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THE REBIRTH OF EUROPE

A Study of the Middle Age

By

MARTYN SUMMERBELL, Ph.D.

President of
Palmer Institute—Starkey Seminary

Author of

RELIGION IN COLLEGE LIFE
FAITH FOR THE COLLEGE MAN
CHRISTIAN HOME TRAINING
CHRIST IN WORD AND WORK

Christus Regnat in Mundo

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PREFACE

OUR modern world, with its keener sense of spiritual values, and its finer conception of personal and national responsibility, differs from the old Roman world as much as if our race had been removed bodily to Jupiter or Saturn. As much? Better to say more: for with the merely physical transfer all the old ways and habits of thought would have been retained, and perhaps intensified; as was the case with the Greek colonists, who made their new homes in Asia even more Grecian than Athens itself.

But the modern world presents a wholly different view of life from that which prevailed in the classic age, and a different outlook toward the future.

No doubt some remnants of the old customs and the old spirit still linger, especially in the countries that cling to their kings and kinglets, for the past has more "dead hands" than the octopus has live ones, but they are losing their grip with every new-coming generation.

The Middle Age had much to do with the amazing changes which have been wrought, and this study is the result of an effort to trace the interaction of barbaric rage and rapacity with the old

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culture, and the remaking of civilization under the beneficent touch of the cross.

The book is not intended for the class room, but rather as a companion for the library and the quiet hour, when the reader desires a clearer view of a period that is shrouded in mist and darkness. When the occasion for the existence of some of the abuses that still plague us is better understood, and it is realized that such occasion has passed away, the rationale for securing their abatement may become more apparent.

MARTYN SUMMERBELL.

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CHAPTER I

DECLINE OF THE ROMAN IMPERIUM

BETWEEN the Roman civilization and our own there stretches a broad gulf which is commonly styled the Dark Age. During the long period of its supremacy the Roman power had been stern, forceful, commanding: and above everything else it was ferociously aggressive. Wherever its foot was set, it became the dominating influence and held the forefront of observation and action. Its main watchword was "law and order," and with every new advance of its legions the new province that has been added to the Roman map began to turn from its former trade of making war to the more wholesome cultivation of the arts of peace. The lesser hamlets expanded into towns, and these were connected with each other, and with Rome, the capital, by solid highways paved with stone, over which coursed the light carriages of the higher officials, and upon which tramped the legions as they hastened on to wider conquests. These substantial Roman roads were characteristic of their builders, for they ran straight to their destination, were firm and enduring, and they exerted a practical influence toward improvement in living. Some of

the Roman bridges which spanned tumultuous torrents in Switzerland or in Spain still endure. They were wrought of heavy stones, which were bonded together by that firm Roman cement, which hardened with time, and eventually became more unyielding than the rock itself. There those bridges stand, abiding monuments of Roman efficiency in the constructive arts. Totally unlike anything else in the same regions which this age has produced, the superstitious mountaineers attribute their origin to the devil, and they recount the most fantastic legends as to his hand in their erection. And the Roman roads which these bridges supported, and which radiated from the City of the Cæsars to the farthest limits of the Roman control, bound the nations together by a unity of social influence and of civil administration.

As the years rolled by under the sway of Roman proconsuls, the world became more tranquil under the double influence of the extension of trade and the better administration of law. In Rome wealth accumulated till many of the patricians became millionaires, and the merchants in the leading cities of Gaul, or Africa, or Asia, were handling in their warehouses the products of every clime. Roman senators become connoisseurs in literature and art, and though their own city produced little in the way of poesy, painting or sculpture, they were free to adorn their mansions with the masterpieces of Grecian artists. All the Romans

were infatuated with games, especially such as demanded supreme physical exertion, and so they erected those noble amphitheatres, which could seat thousands of spectators, and the remains of which are to be found in every great town from the Adriatic to the North Sea.

That Roman civilization was admirable from many points of view. It was mighty in its virility, in its prolonged endurance, and in its ability to mould rude nations into habits of industry and subjection to law. Its weakness lay in its neglect of the gentler virtues, in its contempt for the captive and the slave, and in its utter disregard of any lesser power which happened to stand in the path of its boundless ambition. To reach any goal of its desire it was ready to wade through seas of blood, so long as that blood was flowing from the veins of others. It was that rugged civilization, self-poised and self-assertive, which conquered the classic world and ruled with iron hand from Britain on the west to the Euphrates on the east, until all the lands that bordered on the Mediterranean were bent under the Roman yoke.

But, precisely as the page of history has shown time and time again, such monopoly of power contributed to its own dissolution. For power commands riches, and riches invite the temptations of luxury and ease. The old Roman Stoicism was sapped of its vigor by the tenets and practices of the Epicureans, which emanated

from Athens and Alexandria. To chatter the sophisms of the philosophers, to lounge in the Forum and swelter in the baths, and to pass the greater part of the night in banquetings and revelings little by little supplanted the ruder exercises in arms, which had been the making of the Roman youth of the former day.

In the year 330 the Emperor Constantine chose to transfer his capital to the east, and built the city which he named Constantinople in glorification of himself. For its site he selected a charming spot, where Europe and Asia can almost clasp hands across the narrowest part of the Bosphorus, that strait which connects the Black Sea with the Mediterranean. It was his resolve that his new metropolis should be of surpassing magnificence. Accordingly he summoned from Rome her senators, and all her noblest families, who were to remove to Constantinople and there erect new mansions which were to excel their former homes in extent and in splendor of equipment. For the furnishing of the new public edifices and the dwellings of the patricians he drained Rome of her historic treasures. The gilded Roman youth, removed to this seductive clime, and surrounded by every manner of lavish outlay, though they had been dissipated enough when they lived on the banks of the Tiber, were doubly tempted by the allurements of oriental degeneracy. High society not only revelled in the grossest immoralities, but also flaunted its

depravity without a flush of shame. A Roman writer of the period, in drawing a contrast between the rude nations of the North and his own people, much to the disadvantage of the latter, says of the barbarians, that among them it was not fashionable to do wrong, and that no one among them smiled at vice. Among the Romans of the "smart set" it was quite the other way about, for they went to such lengths in their sinful abandonment as to count their vileness a mark of distinction. When such a spirit was prevalent in the highest circles, it is manifest that the bright young men of the time would regard service in the army, and the wearing of honorable scars, as completely beneath their station. In consequence of this tendency, the practice grew up of enlisting barbarians from far off regions to recruit the legions, and this was continued till a large part of the army serving on every frontier was composed of such aliens. When these men were given furloughs to re-visit their distant swamps or mountains, they were enabled to tell great tales of the pride and magnificence of the cities of civilization. All of this was vastly entertaining, no doubt, but it had the far reaching effect of exciting the cupidity of the barbarian populations, who began to grow restless, and to mass themselves on the borders of the empire, pluming their wings like hungry vultures to swoop down upon an easy prey. Vast multitudes of such, uncouth in speech, garb and customs, swarmed

to the North, the Northeast, and the Northwest, and began to pour forward in almost countless hordes, with the resistless momentum of the tides in the sea.

It was in the year 403, right at the dawn of the Fifth century, that Alaric, the Goth, burst upon Italy with an immense following of Goths, Franks, Germans, Swabians and Britons. He marched southward, ravaging with fire and sword till he arrived at the gates of Rome. There he laid siege to the city till he starved it into submission, and then for six days his savage warriors sated themselves with slaughter and pillage. We may well believe that these haughty Romans, who were still counting themselves the lords of the earth, when they beheld the barbarians looting their temples and palaces, must have felt that the end of the world was come. When Alaric had sated his vengeance and his desire for spoil, he marched off into Gaul to found there his Gothic kingdom.

Hardly had the horror of this frightful catastrophe become dim on the page of Roman history, when another thunderbolt fell, this time from the east. Over to the north of the Black Sea dwelt a people of the Tartar race, stumpy, low-browed, with eyes set aslant, who dressed in leather and slept in tents pieced together from the skins of their flocks and herds. They were rich in horses, cattle and sheep, and their main food was the flesh of their animals and milk from

their herds, and they drove these flocks and herds with them as they migrated from region to region. They were Huns, and they made their name a terror wherever it was uttered. The Turk and the Cossack are of similar lineage, and the Huns like these were wild by nature, as well as rapacious and cruel. Their leader Attila had conquered all the tribes of his region, and had made it his proud boast that no grass ever grew where his horse had trod. This relentless savage now set forth to make himself the master of the world. As he began his march he despatched his light horsemen on their scraggy ponies to open up the advance, and their coming to any town was its ruin. He swept down through Thrace to overwhelm the Grecian Emperor and destroyed three great armies that were sent to oppose him. Twice he approached Constantinople, and would have taken the city, but was bought off by the payment of an immense ransom.

In 451 Attila planned a campaign in the west. At the head of 700,000 warriors he burst into Germany and Gaul and overswept the whole country with the rage of a tornado. At last he was checked at the Plain of Chalons, where the Franks and the Italians had assembled a vast army. There they fought a terrific battle and together they dealt the invader a stunning blow. In this single engagement Attila lost half his army. Withdrawing from the field he turned his face toward Italy. Making his way through the

passes of the Alps he descended into the Italian plains and wrought destruction and desolation everywhere. He burned Vincenza, Padua and Verona, and was moving forward to do the like with Rome. But before he arrived at the city, Leo, the venerable pope, went out to meet him, and by some subtle persuasion the nature of which is unknown, prevailed upon him to spare the city. He led off his army and retired to Thrace, where he soon died, leaving his name to posterity as the synonym for invincible prowess and ferocity in war.

But soon another ominous cloud was discovered, this time spreading upward from the southern horizon. Genseric, the Vandal, who had been crowded out of Spain, had crossed the Straits of Gibraltar into Africa, and at the head of 50,000 men had been seizing all that country as far east as Carthage, which he made his capital. Here he established a piratical stronghold, from which he sent out swift ships to ravage the commerce of the Mediterranean. In 455 he organized a raiding expedition against Rome. When he was spreading sail to leave the African shore his pilot asked him, "Whither shall we sail?" His grim answer was, "Sail to those with whom God is angry." The result of this raid was a success to Genseric, but destruction to Rome. The city fell an easy prey to his veteran army. He stormed the wall, and then gave the city to plunder for fourteen days. After the desolation which

was wrought by Alaric fifty years before, it might seem that a second pillage would be useless; but in that half century Rome had recovered her breath somewhat, but only now to succumb to the dreadful Vandal. Possibly in this event we may read one of the curious compensations of history. For it was Rome that destroyed Carthage by her Punic wars, and now Carthage strikes back by this spoilation of the Holy City. From the moment of this attack Rome ceased to be a world power till the day came when she won remembrance as the seat of the successor of St. Peter, and as wielding the sceptre of Holy Church. Meanwhile Genseric sailed away southward to Africa, carrying with him his thousands of captives, and an immense booty, in which was included the gilded titles of the Capitol, and the Golden Table and the Seven Branched Candlestick, which Titus had brought to Rome after the destruction of Jerusalem. Much of this treasure, however, availed little to him or to the world; for a great storm smote the fleet before it reached Carthage, and many of the ships, with all their plunder, went to the bottom of the sea. But Genseric himself was spared and returned unharmed to Carthage, where he continued to reign for many years. In all the nearly half century of his power he delighted in humiliating the Roman name in every conceivable way. Before his death in 476 he was able to see the downfall of the Roman Empire of the West.

CHAPTER II

THE AGE OF CONFUSION

AFTER the barbarians has wrought their sweet will with Rome and had left her dishonored and dethroned, there was no strong hand remaining which could exercise universal sovereignty, and so the barbarians were free to roam here and there over Europe and ravage at their pleasure, with no check to their depredations except their struggles with each other. In consequence there came the age of confusion and misrule, which endured with only the briefest interval up to the advent of Charlemagne, at the opening of the Ninth century. For three tedious centuries progress seemed to have called a halt, and the hands on the dial of the clock of time to have been turned backward.

In the North, from 449 onward, bands of piratical Jutes, Angles and Saxons, inveterate pagans all of them, were harrying Britain with raid following raid, and forcing the native Britons back from the coast-line. This course they held for a century and a half, till they had driven the original possessors of the country back into Wales and Cornwall, and had covered the eastern half of the island with their seven Germanic kingdoms.

In the same period Gauls, Burgundians and Franks were overpowering what we know as Central and Western Europe and were struggling with each other for the supremacy. In 489 Theodoric, the East Goth, advanced from Mœsia to attack Odoacer, another of the Goths, who was ruling in Italy under authority of Zeno, the Greek Emperor. After a war of four years' duration Theodoric dethroned Odoacer and set up his own kingdom in Rome. This Theodoric was a great monarch and under his wise sway for twenty-seven years, 493 to 526, there was a temporary revival of the arts of peace. But no sooner was he deposited in the grave than there was a fresh outburst of strife, and Justinian, who was now enthroned in the east, sent his generals to force Italy to submit to Constantinople. For twenty years this conflict raged till the Greek forces had full possession of the land. In this protracted struggle the East Goths who had come in with Theodoric were practically exterminated. It was in the course of this long contest that Rome once more suffered pillage at the hands of the Gothic king Totila, 546, and for forty days the Eternal City was bare of inhabitants, since all who had not taken refuge elsewhere were ruthlessly slain.

Twenty years rolled by, and now we witness another Teutonic multitude, the Lombards, who had taken the lands in Mœsia after they had been abandoned by Theodoric and his East-Goths on

their invasion of Italy. They followed in the track of Theodoric and poured over the Alps to occupy the fertile valley of the Po in Northern Italy. This region, now called Lombardy, had its name from these long-speared freebooters, who ruled in this tract for four generations.

As we reflect upon all this ebb and flow of nations, wave of destruction succeeding wave, with great wars and little wars raging everywhere, the wonder is that anything worth while was able to survive the general desolation. It is stated that in the time of Justinian, during his twenty years' campaign to recover Italy to the Eastern Empire fifteen million lives were sacrificed. And this was but one war among the scores and hundreds. With every outbreak of hostilities there was the interruption of profitable labor, the killing off of skilled artisans, the trampling down of growing crops, and the lapse of cultivated lands into the wilderness. With this breaking up of the industries which support life there followed terrible famines and pestilences, which were even more destructive than warfare.

In such troublous times there was small chance of leisure for the young to learn, and even for what learning there was to hold its existence. Everywhere the schools were closed. Too often what books they had, and which had been penned with such scrupulous care, were scattered or burned, and so were lost to the world forever. Charles Kingsley has a remarkable passage,

which describes these waves of barbaric invasion, which flowed down from the Alps to the ruin of Italy. Thus he says in his Roman and Teuton,

"You discover that the waves are living men, women and children, horses, dogs and cattle, all rushing headlong into that great whirlpool of Italy. And yet the gulf is never full. The earth drinks up the blood; the bones decay in the fruitful soil; the very names and memories of whole tribes are washed away. And the result of an immigration which may be counted by hundreds of thousands is — that all the land is waste."

But at length out of all the ruck and disturbance there emerged a new power, which gave a foundation for hope of improvement. Over against the mouth of the Rhine lived a petty tribe of Germanic extraction, of which Klodwig, or Clovis, became king at the precocious age of fifteen. From all the chronicles he was a man of extraordinary vigor and commanding personality. In a short time he won the admiration of the Franks who had dealings with him, and so he was able to collect an army which he led against the weak Roman legions that were encamped near Soissons. In 486 he fought these legions and scattered them in shameful disorder. He took possession of the conquered tract, and by his shrewd marriage with Clothilde, the niece of the king of the Burgundians he extended his influence. In 496 the Alemanni ventured to cross the Rhine into Gaul, but he massed a great force and drove them back in utter defeat. By this battle he

brought the tribe of the Alemanni under his rule. Later he fought and vanquished the Burgundians, and later still he attacked the Visigoths, whom he drove out of Gaul and across the Pyrenees into Spain. Before his death, and after forty years of power, he had extended his rule to cover the most of what we know as France, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium, and much of Germany. It is to this bold, bad man; liar, murderer and empire builder, that we are to attribute the rehabilitation of civilization and the beginning of our modern national life. The French name him their first king, but for this they have small warrant. For as a matter of fact Clovis was altogether German, and his rule was over Germanic tribes that had invaded Gaul, but who remained Germans still. And his kingdom was Germanic, extending as it did from the Atlantic coast eastward for some considerable distance beyond the Rhine.

For the next two centuries after Clovis the history of the Frankish kingdom is a dismal tale. His four sons carried forward his conquests till they subjugated the whole of Bergundy, and seized upon Bavaria and Thuringia, which were to the east of the Rhine and quite beyond the limit of what had been the Roman imperium. After the Frankish custom they divided their father's realm into four kingdoms, each of the four taking his part; but Clothaire rent away their shares from his three brothers, and he held

the whole realm for himself for three years. At his death the kingdom again suffered division among his four sons. In the course of a century and a half these four principalities of the East and West, the regions of the Franks, Burgundy and Acquitaine were divided no less than eight times, and three times during that period they were reunited under a single king, but only for a brief space. Clovis' earlier descendants displayed something of the fierce energy of their sire, but as time rolled on their successors lapsed into the direst sloth and degeneracy. They married early and died early. Some of them reigned ten years, some thirteen, but fifteen years was an unusual time for any one of these degenerates to wear the crown. They had the name of kings, but by degrees the actual power drifted from their supine hands into the control of the Mayors of the Palace, until this office presently became hereditary in a single line of exceptionally able men. Meanwhile these "Sluggard Kings" devoted themselves to every base indulgence. Eginhard, the biographer of Charlemagne, reports the condition to which they had fallen toward the close of the Seventh century. Thus he says of them:

"Nothing was to the king except the kingly name; with long hair and flowing beard he sat on the throne to receive envoys from all quarters, but it was only to give them the answers which he was bidden to give. The kingly title was an empty shadow, and the allowance for his support depended on the Mayor of the Palace. The

king possessed nothing of his own but one poor farm, with a house on it and a scanty number of attendants, to pay him necessary service and respect. He went abroad in a wagon drawn by oxen, and guided by a herdsman in the country fashion."

From the perpetuation of that humiliating spectacle in Modern Europe we have been spared by an influence which at the first glance might have seemed too remote to have affected the European system in the least degree. There arose a prophet in the far east, in the peninsula of Arabia. Mohammed, the camel driver, proclaimed himself as The Sent of God, and announced as his special mission the destruction of idolatry wherever it might exist. It was in 622 that he made his famous flight, the Hejra, from Mecca to Medina, and this is the date from which all Moslem chronology is reckoned. In 630 he returned from Medina at the head of an army, captured Mecca, destroyed its idol worship and transformed the city into the sacred center of Islam. He was planning an expedition for the subjugation of Persia and the overthrow of the Greek Empire, when his ambitious design was cut short by his death, which occurred in 632.

Mohammed's successors, AbuBekr, Omar and Khaled, drew the sword and rode forth with increasing armies, with the expectation of trampling all Christendom under foot and of supplanting the cross with their crescent banner. Some of

their pretentious plans were carried to a successful conclusion. First of all Syria fell before them, and then the western provinces of Persia submitted to their attacks. Thence the triumphant host pressed onward to Egypt. Alexandria capitulated with her four thousand palaces, and soon all Egypt was bowing before the name of the prophet, and then all North Africa. The loss to Christendom by the Holy Wars of the Mohammedans is past computation. By 698 Islam held all that vast territory stretching from Syria to the Red Sea, and thence westward along the coast of Africa to the Atlantic Ocean over against Gibraltar, a region over two thousand miles in extent. In all those countries Arabic soon became the common speech. In 711 the Arabs crossed the Strait of Gibraltar into Spain, and in short order they were in complete possession of the peninsula, which they held for their own for the next eight centuries. From Spain their vast armies swept over into Southern Gaul. There the amazed and terror stricken inhabitants met a new form of warfare. Bands of light horsemen, hundreds in number, made forced marches of from fifty to a hundred miles a day, and fell upon some unsuspecting town as if they had dropped from the clouds. They were too numerous for any weak power to resist. They slew every man they could find, plundered the houses, and then were away with the women as swiftly as they came. Soon after them appeared the

main host, thousands on thousands, well-appointed, irresistible, and shouting their war cry, "Fight, fight — Paradise, Paradise." It was the confident boast of the Emir Musa, who had ridden at full speed all the way from Bagdad to lead in the campaign against Europe, that he would preach the Unity of God in the palace of the Pope at Rome. For the moment it seemed as if the doom of Christendom had arrived, and that her Christian shrines were to be transformed into mosques, as had already happened with the Church of the Resurrection in Jerusalem. But the very magnitude of the peril wrought its undoing, for it summoned the utmost endeavor of the Christian rulers to stay the attack. In the face of the overwhelming invasion all Christian forces were unified, and the ablest leader was summoned to command the armies of civilization.

The man so selected was Charles, a Mayor of the Palace of the Frankish kingdom, who had fought and defeated the West Franks, because they had disputed the right of his father, Pepin, to the hereditary office of his family. Next he had beaten back the heathen Saxons who were attempting to cross the Rhine, and then he reduced Aquitaine, which had sought to declare its independence. In all these campaigns he had dealt his adversaries such stunning blows that the admiring Franks had given him the name of Charles Martel, — Charles the Hammer.

It was on the broad plain of the Loire, between

the cities of Tours and Poictiers, where the contending hosts were encamped each against the other. Abderrahman was now in command of the Moors, and had but just captured Tours and had in his camp the vast plunder from that town and thousands of Frankish prisoners. On a memorable Saturday in October of 732, just a century after the death of Mohammed, the battle began. The Moorish cavalry charged the ranks of the Christians with the customary dash of their light horsemen, who were used to sweeping aside everything in their way. But the Frankish line held firm and unshaken. Charge followed charge all the day long, but with no breach of the Christian position, while the Moorish losses were terrific. With the night the crestfallen Arabs stole from the field, leaving behind them, as the chroniclers tell the story, three hundred thousand of their dead, and somewhere in that silent host the body of Abderrahman, their commander. It was a decisive check to the Mohammedan advance, and never again did the Arabs venture to assail Christendom by its western door. Dating from that battle Charles Martel was regarded as the real head of the Franks in Europe.

CHAPTER III

THE CARLOVINGIAN DYNASTY

ON the death of Charles Martel which occurred in 741, he left his high office of Mayor of the Palace to his two sons, Carloman and Pepin, the one who is commonly known as Pepin, the Short. As usual the elder son was given the jurisdiction over the Germanic portion of the realm, embracing Austrasia, Thuringia and Suabia, while Pepin received Neustria and Burgundy, with Acquitaine in addition, though his rule over that province was nominal rather than real. After six years of power, however, Carloman, who had fallen under the influence of Boniface, the English monk, decided to enter a monastery, and delegated all his rights and authority as Mayor of the Palace to his brother Pepin, who thus assumed the sole rule in the Frankish kingdom. In order to strengthen his hold upon the realm, Pepin cultivated the goodwill of the secular clergy, the priests and bishops, by supporting them in all their quarrels with their inveterate rivals, the monks. Meanwhile, he was planning to convert his power as Mayor of the Palace into the actual sovereignty, and when he deemed that the time was ripe he despatched an

embassy to Pope Zachary in Rome to submit to his Holiness this question, "Who is king, he who governs, or he who wears the crown?" As the lawyers would define it, this was a fatally leading question, but the pope, who had been sounded beforehand, and who felt that Pepin might presently become a friend in need, gave the favorable answer, "He who governs, of course." "That is myself," declared Pepin when Zachary's reply was returned, and forthwith he had himself raised on the shields of his soldiers, which was the Gothic custom of electing and acclaiming a king. Soon after this, Boniface, who was now archbishop of Metz, having been directed by pope Zachary, gave the sanction of the Church to the election by crowning Pepin publicly in the cathedral at Soissons.

The following year, Stephen, the new pope, who succeeded Zachary, who had witnessed the capture of Ravenna by the Lombards, and had found that Rome itself was threatened by their king, hastened across the Alps to implore Pepin to come to his defence against his enemies. The King agreed to make war on the Lombards, and Stephen, in recognition of the pledge, formally released the Frankish nobles from their vows of fealty to Childeric III, the last of the Sluggard Kings. Pepin followed up this act by ordering Childeric's long hair and beard to be shaven off in token of dethronement, and then thrust the unfortunate monarch into the monastery of St.

