

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

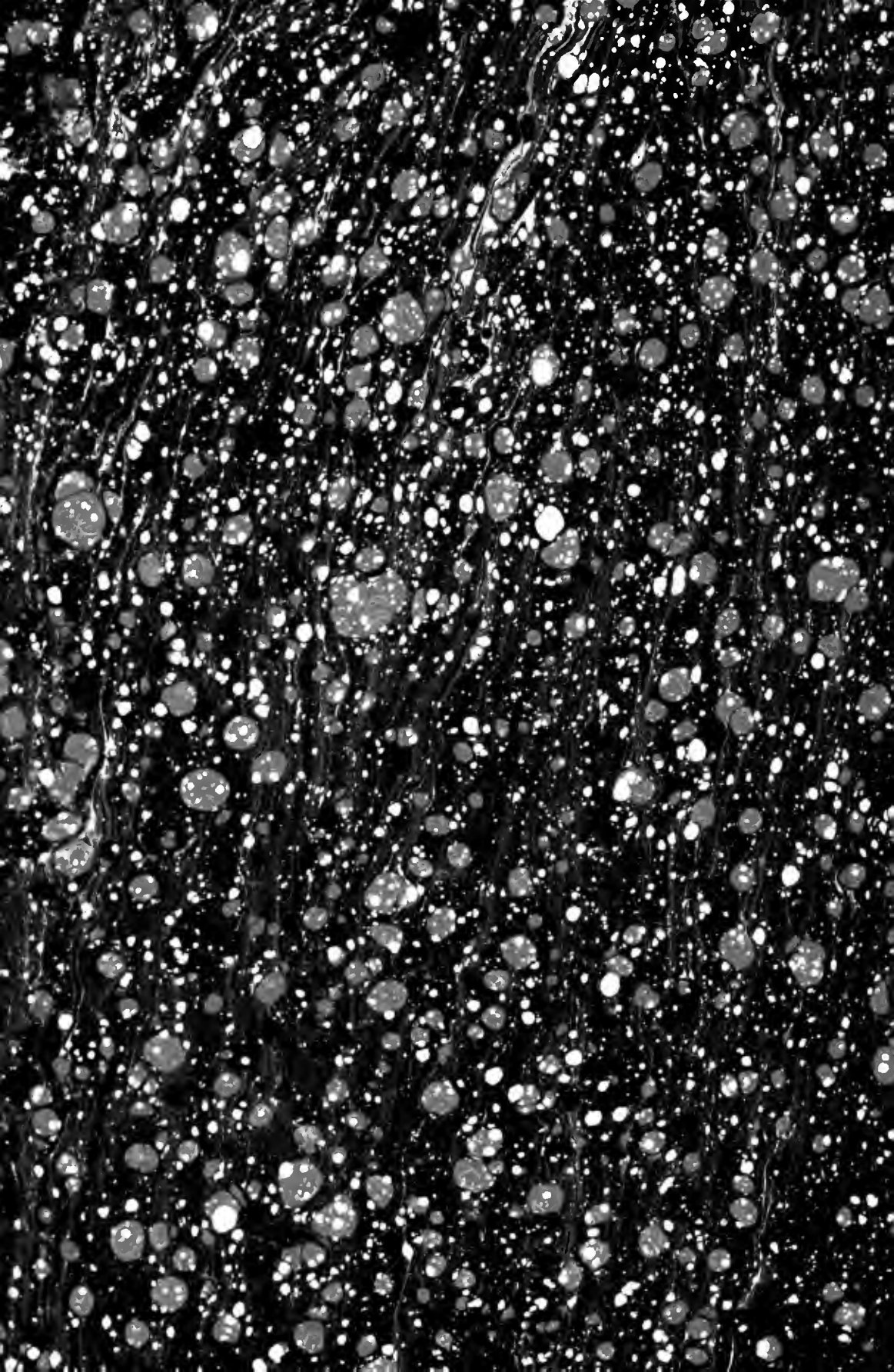


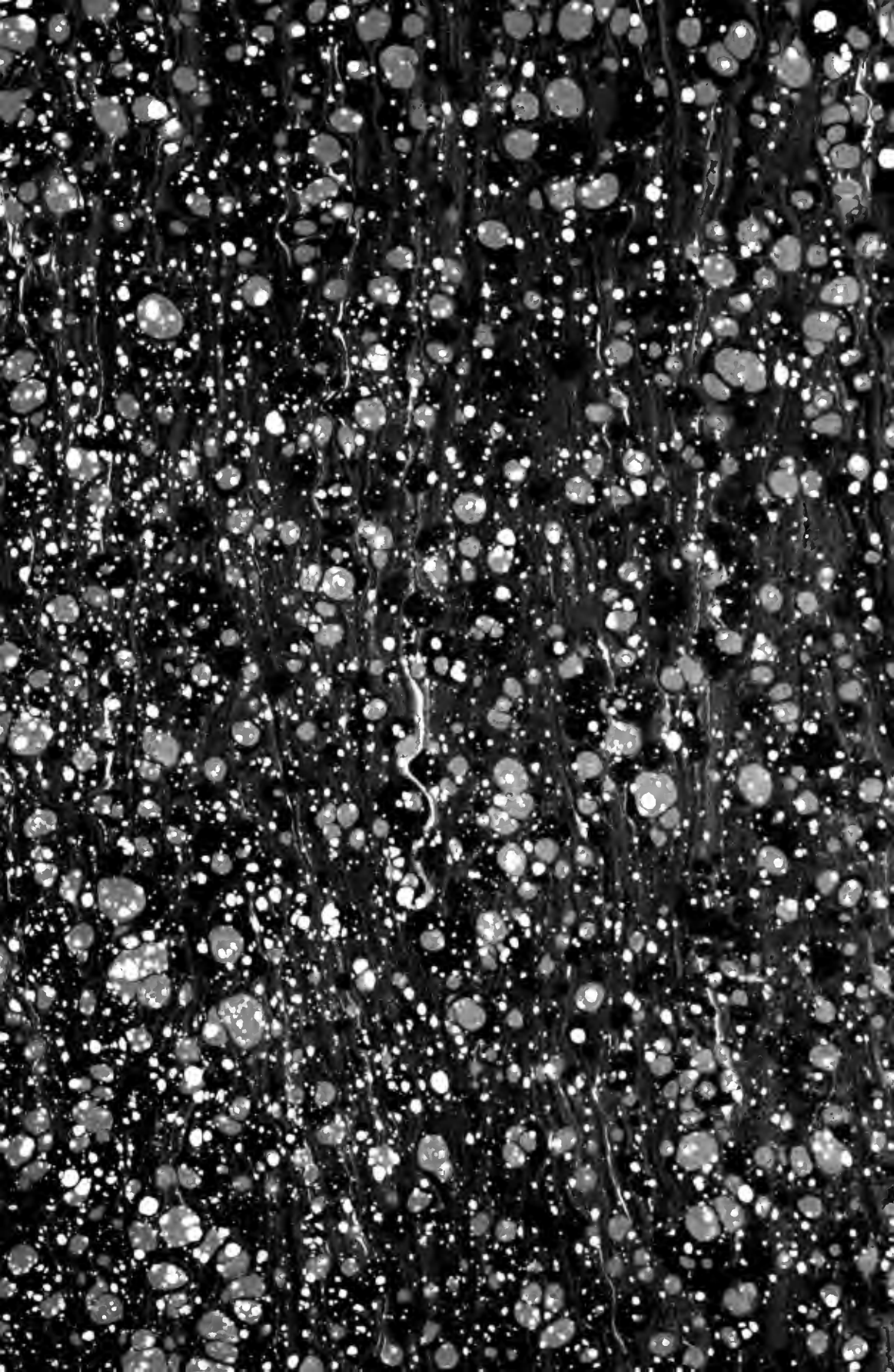
3 1761 00451496 4

PICTORIAL HISTORY
OF THE
WORLD'S
GREAT NATIONS

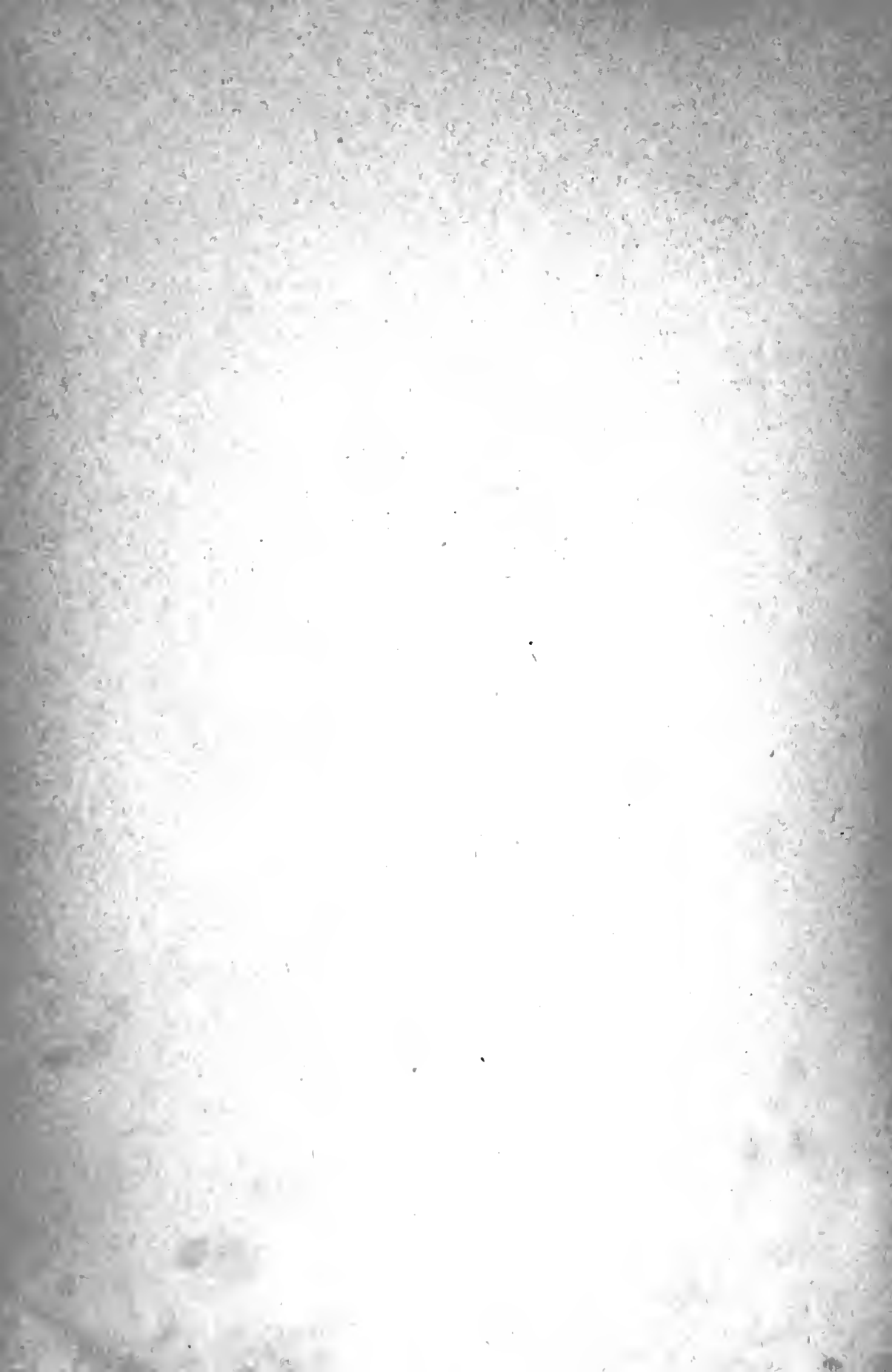


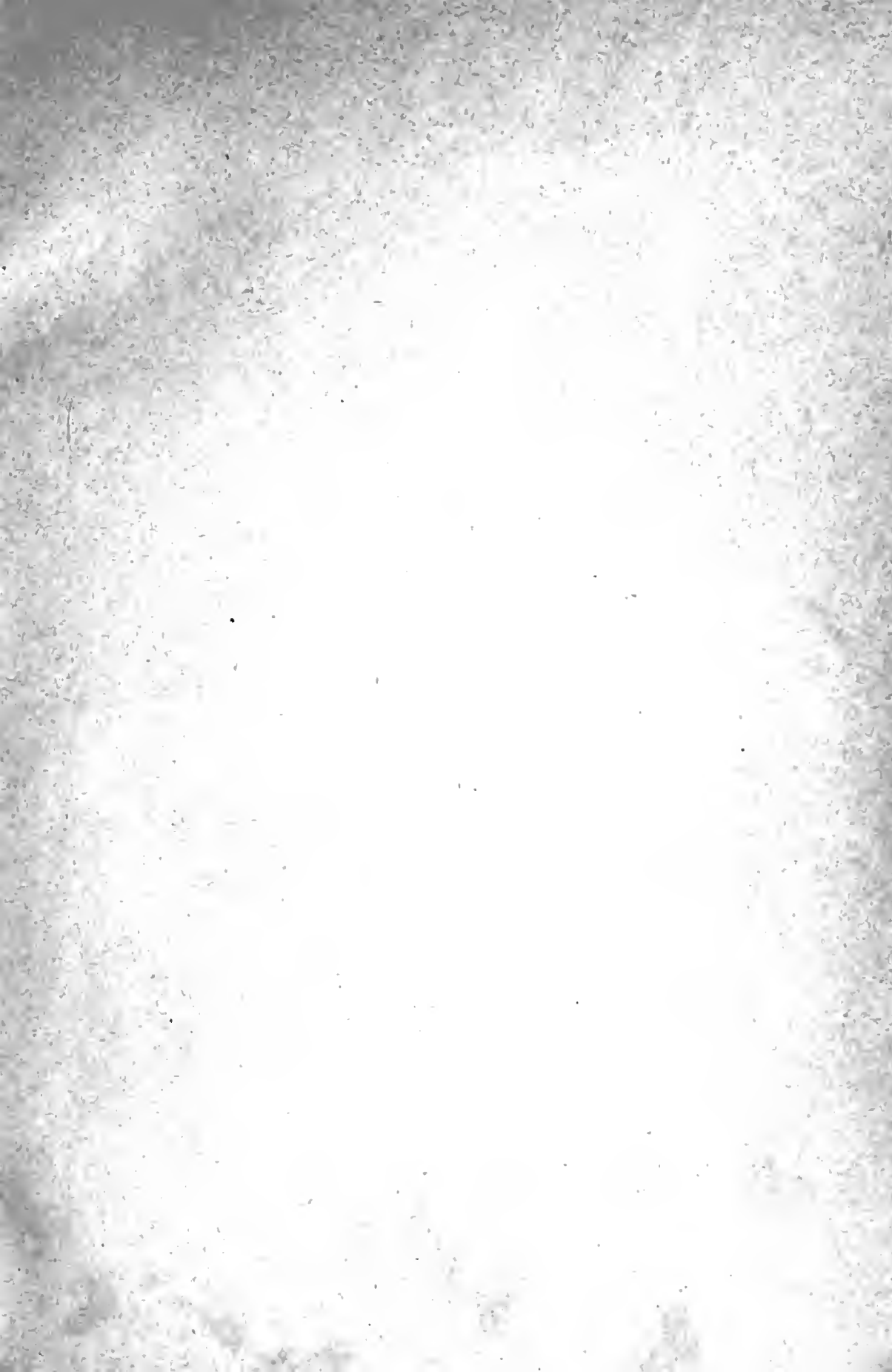
D
20
Y56
v.1





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation









MARCO ANTONIO PINA

A.H. PAYNE sc.

THE FATES.

Pal Pitta Florence



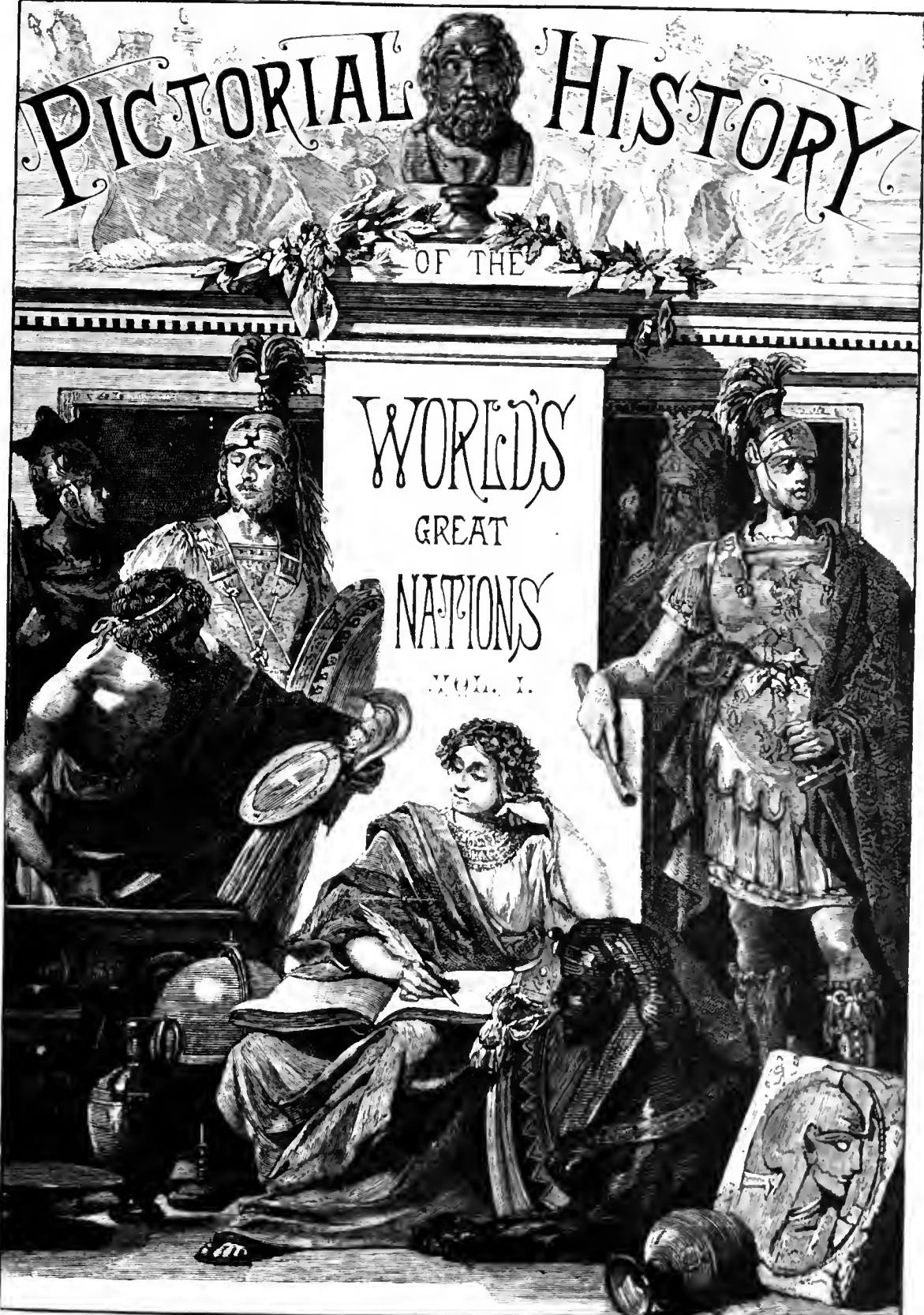


PICTORIAL HISTORY

OF THE

WORLD'S
GREAT
NATIONS

VOL. I.



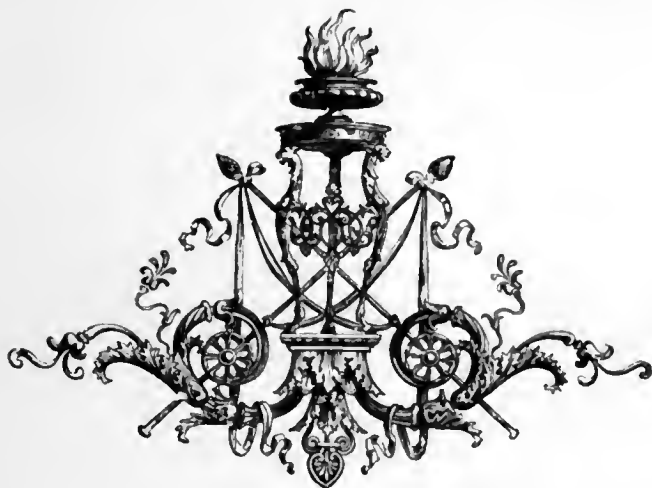


4421

A
Pictorial History
OF
THE WORLD'S
GREAT NATIONS

FROM THE EARLIEST DATES TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BY
CHARLOTTE M. YONGE,
Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Folk of Golden Deeds," etc.



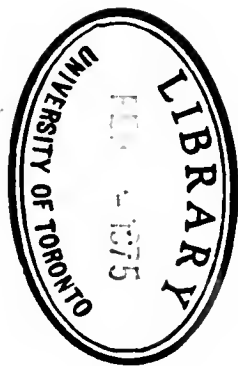
*"Segnius irritant animum demissa per aures, quam quæ sunt oculis
subjecta fidelibus."*

*"Things seen by the trustworthy eye, more deeply impress the mind than
those which are merely heard"*

VOL. I.

NEW YORK:
SELMAR HESS.

COPYRIGHTED, 1882, BY SELMAR HESS.



D
20
Y56
V. 1

Electrotyped by
SMITH & McDOUGAL,
82 Beekmen Street.

Printed by
D. G. F. CLASS,
17 & 19 Rose Street.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.



THE Pictorial History of the World's Great Nations comprises the Histories of Greece, Rome, Germany, France, England, and of our own country. These Histories, the latter excepted, were written by the well-known writer, Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, and were published abroad a few years ago, meeting there, especially for the fine moral analyses in many parts, with universal favor.

Of our own country, we have preferred the history written by Mr. John A. Doyle, and edited by E. A. Freeman, D.C.L., the great historian; for it enjoys a breadth of view and freedom from partisan bias, rarely attained by writers.

As this work is more especially intended for readers who do not care to peruse the ponderous records of Universal History, we think it advantageous to confine ourselves to the above-mentioned nations, and mention others only when they come in contact with those.

The illustrations have been selected from the best sources, and we have aimed to present a work of unusual attractiveness and value. We think that the mass of beautiful engravings in the book will serve as much as the text in furthering a proper understanding of the subject, and that, moreover, many who might otherwise neglect the study of History, may read this so highly illustrated work.

THE PUBLISHER.

NEW YORK, *November*, 1882.



CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

GREEK HISTORY.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—OLYMPUS	1
II.—LIGHT AND DARK	5
III.—THE PEOPLING OF GREECE	10
IV.—THE HERO PERSEUS	14
V.—THE LABORS OF HERCULES	17
VI.—THE ARGONAUTS.....	22
VII.—THE SUCCESS OF THE ARGONAUTS.....	27
VIII.—THE CHOICE OF PARIS.....	33
IX.—THE SIEGE OF TROY	38
X.—THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES	43
XI.—THE DOOM OF THE ATRIDES	49
XII.—AFTER THE HEROIC AGE.....	53
XIII.—LYCURGUS AND THE LAWS OF SPARTA.....	58
XIV.—SOLON AND THE LAWS OF ATHENS	62
XV.—PISISTRATUS AND HIS SONS	67
XVI.—THE BATTLE OF MARATHON.....	71
XVII.—THE EXPEDITION OF XERXES	76
XVIII.—THE BATTLE OF PLATEA.....	81
XIX.—THE AGE OF PERICLES	86
XX.—THE EXPEDITION TO SICILY	91
XXI.—THE SHORE OF THE GOAT'S RIVER	95
XXII.—THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND.....	99
XXIII.—THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.....	103
XXIV.—THE SUPREMACY OF SPARTA.....	107
XXV.—THE TWO THEBAN FRIENDS	111
XXVI.—PHILIP OF MACEDON.....	116
XXVII.—THE YOUTH OF ALEXANDER.....	120
XXVIII.—THE EXPEDITION TO PERSIA.....	124
XXIX.—ALEXANDER'S EASTERN CONQUESTS.....	128
XXX.—THE END OF ALEXANDER.....	132
XXXI.—THE LAST STRUGGLE OF ATHENS	135
XXXII.—THE FOUR NEW KINGDOMS	139
XXXIII.—PYRRHUS, KING OF EPIRUS	143
XXXIV.—ARATUS AND THE ACHAIAI LEAGUE.....	147
XXXV.—AGIS AND THE REVIVAL OF SPARTA	150
XXXVI.—CLEOMENES AND THE FALL OF SPARTA.....	154
XXXVII.—PHILOPOMEN, THE LAST OF THE GREEKS	158
XXXVIII.—THE FALL OF GREECE.....	161
XXXIX.—THE GOSPEL IN GREECE.....	164
XL.—UNDER THE ROMAN EMPIRE.....	168
XLI.—THE FRANK CONQUEST	171
XLII.—THE TURKISH CONQUEST.....	175
XLIII.—THE VENETIAN CONQUEST AND LOSS.....	178
XLIV.—THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE	182
XLV.—THE KINGDOM OF GREECE.....	186

ROMAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I.—ITALY	189
II.—THE WANDERINGS OF ÆNEAS	193
III.—THE FOUNDING OF ROME	196
IV.—NUMA AND TULLUS	199
V.—THE DRIVING OUT OF THE TARQUINS	203
VI.—THE WAR WITH PORSENA	206
VII.—THE ROMAN GOVERNMENT	210
VIII.—MENENIUS AGRIPPA'S FABLE	214
IX.—CORIOLANUS AND CINCINNATUS	218
X.—THE DECEMVIRS	221
XI.—CAMILLUS' BANISHMENT	224
XII.—THE SACK OF ROME	228
XIII.—THE PLEBEIAN CONSULATE	232
XIV.—THE DEVOTION OF DECIUS	235
XV.—THE SAMNITE WARS	238
XVI.—THE WAR WITH PYRRHUS	241
XVII.—THE FIRST PUNIC WAR	244
XVIII.—CONQUEST OF CISALPINE GAUL	249
XIX.—THE SECOND PUNIC WAR	253
XX.—THE FIRST EASTERN WAR	257
XXI.—THE CONQUEST OF GREECE, CORINTH, AND CARTHAGE	261
XXII.—THE GRACCHI	264
XXIII.—THE WARS OF MARIUS	268
XXIV.—THE ADVENTURES OF MARIUS	271
XXV.—SULLA'S PROSCRIPTION	275
XXVI.—THE CAREER OF POMPEIUS	279
XXVII.—POMPEIUS AND CÆSAR	282
XXVIII.—JULIUS CÆSAR	286
XXIX.—THE SECOND TRIUMVIRATE	290
XXX.—CÆSAR AUGUSTUS	293
XXXI.—TIBERIUS AND CALIGULA	300
XXXII.—CLAUDIUS AND NERO	303
XXXIII.—THE FLAVIAN FAMILY	307
XXXIV.—THE AGE OF THE ANTONINES	312
XXXV.—THE PRETORIAN INFLUENCE	316
XXXVI.—THE DIVISION OF THE EMPIRE	320
XXXVII.—CONSTANTINE THE GREAT	324
XXXVIII.—CONSTANTIUS	328
XXXIX.—VALENTINIAN AND HIS FAMILY	331
XL.—THEODOSIUS THE GREAT	335
XLI.—ALARIC THE GOTH	337
XLII.—THE VANDALS	341
XLIII.—ATTILA THE HUN	345
XLIV.—THEODORIC THE OSTROGOTH	348
XLV.—BELISARIUS	351
XLVI.—POPE GREGORY THE GREAT	355

GERMAN HISTORY.

I.—THE ANCIENT GERMANS	358
II.—VALHALL	361
III.—THE GERMANS AND ROMANS	364
IV.—THE NIBELUNGEN HEROES	367
V.—THE FRANKS	370
VI.—KARL THE GREAT	374

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

ix

CHAPTER	PAGE
VII.—LUDWIG I., THE PIOUS	378
LOTHAR I.	378
LUDWIG II.	378
KARL II., THE BALD.	378
KARLOMAN.	378
KARL III., THE THICK.	378
ARNULF.	378
LUDWIG IV., THE CHILD.	378
VIII.—KONRAD I.	381
HEINRICH I.	381
OTTO I., the GREAT.	381
IX.—THE SAXON EMPERORS	386
OTTO II., THE RED	386
OTTO III., THE WONDER	386
ST. HEINRICH II.	386
X.—THE FRANCONIAN LINE.	388
KONRAD II., THE SALIC.	388
HEINRICH III.	388
HEINRICH IV.	388
HEINRICH V.	388
XI.—LOTHAR II.	393
KONRAD III.	393
XII.—FRIEDRICH I., BARBAROSSA	396
XIII.—FRIEDRICH I., BARBAROSSA (CONTINUED)	400
HEINRICH VI.	400
XIV.—PHILIP.	404
OTTO IV.	404
XV.—FRIEDRICH II.	407
XVI.—FRIEDRICH III.	411
XVII.—KONRAD IV.	415
WILHELM	415
RICHARD	415
XVIII.—RODOLPH.	419
XIX.—ADOLPH.	423
ALBRECHT.	423
XX.—HEINRICH VII.	426
LUDWIG V.	426
XXI.—GUNTHER	431
KARL IV.	431
XXII.—WENZEL	434
XXIII.—RUPRECHT	437
JOBST	437
SIEGMUND.	437
XXIV.—ALBRECHT II.	441
FRIEDRICH III.	441
XXV.—FRIEDRICH III.	446
XXVI.—MAXIMILIAN.	449
XXVII.—CHARLES V.	453
XXVIII.—CHARLES V. (CONTINUED).	457
XXIX.—CHARLES V. (CONTINUED).	461
XXX.—FERDINAND I.	464
XXXI.—MAXIMILIAN II.	467
XXXII.—RUDOLPH II.	470
XXXIII.—MATTHIAS	474
XXXIV.—THE REVOLT OF BOHEMIA	477
FERDINAND II.	477
XXXV.—GUSTAF ADOLF AND WALLENSTEIN.	481
FERDINAND II.	481
XXXVI.—FERDINAND II.	487

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I.

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXXVI.—FERDINAND III.	487
XXXVII.—THE SIEGE OF VIENNA	491
LEOPOLD I.	491
XXXVIII.—WAR OF THE SUCCESSION	494
LEOPOLD I.	494
XXXIX.—JOSEPH I.	498
XL.—KARL VI.	501
XLI.—KARL VII.	504
XLII.—FRANZ I.	507
XLIII.—JOSEPH II.	512
XLIV.—LEOPOLD II.	516
XLV.—FRANZ II.	518
XLVI.—FRANZ II. (CONTINUED).....	521
XLVII.—FRENCH CONQUESTS	524
INTERREGNUM	524
XLVIII.—INTERREGNUM	528
XLIX.—INTERREGNUM	530
L.—WILHELM I.	533

FRENCH HISTORY.

I.—THE OLD KELTS.	536
II.—THE ROMAN CONQUEST.....	539
III.—THE CONVERSION OF GAUL	542
IV.—THE FRANK KINGDOM	546
V.—THE LONG-HAIRED KINGS	550
VI.—KARL OF THE HAMMER.....	554
VII.—CARL THE GREAT	557
VIII.—THE CARLINGS	562
IX.—THE COUNTS OF PARIS	566
X.—HUGUES CAPET	570
XI.—ROBERT THE PIOUS.....	574
HENRY I.	574
PHILIP I.	574
XII.—LOUIS VI, LE GROS	578

(CONTINUED IN VOLUME II.)

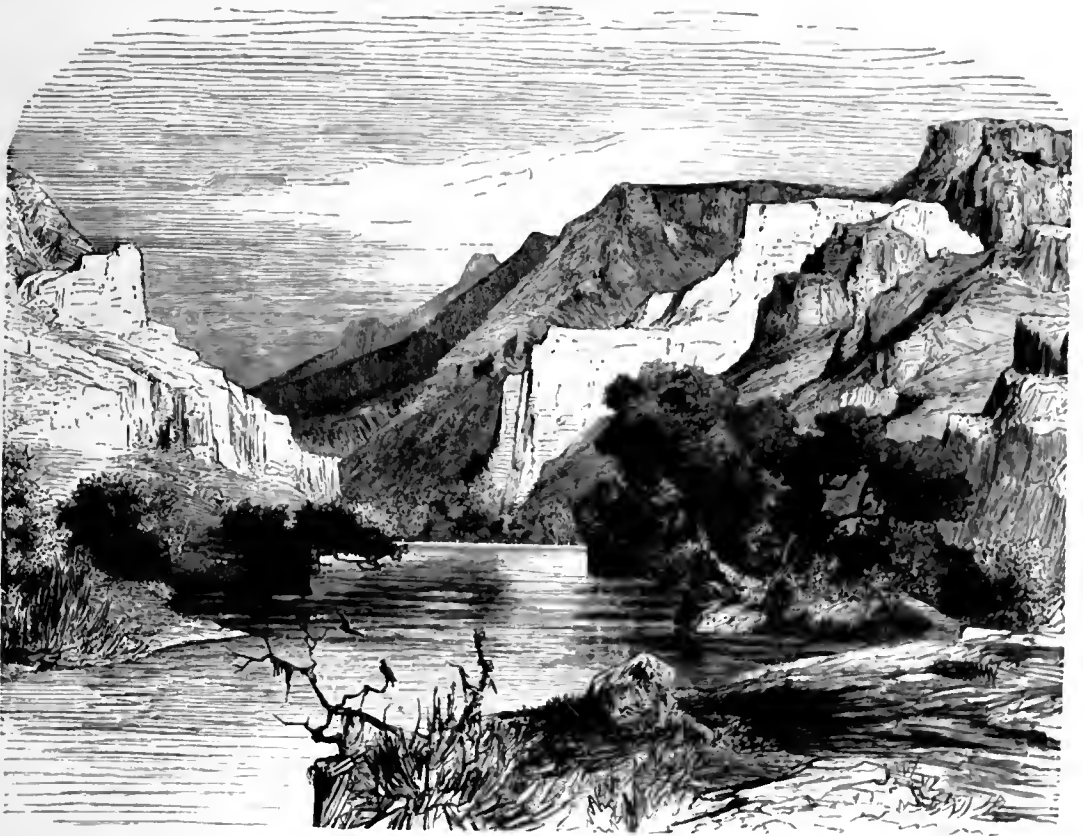
FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS;

VOLUME I.

ILLUSTRATED TITLE PAGE—(Frontispiece)	PAGE
THE FATES	9
MOUNT PARNASSUS.....	11
DEPARTURE OF MEDEA.....	28
IPHIGENIA PLEADS WITH AGAMEMNON.....	35
LAOKOON	40
THE WONDERFUL HORSE OF TROY ..	45
SPORTS OF GREEK GIRLS.....	56
INTERIOR OF THE PARTHENON	88
DESTRUCTION OF THE ATHENIAN ARMY.....	93
RETURN OF ALKIBIADES	95
DEATH OF SOCRATES.....	106
DIANA.....	125
SCHOOL OF ATHENS.....	142
RUINS OF ATHENS.....	161
CONSTANTINOPLE.....	174
ROMULUS AND REMUS.....	196
APOLLO AND THE MUSES.....	225
VIA APPIA	244
ROMAN VILLA	263
PUPPET PLAYERS	279
TIBERIUS AT CAPREÆ	301
CONFLAGRATION OF ROME.....	305
COLISEUM.....	310
ROMAN BANQUET	316
BATTLE OF CONSTANTINE.....	323
CIRCUS MAXIMUS	334
ATTILA	346
CHARLES MARTEL	356
GERMAN FUNERAL SACRIFICE	362
DEATH OF BRUNEHAUT.....	372
HENRY IV. DOING PENANCE.....	391
RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG	419
WILLIAM TELL.....	426
GUTENBERG.....	441

	PAGE
LEO X.....	450
LUTHER'S CAPTURE.....	455
MARTINIZ AND SLAWATA.....	475
DEATH OF GUSTAV ADOLPH.....	484
WALLENSTEIN WARNED.....	489
PETER THE GREAT.....	498
BATTLE OF HOHENFRIEDBERG.....	504
FREDERIC THE GREAT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF LEUTHEN.....	511
MEETING OF NAPOLEON AND LOUISE.....	522
ANDREAS HOFER... ..	525
BLUCHER'S MARCH TO WATERLOO.....	528
PRINCE BISMARCK... ..	531
WILLIAM I.....	533
GENERAL VON MOLTKE.....	535
CORONATION OF CHARLEMAGNE.....	560
GODFREY OF BOUILLON.....	576

(CONTINUED IN VOLUME II.)



MOUNT OLYMPUS.—Drawn by *L. H. Fischer.*

STORIES OF GREEK HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

OLYMPUS.

I AM going to tell you the history of the most wonderful people who ever lived. But I have to begin with a good deal that is not true; for the people who descended from Japhet's son Javan, and lived in the beautiful islands and peninsulas called Greece, were not trained in the knowledge of God like the Israelites, but had to guess for themselves. They made strange stories, partly from the old beliefs they brought from the east, partly from their ways of speaking of the powers of nature—sky, sun, moon, stars, and clouds—as if they were real beings, and so again of good or bad qualities as beings also, and partly from old stories about their forefathers. These stories got mixed up with

their belief, and came to be part of their religion and history; and they wrote beautiful poems about them, and made such lovely statues in their honor, that nobody can understand anything about art or learning who has not learnt these stories. I must begin with trying to tell you a few of them.

In the first place, the Greeks thought there were twelve greater gods and goddesses who lived in Olympus. There is really a mountain called Olympus, and those who lived far from it thought it went up into the sky, and that the gods really dwelt on the top of it. Those who lived near, and knew they did not, thought they lived in the sky. But the chief of all, the father of gods and men, was the sky-god—Zeus, as the Greeks called him, or Jupiter, as he was called in Latin. However, as all things are born of Time, so the sky or Jupiter was said to have a father, Time, whose Greek name was Kronos. His other name was Saturn; and as time devours his offspring, so Saturn was said to have had the bad habit of eating up his children as fast as they were born, till at last his wife Rhea contrived to give him a stone in swaddling clothes, and while he was biting this

hard morsel, Jupiter was saved from him, and afterwards two other sons, Neptune (Poseidon) and Pluto (Hades), who became lords of the ocean and of the world of the spirits of the dead; for on the sea and on death Time's tooth has no power. However, Saturn's reign was thought to have been a very peaceful and happy one. For as people always think of the days of Paradise, and believe that the days of old were better than their own times, so the Greeks thought there had been four ages—the Golden age, the Silver age, the Brazen age, and the Iron age—and that people had been getting worse in each of them. Poor old Saturn, after the Silver age, had had to go into retirement, with only his own star, the planet Saturn, left to him; and Jupiter was reigning



JUPITER. (*Mask from Otricoli.*)

now, on his throne on Olympus, at the head of the twelve greater gods and goddesses, and it was the Iron age down below. His star, the planet

we still call by his name, was much larger and brighter than Saturn. Jupiter was always thought of by the Greeks as a majestic-looking man in his full strength, with thick hair and beard, and with lightnings in his hand and an eagle by his side. These lightnings or thunderbolts were forged by his crooked son Vulcan (Hephæstion), the god of fire, the smith and armorer of Olympus, whose smithies were in the volcanoes (so called from his name), and whose workmen were the Cyclops or Round Eyes—giants, each with one eye in the middle of his forehead. Once, indeed, Jupiter had needed his bolts, for the Titans, a horrible race of monstrous giants, of whom the worst was Briareus, who had a hundred hands, had tried, by piling up mountains one upon the other, to scale heaven and throw him down; but when Jupiter was hardest pressed, a dreadful pain in his head caused him to bid Vulcan to strike it with his hammer. Then out darted Heavenly Wisdom, his beautiful daughter Pallas Athene or Minerva, fully armed, with piercing, shining eyes, and by her counsels he cast down the Titans, and heaped their own mountains, Etna and Ossa and Pelion, on them to keep them down; and whenever there was an earthquake, it was thought to be caused by one of these giants struggling to get free, though perhaps there was some remembrance of the Tower of Babel in the story. Pallas, this glorious daughter of Jupiter, was wise, brave and strong, and she was also the goddess of women's works—of all spinning, weaving, and sewing.

Jupiter's wife, the queen of heaven or the air, was Juno—in Greek, Hera—the white-armed, ox-eyed, stately lady, whose bird was the peacock. Do you know how the peacock got the eyes in his tail? They once belonged to Argus, a shepherd with a hundred eyes, whom Juno had set to watch a cow named Io, who was really a lady, much hated by her. Argus watched till Mercury (Hermes) came and lulled him to sleep with soft music, and then drove Io away. Juno was so angry, that she caused all the eyes to be taken from Argus and put into her peacock's tail.

Mercury has a planet called after him too, a very small one, so close to the sun that we only see it just after sunset



JUNO. (*Ludovisi.*)

or before sunrise. I believe Mercury or Hermes really meant the morning breeze. The story went that he was born early in the morning in a cave, and after he had slept a little while in his cradle, he came forth, and finding the shell of a tortoise with some strings of the inwards stretched across it, he at once began to play on it, and thus formed the first lyre. He was so swift that he was the messenger of Jupiter, and he is always represented with wings on his cap and sandals; but as the wind not only makes music, but blows things away unawares, so Mercury came to be viewed not only as the god of fair speech, but as a terrible thief, and the god of thieves. You see, as long as these Greek stories are parables, they are grand and beautiful; but when the beings are looked on as like men, they are absurd and often horrid. The gods had another messenger, Iris, the rainbow, who always carried messages of mercy, a recollection of the bow in the clouds; but she chiefly belonged to Juno.

All the twelve greater gods had palaces on Olympus, and met every day in Jupiter's hall to feast on ambrosia, a sort of food of life which made them immortal. Their drink was nectar, which was poured into their golden cups at first by Vulcan, but he stumbled and hobbled so with his lame leg that they chose instead the fresh and graceful Hebe, the goddess of youth, till she was careless, and one day fell down, cup and nectar and all. The gods thought they must find another cupbearer, and, looking down, they saw a beautiful youth named Ganymede watching his flocks upon Mount Ida. So they sent Jupiter's eagle down to fly away with him and bring him up to Olympus. They gave him some ambrosia to make him immortal, and established him as their cupbearer. Besides this, the gods were thought to feed on the smoke and smell of the sacrifices people offered up to them on earth, and always to help those who offered them most sacrifices of animals and incense.

The usual names of these twelve were—Jupiter, Neptune, Juno, Latona, Apollo, Diana, Pallas, Venus, Vulcan, Mercury, Vesta, and Ceres; but there were multitudes besides—"gods many and lords many" of all sorts of different dignities. Every river had its god, every mountain and wood was full of nymphs, and there was a great god of all nature called Pan, which in Greek means All. Neptune was only a visitor in Olympus, though he had a right there. His kingdom was the sea, which he ruled with his trident, and where he had a whole world of lesser gods and nymphs, tritons and sea-horses, to attend upon his chariot.

And the quietest and best of all the goddesses was Vesta, the goddess of the household hearth—of home, that is to say. There are no stories to be told about her, but a fire was always kept burning in her honor in each city, and no one might tend it who was not good and pure.

CHAPTER II.

LIGHT AND DARK.



THE god and goddess of light were the glorious twin brother and sister, Phœbus Apollo and Diana or Artemis. They were born in the isle of Delos, which was caused to rise out of the sea to save their mother, Latona, from the horrid serpent, Python, who wanted to devour her. Gods were born strong and mighty; and the first thing Apollo did was to slay the serpent at Delphi with his arrows. Here was a dim remembrance of the promise that the Seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head, and also a thought of the way

Light slays the dragon of darkness with his beams. Apollo was lord

of the day, and Diana queen of the night. They were as bright and pure as the thought of man could make them, and always young. The beams or rays were their arrows, and so Diana was a huntress, always in the woods with her nymphs; and she was so modest, that once, when an unfortunate wanderer, named Actæon, came on her with her nymphs by chance when they were bathing in a stream, she splashed some water in his face and turned him into a stag, so that his own dogs gave chase to him and killed him. I am afraid Apollo and Diana were rather cruel; but the darting rays of the sun and moon kill sometimes as well as bless; and so they were the senders of all sharp, sudden strokes. There was a queen called Niobe, who had six sons and daughters so bright and fair that she boasted that they were equal to Apollo and Diana, which made Latona so angry, that she sent



PHŒBUS APOLLO.—(Beleidere, Vatican, Rome.)

her son and daughter to slay them all with their darts. The unhappy Niobe, thus punished for her impiety, wept a river of tears till she was turned into stone.



NIOBE.—(*Statue in Florence.*)

The moon belonged to Diana, and was her car; the sun, in like manner, to Apollo, though he did not drive the car himself, but Helios, the sun-god, did. The world was thought to be a flat plate, with Delphi in the middle, and the ocean all round. In the far east the lady dawn, Aurora, or Eôs, opened the gates with her rosy fingers, and out came the golden car of the sun, with glorious white horses driven by Helios, attended by the Hours

strewing dew and flowers. It passed over the arch of the heavens to the ocean again on the west, and there Aurora met it again in fair colors, took out the horses, and let them feed. Aurora had married a man named Tithonus. She gave him ambrosia, which made him immortal, but she could not keep him from growing old, so he became smaller and smaller, till he dwindled into a grasshopper, and at last only his voice was to be heard chirping at sunrise and sunset.

Helios had an earthly wife too, and a son named Phaëton, who once begged to be allowed to drive the chariot of the sun for just one day. Helios yielded; but poor Phaëton had no strength nor skill to guide the horses in the right curve. At one moment they rushed to the earth and scorched the trees, at another they flew up to heaven and would have burnt Olympus, if Jupiter had not cast his thunderbolts at the rash driver and hurled him down into a river, where he was drowned. His sisters wept till they were changed into poplar trees, and their tears hardened into amber drops.



X & R. BRECHENOUR

THE THREE MUSES.

Mercury gave his lyre to Apollo, who was the true god of music and poetry, and under him were nine nymphs—the Muses, daughters of memory—who dwelt on Mount Parnassus, and were thought to inspire all noble and heroic song, all poems in praise to or of the gods or of brave men, and the graceful music and dancing at their feasts, also the knowledge of the stars of earth and heaven.

These three—Apollo, Diana, and Pallas—were the gods of all that was nobly, purely, and wisely lovely; but the Greeks also believed in powers of ill, and there was a goddess of beauty, called Venus (Aphrodite). Such beauty was hers as is the mere prettiness and charm of pleasure—nothing high or fine. She was said to have risen out of the sea, as the sunshine

touched the waves, with her golden hair dripping with the spray; and her favorite home was in myrtle groves, where she drove her car, drawn by doves, attended by the three Graces, and by multitudes of little winged children, called Loves; but there was generally said to be one special son of hers, called Love—Cupid in Latin, Eros in Greek—whose arrows, when tipped with gold, made people fall in love, and when tipped with lead, made them hate one another. Her husband was the ugly, crooked smith, Vulcan—perhaps because pretty ornaments come of the hard work of the smith; but she never behaved well to him, and only coaxed him when she wanted something that his clever hands could make.

She was much more fond of amusing herself with Mars (Ares), the god of war, another of the evil gods, for he was fierce, cruel, and violent, and where he went slaughter and blood were sure to follow him and his horrid daughter Bellona. His star was "the red planet Mars;" but Venus had the beautiful clear one, which, according as it is seen either at sunrise or sunset, is called the morning or evening star. Venus also loved a beautiful young earthly youth, called Adonis, who died of a thrust from a wild boar's tusk, while his blood stained crimson the pretty flower, pheasant's eye, which is still called Adonis. Venus was so wretched that she persuaded Jupiter to decree that Adonis should come back and live for one-half of the year, but he was to go down to Pluto's underground kingdom the other half. This is because plants and flowers are beautiful for one year, die down, and rise again.

But there is a much prettier story, with something of the same meaning, about Ceres (Demeter), the grave, motherly goddess of corn and all the fruits of the earth. She had one fair daughter, named Proserpine (Persephone), who was playing with her companions near Mount Etna, gathering flowers in the meadows, when grim old Pluto pounced upon her and carried her off into his underground world to be his bride. Poor Ceres did not know what had become of her darling, and wandered up and down the world seeking for her, tasting no food or drink, till at last, quite spent, she was taken in as a poor woman by Celeus, king of Eleusis, and became nurse to his infant child Triptolemus. All Eleusis was made rich with corn, while no rain fell and no crops grew on the rest of the earth; and though first Iris and then all the gods came to beg Ceres to relent, she would grant nothing unless she had her daughter back. So Jupiter sent Mercury to bring Proserpine home; but she was only to be allowed to stay on earth on condition that she had eaten nothing while in the under world. Pluto, knowing this, had made her eat half a pomegranate, and so she could not stay with her mother; but Ceres's tears prevailed so far that she was to spend the summer above ground and the winter below. For she really was the flowers and fruit. Ceres had grown

so fond of little Triptolemus that she wanted to make him immortal; but, as she had no ambrosia, this could only be done by putting him on the fire night after night to burn away his mortal part. His mother looked in one



PLUTO CARRIES PROSERPINE OFF.

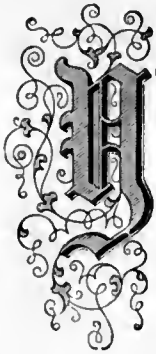
night during the operation, and shrieked so that she prevented it; so all Ceres could do for him was to give him grains of wheat and a dragon car, with which he traveled all about the world, teaching men to sow corn and reap harvests.

Proserpine seems to have been contented in her underground kingdom, where she ruled with Pluto. It was supposed to be below the volcanic grounds in southern Italy, near Lake Avernus. The entrance to it was guarded by a three-headed dog, named Cerberus, and the way to it was barred by the River Styx. Every evening Mercury brought all the spirits of the people who had died during the day to the shore of the Styx, and if their funeral rites had been properly performed, and they had a little coin on the tongue to pay the fare, Charon, the ferryman, took them across; but if their corpses were in the sea, or on battle-fields, unburied, the poor shades had to flit about vainly begging to be ferried over. After they had crossed, they were judged by three judges, and if they had been wicked, were sent over the river of fire to be tormented by the three Furies, Alecto, Megara, and Tisiphone, who had snakes as scourges and in their hair. If they had been brave and virtuous, they were allowed to live among beautiful trees and flowers in the Elysian fields, where Pluto reigned; but they seem always to have longed after the life they had lost; and these Greek notions of bliss seem sad besides what we know to be the truth. Here, too, lived the three Fates, always spinning the threads of men's lives; Clotho held the distaff, Lachesis drew out the

thread, and Atropos with her shears cut it off when the man was to die. And, though Jupiter was mighty, nothing could happen but by Fate, which was stronger than he.

CHAPTER III.

THE PEOPLING OF GREECE.



YOU remember the Titans who rebelled against Jupiter. There was one who was noble, and wise, and kind, who did not rebel, and kept his brother from doing so. His name was Prometheus, which means Forethought; his brother's was Epimetheus, or Afterthought; their father was Iapetus. When all the other Titans had been buried under the rocks, Jupiter bade Prometheus mould men out of the mud, and call on the winds of heaven to breathe life into them. Then Prometheus loved the beings he had made, and taught them to build houses, and tame the animals, and row and sail on the sea, and study the stars. But Zeus was afraid they would be too mighty, and would not give them fire. Then Prometheus climbed the skies, and brought fire down for them in a hollow reed.



PANDORA.

The gods were jealous, and thought it time to stop this. So Jupiter bade Vulcan mould a woman out of clay, and Pallas to adorn her with all charms and gifts, so that she was called Pandora, or All Gifts; and they gave her a casket, into which they had put all pains, and griefs, and woes, and ills, and nothing good in it but hope; and they sent her down to visit the two Titan brothers. Prometheus knew that Jupiter hated them, and he had warned Epimetheus not to take any gift that came from Olympus; but he was gone from home when Pandora came; and when Epimetheus saw how lovely she was, and heard her sweet voice, he was won over to trust her, and to open the box. Then out flew all the evils and miseries that were stored in it, and began to torment poor mankind with war, and sickness, and thirst, and hunger, and nothing good was left but hope at the bottom of the box. And by and by there came spirits,





MOUNT PARNASSUS.

Vatican (Camera delle Segnature)

Es. me.



called Prayers, but they were lame, coming after evil, because people are so apt not to begin to pray till harm has befallen them.

The gods undertook also to accept sacrifices, claiming a share in whatever animal man slew. Prometheus guarded his people here by putting the flesh of a bullock on one side, and the bones and inward parts covered with the fat on the other, and bidding Jupiter choose which should be his. The fat looked as if the heap it covered were the best, and Jupiter chose that, and was forced to abide by his choice; so that, whenever a beast was killed for food, the bones and fat were burnt on the altar, and man had the flesh. All this made Jupiter so angry, that, as Prometheus was immortal and could not be killed, he chained the great, good Titan to a rock on Mount Caucasus, and sent an eagle continually to rend his side and tear out his liver as fast as it grew again; but Prometheus, in all his agony, kept hope, for he knew that deliverance would come to him; and, in the meantime, he was still the comforter and counsellor of all who found their way to him.

Men grew very wicked, owing to the evils in Pandora's box, and Jupiter resolved to drown them all with a flood; but Prometheus, knowing it beforehand, told his mortal son Deucalion to build a ship and store it with all sorts of food. In it Deucalion and his wife Pyrrha floated about for nine days till all men had been drowned, and as the waters went down the ship rested on Mount Parnassus, and Deucalion and Pyrrha came out and offered sacrifices to Jupiter. He was appeased, and sent Mercury down to ask what he should grant them. Their prayer was that the earth might be filled again with people, upon which the god bade them walk up the hill and throw behind them the bones of their grandmother. Now Earth was said to be the mother of the Titans, so the bones of their grandmother were the rocks, so as they went they picked up stones and threw them over their shoulders. All those that Deucalion threw rose up as men, and all those that Pyrrha threw became women, and thus the earth was alive again with human beings. No one can fail to see what far older histories must have been brought in the minds of the Greeks, and have been altered into these tales, which have much beauty in themselves. The story of the flood seems to have been mixed up with some small later inundation which only affected Greece.

The proper old name of Greece was Hellas, and the people whom we call Greeks called themselves Hellènes.* Learned men know that they, like all the people of Europe, and also the Persians and Hindoos, sprang from one great family of the sons of Japhet, called Arians. A tribe called Pelasgi came first, and lived in Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy; and after

* "E" and "o" marked thus (è) (ô) are pronounced long, as "Helleens."

them came the Hellènes, who were much quicker and cleverer than the Pelasgi, and became their masters in most of Greece. So that the people we call Greeks were a mixture of the two, and they were divided into three lesser tribes—the Æolians, Dorians, and Ionians.

Now, having told you that bit of truth, I will go back to what the Greeks thought. They said that Deucalion had a son whose name was Hellên, and that he again had three sons, called Æolus, Dorus, and Xuthus. Æolus was the father of the Æolian Greeks, and some in after times thought that he was the same with the god called Æolus, who was thought to live in the Lipari Islands; and these keep guard over the spirits of the winds—Boreas, the rough, lively north wind; Auster, the rainy south wind; Eurus, the bitter east; and Zephyr, the gentle west. He kept them in a cave, and let one out according to the way the wind was wanted to blow, or if there was to be a storm he sent out two at once to struggle, and fight, and roar together, and lash up Neptune's world, the sea. The Æolians did chiefly live in the islands and at Corinth. One of the sons of Æolus turned out very badly, and cheated Jupiter. His name was Sisyphus, and he was punished in Tartarus—Pluto's world below—by having always to roll a stone up a mountain so steep that it was sure to come down upon him again.

Dorus was, of course, the father of the Dorians; and Xuthus had a son, called Iôn, who was the father of the Ionians. But, besides all these, there was a story of two brothers, named Ægyptus and Danaus, one of whom settled in Egypt, and the other in Argos. One had fifty sons and the other fifty daughters, and Ægyptus decreed that they should all marry; but Danaus and his daughters hated their cousins, and the father gave each bride a dagger, with which she stabbed her bridegroom. Only one had pity, and though the other forty-nine were not punished here, yet, when they died and went to Tartarus, they did not escape, but were obliged to be for ever trying to carry water in bottomless vessels. The people of Argos called themselves Danaï, and no doubt some of them came from Egypt.

One more story, and a very strange one, tells of the peopling of Greece. A fair lady, named Europa, was playing in the meadows on the Phœnician coast, when a great white bull came to her, let his horns be wreathed with flowers, lay down, and invited her to mount his back; but no sooner had she done so, than he rose and trotted down with her to the sea, and swam with her out of sight. He took her, in fact, to the island of Crete, where her son Minos was so good and just a king, that, when he died, Pluto appointed him and two others to be judges of the spirits of the dead. Europe was called after Europa, as the loss of her led settlers there from Asia. Europa's family grieved for her, and her father, mother, and brother went

everywhere in search of her. Cadmus was the name of her brother, and he and his mother went far and wide, till the mother died, and Cadmus went to Delphi—the place thought to be the centre of the earth—where Apollo had slain the serpent Python, and where he had a temple and cavern in which every question could be answered. Such places of divination were called oracles, and Cadmus was here told to cease from seeking his sister, and to follow a cow till she fell down with fatigue, and to build a city on that spot. The poor cow went till she came into Bœotia, and there fell. Cadmus meant to offer her up, and went to fetch water from a fountain near, but as he stooped a fierce dragon rushed on him. He had a hard fight to kill it, but Pallas shone out in her beauty on him, and bade him sow its teeth in the ground. He did so, and they sprung up as warriors, who at once began to fight, and killed one another, all but five, who made friends, and helped Cadmus to build the famous city called Thebes. It is strange, after so wild a story as this, to be told that Cadmus first taught writing in Greece, and brought the alphabet of sixteen letters. The Greek alphabet was really learnt from the Phœnicians, and most likely the whole is a curious story of some settlement of that eastern people in Greece. Most likely they brought in the worship of the wine-god, Bacchus (Dionysos), for he was called Cadmus's grandson. An orphan at first, he was brought up by the nymphs and Mercury, and then became a great conqueror, going to India, and Egypt, and everywhere, carrying the vine and teaching the use of wine. He was attended by an old fat man, named Silenus, and by creatures, called Fauns and Satyrs, like men with goats' ears and legs; his crown was of ivy, and his chariot was drawn by leopards, and he was at last raised to Olympus. His feasts were called orgies; he-goats were sacrificed at them, and songs were sung, after which there was much drinking, and people danced holding sticks wreathed with vine and ivy leaves. The women who danced were called Bacchanals. The better sort of Greeks at first would not adopt these shameful rites. There were horrid stories of women who refused them, going mad and leaping into the sea, and the Bacchanals used to fall upon and destroy all who resisted them.



CHAPTER IV.

THE HERO PERSEUS.



HERO means a great and glorious man, and the Greeks thought they had many such among their forefathers—nay, that they were sons of gods, and themselves, after many trials and troubles, became gods, since these Greeks of old felt that “we are also His offspring.”

Here is a story of one of these heroes. His mother was the daughter of an Argive king, and was named Danaë. He was named Perseus, and had bright eyes and golden hair like the morning. When he was a little babe, he and his mother were out at sea, and were cast on the isle of Seriphos, where a fisherman named Dictys took care of them. A cruel tyrant named Polydectes wanted Danaë to be his wife, and, as she would not consent, he shut her up in prison, saying that she should never come out till her

son Perseus had brought him the head of the Gorgon Medusa, thinking he must be lost by the way. For the Gorgons were three terrible sisters, who lived in the far west beyond the setting sun. Two of them were immortal, and had dragon's wings and brazen claws and serpent hair, but their sister Medusa was mortal, and so beautiful in the face that she had boasted of being fairer than Pallas. To punish her presumption, her hair was turned to serpents, and who-



MEDUSA.—(Rondanini.)

soever looked on her face, sad and lovely as it was, would instantly be turned into stone.

But, for his mother's sake, young Perseus was resolved to dare this terrible adventure, and his bravery brought help from the gods. The last night before he was to set out, Pallas came and showed him the images of

the three Gorgons, and bade him not concern himself about the two he could not kill; but she gave him a mirror of polished brass, and told him only to look at Medusa's reflection on it, for he would become a stone if he beheld her real self. Then Mercury came and gave Perseus a sword of light that would cleave all on whom it might fall, lent him his own winged sandals, and told him to go first to the nymphs of the Graiæ, the Gorgons' sisters, and make them tell him the way.

So the young hero went by land and sea, still westwards, to the very borders of the world, where stands the giant of the west, Atlas, holding up the great vault of the skies on his broad shoulders. Beyond lay the dreary land of twilight, on the shores of the great ocean that goes round the world, and on the rocks on the shores sat the three old, old nymphs, the Graiæ, who had been born with gray hair, and had but one eye and one tooth among them, which they passed to one another in turn. When the first had seen the noble-looking youth speeding to them, she handed her eye on, that the next sister might look at him; but Perseus was too quick—he caught the one eye out of her hand, and then told the three poor old nymphs that he did not want to hurt them, but that he must keep their eye till they had told him the way to Medusa the Gorgon.

They told him the way, and, moreover, they gave him a mist-cap helmet from Tartarus, which would make him invisible whenever he put it on, and also a bag, which he slung on his back; and, thus armed, he went further to the very bounds of the world, and he took his mirror in his hand and looked into it. There he saw the three Gorgon sisters, their necks covered with scales like those of snakes (at least those of two), their teeth like boar's tusks, their hands like brass, and their wings of gold; but they were all fast asleep, and Perseus, still looking into his mirror, cleft Medusa's neck with his all-cutting sword, and put her head into the bag on his back without ever seeing her face. Her sisters awoke and darted after him; but he put on his helmet of mist, and they lost him, while he fled away on Mercury's swift-winged sandals. As he sped eastward, he heard a voice asking whether he had really killed the Gorgon. It was Atlas, the old heaven-supporting giant; and when Perseus answered that he had, Atlas declared that he must see the head to convince him. So Perseus put a hand over his shoulder, and drew it up by its snaky hair; but no sooner had Atlas cast his eyes on it than he turned into a mountain, his white beard and hair becoming the snowy peak, and his garments the woods and forests. And there he still stands on the west coast of Africa, and all our modern map-books are named after him.

But Perseus' adventures were not over. As he flew on by the Lybian coast he heard a sound of wailing, and beheld a beautiful maiden chained by her hands and feet to a rock. He asked what had led her to this sad plight,

and she answered that she was Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus and Cassiopeia, king and queen of Ethiopia, and that her mother had foolishly boasted that she was fairer than the Nereids, the fifty nymphs who are the spirits of the waves. Neptune was so much displeased that he sent a flood to overflow the land, and a sea-monster to devour the people and cattle. In an oasis or isle of fertility in the middle of the Lybian desert was a temple of Jupiter, there called Ammon, and the Ethiopians had sent there to ask what to do. The oracle replied that the evil should cease if Andromeda were given up to the monster. Cepheus had been obliged to yield her up because of the outcries of the people, and here she was waiting to be devoured. Perseus, of course, was ready. He heard the monster coming, bade Andromeda close her eyes, and then held up the Gorgon's head. In an instant her foe had become a rock, and he cleft the maiden's chains, brought her back to her father and mother, who gave her to him in marriage, and made a great feast; but here a former lover of hers insulted them both so much that Perseus was forced to show him the Gorgon's face, and turn him into stone.

Then Perseus, with Andromeda, took his way to Seriphos. Indeed it was high time that he should come back, for Polydectes, thinking that he must long ago have been turned into a rock at the sight of Medusa, had tried to take Danaë by force to be his wife, and she had fled into a temple, where no one dared to touch her, since it was always believed that the gods punished such as dragged suppliants away from their temples. So Perseus went to Polydectes, who was in the midst of a feast, and, telling him that his bidding was done, held up the head of Medusa, and of course the king and his whole court turned at once into stone. Now that the work of the Gorgon's head was done, Perseus offered it to Pallas, who placed it upon her shield, or, as it is always called, her ægis; and he gave back the sword of light, cap of mist, and winged sandals to Mercury.

After this he returned to Argos, and there, at a game of quoits, he had the misfortune to throw the quoit the wrong way, and hit his grandfather, the king, so as to kill him. Perseus reigned afterwards, and like all the nobler Greek heroes, kept out the worship of Bacchus and its foul orgies from his dominions; but he afterwards exchanged kingdoms with another king, and built the city of Tiryas. He lived happily with Andromeda, and had a great many children, whose descendants viewed him as a demi-god, and had shrines to him, where they offered incense and sacrifice; for they thought that he and all the family were commemorated in the stars, and named the groups after them. You may find them all in the North. Andromeda is a great square, as if large stars marked the rivets of her chains on the rock; Perseus, a long curved cluster of bright stars, as if climbing up to deliver her; her mother Cassiopeia like a bright W, in

which the Greeks traced a chair, where she sat with her back to the rest to punish her for her boast. Cepheus is there too, but he is smaller, and less easy to find. They are all in the North, round the Great Bear, who was said by the Greeks to be a poor lady whom Juno had turned into a bear, and who was almost killed unknowingly by her own son when out hunting. He is the Little Bear, with the pole star in his tail, and she is the Great Bear, always circling round him, and, as the Greeks used to say, never dipping her muzzle into the ocean, because she is so far north that she never sets.

This story of Perseus is a very old one, which all nations have loved to tell, though with different names. You will be amused to think that the old Cornish way of telling it is found in "Jack the Giant Killer," who had seven-leagued boots and a cap of mist, and delivered fair ladies from their cruel foes.



CHAPTER V.

THE LABORS OF HERCULES.



NE morning Jupiter boasted among the gods in Olympus that a son would that day be born in the line of Perseus, who would rule over all the Argives. Juno was angry and jealous at this, and, as she was the goddess who presided over the births of children, she contrived to hinder the birth of the child he intended till that day was over, and to hasten that of another grandson of the great Perseus. This child was named Eurystheus, and, as he had been born on the right day, Jupiter was forced to let him be king of Argos, Sparta, and

Mycenæ, and all the Dorian race; while the boy whom he had meant to be the chief was kept in subjection, in spite of having wonderful gifts of courage and strength, and a kind, generous nature, that always was ready to help the weak and sorrowful.

His name was Alcides, or Hercules, and he was so strong at ten months old, that, with his own hands, he strangled two serpents whom Juno sent to devour him in his cradle. He was bred up by Chiron, the chief of the Centaurs, a wondrous race of beings, who had horses' bodies as far as the fore-legs, but where the neck of the horse would begin had human breasts and shoulders, with arms and heads. Most of them were fierce and savage; but Chiron was very wise and good, and, as Jupiter made him immortal, he was the teacher of many of the great Greek heroes. When Hercules was about eighteen, two maidens appeared to him—one in a simple white dress,

grave, modest, and seemly; the other scarcely clothed, but tricked out in ornaments, with a flushed face, and bold, roving eyes. The first told him that she was Virtue, and that, if he would follow her, she would lead him through many hard trials, but that he would be glorious at last, and be blest



COMBAT BETWEEN CENTAURS

among the gods. The other was Vice, and she tried to wile him by a smooth life among wine-cups and dances and flowers and sports, all to be enjoyed at once. But the choice of Hercules was Virtue, and it was well for him, for Jupiter, to make up for Juno's cheat, had sworn that, if he fulfilled twelve tasks which Eurystheus should put upon him, he should be declared worthy of being raised to the gods at his death.

Eurystheus did not know that in giving these tasks he was making his cousin fulfil his course; but he was afraid of such a mighty man, and hoped that one of these would be the means of getting rid of him. So when he saw Hercules at Argos, with a club made of a forest tree in his hand, and clad in the skin of a lion which he had slain, Eurystheus bade him go and kill a far more terrible lion, of giant brood, and with a skin that could not be pierced, which dwelt in the valley of Nemea. The fight was a terrible one; the lion could not be wounded, and Hercules was forced to grapple with it, and strangle it in his arms. He lost a finger in the struggle, but at last the beast died in his grasp, and he carried it on his back to Argos, where Eurystheus was so much frightened at the grim sight that he fled away to hide himself, and commanded Hercules not to bring his monsters within the gates of the city.

There was a second labor ready for Hercules—namely, the destroying a serpent with nine heads, called Hydra, whose lair was the marsh of Lerna. Hercules went to the battle, and managed to crush one head with his club, but that moment two sprang up in its place; moreover, a huge crab came out of the swamp, and began to pinch his heels. Still he did not lose heart, but, calling his friend Iolaus, he bade him take a firebrand and burn the necks as fast as he cut off the heads; and thus at last they killed the creature, and Hercules dipped his arrows in its poisonous blood, so that their least wound became fatal. Eurystheus said that it had not been a fair victory, since Hercules had been helped, and Juno put the crab into the skies as the constellation Cancer; while a labor to patience was next devised for Hercules—namely, the chasing of the Arcadian stag, which was sacred to Diana, and had golden horns and brazen hoofs. Hercules hunted it up hill and down dale for a whole year, and when at last he caught it, he got into trouble with Apollo and Diana about it, and had hard work to appease them; but he did so at last; and for his fourth labor was sent to catch alive a horrid wild boar on Mount Erymanthus. He followed the beast through a deep swamp, caught it in a net, and brought it to Mycenæ.

The fifth task was a curious one. Augeas, king of Elis, had immense herds, and kept his stables and cowhouses in a frightful state of filth, and Eurystheus, hoping either to disgust Hercules or kill him by the unwholesomeness of the work, sent him to clean them. Hercules, without telling Augeas it was his appointed task, offered to do it if he were repaid the tenth of the herds, and received the promise on oath. Then he dug a canal, and turned the water of two rivers into the stables, so as effectually to cleanse them; but when Augeas heard it was his task, he tried to cheat him of the payment, and on the other hand Eurystheus said, as he had been rewarded, it could not count as one of his labors, and ordered him off to clear the woods near Lake Stymphalis of some horrible birds, with brazen beaks and claws, and ready-made arrows for feathers, which ate human flesh. To get them to rise out of the forest was his first difficulty, but Pallas lent him a brazen clapper, which made them take to their wings; then he shot them with his poisoned arrows, killed many, and drove the rest away.

King Minos of Crete had once vowed to sacrifice to the gods whatever should appear from the sea. A beautiful white bull came, so fine that it tempted him not to keep his word, and he was punished by the bull going mad, and doing all sorts of damage in Crete; so that Eurystheus thought it would serve as a labor for Hercules to bring the animal to Mycenæ. In due time back came the hero, with the bull, quite subdued, upon his shoulders; and, having shown it, he let it loose again to run about Greece.

He had a harder task in getting the mares of the Thracian king, Diomêdes, which were fed on man's flesh. He overcame their grooms, and

drove the beasts away; but he was overtaken by Diomêdes, and, while fighting with him and his people, put the mares under the charge of a friend; but when the battle was over, and Diomêdes killed, he found that they had eaten up their keeper. However, when he had fed them on the dead body of their late master, they grew mild and manageable, and he brought them home.

The next expedition was against the Amazons, a nation of women warriors, who lived somewhere on the banks of the Euxine or Black Sea, kept their husbands in subjection, and seldom brought up a son. The bravest of all the Amazons was the queen, Hippolyta, to whom Mars had given a belt as a reward for her valor. Eurystheus' daughter wanted this belt, and Hercules was sent to fetch it. He was so hearty, honest, and good-natured, that he talked over Hippolyta, and she promised him her girdle; but Juno, to make mischief, took the form of an Amazon, and persuaded the ladies that their queen was being deluded and stolen away by a strange man, so they mounted their horses and came down to rescue her. He thought she had been treacherous, and there was a great fight, in which he killed her, and carried off her girdle.

Far out in the west, near the ocean flowing round the world, were herds of purple oxen, guarded by a two-headed dog, and belonging to a giant with three bodies called Geryon, who lived in the isle of Erythria, in the outmost ocean. Passing Lybia, Hercules came to the end of the Mediterranean Sea, Neptune's domain, and there set up two pillars—namely, Mounts Calpe and Abyla—on each side of the Straits of Gibraltar. The rays of the sun scorched him, and in wrath he shot at it with his arrows, when Helios, instead of being angry, admired his boldness, and gave him his golden cup, wherewith to cross the outer ocean, which he did safely, although old Oceanus, who was king there, put up his hoary head, and tried to frighten him by shaking the bowl. It was large enough to hold all the herd of oxen, when Hercules had killed dog, herdsman, and giant, and he returned it safely to Helios when he had crossed the ocean. The oxen were sacrificed to Juno, Eurystheus' friend.

Again Eurystheus sent Hercules to the utmost parts of the earth. This time it was to bring home the golden apples which grew in the gardens of the Hesperides, the daughters of old Atlas, who dwelt in the land of Hesperus the Evening Star, and, together with a dragon, guarded the golden tree in a beautiful garden. Hercules made a long journey, apparently round by the North, and on his way had to wrestle with a dreadful giant named Antæus. Though thrown down over and over again, Antæus rose up twice as strong every time, till Hercules found out that he grew in force whenever he touched his mother earth, and therefore, lifting him up in those mightiest of arms, the hero squeezed the breath out of him. By and by he came to

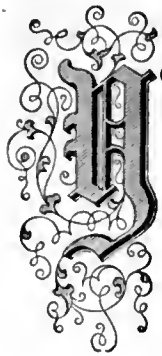
Mount Caucasus, where he found the chained Prometheus, and, aiming an arrow at the eagle, killed the tormentor, and set the Titan free. In return, Prometheus gave him much good counsel, and indeed seems to have gone with him to Atlas, who, according to his story, was still able to move, in spite of the petrification by Hercules' grandfather. Atlas undertook to go to his daughters, and get the apples, if Hercules would hold up the skies for him in the meantime. Hercules agreed, and Atlas shifted the heavens to his shoulders, went, and presently returned with three apples of gold, but said he would take them to Eurystheus, and Hercules must continue to bear the load of the skies. Prometheus bade Hercules say he could not hold them without a pad for them to rest on his head. Atlas took them again to hold while the pad was put on; and thereupon Hercules picked up the apples, and left the old giant to his load.

One more labor remained—namely, to bring up the three-headed watchdog, Cerberus, from the doors of Tartarus. Mercury and Pallas both came to attend him, and led him alive among the shades, who all fled from him, except Medusa and one brave youth. He gave them the blood of an ox to drink, and made his way to Pluto's throne, where he asked leave to take Cerberus to the upper world with him. Pluto said he might, if he could overcome Cerberus without weapons; and this he did, struggling with the dog, with no protection but the lion's skin, and dragging him up to the light, where the foam that fell from the jaws of one of the three mouths produced the plant called aconite, or hellebore, which is dark and poisonous. After showing the beast to Eurystheus, Hercules safely returned him to the under world, and thus completed his twelve great labors.



CHAPTER VI.

THE ARGONAUTS.



YOU remember that Cadmus founded Thebes. One of his daughters was named Ino. She married a son of King Æolus, who had been married before, and had two children, Phryxus and Helle. Ino was a cruel stepmother, and deceived her husband into thinking that the oracle at Delphi required him to sacrifice his son to Jupiter; but as the poor boy stood before the altar, down from the skies came a ram with a golden fleece, which took both the children on his back, and flew away with them over land and sea; but poor Helle let go in passing the narrow strait between Asia and Europe, fell into the sea, and was drowned. The strait was called after her, the Hellespont, or Helle's Sea. Phryxus came safely to Colchis, on the Black Sea, and was kindly received by Æetes, the king of the country. They sacrificed the golden-wooled ram to Jupiter, and nailed up its fleece to a tree in the grove of Mars.

Some time after, Pelias, the usurping king of Iolcus, was driving a mule-car through the market-place, when he saw a fine young man, with hair flowing on his shoulders, two spears in his hand, and only one sandal. He was very much afraid, for it had been foretold to him by an oracle that he would be slain by the man with one foot bare. And this youth was really Jason, the son of his brother Æson, from whom he had taken the kingdom. Fearing that he would kill the child, Æson had sent it away to the cave of the Centaur Chiron, by whom Jason had been bred up, and had now come to seek his fortune. He had lost his shoe in the mud, while kindly carrying an old woman across a river, little knowing that she was really the goddess Juno, who had come down in that form to make trial of the kindness of men, and who was thus made his friend for ever. Pelias sent for the young stranger the next day, and asked him what he would do if he knew who was the man fated to kill him. "I should send him to fetch the Golden Fleece," said Jason.

"Then go and fetch it," said Pelias.

Jason thereupon began building a ship, which he called Argo, and proclaimed the intended expedition throughout Greece, thus gathering together all the most famous heroes then living, most of whom had, like him, been brought up by the great Centaur Chiron. Hercules was one of them, and another was Theseus, the great hero of the Ionian city of Athens,

whose prowess was almost equal to that of Hercules. He had caught and killed the great white bull which Hercules had brought from Crete and let loose, and he had also destroyed the horrid robber Procrustes (the Stretcher), who had kept two iron bedsteads, one long and one short. He put tall men into the short bed, and cut them down to fit it, and short men into the long bed, pulling them out till they died, until Theseus finished his life on one of his own beds.

Another deed of Theseus was in Crete. The great white bull which Minos ought to have sacrificed had left a horrible offspring, a monster called the Minotaur, half man and half bull, which ate human flesh, and did horrible harm, till a clever artificer named Dædalus made a dwelling for it called the Labyrinth, approached by so many cross paths, winding in and out in a maze, that every one who entered it was sure to lose himself; and the Minotaur could never get out, but still they fed him there; and as Athens was subject to Crete, the people were required to send every year a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens for the Minotaur to devour. Theseus offered himself to be one of these, telling his father that whereas a black sail was always carried by the ship that bore these victims to their death, he would, if he succeeded in killing the Minotaur, as he hoped to do, hoist a white one when coming home. When he reached Crete, he won the heart of Minos' daughter Ariadne, who gave him a skein of thread: by unwinding this as he went he would leave a clue behind him, by which he could find his way out of the labyrinth, after killing the monster. When this was done, by his



THE ARCONAUTS.

great skill and strength, he took ship again, and Ariadne came with him; but he grew tired of her, and left her behind in the isle of Naxos, where Bacchus found her weeping, consoled her, and gave her a



THESEUS.

starry crown, which may be seen in the sky on a summer night. Theseus, meantime, went back to Athens, but he had forgotten his promise about the white sail, and his poor old father, seeing the black one, as he sat watching on the rocks, thought that ill news was coming, fell down, and was drowned, just as Theseus sailed safely into port. Theseus was a friend of Hercules, had been with him on his journey to the land of the Amazons, and had married one of them named Antiope.

Two more of the Argonauts were Castor and Pollux, the twin sons of Leda, Queen of Sparta. She had also two daughters, named Helen and Clytemnestra, and Helen was growing into the most beautiful woman in the world. These children, in the fable, had been hatched from two huge swans' eggs; Castor and Clytemnestra were in one egg, and Pollux and Helen in the other. Castor and Pollux were the most loving of brothers, and while Castor was famous for horsemanship, Pollux was the best of

boxers. They, too, had been pupils of Chiron; so was Peleus of Ægina, who had wooed Thetis, one of the fifty Nereids, or sea-nymphs, though she changed herself into all sorts of forms when he caught her first—fire, water,



ARIADNE.—(From the original in the Vatican.)

a serpent, and a lioness; but he held her fast through all, and at last she listened to him, and all the gods and goddesses had come to the wedding feast. They had one son, named Achilles, whom Thetis had tried to make immortal after Ceres' fashion, by putting him on the fire at night; but, like Triptolemus' mother, Peleus had cried out and spoilt the spell. Then she took the boy to the river Styx, and bathed him there, so that he became invulnerable all over, except in the heel by which she held him. The child was now in Chiron's cave, being fed with the marrow of lions and bears, to make him strong and brave.

One more Argonaut must be mentioned, namely, the minstrel Orpheus. He was the son of the muse Calliope, and was looked on as the first of the many glorious singers of Greece, who taught the noblest and best lessons. His music, when he played on the lyre, was so sweet, that all the animals, both fierce and gentle, came round to hear it; and not only these, but even the trees and rocks gathered round, entranced by the sweetness.

All these and more, to the number of fifty, joined Jason in his enterprise. The Argo, the ship which bore them, had fifty oars, and in the keel

was a piece of wood from the great oak of Dodona, which could speak for the oracles. When all was ready, Jason stood on the poop, and poured forth a libation from a golden cup, praying aloud to Jupiter, to the Winds, the Days, the Nights, and to Fate to grant them a favorable voyage. Old Chiron came down from his hills to cheer them, and pray for their return; and as the oars kept measured time, Orpheus struck his lyre in tune with their splash in the blue waters.

They had many adventures. After passing the Hellespont, they found in the Propontis, which we call the Sea of Marmora, an islet called the Bears' Hill, inhabited by giants with six arms, whom they slew.

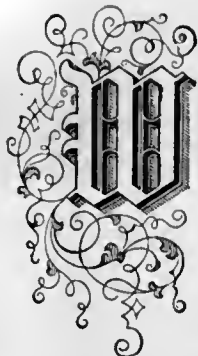
In Mysia a youth named Hylas went ashore to fetch water, but was caught by the nymphs of the stream and taken captive. Hercules, hearing his cry, went in search of him, and, as neither returned, the Argo sailed without them. No more was heard of Hylas, but Hercules went back to Argos.

They next visited Phineus, a wise old blind king, who was tormented by horrid birds called Harpies, with women's faces. These monsters always came down when he was going to eat, devoured the food, and spoilt what they did not eat. The Argonauts having among them two winged sons of Boreas (the north wind), hunted these horrible creatures far out into the Mediterranean. Phineus then told them that they would have to pass between some floating rocks called the Symplegades, which were always enveloped in mist, were often driven together by the wind, and crushed whatever was between. He told them to let fly a dove, and if it went through safely, they might follow. They did so, and the dove came out at the other side, but with her tail clipped off as the rocks met. However, on went the Argo, each hero rowing for his life, and Juno and Pallas helping them; and, after all, they were but just in time, and lost the ornaments at their stern! Fate had decreed that, when once a ship passed through these rocks unhurt, they should become fixed, and thus they were no longer dangerous. It does not seem unlikely that this story might have come from some report of the dangers of icebergs. Of course there are none in the Black Sea, but the Greeks, who knew little beyond their own shores, seem to have fancied that this was open to the North into the great surrounding ocean, and the Phœnicians, who were much more adventurous sailors than they, may have brought home histories of the perils they met in the Atlantic Ocean.

The Argonauts had one more encounter with Hercules' old foes, the birds of Stymphalis, and after this safely arrived at Colchis, and sailed into the mouth of the river Phasis, from which it is said the pheasant takes its name.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SUCCESS OF THE ARGONAUTS.



WHEN Jason arrived at Colchis, he sent to King Æetes, and asked of him the Golden Fleece. To this Æetes replied that he might have it, provided he could yoke the two brazen-footed bulls with flaming breath, which had been a present from Vulcan, and with them plough a piece of land, and sow it with the dragon's teeth. Pallas had given Æetes half the teeth of the dragon of Thebes, which had been slain by Cadmus.

The task seemed beyond his reach, till Medea, the wicked witch, daughter of Æetes, promised to help him, on condition that he would marry her, and take her to Greece. When Jason had sworn to do so, Medea gave him an ointment with which to rub himself, also his shield and spear. For a whole day afterwards neither sword nor fire should hurt him, and he would thus be able to master the bulls. So he found it; he made them draw the plough, and then he sowed the teeth, which came up, like those sown by Cadmus, as armed men, who began to attack him; but, as Medea had bidden him, he threw a stone among them, and they began to fight with one another, so that he could easily kill the few who spared each other.

Still Æetes refused to give him the fleece, and was about to set fire to the Argo, and kill the crew; but Medea warned Jason in time, and led him to the spot where it was nailed against a tree. Orpheus lulled the guardian dragon to sleep with his lyre, while Jason took down the fleece; and Medea joined them, carrying in her arms her little brother, whom she had snatched from his bed with a cruel purpose, for when her father took alarm and gave chase, she cut the poor child to pieces, and strewed his limbs on the stream of the Phasis, so that, while her father waited to collect them, the Argo had time to sail away.

It did not return by the same route, but went to the north, and came to the isle of the goddess Circe, who purified Jason and Medea from the blood of the poor boy. Then they came to the isle of the Sirens, creatures like fair maidens, who stood on the shore singing so sweetly that no sailor could resist the charm; but the moment any man reached the shore, they strangled him and sucked his blood. Warned by Medea, Orpheus played and sang so grandly as to drown their fatal song, and the Argo came out into the Mediterranean somewhere near Trinacria, the three-cornered island now called



JASON ESCAPES WITH MEDEA AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

Sicily, where they had to pass between two lofty cliffs. In a cave under one of these lived a monster called Scylla, with twelve limbs and six long necks, with a dog's head to each, ready each to seize a man out of every ship that passed; but it was safer to keep on her side than to go to the other cliff, for there a water-witch named Charybdis lived in a whirlpool, and was sure to suck the whole ship in, and swallow it up. However, for her husband Peleus' sake, Thetis and her sister Nereids came and guided the Argo safely through.

When the crew returned to Iolcus, they had only been absent four months; and Jason gave the fleece to his uncle Pelias, and dedicated the Argo to Neptune. He found his father Æson grown very old, but Medea undertook to restore him to youth. She went forth by moonlight, gathered a number of herbs, and then, putting them in a caldron, she cut old Æson into pieces, threw them in, and boiled them all night. In the morning Æson appeared as a lively black-haired young man, no older than his son. Pelias' daughters came and begged her to teach them the same spell. She feigned to do so, but she did not tell them the true herbs, and thus the poor maidens only slew their father, and did not bring him to life again. The son of Pelias drove the treacherous Medea and her husband from Iolcus, and





DEPARTURE OF MEDEA.

they went to Corinth, where they lived ten years, until Jason grew weary of Medea, and put her away, in order to marry Creusa, the king's daughter. In her rage, Medea sent the bride the fatal gift of a poisoned robe, then she killed her own children, and flew away, in a chariot drawn by winged serpents, to the east, where she became the mother of a son named Medus, from whom the nation of Medes was descended. As to Jason, he had fallen asleep at noon one hot day under the shade of the Argo, where it was drawn up on the sand by Neptune's temple, when a bit of wood broke off from the prow, fell on his head, and killed him.



ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE ASCEND FROM TARTARUS.

Of the other Argonauts, Orpheus went to Thessaly, and there taught and softened the people much by his music. He married a fair maiden named Eurydice, with whom he lived happily and peacefully, till she was bitten by a venomous serpent and died. Orpheus was so wretched that he set forth to try to bring her back from Tartarus. He went with nothing but his lyre, and his music was so sweet that Cerberus stood listening, and

let him pass, and all the torments of the Danaids, Sisyphus and all the rest, ceased while he was playing. His song even brought tears into Pluto's eyes, and Proserpine, who guarded the female dead, gave him leave to take back Eurydice to the light of day, provided he did not once look back as he led her out of Tartarus.

Orpheus had to walk first, and, as he went up the long, dark cavern, with Eurydice behind him, he carefully obeyed, till, just as he was reaching the upper air, he unhappily forgot, and turned his head to see whether she were following. He just saw her stretch out her hands to him, and then she was drawn back, and vanished from his sight. The gates were closed, and he had lost her again. After this he wandered sadly about, all his songs turned to woe, until at last the Bacchanal women, in fury at his despising the foul rites of their god, tore him limb from limb. The Muses collected his remains, and gave them funeral rites, and Jupiter placed his lyre in the skies, where you may know it by one of the brightest of all our stars.

Hercules also made another visit to the realms below. Admetus, one of the Æolian kings, had obtained from Apollo that, when the time came for him to die, his life should be prolonged if any one would submit to death in his turn. The call came while Admetus was still young, and he besought his old father, and then his mother, to die in his stead; but they would not, and it was his fair young wife Alcestis who gave her life for his. Just as she was laid in the tomb, Hercules came to visit Admetus, and, on hearing what had happened, he went down to the kingdom of Pluto and brought her back. Or some say he sat by her tomb, and wrestled with Death when he came to seize her.

But, strong as he was, Hercules had in time to meet death himself. He had married a nymph named Deianira, and was taking her home, when he came to a river where a Centaur named Nessus lived, and gained his bread by carrying travelers over on his back. Hercules paid him the price for carrying Deianira over, while he himself crossed on foot; but as soon as the river was between them, the faithless Centaur began to gallop away with the lady. Hercules sent an arrow after him, which brought him to the ground, and as he was dying he prepared his revenge, by telling Deianira that his blood was enchanted with love for her, and that if ever she found her husband's affection failing her, she had only to make him put on a garment anointed with it, and his heart would return to her: he knew full well that his blood was full of the poison of the Hydra, but poor Deianira believed him, and had saved some of the blood before Hercules came up.

Several years after, Hercules made prisoner a maiden named Iole, in Lydia, after gaining a great victory. Landing in the island of Eubœa, he was going to make a great sacrifice to Jupiter, and sent home to Deianira

for a festal garment to wear at it. She was afraid he was falling in love with Iole, and steeped the garment in the preparation she had made from Nessus' blood. No sooner did Hercules put it on, than his veins were filled with agony, which nothing could assuage. He tried to tear off the robe, but the skin and flesh came with it, and his blood was poisoned beyond relief. He sailed home, and when Deianira saw the state he was in, she hung herself for grief, while he charged Hylas, his eldest son, to take care of Iole, and marry her as soon as he grew up. Then, unable to bear the pain any longer, and knowing that by his twelve tasks he had earned the prize of endless life, he went to Mount Ceta, crying aloud with the pain, so that the rocks rang again with the sound. He gave his quiver of arrows to his friend Philoctetes, charging him to collect his ashes and bury them, but never to make known the spot; and then he tore up, with his mighty strength, trees by the roots enough to form a funeral pile, lay down on it, and called on his friend to set fire to it; but no one could bear to do so, till a shepherd consented to thrust in a torch. Then thunder was heard, a cloud came down, and he was borne away to Olympus, while Philoctetes collected and buried the ashes.

His young sons were banished by Eurystheus, and were taken by his old friend Iolaus to seek shelter in various cities, but only the Athenians were brave enough to let them remain. Theseus had been driven away and banished from Athens; but the citizens sheltered the sons of the hero, and, when Eurystheus pursued them, a battle was fought on the Isthmus of Corinth, in which the old enemy of Hercules was killed by Iolaus, with all his sons. Then the Heraclids (sons of Hercules) were going to fight their way back to Argos, but an army met them at the isthmus, and was going to give them battle, when Hylas proposed that he should fight with a single champion chosen on the other side. If he gained, he was to be restored to the kingdom of Perseus; if not, there was to be a truce for a hundred years. Hylas had not the strength of his father; he was slain, and his brothers had to retreat and bide their time.

Argos came into the power of Agamemnon, who had married Clytemnestra, the sister of Castor and Pollux, while his brother Menelaus married the beautiful Helen. All the Greek heroes had been suitors for Helen, the fairest woman living, and they all swore to one another that, choose she whom she might, they would all stand by him, and punish any one who might try to steal her from him. Her choice fell on Menelaus, and soon after her wedding her brother Castor was slain, and though Pollux was immortal, he could not bear to live without his brother, and prayed to share his death; upon which Jupiter made them both stars, the bright ones called Gemini, or the Twins, and Menelaus reigned with Helen at Sparta, as Agamemnon did at Mycenæ.

These two were sons of Atreus, and were descended from Tantalus, once a favorite of the gods, who used to come down and feast with him, until once he took his son Pelops and dressed him for their meal. Jupiter found it out, collected the limbs, and restored the boy to life; but Ceres had been



THE LION'S GATE AT MYCENÆ (CYCLOPIAN WALLS).

so distracted with grief about her daughter, that she had eaten one shoulder, and Jupiter gave him an ivory one instead. Tantalus was sent to Tartarus, where his punishment was to pine with hunger and thirst, with a feast before him, where he neither could touch the food nor the drink, because there was a rock hung over his head, threatening to crush him. Pelops was a wonderful charioteer, and won his bride in the chariot race, having bribed the charioteer of his rival to leave out the linchpins of his wheels. Afterwards, when the charioteer asked a reward, Pelops threw him into the sea; and this was the second crime that brought a doom on the race. Pelops gave his name to the whole peninsula now called the Morea, or mulberry-leaf, but which was all through ancient times known as the Peloponnesus, or Isle of Pelops. He reigned at Elis, and after his death his

sons Atreus and Thyestes struggled for the rule, but both were horribly wicked men, and Atreus was said to have killed two sons of Thyestes, and served them up to him at a feast. There was, therefore, a heavy curse on the whole family, both on Ægisthus, son of Thyestes, and on his cousins Agamemnon and Menelaus, the Atreidæ or sons of Atreus.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHOICE OF PARIS.

THE gods and goddesses were merrily feasting when Ate, the goddess of strife, desirous of making mischief, threw down among them a golden apple, engraven with the words, "This apple to the Fair." The three goddesses, Juno, Pallas, and Venus, each thought it meant for her—one having the beauty of dignity, the other the beauty of wisdom, and the third the beauty of grace and fairness. They would not accept the award of any of the gods, lest they should not be impartial; but they declared that no one should decide between them but Paris, a shepherd, though a king's son, who was keeping his flocks on Mount Ida.

Each goddess tried to allure him to choose her by promises. Juno offered him a mighty throne; Pallas promised to make him the wisest of men; Venus declared that she would give him the fairest woman on earth for his wife for ten years—she could assure him of no more. And it was Venus to whom Paris assigned the golden apple of discord, thus bitterly offending Juno and Pallas, who became the enemies of his nation.

His nation was the Trojan, who dwelt on the east coast of the Ægean Sea, and were of the Pelasgic race. Their chief city was Troy, with the citadel Ilium, lying near the banks of the rivers Simois and Seamander, between the seashore and the wooded mount of Ida, in the north-east of the peninsula we call Asia Minor. The story went that the walls had been built by Neptune and Apollo, the last of whom had brought the stones to their place by the music of his lyre; but the king who was then reigning had refused to pay them, and had thus made them also his foes. But within the citadel was an image of Pallas, three ells long, with a spear in one hand and a distaff in the other, which was called the Palladium. It was said to have been given by Jupiter to Ilius, the first founder of the city; and as long as it was within the walls, the place could never be taken.

The present king was Priam, and his wife was Hecuba. They had nineteen children, and lived in a palace built round a court, with an altar in the middle, their sons having houses likewise opening into the court. Paris, who was worthless and pleasure loving, was the eldest son; Hector, a very noble person, was the second. After Paris had given judgment in her favor, Venus directed him to build a ship, and go to visit the Greek kings. He was kindly entertained everywhere, and especially at Sparta;



PARIS CARRIES HELEN AWAY TO TROY.

and here it was that Venus fulfilled her promise, by helping him to steal away Helen, the fairest of women, while her husband Menelaus was gone to Crete.

As soon as Menelaus found out how his hospitality had been misused, he called upon all the Greek heroes to remember their oath, and help him to recover his wife, and take vengeance on Paris. Every one replied to the call; but the wise Ulysses, grandson of Sisyphus, and king of the little isle of Ithaca, could not bear to leave his home, or his fair young wife Penelope, for a war which he knew would be long and terrible, so he feigned to be mad, and began furiously ploughing the seashore with a yoke of oxen. However, the next cleverest hero, Palamedes, to prove him, placed his infant son Telemachus full in the way of the plough, and when Ulysses turned it aside from the child, they declared that his madness was only pretended, and he was forced to go with them.

The Nereid Thetis knew that if her brave and beautiful son Achilles went to Troy, he would die there; so she dressed him as a maiden, and placed him at the court of the king of Seyros, where he stayed for love of



IPHIMEDIA PLEADING WITH AGAMEMNON.



one of the king's daughters. But the Greeks had a man named Calchas, who was an augur—that is, he could tell what was going to happen by the flight of birds, by the clouds, and by the inwards of sacrificed animals. Calchas told the Greeks that Troy would never be taken unless Achilles went with them. So Ulysses, guessing where the youth was, disguised



IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

himself as a merchant, and went with his wares to the palace of Scyros. All the maidens came forth to look at them, and while most were busy with the jewels and robes, one, tall and golden-haired, seemed to care for nothing but a bright sword, holding it with a strong, firm hand. Then Ulysses knew he had found Achilles, and told him of the famous war that was beginning, and the youth threw off his maiden's garb, put on his armor, and went eagerly with them; but before he went he married the fair Deidamia, and left her to wait for him at Scyros, where she had a son named Pyrrhus.

Indeed the Greeks were whole years gathering their forces, and when they did all meet at last, with their ships and men, Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ, Menelaus' brother, took the lead of them all. As they were sacrificing to Jupiter, a snake glided up a tree, where there was a sparrow's nest, and ate up all the eight young ones, and then the mother bird. On seeing this, Calchas foretold that the war would last nine years, and after the ninth Troy would be taken.

However, they sailed on, till at Aulis they were stopped by foul winds for many days, and Calchas told them it was because of Agamemnon's broken vow. He had sworn, one year, to sacrifice to Diana the fairest thing that was born in his house or lands. The fairest thing that was born was his little daughter Iphigenia; but he could not bear to sacrifice her, and so had tried offering his choicest kid. Now Diana sent these winds to punish him, and the other kings required him to give up his child. So a message was sent to her mother, Clytemnestra, to send her, on pretence that she was to be married to Achilles, and when she came to Aulis she found that it was only to be offered up. However, she resigned herself bravely, and was ready to die for her father and the cause; but just as Agamemnon had his sword ready, and had covered her face that he might not see her pleading eyes as he was slaying her, Diana took pity, darted down in a cloud, and in the place of the maiden a white hind lay on the altar to be offered. Iphigenia was really carried off to serve as priestess at Diana's temple at Tauris, but it was long before it was known what had become of her, and Clytemnestra never forgave Agamemnon for what he had intended to do.

At the isle of Tenedos the Greeks had to leave behind Philoctetes, the friend of Hercules, who had his quiver of poisoned arrows, because the poor man had a wound in his heel, which was in such a dreadful state that no one could bear to come near him. One story was that he was bitten by a water-snake, another that when he was just setting off he had been over-persuaded to show where he had buried the ashes of Hercules. He did not say one word, but stamped with his foot on the place, and an arrow fell out at the moment and pierced his heel. At any rate, he and the arrows were left behind, while the Greeks reached the coast of Troy.

The augurs had declared that the first man who touched the shore would be the first to be killed. Achilles threw his shield before him, and leaped out of the ship upon that; but Protesilaus leaped without so doing, and was slain almost instantly by the Trojans. When his wife Laodamia heard of his death, she grieved and pined so piteously that his spirit could not rest, and Mercury gave him leave to come back and spend three hours with her on earth. He came, but when she tried to embrace him she found that he was only thin air, which could not be grasped, and when the time was over he vanished from her sight. Then Laodamia made an image of

him, and treated it as a god; and when her father forbade her to do this, she leaped into the fire, and thus perished.

The chief of the Greeks were Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ, his brother Menelaus of Sparta, and Achilles of Ægina, whose men were called Myrmidons, and said to be descended from ants. His friend, to whom he was devoted, was called Patroclus. He was the most perfect warrior in the army, but Diomed the Ætolian came near him in daring, and Ajax of Salamis, son of Telamon, was the biggest and strongest man. His brother Teucer used to stand behind his shield and aim arrows at the Trojans. There was another Ajax, from Locria, called after his father Oileus. The oldest man in the camp was Nestor, king of Pylos, who had been among the Argonauts, and had been a friend of Hercules, and was much looked up to. The wisest men were Ulysses of Ithaca, and Palamedes, who is said to have invented the game of chess to amuse the warriors in the camp; but Ulysses never forgave Palamedes for his trick on the shore at Ithaca, and managed to make him be suspected of secret dealings with the Trojans, and put to death. Each of these brought a band of fighting men, and they had their ships, which were not much more than large boats, drawn up high and dry on the shore behind the camp. They fought with swords and spears, which latter were thrown with the hand. Some had bows and arrows, and the chiefs generally went to battle in a chariot, an open car drawn by two horses, and driven by some trusty friend, who held the horses while the chief stood up and launched spear after spear among the enemy. There was no notion of mercy to the fallen; prisoners were seldom made, and if a man was once down, unless his friends could save him, he was sure to be killed.

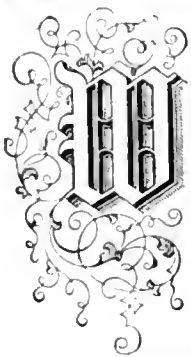
During the first eight years of the war we do not hear much of the Greeks. They seem to have been taking and wasting the cities belonging to the Trojans all round the country. The home of Andromache, Hector's good and loving wife, was destroyed, and her parents and brothers killed; and Priam's cousin Æneas was also driven in from Mount Ida, with his old father Anchises, and wife and little son. In the ninth year of the war the Greeks drew up their forces round the walls of Troy itself, their last exploit having been the taking of the city of Chryse, where they had gained a great deal of plunder. All captives were then made slaves, and in the division of the spoil a maiden named Briseis was given to Achilles, while Agamemnon took one called Chryseis, the daughter of Chryses, priest of Apollo.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SIEGE OF TROY.



THE SIEGE OF TROY.



WE have come to the part of this siege which is told us in the *Iliad*, the oldest poem we know, except the Psalms, and one of the very finest. It begins by telling how Chryses prayed to Apollo to help him to get back his daughter, and Apollo sent a plague upon the Greeks in their camp. Calchas told them it was because of Chryseis, and they forced Agamemnon to give her safely back to her father. His pride, however, was hurt, and he said he must have Briseis in her stead, and sent and took her from Achilles. In his wrath Achilles declared he would not fight any more for the Greeks, and his mother Thetis

begged Jupiter to withdraw his aid from them likewise, that they might feel the difference.

The Trojans went out to attack them, and when they were drawn up in battle array, old Priam made Helen come and sit by him on the battlements over the gateway, to tell him who all the chiefs were. It was proposed that, instead of causing the death of numbers who had nothing to do with the quarrel, Menelaus and Paris should fight hand to hand for Helen; and they began; but as soon as Venus saw that her favorite Paris was in danger, she came in a cloud, snatched him away, and set him down in Helen's chamber, where his brother Hector found him reclining at his ease, on coming to upbraid him for keeping out of the battle, where so many better men than he were dying for his crime. Very different were Hector's ways. He



HECTOR'S PARTING WITH ANDROMACHE.

parted most tenderly with his wife Andromache, and his little son Astyanax, who was so young that he clung crying to his nurse, afraid of his father's tall helmet and horse-hair crest. Hector took the helmet off before he lifted the little one in his arms and prayed to the gods for him.

Each day the Trojans gained, though one day Jupiter forbade any of the gods or goddesses to interfere, and on another he let them all go down and fight for their own parties. He was himself impartial; but one day Juno managed to borrow Venus' girdle, which made her so charming that nothing could resist her, and she lulled him to sleep. During that time the Greeks prevailed again, but this only lasted till Jupiter awoke, and then the Trojans gained great success. All the Greek heroes were disabled one after another, and Hector and his men broke through the rampart they had made

round their camp, and were about to burn the ships, when Patroclus, grieved at finding all his friends wounded, came to Achilles with an entreaty that he might be allowed to send out the Myrmidons, and try to save the ships. Achilles consented, and dressed Patroclus in his own armor. Then all gave way before the fresh Myrmidons led by Patroclus, and the Trojans were chased back to their walls; but as Hector made a last stand before the gates, Apollo, who loved Troy because he had built the walls, caused a sunbeam to strike on Patroclus and make him faint, so that Hector easily struck him down and killed him. Then there was a desperate fight over his body. The Trojans did get the armor off it, but the Greeks saved the corpse, and had almost reached the rampart, when the Trojans came thicker and more furiously on them, and were almost bursting in, when Achilles, hearing the noise, came out, and, standing on the rampart just as he was, all unarmed, gave a terrible thundering shout, at which the Trojans were filled with dismay, and fled back in confusion, while the corpse of Patroclus was borne into the tent, where Achilles mourned over it, with many tears and vows of vengeance against Hector.

His mother Thetis came from the sea and wept with him, and thence she went to Vulcan, from whom she obtained another beautiful suit of armor, with a wondrous shield, representing Greek life in every phase of war or peace; and in this Achilles went forth again to the battle. He drove the Trojans before his irresistible might, came up with Hector, chased him round and round the walls of Troy, and at length came up with him and slew him. Then, when Patroclus had been laid on a costly funeral pile, Achilles dragged Hector's body at the back of his chariot three times round it. Further, in honor of his friend, he had games of racing in chariots and on foot, wrestling, boxing, throwing heavy stones, and splendidly rewarded those who excelled, with metal tripods, weapons, and robes.

But when poor old Priam, grieving that his son's corpse should lie unburied, thus hindering his shade from being at rest, came forth at night, in disguise, to beg it from Achilles, the hero received the old man most kindly, wept at the thought of his own old father Peleus, fed and warmed him, and sent home the body of Hector most honorably.

Here ends the *Iliad*. It is from other poems that the rest of the history is taken, and we know that Achilles performed many more great exploits, until Paris was aided by Apollo to shoot an arrow into the heel which alone could be wounded, and thus the hero died. There was another great fight over his body, but Ajax and Ulysses rescued it at last; Ajax bore it to the ships, and Ulysses kept back the Trojans. Thetis and all the Nereids and all the Muses came to mourn over him; and when he was burnt in the funeral pile she bore away his spirit to the white island, while the Greeks raised a huge mound in his honor. She promised his armor to the Greek



LAOKOÖN



who had done most to rescue his corpse. The question lay between Ajax and Ulysses, and Trojan captives being appointed as judges, gave sentence in favor of Ulysses. Ajax was so grieved that he had a fit of frenzy, fancied the cattle were the Greeks who slighted him, killed whole flocks in his rage, and, when he saw what he had done, fell on his own sword and died.

Having lost these great champions, the Greeks resolved to fetch Achilles' young son Pyrrhus to the camp, and also to get again those arrows of



PRIAM'S DEATH AT THE HAND OF PYRRHUS.

Hercules which Philoctetes had with him. Ulysses and Pyrrhus were accordingly sent to fetch him from his lonely island. They found him howling with pain, but he would not hear of coming away with them. So Ulysses stole his quiver while he was asleep, but when he awoke and missed it his lamentations so moved young Pyrrhus that he gave them back; and this so touched the heart of Philoctetes that he consented to return to the camp. There Machaon, the physician of the Greeks, healed his foot, and he soon after shot Paris with one of the arrows.

Instead of now giving up Helen, Deiphobus and Helenus, the two next brothers, quarreled as to which should marry her, and when she was given to Deiphobus, Helenus was so angry that he went out and wandered in the forests of Mount Ida, where he was made prisoner by Ulysses, who contrived to find out from him that Troy could never be taken while it had

the Palladium within it. Accordingly, Ulysses and Diomed set out, and, climbing over the wall by night, stole the wondrous image. While the Trojans were dismayed at the loss, the Greeks seemed to have changed their minds. They took ship and went away, and all the surviving Trojans, relieved from their siege, rushed down to the shore, where all they found was a monstrous wooden horse. While they were looking at it in wonder, a Greek came out of the rocks, and told them that his name was Sinon, and that he had been cruelly left behind by the Greeks, who had grown weary



ÆNEAS CARRIES HIS FATHER ANCHISES OUT OF BURNING TROY.

of the siege and gone home, but that if the wonderful horse were once taken into Troy it would serve as another Palladium. The priest of Neptune, Laocœon, did not believe the story, and declared that Sinon was a spy; but he was cut short in his remonstrance by two huge serpents, which glided out of the sea and devoured him and his two sons. Cassandra, too, a daughter of Priam, who had the gift of prophecy, but was fated never to be believed, shrieked with despair when she saw the Trojans harnessing themselves to the horse to drag it into Troy, but nobody heeded her, and there was a great feast to dedicate it to Pallas. Helen perhaps guessed or knew what it meant, for at dark she walked round it, and called the names of Ulysses, and many other Greeks, in the voices of Penelope and the other wives at home.

For indeed the horse was full of Greeks; and at dark Sinon lighted a

beacon as a signal to the rest, who were only waiting behind the little isle of Tenedos. Then he let the others out of the horse, and slaughter and fire reigned throughout Troy. Menelaus slew Deiphobus as he tried to rise from bed, and carried Helen down to his ship. Poor old Priam tried to put on his armor and defend Hecuba and his daughters, but Pyrrhus killed him at the altar in his palace-court; and Æneas, after seeing this, and that all was lost, hurried back to his own house, took his father Anchises on his back, and his little son Iulus in one hand, his household gods in the other, and, with his wife Creusa following, tried to escape from the burning city with his own troop of warriors. All succeeded except poor Creusa, who was lost in the throng of terrified fugitives, and was never found again; but Æneas found ships on the coast, and sailed safely away to Italy.

All the rest of the Trojans were killed or made slaves. Ulysses killed Hector's poor little son, and Andromache became slave to young Pyrrhus. Cassandra clung to Pallas' statue, and Ajax Oileus, trying to drag her away, moved the statue itself—such an act of sacrilege that the Greeks had nearly stoned him on the spot—and Cassandra was given to Agamemnon. Polyxena, the youngest sister, was sacrificed on the tomb of Achilles, and poor old Hecuba went mad with grief.

CHAPTER X.

THE WANDERINGS OF ULYSSES.



THE overthrow of the temples at Troy was heavily visited on the Greeks by the gods, and the disasters that befel Ulysses are the subject of another grand Greek poem called the *Odyssey*, from his right Greek name Odysseus. He was the special favorite of Pallas Athene, but she could not save him from many dangers. He had twelve ships, with which he set out to return to Ithaca; but as he was doubling Cape Malea, one of the rugged points of the Peloponnesus, a great storm caught him, and drove him nine days westward, till he came to an island, where he sent three men to explore, but they did not return, and he found that this was the land of the lotus-eaters, a people who always lie about in a dreamy state of repose, and that to taste the food drives away all remembrance of home and friends. He was obliged to drag his men away by force, and bind them to the benches. The lotus bean, or jujube, is really eaten in Africa, but not with these effects.

Next they came to another island, where there was a bay with rocks

around, with goats leaping on them. Here Ulysses left eleven ships, and sailed with one to explore the little islet opposite. Landing with his men, he entered an enormous cavern, well stored with bowls of milk and cream, and with rows of cheeses standing on the ledges of rock. While the Greeks were regaling themselves, a noise was heard, and great flocks of sheep and goats came bleating in. Behind them came a giant, with a fir tree for a staff, and only one eye in the middle of his forehead. He was Polyphemus, one of the Cyclops, sons of Neptune, and workmen of Vulcan. He asked fiercely who the strangers were, and Ulysses told him that they were shipwrecked sailors, imploring him for hospitality in the name of the gods. Polyphemus laughed at this, saying he was stronger than the gods, and did not care for them; and, dashing two unhappy Greeks on the floor, he ate them up at once; after which he closed up the front of the cave with a monstrous rock, penned up the kids and lambs, and began to milk his goats, drank up a great quantity of milk, and fell asleep on the ground. Ulysses thought of killing him at once, but recollected that the stone at the mouth of the cave would keep him captive if the giant's strength did not move it, and abstained. In the morning the Cyclops let out his flocks, and then shut the Greeks in with the stone; but he left his staff behind, and Ulysses hardened the top of this in the fire. A skin of wine had been brought from the ships, and when Polyphemus came home in the evening, and had devoured two more Greeks, Ulysses offered it to him. It was the first wine he had tasted, and he was in raptures with it, asking his guest's name as he pledged him. "No-man," replied Ulysses, begging again for mercy. "This will I grant," said the Cyclops, "in return for thy gift. No-man shall be the last whom I devour." He drank up the whole skin of wine, and went to sleep. Then Ulysses and four of his companions seized the staff, and forced its sharpened top into the Cyclops' single eye, so that he awoke blind, and roaring with pain so loud that all the other Cyclops awoke, and came calling to know who had hurt him. "No-man," shouted back Polyphemus; and they, thinking it was only some sudden illness, went back to their caves. Meanwhile, Ulysses was fastening the remaining Greeks under the bellies of the sheep and goats, the wool and hair hanging over them. He himself clung on under the largest goat, the master of the herd. When morning came, the bleatings of the herds caused the blind giant to rouse himself to roll back the stone from the entrance. He laid his hand on each beast's back, that his guests might not ride out on them, but he did not feel beneath, though he kept back Ulysses' goat for a moment caressing it, and saying, "My pretty goat, thou seest me, but I cannot see thee."

As soon as Ulysses was safe on board ship, and had thrust out from land, he called back his real name to the giant, whom he saw sitting on the stone outside his cave. Polyphemus and the other Cyclops returned by



THE WONDERFUL HORSE OF TROY.



hurling rocks at the ship, but none touched it, and Ulysses reached his fleet safely. This adventure, however, had made Neptune his bitter foe, and how could he sail on Neptune's realm.

However, he next came to the Isle of the Winds, which floated about in the ocean, and was surrounded by a brazen wall. Here dwelt Æolus, with his wife and sons and daughters, and Ulysses stayed with him a whole month. At the end of it, Æolus gave Ulysses enough of each wind, tied up in separate bags, to take him safely home; but his crew fancied there was treasure in them, and while he was asleep opened all the bags at once, and the winds bursting out tossed all the ships, and then carried them back to the island, where Æolus declared that Ulysses must be a wretch forsaken of the gods, and would give him no more.

Six days later the fleet came to another cannibal island, that of the Læstrygonians, where the crews of all the ships, except that of the king himself, were caught and eaten up, and he alone escaped, and, still proceeding westward, came to another isle, belonging to Circe, the witch goddess, daughter to Helios. The comrades of Ulysses, whom he had sent to explore, did not return, and he was himself landing in search of them, when Mercury appeared to him, and warned him that, if he tasted of the bowl she would offer him, he would, like his friends, be changed by her into a hog, unless he fortified himself with the plant named moly—a white-flowered, starry sort of garlic, which Mercury gave him. Ulysses then made his way through a wood to the hall where Circe sat, waited on by four nymphs. She received him courteously, offered him her cup, and so soon as he had drunk of it she struck him with her wand, and bade him go grunt with his fellows; but as, thanks to the moly, he stood unchanged before her, he drew his sword and made her swear to do him no hurt, and to restore his companions to their proper form. They then made friends, and he stayed with her a whole year. She told him that he was fated not to return home till he had first visited the borders of the world of Pluto, and consulted Tiresias, the blind prophet. She told him what to do, and he went on beyond the Mediterranean into the outer ocean, to the land of gloom, where Helios, the sun, does not shine. Here Ulysses dug a pit, into which he poured water, wine, and the blood of a great black ram, and there flocked up to him crowds of shades, eager to drink of it, and to converse with him. All his own friends were there—Achilles, Ajax, and, to his surprise, Agamemnon—all very melancholy, and mourning for the realms of day. His mother, who had died of grief for his absence, came and blessed him; and Tiresias warned him of Neptune's anger, and of his other dangers, ere he should return to Ithaca. Terror at the ghastly troop overcame him at last, and he fled and embarked again, saw Circe once more, and found himself in the sea by which the Argo had returned. The Sirens' Isle was near, and, to prevent

the perils of their song, Ulysses stopped the ears of all his crew with wax, and though he left his own open, bade them lash him to the mast, and not heed all his cries and struggles to be loosed. Thus he was the only person who ever heard the Sirens' song and lived. Scylla and Charybdis came next, and, being warned by Pallas, he thought it better to lose six than all, and so went nearest to the monster, whose six mouths at once fell on six of the crew, and tore them away.

The island of Trinacria was pasture for the three hundred and sixty cattle of Helios, and both Tiresias and Circe had warned Ulysses that they must not be touched. He would fain have passed it by, but his crew insisted on landing for the night, making oath not to touch the herds. At dawn such a wind arose that they could not put to sea for a month, and after eating up the stores, and living on birds and fish, they took some of the oxen when Ulysses was asleep, vowing to build a temple to Helios in recompense. They were dismayed at seeing the hides of the slain beasts creep on the ground, and at hearing their flesh low as it boiled in the cauldron. Indeed, Helios had gone to Jupiter, and threatened to stop his chariot unless he had his revenge; so as soon as the wretched crew embarked again a storm arose, the ship was struck by lightning, and Ulysses alone was saved from the wreck, floating on the mast. He came back past Scylla and Charybdis, and, clinging to the fig-tree which hung over the latter, avoided being sucked into the whirlpool, and by and by came to land in the island of the nymph Calypso, who kept him eight years, but he pined for home all the time, and at last built a raft on which to return. Neptune was not weary of persecuting him, and raised another storm, which shattered the raft, and threw Ulysses on the island of Scheria. Here the king's fair daughter Nausicaa, going down to the stream with her maidens to wash their robes, met the shipwrecked stranger, and took him home. Her father feasted him hospitably, and sent him home in a ship, which landed him on the coast of Ithaca fast asleep, and left him there. He had been absent twenty years; and Pallas further disguised his aspect, so that he looked like a beggar, when, in order to see how matters stood, he made his way first to the hut of his trusty old swineherd Eumæus.

Nothing could be worse than things were. More than a hundred powerful young chiefs of the Ionian isles had taken possession of his palace, and were daily reveling there, thrusting his son Telemachus aside, and insisting that Penelope should choose one of them as her husband. She could only put them off by declaring she could wed no one till she had finished the winding-sheet she was making for old Laertes, her father-in-law; while to prevent its coming to an end she undid by night whatever she wove by day. Telemachus had gone to seek his father, but came home baffled to Eumæus' hut, and there was allowed to recognize Ulysses. But it was as a beggar,



PENELOPE.

broken-down and foot-sore, that Ulysses sought his palace, and none knew him there but his poor old dog Argus, who licked his feet, and died for joy. The suitors, in their pride, made game of the poor stranger, but Penelope sent for him, in case he brought news of her husband. Even to her he told a feigned story, but she bade the old nurse Euryclea take care of him, and wash his feet. While doing so, the old woman knew him by a scar left by the tusk of a wild boar long ago, and Ulysses could hardly stifle her cry of joy; but she told him all, and who could be trusted among the slaves. The plans were fixed. Telemachus, with much difficulty, persuaded his mother to try to get rid of the suitors by promising to wed him only who could bend Ulysses' bow. One after another tried in vain, and then, amid their sneers, the beggar took it up, and bent it easily, hit the mark, and then

aimed it against them! They were all at the banquet-table in the hall. Eumæus and the other faithful servants had closed all the doors, and there was a terrible slaughter both of these oppressors and the servants who had joined with them against their queen and her son.



ULYSSES MAKES HIMSELF KNOWN TO PENELOPE.

After this, Ulysses made himself known to his wife, and visited his father, who had long retired to his beautiful garden. The kindred of the suitors would have made war on him, but Pallas pacified them, and the *Odysey* leaves him to spend his old age in Ithaca, and die a peaceful death. He was just what the Greeks thought a thoroughly brave and wise man; for they had no notion that there was any sin in falsehood and double-dealing.



CHAPTER XI.

THE DOOM OF THE ATRIDES.



DOU remember that Ulysses met Agamemnon among the other ghosts. The King of Men, as the *Iliad* calls him, had vast beacons lighted from isle to isle, and from cape to cape, to announce that Troy was won, and that he was on his way home, little knowing what a welcome was in store for him.

His wife Clytemnestra had never forgiven him for the loss of Iphigenia, and had listened to his cousin Ægisthus, who wanted to marry her. She came forth and received Agamemnon with apparent joy, but his poor captive Cassandra wailed aloud, and would not cross the threshold, saying it streamed with blood, and that this was a house of slaughter. No one listened to her, and Agamemnon was led to the bath to refresh himself after his journey. A new embroidered robe lay ready for him, but the sleeves were sewn up at the wrists, and while he could not get his hands free, Ægisthus fell on him and slew him, and poor Cassandra likewise.

His daughter Electra, fearing that her young brother Orestes would not be safe since he was the right heir of the kingdom, sent him secretly away to Phocis, where the king bred him up with his own son Pylades, and the two youths loved each other as much as Achilles and Patroclus had done. It was the bounden duty of a son to be the avenger of his father's blood, and after eight years, as soon as Orestes was a grown warrior, he went with his friend in secret to Mycenæ, and offered a lock of his hair on his father's tomb. Electra, coming out with her offerings, found these tokens, and knew that he was near. He made himself known, and she admitted him into the house, where he fulfilled his stern charge, and killed both Clytemnestra and Ægisthus, then celebrated their funeral rites with all due solemnity.

This was on the very day that Menelaus and Helen returned home. They had been shipwrecked first in Egypt, where they spent eight years, and then were held by contrary winds on a little isle on the coast of Egypt, where they would have been starved if Menelaus had not managed to capture the old sea-god Proteus, when he came up to pasture his flock of seals on the beach, and, holding him tight, while he changed into every kind of queer shape, forced him at last to speak. By Proteus' advice, Menelaus returned to Egypt, and made the sacrifices to the gods he had forgotten

before, after which he safely reached Sparta, on the day of Clytemnestra's obsequies. Just as they were ended, the Furies, the avengers of crime, fell upon Orestes for having slain his mother. He fled in misery from Mycenæ, which Menelaus took into his own hands, while the wretched Orestes went from place to place, still attended and comforted by faithful Pylades, but he never tried to rest without being again beset by the Furies. At last Apollo, at the oracle at Delphi, sent him to take his trial at the court of justice at Athens, called Areopagus, Ares' (or Mars') Hill, after which the oracle bade him fetch the image of Diana from Tauris, marry his cousin Hermione, the daughter of Menelaus and Helen, and recover his father's kingdom.

Pallas Athene came down to preside at Areopagus, and directed the judges to pronounce that, though the slaying of a mother was a fearful crime, yet it was Orestes' duty to avenge his father's death. He was therefore acquitted, and purified by sacrifice, and was no more haunted by the Furies, while with Pylades he sailed for Tauris. In that inhospitable place it was the custom to sacrifice all strangers to Diana, and, as soon as they had landed, Orestes and Pylades were seized, and taken to the priestess at the temple, that their hair might be cut and their brows wreathed for the sacrifice. The priestess was no other than Iphigenia, who had been snatched away from Aulis, and, when she and the brother, whom she had left an infant, found each other out, she contrived to leave the temple by night, carrying the image of Diana with her. They went to Delphi together, and there Iphigenia met Electra, who had heard a false report that her beloved Orestes had been sacrificed by the priestess of Tauris, and was just going to tear out her eyes, when Orestes appeared, and the sisters were made known to each other. A temple was built for the image near Marathon, in Attica, and Iphigenia spent the rest of her life as priestess there. Orestes, in the meantime, married Hermione—after, as some say, killing Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles, to whom she was either promised or married—and reigned over both Mycenæ and Sparta until the hundred years' truce with the Heracleids, or grandsons of Hercules, had come to an end, and they returned with a party of Dorians and conquered Sparta, eighty years after the Trojan war.

This is the last of the events of the age of heroes, when so much must be fable, though there may be a germ of historical truth which no one can make out among the old tales that had come from the East, and the like of which may be found among the folk-lore of all nations. These are the most famous of the stories, because they joined all Greeks together, and were believed in by all Greeks alike in their main circumstances; but every state had its own story, and one or two may be told before we end this chapter of myths, because they are often heard of, and poetry has been written about some of them.

At Thebes, in Bœotia, the king, Laius, was told that his first child

would be his death. So as soon as it was born he had its ankles pierced, and put it out in a wood to die; but it was found by a shepherd, and brought to Corinth, where the queen named it Œdipus, or Swollen Feet, and bred it up as her own child. Many years later Œdipus set out for the Delphic oracle, to ask who he was; but all the answer he received was that he must shun his native land, for he would be the slayer of his own father. He therefore resolved not to return to Corinth, but on his journey he met in a narrow pass with a chariot going to Delphi. A quarrel arose, and in the fight that followed he slew the man to whom the chariot belonged, little knowing that it was Laius his own father.

He then went on through Bœotia. On the top of a hill near Thebes sat a monster called the Sphinx, with a woman's head, a lion's body, and an eagle's wings. She had been taught riddles by the Muses, and whoever failed to answer them she devoured upon the spot. Whoever could answer her was to marry the king's sister, and share the kingdom. Œdipus went bravely up to her, and heard her question, "What is the animal that is at first four-legged, then two-legged, then three-legged?" "Man," cried Œdipus. He creeps as a babe on all-fours, walks upright in his prime, and uses a staff in his old age." Thereupon the Sphinx turned to stone, and Œdipus married the princess, and reigned many years, till there was a famine and pestilence, and the oracle was asked the cause. It answered that the land must be purified from the blood of Laius. Only then did Œdipus find out that it was Laius whom he had slain; and then, by the marks on his ankles, it was proved that he was the babe who had been exposed, so that he had fulfilled his fate, and killed his own father. To save Thebes, he left the country, with his eyes put out by way of expiation, and wandered about, only attended by his faithful daughter Antigone, till he came to Athens, where, like Orestes, he was sheltered, and allowed to expiate his crime. After his death, Antigone came back to Thebes, where her two brothers Eteocles and Polynices had agreed to reign each a year by turns; but when Eteocles' year was over he would not give up to his brother, and Polynices, in a rage, collected friends, among whom were six great chiefs, and attacked Thebes. In the battle called "the Seven Chiefs against Thebes," all were slain, and Eteocles and Polynices fell by each other's hands. Their uncle Creon forbade that the bodies of men who had so ruined their country should receive funeral honors from any one on pain of death, thus condemning their shades to the dreary flitting about on the banks of the Styx, so much dreaded. But their sister Antigone, the noblest woman of Greek imagination, dared the peril, stole forth at night, and gave burial alone to her two brothers. She was found out, and put to death for her sisterly devotion, though Creon's own son killed himself for grief and love of her. This happened in the generation before

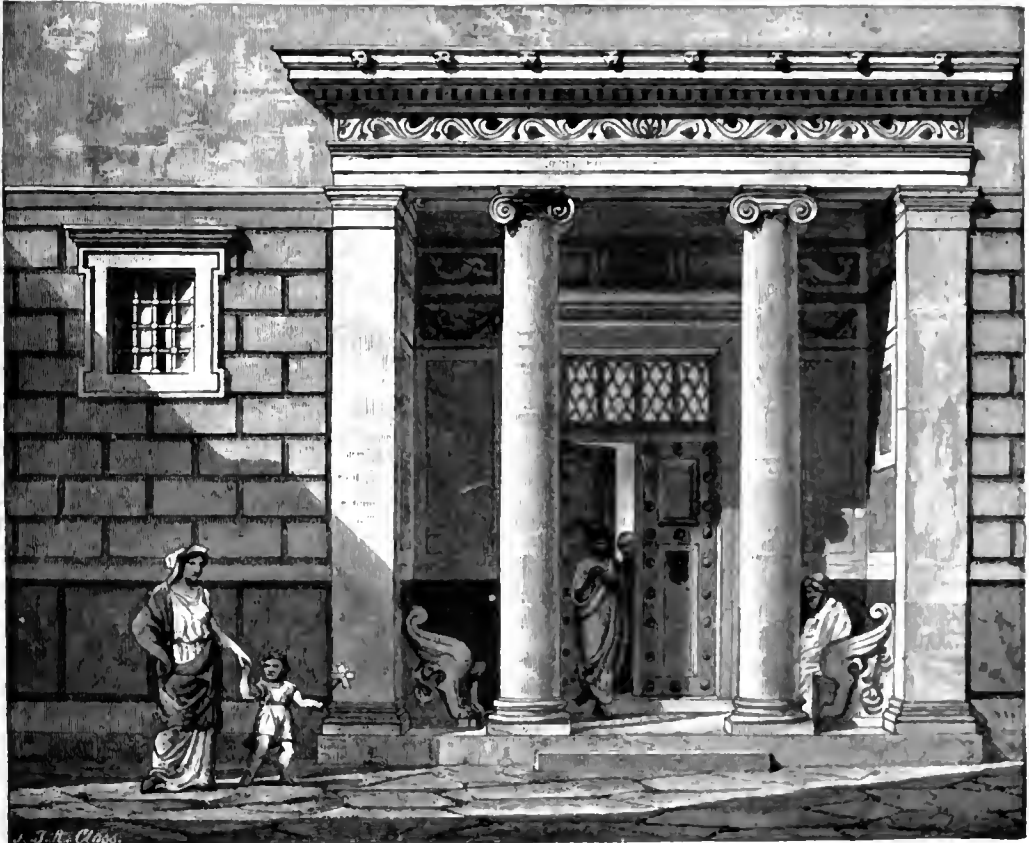
the Trojan war, for Tydeus, the father of Diomed, was one of the seven chiefs.

Macedon, the country northward of Greece, had one very droll legend. Midas, king of the Bryges, at the foot of Mount Bermion, had a most beautiful garden, full of all kinds of fruit. This was often stolen, until he watched, and found the thief was old Silenus, the tutor of Bacchus. Thereupon he filled with wine the fount where Silenus was used to drink after his feast, and thus, instead of going away, the old god fell asleep, and Midas caught him, and made him answer all his questions. One was, "What is best for man?" and the answer was very sad, "What is best for man is never to have been born. The second best is to die as soon as may be." At last Silenus was released, on condition that he would grant one wish, and this was that all that Midas touched should turn to gold; and so it did, clothes, food, and everything the king took hold of became solid gold, so that he found himself starving, and entreated that the gift might be taken away. So he was told to bathe in the river Pactolus, in Lydia, and the sands became full of gold dust; but in remembrance of his folly, his ears grew long like those of a donkey. He hid them by wearing a tall Phrygian cap, and no one knew of them but his barber, who was told he should be put to death if ever he mentioned these ears. The barber was so haunted by the secret, that at last he could not help relieving himself, by going to a clump of reeds and whispering into them, "King Midas has the ears of an ass;" and whenever the winds rustled in the reeds, those who went by might always hear them in turn whisper to one another, "King Midas has the ears of an ass." Some accounts say that it was for saying that Pan was a better musician than Apollo that Midas had his ass's ears, and that it was Lydia of which he was king; and this seems most likely, for almost as many Greeks lived in the borders of Asia Minor as lived in Greece itself, and there were many stories of the hills, cities, and rivers there, but I have only told you what is most needful to be known—not, of course, to be believed, but to be known.



CHAPTER XII.

AFTER THE HEROIC AGE.



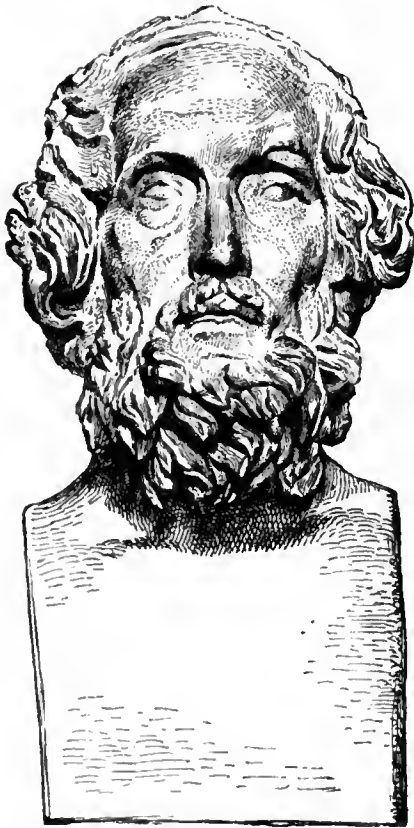
ENTRANCE OF A GREEK HOUSE.



ALL these heroes of whom we have been telling lived, if they lived at all, about the time of the Judges of Israel. Troy is thought to have been taken at the time that Saul was reigning in Israel, and there is no doubt that there once was a city between Mount Ida and the Ægean Sea, for quantities of remains have been dug up, and among them many rude earthenware images of an owl, the emblem of Pallas Athene, likenesses perhaps of the Palladium. Hardly anything is told either false or true of Greece for three hundred years after this time, and when something more like history begins we find that all Greece, small as it is, was divided into very small states, each of

which had a chief city and a government of its own, and was generally shut in from its neighbors by mountains or by sea. There were the three tribes, Ionian, Dorian, and Æolian, dwelling in these little states, and, though they often quarrelled among themselves, all thinking themselves one nation, together with their kindred in the islands of the Ægean, on the coasts of Asia, and also in Sicily and Southern Italy, which was sometimes called Greater Greece.

Some time between the heroic age and the historical time, there had been a great number of songs and verses composed telling of the gods and heroes. Singers and poets used to be entertained by the kings, and sometimes to wander from one place to another, welcomed by all, as they chanted to the harp or the lyre the story of the great forefathers of their hosts, especially when they had all joined together, as in the hunt of the great boar of Calydon, in the voyage of the Golden Fleece, and, above all, in the siege of Troy. The greatest of all these singers was the blind poet Homer, whose songs of the wrath of Achilles and the wanderings of Ulysses were loved and learned by every one. Seven different cities claimed to be his birth-place, but no one knows more about him than that he was blind—not even exactly when he lived—but his poems did much to make the Greeks hold together.



HOMER.

And so did their religion. Everybody sent to ask questions of the oracle of Apollo at Delphi, and there really were answers to them, though no one can tell by what power. And at certain times there were great festivals at certain shrines. One was at Olympia, in Elis, where there was a great festival every five years. It

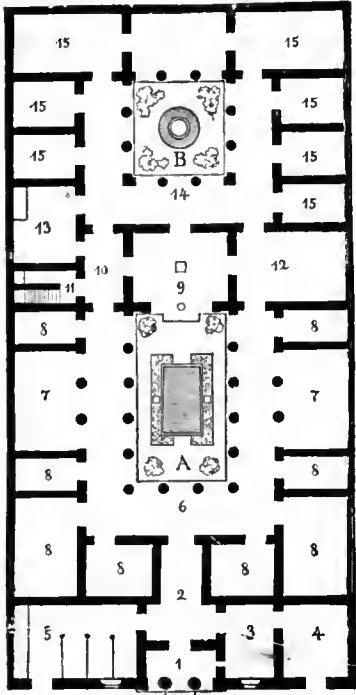
was said that Hercules, when a little boy, had here won a foot-race with his brothers, and when the Heracleids returned to Sparta they founded a feast, with games for all the Greeks to contend in. There were chariot races, horse races, foot races, boxing and wrestling matches, throwing weights, playing with quoits, singing and reciting of poems. The winner was rewarded with a wreath of bay, of pine, of parsley, or the like, and he wore such an one as his badge of honor for the rest of his life. Nothing was

thought more of than being first in the Olympic games, and the Greeks even came to make them their measure of time, saying that any event happened in such and such a year of such an Olympiad. The first Olympiad they counted from was the year 776 B. C., that is, before the coming of our blessed Lord. There were other games every three years, which Theseus was said to have instituted, on the isthmus of Corinth, called the Isthmean Games, and others in two different places, and no honor was more highly esteemed than success in these.

There were also councils held of persons chosen from each tribe, called Amphictyons, for arranging their affairs, both religious and worldly, and one great Amphictyonic council, which met near Delphi, to discuss the affairs of all Greece. In truth, all the great nations who long ago parted in Asia have had somewhat the same arrangement. A family grew first into a clan, then into a tribe, then into a nation, and the nation that settled in one country formed fresh family divisions of clans, tribes, and families. At first the father of a family would take counsel with the sons, the head of a clan with the fathers of families, the chief of a tribe with the heads of clans, and as these heads of clans grew into little kings, the ablest of them would lead the nation in time of war, as Agamemnon did the chiefs against Troy. However, the Greeks seem for the most part, between the heroic and historical ages, to have dropped the king or chief of each state, and only to have managed them by various councils of the chief heads of families, who were called *aristoi*, the best, while those who were not usually called into council, though they too were free, and could choose their governors, and vote in great matters, were termed *demos*, the people. This is why we hear of aristocracy and democracy. Under these freemen were the people of the country they had conquered, or any slaves they had bought or taken captive, or strangers who had come to live in the place, and these had no rights at all.

Greek cities were generally beautiful places, in valleys between the hills and the sea. They were sure to have several temples to the gods of the place. These were colonnades of stone-pillars, upon steps, open all round, but with a small dark cell in the middle, which was the shrine of the god, whose statue, and carvings of whose adventures, adorned the outside. There was an altar in the open air for sacrifices, the flesh of which was afterwards eaten. In the middle of a town was always a market-place, which served as the assembling-place of the people, and it had a building attached to it where the fire of Vesta was never allowed to go out. The charge of it was given to the best men who could be found; and when a set of citizens went forth to make a new home or colony in Asia, Sicily, or Italy, they always took brands from this fire, guarded them carefully in a censer, and lighted their altar-fires therefrom when they settled down.

These cities were of houses built round paved courts. The courts had generally a fountain in the middle, and an altar to the hero forefather of the master, where, before each meal, offerings were made and wine poured out. The rooms were very small, and used for little but sleeping; and the men lived chiefly in the cloister or pillared walks round the court. There was



GROUND PLAN OF A GREEK HOUSE.

A. Aula with surrounding apartments (7, 8, 9, 12) composing the andronitis. B. Peristyle with surrounding apartments (15) composing the gynaikonitis. 1. Vestibule. 2. Passage to the aula. 3, 4. Baths. 5. Stables. 9. Prostatas with statue of Hestia. 10. Passage to gynaikonitis.

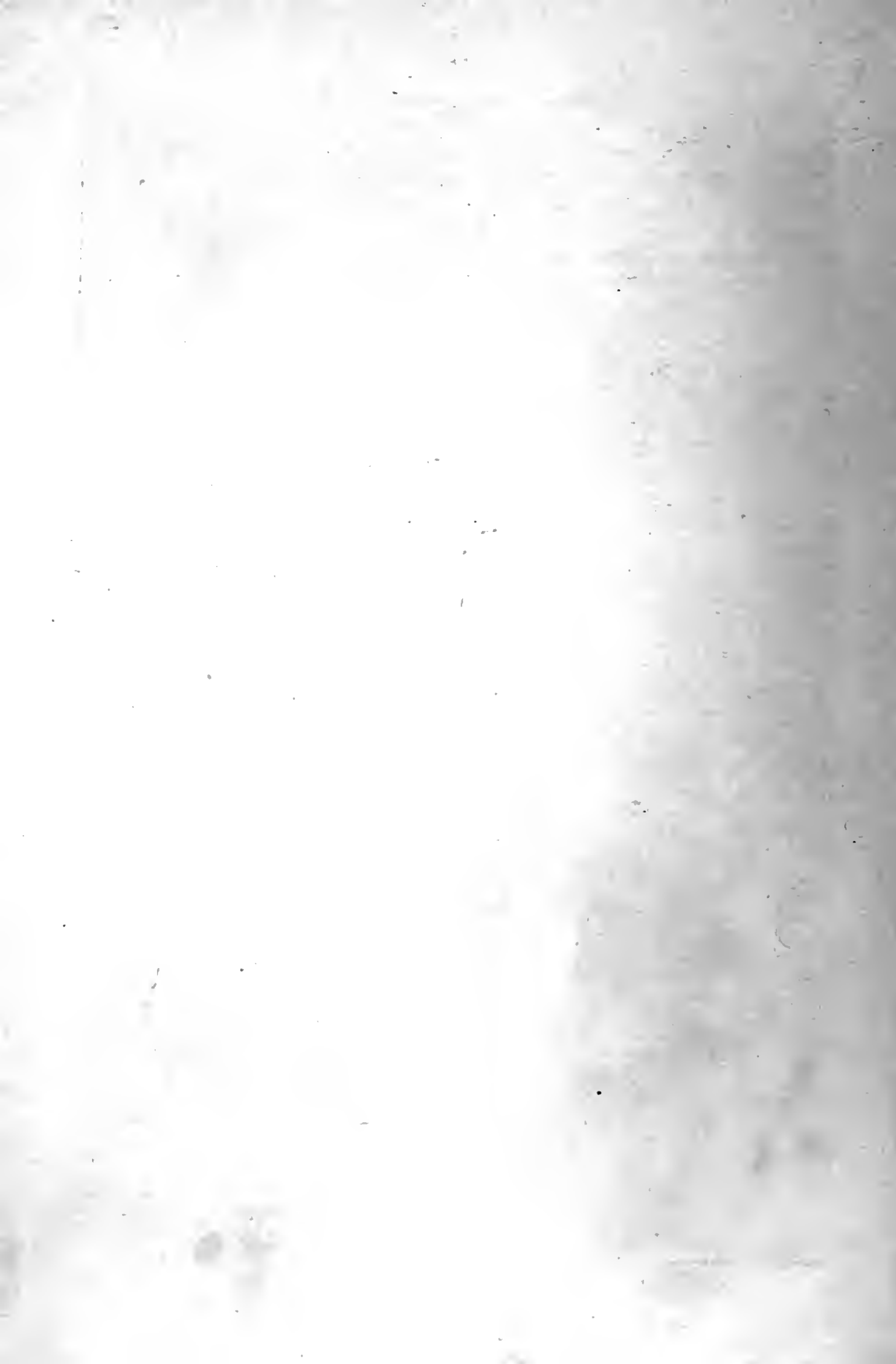
a kind of back court for the women of the family, who did not often appear in the front one, though they were not shut up like Eastern women. Most Greeks had farms, which they worked by the help of their slaves, and whence came the meat, corn, wine, and milk that maintained the family. The women spun the wool of the sheep, wove and embroidered it, making for the men short tunics reaching to the knee, with a longer mantle for dignity or for need; and for themselves long robes reaching to the feet—a modest and graceful covering—but leaving the arms bare. Men cut their hair close; women folded their tresses round their heads in the simplest and most becoming manner that has yet been invented. The feet were bare, but sandaled, and the sandals fastened with ornamented thongs. Against the sun sometimes a sort of hat was worn, or the mantle was put over the head, and women had thick veils wrapping them.

In time of war the armor was a helmet with a horse-hair crest, a breast-plate on a leathern cuirass, which had strips of leather hanging from the lower edge as far down as the knee; sometimes greaves to guard the leathern buskin; a round shield of leather, faced with metal, and often beautifully ornamented; and also spears, swords, daggers, and sometimes bows and arrows. Chariots

for war had been left off since the heroic times; indeed Greece was so hilly that horses were not very much used in battle, though riding was part of the training of a Greek, and the Thessalian horses were much valued. Every state that had a seaboard had its fleet of galleys, with benches of oars; but the Greek sailors seldom ventured out of sight of land, and all that Greece or Asia Minor did not produce was brought by the Phœnicians, the great sailors, merchants, and slave-dealers of the Old World.



SPORTS OF GREEK GIRLS.



They brought Tyrian purple, gold of Ophir, silver of Spain, tin of Gaul and Britain, ivory from India, and other such luxuries; and they also bought captives in war, or kidnapped children on the coast, and sold them as slaves. Ulysses' faithful swineherd was such a slave, and of royal birth; and such was the lot of many an Israelite child, for whom its parents' "eyes failed with looking and longing."

The Greeks had more power of thought and sense of grace than any other people have ever had. They always had among them men seeking for truth and beauty. The truth-seekers were called philosophers, or lovers of wisdom. They were always trying to understand about God and man, and this world, and guessing at something great, far beyond the stories of Jupiter; and they used to gather young men round them under the pillared porches and talk over these thoughts or write them in beautiful words. Almost all the sciences began with the Greeks; their poems and their histories are wonderfully written; and they had such great men among them that, though most of their little states were smaller than an ordinary English county, and the whole of them together do not make a country as



FLUTE-PLAYER.—(From a Vase.)



A SCHOOL SCENE.—(From a Vase.)

large as Ireland, their history is the most remarkable in the world, except that of the Jews. The history of the Jews shows what God does for men; the history of Greece shows what man does left to himself.

Greece was not so small as what is called Greece now in our modern maps. It reached northward as far as the Volutza and Khimera mountains, beyond which lay Macedon, where the people called themselves Greeks, but were not quite accepted as such. In this peninsula, together with the Peloponnesus and the isles, there were twenty little states, making up Hellas, or Greece.*

CHAPTER XIII.

LYCURGUS AND THE LAWS OF SPARTA.

B.C. 884—668.

WOU remember that after a hundred years the grandsons of Hercules returned, bringing with them their followers of Dorian birth, and conquered Laconia. These Dorians called themselves Spartans, and were the rulers of the land, though the Greeks, who were there before them, were also freemen, all but those of one city, called Helos, which revolted, and was therefore broken up, and the people were called Helots, and became slaves to the Spartans. One of the Spartan kings, sons of Hercules, had twin sons, and these two reigned together with equal rights, and so did their sons after them, so that there were always two kings at Sparta. One line was called the Agids, from Agis, its second king; the other Eurypontids, from Eurypon, its third king, instead of from the two original twins.

The affairs of Sparta had fallen into a corrupt state by the third generation after Eurypon. The king of his line was killed in a quarrel, and his widow, a wicked woman, offered his brother Lycurgus to kill her little newborn babe, if he would marry her, that she might continue to be queen. Lycurgus did not show his horror, but advised her to send the child alive to him, that he might dispose of it. So far from killing it was he, that he carried it at once to the council, placed it on the throne, and proclaimed it as Charilaus, king of Sparta.

There were still murmurs from those who did not know that Lycurgus had saved the little boy's life. As he was next heir to the throne, it was thought that he must want to put Charilaus out of the way, so as to reign himself; so, having seen the boy in safe keeping, Lycurgus went on his

* Thessaly, Epirus, Acarnania, Ætolia, Doris, two Lœrian states, Phocis, Bœotia, Attica, Megaris—Corinth, Sicyon, Phliasia, Achaia, Elis, Arcadia, Argolis, Laconia, Messenia.

travels to study the laws and ways of other countries. He visited Crete, and learnt the laws of Minos; and, somewhere among the Greek settlements in Asia, he is said to have seen and talked to Homer, and heard his songs. He also went to Egypt, and after that to India, where he may have learnt much from the old Brahmin philosophy; and then, having made his plan, he repaired to Delphi, and prayed until he received answer from Apollo that his laws should be the best, and the state that obeyed them the most famous in Greece. He then went home, where he had been much missed, for his young nephew Charilaus, though grown to man's estate, was too weak and good-natured to be much obeyed, and there was a great deal of idleness, and gluttony, and evil of all sorts prevailing.

Thirty Spartans bound themselves to help Lycurgus in his reform, and Charilaus, fancying it a league against himself, fled into the temple of Pallas, but his uncle fetched him out, and told him that he only wanted to make laws for making the Spartans great and noble. The rule was only for the real Dorian Spartans, the masters of the country, and was to make them perfect warriors. First, then, he caused all the landmarks to be taken up, and the lands thrown into one, which he divided again into lots, each of which was large enough to yield 82 bushels of corn in a year, with wine and oil in proportion. Then, to hinder hoarding, he allowed no money to be used in the country but great iron weights, so that a small sum took up a great deal of room, and could hardly be carried about, and thus there was no purchasing Phœnician luxuries; nor was any one to use gold or ivory, soft cushions, carpets, or the like, as being unworthy of the race of Hercules. The whole Spartan nation became, in fact, a regiment of highly-disciplined warriors. They were to live together in public barracks, only now and then visiting their homes, and even when they slept there, being forbidden to touch food till they came to the general meal, which was provided for by contributions of meal, cheese, figs, and wine from each man's farm, and a little money to buy fish and meat; also a sort of soup called black broth, which was so unsavory that nobody but a Spartan could eat it, because it was said that they brought the best sauce, namely, hunger. A boy was admitted as soon as he was old enough, and was warned against repeating the talk of his elders, by being told on his first entrance, by the eldest man in the company, "Look you, sir; nothing said here goes out there." Indeed no one used more words than needful, so that short, pithy sayings came to be called Laconic. To be a perfect soldier was the great point, so boys were taught that no merit was greater than bearing pain without complaint; and they carried this so far, that a boy who had brought a young wolf into the hall, hidden under his tunic, let it bite him even to death without a groan or cry. It is said that they were trained to

theft, and were punished, not for the stealing, but the being found out. And, above all, no Spartan was ever to turn his back in battle. The mothers gave the sons a shield, with the words, "With it, or on it." The Spartan shields were long, so that a dead warrior would be borne home on his shield; but a man would not dare show his face again if he had thrown it away in flight. The women were trained to running, leaping, and throwing the bar, like the men, and were taught stern hardihood, so that, when their boys were offered to the cruel Diana, they saw them flogged to death at her altar without a tear. All the lives of the Spartans were spent in exercising for war, and the affairs of the state were managed not so much by the kings, but by five judges called Ephors, who were chosen every year, while the kings had very little power. They had to undergo the same discipline as the rest—dressed, ate, and lived like them; but they were the high priests and chief captains, and made peace or war.

At first Lycurgus' laws displeased some of the citizens much, and, when he was proposing them, a young man named Alcander struck him on the face with his staff, and put out his eye. The others were shocked, and put Alcander into Lycurgus' hands, to be punished as he thought fit. All Lycurgus did was to make him wait upon him at meals, and Alcander was so touched and won over that he became one of his best supporters. After having fully taught Sparta to observe his rule, Lycurgus declared that he had another journey to take, and made the people swear to observe his laws till he came back again. He never did come back, and they held themselves bound by them forever.

This story of Lycurgus has been doubted, but whether there were such a man or not, it is quite certain that these were the laws of Sparta in her most famous days, and that they did their work of making brave and hardy soldiers. The rule was much less strict in the camp than the city, and the news of a war was delightful to the Spartans as a holiday time. All the hard work of their farms was done for them by the Helots, who were such a strong race that it was not easy to keep them down, although their masters were very cruel to them, often killing large numbers of them if they seemed to be growing dangerous, always ill-treating them, and, it is said, sometimes making them drunk, that the sight of their intoxication might disgust the young Spartans. In truth, the whole Spartan system was hard and unfeeling, and much fitter to make fighting machines than men.

The first great Spartan war that we know of was with their neighbors of Messenia, who stood out bravely, but were beaten, and brought down to the state of Helots in the year 723 b.c., all but a small band, who fled into other states. Among them was born a brave youth named Aristomenes, who collected all the boldest of his fellow-Messenians to try to save their country, and Argos, Arcadia, and Elis joined with them. Several battles

were fought. One, which was called the battle of the Boar's Pillar, was long sung about. An augur had told Aristomenes that under a tree sat the Spartan brothers Castor and Pollux, to protect their countrymen, and that he might not pass it; but in the pursuit he rushed by it, and at that moment the shield was rent from him by an unseen hand. While he was searching for it, the Spartans (who do seem this time to have fled) escaped; but Messene was free, and he was crowned with flowers by the rejoicing women. A command from Apollo made him descend into a cave, where he found his shield, adorned with the figure of an eagle, and, much encouraged,



ARISTOMENES DISCOVERS THE CAVERN IN THE PIT.

he won another battle, and would have entered Sparta itself, had not Helen and her twin brothers appeared to warn him back. At last, however, the war turned against him, and in a battle on Laconian ground he was stunned by a stone, and taken prisoner, with fifty more. They were all condemned to be thrown down a high rock into a deep pit. Every one else was killed by the fall, but Aristomenes found himself unhurt, with sky above, high precipices on all sides, and his dead comrades under him. He wrapped himself in his cloak to wait for death, but on the third day he heard something moving, uncovered his face, and saw that a fox had crept in from a cavern at the side of the pit. He took hold of the fox's tail, crawled after it, and at last saw the light of day. He scraped the earth till the way was large enough for him to pass, escaped, and gathered his friends, to the amazement

of the Spartans. Again he gained the victory, and a truce was made, but he was treacherously seized, and thrown into prison. However, this time he was set free by a maiden, whom he gave in marriage to his son. At last Eira, the chief city of Messenia, was betrayed by a foolish woman, while Aristomenes was laid aside by a wound. In spite of this, however, he fought for three days and nights against the Spartans, and at last drew up all the survivors—women as well as men—in a hollow square, with the children in the middle, and demanded a free passage. The Spartans allowed these brave Messenians to pass untouched, and they reached Arcadia. There the dauntless Aristomenes arranged another scheme for seizing Sparta itself, but it was betrayed and failed. The Arcadians stoned the traitor, while the gentle Aristomenes wept for him. The remaining Messenians begged him to lead them to a new country, but he would not leave Greece as long as he could strike a blow against Sparta. However, he sent his two sons, and they founded in Sicily a new Messene, which we still call Messina. Aristomenes waited in vain in Arcadia, till Damagetus, king of Rhodes, who had been bidden by an oracle to marry the daughter of the best of Greeks, asked for the daughter of Aristomenes, and persuaded him to finish his life in peace and honor in Rhodes.



CHAPTER XIV.

SOLOON AND THE LAWS OF ATHENS.



AORTH of the Peloponnesus, jutting out into the Ægean Sea, lay the rocky little Ionian state of Attica, with its lovely city, Athens. There was a story that Neptune and Pallas Athene had had a strife as to which should be the patron of the city, and that it was to be given to whichever should produce the most precious gift for it. Neptune struck the earth with his trident, and there appeared a war-horse; but Pallas' touch brought forth an olive-tree, and this was judged the most useful gift. The city bore her name; the tiny Athenian owl was her badge; the very olive-tree she had bestowed was said to be that which grew in the court of the Acropolis, a sacred citadel on a rock above the city; and near at hand was her temple, called the Parthenon, or Virgin's Shrine. Not far off was the Areopagus, a Hill of Ares, or Mars, the great place for hearing causes and doing justice; and below these there grew up a city



STREET IN ATHENS WITH THE TOWER OF THE WINDS.

In the interior stands a clepsydra. On the outer walls are sun-dials, over which the winds are represented in a series of bas-reliefs. The bronze Triton at the top serves as a weather-vane, and points with its wand to the figure of the prevailing wind.

filled with men as brave as the Spartans, and far more thoughtful and wise, besides having a most perfect taste and sense of beauty.

The Athenians claimed Theseus as their greatest king and first lawgiver. It was said that, when the Dorians were conquering the Peloponnesus, they came north and attacked Attica, but were told by an oracle that they never would succeed if they slew the king of Athens. Codrus, who was then king of Athens, heard of this oracle, and devoted himself for his country. He found that in battle the Dorians always forbore to strike him, and he therefore disguised himself, went into the enemy's camp, quarreled with a soldier there, and thus caused himself to be killed, so as to save his country. He was the last king. The Athenians would not have any one less noble to sit in his seat, and appointed magistrates called Archons in the stead of kings.

Soon they fell into a state of misrule and disorder, and they called on a philosopher named Draco to draw up laws for them. Draco's laws were good, but very strict, and for the least crime the punishment was death.

Nobody could keep them, so they were set aside and forgotten, and confusion grew worse, till another wise lawgiver named Solon undertook to draw up a fresh code of laws for them.

Solon was one of the seven wise men of Greece, who all lived at the same time. The other six were Thales, Bion, Pittacus, Cleobulus, Chilo, and Periander. This last was called Tyrant of Corinth. When the ancient Greeks spoke of a tyrant, they did not mean a cruel king so much as a king who had not been heir to the crown, but had taken to himself the rule over a free people. A very curious story belongs to Periander, for we have not quite parted with the land of fable. It is about the poet Arion, who lived chiefly with him at Corinth, but made one voyage to Sicily. As he was coming back, the sailors plotted to throw him overboard, and divide the gifts he was bringing with him. When he found they were resolved, he only begged to play once more on his lyre; then, standing on the prow, he played and sung a hymn calling the gods to his aid. So sweet were the sounds that shoals of dolphins came round the ship, and Arion, leaping from the prow, placed himself on the back of one, which bore him safely to land. Periander severely punished the treacherous sailors. Some think that this story was a Greek alteration of the history of Jonah, which might have been brought by the Phœnician sailors.

