

TRUE
HISTORICAL
STORIES

by
JOSEPHINE PORTUONDO

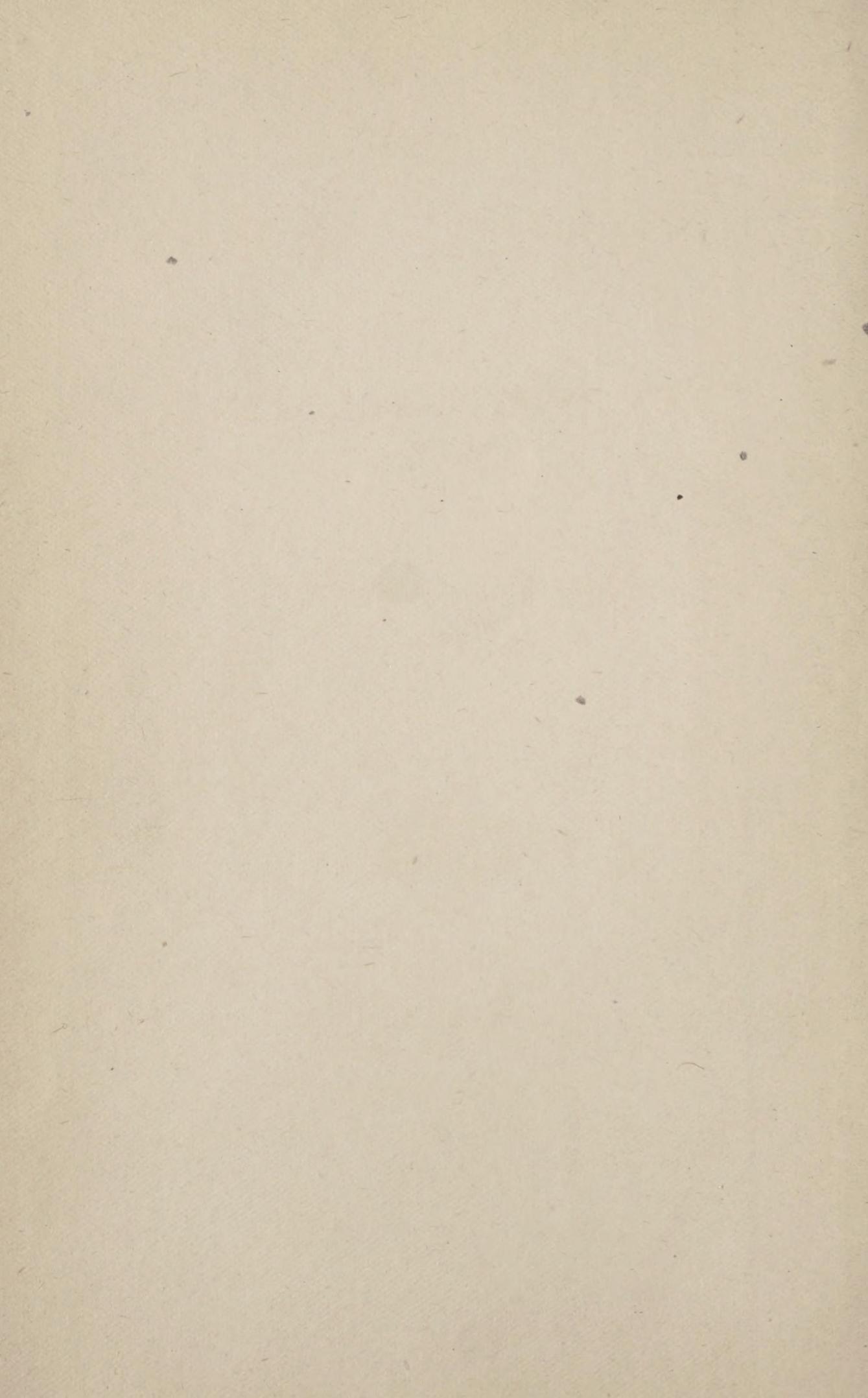


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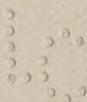
TRUE
HISTORICAL STORIES

FOR

CATHOLIC CHILDREN

BY

JOSEPHINE PORTUONDO



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TO THE MEMORY
OF
My Father.

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INTRODUCTION.

IN the twilight of a snowy February day, the children gathered around me before the cheerfully crackling flames of the wood fire in the library. "Tell us a story, Muddie," said Rita, the eldest. (They have called me "Muddie" ever since they were babies and tried to say "Mother." Rita is twelve years old, Josephine is eleven and still likes fairy tales, I think, because I saw her not long ago curled up in an easy-chair reading the "Purple Fairy Book." Isabel, the baby, is three, and thinks there can be no "toly" in the world as beautiful as "Little Red Riding-hood.")

"What story shall I tell you, children?" I asked. Rita and Josephine thought that a "really true story" would be nice, so the baby, for once must yield to the elder sisters, and we place her in a corner with Panchita, the kitten, and one of her Christmas toys, a very ugly brown cloth monkey, dressed in yellow, which she dearly loves. Then I begin the first one of my "really true stories."

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

CONSTANTINE, the first Christian ruler of the Roman empire, was born, in the ancient city of Naissus, near the Danube River, in the year 274. He was the son of Constantius and his wife Helena, who is honored as one of the saints of the Church.

The Roman empire had become so vast in extent before the birth of Constantine, that it was difficult for one ruler to govern all of it, and, therefore, the realm was divided into four provinces, each governed by a Cæsar. Constantine's father was the Cæsar of the West, a territory comprising, besides Spain and Britain, the ancient province of Gaul, now the countries of France, Belgium, Switzerland, and the western part of Germany. The four Cæsars were jealous of one another, and quarrels were frequent among them. The Emperor Diocletian, the principal of the four rulers, was so suspicious of Constantius, that Constantine was sent to Rome, as a pledge for his father's loyalty.

While the young hostage was in Rome, war broke out in Egypt, and he accompanied Diocletian and the Roman army to that country, serving with great distinction throughout the campaign. After the return of the army from Egypt, Constantine joined the forces of the Cæsar of the East, Galerius, who was conducting a war against the Persians. Galerius was a man of ignoble and jealous nature, and when he saw that Constantine was very popular with the army, he repeatedly exposed the young soldier to unusual danger, in the hope of ridding himself of a rival whom he feared.

In the year 305, the two Roman rulers of superior rank abdicated, and were succeeded by Constantius, Constantine's father, and by Galerius, the same who had commanded the Roman army in Persia. It was his province to appoint another Cæsar, an honor which belonged, in all justice, to Constantine. But Galerius not only refused to give him the well-merited appointment, but actually detained him, a sort of prisoner in Rome, until compelled, by repeated letters from Constantius, to allow Constantine to return to Gaul.

Constantius desired his son's aid in some military enterprises he was preparing to undertake, and Constantine joined him at Boulogne, where they embarked, with the army, for Britain. They landed safely and reached York without accident,

when Constantius was suddenly taken ill and died, leaving Constantine at the head of the army, in a foreign land. The young prince was much beloved by the troops, who clamored that he be made Cæsar in his father's place. But this position was subordinate to the ruler in Rome, and Galerius was the deadly enemy of Constantine. He did not wish to offend Galerius, but it was also necessary to avoid losing the favor of the army, who wished him to succeed his father as Cæsar of Gaul. At length, he allowed himself to be declared his father's successor, writing, at the same time, a carefully worded letter to Galerius, explaining the circumstances of his assuming the purple, at the solicitation of the army, and regretting that the great distance from Rome had not permitted him to delay until the approbation of Galerius could be obtained. The receipt of this letter threw Galerius into a passion, and he at first declared that he would never recognize Constantine as Cæsar of Gaul. Wise counsel prevailed, however, and Constantine returned unmolested with his army to Gaul, which he governed with wisdom and vigor. The barbarians of the North suffered several severe defeats at his hands, and a line of forts built along the River Rhine prevented their entrance into Gaul. The country became very prosperous, partly owing to Constantine's wise policy of toleration towards the Christians, who

came from Rome in large numbers to escape the persecutions of Galerius.

While Constantine was laboring for the welfare of his subjects in Gaul, great events were transpiring in distant Rome. A revolt took place against Galerius, resulting in the overthrow of the tyrant, and the elevation to power of six emperors, among them Maximian, whose daughter Fausta was Constantine's wife. Maximian and his son Maxentius both claimed the sole right to reign over Italy, and an unnatural conflict between the father and son was begun. Maxentius finally triumphed and drove his father into Gaul. The fugitive sought protection at the court of his son-in-law Constantine, who received him kindly and caused him to be treated with the respect due to his rank, generosity which was repaid with treachery by the false Maximian.

During Constantine's absence from his court at Arles, upon a necessary military expedition to the Rhine, Maximian basely tried to overthrow his son-in-law and usurp his place. When Constantine heard of this plot, he marched with all speed to Arles. Maximian fled to Marseilles, closely pursued by Constantine, who would have laid siege to the city, had not the frightened inhabitants consented to deliver the usurper into his hands. Maximian, upon learning of his betrayal, committed suicide. This was the first of a series of events

which led to the establishment of Constantine, as the sole emperor of the West. His brother-in-law, Maxentius, wishing to depose the ruler of Gaul, and reign over that country in his place, was preparing for an invasion, when Constantine was warned, by an embassy from Rome, of this design against him. He anticipated Maxentius by marching into Italy with a large and well-drilled army. He had crossed the Alps, and was on the plain of Piedmont, in Northern Italy, before Maxentius knew that he had left Gaul. The two armies met, and, after Constantine had gained brilliant victories at Turin and Verona, there occurred the decisive battle of the Milvian bridge, near Rome. It was before this battle that Almighty God was pleased to work the miracle which was the means of converting Constantine, as well as thousands of his subjects, to the True Faith. The troops were preparing for the conflict, when a luminous cross appeared suddenly in the sky, having the words inscribed on it, "In hoc signo vinces." By this sign, conquer. Constantine and his army gained a complete victory, by which he became sole emperor of the West. His colleague, Licinius reigned in the East, and the two emperors jointly issued a proclamation, revoking all former edicts against the Christians, placing them on an equal footing with other Roman subjects,

and ordering all their confiscated property to be returned to them.

To understand how greatly the Church benefited by this proclamation, it is necessary to know something about her condition, during the three hundred and thirteen years that had elapsed from the time of Our Lord's crucifixion to the reign of Constantine.

On the first Pentecost, when the twelve humble apostles began to preach the gospel in Jerusalem, the entire known world was practically under the dominion of the Roman emperor, whose power over his subjects, was almost without limit. The Romans were pagans, worshiping gods and goddesses, some of them the personification of various evil passions. When the Christian religion was brought to Rome, by the glorious apostles, St. Peter and St. Paul, many converts were made, who at once became the object of furious and unrelenting persecution. The emperor Nero began these persecutions in the year 64, the Christians were thrown to the wild beasts in the arena of the Coliseum, or covered with tar and pitch, they were set on fire and stationed in Nero's gardens at night to light them in place of torches. It was during this persecution that St. Peter and St. Paul suffered martyrdom. Then followed ten persecutions of the Christians under various emperors, during which countless thousands of martyrs gave up

their lives for the Faith. If there were nothing else to prove the divine origin of the Church, the fact that she survived these terrible persecutions, would be sufficient.

As it was necessary for the Christians to practise their religion secretly, churches were established in the catacombs, which were also used as burial-places for the dead. The catacombs were subterranean apartments under the city of Rome, where, on rude stone altars, the holy sacrifice of the Mass was daily offered up. The candles used on our altars to-day, are placed there, partly to remind us of the trials undergone by our forefathers in the Faith, who, being compelled to worship God secretly in the darkness of the catacombs, found it necessary to use candles to light the altar. The catacombs are filled with proofs of the antiquity of our holy Faith. Besides the altars, there are stone confessionals, very much like those in our churches to-day,—a proof that confession was practised among the early Christians.

The reign of Constantine was the beginning of a glorious era for the Church. Emerging from the catacombs, the Christians were at liberty to practise their holy religion openly and without fear. Constantine himself built the beautiful church of St. John Lateran, and, in his eagerness to see it completed, he helped to dig the foundations with his own hands. The triumph of

Christianity was complete, and the divine symbol of the cross was everywhere seen. It was inscribed on the shields of Constantine's soldiers, as well as on the standard which was borne before them in battle. The emperor had himself enrolled among the catechumens or candidates for baptism, although he did not receive the sacrament until shortly before his death.

The next important event in the life of Constantine was a war, lasting several years, with his colleague, Licinius. The origin of this war is somewhat obscure, but it was probably brought about by Licinius' treachery. In a battle fought at Adrianople, Constantine totally defeated his enemy, and became the sole emperor of the East as well as of the West.

It was the ardent desire of Constantine to found a city which had never been profaned by the worship of idols. After casting about for a site for the new city, he decided upon a beautiful location at the junction of the Bosphorus and the Propontis, or Sea of Marmora as it is now called. Constantinople was built, a splendid city of churches, palaces, baths and gardens. The sum allotted to the building of the walls, porticos and aqueducts, incredible as it may seem, was equal to something over twelve million dollars of our money. Constantine urged the progress of the work, with so much energy, that, in a few years it was com-

pleted, and the birthday of Constantinople celebrated with a solemn consecration of the city to the Blessed Virgin.

St. Helena, the pious mother of Constantine, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, while the city of Constantinople was being built. Although advanced in years, her desire to find the true cross of Our Lord, prompted her to undergo the fatigues and dangers of the journey to the Holy Land. After a weary search, three crosses were found, buried, and near them the inscription and nails used at the crucifixion. It remained to ascertain which of the three crosses was the one St. Helena had gone in search of. At the suggestion of the bishop of Jerusalem, each one of the crosses was permitted to touch, in turn, a woman afflicted with an incurable disease. Immediately upon touching the third one, the woman was cured, and thus the True Cross was found. St. Helena caused a portion of the holy relic to be sent to the new city of Constantinople, where it was received by Constantine with great reverence, and enshrined in the church of St. Sophia.

In spite of the many pressing cares of his station, Constantine found opportunity to arrange, with infinite prudence and care, a plan of education for his five sons. Most of the Roman emperors who had preceded him, had been addicted to many vices, the result, Constantine thought, of

their having been brought up in luxury and indolence. He inaugurated quite a different system of training for his sons. The young princes were compelled to rise early, to subsist on the plainest fare, and to practise all kinds of athletic exercises, such as leaping, running, and wrestling. They also became very proficient in horsemanship as well as in the use of all the weapons of that period. But, while their bodies were trained with care, the cultivation of their minds was not neglected. The most pious and learned prelates, as well as celebrated Greek and Roman teachers, were invited by Constantine to take up their residence at court, and to instruct his sons in the articles of the Christian Faith, and in all branches of profane learning. The emperor himself instructed the young princes in the science of government, and the knowledge of mankind. They were admitted to a share in the government of the Roman empire at a very early age. The young Constantine was appointed to hold his court in Gaul, where his father had first ruled. Constantius governed the East, and the third son Constans had Africa and Italy for his portion.

The Church which had enjoyed peace since the conversion of Constantine, was assailed, in the year 320, not, as in former times, by pagans, but by one of her own sons. Arius, a Catholic bishop, began to teach the Arian heresy, as it was called,

which denied the divinity of Our Lord. To refute this dangerous heresy, which soon found many adherents, the first general council of the church was held at Nicæa, and the Nicene creed composed. Constantine was present at the council of Nicæa, and became a persistent enemy of Arianism. The emperor banished Arius to the remote country of Illyricum, but the heresiarch returned after a time to Constantinople, where he died a very sudden and terrible death.

In the year 336, Constantine celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his prosperous and glorious reign, and, a few months after the joyous festival, was seized with an illness which proved fatal. He did not die in his beloved city of Constantinople, but in Nicodemia, a city of Asia Minor famed for its medicinal baths. It was in the vain hope of restoration to health, by means of these baths, that Constantine journeyed to Nicodemia. The great emperor was baptized upon his death-bed, and edified all the assembled prelates, by the fervor with which he received the holy sacrament. After his baptism, he refused to resume his robes of imperial purple, preferring the white garb of the catechumen, which he prized more highly, he said, than the insignia of his exalted rank. Having arranged all his affairs, and directed that his body be interred in the church of the Apostles at Constantinople, the great em-

peror peacefully breathed his last, May 22, 337, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and the thirtieth of his reign. His body, dressed in the imperial robes, lay in state on a golden bed in the royal palace at Constantinople, where there was universal mourning over the loss of a ruler who was so justly beloved by all his subjects.

