



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### **Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





1





LOUIS IX. ROI DE FRANCE.





# THE GOOD ST. LOUIS

AND HIS TIMES.

BY MRS. BRAY,

AUTHOR OF 'THE WHITE HOODS,' 'TRIALS OF THE HEART,' 'BORDERS OF THE  
TAMAR AND THE TAVY,' 'LIFE OF STOTHARD,' ETC.

'Therefore, friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ  
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
We are impressed and engaged to fight),  
To chase those Pagans, in those holy fields  
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet  
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd  
For our salvation on the bitter cross.'—SHAKSPEARE



LONDON:  
GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,

SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERRY AND HARRIS,  
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

MDCCLXX.

237. f. 39.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]



2





## PREFACE

**N**OTWITHSTANDING all the architectural attractions of modern Paris, it is to be hoped that amongst the strangers who are every year dazzled by their magnificence, there are some who do not overlook those venerable monuments in that capital which have survived for centuries both the waste of time and the shocks of revolution.

Of these, beyond all doubt, the most exquisite in design, taste, and finish, is the Sainte Chapelle, built by the canonized Louis in 1245, to receive the relics which he purchased of Baldwin, Emperor of Constantinople. It is probable, however, that many who admire that gem of ecclesiastical architecture know little more of its founder than they learn in a single sentence from the Guide-book. Yet there is not a prince in the whole range of mediæval royalty more worthy to be known than (as he is called by Joinville) "the good St. Louis." Wise in counsel, brave in the field, pure in life, the father of his people



devoted to the Church, he was an example to any age, and far beyond his own.

True it is, that too many persons look coldly or altogether without interest upon the chivalrous times in which he lived. Yet the practical, matter-of-fact spirit of the present day does not so universally prevail, but that there are some who delight in the visions of the past, as they are called up by the old chroniclers, who present us with mirror-like fidelity the reflection of the period in which they themselves flourished.

Although St. Louis is eulogized by our greatest historians, it is not a little surprising that English literature contains no complete life of him. Some years since, the lamented Rev. J. H. Gurney published, in a small volume, a sketch of St. Louis, together with one of Henry IV. of France, which was intended, as he states, to supply what seemed to be a want in the school-room and the Juvenile Library, when "young persons have read Mrs. Markham's admirable histories of England and France, and are not ready for large and learned works like those of Sismondi or Guizot, or our own Robertson, Hume, and Hallam." Ably as this sketch is written, it does not profess to give more than an outline of St. Louis' reign.

The writer of the present work has endeavoured to combine with a more full account of the events of his

life many of those minor and incidental notices which illustrate better than any commentary the spirit of the age in which the occurrences took place, and its general state of society. She does not for a moment presume to fancy that in attempting this she has produced such a life as will adequately supply the great want in our literature of which she has spoken. But she has done her best ; pains have not been spared : original authorities, such as Roger of Wendover, Matthew Paris, Makrisi, &c., and more especially Joinville, have been carefully studied. Of the last-named chronicler, Michaud says that his "Memoirs are the earliest monument of French literature ;" and Hallam's opinion of him was, that it was impossible to read a page of his writings without being convinced that every thing he states is truth. Nor have more recent historians been neglected, and least of all our English Hallam, and the French Michaud, and Henri Martin. The writer, therefore, of the following pages ventures to hope that her labours will not be found altogether devoid of interest or historical utility, and that they may be received with indulgence both by general readers and by critics.

A. E. B.

*The Authorities consulted for the present Work were  
principally these :—*

Joinville's Memoirs.

The Chronicles of Matthew Paris.

Roger of Wendover.

Richard of Devizes.

Geoffrey de Vinsauf.

The Arabian historian Makrisi (translation), in Bohn's  
Chronicles of the Crusades.

Michaud's History of the Crusades.

Henri Martin's Histoire de France, vol. iv.

Morery's Dictionnaire Historique.

Guizot's History of Civilization.

Du Cange on Ancient Customs.

St. Palaye on Ancient Chivalry.

Sismondi's Literature of the South of Europe.

History of Egypt, in the Universal History, vol. xi.

History of Naples, in the Universal History, vol. xxiv.

Hallam's Middle Ages.

Blackstone's Commentaries.

Gilly's Waldensian Researches.

Hume's England.

Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

Robertson's State of Europe, in the Life of Charles V.



## CONTENTS.

### CHAPTER I.

Introductory . . . . . 1—20

### CHAPTER II.

Birth of Louis IX.—Religious training—His mother Queen Regent—Hurepel, Mauclerc, and discontented Barons—Coronation of the young King—Count of Champagne friend to the Queen—Attempt to seize Louis—Rescued—Welcomed and protected by the citizens of Paris—Education of Louis—His filial piety—Builds the Abbey of Royaumont—Raymond VII., Count of Toulouse, takes up arms in the south of France—Defeated—Hard terms imposed upon him—First edict of the reign against the Albigenses—The Barons again become troublesome—Queen Blanch heads the troops—Marches into Brittany—Defeats Mauclerc—The Count of Champagne joins the faction—Louis forbids his marriage—Troubles in Champagne—Claim of the Queen of Cyprus—The Count becomes King of Navarre  
21—34

### CHAPTER III.

Louis marries Margaret, daughter of the Count of Provence—Queen Blanch jealous—Anecdotes of domestic troubles—Louis's love of justice—How dispensed at the gates and in the woods of Vincennes—The clergy appeal to Louis to enforce the law of absolution—His reply on the subject—His opinion how best to defend the faith—His moral excellence and religious practices—His fondness for relics; account of the same—Quarrel between the monks of Pontignac and the black monks about the relic of an Archbishop—Louis leads a grand procession—Builds the Sainte Chapelle . . . 35—47

## CHAPTER IV.

Regal festival at Saumur—Feudal state and ceremonies—A traitor present—The Count de la Marche forms a league with Henry III. of England—They assemble in Gascony—Louis heads his army—His victory at Taillebourg—De la Marche surrenders—Treated by Louis with generosity—Edict respecting marriage of the nobles—Another concerning the fiefs held under England and France—Calamitous state of the Christians of the East—Louis dangerously ill—Relics brought by his mother to give relief—He is supposed to be dead—Revives—Relates his vision—Louis puts on the cross—Calls a parliament—Makes known his purposed Crusade—The King's brothers and many nobles put on the cross—His mother and the Bishop of Paris persuade him to give up his purpose—His refusal—His mother's affecting appeal—Louis will not yield . . . 48—62

## CHAPTER V.

Distress of France on learning the King's proposed Crusade—State of Europe—Louis's edict for all who have claims upon him—Richard Earl of Cornwall's claim upon Normandy—Louis's pious trick to gain recruits for the Crusade—Quarrels of the Pope and the Emperor Frederick II.—The Emperor goes to Syria—The Pope excommunicates him—Scene in the Council of Lyons—Frederick tolerant in the East—The Pope declares the Emperor's crown forfeited—Offers the same for a brother of the King—Louis rejects it—Terms proposed between the Pope and the Emperor—Broken off—Louis and Queen Blanch visit the Cistercian Monastery—The Abbots intercede for the Pope—Cautious conduct of Louis—Tartar hordes in the East—Disputes between the Sultans of Syria and Egypt—Attempt of the Sultan of Aleppo to poison the Sultan Saleh Negmeddin—Louis intercedes with the Pope to take off the ban on the Emperor . . . 63—80

## CHAPTER VI.

The Crusade determined upon—The Saracens prepare for war—Persons and characters who took the Red Cross—The Troubadours—Anecdote of their poet Rudel—Astrologers, their terrible predictions—Preparing for the Crusade—Queen Blanch appointed Regent—Summons the Barons to do homage anew—Edict concerning the Jews—The King's preparations . . . . . 81—88

## CHAPTER VII.

Various opinions concerning the benefits derived from the Crusades—Peter the Hermit—Causes of his success in calling up Europe to defend the Holy Sepulchre—Great interest attached to sacred localities—The Pilgrims of Jerusalem—First Crusaders a rabble—Godfrey de Bouillon—Cœur de Lion—Saladin and Richard, their characters and prowess—Exchange presents in a time of truce—Deaths of those celebrated men—Monkish credulity—Wonders related by the Chroniclers—Gibbon's opinion of the Crusades—Probable benefits arising from them—Robertson's opinion on the subject . . . . . 89—100

## CHAPTER VIII.

Very slow in preparing for the Crusade—Matt. Paris becomes poetical—Templars and Hospitallers seek the Sultan of Cairo to redeem their brethren, his prisoners—Angry rebuke of the Sultan—They depart disappointed—Companions of Louis in the Crusade—William Longespée—Seeks the Pope for aid—Permission to get help from his countrymen how he may—The royal Princes—Joinville, his great merits—Prepares for his journey—What he says of himself on the occasion—He embarks with his knights—His account of the voyage—Fright from the sight of the great round mountains—The Dean of Maura—The three processions recommended—Their success—Arrival at Cyprus . . . . . 101—110

## CHAPTER IX.

Louis receives at St. Denis the symbols of his pilgrimage—The Oriflamme—Takes leave of his people—His care to leave the realm in peace—Meets his mother at Corbeil—Affecting parting from her—Interview with the Pope at Lyons—Quarrels of the French with the people of Avignon—Renewed strife at Marseilles—Many desert the holy cause—Offer service to the Pope—His Holiness allows them to buy off their pilgrimage—Louis embarks at Aigues-Mortes—Arrives at Cyprus—Received by the King—Crusade preached in the Island—Joinville's troubles—Relieved by the King—A Tartar embassy—The Crusaders give themselves up to luxury and dissipation—Evil consequences—Nobles put on the Cross—Advice of Templars and Hospitallers to make peace with the Sultan—Rejected by Louis—Louis

sails for Egypt—Storm—Great danger—Vessels lost—Resolves to proceed—Saracens prepare for resistance—Council held—Louis decides on the day to land in Egypt . . . . . 111—126

## CHAPTER X.

The Fleet advance—The shore and entrance of the Nile protected—Sketch of the country—Louis contemplates the scene before him—His impatience to land—Addresses the warriors of the Red Cross—Joinville and Count de Japhe follow the King's galley—Oriflamme landed—Louis plunges into the sea—Enthusiasm of the Crusaders—Men-at-arms land—Combat commences—Christians victorious—Saracens fly before them—Desert Damietta—The sick Sultan, enraged at their flight, condemns his officers to death—Disaffection of the Emirs—Christians enter Damietta—Bad conduct of the Crusaders—Longespée adventures—Ill used—Appeals to Louis—Leaves the camp for Acre  
127—141

## CHAPTER XI.

Negmeddin removes to Mansourah—Fortifies that city—Gives a gold byzant for every Christian head—De Courtenay murdered—Negmeddin's noble plan to decide the wars of the Crescent and the Cross—Sends an embassy—Louis rejects the proposal—Sir John de Belmont insults Joinville—Anxiety for the safety of the Count de Poitiers and his army—Three processions recommended by Joinville—Crusaders discuss where to go and what to do next—Decide to move for Cairo—Queen Margaret and her children remain at Damietta—The army march—Joinville's amusing account of the Nile—Crusaders arrive at Pharescour—Negmeddin dies—Story of his romantic love for Chegger Eddour—She preserves Cairo by her prudence—She proclaims Almodan, his son, Sultan of Egypt . . . . . 142—152

## CHAPTER XII.

Difficulties of the march—How to get over the Aschmoum canal—Louis decides on making a causeway—Erects beffrois to protect the workmen—Saracens enlarge the canal on the opposite side—Destroy the beffrois by Greek fire—Time, patience, and life wasted about the Aschmoum Canal—Fakreddin prepares to assault the rear—Trick of the melon—Louis holds a council—Arab shows the way to a ford—Dangers of the same—The Templars to lead the van—Part of the

CONTENTS.

xi

army cross the ford—The Count d'Artois's rashness—Advice of the Master of the Templars—Rejected by D'Artois—Longespée interferes—Insulted by D'Artois—Quarrel ensues—Fakreddin prepares to take the field—D'Artois and others enter Mansourah—Surprised by an overwhelming force—Louis passes the ford—D'Artois repents his rashness—The King flies to the rescue—D'Artois, Longespée, and their party perish—The King in danger—His heroic courage—Grief for the death of his brother—Incidents and terrible disasters of the day—The Saracens victorious . . . . . 153—175

CHAPTER XIII.

Louis orders a mass for the dead—Engagement with the Saracens—The Count d'Anjou in danger—The King rescues his brother—His great prowess—Gallant bearing of the Templars—William de Sonnac slain—The Count de Poitiers rescued by the camp-followers—Fine character in the old warrior De Brancon—The action ended—Christians again are sufferers—Nothing decisive—Louis returns thanks to God and his nobles—Great changes in the dynasties of the East—Almoadan Sultan of Cairo—Account of his body-guard, the Hauleca—The Sultan ill-treats them—A confederacy formed against him 176—183

CHAPTER XIV.

The Crusaders neglect to bury the dead—A pestilence breaks out in the camp of the Christians—Dreadful scenes of suffering and death—Joinville's account of the calamity—The noble conduct of Louis—His humanity—His attendance on the sick and the dying—Indecorous conduct of some knights at a funeral—The Seneschal falls sick—His chaplain, John de Wace, dies—Famine and pestilence increase—Louis consults the Barons—Proposes a truce with the Sultan—Terms of the same arranged—Question of hostages—Retreat determined upon—The Aschmoum Canal again to be crossed—Difficulties—Encounters—Darkness of the night—Assault of Arabs—The King's humanity and prowess—Conducts the rear-guard—Louis ill—His life endangered . . . . . 184—196

CHAPTER XV.

Dangers of the retreat—Horrors of the night—Daybreak—Knights around the King—Louis saved by Sir Geoffrey de Sergenes—Louis arrives at Casel—Is taken to the nearest house—So ill, not expected



to live—Placed on the lap of a poor woman—Sir Philip de Montfort attempts to renew terms for the truce—Louis defended—Heroic acts of Sir Gaultier de Chastillon—Bishop of Soissons killed—Treachery of the apostate Martel—Embassy for truce thwarted—Louis prisoner—His true Christian heroism—Carried up the Nile—Imprisoned at Mansourah—His distress for his people—His patient conduct and sufferings—His health fails—Restored by an Arab physician—The Sultan sends presents to Louis—Proposes terms rejected by Louis—Ransom proposed—Torture threatened—Firmness of Louis—Treatment of the Christian prisoners . . . . . 197—209

### CHAPTER XVI.

The Christians embark to descend the Nile—Wind contrary—Assailed by the Greek fire—Tempest—Christian vessels captured—Crews murdered—Counsel what to do—Joinville decides on surrender—A short digression—The Emperor's influence in the East—A poor Saracen saves the Seneschal—Passes him off for the King's cousin—Takes him to the Saracen chiefs—One of them cures him—Dines with the Turk—Forgets a Fast-day—The infidel consoles him—Murder of the prisoners in the vessels—The Saracen commits a child to the care of Joinville—Nobles refuse to give up the fortresses—Terms proposed to ransom the King—Louis consents, if agreeable to his Queen—Terms finally arranged by Louis . . . . . 210—221

### CHAPTER XVII.

The Queen's distress—She solicits a boon of an ancient knight—Birth of her son Tristan—The Pisans and garrison propose to desert her and Damietta—Her spirited conduct—She prevails with them to remain—News sent to the Queen Regent of the defeat of the Crusaders conveyed at first by travellers—Their fate—Distress of all France—Queen Blanch and the monks—The King concludes the terms—The Emirs conspire against Almoadan—Chegger Eddour joins them—The Sultan's banquet to the Hauleca—Story of his danger—He is murdered—The murderer rushes into the presence of Louis—Violence of the Emirs—Chegger Eddour chosen Sultana—Debate about lives of the Christians—Joinville and his friends in danger in the galleys . . . . . 222—237

### CHAPTER XVIII.

The Emirs disagree—Whether Louis and the Christians are to be treated

## CONTENTS.

xiii

with or not—Terms of the treaty to be adopted—What oaths are to be taken—Louis refuses that prepared for him—He is threatened—The Patriarch of Jerusalem a prisoner—Threatened—Louis will not take the oath—Patriarch tortured—Released—From a false report Damietta will not open the gates—King prevails with the garrison—Outrages in Damietta—The sick Christians murdered—Emirs again discuss the fate of Louis—Ransom decided upon—The King free—Goes on board his galley—His strict honesty in payment of the ransom—Presents from the Nazac's children to the King—Borrows money from the Templars—His vessel ill-prepared to receive him—His displeasure with his brother Anjou—Tells Joinville the history of his imprisonment—Arrives at Acre . . . . . 238—251

## CHAPTER XIX.

Joy of Acre for coming of the King—State of that city—The Seneschal's troubles—His new varlet—The child Bartholomew—Dines with the King—Rather short commons—Joinville wants money and clothes—Louis relieves him—The Seneschal trusts the Templars with his money—The result—Pestilence breaks out again—Louis urged to go back to France—Troubled by his sense of duty—Anxiety to save 12,000 Christian prisoners—Disorganized state of Egypt—Chegger Eddour's reign at an end—Louis summons a council—Advised to return to France—Joinville fears having offended the King—Their confidential agreement—Louis decides to remain in the East—His brothers leave for France—Their interview with the Pope—Emperor dies—The Pope's hatred to his son Conrad—Spirited conduct of the Queen Regent—The impostor shepherd's Crusade—Sultans of Syria and Egypt at enmity—Both solicit aid from Louis—His interview with the Sultan of Egypt—Negotiations disappointing . . . . . 252—271

## CHAPTER XX.

Two hundred prisoners freed—Bones of Walter de Brienne—Joinville clothes forty ragged knights—The King takes them into his service—Negotiations with the Saracens—Heads of the Christians and children restored—Present of an elephant—Louis's charity—Seeks for captives—Longespée's bones—Embassies with Louis and Sultans of Syria and Egypt—Story of Father Yvres—The old woman with fire and water—Terms of the truce forgotten—Louis repairs cities of the East—Declines to visit Jerusalem—Ambassadors from the Old Man of the

Mountain—Account of him—The Templars—Arrival of knights for the Crusade—Sir Elenairs de Seningen—Lion-hunting—The sport—Barbarous ceremonies—The King and Joinville—The Hospitallers offend Joinville's knights—How punished—Arrival of the Prince of Antioch—Knighted by Louis—The Seneschal goes on pilgrimage—Story of the relics—Louis enters on a new treaty with the Saracens

272—285

## CHAPTER XXI.

Emirs of Cairo find Louis cannot aid them—They draw back from the treaty—Caliph of Bagdad persuades the Sultans of Damascus and Cairo to become friends—Sultan of Damascus advances to the walls of Acre—Obliged to retreat—The Turcomans come down upon Sidon—Cruel treatment of Christian prisoners—The Crusaders retaliate—Take Belinas—Louis goes to meet the victors—Shocked at the sight of unburied Christians—Louis's heroic conduct—Buries the dead—Death of the Queen Regent Blanch—Account of her last days—The Legate announces the news of her decease—Grief of the King—His interview with Joinville—Masses for the Queen—Interview with Margaret—Louis decides to return to France—Embarks with his family and army, April 1255 . . . . . 286—294

## CHAPTER XXII.

Near the island of Cyprus—Strike on a sand-bank—Divers report the dangerous state of the vessel—Council summoned—Louis will not abandon the ship—Great danger—Another storm—Distress of the Queen—She makes a vow to St. Nicholas—Its singular nature—How performed—Joinville's promises for the saint—The King's thankfulness—Lands on an island—Mariner turns hermit—Wonderful adventure of the Lord of Argones—Arrive at Hieres—Present of the palfreys—Abbot of Cluny—The friar lectures Louis . . . . . 295—304

## CHAPTER XXIII.

Louis stops at Aix in Provence—Continues his journey—Welcomed home—His melancholy countenance—His despondency—Refuses comfort—His mournful manners and dress—A Bishop comforts him—His social kindness—Care and love of his children—Disputes with the Dominicans and University—His morbid feelings—Wishes to turn monk—Scene with his wife and children—Difficulties about Normandy—Prince Edward of England marries Eleanor of Castile—

Henry III. asks leave to cross France for Dover—Meeting of the Kings at Chartres—Louis entertains Henry magnificently at Paris—Banquet in the old Temple—Shield of Cœur de Lion—Friendly parting of the Kings—Louis a peace-maker—Instances of his justice—His religious feelings—Marries his daughter to the King of Navarre  
305—322

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Benefit to France of Louis's return—Guizot's opinion of his political activity—Power of the Barons—Louis determines to curb it—His reforms just and mild—All confide in him—His legal reforms—Cas Royaume—The Appels—The criminal code—Provost of Paris—Pragmatic Sanction—The celebrated lawyer, Stephen Boileau—Bigotry of Louis—An Inquisition in Paris—Many innocent persons burnt—Cruelty to the Jews—Contest between the University of Paris and the Dominicans—Stormy scenes at Rome—Death of the Dauphin—Philip affianced to a daughter of the King of Castile 323—335

## CHAPTER XXV.

Emperor Frederick dies—and his son Conrad—Hatred of Innocent IV. against the house of Swabia—Manfred, King of Sicily and Naples—The Pope pronounces him dethroned—He resists—Pope bestows Sicily on the Count d'Anjou—Battle with Manfred—He is slain—Conradin claims Sicily and Naples—Takes up arms—Battle with the Count d'Anjou—Conradin prisoner—His cruel death—Louis chosen arbiter between Henry of England and his Barons—Louis's charity for the poor—His household—His prudence and generosity—His patriotic acts—He promotes science and learning—Sends learned men to search for manuscripts—Founds the noble library of Paris and the Sorbonne—Builds an institution for the blind . 336—344

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Louis sets his mind on another Crusade—The Saracens and Sultans quarrelling among themselves—The Christians in the East employed in the same manner—Chegger Eddour plays a new part—Marvellous effects of her uncontrolled passions—Her strange story—Her crimes and death—Bibars, the leader, causes the murder of the Christians at Sefed—Antioch subdued—Slaughter of the Christians—Templars and Hospitallers make deadly war on each other—Louis disappointed by

Henry of England—Applies to his son Edward, who promises to join him in the Holy Land—Joinville goes to court—His dream—Expounded—Louis summons a meeting at the Louvre—Sorrow of all on learning his purpose—Joinville will not join it—Louis unfit in bodily health—Goes to St. Denis—Receives scrip, staff, and oriflamme—Goes to Vincennes—Farewell to his wife and children—His letter to his son Philip . . . . . 345—359

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Louis's instructions to the Regents—Embarks with his Crusaders at Aigues-Mortes—Decides on going to Tunis—Ancient Carthage—Arrives there—Some of the army land—He delays—Conduct of some of the Crusaders to the inhabitants—The Saracens rush down in a multitude—Camp formed—Muley Montanza, Sultan of Tunis—Louis decides to wait for his brother Anjou before he gives battle—Sufferings of the Christians—Pestilence—Horrors of it—Deaths—King advised to leave Carthage—Refuses—Sufferings of the camp—Dauphin sick—Prince Tristan dies—Legate dies—Nobles and prelates die—Unburied dead—Louis smitten—His children—His last hours—His death—Distress of the camp—Anjou arrives—Homage paid to Philip—War renewed—Sultan sues for a truce—Agreed for ten years—Prince Edward arrives—Crusaders embark for Sicily—Storm, shipwreck, and loss of life—Anjou's heartless conduct—Philip returns—Takes with him the royal dead—Philip's melancholy entrance into Paris with the bodies of his family—Louis canonized—His bones work miracles—therefore they are divided . . . . . 360—380

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Anecdotes of St. Louis recorded by Joinville—His instructions to Joinville how to behave in society—His love of truth—Robert de Sorbonne promoted for merit—Sir Gilles de Bruyn likewise—Domestic scene in a meadow with the King—Instance of Louis's conscientious honesty—Sir Reginald de Trie—Louis's deeds of charity—His religious feelings—Great virtues of his private life—Joinville's vision of St. Louis—Hopes to get a few of his bones for relics—Builds a chapel for his memory—Louis's character—God in all his thoughts—The conclusion 381—392



# THE GOOD ST. LOUIS AND HIS TIMES.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

**T**HE state of France, and the circumstances which distinguished the times and character of Louis IX. (deservedly called the good St. Louis), will be better understood if a few pages are devoted to his immediate predecessors.

His grandfather Philip, whose warlike achievements had procured for him the imperial title of Augustus, the most powerful Sovereign since the days of the great Charlemagne, by the vigour of his government, his courage, and his firmness, raised the French monarchy to an enviable height among the nations of Europe. Not only did he gain from the Count of Flanders the Vermandoise, but achieved many conquests of lands held in France by the English; and Richard I., whose fiery courage made him the formidable

opponent of the heroic Saladin, was himself mastered by the calm and deliberate policy of his rival Philip.

Though Philip was sincere in his religious professions, he had no fondness for the monks, and had more than one quarrel with the Pope. Philip had taken for a second wife Ingelberga, a Danish princess of great beauty and moral excellence ; but wishing, from some unknown cause, to be rid of her, availed himself of the convenient and well used plea of consanguinity ; and Celestin (who was the Pope) obligingly allowing it, he married Agnes de Merania, daughter of the Count of Dalmatia.

But when Innocent III.—a Pontiff of considerable abilities, but of such vast ambition, such vehement passions, that he aspired to nothing less than universal monarchy—came to the throne, Philip having speedily offended him by his independent spirit, the holy father, in resentment, ordered him to take back Ingelberga, and to dismiss Agnes. Philip not complying with this mandate, Innocent at once excommunicated him, and laid all France under an interdict—in those days a very serious matter. A quarrel ensued, but Philip, finding the affair was likely to do him injury, sent the Pope word “ that he had settled it himself.” He then took Ingelberga out of a convent to which she had been consigned, mounted her behind him on his horse, and in this not very dignified manner carried her back to Paris as his wife and his queen. Poor Agnes, he mother of two children, wounded in her affections, and degraded as a Princess, died soon after of a broken heart ;

and Innocent so far relented, that he suffered the son and daughter of her dissolved marriage to be considered legitimate. But this intermeddling of the See of Rome gave great offence to the French people, more especially as it affected the succession.

About this period, by the death of Richard I., his brother John ascended the throne of England, and took possession of certain lands in France, to the prejudice of his nephew Arthur<sup>1</sup>. Philip saw that this was an opportunity favourable for France, and, under the pretext of asserting the rights of Arthur, marched a formidable army into Normandy, whither John also came to defend what he called his own possessions. Fearful of the event, and nothing loth to be rid of the hostility of Philip, he gladly listened to the project of his mother, Eleanor of Guienne, that he should give his niece Blanch in marriage to Louis, the Dauphin, and heir to the throne of France, with the peaceful surrender of certain lands in that country still pertaining to the crown of England.

This is the first we hear in history of Blanch, a princess who inherited much of her grandfather's abilities for government, and all the firm and haughty spirit of her father<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Arthur's father was Geoffrey, son of Henry II. of England; and like John, a rebel to his father: he was killed in a tournament at Paris, A.D. 1185. The widow of Geoffrey, the Lady Constance, was delivered of a son soon after this event; the boy was named Arthur, and invested in right of his mother with the Duchy of Brittany. See Hume, vol. i. p. 456.

<sup>2</sup> Her father was Alphonso, King of Castile; her mother, Eleanor, daughter of Henry II. of England.



With us this lady has a peculiar interest: she is the Blanch of our Shakspeare, whose marriage with Louis, to stop "the bleeding fount of war," to fix John in his usurpation, and to deprive the unfortunate and fatherless Arthur of his right to the crown of England, is so eloquently deplored by Constance, when surprised by the fickleness of King Philip—"to hollow falsehood changed."

"Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!  
 False blood to false blood joined! Gone to be friends!  
 Shall Louis wed Blanch?—and Blanch those provinces;  
 It is not so; thou hast misspoke—misheard—  
 Be well advised; tell o'er thy tale again;  
 It cannot be . . . . .  
 I have the king's oath to the contrary."

Philip was, indeed, perjured to the Lady Constance; he gave up Arthur's cause, whose wrongs—poor youth—did not end here. After many vicissitudes, his uncle, unfaithful alike to all obligations, human or Divine, took him prisoner, and ended the strife between them by murder! The Justice of God did not slumber; the deed, even in that age, revolted the feelings of humanity; John shrank before the cry of general indignation. Philip saw that this was the moment for his policy to come into play, and summoned John as a vassal to the court of his peers for the lands he had gained by the death of young Arthur. John demanded a safe conduct to go and to return. "Let him come in safety," replied Philip, "but, by all the saints in Heaven, he shall not return unless acquitted by his peers."

A great English authority<sup>3</sup> doubts the right that Philip had to summon John, but adds, "the vigour of Philip and the meanness of his adversary cast a shade over all that might be novel or irregular in these proceedings." John did not obey the summons; a guilty conscience held him back. A court of barons assembled with all due solemnity, and pronounced him guilty of felony, and his fiefs forfeited. Thus was the pleasant land of Normandy lost to England, and fixed as a rich gem in the crown of France; and the conquests of Maine and Anjou speedily followed<sup>4</sup>.

The foes of Philip were many, but not stronger than his ability and energy to meet them. The details of his wars and victories form a large portion of French history, during the close of the twelfth, and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries. One of these achievements is too remarkable to be passed in silence, even in a notice brief as this.

The Emperor Otho IV. of Germany had formed a league with the Counts of Flanders and Boulogne, and assisted by force from England, took the field 150,000 strong, whilst the whole army of the French King numbered but 60,000. Philip had cause to suspect there were those

<sup>3</sup> Hallam.

<sup>4</sup> The forfeiture stood thus: In right of his mother, Henry II. possessed Normandy, and Anjou from his father, and Guienne by his wife Eleanor. Both the eldest sons of Henry II., Henry and Richard, dying without issue, and his third son, Geoffrey, before himself, Arthur, the posthumous son of Geoffrey, was clearly heir to the throne of England; but John, the fourth and youngest son of Henry, usurped Arthur's rights, and murdered him. See Hume, vol. i. p. 434.

in his camp, among the powerful and discontented Barons in whom he could place no reliance in the hour of danger. He determined, therefore, upon a device that should call forth a chivalrous and patriotic feeling towards him.

Before the battle commenced, he summoned all his nobles and knights to attend Divine service, and caused a crown of gold to be placed upon the altar. The mass ended, he addressed those around him with great energy; and taking reverently from the altar, and raising in his hand, the golden circle, he told all present, that they fought not for him individually, but for the honour of the crown of France, and if in that assembly there was a man they deemed more worthy than himself to maintain the independence and glory of the country, let them name that man, and he would himself place the crown upon his head, and bear the banner of France under his command. With one voice, they hailed their King their worthiest leader.

The enthusiasm thus raised showed itself that day in marvellous acts of bravery. Otho, defeated, fled from the field. Philip (though his horse had been killed under him, and he was severely wounded) called aloud as he did so, "My friends, you will see but his back to-day; follow—complete the victory." They obeyed; and on the 27th of July, 1214, the battle of Bouvines was won. A host of nobles, with the Counts of Flanders and of Boulogne were taken prisoners; and Philip, returning to Paris, with his two princely captives led in chains, entered in triumph amid the shouts and the greetings of his people. The two Counts found

their prison-house in the strong and sombre tower of the Louvre, built by his order, it was said, to overawe his vassals, who when they came to take their oath of allegiance and to do homage for their fiefs, might see the lodging prepared for them if they broke it <sup>5</sup>.

One of Philip's constant aims was to keep as much as possible in subordination the dangerous independence of the Barons. He had an example how troublesome such personages could be in the neighbouring kingdom of England; and, determined to break their power and to enlarge that of the monarchy, he frequently grappled with them with a firm and successful hand.

The feudatory tenure both with nobles under the King, and vassals under the nobles, was designed to be one of mutual benefit and protection. The Barons took the oath of allegiance to the Sovereign; and on occasion of investiture to their fiefs, the oath was accompanied with the ceremony of homage. Conditions were imposed, so various according to circumstances, that their nature cannot be described, except to say that the chief and standard service was military. Forty days' service in the field was the usual tenure in France. Acts of courage and devotion were also required—never to desert the Lord Paramount in the field; to become his hostage if captured by the enemy; to keep secret his affairs; and never to dishonour any member of his family, or any one under his roof. Some of the services

<sup>5</sup> Philip founded the Abbey of Notre Dame de la Victoire, near Senlis, in memory of this victory. See Morery, p. 147.

required were less distinguished—such as to act as the King's cup-bearer, his carver, his master of the horse, or even to put on his boots and spurs.

But notwithstanding all this, the independence of the French Barons was great, and the same kind of oaths and homage that they paid to the King, they required from their own vassals, and with far greater probability of being obeyed ; for the Barons could and often did make war upon their Sovereigns, but their vassals were powerless against them ; and if any offended, as all these princes (for such they really were) possessed strongholds, their dungeons, tortures, and graves told no tales ; or if they did, the crime was too common and the victim too obscure to excite either abhorrence or surprise. Such, indeed, was the power of the great Lords, that it was stated by St. Louis himself in his "*Establishments*" (when at a mature age, he amended the laws of France) that, "if justice was refused by the King to one of his vassals, he might summon his own tenants, under penalty of forfeiting their fiefs, to assist him in obtaining redress by arms."

These were the men who were originally intended "as a national militia of Barons, knights, and gentlemen, bound by their interest, their honour, and their oaths, to defend their King and country." But this system in a turbulent age, or under a weak ruler, was too often abused ; and the proneness of the nobles to have recourse to open rebellion, and even to arms, was frequently indulged on very slight and insufficient grounds.

Philip not only restrained the power of the Barons, but as far as the spirit of the age would admit, made inroads on the grasping practice of the Church, and the presumed immunity of the monks. On one occasion he displayed no little wit and address in his dealings with them. He wanted to raise some troops on a sudden, and for this purpose required a subsidy from the monks of Rheims. These declined, saying that if they assented, it would become a precedent; but at the same time assuring the King that he should have their prayers in abundance. Not long after, the Church of Rheims and her lands were attacked and laid waste by some of those godless Barons who were never at all scrupulous towards either monks or Jews when they wanted money. The monks of Rheims, in great wrath, appealed to the King for justice and assistance. Philip received their application with much gravity; and assured them of his prayers that their lands might be left in peace. Their grievances, however, becoming more intolerable, they again besought their Sovereign to exert his power in their behalf. "Of what do you complain?" said Philip; "I have protected you with my prayers, as you aided me with yours; go and be at peace." This hint was enough; the monks opened their purses to the royal necessity, and the King soon forced the offending Barons to make ample restitution.

Another great benefit conferred on France by this vigorous ruler, was the chasing the Barbançons out of the kingdom. These were a vast body of audacious and mur-

derous banditti, who admitted into their brotherhood every outlaw escaped from public justice. They were sometimes employed as mercenary soldiers\*. Philip, seeing that troops, taken from the ranks of banditti were a crying evil, and that in time of need, to be obliged to rely on the feudatory vassals of the crown was a check to that authority he was so desirous to maintain over his nobles, resolved to raise a body of men that should be a standing army in times of peace, and ready to be called into action by the Sovereign will alone. Finding how much this advanced and secured the regal power, he raised the military office of Constable of France to be the highest in the State, and never bestowed it but on an able commander.

Far in advance of his age, Philip saw that much of the turbulence of the young nobles arose from their unlettered ignorance. In times of peace they had no resources but such as were afforded by the chase, the banquet, and those perpetual quarrels between themselves, to which the tournaments not a little contributed. He wished, therefore, that "good letters," might be extended beyond the walls of the monastery and students for the Church. To further this object, he revived and greatly augmented the privileges and revenues of the University of Paris. To him, also was France indebted for that noble Institution for the preserva-

\* Henry II. of England having, at one period, but little confidence in his own troops, engaged an army of no less than 20,000 of these ruffian Barbançons. This occurred during his quarrels with Louis the Young. — "L'Histoire de France," vol. i. p. 138.

## AND HIS TIMES.

tion of the national archives ; nor was the improvement of the Capital neglected. He extended and heightened the walls, built many churches and hospitals, and a commodious market-place, and caused the hitherto muddy streets of Paris to be paved.

Though it is considered by most writers that the great improvement in the laws of France was not effected till Louis IX. returned from his first crusade, yet some think Philip Augustus was the first sovereign who gave a check to the practice of private warfare. Du Cange has shown that such wars were carried on during many centuries ; and that it was impossible to suppress them when Feudalism claimed its privileges with great pertinacity. If any one of gentle blood had killed or done injury to another of his own degree, all his kindred and vassals were involved in the contest that ensued, and bound to avenge the wrong. In order to check this murderous custom, Philip introduced the ordinance of *the forty days' truce*; namely, that no one, on pain of being held guilty of treason, should commence war upon an offender till forty days had expired after the offence, hoping thereby that time would be given for reason to assert its control, and terms of accommodation made between the hostile parties.

One painful subject which throws a deep shadow over this otherwise bright period in France remains to be noticed.

At that period the Province of Languedoc was under the princely rule of the Count of Toulouse ; the inhabitants



were a simple, industrious, and devout people, pure in morals, and still entertaining those primitive opinions, which, it is believed by many writers, their ancestors had derived from the teaching of the Apostles. Those who entertained these opinions, living principally in Albi, obtained the name of Albigenses; yet their religious tenets were common throughout Provence. For centuries they remained unnoticed, happy in their obscurity. When Raymond VI. became their Prince, though himself of the Church of Rome, he was a man so free from all intolerance, that, provided his people were quiet and innocent in their lives, he never interfered with their religious opinions. Not so Innocent III. In the very first year of his Pontificate, hearing that the opinions of the inhabitants of Languedoc were gaining ground, he despatched commissioners armed with papal authority to inquire into them, and if found to be heretical, to take the most vigorous measures to root them out, and to visit those who held them with the severest punishment. From this commission is dated the commencement of the Inquisition.

Raymond justly took offence at the Pope's interference; and was in requital excommunicated. The ban, however, was soon taken off; but not the suspicion it had drawn upon the Count, as a favourer of his own heretical people. On a second visitation, a quarrel arose between one of the inquisitors and a gentleman of the Prince's household; in which, provoked by the rude and threatening language used towards the Count, the gentleman, in the heat of passion,

slew the inquisitor. On learning this, Innocent wielding the thunders of the Vatican, without pause proceeded again to excommunicate the Count of Toulouse and all his subjects. He published a Bull calling on the King of France and all his Nobles, and offering indulgences as large as those granted to the Crusaders of the East, to take up arms and at once crush the offender.

Philip Augustus declined both the indulgences and the summons. But many of the restless Barons and adventurous Knights, fond of plunder, and caring little whether it were obtained from Turk, Jew, or heretic, took the Pope at his word, profited by his indulgences, and hearing that Languedoc (to them a *terra incognita*) was a fine country, with rich towns, black-eyed damsels, and fruitful vines, flocked to join the Crusade of Innocent, which had also the charm of novelty to recommend it. Eastern Crusading, with its burning sands, treacherous Arabs, Saracen scimitars, pestilence, famine, leprosy, and the sacrifice of lands and goods at home, had so disgusted the followers of the Red Cross, that to assume it was no longer the fashion of the day.

The Monks of Citeaux and the Bernardins preached warmly in favour of the Crusade against the Albigenses; and the result was that A.D. 1209, fifty thousand soldiers of the Cross, and a multitude of common people, armed with any weapons they could obtain, poured down as a desolating torrent on the plains of Languedoc. God had blessed that land with the richest gifts of nature; and the industry of a

peaceful race had rendered it smiling with plenty. The deadly blight of superstition passed over it, and soon all was a ruin !

Languedoc, as a Province, was no more. Her cities were burnt, her people—old and young, men, women, and children—extirpated by fire and sword ; and this was called “the victory of God !” Raymond was pardoned, or rather bought a pardon, by consenting to surrender to the officials of the Pope several of his strong fortresses. A rope was fastened round his neck ; but, as a favour, he was not hanged, only well scourged ; and being made to join the crusading army, his towns were burnt, and his people massacred before his face. He was also compelled to guide the way of the assailants to the castle of his own nephew, a fine spirited young knight, who refused to accept his life by submission, and held out to the last.

Beziers was a fortified town. It was besieged by the fanatics. The inhabitants, hoping to save their lives, fled in crowds to the altars for protection. The city was taken by storm ; the churches were not respected ; in one of them seven thousand persons were said to have been slain. The massacre of the inhabitants became general ; neither sex nor age was spared. The Abbot Arnold of Citeaux, who had done much by his preaching to forward the Crusade, was present at this consummation of his eloquence. After the capture of the city, when there was a short pause before the cold-blooded work began, the Abbot was asked what was to be done : there were so many good Catholics

among the inhabitants, how were they to be known and saved among heretics? "Kill them all," he replied; "God will know His own: kill them all; God will take care of His own<sup>†</sup>."

Though Philip Augustus had declined to take part in the persecution of the Albigenses, his son Louis, without the knowledge, and contrary to the wishes of his father, joined it. Glad, therefore, was Philip to withdraw his son from its ranks, and to engage him in an enterprize against King John of England, set on foot by his own freedom-loving Barons, and much-abused people. Louis obeyed the summons, left Languedoc to mourn in ashes over its ruined cities and wasted plains, joined the island malcontents, and finally was invited by them to accept the English crown. Disgust and despair had caused "this outmost corner of the West" to proffer the golden round of royalty to a foreigner and an alien in blood. Louis accepted the crown, but was not fated to wear it.

The wretched John, weak and unstable in all his ways, to save his dishonoured head from utter abasement, made the most servile concessions to the Pope in the person of his Legate Pandulph, and gave this island, "girt in by the main," to the See of Rome!

<sup>†</sup> Hallam, vol. i. pt. i. p. 29, says, In the storming of Beziers 15,000 persons, or according to some narratives 60,000, were put to the sword. Not a living soul escaped, as witnesses assure us.

See also Sismondi's "Literature of the South of Europe," vol. i. p. 157. Both Hallam and Sismondi give the anecdote of Arnold, Abbot of Citeaux.

Great was the joy of Innocent ; now did he seem indeed a universal ruler ; kings and kingdoms at his feet ! So this same Innocent now called off the pack he had before hounded on to worry the wounded lion of England. The Dauphin was forbidden to touch the crown that had been offered to him, for was it not now the property of the See of Rome ? and only Rome could dispose of it ! Louis, however, was by no means prepared to resign his newly-acquired kingdom ; he made a struggle to retain it, and for a time successfully.

“ All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds out  
But Dover Castle : London hath received  
Like a kind host the Dauphin and his powers.  
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy ;  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.”

But for John the hour of retribution was come ! His death was sudden, not without strong suspicion of poison. He died, and England was herself again. The crown that had been offered to the Dauphin in angry haste was withdrawn in moments of more temperate feeling. John left a son, too young to offend, native born, legitimate, and who, under the guidance of a wise protector, might be the means of giving renovated health and spirit to the worn and shattered realm. There was no probability that Louis could maintain his unnatural claim against such a competition, and he wisely withdrew it.

Innocent, clear-sighted enough to discern which way

the current of popular feeling had set in, at once made the most gracious professions of amity to the youthful Henry ; and still further to show his love for legitimate rule, sent a legate to London, armed with a Bull empowering him to impose a tax on all those among the laity who had lately taken part with the Dauphin ; but the ecclesiastics who had done so were obliged to go to Rome for absolution, and to finish the comedy, on their return were compelled to visit Paris, and to be flogged in procession round the cathedral of that city.

Philip Augustus died in 1223, in the 59th year of his age, and the 43rd of his reign. He was buried with the highest honours in the Abbey Church of St. Denis. He is described as of middle stature, majestic deportment, regular features, and generally handsome, though one of his eyes was somewhat disfigured by specks. His manners were affable ; and though he received counsel willingly, he never changed his determination when once he had deliberately formed it.

The Dauphin, already mentioned, who succeeded him as Louis VIII., was the son by his first wife, Isabella, a daughter of a Count Baldwin of Hainault, who died soon after giving birth to Louis and a twin child. Philip had no children by Ingelburga. After his divorce from her, by his third wife, the unfortunate Agnes, he had Philip Hurepel, whose ambition for power made him so troublesome to the Queen Regent Blanch, during the minority of Louis IX.

To avoid papal persecution, as we have stated, Philip put away Agnes and took back Ingelburga ; and it was amongst the singularities of his character, that soon after this return to her, he kept her aloof from him for no less than twelve years at Estampes ; then took her back again, and lived with her most happily the rest of his days ; and at his death, as a mark of his affection, besides a royal dower, left her ten thousand livres in gold.

Philip's courage in the field, his fortunate victories, his wisdom in government, and the manly independence of his spirit, so often displayed in resisting the arbitrary will and imposts of Rome, altogether so raised him in the opinion of his people, that, as before noticed, by universal consent he was deemed the greatest king that had borne the sceptre of France since the days of Charlemagne.

Louis VIII., with his Queen Blanch, was crowned at Rheims with great splendour on the 8th day of April, A.D. 1223. The titular King of Jerusalem and the principal nobles of the realm attended. It was expected that a deputation from the youthful King of England would also have been present ; but instead of this an embassy was sent to demand the restitution of certain domains in France that had been lost during the reign of John. This demand being refused, led to renewed strife ; till Louis, in order to follow his deceased father's design of expelling the English from their possessions in his kingdom, acted with such vigour, that, victory succeeding victory, by the next year all that remained to them was the city of Bourdeaux and

the country beyond the Garonne. At length, satisfied with these conquests, and very doubtful of being able to extend them, Louis consented to a truce for three years with Henry III., his boy rival.

Being pressed by the Legate, and far less firm in character than his father, Louis, unhappily for his fame, consented to enter upon a new Crusade against the Albigenses. So fearful a war ensued, that 24,000 of that unhappy people were slaughtered with fire, sword, and every possible cruelty. Louis was engaged in the Siege of Avignon, where Raymond, Count of Toulouse, having, in revenge for the injuries he had sustained, determined to make a vigorous defence and to hold out to the last, a pestilence broke out in the camp of the besiegers. The number of the dead, men and horses, by which the camp was surrounded, was the cause of this, and Louis, smitten with sickness, was compelled to retire to the Monastery of Montpensier for safety.

There he was not left in peace, but was greatly disturbed by the earnest petition of one of the principal of his feudatory Barons, the Count of Champagne, to be allowed to return home: the Count pleaded that having served forty days of military duty, he was, according to his tenure, entitled to his dismissal.

The King angrily refused his request, upon which the Count (so says Roger of Wendover), "as report goeth, being in love with the Queen, caused some poison to be administered to the King; and being urged on by the impulse of his



passion, he could not abide longer delay." The King died, but more probably of the dysentery produced by the pestilence than of poison ; for at that period, no person of eminence died suddenly, or from a cause not well understood by the doctors, without its being ascribed either to a malevolent aspect of the stars or to poison. However this might be, Louis VIII. was dead ; and the Legate and the priests who had accompanied him to the siege, fearing that if the death of the King became known it would dispirit the army, prevailed with the leeches to say that he was sick in bed, and with the chiefs of the different battalions to lead on and attack the city with all their power.

Anxious to preserve the corpse of the King, they took out his entrails, and well salting the rest of the body, wrapped it up in waxed linen and bull's hides ; and after Avignon had been treacherously conquered, to the disgrace of the Legate and all concerned in it, during a time of truce, they carried the deceased King to Paris, where he was interred with his ancestors at St. Denis.





## CHAPTER II.

Birth of Louis IX.—Religious training—His mother Queen Regent—Hurepel, Mauclerc, and discontented Barons—Coronation of the young King—Count of Champagne friend to the Queen—Attempt to seize Louis—Rescued—Welcomed and protected by the citizens of Paris—Education of Louis—His filial piety—Builds the Abbey of Royaumont—Raymond VII., Count of Toulouse, takes up arms in the south of France—Defeated—Hard terms imposed upon him—First edict of the reign against the Albigenses—The Barons again become troublesome—Queen Blanch heads the troops—Marches into Brittany—Defeats Mauclerc—The Count of Champagne joins the faction—Louis forbids his marriage—Troubles in Champagne—Claim of the Queen of Cyprus—The Count becomes King of Navarre.



LOUIS IX. was born at Poissy, near Paris, on the festival of St. Mark, in the year of our Lord 1215. It was a high day in the Church of Rome, commonly called that of the black crosses, from the many processions carrying crosses of that hue in commemoration of the great mortality by the plague at Rome during the pontificate of Gregory the Great, who instituted the festival. Joinville tells us that Louis's mother, Blanch of Castile, caused her son from his earliest years to be religiously brought up, and preached to on Sundays and feast-days; and often said,

“that she would rather see her boy in his grave, than that he should commit a mortal sin.”

Indeed, the piety of his mother was evinced on the day of his birth; for being told that the bells of a neighbouring church had been stopped for fear they should disturb her rest, she ordered her attendants to remove her to a more distant chamber, and on no account to stop the summons of the people to prayer.

Louis was not quite twelve years old when he came to the crown of France. By the will of his dying father (such was the confidence he placed in his queen), the youthful Louis was consigned to the guardianship of his mother without a Regent being named to assist her.

Blanch allowed but three weeks mourning for the late king, and lost no time in summoning the prelates and nobles, who owed allegiance to the crown, to assemble at Paris, previous to attending the coronation of the young Prince at Rheims. She soon began to feel that she had many enemies to encounter at the very commencement of her rule. Philip Hurepel, the half-brother of the deceased king, and his friend Mauclerc, Count of Brittany, were the chief among these. Hurepel was disappointed, as he considered himself a much fitter person to act as Regent, during the minority of his nephew, than a woman and a foreigner; and Mauclerc (who found at all times some occasion for dissatisfaction), though the youthful Louis could have done nothing to offend him, yet said, like the wolf in the fable to the lamb, “that his father had before him.” These men

entered into a league with some other of the great feudatory barons, who thought that now was the time, when but a woman's hand held the reins of government, to demand and recover many of those independent rights and lands which had been forfeited or wrested from them during the last two reigns, and more especially by the arbitrary power of Philip Augustus.

These claims were not made without angry pretensions and threats; but they who made them were mistaken in the character of the queen to whom they were addressed. The times were fraught with peril; but Blanch had ability, courage, and energy adequate to meet them. Seeing plainly that these demands would lead to civil strife, she advised with the Legate St. Ange (her intimate friend, and by her enemies said to be her lover), and at once summoned the clergy, and the few nobles in whom she could place reliance, carried Louis to Rheims, though the See was then vacant, and caused him to be crowned King of France by the Bishop of Soissons, on the day of St. Andrew the Apostle, A.D. 1226.

The Queen had indeed occasion to find that the coronation was not accomplished at all too soon; for the discontented barons almost immediately after became seriously the disturbers of her regency. Amongst these unruly nobles, none was more formidable than Thibault, Count of Champagne, about whom there rests a mystery too difficult to be solved. Roger of Wendover represents him as the lover of Queen Blanch. When we next hear of

him, it is as her dangerous enemy ; and that she considered him such, is evident by her having ordered his arrest, should he appear at Rheims during the time appointed for the coronation of her son. The Count, like Cassio, possessed

“ A person and a smooth discourse  
Framed to make women false.”

He was not only handsome, *débonnaire*, but of great prowess, and a lover of the *gaie science*, the minstrelsy of the troubadours<sup>1</sup>. Now whether it arose from that feeling for beauty in distress, to which every knight of the order of chivalry was sworn, or that he was touched by the anxiety of the mother, or charmed with the grace and sweetness of the son, certain it is, from whatever motive it arose, that Thibault, Count of Champagne, not only renounced his enmity, but became the devoted *cavaliere servente* of the noble Queen, and composed poems and songs in her praise ; and so sincere was he in the royal cause, that by his means the dangerous designs of Philip Hurepel and Mauclerc were frustrated.

This devotion to the noble lady gave rise to many stories and suspicions ; and one of them was that the Count's previous enmity had arisen from jealousy of the Legate, to whom the Queen had given her exclusive confidence ; but on her having signified her pleasure that she wished to see

<sup>1</sup> Sismondi says that Thibault III., Count of Champagne, who in 1234 became King of Navarre, was the most celebrated of the Troubadour poets of the Middle Ages, “ Not only on account of his regal dignity, but of his attachment, real or supposed, to Blanch of Castile, the mother of St. Louis, and the influence which his romantic amours had upon the affairs of his kingdom.”—“ Literature of the South of Europe,” vol. i. p. 226.

Count Thibault at Court, his feelings entirely changed towards her, and he ceased to be a malcontent. Most likely these reports were nothing more than court gossip, for although we find throughout the whole of Queen Blanch's career a love of power and great abilities to sustain it, no trace whatever of lightness of conduct appears in any of her acts and deeds. She was a shrewd, clear-sighted woman, and therefore we may fairly acquit her of all design upon the gay Count, except one of policy; for as she was of an age (past forty years) when beauty usually is on the wane, and the Count not much more than twenty, it is more likely that she sought to win the support of his prowess than his love; and this might have been the origin of the friendly intimacy between them. But Queen Blanch's troubles in the regency were not yet brought to a close. Another and a serious trial awaited her.

Mauclerc and his confederates formed a desperate plot in the winter of 1227, for seizing the person of the young King by an ambush artfully concerted to ensnare him near Orleans, where he would be engaged with a hunting party, slightly attended and unprepared to encounter danger. Providentially the Count of Champagne discovered their design, and by collecting a stout retinue of horsemen, well armed, succeeded in guarding Louis, and lodging him and his mother in safety within the strong castle of Montlhéry. But though safe within the walls they dared not venture beyond them. Mauclerc and his adherents were strong in numbers, and on the watch to carry out their purpose.

But the heart of France was sound ; and years after these boisterous occurrences, Louis, with deep thankfulness, delighted to recount to his faithful friends the circumstances of his rescue : that when the citizens of Paris learnt the peril in which he and his mother stood at Montlhéry, all classes and degrees came forth, some armed with such weapons as they could procure, others with none, but with a hearty spirit of loyalty ; and altogether they formed a host in his defence. They lined the roads and the streets wherever he had to pass, and in this manner brought him home in safety, as they rent the air with cries—"Long life to our King ! Welcome to Louis ! may God bless and preserve him from the power of his enemies !" The traitorous barons heard this and trembled ; nor dared they to interrupt the progress of their youthful sovereign to his capital ; but they worked in secret, for they were not appeased. A new plot was laid to subdue if not to destroy the King and his mother ; and again was this frustrated by the gallant Count of Champagne.

After Mauclerc, the worst and most daring of all these ruffians, was—at least for a time—quieted, the Queen had peace and leisure to think of the education of her children ; and more especially that of her eldest born, the reigning monarch of a mighty realm. She wisely procured for him not only able but worthy men as his instructors in all the learning of the period deemed necessary to form the mind of a wise and accomplished prince. He was well instructed in history, and taught to consider it not merely to satisfy an

unprofitable curiosity, or as a collection of facts important when they occurred, but of no consequence in after-times. He was taught that the first principles of all government were not to be found in efforts to aggrandize either rulers or people ; that the true greatness of a nation must have its foundation in moral superiority, in its honesty, its valour, and its fear of God ; and that history must be studied to know well mankind, for though manners and customs change, the passions, the hopes, and wants of men are always much the same, and in civilized communities must be modelled and regulated by education and religion.

Louis was also made to read the ancient classics, and to write and converse fluently in Latin, then the great medium, as it remained for centuries after, of intercourse between the states of Europe ; in fact it was the only language in which religion, policy, or literature deigned to indite their records for their own time as well as for posterity.

His principal instructor was an Italian, named Pacifico, whom a sermon of St. Francis d'Assise converted to a life of severe religious austerity ; and though he led the mind of his royal pupil to fix itself above all things else on the importance of a holy life, it is to be feared that with this wholesome truth he blended the tenets of superstition, as the great, indeed almost the only fault of Louis in after-life, was his bigotry—his credulous confidence in monks, saints, and relics, and his unconquerable hatred of Jews, Turks, and heretics. Early instructions and sayings seem to have made a lasting impression on the mind of



Louis. It is recorded that hearing one of his young companions remark (an observation more likely to be made by one of riper years), "that the hours of a king were beyond all price, and therefore should be so managed to be turned to the best account," he became from that moment most scrupulous not to lose one in any idle employment; and he dearly loved for study the hours of the morning.

"The morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes."

Pacifico showed good sense in another point of instruction; for when it was desirable that Louis should relax a little from his closer studies, his tutor travelled with him through Normandy and other provinces, that he might know and observe the people and their distinctive character and customs. It is not at all improbable that it was during these journeys that the intelligent youth became so strongly impressed with the value of peace as a means of prosperity for France (for Louis was naturally spirited, and war was the passion of the youth of his time), that except when necessity armed him against the refractory barons, or superstition against infidels, he was a most peace-loving ruler to his life's end. Louis had never been a spoilt child; his mother had made him feel the discipline of the rod; and no doubt he required it, for his temper, as we are repeatedly told by his friend Joinville, was naturally passionate. Though his tutor properly instructed him—

"That never day nor night unhallow'd pass,  
But still remember what the Lord hath done,"

and was rigid about religious observance, yet he nevertheless indulged his pupil in some studies and amusements of a less severe nature than history and Latin composition ; for Louis had knowledge of music, but delighted more in Hymns and Psalms than in the songs and ditties of the Troubadours. That Louis had fine taste in architecture, and probably an acquaintance with its principles, we can ourselves witness in the still existing *Sainte Chapelle*, which, we are told, was built after his own especial direction ; and we feel assured, by his ascetic turn of mind, that he delighted in monastic buildings. Of all the nobler arts of the Middle Ages, architecture attained the highest perfection in countries where the sensuous in religion (if such a term may be allowed) most prevailed. The Papal Church addressed itself to the mind very much through the sight ; it sought to dazzle, to excite, to captivate the imagination ; hence the unparalleled grandeur and beauty of the cathedrals and ecclesiastical edifices, when in its palmy days the Church of Rome was paramount.

It is pleasing to contemplate the boyhood of Louis in relation to his filial piety—his affection, his profound respect for his mother, and his absolute obedience to her commands ; and that one of his first acts after his accession to the throne was to found the noble Abbey of Royaumont, to do honour to the memory of his father. Whilst the work was going on, he delighted to assist in it. Some neighbouring monks also gave their assistance ; and Louis would himself wheel the barrow to help the labourers, and in-

duced his brothers to give their aid. But when the young Princes, better pleased with the sports and pastimes suited to their age, soon tired of the work, Louis, young as he was, would gravely but gently reproach them, and bid them imitate the quiet labour of the holy men employed in the task.

The manly part of his education was not neglected; he was allowed to follow hawk and hound, and early taught running at the Quintaine<sup>3</sup>, and initiated in all the other noble exercises of chivalry. But none of these pursuits led him away from the tender love that he bore to his widowed mother; for whilst she lived at Poissy, the mansion in which he was born, at no great distance from Paris, he seldom suffered a day to pass without riding thither to receive her blessing and her instructions; and by the judgment and vigour with which she governed France during his minority, she gained an influence over him which was never lessened during the whole of her life.

In 1228 a considerable part of Languedoc was ceded to the crown of France by Raymond VII., Count of Toulouse. During the last reign, as we have stated, that once lovely and fertile province had been wasted by fire and sword. In the year just named Raymond succeeded to a barren and miserable territory. Finding that some of

<sup>3</sup> The Quintaine was the figure of a man made in wood, and fixed on a pivot, so as to be moveable. Against this the young men learning the exercises of chivalry tilted with the lance. See St. Palaye on Ancient Chivalry.

the great Barons were dissatisfied towards the Regent of the new reign, he thought that such was the moment for reprisals ; and determined once more to risk the event of a war so doubtful as that against the King's General in the South.

The monks and the clergy now sounded the tocsin ; and the Queen, having by the assistance of the Legate drawn a large subsidy, assisted the army of the Church so effectually that two Archbishops brought a strong force into the field, and the Bishop of Toulouse urged the troops to lay siege to his own city, and compel an unconditional surrender. Still the brave garrison held out, till in pity for the misery and the sufferings of the citizens, Count Raymond surrendered on the hardest terms, and was compelled to declare his daughter sole heir to his estates, and to engage to give her in marriage to Alphonso, one of the brothers of the King.

In the same year an edict was published in the name of Louis (but from his unripe years evidently dictated by his mother and the Legate), directly aimed against the Albigois of Languedoc. It stated that the King was "desirous of consecrating the first-fruits of his reign to Almighty God, by whom he lived and ruled ; and therefore, having taken counsel with wise and noble men of his kingdom, he directed that *heretics* should every where be sought out and punished with rigour." It is grievous to state that at a future period this edict was acted upon with severity.

For some months things went on smoothly and peaceably ; and the Queen mother began to hope that the trials

of her regency were at an end ; but she was mistaken, for in 1229 the Barons again became troublesome. Blanch now saw that some determined steps must be taken, or the realm of her son would never be left at peace. The spirited Queen therefore, with a feeling kindred to that of the heroic Joan of Arc, resolved to buckle on her armour, mount her charger, and herself lead on a chosen band of knights and archers, and marching at once into Brittany, to rouse the wolf in his lair, and drive from his stronghold the fierce and savage Mauclerc.

Ever anxious for her son, and never thinking him safe from his enemies when she was not by to watch over him, she decided that he should bear her company ; she also felt that the presence of their youthful Prince would call forth in the most animating manner the loyalty and courage of the knights and men-at-arms. She was not mistaken ; and now it was that Louis first looked on war in all its panoply of chivalrous gallantry and power. The castle of the rebel leader was invested, stormed, and taken ; and Mauclerc, though his life was spared, was compelled to accept terms sufficiently rigorous ; yet such was his disquiet spirit, that not even now was he finally subdued.

We pass in silence very much that would be tedious concerning the restless and discontented faction in the kingdom, and proceed to an event which greatly surprised both the Queen and her son.

The Count of Champagne, hitherto so warmly devoted to their service, by some means not explained even by

Joinville, was drawn back to the party of the malcontents. Certain it is, however, that no small inducement was offered to him in the person of a beautiful daughter of Mauclerc, the troublesome leader of Brittany. The young King heard of this intended marriage with great indignation, and immediately sent a letter to the Count of Champagne, forbidding the marriage in the most peremptory manner. This was received at the very time when the Count of Brittany, attended by many of the Barons who were of his kindred, had set out to conduct his daughter to the monastery of Valserry, where it had been arranged she was to meet her betrothed. But the King's mandate having been received by the young Count on his road to the monastery, he very quietly turned his horse's head, went home again, and thought no more of his proposed marriage.

Not so, however, did the lady's father and his friends. Here was a breach of contract that, in their view, demanded an exemplary chastisement : they lost no time in effecting it. The whole story would be long and tedious, therefore we will considerably abbreviate it.

There was a certain Alix, Queen of Cyprus, who had some disputed pretensions to the lands of Champagne ; such as were often made in those days of unsettled and complicated claims. The angry father sent at once to this Queen, and bade her come and take what was her own by right. In the meanwhile, to such a barbarous extent did he carry his resentment, that without further ceremony, he and his kindred Barons invaded the territory of Champagne,

34 THE GOOD ST. LOUIS AND HIS TIMES.

burnt, pillaged, and destroyed towns and villages, killed innocent people, and did a world of mischief and not till the young King headed in person a stout band of knights and men-at-arms, were these ruffians obliged to retreat.

The claim of the Queen of Cyprus was prudently settled; for in order to prevent its being used at any future period as an excuse for renewed strife, a good sum of money was offered by the Count of Champagne to the lady, who made no objection to receiving it, as more desirable than a contested title. The King advanced the money, forty thousand livres, and received from the Count, by way of repayment, several of his fiefs.

Soon after these transactions, the gay, handsome, and poetic young Count became a very great man, inheriting, in right of his mother, the kingdom of Navarre. By altogether quitting the Court of France, he put an end to the idle rumours concerning his favour with Queen Blanch; and though Louis had forbidden his marriage with the daughter of Mauclerc, he parted from the new-made king on the most amicable terms<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> Hallam says, "The King, and even inferior lords of that country (France), required their consent to be solicited for the marriage of their vassals' daughters. Several proofs of this occur in the history, as well as in the laws, of France." The Count of Brittany held his fief of the crown of France. Knowing his daring disobedience seems to account for Louis forbidding the marriage by writing to the Count of Champagne, rather than by any direct communication with Mauclerc of Brittany.



### CHAPTER III.

Louis marries Margaret, daughter of the Count of Provence—Queen Blanch jealous—Anecdotes of domestic troubles—Louis's love of justice—How dispensed at the gates and in the woods of Vincennes—The clergy appeal to Louis to enforce the law of absolution—His reply on the subject—His opinion how best to defend the faith—His moral excellence and religious practices—His fondness for relics; account of the same—Quarrel between the monks of Pontignac and the black monks about the relic of an Archbishop—Louis leads a grand procession—Builds the Sainte Chapelle.

**W**HEN the King was considered old enough for marriage, though then but twenty years of age, his mother chose a wife for him, to whom he made no objection—Margaret, the eldest daughter of Raymond, Count of Provence. She was scarcely more than a child, being only thirteen, very gentle, and by contemporaries declared to be very pretty. To her delicate beauty might be applied these lines:—

“Thou dost deserve a crown,  
For thou art fair, and at thy birth  
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:  
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,  
And with the half-blown rose!”

Queen Blanch, who thought it her duty to train up the



young Queen to fill with propriety the dignified station to which she was advanced, and to suit the taste of her son, took so much upon her, and continued her rule so long, that the youthful pair at length found it a serious restraint upon their actions and affections. The three lived far too much together; and as it often happens with mothers-in-law, whether regal or otherwise, a strong feeling of jealousy was manifested by the Lady Blanch. She could not bear that in the affections of her son she should find a rival even in his young wife, and hence arose many angry and unpleasant scenes.

In his maturer years, Louis told his friends that in the early part of his married life, he felt so much this thralldom, that he was glad when occasions came for him to sojourn in a royal mansion where a convenient staircase near his apartment communicated with that of his lovely Queen, as he could then find opportunities of passing more hours with her than his mother would have approved<sup>1</sup>.

When Louis attained the age of twenty-one years, though

<sup>1</sup> Joinville relates, that on one occasion, when the Court was at Pontoise, Louis gave orders to the ushers of his chamber, that if he happened to be with the Queen in her apartment, and his mother was coming there, they should beat the dogs soundly until they cried out, that he might hear them, and slip away before she could get in. Once, however, when his wife was seriously ill after her confinement, and he had come to see and comfort her, his mother's step was suddenly heard approaching (on this occasion the dogs evidently escaped a beating), and in great wrath she desired Louis to leave the chamber; when, rather undignified for a husband and a king, he obeyed. Queen Mar-

entitled to take on himself the whole weight of the government, he still adopted no counsel without his mother's assistance, so great was his respect for her judgment and abilities. Above all things was he most desirous for perfect justice in the dispensation of the laws ; and one custom of his reminds us of the Elders awarding justice to the people of Israel. Two favoured noblemen, in company with Joinville, frequently went to hear the pleadings at the gateway (afterwards called the Court of Requests) in the royal palace at Paris. On their return, Louis would send for them and inquire, "How matters had passed at the gateway," and whether they considered there was any thing in which his interference could be of use ; and if so, he would have the cause brought before himself without delay.

We are not told at what precise period of his reign this conscientious king commenced another practice which showed his earnest desire that the very humblest of his subjects, who could not afford the regular process of law, should have justice awarded them with the utmost facility. There is something very beautiful in the scene which this primitive exercise of regal power brings before the imagination ; we almost see it as in a picture.

After hearing mass, in the summer months, the youthful garet wept, and exclaimed, "Must she neither be allowed to see her husband living or dying?" The attendants were frightened, and the scene ended with the sick lady fainting with terror, her women screaming, thinking she was dead, and the King returning in haste to assist in bringing her to herself again. Joinville, the Poitiers edition, p. 504 ; also Henri Martin's "Histoire de France," vol. iv. p. 169.