Solon was Athenian by birth, and of the old royal line. He had served his country in war, and had traveled to study the habits of other lands, when the Athenians, wearied with the oppressions of the rich and great, and finding that no one attended to the laws of Draco, left it to him to form a new constitution. It would be of no use to try to explain it all. The chief thing to be remembered about it is, that at the head of the government were nine chief magistrates, who were called Archons, and who were changed every three years. To work with them, there was a council of four hundred *aristoi*, or nobles; but when war or peace was decided, the whole *demos*, or people, had to vote, according to their tribes; and if a man was thought to be dangerous to the state, the *demos* might sentence him to be banished. His name was written on an oyster-shell, or on a tile, by those who wished him to be driven away, and these were thrown into one great vessel. If they amounted to a certain number, the man was said to be "ostracized," and forced to leave the city. This was sometimes done very unjustly, but it answered the purpose of sending away rich men who became overbearing, and kept tyrants from rising up. There were no unnatural laws, as there were at Sparta; people might live at home as they pleased; but there were schools, and all the youths were to be taught there, both learning and training in all exercises. And whether it was from Solon's laws or their own character, there certainly did arise in Athens some of the greatest and noblest men of all times.

After having set things in order, Solon is said to have been so annoyed by foolish questions on his schemes, that he went again on his travels. First he visited his friend Thales, at Miletus, in Asia Minor; and, finding him rich and comfortable, he asked why he had never married. Thales made no answer then, but a few days later he brought in a stranger, who, he said, was just from Athens. Solon asked what was the news. "A great funeral was going on, and much lamentation," said the man. "Whose was it?" He did not learn the name, but it was a young man of great promise, whose father was abroad upon his travels. The father was much famed for his wisdom and justice." "Was it Solon?" cried the listener. "It was." Solon burst into tears, tore his hair, and beat his breast; but Thales took his hand, saying, "Now you see, O Solon, why I have never married, lest I should expose myself to griefs such as these;" and then told him it was all a trick. Solon could not much have approved such a trick, for when Thespis, a great actor of plays, came to Athens, Solon asked him if he were not ashamed to speak so many falsehoods. Thespis answered that it was all in sport. "Ay," said Solon, striking his staff on the ground; "but he that tells lies in sport will soon tell them in earnest."

After this, Solon went on to Lydia. This was a kingdom of Greek settlers in Asia Minor, where flowed that river Pactolus, whose sands contained gold-dust, from King Midas' washing, as the story went. The king was Cræsus, who was exceedingly rich and splendid. He welcomed Solon, and, after showing him all his glory, asked whom the philosopher thought the happiest of men. "An honest man named Tellus," said Solon, "who lived uprightly, was neither rich nor poor, had good children, and died bravely for his country. Cræsus was vexed, but asked who was next happiest. "Two brothers named Cleobis and Bito," said Solon, "who were so loving and dutiful to their mother, that, when she wanted to go to the temple of Juno, they yoked themselves to her car, and drew her thither; then, having given this proof of their love, they lay down to sleep, and so died without pain or grief." "And what do you think of me?" said Cræsus. "Ah!" said Solon, "call no man happy till he is dead."



Æsor.

Croesus was mortified at such a rebuff to his pride, and neglected Solon. There was a clever crooked Egyptian slave at Croesus' court, called Æsop, who gave his advice in the form of the fables we know so well, such as the wolf and the lamb, the fox and the grapes, etc.; though, as the Hindoos and Persians have from old times told the same stories, it would seem as if Æsop only repeated them, but did not invent them. When Æsop saw Solon in the background, he said, "Solon, visits to kings should be seldom, or else pleasant." "No," said Solon; "visits to kings should be seldom, or else profitable," as the courtly slave found them. Æsop came to a sad end. Croesus sent him to Delphi to distribute a sum of money among the poor, but they quarreled so about it that Æsop said he should take it back to the king, and give none at all; whereupon the Delphians, in a rage, threw him off a precipice, and killed him.

Croesus was just thinking of going to war with the great Cyrus, king of the Medes and Persians, the same who overcame Assyria, took Babylon, and restored Jerusalem, and who was now subduing Asia Minor. Croesus asked counsel of all the oracles, but first he tried their truth. He bade his messenger ask the oracle at Delphi what he was doing while they were inquiring. The answer was—

"Lo, on my sense striketh the smell of a shell-covered tortoise
Boiling on the fire, with the flesh of a lamb, in a cauldron:
Brass is the vessel below, brass the cover above it."

Croesus was really, as the most unlikely thing to be guessed, boiling a tortoise and a lamb together in a brazen vessel. Sure now of the truth of the oracle, he sent splendid gifts, and asked whether he should go to war with Cyrus. The answer was that, if he did, a mighty kingdom would be overthrown.

He thought it meant the Persian, but it was his own. Lydia was overcome, Sardis, his capital, was burnt, and he was about to be slain, when, remembering the warning, "Call no man happy till his death," he cried out, "O Solon, Solon, Solon!"

Cyrus heard him, and bade that he should be asked what it meant. The story so struck the great king, that he spared Croesus, and kept him as his adviser for the rest of his life.



CHAPTER X.

PISISTRATUS AND HIS SONS.

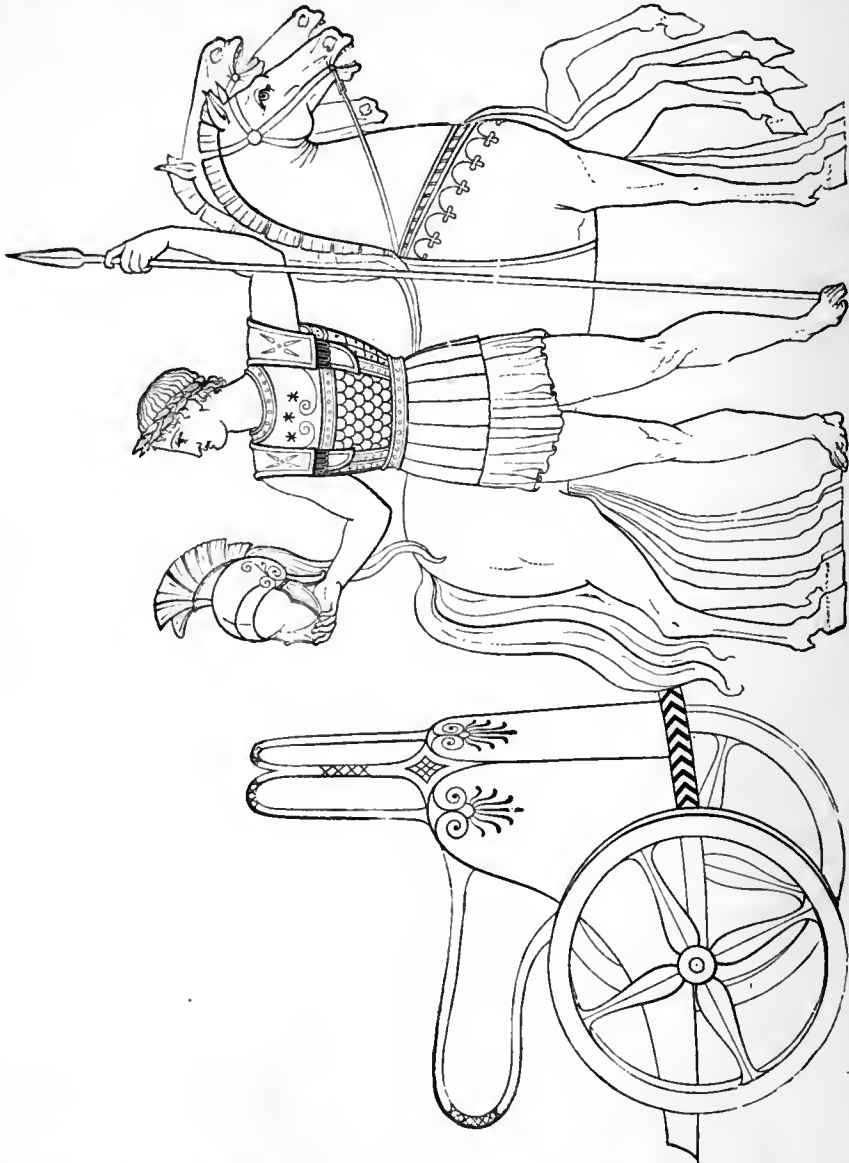
B.C. 558—499.



AFTER all the pains that Solon had taken to guard the freedom of the Athenians, his system had hardly begun to work before his kinsman Pisistratus, who was also of the line of Codrus, overthrew it. First this man pretended to have been nearly murdered, and obtained leave to have a guard of fifty men, armed with clubs; and with these he made every one afraid of him, so that he had all the power, and became tyrant of Athens. He was once driven out, but he found a fine, tall, handsome woman, a flower-girl, in one of the villages of Attica, dressed her in a helmet and cuirass, like the goddess Pallas, and came into Athens in a chariot with her, when she presented him to the people as their ruler. The common people thought she was their goddess, and Pisistratus had friends among the rich, so he recovered his power, and he did not, on the whole, use it badly. He made a kind law, decreeing that a citizen who had been maimed in battle should be provided for by the State, and he was the first Greek to found a library, and collect books—namely, manuscripts upon the sheets of the rind of the Egyptian paper-rush, or else upon skins. He was also the first person to collect and arrange the poems of Homer. Everybody seems to have known some part by heart, but they were in separate songs, and Pisistratus first had them written down and put in order, after which no Greek was thought an educated man unless he thoroughly knew the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Pisistratus ruled for thirty-three years, and made the Athenians content, and when he died his sons Hippias and Hipparchus ruled much as he had done, and gave no cause for complaint. One thing they did was to set up mile stones all over the roads of Attica, each with a bust of Mercury on the top, and a wise proverb carved below the number of the miles. But they grew proud and insolent, and one day a damsel of high family was rudely sent away from a solemn religious procession, because Hipparchus had a quarrel with her brother Harmodius. This only made Harmodius vow vengeance, and, together with his friend Aristogeiton, he made a plot with other youths for surrounding the two brothers at a great festival, when every one carried myrtle-boughs, as well

as their swords and shields. The conspirators had daggers hidden in the myrtle, and succeeded in killing Hipparchus, but Harmodius was killed on the spot, and Aristogeiton was taken and tortured to make him reveal his other accomplices and so was a girl named Leena, who was known to have



A GREEK CHARIOT.—(Vase Painting.)

been in their secrets; but she bore all the pain without a word, and when it was over she was found to have bitten off her tongue, that she might not betray her friends. Hippias kept up his rule for a few years longer, but he found all going against him, and that the people were bent on having Solon's system back; so, fearing for his life, he sent away his wife and

children, and soon followed them to Asia, B.C. 510. This—which is called the Expulsion of the Pisistratids—was viewed by the Athenians as the beginning of their freedom. They paid yearly honors to the memory of the murderers Harmodius and Aristogeiton; and as *Lecœna* means a lioness, they honored that brave woman's constancy with the statue of a lioness without a tongue.

Hippias wandered about for some time, and ended by going to the court of the king of Persia. Cyrus was now dead, after having established a great empire, which spread from the Persian Gulf to the shore of the Mediterranean, and had Babylon for one of its capitals. When Croesus was conquered, almost all the Greek colonies along the coast of Asia Minor likewise fell to the "Great King," as his subjects called him. The Persians adored the sun and fire as emblems of the great God, and thought the king himself had something of divinity in his person, and therefore, like most Eastern kings, he had entire power over his people for life or death; they were all his slaves, and the only thing he could not do was to change his own decrees.

After the Asian coast, the isles of the *Ægean* stood next in the way of the Persian. In the little isle of Samos lived a king called Polycrates, who had always been wealthy and prosperous. His friend Amasis, king of Egypt, told him that the gods were always jealous of the fortunate, and that, if he wished to avert some terrible disaster, he had better give up something very precious. Upon this Polycrates took off his beautiful signet ring and threw it into the sea; but a few days later a large fish was brought as a present to the king, and when it was cut up the ring was found in its stomach, and restored to Polycrates. Upon this Amasis renounced his friendship, declaring that, as the gods threw back his offering, something dreadful was before him. The foreboding came sadly true, for the Persian satrap, or governor, of Sardis, being envious of Polycrates, declared that the Ionian was under the Great King's displeasure, and invited him to Sardis to clear himself. Polycrates set off, but was seized as soon as he landed in Asia, and hung upon a cross.

Amasis himself died just as the Persians were coming to attack Egypt, which Cyrus' son Cambyses entirely conquered, and added to the Persian empire; but Cambyses shortly after lost his senses and died, and there was an unsettled time before a very able and spirited king named Darius obtained the crown, and married Cyrus' daughter Atossa. Among the prisoners made at Samos there was a physician named Democedes, who was taken to Susa, Darius' capital. He longed to get home, and tried not to show how good a doctor he was; but the king one day hurt his foot, and, when all the Persian doctors failed to cure him, he sent for Democedes, who still pretended to be no wiser, until torture was threatened, and he was

forced to try his skill. Darius recovered, made him great gifts, and sent him to attend his wives; but Democedes still pined for home, and managed to persuade Atossa to beg the king to give her Spartan and Athenian slaves, and to tell him some great undertaking was expected from him. The doctor's hope in this was that he should be sent as a spy to Greece, before the war, and should make his escape; but it was a bad way of showing love to his country. Hippias was at Susa too, trying to stir up Darius to attack Athens, and restore him as a tributary king; and there was also Histiaeus, a Greek, who had been tyrant of Miletus, and who longed to get home. All the Ionian Greeks on the coast of Asia Minor hated the Persian rule, and Histiaeus hoped that if they revolted he should be wanted there, so he sent a letter to his friend Aristagoras, at Miletus, in a most curious way. He had the head of a trusty slave shaved, then, with a red-hot pin, wrote his advice to rise against the Persians, and, when the hair was grown again, sent the man as a present to Aristagoras, with orders to tell him to shave his head.

Aristagoras read the letter, and went to Sparta to try to get the help of the kings in attacking Persia. He took with him a brass plate, engraven with a map of the world, according to the notions of the time, where it looked quite easy to march to Susa, and win the great Eastern empire. At first Cleomenes, the most spirited of the kings, was inclined to listen, but when he found that this easy march would take three months he changed his mind, and thought it beyond Spartan powers. Aristagoras went secretly to his house, and tried to bribe him, at least, to help the Ionians in their rising; but while higher and higher offers were being made, Gorgo, the little daughter of Cleomenes, only eight years old, saw by their looks that something was wrong, and cried out, "Go away, father; this stranger will do you harm." Cleomenes took it as the voice of an oracle, and left the stranger to himself.

He then went to Athens, and the Athenians, being Ionians themselves, listened more willingly, and promised to aid their brethren in freeing themselves. Together, the Athenians and a large body of Ephesians, Milesians, and other Ionians, attacked Sardis. The Persian satrap Artaphernes threw himself into the citadel; but the town, which was built chiefly of wicker-work, that the houses might not be easily thrown down by earthquakes, caught fire, and was totally burnt. The Athenians could not stay in the flaming streets, and had to give back, and the whole Persian force of the province came up and drove them out. Darius was furious when he heard of the burning of Sardis, and, for fear he should forget his revenge, ordered that a slave should mention the name of Athens every day to him as he sat down to dinner. Histiaeus, however, succeeded in his plan, for Darius believed him when he said the uproar

could only have broken out in his absence, and let him go home to try to put it down.

He was not very well received by Artaphernes, who was sure he was at the bottom of the revolt. "Aristagoras put on the shoe," he said, "but it was of your stitching."

Aristagoras had been killed, and Histieus, fleeing to the Ionians, remained with them till they were entirely beaten, and he surrendered to the Persians, by whom he was crucified, while the Ionians were entirely crushed, and saw their fairest children carried off to be slaves in the palace at Susa. Darius had longed after Greek slaves ever since he had seen a fine handsome girl walking along, upright, with a pitcher of water on her head, the bridle of a horse she was leading over her arm, and her hands busy with a distaff. He did not know that such grand people are never found in enslaved, oppressed countries, like his own, and he wanted to have them all under his power; so he began to raise his forces from all parts of his empire, for the conquest of what seemed to him the insolent little cities of Greece, and Hippias, now an old man, undertook to show him the way to Athens, and to betray his country. The battle was between the East and West—between a despot ruling mere slaves, and free, thoughtful cities, full of evil indeed, and making many mistakes, but brave and resolute, and really feeling for their hearths and homes.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON.

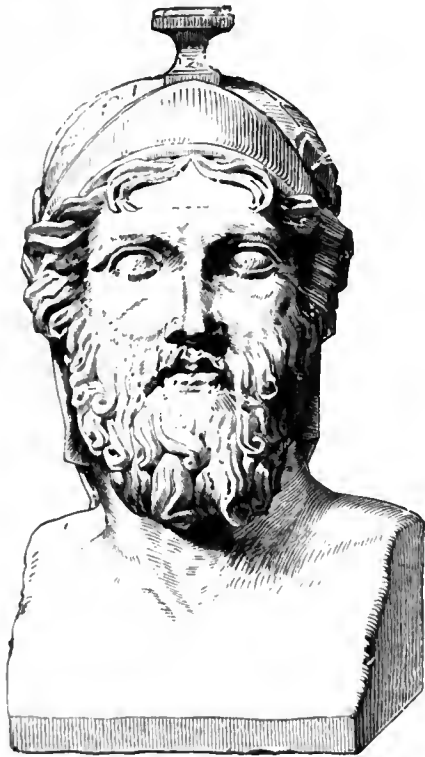
B. C. 490.



THE whole Persian fleet, manned by Phœnician sailors, and a huge army, under the two satraps Datis and Artaphernes, were on the opposite side of the Ægean Sea, ready to overwhelm little Attica first, and then all Greece. Nobody had yet stood firm against those all-conquering Persians, and as they came from island to island the inhabitants fled or submitted. Attica was so small as to have only nine thousand fighting men to meet this host. They sent to ask the aid of the Spartans, but though these would have fought bravely, an old rule forbade them to march during the week before the full moon, and in this week Athens might be utterly ruined. Nobody did come to their help but six hundred men from the very small state of Platæa, and this

little army, not numbering ten thousand, were encamped around the temple of Hercules, looking down upon the bay of Marathon, where lay the ships which had just landed at least two hundred thousand men of all the Eastern nations, and among them many of the Greeks of Asia Minor. The hills slant back so as to make a sort of horse-shoe round the bay, with about five miles of clear flat ground between them and the sea, and on this open space lay the Persians.

It was the rule among the Athenians that the heads of their ten tribes should command by turns each for a day, but Aristides, the best and most high-minded of all of them, persuaded the rest to give up their turns to



MILTIADES.

Miltiades, who was known to be the most skilful captain. He drew up his men in a line as broad as the whole front of the Persian army, though far less deep, and made them all come rushing down at them with even step, but at a run, shouting the war-cry, "Io pæan! Io pæan!" In the middle, where the best men of the Persians were, they stood too firm to be thus broken, but at the sides they gave way, and ran back towards the sea, or over the hills, and then Miltiades gave a signal to the two side divisions—wings, as they were called—to close up together, and crush the Persian centre. The enemy now thought of nothing but reaching their ships and putting out to sea, while the Athenians tried to seize their ships; Cynegyryrus, one brave Greek, caught hold of the prow of one ship, and when the crew cut off his hand with an axe, he still clung with the other, till that too was cut off, and he sank and was drowned. The fleet

still held many men, and the Athenians saw that, instead of crossing back to Asia Minor, it was sailing round the promontory of Sunium, as if to attack Athens. It was even said that a friend of Hippias had raised a shield, glittering in the sun, as a signal that all the men were away. However, Miltiades left Aristides, with his tribe of one thousand men, to guard the plain and bury the dead, and marched back over the hills with the rest to guard their homes, that same night; but the Persians must have been warned, or have changed their mind, for they sailed away for Asia; and Hippias, who seems to have been wounded in the battle, died at Lemnos.

The Spartans came up just as all was over, and greatly praised the Athenians, for indeed it was the first time Greeks had beaten Persians, and it was the battle above all others that saved Europe from falling under the slavery of the East. The fleet was caught by a storm as it crossed the *Ægean Sea* again.

All the Athenians who had been slain were buried under one great mound, adorned with ten pillars bearing their names; the Plataeans had another honorable mound, and the Persians a third. All the treasure that was taken in the camp and ships was honorably brought to the city and divided. There was only one exception, namely, one Kallias, who wore long hair bound with a fillet, and was taken for a king by a poor Persian, who fell on his knees before him, and showed him a well where was a great deal of gold hidden. Kallias not only took the gold, but killed the poor stranger, and his family were ever after held as disgraced, and called by a nickname meaning, "Enriched by the Well."

The Plataeans were rewarded by being made freemen of Athens, as well as of their own city; and Miltiades, while all his countrymen were full of joy and exultation, asked of them a fleet of seventy ships, promising to bring them fame and riches. With it he sailed for the island of Paros, that which was specially famed for its white marble. He said he meant to punish the Parians for having joined the Persians, but it really was because of a quarrel of his own. He landed, and required the Parians to pay him a hundred talents, and when they refused he besieged the city, until a woman named Timo, who was priestess at a temple of Ceres near the gates, promised to tell him a way of taking the city if he would meet her at night in the temple, where no man was allowed to enter. He came, and leaped over the outer fence of the temple, but, brave as he was in battle, terror at treading on forbidden and sacred ground overpowered him, and, without seeing the priestess, he leaped back again, fell on the other side, and severely injured his thigh. The siege was given up, and he was carried back helpless to Athens, where there was no mercy to failures, and he was arraigned before the Areopagus assembly, by a man named Xanthippus, for having wasted the money of the State and deceived the people, and therefore being guilty of death.

It must have been a sad thing to see the great captain, who had saved his country in that great battle only a year or two before, lying on his couch, too ill to defend himself, while his brother spoke for him, and appealed to his former services. In consideration of these it was decided not to condemn him to die, but he was, instead, to pay fifty talents of silver, and before the sum could be raised, he died of his hurts. It was said that his son Kimôn put himself into prison till the fine could be raised, so as to release his father's corpse, which was buried with all honor

on the plain of Marathon, with a tomb recording his glory, and not his fall.

The two chief citizens who were left were Aristides and Themistocles, both very able men; but Aristides was perfectly high-minded, unselfish, and upright, while Themistocles cared for his own greatness more than anything else. Themistocles was so clever that his tutor had said to him when he was a child, "Boy, thou wilt never be an ordinary person; thou wilt either be a mighty blessing or a mighty curse to thy country." When he grew up he used his powers of leading the multitude for his own advantage, and that of his party. "The gods forbid," he said, "that I should sit on any tribunal where my friends should not have more advantage than strangers." While, on the other hand, Aristides was so impartial and single-hearted that he got the name of Aristides the Just. He cared most for the higher class, the *aristoi*, and thought they could govern best, while Themistocles sought after the favor of the people; and they both led the minds of the Athenians so completely while they were speaking, that, after a meeting where they had both made a speech, Aristides said, "Athens will never be safe till Themistocles and I are both in prison," meaning that either of them could easily make himself tyrant.

However, Aristides, though of high family, was very poor, and men said it was by the fault of his cousin Kallias, the "Enriched by the Well;" and Themistocles contrived to turn people's minds against him, so as to have him ostracized. One day he met a man in the street, with a shell in his hand, who asked him to write the name of Aristides on it, as he could not write himself. "Pray," said Aristides, "what harm has this person done you, that you wish to banish him?"

"No harm at all," said the man; "only I am sick of always hearing him called the Just."

Aristides had no more to say, but wrote his own name; and six thousand shells having been counted up against him, he was obliged to go into exile for ten years.

Cynegyrus, the man whose hands had been cut off in the bay of Marathon, had a very famous brother named Æschylus—quite as brave a soldier, and a poet besides. The Athenians had come to worshipping Bacchus, but not in the horrid, mad, drunken manner of the first orgies. They had songs and dances by persons with their heads wreathed in vine and ivy leaves, and a goat was sacrificed in the midst. The Greek word for a goat is *tragos*, and the dances came to be called tragedies. Then came in the custom of having poetical speeches in the midst of the dances, made in the person of some old hero or god, and these always took place in a curve in the side of a hill, so worked out by art that the rock was cut into galleries, for half-circles of spectators to sit one above the other, while the dancers and speakers were

on the flat space at the bottom. Thespis, whom Solon reproved for falsehoods, was the first person who made the dancers and singers, who were called the chorus, so answer one another and the speakers that the tragedy became a play, representing some great action of old. The actors had to wear brazen masks and tall buskins, or no one could have well seen or heard them. Æschylus, when a little boy, was set to watch the grapes in his father's vineyard. He fell asleep, and dreamt that Bacchus appeared to him, and bade him make his festivals noble with tragedies; and this he certainly did, for the poetry he wrote for them is some of the grandest that man ever sung, and shows us how these great Greeks were longing and feeling after the truth, like blind men groping in the dark. The custom was to have three grave plays or tragedies on the same subject on three successive days, and then to finish with a droll one, or comedy, as it was called, in honor of the god Comus. There is one trilogy of Æschylus still preserved to us, where we have the death of Agamemnon, the vengeance of Orestes, and his expiation when pursued by the Furies, but the comedy belonging to them is lost.

Almost all the greatest and best Greeks of this time believed in part in the philosophy of Pythagoras, who had lived in the former century, and taught that the whole universe was one great divine musical instrument, as it were, in which stars, sun, winds, and earth did their part, and that man ought to join himself into the same sweet harmony. He thought that if a man did ill his spirit went into some animal, and had a fresh trial to purify it, but it does not seem as if many others believed this notion.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE EXPEDITION OF XERXES.

B.C. 480.



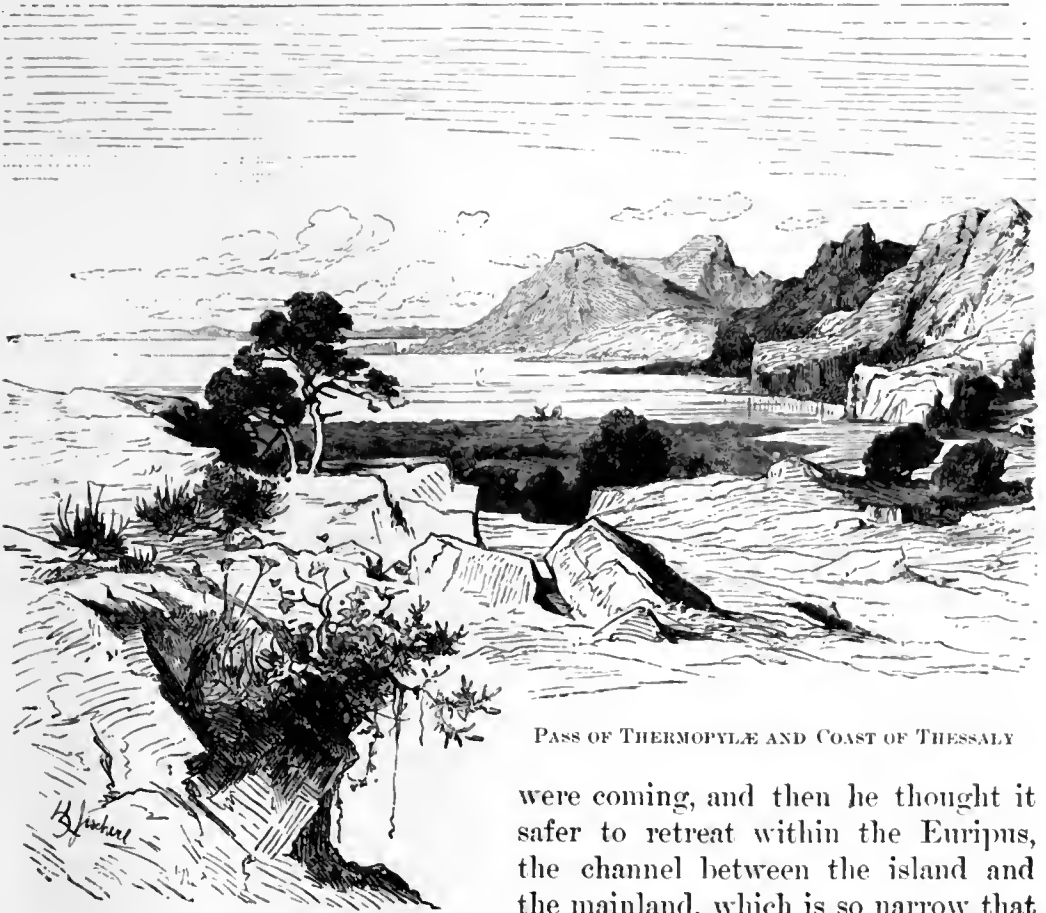
THE Athenians had not a long breathing time. Darius, indeed, died five years after the battle of Marathon; but his son Xerxes was far more fiery and ambitious, and was no sooner on the throne than he began to call together all the vast powers of the East, not to crush Athens alone, but all the Greeks. He was five years gathering them together, but in the spring of 480 he set out from Sardis to march to the Hellespont, where he had a bridge of ships chained together, made to enable his army to cross the strait on foot. Xerxes was a hot-tempered man, not used to resistance, and it was said that when a storm broke part of his bridge he caused the waves to be scourged and fetters to be thrown in, to show that he was going to bind it to his will. He sat on a throne to watch his armies pass by. It is said that there were two million six hundred thousand men, of every speech and dress in Asia and Egypt, with all sorts of weapons; and as the "Great King" watched the endless number pass by, he burst into tears to think how soon all this mighty host would be dead men!

Xerxes had a huge fleet besides, manned by Phœnicians and Greeks of Asia Minor, and this did not venture straight across the Ægean, because of his father's disaster, but went creeping round the northern coast. Mount Athos, standing out far and steep into the sea, stood in the way, and it was dangerous to go round it; so Xerxes thought it would be an undertaking worthy of him to have a canal dug across the neck that joins the mountain to the land, and the Greeks declared that he wrote a letter to the mountain god, bidding him not to put rocks in the way of the workmen of the "Great King." Traces of this canal can still be found in the ravine behind Mount Athos.



A SOLDIER OF MARATHON.
—(From the Monument of
Aristion.)

All the Greeks knew their danger now, and a council from every city met at the Isthmus of Corinth to consider what was to be done. All their ships, 271 in number, were gathered in a bay on the north of the great island of Eubœa. There the Spartan captain of the whole watched and waited, till the beacons from height to height announced that the Persians



PASS OF THERMOPYLE AND COAST OF THESSALY

were coming, and then he thought it safer to retreat within the Euripus, the channel between the island and the mainland, which is so narrow that a very few ships could stop the way of a whole fleet. However, just as they were within shelter, a terrible storm arose, which broke up and wrecked a great number of Persian ships, though the number that were left still was far beyond that of the Greeks. On two days the Greeks ventured out, and always gained the victory over such ships as they encountered; but were so much damaged themselves, without destroying anything like the whole fleet, that such fighting was hopeless work.

In the meantime Xerxes, with his monstrous land army, was marching on, and the only place where it seemed to the council at the Isthmus that he could be met and stopped was at a place in Thessaly, where the mountains of Cæta rose up like a steep wall, leaving no opening but towards the sea,

where a narrow road wound round the foot of the cliff, and between it and the sea was a marsh that men and horses could never cross. The springs that made this bog were hot, so that it was called Thermopylæ, or the Hot Gates.

The council at the Isthmus determined to send an army to stop the enemy there, if possible. There were 300 Spartans, and various troops from other cities, all under the command of one of the Spartan kings, Leonidas, who had married Gorgo, the girl whose word had kept her father faithful. They built up a stone wall in front of them, and waited for the enemy, and by and by the Persians came, spreading over an immense space in the rear; but in this narrow road only a few could fight at once, so that numbers were of little use. Xerxes sent to desire the Spartans to give up their arms. Leonidas only answered, "Come and take them." The Persian messenger reported that the Greeks were sitting on the wall combing their hair, while others were playing at warlike games. Xerxes thought they were mad, but a traitor Spartan whom he had in his camp said it was always the fashion of his countrymen before any very perilous battle. Xerxes made so sure of victory over such a handful of men, that he bade his captains bring them all alive to him; but day after day his best troops fell beaten back from the wall, and hardly a Greek was slain.

But, alas! there was a mountain path through the chestnut woods above. Leonidas had put a guard of Phocian soldiers to watch it, and the Persians did not know of it till a wretch, for the sake of reward, came and offered to show them the way, so that they might fall on the defenders of the pass from behind. In the stillness of the early dawn, the Phocians heard the trampling of a multitude on the dry chestnut leaves. They stood to arms, but as soon as the Persians shot their arrows at them they fled away and left the path open. Soon it was known in the camp that the foe were on the hills above. There was still time to retreat, and Leonidas sent off all the allies to save their lives; but he himself and his 300 Spartans, with 700 Thespians, would not leave their post, meaning to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The Delphic oracle had said that either Sparta or a king of Sparta must perish, and he was ready to give himself for his country. Two young cousins of the line of Hercules he tried to save, by telling them to bear his messages home; but one answered that he had come to fight, not carry letters, and the other that they would fight first, and then take home the news. Two more Spartans, whose eyes were diseased, were at the hot baths near. One went back with the allies, the other caused his Helot to lead him to the camp, where, in the evening, all made ready to die, and Leonidas sat down to his last meal, telling his friends that on the morrow they should sup with Pluto. One of these Thespians had answered, when he was told that the Persian arrows came so thickly as to hide the sky, "So much the better; we shall fight in the shade."

The Persians were by this time so much afraid of these brave men that they could only be driven against them by whips. Leonidas and his thousand burst out on them beyond the wall, and there fought the whole day, till every one of them was slain, but with heaps upon heaps of dead Persians round them, so that, when Xerxes looked at the spot, he asked in horror whether all the Greeks were like these, and how many more Spartans there were. Like a barbarian, he had Leonidas' body hung on a cross; but in after times the brave king's bones were buried on the spot, and a mound raised over the other warriors, with the words engraven—

"Go, passer by, at Sparta tell,
Obedient to her law, we fell."

There was nothing now between the Persians and the temple at Delphi. The priests asked the oracle if they should bury the treasures. "No," the answer was; "the god will protect his own." And just as a party of Persians were climbing up the heights to the magnificent temple there was a tremendous storm; rocks, struck by lightning, rolled down, and the Persians fled in dismay; but it is said Xerxes sent one man to insult the heathen god, and that he was a Jew, and therefore had no fears, and came back safe.

Now that Thermopylæ was lost, there was no place fit to guard short of the Isthmus of Corinth, and the council decided to build a wall across that, and defend it, so as to save the Peloponnesus. This left Attica outside, and the Athenians held anxious council what was to become of them. Before the way to Delphi was stopped, they had asked the oracle what they were to do, and the answer had been, "Pallas had prayed for her city, but it was doomed; yet a wooden wall should save her people, and at Salamis should women be made childless, at seed-time or harvest."

Themistocles said the wooden walls meant the ships, and that the Athenians were all to sail away and leave the city. Others would have it that the wooden walls were the old thorn fence of the Acropolis, and these, being mostly old people, chose to stay, while all the rest went away; and while the wives and children were kindly sheltered by their friends in the Peloponnesus, the men all joined the fleet, which lay off Salamis, and was now 366 in number. The Persians overran the whole country, overcame the few who held out the Acropolis, and set Athens on fire. All the hope of Greece was now in the fleet, which lay in the strait between Attica and the isle of Salamis. Eurybiades, the Spartan commander, still wanted not to fight, but Themistocles was resolved on the battle. Eurybiades did all he could to silence him. "Those who begin a race before the signal are scourged," said the Spartan. "True," said Themistocles; "but the laggards never win a crown." Eurybiades raised his leading staff as if to give him

a blow. "Strike, but hear me," said Themistocles; and then he showed such good reason for there meeting the battle that Eurybiades gave way. Six days later the Persian fleet, in all its grandeur, came up, and Xerxes caused his throne to be set on Mount Ægaleos, above the strait, that he might see the battle. The doubts of the Peloponnesians revived. They wanted to sail away and guard their own shores, but Themistocles was so



THE RAVINE OF DELPHI.—(Sketched from nature by *L. Gurlitt*.)

resolved that they should fight that he sent a slave with a message to Xerxes, pretending to be a traitor, and advising him to send ships to stop up the other end of the strait, to cut off their retreat. This was done, to the horror of honest Aristides, who, still exiled, was in Ægina, watching what to do for his countrymen. In a little boat he made his way at night to the ship where council was being held, and begged that Themistocles might be called out. "Let us be rivals still," he said; "but let our strife be which can serve our country best. I come to say that your retreat is

cut off. We are surrounded, and must fight." Themistocles said it was the best thing that could happen, and led him into the council with his tidings.

They did fight. Ship was dashed against ship as fast as oars could bring them, their pointed beaks bearing one another down. The women who were made childless were Persian women. Two hundred Persian ships were sunk, and only forty Greek ones; an immense number were taken; and Xerxes, from his throne, saw such utter ruin of all his hopes and plans, that he gave up all thought of anything but getting his land army back to the Hellespont as fast as possible, for his fleet was gone!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BATTLE OF PLATÆA.

B.C. 479—460.



AFTER being thus beaten by sea, and having learnt what Greeks were by land, Xerxes himself, with a broken, sick, and distressed army, went back to Sardis; but he left a satrap named Mardonius behind him, with his best troops, in Thessaly, to see whether anything could still be done for his cause. He did try whether the Athenians could be persuaded to desert the other Greeks, and become allies of Persia, but they made a noble answer—"So long as the sun held his course, the Athenians would never be friends to Xerxes. Great as might be his power, Athens trusted to the aid of the gods and heroes, whose temple he had burnt."

After this answer, Mardonius marched again into Attica, and took possession of it; but as the Athenians were now all safe in Salamis, or among their friends, he could not do them much harm; and while he was finishing the ruin he had begun ten months before, the Spartans had raised their army, under the command of their king, Pausanias, nephew to Leonidas, and all the best soldiers from the other Greek cities. They came up with the Persians near the city of Plataea. Though a Spartan, Pausanias had rather not have fought; but when at last the battle began, it was a grand victory, and was gained in a wonderfully short time. The Spartans killed Mardonius, and put the best Persian troops, called the Immortals, to flight; and the Athenians, under Aristides, fought with the Thebans, who had

joined the Persian army. The whole Persian camp was sacked. The Helots were sent to collect the spoil, and put it all together. They stole a good deal of the gold, which they took for brass, and sold it as such. Wagon-loads of silver and gold vessels were to be seen; collars, bracelets,



PAUSANIAS SACRIFICES TO THE GODS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF PLATÆA.

and rich armor; and the manger of Xerxes' horses, which he had left behind, and which was of finely-worked brass. Pausanias bade the slaves of Mardonius to prepare such a feast as their master was used to, and then called his friends to see how useless were all the carpets, cushions, curtains, gold and silver, and the dainties upon them, and how absurd it was to set out on a conquering expedition thus encumbered.

A tenth part of the spoil was set apart for Apollo, and formed into a golden tripod, supported by a brazen serpent with three heads. A great statue of Jupiter was sent to Olympia, the pedestal adorned with the names of all the cities which had sent men to the battle, and such another of Neptune was set up on the Isthmus; while a temple to Athene, adorned with pictures of the battle, was built on the spot near Plataea. Pausanias received a sample of all that was best of the spoil. Among the dead was found that one Spartan who had missed Thermopylae. He had been

miserable ever since, and only longed to die in battle, as now he had done. The Plataæans were to be respected by all the other states of Greece, so long as they yearly performed funeral rites in honor of the brave men whose tombs were left in their charge.

On the same day as the battle of Plataæa was fought, another great battle was fought at Mykale, near Miletus, by the Ionian Greeks of Asia, assisted by Athenians and Spartans. It set Miletus free from the Persians, and was the first step backwards of their great power. The Athenian fleet also gained back the Chersonesus, and brought home the chains that had fastened together the bridge of boats, to be dedicated in the temples of their own gods.

The Athenians were all coming home rejoicing. Even the very week after Xerxes had burnt the Acropolis, the sacred olive which Pallas Athene was said to have given them had shot out a long branch from the stump, and now it was growing well, to their great joy and encouragement. Every one began building up his own house; and Themistocles, Aristides, and the other statesmen prepared to build strong walls round the city, though the Spartans sent messengers to persuade them that it was of no use to have any fortified cities outside the Peloponnesus; but they knew this was only because the Spartans wanted to be masters of Greece, and would not attend to them. Athens stood



THEMISTOCLES.

about three miles from the coast, and in the port there had hitherto been a village called Piræus, and Themistocles persuaded the citizens to make this as strong as possible, with a wall of solid stone round it. These were grand days at Athens. They had noble architects and sculptors; and Æschylus was writing the grandest of his tragedies—especially one about the despair of the Persian women—but only fragments of most of them have come down to our time.

In 375 Aristides died, greatly honored, though he was so poor that he did not leave enough to pay his funeral expenses; but a monument was

raised to him by the state, and there is only one Athenian name as pure and noble as his.

The two other men who shared with him the honors of the defeat of the Persians met with very different fates, and by their own fault. When Pausanias went back to Sparta he found his life there too stern and full of restraint, after what he had been used to in his campaign. He tried to break down the power of the Ephors, and obtain something more like royalty for the kings, and this he hoped to do by the help of Persia. He used to meet the messenger of this traitorous correspondence in the temple of Neptune, in the promontory of Tænarus. Some of the Ephors were warned, hid themselves there, and heard his treason from his own lips. They sent to arrest him as soon as he came back to Sparta; but he took refuge in the temple of Pallas, whence he could not be dragged. However, the Spartans were determined to have justice on him. They walled up the temple, so that he could neither escape nor have food brought to him; indeed it is said that, in horror at his treason, his mother brought the first stone. When he was at the point of death he was taken out, that the sanctuary might not be polluted, and he died just as he was carried out. The Spartans buried him close to the temple, and gave Pallas two statues of him, to make up for the suppliant she had lost, but they were always reproached for the sacrilege.

Themistocles was a friend of Pausanias, and was suspected of being mixed up in his plots. He was obliged to flee the country, and went to Epirus, where he came to the house of King Admetus, where the queen, Phthia, received him, and told him how to win her husband's protection, namely, by sitting down on the hearth by the altar to the household gods, and holding her little son in his arms.

When Admetus came in, Themistocles entreated him to have pity on his defenceless state. The king raised him up and promised his protection, and kept his word. Themistocles was taken by two guides safely across the mountains to Pydna, where he found a merchant ship about to sail for Asia. A storm drove it to the island of Naxos, which was besieged by an Athenian fleet; and Themistocles must have fallen into the hands of his fellow-citizens if he had landed, but he told the master of the ship that it would be the ruin of all alike if he were found in the vessel, and promised a large reward if he escaped. So the crew consented to beat about a whole day and night, and in the morning landed safely near Ephesus. He kept his word to the captain; for indeed he was very rich, having taken bribes, while Aristides remained in honorable poverty. He went to Susa, where Xerxes was dead; but the Persians had fancied his message before the battle of Salamis was really meant to serve them, and that he was suffering for his attachment to them, so the new king, Artaxerxes, the "Long-armed," who

had a great esteem for his cleverness, was greatly delighted, offered up a sacrifice in his joy, and three times cried out in his sleep, "I have got Themistocles the Athenian."

Themistocles had asked to wait a year before seeing the king, that he might have time to learn the language. When he came, he put forward such schemes for conquering Greece that Artaxerxes was delighted, and gave him a Persian wife, and large estates on the banks of the Mæander, where he spent the rest of his life, very rich, but despised by all honest Greeks.

All the history of the war with Xerxes was written by Herodotus, a Greek of Caria, who traveled about to study the manners, customs, and histories of different nations, and recorded them in the most lively and spirited manner, so that he is often called the father of history.

Æschylus went on gaining prizes for his tragedies, till 468, when, after being thirteen times first, he was excelled by another Athenian named Sophocles, and was so much vexed that he withdrew to the Greek colonies in Sicily. It is not clear whether he ever came back to Athens for a time, but he certainly died in Sicily, and in an extraordinary way. He was asleep on the sea-shore, when an eagle flew above him with a tortoise in its claws. It is the custom of eagles to break the shells of these creatures by letting them fall on rocks from a great height. The bird took Æschylus' bald head for a stone, threw down the tortoise, broke his skull, and killed him.

Sophocles did not write such grand lines, yearning for the truth,



SOPHOCLES.—(In the Lateran Museum at Rome.)

as Æschylus, but his plays, of Ajax' madness, and especially of Antigone's self-devotion, were more touching, and full of human feeling; and Euripides, who was a little younger, wrote plays more like those of later times, with more of story in them, and more characters, especially of women. He even wrote one in which he represented Helen as never having been unfaithful at all; Venus only made up a cloud-image to be run away with by Paris, and Helen was carried away and hidden in Egypt, where Menelaus found her, and took her home. The works of these three great men have always been models. The Greeks knew their plays by heart almost as perfectly as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and used to quote lines wherever they applied.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE AGE OF PERICLES.

B. C. 464—429.



THENS and Sparta were now quite the greatest powers in Greece. No other state had dared to make head against the Persians, and all the lesser cities, and the isles and colonies, were anxious to obtain the help and friendship of one or other as their allies. The two states were always rivals, and never made common cause, except when the Persian enemy was before them. In the year 464 there was a terrible earthquake in Laconia, which left only five houses standing in Sparta, and buried great numbers in the ruins.

The youths, who were all together in one building exercising themselves, were almost all killed by its fall; and the disaster would have been worse if the king, Archidamas, had not caused the trumpet to be blown, as if to call the people to arms, just outside the city. This brought all the men in order together just in time, for the Helots were rising against them, and, if they had found them groping each in the ruins of his house, might have killed them one by one; whereas, finding them up and armed, the slaves saw it was in vain, and dispersed.

The Messenians, who had never forgotten Aristodemus, hoped to free themselves again. A great many of the Helots joined them, and they made their fortified hill of Ithome very strong. The Spartans called on the Athenians to help them to put down the insurrection. The three greatest men in Athens were Pericles, the son of that Xanthippus who had impeached

Miltiades; Kimôn, the son of Miltiades himself; and Ephialtes, a great orator, who was thought to be as upright as Aristides the Just. When the request from Sparta came, Ephialtes was against helping the rival of Athens; but Kimôn, who had friends in Laconia, declared that it would be unbecoming in Athens to let Greece be crippled in one of her two legs, or to lose her own yoke-fellow. He prevailed, and was sent with an army to help in the siege of Ithome; but it was such a tardy siege that the Spartans fancied that the Athenians had an understanding with the Messenians, and desired them to go home again, thus, of course, affronting them exceedingly.

Two years after, Kimôn was ostracized; but soon after the Spartans affronted the Athenians, by placing a troop of men at Tauagra, on the borders of Attica. The Athenians went out to attack them, and Kimôn sent to entreat permission to fight among his tribe, but he was not trusted, and was forbidden. He sent his armor to his friends—a hundred in number—and bade them maintain his honor. They were all killed, fighting bravely, and the victory was with the Spartans. Soon after, the virtuous Ephialtes was stabbed by some unknown person, and Pericles, feeling that good men could not be spared, moved that Kimôn should be called home again. Kimôn was much loved; he was tall and handsome, with curly hair and beard; and he was open-handed, leaving his orchards and gardens free to all, and keeping a table for every chance guest. Yet he much admired the Spartans and their discipline, and he contrived to bring about a five-years' truce between the two great powers. The greatest benefit he gave his people was the building the Long Walls, which joined Athens and the Piræus together, so that the city could never be cut off from the harbor. Kimôn began them at his own expense, and Pericles persuaded the Athenians to go on with them, when their founder had been sent on an expedition to the isle of Cyprus, which was rising against the Persians. There Kimôn fell sick and died, but his fleet, immediately after, won a grand victory over the Phœnician and Cilician fleets, in the Persian service.



PERICLES.

However, some hot-headed young Athenians were beaten at Coronea by

the Beotians, who were Spartan allies, and a good many small losses befel them by land, till they made another peace for thirty years in 445. There was nobody then in Athens, or Greece either, equal to Pericles, who was managing all affairs in his own city with great wisdom, and making it most beautiful with public buildings. On the rock of the Acropolis stood the Parthenon, the temple of the virgin goddess Pallas Athene, which was adorned with a portico, the remains of which still stand up gloriously



THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS.

against the blue Grecian sky. The bas-relief carvings on the pediments, representing the fight between the Centaurs and Lapithæ, are now in the British Museum; and though the statue itself is gone, still seals and gems remain, made to imitate it, and showing the perfect beauty of the ivory and gold statue of Athene herself, which was carved by the great sculptor Phidias, and placed within the temple. When there was a question whether this figure should be made of marble or of ivory, and Phidias recommended marble as the cheapest, the whole assembly of Athenians voted for ivory.



INTERIOR OF THE PARTHENON.



A beautiful fortification called the Propylæa guarded the west side of the Acropolis, where only there was no precipice; and there were other splendid buildings—a new open theatre, for the acting of those unrivaled tragedies of the three Athenian poets, and of others which have been lost; a Museum, which did not then mean a collection of curiosities, but a place where the youth might study all the arts sacred to the Muses; a Lyceum for their exercises, and schools for the philosophers. These schools were generally colonnades of pillars supporting roofs to give shelter from the sun, and under one of these taught the greatest, wisest, and best of all truth-seekers, namely, Socrates.

Though the houses at Athens stood irregularly on their steep hill, there was no place in the world equal to it for beauty in its buildings, its sculptures, and its carvings, and, it is also said, in its paintings; but none of these have come to our times. Everything belonging to the Athenians was at this time full of simple, manly grace and beauty, and in both body and mind they were trying to work up to the greatest perfection they could devise, without any aid outside themselves to help them.

But they had come to the very crown of their glory. When a war arose between the Corinthians and the Coreyrans, who inhabited the isle now called Corfu, the Coreyrans asked to be made allies of Athens, and a fleet was sent to help them; and as the Corinthians held with Sparta, this brought on a great war between Athens and Sparta, which was called the Peloponnesian war, and lasted thirty years. It was really to decide which of the two great cities should be chief, and both were equally determined.

As Attica had borders open to the enemy, Pericles advised all the people in the country to move into the town. They sent their flocks into the isle of Eubœa, brought their other goods with them, and left their beautiful farms and gardens to be ravaged by the enemy; while the crowd found dwellings in a place under the west side of the Acropolis rock, which had hitherto been left empty, because an oracle declared it "better untrodden." Such numbers coming within the walls could not be healthy, and a deadly plague began to prevail, which did Athens as much harm as the war. In the meantime, Pericles, who was always cautious, persuaded the people to be patient, and not to risk battles by land, where the Spartans fought as well as they did, whereas nobody was their equal by sea; and as their fleet and all their many isles could save them from hunger, they could wear out their enemies, and be fresh themselves; but it was hard to have plague within and Spartans wasting their homes and fields without. Brave little Plataea, too, was closely besieged. All the useless persons had been sent to Athens, and there were only four hundred Platean and eighty Athenian men in it, and one hundred and ten women to wait on them; and the Spartans blockaded these, and tried to starve them out, until, after more than a

year of famine, two hundred and twenty of them scrambled over the walls on a dark, wet night, cut their way through the Spartan camp, and safely reached Athens. The other two hundred had thought the attempt so desperate, that they sent in the morning to beg leave to bury the corpses of their comrades; but they then heard that only one man had fallen. They held out a few months longer, and then were all put to death, while the women were all made slaves. The children and the two hundred and twenty were all made one with the Athenians.

Athens was then in a piteous state from the sickness, which had cut off hosts of people of all ranks. It lasted seven or nine days in each, and seems to have been a malignant fever. Pericles lost his eldest son, his sister, and almost all his dearest friends in it; but still he went about calm, grave, and resolute, keeping up the hopes and patience of the Athenians. Then his youngest and last son died of the same sickness, and when the time came for placing the funeral garland on his head, Pericles broke down, and wept and sobbed aloud. Shortly after, he fell sick himself, and lingered much longer than was usual with sufferers from the plague. Once, when his friends came in, he showed them a charm which the women had hung round his neck, and smiling, asked them whether his enduring such folly did not show that he must be very ill indeed. Soon after, when he was sinking away, and they thought him insensible, they began to talk of the noble deeds he had done, his speeches, his wisdom and learning, and his buildings: "He had found Athens of brick," they said, "and had left her of marble." Suddenly the sick man raised himself in his bed, and said, "I wonder you praise these things in me. They were as much owing to fortune as to anything else; and yet you leave out what is my special honor, namely, that I never caused any fellow-citizen to put on mourning." So died this great man, in 429, the third year of the Peloponnesian war.



CHAPTER XX.

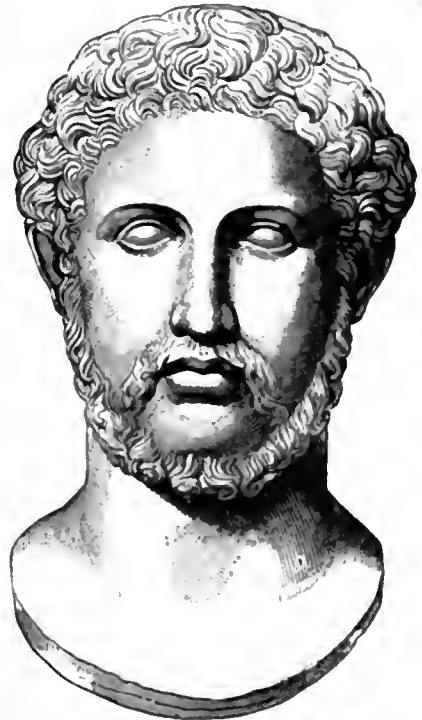
THE EXPEDITION TO SICILY.

B.C. 415—413.



THE Peloponnesian war went on much in the same way for some years after the death of Pericles. There was no such great man left in Athens. Socrates, the wise and deep-thinking philosopher, did not attend to state affairs more than was his duty as a citizen; and the leading man for some years was Nicias. He was an honest, upright man, but not clever, and afraid of everything new, so that he was not the person to help in time of strange dangers.

There was a youth growing up, however, of great ability. His name was Alkibiades. He was of high and noble family, but he had lost his parents very young, and Pericles had been his guardian, taking great care of his property, so that he was exceedingly rich. He was very beautiful in person, and that was thought of greatly at Athens, though he was laughed at for the pains he took to show off his beauty, and for carrying out to battle a shield inlaid with gold and ivory, representing Cupid hurling Jupiter's thunderbolts. His will was so determined, that, when he was a little boy at play in the street, and saw a wagon coming which would have spoiled his arrangements, he laid himself down before the wheels to stop it. He learnt easily, and, when he was with Socrates, would talk as well and wisely as any philosopher of them all; and Socrates really seems to have loved the bright, beautiful youth even more than his two graver and worthier pupils, Plato and Xenophon, perhaps because in one of Alkibiades' first battles, at Delium, he had been very badly wounded, and Socrates had carried him safely out of the battle on his broad shoulders. Socrates was very strong,



ALKIBIADES.—(From the Monument
Inéditi.)

but one of the ugliest of men, and the Athenians were amused at the contrast between master and pupil.

But nobody could help loving Alkibiades in these early years, and he was a sort of spoiled child of the people. He won three crowns in the chariot races at the Olympic games, and feasted and made presents to his fellow-citizens afterwards, and he was always doing some strange thing in order to make a sensation. The first day that he was old enough to be admitted to the public assembly, while he was being greeted there, he let loose a tame quail, which he carried about under his cloak, and no business could be done till it had been caught. Another time he came very late, with a garland on his head, and desired to have the sitting put off because he had a feast at his house; and the grave archons actually granted his request. But the strangest thing he did was to cut off the tail of his beautiful dog, that, as he said, the Athenians might have something to talk about. In truth he made everything give way to his freaks and self-will; and he was a harsh and unkind husband, and insolent to his father-in-law; and, as time went on, he offended a great many persons by his pride and rudeness and selfishness, so that his brilliancy did little good.

There were Greek colonies in Sicily, but these were mostly in the interest of Sparta. There had been some fighting there in the earlier years of the war, and Alkibiades was very anxious to lead another expedition thither. Nikias thought this imprudent, and argued much against it; but the effect of his arguments was that the Athenians chose to join him in the command of it with Alkibiades, much against his will, for he was elderly, and out of health, and, of all men in Athens, he most disliked and distrusted Alkibiades.

Just as the fleet for Sicily was nearly ready, all the busts of Mercury which stood as mile-stones on the roads in Attica were found broken and defaced; and the enemies of Alkibiades declared that it was done in one of his drunken frolics. Such a thing done to the figure of a god was not mere mischief, but sacrilege, and there was to be a great inquiry into it. Alkibiades wanted much to have the trial over before he sailed, that he might clear himself of the suspicion; and, indeed, it seems certain that whatever follies he might commit when he had nothing to do, he had then far too much to think of to be likely to bring himself into trouble by such a wanton outrage. But the Athenians chose to put off the inquiry till he was gone, and the fleet set sail—the largest that had ever gone from the Piræus—with sound of trumpet, libations poured into the sea from gold and silver bowls, songs and solemn prayers, as the one hundred war galleys rowed out of the harbor in one long column. At Corcyra the fleet halted to meet their allies, who raised the number of ships to one hundred and fifty-four containing five thousand heavily-armed men, with whom they made sail for Rhegium, the Italian foreland nearest to



DESTRUCTION OF THE ATHENIAN ARMY IN SICILY



Sicily, whence they sent to make inquiries. They found more of the Greek cities were against them than they had expected, and their friends were weaker. Nikias wanted merely to sail round the island, and show the power of Athens, and then go home again. Lamachus, another general, wanted to make a bold attack on Syracuse at once; and Alkibiades had a middle plan, namely, to try to gain the lesser towns by force or friendship, and to stir up the native Sicels to revolt. This plan was accepted, and was going on well—for Alkibiades could always talk any one over, especially strangers, to whom his gracefulness and brilliancy were new—when orders came from Athens that he and his friends were to be at once sent home from the army, to answer for the mischief done to the busts, and for many other crimes of sacrilege, which were supposed to be part of a deep plot for upsetting the laws of Solon, and making himself the tyrant of Athens.

This was, of course, the work of his enemies, and the very thing he had feared. His friends wrote to him that the people were so furious against him that he had no chance of a fair trial, and he therefore escaped on the way home, when, on his failing to arrive, he was solemnly cursed, and condemned to death. He took refuge in Sparta, where, fine gentleman as he was, he followed the rough, hardy Spartan manners to perfection, appeared to relish the black broth, and spoke the Doric Greek of Laconia, as it was said, more perfectly than the Spartans themselves. Unlike Aristides, and like the worse sort of exiles, he tried to get his revenge by persuading the allies of Athens in Asia Minor to revolt; and when the Spartans showed distrust of him, he took refuge with the Persian satrap Tissaphernes.

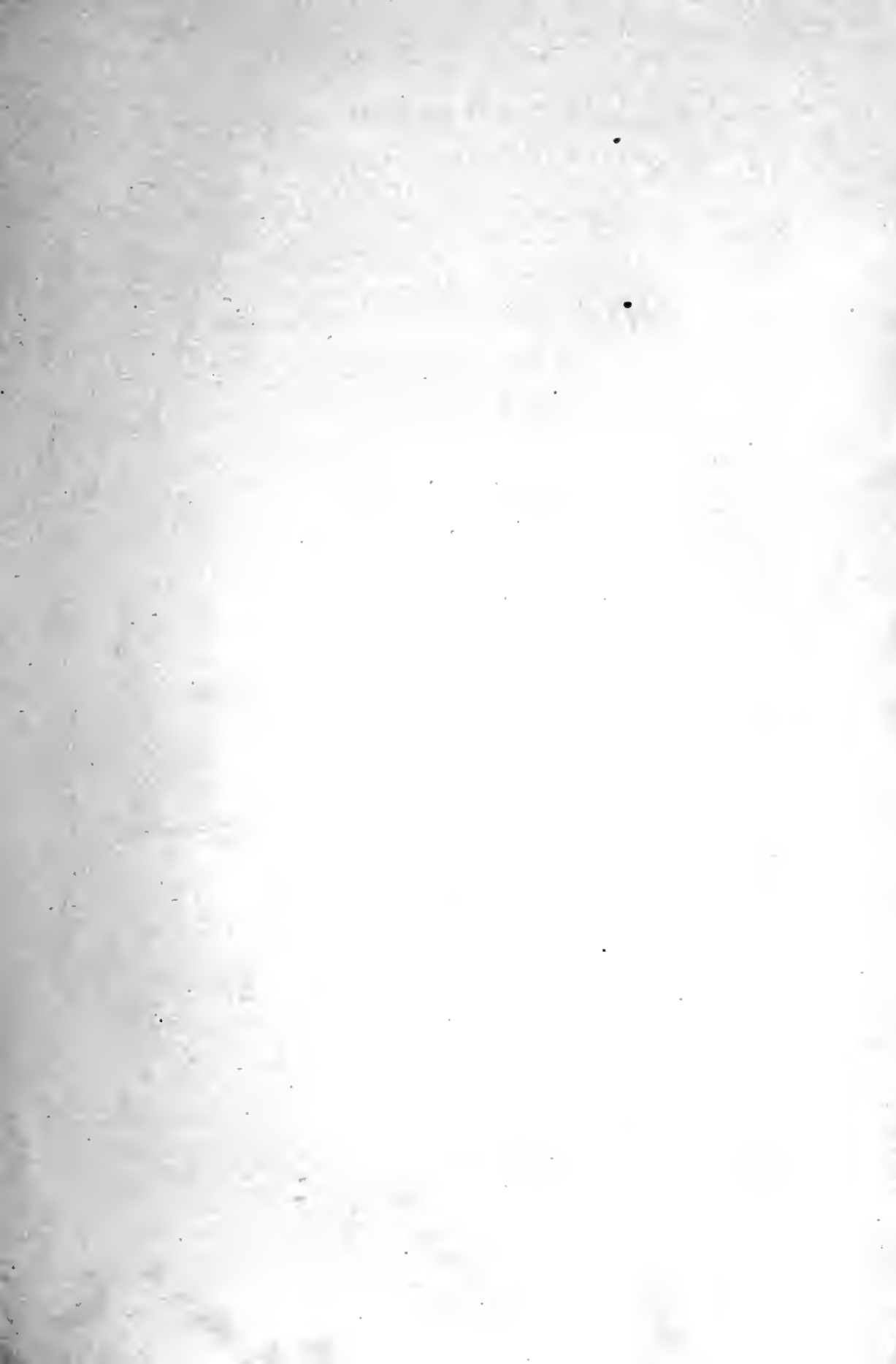
In the meantime, after he had left Sicily, Nikias was so cautious that the Syracusans thought him cowardly, and provoked a battle with him close to their own walls. He defeated them, besieged their city, and had almost taken it, when a Spartan and Corinthian fleet, headed by Gylippus, came out, forced their way through the Athenians, and brought relief to the city. More reinforcements came out to Athens, and there was a great sea-fight in front of the harbor at Syracuse, which ended in the total and miserable defeat of the Athenians, so that the army was obliged to retreat from Syracuse, and give up the siege. They had no food, nor any means of getting home, and all they could do was to make their way back into the part of the island that was friendly to them. Gylippus and the Syracusans tried to block their way, but old Nikias showed himself firm and undaunted in the face of misfortune, and they forced their way on for three or four days, in great suffering from hunger and thirst, till at last they were all hemmed into a small hollow valley, shut in by rocks, where the Syracusans shot them down as they came to drink at the stream, so thirsty that they seemed not to care to die so long as they could drink. Upon this, Nikias thought it best to offer to lay down his arms and surrender. All the remnant of the

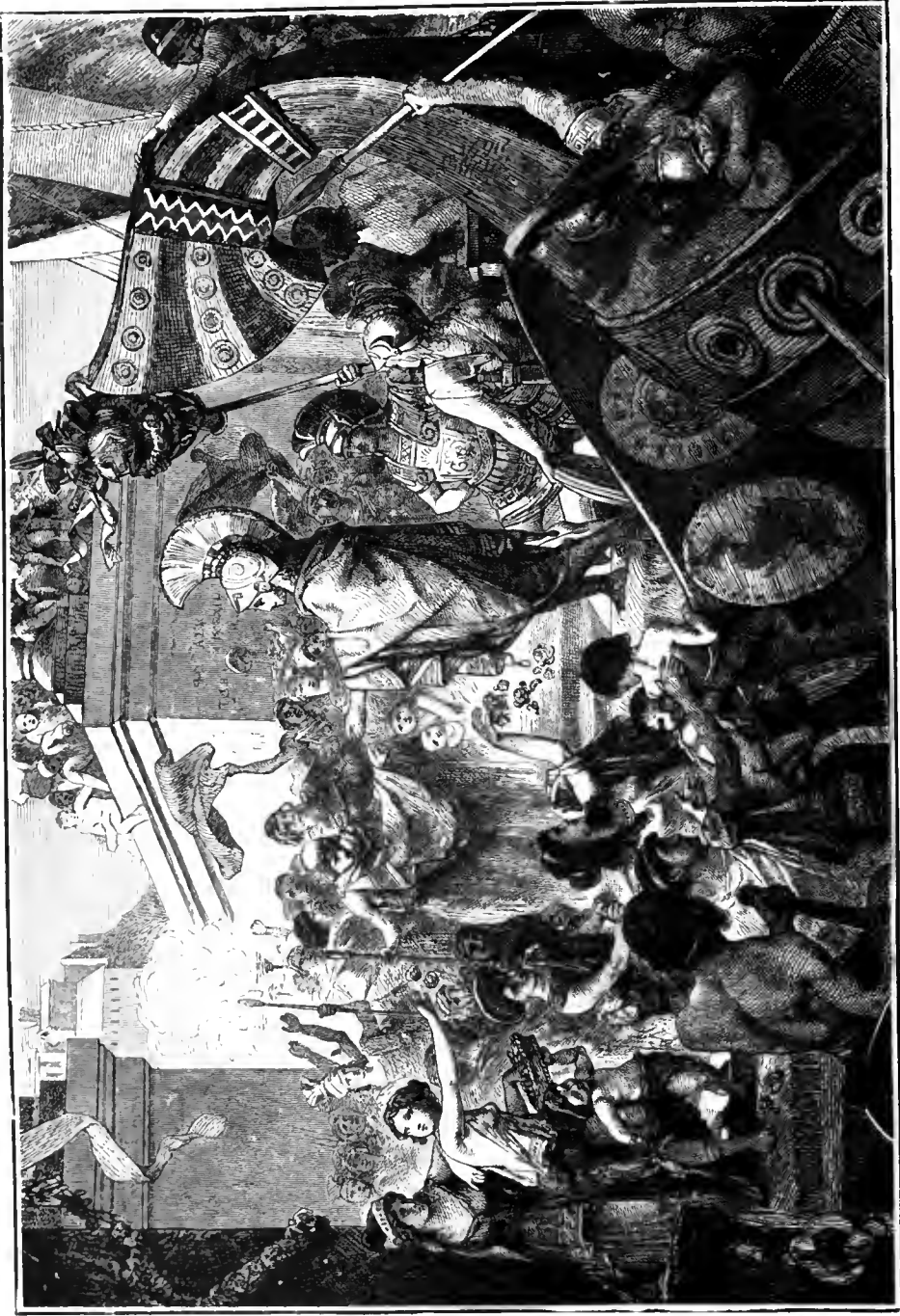
army were enclosed in a great quarry at Epipolæ, the sides of which were one hundred feet high, and fed on a scanty allowance of bread and water, while the victors considered what was to be done with them, for in these heathen times there was no law of mercy for a captive, however bravely he might have fought. Gylippus wanted to save Nikias, for the pleasure of showing off so noble a prisoner at Sparta; but some of the Syracusans, who had been on the point of betraying their city to him, were afraid that their treason would be known, and urged that he should be put to death with his fellow-general; and the brave, honest, upright old man was therefore slain with his companion Demosthenes.



THE CITY OF SYRACUSE.—(*Sicily.*)

For seventy days the rest remained in the dismal quarry, scorched by the sun, half-starved, and rapidly dying off, until they were publicly sold as slaves, when many of the Athenians gained the favor of their masters by entertaining them by repeating the poetry of their tragedians, especially of Euripides, whose works had not yet been acted in Sicily. Some actually thus gained their freedom from their masters, and could return to Athens to





THE RETURN OF ALCIBIADES TO ATHENS.

thank the poet whose verses, stored in their memory, had been their ransom.

All the history of the Peloponnesian war is written by Thukydides, himself a brave Athenian soldier and statesman, who had a great share in all the affairs of the time, and well knew all the men whom he describes.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SHORE OF THE GOAT'S RIVER.

B.C. 406—402.



STILL the war went on, the Athenians holding out steadily, but the Spartans beginning to care more for leadership than for Greece, and so making league with the Persians. Alkibiades was forgiven and called back again after a time, and he gained numerous towns and islands back again for the Athenians, so that he sailed into the Piræus with a fleet, made up by his own ships and prizes to full two hundred sail, all decked with purple, gold, and silver, and doubling what had been lost in the unhappy Sicilian enterprise; but his friends were sorry that it was what they called an unlucky day—namely, that on which every year the statue of Pallas Athene was stripped of its ornaments to be dusted, washed, and repaired, and on which her worshippers always avoided beginning anything or doing any business.

A very able man named Lysander, of the royal line, though not a king, had come into command at Sparta, and he had a sea-fight at Notium, just opposite to Ephesus, with the Athenians, and gained no very great advantage, but enough to make the discontent and distrust always felt for Alkibiades break out again, so that he was removed from the command and sailed away to the Chersonese, where in the time of his exile he had built himself a sort of little castle looking out on the strait.

Konon was the name of the next commander of the fleet, which consisted of one hundred and ten ships, with which he met the Spartan Kallikratidas with only fifty, near the three little islets called Arginusæ, near Malea. The numbers were so unequal that the Spartan was advised not to fight, but he answered that "his death would not hurt Sparta, but dishonor would hurt him." The Athenians gained a complete victory, Kallikratidas was killed, and the whole Spartan fleet broken up; but the Athenian fleet lost a great many men by a violent storm, which hindered the vessels from coming to

the aid of those which had been disabled, and which therefore sunk in the tempest.

The relations of the men who had been drowned called for a trial of the commanders for neglecting to save the lives of their fellow-citizens, and there was such a bad spirit of party feeling in Athens at the time that they were actually condemned to death, all except Konon, though happily they were out of reach, and their sentence could not be executed. Lysander was, in the meantime, hard at work to collect a fresh fleet from the Spartan allies and to build new ships, for which he obtained money from the Persians at Sardis, where the satrap at that time was Cyrus, the son of Darius, the Great King, a clever prince, who understood something of Greek courage, and saw that the best thing for Persia was to keep the Greeks fighting with one another, so that no one state should be mightiest, or able to meddle with the Persian domains in Asia Minor. He gave Lysander the means of adding to his forces, and with his new fleet he plundered the shores of the islands of Salamis and Eubœa, and even of Attica itself, to insult the Athenians. Their fleet came out to drive him off. It had just been agreed by the Athenians that every prisoner they might take in the fight they expected should have his right thumb cut off, to punish the Greeks who had taken Persian gold. Lysander sailed away, with the Athenian fleet pursuing him up to the Hellespont, where he took the city of Lampsacus and plundered it before they came up, and anchored at a place called *Ægos Potami*, or the Goat's River, about two miles from Sestos. In the morning Lysander made all his men eat their first meal and then go on board, but gave orders that no ship should stir from its place. The Athenians too embarked, rowed up to Lampsacus and defied them; but as no Spartan vessel moved, they went back again to their anchorage, a mere open shore where there were no houses, so that all the crews went off to Sestos, or in search of villages inland, to buy provisions. The very same thing happened the next day. The challenge was not accepted by the Spartans, and the Athenians thought them afraid, grew more careless, and went further away from their ships. But on the hills above stood the little castle of Alkibiades, who could look down on the strait, see both fleets, and perceive that the Spartans sent swift galleys out each day to steal after the Athenians, so that they would be quite sure to take advantage of their foolish security. He could not bear to see his fellow-citizens ruining themselves, and came down to warn them and beg them to move into Sestos, where they would have the harbor to shelter them and the city behind them; but the generals scoffed at him, and bade him remember that they were commanders now, not he, and he went back to his castle, knowing only too well what would happen.

Till the fifth day all went on as before, but then Lysander ordered his watching galley to hoist a shield as a signal as soon as the Athenians had

all gone off to roam the country in search of food, and then he spread out his fleet to its utmost width, and came rowing out with his hundred and eighty ships to fall upon the deserted Athenians. Not one general was at his post, except Konon, and he, with the eight galleys he could man in haste, sailed out in all haste—not to fight, for that was of no use, but to escape. Almost every vessel was found empty by the Spartans, taken or burnt, and then all the men were sought one by one as they were scattered over the country, except the few who were near enough to take refuge in the fort of Alkibiades. Out of the eight ships that got away, one went straight to Athens to carry the dreadful news; but Konon took the other seven with him to the island of Cyprus, thinking that thus he could do better for his country than share the ruin that now must come upon her.



THE PIRÆUS, WITH THE LONG WALLS AND BUILDING RESTORED.

It was night when the solitary ship reached the Piræus with the dreadful tidings; but they seemed to rush through the city, for everywhere there broke out a sound of weeping and wailing for husbands, fathers, brothers, and kinsmen lost, and men met together in the market-places to mourn and consult what could be done next. None went to rest that night; but the fleet was gone, and all their best men with it, and Lysander was coming down on Athens, putting down all her friends in the islands by the way,

and driving the Athenian garrisons on before him into Athens. Before long he was at the mouth of the Piræus himself with his hundred and fifty galleys, and while he shut the Athenians in by sea, the Spartan army and its allies blockaded them by land.

If they held out, there was no hope of help; delay would only make the conquerors more bitter; so they offered to make terms, and very hard these were. The Athenians were to pull down a mile on each side of the Long Walls, give up all their ships except twelve, recall all their banished men, and follow the fortunes of the Spartans. They were very unwilling to accept these conditions, but their distress compelled them; and Lysander had the Long Walls pulled down to the sound of music on the anniversary of the day of the battle of Salamis. Then he overthrew the old constitution of Solon, and set up a government of thirty men, who were to keep the Athenians under the Spartan yoke, and who were so cruel and oppressive that they were known afterwards as the Thirty Tyrants. So in 404 ended the Peloponnesian war, after lasting twenty-seven years.

The Athenians were most miserable, and began to think whether Alkibiades would deliver them, and the Spartans seem to have feared the same. He did not think himself safe in Europe after the ruin at Ægos Potami, and had gone to the Persian governor on the Phrygian coast, who received him kindly, but was believed to have taken the pay of either the Spartans or the Thirty Tyrants, to murder him; for one night the house where he was sleeping was set on fire, and on waking he found it surrounded with enemies. He wrapped his garment round his left arm, took his sword in his hand, and broke through the flame. None of the murderers durst come near him, but they threw darts and stones at him so thickly that at last he fell, and they dispatched him. Timandra, the last of his wives, took up his body, wrapped it in her own mantle, and buried it in a city called Melissa. Such was the sad end of the spoilt child of Athens. He had left a son at Athens, whom the Thirty tried to destroy, but who escaped their fury, although during these evil times the Thirty actually put to death no less than fourteen hundred citizens of Athens, many of them without any proper trial, and drove five thousand more into banishment during the eight months that their power lasted. Then Thrasybulus and other exiles, coming home, helped to shake off their yoke and establish the old democracy; but even then Athens was in a weak, wretched state, and Sparta had all the power.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RETREAT OF THE TEN THOUSAND

B. C. 402—399.



JUST as Greece was quieted by the end of the Peloponnesian war, the old King of Persia, Darius Nothus, died, and his eldest son, Artaxerxes Mnemon, came to the throne. He was the eldest, but his brother Cyrus, who had been born after his father began to reign, declared that this gave the best right, and resolved to march from Sardis into Persia to gain the kingdom for himself by the help of a hired body of Greek soldiers. Clearchus, a banished Spartan, undertook to get them together, and he made such descriptions of the wealth they would get in the East, that eleven thousand of the bravest men in Greece came together for the purpose, and among them Xenophon, the pupil of Socrates, who has written the history of the expedition, as well as that of the later years of the Peloponnesian war. Xenophon was a horseman, but most of the troops were foot soldiers, and they were joined by a great body of Asiatics, raised by Cyrus himself. They were marched across Syria, crossed the present



THE GRAVE OF CYRUS.

river Euphrates at the ford Thapsacus, and at Cunaxa, seven miles from Babylon, they met the enormous army which Artaxerxes had raised. The Greeks beat all who met them; but in the meantime Cyrus was killed, and his whole army broke up and fled, so that the Greeks were left to them-

selves in the very heart of the enemy's country, without provisions, money, or guides.

Artaxerxes sent messages pretending to wish to make terms with them and guide them safely back to their own country, provided they would do no harm on the way; and they willingly agreed to this, and let themselves be led where they were told it would be easier to find food for them; but this was across the great river Tigris, over a bridge of boats; and a few days after, Clearchus and the other chief officers were invited to the Persian camp to meet the king, and there seized and made prisoners. A message came directly after to the Greeks to bid them deliver up their arms, as they belonged to the Great King, having once belonged to his slave Cyrus.



A GREEK MOTHER WITH HER CHILDREN.—
(Relief in the Louvre.)

To deliver up their arms was the last thing they intended; but their plight was dreadful—left alone eight months' march by the shortest way from home, with two great rivers and broad tracts of desert between it and themselves, and many nations, all hating them, in the inhabited land, with no guides, no generals, and ten times their number of Persian troops waiting to fall on them. All were in dismay; hardly a fire was lighted to cook their supper; each man lay down to rest where he was, yet hardly any one could sleep for fear and anxiety, looking for shame, death, or slavery, and never expecting to see Greece, wife or children again.

But that night Xenophon made up his mind to do what he could to save his countrymen. The only hope was in some one taking the lead, and, as the Greeks had been true to their oaths throughout the whole march, he believed the gods would help them. So he called the chief of the officers still remaining together, and put them in mind that they might still hope. They were so much stronger and braver than the Persians, that if only they did not lose heart and separate, they could beat off

almost any attack. As to provisions, they would seize them, and the rivers which they could not cross should be their guides, for they would track

them up into the hills, where they would become shallow. Only every soldier must swear to assist in keeping up obedience, and then they would show Artaxerxes that, though he had seized Clearchus, they had ten thousand as good as he. The army listened, recovered hope and spirit, swore to all he asked, and one of the most wonderful marches in the world began. Cheirisophus, the eldest officer, a Spartan, took the command in the centre; Xenophon, as one of the youngest, was in the rear. They crossed the Zab, their first barrier, and then went upwards along the banks of the Tigris. The Persians hovered about them, and always attacked them every morning. Then the Greeks halted under any shelter near at hand, and fought them till towards evening. They were sure to fall back, as they were afraid to sleep near the Greeks, for fear of a night attack. Then the Greeks marched on for a good distance before halting to sup or sleep, and were able again to make a little way in the morning before the enemy attacked them again.

So they went on till they came to the mountains, where dwelt wild tribes whom the Great King called his subjects, but who did not obey him at all. However, they were robbers and very fierce, and stood on the steep heights shooting arrows and rolling down stones, so that the passage through their land cost the Greeks more men than all their march through Persia. On they went, through Armenia and over the mountains, generally having to fight their way, and, when they came very high up, suffering very much from the cold, and having to make their way through snow and ice, until at last, when they were climbing up Mount Theche, those behind heard a shout of joy, and the cry, "The sea, the sea!" rang from rank to rank. To every Greek the sea was like home, and it seemed to them as if their troubles were over. They wept and embraced one another, and built up a pile of stones with a trophy of arms on the top, offering sacrifice to the gods for having so far brought them safely.

It was, however, only the Black Sea, the Pontus Euxinus, and far to the eastward; and, though the worst was over, they had still much to undergo while they were skirting the coast of Asia Minor. When they came to the first Greek colony—namely, Trapezus, or Trebizond—they had been a full year marching through an enemy's country; and yet out of the eleven thousand who had fought at Cunaxa there were still ten thousand men safe and well, and they had saved all the women, slaves, and baggage they had taken with them. Moreover, though they came from many cities, and both Spartans and Athenians were among them, there never had been any quarreling; and the only time when there had been the least dispute had been when Xenophon thought Cheirisophus a little too hasty in suspecting a native guide.

Tired out as the soldiers were, they wanted, as soon as they reached the

Ægean Sea, to take ship and sail home; but they had no money, and the merchant ships would not give them a free passage, even if there had been ships enough, and Cheirisophus went to Byzantium to try to obtain some, while the others marched to wait for him at Cerasus, the place whence were brought the first cherries, which take their name from it. He failed, however, in getting any, and the Greeks had to make their way on; but they had much fallen away from the noble spirit they had shown at first. Any country that did not belong to Greeks they plundered, and they were growing careless as to whether the places in their way were Greek or not. Cheirisophus died of a fever, and Xenophon, though grieved at the change in the spirit of the army, continued for very pity in command. They hired themselves out to fight the battles of a Thracian prince, but, when his need of them was over, he dismissed them without any pay at all, and Xenophon was so poor that he was forced to sell the good horse that had carried him all the way from Armenia.

However, there was a spirited young king at Sparta, named Agesilaus, who was just old enough to come forward and take the command, and he was persuading his fellow-citizens, that now they had become the leading state in Greece, they ought to go and deliver the remaining Greek colonies in Asia Minor from the yoke of Persia, as Athens had done by the Ionians. They therefore decided on taking the remains of the ten thousand—now only six thousand—into their pay, and the messengers who came to engage them bought Xenophon's horse and restored it to him. Xenophon would not, however, continue with the band after he had conducted it to Pergamus, where they were to meet the Spartan general who was to take charge of them. On their way they plundered the house of a rich Persian, and gave a large share of the spoil to him as a token of gratitude for the wisdom and constancy that had carried them through so many trials.

It had been his strong sense of religion and trust in the care of the gods which had borne him up; and the first thing he did was to go and dedicate his armor and an offering of silver at the temple of Diana at Ephesus. This temple had grown up round a black stone image, very ugly, but which was said to have fallen from the sky, and was perhaps a meteoric stone. A white marble quarry near the city had furnished the materials for a temple so grand and beautiful that it was esteemed one of the seven wonders of the world.

After thus paying his vows, Xenophon returned to Athens, whence he had been absent two years and a half. He not only wrote the history of this expedition, but a life of the first great Cyrus of Persia, which was meant not so much as real history, as a pattern of how kings ought to be bred up.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES.

B.C. 399.



F the men who sought after God in the darkness, "if haply they might feel after Him," none had come so near the truth as Socrates, a sculptor by trade, and yet a great philosopher, and, so far as we can see, the wisest and best man who ever grew up without any guide but nature and conscience. Even the oracle at Delphi declared that he was the wisest of men, because he did not fancy he knew what he did not know, and did not profess to have any wisdom of his own. It was quite true—all his thinking had only made him quite sure that he knew nothing; but he was also sure that he had an inward voice within him, telling him which was the way in which he should walk. He did not think much about the wild tales of the Greek gods and goddesses; he seems to have considered them as fancies that had grown up on some forgotten truth, and he said a healthy mind would not dwell upon them; but he was quite sure that above all these there was one really true Most High God, who governed the world, rewarded the good, punished the bad, and sent him the inward voice, which he tried to obey to the utmost of his power, and by so doing, no doubt, his inward sight grew clearer and clearer. Even in his home his gentleness and patience were noted, so that when his scolding wife Xantippe, after railing at him sharply, threw some water at his head, he only smiled, and said, "After thunder follows rain." He did not open a school under a portico, but, as he did his work, all the choicest spirits of Greece resorted to him to argue out these questions in search of truth; and many accounts of these conversations have been preserved to us by his two best pupils, Plato and Xenophon.

But in the latter days of the Peloponnesian war, when the Athenians were full of bitterness, and had no great deeds to undertake outside their city, a foolish set of arguing pretenders to philosophy arose, who were called the Sophists, and who spent their time in mere empty talk, often against the gods; and the great Socrates was mixed up in people's fancy with them. A comic writer arose, named Aristophanes, who, seeing the Athenians fallen from the greatness of their fathers, tried to laugh them into shame at themselves. He particularly disliked Euripides, because his tragedies seemed,

like the Sophists, not to respect the gods; and he also more justly hated Alkibiades for his overbearing ways, and his want of all real respect for gods or men. It was very hard on Socrates that the faults of his pupils should be charged against him; but Aristophanes had set all Athens laughing by a comedy called "The Clouds," in which a good-for-nothing young man, evidently meant for Alkibiades, gets his father into debt by buying horses, and, under the teaching of Socrates, learns both to cheat his creditors and to treat respect for his father as a worn-out notion. The beauty and the lisp of Alkibiades were imitated so as to make it quite plain who was



SOCRATES.—(*Bust in the Vatican.*)

meant by the youth; and Socrates himself was evidently represented by an actor in a hideous comic mask, caricaturing the philosopher's snub nose and ugly features. The play ended by the young man's father threatening to burn down the house of Socrates, with him in it. This had been written twenty years before, but it had been acted and admired again and again, together with the other comedies of Aristophanes—one about a colony of birds who try to build a city in the air, and of whom the chorus was composed; and another, called "The Frogs," still more droll, and all full of attacks on the Sophists.

Thus the Athenians had a general notion that Socrates was a corrupter of youth and a despiser of the gods, for in truth some forms of worship, like the orgies of Bacchus, and other still worse rites which had been

brought in from the East, were such that no good man could approve them. One of the Thirty Tyrants had at one time been a pupil of his, and this added to the ill-feeling against him; and while Xenophon was still away in Asia, in the year 399, the philosopher was brought to trial on three points, namely, that he did not believe in the gods of Athens, that he brought in

new gods, and that he misled young men ; and for this his accusers demanded that he should be put to death.

Socrates pleaded his own cause before the council of the Areopagus. He flatly denied unbelief in the gods of his fathers, but he defended his belief in his genius or indwelling voice, and said that in this he was only like those who drew auguries from the notes of birds, thunder, and the like ; and as for his guidance of young men, he called on his accusers to show whether he had ever led any man from virtue to vice. One of them answered that he knew those who obeyed and followed Socrates more than their own parents ; to which he replied that such things sometimes happened in other matters—men consulted physicians about their health rather than their fathers, and obeyed their generals in war, not their fathers ; and so in learning, they might follow him rather than their fathers. “ Because I am thought to have some power of teaching youth, O my judges ! ” he ended, “ is that a reason why I should suffer death ? My accusers may procure that judgment, but hurt me they cannot. To fear death is to seem wise without being so, for it is pretending to understand what we know not. No man knows what death is, or whether it be not our greatest happiness ; yet all fear and shun it.”

His pupil Plato stood up on the platform to defend him, and began, “ O ye Athenians, I am the youngest man who ever went up in this place——”

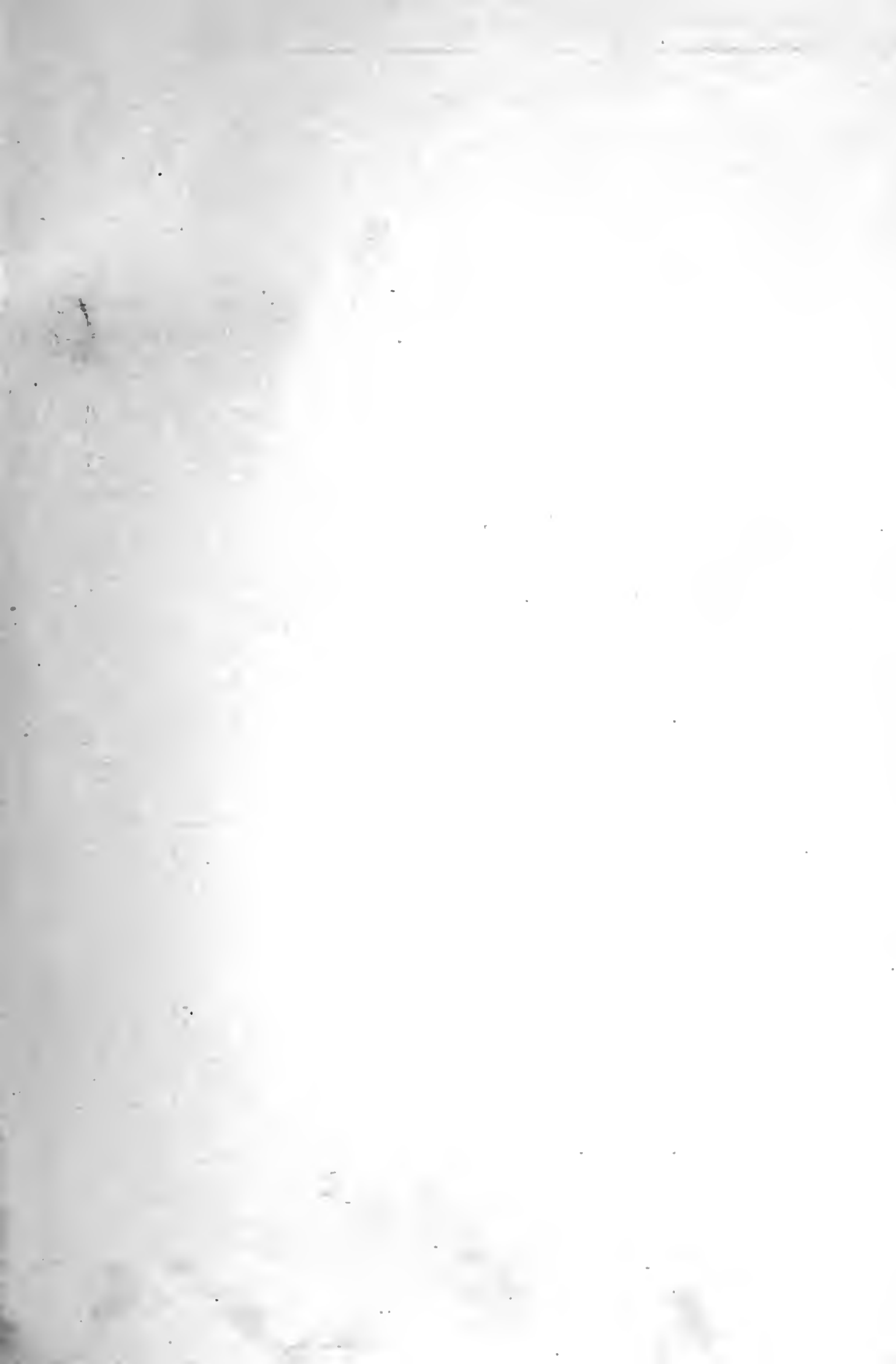
“ No, no,” they cried, with one voice ; “ the youngest who ever went down ! ” They would not hear a word from him ; and two hundred and eighty voices sentenced the great philosopher to die, after the Athenian fashion, by being poisoned with hemlock. He disdained to plead for a lessening of the penalty ; but it could not be carried out at once, because a ship had just been sent to Delos with offerings, and for the thirty days while this was gone no one could be put to death. Socrates therefore was kept in prison, with chains upon his ankles ; but all his friends were able to come and visit him, and one of them, named Krito, hoped to have contrived his escape by bribing the jailer, but he refused to make any one guilty of a breach of the laws for the sake of a life which must be near its close, for he was not far from seventy years old ; and when one of his friends began to weep at the thought of his dying innocent, “ What ! ” he said, “ would you think it better for me to die guilty ? ”

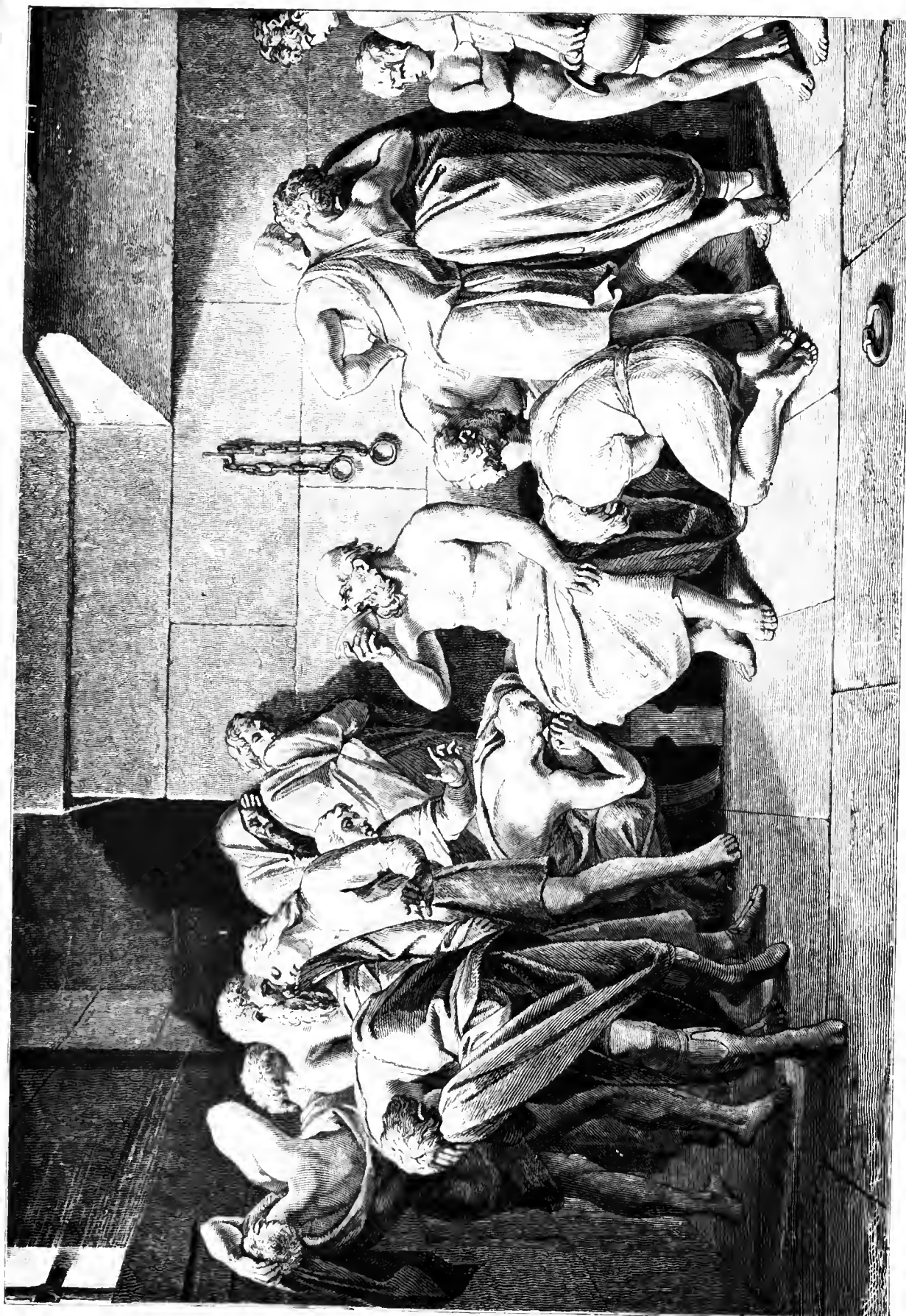
When the ship had come back, and the time was come, he called all his friends together for a cheerful feast, during which he discoursed to them as usual. All the words that fell from him were carefully stored up, and recorded by Plato in a dialogue, which is one of the most valuable things that have come down to us from Greek times. It was not Socrates, said the philosopher, whom they would lay in the grave. Socrates' better part, and true self, would be elsewhere ; and all of them felt sure that in that un-

known world, as they told him, it must fare well with one like him. He begged them, for their own sakes, never to forget the lessons he had taught them; and when the time had come, he drank the hemlock as if it had been a cup of wine; he then walked up and down the room for a little while, bade his pupils remember that this was the real deliverance from all disease and impurity, and then, as the fatal sleep benumbed him, he lay down, bidding Krito not forget a vow he had made to one of the gods; and so he slept into death. "Thus," said Plato, "died the man who, of all with whom we were acquainted, was in death the noblest, in life the wisest and the best."

Plato himself carried on much of the teaching of his master, and became the founder of a sect of philosophy which taught that, come what may, virtue is that which should, above all, be sought for as making man noblest, and that no pain, loss, or grief should be shunned for virtue's sake. His followers were called Stoics, from their fashion of teaching in the porticos or porches, which in Greek were named *stoa*. Their great opponents were the Epicureans, or followers of a philosopher by name Epicurus, who held that as man's life is short, and as he knew not whence he came, nor whither he went, he had better make himself as happy as possible, and care for nothing else. Epicurus, indeed, declared that only virtue did make men happy; but there was nothing in his teaching to make them do anything but what pleased themselves, so his philosophy did harm, while that of the Stoics did good. A few Pythagoreans, who believed in the harmony of the universe, still remained; but as long as the world remained in darkness, thinking men were generally either Stoics or Epicureans.







CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SUPREMACY OF SPARTA

B.C. 396.

THE ablest man just at this time in Greece was Agesilaus, one of the kings of Sparta. He was small, weakly, and lame, but full of courage, and an excellent general; and though he was as plain and hardy as suited with Spartan discipline, he had a warm, kind, tender heart, and was not ashamed to show it, as some of the Spartans were. So that, when some ambassadors came to see him, they found him riding on a stick to please his children; and again, when a trial of a distinguished man was going on in his absence, he wrote, "If he be not guilty, spare him for his own sake; if he be guilty, spare him for mine."

He was young, and full of fire and spirit, when the Spartans resolved to try to free the Greek colonies in Asia Minor from the Persians, by an army



SACRIFICIAL VICTIMS IN PROCESSION.—(From the original in the British Museum.)

under his command. Xenophon had been so much grieved by his master Socrates' death that he would not remain at Athens, but joined his old friends once more, and was a great friend of Agesilaus. The Athenians,

Corinthians, and Thebans were all asked to send troops, but they refused, and Agesilaus set sail with eight thousand men, meaning to meet and take with him the remains of the ten thousand, who were well used to warfare with the Persians. He was the first Greek king who had sailed to Asia since the Trojan war, and, in imitation of Agamemnon, he stopped at Aulis, in Beotia, to offer sacrifice to Diana. He dreamt that a message came that it ought to be the same sacrifice as Agamemnon had made, but he declared that he would not act so cruelly towards his own child, and caused a white hind to be crowned, and offered as the goddess' chosen offering; but as this was not the usual sacrifice, the Thebans were affronted, and threw



PHARNABAZUS AND AGESILAUS MEET.

away the sacrifice as it lay on the altar. This was reckoned as a bad omen, and Agesilaus went on his way, doubting whether he should meet with success.

He was a man who went very much by omens, for after he had landed, had gained several successes, and was just advancing into Caria, at the sacrifice he found the liver of one of the victims imperfect, and this decided him on going back to Ephesus for the winter, to collect more horse. When he marched on in the spring he was much stronger; he advanced into the

Persian territories, and defeated the Persians and their allies wherever he met them, and at last the satrap Pharnabazus begged to have a conference with him, being much struck with his valor.

Agesilaus came first to the place of meeting, and having to wait there, sat down on the grass under a tree, and began to eat his homely meal of bread and an onion. Presently up came the satrap in all his splendor, with attendants carrying an umbrella over his head, and others bearing rich carpets and costly furs for him to sit on, silver and gold plate, and rich food and wines. But when he found that the little, shabby, plain man under the tree was really the mighty king of Sparta, the descendant of Hercules, Pharnabazus was ashamed of all his pomp, and went down upon the ground by Agesilaus' side, to the great damage, as the Greeks delighted to observe, of his fine, delicately-tinted robes. He told Agesilaus that he thought this attack a bad reward for all the help that the Spartans had had from Persia in the Peloponnesian war; but Agesilaus said that they had been friends then, but that as cause of war had arisen it was needful to fight, though he was so far from feeling enmity that Pharnabazus should find the Greeks willing to welcome him, and give him high command, if he would come and be a free man among them. Pharnabazus answered that as long as he held command in the name of the Great King he must be at war with the foes of Persia, but if Artaxerxes should take away his satrapy he would come over to the Spartans. Therewith Agesilaus shook hands with him, and said, "How much rather I would have so gallant a man for my friend than my enemy!" The young son of the satrap was even more taken with the Spartan, and, waiting behind his father, ran up to the king, and, according to the Persian offer of friendship, said, "I make you my guest," at the same time giving him a javelin. Agesilaus looked about for anything fine enough to offer the young Persian in return, and seeing that a youth in his train had a horse with handsome trappings, asked for them, and made a gift of them to his new friend. The friendship stood the youth in good stead, for when he was afterwards driven from home by his brethren, Agesilaus welcomed him in Laconia, and was very kind to him. The war, however, still continued, and Agesilaus gained such successes that the Persians saw their best hope lay in getting him recalled to Greece; so they sent money in secret to the Athenians and their old allies to incite them to revolt, and so strong an army was brought together that the Spartans sent in haste to recall Agesilaus. The summons came just as he was mustering all the Greek warriors in Asia Minor for an advance into the heart of the empire, and he was much disappointed; but he laughed, and, as Persian coins were stamped with the figure of a horseman drawing the bow, he said he had been defeated by ten thousand Persian archers.

He marched home by the way of the Hellespont, but before he was past

Thrace a great battle had been fought close to Corinth, in which the Spartans had been victorious and made a great slaughter of the allies. But he only thought of them as Greeks, not as enemies, and exclaimed, "O Greece, how many brave men hast thou lost, who might have conquered all Persia!" The Thebans had joined the allies against Sparta, and the Ephors sent orders to Agesilaus to punish them on his way southward. This he did in the battle of Coronea, in which he was very badly wounded, but, after the victory was over, he would not be taken to his tent till he had been carried round the field to see that every slain Spartan was carried away in his armor and not left to the plunderers.

He then returned to Sparta, where the citizens were delighted to see that he had not been spoiled by Persian luxury, but lived as plainly as ever, and would not let his family dress differently from others. He knew what greatness was so well, that when he heard Artaxerxes called the Great King, he said, "How is he greater than I, unless he be the juster?"

It should be remembered that Konon, that Athenian captain who had escaped from *Ægos Potami* with six ships, had gone to the island of Cyprus. He persuaded the people of the island of Rhodes to revolt from the Spartans, and make friends with the Persians. It is even said that he went to the court of Artaxerxes, and obtained leave from him to raise ships, with which to attack the Spartans, from the colonies which were friendly to Athens, yet belonged to the Greek Empire. Pharnabazus joined him, and, with eighty-five ships, they cruised about in the *Ægean Sea*, and near *Cnidus* they entirely defeated the Spartan fleet. It was commanded by Pisander, Agesilaus' brother-in-law, who held by his ship to the last, and died like a true Spartan, sword in hand.

After this Konon drove out many Spartan governors from the islands of the *Ægean*, and, sailing to Corinth, encouraged the citizens to hold out against Sparta, after which Pharnabazus went home, but Konon returned with the fleet to the *Piræus*, and brought money and aid to build up the Long Walls again, after they had been ten years in ruins. The crews of the ships and the citizens of Athens all worked hard, the rejoicing was immense, and Konon was looked on as the great hero and benefactor of Athens; but, as usual, before long the Athenians grew jealous of him and drove him out, so that he ended his life an exile, most likely in Cyprus.

It was no wonder that Xenophon's heart turned against the city that thus treated her great men, though he ought not to have actually fought against her, as he did under Agesilaus, whom he greatly loved. The chief scene of the war was round Corinth; but at last both parties were wearied, and a peace was made between Athens and Sparta and the Persian Empire. Artaxerxes kept all the Greek cities in Asia and the islands of Cyprus and *Clazomene*, and all the other isles and colonies were declared free from the

power of any city, except the isles of Lemnos, Imbros, and Scyros, which were still to belong to Athens. Sparta required of Thebes to give up her power over the lesser cities of Bœotia, but Sparta herself did not give up Messenia and the other districts in the Peloponnesus, so that she still remained the strongest. This was called the peace of Antaleidas.

Xenophon did not go back to Athens, but settled on a farm near Elis, where he built a little temple to Diana, in imitation of the one at Ephesus, and spent his time in husbandry, in hunting, and in writing his histories, and also treatises on dogs and horses. Once a year he held a great festival in honor of Diana, offering her the tithe of all his produce, and feasting all the villagers around on barley meal, wheaten bread, meat, and venison, the last of which was obtained at a great hunting match conducted by Xenophon himself and his sons.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE TWO THEBAN FRIENDS.

B.C. 387—362.



BY the peace of Antaleidas things had been so settled that the Spartans had the chief power over Greece, and they used it in their proud, harsh way. In the year 387 they called the Thebans to assist in besieging the city of Mantinea, in a valley between Argos and Arcadia. The Mantineans sallied out, and there was a battle, in which they were defeated; but in the course of it a Theban youth of a rich and noble family, named Pelopidas, was surrounded by enemies. He fought desperately, and only fell at last under seven wounds just as another Theban, a little older, named Epaminondas, broke into his rescue, and fought over him until the Spartans made in and bore them off, but not till Epaminondas had likewise been badly wounded. He was the son of a poor but noble father, said to be descended from one of the men who had sprung from the dragon's teeth; and he had been well taught, and was an earnest philosopher of the Pythagorean school, striving to the utmost of his power to live a good and virtuous life. A close friendship grew up between him and Pelopidas, though the one loved books, and the other, dogs and horses; but Pelopidas tried to be as upright and noble as his friend, and, though a very rich man, lived as hardily and sparingly as did Epami-



EPAMINONDAS RESCUES PELOPIDAS.

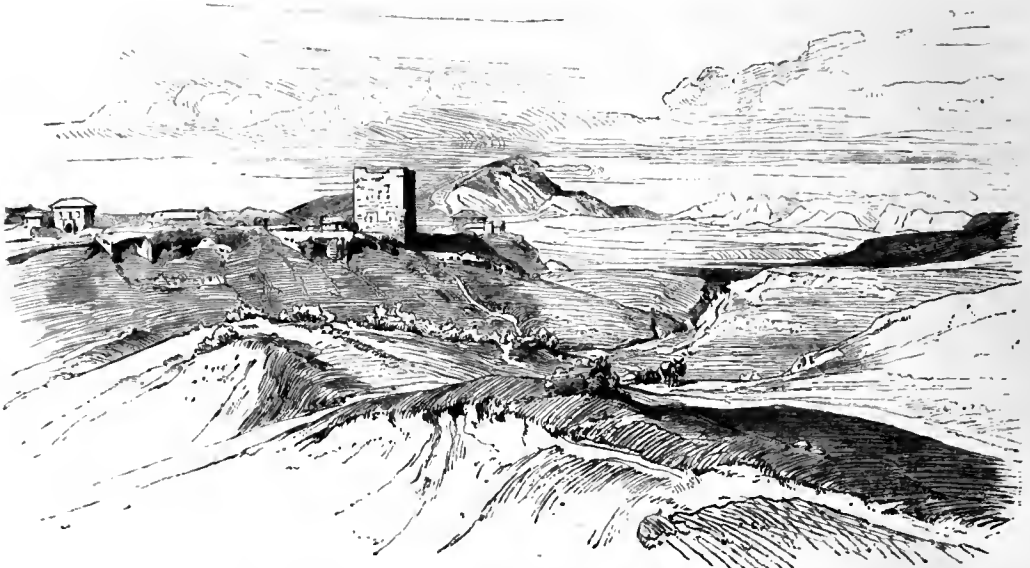
nondas, using his wealth to help the poor. When some foolish friends asked him why he did not use his riches for his own ease and pomp, he laughed at them, and, pointing to a helpless cripple, said that riches were only useful to a man like that.

Every high-spirited Theban hated the power that Sparta had taken over their free state, and wanted to shake it off; but some of those who were bribed by Sparta sent word of their intentions to a Spartan general in the neighborhood, whereupon he came down on Thebes in the middle of a festival, seized the citadel called the Cadmea, put in a Spartan garrison, and drove three hundred of the best Thebans into exile. Pelopidas was among them, while Epaminondas was thought of only as a poor student, and was unnoticed; but he went quietly on advising the Theban young men to share the warlike exercises of the Spartans in the Cadmea, so as to get themselves trained to arms in case there should be a chance of fighting for their freedom. In the fourth year of the exile, Pelopidas wrote to beg his friend to join in a plot by which some of the banished were to creep into the city, go to a banquet that was to be given to the chief friends of the Spartans disguised as women, kill them, proclaim liberty, raise the citizens, and expel the Spartans. But Epaminondas would have nothing to do with

a scheme that involved falsehood and treachery, however much he longed to see his country free. But on a dark, winter evening, Pelopidas and eleven more young exiles came one by one into Thebes, in the disguise of hunters, and met at the house of the friend who was going to give the feast. They were there dressed in robes and veils, and in the height of the mirth the host brought them in, and they fell upon the half-tipsy guests and slew them, while Pelopidas had gone to the house of the most brave and sober among them, challenged him, and killed him in fair fight. Then they shouted, "Freedom! Down with the foe!" The citizens rose, Epaminondas among the first; the rest of the exiles marched in at daybreak, and the Cadmea was besieged until the Spartans were obliged to march out, and Thebes was left to its own government by Bœotarchs, or rulers of Bœotia, for a year at a time, of whom Pelopidas was at once chosen to be one.

Of course there was a war, in which the Thebans were helped by Athens, but more from hatred to Sparta than love to Thebes. After six years there was a conference to arrange for a peace, and Epaminondas, who was then Bœotarch, spoke so well as to amaze all hearers. Agesilaus demanded that the Thebans should only make terms for themselves, and give up the rest of Bœotia, and Epaminondas would not consent unless in like manner Sparta gave up the rule over the other places in Laconia. The Athenians would not stand by the Thebans, and all the allies made peace, so that Thebes was left alone to resist Sparta, and Epaminondas had to hurry home to warn her to defend herself.

The only thing in favor of Thebes was that Agesilaus' lame leg had become so diseased that he could not for five years go out to war; but the other king, Cleombrotus, was at the head of eleven thousand men marching into Bœotia, and Epaminondas could only get together six thousand, with whom he met them at Leuctra. No one doubted how the battle would end, for the Spartans had never yet been beaten, even by the Athenians, when they had the larger numbers, and, besides, the quiet scholar Epaminondas had never been thought of as a captain. The omens went against the Thebans, but he said he knew no token that ought to forbid a man from fighting for his country. Pelopidas commanded the horsemen, and Epaminondas drew up his troop in a column fifty men deep, with which he dashed at the middle of the Spartan army, which was only three lines deep, and Pelopidas' cavalry hovered about to cut them down when they were broken. The plan succeeded perfectly. Cleombrotus was carried dying from the field, and Epaminondas had won the most difficult victory ever yet gained by a Greek. So far from being uplifted by it, all he said was how glad he was that his old father and mother would be pleased. The victory had made Thebes the most powerful city in Greece, and he was the leading man in Thebes for some time; but he had enemies, who thought



THE SITE OF THEBES.—(*Sketch from Nature by L. Gurlitt.*)

him too gentle with their foes, whether men or cities, and one year, in the absence of Pelopidas, they chose him to be inspector of the cleanliness of the streets, thinking to put a slur on him; but he fulfilled the duties of it so perfectly that he made the office itself an honorable one.

Pelopidas was soon after sent on a message to Alexander, the savage tyrant of Thessaly, who seized him and put him in chains in a dismal dungeon. The Theban army marched to deliver him, Epaminondas among them as a common soldier; but the two Bœotarchs in command managed so ill that they were beset by the Thessalian horsemen and forced to turn back. In the retreat they were half-starved, and fell into such danger and distress that all cried out for Epaminondas to lead them, and he brought them out safely. The next year he was chosen Bœotarch, again attacked Thessaly, and, by the mere dread of his name, made the tyrant yield up Pelopidas, and beg for a truce. Pelopidas brought home such horrible accounts of the cruelties of Alexander, that as soon as the truce was over, seven thousand men, with him at their head, invaded Thessaly, and won the battle of Cynocephalæ, or the Dogs' Heads. Here Pelopidas was killed, to the intense grief of the army, who cut their hair and their horses' manes and tails, lighted no fire, and tasted no food on that sad night after their victory, and great was the mourning at Thebes for the brave and upright man who had been thirteen times Bœotarch. Epaminondas was at sea with the fleet he had persuaded the Thebans to raise; but the next year he was sent into the Peloponnesus to defend the allies there against the Spartans. He had almost taken the city itself, when the army hastened

back to defend it, under the command of Agesilaus, who had recovered and taken the field again.

Close to Mantinea, where Epaminondas had fought his first battle, he had to fight again with the only general who had as yet a fame higher than his—namely, Agesilaus—and Xenophon was living near enough to watch the battle. It was a long, fiercely-fought combat, but at last the Spartans began to give way and broke their ranks, still, however, flinging javelins, one of which struck Epaminondas full in the breast, and broke as he fell, leaving a long piece of the shaft fixed in the wound. His friends carried him away up the hill-side, where he found breath to ask whether his shield were safe, and when it was held up to him, he looked down on the Spartans in full flight, and knew he had won the day. He was in great pain, and he was told that to draw out the spear would probably kill him at once. He said, therefore, that he must wait till he could speak to the two next in



EPAMINONDAS PULLS THE DART FROM HIS BREAST.

command; and when he was told that they were both slain, he said, "Then you must make peace," for he knew no one was left able to contend against Agesilaus. As his friends wept, he said, "This day is not the end of my life, but the beginning of my happiness and completion of my glory;" and when they bewailed that he had no child, he said, "Leuctra and Mantinea

are daughters enough to keep my name alive." Then, as those who stood round faltered, unable to resolve to draw out the dart, he pulled it out himself with a firm hand, and the rush of blood that followed ended one of the most beautiful lives ever spent by one who was a law unto himself. He was buried where he died, and a pillar was raised over the spot bearing the figure of a dragon, in memory of his supposed dragon lineage.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PHILIP OF MACEDON.

B.C. 364.



PEACE was made as Epaminondas desired, and Bœotia never produced another great man, as, indeed, the inhabitants had always been slow and dull, so that a Bœotian was a by-word for stupidity. The only other great Bœotian was the poet Pindar, who was living at this time.

The fifteen years of Theban power had weakened Sparta; but Agesilaus persuaded the Ephors to send him to assist Tachos, who had revolted from the Persians and made himself king of Egypt, and who promised to pay the Spartans well for their aid. When he sent his officers to receive the Spartan king who had achieved the greatest fame of any man then living, they absolutely burst out laughing at the sight of the little, lame man, now more than eighty years old, and as simply clad as ever; and he was much vexed and angered that he was not made commander of the army, but only of the foreign allies; and when Tachos went against his advice, and chose to march into Phœnicia, he went over to the cause of another Egyptian prince, a cousin to Tachos, named Nectanebes, whom he helped to gain the crown of Egypt, thus breaking his promises in a way which we are sorry should have been the last action of his long life. The next winter he embarked to return home, but he was driven by contrary winds to a place in Egypt called the port of Menelaus, because that king of Sparta had been so long weather-bound there. The storm had been too much for the tough old frame of Agesilaus, who died there. His body was embalmed in wax, and carried home to be buried at Sparta, whose greatest man he certainly was.

The great Persian Empire was growing weak, and her subject cities were revolting from her. Caria, in Asia Minor, became free under its king,

Mausolus, who reigned twenty-four years, but who is chiefly famous for the magnificent monument which his widow Artemisia raised to his memory, and which consisted of several stages of pillars, supported by tablets so exquisitely sculptured that the Mausoleum, as it was called, was taken into the number of the seven wonders of the world. After all, its splendor did not comfort the heart of Artemisia, and she had the ashes of her husband taken from his urn and carried them about her in a casket, until finally she put them in water and drank them, so as to be for ever one with them. She was herself buried in the Mausoleum, the remains of which have lately been discovered, and are now placed in the British Museum.

One more great man had grown up in Athens, namely, Demosthenes. He was the son of an Athenian sword merchant, who died when he was but seven years old. His guardians neglected his property, and he was a sickly boy, with some defect in his speech, so that his mother kept him at home as much as she could, and he was never trained in mind or body like the other Athenian youth; but, as he grew older, he seems to have learned much from the philosopher Plato, and he set himself to lead the Athenians as a public speaker. For this he prepared himself diligently, putting pebbles in his mouth to help himself to overcome his stammering, and going out to make speeches to the roaring waves of the sea, that he might learn not to be daunted by the shouts of the raging people; and thus he taught himself to be the most famous orator in the world, just as Phidias was the greatest sculptor, and Æschylus the chief tragedian.

His most eloquent discourses are called Philippics, because they were



DEMOSTHENES.—(Statue in the Vatican.)

against Philip, king of Macedon, a power that was growing very dangerous to the rest of Greece. It lay to the northward of the other states, and had never quite been reckoned as part of Greece, for a rough dialect that was spoken there, and the king had been forced to join the Persian army when Xerxes crossed his country; but he had loved the Greek cause, and had warned Aristides at the battle of Plataea. The royal family counted Hercules as their forefather, and were always longing to be accepted as thorough Greeks. One of the young princes, named Philip, was taken to Thebes by Pelopidas, to secure him from his enemies at home. He was lodged in the house of Epaminondas' father, and was much struck with the grand example he there beheld, though he cared more for the lessons of good policy he then learned than for those of virtue.

Two years after the battle of Mantinea, Philip heard that his elder brother, the king, was dead, leaving only a young infant upon the throne. He went home at once and took the guardianship of the kingdom, gained some great victories over the wild neighbors of Macedon, to the north, and then made himself king, without hurting his nephew, who grew up quietly at his court, and by and by married one of his daughters. He had begun to train his troops to excellent discipline, perfecting what was called the Macedonian phalanx, a manner of arraying his forces which he had learned in part from Epaminondas. The phalanx was a body of heavily-armed foot-soldiers, each carrying a shield, and a spear twenty-four feet long. When they advanced, they were taught to lock their shields together, so as to form a wall, and they stood in ranks, one behind the other, so that the front row had four spear points projecting before them.

He also made the Macedonian nobles send their sons to be trained to arms at his court, so as to form a guard of honor, who were comrades, friends, and officers to the king. In the meantime, wars were going on—one called the Social War and one the Sacred War—which wasted the strength of the Thebans, Spartans, and Athenians all alike, until Philip began to come forward, intending to have power over them all. At first, he marched into Thrace, the wild country to the north, and laid siege to Methone. In this city there was an archer, named Aster, who had once offered his service to the Macedonian army, when Philip, who cared the most for his phalanx, rejected him contemptuously, saying, "I will take you into my pay when I make war on starlings." This man shot an arrow, with the inscription on it, "To Philip's right eye;" and it actually hit the mark, and put out the eye. Philip caused it to be shot back again, with the inscription, "If Philip takes the city, he will hang Aster." And so he did. Indeed he took the loss of his eye so much to heart, that he was angry if any one mentioned a Cyclops in his presence.

After taking Methone, he was going to pass into Thessaly, but the

Athenians held Thermopylæ, and he waited till he could ally himself with the Thebans against the Phocians. He took Phocis, and thus gained the famous pass, being able to attack it on both sides. Next he listened to envoys from Messenia and Argos, who complained of the dominion of the Spartans, and begged him to help them. The Athenians were on this urged by Demosthenes, in one of his Philippics, to forget all their old hatred to Sparta, and join her in keeping back the enemy of both alike; and their intention of joining Sparta made Philip wait, and begin by trying to take the great island of Eubœa, which he called the "Shackles of Greece." To its aid was sent a body of Athenians, under the command of Phocion, a friend of Plato, and one of the sternest of Stoics, of whom it was said that no one had ever seen him laugh, weep, or go to the public baths. He went about barefoot, and never wrapped himself up if he could help it, so that it was a saying, "Phocion has got his cloak on; it is a hard winter." He was a great soldier, and, for the time, drove back the Macedonians from Eubœa. But very few Athenians had the spirit of Phocion or Demosthenes. They had grown idle, and Philip was bribing all who would take his money among the other Greeks to let his power and influence spread, until at last he set forth to invade Greece. The Thebans and Athenians joined together to stop him, and met him at Chæronea, in Bœotia; but neither city could produce a real general, and though at first the Athenians gained some advantage, they did not make a proper use of it, so that Philip cried out, "The Athenians do not know how to conquer," and, making another attack, routed them entirely. Poor Demosthenes, who had never been in a battle before, and could only fight with his tongue, fled in such a fright that when a bramble caught his tunic, he screamed out, "Oh, spare my life!" The battle of Chæronea was a most terrible overthrow, and neither Athens nor Thebes ever recovered it. Macedon entirely gained the chief power over Greece, and Philip was the chief man in it, though Demosthenes never ceased to try to stir up opposition to him. Philip was a very able man, and had a good deal of nobleness in his nature. Once, after a feast, he had to hear a trial, and gave sentence in haste. "I appeal," said the woman who had lost. "Appeal? and to whom?" said the king. "I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober." He was greatly struck, heard the case over again the next day, and found that he had been wrong and the woman right.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE YOUTH OF ALEXANDER.

B. C. 356—334.



PHILIP of Macedon married Olympias, the daughter of the king of Epirus, who traced his descent up to Achilles. She was beautiful, but fierce and high-spirited; and the first time Philip saw her she was keeping the feast of Bacchus, and was dancing fearlessly among great serpents, which twisted about among the maidens' vine-wreathed staves, their baskets of figs, and even the ivy crowns on their heads. Her wild beauty charmed him, and he asked her in marriage as soon as he had gained the throne. The son of this marriage, Alexander, was born at Pella in 356. On the same day a great battle was won by Parmenio, Philip's chief general, and the king's horses won the prize at the Olympic games. Philip was so prosperous that he declared he must sacrifice to the gods, or they would be jealous, and cast him down in the midst of his happiness.

That same night the wonder of the world, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, was burnt down by a madman named Erostratus, who thought the deed would make him for ever famous. It was built up again more splendidly than ever, and the image was saved.

The chief physician at Philip's court was Aristotle, a Macedonian of Stagyræ, who had studied under Plato, and was one of the greatest and best of philosophers; and Philip wrote to him at once that he rejoiced not only in having a son, but in his having been born when he could have Aristotle for a tutor. For seven years, however, the boy was under the care of a noble lady named Lanika, whom he loved all his life, and then was placed with a master, who taught him to repeat the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* from end to end.



ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—(From a Bust in the Louvre.)

He delighted in them so much that he always carried a copy about with him, and constantly dreamt of equaling his great forefather Achilles.

When he was about thirteen, a magnificent black horse called Bucephalus, or Bull-head, because it had a white mark like a bull's face on its forehead, was brought to Philip; but it was so strong and restive that nobody could manage it, and Philip was sending it away, when Alexander begged leave to try to tame it. First he turned its head to the sun, having perceived that its antics were caused by fear of its own shadow; then stroking and caressing it as he held the reins, he gently dropped his fluttering mantle and leaped on its back, sitting firm through all its leaps and bounds, but using neither whip nor spur nor angry voice, till at last the creature was brought to perfect obedience. This gentle courage and firmness so delighted Philip that he embraced the boy with tears of joy, and gave him the horse, which, as long as it lived, loved and served him like no one else. Philip also said that such a boy might be treated as a man, and therefore put him under Aristotle three years earlier than it was usual to begin philosophy; and again he was an apt and loving scholar, learning great wisdom in dealing with men and things, and, in truth, learning everything but how to control his temper.

At the battle of Chæronea, Alexander was old enough to command the division which fought against the Thebans, and entirely overthrew them; so that when peace was made, Sparta was the only city that refused to own the superior might of Macedon, and the Council of the States chose Philip as commander of the Greeks in the grand expedition he was going to undertake against Persia.

But Philip had eastern vices. He was tired of Olympias' pride and wilfulness, and took another wife, whom he raised to the position of queen; and at the banquet a half-tipsy kinsman of this woman insulted Alexander, who threw a cup at the man. Philip started up to chastise his son, but, between rage and wine, fell down, while Alexander said, "See, a man preparing to cross from Europe to Asia cannot step safely from one couch to another!"

Then he took his mother to her native home, and stayed away till his father sent for him, but kept him in a kind of disgrace, until at the wedding feast of Alexander's sister Cleopatra with the king of Epirus, just as Philip came forward in a white garment, a man darted forward and thrust a sword through his body, then fled so fast that he would have escaped if his foot had not been caught in some vine stocks, so that the guards cut him to pieces.

Alexander was proclaimed king, at only twenty years old; and Demosthenes was so delighted at the death of the enemy of Athens, that he wreathed his head with a garland in token of joy, little guessing that Philip's murder had only placed a far greater man on the throne. The first



ASSASSINATION OF KING PHILIP.

thing Alexander did was to go to Corinth, and get himself chosen in his father's stead captain-general of the Greeks. Only the Spartans refused, saying it was their custom to lead, and not to follow; while the Athenians pretended to submit, meaning to take the first opportunity of breaking off the yoke. Before Alexander could march, however, to Persia, he had to leave all safe behind him; so he turned northward to subdue the wild tribes in Thrace. He was gone four months, and the Greeks heard nothing of him, so that the Thebans thought he must be lost, and proclaimed that that they were free from the power of Macedon.

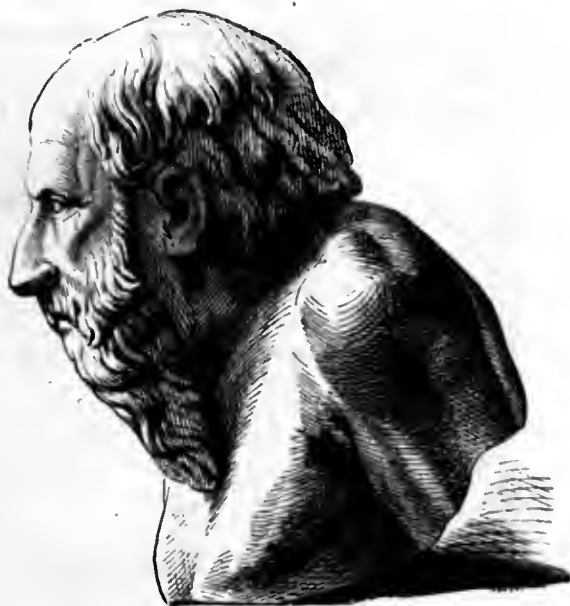
Their punishment was terrible. Alexander came back in haste, fought them in their own town, hunted them from street to street, killed or made slaves of all who had not been friends of his father, pulled down all the houses, and divided the lands between the other Bœotian cities. This was for the sake of making an example of terror; but he afterward regretted this act, and, as Bacchus was the special god of Thebes, he thought himself punished by the fits of rage that seized him after any excess in wine. The other Greeks, all but the Spartans, again sent envoys to meet Alexander at Corinth, and granted him all the men, stores, and money he asked for. The only person who did not bow down to him was Diogenes, a philosopher

who so exaggerated Stoicism that he was called the "Mad Socrates." His sect were called Cynics, from *Cyon*, a dog, because they lived like dogs, seldom washing, and sleeping in any hole. Diogenes' lair was a huge earthenware tub, that belonged to the temple of the mother of the gods, *Cybele*; and here Alexander went to see him, and found him basking in the sun before it, but not choosing to take any notice of the princely youth who addressed him—"I am Alexander the King."

"And I am Diogenes the Cynic," was the answer, in a tone as if he thought himself quite as good as the king. Alexander, however, talked much with him, and ended by asking if he could do anything for him.

"Only stand out of my sunshine," was the answer; and as the young king went away he said, "If I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes;" meaning, perhaps, that if he were not to master all earthly things, he would rather despise them. Twelve years later, Diogenes, then past ninety, was found dead in his tub, having supped the night before upon the raw leg of an ox; and, strangely enough, it was the very night that Alexander died.

Alexander was going on with his preparations for conquering the East. He had twelve thousand foot soldiers from Macedonia, trained to fight in the terrible phalanx, and five thousand horsemen; also his own body-guard of young nobles, bred up with him at *Pella*; seven thousand men from the Greek states, and five thousand who had been used, like the ten thousand of *Xenophon*, to hire themselves out to the Persians, and thus knew the languages, manners, roads, and ways of fighting in the East; but altogether he had only thirty-four thousand five hundred men with which to attack the empire which stretched from the *Ægean* to *Scythia*, from the *Euxine* to the African deserts. Such was his liberality in gifts before he went away, that when he was asked what he had left for himself, he answered, "My hopes;" and his hope was not merely to conquer that great world, but to tame it, bring it into order, and teach the men there the wisdom and free spirit of the Greek world; for he had learnt from *Aristotle* that to make men true, brave, virtuous, and free was the way to be godlike. It was in his favor



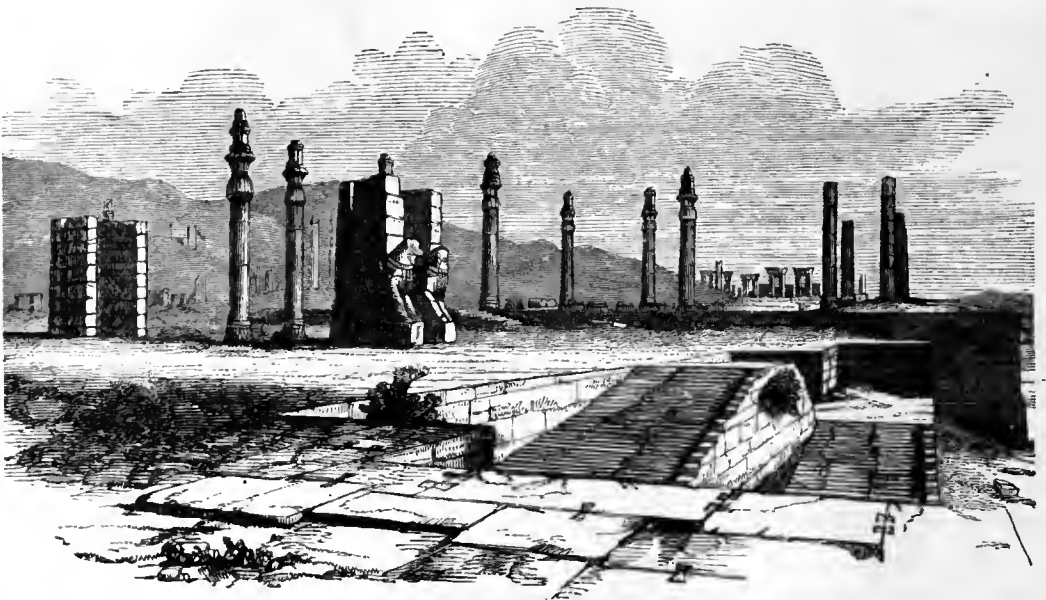
DIOGENES — *Bust in the Villa Albani at Rome.*

that the direct line of Persian kings had failed, and that there had been wars and factions all through the last reign. The present king was Codomanus, a grand-nephew of that Artaxerxes against whom Cyrus had led the ten thousand. He had come to the throne in 336, the same year as Alexander, and was known as Darius, the royal name he had taken. Alexander made his father's counsellor, Antipater, governor of Macedon in his absence, and took leave of his mother and his home in the spring of 334.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE EXPEDITION TO PERSIA.

B. C. 334.



THE RUINS OF PERSEPOLIS.



ALEXANDER passed the Hellespont in the April of 334, steering his own vessel, and was the first to leap on shore. The first thing he did was to go over the plain of Troy and all the scenes described in the *Iliad*, and then to offer sacrifices at the mound said to be the tomb of Achilles, while his chief friend Hephæstion paid the same honors to Patroclus.

The best general in the Persian army was a Rhodian named Memnon, who wanted to starve out Alexander by



CORREGGIO pinx.

A.H.FAYNE sc.

DIANA.

S. Lodovico Parma

... Arsaces would not
 ... gave battle to the Greeks
 ... Mount Ida and falling
 ... with a white plume in his
 ... for the left; and it was a
 ... fighting, hand to hand.
 ... by Cyrus, the son of his
 ... entirely that he never
 ... Arsaces killed himself in

... plumb the country, telling them that
 ... and that the people were as much his subjects as they were.
 ... difference he made was changing the Persian governors for
 ... Sardis and Ephesus fell into his hands without a blow; and
 ... rebuilding the great temple of Diana, he granted all the tribute
 ... paid to the Great King. When he came to Caria, Ada, who was
 ... there as queen, adopted him as her son, and wanted him to take all
 ... cooks with him to provide his meals for the future. He thanked
 ... said his tutor had given him some far better relishers—namely, a
 ... daybreak as sauce for his dinner, and a light dinner as sauce
 ...

... in Phrygia, where one version of the story
 ... was drawn a wagon to which the yoke
 ... and told that in this
 ... could make it should
 ... and wounded

... the Thure mountains, to take
 ... where Menon could collect
 ... Syria. He
 ... himself to
 ... but they came from the melting
 ... so exceedingly cold that the shock of the
 ... fever. One physician, named Philip,
 ... might relieve him, but at the same time
 ... that the man had been bribed to poison
 ... while he drank it off, he held out the
 ... but happily there was no treason, and
 ... Parmentio was sent on to secure the mountain
 ... however, was advancing with a huge army, in which was a
 ... the Persians less than they did the Mac-
 ... The Persian march was a splendid sight. There was a crystal



burning and destroying all before him; but the satrap Arsaces would not consent to this, and chose to collect his forces, and give battle to the Greeks on the banks of the river Granicus, a stream rising in Mount Ida and falling into the Euxine. Alexander led the right wing, with a white plume in his helmet, so that all might know him; Parmenio led the left; and it was a grand victory, though not without much hard fighting, hand to hand. Alexander was once in great danger, but was saved by Clitus, the son of his nurse Lanika. The Persians broke and dispersed so entirely that no army was left in Asia Minor, and the satrap Arsaces killed himself in despair.

Alexander forbade his troops to plunder the country, telling them that it was his own, and that the people were as much his subjects as they were; and all the difference he made was changing the Persian governors for Greek ones. Sardis and Ephesus fell into his hands without a blow; and to assist in rebuilding the great temple of Diana, he granted all the tribute hitherto paid to the Great King. When he came to Caria, Ada, who was reigning there as queen, adopted him as her son, and wanted him to take all her best cooks with him to provide his meals for the future. He thanked her, but said his tutor had given him some far better relishers—namely, a march before daybreak as sauce for his dinner, and a light dinner as sauce for his supper.

When he came to Gordium, in Phrygia, where one version of the story of Midas had placed that king, he was shown a wagon to which the yoke was fastened by a knotted wither of cornel bough, and told that in this wagon Midas had come to Gordium, and that whoever could undo it should be the lord of Asia. Alexander dextrously drew out the pin, and unwound the knot, to the delight of his followers.

In the spring he dashed down through the Taurus mountains, to take possession of the city of Tarsus, in Cilicia, before Memnon could collect the scattered Persian forces to enter it and cut him off from Syria. He rode in heated and wearied, and at once threw himself from his horse to bathe in the waters of the river Cydnus; but they came from the melting snows of the mountains, and were so exceedingly cold that the shock of the chill brought on a most dangerous fever. One physician, named Philip, offered to give him a draught that might relieve him, but at the same time a warning was sent from Parmenio that the man had been bribed to poison him. Alexander took the cup, and, while he drank it off, he held out the letter to Philip with the other hand; but happily there was no treason, and he slowly recovered, while Parmenio was sent on to secure the mountain passes. Darius, however, was advancing with a huge army, in which was a band of Spartans, who hated the Persians less than they did the Macedonians. The Persian march was a splendid sight. There was a crystal

disk to represent the sun over the king's tent, and the army never moved till sunrise, when first were carried silver altars bearing the sacred fire, and followed by a band of youths, one for each day in the year, in front of the chariot of the sun, drawn by white horses; after which came a horse consecrated to the sun, and led by white-robed attendants. The king himself sat in a high, richly-adorned chariot, wearing a purple mantle, encrusted with precious stones, and encompassed with his Immortal band, in robes adorned with gold, and carrying silver-handled lances. In covered chariots were his mother Sisygambis, his chief wife and her children, and three hundred and sixty inferior wives, their baggage occupying six hundred mules and three hundred camels, all protected by so enormous an army that every one thought the Macedonians must be crushed.



THE BATTLE OF ISSUS.—(*Mosaic from Pompeii.*)

With some skill, Darius' army passed from the East into Cilicia, and thus got behind Alexander, who had gone two days' march into Syria; but on the tidings he turned back at once, and found that they had not guarded the passes between him and them. So he attacked them close to Issus, and there again gained a great victory. When Darius saw his Immortals giving way, he was seized with terror, sprang out of his royal chariot, mounted on horseback, and never rested till he was on the other side of the Euphrates.

Still there was a sharp fight, and Alexander was slightly wounded in the thigh; but when all the battle was over he came to the tents of Darius,

and said he would try a Persian bath. He was amused to find it a spacious curtained hall, full of vessels of gold and silver, perfumes and ointments, of which the simpler Greeks did not even know the use, and with a profusion of slaves to administer them. A Persian feast was ready also; but just as he was going to sit down to it he heard the voice of weeping and wailing in the next tent, and learned that it came from Darius' family. He rose at once to go and comfort the old mother, Sisygambis, and went into her tent with Hephæstion. Both were plainly dressed, and Hephæstion was the taller, so that the old queen took him for the king, and threw herself at his feet. When she saw her mistake she was alarmed, but Alexander consoled her gently by saying, "Be not dismayed, mother; this is Alexander's other self." And he continued to treat her with more kindness and respect than she had ever met with before, even from her own kindred; nor did he ever grieve her but once, when he showed her a robe, spun, woven, and worked by his mother and sisters for him, and offered to have her grand-children taught to make the like. Persian princesses thought it was dignified to have nothing to do, and Sisygambis fancied he meant to make slaves of them; so that he had to reassure her, and tell her that the distaff, loom, and needle were held to give honor to Greek ladies. Darius had fled beyond the rivers, and Alexander waited to follow till he should have reduced the western part of the empire. He turned into Syria and Phœnicia, and laid siege to Tyre, which was built on an island a little way from the sea-shore. He had no ships, but he began building a causeway across the water. However, the Tyrians sailed out and destroyed it; and he had to go to Sidon, which he took much more easily, and thence obtained ships, with which he beat the Tyrian fleet, and, after great toil and danger, at last entered Tyre, after a siege of five months.

Then he marched along the shore to the Philistine city of Gaza, which was likewise most bravely defended by a black slave named Bœtis. Alexander was much hurt by a stone launched from the walls, which struck him between the breast and shoulder, and when at the end of four months' siege the city was stormed, the attack was led by one of his cousins. A cruel slaughter was made of the citizens; and then Alexander marched up the steep road to Jerusalem, expecting another tedious siege. Instead of this, he beheld a long procession in white bordered with blue, coming out at the gates to meet him. All the Priests and Levites, in their robes, came forth, headed by Jaddua, the High Priest, in his beautiful raiment, and the golden mitre on his head inscribed with the words, "Holiness unto the Lord." So he had been commanded by God in a vision; and when Alexander beheld the sight, he threw himself from his horse, and adored the Name on the mitre. He told his officers that before he set out from home, when he was considering of his journey, just such a form as he now beheld

had come and bidden him fear not, for he should be led into the East, and all Persia should be delivered to him. Then the High Priest took him to the outer court of the temple, and showed him the very prophecies of Daniel and Zechariah where his own conquests were foretold.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ALEXANDER'S EASTERN CONQUESTS.

B.C. 331—328.



ALEXANDER'S next step was into Egypt, where the people had long desired to drive out the Persians, and welcomed him gladly. He wished to make a Greek settlement in Egypt, and bring Greek and Egyptian learning together; so at the delta of the Nile he built the great city of Alexandria, which still remains as important as ever.

So powerful did he feel himself, that a fancy crossed his mind that, after all, he was no mere man, but the son of Jupiter, and a demi-god, like Bacchus, or Hercules of old. There was a temple to the Egyptian god Ammon, on an oasis, a fertile spot round a spring in the middle of the desert, with an oracle that Alexander resolved to consult, and he made his way thither with a small chosen band. The oasis was green with laurels and palms; and the emblem of the god, a gold disk, adorned with precious stones, and placed in a huge golden ship, was carried to meet him by eighty priests, with maidens dancing round them. He was taken alone to the innermost shrine. What he heard there he never told; but after this he wore rams' horns on his helmet, because a ram's head was one sign of the god, whom the Greeks made out to be the same as Jupiter; and from this time forward he became much more proud and puffed up, so that it is likely that he had been told by this oracle just what pleased him.

He then went back to Tyre, and thence set out for the East. A bridge was thrown across the Euphrates, but the Tigris was forded by the foot soldiers, holding their shields above their heads out of the water. On the other side Darius was waiting with all the men of the East to fight for their homes, not for distant possessions, as had been the lands of Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt. The Greeks had four days' march along the banks of the Tigris before coming in sight of the Persian host at Arbela. It was so

late that the two armies slept in sight of one another. Parmenio advised the king to make a night attack, but all the answer he got was, "It would be base to steal a victory;" and when he came in the morning to say that all was ready, he found his master fast asleep, and asked him how he could rest so calmly with one of the greatest battles in the world before him. "How could we not be calm," replied Alexander, "since the enemy is coming to deliver himself into our hands?"

He would not wear such a corslet as had been crushed into his shoulder at Gaza, but put on a breast-plate of thick quilted linen, girt with a broad leather belt, guarded with a crust of finely-worked metal, and holding a light, sharp sword. He had a polished steel helmet, a long spear in his right hand, and a shield on his left arm; and thus he went forth to meet Darius, who came in the midst of two hundred chariots, armed with scythes, and fifteen trained elephants. He had so many troops that he intended to close the wings of his army in upon the Greeks, fold them up, and cut them off; but Alexander, foreseeing this, had warned his men to be ready to face about on any side, and then drew them up in the shape of a wedge, and thus broke into the very heart of the Immortal band, and was on the point of taking Darius prisoner, when he was called off to help Parmenio, whose division had been broken, so that the camp was threatened. Alexander's presence soon set all right again, and made the victory complete; but Darius had had time to get away, and was galloping on a swift horse to the Armenian mountains. There was nobody left to defend Assyria, and Alexander marched in through the brazen gates of Babylon, when the streets were strewn with flowers, and presents of lions and leopards borne forth to greet the conqueror.

ENTRY OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT INTO BABYLON.—(From the frieze by Thorvaldsen.)



The great temple of Bel had been partly ruined by the fire-worshipping Persians, and Alexander greatly pleased the Babylonians by decreeing that they might restore it with his aid; but the Jews at Babylon would not work at an idol temple, which they believed to be also the tower of Babel, and on their entreaty Alexander permitted them to have nothing to do with it.

After staying thirty days at Babylon, he went on to Susa, where he found the brazen statues which Xerxes had carried away from the sack of Athens. He sent them home again, to show the Greeks that he had avenged their cause. When he came to Fars—or, as the Greeks called it, Persepolis—a wretched band of Greek captives came out to meet him, with their eyes put out, or their noses, ears, hands, or feet cut off. The Greeks never tortured: it was a dreadful sight to them, and the king burst into tears, and promised to send them all safe home, but they begged him, instead, to help them to live where they were, since they were ashamed to show themselves to their kindred. Their misery made Alexander decide on giving the city up to plunder; the men were killed, the women and children made slaves. He meant to revenge on the Persian capital all that the Great Kings had inflicted on the Greek cities, and one Corinthian actually shed tears of joy at seeing him on the throne, exclaiming, "What joy have those Greeks missed who have not seen Alexander on the throne of Darius!"

Poor Darius had pushed on into the mountains beyond Media, and thither Alexander pursued him; but his own subjects had risen against him, and placed him in a chariot bound with golden chains. Alexander dashed on in pursuit with his fleetest horsemen, riding all night, and only resting in the noonday heat, for the last twenty-five miles over a desert without water. At daybreak he saw the Persian host moving along like a confused crowd. He charged them, and there was a general flight, and presently a cry that Darius was taken. Alexander galloped up and found the unhappy king on the ground, speechless and dying, pierced with javelins by his own subjects, who would not let him fall alive into the enemy's hands, and supported by a Macedonian soldier, who had given him drink, and heard his words of gratitude to Alexander for his kindness to his family, and his hopes that the conqueror would avenge his death, and become sovereign of the world. Alexander threw his own mantle over the body, and caused it to be embalmed, and buried in the sepulchres of the Persian kings.

Now that the victory was gained, the Greeks wanted to go home, and keep all the empire subject to them; but this was not Alexander's plan. He meant to spread Greek wisdom and training over all the world, and to rule Persians as well as Greeks for their own good. So, though he let the Greek allies go home with pay, rewards, and honors, he kept his Macedonians, and called himself by the Persian title, Shah in Shah, King of Kings,

crowned himself with the Persian crown and wore royal robes on state occasions. The Macedonians could not bear the sight, especially the nobles, who had lived on almost equal terms with him. There were murmurs, and Parmenio was accused of being engaged in a plot, and put to death. It was the first sad stain on Alexander's life, and he fell into a fierce and angry mood, being fretted, as it seems, by the murmurs of the Macedonians, and harassed by the difficulties of the wild mountainous country on the borders of Persia, where he had to hunt down the last Persians who held out against him. At a town called Cyropolis, a stone thrown from the walls struck him on the back of the neck, and for some days after he could not see clearly, so that some harm had probably been done to his brain. A few days later he was foolish enough to indulge in a wine-drinking banquet, at which some flatterers began to praise him in such an absurd manner that Clitus, the son of his good foster-mother Lanika, broke out in anger at his sitting still to listen to them. "Listen to truth," he said, "or else ask no freemen to join you, but surround yourself with slaves."

Alexander, beside himself with rage, leaped up, feeling for his dagger to kill Clitus, but it was not in his belt, and they were both dragged backward and held by their friends, until Alexander broke loose, snatched a pike from a soldier, and laid Clitus dead at his feet; but the moment he saw what he had done, he was hardly withheld from turning the point against himself, and then he shut himself up in his chamber and wept bitterly, without coming out or tasting food for three days. He caused Clitus to be buried with all honors, and offered great sacrifices to Bacchus, thinking that it was the god's hatred that made him thus pass into frenzy when he had been drinking wine.

He spent three years in securing his conquest over the Persian empire, where he won the love of the natives by his justice and kindness, and founded many cities, where he planted Greeks, and tried to make schools and patterns for the country round. They were almost all named Alexandria, and still bear the name, altered in some shape or other; but though some of his nearer friends loved him as heartily as ever, and many were proud of him, or followed him for what they could get, a great many Macedonians hated him for requiring them to set the example of respect, and laughed at the Eastern forms of state with which he was waited on, while they were still more angry that he made the Persians their equals, and not their slaves. So that he had more troubles with the Macedonians than with the strangers.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE END OF ALEXANDER.

B.C. 328.



BEFORE establishing his empire, Alexander longed to survey the unknown lands further eastward, and he led his army down the long, terrible Khybar pass to the banks of the Indus, where he fought a great battle with an Indian king called Porus, the bravest enemy he had yet met. At last Porus was defeated and made prisoner. He came to Alexander as if he were visiting him, and Alexander received him with like courtesy, and asked if he had any request to make. "None, save to be treated as a king," said Porus. "That I shall do, for my own sake," said Alexander, and the two became friends. In this country of the Indus, Alexander received the submission of thirty-five cities, and founded two more, one of which he named Bucephala, in honor of his good horse Bucephalus, which died in the middle of a battle without a wound.

Alexander longed to press on and see all the wonders of India, and the great river Ganges, but his Macedonians were weary of the march, and absolutely refused to go any further, so that he was obliged to turn back, in hopes of collecting another army, and going to the very shores of the Eastern Ocean.

He would not, however, return by the way he had gone, through the mountains, but he built ships on the river Jhelum, a tributary of the Indus, with which to coast along the shores to the mouth of the Euphrates. There were forests of fir and pine to supply the wood, but their inhabitants, the apes and monkeys, collected in such force on the top of a hill near at hand, that the Greeks thought they were human enemies, and were about to attack them, till a native explained the mistake.

They met more dangerous enemies when they came to Mooltan, the city of a tribe called the Malli. This was a fort shut in by a strong outer wall, within which trees were growing. Alexander planted a ladder against the wall, and mounted it first, but while his men were climbing up after him, it broke, and he stood alone on the wall, a mark for all the darts of the enemy. His guards stretched up their arms, begging him to leap back to them, but he scorned to do this, and jumped down within, among the enemy. They gave back for a moment, but, on finding that he was quite alone, closed in

upon him. He set his back against the wall, under a fig-tree, and slew with his sword all who approached. Then they formed into a half-circle, and shot at him with barbed arrows, six feet long. By this time a few of his guards had climbed up the wall, and were coming down to his help, at the moment when an arrow pierced his breast, and he sank down in a kneeling posture, with his brow on the rim of his shield, while his men held their shields over him till the rest could come to their aid, and he was taken up as one dead, and carried out on his shield, while all within the fort were slaughtered in the rage of the Macedonians. When the king had been carried to his tent, the point of the arrow was found to be firmly fixed in his breast-bone, and he bade Perdiceas, his friend, cut a gash wide enough to allow the barbs to pass before drawing it out. He refused to be held while this was done, but kept himself perfectly still, until he fainted, and lay for many hours between life and death; nor was it for a week that he could even bear to be placed on board a galley, and lie on the deck under an awning as it went down the river, whilst his men were in raptures to see him restored to them.

He had to halt for some weeks, and then proceed along the Indus, until he reached the Indian Ocean, where the Greeks were delighted to see their old friend the sea, though they were amazed at the tides, having never seen any in their own Mediterranean. Alexander now sent an old commander, Nearchus, to take charge of the ships along the coast, while he himself marched along inland, to collect provisions and dig wells for their supply; but the dreadful, bare, waterless country, covered with rocks, is so unfit for men that his troops suffered exceedingly, and hardly any one has been there since his time. He shared all the distresses of his soldiers, and once, when a little water, found with great difficulty, was brought him as he plodded along in the scorching heat of a noontday sun, he gave heartfelt thanks, but in the sight of all poured out the water, not choosing to take to himself what all could not share. In the midst the guides lost their way, and Alexander had to steer their course for a week by his own instinct, and the sun and stars, until after sixty days he reached a place which seems to be Bupore, part of the Persian empire, where his difficulties were over, and Nearchus by and by joined him, after a wonderful voyage, of which he wrote an account, which has not come down to our times, so that we only know that no Greek believed in it. Alexander meant to try if he could sail through this strange sea, and return to Greece by the Pillars of Hercules, as we now know would have been quite possible.

He found, when he came back to Persia, that the governors he had left in the cities had thought that he was sure to perish in India, and had plundered shamefully, so that he had to punish severely both Greeks and Persians; but then, to make the two nations friends, he held an immense

wedding feast at Susa, when eighty Greek bridegrooms married eighty Persian brides. Alexander himself and his friend Hephæstion had the two daughters of Darius, and the other ladies were daughters of satraps. The wedding was thus conducted: in one great hall eighty double seats were placed, and here the bridegrooms sat down to feast, till the brides entered, in jeweled turbans, wide linen drawers, silken tunics, and broad belts. Alexander rose, took his princess by the hand, and led her to his seat, and all the rest followed his example—each led his lady to his seat, kissed her, and placed her beside him, then cut a loaf of bread in two, poured out wine, and ate and drank with her.

Hephæstion died soon after, at Ecbatana, of a fever he had not taken care of in time. Alexander caused his corpse to be brought to Babylon, and burnt on a funeral pile; while he himself was in an agony of grief, and

sent to ask the oracle of Ammon whether his friend might not be worshipped as a hero-god. He himself had already demanded divine honors from the Greeks. The Athenians obeyed, but secretly mocked; and the Spartans grimly answered, "If Alexander will be a god, let him."

Alexander was at Babylon, newly fortifying it, and preparing it to be the capital of his mighty empire. He held his court seated on the golden throne of the Persian Shahs, with a golden pine over it, the leaves of emeralds and the fruit of carbuncles; and here he received embassies from every known people in Europe and Asia, and stood at the highest



ALEXANDER DYING.

point of glory that man has ever reached, not knowing how near the end was.

Ever since Cyrus had taken Babylon by turning the Euphrates out of its course, the ground had been ill drained, swampy, and unhealthy; and before setting out on further conquests, Alexander wished to put all this in order again, and went about in a boat on the canals to give directions. His broad-brimmed hat was blown off, and lodged among the weeping willows round some old Assyrian's tomb; and though it was brought back at once, the Greeks thought its having been on a tomb an evil omen, but the real

harm was in the heat of the sun on his bare head, which he had shorn in mourning for Hephæstion.

He meant to go on an expedition to Arabia, and offered a great sacrifice, but at night fever came on. The Greeks at home, who hated him, said it was from drinking a huge cup of wine at one draught; but this is almost certain not to be true, since his doctors have left a daily journal of his illness, and make no mention of any such excess. He daily grew worse, worn out by his toils and his wounds, and soon he sank into a lethargy, in which he hardly spoke. Once he said something about his empire passing to the strongest, and of great strife at his funeral games, and at last, when his breath was almost gone, he held out his signet ring to Perdicas, the only one of his old friends who was near him. He was only thirty-three years old, and had made his mighty conquests in twelve years, when he thus died in 323. The poor old Persian queen, Sisygambis, so grieved for him that she refused all food, sat weeping in a corner, and died a few days after him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LAST STRUGGLES OF ATHENS.

B.C. 334—311.



THE generals of Alexander met in dismay and grief the morning after his death at Babylon, and Perdicas sadly laid the ring on the empty throne. There was no one to go on with what he had begun, for though he had a brother named Arridæus, the poor youth was weak in mind; and Alexander's own son was a little, helpless infant. These two were joined together as Kings of Macedon and Shahs of Persia, and four guardians were appointed for them, who really only used their names as a means of getting power for themselves.

The Greek cities had always hated the yoke of Macedon, and hoped that Alexander would be lost in the East. They had been restless all this time, and had only been kept down by the threats and the bribes of Antipater, the governor of Macedon. When the news of Alexander's death first came to Athens, the people were ready to make a great outbreak; but the more cautious would not believe it, and Phocion advised them to wait, "for," he said, "if he is dead to-day, he will still be dead to-morrow and the next day, so that we may take counsel at our leisure."

Phocion was a good and honest man, but low-spirited, and he thought quiet the only hope for Athens. When he found that the citizens were making a great boasting, and were ready to rush into a war without counting the cost, he said he would advise one only "whenever he saw the young men ready to keep their ranks the old men to pay the money, and the



PALLAS ATHENE.

orators to abstain from taking it for themselves." However, the Athenians made a league with the Thessalians and other Greeks against Macedon, and put their army under the command of Leosthenes, a young man to whom Phocion said, "Your speeches are like cypress trees, stately and lofty, but bearing no fruit." Leosthenes defeated Antipater and the Macedonians at Lamia, and besieged them; but still Phocion had no hope, and when asked whether he could wish for better success, he said, "No, but better counsels."

Demosthenes had in the meantime been banished by the spite of some of his secret enemies. He was very angry and bitter, and as he lived in Ægina, whence he could still see the Acropolis and temple of Pallas Athene, he exclaimed, "Goddess, what favorites thou hast chosen—the owl, the ass, and the Athenians;" but in these days of

joy a ship was sent by the State to bring him home, and fifty talents were granted to him.