The reign of Constantine was glorious, not only temporally, but spiritually also. Besides professing his belief in the Catholic faith, he issued a proclamation, advising all his subjects to become members of the one true Church. Shortly after the battle of the Milvian bridge, he caused medals to be struck, on which the emperor was represented kneeling before a cross. In many other ways, he manifested his love for the Christian religion, and his zeal for its advancement. The city of Constantinople was placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and no pagan temple was permitted within its precincts.

Constantine is justly regarded as one of the true sons of the Church, and he is honored by the presence of his effigy in the vestibules of two of Rome's most ancient and important churches, St. Peter's and St. John Lateran.

ST. LEO THE GREAT.

BUT little is known of this great pontiff, whom God raised up to guide his Church through many dangers and much adversity. We first learn of Leo, a Roman arch-deacon, going on an important mission to Gaul. During his absence, on what was then a long and tedious journey, Pope St. Sixtus III died, and Leo was unanimously chosen to succeed him. A deputation was sent to notify the new pope of his elevation to the throne of St. Peter, and when Leo appeared in Rome, he was received with extravagant demonstrations of joy, a fact which proves how much beloved he was by his flock.

The great pontiff had, indeed, been chosen to rule the Church in trying times. The Faith was beset by enemies from without and from within, enemies temporal (perhaps the less dangerous of the two) and enemies spiritual. The Arian heresy which stirred up so much dangerous speculation concerning the nature of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, had been followed by various other heresies, every one of which had many ad-

herents. The Nestorians in the East and the Pelagians in the North, were working havoc among the Christians. St. Leo's first act after his elevation to the pontificate was to write to the bishops of Northern Italy, solemnly warning them against admitting to the communion of the Church any one from the Pelagian ranks who had not previously made a full abjuration of his error.

The temporal enemies who threatened Rome, were the vast hoards of northern barbarians, Vandals, Huns and Goths, some of whom had already carried their depredations into Italy.

St. Leo despatched two holy missionaries, St. Germanus and St. Severus to combat Pelagianism in Britain. Their preaching and miracles overcame the heresy, and they had the satisfaction of converted large numbers of the native Britons, before their departure from the island. The invasion of Britain by the pagan Saxons, which occurred about a century later, all but extinguished the light of faith, which the two missionaries had labored so zealously to kindle. It remained for the great St. Augustine to convert the Anglo-Saxons of Britain in the seventh century.

In the year 448, Eutyches, superior of a monastery near Constantinople, originated the Euty-chian heresy. He insisted that there was but one nature in Jesus Christ,—the divine nature,—

stubbornly refusing to abandon his error, even when commanded by ecclesiastical authority to do so. The true reason for his course of action, was disappointed ambition, for Eutyches had aspired to the bishopric of Constantinople, and when he failed to attain the coveted honor, became a heresiarch. When Eutyches wrote to St. Peter, Bishop of Ravenna, to win him over to his cause, he received the following reply: "When Jesus Christ uttered his first infant wail in the manger, the heavenly host was chanting 'Glory be to God in the highest,' and now, when, at the name of Jesus, every knee is bent in heaven, on earth and in hell, a question is raised concerning His origin. We exhort you above all things, to submit to what has been written by the Holy Roman Pontiff, for St. Peter lives and presides in his See, and gives the truth of faith to all who sincerely ask it."

Eutyches was afterwards excommunicated and deposed from the priesthood, and from the government of his monastery.

While St. Leo was directing matters of such grave importance to the Church, the whole civilized world was menaced with destruction. The Huns, a wild tribe from the remote forests of Tartary, had begun to migrate from their original home, moving westward in immense numbers. Their terrible leader, Attila was called the "mower of men," and the "scourge of God," so

great was the fear he inspired. He was short of stature, with a broad chest, and an immense head, a thin beard and swarthy features. His capital was a camp situated in a field near the Danube, and the kings he had conquered kept guard at the door of his tent. His soldiers played games with the gold and silver vases of which they had despoiled their captives, while Attila himself ate the coarsest food from wooden platters.

The Roman emperors, Valentinian and Theodosius, thinking it would be an easy matter to turn the barbarian from his avowed intention of marching against Rome, sent ambassadors to the camp of Attila, to treat with him. The "scourge," seated on a low stool in his tent, received the polished Romans, whose credulity he took advantage of, in the most practised manner. Referring to himself, he said: "The star falls, the earth trembles. I am the hammer of the universe, the grass never grows again, where Attila's horse has once trod."

The Roman emperors foolishly thought to stop the barbarian at their gates, by bestowing upon him the title, General of the Empire," and by paying him a tribute, which they pretended to regard as his pay. But the Hun refused the proffered honor with disdain, and said that, "to be an emperor's general, is to be a servant. Attila's servants are emperors."

Not long after this fruitless interview, Attila sent an emissary to Rome, who said to the emperor: "Attila, my master and yours, orders you to prepare him a palace." The Romans, in an agony of fear, understood that this meant that the long-dreaded invasion was at hand. Attila started, with a train of tributary princes and five hundred thousand soldiers, on his expedition of rapine and pillage. The vast army crossed the Rhine, and marched through the province of Gaul. City after city suffered the horrors of the barbarian invasion. Metz was provoked to resistance, and was laid in ashes, while the streets ran red with the blood of its murdered inhabitants. The few survivors, among them the bishop of Metz, were led away captives.

Troyes was threatened with a fate similar to that of Metz. The bishop, Lupus, after fasting and praying to avert the threatened calamity, went forth, in his pontifical robes, to meet and speak with the barbarian leader. "Who art thou?" he asked, "who overcomest so many nations and subduest the world?" Attila answered, "I am King of the Huns, the scourge of God." "If thou art the scourge of God," returned the holy bishop, "remember to do only what is allowed thee by the hand that moves and governs thee." Attila was astonished at the boldness, and awed by the dignity of the good bishop, to whom he

made a promise to spare the city, through which he marched his men, without doing it the least harm.

When Attila approached the city of Paris, the inhabitants prepared to fly to a place of safety. St. Genevieve, a humble shepherdess, was the means of saving the city. She exhorted the panic-stricken people to remain and give themselves up to prayer and fasting, promising them, in the name of God, that the dreaded Hun would not enter Paris. Precisely as the saint had foretold, Attila suddenly changed the direction of his march, away from Paris, advancing on the city of Orleans.

Orleans was governed by the holy bishop, St. Aignan, and he had been warned of the approach of the Huns in time to seek the aid of the Roman general, Aetius. Just as Attila's army reached the gates of Orleans, the soldiers of Aetius appeared. Attila, beside himself with rage, withdrew from the city to the neighboring plain of Chalons, where he prepared to meet his opponents. The two armies numbered about a million, and one of the bloodiest battles recorded in history, was fought. Three hundred thousand slain were left upon the field, and a small neighboring stream was swelled into a fair-sized river, by the torrents of blood that flowed into it from the battle-field. Attila was

utterly defeated, and fled across the Rhine with the remnant of his army.

Christendom then enjoyed a respite of one year, at the end of which, the dreaded Huns appeared, stronger than ever. This time, they entered northern Italy, whose cities were wasted by fire and sword. Padua, Verona, Milan, were pillaged and destroyed. The Huns pushed on through the ruins of the cities they had burned, until they reached Aquileia, whose terrified inhabitants fled to some marshy islands in the Adriatic Sea, where they laid the foundation of the city of Venice.

Near Mantua, the barbarians halted, and St. Leo went forth to meet the "scourge of God," as the bishop of Orleans had done before him. But how much more difficult was the task of the great pontiff! Orleans was but an insignificant village, compared with the great and rich city of Rome, which lay, almost within the ruthless grasp of the barbarians. Leo's mission was, indeed, a desperate one, but he never faltered. Arrayed in full pontifical attire, but quite alone, for he would not expose any of his flock to the danger he himself ran, the brave pontiff went out to beg the cruel conqueror for mercy.

It was a meeting of Spirituality with Materialism, of Compassion with Cruelty. What passed between the saint and the cruel warrior during

their curious interview, is not known. It would appear that Attila was awed by the ascetic appearance and majestic bearing of the holy pontiff. He lent a favorable ear to his petition, and, turning his army back from Rome, withdrew to the plains of the Danube.

Some of Attila's soldiers, astounded to see him abandon the rich prize of Rome, at the mere word of an old man, asked him the reason for his extraordinary conduct. Attila answered, that he saw, during the interview, two venerable personages, supposed to be St. Peter and St. Paul, standing behind Leo, and that the vision impelled him to spare Rome, even against his inclination.

Upon Leo's return to Rome, he was received with triumphant rejoicing by the grateful people, who hailed him as their deliverer, and bestowed upon him the title of "Great."

Rome enjoyed two years of comparative peace, after the death of Attila, a period which Leo spent in adjusting the affairs of the Church. The Roman calendar was arranged, and the time regulated for the celebration of Easter. Up to the time of Leo, the sins of persons subjected to canonical penance, were published in the churches. This custom he abolished, making private confession to an approved priest and the performance of the prescribed penance, the only conditions to be fulfilled by the penitent.

After this brief interval of calm, the storm burst once more over Rome. Valentinian, the weak and wicked emperor, had become very jealous of the popularity of the great general Aetius, who had won imperishable glory on the field of Chalons, where he defeated the Huns under Attila.

During an interview at the palace, between the emperor and the general, a quarrel occurred, and Valentinian killed Aetius. One of his courtiers had the courage to rebuke the murderer; saying "you have cut off your right hand with your left." A few days later, Valentinian himself fell by the hand of a hired assassin of the senator Maximus, who wished to become emperor. Being a man of great influence in public affairs, he gained his end, was not only proclaimed emperor, but forced Valentinian's widow Eudoxia, to marry him. Eudoxia, crazed with hatred and a desire for revenge, resolved to sacrifice her country's welfare, to satisfy her resentment. She wrote to Genseric, king of the barbarian Vandals, to come to Rome, promising her aid in the capture of the city.

The Vandals were fierce warriors something like the Huns. They had no knowledge nor appreciation of art or literature, and the word, vandalism, which means the wanton destruction of any precious thing, still reminds us of the ruthless destruction of the many priceless treasures of Roman art by these barbarians.

Genseric had led his army into Africa, and was established near Carthage, when Eudoxia's message reached him. He seized at once upon a prospect so alluring, and sailed for Rome with a large force. When the tidings of Genseric's approach were brought to Rome, the cowardly Maximus prepared for flight. One of his own courtiers, in disgust, killed him, before he could carry his plan into execution, and threw the body into the Tiber.

Amid the general excitement and alarm, caused by the approach of the Vandals, the Romans looked for help to the only man who could be of use in the crisis. Leo the Great had saved Rome from the fury of the Huns, and again he saved the city from destruction at the hands of the Vandals. He met Genseric outside the walls of Rome, and exacted from him a promise, to respect the lives of the Romans, and to spare the public monuments. More than these concessions could not have been obtained, because the Vandal soldiers, during the long voyage from Africa, had promised themselves the sacking of Rome, as their reward.

It took fourteen days to accomplish the work of pillage. The richest treasures which the Vandals carried away with them, were the sacred vessels brought from Jerusalem by the Roman general, Titus. The invaders took several thousand prisoners, among them the Empress Eudoxia and her daughters, whom they forced to accompany them,

on their return to Africa. The bishop of Carthage did everything in his power to render more bearable, the lot of the wretched Roman captives, in Africa. Two of the churches were converted into hospitals, where the good prelate spent his entire time, ministering, with his own hands, to the poor exiled prisoners. Some of them he ransomed with money obtained from the sale of the gold and silver furnishings of the altar. After the death of this saintly bishop, Genseric closed all the churches of Carthage, and exiled the priests, thus depriving his Christian captives of their only source of consolation.

It would appear, that Genseric prided himself upon his cruelty, for, as he was sailing out of Carthage, upon one of his frequent voyages of rapine and bloodshed, his pilot asked, to what country should he steer the ship. Genseric answered: "To that country on which God's anger rests."

The Roman empire was in the throes of its death-struggle. Only the Church stood unchanged and unchangeable, amid the havoc wrought by the barbarians—the comfort and support of her children in their trials, not the least of which was the loss of the good pontiff. St. Leo's long and useful pontificate came to an end, April 11, 461, death relieving him of the cares and labors that had filled his life. One hundred and seventy-three letters,

and sixty-nine discourses of St. Leo, on the mysteries of the Catholic Faith, are still extant—a lasting memorial of the great pontiff's piety, learning and eloquence. He rendered valuable and permanent service to the Church, as well as to the city of Rome—and is justly regarded as one of the greatest popes that ever occupied the chair of St. Peter. St. Leo's feast is celebrated on the anniversary of his death, April 11.

ST. GREGORY, THE GREAT.

GREGORY was born in Rome, of noble and pious parents, his mother Silvia, being among the saints of the Church. In his ancestral home, on the Coelian Hill, he led a most austere life, and, after the death of his parents, joined the order of St. Benedict, converting his house into a monastery. The church of St. Gregory, in Rome, stands upon the site of the saint's family mansion, and the chapel of St. Silvia, connected with it, was erected by Gregory, in honor of his mother.

In the convent, the young novice practised perfectly all the exalted virtues of his station in life, and showed so strong a predilection for the religious state, that nothing but the call of obedience would ever have prevailed upon him to leave his beloved convent. Pope Pelagius II appointed the young monk to the position of deacon of Rome, and shortly after, sent him as nuncio to the imperial court of Constantinople.

While Gregory was still a novice, he was struck with the beauty of some boys who were exposed

for sale in the Roman market-place, and was grieved to learn that they were pagans.

“Angels,” he said, “and of the province of Deira—worthy indeed to be angels; Deira, from the wrath of God must we rescue them.”

He never forgot the fair English slave boys, and, upon his return from Constantinople, solicited the permission of the pope, to go as a missionary to the distant island of Britain. Reluctantly, consent was granted, and Gregory started on his long journey. He had traveled some distance, when a messenger from the pope overtook him, with a command to return at once, to Rome. The reason for his unexpected recall was this; when the Roman people learned that their beloved Gregory had gone on so perilous a mission, they importuned the pope so earnestly, that the young missionary's recall was the result.

Pope Pelagius died, soon after Gregory's return to Rome, and the humble Benedictine monk was unanimously elected to fill the vacant see. He tried to escape the honor by flight, but a dove showed the place of his retreat, and Gregory was escorted in triumph to Rome, where the ceremonies of his installation took place.

The plague was raging in Rome, and the newly-elected pope made use of the fear and dread with which the inhabitants were filled, to remind them of their duty towards Almighty God, whose hand

rested so heavily upon them. Gregory invited his flock to join in a sevenfold litany to be sung in the church of St. Mary Major. All the people marched in a great procession—the immense concourse chanting Kyrie Eleison. So virulent was the plague, that, in the course of a single hour, eighty persons in this procession dropped dead. A pretty legend states, that, while the people, on their way to church, were crossing the Tiber opposite the mausoleum of Hadrian, all in that great procession saw, with joyful astonishment, the angel of wrath on top of the mausoleum, sheathe his sword, as a sign that the plague was at an end. From that hour the name of the mausoleum was changed to the “Angel’s Castle,” (the Castle of Saint Angelo.)

After the disappearance of the pestilence, the anthem, Regina Coeli, was introduced into the service of the church, because the abatement of the scourge was considered to have been brought about through the intercession of the Blessed Mother of God.

St. Gregory disliked exceedingly his election to the papacy, his desire having been to return to the peaceful seclusion of the cloister. In his letters, he expressed himself plainly on this subject. To the emperor’s sister he wrote: “I have lost the solid joys of retirement, and, whilst externally seeming to rise, I have fallen internally.”

Gregory had not forgotten, in the midst of the cares of his new dignity, the design he had formed for the conversion of the English. The light of faith had, indeed, been kindled in Britain, in the fifth century, by St. Germanus, but the subsequent invasion of the island by the pagan Saxons and Angles, had undone most of the good missionary's work. In Gregory's time all the inhabitants, with the exception of a very few, living in remote parts of the island, were pagans. Fortunately the reigning prince, Ethelbert, had married a Christian princess, Bertha, the daughter of the king of Paris. Queen Bertha was very pious, and she married Ethelbert only on condition that she should be allowed the free exercise of her religion.

Gregory chose, for the English mission, St. Augustine, and several companions—all members of the Benedictine order. They landed on the Isle of Thanet, and Queen Bertha's influence obtained for them an immediate interview with the king, who insisted that the proposed audience should be given in the open air, because he thought that any spell the missionaries might cast over him, would be less powerful out of doors, than in the house.