Omer, where he presently died, leaving no issue. So it befell that the Merovingian house, which Clovis had established under such favorable auspices, vanished from history. To complete what amounted to a practical revolution in the Frankish monarchy, the pope reconsecrated Pepin in the church of St. Denis in Paris, and with his own hand placed the crown upon his brow. In further token that the crown rights of the Merovingians had completely lapsed, and had been transferred to the Carlovingian line, he annointed Pepin with holy oil, and after that extended the same ceremony to his wife and children.

In fulfilment of his pledge to assist the pope against the Lombards, Pepin went with him across the Alps at the head of a great army. In a brief campaign he drove Adolphus, the Lombard king, out of Ravenna and compelled him to relinquish all claim to the town. In 756 Pepin made a second campaign against the Lombards, since Adolphus had broken his truce with the pope, and now he stripped them of all the territory extending from Rome to Ravenna, which he turned over to the papal chair. This tract included the town of Ravenna, the Emilia, the five Greek cities and the Duchy of Rome itself, all of which became the States of the Church. This act constituted the famous Donation of Pepin, and was the origin of the temporal power, the conferring upon the Roman bishop the powers and

prerogatives of temporal government, which successive popes continued to exercise down to the recent unification of Italy, which took place in 1870. Further acts of Pepin which concern us were his victory over the pagan Saxons, whom he compelled to receive the monks whom he sent among them to labor for their conversion to the cross; his driving back the Saracens, who were disturbing the Spanish frontier, and his reduction of Aquitaine, which for the time being was completely subdued. After a reign of twelve years Pepin died at Paris, leaving his realm to be divided between his two sons, Charles and Carloman. This event occurred in 768, but three years later, in 771, Carloman died, and the Frankish kingdom, as a whole, fell to the sceptre of Charles.

This man Charles, Carl, Carolus Magnus or Charlemagne, as he is commonly known, was the most remarkable man of his day, and one of the most remarkable of any day. France has claimed him in the line of her sovereigns, just as she has done with Clovis; but he was always more German than French, and besides, he was too magnificent a character to be monopolized by any single people. In a way, he may be termed the Father of Modern Europe, for many of the influences which he projected tended in the direction of our modern civilization.

Charlemagne was 26 years of age at the death of his father and 31 when he assumed the sole

sovereignty of the Frankish kingdom. Unlike his father Pepin, who had made his home mainly in the west, and who spent the most of his time in Paris, Charlemagne had his three principal palaces at or near the Rhine. Aix la Chapelle was his capital, though he was commonly abroad, visiting and inspecting all parts of his realm. A perusal of his itineraries would be a study in geography, and frequently, when he was supposed to be at one end of his kingdom, he was actually at the other. His sudden appearance, now and then, was a complete surprise to some nobleman who was on the part of launching some enterprise which the king did not favor.

Personally, he was a man of unusual stature, and he towered above the stalwart lords of his court as did Agamemnon above the Greeks at the siege of Troy. Still, with his almost seven feet of height, he was so well proportioned, that when he stood alone he did not give the impression of special size. He was inclined to out of door sports and athletic exercises, and his strength was so great that he could twist a horseshoe and break it apart with his bare hands. All his life through, up to the last four years, he was in the enjoyment of almost perfect health, and possibly because of this fact he had a profound dislike for doctors and all their nostrums. When he suffered some trifling ailment his favorite remedy was fasting. This course is not to be construed as an exercise of piety, but rather of common sense. Like Clovis before him, he was a great fighter,

and when in the combat there was need of a strong arm and stalwart blows, he was to be found in the thick of the fray. Still, as a rule, he managed his numerous campaigns by help of able commanders in whom he could place his trust. For the first twenty-five years of his reign he was carrying on almost continual wars, now with the Basques and Bretons on the west, and again with pagan Saxons and Huns on the east, who were crowding upon the border, after the fashion of the barbarians for generations. But by 796, he was holding all the regions that the Romans had governed in Europe, with the exception of Spain, Italy and Britain. Of all the rest he was the undisputed sovereign, and in the east he was holding territory that Rome had never been able to subdue.

It was in the year 799 that the Romans quarreled with their pope, Leo III. The disturbance grew to the dimensions of a riot, in which the pope was assaulted and nearly killed, but he saved his life by fleeing from the city and traveling to carry an appeal to Charlemagne, who was then at Paderborn, a town in what we now would term North Germany. The king was favorable to Leo's plea for his assistance, and made him a pledge of military and moral support. In the autumn of 800, Charlemagne led his army over the Alps, and on arrival at Rome, composed the difficulties between the citizens and the Holy See, restoring Leo to his thrones, both spiritual

and temporal. On Christmas Day that followed these events, Charlemagne was attending high mass at St. Peter's, with the pope as celebrant. As the king was kneeling at the altar, Leo placed on his brow a golden crown, and acclaimed him as Charles Augustus, Emperor of the Romans. Of this incident, a sarcastic Frenchman has offered the remark, "A Latin priest gave to a German soldier the name of that which has ceased to exist." But there was more reason in the act than the author of this caustic jibe had seen. Granting it to have been true that there had been no Roman Emperor for centuries, still the Roman populace had not forgotten the days when their fathers had created emperors. And more than that, at this period the Eastern Empire was under the sceptre of a woman, the Empress Irene; an event that had no precedent in Roman history. And accordingly the Romans doubtless felt that it was high time to name a kingly man as wearer of the imperial purple.

It is reported that Charlemagne frequently said of this coronation that if he had known what was to occur he would not have been in St. Peter's at that time. Yet, if the occurrence had been much to his misliking, he could easily have put a stop to it at any moment. His remark can be estimated as a diplomatic excuse to meet any ill-disposed criticism of a possible bargain with the pope. The censensus of opinion in the matter is to the effect that Charlemagne was unaware of

the project, but that the pope had his share in the incident well rehearsed beforehand. In any event it may be accepted that this king was far worthier of the title and the crown than many of the Cæsars. For the fourteen years that were left him as emperor, he ruled wisely and well, making some serious mistakes doubtless, but on the whole, promoting the peace and prosperity of the realm.

As Charlemagne received his gift of the Roman crown from the Church, he repaid the favor by posing as the special champion of the Christian faith. In this character he lent his influence and favor toward the building and endowment of churches and the sending of missionaries to labor among the heathen. His protracted wars with the Saxons had the underlying motive of the missionary, and when he conquered any portion of their territory, he was never content till the people had been baptized. And it is quite certain, as Gibbon slyly suggests, that the pagans found his sword a very convincing argument. Throughout his life it was his habit to attend divine service every morning and evening, and he encouraged the orderly observance of religion in every possible way.

But, while he was thus a zealot in support of religion and its ministers, he was as diligent in the maintenance of his royal and imperial authority in the Church, no less than in the state. It has been observed how promptly he came to the aid of Leo in his quarrel with the Roman

citizens, and when he found which of them were the leaders in the revolt, he had them beheaded, as guilty of treason. They had lifted the strong hand against the law, of which he was the chief representative. Casuists might argue against his judgment on the ground of its being *ex post facto,* since he was not elevated to the rank of Emperor of the Romans till after the outbreak against Leo, and so at the time the crime was committed, he was without jurisdiction in the Eternal City. But all such fine spun distinctions disturbed him little, since in his mind, as well as in his practice, Church and state were one and the same. Accordingly, he named the bishops for appointment to their sees, precisely as he named the counts to rule in the new regions that his armies wrested from the pagans. Doubtless, had a vacancy occurred in the chair of St. Peter, after he became Emperor, he would have insisted in naming the pope's successor.

For his day, Charlemagne was a leader among the patrons of learning. He had a school in his palace at Aix la Chapelle for advanced studies, and he gathered in his court the most learned scholars of the age. He insisted that the clergy should plant and support schools, and that they should see to it that the children were well instructed. He was so much interested in having a correct text of the Scriptures, that he set some of his more learned men to comparing the Latin version with the Syriac text and with others. In

all his efforts he seems to have embodied the notion, not over popular then, or even later till very recently, that the ruler should be the protector of the weak and the oppressed, and that he should devote his energies to secure the peace and welfare of his people.

When this great monarch died in 814, it was seen that he had builded well for civilization. For out of the fragments of his great empire that presently were caused by the weakness and folly of his successors there emerged, after many struggles, our system of modern states, with their national languages and national life; each moving forward, though haltingly at times, toward some high goal of national progress and grandeur.

CHAPTER IV

THE CHURCH A SAVING FACTOR

THE field of Ancient History closes with the death of Charlemagne, which terminated a magnificent reign. From this time forward is noticed the operation of influences which began to attain their full glory in our modern world. Already there had been vast change from the civilization which flourished in the palmy days of the Roman supremacy. The resistless tide of barbaric invasion had overrun all Christendom. The Christian cities of Syria, North Africa and Spain were gone, smothered under the ruthless rage of Islam; or, so far as they were permitted to exist, like Cordova, Salamanca and Grenada in the Spanish peninsula, had been converted into centers of Saracenic power and worship. Even Jerusalem, the Holy City of the Jew and the Christian, was under the foot of the Saracen, and with it the sepulchre of our Lord; and Christian pilgrims who yearned to visit the sacred places, sacred from the presence of Jesus, had to go by favor of the Moslem, and frequently at risk of liberty or life. All through Italy, Gaul and Britain, it was the invader, Lombard, Goth, Burgundian, Aleman or Saxon, who sat in the seat

of the mighty. Then, too, in all the fairest portions of what we know as Europe, war and its attendant desolations had been working the wildest havoc. Fertile valleys, which in the Roman day had been covered with waving grain, or had blossomed with the fruits of the earth, were now overgrown with forests, or lay as blackened and abandoned wastes. Cities which had been centers of a wide and opulent trade, had been harried and burned in the ceaseless fighting of the times and had been but partially rebuilt. Their inhabitants from the day of their birth, were never free from the clash of arms. In the forty-six years of Charlemagne there had been some improvement. He warded off the rapacious hordes that hovered on his frontier, and he administered the laws with a stern justice that created a wholesome respect for constituted authority. But hardly had he relinquished the scepter when all the former evils broke out afresh. Were we to seek for a flaw in Charlemagne's statesmanship, it would appear in his slavish submission to the Frankish custom of the ruler's partitioning his realm among his children. It is clear that he recognized the mischief of the practice, for he sought to forestall the evil by making the division while he was alive to direct it, and by setting his sons in their several principalities himself. And he left them elaborate instructions as to the way in which each of them should behave toward his brothers. Besides this fate was

unusually kind to him by removing two of his sons early in their career, so that Lothaire, the only one remaining, was enabled to grasp his brothers' lands and recover his father's entire dominion.

But the precedent set by Charlemagne governed the Frankish policy from that time forward, and Lothaire divided his empire among his four sons, none of whom were ready to die so conveniently; and so there befell the division of territory, the region of the East Franks, a tract covering the most of modern Germany; that of the West Franks, shaped on the general lines of the France of our day, and Lotharingia, an irregular strip which separated the East Franks from the West Franks, and which stretched from Italy to the North Sea.

The sons of Lothaire at once began to quarrel and seize rich lands or prominent towns from each other, but in 843 they settled their controversies by signing the treaty of Verdun. But hardly was the ink dry upon the parchment of this carefully constructed document, when their warfare was renewed in spite of all their oaths and signatures. And their children went on partitioning their principalities and kept up their fighting from generation to generation. That long shoestring of territory, Lotharingia, which stretched between the East Franks and the West Franks has been the battle ground of centuries. Only of late a part of that strip, which we call Alsace-Lorraine, was dangling in the air, a rich

prize for which Germany and France were in bitter strife, and this more than a thousand years after that mischievously futile treaty of Verdun. And so, taken all in all, from the fall of the Roman Empire of the West down to Charlemagne, and then after him for a couple of centuries more, we behold change, turmoil and battle everywhere. Emerton, in his History of Mediaeval Europe, presents a survey of the period which is well worth citation. Thus he says,

> "It is clear that this is a worse than barbaric society: it is a society of barbarians, suffering the first inevitable evils of contact with a civilization the meaning of which they could not understand, and which offered them peculiar temptations."

As we gaze upon the murk and confusion of this incessant struggle, both material and moral, we may wonder that any vestige of progress, which humanity had so laboriously achieved, could have been preserved at all.

One saving factor in this tumultuous time, was the previous conversion of the barbarians who were overrunning Christendom. It is to be conceded that their brand of Christianity was far from the ideal; but for all that, those Goths, Huns and Vandals had been instructed by Christian missionaries, had cast away their idols before they crossed the Danube or the Alps, and when they invaded civilization they brought Christian teachers with them. St. Augustine, in his great

book, The City of God, argues God's providential care for his Church, and makes a strong point when he shows how Alaric, the Goth, in his sack of Rome, spared the Christian churches and the people who had fled to them for sanctuary, because he was a Christian himself. There was wide divergence theologically between the opinions of the barbarians and those of the Latin churches, but the fact remains that the conquerors and the conquered alike bowed before the name of Jesus; and so the churches were spared throughout Europe, a thing which would never have happened had these ferocious maurauders assailed the citadels of civilization while in their former condition of unbelief.

Another consideration which cannot be neglected in a study of the Mediæval period was that the barbarian settlers were comparatively few in proportion to the peoples whom they subjugated. Every wave of invasion, whether of a great host or of a single detached band or tribe, when it had broken the resistance of the tract which it assailed, spread out widely over the conquered region, so that the subject race outnumbered its victors ten or even twenty to one. The victors knew well enough their own power of command, and they realized that their own moral standards were purer than those practiced by the native population; but, at the same time, they felt their own inferiority in knowledge and social refinement. So it resulted in a way that

the conquerers became the conquered. They continued to hold the whip hand in civil administration and military power, but all the time they were absorbing the customs and modes of thought of the peoples they were ruling. When they came into Europe they brought their own laws with them, but soon the strange condition was manifest that they were judging themselves by their own laws, while the subject race was being judged by the principles of practice of the Roman law. For a while these two forms of legal administration ran parallel, but presently the Roman law gained headway over the other. The Roman law had been worked out far more perfectly than any code of Gothic or Frankish law, and the Roman lawyers were well skilled in its interpretation and application. In consequence, gradually, the Franks and Goths and others relaxed the right to be judged by their own code, and yielded to the superior advantages of the Roman Law.

A similar effect is observed in the development of language, especially in Spain, Italy and the region that was occupied by the West Franks. In all these countries it was the Latin which held its own agaainst the speech of the invader. Of course it was not the Latin of the Roman Senate, with its richly inflected forms, its complicated syntax and its highly rhetorical tropes and figures. Among people who rarely, if ever, saw a book, and who cared nothing for grammatical

rules, it was enough to use the words which conveyed their thought, and all the extra terminations and inflections were left to take care of themselves. So, also, climatic conditions had their share in altering the forms of speech. In the North the consonants were thickened, while in the South there was the freer play of the vowel sounds. But in all the changes that occurred, the commonly used Latin stems held their own victoriously. In this manner it was that the Romance languages, as we call them, were developed. Italian grew out of the old Latin by resistance to the thick speech of the Lombards. Spanish is Latin slightly modified by words and constructions from the East Goths and the Moors. French is the Latin holding its own in the region taken over by the West Franks, and still later by the Norsemen; the Latin yielding very slightly to the speech of these two races. This concession of the barbarians to the occupants of the soil in the matter of language has the clearest of examples in the famous oath of Strasburg, which was executed between the two brothers, grandsons of Charlemagne, during their wars while fighting their brother Lothaire. The document was bi-lingual, Charles, the king of Neustria, the land of the West Franks, taking oath in the language of his brother Ludwig's army; and Ludwig of Bavaria swearing in Frankish, the language spoken by the soldiers of Charles. Ludwig's German shows a strong likeness to the

modern High German, and the Frankish part of the document is midway in form between Latin and modern French. This oath of Ludwig's is the earliest specimen of French writing that has been preserved to our time.

During all the centuries of disturbance, while the civilization of the West was undergoing readjustment, and while alien races were moving toward the thought of modern times, the one institution which presented the aspect and reality of permanence, the one to which any man might turn with the expectation that he would find it today, as it has been yesterday, was the Church. Everywhere, all over Europe, the churches were calling the faithful to their devotions, and the priest in his service, was using the same liturgy and the same forms of worship, whether in Bavaria, Aquitaine or Italy. Any stranger, far from home, whose ears had grown weary of effort to comprehend an alien speech, the instant that he passed the threshold of any church or cathedral, by reason of the very structure of the edifice, of the pictured windows and the arrangement of the choir and the altar, found himself at home. The one worship was a tenacious bond holding all the diverse nationalities in the unity of religious duty.

But the Church performed another service for the times which possibly has been too little regarded. In a period when the general postoffice

had not been dreamed of, the servants of the Church anticipated some of its obligations. For the popes, and abbots and bishops were constantly sending their messengers to and fro bearing edicts, or returning with reports from the field. The communication between all parts of the Church was so free and so continuous that, whoever else might be ignorant of important happenings, the bishops and priests, were well advised. What one cleric knew was soon imparted to another. Not seldom did it occur that princes were amazed to find that grave state secrets which they had exchanged in the most confidential manner, when finally broached to the world, had been whispered for a long time in religious circles from end to end of Europe.

But, quite outside of their official duties, these messengers of the church were able to convey much miscellaneous information, or what we term "the news." As they halted at the public taverns, or were entertained in some castle or monastery over night, they were quite free to speak of general matters, so far as it did not appear to the interest of the Church to suppress them. The more intelligence of the outside world they were able to impart, the warmer would be their welcome. And in the general interchange of thought they were able to gather word of local occurrences which they could carry with them elsewhere. In this manner the general public,

through the medium of the Church, received information which otherwise it might not have had at all. It may be believed, therefore, that the Church in this respect, as well as in so many others, was able to draw the mind of the age toward itself, and to hold fast the popular favor.

CHAPTER V

GROWTH OF THE PAPAL POWER

AS HAS been noticed the single stable institution remaining throughout the strife and riot of the Age of Confusion was the Church, which presented the same calm face in all regions and under all changes of condition. As a natural consequence the general deference which men in the past had paid to imperial Rome, after that agency had disappeared as a controlling power, was gradually transferred to the Roman bishop, who in his person represented Rome in her spiritual power. Certain it is that with the lapse of years there came about a deeper sense of trust and security in that great organization, whose ministers in every land were insisting on the obligation to worship God. When this increasing confidence in the Church became apparent its chief prelates took advantage of the situation to build up their own powers and prerogatives. Throughout the Western Church the Roman bishop very early was recognized as the leader, and the other bishops deferred to this direction as a rule; but for the first two centuries this submission was granted, not so much as an obligation that was due, but rather as a concession

to his acknowledged personal influence and capacity for administration. However as time wore on questions of doctrine were submitted to Rome for her decision, and also matters that affected ecclesiastical advancement or procedures. In such concerns the pope as arbitrator step by step advanced from basing his decisions on natural equity and justice to the point of declaring judgment on the ground of his inherent authority in the Church as being the successor of St. Peter and as the Vicar of Christ. Presently from such adjudications of disputed matters of the Church the Roman bishop began to intervene in disputes between rulers, particularly where there was question concerning the right of succession. In such contests both claimants were eager to secure the voice of the Church, and consequently what at first was implored as a favor soon became established as a prerogative of the Holy See, until the pope was able to pronounce himself not only as the arbiter between kings, but as being in his own person and office the King of Kings.

In 752 Pope Zachary issued an edict of deposition against Childeric III of the West Franks, and then declared Pepin the Mayor of the Palace, king in his stead. Half a century later Pope Leo III, on Christmas Day of the year 800, placed the golden crown on the head of Charlemagne in St. Peter's church and acclaimed him as Emperor of the Romans. This act lent confirmation of the claim of the Roman bishop to

rule over kings, since it was accepted throughout all parts of the Western Church.

When soon after the pope became a temporal ruler and was recognized as Head of the Italian States of the Church, a sovereign among other other sovereigns, the habit of speaking with the voice of command grew upon him till it permeated and tinged all edicts and deliverances that emanated from the papal throne.

The progress of these assumptions and usurpations depended much on the personality of the pope himself. Some of these prelates were weaklings or lovers of pleasure; but even in such case none of them was willing to yield a jot or tittle of the power which any occupant of the papal chair had won for his office. And when some strong man was at the fore, a natural leader, he was prone to stretch the papal prerogative to the limit. The papal concept at the start was a tender plant, but it grew and spread abroad, and became a great tree, so that the fowls of the air — and possibly some fowls from another region also, — came and rested in the branches thereof, until the figure of the pope of Rome overtopped every other in all the Christian world of the West; till rulers came to implore the papal sanction to hold their thrones, and till haughty emperors, who had ventured to oppose the papal will, were forced to their knees to crave the papal pardon and benediction.

Leo I, the same pope whose persuasions turned

Attila the Hun from his purpose of destroying Rome when the invader stood at the very gate, was the first of the Roman bishops to claim supremacy over the other bishops. He conducted a lively controversy with Hilary, bishop of Arles, whom he condemned for contumacy; and he prevailed on the Emperor Valentinian III to pronounce an edict on these set terms, "That nothing should be done in Gaul, contrary to ancient usage, without the authority of the bishop of Rome, and that the decree of the Apostolic See should henceforth be law."

The next pope who was active in extending the papal prerogative was Gregory I, — 590 to 604, — who well earned the title of Gregory the Great. He was a capable executive, energetic when action was required, and yet a man who lived simply and austerely. Whenever he discovered an abuse among his clergy he corrected it without delay. It was of minor concern to him who the offender was, whether of high place or low; in any case he must mend his conduct forthwith. It was a saying of his, "If any fault is discovered in a bishop, I know of no one who is not subject to the Apostolic See." It was this same Gregory, when the Lombards were occupying Northern Italy, who made use of the situation to advance the papal power. He set up governors in the Italian cities; he sent an embassy to treat with the Lombards, and he negotiated a treaty with the Lombard king. He was the first pope to assume the powers of a

prince temporal and to govern in political affairs. Milman the historian says of him, "Of the Mediæval papacy the real father is Gregory the Great."

Pope Nicholas I, — 858 to 867, — two and a half centuries after Gregory, laid bold claim to the universal bishopric and proclaimed the doctrine that no church law was valid till it had been confirmed by the pope. In consequence of his sublimated estimate of his office he assumed precedence over all secular princes and claimed the right to command them at his pleasure, with the expectation that they must obey. When in 860 the Eastern Emperor Bardas sought to expel Ignatius, the Patriarch of Constantinople, from his see, and to promote Photius to his place, Nicholas sent a deputation to investigate the affair, and in 862 he warned the Eastern Patriarchs against giving any support to Photius. The next year, 863, he excommunicated Photius before a synod that was held at Rome, and he declared that he took this action "by virtue of the Holy Ghost speaking through him." When the Roman bishop reached the eminence from which he could make and break Patriarchs in the East he had surely gone a long way.

Two more centuries passed by, and now Gregory VII, Hildebrand, appeared upon the scene. He assumed the tiara in 1073. For the next twelve years, — 1073 to 1085, — he wielded the sceptre of papal absolutism. He was a man of

conspicuous energy and insisted on the pope's supremacy in all affairs, both spiritual and temporal. It was he who carried to a finish the long struggle with Henry IV, the Emperor of Germany. At his accession Henry was a mere lad of 23 years. Guided by rash counsellors he asserted himself against Gregory. Since Gregory entertained the view that his prerogative enabled him to dethrone princes, he hurled the papal edict against Henry and pronounced the major excommunication. The German princes, alarmed by the prospect of becoming liable to the flames of hell, withdrew from their support of their unfortunate sovereign and left him to his fate. In his forlorn condition, with his subjects banned from giving him food, fire or shelter, his only course was abject submission. He hastened over the Alps to Italy, and followed on the track of the pope who had retired to Canossa. There the emperor waited outside the castle four days, clad in the shirt of a penitent, when at last Gregory relented and pronounced pardon. Such humiliation to the person of an emperor had never been known, and at the painful spectacle all Europe realized that Gregory had transformed the Church of the West. If at any time before the spirit of democracy had actuated the membership, or been prominent in the activities of the clergy, henceforth it was evident that the Church had become a monarchial institution. It was now under the control of a shrewdly organized

hierarchy, whose Head was the reigning pope; a pope who was no more a humble bishop, but a Bishop of bishops, and whose will was to be the supreme law for the Church, and for the nations abroad among whom the Church had established its foothold.

