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STORIES OF ADVENTURE

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

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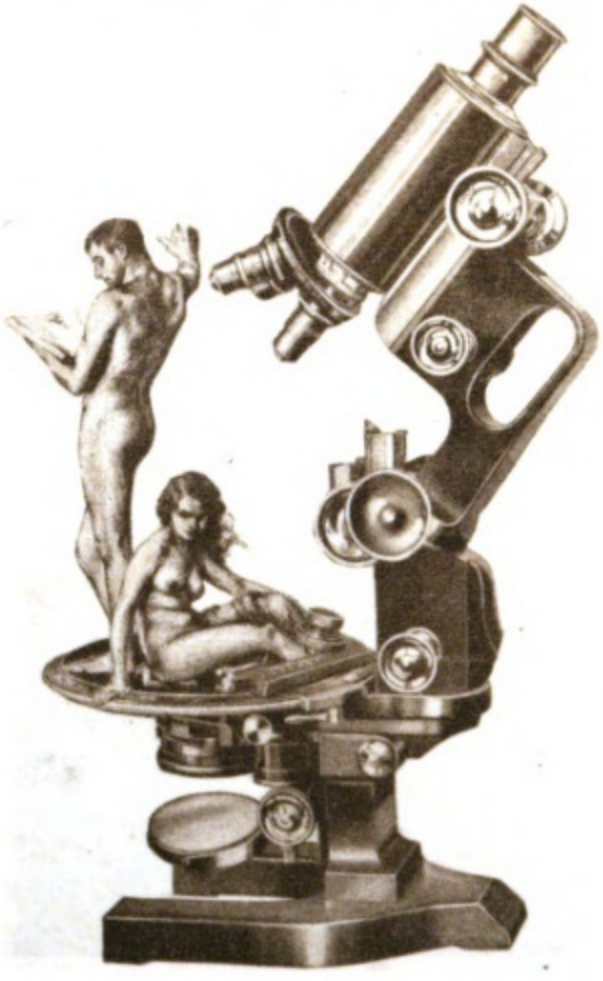

WINWARD PRESCOTT

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THE GREAT CHAN OF CATHAY AT TABLE

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[illegible]

[illegible]

By

Edward E. Hale

New edition, revised, with illustrations

Boston
Little, Brown, and Company
1925

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Stories of Adventure

As told by Adventurers

By

Edward E. Hale

New edition, revised, with illustrations

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PREFACE.

THIS volume, like the four others in the same series, was suggested at the Librarians' Congress in Boston. It has been prepared in the wish to teach boys and girls how to use themselves the treasures, now at their hands, in public libraries. The public spirit, the munificence often, with which these libraries have been sustained ought to be loyally followed up by the friends of young people by careful effort to give them good habits in finding and enjoying the books they contain. It is not reasonable to throw on the librarians the work of introducing these books to young readers; but it is the duty of all those who are in any way charged with the interests of education to show to such readers how they can choose for themselves.

It will be seen, therefore, that my object is not to re-write the tales of adventure, here referred to, nor is it my wish to present them in such form as to satisfy the reader. Rather I have hoped that he may not be satisfied. I should be glad, as Sam Weller was, to make him wish for more, trusting that then, like Oliver Twist, he may go and ask for more.

EDWARD E. HALE.

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STORIES OF ADVENTURE.

I.

MARCO POLO.

A VERY bright and merry set of boys and girls have been invited, now for every winter for some years, to spend their Saturday afternoons with Col. Ingham, at his house at Jamaica Plain, near Boston. It is the old Lady Oliver house, which was built by some West Indian grandees before the Revolution, — from whose windows, indeed, they looked out to smile approval on the English troops, when, in the spring of 1775, they made their one "military promenade" out through Roxbury, and back through Dorchester into Boston, — the only time they ever went out to come safely back again.

The evenings of these young people at this house are generally spent in dancing or in round games around Col. Ingham's large tables; but a habit has grown up, in which, if they choose, they may come as early as half-past three o'clock, and ask Col. Ingham questions about what they are reading, and burrow as much as they choose in the treasures of his curious library. The "Stories of the Sea," which has its place in this collection, were read aloud by these young people in suc-

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cessive visits of one winter, — much as they had dug out the "Stories of War," in a visit they made to the colonel at Little Crastis, on the Rhode Island seashore, the summer before.

After a summer and autumn crowded full with hair-breadth adventure, — stories of sea, indeed, and stories of land, though fortunately no worse stories of war than Blanche's encounter with a deaf conductor, and Bedford's somewhat doubtful encounters with quails and partridges at Quonochontaug, — the children gathered one dark afternoon at Col. Ingham's, with loud mutual felicitations, and with a cordial welcome from him. It was raining pitilessly out of doors; but rubber boots and gossamers had emancipated these girls, and the boys, of course, had to be out always, "weather or no."

"No Blue Hills to-day," said Uncle Fritz, laughing, as Blanche and May rubbed their little hands in front of his hickory fire.

"No," said Blanche, "the famous Alpine Club itself surrenders to this storm. And my sketch, Uncle Fritz, — what you called my grand study for a panorama, — will have to be finished with spring apple-blossoms on the right hand, to patch out the sombre chestnuts and oaks I had worked in so elaborately on the left hand; for we shall certainly have no more alpine clubs this fall."

The young people are fond of calling themselves the Alpine Club when they go to the Quarries or the Blue Hills or Nahant or the Brewsters or the Middlesex Fells or the Waverley Oaks or any of the other nice places within an easy excursion from Boston.

"Unless, indeed," said Col. Ingham, "unless we get a sleigh-ride some afternoon, and I send you up

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to the top of the Blue Hills on snow-shoes. I did not know how many of you might be here. I am not jealous of Mr. Hale; but when I found you were all studying politics over at his house, I thought there might be no time for story-telling. Have you prepared your protocol for Russia, Blanche?"

Blanche laughed. She said the more they read of one thing, the more they wanted to read of another; and that, for her part, she found no one of Uncle Fritz's rules so easy as that which bids her

CONFESS IGNORANCE.

Uncle Fritz's rules for talk are:—

TELL THE TRUTH.
DO NOT TALK ABOUT YOUR OWN AFFAIRS.
CONFESS IGNORANCE.
TALK TO THE PERSON WHO TALKS TO YOU.
DO NOT UNDERRATE HIM.
BE SHORT.[1]

All the boys and girls agreed with Blanche, as, indeed, they are apt to, for Blanche is as pleasant as she is sensible; and here are two qualities which do not always travel together.

By this time almost all the "Alpine Club" had come. The waterproofs were hung to drip and dry in the back hall, under Flora Haggerty's care; and in a great semicircle the young people sat round the hickory fire. It was something about the "Stories of the Sea," which had just been published by Little & Brown, which started them on travels; and how they would like to go to Tahiti and New Zealand and all the wonderful places!

[1] "How to Do It," pp. 29–60.

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Uncle Fritz told them of some college friends of his, who had planned landing in Arabia from Zanzibar, and then assuming Arab costumes, talking such Arabic as they could, and gradually making their way through Asia till they came out at Canton, on the eastern shore. They failed in this great plan only from the merest accident at the start.

"We know, to this hour, curiously little of Central Asia," he said. "There are regions of which Marco Polo's account is the only account we have to this day; and that is six hundred years old."

"And it was not true when it was new, was it?" asked Horace, laughing.

Uncle Fritz said that that was an old scandal. He said that Mandeville and Marco Polo had long been called the princes of liars, while people did not follow their example of travel; but in our times, their reputations are waking up to light again. In Marco Polo's case, he wrote almost wholly from memory, — from the mere fact that he wrote long after his return from the East; but later authorities have verified so much of his narrative that it is but fair to believe him when nothing can be proved against him.

Bertha confessed that she mixed him up very badly with Marco Paul, who travelled in Mr. Abbott's books.

They all laughed, because they knew what Bertha meant. "That was one of Jacob Abbott's quiet jokes. His books are wellnigh perfect in everything, and in nothing more perfect than in the choice of names. So he makes Marco Paul a traveller, on purpose that we may all remember the prince of the travellers of the Middle Ages."

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Then Col. Ingham sent for the third volume of Irving's "Columbus," and for Col. Yule's careful edition of "Marco Polo," — a fascinating book, which should be in every public library. He told Bedford to go to the bookcase which had Columbus's bust on top, and look till he found them.

That is the case with the travels and geographies in it. Bedford knows it as well as he knows the book-shelves he has at home, which he made on his own work-bench in the laundry. Col. Ingham told Bedford he would find an account of Marco Polo in the Appendix; and Bedford found it, and read aloud: —

IRVING'S ACCOUNT OF MARCO POLO.

Marco Polo was a native of Venice, who in the thirteenth century made a journey to the East, and filled all Christendom with curiosity by his account of the countries he had visited. He was preceded in his travels by his father Nicholas, and his uncle, Matteo Polo. These two brothers were of an illustrious family in Venice, and embarked, in the year 1260,[1] on a commercial voyage to the East. Having traversed the Mediterranean and the strait of Bosphorus, they stopped for a short time at Constantinople. From hence they proceeded by the Euxine to Armenia, where they remained for a year, entertained with great favor at the court of a Tartar prince. A war breaking out between their patron and a neighboring potentate, and the former being defeated, they were embarrassed how to extricate themselves from the country, and return home in safety. After various

[1] So Yule corrects Irving, who says 1250.

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wanderings, they at length reached Bochara, in the Gulf of Persia, where they resided for three years. While here, there arrived an ambassador from one of the inferior Tartar powers, on his way to the court of the Great Khan. Finding that the two brothers were well acquainted with the Tartar tongue, he prevailed upon them to accompany him. After a march of several months, being delayed by snows and inundations, they arrived at the court of Cublai, otherwise called the Great Khan, which signifies king of kings, being the sovereign potentate of the Tartars. This magnificent prince received them with great distinction. He made inquiries about the countries and princes of the West, their civil and military government, and the manners and customs of the Latin nations.

. . . . .

After one return to the Levant they took a second journey, and this time took Marco Polo with them. He was gone twenty-four years. On their return, when they arrived at Venice, they were known by nobody. So many years had elapsed since their departure, without any tidings of them, that they were either forgotten or considered dead.

They repaired to their own house, which was a noble palace, afterwards known by the name of la Corte de la Milione. They found several of their relatives still inhabiting it; but they were slow in recollecting the travellers, not knowing of their wealth, and probably considering them poor adventurers, returned to be a charge upon their families. The Polos, however, took an effectual mode of quickening the memories of their friends, and ensuring themselves a loving reception. They invited them all to a grand banquet. The guests

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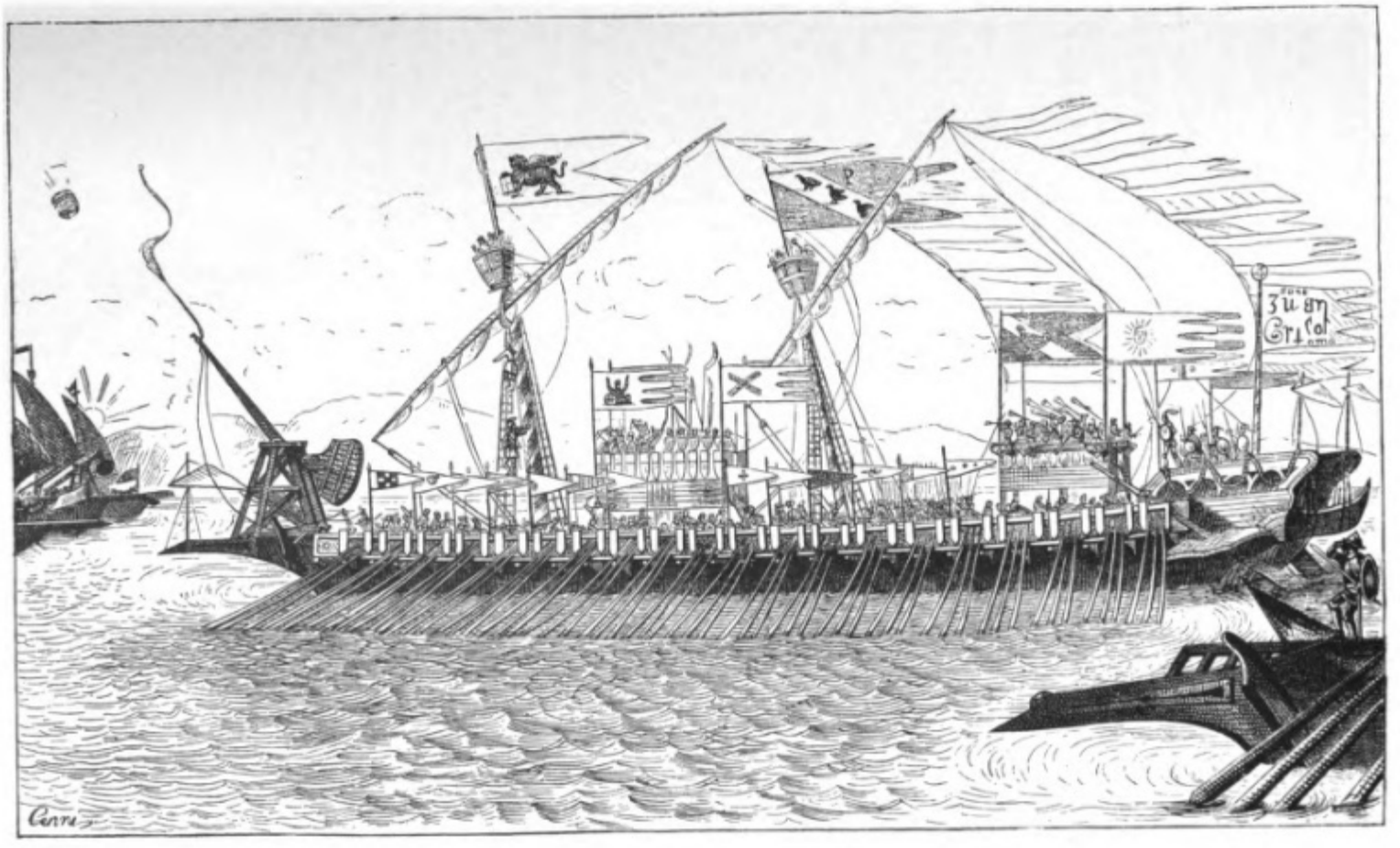

GALLEY GOING INTO ACTION

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were lost in astonishment, and could not comprehend the meaning of this masquerade, when, having dismissed all the attendants, Marco Polo brought forth the coarse Tartar dresses in which they had arrived. Slashing them in several places with a knife, and ripping open the seams and linings, there tumbled forth a vast quantity of precious jewels, such as rubies, sapphires, emeralds, and diamonds. The whole table glittered with inestimable wealth, which they had acquired from the munificence of the Grand Khan, and which they had conveyed in this portable form through the perils of their long journey.

The company, observes Ramusio, were out of their wits with amazement, and now clearly perceived what they had at first doubted, that these in very truth were those honored and valiant gentlemen, the Polos, and accordingly paid them great respect and reverence.

. . . . .

Some months after their return, Lampo Doria, commander of the Genoese navy, appeared in the vicinity of the island of Cuzzola, with seventy galleys. Andrea Dandolo, the Venetian admiral, was sent against him. Marco Polo commanded a galley of the fleet. His usual good fortune deserted him. Advancing the first in the line with his galley, and not being properly seconded, he was taken prisoner, and thrown in irons, and carried to Genoa. Here he was detained for a long time in prison, and all offers of ransom rejected. His imprisonment gave great uneasiness to his father and uncle, fearing that he might never return. Seeing themselves in this unhappy state, with so much treasure, and no heirs, they consulted together. They were both very old men ; but Nicolo, observes Ramusio, was of a gal-

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liard complexion. It was determined he should take a wife, and he did so.