St. Augustine and his companions approached the place where Ethelbert was awaiting them. They walked in procession, with all the solemn

pomp of a religious ceremony. Before them were borne a silver cross, and a banner with the image of the Saviour. The king received them kindly, and they at once began to preach the truths of the gospel. Ethelbert listened attentively and when they had concluded said: "Your promises are fair, but I cannot abruptly relinquish the ancient belief of the Saxons; however, as you have taken so long and perilous a journey, to bring what you consider a better teaching to Britain, it is but just that we should treat you well."

The king allowed the missionaries to establish themselves in Canterbury, where a little chapel had been erected for the use of Queen Bertha. Very soon the holy teaching and example of St. Augustine and his fellow-monks won the king to the True Faith. His subjects began to follow his example, and on Christmas day 597, two thousand pagans were baptized.

Gregory's heart was filled with joy and gratitude when he heard of the great success that had attended his missionaries in Britain. He wrote a letter of congratulation to Ethelbert and Bertha, and another to St. Augustine, in which he described the joy that he felt over the conversion of Britain to the True Faith. This letter contained directions for the consecration of bishops for the different sees which Gregory wished to establish in various parts of the island. He advised St.

Augustine not to destroy the pagan temples, but only the images they contained, and “to consecrate, wherever possible, the buildings to the worship of the True God.” He exhorted the holy missionary to be on his guard, lest the miracles which God had deigned to work through him, might cause some natural feeling of pride in his soul.

St. Gregory, sent, at the request of St. Augustine, a fresh company of monks to Britain, for the rapidly growing church was in need of more priests. These monks took with them many beautiful gifts sent by the pope to his newly-converted flock, consisting principally of valuable books—some of them remarkably beautiful. One Bible was written upon rose-colored leaves showing beautiful reflections in the light. Many of the books were bound in silver and set with precious stones. The library of Corpus Christi, at Cambridge, and the Bodleian, at Oxford, contain two ancient copies of the Gospels supposed to have been among the books which the pontiff sent to England in St. Augustine’s time.

Gregory labored ceaselessly for the welfare of his flock, despite an illness which was of many years’ duration, and which caused him much suffering.

Many abuses had crept into the church in Gaul; these he remedied with infinite care and trouble. His charity to the poor and the sick, not only of

Rome, but of distant places also, was constant and perfect. He sent bedding, clothes and money as far as Mt. Sinai. An aged abbot of a monastery in Isanria, wrote to beg the pope to send him fifty solidi for the needs of his brethren; but, upon second thought considered that he had asked too much, and added a postscript to his letter, in which he stated that thirty solidi would suffice. To this Gregory answered: "Because I find you have acted towards me with such consideration, I must behave in the like spirit. I have, therefore, sent you the fifty solidi, and, for fear that might be too little, I have sent you ten more, and lest even that might not be sufficient, I have super-added twelve more. In this you have shown your love for me, that you have presumed to place the full confidence in me that you ought to have done."

To the numerous poor of Rome, Gregory gave daily assistance in their necessities. Twelve indigent persons were invited to his table, every day, and there may still be seen in Rome a great stone, at which the holy pontiff is supposed to have served the persons whom poverty and charity had made his guests. A poor man was found dead in a lodging-house, presumably of want, and, though Gregory had not even been aware of his existence, he refrained from saying mass for several days, as though he, himself, had been in some way lacking in charity. Even the oppressed

and despised Jews found a friend and benefactor in the saintly pontiff, who insisted that these unfortunate people should not be injured, deprived of their synagogues, or prevented from holding their religious festivals. "Those who are not Christians," he said, "must be won to the True Faith, by mildness and kindness, by admonition and persuasion."

St. Gregory expended much time on the liturgy of the Church, which he re-arranged with order and precision, condensing in one book the mass-prayers which had hitherto been scattered through several volumes. This collection of prayers, called the sacramentary, is the ground-work of the Roman Missal used in our churches at the present time. The music, used in the service of the Church, also claimed St. Gregory's attention. The Gregorian chant, so much favored by the Holy Father Pius X, was composed with much care and labor by Gregory, who founded, in Rome, a school of singers, to teach and perpetuate this style of music. He endowed this school with lands, and erected two buildings for its use—one connected with the Basilica of St. Peter, the other with the Lateran Palace, where he used to instruct his boys, reclining on a couch, when his infirmity would not permit him to sit up.

The affairs of his beloved monks were the object of much solicitude to Gregory, who made

many wise laws relative to the government of monasteries. He never ceased to regret that he had not been allowed to spend his life in the cloister. In a letter he wrote: "I sailed with a favorable wind when I led a quiet life in my monastery. But stormy gales have arisen since and hurried me along with them."

During the invasion of Italy by the Lombards, many nuns were forced to take refuge in Rome, some of them but poorly provided with the necessities of life. Gregory hastened, with his accustomed energy, to render them all the assistance in his power. To the emperor's sister, who had sent an alms for the poor, Gregory wrote: "With half the money, I have arranged for the purchase of bed-clothes for the nuns, because, from the want of sufficient bed-coverings, they suffer much from the cold of winter here." The nuns mentioned in this letter evidently had come from some warmer part of Italy.

St. Gregory, who had been, for many years, a victim of ill-health, began, in the year 603, to suffer so much from his increasing infirmity that he said to a friend; "My one consolation is the hope of the speedy approach of death. Pray for me, lest I give way to impatience through my sufferings, and lest the sins which might be pardoned me on account of my pains, be increased by my complainings."

Charitable and solicitous for the welfare of others to the last, he could beg Marinianus of Ravenna, to take care of his health, and very shortly before his death, he wrote to Venantius of Perugia that he had heard that "our brother and fellow-bishop Ecclesius is suffering from the cold, not having suitable clothing." Because of the unusual cold, Gregory begged Venantius to forward to Ecclesius, without delay, the thick woolen garment, which he sent by the bearer of his letter.

This act of charity and forgetfulness of self was the last of the innumerable ones that had filled the life of the holy pontiff. He died, March 12, 604, mourned by the entire civilized world.

St. Gregory's remains were first interred in the portico of St. Peter's, where they rested until the pontificate of Gregory IV. This pontiff considered that the great saint should be buried more honorably, and caused his body to be removed to an oratory which had been built and adorned especially to receive it.

In the present Basilica of St. Peter, the saint's bones rest beneath the altar of St. Andrew.

St. Gregory has left numerous writings, sermons on the Gospels, instructions to priests, and many theological works, in which are displayed the author's learning, piety and sound judgment. The holy pontiff was a model of all the virtues, joined to prudence and wisdom. It has been said

of him that he combined the gentleness of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent. Perhaps his most conspicuous virtue was humility, which he practised in a perfect manner all his life. He was accustomed to refer to himself as the "servant of all bishops."

A few fragments of St. Gregory's epitaph, are still extant.

Earth, take that body which at first you gave
Till God again shall raise it from the grave,
His soul amid the stars finds heavenly day
In vain the gates of darkness make essay,
On him, whose death but leads to life the way,
To the dark tomb, this prelate though decreed
Lives in all places by his pious deed.

Before his bounteous hand, pale Hunger fled,
To warm the poor, he fleecy garments spread
And to secure their souls from Satan's power
He taught by sacred precepts every hour,
Nor only taught, but first the example led
Lived o'er his rules and acted what he said.

To English Saxons Christian truth he taught,
And a believing flock to heaven he brought.
This was thy work and study, this thy care,
Offerings to thy Redeemer to prepare,
For these, to heavenly honors raised on high,
Where thy reward of labors ne'er shall die.

PEPIN.

THE name Pepin means "little Father," in the ancient Frankish language, and the subject of my story was called Pepin the Short, on account of his low stature. He was possessed of such wonderful strength, that he once cut off a lion's head, with a single stroke of his sword.

The monarchs of the Franks had belonged, before the accession of Pepin, to the Merovingian dynasty. The kings of this line were indolent and weak, and they gradually fell into the habit of entrusting all the affairs of the government, to an officer of the royal household, called the Mayor of the Palace. These Mayors of the Palace finally became so powerful, that they were actually the real rulers, the kings being only figure-heads. One of the most celebrated Mayors of the Palace was Charles Martell, or Charles of the Hammer, so called because he went into battle bearing a hammer which he used with telling effect on the heads of the enemy. Charles Martell was a great warrior, and as there was always more or less fighting going on in those unsettled

times, he had many opportunities of distinguishing himself.

In the year 731, the Arabs, who had crossed the Strait of Gibraltar and invaded Spain, desired to gain more territory. They resolved to march northward and to make themselves masters of, at least, a portion of the Frankish kingdom. They advanced with little hindrance, and were promising themselves a great part of Europe, when Charles Martell met the invaders at Tours, in northern France. A terrible battle took place, in the course of which the Franks defeated the Arabs and compelled them to return to Spain. They never again attempted to conquer any territory outside of Spain, and Charles Martell saved, perhaps the whole of Europe, from falling into the power of those Mohammedan infidels. Naturally, this splendid victory placed great power in the hands of Charles Martell. The weak and cowardly Merovingian king ceased to be considered the head of the government, and, on the death of Charles Martell, his son Pepin was crowned king of the Franks. The last Merovingian king voluntarily resigned the throne, and the first king of the Carlovingian line began to reign over the Franks.

The Frankish kingdom comprised, at that time, all of the territory now known as France, and the western part of Germany. The people had

been converted to Christianity, and were a sturdy, honest race, good fighters and hunters, knowing little of the luxuries, or even of the comforts of life. The men wore tunics made of the skins of animals which they had killed in the chase, or of a sort of coarse cloth woven by the women of the family. The learning and refinement of Italy had not penetrated the country of the Franks, where few men, except the monks, knew how to read. It is extremely doubtful whether Pepin himself could read or write. However, he was a very good man, and did all in his power to spread the Catholic Faith, among the heathen nations bordering on his dominions. The ancient Germans worshiped Woden and Thor. The days of the week, Wednesday and Thursday, are named for these heathen deities. The oak-tree was sacred to Thor, and there was a very large one at Giesmar, for which the people had a particular veneration. Even the recently converted Christians feared to tamper with this tree. St. Boniface had been sent to convert the worshipers of Thor and Woden, and he told the people that if Thor were really a god, he would protect his tree. The saint then grasped an axe and boldly attacked the great oak. He chopped until it fell, and the people became converts to Christianity, convinced of their error in worshiping Thor and Woden. St. Boniface was afterwards martyred by the heathen Frisians,

and is honored by the Church as the apostle of Germany.

Not long after Pepin became king of the Franks, he took upon himself the duty of protecting the pope against the Lombards, a powerful and warlike people of northern Italy, who wished to possess themselves of Rome. The Lombard king, Aistulf, was preparing to march with a large army against Rome, when the pope, Zacharius, determined to seek the aid of the brave Frankish king. Pepin readily promised his assistance, but before he succeeded in putting his promise into execution, Pope Zacharius died, and was succeeded by Stephen II. It will be necessary to go back a little in our history, to give you a clear understanding of the great service rendered by Pepin to the Catholic Church.

When the Roman emperor, Constantine, removed the seat of government from Rome to the new city of Constantinople, the latter city naturally began to take precedence of Rome in the affairs of the empire. The more ancient city, was, as it were, neglected, until, in the eighth century, its temporal government was placed in the hands of a sort of deputy of the emperor at Constantinople. This deputy was called an exarch. His residence was at Ravenna, a city near Rome, and the territory he governed was called the exarchate of Ravenna. This form of

government was very unsatisfactory to the people of Rome, for they knew the weakness of the exarch, and how hopeless would be their position if they should be attacked by any of those fierce and restless people to the northward, a calamity which was likely to occur at any time, for Rome had always been a tempting prize to the invader.

Not long after the election of Stephen to the pontificate, Aistulf seized Ravenna and put the last exarch to flight. The Lombard king considered that he already had all of Italy in his grasp, and made preparations for the capture of Rome. Stephen sent an urgent message to the emperor at Constantinople, informing him of the imminent danger, and begging that an armed force be at once sent to the defense of Rome. But the indolent or indifferent emperor paid so little heed to the warning, that Stephen resolved to solicit aid from the powerful Frankish king. The good pope ordered a solemn procession to invoke the Divine Mercy. Barefoot, his head covered with ashes, and bearing on his shoulders a miraculous image of Our Lord, Stephen led the procession through the streets of Rome. On the following day, an embassy left the city secretly, carrying a message from Stephen to Pepin. The envoys made their way safely to the Frankish court, where they were received with every mark of re-

spect. Pepin readily promised to give aid to the distressed people of Rome, and despatched St. Chrodegang, Bishop of Metz and the Frankish duke, Autcharius to conduct Stephen to Gaul. When the ambassadors of Pepin reached Rome, they found the pope on the point of setting out to beg the clemency of Aistulf, but he journeyed, instead, to the court of Pepin, forgetful, in his desire to serve his people, of the difficulties and dangers to be encountered on the way, and of his own feeble health. In a letter to a friend, the good pope described the hardships of this expedition in the depths of winter, making mention of the snow, the raging torrents, and the "atrocious mountains." At length, Stephen arrived at Pontyou in Champagne, where Pepin, his family and court had assembled, to meet the venerable visitor. When the pontiff was seen approaching, Pepin dismounted from his horse, and prostrated himself, his example being followed by the royal family and the nobles of the realm. After resting in his apartments, to which he had been conducted, in the royal palace, Stephen appeared before the king as a humble suppliant for aid against the Lombards. So deeply were Pepin and his nobles moved by the touching appeal of their venerable guest, that they immediately took an oath not to sheathe the sword until they had subdued the insolent Lombards.

The pope then took up his residence in the monastery of St. Denis, where he fell seriously ill. After his restoration to health, he renewed the ceremony of Pepin's coronation, and also anointed the king's wife, Queen Bertrade, and their two sons, Charles or Charlemagne, and Carloman. Pepin then started, with his army for Italy, Stephen accompanying him. The Alpine passes were in the hands of Aistulf, and when the Frankish army endeavored to seize them, a battle ensued. The Franks made up in courage, what they lacked in numbers, and the Lombards were totally defeated. Aistulf fled, and took refuge in the walled city of Pavia. Pepin pursued the Lombards, and besieged their capital. Finally, a treaty between the Franks and Lombards was arranged through the good offices of Stephen. By this treaty, Aistulf gave his solemn promise to restore Ravenna and the other captured cities, delivering hostages to Pepin, who returned with them to his dominions.

Peace having been concluded, Stephen was at liberty to return to Rome, where he was received by the people with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy and gratitude. "Our father has come back to us," they cried, "after God, he is our hope." But the peace which was inaugurated with so much rejoicing, proved to be short-lived. The treacherous Aistulf forgot his promises, as

soon as the dreaded Frankish king had returned to his own dominions. In January, 755, the Lombards laid siege to the city of Rome, investing it so closely that it was only with the greatest difficulty that Stephen could send a message, summoning Pepin once more to the rescue of the Holy See. In his letter to the Frankish king, the pontiff says, "The impious Aistulf has again laid siege to Rome, to whose inhabitants he sent the following message, 'Open the Salerian gate, give me up your pope, or I shall tear down your walls, and put you all to the sword.' They have burned churches and dwellings," continues the venerable writer, "violated monasteries, broken the sacred images and outraged the Holy Mysteries. Children have been murdered at the mother's breast, and now, to the horrors of war are added the pangs of hunger. The Lombards taunt us with the cry 'Let your Franks come on now, your brave deliverers, let them snatch you from our grasp, if they can.' Hasten then, beloved Prince, to our rescue."

Immediately after receiving this letter, Pepin crossed the Alps with his army, meeting Aistulf, who had hastened northward, at Pavia. There a second great victory was won over the Lombards, whose king Aistulf was killed by his horse falling on him. All the twenty-two cities which had been in possession of the Lombards, were surrendered

to Pepin, who formally presented the keys to Stephen. The Frankish king considered it but just that the pontiff, having all the anxieties and cares of a temporal government, should possess the territory also, and, accordingly, the exarchate of Rome and Ravenna was given to the pope and the Papal States, a territory about the size of Maryland came thus into existence, in the year 756. From that remote period until the year 1870, when the Italian king, Victor Emmanuel, annexed the Papal States to his own dominions, the popes of the Catholic Church had been the temporal rulers of that territory.

After Pepin had accomplished his great work, the delivery of Rome from the Lombards, and the establishment of the temporal power of the popes, he returned to his kingdom, where he was soon engaged in a war with the Saxons, whose territory adjoined his dominions on the north-east. Pepin was victorious, and the Saxons were made vassals or tributaries of the Franks. Waisar, Duke of Aquitania, was the next enemy to be conquered, although this proved a much more difficult task than the subjugation of the Saxons. Waisar fought long and bravely, but was at length killed by his own subjects, and the Franks enjoyed a much-needed and unusual peace.