CHAPTER VI

THE MENACE FROM THE NORTH

WHILE the Roman bishops were busily engaged in augmenting the reverence in which they were to be held, and enlarging the scope of the powers which they were to exercise, there arose a new menace in the North of Europe which threatened to overwhelm and destroy all the influences which were tending to encourage the religious sentiment, to create a national consciousness and to promote a wholesome national life in the various sections of Europe.

By the Eighth century Britain had assimilated fairly well the conquering Angles, Jutes and Saxons, who had swarmed over the North Sea and established themselves on the Southern and Eastern coasts of the island. All these had acquired many of the customs of the country, had foresworn their idols and were calling themselves Englishmen, very much as if they had been there from the dawn of time. Their little towns were spreading out, they were cultivating their fields and were in the fair way to achieve prosperity and comfort.

From their fancied security however they were rudely awakened by savage onslaughts of

piratical Norsemen; Danes for the most part, and uncompromising pagans. These warriors were tall and strong, real giants in fact, and it was their joy to struggle with the raging elements or with other men, as some would revel in wine or debasing pleasure. They came in fleets of long, open boats, some of which were seventy-five feet long by ten to fifteen wide. These boats carried a single square sail, but for headway depended most on their thirty or forty heavy oars. No rovers of the sea could surpass these reckless Danes, who had been trained to the water from boyhood. As their boats were built very light of draft they could row up the rivers to the heart of the island. They would land before some rich town, or a prosperous monastery; plunder and burn the place, and then steal away leaving black ruin behind. From the year 750 forward they kept up these filibustering expeditions till they depopulated a wide strip on the East coast of Britain. In 851 a great force of Danes captured London, and in 867 another raiding party destroyed York, the seat of the famous cathedral. Between 867 and 871 the English kings, Aethelred and Alfred his brother, fought six pitched battles with the Danes under varying fortunes. In 871 Alfred, who was now king, bought a peace, and for the next four years he occupied himself in building "long ships," in training sailors to handle them, and in making general preparation for the contest which he felt was sure to come.

In 876 three Danish kings resumed their fighting, and a drawn battle occured on the cliffs of the island of Purbeck. The Danes retreating took to their boats, but they were caught in a great storm, in which they lost a hundred of their ships; and so victory perched on the standards of Alfred.

Later Guthrum, the Danish king, made a landing with a great force, and took an advantageous position, which he fortified with earthworks and a strong palisade. Alfred surrounded this camp and held the Danes in a close blockade for fourteen days, and so starved them into surrender. Guthrun swore fealty to Alfred and was baptized into the Christian faith, and thirty of his chieftains followed him in this course.

With Alfred, English history may be said to begin. He consolidated the several kingdoms of the island into one. He fended off all further invasions of Danes. He built ships which were twice as large as those of the pirates and by their help he made it very unsafe for the freebooters to meddle with his shore. He encouraged schools and was a patron of learning. Best of all he helped to Christianize the Danes whom he conquered, so that in a remarkably brief period they melted into the mass of the population and became both English and Christian. The historian Green in his comment on the fusion of the Danish element into the prevalent English life remarks that it was not

long before a Dane became archbishop of Canterbury, and another the archbishop of York.

But the Norsemen who disturbed the peace of England were but a minor fraction of the multitude that sailed out of the North Sea. Charlemagne in his day was told of such pirates, who had rowed up the rivers Seine and the Loire and had harried the towns on their banks, and the dread of these bold ruffians and the injury they might cause in Europe embittered his closing hours. By the Ninth century they were plundering and devastating all Western Europe. They were of the same adventurous and hardy stock as that which wrought such ravage in Britain, and they were now pursuing the same tactics in the land of the Franks. They came like the sea gulls; they assaulted, massacred, robbed and were gone before any force could be summoned that was able to resist them. They spread terror everywhere, till the mere rumor that the Norsemen were coming set the people to hasty flight. If they could not be checked they would blot Christendom from the map, as the Saracens had done already with the Christian cities of North Africa and Spain.

It has been said that bane is the antidote for bane, and the doctrine seems to have verification in the case of the Norsemen in the land of the West Franks. In 911 Rolf the Norseman, — the French make his name Rollo, — sailed up the Seine with a great fleet and seized the country as

far as Rouen. The prospect was gloomy for Charles the Simple, the king of the West Franks, who perhaps was not so simple as the title might imply. For by a subtle stroke of statesmanship he made a composition with Rolf, under which the Norseman was to become a Christian, to settle on the lands which he had seized and to hold them as Count and under oath of vassalage to Charles. Charles also cemented the alliance by giving Rolf the hand of his daughter in marriage. By this compact Charles gained a general who knew how to fight, and who was certain to make it vastly unprofitable for any pirates, Norsemen or others, to set foot on his territory. Very soon Normandy, the Norse-land, became as French as any part of France. It also grew prosperous, as befitted a land whose ruler planned wisely for the safety and welfare of his people. It was Normandy that enjoyed more peace than was common in that age, that found her towns growing thrifty and prosperous, and that was becoming the most progressive region in the kingdom.

The chroniclers tell a fine tale of the fashion in which Rolf pledged his fealty to Charles. By this time the French court was assuming some of the airs and dignity of a real kingdom. But Rolf and his rude henchmen had nothing but bitter contempt for the frills and fripperies of court etiquette. He was ready enough to place his hands between the hands of the king according to the old custom and swear to be the king's man,

and this he did in all good faith. But when this was done and a court chamberlain whispered in his ear that the next thing was to kneel and kiss the king's toe, his back stiffened and he nodded to one of his men to complete the act of vassalage. And the rude fellow did it rudely enough, for he stooped till he got good hold of the king's foot, which he then lifted to his own tall height and kissed it as required, but in the act he tipped the form of royalty flat on its back. One can better imagine than describe the consternation that thrilled that would-be punctilious court; but if the king felt resentful at the audacious act, he smothered his rage and smiled at the "accident."

If the Norsemen were a terror to the West, the East was alarmed through and through by the reappearance of an enemy of the former day who was thought to have been disposed of for good and all. In 889 as the Ninth century was drawing on to its close, a vast horde of Huns collected to the north of the Danube. They were cousins of those other Huns, who under Attila four centuries before had made such desolation in Gaul and Italy. These new invaders were worse if anything than the others, for the first were Christians after a sort, while these were inveterate pagans. They were squatty in figure, broad shouldered, expert riders of their tireless little ponies, and their heartless cruelty was almost past belief. Their coming was worse than

an attack of pestilence. In their migrations they drove their vast herds of cattle and sheep wherever they went, and so devoured all means of subsistence for man or beast. For sixty years they were the curse of Europe, for they carried their raids across the Danube or the Alps and harried Italy and the lands of the East Franks. And a sad feature of the age was the cupidity of the Italian and German Counts, who in place of combining together to drive out the marauders, would hire them to fight their enemies, regardless of how soon they themselves might be subject to the like attack. All the Germanic districts were overrun by them, and in some of their forays they reached as far west as Paris.

Henry I, the German Emperor, sometimes called Henry the Fowler, was the first ruler who was able to oppose them successfully. In 919 they broke into Saxony and ravaged the territory far and wide. In 924 they came again, but in the battle which ensued their prince fell prisoner to Henry. Henry set him free on condition that he would sign a truce, which was to last nine years, during all which time Germany was to pay a heavy annual tribute. The Huns kept their pact with the emperor, but went on with their plundering in Suabia, Bavaria and Franconia as they had been doing before. Meanwhile Henry was far from idle. He began building castles all along the border, and had every ninth man engaged in

building, while the other eight were tilling the soil. He also ordered that one third of all non-perishable food products should be stored in safe places for the time of emergency. He began training a body of heavy cavalry which by its sheer weight could ride down the light horsemen of the Huns. He also saw to it that his towns were protected by solid walls which would render them capable of defence. When the term of the truce came to an end in 933 the Huns again swarmed over the Danube. As the enemy advanced he retired his people, gathering his garrisons into the castles, and the rest of the population into the fortified towns, where they had full store of provisions and were safe from any general attack. The Huns were now marauding under new and trying conditions. Heretofore they had been able to live off of the country, but the shrewd Henry had left the region bare of food for either man or beast. Owing to shortage of provisions the enemy was compelled to divide his force into two bands, hoping by this expedient to cover more ground and find more supplies. At a favorable moment Henry made an assault with his heavy cavalry upon the smaller of the two bands and succeeded in exterminating it. Soon after he came up with the larger force. The resistance this time was more obstinate, but it was all of no avail. The Huns were driven from the field in confusion, but the roll of their dead was

appalling. The remnant retired into that region, which is known to us as Hungary, where their descendants abide to this day. There they were brought under Christian influences and have had their share in the promotion of our modern civilization.

CHAPTER VII

THE ORIGIN OF FEUDALISM

IN THAT extended line of fortified castles, which formed the bulwark against which the Hungarian invasion dashed, only to be broken, we may read the origin and justification of the feudal system. To us of the modern world, and especially to us Americans, feudalism wears the aspect of usurpation, of the aristocracy which delights in trampling the common man under foot. But a casual glance at the Middle Age will modify this judgment. Somewhere if it is sought for diligently some strong reasonableness will be found for any social form that gains wide acceptance. After the time of Charlemagne, Europe lost all spirit of cohesion, and nowhere could be seen any well established government that was capable of maintaining order, or of protecting the citizen from a foreign foe. In the Fifth century the barbarian overthrew the Roman empire, because Rome could not control her own legions. Charlemagne built for himself a real empire. He held off the barbarians and compelled the reign of peace throughout his vast dominions. But when his successors split up his realm and wasted their vitality and their resources in fight-

ing among themselves, confusion worse confounded began its universal reign. It was after Europe had become impotent as a result of its centuries of strife that the Norsemen came driving in on the West and the Huns on the East.

It has been noticed in the case of England that the settlement of the Danes on the east coast was made to serve as a bulwark against subsequent Danish inroads; and in Normandy we have the example of Rolf and his Norsemen breaking up the practice of piratical invasions from the North Sea. Similarly Henry I saved his realm from the rage of the Huns by his strong line of fortified castles. These castles met the aim of the Emperor because every one was under the command of a duke or a count or a baron; of a man who held it and the lands about it, and who was lord over all the people who had employment or subsistence on that tract. This nobleman was established there in order to hold that land, to till its arable fields, and to maintain that hold against all and sundry who might venture to approach in hostile array. The duke, the count or the baron was a fighting man himself, and he trained fighting men under him. It was to his advantage to fight to the last gasp to protect himself and secure his possession. And this high lord became the protector of the common man, who in default of such protection in that lawless age would have been completely lost had he sought to stand alone. Such a man, if he held land near some great noble,

would find it of high advantage to turn it over to his more powerful neighbor, and then retain charge of it as his lord's vassal. By this course he pledged his service, but he also gained in security. On the duke's lands there might be a mill. The miller as the duke's vassal could grind corn for himself, but would pay over a portion of the corn to the duke in return for his oversight and protection.

In the court of the sovereign there were posts of honor, keepers of the royal castles, masters of the hounds, masters of the stables, commanders of the guard. All who held such places by gift of the ruler rendered service and received protection. Sometimes a man might win some high station by turning in some great treasure into the royal purse, and thereafter draw a fixed stipend from the royal treasurer. In all directions this feudal system was a barter and bargain, a fair trade, a *quid pro quo;* service to the overlord and more comfort and security for all.

Doubtless we may adjudge this feudal system to have been a new social structure, very rude and clumsy, but which was fairly well adapted to the times. As it became extended more and more every great lord had under-lords as his vassals, until there came into existence a graded nobility, every member of which owed allegiance to his lord, and exacted similar allegiance from his own vassals. During the Ninth and Tenth centuries that new order became prevalent throughout

Europe, which consequently was transformed into a vast feudal possession. Green remarks upon the effect in England when he says, "From Alfred's day in England it was taken for granted that no man could exist without a lord."

Under the feudal system the service rendered by the vassal was of various kinds.

First and foremost was the military service, since the system itself was the outgrowth of military necessity. Following out the old Frankish custom, each leader, prince, duke, count or baron was expected to serve in a campaign at his own expense, provided he was fighting at home. But in case of a foreign war he could live upon the country. He furnished mounts and equipment for the troops from his own household, and each of his vassals who followed in his train did the same. In some of the campaigns some of the nobles, whose ventures were unfortunate, were ruined by their outlay; and others who were able to seize lands or property and so extended their possessions became richer than ever. If the campaign was for home protection the vassal must fight on till the enemy was driven away. But if the campaign was in a foreign field he could be held for forty days, or for any other time which was specified in his contract, after which he was free to retire. If he still remained the charges for the extra period fell to his over-lord.

A second feudal service was to pay the lord a fixed portion of the products of the soil, or of

any kind of handicraft, and the sum so pledged was scrupulously collected. In an age when almost no money was in circulation, such returns of game, fruit, grain, cloths, weapons or products of any kind were quite acceptable in the castle. And every such castle, and the tract connected with it, became a productive community, which raised or supplied nearly all the necessities for its own subsistence, and also many of the luxuries.

There were further rights and emoluments which came to the king, the duke, the count: and many of the dukes grew to be petty kings. Of such rights two or three may be mentioned in brief.

Prominent among these was the fee to be paid by the successor of any vassal, when he entered upon the grant which had been held by his father. Under such circumstances the heir presented himself before his lord, repeated the vow of fealty, and paid the sum appropriate to the value of the fief which he inherited.

Another feudal right was the prerogative of the king to act as the guardian of a young woman of rank or property, at the decease of her natural protector. And the king had the authority to give her hand in marriage to any one of his nobles at his pleasure. At the first glance this custom might seem to be replete with injustice, but the ground for its existence was to provide security for the young woman. In that lawless time an heiress to a substantial estate

might easily fall as a prey to the rapacity of some nobleman, who might storm her castle and force her marriage to himself. The guardianship of the sovereign rendered her safe from the attentions of suitors who might seek to pay court with the mailed fist. But there was still another sound reason for the practice. For it was due the sovereign to provide that whoever won her hand should be one who was known to be loyal to the crown and who would employ these added resources for the profit of the kingdom. Here again may be perceived the basic principle of the feudal system, that of protection and service. For even when such a ward of the king might be pledged to a man whose attentions were unwelcome to the lady, she had the right of purchasing relief. In fact one of the abuses that grew up from the custom, and which led to loud complaint, was the chance it offered to some lord, whose treasury was bare, to replenish his exchequer by giving the hand of his ward to an unwelcome suitor, so that she might escape the marriage by dint of a heavy contribution.

A glance at Europe in the Tenth and Eleventh centuries will show all social organizations as affected by the feudal system. Everywhere there were great monasteries, in which the monks were housed by the hundred; some of whom would be occupied in their cells in copying manuscripts or conning some fragment of ancient learning, and others of whom would be tilling the soil or raising

cattle and swine. These monasteries also cared for the poor and served as places of entertainment for the traveler. But the monasteries had their feudal retainers, vassals who held their lands or castles under their lordship; and now and then we find the chroniclers telling of some great prelate, some abbot or bishop, who donned his armor, mounted his charger and led his troop into the thick of the fray. All over Europe were scattered the castles of the greater and the lesser lords. When William of Normandy won the battle of Hastings, he portioned England into over four thousand fiefs, which he distributed among his nobles and captains, in order to lay upon them the burden of holding the conquered land loyal to his throne.

Along with its many benefits the feudal system introduced many burdens. Men who were trained to fight and have their martial equipment always at hand are quite inclined to fight, even when they fight among themselves. It was not long till castle was warring against castle, since the most of the great nobles were not averse to getting lands and power at a neighbor's expense. And by advantageous marriages and promoting quarrels with weaker men and then seizing their possessions some of the great vassals grew to be mightier than kings. Charles of Burgundy was a duke and never a king. But his province was richer than France, and he held a more splendid court than that of his master, king Louis XI.

As we survey the whole field we can rejoice that feudalism has lost its hold upon the nations, but at the same time we are impelled to concede that it exercised a powerful influence upon the evolution of our modern world. When confusion reigned at its worst, and when no royal hand was capable of sweeping back the influx of barbarism, it was this new social force which massed its warriors to repel the heathen, who, if they had conquered the region would have made Europe a desert, and buried civilization, Christianity and all hope of progress in a common grave. That Christianity and civilization abide is to be credited in large measure to this remarkable institution, which now that its mission has been accomplished we are eager to have supplanted by nobler social forms.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RISE OF CHIVALRY

THE origin of the institution of Chivalry, as it existed in the Middle Age, is one of the problems of history. No documents are on hand to disclose the names of its founders or of the men who first took the solemn vows of Christian knighthood. Many who have discussed the subject have indulged in conjecture more than in fact, and the various solutions which they offer contradict each other and leave the whole matter in the maze of obscurity.

Some have traced the origin of Chivalry to the custom that prevailed among the Germanic tribes of inducting their young men into the rights and honors of the soldier by a special ceremony. On such occasions there would be an assembly of the people. The qualifications of the candidate were examined, and if he appeared to be worthy, his father would present him with a shield and lance, after which he was declared to be in good standing in the army. In the line of this notion examples have been cited, such as the act of Charlemagne in girding his son Louis the Pious with the sword, and of Charles the Bald doing the like for his son. But when such instances are

placed beside the ceremonies of Christian knighthood they will be seen to lack its most essential features. Their single point of contact is that of a ceremony of investiture on the young man's arrival at the responsibilities of manhood, a feature which they share with the assumption of a Roman youth of the *toga virilis,* or with the initiation of a North American Indian into the rank of a warrior in the tribe. Surely it would be a very venturesome person who would seek to connect either of these venerable customs with the rise of the novel institution of Christian knighthood. Turning aside therefore from all such unprofitable speculations, attention may be given to the influences which impelled the chivalric spirit, a condition which was necessary before an institution such as this could come into existence, or could even be imagined.

One occasion for the rise of Chivalry, as also for the development of the Feudal System, was the general disorder which prevailed throughout Europe during the Ninth and Tenth centuries. Charlemagne was the only sovereign who really governed Europe in all that dismal time, and he has been compared wisely to a meteor, which blazed for a brief space in the surrounding darkness, but soon sped, leaving the gloom still deeper than before his reign. The weak were helpless unless they placed themselves under the hand of some powerful lord. The fields were losing their fertility, or were growing up to forest, because

the peasantry in fear for their lives were abandoning their cottages and flocking to the fortified towns. Just in the middle of the Ninth century the Norsemen came up the river Seine in the land of the Franks and ravaged the country. They were terribly destructive, plundering and burning everything and reducing the entire region to a desert waste. In this awful time it almost seemed as if all that was worth while was lost, and as if hope were dead.

But the walls of Paris were strong, and Eudes the Count of Paris was valiant. He and his brave band resisted the assaults of the Norsemen for a whole year and finally were successful in driving them away. By their valor they saved France from destruction. During this prolonged contest Eudes and his captains performed prodigies of valor which would have immortalized their names, had there been at hand some Homer or Vergil to have voiced their praise.

At such an hour the souls of men were ready for a new order. The Feudal System was expanding with its gift to civilization of an organized resistance to barbarism, which no throne of the time by itself could command. The great nobles were occupying their fortified castles: they were well versed in the practice of arms and were beginning to realize their obligation to protect the weak from the molestation of the strong. The duke and the count were skilled horsemen,

and were protected by heavy armor when they galloped into battle. They were also well grounded in the principles of the Christian faith, and when the hour came when it seemed as if Paris were fated to fall before the Norse freebooters, they were impelled to invoke the Divine assistance in favor of their arms. It is in such moments of spiritual exaltation that new and inspiring thoughts are born. So it is not difficult to imagine that Eudes, in order to encourage his captains to fight to the limit, persuaded them to take the solemn vow, under the sacred sanctions of the Church, to stand to the death against every foe; to right every wrong that they might encounter, and to defend the weak whenever they were assailed. In any event we may well believe that it was under some such emergency that Christian knighthood was instituted, and when once the few Christian chevaliers had taken its vows it was easy for the order to spread to all Christian lands. The common people found in the Christian knight a noble and faithful guardian, one who sympathized with their sorrows, and who would draw his sword valiantly against their oppressors. Such a deliverer they were ready almost to worship.

When the knight discovered that he was regarded as a paragon of purity and virtue, that fact gave fresh stimulus to the knightly character and served as a powerful incentive to the cultivation of truthfulness and the practice of all

honorable traits. And soon Chivalry became a principle which awakened in the man who had pledged its vows a beautiful blending of the warrior and the Christian, and transformed him into a mirror of valor, piety, courtesy and modesty. Stebbins in his History of Chivalry remarks on this point,

"A perfect chevalier was always to be meek and courteous in his demeanor towards all men. His speech was to be graceful and gentle, and his whole deportment such as became a man of the highest honor, engaged in performing the most sacred duties."

The mother of the Chevalier Bayard gave this counsel to her son, who was one of the famous ornaments of Chivalry. Said she,

"Serve God and he will keep you:: be mild and courteous to every gentleman, by divesting yourself of all pride: be neither a flatterer nor a slanderer, for such people seldom come to great excellence. Be loyal in word and deed. Keep your word. Be helpful to the poor and God will reward you."

Bayard pursued the course so charmingly portrayed by his mother and wrought such knightly deeds that he was selected by Charles VIII of France to attend him on his expedition to Naples. Later, in the Italian campaign of Louis XII, it was he who saved the French army from panic when it was charged by the heavy cavalry of the English. The old chronicler reports of him, when he was told that it was lawful when campaigning

in an enemy's country to live at the enemy's expense, that he replied,

"It is so; but I think we ought not to do all that is permitted: the right of war is one thing, the right of justice is another. I rebuke not what others do, but I will not do it myself."

It was this man who all his life long sustained this high standard of conduct, so that he was passed into history as, — *Le Chevalier sans peur, et sans reproche,*—The Chevalier without fear and without reproach.

Lamartine in writing of the knight represents him as "born of the spirit of war, the spirit of adventure and the spirit of faith." He gives the like thought in another place in the striking phrase, "Religion, war, glory, were his three souls."

Dryden has described how falsehood and treachery were foreign to the knightly character in his well known lines,

"Solemnly he swore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood bore,
And whate'er else to Chivalry belongs,
He would not rest till he avenged their wrongs."

It is told that the Duke of Lancaster banished from his court a disloyal knight, and in his dismissal made use of this scathing language, "I have no pleasure in people who are guilty of treason, nor are we accustomed to such in our

country. The garden of war is fruitful of game, but it is not open to beasts of prey."

Mr. Gibbon in his excellent history takes occasion to blush at the knightly cry of "God and the ladies!" but in this instance his sensitiveness is superfluous. The love of Chivalry was a pure and holy attachment, was strongest when the beloved object was the most remote, and was such that its ardor was sustained by a touch of his lady's finger, or the gift of her scarf or glove, which he wore as a gage of honor.

Sometimes such knightly love was carried to extremes, as was the case of the German page, who opened a wound in his breast, so that he might lay there closer to his heart a golden thread which his lady had presented him.

Still this chivalric love, even when it was most stilted and romantic, was the guardian angel of innocence. All through the Tenth and the Eleventh centuries the true knight was the acknowledged champion of widows and virgins, and were he to take advantage of their confidence or inexperience, the fact when known would have banished him from the society of all true and courteous knights.

An institution which was so admirably adapted to the genius of the age soon exerted an influence upon social welfare which was second only to that of the church. All over Europe it was correcting disorders and forcing the fulfillment of righteous obligations. The knight became a judge among

his equals, and by the same token was a judge over all who were beneath him in rank. In some instances he had the duty of executing his own decrees, and so was recognized as a person of authority. No one who was not himself a knight was privileged to confer the honors of knighthood. But any knight was authorized by the chivalric custom to bestow all the rights and immunities of knighthood, and that without need of consultation with any other person whatever. This power naturally clothed him with great distinction. Ashmore, who wrote upon the Order of the Garter, offers this observation, "In the dignity and honor and renown of knighthood is included somewhat of magnificence more excellent than that of nobility itself." To the same effect Stebbins in his History of Chivalry makes the statement, "In many ancient documents the names of knights preceded the names of barons." It was also true that in the royal and ducal courts, during the period under consideration, the knight had precedence of all persons, noble or other, who could not boast of knightly investiture. This fact has a double bearing, for it testifies to the high esteem in which the orders of Chivalry then were held; and it also indicates that the great body of the nobility; those of the sterner sex, of course: were of the knightly class.