In the meanwhile, the fame of Marco Polo's travels had circulated in Genoa. His prison was daily crowded with the nobility, and he was supplied with everything that could cheer him in his confinement. A Genoese gentleman, who visited him every day, at length prevailed on him to write an account of what he had seen. He had his papers and journals sent to him from Venice, and with the assistance of his friend produced the book which afterwards made such noise throughout the world.

"So, you see," said Uncle Fritz, "that the poor rich man wrote in prison, far away from home, and with such journals and notes as had escaped wars, shipwrecks, and travel."

Bedford and two of the girls seized on one volume of Col. Yule's book, — which is a good edition of "Marco Polo," — and Laura and two of the boys seized on another. There are very amusing and instructive pictures; and the young people were delighted as they turned from chapter to chapter. Meanwhile, Uncle Fritz was questioning the others about their summer travels; and all the talk was running on adventure.

"This is a very good day for 'Marco Polo,'" said he; "for what with Oregon, and Colorado Springs, and the Saguenay River, you have travelled about as far this summer as the Venetian gentlemen did in all those years. Bedford, have you found nothing you can read to us?"

And, after a minute's conference, Bedford selected and read —

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HOW THE EMPEROR SENT MARK ON AN EMBASSY.

Now it came to pass that Marco, the son of Messer Nicolo, sped wondrously in learning the customs of the Tartars as well as their language, their manner of writing, and their practice of war, — in fact, he came in brief space to know several languages, and four sundry written characters; and he was discreet and prudent in every way, insomuch that the emperor held him in great esteem. And so, when he discerned Mark to have so much sense, and to conduct himself so well and beseemingly, he sent him on an ambassage of his to a country which was a good six months' journey distant. The young gallant executed his commission well, and with discretion. Now, he had taken note on several occasions that, when the prince's ambassadors returned from different parts of the world, they were able to tell him about nothing except the business on which they had gone; and the prince, in consequence, held them for no better than fools and dolts, and would say, "I had far liever hearken about the strange things and the manners of the different countries you have seen than merely be told of the business you went upon," — for he took great delight in hearing of the affairs of strange countries. Mark, therefore, as he went and returned, took great pains to learn about all kinds of different matters in the countries which he visited, in order to be able to tell about them to the Great Kaan.

When Mark returned from his ambassage, he presented himself before the emperor; and, after making his report of the business with which he was charged, and its successful accomplishment, he went on to give

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an account, in a pleasant and intelligent manner, of all the novelties and strange things that he had seen and heard, insomuch that the emperor and all such as heard his story were surprised, and said, "If this young man live, he will assuredly come to be a person of great worth and ability." And so, from that time forward, he was always entitled MESSER MARCO POLO; and thus we shall style him henceforth in this book of ours, as is but right.

Then Bedford turned over to a place where Mary Long had put in a mark, and read —

OF THE GREAT COUNTRY OF PERSIA, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE THREE KINGS.

Persia is a great country, which was in old times very illustrious and powerful; but now the Tartars have wasted and destroyed it. In Persia is the city of Saba, from which the three magi set out, when they went to worship Jesus Christ; and in this city they are buried, in three very large and beautiful monuments, side by side. And above them there is a square building carefully kept. The bodies are still entire, with the hair and beard remaining. One of these was called Jasper, the second Melchoir, and the third Balthasar. Messer Marco Polo asked a great many questions of the people of that city as to those three magi; but never one could he find that knew aught of the matter, except that these were three kings, who were buried there in days of old. However, at a place three days' journey distant, he heard of what I am going to tell you. He found a village there which goes by the name of Cala Ataperistan, which is as much

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as to say, "The Castle of the Fire-worshippers"; and the name is rightly applied, for the people there do worship fire, and I will tell you why. They relate that, in old times, three kings of that country went away to worship a prophet that was born; and they carried with them three manner of offerings, — gold and frankincense and myrrh, — in order to ascertain whether that prophet were God or an earthly king or a physician. "For," said they, "if he take the gold, then he is an earthly king; if he take the incense, he is God; if he take the myrrh, he is a physician." So it came to pass, when they had come to the place where the Child was born, the youngest of the three kings went in first, and found the Child apparently just of his own age; so he went forth again, marvelling greatly. The middle one entered next, and, like the first, he found the Child seemingly of his own age; so he also went forth again, and marvelled greatly. Lastly, the eldest went in, and as it had befallen the other two, so it befel him; and he went forth very pensive.

And when the three had rejoined one another, each told what he had seen; and then they all marvelled the more. So they all agreed to go in all three together; and on doing so, they beheld the Child with the appearance of its actual age, — to wit, some thirteen days. Then they adored, and presented their gold and incense and myrrh; and the Child took all the three offerings, and then gave them a small closed box: whereupon the kings departed to return into their own land.

And when they had ridden many days they said they would see what the Child had given them. So they opened the little box; and inside it they found a stone. On seeing this they began to wonder what this

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might be that the Child had given them, and what was the import thereof. Now the signification was this: when they presented their offerings, the Child accepted all three; and when they saw that, they had said within themselves that he was the True God, and the True King, and the True Physician. And what the gift of the stone implied was that this Faith which had begun in them should abide firm as a rock. For he well knew what was in their thoughts. Howbeit they had no understanding at all of this signification of the gift of the stone, so they cast it into a well. Then straightway a fire from heaven descended into that well wherein the stone had been cast. And when the Three Kings beheld this marvel they were sore amazed, and it greatly repented them that they had cast away the stone; for well they then perceived that it had a great and holy meaning. So they took of that fire, and carried it into their own country, and placed it in a rich and beautiful church. And there the people keep it continually burning, and worship it as a god; and all the sacrifices they offer are kindled with that fire. And if ever the fire becomes extinct they go to other cities round about, where the same faith is held, and obtain of that fire from them, and carry it to the church. And this is the reason why the people of this country worship fire. They will often go ten days' journey to get of that fire.

The children were highly edified by finding this echo of the story of the wise men of the Bible, brought from the East, and asked Uncle Fritz if they might believe it, ever so little. He told them that, till Mahomet's time, all these countries were more or less under the rule

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MARCO POLO

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of Christian faith, though it were but limp faith, and stupid. It was quite possible that Messer Marco Polo might have found some legends there which he repeated here.

"But I think," said Uncle Fritz, "that if you are going to dip, before reading, you had better begin on Cublay Khan himself."

"Cublay Khan!" cried Fergus. "Are we to hear about Cublay Khan?"

"Why, what do you know about Cublay Khan?" cried Mary Long.

"Do you not remember, — 'Mustapha, Rubadub, Cublay Khan'?"

"I do not think you say it right. But hush! Horace is going to begin."

So Horace began: —

HOW NAYAN WAS BEATEN.

Now am I come to that part of our book in which I shall tell you of the great and wonderful magnificence of the Great Kaan now reigning, by name CUBLAY KAAN, — *Kaan* being a title which signifieth "the Great Lord of Lords," or Emperor. And of a surety he hath good right to such a title; for all men know for a certain truth that he is the most potent man, as regards forces and lands and treasure, that existeth in the world, or ever hath existed, from the time of our First Father, Adam, until this day.

"That was probably true," interrupted Col. Ingham.

All this I will make clear to you for truth, in this book of ours, so that every one shall be fain to acknowledge

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that he is the greatest lord that is now in the world, or ever hath been. And now, ye shall hear how and wherefore.

. . . . . .

There was a great Tartar chief, whose name was Nayan, a young man of thirty, lord over many lands and many provinces; and he was uncle to the Emperor Cublay Kaan, of whom we are speaking. And when he found himself in authority, this Nayan waxed proud in the insolence of his youth and his great power; for indeed he could bring into the field three hundred thousand horsemen, though all the time he was liegeman to his nephew, the Great Kaan Cublay, as was right and reason. Seeing, then, what great power he had, he took it into his head that he would be the Great Kaan's vassal no longer: nay, more, he would fain wrest his empire from him, if he could. So this Nayan sent envoys to another Tartar prince, called Caidu, also a great and potent lord, who was a kinsman of his, and who was a nephew of the Great Kaan, and his lawful liegeman also, though he was in rebellion, and at bitter enmity with his sovereign lord and uncle. Now, the message that Nayan sent was this: that he himself was making ready to march against the Great Kaan with all his forces, which were great, and he begged Caidu to do likewise from his side, so that by attacking Cublay on two sides at once with such great forces they would be able to wrest his dominion from him. And when Caidu heard the message of Nayan, he was right glad thereat, and thought the time was come at last to gain his object; so he sent back answer that he would do as requested, and got ready his host, which mustered a good hundred thousand horsemen.

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Now, let us go back to the Great Kaan, who had news of all this plot.

When the Great Kaan heard what was afoot, he made his preparations in right good heart, like one who feared not the issue of an attempt so contrary to justice. Confident in his own conduct and prowess, he was in no degree disturbed, but vowed that he would never wear crown again if he brought not those two traitorous and disloyal Tartar chiefs to an ill end. So swiftly and secretly were his preparations made that no one knew of them but his privy council, and all were completed within ten or twelve days. In that time he had assembled good three hundred and sixty thousand horsemen and one hundred thousand footmen, — but a small force, indeed, for him, and consisting only of those that were in the vicinity; for the rest of his vast and innumerable forces were too far off to answer so hasty a summons, being engaged under orders from him on distant expeditions to conquer divers countries and provinces. If he had waited to summon all his troops, the multitude assembled would have been beyond all belief; a multitude such as never was heard of, or told of, past all counting! In fact, those three hundred and sixty thousand horsemen that he got together consisted merely of the falconers and whippers-in that were about the court! And when he got ready this handful, as it were, of his troops, he ordered his astrologers to declare whether he should gain the battle, and get the better of his enemies. After they had made their observations they told him to go on boldly, for he would conquer and gain a glorious victory; whereat he greatly rejoiced. So he marched with his army; and after advancing for twenty days they arrived at a great plain,

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where Nayan lay with all his host, amounting to some four hundred thousand horse. Now, the Great Kaan's forces arrived so fast and so suddenly that the others knew nothing of the matter; for the Kaan had caused such strict watch to be made in every direction for scouts that every one that appeared was instantly captured. Thus Nayan had no warning of his coming, and was completely taken by surprise, insomuch that, when the Great Kaan's army came up, he was asleep; so thus you see why it was that the emperor equipped his force with such speed and secrecy. Of the battle which the Great Kaan fought with Nayan, what shall I say about it?

When day had well broken, there was the Kaan, with all his host, upon a hill overlooking the plain where Nayan lay in his tent, in all security, without the slightest thought of any one coming thither to do him hurt. In fact, this confidence of his was such that he kept no videttes, whether in front or in rear; for he knew nothing of the coming of the Great Kaan, owing to all the approaches having been completely occupied, as I told you. Moreover, the place was in a remote wilderness, more than thirty marches from the court, — though the Kaan had made the distance in twenty, so eager was he to come to battle with Nayan. And what shall I tell you next? The Kaan was there on the hill, mounted on a great wooden bartizan, which was borne by four well-trained elephants; and over him was hoisted his standard, so high aloft that it could be seen from all sides. His troops were ordered in battles of thirty thousand men apiece, and a great part of the horsemen had each a foot-soldier, armed with a lance, set on the crupper behind him (for it was thus that the footmen were disposed of); and the

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whole plain seemed to be covered with his forces. So it was thus that the Great Kaan's army was arrayed for battle. When Nayan and his people saw what had happened, they were sorely confounded, and rushed in haste to arms. Nevertheless, they made them ready in good style, and formed their troops in an orderly manner. And when all were in battle array on both sides, as I have told you, and nothing remained but to fall to blows, then might you have heard a sound arise of many instruments of various music, and of the voices of the whole of the two hosts loudly singing.

For this is a custom of the Tartars, that before they join battle they all unite in singing and playing on a certain two-stringed instrument of theirs, a thing right pleasant to hear, and so they continue in their array of battle, singing and playing in this pleasing manner, until the great Naccara of the prince is heard to sound. As soon as that begins to sound the fight also begins on both sides; and in no case before the prince's Naccara sounds dare any commence fighting.

So, then, as they were thus singing and playing, though ordered and ready for battle, the great Naccara of the Great Kaan began to sound, and that of Nayan also began to sound, and thenceforward the din of battle began to be heard loudly from this side and from that, and they rushed to work so doughtily with their bows and their maces, with their lances and swords, and with the arblests of the footmen, that it was a wondrous sight to see. Now might you behold such flights of arrows from this side and from that, that the whole heaven was canopied with them, and they fell like rain. Now might you see on this side and on that full many a cavalier and man-at-arms fall slain, insomuch that the whole field seemed

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covered with them. From this side and from that such cries arose from the crowds of the wounded and dying that had God thundered you would not have heard Him. For fierce and furious was the battle, and quarter there was none given; but why should I make a long story of it? You must know that it was the most parlous and fierce and fearful battle that has ever been fought in our day. Nor have there ever been such forces in the field in actual fight, especially of horsemen, as were then engaged; for, taking both sides, there were not fewer than seven hundred and sixty thousand horsemen, — a mighty force! — and that without reckoning the footmen, who were also very numerous. The battle endured with various fortune on this side and on that from morning till noon; but at last, by God's pleasure and the right that was on his side, the Great Kaan had the victory, and Nayan lost the battle and was utterly routed. For the army of the Great Kaan performed such feats of arms that Nayan and his host could stand against them no longer, so they turned and fled; but this availed nothing for Nayan, for he and all the barons with him were taken prisoners and had to surrender to the Kaan with all their arms.

Now you must know that Nayan was a baptized Christian, and bore the Cross on his banner, but this nought availed him, seeing how grievously he had done amiss in rebelling against his lord. For he was the Great Kaan's liegeman, and was bound to hold his lands of him like all his ancestors before him.

The scale of this fighting satisfied even Bedford, who is notorious for his passion for a good fight. Uncle Fritz told them that if they would look further they

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would see that military rockets were used in this battle, or something which resembled rockets more than cannon.

While they were talking, Horace and Fred looked further, and when there was a lull read —

And after the Great Kaan had conquered Nayan, as you have heard, it came to pass that the different kinds of people who were present, Saracens and idolaters and Jews, and many others that believed not in God, did gibe those that were Christians because of the Cross that Nayan had borne on his standard, and that so grievously that there was no bearing it. Thus they would say to the Christians: "See now what precious help this God's Cross of yours hath rendered Nayan, who was a Christian and a worshipper thereof." And such a din arose about the matter that it reached the Great Kaan's own ears. When it did so, he sharply rebuked those who cast these gibes at the Christians, and he also bade the Christians be of good heart, "for if the Cross had rendered no help to Nayan, in that It had done right well, nor could that which was good, as It was, have done otherwise; for Nayan was a disloyal and traitorous rebel against his lord, and well deserved that which had befallen him. Wherefore the Cross of your God did well in that It gave him no help against the right." And this he said so loud that everybody heard him. The Christians then replied to the Great Kaan: "Great King, you say the truth indeed, for our Cross can render no one help in wrong-doing, and therefore it was that It aided not Nayan, who was guilty of crime and disloyalty, for It would take no part in his evil deeds." And so thenceforward no more was heard of the floutings of the unbelievers against the Christians;

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for they heard very well what the sovereign said to the latter about the Cross on Nayan's banner, and Its giving him no help.

POST HOUSES.

