from whom confession had been extorted by the torture revoked all the admissions they had made, almost to a man maintained the entire innocence of the order, and warned all men that if, at any future time, mortal infirmity should induce them to avow the guilt with which they were charged, to look upon such acknowledgments as false.

They were denied all counsel or aid. No advocate was permitted to defend them. Their friends were terrified into inactivity, or punished for affording them assistance. The grand master, who had been confined at Corbeil, was brought before the commission in November, 1309, and with firm but decent boldness, James de Molay maintained his own innocence, and the falsehood of all the charges against the order. He said he was a plain, unlettered man, not instructed in the law, but ready to defend himself and his brethren against the infamous accusations brought against them as best he might. He showed that he had been stripped of every thing;

that he was dependent even for food upon charity ; and he demanded an advocate, undertaking, if his just request were granted, to make the innocence of the order apparent to all men, even to their enemies.

To his amazement, a paper was produced by the commissioners, purporting to be a confession made by himself at Chinon, before certain cardinals, whose names were attached as witnesses. For a moment, De Molay was speechless with surprise, making three times the sign of the cross, as if some evil spirit had appeared before him. He then vehemently and solemnly protested that the confession was a forgery, and called upon God to inflict on the liars who had signed it the punishment assigned by the Saracens to willful slanderers. " Their bellies they rip open," he exclaimed, " and their heads they cut off."

Again and again he protested the innocence of himself and his companions, and pointed out how completely the whole public life of the Templars gave the lie to the charges against them. He showed that their churches bore every mark of devotion, that no body of men was more famous for alms-giving, that none had ever so readily fought and bled in the assertion of the Christian religion ; and he ended with a simple profession of faith, with which even inquisitors could find no fault.

The commissioners dared not excommunicate or put him to death ; for the pope had restricted them for the time, in his case, and in the cases of several of the preceptors of the order. Nay, more, the firm attitude and the convincing defense made by more than five hundred of the knights brought before the commissioners, seemed to move or to shame the papal officers into something like mercy. In a written defense drawn up on their part, by one of the brethren, they stated the horrible tortures to which they had been subjected ; they declared that many had died under the infliction, that all were injured irrecoverably in health, and that many had been driven mad. They demanded that the jailers and executioners should be examined as to the dying moments of the Templars who had perished in the prison, maintaining that they had every one declared the innocence of their order when about to appear in the presence of God.

Philip saw that the proceedings were taking a course unfavorable to his purposes ; and he hastened to withdraw the Templars from the hands of the commissioners, and to erect a new tribunal. He had lately thrust into the archbishopric

of Sens a creature of his own, much against the views, it would appear, of the pope himself; and a provincial council was held by the archbishop in Paris, over which place his ecclesiastical jurisdiction extended.* To this council the Templars were given up. In vain they protested. In vain they sought to appeal to the pope. In vain they demanded protection of the papal commissioners. The archbishop was as rapid and as resolute as Philip could desire. They were dragged before this iniquitous tribunal; and every one, without exception, who had recanted his confession, was allowed the option of renewing it or dying at the stake. "All, however, without excepting a single one," says the monk of St. Denis,† "refused to the last to avow the crimes of which they were accused, and persisted with constancy and firmness in a general denial, ceasing not to declare that they were given up to death unjustly and without cause." •

Fifty-nine, or, according to some, fifty-four gallant knights were led forth, in one day, to the fields at the back of the nunnery of St. Antoine, where stakes had been driven into the ground, and fagots and charcoal collected. The sight did not daunt them, and each was bound to the stake. The fagots were piled round them; the torches of the executioners lighted; and they were offered pardon if they would again confess. They refused to a man, and were burned to death by slow fires, calling upon the holy name of God in the midst of their torments.

In other parts of France the same horrible scenes were transacted. At Senlis, nine were burned, and many more in other places. But the grand master and several other distinguished men were still detained in prison. The few who had made confession of any part of the charge were set at liberty. Those who denied the whole were condemned to perpetual imprisonment. It is to be remarked that many escaped by acknowledging an offense of no very heinous kind. One of the charges against them, as I have shown, was simply this, that they believed the grand master and the visitor, although laymen, could absolve them from their sins. Many acknowledged this belief, which was pronounced heretical; and the confession was judged sufficient to merit absolution, though it

* There is some difficulty upon this point, for the continuator of William of Nangis says that the council was held by permission of the Archbishop of Paris; but the question is not of sufficient importance to be discussed in this place.

† A cotemporary who continued the chronicle of William of Nangis.

would appear that this simple acknowledgment was used by the enemies of the order as if it had been an admission of the whole accusation. Even this heretical belief, however, was so explained by many of the Templars as to leave it no taint of heresy at all, for they stated that it only implied that the grand master and visitor could absolve from offenses against the order, but not from offenses against God. All parties, however, were anxious to show that many of the Templars had confessed something, and had adhered to their confession, trusting that, by a very common error of the human mind, a part would be taken for the whole.

Five long years and a half James de Molay remained in prison; and his existence during the greater part of that period is involved in darkness; but that he was more than once put to the torture is certain. What he did confess, or whether he did confess at all, in the torments which he suffered, can not be told; and it would appear probable that the confession which he had already pronounced a forgery was that which was principally relied upon throughout.

On the 18th of March, 1313, however, a scaffold was erected in front of Notre Dame, and the people of Paris were summoned by the sound of trumpet, to hear the great officers of the Temple confess the guilt of their order, and justify the proceedings of the king. Their confession was said to have been made in the presence of the Archbishop of Sens, the Cardinal Archbishop of Albano, and two other cardinal legates.

A multitude assembled to witness the extraordinary ceremony. The scaffold was crowded with guards and churchmen; and, at the appointed hour, the grand master, James de Molay, the grand preceptor of the order, the grand preceptor of Aquitaine, and the visitor general, were brought forward to the front of the scaffold loaded with chains. The Cardinal Bishop of Albano then proceeded to read aloud to the people the confession attributed to the Templars, and called upon the four knights to avow it. Two of them, the visitor general and the grand preceptor of Aquitaine, bowed the head and signified their assent. But the grand master himself proclaimed aloud the falsehood of the confession, declaring that it was a sin, both in the sight of God and man, to proclaim a falsehood.

"My guilt consists," he said, "in having, under the agony of the torture, admitted untruly horrible offenses against an order which has ever nobly served and defended Christendom."

Guy, the grand preceptor, also boldly asserted the innocence

of the order, and was going on in vehement tones, when he was interrupted by the ecclesiastics, and hurried away by the provost of Paris and his guard. They were only delivered to this officer, we are assured by the cotemporary monk of St. Denis, to be safely guarded till the prelates could deliberate. But Philip the Fair was not inclined to suffer any further deliberation; and he determined, "without speaking to the clergy, by a prudent decision, to give up the two Templars to the flames."

That very evening two stakes were planted on a small island in the Seine, between the royal gardens and the Church of the Hermit Brethren; and, just before nightfall, James de Molay, and Guy, the grand preceptor, were carried thither, attached to the stake, and a slow fire kindled round them.

"They appeared," says the cotemporary monk, "to support the anguish with so much calmness and indifference, that their firmness and their last denials were matter of marvel and stupefaction to all the beholders."

Thus perished the last grand master of the Templars, a victim to one of the foulest conspiracies that can be found even in the annals of princes and pontiffs. The order was extinguished. Its treasures had been plundered, much of its property assigned to royal or to papal favorites, and the remnant fell to the rival order of the Hospital, which did not, however, obtain it without gratifying, by large donations, those who had obtained possession of it by such barbarous and bloody means.

We should not be so presumptuous as to pronounce in any case—except where we can trace the distinct connection between cause and effect, or where we are warranted by the Divine Word—that very peculiar evils which we see fall upon our fellow-creatures are special punishments for the crimes which we believe them to have committed. It is, nevertheless, a fact which has been considered well worthy of remark by historians, that not one of all those who took a principal part in the barbarous cruelties exercised upon the Templars escaped an early and miserable end.

Philip the Fair, king of France, died in the year 1314, in the forty-fifth year of his age, of a lingering disease unknown to any of the physicians of the time, and his last hours were embittered by the revolt of his subjects, the treason of his nobles, the failure of his measures, and the domestic misery of his children. One of the last acts of his reign was the flaying alive of two knights, Walter and Philip d'Aunay, for adultery committed with his two daughters-in-law. His armies retired

unsuccessful from Flanders, and his people were in insurrection in many parts of his dominions. He died one year eight months and eleven days after James de Molay.

Bertrand de Got survived the grand master even a shorter time. After a troublous and bloody pontificate of less than nine years, during which he had been constantly obliged to humble the tiara to the will of the King of France, throughout which his sole aim had been to amass treasure which he could not enjoy, and to perpetuate enjoyments disgraceful to his age, his profession, and his office, he was suddenly attacked with illness at Avignon, in the midst of the festivities of Easter, and was swept away by death, on the twentieth of April, 1314, one year and one month after the consummation of the ruin of the Templars. His body was carried to Carpentras, where a number of the cardinals had assembled; but while the corpse of the infamous prelate lay in the church, furious dissensions arose regarding the choice of a successor, and the palace and town were fired, it is said, by his own nephew. The palace and the church were burned; the body of Clement was partially consumed by the flames; and his ill-gotten treasures were pillaged and squandered by brigands and relations.

Edward the Second was deposed by a son and a wife, and died or was murdered in prison; and Enguerand de Marigny, who is supposed to have prompted and conducted most of the iniquitous acts of Philip the Fair, and who had, in the words of the monk of St. Dennis, "become more, so to say, than Mayor of the Palace," was hanged, in 1315, upon the gibbet of the common robbers.

Thus perished the order of the Temple; and thus perished those who had persecuted it.

THE ALBIGENSES.

FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE abominations and the tyranny of the Church of Rome, the horrible vices of the clergy, and the dissensions which existed between them and the monastic orders, had roused indignation in the minds of many long before the commencement of the thirteenth century. Sometimes this indignation was salutary, sometimes the reverse. It has been wisely observed, that "often the worst evil of bad government is not in its action, but its counteraction." The same is the case with every evil springing from the corruption of institutions. Men always do more than redress.

The wealth, power, and influence of the clergy excited envy. Their interference in many secular affairs irritated; their exactions alarmed; their superstitions offended; and their vices disgusted. Many wise and good men, perceiving the errors of the ministers, but not the flaws in the institution, severely criticised the lives and doctrines of bishops, priests, and cardinals, without attacking the Church. Others, more bold, went further still, and assailed the whole system which produced and sheltered such men and such conduct. Others, more foolish, attacked the religion itself which these men professed to teach and yet kept in darkness. They struck at the Savior himself, because he was presented to them in disguise. Few had the means of judging of religion by itself, because it was so overlaid with superstitions that they could not distinguish it. Few had the knowledge requisite; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that heresies arose amid fruitless attempts at reformation, and that in casting off foul superstition many cast off pure faith.

In the hilly districts lying at the foot of the Pyrenean Mountains, on those mountains themselves, and in the valleys which intersect them, arose, at the end of the twelfth and the

beginning of the thirteenth century, a sect, called Albigenses, from the name of a small town in higher Languedoc, where some of their principal convocations were held, and whence many of their doctrines spread to the surrounding country. There would seem but little doubt that the schism originated in disgust at the superstitions and vices of the Roman Church, and that the doctrines of the first teachers of the sect were pure and scriptural; but there would appear as little doubt that, after a time, some few of the members of a body, which became large, were tainted by the Manichæan heresy. The question is a difficult one, as to how far these errors had gone; for religious fanaticism, party zeal, personal ambition, gross avarice, virulent revenge, and almost every evil passion of human nature, were called into action during the course of a long war; and every one brought its portion of falsehood to blacken and obscure the page of history.

The writers who have advocated the cause of the Albigenses, represent them as a perfectly pure and highly religious body of men. Those who have written against them, and it is from them, let us remark, that our principal accounts are derived, attribute to them every crime and every error that can disgrace humanity. The most moderate, perhaps, in his statements is William of Nangis, the monk of St. Denis, who accuses them of rejecting the supremacy and the decisions of the Church of Rome, avoiding all bodies of Christians in communion with that Church, denying or perverting the articles of faith, blaspheming against all religion, all worship, and all religious order, and against the piety of the Catholic Church, condemning all the human race except themselves and their conventicles, and turning the Church of the Catholics into ridicule. Through this charge we may, perhaps, see the spirit of the Roman Catholic monk, exaggerating the offenses of those who rejected the errors and superstitions of the Church of Rome. But others go much further; and the fiery Peter of Vaulx Cernay declares that the heretics of the higher Languedoc acknowledged two Gods, the benevolent and the malevolent deity, that they attributed the Old Testament to the second, and rejected it accordingly. Many other errors of the same kind he charges against the Albigenses; but he suffers to appear that the principal points of opposition to the Church of Rome, put forth by those whom he calls heretics, were the dogmas of that Church regarding transubstantiation, baptism, and the worship of images; and he clearly shows that there were various different sects among this people, some of whom

greatly exaggerated the doctrines maintained by others. Many of his accusations are so absurd as to be incredible.

The papal throne, at the time when attention was first called to the opinions of the Albigenses, was occupied by Innocent III., a man of considerable ability, but violent, unrelenting, and of unconquerable resolution. The King of France was the well-known Philip II., called Augustus; and the territories principally pervaded by the doctrines of the Albigenses were in the possession of various princely nobles, nominally vassals of the crown of France, but almost independent of that crown, the principal of whom was Raymond VI., count of Toulouse, nearly related to the King of France, who undoubtedly coveted his territories, or at least desired a more complete and perfect domination therein. The Viscount of Beziers and the Count of Foix also deserve notice, both from the extent of their possessions and the part they acted in the war which followed. The Count of Toulouse had married, in the first instance, Beatrice, sister of the Viscount of Beziers;* secondly, a daughter of the King of Cyprus; thirdly, Joan, queen of Sicily, sister of Richard Cœur-de-Leon. He was thus connected by marriage both with the Plantagenet monarchs of England, and with Otho, emperor of Germany, his wife's nephew, as he was also by birth with Philip Augustus, by his mother Constance, daughter of Louis the Fat. Joan of Sicily died in 1199, a very short time after her brother Richard; and Raymond, in the following year, entered into a fourth marriage with Eleanor, sister of Peter, king of Aragon, another royal alliance which was highly serviceable to him in the end.

Whether the Count of Toulouse had really embraced the doctrines of the Albigenses or not, certain it is that he showed them favor, and gave them protection; but this in itself was a crime in the eyes of the Church of Rome. The Arian heresy had always found favor in the territories of the Count of Toulouse; and it would seem that the conduct of the Roman Catholic bishops of his capital city had not done much to check the course of error; for Raymond of Rabastens, bishop in 1201, was notorious for simony and other vices, for which, in the end, he was condemned and deposed.

After a long series of disputes with Philip Augustus, after having placed the whole of France under interdict, and forced

* He is said to have been previously married to Ermesinda de Pelet, but of this fact I am not quite sure, nor do I find any record of this lady's fate.

even its great and politic monarch to bow before the power of the Church, Innocent III. turned his attention to the heresy of Languedoc, and at different times sent many distinguished churchmen to endeavor, by milder means than might have been expected from his character, to bring the people back to the bosom of the Romish Church. The chief of these missionaries, it would appear, was Arnaud, abbot of Citeaux, who set out from Rome accompanied by several other monks and clergymen, among whom was Peter of Castelnau, also a Bernardine monk of Citeaux, whom we find distinguished with the title of legate, as well as Arnaud himself and the brother Ralph, a third monk of the same order.

It would appear that the preaching of these reverend fathers was very nearly in vain; for though we find that they disputed in many places with the leaders of the sect, we are assured that they had done little or nothing for the conversion of the Albigenses previous to the year 1206. In that year, however, two new and zealous preachers were added to their number. Diego Azebes, bishop of Osma, or Uxama, in Old Castile, entertained the desire of resigning his bishopric, and proceeding to the Holy Land to preach the Gospel to the infidel. He accordingly set out for Rome, to lay his miter at the feet of the pope. But Innocent III. would not accede to his wishes, and, telling him that his services were still wanted at his post, sent him back to his diocese. As he returned from Rome, he met, in the neighborhood of Montpellier, the Abbot of Citeaux and his two companions, who, disgusted with their want of success, were about to give up their mission.

"Wherever they had attempted to preach," says Peter of Vaulx Cernay, "the heretics had objected to them the very wicked conduct of the clergy, adding, that if they would not mend their manners, they ought to abstain from preaching;" a curious admission from so furious a Romanist. In this conversation with the Bishop of Osma upon the circumstances in which they were placed, that prelate suggested to the legates a new line of conduct. He proposed that they should go among the Albigenses in a more modest and humble guise, that they should dismiss their numerous train and splendid equipage, and on foot, in all humility, teach the Word of God in the apostolic manner. The legates, it would seem, hesitated, alleging that this was a novelty which they could not undertake, unless somebody of greater dignity set the example. The good Bishop of Osma at once offered to do so; and sending the whole of his train into Spain, he set out upon his

mission with only one companion, a Spanish recluse of the name of Dominic, a gentleman of noble and ancient family in the diocese of Osma, who had been his faithful companion* in many previous journeys. It was now about the middle of the year 1206, and, accompanied by the two legates, Pierre de Castelnau and brother Ralph of Citeaux, the bishop and his Spanish companion, afterward the famous St. Dominic, went on to Montpellier, while the abbot returned to his abbey, in the marshes near the town of Nuits, in order to hold a general chapter of the order.

I need not trace the proceedings of these zealous men, who went from castle to castle and town to town, preaching to the Albigenses, and disputing publicly with their teachers. Suffice it to say, that, notwithstanding the assertions of some of the Roman Catholic chroniclers, they seem to have met with very little success.† At the town of Beziers, however, the Bishop of Osma found it necessary to advise Peter of Castelnau to leave him for a time, as it would appear that legate's violence had greatly irritated the people of the place, and his life was in danger. Although there can be no doubt that few men ever were commissioned to convert heretics who had a stronger inclination to use the most vigorous measures against them than St. Dominic himself, it would seem that either the authority and example of the Bishop of Osma acted as a restraint upon the virulence of the saint, or that Peter of Castelnau greatly exceeded the latter in energy; for we find that, in the year 1207, before a recourse to arms, fire, or torture had been thought of by others, he entertained the design of extirpating the heretics of the Narbonnoise, and sought the aid of the nobles of the country in executing his purpose. He was opposed by the unfortunate Count of Toulouse, who was not inclined to see his subjects slaughtered for their opinions; and the insolent monk lost all sense of decency and moderation, abused the prince in terms the most outrageous, and proceeded formally to excommunicate him, because he would not make peace, on terms dictated to him, with men who had shown themselves his inveterate enemies, and who were now

* Echard. Trivet.

† The Roman Catholic chroniclers contradict themselves continually. Peter of Vaulx Cernay declares, in one part of his history, that the legates converted all the people but a few at Carmaing, confounded the heretic teachers in half a dozen places, brought over all the lower orders at Pamiers; and then, a little further on, he admits that all their labors were of slender or no utility

leagued with the legate for the extermination of the Waldenses.

The temporary loss of the fiery assistance of Pierre de Castelnau was more than compensated to the Bishop of Osma and his two companions, Ralph and Dominic, by the arrival in Upper Languedoc of Arnaud, abbot of Citeaux, and twelve other Bernardine abbots, who spread themselves over the country, preaching and disputing with all their might. The bishop then retired for a time to his diocese in Castile, intending to return in the following spring to the field of his labors; but he was seized with illness in February, 1208, and died in Spain. The legate Ralph had preceded him to the tomb; twelve of the abbots returned to their monasteries at the end of three months, and only one remained, namely, the Abbot of Vaulx Cernay.

St. Dominic, on the departure of the Bishop of Osma, betook himself to the small town of Fanjaux, founded the Abbey of Prouille toward the end of the year 1207, and instituted the order of the preaching Friars, known as Dominicans or Jacobins.

Peter of Castelnau, in the mean time, after having visited his colleagues at Montreal, returned to the banks of the Rhone, where he spent some months in endeavoring to convert the Waldenses, and in thundering forth denunciations against the Count of Toulouse. But that prince at length summoned the Abbot of Citeaux and Peter of Castelnau to confer with him at the town of St. Giles, with the evident intention of seeking some means of accommodation. It is admitted, even by Innocent III., in his famous letter, that the count at first received the legate with reverence and courtesy; but violent disputes (at least so asserts the pontiff) soon arose between the prince and the fierce and vindictive monk. It is probable that the legate's demands and his manner were extravagant and overbearing; and it is certain that he strove to exact what Raymond of Toulouse indignantly refused to grant. The pope declares that the count, in his fury, menaced both the legates with death; and it is not at all unlikely that his language was threatening and violent.

Arnaud and Peter of Castelnau broke up the conference, each party more irritated with the other than before the interview; and, on the following day, Peter of Castelnau was killed by a gentleman attached to the Count of Toulouse.

Nothing can be more different than the history of this murder as told by Innocent, and the account of the anonymous

monk who composed the history of the war of the Albigenses, published by Don Vaissette. The pope, who rarely scrupled to accuse the objects of his wrath of all sorts of crimes, insinuates, though he does not assert, that Raymond of Toulouse commanded the murder to be committed. The historian, on the contrary, though strongly Catholic, and opposed to the Albigenses, tells, with apparent simplicity and good faith, a very different story. His account is as follows :

“ When the legate had sojourned certain days at St. Giles, it happened that Peter of Castelnau, above named, had some words and dispute upon the subject of the said heresy with a gentleman of Count Raymond's ; and the dispute went so far that, in the end, the said gentleman, the servant of Count Raymond, ran Peter of Castelnau through the body with a sword, and killed him, and made him die, which event and murder was cause of a great evil, as we will tell hereafter. Peter of Castelnau was buried at the cemetery of St. Giles ; and the legate, as well as all his company, was very much grieved and enraged at this murder and homicide. However, history tells us that, when the gentleman had committed the said murder, he fled to Beaucaire, to his friends and relations ; for if Count Raymond could have got him, he would have made of him such an example of justice and punishment that the legate would have been content ; for the said Count Raymond was so enraged and grieved at this murder having been committed by a man of his, that never was he so enraged at any thing in the world.”

Every action of Raymond, however, was misinterpreted by the legates and by the pope ; and the extravagance of the charges which they bring against him, as well as the violence of the language used, and the evident concealments practiced by the principal Roman Catholic historian of the crusade, Peter of Vaulx Cernay, throw great suspicion upon all their statements. It was from the Abbot of Citeaux, and the monks who accompanied him, that Innocent received a partial and distorted account of the death of Peter of Castelnau ; and the violent and domineering pontiff, who, in the course of his reign, fulminated no less than four interdicts against four different countries, at once had recourse to the most violent measures, and, affecting to look upon the heretics of Albi as infinitely worse than the Mohammedans of Spain and Syria, he ordered a crusade to be preached against the unfortunate people of the Toulousaine. Moreover, boldly announcing the horrible doctrine that no faith is to be kept with heretics, he declared the

territories of the count forfeited, absolved his subjects and vassals from their oaths of fidelity and homage, and called upon all who might desire to enrich themselves at the expense of a neighbor to rush into Languedoc and Provence, and seize, pillage, and keep the lands and lordships of Raymond of Toulouse.

This Christian prelate was, perhaps, right in looking upon the doctrines of the Albigenses, not, indeed, as more opposed to the Christian religion, but as more dangerous to the See of Rome than the tenets of the Koran; for we find that those doctrines, as stated by William of Puy-Laurens, in describing a dispute between the legates and the heresiarchs, were very much the same as those which were put forth by the Reformers, who afterward shook the fabric of the papal power to its foundation. It appears that, in the dispute at St. Real, Arnold of Otho, one of the teachers of the Albigenses, called the Romish Church and its doctrines "the church of the devil and the doctrines of demons;" proclaimed aloud that it was that Babylon mentioned in the Apocalypse as the mother of fornications and abominations; asserted that its ordination was neither good nor holy, nor established by the Lord Jesus; and contended that neither Christ nor the apostles had ever instituted the mass, as it was used in the Romish Church.

These were the doctrines publicly put forth by the ministers of the Albigenses, according to one of the least partial of the Romish historians; but, even from this statement, it can be easily understood why Innocent should determine upon exterminating so dangerous a sect by fire and sword.

No sooner had the Abbot of Citeaux received the letters of the pope, than he commenced the predication of the crusade, and summoned a great council to assemble at Aubenas, in the Vivarais. To all who took the cross was held out the inducement of complete absolution "for all their sins, from the day of their birth to the day of their death." To this was joined the expectation of pillage; and as the people of Europe were somewhat fond of plunder, and not disinclined to sin, immense numbers took the cross, and set out well-armed for an expedition which promised greater advantages and less dangers than a journey to the Holy Land.

Each man engaged himself for forty days; and though many stayed longer, many thought they had done enough when they had fulfilled the letter of the bond.

Communications had taken place between the holy see and the King of France; and Innocent exhorted Philip either to

march against the heretics himself, or to send his son. The French monarch, however, did not feel himself at all disposed to second the views of a fierce pontiff who had thwarted and humiliated him, and refused to take part in the war. He permitted, however, such of his subjects as thought fit to assume the cross to do so, and every day swelled the army of the crusaders. To distinguish these fanatics from those who were engaged to fight in the Holy Land, the cross was placed on the breast instead of on the shoulder; and a general rendezvous was given at Lyons, whence they were to march through Provence, and sweep the whole country at the foot of the Pyrenees, from the Rhone to the Garonne.

Alarmed at these immense preparations, Raymond of Toulouse, who had never professed himself of the sect of Albigenses, set out with his nephew, the Count of Beziers, and a large and formidable train, to present himself before the council at Aubenas, and claim to be heard in his own justification. Either from fear, policy, or conviction, he seems to have been sincerely disposed to reconcile himself with the Church of Rome, and even to put down the sect of heretics or Reformers in his territories; but the monks were not at all disposed to give him an opportunity of doing so. The council listened coldly to his remonstrance; and, in reply to his demand, that his conduct should be investigated, and his guilt or innocence established before any violent proceedings were taken against him, the legate refused to institute any inquiry, and referred him to Rome.

Thus rejected, the count and his nephew retired from the council, and set out for the town of Arles. As they went, they consulted what was to be done. The fiery Viscount of Beziers proposed to oppose force by force, seeing that they had nothing to hope from submission; but the Count of Toulouse, aware of the overwhelming number of the crusaders, determined to exhaust every means of conciliation before he had recourse to arms. A violent dispute ensued between uncle and nephew; and the latter, separating himself from the count, began the war by ravaging the territories of his relation.

In the mean time Raymond reached Arles, and summoned to council four of his personal friends, the Archbishop of Auch, the Prior of the Hospital, the Abbot of Condom, and the Lord of Rabestans. At his earnest entreaty, they agreed to set out for Rome and negotiate his reconciliation with the pope, while he remained at Arles, waiting impatiently for their return. Their mission was successful, though the conditions imposed

upon the count were very hard. Innocent agreed, by treaty, to receive Raymond into the bosom of the Church, as soon as he should have proved his innocence of the murder of Peter of Castelnau, upon the condition that he should, in the mean time, as security, give up to the Church seven of his largest and strongest castles. To these terms the count's envoys agreed: the treaty was drawn up and signed; an act of absolution was expedited by the holy see; and the envoys returned to the count, accompanied by two commissioners on the part of the pope, named Milo and Theodise, instructed to receive and hold the castles which were to be surrendered.

Hard as these terms were, Raymond received the envoys joyfully, and agreed to fulfill the conditions; but, if we are to believe even Peter of Vaulx Cernay, the legate Milo had secret and deceitful instructions from the pope to act entirely under the directions of the Abbot of Citeaux, against whom Raymond had already brought a charge of injustice and malevolence; and, besides the seven castles, the surrender of which had been agreed upon, Milo and Theodise, by the advice of the abbot and others, now demanded that the consuls of the towns of Nismes, Avignon, and St. Giles should swear that, if their lord the count refused to perform any of the commands of the legate, they would hold themselves free from their oath of homage toward him.

To this, also, the count consented; and the castles were given up into the hands of Theodise. The next act was, the public penance and reconciliation of the count with the Church. This was performed, apparently, in the beginning of the year 1209, in the great Church of St. Giles; and there can be no doubt that before it took place, Raymond had exculpated himself, to the satisfaction of the legate, from all share in the death of Peter of Castelnau; for that was the distinct condition upon which the pope's promise of absolution had been made. It must be remembered that, before the death of that personage, Raymond had been excommunicated for other offenses; and, therefore, the public penance which he performed had naught to do with the assassination of the legate, and was only intended for the glorification of the Church of Rome, and the abasement of a temporal prince beneath the sandal of the monk.

On a day appointed, all the relics of the Church of St. Giles were brought out into the porch, together with the host; and more than twenty archbishops and bishops assembled round the legate at the door. Immediately after, the count pre-

sented himself in his shirt, and swore upon the relics and the host to submit entirely to the holy Roman see. The legate then threw a stole over the neck of the count, and leading him thereby, as with a cord, conducted him to the grand altar, striking him with a small cane, after which he received absolution in form, and was considered as reconciled to the Church, although he was certainly never forgiven. His castles were still retained by the emissaries of the pope, although the period for their restoration had arrived; and it would appear that he was required to join the crusade in person, and lead the armies of the Church against the territories of his nephew.

Toward the end of summer in the same year, the crusaders assembled at Lyons in enormous numbers. The Duke of Burgundy, the Counts of Nevers, St. Paul, Auxerre, Poitiers, Forez, and Bar sur Seine, with a number of bishops and archbishops, and several of the greatest nobles of France, appeared at the rendezvous; but, before all the rest in zeal and fanaticism, was Simon, count of Montfort, l'Amaury, surnamed the Strong. These princes and prelates were followed by an army, the strength of which it is impossible to estimate, some historians stating that it numbered fifty thousand fighting men, and others making it amount to five hundred thousand. Let it be remarked, however, that this army varied continually in numbers, the engagement of each man being only for forty days, and large bodies falling away while other recruits poured in.

The immense force collected soon began to march on toward the city of Valence, menacing the territories of the Viscount de Beziers. That nobleman now became seriously alarmed, and hastened to meet the legate at Montpellier, in order, if possible, to avert the storm which menaced him. The proud monk, however, who viewed this unhappy gentleman with peculiar ill-will, rejected his submission with contempt; and the viscount, driven to despair, retired to Beziers, and called his friends and vassals to arms. They appeared in considerable numbers; and, with hope renewed, the viscount divided his forces into two parts; and, leaving the most experienced and best armed of the troops in Beziers, he retired with the rest of his army to Carcassonne. The inhabitants of Beziers, however, were highly indignant at his departure; and the result proved that those he left in command were unworthy of his confidence.

CHAPTER II.

THE ALBIGENSES.

THE richest and most beautiful district of France, perhaps of the whole world, surrounds the town of Beziers. Within a short distance of the sea, fertilized by the River Orbe, with a warm valley filled with gardens, vineyards, and fields, fertile in corn and in wine, and covered with olive-trees and mulberries, the whole scene is like the Garden of Eden, in the midst of which, on the summit of a gentle hill, with the river flowing at its foot, on one side commanding a view down the bright valley, and on the other catching a sight of the distant mountains, from the bosom of which the Orbe seems to pour forth, stands the town of Beziers, crowning the whole. Such is Beziers and its district now; and such, or even richer, was it when the army of the crusaders, moved by eager rapacity and fierce fanaticism, poured into that beautiful valley prepared to slaughter and destroy.

The anonymous cotemporary writer of the history of the war, who seems to have written with great care and much impartiality, declares that the army of the crusade was now swelled to the number of three hundred thousand men; but he explains this immense assemblage, which no other historian does. While the host was moving from Lyons and Montpellier, he says, another great army was raised in the West, near Agen, by the Count of Auvergne, with whom was associated the Bishop of Bazas and the Archbishop of Bordeaux, with two or three other prelates and noblemen. This force commenced its march through Quercy, in order to join the legate before the attack on Beziers, and on the way took two strong places named Puy Laroque and Chasseneuil. The first town was found without a garrison, and was immediately burned to the ground by the captors. The second had a strong citadel well garrisoned by Gascons, who held out resolutely, and in the end marched out, by capitulation, with arms and baggage. As soon as they were gone, the lords and bishops entered the town and commenced that course of atrocities which ran through the whole crusade, burning every man and woman whom they suspected of heresy.

This duty of their religion having been performed, they marched on and joined the army of the legate. This was not the only re-enforcement, however, that his host received; for the Bishop of Puy had raised a still larger force, and advanced with rapid marches, menacing the towns of Caussade and St. Antonine. This bishop, however, loved money better than blood; and the two heretic places purchased his abstinence by a very considerable donation. The inhabitants of the town of Villemur took fright at the reports from Chasseneuil and Laroque, and retired from their city by moonlight, as the armies approached, setting fire to the town in many places, so that it was entirely consumed.

As soon as it was known that the attack upon Beziers was intended, the bishop of that place, Renault of Montpellier, set out to meet the legate and intercede for the people of the town. He obtained permission to endeavor to bring the inhabitants to a treaty for the surrender of the place. The garrison and the citizens refused boldly to yield without resistance, and the bishop returned to the camp to communicate the failure of his mission. The legate, on hearing their resolution, took a very Christian oath, well suited to his character. He swore that he would not leave one stone upon another in Beziers, but would give the town up to fire and sword, sparing neither men, women, nor infants, and granting quarter to none. The bishop then pointed out that there were many Catholics in the town as well as heretics, and asked how they were to be distinguished in such a terrible execution.

"Kill all," replied the Abbot of Citeaux. "God knows his own."

The city was immediately invested and the tents pitched, for every one expected that the siege would be long. Some of the garrison, however, perceiving a knight ride vauntingly up to the very bridge over the Orbe, issued forth to meet him, and he was hurled, dead, into the river. This brought on an immediate assault of the walls. The immense multitude of the crusaders overpowered all resistance. Ladders and planks were brought forward; the ditch was passed, the ramparts scaled; and the blood-thirsty multitude poured into the town. "There took place," cries the historian, "the greatest massacre that ever was seen in the whole world; for they spared neither old nor young, not even sucking infants. They put them all to death."

As many of the unfortunate inhabitants as were able took

refuge in the great Church of St. Nazaire; and the priests promised to ring the bells when the slaughter in the streets had ceased. "But there came no sound of a bell in Beziers that day; for neither priest, though in his robes, nor clerk was left alive. All were put to the sword; not one escaped." "The town was pillaged; they set fire to it every where, so that it was devastated and burned as we see it at present. There was left nothing living within it." Such is the account of a steadfast Catholic; and well might he add, "It was a cruel vengeance!"*

From the ruins of Beziers, the host of the crusade advanced upon Carcassonne, into which the young viscount had thrown himself, and arrived under its walls on the day of St. Mary Magdalen. According to the system of that day, Carcassonne was strongly fortified; the garrison was numerous, and composed of veteran soldiers; and the people of the place, strongly attached to their lord and to the principles of the Albigenses, were resolute in their resistance. Many assaults were given without success. The suburbs were taken and destroyed; and yet no progress seemed to have been made. Sorties innumerable taught the besieging force the courage and determination of their adversaries; and the young viscount himself was ever the first in the field and upon the walls. It was now the end of August, however; the weather was intolerably hot; drought soon began to be felt in Carcassonne. An epidemic disease broke out, but the people declared that they would sooner perish by the terrible death of thirst than submit to the pitiless legate, and for many days the attack and defense were continued without much advantage on either side.

The superior lordship of Carcassonne was, we are assured, in Peter, king of Aragon, nearly allied to the young viscount. That monarch, therefore, hastened, as soon as he heard of the siege, to interpose between the legate and his relation; and, announcing that he did not intend to aid either party, was well received in the camp of the crusaders. All that he could

* I have taken my account of the storming of Beziers from the anonymous historian of the wars of the Albigenses. He was evidently a contemporary, as M. Guizot shows, and though not so copious in his dates as some others, more impartial, more sincere, and in many respects better informed. Peter of Vaulx Cernay is full of errors as to this part of the history, as well as of concealments of truth. He says that Beziers was taken on the day of St. Mary Magdalen, and that the slaughter took place in her church. It was taken several days before; and there never was a church dedicated to her in the town. The great church was that of St. Nazaire, and the other that of St. Felix. He apparently confounds the capture of Beziers with the siege of Carcassonne.

obtain from the council, however, was an offer to allow the viscount to march out with twelve of his companions, their arms and baggage, provided he left the city and its inhabitants to surrender at discretion. This offer was rejected by the young noblemen with honest indignation; and the king, applauding his resolution, left him to make the best defense he could.

The assault was renewed without success; and the legate, it would appear, then had recourse to cunning where force had failed. The succeeding transactions are very dark, and the statements very different; but I can not put faith in the accounts of Peter of Vaultx Cernay, whose insincerity is manifest. He says that a capitulation was entered into, by which the people were to be allowed to issue forth stripped to the shirt, while the viscount was to remain a prisoner in the hands of the crusaders. By his own account, however, very slight advantages had been gained in the attack of the town; and the statement of the anonymous historian of the war is much more credible. In the narrative of the latter, it is declared that a treacherous envoy was sent to negotiate with the young leader, and pledged his word to the viscount that, if he would visit the legate, he should be permitted to return in safety. No sooner, however, had Raymond Roger presented himself in the camp, than he was arrested; and the people of Carcassonne, finding that their lord had been made a prisoner, with many of his best officers, escaped from the town during the night by a subterraneous passage, which led them beyond the camp of the besieging army.

This historian shows an intimate local knowledge of all the places he mentions, which is quite wanting in the writings of both Vaultx Cernay and Puy Laurens. His style is simple and his impartiality extraordinary, considering his decided condemnation of the tenets of Albi and his admiration for St. Dominic. There are no miracles, no excuses for the excesses of one party or the other, and none of that scandalous suppression of the truth which, in Peter of Vaultx Cernay, is very remarkable, and amounts to actual falsehood. Upon his statements, therefore, we may rely with greater confidence than upon those of any other writer on these wars; and I entertain no doubt that his account of the fall of Carcassonne is substantially correct.

Certain it is, that the young Viscount of Beziers fell into the hands of the crusaders, and that he died in prison not long afterward. It was very generally rumored that his death was

violent, and a clear and impartial writer of modern times seems to think that there can be no doubt of the fact. The historian whom I have quoted above, however, distinctly denies that such was the case, though he notices the rumor, and asserts that the viscount died of dysentery, then very prevalent in the country.

In the mean time, a question was agitated, which had never yet presented itself to the crusaders. The possession of Carcassonne and Beziers, with several smaller places which had surrendered, gave the command of the whole viscounty to the leaders of the host. What was to be done with this territory, comprising one of the richest and most beautiful districts in France? The movable plunder in the two cities had been great; but the possession of the viscounty would imply onerous duties; and the legate and council of the crusade offered the territory to the Count of Nevers, and then to the Duke of Burgundy, in vain. Both those princes were anxious to return as speedily as possible to their own lands; and, on their refusal, the viscounty was offered to Simon, count de Montfort, who had greatly distinguished himself in the various attacks upon Carcassonne, and had also won honors in the Holy Land. He was, indeed, in all respects a very remarkable man, and sprung from a race, active, vigilant, and politic, which at various times furnished many an illustrious name to the roll of fame. He was above the ordinary height of men, with a handsome and commanding countenance, broad chest, long arms, and powerful limbs, combining the utmost strength and agility. To the corporeal qualities of the knight he added gifts of mind and peculiarities of character, which seemed to point him out for the station he was destined to fill. He was firm, shrewd, persevering, dauntless in circumstances of danger, fiery and yet thoughtful in battle. He was, moreover, ambitious, deceitful, and cruel, full of religious fanaticism, and utterly unscrupulous of the means which he took to advance either his personal interests, or to insure success to the cause he had espoused.

Such was the man to whom the viscounty of Beziers was now offered. He affected, at first, to decline, as the other great nobles had done; but means were speedily found to induce him to withdraw his refusal, though not, we are assured by Peter of Vaulx Cernay, till the legate had actually gone upon his knees to prevail upon him to accede. I do not mean to say that I believe this story; but it is in character with the general extravagance of that historian's statements.

The war was now greatly changed its aspect. Its religious tinge was not, indeed, altogether lost; but the personal ambition of Simon de Montfort infused into it a new spirit. It may henceforth be looked upon as a war for his aggrandizement, in which he fought the neighboring princes with the arms of religious fanatics, and encouraged in others the superstitious zeal which he himself felt, as much to advance his own interests as to insure the triumph of the Church.

It is a very common thing for robbers to quarrel about the spoil.

The crusading nobles could be looked upon only as brigands, although they bore a cross upon the breast. They had attacked a nobleman, against whom no crime was proved. They had pillaged his territories, taken his cities, and slaughtered his subjects by thousands, without discrimination or investigation, and without any lawful authority. Disputes now arose among them; and it is clear that the gift—made, in reality, by the legate—of the viscounty of Beziers to the Count de Montfort, was the immediate cause of these dissensions. The Count of Nevers, the Duke of Burgundy, and an immense number of the crusading nobles, announced their intention of immediately abandoning the crusade; and the disputes between Nevers and Burgundy went so far, that great fears were entertained lest the two princes should kill each other in the camp. De Montfort and the legate, frightened at the defection, labored earnestly to persuade their companions to remain, and were successful with the Duke of Burgundy and some of the nobles of Germany and Lorraine. The Count of Nevers, however, and a great number of others, marched away, instigated, we are assured, by the devil, which we have no reason to doubt; for as the devil certainly brought them there, it is very probable that he took them back again.

The Duke of Burgundy and the Count de Montfort, with the forces which still remained, marched out of Carcassonne, after a few days' rest, in order to obtain possession of the towns and castles of the viscounty, which still held out against them. Some of these were of considerable importance, as Minerve, Termes, and Cabaret; but many other small towns, terrified at the excesses committed by the crusaders, submitted at once without resistance; and others were abandoned by their inhabitants, and were found vacant on the approach of the army. Such was the case with Fanjaux, where St. Dominic had established himself.

The inhabitants of Castres invited De Montfort to their

town ; but he could not set his foot in any place without displaying the spirit of persecution which animated him ; and a very fair specimen of its operation is afforded by a transaction which took place in Castres. Among other heretics brought before the count and the legate, were a teacher and his neophyte. The unhappy young man, seeing the preparations for burning himself and his master, declared his readiness to abandon the doctrines which he had not yet fully imbibed, and submit himself entirely to the Church. A great dispute then arose between the crusaders present, as to whether he ought to be burned or not ; and it was decided by De Montfort in favor of the burning, for the following reasons. "If he be really converted," said the religious count, "the fire will serve as an expiation for his sins ; and, if he is deceiving us, it will be a just punishment."

The young man, however, was saved by a miracle, we are seriously informed, the flame which consumed his companion only serving to burn the cords which bound him and the tips of his fingers. This, if it was true, and if it was miraculous, clearly showed that Heaven did not approve of the summary proceedings of the Count de Montfort.

Before the end of the year, De Montfort and the legate, while still aided by the Duke of Burgundy, carried on their excursions on various sides, trenching on the territories of the Count of Toulouse in one direction, and on those of the Count of Foix on the other. It would be tedious to tell all the places they attacked and took, or of which they obtained possession by menaces ; but it is quite clear that they did not confine their operations to the viscounty of Beziers.

Raymond of Toulouse, in order to save his territories from spoliation, had been driven by the Church to take the cross, and to lead the armies of the legate against the territories of his nephew. Passion, also, might have some share in his conduct ; for, as I have shown before, the young viscount had commenced by levying war upon his uncle. The count, however, had soon cause to regret the fatal mistake he had made. The only chance of security left to any of the suspected princes, after the preaching of the crusade, lay in firm combination for resistance ; and they ought to have known that no such things as mercy or justice exist in a religious war.

After the fall of Carcassonne, it appears that, trusting to the absolution of the pope, and suspecting the ambition of De Montfort, Raymond proposed to the latter, when he had accepted the viscounty of Beziers, to dismantle the fortresses

upon the frontier of that district, and upon that of his own county of Toulouse, justly observing that otherwise the garisons might enter into disputes, which might lead to serious consequences. He even proceeded to act upon this plan, and threw down several castles of his own on the marches of Toulouse and Beziers.

We do not find, however, that De Montfort did the same ; and his invasion of territories belonging either to Raymond himself or to his neighbors and allies, showed the unfortunate prince what he was to expect when the leader of the crusade was firmly established in his new possessions. From Carcassonne, Raymond had retired to Toulouse, watching the proceedings of De Montfort and the legate with doubt and jealousy ; but his ambitious neighbor soon displayed his purposes in a more clear and definite manner. Vague charges of heresy were spread abroad regarding the Count of Foix ; and hardly was De Montfort firmly established in possession of the viscounty, ere he wrote imperious letters to both the neighboring counts, telling them, that if they did not immediately come to some accommodation with him, he was determined to fall upon them. Letters to the same effect, it would appear, were written to the inhabitants of Toulouse, in which city De Montfort had many agents among the priesthood.

The Count of Toulouse replied, that as to himself, his people, and his territory, he had no question to settle with the Count de Montfort, or the legate either ; that he had made his peace with the pope, and had shown the terms, agreed upon in writing, to the legate, with whom he did not propose to enter into any other arrangements than those which he had made with the sovereign pontiff. He bade the messengers, also, inform the count and the legate that, since they seemed determined to harass him and strip him of his territories, he was determined to go in person to Rome, and lay his cause before the holy father, Innocent.

The Count of Foix was apparently less resolute than even Raymond of Toulouse. He agreed to give up his youngest son to De Montfort, till such time as he should have justified himself from the charge of heresy brought against him by the legate.

It would appear, however, that Raymond's determination to visit Rome gave great uneasiness to his enemies ; and fresh difficulties and dangers were preparing for De Montfort, who had yet to learn how slippery are the steps of ambition's ladder, and how short-lived is the effect of terror in producing

submission. Before the end of the year, De Montfort had possessed himself of Alzonne, Fanjaux, Castres, Lombers, Pamiers, Saverdun, and Mirepoix, and carried his arms even to Albi itself. On the other hand, he had in vain besieged Cabaret; but he had gained Saisac, had bought the surrender of Limoux, and laid siege to Preissan, a town belonging to the Count de Foix, which, after it had made a gallant resistance, that nobleman weakly surrendered to him, at the same time that he gave his son as a hostage. In all these places the most horrible cruelties were committed by order of the count and the legate. Multitudes of men, women, and children were burned alive or hanged; and the records which we find in different Roman Catholic authors are such as the following :

“ He took several castles which resisted the holy Church, and hanged, of good right, many of their inhabitants upon gibbets, which they had well merited.”*

“ The besieged, wearied out with a long siege, having fled during the night, were stopped by our guards, who cut the throats of as many as they could find.”†

“ The Count Simon, having thus taken the castle, caused the above-named Aimeri, a notable nobleman, to be hanged upon a gibbet; also a small number of knights. The other nobles, with some who had mixed among them in the hope that the knights would be spared, to the number of about eighty, were put to the sword; and, lastly, some three hundred heretics, burned in this world, were thus given over by him to the eternal fire; and Guiraude, the lady of the chateau, cast into a well, was there crushed down with stones.”‡

“ Under a color of heresy, they (the legate and the Count de Montfort) pillaged and destroyed the poor country, so that it was sad to see all the evil and the damage that they did.”§

Oppression and butchery had passed the point at which they excite fear, and had roused the spirit of vengeance and resistance. The first check received by De Montfort came from the King of Aragon. That prince held, under homage to the King of France, or, as some contend, without such homage, the superior lordship of Carcassonne and Montpellier; and feeling that the donation of the former city by the legate and the council of crusaders was invalid without the recog-

* Peter of Vaulx Cernay.

† William of Nangis.

‡ Puy Laurens.

§ History of the War of the Albigenses. Dom Vaissette, *Histoire de Languedoc*, tom. i

dition of the King of Aragon, De Montfort was exceedingly anxious to be admitted to do homage for his new possessions. Peter of Aragon met him at Narbonne, and even journeyed with him in a friendly manner to Montpellier; but he would in no manner recognize De Montfort's title to the viscounty, and positively refused to receive him to homage.

The count's absence from Carcassonne, in the mean time, had been the signal for a general revolt in the territories of Beziers; and even some of his most trusted friends had risen against him. The Duke of Burgundy had retired from the crusade; winter was coming on; and the troops, on which he had relied, had, for the most part, abandoned him to return to their own homes. The people of the country had taken advantage of the favorable moment. Castres and Lombers had risen against the garrisons which De Montfort had left in those places, had made prisoners both soldiers and knights, and were prepared for vigorous resistance. The Count of Foix, seeing the daily encroachments of the adversary, had broken the truce, retaken the Castle of Preissan, and made an attack upon Fanjaux. Amaury, lord of Mont Real, whose town had fallen into the hands of De Montfort, it would appear, by treachery, regained possession of the place. The two commanders, whom the count had left in Saissac, in making a treacherous attack upon Cabaret, a fortress belonging to the Count of Toulouse, were surprised by the old captain of the latter place, named Peter Roger,* with a force of only forty men, and completely defeated. Only one man, it is said, escaped alive from the field; and only one, Bouchard de Marly, was made prisoner. Two brother knights, Amaury and William of Pissiac, were besieged in a castle near Carcassonne, and made prisoners; and one of De Montfort's favorite officers, named Gerard de Pepieux, had revolted against him, in consequence of a private quarrel, and displayed more active animosity toward him than any other of his enemies.

Peter of Vaulx Cernay conceals the cause of this nobleman's indignation; but we find from other sources that some of the immediate attendants of De Montfort had murdered a dear friend of Gerard de Pepieux; and there is reason to suppose that the count at first refused to do justice upon them, though he afterward, in the same humane spirit which characterized all his actions, seized upon the actual murderer and caused him to be buried alive. However that might be, De Pepieux, gathering as many men together as he could, at-

* He was a relation of the Viscount de Beziers.

tacked the Castle of Puiserguier, within two leagues of Beziers, took it, and made prisoners of all the garrison. We are assured, upon very doubtful authority, that he promised the knights who were there, not only to spare their lives, but to convey them in safety to Narbonne. The count, however, hastened with his forces toward the place, in the hope of recovering it before Gerard was prepared. De Pepieux, brought up in a school of cruelty, the lessons of which he had learned too well, cast all the common prisoners into the ditch of the tower, and threw straw, fire, and stones upon them. He then retreated to Minerve, taking two knights prisoners with him; and, immediately after his arrival, he put out their eyes, cut off their noses, ears, and upper lips, and turned them out in this state to find their way back to De Montfort. Such was the lamentable state of the count's affairs toward the close of the year 1209.

Hitherto the Count of Toulouse had taken no active part in opposition to De Montfort and the legate, although they had evidently encroached upon his territories, and sought pretexts of quarrel against him. Their intention of stripping him of his lands, however, was so evident that he proceeded in haste to execute his resolution, not only of seeking justice from the pope, but of demanding in person aid from his friends and allies. He accordingly set out for the court of Philip Augustus, who had as yet afforded no assistance to the crusaders, and on whom their near relationship gave some claim to Raymond of Toulouse. The count was received with great kindness by the king, with whom he found many of those who had joined in the crusade. The Duke of Burgundy, the Count of Nevers, and the Dowager Countess of Champagne, sister of his deceased wife, were present; and from the latter he met with every mark of affection and regard. It does not appear that Philip of France absolutely promised him any assistance; but his friendship and countenance was in itself of use; and it is probable that the report made by Raymond, and confirmed by the other crusading princes, of the conduct of De Montfort and the legate, roused the jealousy, if not the anger of the French monarch. Such feelings might, perhaps, have been cultivated profitably by the Count of Toulouse; but he shortly after committed a mistake which lost to him forever the favor of Philip Augustus.

Furnished with letters to the pope, from the King of France and the crusading princes, Raymond then hurried to Rome, taking with him one of the chief men (called Capitou¹) of

Toulouse, to bear witness of his conduct since his reconciliation with the Church. It would appear that some days passed before he could obtain admission to the sovereign pontiff; for De Montfort and the legate, as politic as they were cruel, maintained a man named Robert of Mauvoisin as their agent at the court of Rome, one of whose duties was to keep up every sort of evil impression in the mind of the pope against the unfortunate Count of Toulouse. At length, however, an audience was granted; and Raymond presented himself before Innocent and the cardinals, justified his conduct at large, appealed to the testimony of the witness he had brought with him, and warmly accused the legate and the Count of Montfort of fabricating calumnies to cover the injustice of their ambitious proceedings.

The appeal was not made in vain. Innocent himself was moved, and his knowledge of human nature convinced him there was much truth in the simple statement of the count. How far he went in judging his cause is somewhat doubtful; but it is stated by a contemporary historian that he investigated the case fully, personally heard the count in confession, gave him absolution in the most formal manner, and, on his departure, presented him with a ring from his own hand, and a rich mantle of great value.

The companions and confederates of the legate state these transactions very differently; but as it is clear that De Montfort and the Abbot of Citeaux determined not to act upon any instructions from Rome in favor of the Count of Toulouse, and misinterpreted the letters they received, it was very natural that their scribe should be instructed to put forth their view of the case. It is clear, however, beyond all doubt, that Innocent wrote monitory letters to the legate, warning him not to begin hostilities against the Count of Toulouse, to proceed with greater circumspection in his war against the heretics, and to consult the French nobility and prelates as to the best means of accomplishing the pacification of the country. He also expressed his disbelief of the charges brought against the Count of Toulouse, and clearly showed a favorable disposition toward him.

On his way back from Rome, Raymond committed one of the many indiscreet acts with which his memory is charged, and went to visit the Emperor Otho for the purpose of requesting succor and support from him. It is true that Otho was his superior lord for the county of the Venaissin, and was consequently bound to give him assistance in case of an attack

being made upon that territory. Raymond might also think that no blame could be attributed to him for visiting the nephew of his deceased wife Joan. But Philip Augustus was the personal and inveterate enemy of the emperor; and Otho had already entered upon a course of hostilities against the Roman see, which led to his excommunication, by a council held at Rome in November of the same year. This imprudent step deprived Raymond of all countenance from the King of France; and, although it could not annul the pope's absolution, it certainly rendered that pontiff indifferent, if not hostile, in the subsequent dissensions between the count and his enemies.

To the admonitions of the pope, the legate and the Count de Montfort seem to have paid very little attention. They published every where that the pope had repelled, and treated with scorn and contempt, the appeal of the Count of Toulouse. They induced the pope's legates in Provence to reject the application of the count to purge himself of all the crimes of which they accused him, in a solemn council held at St. Giles, and prompted them to refuse to deliver up to him the seven strong places which he had given as security.*

* To give the reader some idea of the infamous knavery of these men, I will state the particulars of this transaction as they are given by their great advocate, Peter of Vaulx Cernay, one of the actors in the crusade, and nephew to one only second in cunning and fanaticism to the Abbot of Citeaux. After stating that the Count of Toulouse, on his return from Rome, had demanded, according to his agreement with the pope, to purge himself of the imputation of having murdered Peter of Castelnau, and of entertaining heretical opinions before the Bishop of Rieg (sometimes written Reggio) and the pope's envoy Theodise, he goes on to say, that Theodise, coming to Toulouse, had a secret conference with the Abbot of Citeaux, touching the admission of the count so to clear himself. "Now Master Theodise," he continues, "a man full of circumspection, and foresight, and solicitude for the affairs of God, desired nothing so much as to be able lawfully to prevent the count from justifying himself as had been prescribed to him, and he searched for all means of doing so." The historian then goes on to say that Theodise saw that, if the count were permitted to do so, it would be all over with the Church in those countries. "While he tormented himself with these apprehensions, and deliberated thereon, the Lord opened to him a way of getting out of the difficulty, by hinting to him in what manner he might refuse to allow the count to justify himself. Accordingly, he had recourse to letters of our lord the pope, in which, among other things, the sovereign pontiff said, 'We will that the Count of Toulouse should fulfill our commands.' Now there were several laid upon the count, such as to expel the heretics from his territories, to abandon the new tolls of which we have spoken, and many other injunctions which he had failed to accomplish." We are then informed that, having arranged all this plan with his iniquitous companions, Theodise and the

This council was held toward the end of September, 1210; but, in the mean time, various important events had taken place in Languedoc, which it is necessary to notice.

The influx of crusaders had totally ceased during the winter, and Simon de Montfort was unable to do any thing of importance. His forces, however, always formed the nucleus of an army which was sure to be swollen by immense numbers of volunteers as soon as the fine weather set in. The first auxiliaries which arrived in the spring of 1210 were brought to him by his wife. Many more followed, and the war was immediately renewed. Several small places were recovered which had been retaken by De Montfort's adversaries during the autumn of the preceding year, and the same horrible cruelties were exercised which disgraced his arms wherever they were successful. The Castle of Brom was taken after a siege of three days, and a hundred soldiers who were found therein were shockingly mutilated by the orders of this sanguinary barbarian. Their noses were cut off, and the eyes of all of them torn out, with one exception. A single individual had one eye left uninjured, in order that he might lead the others to the town of Cabaret.

De Montfort's flatterer, Vaulx Cernay, declares that he was the mildest of men; but the horrible spirit which animated the crusaders is more plainly shown by their awful blasphemies than even by the excesses they committed. We meet continually such expressions as "Christ and the Count de Montfort," "God and Simon de Montfort;" and, after narrating the brutal act of cruelty I have just mentioned, De Vaulx Cernay proceeds to say, "From that moment the Lord, who seemed to have gone to sleep for a little, waking up to the assistance of his servants, showed manifestly that he was acting on our side."

The war was next carried on furiously against the Count of Foix, but apparently without success. The whole country, however, was ravaged by the forces of De Montfort and the

Bishop of Rieg, "in order not to appear to molest the count or do him wrong, held a council at the town of St. Giles, and allowed him to appear to clear himself; but the moment that Raymond began to prove his innocence of the death of the legate and of the crime of heresy, Theodise stopped him, saying that his justification could not be heard, inasmuch as he had in no degree accomplished what had been enjoined him, according to the orders of the sovereign pontiff." The count, we are assured, was so moved by the incessant persecution of these men, that he actually shed tears; and the council proceeded, in defiance of the pope's absolution, to excommunicate him on the spot.

legate, till a truce was obtained for the Count of Foix by the intercession of the King of Aragon.

One of the most remarkable events of the campaign of 1210 was the siege of the strong town and castle of Minerve, situated in the gorges of the Pyrenees, in a situation almost impregnable by any of the means then known. The attack began toward the end of June, in the midst of the great heats of summer; but the military engines of De Montfort and his companions did little damage to the fortifications, and the siege promised to be long and troublesome, especially as the garrison and the commander were known to be men of courage and resolution. Unfortunately, however, they had been wanting in forethought. Water and provisions failed, and William of Minerve proposed to capitulate. He went out himself, under a safe-conduct, to confer with De Montfort; and it would appear the terms of a treaty were actually arranged, when the legate, the Abbot of Citeaux, interfered, and all that followed is enveloped in darkness and falsehood.

We discover, however, from the admissions of Vault Cernay, that a base treachery was practiced. He admits that the Abbot of Citeaux desired very much that those whom he calls the enemies of Christ should be put to death, and he goes on to say, "Thinking, then, in what manner he could get rid of the compromise which had been entered into between the count and the said William, he ordered each of them to draw up the capitulation in writing; and he did this, in order that, if the conditions put down by one displeased the other, they might go back from the engagements they had made."

This detestable piece of knavery succeeded. De Montfort, probably, prompted by the legate, refused to acknowledge the terms put down by his adversary, and told him to go back and defend himself as best he could. The Abbot of Citeaux then dictated other terms, by which it was agreed that all persons should be allowed to leave the fortress in safety, upon condition that the heretics renounced their heresy, and submitted entirely to the Romish Church. William of Minerve had no choice but to accept these conditions, or to return and defend a town where the people were dying in crowds for want of water.

The place accordingly surrendered, and then the slaughter began. The choice of apostasy or fire was given to the unfortunate Albigenses. A great number preferred martyrdom to the renunciation of their faith. An immense fire was prepared before the gates of the citadel, and the Count de Mont-

fort and the monks exhorted the people to be converted, and live. According to the testimony of one of their most inveterate enemies, these exhortations had no effect. "Neither was there any need, in truth," says the monkish writer, "for our people to carry them to the fire; for, obstinate in their wickedness, all cast themselves joyfully into the flames."

It appears that there were many women among them; and three of these were saved, actually out of the fire, by a lady who was with the crusading host. A hundred and eighty, or more, were thus burned altogether.

The next siege undertaken was that of the town of Termes; and during the operations several large bodies of crusaders arrived to swell the army of De Montfort, among whom were the Bishops of Chartres and Beauvais, and the Counts of Dreux and Ponthieu, together with a large party of Bretons. Notwithstanding a gallant defense, and the constant efforts of the garrison of Cabaret to assist their companions in Termes, the garrison was at length reduced to such a state of distress, both by the engines of the enemy and the want of water, that the commander saw it would be impossible to hold out much longer. In the mean time, however, violent disputes broke out among the crusaders; and the Counts of Ponthieu and Dreux, with the Bishop of Beauvais, retired from the camp of De Montfort, in spite of every remonstrance. Before this time, however, the garrison had commenced a parley with the besiegers; but a great quantity of rain falling in the night revived their courage, and they soon perceived that the number of assailants was greatly diminished. Almost any terms were now offered to them; but the Bishop of Chartres also departed, and De Montfort was left with the Bretons, a body of Germans, and his own troops to carry on the siege.

The intemperance of the people of the garrison, however, changed a blessing into a curse. The unexpected supply of water seemed to them inexhaustible; and, quenching their thirst with large draughts, they brought on a pestilential dysentery, of which so many died that the rest took flight and abandoned the place during the night, retreating across the mountains into Catalonia. The greater part escaped; but the commander of the place, named Raymond de Termes, foolishly returned, when almost in safety, remembering that he had left some valuables behind him, and fell into the hands of the Count de Montfort, who, contrary to his usual custom, contented himself with keeping him in captivity.

The fall of Termes and Minerve, two of the strongest places

in the whole district, brought about the surrender, without bloodshed, of many other castles and towns, so that De Montfort and the legate were once more in possession of the whole viscounty of Beziers, a large part of the diocese of Albi, and a portion of the county of Foix. Many excursions were made in different directions by De Montfort and his partisans, who went about the country, to use an expression of his celebrated historian, "burning innumerable heretics with great joy and satisfaction."