But Leosthenes was killed by a stone from the walls of Lamia, and some Macedonian troops came home from the East to the help of Antipater. They were defeated by land, but they beat the Athenians by sea; and in a second battle such a defeat was given to the Greeks that their league against Macedon was broken up, and each city was obliged to make peace for itself separately.

Antipater made it a condition of granting peace that all who had favored resistance to Macedon should be treated as rebels. Demosthenes and his friends fled from Athens, and took refuge at the temples of different gods; but the cruel Macedonian was resolved that they should all be put to death, and took a set of ruffians into his pay, who were called the Exile-hunters, because they were to search out and kill all who had been sent

away from their cities for urging them to free themselves. Demosthenes was in the temple of Neptune at Calauræa. When the exile-hunters came thither, he desired time to write a letter to his friends, spread a roll of parchment before him, and bit the top of the reed he was writing with; after which he bowed his head, and covered it with his robe. There was poison hidden in the top of the reed, and presently he rose up and said, "Act the part of Creon, and throw my body to the dogs. I quit thy sanctuary, Neptune, still breathing, though Antipater and the Macedonians have not spared it from pollution."

He tried to reach the door, but as he passed the altar, fell, and died with one groan. Poor Athens was quite struck down, and the affairs were chiefly managed by Phocion, who was a thoroughly honest, upright man, but submitted to let the Macedonians dictate to the city, because he did not think the Athenians could make head against them. Antipater could never persuade him to take any reward for himself, though others who were friends of Macedon could never be satisfied with bribes. Meantime, Perdiccas was coming home, bringing with him the two young kings, uncle and nephew, and meaning to put Antipater down; but he turned aside on his way to attack Ptolemy, the ablest of all Alexander's generals, who was commanding in Egypt, and in trying to cross the Nile a great part of his army was cut off, and multitudes were eaten by the crocodiles. The few who were left rose against him and murdered him in his tent, then offered the command and guardianship of the kings to Ptolemy; but he would not take it, and chose rather to stay and make himself king of Egypt, where his family reigned at Alexandria for three hundred years, all the kings being called Ptolemy.

Antipater was by this time an old man, and he died a little after; and his son Cassander expected to take the government of Macedon, but, to his surprise, found that his father had appointed the old general Polysperchon in his stead. This he would not endure, and a war arose between the two. One of Cassander's friends took possession of the Piræus, to hold it for him; and Phocion was accused of having advised it, and was obliged to flee with his friends into a village in Phocis, where they were made prisoners by Polysperchon, who thought to please the Athenians by sending them in wagons to Athens to be tried. A mob of the worst sort came together, and would not hear their defence, but sentenced them to die by taking hemlock. When Phocion was asked whether he had any message for his son, he said, "Only that he bear no grudge against the Athenians." There was not enough hemlock to poison all, and more was sent for. The jailer desired to be paid, and Phocion said, "Give the man his money. One cannot even die for nothing in Athens."

Phocion is sometimes called the last of the Athenians, but it was a sad

kind of greatness, for he could not give them freedom, and only tried to keep them from the misery of war by submission to Macedon. The Spartans would give no help; and though the little city of Megalopolis held bravely out against Cassander, it was taken and horribly punished; and it was plain that the old spirit of the Greeks was gone, and that they could no longer band together to keep out the enemy; so they all remained in subjection to Macedon, most of them with a garrison of Macedonian soldiers in their citadel. But Athens was as full of philosophers as ever, and became a sort of college, where people sent their sons to study learning, oratory, and poetry, and hear the disputes of the Stoic and Epicurean philosophers.

In the meantime Alexander's embalmed body had been buried at Alexandria, and the two young kings, his son Alexander Ægos and his half-brother Arridæus, had been brought to Macedon. His mother Olympias put poor Arridæus to death as soon as she could get him into her power. She had always hated Antipater, and now took part with Polysperchon against Cassander; but this was the losing side. Polysperchon was beaten, and driven out of Macedon; and she, with her grandson and his mother, the Persian princess Roxana, shut themselves up in Pydna, where Cassander besieged them till he had starved them out, and Olympias surrendered on condition that her life was spared; but Cassander did not keep his word, and sent soldiers to put her to death. The young king and his mother were kept at Amphipolis till the boy was sixteen years old; and then, growing afraid that he would try to win his father's throne, Cassander had them both slain.

So the great empire of Alexander was broken up among four chief powers, Cassander in Macedon, Lysimachus in Thrace, Seleucus in Syria, Ptolemy in Egypt.



CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FOUR NEW KINGDOMS.

B.C. 311—287.



HERE was a mighty power coming up against Cassander. One of Alexander's old generals, named Antigonus, the "One-eyed," had received some Asiatic provinces for his share in the break-up of the empire, and when Perdicas set out on his return was appointed commander in his stead in the East; and again, when Antipater died, Polysperchon renewed his appointment; while Eumenes, an honest and good man, was the regent upheld by Cassander's party. In 316 a battle was fought at Gabiene, in which Eumenes was defeated. He was given up to Antigonus by his own troops, and as the victor could not bear to kill his old comrade, he left him in prison to be starved to death.

AN EGYPTIAN ROCK TEMPLE.—(*Ipsambul.*)

Then Antigonus took possession of all the treasures in Ecbatana and Babylon, and began to call Seleucus in Syria to account for his dealings with

the revenues of the empire. Seleucus fled into Egypt; and all the four chiefs, Ptolemy, Seleucus, Lysimachus, and Cassander joined together to put down Antigonus and his brave and able son, Demetrius. There was war everywhere, until in 311 peace was made, on condition that the Greek cities should be set free, and that Antigonus should have the whole government of Asia Minor, Seleucus of Syria, Ptolemy of Egypt, Cassander of Macedon, and Lysimachus of Thrace, till the young Alexander was old enough to govern; but, as we have seen, Cassander murdered him when he was only sixteen, and the old family of Macedon was at an end. Nor did Cassander give up the Greek cities; so Demetrius was sent to force him to do so. There was little attempt to resist him; and the Athenians were in such delight that they called him the Saviour, named a month after him, lodged him in the Parthenon itself, and caused his image to be carried in processions among those of the gods themselves. He took so many towns that his name in history is *Poliorketes*, or the City-taker, and then he was sent to gain the isle of Cyprus from Ptolemy. The fleet of Alexandria was thought the best in the world, but Demetrius defeated it entirely in the year 306, and in their joy the soldiers called him and his father both kings, and they put on the diadem of the Shahs of Persia, making their capital the city they had founded on the Orontes, and calling it *Antigoneia*.

Cassander, Ptolemy, Lysimachus, and Seleucus all likewise called themselves kings. And still the war went on. Demetrius was sent against the island of Rhodes, which belonged to Ptolemy, and besieged the city a whole year, but could not take it, and was obliged to make peace with the islanders at last, and to give them all the machines he had used in the siege. These they sold for three hundred talents, and used the money to make an enormous brazen statue of Apollo, to stand with one foot on each side of the entrance of the harbor. Ships in full sail could pass under it, and few men could grasp its thumb with their arms. It was called the Colossus of Rhodes, and was counted as the seventh wonder of the world, the others being the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Tomb of Mausolus, the Lighthouse of Messina, the Walls of Babylon, the Labyrinth of Crete, and the Pyramids of Egypt. They also consecrated a grove to Ptolemy for the assistance he had given to them.

Demetrius then went to Greece, and tried to overthrow Cassander, but the other kings joined against him, and he was obliged to go home, for Seleucus was threatening *Antigoneia*. Antigonus and Demetrius collected their forces, and fought a great battle at Ipsus, where Seleucus brought trained elephants from India, which had lately begun to be used in battle, and were found to frighten horses so as to render them quite unmanageable. Demetrius, however, thought he had gained the victory, but he rushed on

too fast, and left his father unsupported, so that poor old Antigonus, who was eighty years of age, was shut in by the troops of Seleucus and killed. Demetrius had to retreat to Ephesus with his broken army.

The Athenians, who had made so much of him before, now turned against him, and made a law to punish with death any one who should speak of making peace with him. However, Cassander died, and his sons quarreled about the kingdom, so that Demetrius found it a good opportunity to return to Greece, and very soon made the Athenians open their gates to him, which they did in fear and trembling; but he treated them so mercifully that they soon admired him as much as ever.

Then he attacked Sparta, and defeated her king, taking the city which had so long held out against the Macedonians; but he had only just done so when he heard that Ptolemy had recovered all Cyprus except Salamina, and that Lysimachus had seized all Asia Minor, so that nothing was left to him but his army.

But there was a wonderful change still to befall him. Cassander's sons, as has been said, were disputing for the kingdom. Their mother, Thesalonica, a daughter of Philip of Macedon, favored the youngest, and this so enraged the eldest that he killed her with his own hand. His brother called on Demetrius to help him, and he came with his army; but on some fancy that the youth was plotting against him, he had him put to death, and convinced the Macedonians that the act was just. They would not have the murderer of his own mother as their king, but chose Demetrius himself to be king of Macedon, so that almost at the same time he lost one kingdom and gained another, and this last remained in his family for several generations. He tried to regain Asia, but did not succeed; indeed he was once again obliged to fly from Macedonia in disguise. He had learned to admire the splendors of the East, wore a double diadem on his head, and wonderful sandals; and he had also ordered skilful weavers and embroiderers to make him a mantle, on which the system of the universe as then understood—the earth in the centre, with the moon, sun, and planets, and every fixed star then discovered—was to be embroidered in gold.

The Macedonians had not been used to see their kings crowned at all, or differently dressed from themselves, and they had hardly borne such assumption of state from Alexander himself, in the height of his pomp and glory, and when he had newly taken the throne of the kings of Persia; and they were much offended at Demetrius' splendor, and still more at his pride and haughtiness of manner, and inattention to those who had to make any request from him.

One day, when he was passing through the streets, some persons brought him some petitions, which he received more graciously than usual, and placed them in one of the folds of his robe; but as soon as he came to a

bridge over a river he threw them into the water, to the great offence and disappointment of the poor people who had brought them.

This was very unlike Ptolemy, who was a wise, clear-headed man, with much of Alexander's spirit of teaching and improving people under him, and who ruled so as to make himself much beloved in Egypt, Cyprus, Rhodes, and Palestine. The new city of Alexandria was his capital, and under him and his son Ptolemy Philadelphus it grew to be a great merchant city, and also a school of art, science, and philosophy almost as famous as Athens, and with a library containing all the chief books in the world, including the Old Testament. This was translated into Greek by seventy learned Jews, and therefore called the Septuagint.

Seleucus, king of Syria, held all the lands from Persia to Asia Minor. His capital was Antioch, in Syria, which he had built and named after his son Antiochus, and which became a very splendid and beautiful city, full of a light-minded, merry people, fond of games and shows. He built many other places, calling them after himself or his son, and placing Greeks to live in them. Thus, though Alexander only reigned twelve years, he had made a great difference to the world, for the Greek language, learning, and habits were spread all over the East, and every well-taught person was brought up in them. So that, while the grand old Greek states were in bondage, and produced no more great men, their teachings had spread farther than they ever thought.



RAPHAEL
SANTIVS
PINX

IN AEDIBVS
VATICA
NIS.



THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS.

1850



NO. 30. TOPICS IN...

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PYRRHUS KING OF EPIRUS.

B.C. 287.



the westward of Greece lay a mountainous land, bordered by the Adriatic Sea, and in old times called Epirus. The people spoke a sort of barbarous Greek, worse than that of the Macedonians; but the royal family were pure Greeks, and believed themselves to be descended from Achilles; and Alexander's mother, Olympias, had been one of them. In the wars and confusion that followed upon Alexander's death, the Epirot king, Æacides, took part, and this led to a rising against him, ending in his being killed, with all his family, except his little two-year-old son, named Pyrrhus, who was saved by some faithful servants. They fled toward the city of Megara, on the border of Macedon, but they only reached it late at night, and there was a rough and rapid river between, swelled by the rains. They called to the people on the other side, and held up the little child, but the rushing of the river drowned their voices, and their words were not understood. At last one of them peeled off a piece of bark from an oak tree, and scratched on it with the tongue of a buckle an account of their distress, and, fastening it to a stone, threw it over. The Megarians immediately made a sort of raft with trees, and, floating over, brought little Pyrrhus and his friends across; but finding Macedon not safe, since Cassander had been the enemy of Æacides, they went on to Illyria, where they found the king, Glaucias, sitting with his queen. Putting the child on the ground, they began to tell their story. At first the king was unwilling to grant him shelter, being afraid of Cassander; but the little fellow, crawling about, presently came near, and, laying hold of his leg, pulled himself upon his feet, and looked up in his face. The pretty, unconscious action of a suppliant so moved Glaucias that he took him up in his arms, and gave him into those of the queen, bidding her have him bred up among their own children; and though Cassander offered two hundred talents, he would not give up the boy.

When Pyrrhus was twelve years old, Glaucias sent an army to restore him to his throne, and guarded him there. He was high-spirited, brave, and gracious, but remarkable-looking, from his upper teeth being all in one, without divisions. When he was seventeen, while he was gone to Illyria to

the wedding of one of Glaucias' sons, his subjects rose against him, and made one of his cousins king. He then went to Demetrius, who had married his elder sister, and fought under him at the battle of Ipsus; after which Demetrius sent him as a hostage to Alexandria, and his grace and spirit made him so great a favorite with Ptolemy that he gave him his step-daughter Berenice in marriage, and helped him to raise an army with which he recovered his kingdom of Epirus.

He had not long been settled there before the Macedonians, who had begun to hate Demetrius, heard such accounts of Pyrrhus' kindness as a man and skill as a warrior, that the next time a war broke out they all



THE BATTLE OF IPSUS.

deserted Demetrius, who was forced to fly in the disguise of a common soldier, and his wife poisoned herself in despair. However, Demetrius did not lose courage, but left his son Antigonus to protect Greece, and went into Asia Minor, hoping to win back some of his father's old kingdom from Seleucus, but he could get nobody to join him; and after wandering about in hunger and distress in the Cilician mountains, he was forced to give himself up a prisoner to Seleucus, who kept him in captivity, but treated him kindly, and let him hunt in the royal park. His son Antigonus, however, who still held Greece, wrote to offer himself as a hostage, that his father might be set free; but before he could reach

Syria, Demetrius the City-taker had died of over-eating and drinking in his captivity, and only the urn containing his ashes could be sent to his son in Greece.

Pyrrhus had not kept Macedon long, for Lysimachus attacked him, and the fickle Macedonians all went over to the Thracian, so that he was obliged to retreat into his own kingdom of Epirus; whilst Seleucus and Lysimachus began a war, in which Lysimachus was killed; and thus both Thrace and Macedon were in the hands of Seleucus, who is therefore commonly called the Conqueror. He was the last survivor of all Alexander's generals, and held all his empire except Egypt; but while taking possession of Macedonia he was murdered by a vile Egyptian Greek, whom he had befriended, named Ptolemy Keraunus. This man, in the confusion that followed, managed to make himself king of Macedon.

But just at this time the Kelts, or Gauls, the same race who used to dwell in Britain and Gaul, made one of their great inroads from the mountains. The Macedonians thought them mere savages, easy to conquer; but it turned out quite otherwise. The Kelts defeated them entirely, cut off Ptolemy Keraunus' head, and carried it about upon a pole, and overran all Thrace and Macedon. Then they advanced to the Pass of Thermopylæ, found the way over Mount Ceta by which Xerxes had surprised the Spartans, and were about to plunder Delphi, their Bran, or chief, being reported to say that the gods did not want riches as much as men did. The Greeks, in much grief for their beloved sanctuary, assembled to fight for it, and they were aided by a terrible storm and earthquake, which dismayed the Gauls, so that the next morning they were in a dispirited state, and could not stand against the Greeks. The Bran was wounded, and finding that the battle was lost, called the other chiefs round him, advised them to kill all the wounded men, and make their retreat as best they might, and then stabbed himself to set the example. The others tried to retreat, but were set upon by the Greeks, tormented, and starved; and it is said that all who had marched to Delphi perished, and the only Gauls of all this host who survived were a party who had crossed the Hellespont, and made a settlement in the very heart of Asia Minor, where they were known by the name of Galatians, and still kept up their own language.

When they had thus cut off Keraunus, Antigonus came from Greece, and took possession of Macedon. He made a treaty with Antiochus, who had succeeded his father Seleucus in Syria, and thenceforth the family founded by Antigonus the One-eyed held Macedon. This Antigonus is called Gonatas, from the name of a guard for the knee which he wore.

Pyrrhus, in the meantime, set out on a wild expedition to help the Greek colonies in Italy against the Romans, hoping to make himself as famous in the West as Alexander had done in the East; but the story of his doings

there belongs to the history of Rome, so that I will leave it. He was absent six years, and came home unsuccessful to harass Antigonus again. For a few years the Macedonians again went over to Pyrrhus, and he tried to conquer Greece, marching against Sparta with twenty-five thousand men, two thousand horse, and twenty-four elephants. He assaulted the city, but Spartan bravery was still enough to beat him off twice. However, he wintered in the Peloponnesus, and in the spring attacked the city of Argos, which was watched over by Antigonus, with his army, on a hill near at hand. Pyrrhus had shown himself so skilful a general that Antigonus would not fight a battle with him, and at night some traitors invited Pyrrhus into Argos, with some of his troops; but another party admitted Antigonus' son and his forces. In the morning Pyrrhus saw how he had been caught, and sent a message to his son Helenus outside to break down part of the wall, that he might retreat; but there was some blunder in the message, and Helenus thought he was to come in to help his father, so his men going in and Pyrrhus' going out met in the gateway and choked it. Matters were made worse by one of the elephants falling down and blocking up the street, while another went mad, and ran about trampling down the crowd and trumpeting. Pyrrhus kept in the rear, trying to guard his men through the streets, when an Argive slightly wounded him, and as he was rushing to revenge the blow, the mother of the man, who was looking down from her window above, threw down a tile, hoping to save him, and struck Pyrrhus on the back of the neck. He fell down stunned, and a soldier cut off his head, and carried it to Antigonus, who turned away in tears at the sight of this sad remnant of the ablest captain in Greece, and caused Pyrrhus' body to be honorably buried in the temple of Ceres. Pyrrhus was only forty-six years old when he was thus slain in the year 272.

There is a story of a conversation between Pyrrhus and a philosopher named Kineas, just as he was setting off for Italy. "What shall you do with these men?" asked Kineas. "Overcome Italy and Rome," said Pyrrhus. "And what next?" "Then Sicily will be easily conquered." "Is that all?" "Oh no; Carthage and Lybia may be subdued next." "And then?" "Then we may secure Macedon and Greece." "And then?" "Then we may eat and drink and discourse." "And pray," said Kineas, "why should we not do so at once?"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ARATUS AND THE ACHAIAN LEAGUE.

B.C. 267.



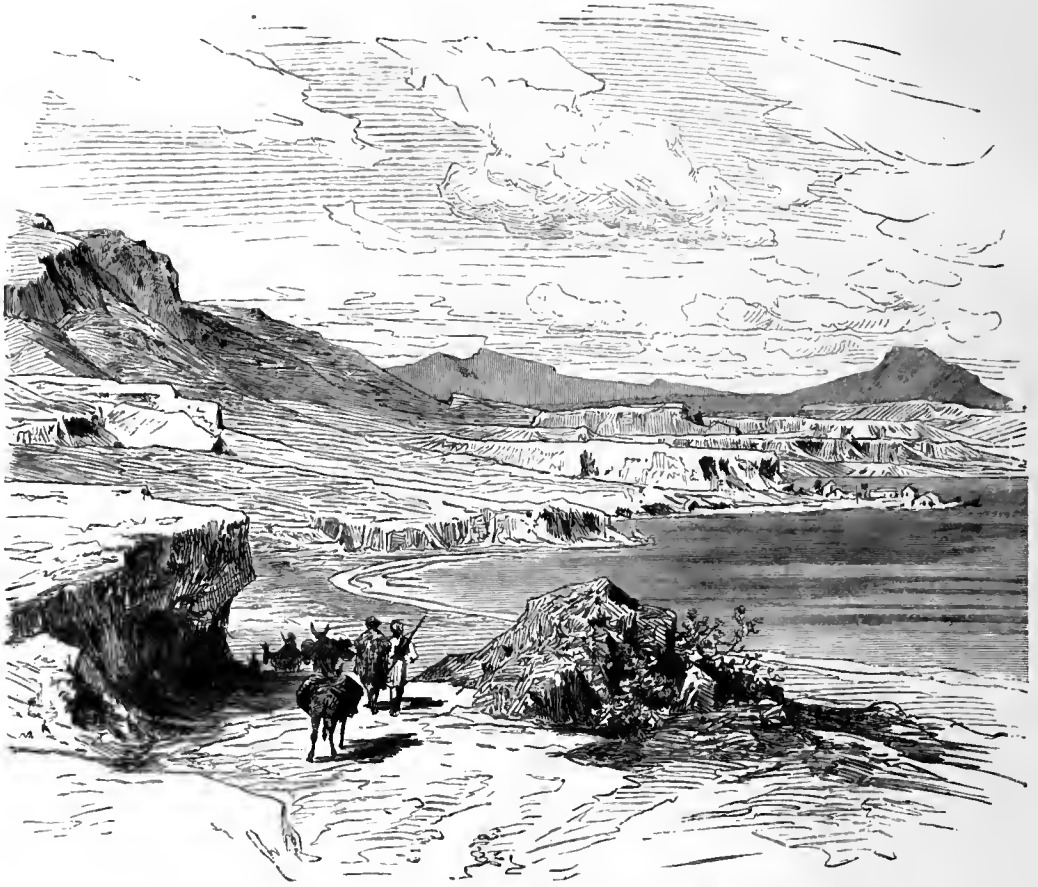
ANTIGONUS GONATAS was now quite the most powerful person left in Macedon or Greece, and though Sparta and Athens tried to get the help of Egypt against him, they could do nothing to shake off his power.

There were twelve little cities in the Peloponnesus, which were all united together in one league, called the Achaian, each governing itself, but all joining together against any enemy outside. In the good old times they had sent men to the wars as allies of Sparta, but they had never had a man of much mark among them. In the evil times, Sicyon, a city near Achaia, fell under the power of a tyrant, and about the time that Pyrrhus was killed, Clinias, a citizen of Sicyon, made a great attempt to free his townsmen, but he was found out, his house attacked, and he and his family all put to death, except his son Aratus, a little boy of seven years old, who ran away from the dreadful sight, and went wandering about the town, till by chance he came into the house of the tyrant's sister. She took pity on the poor boy, hid him from her brother all day, and at night sent him to Argos to some friends of his father, by whom he was brought up.

When he was only twenty he wrote to friends at Sicyon, and finding them of the same mind with himself, he climbed the walls at night and met them. The people gathered round him, and he caused it to be proclaimed with a loud voice, "Aratus, the son of Clinias, calls on Sicyon to resume her liberty." The people all began rushing to the tyrant's house. He fled by an underground passage, and his house was set on fire, but not one person on either side was killed or wounded. Aratus was resolved to keep Sicyon free, and in order to make her strong enough, he persuaded the citizens to join her to the Achaian League; and he soon became the leading man among all the Achaians, and his example made other cities come into the same band of union. He further tried to gain strength by an alliance with Egypt, and he went thither to see Ptolemy III., called Euergetes, or the Benefactor. It is said that Ptolemy's good-will was won by Aratus' love of art, and especially of pictures. Apelles, the greatest Grecian painter, was then living, and had taken a portrait of one of the tyrants of Sicyon. Aratus

had destroyed all their likenesses, and he stood a long time looking at this one before he could bring himself to condemn it, but at last he made up his mind that it must not be spared. Ptolemy liked him so much that he granted him one hundred and fifty talents for the city, and the Achaians were so much pleased that they twice elected him their general, and the second time he did them a great service.

In the middle of the Isthmus of Corinth stood the city, and in the midst was a fort called Acro-Corinthus, perched on a high hill in the very centre



THE GULF OF CORINTH.—(From Nature, by L. H. Fischer.)

On the left the peak Akro Akorinthos, at the foot of which, on the further side, old Corinth was situated. On the right is the northern coast of Peloponnesos, with its mountains rising in the background.

of the city, so that whoever held it was master of all to the south, and old Philip of Macedon used to call it the Corinthian shackles of Greece. The king of Macedon, Antigonus III., now held it; but Aratus devised a scheme to take it. A Corinthian named Erginus had come to Sicyon on business, and there met a friend of Aratus, to whom he chanced to mention that there was a narrow path leading up to the Acro-Corinthus at a place where the

wall was low. Aratus heard of this, and promised Erginus sixty talents if he would guide him to the spot; but as he had not the money he placed all his gold and silver plate and his wife's jewels in pledge for the amount.

On the appointed night Aratus came with four hundred men, carrying scaling-ladders, and placed them in the temple of Juno, outside the city, where they all sat down and took off their shoes. A heavy fog came on, and entirely hid them; and Aratus, with one hundred picked men, came to the rock at the foot of the city wall, and there waited while Erginus and seven others, dressed as travelers, went to the gates and killed the sentinel and guard, without an alarm. Then the ladders were fixed, and Aratus came up with his men, and stood under the wall unseen, while four men with lights passed by them. Three of these they killed, but the fourth escaped, and gave the alarm. The trumpets were sounded, and every street was full of lights and swarmed with men; but Aratus, meantime, was trying to climb the steep rocks, and groping for the path leading up to the citadel. Happily the fog lifted for a moment, the moon shone out, and he saw his way, and hastened up to the Acro-Corinthus, where he began to fight with the astonished garrison. The three hundred men whom he had left in the temple of Juno heard the noise in the city and saw the lights, then marched in and came to the foot of the rock, but not being able to find the path, they drew up at the foot of a precipice, sheltered by an overhanging rock, and there waited in much anxiety, hearing the battle overhead, but not able to join in it. The Macedonian governor, in the meantime, had called out his men, and was going up to support the guard in the fort, blowing his trumpets, when, as he passed these men, they dashed out on him, just as if they had been put in ambush on purpose, and so dismayed them in the confusion that they fancied the enemy five times as many, as the moon and the torches flashed on their armor, and they let themselves all be made prisoners.

By the time morning had come, Corinth was in the hands of the Achaians, and Aratus came down from the fortress to meet the people in the theatre. His four hundred men were drawn up in two lines at its entrances, and the Corinthians filled the seats, and shouted with an ecstasy of joy, for it was the first time for nearly a century that true Greeks had gained any advantage over Macedonians. Aratus was worn out by anxiety, his long march, and night of fighting, and as he stood leaning on his spear he could hardly rally strength to address them; and while giving back to them the keys of their city, which they had never had since Philip's time, he exhorted them to join the League, which they did. The Macedonians were expelled, and Aratus put an Achaian garrison into the Acro-Corinthus.

His whole care was to get Greece free from the Macedonians, and he drove them out from city after city, persuading each to join the Achaian League as it was delivered. Argos was still under a tyrant named Aristip-

pus, and Aratus made many attempts to turn him out by his usual fashion of night attacks. Once he got into the city, and fought there all day, though he was wounded with a lance in the thigh; but he was obliged to retreat at night. However, he attacked the tyrant when out on an expedition, and slew him, but still could not set Argos free, as the tyrant's son Aristomenes still held it.

However, Lysiades, the tyrant of Megalopolis, was so moved by admiration for the patriot that he resigned, and the city joined the League. In fact, Aratus was at this time quite the greatest man in Greece. He beat the Ætolians, when they were on a foray into the Achaian territories, and forced them to make peace; and he tried also to win Athens and Sparta to the common cause against Macedon, but there were jealousies in the way that hindered his success, and all his enterprises were rendered more difficult by his weakly health, which always made him suffer greatly from the fatigue and excitement of a battle.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AGIS AND THE REVIVAL OF SPARTA.

B. C. 244—236.



SPARTA had never been so overcome by Macedon as the states north of the Isthmus, but all the discipline of Lycurgus had been forgotten, and the Ephors and Kings had become greedy, idle, and corrupt. One of the kings, named Leonidas, had gone to Antioch, married an Eastern wife, and learned all the Syrian and Persian vanities in which King Selencus delighted, and he brought these home to Sparta. The other king, Eudamidas, was such a miser, that on his death, in 244, his widow and his mother were said to possess more gold than all the rest of the people in the state put together; but he left a son of nineteen, named Agis, most unlike himself.

As soon as, in his childhood, Agis had heard the story of his great forefathers, he set himself to live like an ancient Spartan, giving up whatever Lycurgus had forbidden, dressing and eating as plainly as he could, and always saying that he would not be king if he did not hope to make Sparta her true self again. When he became king, he was seen in the usual dress of a Greek, uncrowned, as the first Leonidas and Agesilaus had been; while

the other king, ill-named Leonidas, moved about in a diadem and purple robes and jewels, like a Persian Shah.

Agis was resolved to bring back all the old rule. There were but seven hundred old Dorian Spartans left, and only about one hundred of these still had their family estates, while the others were starving; and most of the



THE MARKET-PLACE OF SPARTA.—(*Restoration, drawn by J. Hoffmann.*)

property was in the hands of women. Therefore the young king was resolved to have all given up and divided again, and he prevailed on his mother and grandmother to throw all their wealth into the common stock, as also his mother's brother Agesilaus, who was willing, because he was so much in debt that he could hardly lose by any change. The other ladies made a great outcry, and Leonidas was very angry, but he did not dare to hinder all this, because all the high-born men, who had been so poor, were on the young king's side.

So there was a public assembly, and one of the Ephors proposed the reform, showing how ease and pleasure had brought their city low, and how hardihood and courage might yet bring back her true greatness. Leonidas spoke against the changes, but Agis argued with such fire and force that he won over all that were high-minded enough to understand him, and in especial Cleombrotus, the son-in-law of Leonidas. Agis laid down before the assembly all his father's vast hoards, and his example was followed by many; but the other king put such difficulties in the way that the reformers found that they could do nothing unless they removed him, so they brought forward an old law, which forbade that any son of Hercules should reign who had married a foreign woman, or sojourned in a strange land.

On hearing of this, Leonidas took refuge in the temple of Athene, and as he did not appear when he was summoned before the Ephors, they deposed him, and named Cleombrotus in his stead; but when Agis found there was a plan for killing the old king, he took care to send him away in safety to Tegea, with his daughter Chilonis, who clave to him in trouble.

Agis thought his uncle Agesilaus was heartily with the change, and so had him chosen one of the Ephors; but, in truth, all Agesilaus wanted was to be free from his debts, and he persuaded the young king that the lands could not be freshly divided till all debts had been cancelled. So all the bonds were brought into the market-place and burnt, while Agesilaus cried out that he had never seen so fine a fire; but having done this, he was resolved not to part with his wealth, and delayed till the Ætolians made an attack on the Peloponnesus, and Aratus called on Sparta to assist the Achæians. Agis was sent at the head of an army to the Isthmus, and there behaved like an ancient Spartan king, sharing all the toils and hardships of the soldiers, and wearing nothing to distinguish him from them; but while he was away everything had gone wrong at Sparta; people had gone back to their old bad habits, and Agesilaus was using his office of Ephor so shamefully that he had been obliged to have a guard of soldiers to protect him from the people. This behavior had made the people suspect his nephew of being dishonest in his reforms, and they had sent to recall Leonidas.

Agesilaus fled, and Agis was obliged to take sanctuary in Athene's temple, and Cleombrotus in that of Neptune, where Leonidas found him. His wife Chilonis, with her two little children, threw herself between him and her father, pleading for his life, and promising he should leave the city; and Leonidas listened, trying to make her remain, but she clung to her husband, and went into exile with him.

Agiatis, the young wife of Agis, could not join him in the temple, being kept at home by the birth of her first babe. He never left the sanctuary, except to go to the baths, to which he was guarded by armed friends. At

last two of these were bribed to betray him. One said, "Agis, I must take you to the Ephors," and the other threw a cloak over his head; while Leonidas came up with a guard of foreign soldiers and dragged him to prison, where the Ephors came to examine him. One asked him if he repented. "I can never repent of virtue," he said.

They sentenced him to die; and finding that his mother and grandmother were trying to stir up the people to demand that he should be heard in public, they sent the executioners at once to put him to death. One of them came in tears, but Agis quickly said, "Weep not, friend; I am happier than those who condemn me;" and he held out his neck for the rope which strangled him just as his grandmother and mother came in. The grandmother was strangled the next moment. The mother said, "May this be for the good of Sparta," and after laying out the limbs of her son and mother, was also put to death; and the young widow Agiatis, with her babe, was carried to the house of Leonidas. The reform of Agis had lasted only three years, and he was but twenty-two, when his plans were thus cruelly cut short.

Leonidas was thus left to reign alone, the first time such a thing had happened in Sparta. As poor Agiatis was a rich heiress, he kept her in his house, and married her to his son Cleomenes, a mere boy, much younger than herself. She was the fairest and wisest woman in Greece; and though she always was cold, grave, and stern towards the wicked old king, she loved his wife, and was gentle towards the young boy, who was blameless of his father's sin, and gave her all his heart for his whole life. He cared for nothing so much as to hear from her of Agis, his brave, self-denying ways, and noble plans; and thus did they live, after the untimely death of Agis, strengthened by the study of the Stoic philosophy, which taught that virtue was the highest good, and that no suffering, not even death, was to be shunned in pursuit of her.

When Leonidas died, in 236, Cleomenes became the only king, but he was so young that Aratus and the Achæians thought it a good time for extending the power of their league at the expense of Sparta; so, though no war was going on, Aratus sent a troop by night to seize Tegea and Orchomenus, cities in alliance with Sparta. But his designs were found out in time for Cleomenes to strengthen the garrisons in both places, and march himself to a place called the Athenæum, which guarded one of the passes into Laconia.

This made the attempt fail, and Cleomenes wrote to ask the cause of the night march of the Achæians. Aratus answered that it was to hinder the fortification of the Athenæum.

"What was the use, then, of torches and scaling-ladders?" asked Cleomenes.

Aratus laughed, and asked a Spartan who was in exile what kind of youth this young king was; and the Spartan made reply, "If you have any designs against Sparta, you had better begin them before the game chicken's spurs are grown."

It was a great pity that these two free states in Laconia and Achaia were only wasting their strength against each other, instead of joining against Macedon.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CLEOMENES AND THE FALL OF SPARTA.

B.C. 236—222.



ARATUS cared more for Achaia than for Greece, and soon was again at war with Sparta, and Cleomenes marched out against him. He retreated, and Cleomenes in great joy put his troops in mind how, in old times, the Spartans never asked how many were the foe, but only where they were. Then he followed the Achaians and gained a great victory; indeed there was a doubt at first whether Aratus were not slain; but he marched off with the remnant of the army, and next was heard of as having taken Mantinea.

This displeased the Ephors, and they called Cleomenes back. He hoped to be stronger by the aid of his fellow-king, and, as the little child of Agis had just died in his house, sent to invite home Archidamas, the brother of Agis, who was living in exile; but the Ephors had the youth murdered as soon as he reached Laconia, and then laid on Cleomenes both this murder and that of his little stepson Agis. But all the better sort held by him, and his mother Cratesiclea, and his wife Agiatis, so cleared him, that all trusted him, and he was again sent out with an army, and defeated Aratus.

He was sure he could bring back good days to Sparta, if only he were free of the Ephors. One of these, who was on his side, went to sleep in a temple, and there had a dream that four of the chairs of the Ephors were taken away, and that he heard a voice saying, "This is best for Sparta." After this, he and Cleomenes contrived that the king should lead out an army containing most of the party against him. He took them by long marches to a great distance from home, and then left them at night with a few trusty friends, with whom he fell upon the Ephors at supper, and killed

four of them, the only blood he shed in this matter. In the morning he called the people together, and showed them how the Ephors had taken too much power, and how ill they had used it, especially in the murder of Agis; and the people agreed henceforth to let him rule without them. Then all debts were given up, all estates resigned to be divided again, Cleomenes himself being the first to set the example, and the partition was made. But as one line of the Heracleid kings was extinct, Cleomenes made his brother Euclidas reign with him, and was able to bring back all the old ways of Lycurgus, the hard fare and plain living, so that those who had seen the Eastern state of the upstart Macedonian soldiers wondered at the sight of the son of Hercules, descendant of a line of thirty-one kings, showing his royalty only in the noble simplicity of his bearing.

Mantineia turned out the Achaians and invited Cleomenes back, and now it was plain that the real question was whether the Spartan kingdom or the Achaian League should lead the Peloponnesus—in truth, between Aratus and Cleomenes. Another victory was gained over the Achaians, a treaty was made, and they were going to name Cleomenes head of the League, when he fell ill. He had over-ried his strength by long marches, and chilled himself by drinking cold water; he broke a blood-vessel, and had to be carried home in a litter, causing meantime the Achaian prisoners to be set free, to show that he meant to keep the treaty.

But Aratus, in his jealousy, forgot that the great work of his youth had been to get free of Macedon, and in order to put down Sparta and Cleomenes, actually asked the help of Antigonus, king of Macedon, and brought his hated troops back into the Peloponnesus, promising to welcome them, if only Cleomenes might be put down.

The brave young king had recovered and taken Argos, and soon after Corinth drove out the Achaian garrison and gave themselves to him; but the great Macedonian force under Antigonus himself was advancing, and Corinth in terror went over to him, the other allies deserted, and Cleomenes was marching back to Sparta, when a messenger met him at Tegea with tidings of the death of his beloved wife. He listened steadily, gave orders for the defence of Tegea, and then, traveling all night, went home and gave way to an agony of grief, with his mother and two little children.

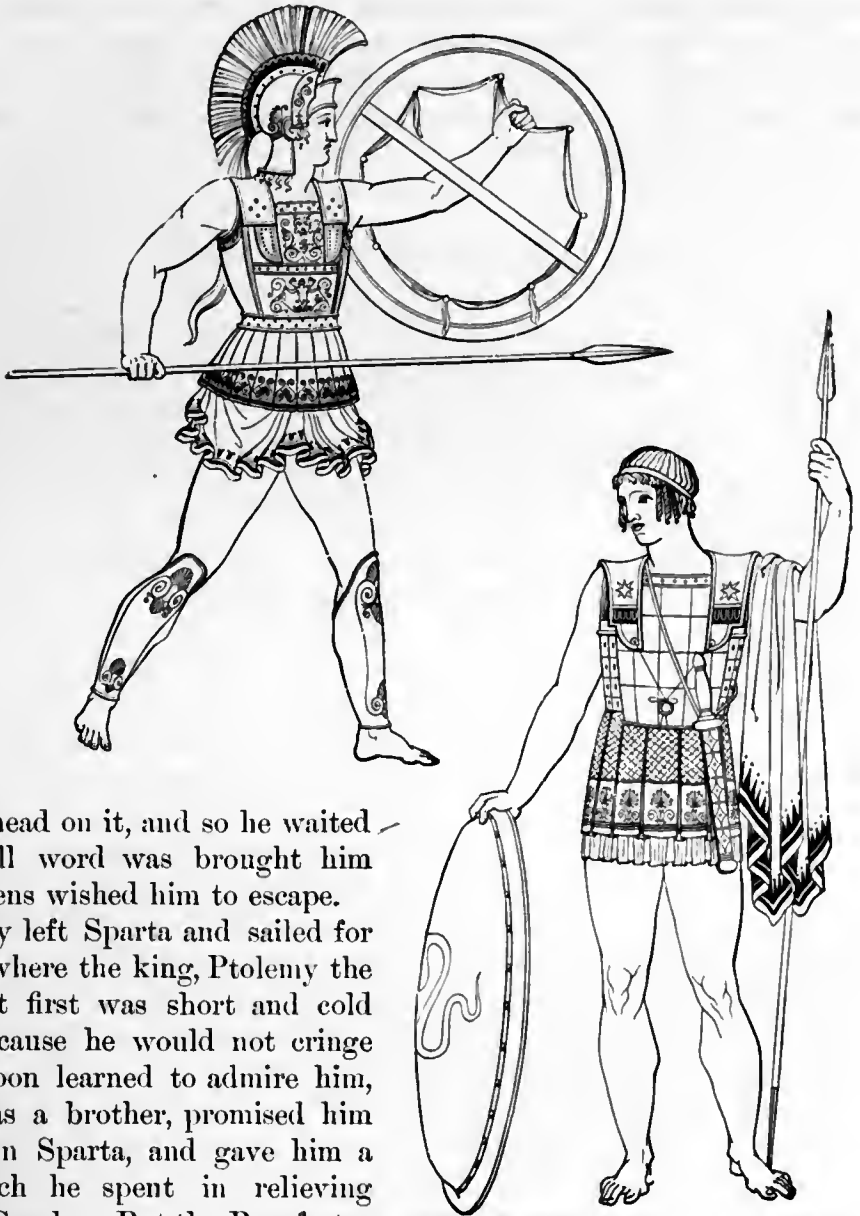
He had but five thousand Spartans, and his only hope was in getting aid from Ptolemy the Benefactor, king of Egypt. This was promised, but only on condition that he would send as hostages to Egypt his mother and babes. He was exceedingly grieved, and could not bear to tell his mother; but she saw his distress, and found out the cause from his friends. She laughed in hopes of cheering him. "Was this what you feared to tell me? Put me on board ship at once, and send this old carcase

where it may be of the most use to Sparta." He escorted her, at the head of the whole army, to the promontory of Tænarus, where the temple of Neptune looks out into the sea. In the temple they parted, Cleomenes weeping in such bitter sorrow that his mother's spirit rose. "Go to, king of Sparta," she said. "Without doors, let none see us weep, nor do anything contrary to the honor and dignity of Sparta. That at least is in our own power, though, for the rest, success or failure depends on the gods." So she sailed away, and Cleomenes went back to do his part. The Achaians had not only given Antigonus the title of Head of the League, but had set up his statues, and were giving him the divine honors that had been granted to Alexander and to Demetrius the City-taker.

The only part of the Peloponnesus that still held out was Laconia. Cleomenes guarded all the passes, though the struggle was almost without hope, for little help came from Egypt, only a letter from brave old Cratesiclea, begging that whatever was best for the country might be done without regard to an old woman or a child. Cleomenes then let the slaves buy their freedom, and made two thousand soldiers from among them, and marching out with these he surprised and took the Achaian city of Megalopolis. One small party of citizens, under a brave young man named Philopœmen, fought, while the rest had time to escape to Messene. Cleomenes offered to give them back the place if they would join with Sparta, but they refused, and he had the whole town plundered and burnt as a warning to the other Peloponnesians, and the next year he ravaged Argolis, and beat down the standing corn with great wooden swords.

But Antigonus had collected a vast force to subdue the Peloponnesus, and Cleomenes prepared for his last battle at Sellasia, a place between two hills. On one named Evas he placed his brother Euclidas, on the other named Olympus he posted himself, with his cavalry in the middle. He had but twenty thousand men, and Antigonus three times as many, with all the Achaians among them. Euclidas did not, as his brother had intended, charge down the hill, but was driven backward over the precipices that lay behind him. The cavalry were beaten by Philopœmen, who fought all day, though a javelin had pierced both his legs; and Cleomenes found it quite impossible to break the Macedonian phalanx, and out of his six thousand Spartans found himself at the end of the day with only two hundred.

With these he rode back to Sparta, where he stopped in the market-place to tell his people that all was lost, and they had better make what terms they could. They should decide whether his life or death were best for him, and while they deliberated, he turned toward his own empty house, but he could not bear to enter it. A slave girl taken from Megalopolis ran out to bring him food and drink, but he would taste nothing, only being tired out he leant his arm sideways against a pillar



GREEK WARRIORS.—(From Ancient Vases.)

and laid his head on it, and so he waited in silence till word was brought him that the citizens wished him to escape.

He quietly left Sparta and sailed for Alexandria, where the king, Ptolemy the Benefactor, at first was short and cold with him, because he would not cringe to him, but soon learned to admire him, treated him as a brother, promised him help to regain Sparta, and gave him a pension, which he spent in relieving other exiled Greeks. But the Benefactor died, and his son, Ptolemy Philopator, was a selfish wretch, who hated and dreaded the grave, stern man who was a continual rebuke to him, and who, the Alexandrians said, walked about like a lion in a sheepfold. He refused the fleet his father had promised, would not let Cleomenes go back alone to try his fortune on Antigonus' death, and at last, on some report of his meaning to attack Cyrene, had him shut up with his friends in a large room. They broke forth, and tried to fight their way to a ship, but they were hemmed in, no one came to their aid,

and rather than be taken prisoners, they all fell on their own swords; and on the tidings, Ptolemy commanded all the women and children to be put to death. Cratesiclea saw her two grandsons slain before her eyes, and then crying, "Oh, children, where are ye gone?" herself held out her neck for the rope.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PHILOPÆMEN, THE LAST OF THE GREEKS.

B.C. 236—184.



HE jealousy and rivalry of Aratus and the Achaïans had made them put themselves under the power of Macedon, in order thus to overthrow Sparta. Aratus seemed to have lost all his skill and spirit, for when the robber Ætolians again made an attack on the Peloponnesus, he managed so ill as to have a great defeat; and the Achaïans were forced again to call for the help of the Macedonians, whose king was now Philip, son to Antigonus.

A war went on for many years between the Macedonians, with the Achaïans on the one hand and the Ætolians on the other. Aratus was a friend and adviser to Philip, but would gladly have loosened the yoke he had helped to lay on Greece. When the old Messenian town of Ithome fell into the hands of Philip, he went into the temple of Jupiter, with Aratus and another adviser called Demetrius the Pharian, to consult the sacrifices as to whether he should put a garrison into Ithome to overawe Messenia. The omens were doubtful, and Philip asked his two friends what they thought. Demetrius said, "If you have the soul of a priest, you will restore the fort to the Messenians; if you have the soul of a prince, you will hold the ox by both his horns."

The ox was, of course, the Peloponnesus, and the other horn was the Acro-Corinthus, which, with Ithome, gave Philip power over the whole peninsula. The king then asked Aratus' advice. He said, "Thieves nestle in the fastnesses of rocks. A king's best fortress is loyalty and love;" and at his words Philip turned away, and left the fort to its own people. He was at that time a youth full of good promise, but he let himself be led astray by the vices and pleasures of his court, and withdrew his favor from Aratus. Then he began to misuse the Messenians, and had their country

ravaged. Aratus, who was for the seventeenth time general of the League, made a complaint, and Philip, in return, contrived that he should be slowly poisoned. He said nothing; only once, when a friend noticed his illness, he said, "This is the effect of the friendship of kings." He died in 213, and just about this time Philopœmen of Megalopolis returned from serving in the Cretan army to fight for his country. He was a thoroughly noble-hearted man, and a most excellent general, and he did much to improve the Achaian army. In the meantime Sparta had fallen under the power of another tyrant, called Nabis, a horribly cruel wretch, who had had a statue made in the likeness of his wife, with nails and daggers all over her breast. His enemies were put into her arms; she clasped them, and thus they died. He robbed the unhappy people of Sparta; and all the thieves, murderers, and outlaws of the country round were taken into his service, and parties of them sent out to collect plunder all over the Peloponnesus. At last one of his grooms ran away with some horses, and took refuge at Megalopolis, and this Nabis made a cause for attacking both that city and Messenia; but at last Philopœmen was made general of the Achaian League, and gave the wretch such a defeat as forced him to keep at home, while Philopœmen ravaged Laconia.

Philip of Macedon offered to come and drive out Nabis if the Achaians would help him; but they distrusted him, and did not choose to go to war with the Romans, whom the robber Ætoliens had called from Italy to assist them. However, Philip reduced Nabis to make all sorts of promises and treaties, which, of course, he did not keep, but invited in the Ætoliens to assist him. This, however, brought his punishment on him, for soon after their arrival these allies of his murdered him, and began to rob all Laconia. Philopœmen and his Achaians at once marched into the country, helped the Spartans to deliver themselves from the robbers, and persuaded them to join the League. They were so much pleased with him that they resolved to give him Nabis' palace and treasure; but he was known to hate bribes so much that nobody could at first be found to make him the offer. One man was sent to Megalopolis, but when he saw Philopœmen's plain, grave, hardy life, and heard how much he disapproved of sloth and luxury, he did not venture to say a word about the palace full of Eastern magnificence, but went back to Sparta. He was sent again, and still found no opportunity; and when, the third time, he did speak, Philopœmen thanked the Spartans, but said he advised them not to spend their riches on spoiling honest men, whose help they might have at no cost at all, but rather to use them in buying over those who made mischief among them.

Wars were going on at this time between Philip of Macedon, on the one side, and the Ætoliens on the other. Philip's ally was Antiochus the Great, the Greek king of Syria; the Ætoliens had called in the Romans, that

great, conquering Italian nation, whose plan was always to take the part of some small nation against a more powerful one, break the strength of both, and then join them to their own empire. But the Achaians did not know this, and wished them well, while they defeated the Macedonians at the great battle of Cynocephalæ, or the Dog's Head Rocks, in Thessaly. Philip was obliged to make peace, and one condition required of him was that he should give up all claims to power over Greece. Then at Corinth, at the Isthmian games, the Roman consul, Quintus Flaminius, proclaimed that the Greek states were once more free. Such a shout of joy was raised that it is said that birds flying in the air overhead dropped down with the shock, and Flaminius was almost stifled by the crowds of grateful Greeks who came round him to cover him with garlands and kiss his hands.

But, after all, the Romans meant to keep a hold on Greece, though they left the cities to themselves for a little while. The Spartans who had been banished by Nabis had not returned home, but lived a life of robbery, which was thought to be favored by Philopœmen, and this offended those at home, some of whom plundered a town called Las. The Achaians demanded that the guilty should be given up to them for punishment, and a war began, which ended by a savage attack on Sparta, in which Philopœmen forgot all but the old enmity between Achaia and Laconia, put ninety citizens to death, pulled down the walls, besides abolishing the laws of Lycurgus, which, however, nobody had observed since the fall of Cleomenes. Many citizens were sent into banishment, and these went to Rome to complain of the Achaians. While they were gone the Messenians rose against the League, while Philopœmen was lying sick of a fever at Argos; but though he was ill, and seventy years old, he collected a small troop of young Megalopolitan horsemen, to join the main army with them. But he met the full force of the Messenians, and while fighting bravely to shelter his young followers, received a blow on the head which stunned him, so that he was made prisoner, and carried to Messene. There his enemies showed him in the theatre, but the people only recollected how noble he was, and how he had defended all Greece from Nabis. So his enemies hurried him away, and put him in an underground dungeon, where, at night, they sent an executioner to carry him a dose of poison. Philopœmen raised himself with difficulty, for he was very weak, and asked the man whether he could tell him what had become of his young Megalopolitan friends. The man replied that he thought they had most of them escaped. "You bring good news," said Philopœmen; then, swallowing the draught, he laid himself on his back, and almost instantly died. He is called the Last of the Greeks, for there never was a great man of the old sort after him.



Die Felsburg bei Berghausen

Schwarz Hess, Publisher New York

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE FALL OF GREECE.

B.C. 180-170.



After the death of Philip there was little real spirit left in the Achæans, and Cæcilius, who became the leading man among them, led them to submit themselves to the senate of Rome, and do as it pleased with regard to Sparta and Messene.

Philip of Macedon was at war with Rome all his life, and his son Persus went on with it. Marcus Paulus Æmilius, one of the best and bravest of the Romans, was sent to subdue him, and the great battle was fought in 188, at Pella, near Mount Olympus. The night before the battle there was an eclipse of the moon, which greatly terrified the Macedonians; but the Romans had among them an officer who knew enough of the movements of the moon to have told the soldiers of it beforehand, and its cause. The Macedonians, being thus discouraged, gave way, and fled as soon as the battle began, and Paulus pursued them; and Persus himself galloped from the field of battle, and fell as he was beside himself with despair that he should have tried to show him the mistakes he had made. But a Greek physician, named Cræon, was forced to retreat before him, even into the island of Cos, which was sacred soil, whence he could not be taken by the Romans. The Romans watched all round the island, and he dreaded that the Achæans should give him up to them; so he bargained with a Cretan physician to take him and all his treasure on board his ship, and carry him away at night. The Cretan received half the treasure, and Persus crept out through a small window, crossed a garden, and reached the wharf, where, to his horror, he found that the treacherous captain had sailed off with the treasure, and left him behind.

There was nothing for him to do but to yield to the Romans. He came into the camp in mourning, and Æmilius gave him his hand and received him kindly, but kept him a prisoner, and formed Macedon into a province under Roman government. Æmilius himself went on a journey through the most famous Greek cities, especially admiring Athens, and looking at the places made famous by historians, poets, and philosophers. He took Polybius, a learned Athenian philosopher, who wrote the history of this



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE FALL OF GREECE.

B.C. 189—146.



AFTER the death of Philopœmen there was little real spirit left in the Achaians, and Callicrates, who became the leading man among them, led them to submit themselves to the senate of Rome, and do as it pleased with regard to Sparta and Messene.

Philip of Macedon was at war with Rome all his life, and his son Perseus went on with it. Marcus Paullus Æmilius, one of the best and bravest of the Romans, was sent to subdue him, and the great battle was fought in 188, at Pydna, near Mount Olympus. The night before the battle there was an eclipse of the moon, which greatly terrified the Macedonians; but the Romans had among them an officer who knew enough of the movements of the heavenly bodies to have told the soldiers of it beforehand, and its cause. The Macedonians being thus discouraged, gave way, and fled as soon as the battle seemed to be going against them; and Perseus himself galloped from the field to Pella, where he was so beside himself with despair that he stabbed two of his counsellors who tried to show him the mistakes he had made. But as Æmilius advanced, he was forced to retreat before him, even into the island of Samothrace, which was sacred soil, whence he could not be taken by force. The Romans watched all round the island, and he dreaded that the Samothracians should give him up to them; so he bargained with a Cretan shipmaster to take him and all his treasure on board his ship, and carry him off at night. The Cretan received half the treasure, and Perseus crept out at a small window, crossed a garden, and reached the wharf, where, to his horror, he found that the treacherous captain had sailed off with the treasure, and left him behind.

There was nothing for him to do but to yield to the Romans. He came into the camp in mourning, and Æmilius gave him his hand and received him kindly, but kept him a prisoner, and formed Macedon into a province under Roman government. Æmilius himself went on a journey through the most famous Greek cities, especially admiring Athens, and looking at the places made famous by historians, poets, and philosophers. He took Polybius, a learned Athenian philosopher, who wrote the history of this

war, to act as tutor to his two sons, though both were young men able to fight in this campaign, and from that time forward the Romans were glad to have Greek teachers for their sons, and Greek was spoken by them as freely and easily as their own Latin; every well-educated man knew the chief Greek poets by heart, and was of some school of philosophy, either Stoic or Epicurean, but the best men were generally Stoics.



THE PARTHENON AT THE TIME OF PERICLES.

Perseus and his two young sons were taken to Rome, there, according to the Roman fashion, to march in the triumph of the conqueror, namely, the procession in which the general returned home with all his troops. It was a shame much feared by the conquered princes, and the cruel old rule was that they should be put to death at the close of the march. Paullus Æmilius was, however, a man of kind temper, and had promised Perseus to spare his life. The unfortunate king begged to be spared the humiliation of walking in the triumph, but Æmilius could not disappoint the Roman people, and answered that "the favor was in Perseus' own power," meaning, since he knew no better, that to die should prevent what was so much dreaded. Perseus, however, did not take the counsel, but lived in an Italian city for the rest of his life.

After Macedon was ruined the Romans resolved to put down all stirrings of resistance to them in the rest of Greece. Their friend Callicrates, therefore, accused all the Achaians who had been friendly to Perseus, or who had any brave spirit—one thousand in number—of conspiring against Rome, and called on the League to sentence them to death; but as this proposal was heard with horror, they were sent to Rome to justify themselves, and the Roman senate, choosing to suppose they had been judged by the League, sentenced them never to return to Achaia. Polybius was among them, so that his home was thenceforth in the house of his pupils, the sons of Æmilius. Many times did the Achaians send entreaties that they might be set at liberty, and at last, after seventeen years, Polybius' pupils persuaded the great senator Cato to speak for them, and he did so, but in a very rough, unfeeling way. "Any one who saw us disputing whether a set of poor old Greeks should be buried by our grave-diggers or their own would think we had nothing else to do," he said. So the Romans consented to their going home; but when they asked to have all their rank and honors restored to them, Cato said, "Polybins, you are less wise than Ulysses. You want to go back into the Cyclops' cave for the wretched rags and tatters you left behind you there." After all, Polybius either did not go home or did not stay there, for he was soon again with his beloved pupils; and in the seventeen years of exile the thousand had so melted away that only three hundred went home again.

But the very year after their return a fresh rising was made by the Macedonians, under a pretender who claimed to be the son of Perseus, and by the Peloponnesians, with the Achaians and Spartans at their head, while the Corinthians insulted the Roman ambassadors. A Roman general named Quintus Metellus was sent to subdue them, and routed the Macedonians at the battle of Scarpheæ, but after that another general named Mummius was sent out. The Achaians had collected all their strength against him, and in the first skirmish gained a little success; and this encouraged them to risk a battle, in which they were so confident of victory that they placed their wives and children on a hill to watch them, and provided wagons to carry away the spoil. The battle was fought at Leucoptera, near the Isthmus, and all this boasting was soon turned into a miserable defeat. Diæus, who commanded the Greeks, was put to flight, and riding off to Megalopolis in utter despair, he killed his wife and children, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy, and then poisoned himself.

The other Achaians at first retreated into Corinth, and in the course of the night scattered themselves each to his own city. In the morning Mummius marched in and gave up the unhappy city to plunder. All the men were slain, all the women and children taken for slaves, and when all the statues, picture, and jewels had been gathered out of the temples and houses,

the place was set on fire, and burnt unceasingly for several days; the walls were pulled down, and the city blotted out from Greece. There was so much metal of all kinds in the burning houses that it all became fused together, and produced a new and valuable metal called Corinthian brass. The Romans were at this time still very rude and ignorant, and did not at all understand the value and beauty of the works of art they carried off. Polybius saw two soldiers making a dice-board of one of the most famous pictures in Greece; and Mummius was much laughed at for telling the captains of the ships who took home some of the statues to exhibit in his triumph that if they lost them they should supply new ones at their own cost. The Corinthians suffered thus for having insulted the ambassadors. The other cities submitted without a blow, and were left untouched to govern themselves, but in subjection to Rome, and with Roman garrisons in their citadels. Polybius was sent round them to assure them of peace, and they had it for more than five hundred years, but the freedom of Greece was gone for ever.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE GOSPEL IN GREECE.

B. C. 146—A. D. 60.



AFTER a time Macedon and Achaia were made by the Romans into provinces, each of which had a governor who had been one year in a magistrate's office at Rome, and then was sent out to rule in a province for three or for five years.

In 146, nearly a hundred years after the ruin of Corinth, Julius Cæsar built it up again in great strength and beauty, and made it the capital of Achaia. As it stood where the Isthmus was only six miles across, and had a beautiful harbor on each side, travelers who did not wish to go round the dangerous headlands of the Peloponnesus used to land on one side and embark on the other. Thus Corinth became one of the great stations for troops, and also a mart for all kinds of merchandise, and was always full of strangers, both Greeks and Jews.

The Romans, as conquerors, had rights to be tried only by their own magistrates and laws, and these laws were generally just. They were, how-



CRÆSUS ON THE FUNERAL PYRE.



ever, very hard on subject nations; and, therefore, the best thing that could happen to a man was to be made a Roman citizen, and this was always done to persons of rank, by way of compliment—sometimes to whole cities.

Athens had never had a great statesman or soldier in her since the time of Phocion; but her philosophers and orators still went on discoursing in the schools, and for four hundred years at least Athens was a sort of university town, where the rich young men from Rome, Carthage, Alexandria, Asia Minor, and Syria came to see the grand old buildings and works of art, and to finish their education. For though the great men of Greece were all dead, their works, both in stone and in writing, still remained, and were the models of all the world, and their language was spoken all over the East. The Romans' own tongue, Latin, was used at home, of course, but every gentleman knew Greek equally well, and all the Syrians, Jews, and Egyptians who had much intercourse with them used Greek as the language sure to be known—much as French is now used all over Europe.

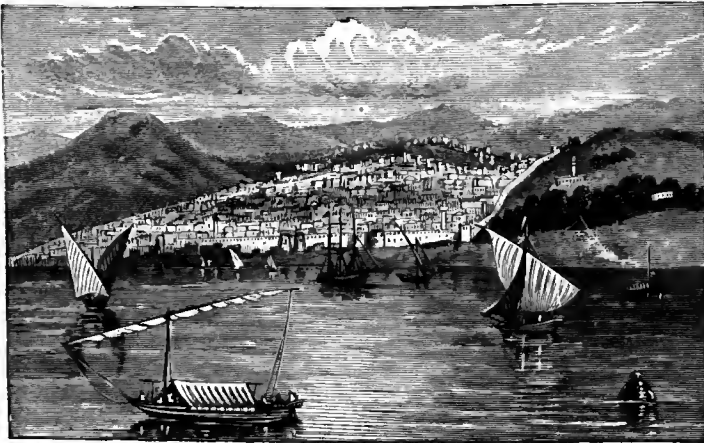
But there was an answer coming to all those strainings and yearnings after God and His truth which had made those old Greek writings beautiful. There is a story that one night a ship's crew, passing near a lonely island in the *Ægean* Sea, sacred to the gods, heard a great wailing and crying aloud of spirit voices, exclaiming, "Great Pan is dead."

Pan was the heathen god of nature, to whom sacred places were dedicated, and this strange crying was at the very night after a day when, far away in Judæa, the sun had been darkened at noon, and the rocks were rent, and One who was dying on a cross had said, "It is finished." For the victory over Satan and all his spirits was won by death.

Some fifteen years later than that day, as Paul, a Jew of Tarsus, in Asia Minor, with the right of Roman citizenship, and a Greek education, was spreading the knowledge of that victory over the East—while he slept at the new Troy built by Alexander, there stood by his bed, in a vision by night, a man of Macedon, saying, "Come over and help us."

He went, knowing that the call came from God, and the cities of Macedon gained quite new honors. Philippi, where he was first received, had a small number of Jews in it, to whom he spake by the river side, but many Greeks soon began to listen; and then it was that the evil spirits, who spake aloud to men in heathen lands, first had to own the power of Christ, who had conquered. A slave girl, who had long been possessed by one of these demons, was forced at the sight of Paul and his companion Silas to cry aloud, "These men are the servants of the Most High God, which show unto us the way of salvation." She followed them about for some days doing this, until Paul, grieved in the spirit, bade the evil one, in Jesus' name, to leave her. At once the name of the Conqueror caused the demon to depart; but the owner of the slave girl, enraged at the loss of her sooth-

saying powers, accused the Apostle and his friend to the magistrates, and, without examination, they were thrown into prison. At night, while they sang praise in the dungeon, an earthquake shook it; the doors were open, the fetters loosed, and the jailer, thinking them fled, would have killed himself, but for Paul's call to him that all were safe. He heard the Word of life that night, and was baptized; but St. Paul would not leave the prison, either then or at the permission of the magistrates, when they found they had exceeded their powers, but insisted that they should come themselves to fetch him out, thus marking his liberty as a Roman, so that others might fear to touch him. He had founded a church at Philippi, in which he always found great comfort and joy; and when he was forced to go on to Thessalonica, he found many willing and eager hearers among the Greeks; but the Jews, enraged at his teaching these, stirred up the mob, and not



THE CITY OF THESSALONICA.

only forced him to leave that city, but hunted him wherever he tried to stop in Macedonia, so that he was obliged to hurry into the next province, Achaia, and wait at Athens for the companions whom he had left to go on with his work at Philippi and Thessalonica.

While at Athens, the multitude of altars and temples, and the devotion paid to them, stirred his spirit, so that he could not but speak out plainly, and point to the truth. It seemed a new philosophy to the talkers and inquirers, who had talked to shreds the old arguments of Plato and Epicurus, and longed for some fresh light or new interest; and he was invited to Areopagus to set forth his doctrine. There, in the face of the Parthenon and the Acropolis, with philosophers and students from all parts of the empire around, he made one of his greatest and noblest speeches—"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are greatly religious. For as I passed through your city, and beheld how ye worship, I found an altar with this inscription—'To THE UNKNOWN GOD.' Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you."

Then, looking forth on the temples crowded on the rocks, he tried to open their minds to the truth that the God of all dwells in no temples made with hands, that all men alike are His children, and that, since living,

breathing, thinking man has sprung from Him, it is lowering His greatness to represent Him by cold, dead, senseless stone, metal, or ivory. "He bore with the times of ignorance," said Paul; "but now He called on all men to turn to Him to prepare for the day when all should be judged, by the Man whom He had ordained for the purpose, as had been shown by His rising from the dead."

The Greeks had listened to the proclamation of one great unseen God, higher than art could represent; but when Paul spoke of rising from the dead, they burst into mockery. They had believed in spirits living, but not in bodies rising again, and the philosophers would not listen. Very few converts were made in Athens, only Dionysius, and a woman named Damaris, and a few more; and the city of learning long closed her ears against those who would have taught her what Socrates and Plato had been feeling after like men in the dark.

At the merchant city of Corinth, Paul had greater success; he stayed there nearly two years, and from thence sent letters to the Thessalonians, who were neglecting their daily duties, expecting that our Lord was about immediately to return. After Paul had left Corinth, he wrote to that city also, first to correct certain evils that had arisen in the Church there, and afterward to encourage those who had repented, and promise another visit. This visit, as well as one to his Macedonian churches, was paid in his third journey; and when he had been arrested at Jerusalem, and was in Rome awaiting his trial before the emperor, Nero, he wrote to his friends at Philippi what is called the Epistle of Joy, so bright were his hopes of his friends there.

St. Andrew also labored in Greece, and was put to death in Achaia, by being fastened to a cross of olive-wood, shaped like an X, where he hung exhorting the people for three days before he died. When St. Paul was released, he and the great evangelist St. John, and such of the apostles as still survived, set the Church in order, appointing bishops over their cities, and Dionysius of Athens became Bishop of Corinth, and St. Paul's pupil from Antioch, Titus, was Bishop of Crete, and received an epistle from Paul on the duties of his office. In process of time Christianity won its way, and the oracles became silent, as the demons which spoke in them fled from the Name of JESUS.



CHAPTER XL.

UNDER THE ROMAN EMPIRE.



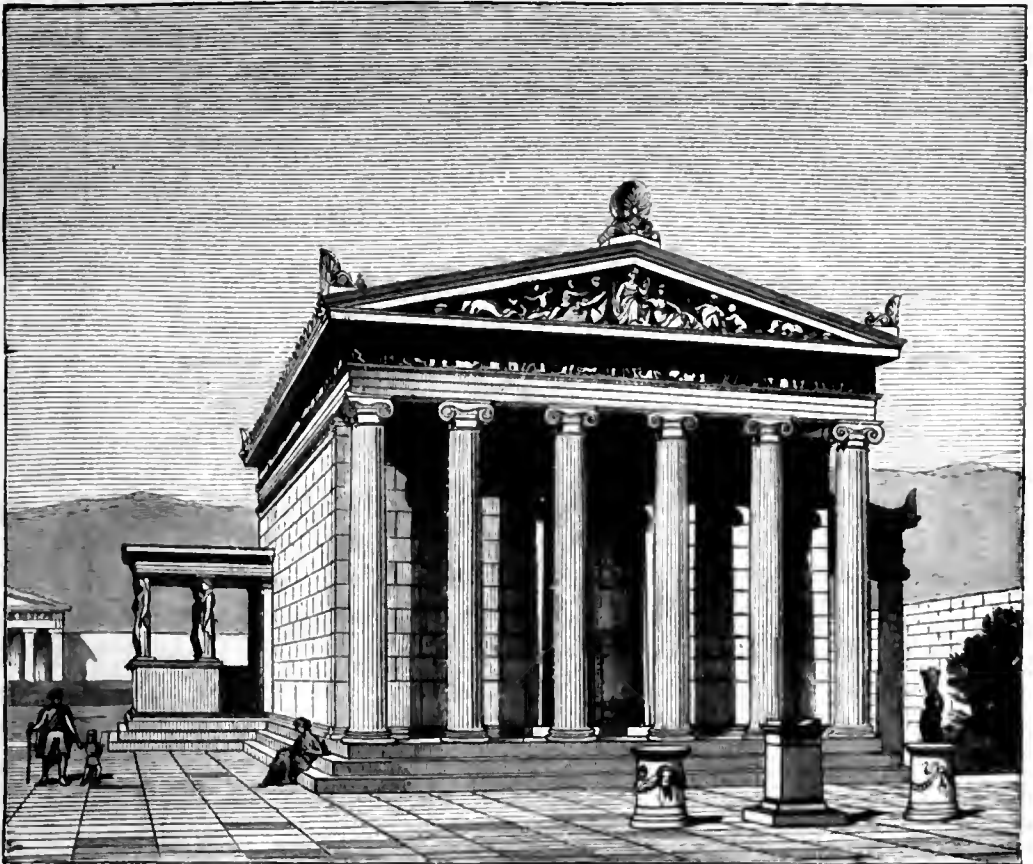
FOR three hundred years Rome reigned over all the countries round the Mediterranean, with one emperor at her head, and the magistrates of his appointment to rule in all the provinces, while garrisons were placed to quell risings of the people, or to keep in order the wild tribes on any dangerous border. For a long course of years Greece was quiet, and had no need of such troops. The people of her cities were allowed to manage their own affairs enough to satisfy them and make them contented, though they had lost all but such freedom as they could have by being enrolled as citizens of Rome, and they were too near the heart of the empire to be in danger from barbarous neighbors, so that they did not often have troops among them, except those passing through Corinth to the East.

Toward the end of these three hundred years, however, Thrace and Thessaly began to be threatened by wild nations who came from the banks of the Danube, and robbed the rich villages and countries to the south. The empire was, in truth, growing weaker, and enemies began to press upon it; and this made the emperor, Diocletian, decide that it was beyond the power of any one man to rule and defend it all, and he therefore divided it with his friend Maximian, whom he made Emperor of the East, while he remained Emperor of the West. The Western empire was the Latin-speaking half, and the Eastern the Greek-speaking half, of these lands, though both still called themselves Roman.

The two halves were joined together again, about the year 300, under Constantine the Great, who was the first Christian emperor. He thought he should be more in the middle of his government, if he moved his capital from Rome to the old Greek city of Byzantium, which he adorned with most splendid buildings, and called after his own name, Constantinople; and this became the capital of the East, as Rome was of the West. Athens remained all this time the place of study for Christians as well as heathens, and people still talked philosophy and studied eloquence among the laurel and myrtle groves, and looked at the temples, which still stood there, though hardly any one frequented them. One emperor, Julian, the cousin of Constantine, studied there as a youth, and became so fond of the old philosophy and learning, and so admired the noble ways of the times when men were

seeking after truth, that he thought Greece and Rome would be great again if they turned back to these heathen ways, not seeing that this was going back to the dark out of which those men had been struggling.

Julian tried to bring back heathen customs, and to have the old gods worshipped again; but he was killed in an expedition against the Persians, and soon after his time the old idol-worship was quite forgotten. Every city had a Bishop and clergy, and the Bishops of each division of the



THE ERECHTHEION.—(Restoration.)

empire were under a great ruling Bishop, who was called a Patriarch. Greece was under the Patriarch of Constantinople. The Greek churches were made as like the pattern of the temple at Jerusalem as they could be. The end which represented the Holy of Holies, and had the altar in it, was veiled, and enclosed within what were called the Royal Gates, and these were only opened at times of celebrating the Holy Communion. This end was raised on steps, and the Holy Scriptures and sermon were spoken to the people from the front of the Royal Gates. The pavement was of rich

marble, and the ceiling, which was generally vaulted, was inlaid with colored stones, making pictures in what is called Mosaic, because thus the stones were set by Moses in the High Priest's vestment. The clergy wore robes like those of the priests, and generally had flowing hair and beards, though in front the hair was cut in a circlet, in memory of our Lord's crown of thorns.

Now that every one had become Christian, and bad or worldly people were not afraid to belong to the Church for fear of persecution, there was often sin and evil among them. Many who grieved at this shut themselves up from the world in the most lonely places they could find—little islands, deep woods, mountain tops, or rocks, and the like. When they lived alone they were called hermits, when there were many together they were called monks, and the women who thus lived were nuns. Many such monasteries there were in Greece, especially one upon Mount Athos—that peninsula that Xerxes tried to cut off—and most of these have continued even to our own time.

The emperor Theodosius, who reigned at the end of this fourth century over both East and West, was a very good and great man, and during his reign the Greek lands were kept from the marauders. In his time, however, the Thessalonians brought a most dreadful punishment on themselves. For want of public business, or any real and noble interest, the people had come to care for nothing but games and races, and they loved these sports with a sort of passionate fury. There was a chariot-driver at Thessalonica who was a wicked man, but whose racing was so much admired that when, for some crime, Botheric, the governor, put him in prison and hindered his performance, the mob rose, when they missed him in the amphitheatre, and threw stones at the governor and his officers, so that several were killed, and Botheric among them. The news was taken to the emperor, and in great wrath he ordered that the Thessalonians should be punished. The order was given to a cruel, savage man, who hurried off at once, lest the emperor should relent and stop him. He invited the Thessalonians to meet him in the amphitheatre, and when they were there, expecting to hear some message, he had all the doors closed, and sent in his soldiers, who killed them all, innocent as well as guilty, even strangers who had only just come to the place.

Theodosius was much shocked to find how his passionate words had been obeyed, and the good Bishop of Milan, St. Ambrose, made him wait as a penitent, cut off from the Holy Communion, while he was thus stained with blood, until after many months his repentance could be accepted, and he could be forgiven.

After Theodosius died, the Western half of the empire was overrun and conquered by tribes of German nations, but the Eastern part still remained,

and emperor after emperor reigned at Constantinople, ruling over the Greek cities as before; but there were savage tribes of the Slavonian race who settled in Thrace, and spread over Thessaly. They were called Bulgarians, and used to send marauders all over the country to the south, so that they were much dreaded by the Greeks, who had long forgotten how to fight for themselves.

But though the Eastern and Western empires were broken apart, the Church was one. The Greeks, indeed, found fault with the Romans for putting three words into the Creed of Nicea which had not been decided on by the consent of the whole Church in Council, and there was a question between the Pope of Rome and the Patriarch of Constantinople as to which had the chief rule. At last their disputes in the eleventh century caused a schism, or ruling apart, and the Greek Church became separated from the Roman Church.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE FRANK CONQUEST.

1201—1446.



HERE is very little to tell about Greece for hundreds of years. It was a part of the Eastern Empire, and was for the most part in a quiet state, except when robbers came against it. The Bulgarians came from the North, but after they had become Christian they were somewhat less dangerous. From the East and South came Saracens and Moors, who had been converted to the faith of the false Arabian prophet Mohammed; and from the West came the Northmen, all the way from Norway and Denmark, to rob the very east end of the Mediterranean, so that beautiful old ornaments, evidently made in Greece, have been found in the northern homes that once belonged to these sea-kings.

The Greeks had little spirit to fight, and the emperors took some of these stout Northmen into their pay against the Bulgarians and Saracens, calling them their Varangian Guard. Another band, of northern blood, though they had been settled in Normandy for two generations, came, and after driving out the Saracens from Sicily and Southern Italy, set up two little kingdoms there. Robert Guiscard, or the Wizard, the first and clever.

est of these Norman kings, had a great wish to gain Greece also, and had many fights with the troops of the Emperor of the East, Alexis Comnienus. Their quarrels with him made the Greeks angry and terrified when all the bravest men of the West wanted to come through their lands on the Crusade, or Holy War, to deliver Jerusalem from the Saracens. Then, since the schism between the Churches, the Greeks and the Latins had learnt scarcely to think of one another as Christians at all, and certainly they did not behave to one another like Christians, for the Greeks cunningly robbed, harassed, and deceived the Latins, and the Latins were harsh, rude, and violent with the Greeks.



ORNAMENTAL BOWLS MADE IN GREECE.

In the northern point of the Adriatic Sea lay the city of Venice, built upon a cluster of little islands. The people had taken refuge there when Italy was overrun by the barbarians. In course of time these Venetians had grown to be a mighty and powerful people, whose merchant ships traded all over the Mediterranean, and whose counsellors were famed for wisdom. They had shaken off the power of the Greek emperor, and were governed by a senate and council, with a chosen nobleman at its head, who was called the Doge, or Duke. Just when the French, Germans, and Italians were setting off on the Fourth Crusade, in the year 1201, meaning to sail in Venetian ships, the young Alexius Angelus, son to the emperor Isaac Angelus, came to beg for help for his poor old father, who had been thrown into prison by his own brother, with his eyes put out. It was quite aside from the main work of the Crusade, but the Venetians had always had a quarrel

with the Greek emperors, and they prevailed to turn the army aside to attack Constantinople. With an immense pair of shears they cut in twain the great chains which shut in the harbor of the Golden Horn, and sailed safely in, led by their Doge, Dandolo, who, though eighty years old, and blind, was as keen on the battle as the youngest man there.

The French scaled the walls, the usurper fled, and blind old Isaac was led out of his dungeon, and dressed in his robes again; his son was crowned to reign with him, and they did everything to please the Crusaders. Chiefly they made the Patriarch of Constantinople consent to give up all the differences with the Roman Catholic Church, and own the Pope as superior to him. This made the Greeks angry, and they could not bear to see their young emperor so familiar with the French knights, whom they looked on as barbarians. One day he was seen with a Frenchman's cap on his head, and his own crown lying on the ground at his feet. In great anger the people of Constantinople rose, under a man named Alexius Ducas, called "Black-brows," murdered the two emperors, and set up this new one; but he did not reign long, for the French and Venetians were close at hand. There was a second siege, and when the city was taken they plundered it throughout, stripped it of all the wealth they could collect, and set up Baldwin, Count of Flanders, to be emperor, with a Latin Patriarch; while the Venetians helped themselves to all the southern part of the empire, namely, the Peloponnesus and the Greek islands; and a French nobleman named Walter de Brienne was created Duke of Athens, under the Flemish emperor.

It was then that so many of the old Greek places took the names we now see them called by in the map, and which were mostly given by the Venetian seamen. They called the Peloponnesus the Morea, or Mulberry-leaf, because it was in that shape; they called the island of Eubœa, Negropont, or Black-bridge; the Ægean Sea, the Archipelago, or Great Sea; and the Euxine, the Black Sea, because it is so dangerous. The Greeks hated their new masters very much, and would not conform to the Roman Catholic Church. A new Greek empire was set up in Asia Minor, at Nicea; and after the Latin emperor Baldwin had been lost in a battle with the Bulgarians, and great troubles swept away his successors, the emperors returned to Constantinople, under Michael Palæologus, in 1261, and drove out all the Franks, as the Greeks called the Western people, chiefly French and Italians, who had come to settle in their cities.

But the Venetians still held the cities in the greater part of the Morea, and some of the islands, and traded all over the East and West, though their Greek subjects were only kept under by main force, still held to their own Greek Church, and looked to the Roman Emperor of the East, as they called the Palæologus at Constantinople, as their head; nor was it easy to

overpower people who had so many mountain fastnesses, nor to tame monks whose convents were nests on the top of rocks, some so steep that there was no way of entering them save being drawn up in a basket. Well was it for them that they had niched themselves into such strongholds, for worse and worse days were coming upon Greece. The terrible nation of Turks were making their way out of the wild country north of Persia, and winning the old cities of Asia Minor, where they set up their Mohammedan dominion, and threatened more and more to overthrow the Greek empire altogether.

The emperor, John Palæologus, was obliged to yield to Amurath, the Turkish Sultan, all his lands except Constantinople, Thessalonica, and that part of the Morea which still clung to the empire, and the Turks set up their capital at Adrianople, whence they spread their conquests up to the very walls of Constantinople; but the Greek mountaineers, especially those of the mountain land of Epirus, now called Albania, had something of the old spirit among them, and fought hard. The Venetians used to take troops of them into their pay, since all Christians made common cause against the Turks; and these soldiers, richly armed, with white Albanian kilts, the remnant of the old Greek tunic, were called Stradiots, from the old Greek word for a soldier, Stratiotes. The bravest of them all was George Castriotes, a young Albanian, who had been given as a hostage to the Mohammedans when nine years old. He had been kept a prisoner, and made to fight in the Turkish army, and was so brave there that the Turks called him Skanderbeg, or the Lord Alexander. However, when he thought of the horror of being a Mohammedan, and fighting against the Christian faith and his own country, he fled into Albania, raised all the Greeks, killed all the Turks in the country, and kept it safe from all the further attempts of the Sultan as long as he lived, although, at Varna, a great crusade of all the most adventurous spirits in Europe, to drive back the Turks, was wofully defeated in the year 1446.





M. Osborne.

CONSTANTINOPLE
And the Golden Horn

Selmar Hess, Publisher, New York.

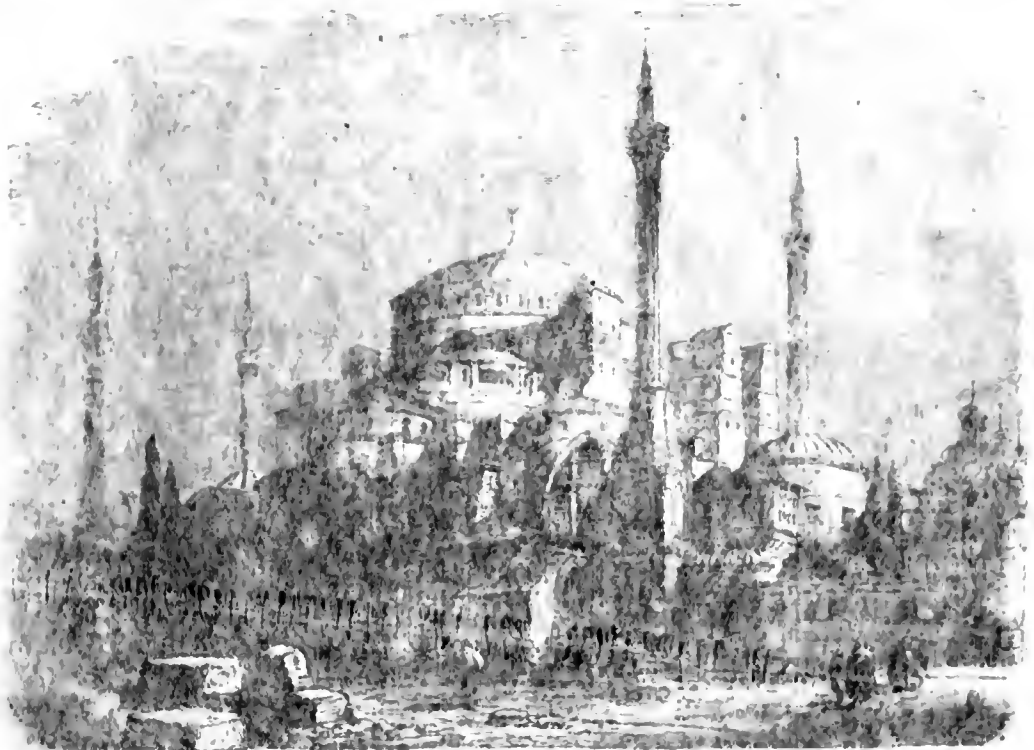
CHAPTER XLII.

THE TURKISH CONQUEST.

100

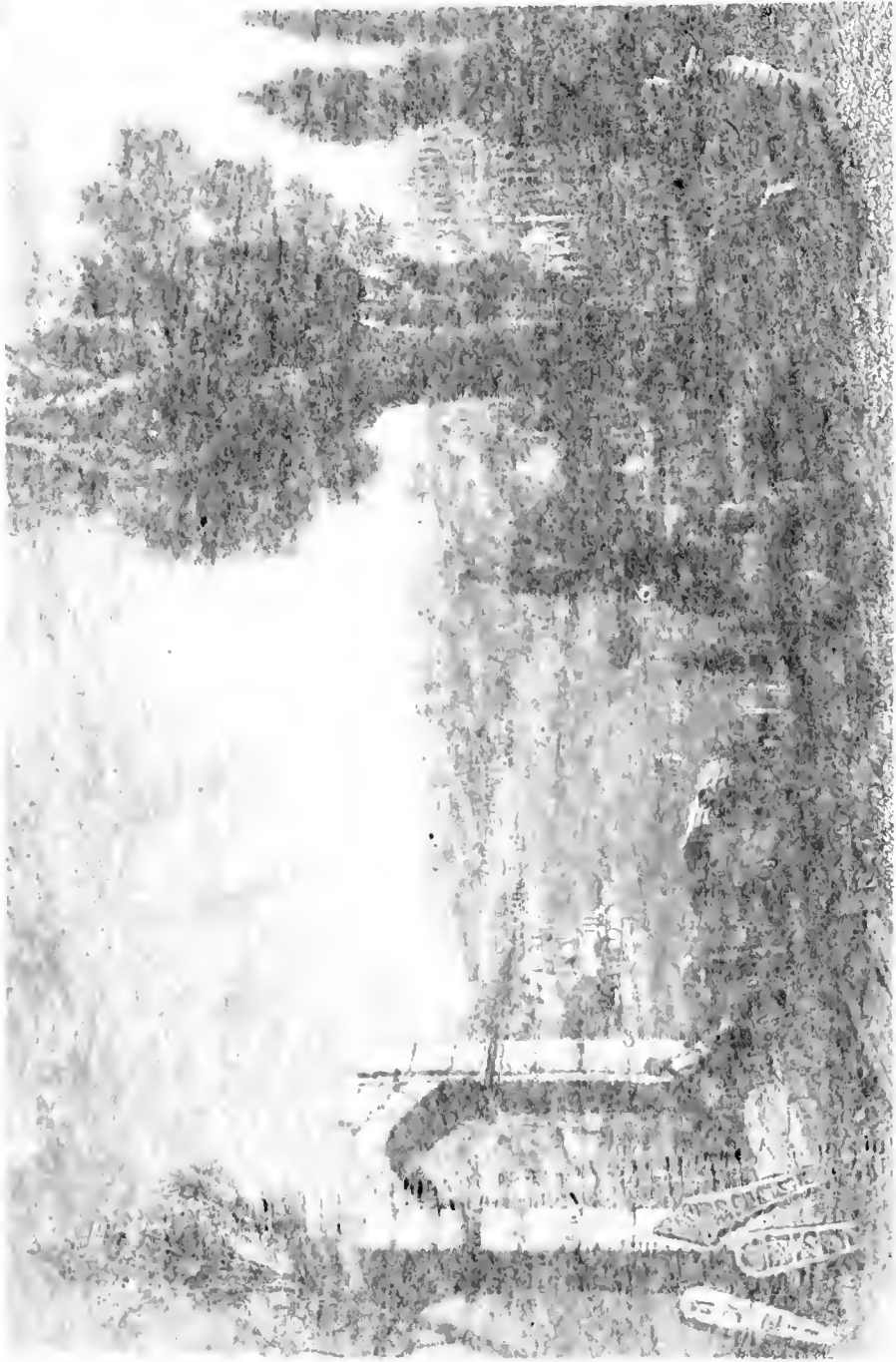
THE last Emperor of the East was the best and bravest who had reigned for many years. Constantine Palæologus did his best against the Turks but Mohammed II., one of the greatest of the Ottoman race was Sultan, and vowed that Constantinople should be either his throne or his tomb.

When the besieged Christians heard the Turks outside their walls chanting their prayers, they knew that the city would be assailed the next day, and late at night Constantine called his friends together, and said, "Though my heart



THE MOSQUE OF ST SOPHIA AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

"I can speak to you no longer. There is the crown which I hold from God. I place it in your hands; I entrust it to you. I fight to deserve it



© 1910 by
The Curtis Studio
New York

Scinar Press, Publishers, New York

CHAPTER XLII.

THE TURKISH CONQUEST.

1453 - 1670.

THE last Emperor of the East was the best and bravest who had reigned for many years. Constantine Palæologus did his best against the Turks, but Mohammed II., one of the greatest of the Ottoman race, was Sultan, and vowed that Constantinople should be either his throne or his tomb.

When the besieged Christians heard the Turks outside their walls chanting their prayers, they knew that the city would be assaulted the next day, and late at night Constantine called his friends together, and said, "Though my heart



THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

is full, I can speak to you no longer. There is the crown which I hold from God. I place it in your hands; I entrust it to you. I fight to deserve it

still, or to die in defending it." They wept and wailed so that he had to wait to be heard again, and then he said, "Comrades, this is our fairest day;" after which they all went to the Cathedral of St. Sophia, and received the Holy Communion together. There was a crowd around as he came out, and he stood before them, begging them to pardon him for not having been able to make them happier. They answered with sobs and tears, and then he mounted his horse and rode round the defences.

The Turks began the attack in the early morning, and the fight raged all day; but they were the most numerous, and kept thronging into the breach, so that, though Constantine fought like a lion at bay, he could not save the place, and the last time his voice was heard it was crying out, "Is there no Christian who will cut off my head?" The Turks pressed in on all sides, cut down the Christians, won street after street, house after house; and when at last Mohammed rode up to the palace where Roman emperors had reigned for eleven hundred years, he was so much struck with the desolation that he repeated a verse of Persian poetry—

"The spider hath woven her web in the palace of kings,
The owl hath sung her watch-song in the towers of Afrasiab."

Search was made for the body of Constantine, and it was found under a heap of slain, sword in hand, and so much disfigured that it was only known by the golden eagles worked on his buskins. The whole city fell under the Turks, and the nobles and princes in the mountains of the Morea likewise owned Mohammed as their sovereign. Only Albania held out as long as the brave Skanderbeg lived to guard it; but at last, in 1466, he fell ill of a fever, and finding that he should not live, he called his friends and took leave of them, talking over the toils they had shared. In the midst there was an alarm that the Turks were making an inroad, and the smoke of the burning villages could be seen. George called for his armor, and tried to rise, but he was too weak, so he bade his friends hasten to the defence, saying he should soon be able to follow. When the Turks saw his banner, they thought he must be there, and fled, losing many men in the narrow mountain roads; but the Greeks had only just brought back the news of their success, when their great leader died. His horse loved him so much that it would not allow itself to be touched by any other person, became wild and fierce, and died in a few weeks' time. The Albanians could not hold out long without their gallant chief; and when the Turks took Alyssio, the body of Castriotes was taken from its grave, and the bones were divided among his enemies, who wore them as charms in cases of gold and silver, fancying they would thus gain a share of his bravery.

The Turkish empire thus included all Greece on the mainland, but the Greeks were never really subdued. On the steep hills were castles or

convents, which the Turks were unable to take; and though there were Turkish Beys and Pashas, with soldiers placed in the towns to overawe the people, and squeeze out a tribute, and a great deal more besides, from the Greek tradesmen and farmers, the main body of the people still remembered they were Greeks and Christians. Each village had its own church and priest, each diocese its bishop, all subject to the Patriarchs of Constantinople; and the Sultans, knowing what power these had over the minds of the people, kept them always closely watched, often imprisoned them, and sometimes put them to death. The islands for the most part were still under Venice, and some of the braver-spirited young men became Stradiots in the Venetian service; but too many only went off into the mountains, and became robbers and outlaws there, while those who lived a peaceable life gave way under their miseries to the two greatest faults there had always been in the Greek nature, namely, cheating and lying. They were so sharp and clever that the dull Turks were forced to employ them, so that they grew rich fast; and then, as soon as the Pasha suspected them of having wealth, however poor they seemed to be, he would seize them, rob them, or kill them to get their money; and, what was worse, their daughters were taken away to be slaves or wives to these Mohammedans. The clergy could get little teaching, and grew as rude and ignorant as their flocks; for though the writings of the great teachers of the early Church were laid up in the libraries in the convents, nobody ever touched them. But just as, after the Macedonian conquest of old Greece, the language spread all over the East; so, after the Turkish conquest of Constantinople, Greek became much better known in Europe, for many learned men of the schools of Constantinople took refuge in Italy, bringing their books with them; the scholars eagerly learned Greek, and the works of Homer and of the great old Greek tragedians became more and more known, and were made part of a learned education. The Greeks at home still spoke the old tongue, though it had become as much altered from that of Athens and Sparta as Italian is from Latin.

The most prosperous time of all the Turkish power was under Solymán the Magnificent, who spread his empire from the borders of Hungary to those of Persia, and held in truth nearly the same empire as Alexander the Great. He conquered the Island of Rhodes, on the Christmas day of 1522, from the Knights of St. John, who were Frankish monks sworn to fight against the Mohammedans. Cyprus belonged to the Venetians, and in 1571 a Jew, who had renounced his faith, persuaded Sultan Selim to have it attacked, that he might gain his favorite Cyprus wine for the pressing, instead of buying it. The Venetian stores of gunpowder had been blown up by an accident, and they could not send help in time to the unfortunate governor, who was made prisoner, and treated with most savage cruelty.

However, fifty years later, in 1571, the powers of Europe joined together under Don John of Austria, the brother of the king of Spain, and beat the Turks in a great sea-fight at Lepanto, breaking their strength for many years after; but the king, Philip II. (the husband of the English queen, Mary I.), was jealous of his brother, and called him home, and after that the Venetians were obliged to make peace, and give up Cyprus. The misfortune was that the Greeks and Latins hated each other so much that they never would make common cause heartily against the Turks, and the Greeks did not like to be under Venetian protection; but Venice kept Crete, or Candia, as it was now called, till 1670, when the Turks took it, after a long and terrible siege, lasting more than two years, during which the bravest and most dashing gentlemen of France made a wild expedition to help the Christian cause. But all was in vain; Candia fell, and most of the little isles in the Archipelago came one by one under the cruel power of the Turks.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE VENETIAN CONQUEST AND LOSS.

1684—1796.



A GAIN there was a time of deliverance for Greece. The Turks had had a great defeat before Vienna, and in their weak state the Venetians made another attack on them, and appointed Francis Morosini commander of the fleet and army. He took the little Ionian isle of Sta Maura, and two Albanian towns; and many brave young men, who had read of the glories of ancient Greece in the course of their studies, came from all parts of Europe to fight for her.

The governor, or Seraskin, was obliged to retreat, and the Mainots, as the Greeks of the Morea were called, rose and joined him. Corinth, which was as valuable as ever as the door of the peninsula, was taken, and nothing in the Morea remained Turkish but the city of Malvasia. Morosini threw his men into Lepanto, Patras, and pushed on to Athens; but there they had six days' fighting, during which more harm was done to the beautiful old buildings and sculptures than had befallen them in nearly two thousand years of decay. The Turks had shut themselves up in the Acropolis, and made a powder magazine of the Parthenon. A shell from

Morosini's batteries fell into it, and blew up the roof, which had remained perfect all these years, and much more damage was done; but the city was won at last, and the Venetians were so much delighted that they chose Morosini Doge and bestowed on him the surname of Peloponesiacus in honor of his victory. He sent home a great many precious spoils, in the



THE PALACE OF THE DOGE AT VENICE.

way of old sculptures, to Venice—in especial two enormous marble lions which used to guard the gate of the Piræus, but which now stand on either side of the Arsenal at Venice.

Then he laid siege to Negropont, the chief city of the old isle of Eubœa; but the plague broke out in his camp, and weakened his troops so much that they were defeated and forced to give up the attempt. Illness, too, hindered him from taking Malvasia; his health was broken, and he died soon after his return to Venice. Four great and bloody sea-fights took place during the next few years, and in one the Turks had the victory, in the others it was doubtful; but when peace was made, in the year 1699, the Morea was yielded to the Venetians, and they put a line of forts across the Isthmus to secure it, as in old times. But the Venetian Republic had lost a great deal of strength and spirit, and when, in a few years, the Sultan

began to prepare to take back what he had lost, the Doge and Senate paid little attention to his doings; so that, when one hundred thousand Turks, with the Grand Vizier, sailed against the Morea, besides a fleet of one hundred ships, the Venetian commander there had only eight thousand men and nineteen ships. The Venetians were hopeless, and yielded Corinth after only four days' siege; and though safety had been promised to the inhabitants, they were cruelly massacred, and the same happened in place after place till the whole Morea was conquered, and the Venetians took ship and left the unhappy Greeks to their fate, which was worse than ever, since they were now treated as rebels.

Several of the Ionian islands on the west side of Greece were seized by the Turks; but Corfu, the old Coreyra, held out most bravely, the priests, women, and all fighting most desperately as the Turks stormed the walls of their city; stones, iron crosses, everything that came to hand, were hurled down on the heads of the enemy; but the ramparts had been won, and thirty standards planted on the walls, when the Saxon general Schulenberg, who was commanding the Venetians, sallied out with eight hundred men, and charged the Turks in their rear, so that those on the walls hurried back to defend their camp. At night a great storm swept away the tents, and in the morning a Spanish fleet came to the aid of the island. The Turks were so much disheartened that they embarked as quietly as possible in the night; and when the besieged garrison looked forth in the morning, in surprise at everything being so still and quiet, they found the whole place deserted—stores of powder and food, cannon, wounded men, and all. Corfu has thus never fallen under Turkish power, for in the next year, 1717, a peace was made, in which, though Venice gave up all claim to the Morea, she kept the seven Ionian islands, and they continued under her power as long as she remained a free and independent city—that is to say, till 1796, when she was conquered by the French, and given for a time to Austria.

The state of poor Greece was dreadful. The nobles lived in fortresses upon the rocks, and the monks in the fastnesses; but the villages, towns, and coasts were worse off than ever, for the Turks treated them as rebels, and savagely oppressed and misused them. Nor were they united among themselves, for the families who dwelt in the hills were often at deadly feud with each other; the men shot each other down if they met; and it ended in whole families of men living entirely within their castle walls, and never going out except armed to the teeth on purpose to fight, while all the business of life was carried on by the women, whom no one on either side attempted to hurt. The beautiful buildings in the cities were going to decay faster than ever, in especial the Parthenon. When it had lost its roof it was of no further use as a storehouse, so it was only looked on as a mine of white marble, and was broken down on all sides. The English Earl of

Elgin obtained leave from the Turkish Government to carry away those carvings from it which are now in the British Museum, and only one row of beautiful pillars from the portico of the Temple has been left standing.

As the Russians had been converted to Christianity by the clergy of Constantinople, and belonged to the same Church, the Greeks naturally looked most there for help; but they were not well treated by the great empire, which seemed to think the chief use of them was to harass the Turks, and keep them from attacking Russia. Thus, in 1770, the Russians sent two thousand men to encourage a rising of the Mainots in the Morea, but not enough to help them to make a real resistance; and the Greeks, when they had a little advantage, were always so horridly cruel in their revenge on their Turkish prisoners as to disgrace the Christian name, and provoke a return. In 1790, again, the Suliot Greeks of Albania sent to invite Constantine, the brother of the Czar of Russia, to be king of Greece, and arranged a rising, but only misery came of it. The Russians only sent a little money, encouraged them to rise, and left them to their fate. The Turkish chief, Ali Pasha, who in his little city of Yanina had almost become a king independent of the Sultan, hunted them down; and the Suliots, taking refuge among the rocks, fought to the death, and killed far more than their own number. In one case the Turks surprised a wedding-party, which retreated to a rock with a precipice behind. Here the women waited and watched till all the men had been slain, and then let themselves be driven over the precipice rather than be taken by the Turks.



CHAPTER XLIV.

THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

1815.



IN all their troubles the Greeks never quite lost heart. The merchants who had thriven in trade sent their sons to be educated in France, Russia, and Germany, and these learned to think much of the great old deeds of their forefathers, and they formed a secret society among themselves, called the *Hetaira*, which in time the princes and nobles of the Peloponnesus joined; so that they felt that if they only were so united and resolute as to make some Christian power think it worth while to take up their cause in earnest, they really might shake off the Turkish yoke.

In 1820, Ali Pasha, the governor of Albania, rebelled, and shut himself up in the town of Yanina, stirring up the Greeks to begin fighting on their own account, so as to prevent the Sultan from using all his power to crush him. So the Greeks began, under Prince Ipsilanti, who had served in the Russian army, to march into the provinces on the Danube; but they were not helped by the Russians, and were defeated by the Turks. Ipsilanti fled into Austria; but another leader, called George the Olympian, lived a wild, outlaw life for some years longer, but as he had no rank the Greeks were too proud to join him. At last he shut himself up in the old convent of Secka, and held it out against the Turks for thirty-six hours, until, finding that he could defend it no longer, he put a match to the powder, and blew himself and his men up in it rather than surrender.

But the next year there was another rising all over Greece. The peasants of Attica drove the Turkish garrison out of all Athens but the Acropolis; the Suliots rose again, with secret encouragement from Ali Pasha, and hope seemed coming back. But when Omar Pasha had been sent from Constantinople with four thousand Turkish troops, he found it only too easy to rout seven hundred Greeks at Thermopylæ, and, advancing into Attica, he drove back the peasants, and relieved the Turkish garrison in the Acropolis, which had been besieged for eighty-three days; but no sooner had he left the place than the brave peasants returned to the siege.

The worst of the Greeks was that they were very cruel and treacherous, and had very little notion of truth or honor, for people who have been long

ground down are apt to learn the vices of slaves; and when the Turks slaughtered the men, burnt the villages, and carried off the women, they were ready to return their savage deeds with the like ferocity, and often with more cunning than the Turks could show; and this made the European nations slow of helping them. In this year, 1821, a Greek captain plotted to set fire to the arsenal at Constantinople, murder the Sultan in the confusion, and begin a great revolt of all the Greeks living at Constantinople. The plot was found out, and terribly visited; for thousands of Christian families, who had never even heard of it, were slain in their houses, and the



PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Patriarch of Constantinople, an aged man, whom every one loved and respected, was also put to death. Not only were the Christians massacred at Constantinople, but in most of the other large cities of Turkey, and only in a few were the people able to escape on board the Greek merchant ships. These ships carried ten or twelve guns, were small, swift, and well managed, and little fire-ships were sometimes sent by them into the Turkish fleet, which did a great deal of damage.

The slaughter of so many Christians had only enraged instead of terrifying the others; and a Greek prince named Mavrocordato brought an army together, which took several cities, but unhappily was as cruel as the Turks themselves in their treatment of the conquered. However, they now held Argos, met there, and made Mavrocordato their President in 1822. Ali Pasha of Yanina was reduced and shot by the Turks that same year; and Omar Pasha, who had been sent against him, had a great deal of desperate fighting with the Suliots and other Albanian Greeks, but at last he was driven back through the mountains with terrible loss.

Another horrid deed of the Turks did much to turn men's minds against them. There were about one hundred and twenty thousand Christians in the island of Scio, who had taken no part in the war, and only prayed to be let alone; but two Greek captains chose to make an attack on the Turkish garrison, and thus provoked the vengeance of the Turks, who burst in full force on the unhappy island, killed every creature they found in the capital, and ravaged it everywhere. Forty thousand were carried off as slaves, and almost all the rest killed; and when these horrors were over, only eighteen hundred were left in the place.

The cruelty of the Turks and the constancy of the Greeks began to make all Europe take an interest in the war. People began to think them a race of heroes like those of old; and parties of young men, calling themselves Philhellenes, or lovers of Greece, came to fight in their cause. The chief of these was the English poet, Lord Byron; but he, as well as most of the others, found it was much easier to admire the Greeks when at a distance, for a war like this almost always makes men little better than treacherous, savage robbers in their ways; and they were all so jealous of one another that there was no obedience to any kind of government, nor any discipline in their armies. Byron soon said he was a fool to have come to Greece, and before he could do anything he died at Missolonghi, in the year 1824. But though the Greeks fought in strange ways of their own, they at least won respect and interest by their untamableness, and though Missolonghi was taken, it was only after a most glorious resistance. When the defenders could hold out no longer, they resolved to cut their way through the Turks. One division of them were deceived by a false alarm, and returned to the town, where, when the enemy entered the powder magazine, they set fire to it, and blew themselves up, together with the Turks; the others escaped.

Athens was taken again by the Turks, all but the Acropolis; but the nations of Europe had begun to believe in the Greeks enough to advance them a large sum of money, which was called the Greek Loan; and the English admiral, Lord Cochrane, and an English soldier, General Church, did them much good by making up the quarrels among their own princes; for actually, in the midst of this desperate war with the Turks, there were

seven little civil wars going on among different tribes of the Greeks themselves. General Church collected them all, and fought a great battle in the plain of Athens with the Turkish commander, Ibrahim Pasha, but was beaten again; the Acropolis was taken, and nothing remained to the Greek patriots but the citadel of Corinth and Nauplia.

However, France, Russia, and England had now resolved to interfere on behalf of the Greeks, and when the Sultan refused to attend to them, a fleet, consisting of ships belonging to the three nations, was sent into the Mediterranean. They meant to treat with the Turks, but the Turks and Greeks thought they meant to fight, and in the bay of Navarino a battle began, which ended in the utter destruction of the Turkish fleet. Out of one hundred and twenty ships, only twenty or thirty were left, and six thousand men were slain. This was on the 20th of October, 1827, and the terrible loss convinced Ibrahim Pasha that no further attempt to keep the Morea was of any use, so he sailed away to Egypt, of which his father was then Viceroy for the Sultan, but which he and his son have since made into a separate kingdom. It was in October, 1828, that the Peloponnesus thus shook off the Turkish yoke.

It was thought best that a French army should be sent to hold the chief fortresses in the Morea, because the Greeks quarreled so among themselves. In the meantime General Church went on driving the Turks back in the northern parts of Greece, and Count Capo d'Istria was chosen President; but he did not manage well, and gave the command of Western Greece to his own dull brother, taking it away from General Church. It seemed as if the Greeks would not know how to use their freedom now they had gained it, for the Council and the President were always quarreling, and being jealous of each other; and there was falsehood, robbery, treachery, and assassination everywhere. And yet every one hoped that the race that had stood so bravely all these years would improve now it was free.



CHAPTER XLV.

THE KINGDOM OF GREECE.

1822—1875.



THE European powers who had taken the little nation of Greeks in charge, finding that, as a republic with a president, they did nothing but dispute and fight, insisted that the country should have a king, who should govern by the help of a parliament.

But the difficulty was that nobody had any claim to be king, and the Greeks were all so jealous of each other that there was no chance of their submitting to one of themselves.

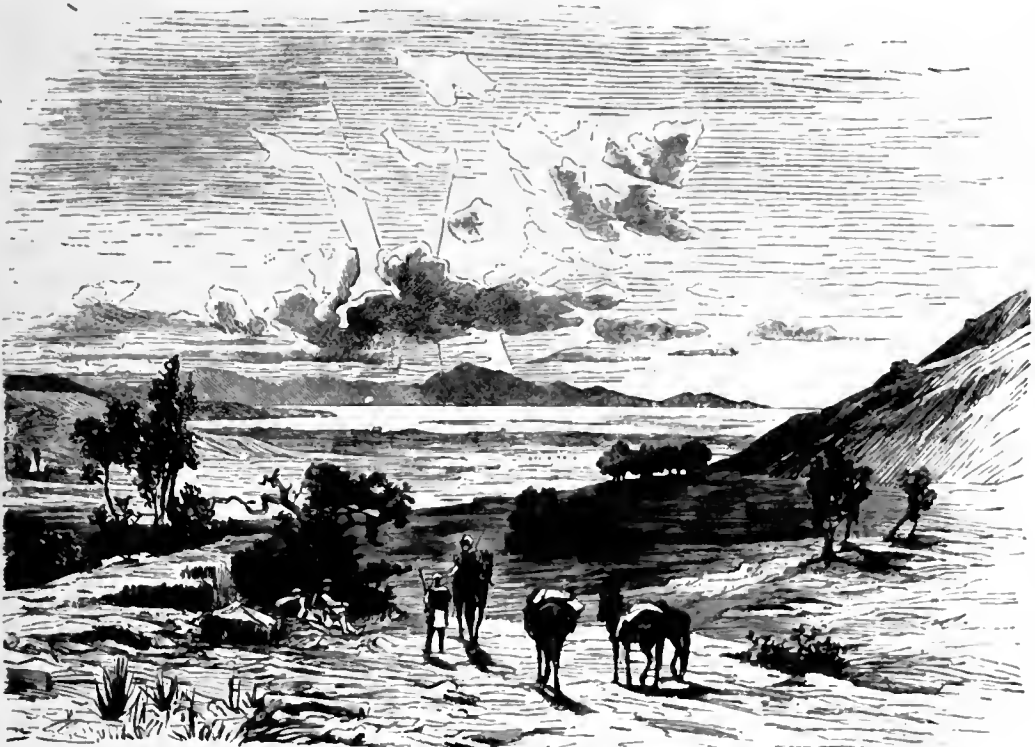
The only royal family belonging to their branch of the Church were the Russians; and France, England, Austria, and all the rest were afraid of letting the great Russian power get such a hold on the Mediterranean Sea as would come of Greece being held by one of the brothers or sons of the Czar.

The first choice was very wise, for it was of one of the fittest men in Europe, Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg; and he accepted their offer at first, but when he had had time to hear more in letters from Count Capo-d'Istrias, and found what a dreadful state the country was in, and how little notion the people had of truth, honor, or obedience, he thought he should be able to do nothing with them, and refused to come to Greece. In the meantime the Greeks went on worse than ever. Capo d'Istrias was murdered by the son and brother of a chief whom he had imprisoned; and two bodies of men met, each calling itself a National Assembly—one at Argos, the other at Megara—and there was a regular civil war, during which the poor peasants had to hide in the woods and caves.

At last, in 1832, the second son of the king of Bavaria, Otho, a lad of seventeen, was chosen king by the conference in London which was settling the affairs of Greece. He was sent with a council to rule for him till he should be of age, and with a guard of Bavarian soldiers, while the French troops were sent home again; but the Ionian islands remained under the British protection, and had an English Lord High Commissioner, and garrisons of English troops.

Otho had been chosen so young that there might be the better chance of his becoming one with his subjects; but he turned out very dull and heavy,

and caused discontent, because he gave all the offices he could dispose of to his German friends rather than to Greeks, which perhaps was the less wonderful that it was very hard to find a Greek who could be trusted. At last, in 1843, the people rose upon him, forced him to send away all his Bavarians, and to have Greek ministers to manage the government, who should be removed at the will of the people.



THE PLAIN OF MARATHON.

His capital was at Athens, and as every one wished to see the places which had been made glorious by the

great men of old Greece, there was such a resort of travelers thither as soon to make the town flourish; but the Government was so weak, and the whole people so used to a wild, outlaw life, that the country still swarms everywhere with robbers, whom the peasants shelter and befriend in spite of their many horrid crimes.

When the English and French nations, in the year 1853, took up the cause of Turkey against Russia, the Greeks much longed to have fought against their old enemies; but the two allied nations sent a strong guard to Athens, and kept them down. Otho had no children, and time did not

draw him and his people nearer together ; and after a reign of about thirty years, it was plain that the experiment had not succeeded. He resigned, and went home to end his days in Bavaria.

The Greek crown was offered to several more princes, who refused it, until George, the second son of the king of Denmark, accepted it in the year 1868. At the same time the Ionian islands were made over by the English Government to the crown of Greece, and the British troops withdrawn. One of the first things that happened in King George's reign was the murder of three English gentlemen—Mr. Herbert, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Vyner—who had gone with a party to see the plain of Marathon. A gang of robbers came and seized upon them and carried them off to the hills, demanding a ransom. Lady Muncaster, who was of the party, was allowed to return to Athens with her husband, the robbers intending that the ransom should be collected ; but troops were sent out to rescue the prisoners, and in rage and disappointment the robbers shot them all three. The robbers were captured and put to death, and the young king was bitterly grieved at not having been able to prevent these horrors.

Schools are doing what they can, and the Greeks are very quick-witted, and learn easily. They are excellent sailors, clever merchants, and ready linguists, and they get on and prosper very fast ; but till they learn truth, honesty, and mercy, and can clear their country of robbers, it does not seem as if anything could go really well with their kingdom, or as if it could make itself be respected. Yet we must recollect that the old Eastern Empire, under which they were for many centuries, did not teach much uprightness or good faith ; and that since that time they have had four hundred years of desperate fighting for their homes and their creed with a cruel and oppressive enemy, and that they deserve honor for their constancy even to the death. Let us hope they will learn all other virtues in time.





STORIES OF ROMAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

ITALY.

IAM going to tell you next about the most famous nation in the world. Going westward from Greece another peninsula stretches down into the Mediterranean. The Apennine Mountains run down like a limb stretching out of the Alps to the south eastward, and on them seems formed that land, shaped somewhat like a leg, which is called Italy.

Round the streams that flowed down from these hills, valleys of fertile soil formed themselves, and a great many different tribes and people took up their abode there, before there was any history to explain their coming. Putting together what can be proved about them, it is plain, however, that most of them came of that old stock from which the Greeks descended, and to which we belong our-

selves, and they spoke a language which had the same root as ours and as the Greek. From one of these nations the best known form of this, as it was polished in later times, was called Latin, from the tribe who spoke it.

About the middle of the peninsula there runs down, westward from the Apennines, a river called the Tiber, flowing rapidly between seven low hills, which recede as it approaches the sea. One, in especial, called the Palatine Hill, rose separately, with a flat top and steep sides, about four hundred yards from the river, and girdled in by the other six. This was the place where the great Roman power grew up from beginnings, the truth of which cannot now be discovered.

There were several nations living round these hills—the Etruscans, Sabines, and Latins being the chief. The homes of these nations seem to have been in the valleys round the spurs of the Apennines, where they had farms and fed their flocks; but above them was always the hill which they had fortified as strongly as possible, and where they took refuge if their enemies attacked them. The Etruscans built very mighty walls, and also managed the drainage of their cities wonderfully well. Many of their works remain to this day, and, in especial, their monuments have been opened, and the tomb of each chief has been found, adorned with figures of himself, half lying, half sitting; also curious pottery in red and black, from which something of their lives and ways is to be made out. They spoke a different language from what has become Latin, and they had a different religion, believing in one great Soul of the World, and also thinking much of rewards and punishments after death. But we know hardly anything about them, except that their chiefs were called Lucumos, and that they once had a wide power which they had lost before the time of history. The Romans called them Tusci, and Tuscan still keeps its name.

The Latins and the Sabines were more alike, and also more like the Greeks. There were a great many settlements of Greeks in the southern parts of Italy, and they learnt something from them. They had a great many gods. Every house had its own guardian. These were called Lares, or Penates, and were generally represented as little figures of dogs lying by the hearth, or as brass bars with dogs' heads. This is the reason that the bars which close in an open hearth are still called dogs. Whenever there was a meal in the house, the master began by pouring out wine to the Lares, and also to his own ancestors, of whom he kept figures; for these natives thought much of their families, and all one family had the same name, like our surname, such as Tullius or Appius, the daughters only changing it by making it end in *a* instead of *us*, and the men having separate names standing first, such as Marcus or Lucius, though their sisters were only numbered to distinguish them.

Each city had a guardian spirit, each stream its nymph, each wood its

faun; also there were gods to whom the boundary stones of estates were dedicated. There was a goddess of fruits called Pomona, and a god of fruits named Vertumnus. In their names the fields and the crops were solemnly blest, and all were sacred to Saturn. He, according to the old legends, had first taught husbandry, and when he reigned in Italy there was a golden age, when every one had his own field, lived by his own handiwork, and kept no slaves. There was a feast in honor of this time every year called the Saturnalia, when for a few days the slaves were all allowed to act as if they were free, and have all kinds of wild sports and merriment. Afterward, when Greek learning came in, Saturn was mixed up with the Greek Kronos, or Time, who devours his offspring, and the reaping-hook his figures used to carry for harvest became Time's scythe. The sky-god, Zeus or Deus Pater (or father), was shortened into Jupiter; Juno was his wife, and Mars was god of war, and in Greek times was supposed to be the same as Ares; Pallas Athene was joined with the Latin Minerva; Hestia, the goddess of the hearth, was called Vesta; and, in truth, we talk of the Greek gods by their Latin names. The old Greek tales were not known to the Latins in their first times, but only afterward learnt from the Greeks. They seem to have thought of their gods as graver, higher beings, further off, and less capricious and fanciful than the legends about the weather had made them seem to the Greeks. Indeed, these Latins were a harder, tougher, graver, fiercer, more business-like race altogether than the lively Greeks; not so clever, thoughtful, or poetical, but with more of what we should now call sterling stuff in them.

At least so it was with that great nation which spoke their language, and seems to have been an offshoot from them. Rome, the name of which is said to mean the famous, is thought to have been at first a cluster of little villages, with forts to protect them on the hills, and temples in the forts. Jupiter had a temple on the Capitoline Hill, with cells for his worship, and that of Juno and Minerva; and the two-faced Janus, the god of gates, had his upon the Janicular Hill. Besides these, there were the Palatine, the Esquiline, the Aventine, the Cælian, and the Quirinal. The people of these villages called themselves Quirites, or spearmen, when they formed themselves into an army and made war on their neighbors, the Sabines and Latins, and by and by built a wall enclosing all the seven hills, and with a strip of ground within, free from houses, where sacrifices were offered and omens sought for.

The history of these people was not written till long after they had grown to be a mighty and terrible power, and had also picked up many Greek notions. Then they seem to have made their history backward, and worked up their old stories and songs to explain the names and customs they found among them, and the tales they told were formed into a great



TEMPLE OF PALLAS ATHENE.

history by one Titus Livius. It is needful to know these stories which every one used to believe to be really history ; so we will tell them first, beginning, however, with a story told by the poet Virgil.



CHAPTER II.

THE WANDERINGS OF ÆNEAS.



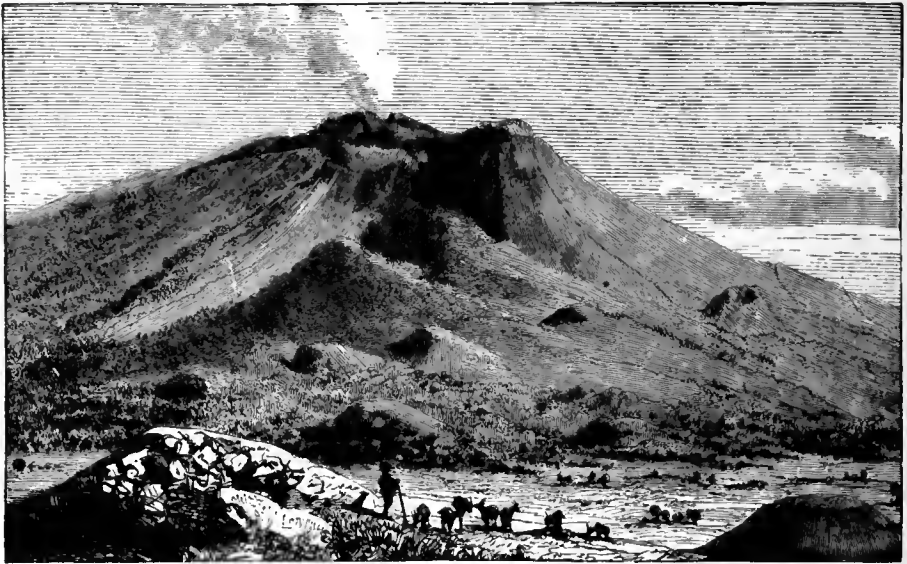
YOU remember in the Greek history the burning of Troy, and how Priam and all his family were cut off. Among the Trojans there was a prince called Æneas, whose father was Anchises, a cousin of Priam, and his mother was said to be the goddess Venus. When he saw that the city was lost, he rushed back to his house, and took his old father Anchises on his back, giving him his Penates, or little images of household gods, to take care of, and led by the hand his little son Iulus, or Ascanius, while his wife Creusa followed close behind, and all the Trojans who could get their arms together joined him, so that they escaped in a body to Mount Ida; but just as they were outside the city he missed poor Creusa, and though he rushed back and searched for her everywhere, he never could find her. For the sake of his care for his gods, and for his old father, he is always known as the pious Æneas.

In the forests of Mount Ida he built ships enough to set forth with all his followers in quest of the new home which his mother, the goddess Venus, gave him hopes of. He had adventures rather like those of Ulysses as he sailed about the Mediterranean. Once in the Strophades, some clusters belonging to the Ionian Islands, when he and his troops had landed to get food, and were eating the flesh of the numerous goats which they found climbing about the rocks, down on them came the harpies, horrible birds with women's faces and hooked hands, with which they snatched away the food and spoiled what they could not eat. The Trojans shot at them, but the arrows glanced off their feathers and did not hurt them. However, they all flew off except one, who sat on a high rock, and croaked out that the Trojans would be punished for thus molesting the harpies by being tossed about till they should reach Italy, but there they should not build their city till they should have been so hungry as to eat their very trenchers.

They sailed away from this dismal prophetic, and touched on the coast of Epirus, where Æneas found his cousin Helenus, son to old Priam, reigning over a little new Troy, and married to Andromache, Hector's wife, whom he had gained after Pyrrhus had been killed. Helenus was a prophet, and he gave Æneas much advice. In especial he said that, when the Trojans should come to Italy, they would find, under the holly-trees by the river side, a large white old sow lying on the ground, with a litter of thirty

little pigs round her, and this should be a sign to them where they were to build their city.

By his advice the Trojans coasted round the south of Sicily, instead of trying to pass the strait between the dreadful Scylla and Charybdis, and just below Mount Etna an unfortunate man came running down to the beach begging to be taken in. He was a Greek, who had been left behind when Ulysses escaped from Polyphemus' cave, and had made his way to the forests, where he had lived ever since. They had just taken him in when they saw the Cyclops coming down, with a pine-tree for a staff, to wash the burning hollow of his lost eye in the sea, and they rowed off in great terror.



MOUNT ETNA.

Poor old Anchises died shortly after, and, while his son was still sorrowing for him, Juno, who hated every Trojan, stirred up a terrible tempest, which drove the ships to the south, until, just as the sea began to calm down, they came into a beautiful bay, enclosed by tall cliffs with woods overhanging them. Here the tired wanderers landed, and, lighting a fire, Æneas went in quest of food. Coming out of the forest, they looked down from a hill, and beheld a multitude of people building a city, raising walls, houses, towers, and temples. Into one of these temples Æneas entered, and to his amazement he found the walls sculptured with all the story of the siege of Troy, and all his friends so perfectly represented, that he burst into tears at the sight.

Just then a beautiful queen, attended by a whole troop of nymphs, came into the temple. This lady was Dido; her husband, Sichæus, had been king

of Tyre, till he was murdered by his brother Pygmalion, who meant to have married her, but she fled from him with a band of faithful Tyrians and all her husband's treasure, and had landed on the north coast of Africa. There she begged of the chief of the country as much land as could be enclosed by a bullock's hide. He granted this readily; and Dido, cutting the hide into the finest possible strips, managed to measure off with it ground enough to build the splendid city which she had named Carthage. She received Æneas most kindly, and took all his men into her city, hoping to keep them there for ever, and make him her husband. Æneas himself was so happy there, that he forgot all his plans and the prophecies he had heard, until Jupiter sent Mercury to rouse him to fulfil his destiny. He obeyed the call; and Dido was so wretched at his departure that she caused a great funeral pile to be built, laid herself on the top, and stabbed herself with Æneas' sword: the pile was burnt, and the Trojans saw the flame from their ships without knowing the cause.

By and by Æneas landed at a place in Italy named Cumæ. There dwelt one of the Sybils. These were wondrous virgins whom Apollo had endowed with deep wisdom; and when Æneas went to consult the Cumæan Sybil, she told him that he must visit the under-world of Pluto to learn his fate. First, however, he had to go into a forest, and find there and gather a golden bough, which he was to bear in his hand to keep him safe. Long he sought it, until two doves, his mother's birds, came flying before him to show him the tree where gold gleamed through the boughs, and he found the branch growing on the tree as mistletoe grows on the thorn.

Guarded with this, and guided by the Sybil, after a great sacrifice, Æneas passed into a gloomy cave, where he came to the river Styx, round which flitted all the shades who had never received funeral rites, and whom the ferryman, Charon, would not carry over. The Sybil, however, made him take Æneas across, his boat groaning under the weight of a human body. On the other side stood Cerberus, but the Sybil threw him a cake of honey and of some opiate, and he lay asleep, while Æneas passed on and found in myrtle groves all who had died for love, among them, to his surprise, poor forsaken Dido. A little further on he found the home of the warriors, and held converse with his old Trojan friends. He passed by the place of doom for the wicked, Tartarus; and in the Elysian fields, full of laurel groves and meads of asphodel, he found the spirit of his father Anchises, and with him was allowed to see the souls of all their descendants, as yet unborn, who should raise the glory of their name. They are described on to the very time when the poet wrote to whom we owe all the tale of the wanderings of Æneas, namely, Virgil, who wrote the *Æneid*, whence all these stories are taken. He further tells us that Æneas landed in Italy just as his old nurse Caiëta died, at the place which is still called Gaëta. After

they had buried her, they found a grove, where they sat down on the grass to eat, using large round cakes or biscuits to put their meat on. Presently they came to eating up the cakes. Little Ascanius cried out, "We are eating our very tables;" and Æneas, remembering the harpy's words, knew that his wanderings were over.

CHAPTER III.

THE FOUNDING OF ROME.

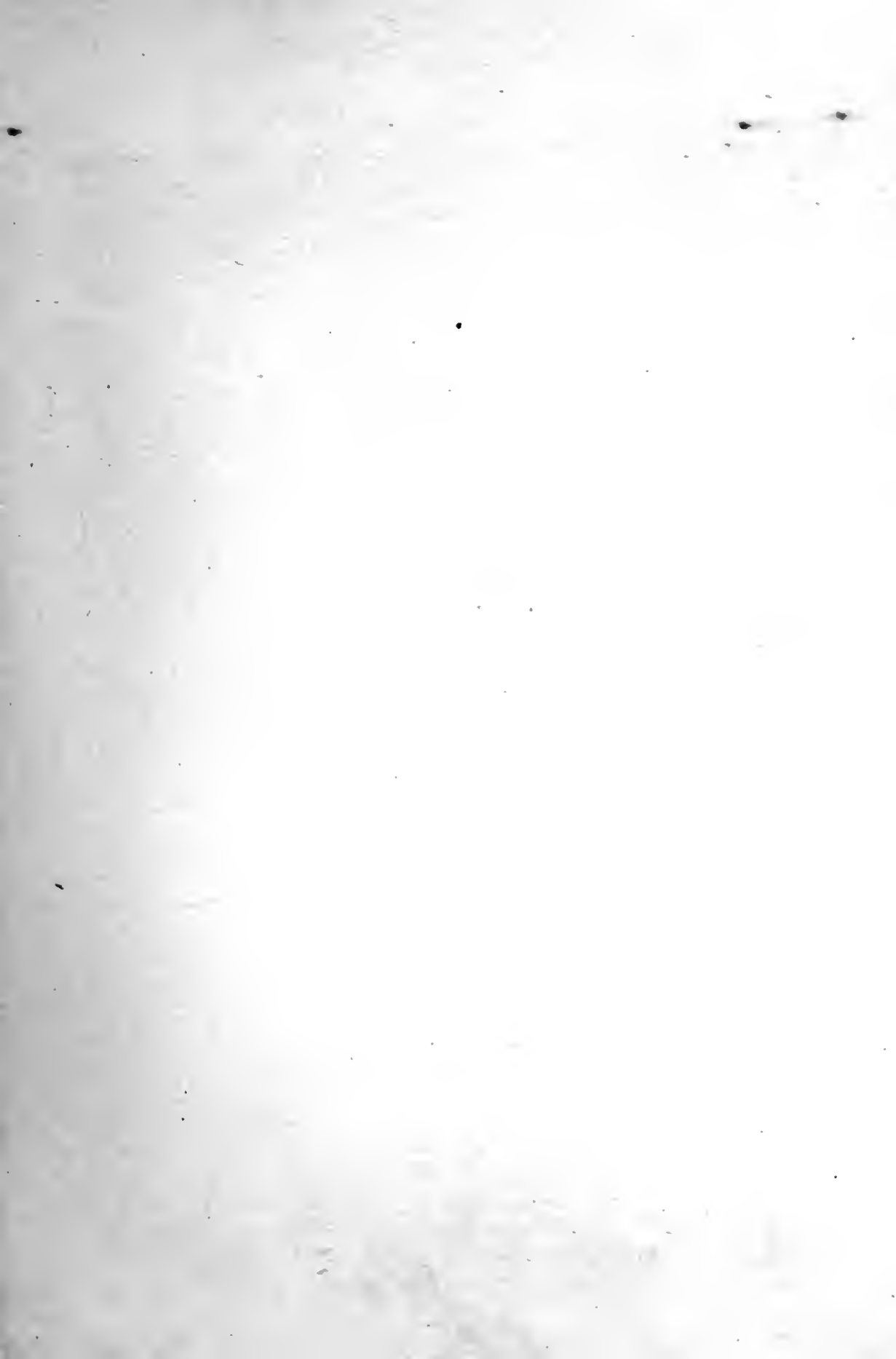
B. C. 753—713.



VIRGIL goes on to tell at much length how the king of the country, Latinus, at first made friends with Æneas, and promised him his daughter Lavinia in marriage; but Turnus, an Italian chief who had before been a suitor to Lavinia, stirred up a great war, and was only conquered and killed after much hard fighting. However, the white sow was found in the right place with all her little pigs, and on the spot was founded the city of Alba Longa, where Æneas and Lavinia reigned until he died, and his descendants, through his two sons, Ascanius or Iulus, and Æneas Silvius, reigned after him for fifteen generations.

The last of these fifteen was Amulius, who took the throne from his brother Numitor, who had a daughter named Rhea Silvia, a Vestal virgin. In Greece, the sacred fire of the goddess Vesta was tended by good men, but in Italy it was the charge of maidens, who were treated with great honor, but were never allowed to marry under pain of death. So there was great anger when Rhea Silvia became the mother of twin boys, and, moreover, said that her husband was the god Mars. But Mars did not save her from being buried alive, while the two babes were put in a trough on the waters of the river Tiber, there to perish. The river had overflowed its banks, and left the children on dry ground, where, however, they were found by a she-wolf, who fondled and fed them like her own offspring, until a shepherd met with them and took them home to his wife. She called them Romulus and Remus, and bred them up as shepherds.

When the twin brothers were growing into manhood, there was a fight between the shepherds of Numitor and Amulius, in which Romulus and Remus did such brave feats that they were led before Numitor. He





ROMULUS AND REMUS.

enquired into their birth, and their foster-father told the story of his finding them, showing the trough in which they had been laid; and thus it became plain that they were the grandsons of Numitor. On finding this out, they collected an army, with which they drove away Amulius, and brought their grandfather back to Alba Longa.

They then resolved to build a new city for themselves on one of the seven low hills beneath which ran the yellow river Tiber; but they were not agreed on which hill to build, Remus wanting to build on the Aventine Hill, and Romulus on the Palatine. Their grandfather advised them to watch for omens from the gods; so each stood on his hill and watched for birds. Remus was the first to see six vultures flying, but Romulus saw twelve, and therefore the Palatine Hill was made the beginning of the city, and Romulus was chosen king. Remus was affronted, and when the mud wall was being raised around the space intended for the city, he leapt over it and laughed, whereupon Romulus struck him dead, crying out, "So perish all who leap over the walls of my city."

Romulus traced out the form of his city with the plough, and made it almost a square. He call the name of it Rome, and lived in the midst of it in a mud hovel, covered with thatch, in the midst of about fifty families of the old Trojan race, and a great many young men, outlaws and runaways from the neighboring states, who had joined him. The date of the building of Rome was supposed to be B. C. 753; and the Romans counted their years from it, as the Greeks did from the Olympiads, marking the date A. D. C., *anno urbis condite*, the year of the city being built. The youths who joined Romulus could not marry, as no one of the neighboring nations would give his daughter to one of these robbers, as they were esteemed. The nearest neighbors to Rome were the Sabines, and the Romans cast their eyes in vain on the Sabine ladies, till old Numitor advised Romulus to proclaim a great feast in honor of Neptune, with games and dances. All the people in the country round came to it, and when the revelry was at its height each of the unwedded Romans seized on a Sabine maiden and carried her away to his own house. Six hundred and eighty-three girls were thus seized, and the next day Romulus married them all after the fashion ever after observed in Rome. There was a great sacrifice, then each damsel was told, "Partake of your husband's fire and water;" he gave her a ring, and carried her over his threshold, where a sheepskin was spread, to show that her duty would be to spin wool for him, and she became his wife.

Romulus himself won his own wife, Hersilia, among the Sabines on this occasion; but the nation of course took up arms, under their king Tatius, to recover their daughters. Romulus drew out his troops into the Campus Martius, or field of Mars, just beneath the Capitol, or great fort on the Saturnian Hill, and marched against the Sabines; but while he was absent,

Tarpeia, the daughter of the governor of the little fort he had left on the Saturnian Hill, promised to let the Sabines in on condition they would give her what they wore on their left arms, meaning their bracelets, but they hated her treason even while they took advantage of it, and no sooner were they within the gate than they pelted her with their heavy shields, which they wore on their left arms, and killed her. The cliff on the top of which she died is still called the Tarpeian rock, and criminals were executed by



THE CAPITOL.

being thrown from the top of it. Romulus tried to regain the Capitol, but the Sabines rolled down stones on the Romans, and he was stunned by one that struck him on the head; and though he quickly recovered and rallied his men, the battle was going against him, when all the Sabine women, who had been nearly two years Roman wives, came rushing out, with their little children in their arms and their hair flying, begging their fathers and husbands not to kill one another. This led to the making of a peace, and it was agreed that the Sabines and Romans should make but one nation, and that Romulus and Tatius should reign together at Rome. Romulus lived on the Palatine Hill, Tatius on the Tarpeian, and the valley between was called the Forum, and was the market-place, and also the spot where all public assemblies were held. All the chief arrangements for war and government were believed by the Romans to have been laws of Romulus.

However, after five years, Tatius was murdered at a place called Lavinium, in the middle of a sacrifice, and Romulus reigned alone till, in the midst of a great assembly of his soldiers outside the city, a storm of thunder and lightning came on, and every one hurried home, but the king was nowhere to be found; for, as some say, his father Mars had come down in the tempest and carried him away to reign with the gods, while others declared that he was murdered by persons, each of whom carried home a fragment of his body that it might never be found. It matters less which way we tell it, since the story of Romulus was quite as much a fable as that of Æneas; only it must be remembered as the Romans themselves believed it. They worshipped Romulus under the name of Quirinus, and called their chief families Quirites, both words coming from *ger* (a spear); and the she-wolf and twins were the favorite badge of the empire. The Capitoline Hill, the Palatine, and the Forum all still bear the same names.

CHAPTER IV.

NUMA AND TULLUS.

B.C. 713—618.



T was understood between the Romans and the Sabines that they should have by turns a king from each nation, and, on the disappearance of Romulus, a Sabine was chosen, named Numa Pompilius, who had been married to Tatia, the daughter of the Sabine king Tatius, but she was dead, and had left one daughter. Numa had, ever since her death, been going about from one grove or fountain sacred to the gods to another offering up sacrifices, and he was much beloved for his gentleness and wisdom. There was a grove near Rome, in a valley, where a fountain gushed forth from the rock; and here Egeria, the nymph of the stream, in the shade of the trees, counselled Numa on his government, which was so wise that he lived at peace with all his neighbors. When the Romans doubted whether it was really a goddess who inspired him, Egeria convinced them, for the next time he had any guests in his house, the earthenware plates with homely fare on them were changed before their eyes into golden dishes with dainty food. Moreover, there was brought from heaven a bronze shield, which was to be carefully kept, since Rome

would never fall while it was safe. Numa had eleven other shields like it made and hung in the temple of Mars, and, yearly, a set of men dedicated to the office bore them through the city with songs and dances. Just as all warlike customs were said to have been invented by Romulus, all peaceful and religious ones were held to have sprung from Numa and his Egeria. He was said to have fixed the calendar and invented the names of the months, and to have built an altar to Good Faith to teach the Romans to keep their word to one another and to all nations, and to have dedicated the bounds of each estate to the Dii Termini, or Landmark Gods, in whose honor there was a feast yearly. He also was said to have had such power with Jupiter as to have persuaded him to be content without receiving sacrifices of men and women. In short, all the better things in the Roman system were supposed to be due to the gentle Numa.

At the gate called Janiculum stood a temple to the watchman god Janus, whose figure had two faces, and held the keys, and after whom was named the month January. His temple was always open in time of war, and closed in time of peace. Numa's reign was counted as the first out of only three times in Roman history that it was shut.

Numa was said to have reigned thirty-eight years, and then he gradually faded away, and was buried in a stone coffin outside the Janicular gate, all the books he had written being, by his desire, buried with him. Egeria wept till she became a fountain in her own valley; and so ended what in Roman faith answered to the golden age of Greece.

The next king was of Roman birth, and was named Tullus Hostilius. He was a great warrior, and had a war with the Albans until it was agreed that the two cities should join together in one, as the Romans and Sabines had done before; but there was a dispute which should be the greater city in the league, and it was determined to settle it by a combat. In each city there was a family where three sons had been born at a birth, and their mothers were sisters. Both sets were of the same age—fine young men, skilled in weapons; and it was agreed that the six should fight together, the three whose family name was Horatius on the Roman side, the three called Curiatius on the Alban side, and whichever set gained the mastery was to give it to his city.

They fought in the plain between the camps, and very hard was the strife until two of the Horatii were killed and all the three Curiatii were wounded, but the last Horatius was entirely untouched. He began to run, and his cousins pursued him, but at different distances, as one was less hindered by his wound than the others. As soon as the first came up, Horatius slew him, and so the second and the third; as he cut down this last he cried out, "To the glory of Rome I sacrifice thee." As the Alban king saw his champion fall, he turned to Tullus Hostilius and asked what his commands

were. "Only to have the Alban youth ready when I need them," said Tullus.

A wreath was set on the victor's head, and, loaded with the spoil of the Curiatii, he was led into the city in triumph. His sister came hurrying to meet him; she was betrothed to one of the Curiatii, and was in agony to know his fate; and when she saw the garment she had spun for him hanging blood-stained over her brother's shoulders, she burst into loud lamentations. Horatius, still hot with fury, struck her dead on the spot, crying, "So perish every Roman who mourns the death of an enemy of his country."



THE HORATII SET OUT TO MEET THE CURIATHI.

Even her father approved the cruel deed, and would not bury her in his family tomb—so stern were Roman feelings, putting the honor of the country above everything. However, Horatius was brought before the king for the murder, and was sentenced to die; but the people entreated that their champion might be spared, and he was only made to pass under what was called the yoke, namely, spears set up like a doorway.

Tullus Hostilius gained several victories over his neighbors, but he was harsh and presuming, and offended the gods, and, when he was using some spell such as good Numa had used to hold converse with Jupiter, the angry god sent lightning and burnt up him and his family. The people then chose Ancus Martins, the son of Numa's daughter, who is said to have ruled in his grandfather's spirit, though he could not avoid wars with the Latins. The first bridge over the Tiber, named the Sublician, was said to have been

built by him. In his time there came to Rome a family called Tarquin. Their father was a Corinthian, who had settled in an Etruscan town named Tarquinii, whence came the family name. He was said to have first taught writing in Italy, and, indeed, the Roman letters which we still use are Greek letters made simpler. His eldest son, finding that because of his foreign blood he could rise to no honors in Etruria, set off with his wife Tanaquil, and their little son Lucius Tarquinius, to settle in Rome. Just as they came in sight of Rome, an eagle swooped down from the sky, snatched off little Tarquin's cap, and flew up with it, but the next moment came down again and put it back on his head. On this Tanaquil foretold that her son would be a great king, and he became so famous a warrior when he grew up, that, as the children of Ancus were too young to reign at their father's death, he was chosen king. He is said to have been the first Roman king who wore a purple robe and golden crown, and in the valley between the Palatine and Aventine Hills he made a circus, where games could be held like those of the Greeks; also he placed stone benches and stalls for shops round the Forum, and built a stone wall instead of a mud one round the city. He is commonly called Tarquinius Priscus, or the elder.

There was a fair slave girl in his house, who was offering cakes to Lar, the household spirit, when he appeared to her in bodily form. When she told the king's mother, Tanaquil, she said it was a token that he wanted to marry her, and arrayed her as a bride for him. Of this marriage there sprang a boy called Servius Tullus. When this child lay asleep, bright flames played about his head, and Tanaquil knew he would be great, so she caused her son Tarquin to give him his daughter in marriage when he grew up. This greatly offended the two sons of Ancus Martius, and they hired two young men to come before him as woodcutters, with axes over their shoulders, pretending to have a quarrel about some goats, and while he was listening to their cause they cut him down and mortally wounded him. He had lost his sons, and had only two baby grandsons, Aruns and Tarquin, who could not reign as yet; but while he was dying, Tanaquil stood at the window and declared that he was only stunned and would soon be well. This, as she intended, so frightened the sons of Ancus that they fled from Rome; and Servius Tullus, coming forth in the royal robes, was at once hailed as king by all the people of Rome, being thus made king that he might protect his wife's two young nephews, the two little Tarquins.



CHAPTER V.

THE DRIVING OUT OF THE TARQUINS.

B. C. 578—309.



SERVIVS TULLVS was looked on by the Romans as having begun making their laws, as Romulus had put their warlike affairs in order, and Numa had settled their religion. The Romans were all in great clans or families, all with one name, and these were classed in tribes. The nobler ones, who could count up from old Trojan, Latin, or Sabine families, were called Patricians—from *pater*, a father—because they were fathers of the people; and the other families were called Plebeian, from *plebs*, the people. The patricians formed the Senate or Council of Government, and rode on horseback in war, while the plebeians fought on foot. They had spears, round shields, and short pointed swords, which cut on each side of the blade. Tullus is said to have fixed how many men of each tribe should be called out to war. He also walled in the city again with a wall five miles round; and he made many fixed laws, one being that when a man was in debt his goods might be seized, but he himself might not be made a slave. He was the great friend of the plebeians, and first established the rule that a new law of the Senate could not be made without the consent of the Comitia, or whole free people.

The Sabines and Romans were still striving for the mastery, and a husbandman among the Sabines had a wonderfully beautiful cow. An oracle declared that the man who sacrificed this cow to Diana upon the Aventine Hill would secure the chief power to his nation. The Sabine drove the cow to Rome, and was going to kill her, when a crafty Roman priest told him that he must first wash his hands in the Tiber, and while he was gone sacrificed the cow himself, and by this trick secured the rule to Rome. The great horns of the cow were long after shown in the temple of Diana on the Aventine, where Romans, Sabines, and Latins every year joined in a great sacrifice.

The two daughters of Servius were married to their consins, the two young Tarquins. In each pair there was a fierce and a gentle one. The fierce Tullia was the wife of the gentle Aruns Tarquin; the gentle Tulla had married the proud Lucius Tarquin. Aruns' wife tried to persuade her husband to seize the throne that had belonged to his father, and when he

would not listen to her, she agreed with his brother Lucius that, while he murdered her sister, she should kill his brother, and then that they should marry. The horrid deed was carried out, and old Servius, seeing what a wicked pair were likely to come after him, began to consider with the Senate whether it would not be better to have two consuls or magistrates chosen every year than a king. This made Lucius Tarquin the more furious, and, going to the Senate, where the patricians hated the king as the friend of the plebeians, he stood upon the throne, and was beginning to tell the patricians that this would be the ruin of their greatness, when Servius came in, and standing on the steps of the doorway, ordered him to come down.



TARQUIN THROWS HIMSELF UPON SERVIUS TULLUS.

Tarquin sprang on the old man and hurled him backward, so that the fall killed him, and his body was left in the street. The wicked Tullia, wanting to know how her husband had sped, came out in her chariot on that road. The horses gave back before the corpse. She asked what was in their way; the slave who drove her told her it was the king's body. "Drive on," she said. The horrid deed caused the street to be known ever after as "Sceletatus," or the wicked. But it was the plebeians who mourned for Servius;

the patricians in their anger made Tarquin king, but found him a very hard and cruel master, so that he is generally called Tarquinius Superbus, or Tarquin the proud. In his time the Sybil of Cumæ, the same wondrous maiden of deep wisdom who had guided Æneas to the realms of Pluto, came, bringing nine books of prophecies of the history of Rome, and offered them to him at a price which he thought too high, and refused. She went away, destroyed three, and brought back the other six, asking for them double the price of the whole. He refused. She burnt three more, and brought him the last three with the price again doubled, because the fewer they were, the more precious. He bought them at last, and placed them in the Capitol, whence they were now and then taken to be consulted as oracles.

Rome was at war with the city of Gabii, and as the city was not to be subdued by force, Tarquin tried treachery. His eldest son, Sextus Tarquinius, fled to Gabii, complaining of ill-usage of his father, and showing marks of a severe scourging. The Gabians believed him, and he was soon so much trusted by them as to have the whole command of the army and manage everything in the city. Then he sent a messenger to his father to ask what he was to do next. Tarquin was walking through a cornfield. He made no answer in words, but with a switch cut off the heads of all the poppies and taller stalks of corn, and bade the messenger tell Sextus what he had seen. Sextus understood, and contrived to get all the chief men of Gabii exiled or put to death, and without them the city fell an easy prey to the Romans.

Tarquin sent his two younger sons and their cousin to consult the oracle at Delphi, and with them went Lucius Junius, who was called Brutus because he was supposed to be foolish, that being the meaning of the word; but his folly was only put on, because he feared the jealousy of his cousins. After doing their father's errand, the two Tarquins asked who should rule Rome after their father. "He," said the priestess, "who shall first kiss his mother on his return." The two brothers agreed that they would keep this a secret from their elder brother Sextus, and, as soon as they reached home, both of them rushed into the women's rooms, racing each to be the first to embrace their mother Tullia; but at the very entrance of Rome Brutus pretended to slip, threw himself on the ground and kissed his Mother Earth, having thus guessed the right meaning of the answer.

He waited patiently, however, and still was thought a fool when the army went out to besiege the city of Ardea; and while the troops were encamped round it some of the young patricians began to dispute which had the best wife. They agreed to put it to the test by galloping late in the evening to look in at their homes and see what their wives were about. Some were idling, some were visiting, some were scolding, some were dress-

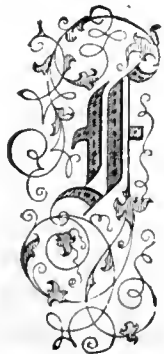
ing, some were asleep; but at Collatia, the farm of another of the Tarquin family, thence called Collatinus, they found his beautiful wife Lucretia among her maidens spinning the wool of the flocks. All agreed that she was the best of wives; but the wicked Sextus Tarquin only wanted to steal her from her husband, and, going by night to Collatia, tried to make her desert her lord, and when she would not listen to him he ill-treated her cruelly, and told her that he should accuse her to her husband. She was so overwhelmed with grief and shame that in the morning she sent for her father and husband, told them all that had happened, and saying that she could not bear life after being so put to shame, she drew out a dagger and stabbed herself before their eyes—thinking, as all these heathen Romans did, that it was better to die by one's own hand than to live in disgrace.

Lucius Brutus had gone to Collatia with his cousin, and while Collatinus and his father-in-law stood horror-struck, he called to them to revenge this crime. Snatching the dagger from Lucretia's breast, he galloped to Rome, called the people together in the Forum, and, holding up the bloody weapon in his hand, he made them a speech, asking whether they would any longer endure such a family of tyrants. They all rose as one man, and choosing Brutus himself and Collatinus to be their leaders, as the consuls whom Servius Tullus had thought of making, they shut the gates of Rome, and would not open them when Tarquin and his sons would have returned. So ended the kingdom of Rome.



CHAPTER VI.

THE WAR WITH PORSENA.



FROM the time of the flight of the Tarquins, Rome was governed by two consuls, who wore all the tokens of royalty except the crown. Tarquin fled into Etruria, whence his grandfather had come, and thence tried to obtain admission into Rome. The two young sons of Brutus and the nephews of Collatinus were drawn into a plot for bringing them back again, and on its discovery were brought before the two consuls. Their guilt was proved, and their father sternly asked what they had to say in their defence. They only wept, and so did Collatinus and many of the senators, crying out, "Banish them, banish them." Brutus, however, as if unmoved, bade the executioners do

their office. The whole Senate shrieked to hear a father thus condemn his own children, but he was resolute, and actually looked on while the young men were first scourged and then beheaded.

Collatinus put off the further judgment in hopes to save his nephews, and Brutus told them that he had put them to death by his own power as a father, but that he left the rest to the voice of the people, and they were sent into banishment. Even Collatinus was thought to have acted weakly, and was sent into exile—so determined were the Romans to have no one among them who would not uphold their decrees to the utmost. Tarquin advanced to the walls and cut down all the growing corn around the Campus Martius and threw it into the Tiber; there it formed a heap round which an island was afterward formed. Brutus himself and his cousin Aruns Tarquin soon after killed one another in single combat in a battle outside the walls, and all the women of Rome mourned for him as for a father.

Tarquin found a friend in the Etruscan king called Lars Porsena, who brought an army to besiege Rome and restore him to the throne. He advanced toward the gate called Janiculum upon the Tiber, and drove the Romans out of the fort on the other side the river. The Romans then retreated across the bridge, placing three men to guard it until all should be gone over and it could be broken down.

There stood the brave three—Horatius, Lartius, and Herminius—guarding the bridge while their fellow-citizens were fleeing across it, three men against a whole army. At last the weapons of Lartius and Herminius were broken down, and Horatius bade them hasten over the bridge while it could still bear their weight. He himself fought on till he was wounded in the thigh, and the last timbers of the bridge were falling into the stream. Then, spreading out his arms, he called upon Father Tiber to receive him, leapt into the river and swam across amid a shower of arrows, one of which put out his eye, and he was lame for life. A statue of him “halting on his thigh” was set up in the temple of Vulcan, and he was rewarded with as much land as one yoke of oxen could plough in a day, and the three hundred thousand citizens of Rome each gave him a day’s provision of corn.

Porsena then blockaded the city, and when the Romans were nearly starving he sent them word that he would give them food if they would receive their old masters; but they made answer that hunger was better than slavery, and still held out. In the midst of their distress, a young man named Caius Mucius came and begged leave of the consuls to cross the Tiber and go to attempt something to deliver his country. They gave leave, and creeping through the Etruscan camp he came into the king’s tent just as Porsena was watching his troops pass by in full order. One

of his counsellors was sitting beside him so richly dressed that Mucius did not know which was king, and, leaping toward them, he stabbed the counsellor to the heart. He was seized at once and dragged before the king, who fiercely asked who he was, and what he meant by such a crime. The young man answered that his name was Caius Mucius, and that he was ready to do and dare anything for Rome. In answer to threats of torture,



MUCIUS ATTEMPTS THE LIFE OF PORSENA

he quietly stretched out his right hand and thrust it into the flame that burnt in a brazier close by, holding it there without a sign of pain, while he bade Porsena see what a Roman thought of suffering.

Porsena was so struck that he at once gave the daring man his life, his freedom, and even his dagger; and Mucius then told him that three hundred youths like himself had sworn to have his life unless he left Rome to her liberty. This was false, but both the lie and the murder were for Rome's sake; they were both admired by the Romans, who held that the welfare of their city was their very first duty. Mucius could never use his right hand again, and was always called Scævola, or the Left-handed, a name that went on to his family.

Porsena believed the story, and began to make peace. A truce was agreed on, and ten Roman youths and as many girls were given up to the

Etruscans as hostages. While the conferences were going on, one of the Roman girls named Clelia forgot her duty so much as to swim home across the river with all her companions; but Valeria, the consul's daughter, was received with all the anger that breach of trust deserved, and her father mounted his horse at once to take the party back again. Just as they reached the Etruscan camp, the Tarquin father and brothers, and a whole troop of the enemy, fell on them. While the consul was fighting against a terrible force, Valeria dashed on into the camp and called out Porsena and his son. They, much grieved that the truce should have been broken, drove back their own men, and were so angry with the Tarquins as to give up their cause. He asked which of the girls had contrived the escape, and when Clelia confessed it was herself, he made her a present of a fine horse and its trappings, which she little deserved.

This Valerius was called Publicola, or the people's friend. He died a year or two later, after so many victories that the Romans honored him among their greatest heroes. Tarquin still continued to seek support among the different Italian nations, and again attacked the Romans with the help of the Latins. The chief battle was fought close to Lake Regillus; Anulus Posthumius was the commander, but Marcus Valerius, brother to Publicola, was general of the horse. He had vowed to build a temple to Castor and Pollux if the Romans gained the victory; and in the beginning of the fight, two glorious youths of god-like stature appeared on horseback at the head of the Roman horse and fought for them. It was a very hard-fought battle. Valerius was killed, but so was Titus Tarquin, and the Latin force was entirely broken and routed. That same evening the two youths rode into the Forum, their horses dripping with sweat and their weapons bloody. They drew up and washed themselves at a fountain near the temple of Vesta, and as the people crowded round they told of the great victory, and while one man named Domitius doubted of it, since the Lake Regillus was too far off for tidings to have come so fast, one of them laid his hand on the doubter's beard and changed it in a moment from black to copper color, so that he came to be called Domitius Ahenobarbus, or Brazen-beard. Then they disappeared, and the next morning Posthumius' messenger brought the news. The Romans had no doubt that these were indeed the glorious twins, and built their temple, as Valerius had vowed.

Tarquin had lost all his sons, and died in wretched exile at Cumæ. And here ends what is looked on as the legendary history of Rome, for though most of these stories have dates, and some sound possible, there is so much that is plainly untrue mixed up with them, that they can only be looked on as the old stories which were handed down to account for the Roman customs and copied by their historians.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ROMAN GOVERNMENT.



So far as true history can guess, the Romans really did once have kings and drove them out, but there are signs that, though Por-sena was a real king, the war was not so honorable to the Romans as they said, for he took the city and made them give up all their weapons to him, leaving them nothing but their tools for husbandry. But they liked to forget their misfortunes.

The older Roman families were called patricians, or fathers, and thought all rights to govern belonged to them. Settlers who came in later were called plebeians, or the people, and at first had no rights at all, for all the land belonged to the patricians, and the only way for the plebeians to get anything done for them was to become hangers-on—or, as they called it, clients—of some patrician who took care of their interests. There was a council of patricians called the Senate, chosen among themselves, and also containing by right all who had been chief magistrates. The whole assembly of the patricians was called the Comitia. They, as has been said before, fought on foot; but out of the rich plebeians a body was formed called the knights, who also used horses, and wore gold rings like the patricians.

But the plebeians were always trying not to be left out of everything. By and by, they said under Servius Tullius, the city was divided into six quarters, and all the families living in them into six tribes, each of which had a tribune to watch over it, bring up the number of its men, and lead them to battle. Another division of the citizens, both patrician and plebeian, was made every five years. They were all counted and numbered and divided off into centuries according to their wealth. Then these centuries, or hundreds, had votes, by the persons they chose, when it was a question of peace or war. Their meeting was called the Comitia; but as there were more patrician centuries than plebeian ones, the patricians still had much more power. Besides, the Senate and all the magistrates were in those days always patricians. These magistrates were chosen every year. There were two consuls, who were like kings for the time, only that they wore no crowns; they had purple robes, and sat in chairs ornamented with ivory, and they were always attended by lictors, who carried bundles of rods tied round an axe—the first for scourging, the second for beheading. There

were under them two prætors, or judges, who tried offences; two quæstors, who attended to the public buildings; and two censors, who had to look after the numbering and registering of the people in their tribes and centuries. The consuls in general commanded the army, but sometimes, when there was a great need, one single leader was chosen, and was called dictator. Sometimes a dictator was chosen merely to fulfil an omen, by driving a nail into the head of the great statue of Jupiter in the Capitol. Besides these, all the priests had to be patricians; the chief of all was called Pontifex Maximus. Some say this was because he was the *fax* (maker) of *pontes* (bridges), as he blessed them and decided by omens where they should be; but others think the word was Pompifex, and that he was the maker of pomps or ceremonies. There were many priests as well as augurs, who had to draw



ALTAR.

omens from the flight of birds or the appearance of sacrifices, and who kept the account of the calendar of lucky and unlucky days, and of festivals.