Shortly after these events, Pepin died, leaving his dominions to his illustrious son, Charle-

magne, who had already distinguished himself in the last wars waged by his father.

The reign of Pepin forms an interesting and important epoch in history, especially, to Catholics, for during it the temporal power of the papacy was established. The conversion of a large part of heathen Germany was also brought about through the pious efforts of this great and wise ruler of the Franks.

CHARLEMAGNE.

CHARLEMAGNE, or Charles the Great, was a son of Pepin the Short, and succeeded to the throne, on the death of his father, in the year 768. The Frankish kingdom at that time comprised a large territory. It extended from the River Loire, in France, to the Rhine, in Germany, and from the Baltic Sea to the Mediterranean.

The young king was very anxious to spread the True Faith among the heathen nations whose territory adjoined his own dominions. St. Boniface, for whom his father Pepin had evidenced a great admiration, appeared peculiarly fitted for the difficult and dangerous work, and Charlemagne sent the venerable bishop with a number of companions to preach the faith to the fierce and cruel Saxons. These heathens persisted in their error with great obstinacy, and absolutely refused to give up their idols, especially one for which they had a particular veneration. It was called the Irmensul, and had been raised by the Germans to their god, Teutas. This statue was

armed and held a pair of scales in the left hand, and in the right, a banner. On its buckler was the figure of a lion, and about its feet, a flowery meadow. It was the figure or representation of Saxony, whose flowery meadows were inhabited by a people with lion hearts, having for their only rule of justice the sword.

Charlemagne led his army into Saxony, and overthrew and shattered the Irmensul, believing that, if the idol were destroyed, the people would embrace Christianity more readily. St. Boniface persisted in his labors, and, at length, had the satisfaction of bringing the Saxons, as well as other German tribes, to the True Faith.

Witiking, the Saxon chief, was an inveterate enemy of Christianity, and of the Franks as well. The story of his conversion is very interesting. One Easter-day the royal guards brought to Charlemagne, a beggar, who had stood all day at the palace-gate soliciting alms. A Frankish nobleman, who had accompanied Charlemagne on his expedition into Saxony, had stopped to give the pretended beggar a piece of money, and, in so doing, had remarked a peculiar deformity of the man's right hand, which he had often noticed in the fights with the Saxons. The beggar was Witiking, the Saxon chief.

“For what reason do you wear this disguise?” asked Charlemagne. Witiking answered that,

wishing to examine the ceremonies of the Christian's church, he desired a disguise that would more easily further his purpose. He then told Charlemagne that on Good-Friday he had observed every face clouded with sadness. On Saturday, all were thoughtful and recollected, but on Sunday, when Charlemagne and his nobles approached the table in the midst of the temple (the altar) he noticed their faces so lighted up with joy, that he was at a loss to understand the reason, until he saw the priest place upon the tongue of each one an infant bathed in heavenly brightness. "Prostrate," he continued, "I adored your God, who shall henceforth be my God also."

"Happy are you," cried Charlemagne, "Who, in witnessing a miracle, have enjoyed a favor granted neither to me, nor to my priests."

Witiking was instructed in the faith and baptized, his zeal causing many of his people to follow his example. Charlemagne lost no time in notifying the pope of this happy event, begging him to order, in all the churches of Rome, prayers of solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God for Witiking's conversion.

When Witiking died, Charlemagne divided Saxony into five bishoprics, giving to the bishops much power in the government of the people, who were far more docile under the mild rule of these ecclesiastical superiors, than they would have

been, if they had been governed by the fierce and quarrelsome Frankish nobles. The sees of Koln, Trier and Metz were formed at that time.

While the king of the Franks was occupied with the cares and responsibilities of the government, and with the conversion of his Saxon neighbors, great events were taking place in far away Italy.

Those ancient enemies of the Holy See, the Lombards, led by their cruel king, Desiderius, were again threatening Rome, and Pope Adrian I, in great alarm, sent a message to Charlemagne, describing the atrocities committed against the Romans by the impious ruler of the Lombards. Several Roman nobles had been captured, and their eyes put out at the command of Desiderius, who had even the temerity to attempt the life of the pontiff, himself. Under pretence of holding a conference with the pope, Desiderius met him in the church of St. Peter, and during the interview departed suddenly, and closed and secured all the doors, thus making a prisoner of the pope, whom he intended to starve to death. The plan miscarried, owing to the fidelity and courage of some citizens of Rome, who liberated Adrian from his perilous position.

Charlemagne, justly incensed against the treacherous Lombards, lost no time in leading an armed force against them. Crossing the Alps,

he besieged Pavia and Verona, which finally surrendered. Desiderius was deposed, his son fled to Constantinople, and the Lombard power was forever crushed by the brave Charlemagne, who took the title—King of the Lombards. Charlemagne crowned himself with the iron crown of Lombardy—so-called because it had a piece of iron, supposed to be a nail of the true cross imbedded in the golden circlet forming the crown.

After the fall of Pavia, Charlemagne went to Rome, where a cordial reception awaited him. He walked beside the pope in a great procession, to the Vatican hill, where, mounting the staircase, he reverently kissed each stair, in veneration of the holy men who had walked there before him.

Upon Charlemagne's return to his dominions, he invaded Spain, which had fallen into the hands of the Moors, and marched with his army to Saragossa. There an indecisive battle took place, and before Charlemagne could continue hostilities, he was compelled, by the arrival of alarming news from the northern part of his dominions, to start at once for France. The army pursued its way unmolested, until the country of the Gascons was reached. Since their conquest by Pepin, the Gascons had been constantly trying to throw off the Frankish yoke and they considered that their opportunity had at length arrived. In the deep mountain pass of Roncesvalles, in the

Pyrenees, they prepared an ambuscade for the Frankish troops. Charlemagne with the vanguard of the army, passed in safety, but the rear, led by a general named Roland, while passing through a narrow defile, between lofty precipices, were suddenly assailed by ponderous stones, trees and other objects hurled from above by the Gascons. The Frankish soldiers, taken completely by surprise and weighted with their heavy armor, could not escape. The path was soon blocked with the dead and dying, and not a man of all the company was saved, although they fought with ferocious energy until the last one fell. This sad event was kept alive from generation to generation in the song and story of the Provençal minstrels, and the brave Roland and his men became the popular heroes.

To the eastward of Charlemagne's dominions, were a wild people of the Tartar race, the Avari, who were a constant menace to Charlemagne's subjects living near them. The Frankish king conducted a war, lasting several years, against them, resulting finally in their total defeat. The Avari were converted to Christianity through the untiring efforts of Virgilius, Bishop of Salzburg. The efforts of this good prelate were constantly directed towards upholding the rights of the peasantry against the powerful nobles. The ceremonies attending the election of a duke of Carin-

thia, dated from that time, and were observed for centuries. The "furgenstein" or prince's stone may still be seen near Clagen. A peasant, seated upon this stone, commanded that the newly-elected duke be brought before him. "Who is he that comes so proudly?" asked the peasant, to which the people answered, "Our country's lord." "Is he a righteous judge, a defender of widows and orphans, an upholder of Christianity?" was the next question put by the peasant judge. When the people answered in the affirmative, the peasant arose, and yielded his seat on the stone to the duke, first giving him a box on the ear.

Charlemagne held his court at Paderborn, when peace reigned throughout his kingdom. He had reached the pinnacle of his greatness, and showed himself no less great in peace than he had been in war. He was exceedingly anxious that the youth of the period should be given every opportunity of acquiring a good education—a privilege which had been denied to preceding generations. As there were few native Frankish teachers, Charlemagne offered great inducements to the scholars of Italy, and even of distant England, to come to his dominions and teach the young Franks. Alcuin, the noted British scholar and writer, was one of these teachers.

Upon one occasion, after his return from a journey, Charlemagne called together his young

students, to inquire how they had progressed during his absence. He found that the young men of the lower classes had been very diligent, while their noble companions had not made nearly so much progress. This provoked the good king, who reprimanded the lazy students, telling them that they relied for advancement on their noble names and rich clothing. "I care nothing for these things," he continued, "and, unless you change speedily, you will get nothing good from Charles." To the studious scholars, he promised rich rewards and praised them for their industry.

Charlemagne tried to repair his own neglected education, and acquired a fair knowledge of Latin, Greek, astronomy and rhetoric, but could never learn to write, in spite of the fact that he labored diligently. He kept his tablets and pencil under his pillow, so that he could practise writing, before rising in the morning.

Many distinguished visitors flocked to Paderborn to pay court to the great monarch. The Turkish caliph, Haroun Al Raschid, sent an emissary with rich presents—an elephant, a set of jeweled chess-men, and a curious clock, so contrived that twelve little figures of knights emerged from it, and paraded upon the striking of the hour.

Charlemagne had the satisfaction of entertaining a no less honored guest than the venerable

pontiff, Leo III, who had made his escape from Rome during an insurrection, in the course of which two attempts were made upon his life. Leo resolved to apply for aid to the great monarch who had ever been the friend and protector of the Holy See. He made his way to Paderborn where Charlemagne, his family, the army and court, all assembled to meet him. As soon as the pope appeared, the great multitude prostrated themselves three times before the Vicar of Christ. Three times the pontiff gave them his blessing. He then embraced Charlemagne, who led him to the church of Paderborn, where a service of thanksgiving was performed. This interview had a great effect upon the pope's enemies in Rome, who feared the sword of Charlemagne, and, a few months later, Leo returned in triumph to his pontifical city. Charlemagne followed the pope to Rome, and, on Christmas day, 800, a great ceremony took place in the basilica of St. Peter. This was the anointing of the Frankish monarch, whom the pontiff crowned King of the Roman Empire of the West. When the crown was placed upon the brow of the kneeling Charlemagne, the lofty arches of St. Peter's rang with the cry "Long life and victory to the most pious Carolus Augustus, the Caesar," and from that time the emperors of Germany have borne the title of Kaiser or Caesar.

Charlemagne spent the last years of his life

arranging for the education of his subjects, and for their advancement in the knowledge of the useful arts. The women were taught weaving, sewing and embroidering. Even the princesses of the royal family made their own clothing. Agriculture was taught by foreign gardeners, who were induced, by the promise of liberal rewards, to come to the Frankish kingdom. It is probable that the grape-vine was first planted in Germany during the reign of Charlemagne. We have seen how solicitous he was for the education of the young people of his realm. Even the hostages of war were sent to school. The arts of music and poetry were not neglected, and many Latin and Greek works were translated into the Frankish language.

It was during the beneficent reign of Charlemagne that the Germans began to relinquish their former rough mode of life, and to show a taste for the fine arts, as they were known at that time, as well as a love of civilization and refinement. The emperor's own palace at Aix-la-Chapelle was considered so wonderfully magnificent, that it was compared to the papal palace, and received the name of "Little Rome." Another of the royal castles was at Ingelheim, on the Rhine. Some of the beautiful columns which formed a part of it may still be seen in the court of the old castle at Heidelberg.

Charlemagne was an advocate of simplicity in dress, especially for men, and one day, when his nobles appeared before him dressed in costly silks and satins, he mockingly led them out into a pouring rain, and kept them there until all their fine clothes were quite spoiled. The great Frankish king was seven feet tall, and possessed wonderful strength. He wielded his heavy iron lance as if it had been a feather, and excelled in feats of strength and agility. His prowess at the tournaments excited the wonder and admiration of all spectators.

In January, 814, the great emperor fell ill, and as his malady increased, he made his preparations for death. Taking his only surviving son Ludwig to the cathedral of Aachen, he bade the young man swear, before the high altar, to serve God, to watch over and love his subjects, to live a holy life and to protect the Church. Charlemagne then took his crown from the high altar, and solemnly placed it on the head of Ludwig, whom he proclaimed emperor of the Franks. The pious monarch viewed his approaching death with Christian fortitude. The viaticum was administered by Hildebold, Archbishop of Cologne, after which the dying Charlemagne summoned all his remaining strength to pronounce the words, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

His death occurred in the seventieth year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his reign.

The body of Charlemagne was placed into the crypt beneath the dome of the basilica at Aix-la-Chapelle, not in a recumbent attitude, but seated erect in a marble chair, as if the great king were giving audience. He was interred, dressed in his royal robes, his sword at his side, and a copy of the Gospels on his knees. On the stone which closed the tomb were these words, "Beneath this tomb lies the body of Charles the Great, who gloriously extended the kingdom of the Franks, and ruled it fortunately for forty-seven years.

A great French writer has paid a glowing tribute in one of his works to Charlemagne, to whom he refers as "a great monarch, who made admirable laws, and put them into execution—a master in the art of doing the greatest deeds with ease, and the most difficult with readiness. If he knew how to punish, he knew still better how to pardon."

The Church, whose champion Charlemagne had always been, honored him by placing his statue in the portico of St. Peter's at Rome, where it remains to this day, a memorial of the gratitude of the Holy See to the noble monarch of the Franks.

ST. HENRY.

ST. HENRY was the son of Henry the Wrangler, so-called on account of his quarrelsome disposition. This headstrong noble had aspired to the throne of Germany, on the death of the emperor, Otto II, but being finally convinced of the futility of pressing his claim against the rightful heir, Otto III, abandoned his pretensions, and finally took the oath of allegiance.

Otto had but little desire to begin his reign with a civil war, and, was, in consequence, so grateful to the quarrelsome Henry, for yielding to him, that he rewarded him with the splendid dukedom of Bavaria. Thus St. Henry became, on the death of his father, Duke of Bavaria.

Otto III died at the early age of twenty-nine. He was called the Wonder, on account of his great learning. Being part Italian, and having a strong predilection for everything pertaining to Italy, he was not very popular with his German subjects, who were really but slightly acquainted with him, as the greater part of his short life had been spent away from his dominions in Germany.

Otto died childless, and, as it had been the custom, since the fourth century, to elect an emperor, when there was no direct heir to the German throne, Henry was chosen to fill the exalted position, in spite of the fact that there were, besides himself, two aspirants to the throne. Hermann of Swabia and Eckhardt of Meissen were both older than the young Duke of Bavaria, and more nearly allied to the imperial house.

It was fortunate indeed for Germany that neither one of these turbulent nobles was elected. Eckhardt, in particular, was a very fiery-tempered and unreasonable man, a fact which he demonstrated clearly in his treatment of Sophia and Adelheid, sisters of Otto III. Upon the death of their brother, these princesses were very active in forwarding the interests of Henry, whom they wished to succeed Otto. This rendered Eckhardt so furious that he forced his way into their dining-apartment, one day, while they were at dinner, and destroyed their meal.

Henry was surnamed *der Fromme*, or the Pious, and was from his early childhood remarkable for the sanctity of his life. He was kneeling one day, absorbed in prayer, before the Blessed Sacrament, when he saw, in a vision, his patron, St. Wolfgang, who pointed to the words—*After Six*. Henry supposed the meaning of this, to be, that after six years he would die, and accordingly

began his preparation for death. At the end of the six years, he was elected Emperor of Germany, and assumed his new and unlooked-for dignity with the sole idea of reigning for the greater honor and glory of God, and for the good of his subjects. He was crowned in the year 1002, first at Mayence, and afterwards at Aix-la-Chapelle.

Henry came to the throne in troublous times. The pagan Slavs were despoiling northern Germany and striking terror into the hearts of the people. The newly-elected emperor marched against them with a force so inferior in numbers to the enemy, that it would have been impossible for him to gain the victory by natural means. Almighty God did not desert his faithful servant. Angels were seen guiding the German troops, who won an overwhelming victory over the Slavs. It was not only a temporal victory, but a spiritual one, also, for the Slav leader Mistevoi embraced Christianity and suffered banishment from his country rather than renounce the True Faith.

It was after this war, that Henry gave, as a token of gratitude to the Danes, who had assisted him, permission to found the first independent archbishopric in Denmark—that of Lunden. Up to this time the Catholic Danes had been under the jurisdiction of the archbishop of Hamburg.

After Henry had subdued the Slavs, he found

himself forced to defend his kingdom from an invasion of the Poles and Bohemians, whose country adjoined his dominions on the East. During these wars, the castle of Meissen was set on fire. As all the men were fighting, the women bravely battled with the flames, which they finally extinguished by pouring mead upon the fire, after they had exhausted the supply of water. Peace was declared between Germany and Poland in the year 1018.

Since the time of Charlemagne, northern Italy had been under the dominion of the German emperors. The Italians did not take kindly to the idea of being ruled by a foreign emperor, and were constantly trying to achieve their independence. Henry had taken part in a war with the Italians, during the reign of his predecessor, Otto III, and shortly after his own accession to the throne another Italian revolt broke out. Henry marched into Italy, put down the rebellion, and was crowned king at Pavia. He had just arrived in Germany on his return from the Italian campaign, when news of a second revolution in Italy was brought to him.