It is to be remarked, that during all this time the Count of Toulouse was not only an obedient son of the Church, submitting to its most iniquitous exactions without other recourse than an appeal to the pope, but also was on terms of nominal alliance with De Montfort and the legate, endeavoring to avert the execution of their purposes against his territories by any means rather than by arms. In these transactions he showed, indeed, great weakness; and although he knew his enemies, was well aware of their falsehood and treachery, and clearly saw their ultimate purposes (which were, indeed, but too evident), he nevertheless did many things to conciliate them, and at one time placed his capital almost at their command. This was brought about, it would appear, by the intrigues of one of the most cunning, deceitful, and treacherous of the Romish prelates, Fulk, bishop of Toulouse, whom the historian of the war, though a steadfast Catholic himself, does not scruple more than once to call "the accursed bishop."

Shortly after Raymond's return from Rome, buoyed up with hopes by the pope's reception and the absolution he had received, he gave way to his natural lightness and gayety of character, and yielded himself with little reserve to the guidance of the bishop, who easily persuaded him that some new concession to the legate, which would give him security against the heretics, was all that was needful to turn away his malevolence, and render the count and himself the most perfect friends in the world. De Montfort and the legate were brought to Toulouse for a day or two, were splendidly entertained by the count; and in the end the legate declared, we are informed, that not only would he be perfectly satisfied with the sincerity of the count, but would do every thing in his power to defend him against all enemies, if he would but put him in possession of the Castle of Narbonnois, the strongest defense of Toulouse. The count, without consulting any one, and perhaps under the influence of wine, consented to this proposal, and gave up the castle to his enemy, the legate, who immediately

took possession, and placed a garrison therein, much to the horror and indignation of the people of Toulouse.

The date of this act I can not clearly discover; but it probably took place some time previous to the Council of St. Giles.

To the after-conduct of the Bishop of Toulouse, I must refer presently; but, in the mean time, it will be needful to follow the proceedings of the count himself till such time as he was actually driven to take arms in his own defense.

More than one meeting, it would appear, took place between Raymond and the legate of a private and informal character; and we find from a letter of the citizens of Toulouse to the King of Aragon, that at one of these conferences, to which the count had gone at the express invitation of the legate, De Montfort fell upon him with a body of armed men and endeavored to take him prisoner, chasing him for the distance of more than a league.

The King of Aragon interposed more than once in order to bring about peace. Another council was held at Narbonne early in 1211, where nothing was decided, the legate offering to restore to the count all those possessions which had been unjustly detained from him, but upon conditions the exact nature of which we do not know, but which must have been very severe, for the citizens of Toulouse informed the King of Aragon that their count had offered to put the whole of his territories in the power of the legate, with the exception of Toulouse; life, lands, and the descent of his property to his children being guaranteed to him by the Church. This, however, was refused by the legate. Certain it is, the Council of Narbonne produced no result; and Raymond set off for his own territories in haste, fearing for his personal safety.

As soon as the legate found that he was gone, he dispatched messengers after him, and also letters to the King of Aragon, commanding them both, in a somewhat haughty tone, to present themselves at Arles, where he intended to hold another council. Both the princes obeyed, but probably took with them a sufficient train to insure them against danger. There is reason to believe, however, that Raymond only went at the request of the King of Aragon.

It does not appear that the Count of Foix was present at Arles, although he had gone to the council at Narbonne with as little advantage as the Count of Toulouse. In both these assemblies a new legate appeared in the person of the Bishop of Uzez, who was commissioned to act with the Abbot of Cîteaux, probably in the expectation that he might moderate

the rancor of the latter. But at Arles the two most virulent enemies of Raymond, Theodise, who possessed his castles in the name of the Church, and Fulk, bishop of Toulouse, added their malice and cunning to the violence and knavery of the Abbot of Citeaux, so that the Bishop of Usez, had he been disposed to be moderate, would have had but little power in the council.

When Raymond and the King of Aragon proceeded, after their arrival at Arles, to visit the legate, he treated them with the most contemptuous haughtiness, told them to go back to their lodging till he sent for them, and commanded them not to stir from Arles without permission of the council. The assembly debated secretly, we are assured, upon what was to be done in the case of the Count of Toulouse; and a violent and extravagant resolution was come to, which could only have the effect (for which, in all probability, it was intended) of driving the count into open resistance. As soon as the decision of the council was formed, it was notified to the count, in private, by a deputy from the assembly.

"They did not dare to declare it in public audience," says the historian of the war, "for fear of a rising of the people;" for they knew that this resolution was against God and good conscience. Its import was as follows:

"Imprimis, that the count shall send away immediately all those who have come to aid and succor him, or shall come for that purpose, without retaining a single one.

"Item, that he shall be obedient to the Church, make reparation for all the evil and damage which she has received from him, and shall submit to her orders as long as he lives, without any opposition.

"Item, that in all his territories there shall only be eaten two sorts of meat.

"Item, that the Count Raymond shall expel and cast out of his lands all heretics and their allies.

"Item, that the said count shall give and deliver into the hands of the legate and the Count de Montfort, to do with them according to their will and pleasure, each and every one of those persons whom they shall declare and specify, and that before the expiration of a year.

"Item, that throughout all his territories, no one, whether of the nobility or the lower classes, shall wear any rich vestments, but merely common black stoles.

"Item, that he shall cast down and demolish, level with

the earth, without leaving any part thereof, all the castles and places of defense throughout his territories.

“Item, that no gentleman or nobleman of the country shall inhabit any town or place,* but shall live without in the fields, as do the peasantry.

“Item, that throughout all his territories there shall be no more tolls or customs, except those which used to be paid and levied by ancient usage.

“Item, that every head of a house shall pay each year to the legate, or to those he shall charge to receive it, four deniers of Toulouse.

“Item, that the count shall restore all that he shall have received from the revenues of his land, and all the profits he shall have had from it.†

“Item, that when the Count de Montfort shall ride through his lands or territories, or any of his people, whether great or small, people shall demand nothing from him for what he shall take, nor resist him in any thing whatsoever.

“Item, that when the Count Raymond shall have done and performed all the above, he shall go over the sea to make war upon the Turks and infidels, in the order of St. John, and not return till the legate shall tell him.

“Item, that when he has done and accomplished all the above, his lands and lordships shall be restored and given up to him by the legate or the Count de Montfort, *when it shall please them.*”

This was a test of faith and trial of patience which Raymond of Toulouse had not strength to endure. On hearing the terms offered, he first burst into a fit of laughter, and then showed the paper to the King of Aragon, his brother-in-law, saying,

“So much for you.”

Without taking leave of the legate or the council, the two princes immediately quitted Arles; and Raymond, from that moment, prepared for war.

* I suppose this must allude to fortified towns or places.

† This passage is very obscure; but I render it as well as I can.

CHAPTER III.

THE ALBIGENSES.

WHILE negotiations had been going on between the Count of Toulouse, the King of Aragon and the Count of Foix on the one hand, and the legates, De Montfort, and the bishops on the other, the Bishop of Toulouse had been laboring diligently to create a party in the city itself against the count, and had filled it with strife and confusion. From the account of Puy Laurens, it would seem that he had so far succeeded in his object as to induce a number of persons to form a brotherhood, or, as we should call it now, a club, to destroy the heretics. To these he gave the sign of the cross; but they very soon came to blows with their fellow-Catholics of the great suburb of St. Cyprian, who instituted a rival brotherhood; and fights frequently took place both on foot and on horseback; "for," says the fanatic Romanist who writes, "the Lord had come, by the said bishop his servant, to bring among them not a fatal peace, but a salutary sword."

The bishop himself, however, did not seem so well pleased with the result of his own exertions; and the detail of what took place is given in simple but striking language by the inhabitants of Toulouse themselves, in a letter to the King of Aragon. After representing that they, the citizens of the town, were sincere Catholics, and had done every thing which could be reasonably demanded of them to prove their orthodoxy, they show how the Abbot of Citeaux had continued to persecute them, notwithstanding their appeals to the pope, and the pope's express commands to the contrary. They suffer, however, some curious facts to appear regarding the worthy abbot's motives. They had promised, they say, to pay him a thousand livres, in aid of the proceedings against perverse heretics and for the support of the Holy Church. Upon this, the abbot consented to receive them to grace and favor, and recognized the whole inhabitants of the city of Toulouse, town and suburb, as true Catholics and legitimate sons of the holy mother Church; and in presence of the whole town, of Fulk, bishop of Toulouse, of many other ecclesiastics of the diocese, and of the Bishop of Usez, he, the legate, solemnly gave them

his benediction. When, however, they had paid five hundred livres of the sum promised, certain dissensions having arisen among the inhabitants, they did not pay the remaining five hundred, because they could not collect the sum till tranquillity was re-established. For that cause only, and without imputing to them any other fault, the legate excommunicated the magistrates immediately, and placed the whole town under interdict.

“After having supported for some time an impudent act of injustice,” says the letter of the citizens, they humbled themselves afresh, and gave hostages to the legate for their submission, who chose out for that office the most important men of the town, and sent them to the city of Pamiers to be kept there by Simon de Montfort.

They there remained from mid-lent till the month of August; and in the mean time took place the siege of Lavaur, at which both the two brotherhoods of the town assisted, in spite of the remonstrances and opposition of the count, who was now fully aware of the intentions of the legate and De Montfort toward him, and was eagerly preparing, with all his friends and allies, for vigorous and determined resistance.

The town of Lavaur, situated on the River Agout, in its course from the mountains toward the Tarn, at an equal distance from Albi and Toulouse, and now renowned for the quantity and the quality of the silk produced in its environs, was at that period famous as one of the principal places in the hands of the Albigenes, the members of which sect were exceedingly numerous within its walls.

The crusading army, swelled by an immense influx of pilgrims during the spring of 1211, was in the first instance destined to act against Cabaret, which had continually impeded its previous proceedings; but the commander in that town, seeing that resistance was hopeless if attacked in the early part of the year, made his peace with De Montfort in the end of March or beginning of April, and gave up the castle with its territories, upon the condition of receiving other lands of equal value. De Montfort then immediately turned his arms against Lavaur, and laid siege to the place early in the year, accompanied by the Bishop of Paris and a whole host of Coucys and Courtenays. The siege lasted long; for the garrison defended themselves valiantly, knowing that they had no mercy to expect from the furious fanatics who assailed them. Provisions, too, were exceedingly scarce in the army of the crusade, so that more than once the enterprise was

nearly given up in despair. Multitudes of fresh crusaders, however, arrived during the progress of the operations, and De Montfort and the legate were ashamed to abandon the siege. At the same time, however, the friends and allies of those within were not idle; and while the Count of Toulouse applied himself diligently to cut off all supplies from the besieging force, the Count of Foix, who was now in arms in self-defense, watched for fresh parties of crusaders, as they passed through the hilly country on their march toward Lavaur.

A large body of Germans, amounting to six thousand men, arrived at Carcassonne toward the end of April, and shortly after set off for Lavaur, tending toward Montjoyre and Puy Laurens. They reached the former place in safety; but intelligence of their march had been communicated to the Count of Foix, who instantly set out by moonlight with what troops he had at command, and sent intimation to the peasantry round that he was about to attack their abhorred enemies, the crusaders. Multitudes flocked to his standard as he passed on, till his force amounted to several thousand men. With these, he stationed himself in a forest, through which the Germans were obliged to pass on their way to Lavaur, and waited impatiently for morning. At an early hour, the crusaders set out from Montjoyre, and very shortly after entered the forest, marching in close ranks as in an enemy's country; but they had proceeded only a short distance through the wood, when they were attacked on all sides by the forces of the Count of Foix, who had with him Roger Bernard, his eldest son, and Gerard de Pepieux, who had already signalized, on more than one occasion, his enmity to his former leader, De Montfort. The pilgrims, there is reason to suppose, were accompanied or guided by several persons from Carcassonne; and one of these, breaking through the ranks of the enemy, carried intelligence of the attack to the army which was besieging Lavaur. De Montfort and the legate instantly mounted and set out for the scene of action, followed by some fourteen thousand men; but they arrived too late. Not a man was left alive and unwounded upon the field; and it is remarked, as a singular fact, that only one of the six thousand Germans escaped without being killed, or made prisoners, or disabled by wounds. An immense quantity of rich arms, valuable baggage and treasure, fell into the hands of the Count of Foix. The country people dispersed, every man to his home, as soon as the fight was over, and the regular troops and their leaders retired to Mongiscard with their spoil.

Carrying off the wounded in carts, De Montfort and the legate returned to the siege of Lavaur full of rage; and the crusading scribes wrote the most virulent abuse of the Count of Foix and his son, for attacking those who came to plunder his territory, strip him of his possessions, and burn all his subjects who differed with themselves in regard to transubstantiation.

The operations against Lavaur became only the more vehement; and, though the defense was gallant and undaunted, it proved unsuccessful against the enormous force which surrounded the place on every side. The army was soon after swelled by the arrival of the Count of Bar, and also by that of the Bishop of Toulouse. This prelate had now thrown off the mask toward the Count of Toulouse, and had, with an indescribable mixture of insolence and hypocrisy, endeavored to drive that prince out of his own capital, declaring that he could not hold an ordination, which he intended to perform, so long as the count was in the town, he being excommunicate, and "advising and begging him humbly to go out of the place and amuse himself elsewhere."

This exhausted the patience even of Raymond; and he at once sent one of his knights to the bishop, to tell him to quit the city himself without a moment's delay.

The bishop sent back a reply as insolent and hypocritical as his first message, dared the count to turn him out, and, assuming that he would attempt to murder him, gave himself the airs of a voluntary martyr. He remained thus for forty days in Toulouse, till at length, finding that he could not provoke the count to any act of violence, he retired to join the legate and De Montfort under the walls of Lavaur. The town was shortly after taken by assault, and every one put to the sword, men, women, and even infants, except, indeed, a small party of ladies and young children, who had taken refuge in a place of security, and were spared by De Montfort at the entreaty of one of his noble allies. All the male prisoners were afterward slaughtered in cold blood; and some women, also, were killed.

In the mean time, the legate and the Bishop of Toulouse had been dealing with the inhabitants of that city in a manner for which we must recur to the letter of the magistrates to the King of Aragon. "Informed with perfect certainty," says that document, "by the report of many persons, that it was their intention to march their army against us, we sent them prudent men from among our consuls, who, in the pres-

ence of the legates, of Fulk our bishop, and of the army of the barons, declared that we were very much astonished that they intended to march their army against us, since we were prepared to do and to observe all that we had promised to the Church, and seeing, above all, that since the oath we had taken, since we had been reconciled to the Church, and our hostages had been received, we had in nothing offended either the barons or the Church. On hearing this, the legate, and Fulk our bishop, replied, that it was not on account of any crime or fault of ours that they intended to march the army upon us, but because we still kept for our master the lord count, and received him into our town; but that, if we would drive our lord the count out of our town, with his supporters, renounce him, and withdraw from his domination and our allegiance, and swear fidelity and submission to those whom the Church had given us for lords, then the army of the crusaders would not do us any harm; but that, if we did otherwise, they would attack us with all their power, and would hold us for heretics and concealers of heretics."

The people of Toulouse unanimously refused to follow the cowardly and treacherous course pointed out to them; and the legate and the bishop immediately enjoined the clergy of the city to withdraw from it in a body, publicly carrying the host out of the place. To the account given of the departure of the clergy, the witty Toulosains add the remark, "and then we pacified all the discords and dissensions which had existed for a very long time in our town and suburb, and, by the aid of divine grace, re-established union and concord in our whole city, as well as it had ever been."

Nevertheless, the fall of Lavaur, and the terror inspired by the frightful acts of the crusaders, induced the commanders of a great number of neighboring places to submit to De Montfort and his barbarous companions. Puy Laurens, a strong place within three leagues of Lavaur, was abandoned by its garrison, and immediately taken possession of by De Montfort. This town being, without dispute, within the territory of Toulouse, the seizing upon it was an open act of war against the count. Casser was also taken by assault, and sixty persons found within its walls burned without mercy. Montjoyre was taken and destroyed by the crusaders; and Raymond of Toulouse burned down his own beautiful city of Castelnaudary, in order to prevent it falling into the hands of the enemy. De Montfort, however, took possession of the place; and, seeing its importance to the defense of the territories he

had acquired, rebuilt the walls, or probably merely repaired them, as the time he stayed was too short for any great work to be accomplished.

A number of other small places fell into his hands; and De Montfort also succeeded in inducing Baldwin, the brother of Raymond of Toulouse, to betray the count and league with his adversaries, at the very moment when he most needed aid and assistance.

The history of this prince is somewhat curious. He was, it would appear, born in France, after the mother of the count had returned to her native land; and he was also educated in that country, never setting foot in Languedoc till he had reached man's estate. He then presented himself somewhat suddenly to his brother Raymond, who at first refused to recognize him; and Baldwin returned to Paris to obtain proofs of his legitimacy. With these he once more sought his brother, who now admitted his claim, employed him in the wars which were at that time going on, and in the end, when menaced by the army of the crusaders, placed him with a strong garrison in the town of Mont-ferrand, which was perfectly capable of resisting a long siege.

Shortly after the fall of Casser, Mont-ferrand was invested, and at first a vigorous resistance was made; but De Montfort induced Baldwin to come forth to a secret conference, and held out such advantages to him, on the condition of his abandoning his brother's party, that Mont-ferrand was surrendered immediately to the arms of the crusaders. This, however, was but the first fruit of the negotiation, for there was evidently a prospective understanding between De Montfort and Baldwin. The latter retired with his troops to Toulouse, and presented himself before his brother; but Raymond had received intelligence of his treaty with De Montfort, reproached him bitterly with the cowardly surrender of Mont-ferrand, charged him openly with having sworn fidelity to his mortal enemy, and commanded him to quit his presence, and never appear before him again. Baldwin took him at his word, and, retiring with what men he could gather together, seized upon the town and castle of Bruniquel, which belonged to his brother, and allied himself closely with De Montfort from that moment. The whole frontiers of the county of Toulouse, except on the side of the Pyrenees, were now in the hands of De Montfort; and, taking advantage of the presence of a fresh body of crusaders, he prepared to attack the capital itself.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ALBIGENSES.

THE Count of Toulouse had not been idle while the army of De Montfort and the legate was making progress in the diocese of Albi. He had called to his aid all the friends on whom he could most depend, and had collected a strong force, both of cavalry and infantry, in the town of Toulouse. His principal companions were the Count of Foix and the Count of Comminges; and we find that he could bring five hundred knights into the field, besides a strong force of infantry, without depriving the city itself of the garrison necessary for its defense. The whole population of the town was eager and resolute in support of his cause; and, always of a warlike and enterprising character, the citizens were hardly inferior in the field to regular soldiers. Thus they viewed the approach of De Montfort and his army without fear, and prepared even to meet them beyond the walls of the city, notwithstanding the overwhelming numbers of the crusaders.

The force under the command of the legate and his general had been swelled by the arrival of the Count of Bar with a large army, and by the junction of a considerable body of men under the Count of Chalons. Immediately after the appearance of these two great barons in the field, a council of war was held, and it was determined to march at once upon Toulouse; but the camp of De Montfort was not free from the spies of the enemy, and intelligence was immediately brought to Raymond of all the plans of the crusaders. The bridges over the Lers and the Arrieges were broken down, and the fords were guarded by strong bodies of the Toulousians. At one point, however, a bridge was neglected, and the army of De Montfort appeared while the troops of Toulouse were engaged in destroying it. A skirmish ensued, in which the numbers of the crusaders overpowered the enemy, though not without suffering considerable loss; and the army passed the river, detaching a large body of horse to follow the retreating forces of the Count of Toulouse. Before he reached the gates of his capital, however, Raymond, who had retired in perfect order, halted his forces, made a gallant charge upon the pursuers, drove them back again to a camp on the

bank of the river, where the great mass of De Montfort's forces had halted, and then slowly retreated to the city, taking with him a number of prisoners, among whom was one of the sons of De Montfort himself.

On the following morning De Montfort advanced almost to the gates of Toulouse, and pitched his camp at a short distance from the walls; but this day was to be marked by every sort of horror and barbarity that could disgrace the arms of the crusaders. The unoffending peasantry laboring in the fields were slaughtered without mercy or discrimination. Men, women, and even children were butchered wherever they were found. Cottages, villages, farms, and country houses, the citizens of Toulouse inform us, were burned to the ground; and, exercising their rage even upon inanimate things, De Montfort and the legate, with folly not less than their wickedness, ordered the whole standing crops to be destroyed, and the vines cut down or plucked up by the roots. This conduct created no fear or hesitation in the minds of the inhabitants of Toulouse, but only rendered them more resolute in resisting the barbarous enemies by whom they were assailed. So far from showing the slightest dread, they opened four new gates in their walls, in order to issue forth with greater ease, and attack the enemy in various directions at once.

Immediately after the arrival of the army of the crusade under the walls, De Montfort, trusting in his immense force, ordered his troops to make a general attack; and they advanced with their usual fury, under cover of great bucklers of boiled leather. The troops in the town, however, issued forth to encounter the enemies as they approached, drove them back with shame and confusion, and carried several of their great bucklers into the town. The Count of Foix, who seems to have commanded the sally, although his horse was killed under him and one of his most gallant knights slain by his side, pursued his advantage, and chased the retreating enemy even beyond their own camp: nor did he cease the combat till night fell and he was forced to retire.

The rage of De Montfort exceeded all bounds; for, besides having lost an immense number in killed and wounded, two hundred prisoners, among whom were several persons of distinction, were carried away into the town. He still made vigorous efforts, however, to retrieve the honor of his arms, and more successful efforts, likewise, to avenge himself upon his opponents, by the destruction of their property. He ravaged

the fields and vineyards for many miles around ; but he made no impression on the town of Toulouse ; and the inhabitants, enraged at the excesses he committed, determined to issue forth and attack him in his camp, even in spite of the remonstrances of their count. Placing themselves under the command of the seneschal of Agen, they sallied out a short time after the mid-day meal, at an hour when the troops of the crusade were accustomed to take repose during the heat of the day, and, attacking the camp with the utmost fury, for some time carried all before them, killing the crusaders in their tents, and taking possession of an immense quantity of arms, horses, plate, and money. Several of the garrison of Toulouse, who had been made prisoners, were freed from their chains ; and the Count of Foix, learning what was taking place, issued forth with all the troops under his command, to support the party who had made the attack. His arrival completed the confusion in the crusading camp ; and it was long before the Count of Bar and De Montfort could gather together a sufficient force to oppose any thing like a regular and well-ordered resistance. As soon, however, as one battalion was formed, a rallying point was given for the whole host of the crusade ; and seeing that they would be soon overpowered by numbers, the seneschal of Agen and the Count of Foix collected their parties, and retired in good order to Toulouse, taking with them a valuable booty and a number of prisoners.

In the mean time, it would appear, dissensions had broken out between De Montfort and the Count of Bar ; and the consequences of the devastation of the country fell upon its authors. None of the peasantry would bring in provisions to the camp, and the parties sent out to forage were cut off by bodies of troops from the town. Famine began to show itself in De Montfort's host, and the price of bread rose till it could not be purchased for the common soldiers.

Both the Counts Chalons and of Bar, having witnessed with their own eyes the conduct of the legate and De Montfort, became convinced of the baseness of their motives, and raised their voices loudly against the iniquity of their proceedings, recommending them strongly to make peace with the Count of Toulouse and his allies, and announcing their determination to depart immediately.

In these circumstances, nothing remained but to raise the siege ; and on the 1st of August, St. Peter's day,* the army

* Monsieur Guizot places the retreat of De Montfort in the month of July ; but the letter of the inhabitants of Toulouse, who certainly

of the crusade disappeared from beneath the walls of Toulouse, striking their tents in the night, and making a precipitate and undignified retreat. The mortification of De Montfort found vent in fresh excesses, and turning his steps toward the county of Foix, he ravaged and desolated the whole land in the most barbarous manner. The Count of Chalons quitted him immediately with all his forces, "for he saw well," says the historian, "that the legate and the Count de Montfort had no just cause or quarrel to eat people up as they did." The Count of Bar, however, continued some time longer with the legate, though in daily dispute with De Montfort, and scandalously abused by the partisans of the latter.

Several small places were taken and retaken; and every cruelty that religious fanaticism, joined with merciless cupidity, could suggest, was inflicted on the unhappy people of the towns. After having exercised all his savage propensities in the neighborhood of Foix, burned the towns and their inhabitants, destroyed the crops, hewn down the vines and fruit-trees, and put the country people to the sword, De Montfort turned his steps toward Quercy, at the invitation of the Bishop of Cahors. The Count of Bar, however, now positively refused to go with him any further, and left him with all his forces, except a body of Germans, who agreed to remain with the crusaders for a short time longer. While engaged in his expedition to Quercy, the town of Puy Laurens was snatched from the hands of De Montfort by the Count of Toulouse, who was now making vigorous preparations for carrying on an offensive as well as a defensive war against his enemies. Friends and partisans flocked to his aid as soon as it was known that he had actually been driven to that resistance which, had it commenced two years earlier, might have proved successful. Among the rest was the celebrated Savary de Mauleon, a leader of the highest repute, who joined him with a large band of Gascon nobility.*

must have known the exact time, fixes it on St. Peter's day, the 1st of August, before daybreak.

* This officer had greatly distinguished himself in the wars between England and France, and has never been at all suspected of favoring heresy or deviating into schism, yet such was the candor, Christian charity, and good faith of the crusaders who took the pen in hand to chronicle the achievements of De Montfort, that we find him thus stigmatized by Vaulx Cernay solely because he came to aid his friend and ally, Raymond of Toulouse. He calls him "That very wicked apostate and prevaricator, son of the devil in iniquity, minister of Anti-Christ, Savary de Mauleon, surpassing all other heretics, worse than an infidel, enemy of Jesus Christ, prince of apostasy, artificer of cruelty, author

The forces of De Montfort had waned as Raymond's had increased, and when the Germans withdrew toward the approach of winter, the army of the crusade was diminished to a mere skeleton of its former self. In these circumstances, De Montfort retreated to Carcassonne; and a number of small places was recovered by the Count of Toulouse, who, pursuing his advantage, marched onward with the purpose of attacking his enemy in Carcassonne. De Montfort, however, who possessed, at least, the virtue of high courage in a very remarkable degree, threw himself into Castelnaudary, with the determination of defending it to the last. The fortifications of that place had now been completely repaired; and, situated on a high hill between Carcassonne and Toulouse, it was, perhaps, the most advantageous point in which he could have posted himself in order to defend the frontier of the viscounty of Beziers. A small garrison only was required to maintain this post; and it afforded a convenient rallying-point for the various bodies of crusaders scattered over Quercy, the Toulousains, and the Albigeois.

If the army of Raymond of Toulouse was as great as his enemies represent it, numbering a hundred thousand men, he certainly committed a great mistake in not advancing upon Carcassonne, and leaving a sufficient force to mask Castelnaudary; for the former important place was unprovided for defense. But there is every reason to believe that his numbers have been greatly exaggerated. However that may be, the siege of Castelnaudary was soon established in form, though it does not appear that the place was completely invested; for, from all parts of the country, succor speedily arrived to De Montfort, and many large bodies of troops forced their way into the place. A considerable force, led by the Bishop of Cahors, Bouchard de Marly, and some other noblemen, was attacked in the neighborhood of St. Martin by the Count of Foix, and a sanguinary engagement ensued, in which, it would seem, success inclined toward the forces of Toulouse, although night separated the combatants.

Shortly after this event, however, Raymond of Toulouse raised the siege of Castelnaudary, for what reason we do not exactly know, as it is clear that he had obtained possession of one of the suburbs of the town, and that the walls of the place were greatly damaged. Raymond, indeed, suffered under a great disadvantage from the major part of his troops being of perversity, opprobrium of mankind, diabolical man, devil altogether." There are more of such epithets; but these are enough.

mere volunteers, led to his assistance by princes and noblemen over whom he had no control. Insubordination seems to have been complete in his camp, every leader doing exactly what he thought fit, without consulting the unfortunate count himself. This was strongly exemplified by the combat of St. Martin, in which the Count of Foix engaged without the knowledge of his ally. Indeed, so ignorant were Raymond and Savary de Mauleon of what had become of their friend, that when the Count of Foix arrived in the camp at night he found they had given orders to take down the tents and prepare for a retreat, thinking that he and his troops had either abandoned them, or had been surprised and put to the sword.

Although successful in retaining possession of Castelnaudary, De Montfort was evidently in no position to commence offensive operations against the Count of Toulouse; for, according to the account even of his companion and eulogist, he retired to Narbonne, while the Count of Toulouse and his friends overran the whole country to the north and west of the viscounty, and with extraordinary rapidity made themselves masters of no less than seventeen strong towns, besides more than fifty small fortresses and castles.

One of these towns, named Grave, which had been recovered by the count, was almost immediately retaken for the party of De Montfort by Raymond's brother Baldwin, who, treacherously assuming the arms of the count himself, obtained admission with a large party of troops, and slaughtered his brother's garrison without mercy, although we find it recorded that, at the very same time, the Count of Toulouse himself refused to attack the town of Bruniquel, because he believed that Baldwin was in it.

The spring of 1211 brought great re-enforcements to the army of the crusade. Monks, priests, and bishops were engaged in all parts of Europe, exhorting a superstitious people to rush to the destruction of the Albigenses; and we find leaders from every Roman Catholic country engaged in this unholy war, not even excepting England itself, which sent Walter Langton, brother of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Very early in that year a large body of French crusaders joined De Montfort at Narbonne; and, toward the feast of Pentecost, he once more took the field to recover all that had been lost during the autumn of 1210. Cahusac was speedily regained; and, calling to his aid the faithless brother of the Count of Toulouse, he laid siege to the town of St. Marcel;

but, after continuing his operations against it for some weeks, he was obliged to strike his tents and depart. This check, however, was soon more than compensated by the arrival of two immense swarms of crusaders from Germany and Lombardy, and every thing which had been lost was regained. The same horrid cruelties were committed as those which had previously marked the march of the crusading armies; and we find recorded a sanguinary execution of the inhabitants of every town taken by De Montfort, with the exception of St. Antoine and one or two small places.

Every day the forces of the crusade increased, and town after town fell before them, till at length the small city and castle of Penne proved a stumbling-block in their way, and detained them under its walls for nearly two months. The want of water and provisions at length compelled the garrison to surrender upon an honorable capitulation, and they marched out with all they possessed. The town of Biron was taken almost immediately afterward, and Peter Algaïs, who had abandoned the party of the crusaders, and received the command from the Count of Toulouse, was drawn through De Montfort's camp at the heels of a horse, and then hanged. Still, the forces of the legate and his companions increased, and Moissac, Verdun, and Castel Sarraasin fell into their hands.

In all of these transactions, one of the most active enemies of the Count of Toulouse was his brother Baldwin; and, to all appearance, the unnatural war he carried on was not without profit to himself.

Against the immense force which was now in the field the Count of Toulouse and his allies could do nothing except carry on a desultory warfare on the side of Foix, where the whole country, which had fallen into the hands of De Montfort, revolted against its oppressor as soon as its natural lord appeared. Castle after castle, and town after town was taken, till De Montfort, who was vainly besieging Mont Auban, marched with an immense force to recover the county of Foix. Every thing fell before him, except the town of Foix itself, which set all his efforts at defiance; and he was obliged to retire to Pamiers, when the army of the crusade began to disperse, as usual, at the commencement of winter. Their separation, however, was not so complete now as on most other occasions, and a good many operations were undertaken in the decline of the year. The territories of the Count of Comminges were ravaged; and the towns of Muret, St. Gaudens, and

several smaller places fell into the hands of the crusaders. On the other hand, however, the Count of Toulouse himself took the town of Pujol by assault, and put the whole garrison to the sword without mercy. Skirmishes innumerable took place in the open country, and the eldest son of the Count of Foix, as active and as valiant as his father, harassed the enemy incessantly.

Nevertheless, the crusade, though driven back from time to time, like the waves of the rising sea, still made progress against the territories of Foix, Comminges, and Toulouse; and, as a last resource, Raymond determined to apply to the King of Aragon for military aid in his distressing situation.

It was probably about the same time, and in order to strengthen the application of their count, that the magistrates of Toulouse wrote the well-known letter, which I have quoted more than once, to the same prince.

Peter, king of Aragon, was one of the most distinguished warriors of his age, bold, courageous, and enterprising, fond of all military sports, and no mean poet in his native language. His renown in arms had been principally gained against the Saracens of Spain, whom he had defeated with a terrible slaughter, only a short time before the application of his relation, the Count of Toulouse. The voice of the Church of Rome had been raised loudly in his praise for his signal deeds in defense of the Church. The trophies of his victory were hung up in the Cathedral of St. Peter. He was called the Illustrious and the most Christian; but all the honey was turned to gall the moment he espoused the cause of Raymond of Toulouse. From thenceforth he is stigmatized as perverse, obstinate, even heretic. Peter of Aragon, however, was not to be frightened by hard names, nor deterred by ecclesiastical censures; and during the winter of 1213, he crossed the mountains and presented himself in Toulouse, both to take counsel with his brother-in-law and to endeavor to obtain for him, from the Church of Rome, the justice so often denied him, and the restitution of the territories of which he had been stripped. After conferring with Raymond and the Counts of Foix and Comminges, he proceeded to a spot half way between Toulouse and Lavaur, where he was met by Simon de Montfort and the legate. The conference which ensued was without any great result, the Archbishop of Narbonne demanding that the King of Aragon should send in a specification of that which he desired in writing, and a truce of eight days was granted to draw up the proposal of the king.

A few days after, a letter from the King of Aragon was presented to the council, far more moderate and even humble than might have been expected from his power, his high renown, and his close connection with the person for whom he pleaded. In the name of Raymond of Toulouse, of the Count of Comminges, the Count of Foix, and Gaston of Bearn, he offered to make full satisfaction to the Church of Rome for any excesses committed or damage done by themselves or their adherents; and he demanded that their territories should, upon this condition, be restored to them. In the case of the Count of Toulouse, he offered an alternative, namely, that if the Church thought fit to refuse the restoration of that prince's territories to himself, that they should immediately put his son in possession thereof under careful guardianship, while the count in person should not only make the promised compensation for all evil done, but should lead a body of troops either against the Saracens of Spain, or to aid in the recovery of the Holy Land; and he hinted, in exceedingly gentle but firm terms, that if these conditions were refused, he should be obliged to aid his relations, his vassals, and allies.

The council, resolved to strip the Count of Toulouse and his friends of all their possessions, refused the demands of the King of Aragon, imputing as a crime to the Count of Toulouse and his adherents the defense of their own territories. The king then demanded a suspension of arms till the day of Pentecost following; but this application was also rejected; and Peter of Aragon then publicly announced to the legates that he took the oppressed princes under his protection, appealing at the same time from the decision of the Council of Lavaur to the pope in person.

The Archbishop of Narbonne answered in a letter full of hypocritical insolence; but the King of Aragon had, in the mean time, sent off messengers to Rome, and had obtained from the pope himself an order for the legates to restore the territories of the Counts of Comminges and Foix, and of Gaston of Bearn, to cease proceeding against the Count of Toulouse, and to stop the preaching of the crusade.

Very little attention, however, was paid to these demands. The crusade was preached as before. The territories were not restored; and the war was carried on upon the pretense that the pope had been deceived, while letters were sent to his holiness to dissuade him from the more moderate measures he was inclined to pursue.

The King of Aragon then formally defied De Montfort.

and prepared to give armed assistance to the Count of Toulouse ; but the preaching of the crusade was now more successful than ever. Honors, dignities, lands, and lordships had fallen to the lot of those who had carried on the butchery in Languedoc with the greatest zeal ; and an immense number, actuated by the mixed motives of ambition and fanaticism, took the cross in all parts of France. The principal of these was Prince Louis, the son of Philip Augustus ; and, although the ambitious schemes of his father still detained him in the North, his example was highly useful to the designs of the legates.

Thus, during the spring of 1213, an immense force of crusaders poured into Languedoc, while, on the other hand, the King of Aragon, having left a small body of knights to support the Count of Toulouse, gathered together an army in his own territory, and repassed the mountains in the commencement of September.

The town and castle of Muret, on the higher Garonne, about three leagues above Toulouse, had been captured by the crusaders some time before. The fortress had been greatly strengthened, and was strongly garrisoned ; and the troops which it contained made daily excursions almost to the gates of Toulouse. Before this city, the united armies of Languedoc and Aragon sat down on the 11th of September, 1213 ; and, in a furious assault, which took place shortly after, the town was taken, and the garrison driven into the citadel. The citadel itself, it would appear, might also have been taken ; but the King of Aragon, hearing that De Montfort was hastening to its assistance, had recourse to a stratagem which proved ruinous to himself. Knowing that his own forces were greatly superior in number, he resolved to allow De Montfort to enter the place unopposed, hoping to capture him and his whole company within the walls of Muret. He, therefore, commanded his troops to withdraw from the town, and to leave the passage of the bridge undisputed. Shortly after, a considerable force of crusaders appeared on the opposite bank of the Garonne, and, probably to their own surprise, were allowed to cross the river and enter Muret. Early in the morning, after they had arrived within the walls, which had been terribly shattered by the siege, a general assault took place ; but the troops of De Montfort having only come from a place called Hauterive, at the distance of two leagues from Muret, were not nearly so much fatigued as the King of Aragon and his allies imagined. The walls were defended

with valor and skill; and, after a furious combat of several hours, the Aragonese forces returned to their tents, threw off their armor, and sought refreshment and repose!

The moment was too favorable to be neglected by De Montfort, although the crusaders must by this time have been weary with their march and the defense of the place. Commanding all the foot soldiers to remain in the town, he marshaled his cavalry in three bodies, and suddenly issued forth to attack the camp of the King of Aragon, which lay at a very short distance from the walls. He found almost every one unarmed and unprepared for defense, and breaking into the camp at three several points, the crusaders carried death and confusion wherever they came. At the first cries of "Montfort! Montfort!" the king, with the three counts, seized their arms and rushed to the various points where the fray was going on, in the hope of beating back the enemy. All, however, was confusion, terror, and disarray in the camp. No one attended to the calls of their leaders. No one obeyed the orders they received. Multitudes were flying on every side. The sword of the crusaders raged in the rear. The panic was general throughout the camp; and so mad and blind was the impression of terror, that an immense number plunged into the Garonne and were drowned. The King of Aragon himself, disdainful to fly, fell early in the day, shouting his battle-cry to the last; and the handful of gallant men, who aided their lord in his attempts to rally the host, died around him. The rumor of the king's death, and the scene of unutterable confusion which appeared on every side, showed the three counts that there was no chance of recovering the day; and, after having fought gallantly for some time, they turned their horses and escaped to Toulouse.*

* This account of the battle of Muret is principally taken from the statements of the anonymous historian of the wars, with a few facts added from Peter of Vaulx Cernay, and from the letter of the prelates who were present in the crusading army. The anonymous historian differs much from Vaulx Cernay. The latter, in order to add to the glory of his hero, takes no notice of the surprise of the camp, but represents the whole Aragonese and Toulousian army as drawn up in battle array to oppose the small force of De Montfort; but the facts which he suffers to appear, and those apparent in the letter of the prelates, display the causes of the Aragonese defeat, and show the truth of the anonymous writer's statements and the inaccuracy of Vaulx Cernay. The prelates state that the King of Aragon sat down under the walls of Muret three days after the nativity of the Virgin Mary, that is to say, on the 11th of September. Intelligence was immediately sent to De Montfort, who reached Saverdun on the 11th, where he remained the

In the mean time, the foot soldiers of De Montfort had issued forth from the walls of Muret, and employed themselves diligently in putting to death the wounded, and stripping the dead and dying, so that the leader of the crusade, who did not venture to pursue the enemy far, found the body of the King of Aragon naked on the ground when he returned. Nothing remained but to slaughter a multitude of Toulousians who remained in the tents, and this was done without much difficulty or resistance. Twenty thousand men are said to have fallen on the part of the Albigenses; only one knight and a few common soldiers on the part of the crusaders. The relative forces of the two armies are represented as eight hundred cavalry and a small body of foot under the command of De Montfort, and a hundred thousand men under the King of Aragon and the three counts.

It is probable that the disparity is greatly exaggerated; but, nevertheless, the battle of Muret was a glorious victory for De Montfort, and a most disastrous defeat for the Count of Toulouse and his allies.

night. Some negotiations ensued between the King of Aragon and the legate, who sought to drive him from before the walls of Muret by the thunders of the Church. These proving ineffectual, De Montfort marched on, Vault Cernay admits, unopposed to Muret. He takes little notice, however, of the subsequent assault upon the town by the allied troops, but next represents De Montfort issuing forth pompously against the whole host of the enemy drawn out in battle array. He, nevertheless, shows that an immense number of Toulousians remained in the camp, even after their companions had been defeated and the crusaders had passed forward in pursuit. He adds, indeed, that they were prepared for battle; but he admits that the Bishop of Toulouse, even, was struck with compassion at their miserable situation, and sent a monk to them to offer them life, if they would be converted and submit. This offer would hardly have been addressed to "an infinite number" armed and prepared for battle. The same story is told by the prelates in their letter, from which it is probable that Vault Cernay copied his whole account; and it appears clearly that, attacked in their tents, a very large portion of the allied army did not even know of the defeat and slaughter of their companions till just before De Montfort and his victorious troops were returning to put them also to the sword.

CHAPTER V.

THE ALBIGENSES.

CONSTERNATION and doubt spread through the whole country after the battle of Muret, and many of the garrisons in fortresses belonging to the Count of Toulouse abandoned their charge and fled to the capital. The count himself, and his friends of Foix and Comminges, seem to have been completely overwhelmed with the disaster which had befallen them, and to anticipate nothing less than the loss of all their territories. The events which followed, however, are exceedingly dark and obscure, and the most contradictory statements are found in the authors best acquainted with the facts. Even among persons strongly attached to the Roman Catholic Church, party spirit ran so high, that no perversion of facts was deemed unjustifiable to blacken the character of an enemy or justify the conduct of a friend. Our surest guide, perhaps, is the anonymous historian, already so often mentioned; but his dates are, unfortunately, so confused that we can not follow him as to the order of events, although he is by far the most impartial of the Roman Catholic historians.

From all accounts, it would appear that De Montfort did not improve the great advantage he had gained as much as might have been expected. Negotiations were commenced for the surrender of Toulouse itself, in which a considerable time was spent without producing any result, the legates making excessive demands, and the magistrates of Toulouse amusing them with offers which, probably, they had no expectation should be accepted.

In the mean time, De Montfort made some efforts on the side of the county of Foix, with no great result; and he was soon called into the Narbonnois, by strong signs of disaffection which appeared among the people of that country. It is very clear that, at this period, ambition had completely taken possession of that great but cruel man, and that it was now his design to conquer, by the arms of the crusaders, the whole territory lying at the foot of the Pyrenees from sea to sea, to obtain the investiture thereof from the pope, and to hold it to himself and his heirs, probably, as a vassal of the King of

France. Many difficulties, indeed, lay in his way, of which the most important were, the hatred of the people of the country, excited to the highest pitch of indignation by the barbarous acts he had committed; the jealousy of the King of France, who was little inclined to render any of his vassals so powerful as De Montfort would have become could he have carried his schemes into effect; and the hesitation of the pope, who, besieged by the representations of both parties in Languedoc, knew not which to believe, alternately looking upon De Montfort as a cruel persecutor of innocent men, and, as a soldier of the Church, laboring for the suppression of heresy.

To conciliate the King of France, De Montfort immediately sent messengers to the son of that monarch, who, as I have said, had previously taken the cross against the Albigenses, beseeching him to join him with all speed, and to take possession of Toulouse. His agents at the court of Rome applied themselves with the utmost diligence to calumniate the Counts of Toulouse, Foix, and Comminges; and, in the mean time, he exerted himself with indefatigable activity to subdue all opposition from the mouths of the Rhone to the Atlantic.

In none of his efforts, however, was he very successful. Philip Augustus evidently looked upon him with great suspicion; and the pope, in order to ascertain the truth of the various statements made to him, commissioned Peter of Beneventum, one of the cardinals, to examine into the state of Languedoc on the spot, with power to receive all excommunicated persons back into the bosom of the Church. In Provence and the Narbonnois, De Montfort made very little progress; Narbonne shut its gates against him; Montpellier followed its example; and no further success attended his arms till after the beginning of the year 1214. Not only had the greater part of the crusaders who had joined him left his army before the beginning of October, but events were taking place in France and elsewhere which threatened, for a time, to put a stop altogether to the influx of pilgrim marauders into Languedoc.

The miserable condition of the Christians of the Holy Land, and the daily progress of the infidel, could no longer pass unnoticed by the head of the Roman Catholic Church. It was felt to be, in some degree, a scandal that the arms of European knights, nobles, and princes should be employed against men, all of whom called themselves Christians, and many of whom were sincere Roman Catholics, plundering, destroying, and slaughtering wherever they came, while the Christian

population of Syria, daily mown down by the sword of the Saracen, was crying to Europe for help. Bishops, monks, and preachers were directed to employ all their efforts to rouse the people of France and Germany to a new expedition to the Holy Land; and the attention of all men was for a time turned from Languedoc to the shores of Palestine.

Late in 1213, or early in 1214, the Cardinal of Beneventum commenced his work in the Narbonnois, by investigating all the charges against the Counts of Toulouse, Foix, and Comminges. It would seem he, in the first place, conferred secretly with De Montfort, and received a strong impression from the representations of that nobleman. Nevertheless, the three counts did not fail to plead their own cause with him at Narbonne, and so far successfully that he granted them absolution, and received them again into the bosom of the Church, though not without exacting a written promise of entire submission to its decrees.*

This event took place in April; but, nevertheless, the war did not cease; and Robert de Courçon, the cardinal legate in France, having been persuaded to abandon the preaching of the crusade for the recovery of the sepulcher, the stream of military pilgrimage began once more to flow into Languedoc. Robert himself joined the crusaders, and led a large body of troops into the diocese of Rhodéz.

Nevertheless, success was not altogether on the side of De Montfort. Universally hated throughout the land, no sooner were the troops of the crusade withdrawn, than the people of the country rose against them, expelled the garrisons they had left in the cities, and put many of them to death. Moissac revolted, and called in the forces of the Count of Toulouse. A great number of other places followed this example, and it required vast efforts on the part of De Montfort to recover them. The same bloody scenes were re-enacted during this year which had previously disgraced the crusade. Maurillac, Mont-pezat, Marmande, Casseneuil, Dôme, Castelnau, and Bainac were taken; and, wherever resistance was offered, the prisoners were put to the sword or burned in the presence of the legates. Seven of the teachers of the Vaudois, found in Maurillac, were burned by the crusaders "*with great joy,*"

* Peter of Vaulx Cernay, with his usual base insincerity, only mentions the reconciliations of the Counts of Foix and Comminges, taking no notice whatever of the absolution of the Count of Toulouse, though he must have known the fact perfectly well. The count's written act of submission to the Romish Church is still extant.

by the express orders of the Cardinal Robert de Courçon, glorying in their faith, and refusing to make any submission to the Romish Church. Many other places fell before the arms of the crusaders, and the power of De Montfort was completely re-established, when an event occurred which stirred up in the host of the crusade many of those evil passions which had more than once before broken out, and nearly frustrated the designs of the leaders.

In the beginning of 1215, Philip Augustus judged it expedient to send his son, Prince Louis, into Languedoc, probably with a view of giving a check to the ambitious designs of De Montfort, rather than to aid in oppressing the people of the land. He took care, also, that his son should be accompanied by a force so imposing as to enable him to dictate to all the contending parties in the south of France; and it is evident, that not only De Montfort, but the Cardinal of Beneventum, the Archbishop of Narbonne, formerly Abbot of Citeaux, and many other prelates and barons, regarded the approach of Prince Louis with jealousy and dread. Peter of Vaulx Cernay allows us to see the workings of all the evil passions which at this time animated the leaders of the crusade. De Montfort and his partisans hated Peter of Beneventum for giving absolution to those whom the writer calls "enemies of Christianity and the count." Peter of Beneventum feared the approach of Louis, lest, coming as son of the King of France, he should snatch from the Church the towns and territories which had been yielded to it by the Counts of Toulouse, Foix, and Comminges. The Archbishop of Narbonne had enraged De Montfort, and also Peter of Beneventum, by usurping the lordship of the city of Narbonne and the duchy of the Narbonnois; and he also regarded the coming of Louis with fear, lest a stronger hand should strip him of that which he had unjustly obtained. All parties, also, regarded Philip Augustus with anger and suspicion, because he had given no aid to the crusaders, and had looked with displeasure on the slaughter and persecution of his subjects.

In fact, the wild beasts now began to quarrel for the carcass.

Their apprehensions, however, were needless. Louis was a very meek and humble servant of the Church. He arrived at Lyons on Easter day, and then marched down the Rhone, with slow and solemn progress, meeting and reassuring the different leaders of the crusade. Passing by Vienne and Valence, the French prince reached the town of St. Giles, where

he was met by nuncios of the pope bearing letters, by which the holy father, without arrogating to himself the power of disposing absolutely of the territories conquered by the crusaders or yielded to his legates, conferred the guardianship of the whole upon De Montfort. To this arrangement Louis made no opposition, but, acting entirely under the instigations of the Cardinal of Beneventum, announced that he should command the walls of Narbonne and Toulouse to be thrown down. He positively ordered the crusaders, however, to refrain from all acts of violence toward the inhabitants of those cities, and left the destruction of the fortifications to the citizens themselves. He then marched on to Toulouse, remained for a short time in the place, and, having seen the whole country quietly submit to De Montfort, returned to Paris without having had to unsheath his sword.

While these transactions were taking place in France, Innocent had summoned a general council to meet at Rome in the month of November ; but before I proceed to notice the deliberations of that assembly, I must mention one of the most tragic events of the whole war, which occurred in the course of the preceding year.

The conduct of Baldwin, the brother of the Count of Toulouse, has been already noticed. We have become acquainted with his posthumous and apparently somewhat doubtful birth, his betrayal of Raymond's confidence, and his treasonable alliance with the inveterate enemies of his feudal lord. Since he abandoned the party of the count, he had shown himself one of the most active and malignant of his persecutors ; and, by every law, his life was forfeit to his brother. A multitude of noblemen, who had quitted the party of De Montfort, had been put to death without mercy as soon as taken by him ; and no difference existed between their case and that of Baldwin, except inasmuch as Raymond was his brother as well as his prince ; and doubtless he showed the desperate valor which he so frequently displayed after his treason, from a conviction that no mercy would be shown him should he be captured.

It would appear that he had acquired several strong places, besides Bruniquel, out of his brother's confiscated property ; and there is every reason to believe that Raymond avoided, as far as possible, making war upon his treacherous brother. Among the castles which Baldwin possessed was one in the diocese of Cahors, named Olme, in which he held a garrison, devoted, as he imagined, to his interests. Examples of trea-

son, however, are subject to be imitated by the servants of a traitor; and one night, while Baldwin was reposing quietly at Olme, the knights, who were in the castle, called in the garrison of Mont Leonard, a neighboring town belonging to the Count of Toulouse, and gave up their commander to the Toulousian soldiers. Several persons were killed in the castle during the affray; but Baldwin was found asleep, and dragged away captive to Mont Auban. He was there kept till the Count of Toulouse arrived, together with the Count of Foix, the latter nobleman's son, and an Aragonese knight, named Bernard of Portello. Raymond, it would appear, was inclined to spare his brother, notwithstanding all his crimes; but the others unanimously demanded his death, probably in retaliation for the execution of a number of their own friends, under similar circumstances, by De Montfort. Raymond at length consented; and the unhappy man, the brother of a great prince, and cousin of the King of France, was hanged upon a tree outside the gates of Mont Auban, like a common felon.*

CHAPTER VI.

THE ALBIGENSES.

IN the month of November, 1115, was held a great council of the Lateran, at which, we are assured, more than twelve hundred bishops and abbots were present, besides other persons. At this assembly appeared the Counts of Foix, Comminges, and Toulouse on the one part, and Guy, the brother of Simon de Montfort, on the other. The state of Languedoc, and the heresy of the Albigenses, formed the principal topic of discussion; and the council was very much divided as to the course which ought to be pursued. We have a minute and apparently accurate report of the arguments used on both sides; and a brief summary of these will show the views and feelings, or rather the pretexts and assertions of both parties.

* Puy Laurens, who gives a short account of this event, does not blame the Count of Toulouse so much for putting his brother to death as for the ignominy of the punishment which he inflicted. Peter of Vaulx Cernay, of course, embellishes the narrative with many details of his own invention.

The Count of Toulouse and his allies laid a formal complaint before the pope and his council against Simon de Montfort and the legates. They charged the crusaders with having wronged them in all ways, and with pursuing the war, pillaging their country, killing their people, and seizing upon their territories, notwithstanding their reconciliation with the Church, their obedience to her commands, and the express orders of the pope himself. They represented, as well they might, that the conduct of their enemies was that of devils rather than men, and that the Church could not countenance or tolerate it without scandal and disgrace. Several cardinals, bishops, and abbots supported strongly, either from their own personal knowledge or from information they had received, the statement of the three counts; and the pope is represented as having expressed much indignation at the conduct of De Montfort and the legates.

The Bishop of Toulouse, however, rose in defense of De Montfort, and bitterly attacked the Count of Foix. He declared that his territories were swarming with heretics, who had taken and burned the Castle of Monsegur, with all its inhabitants; that the sister of the count had put her husband to death, to favor the cause of the Albigenses, and had greatly encouraged their heresy in her town of Pamiers. He accused the Count of Foix and the Count of Toulouse of having slaughtered the crusaders who went to succour De Montfort and the legate at the siege of Lavaur, and of having slain six thousand of them at Montjoyre.

The Count of Foix boldly and justly replied, that he had nothing on earth to do with the Castle of Monsegur, or with its destruction. He showed that the town had never been in his possession, being the property of his sister; and he contended that he ought not to be blamed for her faults.

The Bishop of Toulouse had thought fit to call the crusaders, killed at Montjoyre and elsewhere, the people and servants of the pope; and to this part of the accusation Foix boldly replied,

“As to what the bishop says, that I and my lord, the Count Raymond, have slaughtered and killed your people and servants, it is not true that we have slain any of the servants of the Holy Church, nor have committed any outrage upon them; for those who were killed at Montjoyre were no servants of the Church, but a mob of ribalds and thieves, who pillaged and robbed the poor people, which will be found the truth. Thus, in that which the Bishop of Toulouse tells you,

he greatly deceives and cheats you ; for, under the shadow of good faith and friendship, he does nothing but betray by feigned and cunning words. His acts and deeds are rather the acts of the devil than any thing else, as you will find to be true ; for, by his instigation and malice, he caused the town of Toulouse to be pillaged and depopulated ; and he put to a cruel death more than ten thousand persons ; for he and the Count de Montfort are, in these things, one."

After the Count of Foix had thus replied to the Bishop of Toulouse, several other lords of Languedoc made formal complaint against that prelate and the Count de Montfort, laying to their charge the death of the Viscount de Beziers, and all the ills which had befallen the country, and showing clearly that the ravages of the crusaders and the massacre of the people of Languedoc had been committed without discrimination, or any sense of equity and justice ; the good and the bad being equally put to the sword, and the true children of the Church confounded with those who had been condemned as heretics.

Innocent, we are assured, was much moved by the representations made to him ; but the first open proceedings of the council were succeeded by all the underhanded practices and dirty intrigues which have so frequently disgraced the court of Rome. The party of De Montfort used every private means to induce the sovereign pontiff to declare the three counts finally deprived of their territories ; and, finding him firm in refusing, the Bishop of Toulouse and a number of other French prelates proceeded to the most daring and refractory menaces, declaring that, whatever might be the decision of the council, they would still aid their champion to retain possession of the lands he had acquired.

On the other hand, the Archbishop of Narbonne now showed himself openly hostile to De Montfort, with whom he had so long marched to battle ; and he publicly declared that the Bishop of Toulouse himself was the author of all the evil that had been done, for he had always given to himself and the other legates the most damnable advice. He justified the conduct of Raymond of Toulouse and the others in resisting De Montfort with arms, and pointed out the constant submission of the three counts to the will of the pope, whenever it was distinctly expressed, as a proof of their innocence. He was strongly supported by several other prelates, one of whom, addressing the Bishop of Toulouse in person, accused him of bringing disgrace upon the Church, of deceiving the pope, and

of lighting a fire in the Toulousain which could never be extinguished.

Theodise, however, a man much trusted by Innocent, took the opposite side, and the pope and the council remained apparently undecided. They left the lands of Toulouse and Narbonne, indeed, in the hands of De Montfort; but the pope invested the son of Raymond of Toulouse, who had accompanied his father to Rome, with the whole county of the Venaisin, and the lands and territories formerly held by Raymond in Provence. We are assured that the pontiff added a hint, of no slight significance, that if the young man could reconquer all his father's territories the holy see would be well satisfied.*

Here might terminate the history of the crusade against the Albigenes; for the war now deviated into a mere ambitious struggle, on the part of De Montfort and his supporters, to wrest from the son of the Count of Toulouse the territories which the pope had left him, and to retain possession of that vast tract of country which Simon had so unjustly acquired, and in which he was universally abhorred. It may be as well, however, to trace the career of the principal personages to its conclusion.

De Montfort, as soon as he heard the decision of the council of the Latran, hastened to the court of France to seek assistance, and probably to do homage to Philip Augustus for the territories he had acquired. Whether he was permitted to perform this act may be doubted. Some authors assert positively that such was the case; but others, most favorable to his cause, who were present in Paris at the time of his arrival, and who watched eagerly all the passing events, make no mention of the fact. It is certain that he received no direct assistance from the king, and that he returned to Lan-

* Peter of Vaulx Cernay conceals all the principal facts regarding the council of the Latran, passing lightly over all the angry discussions which took place, and merely saying, "It is true there were some people there, and, what is more, some among the prelates, who opposed themselves to the interests of the faith, and labored for the restoration of the said counts." He also asserts, in order to excuse the after-conduct of De Montfort, that the county of the Venaisin and other territories in Provence were only granted to the son of Raymond of Toulouse under the guardianship of De Montfort himself, and were not to be delivered up to him till he had proved the sincerity of his faith and obedience to the Church. It is clear, however, that the citizens of Avignon and other places opened their gates to the young count at the express commands of the pope.

guedoc accompanied only by a small body of knights and volunteers.

During the absence of De Montfort, the Count of Toulouse and his son arrived at Marseilles from Rome, and were received with joy by the people of that city. Avignon sent immediately to offer the keys of the town to the young lord, and the county of Venaisin welcomed him gladly, the towns opening their gates, and the nobles flocking to do homage. An immense number of barons, each accompanied by a military retinue, followed the young prince to Avignon, where he rejoined his father, who had preceded him; and the force collected excited in all breasts the hope of being able to expel De Montfort from Languedoc. Beaucaire and Tarascon remained to be acquired; but the latter place promptly sent to offer not only submission, but armed assistance; and the citizens of Beaucaire besought Raymond the younger to hasten to take possession of the town and reduce the citadel, in which De Montfort had placed a garrison.

Ever since the fatal battle of Muret, bands of Aragonese troops, eager to avenge the death of their king and wipe out the disgrace of their arms, had, from time to time, crossed the mountains, and ravaged the territories held by De Montfort. It was now determined in the council at Avignon that the Count of Toulouse himself should proceed to Spain to give consistence and direction to the efforts of the Aragonese, and to raise an army for the recovery of the county of Toulouse; while his son, with the advice and assistance of the lords of Provence and other friends, should march to Beaucaire, and endeavor to reduce the citadel.* This plan was acted upon; and while the old count hastened into Aragon, his son marched out of Avignon, at the head of a gallant army, taking his way toward Beaucaire. The inhabitants of that city met him, in procession, at some distance, bearing the keys of the town; and he was hardly within the walls when a flotilla from Tarascon arrived, bringing a large reinforcement to his army. De Montfort's garrison in the citadel, though the reception of the young count took them by surprise, prepared for determined resistance, and even issued forth to attack the Provenceaux in the streets, but were soon driven back into the fortress with considerable loss.

* Some say that the application of the citizens of Beaucaire was not made till after the departure of Raymond the elder. Others say that the count himself was present when his son entered that city; but both these statements seem to be erroneous.

The citadel of Beaucaire was at that time so strongly fortified that it seemed little probable the place could be reduced by any other means than famine. A strict blockade was therefore established, and barricades erected on every approach to the castle, so as to prevent the escape of the garrison and the introduction of provisions. Measures were also taken to deprive the troops within of water, and military engines were prepared for battering the walls. The whole country round was zealous and eager in the cause of the young count; provisions arrived abundantly in the town, and his army was swelled by daily re-enforcements.

In the mean time, intelligence of the attack upon the Castle of Beaucaire had reached Guy, the brother, and Almeric, the son of the Count de Montfort; and collecting what troops they could assemble in haste, they marched to raise the siege. Passing through an adverse country, where every impediment was thrown in their way, they at length reached the neighborhood of the city, and at the Castle of Bellegarde, in its immediate vicinity, were unexpectedly joined by De Montfort himself, with the troops he had raised in the north of France. This addition to the forces of Guy and Almeric raised the numbers of the army sufficiently to justify an attack upon the besiegers. On the following morning an attempt was, accordingly, made to penetrate into Beaucaire; but it was vigorously repelled by the young count and his companions, and the siege continued without interruption.

The garrison consisted of chosen men, and the defense was vigorous and resolute. At the same time, De Montfort loudly expressed his determination never to depart from beneath the walls of Beaucaire till he had delivered the gallant knights who were in the citadel. Accordingly, pitching his tents upon the bank of the Rhone, he threw up barricades around his camp, so that the besiegers were in turn besieged. The engines of the young count plied the citadel night and day; those of De Montfort battered the walls of the town; every resource of the art of war, as known at that time, was employed; mine and counter mine were run under the walls; and we find that pots filled with combustible or explosive powder—though of what composition we know not—were cast upon the engines of the enemy to destroy them. Every day skirmishes and single combats took place beneath the walls; and more than once De Montfort was met in the open field by the young count and a part of his army, while the rest remained to carry on the siege of the castle.

It is not denied by Peter of Vaulx Cernay that the country for many miles around was inimical to De Montfort; that all supplies of provisions were denied him, except by the towns of St. Giles and Nismes, and it became necessary that whatever was obtained should be escorted by large detachments, to prevent its being seized by the country people, so great was the hatred which his actions had excited. The same author suffers it to appear that even the knights and soldiers of De Montfort's camp showed themselves inactive and weary of the war; and, from other accounts, we find that, on more than one occasion, some of the bold men among his own followers reproached him with his injustice and ambition, and told him that he might grow gray under the walls of Beaucaire, before God would deliver it into his hands.