Now you must know that from this city of Cambaluc proceed many roads and highways leading to a variety of provinces, one to one province, another to another, and each road receives the name of the province to which it leads; and it is a very sensible plan, and the messengers of the emperor in travelling from Cambaluc, be the road whichsoever they will, find at every twenty-five miles of the journey a station which they call "Yamb," or, as we should say, the "Horse-Post-House." And at each of those stations used by the messengers there is a large and handsome building for them to put up at, in which they find all the rooms furnished with fine beds and all other necessary articles in rich silk, and where they are provided with everything they can want. If even a king were to arrive at one of these he would find himself well lodged.

At some of these stations, moreover, there shall be posted some four hundred horses standing ready for the use of the messengers; at others there shall be two hundred, according to the requirements, and to what the emperor has established in each case. At every twenty-five miles, as I said, or anyhow at every thirty miles, you find one of these stations on all the principal highways leading to the different provincial governments, and the same is the case throughout all the chief provinces subject to the Great Kaan; even when the messengers have to pass through a roadless tract where neither house nor hostel exists, still there the station-houses have been estab-

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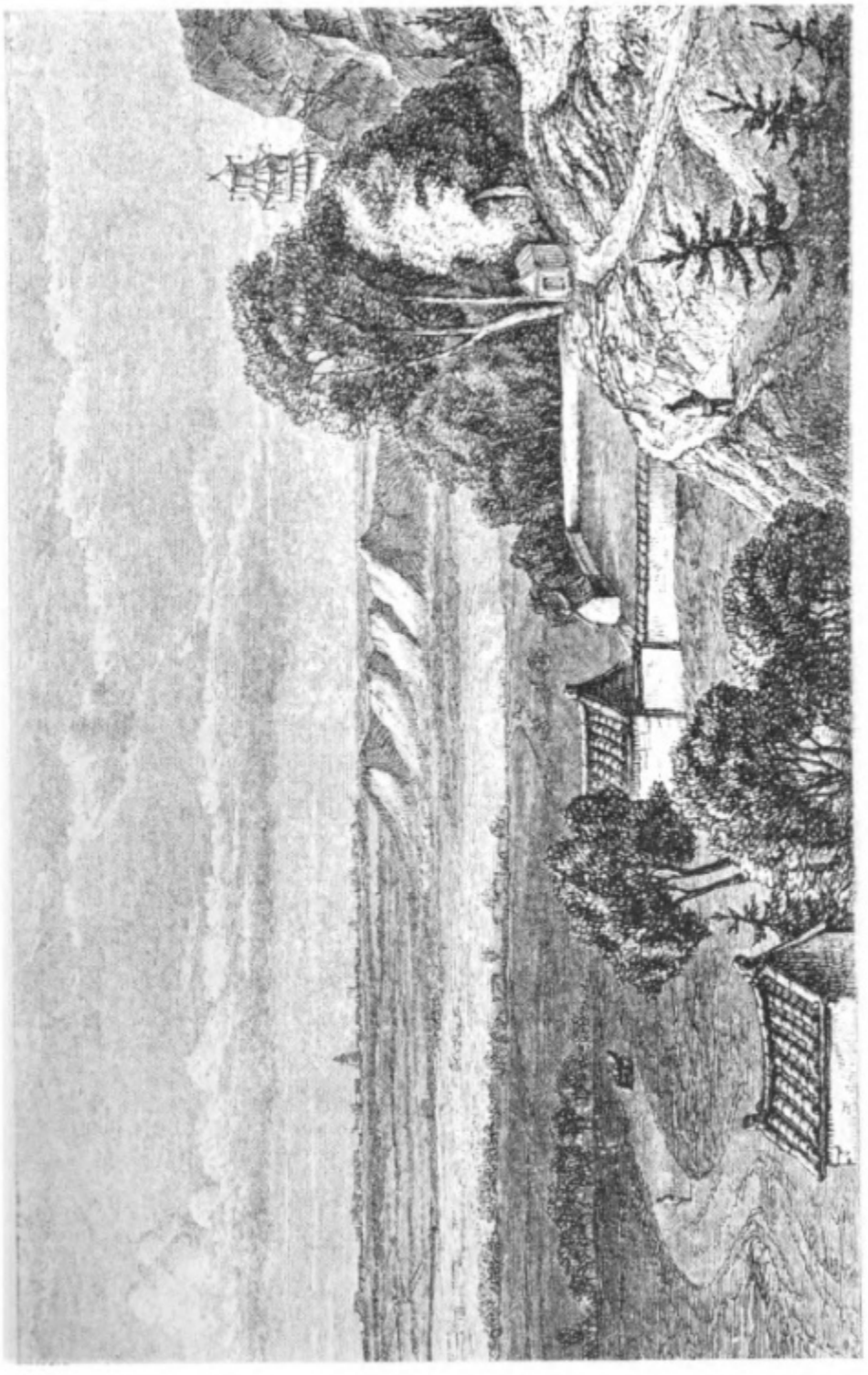

PLAIN OF CAMBALUC

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lished just the same, excepting that the intervals are somewhat greater, and the day's journey is fixed at thirty-five to forty-five miles, instead of twenty-five to thirty. But they are provided with horses and all the other necessaries just like those we have described, so that the emperor's messengers, come they from what region they may, find everything ready for them.

And in sooth this is a thing done on the greatest scale of magnificence that ever was seen. Never had emperor, king, or lord such wealth as this manifests! For it is a fact that on all these posts taken together there are more than three hundred thousand horses kept up specially for the use of the messengers. And the great buildings that I have mentioned are more than ten thousand in number, all richly furnished as I told you. The thing is on a scale so wonderful and costly that it is hard to bring one's self to describe it.

But now I will tell you another thing that I had forgotten, but which ought to be told whilst I am on this subject. You must know that by the Great Kaan's orders there has been established between those post-houses, at every interval of three miles, a little fort, with some forty houses round about it, in which dwell the people who act as the emperor's foot-runners. Every one of those runners wears a great wide belt, set all over with bells, so that as they run the three miles from post to post their bells are heard jingling a long way off. And thus on reaching the post the runner finds another man similarly equipt, and all ready to take his place, who instantly takes over whatsoever he has in charge, and with it receives a slip of paper from the clerk, who is always at hand for the purpose; and so the new man sets off and runs his three miles. At the next station he finds his relief ready in

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like manner; and so the post proceeds, with a change at every three miles. And in this way the emperor, who has an immense number of these runners, receives despatches with news from places ten days' journey off in one day and night; or, if need be, news from a hundred days off in ten days and nights, and that is no small matter! In fact, in the fruit season, many a time fruit shall be gathered one morning in Cambaluc, and the evening of the next day it shall reach the Great Kaan at Chandu, a distance of ten days' journey.

The clerk at each of the posts notes the time of each courier's arrival and departure; and there are often other officers, whose business it is to make monthly visitations of all the posts, and to punish those runners who have been slack in their work. The emperor exempts these men from all tribute, and pays them beside.

Moreover, there are also at those stations other men, equipt similarly with girdles hung with bells, who are employed for expresses when there is a call for great haste in sending despatches to any governor of a province, or to give news when any baron has revolted, or in other such emergencies; and these men travel a good two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles in the day, and as much in the night. I 'll tell you how it stands. They take a horse from those at the station, which are standing ready saddled, all fresh and in wind, and mount and go at full speed, as hard as they can ride, in fact. And when those at the next post hear the bells, they get ready another horse and a man equipt in the same way, and he takes over the letter or whatever it be, and is off full speed to the third station, where again a fresh horse is found all ready, and so the

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despatch speeds along from post to post, always at full gallop, with regular change of horses. And the speed at which they go is marvellous. By night, however, they cannot go so fast as by day, because they have to be accompanied by footmen with torches, who could not keep up with them at full speed.

Those men are highly prized; and they could never do it did they not bind hard the stomach, chest, and head with strong bands. And each of them carries with him a gerfalcon tablet, in sign that he is bound on an urgent express; so that if perchance his horse break down, or he meet with other mishap, whomsoever he may fall in with on the road, he is empowered to make him dismount and give up his horse. Nobody dares refuse in such a case; so that the courier hath always a good fresh nag to carry him.

Now all these numbers of post-horses cost the emperor nothing at all; and I will tell you the how and the why. Every city, or village, or hamlet that stands near one of these post-stations has a fixed demand made on it for as many horses as it can supply, and these it must furnish to the post. And in this way are provided all the posts of the cities, as well as the towns and villages round about them; only in uninhabited tracts the horses are furnished at the expense of the emperor himself.

How far all this was true, the children were then eager to know. But Uncle Fritz told them that, as to that, they must look at Col. Yule's very interesting notes. And while they clustered around him and Laura, who had the second volume, all looking at the maps and pictures, Ellen Mahony came in and said that tea was on the table.

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Col. Yule's edition of Marco Polo was published by Murray, in London, in 1875. As has been said above, it should be in every public library which means to provide for intelligent readers.

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II.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE AND THE CRUSADES.

COL. INGHAM was well pleased, when his boys and girls clustered round him the next Saturday, to find how many copies of "Marco Polo" they had found in different libraries, and how much of it they had read, in one reading-circle and another. They found in it manifold illustrations of the "Arabian Nights," which, in its best form, — Lane's translation, — is a favorite book in our little circle.

They began to understand what Uncle Fritz had meant, when he said that Marco Polo seemed accurate when he described what he saw, and that his exaggerations, or what people called his lies, came in when he was repeating stories which other people had told.

Esther asked him who Mandeville was, of whom he had said the same thing.

"Mandeville was an Englishman, — Sir John Mandeville, — who went to Constantinople, Egypt, Palestine, Armenia, and other countries of Western Asia a little less than two hundred years before Columbus sailed for America. The exact limits of his absence are said to be the years 1322 and 1356. It was as dark a time as there was in the Dark Ages. He was in the military service of one of the Eastern princes, and had a chance to see

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travellers from all lands, and to hear their stories. People told stories in the East then, just as they do now, and as I sometimes hope they will, one day, do hear again.

"For my part, when I am sitting in the rather dingy reading-room of a third-rate inn, in a fourth-rate town, waiting for my train, which is not to come till eleven at night, I should be very glad if a good story-teller would come in and sit down on a mat, and tell me either the story of Sindbad the Sailor or of Hiawatha and the Arrow-maker, or of his adventures in the Rebellion. When he passed his hat round, I should put in my five-cent piece much more willingly than I give it for the Torra-worra Tell-tale, which only gives me in brief the same news which I read in the Big Bow-wow the same morning.

"Well, Sir John Mandeville heard these stories told by story-tellers, just as you may hear them to-day in Cairo or in Damascus. Whether he wrote them down at once, I do not know; but at some time or other he wrote them down, and now the whole is mixed up together, — what he saw himself with what travellers told him and with what story-tellers told him.

"So you may find bits of 'Arabian Nights' in Sir John Mandeville.

"There is so much of this that there came to be a time when people thought he had rather lie than to tell the truth.

"Indeed," said Uncle Fritz, "I can remember that at one time his name was spelled Man-Devil, as if he were quite outside of human nature; but I believe there is now no doubt that this was his real name."

Esther said she remembered, in Catlin's "Indians," that he told of some chiefs who had been taken all

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through the great cities, that they might understand the power of the whites, and, when they came back, were wholly disgraced and degraded, because they told such large stories that nobody could believe they were true.

Uncle Fritz was well pleased with Esther's good memory, and said it was just so with Sir John Mandeville.

Bob Edmeston brought the book, which is in a very handy form.[1] In Bohn's Library, it is included with many other early journeys to Palestine. The young people knew the Antiquarian Library already. And it may be said to other young people, who have a little money to spend for books, that in Bohn's various "Libraries" they get as much for their money — if they find the book they want in the catalogue — as they can find anywhere.

But the little book did not look as fascinating as the elegant, large pages crowded with illustrations of Marco Polo.

Uncle Fritz told Bob that when he was a man, and had travelled all through Asia, he might edit an edition of Sir John Mandeville, as elegant as Col. Yule's of Marco Polo.

"You will have to be satisfied now," said he, "by looking for my pencil-marks. Or turn to the end. See what I have noticed on the last page."

So they turned to the last page, and found that Uncle Fritz had made an index of the things he liked in the book. This is always a good thing to do, — if the book is your own, of course. They read aloud the headings, and came to "The Lady changed into a Dragon."

[1] "Early Travels in Palestine." In Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

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"That is the story in Morris's 'Earthly Paradise,'" said Uncle Fritz. "Look a little further." Esther read on, and he told her to turn back to the book, and read to them, when she found —

HOW ROSES FIRST CAME INTO THE WORLD.

From Hebron we proceed to Bethlehem in half a day, for it is but five miles; and it is a very fair way, by pleasant plains and woods. Bethlehem is a little city, long and narrow and well-walled, and on each side enclosed with good ditches. It was formerly called Ephrata, as Holy Writ says, "Lo, we heard of it at Ephrata." And towards the east end of the city is a very fair and handsome church, with many towers, pinnacles, and corners, strongly and curiously made, and within are forty-four great and fair pillars of marble; and between the city and the church is the Field *Floridus*,—that is to say, the *field flourish-ed.* For a fair maiden was blamed with wrong, and slandered, for which cause she was condemned to be burned in that place; and as the fire began to burn about her, she made her prayers to our Lord that, as truly as she was not guilty, he would by his merciful grace help her, and make it known to all men. And when she had thus said she entered into the fire, and immediately the fire was extinguished, and the fagots that were burning became red rose-bushes, and those that were not kindled became white rose-bushes, full of roses; and these were the first rose-trees and roses, both white and red, that ever any man saw. And thus was this maiden saved by the grace of God; and therefore is that field called the field that God flourished, for it was full of roses.

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Then Esther turned to another place which had struck her eye, and read —

OF THE ROCKS OF ADAMANT.

In that island are ships without nails of iron or brass, on account of the rocks of adamant (loadstones). For they are all abundant thereabout in that sea, that it is marvellous to speak of; and if a ship passed there that had either iron bands or iron nails, it would perish; for the adamant, by its nature, draws iron to it, and so it would draw it to the ship, because of the iron, that it should never depart from it.

"That," cried Bob Edmerton, "was what happened to Sindbad."

"Oh, no; not to Sindbad!" said all the others.

Uncle Fritz confessed that he thought it was to Sindbad. This was a great triumph for the little troop. "To think," said Tom Rising, "that we should bowl out Uncle Fritz on the 'Arabian Nights'! I thought he knew the 'Arabian Nights' by heart." So the "Arabian Nights" (in Lane's version) was sent for, and Tom Rising read aloud from the story of "The Third Royal Mendicant."

"A royal mendicant," said Uncle Fritz, "is what was called a 'calendar,' when I was a boy."

THE STORY OF THE THIRD ROYAL MENDICANT.

So he went aloft, and when he had come down he said to the captain, "I saw, on my right hand, fish floating upon the surface of the water, and, looking towards the

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midst of the sea, I perceived something looming in the distance, — sometimes black and sometimes white."

When the captain heard this report of the watch, he threw his turban on the deck, and plucked his beard, and said to those who were with him, "Receive warning of our destruction, which will befall all of us: not one will escape." So saying, he began to weep; and all of us, in like manner, bewailed our lot. I desired him to inform us of that which the watch had seen. The watch said, "To-morrow we shall arrive at a mountain of black stone, called loadstone: the current is now bearing us violently toward it, and the ship will fall in pieces; for God hath given to the loadstone a secret property, by virtue of which everything of iron is attracted toward it. On that mountain is such a quantity of iron as no one knoweth but God, whose name be exalted! for from times of old great numbers of ships have been destroyed by the influence of that mountain."