The Romans were a grave religious people in those days, and did not count their lives or their affections dear in comparison with their duties to their altars and their hearths, though their notions of duty do not always agree with ours. Their dress in the city was a white woollen garment edged with purple—it must have been more like in shape to a Scottish plaid than anything else—and was wrapped round so as to leave one arm free; sometimes a fold was drawn over the head. No one might wear it but a free-born Roman, and he never went out on public business without it, even when more

convenient fashions had been copied from Greece. Those who were asking votes for a public office wore it white (*candidus*), and therefore were called candidates. The consuls had it on great days entirely purple and embroidered, and all senators and ex-magistrates had broader borders of purple. The ladies wore a long graceful wrapping-gown; the boys a short tunic, and round their necks was hung a hollow golden ball called a *bullæ*, or bubble. When a boy was seventeen, there was a great family sacrifice to the Lares and the forefathers, his *bullæ* was taken off, the toga was put on, and he was enrolled by his own prænomen, Caius or Lucius, or whatever it might be, for there was only a choice of fifteen. After this he was liable to be called out to fight.



CONFERRING THE TOGA.

A certain number of men were chosen from each tribe by the tribune. It was divided into centuries, each led by a centurion; and the whole body together was called a legion, from *lego*, to choose. In later times the proper number for a legion was six thousand men. Each legion had a standard, a bar across the top of the spear, with the letters on it S P Q R—*Senatus, Populus Que Romanus*—meaning the Roman Senate and People, a purple flag below and a figure above, such as an eagle, or the wolf and twins, or some emblem dear to the Romans. The legions were on foot, but the troops of patricians and knights on horseback were attached to them and had to protect them.

The Romans had in these days very small riches; they held in general

small farms in the country, which they worked themselves with the help of their sons and slaves. The plebeians were often the richest. They too held farms leased to them by the state, and had often small shops in Rome. The whole territory was so small that it was easy to come into Rome to worship, attend the Senate, or vote, and many had no houses in the city. Each man was married with a ring and a sacrifice, and the lady was then carried over the threshold, on which a sheepskin was spread, and made mistress of the house by being bidden to be *Caia* to *Caius*. The Roman matrons were good and noble women in those days, and the highest praise of them was held to be *Domum mansit, lanam fecit*—she stayed at home and spun wool. Each man was absolute master in his own house, and had full power over his grown-up sons, even for life or death, and they almost always submitted entirely. For what made the Romans so great was that they were not only brave, but they were perfectly obedient, and obeyed as perfectly as they could their fathers, their officers, their magistrates, and, as they thought, their gods.



A ROMAN MATRON.



CHAPTER VIII.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA'S FABLE

B.C. 494.



GREAT deal of the history of Rome consists of struggles between the patricians and plebeians. In those early days the plebeians were often poor, and when they wanted to improve their lands they had to borrow money from the patricians, who not only had larger lands, but, as they were the officers in war, got a larger share of the spoil. The Roman law was hard on a man in debt. His lands might be seized, he might be thrown into prison or sold into slavery with his wife and children, or, if the creditors liked, be cut to pieces so that each might take his share.

One of these debtors, a man who was famous for his bravery as a centurion, broke out of his prison and ran into the Forum, all in rags and with chains still hanging to his hands and feet, showing them to his fellow-citizens, and asking if this was just usage of a man who had done no crime. They were very angry, and the more because one of the consuls, Appius Claudius, was known to be very harsh, proud, and cruel, as indeed were all his family. The Volscians, a tribe often at war with them, broke into their lands at the same time, and the Romans were called to arms, but the plebeians refused to march until their wrongs were redressed. On this the other consul, Servilius, promised that a law should be made against keeping citizens in prison for debt or making slaves of their children; and thereupon the army assembled, marched against the enemy, and defeated them, giving up all the spoil to his troops. But the senate, when the danger was over, would not keep its promises, and even appointed a Dictator to put the plebeians down. Thereupon they assembled outside the walls in a strong force, and were going to attack the patricians, when the wise old Menenius Agrippa was sent out to try to pacify them. He told them a fable, namely, that once upon a time all the limbs of a man's body became disgusted with the service they had to render to the belly. The feet and legs carried it about, the hands worked for it and carried food to it, the mouth ate for it, and so on. They thought it hard thus all to toil for it, and agreed to do nothing for it—neither to carry it about, clothe it, nor feed it. But soon all found themselves growing weak and starved, and were obliged to own

that all would perish together unless they went on waiting on this seemingly useless belly. So Agrippa told them that all ranks and states depended on one another, and unless all worked together all must be confusion and go to decay. The fable seems to have convinced both rich and poor; the debtors were set free and the debts forgiven. And though the laws about debts do not seem to have been changed, another law was made which gave the plebeians tribunes in peace as well as war. These tribunes were always to be plebeians, chosen by their own fellows. No one was allowed to hurt them during their year of office, on pain of being declared accursed and losing his property; and they had the power of stopping any decision of the senate by saying solemnly, *Veto*, I forbid. They were called tribunes of the people, while the officers in war were called military tribunes; and as it was on the Mons Sacer, or Sacred Mount, that this was settled, these laws were called the *Leges Sacrarie*. An altar to the Thundering Jupiter was built to consecrate them; and, in gratitude for his management, Menenius Agrippa was highly honored all his life, and at his death had a public funeral.

But the struggles of the plebeians against the patricians were not by any means over. The Roman land—*Agri* (acre), it was called—had at first been divided in equal shares—at least so it was said—but as belonging to the state all the time, and only held by the occupier. As time went on, some persons of course gathered more into their own hands, and others of spendthrift or unfortunate families became destitute. Then there was an outcry that, as the lands belonged to the whole state, it ought to take them all back and divide them again more equally; but the patricians naturally regarded themselves as the owners, and would not hear of this scheme, which we shall hear of again and again by the name of the Agrarian Law. One of the patricians, who had thrice been consul, by name Spurius Cassius, did all he could to bring it about, but though the law was passed he could not succeed in getting it carried out. The patricians hated him, and a report got abroad that he was only gaining favor with the people in order to get himself made king. This made even the plebeians turn against him as a traitor; he was condemned by the whole assembly of the people, and beheaded, after being scourged by the lictors. The people soon mourned for their friend, and felt that they had been deceived in giving him up to their enemies. The senate would not execute his law, and the plebeians would not enlist in the next war, though the senate threatened to cut down the fruit trees and destroy the crops of every man who refused to join the army. When they were absolutely driven into the ranks, they even refused to draw their swords in face of the enemy, and would not gain a victory lest their consul should have the honor of it.

This consul's name was *Kæso Fabius*. He belonged to a very clever

wary family, whose name it was said was originally *Foveus* (ditch), because they had first devised a plan of snaring wolves in pits or ditches. They were thought such excellent defenders of the claims of the patricians, that for seven years following, one or other of the Fabii was chosen consul. But by and by they began either to see that the plebeians had rights, or



DEFEAT OF THE FABIANS.

that they should do best by siding with them, for they went over to them; and when Kæso next was consul he did all he could to get the laws of Cassius carried out, but the senate were furious with him, and he found it was not safe to stay in Rome when his consulate was over. So he resolved at any rate to do good to his country. The Etruscans often came over the border and ravaged the country; but there was a watch-tower on the banks of the little river Cremera, which flows into the Tiber, and Fabius offered, with all the men of his name—three hundred and six in number, and four thousand clients—to keep guard there against the enemy. For some time they prospered there, and gained much spoil from the Etruscans; but at last the whole Etruscan army came against them, showing only a

small number at first to tempt them out to fight, then falling on them with the whole force and killing the whole of them, so that of the whole name there remained only one boy of fourteen who had been left behind at Rome. And, what was worse, the consul, Titus Menenius, was so near with the army that he could have saved the Fabii, but for the hatred the patricians bore them as deserters from their cause.

However, the tribune Publilius gained for the plebeians that there should be five tribunes instead of two, and made a change in the manner of electing them which prevented the patricians from interfering. Also it was decreed that to interrupt a tribune in a public speech deserved death. But whenever an Appius Claudius was consul he took his revenge, and was cruelly severe, especially in the camp, where the consul as general had much more power than in Rome. Again the angry plebeians would not fight, but threw down their arms in sight of the enemy. Claudius scourged and beheaded; they endured grimly and silently, knowing that when he returned to Rome and his consulate was over, their tribunes would call him to account. And so they did, and before all the tribes of Rome summoned him to answer for his savage treatment of free Roman citizens. He made a violent answer, but he saw how it would go with him, and put himself to death to avoid the sentence. So were the Romans proving again and again the truth of Agrippa's parable, that nothing can go well with body or members unless each will be ready to serve the other.



CHAPTER IX.

CORIOLANUS AND CINCINNATUS.

B.C. 458.



ALL the time these struggles were going on between the patricians and the plebeians at home, there were wars with the neighboring tribes, the Volscians, the Veians, the Latins, and the Etruscans. Every spring the fighting men went out, attacked their neighbors, drove off their cattle, and tried to take some town; then fought a battle, and went home to reap the harvest, gather the grapes and olives in the autumn, and attend to public business and vote for the magistrates in the winter. They were small wars, but famous men fought in them. In a war against the Volscians, when Cominius was consul, he was besieging a city called Corioli, when news came that the men of Antium were marching against him, and in their first attack on the walls the Romans were beaten off, but a gallant young patrician, descended from the king Ancus Marcius, Caius Marcius by name, rallied them and led them back with such spirit that the place was taken before the hostile army came up; then he fought among the foremost and gained the victory. When he was brought to the consul's tent covered with wounds, Cominius did all he could to show his gratitude—set on the young man's head the crown of victory, gave him the surname of Coriolanus in honor of his exploits, and granted him the tenth part of the spoil and ten prisoners. Of them, however, Coriolanus only accepted one, an old friend of his family, whom he set at liberty at once. Afterward, when there was a great famine in Rome, Coriolanus led an expedition to Antium, and brought away quantities of corn and cattle, which he distributed freely, keeping none for himself.

But though he was so free of hand, Coriolanus was a proud, shy man, who would not make friends with plebeians, and whom the tribunes hated as much as he despised them. He was elected consul, and the tribunes refused to permit him to become one; and when a shipload of wheat arrived from Sicily, there was a fierce quarrel as to how it should be distributed. The tribunes impeached him before the people for withholding it from them, and by the vote of the large number of citizens he was banished from Roman lands. His anger was great, but quiet. He went without a word

away from the Forum to his house, where he took leave of his mother Veturia, his wife Volumnia, and his little children, and then went and placed himself by the hearth of Tullus the Volscian chief, in whose army he meant to fight to revenge himself upon his countrymen.

Together they advanced upon the Roman territory, and after ravaging the country threatened to besiege Rome. Men of rank came out and entreated him to give up this wicked and cruel vengeance, and to have pity on his friends and native city; but he answered that the Volscians were now his nation, and nothing would move him. At last, however, all the women of Rome came forth, headed by his mother Veturia and his wife Volumnia, each with a little child, and Veturia entreated and commanded her son in the most touching manner to change his purpose and cease to ruin his country, begging him, if he meant to destroy Rome, to begin by slaying her. She threw herself at his feet as she spoke, and his hard spirit gave way. "Ah! mother, what is it you do?" he cried, as he lifted her up. "Thou hast saved Rome, but lost thy son."

And so it proved, for when he had broken up his camp and returned to the Volscian territory till the senate should recall him as they promised, Tullus, angry and disappointed, stirred up a tumult, and he was killed by the people before he could be sent for to Rome. A temple to "Women's Good Speed" was raised on the spot where Veturia knelt to him.

Another very proud patrician family was the Quinctian. The father, Lucius Quinctius, was called Cincinnatus, from his long flowing curls of hair. He was the ablest man among the Romans, but stern and grave, and his eldest son Cæso was charged by the tribunes with a murder and fled the country. Soon after there was a great inroad of the Æqui and Volscians, and the Romans found themselves in great danger. They saw no one could save them but Cincinnatus; so they met in haste and chose him Dictator, though he was not present. Messengers were sent to his little farm on the Tiber, and there they found him holding the stilts of the plough. When they told their errand, he turned to his wife, who was helping him, and said, "Racilia, fetch me my toga;" then he washed his face and hands, and was saluted as Dictator. A boat was ready to take him to Rome, and, as he landed, he was met by the four-and-twenty lictors belonging to the two consuls, and escorted to his dwelling. In the morning he named as general of the cavalry Lucius Tarquinius, a brave old patrician who had become too poor even to keep a horse. Marching out at the head of all the men who could bear arms, he thoroughly routed the Æqui, and then resigned his dictatorship at the end of sixteen days. Nor would he accept any of the spoil, but went back to his plough, his only reward being that his son was forgiven and recalled from banishment.

These are the grand old stories that came down from old time, but how

much is true no one can tell, and there is reason to think that, though the leaders like Cincinnatus and Coriolanus might be brave, the Romans were really pressed hard by the Volscians and Æqui, and lost a good deal of ground, though they were too proud to own it. No wonder, while the two orders of the state were always pulling different ways. However, the tribune Icilius succeeded in the year 454 in getting the Aventine Hill granted to the plebeians; and they had another champion called Lucius Sicinius Dentatus, who was so brave that he was called the Roman Achilles. He had received no less than forty-five wounds in different fights before he



THE CITY OF THE VOLSCIANS.

was fifty-eight years old, and had had fourteen civic crowns. For the Romans gave an oak-leaf wreath, which they called a civic crown, to a man who saved the life of a fellow-citizen, and a mural crown to him who first scaled the walls of a besieged city. And when a consul had gained a great victory, he had what was called a triumph. He was drawn in his chariot into the city, his victorious troops marching before him with their spears waving with laurel boughs, a wreath of laurel was on his head, his little children sat with him in the chariot, and the spoil of the enemy was carried along. All the people decked their houses and came forth rejoicing in holiday array, while he proceeded to the Capitol to sacrifice an ox to Jupiter there. His chief prisoners walked behind his car in chains, and at the

moment of his sacrifice they were taken to a cell below the Capitol and there put to death, for the Roman was cruel in his joy. Nothing was more desired than such a triumph; but such was often the hatred between the plebeians and the patricians, that sometimes the plebeian army would stop short in the middle of a victorious campaign to hinder their consul from having a triumph. Even Sicinius is said once to have acted thus, and it began to be plain that Rome must fall if it continued to be thus divided against itself.

CHAPTER X.

THE DECEMVIRS.

B.C. 450.



THE Romans began to see what mischiefs their quarrels did, and they agreed to send three of their best and wisest men to Greece to study the laws of Solon at Athens, and report whether any of them could be put in force at Rome.

To get the new code of laws which they brought home put in working order, it was agreed for the time to have no consuls, prætors, nor tribunes, but ten governors, perhaps in imitation of the nine Athenian archons. They were called Decemvirs (*decem*, ten; *vir*, a man), and at their head was

Lucius Appius Claudius, the grandson of him who had killed himself to avoid being condemned for his harshness. At first they governed well, and a very good set of laws was drawn up, which the Romans called the Laws of the Ten Tables; but Appius soon began to give way to the pride of his nature, and made himself hated. There was a war with the Æqui, in which the Romans were beaten. Old Sicinius Dentatus said it was owing to bad management, and, as he had been in one hundred and twenty battles, everybody believed him. Thereupon Appius Claudius sent for him, begged for his advice, and asked him to join the army that he might assist the commanders. They received him warmly, and, when he advised them to move their camp, asked him to go and choose a place, and sent a guard with him of one hundred men. But these were really wretches instructed to kill him, and as soon as he was in a narrow rocky pass they set upon him. The brave old warrior set his back against a rock and fought so fiercely that he killed many, and the rest durst not

come near him, but climbed up the rock and crushed him with stones rolled down on his head. Then they went back with a story that they had been attacked by the enemy, which was believed, till a party went out to bury the dead, and found there were only Roman corpses all lying round the crushed body of Sicinius, and that none were stripped of their armor or clothes. Then the true history was found out; but the Decemvirs sheltered the commanders, and would believe nothing against them.

Appius Claudius soon after did what horrified all honest men even more than this treachery to the brave old soldier. The Forum was not only the place of public assembly for state affairs, but the regular market-place, where there were stalls and booths for all the wares that Romans dealt in—meat stalls, wool shops, stalls where wine was sold in earthenware jars or leathern bottles, and even booths where reading and writing was taught to boys and girls, who would learn by tracing letters on the sand, and then by writing them with an iron pen on a waxen table in a frame, or with a reed upon parchment. The children of each family came escorted by a slave—the girls by their nurse, the boys by one called a pedagogue.

Appius, when going to his judgment-seat across the Forum, saw at one of these schools a girl of fifteen reading her lesson. She was so lovely that he asked her nurse who she was, and heard that her name was Virginia, and that she was the daughter of an honorable plebeian and brave centurion named Virginius, who was absent with the army fighting with the Æqui, and that she was to marry a young man named Icilius as soon as the campaign was over. Appius would gladly have married her himself, but there was a patrician law against wedding plebeians, and he wickedly determined that if he could not have her for his wife he would have her for his slave.

There was one of his clients named Marcus Claudius, whom he paid to get up a story that Virginius' wife Numitoria, who was dead, had never had any child at all, but had bought a baby of one of his slaves and had deceived her husband with it, and thus that poor Virginia was really his slave. As the maiden was reading at her school, this wretch and a band of fellows like him seized upon her, declaring that she was his property, and that he would carry her off. There was a great uproar, and she was dragged as far as Appius' judgment-seat; but by that time her faithful nurse had called the poor girl's uncle Numitorius, who could answer for it that she was really his sister's child. But Appius would not listen to him, and all that he could gain was that judgment should not be given in the matter until Virginius should have been fetched from the camp.

Virginius had set out from the camp with Icilius before the messengers of Appius had reached the generals with orders to stop him, and he came to the Forum leading his daughter by the hand, weeping, and attended by a great many ladies. Claudius brought his slave, who made false oath that

she had sold her child to Numitoria; while, on the other hand, all the kindred of Virginius and his wife gave such proof of the contrary as any honest judge would have thought sufficient, but Appius chose to declare that the truth was with his client. There was a great murmur of all the people, but he frowned at them, and told them he knew of their meetings, and that there were soldiers in the Capitol ready to punish them, so they must stand back and not hinder a master from recovering his slave.



DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

Virginius took his poor daughter in his arms as if to give her a last embrace, and drew her close to the stall of a butcher where lay a great knife. He wiped her tears, kissed her, and saying, "My own dear little girl, there is no way but this," he snatched up the knife and plunged it into her heart, then drawing it out he cried, "By this blood, Appius, I devote thy blood to the infernal gods."

He could not reach Appius, but the lictors could not seize him, and he mounted his horse and galloped back to the army, four hundred men following him, and he arrived, still holding the knife. Every soldier who heard

the story resolved no longer to bear with the Decemvirs, but to march back to the city at once and insist on the old government being restored. The Decemvir generals tried to stop them, but they only answered, "We are men with swords in our hands." At the same time there was such a tumult in the city, that Appius was forced to hide himself in his own house while Virginia's corpse was carried on a bier through the streets, and every one laid garlands, scarfs, and wreaths of their own hair upon it. When the troops arrived, they and the people joined in demanding that the Decemvirs should be given up to them to be burnt alive, and that the old magistrates should be restored. However, two patricians, Lucius Valerius and Marcus Horatius, were able so to arrange matters that the nine comparatively innocent Decemvirs were allowed to depose themselves, and Appius only was sent to prison, where he killed himself rather than face the trial that awaited him. The new code of laws, however, remained, but consuls, prætors, tribunes, and all the rest of the magistrates were restored, and in the year 445 a law was passed which enabled patricians and plebeians to intermarry.

CHAPTER XI.

CAMILLUS' BANISHMENT.

B. C. 390.



HE wars with the Etruscans went on, and chiefly with the city of Veii, which stood on a hill twelve miles from Rome, and was altogether thirty years at war with it. At last the Romans made up their minds that, instead of going home every harvest-time to gather in their crops, they must watch the city constantly till they could take it; and thus, as the besiegers were unable to do their own work, pay was raised for them to enable them to get it done, and this was the beginning of paying armies.

The siege of Veii lasted ten years, and during the last the Alban lake filled to an unusual height, although the summer was very dry. One of the Veian soldiers cried out to the Romans half in jest, "You will never take Veii till the Alban lake is dry." It turned out that there was an old tradition that Veii should fall when the lake was drained. On this the senate sent orders to have canals dug to carry the waters to the sea, and these still remain. Still Veii held out, and to finish the war a dictator was appointed,



APOLLO AND THE MUSES.

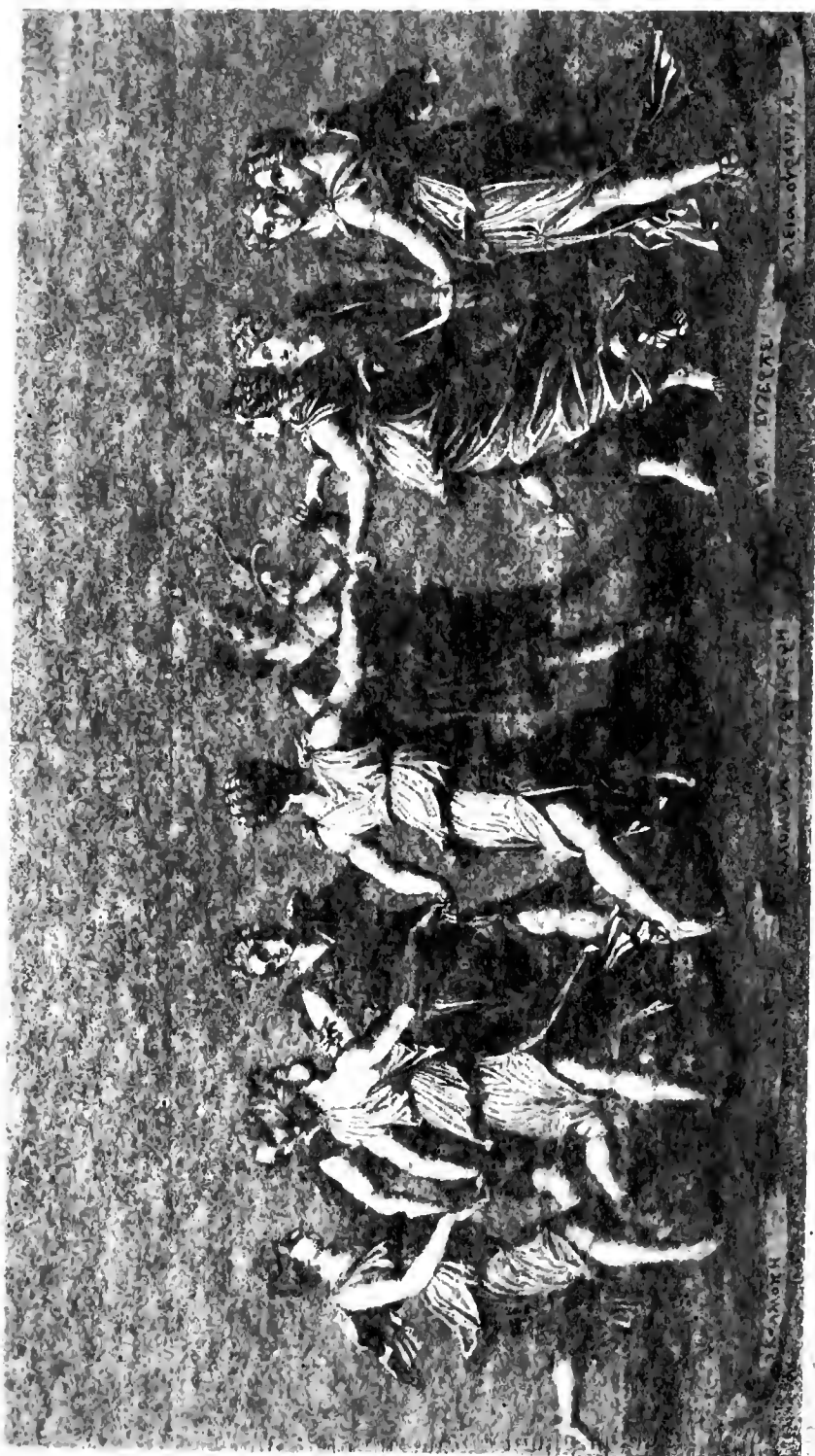
Fal. Pitta.
Florence.

Marcus Furius Camillus, who chose for his second name the name of one of the most virtuous families in Rome, as their surname (which) Publius Cornelius, called Scipio, or the Staff, because either he or one of his two fathers had been the staff of his father's old age. Camillus took the city by assault, with an immense quantity of spoil, which was the glory of the soldiers.

Camillus in his pride took to himself at his triumph honours that had hitherto only been paid to the gods. He had his face painted with vermilion and his ear drawn by milk-white-horses. This shocked the people, and he gave greater offence by declaring that he had vowed a tenth part of the spoil to Apollo, but had forgotten it in the division of the plunder, and now must take it again. The soldiers would not consent, but, lest the god should be angry with them, it was resolved to send a gold vase to his temple at Delphi. All the women of Rome brought their jewels, and the senate rewarded them by a decree that funeral speeches might be made over their graves as over those of men, and likewise that they might be driven in chariots to the public games.

Camillus commanded in another war with the Falisci, also an Etruscan race, and laid siege to their city. The sons of almost all the chief families were in charge of a sort of schoolmaster, who taught them both rowing and all kinds of exercises. One day this man, pretending to take the boys out walking, led them all into the enemy's camp, to the tent of Camillus, where he told that he brought them all, and with them the place, so that the Romans had only to threaten their lives to make their fathers deliver up the city. Camillus, however, was so shocked at such perfidy, that he immediately bade the liegers strip the fellows instantly and give the rods with which to scourge him back into the town. Their fathers were so grateful that they made peace at once, and about the same time the Latin were also conquered; and the commons and open lands belonging to them being divided, so that each Roman freeman had six acres, the plebeians were contented for the time.

The truth seems to have been that these Etruscan nations were weak, not by a great new nation coming on them from the North. They were what the Romans called Galli or Gauls, one of the great races of the old world which has always been finding its way westward into Europe, and they had their home north of the Alps, but they were always passing on and on, and had long since made settlements in northern Italy. They were fierce, each obedient to one chief as a father, and joining together in one league. They had lands to which whole families had a common right, and when their numbers outgrew what the land could maintain, the bold young men would set off with their wives, children, and cattle to find new homes. The Greeks and Romans themselves had begun first in the same way, and such tribes,



APOLLO AND THE MUSICS.

Pal. Pitti.
Florence

Marcus Furius Camillus, who chose for his second in command a man of one of the most virtuous families in Rome, as their surname testified, Publius Cornelius, called Scipio, or the Staff, because either he or one of his forefathers had been the staff of his father's old age. Camillus took the city by assault, with an immense quantity of spoil, which was divided among the soldiers.

Camillus in his pride took to himself at his triumph honors that had hitherto only been paid to the gods. He had his face painted with vermilion and his car drawn by milk-white-horses. This shocked the people, and he gave greater offence by declaring that he had vowed a tenth part of the spoil to Apollo, but had forgotten it in the division of the plunder, and now must take it again. The soldiers would not consent, but, lest the god should be angry with them, it was resolved to send a gold vase to his oracle at Delphi. All the women of Rome brought their jewels, and the senate rewarded them by a decree that funeral speeches might be made over their graves as over those of men, and likewise that they might be driven in chariots to the public games.

Camillus commanded in another war with the Falisei, also an Etruscan race, and laid siege to their city. The sons of almost all the chief families were in charge of a sort of schoolmaster, who taught them both reading and all kinds of exercises. One day this man, pretending to take the boys out walking, led them all into the enemy's camp, to the tent of Camillus, where he told that he brought them all, and with them the place, since the Romans had only to threaten their lives to make their fathers deliver up the city. Camillus, however, was so shocked at such perfidy, that he immediately bade the lictors strip the fellow instantly, and give the boys rods with which to scourge him back into the town. Their fathers were so grateful that they made peace at once, and about the same time the Æqui were also conquered; and the commons and open lands belonging to Veii being divided, so that each Roman freeman had six acres, the plebeians were contented for the time.

The truth seems to have been that these Etruscan nations were weakened by a great new nation coming on them from the North. They were what the Romans called Galli or Gauls, one of the great races of the old stock which has always been finding its way westward into Europe, and they had their home north of the Alps, but they were always pressing on and on, and had long since made settlements in northern Italy. They were in clans, each obedient to one chief as a father, and joining together in one brotherhood. They had lands to which whole families had a common right, and when their numbers outgrew what the land could maintain, the bolder ones would set off with their wives, children, and cattle to find new homes. The Greeks and Romans themselves had begun first in the same way, and their tribes,

and the claims of all to the common land, were the remains of the old way ; but they had been settled in cities so long that this had been forgotten, and they were very different people from the wild men who spoke what we call Welsh, and wore checked tartan trews and plaids, with gold collars round



CAMILLUS' BANISHMENT.

their necks, round shields, huge broadswords, and their red or black hair long and shaggy. The Romans knew little or nothing about what passed beyond their own Apennines, and went on with their own quarrels. Camillus was accused of having taken more than his proper share of the spoil of Veii, in especial a brass door from a temple. His friends offered to pay any fine that might be laid on him, but he was too proud to stand his trial, and chose rather to leave Rome. As he passed the gates, he turned round and called upon the gods to bring Rome to speedy repentance for having driven him away.

Even then the Gauls were in the midst of a war with Clusium, the city of Porsena, and the inhabitants sent to beg help of the Romans, and the

senate sent three young brothers of the Fabian family to try to arrange matters. They met the Gaulish Bran or chief, whom Latin authors call Brennus, and asked him what was his quarrel with Clusium or his right to any part of Etruria. Brennus answered that his right was his sword, and that all things belonged to the brave, and that his quarrel with the men of



VESTAL VIRGINS SERVING IN THE TEMPLE.

Clusium was, that though they had more land than they could till, they would not yield him any. As to the Romans, they had robbed their neighbors already, and had no right to find fault.

This put the Fabian brothers in a rage, and they forgot the caution of their family, as well as those rules of all nations which forbid an ambassador to fight, and also forbid his person to be touched by the enemy; and when the men of Clusium made an attack on the Gauls they joined in the attack, and Quintus, the eldest brother, slew one of the chiefs. Brennus, wild as he was, knew these laws of nations, and in great anger broke up his siege of Clusium, and, marching towards Rome, demanded that the Fabii should be given up to him. Instead of this, the Romans made them all three military tribunes, and as the Gauls came nearer the whole army marched out to

meet them in such haste that they did not wait to sacrifice to the gods nor consult the omens. The tribunes were all young and hot-headed, and they despised the Gauls; so out they went to attack them on the banks of the Allia, only seven and a half miles from Rome. A most terrible defeat they had; many fell in the field, many were killed in the flight, others were drowned in trying to swim the Tiber, others scattered to Veii and the other cities, and a few, horror-stricken and wet through, rushed into Rome with the sad tidings. There were not men enough left to defend the walls! The enemy would instantly be upon them! The only place strong enough to keep them out was the Capitol, and that would only hold a few people within it! So there was nothing for it but flight. The braver, stronger men shut themselves up in the Capitol; all the rest, with the women and children, put their most precious goods into carts and left the city. The Vestal Virgins carried the sacred fire, and were plodding along in the heat, when a plebeian named Albinus saw their state, helped them into his cart, and took them to the city of Cumæ, where they found shelter in a temple. And so Rome was left to the enemy.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SACK OF ROME.

B.C. 390.



ROME was left to the enemy, except for the small garrison in the Capitol and for eighty of the senators, men too old to flee, who devoted themselves to the gods to save the rest, and, arraying themselves in their robes—some as former consuls, some as priests, some as generals—sat down with their ivory staves in their hands, in their chairs of state in the Forum, to await the enemy.

In burst the savage Gauls, roaming all over the city till they came to the Forum, where they stood amazed and awe-struck at the sight of the eighty grand old men motionless in their chairs. At first they looked at the strange, calm figures as if they were the gods of the place, until one Gaul, as if desirous of knowing whether they were flesh and blood or not, stroked the beard of the nearest. The senator, esteeming this an insult, struck the man on the face with his staff, and this was the sign for the slaughter of them all.

Then the Gauls began to plunder every house, dragging out and killing the few inhabitants they found there; feasting, reveling, and piling up riches to carry away; burning and overthrowing the houses. Day after day the little garrison in the Capitol saw the sight, and wondered if their stock of food would hold out until the Gauls should go away or till their friends should come to their relief. Yet when the day came round for the sacrifice to the ancestor of one of these beleaguered men, he boldly went forth to the altar of his own ruined house on the Quirinal Hill, and made his offering to his forefathers, nor did one Gaul venture to touch him, seeing that he was performing a religious rite.



GAULS BURST INTO THE FORUM.

The escaped Romans had rested at Ardea, where they found Camillus, and were by him formed into an army, but he would not take the generalship without authority from what was left of the Senate, and that was shut up in the Capitol in the midst of the Gauls. A brave man, however, named Pontius Cominius, declared that he could make his way through the Gauls by night, and climb up the Capitol and down again by a precipice which they did not watch because they thought no one could mount it, and that he would bring back the orders of the Senate. He swam the Tiber by the help of corks, landed at night in ruined Rome among the sleeping enemy, and climbed up the rock, bringing hope at last to the worn-out and nearly starving garrison. Quickly they met, recalled the sentence of banishment against Camillus, and named him Dictator. Pontius, having rested in the

meantime, slid down the rock and made his way back to Ardea safely ; but the broken twigs and torn ivy on the rock showed the Gauls that it had been scaled, and they resolved that where man had gone man could go. So Brennus told off the most surefooted mountaineers he could find, and at night, two and two, they crept up the crag, so silently that no alarm was given, till, just as they came to the top, some geese that were kept as sacred to Juno, and for that reason had been spared in spite of the scarcity, began to scream and cackle, and thus brought to the spot a brave officer called Marcus Manlius, who found two Gauls in the act of setting foot on the level ground at the top. With a sweep of his sword he struck off the hand of one, and with his buckler smote the other on the head, tumbling them both headlong down, knocking down their fellows in their flight, and the Capitol was saved.

By way of reward every Roman soldier brought Manlius a few grains of the corn he received from the common stock and a few drops of wine, while the tribune who was on guard that night was thrown from the rock.

Foiled thus, and with great numbers of his men dying from the fever that always prevailed in Rome in summer, Brennus thought of retreating, and offered to leave Rome if the garrison in the Capitol would pay him a thousand pounds weight of gold. There was treasure enough in the temples to do this, and as they could not tell what Camillus was about, nor if Pontius had reached him safely, and they were on the point of being starved, they consented. The gold was brought to the place appointed by the Gauls, and when the weights proved not to be equal to the amount that the Romans had with them, Brennus, resolved to have all, put his sword into the other scale, saying, "Væ victis"—"Woe to the conquered." But at that moment there was a noise outside—Camillus was come. The Gauls were cut down and slain among the ruins, those who fled were killed by the people in the country as they wandered in the fields, and not one returned to tell the tale. So the ransom of the Capitol was rescued, and was laid up by Camillus in the vaults as a reserve for future danger.

This was the Roman story ; but their best historians say that it is made better for Rome than is quite the truth, for that the Capitol was really conquered, and the Gauls helped themselves to whatever they chose and went off with it, though sickness and weariness made them afterward disperse, so that they were mostly cut off by the country people.

Every old record had been lost and destroyed, so that, before this, Roman history can only be hearsay, derived from what the survivors recollected ; and the whole of the buildings, temples, senate-house, and dwellings lay in ruins. Some of the citizens wished to change the site of the city to Veii ; but Camillus, who was Dictator, was resolved to hold fast by the hearths of their fathers, and while the debate was going on in the ruins of the senate-

house a troop of soldiers were marching in, and the centurion was heard calling out, "Plant your ensign here; this is a good place to stay in." "A happy omen," cried one of the senators; "I adore the gods who gave it." So it was settled to rebuild the city, and in digging among the ruins there were found the golden rod of Romulus, the brazen tables on which the Laws



CAMILLUS FOILS BRENNUS.

of the Twelve Tables were engraved, and other brasses with records of treaties with other nations. Fabius was accused of having done all the harm by having broken the law of nations, but he was spared at the entreaty of his friends. Manlius was surnamed Capitolinus, and had a house granted him on the Capitol; and Camillus, when he laid down his dictatorship, was saluted as like Romulus—another founder of Rome.

The new buildings were larger and more ornamented than the old ones; but the lines of the old underground drains, built in the mighty Etruscan fashion by the elder Tarquin as it was said, were not followed, and this tended to render Rome more unhealthy, so that few of her richer citizens lived there in summer or autumn, but went out to country houses on the hills.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PLEBEIAN CONSULATE.

B. C. 337.



ALL the old enemies of Rome attacked her again when she was weak and rising out of her ruins, but Camillus had wisely persuaded the Romans to add the people of Veii, Capena, and Falerii to the number of their citizens, making four more tribes; and this addition to their numbers helped them to beat off their foes.

But this enlarged the number of the plebeians, and enabled them to make their claims more heard. Moreover, the old quarrel between poor and rich, debtor and creditor, broke out again. Those who had saved their treasures in the time of the sack had made loans to those who had lost to enable them to build their houses and stock their farms again, and after a time they called loudly for payment, and when it was not forthcoming had the debtors seized to be sold as slaves. Camillus himself was one of the hardest creditors of all, and the barracks where slaves were placed to be sold were full of citizens.

Marcus Manlius Capitolinus was full of pity, and raised money to redeem four hundred of them, trying with all his might to get the law changed and to save the rest; but the rich men and the patricians thought he acted only out of jealousy of Camillus, and to get up a party for himself. They said he was raising a sedition, and Publius Cornelius Cossus was named Dictator to put it down. Manlius was seized and put into chains, but released again. At last the rich men bought over two of the tribunes to accuse him of wanting to make himself a king, and this hated title turned all the people against their friend, so that the general cry sentenced him to be cast down from the top of the Tarpeian rock; his house on the Capitol was overthrown, and his family declared that no son of their house should ever again bear the name of Manlius.

Yet the plebeians were making their way, and at last succeeded in gaining the plebeian magistracies and equal honors with the patricians. A curious story is told of the cause of the last effort which gained the day. A patrician named Fabius Ambustus had two daughters, one of whom he gave in marriage to Servius Sulpicius, a patrician and military tribune, the other to Licinius Stolo. One day, when Stolo's wife was visiting her sister, there was a great noise and thundering at the gates which frightened her, until the other Fabii said it was only her husband coming home from the Forum attended by his lictors and clients, laughing at her ignorance and alarm, until a whole troop of the clients came in to pay their court to the tribune's wife.

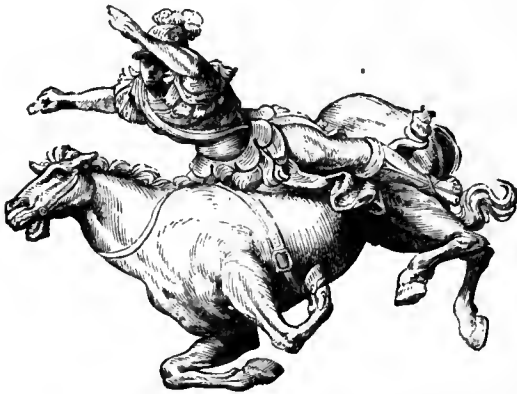


GAULS.

Stolo's wife went home angry and vexed, and reproached her husband and her father for not having made her equal with her sister, and so wrought on them that they put themselves at the head of the movement in favor of the plebeians; and Licinius and another young plebeian named Lucius Sextius, being elected year after year tribunes of the people, went on every time saying *Veto* to whatever was proposed by anybody, and giving out that they

should go on doing so till three measures were carried—namely, that interest on a debt should not be demanded; that no citizen should possess more than three hundred and twenty acres of the public land, or feed more than a certain quantity of cattle on the public pastures; and, lastly, that one of the two consuls should always be a plebeian.

They went on for eight years, always elected by the people and always stopping everything. At last there was another inroad of the Gauls expected, and Camillus, though eighty years old, was for the fifth time chosen Dictator, and gained a great victory upon the banks of the Anio. The Senate begged him to continue Dictator till he could set their affairs to rights, and he vowed to build a temple to Concord if he could succeed. He saw indeed that it was time to yield, and persuaded the Senate to think so; so that at last, in the year 367, Sextius was elected consul, together with a patrician, Æmilius. Even then the Senate would not receive Sextius till he was introduced by Camillus. From this time the patricians and plebeians were on an equal footing as far as regarded the magistracies, but the priesthood could belong only to the patricians. Camillus lived to a great age, and was honored as having three times saved his country. He died at last of a terrible pestilence which raged in Rome in the year 365.



CURTIVS LEAPING INTO THE GULF.

The priests recommended that they should invite the players from Etruria to perform a drama in honor of the feats of the gods, and this was the beginning of play-acting in Rome.

Not long after there yawned a terrible chasm in the Forum, most likely from an earthquake, but nothing seemed to fill it up, and the priests and augurs consulted their oracles about it. These made answer that it would only close on receiving of what was most precious. Gold and jewels were thrown in, but it still seemed bottomless, and at last the augurs declared that it was courage that was the most precious thing in Rome. Thereupon a patrician youth named Marcus Curtius decked himself in his choicest robes, put on his armor, took his shield, sword, and spear, mounted his horse, and leapt headlong into the gulf, thus giving it the most precious of all things, courage and self-devotion. After this one story says it closed of itself, another that it became easy to fill it up with earth.

The Romans thought that such a sacrifice must please the gods and

bring them success in their battles; but in the war with the Hernici that was now being waged the plebeian consul was killed, and no doubt there was much difficulty in getting the patricians to obey a plebeian properly, for in the course of the next twenty years it was necessary fourteen times to appoint a Dictator for the defence of the state, so that it is plain there must have been many alarms and much difficulty in enforcing discipline; but, on the whole, success was with Rome, and the neighboring tribes grew weaker.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DEVOTION OF DECIUS.

B.C. 357.



THER tribes of the Gauls did not fail to come again and make fresh inroads on the valleys of the Tiber and Anio. Whenever they came, instead of only choosing men from the tribes to form an army, as in a war with their neighbors, all the fighting men of the nation turned out to oppose them, generally under a Dictator.

In one of these wars the Gauls came within three miles of Rome, and the two hosts were encamped on the banks of the Anio, with a bridge between them. Along this bridge strutted an enormous Gallic chief, much taller than any of the Romans, boasting himself, and calling on any one of them to come out and fight with him. Again it was a Manlius who distinguished himself. Titus, a young man of that family, begged the Dictator's permission to accept the challenge, and, having gained it, he changed his round knight's shield for the square one of the foot soldiers, and with his short sword came forward on the bridge. The Gaul made a sweep at him with his broadsword, but, slipping within the guard, Manlius stabbed the giant in two places, and as he fell cut off his head, and took the torc, or broad twisted gold collar that was the mark of all Gallic chieftains. Thence the brave youth was called Titus Manlius Torquatus—a surname to make up for that of Capitolinus, which had never been used again.

The next time the Gauls came, Marcus Valerius, a descendant of the old hero Publicola, was consul, and gained a great victory. It was said that in the midst of the fight a monstrous raven appeared flying over his head,

resting now and then on his helmet, but generally pecking at the eyes of the Gauls and flapping its wing in their faces, so that they fled discomfited. Thence he was called *Corvus* or *Corvinus*. The Gauls never again came in such force, but a new enemy came against them, namely, the Samnites, a people who dwelt to the south of them. They were of Italian blood, mountaineers of the Southern Apennines, not unlike the Romans in habits, language, and training, and the stanchest enemies they had yet encountered. The war began from an entreaty from the people of Campania to the Romans to defend them from the attacks of the Samnites. For the Campanians, living in the rich plains, whose name is still unchanged, were an idle, languid people, whom the stout men of Samnium could easily overcome. The Romans took their part, and *Valerius Corvus* gained a victory at Mount *Gaurus*; but the other consul, *Cornelius Cossus*, fell into danger, having marched foolishly into a forest, shut in by mountains, and with only one way out through a deep valley, which was guarded by the Samnites. In this almost hopeless danger one of the military tribunes, *Publius Decius Mus*, discovered a little hill above the enemy's camp, and asked leave to lead a small body of men to seize it, since he would be likely thus to draw off the Samnites, and while they were destroying him, as he fully expected, the Romans could get out of the valley. Hidden by the wood, he gained the hill, and there the Samnites saw him, to their great amazement; and while they were considering whether to attack him, the other Romans were able to march out of the valley. Finding he was not attacked, *Decius* set guards, and, when night came on, marched down again as quietly as possible to join the army, who were now on the other side of the Samnite camp. Through the midst of this he and his little troop went without alarm, until, about half-way across, one Roman struck his foot against a shield. The noise awoke the Samnites, but *Decius* caused his men to give a great shout, and this, in the darkness, so confused the enemy that they missed the little body of Romans, who safely gained their own camp. *Decius* cut short the thanks and joy of the consul by advising him to fall at once on the Samnite camp in its dismay, and this was done; the Samnites were entirely routed, thirty thousand killed, and their camp taken. *Decius* received for his reward a hundred oxen, a white bull with gilded horns, and three crowns—one of gold for courage, one of oak for having saved the lives of his fellow-citizens, and one of grass for having taken the enemy's camp—while all his men were for life to receive a double allowance of corn. *Decius* offered up the white bull in sacrifice to *Mars*, and gave the oxen to the companions of his glory.

Afterward *Valerius* routed the Samnites again, and his troops brought in one hundred and twenty standards and forty thousand shields which they had picked up, having been thrown away by the enemy in their flight.

Peace was made for the time; but the Latins, now in alliance with Rome, began to make war on the Samnites. They complained, and the Romans feeling bound to take their part, a great Latin war began. Manlius Torquatus and Decius Mus, the two greatest heroes of Rome, were consuls. As the Latins and Romans were alike in dress, arms, and language, in order to prevent taking friend for foe, strict orders were given that no one should



TITUS MANLIUS CONDEMNS HIS SON.

attack a Latin without orders, or go out of his rank, on pain of death. A Latin champion came out boasting, as the two armies lay beneath Mount Vesuvius, then a fair vine-clad hill showing no flame. Young Manlius, remembering his father's fame, darted out, fought hand to hand with the Latin, slew him, and brought home his spoils to his father's feet. He had forgotten that his father had only fought after permission was given. The elder Manlius received him with stern grief. He had broken the law of

discipline, and he must die. His head was struck off amid the grief and anger of the army. The battle was bravely fought, but it went against the Romans at first. Then Decius, recollecting a vision which had declared that a consul must devote himself for his country, called on Valerius, the Pontifex Maximus, to dedicate him. He took off his armor, put on his purple toga, covered his head with a veil, and, standing on a spear, repeated the words of consecration after Valerius, then mounted his horse and rode in among the Latins. They at first made way, but presently closed in and overwhelmed him with a shower of darts; and thus he gave for his country the life he had once offered for it.

The victory was won, and was so followed up that the Latins were forced to yield to Rome. Some of the cities retained their own laws and magistrates, but others had Romans with their families settled in them, and were called colonies, while the Latin people themselves became Roman citizens in everything but the power of becoming magistrates or voting for them; being, in fact, very much what the earliest plebeians had been before they acquired any rights.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SAMNITE WARS.



N the year 332, just when Alexander the Great was making his conquests in the East, his uncle Alexander, king of Epirus, brother to his mother Olympius, came to Italy, where there were so many Grecian citizens south of the Samnites that the foot of Italy was then called Magna Græcia, or Greater Greece. He attacked the Samnites, and the Romans were not sorry to see them weakened, and made an alliance with him. He stayed in Italy about six years, and was then killed.

To overthrow the Samnites was the great object of Rome at this time, and for this purpose they offered their protection and alliance to all the cities that stood in dread of that people. One of the cities was founded by men from the isle of Eubœa, who called it Neapolis, or the New City, to distinguish it from the old town near at hand, which they called Palæopolis, or the Old City. The elder city held out against the Romans, but was easily overpowered, while the new one submitted to Rome; but these southern people were very shallow and fickle, and little to be depended on, as they often changed sides between the Romans and Samnites. In the

midst of the siege of Palæopolis, the year of the consulate came to an end; but the Senate, while causing two consuls as usual to be elected at home, would not recall Publilius Philo from the siege, and therefore appointed him proconsul there. This was in 326, and was the beginning of the custom of sending the ex-consul as proconsul to command the armies or govern the provinces at a distance from home.

In 320, the consul falling sick, a dictator was appointed, Lucius Papirius Cursor, one of the most stern and severe men in Rome. He was obliged by some religious ceremony to return to Rome for a time, and he forbade his



ROMANS HUMBLD IN THE PASS OF CANDIUM.

lieutenant, Quintus Fabius Rullianus, to venture a battle in his absence. But so good an opportunity offered that Fabius attacked the enemy, beat them, and killed twenty thousand men. Then selfishly unwilling to have the spoils he had won carried in the dictator's triumph, he burnt them all. Papirius arrived in great anger, and sentenced him to death for his disobedience; but while the lictors were stripping him, he contrived to escape from their hands among the soldiers, who closed on him, so that he was able to get to Rome, where his father called the Senate together, and they showed themselves so resolved to save his life that Papirius was forced to pardon

him, though not without reproaching the Romans for having fallen from the stern justice of Brutus and Manlius.

Two years later the two consuls, Titus Veturius and Spurius Posthumius, were marching into Campania, when the Samnite commander, Pontius Herennius, sent forth people disguised as shepherds to entice them into a narrow mountain pass near the city of Candium, shut in by thick woods, leading into a hollow curved valley, with thick brushwood on all sides, and only one way out, which the Samnites blocked up with trunks of trees. As soon as the Romans were within this place the other end was blocked in the same way, and thus they were all closed up at the mercy of their enemies.

What was to be done with them? asked the Samnites; and they went to consult old Herennius, the father of Pontius, the wisest man in the nation. "Open the way and let them all go free," he said.

"What! without gaining any advantage?"

"Then kill them all."

He was asked to explain such extraordinary advice. He said that to release them generously would be to make them friends and allies for ever; but if the war was to go on, the best thing for Samnium would be to destroy such a number of enemies at a blow. But the Samnites could not resolve upon either plan; so they took a middle course, the worst of all, since it only made the Romans furious without weakening them. They were made to take off all their armor and lay down their weapons, and thus to pass out under the yoke, namely, three spears set up like a doorway. The consuls, after agreeing to a disgraceful peace, had to go first, wearing only their undermost garment, then all the rest, two and two, and if any one of them gave an angry look, he was immediately knocked down and killed. They went on in silence into Campania, where, when night came on, they all threw themselves, half-naked, silent, and hungry, upon the grass. The people of Capua came out to help them, and brought them food and clothing, trying to do them all honor and comfort them, but they would neither look up nor speak. And thus they went on to Rome, where everybody had put on mourning, all the ladies went without their jewels, and the shops in the Forum were closed. The unhappy men stole into their houses at night one by one, and the consuls would not resume their office, but two were appointed to serve instead for the rest of the year.

Revenge was all that was thought of, but the difficulty was the peace to which the consuls had sworn. Posthumius said that if it was disavowed by the Senate, he, who had been driven to make it, must be given back to the Samnites. So, with his hands tied, he was taken back to the Samnite camp by a herald and delivered over; but at that moment Posthumius gave the herald a kick, crying out, "I am now a Samnite, and have insulted you, a Roman herald. This is a just cause of war." Pontius and the Samnites

were very angry, and they said it was an unworthy trick ; but they did not prevent Posthumius from going safely back to the Romans, who considered him to have quite retrieved his honor.

A battle was fought, in which Pontius and seven thousand men were forced to lay down their arms and pass under the yoke in their turn. The struggle between these two fierce nations lasted altogether seventy years, and the Romans had many defeats. They had other wars at the same time. They never subdued Etruria, and in the battle of Sentinum, fought with the Gauls, the consul, Decius Mus, devoted himself exactly as his father had done at Vesuvius, and by his death won the victory.

The Samnite wars may be considered as ending in 290, when the chief general of Samnium, Pontius Telesimus, was made prisoner and put to death at Rome. The lands in the open country were quite subdued, but many Samnites still lived in the fastnesses of the Apennines in the south, which have ever since been the haunt of wild untamed men.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WAR WITH PYRRHUS.

280—271.



N the Grecian History you remember that Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, the kinsman of Alexander the Great, made an expedition to Italy. This was the way it came about. The city of Tarentum was a Spartan colony at the head of the gulf that bears its name. It was as proud as its parent, but had lost all the grave sternness of manners, and was as idle and fickle as the other places in that languid climate. The Tarentines first maltreated some Roman ships which put into their gulf, and then insulted the ambassador who was sent to complain. Then when the terrible Romans were found to be really coming to revenge their honor, the Tarentines took fright, and sent to beg Pyrrhus to come to their aid.

He readily accepted the invitation, and, coming to Italy with twenty-eight thousand men and twenty elephants, hoped to conquer the whole country ; but he found the Tarentines not to be trusted, and soon weary of entertaining him, while they could not keep their promises of aid from the

other Greeks of Italy. The Romans marched against him, and there was a great battle on the banks of the river Siris, where the fighting was very hard; but when the elephants charged, the Romans broke and fled, and were only saved by nightfall from being entirely destroyed. So great, however, had been Pyrrhus' loss that he said, "Such another victory, and I shall have to go back alone to Epirus."

He thought he had better treat with the Romans, and sent his favorite



PYRRHUS

counsellor Kineas to offer to make peace, provided the Romans would promise safety to his Italian allies, and presents were sent to the senators and their wives to induce them to listen favorably. People in fallen Greece expected such gifts to back a suit; but Kineas found that nobody in Rome would hear of being bribed, though many were not unwilling to make peace. Blind old Appius Claudius, who had often been consul, caused himself to be led into the Senate to oppose it, for it was hard to his pride to make peace as defeated men. Kineas was much struck with Rome, where he found a state of things like the best days of Greece, and, going back to his master, told him that the senate-house was like a temple, and those who sat there like an assembly of kings, and that he feared they were fighting with the Hydra of Lerna, for as soon as they had destroyed one Roman army another had sprung up in its place.

However, the Romans wanted to treat about the prisoners Pyrrhus had taken, and they sent Caius Fabricius to the Greek camp for the purpose. Kineas reported him to be a man of no wealth,

but esteemed as a good soldier and an honest man. Pyrrhus tried to make him take large presents, but nothing would Fabricius touch; and then, in the hope of alarming him, in the middle of a conversation the hangings of one side of the tent suddenly fell, and disclosed the biggest of all the elephants, who waved his trunk over Fabricius and trumpeted frightfully.

The Roman quietly turned round and smiled as he said to the king, "I am no more moved by your gold than by your great beast."

At supper there was a conversation on Greek philosophy, of which the Romans as yet knew nothing. When the doctrine of Epicurus was mentioned, that man's life was given to be spent in the pursuit of joy, Fabricius greatly amused the company by crying out, "O Hercules! grant that the Greeks may be heartily of this mind so long as we have to fight with them."

Pyrrhus even tried to persuade Fabricius to enter his service, but the answer was, "Sir, I advise you not; for if your people once tasted of my rule, they would all desire me to govern them instead of you." Pyrrhus consented to let the prisoners go home, but, if no peace were made, they were to return again as soon as the Saturnalia were over; and this was faithfully done. Fabricius was consul the next year, and thus received a letter from Pyrrhus' physician, offering for a reward to rid the Romans of his master by poison. The two consuls sent it to the king with the following letter:—"Caius Fabricius and Quintus Æmilius, consuls, to Pyrrhus, king, greeting. You choose your friends and foes badly. This letter will show that you make war with honest men and trust rogues and knaves. We tell you, not to win your favor, but lest your ruin might bring on us the reproach of ending the war by treachery instead of force."

Pyrrhus made enquiry, put the physician to death, and by way of acknowledgment released the captives, trying again to make peace; but the Romans would accept no terms save that he should give up the Tarentines and go back in the same ships. A battle was fought in the wood of Asculum. Decius Mus declared he would devote himself like his father and grandfather; but Pyrrhus heard of this, and sent word that he had given orders that Decius should not be killed, but taken alive and scourged; and this prevented him. The Romans were again forced back by the might of the elephants, but not till night fell on them. Pyrrhus had been wounded, and hosts of Greeks had fallen, among them many of Pyrrhus' chief friends.

He then went to Sicily, on an invitation from the Greeks settled there, to defend them from the Carthaginians; but finding them as little satisfactory as the Italian Greeks, he suddenly came back to Tarentum. This time one of the consuls was Marcus Curius—called Dentatus, because he had been born with teeth in his mouth—a stout, plain old Roman, very stern, for when he levied troops against Pyrrhus, the first man who refused to serve was punished by having his property seized and sold. He then marched southward, and at Beneventum at length entirely defeated Pyrrhus, and took four of his elephants. Pyrrhus was obliged to return to Epirus, and the Roman steadiness had won the day after nine years.

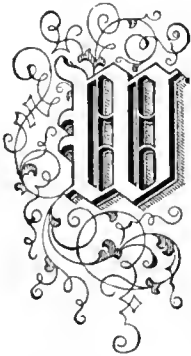
Dentatus had the grandest triumph that had ever been known at Rome, with the elephants walking in the procession, the first that the Romans had ever seen. All the spoil was given up to the commonwealth; and when, some time after, it was asserted that he had taken some for himself, it turned out that he had only kept one old wooden vessel, which he used in sacrificing to the gods.

The Greeks of Southern Italy had behaved very ill to Pyrrhus and turned against him. The Romans found them so fickle and troublesome that they were all reduced in one little war after another. The Tarentines had to surrender and lose their walls and their fleet, and so had the people of Sybaris, who have become a proverb for idleness, for they were so lazy that they were said to have killed all their cocks for waking them too early in the morning. All the peninsula of Italy now belonged to Rome, and great roads were made of paved stones connecting them with it, many of which remain till this day, even the first of all, called the Appian Way, from Rome to Capua, which was made under the direction of the censor Appius Claudius, during the Samnite war.

CHAPTER XVII.

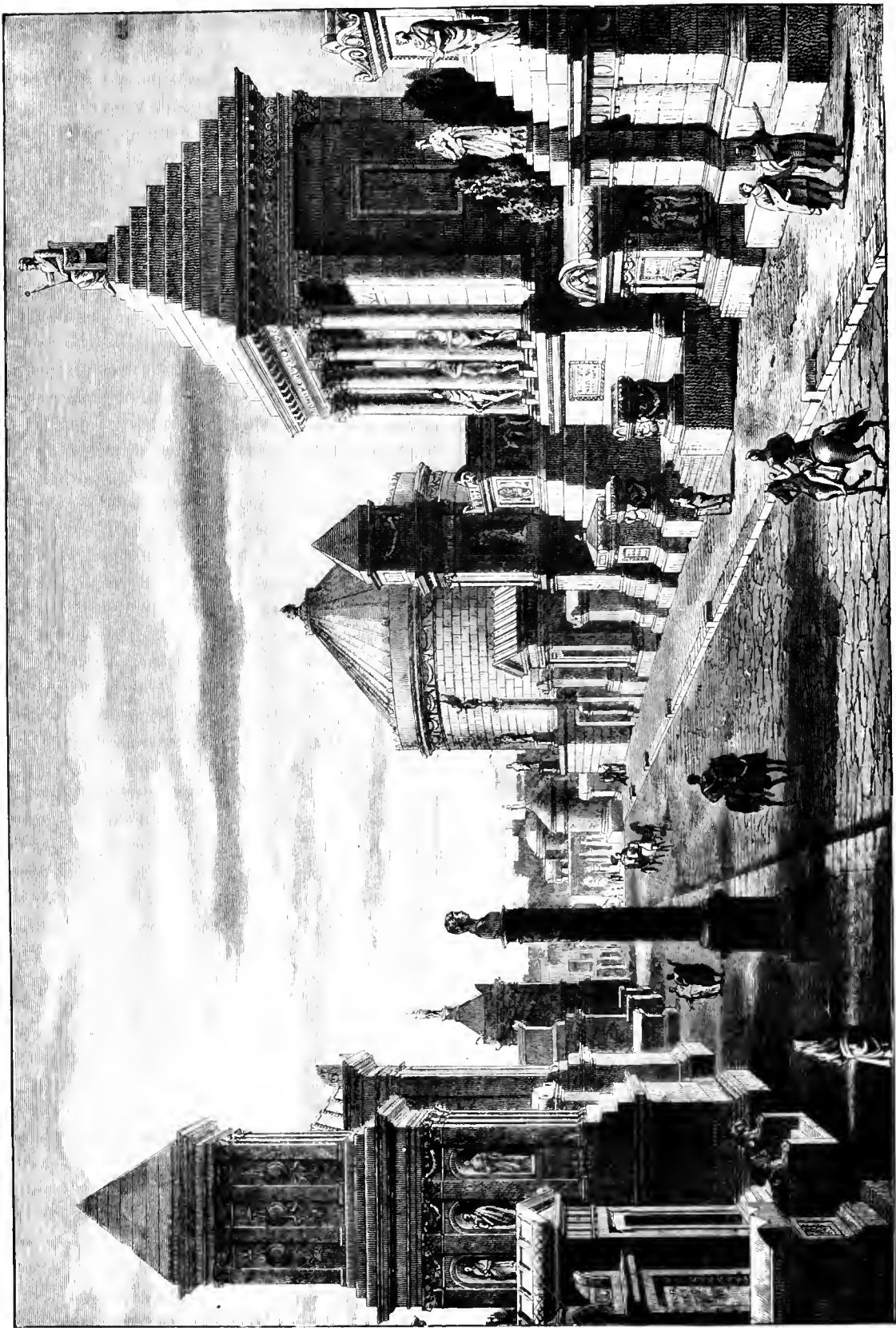
THE FIRST PUNIC WAR.

B. C. 264—240.



E are now come to the time when Rome became mixed up in wars with nations beyond Italy. There was a great settlement of the Phœnicians, the merchants of the old world, at Carthage, on the northern coast of Africa, the same place at which Virgil afterward described Æneas as spending so much time. Dido, the queen who was said to have founded Carthage when fleeing from her wicked brother-in-law at Tyre, is thought to have been an old goddess, and the religion and manners of the Carthaginians were thoroughly Phœnician, or, as the Romans called them, Punic. They had no king, but a Senate, and therewith rulers called by the name that is translated as judges in the Bible; and they did not love war, only trade, and spread out their settlements for this purpose all over the coast of the Mediterranean, from Spain to the Black Sea, wherever a country had mines, wool, dyes, spices, or men to trade with; and their sailors were the boldest to be found anywhere,





VIA APPIA, NEAR ROME.

On both sides are tombs and monuments, that of Cæcilia Metella in the middle distance. In the foreground the third milestone. (Restoration.)

and were the only ones who had passed beyond the Pillars of Hercules, namely, the Straits of Gibraltar, into the Atlantic Ocean. They built handsome cities, and country houses with farms and gardens round them, and had all tokens of wealth and luxury—ivory, jewels, and spices from India, pearls from the Persian Gulf, gold from Spain, silver from the Balearic Isles, tin from the Scilly Isles, amber from the Baltic; and they had forts to protect their settlements. They generally hired the men of the countries, where they settled, to fight their battles, sometimes under hired Greek captains, but often under generals of their own.



PHENICIAN SAILORS.

The first place where they did not have everything their own way was Sicily. The old inhabitants of the island were called Sicels, a rough people; but besides these there were a great number of Greek settlements, and also of Carthaginian ones, and these two hated one another. The Carthaginians tried to overthrow the Greeks, and Pyrrhus, by coming to help his countrymen, only made them more bitter against one another. When he went away he exclaimed, "What an arena we leave for the Romans and Carthaginians to contend upon!" so sure was he that these two great nations must soon fight out the struggle for power.

The beginning of the struggle was, however, brought on by another cause. Messina, the place founded long ago by the brave exiles of Messene, when the Spartans had conquered their state, had been seized by a troop of

Mamertines, fierce Italians from Mamertum; and these, on being threatened by Xiero, king of Syracuse, sent to offer to become subjects to the Romans, thus giving them the command of the port which secured the entrance of the island. The Senate had great scruples about accepting the offer, and supporting a set of mere robbers; but the two consuls and all the people could not withstand the temptation, and it was resolved to assist the Mamertines. Thus began what was called the First Punic War. The difficulty was, however, want of ships. The Romans had none of their own, and though they collected a few from their Greek allies in Italy, it was not in time to prevent some of the Mamertines from surrendering the citadel to Xanno, the Carthaginian general, who thought himself secure, and came down to treat with the Roman tribune Claudius, haughtily bidding the Romans no more to try to meddle with the sea, for they should not be allowed so much as to wash their hands in it. Claudius, angered at this, treacherously laid hands on Xanno, and he agreed to give up the castle on being set free; but he had better have remained a prisoner, for the Carthaginians punished him with crucifixion, and besieged Messina, but in vain.

The Romans felt that a fleet was necessary, and set to work to build war galleys on the pattern of a Carthaginian one which had been wrecked upon their coast. While a hundred ships were building, oarsmen were trained to row on dry land, and in two months the fleet put to sea. Knowing that there was no chance of their being able to fight according to the regular rules of running the beaks of their galleys into the sides of those of their enemies, they devised new plans of letting heavy weights descend on the ships of the opposite fleet, and then of letting drawbridges down by which to board them. The Carthaginians, surprised and dismayed, when thus attacked off Mylæ by the consul, Duilius, were beaten and chased to Sardinia, where their unhappy commander was nailed to a cross by his own soldiers; while Duilius not only received in Rome a grand triumph for this first naval victory, but it was decreed that he should never go out into the city at night without a procession of torch-bearers.

The Romans now made up their minds to send an expedition to attack the Carthaginian power not only in Sicily but in Africa, and this was placed under the command of a sturdy plebeian consul, Marcus Attilius Regulus. He fought a great battle with the Carthaginian fleet on his way, and he had even more difficulty with his troops, who greatly dreaded the landing in Africa as a place of unknown terror. He landed, however, at some distance from the city, and did not at once advance on it. When he did, according to the story current at Rome, he encountered on the banks of the river Bagrada an enormous serpent, whose poisonous breath killed all who approached it, and on whose scales darts had no effect. At last the machines

for throwing huge stones against city walls were used against it; its backbone was broken, and it was at last killed, and its skin sent to Rome.

The Romans met other enemies, whom they defeated, and gained much plunder. The Senate, understanding that the Carthaginians were cooped up within their walls, recalled half the army. Regulus wished much to return, as the slave who tilled his little farm had run away with his plough, and his wife was in distress; but he was so valuable that he could not be recalled, and he remained and soon took Tunis. The Carthaginians tried to win their gods' favor back by offering horrid human sacrifices to Moloch and Baal,



CLAUDIUS AND THE ORACLE OF THE SACRED FOWLS.

and then hired a Spartan general named Xanthippus, who defeated the Romans, chiefly by means of the elephants, and made Regulus prisoner. The Romans, who hated the Carthaginians so much as to believe them capable of any wickedness, declared that, in their jealousy of Xanthippus' victory, they sent him home to Greece in a vessel so arranged as to founder at sea.

However, the Romans, after several disasters in Sicily, gained a great victory near Panormus, capturing one hundred elephants, which were brought to Rome to be hunted by the people that they might lose their fear of them. The Carthaginians were weakened enough to desire peace, and they sent Regulus to propose it, making him swear to return if he did not succeed. He came to the outskirts of the city, but would not enter. He said he was no Roman proconsul, but the slave of Carthage. However, the Senate came out to hear him, and he gave the message, but added that the

Romans ought not to accept these terms, but to stand out for much better ones, giving such reasons that the whole people were persuaded. He was entreated to remain and not meet the angry men of Carthage; but nothing would persuade him to break his word, and he went back. The Romans told dreadful stories of the treatment he met with—how his eyelids were cut off and he was put in the sunshine, and at last was nailed up in a barrel lined with spikes and rolled down hill. Some say that this was mere report, and that Carthaginian prisoners at Rome were as savagely treated; but at any rate the constancy of Regulus has always been a proverb.

The war went on, and one of the proud Claudius family was in command at Trepanum, in Sicily, when the enemy's fleet came in sight. Before a battle the Romans always consulted the sacred fowls that were carried with the army. Claudius was told that their augury was against a battle—they would not eat. "Then let them drink," he cried, and threw them into the sea. His impiety, as all felt it, was punished by an utter defeat, and he killed himself to avoid an enquiry. The war went on by land and sea all over and round Sicily, till at the end of twenty-four years peace was made, just after another great sea-fight, in which Rome had the victory. She made the Carthaginians give up all they had held in Sicily, restore their prisoners, make a large payment, and altogether humble their claims; thus beginning a most bitter hatred toward the conquerors, who as greatly hated and despised them. Thus ended the First Punic War.



CHAPTER XVIII.

CONQUEST OF CISALPINE GAUL.

B. C. 240—219.



AFTER the end of the Punic war, Carthage fell into trouble with her hired soldiers, and did not interfere with the Romans for a long time, while they went on to arrange the government of Sicily into what they called a province, which was ruled by a proprætor for a year after his magistracy at home. The Greek kingdom of Syracuse indeed still remained as an ally of Rome, and Messina and a few other cities were allowed to choose their own magistrates and govern themselves.

Soon after, Sardinia and Corsica were given up to the Romans by the hired armies of the Carthaginians, and as the natives fought hard against Rome, when they were conquered they were for the most part sold as slaves. These two islands likewise had a proprætor.

The Romans now had all the peninsula south of themselves, and as far north as Ariminum (now shortened into Rimini), but all beyond belonged to the Gauls—the Cisalpine Gauls, or Gauls on this side the Alps, as the Romans called them; while those on the other side were called Transalpine Gauls, or Gauls across the Alps. These northern Gauls were gathering again for an inroad on the south, and in the midst of the rumors of this danger there was a great thunderstorm at Rome, and the Capitol was struck by lightning. The Sybilline books were searched into to see what this might mean, and a warning was found, “Beware of the Gauls.” Moreover, there was a saying that the Greeks and Gauls should one day enjoy the Forum; but the Romans fancied they could satisfy this prophecy by burying a man and woman of each nation, slaves, in the middle of the Forum, and then they prepared to attack the Gauls in their own country before the inroad could be made. There was a great deal of hard fighting, lasting for years; and in the course of it the consul, Caius Flaminius, began the great road which has since been called after him the Flaminian Way, and was the great northern road from Rome, as the Appian Way was the southern.

The great hero of the war was Marcus Claudius Marcellus, who had already made himself known for his dauntless courage. As consul, he fought a desperate battle on the banks of the Po with the Gauls of both

sides of the Alps, and himself killed their king or chief, Viridomar. He brought the spoils to Rome, and hung them in the Temple of Jupiter. It was only the third time in the history of Rome that such a thing had been done. Cisalpine Gaul was thus subdued, and another road was made to secure it; while in the short peace that followed the gates of the Temple of Janus were shut, having stood open ever since the reign of Numa.

The Romans were beginning to make their worship the same with that of the Greeks. They sent offerings to Greek temples, said that their old gods were the same as those of the Greeks, only under different names, and sent an embassy to Epidaurus to ask for a statue of Esculapius, the god of medicine and son of Phœbus Apollo. The emblem of Esculapius was a serpent, and tame serpents were kept about his temple at Epidaurus. One of these glided into the Roman galley that had come for the statue, and it was treated with great respect by all the crew until they sailed up the Tiber, when it made its way out of the vessel and swam to the island which had been formed by the settling of the mud round the heap of corn that had been thrown into the river when Porsena wasted the country. This was supposed to mean that the god himself took possession of the place, and a splendid temple there rose in his honor.



JANUS.

Another imitation of the Greeks which came into fashion at this time had a sad effect on the Romans. The old funerals in Greek poems had ended by games and struggles between swordsmen. Two brothers of the Brutus family first showed off such a game at their father's funeral, and it became a regular custom, not only at funerals, but whenever there was need to entertain the people, to show off fights of swordsmen. The soldier captives from conquered nations were used in this way; and some persons kept schools of slaves, who were trained for these fights and called gladiators. The battle was a real one, with sharp weapons, for life or death; and when a man was struck down, he was allowed to live or sentenced to death according as the spectators turned down or turned up their thumbs. The Romans fancied that the sight trained them to be brave, and to despise death and wounds; but the truth was that it only made them hard-hearted, and taught them to despise other people's pain—a very different thing from despising their own.

Another thing that did great harm was the making it lawful for a man to put away a wife who had no children. This ended by making the Romans much less careful to have one good wife, and the Roman ladies became much less noble and excellent than they had been in the good old days.

In the meantime, the Carthaginians, having lost the three islands, began to spread their settlements further in Spain, where their chief colony was New Carthage, or, as we call it, Carthagena. The mountains were full of gold mines, and the Iberians, the nation who held them, were brave and warlike, so that there was much fighting to train up fresh armies. Hamilear, the chief general in command there, had four sons, whom he said were lion whelps being bred up against Rome. He took them with him to Spain, and at a great sacrifice for the success of his arms the youngest and most promising, Hannibal, a boy of nine years old, was made to lay his hand on



HANNIBAL'S VOW.

the altar of Baal and take an oath that he would always be the enemy of the Romans. Hamilear was killed in battle, but Hannibal grew up to be all that he had hoped, and at twenty-six was in command of the army. He threatened the Iberians of Saguntum, who sent to ask help from Rome. A message was sent to him to forbid him to disturb the ally of Rome; but he had made up his mind for war, and never even asked the Senate of Carthage what was to be done, but went on with the siege of Saguntum. Rome was busy with a war in Illyria, and could send no help, and the Saguntines held out with the greatest bravery and constancy, month after month, till they were all on the point of starvation, then kindled a great fire, slew all their

wives and children, and let Hannibal win nothing but a pile of smoking ruins.

Again the Romans sent to Carthage to complain, but the Senate there had made up their minds that war there must be, and that it was a good time when Rome had a war in Illyria on her hands, and Cisalpine Gaul hardly subdued; and they had such a general as Hannibal, though they did not know what a wonderful scheme he had in his mind, namely, to make his



HANNIBAL'S PASSAGE OF THE ALPS.

way by land from Spain to Italy, gaining the help of the Gauls, and stirring up all those nations of Italy who had fought so long against Rome. His march, which marks the beginning of the Second Punic War, started from the banks of the Ebro in the beginning of the summer of 219. His army was twenty thousand foot and twelve thousand horse, partly Carthaginian, partly Gaul and Iberian. The horsemen were Moorish, and he had thirty-seven elephants. He left his brother Hasdrubal with ten thousand men at the foot of the Pyrenees and pushed on, but he could not reach the Alps before the late autumn, and his passage is one of the greatest wonders of

history. Roads there were none, and he had to force his way up the passes of the Little St. Bernard through snow and ice, terrible to the men and animals of Africa, and fighting all the way, so that men and horses perished in great numbers, and only seven of the elephants were left when he at length descended into the plains of Northern Italy, where he hoped the Cisalpine Gauls would welcome him.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SECOND PUNIC WAR.

B.C. 219.



WHEN the Romans heard that Hannibal had passed the Pyrenees, they had two armies on foot, one under Publius Cornelius Scipio, which was to go to Spain, and one under Tiberius Sempronius Longus, to attack Africa. They changed their plan, and kept Sempronius to defend Italy, while Scipio went by sea to Marsala, a Greek colony in Gaul, to try to stop Hannibal at the Rhone; but he was too late, and therefore, sending on most of his army to Spain, he came back himself with his choicest troops. With these he tried to stop the enemy from crossing the river Ticinus, but he was defeated and so badly wounded that his life was only saved by the bravery of his son, who led him out of the battle.

Before he was able to join the army again, Sempronius had fought another battle with Hannibal on the banks of the Trebia and suffered a terrible defeat. But winter now came on, and the Carthaginians found it very hard to bear in the marshes of the Arno. Hannibal himself was so ill that he only owed his life to the last of his elephants, which carried him safely through when he was almost blind, and in the end he lost an eye. In the spring he went on ravaging the country in hopes to make the two new consuls, Flaminius and Servilius, fight with him, but they were too cautious, until at last Flaminius attacked him in a heavy fog on the shore of Lake Trasimenus. It is said that an earthquake shook the ground, and that the eager warriors never perceived it; but again the Romans lost, Flaminius was killed, and there was a dreadful slaughter, for Hannibal had sworn to give no quarter to a Roman. The only thing that was hopeful for Rome was that neither Gauls, Etruscans, nor Italians showed any desire to rise in

favor of Hannibal; and though he was now very near Rome, he durst not besiege it without the help of the people around to bring him supplies, so he only marched southward, hoping to gain the support of the Greek colonies. A dictator was appointed, Quintus Fabius Maximus, who saw that, by strengthening all the garrisons in the towns and cutting off all provisions, he should wear the enemy out at last. As he always put off a battle, he was called Cunctator, or the Delayer; but at last he had the Carthaginians enclosed as in a trap in the valley of the river Vulturnus, and hoped to cut them off, posting men in ambush to fall on them on their morning's



GAULS REFUSE TO RISE IN FAVOR OF HANNIBAL.

march. Hannibal guessed that this must be his plan; and at night he had the cattle in the camp collected, fastened torches to their horns, and drove them up the hills. The Romans, fancying themselves surrounded by the enemy, came out of their hiding-places to fall back on the camp, and Hannibal and his army safely escaped. This mischance made the Romans weary of the Delayer's policy, and when the year was out, and two consuls came in, though one of them, Lucius Æmilius Paulus, would have gone on in the same cautious plan of starving Hannibal out without a battle, the other, Caius Terentius Varro, who commanded on alternate days with him, was determined on a battle. Hannibal so contrived that it was fought on the

plain of Cannæ, where there was plenty of space to use his Moorish horse. It was Varro's day of command, and he dashed at the centre of the enemy; Hannibal opened a space for him, then closed in on both sides with his terrible horse, and made a regular slaughter of the Romans. The last time that the consul Æmilius was seen was by a tribune named Lentulus, who found him sitting on a stone faint and bleeding, and would have given him his own horse to escape, but Æmilius answered that he had no mind to have to accuse his comrade of rashness, and had rather die. A troop of enemies coming up, Lentulus rode off, and, looking back, saw his consul fall, pierced with darts. So many Romans had been killed, that Hannibal sent to Carthage a basket containing ten thousand of the gold rings worn by the knights.

Hannibal was only five days' march beyond Rome, and his officers wanted him to turn back and attack it in the first shock of the defeat, but he could not expect to succeed without more aid from home, and he wanted to win over the Greek cities of the south; so he wintered in Campania, waiting for the fresh troops he expected from Africa or from Spain, where his brother Mago was preparing an army. But the Carthaginians did not care about Hannibal's campaigns in Italy, and sent no help; and Publius Cornelius Scipio and his brother, with a Roman army in Spain, were watching Mago and preventing him from marching, until at last he gave them battle and defeated and killed them both. But he was not allowed to go to Italy to his brother, who, in the meantime, found his army so unstrung and ill-disciplined in the delightful but languid Campania, that the Romans declared the luxuries of Capua were their best allies. He stayed in the south, however, trying to gain the alliance of the king of Macedon, and stirring up Syracuse to revolt. Marcellus, who was consul for the third time, was sent to reduce the city, which made a famous defence, for it contained Archimedes, the greatest mathematician of his time, who devised wonderful machines for crushing the besiegers in unexpected ways; but at last Marcellus found a weak part of the walls and surprised the citizens. He had given orders that Archimedes should be saved, but a soldier broke into the philosopher's room without knowing him, and found him so intent on his study that he had never heard the storming of the city. The man brandished his sword. "Only wait," muttered Archimedes, "till I have found out my problem;" but the man, not understanding him, killed him.

Hannibal remained in Italy, maintaining himself there with wonderful skill, though with none of the hopes with which he had set out. His brother Hasdrubal did succeed in leaving Spain with an army to help him, but was met on the river Metaurus by Tiberius Claudius Nero, beaten, and slain. His head was cut off by Nero's order, and thrown into Hannibal's camp to give tidings of his fate.

Young Scipio, meantime, had been sent to Spain, where he gained great advantages, winning the friendship of the Iberians, and gaining town after town till Mago had little left but Gades and the extreme south. Scipio was one of the noblest of the Romans, brave, pious, and, what was more unusual, of such sweet and winning temper, that it was said of him that wherever he went he might have been a king.



THE LAST HOUR OF ARCHIMEDES.

On returning to Rome, he showed the Senate that the best way to get Hannibal out of Italy was to attack Africa. Cautious old Fabius doubted, but Scipio was sent to Sicily, where he made an alliance with Massinissa, the Moorish king in Africa; and, obtaining leave to carry out his plan, he was sent thither, and so alarmed Carthage, that Hannibal was recalled to defend his own country, where he had not been since he was a child. A great battle took place at Zama between him and Hannibal, in which Scipio was the conqueror, and the loss of Carthage was so terrible that the Romans were ready to have marched in on her and made her their subject, but Scipio persuaded them to be forbearing. Carthage was to pay an immense tribute, and swear never to make war on any ally of Rome. And thus ended the Second Punic War, in the year 201.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FIRST EASTERN WAR.

B.C. 215—183.



SCIPIO remained in Africa till he had arranged matters and won such a claim to Massinissa's gratitude that this king of Numidia was sure to watch over the interests of Rome. Scipio then returned home, and entered Rome with a grand triumph, all the nobler for himself that he did not lead Hannibal in his chains. He had been too generous to demand that so brave an enemy should be delivered up to him. He received the surname of Africanus, and was one of the most respected and beloved of Romans. He was the first who began to take up Greek learning and culture, and to exchange the old Roman ruggedness for the graces of philosophy and poetry. Indeed the Romans were beginning to have much to do with the Greeks, and the war they entered upon now was the first for the sake of spreading their own power. All the former ones had been in self-defence, and the new one did in fact spring out of the Punic war, for the Carthaginians had tried to persuade Philip, king of Macedon, to follow in the track of Pyrrhus, and come and help Hannibal in Southern Italy. The Romans had kept him off by stirring up the robber Ætolians against him; and when he began to punish these wild neighbors, the Romans leagued themselves with the old Greek cities which Macedon oppressed, and a great war took place.

Titus Quinctius Flaminius commanded in Greece for four years, first as consul and then as proconsul. His crowning victory was at Cynocephalæ, or the Dog's-head Rocks, where he so broke the strength of Macedon that at the Isthmian games he proclaimed the deliverance of Greece, and in their joy the people crowded round him with crowns and garlands, and shouted so loud that birds in the air were said to have dropped down at the sound.

Macedon had cities in Asia Minor, and the king of Syria's enemy, Antiochus the Great, hoped to master them, and even to conquer Greece by the help of Hannibal, who had found himself unable to live in Carthage after his defeat, and was wandering about to give his services to any one who was a foe of Rome.

As Rome took the part of Philip, as her subject and ally, there was soon full scope for his efforts; but the Syrians were such wretched troops that

even Hannibal could do nothing with them, and the king himself would not attend to his advice, but wasted his time in pleasure in the isle of Eubœa. So the consul Acilius first beat them at Thermopylæ, and then, on Lucius Cornelius Scipio being sent to conduct the war, his great brother Africanus volunteered to go with him as his lieutenant, and together they followed Antiochus into Asia Minor, and gained such advantages that the Syrian was obliged to sue for peace. The Romans replied by requiring of him to give up all Asia Minor as far as Mount Taurus, and in despair he risked a battle in Magnesia, and met with a total defeat; eighty thousand Greeks and Syrians being overthrown by fifty thousand Romans. Neither Africanus nor Hannibal were present in this battle, since the first was ill, and the second was besieged in a city in Pamphylia; but while terms of peace were being made, the two are said to have met on friendly terms, and Scipio asked Hannibal whom he thought the greatest of generals. "Alexander," was the answer. "Whom the next greatest?" "Pyrrhus." "Whom do you rank as the third?" "Myself," said Hannibal. "But if you had beaten me?" asked Scipio. "Then I would have placed myself before Alexander."

The Romans insisted that Hannibal should be dismissed by Antiochus, though Scipio declared that this was ungenerous; but they dreaded his never-ceasing enmity; and when he took refuge with the king of Bothnia, they still required that he should be given up or driven away. On this, Hannibal, worn-out and disappointed, put an end to his own life by poison, saying he would rid the Romans of their fear of an old man.

The provinces taken from Antiochus were given to Eumenes, king of Pergamus, who was to reign over them as tributary to the Romans. Lucius Scipio received the surname of Asiaticus, and the two brothers returned to Rome; but they had been too generous and merciful to the conquered to suit the grasping spirit that had begun to prevail at Rome, and directly after his triumph Lucius was accused of having taken to himself an undue share of the spoil. His brother was too indignant at the shameful accusation to think of letting him justify himself, but tore up his accounts in the face of the people. The tribune, Nævius, thereupon spitefully called upon him to give an account of the spoil of Carthage taken twenty years before. The only reply he gave was to exclaim, "This is the day of the victory of Zama. Let us give thanks to the gods for it;" and he led all that was noble and good in Rome with him to the temple of Jupiter and offered the anniversary sacrifice. No one durst say another word against him or his brother; but he did not choose to remain among the citizens who had thus insulted him, but went away to his estate at Liternum, and when he died, desired to be buried there, saying that he would not even leave his bones to his ungrateful country. The Cornelian family was the only one among the

higher Romans who buried instead of burning their dead. He left no son, only a daughter, who was married to Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, a brave officer who was among those who were sent to finish reducing Spain. It was a long, terrible war, fought city by city, inch by inch; but Gracchus is said to have taken no less than three hundred fortresses. But he was a milder conqueror than some of the Romans, and tried to tame and civilize



HANNIBAL'S DEATH.

the wild races instead of treating them with the terrible severity shown by Marcus Porcius Cato, the sternest of all old Romans. However, by the year 178 Spain had been reduced to obedience, and the cities and the coast were in good order, though the mountains harbored fierce tribes always ready for revolt.

Gracchus died early, and Cornelia, his widow, devoted herself to the cause of his three children, refusing to be married again, which was very uncommon in a Roman lady. When a lady asked her to show her ornaments, she called her two boys, Tiberius and Caius, and their sister Sempronina, and said, "These are my jewels;" and when she was complimented

on being the daughter of Africanus, she said that the honor she should care more for was the being called "the mother of the Gracchi."

It was not, however, one of her sons that was chosen to carry on their



CORNELIA AND HER CHILDREN.

grandfather's name and the sacrifices of the Cornelian family. Probably Caius was not born when Scipio died, for his choice had been the second son of his sister and of Lucius Æmilius Paulus (son of him who died at Cannæ). This child, being adopted by his uncle, was called Publius Cornelius Scipio Æmilianus, and when he grew up was to marry his cousin Sempronia.



CHAPTER XXI.

THE CONQUEST OF GREECE, CORINTH, AND CARTHAGE.

B.C. 179—145.



T was a great change when Rome, which to the Greeks of Pyrrhus' time had seemed so rude and simple, was thought such a school of policy that Greek and half-Greek kings sent their sons to be educated there, partly as hostages for their own peaceableness, and partly to learn the spirit of Roman rule. The first king who did this was Philip of Macedon, who sent his son Demetrius to be brought up at Rome; but when he came back, his father and brother were jealous of him, and he was soon put to death.

When his brother Perseus came to the throne, there was hatred between him and the Romans, and ere long he was accused of making war on their allies. He offered to make peace, but they replied that they would hear nothing till he had laid down his arms, and this he would not do, so that Lucius Æmilius Paulus (the brother-in-law of Scipio) was sent to reduce him. As Æmilius came into his own house after receiving the appointment, he met his little daughter crying, and when he asked her what was the matter, she answered, "Oh, father, Perseus is dead!" She meant her little dog, but he kissed her and thanked her for the good omen. He overran Macedon, and gained the great battle of Pydna, after which Perseus was obliged to give himself up into the hands of the Romans, begging, however, not to be made to walk in Æmilius' triumph. The general answered that he might obtain that favor from himself, meaning that he could die by his own hand; but Perseus did not take the hint, which seems to us far more shocking than it did to a Roman; he did walk in the triumph, and died a few years after in Italy. Æmilius' two sons were with him throughout this campaign, though still boys under Polybius, their Achaian tutor. Macedon was divided into four provinces, and became entirely subject to Rome.

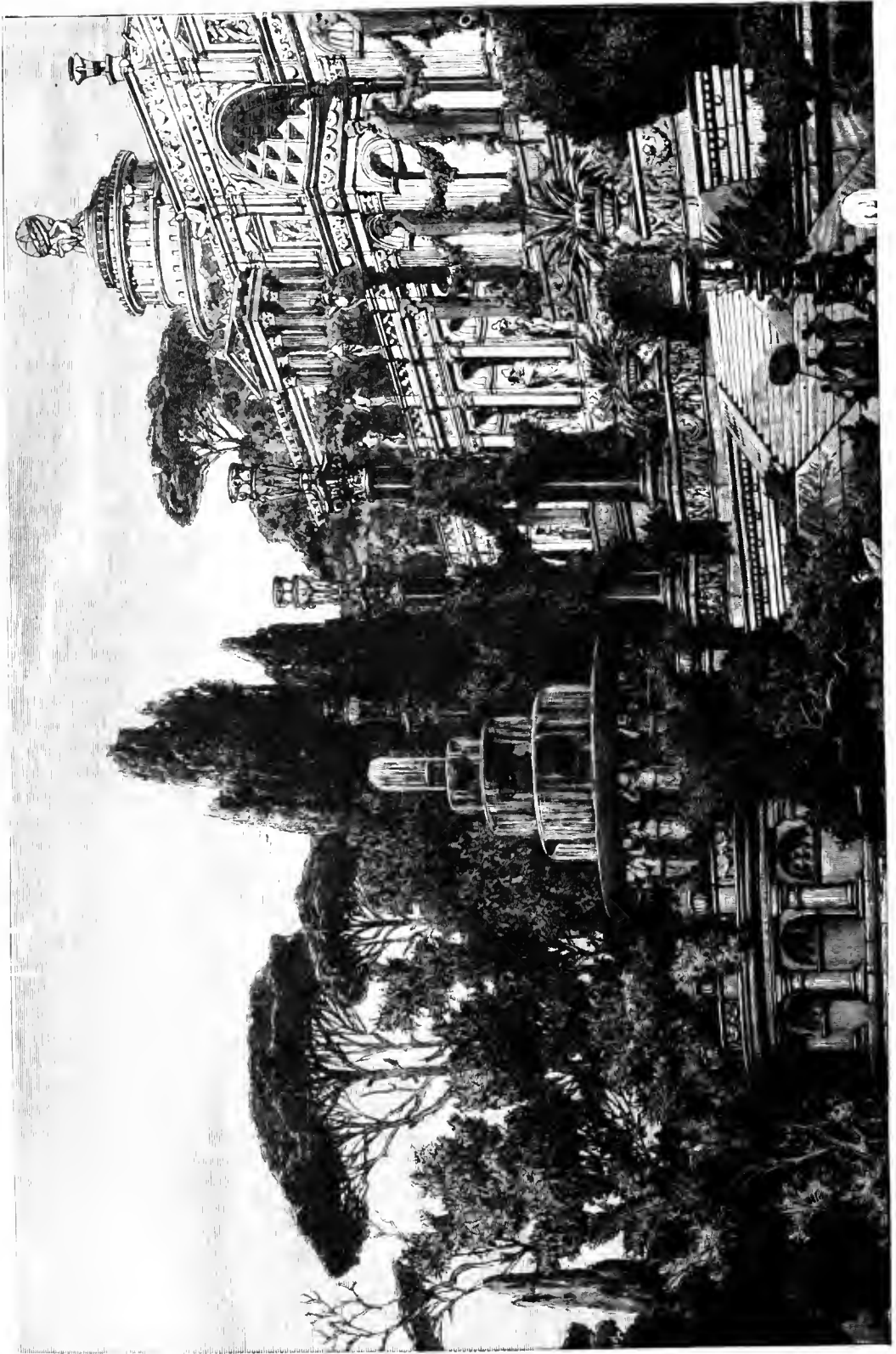
The Greeks of the Achaian League began to have quarrels among themselves, and when the Romans interfered a fierce spirit broke out, and they wanted to have their old freedom, forgetting how entirely unable they were to stand against the power of the Romans. Caius Cæcilius Metellus, a man of one of the best and most gracious Roman families, was patient with them

and did his best to pacify them, being most unwilling to ruin the noble old historical cities; but these foolish Greeks fancied that his kindness showed weakness, and forced on the war, sending a troop to guard the pass of Thermopylæ, but they were swept away. Unfortunately, Metellus had to go out of office, and Lucius Mummius, a fierce, rude, and ignorant soldier, came in his stead to complete the conquest. Corinth was taken, utterly ruined and plundered throughout, and a huge amount of treasure was sent to Rome, as well as pictures and statues famed all over the world. Mummius was very much laughed at for having been told they must be carried in his triumph; and yet, not understanding their beauty, he told the sailors to whose charge they were given, that if they were lost, new ones must be supplied. However, he was an honest man, who did not help himself out of the plunder, as far too many were doing. After that, Achaia was made a Roman province.

At this time the third and last Punic war was going on. The old Moorish king, Massinissa, had been continually tormenting Carthage ever since she had been weak, and declaring that Phœnician strangers had no business in Africa. The Carthaginians, who had no means of defending themselves, complained; but the Romans would not listen, hoping, perhaps, that they would be goaded at last into attacking the Moor, and thus giving a pretext for a war. Old Marcus Porcius Cato, who was sent on a message to Carthage, came back declaring that it was not safe to let so mighty a city of enemies stand so near. He brought back a branch of figs fresh and good, which he showed the Senate in proof of how near she was, and ended each sentence with saying, "*Delenda est Carthago*" (Carthage is to be wiped out). He died that same year at ninety years old, having spent most of his life in making a staunch resistance to the easy and luxurious fashions that were coming in with wealth and refinement. One of his sayings always deserves to be remembered. When he was opposing a law giving permission to the ladies to wear gold and purple, he said they would all be vying with one another, and that the poor would be ashamed of not making as good an appearance as the rich. "And," said he, "she who blushes for doing what she ought, will soon cease to blush for doing what she ought not."

One wonders he did not see that to have no enemy near at hand to guard against was the very worst thing for the hardy, plain old ways he was so anxious to keep up. However, Carthage was to be wiped out, and Scipio Æmilianus was sent to do the terrible work. He defeated Hasdrubal, the last of the Carthaginian generals, and took the citadel of Byrsa; but though all hope was over, the city held out in utter desperation. Weapons were forged out of household implements, even out of gold and silver, and the women twisted their long hair into bow-strings; and when the walls were stormed, they fought from street to street and house to house, so that the





ROMAN VILLA.

Romans gained little but ruins and dead bodies. Carthage and Corinth fell on the same day of the year 179.

Part of Spain still had to be subdued, and Scipio Æmilianus was sent thither. The city of Numantia, with only five thousand inhabitants, endured one of those long, hopeless sieges for which Spanish cities have in all times been remarkable, and was only taken at last when almost every citizen had perished.

At the same time, Attalus, king of Pergamus in Asia Minor, being the last of his race, bequeathed his dominions to the Romans, and thus gave them their first solid footing there.

All this was altering Roman manners much. Weak as the Greeks were, their old doings of every kind were still the admiration of every one, and the Romans, who had always been rough straightforward doers, began to wish to learn of them to think. All the wealthier families had Greeks for tutors for their sons, and expected them to talk and write the language, and study the philosophy and poetry till they should be as familiar with it as if they were Greeks themselves. Unluckily, the Greeks themselves had fallen from their earnestness and greatness, so that there was not much to be learnt of them now but vain deceit and bad taste.

Rich Romans, too, began to get most absurdly luxurious. They had splendid villas on the Italian hill-sides, where they went to spend the summer when Rome was unhealthy, and where they had beautiful gardens, with courts paved with mosaic, and fish-ponds for the pet fish for which many had a passion. One man was laughed at for having shed tears when his favorite fish died, and he retorted by saying that it was more than his accuser had done for his wife.

ROMANS AT TABLE.

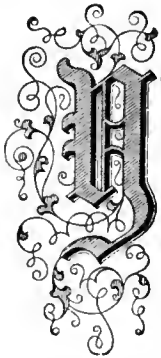


Their feasts were as luxurious as they could make them, in spite of laws to keep them within bounds. Dishes of nightingales' tongues, of fatted dormice, and even of snails, were among their food; and sometimes a stream was made to flow along the table, containing the living companion of the mullet which served as part of the meal.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GRACCHI.

B.C. 137—122.



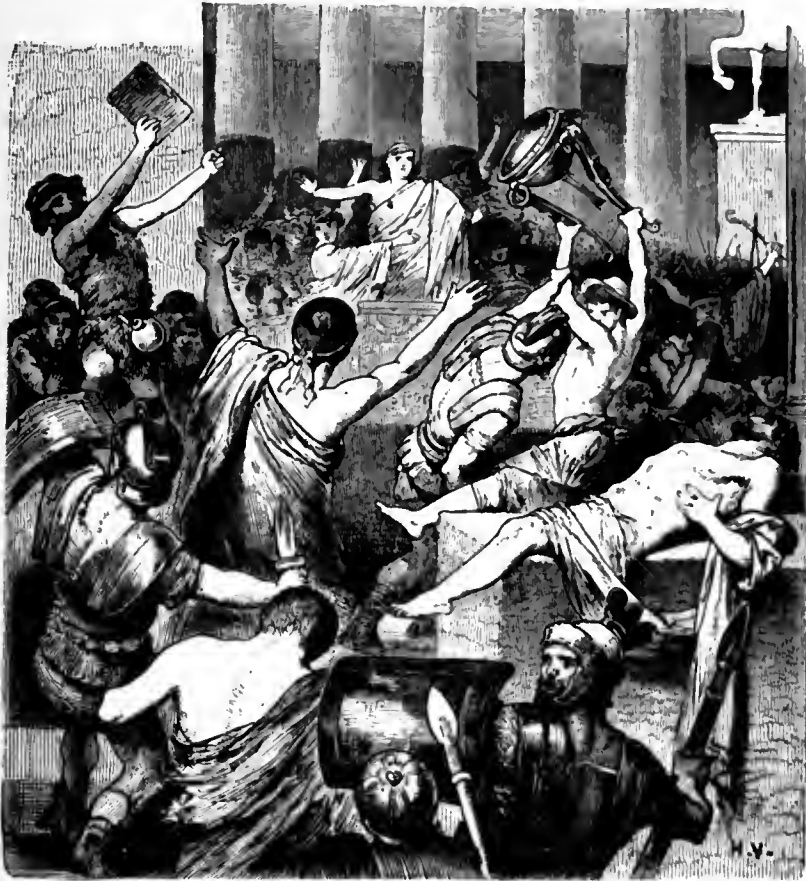
YOUNG Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus, the eldest of Cornelia's jewels, was sent in the year 137 to join the Roman army in Spain. As he went through Etruria, which, as every one knew, had been a thickly peopled, fertile country in old times, he was shocked to see its dreariness and desolation. Instead of farms and vineyards, there were great bare spaces of land, where sheep, kids, or goats were feeding. These vast tracks belonged to Romans, who kept slaves to attend to the flocks; while all the corn that was used in Rome came from Sicily or Africa, and the poorer Romans lived in the city itself—idle men, chiefly trusting to distributions of corn, and unable to work for themselves because they had no ground to till; and as to trades and handicrafts, the rich men had everything they wanted made in their own houses by their slaves.

No wonder the Romans were losing their old character. This was the very thing that the Licinian law had been intended to prevent, by forbidding any citizen to have more than a certain quantity of land, and giving the state the power of resuming it. The law was still there, but it had been disused and forgotten; estates had been gathered into the hands of families and handed down, till now, though there were four hundred thousand citizens, only two thousand were men of property.

While Tiberius was serving in Spain, he decided on his plan. As his family was plebeian, he could be a tribune of the people, and as soon as he came home he stood and was elected. Then he proposed reviving the Licinian law, that nobody should have more than five hundred acres, and that the rest should be divided among those who had nothing, leaving, however, a larger portion to those who had many children.

There was, of course, a terrible uproar; the populace clamoring for their rights, and the rich trying to stop the measure. They bribed one of the

other tribunes to forbid it; but there was a fight, in which Tiberius prevailed, and he and his young brother Caius, and his father-in-law Appius Claudius, were appointed as triumvirs to see the law carried out. Then the rich men followed their old plan of spreading reports among the people that Tiberius wanted to make himself a king, and had accepted a crown and



REVOLT OF THE PLEBEIANS.

purple robe from some foreign envoy. When his year of office was coming to an end, he sought to be elected tribune again, but the patricians said it was against the law. There was a great tumult, in the course of which he put his hand to his head, either to guard it from a blow or to beckon his friends. "He demands the diadem," shouted his enemies, and there was a great struggle, in which three hundred people were killed. Tiberius tried to take refuge in the Temple of Jupiter, but the doors were closed against him; he stumbled, was knocked down with a club, and killed.

However, the Sempronian law had been made, and the people wanted, of course, to have it carried out, while the nobles wanted it to be a dead

letter. Scipio Æmilianus, the brother-in-law of the Gracchi, had been in Spain all this time, but he had so much disapproved of Tiberius' doings that he was said to have exclaimed, on hearing of his death, "So perish all who do the like." But when he came home, he did so much to calm and quiet matters, that there was a cry to make him Dictator, and let him settle the whole matter. Young Caius Gracchus, who thought the cause would thus be lost, tried to prevent the choice by fixing on him the name of tyrant. To which Scipio calmly replied, "Rome's enemies may well wish me dead, for they know that while I live Rome cannot perish."

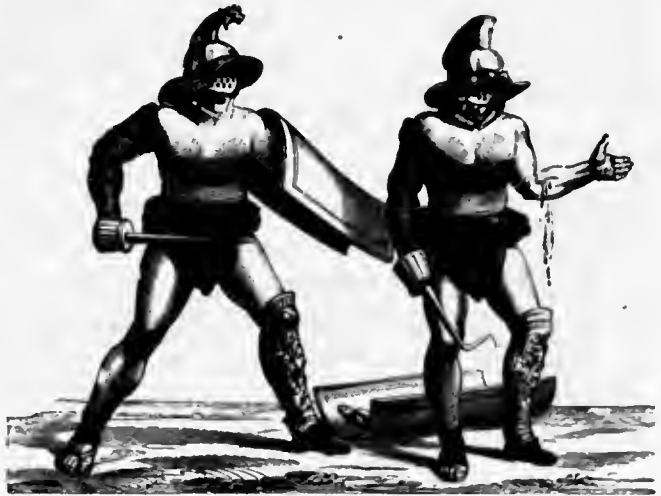
When he went home, he shut himself into his room to prepare his discourse for the next day, but in the morning he was found dead, without a wound, though his slaves declared he had been murdered. Some suspected his wife Sempronia, others even her mother Cornelia, but the Senate would not have the matter enquired into. He left no child, and the Africanus line of Cornelius ended with him.

Caius Gracchus was nine years younger than his brother, and was elected tribune as soon as he was old enough. He was full of still greater schemes than his brother. His mother besought him to be warned by his brother's fate, but he was bent on his objects, and carried some of them out. He had the Sempronian law reaffirmed, though he could not act on it; but in the meantime he began a regular custom of having corn served out to the poorer citizens, and found work for them upon roads and bridges; also he caused the state to clothe the soldiers, instead of their doing it at their own expense. Another scheme which he first proposed was to make the Italians of the countries now one with Roman territory into citizens, with votes like the Romans themselves; but this again angered the patricians, who saw they should be swamped by numbers and lose their power.

He also wanted to found a colony of plebeians on the ruins of Carthage, and when his tribuneship was over he went to Africa to see about it; but when he came home the patricians had arranged an attack on him, and he was insulted by the lictor of the consul Opimius. The patricians collected on one side, the poorer sort round Caius on the Aventine Hill; but the nobles were the strongest, the plebeians fled, and Caius withdrew with one slave into a sacred grove, whence he hoped to reach the Tiber; but the wood was surrounded, his retreat was cut off, and he commanded the slave to kill him that he might not fall alive into the hands of his enemies, after which the poor faithful fellow killed himself, unable to bear the loss of his master. The weight of Caius' head in gold had been promised by the Senate, and the man who found the body was said to have taken out the brains and filled it up with lead that his reward might be larger. Three thousand men were killed in this riot, ten times as many as at Tiberius' death.

Opimius was so proud of having overthrown Caius, that he had a medal struck with Hercules slaying the monsters. Cornelia, broken-hearted, retired to a country house; but in a few years the feeling turned, great love was shown to the memory of the two brothers, statues were set up in their honor, and when Cornelia herself died, her statue was inscribed with the title she had coveted, "The mother of the Gracchi."

Things were indeed growing worse and worse. The Romans were as brave as ever in the field, and



GLADIATORS.

were sure in the end to conquer any nation they came in contact with; but at home, the city was full of overgrown rich men, with huge hosts of slaves, and of turbulent poor men, who only cared for their citizenship for the sake of the corn they gained by it, and the games exhibited by those who stood for a magistracy. Immense sums were spent in hiring gladiators and bringing wild animals to be baited for their amusement; and afterward, when sent out to govern the provinces, the expenses were repaid by cruel grinding and robbing the people of the conquered states.



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WARS OF MARIUS.

B.C. 106—98.



AFTER the death of Massinissa, king of Numidia, the ally of the Romans, there were disputes among his grandsons, and Jugurtha, whom they held to have the least right, obtained the kingdom. The commander of the army sent against him was Caius Marius, who had risen from being a free Roman peasant in the village of Arpinum, but, serving under Scipio Æmilianus, had shown such ability, that when some one was wondering where they would find the equal of Scipio when he was gone, that general touched the shoulder of his young officer and said, "Possibly here."

Rough soldier as he always was, he married Julia, of the high family of the Cæsars, who were said to be descended from Æneas; and though he was much disliked by the Senate, he always carried the people with him. When he received the province of Numidia, instead of, as every one had done before, forming his army only of Roman citizens, he offered to enlist whoever would, and thus filled his ranks with all sorts of wild and desperate men, whom he could indeed train to fight, but who had none of the old feeling for honor or the state, and this in the end made a great change in Rome.

Jugurtha maintained a wild war in the deserts of Africa with Marius, but at last he was betrayed to the Romans by his friend Bocchus, another Moorish king; and Lucius Cornelius Sulla, Marius' lieutenant, was sent to receive him—a transaction which Sulla commemorated on a signet ring which he always wore. Poor Jugurtha was kept two years to appear at the triumph, where he walked in chains, and then was thrown alive into the dungeon under the Capitol, where he took six days to die of cold and hunger.

Marius was elected consul for the second time even before he had quite come home from Africa, for it was a time of great danger. Two fierce and terrible tribes, whom the Romans called Cimbri and Teutones, and who were but the vanguard of the swarms who would overwhelm them six centuries later, had come down through Germany to the settled countries belonging to Rome, especially the lands round the old Greek settlements in

Gaul, which had fallen of course into the hands of the Romans, and were full of beautiful rich cities, with houses and gardens round them. The Province, as the Romans called it, would have been grand plundering ground for these savages, and Marius established himself in a camp on the banks of the Rhone to protect it, cutting a canal to bring his provisions from the sea, which still remains. While he was thus engaged, he was a fourth time elected consul.

The enemy began to move. The Cimbri meant to march eastward round the Alps, and pour through the Tyrol into Italy; the Teutones to go



CIMBRIC WOMEN DEFEND THEIR WAGON FORT.

by the west, fighting Marius on the way. But he would not come out of his camp on the Rhone, though the Teutones, as they passed, shouted to ask the Roman soldiers what messages they had to send to their wives in Italy.

When they had all passed, he came out of his camp and followed them as far as *Aquæ Sextiæ*, now called Aix, where one of the most terrible battles the world ever saw was fought. These people were a whole tribe—wives, children, and everything they had were with them—and to be defeated was utter and absolute ruin. A great enclosure was made with

their carts and wagons, whence the women threw arrows and darts to help the men; and when, after three days of hard fighting, all hope was over, they set fire to the enclosure and killed their children and themselves. The whole swarm was destroyed. Marius marched away, and no one was left to bury the dead, so that the spot was called the Putrid Fields, and is still known as *Les Pourrières*.

While Marius was offering up the spoil, tidings came that he was a fifth time chosen consul; but he had to hasten into Italy, for the other consul, Catulus, could not stand before the Cimbri, and Marius met him on the Po retreating from them. The Cimbri demanded lands in Italy for themselves and their allies the Teutones. "The Teutones have all the ground they will ever want on the other side the Alps," said Marius; and a terrible battle followed, in which the Cimbri were as entirely cut off as their allies had been.

Marius was made consul a sixth time. As a reward to the brave soldiers who had fought under him, he made one thousand of them, who came from the city of Camerinum, Roman citizens, and this the patricians disliked greatly. His excuse was, "The din of arms drowned the voice of the law;" but the new citizens were provided for by lands in the Province, which the Romans said the Gauls had lost to the Teutones and they had reconquered. It was very hard on the Gauls, but that was the last thing a Roman cared about.

The Italians, however, were all crying out for the rights of Romans, and the more far-sighted among the Romans would, like Cains Gracchus, have granted them. Marcus Livius Drusus did his best for them; he was a good man, wise and frank-hearted. When he was having a house built, and the plan was shown him which would make it impossible for any one to see into it, he said, "Rather build one where my fellow-countrymen may see all I do." He was very much loved, and when he was ill, prayers were offered at the temples for his recovery; but no sooner did he take up the cause of the Italians than all the patricians hated him bitterly. "Rome for the Romans," was their watchword. Drusus was one day entertaining an Italian gentleman, when his little nephew, Marcus Porcius Cato, a descendant of the old censor, and bred in stern patrician views, was playing about the room. The Italian merrily asked him to favor his cause. "No," said the boy. He was offered toys and cakes if he would change his mind, but he still refused; he was threatened, and at last he was held by one leg out of the window—all without shaking his resolution for a moment; and this constancy he carried with him through life.

People's minds grew embittered, and Drusus was murdered in the street, crying as he fell, "When will Rome find so good a citizen!" After this, the Italians took up arms, and what was called the Social War began. Marius

had no high command, being probably too much connected with the enemy. Some of the Italian tribes held with Rome, and these were rewarded with the citizenship; and after all, though the consul, Lucius Julius Cæsar, brother-in-law to Marius, gained some victories, the revolt was so widespread, that the Senate felt it wisest, on the first sign of peace, to offer citizenship to such Italians as would come within sixty days to claim it. Citizenship brought a man under Roman law, freed him from taxation, and gave him many advantages and openings to a rise in life. But he could only give his vote at Rome, and only there receive the distribution of corn, and he further became liable to be called out to serve in a legion, so that the benefit was not so great as at first appeared, and no very large numbers of Italians came to apply for it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE ADVENTURES OF MARIUS.

B. C. 93—84.



HE chief foe of Marius was almost always his second in command, Publius Cornelius Sulla, one of the men of highest family in Rome. He had all the high culture and elegant learning that the rough soldier Marius despised, spoke and wrote Greek as easily as Latin, and was as well read in Greek poetry and philosophy as any Athenian could be; but he was given up to all the excesses of luxury in which the wealthy Romans indulged, and his way of life had made him frightful to look at. His face was said to be like a mulberry sprinkled with salt, with a terrible pair of blue eyes glaring out of it.

In 93 he was sent to command against Mithridates, king of Pontus, one of the little kingdoms in Asia Minor that had sprung up out of the break-up of Alexander's empire. Under this king, Mithridates, it had grown very powerful. He was of Persian birth, had all the learning and science both of Greece and the far East, and was said in especial to be wonderfully learned in all plants and their virtues, so as to have made himself proof against all kinds of poison, and he could speak twenty-five languages.

He had great power in Asia Minor, and took upon himself to appoint a king of Cappadocia, thus leading to a quarrel with the Romans. In the midst of the Social War, when he thought they had their hands full in Italy,

Mithridates caused all the native inhabitants of Asia Minor to rise upon the Romans among them in one night and murder them all, so that eighty thousand are said to have perished. Sulla was ordered to take the command of the army which was to avenge their death; but, while he was raising his forces, Marius, angry that the patricians had hindered the plebeians and Italians from gaining more by the Social War, raised up a great tumult, meaning to overpower the patricians' resistance. He would have done more wisely had he waited until Sulla was quite gone, for that general came back to the rescue of his friends with six newly-raised legions, and Marius could only just contrive to escape from Rome, where he was proclaimed a traitor and a price set on his head. He was now seventy years old, but full of spirit. First he escaped to his own farm, whence he hoped to reach Ostia, where a ship was waiting for him; but a party of horsemen were seen coming, and he was hidden in a cart full of beans and driven down to the coast, where he embarked, meaning to go to Africa; but adverse winds and want of food forced him to land at Circaëum, whence, with a few friends, he made his way along the coast, through woods and rocks, keeping up the spirits of his companions by telling them that, when a little boy, he had robbed an eyrie of seven eaglets, and that a soothsayer had then foretold that he would be seven times consul. At last a troop of horse was seen coming towards them, and at the same time two ships near the coast. The only hope was in swimming out to the nearest ship, and Marius was so heavy and old that this was done with great difficulty. Even then the ships were so near the shore that the pursuers could command the crew to throw Marius out, but this they refused to do, though they only waited till the soldiers were gone, to put him on shore again. Here he was in a marshy, boggy place, where an old man let him rest in his cottage, and then hid him in a cave under a heap of rushes. Again, however, the troops appeared, and threatened the old man for hiding an enemy of the Romans. It was in Marius' hearing, and, fearing to be betrayed, he rushed out into a pool, where he stood up to his neck in water till a soldier saw him, and he was dragged out and taken to the city of Minturnæ.

There the council decided on his death, and sent a soldier to kill him, but the fierce old man stood glaring at him, and said, "Darest thou kill Caius Marius?" The man was so frightened that he ran away, crying out, "I cannot kill Caius Marius." The Senate of Minturnæ took this as an omen, and remembered besides that he had been a good friend to the Italians, so they conducted him through a sacred grove to the sea, and sent him off to Africa. On landing, he sent his son to ask shelter from one of the Numidian princes, and, while waiting for an answer, he was harassed by a messenger from a Roman officer of low rank, forbidding his presence in Africa. He made no reply till the messenger pressed to know what to say to his master. Then

the old man looked up, and sternly answered, "Say that you have seen Caius Marius sitting in the ruins of Carthage"—a grand rebuke for the insult to fallen greatness. But the Numidian could not receive him, and he could only find shelter in a little island on the coast.

There he soon heard that no sooner had Sulla embarked for the East than Rome had fallen into dire confusion. The consuls, Caius Octavius and Publius Cornelius Cinna, were of opposite parties, and had had a furious



FIGHT BETWEEN THE CONSULS' ADHERENTS.

fight, in which Cinna was driven out of Rome, and at the same time the Italians had begun a new Social War. Marius saw that his time was come. He hurried to Etruria, where he was joined by a party of his friends and five hundred runaway slaves. The discontented Romans formed another army under Quintus Sertorius, and the Samnites, who had begun the war, overpowered the troops sent against them, and marched to Rome, declaring that they would have no peace till they had destroyed the wolf's lair. Cinna and an army were advancing on another side, and, as he was really consul, the Senate in their distress admitted him, hoping that he would stop

the rest ; but when he marched in and seated himself again in his chair of office, he had by his side old Marius clothed in rags.

They were bent on revenge, and terrible it was, beginning with the consul, Caius Octavius, who had disdained to flee, and whose head was severed from his body and displayed in the Forum, with those of many other senators of the noblest blood in Rome, who had offended either Marius or Cinna or any of their fierce followers. Marius walked along in gloomy silence, answering no one ; but his followers were bidden to spare only those to whom he gave his hand to be kissed. The slaves pillaged the houses, murdered many on their own account, and everything was in the wildest uproar, till the two chiefs called in Sertorius with a legion to restore order.

Then they named themselves consuls, without even asking for an election, and thus Marius was seven times consul. He wanted to go out to the East and take the command from Sulla, but his health was too much broken, and before the year of his consulship was over he died. The last time he had left the house, he had said to some friends that no man ought to trust again to such a doubtful fortune as his had been ; and then he took to his bed for seven days without any known illness, and was there found dead, so that he was thought to have starved himself to death.

Cinna put in another consul named Valerius Flaccus, and invited all the Italians to enrol themselves as Roman citizens. Then Flaccus went out to the East, meaning to take away the command from Sulla, who was hunting Mithridates out of Greece, which he had seized and held for a short time. But Flaccus' own army rose against him and killed him, and Sulla, after beating Mithridates, driving him back to Pontus, and making peace with him, was now to come home.



CHAPTER XXV.

SULLA'S PROSCRIPTION.

B.C. 88—71.



HERE was great fear at Rome, among the friends of Cinna and Marius, at the prospect of Sulla's return. A fire broke out in the Capitol, and this added to their terror, for the Books of the Sybil were burnt, and all her prophecies were lost. Cinna tried to oppose Sulla's landing, but was killed by his own soldiers at Brundisium.

Sulla, with his victorious army, could not be stopped. Sertorius fled to Spain, but Marius' son tried, with the help of the Samnites, to resist, and held out Præneste, but the Samnites were beaten in a terrible battle outside the walls, and, when the people of the city saw the heads of the leaders carried on spear points, they insisted on giving up. Young Marius and a Samnite noble hid themselves in a cave, and, as they had no hope, resolved to die; so they fought, hoping to kill each other, and when Marius was left alive, he caused himself to be slain by a slave.

Sulla marched on towards Rome, furious at the resistance he had met with, and determined on a terrible vengeance. He could not enter the city till he was ready to dismiss his army and have his triumph, so the Senate came out to meet him in the temple of Bellona. As they took their seats, they heard dreadful shrieks and cries. "No matter," said Sulla; "it is only some wretches being punished." The wretches were the eight thousand Samnite prisoners he had taken in the battle of Præneste, and brought to be killed in the Campus Martius; and with these shocking sounds to mark that he was in earnest, the purple-faced general told the trembling Senate that if they submitted to him he would be good to them, but that he would spare none of his enemies, great or small.

And his men were already in the city and country, slaughtering not only the party of Marius, but every one against whom any one of them had a spite, or whose property he coveted. Marius' body, which had been buried and not burnt, was taken from the grave and thrown into the Tiber; and such horrible deeds were done that Sulla was asked in the Senate where the execution was to stop. He showed a list of eighty more

who had yet to die; and the next day and the next he brought other lists of two hundred and thirty each. These dreadful lists were called proscriptions, and any one who tried to shelter the victims was treated in the same manner. The property of all who were slain was seized, and their children declared incapable of holding any public office.



CINNA KILLED BY HIS OWN SOLDIERS.

Among those who were in danger was the nephew of Marius' wife, Caius Julius Cæsar, but, as he was of a high patrician family, Sulla only required of him to divorce his wife and marry a stepdaughter of his own. Cæsar refused, and fled to the Sabine hills, where pursuers were sent after him; but his life was begged for by his friends at Rome, especially by the Vestal Virgins, and Sulla spared his life, saying, however, "Beware; in that young trifier is more than one Marius." Cæsar went to join the army in the East for safety, and thus broke off the idle life of pleasure he had been leading in Rome.

The country people were even more cruelly punished than the citizens; whole cities were destroyed and districts laid waste; the whole of Etruria

was ravaged, the old race entirely swept away, and the towns ruined beyond revival, while the new city of Florence was built with their remains, and all we know of them is from the tombs which have of late years been opened.

Both the consuls had perished, and Sulla caused himself to be named Dictator. He had really a purpose in all the horrors he had perpetrated, namely, to clear the way for restoring the old government at Rome, which Marius and his Italians had been overthrowing. He did not see that the rule which had worked tolerably while Rome was only a little city with a small country round it, would not serve when it was the head of numerous distant countries, where the governors, like himself and Marius, grew rich, and trained armies under them able to overpower the whole state at home. So he set to work to put matters as much as possible in the old order. So many of the Senate had been killed, that he had to make up the numbers by putting in three hundred knights; and, to supply the lack of other citizens, after the hosts who had perished, he allowed the Italians to go on coming in to be enrolled as citizens; and ten thousand slaves, who had belonged to his victims, were not only set free, but made citizens as his own clients, thus taking the name of Cornelius. He also much lessened the power of the tribunes of the people, and made a law that when a man had once been tribune he should never be chosen for any of the higher offices of the state. By these means he sought to keep up the old patrician power, on which he believed the greatness of Rome depended; though, after all, the grand old patrician families had mostly died off, and half the Senate were only knights made noble.

After this, Sulla resigned the dictatorship, for he was growing old, and had worn out his health by his riot and luxury. He spent his time in a villa near Rome, talking philosophy with his friends, and dictating the history of his own life in Greek. When he died, he bade them burn his body, contrary to the practice of the Cornelii, no doubt fearing it would be treated like that of Marius.

The most promising of the men of his party who were growing up and coming forward was Cnæus Pompeius, a brave and worthy man, who had, while quite young, gained such a victory over a Numidian prince that Sulla himself gave him the title of Magnus, or the Great. He was afterward sent to Spain, where Sertorius held out for eight years against the Roman power with the help of the native chiefs, but at last was put to death by his own followers. Things were altogether in a bad state. There were great struggles in Rome at every election, for the offices of the state were now chiefly esteemed for the sake of the three or five years' government in the provinces to which they led. No expense was thought too great in shows of beasts and gladiators by which to win the votes of the people; for, after the year

of office, the candidate meant amply to repay himself by what he could squeeze out of the unhappy province under his charge, and nobody cared for cruelty or injustice to any one but a Roman citizen.

Numbers of gladiators were kept and trained to fight in these shows; and while the Spanish war was going on, a whole school of them—seventy-eight in number—who were kept at Capua, broke out, armed themselves



SPARTACUS' DEATH.

with the spits, hooks, and axes in a butcher's shop, and took refuge in the crater of Mount Vesuvius, which at that time showed no signs of being an active volcano. There, under their leader Spartacus, they gathered together every slave or gladiator who could run away to them, and Spartacus wanted them to march northward, force their way through Italy, climb the Alps, and reach their homes in Thrace and Gaul; but the plunder of Italy tempted them, and they would not go, till an army was sent against them under Marcus Licinius Crassus—called Dives, or the Rich, from the spoil he had gained during the proscription. Then Spartacus hoped to escape in a fleet of pirate ships from Cilicia, and to hold out in the passes of Mount Taurus; but the Cilician pirates deceived him, sailed away with his money, and left him to his fate, and he and his gladiators were all slain by Crassus and Pompeius, who had been called home from Spain.



PUPPET-PLAYER IN POMPEII.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CAREER OF POMPEIUS.

B. C. 70—63.



POMPEIUS MAGNUS and Lucius Licinius Crassus Dives were consuls together in the year 70; but Crassus, though he feasted the people at ten thousand tables, was envied and disliked, and would never have been elected but for Pompeius, who was a great favorite with the people, and so much trusted, both by them and the nobles, that it seems to have filled him with pride, for he gave himself great airs, and did not treat his fellow-consul as an equal.

When his term of office was over, the most pressing thing to be done was to put down the Cilician pirates. In the angle formed between Asia Minor and Syria, with plenty of harbors formed by the spurs of Mount Taurus, there had dwelt for ages past a horde of sea robbers, whose swift galleys darted on the merchant ships of Tyre and Alexandria; and now, after the ruin of the Syrian kingdom, they had grown so rich that their state galleys had silken sails, oars inlaid with ivory and silver, and bronze prows. They robbed the old Greek temples and the Eastern shrines, and even made descents on the Italian cities, besides stopping the ships which brought wheat from Sicily and Alexandria to feed the Romans.

To enable Pompeius to crush them, authority was given him for three years over all the Mediterranean and fifty miles inland all round, which was nearly the same thing as the whole empire. He divided the sea into thirteen commands, and sent a party to fight the pirates in each; and this was done so effectually, that in forty days they were all hunted out of the west end of the Mediterranean and driven home to their own gulf, whither he pursued them with his whole force, beat them in a sea-fight, and then besieged them; but, as he was known to be a just and merciful man, they came to terms with him, and he scattered them about in small colonies in distant cities, so that they might cease to be mischievous.

In the meantime, the war with Mithridates had broken out again, and Lucius Lucullus, who had been consul after Pompeius, was fighting with him in the East; but Lucullus did not please the Romans, though he met with good success, and had pushed Mithridates so hard that there was nothing left for Pompeius but to complete the conquest, and he drove the old

king beyond Caucasus and then marched into Syria, where he overthrew the last of the Seleucian kings, Antiochus, and gave him the little kingdom of Commagene to spend the remainder of his life in, while Syria and Phœnicia were made into a great Roman province.

Under the Maccabees, Palestine had struggled into being independent of Syria, but only by the help of the Romans, who, as usual, tried to ally themselves with small states in order to make an excuse for making war on large ones. There was now a great quarrel between two brothers of the Maccabean family, and one of them, Hyrcanus, came to ask the aid of Pompeius. The Roman army marched into the Holy Land, and, after seizing the whole country, was three months besieging Jerusalem, which, after all, it only took by an attack when the Jews were resting on the Sabbath day. Pompeius insisted on forcing his way into the Holy of Holies, and was very much disappointed to find it empty and dark. He did not plunder the treasury of the Temple, but the Jews remarked that, from the time of this daring entrance, his prosperity seemed to fail him. Before he left the East, however, old Mithridates, who had taken refuge in the Crimea, had been attacked by his own favorite son, and, finding that his power was gone, had taken poison; but, as his constitution was so fortified by antidotes that it took no effect, he caused one of his slaves to kill him.

The son submitted to the Romans, and was allowed to reign on the Bosphorus; but Pompeius had extended the Roman Empire as far as the Euphrates; for though a few small kings still remained, it was only by suzerainty from the Romans, who had gained thirty-nine great cities. Egypt, the Parthian kingdom on the Tigris, and Armenia in the mountains, alone remained free.

While all this was going on in the East, there was a very dangerous plot contrived at Rome by a man named Lucius Sergius Catilina, and seven other good-for-nothing nobles, for arming the mob, even the slaves and gladiators, overthrowing the government, seizing all the offices of state, and murdering all their opponents, after the example first set by Marius and Cinna.

Happily, such secrets are seldom kept; one of the plotters told the woman he was in love with, and she told one of the consuls, Marcus Tullius Cicero. Cicero was one of the wisest and best men in Rome, and the one whom we really know the best, for he left a great number of letters to his friends, which show us the real mind of the man. He was of the order of the knights, and had been bred up to be a lawyer and orator, and his speeches came to be the great models of Roman eloquence. He was a man of real conscience, and he most deeply loved Rome, and her honor; and though he was both vain and timid, he could put these weaknesses aside for the public good. Before all the Senate he impeached Catilina, showing how

fully he knew all that he intended. Nothing could be done to him by law till he had actually committed his crime, and Cicero wanted to show him that all was known, so as to cause him to flee and join his friends outside. Catilina tried to face it out, but all the senators began to cry out against



CICERO.

him, and he dashed away in terror, and left the city at night. Cicero announced it the next day in a famous speech, beginning, "He is gone; he has rushed away; he has burst forth." Some of his followers in guilt were left at Rome, and just then some letters were brought to Cicero by some of a tribe of Gauls whom they had invited to help them in the ruin of the Senate. This was positive proof, and Cicero caused the nine worst to be seized, and, having proved their guilt, there was a consultation in the Senate as to their fate. Julius Cæsar wanted to keep them prisoners for life, which he said was worse than death, as that, he believed, would end everything; but all the rest of the Senate were for their death, and they were all strangled, without giving them a chance of defending themselves or appealing to the people. Cicero beheld the execution himself, and then went forth to the crowd, merely saying, "They have lived."

Catilina, meantime, had collected twenty thousand men in Italy, but they were not half-armed, and the newly-returned proconsul, Metellus, made head against him; while the other consul, Caius Antonius, was recalled from Macedonia with his army. As he was a friend of Catilina, he did not choose to fight with him, and gave up the command to his lieutenant, by whom the wretch was defeated and slain. His head was cut off and sent to Rome.

CHAPTER XXVII.

POMPEIUS AND CÆSAR.

B. C. 61—48.



POMPEIUS was coming home for his triumph, and every one had hopes from him, for things were in a very bad state. There had been a great disturbance at Julius Cæsar's house. Every year there was a festival in honor of Cybele, the Bona Dea, or Good Goddess, to which none but women were admitted, and where it was sacrilege for a man to be seen. In the midst of this feast in Cæsar's house, a slave girl told his mother Aurelia that there was a man among the ladies. Aurelia shut the doors, took a torch and ran through the house, looking in every one's face for the offender, who was found to be Publius Clodius, a worthless young man, who had been in Catilina's conspiracy, but had given evidence against him. He escaped, but was brought to trial, and then borrowed money enough of Crassus the rich to bribe the judges and avoid the punishment he deserved. Cæsar's wife, the sister of Pompeius, was free of blame in the matter, but he divorced her, saying that Cæsar's wife must be free from all suspicion; and this, of course, did not bring her brother home in a friendly spirit to Cæsar.

Pompeius' triumph was the most magnificent that had ever yet been seen. It lasted two days, and the banners that were carried in the procession bore the names of nine hundred cities and one thousand fortresses which he had conquered. All the treasures of Mithridates—statues, jewels, and splendid ornaments of gold and silver worked with precious stones—were carried along; and it was reckoned that he brought home twenty thousand talents—equal to five million pounds—for the treasury. He was admired, too, for refusing any surname taken from his conquests, and only wearing the laurel wreath of a victor in the Senate.

Pompeius and Cæsar were the great rival names at this time. Pompeius' desire was to keep the old framework, and play the part of Sulla as its protector, only without its violence and bloodshed. Cæsar saw that it was impossible that things should go on as they were, and had made up his mind to take the lead and mould them afresh; but this he could not do while Pompeius was looked up to as the last great conqueror. So Cæsar meant to serve his consulate, take some government where he could grow famous and form an army, and then come home and mould everything anew. After a year's service in Spain as proprætor, Cæsar came back and made friends with Pompeius and Crassus, giving his daughter Julia in marriage to Pompeius, and forming what was called a triumvirate, or union of three men. Thus he easily obtained the consulship, and showed himself the friend of the people by bringing in an Agrarian Law for dividing the public lands in Campania among the poorer citizens, not forgetting Pompeius' old soldiers; also taking other measures which might make the Senate recollect that Sulla had foretold that he would be another Marius and more.

After this, he took Gaul as his province, and spent seven years in subduing it bit by bit, and in making two visits to Britain. He might pretty well trust the rotten state of Rome to be ready for his interference when he came back. Clodius had actually dared to bring Cicero to a trial for having put to death the friends of Catilina without allowing them to plead their own cause. Pompeius would not help him, and the people banished him four hundred miles from Rome, when he went to Sicily, where he was very miserable; but his exile only lasted two years, and then better counsels prevailed, and he was brought home by a general vote, and welcomed almost as if it had been a triumph.

Marcus Porcius Cato was as honest and true a man as Cicero, but very rough and stern, so that he was feared and hated; and there were often fierce quarrels in the Senate and Forum, and in one of these Pompeius' robe was sprinkled with blood. On his return home, his young wife Julia thought he had been hurt, and the shock brought on an illness of which she died; thus breaking the link between her husband and father.

Pompeius did all he could to please the Romans when he was consul together with Crassus. He had been for some time building a most splendid theatre in the Campus Martius, after the Greek fashion, open to the sky, and with tiers of galleries circling round an arena; but the Greeks had never used their theatres for the savage sports for which this was intended. When it was opened, five hundred lions, eighteen elephants, and a multitude of gladiators were provided to fight in different fashions with one another before thirty thousand spectators, the whole being crowned by a temple to Conquering Venus. After his consulate, Pompeius took Spain as his province, but did not go there, managing it by deputy; while Crassus had Syria,

and there went to war with the wild Parthians on the Eastern border. In the battle of Carrhæ, the army of Crassus was entirely routed by the Parthians; he was killed, his head cut off, and his mouth filled up with molten gold in scorn of his riches. At Rome, there was such distress that no one thought much even of such a disaster. Bribes were given to secure elections, and there was nothing but tumult and uproar, in which good men like Cicero and Cato could do nothing. Clodius was killed in one of these frays, and the mob grew so furious that the Senate chose Pompeius to be sole consul to put them down; and this he did for a short time, but all fell



CÆSAR CROSSES THE RUBICON.

into confusion again while he was very ill of a fever at Naples, and even when he recovered there was a feeling that Cæsar was wanted. But Cæsar's friends said he must not be called upon to give up his army unless Pompeius gave up his command of the army in Spain, and neither of them would resign.

Cæsar advanced with all his forces as far as Ravenna, which was still part of Cisalpine Gaul, and then the consul, Marcus Mæcellus, begged Pompeius to protect the commonwealth, and he took up arms. Two of Cæsar's great friends, Marcus Antonius and Caius Cassius, who were tribunes, for-

bade this; and when they were not heeded, they fled to Cæsar's camp asking his protection.

So he advanced. It was not lawful for an imperator, or general in command of an army, to come within the Roman territory with his troops except for his triumph, and the little river Rubicon was the boundary of Cisalpine Gaul. So when Cæsar crossed it, he took the first step in breaking through old Roman rules, and thus the saying arose that one has passed the Rubicon when one has gone so far in a matter that there is no turning back. Though Cæsar's army was but small, his fame was such that everybody seemed struck with dismay, even Pompeius himself, and instead of fighting, he carried off all the senators of his party to the South, even to the extreme point of Italy at Brundisium. Cæsar marched after them thither, having met with no resistance, and having, indeed, won all Italy in sixty days. As he advanced on Brundisium, Pompeius embarked on board a ship in the harbor and sailed away, meaning, no doubt, to raise an army in the provinces and return—some feared like Sulla—to take vengeance.

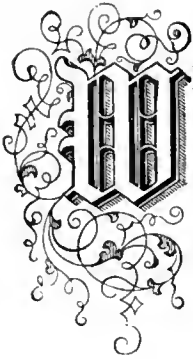
Cæsar was appointed Dictator, and after crushing Pompeius' friends in Spain, he pursued him into Macedonia, where Pompeius had been collecting all the friends of the old commonwealth. There was a great battle fought at Pharsalia, a battle which nearly put an end to the old government of Rome, for Cæsar gained a great victory; and Pompeius fled to the coast, where he found a vessel and sailed for Egypt. He sent a message to ask shelter at Alexandria, and the advisers of the young king pretended to welcome him, but they really intended to make friends with the victor; and as Pompeius stepped ashore he was stabbed in the back, his body thrown into the surf, and his head cut off.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

B. C. 48—44.



WITH Pompeius fell the hopes of those who were faithful to the old government, such as Cicero and Cato. They had only to wait and see what Cæsar would do, and with the memory of Marius in their minds.

Cæsar did not come at once to Rome; he had first to reduce the East to obedience. Egypt was under the last descendants of Alexander's general Ptolemy, and was an ally of Rome, that is, only remaining a kingdom by her permission. The king was a wretched weak lad; his sister

Cleopatra, who was joined with him in the throne, was one of the most beautiful and winning women who ever lived. Cæsar, who needed money, demanded some that was owing to the state. The young king's advisers refused, and Cæsar, who had but a small force with him, was shut up in a quarter of Alexandria where he could get no fresh water but from pits which his men dug in the sand. He burnt the Egyptian fleet that it might not stop the succors that were coming from Syria, and he tried to take the Isle of Pharos, with the lighthouse on it, but his ship was sunk, and he was obliged to save himself by swimming, holding his journals in one hand above the water. However, the forces from Syria were soon brought to him, and he was able to fight a battle in which the young king was drowned; and Egypt was at his mercy. Cleopatra was determined to have an interview with him, and had herself carried into his rooms in a roll of carpet, and when there, she charmed him so much that he set her up as queen of Egypt. He remained three months longer in Egypt collecting money; and hearing that Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates, had attacked the Roman settlements in Asia Minor, he sailed for Tarsus, marched against Pharnaces, routed and killed him in battle. The success was announced to the Senate in the following brief words, "*Veni, vidi, vici*"—"I came, I saw, I conquered."

He was a second time appointed Dictator, and came home to arrange affairs; but there were no proscriptions, though he took away the estates of those who opposed him. There was still a party of the senators and their supporters who had followed Pompeius in Africa, with Cato and Cnæus

Pompeius, the eldest son of the great leader, and Cæsar had to follow them thither. He gave them a great defeat at Thapsus, and the remnant took refuge in the city of Utica, whither Cæsar followed them. They would have stood a siege, but the townspeople would not consent, and Cato sent off all his party by sea, and remained alone with his son and a few of his friends, not to face the conqueror, but to die by his own sword ere he came, as the Romans had learned from Stoic philosophy to think the nobler part.

Such of the Senate as had not joined Pompeius were ready to fall down and worship Cæsar when he came home. So rejoiced was Rome to fear no proscription, that temples were dedicated to Cæsar's clemency, and his image was to be carried in procession with those of the gods. He was named Dictator for ten years, and was received with four triumphs—over the Gauls, over the Egyptians, over Pharnaces, and over Juba, an African king who had aided Cato. Foremost of the Gaulish prisoners was the brave Vercingetorix, and among the Egyptians, Arsinoë, the sister of Cleopatra. A banquet was given at his cost to the whole Roman people, and the shows of gladiators and beasts surpassed all that had ever been seen. The Julii were said to be descended from Æneas, and to Venus, as his ancestress, Cæsar dedicated a breastplate of pearls from the river mussels of Britain. Still, however, he had to go to Spain to reduce the sons of Pompeius. They were defeated in battle, the elder was killed, but Cnæus, the younger, held out in the mountains and hid himself among the natives.

After this, Cæsar returned to Rome to carry out his plans. He was dictator for ten years and consul for five, and was also imperator or commander of an army he was not made to disband, so that he nearly was as powerful as any king; and, as he saw that such an enormous domain as Rome now possessed could never be governed by two magistrates changing every year, he prepared matters for there being one ruler. The influence of the Senate, too, he weakened very much by naming a great many persons to it of no rank or distinction, till there were nine hundred members, and nobody thought much of being a senator. He also made an immense number of new citizens, and he caused a great survey to be begun by Roman officers in preparation for properly arranging the provinces, governments, and tribute; and he began to have the laws drawn up in regular order. In fact, he was one of the greatest men the world has ever produced, not only as a conqueror, but a statesman and ruler; and though his power over Rome was not according to the laws, and had been gained by a rebellion, he was using it for her good.

He was learned in all philosophy and science, and his history of his wars in Gaul has come down to our times. As a high patrician by birth, he was Pontifex Maximus, or chief priest, and thus had to fix all the festival days in each year. Now the year had been supposed to be only

three hundred and fifty-five days long, and the Pontifex put in another month or several days whenever he pleased, so that there was great confusion, and the feast days for the harvest and vintage came, according to the calendar, three months before there was any corn or grapes.

To set this to rights, since it was now understood that the length of the year was three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours, Cæsar and the scientific men who assisted him devised the fresh arrangement that we call leap year, adding a day to the three hundred and sixty-five once in four years. He also changed the name of one of the summer months from Sextile to July, in honor of himself. Another work of his was restoring Corinth and Carthage, which had both been ruined the same year, and now were both refounded the same year.



THE CONSPIRATORS IN COUNCIL.

He was busy about the glory of the state, but there was much to shock old Roman feelings in his conduct. Cleopatra had followed him to Rome, and he was thinking of putting away his wife Calpurnia to marry her. But his keeping the dictatorship was the real grievance, and the remains of the old party in the Senate could not bear that the patrician freedom of Rome should be lost. Every now and then his flatterers offered him a royal crown and hailed him as king, though he always refused it, and this title still stirred up bitter hatred. He was preparing an army, intending to march into the further East, avenge Crassus' defeat on the Parthians, and

march where no one but Alexander had made his way ; and if he came back victorious from thence, nothing would be able to stand against him.

The plotters then resolved to strike before he set out. Caius Cassius, a tall, lean man, who had lately been made prætor, was the chief conspirator, and with him was Marcus Junius Brutus, a descendant of him who overthrew the Tarquins, and husband to Porcia, Cato's daughter, also another Brutus named Decimus, hitherto a friend of Cæsar, and newly appointed to the government of Cisalpine Gaul. These and twelve more agreed to murder Cæsar on the 15th of March, called in the Roman calendar the Ides of March, when he went to the senate-house.

Rumors got abroad and warnings came to him about that special day. His wife dreamt so terrible a dream that he had almost yielded to her entreaties to stay at home, when Decimus Brutus came in and laughed him out of it. As he was carried to the senate-house in a litter, a man gave him a writing and begged him to read it instantly ; but he kept it rolled in his hand without looking. As he went up the steps he said to the augur Spurius, "The Ides of March are come." "Yes, Cæsar," was the answer ; "but they are not passed." A few steps further on, one of the conspirators met him with a petition, and the others joined in it, clinging to his robe and his neck, till another caught his toga and pulled it over his arms, and then the first blow was struck with a dagger. Cæsar struggled at first as all fifteen tried to strike at him, but, when he saw the hand uplifted of his treacherous friend Decimus, he exclaimed, "*Et tu Brute*"—"Thou too, Brutus"—drew his toga over his head, and fell dead at the foot of the statue of Pompeius.



CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SECOND TRIUMVIRATE.

B.C. 44—33.



THE murderers of Cæsar had expected the Romans to hail them as deliverers from a tyrant, but his great friend Marcus Antonius, who was, together with him, consul for that year, made a speech over his body as it lay on a couch of gold and ivory in the Forum ready for the funeral. Antonius read aloud Cæsar's will, and showed what benefits he had intended for his fellow-citizens, and how he loved them; so that love for him and wrath against his enemies filled every hearer.

The army, of course, were furious against the murderers; the Senate was terrified, and granted everything Antonius chose to ask, provided he would protect them, whereupon he begged for a guard for himself that he might be saved from Cæsar's fate, and this they gave him; while the fifteen murderers fled secretly, mostly to Cisalpine Gaul, of which Decimus Brutus was governor.

Cæsar had no child but the Julia who had been wife to Pompeius, and his heir was his young cousin Caius Octavius, who changed his name to Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus, and, coming to Rome, demanded his inheritance, which Antonius had seized, declaring that it was public money; but Octavianus, though only eighteen, showed so much prudence and fairness that many of the Senate were drawn toward him rather than Antonius, who had always been known as a bad, untrustworthy man; but the first thing to be done was to put down the murderers—Decimus Brutus was in Gaul, Marcus Brutus and Cassius in Macedonia, and Sextus Pompeius had also raised an army in Spain.

Good men in the Senate dreaded no one so much as Antonius, and put their hope in young Octavianus. Cicero made a set of speeches against Antonius, which are called Philippics, because they denounce him as Demosthenes used to denounce Philip of Macedon, and like them, too, they were the last flashes of spirit in a sinking state; and Cicero, in those days, was the foremost and best man who was trying at his own risk to save the old institutions of his country. But it was all in vain; they were too rotten to last, and there were not enough of honest men to make a stand against a violent unscrupulous schemer like Antonius; above all now that the clever

young Octavianus saw it was for his interest to make common cause with him, and with a third friend of Cæsar, rich but dull, named Marcus Æmilius Lepidus. They called on Decimus Brutus to surrender his forces to them, and marched against him. Then his troops deserted him, and he tried to escape into the Alps, but was delivered up to Antonius and put to death.

Soon after, Antonius, Lepidus, and Octavianus all met on a little island in the river Rhenus and agreed to form a triumvirate for five years for setting things to rights once more, all three enjoying consular power together; and, as they had the command of all the armies, there was no one to stop them. Lepidus was to stay and govern Rome, while the other two hunted down the murderers of Cæsar in the East. But first, there was a deadly vengeance to be taken in the city upon all who could be supposed to have favored the murder of Cæsar, or who could be enemies to their schemes. So these three sat down with a list of the citizens before them to make a proscription, each letting a kinsman or friend of his own be marked for death, provided he might slay one related to another of the three. The dreadful list was set up in the Forum, and a price paid for the heads of the people in it, so that soldiers, ruffians, and slaves brought them in; but it does not seem that—as in the other two proscriptions—there was random murder, and many bribed their assassins and escaped from Italy. Octavianus had marked the fewest and tried to save Cicero, but Antonius insisted on his death. On hearing that he was in the fatal roll, Cicero had left Rome with his brother, and slowly traveled toward the coast from one country house to another till he came to Antium, whence he meant to sail for Greece; but there he was overtaken. His brother was killed at once, but he was put into a boat by his slaves, and went down the coast to Formiæ, where he landed again, and, going to a house near, said he would rather die in his own country which he had so often saved. However, when the pursuers knocked at the gate, his slaves placed him in a litter and hurried him out at another door. He was, however, again overtaken, and he forbade his slaves to fight for him, but stretched out his throat for the sword with his eyes full upon it. His head was carried to Antonius, whose wife Fulvia actually pierced the tongue with her bodkin in revenge for the speeches it had made against her husband.

After this dreadful work, Antonius and Octavianus went across to Greece, where Marcus Brutus had collected the remains of the army that had fought under Pompeius. He had been made much of at Athens, where his statue had been set up beside that of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the slayers of Pisistratus. Cassius had plundered Asia Minor, and the two met at Sardis. It is said that the night before they were to pass into Macedonia, Brutus was sitting alone in his tent, when he saw the figure of a man



CLEOPATRA SAILS UP THE CYDNUS.

before him. "Who art thou?" he asked; and the answer was, "I am thine evil genius, Brutus; I will meet thee again at Philippi."

And it was at Philippi that Brutus and Cassius found themselves face to face with Antonius and Octavianus. Each army was divided into two, and Brutus, who fought against Octavianus, put his army to flight, but Cassius was driven back by Antonius; and seeing a troop of horsemen coming toward him, he thought all was lost, and threw himself upon a sword. Brutus gathered the troops together, and after twenty days renewed the fight, when he was routed, fled, and hid himself, but after some hours put himself to death, as did his wife Porcia when she heard of his end.

After this, Octavianus went back to Italy, while Antonius stayed to pacify the East. When he was at Tarsus, the lovely queen of Egypt came, resolved to win him over. She sailed up the Cydnus in a beautiful galley, carved, gilded, and inlaid with ivory, with sails of purple silk and silvered oars, moving to the sound of flutes, while she

lay on the deck under a star-spangled canopy arrayed as Venus, with her ladies as nymphs, and little boys as Cupids fanning her. Antonius was perfectly fascinated, and she took him back to Alexandria with her, heeding nothing but her and the delights with which she entertained him, though his wife Fulvia and his brother were struggling to keep up his power at Rome. He did come home, but only to make a fresh agreement with Octavianus, by which Fulvia was given up and he married Octavia, the widow of Marcellus and sister of Octavianus. But he could not bear to stay long away from Cleopatra, and, deserting Octavia, he returned to Egypt, where the most wonderful revelries were kept up. Stories are told of eight wild boars being roasted in one day, each being begun a little later than the last, that one might be in perfection when Antonius should call for his dinner. Cleopatra vowed once that she would drink the most costly of draughts, and, taking off an earring of inestimable price, dissolved it in vinegar and swallowed it.

In the meantime, Octavianus and Lepidus together had put down Decimus, and Lepidus had then tried to overcome Octavianus, but was himself conquered and banished; for Octavianus was a kindly man, who never shed blood if he could help it, and, now that he was alone at Rome, won every one's heart by his gracious ways, while Antonius' riots in Egypt were a scandal to all who loved virtue and nobleness. So far was the Roman fallen that he even promised Cleopatra to conquer Italy and make Alexandria the capital of the world. Octavia tried to win him back, but she was a grave, virtuous Roman matron, and coarse, dissipated Antonius did not care for her compared with the enticing Egyptian queen. It was needful at last for Octavianus to destroy this dangerous power, and he mustered a fleet and army, while Antonius and Cleopatra sailed out of Alexandria with their ships and gave battle off the Cape of Actium. In the midst, either fright or treachery made Cleopatra sail away, and all the Egyptian ships with her, so that Antonius turned at once and fled with her. They tried to raise the East in their favor, but all their allies deserted them, and their soldiers went over to Alexandria, where Octavianus followed them. Then Cleopatra betrayed her lover, and put into the hands of Octavianus the ships in which he might have fled. He killed himself, and Cleopatra surrendered, hoping to charm young Octavianus as she had done Julius and Antonius; but when she saw him grave and unmoved, and found he meant to exhibit her in his triumph, she went to the tomb of Antonius and crowned it with flowers. The next day she was found on her couch, in her royal robes, dead, and her two maids dying too. "Is this well?" asked the man who found her. "It is well for the daughter of kings," said her maid with her last breath. Cleopatra had long made experiments on easy ways of death, and it was believed that an asp was brought to her in a basket of figs as the means of her death.

CHAPTER XXX.

CÆSAR AUGUSTUS.

B. C. 33—A. D. 14.



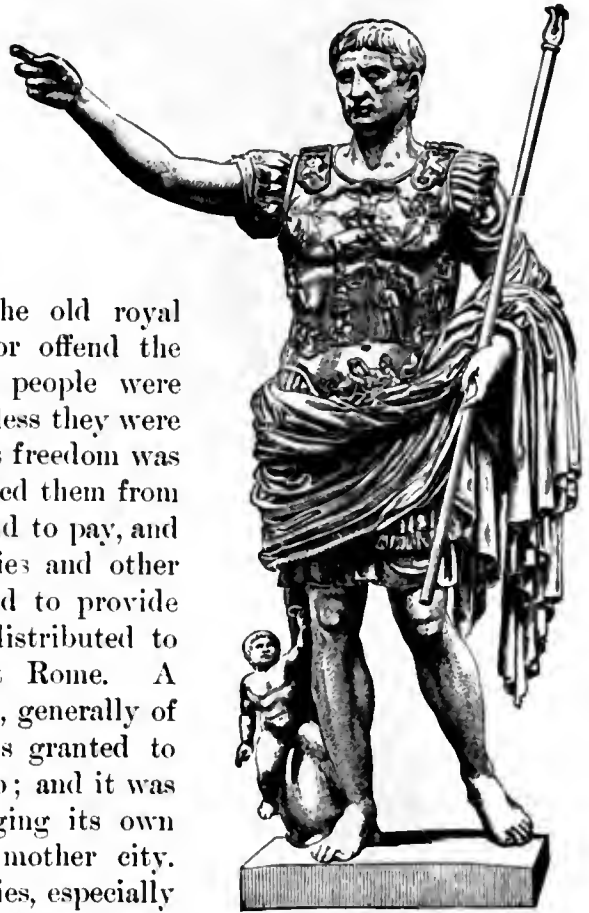
THE death of Antonius ended the fierce struggles which had torn Rome so long. Octavianus was left alone; all the men who had striven for the old government were dead, and those who were left were worn out and only longed for rest. They had found that he was kind and friendly, and trusted to him thankfully, nay, were ready to treat him as a kind of god. The old frame of constitution went on as usual; there was still a Senate, still consuls, and all the other magistrates, but Caesar Octavianus had the power belonging to each gathered in one. He was prince of the Senate, which gave him rule in the city; prætor, which made him judge, and gave him a special guard of soldiers called the Prætorian Guard to execute justice; and tribune of the people, which made him their voice; and even after his triumph he was still imperator, or general of the army. This word becomes in English, emperor, but it meant at this time merely commander-in-chief. He was also Pontifex Maximus, as Julius Cæsar had been; and there was a general feeling that he was something sacred and set apart as the ruler and peace-maker; and, as he shared this feeling himself, he took the name of Augustus, which is the one by which he is always known.

He did not, however, take to himself any great show or state. He lived in his family abode, and dressed and walked about the streets like any other Roman gentleman of consular rank, and no special respect was paid to him in speech, for, warned by the fate of Julius, he was determined to prevent the Romans from being put in mind of kings and crowns. He was a wise and deep-thinking man, and he tried to carry out the plans of Julius for the benefit of the nation and of the whole Roman world. He had the survey finished of all the countries of the empire, which now formed a complete border round the Mediterranean Sea, reaching as far north as the British Channel, the Alps, and the Black Sea; as far south as the African desert, as far west as the Atlantic, and east as the borders of the Euphrates; and he also had a universal census made of the whole of the inhabitants. It was the first time such a thing had been possible, for all the world was at last at peace, so that the Temple of Janus was closed for the third and last time in

Roman history. There was a feeling all over the world that a great Deliverer and peaceful Prince was to be expected at this time. One of the Sybils was believed to have so sung, and the Romans, in their relief at the good rule of Augustus, thought he was the promised one; but they little knew why God had brought about this great stillness from all wars, or why He moved the heart of Augustus to make the decree that all the world should be taxed—namely, that the true Prince of Peace, the real Deliverer, might be born in the home of His forefathers, Bethlehem, the city of David.

The purpose of Augustus' taxing was to make a regular division of the empire into provinces for the proconsuls to govern, with lesser divisions for the proprætors, while many cities, especially Greek ones, were allowed their own magistrates, and some small tributary kingdoms still remained till the old royal family should either die out or offend the Romans. In these lands the people were governed by their own laws, unless they were made Roman citizens; and this freedom was more and more granted, and saved them from paying the tribute all the rest had to pay, and which went to support the armies and other public institutions at Rome, and to provide the corn which was regularly distributed to such citizens as claimed it at Rome. A Roman colony was a settlement, generally of old soldiers who had had lands granted to them, and kept their citizenship; and it was like another little Rome managing its own affairs, though subject to the mother city. There were many of these colonies, especially in Gaul on the north coast, to defend it from the Germans. Cologne was one, and still keeps its name. The tribute was carefully fixed, and Augustus did his best to prevent the governors from preying on the people.

He tried to bring back better ways to Rome, which was in a sad state, full of vice and riot, and with little of the old, noble, hardy ways of the former times. The educated men had studied Greek philosophy till they had no faith in their own gods, and, indeed, had so mixed up their mythol-



STATUE OF AUGUSTUS AT THE VATICAN.



HORACE.

ogy with the Greek that they really did not know who their own were, and could not tell who were the greater gods whom Decius Mus invoked before

he rushed on the enemy; and yet they kept up their worship, because their feasts were so connected with the State that everything depended on them; but they made them no real judges or helpers. The best men of the time were those who had taken up the Stoic philosophy, which held that virtue was above all things, whether it was rewarded or not; the worst were often



GERMANICUS.

the Epicureans, who held that we had better enjoy all we can in this life, being sure of nothing else.