During these events Raymond the elder made a rapid course through Catalonia and Aragon, and rumors reached De Montfort that he had passed the mountains, and was approaching the town of Toulouse, the inhabitants of which were eager to throw off the yoke which had been imposed upon them, and return to the rule of their natural lord. Not even the fear of losing that city, however, could induce De Montfort to abandon his operations against the town of Beaucaire; and Raymond the younger persisted with equal determination in pressing the siege of the citadel. Provisions now began to run short in the castle, and even the courage of the stout soldiers within its walls to fail. The spirit of the garrison was still further depressed when they beheld a large reinforcement pour into the town to the aid of the young count, headed by Raymond of Mont Auban and five other distinguished knights; while a flotilla mounted the Rhone, bringing another considerable body of assailants, and supplies of various kinds, from the flat country below. To show their distressed condition to their lord, they hoisted a black flag on the highest tower of the citadel; and De Montfort renewed his attack upon the walls of Beaucaire with increased fury, but no greater success than before. The besiegers of the citadel found means to frustrate all his efforts, and even to cast inflammable materials of some kind both into his camp and the citadel, the highest part of which was set on fire.

At length, as a last resource, it was determined by De Montfort to employ a stratagem, and to place a hundred chosen men in concealment, as near as possible to the gates of the castle and the town, during the night. It was further arranged that the main army should attack the walls of the

town at the break of day, but, seeming to be struck with panic, should affect to fly, thus drawing the forces of the young count forth from the walls. The men in ambuscade were to watch their opportunity and fall upon the rear of the enemy.

This plan was put in execution ; but it proved perfectly unsuccessful. The leaders of the young count's army were upon their guard ; and his forces were sufficiently numerous at once to carry on the siege and to defend the town of Beaucaire.

The soldiers in ambuscade were slain to a man, as soon as they issued from their place of concealment. The assault was repelled ; and, even in the simulated flight, De Montfort lost a great number of his best soldiers.

A piece of advice was now given to him by his brother Guy, worthy of the cause in which he had engaged. He counseled his brother to enter into negotiations with the young count, and to promise that, if he would suffer the garrison of the castle to come forth, he, De Montfort, would withdraw his troops and leave him in peaceful possession of Provence, Tarascon, Avignon, and Beaucaire, but with the full determination, all the time, of returning as soon as he had gathered a larger army together, overrunning the whole country, and hanging those who had called the young count into Beaucaire.

De Montfort rejected this advice, swearing he would never leave Beaucaire till it had surrendered to him ; but, even while he was holding council in his camp, one of the garrison of the citadel contrived to escape and reach his army. When brought into the presence of De Montfort, he informed him that the troops of the castle could hold out no longer. For three days they had suffered all the horrors of famine, having eaten all their horses some time before. All his council now pressed him to enter into negotiations with the young count ; and letters were immediately written, offering to withdraw the troops and leave Raymond the younger in possession of all the places he had obtained, if he would suffer the garrison of the citadel to march out with its baggage. The reply he received was that, upon the conditions contained in his letter, and upon his decamping from before Beaucaire, the garrison would be allowed to march out, disarmed, and without baggage. But Raymond refused to suffer them to depart till De Montfort and his army were actually gone.

The moment this intelligence was received, Simon struck his tents and took his departure for Toulouse, making a signal to those in the castle, to show that peace was concluded, and leaving his brother and six of his companions to receive the

garrison and provide for their wants. The young count fulfilled his part of the contract to the letter; and De Montfort marched on to Montguiscard, where he remained for several days, to suffer his troops to repose. He then recommenced his advance upon Toulouse in battle array, as if about to attack an enemy's city.

The inhabitants, alarmed at this aspect, sent out a number of the most considerable men among them, to inquire how they had offended, and to make their peace. An immense number of others followed, at the persuasion of the bishop; but the deputation received a stern and bitter answer from De Montfort, who caused them to be seized and bound, as well as all the citizens whom he met with on the road. In the mean time, his soldiers poured into the place, and committed every sort of excess, pillaging the houses and violating the women. But the inhabitants, seeing how they had been deceived by the bishop, and how they were treated by De Montfort, rose in arms, formed barricades, got possession of the towers which had not been demolished, and, attacking the troops with the fury of despair, drove them back with great slaughter into the citadel, to which De Montfort had carried all the prisoners he had made.

More than once, during the day, De Montfort and his soldiers sallied forth, attacked the citizens in the streets, set fire to the town in various places, and committed the most unheard-of cruelties upon the inhabitants; but, after a day of terrible confusion, bloodshed, and destruction, the town remained in the hands of the people; and De Montfort was once more compelled to have recourse to the cunning of the bishop, to rescue him from a situation which had become perilous in the extreme. That prelate engaged the Abbot of St. Sernin to interpose between the inhabitants and the count. It was proposed then to the magistrates and citizens of Toulouse, to enter into a convention with the Count de Montfort, by which the past should be all buried in oblivion, and peace established in the town. The arms of the people, and the towers which remained of the fortifications, De Montfort demanded should be given up to him, in order to guard against any future revolt. He agreed, however, on this condition, to grant a general amnesty to all the inhabitants, to give passports to all who, doubting his word, might wish to quit the city, and to set all the prisoners free whom he kept in the Castle of Narbonnois. On the other hand, he threatened, if the citizens did not agree to this proposal, to put all those

prisoners immediately to death. Among them were the most distinguished persons of the city; their friends and relations were numerous and influential; and there was no reason to believe that any feeling of mercy or justice would induce the tyrant to spare them for one moment.

The citizens were persuaded to consent; De Montfort and his knights met them at the town hall; the convention was confirmed in the most solemn manner; the arms and towers were given up; and only one man was found wise enough to demand a safe-conduct on the instant, and to quit the city without delay.

"Then came the greatest treason that was ever seen!" exclaims the historian. No sooner had De Montfort obtained complete possession of the town than he seized all the magistrates and principal citizens, sent them off in separate parties to distant prisons, whence they never issued forth alive, and leveled the walls of the city with the ground. He exacted, also, an enormous ransom from the citizens, and remained with his men-at-arms in the place till it was paid.* He then set off for the town of Lourdes, in the Pyrenees, to consummate another act of iniquity, which had been long in preparation, by marrying his second son to the young heiress of Bigorre, who had been torn from her lawful husband, in order to bring her large possessions into the family of De Montfort.

This done, De Montfort turned his arms, first, against the Count of Foix, notwithstanding his absolution and the restitution of his estates by the pope, took one of his castles and ravaged his territory; and then, marching on into Provence, attempted to recover from Raymond the younger the towns which had submitted to that prince during the preceding year. But little success attended his efforts: a few insignificant castles only fell into his hands, and he was soon recalled into the Toulousain by events which overthrew the whole fabric of his greatness.

The Count of Toulouse had not been idle while these movements were taking place. He had not been prepared, it is true, to defend his people from the oppression of De Montfort, on the return of that personage from Beaucaire; but, during the winter of 1216-17, he gathered together a considerable force of Aragonese and Catalonians, and, accompanied by one of the counts of the Spanish marches, passed the mountains in the month of August, and approached the town of Toulouse. There can be little doubt that, during the whole of the spring

* Thirty thousand marks of silver.

of that year, communications had taken place between himself, the citizens of Toulouse, the Counts of Foix and Comminges, and a number of other nobles of the country, who clearly saw that De Montfort would leave them no peace till he had made himself master of all their possessions. Every thing was prepared for Raymond's reception, and he proceeded at once to one of the castles of the Count of Comminges, where he held a council with that prince and with deputies from the town of Toulouse. It was then determined, upon the representations of the latter, that Raymond should hurry on with all speed to his capital and throw himself into the place, although the citadel, called the Castle of Narbonnois, was strongly garrisoned; for De Montfort and a great number of that nobleman's men-at-arms were scattered throughout the town.

The forces of the two counts proceeded in separate parties on their way; and, while Comminges cleared the country of some of De Montfort's troops, Raymond advanced with the utmost rapidity, in order to take the enemy by surprise, swam the Garonne with his followers, and entered Toulouse amid the acclamations of the people.

The joy of the warm-hearted and vehement Toulousains went beyond all bounds at the sight of their prince. They cast themselves before his horse; they embraced his knees; they kissed his feet and the hem of his garment; and then, almost unarmed themselves, having nothing but a few partisans and lances, with sticks, stones, and any thing they could turn into a weapon, they attacked the followers of De Montfort, killed a great many, and drove the rest into the citadel.

The first care of Raymond was to provide some defense for the town, the walls and towers of which had been entirely thrown down. The erection of bulwarks and palisades was instantly commenced, and a deep ditch was made round the city; but, in the mean time, messengers from the Castle of Narbonnois had carried information of the count's return and the revolt of Toulouse, both to the Count de Montfort and Guy his brother, who had remained in the Toulousain to keep it in subjection during Simon's absence. Both hurried toward the scene of action; but the latter arrived first, accompanied by a considerable force, and instantly attempted to storm the town from the side of the Plain of Montolieu.

The citizens of Toulouse, however, supported by the cavalry of their own count and the Count of Comminges, issued forth

from their ruined walls, and drove the enemy back with considerable loss.

A new attack was directed the same evening against the Gate of St. James; but it proved even less successful than the former, and Guy de Montfort dispatched fresh messengers to his brother to press his immediate advance. Nor did Raymond fail to call all his friends about him. Couriers were sent out in every direction, announcing his return; and there was arming in haste throughout the whole of Gascony, Foix, and Bigorre. The great nobility of the country rose almost to a man in the cause of their friend and ally; and although Guy de Montfort still lay within sight of Toulouse, troop after troop of auxiliaries made its way into the city, and each was received with acclamations which reached and terrified the garrison of the citadel.

Intelligence of Raymond's return came to De Montfort while besieging the Castle of Crest, on the banks of the Rhone. Dissembling the unfavorable news he had received, he instantly put in motion his whole forces, which had been swelled by a large body of crusaders under the command of Bertrand, cardinal of St. John and St. Paul. He did not arrive before Toulouse, however, till after the defenses of the city had been repaired as far as possible; but his army, joined with that of his brother Guy, was sufficient for the siege of the town, and a series of operations followed which wearied and exhausted his troops without producing any successful result.

Continual attacks upon the town, and combats in the open country, occupied the following nine months. The Count of Foix joined his friends in Toulouse in the course of the autumn, and the defense of the place was resolute, active, and untiring. The whole country showed their enmity toward De Montfort, by cutting off his supplies as far as possible. His soldiers became wearied with incessant fatigue; his brother Guy was severely wounded by the quarrel of a crossbow; and still no advantage was gained. In one sally, headed by the Count of Foix, the troops of De Montfort were totally defeated. No quarter was given, and a terrible carnage took place. De Montfort himself fled with the rest toward Muret, but was pressed so hardly by the enemy that he was obliged to plunge into the Garonne, armed as he was, and nearly perished in the water. His horse was drowned, but he himself was saved by his companions; and, after rallying his troops and receiving some re-enforcements, he renewed the siege with more fury than ever. In the mean time the people of Toulouse, who

had been stripped of all their weapons, were busily engaged in manufacturing arms, and in constructing military engines of great power and size. As soon as all was prepared, some were directed against the Castle of Narbonnois, and some against the camp of the besiegers. Immense blocks of stone, arrows, and quarrels were cast by these great machines. The fortifications of the citadel were nearly destroyed : it became necessary, therefore, for De Montfort to employ against the inhabitants of the town the same means which they had used against him. He also constructed several great engines, and among the rest one called a *cat*, for the purpose of destroying the palisades and opening an entrance into the town. The defenders of the place, on the other hand, determined to destroy this machine ; and the troops being drawn up in the ditch, were about to issue forth under cover of a shower of stones and arrows from their catapults and mangonels, when De Montfort hurried forward with some of his most determined followers to defend his artillery. While standing at the foot of the engine, as some assert, or in one of the upper stages, as others declare, De Montfort was struck on the head by a large mass of stone from one of the mangonels, and received several arrows as he fell. He had only time to make the sign of the cross ere his fierce, ambitious spirit departed, and with it the life of the cruel crusade against the Albigenses. A desultory warfare continued for some time afterward. People were burned and slaughtered in Languedoc at the kind instigation of the monks of St. Dominic ; and for many years the total disruption of all ties, the confusion, the anarchy, and the misery, which this horrible crusade had brought upon one of the most beautiful countries in the world, continued in full force. The Count of Toulouse, however, continued to make progress in recovering possession of his territories, till a fit of apoplexy terminated the troublous course of his existence, in the month of August, 1222, three weeks after the death of his friend the Count of Foix, and four years after the fall of his great and malignant enemy. Only three years more passed before the Count of Comminges, and Arnold, abbot of Citeaux, now archbishop of Narbonne, left the busy scene where they had taken so prominent a part ; but one of the last who closed his eyes upon all the evils he had caused was the infamous and detestable Fulk, bishop of Toulouse, who expired in 1231. If any additional stain were necessary to complete the blackness of this bad man's character, it is cast upon it by one who justified his crimes and lauded his cunning, but who shows that he could jest amid

the wretchedness that he had created, upon the people who had been committed to his care, and whom he betrayed, persecuted, and destroyed.

In all the histories of these times the Vaudois and the Albigenses are confounded, and it is clear that in both Languedoc and Provence existed a number of different sects, united by their general reprobation of the superstitious crimes and heresies of the Church of Rome, but differing from each other in their discipline and perhaps in their dogmas. Some of these sects are loudly accused of Manicheism; and perhaps a few of the would-be philosophers of that age and those districts were infected with the heresy. They must, however, have been very few indeed; for, in all the conferences and disputes between the emissaries of the pope and the pastors of the Albigenses, reported by the persons most favorable to the Church of Rome, and most inimical to its opponents, we find no doctrine broached by the latter to which a sincere Protestant might not conscientiously subscribe. Perhaps, indeed, the charge was altogether one of those frauds of which we find so many in the history of these events, and intended merely to justify the awful cruelties perpetrated by the crusaders—cruelties unparalleled by any which disgrace the history of the world, with the exception of those exercised above four centuries afterward in Piedmont against a branch of the same people who here suffered persecution, and which called forth the beautiful sonnet of Milton, on the massacre of Piedmont in 1655:

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine Mountains cold;
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worship'd stocks and stones.
 Forget not: in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and, in their ancient fold,
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundred-fold, who, having learn'd thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

THE CONSPIRACY OF CUEVA.

V E N I C E.

CHAPTER I.

IN the early part of the seventeenth century, somewhere about the year 1611, a gallant ship might be seen sailing along the coast of Italy, somewhat to the northwest of Genoa. She was a bark of no great size, it is true, but rigged and armed in a manner not usually seen in those waters. Her masts raked in an extraordinary degree, and on one deck she carried twenty-four large guns. She was evidently a ship of war, and sailed under the flag of France; but the appearance of the vessel altogether was totally different from any that had been ever known to come out of a French dock-yard; and there was something about her which caused certain Genoese merchantmen to watch her with a wary eye, and make all sail for the nearest port.

Nevertheless, under a bright and beautiful sky, and favored by a steady, quiet breeze, which lightly ruffled the waters, the fair ship sailed on her course without seeming to notice the apprehension created by her passage. On her deck stood a tall, powerful, graceful man, in the early prime of life. He might be thirty years of age, or perhaps a little more; and his countenance, almost as brown as that of an Arab, and bearing two deep scars upon it, showed that those thirty or two-and-thirty years had been spent in laborious exercises, and probably in strife. His dress was rich, nay, even splendid; but it was of a character rarely seen to the westward of the Adriatic, and certainly did not accord at all with the French flag under which he sailed. Yet he was evidently the commander of the ship; and as she sailed along the coast, sometimes gliding very near the headlands, sometimes keeping further out to sea, the seamen obeyed his lightest word with alacrity, as if long accustomed to submit to his orders, and to rely upon his judgment. With a look of calm satisfac-

tion, mingled, perhaps, with a slight shade of melancholy, he kept his eye fixed upon the coast, till at length a young and beautiful lady came up from below and joined him as he paced the deck. Her dress was of much the same character as his, and any one who had traveled in the Levant would have instantly recognized it as the costume of some part of Greece; but he certainly was not a Greek, for his features and complexion spoke plainly a more northern race. With her it might be doubtful; for, though exceedingly beautiful, the pale olive tint of her skin, the large, dark, lustrous eyes, and the arched and finely-penciled eyebrows, seemed to bear evidence of Oriental birth. They spoke together long and tenderly in a strange tongue; and, albeit the expression of his countenance in general was stern and eager, almost to fierceness, toward her every thing that was harsh seemed subdued. At length the little port of Monaco came in sight. Thither the vessel directed its course. One of the seamen came up to the commander and spoke a few words to him in French. He replied in the same tongue, "Oh, yes! Plenty of water for her draught. We have been in shallower harbors than that."

The lady went below again. The commander steered with his own hands, and the vessel was soon in the harbor of Monaco. The officers of the port came on board, and seemed surprised at much that they saw; but the papers were all in due order, and every formality was complied with. In the evening of the same day, the commander and the lady landed with several women whom she brought with her; and during his absence, for he went on himself to Turin, a very valuable cargo was taken on shore.

At Turin, the commander of the vessel had an immediate audience granted him by the Duke of Savoy, who received him with great favor and distinction, ordered whatever documents he required to be prepared with the utmost dispatch, and then suffered him to return to Monaco.

In the mean time, a rumor spread through the little port that the commander of the vessel was the famous Jacques Pierre, whose extraordinary enterprises against the Turks had dignified, in the eyes of all zealous Catholics, even the criminal occupation of piracy. A thousand tales were told of his deeds in the Levant; how sometimes with a single vessel, occasionally aided by other piratical leaders, he had carried terror and confusion into the cities of the infidel, had scattered and burned the Mohammedan ships, and almost annihilated the

trade of Turkey. Marvels even were reported of him ; and, of course, a romantic imagination embellished and exaggerated the truth. He had appeared, men said, when nobody believed him to be within many hundred miles ; he had obtained admission into ports and fortified places, no one knew how ; he had suddenly started up with a mere handful of armed followers, in the midst of a well-guarded town, had vanquished all before him, swept the place of its treasures, and destroyed its buildings with fire.

Some of these tales were true, some of them false ; but certain it is, that this was the famous Jacques Pierre, one of the most renowned pirates of the day, whose actions, full of chivalrous daring, and marked by a certain portion of generosity and courtesy, were looked upon with a favorable eye by Christian princes, whose dominions he aided to defend. These actions acquired for him glory and renown instead of punishment and death.

Now what was it brought him home, returning toward his own fair land of France, after spending six or seven years in a way of life which seemed to render the assumption of any calmer and less perilous course utterly impossible ? Nevertheless, his vessel and its cargo were sold. His companions, receiving a share of all, which satisfied even their cupidity, parted from their leader with tears and protestations of attachment, pursued their way to deeds and fate unknown.

Jacques Pierre himself, with his lovely wife, her attendants, and one or two who attached themselves more particularly to his fortunes, retired to the town of Nice, purchased a beautiful property on the slope of the hills, and, with ample means and a heart apparently at ease, commenced a life of tranquil enjoyment. True, the nobility of the land showed no fondness for his society ; but Jacques Pierre sought them not, and seemed to look upon them with some degree of scorn. True, the citizens regarded him with doubt and fear, and never could forget that he had been the great pirate. The richest merchant of Nice gave him the wall, and the little children looked up and held their breath as he passed. But their servile apprehensions seemed to amuse and to please Jacques Pierre. Little did he mingle with this class of society either, though, perhaps, to the lower order of citizens, his demeanor was less lofty and stern than toward the higher classes. All his happiness seemed to lie in his own home ; and there, in a kind of luxurious but not unrefined indolence, he passed hour after hour, and day after day, with her he loved for his sole companion.

During the summer and the autumn, he would lie by her side, under the shadow of a tree, or of the clustering vines upon the hill, and look over the wide blue sea, and talk of other lands and other hours in a dreamy sort of poetry. Sometimes his conversation was of sweet scenes, and beautiful places along the fair shores or the bright island of the Ægean Sea. Sometimes, however, the adventurous spirit of other days would seem to revive, and he would speak of the battle, and the roaring cannon, and the flashing steel, the flying enemy, the captured ship, the burning town. Then would she sigh to think that the fiercer part of his nature was still unsubdued. He remained tranquil, however, for nearly two years; and she learned to think, or rather to hope, that the thirst for active enterprise was altogether dying away.

They were seated together once more in their garden on the hill, enjoying the sweet air of the evening, and the peaceful aspect of the whole scene. The roads, from the villages round about down to the town, were clearly traced out, as if on a map before their eyes, and were dotted here and there with peasantry returning from Nice to their homes. There was one group, however, upon which the eyes of Jacques Pierre fixed more particularly, consisting of two horsemen, and a man on foot who walked by the side of the horse on the right hand, and spoke from time to time to the rider. The road they were upon led directly from Nice to the country-house of the corsair; and when they arrived before the gates, they stopped at the door. One of the servants of the house was soon after seen guiding a distinguished-looking stranger through the gardens to the spot where his master and mistress were; and, rising to meet his visitor, Jacques Pierre received a letter from his hands, which, when he read it, seemed to agitate him a good deal. He conversed calmly, however, with the stranger in the French tongue; and the name of the Duke of Ossuna was often mentioned.

When the visitor was gone, after a very brief stay, Jacques Pierre seated himself by his wife again; and then he told her that the letter which he had received was an invitation from the Duke of Ossuna, viceroy of Sicily, to come to his court and take a high command in his armies against the Turks. The renown he, Jacques Pierre, had acquired while waging war against the infidel *on his own hand*, had reached the ears of the viceroy; and, resolved to carry on with activity the hostilities already commenced against the Turks, Ossuna sought for the counsel and assistance of men who, like Jacques

Pierre, had already distinguished themselves against the enemies of Christianity.

The lady heard his words with fear and pain; for, though he told her he would deliberate upon the invitation, she knew him well, and could read upon his countenance the secret emotions of his heart, with which he himself was not altogether acquainted. - He told her he would deliberate; but she saw with grief that, without knowing it, he had already decided.

In less than a fortnight from that time Jacques Pierre and his wife were on their way to Messina. He could not resist the temptation to begin again, under brighter auspices and a more honorable name, the exciting and adventurous career to which his youth had been devoted. Visions of glory and renown, and wealth and dignity, floated before his eyes. He had been accustomed to command, and he knew not what it is to serve. His wife became reconciled to the loss of the calm tranquillity upon which she had fixed her hopes by the prospect of her husband's elevation and success; and the honor and distinction with which they were treated at Naples silenced her regrets, if they were not altogether to be crushed. Looked down upon by the high nobles, regarded by the lower orders with a degree of awe approaching to fear, Jacques Pierre had lived at Nice in a state of complete isolation from those around him. But now the Viceroy of Naples applauded and sought him. The court was open to him; high command was assigned him; and, if we may believe the account of some historians, the great Duke of Ossuna treated him as a brother. Surely this was enough to reconcile a loving and attached wife to the loss of a portion of her domestic peace.

Galleys were equipped, armed, and placed under the command of the corsair; and beneath the flag of Spain he sailed away to the scenes of his first achievements. The gay Sicilians watched his departure, and then soon forgot him, though great activity was displayed in their ports in the preparation of a more important armament against the Turks. Ere that armament was ready, however, indeed before three weeks were fully over, the galleys of Jacques Pierre once more appeared off the port, followed by a number of other vessels, each bearing the Turkish flag reversed below the flag of Spain. Loud acclamations greeted the gallant sailor as he landed; and the Duke of Ossuna embraced him before the whole court, pronouncing his success an omen of greater triumphs

to come. A few weeks more passed, and the fleet was fully equipped and put to sea. An important command was assigned to the corsair; and day by day as the armament sailed on, it was remarked that the viceroy himself held long consultations with Jacques Pierre, to which none but a few officers of the highest rank were admitted. At length the Turkish fleet was discovered off the beautiful Island of Chios. Immediate dispositions were made for battle, and a desperate engagement followed. Every movement of the Sicilian fleet, however, was successful. Many of the Turkish galleys were taken. More were burned; and the scattered remnant of the fleet found safety in flight to various ports of Asia Minor. Many a man in the viceroy's armament attributed the triumph of that day to the councils of the French corsair, and to his activity in the battle. Ossuna publicly thanked him for both; and fresh honors and favors awaited him on his return to Sicily, consoling his wife for his danger and his absence. But the smiles of a court are very fickle; and so it would seem Jacques Pierre had still to find.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONSPIRACY OF CUEVA.

A YEAR or two passed, and the situation of all parties was changed. The Duke of Ossuna was now viceroy of Naples as well as Sicily. The war was no longer with the Turks. The German and the Spanish branches of the house of Austria were at variance with the Venetians and the Duke of Savoy; but negotiations for peace were going on, much against the will of three remarkable servants of the Spanish crown, Pedro of Toledo, governor of the Milanese; Pedro de Giron, duke of Ossuna, viceroy of Naples; and Alphonso de la Cueva, marquis of Bedomar, the Spanish ambassador at the court of Venice; for, although war actually existed between the republic and the crown of Spain, yet it had never been formally declared; and the Spanish ambassador had not been withdrawn from the city of the Adriatic. A treaty of peace was on the point of being signed; but it was well understood that the officers of the crown of Spain in Italy would very unwill-

ingly, if at all, abandon hostilities against Venice, and that Spain herself; perhaps, might connive at the prolongation of a war by which her subjects had been enriched and her ambitious views in Italy promoted.*

Still Jacques Pierre had been the friend and confidant of the Duke of Ossuna, often actively serving the viceroy, always admitted to counsel and advise him. Wealth and honors had fallen thick upon him. His house was like that of a prince, and his companions were the nobles of the land.

Suddenly a change came over the scene. Jacques Pierre returned from the palace of the viceroy with an anxious and discontented countenance. He became irritable, impatient, gloomy. The news spread through the court that he had bitterly offended the ruler of the land, that he was out of favor, that he was a disgraced man. Courtiers began to look cold upon him; and his wife did not venture to ask what it was that oppressed him. For some days his house was as solitary and quiet as it had been at Nice; but it was not as calm and happy. At length, one evening when the lady was about to retire for the night, her husband kissed her tenderly,

* The period to which the Duke of Ossuna protracted the hostilities against Venice, even after the signature of the treaty of Madrid, is of great consequence to the elucidation of the conspiracy of Cueva, or Bedomar, as it has been termed. The Count Daru founds all his reasoning against St. Real upon the supposition that the Duke of Ossuna had, even at the time when the supposed plot was laid, conceived the design of separating Naples and Sicily from Spain, and erecting them into a kingdom for himself. He shows that Ossuna, in pursuit of this object, must have looked for help to the Venetians, and that there is reason to suppose he did actually negotiate with them; but he takes care to give us no dates in regard to that negotiation; and it is perfectly clear that, if any such friendly negotiation did take place at all, which may be doubtful, it was posterior to June, 1618; for, during the whole of the autumn of 1617, and the spring of 1618, Ossuna was actually engaged in hostilities with the Venetians, capturing their ships and interrupting their commerce, in spite of admonitions, well understood to be insincere, from his own court. The determination attributed to him, of separating Naples from Spain and usurping the crown, may have been suggested to him by the feeble conduct of his own court in these very transactions; but there is proof positive that, all through the early part of 1618, he committed various acts of hostilities against the Venetians, and neglected altogether to restore the prizes which he had taken at the end of the preceding year; so that, on the one hand, it is impossible to believe he was asking assistance from that state in a meditated revolt against his sovereign, and, on the other, perfectly natural to suppose, when his enterprising character is taken into consideration, that he meditated the acquisition of Venice and its dependent territories, without much consideration of the justice or injustice of the act, or of the formal engagements of his own court.

and held her for some moments to his heart. About half an hour after she heard the sound of horses' feet in the court-yard. She heard the gates thrown open, and some persons ride out; but Jacques Pierre she did not see again. The next morning a party of the viceroy's guard surrounded her dwelling, and searched it diligently. Every room was examined. The gardens themselves did not pass unnoticed; and she was strictly interrogated as to what had become of her husband.

She could only answer that she knew not; and she was then placed in a carriage and conveyed to the Castel Nuovo. There she was kept a prisoner, treated, it is true, with honor and distinction, but guarded carefully, and suffered to hold communication with none.

In the mean time, Jacques Pierre, with a servant and a friend, rode on rapidly toward Rome, passed the frontiers of Naples, reached the eternal city, and, having remained there two or three days holding private communications with several persons of distinction, set out again for the Court of Savoy. At that court he was received with great honor by the duke, and, furnished by him with letters to the Senate of Venice, commending highly to their notice his courage, activity, and military skill, he crossed the country, and reached the shores of the Adriatic in the month of August, 1617.

What did Jacques Pierre seek at Venice? This is one of those mysterious secrets which probably will never be developed. Certain it is that he presented himself to the officers of the republic, and that, although there were many difficulties in the way of a foreigner seeking employment in the Venetian marine, whatever might be his merits and whatever his renown, Jacques Pierre obtained a command in the fleet, some say of one vessel, some say of two, and some of twelve. An ancient rule of the republic, it would seem, by which none but a noble Venetian was permitted to command one of its ships of war, was violated in favor of Jacques Pierre, and perhaps had been so likewise in other instances. Notwithstanding this appointment, Jacques Pierre remained at Venice, and frequently, it would appear, visited the Spanish ambassador, De la Cueva, in secret, and held long conferences with him. He visited, also, but more openly, the French ambassador, Monsieur Bruslart de Léon. Many of his countrymen were at Venice at that time, and some Neapolitans and Romans, with whom he was acquainted. Among the rest were two, one apparently a Neapolitan, named the Captain Alexander Spinosa, the other a Frenchman, named Re-

nault d'Arnaud. The first, it would appear, was an agent of the Duke of Ossuna, who had been in Venice for some time, a cunning, but vain man, whose objects in Venice are not easily ascertained. The second was a refugee from France, whom the French ambassador and his brother characterize as a debauched, drunken gambler, a swindler, a rogue, "whose rogueries were known to all the world." Nevertheless, this notorious person was apparently a favored visitor at the house of the ambassador, and was often invited to dine at his table. With this man Jacques Pierre entered into some degree of intimacy, engaging him apparently as a scribe, and intending to employ him as a courier.

During several succeeding months a number of Frenchmen and Savoyards took service with the Venetian government, and no disposition was shown to decrease their armaments. The town was full of foreigners, and Jacques Pierre seemed high in the favor of the Senate. He was consulted upon the changes proposed in their military marine, and furnished them, at their request, with a complete scheme for its better organization.* All passed smoothly and quietly for many months; and early in May, 1618, Jacques Pierre set out for the coast of Dalmatia with the Venetian fleet, while Renault prepared to depart for France, bearing dispatches from the celebrated corsair to the Duke of Nevers.

The nature of these dispatches it may be as well to explain. The Duke of Nevers had some chimerical pretensions to the crown of the Eastern empire; and he had often devised wild schemes for rousing the Greek population against the Turks, and making himself master of, at least, a part of the land, which at one time had been under the domination of his remote ancestors. For many years he had maintained a correspondence in the Morea, and, by his indiscreet conversation, had caused the death of several distinguished persons who had favored his views in Greece. Even to a very late period of his life he never laid aside his designs, and eagerly sought information from any one who could give him intelligence of the state of the Morea, and co-operation from all who could

* Monsieur Daru would have us believe that Jacques Pierre occupied a very inferior station in the Venetian marine, at the pitiful pay of forty crowns a month. The very letters, however, of Monsieur Bruslart, which he cites, show how high this officer was in the esteem of the Senate; and they prove that Jacques Pierre could have no need to accept insignificant pay from the Venetian republic, as he had the means of furnishing Renault with two hundred crowns, to carry a dispatch for him into France.

assist in his project. Communications had already taken place between himself and Jacques Pierre; and the dispatch now sent by the hands of Renault contained a detailed plan for an invasion of the Turkish empire combined with an insurrection of the people of Greece.

The state of Venice at the period which I mention, namely, the beginning of May, 1618, though not altogether one of profound peace, was, nevertheless, prosperous and happy. The death of the doge, Donato, in the early part of the year, after a reign of about one month, called Antonio Priuli to the ducal chair. But the newly-elected doge was at this time in Istria; and, while he hastened to receive the honor conferred upon him, Venice was ruled by the vice-doge, the Senate, and the Council of Ten. Peace had been concluded between the Archduke Ferdinand and the republic of Venice, and between the Duke of Savoy and the Spanish government; but war still subsisted in reality; the stipulations of the treaties were not executed; the fleets of the Duke of Ossuna, viceroy of Naples, infested the Adriatic, took the Venetian ships, and interrupted the commerce of the republic; and Don Pedro of Toledo, though indulging in no active enterprises against Savoy or Venice, still neglected the orders of his court to restore the town of Vercelli, or to abandon his hostile attitude toward the Venetians. The utmost possible enmity was displayed by the Duke of Ossuna toward the republic; and the armaments which he prepared at Naples, comprising many vessels of small draughts of water, fitted to navigate the Lagunes, gave much apprehension to the Senate. It was generally reported too, and was undoubtedly the fact, that he had caused maps of Venice and its canals, and complete charts of the shallow seas around, to be made by his agents in the north, and transmitted to Naples.

Bedomar, the Spanish ambassador, was at this period in Venice. The French ambassador was absent on a pilgrimage to Loretto, while his brother supplied his place. The former returned with the new doge, Priuli, who entered Venice, it would appear, on the 4th of June; but, in the mean time, one of the most terrible tragedies had taken place to be found in the annals of history.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONSPIRACY OF CUEVA.

ALL was quiet in Venice. The nobles and the Senate were occupied in preparations for the reception of their new duke. The people, with whom he was an especial favorite, rejoiced over his election; and all looked forward to the festivities which would follow his arrival, with the satisfaction of a light-hearted and revel-loving people. But, on the night of the fourteenth of May, a dull rumor ran among the populace, that a terrible conspiracy had been discovered for the destruction of the republic and the burning of the town. A great number of persons were said to have been apprehended; and every one sought information, but no one could obtain it. The Senate seemed ignorant of the transaction; the Council of Ten were mute; but still numerous arrests took place. The lodgings of all strangers in the town were visited; the inns and places of public entertainment were searched; and it was soon ascertained that the public prisons were crowded by more than three hundred new tenants. The Inquisitors and the Council of Ten were busy from morning till night; and the effects of their activity were soon seen. Several dead bodies were found hung upon gibbets in the place of St. Mark, and the waters of the canals bore up a number of corpses.

Still the Council of Ten maintained the most profound silence; but rumor gave out the details of the event as follows, before the twenty-second of the month. The famous Jacques Pierre, it was said, together with an engineer officer of the name of Langlade, who had accompanied him from Naples, a French officer of the name of Tournon, two brothers of the name of Desbouleaux, and Renault d'Arnaud, had conspired together to introduce a number of foreign soldiers into the town, for the purpose of seizing upon it on the day of Ascension. According to this rumor, their plan was to seize upon the place of St. Mark, the arsenal, the arms collected in the halls of the Council of Ten, and the treasury, to take possession of all the principal avenues, to set fire to a part of the town, and, having obtained possession of the armed galley which lay opposite the palace, to use the artillery which it

contained for the purpose of fortifying themselves in the principal positions they had taken. They were there to maintain themselves as best they could till the arrival of the fleet of the Duke of Ossuna, which was already in the Adriatic, only waiting for intelligence to advance. Another fleet, it was said, had been prepared at Trieste and Fiume, for the purpose of capturing Marano. This tale was generally credited among the Venetian people; and it was reported that eight hundred strangers had fled from Venice, immediately after the first arrests had been made.*

Although among the bodies of the dead which were found there were several Venetians, yet the greater part were recognized as Frenchmen. Nevertheless, every rumor pointed to the Spanish government as the authors of the conspiracy; and the populace in fury menaced the house of De la Cueva, and insulted the Frenchmen who ventured into the streets.

Nor were the sanguinary executions confined to Venice. Many of the strong places of the republic witnessed the same sanguinary deeds. The engineer Langlade was ill at Zara, and attended by a servant and a page. Suddenly the house was invested by a company of arquebusiers. Langlade was dragged from his bed, the servant and the page were seized, and all three shot down, as soon as they were brought out, without examination, trial, or confession.

But what became of Jacques Pierre? He had sailed away from Venice with the fleet, honored, and apparently contented with the distinction he received from the republic. His only cause of anxiety or regret seems to have been the detention of his fair wife in Naples; but we find that he consoled himself, from day to day, with the hope of her liberation, though we know not that he had any good foundation for such an expectation. The fleet was lying off the coast of Dalmatia, watching, it would appear, for the ships of the Duke of Ossuna, when a quick sailing galliot arrived from Venice, and an officer went on board the admiral's ship. Shortly after a signal was made for Jacques Pierre to come on board, which he immediately obeyed, accompanied by one servant and the rowers of his barge. There is reason to believe that a council was then held, and that the opinion of the famous corsair was asked upon several points. As soon as he returned to the deck, however, rude hands were laid upon him; and the fatal preparations that he saw gave the

* Such is the report made to his government by the brother of the French ambassador, then supplying his place, on the 22d of May, 1618.

first intimation that his death was determined. He wished to speak; but they would not hear him. He asked a confessor; but they would not grant him one. The fatal cord was twined round his neck, and after a brief struggle the body was put into a sack and cast into the sea.*

It has never been known how many persons were secretly executed; but the general belief is, that more than three hundred perished either by the cord or by the water.†

As the accusations of the Spanish government became more generally spread among the people, the popular rage was excited to the highest point. The house of the ambassador was threatened with pillage, and his person was certainly in danger.

De la Cueva presented himself before the vice-doge and College, to demand protection; and if the formal account of his audience, rendered by the doge to the resident of the republic in Milan, can be trusted, he somewhat forgot his dignity and pride in the fear which possessed him. Although neither the Senate, nor the College, nor the Council of Ten, had brought any charge against him, nor, indeed, had communicated to any one, up to that time, the particulars of the conspiracy, he defended himself almost as if he were upon his trial, declaring that he had refused even to listen to several foreigners, who had wished to speak with him on matters of importance; but he acknowledged a fact of much significance, namely, that rumors had reached him, from time to time, that the strangers with which the town was filled were accustomed to talk rashly among themselves in public places, saying that they could do such and such things if they liked. He protested, however, that he had never listened to these men himself.

The vice-doge and his council heard him in cold silence, gave him no explanation whatever, neither accused nor exculpated him, and merely replied that the council would consider his application, and send him an answer. He then vehemently renewed his demand for protection against the peo-

* I have chosen what seems to me the most probable account of the death of this celebrated and unfortunate man. Some say that he was placed in the sack still living; but in the letters of the French chancery it is stated that he was first strangled.

† Forty-five persons were drowned at the time of the execution of Jacques Pierre, and two hundred and sixty were executed on land, according to a cotemporary manuscript account of the proceedings, of which two copies exist, one in Paris, the other at Venice. The author is unknown.

ple, and quitted the hall. On the 27th of May he wrote to the Senate, and demanded another audience. The vice-doge received him as before; and he once more broke out into vehement protestations of his innocence, admitting that those who had been executed were culpable, especially one who had been put to death the day before, but whom he does not name. He reiterated, also, his application for protection, and retired, after receiving a very brief answer, merely assuring him that means had been taken to secure the peace of the town. He remained rather more than a fortnight in Venice after this audience, and then, pretending that he had received an invitation to Milan, quitted the capital of the republic never to return. We do not find that he took any formal leave of the doge or the Senate, but, nevertheless, the resident at Milan was directed not only to watch his conduct, but to pay him a visit of ceremony, showing the great reluctance which the government of Venice had to charge him publicly with a direct share in the conspiracy. The resident, however, as well as the ambassador from Venice at the court of Spain, had distinct intimation that he had fomented that conspiracy; but the latter, though furnished with all the particulars, and ordered to demand the recall of Bedomar in a personal audience of the King of Spain, was directed "to keep to general terms, limiting himself to stating that motives of great gravity had determined the council to adopt the measures which it had taken." This letter to the Venetian ambassador in Spain is dated the 2d of July, 1618; and this is the first occasion on which we find the Senate distinctly charging De la Cueva with taking part in a plot against the town; but the charge thus made fully justifies the application of the name which has been usually given to these transactions, namely, The conspiracy of Bedomar.

In this sad transaction, as I have stated, more than three hundred persons lost their lives. A great number were tortured in the most frightful manner, and still more were either strangled in their dungeons or secretly drowned. For some time after the discovery executions continued; but the deep mystery with which the Council of Ten enveloped all their proceedings, and concealed the evidence upon which they acted, caused doubts to arise in the minds of many persons as to the existence of a conspiracy at all. A controversy afterward arose as to the cause of these sanguinary executions; and people, as is common in controversies, forgot the guidance of common sense, somewhat deviated from plain and straightforward

truth, and corrupted or misinterpreted evidence, in order to support the view which each had taken. I shall now examine into the simple facts which are known, and briefly discuss the systems which have been raised upon them, without any hope of being able satisfactorily to explain all the dark points in one of the most obscure transactions on record, but perfectly certain of being able to show that the last hypothesis which has been put forward (that of the Count Daru) has not the slightest foundation in fact.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONSPIRACY OF CUEVA.

THERE are many transactions in the history of states or of individuals in regard to which motives of policy or of shame require all evidence to be suppressed, as far as possible. Such was the case in regard to the execution of an immense number of people at Venice in 1618. It must be remarked, however, that secrecy was an immemorial part of the police system at Venice, and that, in most instances, the denunciation, the trial, and the execution took place in secret. Especial care, however, seems to have been employed on the present occasion to prevent any of the particulars transpiring for some months, and especial motives may be easily discovered for such conduct. Peace had just been concluded with the house of Austria; the resources of the republic had been greatly diminished by the necessity of paying large subsidies to the Duke of Savoy during the war; the Dutch troops in the service of Venice were in a very mutinous state; France and Spain were on more friendly terms than had existed between them for many years; and boldly to accuse the Spanish ambassador of so horrible a crime as conspiring against the peace and safety of a friendly city, and engaging a band of desperadoes to fire and plunder it, must inevitably have brought on a war with one and probably with both branches of the house of Austria. Venice would have seen herself, under such circumstances, without any efficient allies, and her utter ruin must have been the consequence. It is easy to understand, therefore, that, however culpable the Spanish ambassador

might be, it was necessary to act with the greatest possible discretion in demanding his recall, and to suppress every thing which might appear like a scandalous charge against the crown of Spain.

The public documents which remain regarding this transaction are exceedingly few, and their information scanty. They divide themselves into two classes: those of which the authenticity is undoubted, and those which are not proved to be authentic. The first class comprises a number of letters of the Senate and the doge to the Venetian resident at Milan, and the reports of the Council of Ten, which were forwarded to him for his private information, together with the correspondence of Bruslart, the French ambassador, with his court. That these documents were written by the parties to whom they are attributed, there is, I believe, no doubt; but that the writers were always sincere in the views expressed, or accurate in regard to the facts stated, is another question, and may be doubtful.

The documents, respecting the authenticity of which we have no very distinct proof, but which yet are worthy of much attention, are three in number. The first is called a summary of the conspiracy,* and contains a long account of the denunciation of the plot, the examinations of the conspirators, the tortures to which they were subjected, their execution, and the precautions taken by the republic. The author is unknown, and the account differs materially from that given by the Council of Ten, on the 16th of September and the 17th of October, and transmitted to the resident at Milan soon after. The compilation, therefore, can not be looked upon as an authorized report; but, nevertheless, it contains many statements confirmed by other evidence. The next is a letter from Jacques Pierre to the Duke of Ossuna, dated the 7th of April, 1618. A copy exists at Paris, and another is to be found in the library of the Camaldolites of St. Michael, near Venice. The authenticity of this paper has not been proved, but the style is perfectly similar to that of other letters of Jacques Pierre which are known to be genuine; the details are in complete accordance with many known facts, and are so minute and particular that the slightest error would be discoverable, and betray the fabrication; and the authenticity is, moreover, confirmed by several facts which appear accidentally in the reports of the Council of Ten. The letter

* *Sommario della congiura fatta contro la serenissima republica di Venezia.*

is long and comprehensive. It refers to several transactions between the writer and the Duke of Ossuna, and to the intrigues then going on in Venice; and it contains a complete and well-organized plan for surprising that city, and giving it up to the troops of the viceroy. Though the authenticity is not proved upon irrefragable evidence, and although the designs implied seem inconsistent with known facts, yet I can not doubt that the epistle was written by Jacques Pierre, and am inclined to believe that Monsieur Daru only doubted the genuineness because the letter was totally opposed to the hypothesis he had formed.

The third class of doubtful documents consists of the minutes of the information given by Jacques Pierre, at various times, to the Venetian government, regarding the designs of the Duke of Ossuna and the Marquis of Bedomar against the town. These minutes were inclosed by the French ambassador to his government, after the discovery of the conspiracy, with a view of proving that no conspiracy existed. He states, at the same time, that the information was given by Jacques Pierre about ten months before, and that he, Monsieur Bruslart, was cognizant of the fact. It is to be remarked, however, that these papers are not in the handwriting of Jacques Pierre, but in that of Renault d'Arnaud, qualified as a drunkard, a gambler, and a swindler; and that they are only authenticated by the testimony of the French ambassador, who does not say how they came into his possession. It can not escape attention either, as a most extraordinary and unaccountable fact, that Monsieur Bruslart should have known for ten long months the design of the Duke of Ossuna upon Venice, and yet should never have communicated such important intelligence to his own government till after the discovery in May, 1618. That these last documents were originally really written by Jacques Pierre, I very much doubt.

Such, then, are the historical sources from which we have to form our opinion of the various accounts which have been given of this obscure and terrible transaction. I will now proceed to examine the views put forth by various parties regarding the conspiracy, passing over very lightly the most famous account of the conspiracy which has appeared, namely, that of St. Real, inasmuch as it is evidently founded upon the Italian summary of the conspiracy which I have mentioned, with various alterations and embellishments, wherein ornament has been considered more than truth.

The first account of the conspiracy which I shall consider

is that given by the Venetian government itself; and, as more and more information was communicated to its diplomatic agents at various times, it will be necessary to mark the period at which each communication took place.

Within a very short time after the first arrests were made and the executions commenced, it has been seen that rumors spread among the people regarding the object of the detected conspiracy, and the parties implicated. These rumors were transmitted to the French government by Monsieur Broussin on the 22d of May, 1618. Nevertheless, the Council of Ten maintained the most profound silence, and proceeded with the work of butchery in darkness and in secret. There is not the slightest trace of their having communicated the particulars of the conspiracy, or the evidence upon which they acted, to the Senate, to the vice-doge, or to any of the diplomatic agents. The first hint of the complicity of Bedomar in the transactions which had given occasion for such frightful executions is contained in a letter from the three inquisitors of state to the Venetian resident at Milan, on the 6th of June, 1618. On the 11th of the same month, a letter from the doge to the same personage (Vincenti) makes the charge distinctly. Priuli says, "It appears clearly from these proceedings that the ambassador of the Catholic king resident with us had a great part in this scheme, and he can not himself deny it."

An account is then given of the interviews I have mentioned between Bedomar and the Senate. Although the letter of the Senate, dated the 2d of July, to the Venetian ambassador in Spain, directing him to demand the recall of Bedomar, undoubtedly contained the Venetian version of the whole transaction, a copy of the statement then sent has not come down to us. We only know that the Senate ordered the ambassador to communicate with the king in person, to use the utmost discretion, and to avoid most scrupulously making any charge against the Spanish people or crown which could give even a pretext for offense, but at the same time firmly, though respectfully, to demand the recall of De la Cueva. A letter from the doge, on the 20th of July, announces that Bedomar had been recalled.* On the 31st of July and the 16th of

* Monsieur Daru concludes, from the date of this letter, that the recall of Bedomar could not have been occasioned by the application of the Senate. This does not appear to me to be perfectly clear. Twenty-six days had elapsed since the application had been made; and it does not appear impossible that even an ordinary courier should perform the journey to Madrid and back in the given time. The matter, however, is not of very great importance.

September we have two reports made by the Council of Ten. The first of these only touches generally on the designs against the town of Venice, but enters particularly into the details of a plot for the surprise of the town of Crema, which was to have been executed at the same time with the attempt upon Venice. It accuses Don Pedro, of Toledo, in concert with the Marquis of Bedomar, of having seduced the foreign soldiery in the pay of Venice,* and states that the plot at Crema had been discovered by one of the soldiers of the garrison, who, struck with terror on hearing of the executions in Venice, confessed the whole. The report of the Council of Ten, on the 16th of September, is a further exposition of the Venetian view of the case. It states that a Frenchman, who had not taken part in the plot, but who had heard the designs of the conspirators, had revealed them to the Venetian government, without any promise of reward or even any security for his own life; and it declares that his information had been confirmed by the confession of the culprits under the torture, and by a letter from one of the conspirators to the Duke of Ossuna, found in the valise of a person condemned, together with a letter of recommendation to the viceroy, written by the Spanish ambassador. "The writer complains," says the report, speaking of the former letter, "that a favorable occasion has been lost," which is exactly similar to a passage in the letter of Jacques Pierre, before mentioned. The report then goes on to state that this was not the only proof of the conspiracy which had been obtained. A person of quality and judgment in the service of the republic, and who perfectly understood the French language, had been concealed in a place where the conspirators met, and heard the whole of their conversation. The same person had moreover seen, the report states, in the house of the ambassador, a number of letters from the Duke of Ossuna, some addressed to De la Cueva himself, some to one of his intimates charged with the direction of the plot. It was this latter personage, the council asserts, who wrote the intercepted letter above mentioned. The report then proceeds to state that the discoveries made at Crema had thrown great light upon the proceedings of the conspirators at Venice, and

* The words are "in the course of the last months." The report is dated on the 31st of July, and Monsieur Daru very unfairly asks how the ambassador could seduce the soldiers in the month of June, when the conspiracy was discovered, at the latest, on the 14th of May? He does not remark that the word *months* is in the plural, and is a completely vague expression, which might apply to any two or three months before.

that orders had been sent to the captain general to put to death Jacques Pierre and Langlade with as little publicity as possible, ample proofs of their crimes having been obtained after their departure for the fleet.

The most full and important of all these documents, however, is a letter of the doge to the resident at Milan, dated the 19th of October, 1618, and containing a report made by the Council of Ten on the 17th of the same month. The letter states that some foreign courts had been led to believe that the accounts of the conspiracy which had been discovered at Venice were without foundation; and it directs the resident to refute these insinuations, and to sustain the fact and the necessity of the measures taken by his government. He is enjoined, however, on no occasion to begin the subject, always to lay the blame upon ministers, and never to mix the names of princes with the question. The new report of the Council of Ten is inclosed, probably for his own information. That most important document makes the following statements:

“In the month of March last, a Frenchman from the province of Languedoc, named Montcassin, of the age of about thirty years, of respectable birth, a man of courage, enterprise, and of a shrewd mind, came to Venice.

“He obtained from the council a military employment, and offered to raise a company of three hundred French musketeers. A few days after, the Captain Jacques Pierre, one of the chiefs of the conspiracy, having arrived, imagined that this Montcassin, who passed for a clever man, might be useful in the execution of the evil designs which he, Jacques Pierre, meditated.”

The report then goes on to state that Jacques Pierre entered into conversation with Montcassin in the Church of St. Mark, caressed him greatly, asked him to dinner, made him sleep at his house, and ultimately revealed his project to him, after having sworn him to secrecy. He used many arguments to induce him to quit the service of the republic, showed how slow it was in promoting officers, how little satisfaction it had given to foreigners in its service, and added, that it was a miracle that the town had escaped being taken by surprise long before. He ridiculed the Venetians exceedingly on account of their want of military qualities, and declared that, in Turkey, he had once executed a similar enterprise without the loss of a single man. He, with some of his companions, subsequently led Montcassin to the top of the Tower of St. Mark,

showed him the two channels which communicated with the deep sea, and declared that he could bring a vessel up to the very Square of St. Mark. He, moreover, remarked, that in Venice more honors were given to a lackey than to a soldier, and told his companion, that although the Venetians had now some troops in the forts, where formerly there were none, they were the merest scum. He declared that he had demanded money of the Spanish ambassador for the purpose of introducing foreign soldiers into the forts, besides the thirty or forty who were there already, and that the ambassador had promised him more than he had asked. Jacques Pierre also instigated Montcassin to write to Naples that they should render the imprisonment of his wife more strict, and make much noise about this severity, in order to better conceal the projects agreed upon. The corsair then developed his whole plan for the surprise of the town. The Duke of Ossuna was to send him two or three galleons, with five hundred picked men. As soon as they were within sixty miles of Venice, a felucca would be dispatched to give him notice of their approach. The first favorable night would be chosen for the ships to get in shore as far as possible; the conspirators would then take arms and set fire to the town in various places, in order to distract the people, while Langlade burst open the gates of the arsenal with a petard. The mint was also to be seized; and the conspirators, divided into three battalions, were to cover the disembarkation of the troops, and maintain their ground in the town in expectation of news from the garrison of a place, the name of which is omitted.*

Various other conversations between Jacques Pierre, Langlade, and Montcassin are recapitulated in the report, from which it appeared that the intention of the conspirators was to seize the Palace of the Council of Ten, to massacre all the members, to attack the armory, to set fire to the arsenal, to take possession of the Place of St. Mark and the Rialto, and

* The plan laid out in the letter attributed to Jacques Pierre is a much more formidable affair than this wild and hopeless scheme developed by Montcassin, who, it would appear, was only partially informed. His means were to have been five thousand men, whom he had either seduced among the Dutch troops, or gathered together from different parts in Venice and its neighborhood, together with the whole mass of prisoners in the city, who were to be liberated and armed; the cannon from the arsenal and the armed galleys were to be put in requisition, and barricades erected at every defensible point. With these, he thought, he should be able to hold the town till the arrival of the troops of the viceroy from Naples.

to point all the cannon which could be obtained upon the town. The pillage of the place was to be given up to the conspirators, and the town itself to the Duke of Ossuna, who, as soon as he heard that the attempt was successful, was to send forward twenty-five or thirty galleys filled with armed men, which were to follow the galleons at a considerable distance, waiting for the signal.

Shortly after these conversations, Montcassin left Venice for a time; and during his absence the existence of a plot, with some of the particulars, was communicated to Nicholas Donato by a letter written in Italian, spelled in the French manner. In the middle of the month of April Montcassin returned, and took up his abode at an inn called the Trumpet, where another officer lodged, named Balthazar Juven. Montcassin immediately determined to gain his brother officer to the conspiracy; and, after some hesitation and various precautions to insure his secrecy, he took him to the house of Jacques Pierre, where they found assembled Langlade, Renault, two brothers (Charles and John Boleo, otherwise Desbouleaux), a soldier named Colombe, and John Berard, of the garrison of Crema. Here Jacques Pierre, Montcassin, and Juven, going apart from the others, conversed over the plot, in which Juven refused to take part, unless they communicated the whole to him, and gave him a copy of their plan of action. This being accordingly done, Juven determined to reveal the whole, and applied to a nobleman, named Bollani, to obtain an audience of the Senate. Pretending to have some business to transact with that body in regard to his company, he persuaded Montcassin to accompany him to the palace. As they entered the grand hall, Montcassin, apparently alarmed, asked his companion where they were going.

"I am going," replied Juven, "to ask permission of the doge to set fire to the arsenal and the mint, and to give up Crema to the Spaniards."

He, however, comforted his pale and trembling companion, by telling him he would inform the doge that he, Montcassin, came also to reveal what he knew; and he then left him in the outer hall, watched by Mark Bollani and several other persons. Juven then went before the doge* and made his deposition in form, after which he went back to Crema. Montcassin eagerly applied to make his deposition also before the inquisitors of state, which was permitted; and now an im-

* It would appear that this was in the time of the short reign of a month of Nicolas Donato.

mense mass of information was obtained, especially regarding the participation of the Spanish ambassador in the plot, and of the proceedings of one of his friends and confidants, named Robert Buccilardo, of Bergamo, in whose hands were all the threads of the conspiracy, and who conducted the correspondence with the Duke of Ossuna. It appeared that this Buccilardo and Jacques Pierre had been very active together in stirring up a mutiny among the Dutch troops; and Montcassin offered to put Buccilardo and all his papers into the hands of the government, by bringing him to a house where the conspirators met; but Buccilardo was upon his guard, and made his escape. Montcassin, however, succeeded in concealing an agent of the government in a place where he could hear and see the whole proceedings of the conspirators at one of their meetings. The report then gives a summary of what had been discovered from the various declarations, in the following words:

“A *project*, which was believed to be of easy execution, was concerted at Naples, between the Duke of Ossuna and others, for the purpose of surprising this capital, with two thousand picked men, brought hither in four galleons. These galleons were to be apparently charged with bulky merchandise, and to have letters for various merchants. Under the coverings placed to keep the merchandise from the air, the soldiers were to keep themselves concealed during the day. At night they were to issue forth, under the port of Malamocco, take possession of some boats, and land, a part in the Square of St. Mark, part at the arsenal, five hundred on the canal of Murano, part upon the bridges, part before the houses on the grand canal; five hundred were to be posted on the bridge of the Rialto, and barricade themselves there, taking possession of the neighboring houses. Of the five hundred remaining, three hundred were to continue drawn up in the square, and two hundred to render themselves masters of the palace and the public offices. They said they had two or three hundred determined men, whose business it was to seize upon the principal personages of the town. In the mean time the twenty galleys of the Duke of Ossuna were to be held near enough to give aid.

“The enterprise was to have been attempted in the month of March, or in October or November. The duke had promised liberty and a pecuniary reward to the galley slaves if they brought the ships hither; and, as they had expressed some doubts as to there being depth enough of water, it was arranged

that each galley should be accompanied by four barges and four armed boats, which could place themselves on the canals in such a manner that one part of the town could not send aid to the other. They were to seize upon all the barges and gondolas, break down the bridges, and forbid the inhabitants to appear out of their houses, assuring them that there was no design against either their persons or their property, and that the King of Spain took them under his protection, would maintain their ancient liberty, and deliver them from oppression. The same promises were to be made to the nobility, assuring them that the king would only confer offices of state upon the patricians, and that those offices would be rendered more lucrative. This being done, the conspirators proposed to ring the bell which convokes the great council and the Senate, in order that all the members of those assemblies should come and swear fidelity to the king. The poor nobles were to be gained by fine words, and by holding out to them hopes of aggrandizement. As to the principal patricians, such as the doge, the procurators, the counselors, and the senators, it was intended to arrest them. Barges had been prepared at Naples with which they could pass through all the waters of Venice, according to the advice of that Dominic, who, they say, was formerly in prison at Barletta, a man of determination, at present pilot to one of the principal ships of the Duke of Ossuna. The fleet and the duke himself in person were to seize upon the different forts."

The report goes on to say, that all these projects were devised at Naples in the month of January last. The words which follow are of great importance to a right understanding of the case. "This is proved," says the report, "by the letters of a Burgundian, named Laurent Pola, one of the emissaries sent for this purpose, who, on the 5th and 10th of January, wrote letters addressed to a Monsieur Given,* and found upon a certain Charles de Boleo (Desbouleaux). He uses fictitious names and forms agreed upon; but before his death (*this must mean the death of Desbouleaux*), he confessed that by the name of Peter he understood the Duke of Ossuna to be meant, and that Captain Briardo and Jacques Pierre, having revealed this impious plot at the moment it was about to break out—Robert, in his letter to the Duke of Ossuna, of the 13th of March, deplored the loss of an opportunity.† (This letter,

* Probably Juven.

† There seems to be a considerable part of this sentence, or more than one sentence omitted.

with another from the ambassador, has been found in a box of the brothers Boleo (Desbouleaux), as we have already said in another report.) He expresses his regret that they had not profited by the time during which Laurent was dispatched to Naples."

The report then goes on to mention some other transactions, by which the wild designs of the Duke of Ossuna against various parts of the Venetian territories had been discovered some time before, and which show that, notwithstanding the existence of peace between Spain and Venice, the Viceroy of Naples and the Venetian government were still carrying on active warfare against each other, he capturing their ships and carrying them to Naples, and they treating his officers as pirates, and putting them to death when taken, inasmuch as his conduct was disavowed by his government. An account is then added of the conspiracy of Crema, much in the same terms as those employed before, only that the names of John Fournier and John Berard are given as those of the principal conspirators. The report adds, that all the guilty parties, with a few exceptions, had been put to death, that Montcasin had been sent to Candia with a pension from the government, and that Balthazar Juven, with his wife and four Frenchmen, had been set at liberty.

Such is the account of this conspiracy, as given by the Venetian government to one of its diplomatic agents, about five months after the event to which it refers. There does not seem to me to be any thing the least improbable in the statement, unless it be that the Duke of Ossuna should entertain so rash a project, and trust its execution to the hands of such persons. But it must be remarked, that the Viceroy of Naples by some means established for himself such a character for daring and ill-digested designs, that even rasher and more extensive projects have been very generally attributed to him, to be carried out by means still less sufficient for the end. Again, it is to be remarked, that if the Venetian statement is true, De la Cueva, who was on the spot, was in a position to direct and govern the inferior persons employed, and, therefore, the scheme was not so rash, or so unlikely to be successful, as it at first appears.

Had the plain statement of the Venetian government been generally published at the time, or before St. Real had embellished the conspiracy with a number of false facts, and given it an air of romance, I do not believe any doubts would now exist as to the reality of the plot, although some circum-

stances have been since discovered which we can not easily account for, and upon which the Count Daru has raised a hypothesis perfectly unsustainable.

Before examining that hypothesis, however, I will endeavor to show in what points the statement of the Venetian government is supported by those cotemporaries who labored the most diligently to prove there was no conspiracy at all.