He set out, at once, with his army for Italy, and again won a victory over the Italian rebels. Henry then proceeded to Rome. It was the saint's custom, whenever he reached a strange city, to spend the first night in prayer before the altar of

a church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. The first night of his arrival in Rome, he was praying in the church of St. Mary Major, when he saw in a vision Our Lord enter to say Mass. Saint Lawrence assisted as deacon, while numbers of saints filled the church, and angels sang in the choir.

The saintly emperor was received by the pope, with every mark of distinction. The Empress Cunigunda had accompanied her husband to Rome, and shared the honors conferred upon him. The royal couple were crowned by the pontiff, who bestowed upon Henry, the golden ball, as a symbol of the globe over which he was worthy to rule.

In 1021, the good emperor's assistance was necessary, to subdue the Greeks in southern Italy, who had revolted, aided and abetted by the Italian Duke of Capua. It was observed how miraculously the mere presence of Henry brought victory to the side whose cause he espoused, and the Greeks, fearing to fight longer against an adversary whom God favored so signally, soon surrendered.

After Henry's victory over the Greeks, and while the army was still in southern Italy, a fearful epidemic broke out, among the troops. Those hardy northern soldiers, unaccustomed to the enervating climate, and the fiery sun of that coun-

try of the South, could not resist the ravages of the disease, and numbers perished. Henry returned, with the remnant of the army, which had escaped the plague, to Germany, where fresh troubles awaited him.

Disturbances had arisen in the Netherlands, where a robbery committed upon some merchants by the Frisii, had occasioned a bitter quarrel between Dietrich, Graf of Holland, and Gottfried of Lothringia. The two enemies met, with their forces, at Merwe, where an engagement took place, resulting in the total defeat of Gottfried. By the exercise of tact and patience, Henry finally brought about peace between the belligerents.

Henry's sister, Gisela, was the wife of the Hungarian king, Stephen, who is a canonized saint of the Church. Hungary owes her conversion to Christianity to the efforts of Stephen and Henry, who spared no pains nor labor to bring the pagan Hungarians to the knowledge of the True Faith.

The career of Henry had hitherto allowed him but little time or opportunity for the gratification of his fondest wish—the aggrandizement of the Church in Germany. After the conclusion of peace in Holland, he began to build churches and monasteries, and to endow bishoprics. He considered that his ancestors had obtained possession, unjustly, of the lands of Bamberg, and he, accordingly, endowed a bishopric, with this prop-

erty, building upon it a splendid cathedral, where he and his wife, St. Cunigunda, are interred. On account of his munificence to the Church, St. Henry is generally represented holding in his hand, a miniature cathedral.

Visitors to the quaint old town of Bamberg may see, in the cathedral founded by St. Henry, his tomb and that of St. Cunigunda, with their effigies and scenes from their lives sculptured in limestone. There is a representation of St. Henry cured by St. Benedict of an illness, and another of St. Cunigunda paying the workmen who built the cathedral.

Bamberg has always been a great Catholic city and contains, besides numerous churches, Catholic schools and libraries, a celebrated seminary for the education of young men for the priesthood. The visitor to this ancient city is everywhere reminded of the good saints who were called, so many centuries ago, to their heavenly reward, but whose influence for good still lives. In the center of the Maximilians-Platz, there is a fountain, above which are statues of St. Henry and St. Cunigunda. In the library are displayed the prayer-books used by the emperor and empress, and the finely illuminated parchments, donated by Henry to the diocese of Bamberg.

St. Cunigunda is one of the most illustrious of the women saints of the Church, and led an ex-

tremely holy and mortified life. Being accused, unjustly, of a great sin, she boldly offered to prove her innocence by walking over red-hot plowshares, in the presence of her husband and the court. Almighty God was pleased to testify to her innocence by a miracle, for she stepped bare-foot on to the seething iron as if it had been a velvet carpet, without the slightest hurt or inconvenience, and her calumniators never again dared call into question the sanctity of Cunigunda.

After her husband's death, the holy empress renounced the world, and took the vows of a Benedictine nun, edifying all her sisters in religion by her humility and obedience to her superiors. She was most industrious, laboring constantly for the poor, or embroidering vestments for the service of the altar. Cunigunda was fond of quoting from the epistle of St. Paul, "He who will not work, neither let him eat."

St. Henry was once seized with a great weariness and disgust for the pomps and vanities of the world. He went to the monastery of Verdun, intending to renounce the world and take the vows of a monk. The abbot pretended to accede to Henry's request to be admitted to the monastery as a novice, and gave him a lecture on the importance and necessity of obedience in the religious life. St. Henry supposed that the abbot intended to try his vocation by giving him some re-

pulsive or difficult task to perform, but imagine his surprise, when the sermon was concluded in these words; "Now, my son, I command thee to return to thy people, and to fulfil perfectly all the duties of the exalted station in life to which God has called thee. The emperor comes to learn obedience, and he practices this lesson by ruling wisely."

Henry obediently left the monastery, and taking up the burden of his duties, abandoned all idea of becoming a monk.

In the year 1024, St. Henry went to pay a visit to his great friend, the pious King Robert of France, who received the distinguished guest with every demonstration of joy. This was the last meeting of the two friends, upon earth, for Henry was taken ill, shortly after his return to Germany, and died, in the twenty-second year of his reign.

St. Henry was a beautiful example of detachment of heart amid the cares and distractions of the world. His motto was, "Never be overfond of anything, then wilt thou never grieve," a counsel which he followed all his life. From his early youth, he dedicated himself to the service of God, and, although a monastic state would have been more to his liking than the mode of life he was obliged to follow at court, he readily abandoned his own will, to do the will of God.

His zeal for the spread of the True Faith is evidenced in the conversion of the countries bordering on his dominions. In his own kingdom, where the people were already Catholic, his benignant rule brought a universal increase of piety and fervor.

St. Henry was canonized during the pontificate of Eugenius III, and his remains rest beside those of his wife in the cathedral of Bamberg, which the saintly pair erected and endowed.

After her husband's death, St. Cunigunda conferred upon Conrad, whom Henry had chosen for his successor, the royal insignia. Then repairing to the cathedral, she laid aside her crown and royal robes, to assume the coarse habit of a novice of the Benedictine order. She cast aside her crown and jewels with so much contempt, that the spectators were moved to tears. The pious empress entered the monastery which she had founded at Kaffungen, and edified all her sisters in religion by her strict observance of the rules of the order. Cunigunda passed fifteen years of her life, in the practice of all the virtues of the religious state.

When the saint lay upon her death-bed, her weeping companions began to prepare a rich cloth fringed with gold, with which they intended to cover her body after death. As soon as Cunigunda noticed these preparations, she showed signs of great distress and ordered the cloth re-

moved. She could not rest until a promise had been made that she should be buried in the coarse habit of the Benedictine nun. She was interred beside St. Henry, and was canonized by Pope Innocent III, in the year 1200.

In the holy lives of St. Henry and St. Cuni-gunda, we learn the effect of good example. Probably neither would have been so great a saint, without the encouragement and assistance of the other in the practice of virtue. In the midst of the pomps and vanities of a royal court, they led lives as mortified as any community of religious in a monastery, and their beautiful and pious characters are an honor to the great country whose history they adorn so well.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, surnamed Cœur de Lion, or Lion-heart, was born at Oxford, that ancient seat of English learning, September 8, 1157. He was the third son of King Henry II of England and his French wife, Eleanor of Aquitaine. With two elder brothers having a prior claim to the throne, there was but slight probability of Richard's ever becoming king of England, so the title of Duke of Aquitaine was conferred upon him, and he was sent to France to be educated.

The course of training for a young nobleman of the twelfth century was very severe. At the age of seven, he was taken from the women who had had entire charge of him, and given over to the guidance of men, whose duty it was to train him in all kinds of athletics, such as leaping, running, the use of arms and other accomplishments deemed necessary to the education of a knight. Richard began very early to excel in all deeds of prowess. While still a young boy, he could mount a galloping horse, climb a tall ladder by

means of his hands only and perform various other feats of valor and strength. At the age of fourteen, he acquired the rank and title of squire, and at twenty-one, the degree of knighthood. The conferring of knighthood was a solemn ceremony having something of a religious character. The young candidate, fasting and solitary, watched beside his weapons all night in a chapel containing the Blessed Sacrament. In the morning, he assisted at a solemn high mass, said by the bishop, assisted by numerous priests. At the conclusion of the Mass, the young aspirant advanced to the altar, with his sword suspended about his neck. Handing his weapon to the bishop, he stood, with modest mien, during the ceremony of its consecration. This concluded, he listened to a sermon in the course of which he was told that "he who aspires to be a knight must have great qualities. He must be bountiful in giving, high in courage, strong in danger, secret in council, patient in difficulties, prudent in all his deeds." Then the candidate took his oath that he would observe certain rules: "to spare neither his blood nor his life for the Catholic Faith, and for the defence of the Church, to give aid to widows and orphans, to protect the innocent and the oppressed, to be humble in all things and to live irreproachably before God and man." Then the young candidate's godfather in arms advanced and striking

him with his sword, said, "In the name of God, St. Michael and St. George, I dub thee knight, be loyal, bold and true." The ceremony concluded with the buckling on of the sword and golden spurs, which only a knight was permitted to wear.

Richard's father, Henry II, was a man of strong passions, and possessed such a violent temper, that, in his fits of anger, he would roll on the floor and bite the rushes with which it was strewn. A man who cannot control himself, will generally find it impossible to control those over whom he has authority, and so it proved with this turbulent and fiery-tempered king. Richard and his brothers, Henry and Geoffrey, aided by the French king, rose in revolt against their father, and strove to take from him his territory of Poitou in France. This strange war between father and sons continued for several years, and before its conclusion, Henry and Geoffrey both died. Richard afterwards repented bitterly of his un-filial conduct, and, shortly before his death, directed that his body be buried at the feet of his father, in token of submission to him. Henry II died in the year 1189 and was succeeded by Richard. At that time, nearly all of Europe was engaged in a crusade, or war against the Turks, who were in possession of the Holy Land. A monk, called Peter the Hermit, having gone on a pilgrimage to the holy places in and near Jeru-

saalem, was so much grieved by the infamous manner in which Christian pilgrims were treated by the Turks, that he resolved to return to Europe, describe what he had witnessed, and call for an army to battle for the rights of Christians in the Holy Land. The pope encouraged him and marvelous success attended his preaching. At one place in Italy, after he had concluded his sermon, the great audience shouted with one accord "it is the will of God," and thousands came forward to receive the badge of the crusader, a cross worn upon the arm.

The crusades had been going on with varying success for two years, when Richard ascended the throne of England. It was not to be expected that a king of Richard's brave and chivalrous nature, would remain quietly at home during the crusades. He assembled a band of warriors, and set sail for the Holy Land, soon after his coronation. Although the lion-hearted monarch started on his journey, a bachelor, he had no intention of arriving at the end of it, in that state. During his long absence from England, he had formed the acquaintance of a good and beautiful Spanish princess, Berengaria, of Navarre, whom he wished to marry. Queen Eleanor was dispatched to Navarre, to press her son's suit, while Richard pursued his way, with the army to Italy, where he had agreed to await his mother's arrival

from Spain. In due time, the queen joined her son, bringing with her, his promised bride, Berengaria. As it was the season of Lent, the wedding of Richard and Berengaria could not be solemnized immediately, but the journey to the Holy Land could be delayed no longer, so the English fleet set sail from Italy. Berengaria was placed in the care of Joanna, Queen of Sicily, Richard's sister, and the ladies were assigned to one of the best vessels, while Richard led the fleet in his own ship, the *Trenc-the-Mer*, or *Cut-the-sea*, which bore a great lantern attached to her mast, to guide the fleet in the darkness of night.

King Philip Augustus, of France, had already laid siege to the Syrian city of Acre, and Richard, consumed with impatience to reach the seat of hostilities, was making all possible speed, when a frightful storm overtook the fleet, in the course of which the vessel bearing Joanna and Berengaria became separated from the others. The ladies, in the utmost alarm, finally reached the port of Limoussa, in Cyprus, where their vessel cast anchor.

Isaac, the lord of Cyprus, went to meet the storm-tossed travelers whom he treated civilly enough, at first. When he was told that Berengaria was the destined bride of Richard, he became very angry and acted in such a threatening manner, that it was deemed prudent by those in

charge of the princess's vessel to put out to sea without delay. In the meantime, Richard had mustered his fleet, and discovered two vessels missing, one bearing his bride and his sister, and the other, the chancellor of England and the great seal of state. The latter vessel had been lost, with all on board. Richard at once began a search for the missing vessels, and, drawing near to Cyprus, was overjoyed to see the galley of Berengaria. He was very much incensed at the ruler of Cyprus, when he learned how his sister and bride had been treated, and leaped, armed as he was, into a small boat which he ordered to be rowed ashore with all speed. He found Isaac and some of his people plundering the wreck of the English chancellor's vessel. Richard sent a message to the Cypriot, asking from whom he received the privilege of plundering English vessels. Isaac answered that "whatever the sea cast upon his island, he would take without asking leave of any man." Richard said that the plunder would be dearly bought and holding his battle-ax aloft, he led his soldiers to the attack. Isaac and his subjects were greatly alarmed and hastily sought places of refuge. They made their escape to the mountains and Richard easily captured the city of Limoussa.

The coast being clear, Richard signaled the vessel of Joanna and Berengaria to come in to the

harbor, and great was the joy of the English when their king's affianced bride landed safely, after the many perils to which she had been exposed. Preparations were at once begun for the marriage of Richard and Berengaria, which was celebrated in Limoussa, amid great rejoicing. The wedding was followed by a grand coronation, for the Cypriots, weary of their despotic ruler, Isaac, were glad to place themselves under the authority of Richard. Accordingly, he was crowned king of Cyprus, and Berengaria, queen of England and Cyprus. The king wore, at the coronation, a satin tunic and a mantle of silver tissue embroidered in crescents. His sword had a hilt of gold, and his horse was bitted with the same precious metal. His saddle was inlaid with jewels, and had, in place of a crupper, two little golden lions with upraised paws. Berengaria was also magnificently dressed and mounted.

After the wedding of Richard and Berengaria, they continued the long-delayed journey to Palestine, and as the weather was serene, and the wind favorable, they landed without further accident. When the *Trenc-the-Mer* hove in sight, the whole Christian army marched to the beach, with music and waving banners, to welcome the lion-hearted king, who had come to aid them in their struggle for the possession of the Holy Land. It was said that the earth shook with the

footsteps of the Christians, and that their shouts of joy could be heard for many miles.

Shortly after the arrival of the English in Palestine, the city of Acre was captured by the Christians, and Richard left Berengaria there, while he went into camp with the army. Near the mosque, at Acre, there are the ruins of a building called to this day, King Richard's palace. It was, doubtless, the home of Berengaria during the crusade in which her husband took part.

The record of Richard's valiant deeds would fill a volume. He assisted in the capture of Ascalon, and took part in the battle of Jaffa where his good horse, Fanuelle was killed. This animal shared his master's fame in the songs of the troubadors of the period, and the name of Fanuelle was almost as well known as that of Richard. When the Saracen leader, Saladin, saw the English king fighting on foot, after his horse had fallen, he sent a magnificent charger to him as a present. Richard prudently ordered one of his followers to ride the horse first. As soon as the fiery steed felt the stranger on his back, he took the bit between his teeth, and galloped back to the Saracen camp, bearing his English rider into the midst of the enemy. Saladin was so ashamed of the way his present had acted, that he at once gave orders for a gentler animal to be brought, upon

which the English knight rode back in safety to the Christian camp.

Had it not been for the mean and petty jealousy of a rival in arms Richard would, in all probability, have captured the city of Jerusalem. This rival was Hugh, Duke of Burgundy. He and Richard were together when they received secret information that the garrison guarding Jerusalem had gone to assist the city of Damascus. Richard and Hugh at once set out with their troops, for the holy city. When they were within a short distance of Jerusalem, Hugh and his followers turned back, because they did not wish the king of England to have the glory of taking the city. One of Richard's knights called to him, "Sire, Sire, come hither and I will show you Jerusalem," but Richard covered his face with his mantle and fell on his knees exclaiming "O God, if I am not worthy to rescue Jerusalem, I am also unworthy to look upon it."