Learning was much esteemed in the time of Augustus. He and his two great friends, Caius Cilnius Mæcenas and Vipsanius Agrippa, both had a great esteem for scholarship and poetry, and in especial the house of Mæcenas was always open to literary men. The two chief poets of Rome, Publius Virgilius Maro and Quintus Horatius Flaccus, were warm friends of his. Virgil wrote poems on husbandry, and short dialogue poems called eclogues, in one of which he spoke of the time of Augustus in words that would almost serve as a prophecy of the kingdom of Him who was just born at Bethlehem. By desire of Augustus, he also wrote the *Æneid*, a poem on the war-doings of Æneas and his settlement in Italy.

Horace wrote odes and letters in verse and satires, which show the habits and ways of thinking of his time in a very curious manner; and there were many other writers whose works have not come down to us; but

the Latin of this time is the model of the language, and an Augustan age has ever since been a term for one in which literature flourishes.

All the early part of Augustus' reign was prosperous, but he had no son, only a daughter named Julia. He meant to marry her to Marcellus, the



LIVIA AT THE DEATH-BED OF AUGUSTUS.

son of his sister Antonia, but Marcellus died young, and was lamented in Virgil's *Aeneid*; so Julia was given to Agrippa's son. Augustus' second wife was Livia, who had been married to Tiberius Claudius Nero, and had two sons, Tiberius and Drusus, whom Augustus adopted as his own and intended for his heirs; and when Julia lost her husband Agrippa and her two young sons, he forced Tiberius to divorce the young wife he really loved to marry her. It was a great grief to Tiberius, and seems to have quite changed his character into being grave, silent, and morose. Julia, though carefully brought up, was one of the most wicked and depraved of women, and almost broke her father's heart. He banished her to an island near Rhegium, and when she died there would allow no funeral honors to be paid to her.

The peace was beginning to be broken by wars with the Germans; and young Drusus was commanding the army against them, and gaining such honor that he was called Germanicus, when he fell from his horse and died of his injuries, leaving one young son. He was buried at Rome, and his brother Tiberius walked all the way beside the bier, with his long flaxen hair flowing on his shoulders. Tiberius then went back to command the armies on the Rhine. Some half-conquered country lay beyond, and the Germans in the forests were at this time under a brave leader called Arminius. They were attacked by the pro-consul Quinctilius Varus, and near the river Ems, in the Hercynian forest, Arminius turned on him and routed him completely, cutting off the whole army, so that only a few fled back to Tiberius to tell the tale, and he had to fall back and defend the Rhine.

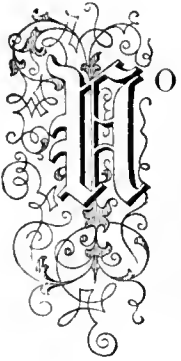
The news of this disaster was a terrible shock to the Emperor. He sat grieving over it, and at times he dashed his head against the wall, crying, "Varus, Varus! give me back my legions." His friends were dead, he was an old man now, and sadness was around him. He was soon, however, grave and composed again; and, as his health began to fail, he sent for Tiberius and put his affairs into his hands. When his dying day came, he met it calmly. He asked if there was any fear of a tumult on his death, and was told there was none; then he called for a mirror, and saw that his gray hair and beard were in order, and, asking his friends whether he had played his part well, he uttered a verse from a play bidding them applaud his exit, bade Livia remember him, and so died in his seventy-seventh year, having ruled fifty-eight years—ten as a triumvir, forty-eight alone.



CHAPTER XXXI.

TIBERIUS AND CALIGULA.

A.D. 14—41.



Difficulty was made about giving all the powers Augustus had held to his stepson, Tiberius Claudius Nero, who had also a right to the names of Julius Cæsar Augustus, and was in his own time generally called Cæsar. The Senate had grown too helpless to think for themselves, and all the choice they ever made of the consuls was that the Emperor gave out four names, among which they chose two.

Tiberius had been a grave, morose man ever since he was deprived of the wife he loved, and had lost his brother; and he greatly despised the mean, cringing ways round him, and kept to himself; but his nephew, called Germanicus, after his father, was the person whom every one loved and trusted. He had married Julia's daughter Agrippina, who was also a very good and noble person; and when he was sent against the Germans, she went with him, and her little boys ran about among the soldiers, and were petted by them. One of them, Caius, was called by the soldiers Caligula, or the Little Shoe, because he wore a caliga or shoe like theirs; and he never lost the nickname.

Germanicus earned his surname over again by driving Arminius back; but he was more enterprising than would have been approved by Augustus, who thought it wiser to guard what he had than to make wider conquests; and Tiberius was not only of the same mind, but was jealous of the great love that all the army were showing for his nephew, and this distrust was increased when the soldiers in the East begged for Germanicus to lead them against the Parthians. He set out, visiting all the famous places in Greece by the way, and going to see the wonders of Egypt; but while in Syria he fell ill of a wasting sickness and died, so that many suspected the spy, Cnæus Piso, whom Tiberius had sent with him, of having poisoned him. When his wife Agrippina came home, bringing his corpse to be burnt and his ashes placed in the burying-place of the Cæsars, there was universal love and pity for her. Piso seized on all the offices that Germanicus had held, but was called back to Rome, and was just going to be put on his trial when he cut his own throat.

All this tended to make Tiberius more gloomy and distrustful, and

when his mother Livia died he had no one to keep him in check, but fell under the influence of a man named Sejanus, who managed all his affairs for him, while he lived in a villa in the island of Capræ in the Bay of Naples, seeing hardly any but a few intimates, given up to all sorts of evil luxuries and self-indulgences, and hating and dreading every one. Agrippina was so much loved and respected that he dreaded and disliked her beyond all others; and Sejanus contrived to get up an accusation of plotting against the state, upon which she and her eldest son were banished to two small rocky isles in the Mediterranean Sea. The other two sons, Drusus and Caius, were kept by Tiberius at Capræ, till Tiberius grew suspicious of Drusus and threw him into prison. Sejanus, who had encouraged all his dislike to his own kinsmen, and was managing all Rome, then began to hope to gain the full power; but his plans were guessed by Tiberius, and he caused his former favorite to be set upon in the senate-house and put to death.

It is strange to remember that, while such dark deeds were being done at Rome, came the three years when the true Light was shining in the darkness. It was in the time of Tiberius Cæsar,

when Pontius Pilatus was proprætor of Palestine, that our Lord Jesus Christ spent three years in teaching and working miracles; then was crucified and slain by wicked hands, that the sin of mankind might be redeemed. Then He rose again from the dead and ascended into Heaven, leaving His Apostles to make known what He had done in all the world.

To the East, where our Lord dwelt, nay, to all the rest of the empire, the reign of Tiberius was a quiet time, with the good government arranged by Augustus working on. It was only his own family, and the senators and people of rank at Rome, who had much to fear from his strange, harsh, and jealous temper. The Claudian family had in all times been shy, proud, and stern, and to have such power as belonged to Augustus Cæsar was more than their heads could bear. Tiberius hated and suspected everybody, and yet he did not like putting people to death, so he let Drusus be starved to death in his prison, and Agrippina chose the same way of dying in her island, while some of the chief senators received such messages that they



AGRIPPINA.

put themselves to death. He led a wretched life, watching for treason and fearing everybody, and trying to drown the thought of danger in the banquets of Capreae, where the remains of his villa may still be seen. Once he set out, intending to visit Rome, but no sooner had he landed in Campania than the sight of hundreds of country people shouting welcome so disturbed him that he hastened on board ship again, and thus entered the Tiber; but at the very sight of the hills of Rome his terror returned, and he had his galley turned about and went back to his island, which he never again quitted.

Only two males of his family were left now—a great-nephew and a nephew, Caius, that son of the second Germanicus who had been nicknamed Caligula, a youth of a strange, excitable, feverish nature, but who from his fright at Tiberius had managed to keep the peace with him, and had only once been for a short time in disgrace; and his uncle, the youngest son of the first Germanicus, commonly called Claudius, a very dull, heavy man, fond of books, but so slow and shy that he was considered to be wanting in brains, and thus had never fallen under suspicion.

At length Tiberius fell ill, and when he was known to be dying, he was smothered with pillows as he began to recover from a fainting fit, lest he should take vengeance on those who had for a moment thought him dead. He died A.D. 37, and the power went to Caligula, properly called Caius, who was only twenty-five, and who began in a kindly, generous spirit, which pleased the people and gave them hope; but to have so much power was too much for his brain, and he can only be thought of as mad, especially after he had a severe illness, which made the people so anxious that he was puffed up with the notion of his own importance.

He put to death all who offended him, and, inheriting some of Tiberius' distrust and hatred of the people, he cried out, when they did not admire one of his shows as much as he expected, "Would that the people of Rome had but one neck, so that I might behead them all at once." He planned great public buildings, but had not steadiness to carry them out; and he became so greedy of the fame which, poor wretch, he could not earn, that he was jealous even of the dead. He turned the books of Livy and Virgil out of the libraries, and deprived the statues of the great men of old of the marks by which they were known—Cincinnatus of his curls, and Torquatus of his collar, and he forbade the last of the Pompeii to be called Magnus.

He made an expedition into Gaul, and talked of conquering Britain, but he got no further than the shore of the channel, where, instead of setting sail, he bade the soldiers gather up shells, which he sent home to the Senate to be placed among the treasures in the Capitol, calling them the spoils of the conquered ocean. Then he collected the German slaves and the tallest

Gauls he could find, commanded the latter to dye their hair and beards to a light color, and brought them home to walk in his triumph. The Senate, however, were slow to understand that he could really expect a triumph, and this affronted him so much that, when they offered him one, he would not have it, and went on insulting them. He made his horse a consul, though only for a day, and showed it with golden oats before it in a golden manger. Ouce, when the two consuls were sitting by him, he burst out laughing, to think, he said, how with one word he could make both their heads roll on the floor.

The provinces were not so ill off, but the state of Rome was unbearable. Everybody was in danger, and at last a plot was formed for his death; and as he was on his way from his house to the circus, and stopped to look at some singers who were going to perform, a party of men set upon him and killed him with many wounds, after he had reigned only five years, and when he was but thirty years old.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CLAUDIUS AND NERO.

A. D. 41—68.



FOR dull Claudius heard an uproar and hid himself, thinking he was going to be murdered like his nephew; but still worse was going to befall him. They were looking for him to make him Emperor, for he was the last of his family. He was clumsy in figure, though his face was good, and he was a kind-hearted man, who made large promises, and tried to do well; but he was slow and timid, and let himself be led by wicked men and women, so that his rule ended no better than that of the former Caesars.

He began in a spirited way, by sending troops who conquered the southern part of Britain, and making an expedition thither himself. His wife chose to share his triumph, which was not, as usual, a drive in a chariot, but a sitting in armor on their thrones, with the eagles and standards over their heads, and the prisoners led up before them. Among them came the great British chief Caractacus, who is said to have declared that he could not think why those who had such palaces as there were at Rome should want the hnts of the Britons.

Claudius was kind to the people in the distant provinces. He gave the Jews a king again, Herod Agrippa, the grandson of the first Herod, who was much loved by them, but died suddenly after a few years at Cæsarea, after the meeting with the Tyrians, when he let them greet him as a god. There were a great many Jews living at Rome, but those from Jerusalem quarreled with those from Alexandria; and one year, when there was a great scarcity of corn, Claudius banished them all from Rome.

Claudius was very unhappy in his wives. Two he divorced, and then married a third named Messalina, who was given up to all kinds of wickedness which he never guessed at, while she used all manner of arts to keep up her beauty and to deceive him. At last she actually married a young man while Claudius was absent from Rome; but when this came to his knowledge, he had her put to death. His last wife was, however, the worst of all. She was the daughter of the good Germanicus, and bore her mother's name of Agrippina. She had been previously married to Lucius Domitius Ænobarbus, by whom she had a son, whom Claudius adopted when he married her, though he had a child of his own called Britannicus, son to Messalina. Romans had never married their nieces before, but the power of the Emperors was leading them to trample down all law and custom,

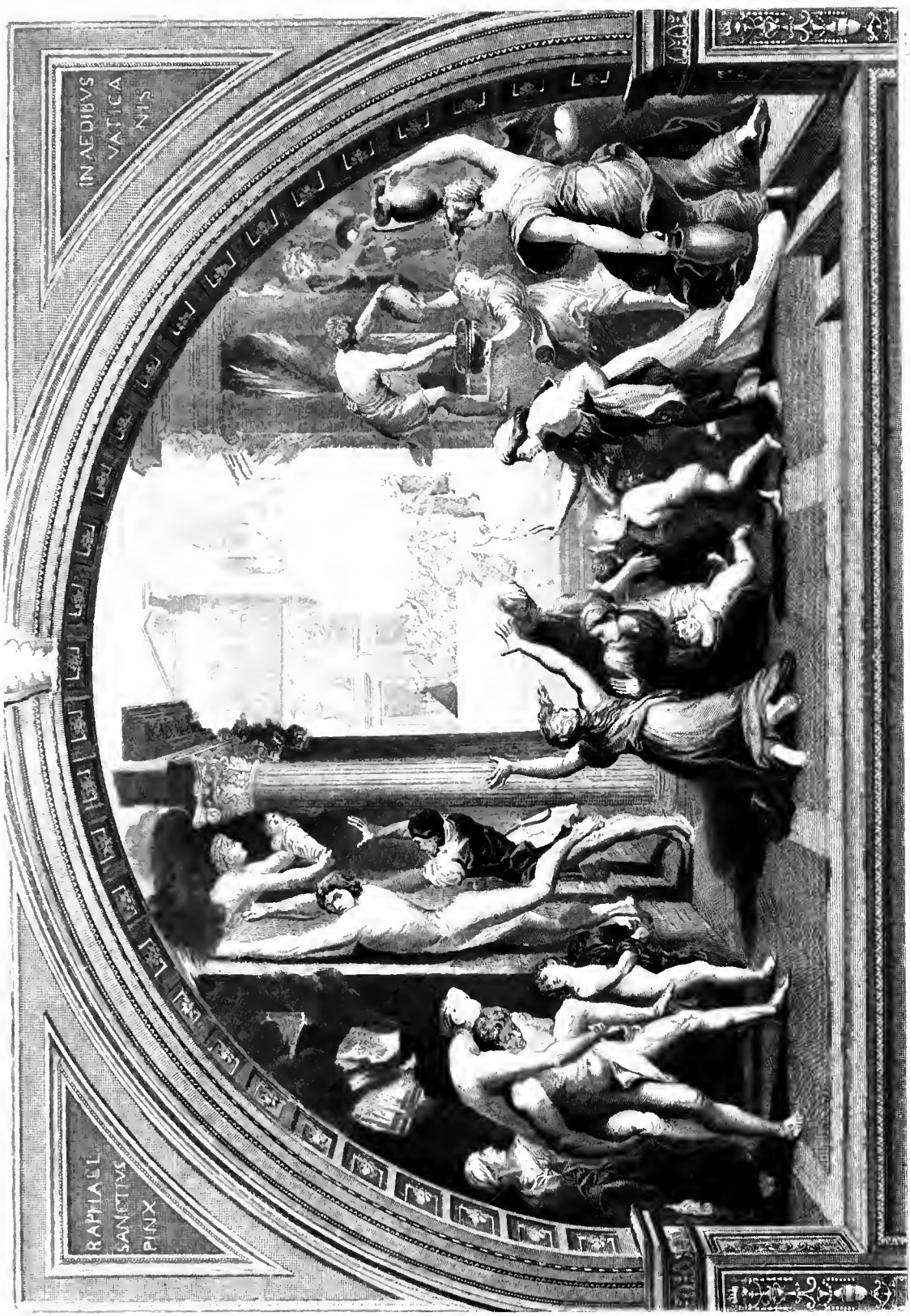


CLAUDIUS.

and it was for the misfortune of Claudius that he did so in this case, for Agrippina's purpose was to put every one out of the way of her own son, who, taking all the Claudian and Julian names in addition to his own, is commonly known as Nero. She married him to Claudius' daughter Octavia, and then, after much tormenting the Emperor, she poisoned him with a dish of mushrooms, and bribed his physician to take care that he did not recover. He died A.D. 54, and, honest and true-hearted as he had been, the Romans were glad to be rid of him, and told mocking stories of him. Indeed, they were very bad in all ways themselves, and many of the ladies were poisoners like Agrippina, so that the city almost deserved the tyrant who came after Claudius. Nero, the son of Agrippina by her first marriage, and Britannicus, the son of Claudius and Messalina, were to reign together; but Nero was the elder, and as soon as his poor young cousin came to manhood, Agrippina had a dose of poison ready for him.

Nero, however, began well. He had been well brought up by Seneca,



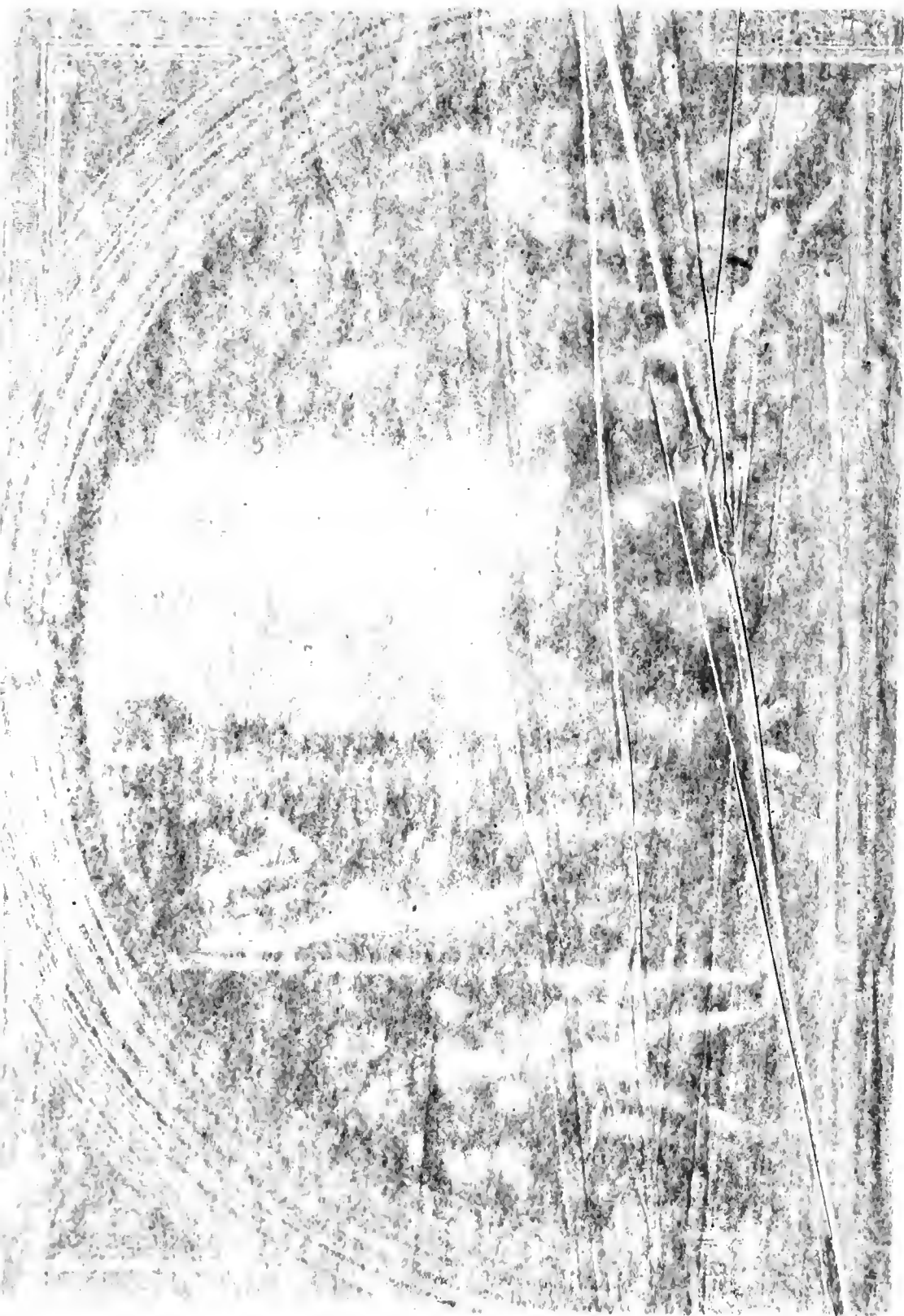


IN AEDIBVS
VATICANIS

RAPHAEL
SANCTI
PINXIT

CONFLAGRATION-ROME.

Vatican



100-108

an excellent student of the Stoic philosophy, who, with Burrhus, the commander of the Prætorian Guard, guided the young Emperor with good advice through the first five years of his reign; and though his wicked mother called herself Augusta, and had equal honors paid her with her son, not much harm was done to the government till Nero fell in love with a wicked woman, Poppæa Sabina, who was a proverb for vanity, and was said to keep five hundred she-asses that she might bathe in their milk to preserve her complexion. Nero wanted to marry this lady, and as his mother befriended his neglected wife Octavia, he ordered that when she went to her favorite villa at Baiæ her galley should be wrecked, and, if she was not drowned, she should be stabbed. Octavia was divorced, sent to an island, and put to death there; and after Nero married Poppæa, he quickly grew more violent and savage.

Burrhus died about the same time, and Seneca alone could not restrain the Emperor from his foolish vanity. He would descend into the arena of the great amphitheatre and sing to the lyre his own compositions; and he showed off his chariot-eering in the circus before the whole assembled city, letting no one go away till the performance was over. It very much shocked the patricians, but the mob were delighted, and he chiefly cared for their praises. He was building a huge palace, called the Golden House because of its splendid decorations; and, needing money, he caused accusations to be got up against all the richer men that he might have their hoards.

A terrible fire broke out in Rome, which raged for six days, and entirely destroyed fourteen quarters of the city. While it was burning, Nero, full of excitement, stood watching it, and sang to his lyre the descrip-

tion of the burning of Troy. A report therefore arose that he had actually caused the fire for the amusement of watching it; and to put this out of men's minds he accused the Christians. The Christian faith had begun to be known in Rome during the last reign, and it was to Nero, as Cæsar, that St. Paul had appealed. He had spent two years in a hired house of his own at Rome, and thus had been in the guard-room of the Prætorians, but he was released after being tried at "Cæsar's judgment-seat," and remained at large until this sudden outburst which caused the first persecution. Then he was taken at Nicopolis, and St. Peter at Rome, and they were thrown into the



NERO.

the Romans entered, and found every house full of dead women and children. Still they had the Temple to take, and the Jews had gathered there, fancying that, at the worst, the Messiah would appear and save them. Alas! they had rejected Him long ago, and this was the time of judgment. The Romans fought their way in, up the marble steps, slippery with blood



CONDEMNED TO FIGHT WITH WILD BEASTS.

and choked with dead bodies; and fire raged round them. Titus would have saved the Holy Place as a wonder of the world, but a soldier threw a torch through a golden latticed window, and the flame spread rapidly. Titus had just time to look round on all the rich gilding and marbles before it sank into ruins. He took a terrible vengeance on the Jews. Great numbers were crucified, and the rest were either taken to the amphitheatres all over the empire to fight with wild beasts, or were sold as slaves, in such numbers that, cheap as they were, no one would buy them. And yet this wonderful nation has lived on in its dispersion ever since. The city was utterly overthrown and sown with salt, and such treasures as could be saved from the fire were carried in the triumph of Titus—namely, the shew-bread table, the seven-branched candlestick, and the silver trumpets—and laid up as usual among the other spoils dedicated to Jupiter. Their figures are to

be seen sculptured on the triumphal arch built in honor of Titus, which still stands at Rome.

These Flavian Cæsars were great builders. Much had to be restored at Rome after the two great fires, and they built a new Capitol and new Forum, besides pulling down Nero's Golden House, and setting up on part of the site the magnificent baths known as the Baths of Titus. Going to the bath, to be steamed, rubbed, anointed, and perfumed by the slaves, was



TREASURES OF THE TEMPLE IN THE TRIUMPH OF TITUS.

the great amusement of an idle Roman's day, for in the waiting-rooms he met all his friends and heard the news; and these rooms were splendid halls, inlaid with marble, and adorned with the statues and pictures Nero had brought from Greece. On part of the gardens was begun what was then called the Flavian Amphitheatre, but is now known as the Colosseum, from the colossal statue that stood at its door—a wonderful place, with a succession of galleries on stone vaults round the area, on which every rank and station, from the Emperor and Vestal Virgins down to the slaves, had their places, whence to see gladiators and beasts struggle and perish, on sand mixed with scarlet grains to hide the stain, and perfumed showers to overcome the scent of blood, and under silken embroidered awnings to keep off the sun.

Vespasian was an upright man, and though he was stern and unrelenting, his reign was a great relief after the capricious tyranny of the last Claudii. He and his eldest son Titus were plain and simple in their habits, and tried to put down the horrid riot and excess that were ruining the Romans, and they were feared and loved. They had great successes too. Britain was subdued and settled as far as the northern hills, and a great rising in Eastern Gaul subdued. Vespasian was accused of being avaricious, but Nero had left the treasury in such a state that he could hardly have governed without being careful. He died in the year 79, at seventy years

old. When he found himself almost gone, he desired to be lifted to his feet, saying that an Emperor should die standing.

He left two sons, Titus and Domitian. Titus was more of a scholar than his father, and was gentle and kindly in manner, so that he was much beloved. He used to say, "I have lost a day," when one had gone by without his finding some kind act to do. He was called the delight of mankind, and his reign would have been happy but for another great fire in Rome, which burnt what Nero's fire had left. In his time, too, Mount Vesuvius suddenly woke from its rest, and by a dreadful eruption destroyed the two cities at its foot, Herculaneum and Pompeii. The philosopher Plinius, who wrote on geography and natural history, was stifled by the sulphurous air while fleeing from the showers of stones and ashes cast up by the mountain. His nephew, called Pliny the younger, has left a full account of the disaster, and the cloud like a pine tree that hung over the mountain, the noises, the earthquake, and the fall at last of the ashes and lava. Drusilla, the wife of Felix, the governor before whom St. Paul pleaded, also perished. Herculaneum was covered with solid lava, so that very little could be recovered from it; but Pompeii, being overwhelmed with dust and ashes, was only choked, and in modern days has been discovered, showing perfectly what an old Roman town was like—amphitheatre, shops, bakehouses, and all. Some skeletons have been found—a man with his keys in a cellar full of treasure, a priest crushed by a statue of Isis, a family crowded into a vault, a sentry at his post; and in other cases the ashes have perfectly moulded the impression of the figure they stifled, and on pouring plaster into them the forms of the victims have been recovered, especially two women, elder and younger, just as they fell at the gate, the girl with her head hidden in her mother's robe.

Titus died the next year, and his son-in-law Tacitus, who wrote the history of these reigns, laid the blame on his brother Domitian, who was as cruel and savage a tyrant as Nero. He does seem to have been shocked at the wickedness of the Romans. Even the Vestal Virgins had grown shameless, and there was hardly a girl of the patrician families in Rome well brought up enough to become one. The blame was laid on forsaking the old religion; and what the Romans call "Judaizing," which meant Christianity, was persecuted again. Flavius Clemens, a cousin of the Emperor, was thus accused and put to death; and probably it was this which led to St. John, the last of the Apostles, being brought to Rome and placed in a cauldron of boiling oil by the Lateran Gate; but a miracle was wrought in his behalf, and the oil did him no hurt, upon which he was banished to the Isle of Patmos.

The Colosseum was opened in Domitian's time, and the shows of gladiators, fights with beasts, and even sea-fights, when the arena was flooded, exceeded all that had gone before. There were fights between women and



Engraved by W. B. Cooke.

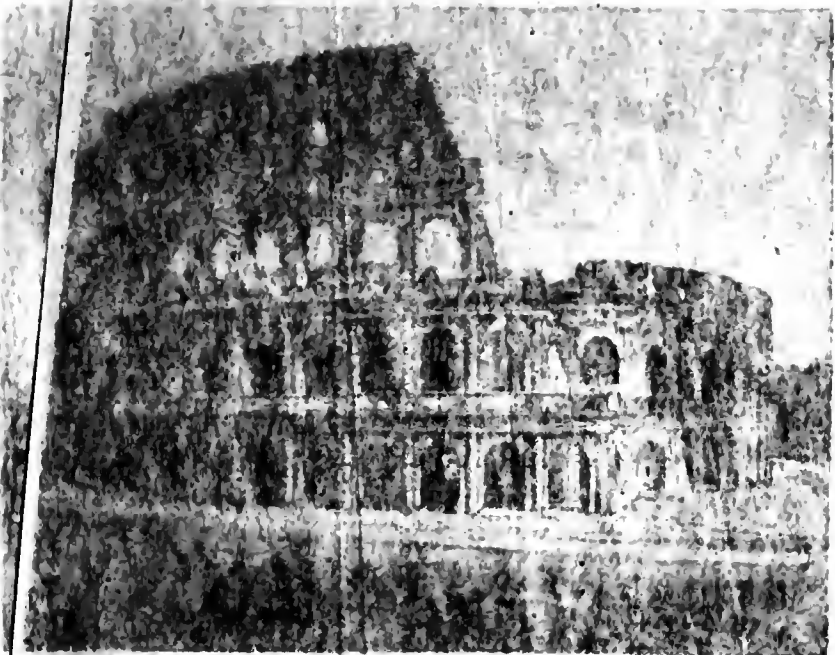
Drawn by C. J. Cochrane.

COLISEUM AT ROME.

women of arts
made
who

There is an inscription
of the Colosseum
as a Christian.
the Romans by wearing a
He did strange things.
the middle of the night on urgent business
of some foreign enemy on the borders
and they were consulted whether it was to be
made a purpose for it. Another time he invited

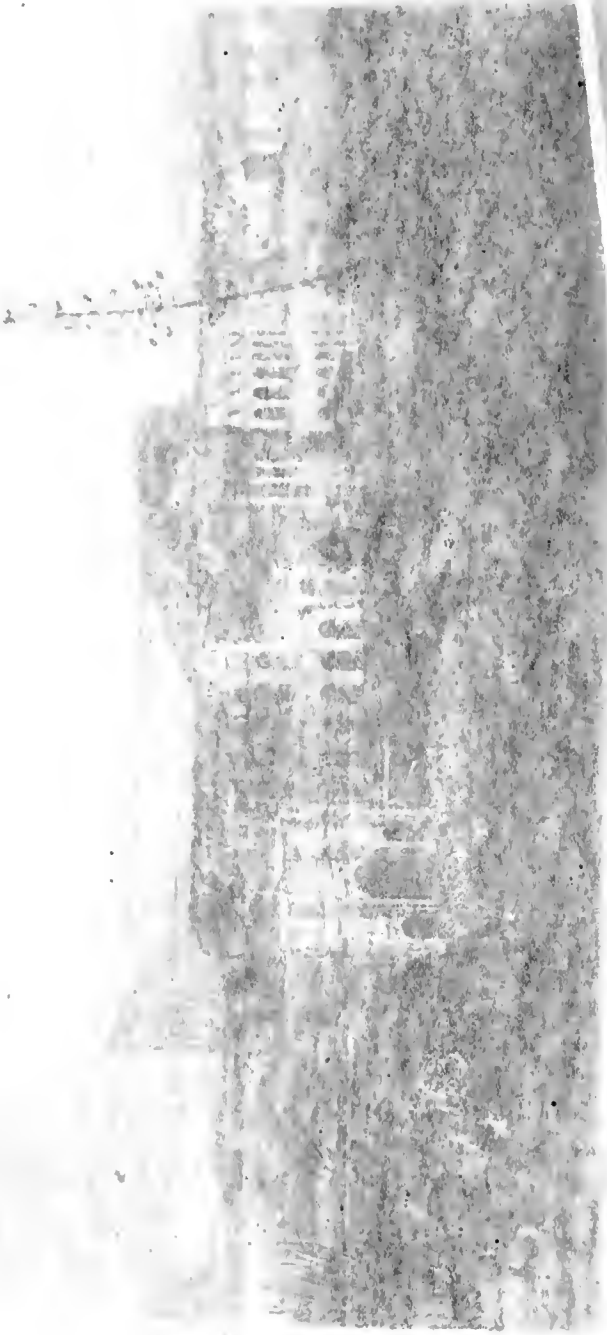
has
is,



Colosseum (Theat. d.)

of eyes
in her
farther
had D
to be
she had
that this
beach

ound themselves in a black marble hall, with funeral
same graven on a column like a tomb, a feast laid us
to wait on them! This time it was only a joke;
many people to death the he grew frightened lest
him, and he had his hall lined with polished
in a glass if any one approached him from behind.
son. His wife found that he meant to put her to
a party of servants should murder him, and



women, dwarfs and cranes. There is an inscription at Rome which has made some believe that the architect of the Colosseum was one Gaudentius, who afterward perished there as a Christian.

Domitian affronted the Romans by wearing a gold crown with little figures of the gods on it. He did strange things. Once he called together all his council in the middle of the night on urgent business, and while they expected to hear of some foreign enemy on the borders, a monstrous turbot was brought in, and they were consulted whether it was to be cut in pieces or have a dish made on purpose for it. Another time he invited a number



COLOSSEUM. (*Restored.*)

of guests, and they found themselves in a black marble hall, with funeral couches, each man's name graven on a column like a tomb, a feast laid as at a funeral, and black boys to wait on them! This time it was only a joke; but Domitian did put so many people to death that he grew frightened lest vengeance should fall on him, and he had his halls lined with polished marble, that he might see as in a glass if any one approached him from behind. But this did not save him. His wife found that he meant to put her to death, and contrived that a party of servants should murder him, A.D. 96.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE AGE OF THE ANTONINES.

A.D. 96—194.



DOMITIAN is called the last of the twelve Cæsars, though all who came after him called themselves Cæsar. He had no son, and a highly esteemed old senator named Cocceius Nerva became Emperor. He was an upright man, who tried to restore the old Roman spirit; and as he thought Christianity was only a superstition which spoiled the ancient temper, he enacted that all should die who would not offer incense to the gods, and among these died St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, who had been bred up among the Apostles. He was taken to Rome, saw his friend St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, on the way, and wrote him one of a set of letters which remain to this day. He was then thrown to the lions in the Colosseum.

It seems strange that the good Emperors were often worse persecutors than the bad ones, but the fact was that the bad ones let the people do as they pleased, as long as they did not offend them; while the good ones were trying to bring back what they read of in Livy's history, of plain living and high thinking, and shut their ears to knowing more of the Christians than that they were people who did not worship the gods. Moreover, Julius Trajanus, whom Nerva adopted, and who began to reign after him in 98, did not persecute actively, but there were laws in force against the Christians. When Pliny the younger was proprætor of the province of Pontica in Asia Minor, he wrote to ask the Emperor what to do about the Christians, telling him what he had been able to find out about them from two slave girls who had been tortured; namely, that they were wont to meet together at night or early morning, to sing together, and eat what he called a harmless social meal. Trajan answered that he need not try to hunt them out, but that, if they were brought before him, the law must take its course. In Rome, the chief refuge of the Christians was in the Catacombs, or quarries of tufa, from which the city was chiefly built, and which were hollowed out in long galleries. Slaves and convicts worked them, and they were thus made known to the Christians, who buried their dead in places hollowed at the sides, used the galleries for their churches, and often hid there when there was search made for them.

Trajan was so good a ruler that he bears the title of Optimus, the Best, as no one else has ever done. He was a great captain too, and conquered Dacia, the country between the rivers Danube, Theiss, and Pruth, and the Carpathian Hills; and he also defeated the Parthians, and said if he had been a younger man he would have gone as far as Alexander. As it was, the empire was at its very largest in his reign, and he was a very great builder and improver, so that one of his successors called him a wall-flower, because his name was everywhere to be seen on walls and bridges and roads—some of which still remain, as does his tall column at Rome, with a spiral line of his conquests engraven round it from top to bottom. He was on his way back from the East when, in 117, he died at Cilicia, leaving the empire to another brave warrior, Publius Ætius Hadrianus, who took the command with great vigor, but found he could not keep Dacia, and broke down the bridge over the Danube. He came to Britain, where the Roman settlements were tormented by the Picts. There he built the famous Roman wall from sea to sea to keep them out. He was wonderfully active, and hastened from one end of the empire to the other wherever his presence was needed. There was a revolt of the Jews in the far East, under a man who pretended to be the Messiah, and called himself the Son of a Star. This was put down most severely, and no Jew was allowed to come near Jerusalem, over which a new city was built, and called after the Emperor's second name, Ælia Capitolina; and, to drive the Jews further away, a temple to Jupiter was built where the Temple had been, and one to Venus on Mount Calvary.

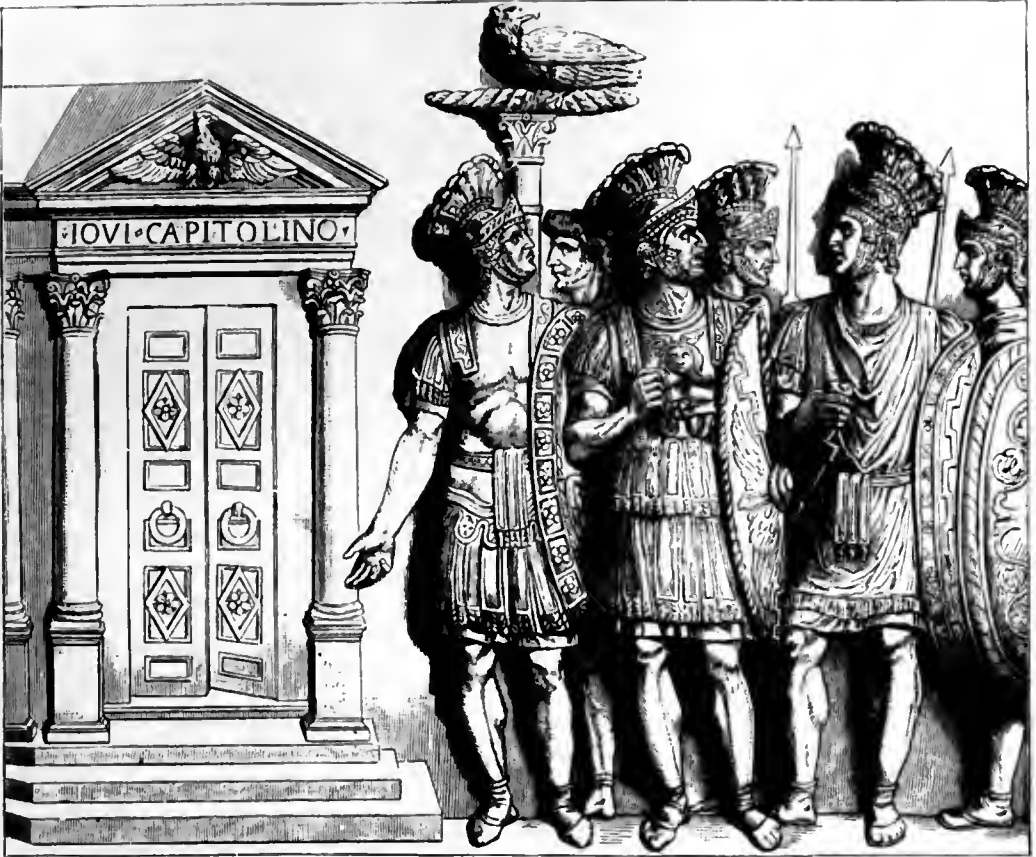
But Hadrian did not persecute, and listened kindly to an explanation of the faith which was shown him at Athens by Quadratus, a Christian philosopher. Hadrian built himself a grand tower-like monument, surrounded by stages of columns and arches, which was called the Mole of Hadrian, and still stands, though stripped of its ornaments. Before his death, in 138, he had chosen his successor, Titus Aurelius Antoninus, a good upright man, a philosopher, and fifty-two years old; for it had been found that youths who became Emperors had their heads turned by such unbounded power, while elder men cared for the work and duty. Antoninus was so earnest for his people's welfare that they called him Pius. He avoided wars, only defending the empire; but he was a great builder, for he raised another rampart in Britain, much further north, set up another column at Rome, and in Gaul built a great amphitheatre at Nismes, and raised the wonderful aqueduct which is still standing, and is called the Pont du Gard.

His son-in-law, whom he adopted and who succeeded him, is commonly called Marcus Aurelius, as a choice among his many names. He was a deep student and Stoic philosopher, with an earnest longing for truth and virtue, though he knew not how to seek them where alone they could be found; and when earthquake, pestilence, and war fell on his empire, and the people

thought the gods were offended, he let them persecute the Christians, whose faith he despised, because the hope of Resurrection and of Heaven seemed weak and foolish to him beside his stern, proud, hopeless Stoicism. So the aged Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna, the last pupil of the Apostles themselves, was sentenced to be burnt in the theatre of his own city, though, as the fire curled round him in a curtain of flame without touching him, he was actually slain with the sword. And in Gaul, especially at Vienne, there was a fearful persecution which fell on women of all ranks, and where Blandina the slave, under the most unspeakable torments, was specially noted for her brave patience.

Aurelius was fighting hard with the German tribes on the Danube, who gave him no rest, and threatened to break into the empire. While pursuing them, he and his army were shut into a strong place where they could get no water, and were perishing with thirst, when a whole legion, all Christian soldiers, knelt down and prayed. A cloud came up, and a welcome shower of rain descended, and was the saving of the thirsty host. It is said that the name of the Thundering Legion was given to this division in consequence, though on the column reared by Aurelius it is Jupiter who is shown sending rain on the thirsty host, who are catching it in their shields. After this there was less persecution, but every sort of trouble—plague, earthquake, famine, and war—beset the empire on all sides, and the Emperor toiled in vain against these troubles, writing, meantime, meditations that show how sad and sick at heart he was, and how little comfort philosophy gave him, while his eyes were blind to the truth. He died of a fever in his camp, while still in the prime of life, in the year 180, and with him ended the period of good Emperors, which the Romans called the age of the Antonines. Aurelius was indeed succeeded by his son Commodus, but he was a foolish good-for-nothing youth, who would not bear the fatigues and toil of real war, though he had no shame in showing off in the arena, and is said to have fought there seven hundred and fifty times, besides killing wild beasts. He boasted of having slain one hundred lions with one hundred arrows, and a whole row of ostriches with half-moon shaped arrows which cut off their heads, the poor things being fastened where he could not miss them, and the Romans applauding as if for some noble deed. They let him reign sixteen years before he was murdered, and then a good old soldier named Pertinax began to reign; but the Prætorian Guard had in those sixteen years grown disorderly, and the moment they felt the pressure of a firm hand they attacked the palace, killed the Emperor, cut off his head, and ran with it to the senate-house, asking who would be emperor. An old senator was foolish enough to offer them a large sum if they would choose him, and this put it into their heads to rush out to the ramparts and proclaim that they would sell the empire to the highest bidder.

A vain, old, rich senator, named Didius Julianus, was at supper with his family when he heard that the Prætorians were selling the empire by auction, and out he ran, and actually bought it at the rate of about £200 to



PRÆTORIANS.

each man. The Emperor being really the commander-in-chief, with other offices attached to the dignity, the soldiers had a sort of right to the choice ; but the other armies at a distance, who were really fighting and guarding the empire, had no notion of letting the matter be settled by the Prætorians, mere guardsmen, who stayed at home and tried to rule the rest ; so each army chose its own general and marched on Rome, and it was the general on the Danube, Septimius Severus, who got there first ; whereupon the Prætorians killed their foolish Emperor and joined him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE PRÆTORIAN INFLUENCE.

A.D. 197—284.



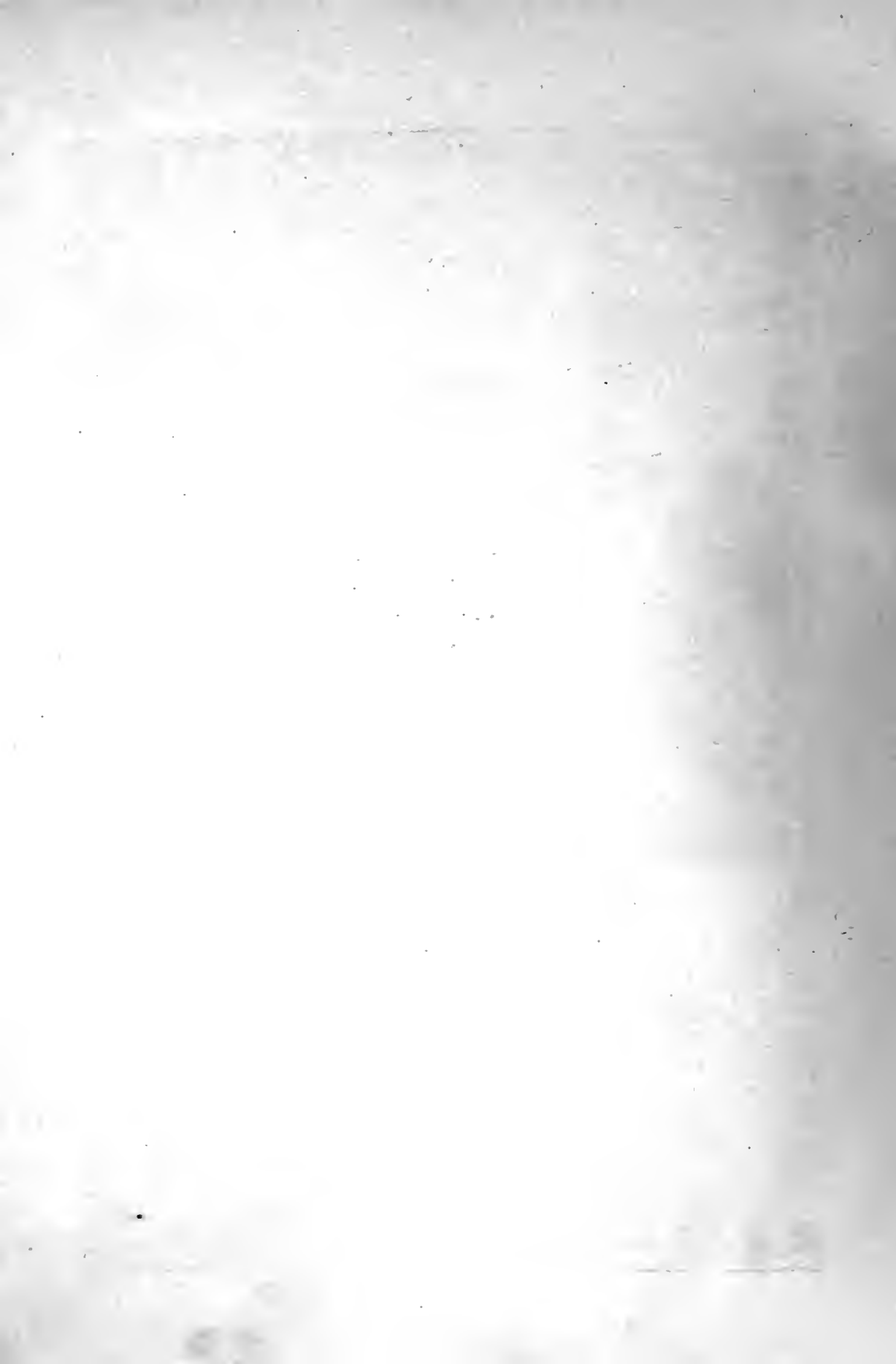
SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS was an able Emperor, and reigned a long time. He was stern and harsh, as was needed by the wickedness of the time; and he was very active, seldom at Rome, but flashing as it were from one end of the empire to the other, wherever he was needed, and keeping excellent order. There was no regular persecution of the Christians in his time; but at Lyons, where the townspeople were in great numbers Christians, the country-folk by some sudden impulse broke in and made a horrible massacre of them, in which the bishop, St. Irenæus, was killed. So few country people were at this time converts, that Paganus, a peasant, came to be used as a term for a heathen.

Severus was, like Trajan and Hadrian, a great builder and road-maker. The whole empire was connected by a network of paved roads by the soldiery, cutting through hills, bridging valleys, straight, smooth, and so solid that they remain to this day. This made communication so rapid that government was possible to an active man like him. He gave the Parthians a check; and, when an old man, came to Britain and marched far north, but he saw it was impossible to guard Antoninus' wall between the Forth and Clyde, and only strengthened the rampart of Hadrian from the Tweed to the Solway. He died at York, in 211, on his return, and his last watchword was "Labor!" His wife was named Julia Domua, and he left two sons, usually called Caracalla and Geta, who divided the empire; but Geta was soon stabbed by his brother's own hand, and then Caracalla showed himself even worse than Commodus, till he in his turn was murdered in 217.

His mother, Julia Domna, had a sister called Julia Sæmias, who had lived at Antioch, and had two daughters, Sæmias and Mammæa, who each had a son, Elagabalus—so called after the idol supposed to represent the sun, whose priest at Emesa he was—and Alexander Severus. The Prætorian Guard, in their difficulty whom to choose Emperor, chose Elagabalus, a lad of nineteen, who showed himself a poor, miserable, foolish wretch, who did the most absurd things. His feasts were a proverb for excess, and



A ROMAN BANQUET.



even his lions were fed on parrots and pheasants. Sometimes he would get together a festival party of all fat men, or all thin, all tall, all short, all bald, or all gouty; and at others he would keep the wedding of his namesake god and Pallas, making matches between the gods and goddesses all over Italy; and he carried on his service to his god with the same barbaric dances in a



THE FOUNTAIN OF ALEXANDER SEVERUS AT ROME.

strange costume as at Emesa, to the great disgust of the Romans. His grandmother persuaded him to adopt his cousin Alexander, a youth of much more promise, who took the name of Severus. The soldiers were charmed with him; Elagabalus became jealous, and was going to strip him of his honors; but this angered the Prætorians, so that they put the elder Emperor to death in 222.

Alexander Severus was a good and just prince, whose mother is believed to have been a Christian, and he had certainly learned enough of the Divine Law to love virtue, and be firm while he was forbearing. He loved virtue, but he did not accept the faith, and would only look upon our Blessed Lord as a sort of great philosopher, placing His statue with that of Abraham, Orpheus, and all whom he thought great teachers of mankind, in a private temple of his own, as if they were all on a level. He never came

any nearer to the faith, and after thirteen years of good and firm government he was killed in a mutiny of the Prætorians in 235.

These guards had all the power, and set up and put down Emperors so rapidly that there are hardly any names worth remembering. In the unsettled state of the empire no one had time to persecute the Christians, and their numbers grew and prospered; in many places they had churches, with worship going on openly, and their Bishops were known and respected. The Emperor Philip, called the Arabian, who was actually a Christian, though he would not own it openly, when he was at Antioch, joined in the service at Easter, and presented himself to receive the Holy Communion; but Bishop Babylas refused him, until he should have done open penance for the crimes by which he had come to the purple, and renounced all remains of heathenism. He turned away rebuked, but put off his repentance; and the next year celebrated the games called the *Seeculæ*, because they took place every *Seculum* or hundredth year, with all their heathen ceremonies, and with tenfold splendor, in honor of this being Rome's thousandth birthday.

Soon after, another general named Decius was chosen by the army on the German frontier, and Philip was killed in battle with him. Decius wanted to be an old-fashioned Roman; he believed in the gods, and thought the troubles of the empire came of forsaking them; and as the Parthians molested the East, and the Goths and Germans the North, and the soldiers seemed more ready to kill their Emperors than the enemy, he thought to win back prosperity by causing all to return to the old worship, and began the worst persecution the Church had yet known. Rome, Antioch, Carthage, Alexandria, and all the chief cities were searched for Christians. If they would not throw a handful of incense on the idol's altar or disown Christ, they were given over to all the horrid torments cruel ingenuity could invent, in the hope of subduing their constancy. Some fell, but the greater number were firm, and witnessed a glorious confession before, in 251, Decius and his son were both slain in battle in *Mæsia*.

The next Emperor whose name is worth remembering was Valerian, who had to make war against the Persians. The old stock of Persian kings, professing to be descended from Cyrus, and, like him, adoring fire, had overcome the Parthians, and were spreading the Persian power in the East, under their king Sapor, who conquered Mesopotamia, and on the banks of the Euphrates defeated Valerian in a terrible battle at Edessa. Valerian was made prisoner, and kept as a wretched slave, who was forced to crouch down that Sapor might climb up by his back when mounting on horseback; and when he died, his skin was dyed purple, stuffed, and hung up in a temple.

The best resistance made to Sapor was by Odenatus, a Syrian chief, and

his beautiful Arabian wife Zenobia, who held out the city of Palmyra, on an oasis in the desert between Palestine and Assyria, till Sapor retreated. Finding that no notice was taken of them by Rome, they called themselves Emperor and Empress. The city was very beautifully adorned with splendid buildings in the later Greek style; and Zenobia, who reigned with her young sons after her husband's death, was well read in Greek classics and philosophy, and was a pupil of the philosopher Longinus. Aurelian, becoming Emperor of Rome, came against this strange little kingdom, and was bravely resisted by Zenobia; but he defeated her, made her prisoner, and caused her to march in his triumph to Rome. She afterwards lived with her children in Italy.

Aurelian saw perils closing in on all sides of the empire, and thought it time to fortify the city of Rome itself, which had long spread beyond the old walls of Servius Tullus. He traced a new circuit, and built the wall, the lines of which are the same that still enclose Rome, though the wall itself has been several times thrown down and rebuilt. He also built the city in Gaul which still bears his name, slightly altered into Orleans. He was one of those stern, brave Emperors, who vainly tried to bring back old Roman manners, and fancied it was Christianity that corrupted them; and he was just preparing for a great persecution when he was murdered in his tent, and there were three or four more Emperors set up and then killed almost as soon as their reign was well begun. The last thirty of them are sometimes called the Thirty Tyrants. This power of the Prætorian Guard, of setting up and pulling down their Emperor as being primarily their general, lasted altogether fully a hundred years.



CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE DIVISION OF THE EMPIRE.

A.D. 284—312.



DALMATIAN soldier named Diocles had been told by a witch that he should become Emperor by the slaughter of a boar. He became a great hunter, but no wild boar that he killed seemed to bring him nearer to the purple, till, when the army was fighting on the Tigris, the Emperor Numerianus died, and an officer named Aper offered himself as his successor. Aper is the Latin for a boar, and Diocles, perceiving the scope of the prophecy, thrust his sword into his rival's breast, and was hailed Emperor by the legions.

He lengthened his name out to Diocletianus, to sound more imperial, and began a dominion unlike that of any who had gone before. They had only been, as it were, overgrown generals, chosen by the Prætorians or some part of the army, and at the same time taking the tribuneship and other offices for life. Diocletian, though called Emperor, reigned like the kings of the East. He broke the strength of the Prætorians, so that they could never again kill one Emperor and elect another as before; and he never would visit Rome lest he should be obliged to acknowledge the authority of the Senate, whose power he contrived so entirely to take away, that thenceforward Senator became only a complimentary title, of which people in the subdued countries were very proud.

He divided the empire into two parts, feeling that it was beyond the management of any one man, and chose an able soldier of low birth but much courage, named Maximian, to rule the West from Trier as his capital, while he himself ruled the East from Nicomedia. Each of the two Emperors chose a future successor, who was to rule in part of his dominions under the title of Cæsar, and to reign after him. Diocletian chose his son-in-law Galerius, and sent him to fight on the Danube; and Maximian chose, as Cæsar, Constantius Chlorus, who commanded in Britain, Gaul, and Spain; and thus everything was done to secure that a strong hand should be ready everywhere to keep the legions from setting up Emperors at their own will.

Diocletian was esteemed the most just and kind of the Emperors; Maximian, the fiercest and most savage. He had a bitter hatred of the

Christian name, which was shared by Galerius; but, on the other hand, the wife of Diocletian was believed to be a Christian, and Helena, the wife of Constantius, was certainly one. However, Maximian and Galerius were determined to put down the faith. Maximian is said to have had a whole



CHRISTIANS HUNTED DOWN IN THE CATACOMBS.

legion of Christians in his army, called the Theban, from the Egyptian Thebes. These he commanded to sacrifice, and on their refusal had them decimated—that is, every tenth man was slain. They were called on again to sacrifice, but still were staunch, and after a last summons were, every man of them, slain as they stood, with their tribune Maurice, whose name is still held in high honor in the Engadine. Diocletian was slow to become a persecutor, until a fire broke out in his palace at Nicomedia, which did much mischief in the city, but spared the chief Christian church. The enemies of the Christians accused them of having caused it, and Diocletian required every one in his household to clear themselves by offering sacrifice to Jupiter. His wife and daughter yielded, but most of his officers and slaves held out, and died in cruel torments. One slave was scourged till the flesh parted from his bones, and then the wounds were rubbed with salt and vinegar; others were racked till their bones were out of joint, and others

hung up by their hands to hooks, with weights fastened to their feet. A city in Phrygia was surrounded by soldiers and every person in it slaughtered; and the Christians were hunted down like wild beasts from one end of the empire to the other, everywhere save in Britain, where, under Constantius, only one martyrdom is reported to have taken place, namely, that of the soldier at Verulam, St. Alban. It was the worst of all the persecutions, and lasted the longest.

The two Emperors were good soldiers, and kept the enemies back, so that Diocletian celebrated a triumph at Nicomedia; but he had an illness just after, and, as he was fifty-nine years old, he decided that it would be



DIOCLETIAN IN RETIREMENT.

better to resign the empire while he was still in his full strength, and he persuaded Maximian to do the same, in 305, making Constantius and Galerius Emperors in their stead. Constantius stopped the persecution in the West, but it raged as much as ever in the East under Galerius and the Cæsar he had appointed, whose name was Daza, but who called himself Maximin. Constantius fought bravely, both in Britain and Gaul, with the enemies who tried to break into the empire. The Franks, one of the Teuton

nations, were constantly breaking in on the eastern frontier of Gaul, and the Caledonians on the northern border of the settlements in Britain. He opposed them gallantly, and was much loved, but he died at York, B.C. 305, and Galerius passed over his son Constantine, and appointed a favorite of his own named Licinius. Constantine was so much beloved by the army and people of Gaul that they proclaimed him Emperor, and he held the province of Britain and Gaul securely against all enemies.

Old Maximian, who had only retired on the command of Diocletian, now came out from his retreat, and called on his colleague to do the same; but Diocletian was far too happy on his little farm at Salona to leave it, and answered the messenger who urged him again to take upon him the purple with—"Come and look at the cabbages I have planted." However, Max-



H. 1475

APR 1875

THE BATTLE OF CONSTANTINE.

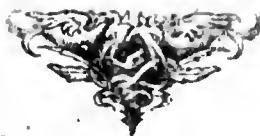
Vatican, Rome

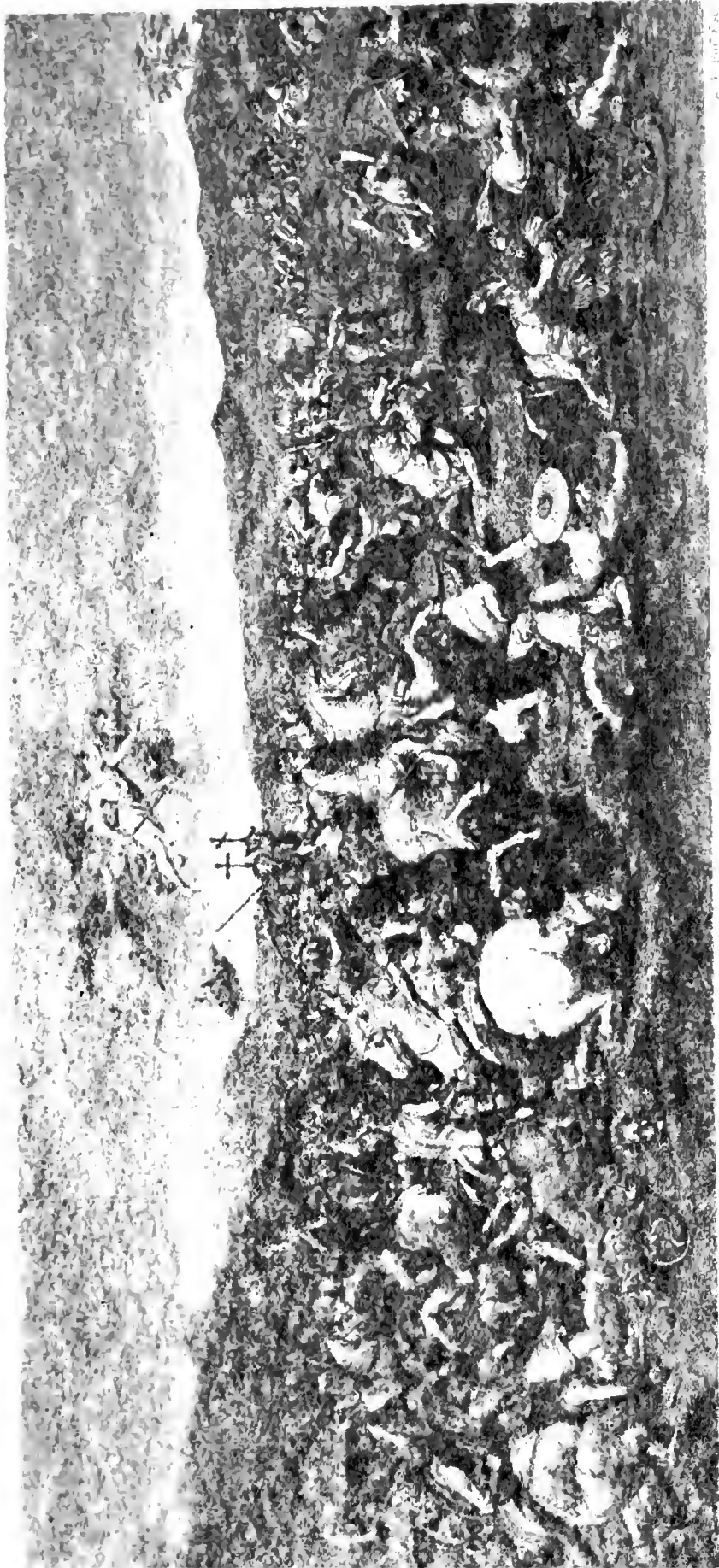
Selmar Hess, Publisher New York

inian was accepted as the true Emperor by the Senate, and made his son Maxentius Governor while he allied himself with Constantine to whom he gave his daughter Fausta in marriage. Maxentius moved out to Italy and drove the Emperor away to Marseilles, where Constantine gave him a home on condition of his not interfering with government, but he could not rest, and ordered the troops in the south against his son-in-law. Instead of his army was led eagerly against him and made him prisoner. When he was pardoned; yet he still plotted, and tried to persuade Fausta to murder her husband. Upon this Constantine was obliged to leave her put to death.

Constantine soon after of a horrible disease during which he was filled with remorse for his cruelties to the Christians, sent to entreat their prayers and stopped the persecutions. At his death, Licinius seized part of his dominions, and there were four now calling themselves Emperors—Licinius in Asia, Diocletian in Egypt, Maxentius at Rome, and Constantine in Gaul.

There was sure soon to be a terrible struggle. It began between Maxentius and Constantine. This last marched out of Gaul and entered Italy. He had hitherto seemed doubtful between Christianity and paganism, but a wonder was seen in the heavens before his whole army, namely, a bright cross of light in the noon sky, with the words plainly to be traced round it, *In hoc signo vinces*, "In this sign thou shalt conquer." The sight decided his mind to become a Christian, and from Milan issued forth an edict of toleration, and gave the full and protection. Great victories were won, and the Emperor Maxentius was slain on the banks of the Tiber, where he had gathered his army. He was defeated by Constantine, and was slain by the soldiers of the Emperor Constantine.





THE BATTLE OF CONSTANTINE.

imian was accepted as the true Emperor by the Senate, and made his son Maxentius, Cæsar, while he allied himself with Constantine, to whom he gave his daughter Fausta in marriage. Maxentius turned out a rebel, and drove the old man away to Marseilles, where Constantine gave him a home on condition of his not interfering with government; but he could not rest, and raised the troops in the south against his son-in-law. Constantine's army marched eagerly against him and made him prisoner, but even then he was pardoned; yet he still plotted, and tried to persuade his daughter Fausta to murder her husband. Upon this, Constantine was obliged to have him put to death.

Galerius died soon after of a horrible disease, during which he was filled with remorse for his cruelties to the Christians, sent to entreat their prayers, and stopped the persecution. On his death, Licinius seized part of his dominions, and there were four men calling themselves Emperors—Licinius in Asia, Daza Maximin in Egypt, Maxentius at Rome, and Constantine in Gaul.

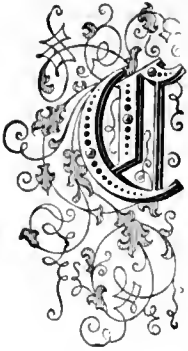
There was sure soon to be a terrible struggle. It began between Maxentius and Constantine. This last marched out of Gaul and entered Italy. He had hitherto seemed doubtful between Christianity and paganism, but a wonder was seen in the heavens before his whole army, namely, a bright cross of light in the noon-tide sky, with the words plainly to be traced round it, *In hoc signo vinces*—"In this sign thou shalt conquer." The sight decided his mind; he proclaimed himself a Christian, and from Milan issued forth an edict promising the Christians his favor and protection. Great victories were gained by him at Turin, Verona, and on the banks of the Tiber, where, at the battle of the Milvian Bridge in 312, Maxentius was defeated, and was drowned in crossing the river. Constantine entered Rome, and was owned by the Senate as Emperor of the West.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

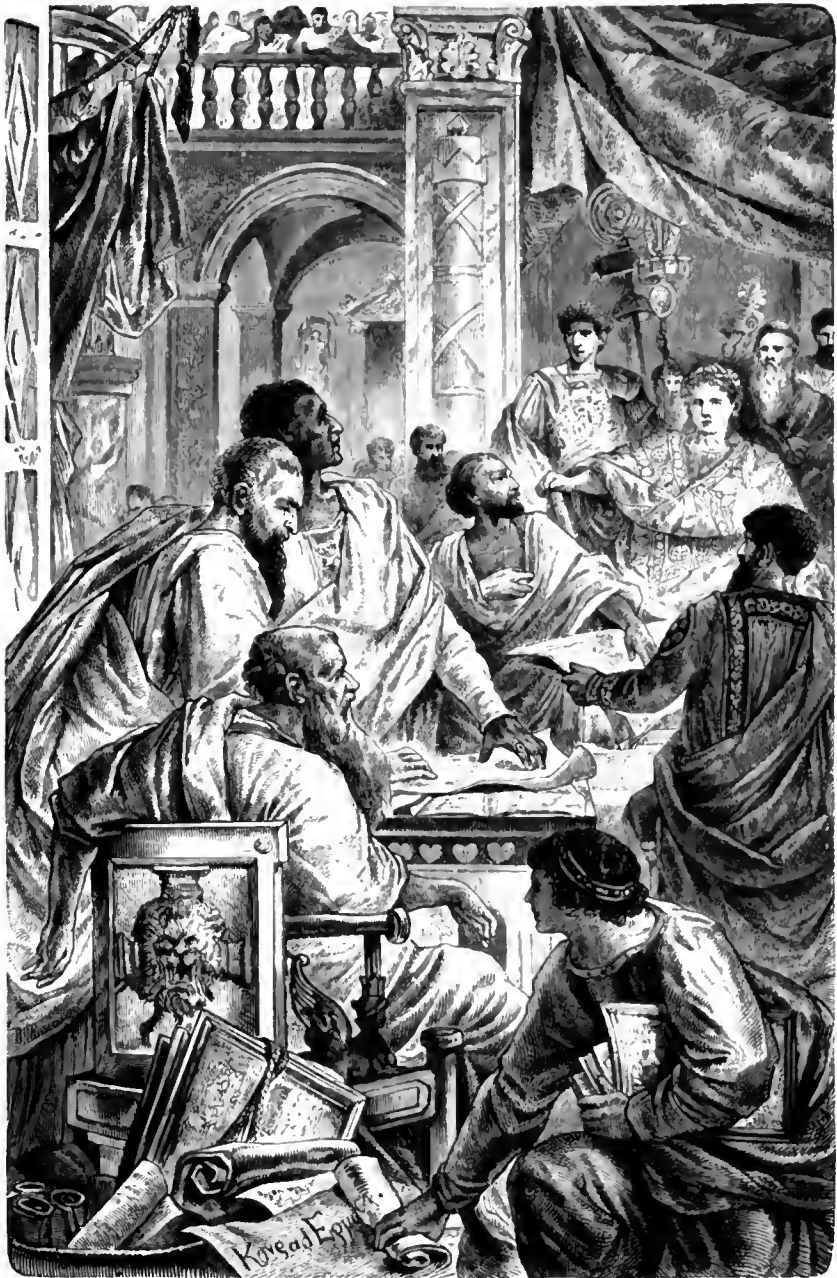
A.D. 312—337.



CONSTANTINE entered Rome as a Christian, and from his time forward Christianity prevailed. He reigned only over the West at first, but Licinius overthrew Daza, treating him and his family with great barbarity, and then Constantine, becoming alarmed at his power, marched against him, beat him in Thrace, and ten years later made another attack on him. In the battle of Adrianople, Licinius was defeated, and soon after made prisoner and put to death. Thus, in 323, Constantine became the only Emperor.

He was a Christian in faith, though not as yet baptized. He did not destroy heathen temples nor forbid heathen rites, but he did everything to favor the Christians and make Christian laws. Churches were rebuilt and ornamented; Sunday was kept as the day of the Lord, and on it no business might be transacted except the setting free of a slave; soldiers might go to church, and all that had made it difficult and dangerous to confess the faith was taken away. Constantine longed to see his whole empire Christian; but at Rome, heathen ceremonies were so bound up with every action of the state or of a man's life that it was very hard for the Emperor to avoid them, and he therefore spent as little time as he could there, but was generally at the newer cities of Arles and Trier; and at last he decided on founding a fresh capital, to be a Christian city from the first.

The place he chose was the shore of the Bosphorus, where Asia and Europe are only divided by that narrow channel, and where the old Greek city of Byzantium already stood. From hence he hoped to be able to rule the East and the West. He enlarged the city with splendid buildings, made a palace there for himself, and called it after his own name—Constantinople, or New Rome, neither of which names has it ever lost. He carried many of the ornaments of Old Rome thither, but consecrated them as far as possible, and he surrounded himself with Bishops and clergy. His mother Helena made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, to visit the spots where our blessed Lord lived and died, and to clear them from profanation. The churches she built over the Holy Sepulchre and the Cave of the Nativity at Bethlehem have been kept up even to this day.



ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL OF NICEA.

There was now no danger in being a Christian, and thus worldly and even wicked men and women owned themselves as belonging to the Church. So much evil prevailed that many good men fled from the sight of it, thinking to do more good by praying in lonely places free from temptation than

by living in the midst of it. These were called hermits, and the first and most noted of them was St. Antony. The Thebaid, or hilly country above Thebes in Egypt, was full of these hermits. When they banded together in brotherhoods they were called monks, and the women who did the like were called nuns.

At this time there arose in Egypt a priest named Arius, who fell away from the true faith respecting our blessed Lord, and taught that He was not from the beginning, and was not equal with God the Father. The Patriarch of Alexandria tried to silence him, but he led away an immense number of followers, who did not like to stretch their souls to confess that Jesus Christ is God. At last Constantine resolved to call together a council of the Bishops and the wisest priests of the whole Church, to declare what was the truth that had been always held from the beginning. The place he appointed for the meeting was Nicea, in Asia Minor, and he paid for the journeys of all the Bishops, three hundred and eighteen in number, who came from all parts of the empire, east and west, so as to form the first Ecumenical or general Council of the Church. Many of them still bore the marks of the persecutions they had borne in Diocletian's time: some had been blinded, or had their ears cut off; some had marks worn on their arms by chains, or were bowed by hard labor in the mines. The Emperor, in purple and gold, took a seat in the council as the prince, but only as a layman and not yet baptized; and the person who used the most powerful arguments was a young deacon of Alexandria named Athanasius. Almost every Bishop declared that the doctrine of Arius was contrary to what the Church had held from the first, and the confession of faith was drawn up which we call the Nicene Creed. Three hundred Bishops at once set their seals to it, and of those who at first refused all but two were won over, and these were banished. It was then that the faith of the Church began to be called Catholic or universal, and orthodox or straight teaching; while those who attacked it were called heretics, and their doctrine heresy, from a Greek word meaning to choose.

The troubles were not at an end with the Council and Creed of Nicea. Arius had pretended to submit, but he went on with his false teaching, and the courtly Bishop Eusebius of Nicomedia, who had the ear of the Emperor, protected him. Athanasius had been made Patriarch, or Father-Bishop, of Alexandria, and with all his might argued against the false doctrine, and cut off those who followed it from the Church. But Eusebius so talked that Constantine fancied quiet was better than truth, and sent orders to Athanasius that no one was to be shut out. This the Patriarch could not obey, and the Emperor therefore banished him to Gaul. Arius then went to Constantinople to ask the Emperor to insist on his being received back to communion. He declared that he believed that which he

held in his hand, showing the Creed of Nicea, but keeping hidden under it a statement of his own heresy.

“Go,” said Constantine; “if your faith agree with your oath, you are blameless; if not, God be your judge;” and he commanded that Arius should be received to communion the next day, which was Sunday. But on



THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

his way to church, among a great number of his friends, Arius was struck with sudden illness, and died in a few minutes. The Emperor, as well as the Catholics, took this as a clear token of the hand of God, and Constantine was cured of any leaning to the Arians, though he still believed the men who called Athanasius factious and troublesome, and therefore would not recall him from exile.

The great grief of Constantine's life was, that he put his eldest son Crispus to death on a wicked accusation of his stepmother Fausta. On learning the truth, he caused a silver statue to be raised, bearing the inscription, “My son, whom I unjustly condemned;” and when other crimes of Fausta came to light, he caused her to be suffocated.

Baptism was often in those days put off to the end of life, that there might be no more sin after it, and Constantine was not baptized till his last

illness had begun, when he was sixty-four years old, and he sent for Sylvester, Pope or Bishop of Rome, where he then was, and received from him baptism, absolution, and Holy Communion. After this, Constantine never put on purple robes again, but wore white till the day of his death in 337.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONSTANTIUS.

A.D. 337—364.



CONSTANTINE THE GREAT left three sons, who shared the empire between them; but two were slain early in life, and only Constantius, the second and worst of the brothers, remained Emperor. He was an Arian, and under him Athanasius, who had returned to Alexandria, was banished again, and took refuge with the Pope Liberius at Rome. Pope—papa in Latin—is the name for father, just as patriarch is; and the Pope had become more important since the removal of the court from Rome; but Constantius tried to overcome Liberius, banished him to Thrace, and placed an Arian named Felix in his room. The whole people of Rome rose in indignation, and Constantius tried to appease them by declaring that Liberius and Felix should rule the Church together; but the Romans would not submit to such a decree; “Shall we have the circus factions in the Church?” they said. “No! one God, one Christ, one Bishop!” In the end Felix was forced to fly, and Liberius kept his seat. Athanasius found his safest refuge in the deserts among the hermits of the Thebaid in Egypt.

Meantime Sapor, king of Persia, was attacking Nisibis, the most Eastern city of the Roman empire, where a brave Catholic named James was Bishop, and encouraged the people to a most brave resistance, so that they held out for four months; and Sapor, thinking the city was under some divine protection, and finding that his army sickened in the hot marshes around it, gave up the siege at last.

Constantius was a little, mean-looking man, but he dressed himself up to do his part as Emperor. He had swarms of attendants like any Eastern prince, most of them slaves, who waited on him as if he was perfectly helpless. He had his face painted, and was covered with gold embroidery and jewels on all state occasions, and he used to stand like a statue to be looked

at, never winking an eyelid, nor moving his hand, nor doing anything to remind people that he was a man like themselves. He was timid and jealous, and, above all others, he dreaded his young cousin Julian, the only relation he had. Julian had studied at Athens, and what he there heard and fancied of the old Greek philosophy seemed to him far grander than the Christianity that showed itself in the lives of Constantius and his courtiers. He was full of spirit and ability, and Constantius thought it best to keep him at a distance by sending him to fight the Germans on the borders of Gaul. There he was so successful, and was such a favorite with the soldiers, that Constantius sent to recall him. This only made the army proclaim him Emperor, and he set out with them across the Danubian country toward Constantinople, but on the way met the tidings that Constantius was dead.

This was in 361, and without going to Rome Julian hastened on to Constantinople, where he was received as Emperor. He no longer pretended to be a Christian, but had all the old heathen temples opened again, and the sacrifices performed as in old times, though it was not easy to find any one who recollected how they were carried on. He said that all forms of religion should be free to every one, but he himself tried to live like an ancient philosopher, getting rid of all the pomp of jewels, robes, courtiers, and slaves who had attended Constantius, wearing simply the old purple garb of a Roman general, sleeping on a lion's skin, and living on the plainest food. Meanwhile, he tried to put down the Christian faith by laughing at it, and trying to get people to despise it as something low and mean. When this did not succeed, he forbade Christians to be schoolmasters or teachers; and as they declared that the ruin of the Temple at Jerusalem proved our Lord to have been a true Prophet, he commanded that it should be rebuilt. As soon as the foundations were dug, there was an outburst of fiery smoke and balls of flame which forced the workmen to leave off. Such things sometimes happen when long-buried ruins are opened, from the gases that have formed there; but it was no doubt the work of God's providence, and the Christians held it as a miracle.

Julian hated the Catholic Christians worse than the Arians, because he found them more staunch against him. Athanasius had come back to Alexandria, but the Arians got up an accusation against him that he had been guilty of a murder, and brought forward a hand in a box to prove the crime; and though Athanasius showed the man said to have been murdered, alive and with both his hands in their places, he was still hunted out of Alexandria, and had to hide among the hermits of the Thebaid again. When any search was threatened of the spot where he was, the horn was sounded which called the hermits together to church, and he was taken to another hiding-place. Sometimes he visited his flock at Alexandria in

secret, and once, when he was returning down the Nile, he learned that a boat-load of soldiers was pursuing him. Turning back, his boat met them. They called out to ask if Athanasius had been seen. "He was going down the Nile a little while ago," the Bishop answered. His enemies hurried on, and he was safe.

Julian was angered by finding it impossible to waken paganism. At one grand temple in Asia, whither hundreds of oxen used to be brought to sacrifice, all his encouragement only caused one goose to be offered, which the priest of the temple received as a grand gift. Julian expected, too, that pagans would worship their old gods and yet live the virtuous lives of Christians; and he was disappointed and grieved to find that no works of goodness or mercy sprang from those who followed his belief. He was a kind man by nature, but he began to grow bitter with disappointment, and to threaten when he found it was of no use to persuade; and the Christians expected that there would be a great persecution when he should return from an expedition into the East against the king of Persia.



COIN OF HADRIAN.

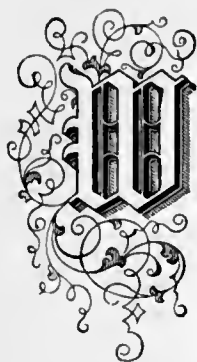
He went with a fine army in ships down the Euphrates, and thence marched into Persia, where King Sapor was wise enough to avoid a battle, and only retreat before him. The Romans were half starved, and obliged to turn back. Then Sapor attacked their rear, and cut off their stragglers. Julian shared all the sufferings of his troops, and was always wherever there was danger. At last a javelin pierced him under the arm. It is said that he caught some of his blood in his other hand, cast it up toward heaven, and cried, "Galilean, Thou hast conquered." He died in a few hours, in 363, and the Romans could only choose the best leader they knew to get them out of the sad plight they were in—almost that of the ten thousand Greeks, except that they knew the roads and had friendly lands much nearer. Their choice fell on a plain, honest Christian soldier named Jovian, who did his best by making a treaty with Sapor, giving up all claim to any lands beyond

the Tigris, and surrendering the brave city of Nisibis which had held out so gallantly—a great grief to the Eastern Christians. The first thing Jovian did was to have Athanasius recalled, but his reign did not last a year, and he died on the way to Constantinople.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

VALENTINIAN AND HIS FAMILY.

A.D. 364—392.



WHEN Jovian died, the army chose another soldier named Valentinian, a stout, brave, rough man, with little education, rude and passionate, but a Catholic Christian. As soon as he reached Constantinople, he divided the empire with his brother Valens, whom he left to rule the East, while he himself went to govern the West, chiefly from Milan, for the Emperors were not fond of living at Rome, partly because the remains of the Senate interfered with their full grandeur, and partly because there were old customs that were inconvenient to a Christian Emperor. He was in general just and honest in his dealings, but when he was angry he could be cruel, and it is said he had two bears to whom criminals were thrown. His brother Valens was a weaker and less able man, and was an Arian, who banished Athanasius once more for the fifth time; but the Church of Alexandria prevailed, and he was allowed to remain and die in peace. The Creed that bears his name is not thought to be of his writing, but to convey what he taught. There was great talk at this time all over the cities about the questions between the Catholics and Arians, and good men were shocked by hearing the holiest mysteries of the faith gossiped about by the idlers in baths and market-places.

At this time Damasus, the Pope, desired a very learned deacon of his church, named Jerome, to make a good translation of the whole of the Scriptures into Latin, comparing the best versions, and giving an account of the books. For this purpose Jerome went to the Holy Land, and lived in a cell at Bethlehem, happy to be out of the way of the quarrels at Rome and Constantinople. There, too, was made the first translation of the Gospels into one of the Teutonic languages, namely, the Gothic. The Goths were a great people, of the same Teutonic race as the Germans, Franks and Saxons

—tall, fair, brave, strong, and handsome—and were at this time living on the north bank of the Danube. Many of their young men hired themselves to fight as soldiers in the Roman army; and they were learning Christianity, but only as Arians. It was for them that their Bishop Ulfilas translated the Gospels into Gothic, and invented an alphabet to write them in. A copy of this translation is still to be seen at Upsal in Sweden, written on purple vellum in silver letters.

Another great and holy man of this time was Ambrose, the Archbishop of Milan, who was the guide and teacher of Gratian, Valentinian's eldest son, a good and promising youth so far as he went, but who, after the habit of the time, was waiting to be baptized till he should be further on in life. Valentinian's second wife was named Justina; and when he died, as it is said, from breaking a blood-vessel in a fit of rage, in 375, the Western Empire was shared between her little son Valentinian and Gratian.

Justina was an Arian, and wanted to have a church in Milan where she could worship without ascribing full honor and glory to God the Son; but Ambrose felt that the churches were his Master's, not his own to be given away, and filled the Church with Christians, who watched there chanting Psalms day and night, while the soldiers Justina sent to turn them out joined them, and sang and prayed with them.

Gratian did not choose to be called Pontifex Maximus, or chief priest of all the Roman idols, as all the Emperors had been; and this offended many persons. A general named Maximus rose and reigned as Emperor in Britain, and Gratian had too much on his hands in the north to put him down.

In the meantime, a terrible wild tribe called Huns were coming from the West and driving the Goths before them, so that they asked leave from Valens to come across the Danube and settle themselves in Thrace. The reply was so ill managed by Valens' counsellors that the Goths were offended, and came over the river as foes when they might have come as friends; and Valens was killed in battle with them at Adrianople in 378.

Gratian felt that he alone could not cope with the dangers that beset the empire, and his brother was still a child; so he gave the Eastern Empire to a brave and noble Spanish general named Theodosius, who was a Catholic Christian and baptized, and who made peace with the Goths, gave them settlements, and took their young men into his armies. In the meantime, Maximus was growing more powerful in Britain, and Gratian, who chiefly lived in Gaul, was disliked by the soldiers especially for making friends with the young Gothic chief Alaric, whom he joined in hunting in the forests of Gaul in a way they thought unworthy of an Emperor. Finding that he was thus disliked, Maximus crossed the Channel to attack him. His soldiers would not march against the British legions, and he was taken and

put to death, bitterly lamenting that he had so long deferred his baptism till now it was denied to him.

Young Valentinian went on reigning at Milan, and Maximus in Gaul. This last had become a Christian and a Catholic in name, but without laying



TOILET OF A ROMAN LADY OF RANK.

aside his fierceness and cruelty, so that, when some heretics were brought before him, he had them put to death, entirely against the advice of the great Saint and Bishop then working in Gaul, Martin of Tours, and likewise of St. Ambrose, who had been sent by Valentinian to make peace with the Gallic tyrant.

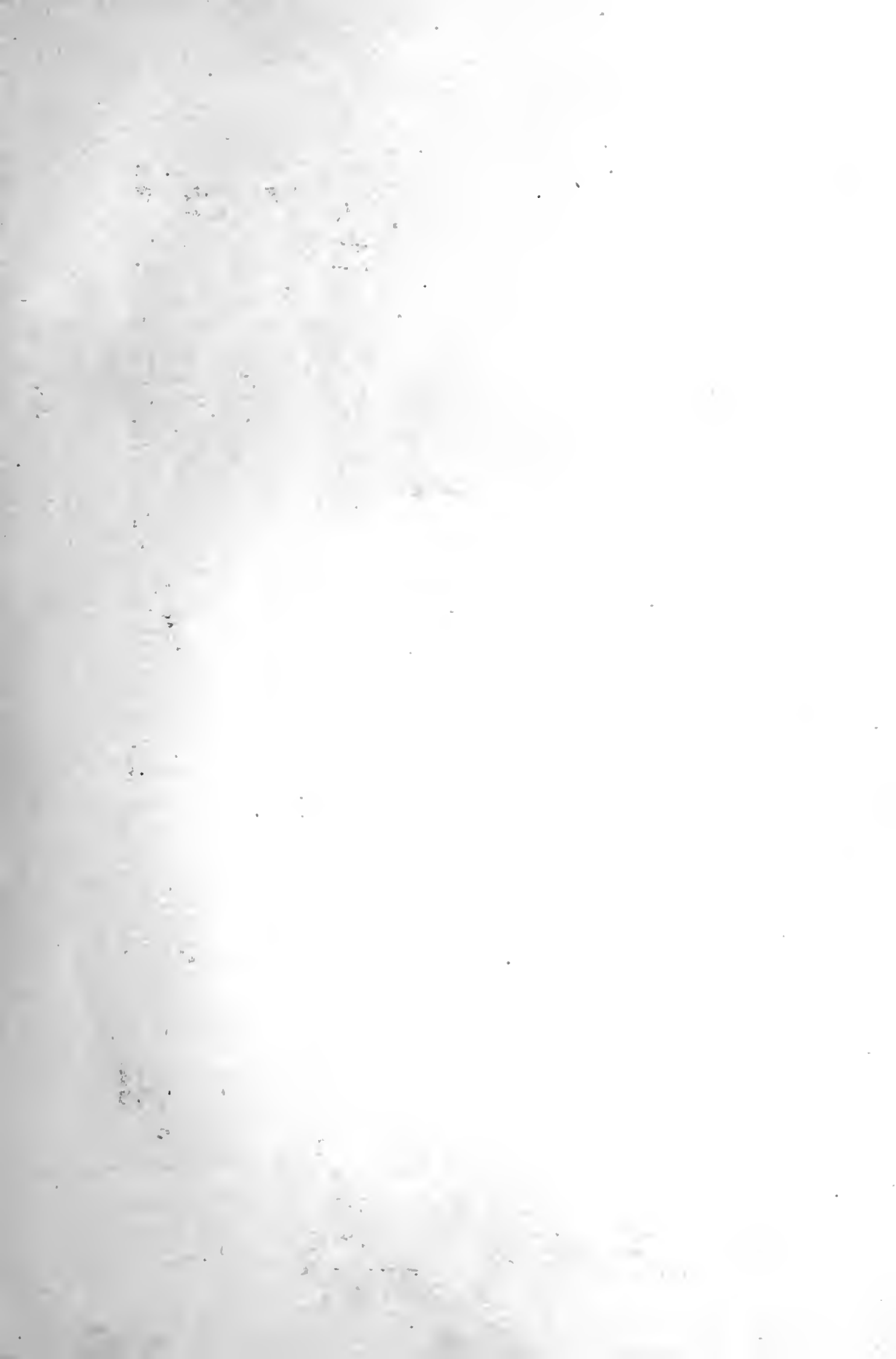
It was a time of great men in the Church. In Africa a very great man had risen up, St. Augustine, who, after doubting long and living a life of

sin, was drawn to the truth by the prayers of his good mother Monica, and, when studying in Italy, listened to St. Ambrose, and became a hearty believer and maintainer of all that was good. He became Bishop of Hippo in Africa.

But with the good there was much of evil. All the old cities, and especially Rome, were full of a strange mixture of Christian show and heathen vice. There was such idleness and luxury in the towns that hardly any Romans had hardihood enough to go out to fight their own battles, but hired Goths, Germans, Gauls, and Moors; and these learned their ways of warfare, and used them in their turn against the Romans themselves. Nothing was so much run after as the games in the amphitheatres. People rushed there to watch the chariot races, and went perfectly wild with eagerness about the drivers whose colors they wore; and even the gladiator games were not done away with by Christianity, although these sports were continually preached against by the clergy, and no really devout person would go to the theatres. Much time was idled away at the baths, which were the place for talk and gossip, and where there was a soft steamy air which was enough to take away all manhood and resolution. The ladies' dresses were exceedingly expensive and absurd, and the whole way of living quite as sumptuous and helpless as in the times of heathenism. Good people tried to live apart. More than ever became monks and hermits; and a number of ladies, who had been much struck with St. Jerome's teaching, made up a sort of society at Rome which busied itself in good works and devotion. Two of the ladies, a mother and daughter, followed him to the Holy Land, and dwelt in a convent at Bethlehem.

Maximus after a time advanced into Italy, and Valentinian fled to ask the help of Theodosius, who came with an army, defeated and slew Maximus, and restored Valentinian, but only for a short time, for the poor youth was soon murdered by a Frank chief in his own service named Arbogastes.







CIRCUS MAXIMUS.

CHAPTER XL.

THEODOSIUS THE GREAT.

A.D. 392—395.



THE Frank, Arbogastes, who had killed Valentinian, did not make himself Emperor, but set up a heathen philosopher called Eugenius, who for a little while restored all the heathen pomp and splendor, and opened the temples again, threatening even to take away the churches and turn the chief one at Milan into a stable. They knew that Theodosius would soon come to attack them, so they prepared for a great resistance in the passes of the Julian Alps, and the image of the Thundering Jupiter was placed to guard them.

Theodosius had collected his troops and marched under the Labarum—that is to say, the Cross of Constantine, which had been the ensign of the imperial army ever since the battle of the Milvian Bridge. It was the cross combined with the two first Greek letters of the name Christ, $\chi\rho$, and was carried, as the eagles had been, above a purple silk banner. The men of Eugenius bore before them a figure of Hercules, and in the first battle they gained the advantage, for the more ignorant Eastern soldiers, though Christians, could not get rid of the notion that there was some sort of power in a heathen god, and thought Jupiter and Hercules were too strong for them.

But Theodosius rallied them and led them back, so that they gained a great victory, and a terrible storm and whirlwind which fell at the same time upon the host of Eugenius made the Christian army feel the more sure that God fought on their side. Eugenius was taken and put to death, and Arbogastes fell on his own sword.

Theodosius thus united the empires of the East and West once more. He was a brave and gallant soldier, and a good and conscientious man, and was much loved and honored; but he could be stern and passionate, and he was likewise greatly feared. At Antioch, the people had been much offended at a tax which Theodosius had laid on them; they rose in rebellion, overthrew his statues and those of his family, and dragged them about in the mud. No sooner was this done than they began to be shocked and terrified, especially because of the insult to the statue of the Empress, who was lately dead after a most kind and charitable life. The citizens in haste sent off messengers, with the Bishop at their head, to declare their grief

and sorrow, and entreat the Emperor's pardon. All the time they were gone the city gave itself up to prayer and fasting, listening to sermons from the priest, John—called from his eloquence Chrysostom, or Golden Mouth—who preached repentance for all the most frequent sins, such as love of pleasure, irreverence at church, &c. The Bishop on his way met the Emperor's deputies who were charged to inquire into the crime and punish the people; and he redoubled his speed in reaching Constantinople, where he so pleaded the cause of the people that Theodosius freely forgave them, and sent him home to keep a happy Easter with them. This was while he was still Emperor only of the East.

But when he was in Italy with Valentinian, three years later, there was another great sedition at Thessalonica. The people there were as mad as were most of the citizens of the larger towns upon the sports of the amphitheatre, and were vehemently fond of the charioteers whom they admired on either side. Just before some races that were expected, one of the favorite drivers committed a crime for which he was imprisoned. The people, wild with fury, rose and called for his release; and when this was denied to them, they fell on the magistrates with stones, and killed the chief of them, Botheric, the commander of the forces. The news was taken to Milan, where the Emperor then was, and his wrath was so great and terrible that he commanded that the whole city should suffer. The soldiers, who were glad both to revenge their captain and to gain plunder, hastened to put his command into execution; the unhappy people were collected in the circus, and slaughtered so rapidly and suddenly, that when Theodosius began to recover from his passion, and sent to stay the hands of the slayers, they found the city burning and the streets full of corpses.

St. Ambrose felt it his duty to speak forth in the name of the Church against such fury and cruelty; and when Theodosius presented himself at the church door to come to the Holy Communion, Ambrose met him there, and turned him back as a blood-stained sinner unfit to partake of the heavenly feast, and bidding him not add sacrilege to murder.

Theodosius pleaded that David had sinned even more deeply, and yet had been forgiven. "If you have sinned like him, repent like him," said Ambrose; and the Emperor went back weeping to his palace, there to remain as a penitent. Easter was the usual time for receiving penitents back to the Church, but at Christmas the Emperor presented himself again, hoping to win the Bishop's consent to his return at once; but Ambrose was firm, and again met him at the gate, rebuking him for trying to break the rules of the Church.

"No," said Theodosius; "I am not come to break the laws, but to entreat you to imitate the mercy of God whom we serve, who opens the gates of mercy to contrite sinners."

On seeing how deep was his repentance, Ambrose allowed him to enter the church, though it was not for some time that he was admitted to the Holy Communion, and all that time he fasted and never put on his imperial robes. He also made a law that no sentence of death should be carried out till thirty days after it was given, so as to give time to see whether it were hasty or just.

During this reign another heresy sprang up, denying the Godhead of God the Holy Ghost, and, in consequence, Theodosius called together another Council of the Church, at which was added to the Nicene Creed those latter sentences which follow the words, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." In this reign, too, began to be sung the *Te Deum*, which is generally known as the hymn of St. Ambrose. It was first used at Milan, but whether he wrote it or not is uncertain, though there is a story that he had it sung for the first time at the baptism of St. Augustine.

Theodosius only lived six months after his defeat of Eugenius, dying at Milan in 395, when only fifty years old. He was the last who really deserved the name of a Roman Emperor, though the title was kept up, and Rome had still much to undergo. He left two young sons named Arcadius and Honorius, between whom the empire was divided.

CHAPTER XLI.

ALARIC THE GOTH.

A.D. 395—410.

THE sons of the great Theodosius were, like almost all the children of the Roman Emperors, vain and weak, spoiled by growing up as princes. Arcadius, who was eighteen, had the East, and was under the charge of a Roman officer called Rufinus; Honorius, who was only eleven, reigned at Rome under the care of Stilicho, who was by birth a Vandal, that is to say, of one of those Teutonic nations who were living all round the northern bounds of the empire, and whose sons came to serve in the Roman armies and learn Roman habits. Stilicho was brave and faithful, and almost belonged to the imperial family, for his wife Serena was niece to Theodosius, and his daughter Maria was betrothed to the young Honorius.

Stilicho was a very active, spirited man, who found troops to check the

enemies of Rome on all sides of the Western Empire. Rufinus was not so faithful, and did great harm in the East by quarreling with Arcadius' other ministers, and then, as all believed, inviting the Goths to come out of their settlements on the Danube and invade Greece, under Alarie, the same Gothic chief who had been a friend and companion of Gratian, and had fought under Theodosius.

They passed the Danube, overran Macedon, and spread all over Greece, where, being Arian Christians, they destroyed with all their might all the remaining statues and temples of the old pagans; although, as they did not attack Athens, the pagans, who were numerous there, fancied that they were prevented by a vision of Apollo and Pallas Athene. Arcadius sent to his brother for aid, and Stilicho marched through Thrace; Rufinus was murdered through his contrivance, and then, marching on into the Peloponnesus, he defeated Alarie in battle, and drove him out from thence, but no further than Epirus, where the Goths took up their station to wait for another opportunity; but by this time Arcadius had grown afraid of Stilicho, sent him back to Italy with many gifts and promises, and engaged Alarie to be the guardian of his empire, not only against the wild tribes, but against his brother and his minister.

This was a fine chance for Alarie, who had all the temper of a great conqueror, and to the wild bravery of a Goth had added the knowledge and skill of a Roman general. He led his forces through the Alps into Italy, and showed himself before the gates of Milan. The poor weak boy Honorius was carried off for safety to Ravenna, while Stilicho gathered all the troops from Gaul, and left Britain unguarded by Roman soldiers, to protect the heart of the empire. With these he attacked Alarie, and gained a great victory at Pollentia; the Goths retreated; he followed, and beat them again at Verona, driving them out of Italy.

It was the last Roman victory, and it was celebrated by the last Roman triumph. There had been three hundred triumphs of Roman generals, but it was Honorius who entered Rome in the car of victory and was taken to the Capitol, and afterward there were games in the amphitheatre as usual, and fights of gladiators. In the midst of the horrid battle a voice was heard bidding it to cease in the name of Christ, and between the swords there was seen standing a monk in his dark brown dress, holding up his hand and keeping back the blows. There was a shout of rage, and he was cut down and killed in a moment; but then in horror the games were stopped. It was found that he was an Egyptian monk named Telemaehus, freshly come to Rome. No one knew any more about him, but this noble death of his put an end to shows of gladiators. Chariot races and games went on, though the good and thoughtful disapproved of the wild excitement they caused; but the horrid sports of death and blood were ended for ever.

Alaric was driven back for a time, but there were swarms of Germans who were breaking in where the line of boundary had been left undefended by the soldiers being called away to fight the Goths. A fierce heathen chief named Radegaisus advanced with at least two hundred thousand men as far as Florence, but was there beaten by the brave Stilicho, and was put to death, while the other prisoners were sold into slavery. But Stilicho, brave as he was, was neither loved nor trusted by the Emperor or the people. Some abused him for not bringing back the old gods under whom, they said, Rome had prospered; others said that he was no honest Christian, and all believed that he meant to make his son Emperor. When he married this son to a daughter of Arcadius, people made sure that this was his purpose. Honorius listened to the accusation, and his new favorite Olympius persuaded the army to give up Stilicho. He fled to a church, but was persuaded to come out of it, and was then put to death.

And at that very time Alaric was crossing the Alps. There was no one to make

any resistance. Honorius was at Ravenna, safe behind walls and marshes, and cared for nothing but his favorite poultry. Alaric encamped outside the walls of Rome, but he did not attempt to break in, waiting till the Romans should be starved out. When they had come to terrible distress, they offered to ransom their city. He asked a monstrous sum, which they refused, telling him what hosts there were of them, and that he might yet find them dangerous. "The thicker the hay, the easier to mow," said the Goth. "What will you leave us then?" they asked. "Your lives," was the answer.

The ransom the wretched Romans agreed to pay was five thousand pounds' weight of gold and thirty thousand of silver, four thousand silk robes, three thousand pieces of scarlet cloth, and three thousand pounds of pepper. They stripped the roof of the temple in the Capitol, and melted down the images of the old gods to raise the sum, and Alaric drew off his men; but he came again the next year, blocked up Ostia, and starved them faster. This time he brought a man called Attalus, whom he ordered them to admit as Emperor, and they did so; but as the governor of Africa would



A CHARIOT RACE.

send no corn while this man reigned, the people rose and drove him out, and thus for the third time brought Alaric down on them. The gates were opened to him at night, and he entered Rome on the 24th of August, 410, exactly eight hundred years after the sack of Rome by Brennus.

Alaric did not wish to ruin and destroy the grand old city, nor to massacre the inhabitants; but his Goths were thirsty for the spoil he had kept them from so long, and he gave them leave to plunder for six days, but not to kill, nor to do any harm to the churches. A set of wild, furious men could not, of course, be kept in by these orders, and terrible misfortunes befell many unhappy families; but the mischief done was much less than could have been expected, and the great churches of St. Peter and St. Paul were unhurt. One old lady named Marcella, a friend of St. Jerome, was beaten to make her show where her treasures were; but when at last her tormentors came to believe that she had spent her all on charity, they led her to the shelter of the church with her friends, soon to die of what she had undergone. After twelve days, however, Alaric drew off his forces, leaving Rome to shift for itself. Bishop Innocent was at Ravenna, where he had gone to ask help from the Emperor; but Honorius knew and cared so little that, when he was told Rome was lost, he only thought of his favorite hen whose name was Rome, and said, "That cannot be, for I have just fed her."

Alaric marched southward, the Goths plundering the villas of the Roman nobles on their way. At Cosenza, in the extreme south, he fell ill of a fever and died. His warriors turned the stream of the river Bionzo out of its course, caused his grave to be dug in the bed of the torrent, and when his corpse had been laid there, they slew all the slaves who had done the work, so that none might be able to tell where lay the great Goth.



CHAPTER XLII.

THE VANDALS.

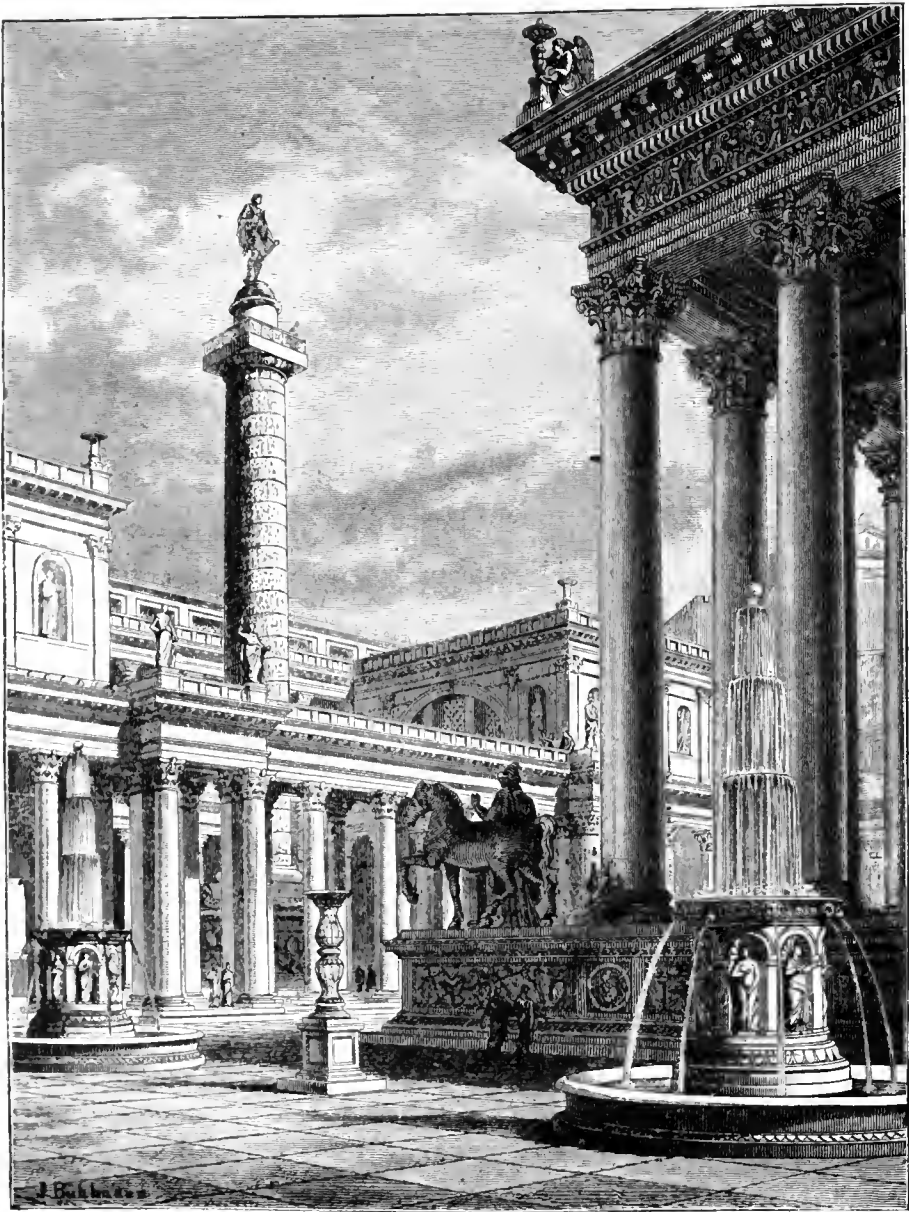
A.D. 403.



NE good thing came of the Gothic conquest—the pagans were put to silence for ever. The temples had been razed, the idols broken, and no one set them up again; but the whole people of Rome were Christian, at least in name, from that time forth; and the temples and halls of justice began to be turned into churches.

Honorius still lived his idle life at Ravenna, and the Bishop—or, as the Romans called him, Papa, father, or Pope—came back and helped them to put matters into order again. Alaric had left no son, but his wife's brother Ataulf became leader of the Goths. At Rome he had made prisoner Theodosius' daughter Placidia, and he married her; but he did not choose to rule at Rome, because, as he said, his Goths would never bear a quiet life in a city. So he promised to protect the empire for Honorius, and led his tribe away from Italy to Spain, which they conquered, and began a kingdom there. They were therefore known as the Visigoths, or Western Goths.

Arcadius, in the meantime, reigned quietly at Constantinople, where St. John Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed preacher of Antioch, was made Patriarch, or father-bishop. The games and races in the circus at Constantinople were as madly run after as they had ever been at Rome or Thessalonica; there were not indeed shows of gladiators, but people set themselves with foolish vehemence to back up one driver against another, wearing their colors and calling themselves by their names, and the two factions of the Greens and the Blues were ready to tear each other to pieces. The Empress Eudoxia, Arcadius' wife, was one of the most vehement of all, and was, besides, a vain, silly woman, who encouraged all kinds of pomp and expense. St. Chrysostom preached against all the mischiefs that thus arose, so that she was offended, and contrived to raise up an accusation against him and have him driven out of the city. The people of Constantinople still showed so much love for him that she insisted on his being sent further off to the bleak shores of the Black Sea, and on the journey he died, his last words being, "Glory be to God in all things."



FORUM AND COLUMN AT TRAJAN.

Arcadius died in 408, leaving a young son, called Theodosius II., in the care of his elder sister Pulcheria, under whom the Eastern Empire lay at peace, while the miseries of the Western went on increasing. New Emperors were set up by the legions in the distant provinces, but were soon overthrown, while Honorius only remained at Ravenna by the support of the kings of the Teuton tribes; and as he never trusted them or kept faith

with them, he was always offending them and being punished by fresh attacks on some part of his empire, for which he did not greatly care as long as they let him alone,

Ataulf died in Spain, and Placidia came back to Ravenna, where Honorius gave her in marriage to a Roman general named Constantius, and she had a son named Valentinian, who, when his uncle died, after thirty-seven years of a wretched reign, became Emperor in his stead, under his mother's guardianship, in 423.

Two great generals who were really able men were her chief supporters—Boniface, Count or Commander of Africa; and Aëtius, who is sometimes called the last of the Romans, though he was not by birth a Roman at all, but a Scythian. He gained the ear of the Empress Placidia, and persuaded her that Boniface wanted to set himself up in Africa as Emperor, so that she sent to recall him, and evil friends assured him that she meant to put him to death as soon as he arrived. He was very much enraged, and though St. Augustine, now an old man, who had long been Bishop of Hippo, advised him to restrain his anger, he called on Genseric, the chief of the Vandals, to come and help him to defend his province.

The Vandals were another tribe of Teutons—tall, strong, fair-haired, and much like the Goths, and, like them, they were Arians. They had marauded in Italy, and then had followed the Goths to Spain, where they had established themselves in the South, in the country called from them Vandalusia, or Andalusia. Their chief was only too glad to obey the summons of Boniface, but before he came the Roman had found out his mistake; Placidia had apologized to him, and all was right between them. But it was now too late; Genseric and his Vandals were on the way, and there was nothing for it but to fight his best against them.

He could not save Carthage, and, though he made the bravest defence in his power, he was driven into Hippo, which was so strongly fortified that he was able to hold it out a whole year, during which time St. Augustine died, after a long illness. He had caused the seven penitential Psalms to be written out on the walls of his room, and was constantly musing on them. He died, and was buried in peace before the city was taken. Boniface held out for five years altogether before Africa was entirely taken by the Vandals, and a miserable time began for the Church, for Genseric was an Arian, and set himself to crush out the Catholic Church by taking away her buildings and grievously persecuting her faithful bishops.

Valentinian III. made a treaty with him, and even yielded up to him all right to the old Roman province of Africa; but Genseric had a strong fleet of ships, and went on attacking and plundering Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia, Italy, and the coasts of Greece.

Britain, at the same time, was being so tormented by the attacks of the

Saxons by sea, and the Caledonians from the north, that her chiefs sent a piteous letter to Aëtius in Gaul, beginning with "The groans of the Britons;" but Aëtius could send no help, and Gaul itself was being overrun by the Goths in the south, the Burgundians in the middle, and the Franks in the north, so that scarcely more than Italy itself remained to Valentinian.



ROMAN ARMOR.

The Eastern half of the Empire was better off, though it was tormented by the Persians in the East, on the northern border by the Eastern Goths or Ostrogoths, who had stayed on the banks of the Danube instead of coming to Italy, and to the south by the Vandals from Africa. But Pulcheria was so wise and good that, when her young brother Theodosius II. died without children, the people begged her to chose a husband who might be an Emperor for them. She chose a wise old senator named Marcian, and when he died, she again chose another good and wise man named Zeno; and thus the Eastern Empire stood while the West was fast crumbling away. The nobles were almost all vain, weak cowards, who only thought of themselves, and left strangers to fight their battles; and every one was cowed with fear, for a more terrible foe than any was now coming on them.



CHAPTER XLIII.

ATTILA THE HUN.

A.D. 485—457.



THE terrible enemy who was coming against the unhappy Roman Empire was the nation of Huns—a wild, savage race, who were of the same stock as the Tartars, and dwelt as they do in the northern parts of Asia, keeping huge herds of horses, spending their life on horseback, and using mares' milk as food. They were an ugly, small, but active race, and used to cut their children's faces that the scars might make them look more terrible to their enemies. Just at this time a great spirit of conquest had come upon them, and they had, as said before, driven the Goths over the Danube fifty years ago, and seized the lands we still call Hungary. A most mighty and warlike chief called Attila had become their head, and wherever he went his track was marked by blood and flame, so that he was called "The Scourge of God." His home was on the banks of the Theiss, in a camp enclosed with trunks of trees, for he did not care to dwell in cities or establish a kingdom, though the wild tribes of Huns from the furthest parts of Asia followed his standard—a sword fastened to a pole, which was said to be also his idol.

He threatened to fall upon the two empires, and an embassy was sent to him at his camp. The Huns would not dismount, and thus the Romans were forced to address them on horseback. The only condition on which he would abstain from invading the empire was the paying of an enormous tribute, beyond what almost any power of theirs could attempt to raise. However, he did not then attack Italy, but turned upon Gaul. So much was he hated and dreaded by the Teutonic nations, that all Goths, Franks, and Burgundians flocked to join the Roman forces under Aëtius to drive him back. They came just in time to save the city of Orleans from being ravaged by him, and defeated him in the battle of Chalons with a great slaughter; but he made good his retreat from Gaul with an immense number of captives, whom he killed in revenge.

The next year he demanded that Valentinian's sister, Honoria, should be given to him, and when she was refused, he led his host into Italy and destroyed all the beautiful cities of the north. A great many of the inhabitants fled into the islands among the salt marshes and pools at the

head of the Adriatic Sea, between the mouths of the rivers Po and Adige, where no enemy could reach them; and there they built houses and made a town, which in time became the great city of Venice, the queen of the Adriatic.

Aëtius was still in Gaul, the wretched Valentinian at Ravenna was helpless and useless, and Attila proceeded toward Rome. It was well for Rome that she had a brave and devoted Pope in Leo I., who went out at the head of his clergy to meet the barbarian in his tent, and threaten him with the wrath of Heaven if he should let loose his cruel followers upon the city. Attila was struck with his calm greatness, and, remembering that Alaric had died soon after plundering Rome, became afraid. He consented to accept of Honoria's dowry instead of herself, and to be content with a great ransom for the city of Rome. He then returned to his camp on the Danube with all his horde, and soon after his arrival he married a young girl whom he had made prisoner. The next morning he was found dead on his bed in a pool of his own blood, and she was gone; but as there was no wound about him, it was thought that he had broken a blood-vessel in the drunken fit in which he fell asleep, and that she had fled in terror. His warriors tore their cheeks with their daggers, saying that he ought to be mourned only with tears of blood; but as they had no chief as able and daring as he, they gradually fell back again to their north-eastern settlements, and troubled Europe no more.

Valentinian thought the danger over, and when Aëtius came back to Ravenna, he grew jealous of his glory and stabbed him with his own hand. Soon after he offended a senator named Maximus, who killed him in revenge, became Emperor, and married his widow, Eudoxia, the daughter of Theodosius II. of Constantinople, telling her that it was for love of her that her husband was slain. Eudoxia sent a message to invite the dreadful Genseric, king of the Vandals, to come and deliver her from a rebel who had slain the lawful Emperor. Genseric's ships were ready, and sailed into the Tiber; while the Romans, mad with terror, stoned Maximus in their streets. Nobody had any courage or resolution but the Pope Leo, who went forth again to meet the barbarian and plead for his city; but Genseric, being an Arian, had not the same awe of him as the wild Huns, hated the Catholics, and was eager for the prey. He would accept no ransom instead of the plunder, but promised that the lives of the Romans should be spared. This was the most dreadful calamity that Rome, once the queen of cities, had undergone. The pillage lasted fourteen days, and the Vandals stripped churches, houses, and all alike, putting their booty on board their ships; but much was lost in a storm between Italy and Africa. The golden candlestick and shew-bread table belonging to the Temple of Jerusalem were carried off to Carthage with the spoil, and no less than sixty thousand





IN AEGROBS
MATILDAE
NIS

STEPHEN
SANCTI
PENS

ATTLA.

PARISI: SANCTI PENS.

...to the Empress Eudoxia, who had been the means of
 ... with her two daughters. The Empress was given
 ... of the same people, but one of her daughters was kept
 ... married to the son of Genseric. After plundering



THE DESTRUCTION OF NAPLES IN ITALY.

...to Africa without trying to keep
 ... the Romans elected as
 ... Gaul by birth, a peaceful and good

... a most excellent Gaulish gentleman named
 ... such good poetry that the Romans had
 ... in the Capitol. He wrote many let-
 ... and show that, in the midst of
 ... people in Southern Gaul managed to



ATULLA

captives, among them the Empress Eudoxia, who had been the means of bringing in Genseric, with her two daughters. The Empress was given back to her friends at Constantinople, but one of her daughters was kept by the Vandals, and was married to the son of Genseric. After plundering



GENSERIC'S VANDALS IN ITALY.

all the south of Italy, Genseric went back to Africa without trying to keep Rome or set up a kingdom; and when he was gone, the Romans elected as Emperor a senator named Avitus, a Gaul by birth, a peaceful and good man.

His daughter had married a most excellent Gaulish gentleman named Sidonius Apollinaris, who wrote such good poetry that the Romans had placed his bust crowned with laurel in the Capitol. He wrote many letters, too, which are preserved to this time, and show that, in the midst of all this crumbling power of Rome, people in Southern Gaul managed to

have many peaceful days of pleasant country life. But Sidonius' quiet days came to an end when, layman and lawyer as he was, the people of Clermont begged him to be their Bishop. The Church stood, whatever fell, and people trusted more to their Bishop than to any one else, and wanted him to be the ablest man they could find. So Sidonius took the charge of them, and helped them to hold out their mountain city of Clermont for a whole year against the Goths, and gained good terms for them at last, though he himself had to suffer imprisonment and exile from these Arian Goths because of his Catholic faith.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THEODORIC THE OSTROGOTH.

A.D. 457—561.



AVITUS was a good man, but the Romans grew weary of him, and in the year 457 they engaged Ricimer, a chief of the Teutonic tribe called Suevi, to drive him out, when he went back to Gaul, where he had a beautiful palace and garden. After ten months Ricimer chose another Sueve to be Emperor. He had been a captain under Aëtius, and had the Roman name of Majorian. He showed himself brave and spirited; led an army into Spain and attacked Genseric; but he was beaten, and came back disappointed. Ricimer was, however, jealous of him, forced him to resign, and soon after poisoned him.

After this, Ricimer really ruled Italy, but he seemed to have a sort of awe of the title of Cæsar Augustus, the Emperor, for he forbore to use it himself, and gave it to one poor weak wretch after another until his death in 472. His nephew went on in the same course; but at last a soldier named Orestes, of Roman birth, gained the chief power, and set up as Emperor his own little son, whose Christian name was Romulus Augustus, making him wear the purple and the crown, and calling him by all the titles; but the Romans made his name into Augustulus, or Little Augustus. At the end of a year, a Teutonic chief named Odoacer crossed the Alps at the head of a great mixture of different German tribes, and Orestes could make no stand against him, but was taken and put to death. His little boy was spared, and was placed at Sorrento; but Odoacer sent the crown and

robes of the West to Zeno, the Eastern Emperor, saying that one Emperor was enough. So fell the Roman power in 476, exactly twelve centuries after the date of the founding of Rome. It was thought that this was meant by the twelve vultures seen by Romulus, and that the seven which Remus saw denoted the seven centuries that the Republic stood. It was curious, too, that it should be with the two names of Romulus and Augustus that Rome and her empire fell.

Odoacer called himself king, and, indeed, the Western Empire had been nearly all seized by different kings—the Vandal kings in Africa, the Gothic kings in Spain and Southern Gaul, the Burgundian kings and Frank kings in Northern Gaul, the Saxon kings in Britain. The Ostro or Eastern Goths, who had since the time of Valens dwelt on the banks of the Danube, had been subdued by Attila, but recovered their freedom after his death. One of their young chiefs, named Theodoric, was sent as a hostage to Constantinople, and there learned much. He became king of the Eastern Goths in 470, and showed himself such a dangerous neighbor to the Eastern Empire that, to be rid of him, the Emperor Zeno advised him to go and attack Odoacer in Italy. The Ostrogoths marched seven hundred miles, and came over the Alps into the plains of Northern Italy, where Odoacer fought with them bravely, but was beaten. They besieged him even in Ravenna, till after three years he was obliged to surrender and was put to death.

Rome could make no defence, and fell into Theodoric's hands with the rest of Italy; but he was by far the best of the conquerors—he did not hurt or misuse them, and only wished his Goths to learn of them and become peaceful farmers. He gave them the lands which had lost their owners; about thirty or forty thousand families were settled there by him on the waste lands, and the Romans who were left took courage and worked too. He did not live at Rome, though he came thither and was complimented by the Senate, and he set a sum by every year for repairing the old buildings; but he chiefly lived at Verona, where he reigned over both the Eastern and Western Goths in Gaul and Italy.

He was an Arian, but he did not persecute the Catholics, and to such persons as changed their profession of faith to please him he showed no more favor, saying that those who were not faithful to their God would never be faithful to their earthly master. He reigned thirty-three years, but did not end as well as he began, for he grew irritable and distrustful with age; and the Romans, on the other hand, forgot that they were not the free, prosperous nation of old, and displeased him. Two of their very best men, Boëthius and Symmachus, were by him kept for a long time prisoners at Rome and then put to death. While Boëthius was in prison at Pavia, he wrote a book called *The Consolations of Philosophy*, so beautiful that the

English king Alfred translated it into Saxon four centuries later. Theodoric kept up a correspondence with the other Gothic kings wherever a tribe of his people dwelt, even as far as Sweden and Denmark; but as even he could not write, and only had a seal with the letters *ΘΕΟΙ* with which to make his signature, the whole was conducted in Latin by Roman slaves on either side, who interpreted to their masters. An immense number of letters from Theodoric's secretary are preserved, and show what an able man his master was, and how well he deserved his name of "The Great." He died in 526, leaving only two daughters. Their two sons, Amalric and Athalaric, divided the Eastern and Western Goths between them again.

Seven Gothic kings reigned over Northern Italy after Theodoric. They were fierce and restless, but had nothing like his strength and spirit, and they chiefly lived in the more northern cities—Milan, Verona, and Ravenna, leaving Rome to be a tributary city to them, where there still remained the old names of Senate and Consuls, but the person who was generally most looked up to and trusted was the Pope. All this time Rome was leavening the nations who had conquered her. When they tried to learn civilized ways, it was from her; they learned to speak her tongue, never wrote but in Latin, and worshipped with Latin prayers and services. Far above all, these conquerors learned Christianity from the Romans. When everything else was ruined, the Bishops and clergy remained, and became the chief counsellors and advisers of many of these kings.

It was just at this time that there was living at Monte Casino, in the South of Italy, St. Benedict, an Italian hermit, who was there joined by a number of others who, like him, longed to pray for the sinful world apart rather than fight and struggle with bad men. He formed them into a great band of monks, all wearing a plain dark dress with a hood, and following a strict rule of plain living, hard work, and prayers at seven regular hours in the course of the day and night. His rule was called the Benedictine, and houses of monks and nuns arose in many places, and were safe shelters in these fierce times.



CHAPTER XLV.

BELISARIUS.

A.D. 533—563.



THE Teutonic nations soon lost their spirit when they had settled in the luxurious Roman cities, and as they were as fierce as ever, their kings tore one another to pieces. A very able Emperor, named Justinian, had come to the throne in the East, and in his armies there had grown up a Thracian who was one of the greatest and best generals the world has ever seen. His name was Belisarius, and, strange to say, both he and the Emperor had married the daughters of two charioteers in the circus races. The Empress was named Theodora, the general's wife Antonina, and their acquaintance first made Belisarius known to Justinian, who, by his means, ended by winning back great part of the Western Empire.

He began with Africa, where Genseric's grandson was reigning over the Vandals, and paying so little heed to his defences that Belisarius landed without any warning, and called all the multitudes of old Roman inhabitants to join him, which they joyfully did. He defeated the Vandals in battle, entered Carthage, and restored the power of the empire. He brought away the golden candlestick and treasures of the Temple, and the cross believed to be the true one, and carried them to Constantinople, whence the Emperor sent them back to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

Just as Belisarius had returned to Constantinople, a piteous entreaty came to Justinian from Amalasontha, the daughter of Theodoric, who had been made prisoner by Theodotus, the husband she had chosen. It seemed to be opening a way for getting back Italy, and Justinian sent off Belisarius; but before he had sailed, the poor Gothic queen had been strangled in her bath. Belisarius, however, with four thousand five hundred horse and three thousand foot soldiers, landed in Sicily and soon conquered the whole island, all the people rejoicing in his coming. He then crossed to Rhegium, and laid siege to Naples. As usual, the inhabitants were his friends, and one of them showed him the way to enter the city through an old aqueduct which opened into an old woman's garden.

Theodotus was a coward as well as a murderer, and fled away, while a brave warrior named Vitiges was proclaimed king by the Goths at Rome.

But with the broken walls and all the Roman citizens against him, Vitiges thought it best not to try to hold out against Belisarius, and retreated to Ravenna, while Rome welcomed the Eastern army as deliverers. But Vitiges was collecting an army at Ravenna, and in three months was besieging Rome again. Never had there been greater bravery and patience than Vitiges showed outside the walls of Rome, and Belisarius inside, during the summer of 536. There was a terrible famine within; all kinds of strange food were used in scanty measure, and the Romans were so im-



BELISARIUS.

patient of suffering, that Belisarius was forced to watch them day and night to prevent them betraying him to the enemy. Indeed, while the siege lasted a whole year, nearly all the people of Rome died of hunger and wretchedness; and the Goths, in the unhealthy Campagna around, died of fevers and agues, until they, too, had all perished except a small band, which Vitiges led back to Ravenna, whither Belisarius followed him, besieged him, made

him prisoner, and carried him to Constantinople. Justinian gave him an estate where he could live in peace.

The Moors in Africa revolted, and Belisarius next went to subdue them. While he was there, the Goths in Italy began to recover from the blow he had given them, and chose a brave young man named Totila to be their king. In a very short time he had won back almost all Italy, for there really were hardly any men left, and even Justinian had only two small armies to dispose of, and those made up of Thracians and Isaurians from the



NARSES OVERCOMES THE OSTROGOTHS.

shores of the Black Sea. One of these was sent with Belisarius to attack the Goths, but was not strong enough to do more than just hold Totila in check, and Justinian would not even send him all the help possible, because he dreaded the love the army bore to him. After four years of fighting with Totila he was recalled, and a slave named Narses, who had always lived in the women's apartment in the palace, was sent to take command. He was really able and skilled, and being better supported, he gained a great victory

near Rome, in which Totila was killed, and another near Naples, which quite overcame the Ostrogoths, so that they never became a power again. Italy was restored to the Empire, and was governed by an officer from Constantinople, who lived at Ravenna, and was called the Exarch.

Belisarius, in the meantime, was sent to fight with the king of Persia, Chosroës, a very warlike prince, who had overrun Syria and carried off many prisoners from Antioch. Belisarius gained victory after victory over him, and had just driven him back over the rivers, when again came a recall, and Narses was sent out to finish the war. Theodora, the Empress, wanted to reign after her husband, and heard that, on a report coming to the army of his death, Belisarius had said that he should give his vote for Justin, the right heir. So she worked on the fears all Emperors had—that their troops might proclaim a successful general as Emperor, and again Belisarius was ordered home, while Narses was sent to finish what he had begun.

There was one more war for this great man when the wild Bulgarians invaded Thrace, and though his soldiers were little better than timid peasants, he drove them back and saved the country. But Justinian grew more and more jealous of him, and, fancying untruly that he was in a plot for placing Justin on the throne, caused him to be thrown into prison, and sent him out from thence stripped of everything, and with his eyes torn out. He found a little child to lead him to a church door, where he used to sit with a wooden dish before him for alms. When it was known who the blind beggar was, there was such an uproar among the people that Justinian was obliged to give him back his palace and some of his riches; but he did not live much longer.

Though Justinian behaved so unjustly and ungratefully to this great man and faithful servant, he is noted for better things, namely, for making the Church of St. Sophia, or the Holy Wisdom, which Constantine had built at Constantinople, the most splendid of all buildings, and for having the whole body of Roman laws thoroughly overlooked and put into order. Many even of the old heathen laws were very good ones, but there were others connected with idolatry that needed to be done away with; and in the course of years so many laws and alterations had been made, that it was the study of a lifetime even to know what they were, or how to act on them. Justinian set his best lawyers to put them all in order, so that it might be more easy to work by them. The Roman citizens in Greece, Italy, and all the lands overrun by the Teutonic nations were still judged by their own laws, so that this was a very useful work; and it was so well done that the conquerors took them up in time, and the Roman law was the great model studied everywhere by those who wished to understand the rules of jurisprudence, that is, of law and justice. Thus in another way Rome conquered her conquerors.

Justinian died in 563, and was succeeded by his nephew Justin, whose wife Sophia behaved almost as ill to Narses as Theodora had done to Belisarius; for while he was doing his best to defend Italy from the savage tribes who were ready at any moment to come over the Alps, she sent him a distaff, and ordered him back to his old slavery in the palace.

CHAPTER XLVI.

POPE GREGORY THE GREAT.

A.D. 563—800.

Sooner was Narses called home than another terrible nation of Teutones, who had hitherto dwelt in the North, began to come over the Alps. These were the Longbeards, or Lombards, as they were commonly called—fierce and still heathen. Their king, Alboin, had carried off Rosamond, the daughter of Kunimund, king of the Gepids, another Teutonic tribe. There was a most terrible war, in which Kunimund was killed and all his tribe broken up and joined with the Lombards. With the two united, Alboin invaded Italy and conquered all the North. Ravenna, Verona, Milan, and all the large towns held out bravely against them, but were taken at last, except Venice, which still owned the Emperor at Constantinople. Alboin had kept the skull of Kunimund as a trophy, and had had it set in gold for a drinking-cup, as his wild faith made him believe that the reward of the brave in the other world would be to drink mead from the skulls of their fallen enemies. In a drunken fit at Verona, he sent for Rosamond and made her pledge him in this horrible cup. She had always hated him, and this made her revenge her father's death by stabbing him to the heart in the year 573. The Lombard power did not, however, fall with him; his nephew succeeded him, and ruled over the country we still call Lombardy. Rome was not taken by them, but was still in name belonging to the Emperor, though he had little power there, and the Senate governed it in name, with all the old magistrates. The Prætor at the time the Lombards arrived was a man of one of the old noble families, Anicius Gregorius, or, as we have learned to call him, Gregory. He had always been a good and pious man, and while he took great care to fulfil all the duties of his office, his mind was more and more drawn away from the world, till at last he became a monk of St.

Benedict, gave his vast wealth to build and endow monasteries and hospitals, and lived himself in a hospital for beggars, nursing them, studying the Holy Scriptures, and living only on pulse, which his mother sent him every day in a silver dish—the only remnant of his wealth—till one day, having nothing else to give a shipwrecked sailor who asked him alms, he bestowed it on him.

He was made one of the seven deacons who were called Cardinal Deacons, because they had charge of the poor of the principal parishes of Rome; and it was when going about on some errand of kindness that he saw the English slave children in the market, and planned the conversion of their country; but the people would not let him leave Rome, and in 590, the Senate, the clergy, and the people chose him Pope. It was just then that a terrible pestilence fell on Rome, and he made the people form seven great processions—of clergy, of monks, of nuns, of children, of men, of wives, and of widows—all singing litanies to entreat that the plague might be turned away. Then it was that he beheld an angel standing on the tomb of Hadrian, and the plague ceased. Ever after, the great old tomb has been called the Castle of St. Angelo.

It was a troublous time, but Gregory was so much respected that he was able to keep Rome orderly and safe, and to make peace between the Emperor Maurice and the Lombards' king, Agilulf, who had an excellent wife, Theodolinda. She was a great friend of the Pope, wrote a letter to him, and did all she could to support him. The Eastern Empire was still owned at Rome, but when there was an attempt to make out that the Patriarch of Constantinople was superior to the Pope, Gregory upheld the principle that no Patriarch had any right to be above the rest, nor to be called Universal Bishop. Gregory was a very great man, and the justice and wisdom of his management did much to make the Romans look to their Pope as the head of affairs even after his death in 604.

The Greek Empire sent an officer to govern the extreme South of Italy, which, like Rome and Venice, still owned the Emperor; but all the troops that could be hired were soon wanted to fight with the Arabs, whose false prophet Mohammed had taught them to spread religion with the sword. There was no one capable of making head against the Lombards, and the Popes only kept them off by treaties and good management; and at last, in 741, Pope Gregory III. put himself under the protection of Charles Martel, the great Frank captain who had beaten the Mohammedans at the battle of Tours. Charles Martel was rewarded by being made a Roman senator, so was his son Pippin, who was also king of the Franks, and his grandson Charles the Great, who had to come often to Italy to protect Rome, and at last broke up the Lombard kingdom, was chosen Roman Emperor as of old, and crowned by Pope Leo III. in the year

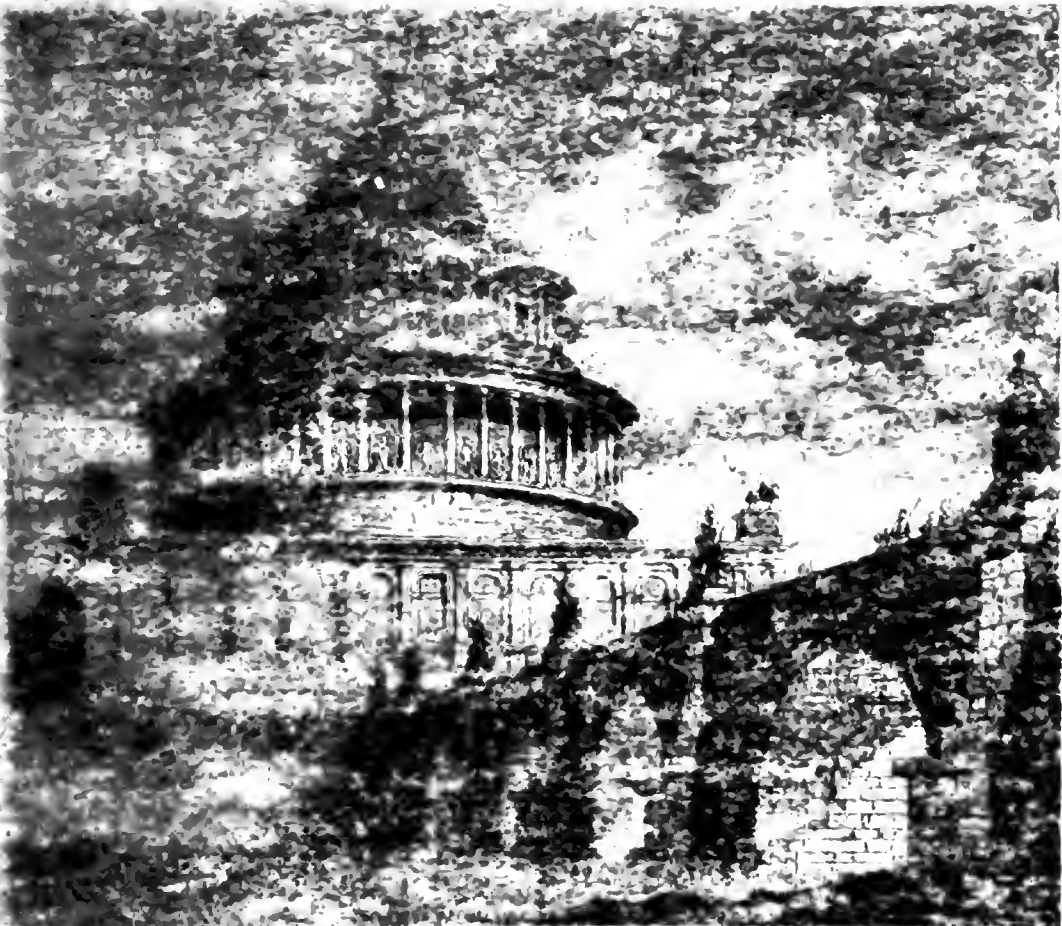




T HEAWOOD sc

CHARLES MARTEL. AT TOURS.

800. Charlemagne, King of France, was crowned Emperor of the Western Empire, a dignity which he held until his death in 814. He was the first of the Carolingian dynasty, and his reign was the beginning of the Middle Ages.



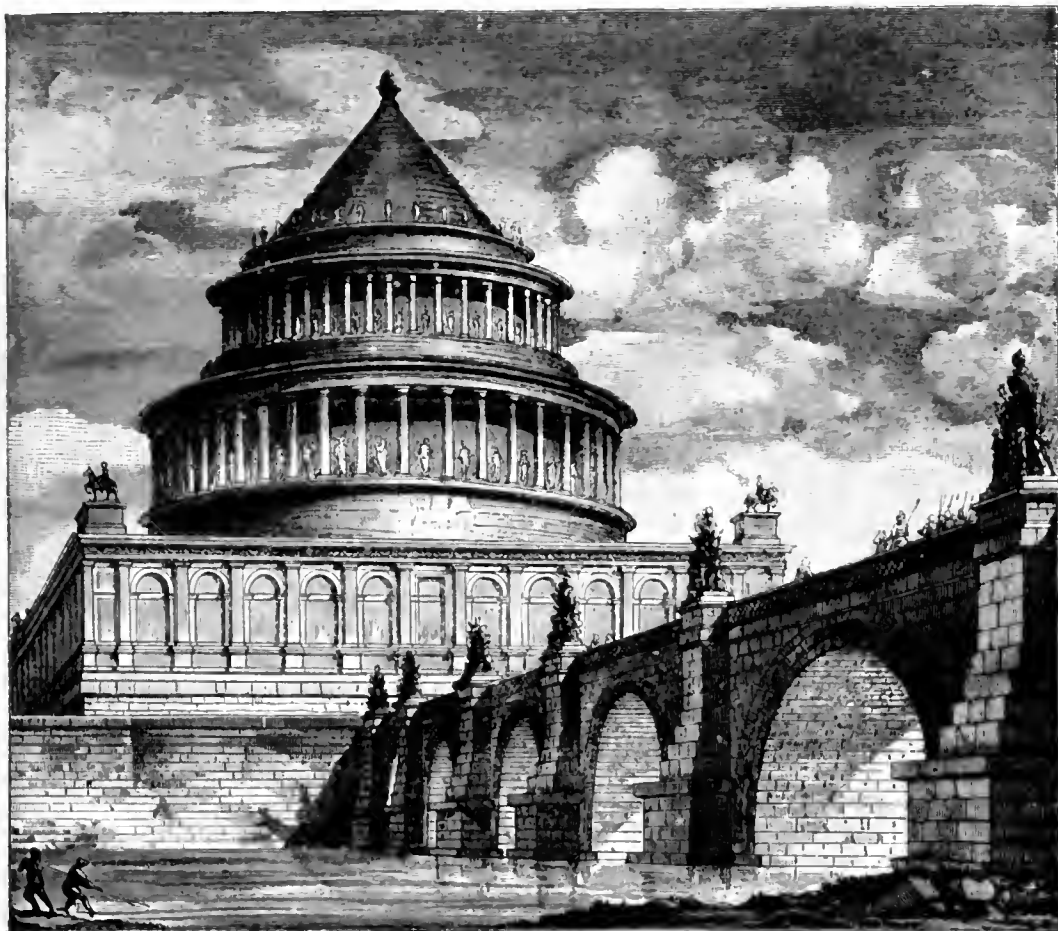
THE CATHEDRAL OF AIX-LES-BAINS.

... was the chiefly under the power of the ... more and more of princes, and ... over the Church, calling themselves ... of St. Gregory the Great. All ... of Europe in modern times. I will ... the history of Germany, - was there ... and Emperors. For Rome has really ... who visit Rome and study the wonders ... on the old or the new, the pagan or the ... leads them, or else on that strange middle time ... were struggling together.



* HEAWOOD & C.

800. From that time there was again the Western Empire, commonly called the Holy Roman Empire, the Emperor, or Cæsar—Kaisar, as the Germans still call him—being generally also king of Germany and king



MAUSOLEUM OF HADRIAN.

of Lombardy. Rome was all this time chiefly under the power of the Popes, who grew in course of years to be more and more of princes, and at the same time to claim more power over the Church, calling themselves Universal Bishops contrary to the teaching of St. Gregory the Great. All this, however, belongs to the history of Europe in modern times, and will have to be told when we come to the history of Germany, since there were many struggles between the Popes and Emperors. For Rome has really had *two* histories, and those who visit Rome and study the wonderful buildings there, may dwell on the old or the new, the pagan or the Christian, as their mind leads them, or else on that strange middle time when idolatry and Christianity were struggling together.

STORIES OF GERMAN HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE ANCIENT GERMANS.



THE history of the German Empire rightly begins with Karl the Great, but to understand it properly it will be better to go further back, when the Romans were beginning to know something about the wild tribes who lived to the north of Italy, and on the coast of the Gaulish or Keltic lands.

Almost all the nations in Europe seem to have come out of the north-west of Asia, one tribe after another, the fiercest driving the others farther and farther to the westward before them. Tribes of Kelts or Gauls had come first, but, though they were brave and fierce, they were not so sturdy as the great people that came after them, and were thus driven up into the lands bordering on the Atlantic Ocean; while the tribes that came behind them spread all over that middle part of Europe which lies between the Alps and the Baltic Sea. These tribes all called themselves *Deutsch*, which meant the people; indeed, most of them do so still, though the English only call those Dutch who live in Holland. Sometimes they were called Ger, War, or Spear-men, just as the Romans were called Quirites; and this name, Spear-men or Germans, has come to be the usual name that is given to them together, instead of *Deutsch* as they call themselves, and from which the fine word Teutonic has been formed.

The country was full of marshes and forests, with ranges of hills in which large rivers rose and straggled, widening down to their swampy mouths. Bears and wolves, elks and buffaloes, ran wild, and were hunted by the men of the German tribes. These men lived in villages of rude huts, surrounded by lands to which all had a right in common, and where they grew their corn and fed their cattle. Their wives were much more respected than those of other nations; they were usually strong, brave women, able to advise their husbands and to aid them in the fight; and the authority of

fathers and mothers over their families was great. The men were either freemen or nobles, and they had slaves, generally prisoners or the people of conquered countries. The villages were formed into what were called hundreds, over which, at a meeting of the freemen from all of them, a chief was elected from among the nobles; and many of the tribes had kings, who always belonged to one family, descended, it was thought, from their great god Woden.

The German tribes all believed in the great god Woden, his brother Frey, and his son Thor, who reigned in a gorgeous palace, and with their children were called the Asa gods. Woden was all-wise, and two ravens



ANCIENT GERMAN FARMER'S HUT.

whispered in his ear all that passed on the earth. The sun and moon were his eyes. The moon is so dull because he gave the sight of that eye for one draught of the well of wisdom at the foot of the great ash tree of life. He was a fearful god, who had stone altars on desolate heaths, where sacrifices of men and women were offered to him, and the fourth day of the week was sacred to him.

Frey was gentler, and friendship, faith, and freedom were all sacred to him. There is a little confusion as to whether Friday is called after him or Frigga, Odin's wife, to whom all fair things belonged, and who had priestesses among the German maidens. Thor, or, as some tribes called him, Thunder, was the bravest and most awful of the gods, and was armed with

a hammer called Miölner, or the Miller or Crusher. Thunder was thought to be caused by his swinging it through the air, and the mark in honor of him was **T**, meant to be a likeness of his hammer. It was signed over boys when they were washed with water immediately after they were born; and in some tribes they were laid in their father's shields, and had their first food from the point of his sword.

These three were always the most honored of the Asa gods, though some tribes preferred one and some the other; but Woden was always held to be the great father of all, and there were almost as many stories about the Asir as there were about the Greek gods, though we cannot be sure that all were known to all the tribes, and they were brought to their chief fulness in the branch of the race that dwelt in the far North, and who became Christians much later. Some beliefs, however, all had in common, and we may understand hints about the old faith of the other tribes by the more complete northern stories.

There was a great notion of battle going through everything. The Asa gods were summer gods, and their enemies were the forces of cold and darkness, the giants who lived in Jotenheim, the land of giants. All that was good was mixed up with light and summer in the old Deutsch notions; all that was bad with darkness and cold. Baldur, the son of Woden, was beautiful, good, and glorious; but Loki, the chief enemy, longed to kill him. His mother, Frigga, went round and made every creature and every plant swear never to hurt Baldur, but she missed one plant, the mistletoe. So when all his brothers were amusing themselves by throwing things at Baldur, knowing they could not hurt him, Loki slyly put in the hand of his blind brother Hodur a branch of mistletoe which struck him dead. But Frigga so wept and prayed that it was decreed that Baldur might live again provided everything would weep for him; and everything accordingly did weep, except one old hag who sat under a tree, and would shed no tear for Baldur, so he might not live, only he was given back to his mother for half the year, and then faded and vanished again for the other half. But Loki had his punishment, for he was chained under a crag with a serpent forever dropping venom on his brow, though his wife was always catching it in a bowl, and it could only fall on him when she was gone to empty the bowl at the stream.

It is plain that Baldur meant the leaves and trees of summer, and that the weeping of everything was the melting of the ice; but there was mixed into the notion something much higher and greater respecting the struggle between good and evil.

CHAPTER II.

VALHALL.



THE hall of Woden was called Valhall,* and thither were thought to go the souls of the brave. There were believed to be maidens called Valkyr, or the choosers of the slain—Hilda, Guda, Truda, Mista, and others—who floated on swan's wings over the camps of armies before a battle and chose out who should be killed. Nor was such a death accounted a disaster, for to die bravely was the only way to the Hall of Woden, where the valiant enjoyed, on the other side of the rainbow bridge, the delights they cared for most in life—hunting the boar all day, and feasting on him all night; drinking mead from the skulls of their conquered enemies. Shooting stars were held to be the track of weapons carried to supply the fresh comers into Valhall. Only by dying gallantly could entrance be won there; and men would do anything rather than not die thus, rush on swords, leap from crags, drown themselves, and the like, for they believed that all who did not gain an entrance to the Hall of the Slain became the prisoners of Loki's pale daughter Hel, and had to live on in her cold, gloomy, sunless lands, sharing her bondage.

For once Loki and his children, and the other evil beings of the mist land, had made a fierce attack on Woden, and had all been beaten and bound. Fenris, the son of Loki, was a terrible wolf, who was made prisoner and was to be bound by a chain; but he would only stand still on condition that Tyr or Tiw, the son of Woden, should put his right hand into his mouth in token of good faith. The moment that Fenris found that he was chained, he closed his jaws and bit off the hand of Tiw, whose image therefore only had one hand, and who is the god after whom Tuesday is named.

Valhall was not, however, to last forever. There was to come a terrible time called the Twilight of the Gods, when Loki and Fenris would burst their chains and attack the Asa gods; Woden would be slain by Fenris; Thor would perish in the flood of poison cast forth by the terrible serpent Midgard; and there would be a great outburst of fire, which would burn up Valhall and all within, as well as the powers of evil. Only two of the gods, Vidur and Wali, were to survive, and these would make again a new heaven and earth, in which the spirits of gods and men would lead a new and more glorious life.

* *Val* means a brave death in battle.

How much of all this grew up later and was caught from Christianity we cannot tell; but there is reason to think that much of it was believed, and that heartily, making the German nations brave and true, and helping them to despise death. There were temples to the gods, where the three figures of Woden, Frey, and Thor were always together in rude carving, and sometimes with rough jewels for eyes. Woden also had sacred oaks, and the great stone altars on heaths, raised probably by an earlier race, were sacred to him. Sometimes human sacrifices were offered there, but more often sacred horses, for horses were the most sacred of their animals: they were kept in honor of the gods, auguries were drawn from their neighings, and at the great yearly feasts they were offered in sacrifice, and their flesh was eaten.



THOR.

There were gods of the waters, Niord, and Egir, who raised the great wave as the tide comes in at the mouth of rivers; and his cruel daughter Rana, who went about in a sea chariot causing shipwrecks. Witches called upon her when they wanted to raise storms and drown their enemies at sea.

One old German story held that Tiw* was the father of Man, and that Man's three sons were Ing, Isk, and Er, the fathers of the chief Deutsch tribes. Isk (or Ash) was the father of the Franks and Allemans; Ing, of the Swedes, Angles, and Saxons; and Er, or Erman, of a tribe called by the Romans Herminiones. This same Er or Erman had a temple called Eresburg, with a marble pillar on which stood an armed warrior holding in one hand a banner bearing a rose, in the other a pair of scales; his crest was a cock; he had a bear on his breast, and on his shield was a lion in a field of flowers. A college of priests lived around; and before the army went out to battle, they galloped round and round the figure in full armor, brandishing their spears and praying for victory; and on their return they offered up in sacrifice, sometimes their prisoners, sometimes cowards who had fled from the foe.

The image was called Irmansul—*sul* meaning a pillar; and two pillars

* The same word as the Greek Zeus and Latin Deus.



GERMAN FUNERAL SACRIFICE.



or posts were the great token of home and settlement to the German nations. They were planted at the gate of their villages and towns, where one was called the Ermansaul, the other the Rolandsaul. And when a family were about to change their home, they uprooted the two wooden pillars of their own house and took them away. If they went by sea, they threw their pillars overboard, and fixed themselves wherever these posts were cast up.

Dutch fancy filled the woods, hills, and streams with spirits. There were Elves throughout the woods and plains, shadowy creatures who sported in the night and watched over human beings for good or harm. The Bergmen dwelt in the hills, keeping guard over the metals and jewels hidden there, and forging wonderful swords that always struck home, and were sometimes given to lucky mortals, though they generously served for the fights in Valhall; and the waters had Necks and other spirits dangerous to those who loitered by the water-side. A great many of our best old fairy tales were part of the ancient German mythology, and have come down to our own times as stories told by parents to their children.



FRIGGA.

There were German women who acted as priestesses to Frigga, or Hertha, the Earth, as she was often called. She had a great temple in Rugen, an isle in the Baltic; her image was brought out thence at certain times, in a chariot drawn by white heifers, to bless the people and be washed in the Baltic waters. Orion's belt was called her distaff, and the gossamer marked her path over the fields when she brought summer with her.

When one of the northern tribes was going to start to the south to find new homes, their wives prayed to Frigga to give them good speed. She

bade them stand forth the next morning in the rising sun with their long hair let down over their chins. "Who are these long beards?" asked Woden. "Thou hast given them a name, so thou must give them the victory," said Frigga; and henceforth the tribes were called Longbeards, or Lombards.

Before a battle, the matrons used to cast lots to guess how the fortunes of the day would go, doing below what the Valkyr did above. Sometimes a more than commonly wise woman would arise among them, and she was called the Wala, or Velleda, and looked up to and obeyed by all.

CHAPTER III.

THE GERMANS AND ROMANS.

B.C. 60—A.D. 400.



JUST as it was with the Britons and Gauls, the first we know of the Germans was when the Romans began to fight with them. When Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, there was a great chief among the tribe called Schwaben—Suevi, as the Romans made it—called Ehrfürst,* or, as in Latin, Ariovistus, who had been invited into Gaul to settle the quarrels of two tribes of Gauls in the north. This he did by conquering them both; but they then begged help from Cæsar, and Ehrfürst was beaten by the Romans and driven back. Cæsar then crossed the Rhine by a bridge of boats and ravaged the country, staying there for eighteen days. He was so struck with the bravery of the Germans that he persuaded their young men to serve in his legions, where they were very useful; but they also learned to fight in the Roman fashion.

Germany was let alone till the time of the Emperor Augustus, when his stepson Drusus tried to make it a province of Rome, and built fifty fortresses along the Rhine, besides cutting a canal between that river and the Yssel, and sailing along the coasts of the North Sea. He three times entered Germany, and in the year B. C. 9, after beating the Marchmen, was just going to cross the Elbe, when one of the Velledas, a woman of great stature, stood before the army and said, "Thou greedy robber! whither wouldst thou go? The end of thy misdeeds and of thy life is at hand." The Romans turned

* Honor prince.

back dismayed; and thirty days later Drusus was killed by a fall from his horse.

Drusus' brother Tiberius went on with the attempt, and gained some land, while other tribes were allies of Rome, and all seemed likely to be conquered, when Quinctilius Varus, a Roman who came out to take the command, began to deal so rudely and harshly with the Germans that a young chief named Herman, or Arminius, was roused. He had secret meetings at night in the woods with other chiefs, and they swore to be faithful to one another in the name of their gods. When all was ready, information was given to Varus that a tribe in the north had revolted. He would not listen to Siegert or Segestes, the honest German who advised him to be cautious and to keep Herman as a hostage, and set out with three legions to put it down; but his German guides led him into the thickest of the great Teutoberg forest, and the further they went the worse this grew. Trunks of trees blocked up the road, darts were hurled from behind trees, and when at last an open space was gained after three days' struggling through the wood, a huge host of foes was drawn up there, and in the dreadful fight that followed almost every Roman was cut off, and Varus threw himself on his own sword.

Herman married the daughter of Siegert, and was chief on the Hartz mountains, aided by his uncle Ingomar; but after five years, A. D. 14, the Emperor Tiberius sent the son of Drusus—who was called already, from his father's successes, Germanicus—against him. Some of the Germans, viewing Siegert as a friend of Rome, beset his village, and were going to burn it, when Germanicus came in time to disperse them and save Siegert. Thusnelda, the wife of Herman, was with her father, and was sent off as a prisoner to Rome with her baby; while Germanicus marched into the Teutoberg wood, found the bones of the army of Varus, and burnt them on a funeral pile, making a speech calling on his men to avenge their death. But Herman's horsemen fell on him and defeated him, and if the Germans had not been so eager to plunder they would have made a great many prisoners. They drove the Romans back across the Rhine, and the next year were ready for them, and had a tremendous battle on the banks of the Weser. In this the Romans prevailed, and Herman himself was badly wounded, and was only saved by the fleetness of his horse. However, he was not daunted, and still kept in the woods and harassed the Romans, once forcing them to take refuge in their ships.

Tiberius grew jealous of the love the army bore to Germanicus, and sent for him to return to Rome. Herman thus had saved his country, but he had come to expect more power than his chiefs thought his due, and he was slain by his own kinsmen, A. D. 19, when only thirty-seven years old. His wife and child had been shown in Germanicus' triumph, and he never seems

to have seen them again. It was during this war that the great Roman historian Tacitus came to learn the habits and manners of the Germans, and was so struck with their simple truth and bravery that he wrote an account of them, which seems meant as an example for the fallen and corrupt Romans of his time.

There were no more attempts to conquer Germany after this; but the Germans, in the year 69, helped in the rising of a Gaulish chief named Civilis against the Romans, and a Velleda who lived in a lonely tower in

the forests near the Lippe encouraged him. He prevailed for a time, but then fell.

The Germans remained terrible to the Romans for many years, and there were fights all along the line of the empire, which their tribes often broke through; but nothing very remarkable happened till the sixth century, when there was a movement and change of place among them. This seems to have been caused by the Huns, a savage tribe of the great Slavonic or Tartar stock of nations, who came from the East, and drove the Deutsch nation, brave as they were, before them for a time.

Then it was that the Goths came over the Danube, and, dividing into the Eastern and Western Goths, sacked Rome, conquered the province of Africa, and founded two kingdoms in Spain and in Northern Italy. Their great king Theuderick, who

reigned at Verona, was called by the Germans Dietrich of Berne, and is greatly praised and honored in their old songs.

Then Vandals followed the Goths, and took Africa from them; and the Lombards, or Longbeards, after the death of Theuderick, took the lands in Northern Italy which had been held by the Goths, founded a kingdom, and called it Lombardy. The Burgundians (or Burg Castle men) gained the south-east part of Gaul all round the banks of the Rhone, and founded a kingdom there; and the Sachsen (sæx or axe men) settled themselves on the banks of the Elbe, whence went out bands of men who conquered the south of Britain. The Franks (free men) were, in the meantime, coming



ATTILA, THE HUN.

over the Rhine, and first plundering the north of Gaul, then settling there. All the western half of the Roman Empire was overspread by these Deutsch nations from the shores of the Baltic to the Mediterranean, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Carpathian Mountains; and instead of being conquered by the Romans, the Deutsch nations had conquered them.

It is chiefly with the Franks, Sachsen, Schwaben, and Germans that this history is concerned; but before going any further, there is a great mythological story to be told, which all believed in as truth.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NIBELONIG HEROES.

THERE are two versions of this strange ancient story—a northern one made in heathen times, a German one in Christian days. According to this one, the three gods, Woden, Loki, and Hamer, came down to a river in Nibelheim—the land of mist—to fish; and Loki killed an otter and skinned it. Now this otter was really a dwarf named Ottur, whose home was on the river bank, with his father and brothers, Fafner and Reginn, and who used to take the form of the beast when he wanted to catch fish. When his brothers saw what had befallen him, they demanded that Loki should, as the price of his blood, fill the otter's skin with gold; and this Loki did, but when he gave it, he laid it under a curse, that it should do no good to its owner.