CHAPTER IX

THE TRAINING FOR KNIGHTHOOD

WHEN the distinction which the possession of knighthood conferred and the exacting duties which attended its profession are understood, it is evident that the preparation of the aspirant for its honors would be long and arduous.

The first qualification to be noted was that of birth. Naturally it was the sons of the nobility who sought the knightly rank, for only such could hope to secure its expensive equipment. Freeman has called attention to the early German and Frankish armies, where each man provided his own weapons and fought at his own charges. Under such conditions none but those of high degree and of ample means could provide himself with his horse and armor, to say nothing of the rest of his equipment, and so he explains, "Cavalry and Chivalry will be the same." By the time that knighthood had become established the great nobles were living in state and were imitating the manners and expenditures of kings. They had about them a throng of attendants and officials, and besides an extensive array of men-at-arms, and artisans, and serving men and maids of every class. Their ladies were busied in the

oversight of the household, in directing their sewing women, and in giving instruction to such of their dependents as they chose. A youth who was destined to the knightly profession would be handed over to the ladies, who would teach him the principles of the Christian faith, the basic ideas of Chivalry and all the arts of gentle courtesy, and the deference which he should always display toward the weaker sex.

When he reached the age of seven, by which time he was supposed to have gained an insight into the graces of courtly society, he would be sent from home to serve in the household of some other nobleman, who would supervise his education in all those athletic and martial exercises in which it was imperative for him to be expert, and to have practiced until they had become a second nature.

Among these exercises were running, leaping, hurling a dart, carrying a heavy shield and holding himself with the upright carriage of a soldier. When he was not engaged in this manner, he would be in personal attendance upon his master or mistress, waiting upon them at table, bearing their messages, or riding with them to the chase, always being intent meanwhile to practice and acquire the tone of courtesy and refinement.

When the page reached the age of fourteen or fifteen, he was advanced to the grade of squire, or armor-bearer to his knight. Up to this time he had worn a short dagger for a weapon, but now

as a mark of advancement he was given a military sword. This was placed on the altar and was blessed by the priest, who then gave the lad some good counsel and hung the weapon at his side. St. Pelaye relates circumstantially how Petit Jehan de Saintré was raised from the condition of page to that of squire. The language of the old chronicle is very quaint and runs as follows:

"That notable varlet having a friend in the Dame de Cousines, was one day called by the maître d'Hotel of the prince, his master, who having demanded his name, at once exclaimed, 'Jehan, you shall be no longer page, the king has appointed you his varlet-tranchant,' and then directed him to avoid being proud, to keep his hands and nails clean, and also the rest of his person, which would be a necessary attention in the duties he had now to perform. Jehan promised obedience; and went first and kneeled before the king, whom he thanked for the grace he had done him, and then paid the same honor to the queen, who said: 'Saintré, the services and grace you have shown to all, especially to the ladies, have advanced you from a page to a squire of my lord.' "

The athletic exercises which the squire was to practice were very exacting. The running and the leaping were still continued, but portions of heavy armor were added piece by piece; for he was to become so expert that he would not mind all his equipments any more than we do our common clothing. He learned to wield that great sword and the battle axe; to mount the tall charger, to couch the lance and run a tilt at some object or person, and to become thoroughly inured to all

the experiencees to which he might be exposed when he became a knight. We of this age could hardly attempt some of the feats which the squires and knights of the Middle Age were performing every day. Were our men now to don the several pieces of heavy armor which those men wore into battle, they could hardly stand, and would find it a task to walk, let alone the idea of running. But those men of the Middle Age could run in their armor, and fight lustily; and, as is declared by many witnesses, some knights could spring into the saddle without so much as touching the stirrup.

After attaining proficiency in all these exercises the squire was promoted to the degree of a squire of the body, and was honored by immediate attendance upon the noble knight, his master. As a rule the wealthier knights were served by two squires, though those of more slender purse had to make shift with one. The squires took care of their knight's horses and their own; polished his armor and bore it to the field, helped him to don his armor, and to lace its parts securely in place, and when he was mounted, followed him to the battle line in order there to render him any needed assistance.

In the battles of the Middle Age it was the custom for the knights on each side to advance against their foe in an extended single front. At the sound of the trumpet they engaged hand to hand. If a knight was unhorsed his squire hur-

ried to the rescue, lifted him to his feet and supplied him with the needed weapon; or, if his master was unevenly matched he could fight to protect him. In case his master was made prisoner he could fight to secure his release. If his master was wounded, it was his duty to remove him to a place of safety. The position of squire was one of great responsibility, and it was also a stepping stone to certain advancement, if his course in the lower station proved him worthy of the higher rank.

CHAPTER X

THE KNIGHTLY CHARACTER

THE squire served his master seven years or more, or till he had performed some noteworthy exploit, when he was regarded as prepared for the full investiture of knighthood. When these honors were conferred in form there was an extremely elaborate ceremony, in which the Church took the leading part. This was necessary because Chivalry was an exclusively religious institution. The candidate was attended by two noble knights as sponsors. Under their direction he undertook a course of religious duties, which included fasting and prayer, confession to the priest who conferred absolution, and then participation in the service of the mass including the Holy Communion. In the current belief, when all this had been completed he was a pure man, as innocent as if newly born, and so was in fitting condition to enter upon a consecrated career. Next followed the bath, the emblem of purity, and he was put to bed to take repose, which was to remind him of the future rest in Heaven. When he awoke the next morning his sponsors clothed him with a clean white tunic, symbolic of purity,

and put a red robe over this, to recall the blood of Calvary, through which his sins has been washed away, and finally they completed his attire by placing a close fitting black coat over all. This black coat had a double significance; first, that he must be ready to fight to the death in support of righteousness; and second, that he was to keep in mind the end of life which awaits us all. He was now ready for a period of fasting, which was to last twenty-four hours. After passing the day without having had so much as a morsel of food to his lips, he was led at nightfall to some gloomy church, or to the crypt beneath it, where he was to guard his armor the long night through. In most instances he was required to keep this vigil alone, and with but a single taper to dispel the darkness. It was a solemn season which he was to spend in meditation and prayer.

With the morning light came more religious exercises, in the course of which confession and attendance upon mass was repeated, after which the priest addressed him in a sermon, instructing him respecting the obligations which he was to assume. Such an address has been handed down to us, which gives in detail the various parts of the knightly equipment, with their spiritual explanations; a sermon which in all probability was in frequent use for such occasions. According to the text which we have the priest was wont to say,

"The sword was made in form of a cross, in token of the cause in which it was to be used, and as it was always to be employed in the defence of justice, it was to be cutting on both sides. The spear was straight and even, because truth is so: and its iron head was significant of strength. The pennon which might be seen from afar was the sign of courage which wished not to be hidden; and the steel helmet on the other hand was the emblem of modesty. The hauberk was a castle against the power of vices or defaults. The leg was to keep the feet from the peril of evil ways. The spurs were tokens of diligence and swiftness in all honorable designs. The gorget signified obedience; and that, as it encompasses the neck, so should the commands of the sovereign, the knight. The mace represented the strength of courage, and the knife, or *misericorde*, with which the combatant despatched his enemy, when other arms failed, the mercy of God and trust in his aid. The shield was typical of the knight's standing between the prince and his people, or between the prince and his enemies, as the safeguard of the former. The gauntlets, in using which he lifted his hands on high, were to remind him of prayer to God, and that he was not to be guilty of putting his hand to a false oath. The saddle betokened surety of courage, and the great charge which pertained to Chivalry: and the horse, the nobleness of courage, and readiness of daring."

When the address had been completed, the candidate gave his sword to the priest, who blessed and returned it. Then the candidate and his friends repaired to the place where the prince, or the knight who was to complete the ceremony was waiting. The candidate knelt before his lord with his hands clasped, a reminder of feudal usage. He was asked the usual questions, which

included the pledge of his knightly vow. When all had been answered according to rule, the lord took the spurs and the sword which the squire had brought to the place. He gave the spurs to the sponsors, who buckled them in place, each of them in the act making the sign of the cross. The lord then girded the candidate with the sword, embraced him, and closed the ceremony with the accolade, a blow upon the neck with the flat of the sword, and the adjuration that he should prove himself a true knight.

Next came a series of entertainments and banquets, and the presentation of gifts by the newly created knight. In some of the provinces these gifts were so extravagant and expensive as to hinder some worthy squires from seeking advancement from sheer inability to meet the charges.

But in special emergencies the ceremonies could be made far less imposing. Frequently after a battle the commander who had observed some squire performing a valiant deed, would have him summoned, cause him to kneel on the field of action, and with a blow of the sword constitute him a knight forthwith. And it happened sometimes that several captains were knighted after a battle, promoted from being squires almost by wholesale.

So Charles V., after a victory over the Duke of Saxony, made several knights as they knelt to-

gether before him. And Philip IV of Spain did the like after the battle of Maestricht. Whether the ceremony was to be little or much depended upon the will of the knight who was conferring the honor; for it rested wholly with himself as to whom he should elevate to knighthood, and when, and in what manner. Not even princely blood could demand the exalted privilege, for history gives the record that at the battle of Crecy Edward III. would not send help to the Black Prince, since he wished him to win his spurs in honorable encounter.

Kings even recognized that knighthood would shed additional glory upon royalty, and they were not content till they were qualified to wear the insigna of Chivalry. So they often appealed to other kings to grant them the distinction. It is well known that Henry II. of England journeyed to King David of Scotland, who knighted him at Carlisle. And Edward I. of England at the age of fifteen traveled to Castile in Spain, where he was knighted by Alphonso XI. And King John of England conferred knighthood upon Malcolm, King of Scotland, and also upon the son of William of Scotland.

As soon as the entertainments which accompanied his investiture were over, the new knight, attended by his trusty squire or squires, set forth in quest of adventures, sometimes in his own land, but if possible in some foreign country. If a war

was waging near by he would attach himself to any banner under which honor was to be gained; but failing a war, he would joust in the sham battles of the tourney, which now and then offered as much danger as an actual battle. All students of history are familiar with the story of Henry II, of France, and how while jousting with Montgomery, one of the nobles of his court, he fell from his saddle, pierced in the eye by a lance thrust, and died of the wound.

In every quarter that he went the true knight was searching for glory, and this he won by the rescue of distressed damsels, by righting any conspicuous wrong, or by defeating some other knight, whether by blunted lance, or the weapons of actual war. And he was sure, whatever might be the nature of his honorable exploits that they would be reported from end to end of Christendom.

Sometimes of course there were squires and knights who failed to realize the higher ideals of their great leaders, and some of them were nothing short of being arrant knaves. Scott in his Ivanhoe has drawn that picture of the renegade Templar, who might have been sketched from real life, so accurate is the portraiture of one who might have been the good man, and yet who went wrong. Sir John Bowring has translated a skit from the Dutch, which represents how one squire rose by his perverted wits to the knightly station.

The translation, which runs close to the original is as follows:

"A knight and his squire did stray
In the narrow path and the gloomy way.
'See!' quoth the knight, 'Yon tree do thou
Climb and bring the turtle from the bough.'
'Sir Knight, I dare not, for the tree
Is far too light to carry me.'
The knight grew grave and stern; and he
Mounted himself the waving tree.
'My master is fallen dead below,
Where are my well earned wages now?'
'Your well earned wages! Get you all,
Chariots and steeds are in the stall.'
'Chariots and steeds I seek not after,
But I will have the youngest daughter.'
The squire is now a knight, and still
Drives steeds and chariots at his will."

In an Old Play occurs a witty jibe that sets forth the spirit that actuated some of the miscreant knights of the Middle Age. One of them is pictured in soliloquy:

"Not serve two masters! Here's a lad will try it:
Would fain serve God, yet give the devil his due;
Say grace before a deed of villainy,
And return his thanks devoutly when 'tis acted."

When the selfish and base-hearted came crowding into the ranks of Chivalry the system entered upon its decline. And the invention of gunpowder, which altered completely the strategies and manner of warfare was another contributing factor to its disappearance. But all the way, from

the Ninth to the Fifteenth century it is admitted that Chivalry was a powerful force, helping to ameliorate abuses, teaching devotion to God and emphasizing the obligation of extending protection to the weak. James, in his excellent History of Chivalry has well said, "It gave purity to enthusiasm, crushed barbarous selfishness, taught the heart to expand like a flower to the sunshine, beautified glory with generosity, and smoothed even the rugged brow of war."

CHAPTER XI

SPIRITUAL UNREST IN EUROPE

THE condition of Europe toward the close of the Eleventh century was ominous, and the souls of men were in that restless state which is the forerunner of revolutions. Underneath was heard the rumbling of the ground which is the signal of the volcano. In civil government there was still no throne of universal power. In the Ninth Century Charlemagne, that commanding figure, was able to reduce many abuses and to crush evil doing and evil doers, but his incompetent successors had held a weak sceptre, and by this time haughty nobles in their little principalities were holding their own courts, and behaving like so many independent kings. Perched aloft in their castles which commanded the highways of travel, they had their men-at-arms ready to plunder some other noble, or to swoop down upon luckless travelers, whom they compelled to pay great ransoms for sparing their lives and their goods. In all these broils and disturbances the greater kings might utter protest, but past that they were helpless. As yet they did not have standing armies with which to curb the rapacity of the barons. If at any crisis the king attempted

to coerce some reckless nobleman, the man had only to gallop to his stronghold, hoist his drawbridge, drop his portcullis, and from his safe vantage ground shout defiance to any force that might seek to capture him.

The intellectual state of the period offered scant relief from the chaos of political systems. The mass of the population was densely ignorant and was content to so remain. The lord of fifty or a hundred manors was prouder of his sword than of his pen, and as a regular thing he signed his leases, warrants and contracts of every kind, which had to be read to him, since he could not read for himself, with the mark of the cross. The Church was not slow to take advantage of the situation. While the priest was not over-learned, he still had some training in law and statecraft, as well as in his prayer-book, and so he became the prominent figure of the period. Whatever was going on, whether a ducal or royal session of court, a state council, or a knightly tourney, he was present, and was taking a leading role. It was the priest who stood close to the imperial throne, and who whispered into the ear of his highness what should be the imperial policy; for he knew better than the emperor himself the actual resources of the realm, and of other realms. And because of his familiarity with affairs, the priest drafted and recorded the documents of state. It was the priest; chaplain, bishop or cardinal, who was present and leading in all

embassies, who conducted delicate negotiations, and who from his place behind the throne pulled the wires which controlled the moods and inspired the action of royalty. It was the priest who held the key of knowledge and who bound or loosed the conscience of beggar or monarch.

While the priest of the period was influential, it is not to be forgotten that as a rule he was faithful to the best of his ability. His task was difficult in the extreme. He was forced to deal with the lawless ambition and violence of the noble on the one hand, and then with the almost impenetrable ignorance of both lord and vassal on the other. On the face of it it is evident that if his voice was to be heard at all, it must ring like a clarion above the din of arms; and if he were to move the callous heart from its worldliness it must be by words that would smite like thunderbolts. It should not be surprising then to find him denouncing sin in the most unmeasured terms, and threatening the guilty sinner with the actual flames of a brimstone hell, operated by a hierarchy of devils, in all their devilish equipment of hoofs, horns, tails and red-hot pitchforks, who would pitch and toss guilty sinners back and forth out of fires that were hot to those who were hotter still, and that these imps of the lower world were to exercise themselves in these diversions throughout all the ages of a boundless eternity. As we in our more cultured day turn the pages of the Inferno, as illustrated by the genius of

Doré, and then compare these graphic pictures with the text of Dante, we are appalled by the horrors which these men have set forth with pen and pencil; and yet we have to remember that Dante could never have conceived these images of the pit, had it not been for the strength of the universal conviction of his time in the reality of these forecasts of the fate of the ungodly, and that the strength of the Mediaeval tradition had its root in the emphatic and even lurid preaching of the period. The priest of the Middle Age held up these pictures of the hereafter before the eyes of the faithful, and he presented them not as representing symbols, but as the actual condition of sinners in the after-world. With each repetition of his flaming discourse he amplified and embellished it till all the people, high and low, accepted it as Gospel, and as the inevitable reality for the wicked. Under such terrible preaching which was thundred from end to end of Europe, conscience was wakened from its slumber, and the souls of men began to quake in terror. They recoiled before that awful vision of eternal torment, and distressed by day and disturbed by frightful dreams that broke their nightly repose, they began to worry the priest to furnish relief from their burden. The priest on his part had various palliatives to offer, mainly in the way of penance; including extended fastings, wearing horse hair garments next the skin, which would provoke constant irritation, and flagellations with scourges

or nettles. Some of these penances were inflicted for periods lasting from forty days to seven years.

But not even such stalwart remedies availed to cure the soul-ache of the sinner, and so another expedient was offered which surely must be adequate for the most aggravated case, and that was a pilgrimage to some celebrated shrine, of which the most efficacious would be the journey to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Soon this more ambitious pilgrimage became the favorite sedative for the uneasy conscience, and presently every line of travel to the Holy Land was thronged with penitents, who took the pilgrim's scrip and staff with the purpose of weeping out their confession of sin, and securing absolution at the tomb of Christ.

The greater number of this multitude of pilgrims cherished the firm conviction that the shirt which they wore while in the Holy City, if it were kept and worn again at the moment of death, would transport them without the delays of purgatory directly to the gate of Heaven.

These superstitious beliefs of the Middle Age were supported by the fact that all through the Tenth and the Eleventh centuries there was a fever of expectation of the impending end of the world. The Millenium, — the Thousand Years, — has been a portentous sound in the Church all through the years. To this day it serves as a bugbear, and shrewd interpreters of Scripture still make use of it to arouse and exploit the public,

who are easily befogged by cunningly devised manipulations of the prophecies. If such results are to be witnessed in our day, how vastly more frightful must the word have sounded in the ears of the Mediaeval generations, which had not enjoyed our experience with the would-be interpreters, and who were steadily moving forward to that ominous year, the One Thousand, the Millenium.

As they conceived it, when that day arrived, the heavens were to roll away as a scroll, and the elements were to melt with fervent heat. So general was the opinion that the angel Gabriel at the dawn of the year One Thousand would sound the trump of universal doom, that it affected the counsels of kings and has left its trace on the page of royal documents. The historian Sismondi informs us that many royal charters of the Tenth century had for their opening phrase, "In view of the approaching end of the world." When the year One Thousand actually arrived and it was found that there was no blast of doom the apprehension still remained to distress the people. For when the credulous begin to juggle with the dates of prophecy, and find that some prediction which they have ventured has not been verified by the event, they have a simple remedy, for they have only to juggle a little more. This time they had reckoned the Millenium from the advent of the Lord. But when the day came and

there was no noticeable change in mundane affairs, the wiseacres announced that they must have made a mistake in their computations; that they should have reckoned from the crucifixion, which after all was the central and the all important date of history. That set the date for the winding up of the world as 1034. But when 1034 arrived and went by, with the people still living and all concerns taking their usual course, it was clear enough that another error had been made, and that the date must be advanced again. The starting point which was chosen this time was the year 70, a momentous date, for it was that of the destruction and Fall of Jerusalem. Reckoning a thousand years from that, it was settled that all things terrestrial should cease and determine in the year 1070.

And so for a series of years this dark shadow of impending dissolution overhung the mind of Europe. Since the earth was so soon to perish, since time was so soon to fade away into eternity, the pilgrim reasoned that his fate in the hereafter would be more secure, if at the crucial moment his feet were pressing sacred soil; if it might be his happy lot to ascend directly to glory from some spot in Palestine that had been hallowed by the presence of the Savior. Even in our prosaic age our hearts are thrilled as we picture to ourselves the Gethsemane, where our Master knelt, and the tomb to which loving hands consigned his body

to rest from desecration. All our spirit responds to those tender lines of Tuckerman,

"How dear were one repentant night,
Where Mary's tears of love were shed:
How blest beside the Saviour's tomb
One hour's communion with the dead.

"What solemn joy to stand alone,
On Calvary's celestial height:
Or kneel upon the mountain slope,
Once radiant with supernal light.

"I can not throw my staff aside,
Nor wholly quell the hope divine,
That one delight awaits me yet, —
A pilgrimage to Palestine."

While this cold-blooded age can cherish an aspiration like that, there should be no surprise that the Eleventh century, that period which combined such gloom of superstition with such glow of romance, should have sent its waves of pilgrims to the east, thousands on thousands; or that many of the palmers spent their lives revisiting Jerusalem again and again. In all Europe there was no soul so abject that it could relinquish the hope of this journey, which was constantly kept in mind by the return of pilgrims, who always brought with them relics of the holy places. In every village inn there was no tale so entrancing as that of the footsore pilgrim from Jerusalem, and there was no more meritorious charity than the gift that sped him on his way.

The nerve which centered in Calvary sent its ramifications to the remotest corner of Christendom. Strike that nerve too roughly, and the spasm of agony would waken to vengeance the dwellers in the hidden valleys of the Alps, in the depth of Rhenish forests, in the low lying fens of Normandy, or in the manors and castles of England, though they lay so far away.

That painful thrill was given, and the shock of it roused to righteous indignation the whole of Europe, when the tidings were received that Hakem, the Moslem Caliph of Egypt, had seized Jerusalem, the Holy City, from the Saracens; had profaned the magnificent church of the Resurrection, and had set his slaves to batter to pieces with heavy hammers the sepulcher of our Lord. No event can be imagined which could touch so profoundly such vast numbers of the Western nations or cause such instant revolt of their religious nature. Their demand for an adequate remedy was both imperative and universal.

CHAPTER XII

PETER PREACHING THE CRUSADE

FOR many years after the capture of Jerusalem by the Saracens in 637, the conquerers had been careful to spare and protect the sacred places. One of these was the Church of the Resurrection, which had been erected by Helena the mother of Constantine. She also had restored the tomb of Joseph, in which the body of Jesus had been laid, and under her care, as the historian states it, it "had become a marble temple, paved with precious stones, and decorated with splendid colonnades." She selected a place for the church close beside the tomb, a magnificent edifice, at the consecration of which the venerated Eusebius had preached the sermon in commemoration of the Savior's glory.

The Caliph Omar, who captured the city from the Christians was so considerate of the possibilities that might affect them, that he refused to pray either in the church or in the tomb, and so conducted his devotions on the steps of the sanctuary. The prudence of this course was apparent when his fanatical followers demanded that he cover the spot where he had knelt with a mosque.

This magnanimous Omar, — be his name mentioned kindly, — granted to the Christians the almost unrestricted use of their church, and so tolerant were these Saracenic Moslems that it is related of the great Haroun-al-Raschid, the hero of many pleasant tales in the Arabian Nights, that he presented the keys of the Holy Sepulcher to the Frankish emperor, Charlemagne.

It was in the year 960 that Hakem wrested the city from the Saracens, and it has been recited how he wrecked the church, which the empress Helena had erected, despite all its sacred associations of six hundred years, and how his slaves battered the Savior's tomb. He was a man who hated toleration and clemency and he sadly misused the pilgrims. Other Mohammedans who came after him continued the perpetration of outrages upon the Christians. In 1076 the Seljouk Turks fought the remnant of the Saracens and took over the city. They were cruel and fanatical almost beyond belief. They subjected the pilgrims to every manner of extortion and abuse. Sometimes they attacked them on the way to or from the city and held the most important of them to heavy ransom. Some they thrust into filthy dungeons. The climax of their abuse was the attack of a Turkish mob upon the Christian Patriarch of Jerusalem, in the course of which they dragged him from his throne and pulled him along the pavement by his hair. When Europe heard of this indignity a shout of vengeance burst

forth from every side. It was felt that something must be done, and that speedily. Such atrocities were past all endurance. It needed but the leader to declare what the action should be.

The leader was provided in the person of Peter Gautier, who is commonly termed Peter the Hermit. He was a native of Amiens in France, a gentleman by birth and a soldier by profession. After a time he retired from the army, married and settled down. After three years his wife died, whereupon he consigned his three infant sons to the care of relatives and took the vows of priesthood. The prevailing fever for pilgrimage affected him and he wandered to the East and reached Jerusalem. Here he was distressed to the soul by the sufferings which the Mohammedans perpetrated on the Christians, and he sought counsel of the aged Patriarch, Simeon, who urged him to go to Constantinople and ask aid of the Greek emperor.