Louis would proceed to the woods of Vincennes, where, from his love of the simple and the natural, he may be supposed to have asked himself—

“Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious Court?”

Seated beneath the spreading branches of a venerable oak, whose “top was bald with dry antiquity,” surrounded by the most worthy and therefore the most favoured of his nobles, without the observance of any regal forms or ceremony, he would act as his own herald; and in the simplest manner demand aloud if there were any of his people present who had any complaints to make to him. If any there were, he bade them come forward without fear, and their causes should be heard with due order and despatch; and whenever he heard any thing that could be amended in the pleadings before him, he graciously corrected the error himself. “I have seen him,” says the Seneschal, “in the garden at Paris, dressed in a coat of camlet and a surcoat of tirtaine (a sort of woollen stuff) without sleeves, and a mantle of black sendal, and with carpets spread for us to sit around him, and hear and discuss the complaints of his people, with the same diligence as in the woods of Vincennes.”

The same authority gives the following instance of his love of impartial justice. It was the custom whenever any one was under sentence of excommunication, that after a certain time, a year or more, he must be *compelled* to undergo absolution; and if the individual refused or evaded

the means of returning into the bosom of the Church, he was liable to forfeiture of goods and chattels, and even to imprisonment. The Albigeois held excommunication so much in contempt—and many catholics, careless about religion, did the same—that they never voluntarily sought to be absolved. This greatly offended the clergy, and was a very considerable loss to their revenue. It was determined, therefore, that some of the principal priests and bishops should wait upon the King, and address him on the subject. They did so, and used rather strong language when they told him plainly, “that he was ruining Christendom, by not enforcing the law.”

On hearing so grave a charge as the ruin of Christendom being placed to his account, the good King crossed himself; and declared that he would gladly enforce the law towards every one who had been proved unjust to the Church or to their parents; but he would not act rashly or indiscriminately without proof, as it would be “most blameable before God, and against reason, to force those who had been injured by the clergy by unjust excommunication or otherwise, to seek absolution without being first heard in their defence.” Louis then illustrated these observations by an example, and after hearing him recount the circumstances of the case, the prelates no longer pressed their complaint.

Yet notwithstanding this most striking decision against the arbitrary penalties of the Church, so bigoted was Louis in his hatred of heretics and infidels, that he said no theologian ought to dispute with such men, but “whenever

they heard the Christian faith contemned should defend it not with argument, but with the sword, until it entered the bodies of the unbelievers as far as the hilt." These sentiments were due to the age in which Louis lived ; for his religious feelings, when freed from superstition, were compassionate and charitable.

The kings of France were for the most part distinguished either by a selfish policy, or by warlike achievements, or by courtly magnificence. Good morals were unheeded, and religion was bigotry ; whilst all that was pure and most worthy of esteem was generally found in their mothers or their wives. But not so with Louis ; his conduct was regulated by the consciousness that the eye of God was always upon him ; and in the simplicity of his heart, he ever spoke as he thought ; and such was his self-respect, that he would not in his most private actions have done that which should make him blush for himself for a world's worth. His liberality, his charities were very great ; he was often censured, even by his own household, for his abundant alms, sometimes bestowed on the worthless. But he thought that even in the worst, till utterly reprobate, there are some sparks of the divinity that may be fanned into a flame by care and kindness ; and in cases of extreme distress, he often relieved the misery without thinking too closely of the man. Like most guileless natures, he was unsuspecting, and in himself fearless of being suspected ; so that when he did a kind action, he never paused to consider whether others would canvass the motive

and whatever good he did he was most attentive that it should never be other than consistent with truth and justice. He never did, what so many kings did both before and after him, rob one man in order to be liberal towards another.

So regular was Louis in fulfilling the duties enjoined by the Church, that every day, even in the depth of winter, he would be called to attend matins; and at certain periods was most exact to have his chaplains roused at midnight to attend a service of the Church, and every morning he heard the prayers chanted, also a mass of requiem in Lent, and then the service according to the saint to whom the day was dedicated. He always reposed a little after the frugal meal he made at dinner; and this short indulgence was followed by repeating privately with his chaplain the prayers for the dead, and every evening he attended compline.

Louis's veneration for relics was quite equal to that which he entertained for his favourite saints. Here again the opinions of his age became apparent, possibly adopted by him with more than ordinary warmth, as in his day credulity and sincerity were frequently found to possess the same mind in proportion to the zeal felt for religion. No sooner was it known that the good King was a collector of relics, than a very sufficient, indeed an astonishing, stock was supplied to him. Among them were the coat without seam, the cross of our Lord entire, the head of the lance that pierced his side, the sponge, a nail, and the crown of thorns. Respecting these relics a few remarks may be made that will be amusing to the reader.

When the Christians were almost in despair before Antioch was taken in 1098, a priest named Bartholemy formed a plan with a view to inspirit the disheartened soldiers to persevere in the siege, declaring that by a vision he was directed to dig in a certain church, where the holy lance would be found, to lead them on to victory. This man contrived to conceal the head of an old lance in the place he had named, and bade the leaders of the siege search there for it. Great was the joy of both knights and men-at-arms on their success, when they discovered the treasure. But somehow an envious Norman clerk suspected the fraud; and Bartholemy was at length condemned to undergo the ordeal of fire to prove the genuineness of his vision and of the relic. A pile of dry faggots, four feet in height and fourteen in length, was raised in the camp and kindled into a flame. It burnt fiercely; and a very small path, only twelve inches, having been left for the unfortunate asserter of the tale, though he traversed it as dexterously as he could, yet was he so terribly scorched in the run that he died the next day; and for a time the old lance lost its character and the power of working miracles. But certain monks were determined to revive its fame; and some years after, these holy fathers declared that the revelation to the priest Bartholemy was faithful and true—the lance had again become miraculous. This apocryphal relic at last came into the possession of King Louis, and was by him and his mother greatly venerated.

So many true crosses and pieces of the true cross per-

vaded Christendom during the Middle Ages, that it has been remarked, if all were put together, they would be enough to construct a vessel as large as a man-of-war. One true cross was produced to satisfy the holy curiosity of the Empress Helena ; and another which was in Moslem hands was given up to the Christians in one of the many treaties of peace during the fourth Crusade, in 1203. Which of these true crosses was the one obtained by the good King Louis, it is impossible to decide, but it had once been possessed by the Venetians, who had purchased it for about twenty thousand pounds of our money. It next passed into the hands of Baldwin, Emperor of Constantinople, who, when wanting money, pawned it for a much larger sum ; and as it next came into the hands of Louis and his mother, they must have paid the debt to get it out of pawn. How these matters were managed we do not know, since to purchase a relic was held to be a sin equal to simony ; but ways and means were found to take the money and to hand over the relic, so as to avoid the offence of a downright bargain.

The crown of thorns was also purchased from Baldwin. Louis's faith in the genuineness of all these treasures was most unhesitating, and seems not to have been at all shaken by there being already in the kingdom of France another crown of thorns said to have worked numerous miracles. How the difficulty was got over, or by what test the last acquired crown was proved to be genuine, and the rival one a fabrication, we are not told.



The history of another of Louis's relics is also curious. It was the body of a St. Edmund, called the Confessor, and formerly Archbishop of Canterbury. This was originally brought from England to the Cistercian monastery of Pontignac, where Louis and his mother and all the Court received it with high honours, prayers, and an "abundance of wax lights." "The Saint was uncorrupted, bearing a sweet smell, and flexible in every limb." It was ordered that the English should have free access to pray before the elaborately worked effigies of their countryman, whenever they pleased to visit the church. The monks of Pontignac, however, were soon wearied with their charge; for so many English women (permission being given to them to visit the shrine, but denied to all of the other sex) offered up prayers to the Saint, but made no other offering, that the monks got angry, and at last bethought them of a device to lessen the attraction of the holy relic. "Horrible to relate," says the chronicler, "they cut off one of his arms, and well greased him with oil." But this want of reverence was soon punished—the beauty of St. Edmund was lost, he became of a foul colour, and refused to work the miracles that he did before he was so ill-treated.

The monks of Pontignac were abused far and near; and the black monks, who were famous for the dead saints committed to their charge, and envied their rivals the possession of such a grand one as an Archbishop of Canterbury, said that the Cistercians should never have had him, he ought to have been sent to their care.

The Pontignacs now got angry in their turn ; and as the French King was a collector of relics, they offered him a part of the Archbishop at his own price. But the pious Louis replied, "It is not my pleasure that what God has preserved entire should be maimed for me." "Whereupon the venerable religion of the Cistercian prelates and clerks became of small repute, and this was believed to be a sad foreboding to all Christendom." After all, the good King did at last possess the withered body of St. Edmund ; it was long numbered amongst the precious relics of the holy chapel ; and as his mother prayed so often and so earnestly to this favourite Saint, it is most probable that she bought him for Louis.

The manner in which the relic of the cross was honoured is too characteristic of the age to be omitted.

On a holy day, Good Friday, the grandest sight of the kind ever witnessed was exhibited in Paris by the King, for the edification of his people. The cross was taken from its temporary resting-place, in the church of St. Antoine, placed on a car, and supported on either side by the King, his mother, and his wife ; whilst all the princes, nobles, clergy, magistrates, monks, and nuns walked in procession, and thousands flocked to see it. The prelates of the highest order, splendidly attired, with sacred subjects worked in gold and pearls upon their robes, raised their hands, pointed to the holy emblem, and cried with a loud voice, "Behold the cross of your Lord !" And as it passed along, the multitude knelt, wept, and worshipped. The King

bare-footed, bare-headed, ungirt, with every sign and token of humility, and after a three days' fast (we wonder how he could get through the ceremony without fainting), took the cross from the car, and carried it carefully wrapped in wool to the church of Notre Dame. In like manner his brothers carried the crown of thorns, and presented it to the people. The King and his brothers were greatly fatigued ; and some of the nobles supported their arms whilst carrying aloft these precious burdens.

When they reached the cathedral, all the bells in Paris rang out a merry peal, and after the mass had been solemnly sung, the King returned to his palace in the city, still carrying the cross, and his brothers the crown of thorns. On this occasion one of Louis's relics, being no other than the shrivelled body of the blessed St. Edmund of Canterbury, was so pleased at the companionship of the wondrous relics now placed around him, that he was seen, says the old chronicler, "shining forth with unusual miracles and splendour." The King therefore, being no less gratified, ordered a beautiful chapel of the finest structure, suitable for the reception of things so precious, to be built near his own palace ; and there, as soon as it was completed, he placed with great reverence his sacred stores ; and both by day and night tapers of perfumed wax were kept burning before them<sup>2</sup>.

Thus to the credulity of the most pious and simple-

<sup>2</sup> The architect who designed La Sainte Chapelle was Pierre de Montreuil.

minded King do we owe that unique specimen of the architecture of the thirteenth century, the Sainte Chapelle. The King was thankful for having been permitted to erect such a structure for the glory of the Church; the priests whose duty it was to watch over the treasures it contained found no small revenue in the offerings of the devotees who daily flocked to pray before them; the sick came to be cured, or to fancy themselves cured, by the miraculous powers they possessed; and above all the Pope was so delighted that such a chapel had been erected by such a son of the Church as the good King Louis, that he granted an indulgence of forty days to all who there came to pay their devotions before the glorious relics here described.





## CHAPTER IV.

Regal festival at Saumur—Feudal state and ceremonies—A traitor present—The Count de la Marche forms a league with Henry III. of England—They assemble in Gascony—Louis heads his army—His victory at Taillebourg—De la Marche surrenders—Treated by Louis with generosity—Edict respecting marriage of the nobles—Another concerning the fiefs held under England and France—Calamitous state of the Christians of the East—Louis dangerously ill—Relics brought by his mother to give relief—He is supposed to be dead—Revives—Relates his vision—Louis puts on the cross—Calls a parliament—Makes known his purposed Crusade—The King's brothers and many nobles put on the cross—His mother and the Bishop of Paris persuade him to give up his purpose—His refusal—His mother's affecting appeal—Louis will not yield.

**J**OINVILLE gives an account of a feast, which affords such a lively picture of the state observed at the French Court during the period when Louis was at peace with his turbulent Barons, that we must glean from it a few particulars characteristic of the age to which they belong<sup>1</sup>.

In 1241 the King "held an open court" at Saumur, in Anjou; and gave that feast which was considered as the

<sup>1</sup> As Joinville does not mention the Queens, wife or mother, nor any ladies, we may conclude none were present.

most splendid since he came to the throne. At his own table were seated his brother Alfonso, Count de Poitiers, and John Count de Dreux, both of whom he had lately knighted ; the Count de la Marche and D'Angoulême<sup>3</sup>, and Count Peter of Brittany. At the second table dined an old friend, the Count of Champagne, now King of Navarre : he was still a poet and lover of the *gaie science*, and like most poetic persons in youth, was very choice in his dress, not to say that to be so became his rank. On this occasion he was attired in cloth of gold ; his mantle, girdle and fermail (a clasp), and even his cap were resplendent with the precious ore. To do him honour, the seneschal, Joinville, was appointed to carve before him. The Count D'Artois waited upon the King and his brother Alfonso, with all due reverence ; and the Count de Soissons was their carver. Three Barons, who were knights, were the guards of the King's table ; and behind them were ranged full thirty of their knights "in cloth of silk, to serve under them." Besides these were a vast number of "ushers of arms and of the apartments," who bore the arms of the Count de Poitiers, worked on sendal. The King, so simple in his habits, so frugal at his table and plain in his dress, on this state occasion appeared in regal splendour, "as magnificently as it was possible." "But," observes the admiring seneschal, "it would be tedious to enter into the parti-

<sup>3</sup> He was Count d'Angoulême in right of having married Isabella d'Angoulême, the widow of King John of England (John's second wife), and mother of Henry III.

culars of his habiliments ; and several present declared that they never before had seen at any feast so many surcoats and other dresses of cloth of gold ;" and the wines and the hypocras were passed round in flowing cups of gold <sup>3</sup>.

When the good King thus nobly entertained his guests, little did he think there was among them a traitor, a very Judas to his generous master. Not long after this festivity, the Count de la Marche, instigated, as he afterwards protested, by his wife Isabella, united with Henry III. of England to make war on France. Henry's object was to regain some of those possessions in that country which so many years before had been lost by his father, John of England. He assembled his allies in Gascony ; and so many of the discontented Barons joined the confederacy that it became truly formidable. They were stationed

<sup>3</sup> Du Cange says, that William de Nangis, who was present, confirms the magnificence of Louis on this occasion.

From a curious passage in Matt. Paris, it appears that England was famous for gold fabrics. The Pope happened to see some gold fringe worn by the English ecclesiastics in their choral copes and head-dresses, and learnt that they were manufactured in England. "Of a truth," cried his Holiness, "England is our garden of delights ; truly it is an inexhaustible well in which many things abound : from many things many may be extorted." "And thereupon," continues the Chronicler, "the Pope at once sent his sacred letters under his Bull to all the Abbots of the Cistercian order, resident in England, to whose prayers he had lately commended himself at their chapters, ordering them without delay, as though they could get them for nothing, to send him some choice gold fringe to ornament his chasubles and choral copes : an order which did not displease the mercenary Londoners, because they had them on sale, and sold them at their own prices ; but it struck many with detestation of the evident avarice of the Roman Church." Matt. Paris, vol. ii. p. 164.

before the Castle of Taillebourg, situated on the dangerous River Charente, which could only be passed by one narrow bridge.

Louis loved peace; nevertheless where he knew that honour and right were on his side, he always acted with spirit. On this occasion it grieved him to buckle on his armour; for the King of England and himself had married sisters, daughters of Raymond Count of Provence; yet he hesitated not to lead on his faithful followers to meet the powerful confederacy (for the enemy's men-at-arms far outnumbered his) which was formed against him. But such was the conduct of Louis as a leader, and his prowess as a knight, that the bridge was crossed, the castle stormed and taken, and the victory complete. Louis, ever generous, consented to terms deemed by his friends and counsellors far too liberal towards Henry; but the amiable King mildly replied to their expostulations, "Blessed are the peacemakers: are not our wives sisters<sup>4</sup>?"

The Count de la Marche received a traitor's just reward—the reproaches of the defeated King, for having deceived and misled him respecting the temper of the people in the country where he began the war; and Henry, telling the Count that he should leave him to his fate, retired into Gascony.

Thus deserted, De la Marche surrendered himself, his wife and children, to the King he had betrayed. Louis

<sup>4</sup> Matt. Paris, vol. i. p. 414—425 gives a full and somewhat tedious account of this war of Henry and La Marche against Louis.



feeling that "kindness, ever nobler than revenge," was most congenial to his nature and proper to his "high office" as a Christian prince, forgave him, and dealt so gently with his crestfallen foe, that he let him off for a surrender of some small portion of his territory, and an acquittance for ten thousand livres which he was wont to allow him annually.

Louis was now desirous to check, by legislative means, the growing power of his troublesome Barons; and having found by the late confederacy that many of them had strengthened themselves by matrimonial alliances in England, he caused an edict to be passed, under the pretext of preventing strangers inheriting lands in France, to the effect that neither French nobles nor their children should marry foreigners without the consent of the King of France, a measure which was most successful, preventing the Barons from forming alliances with any neighbouring powers. His next political regulation was no less wise than equitable. It was to compel the lords who held fiefs under the crowns both of England and France, to make their choice as to which sovereign they would render allegiance and homage; so as to put an end to the vexatious and dangerous practice of adhering to either, just as self-interest, anger, or caprice might suggest. This edict was very popular; and in carrying it out the conscientious gratitude of Louis was most conspicuous; for he indemnified from his own purse, all those who forfeited their lands by adhering to the crown of France and seceding from that of England.

It was about this period that the calamities of the Eastern Christians became fearfully great, in consequence of the irruption of the Tartars, and the renewed hostilities and successes of the Saracens; so that it was feared the few cities and fortified places which yet remained to the French would be taken by the Infidels, and the unhappy Christians slaughtered without mercy. At the very time the kingdoms of the West became acquainted with this state of things in Palestine, Louis fell seriously ill of fever. He was never a man of robust health; his strength was in his spirit; but so ill was he now, that he fell into a trance, and was seemingly deprived of breath. His mother and his brother feared that his limbs were stiffened in death; and the former, with all a mother's feeling for a son so beloved, mourned over him with a sorrow that would not be comforted. At length she exclaimed amid her tears, "Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us! but to Thy name give the glory; and this day preserve the kingdom of France, as Thou hast always done most mercifully." She then ordered some of the precious relics collected by her son to be brought to her. With her own hands she then applied to his body the holy cross, the crown of thorns, and the head of the lance; and vowed in the name of the Blessed Redeemer, that if Christ would but visit and restore the King to health, he should assume the cross and go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. After this the Queen and all present continued some time in prayer, till the supposed dead King, with a sudden sigh, drew up first his arms, and then his legs,

stretched them out, and with a deep voice spoke as "one aroused from the tomb:" "He who sprang from on high has by God's grace visited me, and recalled me from the dead!" Louis then related what he considered to be a vision from Heaven; more probably it was a vision of delirium and fever. He had seen a fierce engagement between the Saracens and Christians, in which the latter were defeated and slain; and he felt that as a Christian Prince, he was called upon to avenge this visionary defeat, on the infidels.

Such is one chronicler's account of this event. But the writer likely to be best informed gives a different version. Joinville tells us that the King being taken seriously ill at Paris, was in so bad a state that one of the ladies who nursed him, thinking he was dead, proceeded to cover his face with a napkin, but that another lady, who watched on the opposite side of the bed, would not suffer this to be done, feeling certain he was still alive. During this debate, the King was restored to sense and speech, and immediately after desired these ladies to bring him a crucifix. He was obeyed. The Queen-Mother hearing that life and speech were restored to her beloved son, rushed into the chamber, overwhelmed with joy: but when she saw that he had "put on the cross," she was filled with terror for the consequences, and seemed as if she would rather have seen him dead indeed!

As soon as the King's strength was restored, his intention to lead a Crusade to the Holy Land was made public, to

the joy of the Christian colonies of the East. But throughout France the design spread grief and consternation. The ardour, the madness for crusading no longer existed ; nothing was now expected from such expeditions but dangers and defeat. Yet some were found who consented to put on the cross, more however from a desire to please the King than prompted by the preaching of the clergy.

In order to give an impressive character to the proposed Crusade, and to excite a spirit of emulation in the soldiers of Christ, Louis convoked a Parliament at Paris, in which all the principal clergy and nobles were present. After the Legate and the Cardinal had spoken in favour of the enterprise, Louis addressed the Assembly. He commenced by depicting with moving eloquence the disastrous state of Palestine, and added, in the language of the Psalmist David, "An impious nation has entered the Temple of the Lord ; blood has flowed like water around Jerusalem ; the servants of God have been massacred in the Sanctuary ; and their bodies, deprived of sepulture, are abandoned to the birds of heaven."

After having deplored the miseries of Sion, he exhorted every warrior there present to take arms, and prepare to wage war upon the infidels, "to defend the glory of God and of the French name in the far East." Louis then appealed both to the piety and the chivalry of those around him, and besought them that the appeal of a King of France in the cause of Religion might not be in vain."

His auditory were so moved by that stirring eloquence, to which zeal and sincerity gave 'so much force, that many shed tears, and at once took the cross. Among these were the three brothers of the King, who swore to regain the heritage of Christ and to defend the French colonists to the death. The Queen of Louis and the wives of the Counts D'Artois and Poitiers also put on the cross, with a determination to bear their husbands company. The Legate and many of the Bishops present enrolled themselves as "supporters of the Holy War of God."

What must have been the joy of Louis, when from amongst the feudatory Barons, whose dissatisfied tempers and ambitious aims had hitherto so seriously disturbed the peace and safety of the kingdom, several now stepped forward as warriors of the cross; and Pierre de Dreux of Brittany and the Count de la Marche were the very foremost to do so. Indeed, so many of the principal nobles, strongly moved by the scene they now witnessed, came forward and offered their services to Louis, that it might be said, there was not an illustrious family in France, but devoted one of its members to the Crusade.

The means to be raised to carry on the Holy War, and the measures to be adopted for leaving the kingdom in peace, were soon after this considered. With the consent of the Pope, the clergy were to pay to the king the tenth of their revenues whilst he remained in the East, a tax which caused great dissatisfaction. So likewise did the Papal decree, that during three years the Crusaders should be safe

from the claims of their creditors on all debts. A vast variety of other measures, of a more popular nature, were resorted to, in order to render crusading as attractive as possible.

Queen Blanch, however, did not approve it; and Louis was importuned both by his mother and his wife (notwithstanding the latter had taken the cross), to give up all thoughts of so dangerous an expedition; and the Bishop of Paris was of the same mind. They proposed, therefore, to wait upon him all together, in the hope of dissuading him from his purpose, on the ground that as he made his vow in moments of delirium, the Pope would give him a dispensation. The interview was granted; all the duties that required his presence at home, and the dangers which threatened him from abroad, were set forth in the strongest colours. The Poitevins were dissatisfied; the Albigeois were full of resentment and ready to fly to arms; the animosity of England seemed only repressed till the termination of the present truce would enable it to break out in a renewed war; whilst the bitter quarrels between the Pope and the Emperor of Germany, mutually exasperated the Germans and Italians, and so inflamed all the neighbouring States, that a fire was kindled very likely to spread even to the kingdom of France. Louis listened to all this calmly; but was unshaken in his purpose.

Some of the worthiest of his nobles, to whom he entrusted the most important offices of the realm, next admonished him, that if he abandoned his kingdom, all the institutions

which he had so lately founded would perish for want of his support. Still Louis was unmoved; when Blanch, like Volumnia pleading with Coriolanus for Rome, addressed him with a fervour of eloquence, in which were blended the feelings of the mother, and the prophetic warnings of the Queen.

“My son, it pleased God in His Providence to make me to watch over your helpless infancy and your inexperienced youth, and to preserve to you the crown. Have I not a right, then, to remind you of your duty to your people, now that you wear the crown—of the duty which you owe to the safety of the kingdom over which God has appointed you the ruler? But I will not urge my right in this matter; let me rather speak to you with the tenderness of the mother to the child! Can you forget, my son, that my days on earth can be but few, and that your departure leaves me desolate, with no other thought than that I am bereaved indeed—that this separation will be final; and happy still if I die before the evil report is spread through Europe of some great reverse, some fearful disasters that have overwhelmed you and your armies in the East.”

She paused; and then as if a new train of thought possessed her, continued in still more moving accents: “Hitherto have I pleaded in vain; you have condemned alike my counsels and my prayers, but if you have no pity for the sorrows of your mother, think of your children! Think of those little ones, some of whom you will leave in their cradle: they will need your lessons, your example,

your assistance. What will become of those innocents when you are far away? Are they not as dear to you as the Christians of Syria? Were you now in the East, and learnt—may be too late—that your deserted family had become the prey of turbulence and faction, what would you do? Would you not hasten to us then? These are the evils which my tenderness for you makes me foresee and dread; and be assured that the hour of your departure will be that of their birth. Remain, then, in France,” continued Blanch with animation; “show there the virtues of your royal nature—the virtues of a great king, the father of his people; the example, the support of the princes of his house. If Christ requires His heritage to be freed from infidel powers, send forth your armies to the East! The God of battles will bless a war waged in His holy name. But that God who now hears, believe me, will never command the fulfilment of a vow—a vow rashly made—that would contravene the great designs of His providence. No; that God who in mercy would not allow Abraham to complete the sacrifice He had Himself commanded will not that you should expose a life on which, remember, depends the fate of your children and the welfare of your kingdom.”

This noble Queen could no longer restrain her tears; they burst from her as Louis, greatly moved, threw himself into her arms, exclaiming, “Oh, mother, mother!” and he was overcome, like another Coriolanus, at least for the moment. But he struggled to silence the chords upon which she had



struck with so much power, the feelings of the son and the father. But that deep sense of what he deemed to be paramount—religious obligation—soon restored to him a firmer spirit and a calmer countenance.

“My honoured mother, and most dear friends, there is not a kingdom or a state in Europe but has been informed of my resolution ; and now for some months past the most anxious preparations for this Crusade have been in progress by my command. I have made known to the Christians of the East that I would succour them by my armies, and would lead them in person. I have caused this Crusade to be preached throughout my kingdom ; and a gallant troop of nobles and knights have obeyed my voice and followed my example—they have put on the cross. What you now ask of me is to change my purpose, to betray the cause of the Church, the hopes of the suffering Christians in Palestine, to disappoint my valiant nobles and faithful friends. Nevertheless as you plead that the loss of my senses in the delirium of fever was the cause of my assuming the cross, therefore according to your desire I lay aside the cross.” With this Louis placed his hand on the sacred symbol, tore it off his shoulder, and said, “My Lord Bishop, I resign it to you.”

His devoted mother, his gentle wife, and those around him rejoiced at hearing this ; but all was not yet ended. With an altered countenance and voice, Louis continued, “My friends, you will allow that now I am not devoid of sense and reason ; I am neither powerless nor infirm ; therefore I now

demand that my cross be restored to me ; for He who knoweth all things knoweth this, that food shall not pass my lips till I bear again the sign of the cross. God knoweth how much your reproofs affect me with the sincerest sorrow ; but your duty and mine cannot be mistaken. Yours is to assist me in seeking true glory in that holy cause to which I am sworn. Fear not for my children, fear not for my kingdom. The God who made me the victor at Taillebourg will not suffer the designs of my enemies to prevail. Yes, that God who appoints me to deliver His heritage in Zion, He will be the guardian of my children, and will watch over and pour His blessings upon France ! And have we not still, God be praised, that noble mother who was the support and guide of my youth, whose firmness and wisdom preserved my kingdom through all the storms of faction, and guided the goodly vessel of the state in safety through the perils of its stormy waters ? She will be with you, and in my absence will want neither courage nor ability to crush the hydra of faction under her feet. Suffer me, then, to keep the vow that I have made to God, the promise to man ; and forget not that there are obligations sacred to me, and what ought to be sacred to you—the oath of a Christian and the word of a King.”

On hearing this, and seeing the calm determination of Louis, his mother, his Queen, and the Bishop of Paris, indeed all present, observed a solemn silence ; and from that hour they thought only of giving all the aid in their

## 62 THE GOOD ST. LOUIS AND HIS TIMES.

power to forward a purpose which seemed to come from God<sup>5</sup>.

<sup>5</sup> Matt. Paris, vol. ii. *passim*. Michaud says that it is Matthew Paris who furnishes us with information relative to this attempt to dissuade Louis from his projected Crusade. He adds, "And this is the chronicler that throws most light upon the events of the period; such as the Council of Lyons, the quarrel of the Emperor and the Pope, and the Crusade of the King of France." We also find some details in William of Nangis, in Joinville, and in the Ecclesiastical Annals of Raynaldi.

From Joinville we learn that "to put on the cross" was a common expression to denote those who were about to join in a Crusade; also that an embroidered cross, or one in gold, or of red silk, was fixed on the breast or on the cloak of the Crusader.





## CHAPTER V.

Distress of France on learning the King's proposed Crusade—State of Europe—Louis's edict for all who have claims upon him—Richard Earl of Cornwall's claim upon Normandy—Louis's pious trick to gain recruits for the Crusade—Quarrels of the Pope and the Emperor Frederick II.—The Emperor goes to Syria—The Pope excommunicates him—Scene in the Council of Lyons—Frederick tolerant in the East—The Pope declares the Emperor's crown forfeited—Offers the same for a brother of the King—Louis rejects it—Terms proposed between the Pope and the Emperor—Broken off—Louis and Queen Blanch visit the Cistercian Monastery—The Abbots intercede for the Pope—Cautious conduct of Louis—Tartar hordes in the East—Disputes between the Sultans of Syria and Egypt—Attempt of the Sultan of Aleppo to poison the Sultan Saleh Negmeddin—Louis intercedes with the Pope to take off the ban on the Emperor.

**D**EELY did those who most loved both the King and the kingdom lament the resolution of their saintly Prince, when they found that by his command preparations for the Crusade were earnestly commenced in Paris and throughout the land.

The Crusade was preached, indeed, throughout Europe ; but in every country and state nothing prevailed, just at this time, but confusion and disorder.

Henry III. of England was engaged by his quarrels with

his rebellious Barons, and aggressive Scots. Germany was in a state of civil strife, by the Pope denouncing one Emperor and striving to raise up another to take his place; whilst as one of the consequences of these fearful quarrels, Italy became a scene of the most violent agitation; and the warfare of the Guelphs and Ghibellines raged more furiously than ever. Such was the state of things. The vast sums of money collected for the equipment of the holy war, were employed in corrupting fidelity, laying plots, fomenting treasons, and keeping up troubles and disorders, so that it may well be supposed the cause of Christ and the deliverance of Jerusalem were almost forgotten. At this time the truce agreed upon after the defeat of Henry at Taillebourg still existed between France and England; and Louis still hoped to gain some recruits for the Holy Land from that country. He also applied to the Pope for assistance; but the Pope was very angry with Henry III. for having united with his Parliament in denouncing the oppressive exactions of the Roman See. His Holiness therefore promised to afford assistance to Louis on condition that he would turn the present truce with England into a renewal of hostilities. But with all his reverence for the Pontiff, Louis would not consent to do this. "I have taken the cross," was his reply; "I have made my vow: the King of England is my brother—have we not married sisters? I will not be his destruction."

Louis, whose integrity was always exemplary, as one of his first preparations for the Crusade sent forth a proclama-

tion, that all persons who had any claims upon him, for debt, or for extortions, or loans on the part of his agents, should come forward, state them, and receive satisfaction. On hearing this, Richard Earl of Cornwall fancied that now was the time for him to lay claim to Normandy, which had been wrested from his father, King John, by Philip Augustus. From all the circumstances connected with the surrender the claim was unfounded; yet such was the conscientious feelings of Louis, that he referred the case without scruple to the decision of the Norman bishops, who assured him that Normandy had been forfeited by judicial sentence of the Barons, and therefore could not be alienated from the crown of France.

One of the King's devices for raising recruits for the Crusade is not a little amusing. It was the custom for princes and nobles to give new clothes and cloaks to their followers on Christmas day. Louis, as the time drew near, caused to be made a number of cloaks, far greater than usual, of the most costly cloths trimmed with furs, and crosses of fine gold embroidery to be attached to the shoulder of each. This attaching of the crosses was done secretly at night. The next day being Christmas Day, before the rising of the sun, the knights, being suddenly called to attend the King in his chapel at Matins, hastily threw on their Christmas presents; but whilst the sacred service was going on, each knight, to his surprise, beheld the cross on the shoulder of his neighbour. Thus they discovered that the King had had recourse to "a pious

deception" in order to preach the Crusade after a fashion of his own. As it would have been held disgraceful in them to lay aside the crosses found on their garments, with smiles "and floods of pleasant tears," they called the good King "a hunter of pilgrims, and in a new way a fisher of men<sup>1</sup>."

What Martin Luther averred, when he said that he was not the first who declaimed against the assumptions of the Roman See, was perfectly true. That independent monk and historian Matthew Paris, and other early chroniclers, abound in instances of quarrels with the Popes on account of their many acts of extortion and their persecuting hatred of those whom they deemed enemies and offenders. The long-continued and bitter quarrels between Frederick II., Emperor of Germany, and Gregory IV., which were carried on under the succeeding Pope, Innocent IV., would form a volume if told in detail; and as our King Louis was very much involved in them, they must be briefly noticed.

The Emperor had married Violante, only child of Baldwin, the King of Jerusalem, a kingdom little more than in name; but he was charmed with the Princess, and was

<sup>1</sup> Matt. Paris, vol. ii. p. 127 :—" Mais afin les Princes du Sang, toute la maison royale, les grands officiers de la couronne, et ceux de l'hostel ou de la maison du roy parussent avec éclat; les roys leur faisoient donner des habits suivant le rang qu'ils tenoient et qui estoient convenables avec saisons auxquelles ces cours solennelles se celebrent. Ces habits estoient appelez *livrées* parcequels se livroient et se donnoient des deniers provenans des coffres du roy." Du Cange, p. 20.

content to receive her with the gift of the Holy City, a dowry that promised nothing but trouble and war. Frederick, however, remained quiet and satisfied: not so the Pope; and an old quarrel was renewed between them<sup>2</sup>, his Holiness having for a time been

“Nursing his wrath to keep it warm.”

The fact was that the Pope wanted to get Frederick out of the way of being troublesome to him, as he had heretofore been, in his Italian possessions: he therefore used every means of Papal authority and worry (no small worry in those days) to get him to set out for the Holy Land. But Frederick was in no haste to stir so far away from his own people in order to fight for an empty sepulchre, a ruined city, and a throne of strife. At last he lost his beautiful wife, who died in giving birth to his son Conrad; and then he did set out for Syria.

He went, however, insufficiently prepared for an expedition against such foes as the Saracens. To narrate all the circumstances of the case would be long and tedious, and yet they are so complex, that it is difficult to know where to begin and where to end. It seems, however, that in 1228 there was some friendly communication (but by no means injurious to the cause of the Christians) between the Emperor Frederick and a Sultan of Egypt named Camel. This Camel lived in fear of the bow-string from the hand of his own ambitious brother

<sup>2</sup> See the severe letter from the Pope, against the Emperor, sent to the Legate, given by Matt. Paris, vol. i. p. 196.



Coradinus; and the Emperor in some way afforded him protection. Coradinus was in possession of Jerusalem; and when Frederick was about to march forward to regain what was by right his own city, Camel did not oppose, but rather aided his progress, to the joy of the Christians throughout Syria.

But this joy was at once damped by no less a person than the Pope himself. He had threatened, scolded, quarrelled with Frederick for not going sooner to recover Jerusalem. And now that Frederick had at last obeyed, he quarrelled with him for going at all, and sent letters to the Patriarch of Syria, prohibiting the faithful of the Church from obeying any orders that such a rebellious son of the Holy See as Frederick might send forth. The Teutonic Knights, however, feared no Papal censures; they only laughed at them, and were ready to follow the Emperor wherever he might lead. But the letter to the Patriarch frightened and rendered useless the very power that would have been the most efficient to assist in the recovery of Jerusalem. The Pope, in his headlong wrath, had not only called the Emperor "a wolf in sheep's clothing," "a king of pestilence," "a blasphemer," but excommunicated him; and the Knights Templars and the Hospitallers, the bravest and best warriors of the period, refused to join the army of an excommunicated Prince<sup>3</sup>. It was believed, however, that

<sup>3</sup> For all the circumstances of this quarrel, see Matt. Paris; for the Emperor's letter to Richard Earl of Cornwall, and the letter of the Pope, &c. &c., vol. i. pp. 201 to 213, and so on to p. 229.

the Templars, by no means too much devoted in obedience to the Pope, had some old grudge against the Emperor, and so took advantage of the interdict, and refused to serve under him. The Templars at all times were haughty and vindictive.

This excommunication of the Emperor Frederick by Innocent IV., was one of the greatest scandals of the Papedom, and was so considered during the middle ages. The ceremony took place at Lyons. The English ambassadors were present, having come on a mission of complaint against the agents of the Holy See, whose avarice and ambition they said would ruin the kingdom of England. But so great was the wrath of Innocent against Frederick, that he paid no attention to these complaints and thought only of railing at him. There was present, however, a learned counsellor named Thadæus, who came on the part of the Emperor, and who now urged that most of the Prelates were absent; that several Princes had sent no ambassadors to the meeting; and therefore he should appeal from this to a more full and solemn council. But the hour of vengeance was come; and to this remonstrance Innocent haughtily replied, "I am the Vicar of Jesus Christ: all that which I bind on earth shall be bound in Heaven, according to the promise of the Son of God made to the Prince of the Apostles; therefore after having deliberated upon it with our brethren the Cardinals, and with the council, I declare Frederick attainted and convicted of sacrilege and heresy, to be excommunicated and degraded

from the Empire. I absolve from their oaths for ever all who have sworn fidelity to him. I forbid any under pain of excommunication incurred by that single fault henceforth to yield him obedience; and to conclude, I command the electors to elect another Emperor, and I reserve to myself the right of disposing of the kingdom of Sicily."

Whilst this terrible sentence was given forth, the Pope and the prelates held lighted wax tapers inverted in their hands, and at the conclusion, threw them on the ground and extinguished them in token of anathema and malediction. The ambassadors from England protested in vain against the sentence; they called it unjust and retired in dismay, as Thadæus exclaimed "in the words of Holy Writ," "O terrible day! O day of anger and calamity!" A deep silence prevailed throughout the assembly, and it seemed "as if the bolts of Heaven had just fallen amidst awful peals. The Pope alone rejoiced as he gave out the *Te Deum*, as if he had obtained a victory over the Infidels."

Great dissatisfaction followed, as it was soon publicly known that none of the Prelates who were present had given a formal assent to the sentence against the Emperor. "They were awed," says Michaud, "by the threatening language of the Pope, and they remained silent by that invincible influence under which all feel themselves bowed in a numerous assembly; so that the shame of this great iniquity falls entirely on the memory of Innocent<sup>4</sup>."

<sup>4</sup> "It was at this deplorable period that the Cardinals, by order of the Pope, clothed themselves for the first time in scarlet robes, a

One chief offence of Frederick was that his good sense led him to be tolerant in an age of intolerance; and from all the circumstances that occurred during his stay in Syria, we may fairly conclude, that had he been left to act in peace, by his own judgment, he would have done more to serve the Eastern Christians than a host of fanatic Crusaders. Even though opposed by the head of his own Church, he managed to obtain a treaty with the Infidel powers, by which Christians and Musselmans were to live together in amity for ten years; and the Holy Sepulchre, Jaffa, Bethlehem and Nazareth were to be restored to the Christians; and the temple at Jerusalem which the followers of Christ called Solomon's, and the Moslems that of Omar, to be open to both as a place of worship, according to their respective creeds. Frederick signed this treaty and departed for Germany; it was not his fault that so hopeful a beginning did not end in a complete triumph of peace both for Europe and for Asia.

But the Pope would not be appeased; and, as we have but now stated, pronounced the Emperor's crown forfeited! When Frederick heard this, he became greatly angered; and looking fiercely around him exclaimed, "What! the Pope, has he disgraced me by depriving me of my crown! Whence arises this audacity, this presumption! Where are my caskets—my caskets that contain my treasures that are with me? Bring them hither!"

symbol of persecution, and a sad presage of the blood that was about to flow." Michaud, vol. ii. p. 344.

On their being brought and unlocked before him by his *Camerier*<sup>5</sup>—"See now if my crowns are lost!" And taking up one, he put it on his head, stood up, and with threatening looks and "in a dreadful voice unrestrained from passion," cried aloud, "I have not yet lost my crown, nor will I be deprived of it by any attacks of the Pope or the Synod of his Council, without a struggle, even to that of blood." Well might he feel

"Power is a curse when in a tyrant's hands,  
But in a bigot tyrant—treble curse."

From that hour the strife between this famous Monarch and the Pope became one of unmitigated bitterness, till his Holiness, knowing the piety of Louis and his reverence for Papal authority, made an attempt to bribe him to take part against Frederick, by offering the crown of the Empire to Robert his brother. But "this second Hildebrand" knew not the even-handed justice of Louis! No bribe, however brilliant, could dazzle his clear sight when fixed, as on a guiding star, on the light of truth. No bribe could tempt him to benefit either himself or his family at the price of another's wrong. He refused at once "the golden round," nor would he lend himself to aid the vindictive spirit of the holy father, but with much dignity telling him that it was sufficient for the honour of Robert Count D'Artois that he was brother to the King of France, would hear no more of the matter. The counsellors of

<sup>5</sup> Le Camerier was the officer whose duty it was to keep and guard the treasures of the king. See Du Cange, p. 17.

Louis supported him in his refusal, saying, "that if Frederick merited to forfeit his crown, it was a subject for the sentence of a general council, not for that of the Pope, known to be his greatest enemy; and if the Emperor should be brought low, it was evident that the Pope would have all Christian Princes for his slaves."

At length, though the dreaded ban of excommunication was not yet taken off, a sort of compact was made between the contending parties. Certain towns in Italy in the possession of the Emperor were to be given up to the Holy See; and then the royal offender was to be absolved and restored to the bosom of the Church. But when was this to be done? The Pope feared that the Emperor might be slippery in fulfilling his part of the agreement, and the Emperor did not like to trust the promise of the Pope; so they fell out again. But this transaction is so well described by a modern writer, that we will adopt his account of it. "No word of peace shall be spoken," said the Pontiff, "till the Church's property is restored." "Not a garrison shall be withdrawn," said the Monarch, "till I get what I bargained for;" adding very justly, that if the towns were surrendered and the Pope should prove false, he, the Emperor, could not easily get them back again; whereas if he tried to cheat the Pope, nothing could be more easy than to excommunicate him over again. Neither party would yield; the treaty was broken off, and the Pope, thinking that Italy was too near to Germany, fled by sea to Genoa<sup>6</sup>."

<sup>6</sup> Gurney.

In the Michaelmas of the year 1244 the abbots of the Cistercian order, from various provinces, assembled at their general chapter; and Louis and his mother (for Queen Blanch had permission from his Holiness to enter all monasteries of the Cistercians, but attended by twelve ladies only) also came to offer up their alms and their devotions before the various shrines in this sacred place. Accompanied by the principal nobles of the court, they marched in solemn procession, singing sacred songs, and were met by about five hundred abbots and monks, likewise in procession, to do honour to the King on his first visit to their house. "But," says the chronicler, "the Pope having beforehand learnt the purpose of the King, wrote to the principal abbots of the chapter, to instruct them what to do on behalf of himself, the supreme Pontiff, to gain Louis's assistance against the Emperor Frederick, whom in his letter he very unceremoniously called "the son of the devil."

The monks and abbots obeyed; so that no sooner was Louis within the church, than down they all went upon their knees, and with clasped hands and gushing tears begged hard for the Pope, reminding him how the blessed Thomas à Becket, now a glorious martyr in Heaven, had once received comfort under the protection of the crown of France, against a late wicked English King. Louis was sorely beset, and knew not how to say no to such an urgent entreaty; but he was by no means anxious to grant it, knowing well that the strife with the Emperor had been

rekindled by the Pope himself, and that at the very time when the observance of peace between the European powers was essential to the preservation even of the lives of the Christians in the East. The King therefore replied, "that he would gladly receive his Holiness, but it was a matter of such moment, he could not resolve upon it without the concurrence of his council." And the council soon after gave a decided refusal, "fearing," they stated, "that if the Pope should come invested with all the civil powers which his predecessors had usurped, he would be sole master in France as soon as he pleased."

The Pope, thus repulsed, applied next to Henry III. of England to receive him. But Henry declined the costly honour, and spoke out in very plain terms, saying, "that England had already suffered enough by the exactions of Rome without having the Pope besides to plunder both Church and kingdom." His Holiness thus refused an asylum, took shelter at Lyons, where his friend the archbishop ruled as a temporal prince.

When Thadæus, the friend and counsellor of the Emperor, learnt the continued unhappy dissensions into which the quarrels of the Holy See had plunged so many of the states in Germany and Italy, he said with a sigh, that "he saw no remedy for this great peril ; truly the heretics would sing, the Korasmians would reign supreme, and the Tartars would rise in strength and prevail." This was really the foresight of an intelligent and observing man, which amounted almost to a prophecy of those dreadful



calamities with which the Holy Land was so soon after overwhelmed.

The fierce Tartarian Prince, Zingis Khan, and those who succeeded him, entirely conquered the whole empire of Korasm, and the discomfited Tartar hordes fled towards the South and sought for plunder and safety in Asia Minor. The storm rolled on with unmitigable fury towards Egypt, and the Korasmians, after a most murderous warfare, entered into a treaty of accommodation with the Sultan of Egypt and demanded a place of settlement in Palestine. The Sultan, no doubt glad to be rid of them, sent one of his Emirs as their guide to a distant part of the Holy Land, where Barbacan, the Korasmian general, led some thousands of armed horsemen under his command.

At this time there was a deadly strife between the Sultan of Syria, and the Mamaluke Sultan of Egypt. The former, in spite of religious hatred, being sore beset by his Egyptian foes, gladly joined the Christians at Jerusalem for safety. The war between these contending powers soon raged with exterminating fury ; those of Jerusalem had the worst of it ; and in 1242, the Mamalukes of Egypt and the barbarous hordes who assisted them, falling on that devoted city, thousands of unoffending beings, Christians and Moslems, of both sexes and all ages, were slaughtered in cold blood ; whilst all the sacred places were polluted or destroyed, and the Holy Sepulchre itself did not escape these barbarians. Europe was no longer safe, for already had the Tartars overrun Hungary ; and it was feared that Germany, like

Italy in ancient times, might be overwhelmed by the savage hordes of the North. It is almost needless to say that the Christians of Syria were in a most distressed state: it was time indeed to think of their relief, and for that purpose to arm for another Crusade<sup>7</sup>.

That such an expedition was in preparation soon came to the knowledge of the potentates of the East; and the Sultan of Babylon (as the Crusaders called *Old Cairo*), Malek Saleh Negmeddin, hearing a rumour that the King of France was coming to make war on one of his (Saleh's) enemies (the Sultan *Haman* of Aleppo), was so pleased, that he prepared to join the Christian powers with alacrity. But soon finding that he had been deceived by a false report, he marched at once against his enemy. The rival Sultan, knowing that he could not resist a siege under the superior force of Malek Saleh Negmeddin, took a very summary method of getting rid of his presence, and one so characteristic of Eastern tactics, that it must here be given on the authority of Joinville.

There were certain officers called *Serrais*, to whom belonged the duty of seeing kept in due order and splendour the apartments of the oriental monarchs. One of these, who was much about the person of Negmeddin, the rival Sultan Haman contrived to bribe; and induced him to undertake despatching his master by poison. The Serrai

<sup>7</sup> Matthew Paris gives the letter of Richard Earl of Cornwall, which affords a full and very long account of "all these great griefs and desolations of the Holy Land." See *Matt. Paris*, vol. i. pp. 362—368.

bethought him how best to do it with safety to himself. His master was very fond of a game of chess<sup>8</sup>, and sometimes indulged in it whilst lying down on a mat placed at the foot of his bed for convenience. The Serrai poisoned the mat. The Sultan rested upon it as usual; and feeling warm, threw aside part of the garment that covered his naked legs, one of which, having a sore upon it, rubbed against the poison of the mat. The poison took immediate effect, and Saleh Negmeddin became so seriously ill, that he was obliged to be carried back to Cairo with all speed; and the Sultan of Aleppo was left in safety, sheltered by his own walls.

This strange occurrence was but one instance of how much the Moslem powers were divided and quarrelling among themselves—a thing that would have been of the utmost service to the projected Crusade, had it not been interfered with and delayed by the quarrels of the Pope and the Emperor; indeed Frederick, who much feared the inroads threatened by the barbarian hosts into Europe, was most anxious to exterminate them altogether. He therefore sued for peace with the Holy See, and prayed to have the injurious sentence repealed, pleading that many of his old allies refused to follow an excommunicated prince. Could but this ban be removed, he offered to resign his imperial crown to his son Conrad, a young prince of great prowess, and to

<sup>8</sup> The Turks are fond of this ancient game to the present day. It is said by the learned to take its name from the Arabic word *Scach*, a king, the king being the head piece of the game. Anna Comnena says that it was invented by the Assyrians. See notes on Joinville.

devote the remnant of his own days to the defence of the Holy Sepulchre, saying, that though hitherto only a king in title by right of his late wife, he was desirous to rule as King of Jerusalem. The Pope, however, was still inexorable.

In this dilemma the Emperor begged the intercession of Louis to make peace. Louis gladly undertook the task of mediator, using his favourite expression, as he did so—“Blessed are the peace-makers;” and thinking that the Pontiff, whose high office ought to represent the embodiment of Christian charity, would rejoice to receive the first advances towards a reconciliation, he lost no time in bringing about an interview with his Holiness. But he was mistaken in the man: the Pope, strong as ever in his spirit of resentment, declared that the Emperor had offended past forgiveness, and denounced him in violent terms. To this the good King mildly replied, “Your Holiness, is it not written in the Gospel, that seventy times seven times should the bosom of compassion be opened to him who asks forgiveness? Consider how evil the times are. The Holy Land is in danger, and we have no means of preserving it, unless, next to God, we gain the assistance of the Emperor, who holds the absolute command over the ports, the islands, and the extensive territories near the sea; the coast is his. He likewise knows all things that will benefit us who are about to set forth on our pilgrimage. The Emperor makes great promises. I therefore ask and counsel your Holiness on my own behalf, as well as on that of the many thousands who are about to

80 THE GOOD ST. LOUIS AND HIS TIMES.

make the same pilgrimage, and who wait but for a favourable opportunity to cross the seas, on behalf also of the Church Universal of Christendom, to accept the humiliation offered by so great a prince, and, following in the steps of Christ—whose Vicar you are on earth—and who humbled Himself even to the death upon the cross—that you will relent and forgive.”

But, observes the chronicler of these transactions, as the Pope “stiffneckedly rejected and refused” to comply with the earnest entreaty of the French King, he withdrew in anger and indignation, because he had found but very little, or none, of that humility which he had hoped for in this “servant of the servants of God.”





## CHAPTER VI.

The Crusade determined upon—The Saracens prepare for war—Persons and characters who took the Red Cross—The Troubadours—Anecdote of their poet Rudel—Astrologers, their terrible predictions—Preparing for the Crusade—Queen Blanch appointed Regent—Summons the Barons to do homage anew—Edict concerning the Jews—The King's preparations.

**T**HE Crusade was now fully determined upon; and although the wars called Holy had really more in them of superstition than of the spirit of true religion, yet in the present instance there would have been, on religious grounds, a sufficient cause for resorting to arms, had the expedition been undertaken for no other purpose than to rescue the Christians of Palestine from the danger and distress into which they had been plunged. The Saracens, prompted alike by faith and revenge, looked on the Christians as invaders of their land; and, in accordance with the supposed will of their prophet, and their national interests, they devoted them to extermination by fire and sword. Gladly therefore did they prepare for a renewal of their deadly strife.

Louis had taken the most active measures to gain recruits

for the Crusade ; nor did he altogether exert himself in vain. The contagion of enterprise, like the electric current, ran from one to another. Some to win honour, some to escape misery and want ; others from the hope of gain ; and many, stirred by the preaching of the Minorites and the Friars, or impatient of an inactive life, furbished up their armour, and held themselves ready to go forth and fight manfully as soldiers of the Cross.

“The Pope,” says Michaud, “remained constantly inflexible ; but astonished Europe began to ask what powerful interest it was that commanded all these rigours.” Frederick, persecuted with such inveterate hatred, found at length that it called up the displeasure and the zeal of friends far and near in his behalf. In Germany, Cologne and several other cities refused to obey the Papal decrees and proceeded to violent excesses. The enraged Pope hurled all his thunders against the offenders, and by an injustice, common in those times of turbulence and vengeance, many of the penalties he pronounced extended to the fourth generation. This senseless rage was, however, favourable for the Crusade, as the ban of excommunication lost much of its terrors, and many put on the red cross either in defiance of the Holy See, or to escape from its annoyance.

It is curious to find by incidental notices in various old writers, besides the vast number of princes, barons, knights, squires, priests, monks, and men-at-arms, the heterogeneous mass that was gathered to follow to the

Holy Land. There were leeches (doctors), purveyors, butchers, merchants of every description, pavilion-makers, bowyers, armourers, washerwomen, astronomers, or rather astrologers, musicians, and a few troubadours. These last-named wandering minstrels, once so encouraged and enriched by the Counts of Provence that they were frequently called Provençals, had much declined both in number and favour, since the unfortunate Lords of Languedoc had been rendered poor by the fatal wars carried on against the Albigenses.

But the troubadours, though far less flourishing, were not wholly extinct; and though, even in their most palmy days, they produced neither song nor poem of sufficient merit to be valued by posterity, yet there can be no question they were of great service to the age in which they lived. Chivalry itself was indebted to them for much of its courtesy, for the softening of that barbarity which arises from perpetual strife and warfare, and above all for that refinement of sentiment which is almost always imparted by the tender passion; and the troubadours were the sworn poets of love. Wherever they sang in camp or in hall, to the notes of the rebec, the crota, or the harp, their

“ Dream of life from morn to night,  
Was love, still love.”

Sometimes these tender poets were as absurd in their amorous fancies as the Knight of La Mancha himself in his madness. It is recorded of the celebrated



Geoffrey Rudel, that he became enamoured with the Countess of Tripoli by the mere fame of her beauty, embarked for the East in order to see her, but such was the passionate ardour of his expectations, that he died of it before he accomplished the object of his hopes<sup>1</sup>.

The astrologers, it seems, busied themselves in fearful predictions about the coming time of war and suffering; but, be it observed, that during the thirteenth century it was very much the practice of those calling themselves astronomers, to do their best to frighten people out of their wits. Roger of Wendover gives a most curious account how, about the early part of the reign of King Louis, the astronomers of Toledo sent letters to all Christian princes and people, foretelling by the stars all sorts of miseries about to overwhelm the whole world for the next seven years; that "the sun would be in the dragon's tail," and "storms of wind such as were never heard before in Saturn and Mars;" "that it would be difficult to find on earth either food or a dwelling-place;" that these sages, therefore, advised all prudent people to prepare caves in plains surrounded by mountains, and to

<sup>1</sup> For a very interesting account of the principal of the troubadour poets, see Sismondi's "Literature of the South of Europe," vol. i. chap. v. Hallam says of the troubadour poets, that possessing a flexible and harmonious language, they invented a variety of metrical arrangements, perfectly new to the nations of Europe; and however vapid the songs of Provence may seem to our apprehensions, they were undoubtedly the source from which poetry for many centuries derived a great portion of its habitual language. Hallam's Middle Ages, vol. iii. chap. ix. p. 435.

lay up stores of food therein for themselves. "That all the great astronomers of Greece, Armenia, Arabia, and of the Hebrews, had made the like discoveries of the terrible times that were coming ; and that the wise men of Toledo had heard that the King of the *Manichins*" (they did not seem to know very well who he was) "was building a tower of such good materials, in doing which all his obliging neighbours were assisting him, that when finished it would be as large as a mountain, for a place of refuge."

By these and similar predictions, many of the credulous were induced to put on the Red Cross, as the safest way of securing the immediate protection of Heaven. All, of whatever rank or degree, who intended to join the Crusade were speedily busied in their preparations for it : some in mortgaging or selling their lands and fiefs, to obtain the means for outfit and departure. Many, in making their wills, settling their affairs, robbing the Jews, confessing to priests, whipping themselves and doing other acts of penance ; in short, in every possible way preparing for so holy an enterprise.

Good King Louis was as busy as any one of his subjects. He summoned all the Barons who owed him allegiance, and made them renew their fealty and homage<sup>2</sup>, and swear loyalty to his children, should any

<sup>2</sup> Homage was thus paid. Besides an oath of fealty, the vassal lord, "openly and humbly kneeling, being ungirt, uncovered, and holding up his hands together between those of the King, or the Lord, who sat before him, then professed that *he did become his man* from that day

unfortunate event happen to himself when abroad. His mother, who delighted in power, and who knew so well how to exercise it for the benefit of France, he appointed Regent, and one of his brothers it was proposed should assist her. Glad no doubt of the opportunity of getting his wife to himself, free from the lynx-eyed jealousy of Queen Blanch, he ventured to decide on taking his beloved Margaret and his younger children with him ; his eldest daughter was to be left under the care of his mother ; his brothers the Counts D'Artois and Anjou were also to accompany him.

Amongst these preparations for departure, the Jews were not forgotten. Hated and persecuted as they were at this period, throughout all Christian states, Louis's conduct in this instance was most mild and merciful towards the dispersed children of Israel ; for although he banished those who had no ostensible calling, he nevertheless gave permission to such Jew merchants and mechanics as might desire to follow their several occupations in peace to remain undisturbed. His severity towards them on his return from Syria will be noticed in due place<sup>3</sup>.

forth, of life and limb and earthly honour," and received a kiss from the King or Lord ; which ceremony was denominated *homagium*, or manhood, by the feudalists, from the stated form of words, "*Devenio vester homo.*" Blackstone vol. ii. p. 53. See also Hallam's Feudal System. When Louis summoned the Barons to swear fealty and homage, as above stated, Joinville says that he told the King he should not come, *as he was not his man.* See p. 382.

<sup>3</sup> Some idea may be formed of the cruelty exercised towards the Jews

Louis himself directed most of the preparations for his departure. Among these we may be sure what was called his *discipline* was not forgotten; for after the death of this good king, when his claims to be canonized were collected to lay before the Pope, one of them was a description of the flogging-whip with three cords, each cord having four or five knots found stained with the royal blood from the chastisement he had bestowed on himself, or that had been bestowed on him by his flagellator.

Louis must also have had many interviews with the royal tailor; for all his clothes, his vests, dalmatics, cloaks, robes, coverlits<sup>4</sup>, he caused to be made of "grave and serious materials and colours," to suit the solemn purpose that took him to the Holy Land. All the time he was there, he wore neither ermine, nor minever, nor vair (a brilliant green) nor gold, nor embroidered coats of arms; all was plain and lugubrious.

But we must leave the good King to finish his prepara-

in the Middle Ages, when, in the very commencement of the Chronicle of the Monk Richard of Devizes, he tells us, that on the day of the coronation of Richard I. in London, "a sacrifice of the Jews to their father the Devil was commenced in the city of London; and so long was the devotion of this famous mystery, that the holocaust could scarcely be accomplished the ensuing day. The other cities and towns of the kingdom emulated the faith of the Londoners, and with a like devotion despatched their blood-suckers (the Jews) with blood to hell." Richard of Devizes, year 1189, p. 1; Bohn's edition.

<sup>4</sup> Coverlits were sometimes worn by day and slept on by night, particularly in the camp. See Joinville.

88 THE GOOD ST. LOUIS AND HIS TIMES.

tions, whilst we offer a few general remarks upon the Crusades that turned the heads of some of the best both of princes and peoples during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and often was the cause of their losing them.





## CHAPTER VII.

Various opinions concerning the benefits derived from the Crusades—Peter the Hermit—Causes of his success in calling up Europe to defend the Holy Sepulchre—Great interest attached to sacred localities—The Pilgrims of Jerusalem—First Crusade a rabble—Godfrey de Bouillon—Cœur de Lion—Saladin and Richard, their characters and prowess—Exchange presents in a time of truce—Deaths of those celebrated men—Monkish credulity—Wonders related by the Chroniclers—Gibbons' opinion of the Crusades—Probable benefits arising from them—Robertson's opinion on the subject.

**N**O point in the history of the middle ages has been more disputed, or caused greater variety of opinions, than that of the effects of the Crusades on Europe, which sent forth during no less a period than two hundred years such multitudes of human beings to leave their bones to whiten on the sands of Syria.

Many causes combined to prepare the minds of men readily to follow the exhortations of Peter the Hermit by arming for the rescue of the holy sepulchre from those infidels who for so long a period had possessed it. Whilst Palestine continued subject to the Caliphs of Bagdad, they

had encouraged the resort of the Christian pilgrims for the sake of the money they brought with them, whilst they took away nothing but worthless relics and consecrated trifles. But after the conquest of Syria by the Turks in the eleventh century, though the Christians still sought the Holy Land, they were exposed to every sort of outrage, even to the loss of life, from those ferocious conquerors.

The feeling which prompted this indifference to danger in pursuit of a great object, however it may differ in kind, is almost universal. Strong and deep is the interest inspired by a visit to a spot that has become hallowed by a great event of which it was the scene. Who among ourselves could visit the field of Waterloo, where Wellington triumphed, or the deck of the Victory, where Nelson bled, without a glow of enthusiasm for those heroic men, who lived or died for our deliverance from the danger of an enemy whose power spread misery and death wherever he led his hosts? How much greater then must have been the interest felt by the pilgrim who visited the Holy Land, led there by the belief that the very journey he took procured for him a pardon for sin, and the certainty of an admission into Heaven. No wonder, that he became indifferent to danger: the darkness of the age in which he lived, and the natural propensity of ignorance in religion to seek for something ocular and tangible, with the superstition of his creed, served to keep alive in him a spirit of pilgrimage.

It was the same spirit which roused the powers of Europe to the enthusiastic enterprises of the Crusades. Jerusalem,

though so changed, so destroyed that the plough of the Roman victor had passed over its most memorable spots, and the many sieges of after-times had ruined even the ruins of its walls<sup>1</sup>; yet the firm, set earth, that had been trodden by "those blessed feet" of Him that came upon it to redeem mankind, was still sacred to the Christian; and thither he wended his way through toil and difficulty, to say a prayer and drop a tear upon the spot where his Saviour lived and died.

But in doing so under Turkish rule, the insults, the dangers, the outrages the pilgrim incurred filled all Europe with indignation and alarm. Peter the Hermit appeared; and with a crucifix in his hand, and burning with that wild zeal which sometimes is as powerful as real eloquence, went from country to country, from the door of the monastery to that of the baron, to the palace of princes, and even to the foot of the throne, calling upon all men, for the love of Christ or for that of their own souls, to arm, unite, and lead on to Syria under the banner of the cross.

The success of Peter's appeal was marvellous. Princes, nobles, priests, and people thus wrought upon, pronounced the call of the Hermit to be of Heaven; thousands flocked to be enrolled in the army of the faithful; and in the council of Clermont, where more than thirty thousand persons had assembled, they cried with one voice,

<sup>1</sup> For the various sieges to which Jerusalem had been subjected by Saracens, Turks, &c. &c., see Gibbon, vol. ii. p. 81. Portions of earth from Jerusalem were held sacred, and as relics were frequently presented to abbeys and churches. See Matt. Paris.



"It is the will of God, the Cross, the Cross, follow to Jerusalem, the Cross!" Urban, the first Pope who preached a Crusade, in order to animate the devotion and courage of the soldiers of Christ, exclaimed, "His Cross is the symbol of your salvation; wear it, a red cross—a bloody cross—as an external mark on your breasts and shoulders!" And henceforth the cross was commonly sewed on the coat or cloak, and some fanatics caused it to be burnt into their skins with a red-hot iron.

"All Europe" (said that earliest of lady historians, Anna Comnena) "was torn up from its very foundations, and seemed eager to pour itself out in one united body upon Asia." At this distance of time, when we look back on the wars of the Crusades, nothing seems to us so unaccountable as their long continuance, when so much was lost and nothing really gained. In a more enlightened age, this could never have been; but the motives which then led men on to such wild enterprises were of no common power. Nothing is more rapid in its progress than fanaticism, when once the passions are completely roused, and what could be more powerful to hurry men on to action than the Papal indulgences granted to those who took the cross? They extended even to a plenary remission not only of their own sins, but, in many instances, to those of their fathers and mothers, and to the assurance of Heaven to every man slain in the contest, together with full permission whilst on earth to sack and fleece the Jews in order to obtain their gold and silver to furnish forth the necessary equipment

for so sacred an enterprise<sup>2</sup>. These were all stirring motives in an age of spiritual darkness, when the Church of Rome in its head, and in its hierarchy generally, was believed to be infallible in all that she promised for happiness or denounced for chastisement.

There was another motive which just at the period of Peter's preaching operated largely on the minds of the credulous; they believed that the time approached when the world was to come to an end, and of all places in it Jerusalem must be the best wherein to meet that awful catastrophe. Be it also borne in mind that a dark cloud of ignorance hung over the west of Europe. Education was at the lowest ebb; with few exceptions it was confined to the Church; generally speaking the priests and monks, and the few schools of the latter, had it all to themselves; and even amongst the clergy some could do little more than read their breviary.

To say this is no disparagement to those industrious and praiseworthy recluses, more especially found in the scriptorium of the Benedictines<sup>3</sup>, to whom we are indebted for the very curious chronicles of the Middle Ages; records which, though here and there blended with an extravagant

<sup>2</sup> Richard of Devizes, Roger Wendover, Matt. Paris, indeed most of the old chroniclers, are full of instances of extortion and cruelty to the Jews. Hallam says (vol. iii. p. 305) that the Jews were every where the objects of popular insult and oppression, and frequently of a general massacre.

<sup>3</sup> The Scriptorium was the chamber for writing and study in a monastery.

tale and accounts of fabulous miracles, yet for the most part are valuable for the knowledge they afford of the times in which their authors lived. Nor is it difficult, on becoming pretty well acquainted with them, to separate the grain from the chaff; remembering also that at the period of the Crusades, ferocious courage, gross superstition, and the fiercest intolerance characterized not merely the multitude who followed, but the nobles who led. All classes of men were welcomed to swell the ranks of the fanatics. The recluse of the cell, the idler, the reckless, the young and the brave eager for fame, and even the villain and the serf, children of slavery yoked to the soil and often sold with it, were all gladly enrolled to join the living mass, and to follow in the steps of their leader and bear the mark of the Cross.

The first Crusaders were little better than a mere rabble. Peter the Hermit, without ability or judgment, and devoid of common sense, led on the multitude—men, women, and even children—along the banks of the Rhine and the Danube. But want of sufficient food for such a host compelled them to separate; and a brave soldier, called Walter the Pennyless, led on some thousands one way, whilst Peter took another, and “the rear was again pressed by a herd of 200,000, the most stupid and savage refuse of the people, who mingled with their devotion a brutal licence of rapine, prostitution, and drunkenness. Some Counts and gentlemen, at the head of 3000 horse, attended the motions of the multitude, to partake of the spoil; but

their genuine leaders (may we credit such folly?) were a goose and a goat who were carried in front, and to whom these worthy Christians ascribed an infusion of the Holy Spirit<sup>4</sup>."

On they went with their unruly march through 600 miles of the towns then desolate, morasses, forests, and barren fields of Hungary and Bulgaria. At length, what with their want of food and every kind of necessary, their folly, their vices, and their detestable crimes, their sickness, and the foes they made by their depredations, and those they met with both in Christians and Turks, this wretched rabble, (constituting what was called *the first Crusade*) perished to no less a number than 300,000 souls, before a single town was taken from the infidels, and before the more noble persons who were to have been the leaders of the enterprise had even finished their preparations for setting out.