After this great disappointment, Richard concluded with the enemy a truce, or an agreement not to fight, for a period of two years. When this truce was arranged, he and Saladin met and conceived a great liking and admiration for one another. Richard was heard to declare that he would rather be the friend of the brave and honest pagan, than the ally of some of his Christian comrades in arms.

King Richard sent his wife and sister home, and embarked in another vessel for England. He encountered a severe storm in the Adriatic Sea, and was ship-wrecked and cast upon the shore of Austria. Leopold, the Austrian duke, was the English king's deadly enemy, and it was necessary for Richard to proceed with the greatest caution. Disguised as a templar, and accompanied by a single attendant, he hoped to escape detection. One day, his page, while buying provisions at a village shop, accidentally displayed a glove of Richard's. This glove was curiously embroidered, and had been worn by the English king in Palestine. It was at once recognized by an Austrian crusader, who happened to be in the shop. The boy was forced to reveal his master's whereabouts, and the news was at once carried to Leopold, who gave orders to search the inn where Richard was concealed. At first, no one resembling the lion-hearted king, could be found, in fact, the inn seemed deserted by all its inmates, with the exception of a templar who sat before the kitchen fire and turned the spit on which were roasting the fowls for dinner. One of the searching-party, who had seen Richard in Palestine recognized him, in spite of his disguise, and cried, pointing to the supposed templar, "There he is, hold him." You may be sure that the brave king fought desperately for his liberty, but he was at

length overpowered and imprisoned so closely, that, for a long time, it was suspected that he had died. He might, indeed, have ended his life in captivity, had it not been for the efforts of a humble friend, a minstrel named Blondel, between whom and Richard there had existed a warm affection. The lion-hearted king was a poet and a musician of no mean ability, and he had composed a song which was known to only Blondel and himself. It was by means of this song that Richard's rescue from prison was effected. Blondel wandered several months without finding the slightest trace of his friend, and was beginning to grow discouraged, when, late one evening, the tired minstrel arrived at a little village, guarded by a frowning castle on top of a cliff. He entered into conversation with the village miller, from whom he learned that the castle contained but a single prisoner, a tall, strong man with a reddish beard. Blondel was convinced that the prisoner was the one he sought, and making his way with all speed to the castle, he stationed himself beneath one of the windows, and began to sing the first verse of King Richard's song. To his great delight, he was answered by the singing of the second verse, and then he knew that his search had been successful. He hastened to England with the joyful tidings that King Richard was alive and had been found. Queen Eleanor at once took

measures to bring about her son's release from prison. She solicited aid from the pope, and at length, after the payment of an enormous ransom, King Richard was set free. On his return to England, he found affairs in great confusion. During his prolonged absence, his younger brother John had tried to possess himself of the throne. Richard generously forgave the would-be usurper's perfidy, saying "I forgive you, John, and I wish I could as easily forget your offence, as you will forget my pardon.

Then followed an epoch in Richard's life, which was anything but creditable to him. He associated with all kinds of disreputable characters, was guilty of intemperance and other vices and gave much scandal to his subjects. One day, Richard was hunting with his wild companions when he became separated from them in the forest. As he pursued his solitary way, he met a hermit who recognized him and preached a little sermon, begging the king to give up his wicked mode of life, and prophesying that a sudden and untimely death would be his fate, if he did not repent speedily. Richard paid but little heed to this admonition until he was seized with an alarming illness. This occurred soon after his adventure in the forest, and, greatly disturbed, he recalled the hermit's warning. Wishing to repair, as far as was possible, the scandal he had caused, the

king sent for all the priests in the neighborhood of the castle where he lay upon his sick-bed. When they were assembled in his apartment, he made a public confession of all his faults and promised to amend his life. Richard's repentance was sincere, for he persevered in his good resolutions after his recovery, and never relapsed into the vices which had disfigured his life before his illness.

As Richard, besides being king of England, was also duke of Aquitaine in France, he and the French king became involved in disputes resulting in numerous petty wars. It was while storming the castle of a French baron, that the lion-hearted king received his death-wound. An arrow lodged in his shoulder. The wound appeared slight at first, but blood-poisoning developed, causing his death in the forty-second year of his age, and the tenth of his reign.

The remarkable generosity of Richard's character is shown in his conduct towards the archer who shot the fatal arrow. Although suffering great pain, when the deadly nature of his wound revealed itself, he sent for the archer, assured him of forgiveness, and ordered that the man should not be imprisoned, nor punished in any way. He then began to prepare for death. His brother John was made the heir to the English throne, as Richard and Berengaria were childless. John

was a weak, cruel man, and disfigured his short reign with many wicked deeds. The career of Richard was more interesting and romantic than that of any other English king. His wonderful strength and bravery won for him the title of Lion-heart, and were celebrated in song and story many years after his death. To his valor were united great generosity and nobility of character—qualities which went far towards atoning for his faults. From the fact that he freely and fully forgave his enemies, we may conclude that he was incapable of harboring malice or revenge.

The lion-hearted king was admired and respected by the very Saracens against whom he fought in the Holy Land, and many years after his death, it was still the custom for the Saracen mother to quiet her fretful baby with “Hush thee, or I will call King Richard;” and the Arab’s startled horse would feel his master’s hand soothing him, while he heard his master’s voice in the words, “Peace, didst thou think it was King Richard?”

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

THIS good king belonged to that far-off time before the Norman-French invaded England; in fact, he was the last of the Saxon kings, and one of the best rulers that England ever had.

England had been for many years before the birth of Edward, in a very unsettled and miserable state. The fierce sea-kings from Norway and Denmark made repeated incursions into England, striking terror into the inhabitants, whom they treated with great arrogance and cruelty.

There were several Danish kings of England, and, during their reign, their followers compelled the native Saxons to give them the best board and lodging that their houses afforded, to wait upon them at table, and to address them as "Lord Danes." This state of affairs became intolerable to the Saxons, and they were constantly at war with the invaders. The only Danish king whom the Saxons could tolerate, was Canute, a good, sensible man, whose reign brought more peace than the disturbed country had known for a long

time. There is a rather interesting little anecdote told about him. One day his courtiers began to flatter him, telling him what a great king he was, and intimating that his power was so vast, that it would extend even to the ocean, whose waves he could subdue at will. Canute was disgusted with this foolish flattery, and determined to teach the courtiers a useful lesson. Accordingly he directed that his chair be placed upon the sea-shore, when the tide was rising. He seated himself with all his flatterers about him, and, raising his scepter, commanded the sea to approach no nearer. Very soon he and his attendants were forced to abandon their position, as the rising tide splashed over them. Canute then rebuked the courtiers, telling them never again to attribute to a creature a power which belongs only to God.

While Canute reigned in England, the Saxon king had taken refuge in Normandy, a part of France, which received its name from the Norman sea-kings, who conquered it. This prince's name was Ethelred, and he was surnamed the Unready, from the indecision and slowness of his disposition. He married the Norman princess Emma, and their son, Edward, afterwards became the great and good monarch, whom the Church honors with the title of Confessor.

After the death of Ethelred, his widow married Canute, and they had one son, Hardicanute, who

was the last king of Danish extraction to rule in England.

Emma, who had remarried in England after Canute's death, lived in great splendor at Winchester. Her sons by her first marriage, Edward and Alfred, were still in Normandy, and affairs in England were managed almost entirely by a powerful Saxon nobleman, Earl Godwin. Canute's son, Harold, had succeeded his father on the throne, but he was a weak-minded prince, whom his subjects regarded with fear and dislike. Harold was guilty of a dreadful act of cruelty toward his step-brother Alfred, an act in which he is supposed to have been aided by Earl Godwin. These two conspirators professed great friendship for the young prince, and sent a message to Normandy, inviting him and his brother Edward to visit England. Alfred, being the elder of the two brothers, was the rightful heir to certain portions of England, over which Harold desired to reign, and he formed the wicked design of ridding himself of his rival, with the aid of Godwin. When the young princes reached England, they were set upon by a large number of Godwin's vassals, who captured Alfred and immured him in a prison at Ely, after torturing him in a most horrible manner. He died soon after, and his brother Edward, who had not been captured, fled with their mother to Normandy.

Harold then took possession of Alfred's dominions, but his triumph was not of long duration. He died in a very short time, little regretted by any of his subjects, and was succeeded by his half-brother, Hardicanute, the son of Canute and Emma. Hardicanute was little better than his predecessor, although his first act was an attempt at punishing the murderers of Alfred. He accused Godwin of the crime, but the crafty nobleman denied all complicity in it, and, to appease the king, made him a present of a galley, or ship, with a gilt stern, rowed by eighty men, each of them wearing a gold bracelet on his arm, and clothed in the most sumptuous manner.

Hardicanute, on receiving this fine present, forgot his brother's murder, and acquitted Godwin, who stoutly protested his innocence of any part in poor Alfred's cruel death.

In the meantime Edward remained in Normandy, where he had taken refuge after his unlucky visit to England, living a good, pious life, and little dreaming that he would ever occupy a throne. He was much astounded, therefore, by the arrival of a messenger, who had traveled with all speed to Normandy, bearing tidings of the sudden death of Hardicanute, and an invitation from Earl Godwin to come to England and assume the reins of government.

Godwin was powerful enough to have made

himself king, had he wished, and the fact that he did not do so, shows that he had, at least, some idea of justice. Edward and Godwin had not been friends since the violent death of Edward's brother, but they agreed to bury their animosities, and in token of their reconciliation a marriage was arranged between Edward and Godwin's beautiful and virtuous daughter, Edith.

Edward was forty years old when he ascended the throne, twenty-seven of which had been spent in exile. In the hard school of adversity he had acquired those virtues which were the foundation of his greatness. England was in a pitiable condition at the time of Edward's accession to the throne. The native Saxons, who had been practically the slaves of the Danes, were almost savages, ignorant, clumsy and rude. The monasteries, which were the only seats of learning in the Middle Ages, had been destroyed during the invasion of the pagan Danes, and their precious manuscripts burned. The laws of the realm were few and imperfect, and were more frequently disregarded than observed. Edward tried to instil a love for the law into his subjects by means of kindness rather than severity, for he made allowance for their failings, which he considered less the result of depravity, than of the unfortunate manner in which they had been governed. One morning at dawn, the king was awakened by

a slight noise in his apartment. He looked about, and what was his astonishment to see a man in the act of taking some gold coins from a chest which stood in one corner of the room! Instead of calling for help and delivering the thief to punishment, the good king only said, "My friend, never do that again, for if my chancellor of the exchequer catches you, you will not escape as easily as you do now."

But King Edward, like all reformers, met with many vexations and troubles. The Normans, with whom he had spent so many years of his life, were much more refined and better educated than the Saxons, a fact which made it easier to find Normans fitted to occupy certain positions than Saxons. Consequently many Norman friends of the king were placed in positions of trust, and some of his Saxon subjects complained that they were unfairly treated by Edward. Ill-feeling was thus engendered between the Normans and the Saxons. At length the smoldering fire burst into flame.

A Norman friend of King Edward, Eustace, Count of Boulogne, had paid a visit to England, and stopped at Dover, on his return to France. One of his attendants was refused admittance to an inn, and attempting to force his way into the house, wounded the inn-keeper. The inhabitants then attacked the Norman and killed him.

Count Eustace and his men took arms, and in the tumult, twenty people were slain, Eustace being forced to save his life by flight. He hurried to court and complained of the treatment he had received. The king was much displeased and mortified that a stranger of rank, who had been his guest, should have been subjected to violence in his dominions, and he gave orders to Earl Godwin, in whose district Dover lay, to go there at once and punish the offenders. But Godwin, who rather wished to encourage enmity between the Saxons and the Normans, refused to obey the king's order, and threw the whole blame for the unfortunate affair on Eustace and his train. Godwin was, in reality, pleased to have a pretext for a quarrel, as he wished to banish the Normans from England. He accordingly assembled a large force and marched against Gloucester, where the king resided.

Edward was totally unsuspecting of Godwin's base designs, and he was much surprised when the news reached him of what was transpiring. He lost no time in mustering a force to oppose Godwin, and so beloved was the king that his subjects flocked from all quarters to join his standard. Soon he started at the head of a great army to London. Here he summoned a council to judge Godwin and his sons, but they rather than stand trial, fled, taking refuge in Flanders.

The Earl of Flanders was the father-in-law of one of Godwin's sons, and he aided them in fitting out ships to return to England and renew the fight which they had been forced to abandon.

England had enjoyed peace during the absence of this turbulent Earl, and the inhabitants of London were astounded and dismayed to see a fleet commanded by Godwin, appear in the Thames, and anchor before the city. Edward, who dreaded the effects of war upon his subjects, made some kind of compromise with Godwin, thus averting hostilities.

Not long after the return of Godwin from Flanders, he was invited to dine with the king. The company were much amused by a cup-bearer who tripped one of his feet, but saved himself from falling by suddenly bringing up the other in a comical manner that made the guests laugh. Godwin said, referring to the man's feet, that one brother had saved the other. "Yes," answered the king, "brothers have need of brothers' aid, would to God that mine were still alive." He looked meaningly at Godwin, as he said this, appearing to insinuate that the Earl had had some part in the death of Edward's brother, Alfred.

Godwin at once reproached the king for his suspicions, and made vehement denial of any participation in the crime. He swore to his inno-

cence with a solemn oath, and said that he wished the next mouthful of bread he ate might choke him, if what he said were not true. Immediately after making this protest he put a piece of bread into his mouth, and in the act of swallowing it was seized with a fit of coughing and suffocation. The attendants hastened to his assistance, and carried him from the presence of the terrified guests. He was seized with convulsions and died in five days.

The singular and tragic death of Godwin brought peace to England, and Edward exerted every effort to bring education and order, where ignorance and lawlessness had so long held sway. Schools and churches rose under his hand. The University of Oxford, which had been founded by Edward's great-great-grandfather, King Alfred, had almost fallen into ruin. He restored and enlarged it and invited eminent teachers from the continent to take up their residence there, for the Saxons could boast of but few native teachers.

Edward mingled freely with his subjects, who had access to his presence at all times. He used frequently to retire to his country house at Brill, situated in the midst of a dense forest. Upon one of his visits Edward learned that the forest was infested by a particularly ferocious wild boar. He offered a reward for the capture of the animal,

and a certain huntsman of the neighborhood, named Nigel, determined to try for the prize. He dug a deep pit, in the bottom of which he placed a pig for bait, covering the top of the pit with branches and a little soil. After waiting patiently several nights, without success, Nigel saw the boar stealthily approaching in search of the pig, which he had scented from afar. Stepping upon the branches the boar fell into the pit, and was quickly killed by Nigel, who presented the head to the king. He was rewarded with a grant of land in the forest, which was called Boarstall. He built a house upon his domains, and his descendants have continued to reside at Boarstall through all the centuries that have elapsed since the reign of Edward.

Queen Edith was almost as much beloved by the English people as was her husband. Having no children of her own, she manifested a motherly interest in the children of her subjects. A writer who lived in those days, and has recorded some of the events of his life, describes how, on his way to school, he often met the queen, who never failed to stop him, engage him in conversation, and ask him questions about his grammar, logic and verses. She would then praise him for the progress he had made, and direct her attendant to give him a present of some money. This simple little incident shows the kindness of Edith's heart, and ex-

plains the affection with which all her subjects regarded her.

While Edward was doing all in his power to preserve peace in his dominions, the inhabitants of that part of England bordering on Wales, began to be much harassed by the Welsh, a semi-barbarous people, who would descend during the night from their mountain fastnesses, and commit all sorts of depredations upon the property of their English neighbors.

Griffith, the reigning prince of Wales, had distinguished himself in these incursions and had made his name a terror to the English. Harold, the son of Godwin, determined to lead an expedition of picked men lightly armed, into the Welsh mountains, to pursue and punish the natives. He was completely successful, reducing the Welsh to such distress that they sacrificed their own prince, whose head they cut off, and sent, in token of submission, to Harold. King Edward then appointed two Welsh princes to rule over the semi-barbarous people of Wales, who then ceased their marauding expeditions into England.

After the defeat of the Welsh, England enjoyed a period of peace, which King Edward employed in compiling a very complete set of laws, a work upon which he expended much labor and thought. As the good king had always the welfare of religion at heart, he caused numbers of churches to

be built, among them Westminster Abbey, which he had the satisfaction of seeing completed before his death.