At once he set off for Constantinople, but in his audience with the emperor he obtained nothing but sympathy; for as to help, the emperor declared he had none to bestow, for he had all he could do to keep the Saracens out of his own capital. So Peter trudged back to Jerusalem for further counsel with the Patriarch. This time Simeon advised him to apply to the pope at Rome, and wrote him a letter of appeal which he was to deliver to the Head of the Church in person. For his part Peter promised Simeon that he would

implore all rulers whom he might meet on the journey to Italy to send aid to the Patriarch and the suffering Christians.

Straightway Peter started on his long and toilsome mission. He went on foot as far as Antioch, where he took ship to Apuleia in Italy, and thence he proceeded once more afoot to Rome. At Rome he secured an audience with the pope, Urban II. Urban was all the more willing to encourage him, since the Mohammedans were battering away on the East. A large force was already threatening Vienna, which was the eastern door to Christendom. It was in Urban's mind that the safest way to bar the Moslem from European cities was to strike him hard in his strongholds in Asia and so keep him well occupied at home.

As a result of Peter's visit to the pope, Urban gave him a roving commission to preach for the recovery of Zion, and encouraged him further by the promise that he would presently summon a general council of the Church to consider conditions in Jerusalem.

Greatly heartened by his favorable reception and the thought that the Head of Christendom was sympathetic to the cause of the pilgrims, Peter set forth to traverse Italy and France and rouse the people by preaching the Holy war. The personal appearance of this Apostle of the Crusades was far from prepossessing. He was under the middle height, hard of feature and uncomely, and was clad in the coarsest of raiment. Wherever

he went he carried a great cross, under the weight of which he often staggered as he went his way. At the first glance the stranger might have thought him destined to become the laughing-stock of the first market place which he approached. But this Peter was no laughing stock. Such was the penetration of his intellect, such his burning eloquence as he recounted the woes of the pilgrims and the ruin of the Holy Sepulcher, that the listening crowd was forced to break out into groans and sobs. His success was instant and his progress everywhere became an ovation. The hearts of the populace were moved and they yearned eagerly to share in the great movement toward the East, for which Divine providence seemed to be opening the path.

According to the promise which he had made to Peter, Pope Urban summoned a council to assemble at Piacenza in Italy, in March of 1095. Four thousand priests, two hundred bishops and some thirty thousand of the laity met on the day appointed. The town was too small to entertain such a multitude and so the Council held its daily sessions under tents outside the walls. Among other prominent persons at Piacenza were the ambassadors who came from the Greek emperor at Constantinople. They recited the imminent peril of that great capital, which the Saracens were gathering to assault. If Constantinople should fall, with all its rich treasures of gold and art, and learning, the loss to Christianity would

be past repair. To all this the pope listened graciously, promised that he would extend prompt assistance and then closed the Council with the declaration that he was to summon another council in the Autumn.

The second council of 1095 was convened at Clermont in November, in the French province of Auvergne. The attendance was even greater than at Piacenza. Various matters were considered in the earlier sessions, but the people were eager for the main business. Among themselves they had already settled it that they were to discuss, not so much whether they should take arms against the Moslems, but rather the ways and means of a great military movement.

As a beginning an edict was considered for the prevention of the endless private wars, which were a scandal to Christendom. There was no power other than the Church itself which could compel the haughty barons to sheathe the sword. Accordingly the council voted, and the pope confirmed the decree, that there should be a Truce of God, a suspension of all warlike activities everywhere in Europe for four days in the week, from Wednesday night to Monday morning. This edict of the pope was sanctioned by all the pains and penalties that the Church could inflict upon any noble who had the audacity to violate its terms, no matter how elevated his station.

On the tenth day of the council the pope appeared in the market place of Clermont, where a

great platform had been erected. Peter was appointed to preach the occasional sermon, which service he rendered with great eloquence. He pictured in the liveliest colors the woes of the pilgrims, in the course of which he related his personal experiences, and he finally closed with an impassioned appeal for brave men to deliver the Holy City from the profanation of the infidel.

When pope Urban rose to speak the enthusiasm of the multitude was already at fever heat. He began his memorable address by the statement that "a people without God, their leader the son of an Egyptian slave, occupies the country of our Lord. The City of the King of Kings, from which the precepts of faith are transmitted to other lands, is herself the servant of a superstitious paganism; that miraculous tomb which had not power to retain its victim, — that tomb, the foundation of eternal life, and from which ascended the Sun of Resurrection is polluted by those who will rise only to suffer the pains of eternal fire."

Following this stirring introduction Urban went on to describe how the Saracens had already seized the fairest cities of Asia, and how they were now the menace of all Christendom. If God did not stop them, he asked what kingdom would close the doors of the east. He called upon the warriors of the West to display their valor; to forget father, mother and children in their endeavor to restore the sacred spots of the Holy Land to Christian possession. He declared that

the martial spirit of the West would make the conquest of the East a trifling task. He pledged on the part of the Church immediate pardon of every sin to any soldier of the Cross who suffered wounds or death in fighting the Moslem. So far he was permitted to proceed, but at the promise of pardon of sin for wounds or death in this war the pent up enthusiasm of the assemblage burst all barriers. It was like the breaking away of a great flood. His address was interrupted by the universal shout, "*Deus vult, Deus vult,*" — "It is the will of God!" Instantly the cross was chosen as the badge of enlistment for the Crusade. To meet the demand of the moment for crosses the crimson robe of a cardinal was taken from his shoulders, cut into pieces, each piece being cut to the form of a cross. When such a cross was attached to the breast, or placed on the helmet, it designated a Crusader. Later such crosses were wrought in silken embroidery, or in gold, but they held the same significance. No other badge of distinction could compare with this. Whoever assumed that simple cross, by the act was discharged from every accusation or penalty of whatever nature. To wear that emblem gave release from every contract and was a settlement of every debt. It was a token of severance from every tie of nationality or of home. It was pardon for the murderer, even if he were on the way to the gibbet, with the fatal noose hanging about his neck. At a single stroke it cut through every bond

save one, and that the obligation at every hazard to take up arms for the Holy War. And when the cross had been assumed there was no escape from the crusade, save by dismission given through the consent of the Church. And when the Church commuted the Crusader's vow it would be at a price which would strip him of the most of his earthly possessions.

We are offered an instance of the strenuous obligation of the cross in the history of Louis the Ninth of France, who was the leader of the last Crusade. It had been his custom to attend Chapel every Christmas eve., and at that service to present each gentleman of his train a new mantle of princely cost. Just as he was making preparation for the Crusade the Christmas festival came round. He attended Chapel as usual, and as usual his servants distributed the mantles to the nobles who were in attendance with him. The consternation of these gentlemen, when the king retired from his devotions and they came out of the gloomy sanctuary into the brighter light of the corrider and saw that every mantle was blazoned with the cross, was great. They knew that the king had tricked them into enlistment with his expedition. And they knew also that explanations and exposulations would be of no avail. They had worn the cross, and so must away to the wars.

The crosses that were scattered war and wide from Clermont conferred all the immunities that have been mentioned, and also cemented the one

imperative obligation. Soon every parish church was ringing with the Gospel text, "He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me is not worthy of me." Everywhere were seen the signs of preparation for the coming advance to the East. The armorers were furbishing up old armor and fashioning new coats of mail. Men-at-arms were drilling for the coming combat. In tavern and castle all speech was of the Crusade, of who was going and how. The scriveners were drawing up mortgages which the nobles were to execute in order to raise funds for their equipment. All signs portended a vast movement which was to transfer to Asia the best blood and the liviest ambitions of the West. The preaching of Peter had borne ample fruitage and all Europe was astir in preparation for the great adventure.

CHAPTER XIII

ABORTIVE ENTHUSIASMS

URBAN'S patronage of the Crusade as shown by his impassioned address at Clermont, and the reports of the bishops, who on their return to their dioceses recounted what had occurred, and preached stirring sermons in their churches, gave a fresh impulse to a great movement, which became the most popular that Europe had ever known. Peter also kept on with his sermons in the market-places, which he rendered more graphic by exhibiting to the populace such pilgrims from Palestine whom he found had been maltreated by the Turks. The sight of these victims of Turkish intolerance and cruelty, clad as they were in miserable rags, or crippled by the fetters which they had worn while lying in Turkish dungeons, inflamed the wrath of observers to fever heat. And so all through Italy and France, and even in Britain, the common speech was of the Holy War and how one might get to Palestine. The wave of enthusiasm spread in widening circles till the general infatuation became unparalleled. Troops of soldiers were marching on all the roads chanting their songs,

and urging those whom they met to take up arms with them.

The pope had set August 15, 1096, as the date for the Crusade to start, and the great leaders were making their preparations in accord with this announcement. But the lower classes, the peasantry of the country and the rabble of the towns, were not to be restrained by any maxims of prudence and good judgment, and they came streaming in from the fields and out of the cities to implore Peter to lead them at once against the infidel. The delirium of the time was so contagious as to almost pass comprehension. Whole villages, fathers, mothers and children, deserted their homes and collected in camps outside of the towns, where they mingled together with no kind of order or control. So possessed were they of their one idea that they had no thought of equipment, or provision for subsistence, or any of the customary precautions of an army that undertakes a march. Some of the nobles who had joined these loose companies took with them their outfit for hunting or fishing, as if they were off for a vacation in the wilderness. Even the children were infected to such degree with the universal madness, that they marked their bodies with the cross, and some of them went to the extreme of branding the sacred emblem on their arms or breasts with a hot iron.

The pressure of insistence of the great multitudes upon Peter to become their leader was so

importunate that it could not be denied, and so he started eastward with a mixed horde, composed of all sorts of people indiscriminately, among whom were a few of the nobility, a number of men-at-arms, but the most of whom were laborers or peasants, who trooped along whole families and neighborhoods together.

On leaving France their route lay on the track that the pilgrims had taken, which ran through Germany, Hungary, Bulgaria and Thrace to Constantinople. Peter himself was mounted upon a mule, but the most of his following trudged along on foot. When they had left the Meuse and the Moselle they crossed the Rhine into Germany. Here they were kindly received by their brother Christians, who recognized the holy impulse that actuated them, though Germany herself had not shared in the wild contagion that had overswept the peoples of the west. This was naturally so, for the Crusade had not been preached in the German cities. All the same however they supplied food and other necessities to this great company, as they had supplied lesser bands of pilgrims before.

But as the Crusades advanced, their numbers were swollen with every province to which they came, till they became such a host as to block the highways and exhaust the whole region of its food stores. Seeing clearly that this multitude was too vast for his management, Peter divided it into three bands which were to proceed by

separate routes, a plan which would render the problem of subsistence less precarious.

He placed twenty-three thousand of his company under command of Walter, who was surnamed The Penniless, no doubt for the best of reasons; fifteen thousand he assigned to a monk named Gottschalk, and he retained forty thousand under his own direction.

Trailing along behind these nearly eighty thousand pilgrims came another motley throng of men, women and children, estimated as numbering two hundred thousand, and the most of whom were vagabonds of the vilest sort. Taken altogether here were nearly three hundred thousand or more, a rare contribution which the enthusiasm of the West was extending to the social welfare of the East.

Of these several companies it was the troop of Walter that led the van. Walter was a belted knight, a man of considerable executive capacity, but who as the story runs had impoverished himself through his outlay for the expedition. There were but eight horsemen in all his thousands, he himself being included in the eight. The march began in May, and so long as their route lay in Germany they got on fairly well, but there was grave question of their reception by the Hungarians and the Bulgarians.

The Hungarians had invaded Europe in the Tenth century and had made themselves a scourge to the fairest regions of the Empire. After a

series of ravages that lasted some sixty years they were defeated by Henry I, and later by Otho the Great, and were driven back over the Danube. There they settled down and began to till their fields and adopt a more quiet life. Also toward the middle of the Eleventh century they had embraced Christianity, the faith which they had formerly ventured into Europe to destroy; but the generation or more that they had been living in its profession had not yet sufficed for them to outgrow all their heathen ways and habitudes of thought.

Still beyond the Hungarians lay the Bulgarians, a Slavic race which had been conquered by the Greeks, and constituted a part of the empire. They too were Christians by name, but in their hearts they cherished a hatred for the Greeks who were become their masters, nor had they any love for the Crusaders who were coming out of the West. As yet they were hardly half civilized, and they dwelt in the depths of the forests along the Danube, where they had long been a plague to the pilgrims going to, or returning from the Holy Land.

Since he was an experienced soldier, Walter was able to hold his men in check during the progress through Hungary, but when they came to Bulgaria, driven by want of provisions, and the unwillingness of the Bulgarians to bring them in supplies, they set about meeting their needs by the strong hand. To this end they sent out

scattering raiding parties, who drove off the flocks and picked up stores of food wherever these could be found. The Bulgarians, who had always been a warlike people, summoned a great force and in a desperate battle practically annihilated Walter's army. It was with extreme difficulty that Walter escaped with a handful of companions and made his way by by-paths over the mountains and so onward to Thrace. There he was relieved by the Governor of Nissa, who had been directed by the Greek emperor to give them aid, and so at last he reached Constantinople.

Peter with his forty thousand also came through Hungary without serious mishap, although many privations were suffered on the way. When they came to the border of Bulgaria they learned of the disaster that had overtaken Walter, and when they arrived at Semlin, where the battle with Walter had been fought, their worst fears were realized; for there at the gate of the town were hanging the bodies of several of their brother Crusaders, whom the Bulgarians had slain. Enraged at this gruesome spectacle, the fighting men resolved to take vengeance on Semlin. As they advanced to the attack the people of the town took up a position on a hillside beyond the town, where they would be protected by a dense forest and the river, but also from which they were cut off from chance of flight in case their arms met with a reverse. The battle went against them and four thousand of them fell

under the swords and spears of the Crusaders. The bodies of the slain floated down the Danube and were silent witnesses of the massacre as far as Belgrade, the capital of the Bulgarians. At once when this catastrophe was noised abroad both the Hungarians and the Bulgarians were aflame with indignation. Coleman the king of Hungary came up with a great army, which Peter did not dare to fight, and so he marched forward some one hundred and fifty miles to Nissa. In all his march he encountered abandoned villages and cities, and even Belgrade the capital was bare of inhabitants. At Nissa he found a city that was so strongly fortified that its people held it in force. Both the Crusaders and the Bulgarians here were in such dread of each other that neither cared to risk a battle, and after extended negotiations to secure provisions from Nissa, in which he met with no success, Peter gave the order to march.

As his rear guard was falling into line after the rest had gone, some of the men set fire to several mills along the bank of the Nissava River, which flowed close to the town.

At sight of this destruction, the people of Nissa rushed out and cut the rear guard to pieces, taking the baggage train and hundreds of prisoners. Peter at once returned and sent an embassy into Nissa to urge a release of the prisoners and the baggage. In the course of these negotiations, which the army felt were unduly prolonged, a

detachment of two thousand of the Crusaders made an attack upon the wall. This led to a general engagement, which Peter tried in vain to halt, but his soldiers would take no orders, and the battle went on till the nightfall put an end to the fighting. It was an utter defeat for the army, and Peter found himself with five hundred of his men on a hill, where his trumpets blared all night long to recall to his standards such of his men as were left alive. It was a sad night for the commander, for all his camp equipment, all the women and children, and the treasure chest which had been filled by the gifts of the faithful before they left home were in the hands of the enemy. The next day seven thousand of his fugitives drifted into the camp, and day by day others came till he had thirty thousand, and with ten thousand to be reckoned as his loss.

Struggling forward with these, who were now an occasion of pity to the Bulgarians rather than dread, he was able to get supplies enough to meet necessity, and so at last his force came to Thrace and thence to Constantinople. It is reported that when Peter was informed that the emperor desired to see the man whose eloquent voice had stirred the heart of Europe, and that he would receive him with favor, the priest wept with joy. Alexis did greet him kindly, and gave him funds and military supplies for his men to take the place of what had been lost.

The third body of the disorganized Crusaders

was that of the monk Gottschalk, who had a band which was composed largely of Germans, who had been mercenaries and engaged in the lesser wars, which were terminated by the Truce of God. This force reached Hungary towards the end of summer, which was the period of harvest. It was a time of great rejoicing with the people, and they invited Gottschalk's men to engage with them in their festivities. But these men, most of whom were hardened adventurers and quite lacking in principle, indulged in the wine of the country to excess, and in their intoxication engaged in pillage, violence and even in murder. The Hungarians at first sought to protect themselves by arms, but these men of Gottschalk's were too skilled in arms for them to attempt such a venture. Coloman's general consequently proposed a truce, and sent his chieftains to Gottschalk's camp to arrange the terms. Gottschalk was ready to meet kindness with kindness, and so he had his army lay aside their arms, and the men began to fraternize with the Hungarians as with brothers in a common cause. When the Crusaders had been lulled into a sense of security by these blandishments, other Hungarians who were under arms burst upon them and hewed them down without mercy. The plot was brilliantly successful, and but a bare remnant of the fifteen thousand were left alive.

But the worst disaster that came to these people of disdirected ambition befell that greater host of

two hundred thousand who were recruited from the dregs of the population of Britain, France and Flanders. Many of them were abandoned criminals, who had welcomed the pardon of sin offered by the Church to all who took up the cross, but who in their pledge of Christian service had taken no thought of repentance. Had they been given a real leader, they would probably have refused to obey him, and as it was they could not secure any leader of note. The two men who were the most prominent in their ranks were the monk Volkmar and the Count Emicon. In their ignorance and mad infatuation they had no arms worth mention, and laid in no provisions. For a time when they reached the Rhine they busied themselves in harrying and plundering the Jews in the cities that bordered the Moselle and the Rhine, and only desisted from the practice when they were laden with booty and when commanded to desist by edict of the emperor.

Rejoicing at their outrages upon the Jews as if they had conquered an enemy, they streamed on through Germany taking the general course of the Crusaders who had preceded them. The chroniclers have it that they were led on the march by a goose and a goat, and some of the historians accept the story as if it were fact. It will suffice however for us to take it that these were the emblems emblazoned on their standards, and we may imagine them as indicating fairly the detestable character of the horde that followed them.

When they reached Mersbourg in Hungary, that town refused to open its gates for their entrance, or to beggar itself by furnishing food for so vast a host. The Crusaders resolved to help themselves to the supplies in the town. The city was protected in part by extensive morasses. The Crusaders cut down a neighboring forest and bridged the swamps to gain an approach to the town. They also constructed battering rams to break down the walls, and scaling ladders to be placed against the wall and so gain place on the ramparts. When they began their attack and had weakened a part of the wall with their rams and then set their scaling ladders and began to mount them, a large part of the wall which had been undermined gave way suddenly, bringing down ladders and men and heavy stones in one ruinous pile. The crash of the wall and the cries of the wounded created a general panic among the besiegers, who began to flee in utter confusion. Their case was all the worse because of the causeways which they had constructed for crossing the swamps, and which were now traps for their destruction. The besieged made attack upon them and taking them in the rear, as they were fleeing along the causeways, drove them off into swamps, and then pursued them through the open country. Both Bulgarians and Hungarians joined in attacking them as they were trying to cross the Danube and there finished the destruction of the host. The Beautiful Blue Danube ran red that day with

the blood of slaughter, and its even flow was choked with the bodies of the slain.

It has been mentioned that Walter the Penniless escaped after the loss of his command and reached Constantinople, and that Peter the Hermit arrived there also with the thirty thousand left him from the force with which he had marched from the west.

Alexis the Greek emperor had no pleasure in the coming of these companies, for they committed depredations on his people and were not subject to any kind of discipline. He justly feared that they would cause him as much trouble if not more, than so many barbarians. Accordingly he advised them to cross over the Bosphorus and set up their camp in Asia, where they would be so much the nearer to Jerusalem. Others also from the forces that had been dispersed by the Hungarians and the Bulgarians came straggling into Constantinople, all of whom were transferred to the camp of Peter. Among these late comers were the Monk Volkmar and the Count Emicon. Presently there were gathered in this camp a body of some forty thousand.

Further on toward the East and past Peter's camp lay the city of Nice, which was held by the Moslems and was distant some fifty miles. It was the capital of the Sultan of Roum, who was no better pleased than Alexis with the proximity of those forty thousand ill-conditioned Crusaders. For the beguilement of this host he set afloat a

rumor to the effect that Nice had been captured by the Christians. Peter was no soldier, else he would have investigated such a report before stirring out from camp. But he swallowed the toothsome bait, broke camp and set off to occupy Nice. Still again we observe his weakness as a soldier, for he made no provision for a water supply in that semi-torrid region, where springs are few and far between. When his army came in sight of Nice they were amazed to behold the crescent banner waving proudly over the ramparts. Calamity struck them when they found that their water supply was exhausted and that the Moslems held control of all the wells. Already they were perishing with thirst, when Killedge Arslan, with an overwhelming force of the light Turkish cavalry fell upon them. When the fray was over, only three thousand of the forty thousand were left to struggle back to Constantinople where they found refuge. Walter the Penniless disappeared from history that day pierced with seven Turkish arrows, and Killedge Arslan stacked the bones of the thousands who perished on that field into a ghastly monument of ignorance and stupidity.

It was in such abortive experiments that more than three hundred thousand over-enthusiastic Crusaders met their fate, the most of whom had not so much as a glimpse of Asiatic soil, and much less the chance to lend a hand to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CRUSADERS AT CONSTANTINOPLE

CONSTANTINOPLE was the rallying point of the splendid Christian force, which at the close of the Eleventh century was venturing forth to redeem the glory of the Christian name, which had been shamed by the successes and abuses of the Moslem, and whose goal was no less than the capture of Jerusalem and the rescue of the Holy Places from the tread of the infidel.

This crusade marks an epoch in that long contest between the East and the West, which had raged from the day of the Persian invasion of Greece under Xerxes and which had been renewed more recently by the inroads of the Saracens and Moors into Spain and France, and had met its check by Charles Martel on the plain of Tours. At this time however the population of France was overflowing, and an outlet had to be provided somewhere, and for this the Far East seemed the most convenient direction.

But the exciting occasion of the Holy Wars was the insolently aggresive attitude of the Mohammedan powers. For the better part of a century a constant stream of pilgrims had been pouring into Jerusalem from all the Christian

countries of the West, many thousands of them every year. At first the Saracenic conquerers of Palestine had treated them with consideration, but when the Turkish Moslems drove out the Saracens, the new rulers displayed the bitterest intolerance and subjected the pilgrims to every manner of abuse and injury. At the same time also the Moslems of Asia Minor, who were already in possession of the whole country up to the Dardanelles and the Black Sea, were massing their forces over against Constantinople and were threatening the existence of the Greek empire. If they were able to seize this gateway to Europe their path would be open for a general campaign against all the Christian possessions in the West.

To meet this Mohammedan menace Urban II called two general councils of the Church, the first at Piacenza in Italy in the Spring, and the second at Clermont in France in November of 1095, laid before them the imminent danger of Christendom and urged all the Western powers to engage in a Holy War to avenge the wrongs of the pilgrims and to preserve the Christian faith.

The response of Europe to the voice of the Head of the Church was instant and practically unanimous. It may be questioned if ever in the history of these regions any movement was so wide spread, so spontaneous and so enthusiastic. Everywhere the Crusade was the regular theme of the pulpit and the main subject of popular conversation. At once the princes of the West gave

their assent to the expedition and began to levy their disciplined soldiers and provide munitions and equipment for the movement, which by appointment of the Pope was to begin in the middle of the next August, almost a year away.

The common people however, who had been excited to the extreme by the preaching of Peter the Hermit, gathered together in flocks here and there, and at length in defiance of all the counsels of reason, like the swallows in their autumnal migration, started off on the pilgrim routes to the East. They traveled in four separate bands, and all told were rising three hundred thousand in number. It was a mad infatuation and was doomed to miscarriage from the beginning, for nearly the whole number perished in the forests and swamps of Hungary and Bulgaria, and but the barest remnant struggled through to fall in an ill-conceived battle with the Moslem.

Vastly different from the wild hordes of ignorance and folly was that splendid host of veteran warriors, one hundred thousand of whom were knights in armor, the flower of European chivalry, who assembled at Constantinople early in the Spring of 1097. They arrived in six separate detachments and had traveled some by land, and some by ships sailing through the Mediterranean sea. They were commanded by the ablest captains of the Western world.