Very different in the first outset was the Crusade under such leaders as Godfrey de Bouillon and Count Robert of Flanders. No desires but for the redemption of the Holy Land from the power and the cruelty of its infidel masters animated their bosoms. Supported as they were by Tancred, Bohemond, and many spirits kindred with their own, the first essay of their arms was more successful than they had themselves anticipated. Yet had these noble warriors infinite trouble and difficulty in maintaining their victories, and before the close of the thirteenth.

<sup>4</sup> Gibbon, vol. ii. p. 25.

century the Christians were compelled to abandon all their Asiatic conquests.

The Crusade in which we feel the most interest was one of a date subsequent to Godfrey de Bouillon—that of our Cœur de Lion. Yet we cannot in justice award to him the praise of that real disinterested heroism so conspicuous in Godfrey. He was no less brave than Richard; but not like him savage and unsparing<sup>5</sup>; for be it remembered that the fearful slaughter on the first capture of Jerusalem, was the work of the impetuous hosts, irritated by the long resistance of their enemies, and in the frenzy of fanatical victory.

The great opponent of Richard, Saladin, was nothing inferior to him either in valour, in generosity, or in courtesy; to which we must add, neither was he behind him in ruthless slaughter. It reads strange in both Monkish and Arabic historians to find that at one and the same hour of victory, this far-famed Sultan gave a cup of sherbet cooled in snow to Lusignan the captive King of Jerusalem, and stained his conquest of the Holy City by the execution of 230 Knights of the brave Hospitallers. They died martyrs of the Christian faith, refusing the Sultan's offer to save their lives by apostasy.

Cœur de Lion, however, took an ample revenge when not very long after, in consequence of some delay in fulfilling the terms of an agreement on the part of the

<sup>5</sup> Richard put to death 3000 Moslems in cold blood. See Gibbon, vol. ii. p. 144.

infidel prince, Richard (according to his warm panegyrist Geoffrey de Vinsauf) "to vindicate the Christian religion" caused *two thousand seven hundred* of the Turkish hostages to be put to death almost within sight of their royal master.

Not long after Jaffa witnessed the wrath of the English lion; and then came one of those negotiations for some final settlement, which often led to nothing more than a renewal of the war with far greater bitterness. But it is amusing to find how polite and complimentary were these deadly enemies to each other during these short seasons of truce, exchanging presents with regal courtesy—such as fruits and snow (we wonder whence Saladin got his snow?), and Norway hawks and Arabian horses.

All this was of brief duration; for both Richard and Saladin were suffering from the violent efforts of their war-like reigns. In little more than a year the glories of the Sultan ended in a premature death; and Richard quitted the Holy Land, with no more advantage than a barren fame, to sail for Europe, there to find himself a prisoner in the hands of a despicable enemy in Austria; and soon after his ransom had restored him to his own country, to perish in a petty warfare with a rebel Baron before the Castle of Chaluz.

The Monkish Historians gloried in the Crusades. The pilgrims, the knights and the squires who returned from the East, often sought the hospitality of the Monastery; and most gladly was it afforded and richly repaid by the long

stories they told of the wonders, feats of arms, and miracles of the Holy Land ; and as these marvellous tales referred to a far-off country, and to knights and heroes, many of whom were dead, there was little chance of contradiction, and none for disproof. So the good monks opened their eyes and their ears, listened and wondered ; and, in spite of common sense, the clerks of the scriptorium committed all they heard to parchment and paper, for the edification of their own and future generations.

One chronicler tells how at the siege of Antioch the sword of Godfrey cut down a Turk in battle from the shoulder to the saddle, and that one half of the Moslem fell to the ground, but the other was carried by his horse to the very gates of the city. Another story of King Richard is no less marvellous : we read that sixty thousand Saracens fled before his arms ; but on finding the next day that he was encamped with only a few knights and archers around him, they came back in a body to attack him. Richard, without staying to count numbers, sprang on his horse, seized his lance, and rode furiously along the very front of their ranks, without meeting any one who dared to step out and encounter his career. No wonder that the Syrian mothers frightened their children by telling them that King Richard was coming <sup>6</sup>.

<sup>6</sup> Nothing can be more absurdly marvellous than the deeds of prowess of King Richard, as they are recounted by his devoted historian, Geoffrey de Vinsauf. Gibbon, in noticing this story of the 60,000 Saracens, says, "Am I writing the history of Orlando or Amadis?" Gibbon, vol. ii. p. 66.

Gibbon thinks that no benefit was derived to Europe from the Crusades ; but many differ from him in opinion. That much bloodshed and loss of treasure resulted from them no one can dispute ; but surely it is not right to look only on the dark side of the picture : it is not without some gleams of light when viewed under another aspect. Though it cannot be said that civilization and improvement followed wherever the Crusaders planted the Cross, as it had invariably done wherever those splendid Roman conquerors planted their eagle, yet, notwithstanding all that was disastrous, the Providence which so often brings good out of evil did so, in some measure, by these barbarous and fanatic expeditions.

The followers of the Cross had to pass through many lands before they could reach that so truly termed Holy. The cities of the south became known to them, more especially those of Italy ; for it was in that cultivated and genial part of Europe, that they fixed their rendezvous for embarkation. Venice and Genoa, particularly the former, supplied their shipping, and largely increased the number of their enthusiastic hosts. The Italian cities also afforded supplies of every kind of armour and arms, and even of ornament and luxury. Their manufactures of cloth of gold and of silks excited great admiration. The people of one country thus became acquainted with the people of another, and commerce, that friend to intelligence, to industry, and to peace, in its wide-spread benefits extended to the various European states and kingdoms. The East and the West were drawn



100 THE GOOD ST. LOUIS AND HIS TIMES.

into familiar intercourse. Vast bodies of men, many of them possessed of the best education of the period, more especially among the clergy, passed to and from Asia, and brought home with them a knowledge of those arts and the more polished manners and customs which they had learnt abroad. Even the use of the windmill was brought from Syria during the Crusades, being originally invented for the dry and sandy deserts of Asia Minor.

“We discover,” says Robertson, “soon after the commencement of the Crusades, greater splendour in the courts of Princes, greater pomp in public ceremonies, a more refined taste in pleasures and amusements, together with a more romantic spirit of enterprise spreading gradually over Europe; and to these wild expeditions, the effects of superstition and folly, we owe that first gleam of light which tended to dispel the barbarism of ignorance.”

<sup>7</sup> Robertson, vol. i. pp. 24—27.





## CHAPTER VIII.

Very slow in preparing for the Crusade—Matt. Paris becomes poetical—Templars and Hospitallers seek the Sultan of Cairo to redeem their brethren, his prisoners—Angry rebuke of the Sultan—They depart disappointed—Companions of Louis in the Crusade—William Longespée—Seeks the Pope for aid—Permission to get help from his countrymen how he may—The royal Princes—Joinville, his great merits—Prepares for his journey—What he says of himself on the occasion—He embarks with his knights—His account of the voyage—Fright from the sight of the great round mountains—The Dean of Maura—The three processions recommended—Their success—Arrival at Cyprus.

**T**O set off on a Crusade must have been very slow work, for it was four years after he first assumed the Cross, before Louis started on his expedition. During that interval, however, he sent both men and money to assist the harassed Christians, chiefly French, who still with great difficulty held some of their old and hard-won conquests in the East. About this period also the desire of the Syrian Mussulmans to revenge the success and check the efforts of the Mamaluke Sultan of Egypt produced such a complication of strife and suffering, that the Holy Land was almost in a state of desolation.

Matthew Paris becomes somewhat poetical on the sub-

ject. He says, "Whilst fortune was revolving her wheel amidst the proceedings of the people on this side the Alps, she was also causing various vicissitudes to the Christians in the provinces beyond sea ; for the Templars and Hospitallers feeling their own misery," determined on an unusual course in the endeavour to relieve it. In former contests, the military monks who were slain in battle, or became prisoners of war, were held as alike lost to the cause for which they bore arms ; and the survivors of their order never thought of redeeming their brethren by ransom. But at this crisis such was the alarm, that they resolved it should be otherwise ; and understanding that the Sultan of Egypt had many Masters of the Templars and Hospitallers, and other of their brethren, as prisoners, they obtained a truce and a safe conduct, and appointed a deputation from both orders, to wait upon the Sultan at Cairo in order to propose a ransom ; and neither gold nor silver was to be spared to effect the object so earnestly desired.

They knew well the practice of the East, and commenced by making the most costly presents to the Emirs with a view to win their good word with the Sultan ; but that despot rebuked their interference, refused with disdain the gold which the envoys offered for the ransom of their brethren, and reproached their orders with expressions of the fiercest anger. He told them that they had betrayed their Emperor (alluding to their having refused to join Frederick's forces, whilst he was under the ban of the Pope), said that their hatred and animosity among them-

selves were greater than towards their enemies, and bade the Templars remember, that in the last great battle their standard-bearer was the first man who fled from the field. Even now they were transgressors, in offering gold, when by the rules of their own order the *capuce* and *girdle* of a Knight Templar were all that should be offered as a ransom<sup>1</sup>. He further declared that he would not strengthen their numbers by setting their brethren free, that he would keep them as his prisoners, and they should fare the worse for this interference; and then, turning away, he bade them depart, and see his face no more.

It may here be remarked that when the Sultan so reproached the Templars for breaking the rule of their order, he evidently did not know the origin of that rule, or the necessity for its adoption. The Templars had indeed at first no possessions, and consequently little or no gold to offer: they were so poor, that two knights were obliged to ride on the same horse<sup>2</sup>. But in process of years they grew rich, proud, and luxurious; so that poverty could not be pleaded for the necessity of the *capuce and girdle ransom*. To return to the envoys.

They were greatly disappointed, and applied once more to the Emirs, telling them that in return for such handsome presents they must really say what was best to be done to

<sup>1</sup> "The Capuce was the head-piece or basinet; hence the word Capucin."—"Glossaire de la Langue Romaine."

<sup>2</sup> Some few of the very ancient seals of the Templars yet exist appended to old deeds and parchments. The seal represents the two knights on one horse.

forward the purpose for which as envoys they had come so far to solicit the Sultan. The Emirs acknowledged that the presents were most costly, and that they would in return for them give honest advice: it was this—to prevail with the Emperor Frederick (“the man,” they said, “that our lord loves and respects above all men”) to write, and with the most humble and gentle entreaties beg the Sultan to give up his captives; and then they would be set at liberty without ransom. But the indignant envoys proudly replied, that they would never consent to such a humiliation; and so they took their departure in great confusion.

Before we embark the saint-like King for the Holy Land, it may be as well to notice a few of his most distinguished companions. One of these has a more than common interest with ourselves, as he was an Englishman—William Longespée, Earl of Salisbury<sup>3</sup>, a grandson of Henry II. and Fair Rosamond. He was famed for what in his day constituted the highest order of merit, skill in the battle-field with lance and sword. He had served in a former Crusade; and having now, from the impulse of a brave spirit, determined to join Louis, he found some difficulty—being nearer allied to royalty in blood than in wealth—in obtaining the means to furnish forth himself and his attendant knights for the expedition.

His poverty led him on a begging mission to Rome, there to entreat the Pope to instruct him how to find money for his

<sup>3</sup> Henry III. deprived him legally of his title of Earl of Salisbury.

need. He urged as a strong plea that he had been long signed with the Cross, whilst Richard Earl of Cornwall, who had not been signed at all with that sacred symbol, had nevertheless been enabled, solely by Papal authority, to levy contributions to a large extent on those who were already signed and elsewhere; therefore, as he (William Longespée) was in great need, he did solicit the like favour from his Holiness. As he asked for advice and not for money, the Pope treated him with the utmost liberality, and gave him letters to sanction his plundering his crusading and other friends to his heart's content,—that is, says Matthew Paris, the Pope “granted him a thong out of another man's skin.” William Longespée returned home, and extorted a very modest sum, not more in all than a thousand marks, from his richer countrymen.

Robert Count d'Artois, Alphonso Count de Poitiers, Charles Count d'Anjou, brothers to the King, had assumed the Cross; but Anjou for some time remained at home, to assist the Queen in the Regency. Hugh Duke of Burgundy, and William Earl of Flanders, and many others of rank, were also vowed to the Holy Land. But of all Louis' companions the one most worthy of note was his friend, his favourite, and his future biographer, John Lord de Joinville and High Seneschal of Champagne. This worthy crossed the seas the year before his royal master. He tells us that it was after Easter in the year of grace

<sup>4</sup> Matt. Paris says that the Earl of Cornwall extorted from one archdeacon *six hundred pounds!*

1248. "We were twenty knights," he says, "in a small ship that we hired." Only nine of these, however, were dependent upon him for pay and keeping in the enterprise.

Before he started he summoned all his friends, his men, and his vassals, to come to his Castle of Joinville on the eve of Easter-day, being the birthday of his son by his first wife, the Lord of Ancarville. During the whole of Easter week they were occupied with feasts, banquets, songs, and making merry; but when Friday came, the Lord of Joinville solemnly addressed them. He said that, as he was going to the Holy Land, and possibly might never return, should there be any one present to whom he had in any way done wrong, let that person come forward, and he should receive every satisfaction for the injury. After having so spoken, in order that no man might be deterred by his presence, he withdrew, and left them to consider what they might have to bring forward against him. "I did this," he adds, "because I was unwilling to carry with me one single penny wrongfully." Joinville was a most honest Crusader; for he did not pillage nor extort money from either Jew or heretic, and he had already mortgaged a considerable part of his inheritance to obtain the means to fit out himself and his "nine knights dependants." The worthy Seneschal had so sore a struggle between his devotion for the Crusade and his domestic and local affections, that we must give this choice bit of his autobiography in his own words; no abridgment would do him justice.

“When I was nearly ready to set out, I sent for the Abbot of Cheminon, who was at that time considered as the most discreet man of all the white monks, to reconcile myself with him<sup>5</sup>. He gave me my scarf, and bound it on me, and likewise put the pilgrim’s staff in my hand. Instantly after I quitted the Castle of Joinville, without ever re-entering it until my return from beyond sea. I made pilgrimages to all holy places in the neighbourhood, such as Bliccourt, St. Urban, and others near to Joinville, on foot, without shoes and in my shirt. But as I was journeying from Bliccourt to St. Urban, I was obliged to pass near to the Castle of Joinville. I dared not turn my eyes that way, for fear of feeling too great regret, and lest my courage should fail on leaving my two fine children and my fair Castle of Joinville, which I loved in my heart. Being suddenly called upon by the Count de Salbruche<sup>6</sup>, my brother-in-arms, with our knights and attendants we went to dine at La Fontaine Archevêque before Dongeux; and the Abbot of St. Urban, to whom may God show mercy! gave me and my knights very handsome jewels. We then took our leave of him, and went straight to Auxoune, where we embarked with our armour on the Soane for Lyons. Our cavalry and war-horses were led

<sup>5</sup> Joinville does not mean that he had previously been on unfriendly terms with the abbot; but to reconcile his own conscience probably, by confession to a holy man, who, in the phrase of the time, would give him comfort.

<sup>6</sup> Salbruche was one of the twenty knights who joined in hiring the little ship.



along its banks. When we came to Lyons, we embarked on the river Rhone to go to Arles le Blanc. I remember well that on its banks we saw the remains of a castle, La Roche-gluy, which castle the King had caused to be demolished, on account of the lord of it, named Roger, having a very ill-famed reputation of stopping and plundering all merchants and pilgrims that passed that way."

Joinville and his company embarked at "the rock of Marseilles"; and when the priests and clerks came on board, the captain of the vessel made them mount to the castle of the ship and chant psalms, to obtain a prosperous voyage; and all present joined in the *Veni Creator*. They had a favourable wind, and soon lost sight of land; "nothing but sky and sea to be seen." This set Joinville moralizing thus: "I must say that he is a great fool who shall put himself in such dangers, having wronged any one, or having any mortal sins on his conscience; for when he goes to sleep in the evening, he knows not if in the morning he may not find himself at the bottom of the sea."

The conscientious Seneschal goes on to tell us the wonderful thing that he saw next, immediately after vespers. It was "a great round mountain off Barbary." They made all the sail they could during the night to get away from it; but in the morning, though they supposed they must have

<sup>7</sup> The writers of the Middle Ages often call a fortified place a rock. See Joinville.

run fifty leagues, they still found themselves off this "great round mountain." They were terribly frightened, and continued to make all the sail they could that whole day and night, but to no purpose ; they could not get rid of this object of alarm.

At last "a discreet churchman, the Dean of Maura," spoke up : "Knights and gentlemen, I never remember any distress in our parish, either from too much or too little rain, or any other plague and misfortune, but that God and his mother delivered us from it, and caused every thing to happen just as we would wish it, when we had made with devotion a procession three times on three subsequent Saturdays."

This suggestion was joyfully received ; and the wisdom of it unanimously admitted ; for the sailors had told the Seneschal and all on board, that their lives were in great danger from the Saracens of Barbary, who would come and attack them. Now it was on a Saturday when "the discreet Dean" gave his advice ; and so, headed by him, a procession of all on board was immediately formed to march three times round the masts of the ship. But marching in due order was, it seems, hard work for poor Joinville ; for the sea rolled heavily, and he was so sick that he was obliged to be supported on either side under his arms, to enable him to keep the line of march. The desired effect was, however, obtained. "The discreet Dean" got honour and thanks for his prudent suggestion, as immediately on the ceremony

110 THE GOOD ST. LOUIS AND HIS TIMES.

being completed they lost sight of the object of their terror, and the great round mountain troubled them no more ; and on the third Saturday they arrived safe and sound at Cyprus.





## CHAPTER IX.

Louis receives at St. Denis the symbols of his pilgrimage—The Oriflamme—Takes leave of his people—His care to leave the realm in peace—Meets his mother at Corbeil—Affecting parting from her—Interview with the Pope at Lyons—Quarrels of the French with the people of Avignon—Renewed strife at Marseilles—Many desert the holy cause—Offer service to the Pope—His Holiness allows them to buy off their pilgrimage—Louis embarks at Aigues-Morte—Arrives at Cyprus—Received by the King—Crusade preached in the Island—Joinville's troubles—Relieved by the King—A Tartar embassy—The Crusaders give themselves up to luxury and dissipation—Evil consequences—Nobles put on the Cross—Advice of Templars and Hospitallers to make peace with the Sultan—Rejected by Louis—Louis sails for Egypt—Storm—Great danger—Vessels lost—Resolves to proceed—Saracens prepare for resistance—Council held—Louis decides on the day to land in Egypt.

**O**N the 12th day of June, 1248, Louis IX., King of France, attended by the royal family, the court, and a host of bishops, clerks, and monks, went in stately procession to the Abbey of St. Denis; and there after a service, accompanied by all the splendour of the Roman Church, received from the hands of the Pope's Legate, the alms-purse, the pilgrim's staff and scrip, and the oriflamme, or sacred banner of the kingdom <sup>1</sup>.

The "Oriflamme" was the sacred banner both of the Church and the

Louis then returned to Paris and attended a solemn service at the Cathedral of Notre Dame. He there bade a long farewell to his sorrowing people, who in crowds accompanied him to the Abbey of St. Antoine, the clergy and choristers singing psalms all the way. When arrived, he mounted his horse, and set forward for Corbeil, where his mother and his wife were to attend him.

Louis had greatly exerted himself that he might leave his kingdom in peace, and for this purpose had renewed the truce with the King of England. His endeavours, too, had been unremitting to preserve the recent acquisitions of France, and to reform every grievance that had been made a pretext for rebellion or discontent. As soon as this arduous task was completed, and with due ceremony Queen Blanch installed in the regency, Louis

kingdom. At this period, though afterwards the custom changed, it was seldom carried into battle against a Christian enemy; but always against *Infidels* and *Heretics*. It was the standard of St. Denis, the patron of the realm of France, and kept at the abbey dedicated to that Saint near Paris. It was formed of red silk, and split in the middle; the two pendent ends sharp and spear-like, to resemble tongues of fire; at the top a piece of wood crossed kept it extended. From its red gold and flame-like appearance it derived the name of *Oriflamme*. There is a beautiful representation of it in the late M. Willemin's fine work on the antiquities of France. The standard of Cœur de Lion was a very clumsy concern. It was supported by a long pole, like the mast of a ship, and was drawn by four wheels bound with iron, and was always guarded; for if it fell by accident, the army would be dispersed and put into confusion: it was advanced when the enemy yielded, and drawn back when he pressed on. "No people," says Geoffrey de Vinsaaf, "have strength to resist the enemy if their chief is in alarm by the fall of his standard."

devoted himself entirely to those exercises of religion which seemed to him most befitting the solemn mission to which he was sworn. His manner was serious, his self-denial austere, his dress simple, and almost as plain as any one of his favourite monks. All magnificence, all luxury was forbidden; and the money thus saved was devoted in alms to the poor.

His mother accompanied him to Cluny, and there took an affectionate, and, as she almost prophetically believed, a last leave of him, convinced that she should never more behold her beloved first-born till they met in heaven. Louis was deeply affected; and the mother and son mingled their tears in a last embrace and a prayer to God for blessing.

Louis at length set out on his journey, and passing through Lyons, "humbly and devoutly" paid his respects to the Pope, who was residing there, and was received with the most cordial welcome. Ever anxious to be a peace-maker among Christians, the good King ventured once more to entreat his Holiness to pardon and absolve the Emperor. But all his entreaties proved vain; the Pope was as inexorable as ever. Louis before parting made a long and deliberate confession, and received a full absolution for all his sins, and an abundance of blessing. He then bade farewell, quitted Lyons, and with his army directed his course towards Marseilles; but he was not destined to proceed on his way without vexation and even danger.

As he drew near to Avignon, the inhabitants (who had not forgotten the siege and the slaughter their city had suffered by the troops of the late King), not choosing to bear patiently the insults of some of the French Crusaders, who called them "Albigenses, traitors, and poisoners," made an attack upon them in the narrow passes, and bloodshed ensued. The nobles begged the King to lay siege to the city, in revenge for these insults and for the death of his father, saying that it was at Avignon his father had been poisoned. But the holy moderation of the King checked their violence. "I go from France," he said, solemnly, "not to avenge my own injuries nor those of my father or mother—but" (devoutly crossing himself) "the injuries of my Lord Jesus Christ."

At Marseilles the strife was renewed ; and again he had to repress and deny the earnest desire of the French nobles to be permitted to lay siege to that city. Louis said with great earnestness, "The time for our passage is close at hand ; God forbid that Satan should prevail ! for he is grieved on account of our expedition, and is seeking to interpose some obstacles to impede our departure." Louis proceeded on his way, and took with him some chosen men-at-arms. But more than a thousand crossbow-men, many knights and retainers, as the King had refused to let them besiege and plunder the city, would not go on with him : they offered instead their services to the Pope, to fight for his Holiness any one he pleased to name. Matthew Paris, who, monk though he was, never failed to show up any artifice arising

from the extortions or avarice of the See of Rome, says that these services were not accepted; and those who offered them, "being circumvented by the Pope's arguments and those of his court, who knew they had abundance of money, were persuaded to lay aside the symbols of the Cross, and to give what they had for their travelling supplies to the Pope himself, in order to obtain remission from their pilgrimage; and with their pockets emptied, that they might travel more lightly, they returned to their homes with only a very small portion of their property remaining wherewith to support themselves on their journey."

"As no other route to the Holy Land was available but that by sea, and as the kingdom of France in the days of Louis IX. possessed no port in the Mediterranean," he was obliged to purchase the territory of Aigues-Morte in Provence for embarkation. For more than two years the prudent King had busied himself in provisioning his army, and sending forward vast stores of every description for its support to Cyprus. These were principally procured from the Venetians, and from the fertile provinces of Apulia and Sicily.

A rumour of such extensive preparations soon reached the Saracen potentates of the East; they became seriously alarmed, and set vigorously to work to fortify their frontier cities, and prepare their troops to resist the invasion. Popular rumour was also busy in France, where it accused the Moslem powers of having had recourse to stratagem for the purpose of destroying Louis before he



left his own kingdom. A tale was circulated that the life of Louis was in danger from the assassins of the Old Man of the Mountain ; that all the pepper that came from the East was poisoned, and that many persons were considered to have died from its effects before the monstrous artifice was discovered.

At last, on the 25th August, 1248, the King embarked at Aigues-Morte ; and with a favouring wind directed his course towards Cyprus, where he arrived on the 21st of the ensuing September, that charming island being appointed as the rendezvous of the whole army. Louis was most honourably received by Henry, the grandson of Guy Lusignan, King of Cyprus, who held that kingdom in right of his grandsire's conquest in the third Crusade. Nicosia was the capital of his dominions ; and there the King of France and his court, knights and attendants, were nobly entertained.

It appears that although Joinville left France before, he did not arrive at Cyprus till after his royal master, as he expresses his delight on finding him safe and well, and surprise at the vast stores of provisions which had been sent forward. So plentiful were these, that the casks of wine piled together, "looked like great houses when seen from a distance."

The King was impatient to continue his progress ; but the nobles and friends of his council showed him how impossible it was that he could do so till the arrival of the expected forces, so necessary for the success of his enter-

prise. No sooner was he settled for the time being in the island, than his troubles, which seemed to follow him throughout this journey, commenced anew by the dissatisfaction of the sailors of the fleet. France having no marine, the King had been obliged to hire vessels from Venice, Pisa, and Genoa to convey his army thus far; and he now had enough to do to satisfy the demands and allay the discontents of the shipowners and the men.

Louis, however, had something to cheer him, when he found that Henry, King of Cyprus, not only caused the Crusade to be preached throughout his island, but promised, with many of his court, to join the expedition as soon as their necessary preparations could be accomplished. We must not omit that Louis's friend, the Lord de Joinville, was now destined to experience great perplexity. He tells us, that though when he left home on this enterprise he did not possess more in yearly revenue than twelve hundred livres, yet had he taken upon himself the charge of nine knights and three bannerets<sup>2</sup>. After paying the shipping on his arrival at Cyprus, he found himself so

<sup>2</sup> The rank of Knight Banneret was bestowed by the king or the lieutenant-general of an army. The knight who was considered to be entitled by birth or wealth to that honour, and was desirous to obtain it, took occasion from some battle or act of prowess in which he had been engaged to present himself before the king or the general, holding his lance with his pennon attached to it in his hand, and then, either by his own voice or that of a herald, announced his desire to become a banneret, with his pretensions for holding the rank of the same. The prince or lord thereupon took the lance from him, cut off the point of the pennon, so as to make it square, and thus restored it to its owner,

reduced in purse, that his nine knights in a very unceremonious manner threatened to leave him, unless he could provide himself with more money. Poor Joinville! his spirits and his courage were terribly cast down, but he placed confidence in God, and in a humane friend who never failed him; nor was he disappointed. No sooner did Louis learn his distress than he sent for him, engaged him in his own service, and gave him 800 livres-tournois<sup>3</sup>. And truly grateful was the Seneschal; for now, said he, "I had more money than I had need for." At this period he amused himself with recording a very strange story, which must here be briefly given.

Soon after the arrival of Louis at Cyprus, there came to him certain men who represented themselves to be ambassadors from the great Cham of Tartary. They made many fine speeches, expressive of the Cham's readiness to assist the great King of France in delivering Jerusalem from the hands of the Saracens. Louis, ever delighting in conversions, thought that here was a fair opening for changing the Cham of Tartary, and possibly all his Tartars, from barbarous Pagans into good Christians. He caused, therefore, a tent to be formed of fine scarlet cloth, in the form of a chapel, and had embroidered on the interior the Annunciation of the Holy Virgin, with other works representing the mysteries of the Faith. Two black monks who underbidding him be a valiant knight and ever bear his banner with honour to himself and his lineage. See St. Palaye on Ancient Chivalry; also Froissart and Du Cange.

<sup>3</sup> The Livre-tournois was coined at Tours.

stood Arabic had charge of this tent, to take it to the Cham, and to show the Tartars the meaning of it, and exhort them how they ought to worship God. But though this hopeful embassy was talked of far and wide, nothing satisfactory was ever more heard of the tent, or the two black monks; and a modern critic has ventured to conjecture, with great probability, that the whole was a trick of certain cunning impostors to get something of value from the generous and unsuspecting King<sup>4</sup>.

Louis again expressed his earnest desire to continue his progress for the Holy Land. "But," says William de Nangis, who was present, "the Lords and Prelates of Cyprus, all of whom had taken the Cross, appeared before him, and told him that they would go with him, if he would only stay where he was till the winter had passed away." The French, however, were little disposed for delay; and seeing this, the Cypriots had recourse to every seductive art to detain them. Rejoicings, feasting, the fascinations of beauty, all were employed with a luxurious profusion of Eastern splendour.

"The enchanting aspect of the island," its balmy and enervating climate, its fruits, especially one of its delicious productions—its wines, "which Solomon himself had not disdained to celebrate," seconded in an irresistible manner the entreaties of the King and court of Nicosia; so at length it was determined

<sup>4</sup> For the letter from the King of the Tartars to King Louis, see *Matt. Paris*, where it is given at large, vol. iii. p. 419.

that the Christian forces should remain in Cyprus till the ensuing Spring.

All this was little in accordance with the devotional simplicity of morals and manners supposed to characterize the soldiers of the Cross. Only one leading man was untouched by these seductions, that man was Louis; and he soon saw with sorrow of heart how great had been the error of those leaders and counsellors who consented to a delay so injurious to the cause he had espoused.

The abundance of the court and the camp tempted the Crusaders to intemperance; and as if the altars of old had been once more raised in that island of luxurious ease, it was to be feared that the Queen of Pagan worship was more honoured by many of the young knights than the Catholic Queen of Heaven. Idleness relaxed discipline; indulgence produced disease; and a pestilence broke out and committed its ravages with such fearful rapidity that the ranks of the Crusaders were as fatally thinned as if the sword of the Saracen had been among them. Soon had the pilgrims, as they were most improperly called, to mourn the deaths of no less than 250 knights, and many hundreds of men-at-arms from this calamity.

One trouble followed close upon another. By this unfortunate delay, by their own sloth and folly, many of the knights were ruined, and now became impatient to set forward for Syria and Egypt, not so much for the sake of the sacred cause in which they had embarked as to

refund themselves for their losses, at the cost of the Saracens. Louis had great difficulty to restrain them ; for all historians say "he was only half obeyed." In every way was that admirable Prince called upon to exercise the virtues of meekness, patience, and Christian charity ; for differences arose between the Greek and Latin clergy, which none but a man of his calm and temperate judgment could have appeased.

The nobles in Cyprus were also continually quarrelling among themselves ; for the warlike men of that age were, for the greater part, so ignorant, that many of them could not read ; and except when occupied fighting with a common enemy, not knowing what to do with their time, they often managed to fill it up with disputes and jealousies which led even to blood. Louis was the universal peace-maker in all these dissensions, and was more especially appealed to as umpire between the fierce and haughty Templars and the Hospitallers. At length, to such extremities did their quarrels extend, that he could find no way to keep them within bounds, except by making them swear to have no other adversaries than those who were the enemies of the Cross.

It must, however, in fairness be stated, that one circumstance might give us a very different opinion respecting the clear-sighted judgment of those military monks, than was adopted in the council of Louis whilst he was at Cyprus. These warriors by no means shared that blind confidence which amounted even to presumption in the French nobles.

Experience had taught them, that though the soldiers of the Cross always commenced their exploits with brilliancy and success, this did not last. Weakened by fatigue and watching, by hardships, by disease, and by disagreement among themselves, at last they thought of nothing but returning home as soon as possible; and when they did so, the Christian colonies were often entirely abandoned to the fury of an enemy exasperated by the most exasperating of all warfare—that of resistance to the invasion of a foreign foe.

Strongly impressed by these considerations, two men of superior wisdom, the Grand Masters of the Hospitallers and the Templars, wrote to Louis, and begged to be permitted to advise with him on the expediency of opening a negotiation with Malek Saleh Negmeddin, the Sultan who then ruled throughout Egypt, for a peace—a peace that should be beneficial and durable for the Christians, and that should include the freedom of the knights still held captive at Cairo. Unfortunately this excellent advice arrived at a moment when the Crusaders had begun to fill their imaginations anew with the hopes of a splendid success, and of rich plunder and spoil to be gained by a determined warfare with the Infidels; and the known division of the Mussulman potentates, who were then at war for the provinces of Syria and Egypt, made them believe that nothing would be easier than a complete victory.

Instead therefore of temperately considering the advice

of these experienced and sober-minded men, the Crusaders received it with the utmost indignation, and gave credit to the foulest calumnies against the Grand Master of the Temple, who was accused of keeping up "a secret intelligence with the Sultan of Cairo, and of having joined in barbarous ceremonies to bind their impious union." Even Louis, so dispassionate and sound judging on most occasions, on this was led astray by his superstitious devotion to the Cross: he shared in the universal displeasure felt against the Grand Masters, and in reply to their advice bade them not to insult either himself or the Christian host in arms, by repeating their propositions for peace with Saracens<sup>4</sup>.

Soon after this great mistake, Louis bade a friendly adieu to the King of Cyprus, who, notwithstanding he had put on the Cross, did not accompany the expedition; nor did he follow after to join it.

In this spring of 1249, Louis caused a proclamation to be issued, that all now being in readiness, the vessels should be laden, so as to be prepared to sail whenever he might give command. Louis, his Queen, children, and their household embarked; and on the Friday before Pentecost the fleet quitted the port of Limisso for Egypt. The sight was cheering and beautiful; for it seemed as if the whole sea far as the eye could reach was "covered with cloth," from

<sup>4</sup> Many years after, when the order of the Templars was so cruelly suppressed by a spirit of avarice in Philip the Fair, this very calumny of joining in barbarous ceremonies with an infidel prince was made one of the charges against the order generally.



the quantity of sails that were spread to the breeze, there being "one thousand eight hundred vessels great and small<sup>6</sup>."

The commencement of the voyage, however, was far from prosperous, and was attended by so ill an omen that many were disheartened ; for a wind blowing direct from the coast of Egypt, a fearful storm arose, and so scattered the fleet, that the King was obliged to return to harbour, and found to his dismay that one-half of his vessels were either wrecked or driven by the wind on the coast of Syria. Doubtful how to proceed, a feeling of disappointment and alarm stole over the spirit of the Crusaders, when they were most unexpectedly reassured by the arrival of a strong reinforcement. This consisted of the Duke of Burgundy, William Longespée of Salisbury with two hundred English knights, and William of Villehardouin, Prince of Achaia.

Thus reinforced, Louis would not wait for the vessels dispersed by the storm ; and it was much feared that many had been lost. Once more the fleet spread sail to a favouring wind, which now blew direct for Egypt ; and on the fourth day the watch on the deck of the King's vessel shouted "Land ! Land !" to the joy of every heart. The fleet drew as near as they were able to the ship of their Sovereign, and the principal nobles came on board. Louis received them as it became a soldier of the Cross, and

<sup>6</sup> Joinville, p. 388. Many writers have asserted that before Louis left Cyprus he wrote a letter to the Sultan Negmeddin, to declare war against him unless he turned Christian ; but Michaud says there is no reliable authority for such assertion.

exhorted all present "to offer thanks to God for having brought them face to face with the enemies of Jesus Christ."

They expressed their fears for a life so precious as that of their Sovereign in a war that must be fraught with so much danger. "Fear not for me," replied the heroic King; "leave me to brave all perils, and in the midst of the hottest fight never once think that the safety of the state and the Church resides in my person: you ought rather to see in me nothing but a man whose life, like that of any other, may be dissipated even as a shadow, when it should please God for whom we combat." Thus Louis devoted himself; and heedless of all but the cause of Heaven, though King of France, when he stood before the enemies of the Cross, he was but "a simple soldier of Jesus Christ."

The Saracens were not unprepared for these invaders. The advance of the fleet had been seen from the walls of Damietta; and the bell of the great tower rang out in solemn sounds the warning of danger, and the call to arms. Some of their galleys had advanced so far as to reconnoitre the strength of the French, but only one was suffered to return and announce to the Mussulmans what was the power of the enemy with whom they had to contend.

A council was held in the King's ship, when it was agreed that on the Friday preceding Trinity Sunday the King should land, and meet the Saracens in battle. Louis ordered therefore every thing he deemed necessary for his followers and friends, and commanded the Lord de Belmont to cause a galley to be given to the Lord Aioart de Brienne,

126 THE GOOD ST. LOUIS AND HIS TIMES.

to land him and the Seneschal, with their knights and men-at-arms, as their own vessels were too large to approach near enough to the shore.

But when the Friday came, and De Brienne and Joinville, fully armed, asked for the galley, the Lord de Belmont, even in the presence of his sovereign, rudely denied their request. Louis, whose gentle nature rendered him unfit to contend with violent and insolent tempers, seems on this occasion to have passed over the affront with more patience than dignity; but his whole soul was bent on the cause he deemed sacred, and this may account for it.





## CHAPTER X.

The Fleet advance—The shore and entrance of the Nile protected—Sketch of the country—Louis contemplates the scene before him—His impatience to land—Addresses the warriors of the Red Cross—Joinville and Count de Japhe follow the King's galley—Oriflamme landed—Louis plunges into the sea—Enthusiasm of the Crusaders—Men-at-arms land—Combat commences—Christians victorious—Saracens fly before them—Desert Damietta—The sick Sultan, enraged at their flight, condemns his officers to death—Disaffection of the Emirs—Christians enter Damietta—Bad conduct of the Crusaders—Longespée adventures—Ill used—Appeals to Louis—Leaves the camp for Acre.



**A**T last the anxiously expected day arrived. How imposing must have been the spectacle then presented on that "time-honoured coast"! Above every Christian bark waved the banner of the red cross, as with full spread sails, in silent pomp, the fleet slowly approached the hostile shores. Above every galley of the Infidel floated the green pennon of the false prophet, whilst the decks appeared laden with archers and crossbow-men ranged in battle-order, to defend the entrance of the Nile. The shore was lined with troops, headed by the Mamaluke General Fakreddin, whose armour of burnished gold was so resplendent, that when the sun shone upon it, he seemed

to the astonished Seneschal "like a sun himself." He adds, that the very heaven and earth so resounded with the shoutings of the foe, and the noise of their horns and nacaires (drums) that it was "absolutely fearful to hear it."

What a sight must this have been to Louis! By far more learned, and better instructed than any around him who had put on the Cross, busy thoughts and recollections must have filled his mind. The land of Egypt was before him; that land which had been the birth-place of heathen civilization, the cradle of art, the garden of the old world, the scene of sacred story, where God delivered His chosen people from a hardened king and an infidel people by the display of His miraculous power, amid the hail and the blight, the lightning and the darkness of His wrath.

Egypt, though "fallen from its high estate," was still grand and imperishable, still possessed monuments of the sublimest and most durable works of man. The House of the Lord in Jerusalem, the Temples of ancient Rome, the Parthenon of Athens, were but ruins, while the Pyramids still arose as in their primeval majesty—

"Rocks amid the flood of years."

As Louis looked around him, the shores of Egypt, stretching far and wide, met his view. Immediately before him lay the entrance of the river Nile, which after a course of more than two thousand miles from the mountains of Abyssinia, through arid deserts and primitive rocks, poured by this branch its waters into the sea at Damietta. The delta, level and fertile, abounding in

canals, and only here and there raised by a sand hillock crowned with the graceful palm and the verdant sycamore, presented to the view the most fruitful and luxuriant portion of the whole country. It was with the excited feelings of religious enthusiasm that Louis beheld this land of promise, not however in respect to the hoped-for conquest of Damietta as the ultimate object of the Christian arms, but as the starting-point, whence a decisive impression was to be made that should open the way to the Holy City, to recover which no labour was too much, no sacrifice too great; for the regaining of the Jerusalem on earth would secure admission into the Jerusalem in Heaven.

Louis seeing the Saracen host ranked on the shore in battle array, was impatient to begin the contest; but his counsellors and knights advised him to await the arrival of the expected forces: they could not, however, altogether prevail; for prudence and caution were considered by the devout King as a want of trust in God to aid His own cause. "We have not come thus far," he said, "to listen to the menaces and insults of our enemies, or to remain during several days spectators of their preparations. To temporize is to raise their courage and weaken the ardour of the French warriors. We have neither road nor port in which we can shelter ourselves from the winds or from the expected attacks of the Saracens: a second storm may again disperse what remains of our fleet, and deprive us of all means of beginning the war with a chance of success. To-day God offers us victory; later

He will punish us for having neglected the opportunity to conquer."

Joinville, ever anxious to be near his beloved master, embarked in a small boat, following the wake of the King's galley, and soon reached land. The Seneschal, who never loses an opportunity of giving some little episode of interest, tells us that he had with him two valiant knights bachelors, William de Dammetin and William de Vergy, who bore so great a hatred to each other, that they had several times fought, and there was no way to appease their rage; but now when they neared the shore, without a word being spoken, they rushed into each other's arms, embraced, and wept in mutual affection and forgetfulness of all offences. He adds, "The danger of death extinguishes all hatred and malice." At length the Seneschal and his friends landed; but in his way from the ship to the shore the latter must have become separated, and his followers perhaps have deserted him, as he says that when he first got on *terra firma*, not one was with him; *he was alone*, but his trust was in God, who never forsook him.

He was, however, speedily joined by his relative, the Count de Japhe, and his men. He tells us that this Count "had disembarked in a most grand manner, for his galley was all painted within and without, with escutcheons of his arms, a cross patée gules on a field or. Three hundred sailors were on board, each bearing a target of his arms, and on this was a small banner, with his arms likewise

of beaten gold." The Count also made a terrible noise, with his flags, drums, horns, and nacaires. Joinville and Baldwin of Rheims, and this Count de Japhe, with several men-at-arms, instantly drew up in order of battle, when the cavalry of the enemy came down upon them, but they closed their ranks, covered themselves with their shields that they stuck into the sands, and held their lances pointed; this checked the advance of the hostile cavalry.

As soon as Louis learnt that the oriflamme was landed, he quitted his vessel, which was close to the shore, and without waiting to disembark with the ceremony of a warrior king, and against the advice of the legate, who was by his side, he leapt into the sea; the waves dashed up to his shoulders, his helmet was on his head, his shield suspended on his bosom, and his good lance in his hand. And thus regardless of all danger, and amid the tumult, the jostling of galleys and boats, and the struggling of warriors, all rushing forward in the utmost disorder, did Louis gain the shore. No sooner had he done so, than he fell on his knees to offer up his thanks to God; he then arose, and with renewed ardour called his most valiant knights around him, and such was the enthusiasm of his devotion, that he wanted "to make a course alone against the infidel." His more prudent friends, however, interfered, and would by no means suffer him thus rashly to endanger a life so precious to them all. Seeing Louis safely landed, and eager to do battle in the cause of God, the Christian host, as with



one voice, shouted "*Montjoie St. Denis!*" the cry of arms of the kings of France<sup>1</sup>.

At length the men-at-arms being landed, a sharp contest was speedily commenced on the shore. The spirit of deadly animosity spread like a conflagration, from rank to rank, from man to man. The French fleet advanced to the very mouth of the Nile, where it was fiercely assailed by the defenders in the galleys. The shore and the sea resounded with the clamour of drums and trumpets and the shock of arms: victory for a time hung in the balance, doubtful. The Queen, with her sister the Countess of Anjou, her children, and attendants, were on board a vessel anchored at a short distance from the scene of action. There assisted by the prayers of the bishops and clergy, with fervent intercessions to the God of battles, they awaited in fearful anxiety the issue of the deadly strife.

They had not long to wait; the galleys of the Saracens were soon dispersed or sunk; only a few escaped hurriedly up the Nile. On shore the Mamalukes, under the command of Fakreddin, were broken and discomfited, and made their retreat in panic and confusion. After a fierce struggle, those left in charge of the camp abandoned it and the western

<sup>1</sup> The cry of arms of the kings of France is supposed to have arisen with Clovis, who declared, that if his wife Clotilde's favourite saint, Denis, should assist him in gaining a victory over his enemy, Dandat, he should become the protecting saint of the kingdom. *Mon Joie St. Denis* in process of time became *Montjoie St. Denis*. None but the king, a prince of royal blood, or a knight-banneret had a right to a cry of arms. This cry was principally used to animate the warriors to an attack, or to rally them to the rescue. See Du Cange, pp. 46, 55.

bank of the Nile, leaving several of their admirals (for so they called their emirs) dead on the field of battle. Every where Louis was victorious.

Towards the close of the day and ere the setting sun threw the last beams of its fiery glow over the fertile delta and the arid sands, the scarlet tent of Louis, and the white tents of the other Crusaders were pitched in safety on the coast of Egypt: whilst by order of the saintly King, a *Te Deum* for the victory so happily achieved was sung by the clergy throughout the army; and the night was passed more in rejoicing than repose.

The fugitive troops under Fakreddin spread the alarm at Damietta, for the safety of whose inhabitants that commander had taken no thought and issued no orders; so that the people expecting the French would be upon them, in their barbarous panic murdered nearly every Christian who had hitherto lived in peace within their city, removed all their wealth capable of removal, and without remorse set fire to the houses and buildings, both public and private; and then, together with the Arab garrison of the place, they fled as fast as they could after Fakreddin to Cairo<sup>2</sup>.

The flames of the burning city first announced to the Crusaders that their enemies had accomplished for them the conquest of Damietta. When at early dawn scouts were despatched thither, they found the gates open; the streets strewed with the bodies of the murdered; and

<sup>2</sup> Cairo is about eighty-four miles from Damietta.

only a few terrified Christians living, who had managed to conceal themselves whilst the work of slaughter was going on, before the abandonment of the city. Louis on hearing this, ordered a detachment to advance with caution, and as a first step to extinguish the conflagration.

During the action several carrier pigeons had been despatched with intelligence to the sick Sultan at Cairo<sup>3</sup>. He learnt with dismay that the Christians were masters of the coast on both sides the Nile; that they had lost but few men, and only one of any note. That loss must have been a gain to Louis,—it was the Count de la Marche, the most refractory of all his turbulent barons. La Marche, however, died bravely on the shores of Egypt, and so in some measure expiated his numerous treasons.

The Sultan Negmeddin, though grievously sick, was not yet dead, as the fugitives soon found to their cost. “Indignant,” says the Arabian historian, “at the cowardice of the garrison, he ordered fifty of the officers to be strangled on the spot. In vain did they allege in their defence, the

<sup>3</sup> Malek Saleh Negmeddin at this period reigned in Egypt; he was the son of the Sultan Camel, famous for his victory over the army of John de Brienne and the legate Pelagius. Negmeddin, driven from the throne by conspiracy, regained it by his valour, and retained it by his ability and enterprise. He extended his conquests upon the banks of the Euphrates, and at length gathered under his power the greater part of the empire of Saladin. He had made war on the Sultan of Aleppo, but concluded a peace with him in order to concentrate his forces to resist the Crusade of Louis. See Arabian account of the Crusade by Makrisi, p. 542.

retreat of the commander, Fakreddin ; the Sultan replied that they deserved death for having quitted Damietta without his orders." The son of one of these officers, a remarkable and beautiful youth, being sentenced along with the rest, the father begged to be executed first, that he might not witness what to him would be worse than his own death ; but the Sultan refused his request, and the wretched father had the misery of seeing his son strangled before his eyes.

The Sultan's anger was no less kindled against Fakreddin ; but knowing how strongly he was supported by the Mamelukes and the emirs, he dared not show it, except by words of bitter reproach : "What resistance have you made ? What battles have you fought, that you could not withstand these Franks for one hour ? Have you shown courage or firmness ? See the consequences !" The Emirs present who were the friends of Fakreddin looked at him, and then glanced an eye of menace on Negmeddin ; some accompanied that glance of evil intent by placing a hand on the haft of their daggers. Fakreddin saw their purpose : but, with signs of disapprobation, he made them understand that in a very short time the grasp of death, already laid on the Sultan, would spare them the commission of a useless crime.

Thus did the Saracens lose Damietta, without a blow being struck in its defence. Such was the fame of Louis and the enthusiastic zeal of the Crusaders, that the mere terror of their approach struck a panic into the hearts of the Infidels, great as was their natural courage ; but a panic

in war is instantaneous, and all are under one impulse—that for self-preservation. On the day following this easy victory the Christians took possession of Damietta. Divine service having been previously celebrated, the King mounted his charger, and heading his knights and followers, rode into the deserted city. The clergy, bare-headed and bare-footed, proceeded to purify and consecrate the mosques; and in a few days they turned every Turkish into a Christian place of devotion.

So much of the wealth that Damietta had contained was carried off or burnt by the runaways, that what remained was of little worth. It was customary with the Crusaders to devote one-third of the spoil to the leader of the victory and to divide the rest amongst the Pilgrims of the Cross: but Louis, by the advice of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, kept the corn and rice for the use of the army, and ordered all else of value to be carried to the house of the legate, under pain of excommunication. Ever anxious to do right, Louis, like many well-meaning persons of less degree, frequently gave dissatisfaction where he most desired to afford content; and now he was sharply censured for having broken the good old custom respecting spoil and pillage.

Sincere in his religion and pure in his life, his example seemed to have little or no effect on those who assumed the Cross. No sooner were his fierce and licentious barons and knights lodged in idleness and ease, than their conduct became disorderly in the extreme. They

taxed and oppressed the very merchants and dealers who brought provisions for the support of the army, and, with a total disregard of all future need, rivalled each other in feasts, in gambling, in sumptuous banquets, wines, delicious meats, and in the society of harlots.

Following the example of their superiors, the commonalty gave themselves up to every kind of vicious indulgence; and great were the evils arising from such a state of shameless wickedness. The gentle King, brave, heroic in the field, but more fit for a minister of religion than a ruler in scenes like these (which, with bitterness of spirit, he declared to Joinville he was utterly unable to control), must often have wished for the presence of his manly-minded and resolute mother, knowing how much he had profited by her determination, and the tight hand with which she held the reins of government when trusted to her keeping. Had he done what Napoleon (who at St. Helena criticized Louis' tactics) said he ought to have done, namely, instead of wasting five months of precious time at Damietta, marched on at once for Cairo, his idle knights and barons, and his army, would have had something else to do than to degrade themselves and their cause by a life of debauchery.

The King had indeed an anxious task to keep the peace in his camp, more especially between his own subjects and those English knights who had joined the expedition. None of these were more noble than William de Longespée; and he was the man most envied and hated by the courtiers.

Longespée in a former Crusade had captured a strong tower near Alexandria, without the French taking part in his enterprise. There were treasures in the fortress, the greatest of which was a bevy of beautiful ladies, the wives of several of the noblest Saracens. The English knight was as honourable as brave: no blame was cast upon him for his conduct towards the ladies; but as he realized by his success no small sum in gold byzants, it seems probable that the beautiful wives of the harem had been handsomely ransomed by their loving spouses. The French never forgave this; and now, in the present Crusade, a second adventure of Longespée completed his offence and roused their hatred anew.

Disdaining to seek assistance from men who so evidently hated and shunned all intercourse with him (notwithstanding the King had implored those around him not to persecute the noble Englishman), and supported only by his own people, Longespée surprised and captured a caravan on its way to Cairo. It was laden with the richest merchandize of the East—furs, silks, gold, silver, jewels, spices—and what was of most value at this time, corn and barley and rice. The French, on hearing of Longespée's success, became maddened with jealousy, and acting more like Arabs of the desert than gentlemen and brothers-in-arms, they formed a plan, seized upon Longespée's spoils as he was returning to the camp, and would not even suffer him to fulfil his generous purpose of giving all the spoil of food

for the benefit of the Christian army. They accused him of rashness, presumption, and disobedience to the orders of the King and the ordinances of the Crusade, and openly declared their intention to divide the booty of his enterprise among themselves! Enraged by being thus robbed and insulted, De Longespée sought the King in his tent, and demanded redress for his injuries.

Louis heard all with sorrow, more especially when he was told that his own brother, the Count d'Artois, had been the instigator of these violent measures against the English knight. With a "most pious spirit" and saddened countenance, he said in a low voice to Longespée, "Oh! William, William, God who is ignorant of nothing, knows well the injury that has been done to you; and I greatly fear that our pride and our sins will confound us. You are aware how serious a thing it would be for me in any way to offend or to excite my nobles in the perilous position in which I now stand."

Scarcely had Louis spoken these words, when the Count d'Artois rushed in, furious, like a madman, and, without saluting the King or any one present, exclaimed, "What does this mean, my Lord King? Do you presume to take part with this Englishman, and to oppose your own gentlemen of France?" He then continued, in the most violent language, to accuse and insult Longespée, and told his Sovereign that the daring acts of this Englishman (as with a contemptuous tone he repeatedly called him), and



his success in arms, had spread his fame throughout the East, obscuring that of the King himself, and of all the chivalry of France.

The most Christian King, alarmed at his brother's violence, averted his face from him, and casting a look on Longespée, said, in a mild tone, "You may now hear, my friend, thus easily can a quarrel be originated, which God forbid should spread in our army. It is necessary at this crisis to endure such things with equanimity, with patience—and even worse things than these."

But Longespée had nothing in him of the patience of the saint-like King, and answered with passion, "Are you a King and cannot justify what is right? Dare you not punish offenders? If I have offended, I will make satisfaction; but henceforth I serve not a King who will not do me right—to such a lord I will not swear allegiance." And wounded to the heart by the injury done to him, and the denial of justice, to the great sorrow of the King he went away in anger.

Without a pause he went direct to Acre, and stayed there for some days with his brothers-in-arms, making known to all the injuries he had received. He was greatly compassionated, and more especially by the prelates, who feared that this was a sad presage of future misfortunes, and that the anger of Heaven would be provoked by such quarrels among Christians. The Count d'Artois,

it was reported, insolently said, on Longespée leaving the camp for Acre, that “now the army of France was well rid of these long-tailed English<sup>4</sup>.”

<sup>4</sup> “There was a report current in those days that the English had tails fixed to them as a punishment for the murder of Thomas à Becket.”  
Matt. Paris, vol. ii. p. 356.





## CHAPTER XI.

Negmeddin removes to Mansourah—Fortifies that city—Gives a gold byzant for every Christian head—De Courtenay murdered—Negmeddin's noble plan to decide the wars of the Crescent and the Cross—Sends an embassy—Louis rejects the proposal—Sir John de Belmont insults Joinville—Anxiety for the safety of the Count de Poitiers and his army—Three processions recommended by Joinville—Crusaders discuss where to go and what to do next—Decide to move for Cairo—Queen Margaret and her children remain at Damietta—The army march—Joinville's amusing account of the Nile—Crusaders arrive at Pharescour—Negmeddin dies—Story of his romantic love for Chegger Eddour—She preserves Cairo by her prudence—She proclaims Almodan, his son, Sultan of Egypt.

**H**IS state of things was not unknown to Negmeddin, who had caused himself to be removed to Mansourah, where he made every effort to rally his army and fortify that city. Though he knew himself to be in a dying state, his firmness of mind never forsook him; and his energetic activity for the safety of Egypt, and the discomfiture of its invaders, seemed to increase as his last hour approached. He expressed his contempt for the Christians as idle, insubordinate, and for their neglect to follow up the advantages they had gained at so easy a rate. The Saracens took heart; and reinforced by vast bodies

of Arabs, the wild and predatory wanderers of the desert, the licentious Crusaders soon found that they had something else to do than revel and drink deep, to keep their heads upon their shoulders; for the Sultan gave a gold byzant for every Christian head, to decorate the walls of Cairo. This encouraged his men; they watched their opportunity, and when "the Christian dogs," as they called them, were on an outpost or were sleeping—probably too soundly after their cups—they stole upon them in the night, surprised the watch, and murdered many even in their very tents. On one occasion, they surprised the Lord de Courtenay, cut off his head, and left his body on his table.

The Sultan appointed an able commander, and caused a numerous army to be stationed on the land side of Damietta, threatening it with a siege. The Christians, assailed by skirmishing parties, were not a little annoyed by the rapid evolutions and skilfully aimed javelins of the fleet horsemen of the desert. The plan which about this period Negmeddin proposed to Louis, though treated with prejudice and scorn by some of the chroniclers, had in it something very noble.

Sick of a lingering disease that he knew to be mortal, the dying Sultan wished to end the strife of blood, between the Mahometans and Christians by one decisive battle. Accordingly, with Eastern pomp and ceremony, he sent his banner and his chief minister to the camp of Louis, to arrange with him the time and place for this great conflict,

upon which was to depend the final triumph or defeat of the Crescent or the Cross. But Louis, who looked on all infidels as no better than the subjects of Satan, refused, in a spirit by no means so courteous as that in which the offer had been made by the dying Sultan. He told the envoys, "that he would neither accept the day, nor choose the place: all days and all places were alike to him for fighting with infidels;" and added, "that he would attack the Sultan whenever he should meet him at all times, and without remission would pursue and would treat him as an enemy, till God touched his heart, and Christians might consider him as a brother<sup>1</sup>."

This was kindly meant by Louis, but it illustrates what sort of conversions were expected and required during the Middle Ages. "Kiss the cross; be a Christian"—that was deemed enough to make a man such. Reason, inquiry, argument, evidence,—all those things that a rational being would require before adopting a new religion,—were considered quite unnecessary. So failed the Sultan Negmeddin's attempt to end the strife of arms. He died soon after.

Whilst skirmishing and fighting was rife, the Seneschal did not like to be idle, so he buckled on his harness, sought the King, and found him surrounded by his knights, sitting on benches in his tent, in a state of preparation against surprise. Most humbly did he beg his royal master to allow him and

<sup>1</sup> For Louis' answer to the Sultan in full, see *Matt. Paris*, vol. iii. p. 417.

his followers to make a course against the Saracens. But the Seneschal's envious and crabbed old enemy, Sir John Belmont, the moment he heard this request, called out in a loud voice commanding Joinville not to dare to leave his quarters till he was ordered to do so by the King. As the King was present, he might as well have been left to speak his own pleasure in reply to a request so respectfully preferred. This trifling anecdote serves to show the undignified and even reprehensible easiness of the King's temper. No wonder he complained, as Joinville tells us he did, of the insolence and want of obedience and respect in the attendants about his person.

The army lingered at Damietta principally by the advice of several of the council of Louis, who persuaded him not to march forward until his brother, Alphonso Count de Poitiers, who had been driven, as we have seen, by the violent storms to Acre, arrived with the *arrière-ban* of France under his command.

Louis waited for some time in patience, but the feast of St. Remy passed away and still no tidings came of the Count de Poitiers and his men. Harassed and anxious for the reinforcement, both to give them assistance and to afford them some rest from their labours, the army became alarmed, and the King feared that his brother was either dead, or delayed by some great disaster. At this crisis the worthy Seneschal came to the relief of all parties; for recollecting the three processions undertaken with such success by the advice of "the discreet Dean of Maura," to

get out of the way of "the great round mountain," he now proposed to the Legate that the same ceremony should be observed for the safety of the Count de Poitiers. The Legate highly approved all that the Seneschal had proposed, and caused a proclamation to be made throughout the camp, that three processions for this godly purpose should be made on the three following Saturdays. The first of these started from the door of the Legate, and marched to a church dedicated to Our Lady of Damietta. The ceremony was repeated on the subsequent Saturday, and on each occasion the Legate preached a very long and edifying sermon before the King and the great lords and attendants, at the conclusion of which he absolved them all from their sins. Before the third Saturday, the Count de Poitiers arrived safe and sound, with his men-at-arms. Fortunate it was, that the processions did not bring him sooner, as during the two previous weeks, such had been the storms, that no less than "twelve score vessels, great and small," were wrecked and sunk close in shore, and their crews with them.

The point now to be discussed was where should the Christian forces go next? For though the object of the Crusade was to regain Jerusalem, and make the way safe for pilgrims to visit that holiest of all cities, neither the King nor the Legate, nor the counsellors nor any one seemed to have made up their minds what was to be done to carry out this purpose. Should they march for Alexandria or for Cairo? The King preferred the former,

where there was a commodious harbour for shipping, and supplies could be easily received. But his brother, the haughty and overbearing Count d'Artois, said that he would never go to Alexandria until he should have first been to *Babylon* (for, as we have stated, so the Crusaders called *Cairo*), which was the seat of the empire in Egypt, adding, "that whoever wished to kill a snake should strike at the head." The King, who always seemed, like the reed, to bend before the tempest of those violent spirits with whom he had to encounter, at once bowed to his brother's decision ; and it was agreed that at the beginning of August the march of the army should commence for Cairo.

By the arrival of the *arrière-ban* of France and the numbers that joined Louis from Europe and Syria, as well as the Templars and Hospitallers (whose Masters once counselled peace, but were now anxious for war), the army had so increased that it was estimated at sixty thousand men, twenty of whom were cavalry. A numerous fleet had also been laden with provisions, and with the mangonels and machines of war, to ascend the Nile ; whilst Queen Margaret and her company were to be left in Damietta, protected by a garrison principally composed of Pisans and Genoese, under the command of Sir Oliver de Termes.

Some writers have given an account of five hundred infidel troops representing themselves anxious to join the expedition—a *ruse de guerre* of the Mussulman, designed



to ensnare Louis in his march; but the whole story is too improbable to be repeated<sup>3</sup>. Not so must we treat Joinville's amusing account of the Nile. He says that no one could tell whence came the annual overflow of that mighty river, except from God's mercy; and but for this bounty Egypt, he assures us, was so very near to the rising of the sun it would be burnt up and produce nothing. The Nile, he said, was muddy; "but by filling a vessel with its waters, and putting into it four almonds and four beans, by the next morning it was clear and fit to drink. Expert fishermen cast their nets into the stream of an evening and the next morning found them full of pieces of the most precious spices—such as rhubarb" (a curious sort of spice), "cinnamon, ginger, cloves, and lignum-aloes, which they sell with profit; and it was the opinion of the country that all these good things came down from the terrestrial Paradise, that the wind blew them down from the fine trees of those blessed regions; as in Europe it blows down the old dry timber of the forests." The Seneschal had been told that the Sultan more than once had sent "knowing persons," to find out whence came the Nile. "The knowing persons" followed its course, till they arrived at a great mountain of perpendicular rocks "which it was impossible to climb, and over these rocks fell the river Nile." At the top of this mountain were trees, and "many wild beasts, such as lions, serpents, elephants,

<sup>3</sup> Such is the opinion of Mr. Robson, the very able translator of Michaud's "History of the Crusades."

and other strange creatures ;” and these “came to look down upon the strangers with surprise.” The travellers could go no farther ; and so they returned to tell the Sultan the wonders they had seen in searching for the source of the Nile.

To return to the Crusaders. They marched on, and encamped at Pharescour on the 7th of December. Thus far prosperous, and greatly elated by the expectation of a complete victory, they were yet ignorant of an event, which had it been known to them would still more have raised their hopes : Malek Saleh Negmeddin, after a long struggle with a cruel disease, was dead. It is not at all improbable that Egypt was at this time saved from a total and easy conquest by the Christians through the spirit and vigour of a remarkable woman <sup>3</sup>.

Negmeddin, of great abilities and an intrepid spirit, was also possessed of warm affections, and in youth had purchased a female slave, whose transcendent beauty, natural endowments of mind, and energetic spirit rendered her altogether captivating. The master soon became the slave of her charms. He loved her to distraction, married her, and, what was rare in one of his religion, seems to have been most faithful in his attachment ; for wherever he went, in peace or in war, she was carried with him, the companion of his duties, his pleasures, and even of his military toils. The Arabian historians are eloquent in praise of the

<sup>3</sup> Makrisi says that Negmeddin was forty-four years old, and had reigned ten years, when he died.

courage and the talents of Chegger Eddour, and agree in saying "that no woman ever surpassed her in beauty, and no man excelled her in genius."

To Negmeddin, whose feelings seem to have imbibed their ardour from the suns under which they had started into life, Chegger Eddour became a second self—an existence in another and dearer being. Neither years nor familiarity lessened her influence over him. Another Cleopatra—

"Age could not wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety."

With all a woman's tenderness of heart, but a man's firmness of mind, she received the last instructions of the dying Sultan; and he expired in her arms at midnight. She closed his eyes, and threw over him a veil. This done, before she stirred from that bed of death, she summoned the immediate attendance of the Emir and General, Fakreddin, and of the chief governor of the palace, Diemaleddin. On their entering the chamber, with an expression of deep but tearless sorrow, she spoke a few words in honour of her husband and their lord, then drew aside the veil she had cast over his face, and showed them

"The now cold case of that huge spirit."

With all the eloquence of an afflicted woman, and the earnestness of an anxious Queen, she implored them, as the chief persons of the State at that moment near her, to give her their support in saving Cairo from outrage, confusion, and rebellion; to preserve the government till such time as

Almoadan Touran Schah<sup>4</sup>, son of the late Sultan, to whom he had bequeathed the throne, could arrive to secure it with a powerful hand: and to these ends she entreated them to join with her in keeping the death of the Sultan unknown till all was safe.

To this they consented; and having secured two persons of such importance, she next summoned a council of the principal Emirs, to whom also she communicated the intelligence of her husband's death, with the like arguments for keeping it secret. They at once acknowledged Almoadan Touran Schah, and gave a similar promise of silence. Almoadan was then in Mesopotamia, whither he had been banished by his late father. Messenger after messenger was sent to hasten his arrival; and till he arrived the government was entirely conducted by Chegger Eddour. All her plans were adopted to conceal the death of Negmeddin. She caused the Mamalukes to guard the palace-gates day and night, ordered prayers for him as if he had been living, and in his name issued her commands to continue the warlike preparations for the defence of Cairo against the Christians. The better to keep up the deception, the service of the Sultan was regularly performed; his officers prepared his table; "and the Sultana," says the Arabian Makrisi, "governed the kingdom, and found in her own mind resources for all."

<sup>4</sup> Almoadan was the son of Negmeddin, but not by his beloved Chegger Eddour: he was the offspring of a prior marriage. The only child that he had by Chegger died an infant.

152 THE GOOD ST. LOUIS AND HIS TIMES.

As soon as she heard that Almoadan had arrived, she hastened to meet him. With much dignity she laid aside the sovereign power, invested him with it, and took upon her no other state than that belonging to the widow of the late Sultan of Egypt.





## CHAPTER XII.

Difficulties of the march—How to get over the Aschmoum canal—Louis decides on making a causeway—Erects beffrois to protect the workmen—Saracens enlarge the canal on the opposite side—Destroy the beffrois by Greek fire—Time, patience, and life wasted about the Aschmoum Canal—Fakreddin prepares to assault the rear—Trick of the melon—Louis holds a council—Arab shows the way to a ford—Dangers of the same—The Templars to lead the van—Part of the army cross the ford—The Count d'Artois's rashness—Advice of the Master of the Templars—Rejected by D'Artois—Longespée interferes—Insulted by D'Artois—Quarrel ensues—Fakreddin prepares to take the field—D'Artois and others enter Mansourah—Surprised by an overwhelming force—Louis passes the ford—D'Artois repents his rashness—The King flies to the rescue—D'Artois, Longespée, and their party perish—The King in danger—His heroic courage—Grief for the death of his brother—Incidents and terrible disasters of the day—The Saracens victorious.

**T**OTWITHSTANDING all the precautions that had been taken, the death of Negmeddin became known to the Christians before the new Sultan arrived to take possession of his throne and command of his troops. The Christians therefore were most anxious to reach Cairo as soon as possible. The way thither was intersected by numerous canals; and that called *Aschmoum* presented formidable difficulties, more especially for the

cavalry and baggage. They came before it on the 19th of December, and found the Mússulman army, under that experienced commander Fakreddin, encamped on the opposite side, having the Nile on the left, and beyond it, at some distance, the town of Mansourah strongly fortified. It was one of Negmeddin's last spirited acts to protect it. Fakreddin bore on his banner the arms of the Emperor Frederick, by whom he had formerly been made a knight<sup>1</sup>; and he now made it his boast, "that on St. Sebastian's day next coming he would dine in the King's tent."