On the following morning we drew near to the mountain; the current carried us toward it with violence, and when the ships were almost close to it, they fell asunder, and all the nails, and everything else that was of iron, flew from them toward the loadstone. It was near the close of the day when the ship fell in pieces. Some of us were drowned, and some escaped; but the greater number were drowned, and of those who saved their lives, none knew what became of the others, so stupefied were they by the waves and the boisterous wind.

After they had looked up the other passages, which are somewhat like this, in the Fifth Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor, they came back to Sir John Mandeville. They

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found the story of the rich man Gathenabes, and his false Paradise, the same that is told of the King of the Assassins. This was in the mysterious land of Prester John. They found the happy story of the "Island of Bragman," which some men call the Land of Faith. Then they found the description of the Terrestrial Paradise, which poor Mandeville could not reach from the East Indies, better than poor Columbus could from the West.[1] They found about the country where the gentleman has such long nails that he may take nothing, nor handle anything.

Then they found — and this was a great relief to Sybil — that after all these travels, Sir John returned to Rome, and "was absolved of all that lay in my conscience of many grievous points." For notwithstanding Uncle Fritz's excuses for Sir John, Sybil was sadly afraid that he needed absolution for the master sin of lying; and if he ever repented of it, Sybil was glad.

Before she laid down the book she read one extract more.

OF THE GREAT CHAN OF CATHAY.

In this city (Caydon) is the seat of the Great chan,[2] in a very great palace, the fairest of the world, the walls of which are in circuit more than two miles; and within the walls it is all full of other palaces. And in the garden of the great palace there is a great hill, upon which is another palace, the fairest and richest that any man may devise. And all about the palace

[1] See "Stories of the Sea."

[2] We follow the spelling of the old English versions, even when they vary from each other.

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and the hill are many trees bearing divers fruits. And all about that hill are great and deep ditches, and beside them are great fish-ponds on both sides; and there is a very fair bridge to pass over the ditches. And in these fish-ponds are an extraordinary number of wild geese and ganders, and wild ducks and swans and herons. And all about these ditches and fish-ponds is the great garden, full of wild beasts, so that when the Great chan will have any sport, to take any of the wild beasts or the fowls, he will cause them to be driven, and take them at the windows, without going out of his chamber. Within the palace, in the hall, there are twenty-four pillars of fine gold; and all the walls are covered within with red skins of animals called panthers, fair beasts and well-smelling; so that for the sweet odor of the skins, no evil air may enter into the palace.

The skins are as red as blood, and shine so bright against the sun that a man may scarcely look at them. And many people worship the beasts when they meet them first in a morning, for their great virtue and for the good smell that they have; and the skins they value more than if they were plates of fine gold.

And in the middle of the palace is the mountour[1] of the Great chan, all wrought of gold and of precious stones and of great pearls; and at the four corners are four serpents of gold; and all about there are made large nets of silk and gold, and great pearls hanging all about it. And under the mountour are conduits of beverage that they drink in the emperor's court. And beside the conduits are many vessels of gold, with which

[1] Mountour, — an old English rendering of the French *mountagnette*, meaning a raised platform.

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they that are of the household drink at the conduit. The hall of the palace is full nobly arrayed, and full marvellously attired on all parts in all things that men apparel any hall with.

And first, at the head of the hall, is the emperor's throne, very high, where he sits at meat. It is of fine precious stones, bordered all about with purified gold and precious stones and great pearls. And the steps up to the table are of precious stones, mixed with gold. And at the left side of the emperor's seat is the seat of his first wife, one step lower than the emperor ; and it is of jasper bordered with gold, and the seat of his second wife is lower than his first wife, and is also of jasper bordered with gold, as that other is. And the seat of the third wife is still lower by a step than the second wife's, for he has always three wives with him, wherever he is. And after his wives, on the same side, sit the ladies of his lineage, still lower, according to their ranks. And all those that are married have a counterfeit, made like a man's foot, upon their heads, a cubit long, all wrought with great, fine, and orient pearls, and above made with peacock's feathers, and of other shining feathers ; and that stands upon their heads like a crest, in token that they are under man's foot, and under subjection of man. But the other ladies, that are unmarried, have none such. And after, at the right side of the emperor, first sits his eldest son, who shall reign after him, one step lower than the emperor, in such manner of seats as do the empresses ; and after him, other great lords of his lineage, each of them a step lower than the other, according to their rank. The emperor has his table alone by himself, and each of his wives has also her table by herself. And his eldest son, and the other

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lords also, and the ladies, and all that sit with the emperor, have very rich tables, alone by themselves. And under the emperor's table sit four clerks, who write all that the emperor says, be it good or evil; for all that he says must be held good; for he may not change his word nor revoke it.

At great feasts men bring, before the emperor's table, great tables of gold, and thereon are peacocks of gold, and many other kinds of different fowls, all of gold, and richly wrought and enamelled; and they make them dance and sing, clapping their wings together, and making great noise; and whether it be by craft or by necromancy I know not, but it is a goodly sight to behold. But I have the less marvel because they are the most skilful men in the world in all sciences and in all crafts; for in subtilty, malice, and forethought they surpass all men under heaven; and, therefore, they say themselves that they see with two eyes, and Christians see with but one, because they are more subtle than they. . . .

Nevertheless the truth is this, — that Tartars, and they that dwell in Greater Asia, came of Cham, but the emperor of Cathay was called not Cham, but Chan; and I shall tell you how. It is but little more than eight score years since all Tartary was in subjection and servage to other nations about; for they were but herdsmen, and did nothing but keep beasts, and lead them to pastures. But among them they had seven principal nations that were sovereigns of them all, of which the first nation or lineage was called Tartar; and that is the most noble and the most praised. The second lineage is called Tanghot; the third, Eurache; the fourth, Valair; the fifth, Semoche; the sixth, Megly; the seventh, Coboghe. Now it befell that of the first

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lineage succeeded an old worthy man, and was not rich, who was called Changuys. This man lay one night in bed, and he saw in a vision that there came before him a knight, armed all in white, and he sat upon a white horse, and said to him, "Chan, sleepest thou? The immortal God hath sent me to thee; and it is his will that thou go to the seven lineages, and say to them that thou shalt be their emperor; for thou shalt conquer the lands and the countries that are about; and they that march upon you shall be under your subjection, as you have been under theirs; for that is God's immortal will."

Changuys arose, and went to the seven lineages and told them what the white knight had said. And they scorned him, and said that he was a fool; and so he departed from them, all ashamed. And the night following, this white knight came to the seven lineages and commanded them, on behalf of the immortal God, that they should make this Changuys their emperor, and they should be out of subjection, and they should hold all other regions about them in servage, as they had been to them before. And next day they chose him to be their emperor, and set him upon a black chest, and after that lifted him up with great solemnity, and set him in a chair of gold, and did him all manner of reverence; and they called him Chan, as the white knight called him. And when he was thus chosen, he would make trial if he must trust in them or not, and whether they would be obedient to him; and then he made many statutes and ordinances, that they call Ysya Chan.

The first statute was, that they should believe in and obey immortal God, who is almighty, and who would cast them out of servage; and they should at all

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times call to him for help in time of need. The second statute was that all manner of men that might bear arms should be numbered, and to every ten should be a master, and to every hundred a master, and to every thousand a master, and to every ten thousand a master. After, he commanded the principals of the seven lineages to leave and forsake all they had in goods and heritage, and from thenceforth to be satisfied with what he would give them of his grace. And they did so immediately. After this he commanded the principals of the seven lineages, that each should bring his eldest son before him, and with their own hands smite off their heads without delay. And immediately his command was performed.

And when the Chan saw that they made no obstacle to perform his commandment, then he thought that he might well trust in them; and he commanded them presently to make them ready, and to follow his banner. And after this, the Chan put in subjection all the lands about him. Afterwards it befel on a day, that the Chan rode with a few companies to behold the strength of the country that he had won, and a great multitude of his enemies met with him; and to give good example of bravery to his people, he was the first that fought, and rushed into the midst of his enemies, and there was thrown from his horse, and his horse slain. And when his people saw him on the earth, they were all discouraged, and thought he had been dead, and fled every one; and their enemies pursued them, but they knew not that the emperor was there. And when they were returned from the pursuit, they sought the woods, if any of them had been hid in them; and many they found and slew.

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So it happened that as they went searching toward the place where the emperor was, they saw an owl sitting on a tree above him; and then they said amongst them that there was no man there, because they saw the bird there, and so they went their way; and thus the emperor escaped death. And then he went secretly by night, till he came to his people, who were very glad of his coming, and gave great thanks to immortal God, and to that bird by which their lord was saved; and, therefore, above all fowls of the world, they worship the owl; and when they have any of its feathers, they keep them full preciously instead of relics, and bear them upon their heads with great reverence; and they hold themselves blessed, and safe from all perils, while they have these feathers on them, and therefore they bear them upon their heads. After all this the Chan assembled his people, and went against those who had assailed him before, and destroyed them, and put them in subjection and servage.

At this moment in the reading supper was announced; but Clem begged them to wait a minute, while he read why Sir John Mandeville did not tell about Paradise.

Blanche said that there was no need of explaining that; but Clem persevered.

"Of Paradise I cannot speak properly, for I was not there."

"That," said Horace, is like Cousin: 'I say nothing of Buddhism, because I know nothing about it.'"

"If only everybody would be as thoughtful!" said Uncle Fritz. And Clem continued, though he was already losing his audience:—

"It is far beyond, and I repent not going there, but

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I was not worthy." "I should think not," interrupted Blanche. "But as I have heard say of wise men beyond, I shall tell you with good will. Terrestrial Paradise, as wise men say, is the highest place of the earth, and it is so high that it nearly touches the circle of the moon there, as the moon makes her turn. For it is so high that the flood of Noah might not come to it that would have covered all the earth of the world all about, and above and beneath, except Paradise. And this Paradise is inclosed all about with a wall, and men know not whereof it is; for the wall is covered all over with moss, as it seems, and it seems not that the wall is natural stone. And that wall stretches from the south to the north; and it has but one entry, which is closed with burning fire, so that no man that is mortal dare enter."

"So they were well rid of Mandeville," said Blanche, laughing; and she and Clem went in to their supper.

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III.

BERTRANDON IN PALESTINE.

WHEN the children met him the next week, Uncle Fritz said that as they had gone so far east in their two afternoons, they would do well to look over some of the accounts of the Crusaders' expeditions.

The boys were well pleased at this suggestion. Some of them knew Froissart, and all of them had read "Ivanhoe," and "The Talisman," and "Count Robert of Paris."

So Uncle Fritz sent again for the "Travels in Palestine," in the same volume of Bohn's Antiquarian Library, and Bedford first, and Esther afterward, read the extracts he had marked for them from

BERTRANDON DE LA BROCQUIÈRE.

To animate and inflame the hearts of such noble men as may be desirous of seeing the world, and by the order and command of the most high, most powerful, and my most redoubted lord, Philip, by the grace of God Duke of Burgundy, Lorraine, Brabant, and Limbourg, Count of Flanders, Artois, and Burgundy, Palatine of Hainault, Holland, Zealand, and Namur, Marquis of the Holy Empire, lord of Friesland, Salines, and Mechlin, I, Bertrandon de la Brocquière, a native of the duchy of Guienne, lord of Vieux-Chateau, counsellor and first

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esquire-carver to my aforesaid most redoubted lord, after bringing to my recollection every event, in addition to what I had made an abridgment of in a small book by way of memorandums, have fairly written out this account of my short travels, in order that if any king or Christian prince should wish to make the conquest of Jerusalem, and lead thither an army overland, or if any gentleman should be desirous of travelling thither, they may be made acquainted with all the towns, cities, regions, countries, rivers, mountains, and passes, in the different districts, as well as the lords to whom they belong, from the duchy of Burgundy to Jerusalem.

The route hence to the holy city of Rome is too well known for me to stop and describe it. I shall pass lightly over this article, and not say much until I come to Syria. . . . Gaza, situated in a fine country near the sea, and at the entrance of the desert, is a strong town, although uninclosed. It is pretended that it formerly belonged to the famous Samson. His palace is still shown, and also the columns of that which he pulled down; but I dare not affirm that these are the same. Pilgrims are harshly treated there; and we also should have suffered had it not been for the governor, a man about sixty years of age, and a Circassian, who heard our complaints and did us justice.

Thrice were we obliged to appear before him; once, on account of the swords we wore, and the two other times for quarrels which the Saracen moucres sought to have with us. Many of us wished to purchase asses; for the camel has a very rough movement, which is extremely fatiguing to those unaccustomed to it. An ass is sold at Gaza for two ducats; but the moucres not only wanted to prevent our buying any, but to force

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us to hire asses from them, at the price of five ducats, to St. Catherine's. This conduct was represented to the governor. For myself, who had hitherto ridden on a camel, and had no intention of changing, I desired they would tell me how I could ride a camel and an ass at the same time. The governor decided in our favor, and ordered that we should not be forced to hire any asses from the moucres against our inclinations.

We here laid in fresh provisions necessary for the continuance of our journey; but, on the eve of our departure, four of my companions fell sick, and returned to Jerusalem. I set off with the five others, and we came to a village situated at the entrance of the desert, and the only one to be met with between Gaza and St. Catherine's. We thus travelled two days in the desert, absolutely without seeing anything deserving to be related. Only one morning I saw, before sunrise, an animal running on four legs, about three feet long, but scarcely a palm in height. The Arabians fled at the sight of it, and the animal hastened to hide itself in a bush hard by. Sir Andrew and Pierre de Vandrei dismounted, and pursued it sword in hand, when it began to cry like a cat on the approach of a dog. Pierre de Vaudrei struck it on the back with the point of his sword, but did it no harm, from its being covered with scales like a sturgeon. It sprang at Sir Andrew, who, with a blow from his sword, cut the neck partly through, and flung it on its back with its feet in the air, and killed it. The head resembled that of a large hare; the feet were like the hands of a young child, with a pretty long tail, like that of the large green lizard. Our Arabs and interpreter told us it was very dangerous.

At the end of the second day's journey I was seized

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with such a burning fever that it was impossible for me to proceed. My four companions, distressed at this accident, made me mount an ass, and recommended me to one of our Arabs, whom they charged to reconduct me, if possible, to Gaza. This man took a great deal of care of me, which is unusual in respect to Christians. He faithfully kept me company, and led me in the evening to pass the night in one of their camps, which might consist of fourscore and some tents, pitched in the form of a street. These tents consist of two poles stuck in the ground by the bigger end, at a certain distance from each other, and on them is placed another pole cross-way, and over this last is laid a thick coverlid of woollen, or coarse hair. On my arrival, four or five Arabs, who were acquainted with my companion, came to meet us. They dismounted me from my ass, and laid me on a mattrass which I had with me, and then, treating me according to their method, kneaded and pinched me so much with their hands, that from fatigue and lassitude I slept, and reposed for six hours. During this time no one did me the least harm, nor took anything from me. It would, however, have been very easy for them to do so; and I must have been a tempting prey, for I had with me two hundred ducats, and two camels laden with provision and wine.