The curse soon began to be fulfilled, for Fafner killed his father to gain the treasure, and then turned himself into a serpent to keep watch over it and prevent Reginn from getting it. But Reginn had a pupil who was so strong that he used to catch wild lions and hang them by the tail over the wall of his castle. The northern people called him Sigurd, but the Germans call him Siegfried,* and say that his father was the king of the Netherlands, and that he was a hero in the train of Dietrich of Berne. Reginn persuaded Siegfried to attack the dragon Fafner and kill him, after which he bade the champion bathe in the blood and eat the heart. The bath made his skin so hard that nothing could hurt him, except in one spot between his shoulders, where a leaf had stuck as it was blown down from the trees; and the heart made him able to understand the voices of the birds. From their song

* Conquering Peace.

Siegfried found out that Reginn meant to slay him, and he therefore killed Reginn and himself took the treasure, in which he found a tarn cap, which made him invisible when he put it on. Serpents were called worms in old Deutsch, and the Germans said that their city of Wurms was the place where Siegfried killed the dragon. They called him Siegfried the Horny.

Now there was a lady of matchless strength named Brunhild;* but she had offended Woden, who touched her with his sleep-thorn, so that she fell into a charmed sleep, surrounded with a hedge of flame. Siegfried heard of her, broke through the circle of fire, and woke the lady, winning her heart and love; but he had then to leave her in her castle after three days and go back to the common world, carrying her ring and girdle with him. But by a magic drink, as one story says, he was thrown into a sleep in which he lost all remembrance of Brunhild.

The great song of Germany, the *Nibelungenlied*, begins when Chriemhild,† the fair daughter of the king of Burgundy, had a dream in which she saw her favorite falcon torn to pieces by two eagles. Her mother told her that this meant her future husband; upon which she vowed that she would never marry. Soon after, Siegfried arrived and fell in love with her; but she feared to accept him because of her dream. However, the fame of Brunhild's beauty had reached the court, and Chriemhild's brother Gunther wanted to wed her. She would, however, marry no one who could not overcome her in racing and leaping; and as she was really one of the Valkyr, Gunther would have had no chance if Siegfried, still forgetful of all concerning Brunhild, had not put on his cap, made himself invisible, took the leap, holding Gunther in his arms, and drew him on in the race so as to give him the victory.

Then Gunther married Brunhild, and Siegfried Chriemhild. The first pair reigned in Burgundy, the second at Wurms, and all went well for ten years, when unhappily there was a great quarrel between the two ladies. The northern song says it was about which had the right to swim furthest out into the Rhine; the German, that it was which should go first into the Cathedral. Brunhild said that Siegfried was only Gunther's vassal; on which Chriemhild returned that it was to Siegfried, and not to her husband, that Brunhild had yielded, and in proof showed her the ring and girdle that he had stolen from her.

Brunhild was furiously enraged, and was determined to be revenged. She took counsel with Haghen, her husband's uncle, a wise and far-traveled man, whom every one thought so prudent that he was the very person whom poor Chriemhild consulted on her side as to the way of saving her husband. He had never loved Siegfried, and when his niece told him there was only one spot where her husband could be wounded, he bade her sew a patch on

* Valkyr of the Breastplate.

† Valkyr of the Helmet.

his garment just where it was, that he might be sure to know where to guard him. There was a great hunting match soon after, and Haghen contrived that all the wine should be left behind, so that all the hunters growing thirsty, lay down to drink at the stream, and thus Siegfried left defenceless the spot marked by his wife. There he was instantly stabbed by Haghen's contrivance. According to the heathen northern story, Brunhild, viewing herself as his true wife, burnt herself on a pile with his corpse in the Nibelung. She had only repented too late.

Chriemhild knew Haghen was the murderer, because the body bled at his touch; but she could not hinder him from taking away the treasure and hiding it in a cave beneath the waters of the Rhine. She laid up a vow of vengeance against him, but she could do nothing till she was wooed and won by Etzel or Atli, king of the Huns, on condition that he would avenge her on all her enemies. For thirteen years she bided her time, and then she caused her husband to invite Gunther and all the other Burgundians to a great feast at Etzelburg in Hungary. There she stirred up a terrible fight, of which the *Nibelungenlied* describes almost every blow. Dietrich of Berne at once rushed in and took King Etzel and Queen Chriemhild to a place of safety, keeping all his own men back while the fight went on—Folker, the mighty fiddler of Burgundy, fiddling wildly till he too joined in the fray; and then Dietrich's men burst in, and were all killed but old Sir Hildebrand, who, on his side, slew the mighty fiddler, so that of all the Burgundians only Gunther and Haghen were left. Dietrich then armed himself, made them both prisoners, and gave them up to Chriemhild; but in her deadly vengeance she killed them both; whereupon Hildebrand slew her as an act of justice, and, with Etzel and Dietrich, buried the dead.

I have told you this story in this place because two real personages, Attila the Hun and Theuderick of Verona, come into it, though there is no doubt that the story was much older than their time, and that they were worked into it when it was sung later. It shows what a terrible duty all the Deutsch thought vengeance was. There are stories in the north going on with the history of Siegfried's children, and others in Germany about Dietrich. It seems he had once had to do with Chriemhild in her youth, for she had a garden of roses seven miles round, guarded by twelve champions, and the hero who could conquer them was to receive from her a chaplet of roses and a kiss. Dietrich, Hildebrand, and ten more knights beat her champions, and took the crowns of roses, but would not have the kisses, because they thought Chriemhild a faithless lady!

In real truth, Attila, king of the Huns, lived fully one hundred years before the great Theuderick of Verona.

CHAPTER V.

THE FRANKS.

A.D. 596—765.



THE most famous of the German tribes were the Franks, who lived on the banks of the Rhine, and were in two divisions, the Salian, so called because they once came from the river Yssel, and Ripuarians, so called from *ripa*, the Latin word for the bank of a river.

The Franks were terrible enemies to the Romans in the north-east corner of Gaul, and under their King Chlodio won a great many of the fifty fortresses that Drusus had built, in especial Trier and Köln, as they shortened the old name of Colonia, a colony. Chlodio only joined with the Romans to fight against that dreadful enemy of them all, Attila the Hun, who was beaten in the battle of Soissons. After his death, those of his people who did not go back to Asia remained on the banks of the Danube, and their country is still called Hungary.

The kings of these Franks were called Meerwings, from one of their forefathers. The only great man who rose up among them was Chlodwig,* who pushed on into Gaul, made Soissons his home, took Paris from the Gauls and married Clothilda (famous Valkyr), the daughter of the Burgundian king, who was a Christian. The other Deutsch tribes went to war with Chlodwig, the Allemans especially; and it was in the midst of a battle with them, fought at Zulpich, that Chlodwig vowed that if Clotilda's God would give him the victory, he would worship Him rather than Freya or Woden. He did gain the victory, and was baptized by St. Remigius at Rheims, on Christmas Day, 496, with three thousand of his warriors. Most likely he thought that, as Gaul was a Christian country, he could only rule there by accepting the Christian's God; but he and his sons remained very fierce and wild. He conquered the Ripuarian Franks and made them one with his own people, and he also conquered the Goths in the south of France.

But when he died the kingdom was broken up among his sons, and they quarreled and fought, so that the whole story of these early Franks is full of shocking deeds. There were generally two kingdoms, called Oster-rik,

* The French call him Clovis, but he shall have his proper name here—Chlodwig, famous war.



ATTILA, AFTER HIS DEFEAT AT SOISSONS.

eastern kingdom, and Ne-oster-rik, not eastern, or western kingdom, besides Burgundy, more to the south. The Oster-rik stretched out from the great rivers to the forests of the Allemans and Saxons, and was sometimes joined to the Ne-oster-rik. The chief freemen used to meet and settle their affairs in the month of March, and this was called a Marchfield; but the king had great power, and used it very badly.

It was never so badly used as by the widows of two of the long-haired kings, Hilperik and Siegbert, brothers who reigned in the West and East kingdoms. Siegbert's wife, Brunhild, was the daughter of the king of the Goths in Spain; Fredegond, the wife of Hilperik, was only a slave girl, and hated Brunhild so much that she had Siegbert murdered. The murders Fredegond was guilty of were beyond all measure. Her step-sons were killed by her messengers, and all who offended her were poisoned. When her husband died, she reigned in the name of her son and then of her grandson at Soissons, as Brunhild did at Metz. Brunhild really tried to do good to her country, and made some fine buildings, both churches and convents;

but she was fierce and proud, and drove away the Irish priest Columbanus, when he tried to rebuke her grandson Theuderick for his crimes. Theuderick died in 613, leaving four sons; and then Chlotar, Fredegond's grandson, attacked the Oster-rik. Brunhild was old, and was hated by her people; no one would fight for her, and she tried in vain to escape. One of her grandsons rode off on horseback and was never heard of more, and the other three were seized with her. Fredegond was dead, but she had brought up Chlotar in bitter hatred of Brunhild, and he accused her of having caused the death of ten kings. He paraded her through his camp on a camel, put her great-grandchildren to death before her eyes, and then had her tied by the body to a tree and by the feet to a wild horse, so that she died a horrible death.

After this the two kingdoms were joined together; but this wicked race of kings became so dull and stupid that they could not manage their own affairs, and they had, besides, granted away a great many of their lands in fee, as it was called, to their men, who were bound in return to do them service in war. These lands were called fiefs, and the holders of them were called Heer Zog—that is, army leaders—Duces (Dukes) in Latin; and Grafen, which properly meant judges, and whose Latin title was Comites (comrades), commonly called Counts. A city would have a Graf or Count to rule it for the king and manage its affairs at his court; and besides these who were really officers of the king, there were the Freiherren, or free lords, who held no office, and were bound only to come out when the nation was called on. They came to be also termed Barons, a word meaning man.

The kings lived on great farms near the cities in a rough sort of plenty, and went about in rude wagons drawn by oxen. The long-haired kings soon grew too lazy to lead the people out to war, and left everything to the chief of their officers, who was called the Mayor of the Palace.

“Pippin * of Landen was a very famous Mayor of the Palace in the kingdom of the East Franks or Oster-rik, and his family had the same power after him. His grandson, Pippin of Herstall, Duke of the Franks, beat the West Franks at Testri in 687, and ruled over both kingdoms at once, though each had its own Meerwing king.

His son was Karl † of the Hammer, or Charles Martel, who was also Mayor of the Palace and Duke of the Franks, both East and West. He saved all Christendom from being overrun by the Saracen Arabs, by beating them in the great battle of Tours in 731.

His son was Pippin the Short, who had the same power at first, and became a great friend and helper to the Pope, who was much distressed by the Lombard kings in Northern Italy, who threatened to take Rome from him. Pope Zacharias rewarded Pippin by consenting to his becoming king

* A pet name for father.

† A strong man.



THE DEATH OF BRUNHILDE. (BRUNEHAUT.)

of the Franks when the last of the Meerwings gave up his crown and went into a monastery.

Pippin's own subjects, the Franks, were Christians; but the tribes in Germany and Friesland still worshipped Woden and Thor. The English Church sent missionaries to them, and Pippin helped them as much as he could. The greatest was St. Boniface, who converted so many Germans that he was made Archbishop of Mainz, and this has always been the chief see



ST. BONIFACE FELLING THE OAK.

in Germany. At Giesmar, the Hessians honored a great oak sacred to Thor, and Boniface found that even the Christians still feared the tree. He told them that if Thor was a god he would defend his own; then, at the head of all his clergy, he cut down the tree, and the people saw that Thor was no god. When he baptized them he made them renounce not only the devil, but Woden and all false gods. At last he was martyred by the heathen Frisians in 755.

CHAPTER VI.

KARL THE GREAT.

A.D. 768-814.



BECAUSE of the help Pippin gave the Pope, he was made a patrician of Rome; and when he died in 768, his son Karl inherited the same rank. Karl was one of the mightiest and wisest of kings, who well deserves to be called the Great, for though he was warlike, he fought as much for his people's good as for his own power, and tried to make all around him wise and good. Wherever he heard of a good scholar, in Italy or in England, or in any part of Gaul, he sent for him to his court, and thus had a kind of school in his palace, where he and his sons tried to set the rough, fierce young Franks the example of learning from the Romans and their pupils the old Gauls. Karl could speak and read Latin as naturally as his own native Deutsch; but he never could learn the art of writing, though he used to carry about tablets and practise when he had leisure. However, he had much really deep knowledge, and a great mind that knew how to make the best use of all kinds of learning.

All the German tribes were under him as king of the Franks except the Saxons, whose lands reached from the Elbe to Thuringia and the Rhine. They were heathens, who refused to listen to St. Boniface and his missionaries, and still honored the great idol at Eresbury called the Irmansaul. Karl invaded the land, overthrew this image, and hoped he had gained the submission of the Saxons, sending missionaries among them to teach them the truth; but they were still heathens at heart, and rose against him under their chief Witikind, so that the war altogether lasted thirty years. The Saxons rose against him again and again, and once so enraged him that he caused four thousand five hundred who had been made prisoners to be put to death; but still Witikind fought on till his strength was crushed. At last he submitted, and was brought to see Karl at Atigny, where they made friends, and Witikind consented to be baptized and to keep the peace.

When Witikind died, five years later, Karl made Saxony into eight bishoprics. He made bishops as powerful as he could, giving them guards of soldiers, and appointing them, when he could, Counts of the chief cities of their sees, because he could trust them better than the wild, rugged Frank



WITIKIND CALLS HIS SAXONS TO ARMS.

nobles. The great bishoprics of Metz, Trier, and Kolu rose to be princely states in this way.

While Karl was gone the first time to Saxony, the Lombard king, Desiderius, began to harass Rome again; and the Pope, Leo III., again sent to ask aid from Karl, who crossed the Alps, besieged Pavia, and sent the king into a monastery, while he was himself crowned with the iron crown that the Lombard kings had always worn. Then he went on to Rome, where he dismounted from his horse and walked in a grand procession to the Church of St. Peter on the Vatican hill, kissing each step of the staircase before he mounted it, in remembrance of the holy men who had trodden there before him. In the church the Pope received him, while the choir chanted "Blessed be he that cometh in the Name of the Lord."

But the Lombards chose the son of their late king for their leader, and there was another war which ended in their being quite crushed. Karl also gained great victories over the Moors in Spain, and won the whole of the country as far as the Ebro; but the wild people of the Pyrenees, though they were Christians, were jealous of his power, and rose on his army as it was returning in the Pass of Roncesvalles, cutting off the hindmost of them, especially Roland, the warden of the marches of Brittany, about whom there are almost as many stories as about the heroes of the Nibelung.

He had another great war with the Avars and Bohemians, people of Slavonic race, who lived to the eastward of the Deutsch, and had ringforts or castles consisting of rings of high walls, one within another. One of the Swabians who fought under Karl was said, at the taking of one of these forts, to have run his spear through seven of the enemy at once! The ringforts were taken, and Karl appointed all round the border or marches of his kingdoms March-counts, Mark-grafen, or Marquesses, who were to guard the people within from the wild tribes without. One mark was Karnthen or Carinthia, going from the Adriatic to the Danube; another was Cesterreich



HAROUN AL RASCHID'S PRESENTS.

or Austria, the East Mark; and another was Brandenburg. All the countries in his dominion were visited four times a year by officers who made reports to him, and judged causes; but if people were not satisfied, they might appeal to the Palace judge, or Pfalzgraf—Palgraf, as he was called.

His lands stretched from the Baltic Sea to the Mediterranean and the Ebro, from the Bay of Biscay to the borders of the Huns and Avars; and when he held his great court at Paderborn in 729 he had people there from all the countries round, and even the great Khalif Haroun al Raschid (the same of whom we hear so much in the *Arabian Nights*) being likewise an enemy of the Moors in Spain, sent gifts to the great king of the Franks—an

elephant, a beautiful tent, a set of costly chessmen, and a water-clock, so arranged that at every hour a little brazen ball fell into a brass basin, and little figures of knights, from one to twelve, according to the hour, came out and paraded about in front.

Pope Leo X. came likewise to Paderborn, and by his invitation Karl made a third visit to Rome in the year 800, and was then made Emperor of the West. The old Roman Empire was revived in him, the citizens shouting, "Long live Carolus Augustus the Cæsar"; and from that time Cæsar, or, as the Germans call it, Kaiser, has always been the title of Karl's successors in what he called the Holy Roman Empire, as he held his power from the Church, and meant to use it for God's glory. The empire was a gathering of kingdoms—namely, the old Frank Oster-rik and Ne-oster-rik, Germany, the kingdom of Aquitaine, the kingdom of Burgundy, of Lombardy, and Italy. Karl was king of each of these, but he meant to divide them between his sons and Bernhard,* king of Italy. The little Ludwig, at three years old, was dressed in royal robes and sent to take possession of Aquitaine, while Karl himself reigned at Aachen, where he built a grand palace and cathedral. His two elder sons died young, and when the Kaiser fell sick at Aachen, Ludwig was his only son. He took the youth into the cathedral, made him swear to fear and love God, defend the Church, love his people, and keep a conscience void of offence, and then bade him take the crown off the altar and put it on his own head. Karl lived a year after this, and died in 814, one of the greatest men who ever lived.

* Firm Bears.



CHAPTER VII.

LUDWIG I., THE PIOUS.....	A.D. 814-840.
LOTHAR I.....	840-855.
LUDWIG II.....	855-875.
KARL II., THE BALD.....	875-876.
KARLOMAN.....	876-880.
KARL III., THE THICK.....	880-887.
ARNULF.....	887-899.
LUDWIG IV., THE CHILD.....	899-912.



LUDWIG THE PIOUS is the same emperor as he whom the French call Louis the Debonair; but it is better to use his real name, which is only a little softened from Chlodwig. He was a good, gentle man, but he had not such strength or skill as his father to rule that great empire, and he was much too easily led. He was crowned Emperor by Pope Stephen, and then gave kingdoms to his sons: Lothar* had the Rhineland, the old home of the Franks, and was joined in the empire with his father; Pippin had Aquitaine, and Ludwig Bavaria; but none of them were to make peace or war without consent of the Emperor. Bernhard, King of Italy, their cousin, did not choose to reign on these terms, and marched against the Emperor, but was defeated, made prisoner, condemned by the Franks, and put to death. Lothar had his kingdom, and was suspected of having prevented him from being pardoned; but the Emperor always grieved over his death as a great sin.

In 814, Ludwig I. lost his wife, and soon after married a Bavarian lady named Judith, who had a son named Karl. Ludwig wanted a kingdom for this boy, and called a diet at Wurms, where a new kingdom called Germany was carved out for him; but this greatly offended his brothers, who rose against their father, and overcame him. They wanted to drive him into becoming a monk; but this he would not do, and his German subjects rose in his favor, and set him on his throne again.

He forgave his sons, and sent them back to their kingdoms; but in a few years they were all up in arms again, and met the Emperor near Colmar. All Ludwig's men deserted him when the battle was about to begin, so that the place was afterwards called the Field of Falsehood. The Emperor fell into his sons' hands, and Lothar, in the hope of keeping him from reigning again, persuaded the clergy to tell him it was his duty to submit to penance

* Famous Warrior.

of the higher degree, after which nobody was allowed to command an army. The meek Emperor, who had always reproached himself for Bernhard's death, was willing to humble himself, and, stripped of his robes, he lay on a couch of sackcloth and read a list of his sins, which had been drawn up by his foes, and made him confess not only that he had been unjust to Bernhard, but that he had been a blasphemer, a perjured wretch, and fomenter of strife. Then thirty bishops, one after the other, laid their hands on his head, while the penitential psalms were sung, and all the time Lothar looked on from a throne rejoicing in his father's humiliation. But his pride had shocked every one, and his two brothers, with a number of Franks, rose and rescued the Emperor from him, treating their father with all love and honor, and the bishops bidding him resume his sword and belt. Even Lothar was obliged to come to him and say, "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight," and the gentle old man kissed him, forgave him, and sent him to Italy.

When Pippin died there was a fresh war, for the people of Aquitaine would allow no Franks to come near his son, from whom therefore Ludwig took the kingdom, and there was much fighting and many horrors, all made worse by the ravages of the heathen Northmen and Danes. At Wurms, a treaty was made by which Lothar was to have all the eastern half of the empire, Karl all the western, leaving young Ludwig only Bavaria. Ludwig, in his anger, took up arms, and just as the war was beginning, the good gentle old Emperor became so ill that he retired to an island in the Rhine named Ingelheim, and there died. The priest who attended him asked if he forgave his son. "Freely do I forgive him," said the old man; "but fail not to warn him that he has brought down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." Ludwig I. died in 840, in his sixty-third year.

Karl then joined Ludwig against Lothar, and at Fontanet, near Auxerre, there was a desperate battle, 150,000 men on each side, with a front six miles long to each army. The fight lasted six hours, and Lothar was beaten; but his brothers seem to have been shocked at their own victory over a brother and an emperor, and there was a fast of three days after it. They soon after made peace at the treaty of Verdun, in 843, by which Ludwig had the countries between the Rhine, the North Sea, the Elbe, and the Alps—what in fact is now called Germany. Lothar had, besides Italy, all the Rhineland, and the country between the Scheldt, the Meuse, the Saone, and the Rhone. This was called Lothar's portion, or Lotharingia, and part is still called Lorraine.

Karl's portion was all to the west of this, and was then called Karolingia, after his name, but it did not keep the title, and after a time came to be known as France.

Ludwig II., King of Germany, was much tormented, both by the North-

men and the Slavonic nations to the east, Avars, Bohemians, or Czechs, as they call themselves, and the Magyar, who lived in the country once settled by Attila's Huns, and therefore called Hungary. There is a story that, when the Saxons and Thuringians came home defeated from a battle with these people, their wives rose up and flogged them well for their cowardice.

Lothar I., the Emperor, died in 855, and his son Ludwig is counted as the second Kaiser of the name, but he died without children, in 875, and then there was a war between all his brothers and Ludwig, King of Ger-



ON THE LOOKOUT FOR NORTHMEN.

many; Karl, of Karolingia, ending in Karl, who was commonly called the Bald, becoming Kaiser Karl II.; but he had many more kingdoms on his hands than he could manage, and was terribly tormented with the Northmen, besides having quarrels on his hands with all his nephews. His brother Ludwig of Germany made matters worse by dividing his kingdom into three at his death, in 876, for his three sons. Karloman, the eldest of these, attacked the Kaiser, and drove him to the Alps, where he died at the foot of Mount Cenis, in 877, after a miserable reign.

Karloman then became Emperor. He was also King of Bavaria and of Italy, and his next brother Ludwig was King of Saxony, where an old chronicler says that his life was useless alike to himself, the Church, and his kingdom; and so, when Karloman died, the empire was given to the

youngest brother, Karl III.,* called der Dicke, the Thiek, who turned out not to be much wiser or more active. In his time the Northmen made worse inroads than ever; and though on the death of his cousin, called Louis the Stammerer, France likewise fell to him, he was quite unable to protect his people anywhere; and when the Count of Paris forced his way through the Northern fleet in the Seine, and came to beg his help, he could do nothing but offer a sum of money to buy them off. Everybody was weary of him, and at last an assembly was held at Tribur, on the Rhine, which declared him unfit to rule, and sent him into a monastery, where he died in two months, in 888. Arnulf, a son of Karloman, was made Emperor, but the French took the brave Count of Paris for their king, and France never formed part of the empire again. Arnulf was a brave Kaiser, and so beat off the Northmen that they never greatly molested Germany again; but he died young, in 899, when his son Ludwig III., called the Child, was only six years old. He had a stormy reign, so tormented by the Magyars, who were trying to push beyond Hungary, that he died of grief, quite worn out, in 912.

CHAPTER VIII.

KONRAD I.....	A.D. 912-917.
HEINRICH I.....	917-936.
OTTO I., THE GREAT.....	936-973.



As the Karling line was worn out, the German nobles chose another Frank, Konrad,† Count of Franconia, for their king, and when at the end of six years he died, he bade them choose in his stead Count Heinrich‡ of Saxony, who had been his enemy, and beat him in a great battle, but whom he thought the only man who had skill enough to defend Germany.

Heinrich was hawking on the Harz Mountains when the news of this advice was brought to him, and he is therefore called Heinrich the Fowler. He was wise and brave, and brought all the great dukedoms of Germany under his rule. These were, besides Saxony, Franconia, Swabia, Bavaria, and Lorraine. His great wars were with the

* The French call him Charles le Gros, and he is generally termed the Fat, but Thiek seems to express dullness as well as stoutness.

† Bold Speech.

‡ Home Ruler.

Magyars in Hungary. Though he beat them in one battle, he was forced to make a truce for nine years, and pay them tribute in gold all the time. During all that time he was preparing himself and his people, and training his nobles to fight on horseback, by games which some people say were the beginning of tournaments. The men of lower rank were to be also trained to fight from the time they were thirteen years old, and to meet near the villages every three days to practise the use of arms. Besides, he saw that the great want was of walled cities, where the people might take shelter from their enemies; so he built towns and walled them in, and commanded that one man out of every nine should live in a *burg*, as these fortresses were called. Thus began the burghers of Germany. The public meetings, fairs, markets, and feasts were to take place within the towns, and justice was to be dealt out there. Stores were to be kept in case of a siege, and the country people were to send in a part of their produce to supply them, and in this way they were made the great gathering-places of the country.

When Heinrich thought the country quite ready to fight against the Magyars, he defied them when next they sent for tribute, by giving them nothing but a wretched mangy dog. The next year they entered Germany to punish him, but he beat them at Keuschberg. Then they lighted beacon fires on the hills to rouse their people, and a great multitude mustered to overwhelm the Germans; at this same place, Keuschberg, Heinrich unfolded the banner of St. Michael, and rushed on the enemy, all his men crying out the Greek response "*Kyrie eleison*," "Lord, have mercy," while the Magyars answered with wild shouts of "Hui! Hui!" but they were totally defeated, and driven back within Hungary. After this his troops hailed him as Emperor. He also conquered the Duke of Bohemia, and made him do homage to the kingdom of Germany. He beat back the Wends, who lived on the marshes of the Baltic Sea east of the Saxons, and were their great enemies; and he also tried to drive back the Danes. He tried to get these nations to become Christians, but he only succeeded with some of the Bohemians, where the good Duke Wenceslaf was a Christian already, thanks to his mother, St. Ludmilla. He is the same of whom the pretty story is told that we have in the ballad of "Good King Wenceslas," though he was not really a king. He was murdered by his wicked brother Boleslaf, and the Christians were persecuted for some years. The good King Heinrich meant to go to Rome to be crowned Kaiser by the Pope, but he never could be spared long enough from home, and died in the year 936.

His son Otto had been already chosen King of Germany, and was married to Edith, sister to the English king Athelstan, a gentle lady, who saved and petted a deer which had taken refuge in her chamber. He was crowned at Aachen by the archbishop of Mainz, and the great dukes were present in right of their offices—the Duke of Franconia, as carver; the



HENRY PROCLAIMED EMPEROR.

Duke of Lorraine, as chamberlain; the Duke of Swabia, as cupbearer; the Duke of Bavaria, as master of the horse. Standing in the middle aisle of the cathedral, the archbishop called on all who would have Otto for their king to hold up their right hands. Then, leading him to the Altar, he gave him the sword to chastise the enemies of Christ, the mantle of peace, the sceptre of power, and then, anointing head, breast, arms, and hands with oil, crowned him with the golden crown of Karl the Great; and there was a great feast, when all the dukes served him according to their offices; but he had a stormy reign. The Dukes of Franconia and Lorraine rebelled, and so did his own brothers; but he was both brave, wise, and forgiving, so he brought them all to submit, and forced Boleslaf of Bohemia to leave off persecuting the Christians.

The Karling King of France, Louis IV., had a great quarrel with his vassals, Hugh, Count of Paris, and Richard, Duke of Normandy, who called in the help of Harald Blue-tooth, King of Denmark. Louis had married another English princess, and Otto came to help his brother-in-law, thus beginning a war with Harald which ended in his making Denmark subject to the empire; and he also subdued the Slavonic Duchy of Poland. He

founded bishoprics, like Karl the Great, wherever he conquered heathens, and sent missions with them. Magdeburg was one of his great bishoprics.

The Karling line of Kings of Italy had come to an end with King Lothar, who had been married to Adelheid, a Karling herself. She was young and beautiful, and the Lombard duke, Berenger of Ivrea, wanted to marry her to his son. When she refused, he shut her up in a castle on the Lago di Garda; but a good monk named Martin made a hole through the walls of her dungeon, and led her wandering about, traveling by night, and hiding



LUDOLF CRAVES HIS FATHER'S PARDON.

by day in the standing corn and reeds, till she reached a fisherman's hut, where she remained for some days in the dress of a fisher boy, while Brother Martin carried news to her friends. They took her to the castle of Canossa, and sent to entreat the help of Otto. He had lost his English wife; so Adelheid offered to marry him, and give him her claim to the kingdom of Italy. He collected his troops, and came down on Berenger, who was besieging Canossa, drove him away, and, taking the Queen in triumph to Pavia, held at once his wedding and his coronation as King of the Lombards.

He was, however, not at peace, for his son Ludolf, Duke of Swabia, rebelled against him, out of jealousy of his brother Heinrich; but he was tamed at last, and came barefoot to kneel at his father's feet for pardon, which the King gave him, but he forfeited his dukedom, and was sent into Italy. After this he had another terrible war with the Magyars, ending in a most horrible battle on the Lech, when the river ran red with blood, and out of sixty thousand Magyars only seven came home to tell the tale, and those with slit noses and ears. The Germans on the field of battle hailed Otto as Kaiser; and as he was soon after called into Italy to set to rights the disorder caused by Ludolf's bad management, he went to Rome, and was crowned Emperor, while his son Otto was crowned King of the Germans, at Aachen, in 961. Things were in a sad state at Rome. The Popes were now so powerful that ambitious men wanted to be Popes, and there was bribery, fighting, and murder to gain the holy office. So Otto called a council of Bishops, and tried to bring things into better order; but when he went away they soon fell back again, and horrid crimes were done.

Otto had nearly as large an empire as Karl the Great, for if he had less to the west and south, he had more to the north and east. He was well named the Great, for he was a good and pious, wise and warlike man. He spent his last years mostly in Italy; but he died, in 973, at Memleben, while kneeling before the altar in the church, so peacefully that he was thought to be only asleep. He was buried at Magdeburg, beside his first wife, the English Edith.



CHAPTER IX.

THE SAXON EMPERORS.

OTTO II., THE RED.	A.D. 973- 983.
OTTO III., THE WONDER.....	983-1000.
ST. HEINRICH II.	1000-1024.



OTTO II. was called the Red, and was but nineteen years old when his father died, though he had been already both crowned and married. His wife was Theophano, daughter to the Eastern Emperor Nicephorus. Bishop Liutprand had been sent to ask her of her father, but was greatly displeased with Constantinople, where the Emperor told him that the Germans would only fight when they were drunk, and that their weapons were too heavy to use. Also, he said that there were no real Romans save at Constantinople, and made a sign with his hand to shut Liutprand's mouth when he began to speak. The Eastern Cæsars no doubt greatly despised the attempt of the barbarous Germans to call themselves Kaisars, while the German Bishop thought four hundred stout Germans could have beaten their whole army, and called Constantinople a "perjured, lying, cheating, rapacious, greedy, avaricious, nasty town."

Otto was so young that almost all the great dukes whom his father had forced to do homage hoped to shake off his yoke, but he reduced them all. Then Lothar, King of France, went to war with him, and swore that he would drink up all the rivers in Germany; to which Otto replied that he would cover all France with straw hats, for the Saxon troops used to go out to war in summer with straw hats over their helmets. Charles, the brother of Lothar, marched through Lorraine and seized Aachen, where he turned the golden eagle on the roof of the palace of Charles the Great with his beak toward France; but Otto met him there, routed him, and hunted him back to Paris. There, while the Germans besieged the city, Lothar offered to settle the matter by a single combat with Otto; but the Germans answered, "We always heard that the Franks set little store by their King, and now we see it." They could not take the city, and concluded a peace, by which the right of the empire to Lorraine was established.

Otto was the son of the Empress Adelheid, and thus was half Italian, and he cared very much for the affairs of Italy. Rome was in a dreadful

state, for the people had hated having Popes thrust on them by German Emperors, and broke out again and again. One Pope had just been murdered, and another set up in his place, and Otto thought it was time to interfere with a high hand, and also a cruel one; so he came to Rome, and, inviting the chief citizens to a feast in the open space before St. Peter's Church, there seized and put to death all whom he thought dangerous to the authority of Rome.

The southern provinces of Italy had been promised him as the portion of his wife Theophano, but as they were not given up to him, he marched to take possession of them; but the Greek Emperor had allied himself with a body of Saracens who had settled in part of Sicily, and Otto met with a terrible defeat at Basantello, in Calabria. He had lost his horse in the battle, and made for the sea-shore on foot. A Jewish rabbi, coming by, offered him his horse, and on this horse, with the shouts of the pursuing Saracens still ringing in his ears, the Emperor dashed into the sea toward a Greek ship, which took him on board. He spoke Greek so well that no one found out he was a German; and though one Slavonic merchant was there who knew him, he did not betray him, but contrived that the ship should put in at the city of Rossano, where Otto escaped unperceived, and swam ashore. There he found his wife Theophano, but she, as a Greek, was proud of the victory of her nation, and instead of comforting him, scornfully said, "How my countrymen have frightened you!" Otto took this bitterly to heart, and meant to assemble a fresh army and retrieve his cause, but his health had been hurt by his campaign, and he grew so ill that he called a Diet at Verona, and obtained of his nobles that they should choose his little three years old son King of Germany and Kaiser, and that the two Empresses, Theophano and Adelheid, should govern in his name. He died in the year 983, when only twenty-nine years old.

Otto III. was carefully brought up by his mother, and Gerbert, Abbot of Magdeburg, and was so learned that he was called the Wonder of the World. He was brave and able, and was only sixteen when he went to Rome and was crowned Emperor. His vision was to make Rome his capital, reign there as Western Emperor, and render Germany only a province; and he made his tutor, Gerbert, Pope. But his schemes were cut short by his death in 1000, in the city of Paterno, having spent very little of his short life in Germany, though he chose to be buried at Aachen, where shortly before he had opened the tomb of Karl the Great, and found the robed, crowned, and sceptered corpse sitting undecayed on its chair of state just as it had been placed 200 years before.

This year, 1000, was that when the end of the world was expected daily to happen, and it had a great effect upon the whole world. Heinrich, Duke of Bavaria, Otto's cousin through a daughter of Otto the Great, was elected

in his place, and was so devout that he and his wife Kunigund* of Luxemburg are both reckoned as saints. He endowed the bishopric of Bamberg with lands of his own, and therefore is generally drawn with the model of the cathedral in his arms. He was crowned Emperor at Rome, and as he, like Otto, held that the Kings of the Germans had the right of reigning over Rome and Italy, he took the title of King of the Romans. Thenceforth the German Kings were so called until they were crowned as Emperors at Rome. An Emperor was usually crowned four times—at Aachen, as King of the Romans, which really meant of Germany; at Pavia, of Italy; at Monza, of Lombardy, with an iron crown, said to be made partly of one of the nails of the Cross; and at Rome, as Kaisar or Emperor. It was the choice of the nobles of Germany which gave him all these rights, though he was never Kaisar till his coronation by the Emperor. St. Heinrich did all he could to promote the conversion of the Slavonic nations round him, and was a friend and helper of the good King Stephen of Hungary. The last event of his life was going to make a visit to Robert, King of France, a man as pious and saintly as himself. He died on his way back, in 1024, the last of the Saxon Emperors.

CHAPTER X.

THE FRANCONIAN LINE.

KONRAD II., THE SALIC.	A.D. 1024-1039.
HEINRICH III.	1039-1054.
HEINRICH IV.	1054-1106.
HEINRICH V.	1106-1114.



THE German dukes, archbishops, counts, bishops, and great abbots all met on a plain near Mainz, on the banks of the Rhine, to choose a new king. Two Konrads of Franconia, both cousins, and descended from a daughter of Otto the Great, stood foremost, and they agreed that whichever was elected should receive the ready submission of the other. The elder one, who was chosen, is known as Konrad the Salic, because he traced his descent from the old Meerwing kings; but neither he nor his family resembled them in indolence. With the help of his son Heinrich, he did much to pull down the power of the dukes, and he favored the great free cities, which were fast growing into strength.

* Bold War.

Konrad was crowned Emperor in 1027, and had two kings present at the ceremony—Rudolf, the last King of Burgundy, and the Danish King Knut, whose daughter Kunhild married Heinrich, the son of the Kaiser. The Kaiser's own wife was Gisela, niece to Rudolf, who on his death left the kingdom to him. This did not mean the duchy of Burgundy, which belonged to France, but the old kingdom of Arles, or Provence, Dauphiné, Savoy, and part of Switzerland, over which the Kings of Germany continued to have rights.



KONRAD PROCEEDING TO CORONATION.

Konrad had wars with the Bohemians and Hungarians, but gained the advantage with both, and he was also a great law-maker. In his time it was settled that lands should not be freshly granted on the death of the holder, but should always go on to the next heir; and that no man should forfeit his fief save by the judgment of his peers, thus preventing the dukes and counts from taking away the grants to their vassals at their own will. He died in 1039, and was buried at Speyer.

His son Heinrich III. was twenty-two when he began to reign, and was well able to carry out his father's policy, so far as spirit and resolution

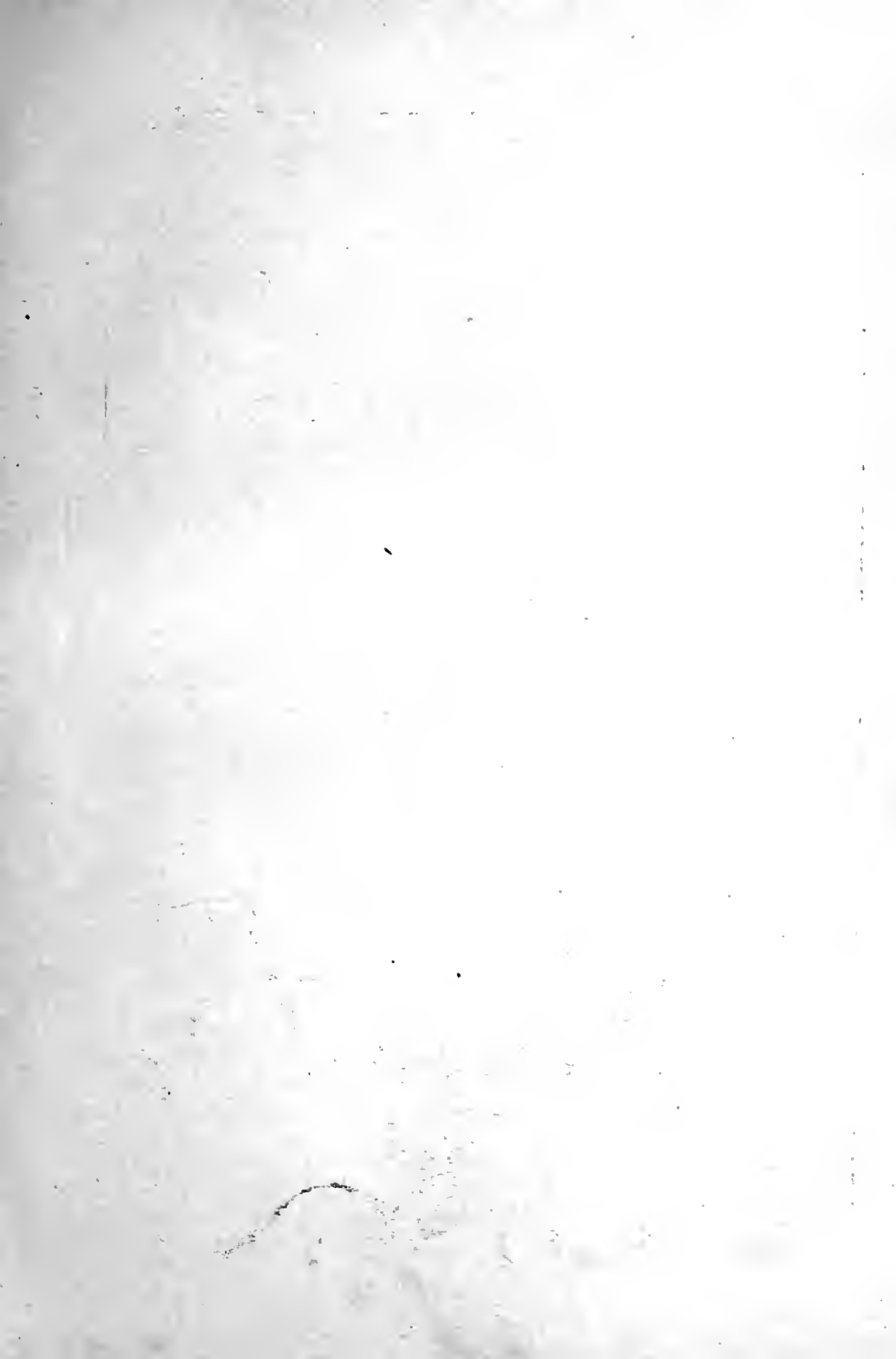
went. The quarrels at Rome were worse than ever, there being no less than three Popes, and he marched to Rome, sent them all into monasteries, and set up one of his own choosing, namely, Clement II. Indeed, though his was but a short reign, he was the maker of no less than four Popes, for each died almost as soon as he was appointed; but there was a strong feeling growing up that this was not the right way for the head of the Western Church to be chosen, and it was most strongly felt by a young Roman deacon called Hildebrand, who resolved to make a reformation.

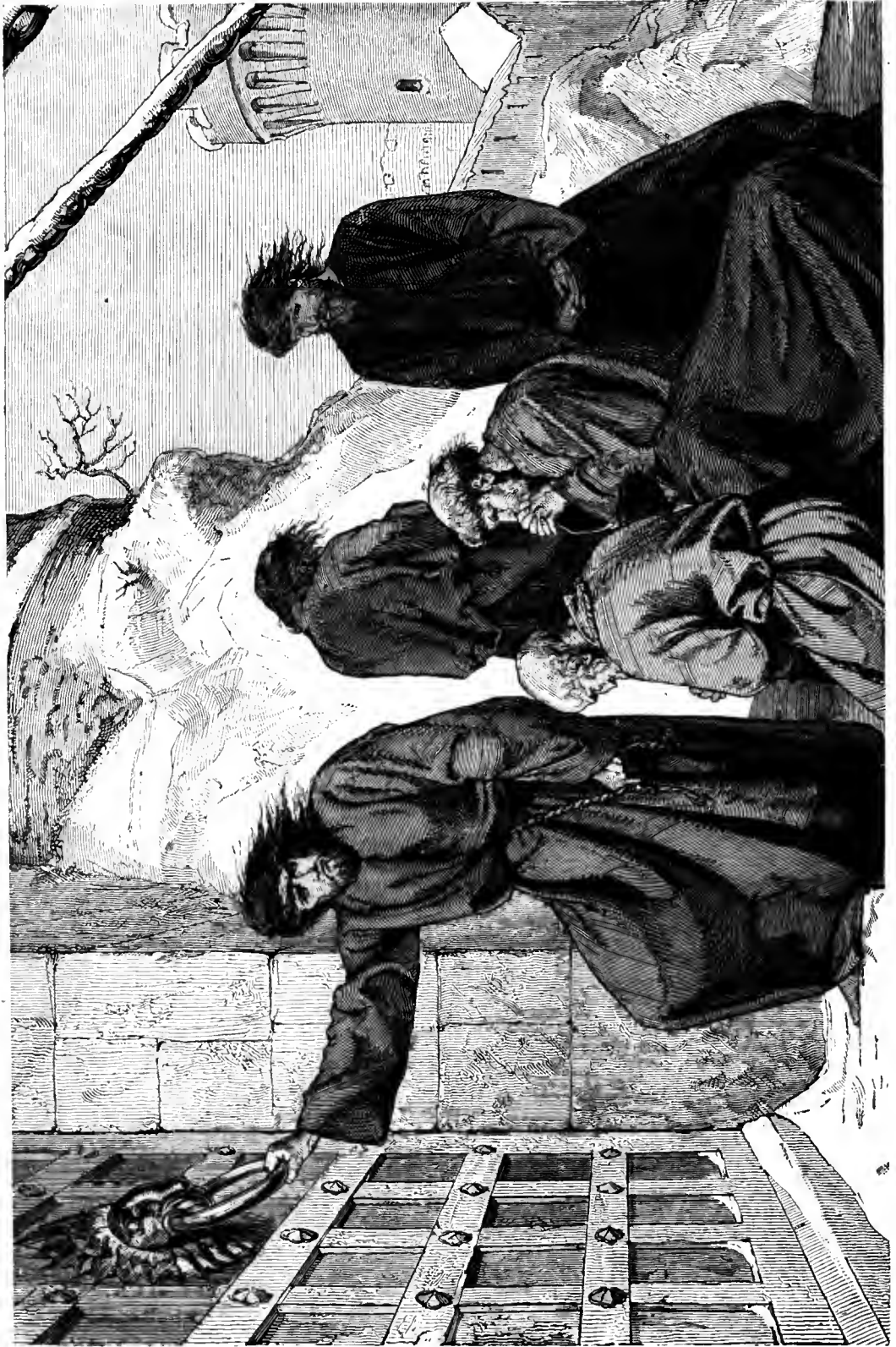
Things grew worse when Heinrich III. died, in the flower of his age, in 1054, leaving a little son, Heinrich IV., of five years old, under the charge of his mother, Agnes, a good woman, but not strong enough to keep the great dukes in order; and she tried to bribe her enemies by giving them lands, which only made them more able to do her mischief. The Church lands, the great bishoprics and abbeys, were given either by favor, fear, or money, and some dioceses went from father to son, like duchies and counties, and the clergy were getting to be as bad as the laity. To check all this, Hildebrand led Pope Stephen II. to forbid all priests, even those who were not monks, to marry; and also a great council was collected at Rome, at the Lateran Gate, where it was decreed that henceforth no clergyman should ever receive any benefice from the hands of a layman, but the bishops should be chosen by their clergy, and the Pope himself by the seventy chief clergy of Rome, who were called cardinals, and wore scarlet robes and hats, in memory of the old Roman purple. This was in the year 1059.

Three years later the great nobles of Germany resolved to be rid of the rule of the Empress Agnes. Hanno, archbishop of Köln, invited her and her son to spend the Easter of 1062 at the island of Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, and while there the young Heinrich was invited on board a pleasure-boat, which instantly pushed off for the mainland. The boy, then thirteen years old, tried to leap out and swim back to his mother, but he was held back; and though his mother stood weeping and begging for help, no one would do anything but yell at those who were rowing the boat rapidly to Köln, where Hanno proclaimed himself Regent, and declared that the affairs of the kingdom should be managed by the bishop of whatever diocese the the King was in.

Hanno hoped thus to rule the kingdom, but his plan turned against him, for Adalbert, Bishop of Bremen, got Heinrich into his power, and kept him amused with constant feasting and revelry, which did his whole character much mischief; and he learnt besides to dislike and distrust all the great dukes and nobles.

When he came of age he kept Adalbert as his chief adviser, and was very harsh and fierce to his subjects, especially the Saxons. There was a rising against him, and he was forced to send away Adalbert, and marry





HENRY IV. DOING PENANCE AT CANOSSA.

Bertha, the daughter of the Margrave of Susa; but he hated and ill-used her, and his court was a place of grievous wickedness, while there was constant war with his people.

In the meantime Hildebrand had been chosen Pope, in the year 1073, and he at once began to enforce the decrees of the Lateran Council, of which the Germans had taken no notice. The decree was read aloud at Erfurt by the Archbishop of Mainz to a synod of bishops, and such a roar of fury rose that his life was in danger, and Heinrich thought his subjects would all hold with him in resisting it.

But Heinrich's violence and harshness had set his people against him, and the Saxons appealed to Rome against his injustice. Gregory VII. summoned him to Rome to answer their charges, excommunicating at the same time all the bishops who had obtained their sees improperly. Upon this Heinrich called together the German bishops at Wurms, and made them depose the Pope. Gregory replied by pronouncing the King deposed, and releasing his subjects from their oath of allegiance. Germany and Italy were divided between the Pope and the King, and the Germans agreed that unless the King were absolved within the year they must regard him as deposed, and choose another in his stead. Heinrich felt that he must give way, and he made a most dangerous winter journey across the Alps by Mont Cenis, with Bertha and her child, blinded by snow or sliding along in frost. The Queen and her child were wrapped in an ox-hide, and dragged along in a sledge.

In Lombardy the bishops and nobles were favorable to Heinrich, but he only sought to make his peace with the Pope, and hastened to Canossa, the castle of Countess Matilda of Tuscany, Gregory's greatest friend, where the Pope then was. He came barefooted and bareheaded, in the hair shirt of a penitent, and was kept for three days thus doing penance in the court of the castle before he was admitted to the chapel, where the Pope absolved him, but only on condition that, till the affairs of Germany should be settled by the Pope, he should not assume his place as King. Nor had his humiliation hindered the Germans, who hated him, from electing a new king, Rudolf of Swabia, who was called the Priests' King. All Germany was thus at war, and Heinrich declared that Swabia was forfeited, and gave it to Friedrich of Hohenstaufen, who had married his daughter Agnes. Gregory, after a time, took the part of Rudolf, and Heinrich, on his side, appointed a Pope of his own; so that there were two Popes and two Kings of the Romans, until the battle of Zeitz, where Rudolf's right hand was cut off by Gottfried of Bouillon, and he was afterward killed.

After this Heinrich prevailed, and pushed into Italy, where he beat Matilda's army, and besieged Rome for three years; while Gregory retreated to Salerno, where he was protected by the Norman Duke of Calabria. Rome

was taken, and Heinrich crowned Kaiser by the Antipope. Gregory VII. died while among the Normans, his last words being, "I have loved righteousness, and hated iniquity; therefore do I die in exile." His successor, Urban II., went on the same system of keeping the Church above all temporal power.

For a little while Heinrich triumphed, but his enemies stirred up his sons against him. Konrad, the elder, died at war with him; Heinrich, the second, actually stripped his father of his robes, and, in spite of his tears and entreaties, forced him to sign his abdication. Then the old man wandered about half-starved, and came to the Bishop of Speyer to entreat for some



RUDOLF OF SWABIA MORTALLY WOUNDED.

small office about the cathedral; but this could not be, as he was excommunicate, and he had even to sell his boots to buy bread! He died at Liège, in 1106, and his body was put in a stone coffin in an island on the Maas, and watched day and night by a hermit till 1111, when Heinrich V. came to an agreement at Wurms with the Pope that, though bishops should do homage for the lands they held of him, the King should not deliver to them the ring and staff, which betokened spiritual power. After this Heinrich IV. was buried. Heinrich V. died three years later. He had married Matilda, the daughter of Henry I. of England, who was called the Empress Maude.

CHAPTER XI.

LOTHAR II.....A.D. 1125-1137.
 KONRAD III.....1137-1152.



HEN Heinrich V. died, without children, the Franconian line of Emperors came to an end, and ten great nobles from the four chief dukedoms met at Mainz to choose a new king. Heinrich had left all his own lands to his sister's sons, Konrad and Friedrich of Hohenstaufen, and one of these hoped to be elected; but the Germans feared that they would bring them as many troubles as had arisen under the last Franconians, and therefore chose in their stead Lothar, Duke of Saxony.

He thought he could never do enough to avoid the evils that Heinrich IV. had brought on the country, and so he asked Pope Innocent II. to ratify his election, and gave up the agreement at Wurms, with all rights to homage from bishops. This displeased the Hohenstaufen, and all who held for the power of the kings, and there was again a great war. The chief supporter of the King was Heinrich the Proud, Duke of Bavaria, who married his daughter Matilda, and was made Duke of Saxony. Heinrich's family was descended from a forefather named Welf, or Wolf, a Christian name often used, but of which a very odd story was told. It was said that the Countess of Altdorf laughed at a poor woman who had three children born at the same time, and that, as a punishment, she gave birth to twelve sons in one day. She was so much shocked that she sent all of them but one to be drowned in the lake, but on the way the maid, who was carrying them in her apron, met the count. He asked what she had there. "Whelps," she said; but he pulled aside her apron, and, seeing his eleven little sons, had them safely brought up, and they were known by the name of Welfen. One of the Welfs married into the Italian house of Este, and both in Italy and Germany the party of the Pope came to be known as Welfs, or Guelfs; while the party of the Kaisar were termed Waiblinger, from the castle of Waibling belonging to the Hohenstaufen. The Italians made this word into Ghibellini; and for many years there were fierce quarrels between the Guelfs and Ghibellines, the first upholding the power of the Church, the second that of the State.

These Kings of Germany were much less powerful than the great Emperors of the houses of Saxony and Franconia had been; and now that all

fiefs had been made hereditary, the great dukes and margraves were more independent of them, while the counts and barons (Grafen and Freiherrn, the Germans called them) were likewise more independent of their dukes. Every one was building castles and fortifying cities, whence the nobles made war on each other, and robbed those who passed on the roads. There is a story of a bishop who gave a knight the charge of his castle, and when he was asked how those within it were to live, pointed down the four roads that met there, to indicate that the travelers were to be robbed for the supplies! The larger cities governed themselves by a council, and called themselves free Imperial cities, and these were the most prosperous and peaceful places both in Germany and Italy, for even bishops and abbots did not always so keep out of the fray as to make themselves respected. The minne-singers, love-singers or minstrels, could, however, go about from town to town and castle to castle singing their ballads, and always safe and welcome.

The great Countess Matilda had left all her dominions to the Pope, and Lothar acknowledged this right of Innocent II., and crossed the Alps in order to be crowned Kaiser. There was an Antipope set up by the Ghibellines, who held the Church of St. Peter and the Castle of St. Angelo, and as Lothar could not drive him out, the coronation had to be in the Church of St. John Lateran. He came a second time to Italy to put down a great disturbance in Lombardy, taking with him Konrad of Hohenstaufen, to whom he had restored the dukedom of Franconia, and had made standard-bearer to the Imperial army. Konrad was a good and noble man, brave, courteous, and devout, and respectful to the clergy, especially the Pope, which was the more remarked as he was the head of the Ghibelline party. The head of the Guelphs, Heinrich the Proud, was as much hated as Konrad was loved, for his insolence to every one from the Pope downward, and for his savage cruelties to the prisoners who fell into his hands; but his father-in-law the Emperor favored him, and gave him the Marquisate of Tuscany.

On the way home, Lothar II. was taken ill, and died in a peasant's hut in the Tyrol, in 1137.

Heinrich the Proud fully expected to have been chosen King of the Romans, but he had offended most of his party, even the Pope himself, and Konrad was elected. There was a battle between Konrad and Heinrich's brother Welf, at the foot of Weinsberg, a hill crowned with a castle, on the banks of the Neckar, and in this "Welf" and "Waibling" were first used as war-cries. The victory fell to Konrad, and he besieged the castle till those within offered to surrender. All the men were to be made prisoners, but the women were to go away in peace, with as much of her treasure as each could carry. All Konrad's army was drawn up to leave free passage for the ladies, the Emperor at their head, when behold a wonderful procession came down the hill. Each woman carried on her back her greatest

treasure—husband, son, father, or brother! Some were angry at this as a trick; but Konrad was touched, granted safety to all, and not only gave freedom to the men, but sent the women back to fetch the wealth they had left behind. The hill was called Weibertrue, or Woman's Truth; and in 1820 Charlotte, Queen of Wurtemberg,* with the other ladies of Germany, built an asylum there for poor women who have been noted for self-sacrificing acts of love. Heinrich the Proud was reduced, and his two dukedoms taken away, Bavaria being given to Leopold, Margrave of Austria, and Saxony to



THE WOMEN OF WEINSBERG.

Albrecht † the Bear, already Count of the Borders; but when Heinrich died, Konrad gave back Saxony to his son Heinrich the Lion, and Albrecht the Bear became margrave of a new border county beyond Saxony, called Brandenburg, which he conquered from the Wends.

Germany had had little to do with the first crusade as a nation, though the noble and excellent Gottfried of Bonillon, Duke of Lorraine, had been its leader, and first King of Jerusalem. But when St. Bernard preached the second crusade, Konrad took the cross, and went with an army of 70,000 men. They went by way of Constantinople, and in the wild hills of Asia

* Daughter of George III.

† Nobly bright.

Minor were led astray by their guides, starved and distressed, and when the Turks set upon them at Iconium, there was such a slaughter that only 7000 were left. Konrad went on and joined the host of King Louis V. of France at Nicea, almost alone, save for the knights from Provence, who had joined the French army, and whom Louis sent to form a train for their own Emperor. Together they landed at Antioch and besieged Damascus, where Konrad showed great valor, and is said to have cut off the head and arm of a Turk with one blow of his sword. But they could not take the city, and, disgusted with the falsehood and treachery of the dwellers in the Holy Land, Konrad returned home, and died three years after, in 1152. He was the first Kaiser who used the double eagle as his standard.

CHAPTER XII.

FRIEDRICH I., BARBAROSSA.A.D. 1157-1178.

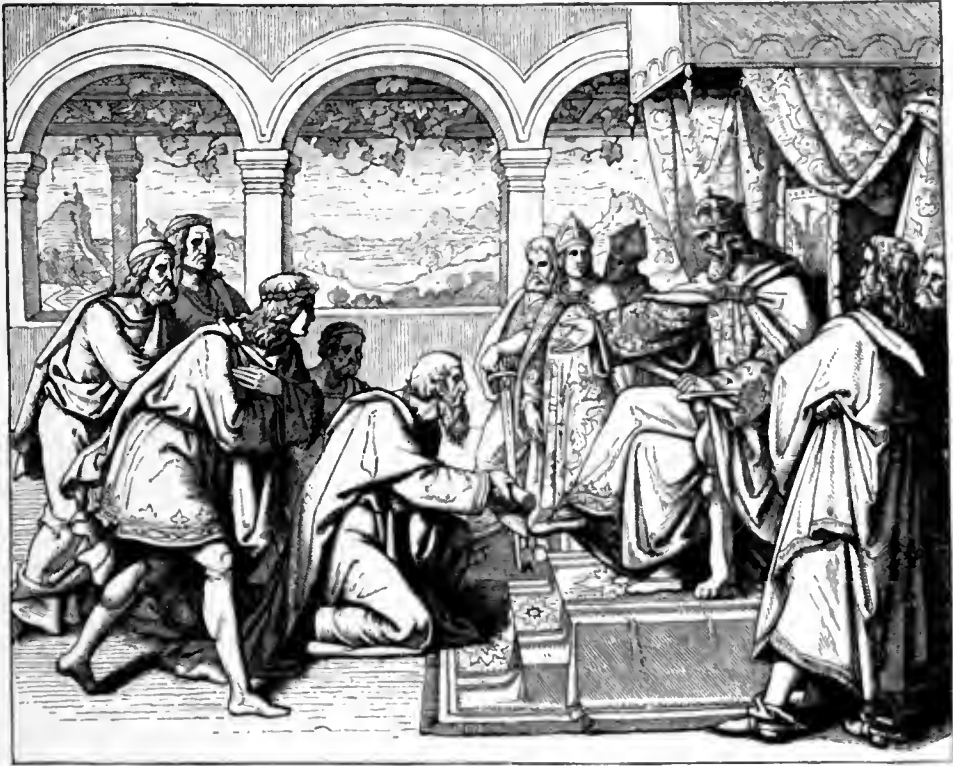


ONRAD III. left a son, but as he was very young the good king had recommended the nobles to choose his nephew Friedrich as their king, hoping that as his father was a Hohenstaufen, and his mother Jutta a Bavarian, the breach between Welfs and Waiblings might be healed. Friedrich was thirty-two years old, brave, keen, firm, and generous, but fiercely proud, violent, and self-willed. He was a grand-looking man, with fair hair and blue eyes, and a tinge of red in his beard, which made the Italians call him Barbarossa.

He gave Heiurich the Lion Bavaria as well as Saxony, formed Austria into a duchy instead of a mark county, and he also made Windislav of Bohemia a king instead of a duke. He married Beatrice, the heiress of the county of Burgundy, which meant Provence, with its capital Arles. Konrad had never been crowned Emperor, and thus had no power in Italy, so that the Lombard cities had grown very powerful, and were used to govern themselves; the nobles were like little robber kings in their mountain castles, and at Rome, a priest named Arnold of Brescia had stirred up the people to turn out the Pope, Adrian IV., an Englishman, and set up a Republic in imitation of the old Commonwealth.

Friedrich felt himself called on to set all this right. He came over the Alps, marched into Rome, seized Arnold of Brescia, and had him executed, and then was crowned Emperor by Adrian IV. The people of Lodi came to ask his help against the citizens of Milan, who had conquered them,

pulled down the walls of their city, and forced them to leave their homes and live in villages. Friedrich wrote orders that Lodi should be restored; but the Milanese tore his letter to pieces, and threw it in the face of his messenger, and most of the Italian cities took their part. The Emperor blockaded them, and cut off the hands of any unfortunate peasant who was caught trying to bring them provisions. They surrendered at last, and he made them swear fealty to him, and left them under a judge. But in a short time they rebelled again, declaring they would give themselves to the



CITIZENS OF LODI IMPLOING FRIEDRICH'S HELP.

Pope instead of the Emperor. Adrian IV. was dead, and some of the Cardinals elected Alexander III., but the others and the Roman people chose another Pope, who called himself Victor IV. Friedrich called on both to appear before a Council which was to decide between them, but Alexander, knowing himself to be rightfully elected, replied by declaring that the Emperor had no right to summon the successor of St. Peter before a Council. So only the friends of Victor came to it, and declared him to be the true Pope. Alexander then excommunicated both Friedrich and Victor, and Friedrich came in great wrath over the Alps to overthrow the Pope and punish the Milanese, who had insulted both him and his Empress in every

way. He blockaded the city again, and forced it to yield. Before the day of surrender, he sent his gentle wife Beatrice away, lest she should move him from his purpose, and then all the chief citizens were marched out with their thirty-seven banners and the great standard of the city, which had a car all to itself when it went out to battle, and was embroidered with a Crucifix, beside which stood the figure of St. Ambrose giving his blessing. The banners were thrown in a heap, the trumpets over them, at the Kaiser's feet, the car was broken to pieces, and the unhappy people wept so bitterly that even Friedrich's stern warriors shed tears of pity.



FRIEDRICH BARBAROSSA AT SUSA.

He told the citizens that they should have such mercy as agreed with justice, and called a diet at Pavia to judge them. The diet decided that Milan ought to be broken up as Lodi had been, the wall thrown down, the ditch filled up, the people forced to live in villages, all two miles from the ruined city and from one another, and each with a German governor. The people took some of their property with them, but much was forfeited and plundered, and a tenth was given to the churches and convents of Germany. Köln had for its share what were thought to be the relics of the Wise Men from the East, whom the Germans thenceforth called the Three Kings of Köln. Friedrich then appeared at Pavia in his crown, which he had sworn never

to wear again till Milan had been punished, and he showed much favor to all the Ghibelline cities of Lombardy. Then he marched to Rome, while Alexander fled to Benevento; but it was the height of summer, and a terrible pestilence broke out in his army, cutting down many of Friedrich's near kindred and best advisers, and great numbers of the troops. He was forced to retreat into Lombardy, but he found the whole country in insurrection, guarding the passes of the Alps against him, and at Susa a party of armed men broke into his chamber at night, and he had only just time to escape by another door, while a faithful knight named Herman of Sieveneichen threw himself into the bed to receive the death-blow while his master escaped. However, he was recognized, and though in their rage the Lombards were going to slay him, they respected his faithfulness, and he was spared.

Germany was up in arms, and Friedrich had to subdue the rebellious princes. He was a great ruler, and founded Munich and several other great towns at home; but in the meantime the cities of Italy had united with the Pope against him in what was called the Lombard League, and had founded the city of Alessandria in honor of it, calling it by the name of the Pope. Friedrich crossed the mountains to put down this rising, but the Lombards were stronger than he had expected; and in the midst of the struggle, at his greatest need, Heinrich the Lion, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria, refused his help, probably because he did not like fighting against the Church, but declaring that he was too old for the campaign, though he was only forty-five, while the Emperor was fifty-four. Friedrich met him at Chiavenna, and actually knelt before him in entreaty not to ruin his cause by leaving him; but Heinrich, though distressed at the sight, held to his purpose, and rode off with his vassals.

Without the Saxons, Friedrich had to fight a battle at Luguano, where the Milanese standard again appeared in its car, and the Welfs gained a complete victory. Friedrich's horse was killed under him, and he was thought to be slain, so that the Empress Beatrice had put on mourning as a widow, before he appeared again at Pavia, having escaped on foot by by-paths.

He was forced to make peace, and went to meet the Pope at Venice, where the Doge, in full procession, conducted him to St. Mark's Church, at the door of which Alexander awaited him with all the clergy. The Kaiser knelt to kiss the Pope's slipper, and muttered in Latin (it is said) "Not to thee, but to Peter," which the Pope hearing answered with, "Both to me and to Peter." It is also said that Alexander then put his foot on Friedrich's neck, quoting the promise—"Thou shalt go upon the lion and the adder;" but as another account says he shed tears of joy at the reconciliation, it is not likely that these insults passed between them. The question was then finally settled that Bishops might be named by the prince, but that the cathedral clergy should have the power of accepting or rejecting

them, and that though their lands might be held of the prince, their spiritual power came only through the Church, and was quite independent of him. The Milanese were restored to their city, and Friedrich went home, going on the way to Arles, where he and Beatrice were together crowned King and Queen of Burgundy—namely, what is now called Provence—in 1178.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRIEDRICH I., BARBAROSSA (*cont'd*). A.D. 1174—1189.
 HEINRICH VI. 1189—1197.



WHEN Friedrich I. came back to Germany, he held a diet at Wurms, and summoned Heinrich the Lion, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria, to answer for his treason, rebellion, and many other crimes. One of these was that in the middle of the night, in time of peace and friendship, he had attacked the town of Veringen, where the Bishop of Freising had great salt works, destroyed them and all the storehouses, and dragged away the makers to Munich.

The Duke would not come, saying it was his right to be judged only in his own country; so another diet was held at Magdeburg, but he would not come to that, nor to a third at Goslau, where he was put under the ban of the empire—that is, made to forfeit his fiefs and honors, and declared an outlaw, for ban means a proclamation. He had friends, however, and held out for a long time, but he was so fierce and violent that he offended them all, and the Kaiser pushed him very hard, and besieged his city of Brunswick. There his wife, who was Matilda, daughter to King Henry II. of England, was lying ill. She ventured to send to Friedrich to ask that some wine might be sent in for her use, and he answered that he had rather make her a present of Brunswick than disturb her. He was as good as his word, for he drew off his army, but he gained so much upon the Lion, that at last Heinrich came to the diet at Erfurt, fell on his knees before the Kaiser, and asked pardon.

Friedrich raised him kindly, but told him he had himself been the author of all his misfortunes. He was judged to have forfeited his great dukedoms, but the Kaiser allowed him to keep the Dukedoms of Brunswick and Luneburg, on condition that he should spend three years in exile at the court of his father-in-law, King Henry of England. Brunswick has ever since continued to belong to his family, the house of Welf or Guelf.

Part of Saxony was given to Bernhard of Anhalt, the son of Albrecht the Bear, in whose line it continued, and it is from these two houses of Brunswick and Saxony that the English royal family have sprung. Bavaria was given to Friedrich's friend, Otto of Wittelsbach.

Now that peace was made, Friedrich held a great festival at Mainz, where he knighted his sons and held a tournament, to which came knights of all nations, forty thousand in number. A camp with tents of silk and gold was set up by the river-side, full of noble ladies who came to look on, and of minne-singers, who were to sing of the deeds of the knights. The songs and ballads then sung became famous, and there was much more of the spirit of poetry from this time forward in Germany. The Kaiser, old as he was, took his full share in the tilts and tournaments, and jousted as well or better than his three sons.

Heinrich, the eldest of these sons, had already been chosen to succeed his father, and was the first prince who was called King of the Romans, while the Kaiser was alive. Friedrich planned a grand marriage for him. The Kings of Sicily, who were of Norman birth, had always been great friends of the Popes, and sheltered them when the Emperors drove them out of Rome; but the last of these, of the right line, had no child, and had only an aunt named Constance, who had always lived in a convent, though it does not seem certain whether she was really a nun. Friedrich used to say that Italy was like an eel, which must be held both by the head and tail if you would keep it. He had the head, and hoped his son would get hold of the tail by marrying Constance. Her nephew, the King, agreed to the match, and Constance, who was thirty-four years old, was sent to meet her bridegroom at Milan with a hundred and twenty mules carrying her marriage portion. The Pope, Urban III., was very angry, and deposed all the bishops who had been at the marriage, or at Constance's coronation, and fresh struggles were just beginning, when all Europe was shocked by the news that Jerusalem had been taken by the Saracens under Saladin.

The Pope and the Kaiser both laid aside their quarrels to do all they could to rescue the Holy City, and, old as he was, Friedrich prepared to go on the crusade. He took his two younger sons with him, and a great army, in which were Leopold, Duke of Austria, and Konrad, Markgraf or Marquess of Monserrat. Passing through Constantinople, they marched through Asia Minor, suffering much from want of food and water, but at Iconium, where with his uncle Konrad he had once suffered such a sore defeat, Friedrich, with his war-cry, "Christ reigns! Christ conquers!" so dashed on the enemy as to gain a glorious victory. But only a few days after, as he was bathing in the cold, swift river Kalykadmus, a chill struck him, and he sank into the rapid current. He was seventy years old when he was thus lost, in the year 1190. His body was found and buried at Antioch; but the Germans could

not believe their mighty Kaiser was dead, and long thought that in the Kyffhauser cave in Thuringia he sat with all his knights round a stone table, his once red, but now white, beard growing through the stone, waiting till the ravens shall cease to fly round the mountain, and Germany's greatest need shall be come, when he will waken up, break forth, and deliver her.

Friedrich's second son and namesake fought bravely, but soon caught the plague, and died when only twenty years of age. The Duke of Austria and Marquess of Monserrat joined the other body of crusaders, led by the Kings of France and England, at Acre, but Konrad was killed by an Eastern



FRIEDRICH CROSSING TO ASIA MINOR.

assassin, and Leopold was affronted by King Richard wanting him to assist in building up the walls of Ascalon, and left Palestine. In the meantime, the King of the Romans, Heinrich VI., had been fighting hard with Heinrich the Lion, who had come home from England resolved to win back what he had lost, but all in vain. His son Heinrich had been betrothed to Agnes, daughter to the Pfalzgraf Konrad, brother to Friedrich I., and when the house of Welf was ruined, she would not give up her lover to marry the King of France. Her mother favored her, and sent a message to the young Heinrich to come to her castle in her husband's absence. He came in the disguise of a pilgrim, and the mother immediately caused them to be mar-

ried. When her husband came home the next morning, she met him with—“My lord, a noble falcon came yesterday to your tower, whom I have taken!” The two presented themselves, the Pfalzgraf forgave them, and thus peace was made, and the old Lion soon after died.

Young Heinrich was thus able to interfere on behalf of his English uncle, Richard the Lion Heart, when he had been shipwrecked in the Adriatic on his way from the Holy Land, and while trying to pass through the Tyrol as a pilgrim had been seized and imprisoned by Leopold, and afterward made over to the Kaiser. The Pope demanded the release of a crusader whose person ought to have been sacred, and the Kaiser held a diet at Hagenau, at which Richard was called upon to defend himself from the charge of having murdered Konrad of Monserrat, betrayed the cause, and other crimes. Richard spoke with such grandeur and dignity that even Leopold turned aside weeping, and the Emperor sprang from his throne and embraced him. After this his ransom was accepted, and he did homage to Heinrich VI., as Emperor of the West, receiving from him the promise of the kingdom of Arles to add to his duchy of Aquitaine.

Heinrich took his wife into Sicily on the death of her cousin Tancred, and they were crowned; but he showed himself a harsh and cruel ruler, and very avaricious. He went back several times between Sicily and Germany, and caused his little son Friedrich to be elected King of the Romans, but he was everywhere hated. He was planning a war with the Eastern Emperor, when, after hunting all day near Messina in the heat of August, he took a chill, and died at the age of thirty-one, in the year 1194. The Sicilians rejoiced publicly at the death of their tyrant, and murdered all the Germans they could find in their country.



CHAPTER XIV.

PHILIP..... A. D. 1198-1208.
 OTTO IV..... 1209-1218.



LITTLE FRIEDRICH, the son of Heinrich VI., was only three years old. He had been chosen King of the Romans as soon as he was born; but the Welfs declared that the election of an unbaptized infant could not be good for anything, and that there must be a fresh choice.

On hearing this, Philip, Duke of Swabia, the only surviving son of Barbarossa, left his sister-in-law Constance to secure Sicily and Apulia to herself and her child, and hurried back to the diet. There the Waiblings declared that it was no use to try to elect an infant, and that if Philip wished to keep the empire in his family he must be himself elected. He consented, and was chosen at Muhlhausen by the Waiblings, but the Welfs met at Köln and chose Otto, Duke of Brunswick, the son of Henry the Lion, and had him crowned at Aachen. Philip was crowned at Mainz, but only by the Savoyard Bishop of Tarentaise, and the same year the Empress Constance died when only forty-three years old, having had her little son Friedrich Roger crowned King of Sicily and Apulia, and placed him under the special protection of the Pope, whom she begged to become his guardian, and to watch over both his kingdoms and his education.

The Pope at that time was Innocent III., a very great man, whose chief object was to make the power of the See of Rome felt by all princes; and as the first Norman conqueror had asked the Pope to grant the power over Sicily, he considered the kingdom a fief of the Roman See, and took charge of it and of the little king, whom the Normans called the Child of Apulia.

Innocent at the same time thought it needful to pronounce between the three princes, who had all been chosen kings of the Romans—Friedrich, Philip, and Otto. He threw over the child's election at once, and likewise declared Philip's unlawful, but he saw no objection to Otto's, and Otto promised his full support and faithfulness to Rome, and to give up possession of Countess Matilda's inheritance.

Germany thus was divided between the two kings till, in 1208, at the marriage festival of his niece Beatrice and Otto, Duke of Meran in the Tyrol, Philip was stabbed in the throat—no one knows why, unless it was the deed of a madman or drunkard—by the Bavarian Pfalzgraf, Otto of Wittelsbach.

Philip left only two little daughters, whose mother died of the shock a few days after. The Bridegroom, Otto of Meran, promised Beatrice never to rest till he had revenged her uncle's death, and Otto of Wittelsbach was hunted down among some shepherds as he was playing with a ram, and his head was cut off.

Otto of Brunswick offered himself for a second election, and gained it, promising to marry Philip's orphan daughter Beatrice, who at eleven years



BEATRICE LED INTO THE DIET.

old was led into the diet, while Otto said—"Behold your queen! Pay her due honors!" and then committed her to the care of her sister Agnes, the Pfalzgräfin of the Rhine, while he went to Italy to be crowned, and to try to bring Lombardy to be at peace.

It is said that Innocent III. wept for joy at having to crown a Welf Emperor; but the German troops were unruly, helped themselves to whatever pleased them in the Roman shops, and at last a fight took place in the streets, in which many were killed on both sides. Also, when Innocent claimed the lands which Countess Matilda of Tuscany had left to the Church, the Kaiser refused to give them up according to his promises, and the quarrel having thus begun, he most unjustly laid claim to the kingdom

of Sicily as having been cut off from the empire, and actually marched into the Abruzzi.

Young Friedrich, the Pope's ward, defended himself bravely in Sicily, and Innocent, justly angered at the grasping and faithlessness of Otto, excommunicated him, and called on all his subjects to renounce their allegiance. Otto was obliged to hurry back to Germany, where, to strengthen himself, he immediately married Beatrice of Hohenstaufen, but only a fortnight later the poor little bride was found dead—poisoned, it was supposed, by his enemies. Otto was always looked on as belonging to his uncles, the Kings of England, and thus Philip Augustus of France hated him as one of that race. Once, when a boy, Otto had been at Philip's court with his uncle Richard, who pointed him out to the King, saying that one day that boy might be Emperor. Philip laughed scornfully, and said, "When that comes to pass, I will give him Orleans, Chartres, and Paris." When Otto was really Kaiser, he sent to put Philip in mind of his promise. Philip replied that Orleans, Chartres, and Paris were the names of three little puppies, now three old hounds, which he sent to the Emperor! At this time Philip was the friend and champion of Innocent III., while King John of England, Otto's uncle, was, with his kingdom, under the interdict, and Otto was felt to be following him in his misdeeds, rather than acting as a Welf, faithful to the Pope.

Therefore Friedrich was encouraged to make an attempt on Germany, and received the Pope's blessing and recommendation to the German nation, but only on condition that if he succeeded he should give up Apulia and Sicily, for the Popes did not choose to have the Emperors holding both ends of the eel of Italy. Though only eighteen, Friedrich was married to Constance of Aragon, and had a little son named Heinrich, whom he carried to be crowned at Palermo before he set off for Germany.

He was welcomed by the Waiblingers in Lombardy, but he took no army with him, and climbed the passes of the Alps alone with a guide, so as to descend into his own duchy of Swabia, where the people were glad to see him. At Constance the gates were shut when Otto wanted to enter the city, and all the south of Germany soon owned the Apulian child, as Otto called him. He then went to France, and made a league with Philip Augustus, who gave him twenty thousand marks toward his expenses. He took the sum with him to Mainz, and when his chancellor, the Bishop of Speier, asked where he would have it kept, he answered, "Nowhere. It is to be given to our friends;" and at Mainz all the Waiblinger chose him as King, and paid him homage.

Otto was, however, still strong in Brunswick and Saxony, the old homes of his line, but he had mixed himself up in a fierce quarrel of the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Flanders, and the other border vassals, with Philip

Augustus, and joined them in a great attack upon France. All France united against them, and in 1214 there was fought the terrible battle of Bouvines, in which Philip gained a complete victory. Otto was in great danger, alone among the enemy, when a French knight tried to cut him down with a battle-axe, missed him, but so wounded his horse that, mad with pain, it tore back with him to his own troops, and there fell dead. He was remounted, but he could not bring his troops back to the charge, and was forced to ride off with them, Philip scornfully saying—"We shall see nothing more of him but his back," though in truth Philip was a much less brave man. Otto's power was broken, and he fled to Köln, where his second wife, Marie of Brabant, added to his troubles by gambling away vast sums at dice. Being unable to pay them, he rode away from a hunting party to Brunswick, and she followed as a pilgrim, and Köln opened its gates to Friedrich.

Otto lived four years longer in Brunswick, and on his deathbed sent his crown by the hands of his brother Heinrich to Friedrich. He was then absolved from his long excommunication, and died in 1218. He had no children, so that Brunswick and Luneburg went to his nephew Otto, the son of his brother Wilhelm, ancestor to the present Queen Victoria of England.

CHAPTER XV.

FRIEDRICH II. A.D. 1218.



FRIEDRICH II., "the Apulian child," was a wonderfully able and brilliant man, brought up in all the old learning that was still kept up in the Italian cities by the greatest scholars of the world, and with all the fire and spirit of the House of Hohenstaufen, together with the keen wit of the Sicilian Normans. Bred in Palermo, he preferred Italy to Germany, and as soon as Otto was dead he set out to be crowned Kaiser at Rome, after having caused his young son Heinrich to be chosen as his successor.

His wife Constance was dead, and the little crusading kingdom of Jerusalem had again fallen to a little girl, Yolande de Brienne, whom Friedrich married, undertaking, as King of Jerusalem, to lead a grand crusade to deliver the Holy City, which was still held by the Saracens.

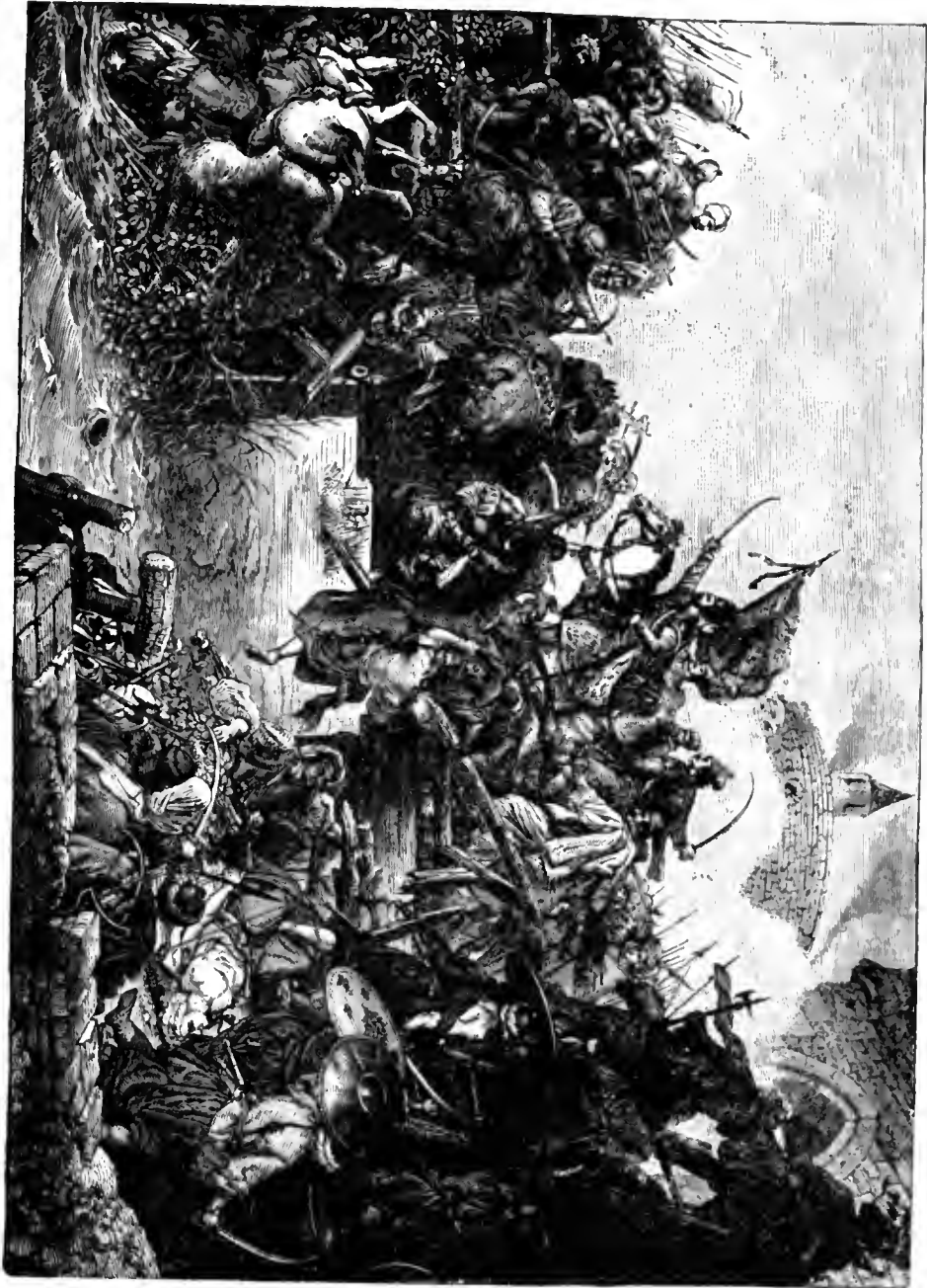
The Pope, Honorius II., was not pleased with the marriage, and taxed

Friedrich with breaking his promise of preventing Sicily from being in the same hands with Germany, since he had caused his only son to be elected to both; but Friedrich answered that he would take care to settle that, and went on into Sicily, where he had hard work in dealing with his fierce barons, and likewise with a colony of Saracens who had settled in the mountains and on the sea-shore, and gave much trouble to his people by land and sea. Friedrich conquered these Saracens, and moved them into the Apulian cities of Lucera and Nocera, treating them so kindly that he won their hearts, and they served him faithfully; but the Italians were angered by his bringing them among them. There was at this time much curious learning among the Saracens, especially in mathematics and chemistry. Friedrich delighted in such studies, and this raised the report that he was half a Saracen himself. Moreover, he was not leading the life of a good Christian man, but was giving himself up to all sorts of vice and luxury at Palermo. The Pope urged him to begin his crusade, and he sent for his vassals from Germany to join him in it.

Among them came the Markgraf Ludwig of Thuringia, a young man still, who had been married ever since he was a little child to Elizabeth, the daughter of the late King of Hungary. The two children had been brought up together at the castle of the Wartburg, and loved each other dearly, though Ludwig's mother, brother, and sister hated and despised Elizabeth after her father was dead, and tried to set Ludwig against her pious and saintly ways, calling her the gipsy because she was dark-complexioned, and the nun because of her prayers. Ludwig loved her through all, and upheld her in all her works of charity, when she nursed the sick, laid them in her own bed, and fed orphan children, and went to the houses to feed the bed-ridden and dress their sores. There was a story that once, when he met her coming out of the castle with a heavy basket full of broken meat, he asked her what was there. She smiled, and bade him look, and it was full of roses. Perhaps this was meant to show how sweet are deeds of love, for Elizabeth never deceived him, nor did he find fault with her charities. Both were still very young when he was called to go on the crusade, and great was his grief at parting with her and his little children. With him went the chief German minne-singer of the time, Walter of Vogelwiede, and great numbers of noble knights; but the force could not be collected quickly, and those who came first had to wait, in the full heat of the summer, at Otranto and Brindisi, to embark, till sickness began among them, and when at last they did embark it only became worse. Ludwig of Thuringia saw white doves flying round his mast—the sure sign of death in his family—and died before the fleet turned back, as it was forced to do, the Kaisar himself being very ill.

The Pope, Gregory IX., who knew Friedrich's proud character and evil, self-indulgent life, could not believe he had been in earnest about the cru-

sade, and was too angry and impatient to inquire whether his illness was real or only an excuse, would not hear his messengers, and excommunicated him. Friedrich was very angry at the injustice, and it drove him further



CRUSADERS IN BATTLE.

toward unbelief, and love of all the Church condemned, but he still went on with his crusade, though, before he sailed, his wife, Yolande of Jerusalem,

died at the birth of her first child, who was christened Konrad. The Pope did not approve of this expedition being led by one who was still excommunicate, and forbade the Knights Templars and Hospitallers to follow his standard; but instead of fighting he made a treaty with Malek el Kameel, the Saracen Sultan, by which he made a ten years' truce, arranged that the pilgrimage to Jerusalem should be made safe, and that the Holy City should be put into his hands, with all its churches, the Moslems only keeping for themselves the Mosque of Omar, on the site of the old Temple. But the Pope's friends thought the treaty only a snare to get Christians into the hands of the Mohammedans, and when Friedrich marched to Jerusalem, the Holy City was laid under an interdict while he should be there. No Holy Communion, no Church services took place when he visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and he took the crown of Jerusalem off the altar, and crowned himself with it with his own hands. Then he came back to Italy, having learned in the East much of the old Greek learning which had passed to the Saracen Arabs, and, in especial, an Arabic translation of the Ethics of Aristotle, which was afterward much studied in Europe.

The Pope had in the meantime caused Jean de Brienne, the father of Friedrich's late wife, to raise an army, and seize Apulia and Sicily in the name of his infant grandson Konrad, to whom Friedrich was bound, the Pope said, to have delivered it up. His soldiers were called the Key-bearers, as being sent forth by the See of Rome, and bearing the Keys of St. Peter made in cloth on their shoulders; but they were really only savage, plundering men-at-arms, and the people of the country all joined their Emperor gladly in expelling them. The Pope on this gave up his attempt, and peace was made between him and the Emperor, in which Gregory declared that the treaty with the Sultan was the best that could have been made, and absolved Friedrich.

The two had a conference at San Germano, but only one thing is known that was there settled. The Germans had formed an order of soldier-monks like the Templars and Hospitallers for the defence of the Holy Sepulchre; but as there were jealousies between the three, Friedrich wished the Germans, who were called Teutonic Knights, to be removed from the Holy Land, and set to fight with the heathen Slavonians in the lands near the Baltic called Borussia (near Russia) or Prussia. Their Grand Master, Herman von Salza, was made a prince of the empire, and they were to have all the lands they conquered.

Friedrich stayed on in Italy, attending to a university he had founded at Naples, to which he invited scholars from all parts, especially the famous Scotsman, Michael Scott, who translated into Latin his Arabic version of Aristotle, and was looked on by all the ignorant as a great magician. The greatest scholar who grew up at Naples was St. Thomas Aquinas, a most

wonderful teacher, who turned Aristotle's arguments to teach Christian truth. Friedrich's court was full of learning, elegance, and poetry, but chiefly of a self-indulgent kind. He so loved minstrelsy that he gave the city of Orange, in his kingdom of Arles, to a troubadour. The minne-singer Walther of Vogelwiede died about this time, and left lands whose produce was to be given to feed his fellow-minstrels the birds at his tomb, that so there might always be their sweet music round him.

It was a time of very great beauty in everything—poetry, dress, buildings, and all. One of the loveliest buildings in Germany is Marburg Cathedral, which was built by Konrad of Thuringia, brother of Ludwig, in memory of the "dear saint Elizabeth." When the news of Ludwig's death had come home, Konrad and his mother had driven her out with her five babies, homeless and wandering, and seized the government, but the barons and knights restored her little son. The Emperor wished to marry her, but instead of listening to his messages she went into a convent, where her confessor made her use hard discipline with herself, and she died when only twenty-four years old. Then her brother-in-law repented, and built this exquisite church in memory of her. This was the time, too, when the two orders of friars founded by St. Francis and St. Dominic were trying to teach people to love the world and its delights less, and to turn all their learning to holiness and the love of God.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRIEDRICH II., 1250.—*Concluded.*



FRIEDRICH II. had been fifteen years absent from Germany since he set out after his election at Mainz. His eldest son, Heinrich, who had been chosen King of the Romans in his infancy, was sent to reign in Germany, even as a mere child, under the care of Ludwig, Duke of Bavaria; but there was so much crime and misrule that, in the Dukedom of Westphalia, Bishop Engelbert revived a strange secret tribunal called the Vehmegericht of Vehm, which is said to have dated from ancient rites around the Irmansul. Members were sworn in secretly, and met at night. Judges were chosen from among them, and before them persons were tried for their crimes, and if found guilty were sure to be found hanging on trees, a dagger stuck beneath, and the letters carved, S. S. G. G. (stock, stone, grass, green), the meaning of which no one knew. This Vehme was much

dreaded, and did much good in keeping down evil-doers when the regular courts of law were weak.

As Heinrich grew up he became discontented, and thought his father ought to resign the empire to him, and only keep Sicily and Apulia. The Duke Ludwig of Bavaria was murdered while taking an evening walk on the bridge of Kelheim, it is said, by an idiot, whom he had teased; but the young king declared that it was by one of the Eastern assassins sent by his father, and Friedrich and his people suspected Heinrich himself.

So many complaints were sent to the Emperor that he summoned his



ISABEL'S RECEPTION AT WURMS.

son and the German princes to a diet at Ravenna, and there tried to set matters straight between them, intending to come back to Germany as soon as he had arranged the affairs of Lombardy; but before he could do so Heinrich broke out into open rebellion, assisted by his brother-in-law, Friedrich, Duke of Austria, and laid siege to Wurms. The Kaiser again crossed the Alps, and being joined by all the loyal Germans, soon crushed the rebellion, and forced Heinrich to come and ask pardon. This was at once granted, but the wretched young man was found to be trying to poison his father, and was therefore sent as a prisoner to Apulia, and was moved about from castle to castle there until his death.

Friedrich remained in Germany, and took as his third wife, Isabel, the sister of Henry III. of England, sending a splendid embassy to betroth her, and going to receive her himself at Wurms, where they were married in the presence of four kings and eleven dukes, all sovereign princes. The festivities are said to have been even more splendid than those at his grandfather's diet at Mainz, and her English attendants were infinitely amazed by the elephants and camels which Friedrich had brought from the East.

Friedrich was called back to Italy by another disturbance in Lombardy, where the cities, with Milan at their head, had formed a league against him. He caused his son Konrad to be elected King of the Romans, and crossed the Alps with his army, and, being joined by all the Ghibellines in Northern Italy, he beat the Milanese at Cornuova. They hoped at least to have saved their beloved standard, but there had been heavy rain, the car stuck fast in a bog, and though they tried to carry off its gilt cross and ornaments, the Germans came too fast upon them, and they were forced to leave it in all its beauty. Friedrich had it drawn into Rome in triumph by an elephant, and placed in the Capitol; but the war was not ended, for Friedrich required the Lombards to submit without making any terms, and they chose rather to defend themselves from city to city.

They knew that the wishes of the Pope were for them, for the Pope was displeased at Konrad, the heir of Sicily, being made King of the Romans, so that the southern kingdom would be joined to the empire, contrary to the Emperor's promise. There was another younger son of Friedrich named Heinrich, but called in German Heinz, and in Italian Enzo, a very handsome youth of twenty, whom Friedrich married to Adelais, the heiress of Sardinia, and made king of that island. But Sardinia had belonged to Countess Matilda, and Gregory declared it was part of the inheritance of the Church, and could not be given away.

On the very Palm Sunday of 1239 that Friedrich was holding a great tournament at Padua, Gregory excommunicated him again, and accused him of having uttered a most horrid blasphemy. This he denied with all his might, sending in his confession of faith, which agreed with that of all the Christian Church, though there is no doubt that he had a careless, witty tongue. The Pope did not consider that he had cleared himself, and tried to find an Emperor to set up against him; but St. Louis of France did not think he was fairly treated, and would not let any French prince be stirred up to attack him.

In the meantime things were going badly in Germany. Young Konrad was learning the German vice of hard drinking, and not making himself respected; and a horrid Mogul tribe, like the Huns of old, were overrunning Germany, and doing terrible damage, till they were beaten on the banks of the Danube. This stopped them, and though they laid Hungary waste, they did not venture again into Germany.

Gregory summoned a council of the Church of Rome to consider of the Emperor's conduct. The chancellor, Peter de Vineis, tried to persuade the German clergy not to go, telling them that at Rome they would find "broiling heat, putrid water, bad food, swarms of gnats, air so thick that they could grasp it, and a disgusting and ferocious race of men; that the Pope would be too cunning for them, and that their lives, their goods, and their souls would all be in danger." A great many were stopped by this, and as to the rest, Friedrich had a fleet on the Mediterranean, and had twenty-two shiploads of bishops and priests seized and carried to Naples, where it is said that he caused his chief foes among them to be put to death by hunger, and all were roughly handled and robbed, though the French and English were sent home in safety.

Gregory IX., who was nearly a hundred years old, died soon after this failure; the next Pope lived only seventeen days, and Innocent IV., who was next elected, though hitherto the Emperor's friend, could not but go on with the old policy of the Popes, taking the part of the Lombard league, and trying to reduce the power of the Emperor. As Friedrich said, when he heard of the election, he had only lost a friend, for no Pope could be a Ghibelline.*

There was an attempt to make peace, but it only made the breach wider, and Innocent fled from Rome to Lyons, which did indeed belong to the empire, but was much more out of Friedrich's reach than Rome, and then he called another council, to which the bishops could come by land. There all the Emperor's offences were again brought up against him, and he was again excommunicated and deposed. When he heard of it he had all his crowns placed before him, and smiled as he said, "These are not lost, nor shall be till much blood has been shed."

St. Louis tried to make peace, but in vain. A few Guelf bishops were persuaded to elect Heinrich of Thuringia, brother-in-law of St. Elizabeth, but he was defeated, and died of his wounds. Then Wilhelm, Count of Holland, was set up, Friedrich struggling all the time against the Guelfs, both in Germany and Italy, with the help of Enzio of Sardinia, and Manfred, the son of his last wife, Bianca di Sancia, and his favorite among all his children. But while he was ill at Capua, he was warned that his physician had been bribed by his chancellor, Peter de Vigni, whom he had always trusted, to poison him in a draught of medicine. He bade the doctor drink half before his eyes. The man stumbled, and let most fall out of the cup. The rest was by Friedrich's orders given to a condemned criminal, who died of it at once. The chancellor was then imprisoned and blinded, and in the agony thus caused, dashed his head against the wall. Friedrich

* Welfs and Waiblings in Germany, Guelfs and Ghibellines in Italy.

was bitterly grieved at such treachery in one whom he had so trusted. His son Enzo was made prisoner by the citizens of Bologna, who would not ransom him; and when St. Louis was taken prisoner by the Sultan in Egypt, the Pope accused Friedrich of having betrayed him. This accusation seems to have grieved Friedrich more than anything that had gone before. He was an old man, his strength was worn out, and his last illness came on at Luceria. His son Manfred attended to him, and the Archbishop of Palermo absolved him, and gave him the last sacraments before his death on Christmas-day, 1250. He was a great and noble, but not a good man, though he would have been far better if those who ought to have cared for souls, had not cared for power more than for their duty.

CHAPTER XVII.

KONRAD IV.	A. D. 1250-1254.
WILHELM.	1254-1256.
RICHARD.	1256-1257.



KONRAD had already been crowned King of Germany as well as King of Apulia and Sicily, and his father had decreed that Manfred should act as viceroy of the latter countries, desiring also that any lands taken from the Papal See should go back to it. But Innocent IV. would not acknowledge Konrad, and gave all his support to Wilhelm of Holland as King of Germany; while he made a present of Sicily and Apulia to little Edmund, the second son of Henry III. of England, undertaking to conquer it for him if the English would send him money. This they did, but Manfred was too strong for the Papal troops, and kept the kingdoms for his brother.

Konrad was very nearly murdered in his bed at Regensburg, and the Count of Eberstein, who took his place while he escaped, was actually killed. He was a grasping, haughty man, not much liked, and he offended Manfred by harshness to his mother's relations. In a great battle at Oppenheim Wilhelm gained the victory, and Konrad soon after died of a fever, when only five-and-twenty, in the year 1254. His wife was Elizabeth of Bavaria, and she had one little son named Konrad, but who is generally called Conradin. She knew there was no hope of getting any of the kingdoms of his family for him while he was still a child, so she took him to her father's court, and begged the Pope to adopt him, as Friedrich II. had been

adopted; but Innocent would not accept any of the House of Swabia, and the Guelfs were all of the same mind. Enzo had tried to escape from prison, but a tress of his long golden hair caught in the lock of the door and betrayed him, so that he was pursued, and brought back to die in captivity; and Manfred, who was crowned King of Sicily and Apulia, was conquered and slain by Charles, Count of Anjou, to whom the Pope gave away the two kingdoms.

Germany was in a most disturbed state, for Wilhelm was only half owned as King of the Romans. The most noted act of his life was the lay-



MANFRED KILLED IN BATTLE.

ing of the first stone of the splendid Cathedral of Köln, but he was so much disliked that the men of Köln set the house where he was sleeping on fire, in hopes of destroying him, and his own vassals, the Frieslanders, rose against him. It was winter, and he hoped to cross the ice to put them down; but as he was crossing a swamp the ice gave way under his horse's feet, and while he was struggling in the frozen mud, the Frieslanders came up and slew him without knowing him, in January, 1256. During all these wars the power of the King in Germany had been much lessened. The

great dukes and prince bishops seized on one claim after another till, within their own lands, they became like kings, and Friedrich II., by what was called a Pragmatic Sanction, had confirmed their rights, because he needed their help in his wars against the Pope and Lombard League. Also these princes had quite left off calling on any of the nobles or people to take part in choosing their king, and the seven chief among them always elected him. They were the three grand chancellors of the empire, being the Archbishops of Mainz, Köln, and Trier, with the King of Bohemia, grand cup-bearer; the Duke of Bavaria, high steward; the Duke of Saxony, grand marshal, and the Pfalzgraf of the Rhine. These were called electors, in German Kurfürsten, and in the diet sat apart as a separate house or college.

Not only had the princes and nobles grown powerful in the absence of the Emperor, but the cities had become very strong. Many of them had trades and manufactures, and they governed themselves by their own town councils, training their men to arms, and fortifying themselves so as to be a match for the nobles. Those who owned no lord but the Kaiser called themselves free Imperial cities, and made leagues together to defend one another. The most famous of these leagues was called the Hansa—nobody quite knew why—and took in eighty towns, of which Lubeck and Hamburg were among the chief. They had fleets and armies, made treaties, and were much respected. Every citizen in these cities was trained to work at a trade. First he was an apprentice, then a journeyman; after that he was sent out for what was called his wander year, to visit other towns and improve himself in his art, and on his return he might be sworn into the guild of his trade and be a master workman, who could be chosen to be a guild-master or burgomaster, and sit in the town council, which met in the beautiful Guild Hall or Rath-haus. The guilds formed trained bands, which went out to war under the banner of their craft, and the widows and orphans of those who died young were well taken care of. These cities, too, built splendid cathedrals, such as Ulm, Augsburg, Strasburg, and many more. In these cities there was some order during the evil days that followed Friedrich's death.

When Wilhelm perished, Konrad of Hochstatten, Archbishop of Köln, advised the other electors to choose a rich prince who could give them great rewards, and yet who should have no lands within Germany, so that he could not be able to subdue them all, and keep them in check. The brother of Henry III. of England, Richard, Earl of Cornwall, was pointed out by him as the best person, having immense wealth from the tin mines in Cornwall, and being connected with the empire through his wife, Sancha of Provence. Richard, glad of the honor done him, sent thirty-two wagons, all filled with gold, to buy the votes of the electors; but Arnold of Isenberg, the Elector Archbishop of Trier, was jealous of his brother of Trier, and set up as a

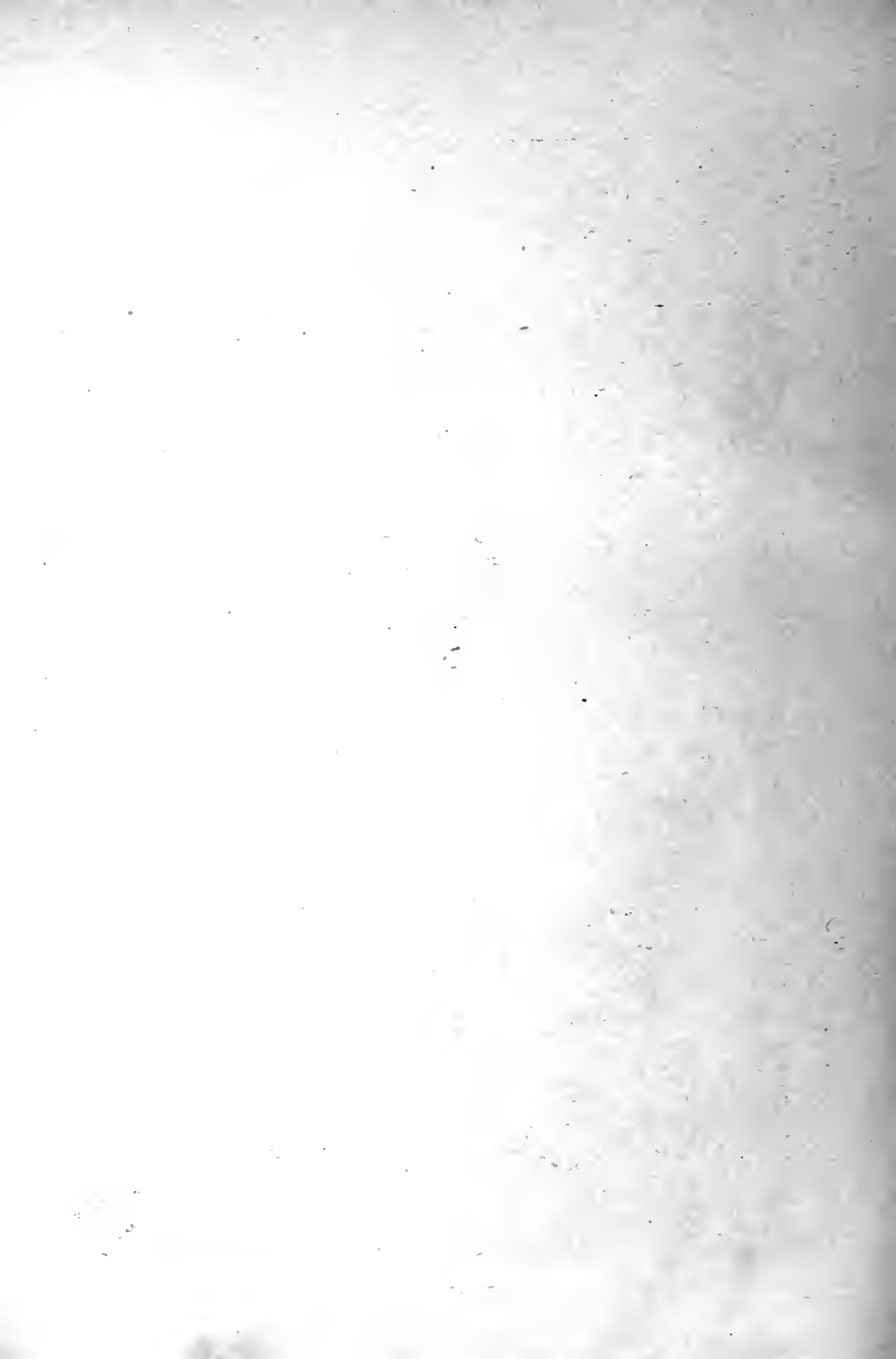
candidate Alfonso X., King of Castille, whose mother was daughter to the murdered King Philip of Hohenstaufen. At Frankfort, on the 13th of January, 1257, Richard was chosen King of the Romans by four electors, and on the 1st of April Alfonso was chosen by three, and the two candidates agreed that the Pope should decide between them; but he put off doing so year by year, and in the meantime both princes and towns grew more and more independent, and the cities in Italy ruled themselves, and almost forgot that the Emperor was their master.

Alfonso was called in his own country the Emperor, but he never came to Germany. Richard did try to do something for his own cause, and spent vast sums in gifts to the Germans. He made three visits to Germany, and was crowned at Aachen, where he kept court till he had to go and aid his brother in his struggles with the English barons, and there was made prisoner at Lewes.

In the meantime young Conradin had grown up to man's estate, and a party of Italians, who hated Charles of Anjou, invited him to come and win his father's crown. He set forth with his friend, Friedrich of Austria, and an army of Swabians and Bavarians. He was only twenty, very handsome, winning, and graceful, and all the Ghibelline Lombards joined him with delight. The Pope, Clement V., forbade him to proceed, and excommunicated him, but remained at Viterbo, while Conradin was welcomed at Rome, and his path strewn with flowers. Then he went on to Apulia, but Charles had already crushed his friends there, and in a terrible battle at Sarcola routed his army. Conradin and Friedrich rode off, and meant to renew the fight in Sicily, but they were betrayed to Charles by a noble whom they had trusted. The King collected a court of judges, who at his bidding condemned the two young men to death as robbers. Only one of all was brave enough to declare that such a sentence would be a murder, and he was not heeded. The two friends were tried and condemned to death without a hearing, and were playing at chess when they were told they were to die the next day. They prepared with great firmness and tender affection, and were taken to a scaffold on the sea-shore of the lovely Bay of Naples, in front of a church, Charles sitting at a window where he could see the execution. The sentence was read, and Conradin spoke a few words, owning himself a sinner before God, but, in challenge of his innocence toward man, he threw down his glove among the people. With a commendation to his Father in heaven, and a cry of sorrow for his mother, he laid his head on the block and died, and Friedrich, bursting into tears for his friend, was executed the next moment. The cruel deed was done in 1266.



RUDOLPH OF HAPSBURG.



CHAPTER XVIII.

RODOLF.....A.D. 1278.



THE German princes enjoyed the freedom from all higher authority that arose from their having two absent foreign rival kings, but Germany was in a dreadful state of confusion, and bad customs sprang up which lasted for several centuries. *Fist-right*, which really meant the right of the strongest, was the only rule outside the cities, and even the bishops and great abbots were often fierce fighting men. The nobles lived in castles perched on rocks like eagles' nests, and often lived by plunder and robbery, and if two families had a quarrel, one chief sent the other a letter, called a *feud-brief*, giving a list of all the wrongs he considered himself or his people to have undergone, and defying the other and all his kindred, after which, each party was free to do the other all the harm in its power. It was said that no noble cared to learn to write, except to sign a *feud-brief*.

All the learning and civilization that the great Saxon and Swabian Kaisars had brought in was passing away, except in the cities. The nobles were growing more of boors, and giving way to their great vice—drunkenness, and Germany was falling behind all other nations in everything praiseworthy. If an enemy had come against the country it must have been overcome, and Ottokar, King of Bohemia, was so powerful as to be very dangerous. So when Richard of England died in 1271, the Pope, Gregory X., finding that no king was chosen, sent the electors word that if they did not choose a king he would send them one. Thereupon they chose Count Rodolf of Hapsburg. He was a good and brave man, whose possessions lay in Elsass, on the Swiss border, and had fought bravely under Ottokar against the Magyars of Hungary. He was very devout, and it was told of him that once when he was riding to Baden he met a priest on foot carrying the Holy Eucharist to a dying man over miry roads and torrents. He placed the priest on his steed and led him on his way, and when the sick man's house was reached, and the priest would have restored the horse, he said, "God forbid that I should ever again ride to battle the beast that hath carried the Body of my Lord," and he gave it to be used by priests going to visit the sick as long as it lived.

After a battle in which he had lost his horse, the man who had killed it was about to be put to death, but he saved him, saying, "I saw his courage. So brave a knight must not be put to death."

Rodolf was fifty-five years old when he was chosen to be King of Germany, and a better choice could hardly have been made. When he was crowned at Aachen, no one knew what had become of the sceptre, but he took the crucifix from the Altar and made his oath upon it instead, saying that the symbol of redemption was a fit rod of justice. Gregory X. came to meet him at Lausanne, and kneeling before him, he promised obedience to the See of Rome, where he was to be crowned the next year. Ottokar, King of Bohemia, would not now even acknowledge him, and thought himself quite able to make himself independent. He had seized Austria when its



NOBLES PLUNDERING TRAVELING MERCHANTS.

Duke Friedrich died with Conradin, had robbed the poor youth's mother of Styria and had bought Carinthia, all without sanction from the Diet, and he was a terrible tyrant to all under him.

All Germany took part against him, and he was obliged to give up Austria, Styria, and Carniola, and come to do homage for Bohemia and Moravia in the island of Labau on the Danube. While he, in splendid array, was kneeling before Rodolf in his old gray suit, the tent over them was suddenly taken away, and all the armies beheld them. Ottokar thought this a great insult, and as soon as he could raise his troops again, began another

war, and there was a terrible battle at Marchfield, near Vienna, where Rodolf gained a great victory, and cut the Bohemians to pieces. He tried to save Ottokar's life, but the corpse was found pierced with seventeen wounds. Ottokar's Queen submitted, and his little son Wenzel remained King of Bohemia, but Austria, Styria, and Carniola were given by Rodolf to his sons Albrecht and Rodolf.

Rodolf tried to revive the power of the Empire over Tuscany and Lombardy, but he found that he was not strong enough; and rather than quarrel with the Pope, he gave up to Rome all that it had so long claimed



OTTOKAR DOING RODOLF HOMAGE.

of Countess Matilda's legacy. When he was asked why he did so, he said, "Rome is like the lion's den in the fable; I see the footsteps of many animals who go thither, but of none who come back."

He was very much beloved at home. He traveled through Germany listening to every complaint. When his men would have kept some peasants from coming near him, he said, "For Heaven's sake let them alone. I was not made King to be shut up from mankind." He always lived and dressed plainly, and when he heard some of his knights grumbling at the

badness of the rye bread and sour wine he was sharing with them, he dismissed them from his service as too dainty for him.

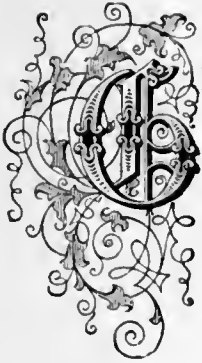
At Mainz one winter morning he was walking about in his old gray dress, and turned in to a baker's shop to warm himself at the fire; but the woman crossly said, "Soldiers have no business in poor women's houses." "Be content, good woman," he said; "I am an old soldier, who have spent my all in the service of that fellow Rodolf, who still suffers me to want." "It serves you right," said the woman; and she began hotly to abuse the Kaisar, saying that she and all the bakers in the town were ruined by his means; and to get rid of him, she dashed a pail of water on the fire and smoked him out. When he sat down to his own dinner he ordered a boar's head and bottle of wine to be taken to the baker's wife as a present from the old soldier. Of course this brought in the woman, crying out for forgiveness, which he granted her, but on condition that she would tell the company all she had said of him. And as he put an end to much extortion on the part of the tax-gatherers, and made the country peaceful, so that the peasants could safely sow and reap, no doubt the bakers soon had no reason to complain. He destroyed sixty-six nobles' castles in Thuringia alone, and hung twenty-nine nobles at once at Erfurt, and was equally severe to ill-doers everywhere, but not too severe, and the saying was, "He was the best warrior of his day; he was the truest man that ever won the office of a judge."

He had a large family, three sons and seven daughters; but one son was drowned, and the second, Rodolf, who was married to the daughter of King Ottokar, died in 1290, before the birth of his only child, Johann. After this, the Kaisar tried to have Albrecht, the only remaining son, chosen King of the Romans in his own lifetime; but the electors said they could not support two kings at once, and put the matter off to another diet. Rodolf was seventy-four years old, and did not live to see that promised diet, dying on the 15th of July, 1291, at Germesheim, on the Rhine. He had never been actually crowned by the Pope, but was generally called Kaisar. He was one of the best rulers Germany ever had, and was the founder of the House of Hapsburg in Austria.



CHAPTER XIX.

ADOLF.....A.D. 1291-1298.
ALBRECHT.....1298.



ERHARD, Archbishop Elector of Mainz, persuaded the other electors to choose his kinsman, Adolf of Nassau, who is said to have been the poorest prince who ever sat on the throne of Germany. He was fierce and grasping, and made himself much hated.

When Edward I. of England was going to war with France he made an alliance with Adolf, and offered him a sum of money to equip an army to gain back the kingdom of Arles. But Adolf spent the money in buying Meissen and Thuringia from the Landgraf Albrecht, called the Degenerate, who had misused his wife, Margarethe, the daughter of Friedrich II., and taken her children from her. When she parted with them, instead of kissing the eldest, she gave him a fierce bite on the cheek, that the scar might always remind him of her wrongs. The two boys tried to flee from their father, but were taken, and would have been starved in prison if the servants had not had pity on them, fed them and set them free.

They soon found friends to reclaim the inheritance which their father had sold, and half Germany joined them, for Adolf's hired soldiers were detestably cruel. Once they caught two poor women, tarred them all over, rolled them in feathers, and showed them off in the camp as a couple of strange birds, and when the Count of Hohenstaufen complained to the King, he was rudely driven away. The two brothers were beaten in battle, but they kept their own inheritance, for the Thuringians defended themselves bravely for three years, and at the end of that time, Archbishop Gerhard was so ashamed of Adolf as to persuade the other electors that he had justly forfeited the Empire, and they chose Albrecht of Hapsburg, Duke of Austria, the son of the good Rodolf, in his stead.

There was a great battle near Wurms between Albrecht and Adolf. One history says that they met, and that Adolf cried, "Here you shall abandon to me Empire and life," to which Albrecht answered, "Both are in the hands of God," giving him such a blow that he fell from his horse and was killed by some of the Austrians. His knights were so heavily armed that when once their horses were killed they could not get up, but lay helpless, till some one came either to stab them or put them to ransom. This was in 1298.

Albrecht was elected over again and crowned at Aachen. He was very tall and grim-looking, and made the more frightful by the loss of an eye. His great desire was to use his power over the Empire to make his family great; and on the death of Wenzel, the last of the line of Bohemian kings, he obtained that his son Rodolf should be chosen to succeed him. Rodolf would not have been a bad ruler left to himself, but his father forced him to be so harsh that the Czechs rebelled, and when he died in the midst of the war with them, they declared they would rather have a peasant for their king than his next brother Friedrich, and chose Heinrich of Carinthia, the husband of the late King's sister.

Albrecht did one good thing, in forcing the Archbishop Elector of Mainz and the Pfalzgraf to lower the very heavy tolls they took from every one who sailed along the Rhine. Archbishop Gerhard, who viewed himself as a sort of king-maker, said he had only to blow his horn to call up as many Kaisars, as he pleased; but Albrecht was too strong for him, and the Pope would not help him.

Next Albrecht attacked the Landgraf of Thuringia, Friedrich with the bitten cheek. Tidings came to the Wartburg that the King was coming with a large army, and the young Landgraf had to flee with his wife and their newly-born child. The little one began to cry violently when the enemy were almost overtaking them, and the Landgraf made his little troop stop, and kept the enemy at bay while his baby was fed and pacified. He was a giant in size and strength, as is shown by the suit of armor still preserved at the Wartburg, and his skill proved sufficient to drive out the Austrians, and save his inheritance.

Another attempt of Albrecht was to use his power as King of the Romans to make the mountaineers of Switzerland subject to his own dukedom of Austria. The three little cantons of Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden were bitterly grieved by the harshness of his governor, Gesler, who lived at Altdorf, in a castle which he called Zwing Uri (Force Uri), and three men, Furst, Melchtal, and Werner, met at night and swore to raise the country against the tyrants, each gaining secretly as many confederates as he could. According to the cherished Swiss story, the outbreak was brought on at last by Gesler's setting up his hat in the market-place at Altdorf, and insisting that all the peasants should make obeisance to it. When Wilhelm Tell, the best archer of Uri, passed it unheeding, he was seized and made to ransom his life by shooting an apple placed on his little son's head. He succeeded, but on being asked why he had another arrow in his belt, he answered that had he slain his child, he should have used it to pierce the bailiff's heart. Gesler in his rage declared that he should be placed where he would never see the sun or moon again, and was carrying him off in a boat across the Lake of Lucerne, when a tempest made it needful to unbind the only steers-

man who could save the lives of the crew. Tell brought the boat to shore, and then leaped ashore and fled. Watching his opportunity from behind a hollow tree, as the officers came in pursuit of him, he shot Gesler dead, then rushed away to his comrades, who at once broke forth, seized several castles by surprise, pulled down Zwing Uri, and on the 6th of January, 1308, raised the banner of the Swiss Confederation, and prepared for defence.



A. Brend and Co. del.

GESLER'S HAT.

The rising is certain, but great doubts exist as to the story of Tell, which is found in no chronicle of the time, and which historical critics now declare to be an old story like that of Siegfried and the dragon at Wurns, only placed at a later time.

Albrecht swore to be revenged on the Swiss boors, and was collecting

his forces when his nephew, Johann, the son of his brother Rodolf, came, as he had often done before, to demand possession of his father's inheritance, as he was now nineteen years old. Albrecht scoffingly threw him a wreath of flowers, saying those were the fit toys for his age. Johann vowed vengeance, and arranged his plan with four nobles whom Albrecht had offended. The King was on his way to Rheinfelden, and was in sight of the Castle of Hapsburg, when he had to be ferried over the river Reuss. Johann and his party managed to cross in the first boat with him, leaving the rest of his train on the other side of the river. Then, crying, "Wilt thou now restore my inheritance?" Johann stabbed him in the neck, and three of the others also struck; then all fled, and left him dying, with his head in the lap of a poor woman. They took refuge in Switzerland, but the confederates would have nothing to do with murderers, and the four nobles were given up to justice. The King's family insisted on their punishment being that most cruel one of being broken on the wheel. The one of the party who had not struck Albrecht, Rudolf von der Wart, shared the same horrid death, but was comforted and tended through all the long anguish by his faithful wife Gertrude. Johann the Parricide, as he was called, struck with remorse, after long wandering, came to the Pope, who gave him absolution, and he ended his life in a convent. Albrecht was killed in 1308.

CHAPTER XX.

HEINRICH VII.....	A.D. 1308-1313.
LUDWIG V.	1313-1347.



AT the time of Albrecht's death, Philip the Fair of France had forced Pope Clement V. to come to live at Avignon, and do his bidding in everything. Philip made Clement command the Electors to choose Charles, Count of Valois, his own brother, but they would not hear of another stranger: Nor would they have another king of the house of Hapsburg, but chose instead Heinrich, Count of Lützenburg, the little castle, more commonly called Luxemburg, who was brother to the Archbishop of Trier.

He had never thought of becoming King of the Romans, and was much amazed when the tidings reached him, but he set himself to fulfil his duties, and was one of the best men who wore the crown of Karl the Great. The



WILLIAM TELL.



four sons of Albrecht came to ask investiture of their father's hereditary dominions, and he advised them not to meddle with Austria, which, he said, had been fatal to five kings. They in return advised him not to be the sixth king to whom it should be fatal, and he ended by giving it to Friedrich, the eldest of them, on condition that Switzerland should be declared independent of the duchy, and that they should assist him in his plans as to Bohemia and Italy.

Heinrich of Carinthia had turned out a cruel tyrant, and the Czechs hated him. He had shut up Elizabeth, the sister of Wenzel, the last king of Bohemia, in a castle, whence they delivered her, and then offered her to the King of the Romans for his son Johann. He easily drove out the Carinthian, and the marriage took place when the lady was twenty-two and her bridegroom fourteen. She was a wild, rough, uncivilized being, and Johann, who was a gentle, graceful, knightly prince, never was happy with her, and often left her to rule her own kingdom, while he joined any warlike enterprise that might be afoot.

Heinrich was resolved to restore the old power of the empire in Italy, and to free Rome from the interference of the French. In 1310 he crossed the Alps, and took the cities of Lombardy that tried to hold out against him, then went on to Rome, where he found the city divided between two factions, one who held for him, the other who were in the interest of the French, and had hoped to keep him out by the help of the French King's cousin, Robert, King of Naples. Heinrich, however, gained the Capitol, the Colosseum, and the Church of St. John at the Lateran Gate, but he was repulsed from the Vatican and from St. Peter's. The Pope had been obliged to send three Cardinals with a commission to crown him, and this was done at the Church of St. John, but the enemy actually shot arrows into the choir, which fell on the altar while the Kaiser was kneeling before it. He soon after took his troops to Tivoli, to avoid the unwholesome summer air in Rome. He shewed much justice and wisdom, and the best Italians began to look on him as a perfect head to the State, such as they had always hoped for. He was going to invade Naples, because King Robert stirred up all the Guelfs in Italy against him, when he died suddenly on the 24th of August, 1313. One account says that a priest actually poisoned him with the sacred Chalice, of which Emperors partook in right of their consecration, and that, when he discovered what had been done, he said, "In the Cup of Life thou hast offered me death; fly before my people can take thee," and that his reverence for the holy Elements prevented him from using any means of saving his life. His grandson, however, declared that he did not believe the story. Any way, Germany and the Italian Ghibelines had a great loss in the good Kaiser Heinrich VII.

The electors met at Frankfort, each with an army of knights to support

his choice. Five, with Johann of Luxemburg, King of Bohemia, at their head, chose Ludwig, Duke of Bavaria, whose mother was a daughter of Rodolf of Hapsburg, and the other two, Friedrich, Duke of Austria, son to his eldest son. Ludwig was crowned at Aachen, and Friedrich at Köln. Ludwig held most of the north, Friedrich most of the south. Neither could concern himself about Italy at all, and Germany fell back into horrid misrule and disorder—earthquake, famine, and pestilence making the distress



HENRY VII. MOURNED BY HIS PEOPLE.

more dreadful. The Swiss, too, beat the Austrians in a terrible battle at Morgarten.

At last the two cousins fought a dreadful battle at Muhlendorf in 1322. Friedrich thought the victory was his, when he saw a fresh force advancing, and supposed that it was a body of men led by his brother Leopold prepared to rejoice with him; but it proved to be a Bavarian troop, under one Sifred Schwepperman, who came suddenly down on the tired Austrians, mowing them down like grass. One family lost twenty-three members. Ludwig, who had thought himself beaten, was amazed when first young Heinrich of Hapsburg was brought to him as a prisoner, then the Duke of

Lorraine, then Friedrich himself. That evening the steward came to say that he had nothing for the King's supper but eggs, and very few of them. "An egg a-piece," said Ludwig, "and two for faithful Schwepperman. If I sleep in my camp to-night, it is owing to Sifred!" These words were graven on Sifred's tomb, and an egg was blazoned on the family shield.

Ludwig received Friedrich with the words, "Sir cousin, you are welcome," and sent him to the Castle of Trausnitz, his brother Leopold still trying to maintain his cause. Pope John XXII., still in Avignon, laid Germany under an interdict because Ludwig had been made King of the



RECONCILIATION OF LUDWIG WITH FRIEDRICH.

Romans without his sanction; but the Franciscan friars were on Ludwig's side, and continued to minister to the people. After three years, Ludwig came to visit Friedrich in his prison, and reminding him of their near relationship, proposed that they should reign jointly, both being called Kings of the Romans, and their signatures changing places every day. This was agreed to, and though the Pope dissolved the treaty, the two cousins held faithfully to it; but it did not save the life of Friedrich's brother Leopold, who had been pining to death ever since the battle of Muhldorf, grieving for not having come up in time.

Ludwig entered Italy, was crowned at Pavia with the iron crown, and set up a Pope of his own, who crowned him at Rome. Friedrich died in 1330, and Ludwig, as the only Kaiser, held a great diet at Reuse on the Rhine, where the princes declared the Roman Emperor to be the highest power on earth, and to be chosen only by the Electoral princes of Germany.

This became the law of the land, and Ludwig seems to have thought himself head of spiritual matters as well as temporal, for he dissolved the marriage of Margarethe Maultasch, or Wide-mouth, the heiress of the Tyrol, with the second son of King Johann of Bohemia, and gave her to his own second son, Ludwig, whom he had made Markgraf of Brandenburg. This deed made good men, who had hitherto thought him hardly used, turn against him, and they were also jealous when he made another son, named Wilhelm, Count of Holland. He wavered too in his alliance with Edward III. of England, at one time making him his Vicar in the Low Countries, and then turning against him.

The electors met in 1344, and chose a new King of the Romans, Karl of Luxemburg, the eldest son of King Johann of Bohemia, and grandson to Heinrich; but the greater part of the country adhered to Ludwig, and in truth Karl was more French than German. His name was really Wenzel; but he had been sent in his youth to the court of his aunt, the wife of Charles IV. of France, who had given him his name, which is Karl in Germany, and his sister Gutha, or Bonne, as the French called her, was married to Jean, the heir of France. His election at first only turned the Germans against him, and he and his father, now blind, both left the country, and fought under the French standard against Edward III. at Crecy, where Johann was killed, and Karl fled from the field.

The next year, 1347, Ludwig of Bavaria died suddenly in the middle of a bear hunt.



CHAPTER XXI.

GUNTHER. A.D. 1347-1347.
 KARL IV. 1347-1378.



KARL IV. was looked on in Germany as almost a Frenchman, and some of the Electors chose Count Gunther of Schwartzenburg in his stead. Gunther was a good old man and much respected, but he died immediately after his election, and it was thought that he had been poisoned. After attending his funeral in full state, Karl was crowned at Aachen.

The Pope much wished to get back to Rome from Avignon, but was afraid of only getting under the power of Germany as he was now under that of France; so he very cautiously treated with Karl. A commission was sent to crown the Emperor at Rome, but only on his promise to stay there no longer than for one month, without arms or army; a promise which the Ghibellines thought unworthy of one who called himself the Roman Emperor.

Karl was said to be the father of Bohemia, his hereditary kingdom, but the step-father of Germany. He sold the crown lands, and he also sold titles and honors to the nobles; thus greatly weakening future Kaisars, and adding to the power and lawlessness of the counts and barons, who heeded him little. Besides, the empire was visited by the Black Death, the horrible disease that raged all over Europe, and was specially dreadful in Germany, where whole villages were left without an inhabitant, and even the cats, dogs, and pigs died. People treated this visitation in different ways. One set declared it was owing to the Jews, and persecuted them frightfully, two thousand of them being burned in one pile in Strasburg alone. Others more rightly thought that the pestilence was a visitation for the sins of Christians, but supposed that penitence might best be shown by scourging themselves. An order called Flagellants was formed for the purpose; and men and boys, stripped to the waist, went through the streets in the towns singing litanies, while each beat the man in front of him with rods or scourges till he was streaming with blood. The wisest people were the women, chiefly in Flanders, who banded together, under the name of Béguines, to nurse and tend the sick.

In 1356 Karl held a great diet at Nuremberg, at which was drawn up the Edict that was called the Golden Bull, from the golden ball or bubble

in which its seal is enclosed. It is a very noted document, for it fixed the constitution of the Kingdom of Germany and of the Holy Roman Empire, making seven Electors, three spiritual and four temporal, and declaring that each in his own province should be a sovereign prince, with no appeal from his decisions, except to the Kaiser himself. The three spiritual Electors were the Archbishops of Mainz, Köln, and Trier; the four temporal were the King of Bohemia, the Markgraf of Brandenburg, the Pfalzgraf of the Rhine, and the Duke of Saxony. It was published in the presence of the Emperor on his throne, and the next year another diet was held at Mainz, at which each Elector was present, and feasted in the market-place, each in character with the office he bore in the Imperial household, the three Archbishops each with a seal hanging round his neck as Arch-Chancellors, the Duke of Saxony with a silver peck of oats as Master of the Horse, the Markgraf of Brandenburg with a basin and ewer of gold as grand seneschal; the Emperor's nephew, Wenzel, representing the Bohemian king as grand butler, brought wine in a golden flagon; and the Pfalzgraf of the Rhine, the grand carver, served up the dishes. After the banquet, the Markgraf of Misnia and the Count of Schwartzenburg, as grand huntsmen, sounded their horns, called up their hounds, and killed a bear and a stag in presence of the Emperor. At this diet was present Charles, the Kaiser's nephew, and heir of France, who had just become Count Dauphin of Vienne, and was thus a vassal of the empire.

This Emperor founded the first German university at Prague, and further did all he could to adorn that city; and he was the first to discover the properties of the waters of Carlsbad, which still bears his name; but he cared little for Germany, and bands of robbers were again infesting the whole country, and the Barons who held direct of the empire, without any Duke or Count over them, were especially violent and ferocious, making their castles on the mountain tops a terror to all around.

Karl, however, cared most for French and Italian affairs. A new Pope, Urban V., was resolved to return to Rome, and he had a warlike Cardinal, named Egidio Albornoz, who prepared his way by making the people submit to him. The Emperor met the Pope at Avignon, and was crowned by him King of Arles, before going to Lombardy, where the cities had grown so much used to governing themselves that few made him welcome, and those who did found him weak and treacherous, and ready to do anything, grant any favor, or break any promise, provided he was bribed.

However, when Urban arrived at Rome, Karl met him at the gates, and walked by his side on foot, leading his horse. When the Pope said Mass he served as a deacon, and he caused his fourth wife, Elizabeth of Stettin, to be crowned at Rome, after which he stayed four months in Tuscany, chiefly at

Lucca, trying what he could get from the Italian cities, and the families who were trying to become their lords.

Urban was obliged to return to Avignon, and there died; but the next Pope, Gregory XI., really came back to Rome, though the Cardinals had come to dislike the city so much that six of them stayed behind at Avignon. When Gregory died in 1378, some of the Cardinals chose Urban VI., an Italian, who could be trusted to live at Rome, but some who longed to be back at Avignon declared that they had only done so because the Roman mob had been shouting round them, "A Roman, a Roman." They fled



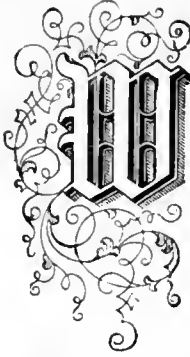
KARL IV. ENTERS AVIGNON.

away, and chose a Pope of their own who would live at Avignon, and thus began the great schism which did much harm to the Church. England and Germany held with the Roman Pope, and France with the Avignon Pope.

In that same year, 1378, Karl IV. died. He was a clever man, who knew many languages, and ruled Bohemia well; but he was careless of Germany, and used Italy as a mere treasure-house. By much bribery he had managed to get his eldest son, Wenzel, chosen King of the Romans two years before his death, and he had persuaded his brother to make him heir also to Luxemburg. He had another son named Siegmund, and his daughter was "good Queen Anne," the much-loved wife of Richard II. of England.

CHAPTER XXII.

WENZEL.....A.D. 1378-1400.



WENZEL or Wenceslaf of Luxemburg, King of Bohemia, had been chosen King of the Romans, and succeeded his father at seventeen. He was a man of rude and coarse nature, more like one of the half-crazed Roman Emperors than any Christian ruler, in the strange wild cruelties he committed. He left Germany to itself, and the disorders there grew so great that the cities, and the better sort of nobles in Swabia, formed themselves into a great league for defending one another and keeping order, sometimes attacking and taking robbers in their castles, and having them put to death. In truth, the king had now so little power in Germany that his ferocity could not do much mischief there. When he sent to the citizens of Rothemburg for a contribution of 4000 florins, and they refused; all the harm he could do them was to answer them in this letter, which is still preserved :

“To our unfaithful men of Rothemburg, who are disobedient to the Empire :

“The devil began to shear a hog, and spake thus, ‘Great cry and little wool.’

REX.”

But at his own Court at Prague he could show what he was. He invited the Czech nobles to an entertainment, where they found three tents pitched, black, white, and red. Wenzel himself was in the black tent, and as each came in, demanded of him what crown lands he held. If the noble said he was willing to yield them up, he was taken to the white tent, where he found a sumptuous banquet ; but if he declared that he had a right to them, he was hurried off to the red tent and beheaded.

At the next entertainment he gave, before his guests sat down, he showed them the executioner leaning on his axe, and said to that grim personage, “Wait awhile, thou shalt have work enough after dinner.” The nobles were not slow to take the hint, and Wenzel got whatever he chose to demand of them.

His wife must have had a miserable life, for he kept a pack of blood-hounds always about him at table, and in bed, where she was often torn by them. This unfortunate lady was Johanna of Bavaria, and she had a confessor named Johann Nepomuk, who led her to become very pious and devout, and could sometimes even restrain the King himself. Once, however,

when a fowl had been served up underdone, Wenzel ordered the unhappy cook to be fastened to a spit and roasted before the fire. Nepomuk threw himself before him, and used every means to make him change his horrible sentence, but in vain. He was only ordered off to prison, and kept there for several days, after which he was sent to the palace, invited to dinner with the King, and treated with great honor. But when Wenzel was alone with him, he found that it was to make him tell what the Queen said to him in confession, and this, as a good priest, he could not do. The King finding persuasions and promises in vain, had him tortured, and as he still refused, he was thrown bound hand and foot into the Moldau in the middle of the night, from the bridge at Prague which still bears his name; but his corpse floated up, and was carried to the Cathedral, the clergy and people flocking to see it and touch it, as that of a saint and martyr.

Wenzel's chief favorite was his executioner, whom he used to call "Gossip." He declared that he wanted to know what a man felt when he was beheaded; so he told the executioner to bind his eyes, laid his head on the block, and cried, "Strike." The man did so, but only with the flat of the sword. The King started up, ordered him to lay down his head in his turn, caught the sword up, and actually cut off his head!

His brother Siegmund, whom his father had made Elector of Brandenburg on the failure of the old line, and who had been married to the daughter of the King of Hungary, chosen by the Magyars as their king, was asked by the Czechs what to do with this dreadful madman. He advised them to keep him as a prisoner, and they shut him up in a castle at Prague. After some months, one day, when he was allowed to bathe in the Moldau, he managed to make his escape in a boat rowed by a young girl, and reaching one of his castles on the other side of the river, took up arms against the people. His brother Siegmund was called in, and coming with an army, made him prisoner again, and sent him to Vienna. There he was shut up in one of the towers of the castle, from the window of which he saw an old fisherman named Grundler giving alms, whenever he could, to the prisoners in the court. Wenzel called him, and so talked him over that he brought a silken cord, by means of which the King let himself down from the tower to a boat on the Danube, where Grundler was waiting to row him across. He reached Prague, and there set up his banner again, got back his kingdom, and rewarded Grundler by making him a noble.

In the meantime another attempt had been made by Duke Leopold of Austria to subdue the Swiss. He came with an army of four thousand knights against the peasants, who only mustered fourteen hundred men, many of them with shields of wood, and clubs with spikes round their heads, which they called morning stars. A knight called Hans of Hasenburg (Hare Castle) begged the Duke not to fight till his infantry should

have come up; but another knight cried, "Hare Castle! Hare Heart rather! I'll serve these fellows up to-night to the Duke, boiled or roasted, whichever he likes best."

The Austrians, who had sent their horses away because the ground was rough, drew up on foot at Sempach like one steel wall bristling with spears. The peasants knelt for a moment in prayer, and then an Unterwalden farmer, Arnold von Winkelried, shouted, "I will make a way for you, comrades. Take care of my wife and children." Therewith he dashed against the spears, grasped as many as he could in his arms, and pressing them all



ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED.

against his breast, held them there in the clasp of death, while the Swiss pressed into the gap he made, over his body, and broke the German ranks. Terror seized the army; they fled, all but the few braver ones who fought hard and desperately. The Duke was among them, and was killed at last as he lay wounded on the ground by a hump-backed plunderer, who was hung by the Swiss for the cowardly murder. Wenzel had by this time grown entirely unbearable, and in 1400 a diet was held at Laenstein, which deposed him and elected Friedrich of Brunswick; but on the way to Frankfort to be crowned the new King was treacherously murdered by the Count of Waldeck. Then the Electors chose the Pfalzgraf Ruprecht of the Rhine,

and Wenzel said he was very glad to hear of his own deposition, since he should have more time to attend to his own kingdom. He behaved much better during the nineteen years he survived, and took much interest in the University at Prague, where Johann Huss was the Professor of Philosophy, and taught the doctrines of Wickliffe, which had been brought from England by a noble in the suite of Queen Anne.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RUPRECHT.	A.D. 1400-1410.
JOBST.	1410-1411.
SIEGMUND.	1411.



RUPRECHT of the Rhine was a good and able man, but there was still a party who made the existence of Wenzel an excuse for obeying nobody, and the new King was not strong enough to force them to obey him. He tried to interfere in the affairs of Italy, which was in a state of great disorder, but he was defeated at Brescia, where the Duke of Austria was made prisoner, and this battle was the last the Germans fought on the other side of the Alps for at least fifty years, during which time the great free towns were nearly all seized by tyrant citizens who took the chief power.

In Germany Ruprecht was more respected, and put down the injustice of the Markgraf of Baden, who made every one who went through his lands pay a heavy toll. Ruprecht married his eldest son, Ludwig, to Blanche, daughter of Henry IV. of England, but she died at the end of the first year.

On Ruprecht's death in 1410, the Electors went back to the House of Luxemburg; but they were not agreed, half of them taking Jobst of Luxemburg, Markgraf of Moravia, son of a younger son of the blind John of Bohemia; and the other half, his cousin Siegmund, King of Hungary, and Elector of Brandenburg. Jobst was crowned, but died the next year, 1411, and at the diet ensuing, Siegmund, as Elector, voted for himself, saying that there was no one whose good qualities he knew so well as his own. The others agreed to accept him, and he was crowned at Aachen.

He was a clever man, with good intentions, but vain and flighty, and with the restless spirit of all the Luxemburg family. He was anxious to bring the Great Schism to an end, for it was now worse than ever, an

attempt at a council having been held which had deposed both Popes and elected another, but as neither would obey it, there were three Popes, just as there had been, during Jobst's life, three Kings of Germany at the same time. The need was the more felt that the teaching of the English John Wickliffe had been brought to Bohemia by the followers of Queen Anne, and had found favor at the University of Prague with two Bohemian scholars, Johann Huss, professor of philosophy, and Jerome Faulfisch, a master of arts. Wenzel had encouraged them, and the more Catholic professors had all gone off in a body to Leipzig. Hussite preaching had spread through Bohemia, and the Czechs were strongly crying out against the Pope's claim to be universal Bishop, and against the denying the Cup in the Holy Communion to the laity, as well as many of the horrid corruptions that had grown up in the Church. One of the worst of these was, that whereas the Popes had ventured to declare that whoever went on a crusade or on a pilgrimage to Rome would be freed from a certain number of years of purifying fire, which was called Purgatory, it had lately been said that indulgences, remitting part of the penance, might be had for money, which was supposed to go in alms, but was generally spent on the needs of the Pope and his Cardinals.

Siegmund was bent on holding a Council to set all these abuses to rights. He went to France and Italy, and at last in November, 1414, he brought together one of the three Popes, John XXIII., three Patriarchs, thirty-three Cardinals, forty-seven Archbishops, one hundred and forty-five Bishops, two hundred and twenty-four Abbots, eighteen hundred Priests, and seven hundred and fifty Doctors of Theology, at Constance. They were followed by a strange crew of all sorts of people, friars, knights, squires, merchants, pedlars, mountebanks, jugglers, beggars, so that all around the city was like an enormous fair. The clergy of each nation were to form different chambers, Italian, German, English, French, and Spanish. It was said of them, "The Germans are imperious and patient, the French boastful and vain, the English ready and wise, the Italians subtle and intriguing." Siegmund made a speech to open the Council, but he was wrong in his grammar, and when one of the Cardinals corrected him, he said, "I am King of the Romans, and lord of the Latin grammar." The first decision was that a Council of the Church is supreme to the Pope. Then Siegmund told the Council of the promises of the two absent Popes to resign, and John XXIII., finding that horrible stories were coming out against him, made oath that he would do the same; but instead of doing so, he persuaded Friedrich, Duke of Austria, to help him to run away to Schaffhausen. However, it was decided that this was the same as an abdication, and Friedrich was severely punished, and forced to give him up to be imprisoned for life.

Then the Council began to consider of doctrine. Siegmund had given a

safe-conduct to Johann Huss, to come to and go from Constance; but fearing it would not be respected, Huss tried to escape in a wagon of hay, but he was found and brought back again. Wickliffe's writings were read, and the errors in them condemned, and then John Huss was brought before the Council and forbidden to continue this teaching on pain of death. He would not promise silence, so he was condemned to be burnt, and when he appealed to the King's safe-conduct, Siegmund said that no faith was to be kept with a heretic, and Huss was burnt at a stake outside the town.



HUSS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

The next thing Siegmund did was to go all the way to Perpignan on the Pyrenees to force one of the anti-Popes to resign, and though he failed to do this, he persuaded the Spanish kings to withdraw their support, and promise to own any Pope whom the Council might elect. He gained the same promise from the French by going to Paris, and he then visited England, spent St. George's day at Windsor with Henry V., and was made a Knight of the Garter, and persuaded no less than four hundred Englishmen to go to the Council at Constance.

Not much had been done there except the burning of Jerome of Prague; but when the King returned, and Cardinal Beaufort arrived, the Germans,

who had tried hard to get the worst abuses reformed before a new Pope was chosen, gave way, and Martin IV. was elected. He hushed up matters by giving to each nation for a time what they most craved for, but staved off any real reformation.

But Huss's death had caused a terrible uproar in Bohemia, headed by a noble called John Ziska. He marched through Prague, storming the council chamber, and murdering the clergy. King Wenzel was dreadfully excited at the sounds, and one of his servants saying that he had known for the last three days that there would be an outbreak, he jumped up, caught the man



ZISKA IN BATTLE.

by the hair, and would have killed him; but being withheld by the bystanders, fell into a fit and died in 1419. Ziska, with a banner bearing the Chalice, marched through Bohemia, at the head of an army of all ranks, sexes, and ages, committing horrid ravages, though they called themselves God's people. When a battle was fought, he bade the women take off their veils and mantles and throw them on the ground to entangle the feet of the horses of their enemies. Though he soon lost his sight, he was a great captain, using a terrible iron mace which beat down all before him, and he defeated both Siegmund and the Duke of Austria. .





He died in the Plague in 1424, but Procop Holy was almost equally successful, and when, in 1431, the council of Basle met to confirm the decrees of Constance, peace was made with the Hussites, or Calixtines, as they termed themselves in honor of the Chalice, and they were allowed to have the Holy Eucharist in both kinds, freedom of preaching, and to keep the property of which they had robbed the priests.

After this, Siegmund was crowned as King of Bohemia, and with his second queen, a wicked woman named Barbara Cilly, was crowned at Prague. They had only one daughter named Elizabeth, and Siegmund had given the electoral county of Brandenburg to Friedrich of Hohenzollern, Burgraf of Nuremberg. The kingdoms of Bohemia, Hungary, and the Empire he wished to leave to his daughter's husband, Albrecht, Duke of Austria; but Barbara was scheming to keep them herself, and marry Ladislaf, King of Poland, though he was twenty-three and she sixty, and so she pretended to be a great friend of the Hussites, so as to get their support, though she really believed in nothing.

Siegmund thought his last illness was owing to poison that she had given him, and ordered her to be arrested. He called the barons of Hungary and Bohemia to his death-bed, and named his son-in-law, Albrecht of Hapsburg, Duke of Austria, as his successor in these kingdoms. He died in Moravia, in his seventieth year, on the 2th of September, 1438.

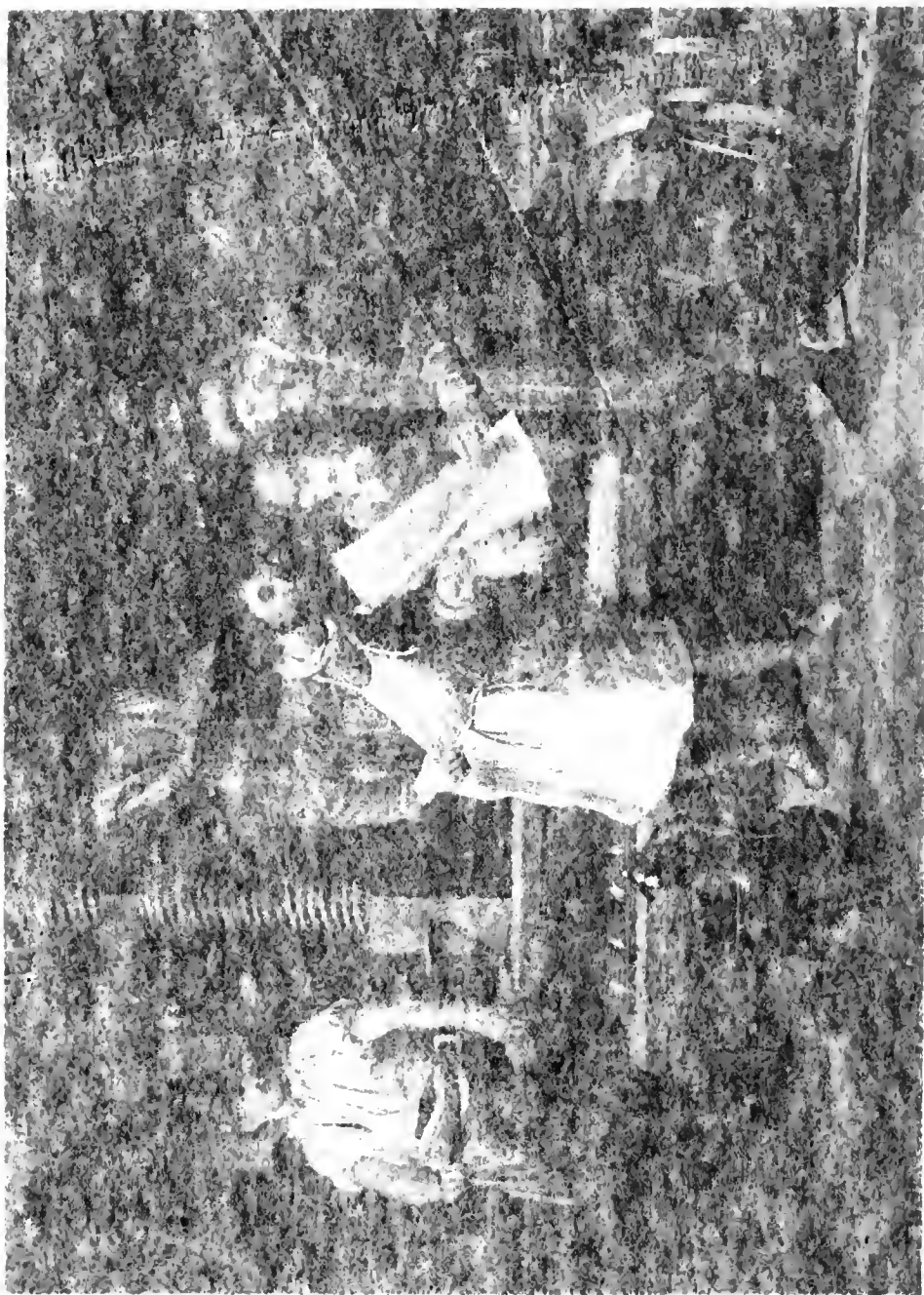
CHAPTER XXIV.

ALBRECHT II A.D. 1385-1419.
 FRIEDRICH III 1440-1452.



ALBRECHT of Austria had to fight with the Calixtines for the crown of Bohemia, but was accepted at last, and he was also chosen King of Hungary and King of the Romans. He was a good and able man, and as King of Hungary found himself bound to keep back the terrific Ottoman Turks, who had become the chief Mohammedan power. They had crossed the Dardanelles, made their capital at Adrianople, and were threatening Constantinople on the one hand, and Hungary on the other.

Albrecht marched against them, and encamped on the Danube, but he had not men enough to prevent the fall of the Servian city of Semendria, and when he succeeded in collecting an army, the unwholesome marshes in



Samuel Hess, Publisher, New York

He died in the Plague in 1424, but Procop Holy was almost equally successful, and when, in 1431, the council of Basle met to confirm the decrees of Constance, peace was made with the Hussites, or Calixtines, as they termed themselves in honor of the Chalice, and they were allowed to have the Holy Eucharist in both kinds, freedom of preaching, and to keep the property of which they had robbed the priests.

After this, Siegmund was owned as King of Bohemia, and with his second queen, a wicked woman named Barbara Cilly, was crowned at Prague. They had only one daughter named Elizabeth, and Siegmund had given the electoral county of Brandenburg to Friedrich of Hohenzollern, Burgraf of Nuremberg. The kingdoms of Bohemia, Hungary, and the Empire he wished to leave to his daughter's husband, Albrecht, Duke of Austria; but Barbara was scheming to keep them herself, and marry Ladislaf, King of Poland, though he was twenty-three and she sixty, and so she pretended to be a great friend of the Hussites, so as to get their support, though she really believed in nothing.

Siegmund thought his last illness was owing to poison that she had given him, and ordered her to be arrested. He called the barons of Hungary and Bohemia to his death-bed, and named his son-in-law, Albrecht of Hapsburg, Duke of Austria, as his successor in these kingdoms. He died in Moravia, in his seventieth year, on the 9th of September, 1438.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALBRECHT II.	A.D. 1438-1440.
FRIEDRICH III.	1440-1482.



ALBRECHT of Austria had to fight with the Calixtines for the crown of Bohemia, but was accepted at last, and he was also chosen King of Hungary and King of the Romans. He was a good and able man, and as King of Hungary found himself bound to keep back the terrible Othman Turks, who had become the chief Mohammedan power. They had crossed the Dardanelles, made their capital at Adrianople, and were threatening Constantinople on the one hand, and Hungary on the other.

Albrecht marched against them, and encamped on the Danube, but he had not men enough to prevent the fall of the Servian city of Semendria, and when he succeeded in collecting an army, the unwholesome marshes in

which he was encamped brought on illness which forced him to turn back. He was so ill that his physician begged him to stop at Buda, but he declared that he should be well if he could only see Vienna and his wife again, and was carried forward in a litter to a little village near Gran, where he died at forty-two years old, having only reigned two years. He left two little daughters, and a son who was born after his death, and christened Ladislas or Lassla.

The Hungarians wanted a man to defend them, and offered their crown to King Ladislas of Poland; but when he came to be crowned, the holy



THE CROWN OF ST. STEPHEN.

crown of St. Stephen of Hungary could nowhere be found, till Elizabeth with her little son appeared at Weissenberg, and produced the crown, which had been hidden in his cradle. He was crowned with it and knighted at twelve weeks old; but the disputed succession was a miserable thing for all Europe, when Hungary ought to have been the bulwark of Christendom against the Turks. However, the King of Poland was chosen for the present by the great body of Hungarians, and Elizabeth retired into Styria, where she soon died.

The Electors had in the meantime met, and had given the crown to the

eldest member of the House of Hapsburg, Friedrich, Duke of Styria, first cousin to Albrecht, a dull, indolent man, but very avaricious and grasping. Everything he had was marked with the letters A E I O U, which puzzled every one all his life, but after his death a key was found in his own handwriting.

Latin—*Austria est Imperare orbi universo.*
German—*Alles erdreich ist Oesterreich untherthan.*

Or, as we may render it in English—

Austria's Empire is over [the] universe.

OR

All earth is Oesterreich's underling.



FRIEDRICH'S RECEPTION OF ELEANOR.

Indeed he thought much of astrology and magic, and cared more for these than for the affairs of the Empire, except that he grasped all the money that came into his possession. He was not Duke of all Austria, which was divided between him and his brother Albrecht, and he had neither Hungary nor Bohemia; but he was the last Emperor who was crowned at Rome, in 1452, and he then made the Austrian title, *Erzherzog*, or Archduke.

His wife was Eleanor of Portugal, a beautiful lady who met him at Siena, and was married to him at Rome by the Pope himself, after which he

knighted his young cousin, Lassla, king by right of Bohemia and Hungary. There were prodigious feasting, with tables for thirty thousand guests, and the fountains running with wine; but Friedrich was so little thought of in Italy that practical jokes were played on him. As he rode into Viterbo under a canopy of cloth of gold, some young men let down hooks from the balconies above, and pulled that up, after which they proceeded to fish for his hat which had a valuable jewel in it; but this was more than Friedrich could bear, he seized a staff, and charged the uncivil crowd. The ringleaders were sent to prison, but released at his request.

Young Lassla died in 1457, and Bohemia chose for king, George Podiebrad, a Hussite noble, while the Hungarians elected Matthias Corvinus, son of John Huniades, a nobleman who had bravely defended them against the Turks—who, in 1453, had taken Constantinople, and were more dangerous than ever. Friedrich was greatly disliked even in Austria, and was actually besieged in the fortress of Vienna with his wife and child by the populace, till he was delivered by George Podiebrad, whom he rewarded by owning him as King of Bohemia.

His brother Albrecht died in 1463, and he then gained the rest of Austria, except the Tyrol, which belonged to his cousin Siegmund, as did also Elsass. Siegmund being an extravagant needy prince, mortgaged Elsass to the great Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold, who had inherited Flanders, Holland, and all the lands at the mouths of the Rhine, Maes, &c., which were partly fiefs of Germany and partly of France; Charles was like the king of all this, the richest country in Europe; and as he had only one child, Mary of Burgundy, he proposed to marry her to Maximilian, the only son of Friedrich, on being himself elected King of the Romans. Thus, after his death, Maximilian and Mary would reign together, and large hereditary possessions would be added to Austria. Friedrich and his son met Charles at Trier. Maximilian, whose name had been invented by his father as a compound of Maximus and Æmilianus, was a splendid young man of eighteen, with long fair hair, a great contrast to his dull, heavy father, who was lame from a disease in his foot, brought on by a habit of always kicking doors open.