The most eminent leader in the host was Godfrey of Bouillon, the Duke of Lower Lorraine.

With his brother Baldwin, the same who succeeded him later in the Kingdon of Jerusalem, he marched over the road of Charlemagne through Hungary, with his great force of ten thousand cavalry and eighty thousand footmen. During all the long march, on the track of the evil host that the Hungarians and Bulgarians had been forced to annihilate on the Danube, such was Godfrey's firm hand upon his army that he was welcomed everywhere and furnished with supplies and every needed assistance. He gave his orders to march eight months after the council at Clermont and was five months on his journey, so that he came to Constantinople at the close of December of 1096.

The next to arrive was Raymond, the Prince of Thoulouse, who was attended by Adhemar, the bishop of Puy, who was also the papal delegate, the special representative of the pope for this expedition. This band marched through Illyria and thence eastward to the rendezvous.

Others of the great commanders were Hugh of Vermandois, brother of Philip, the king of France; Robert the Duke of Normandy, and son of William the First, the first Norman king of England. Robert in order to raise funds for equipping his army had mortgaged the duchy of Normandy to his brother William Rufus. There was a second Robert, who was the Count of Flanders. Still others were Stephen, the Count of Blois and Chartres, the wealthiest nobleman of

the age, who was reputed to own as many castles as there are days in the year; and Bohemond the Prince of Tarentum, the tallest man in the expedition, and a man whose boundless pride and ambition well matched his extraordinary stature. Marching with Bohemond, but only in atttendance and without a following, was the famous Tancred, who was one of the purest as well as one of the most valiant spirits in all the host.

It was late in May of 1097 when Robert of Normandy and Stephen of Blois appeared with their commands. They were the last who were waited for and with their coming the expedition was complete.

The camp of the Crusaders which was pitched on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorous was imposing in numbers and magnificent in all its appointments. Fulcher reports their muster roll as comprising sixty thousand men-at-arms and one hundred thousand belted knights. These men, courteous and tried, noble of bearing, the flower of their age, mounted upon their prancing chargers, with their polished armor ablaze with gems and gold, their pennons tossing in the breeze, have drawn the loving description of the chroniclers. The furnishings of their tents, some of which seemed pavilions for pleasure more than shelters for soldiers, and the array of their serving men, befitted a carnival rather than a serious campaign against a formidable and wily foe.

At length the hour arrived for the great host

to break camp and renew their march. Five weary months had slipped by since Godfrey had reached the capital of the East, months lost by no default of his, for he was compelled to linger for the other captains who did not recognize the need for haste. And there had been prolonged diplomatic negotiations with Alexis, the Greek emperor, who desired to have them conquer his enemies, but at the same time did not wish the conquest to occur too soon, lest in their pride they might turn their forces against himself. It would have pleased him much in the great struggle to have the Moslems and the Christians wear each other out in their fighting each other, and at the end to have the Crusaders win by a narrow margin.

But at last the order was to march, and a tedious march it was. Before they could reach Jerusalem they must cross the whole extent of Asia Minor and a good piece of Syria besides. And in addition to the natural hardships of their journey every step of their advance was to be contested by the almost limitless forces of the Moslem, who would fight to the last drop of their blood against the hated Christians.

Their first objective was Nice, the capital of the Sultan of Roum. This town had been memorable in Church history as the place of holding Constantine's great council. More recently it had witnessed the slaughter of the army of Peter the Hermit in October of the year before. This Nice

was a considerable town, and lay close under the edge of a mountain. One side of the city touched upon Lake Ascanius, and the other two sides were fortified by a double wall, which was strengthened by three hundred and seventy towers of brick and stone.

The Crusaders laid siege to the city and awaited their attack with stubborn defiance. In their assault the Crusaders employed great towers, faced with heavy timbers and covered with raw hide, which they pushed up against the wall. When their towers were in position, they let fall a drawbridge over which the assailants swarmed upon the ramparts. They also brought up battering rams to ram the walls, and worked them under sheds or galleries of heavy beams, which guarded them from damage by the besieged. Deep below the surface of the ground they excavated tunnels which they drove forward under the walls. As they advanced these tunnels were supported overhead by timber work and heavy props. When their tunnel was run well under the wall they started a fire fed with lively combustibles which burnt out the props and so caused a cave in of the wall.

The Turks inside the town were no less active in their operations for defence. From the ramparts they poured down hot pitch and boiling oil upon the Crusaders, and that terrible Greek fire, which it is said that water could not quench. They countermined the mines of the Christians.

From outside their Sultan with his swarms of light cavalry swooped down to attack every exposed position. At the same time the lake, which was open to the town along one of its sides, gave free access for provisions and all manner of supplies.

At length the Crusaders recognized their folly in not having blockaded the lake, and so they constructed a fleet of boats, with which they patrolled the lake so thoroughly as to cut off all communication between the besieged and the Turkish forces outside. In this manner they brought the town to the verge of starvation. But just as they were preparing for the final assault, they were amazed to behold the Turkish standards lowered, and the ensigns of Alexis, the Greek emperor, hoisted in their place. That subtle potentate had outwitted these soldiers, and by his arts of diplomacy had wrested from their grasp the rich prize for which they had been fighting so earnestly. Their maledictions against Grecian treachery were loud and deep, but Alexis invited the leaders to his tent at Pelecania, where he outdid himself in extending them every gracious courtesy. When he dismissed them it was after lading them with gifts of priceless worth. Taking their sober second thought, they came to the conviction that they could not contend the point with Alexis without abandoning the Crusade altogether, and so they swallowed their wrath and decided to move onward toward the East.

CHAPTER XV

DORYLAEUM AND ANTIOCH

SIX weeks the Crusaders had been engaged in the siege of Nice, and it was now at the end of June. This was the period of the summer heat, and there was before them a most difficult country through which they had to force their way. After a wearisome march of fifty miles they came to the plan of Dorylaeum, where they were beset by a mass of Turkish cavalry. The ease with which the Turks assembled their horsemen was remarkable. Some sixty years previous to this, Mahmud of Gazneh had been warned of his peril in hiring these mercenary tribes to fight his battles, when he asked Ismael, a chief of the Seljuks, how many men he could supply for one of his campaigns.

"Send me this arrow," said Ismael, "into our camp and fifty thousand of your servants will take the saddle."

"If that should not suffice?"

"Send then this second arrow to the horde of Balik, and you will find fifty thousand more."

"But," continued Mahmud, "should I need all your force?"

"In that case," replied Ismael, "send my bow and it will bring two hundred thousand horse."

With such a conversation in mind, the Latin historians may be credited when they report that Killedge Arslan rode to Dorylaeum at the head of three hundred thousand Turks. For a time the battle raged with doubtful advantage. The knights were fighting in the blazing sun and suffered torture in their casements of heavy armor. The Turks were mounted on their fleet Arabian coursers, and could yield before a charge of lances, only to sweep back like eagles upon any flank which they saw was exposed. The Sultan at the head of a picked body of horse burst into the Christian camp, slaying there without quarter and sparing none but the younger women. For the moment the day seemed lost, but just as the Crusaders' hearts were yielding to despair, the Christian host of Godfrey and Raymond, fifty thousand strong, came marching to the rescue. As soon as the Sultan caught sight of the sun dancing on their shields and lanceheads he beat a speedy retreat to the mountains. But his discreet movement did not save him. The fresh forces of the Christians, as soon as they saw the plundered camp, and the bodies of their slain comrades, shouted their war cry, "*Deus vult,*" — "It is the will of God," and charged in hot pursuit of the flying foe. The Count of Tholouse assailed the Moslems in front, and they gave way at the first rush. Tancred, Godfrey, Hugh and

the two Roberts made their attack by the flank, and Adhemar, the fighting bishop, hemmed the enemy in on their rear. Great numbers of the Moslems were cut down in their tracks, and those who escaped sought refuge in the defiles of the mountains. Many of their great Emirs, three thousand of their lesser officers and twenty-thousand of their soldiers were among the dead. And so the Christians turned what had almost been defeat into a striking victory. They captured the Turkish camp with its vast treasure in silver and gold and with other stores of immense value. They had broken the power of the Sultan of Nice for the time and their hearts were greatly rejoiced.

As soon as the army had recovered breath the march was resumed. It was still a long way that they had to go, over five hundred miles, and for all that distance nature seemed to be in league with the foe for their destruction. The son of Arslan rode before them with ten thousand horse, and was busily engaged in destroying all means of subsistence. He made their whole line of march a burning, dreary waste. The sun shone down with its scorching heat, and there was no shelter, for every habitation had been put to the torch. Often in their lack of water they were consumed with thirst. Overcome by their privations, falcons, dogs, pack-horses and men lay down and perished. As their horses died, they strapped their camp gear on goats, on dogs and sometimes

even on swine. So frightful was that pitiless march across Asia Minor that out of that splendid array of one hundred thousanl lances thirty thousands were on foot when they came to the Syrian border.

But at last, as every night has its morning, their worst trials came to an end. They crossed the divide of the Taurus range and defiled upon the fertile plain where they had the comfort of receiving cheerful tidings.

The principality of Edessa, a rich province of Mesopotamia which bordered upon the Euphrates, was governed by Theodore, a prince of the Greeks. The Turks had been giving him trouble and he sent to the Crusaders to give him help in his distress. Baldwin responded to the appeal, marched at the head of two hundred lances, beat off the Turks and as a reward was adopted as a son by Theodore who had no heirs of his own. Later Baldwin succeeded Thodore as Prince of this important outpost of Christian power.

Meanwhile the Crusaders were advancing to Antioch, that city in which the disciples were first known by the Christian name. As it had been formerly, it was still a place of wealth and refinement. In undertaking the siege of Antioch the Crusaders were facing many problems. The wall surrounding the town was nine miles in length. The Orontes river and the low lying marshes about it, as well as wide canals filled with water, added to the defences of the town. But the worst

drawback for the Crusaders was their utter lack of organization and of efficient generalship. Every knight was a law unto himself, and he fought when, and how, and where he pleased, and would have resented any direction in the matter from any source. It was a situation in which the individual might perform prodigies of valor, and yet have it all of no avail. Because of this lack of central authority, while the Crusaders blockaded two of the five gates of the city, they left the other three open for the Turks to come and go as they pleased. And so it happened that month after month dragged along with our Crusaders pursuing their childish attempts to breach the walls. Sometimes they were revelling in abundance and again they were agonizing in semi-starvation.

Besides their other troubles their camp was swarming with spies, who reported every plan that they devised, so that the enemy, forewarned of their movements, could balk every attempt. At length they adopted an ingenious stratagem to abate the evil, which was effective, even if not to be commended. Rumors began to drift about the camp of something remarkable at the quarters of Bohemond, the Prince of Tarentum. Many strangers, among whom were some who had been strongly suspected of spying, flocked about to see what was happening. To their horror they beheld a barbecue, not of goats or oxen, but of Turks who were being roasted whole. The cook stood by

the fire with a great ladle with which he was basting his meats. When questioned about the matter he said that he was getting Bohemond's supper, and that his orders were to roast and serve up all the spies he could catch. From that time onward the trade of spy became less popular.

As the siege dragged its tedious course, privation and hunger were general in the Crusaders' ranks. Desertions became frequent. William the Carpenter, so called from his cheerful alacrity in smashing Turkish skulls, forgot his vows and forsook the army. Peter the Hermit, the preacher of the Crusade, did the same, and in the act caused almost as much surprise as if the skies had fallen. Both were pursued and captured, and when brought to camp were compelled to take their oath upon the Gospels to hold faithful ever after.

Seven months slipped away after this fashion, when Bohemund succeeded in winning over friends in the city to give him entrance with sixty of his men. As soon as they were safely inside they threw open the two gates and the body of Crusaders rushed in and carried the town by storm. The booty that fell into their hands in treasure and all manner of goods and commodities was vast, almost incredibly so; for Antioch was one of the richest of the Eastern cities. And so for a time they were revelling in abundance.

But the tables soon were turned by an event the like of which is not frequent in history, for

the besiegers were themselves besieged. Kerboga the Turkish commander had collected an immense host, which has been variously estimated as consisting of from two hundred to four hundred thousand, under twenty eight powerful emirs, and was advancing toward the city. Kerboga did not repeat the blunder of the Christians by leaving any of the gates free and open, but to the contrary sealed every approach hard and fast. It was but a short time when all supplies in the town were exhausted, and there was no way in which the stores could be replenished. For twenty five days the Christians suffered every privation till they were reduced to the extremity of chewing weeds and the roots of plants, and the leather of their belts and trappings. William the Carpenter disregarded his recent oath and deserted for the second time. The common soldiers were exhausted to the degree that one company gave no heed to the battle call, till Bohemund ordered the torch to be set to the roof over their heads.

In their frightful extremity it was realized that nothing short of a miracle could save them from utter despair. Those who know the Middle Age understand that miracles frequently happened when the want was great. In the army there was a French priest, Peter Barthalemy, who had a dream, according to his story, which was three times repeated, that the lance head, which had pierced the Savior's side when he was on the cross, had been brought to Antioch and was

buried under the Church of St. Peter. The matter was brought to the leaders who thought it worth a trial. Under Peter's direction search was made under the high altar, with seven discreet persons present, who were to serve as witnesses. Outside the church the army thronged about the doors. As the excavation proceeded for hour after hour the expectation and excitement grew more intense. The pit reached the depth of twelve feet and still there was no sign of the lance head. Finally the Church bells tolled the ghostly hour of midnight. At the sound Peter the monk leaped into the pit and began digging with feverish energy. The seven discreet witnesses closed their eyes in the fervor of supplication. Suddenly Peter gave a shout of exultation and clambered out of the pit with the lance head still in its wrappings of cloth of gold. The Crusaders were wild with joy from certainty that this miracle from Heaven was assurance that the victory was in their hands.

Early the next morning, Peter the Hermit, under a flag of truce, went to the camp of Kerboga and offered to leave the fate of the city to a battle between champions of an equal number to be chosen from the Christians and the Turks. Kerboga, who thought that the city was as good as captured already, rejected the overture with scorn. Nothing was left the Christians but to fight the overwhelming force of the enemy as best they could. The following day, June 28th, 1098, the

festival of Sts. Peter and Paul, was set for the sally. Of all their hundred thousand horses but two hundred were left. These were fed the last of the provender. The host then received the sacrament and slept as best they could to recruit their strength for last desperate effort. At break of day they threw open the gates and the army rushed forth in twelve bands, emblematical of the twelve apostles. Adhemar the papal legate carried the sacred lance at the head of the attack. The destitution of these warriors was pitiable. Many marched forth with not a stitch of clothing to cover them. Great barons, whose horses had perished took the field afoot, or astride of a camel or a donkey. Godfrey, the commander of the Crusade, as far as it could be said to have a commander, was forced to borrow the charger which he rode from the Count of Tholouse. In the face of all these discouraging conditions because of their confidence in the miracle they pushed their charge with resistless valor. All of Kerboga's shrewd dispositions, all his vast multitude of soldiers, all his fighting spirit availed him nothing. He launched division after division of his fleet cavalry against the ranks of the Christians only to see them broken and driven back in confusion. At last he sounded the retreat, which quickly grew to a rout, and the rout to massacre. All the day long the Christians fought, smiting and slaying, till at night when they counted up their losses they were jubilant to find that while they had lost four

thousand of their force, the Turks had left on the field a hundred thousand of their dead. The spoil which they gathered from the Turkish camp was almost unlimited and it required several days for them to transport it to their quarters in the town. When they had completed the inventory of their treasure it appeared that these knights of the cross, who so lately were in utter destitution, were wealthier by far than when they left Europe. Kerboga's great tent, which was spacious enough to cover two regiments of infantry, was the object of general admiration. It was shipped away to Italy where it was long preserved as a striking example of oriental luxury and magnificence.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM

BY THEIR auspicious victory at Antioch the Crusaders felt that they had secured their route for the rest of the way to Joppa, and they realized their immediate duty to press forward before the Turks could recruit their shattered armies. But these men of the Middle Age in many respects were the merest children in their lack of good judgment and their inclination to follow the immediate impulse. And their conduct now gave fresh illustration of their proneness to ease and pleasure. The wealth of their newly gotten gains tempted them to riot and excess. Their famine had become a surfeit. But the surfeit induced improvidence, and the improvidence brought on a second famine. And the second famine together with the multitude of the dead, so many of whom had been left half buried not far from the city, begot a pestilence. Eight months they dallied in revellings and in the sicknesses which followed, before the trumpets called the advance, and in that time so dreadful had been the ravage of the plague, that of all their former great host only fifteen thousand horsemen and twenty thousand footmen followed the standards through Syria.

But this reduced company was composed of the choice spirits of the Crusade, with Godfrey, Raymond, Tancred and the two Roberts of Normandy and Flanders at their head. From Antioch they chose the route by the seacoast, in order that they might keep in close communication with the supply ships of the Italians, which stood along in sight of the shore. All the way to the south as far as Joppa, three hundred miles, they encountered no resistance. Conscious that they could not hold Tyre and Sidon against the Christians, the Moslems had withdrawn their troops and the inhabitants had deserted their homes.

Attention has already been called to the dissensions between the Turkish and the Saracenic Moslems. It was the cruelty of the Turks, who had driven the Saracens from Jerusalem, which had aroused the wrath of Christendom. While the siege of Antioch was in progress and the Turkish host under Kerboga was fighting the Crusaders, the Caliph of Cairo, a Saracen, had reconquered Jerusalem from the Turkish garrison, and he now offered the Crusaders free access to the Holy Sepulcher as a condition of peace. But the Christians had made too many sacrifices to accept a peace on such a slight concession, and they returned the stern reply that they were coming to unlock the gates of Zion with the same keys with which they had opened Nice, Edessa and Antioch.

After reaching Joppa they turned to the left, and with their backs to the Mediterranean they began to ascend the slopes that led to the Holy City. At the village of Emmaus they were met by a deputation of Christians from Jerusalem, who had come to implore their help to secure the rescue of the brethern whom the Moslems were holding as slaves. It was at midnight that Tancred, with three hundred men in the advance guard, reached Bethlehem and there planted the cross over the spot where Rachel was buried and Christ had been born. The next day, June 10th, 1099, at early dawn they surmounted the heights beyond and began their descent over the Mount of Olives, from which the caught their first view of Jerusalem, their cherished goal. From rank to rank sped their exultant shout, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" which they alternated with their war-cry, "*Deus vult,*" — "It is the will of God!" For the moment the sacred memories which attended the scene overpowered the dignity of these stern warriors. They sprang from their horses, cast off their shoes, and advanced leading their horses by the bridle, and with flowing tears they blessed God for the welcome vision. The Italian Tasso in his Jerusalem Delivered has pictured the scene:

"Their naked feet trod on the dusty way,
Following the example of their zealous guide.
Their scarves, their crests, their plumes and feathers gay
They quickly doffed and willing laid aside.

Their molten hearts their willing pride allay,
Along their watery cheeks warm tears downslide,
And then such secret speech as this they used,
While to himself each one himself accused:
'Flower of Goodness! Root of lasting Bliss!
'Thou Well of Life, whose stream was purple blood
'That flow-ed here to cleanse the foul amiss
'Of sinful man: behold the brinish flood
'That from my melting heart distill-ed is.
'Receive in gree these tears, O Lord so Good:
'For never wretch with sin so overgone
'Had fitter time, or greater cause to moan!''

When they surmounted the first tide of their emotion, they hastened on toward the city. In that time it was much less extensive than in the former day. In plan it was rectangular and encompassed the four hills, Moriah, occupied by the mosque of Omar; the Acra to the south, which reached the whole breadth of the town; Bezetha to the north, and Calvary to the northwest, from whose slopes rose the Church of the Resurrection. On the south and west the walls rose sheer over lofty precipices, and were too strong for attack; so the host went on and took up position to the north and west. The two Roberts of Normandy and Flanders pitched their tents near where Stephen, the first martyr fell. Raymond selected a place to the south of Zion, and Godfrey and Tancred floated their standards on the first swell of Calvary. As the lines defiled to their respective places the Turks fell back, and when they had poisoned all the wells they retreated into

the city and closed the gates. The defenders numbered forty thousand Egyptians, and twenty thousand residents who were capable of bearing arms.

Now there occurred an incident, which were it not so well attested might seem open to doubt. And yet it was but one of many that were characteristic of the age. While his force was deploying into camp, Tancred turned aside to pray on the slope of the Mount of Olives, that spot so replete with Gospel memories. Suddenly his devotions were interrupted by five Saracens, who were eager to capture or slay so redoubtable a champion. Though he was on foot, Tancred was not dismayed at being outnumbered, and swinging his great sword met the attack as became his reputation. The sacred grove resounded with the clash of arms and was bespattered with Moslem blood. Three of the assailants soon bit the dust, at which the others, finding their case too desperate for further venture, turned and fled. When they were gone, Tancred completed his devotions, and then took his way to camp as if nothing had happened that was worthy of mention.

On the fifth day of the siege there was another incident, which also was characteristic of that credulous and superstitious period. Some over zealous fanatic started to attack the wall, and the whole army rushed after him pell mell, imagining perhaps that the wall might collapse before them

by miracle like that of Jericho. They had but one scaling ladder and no military engines at all. It was the crazy outburst of extravagant infatuation. The defenders quickly cast off the one ladder and nothing was gained but bitter shame and disappointment.

Having learned wisdom by benefit of harsh experience, the Crusaders now began to prepare for a siege to be conducted according to recognized principles. There was no standing timber to be had anywhere near Jerusalem, and all the material for their towers, mantalets and catapults had to be cut at Shechem, thirty miles distant, and then had to be dragged to the camp by mules and oxen. While they were building their military engines, they suffered horribly from thirst. In the fierce heat of summer the brooks of Siloam and Kedron were dry. The Turks had poisoned all the wells and springs about the city and all water for the camp had to be brought in leather bottles for eight or ten miles. Many who wandered from the camp in search of springs that would be safe to drink from were killed by the enemy, and every morning it was a common sight to see the proud Crusaders stretched prone on the ground, to lick the dew from the rocks with their tongues. Still, with all their hardships there was no lack of courage. All day long there was heard the crash of the battering rams that were pounding the walls, the swish of the catapults as they hurled great rocks at the battlements or over them into the city, and

the roar of tumbling masonry, which for the moment drowned the cries of the soldiery. As the lofty towers neared the walls the defenders hurled at them the dreadful Greek fire, by which Robert's tower was set afire and destroyed. The next day, Friday, July 15th, 1099, the struggle was renewed with still greater vigor, as it seemed to all that the end was approaching. Hour by hour the wall was weakening. At three o'clock, the time of the Savior's death, the drawbridge of Godfrey's tower dropped upon the rampart, and the brothers Tournay, followed by Godfrey sprang upon the wall. Just as he was planting his standard, the two Roberts, accompanied by Tancred, who had been battering at Stephen's gate, broke it away with their heavy axes, and burst into the city. Nothing could withstand the fury of the storming parties. For hours the thirsty sword carved its way, till the mosque of Omar, which rose on the site of King Solomon's temple, was heaped with the bodies of the slain.

As night fell, the congratulations of Christian prisoners, who had been released from Moslem dungeons, recalled the blood-stained warriors from fighting to prayer. They put off their battered armor and clothed themselves in garments of white. Led by Godfrey the whole host, barefoot and with heads uncovered, pouring out sighs and tears, pursued their way to the Church of the Resurrection, where they reverently kissed the rock where once the Savior lay. Their joy was

too deep for words, at having accomplished their desire, and regaining possession of the Holy City and of the tomb of the Lord.

Now in quick succession followed the division of the booty, the expulsion from the city of all Moslems, the reconsecration of the Holy Shrines, the gathering of a Christian population, and the setting up of a new Christian principality, with Jerusalem as the capital.

The unanimous choice of the Christian leaders fell upon Godfrey of Bouillon as their king. With his habitual modesty, while he accepted the duties of a sovereign, he refused to wear a crown of gold, where his Master had worn a crown of thorns. He also would not take the title of king and preferred to be known as The Defender of the Holy Sepulcher.

Before he could establish his principality another battle had to be fought. This contest took place on the plain of Ascalon, August 12th, 1099. Here Godfrey with the support of five thousand knights and fifteen thousand footmen routed completely an immense force of Egyptians. Thirty thousand of the enemy perished on the field, and sixty thousand more lay dead, wherever they were overtaken by the relentless pursuit of the Christians.