Finding it impossible to pass the Aschmoum canal<sup>2</sup>, Louis decided on forming a causeway. He began by directing two beffrois, called chas-chatiels<sup>3</sup>, to be constructed, in order to protect the men during the work. The King ordered

<sup>1</sup> To bear the arms of the Emperor or of a King of France, or of any Christian Prince, was sometimes allowed as an honour, and in some cases as a reward to nobles and knights, and not unfrequently even to Infidels. It was also a mark of royal protection. See Du Cange, p. 106. In the year 1192, on Palm Sunday, during the time our Richard Cœur de Lion was at Acre, "amid much splendour he girded with the belt of knighthood the son of Saphadin" (nephew to the famous Saladin), "who had been sent to him for the purpose."—Richard de Vinsauf, p. 267.

<sup>2</sup> The Aschmoum canal was the width of the Seine at Paris. See Michaud, p. 399.

<sup>3</sup> A "beffroy" was a warlike machine of wood in the form and fashion of a tower. It had several stories, and was movable; and the men who filled it shot arrows or threw darts and stones from it with perfect ease. It was lofty—hence the word "beffroy" or "belfry" for high towers. The sentinel placed in one of these sometimes had a bell to give the alarm in case of any sudden danger. See Notes on Joinville, p. 403.

several of these machines ; but the Saracens also had theirs, and of a most destructive kind. And now came the vexatious part of these labours. The canal was very deep, and the banks steep and precipitous. The causeway was commenced, but as fast as the men heaped the sand and stones to form it, the Saracens dug away the earth wide and deep on their side, and thus day after day removed the canal farther back. In vain did Louis cause the chas-chatiels to be filled with archers and crossbow-men, to be commanded during the day by his own brother the Count of Anjou, and during the night by Sir Walter de Curel and Joinville.

At length the Infidels brought forward an engine called *La Perrière*, and placed it directly opposite the principal chas-chatiel ; and from this they threw the terrible Greek fire. The Seneschal says that "it was the most horrible sight ever witnessed, in appearance like a large tun with a tail the length of a lance, the noise like thunder-claps ; and it seemed altogether as a great red dragon flying through the air." When Sir Walter de Curel perceived the shower coming, he cried out that they were all lost, and as they could not desert their post, advised every one to throw himself on hands and knees and cry to the Lord for mercy. Good King Louis was no less frightened ; for whenever he heard the thundering burst, and saw the red blaze, he threw himself on the ground, extended his arms, raised his eyes to Heaven, and cried with a loud voice, and with tears, "Lord Jesus Christ, preserve Thou me and my people !" and every time the fire fell, he sent one of



his knights to know if it had hurt the guardians of the chas-chatiel. Many lost their lives by it; at last the wooden tower was burnt, and another to supply its place was burnt also. Thus were four or five weeks lost; and, after all, they could not get over the Aschmoum canal.

Whilst this was going on, the General Fakreddin, who felt convinced that the Christians were labouring in vain, observed that although they looked on the opposite side of the canal with attention, they took no heed to what was going on behind them; he therefore sent a strong troop of Mamalukes to assault their rear. Their surprise and dismay were extreme, and more especially when they found that the heathen general followed up these measures by a vigorous assault that extended from the canal to the river Nile. This was repulsed with much difficulty by the Count d'Anjou, Joinville, and the Templars; for the Saracens had taken heart and fought with fresh spirit, encouraged by the brave Fakreddin.

Conflicts of small parties were of hourly occurrence, and the Arabs harassed, made captive, or killed every straying Christian. They showed cunning as well as audacity, for on one occasion a Saracen of Cairo hollowed out a large melon, put his head into it, and swam towards the French camp. A Christian archer seeing, as he supposed, a floating melon, leapt into the Nile to seize it; when the Infidel, too quick for him, caught hold of one of his legs, and being an expert swimmer, dragged him to the Mussulman camp, there to be compelled to give information to the General.

Louis, though brave and devoted to what he believed to be the cause of God, displaying throughout the whole Crusade virtues of the highest order, temperance, goodness, patience in suffering, self-denial and true heroism, never comes before us as a great general: he seems to have had no readiness, no resource in difficulty. Thus when his efforts about the causeway failed, he never seems to have taken any steps to ascertain whether there might not be some place where the Egyptians and their caravans could pass this formidable canal, which lay in the direct road to Cairo. After losing his men, his wooden towers, and his time to no purpose, his difficulties were relieved at last more by chance than by any plan or foresight of his own for extrication. He called his chief barons and knights about him for counsel, when Sir Humbert de Beaujeu, Constable of France, addressed them; and from what he said it appeared that an Arab, as treacherous and as fond of gain as the race of Ishmael are to this day, offered to remove all difficulty by showing a safe passage to a ford at no great distance, on condition of being paid 500 gold byzants. To this Louis gladly assented.

The Arab took his gold and kept his word. On Shrove Tuesday, the King, with his brothers and all the cavalry, commenced his march in the middle of the night, for the double purpose of avoiding the great heats of the day and remaining concealed from the enemy. The Duke of Burgundy, with the infantry, was left to guard the camp and its stores of arms, provisions, and wooden engines. It was

arranged that all who were to cross the ford should wait on its banks for the signal. The young Count d'Artois was ambitious to lead the van ; but the King, knowing his rash and impetuous character, gave at first a refusal to his request. At last, however, importunity prevailed, and he gave his consent with reluctance, but not till he had drawn from his brother a solemn promise, made on the Gospels, that when he should have gained the opposite side of the canal he would wait till all the rest of the army had passed over.

The passage was not without danger ; for the banks were slippery and precipitous. Some advanced carelessly, fell into the stream, and were drowned. Amongst these was a very valiant knight, Sir John d'Orleans, who bore the oriflamme. Those who fell in had no chance, as the weight of their armour sunk them at once below the waters. Louis, seeing these disasters, was greatly distressed, and beseeched them all with more care to avoid the danger.

The King now ordered that the Templars should form the van, and directed the Count d'Artois to lead the second division. When the Templars reached the ford, they found full three hundred mounted Saracens stationed on the opposite side to defend the passage. They at once advanced, and before they put these to flight, had a struggle, and a very sharp one. This done, they proposed to obey the orders of the King, and to await till the whole of the cavalry came up, and had passed the ford, before they moved forward.

But the Count d'Artois, always impetuous, seeing the Saracens flying, became eager to pursue them; whilst the Templars, wearied, and many of them wounded in the sharp conflict they had so lately sustained, endeavoured to check this act of imprudence in the Count. D'Artois either did not or would not heed them; and Foucquault du Melle, who had been his governor, and now held the bridle of his horse, being old and deaf, kept calling out in a loud voice, "Forward, forward!" not having heard one word of what the Templars had said to his master. This was a fatal misunderstanding. D'Artois had advanced too far: "Let us on; let us go forward," he said; "we are followed by the army of the King; and if any thing disastrous should happen, my brother will come to the rescue; we have nothing to fear."

To this the Master of the Templars, a man advanced in life, prudent and well skilled in arms, replied, "Most noble Count, we honour you for your brave and devoted spirit—devoted to God and His Church; but for your own sake, as well as for ours, check this ardour. After the heat and toil of these battles we are wearied, wounded, hungry, thirsty; and if we are consoled by the honour of the victory that we have only now obtained, no honour comforts our poor wounded horses, which are even now failing us. Let us therefore return, that by joining ourselves to the army of the King we may be strengthened, may profit by his counsel, and our horses as well as ourselves have a little rest. We shall become stronger and

more confident by our united forces, more able for the field. Believe me that a cry has already gone forth from the fugitives, who, mounted on the fleetest steeds of the desert, have warned their general how few are our numbers, that they may pour down upon us with overwhelming strength; for well do they know that if we at the onset are worsted, ruin and destruction will follow."

To this prudent counsel the haughty and impatient Count d'Artois replied in terms as insolent as they were unjust. Amongst other injurious expressions he used these: "See the treachery of these Templars, the known sedition of these Hospitallers! How plainly does their deceit now appear! The whole country of the East would long ago have been conquered, had it not been impeded by the Templars. At this moment the capture of that bold leader of the Moslems" (he must have alluded to Fakreddin) "is within our grasp, the ruin of these Infidels, the exaltation of the Cross! and who impedes this? The Templars—we know them—these Templars who poison those who come hither girt for the cause of the Cross. It is they who confederate with our foes. The Emperor Frederick experienced their treachery<sup>4</sup>: it is they who would have no victory—no submission to the Christian powers; for if they prevailed,

<sup>4</sup> D'Artois must have alluded to the Templars having refused to serve under the Emperor when he was under excommunication. The Templars and Hospitallers often quarrelled, but just at this period they were friends.

their pride, their fattening on the rich revenues of the Church would have an end."

The Templars and Hospitallers were stung to the quick by the bitterness and injustice of these reproaches; but they came from a brother of the King, and D'Artois was answered with more forbearance than he deserved by the fine-spirited old Master, William de Sonnac: "Wherefore, noble Count, should we leave our country and our homes to take the warlike habit of the Temple to overthrow the Church of God, and by such treachery to lose our own souls? Far be this from us and from every Christian."

Having said this, he disdained further argument; but feelings of indignation rising in his breast, he turned to his standard-bearer, and with an energy worthy his great spirit and trust in God, exclaimed, "Unfurl and raise our banner, proceed at once to the strife of battle, for this day we will try our fortune for war and for death." Then he paused; and as if a less vehement, a more anxious feeling for the cause to which he was sworn, subdued this sudden irritation, said, with a voice "more in sorrow than in anger," "We should be invincible, but, alas! we are divided; and like the lime without the sand that will not hold together, we are without the cement of brotherly affection, and by being so, our spiritual house must fall, rejected, ruined!"

On hearing these words, the gallant William Longespée, who was present, greatly fearing that a quarrel with these military monks would create a spirit of disunion in the

rest of the army, endeavoured to calm the violence of the Count and to soothe the wounded feelings of the Templar. "Most noble Count," he said, "listen to this holy man ; he has the experience and the wisdom of years. He knows the country and the foes that we have to encounter ; we are strangers, and are as ignorant of the perils of the land as of its people. We have nothing in common with these Orientals." Then turning to the Master of the Templars, he addressed him with calmness and respect, for he saw how disturbed were his feelings.

But the Count d'Artois suddenly interrupted him, and in a loud, angry tone, accompanied with unseemly oaths, gave vent to the coarse expressions of his uncontrolled temper, and that in hearing of his followers : "What cowardice is this ? what cowardice in these craven long-tailed English ; it were well for the army of the Cross to be freed from tails and long-tailed men."

Longespée now fired in his turn, and replied, "Count d'Artois, I shall certainly this day be found undismayed by the peril of impending death, where you will not dare to follow me to touch so much as—*My horse's tail*." He then turned away with an air of contempt, and bade

<sup>3</sup> Du Cange considers that the Count d'Artois alluded to the fashion of the civil dress of the day, the long-toed shoes with peaks or points so sharp, and so much in the way of the wearers that the coxcombs of the age were obliged to have them fastened to their knees with chains, and often of a material as costly as gold and silver. These long-toed shoes were sometimes *in derision termed tails*. In France the hatred of the English was wide-spread ; and there, as we have before stated, it

Robert de Vere, his attendant knight and standard-bearer, to unfurl his banner and follow him. The Count, insolent and obstinate to the last, and wishing, should success attend his rashness, to take all the honour to himself, would not suffer the King to be informed of his disobedience to his commands.

Information had been conveyed to the General of the Mamalukes that the Christians, having crossed the ford and put to flight a body of Saracen horsemen, were now engaged in pushing forward towards Mansourah, with a view to capture it. When the General Fakreddin received this intelligence, he was in the bath there, and according to the fashion of Eastern nobles, having his beard painted. He lost not a moment, but almost naked sprang on his charger, and by his eloquence and his energy reanimated the troops. Rapidly giving his orders, he was as rapidly obeyed; the spacious plains and every hill and valley around were soon covered with the soldiers of the Crescent.

And now came the consequences of the fatal error of the day. The French, led on by D'Artois, the Templars,

was by many said that as a punishment for the murder of Thomas à Becket the Englishmen were doomed to have tails like a brute.

Hume alludes to the long-toed shoes: he says, "Though the clergy at the time could overturn thrones, and had authority to send above a million of men on their errand to the deserts of Syria, they could never prevail against the long-toed shoes."

It is possible that Longespée in his civil dress might have been something of a beau, as he was very handsome and a favourite with the court ladies. He was poor, but he married a rich heiress and a beauty.



Hospitallers, Longespée, and the English, who, from a chivalrous motive, felt obliged to follow, all rushed towards Mansourah. They entered the city without difficulty, the gates (no doubt with a view to ensnare and embarrass them) having been purposely left open by the enemy. Some of these Crusaders paused for plunder, whilst others pursued on the road to Cairo those very Mamalukes who had been driven before them, when D'Artois had rushed across the ford in the earlier part of the morning. These fugitives fancied the rash act of D'Artois would be followed up by the whole Christian army coming down upon them in a body. But they soon found, by the smallness of the numbers of the pursuers, that their fears were needless; and their hopes and courage were at once reanimated by a bold chief—Bibars Bondocdar—who, seeing with what imprudence the Christians and their princely leader had rushed into the city, led these Mamalukes back to Mansourah, got possession of the gates, secured them, and then, with this strong body of men, poured down upon the Christians, many of whom were plundering the palace of the Sultan, and not fearing nor thinking of such an attack. With the greatest difficulty they rallied, but were so pressed together in the narrow streets, that they could not defend themselves on their horses; the very weapons in their hands were almost useless, whilst from the windows and roofs they were assailed with stones, pitch, and every available means of destruction.

Whilst this fearful scene was enacting, the crusading host

that remained to be led by the King passed the ford and gained the opposite bank of the Aschmoum canal. There they first received the most alarming reports concerning those who had preceded them. Some said that the Count d'Artois was pursuing the enemy; others that he was hemmed in within the walls of Mansourah, and in the utmost peril. All who heard these tidings were eager to afford succour, and all rushed on. Soon every where, around and on the plain, nothing but distraction and death prevailed. A thousand combats raged in every direction; it seemed as if every where there was victory, yet nowhere defeat, such was the confusion of the conflict.

Fakreddin now appeared upon the scene, and with all the tumult and fierceness of his Mamalukes burst upon the Christians in the plain, and the most fearful repulse ensued. With great presence of mind, he stationed a strong body of men so as to intercept all communication between the rash Count and the King. But the precaution was unnecessary, for the Christians were helplessly surrounded, "like an island in the sea." The Count d'Artois now too late repented that he had not been guided by the advice of the Master of the Templars; "but," says Matthew Paris, "he who has his helmet on cannot draw back from the battle." Perhaps in these moments of danger D'Artois might have some sense of regret for the insults he had cast upon Longespée; for seeing that brave Englishman surrounded on all sides by the Saracens, and sustaining the weight of so unequal a

contest, he called out to him, "Longespée, God fights against us, we can no longer resist. Consult your own safety, and, if it is possible, escape while your good steed can bear you away, or presently you may want the means."

To this Longespée replied, "God forbid that my father's son should fly before a Saracen; I would rather die with honour than live without it!" He then rushed again into the mêlée, and still within the circle of the Mamaluke host.

D'Artois soon found it impossible to free himself from the foes by whom he was hemmed in; and Longespée and his English followers, seeing rescue hopeless, with a courage which their perilous position rendered desperate, agreed with D'Artois, the Templars, and Hospitallers (the very men with whom the Count had so lately quarrelled) that they should all die together, as it became warriors of the Cross. Heroic was their resistance; well might it be said of every one of these,—

"His sword—death's stamp—  
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot.  
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion  
Was timed with dying cries."

Covered with wounds, their blood flowing like water, their strength exhausted, even whilst life was fast ebbing from them, they fought with a courage that awed their opponents, and died almost at the same moment. Longespée cast a look at his standard-bearer, the brave Robert Vere, who folding the banner round his body fell by

the side of the master he had never deserted in peace or in war, and both bit the dust together. Marvellous must have been their resistance, for, though the contest had commenced at ten in the morning, it was not till about three in the afternoon that it ended in defeat and death.

Warning of the death of one of these heroic men was conveyed, we are assured, by supernatural means, the night preceding the fatal contest. Hela, the mother of William Longespée, and Abbess of Lacock in England, saw in a vision a knight fully armed ascend into heaven, and knew, by the device upon his shield, that he was her son; a voice from above told her he was such. She carefully noted the night of this occurrence.

It is pitiable to read Joinville's list of the gallant men who perished by the rashness and folly of this Prince d'Artois. Sir Hugh de Trichatel, the Lord d'Escoflans, Sir Raoul de Coucy, all noble in character as well as birth, and many others, were heaped among the dead. The Christians who had rushed into Mansourah, numbered fifteen hundred. Who of these were left to tell the tale of woe? Few, very few: only one of the Hospitallers, the Grand Master, and he was a prisoner. The Grand Master of the Templars escaped with life "as by a miracle," and returned at night to the camp of the Christians, wounded in the face, worn, weary, his cuirass pierced, his surcoat rags, his banner gone, himself miserable. This aged man, William de Sonnac, who had so heroically faced death in the hottest of the fight, now wept as he stated

the appalling fact that he had that day beheld two hundred and eighty of the Knights of the Temple fall around him. Well might Matthew Paris say, that the Count d'Artois who occasioned all this misery, "was mourned by no one's tears."

But where was the King all this while? We must now go back and tell.

When it was evident, that without a strong reinforcement, all must be lost, one faithful soldier tore off his armour, plunged into the river and swam across. He was the first who brought the King any trustworthy intelligence how the day was going: before this all had been uncertain or contradictory; but by this information, though so many had fallen, the remnant of the Christians was preserved from total defeat.

Louis, always most dignified and king-like in moments of peril, without longer pause than was needed to gather around him a chosen band of knights and men-at-arms, mounted his charger, and gave the chivalrous command, "Forward to the rescue!" "I saw the King," says Joinville, "arrive with his attendants; and with a terrible peal of

\* Matthew Paris states that the Count d'Artois escaped from Mansourah, and in his flight endeavouring to swim his horse across the Nile was drowned. But Michaud, who consulted the Arabian as well as the Christian historians, says that he was killed, as stated above, with his companions in Mansourah.

Joinville says that the body of the Count d'Artois was found and stripped of its surcoat, &c., by the Saracens. Matthew Paris was in England at the time of these events, and no doubt had been misinformed in this particular.

trumpets, clarions, and horns, he halted on an eminence to give orders to those around him." "I never saw," he adds, "so handsome a man under arms; he was taller than any one of his knights; his helmet of burnished gold, glittering in the sun, was well placed on his head, and in his hand he bore a massive German sword<sup>7</sup>."

From this eminence was descried the scene of action; and on it was held a brief council of war. No one at that moment about the King knew that his brother, the Count d'Artois, was dead. Sir Humbert de Beaujeu, Constable of France, in error of the fact, rode hastily up and told the King that his brother was much pressed in a house in Mansourah, where he gallantly defended himself, but needed speedy assistance. To this Louis replied, "Constable, spur forward: I will follow close;" and Joinville echoed the King's words.

One of the Seneschal's squires, who had once fled from his banner, now brought his master a stout Flemish horse; he mounted, and placed himself on one side of the king, as Sir John de Valeri did on the other. They all galloped straight for Mansourah, and soon were in the midst of the Saracen host. To keep together was impossible: they were separated by the pressure of numberless foes.

<sup>7</sup> The German swords were broad and heavy. The sword, lance, and battle-axe were considered by the French as the honourable weapons of war. To kill an enemy by the bow or the crossbow was not esteemed by that high-spirited people as a valiant action. The most honourable warfare was that which destroyed an enemy by personal strength and dexterity.—See St. Palaye on Ancient Chivalry; also Notes on Joinville.

Nothing could restrain the impetuosity of the King; not Richard of the Lion-heart had ever exceeded him in that calm courage which achieves so much in the field.

"He stopp'd the fiers,  
And by his rare example made the coward  
Turn terror into sport."

His life could have been preserved that day only by the guardian angel of so good a man. At one time during the action, a serjeant-at-mace of the Constable rode up to the latter, and said, "that the King was surrounded by Saracens and in the utmost danger." Joinville and the Constable were greatly alarmed, as full a thousand Turks were between Louis, with his few attendants, and themselves. How to make their way to the rescue of their royal master was a difficulty indeed. They were compelled to take a circuitous course. The King was the object of anxiety both with the infidels and Christians, the one to seize, and the other to rescue his person. Both armies met on the banks of the Nile, and fearful and bloody was the contest, but mostly to the Christians.

Louis, never daunted by personal danger, and in the greatest emergency ever ready to meet it, made his way by the most daring prowess through a host of foes. Unscathed himself, and aiding or avenging those who were overpowered around him, "The good King," says Joinville, "performed that day the most gallant deeds that I ever saw in battle. It was said that had it not been for his personal bravery the whole army would have been

destroyed. But I doubt not the great courage he naturally possessed, was on that day doubled by the power of God ; for the King forced his way wherever he saw any one of his men in distress, and gave such blows with sword and battle-axe, it was wonderful to behold."

At one period of the conflict, six Saracens seized the bridle of the King's charger, and were leading him away prisoner ; but Louis, with a rapid movement and dexterous courage that took his captors by surprise, freed himself from their grasp, recovered the bridle and rode away from them in safety. But neither the heroism of Louis, nor the efforts of the brave knights and men who supported him, could do more than save comparatively a very few ; and happy was it for all that the King was at last enabled to return to that portion of his army which was still encamped on the Damietta side of the plain.

Joinville had been engaged in the battle, together with his nine knights, long before he joined the King. In an early part of the engagement, seeing a body of Saracens, who were arming, he instantly charged them ; and killed a sturdy leader as he was putting his hand on the saddle to mount his horse. But the squire of this Turk turned to avenge his master, and gave Joinville such a blow with his lance that he held him down on his horse's neck, and the Seneschal only saved his life by drawing a sword that he had at the pommel of his own saddle.

Soon after this he was appointed with some other knights



to guard a narrow bridge which was of great importance, as it crossed the Nile and led directly to the camp of the Christians. Sir John de Soissons and Sir Peter de Nouille, though suffering from the sharp work in which they had been engaged, assisted him; and an attack being now made on the latter, De Soissons and the Seneschal gave chase to the enemy. It is amusing to find how cheerful were their spirits notwithstanding all the horrors of the day. In returning to their post at the bridge, De Soissons laughingly said, "Seneschal, let us allow these villains to shout and bawl, as they will, for *Creese Dieu!* (his usual oath) you and I will talk over this day's adventures in the bower of our ladies."

Another man, Count Peter of Brittany, rode up to them fearfully wounded and vomiting blood, his saddle-girths and reins so cut that he kept on his horse by throwing his arms round its neck. Yet, though thus utterly defenceless, he frequently turned round to mock and reproach his pursuers. The Crusaders never seem to have had the slightest notion that they were the aggressors, and that it was a natural right for a people to defend their own country against invaders.

Another of the Seneschal's friends, Sir Errart d'Esmeray, was so wounded by a sword-cut that his nose hung down over his mouth. Seeing his distress, Joinville said his prayers for him to his "good Lord St. James;" and the poor knight, who seems to have been of most chivalrous politeness, fearing for the safety of his friend, said, "Sir,

if I did not think you might suppose that I wished to abandon you, or to save myself, I would go to my Lord Count d'Anjou, whom I see in the plain yonder, and beg that he would hasten to your assistance." "Sir Errart," replied the Seneschal with equal urbanity, "you will do me great honour and pleasure if you will go and seek succour to save our lives; for we are in great peril, and so I fear are you likewise."

Sir Errart was so indeed: he galloped towards the Count d'Anjou to get help for his friends, and died that night of the wound in his face. Two of the King's heralds, Guillaume de Bon and John de Gaymarches, were likewise assisting in guarding the narrow bridge, when "a villanous Turk," as Joinville calls him, threw some Greek fire at them, and the *Tabard* caught fire. Guillaume saved himself by tearing off his richly embroidered casing. And now the Saracens, wanting to dislodge the guardians of the little bridge, began pelting them with stones, arrows and Greek fire. Joinville saved himself in some measure by finding near him a gambison<sup>8</sup>, which he turned inside-out and made a kind of shield of it; but he was wounded in five places by the "shots of fire," and his poor horse in fifteen. Soon after, one of his own vassals brought him his banner with his arms and a long war-knife, and then he and the two heralds made short work of it with the

<sup>8</sup> Gambison was a thick quilted surcoat, well stuffed with hair or wool: it was no bad defence.—See Stothard's "Monumental Effigies of Great Britain."

Saracens, by a spirited charge which put them all to flight.

This matter settled, the Seneschal went to meet the King, who was on his return to the camp. Louis, fatigued with the exertions of the day, raised his helmet for relief from his head. On seeing this, Joinville gave him his own iron skull-cap, which was much lighter, and enabled him to have more air<sup>9</sup>.

Whilst they were passing on, Father Henry, Prior of the Hospital of Romnay, came to the King armed, kissed his hand and asked him if he had heard the tidings of his brother the Count d'Artois.

"Yes," replied the King, "I know all now!" He knew by the Prior's manner in asking the question, that his brother was "in Paradise." The Prior endeavoured to comfort him, by speaking of the fame which the King himself had gained that day by his noble bearing in the battle. But Louis, ever modest, even humble, replied "that God should be thanked and adored for all the good He had granted to His servant." And having so spoken, heavy tears began to roll down his cheeks; the sight of which called forth the greatest sympathy, for all saw how sadly he took to heart the loss of his brother. It seems that the body of the Count had been found among the slain in Mansourah, soon after the contest was ended. The Saracens stripped it of its magnificent

<sup>9</sup> The skull-cap or *bacinet*, over which the helmet was worn in battle.

armour, and parading it before the Mamaluke soldiers, told them that it was King Louis who was dead, and showed them the armour and surcoat with the royal arms of France.

It was ascertained that by this engagement the Crusaders lost no less than one thousand four hundred knights; the loss of the archers, cavalry and men, was also fearful, though the numbers were never exactly known, and nearly every horse was killed.

On the side of the Saracens, the greatest loss was that of Fakreddin, their brave general, who died covered with wounds.

So ended the disasters of the day, and to the Christians the fatal contest of Shrove Tuesday.





### CHAPTER XIII.

Louis orders a mass for the dead—Engagement with the Saracens—The Count d'Anjou in danger—The King rescues his brother—His great prowess—Gallant bearing of the Templars—William de Sonnac slain—The Count de Poitiers rescued by the camp-followers—Fine character in the old warrior De Brancon—The action ended—Christians again are sufferers—Nothing decisive—Louis returns thanks to God and his nobles—Great changes in the dynasties of the East—Almo-adan Sultan of Cairo—Account of his body-guard, the Hauleca—The Sultan ill-treats them—A confederacy formed against him.

**T**HE first thoughts of Louis were always with his God, for thankfulness, guidance, or humiliation. Finding how terrible had been the slaughter of his brave Crusaders, he could not order a thanksgiving for victory ; but he ordered a service suited to the season of the Church, Lent, and a Mass for the dead. This duty ended, he gave orders, and they were obeyed with great activity, to construct a small bridge over the Aschmoum canal, so as to keep open a communication with the Duke of Burgundy, who was posted on the opposite side.

The Saracens were also busy : they lost no time in preparing to follow up the discomfiture of the Christians by a

fresh assault under the leader who had so effectually rallied them in Mansourah, Bibars Bondocdar. Louis was informed by his spies of their intentions. A council of war was held, the camp fortified, and on Friday by daybreak the Crusaders were under arms. Soon after, both armies were drawn up in battle array on the banks of the mighty Nile, in the direction towards Cairo, and near the town of Ressil. The advance was most ably conducted by the infidels. "It was of a chequered form like a game of chess," and now came the *mêlée* and "the tug of war."

"Honour's thought  
Reigns solely in the breast of every man  
Following the mirror of all Christian kings."

The Count of Anjou was stationed at the post of danger—the head of the camp on the side of the Nile. It was mid-day before the Saracen chief completed his order of battle; and then, with the clang of drums, trumpets, and nacaires, he rushed upon Anjou's division, launching from instruments made for the purpose the fearful Greek fire. Its effect was appalling; it seized not only upon the clothes and surcoats of the warriors, but upon the caparisons of the horses<sup>1</sup>; and these being enveloped in fire, were so maddened with fright and pain, that, uncontrolled by the bridle, they rushed in every direction, and frequently bore their riders into the very midst of the enemy. The ranks of the Christians became broken, and all was confusion and dismay. Anjou's

<sup>1</sup> War-horses at this period were much dressed with draperies, as well as armour.—See Stothard's "Monumental Effigies of Great Britain,"

horse was killed under him ; and though attacked by numbers, he fought on foot, defending his life with marvellous strength and valour.

The gallant King heard of his brother's danger : nothing could control his ardour ; with his good lance in his hand, and trust in God in his heart, without staying for any one to support him, "*Montjoie St. Denis !*" he flew to the rescue, spurred on his fiery steed into the very thickest of the fight, and saved his brother, who was all but overpowered, at his utmost need. His fine person and chivalrous bearing attracted all eyes ; his very enemies looked and wondered, as he rode back unscathed in the midst of a pelting shower of darts, javelins, and Greek fire, which burnt his charger fearfully ; but the noble animal, as if conscious of the glorious burden that he bore, obeyed the rein without swerving, and the King was safe.

The battalions next to Anjou were those of two brothers of the family of Guibelins, and that of Sir Walter de Chastillon, all valiant and distinguished leaders. The next battalion to these might be termed a melancholy fragment of one of the noblest of all the enthusiastic bodies forming the army of the Cross. It was that of the few Knights Templars who had survived the field of Shrove Tuesday. Weak from his age, his labours, and his wounds, the Grand Master, William de Sonnac, was still their leader. Knowing how small was their number, he caused a barricade to be formed in their front of the wood taken from the machines captured from the enemy. The Greek fire soon rendered

this feeble defence unavailing. The Saracens rushed upon them. The Templars then closed up their ranks; and, with a determination almost superhuman, for some hours held the foe in check, till the ground in their rear was so covered with bolts, darts, arrows, and every kind of weapon, that the earth was not to be seen under them. William de Sonnac died in this glorious strife.

To enumerate all the gallant men and deeds of this day's battle, would far exceed the space we can devote to it. We must not, however, leave unnoticed the Seneschal, to whom we are indebted for the account of all that occurred. He and his knights were present; and though from the state of their wounds they were unable to bear their armour, yet they did their duty without shrinking. At one period of the battle the Count Alphonso de Poitiers, who was on the left wing of the army, having only infantry under his command, was fiercely attacked by the Mamaluke cavalry, overpowered, and dragged out of the camp as a prisoner. The captors considered they had a rich prize in a brother of the King. No sooner was his capture known in the camp, than a rescue was formed for him, certainly not of the most chivalrous kind, but none the less effective. The throng there assembled of butchers, sutlers, labourers, women, old and young, and all the motley race of camp-followers, seized in fury, sticks, staves, knives, brooms, and any thing else they could lay their hands upon, set up a great shout, "To the rescue!" followed after the Saracens, set upon them,



and never left belabouring them till they had delivered the Count out of their hands, and brought him back to the camp in triumph. One circumstance more, and we pause to take breath after such sharp and continued warfare.

In this battle, near the Count de Poitiers was stationed that fine old knight, Sir Josserant de Brançon, with his son and his followers. He had left his own country splendidly provided with men, horses, arms, and appliances of every kind. But such with him had been the mischances of war, that now he alone of all his numbers possessed a horse. With that he rode from rank to rank encouraging the troops to follow him wherever the strife was fiercest. He was severely wounded, and of the twenty knights which on that day were with him, only eight survived the battle. Sir Josserant was Joinville's uncle; and the nephew records, with honourable pride, that the fine old warrior had been in thirty-six battles, and had borne off the prize of arms in most of them; that he had once seen Sir Josserant, after beating some Germans who were plundering the church of Macon, fall on his knees before the altar, and pray to God that He would allow him to die in His service. His prayer was granted; for in a few days after this battle for the Cross, he died of fatigue and wounds.

So ended the encounter of Friday, a day of far more advantage to the Saracens than to the Christians, a day in which the latter met with great disasters, lost nearly all their horses and very many of their most noble both in

birth and merit, and after all achieved nothing decisive. In one sense, they were just as far away from regaining Jerusalem as when they embarked at Aigues-Mortes. Nevertheless the King seemed to think favourably of his enterprise, as on the evening of the day he summoned his barons and knights to attend him, expressed his thankfulness to God for the many mercies they had experienced, and thanked all present for their bravery and devotion to the cause of the Cross. Many "more fair speeches did he make ; and the good King dwelt much upon what had passed, to comfort and give them courage and faith in God."

At this period (A.D. 1250) a great change was taking place in the principal dynasties of the East ; and the circumstances attending it were so curious, and give such a picture of Oriental despotism, that it will not only throw light on the immediate scenes of our narrative, but it is hoped may afford the relief of variety to mention them.

When Malek Saleh Negmeddin was on his death-bed, as we have seen, he bequeathed the sceptre of Cairo to his son Almoadan Touran Schah, whose throne was secured for him by the promptitude and judgment of his stepmother, Chegger Eddour. The deceased Sultan, aware probably of the evil disposition of his son, had kept him in banishment in Mesopotamia ; but no sooner did Almoadan rule in Cairo, than he caused his brother Adil Schah, of whom he was jealous, to be strangled. The new Sultan was warlike and

had often been victorious in battle, so that the Mamalukes hailed his accession with delight; but in that army were many termed "foreigners," and some of these were of doubtful fidelity: their origin was curious.

When one chief defeated another in battle (and wars between these petty chieftains were incessant), the victor seized the subjects of the conquered prince and sold them to the sea merchants, who sold them again, as a most lucrative traffic, to the Sultans of Egypt. The young, and the children of these captives, were supported and educated by the Sultan for soldiers; and when their beards were grown, according to the ability they had shown for war, he selected the very best of them for his knights or guards of his own person. Their dress was splendid, "their emblazonments like his own of pure gold, save that to distinguish them they had bars of vermilion, with birds, roses, griffins, or what they pleased," added to their devices.

These young men were called the *Hauleca*—the archers of the body-guard. If the Sultan had any commands to issue to his troops, the captain of the *Hauleca* announced them to the principal officers in attendance. Some of them were trained as minstrels; and one part of their duty was to play upon their instruments at the break of day, until the Sultan rose from his bed; and they played to him again in the evening. But so loud was their music, that those who might be near when this serenading was going on, could not hear each other speak.

Almoadan found a fine body of these regal warriors when

he came to the throne ; but he did not seem to understand their value as his father did, and sadly misused them. On one occasion, when some of the principal persons of the Hauleca came to impart to him the good news of the defeat of one of his enemies, they found him hunting wild beasts, (no beast could be so ferocious as himself), and immediately dismounted to make their obeisance, hoping to receive a reward for their exertions and success in his service. But the Sultan, jealous of their prowess and their influence, cast an evil eye upon them ; and refusing their salutation, because they had broken in upon him and caused him to lose his sport, ordered their heads to be immediately struck off, and was obeyed.

Almoadan had also given great offence to his late father's officers of state, by depriving them of their golden wands of office, and giving them to favourites, who had come with him from a distance, when he mounted the throne. So many were the soldiers of the Hauleca and the ministers of state he had injured and offended, that they entered into a confederacy for his destruction : a plot was formed, and they agreed to seize the first opportunity of carrying it out with safety.





## CHAPTER XIV.

The Crusaders neglect to bury the dead—A pestilence breaks out in the camp of the Christians—Dreadful scenes of suffering and death—Joinville's account of the calamity—The noble conduct of Louis—His humanity—His attendance on the sick and the dying—Indecorous conduct of some knights at a funeral—The Seneschal falls sick—His chaplain, John de Wace, dies—Famine and pestilence increase—Louis consults the Barons—Proposes a truce with the Sultan—Terms of the same arranged—Question of hostages—Retreat determined upon—The Aschmoum Canal again to be crossed—Difficulties—Encounters—Darkness of the night—Assault of Arabs—The King's humanity and prowess—Conducts the rear-guard—Louis ill—His life endangered.

**T**HE next events in our narrative are of a nature so disastrous, that we might almost say of them as Thucydides did of the plague in Athens, that so dreadful a calamity could not be paralleled in the age in which it occurred.

The last two battles of the Crusaders had been to them as the harvest of death ; and such was the suffering of the wounded, and the distress, almost the distraction, of the survivors, that they neglected (a neglect almost incredible in such a climate) to bury their dead. Most of the bodies had

been cast into the Nile<sup>1</sup>, and floated on the surface and down the river, until they came to a very low arched bridge that stopped their farther progress. This bridge communicated with the army on both sides the stream, which was so covered with the slain, that literally at a small distance the water could not be descried. The exhalations arising from so vast a heap of dead bodies became intolerable. Louis engaged one hundred labourers to dig deep trenches on the banks of the river, to form the graves of the fallen Crusaders; but even in death and decay it seems that it was thought unfit that the Christians and the Saracens should share one common lot, one little space of earth! Eight whole days were lost in separating the carcasses. The bodies of the Saracens were thrust by main force under the low-arched bridge, and so floated down to the sea; but before those of the Christians were buried in the deep pits, the most dreadful scenes were presented on the banks.

Men sick, distracted, some dying from their wounds, others struck by the pestilence (which now spread itself around with all its horrors), were seen groping, amid the hideous heap of mortality, for the body of a father, a son, or a brother-in-arms. The Seneschal dwells on the distress of one of the chamberlains of the Count d'Artois, who, not knowing that the body of the Prince had been found in

<sup>1</sup> For the scenes here described Joinville has been the principal authority, as he witnessed and shared in them all.

Mansourah, with an anxiety pitiable to witness, searched day and night for the remains of his master.

“God knows,” adds the Seneschal, “how great was the stench, and I never heard that any who so sought for their friends amongst such infection ever recovered from the terrible effects of their search.”

The pestilence spread through the whole of the camp; none were spared; all was sickness, despair, and death. To aggravate this state of suffering, the Crusaders, who observed abstinence from flesh during Lent, had eaten freely of a voracious fish of the Nile which feeds on the bodies of the dead, and a most horrid disorder, of a character new to Europeans, was the consequence. We must give the Seneschal's account of it in his own words.

“The whole army was affected by a shocking disease which dried up the flesh on our legs to the bone, and our skins became tanned black as the ground, or like an old boot that had long lain behind a coffer. In addition to this miserable disorder, those affected with it had another sore complaint in the mouth from eating such fish that rotted the gums. Very few escaped death that were thus attacked; and the surest symptom of its being fatal was a bleeding at the nose, for when that took place none recovered.” . . . . “The disorder very soon so much increased in the army that the barbers were forced to cut away very large pieces of flesh from the gums, to enable their patients to eat. It was pitiful to hear the cries and groans of those on whom this operation was performing;

they seemed like the cries of women in child-birth ; and I cannot describe the great concern all felt who heard them."

"The better to cure us, the Turks who knew our situation, fifteen days afterwards attempted to starve us, as I shall now relate. These villanous Turks had drawn their galleys overland, and launched them again below our army ; so that those who had gone to Damietta for provision never returned, to the great astonishment of us all. We could not imagine the reason of this, until one of the galleys of the Earl of Flanders having forced a passage, informed us how the Sultan had launched his vessels by drawing them overland below us, so that the Turks watched all galleys going to Damietta and had already captured fourscore of ours and killed their crews." All kinds of provision now became so scarce that an ox was sold for eighty livres, a sheep for thirty, and an egg for sixpence.

It is impossible adequately to describe the state of the camp at this period. Nothing was heard but the cries of the suffering and the prayers of the dying ; and before the dead could be removed, they often lay long beside the living. The men-at-arms, worn and haggard, frequently dropt down on the watch, the post of danger. The priests sickened and died whilst attending the dying ; till there was not left alive a sufficient number of the clergy to serve the altars or to perform the last solemn rites of burial.

In the midst of this, Louis devoted all the energy of his



mind, all the feelings of his affectionate heart, to mitigate the suffering of his people. The meanest man-at-arms was as much his care as the greatest of his high-born knights: he attended upon them, prayed with them, and even prepared many a corpse for the grave: the living and the dead were alike his children. Like the heavenly Master he loved so well, he went about doing good; no effort was too great, no office too mean to save or to serve his people.

"Oh! now behold  
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band  
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent.  
 . . . . . Praise and glory on his head!  
 For forth he goes and visits all his host,  
 And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen."

In vain was he urged to spare himself, not to expose a life so precious to dangers more destructive than the sword of the foeman or the strife of the battle. Nothing could turn him from his purpose, or lessen his forgetfulness of self, nothing could quench within his breast the fire of charity. To all such urgent advisers he invariably replied, "It is my duty to expose my life for those who every day, long as they could do so, have exposed their lives for me." An instance of the love with which his goodness inspired the heart of one of his servants is too touching to be passed in silence. The man was dying of the pestilence: a priest by his side bade him meet death with the resignation of a Christian; the man replied, "*I will not die*

*till I have seen the King."* Louis hastened to his bed, knelt, prayed, consoled the last moments of his poor servant, who thus comforted, died in peace.

What a contrast to this scene is one that happened just before in the camp of the Christians, showing that in seasons of the greatest suffering, the licentious become reckless can laugh whilst others weep, and nothing seems to make them pause and remember that they too are mortal. We owe this story, which has in it a touch of the ludicrous, to Joinville, who, in the midst of relating the most fearful events, makes a break in his narrative, to recount what so much offended his better feelings.

On the vigil of the fatal Shrove Tuesday died one of his most worthy friends and brave knights, Sir Hugh de Landicourt. Whilst his funeral was going on, six of his remaining knights, who were in attendance, talked so loud and with so little respect for the occasion, that it disturbed the priest; and the Seneschal, shocked at such behaviour, took them sharply to task, and bade them be silent, as it was irreverent thus to chatter whilst the Mass was celebrating. Upon this the knights burst into loud laughter, and told him that they were only talking about marrying the widow of him that was now lying on his bier. A second reproof followed. "But Heaven sent a speedy vengeance for their offence. The very next day was the battle of Shrove Tuesday, and every one of these six knights bit the dust, remained unburied, and the six widows married again as soon as they could." "This," says the moralizing Senes-

chal, "makes it credible that God leaves no such conduct unpunished." Poor Joinville! he now became sick of the pestilence; his favourite priest, John de Wace, was also a sufferer. On a recent occasion, this priest had buckled on his armour, and without any other aid than his own stout hand wielding a club, had manfully put to flight a dozen or more Saracens. But both Joinville and his chaplain were now confined to their beds in the tent. It was Lent; and the poor man endeavouring to sing the Mass, raised himself up; his loving master saw him stagger at the elevation of the Host, and sick as he was, he immediately flung out of bed, supported De Wace in his arms, and bade him take courage from the Sacrament that he held in his hands. The chaplain revived a little, finished the Mass, and died.

Though famine as well as pestilence increased with appalling rapidity, and nothing but misery and death were seen in the camp, yet so much was Louis beloved, so great was the influence of his example, patient as he was in suffering, and devout in submission to God's will, that not a murmur was heard, not a knight deserted his banner, or shrunk from his duty, as long as he could attempt to perform it. The King, deeply depressed by the misery of his people, consulted with his barons as to the best course to be taken for their relief; since it was impossible they could much longer hold out against the combined ravages of hunger and disease. After long and earnest deliberation it was agreed to move the army from

the vicinity of Cairo, and to join the forces of the Duke of Burgundy stationed on the other side of the river that flowed to Damietta.

But nothing could be done with safety without previously obtaining a truce with the Saracens. Great was the vexation, deep the despondency, to think that the warriors of the Cross must thus, as it were, bow before the Crescent : but remedy there was none ; and we will not dwell on minor details.

To endeavour to procure the truce, Sir Philip de Montfort was despatched on the part of Louis, as the principal of an embassy to the Sultan of Egypt. Fortunate was it for the object of the mission that at this moment the fears of Almoadan had been somewhat awakened by rumoured discontents of the Hauleca and his own people, and also by the thought that if a reinforcement of the Christian powers arrived at Damietta his position would be one of danger and embarrassment. This made the proposal for a truce welcome to him : so the terms were accepted, and commissioners appointed on both sides to conclude them. As a basis for the treaty, Louis offered to restore Damietta to the Sultan, on condition that the Sultan should restore Jerusalem, and all other cities and fortresses in Palestine which had fallen into the possession of the Mussulman during the late wars.

Next came the question of hostages till the terms were fulfilled. Louis, ever generous and confiding, offered his brothers, the Counts de Poitiers and Anjou. But the Sultan

probably wishing to please his disaffected people, haughtily demanded the King himself!

On hearing this, that most faithful and gallant knight, Sir Geoffrey de Sergenes, who was one of the embassy, fired with anger, and told the Sultan that he ought to know Frenchmen better than to suppose it possible they would listen to such terms; that they would rather the whole army perish than their King should be given in pawn. Thus was the negotiation broken off, though Louis would willingly have become the sacrifice for his people; but not a man around him would suffer it.

Louis, seeing that a further delay must be fatal, raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and thanking God for all the good he had received, prepared to meet with calm resolution whatever might befall himself and his Crusaders in their retreat. It was a painful necessity, but he had no other means by which he could hope to save the shattered remains of his noble army: so he determined to recross the fatal canal. He ordered whatever was most prudent for the purpose, and that the sick and wounded should be moved with all the care that was possible under such circumstances. Unhappily, by the time lost in attempting to arrange a truce, measures of vital necessity to the Christians had been too long delayed.

There was a wooden bridge over the Aschmoum Canal (the same that had been guarded by the Seneschal), and when they came to pass over it, the Saracens rushed down upon them with such fury, that had it not been for the

determined resistance of Sir Gaultier de Chastillon, who commanded the rear-division, that passage would have been as fatal to every Christian as the bridge of Mirza. Several other knights also exhibited at this dangerous point the most heroic valour; but they were not more fortunate on this bank of the Aschmoum than they had been on the other. For a few days, they took shelter in their old camp, but soon were obliged to resolve on an immediate retreat to Damietta.

On the 5th of April, all being in readiness, Louis ordered the sick, the wounded, the women, and children to be embarked in vessels which had been thoughtfully prepared for them on the Nile. It was night before they moved, as it was hoped that the lateness of the hour would conceal their departure. But, alas! the foe was too vigilant. The banks of the Nile now presented a scene of the most heart-rending distress: the Crusaders, unmanned by their sufferings, with tears and lamentations bade a long farewell to friends they were doomed never more to see. The darkness of the night, instead of favouring the fugitives, proved the very cause of their destruction. Under cover of its shadows, the Arabs, who had watchfully prowled about the camp, now came down upon it to plunder, and as they did so, they murdered every human being they could find within it. Those who escaped rushed in a maddened crowd along the banks of the river, rending the air with their cries, and vainly calling for help and for mercy.

The sailors had made fires in the vessels to "aid the sick," already embarked by the humanity of the King. But what was the horror of those on board to hear on the shore the screams of their fellow Christians, by the glare of the flames to see the Arabs enter the camp, and to witness the slaughter they inflicted. The very sick waiting on the banks to be conveyed on board were murdered before their eyes. Joinville witnessed this horrid sight from his vessel; and the sailors, justly alarmed, were preparing to weigh anchor and to drop down the river, when the King, ill though he was, rushed upon the Arabs, and drove them from the camp, stopped the vessels on the point of departure, and made them put back and wait till every wounded sick and suffering creature was taken on board.

Alas for the poor King! and he too was smitten! That god-like power of kindness which inspired every action of his life had gained for him the devoted affections of the army. They never thought of his rank when he was in danger; it was the man they loved, the man they would die to save. At this moment, through the severity of his attack, he could hardly support himself after the great exertions he had made to save the sick. But all who were near now implored him to use the means which appeared to them the best for his own preservation. There was one large and airy vessel; the Legate and many of the nobles went on board, and all begged and entreated the King to do the same. They told him that by thus hazarding his own life he was hazarding the remnant of

his army ; that nothing could save them if he were lost ; and more than this, his anxious and weeping friends told him plainly, that he was too weak to defend himself ; and that exposed as he was, if he were there to encounter the Saracens he must fall into their hands. But these, and a thousand other arguments, dictated by the deepest interest and affection, proved vain ; his answer was simple and constant : He had brought with him his faithful companions, and he would return with them, or die with them—the common lot should be his.

Such resolve caused the greatest perplexity ; the archers and crossbow-men shared the anxiety of the nobles and knights to save a Sovereign so beloved, and they sought how they might force him on board even against his will. They ran along the banks, shouting with all their strength to those passing down the river, "Wait for the King !" "Wait for the King !" Arrows and javelins were falling thick upon the descending vessels. Some stopped, but Louis insisted upon their pursuing their course without him.

He had ordered Josselin de Corvant and the other engineers to destroy the bridge at Aschmoum after the Christians had passed over ; but this order was unfortunately neglected. The Duke of Burgundy commenced the march to Damietta, at midnight ; and soon after, the remainder of the army, weak from illness and hunger, followed, bearing with them what they could manage to remove of tents and baggage. Louis would insist on conducting the rear guard of the



196 THE GOOD ST. LOUIS AND HIS TIMES.

retreat. He had with him only his most faithful friend, Sir Geoffrey de Sergenes, Sir Gaultier de Chastillon, who commanded the rear division, and a few other knights, who still possessed horses. The King was mounted on a small Arabian with housings of silk, but from weakness could scarcely support himself in the saddle : he wore no armour, and had no weapon but a sword. Those around him preserved a profound silence ; they doubted if he could live to reach Damietta ; there was but one resolution with them all, to defend Louis, and, if need were, to die with him. Sir Geoffrey de Sergenes kept close to his side all the way, and well it was that he did so ; for the neglect of the order to destroy the bridge of Aschmoum was most fatal. The Saracens took advantage of it, and in a short time the plain on the Damietta side was covered with them. Louis was repeatedly assaulted by parties of flying horsemen of the desert, and the pursuing enemy gained upon him in great numbers, until at length there ensued a sharp conflict.





## CHAPTER XV.

Dangers of the retreat—Horrors of the night—Daybreak—Knights around the King—Louis saved by Sir Geoffrey de Sergenes—Louis arrives at Casel—Is taken to the nearest house—So ill, not expected to live—Placed on the lap of a poor woman—Sir Philip de Montfort attempts to renew terms for the truce—Louis defended—Heroic acts of Sir Gaultier de Chastillon—Bishop of Soissons killed—Treachery of the apostate Martel—Embassy for truce thwarted—Louis prisoner—His true Christian heroism—Carried up the Nile—Imprisoned at Mansourah—His distress for his people—His admirable conduct and sufferings—His health fails—Restored by an Arab physician—The Sultan sends presents to Louis—Proposes terms rejected by Louis—Ransom proposed—Torture threatened—Noble firmness of Louis—Treatment of the Christian prisoners.

**T**HE danger and difficulty of the retreat was, as has been said, increased by the darkness of the night. The fugitives, frequently impeded by some canal that they knew not of, had often to retrace their steps, and at every turn were encountered by infuriated enemies. Often they could not discern what party approached, whether Saracens or friends, till some deadly onset, the rush of attack, and the clash of arms, declared the presence of the foe. When the first glimmer of the day dawned upon their wretchedness, nothing could exceed

the spectacle of horror that presented itself in every direction. In order to obtain the promised reward of the Sultan for the heads of Christians, the dead had been mutilated by the infidel soldiers, even limbs were torn away ; and those unfortunate men who, by the murkiness of the night, though wounded had escaped death, lay piteously moaning on the sands, and imploring their countrymen not to leave them to be tortured and murdered by Saracens. "When the French beheld this sight," says Matthew Paris, "they sent forth lamentable wailings, tore their hair and clothes, and moistened their arms and shields with their tears, so that their grief might have excited the compassion even of their enemies."

Day broke. That day so glorious in an Eastern world, served by its light rather to impede than assist the retreat of the Crusaders, for the enemy at once saw how small was their number, how weak for resistance ! Still the gallant knights around the King were devoted to save him, too few for victory, but enough for defence and death. Yet what could a few men, worn out by suffering, hunger, and want, and mounted on famishing horses, effect against so many thousands !

Louis, worn, harassed in mind and body, was more than once saved from immediate death (but the precise circumstances are not mentioned) by Sir Geoffrey de Sergenes, who never left his side, and who, to use the words of the Seneschal, "defended him, in like manner as a faithful servant does the cup of his master from flies." Every

time the Saracens attacked him, "Sir Geoffrey guarded him with vigorous strokes of the blade and the point of his sword, and it seemed as if his courage and his strength were doubled."

By these exertions the devoted band conducted the King in safety as far as the town of Casel<sup>1</sup>. Louis, overcome by anxiety and suffering, could go no farther. He was taken off his horse nearly fainting from exhaustion, carried into a small house, the nearest that could be reached, and there, on the lap of a poor woman who had come with the army from Paris, he was laid, "like a child on the bosom of its tender and compassionate mother to die;" for no one believed that he could survive the day. But a merciful Providence watched over him. He was not destined thus to end his life, and to leave the remnant of his army involved in certain destruction. Those about him now administered cordials, and gave what help they could to revive their sinking Prince; and with the eagerness of new-sprung hope, Sir Philip de Montfort came hastily into his presence, and told him that he had just seen the Admiral (for so did he call the Emir) of the Sultan, with whom he had before discussed the terms for a truce, so unfortunately broken off, and that he found him not indisposed to renew the negotiation.

The King, seeing how great would be the benefit to his broken and exhausted army, begged Sir Philip to

<sup>1</sup> Michaud calls the place, from the Arabic, *Minich*; but Joinville, who received the account from the King himself, calls it *Casel*.

conclude the truce at once, promising to agree to the terms already proposed in every item. But though Sir Philip hastened instantly to do this, it did not stop the attacks of the enraged infidels. Some of their Dervises and Imaums had accompanied the Saracen troops to the field of battle, and now, in speeches of the wildest fanaticism, urged them to the pursuit and the slaughter of the Christians.

An Arabian historian, mixing the marvellous with his account, relates that the Scheikh Ezzedin, seeing the victory for a moment inclined to the Christians, because a whirlwind of dust covered the Mussulmans, and prevented them from fighting, addressed these words to the wind: "O wind, direct thy breath against our enemies!" The tempest obeyed the voice of the holy person, and victory was the immediate reward<sup>2</sup>.

Whilst the King in his weak state of mind and spirit was waiting in suspense the result of Sir Philip's mission, he became a point of especial aim to the Saracens, who were on the watch to destroy him. His life was preserved by the steadfast devotion of a few followers like Sir Geoffrey de Sergenes, who stood by him and dealt such hearty blows in his defence. At the end of the narrow street leading directly to the humble dwelling which sheltered the unhappy King, Sir Gaultier de Chastillon, mounted on his war-horse, took his stand. He was alone; and as the Saracens appeared and attempted to rush past him in order to surprise the King,

<sup>2</sup> Michaud, vol. ii. p. 426.

he repelled them with extraordinary prowess and rapidity of action.

Still the foe rushed on, casting at him arrows and javelins that penetrated even through his cuirass to his breast ; he paused but to pluck them out, crying aloud as he did so, "Ha! Chastillon, to the rescue! Knights, brothers, where are ye? to the rescue!" Alone, unaided, he fought on to the last, till he fell, covered with wounds, and his horse, like its fallen rider, covered with darts and blood, was seized by the victor, who also possessed himself of the sword of the dead, and displayed it as a trophy won from the bravest of the Christian knights.

There was another bold man, a dignitary of the Church, who also lost his life at this juncture—Sir James Chastel, Bishop of Soissons. Despairing of the army being able to reach Damietta, and wishing to perish in the cause of the Cross, the Bishop made a charge on the Saracens, "as if he alone meant to combat them;" "but," says Joinville, "they soon sent him to God, and placed him in the company of martyrs."

At length came the anxious meeting which it was hoped would end this fearful bloodshed. Sir Philip de Montfort met the principal Emir, Djemaleddin, and his compeers. They saluted him with taking off their turbans in token of amity, and Sir Philip drew a ring from his finger and gave it to the chief, in token that he would keep the terms of the truce now to be arranged. All was going on favourably ; when suddenly a villanous traitor, an apostate named Martel,

rushed in, crying aloud, "Sir Knights, surrender yourselves ! the King commands you by me to do so, and not to subject him and yourselves to be slain." The Embassy was astonished ; but, taken by surprise, not suspecting the treachery, and thinking that the King's life was in danger, they instantly yielded their swords to the Emir ; and when Sir Philip, even under such discouraging circumstances, urged the arrangement of a truce, the Emir replied that he was not accustomed to treat with prisoners concerning such matters.

The next step on his part, naturally enough, was to seek the King. Louis, by the care of his devoted friends, and the succour of the poor woman, who had administered to him "a labour of love," was now somewhat recovered from his state of exhaustion. What then was his astonishment, what his disappointment, when, instead of seeing Sir Philip return as the envoy of a blessed truce, he saw enter the chief Emir of the Sultan, surrounded by armed men. This warlike array told him at once his fate, and with his the fate of his suffering companions. The distress of all around him no words could express : their tears were their words, those heavy drops spoke the greatness of their heart-rending sorrow. All who were present would have become hostages for Louis : all would have died for him ; but the foe was now the master, and un pitying. With no respect for inborn majesty, no feeling for fallen valour, Djemaleddin haughtily told the King that he was a prisoner to the Sultan of Egypt, and ordered chains to be placed on

his hands and feet. The despot was obeyed ; and from the fierce looks that the Mamaluke guards cast upon Louis, it was evident that had he been a less costly prize, he would not have been suffered to survive the moment which consummated the sufferings and misfortunes of this most disastrous Crusade.

But this the hour of affliction was that of Louis' true greatness : with calmness, with patience, and without a murmur, he suffered indignities to be heaped upon him ; he thought but of his heavenly Master, to whose cause he had devoted himself for life or for death. He remembered the words of the meek and lowly Jesus when in the hands of His enemies, "Thou couldest have no power at all against Me, except it were given thee from above." Impressed with this conviction, he prepared to follow his guards to prison with firmness and resignation. Comforting and bidding adieu to his most dear and devoted friends, he told them not to fear for him, as God was with him whithersoever he might be conveyed : and exhorting them all patiently to abide the will of their common Father, he asked their prayers, and prayed to God to bless them, as he departed.

Nothing could exceed the disastrous effect which the capture of the King had on his followers. Many lost both liberty and life through their despondency, giving up even the attempt to reach Damietta as hopeless, and suffering themselves to be made prisoners or hewed down by the Turkish scimitar, almost without resistance. Nothing was



to be heard but cries and lamentations. "We have lost our King, our father. What will become of him? what of us? Death, welcome death, any thing, rather than Saracen slavery!" Both the brothers of the King, Poitiers and Anjou, were captured. There was no enthusiasm in their followers to attempt their rescue: they were never loved as the King was loved. One more calamity remained to extinguish with the sense of disgrace the martial ardour of the Christians, it was to see the Oriflamme, the sacred banner of their country and their cause, borne aloft in triumphant mockery by the hands of the infidels: nay, the Saracens trampled under foot the crucifix, the holy images they had found in the camp of the Crusaders, and blasphemed with horrible curses the name most sacred of all to the warriors of the Cross.

But where, alas! was the King? The day succeeding that of his capture he was placed on board a galley, and convoyed by a number of vessels of war up the river to the city of Mansourah, the scene of that rash conduct of his brother D'Artois, which had led to all these evils. As they passed on, the trumpets and nacaires of the Saracens proclaimed the triumph they had achieved. The banks of the Nile were lined with Mamalukes, who followed the course of the vessels. And what a heart-rending sight for Louis! These men were acting as guards to a multitude of his people, now prisoners, with their hands tied behind their backs! The wolf-like Arabs, who had rushed on the defenceless and the sick at night, were now stationed,

armed with javelins, on the western side of the river, whilst a crowd from all parts assembled to gaze, to mock, and to triumph at the strange sight of the King of the mighty Empire of France, borne along by the deadly enemies of his people and his creed, in chains.

“No man cried, God save him!  
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;  
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,  
His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience,  
That had not God for some strong purpose steel'd  
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,  
And barbarism itself have pitied him.”

We learn from Makresi, the Arabian historian, a curious circumstance in connexion with the capture of Louis. The Sultan of Egypt, Almoadan, sent a letter to the governor of Damascus with an account of the King being a prisoner ; and with it the King's cap of scarlet, lined with ermine, which had fallen from his head when he was seized. This cap the governor put on his own head, as he read aloud the Sultan's letter in the market-place.

Arrived at Mansourah, Louis was placed in a strong fortress, under the eye of Fakreddin Ben Lokman, who was secretary to the Sultan and the keeper of the keys of his tower, and his strict guard was the eunuch Sabyh.

A small apartment with a narrow and iron-barred window that looked out upon the Nile was deemed good enough for the royal captive. The prison hours of Louis were in harmony with those of his life in its most prosperous times.

Worldly prosperity had never greatly elated him ; adversity did not sink him to despair. His arms were soon unbound ; but all care for his comfort had been so neglected, that he was indebted to his almoner (the only companion of his prison) for the good man's gown of coarse camlet to be his coverlet at night. Of all his worldly possessions Louis saved only his Book of Psalms : in this he read daily, and prayed with his almoner for the peace of the Church, for his family, his people, and his deliverance from bondage. The gloom of his prison hours was deepened by his anxiety for his wife and children. Shut up as they were within the walls of Damietta, he knew nothing certain of their fate. Damietta, he believed, was still held by a strong garrison, principally composed of Pisans and Genoese ; but at any hour it was liable to attack, and might be taken by an overwhelming force. No wonder that with such an accumulation of anxieties his health failed utterly.

His enemies began to fear that after all he would escape them, that his spirit would speedily find wings to flee away and be at rest. They could not afford to lose such a prize. An Arab physician was sent to him.

Louis, nothing doubting the good faith of the mediciner, who treated him with that humanity which, in a generous mind, the healing art is so apt to inspire, took from his hands a draught which wrought with marvellous effect on his enfeebled frame ; he drank and lived, and, as he was ever wont to do, praised God for the succour thus sent to him.

Soon after this, Almoadan somewhat softened the rigours of his imprisonment; and possibly fancying that the monarchs of Europe, like those of the East, were captivated by rich and splendid presents, he sent Louis fifty magnificent robes, which his prisoner declined with the dignity of a Christian sovereign. He said, as he returned the robes, that he was ruler over a far greater kingdom than Egypt, and that a King of France would never wear the livery of a foreign Prince. Almoadan next prepared for his royal captive a splendid banquet; but Louis declined also this courtesy, well knowing that the conqueror only intended to exhibit him, as the Romans of old did their captive princes, to enhance the spectacle of a triumph.

Almoadan now changed his measures, and sent to Louis a proposal for ransom, the first condition of which was not only to surrender Damietta, but all the cities in Palestine still held by the Christians, which had formerly been won by them in war. Louis alone, without counsel in his thralldom, was more difficult to manage than when at liberty. He replied, that the cities held by the Christians in Palestine did not belong to him; and that Damietta, won by the Crusaders, was still in their hands, and no human power had a right to dispose of it. Almoadan thus repulsed, had recourse to threats: he would send Louis to the Caliph of Bagdad as a prisoner for the rest of his days. This had no effect; and the same answer was returned. The Sultan, irritated, next threatened that he would lead his captive throughout the East, as a spectacle to all Asia.

Louis remained firm. The next and last threat was to inflict on him the torture of the *Bernicles*<sup>3</sup>. To this the heroic King gave no other reply than, "Tell the Sultan that I am his prisoner, and he can do with me according to his pleasure."

At this period, the greatest suffering of Louis was not for himself, but for his people; his heart was rent with its sorrows; and no wonder! A multitude of Christian captives was confined in a large court that joined the prison of the King. Many of these unfortunate beings were already dying from want, sickness, or wounds. Others stripped of their clothes, were sinking from hunger, thirst, and the brutal blows of their guards.

At the entrance of a large tent within the enclosure, the names of the prisoners were taken down by order of the Sultan. The secretary must have had enough to do, for there were more than *ten thousand* of these miserable creatures. All such as it was found could pay ransom were placed within the tent; the rest, like sheep driven to the slaughter, were left in the open court without covering. We are not told whether food was given them; but they must have had something to sustain life till their enemies deprived them of it, and that was by a slow task. Every day, for several successive days, about three hundred

<sup>3</sup> Du Cange says that the torment of the *Bernicles* was this: the legs were stretched as wide apart as they could be; then each leg was thrust into a small hole at each end of a long piece of wood, and so kept for many hours.

of them were taken from the enclosure, and as they were led out, one by one, the question was put to each by the guard, Would he abjure the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ? Those who said yes, were set at liberty; but those who remained faithful to their God were instantly put to the sword, and their bodies cast into the Nile. At length, these very butchers of their fellow-creatures got sickened and tired of their work; so that an order came from the Sultan to spare the lives of those that remained. But there was little mercy in the sparing: covered with rags and bound with chains, they were marched in a body to Cairo: there many of them were thrown into dungeons, to die of sorrow and hunger. Others were condemned to perpetual slavery, with no power to communicate with their brother Crusaders; and far the greater part were never heard of more.





## CHAPTER XVI.

The Christians embark to descend the Nile—Wind contrary—Assailed by the Greek fire—Tempest—Christian vessels captured—Crews murdered—Counsel what to do—Joinville decides on surrender—A short digression—The Emperor's influence in the East—A poor Saracen saves the Seneschal—Passes him off for the King's cousin—Takes him to the Saracen chiefs—One of them cures him—Dines with the Turk—Forgets a Fast-day—The infidel consoles him—Murder of the prisoners in the vessels—The good Saracen commits a child to the care of Joinville—Nobles refuse to give up the fortresses—Terms proposed to ransom the King—Louis consents, if agreeable to his Queen—Terms finally arranged by Louis.



**E** must now speak of those who, though weakened by pestilence, wounds, and toil, were still the devoted knights of the Cross, and were with that portion of the army which, as it has been stated, was placed by order of Louis in the galleys, to drop down the Nile and retreat to Damietta. Their distress was not a whit less than that of their unfortunate brothers in arms who had taken the land route.

Joinville, with the only two of his surviving knights, embarked in his galley; but as if all things in heaven or on earth were against the Christians, the wind suddenly arose

so contrary and with such violence, that several of the galleys ran aground, in spite of the skill and efforts of the sailors. But what was their consternation when at break of day, as they neared Mehallah, the galleys of the Sultan that had so lately intercepted the vessels of Louis were found still on the watch to destroy the flotilla of the Christians !

No sooner did the infidels descry its approach than they set up a great shout, whilst a body of mounted Mamelukes on the shore shot at the crowded galleys bolts armed with the terrible Greek fire ; “ that,” says Joinville, “ it seemed as if the stars were falling from the heavens.” The tempest increased ; it was no longer possible to resist the power of the wind ; Joinville’s galley was driven against the bank of the river ; and, sickening sight ! on the opposite side was descried a vast number of the vessels already captured by the enemy, and the Saracens engaged in murdering the hapless crews and tossing their bodies into the Nile. The Greek fire continued to pour upon the galley, and Joinville, fearing that his clothes would be in flames, put on his armour. Scarcely had he done this, when one of his people called to him, “ My lord, my lord, our steersman, because the Saracens threaten us in their ships, is determined to run us direct on shore, where we shall all be murdered.” Instantly, though so ill that he could hardly stand, the Seneschal advanced with a drawn sword, declaring that he would kill the first man who should but attempt to run the galley on the Saracen shore. The steersman



declared that it was impossible to proceed, and bade his lord choose between being landed on the shore, or stranded in the mud on the banks of the river.