There were eight weeks of feasting and tilting at Charles's expense, and preparations were made for Charles's coronation as King of the Romans, when five out of the seven Electors, angry that their consent should have been taken for granted, and for different reasons disliking Charles, persuaded the Emperor out of the scheme, and in the middle of the night Friedrich stole down to the river Moselle, took boat, and had reached Köln before his flight was discovered. He had left all his debts unpaid, and no farewells for his host.

The Duchy of Lorraine had been seized on by Charles, and the rightful

heir, Réne of Vandémont, was fighting hard for it, supported secretly by Louis XI. of France, the great foe of Burgundy. And Siegmund had hopes of getting back Elsass without paying the sum it was pawned for, since Charles's governor, Peter von Hagenbach, was harsh and cruel, and hated by the people, who, jointly with a band of Swiss, rose against him, and put him to death at Breisach. There broke out a great war between Burgundy on the one hand, and Lorraine, Elsass, and Switzerland on the other. The Swiss overthrew the knights in two great battles at Granson and Muret,



CHARLES THE BOLD AT NANCY.

and finally, while Charles was besieging Nancy, the capital of Lorraine, they came down on his camp in the dawn of the Twelfth day morning of the year 1477, broke up his fine army, and left him lying dead in a frozen pool.

His young daughter did not inherit Burgundy, but was heiress to the many counties of Holland and the Netherlands. She was beset by Louis XI., who wanted to marry her to his son, and her own subjects in the great Flemish towns were turbulent and factious, and put her father's trusty old counsellors to death for a supposed intrigue with France. In her distress, she sent Maximilian a ring, and he hastened to her aid, and married her at once. For three years they were most happy together; then in 1482 she was killed by a fall from her horse, leaving two little children, Philip and Margarethe.

CHAPTER XXV.

FRIEDRICH III. A.D. 1482-1493.



FRIEDRICH III. was in trouble at home while his son was in the Low Countries. The Pope would not own George Podiebrad as King of Bohemia, because he was a Calixtine, and a crusade against him was preached in Germany and Austria. In much anger, George invaded Austria, and brought the Emperor to such distress that he promised to support Matthias Corvinus, who had been elected by the Bohemian Catholics, if he would defend Austria.

However, he then grew alarmed at the notion of the two kingdoms being joined under so great a leader as Matthias, and when George proposed to the Bohemians, Ladislas, the son of the King of Poland, and of Elizabeth, the daughter of Albrecht II., he gave the measure his support, and Ladislas claimed the crown on George's death.

Matthias was very angry at Friedrich's treachery. He defeated the Polish army which was supporting Ladislas, and also gained a great victory over the Turks, and took the fortress of Saltzbach on the Danube, which was a great protection against the Othman power. Then he invaded Austria, where the Emperor made no resistance, but fled from Vienna and went wandering from city to city and convent to convent, seeking help which he could not find.

Nor could his son give him any aid, for the States of Flanders and Holland would not let Maximilian have the charge of them for his little son after his wife's death, but concluded a treaty with Louis XI. of France, and sent the infant Margarethe to be brought up at Paris for a wife for the Dauphin Charles. However, at a diet at Frankfort, the Electors chose Maximilian King of the Romans, and soon after, Anne, the heiress of Brittany, who was sorely pressed by the French on one hand and her own people on the other, sent to beg him to come and marry her, and save her from her enemies. He set out with a troop of Germans, but he had to pass through the city of Bruges, and there the burghers were so angry at his bringing Germans into Flanders, that when he came into the town with only his own attendants, they rose upon him, and drove him into an apothecary's shop, whence he was taken to the castle and kept a prisoner for ten months, till the German princes collected an army and forced the Flemings to make terms, and to set him free. He behaved through the whole time with the

greatest patience and good humor, and after giving thanks for his freedom in the Church at Bruges, turned to the citizens and said, "We are now at peace." By that time Anne of Brittany had become the wife of that very Charles of France who had been betrothed to Maximilian's daughter Margarethe, and she was sent back to Brussels, father and daughter being thus both disappointed.

Maximilian was a fine tall graceful man, who had studied all that was then known of language, art, and science, and was brave to rashness. He went into a den with some lions, and when the door closed on him, and they turned on him, he defended himself with a shovel till help came. He climbed to the topmost pinnacle of the spire of Ulm Cathedral, and stood there with half one foot overhanging. He was a most fearless chamois hunter, and had been in many terrible dangers from winds and avalanches in the Tyrolean mountains. Once he slipped down a precipice called the Martinswand, and was caught by a small ledge of rock with a cleft behind it, whence there was no way up or down. The whole population came out and saw him, but could do nothing to help him, or hinder him from being starved. He threw down a stone with a paper fastened to it, begging that Mass might be celebrated below, and a shot fired to let him know the moment of the consecration. At night, however, he suddenly appeared among his friends, saying that a shepherd boy had come and led him through a passage in the cleft through the mountain, and brought him back in safety. This shepherd was never seen again, and was believed by the Tyrolese to have been an angel. A little church built by Maximilian still stands on the top of the rock.

For his daring courage he was called the Last of the Knights; and he made many experiments on the management of fire-arms, which were just coming into general use. In these he ran great risks and had hairbreadth escapes. Once the long pointed toe of his boot was caught and torn off by the wheel of a machine for turning stone cannon-balls; and another time he was just in time to detect his fool putting a match to the mouth of a cannon before which he was standing. He made, however, many improvements in the artillery of the time; he greatly encouraged printing; and especially favored the great Nuremburg painter, Albrecht Durer. He even wrote in great part two curious books called "Theurdank" and "The White King," in which he described his whole life and adventures in a sort of allegory, in both bringing in his marriage with Marie of Burgundy, for whom he never ceased to mourn all his life.

Meantime the misrule and lawlessness of Germany were unbearable. A robber knight called Kunz of Kauffingen, in 1455, actually scaled the Castle of Altenberg, belonging to the Elector Friedrich the Mild of Saxony, in the middle of the night, and stole his two little sons, Ernst and Albrecht.

Ernst was hidden by some of the band in a cave, but Kunz himself, carrying Albrecht before him on his horse, halted in a forest at daybreak, and dismounted to refresh the child with some wild strawberries. A charcoal-burner came up at the moment, and Albrecht shrieked out to him for help; when he laid about him so gallantly with his long pole, that he detained Kunz till at his whistle other woodmen came up; the boy was rescued, and the robber taken. His gang then gave up the other child to his parents, and Kunz was beheaded at Freiburg a week later.



• A ROBBER KNIGHT EXACTING TRIBUTE.

The princes and cities began to exert themselves to prevent such outrages, the Swabian League especially; feud letters were strictly forbidden, and the castles on the mountains where the nobles had held out against all law and order were stormed, and the nobles reduced to submission, or else put to death. In all this the Emperor took little part, being chiefly taken up with astrology and alchemy, and with hoarding treasure; and indeed he behaved shamefully in withholding the ransoms of his own Austrian nobles who had been made prisoners by the Turks.

When Siegmund of Hapsburg died he left Tyrol to Albrecht, Duke of

Bavaria, who had married Friedrich's daughter, Kunigunde. He also seized the great Imperial city of Regensburg; but with the aid of the Swabian League he was reduced to make peace by the mediation of Maximilian. The high qualities of the King of the Romans had led Matthias Corvinus to be willing to make him his heir, but the Magyars chose instead Ladislas of Poland, who was already King of Bohemia.

Friedrich was seventy-eight years old when he had his diseased leg cut off. He took it in his hand, saying, "There! a sound boor is better than a sick Kaiser." He seemed to be going on well, but he ate too plentifully of melons, and died on the 19th of August, 1493, having reigned fifty-three years, a reign longer than that of any Emperor except Augustus.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MAXIMILIAN. A.D. 1493-1519.



MAISAR MAX, as every one called him, though he never was crowned as Emperor, began by gallantly driving back the Turks, who had advanced as far as Laybach, so that he was hailed at Innsbruck, his favorite city, as a deliverer.

He then married Bianca Maria, the sister of Giovanni Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, because he wished to have a footing in Italy; but he never loved her like the wife of his youth, and she seems to have been a dull heavy woman, who grew inordinately fat from eating snails. The affairs of

Italy were the great concern, for Bianca's uncle, Ludovico Sforza, after having brought about an invasion of Italy by Charles VIII. of France, was ready to do anything to get rid of him. Maximilian joined the league against him, and for many years there was a continual struggle in Italy between Germans, French, and Spaniards, the Italians themselves sometimes taking part with one, sometimes with the other, and only wishing to get rid of them all alike as foreigners. The Pope, Alexander VI., was one of the worst of men, and had brought the Church into such a state, that all good men felt that there was no cure but calling a General Council. Philip, the son of Maximilian and Marie of Burgundy, had been married to Juana, the daughter of Ferdinand, King of Aragon, and Isabel, Queen of Castille. He died in 1504, leaving two sons, Charles and Ferdinand, and five daughters. His wife became insane with grief, and the children were brought up by

Margarethe, his sister, who ruled their inheritance of the Low Countries with great wisdom and skill. She and her father wrote very amusing letters to one another, which are still preserved.

She was sent to manage a treaty which Maximilian made with Louis XII. of France against the republic of Venice, and met the French minister, the Cardinal of Amboise, at Cambrai, where she wrote to her father she and he were nearly ready to pull each other's hair, but at last they agreed to attack the Venetians, who had beaten the Germans and laughed at the Kaiser, calling him Maximilian the moneyless. Both he and Louis XII. crossed the Alps, but the German nobles had little mind for the war, and the only troops he could trust were the landskuechts, foot-soldiers of low birth, who carried heavy pikes, formed troops under captains of their own, and hired themselves out to fight. At the siege of Padua, Maximilian asked the French knights to storm the place together with the landsknechts; but they made answer that they would not do so unless the German knights likewise joined in the assault. Maximilian thought this fair, but the German nobility made answer that they would only fight on horseback, and that it was beneath them to dismount and scramble through ditches and walls. The Kaiser was so much ashamed of them that he set out at night with only five men, rode forty miles without stopping, sent orders to break up the camp, and retired to Austria.

He was always making great schemes, and breaking down suddenly in them for want of money, or of the support of his princes, and thus, though he was the cleverest sovereign on the throne, and with the highest ideas and noblest notions, he was little trusted or respected, and he did very strange things. Julius II. drew him and Henry VIII. into what he called the Holy League, for driving the French out of Italy, and when Henry attacked them at home, and laid siege to Terouenne, Maximilian went and served in his army as a private knight for one hundred crowns a day.

And when Julius II. died, Maximilian actually tried to be elected Pope, thinking that thus he could best call a council and reform the Church, but he was not attended to, and Pope Leo X. was chosen. All this made foreign nations laugh at him and think him untrustworthy, but his failures were chiefly owing to the disobedience and want of public spirit of the German princes. He once said the King of France reigned over asses, for they would bear any burthen he pleased; the King of Spain was a king of men, who only submitted in reason; the King of England was a king of angels, who did him willing faithful service; but the Kaiser reigned over kings who only obeyed him when they chose.

And that was seldom. The Germans were in a bad state, rude and boorish, too poor and too proud to seek improvement, drunkards, and great sticklers for rank. The free cities were much better in some ways, but two



W. H. B. 1848

A. H. PAYNE sc.

LEO X.

Publ. by W. H. B.

Sidney H. Co., Publishers, New York

of them actually went to war because a maiden of one refused to marry with a young burgher of the other. Maximilian suffered in authority by the loss of Bohemia, and Switzerland entirely broke off from the Empire; but he did much toward setting things in a better state for the future, by dividing the Empire into circles, Bavaria, Swabia, Franconia, Austria, Burgundy, Upper and Lower Saxony, and the Upper and Lower Rhine. A governor was placed over each circle, whose duty it was to carry out the decisions of the diet and to keep order. Austria was kept in excellent order, and there was a court set up to hear appeals from the country. It was called



LUTHER AT WITTENBURG.

the Aulic Council, from *Aula*, a hall, and became very important. But do what he would, the Germans had not public spirit enough to join their Kaiser in attacking the Turks, who grew more dangerous every year. Maximilian vainly appealed to them. A very large meteoric stone which came down near Ensisheim was held to be a thunder-bolt, and Maximilian had it hung up in the Church, to show what might be looked for from the wrath of Heaven; but all in vain. No one heeded his warnings.

The wisest man in Germany was the good Elector of Saxony, Friedrich, son of the Albrecht who had been stolen. He had founded a university at



of them actually went to war because a maiden of one refused to dance with a young burgher of the other. Maximilian suffered in authority by the loss of Bohemia, and Switzerland entirely broke off from the Empire; but he did much toward setting things in a better state for the future, by dividing the Empire into circles, Bavaria, Swabia, Franconia, Austria, Burgundy, Upper and Lower Saxony, and the Upper and Lower Rhine. A governor was placed over each circle, whose duty it was to carry out the decisions of the diet and to keep order. Austria was kept in excellent order, and there was a court set up to hear appeals from the country. It was called



LUTHER AT WITTENBERG.

the Aulic Council, from *Aula*, a hall, and became very important. But do what he would, the Germans had not public spirit enough to join their Kaiser in attacking the Turks, who grew more dangerous every year. Maximilian vainly appealed to them. A very large meteoric stone which came down near Encisheim was held to be a thunderbolt, and Maximilian had it hung up in the Church, to show what might be looked for from the wrath of Heaven; but all in vain. No one heeded his warnings.

The wisest man in Germany was the good Elector of Saxony, Friedrich, son of the Albrecht who had been stolen. He had founded a university at

Wittenberg, and here one of the professors was Martin Luther, the son of a woodcutter of Thuringia, who had struggled into getting educated at the University of Erfurt, and had become a monk. He had been much troubled in mind by the sense of sin, until a good old monk taught him to think most of the merits of his Saviour. He read the Bible with all his might, and became a great preacher, as well as a doctor of theology at Wittenberg. A friar named John Tetzel came to the neighborhood selling indulgences, and saying such shocking things to recommend them, that Luther's spirit



TETZEL SELLING INDULGENCES.

was stirred, and on the 31st of October, 1517, he nailed to the church door at Wittenberg a paper called a thesis, in which he challenged the whole system on which the sale of indulgences was founded. The thesis was printed, and spread all over Germany, so that there was a vehement controversy, in which Maximilian took some interest, but he was much taken up with trying to secure the Empire to his grandson Charles, and likewise with the endeavor to raise Germany against the Turks. For this purpose he held a diet at Angsburg, but a knight named Ulrich of Hutten sent round a paper calling the Pope a worse foe to Christendom than the Sultan, and

the princes disputed and did nothing. The Kaiser went away grieved, and soon after fell ill of a fever, and died at Wels in Austria in his fifty-ninth year, in 1519. A chest he had always carried about with him for the last four years turned out to be his coffin, and he was buried by his own desire at Neustadt, though he had built himself a most beautiful monument at Innsbruck.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHARLES V. A.D. 1519-1529.



ON the death of Maximilian, the Empire was coveted by three kings, Henry VIII. of England, Francis I. of France, and Charles* of Spain. Henry, however, on inquiry, found that he was better off in England than he would have been with the addition of the stormy Empire, and gave up all thoughts of offering himself; but Francis declared that he and Charles were both suitors for the same lady, and sent wagon-loads of treasure to decide her choice.

The Electors, however, wished to choose the good Frederick the Wise of Saxony, and would have done so but that he declared that the Emperor ought to have much larger lands of his own than his half of Saxony, in order to be able to protect the country from the Turks, and he also thought himself too old for such a charge. He therefore led them to choose the late Kaiser's grandson, Charles of Hapsburg, Archduke of Austria, and lord of all the little fiefs that made up the Low Countries, as well as King of all Spain, Naples, and Sicily, though his mother, the poor, crazy Juana, was still alive, watching her husband's coffin, in hopes that he would wake again.

Charles had been born at Ghent with the century, and was only nineteen. His aunt Margarethe had educated him at Brussels, and he was more of a Fleming than anything else. He was the exact contrary of his brilliant grandfather, grave, silent, thoughtful; very slow in making up his mind, but never changing his purpose when he had once decided. He was long in growing up, and had a sensitive nervous timidity about him, which he only kept under by very strong self-control. He was a religious man, and anxious for the good of the Church; and he set before him from the first two great works as the duty of the head of the Holy Roman Empire—

* In Germany, Karl; in Spain, Carlos; but he is generally known by his Flemish name, Charles.

namely, to hold a general council for the purifying of the Church, and to have a crusade to drive back the Turks; but in both these he was hindered all through his reign by the jealousy of Francis I.

Luther wrote to him on the state of the Church in strong and bitter words, and at the same time Pope Leo X. put forth a bull denouncing Luther's teaching, and commanding that if he did not recant within sixty days he should be sent to Rome and dealt with as a heretic. This bull was burnt by Luther and his scholars in the market-place at Wittenberg, all his



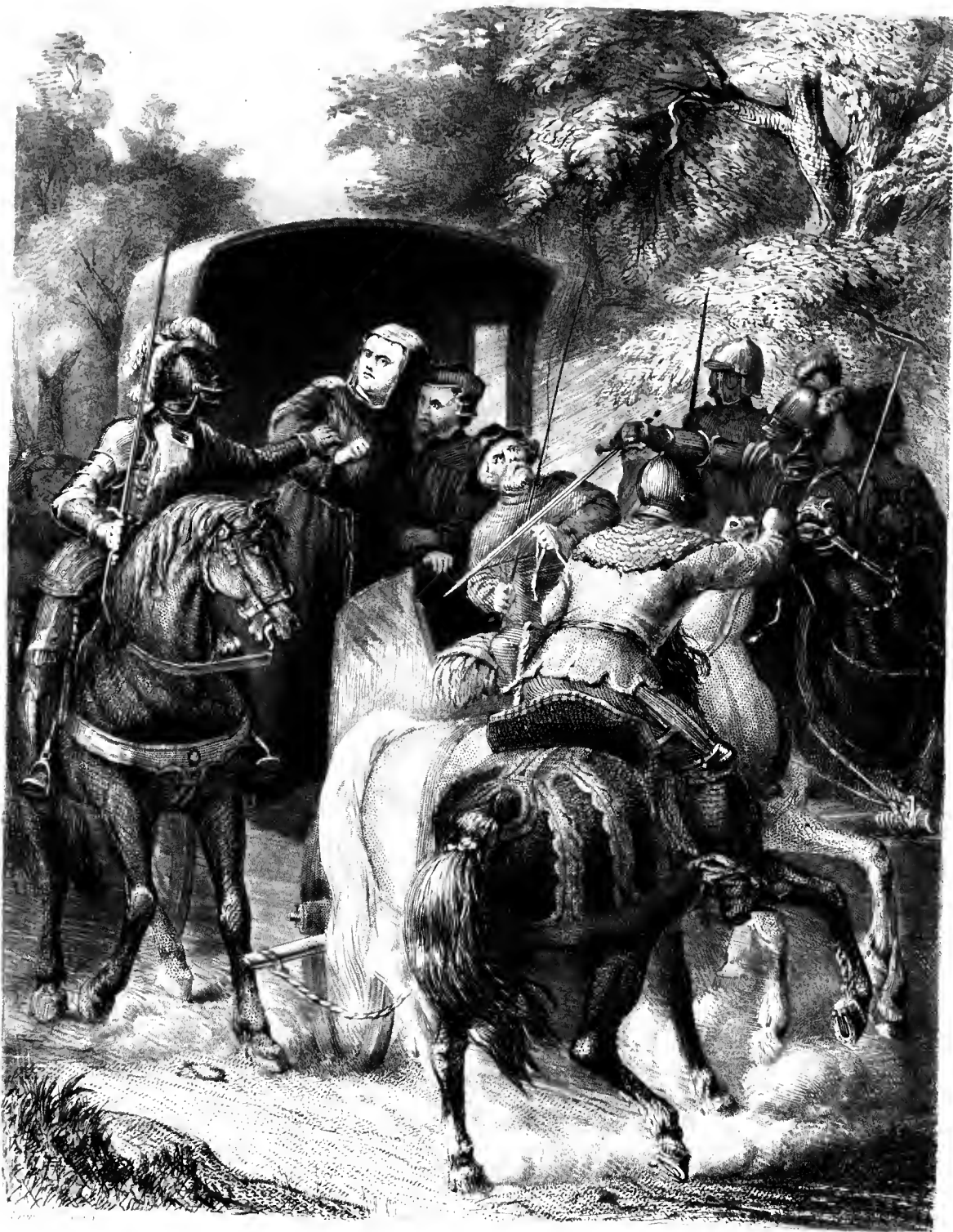
LUTHER BURNS THE POPE'S BULL.

friends refused to publish it, and he appealed from it to a General Council of the Church.

Charles called together a Diet to meet at Wurms on the 6th of January, 1521, and invited Luther thither with a safe-conduct. It was feared that this might be no more heeded than the safe-conduct of Siegmund to Huss; but Luther declared he would go "though there should be as many devils at Wurms as there were tiles on the roofs," and he came into the city in a wagon chanting Psalms.

The Diet was the largest that had ever met in Germany, for Luther's friends mustered there to protect him, and an old captain of landsknechts,





LUTHER'S CAPTURE.

THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION

George of Freundsburg, came and shook him by the hand, saying, "Little monk, thou art on a march, and charge such as we captains never saw in our bloodiest battle; but if thy cause be just, On in God's name. He will not forsake thee." Luther was asked whether he had written the books that were before the Diet. He said yes, and began to defend himself in Latin. Charles deemed him rough and coarse, and said, "This is not the man to make me a heretic." The Emperor thought a Diet was not the place for discussing religious matters, and so would only have him asked by the Chancellor whether he would recant, or run the risks of the law against heretics. Luther looked round, and said, "Here I am. I can no otherwise. God help me. Amen."

The clergy held other arguments with him, but he had gone on to dispute many doctrines besides that of the power of the Pope to pardon sin, and it was plain there could be no agreement. Charles would not let his safe-conduct be violated, but Luther's friends, not trusting to this, sent him away secretly by night, and fearing he might be arrested at Wittenberg, the Elector of Saxony caused him to be waylaid on the road by men who passed for robbers. They disguised him as a Junker, as squires were called, and carried him off to the Tower of Würtburg, where he spent his time in translating the Bible into German.

Charles at this Diet divided his lands of Austria with his younger brother Ferdinand, who married Anne, the daughter of Ladislaw, King of Hungary and Bohemia. Ferdinand was a man whom every one liked, and was a most faithful brother to Charles, who left him to govern in Germany when he himself was obliged to return to Spain, because his old tutor, Adrian of Utrecht, whom he had left to govern there, had been chosen Pope. Adrian was a good man, and Charles hoped by his help to reform the Church; but he was too good for the wicked court of Rome, and was soon poisoned. A Pope was elected, named Clement VII., whose great desire was to prevent any council that would lessen the gains of the Pope and Cardinals.

Francis I. had begun a war almost immediately on Charles's election, on four different quarrels, namely, the kingdom of Naples, the dukedom of Milan, and the French fiefs of the Low Countries, all of which Francis said belonged to him, and the kingdom of Navarre, which was a Spanish quarrel. Charles said that he trusted God that he did not begin the war, and that when they left off, any or other of them would be much poorer than when they began.

And indeed in the Spaniards Charles had the very best soldiers then in the world, and could do almost anything with them, so that he at once drove the French out of Milan. His chief general was the Marquis of Pescara, a Neapolitan noble, and on a quarrel with his master, the chief nobleman of France, the Constable of Bourbon, deserted to him. The King



George of Freundsburg, came and shook him by the hand, saying, "Little monk, thou art on a march, and charge such as we captains never saw in our bloodiest battle; but if thy cause be just, On in God's name, He will not forsake thee." Luther was asked whether he had written the books that were before the Diet. He said yes, and began to defend himself in Latin. Charles deemed him rough and coarse, and said, "This is not the man to make me a heretic." The Emperor thought a Diet was not the place for discussing religious matters, and so would only have him asked by the Chancellor whether he would recant, or run the risks of the law against heretics. Luther looked round, and said, "Here I am. I can no otherwise. God help me. Amen."

The clergy held other arguments with him, but he had gone on to dispute many doctrines besides that of the power of the Pope to pardon sin, and it was plain there could be no agreement. Charles would not let his safe-conduct be violated, but Luther's friends, not trusting to this, sent him away secretly by night, and fearing he might be arrested at Wittenberg, the Elector of Saxony caused him to be waylaid on the road by men who passed for robbers. They disguised him as a Junker, as squires were called, and carried him off to the Tower of Wartburg, where he spent his time in translating the Bible into German.

Charles at this Diet divided his lands of Austria with his younger brother Ferdinand, who married Anne, the daughter of Ladislaw, King of Hungary and Bohemia. Ferdinand was a man whom every one liked, and was a most faithful brother to Charles, who left him to govern in Germany when he himself was obliged to return to Spain, because his old tutor, Adrian of Utrecht, whom he had left to govern there, had been chosen Pope. Adrian was a good man, and Charles hoped by his help to reform the Church; but he was too good for the wicked court of Rome, and was soon poisoned. A Pope was elected, named Clement VII., whose great desire was to prevent any council that could lessen the gains of the Pope and Cardinals.

Francis I. had begun a war almost immediately on Charles's election, on four different quarrels, namely, the kingdom of Naples, the dukedom of Milan, and the French fiefs of the Low Countries, all of which Francis said belonged to him, and the kingdom of Navarre, which was a Spanish quarrel. Charles said that he praised God that he did not begin the war, and that when they left off, one or other of them would be much poorer than when they began.

And indeed, in the Spaniards Charles had the very best soldiers then in the world, and could do almost anything with them, so that he at once drove the French out of Milan. His chief general was the Marquis of Pescara, a Neapolitan noble, and on a quarrel with his master, the chief nobleman in France, the Constable of Bourbon deserted to him. The King

invaded Italy and besieged Pavia, but Pescara and Bourbon marched against him, routed his army, made him prisoner, and sent him to Charles at Madrid. Charles would have no rejoicings, as he said that a war between Christian kings was only a matter for sorrow. He would only release Francis on condition of his giving up all claims to the Sicilies and Milan, and also the duchy of Burgundy, which had gone back to the crown on the death of Charles the Bold. Francis raged at first, and said he would rather give up his crown; but soon he pined himself ill, and then made an oath, with no subject of Charles to hear him, that he was under constraint, and should not hold himself bound by his promises. Then he engaged to do all Charles had demanded, and was taken to the frontier and set free, giving his two little sons as hostages.

But he would not keep his word nor give up the duchy of Burgundy; and made a league with Clement VII., who wanted to prevent the Emperor from forcing him to call a council. He suffered, however, for this league, for there were a number of wild landsknechts in the north of Italy, with the Constable of Bourbon and George of Freundsberg; and they took it into their heads to march to Rome and plunder it, meaning to go on to Naples, and make Bourbon king. The Pope had no troops able to make much defence, though Bourbon was shot dead as he was about to enter. The lawless soldiers spread all over the city, and the Pope shut himself up in the Castle of St. Angelo. There was horrible cruelty, plunder, and sacrilege for many days, before the soldiers, fairly worn out with their excesses, could be got out of Rome by Lannoy, Charles's Flemish governor of Naples. The French army in the north of Italy caught the plague that had begun among the landsknechts at Rome, and nearly all perished, and Francis was obliged again to make peace. His mother and Charles's aunt Margarethe met at Cambrai and settled the terms. It was called the Ladies' Peace, and was signed in 1529.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHARLES V. A.D. 1530-1585.



AFTER the Ladies' Peace was signed, Charles V. met Clement VII. at Bologna, and was crowned King of Italy and Roman Emperor. He was the last who was so crowned. He urged Clement so strongly to hold a council that there was no withstanding him. The Pope promised to send out letters, and Charles went to hold a diet at Augsburg, to take measures for driving back the Turks, and setting Europe at peace from without as well as within.

During the nine years since the Diet of Wurns, the opinions of Luther had made great progress. Luther had, after about eighteen months, come back from Wartburg, because Carlstadt, one of his pupils, was doing such wild things at Wittenberg, that it was needful to interfere. Luther had, however, come to think convents and monastic vows were harmful, and those monks and nuns who accepted his teaching left their convents, and many priests married. There was no vow to hinder priests from wedlock, but monks and nuns had promised not to marry. However, Luther thought them not binding, and himself married Katherine Bora, one of five nuns who had been carried out of their convent in empty beer barrels.

When all these changes were happening, the peasants, who had been horribly ill-used for ages, made a great rising in Swabia, Franconia, Elsass, and Thuringia. Their chief leader was one Thomas Münzer, who declared that all men's goods ought to be in common, and led about a host of miners, laborers, and woodmen, who perpetrated the most horrid cruelties on the unfortunate nobles and ladies who fell into their hands, and forced some of the knights to march in their ranks, while they waudered about, sacking every castle and convent whose walls were not strong enough to keep them out. Troops were raised by Philip, Landgraf of Hesse, Heinrich, Duke of Brunswick, and Johann, brother to the Elector of Saxony, and met the peasants at Frankenhausen. Münzer pointed to a rainbow in the sky, and told his poor deluded followers that it was the pledge of victory; but they were trodden down by the well-armed knights and slaughtered like sheep. Münzer himself was found hidden in a hayloft and executed. One prisoner, when asked how he had fared, said, "Ah, sir! the rule of the peasants is ten times worse than the rule of a knight." Every one was hot against these unhappy peasants except the good Elector Friedrich, who said that if they

were brutal savages it was the fault of the princes who had left them to become so, and whose heart was broken by the evils around him. He died soon after, saying he knew not where to find faith or truth on earth, and was succeeded by his brother Johann.

A diet had been held by the Archduke Ferdinand at Speier, in the hope of opening the eyes of the Germans to the need of supporting his brother-in-law, Ludwig, King of Hungary, against the Turks; but they would attend to nothing but the disputes between Luther and the Church, and he could get no aid against the common enemy, while they decided that each prince



THE RISING OF THE PEASANTS.

might have whatever form of doctrine he chose in his lands; and thereupon the Elector of Saxony, the Landgraf of Hesse, and some others, had all the churches given over to the Lutherans, and seized the abbeys and the lands of the bishoprics. Albrecht of Brandenburg, Grand Master of the Teutonic Order of Knights, followed their example, helped himself to the lands of the Order in Prussia, and obtained investiture of them from the King of Poland.

Thus left unaided, Ludwig of Hungary and Bohemia was defeated and killed by the Turks in the terrible battle of Mohatz, in 1527. Ferdinand

was at once chosen King of Bohemia, but a Transylvanian, named Johann Zapoyla, was chosen King of Hungary, and called in the Sultan Solymán to support him. They even laid siege to Vienna; but Ferdinand beat them off, drove the Turks beyond the Danube, and was crowned King of Hungary. Bohemia and Hungary have ever since had kings of the House of Austria.

Ferdinand being now stronger, held another diet at Speier, in 1529, where the Catholics were in the larger numbers, and ordained that, till the council should be held, there should be no more changes in religion, and that Mass should still be said in the churches. The Lutherans made a protest against this edict, and they were therefore called Protestants. The name gradually spread to all who broke from the Roman Catholic Church, but it properly meant those who protested against the edict of Speier.

It was high time that Charles should be at home, and he came immediately after his coronation in 1530, and summoned a great diet at Augsburg. The Protestants prepared for it by drawing up a great confession of their faith. It was chiefly the work of Philip Melancthon, a very good and learned man, a great friend of Luther, and it has ever since been looked upon as the great rule of faith of the Lutherans.

The Protestants wanted to read the confession in the great hall of council; but this was not permitted, and it was read in a chapel that would only hold two hundred persons, but as the windows were open, every one who chose could hear it. Charles, not knowing German well, wished it to be read in Latin; but Johann of Saxony said that on German soil it must be read in the mother tongue. Charles listened courteously, and accepted a copy both in Latin and German, but gave no opinion, since all was to be put off to the council, and in the meantime the Latin service and old rites were to go on. Philip of Hesse and Johann of Saxony on this went off from the diet, and with five more princes and twelve towns formed, at the city of Schmalkalde, a league for the defence of their doctrine.

In the meantime the rest of the diet elected the Emperor's brother, Ferdinand, King of the Romans, and Charles strove with all his might to array his forces for an attack on the Turks, but the league refused to stir unless he permitted the Protestants to have their own way.

The need was so great that, at Nuremberg, Charles made peace, consenting that things should remain as they were till the council; and he thus succeeded in getting the Germans together to the number of one hundred and twenty thousand, upon which the Sultan retreated and left Hungary in peace.

Charles now determined to attack the Turks and their allies the Moors in their settlements on the coast of Africa, where there were several sea-ports, such as Tunis and Algiers, which were perfect nests of pirates. These Moorish ships continually tormented the coasts of Spain and Italy, carrying

off the inhabitants, and forcing them to the miserable life of slaves, rowing their galleys, until some ransom should arrive. To put an end to these robberies, Charles mustered all his Aragonese ships as well as the German soldiers, and with the aid of the Genoese and the Knights of St. John, he most gallantly captured Tunis, and set free no less than twenty-two thousand Christian slaves, who were shut up in dungeons, toiling in gardens or at the fortifications, or laboring at the oar.



CHARLES V. AT FUGGER'S.

He had been obliged to borrow very heavily of the great merchant, Fugger of Augsburg, to fit out this expedition. The next time he came to Augsburg, Fugger begged for the honor of entertaining him. A fire was burning on the hearth full of sweet odors from precious spices and woods. The Emperor said it was the most costly fire he had ever seen. "It shall be more costly still," said the merchant, and into it he threw all the bonds for the sums due to him from Charles.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHARLES V. 1335.



It was not till Clement VII. and Francis I. were both dead that Charles V., after fifteen years' waiting, was able to have the Council of the Western Church really summoned. Clement was always putting it off, and Francis took advantage of every disaster that befell Charles to harass him. In an expedition which Charles made to Algiers, his fleet was shattered by a tempest, and Francis immediately began a fresh war with him; and when Charles had to ask leave to travel through France, when he wanted to go from Spain to Flanders, Francis feasted him splendidly, but tormented him to give the duchy of Milan to the Dauphin Henry.

When, however, these two were dead, Pope Paul II. called on the Council to meet at Trent in the Tyrol; but in the time that had been lost the Protestants had grown much more hostile. Luther, who had always been loyal to the Kaiser, was dead, and so was Henry VIII. of England; so that it was much more difficult to get together any but Spanish, and Italian, and Austrian clergy, all strong Roman Catholics. They met in 1545, and the first thing they did was to condemn all translations of the Bible that were not the same with the Latin one made by St. Jerome in the fifth century, and this showed the Lutherans, as they said, that there was no chance for them of a fair hearing, so they refused to come. The head of the Schmalkaldic League was now Johann Friedrich, Elector of Saxony, nephew to Friedrich the Wise, and a war began between him and the Emperor. They were on the opposite sides of the river Elbe at Muhlendorf. A miller, whose horses the Saxons had seized, showed the Emperor's Spaniards the way across the river, and Johann Friedrich was surprised in his camp. He fought bravely, but was made prisoner, and led to Charles. His kinsman, Moritz, Duke of the other half of Saxony, had married the daughter of Philip, Landgraf of Hesse. Though he was a Lutheran, he held with the Emperor, who promised to make him Elector instead of Johann Friedrich. Sybilla of Cleves, wife to Johann Friedrich, held out Wittenberg against the Emperor, but Charles made it known that he should behead the Elector unless the city were given up, and she was obliged to yield. When he came into the city he would not let his Spanish subjects disturb Luther in his grave.

nor would he stop the Lutheran service, saying his war was, not with religion, but with treason.

The other Protestant princes were forced to surrender, one by one. Moritz of Saxony brought in his father-in-law, Philip of Hesse, on the understanding that he should be safe, without any (*einiges*) imprisonment; but Charles caused him to be shut up in a fortress, and it appeared that the word they had read *einiges* was really *ewiges*, or perpetual. This was viewed as a terrible breach of Charles's word.

He had forced the Protestants to send representatives to the Council, but behold, there was no Council to go to. Paul II. had been drawn by his greedy kindred, the Farnese family, to ask for lands in Italy that Charles would not grant, and then had allied himself with Henry II. of France, begun a war in Italy, and called back his Italians from the Council.

No more could be done, and Charles was bitterly disappointed. He called together a diet at Augsburg to settle what was to be done. The Germans were very angry at the defeat of their princes by his Spanish soldiers, and looked on him more as a foreign conqueror than as their Emperor; and, on the other hand, many of them were so coarse and boorish, and such drunkards, that Charles, and the Flemish, Spanish, and Italian gentlemen despised them. All Charles could do was to cause one Lutheran and two Catholic divines to draw up a code of rules for worship that might be observed in the Interim, till the Council could meet again; but this Interim pleased no one, and was distrusted by everybody.

Charles further offended the Germans by showing that he wanted them to engage to elect his son Philip King of the Romans when Ferdinand should become Emperor, instead of Ferdinand's son, Maximilian. Philip would of course be King of Spain, and he was a thorough Spaniard, grave, cold, and gloomy, while Maximilian was a bright, kindly, gracious German. They would make no such promise, and showed further displeasure when Charles refused to release Philip of Hesse; and on this, Moritz of Saxony began plotting against him. The city of Magdeburg had never accepted the Interim, and Moritz had been sent to reduce it. He turned the army he was commanding against the Kaiser himself, allied himself with Henry II. of France, and joined the discontented Germans just when half of Charles's Spanish troops were in Hungary fighting with the Turks, and the other half in Italy, and he himself was lying ill of the gout at Innsbruck, whither he had gone to try to collect the Council once more. Such a sudden dash did Moritz make at Innsbruck that the Emperor had to rise from his bed, and be carried in a litter over the mountain passes by torchlight. He released the Elector, Johann Friedrich, who, however, came with him rather than fall into the hands of his kinsman. Moritz would have

pursued them, but his troops stopped to plunder Innsbruck, and Charles safely reached the fortress of Villach in Carinthia.

The King of the Romans had a conference with Moritz at Passau, and agreed to his conditions—viz., that the Landgraf should be released, and that each German prince might have such worship as he chose in his dominions; on which Moritz promised himself to head a crusade against the Turks. The Kaiser was forced to consent, though very unwillingly; and Albrecht of Brandenburg refused to be included in the treaty, being really nothing but a savage robber, whose cruelties were shocking. Moritz marched



FLIGHT OF CHARLES V.

against him, and defeated him at Sievenhausen, but was killed in the moment of victory, when only thirty-two years old. Albrecht fled into France, and there soon died, but his family still held the lands of the Teutonic order which he had seized.

Henry II. of France had allied himself with Moritz, called himself the Protector of the Liberties of Germany, and, with this excuse, seized the three bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun. Charles in vain tried to retake Metz. He was much broken and aged, and had been deeply grieved by the failure of the Council and the treason of Moritz, whom he had loved like a son. At a diet held at Augsburg, in 1555, a religious peace was agreed to,

leaving the princes free to establish what faith they chose; and the next year the Emperor, who had long ago made up his mind to give up his crowns, and spend his age in devotion, collected his people at Brussels, and there gave up his kingdoms of Spain, Naples, and the Low Countries to his son Philip, and Austria to his brother Ferdinand.

He then retired to the Convent of Yusle in Spain, where he spent his time in prayers, and in his garden, and in writing letters of advice to his son. One of his great pleasures was studying mechanics and watch-making, and there is a story that, when he found no two of his clocks would keep quite the same time, he said that it was just the same with men's minds. His two sisters, the widowed Queens of France and Hungary, lived near, and saw him constantly, and he led a tranquil life till his death in 1558.

CHAPTER XXX.

FERDINAND I. A.D. 1556-1564.



FERDINAND I. was already well known and much loved and respected in Germany, where he had served his brother faithfully, and yet won the hearts of all the Germans, who knew him to be perfectly faithful to his word; so much so that when a nobleman to whom he had promised some favor acted so as not to deserve it, he still gave it, saying he cared more for his honor, than for the man's dishonor.

The fierce old Pope, Paul IV., who was chosen in 1555, hated all the house of Austria, because he was a Neapolitan, and Spain had conquered his native kingdom; and he would not acknowledge Ferdinand except on condition of his giving up the peace of Augsburg and persecuting the Protestants. But this Ferdinand would not do, for the peace had been chiefly of his own making, and he believed that if the Pope would give up some of the customs of the Church of Rome they might yet be brought back to it. Indeed he sent into Bohemia the Jesuits, a body of priests who had been formed in Spain, specially to attend to education and to the training of consciences, and they brought over a great many of the old Hussites to the Church.

Though Ferdinand kept out of the old war between Spain and France, while that was still going on there was no chance of calling together again the Council of Trent; but when at last Henry II. of France was thoroughly

beaten in the battle of St. Quentin by Philip II. of Spain, both Emperor and Pope were anxious for it, and Bulls were issued inviting all nations thereto, and also the Protestants. The Protestants met at Naumburg in Saxony to receive the message, which was sent to them by Cardinal Comendone. The Elector August, son to Moritz, took the lead, and told the Cardinal that they could not accept the letters because the Pope called them his sons and they did not own him for their father; and they spoke so violently that he answered them with—"What mean ye by these bitter



FORMATION OF THE ORDER OF JESUITS.

words against one who hath undertaken a long journey in the cause of Christian unity?" And then he reproached them for their many divisions and irreverent ways, saying that over the wine-pot and the dice-box people disputed on the mysteries of religion. They were a little subdued by this rebuke, but they ended by declaring that whatever the Council might say, they would hold to the Confession of Augsburg. Only the Elector Palatine, who had taken up the teachings of Calvin, which went even further from the Roman doctrine than did those of Luther, was very loth to sign the Confession.

The Council met at Trent, and Ferdinand tried to get the Bishops to consent to give the Cup to the laity, to let the priests be married men, to

have parts of the service in the language of the country, to put a stop to selling indulgences, and to have fewer Cardinals, and better rules for electing the Pope. The French wished for these things also, but the Italians were against all change, and joined with the Spaniards against them. There was much fierce quarreling, and at last, though some rules were made, which have kept the Roman Catholic clergy in better order ever since, and prevented indulgences from ever being sold, they would make no other real reform, and destroyed all hope of bringing back the Protestants and Calvinists. Ferdinand said the Council would do no good if it sat for a hundred years, and was very glad to have it broken up. However, in Germany, to please the Emperor, the Pope, for a time, allowed the administration of the Cup and the marriage of the clergy; and Ferdinand strove hard to bring about the other matters he had asked for. He succeeded so far that there is a part of the service still in German instead of Latin in Austria and the Tyrol.

Indeed, Ferdinand was a great peacemaker, and a thoroughly good man. His wife, Anne of Hungary, was an excellent woman; and his eldest son, Maximilian, was so much beloved that the Electors heartily chose him as King of the Romans. He was the first to be so chosen, without the coronation of an Emperor by the Pope to make way for him.

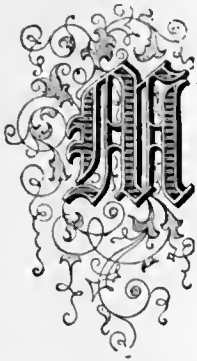
Good as were the Imperial family, the Empire was in a sad state; indeed it had been growing backward rather than forward in all good things ever since the time of Friedrich Barbarossa. Then the Germans had been quite equal with the English, French and Italians in all matters of improvement and civilization; but first the Italian wars called off their Emperors, and then there were quarrels about their election, and those who had only small hereditary possessions were not strong enough to keep the princes and nobles in order. The greater princes and the free towns managed to establish some rule, and the Swabian League had destroyed the worst of the lesser independent nobles. Maximilian's arrangement of the circles did some good, but Charles the Fifth's reign had only made things worse, by adding quarrels between Protestant and Roman Catholic to all the rest. He had indeed subdued the German princes by his Spanish troops, but they felt as if a foreigner had conquered them, and hated him. Almost every mountain pass had a robber noble, who tormented travelers, and ground down his vassals by his exactions. The nobles despised learning, and were terrible drunkards and gamblers, so that their diets and camps were a scandal and a joke to other nations; and they were mostly rude and boorish, while the burghers and merchants whom they despised were well-read, thoughtful, cultivated people. Each prince and each city had fixed which form of doctrine should prevail. In the Lutheran ones the lands of the bishoprics and abbeys had been seized; but in some of these the nun-

neries were kept up and called Chapters, as a home for ladies of noble birth, who took no vows, but enjoyed the estates.

Ferdinand would gladly have improved matters, but he was already an old man when he became Emperor, and he died in the year 1564.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MAXIMILIAN II. A.D. 1564.

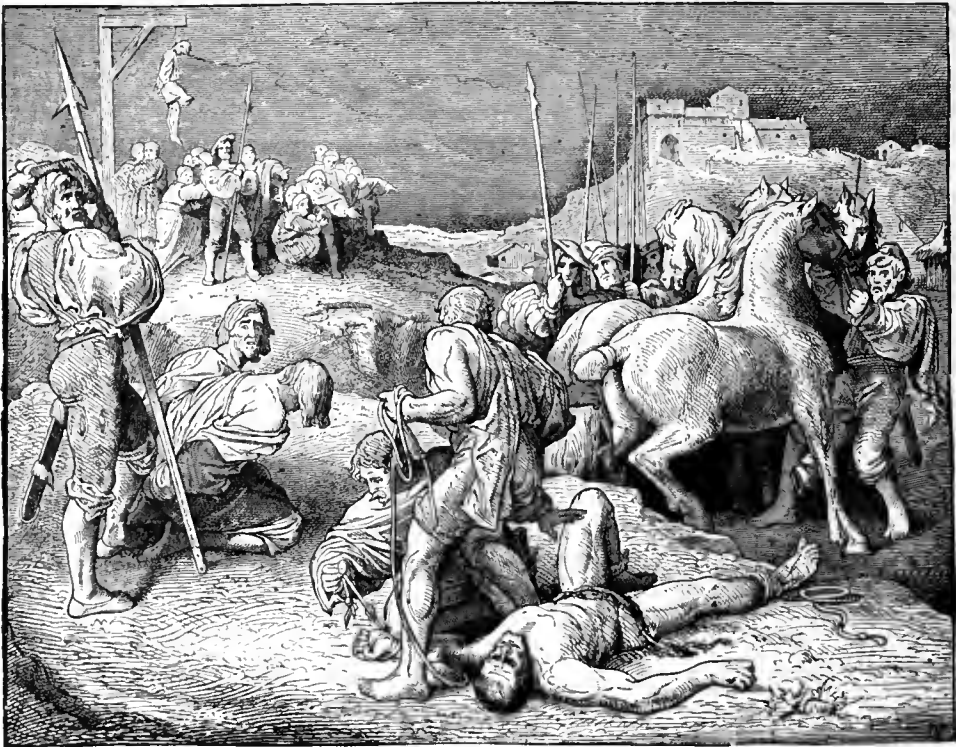


MAXIMILIAN II. was thirty-seven years of age when he succeeded his father. He was a kindly, warm-hearted man, beloved by all, and he allowed so much freedom to the Lutherans that he was sometimes accused of being one himself. He could speak six languages with ease, and King Henry III. of France declared that he was the most accomplished gentleman he ever met. He was so industrious that his chancellor said that if he had not been Emperor he would have been the best of chancellors, and he was always ready to hear the petitions of the meanest of his subjects. His Bohemian subjects said of him that they were as happy under him as if he had been their father, and all his people would have given the same character of him.

Unfortunately, whatever he did in his own dominions of Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia, he held little power over the princes of the Empire, and they would not listen to his counsel. It had become the custom of the Germans to go forth as soldiers, calling themselves Landsknechts, and hiring themselves out to fight, no matter in what cause, provided they were well paid, and got plenty of plunder. This took them away from their proper work; there were not men enough left to till the ground, and such as came back were horribly idle, lawless, and wicked, unfit for a peaceful life. Maximilian tried to get the Diet to forbid the men of Germany from taking service with other princes, but he could not succeed, and Germans fought all through the wars in France and the Netherlands. However, the Diet agreed with the Kaiser in trying to put down the horrible lawlessness of some of the barons. There was a knight called Wilhelm of Grumbach who had ravaged Franconia with fire and sword, and had ended by murdering the Bishop of Wurtzburg. He had been put under the ban of the Empire, but Friedrich of Saxony, son of the deprived Elector, Johann Friedrich, thought proper to give him shelter at Gotha, and for seven years the edict

could not be performed, but at last the Elector August came before Gotha with an army, and forced it to surrender, when Grumbach, after being barbarously tortured, was torn to pieces by wild horses, and Friedrich was imprisoned, and deprived of his lands, which were divided between his two sons.

Maximilian was a firm ally of Queen Elizabeth, and there was a plan at one time of one of his many sons marrying her, but this came to nothing. His daughter Elizabeth married Charles IX. of France, and was quite broken-hearted by the cruelties she saw at his court. Maximilian himself



GRUMBACH'S EXECUTION.

showed the greatest grief and indignation at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, and always stood up for what was just and merciful.

His wife was Maria, daughter to Charles V., for the Austrian princes were far too apt to marry their cousins, and having no infusion of fresh spirit, the family became duller and duller, and none of the five sons of Maximilian were equal to himself. The third of them, who bore the same name as his father, was elected King of Poland by one party, but another party chose Siegmund of Sweden, and defeated him. Afterward he was made Grand Master of the remains of the Teutonic Order. The estates of that Order in Eastern Prussia could not be recovered from the Elector of

Brandenburg, to whom the Grand Master Albrecht had left them, for the Protestant princes mustered very strongly in the Diet, and would not give up a fragment of the Church lands which they had seized, and the Emperor was determined not to go to war with them.

He was able to avoid war everywhere but in Hungary, where Johann Siegmund, Prince of Transylvania, attacked him, and was not ashamed to ask the aid of the terrible Sultan, Solyman the Magnificent. The enormous army of Turks advanced up the Danube, meaning to take Vienna itself, but they stopped to take the little town of Zagreth. Here the brave Count Zrini with fifteen hundred men held out most bravely. The place was in the middle of a bend of the river, and had strong walls, so that the Turks had to throw in earth to make roads, and raise mounds on which to plant their cannon. Even when they had battered down part of the walls, they were beaten back in nineteen assaults before at last they gained a footing in the outer part of the fortress. Only six hundred men were left within, and Count Zrini, seeing all hope gone, took the keys of the place, and with his father's sword in his hand sallied out at the head of his men, hoping to cut their way through the enemy. He was slain bravely fighting, and his men were driven back into the castle, and were there killed, all but a very few, whose wonderful bravery struck even the Turkish soldiers. They had stopped the Turks for a whole month, and their constancy was the saving of their country, for the long delay in the unwholesome marshes caused an illness, of which the Sultan Solyman died, and thus the invasion was prevented. Peace was made with the new Sultan, Selim, and so honorable was the Emperor, that when a great league was made against the Turks by Spain, Venice, and the Pope, he would not join it, saying that a Christian could never be justified in breaking an oath. The allies defeated the Turkish fleet in the glorious sea-fight of Lepanto, and crushed their strength, but Maximilian forbade the Hungarians to make any great show of rejoicing, as he said it would be ungenerous to insult the Turks in their distress.

The crown of Poland was vacant again, and Maximilian proposed to the Poles to choose his third son, Ernst, a good, upright man, but with such low spirits that he was hardly ever seen to smile. The Poles would not have him, and chose instead the Emperor himself, a wise choice, for he was so much beloved that he was called by the Germans after the Emperor Titus, "the delight of the world."

Ernst's melancholy seems to have been inherited from the poor crazed Juana of Spain, grandmother to both Maximilian and his wife, and it often showed itself in both the Austrian and Spanish lines. Maximilian himself, though bright and cheerful, had never been strong, and he died suddenly while holding a diet at Regensburg, in his fiftieth year, on the 12th of October, 1576. His wife, with one of his daughters, then went into a convent in Spain. He had had sixteen children, of whom nine lived to grow up.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RUDOLF II.A.D. 1576-1612.



THE weakest and least sane of all the sons of Maximilian was the eldest, Rudolf, who had already been chosen King of the Romans, and succeeded his father in 1576. He was, however, in his early youth full of liveliness and cheerfulness, living, as his brothers said, too familiarly with people of all ranks; and he was a man of much reading, knowing many languages, and having a great turn for natural science, so that he formed botanical gardens, and collected a menagerie of foreign animals.

He began the great museum of gems, statues, and pictures at Vienna, and encouraged learning, especially in Bohemia, where there were such good schools that most of the burghers were familiar with the old Greek and Latin poets. He also was very fond of chemistry and astronomy, and brought to his court the two men who had gone the farthest in the study of the stars, Tycho Brahe, a Swede, and Kepler, a Wurtemburgher.

In those days, however, chemistry and astronomy had two false sisters—alchemy, an endeavor to find the philosopher's stone, and therewith make gold; and astrology, which was supposed to foretell a man's fate by calculating the influences of the planets which stood foremost in the sky at his birth. These two vain studies seem to have turned Rudolf's head. An astrologer told him that he would die by the hand of one of the next generation of his own kindred; and to prevent this murderer from being born he would neither marry himself nor let any of his five brothers marry, except Albrecht, who would have seemed the most unlikely of all, since he was a Cardinal. As he had never really taken Holy Orders, he was chosen as the husband of Isabel Clara Eugenia, the daughter of Philip II. of Spain, and sent with her to govern Flanders, and what remained of the Netherlands after Holland and the other six provinces had broken loose from Philip II. Fear of the possible murder, however, grew on Rudolf; and he ceased to go out or hold audiences with his people, attending to nothing but his alchemy and his horses, of which he had a magnificent collection.

In the meantime things fell into disorder, and began to work toward a civil war. Germany was divided into three great parties—the Roman Catholics, of whom the chief was Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria; the Lutherans, whose principal leaders were the Electors, Johann Siegmund of

Brandenburg and Johann George of Saxony; and the Calvinists, under Prince Christian of Anhalt and the Pfalzgraf or Elector Palatine of the Rhine.

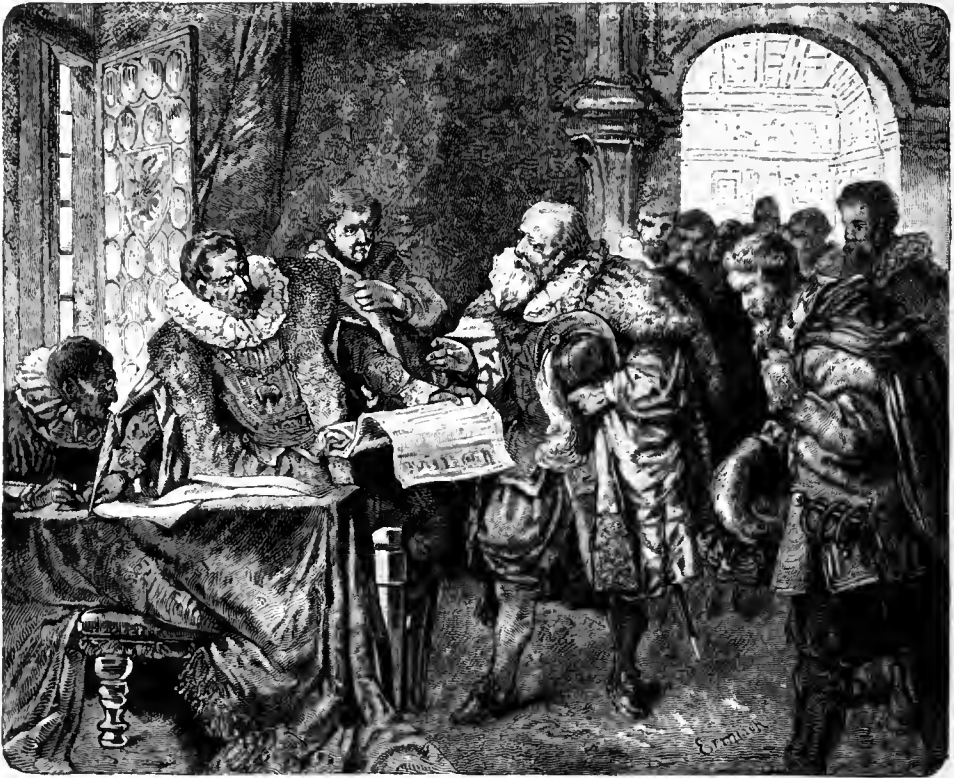
The free city of Donauwerth was chiefly Protestant, but there was a Benedictine abbey within it, where the monks were undisturbed, on con-



ALCHEMY AND ASTROLOGY TAUGHT IN THE SCHOOLS.

dition that they should make no processions. For many years they had refrained, but when the Rogation tide of 1605 came round, they went forth, as of old, to sing litanies and bless the crops. The magistrates stopped them, sent back the banners to the abbey, but let the procession go on. The Bishop of Wurtzburg complained to the Aulic Council, and a citation was sent to the magistrates, which, however, was placed in the Abbot's hands,

and he did not show it till he found he was not to be allowed another procession. The magistrates tried to keep the peace, but the people had been worked up into a fury, and assaulted a funeral procession, destroying the banners and driving back the monks. On this Donauwerth was laid under the ban of the Empire, and the Duke of Bavaria was sent to carry it out. He did not act with violence, but marched into the city, which was able to make no resistance, restored the chief church to the Catholics, and united the city to his own duchy, to which it had formerly belonged.



RUDOLF II. GRANTS THE LETTER OF MAJESTY.

The whole reformed party was offended, and formed into a great league. The Lutherans seem chiefly to have meant to keep all they had taken from the Church, but the Calvinists had hopes of depriving the House of Austria of the Empire. Maximilian of Bavaria formed a Catholic League in self-defence.

In the midst of these disturbances the Duke of Cleves died, and his duchy was disputed between the sons of his two sisters—the Elector of Brandenburg and young Duke Wolfgang of Neuburg. They were both Lutherans, and Wolfgang, at a conference between them, said the best way of settling the matter would be for him to marry his rival's daughter. The

Electoral was so angry at this proposal that he boxed the young man's ears; whereupon Wolfgang, in his anger, became a Roman Catholic, and asked for help from Spain and Bavaria. On the other hand the Electoral became a Calvinist, and was more active in the affairs of the union. The Emperor tried to interfere, but in vain; and the country of Julich and Cleves was divided between the two for a time.

In the meantime Rudolf's neglect of business had led to such confusion in both Austria and Hungary that they revolted against him, and forced him to give them up to his brother Matthias in 1606. Only Bohemia was left to him, and he hoped to keep that by putting forth a Letter of Majesty granting freedom of worship and equal rights to the Hussites and Protestants, but he allowed his cousin Leopold, Bishop of Passau, to raise an army in the Catholic interest. The Bohemians, seeing that he could not be trusted, called in Matthias, and deposed Rudolf, though they still allowed him his palace at Prague, where he could go on with his experiments with Tycho Brahe, who, though a great astronomer, was as superstitious as himself. There was a comet in 1607, which the Emperor thought had come on his account. His fears of assassination increased. He would never go to church, or anywhere else except to his stables; and thither he had a passage made with oblique windows in the thickness of the wall to prevent his being shot, and the whole lined with black marble, to show the reflection of any one who came near him. His own counsellors and foreign envoys had to disguise themselves as grooms to obtain a hearing, and he sometimes flew into violent rages on finding them out, while his fits of melancholy were worse than ever.

However, he roused himself to hold a meeting of the Electors at Nuremberg, told them how he was stripped and impoverished, and begged for a grant of revenues from the Empire. They showed him little pity, saying it was his own fault, and desiring to have a diet summoned for electing any one of his brothers King of the Romans. This he felt to be a step toward taking away his last crown, and he kept on putting off and off the calling of the diet till the Electors lost patience, and summoned it for themselves.

This was the last blow. His depression increased, and he pined away till he found himself dying; then he brightened up, declaring that he felt as happy as when in his youth he had come home to Germany after a visit to Spain, for now he was going beyond the reach of change and sorrow. He died in the sixtieth year of his age, and the thirty-seventh of his reign, in the year 1612.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MATTHIAS..... A.D. 1612-1619.



THE new Emperor, Matthias, was a good and upright man, who had only taken part against his elder brother because he saw that otherwise the three hereditary states would be lost to the House of Hapsburg. So soon as he had freed himself from Rudolf's fancies, he had married his cousin, Anne of the Tyrol, whom he loved most tenderly; but he had no children—indeed the only one of all Maximilian's sixteen children who ever had a child was Anne, whose only child was Philip III. of Spain, and the Germans and Austrians alike would never have borne to pass under another Spanish king.

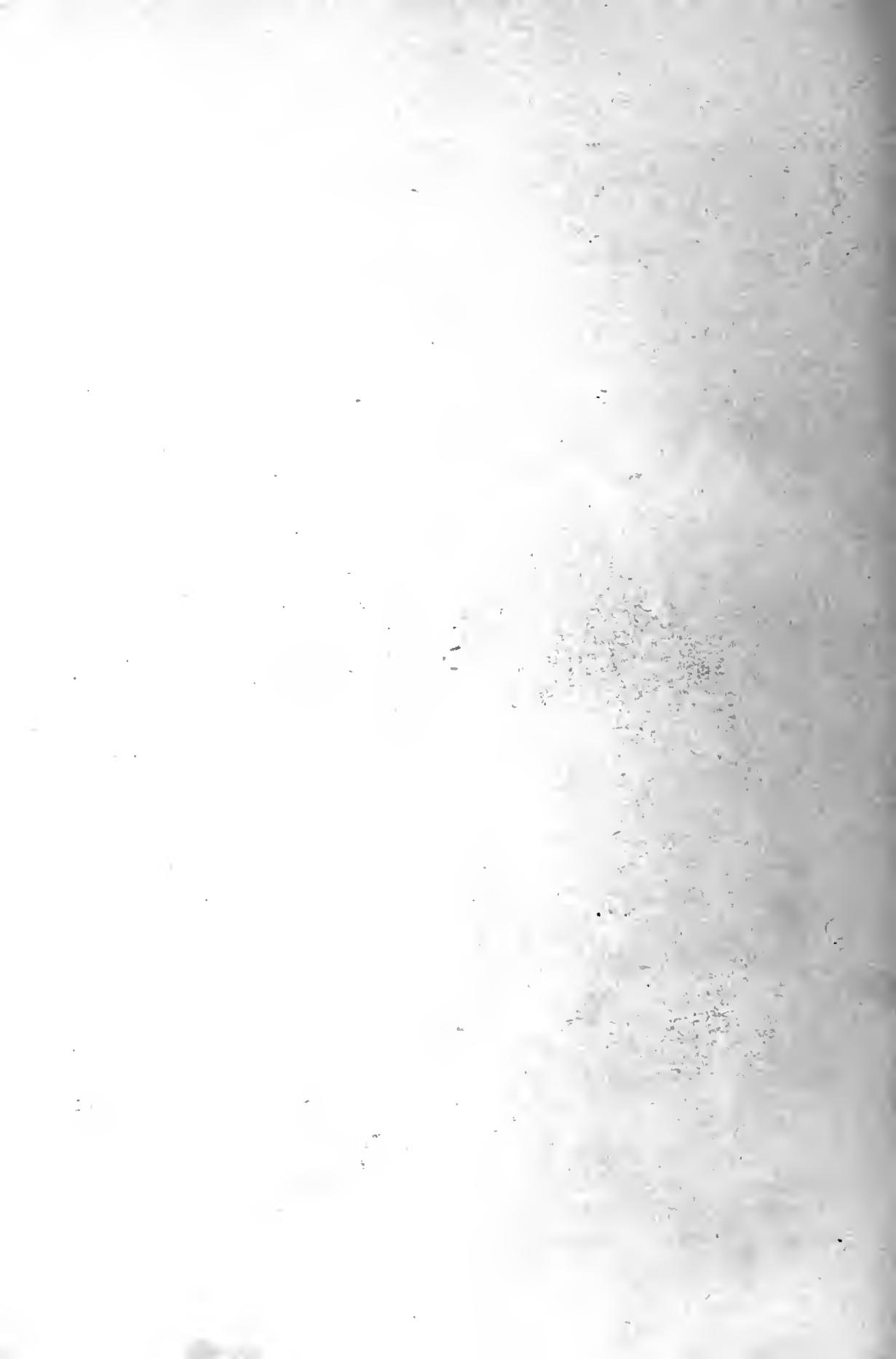
The fittest heir would thus be Ferdinand, Duke of Styria, who was son to Charles, a younger son of the Emperor, Ferdinand II. He had lost his father very early, and had been bred up by his Bavarian uncle and Jesuit teachers, so that he was a very devout and conscientious man, but not clever—and cold, shy, and grave. When, in 1596, he first came to take possession of his duchy, he found all the Styrians Protestants, and not one person in Grätz would receive the Holy Communion with him on Easter-day. He was so much shocked that he made a pilgrimage to Rome, and vowed to restore his duchy to the Church. He brought back a band of Capuchin Friars, and between their teaching and his own management he so entirely changed the profession of the Styrians that, in 1603, there were 40,000 at the Easter Mass.

This did not make the notion of him welcome to the Protestants. The Bohemians in especial had been meaning to keep quiet as long as Matthias lived, but on his death they meant to choose either the Elector of Saxony or the Elector Palatine. But in 1617 their diet was called together, and they were told that they had no right to choose any stranger, but must accept Ferdinand of Styria, to whom Matthias wished to resign the crown of Bohemia. They were taken by surprise, and did as they were bidden, though they believed their crown to be elective, and many of them were old Hussites.

Ferdinand doubted whether, as a good Catholic, he ought to swear to the Letter of Majesty granted by Rudolf, which made the Protestants equal with the Catholics; but the Jesuits told him that though it might have been



MARTINITZ AND SLAWATA



wrong to grant it, it could not be wrong to accept it as part of the law of the land; and as he walked in state to his coronation, he said to one of his friends, "I am glad to have won this crown without any pangs of conscience."

However, he did not think himself bound to more than keeping the strictest letter of the law, while he believed it his duty to restore Bohemia to the Church. He banished all the Protestant and Hussite school-masters, founding two Convents of Capuchins and three Jesuit Colleges, and bringing in as many of his Catholics to settle in the country as possible. It was the



"HURL THEM FROM THE WINDOW!"

plan that had succeeded in Styria, and there was very little resistance among the people in Bohemia. He was also elected King of Hungary, and there crowned, and a diet was soon to be assembled to appoint him King of the Romans.

His two chief Bohemian counsellors were Slavata and Martinitz, both zealous Catholics, whom he left as regents when he went to Germany; and on the opposite side was Count Thurm, a strong Lutheran, who hated the House of Hapsburg. A Lutheran church was pulled down, and the congre-

gation was shut out of another because they did not come under the rules of the Letter of Majesty. On this, Thurm and his friends sent a remonstrance to the Emperor, but Matthias justified all that his cousin had done, and they became afraid of absolute persecution. Thurm resolved to destroy the rule of the House of Hapsburg in Bohemia, and to begin by the death of the regents.

On the 23d of May, 1618, a whole troop of Hussite and Lutheran armed nobles tramped up into the Council Chamber where Martinitz and Slavata were sitting, and reproached them with having been the authors of the Emperor's letter. A few hot words passed. "Let us follow the old custom, and hurl them from the window," some one cried; and they were dragged to a window seventy feet above the ditch of the Castle of Prague. Martinitz begged for a priest. "Commend thy soul to God," was the answer; "we will have no Jesuit scoundrels here;" and he was hurled out, uttering a prayer of which the murderers caught a few words, and one cried, "Let us see whether his Mary will help him." Slavata and the secretary were also hurled out, but, looking from the window, the man's next cry was, "His Mary has helped him." For there was a pile of waste paper just below, which had broken the fall, and all three crawled away unhurt.

This Defenestration, as the Bohemians called it, was in truth the beginning of the Thirty Years' War which ravaged Germany, and threw back all progress and improvement all the time it lasted, and bred some of the most savage and lawless soldiers who ever drew sword. The Hussites began it in real fear for their religion, and also feeling that the nation had been cheated by the House of Austria of the power of electing their king, and they hoped for help from the Lutheran and Calvinist princes who had any quarrel with that family. They wrote a letter justifying their treatment of the two regents by the fate of Jezebel, and raised almost all Bohemia against Ferdinand.

The Emperor Matthias had enough of the spirit of his father to wish to win them back by gentle means, and his chief adviser, Cardinal Klesel, was fully of the same mind. They tried to hold back Ferdinand, who wanted to take speedy vengeance, and was supported by his former guardian, the Archduke Maximilian, and the Jesuits. When they found that the Emperor would not send troops from the Spanish Netherlands to reduce Bohemia, these two princes caused Klesel to be seized, stripped of his robes, and sent off a prisoner to a castle in the Tyrol. Matthias was ill in bed with gout, and when his brother went and told him what had been done, his wrath and grief were so great that he could not trust himself to speak, but thrust the bed-clothes into his mouth till he was almost choked. He was too feeble and old to hinder Ferdinand from sending Spanish and Flemish troops into Bohemia, but Count Thurm was at the head of ten

thousand insurgents, and had allied himself with Bethlem Gabor, Waiwode of Transylvania, and with the Protestant Union, at the head of which was the Elector Palatine, Friedrich, the husband of Elizabeth, daughter to James I. of England.

The Catholic Germans were for the most part of the same mind as the Emperor, ready to do anything to prevent war, and Matthias, getting better, fixed a meeting at Egra to try to come to some agreement; but his wife died just then, and he sank into a state of depression, comparing his cousin's usage of him to his own treatment of his brother Rudolf, and grieving over the miseries he saw coming on the Empire. He died before the conference could take place, on the 20th of March, 1619.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE REVOLT OF BOHEMIA.

FERDINAND II. A. D. 1619-1621.



AFFAIRS were in a very unpromising state for Ferdinand when Matthias died. The Protestant princes of the Union were unwilling to make him Emperor, nor would the Bohemians accept his promise to renew the Letter of Majesty; but Count Thurm, by favor of the numerous Austrian Protestants, marched up to the very walls of Vienna.

Ferdinand sent his wife and children away to the Tyrol, and waited at Vienna himself with only three hundred men whom he could depend upon. The Austrians meant to profit by his distress, and insisted that he should accept a charter which united them with the Bohemians, and made them far too strong for his reforms. He threw himself on his knees, and prayed for aid to stand firm against what his conscience forbade, and he thought he heard a voice in answer, "Fear not, I will not forsake thee."

The Bohemian cannon were firing on his palace, and sixteen Austrian nobles rushed in on him, calling on him to sign the charter, telling him that the city had revolted, and that if he did not sign he should be shut up in a convent, and his children should be bred up Protestants. One noble even took him roughly by the button of his coat, saying, "Sign it, Nandel!" but he never lost his firmness, and at that moment a trumpet was heard outside. A troop of Flemish horse, sent to Ferdinand's aid by the Archduke Albert, had entered by a gate not guarded by Thurm, and he was rescued.

The Bohemians retreated, and proceeded to hold a diet at Prague, where they elected the Elector Palatine, Friedrich, as their king. He was at that time at the Diet of the Empire. The three Protestant Electors had much rather not have chosen Ferdinand, but as they could agree on no one else, the three Archbishops led them, and there was no vote against him.



"SIGN IT, NANDEL!"

The Elector Palatine was advised against accepting the Bohemian crown by his father-in-law, James I, who said he must not reckon on English aid in meddling with other people's rights, and his own mother was of the same mind. He himself was weak and perplexed. "If I refuse," he said, "I shall be accused of cowardice; if I accept, of ambition. Decide as I may, all is over for me and my country." But his wife, Elizabeth Stewart, thought

acceptance a duty, and taunted him with having married a king's daughter without spirit to act as a king, and, half distracted, he yielded, and set off from his beautiful home in Heidelberg amid the tears of all his people. On the 4th of November, 1619, he was crowned at Pragne, where he was received with great joy. The ladies sent Elizabeth sacks of all sorts of cakes, and an ebony cradle inlaid with silver for her son Rupert, her third child, who was born the next month. But Friedrich was such a Calvinist as



TILLY'S SOLDIERS IN ENCAMPMENT.

soon to offend the Hussites, who had kept all the old ornaments on their churches, and had the Catholic service in their own tongue. He also quarrelled with Count Thurm, and gave command of the army to Prince Christian of Anhalt.

“Here is a prince in a fine labyrinth,” said the Pope, and “He will be only a winter king,” said the Jesuits. And in the spring the Flemish army entered the Palatinate, and horribly ravaged the beautiful Rhineland, so that the Electress dowager and her grandchildren could hardly escape. Maximilian of Bavaria, at the head of an army of his own people and of

Austrians, entered Bohemia, and Count Tilly, the chief Austrian general, encamped on the White Hill above Prague. It was a Sunday morning, and the Gospel read for the day was—"Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." The soldiers took it as a good omen, and Tilly gave battle as soon as mass was over.

Friedrich was at dinner with the English envoys when he heard that his men were flying, and Anhalt fled into the town bare-headed to say that all was lost. The gates were opened, a carriage brought to the door, Friedrich and Elizabeth hurried into it, little Rupert was thrown into the bottom of it, and they drove away, to find a refuge at last at the Hague, among the Dutch. The Bohemians were at the mercy of the Catholic League under Maximilian and Tilly. The whole country was ravaged, multitudes of peasants were slain, the nobles were beheaded, and all the old Hussite churches given to the Catholics, while their ministers were banished. Priests, friars, and Jesuits were sent to instruct the people, and before the end of the reign the Hussite and Lutheran doctrine had been trampled out in Bohemia.

Friedrich of the Rhine was put to the ban of the Empire, and Maximilian of Bavaria was made Elector in his stead. He might have saved the remains of his County Palatine if he would have taken the advice of King James, who tried to mediate for him, and have ceased to call himself King of Bohemia; but he would not do this, and Count Peter Mansfeld still held two Bohemian towns for him, and having no money, his soldiers lived by horrible pillage and rapine. The Protestant Union, though they had disapproved of the attack on Bohemia, did not choose to lose an Elector from their number, and undertook the defence of Friedrich. Moreover, Elizabeth was so beautiful and spirited, that the young princes who saw her grew ardent in her cause, and the young Christian of Brunswick called himself her knight, and wore her glove in his helmet, with the inscription, "For God and for her." He was a younger son of the Duke of Brunswick, but a Lutheran, and had been provided for with a bishopric for the sake of the estates, though he was nothing but a soldier. But this was the way Lutheran princes dealt with the old bishoprics.

With Tilly commanding the Catholic Germans and Spinola the Flemings on the Emperor's side, and Anhalt, Mansfeld, and Brunswick the Protestants, the war began to rage on the Palatinate on the banks of the Rhine. Tilly was a Hungarian, of peasant birth, brave and honest, but very fierce and rude. He went to battle in a green slashed coat, and slouched hat with a red feather, and was brutal with his soldiers, and unmerciful to the enemy.

This thirty years' war was one of the most horrible ever known. The soldiers were chiefly men trained to fight as a trade from their youth up,

coming from every nation, hiring themselves out for a certain time, and serving only for pay and plunder, with no real feeling for their cause, and no pity for man, woman, or child. Their generals looked to maintain them by pillage, and to wear out the enemy by ruining his country. "Burning-masters" were officers in their armies, and horror and misery came wherever they went.

CHAPTER XXXV.

GUSTAF ADOLF AND WALLENSTEIN.

FERDINAND II A.D. 1621-1634.



FTER Tilly had defeated Mansfeld and Christian of Brunswick, the war seemed dying away; but Christian II., King of Denmark, took up the cause of the German Protestants, and, entering Saxony, joined Mansfeld, who had raised another army. The Elector Johann George would not join them, but he would not help the Emperor, because Ferdinand resisted the giving away of bishoprics to young Lutheran princes.

Maximilian of Bavaria and Count Tilly were ready to fight for the Empire and the Church, but Ferdinand wanted a general and an army more entirely his own, and yet he had no money to raise troops. Just then there came forward Count Albrecht von Waldstein, or Wallenstein, as he came to be called, a Bohemian noble, who as a lad had become a Roman Catholic, but had more faith in astrology than in any religion, and could be led to anything that he thought his star directed. He had become very rich by buying up the estates forfeited by the Bohemian nobles, and he came to the Emperor and offered to raise an army of 50,000 men, and make it support itself, not by plunder, but by forcing contributions from the states it occupied.

Ferdinand thought this not so bad as plunder, and consented, creating Wallenstein Duke of Friedland. He soon raised his army, chiefly from disbanded men of the Protestant army. He beat Mansfeld first on the Elbe, and the King of Denmark on the Lutter. Then the duchy of Holstein, which belonged to Denmark, but was part of the German Empire, was taken from the King, and Wallenstein was rewarded by being made Duke of Mecklenburg and Generalissimo of the Empire by sea and land. Afterwards, he tried to enter Stralsund on the Baltic, a free city, and one of the

Hanse towns, and when he found the gates closed, he besieged it, declaring, "I will have the city, though it were bound with chains of adamant to heaven." The magistrates appealed to the Emperor, who commanded him to give up the siege, but he paid no attention, and went on with the attack.



THE DUKE OF FRIEDLAND RETIRES FROM THE ARMY.

However, the Kings of Sweden and Denmark sent aid to the Stralsunders, and he had to retire, after having lost many men.

He had grown so proud and powerful that his state and splendor surpassed those of the princes, and the Catholic League, with the Elector of Bavaria at its head, pressed Ferdinand to dismiss him for his disobedience and presumption in attacking a free city, declaring that

unless this was done, they would not choose the Emperor's son King of the Romans.

The French minister Richelieu, who wanted to ruin Ferdinand, was playing a double game, persuading the Emperor to give up his general, and at the same time advising the princes against electing young Ferdinand, while he tried to stir up fresh enemies for the House of Austria. The Duke of Friedland then retired to his estates, where he lived more splendidly than most kings of his time. He was waited on by nobles, and had sixty high-born pages and fifty life-guards waiting in his own chamber; his



GUSTAF ADOLF LANDING IN POMERANIA.

table was never laid for less than a hundred; and when he traveled it was with sixty carriages and one hundred wagons. He hated noise so much, that when he was at Prague he had chains put across the streets near his palace that nothing might disturb him, and his study, where he spent much time in observing the stars, and drawing omens from them, was a wonderful place. His manner was blunt, short, and proud, but there was something about him that, together with his magnificent gifts, bound men's hearts to him.

Ferdinand, having thus gained the victory, insisted that the Church property belonging to bishoprics and abbeys should be given up. Again the Protestants felt themselves aggrieved, and their defence was taken up



THE STORMING OF MAGDEBURG.

by Gustaf Adolf, King of Sweden, the noblest man and best soldier of the age, and one of its truest Christians.

He kept his army in perfect order, and would allow no plunder or violence, taking care that his men should be well fed, clothed, and lodged,

Bernard of Saxe Weimar, a brave and good young man, took the command, but he could not keep up Gustaf's discipline, and his army was soon as great a scourge as Mansfeld's had been.

Wallenstein had gone into Bohemia, and there would obey no orders either from the Emperor or the Elector of Bavaria. When he was reproved, he made all his chief officers sign a bond to hold fast by him whatever happened. This was flat treason, and some, though signing it, sent information to the Emperor, and then left him. He now began to deal with the other side, and offered to give the city of Egra up to the Protestants. Bernhard would have nothing to do with such a traitor, but the other allies listened, and Egra was just about to be delivered up by Wallenstein, when six Scottish and Irish officers of his guards resolved to hinder the deed by his death. Just as he had gone to bed, they broke into his rooms, and as he met them at the door he was slain at once by six halberts in his breast, on the 25th of February, 1634.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FERDINAND II. A.D. 1634-1637.
 FERDINAND III. 1637.



IN the death of Wallenstein, the command of the Catholic army was given to the Emperor's son Ferdinand, who had been chosen King of Hungary and Bohemia; and to his aid came the Governor of the Low Countries, a son of the King of Spain, commonly called the Cardinal Infant, who, church dignitary though he was, was a brave captain. Together, they gave the Protestants a terrible defeat at Nordlingen, and the party was beginning to fall to pieces. The Germans hated the Swedes, the Swedes were jealous of Bernhard of Saxe Weimar, and all began to consider of peace, for the war was growing more dreadful than ever. The soldiers on both sides were worse than any savages, and found their pleasure in torture for its own sake, sticking needles into the miserable people who fell into their hands, sawing their flesh to the bone, scalding them with hot water, or hunting them with dogs. Whole villages in Brandenburg and Saxony lay utterly waste, with no living creature in them but the famished dogs that prowled round the desolate hearths, and along the road lay dead bodies with a little grass in their mouths.

The English Ambassador on his way to Prague saw many such sights,

and fed many starving wretches on his way. One poor little village which he passed through had been pillaged twenty-eight times in two years!

He was going to a conference at Prague, where there was an attempt to make peace; but every one was displeased with the terms, and the French, who had been hoping all along to get something for themselves out of the misfortunes of Germany, and had set their hearts on the province of Elsass, declared war against the Empire just before the peace was signed between Ferdinand and the princes of the Empire. Bernhard of Saxe Weimar was invited to Paris, and much admired and caressed. He was made a general both in the French and in the Swedish armies; and now the war was not between Catholic and Protestant Germans, but between Germans on the one hand, and Swedes and French on the other; for the Swedes were fighting for the duchy of Pomerania, which had been promised to the Elector of Brandenburg.

In the midst died Ferdinand II., on the 15th of February, 1637. He was a good and devout man, but narrow-minded, and so much devoted to the Jesuits and Capuchins that his confessor said of him, that if an angel and a monk gave him contrary advice, he believed he would take the monk's. He was most kind and charitable, and would wait on beggars and lepers with his own hands; and he was much beloved by his Catholic subjects.

His son, Ferdinand III., was very like him. His great love was for keeping accounts, and he did save a great deal of money, but he wrote such a bad hand that when he sent orders to his generals they could always avoid obeying them, by declaring they could not read them. His reign began in the midst of the weary old war, the Swedes fighting for Pomerania, and the French for Elsass. Bernhard of Saxe Weimar took Brisach, fancying Elsass would be given to him, and he was angered and disappointed when he found this was the last thing the French thought of. He set off to make his way to the Swedes, who were overrunning Brandenburg, but on the way he caught a fever, and died in 1639, when only thirty-six years old, worn out by the miserable war, and grief at the atrocities he could not prevent. In the midst of his illness he heard that the enemy were attacking the camp, and rising from his sick-bed, he mounted his horse and drove them back.

All the Germans, Catholic and Protestant, were united now, and they had the Spaniards to help them; but the French and Swedes were both under able generals. The Swedish Count Banier won so many victories that six hundred standards of his taking are still in the Cathedral of Stockholm. Hungary was attacked by George Bagotsky of Transylvania, and Germany by the French, who won two terrible battles at Friburg and Nordlingen, and had orders to march into Bavaria, and lay the country waste.

This threat was to force the Elector Maximilian to make a separate peace with France. He was the only one left of all the princes who had been



WALLENSTEIN WARNED.



living at the beginning of the war, and had upheld the cause of the Emperor all through, but he could not give up his country to the savage soldiers, and he signed a truce. The Emperor, losing his help, was in greater straits than ever; the Swedes overran Bohemia, and one night broke into the Emperor's camp, and killed the sentries before his tent. When the truce was over, Maximilian joined Ferdinand again. The last great battle of the war was fought at Zusmarshenen, in 1648, with the Swedes, who again gained a great victory. Bavaria was overrun and laid waste, and in Bohemia, half Prague was taken by them.



BERNHARD OF WEIMAR ENTERING BRISACH.

At Prague the war had begun in 1618, at Prague it ended in 1648. Germany was worn out; it had only half the inhabitants it had had at the beginning of the war. Many towns were in ruins, many villages deserts, trade was destroyed, misery everywhere. The old Hanse League had fallen to pieces because the once wealthy cities could not pay their expenses. Peace must be made; so a congress was held at Münster in Westphalia, and attended by deputies from all parts of Europe. The two foreign enemies were bought off—France with Elsass, and Sweden with half Pomerania. The other half went to the Elector of Brandenburg, also the bishopric of

Magdeburg; Bavaria had the lower Palatinate, but the upper Palatinate was restored to Karl Ludwig, the son of the Winter King, and brother of Rupert, who had been fighting for his uncle, Charles I., in England. At the same time Holland, the Netherlands, and Switzerland were declared free, and independent of the Empire.

As to religious matters, all benefices that had been in Catholic or Protestant hands in 1624 were so to remain; the Imperial Council was to be of equal numbers of Catholics and Protestants; each prince might enforce what religion he pleased on his subjects; and Calvinism was as much recognized as Lutheranism. Nobody liked the terms of this peace, but everybody was so worn out that it was agreed to. Thenceforth, then, the great outlines were settled. Austria, Hungary, Tyrol, and Bohemia, being the hereditary lands of the Emperor, were Catholic, also Bavaria; while Brandenburg, Saxony, Brunswick, and most of the northern states and free cities were Protestant, and though the Empire still existed, all the princes were much more independent of it. Maximilian of Bavaria died in 1651, three years after the peace was signed, much respected for the faithful, honest part he had acted. The Emperor lived till 1657. He was not an able man, but he had never throughout his reign done a single act that he knew to be unjust. When he was sitting in his room, weak and ill, the nurses rushed in with his youngest child's cradle, because the nursery was on fire, and in their fright knocked the cradle against a wall, so that it was broken, and the child fell out. The shock so startled the father that he only lived an hour after, and the baby died of the fall a few months later.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

LEOPOLD I. A.D. 1657-1687.



THE eldest son of Ferdinand III. died before his father, and the second, Leopold, was not eighteen, and had not yet been chosen King of the Romans. This gave Louis XIV. of France an opportunity of trying to get himself elected to the Empire, and he gained over the three Electoral Archbishops and the Elector Palatine, who had become a Roman Catholic, but Friedrich Wilhelm of Brandenburg, who is called the Great Elector, kept the others firm against France, and Leopold was chosen. He had been educated for the priesthood, and was a very devout and good man, most upright and careful, but he was far from clever or strong, and could not do great things, though he did little things very well. He was so good a player on the violin that his music master exclaimed—"What a pity your majesty is not a fiddler!"

He was unfortunate, for Louis XIV. was on the watch to gain all he could from Germany in its worn-out state, and was his enemy all his life, leaguering with the Rhineland princes against him, so that the war began again.

The Great Elector saw through Louis's plans, and did his best to keep the Germans together; but the Swedes invaded his part of Pomerania, and he had to fight with them, when he not only drove them back, but seized most of what they had been granted at the peace of Münster.

The Austrians were defeated on the Rhine, and a peace was made at Nimeguen in 1678 for all Europe, when Brandenburg was forced to give up what he had gained in Pomerania.

In spite of the peace, Louis declared that the great free city of Strasburg belonged to Elsass; and in 1681, while most of the burghers were away at the great fair of Frankfort, he seized the place, and kept it, bribing the chief inhabitants to submit, and changing it as much as possible to be a French Roman Catholic instead of a German Protestant city.

The Germans were furious, and would have made a league to recover it, but that the Elector of Brandenburg was so angry at having been deprived of his conquest in Pomerania that he would not join the Emperor in anything. Moreover, Louis stirred up the Hungarians against him, and

indeed Leopold had been dreadfully harsh to the Protestants there, and had sent two hundred and fifty of their pastors to row as galley slaves at Naples, where the great Dutch Admiral Denyter obtained their freedom. The Hungarians revolted, and after a few years called in to their aid Mahommed IV., the Sultan, who sent his Grand Vizier, Kara Mustafa, at the head of 200,000 men, to invade Austria itself. Leopold and his family were obliged to take flight, and left Vienna to be defended by the governor, Count



SOLDIERS RAVAGING POMERANIA.

Starenburg, and its Bishop, Kolonitsch, who had been a Knight of St. John, with a small, brave garrison. Outside was the Austrian army, under the Duke of Lorraine, with such an army as he could collect, and in it the young Prince Eugene, a cousin of the Duke of Savoy. He had been bred up at the French Court, but he had grown weary of its stiffness, and ran away with some other young men to fight against the Turks. Their letters were captured and opened, and were found to make game of the King. He never forgave what was said of him, and Eugene continued to serve the Emperor. But the Duke of Lorraine was not strong enough to fight the

Turks, and Vienna was almost starved, so that the people had to eat dogs, rats, and cats (which they called roofpares). The only hope was in Poland, which for once had a really great man for its king, named John Sobieski. He was collecting his troops to come to the aid of the Austrians, and much were they longed for. The Turks outside had grown so weary of the siege that they were heard crying, "O ye infidels, if ye will not come yourselves, let us at least see your crests over the hills, for then the siege will be over, and we shall be free."

To lessen their discontent, Kara Mustafa ordered an assault to be made. It was beaten off, but such was the loss in men, and such damage was done to the walls, that the Viennese thought their doom was come. On what they feared would be their last night, Starenburg sent up a volley of rockets from the tower of the Cathedral. Behold, it was answered by five more from Kohlenberg hill! Then he knew that help was at hand, and sent a messenger to swim across the Danube by night with a letter to the Duke of Lorraine with these few words—"No time to be lost. No time indeed to be lost."

Lorraine and Sobieski joined their forces, and burst down from the hills upon the enemy. When the Turks saw that all hope was vain, they murdered every captive in their hands and all their own women who could not be carried away; but they left the babies, and five hundred of these poor little things were brought to the good Bishop, who had them baptized and brought up at his own expense. An immense quantity of stores were taken, among them so much coffee that it then became a common drink, and the first coffee-house in Europe was opened by the same man who had swum the Danube.

Sobieski rode into Vienna with the people thronging round to kiss his horse and his sword, and calling him father and deliverer. Leopold was too proud to be grateful, and was half jealous, half afraid. He came into Vienna barefoot, with a taper in his hand, and went straight to the Cathedral, but he would not see Sobieski till he had made up his mind what ceremonies to observe. "How should an Emperor meet a King of Poland?" he asked. "With open arms," said the Duke of Lorraine.

They did meet on horseback outside the city, and Leopold said a few cold words in Latin, but was so uncivil that the Polish army was very angry, and the Duke of Lorraine and his Germans were shocked; nor would Leopold allow the Polish sick to be brought into the city, nor those who died to be buried in the churchyards. However, Sobieski still fought on, hunted the Turks back to the Danube, and together with the Duke of Lorraine gained a great victory at Gran, which delivered that city from the Turks after they had held it eighty years.

The Emperor began to punish the Hungarians, whose revolt had caused

this invasion. He set up a tribunal at Eperies, where a fierce Italian named Caraffa acted as judge, and sent out parties of horse to bring in all who were supposed not to wish well to the House of Austria. They were accused of conspiracy, tortured, and put to death so ruthlessly that the court was known as the Shambles of Eperies. After this, he took away from the Hungarians the right of electing their king, declaring the crown to be hereditary in his own family, and sending his eldest son, Joseph, at ten years old, to be crowned at Presburg with the crown of St. Stephen. He promised the nobles all their former rights, and engaged to abolish the tribunal of Eperies if they would agree to own that their kingdom was hereditary both in the male and female line; but they held out for the right of choosing a new family if the male line of Hapsburgs should end, and Leopold gave way, not seeing much chance as yet of sons being wanting to his house. This was in 1687.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WAR OF THE SUCCESSION.

LEOPOLD I. A.D. 1635-1705.



N 1605 had died Karl, the Elector Palatine, grandson to the Winter King. He left no children, and his nearest male relation, the Duke of Neuburg, father to the Empress, inherited the county on the Rhine; but Elizabeth, the sister of the late Pfalzgraf, was married to the Duke of Orleans, brother to Louis XIV., and the French king hoped through her to gain more of the borders of the river. So he claimed as her right various Rhineland fortresses, which would have let the French quite into the heart of the country. When the claim was refused, Marshal Duras was sent to invade the country, with orders to destroy what he could not keep. It was the depth of winter, and three days' notice was given to each unhappy village that the people might remove, and then every house was pillaged and burnt, every garden rooted up, and even the vineyards and corn-fields laid waste. Wurms and Mannheim were burnt, the tombs of the German emperors at Spiers were broken open, and the noble old castle of Heidelberg was blown up with gunpowder.

It was worse than even Louis XIV. had intended, and he stopped the ruin that was intended for Trier, but the Markgraf of Baden declared that

he had come from Hungary only to see that Christians could be more savage than Turks.

In the midst of this horrible war died the Great Elector Friedrich Wilhelm of Brandenburg, after having ruled for forty-eight years, and having restored Brandenburg and Prussia to prosperity after the dreadful state in which the Thirty Years' War had left them.

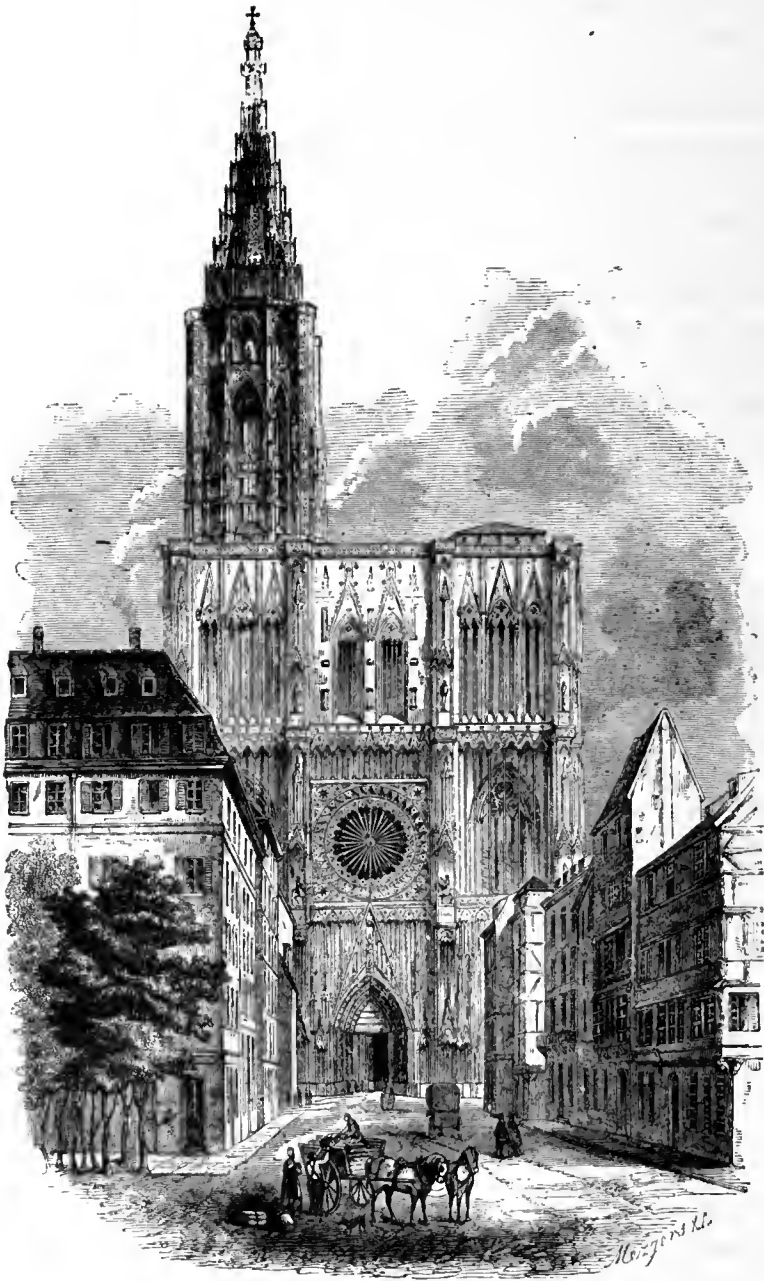
The Elector of Saxony, August, had, on Sobieski's death, become a Roman Catholic, because he wanted to be King of Poland. He was a man of such wonderful strength that he could twist a horseshoe into any shape he pleased with his fingers; but he was a bad and dissipated man, whose profusion was quite a proverb, and whose vice was frightful. One gipsying party alone cost three million dollars!

The Protestants complained so much that his defection upset the balance of the diet, that they were allowed another Elector, Ernst August, Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg, who had become Elector of Hanover.

The war of the Palatinate was, however, not so much fought out in Germany as by the Emperor's allies, the other powers of Europe, with William III. of England as their leading spirit, and in 1697 peace was made at Ryswick, leaving Strasburg to France, but taking back to Germany Breisach, Friburg, and Philipsburg, which had been seized as belonging to Elsass.

But the peace of Ryswick was only a resting-time before another war which every one saw coming, since Carlos II., King of Spain, was a sickly man, without children, whose death was constantly expected—and what was to become of his kingdom? He had no brother, but he had had two sisters: the eldest had married Louis XIV., who had left a son; the other, Margarita, had been the first wife of Leopold, and had left one daughter, Antonia, who had married the Elector of Bavaria, and had a son named Ferdinand.

The mothers of Leopold and Louis had also been Spanish princesses. France was so much too powerful already that the powers of Europe could not let the Dauphin inherit Spain—besides, his mother had renounced her rights to Spain on becoming Queen of France. So the right heir seemed to be young Ferdinand of Bavaria, and Carlos made his will in his favor; but this had scarcely been done before the boy died, and the French and Austrians accused one another of poisoning him. Leopold's second wife, Eleonore of Neuburg, one of the best and most devout women in Europe, had given him two sons, Joseph and Karl, and he declared that all rights of the French queen having been renounced, he was the next heir through his mother, and that he would make over his claim to his second son, Karl; and to make sure of the support of the German powers, he offered to make the Electors of Brandenburg and Saxony kings. Friedrich of Brandenburg, who was a weak man, fond of show and finery, was delighted. He chose to



THE STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

be called King of Prussia, and went to great expense for his coronation; but his wife was a very clever woman, who used to study with the philosopher Leibnitz, and was heartily weary of all his pomp and show. Louis XIV. promised to be contented with the duchy of Lorraine and kingdom of Naples and Sicily, and leave Karl Spain and the Netherlands, and the other

nations swore to see this carried out. But poor Carlos II. thought it his duty to leave his kingdom to his nearest relation, and when he died, in 1700, he was found to have left all by will to Philip, Duke of Anjou, the second grandson of Louis XIV., and he was at once sent off to take possession, while the Elector of Bavaria and his brother, the Archbishop of Köln, sided with him. However, the Emperor began the war in Italy, whither he sent Prince Eugene, who was by far his best general. He was a little lean man—a strange figure in his blue coat, brass buttons, and enormous cocked hat, but he was greatly respected for his uprightness, bravery, and skill, and he brought over his cousin, the Duke of Savoy, to take the Austrian instead of the French side.

The Archduke Karl was sent to try his fortune in Spain, where he prospered as long as the English Lord Peterborough fought for him; but his German advisers were so dull and wrong-headed, and he himself so proud and stupid, that Peterborough threw up his command, and then the French gained ground, and Karl was forced to shut himself up in Barcelona.

In the meantime, the Elector Maximilian of Bavaria had brought a whole French army into his duchy to invade the Austrian Tyrol, which Bavaria always coveted. He gained some successes at first, but the Tyrolese, always the most true and loyal of peasants, drove him out with great loss. Eugene had been called back from Italy, and an English army, under the great Duke of Marlborough, marched up from Holland. These two great men then began a warm friendship, which never slackened, and together they met the huge French army which had come to aid Bavaria, and utterly routed it—first at Donauwerth, and then at Hochstadt, or, as the English call it, Blenheim, making the French general, Tallard, a prisoner on the 13th of August, 1701.

It was the first victory gained over the French since the battle of St. Quentin, and it drove them quite out of Bavaria, which was held by the Austrian troops, while the Elector fled into the Netherlands.

Leopold had only just lived to see the tide turn, and his great enemy, Louis, begin to lose. He was already out of health, and died on the 5th of May, 1705. He was sometimes called the Thick-lipped, the large upper lip inherited with the Tyrol from Margarethe Mautsach being specially visible in him. He was in some ways like the Emperor Rudolf, being very studious and learned, and also so shy that his nobles hardly knew him by sight. One of his chamberlains, who was seldom at the palace, met a little dark figure in a passage, and asked, "Where's the Kaiser?" "That am I," answered a hoarse voice. The Empress Eleonore survived him fifteen years, always busy in works of piety and charity, so that she was called "the mother of the poor." When she died, she bade these words alone to be inscribed on her coffin—"Eleonore, a poor sinner, died 19th January, 1720."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

JOSEPH I. A.D. 1705-1711.



JOSEPH, the eldest son of Leopold I., was twenty-six when he became Emperor. He was a very sensible and able man, superior to most of his family. He was fair and handsome, and was learned in many languages, with much knowledge of art and science; he was also much more free and ready of speech and manner than his father, though he hated fine speeches, and would not attend to birthday odes. "I come to hear music, not my own praise," he said, when these began in the theatre.

He took away some of the harsh decrees against the Protestants who remained in his hereditary dominions, and he forbade the Catholic priests to preach sermons abusing them, and in everything he gave his chief confidence to Prince Eugene, to whom he looked up like a father.

War was going on everywhere. The Bavarians had revolted against the Austrians, and called back their Elector with the help of the French, and there was a sharp war before he was driven out again, and put to the ban of the Empire.

Then August of Saxony, as King of Poland, had, in alliance with Russia, made war on the young King Charles XII. of Sweden, and had thus brought down on himself a most terrible enemy, for Charles was one of the most fierce and stern of warriors, less like a man than a piece of iron wound up to do nothing but fight. He drove August out of Poland, hunted him up and down Saxony, beat him over and over again, and would not grant him any respite unless he would resign the crown of Poland, and give up other matters very dear to him. August begged to see Charles, in hopes of softening him, but the Swede, to show his contempt for the shameful luxury he found in the palace at Dresden, would talk of nothing but his great jack-boots, telling the other king that he never took them off save when he went to bed. He stayed a year in Saxony, and settled the affairs of Poland by making king a young nobleman named Stanislas Lecksinsky, after which he marched off to Russia, where he found the Czar, Peter the Great, much too strong for him.

The war of the Spanish succession was going on all the time, though the Archduke Karl was unable to hold any ground in Spain; Marlborough was fighting the French in the Netherlands and Eugene was sent by Joseph to



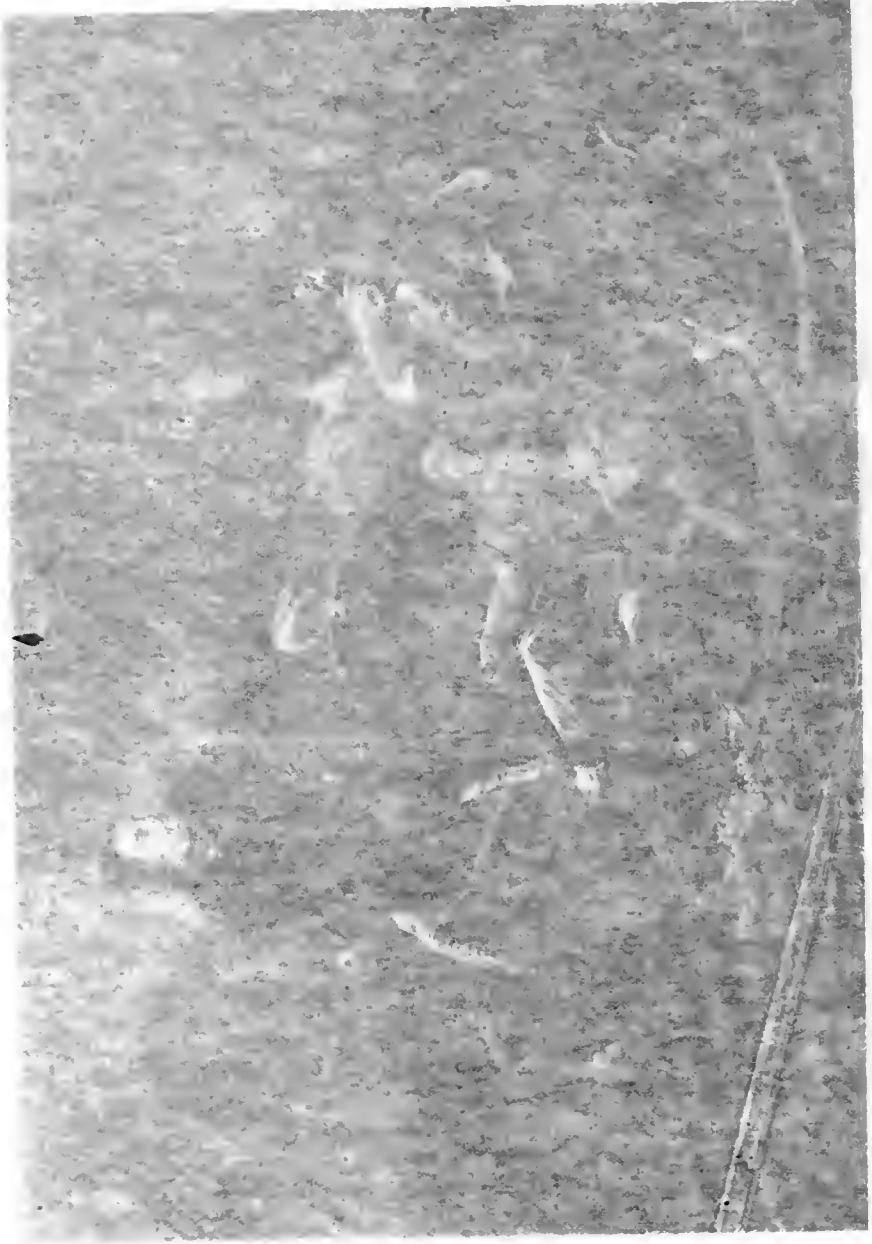
PETER THE GREAT CROSSING THE NEVA.

help his cousin of Savoy, whose lands were being overrun by the French.

CHAPTER XII. — THE SWEDEN IN BATTLE.



He captured Vienna as he had done when he had defeated the Austrian army, and he showed the Russians their own weakness, that out of fifty thousand men he had only twenty



LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

help his cousin of Savoy, whose lands were being terribly ravaged by the French.

CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN IN BATTLE.



His capital, Turin, was being besieged, when Eugene brought up the Austrian army, and attacked the French in their camp, gaining such a victory, that out of fifty thousand men only twenty thousand were left by the

time the broken army arrived at Pignerol, and the French were entirely driven out of Lombardy. Then Eugene marched even to the kingdom of Naples, where the people were quite willing to cast off the dominion of Philip of France; and after this, Eugene and Victor Amadeus advanced into the old Imperial fief of Provence, and laid siege to Toulon, but could not take it. The House of Austria had never so prospered since the days of Charles V., and Eugene, going to join Marlborough in the Netherlands, shared in another great victory at Oudenarde.

After all these losses Louis XIV. began to beg for peace, but Joseph and Queen Anne of England would only consent on condition that he should help to drive his own grandson out of Spain, and this was too much to ask; so the war raged on, and the allied armies in Flanders laid siege to Lille, which had excellent fortifications, and was defended by the brave Marshal Boufflers. Eugene managed the siege, while Marlborough protected him. Two assaults were beaten off, and Eugene was once struck on the head by a splinter, and was thought to be killed. At last Boufflers gave up the town, and retired into the citadel, hoping in vain to be relieved; but the French army would not venture on a battle, and a letter was sent to Boufflers, allowing him to surrender. There was no way of sending it but through the Austrian army, and Eugene himself forwarded it with a note telling the brave Boufflers how much he admired his defence, and that he might choose his own terms. Boufflers offered what he thought fair, and this was accepted. He asked Eugene to dine with him, and the answer was, "I will come if you will give me one of your siege dinners;" and so the first course consisted entirely of horse-flesh, dressed in different ways.

The next year there was another terrible battle at Malplaquet, still in the Netherlands, and harder fought than any had been before, though the French were again beaten. In the course of the battle Eugene was wounded in the knee, but he would not leave the field, saying that if he lived till evening there would be time to dress wounds then.

But in this full tide of success a grievous blow fell upon Germany. Joseph caught the smallpox, and, according to the treatment of the time, was rolled up in twenty yards of scarlet cloth, with every breath of air shut out from his room, so that it was no wonder that he died in his thirty-third year, on the 17th of April, 1711. His only son had died when a few months old, and he had only two daughters; so he left his hereditary estates to his brother, making him sign what was called the Family Compact, that if he too should have no male heir, Joseph's daughter should come before his in the succession.

The war was, under Marlborough and Eugene, carried on in a much less savage manner, but the little courts of Germany were mostly in a very bad state. August of Saxony was the worst of all the princes, but they all

wanted more or less to be as like Louis XIV. as they could, and imitated him in his selfish vices and extravagances if they could do so in nothing else. They despised German as a vulgar language, and spoke hardly anything but French, while they made all the display they could, and as they were mostly very poor, this could only be done by getting everything they could out of their unhappy peasants, who were very rough, boorish, and uncared for. Nor had the cities by any means recovered from the effects of the Thirty Years' War.

CHAPTER XL.

KARL VI.A.D. 1711-1740.



THE Archduke Karl was still at Barcelona when he heard the news of his brother's death, which gave him all the hereditary possessions of the House of Hapsburg. He sailed at once for Genoa, while Prince Eugene so dealt with the Electors that they chose Karl Emperor, and he was crowned at Frankfort, and afterward as King of Hungary at Presburg.

But the crowns of the Empire and of Spain were not to be joined again by another Karl. The power of Marlborough's war-party was over with Queen Anne of England, and the Earl of Oxford thought it would be better to let Philip of France keep Spain, and that old Louis XIV. ought not to be pushed any further. Karl meant, however, to fight on, and sent Eugene to England to try to persuade Queen Anne to continue the war, but the Savoyard was not courtly enough to please her, and people in London were disappointed to see a little, dry, insignificant-looking elderly man instead of the hero they expected. He gained nothing by his visit but a diamond-hilted sword for himself, and the English and Dutch troops were withdrawn from his army.

Then he tried to stir up the Germans to force Louis XIV. into giving up all that France had seized during that long reign; but, say what he would, nobody moved, and at last Karl consented to make peace. He gave up all claim to Spain, but he kept the Netherlands, which had belonged to the Spanish line ever since the marriage of Philip the Handsome and Juana the Mad, and the fortresses of Breisach, Friburg, and Kehl were restored to Germany. The island of Sardinia was also given up to him, and Sicily was given to the Duke of Savoy, while the claim of the King of Prussia to Neufchatel in Switzerland was acknowledged. This peace, which finished the

war of the Spanish succession, is called the Peace of Utrecht, and was signed in September, 1713.

Victor Amadeus of Savoy found Sicily too far from his dukedom, so he exchanged it with the Emperor for Sardinia, and took the title of King of the last-mentioned isle.

The Electors of Bavaria and Köln were pardoned and returned to their lands, and the next year another Elector became a King, when George of Brunswick, Elector of Hanover, obtained the crown of England through the Act of Settlement, which shut out Roman Catholic heirs. It must have been a misfortune to Köln to have such an Archbishop as their Elector restored, for he had no notion of the duties of his office. Once, during his exile, he gave notice that he was going to preach in the Court Chapel at Versailles on the 1st of April, and when a large congregation had assembled he appeared in the pulpit, shouted out, "April fools all!" and ran away, to the sound of trumpets and kettledrums.

His nephew, Karl Albrecht of Bavaria, and his wife lived disgraceful lives, given up to pleasure. They were great hunters, and the lady kept twelve dogs always close to her bedroom, and two in it, and she not only beat her dogs, but her courtiers with her own hand.

The Markgraf of Baden, Karl, who built Karlsruhe, was another byword for gross self-indulgence; and the most respectable court among the German princes was that of Friedrich Wilhelm II., King of Prussia. He was a rough, plain, religious man, but with the taste and manner of a drill-sergeant. He cared for nothing so much as his army, and for getting a set of giants for his guards; he carried on business with his ministers and generals sitting at a table, smoking their pipes over tankards of beer. He so hated French politeness and the vices which had come in with it, that he was perfectly brutal in his manners to his wife and daughters, and greatly misused his clever son Friedrich, who had a passion for everything French. When the young man tried to escape with his friend, Lieutenant Katt, they were seized, and treated as deserters. Katt was shot, and Friedrich forced to stand and see his friend's death; after which he had a long imprisonment, till, when his father forgave him, he was suddenly brought out and placed behind his mother's chair while she was playing at cards.

In the meantime, Prince Eugene was carrying on a great war with the Turks on the Hungarian frontier, where he was joined by all who wanted to see good service. He beat the Grand Vizier at Carlowitz, and then took Temeswar, and laid siege to Belgrade. The Turks came, 250,000 in number, to its relief, and encamped on the heights above, while Eugene lay ill of a fever in his tent. On the 1st of August, 1717, he was recovered enough to give them battle. He attacked them in the middle of the night, and gained a most splendid victory, which immediately gave him possession of Belgrade,

and he placed guards along the whole bank of the Danube to watch against the Turks.

Karl VI. had no son, and the great object of the latter half of his life was to cheat his nieces in favor of his daughters. He betrothed his daughters to the sons of the Duke of Lorraine, and obtained from the diet and from the powers of Europe consent to a Pragmatic Sanction, by which the eldest, Maria Theresa, was to succeed to all his hereditary states. To get the support of Saxony, Karl gave his aid to Friedrich August II., who claimed the crown of Poland on his father's death, against Stanislas Leekinsky. The daughter of Stanislas was wife to Louis XV., and thus there was another war with France. Eugene, at seventy-one, took the command, and was hailed by the army with shouts of, "Our father," while Friedrich William of Prussia saluted, saying, "I see my master." But there was not much to be done, the French took Philipsburg, and Eugene was recalled, and took leave of his army, and went back to Vienna, where he spent the last two years of his life in deeds of beneficence. He was so good a master that his servants grew old under him, and in the last year of his life the united ages of himself, his coachman, and two footmen amounted to 310. He now and then tried to give good advice to Karl, but was not heeded, though he was missed and mourned when he died suddenly at seventy-three, in 1719.

He had been the only man in the Council of War who did not cheat, and the army, though counted at one hundred and twenty thousand, was really only forty thousand, and they were half-starved, half-clothed, and had useless weapons; so they were beaten in Italy by the French and Spaniards, and in Hungary by the Turks, and Karl had to make the best peace he could. It was a strange arrangement—Friedrich August of Saxony was to keep Poland, and Stanislas Leekinsky was to have Lorraine, and leave it to his daughter, the French Queen. The real Duke Franz, husband to Maria Theresa, was to have Tuscany instead, and everybody again promised that she should have the Austrian dominions, and gave hopes that her husband should be chosen Emperor, he being descended from Karl the Great.

But faith, truth, and honesty were little heeded. Everybody preyed upon the Emperor, and the waste was beyond belief. Two hogsheads of Tokay wine were daily said to be used for dipping the bread on which the Empress's parrots were fed, twelve gallons of wine were supposed to be used every day for her possets, and twelve barrels for her baths, while all the Austrian states were in a wretched state of want and misery, all because Karl was dull and unheeding. He died on the 12th of October, 1740, the last male heir of the House of Hapsburg.

CHAPTER XLI.

KARL VII.A.D. 1740.



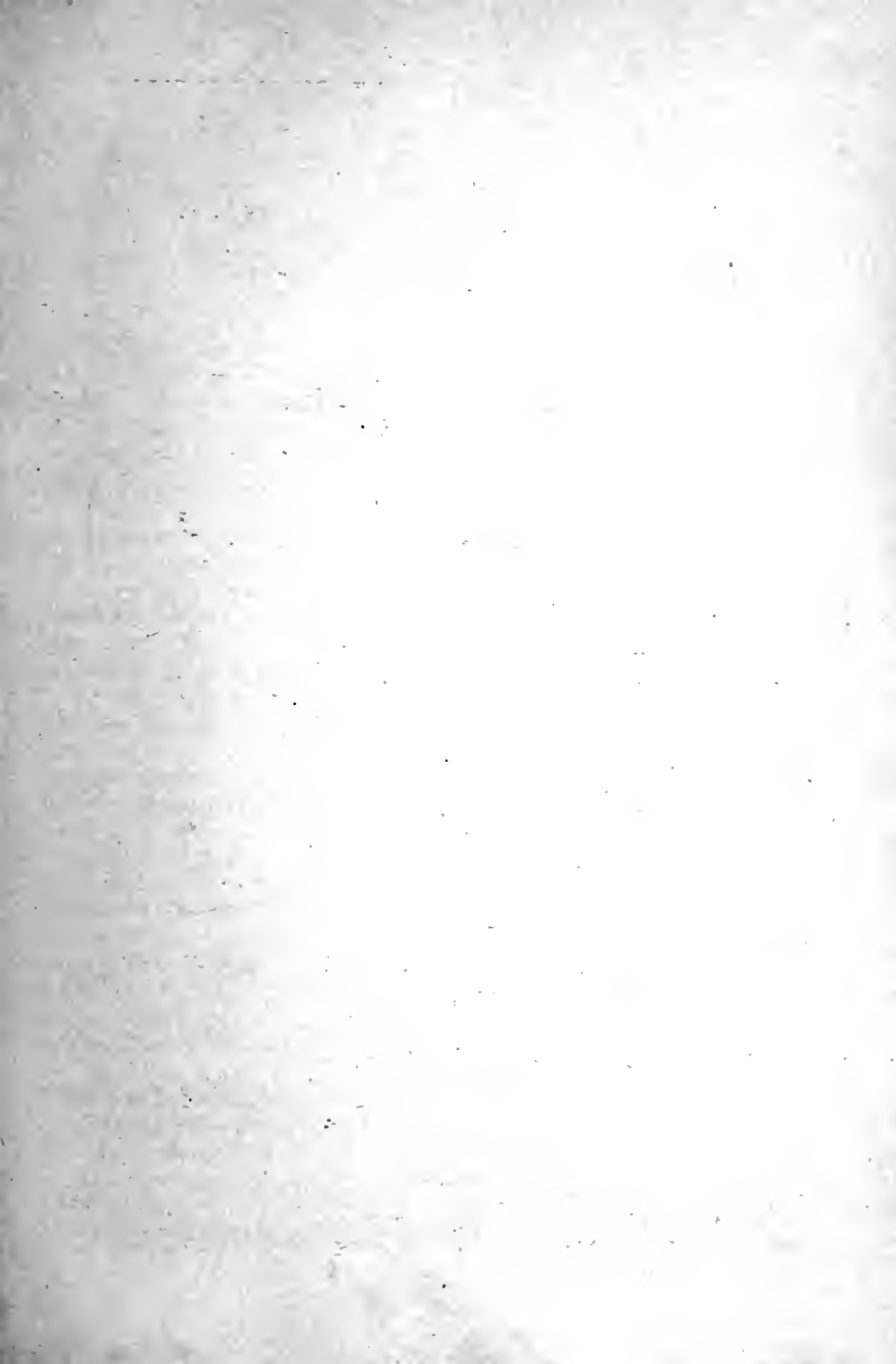
NOBODY cared for Karl VI.'s Pragmatic Sanction any more than he had cared for Joseph's Family Compact. No sooner was he dead than the husbands of the two daughters of Joseph put forward their claim; Marie Josepha had married Friedrich August of Saxony, King of Poland, and Marie Amalie, Karl, Elector of Bavaria, who was also descended from Ferdinand I.

Moreover, Friedrich II. of Prussia, who had that year succeeded his father, the old Corporal of Potsdam, was determined to use his fine army to get something for himself, so, only a month after the Emperor's death, he dashed into Silesia, and seized a number of towns. Then he wrote to Maria Theresa that he would support her claims and vote for her husband as Emperor if she would give up the province to him.

Maria Theresa was a beautiful and brave young woman of three-and-twenty, and would not submit to such treatment. She sent her army against the Prussians, and a battle was fought at Mollwitz, when Friedrich thought all was lost, and galloped off the field, saying to his staff—"Adieu, messieurs, I am the best mounted;" but when he saw them again, it was to find that, so far from being routed, they had gained a complete victory.

France and Spain joined Bavaria, Saxony, and Prussia against Maria Theresa, and at the diet at Frankfort in 1742, Karl of Bavaria was chosen Emperor, but without the vote of George II. of England, the Elector of Hanover, and the only ally of the brave young Queen. Karl invaded Austria, and August, Bohemia; Vienna was in danger, but Karl was jealous of the progress of the Saxons, and turned aside to secure Bohemia, which he mastered for the time. He was crowned at Prague, and set out to receive the Imperial crown at Frankfort.

Maria Theresa was driven from city to city, but she was resolved not to give up one jot of her inheritance. Her hope was in the Hungarians; and when she went to Presburg to be crowned, she appeared before the diet in robes of deep mourning for her father, but jewelled all over, and with the sacred crown of St. Stephen on her head, her fair hair flowing below in rich curls, the sword girded to her waist, and her little son Joseph in her arms.





AFTER THE BATTLE OF HOHEN-FRIEDBERG.

She made the diet a spirited speech in Latin, which was the state language in Hungary, which so stirred the hearts of the brave Magyar nobility, that



RECRUITING FOR THE SILESIA ARMY.

they all waved their swords in the air, and cried out with one voice in Latin—" *Moriāmur pro rege, Maria Theresiā*" (Let us die for our King,

Maria Theresa). Then she put on the royal breastplate, mounted a charger, and rode up the royal mount, defying the four corners of the world with her drawn sword in true kingly fashion.

Not only all the Hungarians, but their neighbors, the Croats and Transylvanians, mustered in her favor. The English raised money to equip them, and, in the meantime, her enemies were quarreling out of jealousy of one another; and Friedrich II. let her know that he would join her if she would give up the whole of Silesia to him.

On the very day on which Karl VII. was crowned at Aachen, Maria Theresa's brother-in-law, Charles V. of Lorraine, invaded Bavaria, and drove out the French army. However, he was soon after defeated by the Prussians at Czaslau, on the Bohemian border, and this loss brought the Queen of Hungary to consent to his terms, and give up Silesia to him, though with great grief and bitterness. She had also made peace with the King of Saxony, and had only Bavaria and France to fight with; but she had England on her side, and she hoped that she should conquer back again Lorraine, her husband's proper inheritance.

Prague was held by the French under Marshal Belleisle for the Emperor. It was closely blockaded by Prince Charles of Lorraine, who drove back the army coming to their help, and expected soon to have the whole French garrison in his hands; but it was the depth of winter, and the cold prevented his watching closely enough, so that Marshal Belleisle, with provisions for twelve days, made his way out at night with fourteen thousand men, only leaving behind him a small guard with the sick and wounded in the citadel. He reached Egra on the twelfth day, having lost only one hundred men by attacks of the enemy, but twelve hundred by the frightful weather, so that the Bohemians found the roads dreadful to behold, for they were overspread with corpses, heaps of a hundred or more lying stiffened with frost all together. Still all the cannon and colors were saved, and when the guard in the citadel were summoned to surrender, their officer answered that unless he were allowed to march out with the honors of war, he should set fire to the four corners of the city, and perish in it.

He was therefore allowed to go free with his army, and Maria Theresa celebrated her conquest by a chariot race, as like those of the ancient Greeks as possible, considering that ladies drove in it, and the Queen and her sister were among the competitors.

On the 12th of May, 1743, Maria Theresa was crowned Queen of Bohemia, having thus gained all her hereditary dominions, which she ruled with great vigor and spirit, having set everything on a much better footing than had been in her father's time.

Her brother-in-law, Prince Charles, marched to punish the Emperor, and beat him and the French, so that Munich had to be deserted; and to obtain

some kind of respite, he made a treaty with the Queen, engaging to remain neutral, and to renounce all his claims to the Austrian succession.

The war with France still went on, and the English and Austrian armies, with George II. at their head, routed the French at Dettingen. The old days of Marlborough and Eugene seemed to be coming again, and Vienna was in transports of joy. The Queen was out on a water-party on the Danube when the news arrived, and the whole population poured out to meet her, and lined the banks for nine miles, shouting with eestasy.

It was said of her that she was like the English Elizabeth, in being able to make every man about her a hero; and, not contented with what she had recovered, she baffled George II.'s endeavors to make peace, being resolved to force Karl of Bavaria to resign the title of Emperor, and to conquer back Elsass and Lorraine. However, her attacks on these provinces did not prosper, and her other scheme was prevented by the death of the unfortunate Karl VII., who died early in 1745 from the shock of hearing, when already ill of the gout, of the defeat of the French in a skirmish. He advised his son, Maximilian Joseph, not to let himself, like him, be made a French tool, but to make his peace with Austria as soon as possible.

CHAPTER XLII.

FRANZ I. A.D. 1745-1765.



HERE was no difficulty made about electing Franz of Lorraine, the husband of Maria Theresa, Emperor on the death of Karl VII. The new Elector of Bavaria made his peace by giving him his vote, and Friedrich II. of Prussia acknowledged him. Maria Theresa was henceforth called the Empress Queen. She loved her husband heartily, but she let him have no authority in her own hereditary dominions, which she ruled in her own right; and an Emperor had by this time hardly any power over the princes of Germany, and was little

more than a name.

The war in Germany was over, but that with France still lasted, with England still as the ally of Austria; but France had now a great general, Marshal Saxe, a half-brother of the King of Saxony, and he gained so many advantages that Maria Theresa and George II. at length consented to make peace with Louis XV. at Aachen, or, as the French call it, Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, and Europe had rest for eight years.

Meantime Friedrich II. was hard at work improving his country as well

as his army, causing great works to be done in husbandry and in manufactures, and working up Prussia to be one of the foremost and most prosperous kingdoms in Europe, for he was a wonderfully clear and far-sighted man. Unhappily, the rude, harsh way in which his father had tried to force religion on him had given him a dislike to it, which made him think all piety folly. These were the days when the French were writing books full of sneers at all faith; and Friedrich, who despised everything German and admired everything French, never rested till he had brought the greatest unbeliever of them all, Voltaire, the witty writer of poetry, to his court at Potsdam. The guest was received with rapture, and Friedrich thought nothing too good for him; but the King and the poet were equally vain—Voltaire thought he could meddle with state affairs, and Friedrich fancied himself able to write poetry. They laughed at each other in private, and people carried the sayings of one to the other. Voltaire exclaimed, when Friedrich sent him some verses to correct, "Here is more of his dirty linen to wash;" and Friedrich was reported to have said he only wanted Voltaire till he could squeeze the orange and throw away the rind. Moreover, Voltaire gave himself great airs to the King's suite. Once, at dinner, he called a noble young page who was waiting a Pomeranian beast. When the youth was, shortly after, attending the Frenchman on a journey, he told the crowd that the little, thin, dry figure grinning and chattering in the carriage was the King's monkey; so when Voltaire tried to open the door they closed in to catch him, and the more he raged, the more monkey-like they thought him.

The two friends soon quarreled desperately, and Voltaire left Berlin in a passion, but was pursued and arrested because he had a poem of the King's in his boxes. However, he was soon set free, and afterward they made up their quarrel, though without meeting.

Maria Theresa's heart was set on getting back Silesia, and most of the powers of Europe distrusted the King of Prussia. So she and her minister, Count Kaunitz, began to form alliances against Friedrich. On his side he had made friends with England, and the Empress Queen laid aside her hatred to France, and agreed with Louis XV., the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, and the King of Saxony and Poland, to tame the pride of the House of Brandenburg.

Friedrich, finding out these alliances, sent to demand of Maria Theresa whether there was to be peace or war; and, on her answer, he began the Seven Years' War in 1756 by dashing into Saxony. He gained a victory at Lowositz, and pushed on to Dresden, where he sent his Scotch general, Marshal Keith, to demand the King's papers, where he knew he should find proofs of the league against him. The Queen—daughter to Joseph I.—refused to give them up, stood in front of the box, and sat upon it, only

giving them up when she found the King would use violence. She was allowed to join her husband in Poland, where she died of grief for the misery of her country.



HE SAT FOR HOURS SILENT.

Then marching into Bohemia, Friedrich fought a dreadful battle with Charles of Lorraine, which lasted eleven hours. He gained the victory and besieged Pragne, but was beaten at Kollin by the Austrian army who came to relieve it, and was so grieved at the disaster that he sat for hours silent on a hollow tree, drawing figures in the sand with his stick.

He was forced to leave Bohemia, and in the meantime the Swedes and Russians were overrunning the Prussian provinces, and his English friends



THE BATTLE OF ROSSBACH

had been beaten at Hastenbeck by the French, and had left the way open into Prussia. Friedrich and his kingdom seemed as if they must be crushed among all these great powers. He had made up his mind to die rather than

yield, and carried about with him a bottle of poison, though he never ceased from his dry, sharp jokes. He was the hero of the battle in all Europe, and was able to save his country, he defeated the French at Rossbach, and another over the Austrians in 1757. Next year, 1758, he beat the Russians at Zorndorf, but after two more defeats. He lost his faithful Scottish Brigade at Zorndorf, and at Kunersdorf, when the battle was over, he had only 10,000 men left out of 48,000, and had to sleep on straw in a hut with the few clothes he had. Dresden was taken by the Austrians, but the Austrians had not so much in their victory that they had to retreat from the city.

The battle of Minden was fought to save Hanover from being taken by the English and Germans, and was a victory for the Austrians. Frederick was able to besiege Dresden, but he was forced to retreat because he could not take it, for the Austrians were able to send him help. They overran Prussia. Their general, Laudon, wanted to plunder the city, but he would not let it be plundered and he sent the city to the Austrians as a trophy. Meantime, Friedrich fought a painful battle in Saxony with Marshal Daun. He was struck down by a spent ball in the village church, where he lay on the floor writhing, and the Austrians fought on in the dark, thinking the battle lost, till morning came when they saw that the Austrians were driven away, and the field covered with the slain.

Torgau was the last battle of the Seven Years' War. Frederick was worn out, and Maria Theresa found that though Prussia might seem overwhelmed for a moment, it always revived more strongly than ever, and she consented to conferences being held at Breslau. A treaty was made in 1763 by which Saxony went back to Austria, and Silesia was left in the hands of Friedrich. Nothing had been gained by the long and bloody war, in which 640,000 men had died, and the country was left in the hands of the unhappy people of Saxony. Prussia was left as before.

Two years later, in 1775, Maria Theresa lost her husband and she married Franz I, a good man, whom she loved dearly. She was very fond of him. She almost broke her heart when he died, she had a great sorrow for him but herself, and for the rest of her life she lived in great sorrow for him, by his coffin in the vault of the chapel of the palace.



ed to leave Bohemia, and in the meantime the Swedes and
the Austrians were occupying the Prussian provinces, and his English friends



THE BATTLE OF ROSSBACH.

had been beaten at Hastenbeck by the French, and had left the way open
into Prussia. Friedrich and his kingdom seemed as if they must be crushed
among all these great powers. He had made up his mind to die rather than

yield, and carried about with him a bottle of poison, though all the time he never ceased from his dry, sharp jokes. He was the most skillful captain in all Europe, and was able to save his country by a splendid victory over the French at Rossbach, and another over the Austrians at Leuthen. The next year, 1758, he beat the Russians at Zorndorf, but after that he suffered two defeats. He lost his faithful Scottish Marshal Keith at Zorndorf, and at Kunersdorf, when the battle was over, he had only 3000 men left out of 48,000, and had to sleep on straw in a hut, with three balls in his clothes. Dresden was taken by the Austrians, but the Russians had suffered so much in their victory that they had to retreat from Prussia.

The battle of Minden was fought to save Hanover from the French by the English and Germans, and was a victory, though ill-managed. Friedrich was able to besiege Dresden, which he ruined by a cruel cannonade but could not take, for the Austrians were upon him again, took Berlin, and overran Prussia. Their general, Esterhazy, lodged in Potsdam itself, but he would not let it be plundered, and only took away one picture as a trophy. Meantime, Friedrich fought a frightful battle at Torgau in Saxony with Marshal Daun. He was struck down by a spent ball, and carried to the village church, where he lay on the floor writhing, and Marshal Zeithen fought on in the dark, thinking the battle lost, till morning light showed that the Austrians were driven away, and the field covered with heaps of slain.

Torgau was the last battle of the Seven Years' War. Everybody was worn out, and Maria Theresa found that though Prussia might seem overwhelmed for a moment, it always revived more fiercely than ever, and she consented to conferences being held at Hubertsberg. A treaty was made in 1763 by which Saxony went back to August III., and Silesia was left in the hands of Friedrich. Nothing had been gained by any one in this horrible war, in which 640,000 men had died, and misery unspeakable inflicted on the unhappy people of Saxony, Prussia, and Silesia.

Two years later, in 1775, Maria Theresa lost her husband, the Emperor Franz I., a good man, whom she loved devotedly, and called her heart's joy. She almost broke her heart when he died; she let no one sew his shroud but herself, and for the rest of her life used to spend many hours in praying by his coffin in the vault of the chapel of her palace at Vienna.



CHAPTER XLIII.

JOSEPH II. A.D. 1765-1790.



HE eldest of the many sons of Franz I. and Maria Theresa was elected Emperor, but his mother remained sovereign of her hereditary states, and the title of Emperor conveyed hardly any power. Germany was a collection of states, some large, but mostly very small. Prussia and Saxony, Bavaria and Wurtemberg, were large and powerful, but there were many like dukedoms and principalities, not so large as an English county, and these, like the free towns, belonged indeed to the Empire, but were no more ruled by the Emperor than were

France or England.

August III. of Saxony died soon after his return from Dresden, and the crown of Poland was given to a noble named Stanislas Poniatowsky, whom the Empress Catharine of Russia forced the Poles to elect. Prussia meantime was recovering from its misfortunes under Friedrich II., whose wonderful skill in this terrible war had earned him the name of the Great. He helped the people who had suffered most with gifts of money and corn, he drained marshes, opened canals, and wonderfully improved the country. He did all this by taxes on salt, coffee, and tobacco, at which people grumbled a good deal; but he never punished any one for this, saying his people might talk as much as they pleased if they only would obey. Once when he found a crowd staring at a caricature of himself sitting on the ground with a coffee-mill between his legs, and the label, "Old Fritz, the coffee-grinder," he laughed at it, and had it pasted lower down on the wall that the people might see it better. He was very just even where his own plans were concerned, and left a windmill standing, an eye-sore to his favorite palace of Sans Souci, because the miller would not part with it. He built churches for both Protestants and Roman Catholics, but he had no fixed faith himself, and encouraged all kinds of bold questionings around him.

Young Joseph II. much admired him, and longed to bring in his reforms to Austria, but the Empress Queen would not hear of them. When her son wanted to pull down the walls that shut in Vienna, she said, "I am an old woman; I can almost remember Vienna besieged by the Turks. I have twice seen it almost the frontier of my dominions. Let Joseph do as he pleases when I am dead. While I live, Vienna shall not be dismantled."

Joseph, in his eagerness to copy the King of Prussia, went to visit him, under the name of Count Falkenstein, and the two were so delighted with one another that the Emperor always spoke of Friedrich as "the King, my master," and the King hung his rooms at Sans Souci with portraits of Joseph as "a young man of whom he could not see enough."

Joseph's head was already full of Friedrich's free-thinking notions, as well as of his able plans for his country, and he was now persuaded into a wicked scheme, contrived by Friedrich and by Catherine of Russia, who was likewise an unbeliever; namely, that the three powers—Russia, Austria, and Prussia, should seize on the unfortunate country of Poland, and divide it between them. It had always been badly governed; the kings were elective, and never had power enough to keep order, and the nobles were always fighting; but that did not make the ruin of it less a wicked act on the part of the three nobles, and so thought the Empress Queen, who wrote that she had not been so unhappy even when she had hardly a city in which to lay her head; but Friedrich only laughed, and said, "I would as soon write the Jewish history in madrigals as make three sovereigns agree, especially when two are women."

She was old now, and, in spite of all she could say and write, her son and Kaunitz had their way, the Poles were too quarrelsome and broken into parties to make much resistance, and the plan was carried out, though not all at once.

In 1777 died Maximilian, Elector of Bavaria. Karl Theodoc of the Rhine was the right heir, but Joseph set up an unjust claim to two-thirds of it through one of his ancestresses, in spite of his mother, and frightened the Elector into yielding. However, Friedrich took up the cause, and marched into Bohemia, saying he was only come to teach a young gentleman his military exercise; and he managed so cleverly to avoid a battle that this was called the potato war, because the men did little but roast potatoes at their watch-fires. Maria Theresa wrote to Friedrich that she could not bear that they should begin again to tear one another's gray hairs; at which Joseph was very angry, but at last peace was made at Teschen, to her great delight.

After this, Joseph set out to make a visit to the Russian Empress. His favorite way of traveling was to ride on before his suite, pretending to be a courier sent on to order horses, dine on a sausage and some beer, and ride on as soon as the carriages came in sight. Thus he found out how to do many kind acts. Once he offered to stand godfather to a child newly born in a poor hut, and amazed the parents by coming to the christening in full state as Emperor; and another evening he supped with an officer with a poor pension, who had ten children of his own, but had adopted an orphan beside. Soon after came a letter from the Emperor, endowing each of the eleven with two hundred florins a year.

Joseph came home in 1780, just as his mother was dying, leaving nine survivors out of her sixteen children. She had been a good woman, a pious



POLISH WINGED CAVALRY.

and upright queen, and she was greatly loved by her people, whom she had heartily loved and worked for. Her death left Joseph free to try to follow

his favorite Friedrich's example, and to sweep away all that he thought worn out and useless. So he would not go to be crowned in Hungary because he would not swear to obey the old constitution, and he carried off the crown of St. Stephen to Vienna. Love of his mother prevented a rebellion, but there was great discontent at the changes he made.

In all his dominions he made changes. He forbade his clergy to appeal to the Pope, he altered bishoprics, broke up three hundred convents, leaving only those that were schools, prevented pilgrimages, and removed images from the churches. The Pope, Pius VI., came to Vienna to plead with him, but the Emperor treated him with cold civility, and would not let the Austrian clergy visit him, even walling up the back-door of his house lest they should get in privately.

Joseph wanted to exchange the Netherlands for the duchy of Bavaria, but Friedrich the Great induced all the other German powers to make a league against any change in the Empire, and he had to give way. It was the last work of Friedrich, who was so ill that he could neither ride, walk, nor lie down, though he still attended to business, listened to the books of the day, and played with his dogs, the beings he seemed to love best. He even desired to be buried among them in his garden when he died in 1786, and was succeeded by his nephew, Friedrich Wilhelm II., having made his little kingdom a great power.

Joseph had not strength or skill to succeed in an old country as he had done in a new one. Every one was in a state of grief and anger at the changes, and he declared his heart must be of stone not to break when he found that, while he meant to do good, he had only done harm, and made enemies of his mother's faithful people. He tried to help the Russian Empress to conquer the Turks, hoping to get a share for himself; but he lost many men in the marshes on the Danube from illness and in skirmishes, and he caught a fever himself, and came home to Vienna ill, and grieved at the bad news which came in from all sides. "My epitaph should be—'Here lies a monarch who, with the best intentions, never carried out a single plan,'" he said. And he soon died, broken-hearted, in his 49th year, on the 20th of February, 1790.



CHAPTER XLIV.

LEOPOLD II.A.D. 1790-1792.



LEOPOLD, the next brother to Joseph, had received the duchy of Tuscany on his father's death, and had ruled there twenty-five years. He came to the crown in very dangerous times, amid the troubles that had darkened the last days of Joseph.

Hungary had revolted, saying that Joseph had broken all their laws, and that, as the direct male line of Hapsburg had failed, they had the right of choosing their King. Moreover, the Netherlands had been angry at the interference of Joseph with their old laws, and had revolted, and set up a republic on their account, and there was a terrible example close at hand in France of the dangers that might beset kings who had tried their people's patience too long. Leopold's youngest sister, Marie Antoinette, was, with her husband, Louis XVI., threatened daily by the mob of Paris, while the National Assembly were changing all the laws and institutions, and viewed the King and Queen as their greatest enemies, hating her especially as an Austrian, as they considered the Hapsburgs as the great foes of France. She was like a prisoner in her own palace, while Germany, like all the countries round, was fast filling with emigrant nobles, who fled from the savage violence of the people, who rose to revenge the long course of oppression they had suffered.

Germany being the easiest country to reach, a much lower and worse stamp of emigrants went thither than those who came to England. There they behaved well, and made themselves respected as well as pitied; but in Germany many lived low, dissipated lives, and increased the taste the Germans had for French manners and language, and, unfortunately, for French fashions and vices.

Leopold could do nothing to help his sister, for Friedrich Wilhelm III. of Prussia, a vicious and selfish man, hoping to rise on the ruins of the House of Austria, encouraged all the disturbances in the Austrian dominions, and let the discontented Hungarian nobles hold meetings at Berlin. Moreover, the war with Turkey which Joseph had begun was still going on.

The Austrians took the city of Orsova, but after trying to besiege Widdin they were obliged to make a truce with the Turks, because the Prussian King had taken up arms against them, and had a great army in

Silesia, with which he threatened to invade the Austrian province of Galicia, and as he still had in his army many of the old generals of Friedrich the Great, he thought himself able to do everything. However, the English and Dutch came forward, and made peace between Austria and Prussia, and Prussia then mediated between Austria and Turkey.

After this, the King of Prussia voted for Leopold's election as Emperor, and he was crowned at Frankfort. At the same time he quieted his Austrian subjects by undoing some of the changes to which they had most objected, and tried to govern as much as possible in his mother's spirit, which, though it seemed to the new way of thinking narrow and unenlightened, was kind and fatherly, and suited the loyal Austrians and Tyrolese.

He had more trouble with Hungary, which was always turbulent, and which had been completely unsettled by Joseph's reforms and the resistance to them, and the nobles sent him a set of demands which he would not grant, only promising to govern Hungary as his grandfather and mother had done. They were obliged to be satisfied, and he sent the crown of St. Stephen to Presburg, and came thither himself, with his five sons, for his coronation. The Hungarians welcomed him warmly, and they chose his fourth son, Leopold, to act as their Palatine, and to place the crown upon his father's head.

He then prepared to teach the Netherlands to submit to him, and entered the country. The States were of various minds as to what they wanted, their leaders were quarreling, and they ended by yielding to him one by one, but not without leaving a great deal of discontent, which was much increased by all that was passing in France.

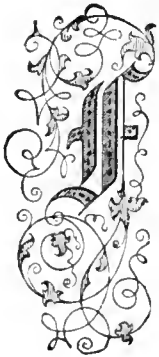
Leopold was free now to do something for his sister and her husband, and he allied himself with Prussia and Spain, preparing armies to march upon France, while the emigrant nobles eagerly enlisted. He sent messages to the King and Queen of France that they had better wait patiently till he could rescue them, and try to win back their people's hearts, but that he meant to assist them not by words but deeds. In truth, the invasion he intended was the very worst thing for poor Louis and Marie Antoinette, for it only made the people more furious with them, thinking them guilty of bringing in foreign enemies to crush the freedom newly won. Knowing this, the King and Queen tried to escape, but were seized and brought back again, amid hootings and all kinds of ill-usage.

Moreover, Leopold found it less easy to begin a war with the French than he had expected. The English would not yet take up arms, and his ministers said that he would only lose the Netherlands, which the French coveted above all things, and that to be friends with them would make them treat his sister better. So he acknowledged their new constitution, and let their Ambassador at Vienna set up his tri-colored flag.

But there was no use in trying to make peace, for the French looked on all monarchs as mere wolves, and besides, they wanted to have the emigrants driven from Germany, and to seize the Netherlands. So war was decided on, but just before it began Leopold fell ill, and died in his 45th year, in February, 1792. His Empress, Maria Louisa of Spain, died of grief three months later. Like his mother, he had a family of sixteen children, of whom all but two lived to grow up. The second son, the Archduke Karl, became a great general. Leopold had tried to hold things together, but everything in Germany was in a rotten state, and he was happy in dying before the troubles came to a head.

CHAPTER XLV.

FRANZ II.A.D. 1792.



FRANZ II. succeeded his father just as the war had begun, and the Prussians, under Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, and accompanied by the King himself, were crossing the Rhine, accompanied by a large force of French emigrants, who burned to rescue their King and Queen. Several places were taken, but instead of pushing on at once, before Paris was prepared, the Duke of Brunswick put forth a proclamation, calling on the French to return to their duty, and threatening not to leave one stone of Paris on another if a hair on the head of any of the royal family was touched.

This put the whole French nation in a fury; they flocked to join the army, and, ill-fed and half-trained though they were, they beat the Prussians at Valmy, and drove them beyond the Rhine, and at the same time the Paris mob, in their fright and anger, massacred all the royalists in the prisons for fear they should join their friends outside.

The Austrian army had likewise entered France, but was entirely defeated at Jemappes, and had to retreat before the French. The Netherlands, where Austrian rule was hated, immediately rose and made themselves into a Republic, under the protection of France, and at Paris the captive king was put to trial as a traitor who had called in the foreign enemy, and was executed.

All Europe was indignant, and the French declared war on all the states at once, with a fierce energy that was too much for the old-fashioned habits

of the Germans and Austrians, who were beaten again and again. Franz himself joined the army in the Netherlands, and for a time gained the advantage, but was beaten by General Pichegru at Tournay, and was again defeated at Fleurus; so that he had to fall back while the French entered Holland, and moulded the Republic to suit their own fashion.

Prussia was called off from the war by a great rising in its ill-gotten possession, Poland, led on by a gallant noble named Kosciusko, who hoped



THE ARCHDUKE KARL.

to win freedom for his country. Friedrich Wilhelm was obliged to call on Russia to help him to put down the revolt, and the three robbers, Prussia, Austria, and Russia, quarreled over the plunder, so that Prussia would no longer hold to the alliance with Austria, but made a separate peace with France in 1795.

Then the French army, under Bonaparte, crossed the Alps, and attacked the Austrian power in Italy, where they gained wonderful successes. The

Archduke Karl was fighting gallantly with the other French troops in Germany, but the quick movements of the young generals were a great deal too perplexing to the old German soldiers, who were used to go by the old rules of one hundred years ago, and the French drove them back everywhere. The army of Italy was driving the Austrians back into their own country, though on every height in the Tyrol stood the brave chamois-hunters, marking the invaders down with their guns; but there was no stopping Bonaparte, and he came out on the northern slope, so that Vienna felt how wise Maria Theresa had been in not letting the fortifications be taken down. The Emperor sent his little children away into Hungary, and the city made ready for a siege.

But the army on the Rhine could not fight its way across to join Bonaparte's army, and he could get no more men without going himself to France; so he took upon himself to make peace, and a treaty was made at Campo Formio, by which Austria gave up the Netherlands and the North of Italy, and was to have in return the old city of Venice, which the French seized in time of peace, and made over to Franz. He was not ashamed to accept it, though it had never belonged to Austria, nor even to the German Empire.

There was a little calm in Europe while Bonaparte went off on his expedition to Egypt. During this time Friedrich Wilhelm II. of Prussia died, in 1797, having spent all the treasure his two predecessors had laid up, and leaving his country in a much worse state than that in which he had received it. His successor, Friedrich Wilhelm III., was personally a much better man, and had a most excellent wife, Louise of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; but he was a weak man, and let his father's old ministry go on with the same mean and shabby policy as before.

The French kept few of their promises in the treaty, and the Austrians, thinking their best troops and most terrible captain would be lost in Egypt, believed that this would be the time to win back what had been lost to them, and again joined England and Russia in declaring war upon France. The Russian army came through Austria into Italy, and nearly conquered back Lombardy and Tuscany, but the Czar declared that everybody should have their own again, and Franz did not choose to give up Venice, beside which they were always ready to dispute about Poland. However, the Archduke Karl was successful on the Rhine, and things went hopefully till Bonaparte suddenly came home from Egypt, hurried to Italy, and in the great battle of Marengo so entirely beat the Austrian General Melas that the French gained back all they had lost.

In Germany the Archduke Johann was trying to defend Bavaria against the French, under Moreau, and on the 1st of December, 1800, gained a little advantage over him, when between the rivers Inn and Iser. Setting out in

the middle of the night, Johann marched through the forest of Hohenlinden, in the midst of a heavy snowstorm, hoping to surprise the French in their camp; but the enemy were up and alert, and there was a dreadful battle, fought in the midst of such thick snow that the soldiers could not see one another, only the flash of the muskets on either side, and seven thousand fell on each side.

"Few, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."

Hohenlinden ended in the utter defeat of the Archduke, and Franz was again forced to make peace, at Luneville, giving up to France all the lands beyond the Rhine, and acknowledging the Republics that had been formed out of the states of the Empire and his own lands. The princes who thus lost their lands received property and cities that used to be free in Germany. Forty-eight cities were thus stripped of their freedom, and only Lubeck, Hamburg, Bremen, Frankfurt, and Nuremberg remained free.

In these evil times there were greater men in Germany in literature than at any other time. The ablest poet of them all was Goethe, who lived at the little town of Weimar, admired by the Duke, and making a world of poetry for himself, in which he was so wrapped up that he cared nothing at all for the changes and misfortunes of his country.

CHAPTER XLVI.

FRANZ II. A.D. 1804-1806.



AFTER the peace of Luneville, Napoleon Bonaparte made himself Emperor of the French, and Franz II. congratulated him; but it was not long possible to avoid war with such a neighbor. The Emperor was very much affronted by all the North of Italy, which had been made into little Republics under French protection, being attached to the new Empire, as if it had belonged to France. Moreover, because Hanover belonged to George III. of England, with whom France was at war, it was seized by French troops; but the German princes were some of them afraid of Napoleon, some dazzled by his glory, and it was not easy to move them against him. When Franz resolved to

renew the war, and called the princes together, the Prussians were bribed by Napoleon by being allowed a share of Hanover, and the Elector of Bavaria desired leave to wait till his son, who was traveling in France, should be safe out of the enemy's country.

Franz was angered at this, and sent General Mack to occupy Bavaria; and the Duke of Wurtemberg and Markgraf of Baden, who were already admirers of Napoleon, were so angered at this step that they likewise went over to the French interest. Napoleon hurried into Bavaria with his troops so suddenly that Mack, who was a dull heavy man, was quite stupefied, and let himself be cut off from Vienna and shut into Ulm, where he soon yielded to the enemy, with his army of thirty thousand men.

By this time the Czar Alexander of Russia was coming to the help of Austria. Franz went to Presburg to meet him, and left Vienna undefended, so that it fell into the hands of the French, and Napoleon lodged in Maria Theresa's palace of Schönbrunn.

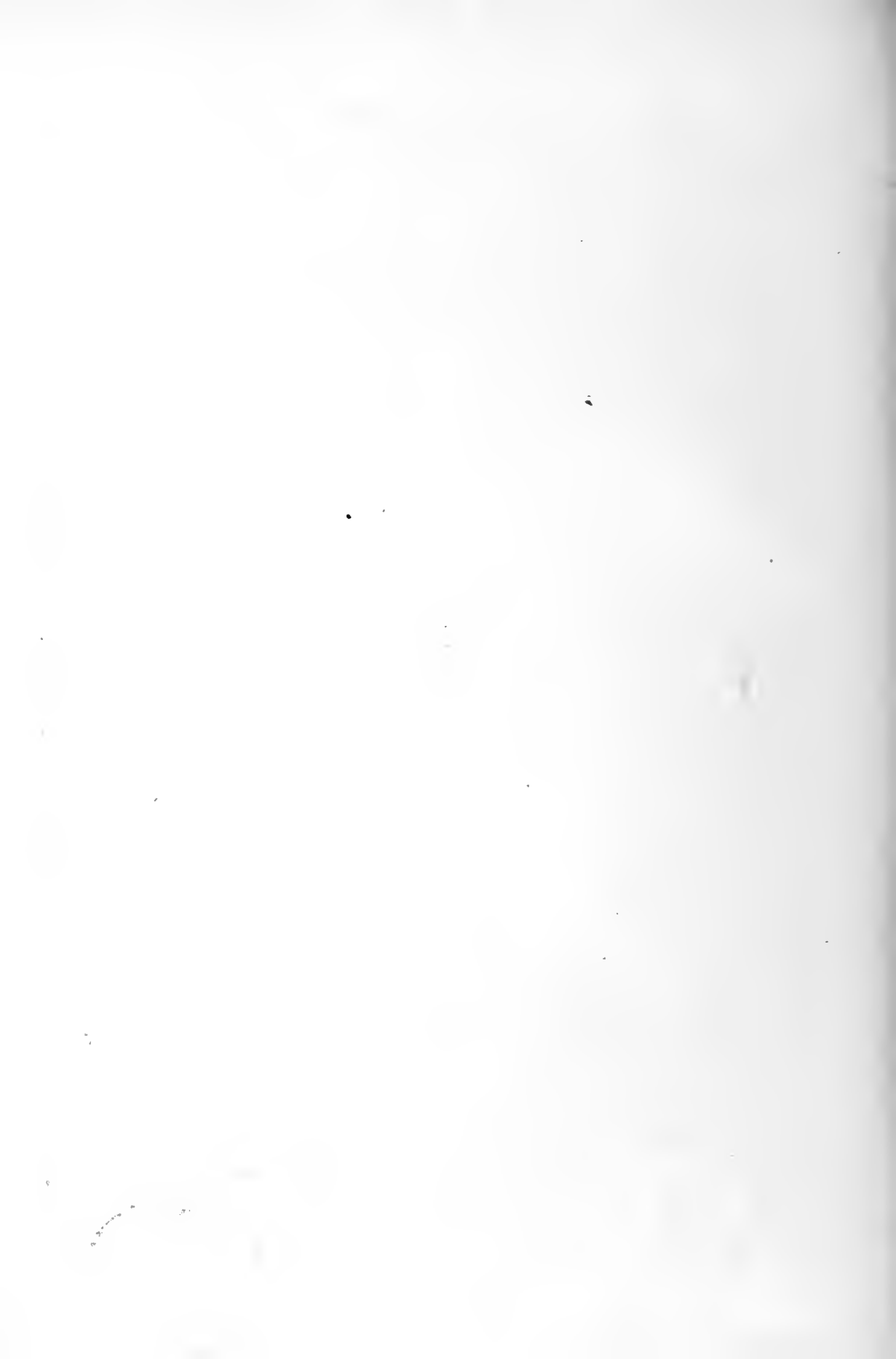
The Austrians and Russians, however, were marching on him, and at Austerlitz, on the 2d of December, 1805, there was a great battle, in which they were so totally defeated that Franz lost heart, and though his brothers were coming up with large armies, and the Russians would not have deserted him, he made another peace with France at Presburg, giving up Venice to the new kingdom of Italy, and his own faithful dukedom of the Tyrol to Bavaria, while the Elector of Bavaria and Duke of Wurtemberg were made independent kings; and Cleves and Berg were made into a Grand Duchy for Napoleon's brother-in-law, General Joachim Murat.

The German princes were persuaded to form themselves into what was called the Confederation of the Rhine, with the Kings of Bavaria and Wurtemberg at its head, and the French Empire for their so-called protector, detaching themselves entirely from the great old Holy Roman Empire, which reckoned back through Karl the Great to Cæsar Augustus. The old Germanic League, with its Electoral college and its Diets, and the Kaiser at the head of all, was entirely broken up, and Franz II. resigned its crown on the 6th of August, 1806. He still remained King of Hungary and Bohemia and Archduke of Austria, and it would have been in better taste so to have called himself; but he would not give up the title of Emperor, though that really meant the commander of princes, and so he termed himself Hereditary Emperor of Austria.