The first who expresses a doubt of the existence of a conspiracy is Monsieur Broussin, who acted as chargé d'affaires during the French ambassador's absence. He says, "Many people believe that there is no truth in this affair, and look upon the execution of the alleged enterprise as impossible." But what does he report to his government, not as a statement made to him by the Venetian officers, but upon his own authority? "This conspiracy has got such hold of their brains, that, from that day, the Council of Ten (who take cognizance of the most important affairs of the republic) and the three inquisitors of state have worked at it continually, and, having sent for the register of the names of strangers lodging in this town, have verified the flight of more than eight hundred since the day when these miserable men were taken, which serves as a great proof of some design against this town. Lately, also, Maradan, general of the Austrians, has come down upon the frontier of the states of these lords, with more than three thousand men, at a time when, on account of the expectation of the conclusion of the dissensions regarding the Uscoques, he ought rather to have marched away."*

The next person who throws doubt upon the story of the conspiracy is Monsieur Bruslart, the French ambassador himself, who, from the moment of his return, about three weeks after the first executions, labors hard to prove that there was no conspiracy at all. Apparently not knowing the contents of his brother's dispatches during his absence, he boldly denies that a single man had fled from Venice; but, with regard to his reasons for doubting the existence of a conspiracy, and especially for believing the innocence of Jacques Pierre, I shall have to make some observations hereafter, and will confine myself here to what he says confirmatory of the views taken by the Venetians. In a letter of the 3d of July, 1618, he states that the brothers Desbouleaux had been seized, with

* I have given a bold and almost literal translation of these passages, lest I should be accused of corrupting the text, as others have not scrupled to do.

a letter of recommendation from the Spanish ambassador to the Duke of Ossuna. He also states, in the same letter, that two Frenchmen, Montcassin and La Combe (probably La Colombe), whom he calls vagabonds, had accused the brothers Desbouleaux, and caused them to be seized, with the letter of the Spanish ambassador upon them. Then follows a very obscure passage, in which it is difficult to understand of whom he is speaking. I understand him, however, to mean the brothers Desbouleaux, when he says, "I am of opinion that, upon the retreat of these two, who were going back to Naples, the Venetians entertained a suspicion that all the others of their cabal would do the same : joined to that, that sometimes among themselves they discoursed inconsiderately upon this enterprise, trusting that they had the liberty of speaking upon it, on account of having discovered it."

In the same and several other letters, he speaks more than once of Montcassin's revelations to the Venetian government, and of his intention of coming to see him, the French ambassador. He promises to draw as much information from him as he can, and to reproach him bitterly for his conduct ; but Montcassin, it appears, did not think fit to come, and was sent to Candia, which Monsieur Broussin looks upon as a proof that the Venetians knew he could not sustain his charges. On the other hand, the Council of Ten declare that they sent him to Candia to be out of the way of dangers which menaced him ; and, indeed, the threats of Monsieur Broussin toward Montcassin show that this apprehension was not altogether groundless. From these letters, however, it appears that the account of the Venetian government is confirmed even by the French in two points, the revelations of Montcassin, and the flight of a great number of strangers from Venice. If the letter attributed to Jacques Pierre, and addressed to the Duke of Ossuna, is authentic, no doubt can exist of the conspiracy ; and it is to be remarked, that great coincidence may be found between several parts of that letter and the report of the Council of Ten in regard to the dispatch of Laurent Nola to the Duke of Ossuna. Monsieur Bruslart, indeed, never mentions that letter, nor touches upon the Burgundian, Laurent Nola, at all ; but he warmly defends the character of Jacques Pierre, and insinuates, more than once, that he was put to death in order to give satisfaction to the Sublime Porte, against which power all the early efforts of his arms had been directed, and against which he was preparing new expeditions in concert with the Duke of Nevers. It may be that

these schemes of the corsair were chimerical ; it may be that France and Savoy only gave them a temporary and unsubstantial encouragement for purposes of their own ; but certain it is that Jacques Pierre and the Duke of Nevers both entertained them, and that the written plans which he sent to the duke fell into the hands of the Venetian government, when the papers of Renault d'Arnaud were seized and examined. Monsieur Bruslart was not alone in his opinion that Jacques Pierre was sacrificed to the vengeance of the Porte, for there are many letters and papers extant in which the same idea is hazarded. But let us examine, first, what are the reasons the French ambassador publicly gave for doubting the existence of a conspiracy at all, and next, upon what evidence he exculpated Jacques Pierre from all share in it, if it did exist.

In a public audience of the doge which took place shortly before the 19th of July, 1618, Monsieur Bruslart received a notification from the Venetian prince that the French government had made use of language, in regard to the conspiracy, little in accordance with the friendly relations between the two countries, evidently imputing to him unfavorable reports to the ministry of the French monarch.

To this reproach, Monsieur Bruslart assures his government, he replied in a long, elaborate, and very artful speech, placing the doubts of the conspiracy, which he himself entertained, in the mouth of other French gentlemen, who had been in Venice at the time, which he himself had not been. He pointed out, among other things, that these French gentlemen had spread abroad, that the Duke of Ossuna had no other forces in the Venetian Gulf than fifteen galleons in a very bad state at Brindisi,* while the Venetian armament kept the seas ; that the two Desbouleaux, when they were taken, were retiring to Naples, discontented with Jacques Pierre and Renault, and having a letter of recommendation from the Spanish ambassador ; that they were accused by a person named Montcassin, who went with the younger of the two to the said ambassador's to receive that letter ; and that it was not at all likely that, when they were on such bad terms with each other, they should unite to execute so damnable a conspiracy ; that Renault was going to France with a French passport, and actually on the point of setting out with letters and memoirs written to the Duke of Nevers by Jacques

* Let it be remembered that Brindisi is not in the Venetian Gulf at all, although the French ambassador places it there.

Pierre, who had paid him two hundred ducats for his journey, Jacques Pierre being at the same time alone, with none but his domestic servants, in the galley of the admiral, and Langlade at Zara, with one soldier, and a young boy who served him; and that there was no probability of their being able, while thus separated, to execute in four days so important and difficult an enterprise. He moreover stated, that these (fictitious) French gentlemen had remarked that it was a marvellous thing the conduct and execution of a design formed by so powerful a hand as was said should be intrusted to such feeble instruments and so small a number of men; and that it was very strange, as the conspiracy originated entirely with Spaniards, who had so many partisans in Italy, no one should have taken any part therein but these five miserable Frenchmen and two or three of their servants; that no forces which could create alarm had appeared either within or without the town, and that no arms, offensive or defensive, had been found; that the manner in which Jacques Pierre and Langlade had been put to death, without giving them time to speak, caused doubts, as it was natural to suppose that the Venetian government would have sought to draw from them every sort of information;* that it was worthy of admiration, above all things, that in so great and detestable a conspiracy, in which many persons must have participated, not one witness had been found, not one letter which could convict the culprits, and that there was no proof but the alleged confessions, of which there could have been none in the case of Jacques Pierre and Langlade, who had died without speaking, while the others having been strangled in prison, every one was at liberty to doubt their confession.

Monsieur Bruslart adds, that to these observations the doge made no reply, except that the Venetian government, being moderate in its judgments, would not have performed so exemplary an act of justice without good cause.

It is very probable that the doge was himself ignorant of the particulars of the conspiracy; for this audience took place before the 19th of July, and the first detailed account of the conspiracy, given to the government itself by the Council of Ten, who managed the whole proceedings in secret, is dated the 17th of October. Even had the doge been aware of the facts, it is not likely that he would have entered into a personal discussion of them with the French ambassador. But

* I suppress a disquisition, which he says he inflicted upon the doge, in regard to the nature of justice.

every one who will take the pains to compare the objections of Monsieur de Bruslart with the report of the Council of Ten will find that the greater part of the former lose all their force by the explanations in the latter, and that many of his assertions are directly contradicted either by that document or by his own brother's letter. It appears by the report of the council, that the execution of the enterprise was to be put off till September or October, and therefore the separation of the conspirators, for the time, proved nothing. It is shown, also, that the number of persons engaged was very great, and it is asserted that they were directed by De la Cueva. More than three hundred were put to death, nearly eight hundred fled, according to M. Broussin; and of the Dutch troops, nearly three thousand in number were engaged. Therefore, Monsieur Bruslart's objection, founded on the smallness of the number, falls to the ground. All the leaders but Renault were officers of some rank in the Venetian service, and they were, according to the report, headed by Bedomar, so that they did not deserve to be called "feeble instruments." If an Austrian army of three thousand men advanced to the frontier, as M. Broussin declares, surely his brother had no right to say that no forces had appeared to cause alarm; and in regard to the objection that no Spaniards had taken part in the conspiracy, it was very unlikely that they should be suffered to do so, as the appearance of many of that nation in Venice must necessarily have excited suspicion in the Venetian government.

As to the other points, the Council of Ten declare that they had both witnesses and documents to prove the facts, besides the confessions, and, as to the secrecy of the proceedings, they only followed a course which was usual in Venice.

It seems to me, therefore, that Monsieur Bruslart did not at all shake the credibility of the statement of the Council of Ten as to the existence of a conspiracy. With regard to the guilt of Jacques Pierre, the case is very different, and presents some points which seem incapable of explanation upon any evidence that is before us. Monsieur Bruslart's testimony is as follows: "The first act of Jacques Pierre, when he devoted himself to the service of this republic, was to discover to it a project formed by the Duke of Ossuna to surprise this town with armed barges, taking possession of the places most easy to retain, and to second and support this effort by his army, which he designed to render powerful and bring into these quarters. Upon this he (Jacques Pierre) was heard for three

or four hours, and gave his advice to these lords as to the remedies which they might employ against such an attempt. He told it to myself and many other persons, and mentioned it to any one who would listen; so that there is very little likelihood that he sought to attempt an enterprise which he had been the first to disclose." (Letter, 6th of June, 1618.)

This statement is certainly powerful evidence in favor of Jacques Pierre; but it is also, though Monsieur Bruslart does not appear to have seen it, irrefragable evidence that the Venetians had reason to think the Duke of Ossuna had laid the very plot of which they accused him, without any reason to believe that he had abandoned it. Moreover, the minutes of the revelations given by Jacques Pierre to the Venetian government, and sent by Monsieur Bruslart himself to France (if they are genuine, of which I entertain some doubts), show that the Council of Ten had distinct information that the Spanish ambassador took an active part in the plot for the capture or destruction of their city. Monsieur Bruslart, therefore, with those papers actually under his eyes, and with no assignable reason for supposing that the plans of the conspirators were changed, had no right to deny the existence of a conspiracy, although he had every right to protest against the execution of Jacques Pierre.

Further on, in the same letter, he says, "I will say more. So far was Jacques Pierre from entertaining such a thought, that he dreamed of nothing but serving the king and M. de Nevers in their designs upon the Levant, and had charged this Renault with very ample memoirs upon the subject, and with letters which he wrote to his majesty and to my said Lord of Nevers, which he came to my house to read to me, and sent the said Renault express to carry them to France, and had paid him two hundred ducats for his journey. I had also given him a passport. So that some people suppose that the said memoirs, having been found in the hands of the said Renault, may have forwarded the death of the said Jacques Pierre rather than any conspiracy."

In several other letters, Monsieur Bruslart continues to assert the innocence of Jacques Pierre, and mentions repeatedly that the corsair had warned the Venetian government fully of the designs of the Duke of Ossuna; and in his letter of the 19th of July, 1618, he declares that Jacques Pierre, only two days before his departure with the fleet, had given in a new memoir for the security of the town, and had drawn up, at the desire of the Senate, a plan of the order of battle which

the Venetian fleet should adopt. In the same letter, the ambassador inclosed the rough copies of two formal informations, laid by Jacques Pierre before the inquisitors, which were found, he says, in a coffer belonging to Jacques Pierre. They are in the handwriting of old Renault; but this Monsieur Broussin explains by saying (in a letter of the 3d of July) that, as Jacques Pierre was not able to write in Italian, they had been taken down by Renault. The documents to which he refers are curious, but are too long for insertion here. They show, however (if they are genuine), that the Duke of Ossuna had a secret agent at Venice, called Captain Alexander (supposed to be Alexander Spinosa, who was put to death by the Venetians shortly after the receipt of Jacques Pierre's information); that this Alexander was in communication with the Spanish ambassador; that he entered into conversation with Jacques Pierre, upon the designs of the Duke of Ossuna, took him to the house of the Spanish ambassador, and was present with him during a conference conducted with the greatest secrecy and care, in the course of which the ambassador urged the corsair very strongly to go back to Naples, in order to arrange the plans against Venice more completely and fully with the viceroy. These papers are not signed by Jacques Pierre; no part of them is in his handwriting; but it is attested on the back by the hand of the French ambassador, that they are copies of the information given by Jacques Pierre to the Venetian government; and the dates show that this was immediately after his arrival in Venice.

It results from the consideration of these papers, that Jacques Pierre really quitted the service of the Duke of Ossuna on some disgust, after having been informed of his designs against the Venetians; that he then entered into the service of the republic, and revealed to his new masters the schemes devised against them; that he nevertheless kept up communications with the Spanish ambassador, and with the agents of the Duke of Ossuna; and that, from time to time, he revealed at least a part of what he knew or heard, to the Venetian government.

These papers may have been forged by Renault; but it is clear, that the French ambassador believed them to contain the substance of what Jacques Pierre had revealed; and the report of the Council of Ten itself, dated 17th October, 1618, admits, in unqualified terms, that Jacques Pierre had revealed "the impious plot at the moment it was about to break forth."*

* Monsieur Daru makes a very unnecessary comment upon this part

This leaves no doubt whatever that he did communicate to the power he served the plots which were entertained against it. The letters of the French ambassador, the minutes of the information given by Jacques Pierre, and the report of the Council of Ten, taken together, prove that there was a conspiracy against the state of Venice, projected by the Duke of Ossuna, and probably communicated to De la Cueva, marquis of Bedomar; and from the statement of the French ambassador, in his letter of the 19th of July, 1618, that Jacques Pierre had given fresh information to the government two days before he sailed with the fleet, there is reason to suppose that the conspiracy, far from being abandoned, was in full activity till a very short time previous to the executions.

The strange and apparently inexplicable facts are these; that, notwithstanding the full revelation made by him, Jacques Pierre was enveloped with the other conspirators in the punishment of the very crime that he denounced; that the manner of his death was contrary to every form of justice; that he was neither examined, informed of the crime with which he was charged, nor suffered to make any defense; and that the Venetian government, even after having put him to death for taking part in the conspiracy, acknowledged that he had revealed it. Nor is it less inexplicable that the French ambassador himself should be aware of the existence of such a conspiracy in August, 1617, know all the details of it from Jacques Pierre, be informed that he had denounced it to the Venetian government, and yet never communicate the important fact to the French ministry till the following year, and then should couple that very communication, accompanied by documentary evidence of the conspiracy, with a denial that any conspiracy existed.

This part of the case is altogether exceedingly mysterious; and various explanations have been boldly put forth, or covertly insinuated. Monsieur Bruslart implies, in his letters to the French government, that the real cause of the execution of Jacques Pierre was a desire, on the part of the republic, to oblige the court of Constantinople, by the destruction of a man who had performed signal exploits against the Turks, and

of the report, apparently to insinuate a want of good faith in the statements of the Council of Ten. He points out that Jacques Pierre's revelations were made from the moment he arrived in Venice; but Monsieur Bruslart shows that he gave fresh information just before he sailed with the fleet. It is to this, probably, the Council of Ten allude.

who was actually laying plans with powerful personages for much greater enterprises in the Levant.

Had he not coupled this explanation with the denial of a conspiracy, which is as clearly proved as any other fact in history; had he said that the Venetian government took advantage of the discovery of the conspiracy, to satisfy the sultan by the sacrifice of Jacques Pierre, I might have been inclined to believe that this was a probable solution of the mystery. Opposed to this view, however, is the letter of Jacques Pierre to the Duke of Ossuna, which I have mentioned more than once, and which has so many internal marks of authenticity, that I can not reject it altogether from consideration. If this letter was really written by Jacques Pierre, it shows that he was playing a double game with the Duke of Ossuna and the Venetian government, and undertaking to carry into execution a scheme for the surprise of Venice, at the very time when he was revealing the whole of that scheme to the Venetian authorities. In this case, he might either be endeavoring to lull the Venetians into false confidence, with the intention of carrying out the designs of the duke, or he might be laying a trap for the duke himself, in order to deliver his ships into the hands of the Venetians. Another explanation may be suggested, though I do so without confidence in its accuracy, and it is at best but an hypothesis. It is this. We have seen that, according to all accounts, the Duke of Ossuna threw the wife of Jacques Pierre into prison on his departure, and kept her as a sort of hostage. Jacques Pierre, in the minutes of his revelations to the council, shows his extreme anxiety to bring his wife to Venice. May we not suppose that he kept up the appearance of acting for the Duke of Ossuna, for the purpose of inducing him to set his wife at liberty, and that, in so doing, he wrote letters, which, falling into the hands of the Venetian government, excited the strongest suspicions in a jealous, vindictive, and merciless body. I put this forth merely as an inquiry, for the reader to take it at no more than it is worth.

The explanation of Count Daru I shall now proceed to consider apart, as his high character and general accuracy command respect, although his views are untenable, and many of his statements inaccurate, on a subject where he has sacrificed every thing to the maintenance of a favorite hypothesis.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONSPIRACY OF CUEVA.

I now turn to the hypothesis of the Count Daru, raised for the purpose of explaining all the obscure points in the Venetian conspiracy of 1618. It is constructed with care, and with great skill, supported by long and intricate reasoning, and by many documents and authorities; but I must premise that a forced sense is often put upon the words quoted; that the authorities, which are rejected when they make against the hypothesis of Monsieur Daru, are received, even without corroboration, when they favor his views; and that he not unfrequently reasons in a circle, and, by slight alterations of dates, misplaces cause and effect.

The hypothesis of the Count Daru is, that the Duke of Ossuna, having determined to usurp the crown of Naples, some time before the month of August, 1617, had entered into negotiations with the Venetian government, as well as with France and Savoy, for the purpose of insuring support against the power of Spain; and that there was a tacit understanding between him and the Senate of Venice, that he was to be allowed to engage the Dutch troops, which they had taken into their service during the war, but which they no longer wanted. This was, however, to be done covertly, the Duke of Ossuna appearing to seduce the Dutch soldiers from the service of the republic by the means of secret agents. Monsieur Daru imagines that one of these agents was Jacques Pierre; that the secret agent was deceived by his principal; and that Pierre was sent to Venice with the notion that he was to organize a conspiracy against the republic, and draw out a plan for surprising the city. In order to cheat him into the belief that this was the real object, he was directed to cheat the world, by affecting to escape from Naples by night; and his wife was imprisoned, to give an air of reality to the transaction. Jacques Pierre, however, on his arrival at Venice, either more honest or more rascally, as the case may be, than his master supposed, revealed the plot against the city to the Venetian government, in August, 1617. The Venetians, however, forewarned, according to Monsieur Daru,

of the duke's real designs, took no notice of Jacques Pierre's information, except by apprehending and putting to death Alexander Spinosa, another secret agent of the Duke of Ossuna, whom Monsieur Daru supposes to have been destroyed by the Venetian government "to augment the confidence of Jacques Pierre, and prove to him that they did not neglect his information ! !"

The part which Bedomar took in the affair is explained by Monsieur Daru, by the supposition that Ossuna, wishing to deceive him as to his intentions upon the crown of Naples, directed Jacques Pierre to confer with him in regard to the pretended plot against Venice, which the known "indiscretions of the Duke of Ossuna, and the hatred he affected to manifest against the Venetians," rendered credible. The ambassador, without any real share in the conspiracy, rather favored it than otherwise, when communicated to him by Jacques Pierre, and left all the rest to the Duke of Ossuna.

In the succeeding ten months very little was done in Venice, according to Monsieur Daru, except in carrying on the arrangements for the transfer of the Dutch troops. The Venetians took no further notice of the informations of Jacques Pierre; the Spanish ambassador left things as they were; and Jacques Pierre received no communications from the Duke of Ossuna, or, at least, no satisfactory answer to the letters which he sent to the duke, pressing him to carry out the designs arranged, although they had been already revealed to the Venetian government. In the mean time, however, Monsieur Daru thinks that the duke carried on a sham war with the Venetians, to conceal their good understanding, and eagerly pressed forward negotiations with France, which power remained irresolute, and with the Prince of Orange, who actually did send to him, Monsieur Daru says, twelve ships, which the Spanish fleet attempted, unsuccessfully, to prevent from passing the Straits of Gibraltar. At length, however, in the early part of 1618, all the hopes and expectations of the Duke of Ossuna came to an end. His designs of revolt and usurpation were revealed to the Spanish government; France would give no aid; Savoy was supposed to be treacherous; and the Venetians, seeing that the conspiracy of the duke against his own government was both discovered and impracticable, resolved "to efface all traces of their connivance," in order not to give offense to the Spanish crown. For this purpose, Monsieur Daru would have it, they determined upon the terrible act they committed. "They could not tell precisely," says Mon-

sieur Daru, "up to what point each of the agents was initiated into the secret. The surest way was to cause them all to disappear at once, immediately, and without exception, and that before the court of Spain had displayed any resentment against the Duke of Ossuna." For this sole reason more than three hundred persons were put to death, according to Monsieur Daru.

Can any thing be more wild, improbable, and absurd than this whole story? Yet such is the hypothesis of the Count Daru, stripped of the embroidery with which he decorates it. Nevertheless, however wild and improbable a tale may be, we may yet be compelled to believe it, if supported by sufficient historical evidence. But such is not the case with this statement. So far from it, indeed, that Monsieur Daru is obliged to displace or to strain every ascertained fact of history, in order to give even a semblance of probability to his account.

In order to show this fact, I will examine the authorities on which he relies, and the facts on which his whole statements are based.

His principal authorities (besides the correspondence and the diplomatic pieces of which I have spoken, and which he does not seem to me always to interpret fairly) are, first, Gregorio Leti, a native of Milan, a very confused and inaccurate writer; secondly, Baptista Nani, a Venetian of high rank and authority; thirdly, the well-known Giannoni; fourthly, the too well-known Vittorio Siri; and, fifthly, Louis Videl, one of the secretaries of the famous constable De Lesdiguières. The other authorities, which he cites occasionally, are of little importance to the general question. He himself shows that Sandi copied St. Real; and it is apparent that the Genoese, Peter Capriata, was ignorant of the public documents already mentioned.

In regard to these authorities, Monsieur Daru himself points out, in a number of different places, where the accounts of Leti do not suit his purposes, the very great inaccuracy of that author. The same may be said of Siri, whose statements can never be relied upon except when corroborated by other less suspicious evidence.

Nani is more worthy of credit. He had every opportunity of ascertaining the facts; he had filled various important diplomatic offices, and might have all the existing documents under his eyes. Giannoni, a writer long posterior, contributes nothing but the weight of his name; but Louis Videl had the

means of knowing personally all the negotiations between the Duke of Ossuna and the court of France, which took place principally through the mediation of Lesdiguières. Of the authorities, therefore, on which Monsieur Daru relies, none are of any weight except Nani and Louis Videl; but, on examining the statements of all the historians whom he cites, it will be found that every one of them, with more or less distinctness and detail, attribute to the Duke of Ossuna a design of usurping the crown of Naples and Sicily, and imply that he negotiated with France and Savoy. Some of them add Venice and Holland to the number of those he sought for allies; and Monsieur Daru's argument is, that the Duke of Ossuna could not carry on a plot against Venice and at the same time negotiate with her for assistance.

Admitting the intended usurpation of the duke, merely for the sake of argument, it is clear that the value of Monsieur Daru's hypothesis will entirely depend upon the dates. Now every one of his authorities, without exception, places the discovery of the conspiracy against Venice in May, 1618, and his first designs of usurpation in 1619. Even Louis Videl himself, who saw and knew the whole course of the negotiations between Ossuna and Lesdiguières, places them distinctly in 1619. If, then, these writers are accurate—if Ossuna did not negotiate for assistance in rebellion before 1619, a whole year after the frightful executions in Venice, those executions could not have been perpetrated in order to blot out all trace of those negotiations, and the whole hypothesis of Monsieur Daru falls to the ground.

To get over the difficulty, Monsieur Daru supposes that the greater number of the historians he cites mistakenly place the commencement of Ossuna's negotiations, and his first design of usurpation, at the time when they became publicly talked of; and as to Louis Videl, who knew the whole business from the beginning, he argues in a very curious manner. He says that Videl, in placing the enterprise of the Duke of Ossuna under the year 1619, did not really intend to give that as the precise date. Monsieur Daru calls Videl's account of the transactions between the duke and Lesdiguières "a digression upon the Duke of Ossuna." It is no such thing; but just as much a part of Lesdiguières's history as any other part of the work. Monsieur Daru then says, that, even if Videl intended to give 1619 as the real date, he must be in error, and that his own statements show it; but he can only establish that fact by misinterpreting all the other state-

ments. There is only one, however, which it may be necessary here to notice, as it is the only one which has any precise bearing on the question. I will give Monsieur Daru's own words. "He (Videl) says that the Prince of Piedmont, charged to protect the interests of the viceroy with the ministers, was then in Paris for his marriage; and this marriage was negotiated in 1618, since it was accomplished on the 10th of February, 1619." These are Monsieur Daru's own words; and those very words are sufficient to destroy his whole hypothesis, even if his interpretation of Videl's words could stand for a moment. He says that the Prince of Piedmont was in Paris for his marriage, not for the negotiations which preceded his marriage; but, at all events, the death of more than three hundred persons in May, 1618, could not have for its object the concealment of transactions which took place in December, 1618, or January, 1619.

Let us turn, however, from mere statements to ascertained facts, always bearing in mind that Jacques Pierre arrived in Venice early in August, 1617; and that, according to Monsieur Daru's hypothesis, the understanding between the Venetians and the Duke of Ossuna was at that time complete. Now, at this time, the war between Venice and the archduke was still going on, and the Duke of Ossuna was one of the most active parties against the Venetians. Peace was not concluded till the 6th of September, 1617, nearly two months after Jacques Pierre quitted Naples. But not only did the Duke of Ossuna carry on the war most vehemently, while Venice and the archduke were engaged in hostilities, but, even after the signature of the treaty of peace, he continued that war on his own account, till long after the discovery of the conspiracy and the death of Jacques Pierre. On the 16th of March, 1618, the Doge Giovanni Bembo writes to one of the diplomatic agents of the republic, that there can be no hope of peace as long as the Duke of Ossuna is Viceroy of Naples. The Doge Priuli, on the 28th of July, 1618, makes the same complaint, and shows that the duke was continuing the war. Another letter from the same to the resident at Milan, dated the 1st of September, 1618, shows that these hostilities had not ceased, but were as furious as ever. The report of the Council of Ten, on the 17th of October in the same year, shows to what a pitch of animosity the Venetians and the duke had arrived. He takes their vessels; they take his; and, as his acts were not avowed by his government after the peace, the Venetians treated some of the commanders of

his ships as pirates, put them to the torture, to extract information from them, and in the end condemned them to death. Even on the 13th of November, 1618, six months after the conspiracy, open war was going on between the duke and the Venetians, and an engagement had taken place between their fleets in the Adriatic, in which the Neapolitans had been defeated, as appears by a letter of the doge of that date. Monsieur Daru might, perhaps, say that these accounts were not real, and were merely spread abroad by the doge and the Council to cover their understanding with the duke. Unfortunately for his hypothesis, however, we have other authorities for the facts. De la Cueva himself, after he had retired from Venice, mentions distinctly the engagement between the two fleets in November, 1618; and although he tries to make it appear that the result was favorable to Ossuna, he shows that several galleys had been taken on the one part or the other. Were his testimony not sufficient, we have that of the French ambassador, who, on the 6th of June, 1618, shows that the Venetians had attacked the Neapolitan fleet at Brindisi, and taken some ships, and that the squadron of the Duke of Ossuna had been forced to quit the Adriatic.

These facts are perfectly incompatible with the supposition that, from the middle of the year 1617, the Duke of Ossuna had a perfect understanding with the Venetian government, and sent Jacques Pierre, with their consent, to gain the Dutch troops to his service; for not for one single moment, from that period till toward the end of the year 1618, was there a cessation of active hostilities between the duke and the Venetians.

Every part of Monsieur Daru's hypothesis breaks down under the touch of examination. In speaking of the Dutch troops, he more than once says that the Venetians had no longer any need of the services of foreign troops, as the war was at an end. The war was not at an end when Jacques Pierre set out from Naples, nor when he arrived in Venice; but, even if the treaty had been signed with the archduke, it is clearly shown that, either on account of the hostilities with the Duke of Ossuna, or from a doubt of the good faith of Spain, the Venetians continued to augment their forces during the whole of the years 1617 and 1618, and, so far from wishing to get rid of the strangers they had hired, they eagerly sought new recruits. On the 6th of June, 1618, Monsieur Bruslart speaks of "their great armament," of "the increase of their forces;" and again, on the 24th of August, he shows that they offered greater advantages than ever to French officers in their service, in order to induce them to remain, not-

withstanding the efforts of Monsieur Bruslart to persuade them to quit the armies of the republic.

Again, in regard to a fleet of twelve vessels, sent into the Mediterranean by the Prince of Orange, Monsieur Daru, without the slightest authority to justify such a supposition, states that these vessels were hired by the Duke of Ossuna, the Venetians lending their name. Now what is the real history of this transaction? Nani tells us that Christopher Suriano, the Venetian resident in Holland, engaged twelve vessels for the service of the republic, and that these vessels passed the Straits of Gibraltar on the 24th of June, notwithstanding the opposition of a Spanish fleet. The French ambassador, in his correspondence, shows that, at this very time, the Venetians were greatly increasing their naval forces in the Adriatic; and the Doge Priuli, in writing to the resident at Milan, states distinctly that this fleet was coming into the service of the republic; that the Spanish fleet attempted to prevent it from passing the Straits of Gibraltar; but that, after a battle of six hours, the Dutch fleet was victorious, and forced the passage. The only foundation whatever for Monsieur Daru's supposition that this fleet was destined for the use of the Duke of Ossuna is found in a few words of Louis Videl, who states that the Prince of Orange had promised to send a Dutch squadron to the assistance of the Duke of Ossuna; but then he places the fact even of the promise in 1619, and not 1618. He also distinctly places it long after the discovery of the conspiracy of May, 1618, of which Videl gives a short but distinct account, attributing the whole design of that conspiracy to the Duke of Ossuna, and implying directly that the attempt upon Venice was to be made with the consent and assistance of the Spanish government. His testimony is infinitely valuable on this point, as, from the confidential situation he held about the person of Lesdiguieres, he had every opportunity of obtaining correct information; and he states positively that the stipulated restoration of Vercelli was delayed by the Spaniards till they saw the result of the enterprise against Venice. One of the principal reasons which determined them to restore Vercelli, he says, "was the bad success of a design which the Duke of Ossuna, viceroy of Naples, had for some time had against Venice, by means of a certain Jacques Pierre, and which the Spaniards thought infallible."

This is the most direct cotemporary testimony which we have, by a person not interested, but who had the very best means of obtaining information; for it must be remembered that Lesdiguieres took an active part in the affairs of the

Duke of Savoy, to whom Vercelli was to be restored, and that Videl, his secretary, possessed his full confidence.

As a specimen of how lightly Monsieur Daru leaps over all obstacles in the way of his hypothesis, I will translate his comment upon this passage of Videl. He says, "One is, doubtless, surprised to read this passage in the same historian, who, some pages after, reports the conspiracy of the Duke of Ossuna against Naples. It is impossible that the same man should have conducted these two conspiracies at the same time, one in favor of his government, to procure for it the acquisition of a state; the other against the same government, in order to snatch from it a kingdom. The writer has not taken any trouble to reconcile these two facts."

Certainly not, because such are not the facts which Videl states at all. The facts, as stated by Videl, do not require to be reconciled, for they are not opposed to each other. He does not state, as Monsieur Daru says, that the Duke of Ossuna conducted these two conspiracies at the same time, but quite the contrary. He states, that in 1617 and 1618 Ossuna projected a conspiracy against Venice, and that in 1619 he conspired against Spain.

From all these documents and authorities, it would seem to me perfectly clear that the Duke of Ossuna, whether he afterward conspired against his own country or not, did, in the course of 1617 and 1618, form a design for surprising Venice by the means of a great number of adventurous soldiers, whom he contrived to introduce into the service of the republic.

The only points which appear obscure are the career and fate of Jacques Pierre. We know not whether his flight from Naples was simulated; and we know not why he was put to death, after having revealed the project of the duke. We know not whether, from the first, he was an agent of Ossuna, and betrayed him; or whether, having really quitted him in disgust and revealed his projects, he was induced by other persons engaged in the conspiracy, or by the desire of obtaining the liberation of his wife, to renew his communications with the viceroy. All we know is, that, after having fully revealed the machinations against Venice, he was put to death by the Venetian authorities. The only ray of light that we obtain, as to the motives of his execution or murder, is afforded by a report of the Council of Ten (16th of September, 1618), and it is very faint. "Moreover," says the report, "the designs of the Duke of Ossuna against our fleet were upon the point of being executed. It is quite possible that those wicked men might have caused considerable damage to our fleet."

W A L L E N S T E I N.

CHAPTER I.

THERE is an old castle on a hill, and a village at the foot of the rise, with a church starting up in the highest part of the hamlet, till the top of the tower reaches almost to the base of the castle. It does not seem a thriving place; there is no look of prosperity about it; the houses, with two or three exceptions, are small and mean; there are no gardens, orchards, or vineyards: it is a poor place. Nor is the castle much superior to the village. Of no great extent, not in very good repair, without much strength against an enemy, without much comfort for an inhabitant, it seems but the fortified house of some poor noble of the second class. Yet it was very lately the dwelling of John Waldstein of Hermanic, the son of illustrious ancestors, and the father of one destined to be more illustrious still.

In the court of the castle several boys are playing; the three sons of the late lord of the castle, two boys from the best houses in the village, two others from that building pitched upon the craggy point some three miles off. The eldest seems about seventeen, the youngest eleven.

On a bench before the old stone porch of the hall, and looking upon the sports of the children, is an elderly man, of mild and dignified appearance, and a lady, seemingly in declining health. There are marks of mourning about her dress, and she calls her companion "brother."

The boys are playing merrily enough, though somewhat rudely, dividing themselves into little bands, and each acting the soldier, attacking and defending fortresses raised of loose stones, and giving each other, from time to time, hard blows, at which the mother only smiles. There is one youth among them, however, the youngest of the party, but very nearly as tall as any of the rest, handsome and well formed, but with a somewhat wild and flashing eye, and a broad and haughty brow. He is the leader of one of the little bands; and hark, how imperiously he speaks to his young followers.

“Albrecht,” exclaimed his uncle, as he heard him insisting upon his commands being obeyed, “be more moderate in your language, sir. You speak as if you were a prince, and not a poor gentleman’s son.”

The boy turned his haughty head for an instant, and answered, “If I am not a prince now, I may be one some day;” and he went on with his game.

Some years passed, and the young Albrecht Waldstein, now an orphan, and the youngest of three brothers, is being educated by his uncle Slavata, of Chulm; but he stays not there very long. He is perverse, obstinate, disobedient. They can do nothing with him; and he is transferred to the care of another uncle, who has embraced the Roman Catholic religion, and who sends the stubborn boy to the great instructors of youth in that day, the Jesuits. At their college at Olmutz, a great change comes over the young Waldstein. He becomes docile, obedient, affectionate. His especial tutor, Father Pachta, obtains his love by indulgence and kindness, presses him little to severer studies, humors the peculiarities of his character, and leads him, rather than drives him on, upon the road to science. At the same time, however, he instills into his mind the doctrines of the Romish Church; and Albrecht of Waldstein renounces the religion of his fathers.

There are three young men, set off from Olmutz to travel together; and there could not be three more different in character, pursuits, or position. The first in rank and wealth is the young Lord Liek of Riesenstein, lord of the Giant’s Stone, one of whom history has left little but a name. The other is Albrecht of Waldstein, whose life is an epic. The third was Peter Verdungo, the friend and companion of Kepler, famous for his scientific pursuits, and for mingling science with the wildest dreams of astrology: we know not if he went as tutor of the other two; but so it has been supposed. And now they hasten forward, with all the eagerness of youth, to see, to learn, to enjoy that world which forms the bright, deceitful dream of boyhood; that world so gay and glittering at a distance, so hard, so cold, so dull when we are near. Onward they go, through Germany, France, Holland, England, Spain, Italy; each acting according to his character at the time, and forming his character for the future. With expenses almost beyond his limited means, young Waldstein conforms to all the customs of each country through which he travels; but he studies, too, and studies hard—men, manners, tongues, arts, commerce, cities; nothing passes before him un-

noticed ; and from every thing something is acquired. But there are two strains of thought on which his mind rests more willingly than on others—the visionary doctrines of judicial astrology ; that madness of man's inherent thirst for a knowledge of futurity—and the science of war. The latter formed the real occupation of his intellect, the former the pursuit of his imagination.

In Italy, and especially at Padua, then one of the most famous universities in Europe, Waldstein stayed long ; and now we find the three companions separated. Each betook himself his separate way in life ; and Waldstein, with small means, but a powerful mind and much knowledge, entered on the career which he had chosen for himself, and joined the imperial army, then warring against the Turks, it would appear, as a volunteer.

Then, as now, genius without wealth was a sealed fountain. No one discovered the waters ; and for years Waldstein remained without promotion or command. At length a company of infantry was granted him ; and here he might have dragged out his life in obscurity, but that a handsome person opened to him a brighter career. The first step in it might be a painful, and was, perhaps, not a very honest one ; but it seemed the only means of success ; and he took it.

Lo, the young, the handsome, the energetic Waldstein stands at the altar with a woman old enough to be his mother, the rich widow Nikessin, of Landeck. There were many seeking her hand. It had even been promised to one ; but Waldstein was strongly supported by influential friends ; his person was a still stronger recommendation ; and she gave him her hand and her riches.

Still there was little chance of his obtaining great favor at court, or a high command in the army ; for he had displeased the Archduke Matthias, one of whose chamberlains he had been for a short time, and who ultimately became emperor. We know not, indeed, whether he sought either for some time ; and a portion of the next two years was consumed in a long and severe sickness, brought on by the folly of his wife, in giving him a love potion, with a view of gaining or of retaining the affection of a young man for an old woman. Her own death, not long after, freed him from such dangers ; and now Wallenstein starts into active life, but not till after a long period of retirement, nor until he had reached his thirty-third year.

From the Lady of Landeck he had inherited large estates

in Moravia ; and he seems, for nearly ten years, to have devoted himself to the cultivation and improvement of his lands. During this period had raged furiously what is called the Fraternal War, between the Archduke Matthias and the weak Emperor Rudolph. Neither the service of a fool nor that of a rogue was very desirable ; and Wallenstein took no part with either. We are told that he was eagerly solicited by both parties ; but of this I find no distinct proof ; and if it was so, he must have been sought for his wealth ; for as yet he had gained no military renown. At length, however, broke out the war of Friuli, between Ferdinand of Grätz, archduke of Carniola and Styria, and the Venetian republic ; and Wallenstein issued forth from Moravia at the head of two hundred well-appointed cavalry, all raised upon his own estates, to give aid to the Austrian prince.

The fortress of Gradisca was at that time blockaded by the Venetians, who were slowly carrying on the siege of the place. The great danger of the garrison lay in the want of provisions, and the first exploit of Wallenstein was to throw a large supply into the place. The war had little result, and terminated soon after by a treaty of peace ; but Wallenstein's military fame was established, and his services were acknowledged by Ferdinand. The soldiers sang praises of his liberality ; the officers and the noblemen of the army enjoyed his table and benefited by his purse ; and now, received with honor at Vienna, Wallenstein found himself appointed one of the chamberlains to the emperor, and obtained the command of the militia of Moravia. This appointment gave him much power ; and his marriage, which speedily followed, with Isabella Catharine, daughter of Count Harrach, a minister of the emperor, both added to his fortune and procured him great influence at the imperial court. He fixed his residence at Olmutz, displaying the splendor and profusion of a prince ; but events were now preparing which opened for him a career of prosperity and reverse which has but few parallels in history.

I must pause upon these events, though it will be but briefly. The kingdom of Bohemia, peopled principally by a Sclavonian tribe, had resisted for many years, with fiery vigor and considerable success, both civil and religious tyranny. Though the house of Austria, after the year 1526, claimed dominion over Bohemia, and though the Roman Catholic faith was tolerated in the land, still the forms of liberty were maintained, and Protestantism was the predominant religion in the country. The crown of Bohemia was elective, and, on

the accession of each monarch, the forms of election were gone through. The people suffered no occasion to pass without exacting from the Austrian princes some recognition of the liberties and privileges of Bohemia. Rudolph granted a charter, called the Letter of Majesty, by which entire freedom of religion, and the maintenance of all rights, was granted. Matthias, before his coronation, was required to swear at the altar, with his hand on the Bible, that he would maintain the privileges contained in Rudolph's charter; and an expression of consent from the people was demanded before the crown was put upon his head. After Ferdinand of Grätz, the heir of his cousin Rudolph, had been elected King of the Romans, Matthias sought to secure for him the crown of Bohemia also, and enlarged his promises and engagements to the Bohemian people. But the character of Ferdinand, as a persecutor of the Protestants, was well known; the Bohemians were wary; and before they would elect him as the successor of Matthias, or suffer him to receive the crown, they exacted from him the signature of a charter, by which he pronounced them free of their allegiance in case he violated any of the privileges secured to them, or any of the engagements into which he entered at his coronation. This done, he was elected and crowned.

The object of the emperor and the archduke was now attained, and the mask was thrown off. Two new churches were built at Brunau and Klostergraben, in Bohemia, by the Protestants of the district. They were seized by the Catholics: one was pulled down, and one was shut up by the orders of the emperor.

Matthias was represented, in Prague, by a Council of State, and to the lords of this council the Protestants sent deputies, complaining of the outrage. The deputies were thrown into prison by the monarch's representatives, and the Protestant nobility now laid their remonstrances at the foot of the throne. Shortly after, they were summoned by the Council of State to hear the emperor's reply. It was bold and tyrannical. The monarch avowed the act of which the Protestants complained, declared that the states of Bohemia had abused their charter, and asserted that the deputies had rendered themselves liable to punishment as rebels.

The indignation excited was extreme; the people were assembled in the market-place, and the charter of the liberties of Bohemia was read to them, in conjunction with the imperial letter just received. It was with difficulty that the populace were prevented from storming the palace of the Council of

State ; and when a deputation of noblemen proceeded to inform the lords of the council that no decree tending to endanger freedom of religion in Bohemia could be received after the emperor's signature of the great charter, a number of the populace followed them to the hall. A confused and stormy scene then took place, in the midst of which two of the lords of council and the secretary were thrown out of the windows, and miraculously escaped with life.

This act of violence could not be passed over, as the states of Bohemia were well aware ; and although they endeavored, by general professions of loyalty and apologies for the tumult, to turn away the wrath of the emperor, they neglected no precaution to defend themselves against his vengeance. A Council of Thirty was chosen to conduct the affairs of the country ; the army was placed under the command of Count Thurn, one of the most distinguished Protestant noblemen ; and negotiations were opened with the various Protestant states of Germany, with the view of obtaining aid and assistance in case of war. At the same time, the acts of the Council of Thirty rendered war inevitable. The Archbishop of Prague, the Abbot of Brunau, and a number of the Romish clergy, who were accused of having taken part in the first acts of aggression, were expelled the kingdom, as well as the whole body of Jesuits ; and the determination of the leaders was now very clear, to render Bohemia a purely Protestant state.

Negotiations succeeded between the emperor and his insurgent subjects ; but the Bohemians refused to disarm till certain securities were afforded for their safety and their rights. Matthias, who had lost the energies of his youth and the perseverance of his middle age, would fain have yielded something to quiet his people and die in peace ; but the Archduke Ferdinand thought that he could profit by the occasion to annul the privileges of the Bohemians, and he urged on his cousin to unsheath the sword. Two imperial officers, named Dampier and Bucquoi, marched into Bohemia ; but their appearance was a signal for the union of all parties in the kingdom to defend their rights. Catholics and Protestants laid aside their religious disputes, and took the field together ; and the famous Count Mansfeld, engaged in the cause of the insurgents, led a body of veteran free companions to their aid, and soon obtained possession of Pilsen, the only town of importance which maintained its allegiance to the house of Austria. Bucquoi and Dampier were held in check, the Protestants of Moravia and of Upper and Lower Austria were moving in favor of

their Bohemian brethren, and Bethlem Gabor, the restless and adventurous Prince of Transylvania, prepared to march upon Vienna and extinguish the Austrian empire.

What had been the conduct of Wallenstein during these events? The insurgents had striven to gain him to their party. Although he was by no means a man of a persecuting spirit, he was now a sincere Roman Catholic, and showed himself a faithful servant of the emperor. No considerations of religious toleration, no thought of the liberties of his country, seemed to affect him in the least. He rejected all overtures from the Bohemian states; and with zeal, diligence, and skill endeavored to preserve Moravia for the emperor. But the spirit of revolt had seized upon the province, and the provincial states resolved to send deputies to meet those of Bohemia at Brun. Wallenstein endeavored to intercept them; but he was not supported by the militia, over whom he held a nominal command, and all his efforts were unsuccessful. The united states of Brun declared him fallen from the command of the militia; and though he attempted to resist, a Bohemian force, sent to attack him in Olmutz, compelled him to evacuate a town where he could calculate upon but little support. He carried off the public treasure with him, however, and delivered it to the emperor, who allotted a part thereof to Wallenstein, for the purpose of raising a regiment of cuirassiers.

The Emperor Matthias, in the midst of these dark and ominous events, closed his long and turbulent life, on the 20th of March, 1618, and Ferdinand of Grätz succeeded to all the hereditary dominions of Austria. He had been already elected King of the Romans; but the imperial crown was yet to be attained; and he turned his eyes anxiously to Frankfort, where he knew his claims were likely to be opposed in the Diet by many who might not have ventured to raise their voice against him had the strength of the house of Austria not been broken by the revolt of many of its provinces. He dared not leave the Danube for the Rhine, however, while the aspect of every thing around him was so menacing; and in the mean while Count Thurn, with a large army, every day increasing by reinforcements from Upper Austria itself, marched on with rapid steps toward Vienna, while Bethlem Gabor, with his Transylvanian hordes, was known to be advancing across Hungary.

CHAPTER II.

WALLENSTEIN.

EVERY thing is confusion and terror in Vienna. The city is without troops for its defense ; the inhabitants are cold and indifferent ; the roar of artillery is heard on the left bank of the Danube ; the bridge is in possession of the Bohemian forces. No resistance can be made ; and a busy troop of frightened courtiers in one of the halls of the imperial palace surround a man of the middle age, and clamorously beseech him to fly and save himself.

"If I fly, all is lost," replied Ferdinand. "I will stay, whatever be the consequence."

He spoke with a tone and look which might well become a mighty monarch ; but it failed to give confidence to the terrified people around him. One after another quitted him, and he was left almost alone. The balls of the Bohemian guns fell into the courts of the palace ; and twelve, or, as some say, sixteen Austrian noblemen pushed their way into the very chamber where their monarch stood, and, with a written paper in their hands, pressed for its signature. It contained the terms demanded by the Bohemians : terms which would have given security to religion and to liberty.

Ferdinand hesitated ; and one of the lords, forgetting all restraint, seized him by a button of his coat, exclaiming, "Nandel,* wilt thou sign?"

But hark ! There is a trumpet in the palace square, the clang of horses' feet, the sound of armor. Have the Bohemians broken in ? People run to the windows ; and lo, a regiment of Dampier's cuirassiers. They have come to save their sovereign in the hour of need ; they bring news, too, that the whole army is close upon their track ; the Austrian deputies retreat in haste toward the camp of Count Thurn ; and Ferdinand has time at least for thought.

Still, security was far from obtained. Dampier's whole army was not sufficient to maintain Vienna against the ever-increasing forces of Count Thurn ; but tidings reached both the court and the camp of an event which changed the face of affairs in a moment ; and men's tongues were busy with

* A rude and familiar abbreviation of Ferdinand.

the name of Wallenstein. Let us change the scene, and see what this event was.

There are two armies in presence on the banks of the Moldau, as it flows on from Budweis toward Prague. The small city of Moldau Tein is within sight from the high ground; and upon a little elevation is a camp surrounded by a number of baggage wagons, which, drawn up in a square, form a sort of redoubt in the rear of a force of some five or six thousand men. These are the army, and that the camp of the adventurous Peter Ernest, of Mansfeld; and that larger force, marching on to attack him, is the Austrian army under Bucquoi. After a brief cannonade, they meet hand to hand; and fierce and resolute is the resistance of Mansfeld and his free companions. But they feel that the overwhelming power of the enemy can not be resisted in the open field, and they retreat, in good order, into the circle of their wagons, like the ancient Huns. There they can renew the fight with greater advantage; and charge after charge of the Austrian forces is vigorously repelled. In vain the camp is attacked on every side; the Austrian troops are getting exhausted under the heat of a bright day of June, and that day is drawing toward a close without the victory being won.

At length, however, Wallenstein and his cuirassiers obtain leave to make the attack, after infantry and cavalry have both been repulsed. His charge is fierce; his troopers strong and enthusiastic; but how, unsupported by infantry, can he break through that double barricade, defended vigorously by brave men and veteran soldiers? We know not how, but he has done it; and Wallenstein and his troopers are in the midst of Mansfeld's camp; the rest of the Austrian forces pour in; the victory is won, the enemy in full flight, and the road to Prague is open.

Such were the tidings which reached the court of Vienna and the camp of Count Thurn, spreading joy in the one and consternation in the other. To save the Bohemian capital was now the great object of the insurgents, and, breaking up their camp at once, they marched to meet Bucquoi under the walls of Prague.

Vienna was saved by a charge of cavalry on the banks of the Moldau. The road to Frankfort was now free; and Ferdinand of Grätz hurried to seize the imperial crown. Almost at the same time when he succeeded in his object, the Hungarian people formally deposed him from their throne, and elected Frederic, the Elector Palatine, for their king.

Bethlem Gabor now menaced Vienna; the Bohemian troops hastened to join him; terror spread before his path, and desolation marked where he had been. Bucquoi, defeated by the savage Transylvanian hordes, was unable to do any thing to save the capital; and it is attributed to Wallenstein that the Austrian army was preserved, and enabled to effect its retreat into the large islands in the Danube. Nevertheless, Vienna was straitened for provisions. Twelve thousand Bohemians, and an innumerable swarm of Transylvanians and Hungarians, lay within sight of the city, and one bold effort would have put the allied armies in possession of the capital. But time was wasted; bad weather set in; and the commencement of an unusually early and severe winter drove the Bohemians back to their homes. Bethlem Gabor retired to enjoy what he had acquired, and once more Vienna was saved.

At the same time policy had been acting her part. Maximilian of Bavaria, one of the shrewdest and most calculating princes of the age, had been gained over to the party of the emperor; France had been secretly dealt with; and a disgraceful convention was entered into at Ulm, between the body called the Catholic League, of which Maximilian was the head, and the princes of the Protestant Union, of whom Frederic, the Elector Palatine, had been the nominal leader. Those princes now bound themselves to afford no aid to the newly-elected King of Bohemia, except in defense of his hereditary dominions, while those of the Catholic League did not bind itself to give no succor to the emperor. The former, as is but too common with Protestant princes, sacrificed the interests of their religion, without remorse, to their personal policy; and the spirit of liberty displayed in the kingdom of Bohemia was quite sufficient to counterbalance, in the minds of sovereigns, the merits of the Protestant cause, in defense of which that kingdom first raised the standard of revolt. Although many other causes combined to produce indifference to the fate of Bohemia in the surrounding states; though jealousy, love of tranquillity, fear of the power of Austria, together with a thousand petty passions, all had their part, yet there can be no doubt that a dull and unexpressed dislike to revolutionary movements, however great the provocation and however just the cause, had no slight share in withholding a multitude of the German princes from taking part with Bohemia, in its resistance to a power which was becoming dangerous to the liberties of all the German people.

Nevertheless, several distant states either saw advantages to be gained by the humiliation of Austria, or dangers to be avoided by raising up a barrier to the advance of her power. Denmark and Sweden, Holland and Venice, with several even of the German states, recognized Frederic as King of Bohemia, and consequently acknowledged the justice of the act which placed him on the throne.

The more powerful of these states, however, were far distant; the others were slow to act; Ferdinand of Grätz had obtained great moral power by his election; Maximilian of Bavaria was as active and energetic as cold and politic; and before any great movement was made by the allies of Bohemia to check the arms of the Catholic allies, the Bohemian crown was lost and won; and the battle of Prague decided the fate of Frederic, and left his kingdom at the mercy of a conqueror. This event occurred on the 8th of November, 1620; Frederic fled from the capital in despair, and the whole of Bohemia submitted.

Wallenstein was not present at the battle of Prague, but was occupied with a body of troops in some operations of inferior importance. He was sent shortly after to maintain the imperial power in the province of Moravia; and, during three months, policy superseded vengeance. It was not till the arrangements of the imperialists and the Bavarians were complete, and insurrection was guarded against in every quarter that the sword was unsheathed to punish. Then many of the noblest, the bravest, and the most virtuous in the land were led to public execution; the estates of a still greater number were confiscated and ordered to be sold; and Bohemian exiles crowded the courts of Europe. A general decree of proscription afterward followed, by which all Protestants were banished from the kingdom; and the estates of more than six hundred forfeited nobles were sold to the best bidders.

It is not necessary here to dwell upon the barbarous cruelty of the victors. Nothing that the blackest page of history can show equals the crimes that were perpetrated. Tyranny and despair, in many places, produced resistance; and resistance was drowned out in blood. The innocent were confounded with the guilty, the submissive with the refractory. Old and young were slaughtered together; neither age, nor sex, nor station, nor character, afforded protection; the flame of burning towns and villages rose up throughout the kingdom; and the land was watered with the gore of its inhabitants.

Wallenstein took no part in these atrocities. Though a

steadfast Roman Catholic, he had not imbibed the spirit of persecution. But sad to say, not called upon to exercise his military talents, he engaged in meaner pursuits—mean, even where the object is elevated by the grandeur of the motive. To be covetous from ambition can never dignify covetousness. Wallenstein's sole occupation, for many months after his return to Olmutz, seems to have been the acquisition of confiscated estates. The market was glutted with them: few could be found wealthy enough to purchase; their tenure, too, might be somewhat precarious; and, consequently, the price was very low. To what extent his acquisitions went at this time, I do not know, but they were undoubtedly very great; and, within about four years after the battle of Prague, he had expended, in the purchase of domains, nearly eight millions of florins. Each of these estates, it is calculated, was sold to him at less than a third of its real value, so that the extent of the possessions he acquired may be very easily conceived.

Where the money was obtained to pay for them has been made a matter of doubt; but wealth begets wealth; the revenues of one domain, so cheaply purchased, soon supplied the means of acquiring another; and it must ever be remembered that, though splendid in his hospitality, luxurious in his style of living, and liberal to all who served him, Wallenstein conducted his domestic affairs with a degree of care, accuracy, and economy perfectly marvelous. In the heat of war and in the eagerness of political negotiation, he never forgot for a moment the most thoughtful supervision of his vast estates. The most minute details seemed not insignificant in his eyes, the grandest schemes of improvement not too vast for the reach of his mind; and, from the care of his poultry-yard to the building of cities, the foundation of schools and colleges, and the regulation of the power of the priesthood in his domains, nothing was forgotten, neglected, or postponed. His letters show a variety of objects, a combination of powers, and a general grasp of mind perhaps unparalleled.

While thus occupied in acquiring, regulating, and improving, the military genius of Wallenstein was not allowed to slumber unemployed. Bethlem Gabor again troubled the Austrian empire, and in the Hungarian war, as it is sometimes called, gained immense and extraordinary success, when the composition of his armies is considered. Dampier and Bucquoi fell before him; no effort of the emperor seemed capable of stopping his advance; and he received no check of any

importance till Wallenstein was called into the field against him. But then the balance turned. The Bohemian and the Transylvanian met at Schamitz; Bethlem Gabor had not concentrated his whole army, and was defeated; and again at Kremser, Wallenstein was victorious over another division of the Transylvanian forces, toward the end of 1621. The Prince of Transylvania sued for and obtained peace, and retired to prepare for a renewal of the war.

Less than two years had elapsed ere Bethlem Gabor was again in the field; but Wallenstein seems to have been in some degree neglected, or, at all events, his merits were not sufficiently appreciated. An Italian officer, of the name of Caraffa, was appointed to the chief command of the army against the Transylvanians; and Wallenstein occupied an inferior position. Wallenstein was not altogether above jealousy. He wooed glory as a bride, and would not share the possession with any one. He kept aloof from Caraffa, with the corps which he commanded. Not, indeed, that he showed any criminal neglect, as has been stated; for of that there is not the slightest proof, and Caraffa's force and high military reputation seemed to render the immediate co-operation of Wallenstein unnecessary. Caraffa, however, was defeated and surrounded. No means of escape were left him; and his whole army was in the most perilous position. But Wallenstein appeared at the critical moment, to deliver the imperial general; the blockade was forced, and the army saved.

Honors now began to flow in upon Wallenstein. His military skill and great services were admitted by all men; and he was created Duke of Friedland, with the dignity of Count Palatine. This elevation gave him the power of honoring those who served him, for attached to it was the privilege of granting patents of nobility, as well as that of coining money. But the new prince, for as such we must now regard him, was not without enemies and difficulties. Charges were from time to time made against him at the imperial court; and certainly, the license which he tolerated, if he did not encourage it, in the armies he commanded, gave just ground for complaint. He acted upon the principle of making the war keep the war; and at this Ferdinand had no right to murmur; for the imperial treasury was very low; both soldiers and officers badly paid; and the armies, absolutely necessary for the defense of the empire, could not have been kept on foot by any other means. Wallenstein seems to have gone somewhat further, indeed, and to have taken little heed if the con-

tributions, raised by his officers in the countries where they were quartered, amounted to a sufficient sum to reward them for their military services, as well as to supply the troops with necessaries. Great was the murmuring, then, of the districts through which the triumphant general passed; and the emperor, while loading him with distinctions, had more than once to remonstrate against the exactions which he permitted. The enthusiastic love and admiration of the soldiery, however, followed their ever-liberal leader; and all men were eager to serve under one with whom honor and wealth were sure to be acquired.

Very different was the conduct of Wallenstein in regard to his own domains, and to those which were the theater of war. Without dwelling long upon the subject, and particularizing various instances of his paternal care and judicious activity in promoting and securing the prosperity and happiness of his people, it would be difficult to give even a faint idea of the zealous and watchful interest he took in their welfare. Suffice it that nothing was neglected, and that, had we not the records of his military achievements and his political plans, we might conceive, from his letters, that his mind had been incessantly occupied by the care of his vast possessions.

While Wallenstein was combating the Turkish and Transylvanian hordes in the south and east, events were taking place in the north and west of Germany which opened for him a wider field, and a more glorious and dangerous career. The unhappy Elector Palatine, driven in sorrow and disgrace from Bohemia, soon saw himself stripped of his hereditary dominions by the power and authority of Austria, the arms of Bavaria and the Catholic League, and the military skill of Tilly. The Protestant princes of the empire, in general, showed the most shameful and lamentable indifference, both to the fate of their brother and ally and to the religious and political perils which menaced themselves. The only persons who attempted to stem the torrent of Austro-Catholic invasion in the Palatinate were Count Mansfeld, the Margrave of Baden Durlach, and Duke Christian of Brunswick. A small corps of English auxiliaries assisted; and great courage, energy, and resolution were displayed; but against Spinola with a Spanish, and Tilly with a Bavarian army, the ground could not be maintained. Battles and skirmishes were fought and lost; towns were besieged and taken, till at length the Catholic League was master of the Palatinate; and the power of the emperor menaced the liberties of all Germany.

CHAPTER III.

WALLENSTEIN.

THE very extremity of the peril, the very depression of the powers of Protestant Germany, at length called into active resistance those who should have resisted long before. The Elector of Saxony, a base and selfish man, had openly taken part with the house of Austria, in putting down the insurrection of Bohemia; but Ferdinand was not a man to be very grateful for services, the objects of which were all ambitious; and the elector saw, with dismay, the extent of power to which Austria had attained. The proceedings of the emperor, too, gave good reasons for supposing that the laws of the empire itself would be considered no barrier to his designs. His dealings with the conquered Palatinate had been opposed to all law, and carried out in spite of all remonstrance; and Bavaria and Austria still kept the sword unsheathed, without notifying against whom it was next to be directed.

Tilly, the great general of the Roman Catholic League, very soon, upon frivolous pretenses, pushed his excursions into Lower Germany; and it began to be feared, or understood, that the strong-hold of Protestantism in the empire was to be invaded by the same powers which had completely subdued the south. These apprehensions counseled preparation; and it is probable that, when once the determination to resist was adopted, the views of the Protestant states went further; that the egregious error which they had committed, in remaining inactive so long, was perceived; and that a resolution was taken to atone for the past, as well as to guard against the future. To reduce the authority of the emperor to its lawful limits, and to break the exorbitant power of the Catholic League, were objects which naturally presented themselves to the minds of men; and there can be little doubt that these objects were sought for by the Protestants, as well as those which they avowed.

The circles of Lower Saxony began to arm; negotiations were entered into with neighboring and remote powers. England, Denmark, Sweden, Venice, Holland, France, were applied to; and hopes and encouragements of some kind were

derived from all. The spirit spread. The administrator of Magdeburg, the Duke of Brunswick, the Duke of Mecklenburg, took part with the circles of Lower Saxony; England promised men and money; and Christian IV. of Denmark made ready for the field. Arms, troops, and stores were collected; magazines were formed; fortifications were repaired; and an army of sixty thousand men started up to defend the liberties which had been so long forgotten.

The cabinet of Vienna was both angry and alarmed. Remonstrances and threats were used, but without success. The confederates were too strong to be apprehensive, and were now alive to evils which they had long overlooked. The King of Denmark, too, had in his large continental possessions both a motive and an encouragement; for the safety of Holstein and Jutland depended upon the safety of Lower Saxony; and neither Denmark nor Sweden could see the power of the emperor extended, with unlimited sway, to the shores of the Baltic, without jealousy and alarm. At the same time, those two possessions insured to the King of Denmark both support and retreat, in case of disaster in Germany proper; and, although a lover of pleasure, and in some degree addicted to excess, Christian IV. of Denmark was a warlike prince and a skillful soldier. He received the command-in-chief of the Protestant army, but prudently waited for aggression on the part of the enemy.

The imperial orders were given, after all negotiations had failed; and Count Tilly, following the course of the Weser, advanced, as if to put the contest to the issue of a battle. The principality of Kalemberg was soon overrun by the Bavarian troops, while the King of Denmark, on the right bank of the Weser, spread himself out in the Duchy of Brunswick, weakening somewhat too much, it is said, the main body of his army by detachments sent to protect particular points of importance. Tilly, however, was not strong enough to undertake much in the presence of such a general as Christian IV., and no great progress was made on either side.

At length, however, the concentration of the King of Denmark's forces, the reappearance of Mansfeld and Christian of Brunswick in the field, and the rumor of fresh levies in Lower Saxony, with the threatening aspect of Sweden, and the certainty that active negotiations for help were going on between the Protestant leaders and foreign countries, compelled Tilly to apply to the emperor for prompt and immediate support.