I set out on my return to Gaza before day; but when I came thither, I found neither my four companions who had remained behind nor Sir Sanson de Lalaing: the whole five had returned to Jerusalem, carrying with them the interpreter. Fortunately I met with a Sicilian Jew, to whom I could make myself understood; and he sent me an old Samaritan, who, by some medicines which he gave me, appeased the great heat I endured. Two

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days after, finding myself a little better, I set off in company with a Moor, who conducted me by a river on the seaside. We passed near Ascalon, and thence traversed an agreeable and fertile country to Ramlé, where I regained the road to Jerusalem. On the first day's journey I met on the road the governor of that town, returning from a pilgrimage, with a company of fifty horsemen, and one hundred camels, mounted principally by women and children, who had attended him to his place of devotion. I passed the night with them, and the morrow, on my return to Jerusalem, took up my lodgings with the Cordeliers, at the Church of Mount Sion, where I again met my five comrades. On my arrival I went to bed, that my disorder might be properly treated; but I was not cured, or in a state to depart, until the 19th of August. During my convalescence I recollected that I had frequently heard it said that it was impossible for a Christian to return overland from Jerusalem to France. I dare not, even now, when I have performed this journey, assert that it is safe. I thought, nevertheless, that nothing was impossible for a man to undertake who has a constitution strong enough to support fatigue, and has money and health. It is not, however, through vain boasting that I say this; but with the aid of God and his glorious Mother, who never fail to assist those who pray to them heartily, I resolved to attempt the journey. I kept my project secret for some time, without even hinting it to my companions. I was also desirous, before I undertook it, to perform other pilgrimages, especially those to Nazareth and Mount Tabor. I went, in consequence, to make Nanchardin, principal interpreter to the sultan, acquainted with my intentions, who supplied me with a sufficient interpreter for my jour-

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ney. I thought of making my first pilgrimage to Mount Tabor, and everything was prepared for it; but when I was on the point of setting out, the head of the convent where I lodged dissuaded me, and opposed my intentions most strongly. The interpreter, on his side, refused to go, saying that in the present circumstances I should not find any person to attend me; for that the road lay through the territories of towns which were at war with each other, and that very lately a Venetian and his interpreter had been assassinated there. I confined myself, therefore, to the second pilgrimage, in which Sir Sanson de Lalaing and Humbert wished to accompany me.

The principal monk at Jerusalem was so friendly as to accompany us as far as Jaffa, with a Cordelier friar of the Convent of Beaune. They there quitted us, and we engaged a bark from the Moors, which carried us to the port of Acre. This is a handsome port, deep and well inclosed. The town itself appears to have been large and strong, but at present there do not exist more than three hundred houses, situated at one of its extremities, and at some distance from the sea.

With regard to our pilgrimage, we could not accomplish it. Some Venetian merchants whom we consulted dissuaded us, and from that time we gave it up. They told us, at the same time, that a galley from Narbonne was expected at Baruth; and my comrades being desirous to take that opportunity of returning to France, we consequently followed the road to that town. . . . It is two days' journey from Baruth to Damascus. The Mohammedans have established a particular custom for Christians all through Syria, in not permitting them to enter the towns on horseback. None that are known to

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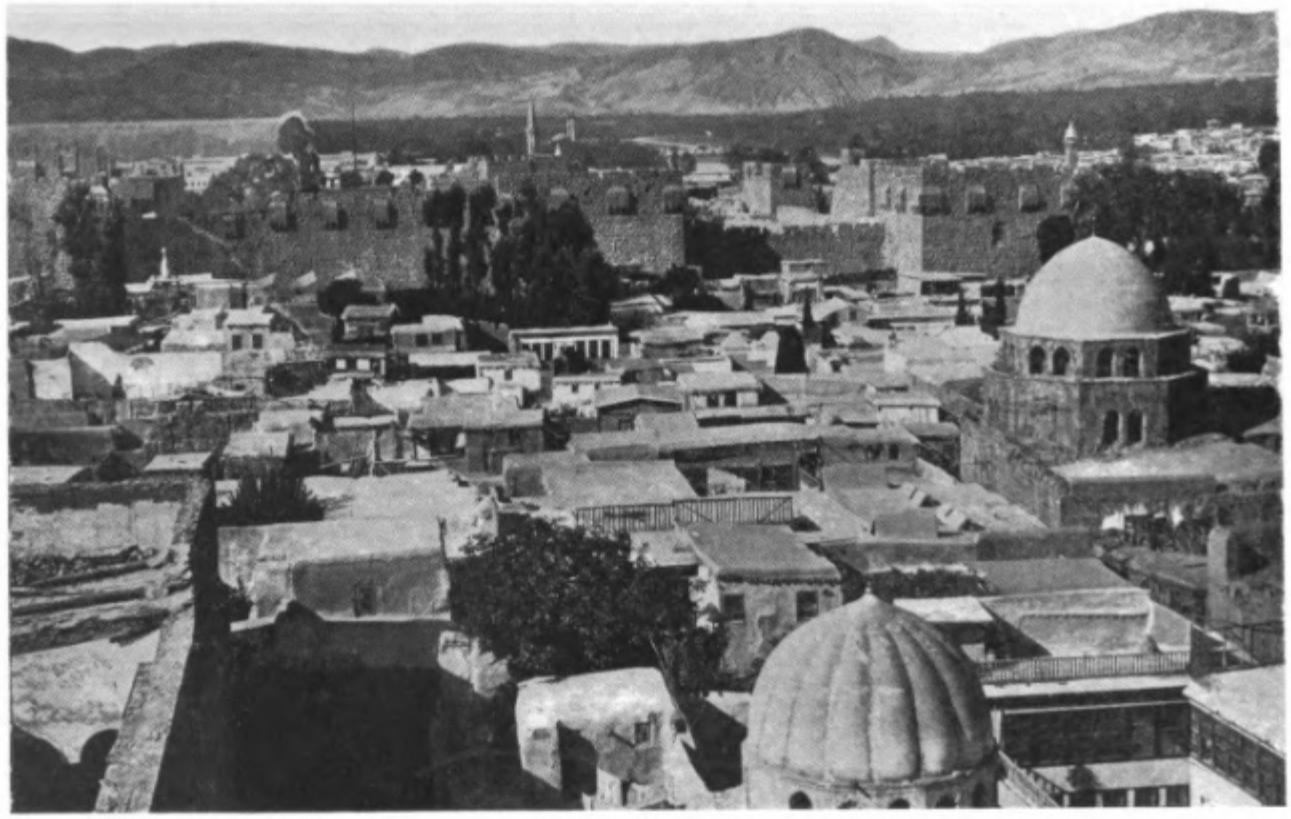

DAMASCUS

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be such dare do it; and in consequence, our moucre made Sir Sanson and myself dismount before we entered any town. Scarcely had we arrived in Damascus than about a dozen Saracens came round to look at us. I wore a broad beaver hat, which is unusual in that country; and one of them gave me a blow with a staff, which knocked it off my head on the ground. I own that my first movement was to lift my fist at him, but the moucre, throwing himself between us, pushed me aside, and very fortunately for me he did so; for in an instant we were surrounded by thirty or forty persons, and if I had given a blow I know not what would have become of us. I mention this circumstance to show that the inhabitants of Damascus are a wicked race, and consequently care should be taken to avoid any quarrels with them. It is the same in other Mohammedan countries. I know by experience that you must not joke with them, nor at the same time seem afraid; nor appear poor, for then they will despise you; nor rich, for they are very avaricious, as all who have disembarked at Jaffa know to their cost. Damascus may contain, as I have heard, one hundred thousand souls. The town is rich, commercial, and after Cairo the most considerable of all in the possession of the sultan. To the north, south, and east is an extensive plain; to the west rises a mountain, at the foot of which the suburbs are built. A river runs through it, which is divided into several canals. The town only is inclosed by a handsome wall, for the suburbs are larger than the town.

I have nowhere seen such extensive gardens, better fruits, nor greater plenty of water. This is said to be so abundant that there is scarcely a house without a fountain. The governor is only inferior to the sultan in

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all Syria and Egypt; but as at different times some governors have revolted, the sultans have taken precautions to restrain them within proper bounds.

Damascus has a strong castle on the side toward the mountain, with wide and deep ditches, over which the sultan appoints a captain of his own friends, who never suffers the governor to enter it. It was, in 1400, destroyed and reduced to ashes by Tamerlane. Vestiges of this disaster now remain, and toward the gate of St. Paul there is a whole quarter that has never been rebuilt. There is a khan in the town appropriated as a deposit and place of safety to merchants and their goods. It is called Kahn Berkot, from its having originally been the residence of a person of that name. For my part, I believe that Berkot was a Frenchman, and what inclines me to this opinion is, that on a stone of the house are carved fleur-de-lis, which appear as ancient as the walls. Whatever may have been his origin, he was a very gallant man, and to this day enjoys a high reputation in that country. Never during his lifetime, and while he was in power, could the Persians or Tartars gain the smallest portion of land in Syria. The moment he learned that one of their armies was advancing he instantly marched to meet it, as far as the river, beyond Aleppo, that separates Syria from Persia. . . . The people of Damascus are persuaded that, had he lived, Tamerlane would never have carried his arms thither. Tamerlane, however, did honor to his memory, for when he took the town and ordered it to be set on fire, he commanded the house of Berkot to be spared, and appointed a guard to prevent its being hurt by the fire, so that it subsists to this day. The Christians are hated at Damascus. Every evening the merchants are

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shut up in their houses by persons appointed for this purpose, who, on the morrow, come to open their gates when it may please them.

. . . . .

I was shown the place without the walls of Damascus where St. Paul had a vision, was struck blind, and thrown from his horse. He caused himself to be conducted to Damascus, where he was baptized, but the place of his baptism is now a mosque. I saw also the stone from which St. George mounted his horse when he went to combat the dragon. It is two feet square, and they say, that when formerly the Saracens attempted to carry it away, in spite of all the strength they employed, they could not succeed.

Having seen Damascus, Sir Sanson and myself returned to Baruth, where we found Sir Andrew, Pierre de Vaudrei, Geoffroi de Toisi, and Jean de la Roe, who had come thither, as Jacques Cœur had told us. The galley arrived from Alexandria two or three days afterward, and during this short interval we witnessed a feast celebrated by the Moors in their ancient manner. It began in the evening at sunset. Numerous companies, scattered here and there, were singing and uttering loud cries. While this was passing, the cannons of the castle were fired, and the people of the town launched into the air, very high and to a great distance, a kind of fire, larger than the largest lantern that I ever saw lighted. They told me they sometimes made use of such at sea to set fire to the sails of an enemy's vessel. It seems to me that as it is an easy thing to be made, and of little expense, it may be equally well employed to burn a camp or a thatched village, or in an engagement with cavalry to frighten the horses. Curious to

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know its composition, I sent the servant of my host to the person who made this fire, and requested him to teach me the method. He returned for answer that he dared not, for that he should run great danger were it known; but, as there is nothing that a Moor will not do for money, I offered him a ducat, which quieted his fears; and he taught me all he knew, and even gave me the moulds in wood, with the other ingredients, which I have brought to France.

The evening before the embarkation, I took Sir Andrew de Toulongeon aside, and, having made him promise that he would not make any opposition to what I was about to reveal to him, I informed him of my design to return home overland. In consequence of his promise he did not attempt to hinder me, but represented all the dangers I should have to encounter, and the risk I should run of being forced to deny my faith in Jesus Christ. I must own that his representations were well founded, and of all the perils he had menaced me with there was not one I did not experience, except denying my religion. He engaged his companions to talk with me also on this subject, but what they urged was vain. I suffered them to set sail and remained at Baruth. . . . I was lodged at the house of a Venetian merchant, named Paul Barberico, and as I had not entirely renounced my two pilgrimages to Nazareth and Mount Tabor, in spite of the obstacles which it had been said I should meet with, I consulted him on this double journey. He procured for me a moucre, who undertook to conduct me, and bound himself before him to carry me safe and sound as far as Damascus, and to bring him back from thence a certificate of having performed his engagement, signed by me. This man made me

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dress myself like a Saracen. The Franks, for their security in travelling, have obtained permission from the sultan to wear this dress when on a journey. I departed with my moucre from Baruth on the morrow after the galley had sailed, and we followed the road to Seyde that lies between the sea and the mountains. These frequently run so far into the sea that travellers are forced to go on the sands, and at other times they are three quarters of a league distant. After an hour's ride I came to a small wood of lofty pines, which the people of the country preserve with care. It is even forbidden to cut down any of them, but I am ignorant of the reason for such a regulation. Further on was a tolerably deep river, which my moucre said came from the valley of Noah, but the water was not good to drink. It had a stone bridge over it, and hard by was a kahn, where we passed the night.

. . . . .

The mountain near Sur forms a crescent, the two horns advancing as far as the sea; a league farther we came to a pass, which forced us to travel over a bank, on the summit of which is a tower. Travellers going to Acre have no other road than this, and the tower has been erected for their security. From this defile to Acre the mountains are low, and many habitations are visible, inhabited, for the greater part, by Arabs. Near the town I met a great lord of the country, called Fancardin; he was encamped on the open plain, carrying his tents with him. . . . From Nazareth I went to Mount Tabor, the place where the transfiguration of our Lord and many other miracles took place. These pasturages attract the Arabs, who come thither with their beasts, and I was forced to engage four additional

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men as an escort, two of whom were Arabs. The ascent of the mountain is rugged, because there is no road: I performed it on the back of a mule, but it took me two hours. . . . To the east of Mount Tabor, and at the foot of it, we saw the Tiberiade, beyond which the Jordan flows. To the westward is an extensive plain, very agreeable from its gardens, filled with date-palm trees, and small tufts of trees planted like vines, on which grows the cotton. At sunrise these last have a singular effect, and, seeing their green leaves covered with cotton, the traveller would suppose it had snowed on them.

I descended into this plain to dinner, for I had brought with me chickens and wine. My guides conducted me to the house of a man, who, when he saw my wine, took me for a person of consequence, and received me well. He brought me a porringer of milk, another of honey, and a branch loaded with dates. They were the first I had ever seen.

I noticed also the manner of manufacturing cotton, in which men and women were employed. Here my guides wanted to extort more money from me, and insisted on making a fresh bargain to reconduct me to Nazareth. It was well I had not my sword with me, for I confess I should have drawn it, and it would have been madness in me and in all who shall imitate me. The result of the quarrel was, that I was obliged to give them twelve drachms of their money, equivalent to half a ducat. The moment they had received them, the whole four left me, so that I was obliged to return alone with my moucre. We had not proceeded far on our road when we saw two Arabs, armed in their manner, and mounted on beautiful horses, coming towards us.

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The moucre was much frightened; but, fortunately, they passed us without saying a word. He owned that, had they suspected I was a Christian, they would have killed us both without mercy, or, at the least, have stripped us naked.

Each of them bore a long and thin pole, shod at the ends with iron; one of them was pointed, the other round, but having many sharp blades a span long. Their buckler was round, according to their custom, convex at the centre, whence came a thick point of iron; and from that point to the bottom it was ornamented with a long silken fringe. They were dressed in robes, the sleeves of which, a foot and a half wide, hung down their arms; and instead of a cap they had a round hat, terminated in a point of rough crimson wool, which, instead of having the linen cloth twisted about it, like other Moors, fell down on each side of it, the whole of its breadth.

. . . . .

I met, near Damascus, a very black Moor, who had ridden a camel from Cairo in eight days, though it is usually sixteen days' journey. His camel had run away from him; but with the aid of my moucre, we recovered it. These couriers have a singular saddle, on which they sit cross-legged; but the rapidity of the camel is so great that, to prevent any bad effects from the air, they have their heads and bodies bandaged. This courier was the bearer of an order from the sultan. A galley and two galliots of the prince of Tarentum had captured, before Tripoli in Syria, a vessel from the Moors; and the sultan, by way of reprisal, had sent to arrest all the Catalonians and Genoese who might be found in Damascus and throughout Syria.