Prussia was much disturbed at the Germanic Confederation, and Napoleon wanted to break down the power of that little soldierly kingdom; so though it had been neutral during the last war, he picked a quarrel with it by threatening to give Hanover back to the King of England, and by most unworthy slanders of the Queen of Prussia, Louise of Mecklenburg. She was a good and lovely woman, and everybody loved her, but she was known



MEETING OF NAPOLEON AND QUEEN LOUISE AT TILSIT



to have been much grieved at the unmanly way in which her country had stood still all this time, and therefore he hated and maligned her. If she had been able to stir up her husband before the battle of Austerlitz, it might have been of some use; but it was too late when, in 1806, he called on Napoleon to remove his armies from Germany. The country was so delighted that the young men sharpened their swords on the steps at the door of the French ambassador at Berlin. The Russian Emperor Alexander came to promise his support, and joined hands with the Queen at midnight over the tomb of Friedrich the Great to confirm the alliance, then went back to send the aid he promised. Prussia would have done wisely to wait for it, but the whole nation rose eagerly in arms, and, uniting with Saxony and Hesse, raised an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, who were placed under the Duke of Brunswick, now seventy-two years of age. They had risen too late to act with Austria, too soon to act with Russia, and Napoleon was upon them at once, meeting them in Saxony, where he forced the passage of the Saale, killing the brave young Prince Ludwig of Prussia, the King's brother, on the bridge.

On the 14th of October, 1806, a dreadful battle was fought at Jena, where the Prussians were ill-commanded, and their valor only led to the slaughter of large numbers. Poor Queen Louise was in her carriage within sound of the guns, and had to drive away without knowing her husband's fate. He was safe, but the Duke of Brunswick was mortally wounded, and twenty thousand men lay dead on the field. General Blucher, with the survivors, roamed about for three weeks, and fought a sharp battle at Lubeck, but had to surrender.

The King and Queen fled to Konigsberg, while the French entered Berlin, and Napoleon sent off all the relics of the great Friedrich as trophies to Paris. August III. of Saxony joined the Germanic Confederation, and was forgiven, but Napoleon punished the others who had dared to stand out against him with brutal harshness. He would not let the wounded old Duke of Brunswick lie down to die in peace, but said he might go to England, and hunted him as far as Altona, where he died. In memory of him his son raised a regiment entirely dressed in mourning, with a skull and cross-bones as their badge, and these Black Brunswickers made it their business to fight wherever the French could be attacked.

The French were going to push on into Polish Prussia, when Alexander of Russia came down with his army, and fought two terrible battles at Eylau and Friedland, in which, though he was scarcely worsted, he was forced to retreat, and Konigsberg was left open to the enemy, so that Friedrich Wilhelm and Louise had to retreat to Memel.

CHAPTER XLVII.

FRENCH CONQUESTS.

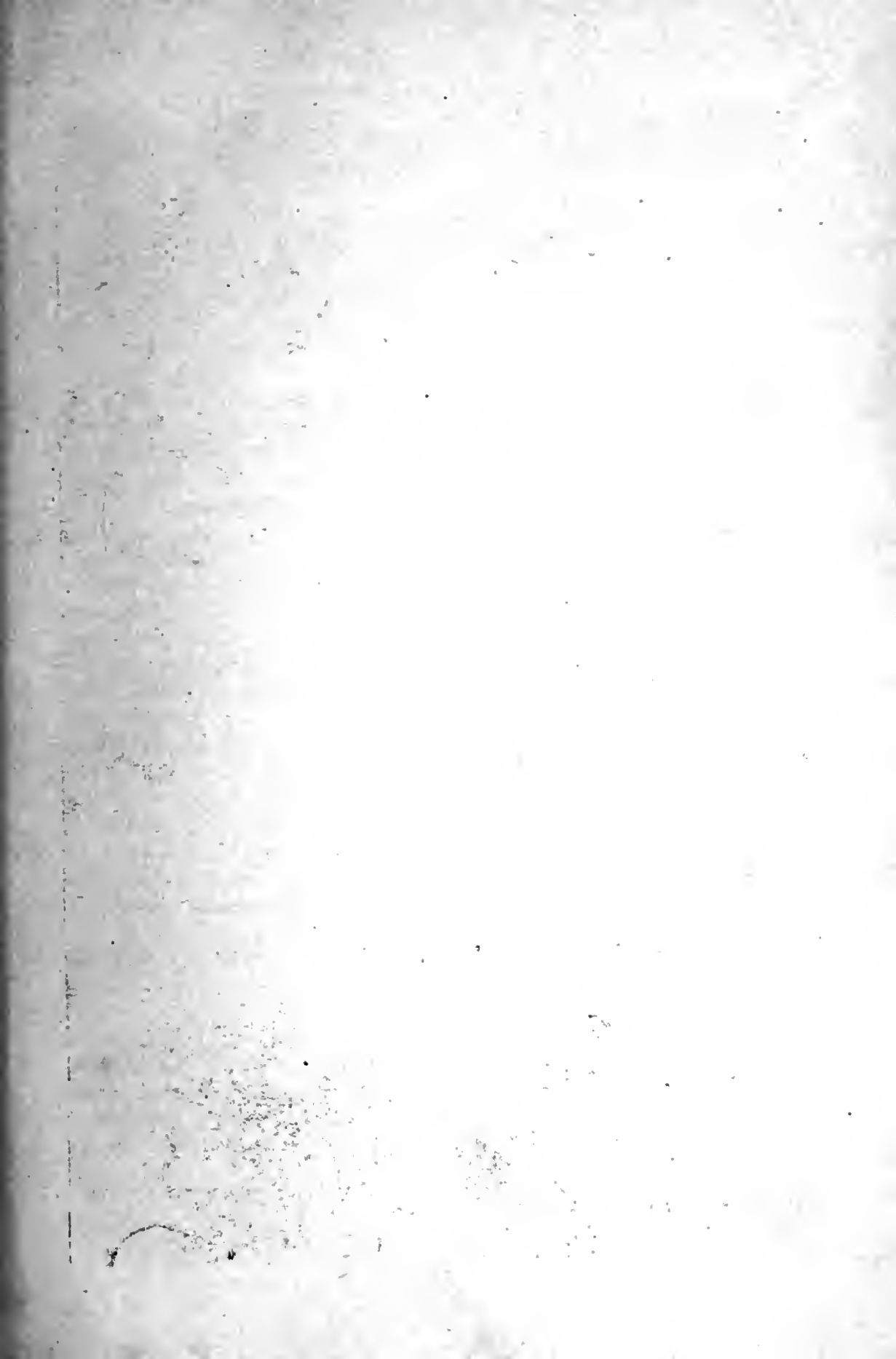
INTERREGNUM, A. D. 1807-1815.



AFTER the two doubtful battles, Russia deserted the cause of Prussia. Alexander and Napoleon made peace at Tilsit, and sent for the King of Prussia to hear what they would leave to him. The Queen came with him, hoping to gain better terms, but Napoleon treated her with rude scorn, and said that he had been like waxed cloth to rain. Once, when he offered her a rose, she said, "Yes, but with Magdeburg." "It is I who give, you who take," said Bonaparte roughly. He took away from Prussia all the lands on the Elbe and the Rhine, and these, with Brunswick, Hesse-Cassel, and part of Hanover, were made into a new kingdom of Westphalia for his brother Jerome. Polish Prussia was given to the King of Saxony, Dantzic made a free town, and only Prussia itself left to the King on condition that he should only keep an army of forty-two thousand men. The Queen pined away under grief and shame for her country's loss, and died two years later, leaving her people's hearts burning against the French tyranny, and longing to throw off the yoke. Though allowed to keep only such a small army on foot, it was made a means of training the whole nation to arms, for every man in turn served in it for a certain time, and then returned to his home while his place was taken by another.

The Emperor Franz took up arms again in 1809, sending his brother Karl to invade Bavaria; but this war turned out worse than ever for Austria. Karl was beaten at Eckmuhl; and though he won the victory of Aspern, he was driven across the Danube, and had another defeat at Wagram, so close to Vienna that the battle was watched from the walls. Again peace had to be made, and all the southern parts of the Austrian dominions had to be given up, while, greatest humiliation of all, Franz actually was forced to give his young daughter Marie Louise to be the wife of this Corsican soldier, though he was married to Josephine de la Pagerie, whom he divorced.

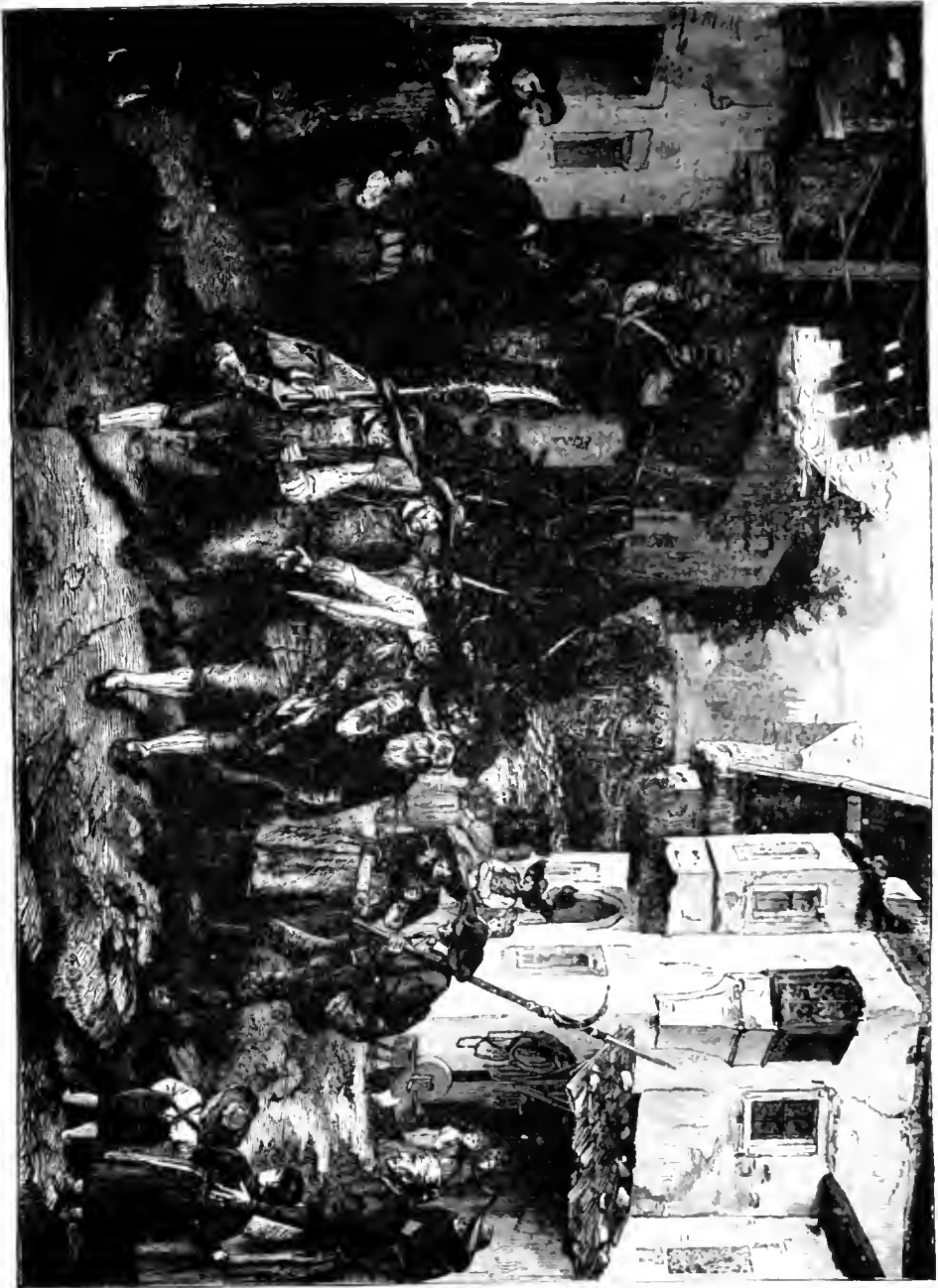
The Tyrol had been yielded to Bavaria, but the brave peasants, who were mostly farmers and huntsmen, rose on behalf of their Emperor, under





ANDREAS HOFER AND HIS COMPATRIOTS.

an innkeeper named Andreas Hofer, who led them most gallantly against the French and Bavarian troops, till an overwhelming force was sent against



THE LAST DEFENDERS.

them, and they were crushed. Hofer was made prisoner, and shot at Mantua.

Germany had fallen to the very lowest point, and the French proved most rude and harsh masters. Any sign of disaffection was punished by death, and the young men were called away from their homes to serve in the Grand Army which Napoleon was raising to invade Russia; but all the time there was a preparation going on for shaking themselves free, and all over the German states men belonged to the *Tugendbund*, or bond of virtue, which was secretly vowed to free the land once more. Napoleon marched through Prussia, on his expedition to Moscow, in the summer of 1812. In the winter the miserable remnant of his Grand Army came straggling back, broken, starved, and wretched; and though for very pity the Prussians housed and fed them, it was with the glad certainty that the time of freedom was come. The Emperor Alexander followed with his victorious army, and Freidrich Wilhelm met him at Breslau, shedding tears of joy "Courage, brother," said he; "these are the last tears Napoleon shall draw from you."

Gebhard Blucher was the chief Prussian general. He was nicknamed Marshal Forward, because that was always his cry, and Napoleon said he was like a bull rushing on danger with his eyes shut. All North Germany rose except the King of Saxony, who remained faithful to the alliance with France. Germans, Swedes, and Prussians together fought a battle at Lützen with the French, round the stone which marked where Gustaf Adolf had fallen, but neither this nor the ensuing battle of Bautzen ended well for them, and the poor city of Hamburg was horribly maltreated by the French General Davoust.

The Emperor of Austria sent his minister, Clemens Metternich, to tell Napoleon that he must join the rest of Germany against him. Napoleon was so angry that he asked what England had paid Austria for deserting him. Metternich scorned to answer, and they walked up and down the room on opposite sides for some time in silence. However, Franz sent his troops, under Prince Schwartzberg, to join the other allies, and there was a battle at Leipsic, lasting three days, from the 16th to the 18th of October, 1813, in which, after terrible slaughter, the Allies gained a complete victory. The rest of Germany rose and expelled the French, and the Allies were able the next winter to push on into France itself—the Prussians, with Blucher, over the Rhine; the Austrians, under Schwartzberg, through Switzerland. They were beaten singly in many battles, but the Swedes, Russians, and English were all advancing on different sides, and even Napoleon could not make head against five nations at once.

So they closed in on Paris, in April, 1814, and the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia all met there, and encamped their troops in the Champs Elysées and on the Boulevards. They saw Louis XVIII. placed on the throne by the French, and then made a visit to Eng-

land, where Blucher was received with such enthusiasm that people pulled hairs out of his horse's tail as relics.

Napoleon was exiled to Elba, and a Congress met at Vienna to consider how the boundaries of the European states should be restored, after the great overthrow of them all; but in the midst of the consultations came the tidings that the prisoner had escaped, that the French army had welcomed him, and that Louis XVIII. had again fled. Again the armies were mustered to march upon him, but only the Prussian was ready to join with the English in the Netherlands, where in June a succession of battles was fought, ending in the crowning victory of Waterloo on the 18th of June. Again the Allies occupied Paris, and Napoleon became a prisoner in the distant Atlantic island where he died. His wife Marie Louise had returned to her father with her little son, who died in early youth at Vienna. The Congress returned to its task at Vienna. The German Empire was not restored, and Electors and Imperial chambers were no more. There was only a great Confederation of thirty-nine states, including the empire of Austria, the kingdoms of Prussia, Saxony, Hanover, and Wurtemberg, with numerous Grand Duchies and principalities, and four free towns, Lubeck, Bremen, Hamburg, and Frankfort. They were not to make war on each other, nor with other nations, without each other's consent, and the Emperor was their president. Austria, however, only belonged to it for her German lands, not for the Italian states which were given to her, though she gave up the Netherlands to be joined with Holland in one kingdom. The fortresses of Luxemburg, Mainz, and Landau were to belong to the whole Confederation, and be garrisoned by their troops.



CHAPTER XLVIII.

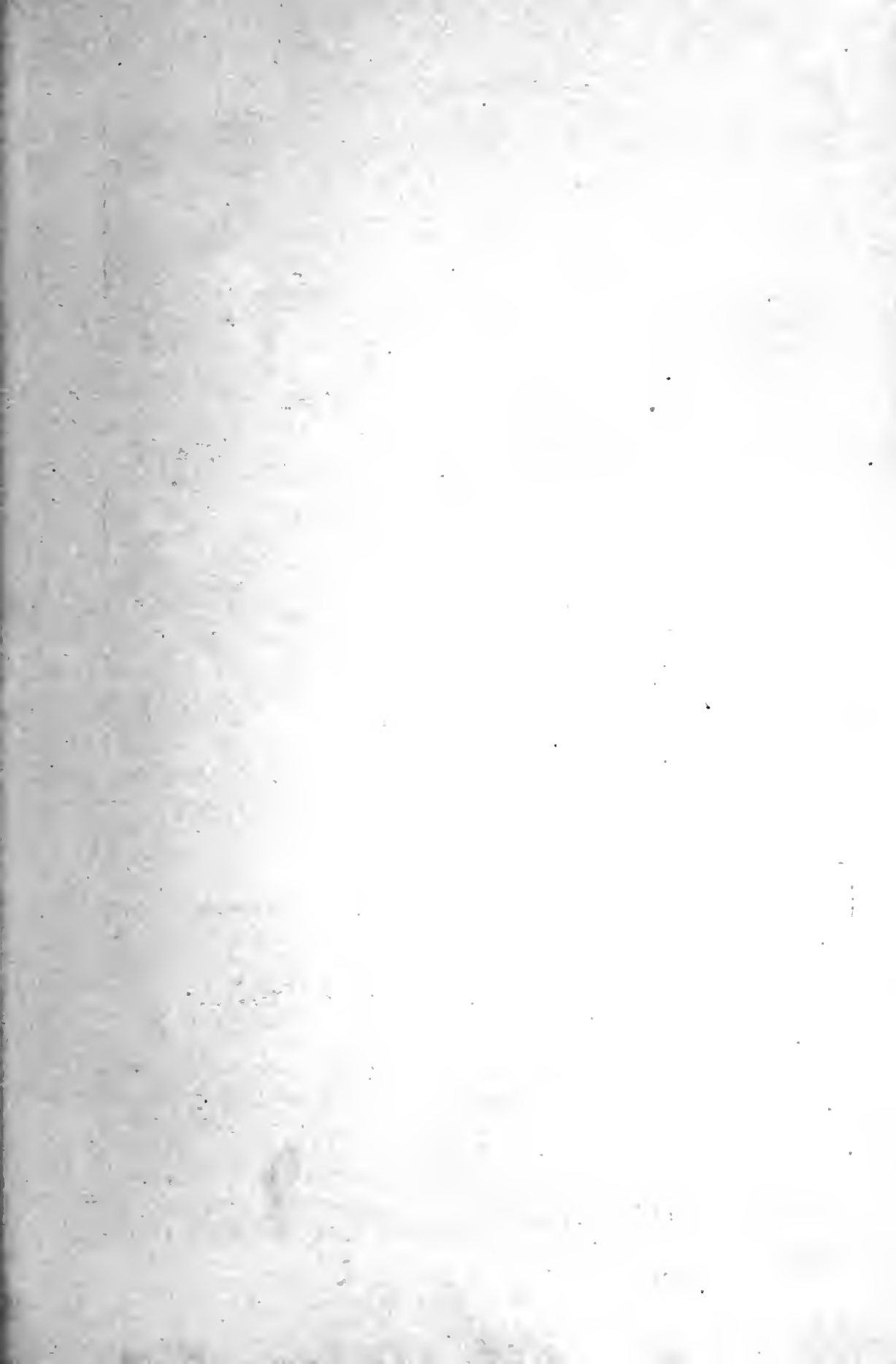
INTERREGNUM. A.D. 1815-1835.

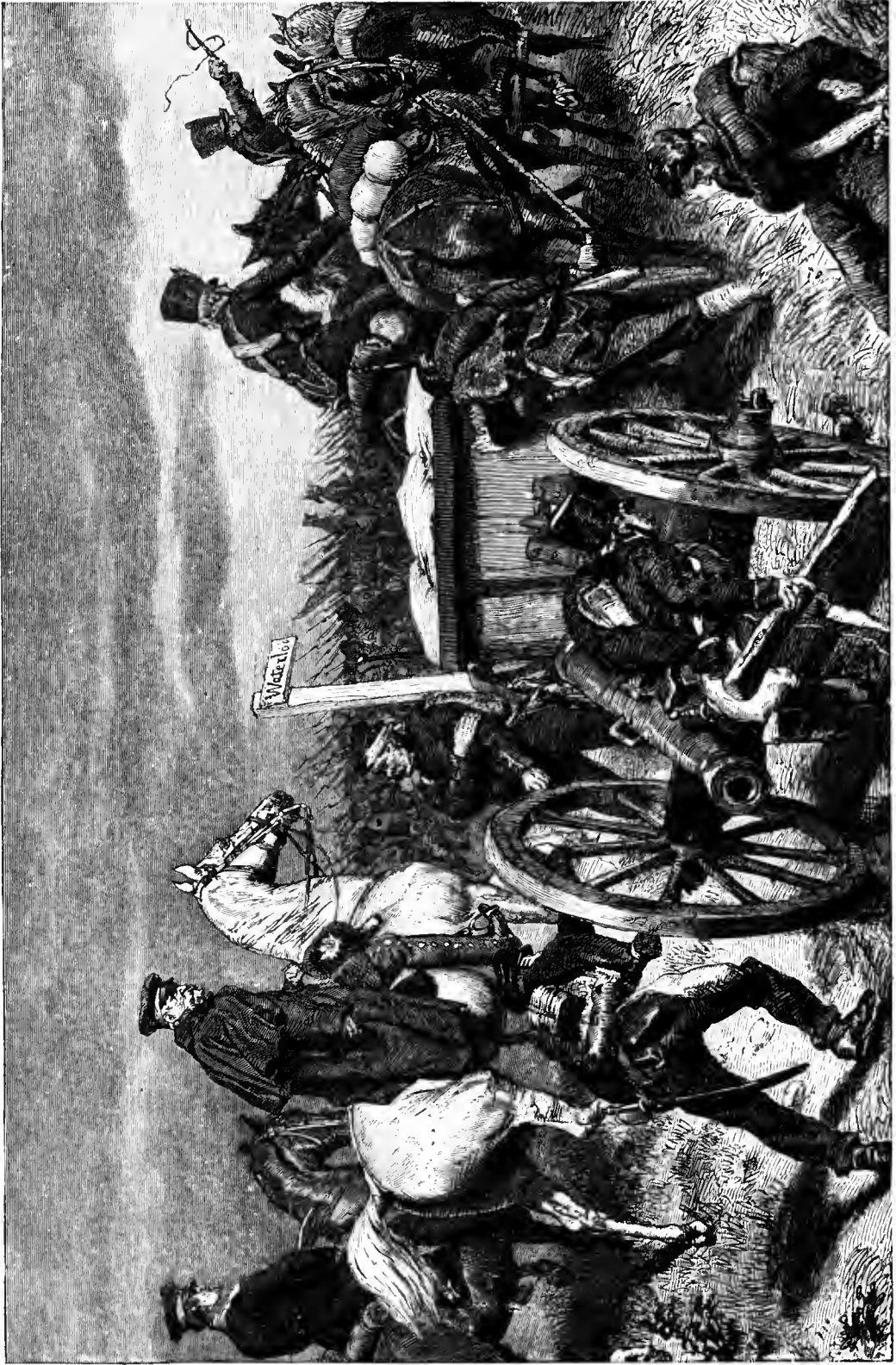


HERE was a time of rest after the twenty-five years of war, while the world recovered from the ruin it had caused; but the Congress of Vienna had so left matters that there was sure to be another disturbance soon. Prince Metternich, who managed everything for Franz II., kept all down with a firm hand, and nothing was so much shunned and dreaded by kings and their ministers as giving any power to the people.

Franz was a weak, dull man himself, kindly in his ways to those about him, and his own Austrians, among whom he walked about in an easy, friendly way, loved him; but in Italy there was great dislike to the Austrian power. The officers and soldiers who were quartered in the Italian cities were rough and insolent; and there were secret societies formed among the Italians for shaking off the yoke and freeing themselves. The men of this society were called Carbonari; but the time was not ripe for their plans—they were put down, and Franz kept the chief of them for many years in solitary confinement. Two of them, Silvio Pellico and Alexandre Andryanc, have written interesting histories of their imprisonment.

Franz died in 1835, and his son Ferdinand IV. was still more weak and dull, but Metternich still managed everything. Hanover was disjoined from England in 1837, as the succession was in the male line, and it was inherited on the death of William IV. by his brother Ernst August. In Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm III. was succeeded in 1840 by his son, fourth of the name, a good man, anxious to do right, but timid and weak, and rather confused between his notions of a king's power and his good-will to his subjects. All this time the Germans were improving much in the learning, the art, the manufactures, and all that had been hindered before by the constant wars in which they lived. The northern Germans had the chief thinkers and writers; the southern had the greatest taste in art. King Ludwig I. of Bavaria set himself to encourage architects, sculptors, and painters, and made his city of Munich a wonderful place for beauty of all sorts, with splendid galleries of pictures, ancient and modern. But he was a pleasure-loving man, who could not make himself respected, and in his old age he fell under the influence of a bad woman named Lola Montes, and his vice and folly shocked his people so much that he had to resign in favor of





BLÜCHER'S MARCH TO WATERLOO.

his son Maximilian. Prince Metternich had always hoped to hold things together as long as he lived in the old manner, and he used to say, "After me the deluge." But the deluge he meant came in his time.

When Pope Pius IX. began to reign at Rome, in 1846, he showed a wish to give more freedom to the people, and this filled all Italy with hope, and caused plans to be made for throwing over their harsh masters. There was a revolution in France in 1847, when King Louis Philippe was driven away, and the Germans began likewise to rise, especially the young students, whose heads were full of schemes of free government. Vienna was not safe for the Emperor or his minister. Ferdinand went to Innsbruck, in his faithful Tyrol, and Metternich fled to England. In Berlin there was a great rising, and some fights between the people and the soldiers, till the King promised to grant the changes in the government that were wanted.

The German states all wanted to be one, and act together again, and sent representatives to hold a great meeting at Frankfort to try to arrange some general plan. They chose the Archduke Johann of Austria to be the head of a new government which was to take them all in, but the plan turned out too clumsy to work, and there was nothing but confusion, while things were still worse in the Austrian dominions. Vienna was in an uproar, which the Emperor could not put down, and the Hungarians had risen, declaring that they had been unfairly treated, and wanted their rights. The wife of the Austrian governor, Princess Pauline Windischgratz, daughter of the General Schwarzenberg, was standing at a window above the street at Pesth when she was shot dead, and Count Lomburg was murdered. The chief Hungarian leader, who was named Kossuth, demanded that the Magyars, the old name by which his people called themselves, should be made free of all German power; he seized the capital and St. Stephen's crown, and when the Austrian troops were ordered to march against him, a number of the soldiers refused to leave Vienna or march against patriots.

Some of the troops remained faithful, but many young students joined the mutineers, and there was a great fight, in which the loyal troops were beaten, and then a number of men rushed upon the minister who had given orders to march into Hungary, and killed him. The Emperor, whose health was weak, and whose hand was not strong enough to rule in such times, went to his palace at Almutz, grieved and overwhelmed at such treatment from the Viennese, among whom he had been wont to walk about without any state, and to talk on the most kindly terms, like all his forefathers since Maria Theresa, meeting every one freely on the Prader, the beautiful public garden of Vienna.

The rebels shut themselves up in Vienna, and made ready for a siege, but the main body of the Austrians, and especially the Tyrolese, were still loyal, and troops came in numbers to Ferdinand's aid. After five days of

much fighting and bloodshed the city was surrendered. Some of the rebel leaders fled; the others were taken and shot. Then Ferdinand, feeling quite unequal to reign in such stormy times, called together a family council of his brothers and uncles, and ended by giving up his crowns to his nephew, Franz Joseph, a fine young man of eighteen, on the 1st of December, 1848.

In the meantime the Germans at Frankfort wanted to have a real emperor again, and begged Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia to accept the Imperial crown, and call himself Kaiser der Deutschen, or of the Germans; but, after considering the matter, he decided that they were not giving him power enough to be of any use, and that it was wiser not to be only a name and shadow, so he refused, and all their schemes came to nothing. There were disturbances in Bavaria, Saxony, and Baden, but the Prussians helped to put them down, and North Germany was at peace again by the July of 1848.

CHAPTER XLIX.

INTERREGNUM. D. 1848.



THE young Emperor, Franz Joseph, had a great deal on his hands, but ere long Austria and all his German states had returned to their obedience.

In Italy the whole country had risen. The Austrian Marshal Radetsky had been driven out of Milan, and Colonel Marinovitch had been murdered at Venice; the Duke of Modena had fled, the Pope and the Romans were on the Liberal party, and the King of Sardinia, Carlo Alberto, had declared war against Austria, and invited all the other states to join under him to turn the foreigners out of Italy. But they did not trust him, and were afraid of his getting too much power over them. Beside, the Italians talked much better than they fought, and Carlo Alberto was not much of a general, so Radetsky beat him at Custoza, came into Milan again, and then of course his troops were harsher than ever toward the Italians who had risen against them.

The Pope, Pius IX., was afraid of fighting with the Austrians, and the Romans were so furious at his trying to draw back that they murdered his minister, Count Rossi, and this so much terrified the Pope that he disguised himself like a priest, and fled away on the box of a carriage to Gaeta, while the Romans set up a Republic. But none of the Italians could stand against

the well-tried...
at Pavia...
the Prussian...
months...
the Prussian...
state; but then...
hatred on the...

In the...
of Austria...
could not...
Russia. The...
and put down...
south went to...

Still things...
was rough...
lesson by their...
Sardinia, with...
Austrian forces...
ward Franz Joseph...
forsake Victor Emmanuel...
the little Italian states...
the Sardinian king...
and Lombardy...
they were given...
condition that...
Savoy. Napoleon...
had so...
against for free...

But Franz...
gentle...
succeeded...
Bismarck...
but said that...
Germany. The...
Lancubus...
did to the...
of Denmark...
King Christian...
other hand...
not be divided...
all, joining...

much fighting and bloodshed the city was surrendered. Some of the rebel leaders fled; the others were taken and shot. Then Ferdinand, feeling quite unequal to reign in such stormy times, called together a family council of his brothers and uncles, and ended by giving up his crowns to his nephew, Franz Joseph, a fine young man of eighteen, on the 1st of December, 1848.

In the meantime the Germans at Frankfort wanted to have a real emperor again, and begged Friedrich Wilhelm of Prussia to accept the Imperial crown, and call himself Kaiser der Deutschen, or of the Germans; but, after considering the matter, he decided that they were not giving him power enough to be of any use, and that it was wiser not to be only a name and shadow, so he refused, and all their schemes came to nothing. There were disturbances in Bavaria, Saxony, and Baden, but the Prussians helped to put them down, and North Germany was at peace again by the July of 1848.

CHAPTER XLIX.

INTERREGNUM, D. 1848.



THE young Emperor, Franz Joseph, had a great deal on his hands, but ere long Austria and all his German states had returned to their obedience.

In Italy the whole country had risen. The Austrian Marshal Radetsky had been driven out of Milan, and Colonel Marinovitch had been murdered at Venice; the Duke of Modena had fled, the Pope and the Romans were on the Liberal party, and the King of Sardinia, Carlo Alberto, had declared war against Austria, and invited all the other states to join under him to turn the foreigners out of Italy. But they did not trust him, and were afraid of his getting too much power over them. Besides the Italians talked much better than they fought, and Carlo Alberto was not equal to a general, so Radetsky beat him at Custoza, came into Milan again, and then of course his troops were harsher than ever toward the Italians who had risen against them.

The Pope, Pius IX., was afraid of fighting with the Austrians, and the Romans were so furious at his trying to draw back that they murdered his minister, Count Rossi, and this so much terrified the Pope that he disguised himself like a priest, and fled away on the box of a carriage to Gaeta, while the Austrians set up a Republic. But none of the Italians could stand against

the well-trained Austrian armies; so Radetsky defeated Carlo Alberto again at Novara, crushing his spirit so completely that he gave up his crown to his son Victor Emanuel, and died four months later of a broken heart. Then Radetsky laid siege to Venice, which held out bravely for four months, but it was taken at last, and the French at the same time restored the Papal government at Rome, so that Italy was very nearly in its former state; but there was more and more distrust on the Austrian side, and hatred on the Italian.

In the meantime the Hungarians had declared themselves independent of Austria, elected a Diet, and put Kossuth at the head. Franz Joseph could not subdue them, and asked the help of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. The united Austrian and Russian armies defeated the Magyars, and put down the insurrection. The leaders escaped to Turkey, and Kossuth went to England, and afterward came to live in America.

Still things in Germany were not in a state that could last, and there was much restlessness everywhere. In 1859 the Italians, having learned a lesson by their former failure, united again, and this time under the King of Sardinia, with the help of Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. The Austrian forces were beaten at Magenta, and then at Solferino; but afterward Franz Joseph met Napoleon at Villa Franca, and persuaded him to forsake Victor Emanuel, and favor the setting up of a Confederation of all the little Italian states, instead of making them one strong kingdom; but the Sardinian king would not consent to this, and the people of the Tuscan and Lombard dukedoms insisted on being made part of his kingdom. So they were given to him, and all Lombardy as far as the Mincio, but only on condition that he should give up to the French his own old dukedom of Savoy. Seven years later, in 1866, Venice turned out the Austrians, who had so unjustly been placed there by the first Napoleon, and a war began again for freedom.

But Franz Joseph had another war on his hands by that time. The gentle undecided Friedrich Wilhelm III. of Prussia died in 1861, and was succeeded by his brother Wilhelm I., whose prime minister was Otto von Bismarck, an exceedingly able man, and one who had no feeling against war, but said that "blood and iron" was the only cure for all the difficulties of Germany. His first war was about the German duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg, which had belonged to the Kings of Denmark just as Hanover did to the Kings of England, and on the death of the last of the male line of Denmark, the Germans declared that they ought not to pass to the new King Christian IX., who inherited in the female line. The Danes, on the other hand, said that these two duchies were one with Schleswig, and could not be divided, and there was a sharp war, all the Germans, Austrians and all, joining in it. Prussia was much too strong for Denmark, and no one

would help the poor little kingdom, and the King was obliged to give up to Prussia and Austria all the three duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg, though the Danes were burning with anger and grief. Then came a dispute between Prussia and Austria, and Wilhelm made an alliance with Victor Emanuel, and promised to go on fighting in Germany until Austria should be forced to give up Venice.

Next Count Bismarck proposed that Prussia should have the North German states, and Austria the South, and that there should be an Assembly elected by all the people to settle the affairs of the Fatherland, as all Germans love to call their country. This came to nothing, and the two great Powers prepared for a great fight as to which should be the real head of Germany. Saxony, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Nassau, though northern states, all took the side of Austria, and sent their forces to join the Austrian army in Bohemia.

Count von Moltke was placed at the head of the Prussian army, and at once sent a division to seize Hesse-Cassel and the Elector in it. Other troops were sent to seize Saxony and Hanover. George V. of Hanover was blind, but he was with his army at Göttingen, trying to join the Bavarians, and his troops gained a victory at Langensalza, but it only served to make the fall of Hanover glorious, and he yielded in June, 1866. Then the Prussians marched into Saxony, and, having mastered that country, entered Bohemia. They were the best armed and best trained soldiers in Germany, and their needle-guns carried all before them. The battle of Königgrätz, on the 2d of July, was very hotly contested, and was for a long time doubtful, but in the end the Austrians were forced to retreat, having lost double as many men as the Prussians. Victory after victory followed, and then peace was made at Prague, in August, by which Austria gave up her claims to be a part of Germany, and to have any share in the Confederation.

Moreover, Prussia kept as her own, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, and Frankfurt; and though Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, and Baden still remain as states, with their own princes over them, they are under the power of Prussia, with an obligation to fight under her in time of war. All the states in the north owned Prussia as their head, and though there was violence and injustice in the means by which the union was brought about, it is good for the people not to have so large a number of very small courts, each with all the expenses of a separate government, and some really depending on the duties on hired horses, and, what was worse, on licenses to gaming-houses, to which the vicious of all Europe thronged. It is an immense benefit that those at Spa, Baden, and other places were put an end to.

CHAPTER L.

1870

..... A. D. 1870-1871



THE great "question" which had only been a kingdom since the ... the French nation jealous, and all ...

... there had been a long course of disturbance ... the people having driven out their own queen ... seeking for a new royal family. They offered their ... to Leopold, Prince of Hohenzollern, a cousin of the King of Prussia; but as soon as the French heard of the plan, they were furious. To prevent a war, Leopold at once gave up all intention of being King of Spain; but this would not satisfy the French, who really only wanted an excuse for increasing their strength with that of Prussia, and of trying once more to get the Rhine for their frontier. So the French ambassador to Prussia met King Wilhelm in the public promenade at Ems and reproached him a phrase that under no possible circumstances should Leopold of Hohenzollern ever accept the crown of Spain. Wilhelm did not choose to answer a request so made in such a place. The French declared that he had insulted their ambassador, and war was at once declared. All Germany felt that the real cause of the war was the desire of France to win the lands up to the Rhine; so not only the Prussians, but the newly ... Bavarians and South Germans, felt the matter concerned the Fatherland, and took up arms.

From one end to the other of Germany was sung the song of the "Watch on the Rhine," and the young men went forth to join the army, with the tears and farewells of their families, in a high spirit of devoting themselves for their country. The fight began on the borders of France, Count Moltke being again the manager of the army, though the King was at its head. The French had actually crossed the frontier, under their Emperor himself, boasting and triumphing, and talking of again entering up their eagles at Berlin, and making a ... of their first little success. But that was all; at Weissenburg, and at Worth they were routed, and again at Saarbrücken, and the Crown Prince of Prussia ... the Vosges mountains, leaving ... to besiege Strasburg. All round Metz, the city where there had been so much warfare between France and Germany, there was ... but always the Germans gained, until

would help the poor King, and the King was obliged to give up to Prussia and Austria all the three duchies of Schleswig, Holstein, and Lauenburg, though the Prussians were coming with anger and hate. There came a dispute between Prussia and Austria, and Wilhelm made an alliance with France and England, and promised to go on fighting in Germany until Austria should be forced to give up Venice.

Next Count Bismarck proposed that Prussia should have the North German states, and Austria the South, and that there should be an Assembly elected by all the people to decide the affairs of the Fatherland, as all Germans love to call their country. This came to nothing, and the two great Powers prepared for a great fight as to which should be the real head of Germany. Saxony, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, and Nassau, though northern states, took the side of Austria, and sent their forces to join the Austrian army in Germany.

General von Moltke was placed at the head of the Prussian army, and at once sent a division to seize Hesse-Cassel and the Elector in it. Other troops were sent to seize Saxony and Hanover. George V. of Hanover was obliged to go to England, and to join the Bavarians, but this only served to make the Prussians stronger. In June, 1866, then the Prussians mastered that country, entered Saxony, and then the best trained soldiers in Germany, the Prussians, met the Austrians at the battle of Königgrätz, and was for a long time doubtful, but the Austrians were forced to retreat, having lost double as many men as the Prussians. Victory after victory followed, and then peace was made in August, by which Austria gave up her claims to be the head of Germany, and to have any share in the Confederation.

Prussia kept her own, Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, and Baden, and took Saxony, Württemberg, and Baden still as they were, with their own princes over them, they are under the protection of Prussia, with an obligation to fight under her in time of war. All the states to the north owned Prussia as their head, and though there was no real union between the means by which the union was brought about, and the fact that there were so large a number of very small courts, some of which were really a separate government, and some really dependent on the Prussian crown, and what was worse, on licenses to grant a house of commons in all parts of all Europe thronged. It is an immense benefit that the old stage of the Holy Roman Empire was put an end to.

CHAPTER L.

WILHELM I. A.D. 1870-1877.

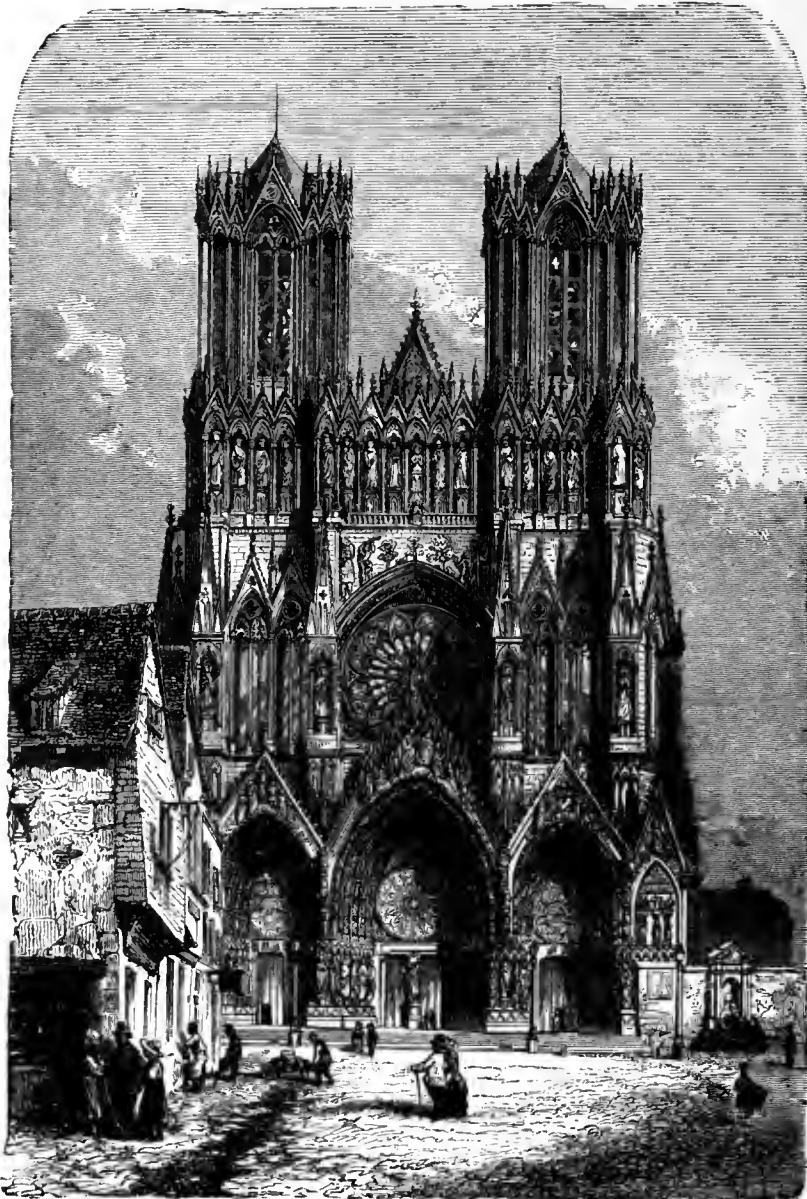


THE growth of Prussia, which had only been a kingdom since the seventeenth century, made the French nation jealous, and all Europe uneasy.

In the meantime there had been a long course of disturbances in Spain, and the people, having driven out their own queen, were looking for a new royal family. They offered their crown to Leopold, Prince of Hohenzollern, a cousin of the King of Prussia; but as soon as the French heard of the plan, they were furious. To prevent a war, Leopold at once gave up all intention of being King of Spain; but this would not satisfy the French, who really only wanted an excuse for measuring their strength with that of Prussia, and of trying once more to get the Rhine for their frontier. So the French ambassador to Prussia met King Wilhelm in the public promenade at Ems, and demanded of him a pledge that under no possible circumstances should Leopold of Hohenzollern ever accept the crown of Spain. Wilhelm did not choose to answer a request so made in such a place. The French declared that he had insulted their ambassador, and war was at once declared. All Germany felt that the real cause of the war was the desire of France to win the lands up to the Rhine; so not only the Prussians, but the newly overcome countries, also the Bavarians and South Germans, felt the matter concerned the Fatherland, and took up arms.

From one end to the other of Germany was sung the song of the "Watch on the Rhine," and the young men went forth to join the army, with the tears and farewells of their families, in a high spirit of devoting themselves for their country. The fight began on the borders of France, Count Moltke being again the manager of the army, though the King was at its head. The French had actually crossed the frontier, under their Emperor himself, boasting and triumphing, and talking of again setting up their eagles at Berlin, and making a great triumph of their first little success. But that was all; at Weissenburg and at Worth they were routed, and again at Saarbrücken, and the Crown Prince of Prussia marched across the Vosges mountains, leaving part of the army to besiege Strasburg. All round Metz, the city where there had been so much warfare between France and Germany, there was fierce fighting, but always the Germans gained, until they

had shut one great French army into Metz. Marshal MacMahon hastened to help his countrymen, but the Germans met him in the neighborhood of



THE RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

Sedan, on the 1st of September, and in another long and terrible battle King Wilhelm gained the victory. MacMahon was severely wounded, and Napoleon III. was forced to give himself up as a prisoner.

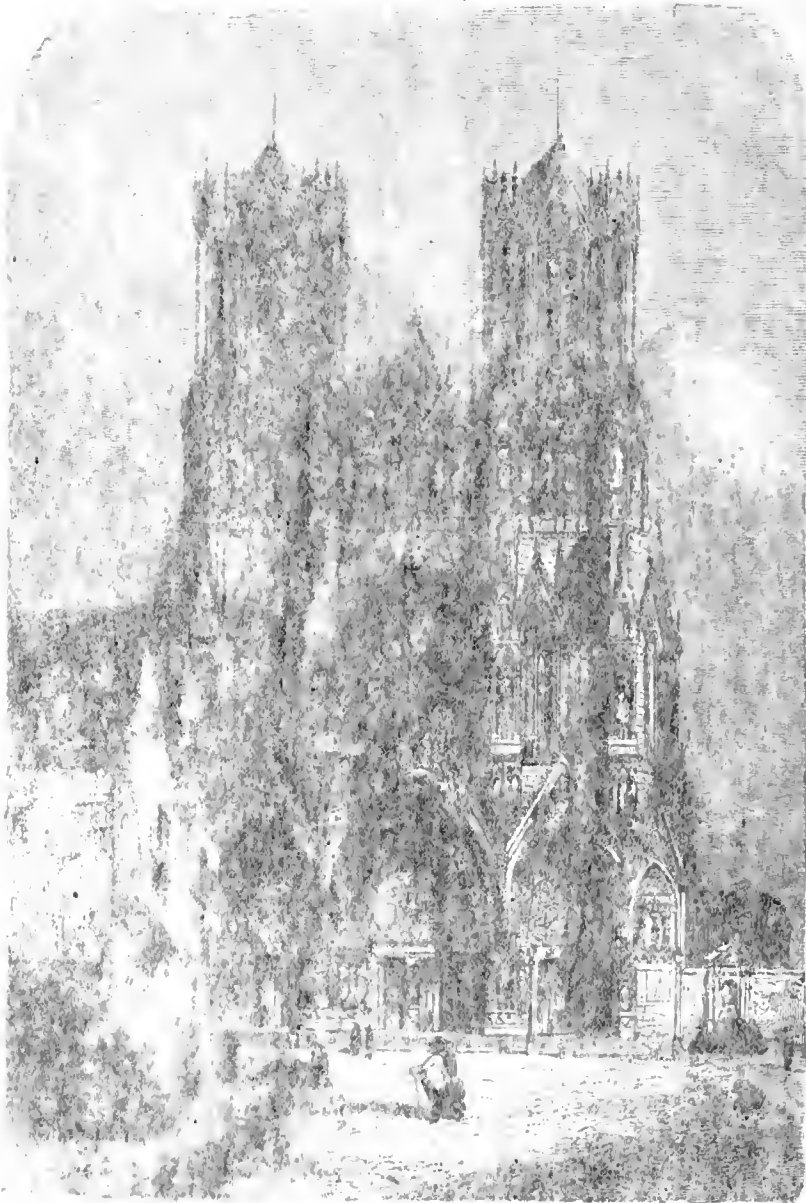
Then the Crown Prince marched on to lay siege to Paris, which he at last entered Rheims. The Government which the French had set up declared that they would not part with a foot of ground, and on the other hand the Prussians were resolved that Elsass and Lorraine should be given back to Germany, and so the war went on. The rule the German-observers was that no person who did not fight should be injured, and that of course the soldiers should be treated as prisoners of war, but if the people of the country shot at them, that they must be treated as robbers and murderers, and if a German were attacked in a village, it was burnt, and one or more of the men put to death. On the whole, these rules were observed; and though there were miseries and horrors, they were not so bad as in former wars.

Strasbourg was taken first, then Metz, and the armies which were raised by the French to relieve Paris were beaten before they could come up. All Germany was full of enthusiasm and delight. The South Germans wished to be once again with the North Germans, and King Ludwig II. of Bavaria proposed to the other princes that they should choose the King of Prussia to be German Emperor. Wilhelm was before Paris at the time, living in Versailles, the most splendid palace in France, and there it was that the deputation came to him and offered him the crown of the Empire, and he was proclaimed in the hall of mirrors, so that the old times of proclaiming an Emperor at the head of a victorious army seemed to have come back.

The next day the Parisians tried to sally out, but in vain, as they were nearly starved out, so that they made up their minds to surrender. On the 1st of March a small portion of the troops entered the city, but the greater part of the French were spared by the Emperor, who obtained for them a triumphal entry. A treaty was made by which France had to pay 500 millions of francs toward the expenses of the war, and to give up Elsass and Lorraine to Germany. These provisions were not liked by the French, as they had belonged to the French for many years, and the Emperor was much displeas'd the change, and he insisted that France should remain for more than a year to wave her flag in the name of the Emperor, because no one who could climb a tree could go up to get the German eagle in its stead.

The first diet of the Empire was held in 1871, and the constitution was settled, but it is not the same with the old Holy Roman Empire, in the power or size. It only extends over the German states, and is at war with Italy; and the powers of each of the King's hereditary states, which belong to it, are clearly defined. The present Emperor is Frederick the Friedrich Wilhelm III. and Louise, who married the Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary, and Bohemia, and his eldest son, the Crown Prince of Prussia, who married the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria of England.

hastened the great French army into Metz. Marshal MacMahon hastened to lead his army to the rescue, but the Germans met him in the neighborhood of



St. Etienne's Cathedral, Metz.

700,000 men. In a series of severe and in another sense and terrible battle King William's army was victorious. MacMahon was severely wounded, and Napoleon III. was forced to give him up as a prisoner.

Then the Crown Prince marched on to lay siege to Paris, while his father entered Rheims. The Government which the French had set up declared that they would not part with a foot of ground, and on the other hand the Prussians were resolved that Elsass and Lorraine should be given back to Germany, and so the war went on. The rule the Germans observed was that no person who did not fight should be injured, and that of course real soldiers should be treated as prisoners of war; but if the people of the country shot at them, that they must be treated as robbers and murderers; and if a German were attacked in a village, it was burnt, and one or more of the men put to death. On the whole, these rules were observed; and though there were miseries and horrors, they were not so bad as in former wars.

Strasburg was taken first, then Metz, and the armies which were raised by the French to relieve Paris were beaten before they could come up. All Germany was full of enthusiasm and delight. The South Germans wished to be one again with the North Germans, and King Ludwig II. of Bavaria proposed to the other princes that they should choose the King of Prussia to be German Emperor. Wilhelm was before Paris at the time, living in Versailles, the most splendid palace in France, and there it was that the deputation came to him and offered him the crown of the Empire, and he was proclaimed in the hall of mirrors, so that the old times of proclaiming an Emperor at the head of a victorious army seemed to have come back.

The next day the Parisians tried to sally out, but in vain, and they were nearly starved out, so that they made up their minds to surrender. On the 1st of March a small portion of the troops entered the city, but the feelings of the French were spared by the Emperor, who abstained from making a triumphal entry. A treaty was made by which France had to pay five thousand millions of francs toward the expenses of the war, and to give up Elsass and Lorraine to Germany. These places had indeed been unjustly gained, but they had belonged to the French for so many years that the inhabitants much disliked the change, and at Strasburg the French tricolor continued for more than a year to wave on the top of the spire of the cathedral, because no one who could climb it safely would go up to put the German eagle in its stead.

The first diet of the Empire was held in 1871, and the constitution was settled; but it is not the same with the old Holy Roman Empire, either in power or size. It only extends over the German soil, and has nothing to do with Italy; and the powers of each of the kingdoms, and other states that belong to it, are clearly defined. The present Emperor is Wilhelm, son to the Friedrich Wilhelm III. and Louise, who suffered so much from Napoleon I.; and his eldest son, the Crown Prince of Prussia, is married to the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria of England.



KELTS IN THEIR CHIEFTAIN'S SERVICE ●

STORIES OF FRENCH HISTORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD KELTS.

R.C. 150.

YOU must learn that in the old times, before people wrote down histories, Europe was overspread by a great people, whom it is convenient to call altogether the Kelts—fierce, bold, warrior people, who kept together in large families or clans, all nearly related, and each clan with a chief. The clans joined together and formed tribes, and the cleverest chief of the clans would lead the rest. They spoke a language nearly alike—the language which has named a great many rivers and hills. We will tell you a few. Ben or Pen means a hill. So we see that the Ap-Pen-nine mountains were named by the Kelts. Again, Avon is a river. You know

there are several Avons. Ren Avon meant the running river, and Rhine and Rhone are both the same word, differently pronounced. Sen Avon was the slow river—the Seine and Saone; and Gar Avon was the swift river—the Garonne. There were two great varieties of Kelts—the Gael and the Kymry (you should call this word Kewmri). The Gael were the tallest, largest, wildest, and fiercest, but they were not so clever as the black-eyed little Kymry. The Kymry seem to have been the people who had the Druid priests, who lived in groves of oak, and cut down mistletoe with golden knives; and most likely they set up the wonderful circles of huge stones which seem to have been meant to worship in; at least, wherever those stones are the Kymry have been. But we know little about them, as all their knowledge was in verse, which the Druids and bards taught one another by word of mouth, and which was never written down. All we do know is from their neighbors the Greeks and Romans, who thought them very savage, and were very much afraid of them, when every now and then a tribe set out on a robbing expedition into the lands to the south.

When the Kelts did thus come, it was generally because they were driven from their own homes. There were a still fiercer, stronger set of people behind them, coming from the east to the west; and when the Kelts found that they could not hold their own against these people, they put their wives and children into wagons, made of wood or wicker work, collected their oxen, sheep, and goats, called their great shaggy hounds, and set forth to find new homes. The men had long streaming hair and beards, and wore loose trousers of woollen, woven and dyed in checks by the women—tartan plaids, in fact. The chiefs always had gold collars round their necks, and they used round wicker shields, long spears, and heavy swords, and they were very terrible enemies. When the country was free to the west, they went on thither, and generally settled down in a wood near a river, closing in their town with a wall of trunks of trees and banks of earth, and setting up their hovels within of stone or wood.

But if other clans whom they could not beat were to the west of them, they would turn to the south into Greece or Italy, and do great damage there. One set of them, in very old times, even managed to make a home in the middle of Asia Minor, and it was to their descendants that St. Paul wrote his Epistle to the Galatians. Another great troop, under a very mighty Bran, or chief, who, in Latin, is called Brennus, even broke into the great city of Rome itself. All the women and children of Rome had been sent away, and only a few brave men remained in the strong place called the Capitol, on the top of the steepest hill. There they stayed for seven months, while the Bran and his Gauls kept the city, drank up the wine in the long narrow jars, and drove in the pale-colored, long-horned oxen from the meadow-land round. The Bran never did get into the Capitol, but the

Romans were obliged to pay him a great sum of money before he would go away. However, this belongs to the history of Rome, and we only mean further to say, that the tribe who came with him stayed seventeen years in the middle parts of Italy before they were entirely beaten. When the Kelts were beaten and saw there was no hope, they generally came within the enclosure they had made with their wagons, and slew their wives and children, set fire to everything, and then killed themselves, that they might not be slaves. All the north part of Italy beyond the River Po was filled with Kelts, and there were many more of them beyond the Alps. So it came about that from the word Gael the Romans called the north of Italy Gallia Cis-Alpina—Gaul on this side the Alps; and the country westward Gallia Trans-Alpina, or Gaul beyond the Alps, and all the people there were known as Gauls, whether they were Gael or Kymry.

Now, far up in Gaul, in the high ground that divides the rivers Loire, Saone, and Rhine, there were rocks full of metal, tin, copper, and sometimes a little silver. The clever sailors and merchants called Phœnicians found these out, and taught the Gauls to work the mines, and send the metals in boats down the Rhone to the Mediterranean sea. There is a beautiful bay where Gaul touches the Mediterranean, and not only the Phœnicians found it out, but the Greeks. They came to live there, and built the cities of Marseilles, Nice, Antibes, and several more. Lovely cities the Greeks always built, with marble temples to their gods, pillars standing on steps, and gardens with statues in them, and theatres for seeing plays acted in the open air. Inside these towns and close round them everything was beautiful; but the Gauls who lived near learned some Greek ways, and were getting tamed. They coined money, wrote in Greek letters, and bought and sold with the Greeks; but their wilder brethren beyond did not approve of this, and whenever they could catch a Greek on his journey would kill him, rob him, or make him prisoner. Sometimes, indeed, they threatened to rob the cities, and the Greeks begged the Romans to protect them. So the Romans sent an officer and an army, who built two new towns, Aix and Narbonne, and made war on the Gauls, who tried to hinder him. Then a messenger was sent to the Roman camp. He was an immensely tall man, with a collar and bracelets of gold, and beside him came a bard singing the praises of his clan, the Arverni. There were many other attendants; but his chief guards were a pack of immense hounds, which came pacing after him in ranks like soldiers. He bade the Romans, in the name of his chief Bituitus, to leave the country, and cease to harm the Gauls. The Roman General turned his back and would not listen; so the messenger went back in anger, and the Arverni prepared for battle. When Bituitus saw the Roman army he thought it so small that he said, "This handful of men will hardly furnish food for my dogs." He was not beaten in the battle,

but just after it he was made prisoner, and sent to Italy, where he was kept a captive all the rest of his life, while his son was brought up in Roman learning and habits, and then sent home to rule his clan, and teach them to be friends with Rome. This was about one hundred and fifty years before the coming of our Blessed Lord.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROMAN CONQUEST.

B.C. 67. A.D. 79.



THE Romans called the country they had taken for themselves in Gaul the Province, and Provence has always continued to be its name. They filled it with colonies. A colony was a city built by Romans, generally old soldiers, who received a grant of land if they would defend it. The first thing they did was to set up an altar. Then they dug trenches the shape of their intended city, marked out streets, and made little flat bricks, everywhere after one pattern, with which they built a temple, houses (each standing round a paved court), a theatre, and public baths, with causeways as straight as an arrow joining the cities together. Each town had two magistrates elected every year, and a governor lived at the chief town with a legion of the army to keep the country round in order.

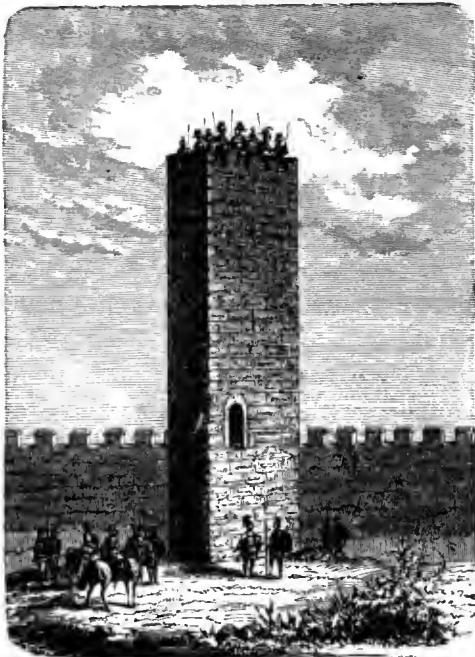
When the Romans once began in this way, they always ended by gaining the whole country in time. They took nearly a hundred years to gain Gaul. First there came a terrible inroad of some wilder Kymry, whom the Romans called Cimbri, from the west, with some Teutons, of that fiercer German race before alluded to. They broke into Gaul, and defeated a great Roman army; and there was ten years' fighting with them before the stout old Roman, Caius Marius, beat them in a great battle near Aix. All the men were killed in battle, and the women killed their children and themselves rather than fall into Roman hands. That was B.C. 103; and Julius Cæsar, the same who first came to Britain, was nephew to Marius.

He did not conquer Britain, but he did really conquer Gaul. It would only confuse and puzzle you now to tell you how it was done; but by this time many of the Gaulish tribes had come to be friendly with the Romans

and ask their help. Some wanted help because they were quarreling with other tribes, and others because the Germans behind them had squeezed a great tribe of Kymry out of the Alps, and they wanted to come down and make a settlement in Gaul. Julius Cæsar made short work of beating these new-comers, and he beat the Germans who were also trying to get into Gaul. Then he expected all the Gauls to submit to him—not only those who lived round the Province, and had always been friendly to Rome, but all the free ones in the north. He was one of the most wonderful soldiers who ever lived; and he did gain first all the east side. He subdued the Belgæ, who lived between the Alps and the sea, all the Armoricans along the north, and then the still wilder people on the coast toward the Atlantic ocean.

But while he was away in the north, the Gaulish chiefs in the south agreed that they would make one great attempt to set their country free

from the enemy. They resolved all to rise at once, and put themselves under the command of the brave young mountain chief of the Arverni, from whom Auvergne was named. The Romans called his name Vercingetorix; and as it really was even longer and harder to speak than this word, we will call him so. He was not a wild shaggy savage like Bituitus, but a graceful, spirited chief, who had been trained to Roman manners, and knew their ways of fighting. All in one night the Gauls rose. Men stood on the hill-tops, and shouted from clan to clan to rise up in arms. It was the depth of winter, and Cæsar was away resting in Italy; but back he came on the first tidings, and led his men over six feet deep of snow, taking every Gallic town by the way.



ROMAN STRONGHOLD IN BRITAIN.

Vercingetorix saw that the wisest thing for the Gauls to do would be to burn and lay waste the land themselves, so that the Romans might find nothing to eat. "It was sad," he said, "to see burning houses, but worse to have wife and children led into captivity." One city, that now called Bourges, was left; the inhabitants beseeched him on their knees to spare it; and it seemed to be safe, for there was a river on one side and a bog on all the rest, with only one narrow road across. But in twenty-five days Cæsar made his way in, and slew all he found there; and then he followed Ver-

vingetorix to his own hills of Auvergne, and fought a battle, the only defeat the great Roman captain ever met with; indeed, he was obliged to retreat from the face of the brave Arverni. They followed him again, and fought another battle, in which he was in great danger, and was forced even to leave his sword in the hands of the Gauls, who hung it up in a temple in thanksgiving to their gods. But the Gauls were not so steady as they were brave; they fled, and all Vercingetorix could do was to lead them to a great camp under the hill of Alesia. He sent horsemen to rouse the rest of Gaul, and shut himself up in a great enclosure with his men. Cæsar and the Romans came and made another enclosure outside, eleven miles round, so that no help, no food could come to them, and they had only provisions for thirty days. Their friends outside did try to break through to them, but in vain; they were beaten off; and then brave Vereingetorix offered to give himself up to the Romans, provided the lives of the rest of the Gauls were spared. Cæsar gave his word that this should be done. Accordingly, at the appointed hour the gates of the Gallic camp opened. Out came Vereingetorix in his richest armor, mounted on his finest steed. He galloped about, wheeled round once, then drawing up suddenly before Cæsar's seat, sprang to the ground, and laid his sword at the victor's feet. Cæsar was not touched. He kept a cold, stern face; ordered the gallant chief into captivity, and kept him for six years, while finishing other conquests, and then took him to Rome, to walk in chains behind the car in which the victorious general entered in triumph, with all the standards taken from the Gauls displayed; and then, with the other captives, this noble warrior was put to death in the dark vaults under the hill of the Capitol.

With Vereingetorix ended the freedom of Gaul. The Romans took possession of all the country, and made the cities like their own. The old clans were broken up. The fighting men were enlisted in the Roman army, and sent to fight as far away as possible from home, and the chiefs thought it an honor to be enrolled as Roman citizens; they wore the Roman tunic and toga, spoke and wrote Latin, and, except among the Kymry of the far north-west, the old Gaulish tongue was forgotten. Very grand temples and amphitheatres still remain in the Province of Roman building, especially at Nismes, Arles, and Autun; and a huge aqueduct, called the Pont du Gard, still stands across a valley near Nismes, with six hundred feet of three tier of arcades, altogether one hundred and sixty feet high. Roads, made as only Romans made them, crossed hither and thither throughout the country, and, except in the wilder and more distant parts, to live in Gaul was very like living in Rome.

After Julius Cæsar, the Romans had Emperors at the head of their state, and some of these were very fond of Gaul. But when the first twelve who had some connection with Julius were all dead, a Gaul named Julius

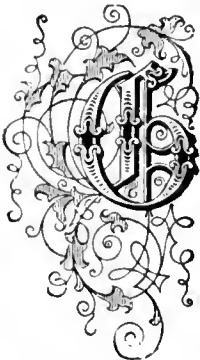
Sabinus rose up and called himself Emperor. The real Emperor, chosen at Rome, named Vespasian, soon came and overthrew his cause, and hunted him to his country house. Flames burst out of it, and it was declared that Sabinus had burnt himself there. But no; he was safely hidden in a cave in the woods. No one knew of it but his wife Eponina and one trusty slave, and there they lived together for nine years, and had two little sons. Eponina twice left him to go to Rome to consult her friends whether they could obtain a pardon for her husband; but Vespasian was a stern man, and they saw no hope, so she went back disappointed; and the second time she was watched and followed, and Sabinus was found. He was taken and chained, and carried to Rome, and she and her two boys came with him. She knelt before the Emperor, and besought his pardon, saying that here were two more to plead for their father. Tears came into Vespasian's eyes, but he would not forgive, and the husband and wife were both sentenced to die. The last thing Eponina said before his judgment-seat was, that it was better to die together than to be alive as such an Emperor. Her two boys were taken care of, and one of them lived long after in Greece, as far away from his home as possible.



CHAPTER III.

THE CONVERSION OF GAUL.

A.D. 100-400.



GAUL could not be free in her own way, but the truth that maketh free was come to her. The Druids, though their worship was cruel, had better notions of the true God than the Romans with their multitude of idols, and when they heard more of the truth, many of them gladly embraced it. The Province was so near Rome that very soon after the Apostles had reached the great city, they sent on to Gaul. The people in Provence believe that Lazarus and his two sisters came thither, but this is not likely. However, the

first Bishop of Arles was Trophimus, and we may quite believe him to have been the Ephesian who was with St. Paul in his third journey, and was at Jerusalem with him when he was made prisoner. Trophimus brought a service-book with him very like the one that St. John the Evangelist had drawn up for the Churches of Asia.

It was to Vienne, one of these Roman cities, that Pontius Pilate had been banished for his cruelty. In this town and in the larger one at Lyons there were many Christians, and their bishop was Pothinus, who had been instructed by St. John. It was many years before the Gallic Christians suffered any danger for their faith, not till the year 177, when Pothinus was full ninety years old.

Then, under the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, a governor was sent to the Province who was resolved to put an end to Christianity. The difficulty was that there were no crimes of which to accuse the Christians. So he caused several slaves to be seized and put to torture, while they were asked questions. There were two young girls among them, Blandina and Biblis. Blandina was a weak, delicate maiden, but whatever pain they gave her, she still said, "I am a Christian, and no evil is done among us." Biblis, however, in her fright and agony, said "Yes" to all her tormentors asked, and accused the Christians of killing babies, eating human flesh, and all sorts of horrible things. Afterward she was shocked at herself, declared there was not a word of truth in what she had said, and bore fresh and worse torture bravely. The Christians were seized. The old bishop was dragged through the streets, and so pelted and ill-treated that after a few days he died in prison. The others were for fifteen days brought out before all the people in the amphitheatre, while every torture that could be thought of was tried upon them. All were brave, but Blandina was the bravest of all. She did not seem to feel when she was put to sit on a red-hot iron chair, but encouraged her young brother through all. At last she was put into a net and tossed by a bull, and then, being found to be still alive, her throat was pierced, every one declaring that never had woman endured so much. The persecution did not last much longer after this, and the bones of the martyrs were collected and buried, and a church built over them; the same, though of course much altered, which is now the Cathedral of Lyons.

Instead of the martyred Pothinus, the new bishop was Irenæus, a holy man who left so many writings that he is counted as one of the Fathers of the Church. Almost all the townsmen of Lyons became Christians under his wise persuasion and good example, but the rough people in the country were much less easily reached. Indeed, the word pagan, which now means a heathen, was only the old Latin word for a peasant or villager. In the year 202, the Emperor Severus, who had himself been born at Lyons, put out an edict against the Christians. The fierce Gauls in the adjoining country hearing of it, broke furiously into the city, and slaughtered every Christian they laid hands upon, St. Irenæus among them. There is an old mosaic pavement in a church at Lyons where the inscription declares that nineteen thousand died in this massacre; but it can hardly be believed that the numbers were so large.

The northerly parts of Gaul were not yet converted, and a bishop named Dionysius was sent to teach a tribe called the Parisii, whose chief city was Lutetia, on the banks of the Seine. He was taken in the year 272, and was beheaded just outside the walls on a hill which is still known as Mont Martre, the martyr's mount, and his name, cut short into St. Denys, became one of the most famous in all France.



INTERVIEW BETWEEN JULIAN AND FRANKISH CHIEFS.

The three Keltic provinces, Gaul, Spain, and Britain, used to be put together under one governor, and the brave, kindly Constantius ruled over them, and hindered persecution as much as he could. His son Constantine was also much loved, and it was while marching to Italy with an army, in which were many Gauls, to obtain the empire, that Constantine saw the vision of a bright cross in the sky, surrounded by the words, "In this sign

thou shalt conquer." He did conquer, and did confess himself a Christian two years later, and under him the Church of Gaul flourished. Gallic bishops were at the great council of Nicea, in Asia Minor, when the Nicene creed was drawn up, and many beautiful hymns for Christian worship were written in Gaul.

After Constantine's death, his son Constantius fostered the false doctrine that the Nicene creed contradicted. He lived at Constantinople, and dressed and lived like an Eastern prince, and the Gauls were growing discontented; more especially as the Franks—a terrible tribe of their Teuton enemies to the east—were trying to break into their lands. A young cousin of Constantius, named Julian, was sent to fight with them. He fixed his chief abode in a little island in the middle of the River Seine, at Lutetia, among his dear Parisii, as he called the tribe around, and thence he came out to drive back the Franks whenever they tried to attack the Gauls. He was a very brave, able man, but he had seen so much selfishness and weakness among the Christians in Rome and Constantinople, that he fancied their faults arose from their faith, and tried to be an old heathen again as soon as Constantius was dead, and he became emperor. He only reigned three years, and then, in the year 363, was killed in a war with the Persians. Very sad times followed his death. He was the last of his family, and several emperors rose and fell at Rome. The governor of Gaul, Maximus, called himself emperor, and, raising an army in Britain, defeated the young man who had reigned at Rome in the year 381, and ruled Keltic provinces for seven years. He was a brave soldier, and not wholly a bad man, for he much loved and valued the great Bishop Martin, of Tours. Martin had been brought up as a soldier, but he was so kind that once when he saw a shivering beggar he cut his cloak into two with his sword, and gave the poor man half. He was then not baptized, but at eighteen he became altogether a Christian, and was the pupil of the great Bishop Hilary of Poitiers. It was in these days that men were first beginning to band together to live in toil, poverty, and devotion in monasteries or abbeys, and Martin was the first person in Gaul to form one, near Poitiers; but he was called from it to be Bishop of Tours, and near that city he began another abbey, which still bears his name, Marmoutiers, or Martin's Monastery. He and the monks used to go out from thence to teach the Pagans, who still remained in the far west, and whom Roman punishment had never cured of the old Druid ways. These people could not learn the Latin that all the rest of the country spoke, but lived on their granite moors as their forefathers had lived four hundred years before. However, Martin did what no one else had ever done: he taught them to become stanch Christians, though they still remained a people apart, speaking their own tongue and following their own customs.

This was the good St. Martin's work while his friend, the false Emperor Maximus, was being overthrown by the true Emperor Theodosius; and much more struggling and fighting was going on among the Romans and Gauls, while in the meantime the dreadful Franks were every now and then bursting into the country from across the Rhine to plunder and burn and kill and make slaves.

St. Martin had finished the conversion of Gaul, just before he died in his monastery at Marmoutiers, in the year 400. He died in time to escape the terrible times that were coming upon all the Gauls, or rather Romans. For all the southern and eastern Gauls called themselves Romans, spoke nothing but Latin, and had entirely forgotten all thoughts, ways, and manners but those they had learned from the Greeks and Romans.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FRANK KINGDOM.

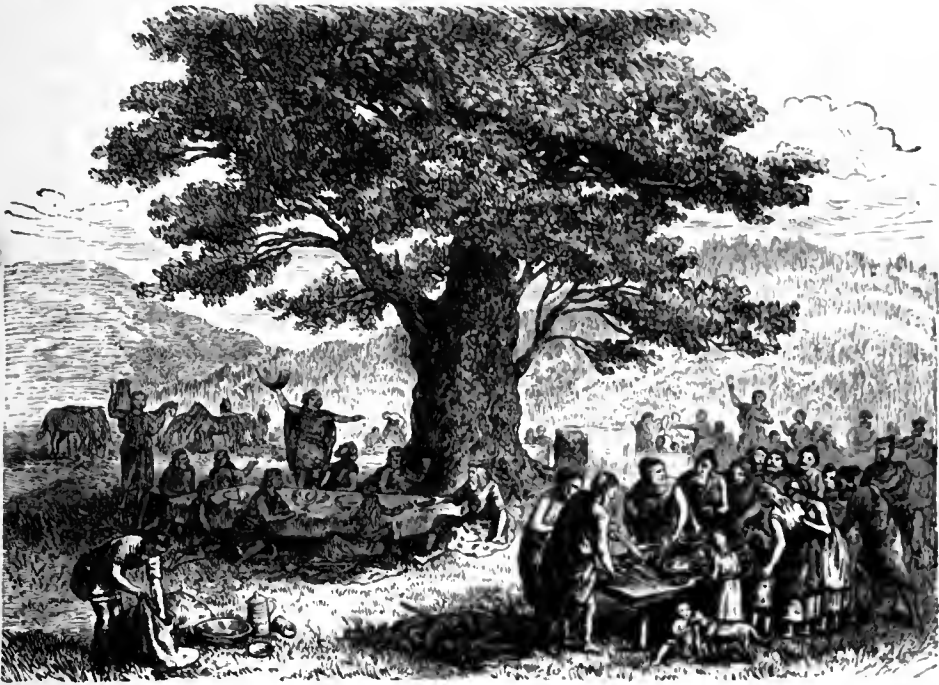
A.D. 450-533.



THAT race of people which had been driving the Kelts westward for six or seven hundred years was making a way into Gaul at last; indeed, they had been only held back by Roman skill. These were the race which, as a general name, is called Teutonic, but which divided into many different nations. All were large-limbed, blue-eyed, and light-haired. They all spoke a language like rough German, and all had the same religion, believing in the great warlike gods, Odin, Thor, and Frey, worshipping them at stone altars, and expecting to live with them in the hall of heroes after death. That is, all so called who were brave and who were chosen by the Valkyr, or slaughter-choosing goddesses, to die nobly in battle. Cowards were sent to dwell with Hela, the pale, gloomy goddess of death.

Of course the different tribes were not exactly alike, but they all had these features in common. They had lived for at least five hundred years in the centre of Europe, now and then attacking their neighbors, when, being harassed by another fierce race who came behind them, they made more great efforts. The chief tribes whose names must be remembered were the Goths, who conquered Rome and settled in Spain; the Longbeards, or

Lombards, who spread over the north of Italy; the Burgundians (burg or town livers), who held all the country round the Alps; the Swabians and Germans, who stayed in the middle of Europe; the Saxons, who dwelt about the south of the Baltic, and finally conquered South Britain; the Northmen, who found a home in Scandinavia; and the Franks, who had been long settled on the rivers Sale, Meuse, and Rhine. Their name meant Freemen, and they were noted for using an axe called after them. There were two tribes—the Salian, from the River Sale, and the Ripuarian. They were great horsemen, and dreadful pillagers, and the Salians had a family of kings, which, like the kings of all the other tribes, was supposed to descend from Odin. The king was always of this family, called Meerwings, after Meerwig, the son of Wehrmund, one of the first chiefs.



TEUTONS ENJOYING A HOLIDAY.

After the death of the great Theodosius, who had conquered the false Emperor Maximus, there was no power to keep these Franks back, and they were continually dashing into Gaul, and carrying off slaves and plunder. Even worse was the great rush that, in the year 450, was made all across Europe by the Huns, a terrible nation of another race, whose chief was called Etzel, or Attila, and who named himself the Scourge of God. In 451, he invaded Gaul with his army, horrible-looking men, whose faces had been gashed by their savage parents in their infancy, that they

might look more dreadful. It was worse to fall into their hands than into those of the Franks, and everywhere there was terror. At Lutetia there was a great desire to flee away, but they were persuaded to remain by the holy woman, Genoveva. She was a young shepherdess of Nauterre, near Paris, who had devoted herself to the service of God, and whose holy life made the people listen to her as a kind of prophet. And she was right. The Huns did not come further than Orleans, where the good Bishop Lupus made the people shut their gates, and defend their town, until an army, composed of Franks, Goths, Burgundians, Gauls, all under the Roman General Aëtius, attacked the Huns at Chalóns-sur-Marne, beat them, and drove them back in 451. Chalóns was the last victory won under the old Roman eagles. There was too much trouble in Italy for Rome to help any one. In came the Franks whenever they pleased, and Hilperik, the son of Meerwig, came to Lutetia, or Paris, as it was now called from the tribe round it, and there he rioted in Julian's old palace. He had a great respect for Genoveva, heathen though he was; and when he came home from plundering, with crowds of prisoners driven before him, Genoveva would go and stand before him, and entreat for their pardon, and he never could withstand her, but set them all free. She died at eighty-nine years old, and St. Geneviève, as she was afterward called, was honored at Paris as much as St. Denys.

Hilperik's son was named Hlodwig, which means loud or renowned war, but as the name is harsh, histories generally name him Clovis. He wanted to marry a Burgundian maiden named Clothilda, and as she was a Christian, he promised that she should be allowed to pray to her God in the churches which still stood throughout Gaul. When her first child was born, she persuaded Clovis to let her have it baptized. It died very soon, and Clovis fancied it was because her God could not save it. However, she caused the next child to be baptized, and when it fell sick she prayed for it, and it recovered. He began to listen more to what she said of her God, and when, soon after, the Germans came with a great army across the Rhine, and he drew out his Franks to fight with them at Tolbiac, near Cologne, he was in great danger in the battle, and he cried aloud, "Christ, whom Clothilda calls the true God, I have called on my own gods, and they help me not! Send help, and I will own Thy name." The Germans fled, and Clovis had the victory.

He kept his word, and was baptized at Rheims by St. Remigius, with his two sisters, three thousand men, and many women and children; and as he was the first great Teutonic prince who was a Catholic Christian, the King of France, ever since his time, has been called the Most Christian King and eldest son of the Church. Clovis was the first Frank chief who really made a home of Gaul, or who wore a purple robe and a crown like a Roman emperor. He made his chief home at Paris, where he built a church in the

little island on the Seine, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, measuring the length by how far he could throw an axe; but, though he honored the Gaulish clergy, he was still a fierce and violent savage, who did many cruel things. He generally repented of them afterward, and gave gifts to churches to show his sorrow, and holy men were about him when, in 511, he died at Paris.

His sons had all been baptized, but they were worse men than he had been. The Frank kingdom was only the north part of the country above the Loire. In the south, where the Romans had had possession so much longer, and built so many more walled towns, the Franks never really lived. They used to rush down and plunder the country round about; but then the townsmen shut themselves in, closed their gates, and strengthened their walls, and the Franks had no machines to batter the walls, no patience for a blockade, and went home again with only the spoil of the country round; while in the Province people called themselves Roman citizens still, and each place governed itself by the old Roman law.

Plenty of Gauls were in the northern part too, speaking Latin still. They had to bear much rough treatment from the Franks, but all the time their knowledge and skill made them respected. The clergy, too, were almost all Gauls; and now that the Franks were Christians, in name at least, they were afraid of them, and seldom damaged a church or broke into a monastery. Indeed, if there was any good in a Frank, he was apt to go into a monastery out of the horrid barbarous ways of his comrades, and perhaps this left those outside to be still worse, as they had hardly any better men among them. The four sons of Clovis divided the kingdom. That is, they were all kings, and each had towns of his own, but all a good deal mixed up together; and in the four chief towns—Paris, Orleans, Soissons, and Metz—they all had equal shares. Not that they really governed, only each had a strong box filled with gold and jewels, and they always were leaders when the Franks went out to plunder in the southern lands of Provincia and Aquitaine. There was another part the Franks never conquered, namely, that far north-western corner called Armorica, which Julius Cæsar had conquered, and St. Martin had converted last of all. The granite moors did not tempt the Franks, and the Kymri there were bold and free. Moreover, so many of their kindred Kymri from Britain came over thither for fear of the Saxons, that the country came to be called from them Bretagne, or Brittany, and the Kymric tongue is spoken there to this day.

When Hlodmir, one of the sons of Clovis, died, his three little sons were sent to Paris to be under the care of their grandmother, Clothilda. She was so fond of them that their uncles, Hloter and Hildebert, were afraid she would require that their father's inheritance should be given to them. So they asked her to send the boys to them on a visit, and as soon as they

arrived, a messenger was sent to the Queen with a sword and a pair of scissors, desiring her to choose. This meant that she would choose whether the poor boys should be killed, or have their heads shaven and become monks. Clothilda answered that she had rather see them dead than monks. So Hloter killed the eldest, who was only ten, with his sword; the second clung to Hildebert, and begged hard for life, but Hloter forced his brother to give him up, and killed him too; the third, whose name was Hlodoald, was helped by some of the bystanders to hide himself, and when he grew older, he cut off his long hair, went into a monastery, and was so good a man that he is now called St. Cloud. This horrible murder happened about the year 533.

CHAPTER V.

THE LONG-HAIRED KINGS.

A.D. 533-681.

THE Meerwings, or long-haired kings, were altogether the most wicked dynasty (or race of kings) who ever called themselves Christian. They do not seem to have put off any of their heathen customs, except the actual worship of Frey and Odin. They murdered, plundered, and married numerous wives, just as if they had been heathens still. Most likely they thought that as Christ was the God of Gaul, He must be honored there; but they had no notion of obeying Him, and if a Gallic bishop rebuked them, they only plundered his church. By the Frank law, a murder might be redeemed by a payment, and it was full twice as costly to kill a Frank as to kill a Roman, that is to say, a Gaul; for, except in the cities in the Province and Aquitaine, this term of Roman, once so proud, was only a little better than that of slave.

Out of all the Meerwing names, one or two have to be remembered above the rest for their crimes. Hloter, the murderous son of Clovis, left four sons, among whom the kingdom was, as usual, divided. Two of these sons, Hilperik and Siegbert, wished for queenly wives, though Hilperik, at least, had a houseful of wives before, and among them a slave girl named Fredegond. The two brothers married the two daughters of the King of the Goths in Spain, Galswinth and Brynhild. Siegbert seems to have really loved Brynhild, but Hilperik cared for the beautiful and clever Fredegond more than any one else, and very soon poor Galswinth was found in her bed

strangled. Fredegond reigned as queen, and Brynhild hated her bitterly, and constantly stirred up her husband to avenge her sister's death. Siegbert raised an army and defeated Hilperik, but Fredegond contrived to have him stabbed. She also contrived to have all her husband's other children killed by different means, and at last, fearing he would find out crimes



SACRIFICING TO HEATHEN DEITIES.

greater than even he could bear with, she contrived that he too should be stabbed when returning from hunting, in the year 584. She had lost several infants, and now had only one child left, Hloter II., a few months old, but in his name she ruled what the Franks called the Ne-oster-rik, the not eastern, or western kingdom, namely, France, from the Saone westward: while

Brynhild and her son Hildebert ruled in the Auster-rik, or eastern kingdom, from the Saone to the Sale and Rhine. There was a most bitter hatred between the two sisters-in-law. It seems as if Fredegond was of a wicked nature, and would have been a bad woman anywhere. One's mind shrinks from the horrible stories of murder, treachery, and every sort of vice that are told of her; but no outward punishment came upon her in this world, and she died in 597 at Paris, leaving her son Hlothar II., on the throne.

Brynhild often did bad things, but she erred more from the bad times in which she lived than from her own disposition. She tried, so far as she knew how, to do good; she made friends with the clergy, she helped the few learned men, she tried to stop cruelty, she tried to repair the old Roman roads and bridges, and many places are called after her—Queen Brynhild's tower, or stone, or the like—and she was very kind to the poor, and gave them large alms. But she grew worse as she grew older; she had furious quarrels with the Frank chiefs, and when the Bishops found fault with her she attacked them, and even caused the saintly Bishop of Vienne to be assassinated. In her time there came from Ireland a number of very holy men, Keltic Christians, who had set forth from the monasteries to convert such Gauls and Franks as remained heathen, and to try to bring the rest to a better sense of what a Christian life was. St. Columbanus came into the Auster-rik when Brynhild's two grandsons, Theudebert and Theuderick, were reigning there. Theuderick listened willingly to the holy man, and was proceeding to put away his many wives and mend his ways; but the old Queen's pride was offended, and she could not forgive him for not allowing her to come into his monastery, because no woman was permitted there. She stirred up Theuderick to drive him away, whereupon he went to the Alps and converted the people there, who were still worshippers of Odin. Soon after there was a fierce quarrel between her two grandsons. Theuderick was taken prisoner by his brother, and forced to cut his hair and become a monk, but this did not save his life. He was put to death shortly after, and his brother soon after died; so that Brynhild, after having ruled in the name of her son and grandsons, now governed for her great-grandson, Siegbert, thirty-nine years after her husband's death. But she was old and weak, and her foe, Fredegond's son, Hlothar, attacked her, defeated her forces, and made her and her great-grandchildren prisoners. The boys were slain, and the poor old Gothic Queen, after being placed on a camel and led through the camp to be mocked by all the savage Franks, was tied to the tail of a wild horse, to be dragged to death by it! This was in 614.

Hlothar thus became King of all the Franks, and so was his son, Dagobert I., who was not much better as a man, but was not such a savage, and took interest in the beautiful goldsmith's work done by the good Bishop

Eligius ; and, somehow, his name has been more remembered at Paris than he seems properly to deserve. In fact, the Franks were getting gradually civilized by the Romanized Gauls—the conquerors by the conquered ; and the daughters, when taken from their homes, sometimes showed themselves excellent women. It was Bertha, the daughter of King Haribert, the murderer of his nephews, who persuaded her husband, Ethelbert of Kent, to receive St. Augustine ; and Ingund, the daughter of Brynhild and Siegbert, was married to a Gothic Prince in Spain, whom she brought to die a martyr for the true faith.

Twelve more Meerwings reigned after Dagobert. If they had become less savage they were less spirited, and they hardly attended at all to the affairs of their kingdoms, but only amused themselves in their rude palaces at Soissons or Paris, thus obtaining the name of *Rois Fainéants*, or do-nothing kings. The affairs of the kingdom fell into the hands of the *Major Domi*, as he was called, or *Mayor of the Palace*. The Franks, as they tried to have courts and keep up state, followed Roman patterns so far as they knew them, and gave Roman names from the Emperor's Court to the men in attendance on them. So the steward, or *Major Domi*, master of the household, rose to be the chief person in the kingdom next to the king himself. The next greatest people were called *Comites*, companions of the King, Counts ; and the chief of these was the Master of the Horse, *Comes Stabuli*, the Count of the Stable, or, as he came to be called in the end, the Constable. The leader of the army was called *Dux*, a Latin word meaning to lead ; and this word is our word Duke. But the Mayor of the Palace under these foolish do-nothing Meerwings soon came to be a much greater man than the King himself, and the Mayor of the Palace of the Oster-rik or Austrasia fought with the Palace Mayor of the Ne-oster-rik or Neustria, as if they were two sovereigns. The Austrasian Franks stretched far away eastward, and were much more bold and spirited than the Neustrians, who had mixed a great deal with the Gauls. And, finally, Ebroin, the last Neustrian Mayor, was murdered in 681, the Neustrian army was defeated, and the Austrasians became the most powerful. Their mayors were all of one family, the first of whom was named Pepin of Landen. He was one of Queen Brynhild's great enemies, but he was a friend of Dagobert I., and he and his family were brave defenders of the Franks from the other German nations, who, like them, loved war better than anything else.



CHAPTER VI.

KARL OF THE HAMMER.

A.D. 681.



THE grandson of Pepin of Landen is commonly called Pepin L'Heristal. He was Mayor of the Palace through the reigns of four do-nothing Meerwings, and was a brave leader of the Franks, fighting hard with their heathen neighbors on the other side of the Rhine, the Saxons and Thuringians, along the banks of the Meuse and Elbe; and not only fighting with them, but helping the missionaries who came from England and from Ireland to endeavor to convert them.

He died in 714, and after him came his brave son Carl of the Hammer, after whom all the family are known in history as Carlings. He was Duke of Austrasia and Mayor of the Palace, *over* (one cannot say *under*) Hlothar IV. and Theuderick IV., and fought the battles of the Franks against the Saxons and Frisians, besides making himself known and respected in the Province and Aquitaine, where the soft Roman speech softened his name into Carolus and translated his nickname into Martellus, so that he has come down to our day as Charles Martel.

Whether it was meant that he was a hammer himself, or that he carried a hammer, is not clear, but it is quite certain that he was the greatest man in Europe at that time, and he who did her the greatest benefit.

It was a hundred years since Mohammed had risen up in Arabia, teaching the wild Arabs a strict law, and declaring that God is but one, and that he was His prophet, by which he meant that he was a greater and a truer prophet than the Lord Jesus Christ. He had carried away many of the Eastern nations after him and had conquered others. He taught that it was right to fight for the spread of the religion he taught, and his Arabs did fight so mightily that they overcame the Holy Land and held the city of Jerusalem. Besides this, they had conquered Egypt and spread all along the north of Africa, on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea; and thence they had crossed over into Spain, and subdued the Christian Goths, all but the few who had got together in the Pyrenean Mountains and their continuation in the Asturias, along the coast of the Bay of Biscay.

And now these Arabs—also called Saracens and Moors—were trying to pass the Pyrenees and make attacks upon Gaul, and it seemed as if all

Europe was going to be given up to them and to become Mohammedan. Abdul Rhaman, the great Arab Governor of Spain, crossed the Pyrenees at the Pass of Roncevalles, burst into Aquitaine, gained a great battle near Bordeaux, and pillaged the city, which was so rich a place that every soldier was loaded with topazes and emeralds, and gold was quite common!

Then they marched on towards Tours, where the Abbey of Marmoutiers was said to be the richest in all Gaul. But by this time Carl of the Hammer had got together his army; not only Franks, but Burgundians, Gauls of the Province, Germans from beyond the Rhine—all who willingly owned the sovereignty of Austrasia, provided they could be saved from the Arabs.

The battle of Tours, between Charles Martel and Abdul Rhaman, was fought in the autumn of 752, and was one of the great battles that decide the fate of the world. For it was this which fixed whether Europe should be Christian or Mohammedan. It was a hotly-fought combat, but the tall powerful Franks and Germans stood like rocks against every charge of the Arab horsemen, till darkness came on. The Franks slept where they stood, and drew up the next morning to begin the battle again, but all save the dead and wounded Arabs were gone. They had drawn off in the night, and the battle of Tours had saved Europe. However, the Hammer had still to strike many blows before they were driven back into Spain, and this tended to bring the south of Gaul much more under his power. Carl was looked upon as the great defender of Christendom, and, as at this time the king of the Lombards in Northern Italy seemed disposed to make himself master of Rome, the Pope sent two nuncios, as Pope's messengers are called, to carry him presents, among them the keys of the tomb of St. Peter, and to beg for his protection. Still, great as he was in reality, he never called himself more than Mayor of the Palace and Duke of Austrasia, and when he died in 741, his sons, Pepin and Carloman, divided the government, still, as Mayors, for the Meerwing' Hilderick III. In 746, however, Carloman, weary of the world, caused his head to be shaven by Pope Zacharias, and retired into the great monastery of Monte Cassino, where, about a hundred years before, St. Benedict had begun a rule that became the pattern of most of the convents of the west. Pepin, commonly called *le bref*, or the Short, ruled alone, and in 751 he sent to ask Pope Zacharias whether it would not be wiser that the family who had all the power should bear the name of kings. The Pope replied that so it should be. Hilderick was put into a convent, and the great English Missionary-bishop, St. Boniface, whom Pepin and his father had aided in his work among the Germans, anointed Pepin as King of the Franks at Soissons, and two years later, the next Pope, Stephen II., came into Gaul again to ask aid against the Lombards, and at the Abbey of St. Denys' anointed Pepin again, together with his two young sons, Carl and Carloman. And so the Meerwings passed away, and the Carlings began.

Pepin was a great friend and supporter of St. Boniface, who had been made Archbishop of Mayintz. He did much by his advice to bring the Church of Gaul into good order, and he was much grieved when the holy man was martyred while preaching to the savage men of Friesland. Pepin was constantly fighting with the heathen Saxons and Germans to the east of him, and he so far subdued them that they promised to send three hundred horses as a present to the General Assembly of Franks. To the north he had the old Gauls in Brittany, who had to be well watched lest they should plunder their neighbors; and to the south were the Arabs, continually



PEPIN PROCLAIMED KING OF THE FRANKS.

trying to maraud in the Province and Aquitaine; while the Dukes of Aquitaine, though they were quite unable to keep back the Moors without the help of the Franks, could not endure their allies, and hated to acknowledge the upstart Pepin as their master. These Dukes, though Teuton themselves, had lived so long in the Roman civilization of the southern cities, that they despised the Franks as rude barbarians; and the Franks, on their side, thought them very slippery, untrustworthy people.

Pepin was a great improvement in good sense, understanding, and civilization on the do-nothing Meerwings, but even he looked on writing as only the accomplishment of clergy, and did not cause his sons to learn to write.

Yet Pope Stephen was for a whole winter his guest, and when the Franks entered Italy and defeated Astolfo, King of the Lombards, Pepin was rewarded by being made "Senator of Rome." Afterward the Lombards attacked the Pope again. Pepin again came to his help, and after gaining several victories, forced King Astolfo to give up part of his lands near Rome. Of these Pepin made a gift to the Pope, and this was the beginning of the Pope's becoming a temporal sovereign, that is, holding lands like a king or prince, instead of only holding a spiritual power over men's consciences as chief Bishop of the Western Church.

Pepin died at the Abbey of St. Denys, in the year 768. Do not call him King of France, but King of the Franks, which does not mean the same thing.

CHAPTER VII.

CARL THE GREAT.

A. D. 768.



CARL and Carloman, the two sons of Pepin, at first divided the Frank domains; but Carloman soon died, and Carl reigned alone. He is one of the mightiest of the princes who ever bore the name of Great. Carl der Grösse, the Franks called him; Carolus Magnus in Latin, and this has become in French, Charlemagne; and as this is the name by which everybody knows him, it will be the most convenient way to call him so here, though no one ever knew him thus in his own time.

He was a most warlike king. When the Saxons failed to send him three hundred horses, he entered their country, ravaged it, and overthrew an image or pillar near the source of the Lippe, which they used as an idol, and called Irminsul. Thereupon the Saxons burnt the church at Fritslar, which St. Boniface had built, and the war went on for years. Charlemagne was resolved to force the Saxons to be Christians, and Witikind, the great Saxon leader, was fiercely resolved against yielding, viewing the honor of Odin as the honor of his country. They fought on and on, till, in 785, Charlemagne wintered in Saxony, and at last persuaded Witikind to come and meet him at Attigny. There the Saxon chief owned that Christ had conquered, and consented to be baptized. Charlemagne made him Duke of Saxony, and he

lived in good faith to the new vows he had taken. The Frisians and Bavarians, and all who lived in Germany, were forced to submit to the great King of the Franks.

There was a new king of the Lombards, Desiderio, and a new Pope, Adrian I.; and, as usual, they were at war, and Adrian entreated for the aid of Charlemagne. He came with a great army, drove Desiderio into Pavia, and besieged him there. It was a long siege, and Charlemagne had a chapel set up in his camp to keep Christmas in; but for Easter he went to Rome, and was met a mile off by all the chief citizens and scholars carrying



BATTLE IN THE PASS OF RONCEVALLES.

palm branches in their hands, and as he mounted the steps to St. Peter's Church, the Pope met him, saying, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." He prayed at all the chief churches in Rome, and then returned to Pavia, which was taken soon after. He carried off Desiderio as a prisoner, and took the title of King of the Franks and the Lombards. This was in 775, while the Saxon war was still going on.

He had likewise a war with the Arabs in Spain, and in 778 he crossed the Pyrenees, and overran the country as far as the Ebro, where the Arabs offered him large gifts of gold and jewels if he would return without touch-

ing their splendid cities in the South. He consented, but as he was returning, the wild Basque people—a strange people who lived unconquered in the mountains—fell upon the rear guard of his army in the Pass of Roncevalles, and plundered the baggage, slaying some of the bravest leaders, among them one Roland, Warden of the Marches of Brittany. Round this Roland wonderful stories have hung. It is said, and it may be true, that he blew a blast on his bugle-horn with his last strength, which first told Charlemagne, on far before, of this direful mischance; and further legends



SCHOOL OF THE PALACE.

have made him the foremost and most perfect knight in the army, nay, raised him to gigantic strength, for there is a great cleft in the Pyrenean Hills called La Brèche de Roland, and said to have been made with one stroke of his sword. Pfalzgraf, or Count of the Palace, was the title of some of the great Frank lords, and thus in these romances Roland and his friends are called the Paladins.

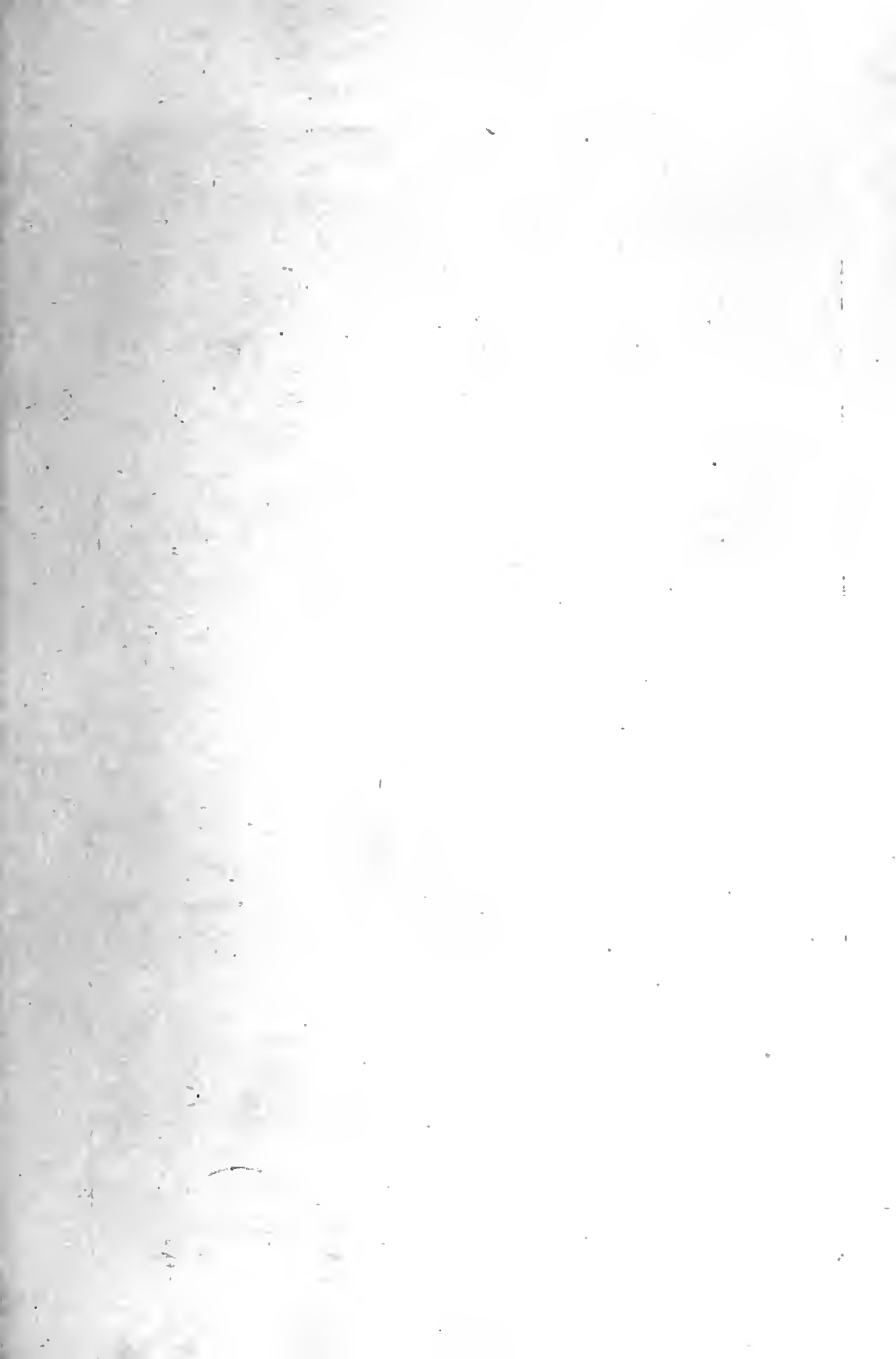
But to return to Charlemagne. He had three sons—Carl, Pepin, and Lodwig. When the two younger were four and three years old, he took

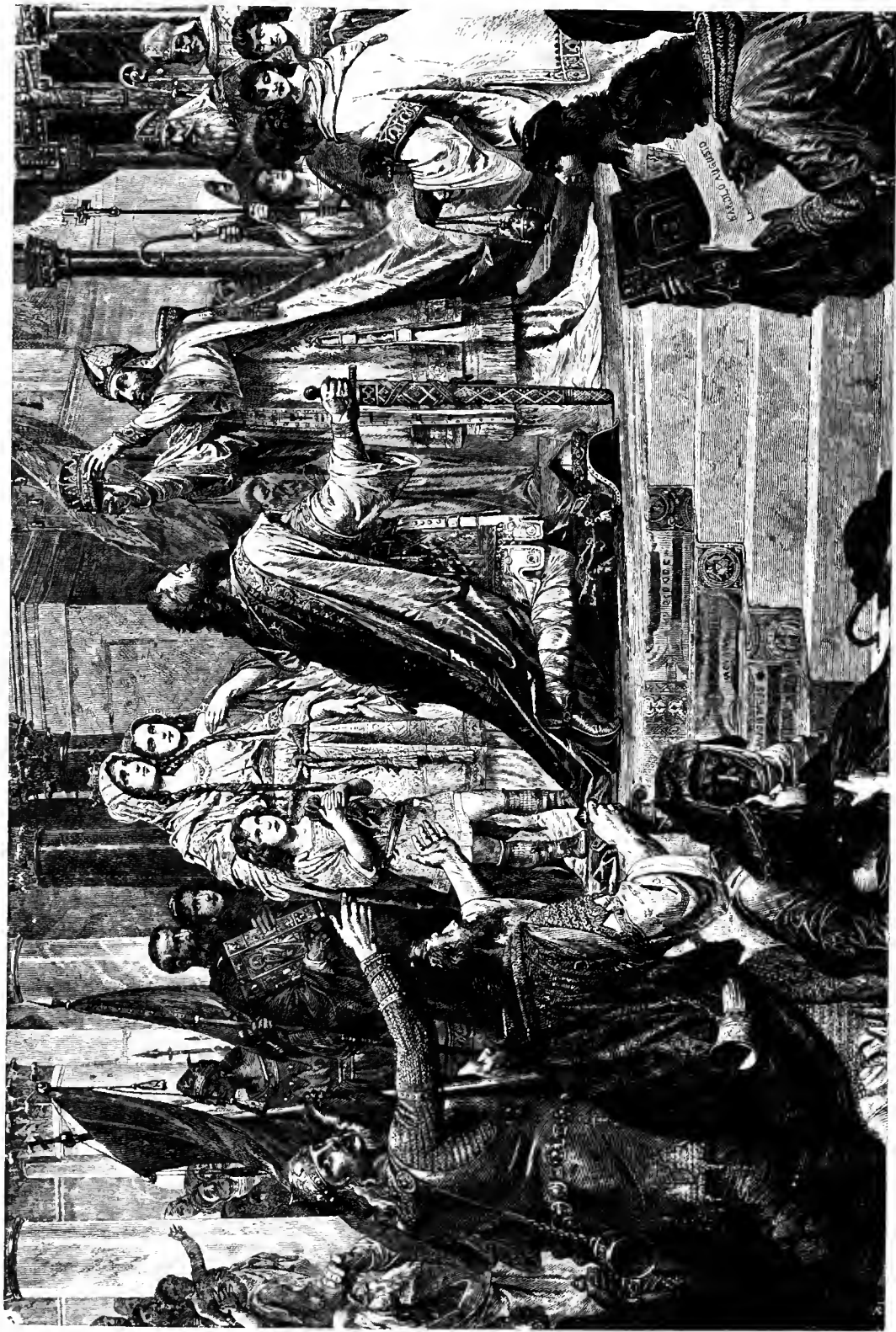
them both with him to Rome, and there Pope Adrian anointed the elder to be King of Lombardy; the younger, King of Aquitania. As soon as they had returned, Charlemagne had the little Lodwig taken to his kingdom. As far as the Loire he was carried in his cradle, but when he entered Aquitania he was dressed in a little suit of armor, and placed on horseback, that he might be shown to his subjects in manly fashion. Wise, strong men formed his council, whose whole work was keeping the Arabs back beyond the Ebro; but he was taken back after a time to be educated in his father's palace at Aachen. Charlemagne had gathered there the most learned men he could find—Alcuin, an Englishman, being one—and had a kind of academy, where his young nobles and clergy might acquire the learning of the old Roman times. Discussions on philosophy were held, every one taking some old name, Charlemagne himself being called David. He strove hard to remedy the want of a good education; and such was his ability, that he could calculate the courses of the planets in his head, though he never wrote easily, in spite of carrying about tablets in his bosom, and practising at odd times. Latin was, of course, familiar to him; St. Augustine's "City of God" was his favorite book; and he composed several hymns, among them the *Veni Creator Spiritus*—that invocation of the Holy Spirit which is sung at Ordinations. He also knew Greek, and he had begun to arrange a Frankish Grammar, and collect the old songs of his people.

No one was so much honored and respected in Europe, and after two more journeys to Rome on behalf of the Pope, Leo III., the greatest honor possible was conferred upon him. In the old Roman times, the Roman people had always been supposed to elect their Emperor. They now elected him. On the Christmas Day of the year 800, as Carl the Frank knelt down before the altar of St. Peter's, the Pope placed a crown on his head, and the Roman people cried aloud, "To Carolus Augustus, crowned by God, the great and peaceful Emperor of the Romans, life and victory!"

So the Empire of the West, which had died away for a time, or been merged in the Empire of the East at Constantinople, was brought to life again in the person of Carl the Great; while his two sons were rulers of kingdoms, and all around him were numerous dukes and counts of different subject nations, all owning his empire. The old cities, likewise, in Provence—Aquitania, Lombardy, and Gaul—though they had councils that governed themselves, owned him as their Emperor. Moreover, he made the new territories which he had conquered along the German rivers great bishoprics, especially at Triers, Mentz, and Koln, thinking that bishops would more safely and loyally guard the frontier, and tame the heathen borderers, than fierce warrior counts and dukes.

Aachen was the capital of this Empire. There Carl had built a noble cathedral, and a palace for himself; and he collected from Italy the most





THE CORONATION OF CHARLEMAGNE.

learned clerks and the best singers of church music. His chosen name of David did not ill befit him, for he was a great founder and benefactor of the church, and gathered together synods of his bishops several times during his reign to consult for her good and defence. Indeed, his benefits to her, and his loyal service, were such that he has been placed in the calendar as a saint; although he had several serious faults, the worst of which was that he did not rightly esteem the holiness and closeness of the tie of wedlock, and married and put away wives in a lax way that makes a great blot in his character.

He was of a tall figure, with a long neck, and exceedingly active and dextrous in all exercises—a powerful warrior, and very fond of hunting, but preferring swimming to anything else. Nobody could swim or dive like him; and he used to take large parties to bathe with him, so that a hundred men were sometimes in the river at once. His dress was stately on occasion, but he did not approve of mere finery; and when he saw some young noble over-dressed, would rather enjoy taking him on a long muddy ride in the rain.

He had intended his eldest son Carl to be Emperor, and Pepin and Lodwig to rule Lombardy and Aquitaine under him as kings; but Pepin died in 810, and Carl in 811, and only Lodwig was left. This last son he caused to be accepted as Emperor by all his chief nobles in the church at Aachen, and then made him a discourse on the duties of a sovereign to his people; after which he bade the young man take a crown that lay on the altar and put it on his own head. “Blessed be the Lord, who hath granted me to see my son sitting on my throne,” he said.

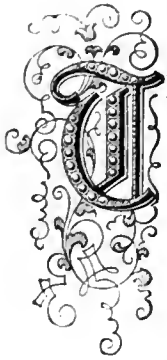
Charlemagne died the next year, in 814, in his seventy-first year, and was buried at Aachen, sitting upright, robed and crowned, in his chair, with his sword by his side.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE CARLINGS.

A.D. 814-887.



THE Carlings after Charlemagne are nearly as difficult to understand or care about as the Meerwings. The best way to understand the state of things is to remember that the Empire—the Holy Roman Empire of the West—consisted of a whole collection of separate states—German, Frank, Lombard, Burgundian, Gallic, Latin, and that a Carling was always king in one or more of these, and the chief of the family Emperor; but they were constantly quarreling, and whenever any of them died, it was as if the whole were shaken up together and the parts picked out afresh. They were far from being as wicked or as ignorant as the Fainéants; but it really was almost impossible for their utmost efforts to have succeeded in keeping the peace, even if they had been such giants in mind as Charlemagne had been.

His only son, Lodwig—Ludovicus Pius, as the Latins called him; Louis le Debonnaire, as he stands in French books—was a good, gentle, pious man, but his life was one continual warfare with his sons. After he had given three kingdoms to his three sons, their mother died; he married again, and had a younger son, Carl or Charles; and his desire to give a share to this poor boy led to no less than three great revolts on the part of the elder brothers, till at last their poor father died worn out and broken-hearted, on a little islet in the Rhine, in the year 840.

The eldest son, Lothar, was then Emperor, and had for his own, besides the kingdom of Italy and that country where Aachen (the capital) stood, the strip which is bounded by the Rhine and the Alps to the east, and the Meuse and the Rhone to the west. He was in the middle between his brothers—Lodwig, who had Germany; and Charles, who had all the remainder of France. Of course, they fought over this; and when Lothar died, his two sons divided his dominions again—the elder (whose name was the same as his own) got the northern half, between the Meuse and Rhine; and the younger had the old Provincia. They both died soon, and would not be worth speaking of, but that the name of the two Lothars remained to the northern kingdom, Lotharick or Lorraine, and because we shall sometimes hear of the old kingdom of Arles or Provence.

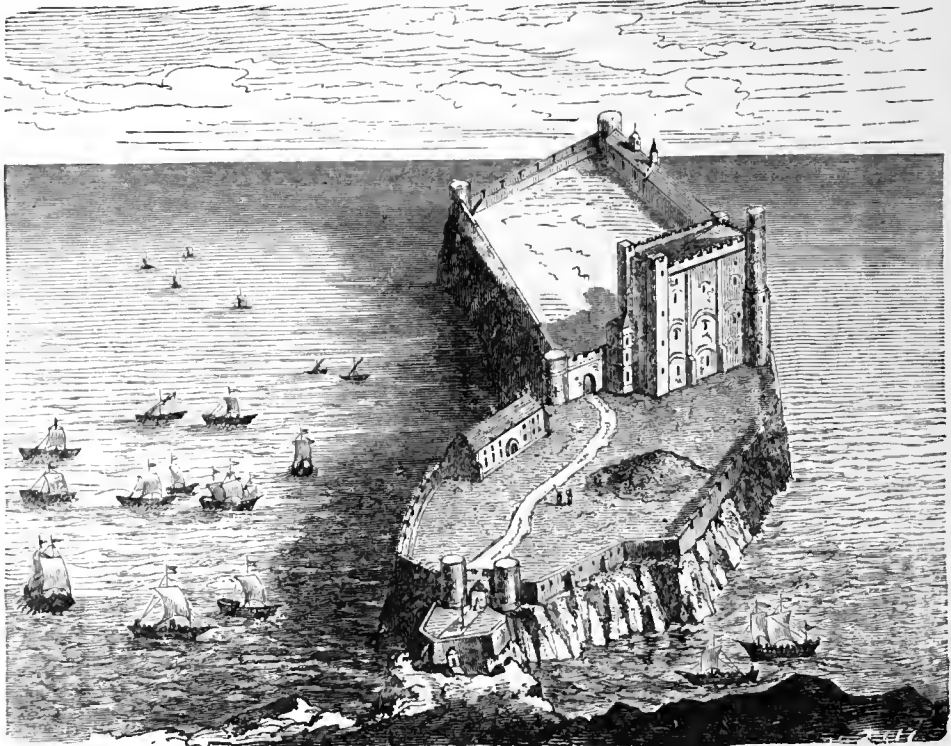
Charles survived all his brothers, and came to be the head of the family, the second Emperor Charles, commonly called the Bald. He was King from his father's death in 840, but Emperor only for two years, from 875 to 877; and his life was a dreary time of tumult and warfare, though he was an active, able man, and did his best. He had a good deal more learning than Charlemagne had to begin with, and like him had a school in his palace, where the most remarkable person was a Kelt from one of the old Scottish or Irish monasteries, called John; and also Scot, or Erigena (a native of Erin). He was a great arguer and philosopher, and got into trouble with the Pope about some of his definitions. King Alfred the Great of England, who had his own palace school, invited Scot to it, and afterward placed him in the abbey at Malmesbury; but there the rude English scholars' hatred to Scot broke out, and when he tried to keep order they killed him with the iron pens with which they wrote on wax tablets. At least so goes the story.

Charles the Bald had little peace to enjoy his palace school, for the same reason as Alfred was at war. The Northmen were even more dreadful enemies to France than to England. The first fleet of their ships had been seen by Charlemagne, and he had shed tears at the sight; for he perceived that all his efforts to subdue and convert Bavarians, Saxons, and Frisians had not saved his people from a terrible enemy of their own stock, far more earnest in the worship of Odin, and (as he foresaw) likely to come in greater numbers. All through the troubles of Louis le Debonnaire parties of Northmen were landing, and plundering any city or abbey that was not strong enough to keep them off; and when Alfred had made England too mighty for them, they came all the more to France. Sometimes they were met in battle, sometimes a sum was offered to them to spare a city from their plunder; and if the walls were strong, they would generally accept it. Paris was thus bought off in the time of Charles the Bald from the terrible sea-king, Hasting. Sometimes the bishop of the threatened place would fancy he had converted the sea-king, and would add baptism to the treaty. But once when this was done, and there was a scarcity of white robes for the converts, they turned round in a rage, declaring that wherever they had been washed before they had been more handsomely treated. Another heathen had almost accepted the faith, when he paused and asked what had become of all his dead fathers. His teachers, instead of answering that God is merciful, and deals with men according to what they have, not according to what they have not, replied that they were in hell-fire. "Then," said the pupil, "do you think I will desert them? I cast in my lot with them wherever they are." It is not certain whether it was one of Witikind's Saxons or a Northman who made this answer.

After Charles the Bald, three very short reigns, only lasting seven years

altogether, of his son and his two grandsons, and then the head of the Carlings was Charles III., commonly called *der dicke* (the Thick or the Fat)—in France known as Charles le Gros. He was the son of Lodwig called the German, the son of Lodwig the Pious, and seems to have been less fit than most of his kindred for the difficulties of his post as Emperor of the West, or King of the Franks.

The Northmen were worse than ever in his time, not so much from his weakness, as because Harald the Fairhaired had made himself sole King of Norway, driving out all opposition; and those who would not brook his



CASTLE OF A NORTHMAN SEA-KING.

dominion now came southward, intending not only to plunder, but to win homes for themselves. One of these was the famous Rolf Gange, or Walker, so called because he went into battle on foot. In the year 885 Rolf and another sea-king named Siguid sailed up the Seine with seven hundred great-ships, which stretched for six miles along the stream, and prepared to take Paris. First, however, Siguid sent for Bishop Gozlin, and promised that if the city were only yielded to him he would allow no harm to be done, no man's goods to be touched. But the bishop said the city had been entrusted to him and Count Eudes (the governor) by the Emperor, and that they

could not yield it up; and for full thirteen months the place was besieged, until at last the Emperor arrived with an army collected from all the nations under him; but, after all, he did not fight—he only paid the Northmen to leave Paris, and go to winter in Burgundy, which was at enmity with him. In fact, every part of the domains of the empire was at enmity with poor fat Charles; and the next year (887) a diet or council met on the banks of the Rhine and deposed him. Arnulf, a son of the short-lived Carloman, was made Emperor, Count Eudes was crowned King of France, Guy (Duke of Spoleto) set up a kingdom in Italy, Boso of Arles called himself King of Provence, and Rodolf (another count) was crowned at St. Moritz King of Burgundy; so that the whole Empire of Charlemagne seemed to have been broken up, and Rolf went on conquering more than ever, especially in Neustria.

The siege of Paris, here mentioned, made an immense impression on French and Italian fancy, and was the subject of many poems and romances in later times. Only they mixed up together in one the three Karls—the Hammer, the Great, and the Fat—and called him Carlo Magno, surrounded him with Paladins, of whom Roland or Orlando was foremost; made the Saracens besiege Paris, and be beaten off, and pursued into Spain, where the battle of Roncevalles and the horn of Roland played their part—all having of course the manners of knights and ladies of the fifteenth century, with plenty of giants, enchanters, and wonders of all kinds of magical and fairy lore.



CHAPTER IX.

THE COUNTS OF PARIS.

A.D. 887-987.



FOR Carl the Fat died of misery and grief the year after he was deposed, but he was not the last Carling. Besides the Emperor Arnulf, there was a son of Ludwig the Stammerer (another Carl), who tried to win the old French domains back from Eudes. In fact, the westerly Franks, who held Paris and all the country up to the Atlantic Ocean, had become much mixed with the old Gauls, and had learned to speak Latin a little altered—in fact, the beginning of what we call French—and they held with Eudes; while the Franks round Laon and Soissons were much more German, and chiefly clung to the Carling Carl, though he bore no better surname than the Simple. The further eastward Franks of Franconia, as we now call it, with all the other German tribes—Swabians, Frisians, Saxons, Bavarians, &c.—were under Arnulf, and made up the kingdom of Germany. The Franks west of the Rhine never were joined to it again; and after the death of Arnulf's only son, Ludwig the Child, no more Carlings reigned there, and soon the Saxons obtained the headship.

The Counts of Paris were not Gauls, but Saxons who had settled in the Frank country and made common cause with the Gauls. They had the same sort of patience with which the first Carlings had waited till the Meerwings were quite worn out. Eudes let Charles the Simple govern the lands between the Meuse and Seine, and when Eudes died, in 898, his brother Robert the Strong only called himself Duke of France, and left Charles the Simple to be King of the Franks.

All this time Rolf and his Northmen had gone on conquering a home in Northern Gaul. They did not plunder and ravage like common vikings, but they spared the towns and made friends with the bishops; and though they fought with the nations beyond, they treated all the country between Brittany and the River Epte as if it were their own. Charles the Simple came to an agreement with Rolf. He said that if Rolf would become a Christian, and accept him as his king, he would give him his daughter in marriage, and grant him the possession of all these lands, as Duke of the Northmen. Rolf consented, and in 911 he was baptized at Rouen, married

Gisla (the king's daughter), and then went to swear to be faithful to the king. Now, this ceremony was called swearing fealty. It was repeated whenever there was a change either of the over- or the under-lord. The duke, count, or whatever he was, knelt down before the over-lord, and, holding his hands, swore to follow him in war, and to be true to him always. The over-lord, in his turn, swore to aid him and be true and good lord to him in return, and kissed his brow. In return, the under-lord—vassal, as he was called—was to kiss the foot of his superior. This was paying



A BARD RECITING TO NORTHMEN.

homage. Kings thus paid homage, and swore allegiance to the emperor; dukes or counts, to kings; lesser counts or barons, to dukes; and for the lands they owned they were bound to serve their lord in council and in war, and not to fight against him. Lands so held were called fiefs, and the whole was called the feudal system. Now, Rolf was to hold his lands in fief from the king, and he swore his oath, but he could not bear to stoop to kiss the foot of Charles. So he was allowed to pay homage by deputy; but the

Northman he chose was as proud as himself, and, instead of bending, lifted the king's foot to his lips, so that poor Charles the Simple was upset backward, throne and all.

Rolf was a sincere Christian; he made great gifts to the Church, divided the land among his Northmen, and kept up such good laws that Normandy, as his domains came to be called, was the happiest part of the country. It was even said that a gold bracelet could be left hanging on a tree in the forest for a whole year without any one stealing it.

Charles the Simple, in the meantime, was overthrown in another way; for Robert of Paris and Duke Raoul of Burgundy made war on him, and took him prisoner. His wife was a sister of the English king Athelstan, and she fled to him with her young son Ludwig, or Louis. They stayed there while first Robert was king for a year, and then Raoul, and poor Charles was dying in prison at Peroune; but when Raoul died, in 936, the young Louis was invited to come back from England and be king. The Count of Paris, Hugues the Great, and Rolf's son, William Longsword (Duke of Normandy), joined together in making him king; but he was much afraid of them, and lived at Laon in constant hatred and suspicion. The French people, indeed, held him as a stranger, and called him Louis d'Outre Mer, or from beyond seas.

At last William Longsword was murdered by the Count of Flanders, when his little son Richard was only seven years old. Louis thought this his opportunity. He went to Rouen, declared himself the little boy's right guardian, and carried him off to Laon, and there treated him so harshly that it was plain that there was an intention of getting rid of the child. So Osmond de Centeville, the little duke's squire, rolled him up in a bundle of straw, and carried him to the stable like fodder for his horse, then galloped off with him by night to Normandy. A great war began, and Harald Bluetooth, King of Denmark, came to the help of the Northmen. Louis was made prisoner, and only gained his freedom by giving up his two sons as hostages in his stead. Hugh, Count of Paris, aided young Richard of Normandy; while the Saxon Emperor of Germany, Otho, aided Louis; and there was a fierce struggle, ending in the victory of the Count of Paris and the Northmen. One of the young Frank princes died in the hands of the Normans; the other, Lothar, was given back to his father when peace was made, giving the Counts of Paris another great step in power.

In the year 954 Louis IV. died at Rheims, and his widow entreated that the great Count Hugues would protect Lothar. He did so, and so did his son and successor, Hugues—commonly called Capet, from the hood he wore—who managed everything for the young king.

When there was a war with Otho, the Emperor, the Franks said, "It is a pity so many brave men should die for two men's quarrel. Let them fight

a single combat, and we will have for chief whichever gains." This shocked the Germans, and one of them said, "We always heard that the Franks despised their king. Now we hear it proved."

Peace was made, and the Emperor gave Lothar's younger brother Charles the province of Lotharrik, or Lorraine, as it was coming to be called.

Lothar died soon after, in 986; and though his son Louis V. was crowned, he only lived a year, and when he died in 987, the great counts and dukes met in consultation with the chief of the clergy, and agreed that, as the Counts of Paris were the real heads of the State, and nobody cared for the Carlings, it would be better to do like the Germans, and pass over the worn-out Carlings, who spoke old Frank, while the Paris Counts spoke the altered Latin, which came to be called French. So Charles, Duke of Lorraine, was not listened to when he claimed his nephew's crown, but was forced to return to his own dukedom, where his descendants ruled for full eight hundred years, and then again obtained the empire, as you will hear.

And in 987, Hugues Capet, Count of Paris, was crowned King of France, and from that time French history begins. At first it was Gaulish history, then it was Frank history, but at last it has become French history.

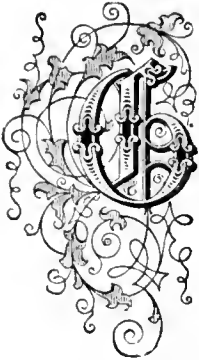
The family which began with Robert the Strong exists still, after more than one thousand years, of which it reigned over France for nine hundred at least. It is usually called the House of Capet, from Hugues' nickname, though it would be more sensible to call it the House of Paris. So, remember three great families—Meerwings or Merovingians, Frank chiefs; Carlings or Carolingians, the chief of whom was Emperor of the West; House of Paris, or Capetians, Kings of France.



CHAPTER X.

HUGUES CAPET.

A.D. 987-997.



ET one of the older maps of France, where it is in provinces, and not departments, and we will try to show you what it was to be King of France when Hugues Capet was crowned at Rheims. Remember, there had once been a great Empire of the West; indeed, there was an empire still, only the head of it was a Saxon instead of a Frank, and it had been divided into different nations or tribes, as it were, each ruled over by an officer or count or duke of the Emperor's.

Now, the nations had fallen apart in groups and their chiefs held together according to what suited them, or who was the strongest, and some with more, some with less, feeling that the Emperor had a right over them all. But as to meddling in the management of a duke or count's province, no emperor nor king had any power to do that.

The new king was Duke of France, and Count of Paris, and Guardian of the Abbey of St. Denys'. So in the place called the Isle of France he was really master, and his brother Henri was Duke of Burgundy. On the Loire was the great county of Anjou, with a very spirited race of counts; and to the eastward were Vermandois and Champagne, also counties. In all these places the nobles, like the king himself, were descended from the old Franks; but the people in the towns and villages were Gauls, and they all talked the form of broken Latin which was then called the *Langue d'oïl*, because *oïl* or *oui* was the word for yes. This has now turned into French. In Normandy the people were Northmen, but were fast learning to talk nothing but French; and in Brittany both duke and people were still old Kymry, and talked Kymric. They had never been much under the Romans or Franks. They hated the French and Normans, and never paid them any homage if they could help it; but the Norman dukes always considered that Brittany had been put under them, and this led to plenty of wars.

The southern half of the country had only been overrun from time to time, never subdued or peopled even in the greatest Carling times. There the people were less Gaul than Roman, and talked a less altered Latin, which was called *Langue d'oc*, because they said *oc*, instead of *oui*; and it was also called Romance or Provençal. Old Latin learning and manners,

with their graces and elegances, were still kept up in these parts, and the few Frank chieftains who had come in had conformed to them. These were the Dukes of Aquitaine or Guyenne, the Counts of Toulouse, and the Counts of Narbonne. But in the south-west of Aquitaine, near the Pyrenees and the sea, were an old race called Basques, who seem to be older still than the Gauls, and do not speak their language, but a strange and very difficult one of their own. The Basques, where more mixed with the other inhabitants in the plains, were called Gascons in France, Vascons in Spain, and were thought great boasters.



HUGH CAPET TAKES THE SOVEREIGN'S OATH.

These Romance-speaking counts were considered by the King of France to belong to him; but whether they considered themselves to belong to the King of France was quite a different thing. The County of Provence, Old Provincia, certainly did not, but held straight from the Holy Roman Empire. So did the other countries to the eastward, where a German tongue was spoken, but which had much to do with the history of France—namely, Lorraine, where the old Carlings still ruled, and Flanders.

So you see a king of France was not a very mighty person, and had little to call his own. But just as the empire was cut up into little divisions,

so each dukedom or county was cut into lesser ones. If the duke or count did homage to emperor or king, he had under him barons (sometimes counts) who did homage in their turn for the lands they held. And as the



KNIGHTS AT A TOURNAMENT.

king could not make war without a council of his counts and dukes, no more could the duke or count without a parliament or council of his barons. When money was wanted, the clergy and the burghers from the towns had

to be called too, and to settle what they would give. The lands held in this way were called fiefs, and the great men who held straight from the king himself were crown vassals; those under them were their vassals. In time of war the king called his crown vassals, they called their barons, the barons called the vavassours or freemen under them, and got their men in from working on the farms, and out they went. Money was not common then, so the lands were held on condition of serving the lord in war or by council, of giving a share of help on great occasions in his family or their own, and so many days' work on his own farm when it was wanted.

This was called the feudal system, and sometimes it worked well; but if the baron was a hard man, the poor peasants often suffered sadly, for he would call them to work for him when their own crops were spoiling, or take the best of all they had. And the Franks had got into such a way of despising and ill-treating the poor Gauls, that they hardly looked on them as the same creatures as themselves. When two barons went to war—and this they were always doing—the first thing they did was to burn and destroy the cottages, corn, or cattle on each other's property, and often the peasants too. The barons themselves lived in strong castles, with walls so thick that, as there was no gunpowder, it was not possible to break into them. They filled them with youths whom they were training to arms—the younger ones called pages, the elder esquires or shield-bearers; and as they practised their exercises in the castle court, the bearing of a gentleman was called courtesy. When a squire had attended his knight in battle, grown perfect in all his feats of arms, could move about easily in his heavy shirt of little chains of linked steel, and ride a tilt with his lance against another man armed like himself, and had learned enough to be a leader, he was made a knight or chevalier, as the French called it, by a blow on the shoulders with the flat of the sword before an elder knight. A belt and gilded spurs marked the knight; and he was required to vow that he would fight for God and his Church, be faithful and true, and defend the poor and weak. Gradually chivalry, as this spirit of knighthood came to be called, did much to bring in a sense of honor and generosity; but at this time, in the reign of Hugues Capet, there was very little good to be seen in the world. All over France there were turbulence, cruelty, and savage ways; except, perhaps, in Normandy, where Duke Richard the Fearless and his son Duke Richard the Good kept order and peace, and were brave, upright, religious men, making their subjects learn the better, rather than the worse ways of France.

Just at this time, too, the Church and the clergy were going on badly. The Pope had—ever since, at least, the time of Carl the Great—been looked on as the head of the whole Western Church, and the people at Rome had the power of choosing the Pope. Two wicked women, named Marozia and

Theodora, gained such power by their riches and flatteries, that they managed to have any one chosen Pope whom they liked; and of course they chose bad men, who would do as they pleased. This had gone on till the year 962, when the Emperor Otho came over the Alps, conquered Italy, and turned out the last of these shameful Popes. Then he and his successors chose the Pope; but this was not the right way of doing things, and the whole Church felt it, for there was no proper restraint upon the wickedness of the nobles. The bishops were too apt to care only for riches and power, and often fought like the lay nobles; and in the monasteries, where prayer and good works and learning ought to have been kept up, there was sloth and greediness, if not worse; and as to the people, they were hardly like Christians at all, but more like brute beasts in their ignorance and bad habits.

Indeed, there hardly was a worse time in all the history of Europe than the reign of Hugues Capet, which lasted from 987 to 997.

CHAPTER XI.

ROBERT THE PIOUS.	A.D. 997-1031.
HENRY I.	1031-1060.
PHILIP I.	1060-1108.



N a very curious way a better spirit was stirred up in the world. In the Book of Revelation it is said that Satan is to be bound for a thousand years. Now, as the year 1000 of our Lord was close at hand, it was thought that this meant that the Day of Judgment was coming then, and there was great fear and dread at the thought. At first, however, the effect only seemed to be that the wicked grew worse, for they feasted and drank and reveled, like the men before the flood; and when the year 1000 began, so many thought it not worth while to sow their corn, that there was a most dreadful famine and great distress everywhere, so that there were even wretches who set traps in the woods to catch little children for their food.

But all this time there were good men who taught repentance, and one blessed thing they brought about while people's hearts were soft with dread, was what was called the Truce of God, namely, an agreement that nobody should fight on Sundays, Saturdays, or Fridays, so that three days in the week were peaceable. The monasteries began to improve, the clergy to

be more diligent, and the king himself, whose name was Robert, was one of the best and most religious men in his kingdom. He used to come to the Abbey at St. Denys' every morning to sing with the monks; he used the Psalms every day in prayer and praise, and wrote and set to music several Latin hymns, which he carried to Rome and laid on the altar at St. Peter's; and he loved nothing so well as waiting on beggars, and dressing the wounds of the sick. But he could not manage his kingdom well, and every one took advantage of him. He had married his cousin, Bertha of Burgundy, who was heiress of Arles in Provence. Now Provence belonged to the Empire, and the Emperor did not choose that the Kings of France should have it; so he made the Pope, whom he had appointed, declare that Robert and Bertha were such near relations that they could not be husband and wife, and, with great grief, Robert submitted, Bertha went into a nunnery, and he married Constance of Aquitaine. She brought all the gay fashions of Southern France with her, and her followers wore their clothes and cut their hair, sung songs and made jokes, in a way that offended the Northern French very much. She was vain and light-minded herself, could not endure the king and his beggars, and grew weary of his hymns and prayers. The sons were more like her than like their father, and Robert had a troubled life, finding little peace except in church, until he died in the year 1031.

His eldest son, Henry I., reigned after him, and the second, Robert, became Duke of Burgundy, and began a family of dukes which lasted on four hundred years. The spirit of improvement that had begun to stir was going on. Everybody was becoming more religious. The monks in their convents began either to set themselves to rights, or else they founded fresh monasteries in new places, with stricter rules, so as to make a new beginning. And a very great man, whose name was Hildebrand, was stirring up the Church not to go on leaving the choice of the Pope to the Emperor, but to have him properly appointed by the clergy of the Diocese of Rome, who were called Cardinals—that is, chiefs. Though there was much fierceness and wildness, and much wickedness and cruelty, among the great nobles, they still cared more for religion; they built churches, they tried to repent as they grew old, and some went on pilgrimage to pray for the forgiveness of their sins at the Holy Sepulchre, where our Blessed Lord once lay.

One of these pilgrims was Robert the Magnificent, Duke of Normandy. He walked on foot very humbly in the country, but at Constantinople, he rode through the gates of the city with his mule shod with silver shoes, loosely fastened on, so that the people might pick them up. He died on his way, and his young son, William, had to fight very hard with enemies on all sides before he could keep his dukedom.

Henry I. had been dead six years, and his son Philip I. had reigned six,

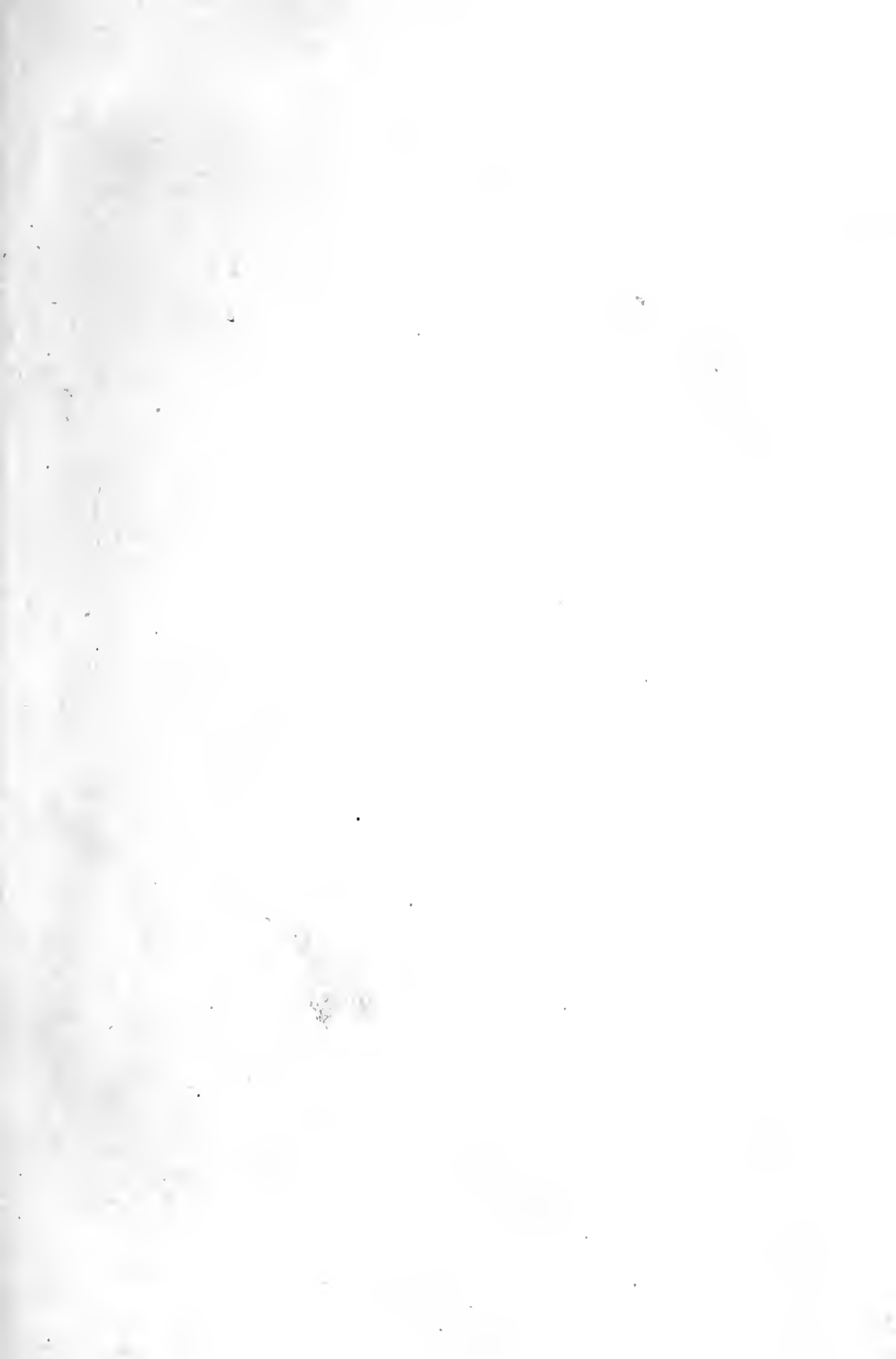
from 1060, when this great Duke of Normandy became still greater, by winning for himself the kingdom of England. Philip did not much wish this. He was afraid of William, and did not at all wish to see him grow so much more powerful than himself. He spoke contemptuously of the new King of England whenever he could, and at last it was one of his foolish speeches that made William so angry as to begin the war in which the great conqueror met with the accident that caused his death.

Philip was by no means a good man. After he had lost his first wife, he fell in love with the beautiful Countess of Anjou, Bertrade de Montfort,



GREGORY VII. (HILDEBRAND).

and persuaded her to come and pretend to be his wife. His son Louis, who was so active and spirited that he was called *l'éveillé*, which means the Wide-awake, showed his displeasure, and Philip and Bertrade so persecuted him, that he was obliged to come for refuge to England. However, in spite of the king's wickedness, there was much more spirit of religion in the people. There were many excellent Bishops and Abbots, and some good nobles; Godfrey de Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, the descendant of the old Carlings, was one of the very best of the princes at that, or indeed any other time.





F. WUNDERLICH

J.F. DEININGER SC.

GODFREY OF BOUILLION AT THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

It was in this reign that a certain man, named Peter the Hermit, came home with a piteous history of the cruelty of the Mohamunedans, who had possession of the Holy Land. He obtained leave from the Pope, Urban II., to call all the warriors of Christendom to save the Holy Sepulchre, where our Blessed Lord had lain, from the hands of the unbelievers. The first great preaching was at Clermont, in Auvergne; and there the whole people were so much moved that they cried out with one voice, "God wills it," and came crowding round to law, their left shoulders marked with a cross made of two strips of cloth. An army came together from many of the lands of the West, and the princes agreed to lay aside all their quarrels while the Crusade lasted. The good Duke Godfrey led them all through Germany and Hungary, and across the narrow straits of the Bosporus, meeting with many troubles and perils as they went: but at last they did get safe to Jerusalem, laid siege to it, and conquered it. Then they chose Godfrey to be King of Jerusalem, but he would neither be crowned; he said it was not fitting for him to wear a crown of gold where his Lord had worn a crown of thorns. Many nobles and knights stayed with him to help him to guard the holy places, while the others went home. Two convents of monks resolved that besides being monks, they would be soldiers of the Holy War. These were called the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, or Hospitaller Knights, and the Knights of the Temple. The Hospitallers had their name because they had a house at Jerusalem for receiving the poor pilgrims, and nursing them if they were sick or wounded. People from England, Spain, Germany, and Italy were of the Crusade and might belong to the two orders of knights, but there were always more French than men of any other nation.

Louis the White-awake was elected king by the French barons, and ruled in his father's place for the last six years of his reign, though the old king did not die till the year 1108.





It was in this reign that a pilgrim, named Peter the Hermit, came home with a piteous history of the cruelty of the Mohammedans, who had possession of the Holy Land. He obtained leave from the Pope, Urban II., to call all the warriors of Christendom to save the Holy Sepulchre, where our Blessed Lord had lain, from the hands of the unbelievers. The first great preaching was at Clermont, in Auvergne; and there the whole people were so much moved that they cried as if with one voice, "God wills it," and came crowding round to have their left shoulders marked with a cross made of two strips of cloth. An army came together from many of the lands of the west, and the princes agreed to lay aside all their quarrels while the Crusade lasted. The good Duke Godfrey led them, all through Germany and Hungary, and across the narrow straits of the Bosphorus, meeting with many troubles and perils as they went; but at last they did get safe to Jerusalem, laid siege to it, and conquered it. Then they chose Godfrey to be King of Jerusalem, but he would never be crowned; he said it was not fitting for him to wear a crown of gold where his Lord had worn a crown of thorns. Many nobles and knights stayed with him to help him to guard the holy places, while the others went home. Two convents of monks resolved that, besides being monks, they would be soldiers of the Holy War. These were called the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, or Hospitaller Knights, and the Knights of the Temple. The Hospitallers had their name because they had a house at Jerusalem for receiving the poor pilgrims, and nursing them if they were sick or wounded. People from England, Spain, Germany, and Italy were of the Crusade, and might belong to the two orders of knighthood, but there were always more French there than of any other nation.

Louis the Wide-awake was fetched home by the French barons, and ruled for his father for the last six years of Philip's reign, though the old king did not die till the year 1108.



CHAPTER XII.

LOUIS VI., LE GROS.

A.D. 1108-1137.



It is disappointing to find that Louis the Wide-awake soon became Louis the Fat (Louis le Gros, as in that time, when every body had a nickname, he was called). But still he was spirited and active, and much more like the old Counts of Paris than any of the four kings before him had been; and he was a good, brave, and just man, who made himself respected. One great change was going on in his time, which had begun in that of his father. The old Roman cities in the South of France had gone on governing themselves much as in the Roman times, but the northern towns had most of them fallen under the power of some Frankish noble family, who were apt to call on them for money, and take away the young men to fight. Whenever one of these towns grew rich and strong enough, it would buy leave from the king and the noble to take care of itself. Then the noble had no more right over it; but the burghers built their walls, practised themselves in fighting, and guarded their gates and towers. All the chief men in each trade made up a town council, and one of them was chosen each year to be the mayor or provost, and manage their affairs. A great bell was rung when the people were wanted to come together, or in time of danger; and they knew well how to take care of themselves. The burghers only went out to war when the king himself wanted them, and then they went on foot, and wore plain armor, not like the gentlemen, who were all knights and squires. These free towns were called *communes*; but often they could not get or keep the freedom without a great deal of fighting, for the nobles were very jealous of them, and the kings never made more *communes* than they could help.



SEAL LOUIS VI.

Do you remember that when Robert, Duke of Normandy, governed so badly, his Normans asked King Henry I, his brother, to help them?

Louis did not choose to see the eldest brother despoiled, and he was glad that the King of England and the Duke of Normandy should not be the same person. So he helped Robert, but could not keep him from being beaten at Tenchebray, and afterward made prisoner. Afterward Louis befriended poor young William, Robert's son; but he was beaten again at Brenneville. There were nine hundred knights in this battle of Brenneville, and only three were killed, the armor they wore was so strong. Afterward Louis helped William to obtain the County of Flanders, which he inherited in right of his grandmother, Queen Matilda; but the poor young prince had not long been settled in it before he died of a hurt in the hand from a lance-point.

Three noted men lived in the time of Louis VI. They were Suger, St. Bernard, and Pierre Abailard. Suger was abbot of the monastery of St. Denys', of which the Kings of France, as Counts of Paris, were always the protectors; where their most precious banner, the oriflamme, was kept, and where they always were buried. He was a clever and able man, the king's chief adviser, and may perhaps be counted as the first of the men who filled the place of king's adviser, or, as we now call it, prime minister. In those times these statesmen were almost always clergy, because few others had any learning. Pierre Abailard was a learned Breton, who studied deeply at Paris (where there was a university much esteemed), and went very far into all sorts of sciences. He became the teacher of a young lady called Heloise, niece to a clergyman at Paris. They fell in love with one another, and he took her away to Brittany; but she left him soon after their marriage, because a married man could not be a priest, and only clergy could flourish as scholars. So she went into a convent, and at last became the abbess; and Abailard became a monk of St. Denys', where he went on studying and writing till at last he confused himself, and taught wrong doctrines, which a council of the Church condemned; but the struggle and debate went on many years longer, until the death of Abailard in the course of the next reign. Heloise, who survived him, made this epitaph for him in Latin. The title is epitaph enough:—"Here lies Pierre Abailard, to whom alone was open all possible knowledge." But to know all that can be known does not bring peace or happiness; and Bernard, the monk, was a more really great man. He was the son of a nobleman in Burgundy, and had been brought up by a good mother. One of the monasteries that had lately been made the most strict, and which was much esteemed for the holy lives led there, was at Cîteaux; and Bernard, at the age of twenty-three, not only retired there himself, but persuaded all his brothers (six in number) to go thither with him. They intended to have left the youngest, a little boy, to keep up the castle and inherit the lands; but he said, "What! all heaven for you, and earth for me?" and insisted on going with

them. It seems to us a mistake; but we must remember that a noble in the twelfth century had dreadful temptations to be cruel and lawless, and that a convent often seemed the only way to avoid them.

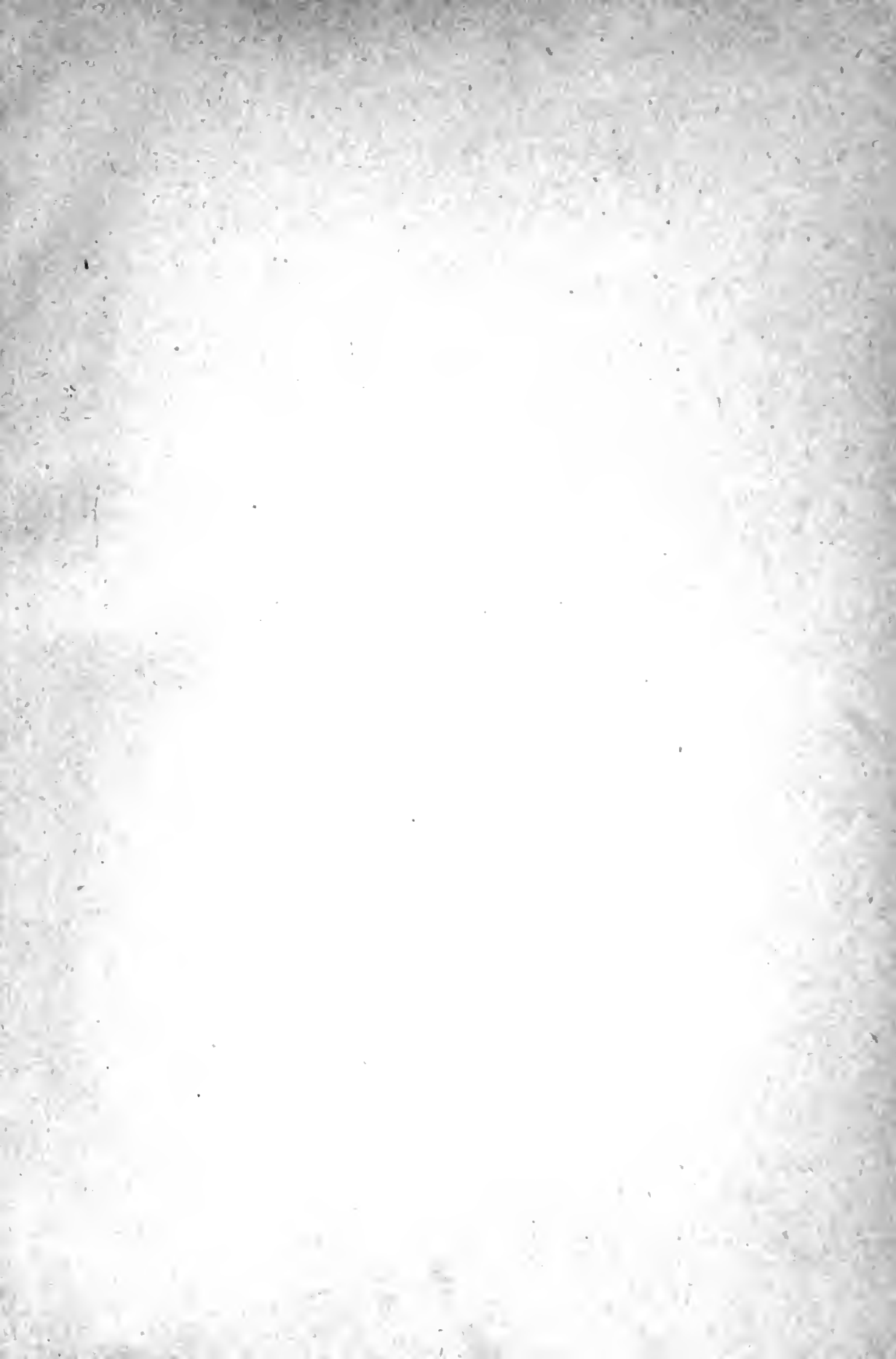
Citeaux grew so overfull of monks that a branch convent was founded at Clairvaux, of which Bernard was made the abbot. His brothers went thither with him, and their old father came after a time to end his days among his sons.

Bernard was one of the most holy and earnest of men, and so learned and wise that he is sometimes called the last of the Fathers of the Church, for many of his writings still remain. His sermons were full of love and beauty, though he never failed to reprove men for their crimes; and though he was the most humble of men, his fame reached throughout his own country and the whole Church, and he was the adviser of kings and popes. He was the person best able to argue with Abailard's subtle errors, and the discussion between them lasted for many years—on, indeed, into the next reign.

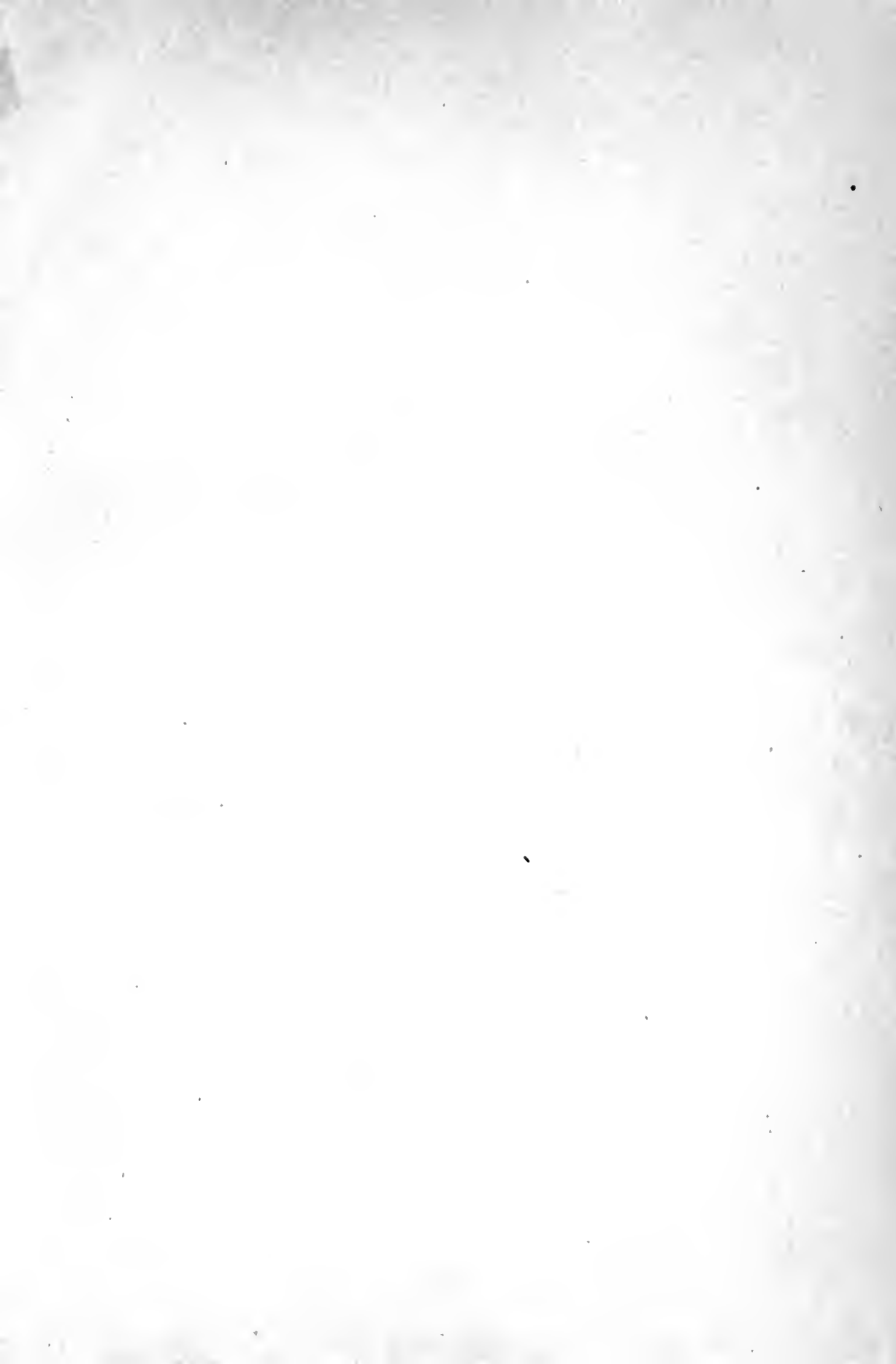
For Louis VI., though not an old man, fell soon into declining health. He thought he had contrived admirably to get more power for the kings, by giving his son in marriage to Eleanor, the daughter of the Duke of Aquitaine. As she had no brother, her son would have owned that great southern dukedom as entirely as the County of Paris, and this would make a great difference. Young Louis was sent to marry the lady, and fetch her home; but while he was gone, his father became worse, and died in the year 1137.

It will help you with the dates to remember that Louis began to govern in his father's name in 1100, just as Henry I. of England came to the crown; and that he died three years after Henry, while Stephen and Matilda were fighting in England.















PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY

D
20
Y56
v.1

Yonge, Charlotte Mary
A pictorial history of
the world's great nations