When Edward was in his sixty-fourth year, he felt that his health was failing, and being childless, began to consider whom he would name to succeed him on the throne of England. He sent a deputation to Hungary to invite his nephew Edward, the son of his eldest brother, to come to England. This prince's right to the throne could not have been disputed, for he was the only remaining heir of the Saxon line. Unfortunately he died a few days after his arrival in England. The unexpected death of the heir whom he had selected threw the king into fresh difficulties. After due consideration he decided to name, as his heir, William of Normandy, a relative through his mother, who, you remember, was a Norman princess. Harold, the son of Godwin, wished very much to be the king's heir, and, it is said that in his eagerness he forced himself into the apartments of Edward, who was ill in bed, and asked him on whom the crown should be bestowed. Edward answered that he had appointed, as his successor, William of Normandy. Harold intimated that he would seize the throne by force, saying that he feared not the Norman, nor any other foe. The king then warned him that if he fought

the Norman it would be his ruin, a prophecy which was speedily to be fulfilled.

A few days after his interview with Harold, the good king breathed his last, sincerely mourned by all of his subjects, to whom his reign had brought peace and prosperity. He was honored as a saint by the English people, even before his canonization, which took place about a century after his death. Until the thirteenth century, he was regarded as the patron saint of England, and numerous churches in that country bear his name.

St. Edward was the first king to touch for the "king's evil," as it was called, a disease which he healed miraculously. His successors followed his example, but, not being saints, their touch had not the healing efficacy of Edward's.

In Westminster Abbey, the greatest monument to the piety and zeal of the Confessor, there is a chapel which bears his name. The curious old shrine in the center of this chapel, is surmounted by a massive oaken coffin containing the mortal remains of the good St. Edward, the last of the Saxon kings.

ST. LOUIS.

THIS child of benediction was the ninth of his name, among the kings of France. He was the son of Louis VIII and Queen Blanche of Castile, a pious and saintly woman, who was untiring in her efforts to train him in the practice of every virtue. It was her custom to say to him, "My son, I would rather see you dead at my feet, than guilty of a single mortal sin." It was not strange that Louis, while still very young, displayed great piety and zeal for religion, combined with a horror of sin, the natural result of his good mother's early training. Queen Blanche was regent of France during the long minority of her son, and she directed the affairs of the government with so much wisdom and prudence, that Louis, after assuming the reins of government, often sought her advice and deferred to her judgment in the management of his kingdom.

In the wars conducted by Louis' ancestors, many innocent persons had lost their estates, which became, by right of victory, the property of

the crown. The young king's first care, after attaining his majority, was to seek out the former owners of these estates, or their descendants, and to restore to them all their property which had reverted to the crown. In the instructions left by him to his son, Philippe, he says, "If thou art given to understand that thou holdest anything wrongfully, either in thy own time, or, in that of thy ancestors, quickly restore it, no matter how great the thing may be, either in land, or money, or otherwise.

Louis had not long been crowned, when Christendom, and, indeed, not only Christendom, but the entire civilized world was suddenly called upon to defend itself from total destruction. The Mongols, a barbarian tribe from the north of China had become so strong and so numerous, that they left the sterile plains, which had been their home, spread over the whole of Asia and marked their path with the ashes of ruined buildings and the bones of murdered men. It was the ambition of these savages to reduce the whole known world to a plain, or free prairie, where they could roam at will on their small shaggy ponies. So much were these Mongols feared and dreaded, that the people of Europe said they would one day descend upon Rome, and feed their horses on the high-altar of St. Peter's. The Emperor of Constantinople sent to ask Louis' aid

against the invaders, and promised to give him a precious relic—the crown of thorns worn by Our Blessed Lord during his passion. Louis was overjoyed, and directed that a chapel, the Sainte Chapelle should be built at Vincennes for its reception. When the precious relic arrived, Louis walked after it, barefoot from Paris to Vincennes, where it was installed in the Sainte Chapelle, with many pious ceremonies. Louis wished to show his gratitude to the Emperor of Constantinople, by starting at once to his assistance, but was detained at home by a war with England. This war finally ended in a truce brought about through the efforts of Richard Cœur de Lion, whom Louis revered for the part he had taken in the last crusade. Our saint detested war, and always tried to avoid it, if at all possible. It was his custom to arbitrate quarrels between his nobles, in order to prevent the duels which were commonly regarded, at that time, as the only way of settling a dispute.

The kingdom being at peace, Louis prepared to put into execution his darling project, the rescue of Jerusalem, but, once more, the saint had need of exercising the virtue of patience. He fell ill, and was almost at the point of death, when the news reached France, that the Mongols had swept down upon the city of Bagdad, which they had left almost entirely in ruins. Then, pushing on

towards the Holy Land, they gained a victory at Gaza, where a large number of Christians were slain. The Mongols next entered Jerusalem, which had been deserted by its inhabitants, and lured them back by a cunningly-contrived plan. They displayed crosses on the walls, and when the inhabitants returned, massacred them without mercy.

The tidings of all these disasters reached Paris, when the king was thought to be at the point of death. In fact, one of the watchers by Louis' bedside, had already covered his face, thinking that he had breathed his last. He rallied, however, and, as soon as he could speak, directed that the red cross of the crusader be placed upon his bed, and upon his tunic. His mother begged him to renounce his intention of going to the Holy Land. She represented to him, that, in his feeble condition, the trying climate of Syria would probably prove fatal. But Louis was firm in his resolve. When told that Queen Blanche had said her son might not have been in full possession of his senses, when, during his illness, he took the vow of the crusader, he sent for her and for the bishop of Paris, and said to them, "Since you believe I was not perfectly myself when I took my vows, I now pluck my cross off my shoulders and give it into your hands. But now, since you see that I am in full possession of all my faculties, then give

me back my cross, for He who knows all things, also knows that no food shall enter my mouth until I have been marked with this sign."

"It is the finger of God," said his mother, "Let us no longer oppose his will."

As soon as St. Louis had recovered his strength, he set sail for Cyprus, where he spent several months, stocking his ships with provisions, and training himself and his soldiers to resist the ill-effects of the severe Eastern climate. While Louis was in Cyprus, he received envoys from several Asiatic princes, who wished to make the acquaintance of the great French king. One Mussulman ruler, called the Old Man of the Mountain, afforded great amusement to the Frenchmen. He sent to beg of Louis, exemption from a certain tribute which he had hitherto been forced to pay to the templars. Behind the ambassador presenting the petition, stood two envoys, one bearing three swords, cunningly fitted together. These swords would have been presented, in token of defiance, with the points towards the French king, had he refused the request. The other envoy held on his arm a white cotton cloth which would have been handed to the king as his winding-sheet had he not granted the petition of the Old Man of the Mountain.

Louis sailed from Cyprus for Egypt, and, being undecided where to land, was driven by a

storm towards Damietta. He was so eager to disembark, that he leaped into the water, sword in hand, before his boat touched shore. The troops of Saracens drawn up to oppose the landing of the French, fled, after a slight skirmish, and Louis found himself in possession of the city of Damietta. He then pushed on, with his army towards Cairo, but ignorance of the roads caused the Frenchmen to take a round-about route, and fifty days were consumed in making a journey which should have occupied only ten. During this terrible march, the French suffered severely, in their heavy armor, from the Greek fire rained on them by the enemy. When Louis saw the sufferings of his troops, he knelt down, and raising his hands toward heaven prayed fervently, saying "O gracious God, preserve my people to me."

At length, the minarets and domes of Cairo were seen in the distance, by the weary Frenchmen, and soon the vanguard of the army reached the city gates. The king's brother, Robert, was so impatient to enter, that he refused to wait for the main body of the army and, setting spurs to his horse, dashed in at the open gate. The templars who were with him, followed, and immediately upon entering the city, were slain by the Saracens. The king fought valiantly when he learned of this disaster. One of his knights writes of him, "Where I was on foot with my men, the king

came with all his army, and with great noise and sound of trumpets, halted on a raised place. Never was so goodly a man-at-arms seen, for he topped all his people from the shoulders upward, and had a golden helmet on his head, and a German sword in his hand."

In the evening, some one came to inquire about the king's brother. "All that I know," said he, "is that my brother is now in Paradise."

The battle raged until after nightfall, Louis performing prodigies of valor. When the Count of Anjou was surrounded and attacked by two bodies of Saracens, one on horseback, the other on foot, the king saved him by dashing through the ranks of the enemy, his horse's mane afire. The Saracens finally retreated and Louis said aloud, before the whole army, a prayer of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the victory. It was considered almost miraculous to have defeated with infantry, most of whom were wounded, a powerful body of cavalry.

Louis had not escaped unhurt, from the conflict, and wished to retire with the army to Damietta. So many were disabled, however, that this plan had to be abandoned for a time. Soon sickness added to the sufferings of the French, who, breathing the unwholesome mists and drinking the polluted water of the Nile, were soon attacked with strange and terrible diseases. The deaths grew

daily more numerous. One day, a knight of the king's household named Joinville, who was ill, was hearing Mass in bed, when he noticed that the priest was on the point of fainting. Rising from his couch, he supported him until the holy sacrifice was ended, when the priest breathed his last.

The people, panic-stricken, and fearing the contagion, had a dread and horror of touching the dead, or of burying them. King Louis had recovered from his wound, and he set the example of Christian charity, to the army, by digging the graves and burying with his own hands those who had fallen victims to the pestilence. But the work was too great for his strength, Louis fell ill, and it was then determined to move the army to Damietta. Some of the troops were embarked on boats on the Nile, others went by land. Louis was so weak that he had to be carried on a litter. The march was soon stopped by the Saracens, and a fearful massacre of the Christians took place. Louis was taken prisoner, and the French, anxious to ransom their beloved king, desired to make terms with the enemy. The sultan finally consented to deliver the royal prisoner to the French, taking in return the city of Damietta and a large sum of money, but before the terms of the agreement could be carried out, the Saracen ruler was killed by his own subjects, who then

attacked the French prisoners. The king escaped and finally returned to France with the remnant of his army which had escaped the pestilence and the Saracen prison. His wife, Margaret, who had bravely accompanied him to Egypt, also returned home taking with her the little prince John, who was born in the Holy Land while his father was the prisoner of the sultan.

Queen Blanche had died during the absence of Louis, who was thus deprived of the melancholy satisfaction of soothing her last hours on earth, by his presence.

Soon after the return home of the French from Egypt, reports began to reach Europe that the Mongols were committing terrible ravages in Syria. These savages had been joined by the Mamelukes, a band of Turkish outlaws; and one Christian stronghold after another fell into their hands. Thousands of Christians were slaughtered for refusing to deny the Faith. In Antioch alone, seventeen thousand of these martyrs were put to the sword, and one hundred thousand sold into slavery.

The terrible tidings of these events set on fire the ardent and pious spirit of Louis. At night, while at prayer in the Sainte Chapelle, his imagination pictured the sufferings of the helpless Christians in Syria, and he fancied he could hear their cries for deliverance. On May 25, 1267, he

assembled his barons in the great hall of the Louvre. Louis entered, bearing in his hands the holy crown of thorns from the Sainte Chapelle. Then, in the presence of all the court, he solemnly took the cross of the crusader, his example being followed by his two brothers, his sons and many barons. A second time, the brave king prepared for the dangerous expedition to the Holy Land. It was decided to land the army at Tunis, because the ruler of that country was friendly to the French. A Jew from Tunis had been converted and baptized in Paris. Louis invited the Tunisian ambassadors to the ceremony, and said to them; "Tell your master, that so strong is my longing for his conversion, that I would be willing to enter a Saracen prison for the rest of my life, and never again see the light of day, if, by so doing, I could make your king and his people Christians." This kind message was so pleasing to the ruler of Tunis, that he resolved to serve the French king whenever it should be in his power to do so. His friendship proved most valuable, for the French landed in Tunis without opposition, and started on the trying march across the desert. The fierce summer sun of that tropical climate beat down pitilessly on the soldiers in their heavy armor. No shade, no trees nor grass, nothing but the burning yellow sands of the desert into which their struggling horses plunged deep at every step.

The only water obtainable was taken from stagnant pools, or cisterns full of insects. In a few days, the plague broke out. The king and his sons fell ill, the youngest died. As this prince was Louis' favorite child, his confessor dared not acquaint the bereaved father with the sad news for one entire week, and by that time, Louis was himself preparing to go to his eternal reward. The saintly king, in the midst of his pains, dictated a beautiful instruction to his son and successor, and even received an ambassador of the Greek king, who sent to beg a favor of the king of France.

On the ninth day of his illness, in the evening, Louis felt that his end was near, and ordered his attendants to lift him from his bed and place him upon a cross of ashes on the floor. He was heard to pray for his people, begging Almighty God to grant them a safe return to France. Several times he murmured "O Jerusalem, O Jerusalem!" On August 25, 1270, Louis breathed his last, an exile from his native land for the love of God.

St. Louis was canonized twenty-seven years after his death, and his feast is celebrated by the church on the twenty-fifth of August.

The character of this holy king is one of the most attractive and lovable among the saints of the Church. We delight to think of him, walk-

ing in the early morning after mass, in the forest of Vincennes, reading the office of the church—a devotion which was often interrupted, perhaps to arbitrate between two quarreling barons, or to settle the claim of a poor peasant, for all his subjects were allowed to appear before the good king, whenever it suited them. He punished infringement of the law, when necessary, but always preferred to deal leniently with offenders. He gave orders to his soldiers in Syria, that all Saracen captives should be kindly treated, and that the children should be brought to the priest for baptism. Even among those infidels he was called the “Saint King.” Louis was a member of the third order of St. Francis, to whom he had a great devotion, and whose ardent love of God he imitated. In a letter to his daughter, he wrote, “My dear daughter, the measure in which we should love God, is to love him beyond measure.”

If you ever travel in France, you will see, at Vincennes, the Sainte Chapelle, which the good king built, and where he was wont to retire for his devotions. The dim little chapel in the forest is filled with memories of the great King Louis, and, as we think of him, there comes to our mind a verse of his favorite psalm which fittingly describes this holy saint of God, “Happy are they who observe justice and who execute it at all times.”

JEANNE D'ARC.

JEANNE D'ARC was a simple French peasant girl, the daughter of a poor shepherd in the province of Champagne. Ignorant and rustic, but pious and industrious, her parents, Jacques d'Arc and his wife Isabelle, differed in no wise from their neighbors in the little village of Domremi. Jeanne was the youngest of a large family, and while her brothers and sisters worked in the fields with their father, she stayed at home and helped her mother with the spinning, and other work of the household.

When the little Jeanne grew older, she was sent to tend her father's sheep in the forest near her native village, and there, amid the peaceful solitude of the green hills, were fostered those great traits in Jeanne's character, which rendered her one of the most remarkable women that ever lived. The unhappy state of France began to occupy her thoughts, almost to the exclusion of anything else. For many years, the kings of France and England, with the exception of brief inter-

vals of peace, had been at enmity with one another. Since that far away time when William of Normandy had made himself master of England, the English kings, his descendants, considered themselves rightful sovereigns of various provinces of France, and it was very easy for them to try to extend their dominions by conquering the adjoining territory. Thus there were constant wars between the French and their English neighbors. These wars had resulted in victory sometimes for the English, and again for the French. But in poor Jeanne's time, things looked about as dark for the French as they possibly could. Indeed it appeared as if all France would become a part of England, and be entirely under the dominion of the English king. The king of England, at that time, was Henry VI. who had not yet attained his majority. Owing to the king's youth, the wars in France were conducted by the Duke of Bedford. The French king Charles VII, in the unsettled state of the country had not been crowned and was still called the dauphin, a title bestowed upon the heir-apparent to the French throne. His was a weak and timid character, but ill suited to cope with the difficulties and dangers which menaced France. One city after another had been captured by the English, and, at length, the city of Orleans, the key to southern France, was in the power of the victorious enemy.

In this moment of national disaster, who came to the rescue of France? A great soldier, you will say, or perhaps a powerful king with his army. No, none of these. The deliverer of France was to be none other than the poor peasant maiden, who could neither read nor write, and who had never in her life been more than a few miles from her native village. By thus making use of the most humble instruments, does Almighty God sometimes confound the judgments of men.

Jeanne, alone in the forest with her sheep, used often to stop at a small chapel, before whose altar she was wont to pray. While kneeling there, one day, she thought she heard a voice bidding her go to the rescue of the dauphin. When she answered, "But I am only a poor girl, how can I accomplish this?" the voice replied, "Go to M. de Baudricourt, Captain of Vaucouleurs, and he will conduct thee to the king. St. Catherine and St. Margaret will be thy aids."

When Jeanne related this incident to her parents, and begged their permission to go to Vaucouleurs, they were horrified, and her father declared that he would rather see her in her grave, than engaged in such an undertaking. Jeanne waited patiently five long years, for the fulfillment of her desire. Her parents thought that if she were married, Jeanne would abandon her project, and, accordingly, a young peasant of the

village, at their instigation pretended that she had promised to marry him, and Jeanne was cited to appear in court, to stand trial for breaking her promise. The family, knowing her extreme timidity, never doubted that, rather than speak in public, as would be necessary at her trial, she would submit to be married. Great was their astonishment, therefore, when she appeared in court, and defended herself so well that the young peasant's suit had to be abandoned.