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This news which my moucre told me did not alarm me; I entered the town boldly with other Saracens, because, dressed like them, I thought I had nothing to fear. This expedition had taken up seven days. On the morrow of my arrival I saw the caravan return from Mecca. It was said to be composed of three thousand camels; and, in fact, it was two days and as many nights before they all entered the town. This event was, according to custom, a great festival. The governor of Damascus, attended by the principal persons of the town, went to meet the caravan, out of respect to the Alcoran, which it bore. This is the book of law which Mohammed left to his followers. It was enveloped in a silken covering, painted over with Moorish inscriptions; and the camel that bore it was, in like manner, decorated all over with silk. Four musicians, and a great number of drums and trumpets, preceded the camel, and made a loud noise. In front and around were about thirty men, some bearing cross-bows, others drawn swords, others small harquebuses,[1] which they fired off every now and then. Behind this camel followed eight old men, mounted on the swiftest camels, and near them were led their horses, magnificently caparisoned, and ornamented with rich saddles, according to the custom of the country. After them came a Turkish lady, a relation of the grand seignior, in a litter borne by two camels with rich housings.

The caravan was composed of Moors, Turks, Barbaresques, Tartars, Persians, and other sectaries of the false prophet, Mohammed. These people pretend that, having once made a pilgrimage to Mecca, they cannot

[1] This is an early mention of portable fire-arms in the East; they were at this time novelties in Europe.

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be damned. Of this I was assured by a renegado slave, a Bulgarian by birth, who belonged to the lady I have mentioned. He was called Hayauldoula, which signifies, in the Turkish language, "Servant of God," and pretended to have been three times at Mecca. I formed an acquaintance with him, because he spoke a little Italian, and often kept me company in the night as well as in the day. In our conversations I frequently questioned him about Mohammed, and where his body was interred. He told me he was at Mecca; that the shrine containing the body was in a circular chapel, open at the top, and that it was through this opening the pilgrims saw the shrine; that among them were some who, having seen it, had their eyes thrust out, because, they said, after what they had just seen, the world could no longer offer them anything worth looking at. There were, in fact, in this caravan two persons, the one of sixteen and the other of twenty-two or twenty-three years old, who had thus made themselves blind.

. . . . .

The distance from Mecca to Damascus is forty days' journey across the desert. The heat is excessive; and many of the caravan were suffocated. According to the renegade slave, the annual caravan to Medina should be composed of seven hundred thousand persons; and when this number is incomplete, God sends his angels to make it up. As I was incessantly hearing Mohammed spoken of, I wished to know something about him; and for this purpose, I addressed myself to a priest in Damascus, attached to the Venetian consul, who often said mass in his house, confessed the merchants of that nation, and, when necessary, regulated their affairs. Having confessed myself to him, and settled my worldly

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concerns, I asked him if he were acquainted with the doctrines of Mohammed. He said he was, and knew all the Alcoran. I then besought him, in the best manner I could, that he would put down in writing all he knew of him, that I might present it to my lord the Duke of Burgundy. He did so with pleasure; and I have brought with me his work.

. . . . .

In regard to the pilgrims that go to Mecca, the grand Turk has a custom peculiar to himself, — at least, I am ignorant if the other Mohammedan powers do the same, — which is, that when the caravan leaves his states he chooses for it a chief, whom they are bound to obey as implicitly as himself. The chief of this caravan was called Hoyarbarach; he was a native of Bursa, and one of its principal inhabitants. I caused myself to be presented to him, by mine host and another person, as a man that wanted to go to that town to see a brother. They entreated him to receive me into his company, and to afford me his security. He asked if I understood Arabic, Turkish, Hebrew, the vulgar tongue, or Greek. When they replied that I did not, he answered, "Well, what can he pretend to do?" However, representations were made to him that, on account of the war, I dared not go thither by sea; and that, if he would condescend to admit me, I would do as well as I could. He then consented; and, having placed his two hands on his head and touched his beard, he told me, in the Turkish language, that I might join his slaves, but he insisted that I should be dressed just like them.

I went, after this interview, with one of my friends, to the market, called the Bazaar, and bought two long white robes that reached to my ankles, a complete tur-

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ban, a linen girdle, a fustian pair of drawers to tuck the ends of my robe in; two small bags, the one for my own use, the other to hang on my horse's head while feeding him with barley and straw; a leathern spoon, and salt; a carpet to sleep on; and, lastly, a paletot of a white skin, which I lined with a linen cloth, and which was of service to me in the nights. I purchased also a white tarquais (a sort of quiver) complete, to which hung a sword and knives; but as to the tarquais and sword, I could only buy them privately; for if those who have the administration of justice had known of it, the seller and myself would have run great risks. The Damascus blades are the handsomest and best of all Syria, and it is curious to observe their manner of burnishing them. This operation is performed before tempering, and they have, for this purpose, a small piece of wood, in which is fixed an iron, which they rub up and down the blade, and thus clear off all inequalities, as a plane does to wood. They then temper and polish it. This polish is so highly finished, that, when any one wants to arrange his turban, he uses his sword for a looking-glass. As to its temper, it is perfect; and I have nowhere seen swords that cut so excellently. There are made at Damascus, and in the adjoining country, mirrors of steel that magnify objects like burning glasses. I have seen some that, when exposed to the sun, have reflected the heat so strongly as to set fire to a plank fifteen or sixteen feet distant.

I bought a small horse that turned out very well. Before my departure I had him shod at Damascus, and thence, as far as Bursa, which is near fifty days' journey, so well do they shoe their horses, that I had nothing to do with his feet, excepting one of the fore ones, which

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was pricked by a nail, and made him lame for three weeks.

. . . . .

The men of fortune carry with them, when they ride, a small drum, which they use in battle, or in skirmishes, to rally their men. It is fastened to the pommel of their saddles, and they beat on it with a piece of flat leather. I also purchased one, with spurs and vermilion-colored boots, which came up to my knees, according to the custom of the country. As a mark of my gratitude to Hoyarbarach I went to offer him a pot of green ginger, but he refused it, and it was by dint of prayers and entreaties that I prevailed on him to accept it. I had no other pledge for my security than what I have mentioned, but I found him full of frankness and good-will — more, perhaps, than I should have found in many Christians. God, who had protected me in the accomplishment of this journey, brought me acquainted with a Jew of Caiffa, who spoke the Tartar and Italian languages, and I requested him to assist me in putting down in writing the names of everything I might have occasion to want for myself and my horse while on the road. On our arrival, the first day's journey, at Ballec I drew out my paper to know how to ask for barley and chopped straw, which I wanted to give my horse. Ten or twelve Turks near me, observing my action, burst into laughter, and coming nearer to examine my paper seemed as much surprised at our writing as we are with theirs. They took a liking to me, and made every effort to teach me to speak Turkish. They were never weary of making me often repeat the same thing, and pronounced it so many different ways that I could not fail to retain it; so, when we separated, I knew how to call for everything

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necessary for myself and horse. During the stay of the caravan at Damascus, I made a pilgrimage, about sixteen miles distant, to our Lady of Serdenay. To arrive there we traversed a mountain a full quarter of a mile in length, to which the gardens of Damascus extend. We then descended into a delightful valley, full of vineyards and gardens, with a handsome fountain of excellent water. Here, on a rock, has been erected a small castle, with a church of green monks, having a portrait of the Virgin painted on wood, whose head has been carried thither miraculously, but in what manner I am ignorant. It is added that it always sweats and that this sweat is an oil. All I can say is, that when I went thither I was shown at the end of the church, behind the great altar, a niche formed in the wall, where I saw the image, which was a flat thing, and might be about one foot and a half high by one foot wide. I cannot say whether it is of wood or stone, for it was entirely covered with clothes. The front was closed with an iron trellis, and underneath was the vase containing the oil. A woman accosted me, and with a silver spoon moved aside the clothes, and wanted to anoint me with the sign of the cross on the forehead, the temples, and breast. I believe this was a mere trick to get money, nevertheless I do not mean to say that Our Lady may not have more power than this image.

. . . . .

I returned to Damascus, and, on the evening of the departure of the caravan, settled my affairs and my conscience as if I had been at the point of death; for suddenly I found myself in great trouble. I have before mentioned the messenger whom the sultan had sent with orders to arrest all the Genoese and Catalonian mer-

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chants found within his dominions. By virtue of this order my host, who was a Genoese, was arrested, his effects seized, and a Moor placed in his house to take care of him. I endeavored to save all I could for him; and that the Moor might not notice it, I made him drunk. I was arrested in my turn, and carried before one of their cadies, who are considered as somewhat like our bishops, and have the office of administering justice. This cadi turned me over to another cadi, who sent me to prison with the merchants, although he knew I was not one; but this disagreeable affair had been brought on me by an interpreter, who wanted to extort money from me, as he had before attempted on my first journey hither. Had it not been for Antoine Mourrourzin, the Venetian consul, I must have paid a sum of money; but I remained in prison; and, in the mean time, the caravan set off. The consul, to obtain my liberty, was forced to make intercession, conjointly with the governor of Damascus, alleging that I had been arrested without cause, which the interpreter well knew.

The governor sent for a Genoese, named Gentil Imperial, a merchant employed by the sultan to purchase slaves for him at Caiffa. He asked me who I was, and my business at Damascus. On my replying that I was a Frenchman returning from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he said they had done wrong to detain me, and that I might depart when I pleased.

I accordingly set off, accompanied by a moucre, whom I had first charged to carry my Turkish dress out of the town, because a Christian is not permitted to wear a white turban there. At a short distance a mountain rises, on which I was shown a house said to have been that of Cain! During the first day we travelled over

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mountains, but the road was good. On the second day we entered a fine country, which continued cheerful until we came to Balbeck. My moucre there quitted me, as I had overtaken the caravan. It was encamped near a river, on account of the great heat of these parts; the nights are nevertheless very cold, which will scarcely be believed, and the dews exceedingly heavy. I waited on Hoyarbarach, who confirmed the permission he had granted me to accompany him, and recommended me not to quit the caravan.

On the morrow morning, at eleven o'clock, I gave my horse water, with oats and straw, according to the custom of our countries. This time the Turks said nothing to me; but at six o'clock in the evening, when, having given him water, I was about fastening the bag, that he might eat, they opposed it and took off the bag; for they will not suffer their horses to eat but during the night, and will not allow one to begin eating before the rest, unless when they are at grass. The captain of the caravan had with him a mameluke of the sultan, who was a Circassian, and going to Caramania in search of a brother. This man, seeing me alone and ignorant of the language of the country, charitably wished to serve me as a companion, and took me with him; but, as he had no tent, we were often obliged to pass the nights under trees in gardens. It was then that I was obliged to learn to sleep on the ground, to drink nothing but water, and to sit cross-legged. This posture was at first painful, but it was still more so to accustom myself to sit on my horse with such very short stirrups, and I suffered so much that, when I had dismounted, I could not remount without assistance; but after a little time this manner seemed even more convenient than ours.

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That same evening I supped with the mameluke; but we had only bread, cheese, and milk. I had, when eating, a table-cloth, like the rich men of the country. These cloths are four feet in diameter, and round, having strings attached to them, so that they may be drawn up like a purse. When they are used they are spread out; and when the meal is over, they are drawn up with all that remains within them, without their losing a crumb of bread or a raisin. But I observed that, whether their repast had been good or bad, they never failed to return thanks aloud to God.

Balbeck is a good town, well inclosed with walls, and tolerably commercial. In the centre is a castle, built with very large stones. At present it contains a mosque, in which, it is said, there is a human skull with eyes so enormous that a man may pass his head through their openings. I cannot affirm this for fact, as none but Saracens may enter the mosque. . . . As my companion, the mameluke, and myself had no tent, we fixed our quarters in a garden. There we were joined by two Turcomans of Satalia, returning from Mecca, who supped with us. These men, seeing me well clothed and well mounted, having a handsome sword and well-furnished tarquais, proposed to the mameluke, as he afterwards owned when we separated, to make away with me, considering that I was but a Christian and unworthy of being in their company. He answered that, since I had eaten bread and salt with them, it would be a great crime; that it was forbidden by law; and that, after all, God had created the Christians as well as the Saracens. They, however, persisted in their design; and as I testified a desire of seeing Aleppo, the most considerable town in Syria after Damascus, they pressed

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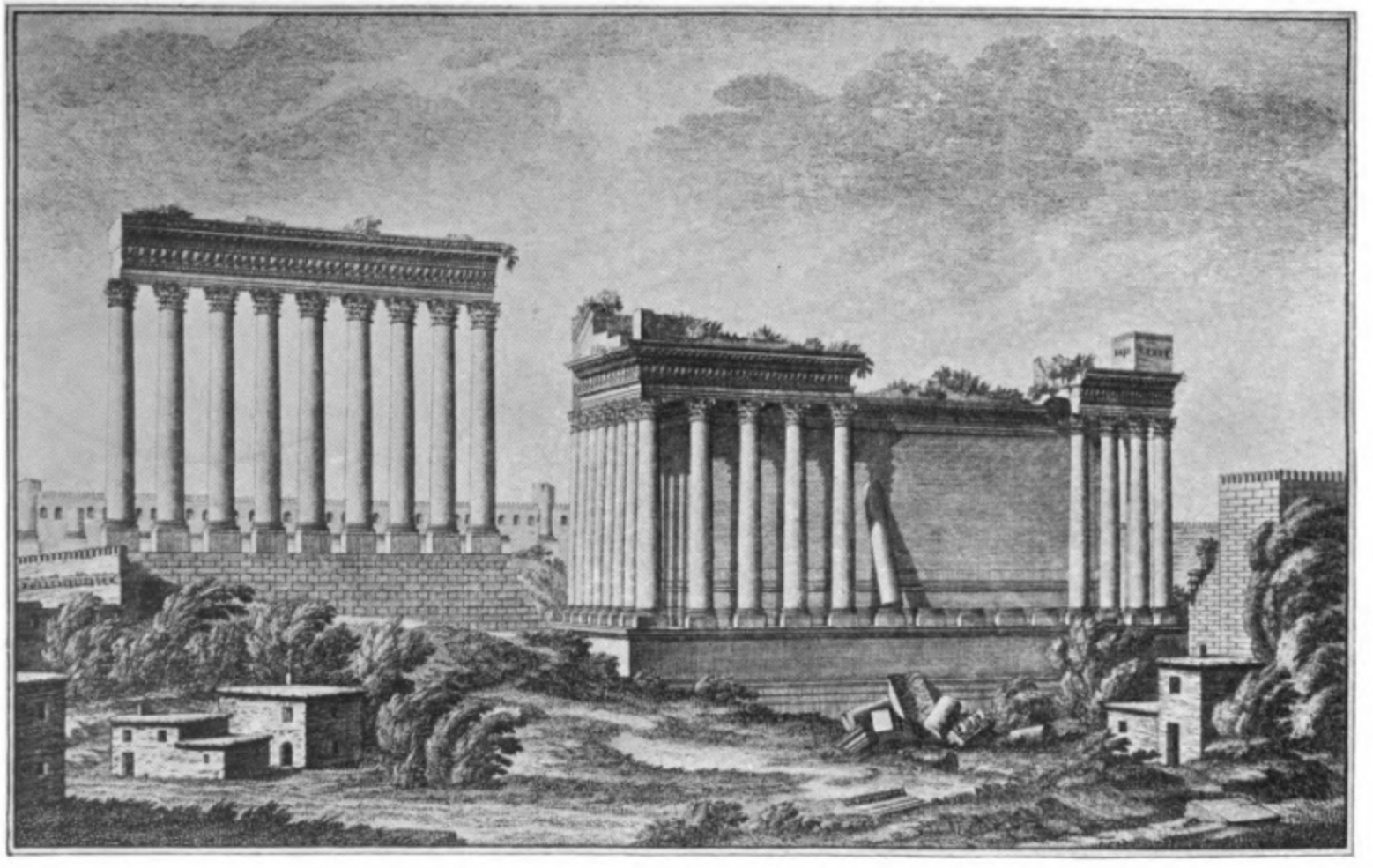

RUINS OF THE TEMPLES AT BALBECK

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me to join them. I was ignorant of their intention, and accepted their offer; but I am now convinced they only wanted to cut my throat. The mameluke forbade them to come any more near us, and by this means saved my life.