Ferdinand, however, had nothing to give; his resources

were exhausted; the Austrian troops were all employed, either in keeping in subjection the south of Germany, or in watching the enemies which menaced the empire from the side of Transylvania. All the greatest achievements of the war had been effected by the forces of Bavaria and the Catholic League, which were now found insufficient to attain the object in view in Northern Germany; and Ferdinand was not well pleased to be wholly dependent upon Bavaria and the Catholic League for success and power. Not only, however, did there seem no remedy for a state so dangerous to the permanence of his authority, but the advantages gained seemed likely to be wrested from him, and his overbearing rule greatly reduced. In this dilemma, without men, without money, without means of any kind to recover a decided preponderance in the field, Ferdinand received an offer which seemed to many of his courtiers merely the vision of a presumptuous madman, and even to Ferdinand himself must have appeared delusive.

Wallenstein came to the emperor's aid, and proposed, on certain conditions, to raise and equip, by his own exertions, an army of fifty thousand men. It is generally stated that this was to be done at his own expense; but this is not exactly accurate, although undoubtedly all the labor, and the first great expenses, fell for the time upon Wallenstein. It appears clear, however, that that great officer was ultimately to be repaid, either from the imperial treasury, or from contributions and confiscations in the countries which he was destined to invade; and he avoided a considerable portion even of the first expenses by the method he took to gather his army together. He stipulated for, and received power to repay himself and reward his officers; and he apparently left the same liberty to those commanders who brought him in bodies of volunteers. Stripped of all decent formalities, what he demanded and what he gave was a general commission to plunder to a certain amount; and we find indications of the extent to which the commission was nominally limited; for we are assured that the imperial government, though it paid nothing in the first instance, allowed six hundred thousand florins as levy money for each infantry regiment. This was evidently to be obtained how the officers could; but it is clear that accounts were to be kept and afterward arranged with the emperor's treasury.

The offer was a great relief to Ferdinand; but, while some laughed at the proposal as chimerical, others insinuated apprehensions in regard to the views of the proposer. The em-

peror sought to diminish the numbers of the stipulated force ; but Wallenstein was firm. He represented that a less number of men would not even be able to maintain themselves, much less to effect any important object. The emperor, of course, yielded ; and Wallenstein, raising his standard at Egra, called all soldiers who were willing to serve under him to assemble at certain appointed places.

With marvelous quickness, a powerful army started into existence. The fame of Wallenstein had spread to every part of Europe ; and all the adventurous soldiers at that time unoccupied rushed from north, south, east, and west toward Bohemia, to enlist under the great and liberal commander. No questions were asked ; no country, no religion was an objection. Strength, courage, arms of some kind, were the only things required of any man. In a month twenty thousand soldiers were ready for the field ; and very shortly after, Wallenstein was marching toward Lower Saxony at the head of thirty thousand men.

The rapidity with which this extraordinary undertaking was executed, of course left little time for equipment or for training. The army was ragged and ill-disciplined. But splendor soon succeeded to the appearance of poverty ; and, in a very few weeks, discipline was sufficiently established to enable the general to defeat completely the forces of the Duke of Brunswick Lunenburg, at Göttingen.

These troops had been sent, apparently, to prevent his effecting a junction with Tilly ; but Wallenstein had no intention of effecting such a junction at all. He would have no commander to overrule his plans, no comrade to share in his glory. Keeping aloof from Tilly, but holding constant communications with him, in which the struggle for superior authority was sometimes visible, Wallenstein thought it enough to divide, and defeat in detail the armies of the confederate states, leaving Tilly to do the same on his part.

His appearance in the field, the extent of his forces, and the success of his operations, soon drove the King of Denmark and the Lower German states to open a negotiation for peace. Tilly, it would appear, might have suffered himself to be brought to mild terms, or to be lulled into inactivity by specious proposals ; but Wallenstein cut the negotiation short, by demands too outrageous and domineering to be listened to by a king at the head of sixty or seventy thousand men.

No very striking events occurred in the latter part of 1625 ; and it is probable that the exhausted state of the country,

swept by such numerous armies, a large portion of which neither spared nor economized, prevented rapid or decided movements on either side. Still, however, Wallenstein gained ground, and still his forces increased, while he labored diligently, in the midst of all his purely military operations, to obtain more certain supplies than the countries which he invaded could afford. All the resources of his own principalities were taxed to the utmost, to furnish stores for the imperial troops; and although we must not say that he organized a commissariat, yet he certainly made some steps toward the improvement of a branch of military science, not even now sufficiently attended to, and then very generally neglected.

The next campaign was opened early in the year, by Tilly on the Weser, and Wallenstein on the left bank of the Elbe. The first operations of the latter general were undertaken in the little duchy of Anhalt, where he seized upon the bridge over the Elbe at Dessau, in order to command a free passage at any time over the river, and open a way into Brandenburg. Strong redoubts were immediately erected on the right bank; and the importance of this position being instantly seen by the Protestant princes, Count Mansfeld, with his veteran bands, was ordered to attack the bridge, and make every effort to obtain possession of the passage. Three several battles or skirmishes took place in the month of April. In the first two, all Mansfeld's efforts were defeated by the mere resolute defense of the redoubts; but when his movements, on the 24th, announced a renewal of the attack, Wallenstein caused the bridge to be hung with sail-cloth, so as to conceal his intended operations, passed his whole army over, and, on the 25th, issued forth to meet Mansfeld in the field, when a sanguinary engagement ensued, and the troops of the Protestant leader were routed with terrible loss.

Nevertheless, little more than a month had passed ere the indefatigable Mansfeld was again at the head of twenty thousand men. A large body of English auxiliaries having landed at Hamburg some time before, and a portion, if not the whole, having gone to swell the count's force, a new plan of operations now suggested itself to the daring Mansfeld. He had found means to recruit and refresh himself even in the sands of Brandenburg, and had also, it would appear, opened communications with Bethlem Gabor, who was now operating in Hungary. He determined, then, to make a dash through Silesia, in order to effect his junction with the Transylvanian, to be followed by a combined attack upon Vienna.

No sooner was this design discovered by the imperial court than terror seized upon the emperor and his ministers. Instant commands were sent off to Wallenstein to hasten after Mansfeld; and although he remonstrated earnestly against being compelled to abandon all his plans, and pointed out the inevitable loss and injury which his army would sustain in the passage of the Carpathian Mountains, the orders to march were reiterated, and Wallenstein obeyed. He was not in time, indeed, to prevent the junction of Mansfeld's forces with Bethlem Gabor, and the immense loss which he had anticipated took place in his own ranks. But Vienna was now protected by a powerful army; the supplies which Bethlem Gabor had expected did not arrive; and, notwithstanding the junction of Mansfeld, he hastened, as usual, to conclude a hollow truce with Vienna.

Mansfeld, mortified and disheartened, determined to seek supplies of money from the Venetian republic, and, resigning the command of his troops to a prince of Weimar, set out for Venice in person. He was taken ill, however, in Dalmatia, and died, it is said, of a broken heart, though more probably from one of the diseases of the country.

Nothing more was to be done in the south of Germany. Wallenstein had been deprived of the glory he had expected in the north; and, placing his troops in winter quarters, he proceeded to Vienna, to prepare for the campaign of the succeeding year, and to silence his enemies, who were busy at the ear of Ferdinand. Blame was cast upon him, both for what he had done and for what he had not done. Men said he had not obeyed with sufficient alacrity the imperial order to march after Mansfeld, and yet, with strange inconsistency, censured him for the losses which his army had sustained in the Carpathian Mountains, although he had foreseen and predicted those losses before he began the march. Another mortification, which followed his recall from the north of Germany, was to see Tilly gather the laurels which he had hoped to win.

No sooner was the field clear of Wallenstein, than the King of Denmark attempted to take advantage of his absence for the purpose of carrying on more active operations. But the veteran Tilly not only out-manuevered him completely, but forced him to a battle at the village of Lutter, in the Barmberg, and gave him a terrible defeat. Sixty standards, the whole artillery, baggage, and ammunition of the Danish army were lost, and between four and five thousand dead remained

upon the field. Terror seized all the Protestant states of northern Germany; the people would make no effort to support their princes in resisting the imperial power; and apathy and fear reigned supreme. The states vainly fancied that submission would bring peace, and that the emperor would be contented with the humiliation which had been inflicted upon them. But they soon learned that such was little the intention of the imperial tyrant, and still less of his haughty general.

No sooner did spring appear than Wallenstein was in the field again, at the head of forty thousand men; and his march was a triumphal procession through Silesia, Brandenburg, and Mecklenburg, to the frontiers of Holstein. In vain did states remonstrate and princes sue; in vain did some pretend neutrality, and some offer submission. Wallenstein spurned offers, proposals, and negotiations, openly proclaimed the absolute power of the emperor, and gave a significant notification that the German empire, as previously constituted, was to be brought to an end. No more electors, no more princely confederations: an absolute monarch and a submissive country was that which Wallenstein proposed to raise up and to maintain. Neither did he desire any sharer in his counsels or his deeds; and, upon an idle pretense, Tilly was sent across the Elbe, to keep the Dutch in check, while the imperial general pursued the Danish army toward its own country.

More than once that army turned and attempted to bar the way; but a series of brilliant actions at Heiligenhausen only added to the renown of Wallenstein and to the disasters of the Danes. Holstein, and Jutland itself, were overrun by the still increasing forces of Wallenstein; and the King of Denmark was obliged to embark the ruins of his army, and seek refuge in his islands. All this was accomplished in one campaign; and the army of Wallenstein, now swelled to the number of a hundred thousand men, lived at free quarters in the subjected principalities, raised contributions, committed all sorts of excesses, and punished the states of northern Germany for their pusillanimous inactivity.

The Duchy of Mecklenburg was Wallenstein's reward for his successful campaign. Much opposition was made to the grant by many of the imperial counselors; but Ferdinand had other debts toward Wallenstein, besides that of gratitude. An immense sum was owing to him for the levy and equipment of troops, and the imperial debtor had no means of repaying him but by acquiescence in his ambitious demands. In order to press his suit with the emperor, who was then at

Prague, Wallenstein had quitted the scenes of his conquests, and returned to Bohemia; but he had left Count Arnheim in command of the army, and kept up with him a constant and eager correspondence.

It is now that the towering genius and vast grasp of Wallenstein's mind shine out most conspicuously. Not contented with having rendered the emperor all-powerful in Germany, he resolves to make him master of the Baltic. Fleets are to be created; sea-ports are to be strengthened and improved; immense naval arsenals are to be prepared; and order after order is given by Wallenstein to Arnheim, with a view to the steps necessary for the accomplishment of these great purposes.

At the same time, though absent, he shows great anxiety for the maintenance, or, perhaps, I might more properly say, for the establishment of discipline in the army. He had tolerated, because he was obliged to tolerate, great excesses and terrible exactions; but we are bound to admit that his correspondence does not display any of that spirit of peculation of which he had been accused. On the contrary, we find him refusing indignantly any share in the contributions which had been demanded; and he now gives stern and severe orders for punishing with the utmost rigor those officers of whose oppression he had been informed. He even threatens Piccolomini, one of his most distinguished and favorite officers, and refuses to countenance him in his unjust exactions.

Notwithstanding these efforts, however, there can be no doubt that license of the most frightful character existed in his armies, which may be described as bands of robbers on a grand scale. He had formed and supported them, Schiller tells us, upon the example of Mansfeld, but the scholars soon exceeded the master.

The very precarious power which a commander held over men so enlisted and kept together rendered Wallenstein peculiarly anxious at this time to introduce some better system; for, even at the beginning of 1628, he foresaw, almost with a prophetic eye, the coming contest with the Swedes, and seems to have been fully aware of the perils and the importance of the struggle. Anxiously and repeatedly, in his letters, he orders all the motions of Gustavus Adolphus to be watched, long before that prince showed the slightest intention of invading Germany; and a strange sort of fear and suspicion regarding him, almost amounting to hatred, mark all Wallenstein's thoughts at this time. He even orders the King of Sweden's horoscope to be drawn by various celebrated astrologers; and,

though we know not the result, it is clear that Wallenstein felt a presentiment that a struggle for life and death was destined to take place between him and the Swedish monarch.

Still he pursues his plans without hesitation, determines to break the maritime power of Denmark, even attempts to use the discontent of the Danish people, in order to dethrone Christian IV. and obtain the crown for the emperor; and early in 1628, he resumes his military operations, and his great schemes for creating a naval force in the Baltic.

Almost all the sea-ports of Pomerania and Mecklenburg were completely at the disposal of the great commander. One alone showed a determined spirit of resistance, proclaimed its independence, as one of the free Hanseatic Towns, and refused to admit the troops of the conqueror. Arnheim, in Wallenstein's absence, attempted, by negotiations, persuasions, and threats, to gain peaceful possession of this town of Stralsund, which, situated in a very strong position, opposite to the Isle of Rugen, was an object of anxious desire to the imperial commander. The people of Stralsund, however, encouraged by the Danes, resisted all his proposals; and at length force was resorted to. By the 23d of May, Arnheim had obtained possession, after two attacks, of all the principal outworks; but re-enforcements of English and Danish troops inspired the people with a determination to resist to the last; and Wallenstein's pertinacious resolution to reduce this city brought about the event he most dreaded, the interference of the King of Sweden in the war.

Hopeless of obtaining greater support from Denmark, unable to resist alone the imperial arms, the people of Stralsund applied to Gustavus Adolphus for assistance; and sixteen hundred men, in two divisions, under David Leslie and Count Brahe, were at once sent for their defense. By the efforts of these forces, all that Arnheim had taken was soon recovered.

Such was the state of affairs when Wallenstein joined the army; and, in a general assault, at once recaptured all the external works, and was only repelled from the inner line of defenses by the gallant determination of the Scottish troops. His batteries soon ruined the walls, and left the place, in fact, no longer tenable. Negotiations for a capitulation were commenced and protracted for some time; but the arrival of a Danish fleet in the port, and a promise, soon fulfilled, of further succor, revived the courage of the inhabitants. The negotiations were broken off, and the siege recommenced.

The hour of fortune, however, had now passed; tremen-

dous rains set in ; the ground around the city became a marsh ; a fever broke out in Wallenstein's camp, sweeping off hundreds of his men in a day ; a Danish army landed at Jasmund, threatening the rear of Wallenstein's army ; and with bitterness of heart he found himself compelled to raise the siege and march against the enemy. The Danes, however, immediately re-embarked their troops, but landed again at Wolgast and Hohendorf. By a rapid and brilliant movement the imperial general surprised them before they could re-embark, and defeated their army with terrible loss. The Castle of Wolgast enabled the routed Danish forces to gain their ships, by turning its guns against the enemy ; but Wallenstein's victory was complete, and afforded some consolation for his disappointment at Stralsund.

In the mean time, all his efforts to create a fleet in the Baltic had proved ineffectual. The Spanish branch of the house of Austria had promised to put twenty large ships at the emperor's disposal ; but these ships never appeared ; and a fruitless attempt to take the town of Glückstadt, which was constantly relieved by the Danish vessels, showed Wallenstein that a war with a naval power was hopeless without a navy. His views on this subject were laid in detail before the emperor ; and he strongly urged the necessity of concluding a peace with Denmark. Ferdinand, satisfied with the immense power he had obtained, yielded a willing consent ; and Tilly and Wallenstein opened negotiations with Danish plenipotentiaries at Lübeck. The terms were arranged without much difficulty ; all the possessions of the King of Denmark were restored ; Christian solemnly pledged himself never to interfere any more in the affairs of Germany ; and the treaty was signed in 1629.

The whole German empire seemed now at the disposal of Ferdinand. Every thing submitted to him. His word was, in fact, law in the empire ; but Wallenstein had foreseen the storm that was soon to burst upon Germany ; and he determined to take at once one of those two steps which were necessary to secure the advantages gained. With the prophetic spirit of genius, he had perceived that, once freed to act in the direction which his interest and his inclination pointed out, Gustavus Adolphus, already renowned in arms, would carry war into the heart of Germany, and that he would find a vast body of the German people ready to make an effort, under his banner, to cast off the galling yoke of the emperor. Two great efforts were dictated by sound policy in these circum-

stances ; first, to give Gustavus Adolphus sufficient occupation in other lands, in order to render the execution of his designs upon Germany impossible ; and, secondly, by kindness, lenity, and justice, to reconcile the German people to a burden which pressed heavily upon them, but might be greatly lightened.

One of these efforts Wallenstein made, though not with that energy and greatness of conception which characterized almost all his designs. The other he neglected entirely.

The King of Sweden was at war with the King of Poland ; the Swedish troops were actively engaged in Poland ; their success, and the exhausted state of his own resources, had inclined Sigismund, king of that country, to listen to terms of accommodation. It would have been well worth the cost and the exertion to send thirty thousand imperial troops to the aid of the King of Poland, and to support him by a monthly subsidy, in carrying on the war ; yes, even if the crown jewels had been pawned to supply the means. The theater of hostilities would thus have been removed from Germany. If Gustavus was defeated, he would be powerless against the empire ; if he were successful, success would be purchased by exertions which would exhaust his resources for many a year.

Wallenstein, however, only sent ten thousand men under Count Arnheim, an officer not well disposed to the task. Nothing was effected ; and Arnheim himself retired from the imperial service. We know not whether this niggardly assistance was thus limited by the will of Wallenstein, or by that of his imperial master ; but it is clear that a great error was committed in this case. In the other, a greater was committed still. Exhausted Germany was panting for repose : kindness, even moderation would have been received as the greatest of boons ; but a grasping and bigoted monarch had no notion of holding his oppressive hand. An edict was passed, named the Edict of Restitution, by which the Protestants were called upon to restore immediately all the Catholic Church property which had been sequestered since the year 1555. A new interpretation was put upon the treaty of Passau ; and it was boldly announced that all Protestants were liable to be driven out of the states of Catholic princes. Wallenstein had ever shown great toleration in his own domains ; but it is not to be denied that, if he did not encourage the emperor in this most iniquitous proceeding, he aided to carry out the edict in the most barbarous and relentless manner.

It would be as tedious as painful to dwell upon all the cruelties which were committed, and the oppression that was exercised, by the imperial commissioners; but a spirit of resistance was aroused in the hearts of the German people, which only waited for opportunity to display itself. Nor was it alone against the emperor that wrath and indignation was excited. Wallenstein drew down upon his head even more dangerous enmity than that which sprung up against Ferdinand. He ruled in Germany with almost despotic sway; for the emperor himself seemed at this time little more than a tool in his hands. His manners were unpopular, stern, reserved, and gloomy. He shared not in the revels of his light-hearted and licentious officers. He communicated to none his plans and purposes; and, liberal to excess of his wealth, he was cold and unbending in his demeanor. His haughty pride, too, scattered offense abroad throughout all classes. Princes were kept waiting in his ante-chamber; and all petitions and remonstrances against his stern decrees were treated with the mortifying scorn which adds insult to injury. The magnificence of his train, the splendor of his household, the luxury and profusion that spread every where around him, afforded continual sources of envy and jealous hate to the ancient nobility of the empire. The Protestants throughout the land were his avowed and implacable enemies; and the Roman Catholic princes viewed him with fear and suspicion. Maximilian of Bavaria, whose star had waned under the growing luster of Wallenstein's renown, who had lost that authority in the empire which he knew to be due to his services and his genius, solely by the rise and influence of Wallenstein, and whose ambitious designs of ruling Germany through an emperor dependent upon him for power, had been frustrated entirely by the genius which placed the imperial throne upon a firm and independent basis, took no pains to conceal his hostility to the Duke of Friedland; and while the faults and offenses of the great general raised up a multitude of enemies against him, his services, his achievements, and his virtues added to the number of his open and secret foes. His efforts to restore discipline, to check corruption, and to put an end to excessive exactions, proved as dangerous to him as his pride or his ambition. Though the soldiery still generally loved him, their officers hated the hand that put a limit to the oppression by which they thrived, and would fain have resisted its power. The Italian mercenaries, especially, were enraged by the punishments with which he visited their crimes, and

the restraints which he placed upon their licentiousness ; and we find the name by which he was generally known among them was "the tyrant." We may well suppose, too, that in cases where officers, independent of him, and having great claims upon the empire for services performed, were forced to apply to him, in order to obtain preferment and reward, it was done with a bitter heart. Wallenstein, it is true, exerted himself generously to forward their views ; but we can hardly imagine Tilly and Pappenheim soliciting the interest of Wallenstein, without a degree of mortification which must have produced some enmity toward the man.

While these feelings were gathering strength in Germany ; while Wallenstein, with no friends, though many supporters, saw himself an object of jealousy or hatred to the leaders of every party throughout the empire ; and while the suppressed but cherished indignation of all Protestant Germany was preparing for the emperor a dreadful day of reckoning, events were taking place in other countries which hurried on rapidly the dangers that Wallenstein had foreseen.

In France, a weak king, and a powerful, politic, and relentless minister, appeared in undissembled hostility to the house of Austria ; and the famous Cardinal de Richelieu busied himself, successfully, to raise up enemies to the German branch of that family, while he employed the forces of France, either in contending with the Spanish branch, or in suppressing every vestige of domestic liberty.

In Poland, Sigismund, after vainly contending with Gustavus Adolphus, and receiving an inefficient aid from Germany, was anxious to conclude the disastrous war with Sweden. Richelieu interfered ; Oxenstiern negotiated on the part of Gustavus ; and a truce of six years was concluded in August, 1629, by which the veteran and victorious Swedish troops were set free to act in any other direction. A great part of Livonia was virtually ceded to Gustavus, together with the towns and territories of Memel, Braunsberg and Elbingen, and the strong fortress of Pillau.

At the same time, Richelieu impressed upon the mind of Gustavus the honor, the advantage, and the necessity of reducing the immense power of the emperor, and delivering the Protestant states of Germany from the oppression under which they groaned. Many an eager application had been made to the Swedish monarch by the princes of those Protestant states, and there can be no doubt that now those applications were secretly renewed. I find it stated that "the Hanse towns

joined in the petition, and offered the resources of their wealth, that the states of Holland warmly supported the application of the Protestant League, and that many of the Catholic princes themselves intimated that they would either remain neuter, or aid the King of Sweden to suppress the overgrown authority of a tyrannical prince."

Confident in his own powers of mind and warlike skill, supported by the love and admiration of his people, relying on the valor and discipline of his troops, and foreseeing all the mighty combinations which were certain to take place in his favor, Gustavus hesitated but little. He consulted with his ministers, indeed heard and answered every objection that could be raised; and then applied to the Senate at Stockholm to insure that his plans were approved, and that his efforts would be seconded by his people. His enterprise met with the most enthusiastic approbation; and then succeeded all the bustle of active preparation. Funds, armies, and magazines were provided; and alliances were proposed and concluded with every power which feared or hated the house of Austria.

While this storm was gathering in the North, while the towns of Sweden were bristling with arms, and her ports filled with ships, Ferdinand was driven or persuaded to an act the most fatal to himself, and the most favorable to the King of Sweden. A Diet was summoned to meet at Ratisbon early in the year 1630; and the chief object of the emperor in taking a step so dangerous to the power he had really acquired, and to the projects so boldly put forth in his name, seems to have been to cause his son to be elected King of the Romans, thus acknowledging the authority of those whom he had menaced and trampled on.

The Diet assembled, and princes flocked thither from all parts of Germany; but not far off, at Memingen, lay Wallenstein, at the head of an army of a hundred thousand men. The army was ready to obey his lightest word. He professed himself the devoted servant of the emperor, and neither by deeds nor words acknowledged any other power in Germany. But if Ferdinand had any idea of overawing the Diet, the scheme was frustrated by the skill with which its proceedings were arranged. Its first act was one in which the great majority of its members were certain to agree, and which at once struck from beneath the hand of the emperor the staff whereon he leaned. After that it was easy to decide upon minor questions, and to decide unbiassed.

CHAPTER IV.

WALLENSTEIN.

THE Diet is assembled at Ratisbon, and princes and prelates crowd the hall. Forms and ceremonies are gone through; it is announced that the object of the meeting is to settle all undecided questions in the empire, and to establish, on a firm basis, a permanent and honorable peace. Those very words instantly raised the images of a thousand most difficult questions; but shortly after, the name of the archduke, King of Hungary, is proposed to the Diet for election as King of the Romans, and a scene of indescribable confusion and murmuring takes place. A voice demands that, before any such election is considered, the complaints of the people of Germany against the imperial armies shall be heard; and then a perfect storm of accusations pours down. Every sort of tyranny and oppression, every sort of cruelty and exaction, every sort of licentiousness and vice is attributed to the emperor's troops; but the hatred and the charges all concentrate themselves upon the head of the great commander of the imperial forces; and there is a shout for his instant dismissal.

Each elector has some accusation to bring, either personally against himself or against the soldiers under his command. His pride, his haughtiness, his ambition, the immense power and the immense wealth he has obtained, the contributions which have been levied under his authority, the sharp answers he has given to complaints, the contempt with which he has treated remonstrances from magistrates, states, and princes, the precision with which he has executed the emperor's decrees, the very punishments which he has inflicted upon his offending soldiery, are all mingled together in a chaos of accusation. Then, again, the licentiousness of his soldiery and the crimes of his officers are all charged to his account. Not an insolent trooper, not a peculating commissary, not a lawless captain of free companions, but has done something for which Wallenstein is made answerable; and the whole charge is summed up by pointing him out as *Odium ac nausea generis humani*.

Is there none in all that great assembly to speak a word

for the absent general? none to point out that to his sword the emperor owed his salvation in his greatest need? none to show that he was called upon, in the space of a few short weeks, to bring an army into the field capable of checking the King of Denmark with sixty thousand men? none to declare that he was obliged to take such men as offered? none to prove that he had striven to correct their vices and restrain their exactions? Not one! Every man present was his enemy; and the cry was universal, "He must be dismissed."

The Elector of Bavaria led the way, jealous of Wallenstein's fame, his wealth, and influence; and every other followed, moved mostly by private passion rather than by public spirit; but all joined in the one cry, and in seeking the one object. It is only wonderful they did not demand his head.

But what will the emperor do, for he it is who must decide? If he be as bold as he is ambitious, he may order the army to march rapidly upon Ratisbon, and crush all opposition at one blow. If he be as resolute as he is enterprising, he may refuse to listen to clamor or to yield to charges unproved. If he be a sincere friend, a grateful sovereign, or a wise prince, he will certainly support the servant who came to his aid in the hour of need, and who was never more needed than at the present moment. Is there none in all his court to represent to him that on the decision of this moment hangs not only the safety of the future, but the maintenance of the advantageous position which Wallenstein has obtained for him; that, having committed the false step of calling the Diet together, it behooves him to resist its attempt to dictate who shall be his general?

There were some in the court who boldly took this course, and advanced many another argument to show that it would be most injudicious as well as ungrateful to yield to the demand of the Diet. Their arguments should have had the more weight, as it was known that no love of Wallenstein influenced the speakers.

But, on the other hand, the Elector of Bavaria had obtained habitual command over the mind of the emperor. Spain, too, was decidedly opposed to the Duke of Friedland. His genius was of too commanding a character, his perceptions too clear, his schemes too vast, not to excite suspicion, distrust, and animosity in the weak, cunning, and boastful court of Madrid. Many of the imperial counselors had long been arrayed against Wallenstein: the lands of some of them had been plundered by his troops; to some of them he had given

offense by his bold language and resolute opposition ; and the balance of influence and authority was decidedly against him in the imperial court.

Still Ferdinand hesitated, and affected much surprise at the charges brought against his general and his armies. He yielded in the end, however ; and it is said, upon very good authority, that his ruinous decision was brought about by the arts of the same skillful politician who had conjured up the storm which now menaced the empire from the north. Richelieu had sent an ambassador to Ratisbon, upon the idle pretense of seeking, by every means, to terminate the dissensions which had arisen between France and Spain regarding the duchy of Mantua. In the train of the ambassador came the well-known intriguing friar, Father Joseph, the most unscrupulous and cunning of the cardinal's emissaries ; and he, we are assured, found means to persuade the emperor that, by yielding to the demand of the electors and removing Wallenstein for a time, he might obtain the election of the King of Hungary, and then reinstate the Duke of Friedland in his command as soon as popular anger had subsided.

However that might be, Ferdinand, as I have said, yielded, openly expressing his regret at the step he was about to take, and the apprehensions which he entertained for the consequences. Count Questenberg and another nobleman, who had been long on intimate terms with Wallenstein, were sent to the camp to notify to him his removal from command, and to soften the disgrace by assuring him of the emperor's gratitude and affection. Men, however, looked anxiously for the result ; for the peculiar character, or, rather, quality of Wallenstein's ambition had been misunderstood, and many anticipated open resistance on the part of a general at the head of a hundred thousand men. Some even feared for the personal safety of Questenberg and his companion, and it was clearly with some hesitation they themselves undertook the dangerous task.

Surrounded by a few officers, conversing, easily and quietly, though with laconic brevity, in one of the halls of Memingen, stood a tall, spare, but powerful man, with high features, and small, dark, piercing eyes. He was dressed with exceeding splendor, and on his left hand stood an open cabinet of exquisite workmanship. His brow was grave, and his face had habitually a stern expression, but, if any thing, the look was less gloomy than ordinary. The few words he spoke were even cheerful, and they referred to calm and happy subjects.

A few minutes after he had entered the hall, a chamberlain, in magnificent attire, threw open the door, saying,

“Counts Questenberg and Werdenberg, your excellency, on a mission from his imperial majesty.”

Wallenstein bowed his head, and, preceded by a troop of ushers, pages, and lackeys, who ranged themselves to the right and left as they entered, appeared the imperial ministers. Wallenstein advanced to meet them with a well-satisfied and cordial expression of countenance; and when Questenberg, after the ordinary salutations, hinted that he desired a private audience, the Duke of Friedland answered, with a smile,

“It is needless, your excellency. The object of your coming is perfectly well known to me. The stars have made me acquainted with it long ago;” and then, taking from the open cabinet an astrological table, he placed it before the eyes of the wondering envoys, saying, “You will perceive, by the position of the planets, that the star of Maximilian of Bavaria overrules that of Ferdinand. The emperor is betrayed. I grieve for him, but blame him not; though, in truth, I am sorry he has given me up with so little resistance. Nevertheless, I obey him.”

This was his answer to the message which took from him his high command. No burst of anger, no words of reproach, no pitiful irritation was displayed by Wallenstein. He entertained the envoys with splendor during their stay, made them several valuable presents, and sent them back with a letter to the emperor breathing calm and dignified submission, thanking the sovereign for past favors, and begging him to turn a deaf ear to all slanderous reports.

Resigning the command of the army, which, under his guidance, had performed such splendid achievements, Wallenstein retired to his town and palace of Gitchin, and devoted himself to the administration of his own vast domains. Rumors were, of course, current of angry feelings and evil designs against the emperor; for men attributed to Wallenstein the same passions which would have influenced them had they been in his situation. Historians have not scrupled to chronicle as facts the suspicions of the time; but they all dissolve into mere smoke upon critical examination. All Wallenstein's letters show in every line the faithful and obedient subject, as well as the hospitable and magnificent prince. Doubtless he had a consolation and a hope; for the sword of Gustavus Adolphus was already unsheathed, and he, as well as others, must have perceived that the sword of Wallenstein must, sooner or later, be opposed to it.

Tilly took the command of the army, supported by the gallant but cruel Pappenheim; but neither of these great officers seem to have had any share in the disgrace of Wallenstein. On the contrary, both continued to maintain with him a friendly correspondence; and the admiration with which two of the greatest generals of the age evidently regarded him is a very high tribute to the merits of the Duke of Friedland. True it is, Tilly might think himself lucky in escaping accusations similar to those which had ruined Wallenstein; for his own forces in the Palatinate had committed fully as many crimes, and even greater cruelties, than the army of Wallenstein in the north of Germany. But Wallenstein was an object of jealousy as well as hatred; and his dismissal was occasioned not by the acts which his troops had committed, but by the deeds which he himself had achieved.

It is highly to the honor of Tilly that upon one occasion, if not more, while he was commanding the imperial army with success, he warned his great rival of the rumors which were current against him, in order that he might be upon his guard.

Wallenstein treated those rumors with the contempt they merited, while he felt and appreciated the honorable conduct of Tilly. There were other warnings, however, which, unhappily, merited greater attention, and received as little. Even in the very height of his most successful career, after his arms had laid Germany prostrate at the feet of the emperor, and the peace of Lübeck had terminated all danger from Danish hostility, intimation reached him from quarters the least liable to suspicion, of designs upon his liberty, if not upon his life. Slavata, the chancellor of Bohemia, in the middle of the year 1629, ventured to put him on his guard, in terms which left it doubtful whether his own imperial master was not already playing the traitor with his faithful servant.

"I have been informed," he writes to Wallenstein, "by several persons of distinction, that Tilly has received orders to seize your highness and throw you into prison; or, if that can not be done, to send you out of the world in a summary manner."

Whether this design was entertained at so early a period, and, if so, whether it is chargeable upon the Bavarian or upon the emperor, certain it is, that Wallenstein gave no heed to the tale, and reproved Slavata even for listening to it, expressing the utmost confidence both in the emperor and Tilly. Happy had it been for him had his confidence been extended

less far. Even the most peaceable demeanor, even the calmest domestic employments, even the most open display of trust and reliance on his sovereign's honor and gratitude, could not shield Wallenstein from hate and suspicion. But the time was rapidly approaching when his services were again to be required for the salvation of the monarchy, and he was spared to confer greater benefits, and to make ingratitude more black.

CHAPTER V.

WALLENSTEIN.

THERE were negotiations which failed, and a Danish mediation which was not successful in delaying the movements of Gustavus Adolphus ; and, leaving his daughter in the land which he was never more to see, the King of Sweden took leave of his Senate with words which left a deep impression on all hearts. But few of those words will I repeat ; but they express the motives which roused him to arms. " Not lightly," he said, " do I plunge you and myself into this new and perilous war. My witness is Almighty God, that it is not for pleasure that I fight. The emperor has most shamefully injured me in the person of my-embassadors ; he has upheld my enemies and persecuted my friends and brethren ; he has trampled my religion in the dust, and has stretched out his hand even to my crown. Piteously do the oppressed states of Germany call upon us for help, and, by God's will, so will we give it them."

In the month of June, 1630, the wind at length filled the sails of the royal fleet ; and on the 24th of the month it appeared off the Isle of Rugen, on the coast of Pomerania.* The king himself was the first man who sprang on shore, and, kneeling on the beach, he offered thanks to God for the safe voyage of his fleet and army. This act of devotion offered, he commenced that course of brilliant military operations which secured the liberty of Protestant Germany.

It is not my object to enter into the details of his short but brilliant career ; but some sketch of the events must be given

* It does not seem clear whether Gustavus first landed at Rugen or Peene Munde, in Usedom. But the matter is not of any very great consequence.

which called forth Wallenstein from his retirement. The troops which follow the king are few in number; but they are veterans disciplined in a peculiar manner, active, persevering, and drilled with a precision totally unknown among the other armies of Europe. Divested of much of the useless steel, which encumbered rather than protected the soldiery of the day, their evolutions are performed with a rapidity and a degree of accuracy which renders each regiment equal to two of the enemy; and their fair-haired monarch, tall, powerful, and chested like a bull, is at once the greatest tactician and the stoutest soldier of his times.

With a force of little more than twenty thousand men, he undertakes at once to establish a wide base for after operations, by making himself master of the whole Pomeranian coast. With the speed of lightning Wolgast is taken, Camin surrenders, the Isles of Wollin and Usedom are cleared of the enemy, and the Swedish army is before Stettin. Bogisla XIV., duke of Pomerania, is terrified, and hesitates. He would fain negotiate, he would fain remain neuter.

"He who is not for us is against us," replies Gustavus; and the duke is forced to decide and ally himself with the Swede. Town after town falls before the arms of Sweden, and from almost every garrison that capitulated the army of the Swedish monarch was recruited; for the imperial troops were mostly mercenaries from foreign lands, right willing to take service under any great commander. Once incorporated, however, with the army of Gustavus, the rigid discipline of the Swedish regiments soon changed the habits of the men, and held them to their standard.

Every day fresh bodies of men came in to join Gustavus from the most opposite quarters. The fragments of Mansfeld's army, the remnant of that of Christian of Brunswick, companies which had served under the King of Denmark, and those who had raised Wallenstein to glory, now hastened to serve with a greater than any, and to lose their wild habits under the rule of the Swede.

While Gustavus was fixing himself firmly in the land, while his forces were increasing every day, while Damm, Stargard, Camin, Wolgast, and several other places spoke the success of his arms, the court of Vienna, less wise than Wallenstein, laughed scornfully at the invasion, and called the King of Sweden his Majesty of Snow, declaring that the cold of the north only kept his power together, and that it would melt away as it approached the south. Even the

Protestant Electors seemed to hold the aid he brought them cheap, and, at all events, derived not sufficient courage from his appearance in the field to make any effort against the emperor.

Very different was it, however, with the people of the country where the Swedes appeared. Gustavus had the art of winning hearts as well as cities; and the tenderness and consideration which he displayed toward the districts traversed by his armies stood in bright contrast with the conduct of the imperial generals. Wherever the latter came, pillage, ruin, desolation spread around; and in Pomerania especially their ravages were fearful, upon the pretense of laying waste the country before the Swedes. The Swedish soldiers paid for all that they required; no man's property suffered by their presence; nothing was taken but with the consent of the owner, who was fully recompensed for all he gave. Thus, in town and country, the Swedish army was received with open arms; a multitude of Pomeranians took service with Gustavus; and the states of the duchy joyfully voted a contribution of a hundred thousand florins in aid of the friendly invaders.

The imperial troops in Pomerania, though commanded by a famous general, Torquato Conti, could effect nothing against the Swedes. Many an effort was made, but all were frustrated, and an early and a cutting winter soon drove Conti to seek winter quarters for his sickly and disorganized forces. As usual, a suspension of arms was proposed for the winter, and deputies were sent to Gustavus to arrange the terms. The reply of the King of Sweden was characteristic, and not at all satisfactory to the envoys.

"The Swedes," he replied, "are soldiers in winter as well as summer;" and, leaving the imperial generals to do as they thought fit, Gustavus pursued the war.

Every step was marked with success. The imperial troops were suffered to enjoy no repose in their winter quarters; Greifenhagen, Gartz, and Piritz were taken; and the Austrian troops were driven into the march of Brandenburg with great loss, both of men and artillery. The passes of Ribnitz and Damgarden opened the way for the King of Sweden into Mecklenburg; and the duke of that country, stripped of his possessions for the benefit of Wallenstein, was stirred up to take the field in order to recover his duchy; but his troops were not able to make head against Pappenheim, who was sent to oppose them, and were soon almost totally dispersed.

In the mean time, the barbarities exercised by the imperial forces in the march of Brandenburg were a disgrace to human nature. The elector was not at enmity with the emperor; but his country was treated with more cruelty than was ever inflicted before upon a conquered territory; and, weak and vacillating as he was, the elector was forced to issue a proclamation, commanding his people to put to death every Austrian soldier found plundering. Still, he did not venture openly to take part with the King of Sweden, who, adhering to his plan of securing Pomerania as a base for future operations, proceeded to reduce Demmin and Colberg, and to prepare for the siege of Frankfort on the Oder.

The success of the Swedish monarch bore better fruit than the mere capture of towns. France was encouraged to throw off the mask, and openly to ally herself with the Protestant King of Sweden. A subsidy of four hundred thousand crowns annually was promised on her part; and Gustavus undertook to keep thirty-five thousand men in the field. The weak princes of Germany still hesitated to fight against their enemy, and to support their deliverer; they consulted and negotiated at Leipsic, when they should have been acting, and were only the more severely treated by the emperor in consequence. But the open alliance of France threw immense moral weight into the scale of Gustavus.

It is true that, at this very time, a negotiation was in progress, which might have snatched from the King of Sweden the fruit of all his efforts. Wallenstein, in his retirement at Gitchin, still kept his eyes fixed upon the game that was playing, and conceived a bold move, which, had it been made decidedly and at once, must have rendered the emperor the winner. He knew something of the King of Denmark, for he had both fought him and negotiated with him. He was aware that Christian regarded Gustavus with jealousy, if not enmity; and he proposed that an offensive and defensive alliance should be concluded between the emperor and the King of Denmark, which would place the fleets and armies of the Danes at the back of Gustavus, while the imperial forces encountered him in front. This sagacious design he communicated to the court of Vienna, and, fully authorized by the emperor, conducted for some time secret negotiations with the King of Denmark. The latter, of course, required a bribe; and the cabinet of Vienna hesitated so long as to what territory should be given up to the Dane, that the time for action passed away.

In the mean time, Tilly busied himself in collecting the scattered forces of the empire, which had been sadly shattered by the dismissal of Wallenstein. As soon as this was effected, he marched toward Pomerania, at the head of a very large army. He found Gustavus too strongly posted, however, to justify an attack; and leaving eight thousand men at Frankfort on the Oder, to secure his communications, he marched in a westerly direction to Magdeburg, taking New Brandenburg by the way. In the latter town, the ferocious soldiers of Tilly gave no quarter, and a frightful scene of massacre took place; but, as the imperial general marched onward toward Magdeburg, Gustavus Adolphus, quitting his strong position at Schwedt, made a rapid advance upon Frankfort on the Oder. The place was invested, as if for regular siege; but the weakness of the defenses, and the necessity of rapid success, encouraged Gustavus to attempt a general assault. The town was carried by storm; and the garrison received nothing from the Swedes but what they called "New Brandenburg quarter."

Tilly had made a movement in retreat, to relieve the town of Frankfort, as soon as he heard it was invested; but, on receiving intelligence of its fall, he resumed his march upon Magdeburg, and commenced the siege of that great and important town. Its fate is well known to all readers of history. It was taken by a stratagem, on the 10th of May, and the most frightful cruelties were perpetrated with the tacit consent of Tilly. Pappenheim reveled in blood; every crime that can stain human nature was committed; women as well as men, infants as well as their parents, were butchered; the town was set on fire in various places; and one of the finest cities in Germany, with the exception of two churches and a few small houses, was reduced to ashes.

This, however, was the last success of Tilly, who boasted of having fought six-and-thirty battles without ever suffering a defeat. A greater master of the art of war was in the field, and the bloody and victorious career of the Waloon was drawing to a close.

Gustavus was loudly blamed for not marching to the relief of Magdeburg; and so much effect had this censure upon his mind, that he thought himself obliged to put forth a public justification. He showed that he had immediately commenced his march to the assistance of the Magdeburgers, but that it was impossible for him to advance against an enemy like Tilly without securing a road for retreat, should it be neces-

sary, and the means of obtaining supplies for his army. The friendship of the Electors of Brandenburg and Saxony was more than doubtful. The former had even opened his gates to the Austrians, and shut them against the Swedes. Gustavus applied to both for some security that his army would be supplied and his retreat unmolested; but they hesitated and temporized, till Magdeburg had fallen. Gustavus might probably have added, had it been politic to do so, that his army was not sufficient to encounter that of Tilly in the field without withdrawing garrisons from many places that had been taken, which would have been too tedious an operation to afford even a chance of relieving Magdeburg.

The decision, to which neither the arguments of Gustavus nor the necessities of their position had been able to bring the princes of Lower Germany, was forced upon them by the insane exultation of the court of Vienna at the fall of Magdeburg, and by the cruelties of the imperial commanders. Hesse was plundered and oppressed; and the Landgrave of Cassel was threatened with all the vengeance of the imperial arms, unless he consented to receive Austrian troops into his land, to give up his fortresses to the emperor, and to raise immediate contributions for carrying on the war. The landgrave boldly refused; and Tilly was marching to ravage his country, when the movements of Gustavus forced the Walloon to alter his plan. The King of Sweden perceived that it was necessary to secure some strong places in Brandenburg, and he demanded possession of the town of Spandau from the vacillating elector. George William would still have temporized; but Gustavus would permit of no further procrastination. He appeared before Berlin itself, at the head of his army, and peremptorily demanded that the elector should declare which side he would take in the war.

"I will not be worse treated," he said, "than the imperial general. All I demand of the elector is security and bread for my troops; and this he must either give, or see his capital taken and plundered."

Such language, and the Swedish artillery pointed upon Berlin, soon brought the elector's hesitation to an end. Spandau was placed in the hands of Gustavus; and a treaty was signed, by which the gates of the important town of Custring were to be opened, at all times, to the troops of Sweden.

These great points accomplished, Gustavus retired into Pomerania, where he was received with the warmest expressions of joy by a liberated people. Shortly after, a re-enforce-

ment of eight thousand Swedes and six thousand English auxiliaries gave him means of prosecuting the war with greater vigor; and he once more appeared on the banks of the Elbe, near the spot where that river is joined by the Havel. His approach alarmed Pappenheim, who sent in haste to call Tilly to his assistance; and the imperial general, abandoning his designs upon Cassel, marched rapidly to Wolmirstadt.

The army of Gustavus was still infinitely inferior to the united forces of the Austrians. But the king took up a commanding position at Werben, and intrenched himself so strongly, with earth-works of great extent, that his camp became almost impregnable. He did not, it is true, restrict himself entirely to this position, for we find that the Swedes cut off three regiments of Austrians, posted at too great a distance from head-quarters. This loss seems to have stimulated Tilly to make an attack upon Gustavus's intrenchments at Werben, from which the king would not suffer himself to be drawn to risk a general battle. All the efforts of the Austrians, however, were ineffectual; and repulsed at every point with loss, they were obliged to retreat to Wolmirstadt, an immense multitude deserting by the way.

Shortly after, the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, whose bold reply to Tilly had done so much honor to his name, appeared in the camp of the Swedes; the first reigning prince who, of his own free will, declared for the liberty of his country. The King of Sweden received him joyfully; and a treaty of alliance was signed, which was honorably kept by both parties until the peace of Westphalia.

In the mean while, however, the imperial court seemed resolved to drive all the princes of Lower Germany into the arms of Sweden. Tilly was ordered to bring the neutrality of the Elector of Saxony to an end, by requiring him to receive the imperial troops, to carry the Edict of Restitution into execution, and either to disband his own forces, or to unite them with the imperial army against the King of Sweden. Saxony was powerful, populous, and wealthy, and Gustavus Adolphus was near at hand. Tilly was not ignorant of the danger of the step he was forced to take, nor of the high qualities of the enemy who lay at Werben, watching his movements. He had already, at Ratisbon, pointed out the immense abilities and the great power of Gustavus, and had ended by saying, "This is a player, against whom to lose nothing is to win much."

The court of Vienna paid no attention to his remonstrances,

however, and its commands were conveyed by a messenger to the double-dealing Elector of Saxony. Indignation overcame doubt and timidity. The elector rejected the terms offered, and sent off an ambassador to treat with the King of Sweden. Tilly immediately entered his territories, with an army re-enforced by five-and-twenty thousand veteran soldiers. Blood and pillage spread over the whole land; and more than a hundred villages were burned to the ground, while the ambassador of the elector was treating with the King of Sweden.

Gustavus received the propositions of Saxony with great coldness. He pointed out to Count Arnheim, who had now taken service under the elector, and who was the person sent to treat with him, that he could put no trust in the good faith of John George, especially while his ministers were known to be in Austrian pay. When pressed to explain what would satisfy him, he demanded that the fortress of Wittenberg should be given up to him, that the elector's eldest son should be placed in his hands as a hostage, that his troops should receive three months' pay at once, and that the traitors in the Saxon ministry should be delivered to him.

These seemed hard conditions to Arnheim; and, retiring from the Swedish camp, he carried, what he thought, the bad tidings to his master. But the elector now knew that there was no safety for him but in the alliance of Sweden; and he exclaimed, "Not only Wittenberg, but Torgau and all Saxony, shall be open to him. He shall have my whole family as hostages; and, if that is not enough, myself also. Hasten back to him, and say that I am ready to give him up any traitors he will name, and at once to pay the subsidy that is demanded."

Gustavus, however, had only rendered the conditions excessive in order to try the good faith of the elector; and he immediately reduced his demands, on that prince's frank acknowledgment of his necessities. A treaty was instantly signed; the Saxon army was close to the banks of the Elbe; Gustavus made not the slightest delay, but crossed the river at Wittenberg, and effected his junction with the forces of the elector.

Tilly had made no movement to impede this operation, but had proceeded to besiege Leipsic, which fell after a very brief resistance. The capitulation was signed in the house of a grave-digger; and it was now high time that Tilly should prepare for battle. Gustavus, with the united Swedish and

Saxon army, was in full march upon Leipsic. At Torgau a council of war was held, to determine what was to be done; but the opinion of Gustavus was decidedly in favor of risking a general battle, and it prevailed.

Early on the morning of the 7th of September, 1631, the two hostile armies came in sight of each other; and very soon after, the engagement began. I will not dwell upon the events of that great day, when was fought the battle of Breitenfeldt, or, as it is more commonly called, of Leipsic. Suffice it that the right wing of the allied army, composed almost altogether of Saxon troops, was completely routed by the Austrians, and fled. But victory often did more harm to the imperial armies than defeat. Plunder and pursuit occupied a great number of Tilly's men; the Swedish forces were not only unbroken, but making progress rapidly against the enemy; the brilliant charges of Pappenheim, and the cool and resolute efforts of Tilly, produced no effect; a number of Austrian guns were taken and turned against the flank of their army; and, after the hardest fought field of the whole war, the imperial troops were routed with great slaughter. Gustavus remained the master of the field. The total loss of Tilly is estimated at ten thousand men; he himself, severely wounded, barely escaped with life; the fiery and resolute Pappenheim was forced to fly among the last; and a hundred standards, thirty pieces of artillery, three thousand prisoners, and the whole baggage of the imperial army, attested the complete success of the King of Sweden. The army of Sweden lost only seven hundred men in killed and wounded; but the defeated Saxons counted two thousand missing; and the whole glory of the field remained with Gustavus. At the moment when success was most needed to decide the wavering, encourage the faint-hearted, and strengthen the brave and determined in perseverance, victory showed itself on the side of Gustavus; and the battle of Leipsic was worth the whole of his other achievements.

As soon as the news was known and believed at Vienna, consternation spread through the imperial court; and every one expected to see the victorious Swede under the walls of the capital. But Gustavus determined to follow another course; and his policy has been severely criticised, not altogether without justice; for much was to be said in favor of an advance upon Vienna, although the failure of many other commanders might do something to deter from such a step. The great battle which had been gained, the dispersion of the

imperial troops, the consternation which existed in the capital, and the vast accession of strength which was obtained by the King of Sweden, justified perhaps the boldest measures. But the plan of Gustavus was in itself bold and energetic, and was framed with a view to great political results, which could not be obtained by an advance upon Vienna. The Protestant states of the central and western parts of Germany had been stricken down, and cast into a condition of apathetic despair by the long triumph of the imperial arms. A single victory, in a remote part of Germany, was not sufficient to raise them up from the moral stupor into which they had fallen. It required the presence of the victor among them: it required efforts and achievements under their own eyes, to restore to them vigor, and activity, and warlike strength. It might enter into the calculations of the conqueror of Tilly, that his small army was but the nucleus of an avalanche which must be gathered round it as it rolled on to overwhelm the imperial power in the heart of the Austrian dominions, and that the central and western parts of Germany afforded the field where the greatest accession of strength was to be gained. He resolved, therefore, to send the Saxon army into Bohemia, where it seemed that much was to be gained and little to be lost, and to march in person across the whole empire, direct toward the banks of the Rhine.

His progress was one continued triumph; and the effect of his appearance among the Protestant princes, who had so long tamely submitted to oppression, was marvelous. Soldiers flocked to his standard from all quarters; nobles and electors unsheathed the swords which had seemed glued to their scabbards; and few places, even belonging to the Roman Catholics, ventured to resist. Wurtzburg, Hanau, Wertheim, were taken, the two first by surprise, the latter by storm; and Frankfort itself received the conqueror.

The army of the Duke of Lorraine, which made a faint effort to impede the progress of the Swedes in Franconia, dispersed like snow under the sun; and, approaching the Rhine at Oppenheim, Gustavus forced the passage of the river in presence of the Spanish troops collected on the left bank. Oppenheim was taken; and the strong city of Mayence fell after a short siege. Worms, Spire, Landau, and a number of other less important places were captured by the Swedish monarch; and almost all that Tilly, and Spinola, and Wallenstein had gained were now lost to the emperor. Mayence remained the head-quarters of Gustavus for some weeks; but

early in the spring he made a dash at Bavaria, appeared before Donauwerth, took it by a coup-de-main, and passed the Danube.

After the defeat of Tilly at Leipsic, all eyes turned to Wallenstein. Pappenheim himself declared that they had no hope but in him; and the emperor would doubtless have sought his assistance immediately, but that a strong party in the court and cabinet of Vienna, and a still stronger party in the Catholic League, headed by Maximilian of Bavaria, could not lay aside their jealous suspicions, and opposed his recall to power even to the last.

In the mean time, while Gustavus was pursuing his conquering course, and the Saxons were penetrating into Bohemia, and subduing the whole land, Tilly gathered together the fragments of his army. Great exertions, too, were made by the Elector of Bavaria to raise sufficient forces to check the advance of the Swedes, and prevent their junction with the Saxons under the walls of Vienna.

Tilly, once more able to appear in the field, again displayed his energy and skill, and took up one of the strongest positions in Germany, behind the River Lech, near the spot where it flows into the Danube at Rain. The frontiers of Bavaria were thus defended; the position seemed impregnable; and Maximilian himself took part in the operations of the Walloon general, hoping to see the storm of war turned away from his own electorate. Seventy-two pieces of artillery defended the camp; the river was deep and rapid; the banks not very accessible, and the army well supplied.

Nothing, however, could withstand the genius and impetuosity of Gustavus. His own officers attempted to dissuade him from attacking the imperial forces; but the King of Sweden knew the courage of his troops and his own resources. A wooden bridge was thrown over the river with extraordinary rapidity, a cavalry ford was found higher up the stream; the Swedish foot passed the bridge under a tremendous fire, and the horse crossed by the ford. The right bank of the Lech was gained; and the forces of Gustavus began to form, while the auxiliary troops were passing. Tilly saw that every thing must be hazarded at that critical moment, and a general attack was immediately ordered. But the Swedish artillery had already opened their fire; and the ball of a small piece called a falconet struck the imperial general in the knee, crushing the bone. Nearly at the same time, General Altringer, the second in command, was also wounded and car-

ried from the field; and the imperialists, deprived of their generals, fled in confusion. The Elector of Bavaria, with a small body of horse, did all that was possible to rally the routed troops, and succeeded in leading a considerable body of men to Ingoldstadt during the night. Thither, too, was Tilley carried; but on the following day the brave old Walloon died, recommending, with his expiring breath, that Ingoldstadt should be defended to the last.

Nothing could stop Gustavus; but, pursuing his career along the Lech, he made himself master of Augsburg and Landshut, and then dashed on upon Munich, which received him with prayers and supplications. No cruelties were exercised by the Swedish monarch. The rich, indeed, were forced to contribute somewhat largely to the support of his army; but considerable sums were distributed among the poor of the city by the generous conqueror.

Nothing now remained to the emperor but his hereditary dominions. His power was at an end on the Rhine, on the Elbe, on the Oder. The Saxons were in possession of Bohemia; the Swedes occupied Bavaria; he had no army in the field, no general to command, no money to raise forces. The misuse of power had plunged him from the highest point of authority to the lowest depth of despair; and its consequences now forced him to degradation. He had to apply to one whom his folly had abandoned, and whom his ingratitude might well have disgusted.

CHAPTER V.

WALLENSTEIN.

IN peaceful arts, and calm and tranquil pleasures, passed the days of Wallenstein after his removal from the command of the imperial army. Arts and sciences received encouragement at his hand; his people were improved and benefited; and his mighty genius seemed to repose in peace upon all the softer things of life. I have shown, however, that he took a deep interest in the welfare of his imperial master, and that he proposed plans for his sovereign's benefit, which nothing deprived of success but the niggardly and bigoted spirit of

the man he attempted to serve. Thus was frustrated the projected treaty with Denmark. Had it been carried out, Gustavus would never have appeared in Munich, nor Arnheim have taken Prague.

Though still hesitating to call Wallenstein to command, the emperor besought him to negotiate with the Saxon general, very shortly after the battle of Leipsic. Arnheim had been one of his favorite officers, and Wallenstein readily undertook the task. A personal interview took place between himself and the Saxon commander at the Castle of Kaunitz. It lasted only for a few hours; but it would seem, from one of Wallenstein's letters, the concessions he was authorized to make, on the part of the emperor, were not such as his own judgment showed him were necessary, nor such as a victorious enemy was likely to accept. The negotiations were protracted for some time without effect; and the victorious career of Gustavus every day rendered the difficulty of treating more great. The defeat and death of Tilly, on the Lech, and the complete prostration of Bavaria before the King of Sweden, at length overpowered the opposition of Wallenstein's enemies at the court of Vienna, and he was applied to as a last resource.

It was a bitter compliment, and Wallenstein refused to have any thing to do with the military affairs of the empire. He was ill, he said, suffering severely, and could not undertake such a responsible task.

Persons have supposed that his reluctance was affected; but well might he pause and hesitate—well might he even refuse. He knew the man he had to deal with; he knew, by this time, the sovereign whom he was called to serve; he knew that courtiers and ministers would be ready at any moment to betray him, and the emperor to abandon him when no longer wanted.

Moreover, what was he called upon to undertake? To rebel the Austrian dominions the greatest general in Europe, at the head of a victorious army, without having a single regiment to bring into the field against him. The imperial troops were nowhere. Most of the districts from which they might have been raised were in possession of the enemy; and even Hungary could hardly maintain itself against the Turks and Transylvanians. Wallenstein was called upon once more to create an army as well as to command it; but the position of affairs was very different now from that which it had been on a former occasion; for then Tilly was in the field at the

head of large forces, ready to co-operate and to assist : now Tilly was dead, and his forces scattered over the country.

At length came a letter, in the emperor's own hand, praying, in abject terms, for assistance. He besought his faithful servant not to abandon him in the hour of adversity. To this entreaty Wallenstein yielded ; but, even now, a weak prince and subtle enemies sought to limit his power, and put a check upon his actions. They proposed that the archduke, king of Hungary, should share in the command ; and the very suggestion excited a burst of indignation, which mingled a blasphemous boast with a firm refusal.

The proposal was not pressed ; and, in a conference with the Duke of Eggenberg, at Znaim, Wallenstein agreed to assume the command of the imperial troops for three months, boldly promising within that time to have from forty to fifty thousand men in the field. He would not consent to accept the command for any longer period ; nor would he receive a salary ; but a fourth duchy was conferred upon him ; and Wallenstein once more raised his standard with the same magical effect as before. Armed men seemed to start from the earth to do him service ; officers petitioned for commissions to raise troops ; some brought in a company, some a regiment, some a troop of horse. Arms and stores were provided ; his own resources were taxed to the very uttermost. The emperor did nothing ; Wallenstein did every thing ; and in little more than ten weeks forty thousand experienced soldiers were ready to take the field in opposition to the Swede and the Saxon. But Wallenstein refused to command them. The three months for which he had stipulated came to an end. The promised service was amply performed ; and he expressed his determination to retire again into private life.

Illness and poverty were the reasons assigned. We know that he was ill, and may well judge that he was poor ; for the resources of all his duchies could hardly supply the means of raising and equipping such a force. But the emperor feared that the army, in which his safety lay, would melt away as rapidly as it had arisen, if Wallenstein were suffered to leave it ; and messenger after messenger, of every rank and character, were sent by the sovereign to the subject, begging him to retain his command.

He was entreated to name his own terms, and he did so. Perhaps he hoped, by obtaining inordinate power, to guard himself against the eminent peril in which he was likely to be placed. He demanded the supreme command, and entire

disposal of all the Austrian and Spanish troops in Germany. Every military office, rewards, punishments, pardons, were all to be decided directly or indirectly by him. Neither the emperor nor his son were to exercise any military authority, nor even to appear with the army. A principality was to be his immediate reward; and, in the expectation of conquest, he demanded a conquered province. Various other stipulations were added, the vainest, but the most important of which was, that he was not to be removed from command without due notice.

These conditions have been represented as proofs of his ambition and his inordinate love of power. But Wallenstein undertook to fight Gustavus Adolphus, and no authority could be too great to enable him to do so successfully. However that might be, the emperor subscribed to the conditions without hesitation, and from that moment the war assumed a totally different character.

The very intelligence that Wallenstein was in the field had an instant effect upon every party concerned. Protestant Germany heard the news with fear and anxiety; the Catholic League revived; new hope sprang up with the emperor and his allies; and Gustavus himself at once laid aside the daring impetuosity which had characterized his later movements, and prepared to meet the Duke of Friedland with that careful prudence which the presence of such an enemy required.

Wallenstein determined to try the first energies of his new army against a less formidable foe than Gustavus, and combining policy with his military operations, to detach, if possible, the Saxons from their alliance with the Swede, both by negotiations and by arms. He knew that, if this could be accomplished, the King of Sweden must necessarily abandon the central parts of Germany, to fall back upon his resources in the north; and during the whole time occupied by the collection of his forces, the negotiations with Arnheim had been carried on under his direction. The conduct of the latter general is not explained. Although the Elector of Saxony steadily refused, at this period, to enter into a separate peace without the concurrence of Gustavus, and although the King of Sweden eagerly and impatiently urged the commander of the Saxons to vigilance and activity, Arnheim suffered Wallenstein to levy a powerful army under his very eyes, and was unprepared to offer effectual resistance when the imperial forces were ready for the field. Against him the first

operations of the Duke of Friedland were directed. Marching with the utmost rapidity upon Prague, Wallenstein appeared before that city on the 4th of May, and Arnheim retreated with unseemly haste. The garrison was small and inefficient; the Capuchin friars within the walls aided more than the guns of Wallenstein to effect a breach; the imperial troops mounted to the assault, and the city was carried by storm. The Saxon troops in the castle capitulated immediately; and Wallenstein led his victorious troops on through Bohemia, reducing without difficulty every place which opposed him.

Saxony was now open to his arms; and, in pursuit of his political views, Wallenstein was eager to carry the war in that direction, certain of soon withdrawing the King of Sweden from the scene of his late triumphs without striking a blow directly at himself. But the strongly expressed wishes of the emperor, and the entreaties of the Elector of Bavaria, induced him to abandon his well-conceived plan, and to turn his arms against Gustavus himself. He required, however, that the Elector of Bavaria should join him with the remnant of his forces, and place himself under his command; and when Maximilian submitted to this humiliation, and effected his junction with the imperial general at Egra, Wallenstein perhaps marked his triumph over his bitterest foe and calumniator with somewhat too ostentatious satisfaction. They promised in writing, indeed, to lay aside all enmity, and act for the future with cordiality and good faith; but the only bond between them was necessity; and Wallenstein's genius soon delivered Maximilian from that tie.