But now appeared a new cause for fear! Four of the Sultan's galleys were making towards them, with full a thousand Saracens on board. Joinville took counsel with his knights. As surrender they must, should it be to the galleys of the Sultan, or to those on the opposite shore? They unanimously agreed to the former, except one clerk (a priest), who strongly opposed this determination, recommending a surrender to those who would be sure to cut their throats at once, and then they might all go to Paradise together, without parting company. But the knights said no to this comforting proposition; they were in no hurry to be slaughtered, if they could possibly avoid it. Joinville, therefore, prepared for surrender; and considering the faith he had in the efficacy of relics to work miracles, he seems to have acted very unwisely; for he tells us that he took his casket of precious relics and jewels, and threw them into the Nile.

One of his mariners now came forward, and told him that the only way to save their lives would be to tell the commander of the Sultan's galley, now fast bearing down upon them, that the Lord de Joinville was cousin to the King of France. The Seneschal was a man of conscience, he would not willingly therefore sanction a falsehood. He paused, but seeing the danger was so imminent, he told the mariner to say what he pleased. And now the enemy

was upon them in good earnest, for the galley cast anchor close to their bow. But before the master of it could be snapped up and sent to feast the crocodiles, a most unlooked-for deliverance awaited him. It requires, however, a few words of preface to be better understood.

The Emperor Frederick II. by his marriage with Violante, the titular Queen of Jerusalem, possessed many a stout castle in the Holy Land. Frederick, being wonderfully free from bigotry and intolerance for the age in which he lived, whilst in Palestine was kind and humane to the poor Saracens, as well as the friend of one of their Sultans, and had so attached many of them to his person, that for his sake they not unfrequently extended a good feeling to other Christians. How it happened we are not exactly told; but one of these infidels, a subject of the Emperor, who had in him much of the milk of human kindness, recognized Joinville from the galley about to board the Christians, and jumping into the Nile, swam straight to the devoted bark, mounted its sides, ran forward and threw himself at the Seneschal's feet, embraced his knees, and told him, with much energy of words and gesture, to place trust in the poor Saracen who knelt before him, "or he was a lost man." "Save yourself, my lord, take this rope, leap into the river, I will follow; you have not a moment to lose, you will not instantly be missed, but you will be no longer safe than whilst your enemies are engaged in the plunder of your galley."

Joinville needed no further urging, he leapt overboard

at once, and as he had his armour on, and did not sink, he must have jumped into the mud. His friendly Saracen followed close and gave him support, which he much needed, for he staggered at every step, and was at length drawn up by a cord into the galley of the enemy, crowded with some hundreds of men about to board his own vessel. The poor Saracen who still held him in his protecting arms, saved him from immediate slaughter, by calling out—" *the King's cousin,*" " *the King's cousin.*"

Shortly after, by the management of his preserver, the Seneschal was landed and taken to a fortress near the shore, where the Saracen chiefs were assembled. Here he was treated with great humanity. Seeing how ill he was, they took off his mail, and flung over him one of his own scarlet coverlids lined with minever, which, he says, was given him by his lady mother, and bound it round him with a white leather girdle; they also placed a cap upon his head, and treated him with every possible courtesy<sup>1</sup>. But all this kindness did not give him assurance of his personal safety; he says, "I soon began to tremble so that my teeth chattered in my head, as well from the fright I was in as from my disorder." He complained of thirst, water was given him, but he had "an impostume in his throat," which prevented him from swallowing, and the water ran back through his nostrils. When his attendants saw this they wept bitterly, fearing that he was dying. But the good

<sup>1</sup> This must have occurred after the Seneschal's galley had been plundered: Some of his servants also were now with him.

Saracen was still his preserver. Feeling great compassion for the state in which he saw him, he communicated his fears to one of the Mameluke chiefs, who bade the sufferer be of good cheer, for he would at once administer a balsamic draught that in a few days would effect a cure. He kept his promise, gave the potion, and, says the Seneschal, "through God's grace and the beverage which the Saracen knight gave me, I was restored to perfect health."

As soon as he was recovered, the principal Emir of the Sultan's galley came to him with profound respect, and inquired, if what he had been told was true; did he now stand in the presence of "the King's cousin"? Joinville, though by no means possessing any inconvenient spirit of frankness, was nevertheless an honourable man; with perfect candour he therefore replied that "he was not the King's cousin;" and related the whole story of its being proposed to say he was such, in order to save the lives of his people. The Emir, far from being displeased, commended the stratagem, and declared that, had it not been for the belief that he was so related to the King of France, all on board would have been murdered. He next inquired, might the Seneschal be related to the Emperor Frederick? The reply was, yes; his grandmother had told him so. The Emperor was very popular with the infidels (that he was so was perpetually cast in his teeth by the Pope); the Emir now assured Joinville that he should love him the better for being akin to Frederick. In consequence of this, he

was so well treated that on one occasion he forgot the rigid practices recommended by his confessor; for the Emir, being well satisfied with the Emperor's cousin, was glad of his society and took his dinner with him; and to please his guest sent for a Parisian to come and partake with them. The Parisian (whether he was a prisoner we are not told) on entering exclaimed, "Ah, sir, what are you doing?" "What am I doing!" replied the Seneschal, "enjoying my dinner to be sure." "Oh, sir, I must tell you, on the part of God, that you are eating meat on a Friday!"

No sooner did the pious Seneschal hear this, than he was overcome with dismay; and to the amazement of the friendly Turk, away went both meat and trencher behind his back. But on the circumstance being explained, the Emir spoke comfort to his wounded conscience, telling him that God would forgive the offence committed unknowingly. The Seneschal adds, that although the Legate often reproached him with fasting to the injury of his health, he never failed after this every Friday to live only on bread and water.

This kindness and courtesy of the Emir to the Emperor's cousin, did not so far influence him as to lead him to control the infidels who had captured the galley. The property it contained was seized, and all the Christians were made prisoners; whilst the poor chaplain (who so much wished them all to go together into Paradise) and the clerk under him were dragged from their hiding-place

in the hold of the vessel, murdered and thrown into the Nile. The other prisoners were examined. Every one found wounded or sick was instantly despatched, and sent to keep company with the chaplain under the water. Joinville, horror-struck at the sight of such inhumanity, lost all sense of fear for himself, and boldly remonstrating, told these murderers in cold blood, that they were transgressing their own laws ; for the greatest of all their Sultans, Saladin, declared that it was unlawful to put any one to death to whom a Mussulman had given bread and salt. To this these monsters replied, that they were doing no wrong, for they were only killing men of no use, men too sick and wounded to be of service in any way.

The Seneschal was next informed that all the mariners among his people had become apostates from the Catholic faith. He replied that the fear of death had converted them, and on the first opportunity they would return to the bosom of the Church. On hearing this, the Emir observed that was truth, for the great Saladin had said, "A Christian was never known to make a good Mahometan, nor a Mahometan a good Christian."

Soon after this, the Emir and the Seneschal, mounted on Arabian horses, rode side by side in the most friendly manner, and passing over a bridge came at length to the place where the King, nobles, and knights were confined as prisoners. They were stopped at the entrance of a large pavilion or tent, and the Seneschal's name was entered in the list of captives. Just as he was about to pass on, the

poor Saracen who had saved his life and had never yet deserted him, came forward leading a beautiful little boy by the hand ; and after saying how much he regretted that he could go no farther with the child, continued, "Let me entreat you never to quit the hand of this little boy that I now put into yours ; for if you do, he is a Christian's child, the Saracens will murder him." He then took his leave.

Could Joinville have divested himself of the bigotry of his age, he must have felt that God had planted in the breast of this merciful man a spirit of goodness that was as "a law unto himself." But the Seneschal, though so scrupulous about eating meat on a Friday, seems to have been too much blinded by prejudice to discern those weightier obligations which belong to the Moral Law, for he parted from the preserver of his life without a single expression of regret or thankfulness. The child thus tenderly preserved was Bartholomew de Mountfaucon, a natural son of the Count de Bår.

The Emir at once took the Seneschal and the little boy to the tent where the chief barons and knights were confined. Joinville's friends, fancying he had been murdered, were even vociferous in their joy at finding him alive. A rich Saracen then led him into another tent, where he was entertained with "miserable cheer." The superior prisoners in the larger tent, who had been spared in prospect of a good ransom, mourned for their brothers in arms, on learning how many had perished ; and expected

that their own fate would be the same. The Sultan however, trembling for himself, and anxious by some popular act to please the discontented, hoped to obtain from these nobles what the firmness of the King had denied. By an Emir much favoured the same proposals as Louis had rejected were made to them. Through Count Peter of Brittany, who understanding Arabic spoke for them all, they replied that they could not possibly consent to give up places and cities over which they had no right. When urged to yield at least the fortresses belonging to the Templars and the Hospitallers at Rhodes, the Count said that was impossible; for those knights, on their investiture, swore never to surrender any one of those castles for the deliverance of any man; and the soldiers of France had no power to act contrary to the pleasure of their King; and with this answer the council of the Sultan departed.

Soon after, a fine old Saracen of goodly demeanour, attended by many younger men, each armed, came to look upon them. After a pause, he asked the prisoners, through the medium of an interpreter, "Did they believe in one only God, born for our salvation, who was crucified and after three days rose again to save us?" All present answered, "Yes, such was their belief." On this the venerable man replied, that such being their faith, they ought not to be cast down by any thing they might suffer for His sake, for they had not yet endured for Him what He had for them; and since that He had the power to raise Himself from the dead, it would



not be long before He delivered them who put their trust in Him."

The Sultan finding that Louis was neither to be cajoled by courtesy nor intimidated by menace, commenced a new system of negotiation; and the council waited upon the captive Monarch with much respect, to learn whether he would be disposed to pay a sum of money for his ransom, in addition to the surrender of Damietta. The sum required was 500,000 gold byzants. Louis, convinced that Damietta could not long hold out if invested by a powerful force, consented to the terms, provided the Queen approved them. Such an answer seemed incomprehensible to men who held women almost in the same contempt they did their slaves. They asked the King why he wished to communicate with the Queen on the subject? "Because," he replied, "the Lady Margaret is my wife and companion, and therefore do I consult her on all affairs of importance." Just at this juncture Louis learnt that some of the rich French nobles had offered to ransom themselves; and fearing, should this take place, that many who had no means to pay for their liberty would be left to die in bondage, he forbade all personal and particular treaty; saying, that he would himself redeem them all by honourable ransom, and would not think of his own freedom till he had secured theirs.

The Sultan, informed by his council that Louis had assented to the terms, was much surprised by the ready consent of his captive, and the indifference he had shown

about money. He bade his council go back and tell the French King how much he esteemed the manner in which he disdained to barter for his freedom—such conduct had inspired him with profound respect, and he (the Sultan) made him a present of 100,000 livres; he would receive only 400,000.

The Sultan's next command was, that all the French nobles and knights should be peacefully embarked in four galleys and conveyed to Damietta, where, on the surrender of that place, they would remain in safe durance, till all the terms of the treaty were fulfilled. Busily were these captives employed in getting on board, and thankful indeed to do so; for not only were their lives spared, but a prospect was opened to them of getting back to France.





## CHAPTER XVII.

The Queen's distress—She solicits a boon of an ancient knight—Birth of her son Tristan—The Pisans and garrison propose to desert her and Damietta—Her spirited conduct—She prevails with them to remain—News sent to the Queen Regent of the defeat of the Crusaders conveyed at first by travellers—Their fate—Distress of all France—Queen Blanch and the monks—The King concludes the terms—The Emirs conspire against Almoadan—Chegger Eddour joins them—The Sultan's banquet to the Hauleca—Story of his danger—He is murdered—The murderer rushes into the presence of Louis—Violence of the Emirs—Chegger Eddour chosen Sultana—Debate about lives of the Christians—Joinville and his friends in the utmost danger in the galleys.

**B**EFORE we proceed with the return of the King and his nobles to Damietta, we must say something about the Queen, who, be it remembered, was left there with her children, her sisters and ladies, protected by the garrison, whilst Louis was engaged in the warfare of this most unfortunate Crusade.

If what several writers have asserted be true, the Queen had some cause for alarm; for according to their report, after the dreadful slaughter of the Christians on the night of the 5th of April, the victorious Mussulmans dressed themselves in the armour of their slain enemies, bore aloft

their pennons, and appeared before the walls of Damietta, hoping by such deception to obtain an entrance into the town. But the cheat did not succeed: the deceivers were detected by their irregular march, their manner of holding their shields, and their long beards, so that they found it necessary to retreat faster than they had advanced.

But sad indeed was the trial at hand for the poor Queen. At the very time that the King was so signally defeated, she was expecting to become a mother. Her heart filled with anxiety and bitterness, and not knowing where to turn for comfort, she was suddenly overwhelmed with the news that her beloved husband was a captive to the infidels! This seems to have unsettled her mind even to frenzy. At times, she fancied that her chamber was filled with Saracens about to murder her, and then she would scream and call for help in the most piteous manner. She caused a good old knight, more than eighty years of age, and certainly more fit to act as a nurse than to beard the Saracens in her defence, to keep constantly at her bedside for her protection. He held her by the hand, and every time she screamed with terror, bade her be of good cheer, and not to be alarmed; saying, "Dear madam, I am here to protect you." The unhappy lady would then fall again into a troubled sleep; and again starting up would exclaim, "They are here, they are here, the Saracens are here to murder me!" The good old knight vainly endeavoured to calm her, assuring her that she had nothing to fear, for he would never cease to guard her.

A short time before she was confined, she ordered all her ladies and attendants to leave the chamber except this ancient knight, and as soon as they were gone, she got out of bed, and throwing herself on her knees before him, according to the custom of distressed ladies to knights-errant in those chivalrous ages, requested him to grant the petition she was about to prefer. A true son of chivalry, who at the time he was dubbed a knight vowed to grant all boons for the relief of the unfortunate and the distressed, could not do other than promise compliance; and this ancient gentleman did so, with an oath to confirm it. "Sir knight then," said the Queen, "I request you, on the oath you have sworn, that should the Saracens storm this town and take it, you will cut off my head before they can seize my person." The knight courteously raised her from the ground, and assured her that he would comply with her request with the greatest pleasure, and indeed he had thought of it himself before she mentioned it, in case the event she feared should occur.

A few days after this singular conversation the poor Queen was safely delivered of a son, who was named *Tristan*, because he was born in a time of so much sorrow. To add to her sufferings, the very day of the child's birth she was informed that the Pisans and the Genoese, who were the defenders of the garrison, and all the commonalty in Damietta were about to embark in the vessels now remaining in the harbour, and to leave the King to his fate.

Shocked and alarmed, though unable to rise from her bed she sent for the leaders of these recreants, and implored them in the name of God, not to be so rash as to think of quitting the town at such a crisis, for if they did, the King and all that remained of his army would have no place of retreat, they must be lost. "But," she added, as she looked on the infant sleeping by her side, "if such is your determination, be moved by my tears; have pity on the poor child that you behold lying beside the wretched person now in pain, and wait until she be recovered before you put it into execution." Those she addressed replied, that they could no longer remain in a town where they were perishing with hunger. The Queen said that should never be, for she would buy up all the food in the place, and hold it in the name of the King for their support.

This she did at an immense cost, to feed these malcontents; but before she could recover from her illness and distress, finding that by treaty Damietta was to be forthwith surrendered to the Saracens, she was obliged to leave her bed, and with her attendants, sisters, and the newborn babe, hastily to embark for Acre. Once more she committed herself to the care of the ancient knight, who so far had been enabled to permit her head to remain on her shoulders, and now hoped there would be no occasion to fulfil his oath, and take it off.

It does not appear that any intelligence of the disasters attending the King and his army had been conveyed to France in the regular way of communication: they first

came to the knowledge of the Queen Regent and her nobles by some persons returning from the Eastern provinces. The Lady Blanch was so enraged at the luckless messengers for bringing such evil tidings, that refusing to believe them she ordered them to be hanged! And "these men," says the compassionate Matthew Paris, "we believe to have been manifest martyrs."

But when at last information came from the Crusaders themselves, confirming the truth, and giving the particulars, the whole of the French nation seemed to have been attacked by sudden frenzy. The churchmen and the knights, we are told, pined away and refused consolation; fathers and mothers were raving for their children, orphans for parents, others for friends and kindred. "The beauty of woman was changed, garlands of flowers were thrown away, songs were hushed, instruments of music prohibited, and every kind of enjoyment changed into lamentation and woe; and what was far worse, they accused the Lord God of injustice, and raving in bitterness of heart and the violence of their grief, broke forth into words of blasphemy which appeared to savour of apostasy and heresy; the faith of many began to waver<sup>1</sup>." It was also reported that the noble city of Venice, and many others inhabited by people who were half Christians, would altogether have fallen into apostasy, had they not been strengthened by holy men and bishops, who confidently asserted that "all

<sup>1</sup> Matt. Paris, vol. ii. p. 386.

slain in the Crusade were reigning as martyrs in heaven ;" and thus with difficulty the anger of some was appeased.

We must here digress a little, to say that we hope Matthew Paris was misinformed respecting the Lady Blanch having caused the persons returning from the East to be hanged, an act so opposite to what appears, in many instances (take the following), to have been her naturally humane and reasonable disposition.

During her Regency some persons in humble life, who were tenants of the Chapter at Paris, inhabiting a village called Chalteney, could not pay their rents when due. Their heartless landlords at once without mercy seized upon all the men of the village, and put them into the prison of the monastery; and a vile dungeon it was, for there, from the effects of foul air and want of food, many died. This barbarous act came to the knowledge of the Lady Blanch, who as Regent commanded these wretched pretenders to religion to set their prisoners free, and offered to be answerable for their debts. But the monks insolently refused; they had a right, they said, to deal with their own vassals, and could hang them if they chose so to do; and to show their contempt for the orders of the Queen, they forthwith seized the wives and children of the unfortunate debtors, and sent them to keep company with their husbands and fathers in the same foul and filthy dungeon, where many of these also died. Again did the Lady Blanch remonstrate; and now these monks threatened her with excommunication for her interference.



This threat the Queen noticed in a way worthy of herself, and of the station she held as guardian of the subjects of the realm. She directed a body of stout men-at-arms to follow her, went direct to the prison, struck the first blow with her own staff, and then ordered the door to be broken open. The order was as promptly obeyed; when forth came a crowd of wretched men, women, and children, who threw themselves on their knees before their deliverer, invoking blessings on her head, and praying her not to leave them to the power of the monks, or their lives would be of no worth to them.

Whilst the frenzy we have described prevailed in France, the King was making the best treaty he could for himself and his discomfited army in Egypt. Negotiations were renewed, and the following terms at length accepted by both parties. Damietta was to be restored to the Sultan, who was to spare all the property of the vanquished, and to care for the sick and wounded Christians till they could be removed with safety. The ransom for the King (the prisoners of all degrees inclusive) was fixed at nearly a million of gold byzants, or in French money at 400,000 livres. As soon as the fortresses of Damietta were occupied by the Mamalukes, the King of France was to embark in the ships that he had in the harbour, and to sail for Ptolemais (Acre). But his brother, the Count de Poitiers, was to remain as hostage till the first payment of 200,000 livres was made. The second moiety was to be forwarded as soon as it could possibly be collected,

and then the rest of the French prisoners were to be set at liberty, and a truce for ten years to commence, which was to extend over Egypt and Syria.

Whilst the Sultan of Egypt was thus negotiating with France, he was warned that enemies more dangerous to him than the Christians were lurking near, even in his very palace. "They are the Emirs," said the few who were still faithful to him, "the Emirs who wish to step into your place, and who boast of their victories, as if the God of Mahomet had not sent pestilence and famine to aid you in triumphing over the defenders of Christianity. Hasten then, terminate the war, that you may strengthen your power within your own realm." These speeches more flattered the pride than warned the prudence of Almoadan. He manifested no haste to draw matters to a conclusion; and as if still further to swell his pride and lull him into security, the Governor of Damascus and all the principalities of Syria sent ambassadors to congratulate him on the issue of the war under his auspices.

Almoadan, young, vain, and careless, drank in these intoxicating draughts, fancied himself destined to be the guardian of the East, and gave up his mind to triumphs, banquets, and other pleasures. All looked fair around him, and he forgot that under the fairest flower of the East there often lurks the deadly serpent. The Emirs were dangerous; but a far deeper danger lay in the breast of a woman of no common mould—Chegger Eddour. Had he forgot the widow of his father, who touched with

a woman's affection, but supported by a man's resolution, had preserved for him the throne of Egypt in the midst of dangers and difficulties which no ordinary spirit could have encountered? Yes, he had forgot her. When once mounted to "the topmost round" of the ladder of his ambition, which she had rendered steadfast for him, he treated her with that neglect which to an Eastern temperament, and to a woman animated by the vivacity of genius, was as galling as open scorn. Nothing was more calculated to awaken in such a character the spirit of resentment. Chegger Eddour had much natural eloquence; and she now employed it to stir up the Emirs of a former reign, who felt themselves slighted for the sake of the favourites who came with Almoadan from Mesopotamia, and falsehood was had recourse to in order to accelerate his ruin. It was asserted that at one of his nocturnal banquets he cut off the tops of the burning tapers, and exclaimed, "Thus shall fly the heads of the Mamaluke Emirs." At length a conspiracy was formed, and the conspirators, fearing that if their measures were delayed till the Sultan arrived at Damietta he would be safe from their machinations, determined to seize the first favourable moment before he left Pharescour, where he was then stationed, to execute them.

The Hauleca, as we have previously stated, had an account of vengeance to settle with Almoadan on their own score, and now undertook the task with right good will.

Wholly unsuspecting of these gathering storms that were ready to burst over the whole of Egypt, the French King, his brothers, and nobles, who had landed at Pharescour, were still patiently waiting the hour so earnestly expected to set them free. They were still treated with respect within the pavilion or tent assigned them.

Almoadan, in order to celebrate his triumph over the Christians, gave a magnificent banquet, to which he invited the Emirs and the officers of the Hauleca. They all feasted cheerfully with their unsuspecting chief; but as the Sultan rose from table to retire to his own apartment, one of the Haulca, whose duty it was to bear his master's sword, turned it against its owner, and aiming a blow unsteadily at his head, cut off the fingers of one of the hands. The Sultan, thus severely wounded, but unsuspecting of the treachery of the Emirs, called on them for assistance. They however no longer concealed their hatred towards him, and telling him it was better that he should die than themselves, Bondocdar struck the second blow, but it did not prove fatal.

The conspirators had acted with much caution; for knowing that the warlike spirit of Almoadan had made him a favourite with the army, they feared a rescue; so to conceal their deadly purpose they caused the trumpets and the nacaires to sound, and telling the Mamalukes that Damietta was taken, and the Sultan was gone thither, ordering that the troops should immediately follow him, sent them off armed and full gallop to obey his commands.

Almoadan, severely wounded, and in the distraction of the moment not knowing to whom to turn for assistance, fled to a lofty tower which communicated with his own chamber: but within this place of refuge were three Mahometan priests, who, though they had dined that day at his table, were bent on aiding his destruction. The wretched man contrived to secure the door of the tower, then flew to a window and implored the conspirators, who were assembled beneath, to save him. "What did they require? He would renounce the throne, he would return to Mesopotamia, only would they spare his life." The envoy of the Caliph of Bagdad, who was at that time in his tent at Pharescour, interceded in the hope to save him; but the conspirators bade him retire, or he should share the same fate.

The tumult was fearful, with loud cries they bade the Sultan descend from the tower; he paused, and again and again implored mercy; he was answered by a thousand darts, and by showers of the Greek fire, hurled against the tower from every direction. The tower, formed only of *timber* and *linen*, and described by Eastern writers as a summer bower of beauty, was soon in a dreadful state of conflagration. Almoadan, to escape the flames, was compelled to throw himself from the window. He was for a moment arrested in his fall by a nail that caught his robe; in the next he was precipitated to the ground, and the swords of his murderers held over him with fearful threats. He threw himself on his knees, he begged for life,

and more especially appealing to Octai, one of the officers of the Hauleca. Though his craven supplications were treated with contempt, yet there was a pause; but a crime so great as this would be more dangerous if left unfinished than if completed. The fierce Bondocdar therefore raised his sword, and struck another blow. The blood flowed in a torrent, still Almoadan lived; and seeing some vessels on the river, drawing nigh as if to rescue him, he rushed across his garden, and plunged into the Nile. He was followed and despatched by some of the Emirs and the Hauleca. One of the former, seeing that he was dead, dragged the body on shore, and tore out the heart.

This Emir, whose name Joinville says was *Faracatarie*, rushed into the tent where the good King was, his hands stained as the bloody witness of his deed, and asked him in a tone of exultation, What would he give to the man who had slain the enemy who would have destroyed him? Louis, filled with horror and amazement, remained dumb, and by a stern silence reproved the crime of the assassin<sup>2</sup>. Immediately after, the tent was filled with the rebel Emirs and soldiers, their swords reeking with the blood of the murdered, their looks fierce and threatening, and their

<sup>2</sup> Some writers have asserted that this Emir said to Louis, "Make me a knight, or thou art a dead man;" and that Louis replied, "Make thyself a Christian, and I will make thee a knight." Also that the Emirs offered to make Louis their Sultan, in the place of him just slain. But Michaud says, that as all Oriental history is silent on this subject, no historian can adopt it without compromising his veracity.

language showing they were disposed for any violence. But the calm countenance, the dignity and undisturbed demeanour of the King, produced on these men an effect the most marvellous. Thinking it needful to offer some apology for what they had done to a Sovereign whose presence so commanded their respect, they repeated the tale already told, that if they had not slain Almoadan, he would have killed Louis, themselves, and all the Christians. But now all was safe so far, they had no intention but to carry out faithfully the terms of the treaty concluded with the late tyrant of Egypt. To confirm what they said, they raised their hands to their turbans, bowed to the ground and retired, leaving the King surprised by their deportment, but still anxious about the final issue of these extraordinary events.

So ended the short and inglorious rule of Almoadan, who "neither knew how to reign nor how to die." Arabian authors give it as a remarkable circumstance, that he perished at once by the sword, fire, and water. The murdered Sultan leaving no successor to take his place, the Emirs were all anxious for the supreme power, yet there was no one to bestow it, and no one with sufficient command to restore order; all was confusion and dismay. Men rushed up and down, and seemed terrified and confounded by their own work. At last a council was hurriedly called to nominate a Sultan. But who at such a moment would accept so great a responsibility? The weak dared not, and the wise would not. But there was

one among them whose lofty spirit did not fear to wear a crown under any circumstances of danger or disorder, and that one was a woman. Chegger Eddour was named for the regal honour; it was offered to her; it was accepted: "the first woman and slave" (says the Arabian historian Makresi) "who had been invested with the rank and power of a *Sultan* of Egypt." To add to her distinctions she was given the additional title of *Omm Khaled*, or Queen Mother, as she had borne to Negmeddin, the late Sultan's father, a son who died in his infancy. Ezz Eddin, a favourite Emir, was chosen as *Atabec*, or minister, to act with her in the state, and soon after she married him. The elevation of Chegger Eddour astonished the Mussulmans; they said "that the name of a woman or of a slave had never till that time been seen engraved upon the coins or pronounced in the public prayers;" and the Caliph of Bagdad protested against it, and asked the Emirs if they could not find a man in all Egypt, but must take a woman to govern them.

Whilst the murder of the Sultan was going on, Joinville was on board a galley with the Counts de Montfort and Brittany, Sir Baldwin and Sir Guy d'Ibelin, and several other persons of station, expecting to pass down the Nile and to sail from Damietta, according to the terms of the treaty. But no sooner was the deed accomplished, than thirty Saracens, armed with swords and battle-axes, rushed on board, and with fierce looks and menaces seemed about to begin anew the work of slaughter. The Seneschal



says that he asked Sir Baldwin, who understood Saracenic, what those men were saying; and he replied, that they said they were come to take the heads of all on board. Shortly after, a large body of these Christians in the galley were engaged in confessing themselves to a monk of La Trinité, who had accompanied the Count of Flanders. "With regard to myself," adds the Seneschal, "I no longer thought of any sin or evil I had done, but only that I was about to receive my death; in consequence I fell on my knees at the feet of one of my companions, and making the sign of the Cross, said, 'Thus died St. Agnes.' Sir Guy d'Ibelin, Constable of Cyprus, knelt beside me, and confessed himself to me; and I gave him such absolution as God was pleased to grant me the power of bestowing; but of all the things he had said to me when I arose up I could not remember one of them."

They were not murdered however, but made prisoners, and crammed into the hold of their galley, and by no means in the most comfortable manner, for the whole night the Seneschal says that he had "his feet on the face of the Count of Brittany, whose feet in return were close beside his face." Their terror and sufferings were not relieved till the next morning, when they were informed, that they would be permitted to renew with the Emirs the treaty made with the late Sultan; and the same story was repeated to them, as had been told to the King. On being

taken out of the hold, however, they found themselves so ill, that not one of them could stand to go on shore, except the Counts of Flanders and of Soissons, and these two hastened to hold parley with the Emirs.





## CHAPTER XVIII.

The Emirs disagree—Whether Louis and the Christians are to be treated with or not—Terms of the treaty to be adopted—What oaths are to be taken—Louis refuses that prepared for him—He is threatened—The Patriarch of Jerusalem a prisoner—Threatened—Louis will not take the oath—Patriarch tortured—Released—From a false report Damietta will not open the gates—King prevails with the garrison—Outrages in Damietta—The sick Christians murdered—Emirs again discuss the fate of Louis—Ransom decided upon—The King free—Goes on board his galley—His strict honesty in payment of the ransom—Presents from the *Nazac's* children to the King—Borrows money from the Templars—His vessel ill-prepared to receive him—His displeasure with his brother Anjou—Tells Joinville the history of his imprisonment—Arrives at Acre.

**A**S was to be expected, the Emirs were divided among themselves; some wished for the fulfilment of the treaty, and others advised that no terms at all should be made with Christians now in their power. After a stormy debate, the terms of the treaty were adopted, with the addition that the King of France should give up Damietta before he was set at liberty; that the first 200,000 livres should be paid down before either himself, his brothers, or his nobles, or any one of his army left the banks of the Nile; and the second

portion of the ransom as soon as possible after his arrival at Acre. The mistrust which the first part of this arrangement implied was not a little alarming to the Christians.

To these terms both parties were to be sworn. And then arose a new difficulty : what form of oath would the infidels consider binding on themselves ; and what would they accept on the part of the French King ? The Emirs proffered the following : That if they failed to keep their covenants, they would acknowledge themselves dishonoured, like those who for their sins go on a pilgrimage to Mecca bare-headed ; or like those who having divorced their wives, take them back again ; or would even own themselves blasted and disgraced like a Mussulman who eats pork.

The King accepted these strange oaths, on being assured by a certain Master Nicolle of Acre, who was well acquainted with the sentiments and customs of Mahometans, that they could not swear more strongly. But although Louis was satisfied with the Emirs, it was not a little startling to him to find that under the instruction of a renegade Christian, they had drawn up for him an oath, the terms of which to his pure and reverential mind seemed absolute blasphemy ; dishonouring the name of God, of the Holy Virgin, her Son, and the Apostles ; and ending in the most offensive words, that "if (Louis) failed in the performance of his covenants, he would be held as a Christian who denied his God, his baptism, and his faith ; and in

despite of God, he would spit on the cross and trample it under his feet."

To an oath so shocking as this Louis would never subscribe. His refusal put the Emirs into a terrible commotion. In all haste they sent for Master Nicolle, to know what to do. They said that they had sworn the most solemn oaths they could lay upon their souls, even to the non-eating of pork ; and Louis would swear nothing that they wanted, to oblige them. Master Nicolle in very plain terms told the King that unless he swore as directed, the Saracens would have his head off, and the heads of all his people. But Louis was a man of tender conscience, and heads on or off he would not swear.

What was to be done? The Mussulmans became angry that a prisoner, though a royal one, should dare to resist their commands ; and so, after the Eastern fashion, they threatened torture, and even death, if Louis would not take the oath prepared for him. To this he deigned no other reply than that his person was in their power, but his will was his own. Possibly he might also have remembered that in the Crusade where Richard of England and the Sultan Saladin made a treaty, they deemed an oath unworthy the majesty of princes ; they grasped each other's hands, and their honour was pledged. But these Emirs, who had partaken of bread and salt at the table of the very Sultan, and on the very day that they murdered him, had in them nothing of the chivalrous spirit of the great Sâladin, and again and again did they threaten Louis. The Legate,

the Bishops, even his brothers, begged him to comply ; but though never deaf to entreaty in worldly matters, where Louis believed that the honour of God was concerned, he was inflexible. Neither anxiety for his army nor private affection could for a moment be put in competition with his faith.

At length, as they fancied, a lucky thought struck the Emirs : the King's obduracy must arise from the advice of the old Patriarch of Jerusalem, a worthy of more than eighty years of age, who had been talking to him. Now it so happened that just at this time the old Patriarch was a prisoner, on the following ground :—In Eastern countries it was then the practice, that in case a Sultan died whilst any ambassador or envoy from another prince chanced to be at his court, from the moment of his death that ambassador should be considered a prisoner, his commission void, and any agreement made with him cancelled. This unlucky Patriarch had come to Almoadan, under a safe conduct, a very short time before his murder, and was now therefore subject to the consequences of his death.

One of these sapient Emirs said that it was evident the old man had confirmed the King in his obstinate refusal to sign the oath ; but if the others would consent, he (this Solomon among Emirs) would take such measures as should either compel Louis to assent, or should cause the Patriarch's head to fly into the King's lap before he (the Patriarch) knew where he was.

To cutting off the head of the old man the Emirs would not give consent, but they saw no possible objection against

torturing him. He was seized, therefore, and, in the presence of the King, fastened to a post, with his hands bound so tightly behind his back that they became swollen as big as his head. From the suffering he endured he called out lustily to the King, "Swear, Sire, swear boldly; for I will take the whole sin of it on my own soul, since it is the only way to answer for your covenants, and to save me from this fearful torture." Strange to say, we are not told by Joinville in what manner Louis satisfied the Emirs; probably he took no oath at all.

At length the old Patriarch was set free, and a day was fixed, the feast of the Ascension, for the surrender of Damietta. Four galleys, therefore, at once conveyed the King, his brothers, and chief knights and nobles, safely down the Nile. They anchored before the bridge of the city, and a pavilion had been prepared on the shore to receive the King and his company immediately on their landing. So far all went smoothly; but the most unlooked-for disasters were soon to follow, and of them we have now to speak.

Damietta was to be surrendered on the morning after the arrival of the galleys; but a new difficulty arose. The inhabitants had received false intelligence, stating that the King of France had been poisoned, and all his army massacred, and that the Saracens wanted to get possession of Damietta, in order to murder every Christian within the walls. The garrison, greatly alarmed, had therefore come to the resolution to die as warriors defending the city, and not to be murdered in cold blood as conquered prisoners.

In consequence of this resolution, they refused to open the gates ; and this refusal excited the suspicions of the infidels. A rumour, naturally enough, spread rapidly among them that the King of France was false : he had ordered the garrison of Damietta to hold out ; and now it was that some of the Emirs repented having formed any treaty with the French, and threatened a fearful vengeance. After much difficulty, the envoys of Louis prevailed with the Christians to open their gates, the keys of which that brave old knight, Sir Geoffrey de Sergines, delivered to the Emirs in the name of Louis.

Immediately afterwards the pennon of the red cross was lowered, and that of the Sultan of Egypt floated above the walls of the city. The Saracen chiefs entered the town in triumph, but still in no friendly mood to those who had surrendered. They were exasperated by the false rumours of which we have spoken above. The Mahometans got hold of the French and Cyprus wines that were in store at Damietta, drank them to excess, contrary to the law of their prophet, and committed the most fearful outrages. Disregarding the terms of the treaty, by which the machines of war, the armour, and the food were to be restored to the French, they piled them together and devoted them to the flames. Far worse than this, they next proceeded to murder all the sick and wounded of the Christians, whom they were more especially pledged to succour and to restore.

Matters being in this state of anarchy, the Emirs held another council, and discussed the question whether, in-



stead of giving liberty to Louis and his people, it would not be best to kill them also, and so finally to settle the whole affair. So much did these men seem bent on the destruction of the Christians, that the galleys containing some of the principal nobles, who had not yet landed, were ordered to raise their anchors, and the hearts of all on board died within them, when they found the vessels turned about, and reascending to the scene of their captivity. "This," says Joinville, "caused great grief to us all, and many tears fell from our eyes, for we now expected nothing but death."

Whilst those in the galleys were thus on their way to a yet unknown doom, the Emirs continued in council upon the fate of the King and his companions in arms. That they must die, as the safest and surest mode of dealing with them, seemed to be the prevalent opinion. They argued thus: "We are the masters of Damietta; a powerful King of France and the bravest of his knights are in our hands for death or freedom; we have it in our power to secure the peace of Egypt and the triumph of Islamism. Why should we hesitate? We have shed the blood of a Mussulman prince without scruple; why then should we respect that of a Christian prince, who has come into our land to destroy our cities and to reduce us to slavery?"

The assent to this reasoning was all but unanimous: one of the council, however, Scebreçya, a native of Mauritania, rose from his seat and strongly remonstrated. "If they should slay the King of France," he said, "in violation

of the laws of peace and war, and just after they had killed their own Sultan, the Egyptians would be held as the most disloyal and wicked race of men in the whole world." An Emir replied that they had certainly done wrong in slaying their Sultan, contrary to the law of Mahomet, who commands men to guard the Sultan as the apple of their eye; but turning to another passage in the Koran which he held in his hand, he continued, "Now listen to another instruction. It is the commandment of Mahomet that the death of an enemy shall be permitted for the security of the faith; and if we suffer this King to depart, and do not put him to death, he remains the greatest enemy to our law and our religion."

The debate continued with much violence, when the Emir of Mauritania, seeing that the arguments of reason, of honour, and of mercy had no power to divert them from their bloody purpose, threw in the weight that turned the scale, the argument of gold. "*Dead men pay no ransom,*" said he more than once. There was no gainsaying a truth like this. To massacre the King and the Crusaders would be to lose with their lives 400,000 livres, or, in Turkish money, 800,000 gold byzants. There was now but one opinion: the law of nations and of war must be respected, the terms of the treaty must be carried out, and for once gold, which so often tempts to the shedding of blood, prevented it—the King and his Crusaders were safe. The galleys with the barons and knights on board were turned back again, and brought to Damietta; but the captives were not suffered to

be set free on fasting stomachs, for it would be considered a shame so to discharge them. They were treated, therefore, with loaves of cheese baked in the sun, with hard eggs boiled a week before, and, to do them honour, the shells were painted of various colours.

After this feast the Seneschal and his brother captives were put on shore: they hastened immediately to join the King, from whom their separation had been long and painful. They saw him conducted from the pavilion where he had been detained to the galley that waited for him at the entrance of the Nile. That galley floated near the very spot where, not long before, Louis rushed on shore breasting the waves with the enthusiasm of a great enterprise; but from that shore was he now to depart a liberated captive after a signal defeat. He was escorted to the vessel by a body of Mamaluke warriors, and surrounded by thousands of Saracens eager to satisfy their curiosity by a sight of the great King of France, who had invaded their shores in order to destroy both them and their religion.

No sooner was Louis in the galley than eighty men armed with cross-bows sprang on the deck from below, fully prepared for the defence of their Sovereign, and the Saracens no sooner saw them than "they ran away like sheep." With the King were his brother the Count of Anjou, Joinville, the ever brave and faithful Sir Geoffrey de Sergines, Sir Philip de Nemours, and others. The Count de Poitiers remained with the Emirs as hostage, until the King should send the 200,000 livres, which he

had engaged to pay before he left the Nile. This embarkation occurred on the day after the Ascension, A.D. 1250.

The next morning the Earl of Flanders and the Count de Soissons coming to bid farewell to the King, he entreated them to stay until his brother should have regained his liberty. But they had no desire for any more crusading; their galleys were ready, and off they sailed for France, taking with them the famous fighting count, Peter of Brittany, who had been so wounded in the late battles that he died on the voyage home.

Louis, far more anxious about his brother's safety than his own, delayed not a moment to commence the gathering of the ransom. It was to be paid by weight, each weighing to consist of 10,000 livres. Towards evening the King was informed that 30,000 livres were wanting to complete the tale of the 200,000; he was greatly distressed how to raise it. The Commander and the Master of the Templars, as well as the Seneschal, were present, and saw his distress. Joinville, knowing how rich were the whole body of the military monks, suggested to the King that he would do well to borrow the 30,000 livres of the Templars.

On hearing this, both Commander and Master bridled up, and assured the King that he was most ill and unreasonably advised, and that he must by no means listen to the Seneschal. The one chimed in with the other, like the first and second parts in a duet, to deny the King's request and save their money. The Master, Father Stephen d'Outricourt, said that the loan was impossible, for the

Seneschal must know that the Templars were bound on oath to preserve every coin they possessed for religious purposes. Furthermore, they assured the King, that should the Seneschal persuade him to take their money by force, they would be certain to repay themselves from the royal property in Acre.

The indignation of the Seneschal was strongly called forth by this insolent threat, especially at a time when the King was so anxious about his brother: but he bethought him of a way to settle the difficulty, and merely paused to ask Louis's leave to do so. This granted, away went the Seneschal straight to the galley of the Templars; and seeing a very tempting-looking coffer on board, he boldly demanded the keys in the name of the King. "The keys! not to be thought of; never was such a demand made. The keys of the coffer of the Templars!" "Very well; then I break it open in the name of the King," was the reply of the determined Seneschal; and he seized an "*iron wedge*" that would soon have done the business. Seeing this, the Master with great reluctance yielded up the keys. Joinville helped himself to the sum wanted without further ceremony, and returned to Louis, who was greatly rejoiced to see him come back so successful. Before the ransom was paid in full, some persons advised him not to complete the sum till his brother was set free; but Louis, always nice and strict to the letter in his dealing with heathen as well as Christian, replied that he had promised to pay the whole of the 200,000 before he quitted the Nile, and it should be done.

Soon after this, Sir Philip de Montfort, who was one of the Commissioners appointed to pay the money, suddenly appeared, and told Louis that the Saracens had miscounted one scales-weight to the value of 10,000 livres. Louis was greatly enraged at this, and commanded Sir Philip, on the faith he owed him as his liegeman, to make good the money instantly, adding that he would never depart from those shores until the utmost penny had been paid. Many felt anxious for the safety of the King, seeing that he was still within the power of the enemy, and begged him to remove at once to the vessel now waiting for him at sea. It was, however, some time before they could prevail with him to do so. At length, the correct weighing of the money being completed, he complied with the wishes of his friends, saying that now he believed he had fulfilled his engagement.

Whilst he was waiting to embark, he received a last pleasing mark of attention. A handsome, well-dressed Saracen presented to him with great respect some lard in pots, and a variety of sweet-smelling flowers, saying that he came with these presents from the children of the Nazac of the Sultan who had been murdered. But the charm of this tribute was broken, when Louis, on asking the handsome messenger how it was he spoke French so well, found that he was a renegade French Christian. Shocked at this, the King turned away, and spoke to him no more.

Though Louis, his queen, his children, his brothers, and

all the surviving nobles, knights, and wreck of his army might now be considered free, yet neither his trials nor his troubles were yet at an end. His temper, except in matters of moment, was much too easy to keep in due respect and observance the careless and often worthless attendants of his person. Ill though he was from the effects of the pestilence and the heart-rending disappointment of the Crusade, no preparations had been made for his comfort on board his ship; even his bedding had been neglected; and he was so badly off for clothes that he had but two robes, which the late Sultan had caused to be made for him: they were of a black silken stuff, lined with squirrels' skins, with a number of gold buttons. Whilst on the voyage to Acre, the King seems to have solaced himself in the society of his faithful friend the Seneschal. To him he recounted the particulars of his late imprisonment and suffering, and still bitterly bewailed the death of his brother. He also expressed his concern that, although his youngest brother, the Count d'Anjou, was in the same vessel, he had never given him the solace of his company for a single day. On being told that the Count was then playing at tables with Sir Walter de Nemours, the King, though hardly able to stand, hastily rose up, sought the players, threw both tables and dice into the sea, and sent the money which had been won by Sir Walter after them. He then severely reproved the Count d'Anjou, because forgetful of the death of his brother D'Artois, and all the perils he had himself

escaped by the mercy of Providence, he could, at such a time, amuse himself with gambling.

In about six days after quitting Damietta, the King and all with him arrived safely at Acre, where he was received with processions and great demonstrations of joy by the inhabitants of all ranks and degrees. The Saracens had also their rejoicings for being freed from their Frank invaders. Their Sultana, Chegger Eddour, caused public thanksgivings and splendid spectacles to be celebrated for the recovery of Damietta, presented robes of honour decorated with gold and silver to the leaders of the army, and rewarded the Mamaluke soldiers with great liberality.







## CHAPTER XIX.

Joy of Acre for coming of the King—State of that city—The Seneschal's troubles—His new varlet—The child Bartholomew—Dines with the King—Rather short commons—Joinville wants money and clothes—Louis relieves him—The Seneschal trusts the Templars with his money—The result—Pestilence breaks out again—Louis urged to go back to France—Troubled by his sense of duty—Anxiety to save 12,000 Christian prisoners—Disorganized state of Egypt—Chegger Eddour's reign at an end—Louis summons a council—Advised to return to France—Joinville fears having offended the King—Their confidential agreement—Louis decides to remain in the East—His brothers leave for France—Their interview with the Pope—Emperor dies—The Pope's hatred to his son Conrad—Spirited conduct of the Queen Regent—The impostor shepherd's Crusade—Sultans of Syria and Egypt at enmity—Both solicit aid from Louis—His interview with the Sultan of Egypt—Negotiations disappointing.



REAT as the joy was at Acre for the arrival of the King, it was a very barren joy both to him and to the remnant of his army that came with him ; for Acre itself was in no enviable condition. It was devoid of comfort, almost destitute of necessaries, and even its defences were so insufficient that any sudden or well-combined attack must be destruction. Joinville gives a lively picture of these distresses, more especially as they

affected his royal master and himself. When the Seneschal landed, and attempted to mount a palfrey, he fainted from the effects of the pestilence by which he had suffered so severely. He was led to a house where the King was lodged, and there did he feel how much the miseries of his own (the Seneschal's) men had rendered them indifferent to their lord and chief.

Ill as he was, he sat down by a window unheeded. Of all those he had brought with him from France, and had hitherto supported, he had no one to speak to him a word of comfort, except Bartholomew Montfaucon, the boy whose life the poor Saracen had saved by placing him under Christian care. Soon after, however, a young Frenchman, "gaily dressed in scarlet striped with yellow," made himself known to the Seneschal, as a dependant of his family, and begged to be taken into his service. He was gladly accepted as a varlet, and the first service that Guillemin rendered his new master was one much needed after a Turkish prison; for he combed his hair, and got a bath for him, then dressed him in a clean coif (hood), and so made him fit to take his seat at the King's table. The Seneschal took Guillemin and Bartholomew with him, and it gives but a poor idea of the royal board, when he tells us that his new varlet, who carved for him, did find means to get something left that was sufficient for himself and the boy.

Joinville was as badly off for clothing as for a dinner: he had nothing left but one poor jacket, and having no

money to put in the pockets of it, nor yet credit to supply the place of money, it was not till a charitable knight, Sir Peter de Bourbrainne, seeing his miserable state, became security for him to a merchant in Acre, that he could obtain cloth to make him a necessary habit. His sufferings, he protests, were greater from his necessities than his disorder. He bore them silently and patiently for a time, and then bethought him of a true friend who never forsook him, the good King. Louis welcomed him, but blamed him for having been some days absent (they did not now lodge under the same roof), and seeing how poor was his condition, kindly charged him, as he valued his master's love, not to fail, morning and evening, to come and take his meals at the royal table. Encouraged by so much kindness, the Seneschal ventured to state his grievance against the Lord de Courcenay, who owed him 400 livres for his pay, and refused to let him have them. The King ordered instant payment to be made, to the great joy of the suppliant<sup>1</sup>.

Now that the Seneschal had got his money, the friendly Sir Peter advised him not to keep more than forty livres about him for common use. Acting on this advice, but showing himself rather simple in doing so, he went at once with his treasures to the Commander of the Templars in Acre, and prayed him to become his banker—very much as if a mouse should request a rat to take care of his cheese.

<sup>1</sup> Peter de Courcenay was one of Louis's paymasters for those engaged in the Crusade.

The request was immediately granted ; but to the dismay of the confiding Seneschal, not very long after, when he applied for a part of his money, he found that common fame did the Templars no great wrong, when it pronounced them to be no better than they should be in money matters ; for the Commander's memory had suddenly become so short, that he declared he neither knew Joinville nor any thing about his money.

In the hope to obtain redress, away went the luckless Seneschal to Father Regnaut de Vichiers, Master of the Templars at Acre, stated his complaint at large, and even used the name of the King as advocate to his cause. But he got nothing by this but a most angry reply from a man in a violent passion, who said, "My Lord de Joinville, I had once a very great affection for you ; but if you make demands such as this, and use such language, it must cease, for by what you assert you would make it appear that the brotherhood of the Templars are no better than thieves."

Poor Joinville, thus cheated and disappointed, threatened to make public the whole transaction ; yet he seemed rather afraid of these bullies in chain-mail, for he says, "I can assure you I was during four days in the utmost distress about my money, and knew not to what saint to make my vows to recover it : for those four days I did nothing but run about seeking means to regain it." The Seneschal might have made vows to all the saints in the calendar before he would have recovered his loss, but that some little fear

of public scorn prevailed; so that on the fifth day the Master of the Templars told him, with a smile (a Templar's must have been a grim one of graciousness), that he had just found his money, and gave it to him. Great was the Seneschal's need of it; and he adds, with his customary naïveté, "I took good care in future not to trouble these military monks with the keeping of my cash."

His rejoicing was of short duration, for a fresh trouble was at hand. The pestilence broke out anew, and still further thinned the already diminished Christian host. Joinville was again seized, and all about him, with the dreadful sickness. So ill was he that no one came near to offer him even a cup of water to allay his thirst; and to add to his distress, he saw daily twenty corpses pass before his window for burial, and shed "floods of tears as he heard the chant of *Libera me, Domine.*"

The state of his followers was a grievous affliction to the good King, whose mind became perplexed by contending feelings and duties. He had now been two years absent from his kingdom. Devotion to God in what he believed to be a most holy cause had hitherto entirely absorbed him; but demands came upon him from a distance which could no longer be put aside. The Queen Regent was impatient for his return; but he could not forget that *twelve thousand* Christian prisoners still remained in Egypt, still looked to him for deliverance on the payment of the remainder of the ransom. By the most trustworthy envoys he sent 400,000 francs to the Saracens as the balance

of his debt, and urged on them the fulfilment of their part in the treaty. But his ambassadors found nothing but trouble and confusion in that divided land; Emirs contending with Emirs, and all for power; no one superior, no one subordinate; for Chegger Eddour's short reign was at an end; she had been forced to yield her authority to her husband, Ezz Eddin, who in the revolutionary state of Egypt was almost as powerless as herself. The envoys found that a vast number of the prisoners had been massacred, and many had abjured their faith; so that not more than four hundred of the imprisoned Christians returned with them to Acre, and those for the most part had ransomed themselves. The Saracens sent insolent messages to Louis, threatening to invade him where he was, and to spare no one in Acre.

A further mission at this time seemed hopeless. On a certain Sunday, therefore, Louis summoned his brothers, nobles, and knights to a solemn council. He commenced by saying that he had received letters from his lady mother imploring him to hasten home as necessary for the welfare of the State, which was, on many accounts, in great danger, more especially as there existed neither truce nor peace with the King of England. On the other hand, the people of Acre were greatly alarmed, being persuaded that should the King of France depart, themselves, the city, and the country around would be destroyed. He concluded by begging all present to consider the subject well, and on the next Sunday to give him their opinions and advice.

At the time named they did so, and Sir Guy de Malvoisin acted as their mouthpiece. The result of the deliberation was sound and sensible, and had the good King been less misguided by his erroneous notions of duty, he would have adopted it. Sir Guy told Louis that in his present position, and that of his discomfited army, he could not with honour to himself or profit to his kingdom remain longer in the East. He bade him remember that of all the two thousand eight hundred knights whom he had led from the harbour of Cyprus, not more than *one hundred* now remained, and of those the greater part were sick and suffering; that he possessed not one city in the East which he could call his own; that he had neither army nor means of raising one to continue the Crusade; and that the Saracens knew of his distress, and no longer feared him. Under such circumstances, the best and only prudent course he could adopt was to return to France; by a longer absence from his realm he would but give courage and occasion to his enemies, and dishearten his friends. They all, therefore, advised him to return without delay, and to promote the welfare of his people by the arts of peace. Then at some future time, if he so willed it, he might find means to recruit his men-at-arms, and return to the East to take vengeance on the enemies of God and His Church.

The King was not satisfied with this advice, though the only two who dissented from it were the Count de Japhe, who had many castles and possessions near Acre,

and Joinville. He determined that eight days more should be taken for consideration, before he made a final decision. Joinville tells us that he was "the fourteenth in rank," and that when it came to his turn to speak, he said "it was reported that the King had not yet expended any money of the royal treasury, but had employed what was in the hands of the clerks of the finance; that the King might send to the Morea to seek reinforcements of men-at-arms, who when they learnt the high pay he would be willing to give would be glad to join him from all parts, and so by this means he might be enabled to deliver the multitude of poor prisoners who had been captured in the service of God, which would never be the case unless it were done as he now proposed."

The conclusion of this speech moved many to shed bitter tears, for there was not one present but had some dear relative in the prisons of the infidel. This feeling, however, was not of long continuance, for the weariness of crusading and the desire to return home prevailed over all other considerations.

At dinner that day, Louis, who, when his brothers were absent, usually made the Seneschal sit down by his side, and was most sociable with him at that meal, now sat silent and thoughtful, and did not so much as turn his face towards his friend. Joinville was greatly distressed, as he feared the King was angry with him for having mentioned the false report about the money, when the King had expended



such large sums from his own purse on the Crusade. The grace being sung and the tables removed, the Seneschal "retired to a window, near the head of the King's bed ; and passing his hand through the grating," said to himself that if the King should now go back to France, he would go to the Prince of Antioch, who was his relative.

Whilst engaged with these thoughts, some one leant on his shoulders, and held his head familiarly between his hands. Joinville supposed it was Sir Philip de Nemours, who had been reproaching him severely for the advice he had given to the King, and he turned to beg Sir Philip to spare him further vexation. As he turned, he caught sight of an emerald ring upon the finger of one of the hands which still loosely held his head, and by this token he knew it was the King himself who leant upon him. "And now, Lord de Joinville," said Louis, "tell me how you, who are so young a man, could have the courage to advise me to remain in these countries, contrary to the opinion of all my great nobles."

Joinville replied, "that if he had advised well, the King ought to follow his counsel."

"And will you remain with me, if I stay?" inquired Louis. "Yes, certainly, were it at my own cost," was the answer. The King then told him that he was glad of his resolution, but bade him be silent upon it to the others. This so pleased the faithful follower that, he says, he no longer felt his illness.

The day for final decision came, and all the knights and

nobles were once more assembled. The King began by signing himself with the Cross, saying that he did so by his mother's instruction, and to invoke the aid of the Holy Spirit. He then thanked all present for the frankness with which they had given their advice. But he said he had well considered the subject, and under such a Regent as his mother, supported as she was by her men-at-arms, he had no fears for France. If he departed from the East, the kingdom of Jerusalem must be lost, since no man would remain after he was gone; and then he proceeded to promise welcome and reward to all who would remain with him; but to such nobles and knights as desired to depart, he gave full leave to do so, and wished them God speed.

Not a few (less infatuated with crusading than the good King) were very glad to avail themselves of this permission. Among these were the King's brothers, the Counts de Poitiers and d'Anjou, and they made no long tarrying in setting sail for the West.

Soon after their departure, the King became desirous to learn how far those who remained with him had succeeded in their efforts to recruit his men-at-arms. For this purpose he called to him Sir Peter the Chamberlain, who replied, in the name of the council, that hitherto they had not been able to do much; for the pay demanded was so high that they were afraid to promise it. The King insisted on knowing who they were that made such high demands: they replied, the Lord de Joinville. The

King knew well that it was said from a feeling of anger, as his friend's advice to remain had gone far to prevent the return home.

Louis sent for the Seneschal, who threw himself on his knees before his royal master ; but he made him rise and seated him by his side. " Now, Seneschal, you know full well the entire confidence I have in you, and how much you are beloved by me. How is it, then, that you are so hard to deal with in my service, that my council say they cannot satisfy you? How is this?"

" Sire, I know not what they may have reported to you ; but in regard to myself, if I demand a good salary I cannot help it ; for when I was made prisoner on the Nile, I lost every thing I had, except what was on my body, and I cannot maintain my people on a little." The King then asked how much the Seneschal would require to support him and his company till Easter, which was nearly half a year to come. He replied, " Two thousand livres." " Now tell me," said Louis, " have you no knights here with you ?" " Yes, Sire, I caused Sir Peter de Pontmolain to remain ; he is the third under my banner, and he costs me four hundred livres."

The King then reckoned on his fingers and observed, " Your knights and men-at-arms, then, cost you one thousand two hundred livres." Joinville replied, " Consider, Sire, if I must not require full eight hundred livres to equip myself with horses and armour, and to provide a table for my knights till Easter." The King then told his council

that he did not think the Seneschal's demands at all extravagant, and retained him in his service.

When Louis decided to remain at Acre, he was not without hopes that by rousing the powers of Europe he might still satisfy the most ardent desire of his heart, to lead a Crusade of sufficient strength to wrest Jerusalem at last from the hands of infidels. It was in the hope to forward this great object that he had gladly let his brothers depart with the Duke of Burgundy for the West. As he had directed them immediately upon their return to seek the Pope, Innocent IV., and exhort him to send speedy succours to the French King, who was in so much perplexity for the honour of Christendom, they did so, and begged him also to take off the ban of excommunication from the Emperor Frederick, as of all princes he was most able to aid Louis effectually. The Pope, however, was in no very obliging mood, so they proceeded to threaten him, saying that unless he complied with their requests, all France, headed by themselves, would rise against him. Rather bold language, certainly, for princes of the thirteenth century to use towards the infallible head of the Church. But soon all hopes of assistance from the Emperor were put to an end by his death, which was somewhat sudden at the last.

The papal enmity, however, did not die with him; for Innocent carried on the war of hatred against the son Conrad as fiercely as he had before done against the father. The high family from which he was descended,

and his own personal merits, had gained for Conrad the favour of many eminent princes. Innocent, however, in his inveteracy, endeavoured to call up rival potentates not only to dispute the imperial crown with him, but the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, to which he had also succeeded. The rest concerning him, and in what manner this hatred of the Pope affected the affairs of Louis, must be told in the words of that bold and independent monk and chronicler, Matthew Paris. He says, speaking of the friends Conrad had gained, "The Pope was not pleased with this, and caused a solemn proclamation to be made in the provinces of Brabant and Flanders, that the faithful followers of Christ should besiege the castles of Conrad, awarding to them a remarkable remuneration, namely, a remission of all their sins, which was more than was granted for making the pilgrimage to the Holy Land. For if any one should assume the sign of the Cross against Conrad, both he that did so, and his father and his mother should obtain pardon for their sins.

"At this time also the King of the French, who had undergone much trouble, and suffered from a want of all necessaries in Syria, sent a melancholy and piteous letter to his mother, his brothers, and his faithful subjects, earnestly beseeching them to send speedy and effective supplies of troops, provisions, and money to him who was suffering so many calamities for the Universal Church. On hearing this, Queen Blanch, who held the reins of government of the French kingdom in no womanly style, convoked all the

nobles of the kingdom to consult on the matter. Whilst discussing it, the nobles began to murmur in great anger, saying, 'Since the Pope has stirred up a new and internal war, and by making a fresh proclamation to men subject to God has sharpened the sword of Christians against Christians in the very territories of Christians, he consigns our King, who is suffering so many adversities for the Faith, to neglect and oblivion; for the aforesaid proclamation was already spread abroad throughout the French territories.'

"Blanch, therefore, being vexed because the murmurs arose not without reason, ordered the lands and possessions of all who had received the sign of the Cross (to go against Conrad) to be taken into her own possession, saying, 'Let those who fight for the Pope be supported from the Pope's possessions, and let them go and never more return.' The neighbouring nobles, moreover, acted in a similar way to all in their territories who had assumed the Cross in consequence of the Pope's proclamation; and thus it died away, and those who had taken the Cross (for the Pope) were recalled. The preachers and Minorites too, who had promoted this disturbance, were severely blamed for such proceeding by the nobles, who said, 'We build churches and houses for you; we educate, clothe, and feed you: what advantage does the Pope confer on you? He harasses and excites you; he makes custom-receivers of you, and renders you hateful to your benefactors.' To all which they answered, 'Obedience compels us.'"

Whilst Louis was vainly hoping for assistance from some of the European princes, a wild fanatical impostor, a Hungarian by birth, was busily engaged in France collecting an army for an Eastern Crusade. This man displayed a letter which he pretended he had received from the Virgin Mary, directing him to gather round him the shepherds and peasantry of France, and to march for the delivery of the Holy Sepulchre, for she had decided that it should not be recovered by the high-born, but by the humble and the poor. This impostor was well educated, understood several languages, and possessed a rude eloquence very taking with the multitude. So artfully did he begin his practices, that the Regent Queen Blanch and some of her nobles at first gave credit to his story, but his shameful conduct at length opened their eyes to his falsehood.

He carried before him a banner representing the Lamb of God, and in the provinces managed to gather round it a rabble of nearly one hundred thousand persons. Shepherds, labourers, thieves, outlaws, in short every one who wanted bread, yet cared not how it was won—those who abused the laws and those who feared them, all joined what was called the *Shepherd's troop*. In a little time this mob commenced their practice for war by doing incredible mischief wherever they came.

By order of the Bishop, the city of Orleans closed its gates against them, but they managed by violence to master the walls, and fearful was the work they carried

on within. The Bishop, the clergy, men, women, and children were murdered, plunder and every sort of outrage was committed, and the houses were burnt to the ground, before these wretches became tired of their inhuman toil ; and then soon after they marched on, causing death and misery wherever they came.

At length they began further depredations at Bourges, where the leader gave out that he intended to deliver a sermon on his mission in the market-place. He had a numerous audience, and among them a stout butcher, who carried an axe ; and no sooner did the preacher begin, than with one blow he struck him down, and, says the old chronicler, "sent him brainless to hell." His body was left unburied, and the shepherd rabble, seeing their leader dead, and finding they had been excommunicated for their exploits at Orleans, suddenly dispersed, and wherever they fled were "despatched by the people like mad dogs without mercy."

Had Louis been less bigoted, less governed by the superstitions of his age, he would, on hearing of these monstrous acts, have reflected how much better and wiser it would have been to have stayed at home to govern the kingdom over which Providence had appointed him the ruler, than to have gone so far away on a war of aggression, leaving his kingdom exposed to disorders through the want of that authority and power which he alone could exercise.

Louis was greatly disappointed : no effectual aid came to him from Europe. The Count de Poitiers, after threaten-



ing the Pope, did no more ; and himself and his brother Anjou were soon engaged in advancing their own fortunes at home, and cared little for what might befall Louis in the Holy Land. Such indeed was his scanty means of defence, that had but the Mussulman chiefs been agreed between themselves, one confederated attack would have sufficed to sweep the King, with his remnant of gallant knights and his sickly and diminished army, for ever from their coasts. But disunion always produces weakness and indecision : the arm of power becomes paralyzed, whilst that of its enemy is correspondingly strengthened.

The Sultan of Damascus was at deadly feud with the Emirs who had murdered Almoadan, and their new Sultan, Ezz Eddin of Cairo (the husband of Chegger Eddour), could place very little reliance on these Emirs ; in fact, they surrounded and controlled him. At one period the potentates both of Damascus and of Cairo solicited the alliance of Louis against each other in the coming strife. The Sultan of Cairo was at this time the more desirable ally, and Louis, knowing the extreme weakness of his army, was not at all reluctant to negotiate. On condition that all the districts on the side of Jerusalem not within the domain of the Sultan of Syria should be given up to the Christians, with all the prisoners not yet restored, and all the heads of the Christians that still decorated the walls of Cairo, the French King would co-operate with the Sultan of Cairo against his enemy of Syria ; for which purpose a junction was to be effected between the Christian

and Mamaluke troops at Jaffa. But this treaty of amity soon became known to the Sultan of Damascus, who took a most decisive step to thwart it, by stationing no less than 20,000 fighting men between Gaza and Daroum, so that the Mamalukes dared not advance towards Jaffa.

It was probably just at this time, when the terms of a negotiation were under consideration, that, according to Matthew Paris, an interview took place between Louis and the Sultan of Cairo, who (though we are not told his name) must have been Ezz Eddin. From this old chronicler we learn some curious particulars. He tells us that a trusty Emir, learned in the French language, being selected to act as interpreter, the Sultan began by addressing Louis with dignified courtesy: "How fare you, my Lord King?" To which Louis replied, with a dejected air, "I am both well and ill." The Sultan, not understanding an answer so ambiguous, looked earnestly at Louis, and observing the sad expression of his countenance, inquired "what might be the cause of his grief?" "Alas!" said the King, "I have not gained that which was the chief desire of my heart, and for which I left my sweet mother, who is now crying aloud for me—left my realm of France, and exposed myself to the perils of the sea and the dangers of the war."

The Sultan, touched by the gentle melancholy of Louis, said kindly, "And what is it, O King, that your soul so eagerly desires?" Louis replied in a manner the most earnest and impressive, "It is thy soul, most noble Sultan, that I desire to save: thy soul that I would

have saved from the devil, who now claims it as his own, to be thrust down into the gulf of fire. But with the aid of our Lord, who would have all souls to be saved, Satan shall never have to boast of such a soul as thine! The Most High, who is ignorant of nothing, knows well that if this whole world were mine, I would resign it freely for the salvation of a soul."

The Sultan was much moved, and said, "Was it for this, my good King, that you undertook such a pilgrimage? Myself and my people believed that it was to wrest from us our lands and our wealth, to conquer us, and to complete your triumph by the domination of our country."

Louis raised his hands and eyes to heaven, and with great solemnity replied, "I call the Almighty to witness that I would never wish to return to my beloved country, if, by remaining here, I could gain your soul and the souls of your people, that they might be glorified with God."

"It is even so," replied the Sultan, "that we also hope that by following the laws of the blessed Mahomet we may attain the greatest enjoyment in a future state of existence." To this, Louis, who was pleased with the serious manner in which the monarch of Egypt had discoursed on a subject so full of awe, answered "that he could not but wonder, when he found the Sultan possessed a mind of such sense and prudence, that he should place any faith in an impostor such as Mahomet, who, even in the Alcoran (and he, Louis, had examined it), taught

doctrines that were impure in thought and unholy in action."

On hearing this a copious flood of tears bedewed the "sprouting beard" of the Sultan; he made no reply to Louis's remarks, for sighs and deep groans cut short his speech; and after this interview he seemed less attached to his own superstition.





## CHAPTER XX.

Two hundred prisoners freed—Bones of Walter de Brienne—Joinville clothes forty ragged knights—The King takes them into his service—Negotiations with the Saracens—Heads of the Christians and children restored—Present of an elephant—Louis's charity—Seeks for captives—Longespée's bones—Embassies with Louis and Sultans of Syria and Egypt—Story of Father Yvres—The old woman with fire and water—Terms of the truce forgotten—Louis repairs cities of the East—Declines to visit Jerusalem—Ambassadors from the Old Man of the Mountain—Account of him—The Templars—Arrival of knights for the Crusade—Sir Elenairs de Seningen—Lion-hunting—The sport—Barbarous ceremonies—The King and Joinville—The Hospitallers offend Joinville's knights—How punished—Arrival of the Prince of Antioch—Knighted by Louis—The Seneschal goes on pilgrimage—Story of the relics—Louis enters on a new treaty with the Saracens.