We set out from Balbeck two hours before day, and our caravan consisted of from four to five hundred persons, with six or seven hundred camels and mules; for it had great quantities of spicery. I will describe the order of its march. The caravan has a very large drum; and the moment the chief orders the departure, three loud strokes are beaten. Every one then makes himself ready, and when prepared, joins the file without uttering a word. Ten of our people would, in such cases, make more noise than a thousand of theirs.

Thus they march in silence, unless it be at night, or that any one should sing a song celebrating the heroic deeds of their ancestors. At the break of day, two or three, placed at a great distance from each other, cry out and answer one another, as is done from the towers of the mosques at the usual hours. In short, a little before and after sunrise, devout people make their customary prayers and oblations. To perform these oblations, if they be near a rivulet, they dismount, and with feet naked, they wash their whole bodies. Should there be no rivulet near, at the usual time for these ceremonies, they pass their hands over their bodies. The last among them washes, and then turns to the south, when all raise two fingers in the air, prostrate themselves, and kiss the ground thrice; they then rise up and say their prayers. Persons of rank, to avoid failing in their performance, always carry, when they travel, leathern bottles full of water, which are suspended under the

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bellies of camels or horses, and are generally very handsome.

. . . . .

The Turks bear well fatigue and a hard life; they are not incommoded, as I have witnessed, during the whole journey, by sleeping on the ground like animals. They are of a gay, cheerful humor, and willingly sing songs of the heroic deeds of their ancestors. Any one, therefore, who wishes to live with them must not be grave or melancholy, but always have a smiling countenance. They are also men of probity, and charitable toward each other. I have often observed, that should a poor person pass by when they are eating, they would invite him to partake of their meal, which is a thing we never do.

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IV.

GEOFFREY OF VINSAUF.

THE children were talking, at their next meeting, of the curious question, what makes one book interesting while another is dull.

"You can almost tell," said Hester, "when you open a book, whether it will be entertaining. It seems as if there were something in the look of the page."

Uncle Fritz set them to guessing what were the easiest books for foreigners to read, in learning English. He told them that "The Vicar of Wakefield" is one of the books given to all beginners. This is because the English style is so simple.

"What makes books interesting to young people," he said, "and, for that matter, to old people, is human incident; and the more life-like this incident, — nay, the more detail in it, within certain limits, of human affairs, — the more will it interest the average reader."

Blanche said that she was on the top of Mt. Washington once, when Mr. Alger happened to be there. When he saw how she pointed out every chimney-smoke and every shed or barn, which relieved the wide spread of uninhabited forest, he told her it was the "human pathos" which gave interest to the scene.

That is an admirable observation, and the expression is worth remembering.

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"Do you remember," said Uncle Fritz, "how much interest you took in Plutarch's Lives? That is because they are all crowded with personal anecdotes of the men he describes. In these bits of real life we see the men. It is as you look on a street at night, when there is a flash of lightning. You see the comers and goers for that instant, and, when another flash comes, you see them again. For the moment you see them well.

"Now our modern school of biography is very apt to drag us through the book, and yet not let us see the man once plainly. 'Whether Mr. Smith were descended from Reginald Smythe, who crossed with the Conqueror, or from Thomas the smith, who held the forge at the manor of Shoebury, is not well known. The family first appears on the American registers in the person of John Smith, who, with his wife Mary, crossed in the Cat, Jones, master, in 1629,' and so on, and so on.

"Ah me! I have read miles of such biographies.

"It is just so with histories and books of travel," continued Uncle Fritz. "If the man will tell you something about some real people, you will read. But if he says, 'The army this day advanced through an open country,' or 'The fleet this day lay by, waiting for orders,' you skip, if you dare, because 'army' and 'fleet' do not interest you as Richard and Saladin do."

Alice said she supposed this was the reason why novels are pleasanter reading than the dull histories.

Uncle Fritz smiled his approval, because he saw that the girl had listened intelligently so far; and Alice said that they had been reading Scott's novel of "The Talisman" aloud, as they met to make baby-clothing in their "Lend-a-Hand Club." They had just come to the loss

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of the banner, and they wanted terribly to look forward and see what happened to the brave Scot.

"While you are waiting," said Uncle Fritz, "suppose we take down the true story of the Siege of Acre." So he sent Fanchon for the book, which proved to be the next volume of Bohn's Antiquarian Library to that which had the travels of Sir John Mandeville.

Uncle Fritz gave it to Alice to read about the Siege of Acre. But, as she looked for that, she came to some earlier passages first, describing the start for the Third Crusade; and once and again the children recognized scraps which Sir Walter Scott had used.

The book is by Geoffrey of Vinsauf. It is called the Itinerary of Richard I. As you will see, it has no lack of personal anecdote, or "human pathos."

Saladin had got possession of nearly all the kingdom, and everything succeeded to his wishes. Elated with his proud triumphs, he talked in magnificent terms of the law of Mahomet, and pointed to the result of his enterprise as a proof that it was superior to the law of Christ. These insolent vaunts he often threw out in the presence of the Christians, one of whom, well known to him for his loquacity, on a certain occasion, inspired by the Almighty, turned him into ridicule by the following reply: "God, who is the Father of the faithful, judging the Christians worthy of reproof for their crimes, has chosen thee, O prince, as his agent in this matter. Thus, sometimes, a worldly father in anger seizes a dirty stick out of the mire, wherewith when he has chastised his erring sons he throws it back among the filth where he found it."

Whilst these things were done in Palestine the Arch-

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bishop of Tyre had embarked on shipboard, and already reported to Christendom the news of this great calamity,[1] and the affliction of so small a kingdom was felt as a calamity over many countries. Fame had carried to the ears of all the kings and of all the faithful, that the inheritance of Christ was occupied by the heathen. Some were affected to tears by the news, and some were stimulated to vengeance. First of all, Richard, the brave Earl of Poitou, assumed the cross to avenge its wrongs, and took the lead of all, inviting others by his example. His father Henry, King of England, was now declining in years; yet the young man was not deterred by either his father's advanced age, or his own right to the throne, or the difficulties of so long a voyage; no arguments could deter him from his purpose. The Almighty, to reward the valor of this brave man, whom he had chosen to be the first inciter of the others, reserved him, after the other princes were dead or returned to their own country, to achieve his great work.

Some time after, Philip, King of France, and Henry, King of England, took the cross at Gisors, followed by the nobles of both kingdoms, with numbers of the clergy and laity, — all with equal aspirations, bent upon the same design. So great was the ardor of this new pilgrimage, that it was no longer a question of who would take the cross, but who had not yet taken it. Several persons sent a present of a distaff and wool to one another, as a significant hint that whosoever declined the campaign would degrade himself as much as if he did the duties of a woman: wives urged their husbands, mothers their sons, to devote themselves to this

[1] The news of Saladin's victories in Tyre, Antioch, Acre, etc.

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KING HENRY II. OF ENGLAND

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noble contest; and they only regretted that the weakness of their sex prevented themselves from going also. The renown of this expedition spread so extraordinarily, that many migrated from the cloister to the camp, and, exchanging the cowl for the cuirass, showed themselves truly Christ's soldiers, in quitting their libraries for the study of arms. The prelates of the churches publicly preached to one another the virtue of abstinence, admonishing all men that, laying aside all extravagance in dress, they should refrain from their accustomed luxuries.

It was agreed also, both among nobles and bishops, by common consent, that to maintain the pilgrims that were poor, those who remained at home should pay tithes of their property; but the flagitious cupidity of many took advantage of this to lay heavy and undue exactions upon their subjects. . . . In process of time, Frederic, the Roman emperor, assumed the insignia of the holy pilgrimage, and displayed, both outwardly in his dress, and inwardly in his heart, the form of a true pilgrim. So great a king, whose empire was bounded on the north by the Northern Ocean, on the south by the Mediterranean Sea, whose glory was augmented by continual victories, whose fortune had experienced no check, resigns every pleasure and blandishment of the world, and humbly girds on his sword to fight for Christ. His bravery, especially in his declining years, is no less to be wondered at than praised; for though he was an old man and had sons, whose age and valor seemed better fitted to military service, yet esteeming them insufficient, he took upon himself the charge of defending Christianity; but when his sons urged him to let them discharge the task which he had undertaken,

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either in his stead or in his company, he left his eldest son to govern his empire, and the younger, whom he had created Duke of Suabia, he took with him on the expedition; and because the imperial majesty never assails any one without sending a defiance, but always gives notice of war to his enemies, a herald is dispatched from the emperor to Saladin, calling upon him to give full satisfaction to Christendom, which he has injured, or failing to do so, to prepare himself for war.

. . . . .

The princes of all the empire followed him, and when they were met at Mayence, according to the imperial edict, all of them joined with one acclaim in taking the vow of so noble a pilgrimage. . . .

Thus, then, led by the Holy Spirit, they flocked together on every side; and whoever could have seen so many nations and princes under one commander must have believed that the ancient glory of Rome was not yet departed.

In this army of Christ were pontiffs, dukes, earls, marquises, and other nobles without number; for if we were to recapitulate their names and territories, the writer would become tedious, his reader be disgusted, and his plan of brevity be overthrown. It was determined by a prudent council that no one should go on this expedition whose means could not provide him with supplies for one year. A large number of carriages were constructed for the use of the pilgrims who should be sick, that they might neither give trouble to the sound, nor be left behind and perish. It had long been a question whether the mass of the army should proceed by sea or land. But it seemed that any number of ships, however large, would be insufficient to

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transport so great a multitude. The emperor, therefore, urging on the task which he had undertaken, determined to march through Hungary; and so, though he was the last sovereign who took the vow of pilgrimage, he was the first to carry it into effect. . . . Our army, having entered the territories of the Turks, experienced no hostility during several days. The sultan wished by his forbearance to allure them into the heart of his dominions, until want of food and the asperities of the road should give him more ready means of annoying them. That nefarious traitor had seized the rugged mountain-tops, the thickets of the woods, and the impassable rivers; and whilst he professed to observe the treaty which he had made, he opposed arrows and stones to our passage. This was the market and the safe-conduct which he had promised us. Such is the faith that must be placed in the unbelievers; they always esteem valor and treachery as equally praiseworthy towards an enemy.

Moreover, they avoid, above all things, coming to close quarters and fighting hand to hand; but they shower their arrows from a distance; and with them it is no less glory to flee, than to put their enemies to flight. They attack both extremities of the army, at one time the rear, at another time the van; that, if by any chance they can be separated, they may attack either the one or the other by itself. Night brought with it neither sleep nor rest; for a terrific clamor disturbed the army on every side. A shower of javelins pierced through their tents; numbers of them were slain asleep, and the enemy hung on them so incessantly that for six weeks they ate their meals under arms and slept under arms, without taking off their coats of mail. At

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the same time they were assailed by such violent hunger and thirst, that when they lost their horses by the chances of war, it was to them a consolation and source of delight to feed on horse-flesh and drink the blood; in this manner, by the ingenuity which necessity teaches, they found out an additional use for the animals on which they rode.

There was a place between high rocks which was rendered so difficult to pass by reason of the steep ascent and the narrowness of the paths that when the first division of the army, led by the emperor's son, had passed through, the Turks suddenly rushed from their ambush on the last division, and in their confidence of victory, attacked them with lance and sword. The alarming news was carried to the duke, who returned with headlong haste upon his march, eagerly retracing all the difficulties which he had a little before rejoiced at having surmounted. His rage heeded not danger; his cavalry were made to gallop where, before, they could not even walk. In this manner, whilst he was anxiously and incautiously seeking for his father on every side, and incessantly shouting his father's name, his helmet was struck off by a stone, and his teeth knocked out, yet still he remained immovable and unshaken. . . . At last, after many severe attacks, the army arrives at Iconium, where that wicked traitor had shut himself within the walls of the city. Our soldiers pitched their tents at no great distance, uncertain what new disasters the morrow might bring with it.

It was now about the end of Whitsuntide, and that same night so violent and sudden a storm burst upon them that its fury was felt even within the camp. In the morning, when the clouds were dispersed, the sky

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became clear, and behold! the Turkish army appear around on every side, with trumpets, drums, and horrid clang, ready to attack. They had never before been seen in such multitudes, nor could they have been conceived to have been so numerous. All this multitude had been roused to arms by the sultan's son, Melkin, who wished to anticipate his father-in-law Saladin's victory, and, trusting in the number and valor of his men, was confident of success. Meanwhile the sultan had ascended a lofty tower, where he sat in expectation, eying the country beneath him, and the armies that were ready to engage; and hoping in a short time to see accomplished what his sanguine mind had promised. The emperor, seeing some of his men alarmed at the unusual multitude of the enemy, displayed the confidence of a noble chieftain, and raising his hands to heaven, gave thanks to God, in the sight of all, that the inevitable necessity was at length arrived for that combat which had so long been deferred by the flight of the enemy.

At these words all were inspired with fresh ardor as they looked on the emperor's placid countenance, and one old man, weak though he was, supplied an incentive of valor to many who were young and strong. What God is so great as our God? All that multitude, who were so sure of victory that they brought chains with them rather than swords, were overthrown in a moment, and at once the city was taken and occupied, and the enemy without vanquished; everywhere were blood and death and heaps of slain; their number impedes their flight, and they fall by those very means on which they had counted for triumph. The battle is now fought hand to hand; the bows are snapped asunder; the

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arrows no longer fly, and they have scarcely room to wield their swords. Thus everything is thrown into confusion by the multitude, and what our enemies intended for our ruin turns out to our greater glory; the flying war, which had been waged among brambles and the gorges of rocks, is now carried on in a fair and open field; the Christians satiate their fury, which had so often been put forth in vain. The Turks experience, against their will, how well their enemies can fight hand to hand whom they had so often provoked at a distance. This splendid victory was not granted unworthily by the Divine excellence to His faithful servants; for they observed chastity in the camp and discipline when under arms; in all, and above all, was the fear of the Lord; with all was the love of their neighbor; all were united in brotherly affection as they were also companions in danger. . . .

The victorious army now enters the Armenian territories; all rejoice at having quitted a hostile kingdom, and at their arrival in the country of the faithful. But, alas! a more fatal land awaits them, which is to extinguish the light and joy of all. On the borders of Armenia there was a place, surrounded on one side by steep mountains, on the other side by the river Selesius. Whilst the sumpter-horses and baggage were passing this river the victorious emperor halted. He was indeed an illustrious man, of stature moderately tall, with red hair and beard; his hair was partly turning gray, his eyelids were prominent and his eyes sparkling; his cheeks short and wide; his breast and shoulders broad; in all other respects his form was manly. There was in him, as is read of Socrates, something distinguished and awful; for his look denoted the firmness of his mind,

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being always immovably the same, neither clouded by grief, nor contracted by anger, nor relaxed by joy.

He so much reverenced the native language of Germany that although he was not ignorant of other languages yet he always conversed with ambassadors from foreign countries by means of an interpreter.