Numbers were now on the side of the house of Austria. Wallenstein was at the head of sixty thousand men, and Gustavus knew that skill was not wanting. He at once felt that, opposed to such a general and such an army, it was impossible to maintain himself in Bavaria, or to make any forward movement with success; and as soon as he found that Wallenstein was advancing toward the Upper Palatinate, he determined to take up such a position as would at once cover the newly-emancipated principalities on the Rhine, and keep open his communications with the north. Nuremberg was fixed upon for this object, and thither Gustavus retreated, and intrenched himself in the most formidable manner round the town.

That city had opened its gates to the Swedes with joy, at the time of the monarch's first successes. It had wavered,

however, when Wallenstein had so suddenly raised up the imperial power, and had sent deputies to make submission and bespeak clemency. But now the presence of Gustavus seemed to restore confidence; the magistrates exerted themselves energetically to assist him in his operations, and laid up all sorts of stores to provide against the day of danger. The whole town was surrounded with the most extensive earth-works that had ever been thrown up in a modern warfare; bridges were cast across the river; and three hundred pieces of artillery defended the town and the Swedish camp without the walls. All this was effected with extraordinary rapidity; and when Wallenstein arrived within sight of Nuremberg the Swedish position was impregnable.

Wallenstein's military genius now showed itself in a light in which it had never before been displayed. He was pressed to attack the enemy; but he steadily refused, saying that battles enough had been fought already, and he must now try another method. He accordingly took up a position about five miles from Nuremberg, upon a range of wooded hills, with a small stream in front of his camp. Intrenchments were thrown up; redoubts were erected; and every approach was furnished with strong defenses. The right was protected by marshy ground, the front by the steep banks of the Rednitz; and two conspicuous hills were inclosed within his lines, and carefully fortified. In this position to the southwest of Nuremberg, he commanded many of the roads by which the city received supplies; and his light troops were easily spread over the country, incessantly harassing the foraging parties of Gustavus, and cutting off convoys of provisions from his camp. To starve his enemy out of his lines was Wallenstein's determination; and he adhered to it in spite of all the efforts of Gustavus, and of urgent remonstrances from the rash and impetuous officers of the imperial court. Numerous skirmishes took place, in some of which Gustavus commanded in person; and the loss of a great magazine at Friendstadt at one time reduced the army of Wallenstein itself to a very great strait for want of provisions.

Still the Duke of Friedland adhered to his plan; and it became apparent to Gustavus that he must either soon force Wallenstein to abandon his position, or decamp himself from Nuremberg. His forces had been greatly increased by the arrival of his favorite minister, Oxenstiern, with a body of thirty-six thousand men, which had been scattered over the various conquests of Gustavus, and collected by the chancellor

to support his great master. It is necessary, however, to remark, that the apparent fault of bringing so many fresh mouths into a camp where famine was already felt, was less so in reality than appearance. The order for these troops to join him had been given by Gustavus before he was aware of, or could divine, Wallenstein's plan; and the eager impetuosity which that great general had shown in his previous campaigns rendered it highly probable that he would attempt some operation against which the utmost strength of the Swedish army would be required. At length, after great suffering, Gustavus, with his army thus re-enforced, determined to attack Wallenstein in his lines, and, erecting batteries as near as possible, he kept up a furious cannonade upon the imperial camp during one whole day. This produced no effect whatever, either upon Wallenstein's lines or his determination; and on the following day, the 23d of August, Gustavus crossed the Rednitz with his whole army, and appeared on the left flank of the imperial position. A general attack took place on the 24th; but Wallenstein's camp had been rendered impregnable, and the columns of the Swedes were repulsed at all points. Wallenstein was every where in the hottest of the fire, exposing his person to the greatest dangers, and proving to his soldiery that his determination not to quit his lines proceeded from no want of personal courage. After the retreat of the Swedes, Wallenstein distributed large sums of money among the wounded officers and soldiers, which must have been drawn from his own private resources. Many other acts of liberality, especially toward prisoners taken from the enemy, are mentioned at this time; and some negotiations for peace succeeded, but were without effect.

For eleven weeks the two greatest and most powerful armies which had appeared in modern Europe remained, like dark thunder-clouds, in presence of each other; but, at length, having lost twelve thousand men by disease, famine, and the sword, and exhausted the whole supplies of Nuremberg and the neighboring country, Gustavus Adolphus broke up his camp, threw five thousand men into Nuremberg for its defense, and, with drums beating and colors flying, marched past the face of Wallenstein's position.

Still that great general would not be tempted to attack the Swedish army in its retreat. His cavalry he had been obliged to place in distant quarters, for want of forage near at hand; and, even had his whole force been present on the field, Gustavus's army, re-enforced by Oxenstiern, was hardly inferior in

point of numbers, and much superior in point of discipline to that of the imperialists. Pappenheim also, on whom Wallenstein greatly relied, was at a distance; and with the best sort of courage, moral courage, the Duke of Friedland bore all taunts and reproaches, rather than put to the hazard of a single battle, in unfavorable circumstances, the fate of the German empire. Had Gustavus been defeated, he had immense resources to fall back upon. Had Wallenstein been defeated, the last stake of the emperor was played and lost.

If any thing was wanting to the justification of Wallenstein, the result of the battle of Lutzen afforded the strongest proof of the superiority of the Swedish troops of Gustavus.

The King of Sweden took his way at once from Nuremberg to Neustadt; and thence, having dispatched Duke Bernard, of Weimar, to Wurzburg, he himself pushed on, with the main body of his forces, into Bavaria. The imperial army also separated: the Elector of Bavaria hastened to defend his dominions; and Wallenstein, sternly refusing to abandon his own judicious plans for the purpose of protecting the electorate, pushed forward, with the forces which he himself had raised, into the heart of Saxony, resolved to prevent the junction of the Saxons and the Swedes. To effect this object, he peremptorily recalled Pappenheim from the Lower Rhine, and commanded General Altringer also to lead all the Austrian forces from Bavaria into Saxony, leaving Maximilian to his own resources.

Before the arrival of either, Wallenstein had taken Leipsic, and, establishing his head-quarters in that city, forbade all plundering in the Saxon territories,* on pain of death. It was evidently the desire of Wallenstein, partly by force, partly by gentleness, to detach the weak and vicious John George, elector of Saxony, from his alliance with Sweden; and the attainment of this object seemed so probable, after the capture of Leipsic, that Gustavus was forced to abandon the brilliant career just opening before him in Bavaria and Austria, and hasten to encourage and support the Elector of Saxony. This sudden determination took Wallenstein by surprise; and he was on his march to Torgau, in the hope of striking a decisive blow at the Saxon army, when he received intelligence that Gustavus was advancing rapidly against him.

The King of Sweden had arrived at Naumburg, a very short distance from Leipsic, ere Wallenstein heard of his ap-

* Schiller states the exact reverse; but Wallenstein's dispatches are extant; and even the Croats are threatened with death if they plunder.

proach ; but his resolution was instantly taken. - To prevent the junction of the Saxons and the Swedes was the great and final object ; but to crush the army of Gustavus himself, in the attempt to effect that junction, was well worth any risk. The Swedish forces at Naumburg were under twenty-five thousand men. The imperial army at Wallenstein's disposal amounted to forty thousand ; and now Wallenstein resolved to fight a general battle, which he had so carefully avoided at Nuremberg! Instantly abandoning his march to Torgau, he advanced with extraordinary rapidity to Weissenfels ; but the Swede had been as prompt in his precautions as Wallenstein in his march. He was as strongly intrenched as at Werben ; and to attack him in his position was impossible.

The Duke of Friedland now committed the greatest error of his military career. On what was done at this moment, the fate of the war depended. Wallenstein trusted the decision to a council of war ; and, though that decision was devoid of even common sense, he confirmed it. He was in presence of the most active and enterprising general of the age, one whose successes had been obtained, in a great measure, by watching the opportunities afforded by his enemies and never affording any himself. Nevertheless, the council, in their wisdom, decided that it was the King of Sweden's intention to remain intrenched at Naumburg, and, therefore, that it would be better for the imperial army to take up winter-quarters, in such a manner as to render the sudden reunion of the forces practicable, while Pappenheim, at the head of two thousand horse, should return to the banks of the Rhine.

To this arrangement Wallenstein consented, placed his troops in cantonments, and not only sent Pappenheim toward the Rhine, but ordered him to make an attack upon Halle, in which there was a Swedish garrison, as he went, giving him six regiments of cavalry and six of infantry for that purpose. Wallenstein himself fixed his head-quarters at Lutzen, with a mere handful of troops.

Nothing could be further from the thoughts of the King of Sweden than the intentions which the imperial officers attributed to him ; and while the arrangements which they recommended were in course of execution, he suddenly broke up his camp at Naumburg, and marched toward Pegau, evidently with the intention of slipping past the left of the imperialists, and effecting his junction with the Saxons at Dresden. He commenced his march before daybreak on the 5th

of November ; but ere he had advanced many miles, some prisoners and some intercepted letters were brought in, which showed him the terrible error that Wallenstein had committed. The moment for striking a decisive blow seemed to have arrived, and not an instant was lost ere Gustavus hastened to take advantage of it. He found that Pappenheim was already on his march toward the Rhine, with a large division of the imperial forces ; and he resolved at once to rush upon Wallenstein, and destroy him before he could gather his troops together.

If the Duke of Friedland had committed a great error, of which there can be no doubt, brilliant and noble were his efforts to repair it. He had the choice of saving himself and the few regiments with him, by falling back upon Leipsic, and leaving Pappenheim and the other detached corps to their fate, or of maintaining his ground against a superior enemy, and feeding the battle, if I may so speak, with the different corps as they could be brought up to the field. He determined upon the latter course. Signal guns were fired the instant he heard of the movements of Gustavus ; and a few brief words, written in the utmost haste, were dispatched after Pappenheim, to bring him back to Lutzen, where the duke himself remained at the head of only twelve thousand men. Some circumstances favored his bold determination. The weather had been rainy ; the roads were in bad condition ; the day was foggy ; a small stream called the Reipach was gallantly defended by Colonel Isolan, at the head of a small force ; and night fell before Gustavus could arrive in face of Wallenstein's position. Never did skill, sagacity, and activity effect more to repair an error than on the present occasion.

As the troops came in during the night, they were placed in order of battle on the famous field of Lutzen : a dead flat, intersected by ditches. Some of these ditches, especially those which bordered the road from Weissenfels to Leipsic, were deepened during the night, and lined with musketeers, who fired over the earth thrown out as over a parapet. Another line of musketeers supported the first ; and behind the road, with the village of Lutzen on the right, extended Wallenstein's whole force. The walls of the gardens round Lutzen were loopholed and lined with musketeers ; a light field work was thrown up to protect the left, which was otherwise much exposed ; a battery of seven guns was placed in front of the center of the line, and another battery of seventeen guns un-

der the Lutzen wind-mill, on the right. The infantry occupied the center of the field, and the cavalry was posted on the flanks. On the extreme left, a place was reserved for Pappenheim, of whose rapid return Wallenstein felt well assured.

Such were the arrangements for the battle, drawn up by the Duke of Friedland's own hand. It is generally supposed that the imperialists, before the dawn of the following day, had about twenty-six thousand men in the field, including the cavalry of Pappenheim, which he brought from Halle with the most zealous haste. The Swedes were inferior in number, but much superior in artillery and in discipline. Their line would appear to have been more extended than that of Wallenstein, though by no means weak. Before they halted for the night, they were close upon Lutzen, while their right rested on a shallow canal, which did not in any way impede their operations.

Early on the morning of the 6th of November, Wallenstein himself, who was suffering severely from gout, came to the field in a carriage, and was carried along the line in a chair. His horses, however, were ready; and he mounted when the action began. He wore no defensive armor, but was dressed in the ordinary buff coat of a superior officer, richly laced with gold. The King of Sweden was dressed much in the same manner, but with less ornament, and rode a beautiful white horse, which afforded a conspicuous mark to the enemy's musketeers.

The day broke gloomily; and a thick fog prevented the two armies, though so near, from perceiving the movements of each other, so that the Swedes, advancing under cover of the mist, were within a thousand yards of the Austrians when the vapor began to disperse. They halted at that distance, and the king commanded prayers to be read in front of every regiment.

The battle did not begin till between eleven and twelve o'clock, when the sun broke out and the mist gradually disappeared. The left of the Swedish army was under the command of a German prince of no light fame, whose genius and virtues Gustavus had at once penetrated. This was Duke Bernard of Weimar, who afterward became so greatly renowned. The right was commanded by Gustavus himself, whose only fault as a general seems to have been that he would act as a soldier also. The second line of the Swedish troops was commanded by Kniphausen. A reserve of Scottish infantry, with one regiment of cavalry, was placed under the command of a

celebrated Scotch officer named Henderson, and decided the fate of the battle.

On the side of the imperialists, Goetz commanded the left wing, Offizzius the center, and Holk the right. Wallenstein commanded the whole, and assumed no particular post, but appeared wherever his presence was needed.

About half past eleven, the firing of the village of Lutzen marked the commencement of the battle; and the Swedes advanced with a loud shout. Gustavus himself led them on at the head of a regiment of cavalry. They were received with a terrible fire from the two imperial batteries, and from the trenches lined with musketeers; but they wavered not for an instant. Every soldier, in both hosts, seemed to feel that this was no ordinary combat, that it was the life struggle of the two greatest generals of the day, the greatest blow that had yet been struck for the predominance of one of two religions. The Swedish cavalry of the right, animated by the personal presence of the king at their head, dashed over the trenches, passed the road, fell like a thunderbolt upon the imperial left, and drove it back into the plain. The Swedish center, where were the infantry, pushed on with the pike, slaughtered the musketeers in their trenches, carried the seven gun battery in the center of the imperial line, and charged and routed the first line of Wallenstein's infantry. But the left of the Swedes, under Bernard of Weimar, was brought to a check at Lutzen. A tremendous fire from the wind-mill battery tore through the regiments of Bernard of Weimar; and along every loop-holed garden wall ran the flash of the musketry, carrying death into the Swedish ranks.

Secure in that part of the field, Wallenstein marked the confusion of his left and center, and galloped at full speed to recover the ground lost. His presence acted like magic; the fugitives rallied, fresh regiments advanced, and charging fiercely the victorious Swedish center, drove it back over the road, recaptured the battery, and regained the ground. Every where was Wallenstein in the thick of the fight. The spur was torn from his heel by a cannon ball; his buff coat was pierced in several places by musket bullets; and every one of the officers round him was killed or wounded.

In the mean time, Gustavus, who had left his right and center victorious, had rallied the troops upon the left, and led them on to the attack of Lutzen. At this moment he received a bullet in his left arm, after having too soon thanked God for victory. The cry ran through the Swedish troops

that the king was wounded ; but Gustavus, although the bone was fractured and the pain great, shouted aloud, " It is nothing ! Follow me."

A moment after, feeling that he was growing faint, he turned to the Duke of Saxe Lauenburg, who was riding with him, and begged him, in French, to lead him as secretly as possible out of the fight. By this time, however, the advance of Wallenstein's fresh troops, and the recovery of the ground in the center, had altered entirely the aspect of the battle. In passing round between the two armies, in order to find a way to the rear, another bullet struck Gustavus in the back, and, exclaiming to his companion, " I have enough, brother. Seek to save your own life !" he fell headlong from his horse.

The enemy were still advancing, and victory seemed torn from the hand of the Swedes. Every body fled from the body of the fallen king, except one noble page, the son of the Freiherr von Lubeling, who leaped from his horse, it is said, and endeavored to remount the king. The effort was in vain, for Gustavus could only feebly raise his hands. The imperial troops swept on, and both Gustavus and the page remained amid the slain.

Many particulars are given of what followed the king's fall. He is said to have required several sword and pistol wounds to dispatch him, and to have exclaimed, in dying, " I was King of Sweden !" but no reliance is to be placed on such tales ; and all that we really know is, that he fell as the rallied imperialists were advancing,* and that the boy Lubeling remained with him to the last, and perished in consequence of his fidelity.

The white horse of Gustavus, flying bloody and masterless along the ranks, announced to his faithful followers the fate of the royal rider. The terrible news reached the ears of Bernard of Weimar, and, hastening to Kniphausen, he held with him a short consultation as to what was to be done. It was proposed to retreat, as the Swedish army was still in good order ; but the gallant duke rejected the idea with scorn, and, announcing his resolution of rescuing Gustavus from the hands of the enemy if still alive, or avenging him if dead, he ordered the whole army instantly to advance to the charge.

* By some author it is stated that Gustavus, after having restored the battle on his left, had stopped, if not driven back, the imperialists in the center. But this is impossible and contradictory ; for the very same authors relate the immediate passage of the Austrian troops over his body.

Although Schiller denies the fact, there was assuredly some hesitation. The great body of the troops were undoubtedly moved with rage rather than discouraged by Gustavus's fall; but some regiments, it is clear, refused to obey; and Bernard of Weimer cut down the colonel of the Steinbock cavalry with his own hand. This summary punishment restored order and obedience, and the whole Swedish line charged with renewed fury. The battery of seventeen guns under the windmill was now taken and turned against the Austrians; the ground in the center was recovered, the trenches repassed under a murderous fire, the seven gun battery a second time captured, and the first line of the Austrian infantry driven back. At the same time some of the imperial powder-wagons blew up with a tremendous explosion, and scattered confusion and disarray in the rear. In vain were all the exertions of Wallenstein; in vain he exposed himself in every part of the field; in vain he rallied the men, and brought them back to the charge; a second time the battle seemed lost, and the Swedes victorious. Then, however, a new actor appeared upon the field, and all was changed.

Wallenstein's brief letter of recall had reached Pappenheim while his troops were sacking the town of Halle. He had six regiments of infantry with him, computed at upward of ten thousand men, and eight regiments of cavalry. Could he have brought back the whole of this force to the field of Lutzen in time for the battle, the Swedish army must have been crushed, and the war perhaps terminated at a blow. But he saw, from the terms of Friedland's dispatch, that not an instant was to be lost. It was in vain to hope that the infantry, scattered through the town, could be collected and marched to Lutzen soon enough to be of service; but the cavalry were gathered together instantly; and, at their head, Pappenheim galloped off to the last of his fields. He found, it would appear, the left of Wallenstein's forces in full flight;* but his presence instantly served to rally the cavalry of that wing.

* I have seen it somewhere asserted that Pappenheim arrived before the commencement of the battle, and had even time to give his troops some repose; but every account of the strife at Lutzen shows that such could not possibly be the case. Pappenheim was not an officer to remain inactive in or near the field; and yet no one makes mention of his taking any part in the battle till after the imperial left was in full flight. The silence of all parties shows distinctly that he did not arrive till toward the close of the action, and that Wallenstein's forces at the beginning of the battle were, in reality, under twenty thousand men, and inferior to the Swedes in number as well as in point of artillery.

His cuirassiers and dragoons, though fatigued with a long and rapid march, were animated with the same fierce and fiery spirit as their leader; and coming like a thunderbolt upon the Swedish right, he drove it back over the field of Lutzen. Wallenstein instantly perceived the new chance of success afforded him; and once more rallying the infantry of the center, he brought it successfully to the charge.

The Swedish ranks, though shaken even by the efforts they had made, still fought gallantly; but they were driven back at the point of the pike; the trenches were regained, and the battery retaken. Cool, calm, full of presence of mind, Wallenstein is here represented, even by those who least admired him, as showing all the qualities both of a general and a hero. But the greatest loss that could befall the imperial general took place in the midst of this fierce strife, when victory seemed turning to his side. Carried on by his fiery ardor, Pappenheim clove his way, at the head of his cuirassiers, into the very heart of the Swedish right. At the same moment he received two musket-balls in the chest, and, falling from his horse, was carried by his attendants out of the fight. His troops were discouraged by the loss of their fiery leader; horses and men were equally fatigued with the unparalleled exertions they had made, and could not pursue, or even retain, the advantage they had gained. Goetz, Terzky, Colloredo, and Piccolomini, as well as Wallenstein, did all in their power to maintain the ground; but the imperial troops were disheartened: many had fled from the field; and it wanted but one great effort to break the shaken forces that remained. That effort was made by Bernard of Weimar at the end of the day. Bringing forward Henderson's reserve, he formed the whole Swedish forces into one line; their peculiar discipline and tactics afforded great facilities for rapid changes of order; and with an army in good array, fatigued, but not disheartened, he once more advanced against the shattered imperial line, crossed the road, retook the trenches, again recaptured the guns, and drove back the infantry of the center.

The sun was setting; darkness was spreading rapidly around, and Wallenstein was still upon the field; but the imperial forces were broken; many regiments were in full flight; the cannon were in the hands of the enemy. The Swedes had certainly won the day; but neither party held the field of battle. Wallenstein led his broken and disheartened forces to Leipsic under cover of the darkness; and the Swedes, by

no means certain of their victory, when night fell retired to Weissenfels.

Strange to say, both parties left their artillery on the field ; and had Wallenstein been aware of what was likely to take place, he might not only have recovered his own guns, but taken those of the Swedes, and turned a defeat into a triumph, for an hour after nightfall six regiments of Pappenheim's infantry arrived at Lutzen from Halle, and were in complete command of the plain. The imperial general knew nothing of their coming, however ; but, learning that their commander was in Leipsic, they made the best of their way thither, and soon fell into that complete state of disorganization which by this time affected the whole of the Austrian army. Pappenheim, carried to Leipsic, died there on the following day ; and Wallenstein, able to bring only a few thousand men together, with the Swedes on the one side, and the Saxons on the other, retreated to Bohemia, in order to recruit his forces and prepare for a new struggle.

Such was the battle of Lutzen, the fiercest and best-contested action of the war. Although the Swedes had undoubtedly won the day, the death of their great leader was looked upon by the court of Vienna as more than a victory ; the work of Wallenstein seemed accomplished to the imagination of the imperial courtiers and ministers ; jealousy, suspicion, and hatred raised their venomous heads against the Duke of Friedland ; and the death of his great rival was the precursor of Wallenstein's fall.*

* Gustavus Adolphus, we are assured by many writers, was murdered at the instigation of the Jesuits and the court of Vienna. It is certain that a rumor to that effect was current at the period of his death both among the Germans and the Swedes. The Duke of Saxe Lauenburg is generally fixed upon as the assassin ; and some facts have been brought forward to show that such was the case. The story is still very generally believed in Germany, but receives no credit, in general, from the historians of other nations. One of Gustavus's guards wrote an account of the murder, which he declares he saw committed, while he himself lay at the distance of fifty yards, having lost his leg a short time before. Part of the man's story, however, is so evidently false, that the rest of it can not receive credit. Two persons also confessed the crime, from what motive it is impossible to say ; for it is very satisfactorily proved that they were not with Gustavus when he fell. If they did it, however, the Duke of Saxe Lauenburg did not. Duke Bernard of Weimar was suspected without the slightest cause, and the only real grounds for attributing the death of the great King of Sweden to the Duke of Saxe Lauenburg is to be found in the unprincipled character of the man, and the fact that he escaped perfectly unhurt from the battle of Lutzen. If, however, the statement said to have

CHAPTER VII.

WALLENSTEIN.

THE winter of 1632-33 passed in preparations for a new campaign, in rewarding the deserving and in punishing the culpable. The preparations were active and energetic; the rewards were liberal, if not extravagant; the punishments were cruelly severe. Wallenstein never claimed the victory of Lutzen; but he suffered, without contradiction, his quartermaster Diodati to do so, in a report to the emperor, written in Vienna, at a distance from Wallenstein; and a *Te Deum* was sung in all the Roman Catholic churches. It was difficult, indeed, to account for the loss of the artillery, and the retreat of a victorious army; but the severities exercised by Wallenstein showed clearly enough that he felt himself defeated. Twelve officers were beheaded in Prague; seven were publicly disgraced and dismissed the service; and forty, who did not appear for trial, were declared infamous, and their names nailed to the gibbet. In the distribution of rewards, one famous name was wanting. Piccolomini received nothing. It is probable that Wallenstein had not forgotten his former offenses; and it is not very apparent that this officer had done any thing to wipe them away from remembrance.

In the month of May, 1633, the Duke of Friedland was once more ready for the field, and again at the head of forty thousand men well disciplined, armed, and provided; but the campaign which followed is one of the most obscure and mysterious in history. It affords the only reasons that exist for supposing there might be some truth in the charges afterward

been drawn up from the lips of the noble boy Lubeling is authentic—of which I entertain many doubts—the king was killed in fair and honorable warfare. The boy is said to have survived the battle several days, to have been perfectly sensible to the last, and to have made the statement for the information of his father. If so, it is hardly possible he could have been cut down, trampled under foot by the imperial troops, and then stripped by the Croats, who seldom left any life in the bodies they so treated. It is clear, however, that neither Oxenstiern nor Bernard of Weimar gave the slightest credit to the story of the king's assassination.

brought against the Duke of Friedland. To form any thing like a rational judgment of his conduct, we must look for a moment at the state of the contending parties.

The Saxons had overrun a great part of Silesia, and were still in close alliance with the Swedes. Close alliances, however, do not forbid jealousy and hatred; and the Elector of Saxony had never either really loved or trusted Gustavus. After that monarch's death, the same feelings existed toward those who succeeded him, only increased in virulence. On the other hand, Duke Bernard of Weimar, one of the most extraordinary men of the day, had become the leader of the forces which won the battle of Lutzen. The famous Chancellor Oxenstiern was named the Swedish legate, as it was termed, in Germany; and by incredible efforts he restored confidence and firmness, not only to the Swedish forces, but to the timid and wavering German princes. He could effect little, indeed, with Saxony, Brandenburg, and Brunswick, beyond maintaining them in a hostile attitude toward Austria; but meeting the states of Upper Germany at Heilbron, on the Neckar, in the month of April, 1633, he induced them, by persuasion, menaces, and even bribes, to carry on the war with vigor. But the Elector of Saxony refused to take part in the League of Heilbron, as it was called; and that very fact may be supposed to have displayed sufficiently an inclination to detach himself from the common cause of the Protestant princes.

Such was the state of affairs when Wallenstein once more took the field; and perhaps the considerations which naturally arose from these relations might have some share in the conduct he pursued. Nevertheless, it is clear that, after the battle of Lutzen, the Duke of Friedland for some months did nothing at all worthy of his reputation, nothing at all in accordance with the energetic activity of his mind or the stern determination of his character. It is true that he was suffering severely from disease, which rendered him irritable, impatient, and fierce. Perhaps illness might also produce inactivity; but still, the great change in his whole conduct naturally produced suspicion.

Leaving the territories of the Elector of Bavaria to fall under the power of the victorious Swedes, and the elector himself to seek refuge as a fugitive in the Tyrol—leaving the whole states of the Rhine at the mercy of the enemy, Wallenstein marched his army toward Silesia. But there, instead of expelling the Saxons under Arnheim, he commenced negotiations, concluded a short truce, and evidently attempted to

effect a separate peace with Saxony. Reports were busily circulated that he was treating for his own individual interests, and that the most ambitious schemes against the imperial power itself actuated him at this moment. There is not the slightest proof that such schemes entered into his mind; and, in pursuit of his great object of gaining the Saxons, we may well conceive that Wallenstein was contented to sacrifice a portion of his military glory. But we can not so easily account for the inactivity and feebleness of his operations when the truce came to an end and hostilities were resumed. He invested and bombarded the town of Schweidnitz, it is true, but he effected nothing against it; and when Count Arnheim advanced to its relief, Wallenstein retreated before him, took up a strong position, and contented himself with harassing the enemy with light troops. This conduct has never been explained.

Shortly after, the mediation of Denmark was offered to bring the war to a conclusion; and a Congress was appointed to meet at Breslau, to consider the terms of a treaty of peace. In order to give time for negotiations, a new truce was concluded between Austria, Brandenburg, and Saxony. It was to last for a month, and hostilities were not to be resumed for some weeks after it expired. The conduct of all parties now seems to have been very strange. Neither the Swedes nor the League of Heilbron sent deputies to the Congress; and though Wallenstein was left free to act against the Swedes, he remained perfectly inactive. In the mean time, Arnheim, who had not included the Swedes in his treaty with Wallenstein, set out to confer with Oxenstiern, giving the Duke of Friedland previous notice of his intention. Wallenstein, in a letter still extant, endeavored to persuade him not to go. Nevertheless, Chemnitz the historian, who wrote, it is supposed, under the supervision of Oxenstiern himself, declares that a most extraordinary proposition was made by Arnheim to the Swedish minister on the part of the Duke of Friedland. The Saxon general assured Oxenstiern, we are informed, that Wallenstein was on bad terms with the court of Vienna; that the emperor had called the Duke of Feria from Italy to replace Wallenstein in the command, with the intention of removing and disgracing the latter; that Wallenstein was informed of these facts, and had never forgiven his former dismissal. He was now determined, Arnheim said, to punish the house of Austria. He had secured the co-operation of the generals Gallas and Holk; and he now proposed,

through Arnheim, as a mutual security, that six Austrian regiments should be exchanged for six Swedish ones. As soon as this was effected, Arnheim said, Wallenstein would march into Bohemia, and, restoring the privileges of the Bohemian people, march to Vienna and force the emperor to conclude an inglorious peace.

It is impossible to believe that Wallenstein should ever have conceived so wild a scheme; nor can we at all reconcile the fact of such a proposal having been made by Arnheim with Wallenstein's letter urging him not to go to Oxenstiern at all. Yet the statement of Chemnitz is distinct; and it is probable the mystery will never be solved. Oxenstiern positively refused to consent; and looking upon the very proposal as the veil of some deep design, warned Bernard of Weimar to be upon his guard against the Duke of Friedland. On his return to Silesia, Arnheim had an interview with Wallenstein; and in several of his letters to the Duke of Brandenburg, he makes the most extraordinary statements with regard to Wallenstein's conduct, representing him as varying in his views and proposals like a madman, and insinuating that the Duke of Friedland had some deep and subtle policy at the bottom of this vacillation. The question is, was Arnheim himself true? Was Wallenstein really mad or a traitor? or was Arnheim misrepresenting him, and playing a most infamous part for his own purposes?

It must be remembered that, while Wallenstein had remained steadfastly attached to one party, and had served his sovereign uninterruptedly for years, making immense sacrifices in so doing, Arnheim had betrayed the cause he was sent to support in Poland, had abandoned the standard under which he served, had fought against the prince under whom he had risen to fame, and was pronounced by a very deep-seeing minister to be the most perfect Jesuit that ever lived.

If Arnheim was calumniating the Duke of Friedland and playing him false, there were others in Saxony who aided in the intrigue. A certain Count Kinsky, a Protestant nobleman banished from Bohemia, and nearly allied to Wallenstein by marriage, opened communications with Feuquieres, the French ambassador to the Protestant states of Germany, about the middle of the year 1633. He confirmed Feuquieres in the belief that a rupture between Wallenstein and the court of Vienna was inevitable; and, after some hesitation, Richelieu, anxious to effect the complete ruin of the house of Austria, and relying on the repeated assurances of Kinsky,

authorized Feuquieres to make the most magnificent overtures to the Duke of Friedland. A memorial was accordingly drawn up and sent to Wallenstein, in which every bad passion of his nature is courted—revenge, ambition, pride, and the crown of Bohemia, and even higher dignities are held out to him as inducements. We find from the letters of Feuquieres, that Wallenstein made no answer. The effort was not to be abandoned, however. Urgent proposals were made; more splendid offers were added; the support of two French armies, a subsidy of a million of livres, and a guarantee of the crown of Hungary were promised, if Wallenstein would openly raise the standard of revolt against Austria.

Wallenstein was still silent. In various letters, Feuquieres clearly shows that he thinks the Duke of Friedland is playing a deep game, for the purpose of disuniting the Saxons, the Swedes, and the French; and I am strongly inclined to believe that this able statesman's view was just. There were at this time three distinct armies in Silesia; the Saxon army under Arnheim and the Duke of Lauenburg; the Brandenburg army under General Borgsdorf; and a Swedish army under the Bohemian exile, Count Thurn. United, they would have formed a formidable force, especially as all the strong places of Silesia were in their hands; but dissensions had speedily taken place between Arnheim and Thurn; the Brandenburgers made common cause with the Saxons; and both looked upon their deliverers, the Swedes, as intrusive foreigners. All that could be done to annoy and weaken the Swedish army was early sought for by the Saxon allies of Sweden; and, at the same time, the most amicable feeling existed between the officers of Wallenstein and of Arnheim. Instead of passing their time in battles and sieges, they spent it in visiting each other, and entertaining their friendly enemies at dinner. Every now and then, indeed, Wallenstein performed some deed of daring or severity, as if to show that it was not fear of the Saxons which kept him quiet. The Swedes naturally looked upon Arnheim as a traitor; and we are inclined to ask whether that general's statements of the views of Wallenstein to Oxenstiern and others, might not be made with a view to conceal his own treacherous proceedings, while he was carrying on secret negotiations with the Duke of Friedland for a peace between Saxony, Brandenburg, and Austria, from which Sweden was to be excluded, and perhaps France likewise?

It is quite consistent with the known character of Wallen-

stein, also, to suppose that, in his lofty reserve, he determined to keep the whole transaction secret, even from the court of Vienna, till every thing was arranged, and that he let Rumor say what she would of his conduct, knowing that his intentions were honest and upright. It must be acknowledged, however, that in transactions so dark and obscure, any solution must be purely hypothetical. The only certain facts are, that Wallenstein lay inactive during the whole of the early part of 1633, or contented himself with taking some insignificant places in presence of the Saxon army; and that he concluded a truce with Arnheim, and then another, for the purpose of giving free scope to the negotiations at Breslau. How far those negotiations had proceeded, it may be difficult to discover; but it would certainly seem that the efforts of Wallenstein laid the foundation for that secession of Saxony from the alliance with Sweden which afterward took place.

It is not improbable, indeed, that such progress had been made toward peace as to alarm the mercenaries of the imperial army. A great number of these men, especially the Italian portion of them, were without principles, attachments, or zeal. They were mere hired swordsmen, who came for the sole purpose of enriching themselves by the plunder of the country in which they served, with the intention of carrying off their booty to their own land when tired of the trade of war. The very name of peace, then, was hateful to them; and as Wallenstein always professed to seek for peace, and evidently sought it, he was by this time in no great favor with many imperial officers, who thrived alone by the continuance of hostilities.

The negotiations at Breslau created fear and alarm in the bosoms of many, and somewhat barbarous means were taken to bring them to an end. Prince Ulric of Denmark, who was taking an active part in the matter, while riding on some party of pleasure, passed and saluted Piccolomini, and a few minutes after was shot by one of that officer's carabineers. The negotiations were broken off; the King of Denmark was loud in his complaints, and Wallenstein was ordered by the emperor to investigate the circumstances of the murder. It was never proved distinctly that Piccolomini had ordered the assassination of the prince; but strong suspicion attached to him which has not been removed.

The armistice soon came to an end; and, hopeless of concluding a peace without some further blow at the allies, Wallenstein took the field in earnest. He now put forth all his

strategic skill, and showed that rapidity and decision of action for which he had been formerly famous. The dissensions between the Swedish and Saxon armies kept them separate, but not at so great a distance that a rapid junction could not be effected at any time. The Swedes under Thurn lay in an intrenched camp at Steinau on the Oder, some distance below Breslau. Arnheim, with the Saxon forces, was in Kauth, a little to the southwest of the latter city. Wallenstein could not attack Arnheim without danger from the Swedes; nor could he pass the Saxons to attack the Swedes. In these circumstances he determined to deceive Arnheim by a stratagem, and ordered General Holk, with his division, to move rapidly toward the Elbe in the neighborhood of Meissen. Some authors, indeed, say that Holk had entered Misnia before the last truce, and made great progress in the conquest of the country; but it does not seem to me probable that Arnheim and the Swedes would have remained quietly on the Oder while an imperial army was within a few marches of Dresden, and Wallenstein was ready to fall upon Upper Saxony. However that might be, the Duke of Friedland now made a feigned movement to follow Holk, taking care that his operations in that direction should be conspicuous and noisy. Arnheim, completely deceived, broke up his camp, and hurried to the west to defend the Electorate; and Wallenstein, concealing his maneuvers by the mountains, turned rapidly to the Oder and fell upon the Swedish camp. A large body of Austrian cavalry crossed the river and cut off the possibility of Thurn's retreat in that direction, while Wallenstein, on the left bank, surrounded the intrenched camp of the Swedes. It is said that the defenses of this camp were not yet completed, and that Thurn, with a force of only from five to eight thousand men, could not have maintained his position against more than thirty thousand. Certain it is, that Wallenstein instantly summoned him to surrender, and gave him but half an hour to decide; that Thurn at once agreed to capitulate, and that Wallenstein permitted him to do so.

The terms were regularly drawn up and signed. All the private soldiers became prisoners of war, and the officers were permitted to depart. There can be no doubt that Wallenstein might have enforced more severe conditions, and both demanded and obtained the surrender of all the officers likewise. His not having done so was made a principal charge against him at an after period; and that charge was un-

doubtedly well justified ; but it was the fact of having suffered Count Thurn himself to escape from the vengeance of the court of Vienna that gave point to the offense. Wallenstein has been defended upon the ground that he liberated Thurn in the execution of a regular convention ; but Wallenstein could have refused to sign that convention at all, and Thurn must have surrendered.

His conduct has been variously accounted for. Schiller, believing that all this time he meditated revolt, supposes that he allowed Thurn to escape because their enemies in Vienna were the same ; but it is probable, I think, that the Duke of Friedland expressed his real sentiments when, in answering a reproachful letter from the imperial minister, he said, "What could I have done with this madman? Would to Heaven that the enemy had more such generals as this. At the head of a Swedish army he would do much more for us than in prison."

The captured soldiers were forced to incorporate themselves with the Austrian army, as was very common in that day ; and, hurrying from conquest to conquest, Wallenstein took Leignitz and Gross-Glogau, and made himself master of the whole course of the Oder as far as Frankfort, which also surrendered to his arms. In the mean time, one of his officers, Colonel Schafgotch, made great progress in reducing Silesia ; and while Illo and Goetz pushed on to Pomerania, and captured Landsberg, the key of that country, Wallenstein himself, with the main body of his army, marched up the Neissa, took Gorlitz by storm, and forced Bautzen to surrender.

Terror now spread among the allies ; Saxony and Brandenburg saw their frontiers menaced by a powerful and increasing army ; the Swedes beheld their retreat toward the Baltic likely to be cut off, and their communication with their resources on the point of being interrupted ; and there can be no doubt that, had Wallenstein been permitted to follow out his own plans, he would soon have forced the two electors to separate themselves from the Swedes, and placed the emperor in a position to dictate what terms of peace he pleased to Oxenstiern.

All this time, however, the enemies of Wallenstein were busy at the imperial court, representing him as a traitor, who was only waiting his opportunity to dismember the empire, if not to dethrone the emperor. Every failing in his character, every error he committed, every rash word he spoke, was

woven together with a thousand threads of falsehood, into one web of calumny and accusation, in which it is now impossible, perhaps, to separate the truth from the lies.

Wallenstein was not permitted to follow out his best designs against the enemy. The fears of the emperor and the Duke of Bavaria checked him in full career. The Swedes were making immense progress in the south, and Ratisbon itself fell before the arms of Bernard of Weimar on the 24th of October. Nothing seemed left to impede the march of the Swedish army along the Danube to Vienna. Maximilian, considered once so great a general, was cowed and panic-struck; the emperor had no one to rely upon but Wallenstein; and messengers were sent off to him, entreating, persuading, and commanding him to march at once, without an instant's delay, to the defense of the Austrian territories. They reached him just as he was hovering like an eagle over Dresden, ready to stoop upon the Saxon capital; and, with mortification and anger, he obeyed the order.

Leaving a large body of his troops behind to secure his conquests, he marched through Bohemia toward the Upper Palatinate. At Pilsen he held a conference with the famous Austrian minister, Trautmansdorff; and the report of their interview must not be passed over, as the words and conduct of Wallenstein, related by one who was in no way friendly to him, are totally at variance with the charges afterward brought against him. Trautmansdorff tells the emperor, in his letters, that he found the Duke of Friedland in the highest possible state of anger and irritation, complaining bitterly of the calumny of his enemies at the court of Vienna, and of the conduct of the emperor himself, who, contrary to the stipulations which he, Wallenstein, had made on assuming the command of the army, had sent private orders to Generals Strotzzi and Altringer without his concurrence. On account of this interference, Wallenstein expressed his determination to resign. This might have been a mere threat; but at the same time he coupled it with serious advice, which was totally incompatible with the designs attributed to him. He urged the emperor to conclude a peace as speedily as possible, declaring that every thing would be lost if such a course was not pursued; and he represented to the monarch that ten battles gained by the Austrian troops would be productive of very small results, as the Swedes, supported by all the external and internal enemies of the house of Austria, would never want resources by which their losses might be retrieved,

while the loss of a single battle on the emperor's part would put his crown in peril.

As if to give an opportunity of ascertaining whether the emperor would follow Wallenstein's advice or not, fresh proposals of peace were brought by Duke Francis Albert of Lauenburg, before the conferences of Pilsen terminated; and, strange to say, the emperor and his minister seem to have been perfectly willing to trust the negotiation entirely to the Duke of Friedland. Wallenstein, however, refused to undertake the whole responsibility of a task in which he probably knew that he should be frustrated by the intrigues of the court of Vienna; and he merely besought the emperor to consult him upon the principal points proposed. It is further to be remarked that, in the correspondence of this time, the emperor speaks of him in the highest terms, and denies having listened to any reports against him. The falsehood of this denial is now hardly doubtful.

After the conferences with Trautmansdorff, Wallenstein, having previously sent Strotzzi with a considerable force to aid the Elector of Bavaria, marched with the rest of his army to Furth, investing the town of Cham by the way, evidently with the intention of drawing Bernard of Weimar away from the banks of the Danube. In this object he succeeded, for Bernard immediately hastened to give him battle. But with divided forces, too late in the year to recover Ratisbon, and with a Saxon army threatening the frontiers of Bohemia, Wallenstein did not choose to risk an engagement with the victorious Swedes, and, retreating skillfully into Bohemia, prepared to place his troops in winter-quarters, within the emperor's hereditary dominions.

This step, it would appear, gave offense to Ferdinand; and for the first time we find him speaking of Wallenstein in a jealous and irritable tone. He required the troops to be quartered beyond the frontiers; and, if that could not be done, the distribution of the army was to be submitted to the emperor, in order that he might make his own arrangements for the reception of the troops with the governors of the provinces. Count Questenberg was the bearer of the emperor's will to the Duke of Friedland, who, anxious to get rid of the responsibility of refusing to obey impracticable commands, referred the imperial suggestions to a council of war, which rejected them with open contempt, declaring they must have been drawn up by persons utterly ignorant of military matters. The officers composing the council added to this scorn-

ful reply loud and significant murmurs at their treatment by the imperial court, complaining that their pay was withheld, that even the money they had advanced for the levy of troops had never been repaid, and that there seemed no hope of their obtaining satisfaction.

All these murmurs were set down to the charge of Wallenstein. Insinuations, rumors, accusations were repeated from mouth to mouth at Vienna; and the emperor, accustomed to break all his own engagements, could not believe that any one would be more faithful. He had formally agreed not to meddle in any way with the command of the army; but yet at this very time he sent orders to an officer of the name of De Suys to lead the forces under his command to aid the Elector of Bavaria; and a very angry correspondence ensued, the emperor insisting and Wallenstein opposing his will. The emperor even threatened in language not to be misunderstood; but the Duke of Friedland still represented the danger of weakening the force at his command.

Suddenly a great change takes place in the tone of the emperor's letters. He resumes the appearance of confidence and friendship; and even in the month of January, 1634, writes in a familiar and kindly manner. At this very time, Ferdinand had taken measures for removing Wallenstein from command, and was in secret communication with the superior officers of the army for the purpose of securing their co-operation in whatever course he thought fit to pursue.

The intrigues which were taking place could not be altogether concealed from Wallenstein. He had friends in Vienna, and many in the camp were sincerely attached to him. He saw that his ruin was determined, and he easily understood that the fears of a weak monarch might lead to greater severities than the mere depriving him of command. To Trautmansdorff he had announced his determination of retiring altogether from the emperor's service unless peace were speedily concluded, and of seeking a refuge at Dantzic, with a very few friends, to wait for the fulfillment of his prophecies. He now, it would appear, determined to forestall the designs of his enemies by immediate resignation; and gathering a number of his officers together in Pilsen, he informed them of his resolution.

Many authors, having at their head the famous name of Schiller, have here commenced a long detail of treasonable practices carried on by Wallenstein in the imperial army, few of them giving any authorities for the statements which they

make, and even those few resting their assertions on the most frail and most suspicious foundations ; letters written, and reports made to the court of Vienna by the known enemies of Wallenstein, by Italian mercenaries whom he had either punished or offended, and by persons who had more or less a direct share in his assassination.

It is painful to be obliged to say that, among all these, so great a man as Schiller has shown the very least knowledge of historical criticism. His account of Wallenstein's death, in his history, deserves the name of a fiction fully as much as the representation of the same event in his play ; and for a multitude of statements which he makes there can be brought forward not the slightest evidence whatever. All the story of Wallenstein's transactions with Illo and Piccolomini are based upon materials which can never serve for the foundation of true history ; and though the details of many parts of this sad tragedy are enveloped in mystery, from which it is in vain to hope they will ever be extracted, I must say that Schiller has only rendered the darkness more profound by bringing across it the evanescent flash of his own imagination. Forster has thrown more light upon the scene than any one ; but even he has left the conduct of the principal characters still very doubtful. History, indeed, is but a mist, through which some grand forms are seen, and over which some mountain tops appear.

We only discover at this point that the conduct of the emperor was base, pusillanimous, treacherous, and faithless. We know that he did all the things with which he afterward charged the memory of his victim : that he concealed his designs, that he affected friendship when he meditated murder, that he intrigued with the officers of Wallenstein's army, that he falsified truth, and successfully enacted the hypocrite.

Wallenstein, in the mean while, stands a grand shadowy specter, the outlines of which we can but indistinctly perceive, though we see a vast and majestic form before us. The thick mists with which passion and prejudice have enveloped it are rendered the more obscure and impenetrable by the gloomy reserve of the man himself, as a black mountain is less easily seen on a dark night than a chalky cliff. What were his designs we know not. To what point of treason he had been goaded on, either by his own ambition or by the ingratitude and baseness of the court of Vienna, it is impossible to say ; but this much is clear, that, till his retreat from Furth into Bohemia, not one proved act of Wallenstein gives any reason

to suppose that he was engaged in treason. The charge rests solely upon the assertions of the basest, subtlest, and most interested persons, while many of the great general's acts are perfectly incompatible with the ambitious designs ascribed to him. Had he meditated usurping the crown of Bohemia, he never would have treated the proposals of France with contemptuous silence. Had he thought of dethroning the emperor, and driving the Austrian family out of Germany by the arms of Sweden, France, and Saxony, he would never have urgently and perseveringly counseled the immediate conclusion of peace.

CHAPTER VIII.

WALLENSTEIN.

ARE these men met for a merry-making, with their gay and glittering accouterments, their plumes waving, their scarfs fluttering, their embroidery glittering in the light? Yes, they have assembled in the house of Field-marshal Illo for a grand banquet, and forty-two of the most renowned officers of the Austrian army are there. There are, indeed, only three superior officers absent: Altringer, and Colleredo, and Gallasso, or Gallas, as he is called, two Italians and a German. They are all met to hold one of the wild revels of the time, on their temporary reunion in Pilsen. But why are there gloomy faces and frowning brows among them? Their aspect is not that of revelers. They look like angry and disappointed men. But let us hearken to their words.

"We must not let him resign the command," said one; "if he do, the army and we are lost. What can a king of Hungary do against Weimar or Horn?"

"What is to become of our pay?" added another; "neither my men nor myself have touched a florin these nine months."

"Except what you squeezed out of the Frankfort citizens," replied another. "But where are we to look for the repayment of all our advances? The emperor owes me, for money spent in raising my regiment, fifteen thousand crowns."

"It was upon the duke's assurances I spent my last penny in the emperor's service," said a fourth, "and he must needs see me paid."

"How can he see you paid without an army at his back?" demanded Illo; "the moment he retires from command, he is as powerless with the imperial court as a sick sheep."

"He will do what he can for every man, be you all sure of that," said Terzsky; "no one ever gave his money so freely among the soldiers. What I fear is that he will have nothing left to give, and no power to obtain any thing from the emperor. I know that he has drained his duchies of the last crown."

"Why, the emperor owes him twenty millions of florins," rejoined Illo; "and it is an easy way of canceling the debt to accept his resignation. No, no, my friends, we must not let him resign."

"But how can we prevent him?" asked another; "he told us positively that he would command no longer."

"That is because he has wearied Vienna in vain with importunities for our pay," said another; "and because he thinks that diplomatic fools have it all their own way with the court, and will do what they like with us, and himself, and the army. We must take the same way that the Swedes have taken with good old Oxenstiern, enter into a league among ourselves to do ourselves right, and him too."

"Nothing rash," said Illo: "if we can keep the duke at our head, we are safe. All he can desire is to be made sure that we will support him. Let us give him the assurance under our own hands then. Look here, I have drawn out a paper which we can all sign; for it is prudent, though it is firm. There is no treason, no mutiny in that. With this for his security, Friedland can boldly oppose every effort to do us wrong, and make every effort to do us right."

"Great wrong they wanted to do me," said another officer, "when they ordered my corps to be quartered at Glogau. Why, after fighting all the summer and all the autumn, I should have had to fight all the winter for my quarters, if the duke had not resisted."

"Ay, we owe him every thing," answered a new speaker, "and I'll shed the last drop of my blood for him."

In the mean time the paper was handed round, passing from one to another, till all had read it. No one made any objection, although Piccolomini looked somewhat askance at the pledge, and asked, in a whisper, of an officer near him,

"What do you think, Brenner?"

"I think that without it we are all lost, and the duke too," replied the officer to whom he spoke.

"The emperor is a good and gracious master, nevertheless," said Piccolomini, in the same tone.

"Doubtless," answered Brenner; "but he has bad men about him; and you see, we only bind ourselves to serve and obey Friedland as long as he uses the army in the service and for the good of the emperor."

While they spoke, the meal was served, and all sat down to the rich and dainty fare provided. Wallenstein was not present. Noise he could not bear, and revelry he hated; and there soon were noise and revelry enough. Rapidly went round the wine, and deep drank the guests. Laughter, and jest, and song, and shouts of applause shook the whole house, and reached even the ears of persons in the houses opposite. The lowest soldiers in the camp, the merest party of plundering cuirassiers who had suddenly fallen upon some unexpected booty, could not have rioted more rudely than the great men there present, the counts, the barons, the generals. Piccolomini himself drank as deeply as the rest, and, growing wild with wine and excitement, drew his sword and shouted for a bowl of wine to the emperor's health. Every one drank the toast without hesitation; but when the paper was again mentioned and produced, every one also signed the promise to hold by Wallenstein to the last drop of their blood, as long as he should continue to command the army in the service and for the good of the emperor.*

Even Piccolomini himself put his hand to the paper; but shortly after, two gentlemen entered the room, whispered a few words to him, and drew him immediately away from the revel. He looked back with longing eyes at the circling wine; but he had still some sense left, and suffered himself to be led to a house opposite, where lodged two emissaries of the imperial court.

But where was Wallenstein all this time? Seated in a lonely room, far from the scene of revel, with sentries stationed round, to prevent any noise reaching his ear and disturbing his thoughts. The table before him was covered with many

* The court of Vienna afterward publicly stated that this loyal clause, though undoubtedly read in the paper submitted before the banquet, was omitted altogether in that which was brought forward for signature afterward, and that the half-drunken guests did not perceive the fraud. The falsehood of this assertion is evident. Many of the officers present were tried for this transaction, and not one of them made the pretended fraud a ground of defense, or even an excuse for their conduct. They all contended that the document they signed was perfectly loyal.

papers, reports of quarter-masters and adjutants, plans of fortifications, maps of different countries, and innumerable letters. That on which his eyes were fixed, however, was a sketch of conditions proposed for the conclusion of a general peace; and leaning his head upon his hand, he examined every clause, and thought over it deeply.

"No, no," he said, at last; "that will not do. The emperor does not see that it would give the Saxons an entrance into Bohemia when they pleased, and make them all-powerful in the empire;" and, taking a pen, he wrote something in the margin, in a small and feeble hand, very different from the bold and decided style of writing which he had used some twenty years before. He then went on with the other clauses, commenting upon many of them, then sent for a messenger, and, sealing up the packet, dispatched it to Vienna. After that, he turned to matters connected with the quartering of his forces, and then wrote some letters to agents on his vast estates, pressing them earnestly to raise money by any means, to enable him to give part of the arrears of pay to the troops.

For several days after these events, messengers were constantly on the road, passing to and fro between Pilsen and Vienna, and between Vienna and Prague. The imperial cabinet was agitated by consultations, conferences, and negotiations. A thousand rumors, arising no one could tell how, of great deeds being on the point of execution spread abroad; and the demeanor of the emperor, agitated, troubled, often at his prayers with more than even his usual devotion, gave countenance to the sinister rumors that were current. The Spanish and Bavarian ministers were very busy, and more than one Italian officer was frequently closeted with the emperor.

Sounds reached Wallenstein that gave him some alarm, which even the friendly and confidential letters of the emperor could not altogether remove. On the 13th of February, Ferdinand wrote to his general, expressing the utmost confidence in him, and trusting the safety of the kingdom of Bohemia to his care. Wallenstein had already been pronounced an outlaw, and officers had been appointed to deprive him of his command. The sentence was kept secret, as far as it could be; but some rumor must have reached Wallenstein's ears; for, a week after, he dispatched Brenner and Mohrwald to express to the emperor his readiness not only to resign his command, but to appear, at any appointed time or place, to

answer all charges which could be brought against him. Neither messenger reached his destination. Both were arrested on the way by Piccolomini and Diodati.

On the evening, and during the night of the 21st of February, intelligence was brought to Wallenstein that a proclamation of outlawry against him had been posted up in the streets of Prague; that Piccolomini and Diodati were marching upon Pilsen with the troops under their command; and that an Italian regiment, to whom he had sent some orders during the day before, had refused to obey, declaring that he was no longer their general. He could doubt no longer. He saw that his ruin was determined, and he resolved to fly and seek refuge with the Swedes.

Notwithstanding every warning he had received of the machinations of his enemies, notwithstanding all the vast and ambitious designs attributed to him, no preparation had been made for the defense of Pilsen, no troops collected even to guard his person. At this time, Francis Albert, duke of Lauenburg, was in the town, still charged with a negotiation for peace between Saxony, Sweden, and the empire. Him Wallenstein instantly dispatched to Bernard of Weimar, who was then at Ratisbon, to beg assistance from a generous enemy.

Instead of being in league with the Swedes, as has been asserted, Wallenstein was looked upon by them so completely as their enemy, that Bernard refused at first to move a single regiment to protect him; and, until he heard that the Duke of Friedland had actually quitted Pilsen, he took no one step in his favor.

In the mean time, however, the unhappy Duke of Friedland began his march for Egra on the 22d of February, 1634, early in the morning. Ill, desponding, and indignant, with but a handful of troops to accompany him of all the magnificent army he had lately commanded, he journeyed forward in a sort of horse-litter, surrounded by those on whom he thought he could most fully rely. His friends, Field-marshal Illo, Counts Terzsky and William Kinsky, and an officer named Neumann, bore him company, with the wives of some of them. Colonel Butler, an Irish Roman Catholic officer, commanded two hundred dragoons, who formed part of the escort, and seven companies of infantry made up the rest. In Butler, Wallenstein had the greatest confidence. He had favored him on many occasions; and he little knew that now, even on the march, Butler was corresponding with Piccolomini, re-

ceiving his instructions, and promising to thwart the designs of "*the rebels.*"

Wallenstein's first day's march ended at Miess. The second evening brought him to Egra, the commandant of which fortress was a Scottish Calvinist of the name of Gordon, lieutenant colonel of Count Terzsky's regiment: the major of the same regiment was another Scotchman, of the name of Leslie; and neither of them had yet heard of Wallenstein's disgrace with the court of Vienna. They received him, then, with the highest honors; and Wallenstein, entering the town, took up his abode at the house of the mayor, which fronted the public market-place.

Egra was the last fortress on the Bohemian frontier; and Wallenstein now thought himself in security. Nevertheless, he frankly communicated to Gordon and Leslie the situation in which he was placed, and the cause of his flight from Pilsen, telling them they might follow him into his exile or not, as they thought fit. They both promised at once to adhere to him; and Wallenstein slept in peace that night at Egra.

During the night, however, Butler called Gordon and Leslie to a conference, showed them a secret order from Piccolomini, the exact directions contained in which will probably never be known, and the emperor's proclamation against Wallenstein. The determination of the two Scotch officers was instantly changed. In their secret conference, the speedy death of Wallenstein was resolved. Seven others, five Irishmen and two Spaniards, were brought into the plot; and they all took an oath, over their drawn swords, to murder their general. He was not to be the only victim, however. Gordon had invited Illo, Terzsky, William Kinsky, and Neumann to sup with him, in the citadel, on the following evening; and, as their faithful attachment to Wallenstein was likely to throw impediments in the way of the assassins, it was determined that they should be the first victims.

The day passed over in perfect tranquillity. Wallenstein, feeling safe in Egra, had determined to wait there for intelligence from the Swedes. His faithful friends, Terzsky and Kinsky, with their wives, were lodged in a house opposite. The soldiers of the garrison seemed all strongly attached to him, and he had no fear.

When the hour of supper arrived, the four guests proceeded to the citadel, while Wallenstein, who kept himself apart from all such meetings, remained tranquilly at home. As soon as Illo, the two counts, and Neumann had entered the

citadel, the gates were closed. Devereux, one of the Irish conspirators, was placed in a small room next to the supper hall with six dragoons, armed only with their swords, to prevent noise. Geraldine, another, with twelve more dragoons, was in another chamber close at hand. The rest of the conspirators were there as guests. Gordon and his companions bore a gay and smiling aspect, received their destined victims with every appearance of frank kindness, sat down to table with them, eat, drank, and made merry. The supper ended and the servants gone, Geraldine and his dragoons entered the hall, while Devereux appeared at the other door. The one cried, "Long live the house of Austria!" the other, "Who are good imperialists?" Butler, Gordon, and Leslie drew their swords and attacked the unhappy guests.

Kinsky fell at once. Illo strove to reach his sword from the wall behind him, but was stabbed in the back and slain.* Neumann, terribly wounded, fell under the supper table; but Terzsky, whose sword was within reach, cast himself into a corner of the hall, and defended himself to the last, calling down vengeance on the traitors. Before he fell, he had killed two of his assailants, mortally wounded a third, and disarmed a fourth, but he was at length overpowered and slain. Neumann, in the confusion, contrived to escape to the court-yard, but it was only to be cut down by the guard, as he did not know the countersign. Leslie (or, as others declare, a servant of Terzsky's) issued forth immediately after from the gates of the citadel, taking his way toward the town. The guard, not knowing him, fired two shots after him, which must have created some alarm, though they did not take effect; and Leslie, returning to the castle, made the soldiers under arms take an oath of fidelity to the emperor.

A new consultation was then held, and it would seem that even the murderers of the brave men who had just fallen hesitated to shed the blood of Wallenstein. Long habits of reverence, and even of fear, made them doubt and tremble as they approached the terrible deed. They consulted whether it would not be better to take him alive and carry him as a prisoner to Vienna; and one even suggested that, though the

* Schiller's account is different. He says that Count William Kinsky and Count Terzsky were killed at once, and that it was Illo who, placing himself in a window, reproached Gordon with his treachery, and killed several of his assailants before he was dispatched. I have chosen, of course, the statements which seem to me best authenticated; but I think it right to point out to the reader that this terrible transaction is very differently represented by different writers.

deed might be very acceptable, the murderers might be punished.

The slaughter of four superior officers, however, seemed to put long hesitation out of the question; and Butler soon persuaded his companions that honors and rewards, not punishments, would follow the death of a man equally feared and hated by the imperial court.

It was resolved to conclude the tragedy. Yet so dreadful was the name of Wallenstein, that the deed was not attempted without the utmost precaution. A hundred dragoons were sent down to parole the streets of the town, to keep all quiet, and especially to watch the house in which Wallenstein reposed. Nevertheless, some rumors of what had been passing in the castle must have got abroad; for about midnight the Countesses Terzsky and Kinsky received intelligence of the assassination of their husbands, and filled the air with their shrieks.

Just about the same hour, Captain Devereux presented himself with six halberdiers at the door of the mayor's house, and demanded to speak with Wallenstein. The duke, after a conference, it is said, upon what authority I know not, with Seni the astrologer, had retired to bed. But it was so common for superior officers to visit him at unusual hours, that his guard, which had not been increased in number, suffered Devereux and his companions to pass. A page upon the steps, indeed, was seized with alarm, and began to make a noise; but he was instantly run through the body with a pike, and silenced by death. In the ante-room of Wallenstein's chamber, or just coming out of it, Devereux encountered the valet who had aided his lord to undress, and who begged him not to make a noise, as the duke was going to sleep.

"But this is the time for noise, friend," shouted Devereux; and, finding the door locked within and without, he burst it open with his foot.

The voices of women, shrieking for the death of their husbands, had come across the square, and called Wallenstein from his bed the moment before. He was standing at the window, leaning with his hand upon the table, and about, apparently, to ask the guard below what was the matter, when Devereux burst into the room. Wallenstein turned instantly toward him; and the murderer exclaimed, "Art thou the villain who seekest to bring the emperor's soldiers over to the enemy, and wouldst take the crown from his head? Now must thou die."

Even at this moment he paused, and hesitated for an instant, as if waiting for an answer. Wallenstein, however, made him none. He now understood the whole; and bold, proud, and firm to the last, he threw wide his arms and received the point of Devereux's partisan in his breast. He uttered not a word, but fell dead upon the ground, without cry or groan.

Thus died the Duke of Friedland with the same proud dignity which he had displayed through life.

A debt of twenty millions was canceled at a blow; vast estates were acquired by confiscation to the imperial crown; the emperor was delivered from the fear of the greatest man in his dominions, and from the bondage of gratitude to one whom he could never sufficiently reward. It was natural that those who ran down the deer should have a part of the flesh, and all who took a share in the murder were magnificently rewarded. Butler found his bloody hand pressed in that of the emperor. He received a regiment, was made a count. The archbishop decorated him with a gold chain, and confiscated estates supported his dignity. The same was the case with Leslie. Gordon and Devereux were honored and rewarded; and large sums of money showed each of the common soldiers engaged what a profitable thing it was to murder in the emperor's service.