**S**HORTLY after this interview with the Sultan, Sir John de Valence, of most honourable fame, was sent by Louis to the Saracen powers respecting the restoration of the prisoners; but only two hundred knights were at this time restored. They brought with them the bones of a celebrated Crusader of former times, the Count Walter de Brienne, that they might be buried in consecrated ground. These were received by a Madame de Secte, who had been cousin-german to the deceased. The interment took place

in the church of the Knights Hospitallers at Acre. The service was conducted with much ceremony: every knight who attended offered a wax taper and a silver penny; but the King offered with his taper a gold byzant of the coinage of Madame de Secte, out of compliment to that lady; a circumstance from which we may infer that the princes and owners of the towns and castles of the Holy Land coined their own money.

The two hundred knights seemed to have brought nothing whole with them but their skins, and lucky was it for them they could manage to do that. They were nearly naked, and almost starved; their wretched appearance excited the utmost commiseration in the multitude who flocked to witness their landing. About forty of their number being of the acquaintance of Joinville, he clothed them at his own cost in coats and surcoats of green, and then conducted them to the King, whom he begged to retain them in his service, lest they should again fall into distress. Some of those about Louis were greatly displeased with the Seneschal for preferring this request; but when he represented that he had lost no less than thirty-five knights banneret in this expedition, and began to weep bitterly, the good-natured King could not withstand his tears, and so took them all into his service<sup>1</sup>.

The next act of Louis was to give audience to some

<sup>1</sup> Both Joinville and Matthew Paris make their heroes weep like young ladies, as indeed does Homer.

ambassadors from the Sultan of Cairo respecting certain items of the treaty not yet performed, when the King insisted in strong terms on the restoration of the Christian heads which were still decorating the walls of Cairo. These, however, were not sent till he removed to Jaffa, when they came accompanied by what was of far greater importance, the Christian children of whom the Saracens had possessed themselves when very young, in order to make them abjure their faith. A present of an elephant came with these little ones; the heads the King himself saw buried in consecrated ground; the elephant was sent to France, and some time after presented to Henry III. of England, being the first ever seen in that country. What became of the children we are not told; but we may be certain they were affectionately and religiously cared for. Louis's charity did not end here; for finding that many of the Emirs and officials under the Sultan possessed a great number of Christian captives, he obtained safe conduct for messengers whom he sent to seek them out, wherever they might be held in thralldom; and by paying their ransom from his own purse, restored many to liberty. One of these messengers, whilst holding a conference with the Sultan, was surprised by his saying, "I wonder at you Christians who venerate the bones of the dead, that you make no inquiry for the bones of that illustrious warrior to whom you gave the name of Longsword. We hear much about them, whether idle tales or true, we know not; we are told that on a dark night those bones

appear lustrous upon his tomb, and that many benefits are conferred by heaven on those who there call upon God. Wherefore as he was slain in battle, and was of such noble birth, and of so valiant bearing, we have buried his bones with all honour." It was in consequence of this conversation with the Sultan, that when a number of the liberated captives were sent to Acre, the bones of William de Longespée were brought with them, and were interred with due solemnity in the Church of the Holy Cross.

About this period several embassies passed between Louis and the Sultans both of Damascus and of Cairo. On one occasion Louis sent a priest who could speak Arabic, Father Yvres, to the former potentate, no doubt with a forlorn hope of something being done in the way of conversion. But the most remarkable incident which the priest had to relate on his return was, that as the good father was going to speak to the ambassador whom he accompanied, he met an old woman in the street, who carried "a porringer full of fire in one hand, and in the other a vessel full of water." "Woman, woman," said the holy father, "what art thou going to do with fire and water?" She replied "that with the fire she wished to burn Paradise, and with the water to drown hell, so that there should be never more either the one or the other; that no good work should be done to gain Paradise, and no evil undone for fear of hell, but every good to be done for the love of God and the Redeemer<sup>2</sup>."

<sup>2</sup> There is another version of this story, for which the writer is



It seems difficult to understand how, after a treaty had been made to restore Damietta and pay a large ransom, the *Ten years' truce*, a part of the agreement, should have been so forgotten that Louis no sooner arrived at Acre, than, as far as he was able, he commenced gathering reinforcements for another Crusade. On his part it was a direct violation of the original treaty, unless (as it has been conjectured) the barbarous manner in which the sick Christians were murdered, and so much property destroyed by the Mamalukes, after the yielding of Damietta, rendered the truce, in the opinion of Louis and his council, null and void. We cannot suppose that a king so rigidly observant of his plighted word would have violated it without great provocation.

Be this as it may, Louis finding that he could not gather a sufficient army for another Crusade, turned his attention to acts of great utility for the service of those Christian nobles, the descendants of the earlier Crusaders, who still held possession of the towns and cities won by their forefathers in the Holy Land. He visited and repaired at a vast cost Cæsarea, Sidon, Jaffa, and other places, and strengthened the walls of Acre.

Believing that such works as these were labours of indebted to the kindness of the Dean of Westminster:—"St. Louis was at Acre, and in a trance or dream saw a vision of a beautiful woman clothed in white. She held in one hand a censer full of living fire, in the other a goblet full of sparkling water; and said to him, 'This water is to purify from sin; this fire is to dry up the rivers of Paradise, that man may seek his happiness in God alone.'"

charity, and therefore of advantage to the soul (for spiritual indulgences were promised by the Legate to all who toiled in them), the good King worked among the labourers with his own hands, and told the men as he did so that he had often carried a hod for the sake of a spiritual pardon. Deeply impressed also with a reverence for holy places and the supposed merit of visiting them, he journeyed far and near, often barefooted, to offer his devotions at Nazareth, Sidon, Mount Tabor, Cana of Galilee, &c. At what precise period this occurred we are not told; but it must have been whilst the embassies were passing between the King and the Sultan of Damascus, as that Prince, possibly having heard from Father Yvres how anxious Louis was to visit Jerusalem, offered him a safe conduct for the purpose. He communicated this offer to his clergy, and they at once forbade his accepting it, telling him that as a Christian warrior, who came to deliver Jerusalem with the sword from the hands of infidels, he must not visit it under favour of its infidel ruler. Louis, ever mistrustful of his own opinion when opposed by the clergy, acquiesced, though with the deepest regret.

Whilst the King was at Acre, ambassadors came to him from the chief of the Assassins, commonly called the Old Man of the Mountain, who reigned over some thirty villages on the southern side of Mount Lebanon. Louis received them with his accustomed courtesy, though their chief was by no means a person for whom he could have felt any sympathy, as he was a barbarian of a most

dastardly order. His practice was to seize as many as he pleased of the young children of his subjects, to confine them in a lofty tower, and there to educate them in the belief that Paradise could only be gained by blind obedience to his orders. When they were of full age they were never let out of their cage, unless when it might be his pleasure to call any one of them into his presence. To that lucky individual (for so was he deemed) the Man of the Mountain then gave a large sharp knife, with his blessing, and sent him forth to lie in wait for and assassinate any one he might order him to destroy. When this old gentleman went forth to take the air, he was preceded by an officer carrying his silver-handled battle-axe, whose duty it was to call aloud as the chief proceeded on his way, "Turn back! fly from before him who carries the deaths of kings in his hands!"

When the ambassadors of this barbarian were in the presence of Louis, they told him that they came to demand why it was that he had not sent presents to their lord, as the Emperor of Germany and others had done, and also to desire him to acquit the Prince of the Assassins of the tribute which he was compelled to pay annually to the Knights Templars and the Hospitallers: it seemed that these were the only knights he was afraid of. But the Masters of both those orders being present, they took up the matter with a high hand, and severely reproved the envoys for coming on such a mission. They bade them go back to their master, and order him to send

within fifteen days presents to the King of France, or he should receive such a chastisement as he had never expected.

The Old Man of the Mountain was terribly frightened, and lost no time in sending his offerings to Louis as commanded. Some of them were pretty toys ; such as an elephant made of crystal ; a chess-board, with pieces made of amber and pure gold ; besides some vases of great value. But as the crowning present of all, the old man sent Louis *his own shirt*, a token of perfect amity, as being the part of his dress nearest to his body, and with it his ring of gold, having his name engraved upon it ; to all which the ambassadors added many civil speeches. Louis, desirous to maintain peace, accepted the presents very graciously, and in return sent the old man some handsome cups of gold and silver.

Now and then a few spirited young knights and some needy adventurers came to offer service and to be enrolled under the banner of Louis, amongst whom was a gallant and handsome knight, Sir Elenairs de Seningen, from some far distant land in the West. He brought with him ten young companions in arms, and the King engaged them all. At the time of their arrival, however, no fighting was going on, for Emirs and Sultans were all quarrelling together, and had too much to do with their own disputes to think of turning their arms against the Christians. This state of inglorious idleness was not what Sir Elenairs de Seningen had come so far to enjoy. Tournaments and battles were

the element in which he lived and breathed ; and so, as he could not at present fight men, he and his young knights determined to fight the lions. They followed the sport on horseback, using darts, arrows, and cross-bows. On the noble animal being wounded, he would often rush upon the first horseman he could reach, who immediately spurred into a full gallop, dropping as he fled a piece of cloth, which the lion seized and tore to pieces, taking it for his enemy. Whilst thus engaged, other hunters fell upon him, and despatched the lord of the deserts with their swords. In this manner a vast number of lions were destroyed.

Another knight who offered service to Louis at this time was of the house of De Coucy from Constantinople. He said that the Emperor of that city had formed an alliance with the barbarian King of the *Commains* (we are not told who he was), and had caused both parties to be let blood, and to drink each other's blood, in order to confirm it. "It was thus," adds Joinville, "that we were forced to do with this knight and his companions, and our blood being mixed with our wine was drunk by each party as constituting brotherhood." Another barbarous ceremony was performed, that of driving a dog between them and cutting him to pieces with their swords, saying, "So may all be destroyed who fail in their covenants with each other."

Many minor incidents during Louis's stay in the East are curiously characteristic of the manners, the customs, and the spirit of the age. Before we go, therefore, with the good

King back to France, we will select a few of these as likely to be read with interest.

When Easter approached, Joinville went to visit the King at Cæsarea, and found him engaged with the Legate, who never left him. Louis supposed that he was come to renew his engagement, as the present one was nearly expired, and asked what he would demand for another year's service. The Seneschal replied that he was not come to bargain with the King, and would take no more of his money, but would offer other terms; they were these—that the King should promise never to indulge in what he was so prone to, namely, flying into a passion with him for what he might happen to say; and that he (Joinville) would, on his part, promise to preserve his good humour, whenever his royal master denied him what he wanted. Louis laughed heartily, but accepted the terms, and the Seneschal's services were renewed for another year. No proof can be stronger than this of the affectionate familiarity that subsisted between the King and his favourite friend.

The Christians, when not engaged in fighting the Saracens, as if to keep their hand in practice, were very apt to get up a fight among themselves, more especially the Templars and Hospitallers. One day some of the latter order, and some of Joinville's knights, went out together to hunt that beautiful little animal the antelope. A quarrel took place, followed by an affray, in which some of the Seneschal's knights were severely wounded. He, as bound to protect those under his banner, lost no time in laying his com-

plaint before the Commander of the Hospitallers, who promised the injured parties justice according to the *customs of the Holy Land*. One of these customs required that the guilty party should *eat upon their cloaks* in the presence of the injured, to whom the garments so employed were afterwards forfeited. The eating part of this punishment commenced, but when Joinville demanded that the offenders should rise to give up their cloaks, they refused, and compliance was at last forced from them in this manner: the Seneschal and his knights seated themselves to eat with the Hospitallers, but these would not suffer it, and rose up to finish their dinner with some of their own order; their cloaks were then snatched away by their opponents.

At another time a serjeant or officer of the King, named Goullu, pushed one of Joinville's knights in a rude manner. A complaint was made to the King, but he did not think much of a push, and tried to appease the person affronted; but it would not do; justice was insisted upon; so the offender was compelled to come to the Seneschal's apartment barefooted and in his shirt, with a sword hanging at his wrist, and there to beg the knight he had offended to be so good as to cut off his hand with it. Then the Seneschal begged mercy for him, and he was pardoned "according to the rites and customs of the Holy Land."

Soon after this, whilst the King was visiting Jaffa, a very grand retinue was seen approaching, which proved to be that of the Prince of Antioch and his mother. The King welcomed them, and though the Prince was but sixteen

years old, knighted him with all the ceremonials of chivalry. The young knight then begged Louis to intercede for him with his mother, complaining that though she kept him in ward, as she had a right to do, till he came of age four years hence, she appropriated all his revenue, and allowed him nothing. Antioch was so neglected, it was falling into ruins. What he desired was to have some allowance of men and money for the benefit of his people. The King, as usual, acted the part of peacemaker, and prevailed with the Prince's mother to grant his prayer; and so grateful was "the discreet young man," that he quartered his own arms, gules, with the arms of France.

Joinville, like his master, was of a devout turn of mind, and had an earnest wish to go on a pilgrimage to "Our Lady of Tortosa near Tripoli." There, it was said, stood the first altar ever erected to her honour, and great were the miracles reported to be performed at her shrine. The case of a demoniac, who had been taken there to be cured, was declared to be amongst the most marvellous: it made a deep impression on the Seneschal's mind. The evil spirit who possessed the unfortunate man was a great talker, and he gave the friends who brought the poor fellow to be cured a curious piece of information. "Our Lady is not here," exclaimed the demon; "she is gone to Egypt to assist the King of France and the Christians, who come on shore this day to make war on the Saracens in the Holy Land, and those infidels are mounted on horses to receive them!" These words of the fiend were taken down in writing, and



shown to the Legate, who was with the King. The holy man said that the devil was very correct in his dates, for certainly that was the very day on which the King had landed ; and the good Lady Mary had been of the utmost service to him on that occasion.

When Louis gave the Seneschal leave to go on his pilgrimage to Tortosa, he desired him to buy one hundred weight of coloured camlets, which he intended to give to the Cordeliers when he returned to France. This order was obeyed, and on the Seneschal's departure the Prince of Tripoli made him a present of some relics, which he brought with the camlets to the King. Now the Queen heard of the relics, and wished to see them ; and on Joinville sending her, by one of his knights, the pieces of camlet, wrapped in a napkin, she, supposing them to be the relics, flung herself on her knees before the bundle when he entered her apartment. The knight seeing the Queen on her knees, threw himself upon his also ; and Margaret called out, "Rise, Sir Knight, rise ; it does not become you who are the bearer of such holy relics to go down upon your knees ; it is I who must do that !" "Madame," said the knight, to the great amusement of the damsels who were with the Queen, "these are not relics, these are but camlet cloths." Such incidents as these are certainly trifling in themselves, but not so as illustrative of the times with which we are concerned. To return, however, to more serious matters in our narrative.

Louis, anxious, if possible, to free every Christian captive, and finding that notwithstanding all his efforts

many were still in bondage, entered upon a new treaty, in which he stipulated that all such captives should be given up to him, while the Saracen powers agreed to a truce for fifteen years, during which period there should be no war in the kingdom of Jerusalem with Egypt, and all conquests should be shared between the Christians and Mamalukes. The clergy expressed their doubts concerning this alliance with the enemies of Christ; but Louis saw that it would be likely to secure peace and safety to the Holy Land, and therefore he agreed to it. Judging the good faith of others by his own, he had no suspicions how little such a treaty would be respected by the followers of Mahomet. This and similar treaties entered into and broken whenever convenient, render the transactions of the latter part of Louis's stay in the East so confused, that it seems almost impossible to follow them in due order of time or place. But it must not be forgotten that the fame of his truly Christian spirit spread far and wide, and strangers, even infidels, were desirous to see him. Joinville tells us that when he was at Acre, a troop of Armenians, who were on their Christian pilgrimage to Jerusalem, came to him, and begged him that he would procure for them a sight of the good King of France. The Seneschal informed Louis of their desire to see him. He laughed heartily, but ordered that they should be brought to him. The meeting was mutually pleasing: the Armenians recommended the King to God for blessing, and he did the same by them ere they departed.



## CHAPTER XXI.

Emirs of Cairo find Louis cannot aid them—They draw back from the treaty—Caliph of Bagdad persuades the Sultans of Damascus and Cairo to become friends—Sultan of Damascus advances to the walls of Acre—Obliged to retreat—The Turcomans come down upon Sidon—Cruel treatment of Christian prisoners—The Crusaders retaliate—Take Belinas—Louis goes to meet the victors—Shocked at the sight of unburied Christians—Louis's heroic conduct—Buries the dead—Death of the Queen Regent Blanch—Account of her last days—The Legate announces the news of her decease—Grief of the King—His interview with Joinville—Masses for the Queen—Interview with Margaret—Louis decides to return to France—Embarks with his family and army, April 1255.



THE Emirs of Cairo and their Sultan had sought the alliance of the Christians when in great fear of discomfiture from the Sultan of Damascus; but finding that Louis had really no army of sufficient strength<sup>1</sup> to be of much service to them, they feared to enter too deeply into engagements that would expose them to the enmity of the Mussulmans without any essential benefit to themselves. Now the Caliph of Bagdad, a man both of sound judgment and temperate passions, always held

<sup>1</sup> Joinville says he had only 700 knights and about 1000 men-at-arms.

the opinion that in peace and union among themselves would be found the strength of the Eastern potentates against their foes of the West; he therefore prevailed at last with the Sultan of Damascus and the Emirs and the Sultan of Cairo to forget their causes of anger, and to become friends, and finally to unite their arms against the Christians, to the utter dismay of Louis and his army. What followed must be stated briefly.

The Sultan of Damascus advanced under the very walls of Acre, and had his troops made a vigorous attack, they must have become masters of the place. But being exhausted by the march under a burning sun, and the want of provisions, they were compelled to retrace their steps, doing some mischief in their way.

Louis, seriously alarmed, redoubled his efforts to place the Christian cities in a state of defence, and particularly to restore the fortresses of Sidon. The works there were rapidly advancing, when a body of Turcomans (a race who lived by plunder and murder) surprised the city, put every Christian to the sword, and in their retreat massacred two thousand prisoners. This outrage was avenged by the soldiers of the Cross taking Belinas, or Cæsarea Philippi, which stood on a declivity of Mount Libanus, near the sources of the Jordan. The action was desperate, and after their victory the Crusaders, having pillaged the town, returned to Sidon.

Louis had been prevented from joining the assault only by the determined interference of his nobles; they would not

suffer him to risk his life ; but he was not to be prevented going forward to meet the victors at Sidon. What were his grief and horror, as he approached, on seeing the ground covered with the bodies of the unfortunate murdered Christians ! They were in a state of decomposition ; no one had undertaken the task of giving them burial. Louis stopped, and pointing to the dreadful spectacle, implored the Legate, who was by his side, to consecrate the ground for a cemetery. This was done. The good King then gave orders to those who were with him to bury the dead. No one obeyed ; all turned away with disgust ; they had not forgotten the pestilence in Egypt and its cause.

Seeing their reluctance, Louis sprang from his horse, and taking up one of the bodies that was in the worst state of putrefaction, said aloud, "Come, my friends, come, let us bestow a little earth upon the martyrs of Jesus Christ." The pious example thus set by the King animated his followers, and the bodies were buried with Christian charity. Louis was greatly shocked by the scene he had witnessed ; but another and still deeper sorrow was at hand for him, of which he had no apprehension—the death of the Regent, his beloved mother.

It appeared that Alphonso, Count de Poitiers, had been suddenly struck with palsy. The news of this greatly distressed his mother, who had so recently lost her son, the Count d'Artois, and whose eldest and most worthy son, the King, seemed disposed to pass the rest of his life in the

Holy Land. She entertained a melancholy presentiment that she should never see him more, which deeply depressed her. Sorrow so accumulated weighed heavily upon her, and hastened her death. Feeling that she could not long survive, she ordered that her body should be interred at the Nunnery of Pontoise, which she had founded with great magnificence. Before she grew so weak as to be helpless, she became professed as a nun, and took the veil, over which was placed the crown of Queen Regent; she also continued to wear the royal robes. Her death occurred on the First Sunday in Advent, A.D. 1253, and her remains were committed to the grave in this regal attire.

Louis was at Sidon when the Legate received the news of this event. In company with the Bishop of Tyre and Louis's confessor, he sought the King, and told him, with a sad countenance, that he had intelligence of a painful nature to communicate. The King immediately conducted him into his chapel, which, says an old author, "was his arsenal against all the crosses of the world." The Legate then spoke of the perishable nature of all earthly affections, and of the cause he had for thankfulness to God in His having given him a mother who had so wisely and carefully watched over his kingdom and his family. He then added, after a short pause, "That tender mother and virtuous queen is now in heaven." Louis uttered a piercing cry, and burst into a flood of tears. But his thoughts of God never forsook him. After he had recovered a little from the shock he had received, he fell on his knees

before the altar, raised his hands, and exclaimed, "O my God, I thank Thee for having given me such a mother. It was the gift of Thy boundless mercy. Thou hast taken her to Thyself. Thou knowest that I loved her above all earthly creatures, but as before all things Thy will must be done, O Lord, blessed be Thy holy name for ever and for ever." He then desired to be alone, and for two days saw no one. On the third he sent for his friend Joinville, and extending his arms to embrace him, said only these words: "Ah, Seneschal, I have lost my mother!" The Seneschal did his best certainly, but his consolations, as he reports them, were not much calculated to soothe a mind so tenderly affectionate as that of Louis; for he talked to him in a very sententious manner about grief being unbecoming in a great prince.

Louis had been fondly attached to his mother; she had supplied to him the place of a father. He had been educated by her care, in a manner far beyond the age in which he lived; by the help of her superior judgment and masculine courage, his government had been carried on with great wisdom and spirit; in the early part of his reign the preservation of his kingdom against the machinations and encroachments of the rebellious Barons, had been due solely to her; and above all, he owed to her early training that devout frame of mind which he deemed his greatest blessing.

In these moments of passionate grief, his first care was for the repose of his mother's soul. He attended every day

a funeral service in honour of her memory, and sent letters, accompanied by presents of jewels and precious stones, to the principal churches of France, ordering that prayers should be offered up to God for himself and for the soul of the departed.

As Joinville was retiring from the presence of the King after the attempts he had made at consolation, the Lady Mary de Bonne-Vertus (one of the ladies in attendance upon the wife of Louis) came to entreat the Seneschal that he would come and try to console the Queen, who was in marvellous grief. Joinville found her weeping most bitterly, and now he took up a theme of consolation very different to that which he had offered to the King; for he could not help telling her that the proverb was very true which said "the tears of a woman ought never to be believed," seeing the lamentation she was making was for the woman she hated the most in the world, and one who had been to her a most jealous and tyrannical mother-in-law. Margaret replied that it was not for the late Queen she wept, but for the extreme sorrow of the King, as well as for her daughter, who had been left under the Lady Blanch's care, and would now be placed under the guardianship of men.

On the death of his mother, it seemed absolutely necessary that Louis should at once decide on returning home. His people were murmuring; there was war in Flanders concerning the succession, which was likely to be troublesome to France; whilst the truce with the King of



England had expired. But the conscience of Louis, always sensitive, now took the alarm and started a doubt—which was most his duty, to remain in the Holy Land, or to return to his kingdom. He had taken the Cross for a purpose which in his own eyes, and in those of many of the sincerest Christians, was a paramount duty—to recover Jerusalem, and rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the profanation of an infidel power. He had failed in that object; an army had been sacrificed, and there was no hope of forming another. Still did failure entitle him to retreat, and abandon the cause of God? On the other hand, by remaining away should he be justified to his own people, over whom he had been appointed by a wise and good Providence to rule with fatherly care? To do so was an object he had much at heart. Still there was a struggle in his own breast, and a struggle can never be without pain. He sent therefore for the Legate, and opened to him his state of mind, and as processions were considered to have a peculiar efficacy in all matters of religion, he bade the Legate cause many processions to be made, as well as beseeching God for him to enlighten him with a knowledge of His will in a matter so important.

These processions were accordingly performed, and it is to be presumed with satisfactory effect; for some little time after the Legate had an interview with Joinville, in which he told him that he was directed to express to him his royal master's entire approbation of the services he had rendered, and his wish to reward them; and also to communicate

to him the King's intention to return to France before the coming Easter. The Legate then led the way to his own lodgings, in order more conveniently to talk in private. There bursting into tears, he clasped his hands, and said how glad he was that the Seneschal had hitherto escaped all dangers by which he had been surrounded; but for himself he grieved at heart that he should be forced to lose the company of such good and pious persons, and to return amongst "such a set of wretches as the Court of Rome." A strong phrase, certainly, to be used by a Legate of the Pope, but perfectly agreeing with the repeated observations and stories of Matthew Paris, as well as with the opinion expressed by Queen Blanch of the temporal head of the Church and his Cardinals.

The high estimation in which Joinville was held by the King was more especially marked by his being appointed, accompanied by his knights, to escort the Queen and her children to a place called Sur, some leagues distant from Sajecte (where the royal family had been residing), a journey of considerable peril, which was, however, accomplished in safety. Soon after the King's purpose to depart becoming known, the Patriarch and Barons of the country waited upon him to render their grateful acknowledgments for his kindness and generous protection, and for his having repaired and rebuilt so many of their fortified walls and towers, more particularly in the cities of Acre, Cæsarea, Jaffa, and Sajecte. They then wished him God speed in a prosperous voyage, and retired.

At length the King returned to Acre, and there he found his sadly diminished fleet, consisting only of fourteen ships and galleys, ready for his departure. He was to embark on the 24th of April, A.D. 1254. The day arrived, and Louis passed forward to the vessel, followed by the Legate, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and the nobles and knights of Palestine, with a vast crowd of all ranks and degrees, weeping for the loss of a prince whose piety and goodness had been so extraordinary, and who had benefited them all to the utmost of his power, as if they had been his own subjects. They hailed him as the common *Father of the Christians*, and prayed aloud to God to bless his voyage, as they parted from him for ever. The Queen, with her children and attendants, Joinville and many knights, now also embarked, as did the remnant of Louis's broken army; and the wind being favourable, they at once bade adieu to the shores of the Holy Land, and were speedily far out at sea.





## CHAPTER XXII.

Near the island of Cyprus—Strike on a sand-bank—Divers report the dangerous state of the vessel—Council summoned—Louis will not abandon the ship—Great danger—Another storm—Distress of the Queen—She makes a vow to St. Nicholas—Its singular nature—How performed—Joinville's promises for the saint, who makes good his part of the bargain—The King's thankfulness—Lands on an island—Mariner turns hermit—Wonderful adventure of the Lord of Argones—Arrive at Hieres—Present of the palfreys—Abbot of Cluny—The friar lectures Louis.

**I**N the following Saturday they neared the island of Cyprus, when a thick fog suddenly coming on, they struck upon a sand-bank, and were in great peril: yet they would have been in still greater had they passed but a little farther on, where a reef of the most dangerous rocks might have consigned them to destruction. The next morning, being again afloat, in order to ascertain what damage had occurred, they sent four skilful divers under the vessel, who made their report that "three fathoms of the keel had been beaten off," which the mariners said must have occasioned the starting of all the ribs of the vessel, so that should they now have to encounter any stormy weather, she must inevitably founder.

On hearing this, the King summoned a council, to deliberate as to what it would be best to do for safety. The advice given was to abandon the ship; but he was not satisfied with it. He took the captain and chief mariners apart, and charged them, on their allegiance, to say whether, if the vessel were their own property, they would abandon her: they answered at once, that they would not. "Why then do you advise me to do so?" inquired Louis. "Because," said the captain, "you, Sire, and ourselves are very different. The loss of such a vessel to us would be to lose from forty to fifty thousand livres; but no sum, however large, could be held in comparison with the value of your life, or that of your queen and the three royal children, and we will never advise that you should place yourself where the risk of life must be so great."

Louis, always thoughtful and generous towards others, and caring little for himself, replied, "Now hear my opinion: there are five or six hundred souls on board this ship; if I quit her, these, for far the greater part, will do the same, and determine to remain in the island of Cyprus, for fear of the dangers of the voyage; and if we land, they will lose all hope of returning to their own country. I, therefore, decide that I will rather put my own life and the lives of my dear queen and children in this danger, trusting to the good providence of God, than make so many of my people as are now with me suffer." All, therefore, remained on board, except Sir Oliver de Termes.

But this was not the only peril the good King had to

encounter, for soon after another and a greater befell him. So violent a storm arose that, in spite of every effort, they were driven back to Cyprus. Four anchors were cast out, but these failed to hold the vessel. At length a fifth was thrown out, and with success. All the partitions of the King's cabin were obliged to be destroyed; and so violent was the wind that no one dared stay in it, for fear of being blown overboard<sup>1</sup>.

The distress of the Queen was great; the three children to whom she had given birth in the East were on board and asleep. Their nurses came to her in the utmost consternation, and asked what they should do? Should they wake the children? "No," replied Margaret, "do not wake them; let them go to their God as they are in their sleep." But the poor Queen's consternation was no less than the nurses'; and she went to seek the King in some part of the vessel, where she supposed he had taken shelter. She found there, however, only the Constable of France and the Seneschal; they were both lying down. On being asked by the latter what might be her pleasure, she replied that she earnestly desired to see the King, in order to entreat him to make some vow to God and to the saints for deliverance, as the mariners had assured her that all on board were in the utmost danger. The Seneschal did his best to comfort her, advising her to make a vow to go herself on a pilgrimage to "my Lord St. Nicholas, at Varengeville," and he

<sup>1</sup> The state cabins of this period were frequently placed on the deck.

promised for the saint that such a vow would secure the return of all on board safe and sound to France.

"Ah, Seneschal!" she said, "I fear the King would not permit me to make such a pilgrimage for the accomplishment of such a vow."

But the Seneschal was not to have his advice thus set aside; he stuck to St. Nicholas, the friend of mariners, and recommended another kind of homage to him. "At least, madam, promise St. Nicholas, that if Providence shall restore you in safety to France, you will give him a silver ship of the value of *five mares*, for the King, yourself, and the three children; and if you do this, I assure you that, at the entreaty of St. Nicholas, God will grant you a successful voyage home, and I vow for myself that, on my return to Joinville, I will make a pilgrimage to his shrine barefooted."

Upon this the Queen made the vow to St. Nicholas, and as the saint, though no Jew, might like some security, demanded that the Seneschal would be her pledge for the due performance of the contract, to which he assented. Soon after this the

and the Queen

to impart

good

much

ev

Q

the

formed

parts of

the King, herself, and the three children, with some of the sailors and the masts, &c., all of silver, and the ropes of silver threads. This pretty toy she did the Seneschal the honour to entrust to his care, to convey it to "my Lord St. Nicholas'" shrine, which he did; and no doubt he duly performed his own vow in going thither barefoot.

When the King saw from what perils his vessel had been delivered, he arose from his seat, and said, "Now see, Seneschal, if God has not plainly manifested His power, when by the blast of one of these four winds, myself, the Queen, and the children must have been drowned. We owe to Him our deliverance from this great danger, and to Him let us pay our most grateful thanks." The good King then continued a rather long and commonplace discourse on the marvels of this escape; and ended by saying how careful every one ought to be to have no sin upon his conscience, for fear of an unexpected death, which might make him "descend to hell without a hope of redemption."

Being driven back to Cyprus, they took fresh water and other necessaries on board, and soon after landed at another island, called Lampedosa, where they amused themselves with killing rabbits. There they found a hermitage among the rocks, with a garden well planted with fruit and other trees, and a fine spring of water. At the upper part of the garden there was an oratory, the roof of which was painted with a red cross in the centre. In another chamber, more retired, they discovered two



skeletons, the hands placed on the breast, but the bones only held together by the ribs. It seems that no living person was on the island. On their return to the ship one of the mariners was missing. The captain considered that as it was a man who earnestly desired to be a hermit, he had stayed on the island for that purpose. The King hearing this, as he never thwarted any purpose of godly seclusion, ordered three sacks of biscuit to be left on the shore ; but how the hermit was to live after the contents of these sacks were consumed does not appear.

Soon after this adventure they passed another island, called Pantaleone, which was peopled by Saracens, a part of whom were subject to the King of Sicily, and the others to the King of Tunis. When they observed it at a distance, the Queen begged the King to let some galleys go there to procure fruit for the children. He consented, but desired the people in the galleys to use despatch, in order to join him as he passed the island. But when the King came opposite to the port of Panteleone he did not find the galleys. He questioned the captain, who said that very likely the Saracens had captured them, and advised him no longer to wait for their crews, as neither the King of Sicily nor of Tunis had any regard for the King of France : if allowed to do so, he would make all the sail he could, and place his sovereign out of reach of danger before nightfall. To this advice Louis would not listen, but desired the helm of the vessel to be turned, that he might seek his people. He was obeyed ; and Joinville

says that full eight days were lost in waiting for these purveyors of fruit for the royal children.

Amongst the extraordinary events which occurred during the voyage home, and the no less extraordinary instances of the credulity of the age in which it was said to have occurred, we must not omit the following.

The Lord of Argones of Provence was returning to France in his own ship, for he was a rich and powerful baron. Probably the sands of Egypt had given him ophthalmia, for his eyes were suffering. One morning, being much annoyed by the rays of the sun darting through a hole in the vessel, he ordered his esquire to stop it up. The esquire, rather inexperienced as a carpenter, finding he could not do it on the inside, tried to stop the hole on the outside; but instead of accomplishing his task he tumbled into the sea. There was no boat at hand to save him, and the vessel was running fast through the waves. The accident was witnessed from the King's ship half a league off, but it caused no alarm; it was supposed to be merely some piece of furniture that had fallen overboard. When, however, they came nearer, and saw a man upright in the water, who did not move, nor attempt to save himself, a boat was lowered, and brought him in safety to the King; and then the rescued esquire related his marvellous adventure.

On tumbling into the sea, he called aloud, "Our Lady of Valbert." She heard, and came immediately to his assistance, and kindly supported him by the shoulders until the King's boat came to pick him up. Joinville was

so charmed by hearing this story, that "in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Valbert, and to perpetuate this miracle, he had it painted in his chapel of Joinville, and also on the windows of his oratory at Blecourt."

At the end of ten weeks they arrived at a port in Provence called Hieres, where Alphonso, one of the King's brothers, had a castle. Here, though somewhat against his will, Louis quitted his vessel and took up his abode with his queen and children. Whilst at his brother's stronghold, he decided to continue his homeward progress by land. The neighbouring Abbot of Cluny took this opportunity of paying his respects to the royalty of France, and presented the King and Queen each with a fine palfrey for their accommodation in the journey; for such was the simplicity of the usages in those days that kings and queens, unless when occasionally carried in a litter, had no better way of travelling than in the saddle. The King was much pleased, and the next morning granted the Abbot's most earnest request that an audience might be given him on the subject of his affairs.

Joinville, at all times very frank and free in his discourse with the condescending Louis, without much ceremony asked him whether his having given so much time and attention to the Abbot's long story was not in order to oblige him in return for the present of the palfreys. The King replied, "Certainly it was."

"Then, Sire," said the Seneschal, "take my advice; and on your return to France, forbid those of your

council on their oaths to receive the smallest gift from any one who may have a cause to plead in your presence : for be assured, if they take presents, they will listen and attend with partiality to the givers, even longer than you have done in the case of the Abbot of Cluny." The King so much approved this advice that he communicated it to the council, and they all agreed that the Seneschal had well spoken.

Whilst at Hieres there was another adviser at hand to lecture the good King ; and this must have been one peculiarly welcome, as he came in the person of a Cordelier friar. Father Hugh went about the country preaching to all ranks and kinds of men. Louis wished to hear him, and went forth to meet him, attended as he was by a crowd of men, women, and children, by no means of the most courtly description.

The King ordered him to preach, and the Cordelier at once began, and became rather personal ; for he preached against the very clergy attendant upon their sovereign, saying they were by far too numerous, and not in a situation to save their souls. As to the King himself, the friar told him some very trite truths : such as that if he wished to live beloved by his people, he must be honest and upright, and dispense justice without partiality amongst all classes.

Louis, who on all occasions (except where Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics were concerned) endeavoured to act without prejudice, certainly did not need this lecture ; but

had the friar counselled him to remain at home, and look well after the people whom God had committed to his charge, instead of going far over seas on a war of aggression, to win an empty sepulchre, and make converts of Saracens by sword and lance, he would have given a very salutary piece of advice ; but his was not the age in which either princes or people could be taught to understand how much the God of mercy prefers peace and brotherly love to war and slaughter for His honour and His Word.

Louis, always deferential to the humblest who wore but a monk's cord and cowl, was so pleased by this somewhat discourteous address that he begged the holy Father Hugh to remain with him as long as he might be at Hieres. But the Cordelier, being one of those persons whose zeal is greater than their judgment, and who are apt to mistake rudeness for sincerity, told the King very roughly that he would not on any consideration remain in his company : and so, after staying but one day, he departed. Father Hugh died soon after, and was buried at Marseilles, where he was considered to perform many notable miracles.





## CHAPTER XXIII.

Louis stops at Aix in Provence—Continues his journey—Welcomed home—His melancholy countenance—His despondency—Refuses comfort—His mournful manners and dress—A Bishop comforts him—His social kindness—Care and love of his children—Dispute with the Dominicans and University—His morbid feelings—Wishes to turn monk—Scene with his wife and children—Difficulties about Normandy—Prince Edward of England marries Eleanor of Castile—Henry III. asks leave to cross France for Dover—Meeting of the Kings at Chartres—Louis entertains Henry magnificently at Paris—Banquet in the old Temple—Shield of Cœur de Lion—Friendly parting of the Kings—Louis a peace-maker—Instances of his justice—His admirable religious feelings—Marries his daughter to the King of Navarre.



**A**T Aix, in Provence, the King paused for a short time to do honour to the "blessed Magdalen," who was said to have been buried in the neighbourhood. There Joinville left him for a short time, but to his great joy met him again at Soissons.

That long-expected sovereign arrived at Vincennes on the 5th of September, A.D. 1254, after an absence of four disastrous years. Wherever he came he was received by his people with enthusiasm; but the deep melancholy so marked in his countenance was in sad contrast to the

gladness of all around him. His first care was to visit the Abbey of St. Denis, and there he offered up his thanksgiving for his return in safety to his realm. The next day he made his public entry into Paris, in the full splendour of mediæval state, attended by the Legate, the Bishops, the Clergy, the chief Barons, and knights, all the monastic orders, and a multitude of people of all ranks and degrees, who, in the midst of the clangour of drums and trumpets, poured forth their still louder shouts of welcome to the Warrior of the Cross—their beloved Lord and King.

But there was no joy in the heart of Louis. With downcast looks and frequent sighs, he bowed his head as he passed along in acknowledgment to the greetings of his subjects. On that occasion he more resembled the unfortunate Richard than the triumphant Bolingbroke—

“ His face still combating with tears and smiles,  
The badges of his grief and patience.”

It was observed too, and not without apprehension, that he still wore the cross upon the shoulder of his robe, the ensign of an engagement to a Crusade. His thoughts were of that so lately and so unsuccessfully concluded, of the Holy City still in bondage, of the thousands who had perished in his late enterprise, of his brother's death, of his mother's loss—that mother so loved, but who had not been spared to give him a welcome home—of the shame of his own captivity, his heavy ransom, his failure! “ He refused,” says Matthew Paris, “ all consolation ; musical instruments afforded him

no pleasure, no cheerful society drew from him a smile."

At length a holy Bishop thus addressed him: "Beware, my beloved Lord and King, of casting yourself into such a life of wearying sorrow; it absorbs all spiritual joy, and is the stepmother of souls, for it is a great sin and prejudice to the Holy Spirit. Recall to the eye of your thoughts the patience of Job, the endurance of St. Eustace;" and then the Bishop related both stories, and showed how God finally rewarded those sufferers. To this the King replied, "If I were the only one to suffer trouble and disgrace, and if my sins did not fall on the Church Universal, I could bear it with equanimity; but woe is me! through me the whole of Christianity is enveloped in shame and confusion." In order that the royal sufferer might receive consolation by the grace of God, the Bishop caused a mass in honour of the Holy Ghost to be chanted, which seemed to have the desired effect.

Louis, however, was not really consoled, for he never ceased attributing to his own sins the failure of the Crusade. He "condemned himself," says Father Daniel, "to those severe austerities during the remainder of his life, which he considered as a kind of mourning for the brave men who had perished in the Crusade." Soon after his return to France, he reformed the coinage, and the silver *parisis* and the *gros tournois* were struck, upon which pieces of coin, by his order, chains were figured, to preserve the memory of his captivity.



Joinville also pictures his royal master at this period ; he begins with the outward man, and says that Louis "would never more wear minever or squirrel furs, nor use stirrups. His dress was of camlet or persian, and the fur trimmings of his robes were the skins of *garnutes* or the legs of hares." He was also most abstemious at his meals, took patiently whatever was set before him, mixed his wine with water, and took but one cup. At his meals he usually had a certain number of the poor stationed behind his chair, and was more careful to feed them than himself, and ordered some pieces of coin to be given to each before they departed. After dinner his chaplain said the grace, and whenever any noble person was at his table, he was not merely a kind host, but a most delightful companion. His care for his people became incessant, and none of his council bore the reputation that he did for wisdom, and so great was his promptitude that in matters of urgency he would not wait for his council, but decided at once, and his own measures were always the best.

We have a very pleasing picture of the King as a most affectionate father. Some of his children were very young at the time of his return home, when he gave much attention to their education. It was his practice to have them brought to him before they went to bed, when he would relate to them stories from history of the noble acts and sayings of ancient kings and great men, bidding them store these things in memory as salutary examples. As a

warning against sin, he sometimes pointed out to them the miserable deaths by which wicked men and rulers had been punished by God. He also taught them their prayers, according to the holy days or seasons of the Church. Thus did he train up his children in piety and the fear of God, and when they had attained a more advanced age, he taught them how they ought to act in fulfilment of the duties to which they would be called by their exalted station.

Many writers have asserted, but we are not told at what precise period, that at one time Louis was desirous to obtain his queen's consent to his becoming a monk of the order of the Dominicans. If this were the fact, most probably it occurred whilst his mind was in so distressed a state after the failure of the Crusade. Grief, dejection, and tears are apt to distort objects; they are seen through a false medium. His obvious duties were towards his people and his family; but a morbid view of repentance, and the distortions of superstition, might have led him to desire a life of seclusion, which in a man of his exalted station was at once weak and sinful. It is perfectly true that his great partiality for the Dominicans had prevented his terminating, as a king, the war which those inquisitorial monks waged with the doctors of the University of Paris; and that these men, as well as the Cordeliers, gained so great an influence over him, that he commonly said, if he could divide himself he would give one half to the Dominicans and the other half to the Cordeliers. It seems, there-

fore, very probable that he did attempt to gain the Queen's consent not to oppose his desire for a monastic life. Margaret, who dearly loved her husband, is said to have replied to his importunity by calling his brother the Count d'Anjou and her children into his presence, and demanding of her eldest boy "whether he would like to be called the son of a friar or of a king?" for "know," she continues, weeping bitterly, "that the White Friars have so ensnared the mind of your father, that he wishes to leave us all; to cast aside the crown, and to put on the cowl of a preaching friar." At these words the Count d'Anjou is represented as having become greatly excited not only against the monks, but the King also; and the eldest boy swore by St. Denis, that if ever he lived to be King of France, he would drive those beggars out of the kingdom. The distress of the Queen and the spirit of the young Dauphin (who, full of promise, was so soon after cut off by death) are said to have so much affected Louis that he gave over all thoughts of a monastic life.

Not long after the return of the King, the truce with England expired. Anxious for peace, he renewed it for three years, hoping that during that period all points of dissension might be brought to an amicable arrangement. Louis, says Guizot, "was, above all, a conscientious man, a man who before acting weighed the question to himself of the moral good or evil, the question as to whether what he was about to do was good or evil in itself, independently

of all utility, of all consequences. Such men are rarely seen, and still more rarely remain upon the throne." Louis could not satisfy himself respecting his right to retain Normandy. Half a century before, the Norman Barons by legal process had deposed John, King of England, as a traitorous murderer of young Arthur, and had awarded that goodly heritage to the crown of France. But was that sentence just? The doubt disturbed the mind of Louis; he felt strongly disposed to give back Normandy to Henry of England.

No sooner was this known to the nobles and the people of France than murmurings arose, and the most angry opposition was called forth. When the King of England heard this, all his hopes of recovering his rights on the Continent ceased, for it was told him that the French Barons had sworn a fearful oath that before the King of England should obtain what he looked for, he would be obliged "to fight his way through a thousand lances; and if they were broken, through as many swords, which were ready to be drawn and dipped in his blood." These threats were of a former date; but the Norman Barons had not changed either their temper or their resolution on the subject, and Louis found that to restore Normandy in opposition to all his nobles was impossible. He therefore satisfied his conscience by a compromise, and gave up to Henry, Perigord and all the fruitful territory beyond the Garonne; whilst Henry promised to renounce all claim to Normandy, and to do homage to the King of France as

his liege lord, for all those fair provinces of the south ; and thus were these claims peacefully settled.

The homage was performed with all due ceremony in a meadow near the palace. Crowds of every rank and description assembled to witness the extraordinary spectacle of the King of those proud and independent islanders, the English, doing homage to a King of France. Henry III. advanced as a vassal to his lord, bare-headed, without robe, belt, sword, dagger, or spurs, fell on his knees, and placing both his hands in those of Louis as his suzerain, said, "Sire, from this time forth I am your man, to serve you in word, act, and deed ; and I swear to be true and loyal to support your rights, and to do justice at your command to the best of my power." Louis then gave Henry the kiss of acceptance, and raised him from his knees.

Louis, no less desirous to end whatever disputes still existed between France and any of the neighbouring powers, gladly entered into a most wise arrangement with the King of Arragon for the settlement of a point that had been often contested. Charlemagne had extended his mighty empire far beyond the Pyrenees ; Catalonia remained a fief to France, whilst Languedoc and Provence had been encroached upon by the King of Arragon and his grandees. Louis proposed a clearly defined and equitable boundary ; this was accepted by the Spanish monarch, and so Catalonia was henceforth to be considered as solely appertaining to Spain, and Languedoc to France.

It was in the year 1255 that Edward, son of Henry III., having espoused the lovely Eleanor, daughter of the King of Spain, and received from his father Gascony as a bridal gift, became for a time the guest of his father at Bourdeaux, in his province of Guienne. Henry, who never liked the sea, wishing to avoid a long voyage on his return home, requested permission to pass through France in order to cross direct from Boulogne to Dover. This was readily granted by Louis, accompanied by an invitation to a great family gathering, which was speedily arranged to take place at Paris.

Margaret the Queen of France, Eleanor the Queen of England, the wife of the Count d'Anjou, and the wife of Henry's brother, Richard Earl of Cornwall, were all sisters, daughters of the late Count de Provence; and Beatrice, the widowed and surviving Countess, was mother to all the four ladies thus married to the royal blood of France and England. With true maternal pride she gladly availed herself of the opportunity of being present at the meeting of those so near and dear to her. Louis seems for a while to have overcome his melancholy in the pleasure it gave him to order and arrange all things in the most splendid manner, so as to entertain his princely guests with due honour.

During Henry's progress to the French capital he rested at the noble Abbey of Fontevrault, where he offered up his prayers at the tomb of his illustrious grandsire Henry II.; and finding that the body of his mother, Isabella

of Angoulême, had been interred in the cemetery, he caused it to be removed and reverently placed within the church, raised over it a monument, and ordered an effigy representing the deceased Queen to be placed thereon<sup>1</sup>. Amongst Henry's offerings at the tombs of his ancestors was that of "silk cloths of great value," for what purpose we are not told. Being much indisposed, he next proceeded to Pontigny; and, after praying at the shrine of St. Edmund, recovered, and so made "his offerings of palls and costly gifts."

Henry and his company seem to have anticipated the modern taste of the English for viewing fine cities and churches in France, and observing the manners of the people. On they went from place to place, sight-seeing and being seen to their own delight and that of the population; for Louis had given orders to both nobles and commons, to pay all honour and give a hearty welcome to his distinguished friends wherever they passed. That there might be nothing to offend either their eyes or their noses, he also particularly directed that all dirt and rubbish should be cleared away. He likewise commanded that the streets were to be decorated with banners, and the outside the churches with ornaments and boughs of trees; and to receive Henry with ringing of bells, drums, trumpets, and acclamations, and every one go forth in his holiday attire.

<sup>1</sup> For beautifully executed copies of the effigies of Henry II., Eleanor of Guienne, Isabella of Angoulême, and Richard I. at Fontevrault, see Stothard's "Monumental Effigies of Great Britain."

He himself advanced to meet his guest, attended by a thousand mounted nobles and knights, and followed by a train of waggons and sumpter-horses laden with good cheer, as far as the fine old town of Chartres, with its magnificent cathedral. The two Kings on meeting dismounted and rushed into each other's arms, and nothing could exceed the joy they expressed on the occasion. After resting at Chartres, they proceeded by easy journeys to the capital.

The scholars of the University of Paris determined not to be outdone in their demonstrations of welcome. So suspending for a time their studies and disputations, they agreed to suspend also, what must have been rather mortifying to young stomachs, a portion of their dinners. By thus curtailing their weekly commons they contrived to buy wax tapers and holiday clothes (*cointises*<sup>2</sup>); and so provided, they sallied forth in procession, bearing lights and banners, and playing on musical instruments and singing, to welcome the brother kings.

People of all kinds and ages lined the highways and the streets, and the whole of that day and night the citizens, who had decorated their houses in the gayest manner, "passed their time amidst illuminated bowers of floral beauty, to the harmony of songs and mirth, and in all the splendour of worldly pomp." Louis was as much delighted as his guests. He thanked the scholars of the University and the clerks for their loyalty, and said to

<sup>2</sup> Cointises, fine showy clothes.—"Glossaire de la Langue Romane."



Henry, "My brother, the whole city of Paris is placed at your disposal; where may it please you to take up your lodgings? There is my palace within the city, or would you prefer the old Temple without the city walls, where there is far more room? Both are at your disposal."

Henry chose the old Temple; but large as it was, there was not space enough for his retinue, and many were obliged to sleep in the open air, though the houses on the Grève were also filled with them. On the morrow the King of England ordered a feast in the old Temple to be given at his cost to the poor, and a multitude was entertained with the greatest plenty from the hours of seven in the morning till nine.

Whilst the poor were feasting, Louis took Henry to see the most beautiful and interesting objects in Paris; more especially the Sainte Chapelle, with its marvellous collection of relics. Before these Henry duly paid his devotions, and made regal offerings.

On that day, as it had been arranged, the French King with his retinue dined with the English King in the spacious hall of the old Temple. The hospitality of the occasion was so great, that "there was neither porter nor fee at the door of the hall; and free egress was allowed, and a rich repast furnished to all comers; and the many kinds of meat were sufficient to cause satiety to all the consumers." "Never," says the exultant chronicler of the feast, "never in times past was there given such a splendid banquet, even in the times of Esther, of Arthur, or of Charle-

magne; for this was resplendent with the rich variety of the food, the delicious wines, the ready attendance of the servitors, the orderly behaviour of the guests, and the large and costly presents; for after dinner the King of England sent to the nobles of France rich silver cups, gold clasps, silk belts, and other things, such as it became so powerful a king to give, and for such nobles to receive<sup>3</sup>."

Not the least interesting part of the preparations for the day were the adornments on the walls of the great hall of the old Temple; for thereon hung the shields of the most famous warriors of the Cross, and amongst them the shield of Richard I., the lion-hearted. Upon the sight of this, one of the nobles remarked to Henry, "Wherefore, my Lord King, have you invited us, the French, to dine with you in this hall? See there the shield of the valiant-hearted Richard of England; your guests will be unable to eat for fear and trembling."

The French King was seated between Henry and Thibault of Navarre, and on Louis wishing to give Henry the middle and more distinguished place, the latter said, "Not so, my Lord King; the highest place belongs to you, for are you not my liege lord?" He alluded to the homage he had consented to pay to Louis for the fair provinces ceded to him in the south of France. To this Louis replied in an undertone, "Would that every one could obtain his right! but the pride of the French will not allow it:" he alluded to his own desire to restore Normandy to the English.

<sup>3</sup> Matt. Paris, vol. iii. p. 107.

The day after these grand doings, Louis gave his feast, and insisted on his royal guest taking up his lodging for the night at the palace, saying good-humouredly that as he was lord of the kingdom, so he would be the master of his own house. These rejoicings were carried on for many days ; but during the whole of their continuance, the nice and sensitive conscience of Louis vexed him about Normandy, so that more than once he said to Henry, "Have we not married two sisters, and our brothers the other two? All that shall be born to us and to them, sons or daughters, will be as brothers and sisters. Oh, if that mutual affection could exist amongst them, by what heart-binding ties they would be united ! I grieve that our feelings cannot be cemented on all points. But the obstinacy of the Barons will not bend to my will, therefore you cannot recover your rights." On another occasion Louis said to Henry, "My brother, how pleasant is your discourse in my ears ! let us enjoy talking thus together whilst we may, for we know not if we shall ever have the opportunity to do so hereafter. How much bitterness of spirit I endured whilst on my pilgrimage for the love of Christ, it would be impossible to tell. Every thing went against me ; yet do I return thanks to the Most High, and on examining my own heart, I rejoice more in the patience which the Lord, in His mercy, granted, than if the whole world had been made subject to me."

At length they parted : Louis accompanied Henry a day's

journey on his return ; still Normandy hung a dead weight upon his conscience, for almost the last words he said to his brother King were, "Would that the twelve Peers of France and the Barons would agree to my wishes, and then we should be inseparable friends ! Our disagreements give cause of rejoicing to the pride of Rome." The Kings then embraced, kissed, and parted, Louis to Paris, Henry to Boulogne, whence he embarked for Dover.

Louis had really no cause to distress himself so much about retaining Normandy, as he had made a very fair compromise by giving up to Henry so many rich possessions in the south. But his counsellors murmured loudly, for they thought that he yielded up too much of the pleasant lands of France. The matter, however, was concluded, and nothing could induce this righteous Prince to break his word, or disturb the peace now so happily made. Indeed, he seems to have felt in the depth of his heart that "Blessed are the peace-makers ;" for soon after these events, finding that the Count de Chalons and the Count of Burgundy, father and son, were at deadly feud, he was shocked at such unnatural enmity, stepped in between them, and composed their differences. He did the same also between the Count de Bar and the Count de Luxembourg, after they had fought in single combat, and the one had made the other prisoner. So narrow-minded were Louis's counsellors, that they actually remonstrated with him for a want of policy in all this. Louis, however, only replied to their shallow and cold-

hearted arguments by a few strong and pertinent remarks, and concluded by quoting the beatitude which has just been referred to.

The King on his return not only laboured to correct many of those abuses which had crept into his realm during his long absence, but was also frequently occupied by appeals to settle disputes of a private nature. The following is an instance. Beatrice, the Dowager Countess of Provence, who had joined the family gathering, claimed of her son-in-law, the Count of Anjou, certain castles, which he held in his possession and refused to give up. Both parties agreed to refer their quarrel to the arbitration of Louis; he decided that his brother Anjou should purchase the castles of the old Countess, and made him a present of the money to pay for them. This settled the matter to the complete satisfaction of both parties. The Count of Anjou, though so near in blood, had nothing in him of his brother's noble love of justice or of his kindly nature. It seems that Anjou had entered on a suit at law with a gentleman who was his feudal tenant, and before the suit was decided threw him into prison. This came to the knowledge of the King, who instantly summoned his brother to his presence. "Do you think," he said indignantly, "that there ought to be more kings than one in France? or that you are above the law because you are the brother of the King?" Louis then commanded the unfortunate tenant to be set at liberty that he might defend himself, assigned him able counsellors, no one daring

till then to plead his cause ; and the Count lost his suit.

Another instance of what was deemed a just and remarkable verdict must be given. In the days of Charlemagne the roads were so infested by robbers, and so dangerous for travellers, that he instituted a police for their protection. The lords of the country through which the roads ran were to receive a toll from all merchants and wealthy persons who travelled over them ; in return for which they were obliged to have the highways guarded from sunrise to sunset. The Lord de Vernon had received his tolls and neglected his duty : a merchant was robbed in open day ; made his complaint, and, by the strict administration of the laws, a verdict was given that De Vernon was to make satisfaction to the merchant.

About this period Thibault, King of Navarre, demanded Elizabeth, the daughter of Louis, in marriage. But he would not give his consent unless Thibault previously made peace with the Count of Brittany, with whom he was at war ; he also declared that he would not marry his daughter without the approval of his Barons. Joinville was sent with this answer to the Dowager Queen and her son, who was anxious for the match. The King of Navarre lost no time, therefore, in making his peace with the Count of Brittany ; and the Barons expressing their willingness to give consent, all was soon arranged.

Louis acted with a characteristic sense of what was due to the high rank both of his daughter and of her affianced

322 THE GOOD ST, LOUIS AND HIS TIMES.

husband ; the wedding was solemnized at Melun with regal pomp and magnificence, whence Navarre conducted his bride to Provins, where they were entertained by the Barons with great splendour.





## CHAPTER XXIV.

Benefit to France of Louis's return—Guizot's opinion of his political activity—Power of the Barons—Louis determines to curb it—His reforms just and mild—All confide in him—His legal reforms—Cas Royaume—The Appels—The criminal code—Provost of Paris—Pragmatic Sanction—The celebrated lawyer, Stephen Boileau—Bigotry of Louis—An Inquisition in Paris—Many innocent persons burnt—Cruelty to the Jews—Contest between the University of Paris and the Dominicans—Stormy scenes at Rome—Death of the Dauphin—Philip affianced to a daughter of the King of Castile.

**T** was a blessed thing for France when the King returned to the government of his own people. His kindness, his justice, his charities were extended to all, and all felt cheered and benefited by the presence of so just and beneficent a ruler. Soon did he commence (though it was some years before he perfected it) that reform at home which even to this day causes his memory to be held in reverence by his countrymen. Guizot says of him, "Independently of the strictness of his conscience, Louis was a man of great activity, of an activity not only warlike and chivalric, but political; he concerned himself about evil wherever he saw it, and every where wished to afford a remedy. The need of acting and of



acting well equally possessed him. What more is necessary to ensure the influence of a prince, and to give him a large share in the most general results <sup>1</sup>?"

The kingdom of France under the great Charlemagne was the largest of all European states, "but by his posterity was split into a number of great fiefs, and each of these contained barons possessing exclusive immunities within their own territories, waging war at their pleasure, administering justice to their military tenants and other subjects, and free from all control beyond the condition of the feudal compact <sup>2</sup>."

The power of the Barons was every where so much abused that it became a crying evil, and more especially so in France, where none but a king who was at once sagacious, just, temperate, and yet firm, could have attempted a remedy without much strife and bloodshed.

To recite all the great points of Louis's policy in the arduous undertaking to reform the barbarism of ages, would extend far beyond the limits of such a sketch as this, but the mention of a few will suffice to show of how much importance was the work he accomplished. Slowly but firmly did he carry out his measures to put a check on the jealousies and warfare of the petty princes, and so to restrain them that the vassal should no longer be the slave of tyranny and oppression. These great reforms were conducted by him in a manner so just, yet so gentle, that

<sup>1</sup> Guizot, vol. iii. p. 244.

<sup>2</sup> Hallam.

all ranks confided in him ; the noble was not supported to the injury of the poor, nor the poor encouraged to condemn the noble ; so that in a few years " the constitution of France was changed from a feudal league to an absolute monarchy."

The legal reforms were no less great and beneficial : the judges throughout the country were charged on oath to do even-handed justice to all men, without respect of rank, person, or wealth ; and a bribe to obtain a verdict was to be punished as a crime. No man accused of any crime was to be committed to prison, till by evidence strictly examined there was a strong presumption of his guilt. The use of torture, though not wholly forbidden, was so modified and restricted that it became almost a dead letter.

Private warfare and revenge, a practice of most ancient date, and rooted into the very being of society, no interference of the legislature had yet overcome. If a friend or relative was injured or murdered, the surviving relative sought revenge on any one of the innocent kindred of the offender that he chose to select. This wicked custom, though not cured, was greatly checked and modified by Louis insisting on the observance of the old and neglected law of the forty days' truce, said first to have been instituted by his grandsire, Philip Augustus. The trial by judicial combat Louis entirely abolished within his own domain, but over the territories of the feudal Princes he had no such absolute power, and long did that practice linger, much to his disquietude.

Guizot says of the principal reforms of Louis, that "two facts (the considerable extension of the *Cas Royaume*, and the *Appels*) were the decisive instruments of the great revolution. By the operation of the *Cas Royaux*, that is to say, the cases in which the King alone had the right of judgment, his officers, parliaments, or bailiffs restricted the feudal courts within narrower limits. By the operation of the appeals to the King from these courts, which greatly aided sovereignty and royalty, they made these courts subordinate to the royal power. Thus feudal jurisdiction witnessed the decline at once, first of its true and natural institutions, judicial combat and private warfare; secondly of its extent; thirdly of its independence; and it soon found itself under the necessity of recognizing in the judicial power of the crown a conqueror and a master."

The criminal code of Louis seems strange to us; but it must ever be remembered that it was a great amelioration of the laws as they existed before his reign. Under Louis, treason, murder, and robbery on the highway were punished with death; robbery of a more ordinary kind, with the loss of an ear; but the robbers of churches and chantries had their eyes put out. A blow given by a vassal to his lord was punished by the loss of the offending limb, and the guilty by infanticide and heresy were doomed alike to suffer at the stake.

The King loved God and the Virgin Mary with such sincerity and zeal, that he severely punished every one

that was guilty of swearing or of using improper language. "I saw him," says Joinville, "once at Cæsarea order a silversmith to mount the ladder" (a punishment of ancient times much the same as the more modern pillory) "in his shirt and nether socks, to the disgrace of the criminal, for an offence of this nature, and I heard that after his return from Syria he caused a citizen of Paris to be marked with a hot iron on the nose and under-lip for having blasphemed. I heard also from the King's own mouth, that he would be willing to be seared with a red-hot iron himself (and he was little able to bear such operation) if he could banish from his kingdom all blasphemies and swearings."

The office of Provost of Paris had been most seriously abused; it had become a matter of bargain, and was always sold to the best bidder. This was an abuse that Louis would no longer tolerate. Greatly, indeed, was a judicious and honest man needed to fill the place, for justice was corrupted at the very source by bribes, gifts, and respect of persons. The poor were perpetually robbed if they had any thing to lose, and were afraid to live in the open country around the city, so that it became almost a desert; and though such numberless offences were committed, often not more than ten prisoners were in charge of the Provost for his assize. Wild young men of an order superior to common thieves also caused great disturbances in the streets, broke into the houses of peaceable citizens, did manifold mischief, and if brought before the

Provost, only laughed at their offences, and got off with impunity.

Louis therefore made inquiry for some man well versed in the laws, who was likewise active, honest, of sound judgment, and would neither take bribes nor spare malefactors. Such a man he found in the famous lawyer of his day, Stephen Boileau, and he made him Provost. In a short time this upright and sagacious magistrate achieved wonders in his office; for no murderer, robber, or criminal could harbour in Paris without Boileau or his agents finding him out and bringing him to justice; and all this was done without favour or affection. The effect of these and similar measures was that in a short time population showed a decided increase; the revenues were nearly doubled in a single year, and prosperity prevailed throughout the kingdom. All the ordinances of the realm that more especially affected the poor, Louis carefully considered, and whatever he thought pressed hard upon them he repealed or amended.

Amongst the most renowned of all Louis's ordinances was that called *The Pragmatic Sanction*. This gave to the chapters of the kingdom the right to nominate their own prelates, abbots, and officials, and to private patrons the power to exercise their right of collating to benefices. But the boldest clause in these enactments aimed immediately at curtailing the authority of the Pope in France. It ran thus:—"We (the King) forbid any person to levy or collect the exorbitant sums imposed by the Court

of Rome on the churches of our kingdom, by which it has been seriously impoverished in times past, or any of the like to be imposed for the future, except for reasonable causes, in furtherance of some work of piety, or in the case of some great necessity with our own free consent, and that of the Church of this kingdom."

Notwithstanding the wisdom and the upright policy which Louis displayed in these reforms, notwithstanding all his goodness and rare merit, the plague-spot of bigotry still clung to him, and even to his life's end. Hallam, who does full justice to the many noble qualities that characterized him both as a prince and a man, yet says of him, "The principal weakness of this king, which almost effaced all the good effects of his virtues, was *superstition*. It would be idle to sneer at those habits of abstemiousness and mortification which were part of the religion of his age, and at the worst were only injurious to his own comfort. But he had other prejudices, which, though they may be forgiven, must never be defended. No man was ever more impressed than St. Louis with a belief in the duty of exterminating all enemies to his own faith. With these he thought no layman ought to risk himself in the perilous ways of reasoning, but to make answer with his sword as stoutly as a strong arm and a fiery spirit could carry that argument. Though fortunately for his fame the persecution against the Albigeois, which had been the disgrace of his father's short reign, was at an end before he reached manhood, he suffered an hypocritical monk to establish

a tribunal at Paris for the suppression of heresy, where many innocent persons suffered death."

This unhappy spirit of superstition caused Louis to commit an act of intolerance at once cruel and unjust. It had been reported to him whilst in Egypt that the Saracens said the Christian King could have little reverence for his Lord Christ whilst he suffered His murderers to remain in his kingdom. To show how ill-founded this reproach was, on his return to Europe Louis banished every Jew from France, and confiscated their property. In adverting to Louis's conduct towards the Jews at a later period, Hallam says that he is "at a loss to conceive the process of reasoning in an ordinance of St. Louis, where for the salvation of his own soul, and those of his ancestors, he releases to all Christians a third part of what was owing by them to the Jews."

Having spoken of Louis's attention to the amendment of the laws, we must now notice very briefly the contest between the University of Paris and the monks, in which he felt much interested, and took a part.

Long before his departure for the East, a misunderstanding arose between the officials of the college and the municipal authorities of the city of Paris, in consequence of which the schools were closed for some time. The Dominican friars had long been desirous to have a licence to teach within the walls of their monastery and to act as professors and grant degrees. Taking advantage, therefore, of the closed doors of the ancient University, they obtained

the much-coveted licence from the Bishop. Soon, however, the schools of the regular institution were re-opened, and a statute passed to the effect that no degree in any faculty should be conferred without the individual who received it taking an oath to observe all the rules and regulations of the University, and that all other degrees should be held invalid. This militated against the irregular practices and assumption of the Dominicans; and as they had found their schools exceedingly profitable, they were greatly angered, complained of injury, and appealed to the Pope for redress.

These preachers were devoted to his Holiness, and owing to the services they rendered to the Court of Rome found favour in its eyes, and gained the best of the quarrel. The Pope gave his verdict in favour of the monks and all other religious men; whereupon the begging order of friars, the Franciscans, joined the Dominicans, and opened schools also, and likewise made professors and granted degrees.

The University of Paris now took up arms anew, and declared against the decision of the Pope, and one bold, able, and learned man, William St. Amour, advised the authorities to have the University removed beyond the range of his Holiness's decree, and also wrote and published a book on the subject, in which he so exposed the avarice and evil practices of the monks, with the injustice of the papal decree, that the Pope rewarded him with degradation for his pains. But this did not stop his pen. St. Amour now wrote a second book, wherein he still further exposed



the conduct of the monks, and implored the Bishop of Paris to forbid their leading youth astray by their artful and dangerous teaching ; saying that the bishops and clerks were the only men who by Divine authority were proper to expound the Gospels to the people, and if the Pope countenanced the monks in thus intruding on their province, he was lowering and disgracing his own holy office.