This great man having halted some time, in consequence of the sumpter-horses crossing the river, became at last impatient of delay, and wishing to accelerate the march he prepares to cross the nearest part of the stream, so as to get in front of the sumpter-horses and be at liberty to proceed.[1] O sea! O earth! O heaven! The ruler of the Roman empire, ever august, in whom the glory of ancient Rome again flourished, its honor again lived, and its power was augmented, was overwhelmed in the waters and perished. If the mountains of Gilboa, where the brave ones of Israel were slain, deserved to be deprived of the dew and rain, what imprecations may we not deservedly utter upon this fatal river, which overthrew a main pillar of Christendom? There were some who said that the place had been marked by a fatality from ancient times, and that the nearest rock had long borne upon it these words inscribed, "Here the greatest of men shall perish." The lamentable report of his death was spread around, and filled all with dismay. If we search all the traditions of history and the fictions of romance, concerning the sorrows of mothers, the sighs of brides, or the distresses of men in general, the present grief will be found to be without example, never before known in any age, and surpassing all tears and lamentations. There were

[1] This was the river of Kalycadnus in Seleucia. The estimate given of Frederic I. by Geoffrey is confirmed by other history.

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many of the emperor's domestics present, with some of his kinsmen and his son, but it was impossible to distinguish them amid the general lamentation, with which all and each lamented the loss of their father and their lord. This, however, was a consolation to all, and they all returned thanks for it to Divine Providence, that he had not died within the territories of the infidels.

. . . . .

In the mean time Christ's soldiers, who had been conveyed by sea to the succor of the Holy Land, were laying siege to Acre. That the order of the siege may be better understood, we will relate it from the beginning. Guy, King of Jerusalem, after he had been a year in captivity at Damascus, was released by Saladin, on the strict promise that he should abjure his kingdom, and, as soon as possible, go into exile beyond the sea. The clergy of the kingdom determine to release the king from the bond of his oath; both because what is done under compulsion deserves to be annulled, and because the bands of the faithful who were on their way would find in him a head and a leader. It was right, indeed, that art should overreach, and that the treachery of the tyrant should be deceived by its own example. . . . But God so ordered it that the counsel of Belial was brought to nought; for the tyrant was baffled in his hopes of retaining the kingdom, and the king was released by the sentence of the clergy from the enormity of his promise. . . . Thus, then, when numbers had flocked together to meet the king at Tripoli, the minds of all were inspired with bravery, so that they not only strove to keep what they had retained, but also to recover what they had lost.

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After a while the king assembled his army and proceeded to Tyre; but, demanding admittance, was refused by the marquis, though the city had been committed to his custody on the condition that it should be restored to the king and the heirs of the kingdom. Not content with this injury he adds insult to the breach of faith, for whenever the king's messenger, or any of the pilgrims, endeavored to enter the town, they were treated harshly, and were in his sight no better than Gentiles and publicans. But the Pisans, who possessed no small part of the city, would not be induced to consent to his perfidy, but with commendable rebellion stood up for the king's rights. The marquis directed not only insults but civil war against them, and they, prudently withdrawing for a time, retired with others from the city to the army. The troops had pitched their camp in an open plain, but none of them were allowed to enter the city, even to buy provisions, and they all found an enemy where they had hoped to find an ally. Whilst these events were going on the marquis was afflicted by a complaint to which he had long been subject; but, as it chanced to assail him this time with greater violence than usual, he conjectured that he had taken poison. Upon this he issued a harsh edict against physicians who make potions; innocent men were put to death on false suspicions, and those whose province it was to heal others now found the practice of their art lead to their own destruction. The king was urged by many to attack the city, but he prudently dissembled his own wrong, and hastily marched with all the army he could collect to besiege the town of Acre.

There were seven hundred knights, and others more numerous still, collected out of all Christendom; but if

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we were to estimate the whole army, its strength did not amount altogether to nine thousand men. At the end of August, on St. Augustin's day, two years after the city had been taken, they bravely commenced that long and difficult siege, which was protracted during two years longer before the city surrendered. The Turks, from the battlements of the walls, beheld the army approach, but without knowing who they were, or for what they came. When they learnt the truth they feared not their approach, and treated their intentions with derision. The men of Pisa, who chose to proceed by sea, as shorter and easier, approached Acre in due order in their ships and bravely occupied the shore; where they had no sooner secured a station than they formed the siege on the side towards the sea with equal courage and perseverance. The king, with the rest of his army, fixed his tents on a neighboring hill, commonly called Mount Turon, from which, by the eminence of the ground, he overlooked the approach both by sea and land. This hill was higher on the eastern side of the city; and, as it allowed the eye to rove freely round, it gave a prospect over the plain on all sides, far and wide. On the third day after their arrival the Christians made an assault upon the town; and deeming it tedious to await the effect of engines for throwing stones, together with other machines, they trusted to the defence of their shields alone, and carried scaling-ladders to mount the walls. That day would have put a happy termination to the toil of so many days, if the malice of the ancient enemy and the arrival of false information had not frustrated their achievement when it was almost completed, for it was reported that Saladin was at hand, and our men returned with speed to the camp, but when they

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perceived that it was only a small body that had come in advance they expressed indignation rather than complaint that the victory had been snatched from them. They were, indeed, few that had come, but fear had reported that an innumerable multitude was at hand; for it is not unusual that things should be magnified through terror.

The sultan, at this time, was besieging the castle of Belfort, and when he heard what was going on he marched in haste with a large army to Acre. Our men, unequal to cope with him, kept themselves within the limits before described. The Turks assailed them perseveringly, both morning and evening, trying every means to penetrate to the hill-top; and thus those who came to besiege others were now besieged themselves. In this position, then, were our men when the Morning Star visited them from on high; for, behold! fifty ships, such as are commonly called coggs, having twelve thousand armed men on board, are seen approaching, — a grateful sight to our men on account of the strait which they were in. Grateful is that which comes when prayed for, more grateful still is that which comes contrary to our hope, but grateful beyond all is that which comes to aid us in the last necessity; yet ofttimes we suspend our belief concerning a thing we so much long for, and cannot credit what we so much desire. Our army, from the top of the hill, see the reinforcements coming, and dare not hope for an event so joyful, and the new comers, also, look upon the camp as an object of suspicion. When, however, they came nearer and saw the ensigns of the Christian faith, a shout is raised on both sides; their joyful feelings find vent in tears; they eagerly flock together and leap into the waves to go

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and meet them. O happy fleet, which, sailing from the Northern Ocean, and encountering a voyage never before tried, passed over so many seas, so many coasts, so many dangers, and came from Europe, along the shores of Africa, to succor Asia in her distress! The crews of these ships were Danes and Frisons, men inured to labor by the rigors of the north, and having three qualities good in war, — large limbs, invincible minds, and devout fervor for the faith. . . . To Acre, then, they came; and, having pitched their camp between the city and Mount Turon, they turned their invincible prowess to the destruction of the enemy, whom they assailed, not by frequent skirmishes, but by one continued conflict; for their prodigal valor and reckless fury exposed them to so many dangers that afterwards, when the city was taken, hardly a hundred men remained alive out of the twelve thousand.

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At a season of calm, when Easter was close at hand, the marquis at our request returned from Tyre, with a large equipment and supplies of men, arms, and provisions. For by the provident care of the chiefs, the king and marquis were pacified on the pretext that the marquis should have possession of Tyre, Berytus, and Sidon, and on condition that he should be faithful and strenuous for the interests of the king and his kingdom.

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At length the towns-people liked not their privation of liberty, and determined to try the issue of a sea-fight. They, therefore, led forth their galleys by twos, and keeping good order they rowed into the offing to meet and attack those that were coming; our men prepared to meet them as they came on, and since there was no

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means of getting away, prepared to face them with greater resolution. On the other hand our men got on board our war-ships, and straining to the left by an oblique course, retreated to a distance and gave the enemy free means of egress. The sea was perfectly tranquil and calm, as if it favored the battle, and the rippling wave impeded neither the shock of the attacking ship nor the stroke of the oars. As they closed, the trumpets sounded on both sides. A terrific clang is roused, and the battle is commenced by the throwing of missiles. Our men implore the Divine assistance and ply their oars strenuously, and dash at the enemy's ships with their beaks. Soon the battle began; the oars become entangled and they fight hand to hand, having grappled each others' ships together, and they fire the decks with burning oil, which is vulgarly called Greek fire. That kind of fire, with a detestable stench and livid flames, consumes both flint and steel; it cannot be extinguished by water, but is subdued by the sprinkling of sand, and put out by pouring vinegar on it. But what can be more dreadful than a fight at sea? what more savage where such various fates await the combatants? Some are tortured by the burning flames; some, falling overboard, are swallowed by the waves; others, wounded, perish by the enemy's weapons. One galley, unskilfully managed by our men, exposed its flank to the foe; and being set on fire received the Turks as they boarded her on all sides. The rowers in their fright fell into the sea; but a few soldiers, impeded by their heavy armor, and restrained by ignorance of swimming, took courage from desperation, and commenced an unequal fight; and trusting in the Lord's valor, a few of them overcame numbers; and having slain the foe, they brought back

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the half-burnt vessel in triumph. Another ship was boarded by the enemy, who had driven the combatants from the upper deck, while those who were below strove to escape by the help of their oars. Wondrous and terrible was the conflict; for, the oars being pulled different ways, the galley was drawn first one way, then the other, as the Turks drove it; yet our men prevailed, and the enemy, who rowed on the upper deck, being overcome and thrust down by the Christians, yielded. In this naval contest the enemy lost both the galley and a galleon, together with their crews; and our men, unhurt and joyful, gained a glorious triumph.

Having drawn the captured galley on shore, they gave it up to be plundered by both sexes, who came to meet them. On this, our women, dragging the Turks by the hair, after treating them shamefully, beheaded them. . . . A like sea-fight was never seen, — so destructive in its issue, accomplished with so much danger, and completed with so much cost. In the mean time the Turkish army from without, though deeply bewailing our victory, persisted in making attacks upon our men who were within the trench, endeavoring either to fill up the completed portion, by casting back the earth, or to slay those who resisted. Our men sustaining their attack, though with difficulty, fight under great disadvantages, for they seemed unequal to contend against so countless a multitude, — for the numbers of the assailants continually increased, and we had to take precautions on the side of the city lest they also should rush in and assault us. There was amongst the assailants a fiendish race, very impetuous and obstinate; deformed in nature, as they were unlike to the others in character; of a darker appearance, of vast stature, of

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exceeding ferocity, having on their heads red coverings instead of helmets; carrying in their hands clubs bristling with iron teeth, which neither helmet nor coat of mail could withstand; and they had a carved image of Mahomet for a standard. So great was the multitude of this evil race, that as fast as one party was thrown to the earth, another rushed forward over them. Thus, by their constant attacks, they confounded our men so much that we doubted which way to turn ourselves; for as there was neither security nor rest, we were distressed on all sides; at one time guarding ourselves from sallies of the besieged from the city, at another from the incessant attacks of the enemy from without; and again from the side of the sea, where their galleys were lying in wait to convey the Turks into the city as they arrived, or to intercept the succors which were coming to us, the Christians. At length, by favor of the Divine mercy, our adversaries were driven back and repulsed.

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Meanwhile, according to the various events of war, as has been said, success changing from one side to the other, there occurred manifold incidents, not less wonderful than to be wondered at, which seem worthy of our notice. . . . Amongst those who were carrying earth to make a mound in the ditch for assaulting the town more easily was a woman who labored with great diligence and earnestness, and went to and fro unceasingly, and encouraged others unremittingly, in order that the work might be accomplished; but her zeal put an end to her life and labors; for while a crowd of all sexes and ages were constantly coming and going to complete the work in question, and while the aforesaid woman was occupied in depositing what she had brought,

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a Turk, who had been lying in wait for her, struck her a mortal blow with a dart. As she fell to the ground, writhing with the violence of her pain, she entreated her husband and many others who had come up to assist her, with tears in her eyes, and very urgently, saying, "By your love for me, my dearest lord, by your piety as my husband, and the faith of our marriage contracted of old, permit not my corpse to be removed from this place; but I pray and beseech you, that since I can do nothing more towards the fulfilment of the work, I may deem myself to have done some good, if you will allow my lifeless body to be laid in the trench instead of earth, for it will soon be earth." Oh, zeal of woman, worthy of imitation! for she ceased not, even dead, to help those who labored, and in her death continued to show her zeal in the cause!

There were two friends, comrades in misfortune as well as in war, so needy and distressed that the two possessed only one piece of money, commonly called an angevin, and with that only they wished to purchase something to eat; but what could they do? It was a mere trifle, and worth little, even if there had been abundance of all sorts of good things; and they had nothing else but their armor and clothing. They considered for a long time very thoughtfully what they should buy with that one little piece, and how it could be done to ward off the pressing evil of the day. They at last came to the resolution of buying some beans, since nothing was to be bought of less value; with difficulty, therefore, they obtained, after much entreaty, thirteen beans for their dinner, one of which, on returning home, they found consumed by maggots, and therefore unfit for eating. Upon this, by mutual agreement, they went a

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long distance in search of the seller, who consented, not without difficulty and after much supplication, to give them a whole bean in exchange.

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On the Saturday before the festival of the blessed apostle Barnabas, in the Pentecost week, King Richard [1] landed at Acre with his retinue, and the earth was shaken by the acclamations of the exulting Christians. The people testified their joy by shouts of welcome and the clang of trumpets. The day was kept as a jubilee, and universal gladness reigned around, on account of the arrival of the king, long wished for by all nations. The Turks, on the other hand, were terrified and cast down by his coming; for they perceived that all egress and return would be at an end, in consequence of the multitude of the king's galleys. The two kings conducted each other from the port, and paid one another the most obsequious attention. Then King Richard retired to the tent prepared for him, and forthwith entered into arrangements about the siege; for it was his most anxious care to find out by what means, artifice, and machines they could capture the city without loss of time.

No pen can sufficiently describe the joy of the people on the king's arrival, nor tongue detail it. The very calmness of the night was thought to smile upon them with a purer air; the trumpets clanged, horns sounded, and the shrill intonations of the pipe, and the deeper notes of the timbrel and harp, struck upon the ear; and soothing symphonies were heard, like various notes

[1] His father, Henry II. of England, had died since Richard joined the Crusades.

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blended into one; and there was not a man who did not, after his own fashion, indulge in joy and praise, — either singing popular ballads to testify the gladness of his heart, or reciting the deeds of the ancients, stimulating by their example the spirit of the moderns. Some drank wine, from costly cups, to the health of the singers, while others, mixing together, high and low, passed the night in constant dances. And their joy was heightened by the taking of Cyprus by King Richard, — a place so useful and necessary to him, and one which would be of the utmost service to the army. As a further proof of the exultation of their hearts, and to illume the darkness of the night, wax torches and flaming lights sparkled in profusion, so that night seemed to be usurped by the brightness of day, and the Turks thought the whole valley was on fire.

By the conjunction of the retinue of two kings an immense army of Christians was formed. With the King of France, who had arrived on the octaves of Easter, there came the Count of Flanders, the Count of St. Paul, William de Garlande, William des Barres, Drogo d'Amiens, William de Mirle, and the Count of Perche; and with them also came the marquis, of whom we have before spoken, and who aspired to be King of Jerusalem. But why should we enumerate them singly? There was not a man of influence or renown in France who came not, then or afterwards, to the siege of Acre; and on the following day of Pentecost, King Richard arrived with an army, the flower of war, and upon learning that the King of France had gained the good-will and favor of all by giving to each of his soldiers three *aurei* a month, not to be outdone or equalled in generosity, he proclaimed by mouth of herald, that whoso-

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