It was natural, too, to calumniate the memory of the dead, as well as to reward the actions of the living. The serviceable deed had left a stain behind it, which could not be wiped away like the blood from the hands of the assassins. The charges against Wallenstein and his friends were published to the world. They were many, serious, and supported by grave assertions. But they failed to convince historians, who approached the subject with any degree of critical intelligence, that Wallenstein ever entertained any serious design of uniting with the enemies of the emperor, till he was driven in self-defense to seek support against the maltreatment of the court of Vienna. Whatever judgment men might form of his conduct and his character, whether they might think him guilty or innocent, a faithful subject or a mutinous soldier, the dark hypocrisy of the emperor, his scorn for all the forms of justice, his black trafficking in the blood of his subjects, his ingratitude, his meanness, his baseness, were displayed by every act that preceded, accompanied, or followed the tragedy of Egra.

HEROD THE GREAT.

INTRODUCTION.

THE country from Mount Taurus to the Arabian Desert offered, during the latter years of the Republic of Rome, a scene of inextricable confusion, upon which it is needless to dwell. Multitudes of petty kings and tyrants started up, the limits of whose territories were continually changing; and, though frequently chastised by Roman generals, the hydra of anarchy invariably renewed the heads that were smitten.

Though Rome was bold enough to call Asia a Roman province, yet a multitude of states and territories were totally independent, even between the Euphrates and the Mediterranean. On the other side of the Euphrates, a wide extent of country was occupied by the Parthians. Tigranes reigned in Armenia; Mithridates occupied Pontus; and to the south of Judæa lay Idumæa, filled with the wild children of the desert. In Judæa itself, after the death of Antiochus the Great, many changes had taken place. Judas Maccabæus rose up for the deliverance of his people, and, receiving the office of high-priest, made a treaty of league and amity with the Romans. His brethren, Jonathan and Simon, continued to defend Judæa against many enemies, till the latter was treacherously killed, and was succeeded in the high-priesthood by the famous John Hyrcanus, his third son.

Hyrcanus proved himself a mighty and a good ruler; and, though not always successful, still he did not fail, on the whole, to extend the power of the Jewish people, subdued the Idumæans, imposed upon them the rites, and induced them to submit to the law of the Jews. The Idumæans thus became proselytes of justice in the eye of the Jewish law, and were looked upon as forming part of the same people, though not descended from any of the tribes of Israel. A portion of the territory which they inhabited had formed part of the inheritance of Simeon and Judah, and Hyrcanus was therefore justified in requiring them to submit to proselytism, or to abandon the country.

Under Hyrcanus, the Jewish people were governed, apparently, with great equity and justice. He endeavored, it would appear, to purify the religion of the Jews from many of the corruptions which had been introduced. He contented himself with the high-priesthood and the powers which it conferred, and was reputed to possess the gift of prophecy; but with him ended the theocratical form of government.

Aristobulus, the eldest son of John Hyrcanus, was an ambitious and wicked prince. He assumed the regal diadem, and cast his mother and two of his brethren into prison. His mother he starved to death, and afterward caused his favorite brother, Antigonus, to be assassinated. Sickness, however, overtook him, and remorse increased disease, till death terminated his career, after a reign of only one year. During that short time, he and his brother Antigonus, whom he slew, had added the greater part of Ituræa to Judæa, compelling the inhabitants to become proselytes.

The death of Aristobulus was followed by the troublous reign of Alexander Janneus, his younger brother, who was delivered from the prison into which Aristobulus had cast him, by Salome, the wife of that prince. Often defeated, he nevertheless rose again from his reverses, greatly increased the territory of the Jews, and by treaty with Aretas, king of the Arabians, induced him to withdraw his troops from Judæa, and retire to Cœlosyria, a portion of which had fallen into his possession a short time before.

Alexander's wife, Alexandra, obtained rule in the kingdom at his death, after a reign of twenty-seven years, and governed with great power and little scruple during nine years; but the end of her days was troubled by the revolt of her second son, Aristobulus, who sought to snatch the kingdom from her hands and from those of his brother Hyrcanus. At her death, Aristobulus succeeded in possessing himself of the royal authority and the high-priesthood, torn from his brother Hyrcanus, who agreed to leave him the dangerous elevation to which he aspired, and to retire forever into a private station.

It is at this period of the Jewish history that there first appears, in a prominent light, a man of courage and abilities, whose family was destined to play a prominent part in some of the great tragedies of the world. Antipas, or Antipater, was an Idumæan by birth. By some he is asserted to have been lineally descended from a Jewish family of distinction, carried away in the Babylonish captivity; but it would ap-

pear that such was not really the case, and that he was merely an Idumæan proselyte of great wealth and talent. Before the death of Alexander, he had married an Idumæan lady, named Cypros, who bore him four sons, Phasaël, Herod, Joseph, and Pheroras, and one daughter, named Salome. He had been greatly esteemed by Alexander and by his wife Alexandra, and had held considerable offices in Idumæa under their several reigns. In these offices he had cultivated the friendship of the neighboring Arabs, and had entered into strict alliance with their king, Aretas.

In the beginning of the reign of Aristobulus, however, Antipater was in Jerusalem, a sincere and ardent friend of Hyrcanus. Doubtless he served his own ambition in serving that prince; but yet, during a long course of years, he showed greater truth and sincerity in his friendship than was usually met with in those corrupt and anarchical times. Indignant at the usurpation of Aristobulus, and grieved at the inactivity of Hyrcanus, Antipater labored to light some spark of ambition in the bosom of the latter. By dint of much persuasion, he at length induced him to fly with him from Jerusalem by night, to the court of Aretas, the neighboring king, and to beseech that monarch's aid in the recovery of his kingdom. Aretas was then residing at Petra; and thither the two fugitives directed their steps, having taken care to secure a favorable reception by previous negotiation.

After much entreaty, Aretas was prevailed upon to enter Judæa at the head of fifty thousand men, for the purpose of restoring Hyrcanus to his throne. He defeated Aristobulus in battle, won a great part of his army from him, and besieged him in Jerusalem. He was forced, however, to raise the siege by the Roman Scaurus, who was bribed by Aristobulus; and the dispute between the two brothers was subsequently referred to Pompey the Great, when he visited Damascus. Antipater conducted the cause of Hyrcanus against his brother Aristobulus, and performed the task with great skill and judgment, winning the good will of Pompey, although he could not obtain an immediate decision in favor of Hyrcanus.

The imprudence of Aristobulus, however, produced the effect which Antipater desired and probably anticipated. His preparations for resisting the Roman power soon reached the ears of Pompey, who, in consequence, forced him to give up a number of fortresses. He then retired to Jerusalem, and there continued proceedings evidently tending toward hostilities with

Rome. But on the approach of Pompey he took fright, visited that great general in his tent, and offered to give his soldiers admission into Jerusalem. The soldiers, whom he had himself collected, however, refused to permit the execution of his promise, and shut their gates against a detachment of the Romans sent to take possession of Jerusalem. Thereupon Pompey threw Aristobulus into prison, and obtained possession of the city itself by means of one of the factions into which the Jews were divided. The Temple, indeed, forming a strong citadel in itself, still held out, garrisoned by the soldiers of Aristobulus. That building, however, was taken by assault, and the holy places profaned by the blood of the Jews and the footsteps of the infidel.

After this victory Pompey acted with great moderation, abstained from touching the vast treasures of the Temple, caused it to be cleansed and purified, and restored the high-priesthood to Hyrcanus. He rendered Judæa, however, tributary to Rome, and carried away with him as prisoners Aristobulus and his family, consisting of two sons and two daughters. The eldest of these sons, named Alexander, made his escape by the way, and for many years carried on a desultory war with the Romans. Antigonus, the younger son, accompanied his father to Rome, but afterward played an important part in the affairs of Judæa. Scourus remained with two Roman legions in the command of Cœlosyria. In the struggles which afterward succeeded between Alexander, the son of Aristobulus, and the Romans, Antipater, faithful to Hyrcanus, gave great assistance on all occasions to his allies, and contrived to maintain the closest friendship both with Scourus and Gabinius. The latter officer, after having gained great glory in Judæa, was succeeded by Crassus, one of the most covetous of the Roman leaders. His only act of note while in Judæa was the pillaging of the Temple, before he set out upon his ill-omened expedition against the Parthians.

The result of his iniquitous attempt to subdue a nation which had given no offense to Rome is well known. He was misled by his guides, and surrounded and defeated by the Parthians, who slew him without mercy during a conference, and are said to have poured molten gold down his throat in contempt for his insatiable greediness. Thirty thousand Roman soldiers were lost in this disastrous expedition; but Cassius the quæstor contrived to effect his escape with a small body of cavalry, and successfully defended the Syrian border against the irruptions of the Parthians.

Not long after, the civil war broke out between Pompey and Cæsar; and the latter, setting free Aristobulus, sent him into Syria with two legions to overthrow the party of Pompey in Judæa. He was poisoned, however, very shortly after his arrival; and his son Alexander was also put to death, by Pompey's order, at Antioch. His wife and daughters, with his younger son Antigonus, found refuge with Ptolemy of Chalcis.

In the war between Pompey and Cæsar, Antipater displayed the utmost dexterity, avoiding the enmity of both; and after the success of the latter, and the death of his former friend, he rendered great and important services to Cæsar in his expedition against Egypt. Mithridates of Pergamos, in his march to join Julius in Egypt, had been stopped at Ascalon, by the opposition of the people of the country; but he was speedily joined by Antipater at the head of three thousand armed Jews; and his influence with both the people of Palestine and the Arab princes in the neighborhood proved even more serviceable to Mithridates than this re-enforcement. His military skill and great courage were now displayed in a remarkable manner. Marching on along the sea-shore, Mithridates advanced into Egypt without any further opposition, till he reached the town of Pelusium, to secure which place was an important object with Cæsar. The town made a vigorous defense; but Antipater, with his Jewish and Syrian troops, effected a breach in the walls, and, pouring into the city, opened the way for the rest of the army. A large tract of country, however, between Magdolum and Memphis, was occupied by a Jewish population, which showed the strongest determination to prevent the junction of Mithridates and Cæsar. The diplomatic skill of the Idumæan was now called into play; and in a very short space of time he contrived to bring over the whole of the emigrant Hebrews to the party of Cæsar. A battle succeeded between Mithridates and the Egyptian troops; and in it the wing commanded by Mithridates himself was completely defeated, with the loss of eight hundred men. Antipater, however, who commanded the left wing of the army, not only defeated the body of troops opposed to him, but, turning upon those who had proved victorious over Mithridates, he routed them with great slaughter, and took their camp. After a junction had been effected with Cæsar, he continued to distinguish himself greatly in the war, and was highly honored and caressed by the mighty Roman.

It was in the midst of this glorious career that Antigonus, the son of Aristobulus, thought fit to appeal to Cæsar against

one who had just rendered him such important services. He charged Antipater with having caused Aristobulus to be poisoned and Alexander to be beheaded, and laid many grievous complaints both against him and Hyrcanus for the misgovernment of the Jewish people. But the Idumæan, who was present, rose and defended himself with great eloquence. The sentence of the Roman tribunal was in his favor; and Cæsar, confirming Hyrcanus in the high-priesthood, left Antipater to choose what principality he would receive as a reward for his services. The Idumæan immediately fixed upon Judæa; and he was named procurator, with leave to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem, which had been cast down by Pompey.

The conquest of Egypt being complete, Cæsar hastened to reduce Pontus, Armenia, and Cappadocia, in which Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates the Great, was waging a vigorous and successful war against Rome. Antipater accompanied Julius, at all events, to the frontiers of Syria, and then returning to Judæa, quieted some factions which had arisen in Jerusalem, rebuilt the walls of the city, and assumed the military government, leaving to Hyrcanus all the rights and privileges of the high-priesthood. Hyrcanus, however, was a slothful and indifferent man, and a mere machine in the hands of Antipater.

In order to rule the country with greater facility, and with a view to the future aggrandizement of his family, Antipater nominated his eldest son, Phasaëlus, governor of Jerusalem and the surrounding country, and bestowed upon his second son, Herod, the fine district of Galilee. Both were very young men, and both sought at this time, by an honorable rivalry, to merit the love and respect of the people committed to their charge.

Thus much it has seemed necessary to say of Antipater the Idumæan and his family, in order that the reader may be aware of the events which first raised Herod the Great from a private station to that high power and authority, in the exercise of which he afterward gained a dark and terrible fame in history.

CHAPTER I.

HEROD THE GREAT.

THE Jewish Sanhedrim was sitting in all the picturesque costume of the East ; and busily did they whisper with eager faces one to the other, asking still each of his fellow, " Will he come ? "

On the outside of the council chamber was a multitude of people, under the shadow of the porticoes or of the great buildings, moved by all those factious passions, to which none have been more terribly made slaves than the giant-minded race of Israel. There were the clamor and the confusion of a thousand tongues, all the wild, fierce gesticulation of the East, the screaming, the groaning, the shouting, the chattering, which may often be seen in an Oriental crowd on very small occasions.

This, however, was no small occasion ; for Herod, the governor of Galilee, notwithstanding his father's vast influence and renown, had been called to take his trial before the great council of the nation, for a violation of the Jewish law. The case was one of life and death ; for the law had been undoubtedly violated ; and a bitter faction had risen up against Antipater and his children, which was sure to strain the letter of the statute to the utmost.

" No man could be put to death in Judæa without the solemn sanction of the Sanhedrim," so said the law ; and Herod, the young governor of Galilee, had undoubtedly treated this law with contempt. The people without argued sharply with one another, as their passions or their interests led them, and called for his death or justified his conduct, according to their party and their prejudices.

" Why, what has he done ? " cried one. " He has only performed an act of justice, and delivered the country under his rule from oppression."

" He has slain Hezekias ! he has slain Hezekias ! " screamed another ; " and whether Hezekias was bad or good, matters not, for he had no right to put him to death without the sanction of the Sanhedrim."

"But Hezekias was a robber," replied others, "himself a notorious violator of the law. He had put to death many without authority."

"Still he could not be justly condemned without the Sanhedrim," said another. "Whatever were his crimes, Herod was not his judge, and ought to die according to the law."

Thus argued the crowd; but the question within was still, "Will he come?" and many doubted it, and listened eagerly for any sound in the city that might give note of Herod's approach.

At length there was a loud shout, distant and dull, but still showing that something had greatly moved the people; and it was repeated nearer and more near, till the crowd from without began to flow into the place of assembly, women, whose husbands had perished with Hezekias, tearing their garments and appealing for justice, and others with the prying eye of curiosity, and others moved by faction and by prejudice. Still there was a roar and a shout without, and many of the Sanhedrim turned pale.

One asked another, "Is he a man of terrible countenance?" for few were there who had seen Herod, and few even of those remembered him.

A moment after, a band of armed men, several hundreds in number, with breast-plate and helmet, and sword and spear, came into the area, and thronged the open space before the tribunal. The eyes of the judges ran over the troop, seeking for the mighty man who in a few short weeks had freed Galilee from the great band of plunderers which had so long oppressed it. But the soldiers parted on either side, and from the midst approached, and stood before the Sanhedrim, a fair and beautiful youth, unarmed, but clothed in a long purple robe of the finest and most costly texture. He seemed hardly to have reached manhood;* but upon his broad and lofty brow was the firm dignity of mental power and high courage. There was no dread, there was no hesitation, although he stood there to be judged for life or death. Calmly and firmly he rolled his dark eye over the elders of the people; and when no one spoke, he said aloud, "You have summoned Herod. Herod is here!"

Still the Sanhedrim sat voiceless. Dread and doubt seemed to have taken possession of them all. They looked upon one

* The age of Herod at this period is uncertain. In one account he is said to have been under sixteen; but after dates, given in Josephus, would lead us to believe that he was several years older.

another ; but no one spoke. There was a profound silence.* The accusers were dumb ; the very cries of the mothers, whose robber sons he had slain, were stilled ; and he stood several minutes before the council ere any one ventured to speak.

At length Simeon, the son of Shetaoh, called Semeas, rose. He was an old man, righteous and fearless, who had seen many a heavy day pass over Jerusalem, and knew the hearts of the rulers well. He saw that Herod's boldness would absolve him, and he was resolved to raise his voice against it.

"Hearken, you who are judges with me," he exclaimed. "Neither I nor any of you, I suppose, have known such a case as this, that one summoned to take his trial here ever stood before us in such a manner. Every one who comes to be tried by this council presents himself with submission, shows fear and dread, strives to move us to compassion in a mourning garment, and with hair disheveled ; but this great man Herod, called to answer a heavy accusation, and accused of murder, stands here clothed in purple, with his armed men around him. If we condemn him by our law, he may put us to death, and himself escape it. Nevertheless, Herod himself I do not so much complain of in this matter, for, of course, he is more careful to preserve himself than the laws ; but I complain of you and of your ruler, who have allowed him thus to act. But take you notice that God is great, and this very man, whom you are about to acquit and suffer to go free on account of Hyrcanus, your high-priest, will one day punish both you and him."

The speech had its effect. A murmur ran through the assembly ; and men said to one another, "Let us do justice on this man Herod, be the result what it may."

Voices were about to be raised for judgment, if not for justice, for Herod had violated the Jewish law, by slaying men taken in actual crime, without the decision of the Sanhedrim. Such was his only offense ; but the Sanhedrim was tenacious of its power ; and all the Jews were sticklers for the letter of the law. But at this moment, when an adverse decision was most likely to be given, the high-priest rose and adjourned the further proceedings till the following day.

Herod retired to his house, and the high-priest to his

* The Jewish rulers seem to have been more struck by Herod's presenting himself gorgeously appareled rather than in the weeds of humiliation, than by the body of armed men who accompanied him. These were not very numerous, sufficiently so, indeed, to insure his personal safety, but not to endanger the government or the security of the town.

palace; but when Hyrcanus was alone in his own chamber, he took out of his scrinium a letter which had reached his hands that morning; and read once more the words that it contained.

“ Know, O Hyrcanus,” so ran the last lines of the letter, “ that if thou dost give way to the madness of this stiff-necked people in this thing, and they do evil unto Herod, the son of Antipater, thy friend, I will bring an army upon Jerusalem, and take the power out of thine hands, and severely punish the people of thy city, even as it has deserved.”

It was signed with the name of Sextus Cæsar, president of Syria; and the warning was not lost upon Hyrcanus, whose sense of gratitude was less strong than his sense of fear. Messengers from the ethnarch reached Herod that night beseeching him, for the love of Hyrcanus, to quit the city, and not to appear before the Sanhedrim again.

The youth smiled proudly, and murmured to himself, “ If I do, it shall be with an army.”

Within an hour, he and his men of war mounted their horses, and marched deliberately out of Jerusalem, taking the way toward Damascus.

Tumult and confusion spread through the holy city; the council of seventy-one murmured loudly against Hyrcanus for suffering Herod to escape. They were more bold in his absence than in his presence; and they said, “ What was in this beardless boy that we should have feared him?” but ere many days were over, there came a rumor of war from the north. Men said that Herod was created, by Sextus Cæsar, general of the Roman army of Cælosyria, and that his legions were already in motion toward Jerusalem. Each man who came from Galilee, or Batanæa, or Samaria, brought tidings of moving armies and troops advancing to the south; and still the name of Herod was on every one’s lips; and fear filled the hearts of the factious and the turbulent. Some talked of resistance, and of raising armies too; but when Herod was heard of at Gamela, and his troops crossed the Jordan and entered Samaria, and when Judæa itself was entered, and the armed men reached Beroth and Gibeon, terror took possession of all; and men went and besought Antipater and Phasaclus to take means for defending the city. The answer was, “ Can I fight against my own son whom ye have sought to oppress?” “ Can I fight against my own brother, whom ye have wronged?”

At the prayer of Hyrcanus, however, Antipater and his

eldest son went forth to meet Herod, and to intercede for peace. They found the young man, the general of a mighty army ready to obey his lightest word, and eager for the pillage of Jerusalem. They found him fierce and angry too, his look proud and his spirit vehement.

"Think they," he asked, "that they can deal with Herod like a common malefactor, and summon him before their council, and judge him to death for not obeying all the forms of their law? When their law was impotent against the murderer and the robber, and the common pillager of the land, with my own right hand I took him, with my own hand I slew him, and put to death the companions of his crimes. For this have I been disgraced in the sight of men, by standing as a criminal before their tribunal; and verily I will wipe away the stain, even though it be with their own blood."

But the voice of his father was powerful with him; and Antipater found means to pacify him, and made him see that, having shown the people of Jerusalem his power, it was sufficient to overawe them for the future. Herod was persuaded that he would gain more glory by sparing the city than by punishing the Jews; and, having arrayed his troops within sight of the walls, he turned back on his way, and left Jerusalem at peace.

CHAPTER II.

HEROD THE GREAT.

WAR and confusion spread throughout the Roman empire. Cæsar was slain in the Capitol; innumerable factions arose; and Syria became one scene of anarchy. Cassius took possession of the Asian province, and with ten legions exacted heavy contributions from the people.

Faithful to the policy which he had always followed, Antipater, without taking any decided part in the wars between the Roman factions, supported the power which was predominant. His policy was successful. Cassius and Marcus both befriended the Idumæan family; and once more Herod was made general of the forces of Cœlosyria. We find a whisper in history, that already Cassius had promised, if successful

in the war with the triumvirs, to make Herod King of Judæa.

But a great loss was about to befall Herod. The only power which had acted as a strait upon his ambition was to be taken away. Antipater was poisoned at a banquet by one named Malichus; and the cup was administered by the butler of Hyrcanus himself.

Herod was resolved upon revenge; but there was much difficulty in accomplishing it without provoking a civil war. Malichus was protected by Hyrcanus; the Jews, and even the people of Galilee, believed they had been treated more mildly by him than by Herod, in the levy of contributions to the Romans; and Malichus boldly denied all share in Antipater's murder, and affected to mourn for him as a friend. Herod was forced to dissemble; and, pretending to believe the declarations of his enemy, he determined to try his power before he used it. He boldly approached Jerusalem at the head of a body of armed men. Admission was refused him by Hyrcanus, at the instigation of Malichus; but Herod treated the commands he received with scorn, and entered the holy city with his troops. He abstained from slaying Malichus in Jerusalem, indeed; but he laid a trap for him, and, inducing him to proceed to Tyre, had him slain upon the sea-shore as he was approaching the city.

The power of Herod remained great and increasing. Antigonus, the son of Aristobulus, supported by a Roman army, attempted to gain possession of Judæa; but Herod defeated and expelled him; and Hyrcanus, with his own hand, put a garland on his head as his best friend and protector. The alliance between them was confirmed by the espousals of Herod and the beautiful Mariamne, daughter of Alexander, son of Aristobulus. She was also grand-daughter of Hyrcanus himself. Herod had previously married an Idumæan lady named Doris, by whom he was already the father of one son named Antipater.

Notwithstanding the glory he had acquired, notwithstanding the services he had really rendered the Jews, notwithstanding the moderation which he had shown in many things, and to attain to which, with his vehement and imperious disposition, must have cost him a great effort, Herod was still an object of envy to many of the Jewish factions. The effects of these evil passions were not long in displaying themselves.

After the death of Cassius and Brutus, while Octavius Cæsar turned his steps toward Italy; Mark Antony took his

way to Asia, and entered Bithynia, where he was met by deputations from many of the Eastern nations, and among the rest by a large party of Jews. Herod, however, was before them in reaching Antony, who was in some degree bound to the interests of his family, by hospitality received at the hands of Antipater, when the triumvir accompanied Gabinus into Syria several years before. Herod, however, did not trust to the gratitude of a Roman. He knew that there was a passion far more powerful, and that he did not fail to gratify. He took large sums of gold with him, and Antony became his friend. Hyrcanus was also there, ready to support the cause of Herod; and all was prepared to meet the envious accusations of the Jewish deputation, as soon as they should be publicly preferred.

Antony, however, whose pleasure-loving temper was already obtaining the mastery over his powerful mind, refused to hear the Jews in Bithynia, and marched on slowly toward Antioch. He took up his abode in the pleasant groves of Daphne, near that city; but his enjoyments were disturbed once more by the application of the Jews, who sent a hundred of the principal citizens to complain of Phasaelus and Herod, accusing them of tyranny and injustice, and of depriving Hyrcanus of all real power. Several of the Jewish orators were put forward to plead against the two brothers; but Antony's mind was already prepossessed, and, turning to Hyrcanus, who was present, he demanded of him who was best fitted to bear sway in the land. Hyrcanus at once answered, Herod and his brother; and Antony, without further deliberation, bestowed upon the two brothers the tetrarchy of all the Jewish territories, which he had already, by a decree from Ephesus, commanded the Roman governors established by Cassius in Syria to restore fully and entirely to the Jews, in the same state and to the same extent as they had been possessed by that people before the commencement of the war between the republicans and the triumvirate.

This decision astonished and irritated the anti-Herodian faction. They broke out into loud and insolent murmurs against a man round whose footstool was gathered a crowd of suppliant kings and princes; and Antony, who was only mild when he was left to enjoy his luxury undisturbed, seized fifteen of the ambassadors, and drove away the rest with contumely. The fifteen prisoners he ordered to be put to death; but they were spared at the intercession of Herod, whose young heart had not yet been hardened by years of strife and suffering.

If he hoped by moderation to win the Jews to submission and gratitude, he was much mistaken ; for a tumult of indignation broke forth in Jerusalem, and when Antony paused for a short time at Tyre, as he rushed on eagerly to the arms of Cleopatra, a new deputation, consisting of a thousand of the Jews, reached that city, in order to oppose, in a threatening manner, the decree which he had pronounced.

They were met by Herod and Hyrcanus on the sea-shore, and entreated to forbear from following a course which could only bring ruin and destruction on themselves and their country. But argument and persuasion were equally in vain. The host of ambassadors became clamorous and vehement ; and Antony, enraged, sent a party of soldiers to drive them away from the city, slaying all on whom they could lay hands. Many were killed, many were wounded, and the fifteen, who had been before made prisoners were now put to death. Still the Jews continued in a state of tumult and confusion ; and after Antony marched on into Egypt, Jerusalem and Judæa were one scene of anarchy and bloodshed.

The moment of Herod's greatest danger was now approaching. When Antony entered Asia, with eight legions and ten thousand horse, it had been his intention to march against the Parthians, the most dangerous enemies of the Syrian province. The charms of Cleopatra, however, overcame all considerations of ordinary prudence ; and his wise purpose was abandoned as soon as he had beheld her upon the banks of the Cydnus. After his departure, and during the confusion that ensued while he remained in Egypt, the danger which had menaced Syria from the Parthians fell upon it. Pacorus, the son of the Parthian king, entered the land at the head of a large force, and speedily made himself master of a great part of the country. Dividing his army into two bodies, he himself marched along the shores of the Mediterranean, while the second division, under Barzapharnes, a celebrated general among the Parthians, advanced through the midland parts of Syria, both forces tending toward Judæa. The confusion in the latter country was great, as I have shown ; and it was increased by the re-appearance of Antigonus, the son of Aristobulus, on the scene, supported by his connection, Lysanias, the son of Ptolemy, king of Chalcis, who had always espoused the interests of his family. Antigonus raised his standard on the side of Mount Carmel, in the immense woodland of the mountain called Drumos. He was speedily joined by a large body of insurgent Jews, and now negotiated with the Parthi-

ans for their assistance, offering them the somewhat singular bribe of a large sum of money and five hundred women. The negotiation was conducted by Lysanias; and the Parthians agreed to expel Hyrcanus, and restore the kingdom of Judæa to Antigonus.

Fortified by this treaty, the Jews of the party of Antigonus hurried forward from Carmel to Jerusalem, gained an entrance into the city, and besieged Hyrcanus in the palace. But Phasaelus and Herod both hastened to the assistance of their friend; a battle took place in the market-place; the insurgents were defeated, and a large body of them driven into the Temple.

In this fortress they continued to hold out; and Herod placed a small body of men in the neighboring houses, to insure that his enemies did not escape, while he endeavored to pacify the city, and restore some degree of order. His efforts were vain, however; a number of the disaffected took arms, attacked the houses in which his soldiers had been stationed, and burned them, together with the men which they contained. Herod, in revenge, fell upon his opponents, and slew a great number; and day after day, for several weeks, the streets of Jerusalem flowed with human blood. The party of Phasaelus and Herod, however, gradually obtained an ascendancy; and Herod, with his troops, garrisoned the palace and the buildings adjacent, while Phasaelus was master of the walls and principal towers of the city.

Such was the state of things when the feast of Pentecost arrived; and a vast multitude of Jews from the country flocked into Jerusalem. Many came to the feast armed; and into their hands the charge of the Temple was given, while a body of the troops of Antigonus, which had possession of the suburb, were attacked and defeated by Herod with great slaughter.

At this moment a small body of Parthians, whose treaty with Antigonus, it would seem, had been kept secret, appeared before Jerusalem, headed by the cup-bearer* of the Parthian prince Pacorus. This officer, in secret concert with Antigonus, offered to mediate between the contending parties in the city, and requested admission for that purpose. His train consisted only of five hundred horse; and Hyrcanus, judging that so small a troop could not be dangerous, granted his request; but the wily Parthian did not propose to attain his object so much by force as fraud. He wound himself into the confi-

* His name was also Pacorus, which has been the occasion of some confusion in the history of these transactions.

dence of Hyrcanus and Phasaelus, and persuaded them that their only chance of obtaining peace and tranquillity lay in their accompanying him to negotiate with Barzapharnes, who was now advancing toward Jerusalem.

Herod saw through the meditated treachery at once, and eagerly besought his brother not to trust himself in the hands of the barbarians, but rather to take arms with him, and expel them from the city, or put them to death. Phasaelus and Hyrcanus, however, remained firm in their foolish confidence, perhaps strengthened in their trust by the proposal of leaving two hundred Parthians in the hands of Herod.

They accompanied the Parthian leader, then, with a considerable train, among which, it would appear, were several women. For a considerable distance on the way they were treated with every kind of distinction; and it was only when they reached Galilee that they began to entertain doubts of the good faith of their companions. The whole country was in a state of insurrection and confusion; attacks were made upon them where they encamped for the night; and at the town of Ecdippon, a short distance beyond Ptolemais, they received distinct information of the treaty between Antigonus and the Parthians, with an intimation that the women in their company were to form part of the five hundred slaves promised, and that they themselves would have been seized long before, had it not been the design of the Parthians to entrap Herod also, by tidings of the good treatment which they received.

It would appear that Phasaelus could now have effected his escape, and that one of his companions, named Ophellius, who had been the first to discover the plot, earnestly entreated him to do so. The son of Antipater, however, nobly refused to forsake Hyrcanus; and going to the Parthian leader, he boldly reproached him with his treachery, and offered, if the Parthians would abandon the cause of Antigonus, to pay them a much larger sum than that which had been promised. The cup-bearer, however, declared and swore that the intelligence which Phasaelus had received was false; but the same night he set out for the camp of his lord; and no sooner was he gone than both Phasaelus and Hyrcanus were seized by the Parthian guard. They were immediately delivered by the Parthians into the hands of Antigonus; and the conduct of each was in accordance with his character.

When brought into the presence of his nephew, Hyrcanus fell upon his knees before him, abjectly beseeching mercy. The brutal Antigonus, though he could not resolve to put

him to death, took means to prevent his ever exercising the office of high-priest again, by tearing off his ears with his own teeth, for no mutilated man could hold the dignity.

Phasaelus was cast into prison in bonds; but he showed no fear and no depression, although he was well aware of the merciless nature of his adversary. He had no sword to slay himself, nor could he have used it had a weapon been left him, for his hands were tightly bound; but, resolved not to endure the indignities which were likely to be heaped upon him, he deliberately dashed his head against the stone wall of the dungeon; and thus, at an early age, ended a life, in the whole course of which we find no evil act recorded.*

CHAPTER III.

HEROD THE GREAT.

THE palace of the ethnarch was fortified and garrisoned like a citadel. There were armed men in it sufficient for its defense; there was a fountain of clear water in the courtyard; there was abundance of provision. But Herod was uneasy. Hour after hour he walked to and fro in that great court, even in the heat of the day, while his men of war, with their arms ready at hand, lay stretched under the porticoes round. The tall, powerful form moved gracefully; every step of those strong limbs was planted firmly; but yet there was anxious care upon his lofty brow; and ever and anon he muttered some indistinct words to himself. Never did he pass the gates of Jerusalem; seldom did he even go out into the city; and when he did so, he was always accompanied by at least a hundred chosen soldiers. He was surrounded on every side by treachery and enmity; and Herod was not a man to be taken unprepared.

Ten days had passed since the departure of Hyrcanus and

* Some persons say that Phasaelus was not actually killed by the blow, but that Antigonus sent a physician to him, on the pretense of healing his wound, but with orders to infuse poison into it, under the influence of which Phasaelus expired. A poor woman, who was attending upon him, according to this account, informed him, a few minutes before his death, that Herod had escaped from Jerusalem; upon which he exclaimed, "Now I die content, for there is one left alive who will avenge me of mine enemies."

Phasaelus; and more than once letters had reached the hands of Herod from Samaria and Galilee. The first told of honors and kindness shown to his friends by the Parthians; then came others, telling of ambushes laid for the high-priest and his companions during the night; but yet the Parthians were said to have befriended and defended them. Still Herod doubted, and would not trust; and oftentimes he repeated to himself the name of his well-loved brother, and mournfully shook his head. It was the tenth day; and in the morning some of the Parthian lords presented themselves to Herod, and told him that there were messengers without the walls, bearing letters from his brother Phasaelus of great import, but that they dared not enter the town for fear of the party of Antigonus. They besought Herod to go forth with them, and meet these messengers; but Herod replied,

"I will not go forth. The messengers must bring them to me, if they would have me see them."

The Parthians urged and persuaded in vain. They represented that he had the prison-gate and the water-gate in his own hands, and that he could be in no danger; but still Herod replied, "I will not go forth."

The Parthians departed murmuring; and hardly had they gone, when Alexandra, the widow of Alexander, Aristobulus's son, came and joined Herod by the fountain. She was the daughter of Hyrcanus, the mother of the young Mariamne, a woman of great wisdom and prudence, who, among many terrible events, had always walked wisely.

"Thou hast had Parthians with thee, my son," she said. "I saw them come as I sat in the women's apartments. What sought they from thee?"

"They would have me go forth," replied Herod, "to receive letters from my brother, from messengers beyond the walls. They say the men are afraid to enter for fear of the factions. I refused to go forth, for I know the guile of the barbarians; but now my heart smites me, lest my brother should need aid, and I regret that I have not gone."

"Go not forth, my son, go not forth," replied Alexandra. "There is treachery in these men. All their looks are deceitful; all their words are fraud. Phasaelus is lost; Hyrcanus is lost; if we lose thee, we have lost all."

Even while she spoke, a man was admitted through the gates of the great court, heavy and travel-worn, with torn sandals and dusty garments. He made straight for Herod, though Herod gazed at him as a stranger.

"Give me thine ear, oh Herod," he said, in a faint voice; and Herod withdrew with him to a little distance. "I bring thee news from Ecdippon," said the man. "Thy brother Phasaëlus commends him to you, and says that the Parthians are treacherous; that they are leagued with Antigonus, who has promised them a thousand talents and five hundred women slaves if they will make him King of Judæa. They meditate treachery against thee, and thy brother, and Hyrcanus; and even when I came away to Ptolemais, the report ran among the people that Phasaëlus and the high-priest were in bonds."

"Bringest thou no token?" asked Herod. "Hast thou no letter?"

"None," replied the man. "I saw thy brother but for a moment, for he was strictly watched of the Parthians; and I set off as soon as might be. I rode till my horse died by the way. The rest of the journey I made on foot; but wait till this time to-morrow, and thou shalt know that I have spoken truly."

"Wait till to-morrow!" repeated Herod. "To-morrow has its tasks as well as to-day. Come hither and speak with Alexandra."

They conferred closely for many minutes, and then the man was taken into the house and his wants cared for; but there was activity and bustle in the palace; and the gates were close shut, nor was any one allowed to go forth except a few, especially sent by Herod, nor any to come in but men with horses and some who brought chariots loaded with provisions or with arms. The Parthians watched these things, and said among themselves,

"Herod prepares against a siege. What shall we do? Shall we raise the city against him, and encompass him in the palace, and take him?"

Some said that Herod was a man of great prudence and great courage, and that it would be dangerous to assail him in a house that was a fortress; and some said that he was too cunning ever to suffer himself to fall into their hands unawares; and some, that it would be better to set strong guards all round the palace, and force him to surrender by hunger, for that, all Syria being in the hands of the Parthians, and the Romans in a distracted state, no help could come to him till the palace had fallen. But their council lasted long without a decision, and night fell before they had resolved what to do.

In the middle of the night, the great court of the palace was filled with people, and with horses, and with wagons.

There were men in armor, veteran soldiers, who had served in many a war, and there were horsemen lightly armed, mercenaries from different lands, but brave men and faithful, and there were drivers for the chariots and the wagons, and a mixed multitude, some with arms, and some without. In darkness and in silence came forth from the palace into the court a long train of women and children, Cypros, the mother of Herod, and Alexandra, Mariamne's mother, and Mariamne herself, with many others of high and low degree. Some carried infants in their arms; some led their children by the hand. All were pale and trembling; and the only sounds that were heard were those of the moving feet and of weeping. Many of the women and the children were placed in the wagons, and the rest, who were young and bold, were mounted upon horses; and then the voice of Herod was heard, asking, "Have the soldiers from the gates and the walls drawn down and lined the way from the palace, as they were ordered?"

"It is done, oh Herod," answered his chief officer; "and the city is all quiet in sleep."

"Then we will depart," answered Herod.

But the officer said, in a low voice,

"Thou hast not brought out the treasures. Thou wilt not leave them for the Parthians?"

"Fear not," answered the tetrarch. "My treasures were all safe in Idumæa seven days ago; and so are the treasures of all the princes who go with me, for I foresaw what would come, and provided against the evil day. There is no man who goes with me who will not receive a hundred drachms of silver, as soon as we pass the frontiers of Judæa. Herod leaves not his treasures to the chances of war. Now mount, and let us forward. Weep not, Alexandra, weep not, my mother, for sorrow will but weaken you for flight; and in swift flight is our only safety. Be of good heart, and go forward speedily with those who are given you to protect you, while I and my soldiers follow close behind and stop the enemy if he pursues you."

In darkness and silence the palace gates were opened, and the sad procession moved out, taking its way toward the prison gate of the city. Naught was to be seen but the tall houses and blue twinkling sky above, and a long line of armed men on either side. The gates were open; and when the wagons and light horsemen had passed, the soldiers who lined the streets fell into their order and followed; and then came Herod

and his armed men, leaving the palace deserted. The feet of the horses made no noise on the dusty road ; the clang of the armor seemed to rouse no one in the city ; and onward they went, down the side of the high hill, passing between the tomb of Isaiah and the king's garden into the Valley of Jehoshaphat. They passed over the Brook Kedron, approaching the Mount of Olives, and then turned away toward Idumæa, urging their flight as fast as their numbers would permit.

For two hours all was still. There was no sound of pursuit, no appearance of their flight having been discovered ; and when they had gone about eight miles, the day began to dawn just as they reached the rocky country between Rama and Bethphage. It was then that a cry came from the rear, "The enemy are in pursuit," and Herod gave eager orders to hurry on the wagons, which were winding slowly on through a narrow stony pass. The first wagon was that which contained Cypros, the widow of Antipater, with some of her grandchildren, and several Jewish women. The driver smote the horses, and, starting on, they dragged the wagon over a block of stone, breaking it by the shock, and casting it over on its side. There rose up a loud scream ; and Herod, when he looked to the south, saw his mother cast headlong on the ground, and the broken wagon blocking up the way. When he looked to the west, he saw the troops of Antigonus crowning the hill, and the Parthian horsemen pouring down into the valley.

For once Herod gave himself up to despair. There seemed no way of escape ; and drawing his sword, he would have slain himself on the spot, but a number of hands seized his arm, and the voice of one of his friends exclaimed,

"What wouldst thou do ? Is it the act of a brave man to seek refuge in death, and leave those who are dear to him in calamity ? Stay with us, Herod, and lead us boldly to repel the enemy."

The blood mounted into Herod's cheek ; and, with a look of shame, he arrayed his men as best he might, raised his mother from the ground, and placed her in another car ; ordered the broken wagon to be removed, and the flight of the women and the helpless to be continued, while he turned to encounter the Parthians and their allies. He met them in full career, and drove them back with a terrible slaughter, for he and his fought for life and all that was dear to them ; and when he returned victorious, he found the wagons and the light troops already through the pass.

But his dangers were not over. The Parthians hovered round, the Jews followed close behind, every hour had its skirmish, every mile was marked by bloodshed. The cities and the villages, divided into the same factions which had afflicted Jerusalem, rose in arms as he passed, and some came to give him aid, while others went to swell the ranks of his enemies. But still in every fight Herod was victor. At length, rallying in large numbers, the Jews attacked him between the mountains and the river, and forced him to a general battle; but he had now with him nine thousand men, and, though they had many more, he defeated them utterly, and forced them to fly in confusion.

This was their last great effort before he reached the frontier of Idumæa, where he was met at Thressa by his brother Joseph, with a small body of horse. The strong-hold of Massada, Joseph told him, was prepared to receive him and his troops, amply provided both with food and water, to withstand a long siege, if the garrison were not too large, and the place itself was impregnable to any thing but famine.

Herod mused; but his resolution was soon taken. Eight hundred of his most faithful veterans he chose for the guard of Massada; and there he placed the women and the children, together with every sort of stores and treasures. The rest of the troops, except a small band which he kept with himself, he dispersed through Idumæa, paying each man liberally for his good services, and supplying him with means to live in comfort till he called him again to his standard.

Then bidding farewell to his family, Herod, so lately the leader of mighty hosts, with a train reduced to a few servants and soldiers, hurried away toward Petra to beg assistance of the Arab king, on whom he himself and his family had bestowed innumerable benefits, and to whose hands he had intrusted no inconsiderable portion of his treasures.

Herod's first object was to redeem his brother Phasaelus from the hands of the Parthians, for as yet he knew not of his death; but his hopes of assistance from Arabia were soon blighted. When yet at some distance from Petra, he was met by messengers from the king, commanding him to advance no further, and alleging that the Parthians had enjoined him to give no shelter or assistance to Herod. But the fugitive well knew that it was fear lest he should demand his own, rather than apprehension of the Parthians, that made the Arab king forbid his approach, and the chief men of the Arabs dread his presence. With a bitter and indignant heart he turned

away from the perfidious land, and took the road to Pelusium to seek aid of Antony. But Antony was no longer in Egypt.

CHAPTER IV.

HEROD THE GREAT.

THE Parthian invasion of Syria had roused Marcus Antonius from the lethargy into which the charms of Cleopatra had thrown him, and he was preparing to expel the barbarians from one of the fairest portions of his allotted empire, when news from Italy changed the destination of his armament.

Long before Julius Cæsar took possession of the dictatorial power, the very foundations of society had been shaken in the Roman republic. Violence, wrong, lust, rapine, peculation, and corruption pervaded the city and the field; and on the swords of the soldiery Julius was raised to authority, which could only be retained by himself or his successors by conciliating the affections, by yielding to the impulses, and giving way to the passions of the troops.

After the death of the dictator, and the unsuccessful struggle of Brutus and Cassius to restore a republic which was rotten at the heart and in all the members, three men of different characters and different powers parted the Roman empire among them. The struggle of the one, though neither the weakest man nor the worst soldier of the three, Æmilius Lepidus, was to retain as much as his two comrades would allow. The desire of the second was to enjoy that which he had obtained. The object of the third, Cæsar Octavius, was to wrest from his fellows the whole power, and to obtain complete possession of the Roman empire. Cautious but determined, active though considerate, not cruel, but utterly remorseless, he had learned from Antony, in their first struggles for power, the only sure method of obtaining it; and no sooner was his great colleague lapped in the luxuries of Egypt than he commenced a systematic course of tampering with the legions, and showed his determination to found a new empire upon the love of the soldiery. But Antony was much loved in Italy. His military successes were not forgotten;

his careless profusion was admired ; and his friends in Italy, while they sent him intelligence of the proceedings of the young but crafty Octavius, spread among the troops an assurance that Antony possessed both the means and the will of rewarding them even more largely than Cæsar.

No sooner did Antony hear that Fulvia his wife, and Lucius his brother, had fled to Præneste, and that Perugia had been taken and burned by Cæsar, than all thought of the Parthian war was abandoned for the time, and his efforts were directed toward Italy. With two hundred ships and a large army, he set sail from the shores of Egypt, visited Athens, and shortly after appeared before the port of Brundisium, on the coast of Apulia. The town shut its gates against him, and the siege was commenced. Cæsar marched to the relief of the town, and a conflict between the two armies was imminent. The soldiers of Cæsar's army, however, had not forgotten their love for Antony, and the politic youth found it necessary to negotiate. Pollio Mæcenas and Nerva brought about a reconciliation ; and Antony remained in Italy to marry the gentle Octavia, Cæsar's sister.

Such was the state of the Roman empire when Herod arrived at Rhinocolura, and took up his abode for the night with his followers in the great temple there, in order to give time for a number of his attendants whom he had left behind to join him. When they arrived, they brought him the sad intelligence of his brother's death ; and Herod, who, whatever might be his faults, was full of strong affections, wept bitterly for Phasaëlus. From Rhinocolura to Pelusium, from Pelusium to Alexandria, though not without difficulties, he pursued his way in safety. At Alexandria Cleopatra strove to detain him, and offered him the command of her troops ; but Herod had greater objects in view, and sailed away in search of Antony. Driven by a storm to Rhodes, he there met with friends and assistants, and, embarking in a larger ship, set sail for Brundisium.

Before he reached that port, peace had been agreed upon between Antony and Cæsar, and the former had gone on to Rome. Thither Herod followed him, and was received with all the kindness he expected. He laid before the triumvir his hapless fate ; he told him how his brother had been betrayed and died, how he himself had been forced to fly from Jerusalem, and how the Parthians had made Hyrcanus captive ; he told him that Antigonus had made a treaty with the enemies of Rome, had by their means obtained possession of Jeru-

saalem, and made himself King of Judæa, and that to obtain their assistance he had promised them a thousand talents and five hundred Jewish women chosen from the best families of the nation. He informed him, also, that all his nearest and his dearest kindred were shut up in the fortress of Massadon, in hourly danger from the enemy; and he besought him to give him speedy comfort in his distress.

Antony was much moved with the tale, remembering Herod's services and attachment; nor was Cæsar less willing to show himself his friend, for he, as well as Antony, could not but look upon Antigonus as a declared enemy of the Romans. But short consultations were needed, for these two men had the whole power of the state in their hands.

Herod, if restored to power, or invested with greater authority than before, was likely, from his great abilities and unconquerable courage, to be of vast service to the Romans in the Parthian war, to carry on which Ventidius had been already sent to Syria; and the Senate having been convoked, Herod was introduced, and two orators enlarged upon the benefits which he had conferred upon Rome, represented Antigonus as an open enemy of the empire, and lauded the courage and the prudence of the tetrarch. The merits of his father, Antipater, were not forgotten; and Antony gave point to the insinuations of the orator by declaring that Herod should be made the King of Judæa. Cæsar took the same view; the Senate unanimously assented; and the decree was registered in the Capitol.* Great honors were shown to Herod; when the Senate rose, he issued forth between Antony and Cæsar, and the same night he was feasted royally by Antony.

So rapidly were all these transactions conducted, that he is said to have been only seven days in Italy. This statement may possibly be correct; but if so, the fact is a marvel, for the journey from Brundisium to Rome is long, and the transactions which he had to negotiate were important. Howbeit, Herod set out on his return to Judæa as soon as possible, accompanied by several officers deputed by Mark Antony to establish him in the kingdom which the Romans had assigned to him. Among the rest was the well-known and infamous Delius, who was charged to give the new king every kind of

* Josephus contradicts himself in this place, saying that Herod gave Antony money to make him king, and, not many lines further on, asserting that he did not come with the hope or intention of obtaining the kingdom for himself, but for the brother of his espoused wife, Mariamne.

support, and to enjoin upon the Roman commanders in Syria the duty of aiding him in arms, should it be necessary.

Herod landed at Ptolemais; but the intelligence he there received might have daunted any man less bold. Massada was besieged by the troops of Antigonus and his Parthian allies. Ventidius, after having marched into Judæa, had retraced his steps, on receiving bribes from Antigonus, and had left Silo with a small body of troops behind him, rather for the purpose of extracting further gifts from Antigonus than to maintain the Roman power in the country. Silo, it was said, had already been largely bribed, and was covertly in league with Antigonus, so that a hostile army, two faithless allies, and a distracted population were before him.

Nevertheless, Herod boldly set up his standard at Ptolemais; and round the little force he had brought from Rome he soon gathered together an army of mercenaries and volunteers, sufficient to enable him to commence the war. The Galileans flocked to him in immense numbers, remembering the happiness they had enjoyed under his sway; and Delius, by his exhortations, contrived to bring over both Ventidius and Silo, nominally, if not heartily, to the party of Herod, who soon took the field at the head of an imposing force. A number of Roman legionaries strengthened his host; and, marching by the sea-side, he approached Jerusalem.

Joppa was the only town which seems to have offered resistance; and, notwithstanding the straits to which Massada was reduced, Herod prudently resolved to leave no strong place behind him in the hands of an enemy. Joppa was accordingly besieged and taken, and Herod then advanced by rapid marches toward the Holy City. Silo then, who was at the time either in Jerusalem or its neighborhood, retreated to effect his junction with Herod, according to the orders he had received; but the Jews of the party of Antigonus followed him in great numbers, harassed his rear, and most probably would have destroyed his army, had not Herod, by a rapid movement in advance, come to the assistance of the Romans, and delivered Silo in his difficult and dangerous retreat.

The united forces then advanced to Massada, bringing succor to the garrison, which was by this time well-nigh exhausted. For many months the place had been strictly blockaded; and although provisions were still plenty, water had at one time entirely failed, from the excessive drought of the summer. Every thing around was dried up, and even Joseph, Herod's younger brother, who had been left in charge of the

fortress, meditated flying from it with a choice troop of warriors, and leaving the rest of the garrison, and the unhappy women within, to their fate. Rain, however, fell at length: the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, swelled till it canopied the whole sky, and the plentiful torrent descended, filling the cisterns of the fortress. Not long after, Herod appeared before Massada, and the siege was raised.

Vengeance and dominion seemed now before him, and he turned his arms against Jerusalem, with Silo in his company; but the perfidious Roman had received the money of Antigonus, and the siege was abandoned, from a pretended want of provisions. Still Herod was not inactive. Jericho was taken; Joseph was sent into Idumæa to protect that country against Antigonus; and Herod himself, proceeding through Samaria, entered Galilee, to recover the towns which had been taken by the enemy.

In the whole of that district anarchy had now reached its height. Not only was the country divided between two factions, but enormous bands of robbers overran the land, plundering all parties alike. Their principal resort was in the rocky ground in the neighborhood of Arbela, hard by the River Kison. In the neighboring mountains are deep valleys surrounded almost entirely by precipices, apparently inaccessible. The gigantic walls of these valleys are pierced with numerous deep caves, only to be reached from below by narrow paths, over rocks which might scare the mountain goat, and surmounted by perpendicular or beetling cliffs some hundreds of feet in height. These caves had been for many years the resort of the tribes of robbers I have mentioned, perhaps I might say for many centuries, for it is not improbable that this spur of Antilibanus is the position noted for strength in the Old Testament, under the name of the hills of the robbers.

By this time, in the anarchy and confusion which reigned in the country, the banditti had increased so greatly, and had organized themselves so completely, that they ventured to meet the army of Herod in its march against them, and defeated one division near the village of Arbela before he himself appeared on the field. His arrival, however, turned the tide of battle. The robbers were totally routed, and fled, the greater part taking their way along the Valley of Jezreel, toward the Jordan, while the rest took refuge in their caves. Herod pursued the first division as far as the banks of the river, and then received the submission of all Galilee, pro-

viding for the accommodation of the Roman troops under Silo, whom the treacherous Antigonus, after having bribed to inactivity, tried to starve out of Judæa by cutting off all supplies of provisions. To Herod, whom he had betrayed and frustrated, Silo, now came as a suppliant; and Herod, with royal bounty, amply provided him with all he required, and gave him quarters in the town of Alexandrium, in Samaria, which he caused to be rebuilt under his brother, Pheroras.

The war against the Parthians, in Syria, was still proceeding under Ventidius, who required aid to conclude the struggle with Pacorus; and Herod, trusting to his own courage and forces, sent away Silo to the Roman general early in the spring, while he himself went away to expel the bands of robbers who had found refuge in the caves. The position which they occupied presented what might have seemed insuperable difficulties to any commander of less energy and resource than Herod. To attack them from below was impossible, for one man could have defended the approach against thousands; but Herod contrived a means of assailing them from above.

Before he had recourse, however, to the dangerous and terrible means he employed, he descended into the valley himself, and caused a pardon to be proclaimed, by a herald, to all who would submit. Many took advantage of the offer; but there were many, also, among these fierce and savage men, who, trusting to the strength of their rocky fortress, set the king's whole force at defiance. In order to reach them, Herod caused engines to be raised at the top of the precipices above, and large chests or stages for fighting to be constructed, and let down to the mouths of the caves by iron chains. These chests or stages were filled with armed men, furnished with darts and fire to cast into the caverns, and long iron hooks to pull out the robbers from their dens, and cast them down the rocks.

A terrible slaughter took place as the soldiers were moved from cave to cave; and a number of the robbers, terrified at this new mode of warfare, came out and claimed the pardon that was offered. One old man, however, resisted to the last. In his cave he had a wife and seven children; and Herod, who was watching the operations from below, and perceived the anxiety of the youths and their mother to come forth and submit, touched with pity, stretched forth his hands to the old robber, and besought him to yield, offering him every assurance of safety. But the stern old man continued in the cave's

mouth; and one by one, as each child came forth from the narrow aperture, he slew him with his own hand, railing at Herod, and reproaching him with his Idumæan birth. At length he slew his wife also, and, casting the dead bodies down the precipice, took the same fatal plunge himself, and was dashed to pieces.

An act of friendship and gratitude soon after called Herod to a distant part of Syria. It would be tedious to trace even briefly the career of Antony, which ended in the loss of fame, fortune, and life. Suffice it, he had now passed over into Asia, and had been for some time waging war against the Parthians, who had committed aggressions upon Armenia. But little success had attended his efforts; and Antony loudly called for the presence of his allies, although we find that he was supported by an army of at least a hundred thousand men. Nevertheless, Ventidius, after the defeat and death of Pacorus, detached two legions and a body of horse to the assistance of Herod, under a leader named Macherus, who seemed well inclined to play the part of Silo. Herod, however, resolved not to fail in his duty toward Antony; and, leaving Macherus and his own brother Joseph in command of a large Roman and Jewish force, in order to keep Antigonius in check, he hurried to the north of Syria with all the troops which could be spared from Palestine.

Antony was at this time besieging the small town of Samosata, situated on a bend of the Euphrates, not far from the foot of Mount Taurus, and between Mount Amanus and the river. It had hitherto frustrated all his efforts; and some large bodies of auxiliaries, which had been collected at Antioch, were deterred from joining him by the presence of large bodies of Medes and Parthians, who occupied the narrow gorges of the mountains, and slew all who attempted to pass.

To Antioch Herod hurried in the first instance; and the presence of one who had already gained so much renown inspired the auxiliaries with fresh courage. Herod at once undertook to conduct and defend them on the way. The army proceeded in two divisions, Herod remaining with the last, to defend the rear in case of attack. All passed quietly, however, till the troops were descending from the mountains into the plain of the Euphrates, but there, amid the woods which covered the lower slopes of the hills, a body of Parthians had been placed in ambush, who fell upon the first division of the auxiliaries, routed them completely, and obtained possession of all their baggage. Herod, however, was near at hand, and

his arrival at once turned the fortunes of the day. Attacking the enemy furiously while they were engaged in plundering, he gave them a total defeat, slew immense numbers, recovered the baggage and the slaves, and rallying the fugitives of his first division, pursued, with energy and success, the scattered Parthians, so as to leave the country between Antioch and Samosata completely clear of the enemy.

The news of his victory reached the camp of Antony before his arrival, and he was received by the triumvir with the greatest distinction and every mark of friendship. Herod aided greatly, we are assured, in the reduction of Samosata, and the termination of the war. As soon as the city had fallen, Antony, still under the influence of Cleopatra, retired to Egypt, while Sosius was left to restore order in Syria; and Herod marched back, with his own forces and two Roman legions, toward Judæa, where a great misfortune had befallen him during his absence.

In leaving his brother Joseph with Macherus in Judæa, Herod had warned him not to engage in any great enterprise, as no reliance was to be placed upon his ally. Joseph, however, neglecting his brother's advice, marched against Jericho, with the aid of some Roman troops. Getting entangled in the mountains, he was attacked by the forces of Antigonus, under the command of one Pappus, defeated, and slain, with the greater part of his troops. His young brother Pheroras, who was in Samaria at the time, offered to ransom the dead body of his brother from Antigonus; but that brutal prince refused to part with it, and ordered the head to be struck off. Encouraged by this defeat, the greater part of Galilee rose against Herod's officers, seized his partisans wherever they could find them, and drowned them in the Lake of Tiberias.

Such was the state of affairs in his kingdom when Herod marched back from Samosata. Innumerable perils befell him on the way; but fortune did not desert him. He was every where successful; and his escape from imminent danger was attended, on more than one occasion, by circumstances so remarkable, that the imagination of an excitable people saw in his preservation the special protection of God.

In one instance, a house, where he had been sumptuously entertaining the commanders of his forces, fell down the moment after he had left it; and in a battle which immediately followed he was struck on the side by a dart, which, however, did him no injury. He defeated an army of Antigonus in the neighborhood of Jericho; then turned rapidly upon Pappus,

who was encamped at Isanas. The army of the latter, it would appear, was much superior in numbers to that of Herod; but the king attacked him without delay, defeated him in battle, and drove his soldiers into the houses of the small town. Thither he pursued them; and, finding them crowded into the lower rooms, he caused his soldiery to scale the walls, and cast down the roofs upon those below. Multitudes were seen lying in heaps, thus crushed and mangled, and terror and confusion spread through the party of Antigonus. Pappus was found dead upon the field, and Herod caused his head to be struck off, and sent it to his brother Pheroras; but on the very night of his victory he had once more a marvelous escape.

Weary and heated with his exertions, Herod, while his troops refreshed themselves, sought the public bath, followed by one servant only. Hardly was he in the water, and totally without arms, when, from some place of concealment in the baths, out rushed an armed soldier of Antigonus; a second and a third followed, with their naked swords in their hands, and Herod's life was completely in their power. But such was their consternation at the defeat they had received, and the destruction of their companions, that their only effort was to escape; and reaching the door of the baths, they ran away without doing any injury to their great enemy.

CHAPTER V.

HEROD THE GREAT.

THERE is an army camping under the walls of Jerusalem, and Herod's men are many; but the city boldly resists, and Antigonus shows no sign of fear. On the same spot, over against the Temple, where, seven-and-twenty years before, Pompey raised his standard, is now the standard of Herod, and Roman legions are with his host; but where is Herod himself?

There are great rejoicings in Samaria, and the town is filled with the songs of musicians, and with the merriment of the revelers; and Herod stands in his royal robes, and Mariamne in her bridal garments—he in the pride and strength

of his maturity, and high renown and glorious deeds, and she in the brightness of her young beauty and her royal race.

Years have passed since their espousals, and now she is given to him indeed ; and all rejoice, Alexandra her mother, and Joseph, Herod's uncle, and Aristobulus, her young brother, and Salome and Pheroras. Oh, fatal marriage ! Oh, sad rejoicing ! How many, there laughing, shall soon weep ! How many, looking forward to joy and dominion, shall be cast abject to the ground ! How many, full of life and energy, shall, when a few short years have passed, lie mouldering in a bloody grave ! The beautiful and the bright, and the strong and the bold, the wise and the virtuous, the finger of Fate is upon them all, marking them out for early destruction.

Who that gazes upon the broad brow of Herod, lighted up with love and satisfaction, can see there the frown of the stern, remorseless tyrant, which is coming fast ? Hitherto, although streams of blood may have flowed along his path, it was blood shed in open and honorable warfare ; hitherto he has seemed, in the eyes of all men, a man of strong affections and much pity, often forgiving, often moved to tenderness, loving with the whole strength of a strong spirit, fond of battle and of war, but abhorring all needless cruelty. The time is coming, however, when all this will be changed under the influence of ambition and success.

The rejoicings are over ; Mariamne is his own ; the Roman troops are sweeping by on their long march from Samosata, to aid him in recovering Jerusalem. His forces under the walls are nearly trebled by the arrival of Sosius ; and, abandoning his pleasures, Herod carries on the siege vigorously. The engines are raised ; the battering-rams ply the fortifications ; the blocks of stone are hurled ; mines are dug beneath the walls ; eleven Roman legions, a large army of Jews and Syrians, and many thousand horse, sweep round the city, and cut off its supplies, while they themselves, by Herod's care and diligence, revel in abundance of every thing.

Forty days have passed in incessant attacks ; and at length the outer wall is taken. Twenty chosen men mount first into the breach ; the centurions follow after ; and now Herod and the Romans attack the second wall. But fifteen days only are consumed ere that is won. The cloisters of the Temple are in flames ; the outer court is won ; the lower city is in the hands of Herod ; the followers of Antigonus take refuge in the upper city, and in the inner court of the Temple. Still Herod shows himself mild. He beseeches his enemies to abandon

a vain resistance ; he offers them mercy ; he even suffers them to bring in cattle for their sacrifices. But when he finds that they only use the permission in order to recruit their powers against him, the general assault is ordered, and the besieging army pours in over every obstacle. Then came a terrible slaughter that no voice could stop. Caught in the narrow streets, crowded in the houses and the Temple, the Jews fell in thousands. Massacre and plunder reigned through the whole city. Neither age, nor sex, nor station was spared by the Roman soldiery ; and Herod in vain attempts to bridle their fury, till at length, turning to Sosius, he exclaims,

“ Wilt thou leave me king of a desert ? I tell thee, to be monarch of the whole habitable earth would be no compensation for the murder of so many innocent citizens.”

Sosius answered, coldly, that the city was taken by assault, and that the plunder was but a fit reward for his soldiers.

“ Well, then, let me redeem the city,” exclaimed Herod. “ Call back your troops, let them cease the destruction, and from my own treasures, which are ample, I will give each man his reward.”