Louis's fondness for monks of every order being well known, the Dominicans and Franciscans had recourse to him to punish the man who had dared to write the scandalous volume, which they put into his hands. Louis declined to act in a matter of so much moment, and referred the complainants to the Pope. Doctors, monks, bishops, scholars, and authors all found their way to Rome. "Fast and furious was the strife." The Pope ordered the book to be burnt, and the King to banish the author of it. Louis obeyed ; the monks triumphed ; the doctors of the University were humbled and cast down, but the popular voice was on the side of the old University and its regular professors. And now a new adversary started up. A court wit and a writer of the day composed a satire that had a wide-spread influence, in which he was bold enough to say that if Louis banished one of his subjects on the authority of the Pope, then it was "King Pope," and Louis the King had nothing that he could call his own. All this made a great stir in Paris. For seven years the contest raged : books were written, satires circulated, songs sung about the streets, greatly to the distress

and perplexity of Louis, who unfortunately believed that all monks and friars were what they professed to be, poor, humble, mortified, temperate, and seeking only the kingdom of heaven, and could not understand how they could manage to take the wrong road in their way to it. It is impossible for any student of the Middle Ages to be other than astonished at the perpetual quarrels between princes, popes, people, and monks, whilst no man was considered to be a Christian unless he took part with Rome and its decrees, right or wrong<sup>3</sup>. Hallam says nothing surprised him so much as to find the intense hatred of the multitude for the clergy during those ages.

Whilst Louis was busied for the public weal, or perplexed by these quarrels, how little did he foresee the private sorrow which was destined so soon to inflict a wound upon the most sacred and tenderly cherished affections of his heart, by the death of his son Louis, the young and promising Dauphin. He delighted in his eldest-born, and had most carefully trained him to fill with piety, virtue, and honour the exalted station which was his by birth. Joinville tells us that shortly before the loss of the young Prince, Louis himself was so ill that he thought his days were drawing to their close; and calling the Dauphin to his bedside said, "Fair son, I charge thee to make thyself beloved of thy kingdom; for, in truth, I should like better that a Scot fresh from Scotland, or any stranger from any other distant and unknown country, should govern my

<sup>3</sup> Matthew Paris gives numerous instances throughout his Chronicles.

realm well and loyally, than that thou shouldst rule them unadvisedly and reproachfully."

Though only sixteen years of age, his anxious father had already completed a treaty of marriage for him with the daughter of the King of Castile, and all his future seemed bright and hopeful. But (such was the will of God) he was suddenly smitten, and died on Christmas-day, A.D. 1259. The death of the young is always affecting, for when the blossom is cut off there can be no fruit, and the hope that was fondly cherished adds to the disappointment a tenfold bitterness.

"The bird is dead

That we have made so much of.

. . . . . Thou blessed thing,

God knows what man thou might'st have made, but

Thou diest a most rare boy."

The mourning throughout France was universal, for a son trained by such a parent seemed to promise a continuance of the prosperity for which they were sensible of being indebted to that parent's sway. From this severe stroke of affliction it was considered Louis never recovered: his elasticity of spirits forsook him, a settled melancholy overshadowed his days, and it is not improbable might have materially influenced him in his determination to undertake another of those wretched enterprises, by which nothing was gained, and so much was lost in time, life, and treasure. After the death of the Dauphin, Louis, still wishing to secure the alliance with the daughter of the King of Castile for his eldest

surviving son, renewed the negotiation in favour of Philip, now heir to the throne of France. The proposal was accepted, and in due time the marriage was solemnized, and the Prince received a young and amiable wife, to the great comfort of his father.





## CHAPTER XXV.

Emperor Frederick dies—and his son Conrad—Hatred of Innocent IV. against the house of Swabia—Manfred, King of Sicily and Naples—The Pope pronounces him dethroned—He resists—Pope bestows Sicily on the Count d'Anjou—Battle with Manfred—He is slain—Conradin claims Sicily and Naples—Takes up arms—Battle with the Count d'Anjou—Conradin prisoner—His cruel death—Louis chosen arbiter between Henry of England and his Barons—Louis's charity for the poor—His household—His prudence and generosity—His patriotic acts—He promotes science and learning—Sends learned men to search for manuscripts—Founds the noble library of Paris and the Sorbonne—Builds an institution for the blind.

**T**HE year 1268 was fraught with serious consequences to Louis. In order that the subject may be clearly understood, we must retrograde a little, to recall to the reader's recollection the hatred which Pope Innocent IV. bore to Conrad, the son of the Emperor Frederick. Both died in the same year, 1254; but Innocent's entreaty to his Cardinals, when near his end, that any Pope who succeeded him might be recommended to keep alive the animosity towards the house of Swabia, was not forgotten. Whilst Alexander IV. was Pope, it was

but smouldering, but it was speedily rekindled when Urban IV. mounted the pontifical throne.

Manfred, a brave but illegitimate son of the Emperor Frederick, succeeded on the death of Conrad to the kingdoms of Sicily and Naples ; but Urban, assuming to himself the power to bestow kingdoms on whom he pleased, at once pronounced Manfred deposed. That spirited Prince, by no means relishing this deposition, defied the Pope and his bull, and held his own with a resolute grasp. This so enraged the holy Father, that after many struggles, in all of which he was worsted, he attempted to bribe Louis to aid him against Manfred, by offering him the crown of Naples for one of his sons. Louis declined the bribe.

Not to enter on the tiresome details of these events, suffice it to say that the ambitious Charles, having none of his brother's nice and honourable feelings, made no objection to send an agent to negotiate with the Pope for his own advancement. Urban died before the business was settled ; but Clement IV., who succeeded him, was equally willing to secure a high-spirited prince to his interest, and therefore at once named the Count d'Anjou King of Naples, and caused him to be consecrated and crowned in the Vatican by two Cardinals. Manfred however did not approve this summary way of taking the crown off his own head and putting it on that of an usurper : he resisted, and bravely : a battle took place ; but his spirit was greater than his judgment, and in a too rash and

sudden assault he was slain, and Anjou became King of Sicily and Naples.

Anjou had no praiseworthy quality, except personal courage ; his temper was arrogant and insolent, his disposition cruel, and his ambition reckless. His character for severity and injustice soon displayed itself towards the fiefs and barons of Sicily : without shame or remorse he confiscated many of their possessions, in order to satisfy his own creatures, the licentious supporters of his usurpation. Violent discontents arose, and the people of Naples and other parts of Italy were ripe for revolt. Even the Pope began to fear the man, whom, like an evil spirit raised by one of the magicians of the time, he could not put down so easily as he had called him up.

At this period Conradin, the son of Conrad and grandson of the Emperor Frederick, and the rightful heir of Sicily and Naples, had attained the age of fifteen years. He was a noble-spirited boy ; but hitherto his mother, with true affection, valuing his life more than earthly possessions, and knowing how powerful were his enemies, had kept him safe in the shelter of private life. The boy loved his mother, but could not acquiesce in her throwing around him the veil of obscurity. In an evil hour he escaped from her care, and seeing the discontents so rife in Italy, resolved to take advantage of them, and by a struggle regain his inheritance or perish in the attempt.

He made his way to Rome, and with the assistance of some Germans, Lombards, and Tuscans, entered Apulia

with a force that at once took the field. Unfortunately, though he collected many brave nobles to support his cause, the gallant youth had neither means nor men sufficient to enable him to cope with an enemy who was strong in arms and well versed in warlike affairs. One battle decided Conradin's fate, and left him a prisoner in the hands of the most cruel and depraved of men. Neither his youth, nor his brave spirit, nor the gentle bearing with which he yielded his sword to the victor, could touch the heart of Anjou—

“A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,  
Quoted and sign'd, to do a deed of shame”—

to feel pity for the noble boy.

Though Conradin was the rightful heir to the crown of Naples, this tyrant Prince caused him to be tried on a charge of treason! and he was condemned to die on the scaffold. He offered neither remonstrance nor complaint: with all the tenderness of youthful affection, he thought in his last moments of the mother from whose protecting care he had fled. What would be her suffering! He uttered but the words “My mother,” threw his glove among the sorrowing people who looked on, and died with unshaken firmness.

What were the feelings of Louis when he heard of these transactions, no one has recorded. He was far away from the scene of this tragedy; but no one can for a moment doubt that he must have felt deeply the sin and shame of his heartless and tyrannical brother.



Some time before these events a striking proof of the high estimation for probity and impartiality in which Louis was held was given, by his being chosen umpire upon the long and vexatious dissensions between his brother-in-law, Henry of England, and Henry's troublesome Barons, headed by De Montfort, Earl of Leicester. To such a height had these quarrels risen that more than once recourse was had to arms. At one period Dover Castle was possessed by the Barons, at another they attacked the royal residence of Windsor; and so great was their daring that Leicester in a conference made Edward, the King's son, prisoner. It was principally with a view to his release that Henry consented to the ignominious terms called, from the place where they were drawn up, "*the Provisions of Oxford.*" These consigned the power of the Sovereign to the hands of his rebellious nobles, and left him nothing but the name and the shadow of a king. But Prince Edward was once more free, and with great spirit he soon organized such a party to support the royal authority that the desultory warfare was renewed. It was carried on till both parties, being tired of it, agreed on an appeal to Louis as arbiter between them.

Louis consented to act as such, and summoned his own Parliament to attend him at Amiens for the purpose of witnessing the proceedings. Henry, King of England, was there, but the haughty Leicester appeared by deputy: his son Peter represented him. Louis, after carefully examining the question, with calm dignity proceeded to give

judgment. He declared against the Barons, stating that the *Provisions of Oxford*, even had they not been extorted by force, were subversive of the ancient constitution of England. He therefore annulled them altogether, and decided that the King was to have all his castles restored to him, together with authority to nominate whomsoever he pleased to the great offices of state, and all other prerogatives of royalty.

While he thus supported the regal prerogatives, he was careful to maintain the rights of the people, declaring that his decision should in no ways "abrogate those privileges and liberties which the kingdom possessed by any former concessions and charters of the crown." Equitable as this decision was, it did not satisfy the ambitious Leicester, and he rejected it. The civil war was renewed, and not till his life was lost in the battle of Evesham did he cease to trouble the realm of England.

Louis, having carefully reformed the laws and ordinances of France, became most especially attentive to the welfare of the humbler classes. From his earliest youth he sympathized with poverty and misfortune, and to such an extent did he indulge this feeling as he increased in years, that he daily fed no less than "six score of the poor," wherever he might chance to be. In Lent and in times of humiliation he washed their feet, and frequently served them from his own table. Though he was an enemy to luxury and ostentation himself, his household was conducted with a liberality and even a splendour, which were worthy a

great prince. During the time the Parliament and Councils were held, he daily entertained with considerable magnificence all the lords and knights who attended. His attachment to the monks and the clergy and all who served God in His holy Temple was life-long, so that he not only founded many monasteries, but was careful to surround Paris with a great variety of religious orders, built houses for them, and endowed them at his own sole cost.

The taste shown by Louis for literature and the fine arts was far beyond the age in which he lived. We have still the existing proof of this, as regards architecture, in his exquisitely beautiful Sainte Chapelle. His illuminated missal (like his drinking-cup of gold), preserved as a relic in the treasury of France, showed for the date of its execution considerable pictorial skill. "The pair of organs," as they were called, for his chapel, were the best that could be made, and his choristers were selected from the finest voices in France.

Joinville mentions some Sultan, who being desirous to promote geographical inquiry, sent out a party of discovery to find the source of the Nile. Whoever he might have been (for we are not told his name), that Sultan must have been a man in advance of his age and his country. Most probably it was the same individual who expended such large sums of money in collecting copies of the manuscripts of the great writers of antiquity. We may fairly conjecture that a Sultan so intelligent had read about or heard of that great Caliph, Haroun Araschid, and wished to emulate

him in the patronage of learning, and in that refinement of manners which always accompanies the cultivation of literature and the fine arts. Be this as it may, the Eastern monarch who thus became a collector of manuscripts must have been known to Louis by report ; for Joinville could not, we may be sure, have done other than mention him to the King. Louis was a good Latin scholar, as testified by the abbots and legates, with whom he often conversed in that tongue, and was acquainted with the great classic writers of antiquity. After his return from Egypt, when he gave his thoughts how best to benefit his people, it may well be supposed that he conceived the plan of doing for the West something like what the accomplished Sultan had done for the East. Certain it is that he selected competent persons to visit those monasteries where the manuscript treasures of antiquity were most likely to be found, with instructions to purchase and bring them to Paris. He was carefully obeyed, and so commenced that Royal Library, in the metropolis of France, which in a few years became one of the finest and most precious in Europe.

For the reception of these stores of the collected history and wisdom of ages, Louis erected a noble building, which communicated with the Sainte Chapelle, so that he could easily pass from the one to the other. As soon as it was completed, he opened it for men of science, for lectures, and for the benefit of students in the various departments of the learning of the time. He often attended these lectures himself, would put questions to the doctors, and

be amongst the most attentive and anxious for instruction.

To enlarge geographical science, he despatched men of energetic and inquiring minds to countries then very little known in Europe. These travellers found their way as far as Tartary and China. True it is that they brought home many wild and fabulous tales of men and manners, still much was done to advance a science to which the civilization of the nations of the globe is so largely due.

Nor must we omit to mention that in the reign of this King the Sorbonne was founded; which soon became, and long remained, one of the most celebrated schools of Divinity in Europe. It was also on his return from Egypt that he founded and endowed the hospital of the *Quinze-Vingts*, as "an asylum for 300 gentlemen who (according to tradition) had returned blind from the Holy War<sup>1</sup>."

<sup>1</sup> Michaud doubts the tradition which ascribes the foundation of this charity for the benefit of those who came blind from Egypt. But his very able translator, Mr. Robson, has this note on the subject: "There is one piece of internal evidence in this tradition that we think should obtain it credit, notwithstanding the silence of history. When we remember how the European armies in Egypt, at the end of the last century, suffered from *ophthalmia*, we think there is strong reason to believe that Louis might found such an institution on his return."



## CHAPTER XXVI.

Louis sets his mind on another Crusade—The Saracens and Sultans quarrelling among themselves—The Christians in the East employed in the same manner—Chegger Eddour plays a new part—Marvellous effects of her uncontrolled passions—Her strange story—Her crimes and death—Bibars, the leader, causes the murder of the Christians at Sefed—Antioch subdued—Slaughter of the Christians—Templars and Hospitallers make deadly war on each other—Louis disappointed by Henry of England—Applies to his son Edward, who promises to join him in the Holy Land—Joinville goes to court—His dream—Expounded—Louis summons a meeting at the Louvre—Sorrow of all on learning his purpose—Joinville will not join it—Louis unfit in bodily health—Goes to St. Denis—Receives scrip, staff, and oriflamme—Goes to Vincennes—Farewell to his wife and children—His letter to his son Philip.

**N**OTWITHSTANDING all the good that Louis had effected at home, his heart was in the East, and he yearned after another Crusade. Just at this time, as if to give an impetus to his purpose, news came from the Holy Land of the most alarming description. We cannot give in detail all the complicated and entangled circumstances connected with it; enough to say that the old work among the Mussulmans of murdering sultans, and quarrelling and fighting with each other,

had been going on, if possible more furiously than ever. Had the Christian people and cities of the East only been wise enough to keep the peace and combine together, they might have defied all the Turks and Mamalukes of Syria and Egypt ; but they rather followed than shunned their example, and also began quarrelling and fighting among themselves.

In these revolutions Chegger Eddour once more played a part ; and whatever part she took, whether for good or for evil, it was no common one. She was a benighted heathen, but endowed by nature with a courage, an energy, and a strength of character that, had she been better taught, and nurtured among a less barbarous people, might have resulted in real greatness. As it was, her impassioned feelings were her only guide. She proved herself in relation to Almoadan (the son of her beloved husband Negmeddin) to be capable of the noblest self-devotion ; but her hatred was no less strong than her love, and her vengeance was stern and unpitying. As we had occasion to mention, on the death of Almoadan she was raised to the throne as Sultana of Egypt<sup>1</sup>; and as governor with her, in the capacity of Atabec or prime minister, Ezz Eddin Aybek was chosen. This man she wedded ; and as the Caliph of Bagdad expressed his contempt for a female ruler, and some of the great men of Cairo murmured, she resigned the sovereignty to her husband, who it seems did not maintain the regal

<sup>1</sup> The only instance in that country, in Mahometan ages, of a female ruler.

authority with the judgment or the firmness of his wife, for through the rivalry of the Emirs he soon became involved in quarrels and difficulties. Still, the quiet exertions and good sense of Chegger Eddour disconcerted, though not obviously, all the projects of the faction who were his enemies, and Aybek was safe as the ruler of Egypt.

But he was not safe from the jealous passions of the wife who had been as the guardian spirit of his throne. The law of Mahomet allowing a plurality of wives, Aybek solicited the hand of a daughter of the Prince of Mossoul. Chegger Eddour, who expected the same devotion to herself as a wife that she had shown to him as a husband, and probably remembering how she had been the idol of her former lord, could not pardon what she deemed a breach of faith, and Ezz Eddin Aybek was murdered in the bath by his slaves. Not even his death seemed to satisfy her vengeance. The deed had been accomplished in the night, and in the middle of it she summoned to the palace the Emir Saif Eddin. He came, and found her seated, with the body of her husband still bleeding, at her feet. With this ghastly spectacle before her, she offered him her hand and the throne of Egypt.

Saif Eddin, horror-struck by the murder and the calmness of the murderess, shrunk from her presence in affright. She then sent for two other Emirs. They obeyed her summons, but also fled in terror from the exultant criminal.

At an early hour in the morning the news of this fearful



event was spread far and wide in Cairo, and accustomed though the people were to acts of sudden violence, and often as they had looked with indifference on the murder of their Sultans, a wife imbruing her hand in the blood of a husband, and offering that hand over his dead body to another, aroused a general feeling of indignation, very rare with the Egyptians. Blood so unnaturally spilt did not sink into the ground. The mother of Ezz Eddin took a speedy retribution on the destroyer of her son. By her contrivance Chegger Eddour was murdered by the hands of her own slaves, and her body cast into the moat that surrounded the palace.

We will only add to this picture of crime and revolution, that a fierce Mamaluke chief, named Bibars, became Sultan, who after subduing the town of Sefed, practised in cold blood every excess of cruelty and slaughter on some hundreds of the defenceless Christian prisoners, and after Cæsarea, Jaffa, and other places had fallen before his victorious arms, determined on the conquest and ruin of the principality of Antioch. He marched thither a fanatic and victorious army: the city of Antioch fell, and the Christian population of men, women, and children were massacred; no less than 17,000 persons perished, whilst 100,000 were led into barbarous slavery.

Tyre, Acre, and a few of the yet unconquered Christian towns and fortresses were next threatened with destruction; whilst to add to the anxious feelings of Louis, some most vexatious intelligence came to him from Acre. Those on

whom he most relied in that city, and whom he had left there to defend the inhabitants, the Knights Templars and Hospitallers, having nothing else to do "in this piping time of peace," had so indulged in jealousies and quarrels, that at last they proceeded to deadly strife. "Never," says Matthew Paris, "was such a pitiable slaughter amongst Christians, especially religious men." In this feud, scarcely one of the Templars escaped alive, whilst of the Hospitallers many were slain or severely wounded.

These disastrous circumstances made a deep impression on Louis, and the more so as the suffering Christians of the East had applied to the Pope imploring him to send them assistance, and to use his authority with the potentates of Europe to arm and come to their relief. His Holiness had of late been so warmly employed in his own concerns, that he was very cold and indifferent about his suppliants in the Holy Land: and in truth, with all but the zealous Louis, crusading was very much on the decline. No wonder that it should be so; nothing but death and misery had resulted from the last Crusade, and what prospect was there that a new one would be any better? But to rescue Jerusalem if possible from the hands of infidels, in the heart of Louis was a paramount duty; and to cast aside all else, and proceed straight on in the endeavour to achieve that object, became the settled purpose of his soul.

For a while he kept it locked in his own breast. With little hope of any effectual support from the European rulers (for Henry III. of England, after having put on the Cross,

changed his purpose, and neither kept his vows nor his promises), he was the more anxious to obtain what help he could from those princes and nobles over whom he had any influence. Such he believed he possessed over his nephew Prince Edward, heir to the throne of England; he therefore privately summoned him to come to Paris without delay. The Prince, who was tall in person, of a commanding presence, brave, enterprising, and had an ardent thirst for military renown, acceded most willingly to the request of the French King that he would join him in the Holy Land, and bring with him such a force as he might be enabled to raise for the purpose.

Without assigning any reason for it, during the Lent of 1267 Louis summoned all the Barons of France to meet him at Paris. Joinville wanted not to come, and pleaded his quartan ague; but the King told him that his ague could be cured in Paris as well as in his own country, and begged him, for the love he bore to God and to his friend and prince, not to disappoint him. The Seneschal obeyed, for he loved Louis as dearly as his own life. But even when he arrived at court, he could not learn for what purpose he was summoned, till on the Festival of the Blessed Virgin he fell asleep during the performance of the mass in her honour, when he was visited by an extraordinary dream, which he thus relates. He fancied that he saw the King on his knees before the altar, surrounded by his prelates, who put on him a *red chasuble* of serge of Rheims. As soon as he awoke, the Seneschal told his

dream to one of the chaplains, who, like Daniel, was an interpreter of dreams. He expounded thus: that on the next day the King would put on the Cross, as the *red chasuble* signified the cross of the Redeemer, dyed with His sacred blood; and as the chasuble was of Rheims serge, it "foretold a Crusade of short duration." The dream proved to be indeed prophetic.

On the next day, the parliament and principal lords of the kingdom being assembled in the great hall of the Louvre, Louis entered with a slow step and in solemn state, bearing in his hand the crown of thorns. At the sight of this the whole assembly rose, and without a word being spoken, knew what was the purpose of the King. He addressed them with dignity and feeling, represented in the most animated manner the misfortunes and sufferings of the Holy Land, and exhorted all who heard him, for the love they bore to Him who had worn that crown of pain and humiliation in order to procure for them one of eternal glory, that they would take the cross, and let him once more be their leader. He ceased speaking; but notwithstanding the reverence, the love felt for him as their king, their common father, a deep silence prevailed; no one gave the response, "Yes, we accept the cross; it is the will of our King."

At length the Cardinal de St. Cecilia spoke, and after pathetically adverting to the miseries of the Christians of the East, called on all capable of bearing arms to become the soldiers of Jesus Christ. Louis then solemnly received the cross from the hands of the Cardinal. Devoting all he held

most dear to the cause of God, he presented his three sons to put on the holy badge. At the sight of the young Prince Tristan, Count of Nevers, whose birth at Damietta had been under circumstances of such sorrow, so much danger to his mother, and at such a time of calamity to the last Crusade, all present were deeply affected—many wept, but there was no enthusiasm awakened for this new enterprise. The Queen and several noble ladies were present, but only one put on the cross; that one was the aged Countess of Flanders. The Legate received the oaths of many noblemen and knights, amongst whom were the Counts of Brittany, of Eu, and of Brienne. The resolution of the King once more to lead them on so remote and unpromising an enterprise, filled the hearts of the people with grief and dismay. "Who shall rule over us as he did? who shall benefit us, who shall bless our homes and our children as he did?" were the common expressions of one to another as they met in the streets or in the highways. The woes of the last Crusade were not forgotten, and all men said this would be like it. Joinville strongly protested against the expedition, and did not scruple to record his own opinion that "they who advised the King to undertake it had committed a great crime and sinned deadly." He gives an anecdote which serves to show what were the opinions of many who from the regard they had for Louis put on the cross. He says that when he was at the mass in the chapel, he heard the knights talking to each other; and one said "that if the King took the cross, it

would be the most fatal day for France ; and that if they took it, they should ruin him, and lose also God's favour, because they would not put on the cross freely for His sake, but to please the King."

Most earnestly did Louis endeavour to persuade Joinville to be crossed, but nothing could prevail with him to consent. He deemed it his duty to stay at home, and take care of his people ; and in this respect he certainly had a much clearer view of duty than his royal master. He stated that during his former pilgrimage the King's officers had grievously oppressed his people ; that on his return he found them in a state of extreme poverty, and if he absented himself again, they would be utterly ruined. It is evident from this and many other circumstances, how much the prosperity of the subject depended on the personal character and power of the monarch. Though the laws themselves were good there was wanting in his absence a controlling power adequate to secure their due administration.

It is impossible to reflect without regret upon the mistaken motive which induced Louis thus to risk so valuable a life for an object of no practical benefit to any one, and led at last to the sacrifice of that life. Even in bodily strength he was utterly unfit for it ; for, weakened by his incessant anxious toils, his self-discipline and austerities, at the very time he was contemplating this new Crusade, he could not support the weight of his armour, nor long remain on his horse. "I remember," says Joinville, "that I was once

forced to carry him in my arms from the house of the Count d'Auxerre as far as the convent of the Cordeliers, when we landed on our return from Palestine."

To prepare for such an expedition was a serious task, and most earnestly did Louis set to work about it. There was the Regency to be settled; more nobles, knights, and men-at-arms, and means to support them to be found, and shipping to transport them over seas. With all his exertions, so much delay of necessity took place, that it was not till March, 1270, that all was ready. In order to provide for the enormous expenses, Louis was obliged to levy the capitation tax, which suzerain lords, according to feudal customs, required of their vassals under extraordinary circumstances. He had also the right to levy it on the occasion of the ceremony (at that time of great importance) of receiving his eldest surviving son, Philip, into the order of knighthood. The citizens of Paris observed it by great public rejoicings. Even in the midst of these, the subject nearest to Louis's heart was not forgotten; and by his desire the Legate preached a sermon on the sufferings of the Holy Land, that moved many of his auditors to put on the cross.

Dearly as Louis loved Margaret, and nobly as she had conducted herself through all the trials of the former Crusade, he did not wish her to accompany him in this, nor did he entrust her with the Regency in his absence. His late mother Blanch, by her ability, experience, and spirit, was formed for rule, but not so Margaret; she had neither

ability nor judgment for the exercise of power, and he left none in her hands ; not even that of choosing her own attendants without the permission of the Council. It was evident how much she desired to obtain rule, as she caused her son Philip, heir apparent and then but a boy of sixteen, to take privately an oath, that if any thing happened to his father he would consider himself under her tutelage till he was thirty ; an oath from which in due time he obtained Pope Urban IV.'s dispensation. It is most probable that Louis was informed of this unworthy attempt on the part of Margaret, and it is likely to have made him more strict in his regulations to restrain her ambitious fancies. He appointed to act jointly as Regents, Matthew, Abbot of St. Denis, Simon, Abbot of Clermont, and the Lord de Neille.

The Regency settled, his eldest son and successor knighted, the King, as one of his last public acts of importance, early in March proceeded with due ceremonial to the Church of St. Denis, once more to look on the tombs of his royal ancestors, to pray before the relics which were treasured in their shrines, and to receive the scrip and staff, the symbols of his holy pilgrimage, from the hands of the Legate. Once more the oriflamme was unfurled for a sacred purpose, and on the following day Louis caused a mass for the success of the Crusade to be solemnized in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Thither, accompanied by his children, his nobles, knights, heralds, and a host of other persons, he walked barefooted, carrying his scrip and



staff; and there in deep humiliation he offered up his orisons for a blessing on the holy cause. It must have been a day of great trial to his feelings; for after the ceremonials of Notre Dame, he proceeded at once to Vincennes, to look for the last time on that sylvan scene, where, under the canopy of green boughs, he had with so much simplicity of manners and goodness of heart administered justice to the poorest of his people. In the Castle of Vincennes he had also passed some of the happiest hours of his life, when in consultation with the wise and the good, he studied how best to benefit his kingdom. There, too, he had tasted the peaceful charms of domestic life, in the endearing society of his wife and children; and there was he now to bid adieu to that wife for ever. The parting was most distressing; for never before had he been separated from her for any length of time, since their youthful hearts and hands were pledged at the altar. The faith there plighted had never been broken; their affection, pure and holy, was unchanged. But as Louis viewed it, God called him, and he must go. One last kiss, one last farewell; they never met again on earth.

Whether it was only just before Louis quitted France, or at an earlier period, we do not know; but the pious King, feeling how weak he was in body, and knowing the uncertainty of life, more especially in the field of war, wrote with his own hand some instructions for his son Philip, now his successor, which give so clear a view

of his character and spirit, that though they must be much abridged, they cannot be withheld altogether<sup>2</sup>.

*INSTRUCTIONS of Louis IX., King of France, to his son Philip, the Dauphin, written by his own hand.*

“FAIR SON,—The first advice that I shall give thee is, that with all thy heart, and above all things, thou love God; for without this no man can be saved. Be most careful not to do any thing that may displease Him. Avoid sin. Should God send thee adversity, receive it patiently; give Him thanks for it, and believe that thou hast well deserved it, and that it will turn out to thine honour. Should He send thee prosperity, be humbly grateful for it, and take care thou do not become worse through pride and presumption; for it behoves us not to make war against God for His gifts. Confess thyself often, and choose such a discreet and wise confessor as may have abilities to point out to thee the things necessary for thy salvation.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Attend the services of God and of our Mother Church with hearty devotion, more particularly the Mass, from the consecration of the holy body of our Lord, without laughing or gossiping with any one. Have always a compassionate heart for the poor, and assist and comfort them as much as thou canst.

“Keep up and maintain good manners in thy kingdom. Abase and punish the bad. Preserve thyself from too great luxury, and never lay any heavy imposts on thy people, unless through necessity forced upon it, or for the defence of the country. If thy heart feel any discontent, tell it instantly to thy confessor, or to any other sober-minded person; thou mayst thus more easily bear it, from the consolation he may give thee. Be careful to choose such companions as are honest and loyal, and not full of vices, whether they be Churchmen, monks, seculars, or

---

<sup>2</sup> This precious document, it has been said, was carefully preserved with the Archives at Paris: it is to be hoped that it escaped destruction during the French Revolution.

others. Avoid the society of the wicked, and force thyself to listen to the Word of God, and to retain it in thy heart. Beg continually in thy prayers for pardon and the remission of thy sins. Love thine honour. Take care not to suffer any one to dare utter words in thy presence that may excite sin, nor any calumny of another, whether he be present or absent, nor any thing disrespectful of God, His holy Mother, or the saints.

“Offer thanks continually to God for the prosperity and other good things He gives thee. Be upright, and do justice strictly to the poor and to the rich. Be liberal and good to thy servants, but firm in thy orders, that they may fear and love thee as their master. If any controversy or dispute arise, inquire into it until thou comest to the truth, whether it be in thy favour or against thee. If thou possess any thing that does not belong to thee, or that may have come to thee from thy predecessors, and thou be informed for a truth that it is not thine, cause it instantly to be restored to its proper owner. Be particularly attentive that thy subjects live in peace and security, as well in the towns as in the country. Maintain such liberties and franchises as thy ancestors have done, and preserve them inviolate ; for by the riches and power of thy principal towns thy enemies will be afraid of affronting or attacking thee, more especially thy equals, thy Barons and the like.

“Love and honour all Churchmen, and be careful not to deprive them of any gifts, revenues, or alms which thy ancestors or predecessors may have granted to them. It is reported of my grandfather, Philip Augustus, that when one of his counsellors told him that the Churchmen were making him lose his revenues, royalties, and even rights of justice, and that they were surprised how he suffered it, the King replied that he believed it was so, but God had shown him so much favour, and granted him such prosperity, that he had rather lose all he had than have any dispute or contention with the servants of His holy Church.

“Be to thy father and mother dutiful and respectful, and avoid angering them by thy disobedience to their just commands. Give such benefices as may become vacant to discreet persons of a pure conversation, and give them with the advice of well-advised, prudent persons. Avoid going to war with any Christian power without mature deliberation, and if it can in any wise be prevented. If thou goest to war, respect Churchmen, and all who have done thee no wrong. Should contentions arise between thy vassals, put an end to them as speedily as possible.

“Attend frequently to the conduct of thy bailiffs, provosts, and others thy officers; inquire into their behaviour, in order that if there may be any amendment to be made in their manner of distributing justice, thou mayst make it. Should any disgraceful sin, such as blasphemy or heresy, be prevalent in thy kingdom, have it instantly destroyed and driven thence.

“Be careful that thou keep a liberal household, but with economy. I beseech thee, my child, that thou hold me and my poor soul in thy remembrance when I am no more, and that thou succour me by masses, prayers, intercessions, alms, and benefactions throughout thy kingdom, and that thou allot me a part of all the good acts thou shalt perform.

“I give thee, Philip, every blessing that father ever bestowed on son, beseeching the Holy Trinity of Paradise, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, to preserve and guard thee from all evils, more particularly that thou die not under any deadly sin, and that we may, after this mortal life, appear together before God, to render Him praise and thanksgiving without ceasing in His kingdom of Paradise. Amen.”





## CHAPTER XXVII.

Louis's instructions to the Regents—Embarks with his Crusaders at Aigues Mortes—Decides on going to Tunis—Ancient Carthage—Arrives there—Some of the army land—He delays—Conduct of some of the Crusaders to the inhabitants—The Saracens rush down in a multitude—Camp formed—Muley Montanza, Sultan of Tunis—Louis decides to wait for his brother Anjou before he gives battle—Sufferings of the Christians—Pestilence—Horrors of it—Deaths—King advised to leave Carthage—Refuses—Sufferings of the camp—Dauphin sick—Prince Tristan dies—Legate dies—Nobles and prelates die—Unburied dead—Louis smitten—His children—His last hours—His death—Distress of the camp—Anjou arrives—Homage paid to Philip—War renewed—Sultan sues for a truce—Agreed for ten years—Prince Edward arrives—Crusaders embark for Sicily—Storm, shipwreck, and loss of life—Anjou's heartless conduct—Philip returns—Takes with him the royal dead—Philip's melancholy entrance into Paris with the bodies of his family—Louis canonized—His bones work miracles—therefore they are divided.

**T**HE last instructions of Louis to the Regents were to watch over the morals of the people with religious care, to free the kingdom from all corrupt judges and officers, and to render prompt and equal justice to every one who sought it ; so that " He who judges the judgments of men might have nothing to reproach them with as rulers in France."

## THE GOOD ST. LOUIS AND HIS TIMES. 361

Although his efforts had failed to gain the support of the leading potentates of Europe, yet he had with him in his expedition a very distinguished company: his eldest son, Philip, heir to the throne, and that son's wife; his brother Alphonso, Count of Poitiers, and his wife; the King of Navarre and his queen, who was Louis's favourite daughter; the Legate and many prelates, clergy, barons, and gallant knights, with a considerable force of men-at-arms.

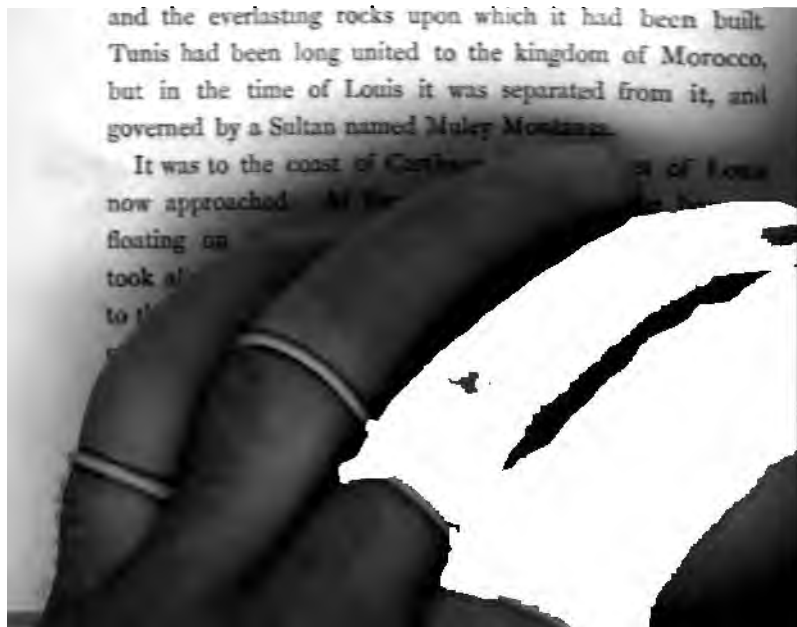
Louis, as before, embarked at Aigues Mortes. By a previous arrangement he met the leaders of the armament at Cagliari, on the coast of Sardinia. When all were assembled, the question to be decided was, to what place they should first direct their course.

Strange to say, the danger of Tyre, of Acre, and of other cities threatened with destruction, about assisting which they had talked so largely, seemed to be forgotten; and still more strange, after some debate it was agreed to reach Syria by a route no less circuitous than that of Tunis! Most historians say that this was with the view of reducing that kingdom to Christian submission, as it was then perilous to European travellers. It was also considered to abound in gold, silver, and jewels—a great temptation to the ordinary run of Crusaders, but not so to Louis. His temptation was said, and with great probability, to arise from the hope of converting the King of Tunis to Christianity; as that infidel, to suit some artful purpose of the moment, had sent an embassy long before this to intimate to Louis

that he was not unwilling to be captured, if it could be done with safety to himself and in a quiet way.

In the western part of the coast of Africa, and nearly opposite to Senegal, stands a peninsula, less than fifty miles in circumference. It runs out into the sea between two gulfs, one of which, in ancient times, had a good port for shipping, and the other, in more modern days, a canal with a lake which extended some miles inland. In this peninsula, stretching to both shores, stood that ancient city which proudly claimed to be the birthplace of Hannibal, and the conquest of which was the glory of Suger. At twelve miles distant to the southeast, beyond the gulf and the lake, stood the town of Tunis, which Suger captured before he ventured to approach the mighty city. After many revolutions, Carthage was but a heap of ruins, scarcely any thing remained but one lofty tower of comparatively recent date, and the everlasting rocks upon which it had been built. Tunis had been long united to the kingdom of Morocco, but in the time of Louis it was separated from it, and governed by a Sultan named Muley Mostagan.

It was to the coast of Carthage that the fleet of Louis now approached. At the mouth of the bay a vessel was floating on the sea. The fleet was ordered to approach, and took advantage of the opportunity to fire upon the vessel. The vessel was a small one, and was soon sunk. The fleet then proceeded to the coast of Tunis, and the Sultan Muley Mostagan fled to the interior of the country.



Admiral, seeing how defenceless was the country, advised Louis to land his armament at once, and take advantage of the opportunity which had been afforded by the panic of the enemy. But Louis and those about him recollected that at Damietta they had landed too soon; and now, as it proved, they landed too late. In the interval, however, a certain number did land,—it was on the 24th day of July, 1270,—and with perfect ease took possession of the old castle, surrounded by rocks and ruins, and displayed on its summit the banner of France. Had they stopped there, it would have been well; or had Louis landed to control and keep order; but as it was, these men, calling themselves Christians, and so ready to denounce the infidel perpetrators of the cold-blooded massacres at Antioch, committed the same kind of atrocities, though on a smaller scale. Many of the defenceless inhabitants who could not fly as the others had fled, concealed themselves amid the ruins and the caverns of the surrounding rocks, and these were hunted out and slaughtered in cold blood. But the hour of vengeance was at hand. At the very dawn of the ensuing day, the Saracens rushed down in multitudes from all parts of the surrounding country, till the coast was covered with them. Many were cavalry, always the most formidable of the infidel troops. And now the Crusaders in vast numbers had commenced landing, but in such disorder and with an utter want of all arrangement, as an eye-witness has recorded, that “it was a blessing, on seeing them about to disembark,



the Saracens for the time retreated, or a hundred men would have been sufficient to stop the disembarkment of the whole army<sup>1</sup>."

When all had landed, the Christian host was drawn up in battle order; and Louis commanded his almoner, before any thing more was done, to comply with the law of nations by reading aloud a proclamation drawn up by himself, whereby as conqueror he took possession of the territory.

A camp was formed and surrounded by intrenchments. The sick and the women were placed in the old tower already mentioned, for greater shelter from the burning heats of an African sun. What followed may be easily told: a tale at once brief and lamentable.

Louis even now clung to the fallacious hope of converting the King of Tunis: that hope was soon dissipated by the preparations for war, and the furious threats of Muley Montanza, that unless Louis and his army retreated, he would cause to be put to death every Christian within his dominions. This threat effected no change in the purpose of the King and his Crusaders; in fact, the Moors seemed far more in fear of encountering the Christians than the Christians had been in fear of the multitude who at the first appeared so determined to oppose them. At present, however, except when attacked by detached bodies or skirmishers, the Crusaders were inert; Louis having decided

<sup>1</sup> Michaud states this, but does not give the name of the eye-witness. No doubt it was William de Nangis; Joinville was not there.

to await the arrival of his brother Anjou, the King of Sicily, with his promised forces, before he attempted any important or decisive action. He therefore delayed, and this delay proved fatal. The Mussulmans, seeing the inaction of the Christians, made great preparations to fall upon them with an overwhelming force, which was to be augmented from all parts of Africa, as well as by the troops of the impetuous and dreaded Bibars.

But dangers were at hand far more terrible than these. The sufferings, and, if possible, worse than the sufferings, which the Crusaders had experienced in Egypt, were destined here to be repeated with direful effects. The men had only salted provisions for their food; water was wanting; the climate was burning and deadly; the winds of the torrid zone came upon them like the blasts from a furnace. The Saracens from the neighbouring heights, by means of machines formed for the purpose, raised the fine sand into suffocating clouds, which the wind carried direct to the camp of the Christians, so that they could neither see nor breathe without torment. And now the same kind of pestilence broke out here that had carried off so many in Egypt. Such numbers died daily, that the bodies of far the greater part were left in unburied decay, until the poisoned air became intolerable. To add to the misery, the water, so earnestly craved in the agony of the fever, was so unwholesome that all who drank of it died!

Egypt had been bad enough, but this was far worse; here none could hope to live, for plague and dysentery were

united in the work of destruction. The King was advised, urged, entreated to leave a place that presented such a scene of desolation. But whether he was already infected with the disease that so soon after struck him down, and had not spirits enough to rally for any new exertion, or that some superstitious feeling held him back, no one could tell : certain it is that he refused, as if spell-bound, to quit the miserable spot upon the plea that he had promised to await the arrival of his brother with a powerful force from Sicily.

Hour after hour the most distressing reports were hurriedly brought to him, and in a few days he lost, besides a host of archers and common men, many of the noblest and the bravest in his army ; amongst whom were the Counts de Vendome, de la Marche, de Nemours, de Montmorency, d'Asprenant, de Bressac. To bury the dead became impossible ; they were huddled into the ditches round the camp, where they lay piled together and putrifying under the burning sun, revolting alike to the sight and to the smell. Fearful, too, was it to see by day, and to hear by night, as the wild animals prowled and the vultures screamed, over the unburied dead.

The Dauphin Philip, the hope of France—he was smitten ; but he lived, saved as if by miracle. Next Tristan, that child of sorrow, born to his mother in the hour of her distress at Damietta—he was smitten. He was the darling of his father's heart, and that father had himself watched over him during this sickness in his own tent. With the

hope of saving him, the boy was removed to one of the vessels in the port. Louis incessantly asked what news of his "sweet son"? At last they were obliged to speak out—to say that he was dead. Louis, who had hitherto borne so much with calmness, and resignation, could no longer maintain the struggle, and the bereaved father wept bitter tears for his beloved and gentle son. Next died the Legate, the good Legate who gave the pilgrim's scrip and staff into the hands of the King, and blessed the enterprise. Alas! and not only did this old man fall, as the corn that is ripe and ready to be garnered for the harvest, but many of the youngest and the strongest were called to the great account: it was a judgment-day indeed! Even for the nobles there was little or no ceremonial of burial.

But how was it with the unhappy King?—as long as he could support himself, engaged, as far as possible, in the endeavour to relieve the sufferings of his wretched army. Deeply did he sorrow not only for his child, but for his people; and more than all for the cause of his God, for such he deemed the rescue of Jerusalem. The hopelessness of attaining that object bowed him down, and with the failure of his hopes his life also failed. Worn in spirit, wasted by anxiety and exertion, Louis had little strength to contend with the dysentery which for nearly four weeks kept him hanging between life and death. He was conscious that he could not survive; but his mind, clear and calm as in happier hours, was hopeful for France, and at peace with his God.

He ordered his crucifix to be placed before him, and, fixing his eyes upon it, stretched forth his hands and prayed unceasingly, though in silence, to the Redeemer of his soul.

To depict the distress of the army on hearing of the King's danger would be impossible. Scarcely was there a man even amongst the sternest warriors but shed tears, and all prayed for God's mercy that a life so precious might be spared. The sick, the very dying forgot their own sufferings in anxiety for his preservation.

As his end drew near, he called his children around him : his son Philip he desired to come close to his side ; his beloved daughter, the wife of the King of Navarre, sat bathed in tears at the foot of his bed. Philip was deeply affected, as, worn by disease, Louis made a great effort, and counselled him in few but strong expressions how to rule with justice, beneficence, and piety over the people that would so soon be his own. As the sum of all his counsel, he bade his dear son, above all things, fear to offend God. He also prayed that Christ would guard him from all evil, and that after his mortal career was closed, they might be permitted to meet in the presence of their Redeemer, there to love and praise Him for ever.

Louis next turned to his dear and weeping daughter. With the most tender affection, he gave her the instructions that he had prepared for her on the duties of a wife and a queen ; bade her be the careful nurse of her husband, who was then suffering from the general sickness ; and even in those moments was he mindful of a circumstance that

he considered to be one of strict justice. He desired her to tell the King of Navarre, that he advised him on his return to his province of Champagne to pay all his debts before he began to rebuild the monastery of his favourite friars of Provins. He also gave her another paper, written by himself, which he begged her to give to her youngest sister Agnes, Duchess of Burgundy; and as he did so, said, "My most dear child, keep this in memory, that many go to rest full of sinful thoughts, and before the morning are called to their account. 'The true way to holiness is to love God with all our heart, and to remember how much He deserves all our love, who first loved us.'"

Scarcely had he ceased speaking, when it was announced to him that certain ambassadors had arrived, sent from Michael Palæologus of Constantinople, on a mission of political importance. In the state to which Louis was reduced he could hardly be expected to see them: but some thoughts occurred to him, by which he hoped to promote God's glory; he resolved therefore that they should be admitted. When they stood beside his bed, he told them, in a faltering voice, how earnest were his wishes for the union of the Greek and Roman Churches; promised that his son Philip would do all he could for so desirable an object, and begged them to prevail with their Emperor to do the same. The envoys were greatly affected and impressed by the demeanour and the piety of the dying King; they promised to endeavour to their utmost to fulfil his wishes, and retired in deep sorrow from his presence.

Louis had dismissed his children from the tent before he received the ambassadors, and he never saw them more; for now he gave up the time that remained to him on earth to his Father in heaven. He remained alone with his confessor, and desired that the Sacrament of the Eucharist should be administered to him whilst consciousness still remained. Before this was done, his almoners read the prayers and the seven penitential psalms, to which he made the responses in a clear though feeble voice. The viaticum and extreme unction were then given. "From Sunday, at the hour of Nones," says an eye-witness, "till Monday at the hour of Tierce, his mouth never ceased, either day or night, to praise our Lord, and to pray for the people he had brought to that place." He was heard to pronounce these words of the prophet king: "Grant, Lord, that we may despise the prosperities of this world, and know how to brave its adversities." He repeated also, as clearly as his sinking voice would permit, this prayer: "O God, deign to sanctify Thy people, and to watch over them." He frequently invoked the saints in Paradise, more especially St. James and St. Genevieve; and implored St. Denis, whom he used to call upon in the hour of battle, to grant his support to the army that would so soon be without a leader. His mind seems to have wandered as life fast ebbed away; but even in those moments it was bent on the one great object of all his hopes, *Jerusalem*. In the night of Sunday he was heard to pronounce the word

Jerusalem twice ; and added, "We will go to Jerusalem." Well might he say this, for truly his angelic spirit was on the wing for the Jerusalem which is above.

On the morning of the 25th of August his speech was gone, but his mind seemed clear ; he looked affectionately on those around him ; and feeling that the hand of death was upon him, made signs by which his attendants understood that he desired to be moved from his bed, his body to be covered with hair-cloth and placed on a bed of ashes on the ground. He was obeyed ; he then crossed his hands upon his breast ; the powers of nature were nearly exhausted ; but still he breathed, calm and happy in the consciousness that the blessing of God was on his last hours. He closed his eyes, and fell into a short and tranquil sleep. Suddenly he awoke, seeming to be revived ; speech had returned to him, and looking up to heaven, he exclaimed, "O Lord, I shall enter into Thy house, and shall worship in Thy holy tabernacle," and immediately expired. "This," says Joinville, "occurred at the very same hour" (three o'clock in the afternoon) "that our Lord Jesus Christ expired on the cross for the salvation of His people."

Thus lived, and thus died, Louis IX., King of France, a monarch whose piety, beneficence, and exertions for the good of his people did honour to the country that gave him birth, and to human nature. His faults were the faults of the age in which he lived : his merits were his own.

During the last days and nights of Louis's illness, the soldiers seemed to be doubtful of the truth, when told of



his danger—that any thing so terrible as his death awaited them they would not believe. In order to satisfy themselves they thronged around the canvas walls that concealed him from their sight; and when they found that the tidings were really true, they waited with looks of consternation and in deep silence, to learn the next news, if haply the terrible event so much dreaded might yet be averted by their prayers. Such were the feelings of the army. When Louis was actually dead, those who had witnessed his last moments feared to make it known. At length it was announced to the men-at-arms by the clergy who had ministered the last sacraments to their departed sovereign.

No sooner was it known than a very frenzy of disappointment seized upon the whole camp. The loss of Louis was the signal that all was lost with themselves. Misery, calamity, death filled their thoughts; and careless even of their comrades who were dying of the pestilence around them, they gave themselves up to despair. In these moments of distraction the sacred cause for which they had taken the cross was forgotten, and with their tears and groans they mingled the bitterest reproaches against those who had advised this expedition, and most especially the King of Sicily (Louis's brother), upon whom they did not scruple to lay the blame for all the disasters of the war.

The body of Louis was not yet cold, when the ships of this brother (a brother how unlike himself!)—the usurper of a blood-stained throne—arrived on the coast, and with

banners flying, and drums and trumpets sounding as if in triumph, he landed his Sicilians near Carthage. As he approached the camp of the Christians, all was gloom; there was no movement, no one came forth to greet him; the silence of mourning reigned around.

Struck from these circumstances with a foreboding of evil, Anjou spurred his horse to the rowel-head, rushed on, entered the royal tent, and the first object that met his sight was his brother still stretched on his bed of ashes, calm, and composed in every feature, dead, quite dead.

Charles of Anjou, hardened though he usually was to every touch of kindly feeling, could not look on such a sight with indifference. He threw himself on the ground beside the corpse of the noblest brother upon earth, and watered it plentifully with his tears. He spoke to that brother in death as he had never spoken to him in life; poured into the ear that was for ever closed his self-reproaches, his self-condemnation, in accents of wild despair. He was at last with difficulty removed from the body of him whom he so bitterly and so deservedly lamented.

It was some time before the mortal remains of Louis could be conveyed to France. Soon after death his bowels were removed, placed in an urn, and given to Charles of Anjou, who sent them as a relic to the Abbey Church of Montreal. The heart and the bones were consigned to the care of his son and successor, Philip<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> "From this we learn that with the body of the good King a custom

Louis is gone ! and what remains to be told must be told briefly ; for, like the well-graced actor described by Shakespeare, when he leaves the stage, whatever follows the scene in which he was engaged seems but tediousness and irksome prattle.

Philip, after the death of his father, became so much worse that great anxiety was experienced on his account. From a mingled feeling of respect for the dead and the living successor, the Barons who were present at once paid their homage to him as King of France.

The death of Louis gave courage to the infidels, who mistaking for fear the lull occasioned by sorrow, fancied that the Christians could now be easily driven from the country ; but they were mistaken. Personal courage and a knowledge of war were the merits, and the only ones, of Charles of Anjou. Seeing his nephew Philip too sick to take upon him any command, he at once assumed the lead, renewed the war, and some seasonable rains having considerably alleviated the sufferings of the camp, prepared to attack Tunis both by land and sea. Several spirited and well-directed conflicts ensued, in which the Sultan **always** had the worst of it.

of the time (not unfrequent with the eminent after death) was certainly observed—namely, to take out the intestines and the heart, and then to boil the rest of the body till all the flesh was off the bones ; so that the bones became relics. This barbarous practice was at length forbidden by Pope Boniface VIII. in 1299. But it was after that date that Edward I. of England is said to have directed that his remains should be thus treated, and that his bones should be carried against the Scots." —Tytler, vol. i. p. 229 (from Froissart).

That potentate, who seemed to dislike the burning suns and scorching winds of the torrid zone as much as did the French, and who usually lived in great indolence in an underground grotto for the sake of shade and coolness, being tired of the war, at last sued for peace, and being not at all indisposed to pay a good price for it, sent ambassadors to Philip and Anjou to negotiate the terms.

Some of those adventurers, who only joined a Crusade in the hope of plunder, wished to carry on the war till Tunis was taken and sacked. But others were wiser and more moderate. Philip's anxiety was to return to France, and direct the affairs of his kingdom, as the Regents urgently advised him to do; while the nobles and even the fiery young knights were sick of crusading, and sighed once more for their pleasant homes of France.

Where both parties were anxious for peace, there was no long demur about the terms of it. In October a truce for ten years was concluded. The captives on both sides were to be given up; the faith of the Christians was to be preached by any of the Minorite brothers who chose to preach it in that part of the world; and Muley Montanza, Sultan of Tunis, agreed to pay to Anjou, King of Sicily, a large yearly tribute, and also two hundred and ten thousand ounces of gold forthwith for the expenses of the leaders of the Crusade.

The truce was only just signed, when Prince Edward of England arrived, according to his promise, off the coast of Carthage, attended by a numerous body of English who

had put on the cross. He was most graciously received by the French and the Sicilians, nobles and knights; but so angry was he when he learnt that he had come to find peace where he looked for war, that he turned into his tent, and would have nothing to do with the councils, or with those who directed them.

All being settled, the Crusaders were anxious to leave a land where the winds, the burning suns, and the stifling sands were so intolerable; and where, instead of achieving the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent, they had found nothing but disappointment and sorrow. But their troubles were not even yet at an end. In the month of November the whole Christian army having set sail for Sicily, so dreadful a tempest arose, as they neared the port of Trepani, that eighteen large ships, with four thousand Crusaders on board, perished in the sea, which, as one of the old chroniclers averred, "rose in waves that resembled mountains." Ships, men, horses, armour—all were submerged. The treasure paid by the Sultan of Tunis, and the vast property of the Lord of Anjou were also lost. Anjou received in his kingdom such of the Crusaders as were spared; but from all accounts he seized some of their vessels and effects, and in every way endeavoured to turn the misfortunes of the wrecked to his own profit.

Philip was doomed to begin his reign with mourning indeed. The King of Navarre (the husband of his sister), died shortly after his shipwreck in Sicily. This amiable princess, Elizabeth, the favourite daughter of Louis, and

worthy such a father, watched over the sick bed of her husband till she closed his eyes in death. Her heart was broken by her repeated afflictions, and in a little time she followed to the grave. The bodies of these illustrious relatives were now, with that of his late father, consigned to the care of Philip. His young queen, though wholly unfit for it, had borne him company in this Crusade. In returning through Italy to France, she travelled, as royal persons did in those days, on horseback. In crossing a river near Cosenza in Calabria, her horse fell; and she, being pregnant, was so much injured, that both herself and infant perished. Philip pursued his melancholy journey, now bearing with him five bodies of those who had been the nearest and dearest to him in life. Two more deaths were speedily added to the account of family bereavement. Philip's uncle Alphonso, Count de Poitiers, with his countess, had followed the Crusade; and both died in Tuscany from the effects of the pestilence by which they suffered at Carthage. Another shock was yet reserved for the feelings of Philip. In his progress home he passed Viterbo, and whilst there witnessed the dreadful end of one of his gallant brothers in arms, Henry d'Allemagne, who was attacked by the sons of the fierce Earl of Leicester, followed into a church, whither he fled for refuge, and murdered even at the altar's foot.

After passing Burgundy and Champagne, Philip entered Paris, still weak from illness, and overwhelmed with sorrow. Thousands came forth to meet him, but more as if to

sympathize with the funeral train that attended his steps, than to welcome a monarch to his rightful inheritance. They pressed forward with great eagerness, and all strove to approach the bier on which were borne the remains of Louis the Good, the father of his country. Tears were shed and cries of sorrow were uttered on every side ; they mingled with the prayers of the people for blessings on the head of the young king, and that he might live to be like his father.

On the arrival of Philip, the bones and heart of the late King were carried to the Church of Notre Dame, where a mass for the dead was continued during the whole of the night. On the following day, attended by a long train of nobles, and clergy, and a multitude of all ranks and degrees, who deeply sympathized in the august ceremonial, Philip appeared, assisting in bearing the remains of his father, and in solemn pomp proceeded to the Abbey Church of St. Denis, where, according to that father's wish, they were finally to rest. Philip stopped several times in his progress ; and wherever he did so, a cross was erected in memory of the occasion <sup>3</sup>.

Some time after these events the Pope ordered the Archbishop of Rouen, and another prelate of eminence, to open a sitting at St. Denis to receive evidence, and inquire into the life and conversation of Louis IX., late King of France, and to report thereon to Rome. Amongst other

<sup>3</sup> This reminds us of the erection of a cross wherever the body of Eleanor, Queen of Edward I., rested on its way to burial in the Abbey of Westminster.

of the deceased King's intimate friends, the Lord de Joinville was summoned before them, and for two whole days was engaged in relating all that he knew of the lamented sovereign's merits and manner of life. The report carried to Rome was such that Boniface pronounced Louis IX. to be among the saints in Paradise ; and thus was he canonized to the exceeding joy of the French nation. The Pope in giving forth the sentence observed, "that happy was the royal line that gave so good a king to France, and happy were the people over whom he had ruled with so much wisdom, beneficence, and piety."

Joinville states that when the decree of this canonization was brought from Rome, Philip "appointed a day for the raising of his father's holy body, which was accomplished by the Archbishop of Rheims and Sir Henry Villiers, Archbishop of Lyons," and several other eminent prelates whose names he did not remember. The sermon was preached by Friar John de Semours, and Joinville seems to have supplied the matter of it, as he says that the friar detailed in his discourse the whole life of the deceased King just as he had related it<sup>4</sup>.

On the sermon being ended, Philip and his brothers bore the remains of their revered father once more to the sepulchre from which they had been raised, in the Abbey Church of St. Denis, where Louis had desired to be buried, near the grave of his grandfather, Philip

<sup>4</sup> Margaret, the widowed Queen of Louis, survived till A. D. 1295. She was buried before the great altar at St. Denis.



380 THE GOOD ST. LOUIS AND HIS TIMES.

Augustus, and Philip, his own father. The ceremony was attended by all the prelates and chief persons in France. After the solemnity was completed, the whole—forming a vast multitude—of those who had attended were magnificently entertained at an enormous cost<sup>5</sup>. Louis, modest in death as in life, had desired that his tomb should be plain and without ornament; but in this he was not obeyed: it was covered with plates or escutcheons of silver, of which the English subsequently despoiled it during the wars in France.

In answer to the prayers that were offered up at this tomb many great miracles were said to have been effected, and people of all ranks resorted in crowds to the shrine. Having such a power, the good King's remains were considered much too precious to be limited to one place; so that, a few years after his interment, his skull was separated from his other bones, and with one of his ribs was carried in solemn procession, led by his son Philip, and attended by the Court, to the Sainte Chapelle, where it was placed to keep company with the relics collected by the good St. Louis himself. The rib was carried with like ceremony to the Church of Notre Dame<sup>6</sup>. Louis's illuminated missal and his gold drinking-cup (out of which no one was allowed to drink after his death) were placed in the royal treasury of Paris.

<sup>5</sup> For the curious items of this sumptuous feast, see the Notes on Joinville, p. 529, Bohn's edition.

<sup>6</sup> Writers differ about the date of this transaction. Some say that it was in June, 1298; others in 1306; and a MS. chronicle in Paris says not till 1322. The time is doubtful.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Anecdotes of St. Louis recorded by Joinville—His instructions to Joinville how to behave in society—His love of truth—Robert de Sorbonne promoted for merit—Sir Gilles de Bruyn likewise—Domestic scene in a meadow with the King—Reproved his children—Instance of Louis's conscientious honesty—Sir Reginald de Trie—Louis's deeds of charity—His religious feelings—Great virtues of his private life—Joinville's vision of St. Louis—Hopes to get a few of his bones for relics—Builds a chapel for his memory—Louis's character—God in all his thoughts—The conclusion.



JOINVILLE has recorded many characteristic anecdotes of his royal master: to glean from these a few of the most interesting, it is hoped will be considered an appropriate conclusion to these pages.

Louis possessed that love of truth without which all other good qualities have no solid foundation. He was one of the few Crusaders who would never break a promise or an engagement made to the Saracens; and most careful was he never to utter an idle word in conversation, or to use an improper expression,—a thing the more remarkable as coarseness of speech and profane swearing were the common barbarism of the age in which he lived.

There was a natural delicacy about him in society, which

proceeded from the gentleness and refinement of his feelings. Here is an instance. Robert de Sorbonne bore so high a character for courage and discretion, that, though humbly born, Louis made him one of his attendants, and allowed him to sit at his own table. One day Joinville was seated near, and spoke to Robert in a whispering manner. Louis gently reproved his friend, telling him to speak out, lest his companions might fancy the whispering was to their disparagement. If he had any thing pleasant to say he should speak it aloud, that all might have the advantage of it; if not, he should be silent. In like manner he charged the Seneschal respecting his conduct in society "never to give the lie, or to contradict rudely whatever might be said in his presence, unless it would be sinful to suffer it to pass unnoticed: for contradiction and ill manners often produce harsh words and quarrels that sometimes lead even to bloodshed."

So great was Louis's estimation of truth and honesty, and of the love of God, that solely from the reputation Sir Gilles de Bruyn bore for those excellent qualities, he gave him the office of High Constable of France, a post in the state which had hitherto been bestowed only for personal courage and military talents.

Louis was most temperate in his habits, and discouraged luxury; in his dress, except on days of high festival, he was plain and simple. In connexion with this, his kindness and consideration in sparing the feelings of another were amiably displayed, when one day himself, his sons, and others were

amusing themselves in a meadow near the Sainte Chapelle. Master Robert de Sorbonne and the Lord de Joinville were there also; the former took hold of the Seneschal's mantle, and asked him probably in sport, "Whether, if the King should seat himself in this meadow, it would be wrong if Joinville placed himself on a bench above him?" The reply was, "Certainly it would be wrong." "Wherefore, then," said Master Robert, "do you not think yourself to blame for being, as you are, more richly dressed than the King?" The Seneschal replied "that he did not think he was so; for the dress he wore had been left to him by his ancestors (fashions then did not change quite so rapidly as in more modern times), he had not himself the ordering of it. Master Robert, it is you," continued the Seneschal, a little nettled by the remark made on his handsome attire, "Master Robert, you deserve blame; for you are descended from bondsmen on both sides, and have thrown off the dress of your forefathers and clothed yourself in finer camlet than that which the King now wears."

Joinville then, with the familiarity which we see by this Louis permitted in his presence, handled Master Robert's surcoat, and compared it with that worn by the King, saying, "See now if I speak not the truth."

On hearing this discussion, the good-natured King took upon him Master Robert's defence; and to save him from all reproach on account of his humble origin, observed how great was his humility, and how kind he was to every one.

But soon after this, when Master Robert was gone away,

the King called to him his son Philip, and his son-in-law Thibault, King of Navarre, and also the Seneschal; and, seating himself at the door of his oratory, he placed his hand on the ground, and said to his children, "Seat yourselves here, near me, that you may be out of sight." "Ah, Sire!" replied they, "excuse us; for it would not become us to sit so close to you." Louis turned to his friend, "Seneschal, sit down here." This he did immediately, and was so close to the King that his robe touched that of his royal master. Louis was pleased by the ready obedience of the Seneschal, and turning to Philip and Thibault, said, "You have behaved very ill, being my children, in not instantly obeying my commands; this must not happen again." They assured the King that it should not<sup>1</sup>. Then, turning to Joinville, he said, "Seneschal, I have called you all around me to hear me confess that I did wrong in taking Master Robert's part; but I did so from seeing him so much distressed that he had need of assistance, not from thinking that he was in the right: for, as the Seneschal said, every one should dress according to his station, and in order to be more beloved by his wife and respected by his dependants; for the wise man says that we ought to dress ourselves in such manner that the prudent may not think

<sup>1</sup> This reminds us of the anecdote of Louis XIV., when some prince of the blood refusing, as Louis had commanded him, to get into the royal carriage before himself, he turned round and commanded a nobleman standing by to do so. He was obeyed. "That gentleman," said Louis to the Prince, "understands politeness better than you."

our attire too costly, nor the younger among us fancy we dress too meanly."

In all matters of conscience Louis was alive to the softest whisper of that divine monitor. Deeply as he revered every man bearing a religious habit, from the Pope with the triple crown to the poorest monk or the humblest anchorite, he was, nevertheless (as we see by the *Pragmatic Sanction*) far in advance of his age, respecting the monstrous exactions of the Church, and the superstitious donations by which it was enriched. In one of his familiar discourses with his friend, he observed that the mode in which the evil spirit deceived usurers and spoilers was by leading them to believe that they could atone for their iniquities by leaving their plunder to the Church instead of restoring it to its proper owners. This just principle (which would have been supported by few Popes of Louis's age) was evidently founded on the Gospel axiom, "How shall a man love God whom he hath not seen, if he love not his brother whom he hath seen?" One of the good King's most constant instructions to all over whom he had any influence, was never for a moment to retain, small or large, possession of any thing which did not rightfully belong to them.

One instance of Louis's conduct on this principle must be given. The Lord Reginald de Trie brought to the King *letters* (though in our day document would be the more proper word), which declared that Louis at an early part of his reign had consented to give to the heirs of the

Countess of Boulogne<sup>2</sup> (then lately deceased) certain lands called "the county of Dammartin." This document was disfigured, and the seal so broken, that all which remained of it was "one-half of the legs of the King's effigies, and the *chantel* (footstool) on which the legs were placed." Louis therefore consulted his Council; they examined the *literæ*, and advised him not to give up the land, the claim being so doubtful: for Louis, who must have been very young at the assumed date of the transaction, recollected nothing about it.

But his conscience was not to be set at rest by a doubt in his own favour. He therefore sent at once for one of his chamberlains (a person he must formerly have employed as a secretary), and bade him bring a letter which he had caused him to draw up many years back. When the King had examined this, and particularly the seal, comparing it with the fragment on the disfigured document, he turned to his Council, and said, "My lords, this is the seal that I used before I went to the Holy Land, and the fragment on these letters so exactly corresponds with the same parts of the whole seal, that I dare not, without sinning against God and my own conscience, retain the county of Dammartin." He then called to his presence the Lord de Trie, and said, "My fair sir, I restore to you the land which you demand as your right by heirship: it is most justly yours."

<sup>2</sup> The husband of this lady, who died long before herself, was Philip Count of Boulogne, uncle to Louis, and who during the regency of Queen Blanch, before he was of age, had been turbulent and troublesome, but at last consented to receive a pension and be quiet.

The humility of this holy King was in perfect harmony with his reverence for truth and honesty. The great desire of his whole life was to live in humble imitation of his Lord Jesus Christ. Accordingly, he often washed the feet of the poor, and reproved the Seneschal for having neglected to do so on Holy Thursday, begging him in future to do it first for the love of God, and secondly for the love that he bore to himself, his king and his friend. To beggars Louis gave meat and drink, and would frequently cut their bread for them, and fill their cups himself. In alms to the poor he was most bountiful, and wherever he went throughout his kingdom, his earliest visits were always made first to the hospitals, and then to the churches and monasteries. With that tenderness and refinement which added so much grace to all his charities, he sought out distressed gentlemen, the widow and the fatherless, and often portioned poor girls who from want of means could not otherwise have married.