With the battle of Ascalon the story of the First Crusade reaches its conclusion. The main body of the Crusaders soon sailed away to the West, and Godfrey was left in charge of the new Chris-

tian kingdom, but hemmed in on every side by an alert and powerful foe, and dependent for success on his own strong right arm, and in his trust in the God of glory, who had been his defence in all his previous struggles and victories.

CHAPTER XVII

GODFREY KING OF JERUSALEM

THE capture of Jerusalem filled the Crusaders themselves with an almost measureless joy, and as the tidings spread abroad, the churches which they had established in the East held services of special thanksgiving. When the word was carried to Europe, there was a sigh of relief from the friends of the warriors that their fearful risks were over, and a great wave of rejoicing, to know that the sacred places which the Moslem powers had usurped for four and a half centuries were restored to Christian protection.

But if Christendom was elated, the dismay of the Mohammedan world was profound. The Moslems held Jerusalem almost as sacred as Mecca. According to the tradition, both Adam and Abraham worshipped on these mountains, and it was here at the end of the ages that all the prophets were to assemble. And now these terrible Christian warriors, whom no force or address could withstand, had seized the Holy City and were driving the faithful out of the land with fire and sword. One of their poets lifted up his lamentation in language like this:

"How much blood has been shed: what blows have been inflicted on true believers! Their wives have been obliged to flee, hiding their faces. Their children have fallen prey to the sword of the victor. For our fathers, once masters of Syria, there is now no refuge but the backs of their camels, the entrails of the vultures."

One of the earliest duties of the Crusaders, after their praises to God for his signal mercy, was to bury the dead and cleanse the streets from the horrible ruck of carnage. To neglect this precaution in that semi-tropical climate was to court the pestilence. In this task they employed the labor of their captives, who had escaped the edge of the sword to be reduced to menial servitude.

Next in order was the erection of a Christian state. The city and its outlying region had now a new set of inhabitans, a new religion, and it was to be under a new government. Up to this moment in the conduct of the Crusades there had been no supreme command. Time and time again their enterprise had been hindered or even brought to the verge of ruin, because of the personal or national rivalries of great lords, who fought when and how they pleased, and who, when they happened to move in concert, did so through concession to the personal influence of some leader, but never from willingness to obey a command. But no state can be established merely on the personal influence of its ruler. To be stable and efficient the government must govern, and the subject must be in subjection; preferably of course

by good will and his own consent, but when the subject is obdurate, any sovereignty that is worth while must be sovereign.

An assembly was called to provide for the selection of a king. Robert, Count of Flanders, delivered before it a pertinent address which has been preserved. In it he called to mind that the great body of the Crusaders was about to return home, and that the smaller company that was to be left behind would be surrounded by enemies, while their friends who would be glad to help them would be far away upon the seas. In this situation they must have a king upon whom they could depend in the hour of trial. He recited some of the obligations of such a king in these words;

"He whom we shall choose as a leader must be a father to all those who have quitted their country and their families for the service of Jesus Christ, and the defence of the Holy places. He must make virtue flourish in this land where God himself has given the model of it: he must win the infidels to the Christian religion, accustom them to our manners, and teach them to bless our laws. If you elect one who is not worthy, you will destroy your own work, and will bring ruin on the Christian name in this country."

To this he added more counsel of a like sort, and finally declared that he did not aspire to the honor for himself, since he was resolved to return to Europe. Several others were equally settled in their determination to go back to their families,

which they had left overlong. In this manner the choice was narrowed down to the two, Raymond of Thoulouse and Godfrey of Bouillon.

As to Raymond, he had been distrusted as having always exhibited an overbearing and quarrelsome disposition; and besides it was his preference to rule in his own principality of Tripolis, which lay on the coast on the road back to Antioch.

Godfrey was the popular leader and he enjoyed the reputation of a saint. Many a time in the critical moment his sword had been the main stay of the Crusade. And yet, though the tide of popular favor was setting strongly toward Godfrey, the leaders displayed their good sense in creating a council of ten representative men, who were to nominate the king; and they were charged to scrutinize carefully the record and character of every person who could be thought of for the high office.

The council attended to its task faithfully for a week. They summoned witnesses whom they examined without regarding whether they were friendly or hostile to this or that candidate. They weighed every consideration which affected the qualifications of a sovereign, no matter how trivial it might seem. They went so far, as we are advised by William of Tyre, as to question servants respecting the most intimate concerns of their masters. Along with the rest they called up the

servants of Godfrey, and asked them what faults they had observed in the Duke of Lorraine.

"The only fault we find with our master," said one of the witnesses, "is that when matins are over, he will stay so long in the church to learn the name of every image and picture, that dinner is often spoiled by his long tarrying."

"Ah!," said the Council, "as this man's worst vice appears to us a great virtue, Jerusalem could not have a better sovereign."

And so the council named Godfrey and he was hailed with acclamation. In his rare modesty he refused the name of king, but despite his repudiation of the titles and dignities, he fulfilled the duties of a king, and history accords him rank as the first King of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem.

Hardly was Godfrey seated in his kingdom, when he was compelled to take the field to maintain his possession. The Moslems had now come to see that their quarrels with each other had cost them Jerusalem, and so they composed their differences and agreed to accept the leadership of the Caliph of Egypt. The Caliph sent his emir Afdhal into Palestine. He came at the head of an immense force to Ascalon, the city which in Bible times was held by the Philistines, and which lay on the Mediterranean coast. This Afdhal had sworn a great oath before the Caliph of Cairo to recapture Jerusalem and to destroy utterly the Tomb of Christ and every Christian memorial

in the Holy City. He was to be joined at Ascalon by a great fleet that had sailed out of the Nile, laden with all manner of supplies, and especially with military engines for the reduction of Jerusalem. And towards Ascalon Moslem troops were hastening from every quarter, especially from Damascus and other Eastern cities. Some came from distant Bagdad to reinforce the army of the Egyptians.

The hour was a critical one for the little band of Christians. Their number now was five thousand knights and fifteen thousand men-at-arms. Robert of Normandy and Raymond of Tholouse refused to join in the march; first as they said, because they did not credit the story about the Egyptians being at Ascalon; and further on the part of Robert, that he had fulfilled his vow, and there remained no reason for his fighting; and on the part of Raymond, because he had not been allowed to keep the Citadel of David, which he claimed to be his own by right of capture. But when Godfrey and his army began the march from Jerusalem, the priests, the women and the sick who were left behind began to upbraid the two princes, and declared that their blood would be upon their heads if they did not go forth to fight the infidel. Moved by the appeal they mounted their charges and followed the king.

Godfrey followed the coast route down toward Ascalon till he came to Sorek, a torrent bed, that cut the broad plain that lies between Joppa and

Ascalon. Here he pitched his camp about ten miles from the enemy. Just at the dusk of evening the Crusaders observed what seemed a great body of troops approaching. A company of horse was sent forward to reconnoitre and returned to report that it was nothing more than an immense drove of oxen and camels. Godfrey's men were eager to set forth and capture so rich a booty, but the king suspected the stratagem of the foe, who had sent the drove in order to entice him to break ranks in pursuit of the animals, and so give the chance to make a surprise attack. He therefore held his men under arms and when the drove came up he ordered the lines opened to let the animals pass through. Early the next morning the Crusaders went into battle, as a writer of the time expressed it, as if they were bound to a joyous festival. An emir of Palestine, who was on the auxiliary force of the enemy, was amazed at their ardor and declared that he would renounce the prophet and embrace the faith that could produce such gallant soldiers.

The Christians were outnumbered many times by the foe, but the Moslems had lost courage from their continuous series of defeats, and still more by the miscarriage of their stratagem of the oxen and camels, which they had expected would throw the Crusaders into confusion. They were the more disturbed also from the fact that when the Christians made their charge the whole body of animals that had passed the night beyond them came

trooping along following them. Their movement raised a great cloud of dust, which the Egyptians mistook to have been occasioned by a reserve of Christian cavalry, and this belief contributed the more to their disheartening. From the moment of the Crusaders' onset there was no question of the issue. Everywhere the Moslems fell back before the lances and swords of the Christians. Demoralized by their fears many of them flung down their weapons and were slain without making resistance. Others fled headlong for refuge among the rocks and caves of the mountains, and thousands more were driven like sheep to be drowned in the sea. In the middle of the battle the Egyptian fleet that had been moored in the harbor of Ascalon hoisted sail and put out to sea. Many of the fugitives rushed for safety to Ascalon, and it is told that as they were crowding over the drawbridge to get into the town they were blocked by their own numbers, and that two thousand of them were slain by the Crusaders on the very threshold of safety. The collapse of the Egyptian expedition was complete. Thirty thousand of them were killed on the field and sixty thousand more on the retreat. Such was the mortification of Afdhal at the catastrophe, as it is reported, that he cursed God and blasphemed Mohammed, who he asserted had abandoned the faithful to the sword of the unbelievers. The Christians had all the benefit of the drove of oxen

and camels, and returned to Jerusalem enriched with the vast treasure which they captured in the Egyptian camp.

After his victory Godfrey set himself to the task of consolidating and building up his kingdom. He provided houses for the multitude of strangers who flocked from Europe and the Eastern cities to make their home near the sacred places. He established courts for the several classes of litigants, and framed an extensive code of laws, which was expanded by his successors, and in 1369 was adopted as the code of the Latin kingdom of Cyprus.

At the start his territory extended over Jerusalem itself and the land which was formerly occupied by the tribes of Judah and Israel, which we have known as Palestine. When the Crusaders departed on their return to Europe he had for his army about three hundred knights and five thousand common soldiers. In his realm there were some twenty cities, but many of them were still garrisoned by Moslems.

At his order Tancred, one of his ablest leaders, made an expedition to Tiberias in Galilee. He captured the town and converted it into a Christian principality, which he governed as a vassal of Godfrey. By similar expeditions the king reduced Caesarea, Ptolemais and Ascalon, but allowed them to remain under their Moslem emirs while they paid their regular tribute to Jerusalem.

Toward the end of the year in which he was

made king, the Sultan of Damascus led a force of Saracens and Turks against Tiberias with intent to drive Tancred out of his principality. Word of the raid was brought to Godfrey, and summoning his knights, and with the help of many pilgrims who had recently arrived at Jerusalem he marched into Galilee, attacked the Moslems and drove them headlong into the mountains. As he was returning along the caraven route which leads down along the coast, he was met by the emir of Caesarea, who presented him with a basket of fresh fruit. He ate a single cedar apple and fell alarmingly ill. He was hurried on a litter by way of Jaffa to Jerusalem, where he died within five days of completing his year as king. His nobles did not hesitate to accuse the emir of having given him poison in the cedar apple, but it is quite possible that the illness was occasioned by an acute indigestion.

Brief as was Godfrey's reign, it was long enough to establish his reputation for wise statesmanship and for the exercise of justice tempered with mercy. Moslem and Christian have united in extolling his virtue and magnanimity. What of nobility and goodness continued on in the kingdom was the result of the stamp placed upon it by the wisdom of Godfrey, the first in the line of its Christian kings.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE TWO BALDWINS

WITH the death of Godfrey it was necessary for an immediate selection of his successor. Several of the barons favored Baldwin, the Count of Edessa, who was Godfrey's brother. Daimbert, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, in his desire to assert the power of the Church, and to have the next king indebted to himself for his elevation, sent letters to Bohemond, prince of Antioch, imploring him to come and assume the crown. His messengers returned with the discouraging tidings that Bohemond had made an expedition against the Turks and had been captured, and was then lingering in a Turkish dungeon. This calamity impelled the Christian leaders to hasten their decision, and so with scant regard for the feelings of the Patriarch they despatched deputies to Baldwin to urge his acceptance of the throne.

Many men in Baldwin's position would have rejected this tender, for his principality of Edessa was renowned for its wealth and luxury, and his hold upon its power was secure beyond question. Jerusalem to the contrary lay in a sterile region, which had been ravaged over and over again with fire and sword, and its few dependent cities were subject to constantly recurring attacks by the

Moslems. But to Baldwin the latter consideration was attractive in itself, for he was a warrior ingrained, and the prospect of enlarging the borders of Zion by capture of other cities from the infidel appealed strongly to his adventurous nature. So he transferred his authority as Count of Edessa to his cousin, Baldwin du Bourg, and set out for Jerusalem at the head of four hundred horsemen and four thousand foot.

The emirs of Damascus and Edessa had no liking for such a redoubtable fighter to be made ruler in Jerusalem, and so they concerted a fine plan to waylay him as he came to the narrow passes along the coast, where the mountains almost touch the sea. When his scouts reported that the enemy was lying in ambush in the passes, Baldwin employed the timeworn stratagem of seeming to retreat. The enemy fell to the device and came rushing after him into the open plain, and when they were well in the open he wheeled about in sudden assault and inflicted a disastrous defeat upon his adversary. He took many of them prisoners and went on with them to Jerusalem.

Hardly was he seated in his kingdom, July 18th, 1100, when he led a foray in the direction of Ascalon; but as he did not have a sufficient force to lay siege to the city, he contented himself by ravaging the country and returned homeward by way of the Dead Sea. The Christians were thus enabled to visit the region of ancient Sodom, and the burial places of the patriarchs, and they had

much comfort afterwards by narrating these adventures to their friends in Jerusalem. Among other marvels they told how Baldwin had watered his horses at the fountain which gushed from the flinty rock when it was smitten by the rod of Moses, and we may wonder why they did not further relate what trouble Moses experienced in moving that rock from the Sinaitic Peninsula to the border of the Dead Sea! But when it came to marvels these Crusaders were ready to believe the unbelievable.

Baldwin, who spent the first year of his reign in such adventurous expeditions, continued afterward in the same way. He was always prepared for any hostile attack, and the instant that he saw any sign of weakness in any of the Mohammedan cities he marched to the attack forthwith. All the powers of Persia, Egypt, Syria, and the regions about the Tigris and the Euphrates were arrayed against him, but he took advantage of the fact that they were almost as jealous of each other as they were of himself. He was hampered in his plans for extending his realm by the weakness of his own army, which was too puny for any great endeavor, even when it was pieced out by the tide of strangers coming from Europe. The income from the tributary cities was meager and hardly sufficient for his own urgent needs. In spite however of all these handicaps he was able to inspire terror and dismay among all his adversaries.

In Baldwin's second year and with the cooperation of a German fleet he assaulted the city of Arsur on the coast and in three days forced it to surrender. From Arsur he marched to Caesarea. Its emir offered a stubborn defence, but after fifteen days resistance the town was carried by storm and all the inhabitants were put to the sword. Its lamentable fate terrified the Moslems, and each began to ask himself how soon his own time might come.

The Caliph of Cairo was the next to try conclusions with Baldwin, and he gathered an army which went into camp at Ramleh, which lay on Baldwin's southern border. As soon as the king learned of this movement he set out to make the attack himself trusting to a far weaker force, by relying on its elation by reason of its past triumphs. In the battle his men made charge after charge, but without being able to penetrate the lines of the enemy. Realizing that some risk must be taken Baldwin fastened his handkerchief to his lance for a pennon and led the next charge in person. It was a hand to hand struggle, but when he saw the line of the foe beginning to yield the king pressed his advantage and the day was won. The Moslem commander was slain, and five thousand of his men with him.

It was in this battle of Ramleh that we meet with an interesting incident, which had far reaching results. While the king was pressing the pursuit, he heard at one side the sharp cry of a

woman in anguish. He turned to learn the cause of her trouble and found that she was in the throes of childbirth. He directed that she be cared for tenderly, and after the battle when she could be moved he sent her and the child to her husband and family. The husband was a Moslem of high rank, and a man who could never forget such a kindness.

It was not long after this that another army of Saracens assembled near the same place, and Baldwin, all the more confident because of the recent victory, went to the attack again. This time his force was altogether inadequate, consisting only of two hundred knights and a few pilgrims besides. When the king found that the battle was going seriously against him, and was fast becoming a massacre of his men, he managed to get free of the field and concealed himself in a thicket which was surrounded with tall grass. The Moslems suspecting that fugitives were lurking in the grass set it afire. Baldwin seeing that the place was untenable hastened away and took refuge in Ramleh with such of his men as had been able to elude the arrows and spears of the foe. That night a muffled stranger presented himself at the apartments of the king and requested a private interview. Baldwin met him alone, when the man announced himself as the husband of the woman whom he had befriended, and said that he had come to save the king's life. He stated that the city was surrounded com-

pletely, but that he knew a secret way past all the lines of the enemy. He had come at the peril of his own life, but he was paying the debt of mercy. Baldwin believed him and accepted his guidance and so escaped the fate that befel the town. For when the Moslems made their attack they killed everyone in the place. It was reported that Baldwin had perished with the rest and the rumor reached Jerusalem, where the people were already gathering for a memorial service in the church, when he appeared and changed their sorrow to an outburst of thanksgiving.

As soon as he could raise a more capable army Baldgin engaged the enemy again in a great battle in the plain near Jaffa, a combat that continued throughout the day. At nightfall the Emir of Ascalon, who led the command, fled from the field, where four thousand of the followers of the prophet had yielded up their lives.

Baldwin suffered much from the jealousy of Daimbert, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who busied himself in stirring up strife among the knights and barons, and in laying complaints against the king with the pope at Rome. But the king went his way despite the annoyance and kept right on defeating the infidels with commendable industry. In this his favorite task he had assistance from the maritime states of Europe. The sailors of Pisa and Genoa were occupied in transporting pilgrims and all manner of supplies and were amassing great riches in this carrying trade.

When occasion offered they were quite ready to cooperate with Baldwin in investing some Moslem city; and when it yielded, they had their share of the spoil. It was in such perpetual struggle, whether of attack or of defence, that Baldwin I passed the eighteen years of his eventful reign. With every new town that he captured there came a fresh army from Egypt, or from Syria, seeking to repair the reverse. Had Egypt and Syria joined their forces consistently and fallen upon him by a united and concerted plan, he might have been put into more serious straits, but their continually recurring dissensions proved to be his safety. Besides the cities which have been mentioned, Baldwin attacked and captured Tripolis, Acre and Sidon. Having an eye to the riches of Egypt, he headed an expedition to the south and attacked El Farema, a prosperous city three days' march from Cairo. This place he seized and pillaged and started back to Jerusalem with his army laden with all that they could carry. He travelled as far homewards as the desert between Egypt and Palestine, where he was taken ill of an indigestion, which opened an old wound in his side. The medical science of that day was helpless in the face of such a complication, and it was evident that he was at the point of death. Before that event he was able to name as his successor his cousin, Baldwin du Bourg, the Count of Edessa.

In our estimate of Baldwin I, we recognize the able warrior, who with meager resources was able

to hold his own against adversaries, who were both more numerous and powerful than he, and who nevertheless with such odds against him was able to extend the borders of his kingdom. He seems to have been one of those who were born to rule. In frame he was as stalwart as he was in mind. William of Tyre declares of him that he looked more like a bishop than a layman, which may be interpreted as a declaration that he would have adorned a cathedral chair as well as a saddle. In battle he had no fear, and was as ready to fight with the odds against him as if they stood in his favor. It is told of him that he was riding with two of his knights between Caesarea and Jaffa, when he met a troop of sixty Saracens, who were carrying along with other trophies the head of a Christian knight. At the horrid spectacle his wrath outran his prudence, and regardless that his side had but three men against sixty, he couched his lance, and with the two knights at his back, he charged the foe and scattered the whole band.

In his rule he was generous and merciful. Jerusalem was almost deserted when he took the throne, but he made the city an asylum for the Christians who were suffering from the Mohammedan oppression anywhere, and when they appealed to him for protection, he assigned them houses and lands, and divided with them the spoils of his victories. So it was that his city grew and prospered. The people lamented his death and

freely gave him a place in memory beside Godfrey, who in their sight was a saint, though uncanonized.

Many of the nobles were now in favor of Eustace, the late king's brother, for their next sovereign. He was the Count of Boulogne. But Jocelyn, the lord of Tiberias, urged that Baldwin du Bourg be chosen, according to the expressed wish of Baldwin I. In pressing his view he urged that it was better to take a good king, who everybody knew could be had for the asking, than to invite a man who was far away in Europe and who very probably would decline to serve, as Europe offered a condition of ease which was preferable to the turbulence of Palestine. It was well understood that Jocelyn was a personal enemy of Baldwin, and that his argument consequently must be disinterested, and as also the Patriarch favored Baldwin of Edessa, the choice fell upon him and he was crowned under the title of Baldwin II.

He was moreover one of the original band of the Crusaders, whose numbers by this time were rapidly diminishing. He was lofty in stature, with scanty hair and a thin, long beard; but his ruddy complexion spoke of great physical vigor. He was quite as eager a fighter as the first Baldwin, but he was gifted with greater prudence and sagacity in planning his campaigns, and naturally was the more successful.

On receiving the news of his election he felt it his first duty to relieve Antioch, which had been besieged by Saracens from Damascus, who had with them some roving Turks from beyond the Euphrates. His expedition resulted favorably and he drove off the Moslems and saved the city.

When he left his principality to go to Jerusalem he turned over the government to Jocelyn de Courtenay, the same who had argued with the nobles to make him king of Jerusalem. Before long Joselyn was attacked by a force of Turks who made him prisoner and carried him off to Kharpert. Baldwin set out to deliver his former enemy, now become his friend, but was captured himself. He too was imprisoned at Kharpert for a year and a half, when he was released on payment of a considerable ransom.

After his release and return to Jerusalem he conducted many forays against the Moslems in which he usually enjoyed the smile of fortune. While he was still in captivity, his regent, Eustace Grener, the lord of Caesarea and Sidon, captured the city of Tyre. A Venetian fleet happened to be at Jaffa about the holiday season, and the doge in command landed and paid a visit to Jerusalem for the Christmas festival. There he met the regent, the lord of Caesarea, and between them they agreed to unite their forces for the investment of Tyre. Grener was to make the attack by land and the doge from the sea. It was a difficult and tedious enterprise, but for all the stubborn re-

sistance of the Moslems they were compelled to yield after a six month's siege. The city capitulated on July 27th, 1124. The fall of Tyre was a terrible blow to Moslem pride and the event caused a thrill of consternation throughout the East.

It was during the reign of Baldwin II that the great military orders of the Knights Templars, and the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who were often called The Hospitallers, took their rise.

The Hospitallers were the first in date of institution. While Jerusalem was still under the heel of the Turk, while streams of pilgrims were coming to weep at the Holy Places, some of them were certain to fall sick or destitute. It was about the year 1023 that some merchants of Amalfi obtained permission from the Caliph of Cairo to found a hospital in Jerusalem for the benefit of needy pilgrims. The Brethren of the Hospital formed a close organization, which for almost a century took on the military form, which they borrowed from the Templars.

The Templars sprang into being after the Moslems had been driven from Jerusalem and the establishment of the Latin kingdom. Hugh de Payn was a pilgrim knight from Burgundy. He pitied the sorrows of the pilgrims as they went about the country, following in the footsteps of Jesus. Eight other knights, who were moved in the same way, joined with him in taking the canonical vows of poverty, chastity and obedience; but

to these they added the prime obligation to succor and defend the pilgrims in Palestine from oppression by the infidel. In his first year Baldwin gave the Templars a residence near Solomon's temple, whom which it came about that they were known as Knights of the Temple, or simply as Templars.

For their insignia the Hospitallers assumed a black mantle, which was marked with five crosses in token of the five wounds of Christ. They also wore a red belt, which was fastened with a white cross.

The Templars wore a white mantle, with a red cross on the shoulder; and their banner was half black and half white; black, as being terrible to unbelievers, and white as being fair to Christians. Both the Hospitallers and the Templars were clad in heavy armor of proof, and they went into battle mounted on heavy chargers, which were also protected with panoply of steel. In the early day of both these orders of Knighthood their companions were men of austere habit, with hearts full of valor, and they were faithful to their vows. They fought alongside the king in many of his expeditions, and when the land was free from alarms they traveled everywhere, two by two, in absolute fearlessness, and sought everywhere to befriend any pilgrims who were needy or distressed. The annals of the time are full of their invincible courage. They would die before turning back to a foe or desert a comrade in time of trouble. It

was doubtless due to these two orders of knighthood that the kingdom set up by Godfrey endured so long against the constant pressure by the Moslems from every side.