But who is this clad in royal robes, but with dust upon his head, who comes and falls at Sosius's feet, petitioning for life with tears ? It is Antigonus ; but the proud Roman beholds him with a look of scorn, and calls him by a woman's name, Antigone. He hands him over to the soldiery to be bound, and carried as a captive to adorn a triumph.

The Roman troops are at length recalled. Herod has purchased forbearance ; and he is left undisputed master of the city.

But now the tiger seized upon him. A remorseless spirit never departed from him, casting its black shadow over all the future acts of life, the bright as well as the dark, till his name stands as a curse upon the page of history.

Antigonus was carried to Antony, the last king of the Asamonean family, but Herod remembered that he might yet live to shake his throne ; and he purchased his death at the hands of the triumvir. He was beheaded as a public criminal in Antioch ; but this was not sufficient. The party of Antigonus, too, was to be destroyed. Forty-five of the principal men of Jerusalem were put to death, and many others at different times shared their fate.

The Romans were greedy of gold. Antony required continual supplies ; and the immense wealth accumulated in Jerusalem was seized upon by Herod, to keep himself well

with the Romans. Still he found not peace or security, for Cleopatra governed Antony, and she desired the kingdom of Judæa for herself. Her daily encroachments were a source of anger and alarm to Herod; but others rose up in his own household which shook his mighty and vehement spirit still more.

Great was the beauty of Mariamne, and great was the beauty of Aristobulus her brother; and Herod loved them both right well. But Aristobulus was of the blood royal of Judæa, the grandson of Hyrcanus, the son of Alexander, the nephew of Antigonus; and Alexandra, his mother, was an ambitious and an artful woman. Much had she befriended Herod; and much had Herod done for her. He had listened to her counsels too; and now his devoted passion for Mariamne seemed to promise her all the power that she could desire; but a cause of dissension soon arose.

Hyrcanus was persuaded to come back from among the Parthians, and was treated with reverence and tenderness by Herod; but the king could not restore to him the high-priesthood, for the mutilation he had suffered rendered him incapable of holding the office. Aristobulus was very young, but sixteen years of age, and therefore ill-fitted for so great a charge; but there was a priest among the trans-Euphratian Jews, of the high-priestly family, named Ananelus, for whom Herod had had a friendship in days of old. To him the king now sent, and, on his arrival in Jerusalem, raised him to the high-priesthood. Alexandra was troubled at this. She coveted the high-priesthood for her son; perhaps she looked upon the altar as but a step to the throne. Mariamne's power over Herod was immense, and Alexandra's power over her daughter unbounded; but Alexandra was an intriguing and crooked-spirited woman, and she sought not the open course of remonstrance and entreaty. She dealt secretly with Cleopatra, and through her with Antony. She even risked the degradation and profanation of her own children. She sent their portraits to the lawless and luxurious triumvir; but Herod frustrated her schemes, and for the time overlooked her crime. At last Mariamne's influence was used to elevate her brother, and Herod, partly in compliance with her entreaties, partly with the political view of binding Aristobulus forever to Judæa, deposed Ananelus and raised Aristobulus to the high-priesthood.

At all points of history we are met by dark and unfathomable chasms; for who can look into the minds of men, discover

the secret motives of their actions, or trace in the hidden chambers of the heart the first germs of those designs which bear fruit long after? Aristobulus was high-priest, although, by the custom of the Jews, no one was elevated to that station till he had reached twenty years of age. Nevertheless, he officiated in the robes and ornaments of his station; and the movable people shouted their admiration of his grace and dignity. Still Herod, perhaps, might have spared him; and no one can truly say that he yet thought of putting the youth to death; but he had marked and knew all the proceedings of Alexandra; he saw her ambitious spirit; he was learned in her intricate intrigues. He had publicly reproached her with her dealings with Antony. She had humbled herself before him, and he had received her into apparent favor; but she was surrounded in the palace by guards and attendants of his choosing, and all her acts were strictly watched.

The restraint was troublesome to her; again she dealt with Cleopatra, and, by the advice of the cruel Egyptian harlot, she laid a cunning scheme for escaping with her son to Mark Antony. Two coffins were prepared and brought into the palace, as if to carry out the dead bodies of some inferior persons. A ship was ready on the sea-coast, and, placing herself in the one sarcophagus and her son in the other, she ordered those in whom she had confidence to convey them out of Jerusalem in the night.

The scheme, however, reached Herod's ears by accident; he suffered it to proceed to execution, then stopped the coffins; and Alexandra was exposed in the act. He seemed to forgive the offense; but it is probable that the attempt sealed the fate of Aristobulus; for Herod knew right well that his escape to Egypt would have been the signal of his own downfall.

Months passed; and Herod, Alexandra, and Aristobulus were friends. The Feast of the Tabernacle was over, and Alexandra and her son entertained the king and his court at Jericho. High was the feasting and revelry, and gay were the sports and pastimes; and in merry mood, as it seemed, Herod and his servants went out into the gardens of the house to amuse themselves as the day declined. Beautiful were the gardens of Jericho, with their balm-bearing palm-trees; beautiful the clear pools, filled with silvery fish. Intensely hot, however, was the weather; and as they gave themselves up to wild and childlike games, the ambitious youth, the great warrior, and the slaves and servants of the king, some one

proposed to bathe in the tanks just when the sun went down.

The attendants obtained permission, stripped and plunged in, while Herod and Aristobulus lay upon the bank and saw their sports in the clear water. At length Aristobulus was seized with the spirit likewise, and he also plunged into the pool. Twilight was coming on; the sport ran high; one of Herod's servants playfully seized the prince as he swam and dipped him beneath the waters; another came, and another. They dipped him down, they held him down; sometimes he struggled free, but was soon caught again. It seemed all in sport; but before the darkness was complete the beautiful Aristobulus was drawn out with affected care and laid a corpse upon the bank. Herod stood and gazed upon the face of the dead; and as he looked upon that fair countenance with the eyes forever closed in death, his heart smote him and he wept bitterly.

A costly funeral, a magnificent sepulcher, spices and ornaments were lavished on the corpse; but the people of Judæa remained convinced that the death of Aristobulus was the work of Herod; and those who judged most favorably said it was a hard necessity.

CHAPTER VI.

HEROD THE GREAT.

ANTONY the triumvir sat in Laodicea by the side of Cleopatra, and the tongue of the siren was busy against Herod.

"He will not come," she said; "he has slain the princely boy Aristobulus, and he dare not present himself before Antony."

Antony smiled upon her, but he believed her not, and still answered that Herod would come. And Herod did come; not only bringing with him his own eloquence for his defense, but a large sum of money as a gift far more eloquent than the tongue of any orator. His audience was most favorable. No one could prove that he had taken part in the murder, no one could prove that there had been any murder at all. The voice of Cleopatra herself was of no effect against him,

and Antony reveled with him at the banquet and placed him on the same tribunal with himself.

The letters of Herod were full of joy and satisfaction, and with a cheerful countenance he set out again for Jerusalem, thinking of love, and rule, and success. But the drop of poison had been prepared for the cup of his peace during his absence, and it was the hand of his own sister that was to administer it.

The news spread through the palace that Herod was within a day's journey; but his household was all in confusion. Mariamne smiled gladly; but there was bitterness in her smile, for she said, "Now I shall be no longer under subjection to my husband's sister and his mother." Bitter words passed between her and Salome, and Mariamne held her head proudly, and taunted Herod's sister with her Idumæan birth. Salome pondered her purposes in her own heart, and was silent.

Herod returned, and he soon found that there had been dissension among the women. His mother, Cypros, was grave and silent, and when they were alone she told him that false intelligence had come during his absence of Antony having put him to the torture and doomed him to death. Therefore, she said, Alexandra and Mariamne had proposed to his uncle Joseph, whom he had left procurator in Judæa, to fly to Julius, the commander of the Roman legion which lay about Jerusalem.

Here her tale ended, and it was true. Salome gave him the same history, but she added to it. She told him that the widow of Alexander and the queen had calculated that if Marcus Antonius had once set eyes on the beauty of Mariamne, he would become her slave, as he had become the slave of Cleopatra; and she ended with a sigh, and the words, "Alas, my brother!"

Her eyes were cast down as she spoke, and she fell into thought.

"What more?" demanded Herod, sternly.

"Nay, why should I take away thy peace?" said Salome.

"Speak!" cried Herod; "thou hast more to tell."

"Art thou not too confident of Joseph?" asked his sister; "he was often with thy Mariamne—nay, too often. He was with her day by day in the inner chamber; and none had admission in those secret hours. She is wonderfully beautiful, and Joseph is not hard-hearted to fair women."

Oh how Herod writhed under the torture of his heart; but he turned away without a word, and sought the chamber

of his wife ; and there he stood and gazed on her with eyes full of love and jealousy. He would fain have killed her ; but love was too strong for rage, and she looked calm and beautiful.

“ What ails my husband ? ” asked Mariamne ; “ he seems greatly moved.”

“ Art thou false to me, Mariamne ? ” asked Herod, with a frown ; and she started on her feet with a look of terror and surprise.

“ False to thee ! ” she exclaimed, with the blood burning in her cheek. “ No, so help me the God of my fathers. Who has poisoned thine ear against me, and done this great wickedness to take away thy favor from me by a lie ? ”

“ Why, then, was Joseph with thee so often in the inner chamber ? ” asked Herod ; “ and why were all other people kept out, while he was admitted ? ”

“ Didst thou not leave him procurator in thy place ? ” asked Mariamne ; “ and was it not needful that he should speak with me when the people were turbulent, and false tidings came that thou wert dead ? Thrice, and thrice only, did he come to me ; first, to tell me thou hadst arrived at Laodicea ; next, to take counsel with me when men said that Antony had put thee to death ; and, lastly, to comfort me by showing that the news was false. Moreover, know, oh Herod, that when men said thou wert dead, there was great confusion of counsel in the place. Some advised one thing, and some another ; and some would have me fly to the Romans for aid against the mutinous people of the city. Nay, further still, I as a weak woman might have done as they would have had me, for I thought of saving my own life ; but I sent to Joseph to come to me ; and he showed me that to go to the Romans, who had put thee to death, would be to seek thine enemies ; and therefore I refrained. What has Mariamne done, that any thing should be concealed ? ”

The face of Herod brightened ; and he held out his arms to her, saying, “ Thou hast told me the truth, Mariamne, for this evil counsel I knew before ; yet had it been wise of thee to have had thy maidens with thee while taking counsel with Joseph.”

“ Then would they have told our words to every one,” replied Mariamne ; “ and in such matters, I have heard, secrecy is wise. Nevertheless, they were never altogether absent ; for, though he spoke with me in the inner chamber, yet still were they in the outer room ; nor was the curtain ever drawn

between them and me. But Herod loves not Mariamne if he believes so lightly the false tongue of a slanderer against her ;” and she wept.

But Herod took her in his arms, and weeping also, told her that he loved her but too well, and with many an oath and many a caress assured her of his affection. Embraces and kind words followed ; but yet Mariamne's eyes were tearful ; and at length she said, “ I believe thou lovest me, Herod. Yet was not that command thou gavest, that if any harm came to thee from Antony, I, who had been no occasion of it, should perish with thee, a sign of thy love for me.”

No sooner had she spoken than Herod cast her from his arms, and, starting up like a madman, tore his hair and beat his breast, exclaiming, “ It is too clear, it is too clear !” Twice he put his hand to his sword as if he would have slain her ; but then rushing out, he sought a private apartment of the palace, and casting himself down upon the bed, groaned heavily. Still, in his heart, he said to himself, “ He has told her the deepest secret that was between us. It must have been told in hours of passion, when the heart is unlocked by love.”

For hours all seemed darkness to him ; but then came a little ray of light, and rising, he pondered thoughtfully and more calmly. “ He may have told her,” he thought, “ in the pleadings of passion, to make her hate me and love him. He is criminal ; yet she may be blameless. He shall die ;” and calling an officer to him, he whispered a word in his ear.

The man departed, and ere the sun went down Joseph was no longer found upon the earth. Alexandra, whose intrigues had produced such evil fruit, was placed in strict confinement ; but love saved Mariamne for the time.

Suspicion, however, had fallen upon Herod's mind, withering his heart and his happiness, changing his nature, and rendering him, who was ever fierce and vehement, but generous, affectionate, and merciful, cruel, sanguinary, and relentless. The very strife between the bitter and worse parts of his character increased his impatience and irascibility ; and doubts, suspicions, and experience of the baseness of mankind, degraded the keenness of his intellect to cunning and artifice, though still from time to time a more generous spirit would break forth, and Herod would reappear for a moment in his native greatness.

CHAPTER VII.

HEROD THE GREAT.

WITH pomp and pageantry, and every luxurious appliance of the East, came the beautiful, the depraved, the sanguinary Cleopatra into Judæa on her way back to Egypt. Although she had deprived Herod of a great and important part of the land which had been bestowed upon him, and had obtained from Mark Antony the whole coast of Syria, from the mouth of the Eleutherus down to Rhinocolura, with the exception of the towns of Tyre and Sidon, Herod met her with honor and distinction on her onward journey from Damascus. Nor did she treat him with less marks of favor. It is said that she attempted to entangle him in the same chains as Antony. It is said that he consulted whether he should put her to death as the best service he could render to the triumvir; but it is certain he escaped her wiles and suffered her to proceed uninjured.

In the mean time she had raised up difficulties and dangers against him. Coveting both Judæa and Arabia, she sought cause of quarrel with the Arabian king, and induced Antony to charge Herod with the execution of her vengeance, for she calculated upon destroying the one king by the other, and gaining whichever was the victor. But the sun of Antony was now in the decline; and Cæsar Octavius was preparing diligently for the struggle which was to confer on him the dominion of the world. Herod saw the threatening storm, and, faithful to his friendship for Antony, made ready with energy and skill to aid a benefactor who was casting away, by his own vices, the imperial crown which fortune seemed to place within his grasp. Cleopatra dissolved an inestimable pearl in wine and drank it, and the rich jewel of imperial power was dissolved by Antony in the wine-cup of his pleasures.

Already the battle of Actium was imminent, and the successor of every brave man and skillful general seemed needful to Antony. Herod, moved by zeal, and fresh from some years of tranquillity, marched forward to the assistance of his friend with a large army; but the influence of Antony's evil spirit

prevailed ; and, by the advice of Cleopatra, messengers were sent to Herod, telling him that his aid was not wanted at Actium, and requiring him to lead his troops against the Arabians.

Though mortified, he obeyed, and, marching upon Diospolis,* defeated the enemy in a general battle ; but the Arab hordes soon renewed their forces and gathered together an immense multitude on Kanah or Kanatha, beyond Libanus, toward Sidon. Herod pursued them thither ; but finding his troops not sufficient to attack them in their position, he ordered his officers to form an intrenched camp while he proceeded to bring up re-enforcements to his army.

The Jews, however, elated with their late victory, and knowing that Athenion, one of Cleopatra's generals, was in Kanah with a considerable force, ready, as they believed, to give them support, attacked the Arabs vigorously, and at the first onset put them to flight.† The treacherous Athenion, however, whether by a preconcerted arrangement with the Arabs or from mere enmity to Herod is uncertain, fell upon the rear of the victorious Jews and threw them into confusion. The Arabs rallied, and a terrible slaughter of Herod's troops took place. The camp was taken, with all that it contained, and the hopes of the Jews were terribly depressed.

Further misfortunes happened, and, seeing no prospect of carrying on the war successfully against the enemy, Herod sent ambassadors to treat for peace ; but nearly at the same time the fatal defeat at Actium cast down the whole fabric of Antony's greatness ; and a terrible earthquake, such as had never been known before in Judæa, ruined the cities and devastated the land. Rumor magnified these disasters in conveying this intelligence to the Arabians. Herod's ambassadors were slain, and his enemies prepared to cross the Jordan and ravage the whole land of Palestine. But Herod now roused

* It is difficult to discover which of the many cities called by this name is meant by the historians. It is hardly possible to believe that the battle took place either at Diospolis in Bithynia, or in either of the two places of the same name in Egypt. A greater probability exists of its having been fought in Samaria ; but if that were the case, the Arabs must have themselves begun the war, and crossed an immense tract of country under the rule of Herod, of which we have no record.

† The account given by Josephus, in his History of the Wars, appears to be different from that given in his Antiquities, as far as I understand the text. In the one it would seem that Herod was not present at the battle, but came up afterward when all was lost. In the other it is specially stated that Herod was present, though not engaged till it was too late to render his officers any assistance.

the courage of the Jews again, recruited his army, and once more led them to battle.

After an animating speech to the assembled host, he marched at once into the enemy's country to attack them before they were fully prepared, forced them to an engagement on the outside of their camp, and defeated them with the slaughter of five thousand men. A large body fled for safety to their intrenched camp, in which they were besieged by Herod. All supplies were cut off; water was not to be had; and, after enduring the horrors of thirst for some time, the Arab commander sent an envoy to the king to make terms for their surrender. Herod sternly refused to grant any conditions to men who had slaughtered his ambassadors. Four thousand men surrendered at discretion. The rest issued forth, driven to seek death in the field by their intolerable thirst. Seven thousand were thus slain; and the rest of the people, yielding to Herod, proclaimed him their monarch and their leader.

Notwithstanding this success, great perils surrounded the Idumæan king. The fortunes of Antony were utterly lost; factions were rising up in Judæa; the enmity of Cæsar and the fall of Herod were foreseen both by his friends and his enemies; and Hyrcanus, at the instigation of Alexandra, was negotiating with the Arabians. Herod, however, had now learned not to spare: he convicted Hyrcanus of his negotiations with the enemy, and remorselessly ordered the man who had so frequently befriended him to be put to death. His fourscore years, his hoary hair, his royal blood, his mild, inactive nature, his many benefits, his ancient friendship, his near alliance, afforded no plea for mercy in the eyes of Herod; and he died under the orders of his grandchild's husband.

Herod still loved Mariamne; but Mariamne learned to hate Herod. He had slaughtered all her kindred but her mother; and she seemed to see that her own fate was impending, and to court rather than avoid it. Her contempt and abhorrence of the viper Salome was undisguised. Nor did she conceal her scorn and disgust for Cypros the Idumæan, widow of Antipater. Her proud and lofty spirit inflicted a thousand mortifications upon them; and often to her husband himself she suffered to appear feelings that it would have been wise to hide. But of a bold, frank, and fearless nature, she could not veil her thoughts, even at the fear of death.

The fall of Antony's fortunes, however, called Herod away from the scene of domestic discord; and, resolved to separate those whose dissensions had caused him so much pain, he sent

his mother and sister to Massada, placed Mariamne and Alexandra in the strong fortress of Alexandrium, under the charge of his friend Sohemus, left the government of the kingdom to his brother Pheroras, and set out to meet Cæsar and turn away his wrath. His fate was entirely in the hands of Octavius, for Antony's star was sunk never to rise again; and Cæsar was rarely moved by any consideration of pity. Herod's boldness, however, saved him; and this was one of those occasions on which the light once more broke out.

Proceeding with a large train to the north, he embarked for Rhodes, to which city Cæsar had now come; and laying aside his diadem, he presented himself before him whom we may now call the monarch of Rome. Although he had put off the emblems of royalty, yet his demeanor was most kingly. No hesitation, no confusion was in his manner or speech. He made no vain excuses; he sought by no falsehood or prevarication to avert the wrath of the victor; and his words, as they are set down for us, so I repeat them:

"As I was made king by Antony, O Cæsar," he said, "so have I used my royal authority in the best manner for his advantage. I did all that I could, that he might attain the supreme government; and although I was not in the army with him when he fought against thee, yet I most certainly should have been so, and his companion to the last, had not the Arabian war detained me. Nevertheless, I sent him money, corn, and as many auxiliaries as I could spare. Nor did I desert him after the reverse he met with at Actium, but gave him my best advice when I could no longer assist him in the war. I told him that there was but one way of recovering his fortunes, which was to kill Cleopatra; and I promised him, if she were dead, to furnish him with money, to receive him into my walled cities, and to support him with my forces and my hand in his war against thee. But his own rash passion for Cleopatra stopped his ears, and the will of God hath bestowed the government on thee. I acknowledge myself conquered together with him; and with the end of his fortunes I have laid aside my diadem, and have come hither to thee, trusting for my safety to thy virtue. I will not deny any thing that I have done for Antony; nor am I ashamed to own publicly that I had a true friendship for him. If, therefore, thou regardest my case in reference to thy wrath at Antony, and my zeal to serve him, I have no power to help myself; but if thou wilt not consider him, but only how I have acted toward my benefactor, thou mayest judge of what will

be my conduct toward thee. All I can desire is that thou wilt consider how faithful a friend, and not whose friend, I have been."

His words moved Cæsar greatly; and the memory of Herod's great actions, nay, even the firmness of his friendship for Antony, served him even more than his eloquence. With his own hands Augustus replaced the crown upon his head, saying, "Thou shalt not only be in safety, but also enjoy thy kingdom, and that more firmly than ever, for thou art worthy to reign over many subjects, on account of the steadfastness of thy friendship. Be thou equally constant toward me as thou hast been to Antony. I feel sure that thou wilt be so, from the generosity of thy nature; and Antony hath done well in preferring Cleopatra to thee, for thus have I gained thee by her madness. Moreover, I will confirm thy kingdom to thee by a decree, and even add to it hereafter, that thou mayest not suffer by the loss of Antony."

Honors and success thus attended the King of Judæa; but domestic peace was lost.

CHAPTER VIII.

HEROD THE GREAT.

IN pageantry, and pomp, and military display, and in the activity and excitement of more serious things, Herod might find some relief from oppressive thought. He hastened from Rhodes to Ptolemais, and there entertained Cæsar with royal hospitality. In one day he feasted an emperor and a whole Roman army; but he rendered services as well as honors to Cæsar. On the burning march to Pelusium, his armies wanted neither necessaries nor luxuries, by the care of Herod; and in the midst of the desert, water, the most precious of all things, was as plenty as on the banks of the Tiber. Nor were the expressions of Cæsar's gratitude confined to words. All that Cleopatra had taken from the kingdom of Judæa was restored; and hardly a year passed from that time forward without some large addition to the dominions of Herod, the friend of Rome. From Hermon to the sea, and Libanus to the desert, all was his; and a deputed power was bestowed

upon him throughout the Syrian province. But while he was arrayed in royal robes, misery was at his heart ; while he governed a great country, discord, and sorrow, and death were in his dwelling.

Let us return to Alexandrium. Mariamne and Alexandra were kept close within its walls. They were told that their own safety required it ; that during Herod's absence each day might bring forth events as perilous to themselves as to him. They would not believe it ; they felt themselves prisoners ; and the spirit of the Jewish princess revolted against the jealousy of her husband.

"He loves me not. He doubts me without cause," she said. "What have I done, to be so treated by this man?"

She resolved to use all a woman's arts upon Sohemus, to discover what were the injunctions which Herod had laid upon him ; and those arts were successful. Sohemus, after much resistance, told her all ; and again she found that if Herod were slain she was to be put to death. Oh, fatal curiosity ! It proved her destruction. "Barbarous, hateful, selfish man," she thought. "Am I ever to live in this state of peril from one who pretends to love me ! Better to die at once than thus to dwell with the sword ever hanging over my head. Oh, may Cæsar slay him, and end the life of one who has murdered all my race, and now seeks to destroy me also. Does he expect that I can do aught but hate him ? If he do, he shall be made to feel what his conduct of me has produced, and learn that love can only be retained by love and tenderness."

The news came that Herod was returning in greater power than ever ; but it brought no joy to Mariamne, for she hated him from the very depth of her heart. To her he flew, the moment of his arrival, with all the eagerness of love ; for, notwithstanding his deeds, and his doubts, and his jealousy, he loved her with all the intense vehemence of his nature. She received him with a cold and disappointed look. When he told her of his success and the honors he had received, she turned from him with a groan. She took no part in his joy ; she rejoiced not at his safety. She concealed none of her feelings ; she seemed resolved to provoke him to give her the deliverance of death. But she was so beautiful, and he loved her so devotedly, he could not destroy that fair temple of a proud, indignant spirit ; he could not bring upon himself the agony of her loss. He was troubled and uncertain, hesitating and fitful. Now he resolved to slay her ; now the thought filled him with horror.

But there were friends by his side who irritated the worse and crushed the better passion. Salome and Cypros hated Mariamne, and they filled the ear of Herod with tales against her. Nor was the indignity with which she treated them pleasing to the brother and the son. Still he could not take his resolution, and months passed on without aught being decided; but during a second visit to Cæsar, on his return from Egypt, the plot was laid which was successful. When he returned, Mariamne was more cold than ever. She rejected his caresses; she resolved to live separate from him; she told him that he had caused her kindred and her brother to be slain. The rage of Herod knew no bounds; and as soon as she had left him, his cup-bearer entered, and told him that Mariamne had given him presents to administer to Herod a love potion which she had compounded. What the effect might be he did not know, the cup-bearer said; and therefore he had resolved to reveal the matter to the king, lest harm should come of it.

The tale was a falsehood, suggested by Salome; but Herod, in the act of which his wife was accused, saw a design of poisoning him; and sending instantly for the chief eunuch of Mariamne's household, without whose knowledge he believed no such transaction could take place, he ordered the man to be put to the torture in his presence. Agony the most terrible could wring from the poor wretch nothing concerning the love potion. Again and again he declared that he had heard nothing of it; but he acknowledged that Mariamne hated Herod, and that her hatred was caused by something which Sohemus had told her.

Once more Herod found his secret had been betrayed by him he most trusted; once more rage and jealousy took possession of his mind, and Sohemus was instantly put to death. Had there been no Salome, Mariamne might still have been spared; but, under her instigations, Herod called together a council for the trial of his wife, and vehemently and wildly he accused her of adultery and attempt to murder. It was to his own creatures he appealed, and they condemned her. Ere the sentence was pronounced, love spoke once more in his heart, and one of her repentant judges advised that she should not be hastily put to death. "Let her rather be strictly confined in a fortress," he said, "till the king's passion is subdued."

But Salome was at hand; and she whispered in the king's ear that if Mariamne were suffered to live under condemna-

tion, the people would rise for the deliverance of a daughter of their ancient monarchs.

The fatal words were spoken, and Mariamne turned to be led to execution. Alexandra stood trembling by, fearing that her own fate was near; and, to save her own wretched life, she added another drop of bitterness to the cup of her daughter's fate. She rose and reproached her for the very conduct which she herself had instigated. She tore her hair, and declared that Mariamne's punishment was just, and called Herod their common benefactor.

All present saw her hypocrisy and despised her; and Mariamne, turning without a word, gave her a look of pity and contempt. The beautiful queen pleaded not for life, nor showed for one instant a fear of death. With royal dignity and tranquil grace she moved to the place of execution, and with a tearless eye and a cheek in which the color never faded, received the blow which ended her sorrows and her wrongs.

Mariamne died; but it was Herod who was punished. No sooner was the act committed, than love, and remorse, and despair seized upon his heart. He wept, and lamented, and rent his garments, and called aloud for Mariamne. But her voice was still; her radiant form was in the dust. His mind wandered; he could not believe that she was dead; he would rise and seek her; he would bid his servants bring her to his presence; he would not believe them when they told him he had slain her. Then he sought in wild revelry, in shows and sports, to drown the terrible memory; but it was all in vain.

A pestilence arose in the land, sweeping down multitudes in the city and in the palace. His best friends and nearest associates were taken away; and men whispered that it was the judgment of God upon his head for the death of Mariamne. Perhaps he judged it so himself; for he fled into distant places to make war upon wild beasts, and to mourn and afflict himself for what he had done. Madness followed; a burning pain seized upon his brain, and often he raved wildly and strangely, and ever his ravings were about Mariamne. In vain the physicians strove to give him relief. They could not ease the distemper of the heart; they could not blot out Mariamne from his memory; they could not call her back from the bloody grave in which he had laid her.

Many there were who mourned for Herod while he remained sick in body and in mind at Samaria; but the base and pitiful Alexandra, who was in Jerusalem, rejoiced, and thought to corrupt the officers of the king, and to get the cita-

dels of Jerusalem and the Temple under her power. His officers, however, were faithful, and sent to inform Herod of Alexandra's attempt. The reply was speedy and decisive, to put her to death; and the worker of so much mischief was slain.

Slowly and with difficulty Herod regained health and intellect, but he was never the same man that he was before. Ever vehement and passionate, his rage now, when once excited, knew no bounds, and blood marked his footsteps whithersoever he went. It was dangerous even to be a friend of Herod; for his dearest associates were often the first to fall.

Those who read his history aright see in all his actions, from the day of Mariamne's death, the taint of insanity, the struggling of a strong spirit to throw off the burden of a painful memory, the remorseless cruelty of a heart that has no peace within itself. The slaughter of every one doubted or suspected, the building of palaces, temples, and cities, the celebration of games and festivals, the display of pageants, the abandonment of all ancient habits and customs, were but the symbols of the one great reality ever present to his mind, despair.

When his malady was abated, Herod's first desire was to occupy his thoughts; and, as war no longer called for the exertion of his powers, he attempted to enjoy himself. But Herod had forgotten the customs of his fathers, and totally forgot the laws and prejudices of the Jews. He built a great theater in Jerusalem; he created an amphitheater in the plain; he covered the walls with inscriptions to Cæsar; he erected trophies of pure gold and silver to the honor of the emperor. He appointed solemn games to be celebrated every fifth year. Wrestlers, and gladiators, and musicians, were called from all the countries around, and magnificent prizes were offered for those who contended successfully in the arena and for the competitors in the chariot-race. Wild beasts were procured from every country to fight with each other, or with criminals; and the whole world was invited to the games, and treated sumptuously by the king.

But the feelings of the Jews were outraged by such heathenish practices, and brave and zealous men conspired to put Herod to death. This plot was discovered; they were caught in the theater, and, boldly avowing their intention, died under tortures with the constancy of martyrs. Tumults and executions followed, and the indignation of the king and the rage of the people were equal. Herod, however, took means to

guard himself against the wrath he had aroused, and to bridle the angry nation whom he governed. He fortified the town of Samaria, a day's journey from Jerusalem, and changed its name to Sebaste; he adorned it with a temple and rich buildings; he endowed it with many privileges, and filled it with a people devoted to himself, among whom he allotted the rich lands in the neighborhood. Strabo's Tower he enlarged to a fortified city, and called it Cæsarea; and he built detached fortresses in the plains, and filled them with horsemen, watching continually to suppress the first signs of insurrection. His passion for building, indeed, grew upon him as he advanced in life, and the magnificence of all his ideas required incessant supplies of money, which were with difficulty wrung from the Jewish people; so that murmurs and complaints were loud, especially in the more remote parts of his extensive kingdom.

An opportunity, however, occurred, in the thirteenth year of his reign,* of regaining the affection of his subjects, and of showing that the original generosity of his nature had not been wholly extinguished. A sore famine afflicted not only Judæa, but all the neighboring provinces of Asia. Perpetual droughts had rendered the ground unfruitful. A new pestilence swept the land, for which no resource was found in the power of medicine. Fields remained untilled, vineyards uncultivated, and those upon which the labors of man were expended gave but little or no return.

The king was sincerely afflicted with the miseries of his people; but his active and energetic nature did not remain satisfied with passive sorrow. The vast treasures which he had extracted from the Jewish nation had been expended in magnificent works and costly decorations; but Herod thought no sacrifice too great to feed the people. Every thing valuable that he had was given up for this purpose. All his rich plate of gold and silver was melted; jewels were sold; and a sufficient sum was raised to import vast quantities of corn. Where to find supplies, however, was the question; but Egypt and Sicily were the granaries of the world, and Petronius, prefect of the former country, permitted its inhabitants to export their corn to Judæa. Herod bought up all that could be procured. With prudence, skill, and the kindest charity, he distributed among the people the supplies he obtained; and, extending his benevolence to the neighboring provinces also, he gave seed to the Syrians for the cultivation of their

* That is to say, from the death of Antigonus, not from the donation of the kingdom by the Roman Senate.

fields ; and, on the approach of harvest, aided the people by hired laborers to secure the crop.

Thus was prosperity restored to the country ; and, as the king's proceedings during the famine were open to the eyes of all, a complete change was effected in the feelings of the multitude toward him. They saw him implacable in his resentments, merciless towards all who resisted or offended him, but kind, generous, and considerate to all who were submissive and obedient ; and their fear and their admiration went together to repress the turbulent spirit of the Jews. Their old customs, indeed, and their religious feelings, he offended against in many respects. His games and feasts were an abomination to them ; but in Judæa itself he refrained in a great degree from the encouragement of idolatry, although in the pagan parts of his dominions he built temples to strange gods, greatly to the scandal of the Hebrews. He excused himself, indeed, to the Jews, on the plea of subordination to the Roman emperor ; and it is probable that the faith of the Idumæan king was by no means so pure as that of the Jews. Ambition was his god, and policy his religion. He had acquired, and he ruled a kingdom by the assistance of the Romans, and to cultivate their friendship was his first object. His two sons by Mariamne, Alexander and Aristobulus, were sent to Rome to be educated under the eye of Cæsar ; and, although there were many intrigues against Herod at the court of the emperor, and many complaints of his oppression and severity were made to Augustus himself when he visited Syria in the seventeenth year of Herod's reign, yet the imperial favor was continued to him undiminished ; and, instead of listening to his enemies, Augustus bestowed on him still more extended territories, and, at his request, gave a tetrarchy, or the fourth part of a kingdom, to his brother Pheroras.

We know not whether it was at the suggestion of Cæsar, or merely from the impulse of his own mind, that about the same time Herod remitted to his people a third part of the taxes he had imposed. This also tended to conciliate regard ; and, in order to efface in some degree the impression produced by his encouragement of idolatry, he affected great zeal for the Jewish religion, and commenced the greatest of his works, the rebuilding and beautifying the Temple at Jerusalem. An account of that splendid building is not within the scope of this work, and we must turn again to the dark scenes of Herod's history, which only ended with his life.

CHAPTER IX.

HEROD THE GREAT.

THE death of Mariamne and Alexandra did not terminate the dissensions in Herod's house and family, for the enmity of the fiend Salome survived the death of the beautiful Jewish princess, and was extended to her children. Pheroras, too, was induced to enter into the criminal designs of his sister; and a conspiracy was formed for the purpose of destroying Alexander and Aristobulus, by exciting the jealousy of their father against them. So long as they remained in Rome this purpose could not be effected; but, toward the middle of his reign, Herod visited Cæsar in Italy, and returned, bringing the two princes with him. Inheriting the beauty of their mother, and skilled, like their father, in all warlike exercises, they soon attracted the attention of the people of Judæa; and the popularity they acquired only excited more hatred in the breast of Salome, while it afforded her the better opportunity of prosecuting her designs against them. Whether Herod perceived the enmity of his sister toward his sons or not, he seems to have been but little moved at first by her insinuations; and he bestowed her daughter, Bernice, upon Aristobulus, perhaps with a politic view of binding his sister to the interests of his children. At the same time, he obtained for Alexander the hand of Glaphyra, the daughter of his friend Archelaus, king of Cappadocia.

No effect was produced upon Salome by the marriage of her daughter to Aristobulus. She followed her designs with bitter perseverance, and caused it to be rumored among the attendants and friends of Herod that the sons of Mariamne ceased not to lament, with bitter indignation, the death of their mother, and openly called their father the murderer of Mariamne. Perhaps the boldness and rashness of youth afforded this wicked woman occasion for calumny; for we are told that they were indiscreet in their discourse, and unsparing of reproaches against both Salome and Pheroras. Day by day, however, rumors reached Herod of designs against him on the part of his sons; and with less than his ordinary prudence he introduced fresh elements of dissension into his

court, in order to keep in check the daring spirit of Alexander and his brother.

Previous to his marriage with Mariamne, he had married an Idumæan lady, by whom he had a son named Antipater. Both wife and son had been greatly neglected for many years ; but Herod now called Antipater to Jerusalem, and distinguished him by great favor. He was a shrewd and cunning Edomite, ambitious, remorseless, and designing. No truce was sufficiently strong to bind him, no crime too horrible to be attempted for the attainment of his purposes. No sooner did he find himself stand high in his father's regard, than, siding with Salome and Pheroras, he aided in the accomplishment of their designs, but with even greater shrewdness and dexterity. He never appeared as the accuser of his brethren, but rather affected to pity and to love them, taking care that the offensive words and rash actions he attributed to them should be reported to Herod by his agents, and that the mind of the king should be kept in a continual state of irritation against Alexander and Aristobulus. Continually at the ear of Herod, devoting his whole time and thoughts to cultivate his affection, he day by day acquired greater power over the king's mind, while the discontent of his brethren at his elevation only served to aggravate their father's anger. His mother was recalled to the court and treated with distinction, although the many wives who already thronged the palace might not, perhaps, view her return with great satisfaction.

When Agrippa, after a long sojourn in Asia, was about to return to Rome, Herod paid him a visit of honor ere his departure ; but he took none of his children with him except Antipater, whom he placed under Agrippa's care, and sent, with commendations, to Cæsar. Salome and Pheroras, however, were not idle. Nor did Antipater, though absent, abandon his designs. Whatever tales he could obtain of the conduct of Mariamne's sons, which might tend to irritate their father, he sent diligently from Rome, while, at the same time, the agents of Salome filled the king's ears with confirmatory reports, till, moved by anger, Herod determined to accuse his two sons before Cæsar, and leave that monarch to decide their fate.

Taking Alexander and Aristobulus with him in a sort of honorable imprisonment, he set out for Italy, and publicly accused them before Augustus, declaring that they meditated his death. His speech was vehement, confused, and indignant, but he produced no proofs of his charge ; and the worst

that he could allege against them was supported by nothing but rumor.

The two brothers were deeply affected; but Alexander, the elder, who was endued with great eloquence, replied in a powerful and beautiful speech, avoiding all imputation upon his father, but showing the groundless nature of his accusation, and clearly pointing out the source of those calumnies which had moved their father's mind against them. Every one in Cæsar's court was affected by the young man's defense; and Augustus, judging more sanely than Herod, pronounced the two youths innocent of the charge brought against them. In order to soften his decision against Herod, he blamed them lightly for imprudence, without which, he said, their father could not have entertained such suspicions, and then reconciled Herod to his sons, at least for the time.

On the return of the whole family to Judæa, however, the dissensions in Herod's court broke out anew. The intrigues of Antipater ceased not for a moment. Salome busied herself as much as ever; and Pheroras, the king's brother, though at enmity with Herod, leagued with Antipater, and assisted in all his designs. Pheroras, indeed, was detected in endeavoring to poison the mind of Alexander against Herod, and, when indignantly charged by the king with the calumnies he had uttered, declared that he had heard them from Salome. Had Herod used the great powers of mind with which he was endowed to discover the truth upon this occasion, the intrigues against the sons of Mariamne must have been brought to light; but he contented himself with banishing both Pheroras and Salome from his court for a time, but still believed every tale they caused to be circulated against Alexander and Aristobulus.

Day by day the frightful suspicions which always haunt the tyrant increased upon the King of Judæa. His palace became a slaughter-house; one domestic accused another, and procured his death, to show a zeal for the king; the accuser was then charged in turn, and likewise slain; his best friends and counselors were expelled from Herod's court; and whoever showed the slightest attachment for his sons were tortured, to make them confess imaginary crimes. Still Antipater reigned supreme over the mind of his father, and at length succeeded in inducing him to cast Alexander into bonds.

Once more the dissension between Herod and Alexander was appeased by the wisdom and skill of Archelaus, king of

Cappadocia. He induced Pheroras, too, to acknowledge his crimes, and then obtained mercy for him from his merciless brother. Feasting and revelry succeeded to this reconciliation; but peace was not of long duration. Antipater was not yet detected; and it would appear that he corrupted a cunning and unprincipled Lacedæmonian, named Eurycles, to accuse the two sons of Mariamne to Herod of a design to take away his life while hunting. A forged letter was also produced, purporting to be in Alexander's writing, and confirmatory of the charge; but, although many persons were put to the torture, no evidence of the young men's guilt could be obtained, except the mere report of Eurycles, who had conveyed himself away as soon as he had spread the calumny.

Alexander and Aristobulus were placed in solitary confinement, and once more a charge was laid against them before Cæsar. The emperor left the decision of the case to Herod himself, but counseled him to bring them to public trial. The mockery of a trial was indeed instituted at Berytus. The enemies of the young men sat in judgment upon them; they were not permitted to hear or refute the accusation, nor were brought personally before the court. In their absence, and undefended, they were condemned, and carried as prisoners from town to town in the train of Herod, while some remains of human feeling struggled in his bosom against the insane rage which inflamed him toward his sons. The malice of the young men's enemies, however, and the imprudence of their friends, combined to accelerate the final act of the tragedy. Salome and Antipater were incessant in urging their death; and Tero, a veteran soldier and faithful servant of the king, enraged him to madness by boldly reproaching him with his folly and his cruelty. Tero and his son were stoned to death by Herod's order, and Alexander and Aristobulus were sent to Sebaste, and there strangled in prison. The bodies were brought to Alexandrium by night, and buried by the side of Aristobulus their uncle, one of the first victims of Herod's cruelty.

CHAPTER X.

HEROD THE GREAT.

THE clouds gathered thickly over the tyrant and the murderers. The wicked are only faithful to one another so long as they have a common object. Salome, Antipater, and Pheroras were soon at enmity; and the king's sister separated herself entirely from the faction to which she had united herself for the sole purpose of gratifying her malice against the children of Mariamne. Antipater and Pheroras now felt it needful to league against her; but she was too cunning for them; and, although not without doubts and suspicions of her conduct, Herod yielded to her influence to the last day of his life. In his palace the most fearful corruption prevailed, and the most horrible and disgusting crimes were perpetrated. But a small part of the vail has been withdrawn by historians from the orgies of Pheroras, Antipater, and their wives and brethren; but vices of the most frightful character are apparent, and Herod himself does not escape without suspicion.

In the midst of revelry and debauchery, dark schemes were concocted between Pheroras and Antipater; but both were hated by the whole Jewish people, and watched incessantly by the keen eyes of Salome. Their secret meetings were detected, and their hidden vices exposed; and the daring insolence of Pheroras's wife and Antipater's mother, Doris, was urged upon Herod, and drove him to fury. So great was the wrath and indignation of the Jews at Antipater, that he entertained fears for his personal safety, and obtained leave to visit Rome. Pheroras, too, seeing that he should be compelled by his brother to separate himself from the intriguing woman who ruled him if he remained in Judæa, abandoned his brother's court and betook himself to his tetrarchy of Perea, vowing that he would never return so long as Herod was alive. Doris, it would seem, went with him; and before he and Antipater parted a dark compact was entered into between them affecting the life of the king.

The will of Herod, appointing Antipater his immediate successor, was carried by his son to Rome. But Antipater was

eager to enjoy power, and complained that his own hair was getting gray, while Herod still continued to reign. He feared also the caprices of the tyrant, with whose jealous and suspicious nature he was but too well acquainted, and he resolved to hasten his own accession ; nor did he find Pheroras an unwilling instrument.

Herod fell sick, and was supposed to be at the point of death. His son Antipater was afar, and dangers menaced his kingdom should he expire with none but his younger children around him. In his extremity he sent for his brother Pheroras, for strong fraternal love was one of the finest inconsistencies of Herod's character. Pheroras, however, refused to come, and Herod unexpectedly recovered. Not long after, however, Pheroras himself was seized with a fatal disease, and, forgetting all his anger, Herod hastened to Perea to comfort his brother in his sickness. He found him at the point of death ; and, seated by his bedside, wept and bemoaned him with all his ancient love revived in full force. Tears, however, were of no avail ; Pheroras died, and Herod brought his body with great pomp to Jerusalem.

In the mean time, a rumor arose that Pheroras had been poisoned ; and two of his freedmen, high in his confidence, accused his wife before Herod of having caused his death. The charge was improbable, for the woman, whom Pheroras had raised to his bed from the rank of a servant, owed all to him, and lost all when he died. Nevertheless, the freedmen urged Herod strongly to examine into the case, bringing forward some proof that a subtle poison had been introduced into the palace of their master a short time before his death. Over ready to employ the torture, Herod seized upon some of the women slaves of Pheroras's wife, together with some of the free women by whom his brother had been ever surrounded. None, even in their agony, brought any charge against the wife of the tetrarch ; but one of them, in the extreme of pain, exclaimed, " May God, who governs earth and heaven, punish Antipater's mother, the author of all our miseries."

These words excited curiosity and suspicion. The torture was applied still more severely, and the dark tale of Antipater's plots against his father was revealed. His disobedience, his discontent, his betrayal of his father's secrets were all made manifest, and the complicity of his mother Doris was clearly proved. Still there was more to be discovered ; the steward of Antipater was apprehended and put to the torture ; and now the story of the poison was told. It appeared that

Herod's son had sent a companion of his, named Antiphylus, into Egypt, to his mother's brother, a physician named Thendion, to procure a poison to be administered to the king. It was readily obtained, and Antiphylus brought it back from Egypt to Pheroras, who was to use it against Herod during Antipater's absence in Rome. Pheroras committed it to the charge of his wife till an opportunity occurred for administering it to the king; but death seized upon him ere the crime was accomplished.

Such was the tale of the steward under the torture; and the widow of Pheroras was then brought into the presence of Herod. She did not deny the fact, and the king commanded her immediately to bring the box of poison which had been intrusted to her.

She went away to fetch it; but fear of the tortures to which Herod might subject her came upon her as she went, and she cast herself down from the top of the building, with the intention of destroying herself. It was not the will of Heaven, however, that there should be any more concealment, and she was taken up senseless, but not seriously injured. When she recovered, Herod swore to her that, if she would confess the whole truth, he would forgive her every thing and treat her with favor, but that if she concealed any thing he would tear her to pieces.

After a moment's hesitation, she exclaimed, "Now that Pheroras is dead, why should I conceal the truth in order to save Antipater, who is all our destruction. Hear, O king, and be God himself, who can not be deceived, a witness to the truth of what I tell thee. When thou didst sit weeping by Pheroras, on his death-bed, he called to me and said, 'I have been greatly deceived as to my brother's conduct toward me. I have hated him that loves me, I have contrived to kill him who thus grieves for me even before I am dead; as for myself, I receive the due recompense of my wickedness; but do thou bring the poison that was given to us by Antipater, and cast it into the fire immediately in my sight.' I brought the poison as he bade me, and cast the greater part of it into the fire; but I reserved a little to take myself, in case of need, out of fear of thee."

The box, with the remainder of the poison, was then produced, and the brother and mother of Antiphylus, having been put to the torture, acknowledged that he had brought it out of Egypt by Antipater's orders. Antiphylus himself had returned to Egypt; but it was fated that no proof should

be wanting of the intended parricide, and the most conclusive evidence was soon procured.

The roads were strictly guarded to prevent any intelligence of the discoveries which had been made from reaching Antipater in Rome; and, indeed, so hateful was he to the whole Jewish people, that few but his own near relations would risk any thing to serve him. Ignorant of all that was taking place, and still full of his detestable designs, he dispatched a freedman named Bathyllus from Rome, addressing him to his mother Doris, and to Pheroras. This man was immediately apprehended, and upon him was found another box of poison for the destruction of Herod, lest the first should fail in its effect. Upon this man, also, were found letters from Antipater, and various persons whom he had suborned in Rome, calumniating the two younger sons of the king, Archelaus and Philip; and Herod, doubtless, traced in them the same machinations which had destroyed Alexander and Aristobulus.

Dissembling his wrath, however, in order to get Antipater once more into his power, he wrote to him to return to Judæa, with many expressions of interest in his welfare. He alluded, too, to the disgrace which had fallen upon Doris, lest rumor should have carried some of the facts to his son's ears; but he treated the matter lightly, and held out to Antipater the expectation of her restoration to favor on her son's return.

Antipater was already on his way back when these letters reached him with the news of Pheroras's death. Though somewhat troubled and suspicious, he sailed on, persuaded by some of his friends that his presence would prove all-powerful with Herod; but when he arrived at Cæsareá, the coldness of his reception struck him with terror. No one came to meet or do him honor; no acclamations greeted his return; but the people cursed him openly as the murderer of his brothers, and he speedily perceived that the tide of fortune had turned against him.

It was too late now to turn back, however; and, proceeding to Jerusalem, he presented himself in the purple garments of royalty at the gates of his father's palace. The door-keepers gave him admission, but shut the gates in the face of his train; and when he presented himself before Herod, he was spurned from his father's presence, and called the murderer of his brethren and the plotter of his father's destruction. His trial was appointed to take place the next day, before Quin-

tilius Varus, the president of Syria, who was in Jerusalem at the time. He was suffered, however, to see his wife and his mother, and from them learned the whole extent and nature of the accusation against him. His cunning and his daring did not desert him, and he prepared for his defense.

The trial afforded him was far more fair and equitable than that which had been granted to his unfortunate brethren. He was brought into the court, and face to face with the witnesses against him. He heard the accusation, and had every opportunity given him of refuting it. Herod stated his own case till he was stopped by tears, when an orator proceeded to support and conclude that which he had begun.

Then Antipater was allowed to defend himself, and in a labored and ingenious speech he endeavored to show, first, that it was improbable, if not impossible, that he should be guilty of the crimes with which he was charged, laying great stress upon the many proofs which he pretended to have given of his affection for Herod, and alluding to the destruction of his brethren as evidences of his love for his father, thus making his very crimes subservient to his defense. He, secondly, urged the doubtful nature of all evidence procured by torture, but at the same time demanded to be tortured himself, to show that no confession could be extracted from him; and, with tears and imprecations, endeavored, not without success, to move the feelings of his judges.

Nicolaus of Damascus, Herod's advocate, then replied, and soon effaced the effect produced by Antipater's evidence, and brought forward the various witnesses, commenting upon their evidence. All those who had been tortured were brought into court; but many others now came forward whose testimony was unimpeachable, either to state new facts or to corroborate those already adduced. A scene of villainy and wickedness never, perhaps, paralleled was exposed to the eyes of the world; and Antipater, utterly confounded, fell upon his face, appealing to God to give some testimony of his innocence.

As the last proof, the box of poison which had been found was brought into the court, and a condemned criminal was found to swallow it. The man died immediately; and Quintilius Varus, rising without pronouncing a sentence, left the fate of Antipater in the hand of Herod.

Antipater was now cast into chains, and remained for many months a prisoner. While in this state his guilty contrivances were further displayed by the apprehension of a slave sent to him by Antiphylus, who bore forged letters, purporting to

be from Salome to the wife of Cæsar, accusing Herod of great crimes. Secret papers were found sealed up in the man's coat, showing that these letters had been manufactured by Antipater himself at Rome and copied by a slave of the empress, whom he had corrupted in order to destroy Salome. The discovery of such practices showed Herod but too plainly the means which had been employed for the ruin of Alexander and Aristobulus, and bitter was the sorrow he endured.

From this time the insane fury of Herod knew no bounds. His merciless cruelty increased, and a heavy distemper which fell upon him rendered him but the more fierce and intractable. He clung to life and he clung to power, although his days were evidently drawing to a close. A large golden eagle, which he had erected over the gate of the temple, and which was looked upon as an idolatrous symbol by all the more religious and virtuous of the Jewish people, was pulled down in a tumultuous manner; but Herod's vengeance was not slow. An immense multitude of those concerned in the deed were caught; some were burned to death, and some slaughtered by a less cruel process.

About this time, too, must have taken place the massacre of the children of Bethlehem, an act in complete accordance with Herod's temper and conduct at the time.* Nothing was too brutal, too bloody, or too cruel for the jealous and suffering tyrant. He seemed to seek for objects on which to revenge the pangs which sickness inflicted upon him; and the fantastic dreams of wholesale and unprovoked butchery which flitted across his mind in his dying moments plainly indicated the taints of insanity which had affected his brain ever since the death of Mariamne. Terrible were his sufferings, mental and bodily, and the hand of God seemed visible in retribution for his impiety and injustice. A burning heat consumed him; drowsy affected his limbs and invaded his chest. The breath of life was drawn with labor and pain; putrefaction seized

* There is some doubt and confusion as to the chronology of this event; nor does Josephus mention the horrible deed recorded by St. Matthew. This omission, however, on the part of Josephus would by no means justify a doubt of the fact, even in the mind of one who did not admit the divine inspiration of the evangelist, for St. Matthew is undoubtedly as sincere a historian as Josephus. I am not ignorant that an eclipse of the moon which took place a short time before Herod's death has been brought forward to show that he had ceased to exist before the coming of the Messiah. But are the exact periods of our Savior's birth and Herod's death ascertained beyond all doubt? I think not; and often historical difficulties will disappear in a moment when precise information is obtained upon points previously obscure.

upon him living; and worms were generated in his flesh. Peace and rest he had none; his breath was poisonous. Even his sycophants could hardly bear the pestiferous atmosphere around him.

Yet life and the hope of life were prolonged for many days. He had himself carried to the healing waters; he was bathed in warm oil. At times he seemed to revive, and rose up refreshed; but it was only to struggle with fresh torments. The strong man resisted the angel of death, but suffered fearfully in the fatal conflict. For some months he continued with the worms of the grave preying upon his living body, unprepared for death, unchastised by repentance, unwilling to lay his head in the quiet tomb, hopeless of peace beyond the sepulcher, and without an effort to avert the retribution of another world.

Herod's last acts were worthy of those which preceded them. Once, in the agony he suffered, the thought of death seemed comfortable to him, and he tried to stab himself with a knife that was in his hand. He was prevented, however, and a loud cry and lamentation ran through his house at Jericho, where he then lay. Many thought the king dead, and the sounds reached the wretched Antipater in his dungeon. He fancied that the hour of his triumph was come; he besought the jailer to set him free at once. He promised him great things. He felt himself already King of Judæa. But the jailer knew better. He carried the tale to Herod, and an order was instantly given for Antipater's death. It was executed without remorse, for those even who hated the father did not pity the son.

Herod by this time felt that he was dying, and knew that in his wide dominions no lip prayed for his safety—no eye would drop a tear upon his grave. Hated of all men, he was going down to the tomb; but he resolved that there should be mourning at his funeral, that all the men of Judæa should weep, if they wept not for Herod. He sent for the heads of families and the principal persons of all the cities, commanding them, under pain of death, to come to him at Jericho, as if he had some important affair which required counsel from the nation. They flocked to the city from all parts, and when they were come he shut them up in the hippodrome. Then sending for his sister Salome, whom he knew to be remorseless like himself, and for her husband, who was his mere creature, and telling them that he was resolved that there should be mourning for his death, he bound them by oath, as

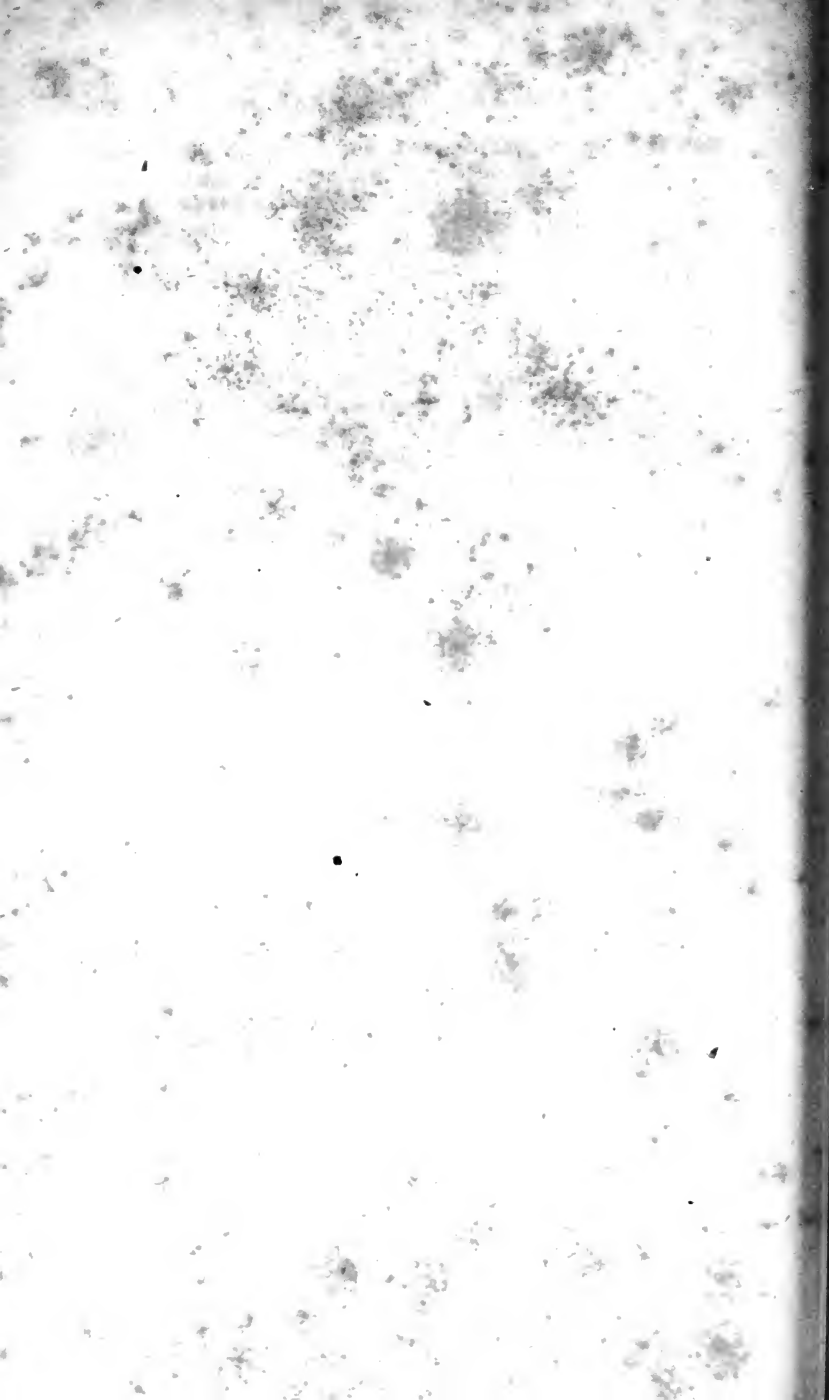
soon as his spirit was departed, and before his decease was known, to bring his soldiery round the hippodrome and slay all whom it contained. Their promises seemed to have satisfied the last bloody thirst of his heart, and he died on the fifth day after he had put Antipater to death.

His barbarous injunction was not obeyed. The heads of the Jewish families were suffered to retire in peace, and the funeral of the mighty miscreant occupied his surviving family.

Carried on a golden bier covered with precious stones, shrouded with purple, a diadem upon his head, a scepter in his hand, surrounded by the relations he had left living, and followed by an army, the body of Herod was carried from Jericho to Herodium, and there placed in its pompous sepulcher.

But he died unwept by any, detested by all. A feigned mourning of eight days succeeded; and feasting and revelry, the liberation of prisoners, and the remission of taxes announced to the world that Herod's sons and the Jewish people rejoiced over a great deliverance.

THE END.



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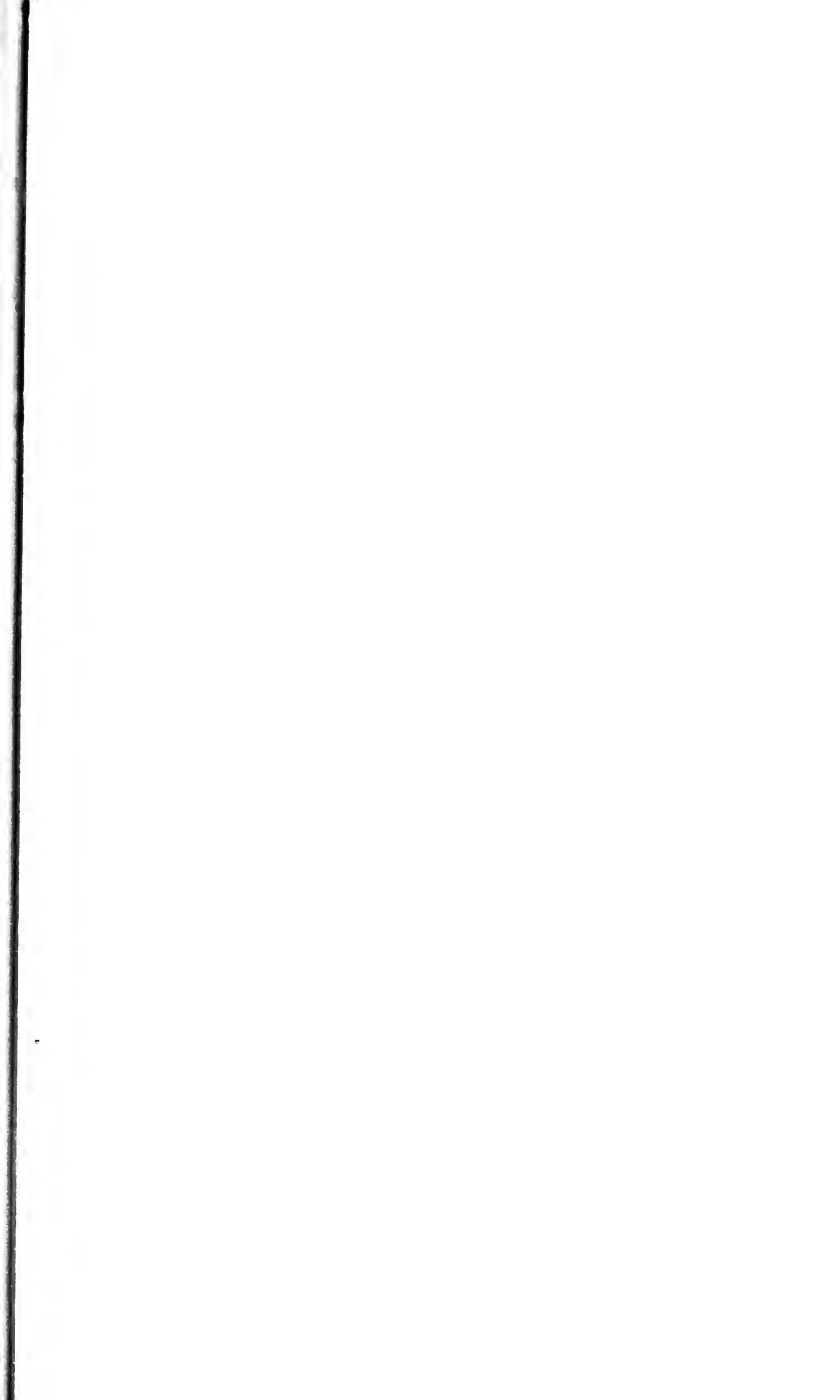
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