The sums he spent from his own private income for these purposes were immense. Fortunately the possessions and revenue of the Crown of France at that particular period were very great, and most nobly did Louis employ them. He built and endowed so many churches, abbeys, and monasteries during his reign, that it seems almost incredible how he could support in addition the vast numbers of nobles, knights, and men-at-arms that he engaged to be under his banner during the Crusades. At his sole cost he built the magnificent Abbeys of Reaumont,



of St. Anthony at Paris, of Du Lis, and Du Malboison, several houses for the friar preachers and the Cordeliers, the beautiful Sainte Chapelle at Paris, the Maison Dieu at Pontoise, the same at Vernon, and the Abbey of the Cordeliers at St. Cloud, which his sister the Princess Isabella had founded at his request. Louis had large ecclesiastical patronage, and never gave a benefice to any one, without first ascertaining by strict inquiry that his character and conduct were such as to deserve it.

The good King was naturally of a passionate temper, and this frailty, so often the companion of a warm impulsive heart and a generous mind, he never entirely overcame; but Joinville, who knew him so well, says, "I have been constantly with him for twenty-two years, but never in my life, for all the passions I have seen him in, did I hear him swear or dishonour God, his holy Mother, or any of the saints. When he wished to affirm any thing, he said, 'Truly it is so,' or, 'In truth it is not so;' and he would not utter the name of the evil spirit, and thought it disgraceful to do so."

He was, as we have seen, an affectionate husband, and a most loving and careful father. The confessor of Margaret, his beloved wife, has left many interesting anecdotes of his private life. As we should expect from such a penman, they relate principally to his religious character. One day, when Louis was at his palace at Poissy, the place of his birth, he observed to those around him that it was in that castle God had vouchsafed to him the greatest blessing he had received on earth, the blessing

of baptism. His feelings for the sick like his prayers were unailing. When he was at Compiègne, and was to walk barefooted to visit the several shrines of the place, and to give alms to the poor on his way, a leper out of respect, kept aloof, but looked earnestly as if he wished to attract the notice of the King. Louis observed him, went at once to the miserable sufferer, giving him both alms and blessing, and as he did so, he seized the leprous hand and kissed it. Those who witnessed this act of dangerous contact with so fearful a disorder, crossed themselves in dismay.

Possibly this circumstance was in the recollection of Louis, when he asked Joinville, "Seneschal, what is God?" "Sire," he replied, "God is supremely good; nothing can exceed Him." "That is true," said the King, "and your answer is written in the little book that I have in my hand; but I will ask you another question, Whether had you rather be a leper or have committed a mortal sin?" "I would not tell him a falsehood," observes Joinville, "so I told him at once that I would rather commit thirty mortal sins than be a leper." Louis, on hearing this, reproved his friend, telling him that when the leprous man died, he was cured of his disease, but the leprosy of a mortal sin, unless sufficiently repented, might lose him his immortal soul.

Louis was strict in his attention to the hours, days, and ceremonies of the Church, and delighted (possibly more than his companions and attendants) to turn aside from the hunting-field, if an abbey or a monastery was at hand, to enter there, to seat himself on the ground among the poor, so as not to disturb a monk in his stall, and to listen

patiently to a sermon, however long it might be. He never passed a day without reading portions of the Old and New Testament; which in his time had been translated only into the Latin language. It was also his custom frequently to have his chaplains read to him of an evening the writings of St. Augustine and others of the Fathers. The time allowed for this was whilst a candle of a certain length gave its light to the reader. When that was burnt down, the lecture ceased, and the compline or last service of the evening was recited. Thus the good King retired to his pillow with a breast full of gentle feelings, and a mind fraught with holy thoughts and at peace with God.

His kindness to his servants was unfailing; his chief care was for their immortal souls, but he did not neglect the health of their bodies, and visited them in sickness. If he had a fault towards them, it was that of too much indulgence; for unless there was a serious sin or immorality, they had nothing more to fear than a gentle chiding for their offences. Louis's grandfather, Philip Augustus, was severe with his household, and dismissed a servant who had the charge of his fire, because it crackled to his annoyance. This unlucky domestic Louis took into his service. This man on one occasion was so awkward that he dropped the burning wax from a taper on an inflamed leg from which his royal master was suffering severely. Great was the torture, but Louis passed it over with no other rebuke than "Oh, Jean! my grandfather dismissed thee for a much less thing than this."

The Lord de Joinville's love and reverence for the

memory of his deceased friend and sovereign, time could not abate. Long after the King's death a singular vision presented itself to his imagination. One day, no doubt when he had fallen asleep in his chapel, he thought that he saw the good St. Louis resplendent with glory. Proud to see him thus in his castle, he said, "Sire, when you depart hence, I will conduct you to another castle of mine at Chevillon, where you shall be lodged with all honour." To this the King replied, with a smile, "that his affection for his old friend was such that he should not depart from Joinville so soon." The Seneschal awoke, and judging from this dream that it was the pleasure of Heaven and of his sainted master that he should lodge in the chapel named, he caused an altar to be erected to the honour of the latter, and founded a daily mass for the benefit of his soul. By doing this the Seneschal tells us that he was not without a hope that the reigning King of France might be induced to allow him some portion of the wonder-working bones as a relic for his chapel, and that so those who should see his altar thus favoured might be led to pay greater devotion to the saint.

But we must bring these miscellaneous particulars to a close, and, with a few remarks, conclude.

The panegyric with which the historian or the biographer is wont to take leave of one upon whose character and exploits he has dwelt until he has become fascinated by his subject, would be superfluous in the present instance. Unaffected openness, absolute singleness of purpose, and perfect sincerity, told in Louis their own plain story. His

392 THE GOOD ST. LOUIS AND HIS TIMES.

errors and his faults—the errors and faults of his age and his Church more than of the man—were all obvious, and they have not been slurred over in the foregoing pages. No enigmas are left for us to solve, no ambiguities to account for, no inconsistencies to reconcile, no tortuous courses to justify, no dark depths either of passion or subtlety to penetrate and throw light upon. Louis was indeed “in wit a man, simplicity a child,” a character surely far more attractive, as well as endearing, than any achievements, however brilliant, can render either soldier or statesman in whom we can trace no pervading and prevailing element of moral goodness. In Louis such goodness rested upon the sure basis of revealed truth, and was animated by fervent love for Him who is its Revealer. Louis lived as he died, in anticipation of the great account which sovereign and subject must alike render to the Judge of all. Contemplating ever that eternal world which lies beyond the confines of this visible sphere, he could see the pride, the greatness, the ambition of man as they may be summed up (to borrow the emphatic language of Sir Walter Raleigh) by those “two narrow words”—

“HIC JACET.”

ORIGINAL JUVENILE LIBRARY.

A CATALOGUE

OF

NEW AND POPULAR WORKS,

PRINCIPALLY FOR THE YOUNG.

IN ELEGANT CLOTH BINDINGS.

SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS AND SCHOOL PRIZES.



PUBLISHED BY

GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,

(SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERY AND HARRIS),

CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD,  
LONDON.

### A SPLENDID GIFT BOOK.

Dedicated by Permission to H.R.H. The Princess Royal. In Royal 4to.,  
Elegantly bound in cloth, gilt edges. Price Two Guineas.

#### The Year: its Leaves and Blossoms;

Illustrated by HENRY STILKE, in Thirteen Beautiful Chromo-Lithographic Plates, with Verses from the Poets.

"A charming Gift Book, and sure to be heartily welcomed."—*Art Union.*

### STANESBY'S ILLUMINATED GIFT BOOKS.

Every page richly printed in Gold and Colours.

#### The Floral Gift.

Small 4to, price 14s. cloth elegant; 21s. morocco extra.

"Every page has a border printed in Gold and Colours, in which our chief floral favourites are admirably depicted. The binding is gorgeous, yet in good taste."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

#### Aphorisms of the Wise and Good.

With a Photographic Portrait of Milton. Price 9s. cloth, elegant; 14s. Turkey morocco antique.

"A perfect gem in binding, illustration, and literary excellence."—*Daily News.*

#### Shakespeare's Household Words;

With a Photographic Portrait taken from the Monument at Stratford-on-Avon. Price 9s. cloth elegant; 14s. morocco antique.

"An exquisite little gem, fit to be the Christmas offering to Titania or Queen Mab."—*The Critic.*

#### The Wisdom of Solomon;

From the Book of Proverbs. Small 4to, price 14s. cloth elegant; 18s. calf; 21s. morocco antique.

"The borders are of surprising richness and variety, and the colours beautifully blended."—*Morning Post.*

#### The Bridal Souvenir;

New Edition, with a Portrait of the Princess Royal. Elegantly bound in white and gold, price 21s.

"A splendid specimen of decorative art, and well suited for a bridal gift."—*Literary Gazette.*

#### The Birth-Day Souvenir;

A Book of Thoughts on Life and Immortality. Small 4to, price 12s. 6d. illuminated cloth; 18s. morocco antique.

"The illuminations are admirably designed."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

#### Light for the Path of Life;

from the Holy Scriptures. Small 4to, price 12s. cloth elegant, 15s. calf, gilt edges; 18s. morocco antique.

## NEW AND POPULAR WORKS.

IN ELEGANT CLOTH BINDINGS.

NEW WORK BY MRS. BRAY.

**The Good St. Louis and His Times.**

By MRS. BRAY, author of "The Life of Stothard," "Romance of the Tamar and Tavy," &amp;c., with Portrait. Post 8vo., Price 7s. 6d.

**Favourite Fables in Prose and Verse.**

With 24 beautiful Illustrations from Drawings by HARRISON WEIR. Printed on Toned Paper. Small 4to., price 6s., or bevelled boards, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

\* \* A Companion Volume to the Illustrated Edition of the Robins.

**Patrañas;**

Or, Spanish Stories, Legendary and Traditional, by the Author of "Traditions of Tivol." Illustrations by EDWARD H. CORMOULD. Post 8vo., price 5s., gilt edges, 5s. 6d.

NEW WORK BY MR. KINGSTON.

**John Deane of Nottingham;**

His Adventures and Exploits. A Tale of the Time of William of Orange. By W. H. G. KINGSTON, author of "Peter the Whaler," &amp;c. With Illustrations. Post 8vo., price 5s., gilt edges, 5s. 6d.

NEW WORK BY BARBARA HUTTON.

**Tales of the White Cockade.**

By BARBARA HUTTON. Illustrations by LAWSON. Post 8vo., price 5s. cloth, gilt edges, 5s. 6d.

**Heroes of the Crusades.**

By BARBARA HUTTON, author of "Castles and their Heroes." Illustrated by PRIOLO. Post 8vo., Price 5s., gilt edges, 5s. 6d.

**Castles, and their Heroes.**

With Illustrations. Post 8vo., price 4s. 6d.; gilt edges, 5s.

NEW WORK BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S DAUGHTER.

**Theodora.**

A Tale for Girls. By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS. With Illustrations by George Hay. Post 8vo., price 4s. 6d., gilt edges 5s.



**From Peasant to Prince;**

Or, the Life of ALEXANDER PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF. Freely translated from the Russian by Madame PIETZKER. With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d., gilt edges, 3s.

NEW WORK BY THE HON. MISS BETHELL.

**Millicent and Her Cousins.**

By the Hon. AUGUSTA BETHELL. Author of "Helen in Switzerland," etc. With Illustrations by R. PATERSON. Post 8vo., price 3s. 6d., gilt edges, 4s.

**Rosamond Fane;**

Or, the Prisoners of St. James. By MARY and CATHARINE LEE. Illustrations by R. DUDLEY. Post 8vo., price 3s. 6d., gilt edges, 4s.

**Lucy's Campaign;**

A Story of Adventure. By MARY and CATHERINE LEE. With Illustrations by GEORGE HAY. Fcap. 8vo., price 3s. cloth elegant; 3s. 6d. gilt edges.

"The adventures 'Lucy' goes through are detailed in a remarkably agreeable manner."  
—*The Queen*.

**Amy's Wish, and What Became of it.**

A Fairy Tale, by Mrs. G. TYLER. Illustrations by WIEGAND. Super-royal 16mo. price 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured plates, gilt edges.

**Bertrand du Guesclin, the Hero of Brittany.**

By EMILE DE BONNECHOSE. Translated by MARGARET S. JEUNE. Frontispiece by PRIOLO. Fcp. 8vo., price 2s. 6d., gilt edges, 3s.

"The high tone of feeling with which it is written makes it specially valuable as an educational book, taking education in the sense of formation of character. All boys will enjoy it for the scenes of adventure and heroism through which it leads them."—*Literary Churchman*.

NEW WORK BY CAPTAIN DRAYSON.

**Adventures of Hans Sterk.**

The South African Hunter and Pioneer. By CAPTAIN DRAYSON, author of "Tales of the Outspan," etc. Illustrated by ZWECKER. Post 8vo., price 5s., gilt edges, 5s. 6d.

"From first to last, it is full of life and variety, and will also give boys some knowledge of the people of South Africa, and their mode of life."—*Nonconformist*.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE CHILDREN'S FAVOURITE.

**Trimmer's History of the Robins.**

Written for the Instruction of Children on their treatment of Animals. With 24 beautiful Engravings from Drawings by HARRISON WEIR. Price 6s. Cloth extra, 7s. 6d. Cloth elegant, gilt edges.

"The delicious story of Dicky, Flopsy, and Peckey, who have forgotten it? It is as fresh to-day as it was half a century ago."—*Art Journal*.

"The illustrations by Harrison Weir will tend to raise it even higher in the estimation of others beside the inmates of the nursery."—*The Times*.

## Our White Violet.

By KAY SPEN, author of "Gerty and May," with Illustrations by T. S. WALE. Super Royal 16mo., price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A thorough child's book."—*The Queen*.

## Gerty and May.

Illustrated by M. L. VINING. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A charming book for children. Though the story is full of fun, the moral is never lost sight of."—*Literary Churchman*.

## Neptune.

The Autobiography of a Newfoundland Dog. By the author of "Tuppy," &c. Illustrated by A. T. ELWES. Super Royal 16mo., price 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRÖLICH.

## The Little Gipsy.

By ELIE SAUVAGE. Translated by ANNA BLACKWELL. Profusely illustrated by LORENZ FRÖLICH. Small 4to., price 5s., gilt edges, 6s.

"An exquisite story, narrated with a grace and charm that will fascinate all readers. The illustrations are singularly graceful."—*Athenæum*.

WORKS BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S DAUGHTER.

With Illustrations by various Artists. Super-royal 16mo, price 2s. 6d. each plain, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

## Stolen Cherries;

Or, Tell the Truth at Once. By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS. Illustrated by F. A. FRASER.

"Mrs. Norris has established her own fame, and her paternity is clearly proved by the knack in story telling she inherits from her father."—*Art Journal*.

## The Children's Pic Nic,

And what Came of it.

## What became of Tommy.

## A Week by Themselves.

## Harry at School.

## Long Evenings;

Or, Stories for My Little Friends. Second Edition.

WORKS BY MRS. BRODERIP, DAUGHTER OF T. HOOD.

### Tales of the Toys.

Told by Themselves. By FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP. With Illustrations by her brother, TOM HOOD. Super Royal 16mo., price 3s. 6d., plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A capital conception well worked out."—*British Quarterly*.

"Mrs. Broderip is to be congratulated on having achieved a novelty."—*Saturday Review*.

### Wild Roses;

Or, Simple Stories of Country Life. Illustrated by ANELAY. 3s. 6d. gilt edges, 4s.

"Written with the grace and truthfulness which the daughter of Tom Hood knows so well how to impart."—*Art Journal*.

### Mamma's Morning Gossips;

Or, Little Bits for Little Birds. Containing Easy Lessons in Words of One Syllable, and Stories to read. Fifty Illustrations by TOM HOOD. Foolscap Quarto, price, 3s. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

### Merry Songs for Little Voices;

The words by Mrs. BRODERIP; set to music by THOMAS MURBY, with 40 illustrations by TOM HOOD. Fcap. 4to., price 5s.

### Crosspatch, the Cricket, and the Counterpane;

A Patchwork of Story and Song. Illustrated by TOM HOOD. Superroyal 16mo. price 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

### My Grandmother's Budget

of Stories and Verses. Illustrated by TOM HOOD. Price 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

### Tiny Tadpole;

And other Tales. With Illustrations by TOM HOOD. Price 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A remarkable book, by the brother and sister of a family in which genius and fun are inherited."—*Saturday Review*.

### Funny Fables for Little Folks.

Illustrated by TOM HOOD. 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

#### NEW PICTURE BOOK.

### The Attractive Picture Book.

A New Gift from the Old Corner, containing numerous Illustrations by eminent Artists. Super-royal 4to. bound in an elegant cover, printed in gold and colours, price 3s. 6d. plain; 7s. 6d. coloured; 10s. 6d. on cloth and coloured.

WORKS BY MRS. DAVENPORT.

**Constance and Nellie;**

Or, the *Lost Will*. By EMMA DAVENPORT. Frontispiece by T. S. WALE. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d., gilt edges, 3s.

**The Holidays Abroad;**

Or, *Right at Last*. With Frontispiece by G. HAY. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d.; gilt edges, 3s.

"Its tone is healthy and natural."—*Churchman*.

**The Happy Holidays;**

Or, *Brothers and Sisters at Home*. Frontispiece by F. GILBERT. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d., gilt edges, 3s.

**Our Birth Days;**

And how to improve them. Frontispiece by D. H. FRISTON. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d., gilt edges, 3s.

"Most admirably suited as a gift to young girls."—*British Mother's Magazine*.

**Fickle Flora,**

And her *Sea Side Friends*. Illustrations by J. ABSOLON. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

**Live Toys;**

Or, *Anecdotes of our Four-legged and other Pets*. Illustrations by WEIR. Second Edition, Super Royal 16mo. price 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured gilt edges.

**Alice and Beatrice.**

By GRANDMAMA. With Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON. Super Royal 16mo., price 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

**Corner Cottage and its Innates;**

Or, *Trust in God*. By FRANCES OSBORNE. With Illustrations by the Author. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d. gilt edges, 3s.

**Cousin Trix,**

And her *Welcome Tales*. By GEORGIANA CRAIK. With Illustrations by F. W. KEYL. Super-royal 16mo, price 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"Bright and lively, with a well concealed moral."—*Guardian*.

**Play-Room Stories;**

Or, *How to make Peace*. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. With Illustrations by C. GREEN. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"This Book will come with 'peace' upon its wings into many a crowded playroom."—*Art Journal*.

## NEW WORKS BY JOHN TIMBS.

**Ancestral Stories and Traditions of Great Families.**

Illustrative of English History. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. With Frontispiece. Post 8vo., price 7s. 6d.

"An interesting and well written book of many curious legends and historical facts."—*Literary Churchman*.

**Nooks and Corners of English Life.**

Past and Present. By JOHN TIMBS. With Illustrations. Second Edition. Post 8vo., price 6s.; gilt edges, 6s. 6d.

"There is not a chapter in the whole work in which instructive matter is not found."—*London Review*.

"A book which ought to find a place in one of the nooks and 'corners' of every library."—*The Reliquary*.

**Strange Stories of the Animal World;**

A Book of Adventures and Anecdotes, and curious Contributions to Natural History. By JOHN TIMBS. Illustrations by ZWECKER, Second Edition. Post 8vo., price 6s., gilt edges, 6s. 6d.

"Among all the books of the season that will be studied with profit and pleasure, there is not one more meritorious in aim, or more successful in execution."—*Athenaeum*.

**Lady Bountiful's Legacy**

To her Family and Friends: a Book of Practical Instructions and Duties, Counsels and Experiences, Hints and Recipes in Housekeeping and Domestic Management. Post 8vo., price 6s.; bevelled boards, gilt edges, 7s.

"There is something to be found in this volume about everything which concerns the household."—*Churchman*.

**The Book of Cats :**

A Chit Chat Chronicle of Feline Facts and Fancies; By CHARLES H. ROSS. With Twenty Illustrations by the Author. Post 8vo., price 4s. 6d.; gilt edges 5s..

"A valuable contribution to cat history."—*Court Journal*.

**Sunbeam, a Fairy Tale.**

By MRS. PIETZKER. With Illustrations by ALEXANDER CHARLEMAGNE. Small Post 8vo., price 3s. 6d.

## BOYS' BOOKS BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S DAUGHTER.

**Gerald and Harry ;**

Or, the Boys in the North. By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS.  
Illustrations by J. B. ZWECKER. Post 8vo, price 5s. ; gilt edges  
5s. 6d.

"The author can tell a story with much spirit, and on the present occasion she has done her best."—*Athenæum*.

**The Early Start in Life.**

By EMILIA MARRYAT NORRIS. With Illustrations by J. LAWSON.  
Post 8vo, price 5s. ; gilt edges 5s. 6d.

**The Bear King :**

A Narrative Confided to the Marines by JAMES GREENWOOD. With  
Illustrations by ERNEST GRISSET. Printed on toned paper. Small 4to,  
price 3s. 6d. plain ; 5s. coloured, gilt edges.

"More than amusing."—*Saturday Review*.

**Upside Down :**

A Series of Amusing Pictures from Sketches by the late W.  
McCONNELL, with Verses by THOMAS HOOD. Coloured Plates 4to,  
price 2s. 6d., fancy boards.

"Ludicrous and amusing."—*Illustrated Times*.

**The Little Child's Fable Book ;**

Arranged progressively in words of One, Two, and Three Syllables,  
With Sixteen Page Illustrations by GEORGINA BOWERS. Small 4to.  
price 3s. 6d. plain ; 5s. coloured, gilt edges.

**The Young Vocalist :**

A Collection of Twelve Songs, each with an Accompaniment for the  
Pianoforte, selected from Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, Sphor, &c., by  
Mrs. MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW, Associate of the Philharmonic  
Society. 4to, price 2s. paper cover ; or 3s. 6d. cloth extra, gilt edges.

"These Lyrics are selected and composed for children who are too young to sing operatic  
or romantic songs, or too old for those founded on nursery tales. The melodies are all of  
a suitable compass, so that the voices may not be injured by practice at an early age."—  
*Extract from Preface*.

"Arranged with the best possible taste and skill."—*Musical World*.

**The Confessions of a Lost Dog,**

Reported by her Mistress, FRANCES POWER COBBE. With a Photo-  
graph of the Dog from Life, by FRANK HAES. Super-royal 16mo,  
price 2s. cloth, gilt edges.

**His Name was Hero.**

Frontispiece by SIR W. CALCOTT, R.A. Price 1s. sewed.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

**The Grateful Sparrow.**

A True Story, with Frontispiece. Fifth Edition. Price 6d. sewed.

**How I Became a Governess.**

Third Edition. With Frontispiece. Price 2s. cloth, 2s. 6d. gilt edges.

**Dicky Birds.**

A True Story. Third Edition. With Frontispiece. Price 6d.

**My Pretty Puss.**

With Frontispiece. Price 6d.

**The Adventures of a Butterfly.**

From the French of P. J. STAHL. Seven Engravings. Price 8d.

**The Hare that Found his Way Home.**

From the French of P. J. STAHL. With Frontispiece. Price 6d.

PLAYS FOR PRIVATE REPRESENTATION.

**Footprints in Sand,**

A Little Comedy. By E. M. P. Price 1s.

**Lady Cooks,**

In English and German. By E. M. P. Price 1s.

CHARLES BENNETT'S LAST WORK.

**Lightsome and the Little Golden Lady.**

Written and Illustrated by C. H. BENNETT. Twenty-four Engravings. Fcap. 4to., price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"The work of a man who is sure to put some touch of a peculiar genius into whatever he does."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"There is rare fun for the little ones, and there is genius in the fun."—*Nonconformist*.

**Casimir, the Little Exile.**

By CAROLINE PEACHEY. With Illustrations by C. STANTON. Post 8vo., price 4s. 6d.; gilt edges 5s.

"The tone of 'Casimir' is healthy, and the story will be found no less beneficial than interesting."—*Athenaeum*.

### Nursery Times;

Or, Stories about the Little Ones. By an Old Nurse. Illustrated by J. LAWSON. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

### Animals and Birds;

Sketches from Nature by Harrison Weir, for the use of the Young Artist. Royal 4to., publishing in parts, price 1s. each.

\* \* Parts I. and II. now ready.

### Helen in Switzerland.

By the Hon. AUGUSTA BETHELL. With Illustrations by E. WHYMPER. Super-royal 16mo, price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A pleasant variety of local legend and history, mingled with the incidents of travel."  
—*The Spectator*.

### Echoes of an Old Bell;

And other Tales of Fairy Lore, by the Hon. AUGUSTA BETHELL. Illustrations by F. W. KEYL. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A delightful book of well-conceived and elegantly-written fairy tales."—*Literary Churchman*.

### The Surprising Adventures of the Clumsy Boy

CRUSOE. By CHARLES H. ROSS. With Twenty-three Coloured Illustrations. Imperial 8vo, price 2s. fancy cover.

### Infant Amusements;

Or, How to Make a Nursery Happy. With Hints to Parents and Nurses on the Moral and Physical Training of Children. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. Post 8vo, price 3s. 6d.

"We urge parents most strongly to obtain this book forthwith; we know of no book that can compare with it in practical value. Each chapter is worth the price of the book."—*Our Fireside*.

### Featherland;

Or, How the Birds lived at Greenlawn. By G. W. FENN. Illustrations by F. W. KEYL. Price 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A delightful book for children. There is no story, but the happiest perception of childish enjoyment is contained in fanciful sketches of bird-life."—*Erasmiaer*.

### The Australian Babes in the Wood;

A True Story told in Rhyme for the Young. With Illustrations by HUGH CAMERON, A.R.S.A.; J. McWHIRTIE; GEO. HAY; J. LAWSON, &c. 1s. 6d. boards; cloth, gilt edges, 2s.



## Taking Tales for Cottage Homes;

in Plain Language and Large Type. In Twelve Parts, each containing Sixty-four pages, and several Engravings. 4d. each. Complete in Four Volumes, cloth, 1s. 6d., or 2 vols. extra cloth, 3s. 6d. each.

1. The Miller of Hillbrook: a Rural Tale.
2. Tom Trueman; a Sailor in a Merchantman.
3. Michael Hale and his Family in Canada.
4. John Armstrong, the Soldier.
5. Joseph Rudge, the Australian Shepherd.
6. Life underground; or, Dick the Colliery Boy.
7. Life on the Coast; or, the Little Fisher Girl.
8. Adventures of 'Two Orphans in London.
9. Early Days on Board a Man-of-War.
10. Walter the Foundling; a Tale of Olden Times.
11. The Tenants of Sunnyside Farm.
12. Holmwood; or, the New Zealand Settler.

"The terse Saxon terms employed are level to the capacity of the humblest."—*Begged School Magazine*.

"Written in a clear and sensible style."—*Guardian*.

## Trottie's Story Book;

True Tales in Short Words and Large Type. Third Edition. Eight Illustrations by WEIR. Price 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

## Tiny Stories for Tiny Readers in Tiny Words.

With Twelve Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR. Fourth edition. Price 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

## Work in the Colonies;

Some Account of the Missionary operations of the Church of England in connexion with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. With Map and Sixteen Illustrations. Royal 16mo. price 5s.

## Early Days of English Princes;

By MRS. RUSSELL GRAY. Illustrations by JOHN FRANKLIN. New and Enlarged Edition. Super-royal 16mo., price 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

## Pictures of Girl Life.

By CATHARINE AUGUSTA HOWELL. Frontispiece by F. ELTZE. Fcap. 8vo., price 3s. gilt edges 3s. 6d.

"A really healthy and stimulating book for girls."—*Nonconformist*.

## Pages of Child Life;

By CATHARINE AUGUSTA HOWELL. With Three Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo., price 3s. 6d.

## The Four Seasons.

A Short Account of the Structure of Plants, being Four Lectures written for the Working Men's Institute, Paris. With Illustrations. Imperial 16mo. Price, 3s 6d.

"Distinguished by extreme clearness, and teeming with information of a useful and popular character."—*Guardian*.

## Fun and Earnest;

Or, Rhymes with Reason. by D'ARCY W. THOMPSON. Illustrated by CHARLES H. BENNETT. Imperial 16mo., price 3s. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, cloth elegant, gilt edges.

"Only a clever man with the touch of a poet's feeling in him, can write good children's nonsense; such a man the author proves himself to be."—*Examiner*.

## Nursery Nonsense;

Or Rhymes without Reason, by D'ARCY W. THOMPSON, with sixty Illustrations, by C. H. BENNETT. Second edition. Imperial 16mo., price 2s. 6d. plain; or 4s. 6d. coloured, cloth elegant, gilt edges.

"The funniest book we have seen for an age, and quite as harmless as hearty."—*Daily Review*.

"Whatever Mr. Bennett does, has some touch in it of a true genius."—*Examiner*.

## Spectropia;

Or, Surprising Spectral Illusions, showing Ghosts everywhere and of any Colour. By J. H. BROWN. Fifth edition. Quarto. Coloured Plates. Price 2s. 6d. fancy boards.

"One of the best scientific toy books we have seen."—*Athenaeum*.

"A clever book. The illusions are founded on true scientific principles."—*Chemical News*.

WORKS BY LADY LUSHINGTON.

## Almeria's Castle;

Or, My Early Life in India and England. By LADY LUSHINGTON, with Twelve Illustrations. Price 4s. 6d, gilt edges, 5s.

"The Authoress has a very graphic pen, and brings before our eyes, with singular vividness, the localities and modes of life she aims to describe."—*London Review*.

## Hacco the Dwarf;

Or, The Tower on the Mountain; and other Tales, by LADY LUSHINGTON. Illustrated by G. J. PINWELL. Super royal 16mo., price 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"Enthusiasm is not our usual fashion, but the excellence of these stories is so greatly above the average of most clever tales for the play-room, that we are tempted to reward the author with admiration."—*Athenaeum*.

## The Happy Home;

Or the Children at the Red House, by LADY LUSHINGTON. Illustrated by G. J. PINWELL. Price 3s. 6d. plain, 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A happy mixture of fact and fiction. Altogether it is one of the best books of the kind we have met with."—*Guardian*.

### Memorable Battles in English History.

Where Fought, why Fought, and their Results. With Lives of the Commanders. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Frontispiece by ROBERT DUDLEY. Post 8vo. price 6s. gilt edges.

"Of the care and honesty of the author's labours, the book gives abundant proof."—*Athenæum*.

### William Allair;

Or, Running away to Sea, by Mrs. H. WOOD, author of "The Channings. Frontispiece by F. GILBERT. Second edition. Fcap. 8vo., price 2s. 6d., gilt edges, 3s.

"There is a fascination about Mrs. Wood's writings, from which neither old nor young can escape."—*Bell's Messenger*.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO ROSSINI.

### Little by Little.

A series of Graduated Lessons in the Art of Reading Music. Second Edition. Oblong 8vo., price 3s. 6d. cloth.

"One of the best productions of the kind which have yet appeared."—*Charles Staggall, Mus. D., Cantab.*

### The Loves of Tom Tucker and Little Bo-Peep.

Written and Illustrated by TOM HOOD. Quarto, price 2s. 6d. coloured plates.

"Full of fun and of good innocent humour. The Illustrations are excellent."—*The Critic*.

WORKS BY M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

### The Primrose Pilgrimage.

A Woodland Story, by M. BETHAM EDWARDS, illustrations by T. R. MACQUEOID. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"One of the best books of children's verse that has appeared since the early days of Mary Howitt."—*Nonconformist*.

### Scenes and Stories of the Rhine.

By M. BETHAM EDWARDS. With Illustrations by F. W. KEYL. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

### Holidays Among the Mountains;

Or, Scenes and Stories of Wales. By M. BETHAM EDWARDS. Illustrated by F. J. SKILL. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

### Nursery Fun;

Or, the Little Folks' Picture Book. The Illustrations by C. H. BENNETT. Quarto, price 2s. 6d. coloured plates.

"Will be greeted with shouts of laughter in any nursery."—*The Critic*.

## BOOKS FOR BOYS.

*With Illustrations, Fcap. 8vo. price 5s. each gilt edges.*

**Luke Ashleigh;**

Or, School Life in Holland. By ALFRED ELWES.

"The author's best book, by a writer whose popularity with boys is great."—*Athenæum*.

**Guy Rivers;**

Or, a Boy's Struggles in the Great World. By A. ELWES.

**Ralph Seabrooke;**

Or, The Adventures of a Young Artist in Piedmont and Tuscany.

By A. ELWES.

**Frank and Andrea;**

Or Forest Life in the Island of Sardinia. By A. ELWES.

**Paul Blake;**

Or, the Story of a Boy's Perils in the Islands of Corsica and Monte Christo. By A. ELWES.

**Ocean and her Rulers;**

A Narrative of the Nations who have held dominion over the Sea; and comprising a brief History of Navigation. By ALFRED ELWES.

**Lost in Ceylon;**

The Story of a Boy and Girl's Adventures in the Woods and Wilds of the Lion King of Kandy. By WILLIAM DALTON.

**The White Elephant;**

Or the Hunters of Ava. By WILLIAM DALTON.

**The War Tiger;**

Or, The Adventures and Wonderful Fortunes of the Young Sea-Chief and his Lad Chow. By W. DALTON.

"A tale of lively adventure vigorously told, and embodying much curious information."  
*Illustrated News.*

**Neptune's Heroes: or The Sea Kings of England;**

from Hawkins to Franklin. By W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

"We trust Old England may ever have writers as ready and able to interpret to her children the noble lives of her greatest men."—*Athenæum*.

**Historical Tales of Lancastrian Times.**

By the REV. H. P. DUNSTER, M.A.

"Conveys a good deal of information about the manners and customs of England and France in the 15th Century."—*Gentlemen's Magazine*.

**The Fairy Tales of Science.**

By J. C. BROUGH. With 16 Illustrations by C. H. BENNETT. New Edition, Revised throughout.

"Science, perhaps, was never made more attractive and easy of entrance into the youthful mind."—*The Builder*.

"Altogether the volume is one of the most original, as well as one of the most useful, books of the season."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

**The Faithful Hound.**

A Story in Verse, founded on fact. By LADY THOMAS. With Illustrations by H. WEIR. Imperial 16mo, price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

**Jack Frost and Betty Snow;**

With other Tales for Wintry Nights and Rainy Days. Illustrated by H. Weir. Second Edition. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

BY W. H. G. KINGSTON.

**Our Soldiers;**

Or, Anecdotes of the Campaigns and Gallant Deeds of the British Army during the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. By W. H. G. KINGSTON. With Frontispiece. Second Edition. Fcp. 8vo. price 3s.; gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

**Our Sailors;**

Or, Anecdotes of the Engagements and Gallant Deeds of the British Navy during the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. With Frontispiece. Second Edition. Price 3s.; gilt edges, 3s. 6d.

"These volumes abundantly prove that both our officers and men in the Army and Navy, have been found as ready as ever to dare, and to do as was dared and done of yore."

W. H. G. KINGSTON'S BOOKS FOR BOYS.

With Illustrations. Fcap. 8vo. price 5s. each, gilt edges.

**True Blue;**

Or, the Life and Adventures of a British Seaman of the Old School.

"There is about all Mr. Kingston's tales a spirit of hopefulness, honesty, and cheery good principle, which makes them most wholesome, as well as most interesting reading."—*Eva*.

"With the exception of Capt. Marryat, we know of no English author who will compare with Mr. Kingston as a writer of books of nautical adventure."—*Illustrated News*.

**Will Weatherhelm;**

Or, the Yarn of an Old Sailor about his Early Life and Adventures.

**Fred Markham in Russia;**

Or, the Boy Travellers in the Land of the Czar.

**Salt Water;**

Or Neil D'Arcy's Sea Life and Adventures.

**Peter the Whaler;**

His early Life and Adventures in the Arctic Regions. Third Edition.

**Mark Seaworth;**

A Tale of the Indian Ocean. Third and Cheaper Edition. Price 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s.

## LANDELL'S INSTRUCTIVE AND AMUSING WORKS.

**The Boy's own Toy Maker.**

A Practical Illustrated Guide to the useful employment of Leisure Hours. By E. LANDELL. Two Hundred Engravings. Seventh Edition. Royal 16mo, price 2s. 6d.

"A new and valuable form of endless amusement."—*Nonconformist*.

**The Girl's Own Toy Maker,**

And Book of Recreation. Fourth Edition. 200 Illustrations. Royal 16mo., price 2s. 6d.

**Home Pastime;**

Or, The Child's Own Toy Maker. With practical instructions. New Edition, price 3s. 6d., with the Cards, and Descriptive Letterpress.

\*.\* By this novel and ingenious "Pastime," Twelve beautiful Models can be made by Children from the Cards.

"As a delightful exercise of ingenuity, and a most sensible mode of passing a winter's evening, we commend the Child's own Toy Maker."—*Illustrated News*.

"Should be in every house blessed with the presence of children."—*The Field*.

**The Illustrated Paper Model Maker;**

Containing Twelve Pictorial Subjects, with Descriptive Letter-press and Diagrams for the construction of the Models. By E. LANDELLS. Price 2s. in a neat Envelope.

"A most excellent mode of educating both eye and hand in the knowledge of form."—*English Churchman*.

## THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

**Fairy Land;**

Or, Recreation for the Rising Generation, in Prose and Verse. By THOMAS and JANE HOOD. Illustrated by T. HOOD, Jun. Second Edition. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"These tales are charming. Before it goes into the Nursery, we recommend all grown up people should study 'Fairy Land.'"—*Blackwood*.

**The Headlong Career and Woful Ending of Precocious PIGGY.** Written for his Children, by the late THOMAS HOOD. With a Preface by his Daughter; and Illustrated by his Son. Fourth Edition. Post 4to, fancy boards, price 2s. 6d., coloured.

"The Illustrations are intensely humorous."—*The Critic*.

**Hand Shadows,**

To be thrown upon the Wall. By HENRY BERSILL. First and Second Series, each containing Eighteen Original Designs, 2s. each plain; 2s. 6d. coloured.

"Uncommonly clever—some wonderful effects are produced."—*The Press*.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRIUMPHS OF STEAM," ETC.

### Meadow Lea;

Or, the Gipsy Children; a Story founded on fact. Illustrations by JOHN GILBERT. Fcap. 8vo. price 4s. 6d.; gilt edges, 5s.

### The Triumphs of Steam;

Or, Stories from the Lives of Watt, Arkwright, and Stephenson. With Illustrations by J. GILBERT. Dedicated by permission to Robert Stephenson, Esq., M.P. Second edition. Royal 16mo, price 3s. 6d.

"A most delicious volume of examples."—*Art Journal*.

### Our Eastern Empire;

Or, Stories from the History of British India. Second Edition. With Illustrations. Royal 16mo., price 3s. 6d.

"These stories are charming, and convey a general view of the progress of our Empire in the East. The tales are told with admirable clearness."—*Athenæum*.

### Might not Right;

Or, Stories of the Discovery and Conquest of America. Illustrated by J. Gilbert. Royal 16mo., 3s. 6d.

### Tuppy;

Or the Autobiography of a Donkey. Illustrated by WEIR. Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A very intelligent donkey, worthy of the distinction conferred upon him by the artist."—*Art Journal*.

### Rhymes and Pictures.

By WILLIAM NEWMAN. 12 Illustrations. Price 6d. plain, 1s. coloured. 2s. 6d. on linen, and bound in cloth.

- |                                       |                                      |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. The History of a Quartern Loaf.    | 4. The History of a Lump of Sugar.   |
| 2. The History of a Cup of Tea.       | 5. The History of a Bale of Cotton.  |
| 3. The History of a Scuttle of Coals. | 6. The History of a Golden Sovereign |
- \* \* Nos. 1 to 3 and 4 to 6, may be had bound in Two Volumes. Cloth price 2s. each, plain; 3s. 6d. coloured.

### Old Nurse's Book of Rhymes, Jingles, and Ditties.

Illustrated by C. H. BENNETT. Ninety Engravings. New Edition. Fcap. 4to., price 3s. 6d. plain, or 6s. coloured, gilt edges.

"The illustrations are all so replete with fun and imagination, that we scarcely know who will be most pleased with the book, the good-natured grandfather who gives it, or the chubby grandchild who gets it, for a Christmas-Box."—*Notes and Queries*.

### Home Amusements.

A Choice Collection of Riddles, Charades, Conundrums, Parlour Games, and Forfeits. By PETER PUZZLEWELL, Esq., of Rebus Hall. New Edition, with Frontispiece by PHIZ. 16mo, 2s.

### Clara Hope;

Or, the Blade and the Ear. By MISS MILNER. Frontispiece by Birket Foster. Fcap. 8vo. price 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

## Distant Homes;

Or, the Graham Family in New Zealand. By MRS. I. E. AYLMER. With Illustrations. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"English children will be delighted with the history of the Graham Family, and be enabled to form pleasant and truthful conceptions of the 'Distant Homes' inhabited by their kindred."—*Athenaeum*.

## The Adventures and Experiences of Bidly Dork- ING and of the FAT FROG. Edited by MRS. S. C. HALL. Illustrated by H. Weir. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"Most amusingly and wittily told."—*Morning Herald*.

## Historical Acting Charades;

Or, Amusements for Winter Evenings, by the author of "Cat and Dog," etc. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo., price 3s. 6d. gilt edges.

"A rare book for Christmas parties, and of practical value."—*Illustrated News*.

## The Story of Jack and the Giants:

With thirty-five Illustrations by RICHARD DOYLE. Beautifully printed. New Edition. Fcap. 4to. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"In Doyle's drawings we have wonderful conceptions, which will secure the book a place amongst the treasures of collectors, as well as excite the imaginations of children."—*Illustrated Times*.

## Granny's Wonderful Chair;

And its Tales of Fairy Times. By FRANCES BROWNE. Illustrations by KENNY MEADOWS. 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"One of the happiest blendings of marvel and moral we have ever seen."—*Literary Gazette*.

## The Early Dawn;

Or, Stories to Think about. Illustrated by H. WEIR. Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

## Angelo;

Or, the Pine Forest among the Alps. By GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY. Illustrations by ABSOLON. Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"As pretty a child's story as one might look for on a winter's day."—*Examiner*.

## Tales of Magic and Meaning.

Written and Illustrated by ALFRED CROWQUILL. 4to., price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"Cleverly written, abounding in frolic and pathos, and inculcates so pure a moral, that we must pronounce him a very fortunate little fellow, who catches these 'Tales of Magic,' as a windfall from 'The Christmas Tree.'"—*Athenaeum*.



### Peter Parley's Fagots for the Fire Side;

Or, Tales of Fact and Fancy. Twelve Illustrations. New Edition. Fcap. 8vo., 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"A new book by Peter Parley is a pleasant greeting for all boys and girls, wherever the English language is spoken and read. He has a happy method of conveying information, while seeming to address himself to the imagination."—*The Critic*.

### Letters from Sarawak,

Addressed to a Child; embracing an Account of the Manners, Customs, and Religion of the Inhabitants of Borneo, with Incidents of Missionary Life among the Natives. By Mrs. M'DOUGALL. Fourth Thousand, with Illustrations. 3s. 6d. cloth.

"All is new, interesting, and admirably told."—*Church and State Gazette*.

### Kate and Rosalind;

Or, Early Experiences. By the author of "Quicksands on Foreign Shores," etc. Fcap. 8vo., 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s.

"A book of unusual merit."—*Church of England Quarterly*.

"The Irish scenes are of an excellence that has not been surpassed since the best days of Miss Edgeworth."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

### Clarissa Donnelly;

Or, The History of an Adopted Child. By GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY. Fcap. 8vo., price 3s. 6d. cloth; gilt edges, 4s.

"With wonderful power, only to be matched by as admirable a simplicity, Miss Jewsbury has narrated the history of a child."—*Lady's Companion*.

### The Discontented Children;

And How they were Cured. By M. and E. KIRBY. Illustrated by H. K. BROWNE (Phiz). Third edition, price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"We know no better method of banishing 'discontent' from school-room and nursery than by introducing this wise and clever story to their inmates."—*Art Journal*.

### The Talking Bird;

Or, the Little Girl who knew what was going to happen. By M. and E. KIRBY. With Illustrations by H. K. BROWNE. Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

### Julia Maitland;

Or, Pride goes before a Fall. By M. and E. KIRBY. Illustrated by ABSOLON. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"It is nearly such a story as Miss Edgeworth might have written on the same theme."—*The Press*.

## A BOOK FOR EVERY CHILD.

**The Favourite Picture Book;**

A Gallery of Delights, designed for the Amusement and Instruction of the Young. With several Hundred Illustrations from Drawings by J. ABSOLON, H. K. BROWNE (Phiz), J. GILBERT, T. LANDSEER, J. LEECH, J. S. PROUT, H. WEIR, etc. New Edition. Royal 4to., bound in a new and Elegant Cover, price 3s. 6d. plain; 7s. 6d. coloured; 10s. 6d. mounted on cloth and coloured.

## COMICAL PICTURE BOOKS.

Each with Sixteen large Coloured Plates, price 2s. 6d., in fancy boards, or mounted on cloth, 1s. extra.

**Picture Fables.**

Written and Illustrated by ALFRED CROWQUILL.

**The Careless Chicken;**

By the BARON KRAKEMSIDES. By ALFRED CROWQUILL.

**Funny Leaves for the Younger Branches.**

By the BARON KRAKEMSIDES, of Burstenoudelafen Castle. Illustrated by ALFRED CROWQUILL.

**Laugh and Grow Wise;**

By the Senior Owl of Ivy Hall. With Sixteen large coloured Plates.

**The Remarkable History of the House that Jack**

Built. Splendidly Illustrated and magnificently Illuminated by THE SON OF A GENIUS. Price 2s. in fancy cover.

"Magnificent in suggestion, and most comical in expression!"—*Athenaeum*.

**A Peep at the Pixies;**

Or, Legends of the West. By MRS. BRAY. Author of "Life of Stothard," "Trelawny," etc. With Illustrations by Phiz. Super-royal 16mo, price 3s. 6d.; coloured, gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

"A peep at the actual Pixies of Devonshire, faithfully described by Mrs. Bray, is a treat. Her knowledge of the locality, her affection for her subject, her exquisite feeling for nature, and her real delight in fairy lore, have given a freshness to the little volume we did not expect. The notes at the end contain matter of interest for all who feel a desire to know the origin of such tales and legends."—*Art Journal*.

**Sunday Evenings with Sophia;**

Or, Little Talks on Great Subjects. By LEONORA G. BELL. Frontispiece by J. ABSOLON. Fcap. 8vo, price 2s. 6d.

## Blind Man's Holiday;

Or Short Tales for the Nursery. By the Author of "Mia and Charlie."  
Illustrated by ABSOLON. 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY EDITION.

## The Vicar of Wakefield;

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Printed by Whittingham. Illustrations by J. ABSOLON. Square fcap. 8vo, price 5s., cloth; 10s. 6d. antique morocco.

Mr. Absolon's graphic sketches add greatly to the interest of the volume: altogether, it is as pretty an edition of the 'Vicar' as we have seen.—*Art Journal*.

"A delightful edition of one of the most delightful of works: the fine old type and thick paper make this volume attractive to any lover of books."—*Edinburgh Guardian*.

## The Wonders of Home, in Eleven Stories.

By GRANDFATHER GREY. With Illustrations. Third Edition. Royal 16mo., 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"The idea is excellent, and its execution equally commendable. The subjects are well selected, and are very happily told in a light yet sensible manner."—*Weekly News*.

## Cat and Dog;

Or, Memoirs of Puss and the Captain. Illustrated by WEIR. Eighth Edition. Super-royal 16mo, 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

## The Doll and Her Friends;

Or, Memoirs of the Lady Seraphina. By the Author of "Cat and Dog." Third Edition. Illustrations by H. K. BROWN (Phiz). 2s. 6d., plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

## Tales from Catland;

Dedicated to the Young Kittens of England. By an OLD TASSY. Illustrated by H. WEIR. Fourth Edition. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"The combination of quiet humour and sound sense has made this one of the pleasantest little books of the season."—*Lady's Newspaper*.

## Scenes of Animal Life and Character.

From Nature and Recollection. In Twenty Plates. By J. B. 4to, price 2s., plain; 2s. 6d., coloured, fancy boards.

"Truer, heartier, more playful, or more enjoyable sketches of animal life could scarcely be found anywhere."—*Spectator*.

WORKS BY THE LATE MRS. R. LEE.

**Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Animals.**

Third Edition. With Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR. Fcap. 8vo, price 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s.

**Anecdotes of the Habits and Instincts of Birds,****REPTILES, and FISHES.** With Illustrations by HARRISON WEIR.

Second Edition. Fcap. 8vo., price 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s.

"Amusing, instructive, and ably written."—*Literary Gazette*."Mrs. Lee's authorities—to name only one, Professor Owen—are, for the most part first-rate."—*Athenæum*.**Twelve Stories of the Sayings and Doings of****ANIMALS.** With Illustrations by J. W. ARCHER. Third Edition.

Super-royal 16mo, 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

**Familiar Natural History.**

With Forty-two Illustrations from Original Drawings by HARRISON

WEIR. Super-royal 16mo, 3s. 6d. plain; 5s. coloured gilt edges.

\*\* May be had in Two Volumes, 2s. each plain; 2s. 6d. Coloured, Entitled "British Animals and Birds." "Foreign Animals and Birds."

**Playing at Settlers;**

Or, the Fagot House. Illustrated by GILBERT. Second Edition.

Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

**Adventures in Australia;**

Or, the Wanderings of Captain Spencer in the Bush and the Wilds.

Second Edition. Illustrated by PROUT. Fcap. 8vo., 3s. 6d.; gilt

edges, 4s.

**The African Wanderers;**

Or, the Adventures of Carlos and Antonio; embracing interesting

Descriptions of the Manners and Customs of the Western Tribes, and

the Natural Productions of the Country. Fourth Edition. With Eight

Engravings. Fcap. 8vo, 3s. 6d. cloth; gilt edges, 4s.

"For fascinating adventure, and rapid succession of incident, the volume is equal to any relation of travel we ever read."—*Britannia*.

ELEGANT GIFT FOR A LADY.

**Trees, Plants, and Flowers;**

Their Beauties, Uses and Influences. By Mrs. R. LEE. With beau-

tiful coloured Illustrations by J. ANDREWS. 8vo, price 10s. 6d., cloth

elegant, gilt edges.

"The volume is at once useful as a botanical work, and exquisite as the ornament of a boudoir table."—*Britannia*. "As full of interest as of beauty."—*Art Journal*.

## WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF MAMMA'S BIBLE STORIES.

**Fanny and her Mamma ;**

Or, *Easy Lessons for Children*. In which it is attempted to bring natural Principles into daily practice. Illustrated by J. GILBERT. Edition. 16mo, 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

**Short and Simple Prayers,**

For the Use of Young Children. With Hymns. Sixth Edition. Square 16mo, 1s. cloth.

"Well adapted to the capacities of children—beginning with the simplest form the youngest child may lip at its mother's knee, and proceeding with those suitably gradually advancing age. Special prayers, designed for particular circumstances and occasions, are added. We cordially recommend the book."—*Christian Guardian*.

**Mamma's Bible Stories,**

For her Little Boys and Girls, adapted to the capacities of very young Children. Twelfth Edition, with Twelve Engravings. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

**A Sequel to Mamma's Bible Stories.**

Sixth Edition. Twelve Illustrations. 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured.

**Scripture Histories for Little Children.**

With Sixteen Illustrations, by JOHN GILBERT. Super-royal price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

CONTENTS.—The History of Joseph—History of Moses—History of our Saviour—The Miracles of Christ.

*Sold separately: 6d. each, plain; 1s. coloured.*

**The Family Bible Newly Opened ;**

With Uncle Goodwin's account of it. By JEFFREYS TAYLOR. Frontispiece by J. GILBERT. Fcap. 8vo, price 3s. 6d.

"A very good account of the Sacred Writings, adapted to the tastes, feelings, and intelligence of young people."—*Educational Times*.

**Good in Everything ;**

Or, *The Early History of Gilbert Harland*. By MRS. BARNES. Author of "Little Lessons for Little Learners," etc. Second Edition. Illustrations by GILBERT. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"The moral of this exquisite little tale will do more good than a thousand sayings abounding with dry and uninteresting truisms."—*Bell's Messenger*.

## THE FAVOURITE LIBRARY.

A Series of Works for the Young. Price 1s. cloth, each.

1. THE ESKDALE HERD BOY. By LADY STODDART.
2. MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL. By CHARLES and MARY LAMB.
3. THE HISTORY OF THE ROBINS. By MRS. TRIMMER.
4. MEMOIR OF BOB, THE SPOTTED TERRIER.
5. KEEPER'S TRAVELS IN SEARCH OF HIS MASTER.
6. THE SCOTTISH ORPHANS. By LADY STODDART.
7. NEVER WRONG; or, THE YOUNG DISPUTANT; and "IT WAS ONLY IN FUN."
8. THE LIFE AND PERAMBULATIONS OF A MOUSE.
9. EASY INTRODUCTION TO THE KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE. By MRS. TRIMMER.
10. RIGHT AND WRONG. By the Author of "ALWAYS HAPPY."
11. HARRY'S HOLIDAY. By JEFFERTS TAYLOR.
12. SHORT POEMS AND HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.

\*.\* The Twelve Volumes may be had bound uniformly in a handsome cloth Box, price 15s.

### Glimpses of Nature;

And Objects of Interest described during a Visit to the Isle of Wight. By Mrs. LOUDON. Second Edition. With Forty-one Illustrations. 3s. 6d. cloth.

"Full of information, conveyed in the most agreeable manner."—*Literary Gazette*.

### Tales of School Life.

By AGNES LOUDON. With Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON. Second Edition. Royal 16mo, 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

"These reminiscences of school days will be recognised as truthful pictures of every-day occurrence."—*Advertiser*.

### Kit Bam, the British Sinbad;

Or, the Yarns of an Old Mariner. By MARY COWDEN CLARKE, illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Fcap. 8vo, price 3s. 6d.; gilt edges, 4s.

### The Day of a Baby Boy;

A Story for a Young Child. By E. BERGER. With Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON. Third Edition. Super-royal 16mo, price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

### Visits to Beechwood Farm;

Or, Country Pleasures. By CATHERINE M. A. COUPER. Illustrations by ABSOLON. Price 3s. 6d., plain; 4s. 6d. coloured; gilt edges.

### Stories of Julian and his Playfellows.

Written by HIS MAMMA. Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON. Second Edition. Price 2s. 6d., plain; 3s. 6d., coloured, gilt edges.

### The Nine Lives of a Cat;

A Tale of Wonder. Written and Illustrated by C. H. BENNETT. Twenty-four Coloured Engravings. Price 1s., sewed.

"Rich in the quaint humour and fancy that a man of genius knows how to spare for the enlivenment of children."—*Examiner*.

### Maud Summers the Sightless;

A Narrative for the Young. Illustrated by ABSOLON. Price 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

### London Cries and Public Edifices;

Illustrated in Twenty-four Engravings by LUKE LIMNER; with descriptive Letter-press. Square 12mo, 2s. 6d. plain; 5s. coloured.

### The Silver Swan;

A Fairy Tale. By MADAME DE CHATELAIN. Illustrated by JOHN LEECH. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

### Always Happy;

Or, Anecdotes of Felix and his Sister Serena. Nineteenth Edition, Illustrated by ANELAY. Royal 18mo, price 2s. cloth.

### Anecdotes of Kings,

Selected from History; or, Gertrude's Stories for Children. With Engravings. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured.

### Bible Illustrations;

Or, a Description of Manners and Customs peculiar to the East, and especially Explanatory of the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. R. H. DRAPER. With Engravings. Fourth Edition. Revised by Dr. KITTO, Editor of "The Pictorial Bible," etc. 3s. 6d. cloth.

**The British History briefly told,**

and a Description of the Ancient Customs, Sports, and Pastimes of the English. Embellished with Portraits of the Sovereigns of England in their proper Costumes, and 18 other Engravings. 3s. 6d. cloth.

**Chit-chat;**

Or, Short Tales in Short Words. By the author of "Always Happy." New Edition. With Eight Engravings. Price 2s. 6d. plain, 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

**Conversations on the Life of Jesus Christ.**

By a MOTHER. With 12 Engravings. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured.

**Cosmorama.**

The Manners, Customs, and Costumes of all Nations of the World described. By J. ASPIN. With numerous Illustrations. 3s. 6d. plain; and 4s. 6d. coloured.

**Easy Lessons;**

Or, Leading-Strings to Knowledge. New Edition, with 8 Engravings. 3s. 6d. plain; 2s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

**Facts to correct Fancies;**

Or, Short Narratives compiled from the Biography of Remarkable Women. By a MOTHER. With Engravings, 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured.

**Fruits of Enterprise;**

Exhibited in the Travels of Belzoni in Egypt and Nubia. Fourteenth Edition, with six Engravings by BIRKET FOSTER. Price 3s. cloth.

**The Garden;**

Or, Frederick's Monthly Instructions for the Management and Formation of a Flower Garden. Fourth Edition. With Engravings by SOWERBY. 3s. 6d. plain; or 6s. with the Flowers coloured.

**How to be Happy;**

Or, Fairy Gifts, to which is added a Selection of Moral Allegories. With Steel Engravings. Price 3s. 6d. cloth.

**Infantine Knowledge.**

A Spelling and Reading Book, on a Popular Plan. With numerous Engravings. Tenth Edition. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

**Key to Knowledge;**

Or, Things in Common Use simply and shortly explained. By the Author of "Always Happy." Thirteenth Edition. Sixty Illustrations. 2s. 6d. cloth.



**The Ladder to Learning.**

A Collection of Fables, arranged progressively in words of One, Two, and Three Syllables. Edited by Mrs. TRIMMER. With 79 Cuts. Nineteenth Edition. 2s. 6d. cloth.

**Little Lessons for Little Learners.**

In Words of One Syllable. By Mrs. BARWELL. Tenth Edition, with numerous Illustrations. 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

**The Little Reader.**

A Progressive Step to Knowledge. Fourth Edition with sixteen Plates. Price 2s. 6d. cloth.

**Mamma's Lessons.**

For her Little Boys and Girls. Fifteenth Edition, with eight Engravings. Price 2s. 6d. plain; 3s. 6d. coloured, gilt edges.

**The Mine;**

Or, Subterranean Wonders. An Account of the Operations of the Miner and the Products of his Labours. By the late Rev. ISAAC TAYLOR. Sixth Edition, with numerous additions by Mrs. LOUDON. 45 Woodcuts and 16 Steel Engravings. 3s. 6d. cloth.

**Rhoda;**

Or, The Excellence of Charity. Fourth Edition. With Illustrations. 16mo, 2s. cloth.

**Stories of Edward and his little Friends.**

With 12 Illustrations. Second Edition. 3s. 6d. plain; 4s. 6d. coloured.

**Stories from the Old and New Testaments,**

On an improved plan. By the Rev. B. H. DRAPER. With 48 Engravings. Fifth Edition. 12mo, 5s. cloth.

**DURABLE NURSERY BOOKS,**

MOUNTED ON CLOTH WITH COLOURED PLATES,

ONE SHILLING EACH.

- |                                |                                   |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1 Alphabet of Goody Two-Shoes. | 8 Little Rhymes for Little Folks. |
| 2 Cinderella.                  | 9 Mother Hubbard.                 |
| 3 Cock Robin.                  | 10 Monkey's Frolic.               |
| 4 Courtship of Jenny Wren.     | 11 Old Woman and her Pig.         |
| 5 Dame Trot and her Cat.       | 12 Puss in Boots.                 |
| 6 History of an Apple Pie.     | 13 Tommy Trip's Museum of Birds.  |
| 7 House that Jack built.       |                                   |

**Trimmer's (Mrs.) Old Testament Lessons.**

With 40 Engravings. 1s. 6d. cloth.

**Trimmer's (Mrs.) New Testament Lessons.**

With 40 Engravings. 1s. 6d. cloth.

**The Daisy,**

With Thirty Wood Engravings. Price 1s. cloth. (1s. 6d. coloured.)

**The Cowslip.**

With Thirty Engravings. 1s. cloth. (1s. 6d. coloured.)

**History of Prince Lee Boo.**

Price 1s. cloth.

**Dissections for Young Children;**

In a neat box. Price 3s. 6d. each.

1. LIVES OF JOSEPH AND MOSES.

3. MOTHER HUBBARD AND DOG.

2. HISTORY OF OUR SAVIOUR.

4. LIFE AND DEATH OF COCK ROBIN.

**EDUCATIONAL WORKS.****Gaultier's Familiar Geography.**

With a concise Treatise on the Artificial Sphere, and two coloured Maps, illustrative of the principal Geographical Terms. Sixteenth Edition. 16mo, 3s. cloth.

**Butler's Outline Maps, and Key;**

Or. Geographical and Biographical Exercises; with a Set of Coloured Outline Maps; designed for the Use of Young Persons. By the late WILLIAM BUTLER. Enlarged by the author's son, J. O. BUTLER. Thirty-fourth Edition, revised. 4s.

**The First Book of Geography;**

Specially adapted as a Text Book for Beginners, and as a Guide to the Young Teacher. By HUGO REID, author of "Elements of Astronomy," etc. Fourth Edition, carefully revised. 18mo, 1s. sewed.

"One of the most sensible little books on the subject of Geography we have met with."  
—*Educational Times.***Pictorial Geography.**

For the use of Children. Presenting at one view Illustrations of the various Geographical Terms, and thus imparting clear and definite ideas of their meaning. On a Large Sheet. Price 2s. 6d. in tints; 5s. on Rollers, varnished.

## Tabular Views of the Geography and Sacred His-

TORY of PALESTINE, and of the TRAVELS of ST. PAUL. Intended for Pupil Teachers, and others engaged in Class Teaching. By A. T. WHITE. Oblong 8vo, price 1s., sewed.

## Rhymes of Royalty.

The History of England in Verse, from the Norman Conquest to the reign of QUEEN VICTORIA; with an Appendix, comprising a summary of the leading events in each reign. Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth.

## True Stories from Ancient History,

Chronologically arranged from the Creation of the World to the Death of Charlemagne. Thirteenth Edition. With 24 Steel Engravings. 12mo, 5s. cloth.

## True Stories from Modern History,

From the Death of Charlemagne to the present Time. Eighth Edition. With 24 Steel Engravings, 12mo, 5s. cloth.

## Mrs. Trimmer's Concise History of England,

Revised and brought down to the present time by Mrs. MILNER. With Portraits of the Sovereigns in their proper costume, and Frontispiece by HARVEY. New Edition in One Volume. 5s. cloth.

## Battle Fields.

A graphic Guide to the Places described in the History of England as the scenes of such Events; with the situation of the principal Naval Engagements fought on the Coast. By Mr. WAUTHIER. On a large sheet 3s. 6d.; or mounted on roller, and varnished, 7s. 6d.

## The Modern British Plutarch;

Or, Lives of Men distinguished in the recent History of our Country for their Talents, Virtues and Achievements. By W. C. TAYLOR, LL.D. Author of "A Manual of Ancient and Modern History," etc. 12mo, Second Thousand. 4s. 6d. cloth; 5s. gilt edges.

"A work which will be welcomed in any circle of intelligent young persons."—*British Quarterly Review*.

## Harry Hawkins's H-Book;

Shewing how he learned to aspirate his H's. Frontispiece by H. WHEE. Second Edition. Super-royal 16mo, price 6d.

"No family or school-room within, or indeed beyond, the sound of Bow bells, should be without this merry manual."—*Art Journal*.

**A Word to the Wise;**

Or, Hints on the Current Improperities of Expression in Writing and Speaking. By PARRY GWYNNE. 11th Thousand. 18mo. price 6d. sewed, or 1s. cloth. gilt edges.

"All who wish to mind their p's and q's should consult this little volume."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

**The Child's Grammar**

By the late LADY FENN, under the assumed name of Mrs. Lovechild. Fiftieth Edition. 18mo, 9d. cloth.

**The Prince of Wales' Primer.**

With 300 Illustrations by J. GILBERT. Price 6d., or 1s. Illuminated cover, gilt edges.

**Every-Day Things;**

Or, Useful Knowledge respecting the principal Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Substances in common use. Second Edition. 18mo, 1s. 6d. cloth.

"A little encyclopædia of useful knowledge, deserving a place in every juvenile library."—*Evangelical Magazine*.

**Les Jeunes Narrateurs;**

Ou Petits Contes Moraux. With a Key to the difficult words and phrases. By M. DE LA VOYE. Second Edition. 18mo, 2s. cloth.

"Written in pure and easy French."—*Morning Post*.

**The Pictorial French Grammar;**

By M. DE LA VOYE. With Eighty Illustrations. Royal 16mo., price 1s. sewed; 1s. 6d. cloth.

**Le Babillard.**

An Amusing Introduction to the French Language. By a French Lady. Seventh Edition. With 16 Illustrations. 2s. cloth.

**Rowbotham's New and Easy Method of Learning the FRENCH GENDERS.** New Edition. 6d.**Bellenger's French Word and Phrase-book.**

Containing a select Vocabulary and Dialogues, for the Use of Beginners. New Edition, 1s. sewed.

**Der Schwätzer;**

Or, the Prattler. An amusing Introduction to the German Language on the Plan of "Le Babillard." 16 Illustrations. 16mo, price 2s. cloth.

## GEORGE DARNELL'S EDUCATIONAL WORKS.

The attention of all interested in the subject of Education is invited to these Works, now in extensive use throughout the Kingdom, prepared by Mr. George Darnell, a Schoolmaster of many years' experience.

1. COPY BOOKS.—A SHORT AND CERTAIN ROAD TO A GOOD HAND-WRITING, gradually advancing from the Simple Stroke to a superior Small-hand.

LARGE Post, Sixteen Numbers, 6d. each.

FOOLSCAP, Twenty Numbers, to which are added Three Supplementary Numbers of Angular Writing for Ladies, and One of Ornamental Hands. Price 3d. each.

\*.\* This series may also be had on very superior paper, marble covers, 4d. each.

"For teaching writing I would recommend the use of Darnell's Copy Books. I have noticed a marked improvement wherever they have been used."—*Report of Mr. Mays (National Society's Organizer of Schools) to the Worcester Diocesan Board of Education.*

2. GRAMMAR, made intelligible to Children, price 1s. cloth.

3. ARITHMETIC, made intelligible to Children, price 1s. 6d. cloth.

\*.\* Key to Parts 2 and 3, price 1s. cloth.

4. READING, a Short and Certain Road to, price 6d. cloth.

## BY THOMAS DARNELL.

PARSING SIMPLIFIED: An Introduction and Companion to all Grammars; consisting of Short and Easy Rules (with Parsing Lessons to each) whereby young Students may, in a short time, be gradually led through a knowledge of the several Elementary Parts of Speech to a thorough comprehension of the grammatical construction of the most complex sentences of our ordinary Authors, Third Edition, by THOMAS DARNELL. Price 1s. cloth.

"Sound in principle, singularly felicitous in example and illustration, and though brief, thoroughly exhaustive of the subject. The boy who will not learn to parse on Mr. Darnell's plan is not likely to do so on any other."—*Morning Post.*

### NEW WORKS ON ARITHMETIC AND ALGEBRA.

#### One Thousand Arithmetical Tests;

Or, The Examiner's Assistant. Specially adapted for Examination Purposes, but also suited for general use in Schools. By T. S. CAYZER, Head Master of Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, Bristol. Fourth Edition, revised and stereotyped. Price 1s. 6d. cloth.

\*.\* Answers to the above, 1s. 6d. cloth.

#### One Thousand Algebraical Tests;

On the same plan. Second Edition. 8vo., price 3s. 6d. cloth.

ANSWERS to the Algebraical Tests, price 2s. 6d. cloth.