Baldwin II ruled altogether for thirteen years. It was in 1129 that he felt himself growing old, and he grieved over the fact that he had no son to succeed him in his kingdom. There was no man in Palestine to whom he was willing to confide his daughter Melisande in marriage, and he sought in Europe to find her a suitable consort. His choice fell on Foulke, the Count of Anjou. The Count came to Acre, married Melisande, and as dowry for the bride received the two cities of Tyre and Acre. Two years after this marriage Aug. 13, 1131, Baldwin II died and was buried with Godfrey and Baldwin I under Mount Calvary.

With Baldwin II passed the last of the original body of the Crusaders of Jerusalem. It may be said further of Baldwin II that with him the Kingdom of Jerusalem attained the zenith of its power. While he lived his kingdom was respected by Christians and by the Moslems also. The fear of the Crusaders was still in the land, and if the successors of Godfrey and the first two Baldwins had been men of like kidney, it is more than probable that the subsequent history of Jerusalem would have been pleasanter in perusal to those who favor the standard of the cross.

CHAPTER XIX

PASSING OF THE LATIN KINGDOM

FOULKE, the Count of Anjou, became the fourth King of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem by virtue of his marriage with Melisande, the daughter of Baldwin II, who had left no male heir. Foulke was consecrated in 1131 and reigned for eight years. In the main his rule was prosperous, but domestic troubles shadowed his life, and possibly on this account he suffered almost complete loss of memory. He was liable to forget the names of his servants, and was embarrassed often by the necessity of having to ask close friends to explain who they were. In 1143 while he was hunting he rode in pursuit of a hare, when his horse stumbled and he was thrown to the ground. In falling he was hit on the head by the saddle, and the blow was so severe as to cause his death three days afterward. He passed away on Nov. 13th, 1143.

This death was a calamity for the kingdom, for his children were both young, the elder, Baldwin, being only thirteen years of age, and his brother Amalric but seven. Six weeks after his father had been taken, young Baldwin was crowned on

Christmas day, and is known in the list of kings as Baldwin III.

Though he was still a mere lad he displayed many princely traits. Early in his reign he led an expedition to Damascus, but his force was surrounded by a band of Saracens and was driven back in ignominous retreat. When he returned to Jerusalem, his mother Melisande demanded to share his power, and he gave her Jerusalem and Nablous, retaining Tyre and Acre for himself. Soon after he repented his action and besieged his mother in Jerusalem and compelled her to surrender, and she at once went into retirement. In the tenth year of his reign he made an attack on Ascalon, full possession of which the Christians had long coveted, and after a six months' siege it capitulated. He permitted the Mohammedan population to depart, and then gave the town to his brother Amalric. Four years later he was cajoled into assailing Caesarea on the Orontes, near Antioch, but when they were on the point of capturing the town the Christian leaders quarreled over the division of the spoil, which they had yet to take, and so the enterprise had to be abandoned. On his return Baldwin fell ill from medicine that was administered by a Syrian physician and died at Beyrout Feb. 10th, 1163.

Amalric his brother was the next king and was crowned in September, 1163. Like his brother he had an eye for the conquest of Egypt and was making his way into the country, when the Caliph

of Cairo blocked his plans by cutting the banks of the Nile and flooding the line of march. Afterward he made a friendly journey to Egypt and while he was being entertained by the Caliph he became so impressed by the wealth and magnificence of the Moslem court, that he went home more determined than ever to attack the Mohammedans in their stronghold. When he had concocted a pretext for war, he began a fresh invasion of Egypt in which he seemed about to be more successful when the Egyptians offered him two millions in gold crowns to spare their cities. While waiting for the gold to be brought he held the army in check, but the Egyptians meanwhile were strengthening their fortifications and bringing down a fresh army from Syria. When he found that there was no money forthcoming Amalric marched against the Syrian host, which evaded his attack and made haste to join the Egyptian army. On his return to Jerusalem the people reproached him for not being wise enough to keep the peace, nor being a soldier enough to make war. His last days were disturbed by quarrels with the Templars, who were disinclined to take orders from anyone except their own Grand Master. His death occurred on July 11, 1174. It is to be noticed that under Amalric the Latin Kingdom was showing symptoms of swift decline.

The next King, also a Baldwin, Baldwin IV., was a youth of rare promise. He was but thirteen years of age at his accession, but far worse for

himself and the kingdom than being young was his being a leper. The disease began to show itself while he was a young child, but by strong will power he kept about, and after becoming king he forced himself to go upon his military expeditions borne in a litter. It was during his reign that Saladin, as Sultan of Cairo and Damascus advanced toward Palestine, making destruction mark the progress of his army. The young king hardly dared to measure strength with so capable a warrior and retreated to shut himself up behind the strong walls of Ascalon. But the very ravages of the Saracen reacted upon himself, for as the desolating and burning went on the Christian soldiers were aroused to revenge the injuries their brethren were suffering. So Baldwin led his troops out of Ascalon, surprised the enemy and fairly annihilated his splendid following. Saladin escaped the fate of his soldiers and with a few of his officers braved the perils of the desert in a hasty flight back to Egypt. But it was not long before he was back with another army, and now by taking advantage of the dissensions among the Christians, and attacking such as he found in exposed positions, he was rapidly getting a large part of Baldwin's dominions in his hands. Baldwin endured this new manner of making war for a time and then having gathered a strong force attempted another battle, but the advantage lay with the Moslem and the king was compelled to sue for peace. And now also the progress of

his malady compelled him to relax his public duties, which he placed in the hands of a regent. Finally on Nov. 11, 1183, he transferred the crown to his nephew by his sister Sybilla.

This Baldwin V. was a mere child, and so young that when he was taken to the Church of the Sepulcher to be crowned he was carried in the arms of a tall knight, for the governing powers realized if he went in the procession on his own feet his diminutive size would render the whole ceremony absurd.

It was in 1185 that Baldwin IV. died after a brief reign of ten years, in the course of which the Moslems were raging from end to end of the country with a freedom which they had not enjoyed from the institution of the kingdom. Meanwhile the Christian knights were disgracing their profession and weakening their prestige in the eyes of the foe by their incessant bickerings with each other. Baldwin V. who now had the full honor of the Kingship, lived but a year longer to enjoy the pleasures and suffer the pains of power. In September of 1186 death cut short his dignities and sorrows at a single stroke, and suspicion of having hastened the young king's demise was freeely bandied about in the court.

At once on the death of the child king, Sybilla his mother was summoned hurriedly to Jerusalem, and the gates were closed so that no one could enter or leave the town. There in the Church of the Sepulcher two crowns were brought. The

Patriarch of Jerusalem placed one on the head of Sybilla, and advised her, as she was only a woman that she would do well to place the other on the head of the person who could best assist her in governing the realm. At this she sent a summons for her husband, Guy de Lusignan, who knelt at her feet, when she placed the crown upon him with the word that she knew of none upon whom she could bestow it better.

In the opinion of all who conducted this underhanded proceeding it was eminently successful, but all the same it could hardly have been managed worse. Very likely if the Counts and Barons had been consulted in the matter, they might have welcomed Guy to the throne; but when they had been ignored so openly, and when the gates of the city had been shut with the obvious intent of shutting them out, they had the best of reasons for with-holding their allegience. Baldwin of Ramleh was so exasperated at what he pronounced a usurpation, that he abandoned his fiefs and departed to Antioch. Raymond of Tripolis clung to his principality, but refused to countenance the new ruler. At a time when it most behooved the Christians to combine their every interest, this treacherous elevation of Guy to the throne was setting the whole kingdom in an uproar and almost kindled the flames of civil war.

But the Christians soon had other matters to engage their attention. At this time Raymond of

Chatillon was holding the castle of Kerak down by the Dead Sea. In disregard of the truce which the Christian leaders had sworn with Saladin, he attacked and plundered the great caravan, which was returning from India with its vast store of annual treasure. The Saracens undertook reprisals in force, and on May 1st, 1187, El Afdhal crossed the Jordan in the neighborhood of Nazareth at the head of seven thousand men. The two Grand Masters of the military orders went out to meet him with seven hundred knights, outnumbered ten to one. The result was a complete defeat for the Christians, who fought with their usual courage and died in their tracks almost to a man. The Grand Master of the Templars with two of his knights carried back the woeful tale to Jerusalem.

The battle of Galilee brought about a reconciliation between Guy the King and Raymond of Tripolis, and a council was held in which the counts and barons deliberated as to what means could be devised to save the kingdom, which all felt to be in desperate straits. By this time Saladin had united all the Moslem forces of the world and was gathering an army, to which were flocking fighting men from Egypt, Persia, and Damascus and all the cities of Mesopotamia and Syria. To meet them the Christians, by heroic efforts, and by use of the treasure sent by Henry II of England and kept in the residence of the Templars, assembled an army of fifty thousand on the plain

between Acre and the Sea of Galilee. Count Raymond of Tripolis advised strongly against a campaign in that direction, but was opposed by the Grand Master of the Templars, who desired immediate battle. The Council adhered to the opinion of Raymond and his view of training the army and holding it in an advantageous place to await rather than to make an attack. But the Grand Master had a private interview with the King in which he made accusations of treachery against Raymond, and in consequence Guy gave the order to proceed toward Tiberias. When the army came to a rocky and desolate spot, they found themselves hemmed in by the vast array of the enemy, and in a place where it was impossible to secure water for either the horses or the men troops. On the next day, July 4, 1187, the Moslems made their attack, which the Christians resisted as well as they were able, weakened as they were with hunger and thirst. The battle lasted throughout the day, and was continued with the first light of the next morning. Overpowered by numbers and surrounded completely by the enemy, the Christian army was worn down and destroyed. Raymond of Tripolis, who commanded the vanguard, was able to force a passage through the Moslem line, and was the only prominent leader who was able to make his escape from the general carnage. Guy the King and his brother, the Grand Master of the Templars, with other illustrious knights fell prisoners to Saladin.

This battle of Hattin was practically the end of the Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem.

The Christians were still masters of the Holy City and also of Tyre. But the Moslem power was growing from day to day, and with it their courage, while for the Christians there was no relief in sight. Saladin was in command in Egypt, where he had conquered the Fatimite dynasty, and from the Nile to the Euphrates there was no Moslem leader to dispute his rule. He could summon a limitless number of warriors, and he had only to lift his hand to cause Jerusalem to fall. And the day for this sad event soon arrived, for on September 20th of this disastrous year of 1187 he placed his troops about Jerusalem in complete investment of the city.

To his honor it may be said of Saladin that he was inclined to make favorable terms with Jerusalem, and he made the offer, if the inhabitants would yield, he would give each of them as much land as he would promise to cultivate. But the defenders refused the merciful proposition, and Saladin then swore that he would lay low the ramparts of the city and avenge the blood of the Moslems who had perished under the sword of Godfrey's army.

At the opening of the siege there were a hundred thousand people in Jerusalem. Among them all there were but two knights and of the rest there were almost none who knew anything of fighting. But as the siege went forward they did fight,

and some of them performed prodigies of valor. They persisted in their struggle for almost a month, till at last the enemy had made such breaches in the wall that the defenders dared not venture on the ramparts, lest the wall might collapse and overwhelm them in its fall. When it was evident that the doom of the city was at hand, Balian, the commander, sent his final message to Saladin in these memorable words,

"If you give us no hope of mercy, you can taste the fruit of our despair. Jerusalem contains five thousand Moslems, who shall all perish. We will slay our wives and children to prevent them becoming your slaves; and when we have reduced the Holy City to a heap of ruins, we will march out, armed with fire and sword, and no Christian will ascend to Paradise without having consigned ten Moslems to hell."

Moved by such dauntless courage, Saladin agreed to treat the Christians with clemency, and so the capitulation was signed. All the fighting men were granted permission to retire to Tripolis, or to Tyre, which towns were still held by the Christians. Other men might purchase their freedem for ten pieces of gold, the women for five, and the children for two. About fourteen thousand were too poor to buy their liberty, and all such were enslaved by their captors.

It was on October 2nd, 1187, that Saladin marched into Jerusalem. All the churches with the single exception of the church of the Sepulcher were converted into mosques. The crosses of the

churches were taken down and dragged about the city at the tails of the horses, and the crescent banner floated in its place. The Christians had held the Holy Places for eighty-eight years, and now they were again trodden under foot by the Moslem. It remained for our own day to see the Holy City back under the control of the Christian powers.

Viewing from this age the passing of the Latin Kingdom, we may inquire into the cause of its decline after it had been established with such a sacrifice of life and treasure. It may be believed if all the kings had been men of the stamp of Godfrey and the first two Baldwins, their throne might have endured through the generations. Had the Christian knights remained faithful to their vows; had the military orders remained devout and obedient; had the kings and their knights not drifted into luxurious and vicious ways; had they kept good faith with the enemy and been less addicted to breaches of the truce, to murder and to pillage; in short, had they behaved like real Christians in place of barbarians in the guise of Christians, the centuries might have told a more pleasing tale.

At one period the Christians held all the prosperous cities of Edessa, Antioch, Tripolis, Tyre, Sidon, Acre, Jaffa, Caesarea, Jerusalem and Ascalon, stretching in an extended line all along the Palestinian border of the Mediterranean, leaving but a few scattered strongholds in all that

region in possession of the Moslem. Had they shunned the weakness of fraternal strife; had they avoided as the plague all indulgence in oriental vices; had they courted the Mohammedan population instead of despising, harassing and oppressing them, who can say that they might not have held their place all through the years?

But their hands were not clean, their lips were not pure, their hearts harbored hatred and guile, and so their portion was taken away, and their heritage was given to another.

When it was told in Europe that Jerusalem had fallen, the general feeling was that of grief, tempered with confession of sin. Urban III, the pope of the day, is said to have exclaimed, "What a disgrace, what an affliction, that the jewel which the Second Urban won for Christendom should be lost by the Third." His death which occurred soon after has been attributed to his sorrow over the humiliating disaster to the cross.

One remarkable result of the fall of Jerusalem was the instant reformation of manners in Europe. Everywhere there was the mood of repentance, which was deeper than mere words or tears. The clergy became more prayerful, and the laity assumed a simpler style of living, put aside luxury and display and became more considerate of the poor and needy. No doubt this was merely a transient experience, for the world is not to be reformed in a day, and there came a lamentable backsliding into the old loose practices; but for

the season there was an edifying alteration for the better. And this may serve to illustrate the principle that in all soul struggles, pains and tribulations are less an evil than the uninterrupted prosperity, which tends to make men conceited and arrogant. It is the voice of history that the scourge of chastisement brings the vagrant soul of nations, as well as of individual men, to the stool of repentance and the bosom of God.

CHAPTER XX

THE INFLUENCE OF THE CRUSADES

PAUSING at the close of the First Crusade and the passing of the Latin Kingdom, we may take a hasty survey of the influence of the Crusades as a whole, and reach some estimate of the benefit to Europe and to civilization which resulted from these sanguinary wars, which for two centuries went on draining Europe of her most adventurous blood. Of the ten Crusades which Mediaeval history records it was the first alone which may be said to have realized the hopes of its promoters. Their expedition reached the Holy Land, overcame the infidel on his own soil and ousted him from the Holy City and established there its kingdom, which stood as a real power for almost a century. The other Crusades, no matter how auspicious their prospects at their beginning, failed miserably of their avowed purpose, and the most of them never succeeded in so much as setting foot in the Holy Land.

Nevertheless, despite this pitiable collapse of intent on the part of their various leaders, the Crusades as a whole contributed valuable factors to progress, both to their own centuries, and to the centuries following.

One of the most obvious benefits of the Crusades was the immediate relief to the Empire of the West. When Alexis, the Greek emperor, sent his envoys to pope Urban II, to implore his help against the Saracens and Turks, his realm was in the most serious straits. The standards of the Moslem were floating over the ramparts of Nice, almost in sight of Constantinople, and Moslem horsemen were frequently seen maneuvering on the plain just across the Bosphorus from the palace of Alexis. At any moment the hosts of the prophet might attack the city, which was the gateway to Europe.

But the arrival of the Crusaders gave the Mohammedan something to occupy his mind on his own soil, and the fall of Constantinople was postponed for three and a half centuries. The march of the soldiers of the cross through Nice, Antioch, Acre and Jaffa to Jerusalem, and the occupation of Edessa, and their attack on Ascalon, held the brunt of the struggle to the East and gave civilization in the West its opportunity to work out its problems with freer hand. Had the Saracen and the Turk together stormed Constantinople at the beginning of the Twelfth century, and burst through to establish themselves on the Seine or the Rhine, and introduced some of their charming customs into the lands adjacent; customs of which we have lately had illustration in Bulgaria, Macedonia and Armenia, the results to the world may be imagined. From the paralysis of mind

which such a conquest would have produced, the paralysis which attends the faith of the prophet and the Koran wherever they prevail, we were mercifully spared by Godfrey de Bouillon and his companion knights, who locked fast the gate of the West and flung away the key.

Another service to be credited to the Crusades was the stalwart blow which it dealt to the feudal system. This system at its rise had accomplished much for the public welfare. It stood on the frontiers of civilization and served as the bulwark against which the successive waves of barbaric invasion had beaten time and again, only to be rolled back upon their source. But with time the system outlived its usefulness. It became case-hardened and solidified and was transformed from an agency of protection to an agency of repression and oppression. The vassals who received their lands and titles from the crown and for a space returned loyal service at length became unduly great. They assumed power in themselves and became an intolerable burden on the community. In place of supporting law and order they were themselves the principal disturbers of the public peace. The sovereign could not restrain their abuses, for they had grown more powerful than he. They made war upon each other, with none to let or hinder. They robbed travelers or exacted ransom for the privilege of passing their castles. They plundered

cities, and no one had protection for life or property save at their pleasure. Everywhere they produced a condition of restlessness and anarchy, for the law had become a dead letter, and their might was the right. But with their enlistment for the Holy Wars there came a remarkable change. Many of the great holdings were broken up. In some instances their owners sold them outright to obtain funds for the equipment of their followers, or they mortgaged them so heavily that they were never able to redeem them; so that they were parceled out and sold under the hammer, or bought up by the Church, which had ready cash to pay for augmenting her holding of land. Still more, hundreds of the most turbulent of the nobles who went to the wars did not return, and their bones were left to molder somewhere in Asia or Africa. Certain enough it is that after the two centuries over which the Crusades extended Europe displayed a different face. Her kings had gained in power. The laws were better enforced. A national consciousness had grown up which tended to improve conditions for all classes. While some traces of Feudalism still lingered in parts of Central Europe, their main evils had been overcome, or at least mitigated, so that they no longer were the terror of society, or a block to national or social advancement.

The Crusades occasioned a great expansion of commerce and of social life. The number of Crusaders who journeyed to the East by sea was

enormous, and their engines and other supplies were best transported by water. Pisa, Genoa and Venice were all engaged in the sea carriage of pilgrims, soldiers and provisions for the armies, and they grew rich from this traffic, and from the products of the East which they brought on their homeward voyages for disposition in the Eureopean markets. Nor were the cities mentioned the only ones to reap this harvest of the sea, for Danish ships were met in the ports of Syria, and it is told on excellent authority that there were Norwegian ships engaged in company with the Venetians, when the latter were assisting in the blockade of Sidon.

Beside this kind of contribution to the wealth of Europe the Crusades promoted the development of naval architecture. From this period there was a marked improvement in the size of ships and in their general construction. When great armies with all their horses and munitions had to be taken on long voyages it was seen that the larger the ship, so much larger would be the passenger list and the cargo space, and the proportionally larger recompense. So the ships for the Eastern trade were laid down on larger lines, and were built in a more substantial fashion. They were further improved by increasing the number of their masts and sails, and the sails were spread and handled by better method. Such changes were observed in the period of the First Crusade. At

that time Egypt had ships and sailors, and her fleets were bringing supplies for the Moslem arms to the harbors of Syria. But when the Genoese or Venetian ships were in Syrian harbors the ships of the Moslems kept well out of the way. They had no inclination to measure weapons or discipline with the intrepid sailors of the West. Michaud offers a very suggestive remark respecting the sea power of the Mediterranean, and the respect which the Mohammedans paid to the Italian fleets. Thus he says, "If Italy and several other countries of the West escaped the yoke of the Saracen, they owed their safety more to the superiority of their fleets than their armies." Even after the fall of Jerusalem, and the consequent diminution of trade with the Syrian ports, the Venetians traded much with the Saracens of Alexandria, and in this manner they controlled the traffic from the Nile and the Red Sea. And so Europe was winning back the wealth which she was lavishing so recklessly, when her nobles and their vassals embarked their all for the recovery of Jerusalem.

The Crusades were a contributing factor to the growth of the great European towns, which began to be prominent in the Twelfth and Thirteenth centuries. It was during this period that many cities obtained royal charters, which granted them extensive rights and immunities, and freed them from the exactions of the barons. Some of the cities that had grown restless under

baronial oppression seized the moment when their lords were off to the East to extend their rights and immunities to the point of actual freedom, and the longer they held to their liberties the more they were becoming established in prescriptive right. Some of the barons who had returned from the wars had become practically impoverished and were glad to exchange their claim of lordship over a city for a substantial amount in current funds. So by one measure or another the larger towns were arriving at the enjoyment of a larger freedom and a better organized civic life. Many of them engaged in manufactures of various kinds, and built up a trade in their productions which gave them wealth and influence.

The Crusades lent a strong impulse to the refinement of manners and to the intellectual development of Europe. Because of their protracted wars, and the desolation of large tracts of the country, the manners of the West, even among persons of high degree were rude and uncouth. When the knights of the Crusade first came to Constantinople they were struck with amazement at its magnificence, and at the splendor of its public edifices. A nicety of speech and ceremony prevailing to which they were altogether unaccustomed. One day Alexis the emperor was receiving a number of French princes, when Robert of Paris started to sit beside the emperor and would have committed this offence against courtly etiquette, had not Baldwin of

Hainault held him by the arm. Little by little however the Crusaders learned to use gentle speech and courtesy in their intercourse, and they imparted this useful habit to the courts of Europe on their return to the West.

And the sending of hundreds of thousands of men from their Western home to a far off land had its effect in broadening and brightening the understanding of Europe. On their voyages and journeys these men met people of other races and other customs, and they learned to revise their imperfect views of persons and places, and so were prepared on coming home to correct the inveterate prejudices of their countrymen. It is told that when the Italian ships first cruised along the coast of Spain they imagined that Aragon was the land of the Moors. But their meeting with the people soon dispelled the error. The fleets that sailed out of the West every Spring and Fall for the Holy Land quickly learned the distances from port to port in regular order from England to Palestine. As their masters met with the merchants of the East they learned from them many particulars of the lands in the heart of Asia. All this knowledge gradually found its way to the cities of Europe, and to the remotest castle perched on the cliffs of the Pyrenees or in the Scottish highlands.

At this period there was also a notable diffusion of the French language. French speaking

nobles were the most numerous among the commanders of the Crusades, and so French became the common language of the camps. To get on well with the Crusaders both the English and the Germans were forced to learn more or less French. And here is the reason why the French tongue became the language of kings and the nobility in all the European courts, and even in far off Syria. And this use of a common speech contributed in no small degree to a better mutual understanding among the principal nations.

History for the modern period has its roots in the period of the Crusades. Archer has shrewdly pointed out that the Crusade was the most stupendous event since the struggle between Athens and Sparta, and that some ten or twelve historians were engaged in chronicling its progress. Of their works the most important was the great book of William of Tyre, which was the first historical book of the Middle Age which was something more than a mere narrative of events. And so Archer claims that if Herodotus is to be called the Father of History, William should be styled the Father of Modern History.

But more yet may be said for the Crusades in that the sailors who were engaged in transporting horses and men to the wars, and who traded in corn and wines, and rich spices, and splendid silks, and in all manner of curios from the Orient, also brought back with them Greek manuscripts from Constantinople for the edification of the

learned universities of Rome, Florence, Paris and Geneva. And when they brought the manuscripts they did not neglect the manuscript of the New Testament. And out of those books and that Testament came the revival of learning and the restoration of primitive Christianity through the leadership of the Protestant Reformation. And so the Crusades, which were undertaken to guard the Holy Sepulcher from the infidel, and to protect the pilgrims of the cross, have been lending their aid to support and honor true religion through every age and every clime.

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