Jeanne found an unexpected ally in her uncle, a poor wheelwright of Vaucouleurs. He pretended to take her to his house so that she could nurse her aunt, who was ill. Jeanne's parents gave their consent to the proposed visit, and when she arrived in Vaucouleurs, was conducted by her uncle to the captain, M. de Baudricourt, who, at first paid but little attention to her. But Jeanne was not to be deterred, she spoke with so much earnestness, declaring that God would send aid to the dauphin in mid-Lent, and that Charles would be crowned at Rheims, that Baudricourt finally sent a message to the dauphin, recounting Jeanne's prophecy, and asking that she be granted an audience. After a weary delay, the answer came, Jeanne was to repair to court. Probably no heed would have been paid to her, if the dauphin had not suffered another discouraging defeat. He determined to try any and every means to

repair his fallen fortunes, and, as the drowning man grasps at a straw, so did the young French prince resolve to accept the proffered aid of a young peasant maiden.

Jeanne lost no time in starting on her journey to Chinon, where the dauphin was. Her poor parents were almost distracted when they heard of her departure, and Jeanne, doubtless, was much grieved to cause them such distress. She had a letter written to them (she could not write, herself) in which she insisted that she was compelled to fulfill her mission, and begging their forgiveness.

The way to Chinon lay over swollen rivers, and through trackless forests, infested by robbers, and by French and English men-at-arms. But Jeanne, steadfast in her purpose, knew no fear. She was accompanied only by five or six soldiers, and was dressed like them, in a suit of armor. Her escort feared her, thinking that she was a witch, but this did not disturb Jeanne in the least. At every town, they had to wait for her, while she heard Mass. "Fear not," she said, "God guides me my way, it is for this I was born."

Jeanne's coming was regarded with great disfavor by a certain faction at court, and, not far from Chinon, an ambuscade was laid for her, from which her escape was almost miraculous. When she arrived at Chinon, her enemies succeeded in

delaying her interview with the dauphin for two days, while they used every argument against her. At length, the longed-for audience with the dauphin took place. In order to disconcert the simple village girl, Charles surrounded himself with unusual magnificence and pomp. It was evening, and countless lights shone on the rich dresses of the hundreds of nobles and knights who surrounded the dauphin. To test her, Charles mingled with the throng of knights, while one of the nobles took the dauphin's place on the throne. Nothing daunted, Jeanne advanced modestly, but with perfect self-possession. Taking her way through the brilliant throng, she paused before the dauphin, and falling on her knees said, "Gentle Dauphin, I am Jeanne la pucelle (the maid). The King of Heaven sends you word, by me, that you shall be consecrated and crowned in the city of Rheims."

The dauphin was greatly impressed by this prophecy, for a certain incident, well known at court, had caused Jeanne to be regarded as something more than an ordinary village girl. A short time before her arrival at Chinon, a certain French soldier committed a grievous sin of speech in her hearing. "Alas!" said Jeanne, "Thou deniest God, and art so near thy death." A moment later, the soldier fell into the river, and was drowned.

Meanwhile, the distressed city of Orleans was clamoring for aid, and Jeanne's impatience to go to the rescue knew no bounds. At length, all was ready and La Pucelle, as Jeanne was called, provided with an establishment, like any officer in the French army, started on the march to Orleans. She had a squire, two pages, two heralds and a confessor in her train, her brother Pierre d'Arc also accompanied her. Jeanne had begged that a messenger be sent to the church of St. Catherine, at Fierbois, to bring, from a certain place which she designated, under the altar, a sword with three crosses on the hilt. She had never been in the church and many scoffers declared that no such sword would be found—But, just as Jeanne had said, the sword was there, and she used it during the fight for the rescue of Orleans. Jeanne wore a suit of white armor and was mounted on a black horse; she carried, on one side, the sword of St. Catherine and on the other, a small battle-ax. In her hand, she carried a white banner embroidered with fleur-de-lis, the national flower of France. This banner had a representation of Our Lord, bearing the world in His hand, and having on His right and left two angels, each holding a fleur-de-lis. Jeanne said that she loved her banner better than her weapons. "I will never use my sword to slay any one" she said.

When Jeanne arrived before the city of Orleans with a force of six thousand men, the English were panic-stricken, thinking that they had to contend with the powers of darkness. The French, inspired by Jeanne, fought so well that their adversaries were compelled to raise the siege, and, on May 8, 1429, Orleans was once more in possession of the triumphant French.

Although slightly wounded, Jeanne started at once to apprise the dauphin of her victory, and to urge him to proceed at once to Rheims, to be crowned. Charles received her with enthusiasm, but, at first, refused to take her advice. At length, he consented to go to Rheims, as soon as the course could be cleared of its English garrisons. The army was placed in command of the Duke of Alençon, who was instructed to act according to Jeanne's advice. Many battles had to be fought, before the French could enter Rheims. Gergeau, where the Duke of Suffolk commanded, was taken first, then Beaugenci, where the English general, Talbot, was himself made prisoner. Next Troyes was captured, Chalons surrendered without resistance, and, on June 16, the French army came in sight of Rheims, which was still held by the English. When the garrison saw the approach of the victorious army, led by Jeanne, bearing her standard and her rusty sword, they became terrified and abandoned the city to the

French, who entered triumphantly to take possession. The following day, Charles VII was crowned amid extraordinary rejoicing in the cathedral of Rheims, Jeanne standing beside him, with her banner, during the ceremony.

Her mission accomplished, Jeanne begged the newly-crowned king's permission to return to her peaceful home and her old parents at Domremi, but her presence was considered indispensable to the success of the army, and Charles refused her request.

Poor Jeanne's troubles then began. Her advice was disregarded at court, where her enemies spared no pains to influence the king against her. She began to lose her power over the soldiers, who would not second her designs and frequently disobeyed her orders; but, in spite of these discouragements, Jeanne continued to lead the troops against the English. She left Compiègne, then in possession of the French, on May 23, 1430, and met her first defeat, for, in attempting to attack an English post, Jeanne's forces were repulsed. As the French approached Compiègne, on their return from this unsuccessful expedition, a detachment of the English made a rush to reach the city before them, and cut off their retreat. When the French reached a bridge leading into Compiègne, they found the barrier closed. After waiting some time in this dangerous posi-

tion, the barrier was opened, and the troops entered the city, just as their English pursuers reached the bridge. Jeanne, who marched, as usual, in the rear of the army, was left outside, and, after a desperate struggle was dragged from her horse and taken prisoner by the triumphant enemy.

The English feared and hated Jeanne. They were ashamed to have been so easily vanquished by a woman, and many of them regarded the poor, innocent girl as a witch. A belief in witchcraft was rather common in the fifteenth century, and, indeed, much later. You remember the account, in your United States History, of the witchcraft delusion in Salem, more than two centuries after the tragedy of Jeanne d'Arc's life had been enacted.

With incredible ingratitude and cruelty Charles, who owed his crown and, probably all of his kingdom to Jeanne, made not the slightest effort to rescue her. She spent six weary months awaiting her trial, which took place in Rouen. The unfortunate prisoner's courage never failed her, although she was cruelly treated, and confined in an iron cage, with her feet in stocks. "I know that the English wish to kill me, in order that they may gain possession of France," she said; "but they will never be masters of this kingdom." Jeanne bore herself bravely at her trial, and

heard her sentence calmly. She was condemned to be burned to death in the market-place of Rouen, which is called to this day, "Place de la Pucelle." The poor girl flattered herself, to the last, with hopes of rescue. But alas! the day for her execution dawned, and no troops of French soldiers appeared before her prison to deliver her from the dreadful death to which she had been sentenced.

As Jeanne drove through the streets in the rough cart which conveyed her to the market-place, she wept, and exclaimed "O Rouen, Rouen, you will suffer for my death." Her confessor, who had accompanied her on that last terrible journey, remained at her side until the fatal fire was kindled. He recited the prayers for the dying and held a crucifix before her eyes and she was heard to pronounce the Holy Name of Jesus, before yielding up her brave soul to God.

Twenty years after Jeanne's death a papal bull, or decree of the pope, proclaimed her innocence and a cross was erected to her memory in the market-place of Rouen, which then received the name of Place de la Pucelle.

It is difficult to understand the ingratitude of Jeanne's own countrymen, in thus calmly abandoning her to her fate, or the cruelty of the English in putting to death the guileless and innocent country girl. Into the short span of Jeanne's

life (she lived only twenty years) there was crowded the work of a century, and generations yet to come will read with wonder and with pity, the tragic story of the Maid of Orleans.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

In the northern part of Italy, that lovely country of Europe, there is a city on the Mediterranean Sea called the City of Palaces. Its name is Genoa, and hers, in the year 1435, Christopher Columbus was born. His father was a poor weaver, but managed to give his son a very good education, even sending him for a time to the university of Padua.

From his early childhood Columbus showed a strong liking for the sea, and I suppose that his favorite amusement was sailing toy ships or playing sailor with his little companions in Genoa. At the age of fourteen he made his first voyage in the ship of a cousin of the same name, or Colombo, as it is called in Italian, and from then on he followed a sea-faring life. The life of a sailor in those days was anything but tranquil or secure. The boats of pirates or of hostile countries were frequently met with when fierce fights took place. Even the different Italian states were at war, and once when Columbus was sailing off

the coast of Portugal his vessel engaged in a conflict with a Venetian ship which took fire. The two vessels had been fastened together with chains, and could not be separated before the one commanded by Columbus also began to burn. He threw himself into the sea, caught hold of an oar floating near him in the water, and managed to swim to shore, five miles away.

In Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, Columbus met and married an Italian lady, the daughter of a great seaman and explorer. Her name was Felipa Monis de Perestrello. Her father's charts, or maps of the sea, and accounts of the voyages he had made fell into Columbus' hands, and it is probable that in this way he first planned his great voyage of discovery. He had long been sure that the world was round, like a ball, but supposed it to be much smaller than it really is, thinking that if he sailed directly westward from Europe, he would finally reach the eastern coast of Asia. This belief he held to the day of his death, and he never knew that he had discovered a new continent.

Columbus' native city, Genoa, and Venice, another Italian city were, at that time, powerful and rich. They enjoyed an immense trade with India, from which country their merchants imported great quantities of silks, jewels, ivory, spices and other products of the far East. These goods were carried many hundreds of miles on

the backs of camels to the Black Sea where they were loaded on ships for Italy. In 1453, the Turks, a barbaric tribe from the interior of Asia, besieged and took the Christian city of Constantinople, thus closing the Black Sea, on which the city is situated, to the traders of Genoa and Venice. You see what a great loss this was to commerce and how naturally men's minds should be occupied trying to find a new way of reaching India. This was Columbus' dream, and he was constantly planning and scheming how he might realize it. He was poor, with a family to support, even helping his old father and his three younger brothers in Genoa. How could he think of fitting out even one ship for his undertaking? But our hero never despaired. He waited patiently and trusted in God who at length rewarded him. After being refused aid by the King of Portugal, he applied to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain. They had his charts examined, considered his plans and then rejected them, as the King of Portugal had done. Hoping they would change their minds, he waited five weary years, and then determined to ask help from France. With his son, Diego, he started sadly on his journey. Now it happened that he had to pass the Franciscan monastery of La Rabida, and, as he was tired and hungry, he stopped to ask the good monks for something to eat, and permission to rest. While

there, he told them of his idea of discovering a new way to the Indies, and of the many disappointments he had met with. The superior of the monastery had been the queen's confessor, and he asked Columbus to delay his journey to France until he could speak with the sovereigns in the hope of prevailing on them to help him. The kind old monk set out at once for the court, and to his great joy, returned with a message for Columbus to appear again before the king and queen. This time he was heard with favor, the queen especially being so determined that he should make his voyage of discovery that she promised to sell her jewels, if money for the enterprise could not be had in any other way. At last, our hero was rewarded for all his patient waiting. Three ships were bought and manned, not without considerable trouble, for the sailors regarded such an expedition into unknown seas with fear and dread. In due time, everything was ready, and three little vessels, the Santa Maria (in which Columbus went) the Pinta and the Nina set sail on August 3, 1492, from the port of Palos, in southern Spain. You may be sure that Columbus and all his men heard Mass and received Holy Communion before they embarked, committing themselves with many devout prayers to the protection of the Holy Trinity and of the Blessed Virgin. The good superior of the convent of La Rabida stood upon

the shore and gave his blessing as the ships started westward. Having stopped at one of the Canary Islands to mend a broken rudder, the little fleet again set sail, this time into unknown seas. Many of the sailors shed tears when they saw land fading from view in the distance, but Columbus comforted them with promises of land and riches in the countries to which they were going, speaking with so much certainty that he inspired them with confidence.

Now began an anxious time. Day after day, and week after week, nothing but a dreary waste of water. The men became restless, many wished to force Columbus to turn back, believing that he was taking them to certain destruction. They were calmed somewhat by a few signs of land which began to appear, such as a carved stick and a green branch with perfectly fresh berries on it, floating in the water. At length, after many disappointments, for the clouds on the horizon at sea often looked like land, and deceived the poor anxious sailors many times, a gun was fired, as a signal from the Pinta, and all knew that land had really been reached. A hymn was sung in the cabin of each ship, and prayers of thanksgiving said, we may imagine how fervently.

On the morning of October 12, 1492, Columbus landed on an Island of the Bahama group to which he gave the name of San Salvador, or in English,

Holy Saviour, taking possession in the name of the Spanish sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella.

The poor simple natives crowded around them, gazing with awe and wonder at the rich dresses and fair faces of the Spaniards, supposing them to be something like angels descended from the skies. Because Columbus thought he had reached a part of India, he called them Indians. Their good will was gained by presents of colored caps, little bells and glass beads which Columbus had brought with him.

Having rested and refreshed himself, Columbus once more set sail to continue his voyage of discovery. He proceeded in a southerly direction, cruising along the coast of Cuba, until a storm forced him to anchor in a bay. He landed and erected a cross on a little hill near the shore. In Havana, the capital of Cuba, there is a chapel called the Templete. It marks the spot where the first Mass in Cuba was celebrated, and once a year, on the feast of St. Christopher, it is opened. Not a month ago I stood under the spreading tree that shades the little building and could almost fancy I saw Columbus and his followers kneeling there, assisting at the Holy Sacrifice and thanking God for having preserved them from so many perils. The city of Havana is really named St. Christopher of the Havana, in honor of Columbus, and there hangs over one of the altars in the beautiful

cathedral a fine old painting of St. Christopher, the patron saint of the city.

For many years, the remains of Columbus rested in a niche in the wall of the sanctuary in the Havana cathedral, but they were removed to Seville in Spain, not many years ago. I saw the place where his coffin had rested so long, and felt sorry that he had not been allowed to remain in the country he had discovered and for which he suffered so many trials.

Having spent about three months cruising among the Islands of the West Indies, Columbus determined to return to Spain. Bad weather was encountered all the way, and, just as he was expecting to sight land, a violent hurricane burst upon the three little vessels. When he reflected that his ships might be lost, and with them all records of his discoveries, the grief of Columbus was intense. He wrote a short account of his voyage, enclosed the paper in a cake of wax which he sealed up in a cloth, placed in a keg and threw into the sea, in the hope that it would one day be washed ashore and reach the sovereigns of Spain. This done, he gathered the crew in the cabin where fervent prayers were said for deliverance from the shipwreck which threatened them. It was determined that if they were spared, one of their number should make a pilgrimage to a shrine of the Blessed Virgin in Spain, called Santa Maria

de la Oueva. They drew lots, placing as many beans as there were persons on board, in a cap. One bean was marked with a cross and this was the one Columbus drew, the lot thus falling to him. Soon after, a streak of blue sky appeared in the West, the wind blew with less violence, and on March 15, Columbus entered the harbor of Palos, having taken about seven and a half months for his wonderful voyage.

I could not describe to you the rejoicing and wonder of the people when the news spread that the three little vessels had really returned. The bells were rung, stores closed, and when Columbus landed, a great procession was formed to escort him to the church, where a solemn thanksgiving was offered to Almighty God for the discovery of the New World.

The court was then at Barcelona, in the north of Spain, and when the king and queen were notified of Columbus' return, they sent him a letter addressed to "Don Christopher Columbus, our Admiral of the Ocean-sea, Viceroy and Governor of the Islands discovered in the Indies," inviting him to repair at once to court. This he did, taking with him six Indians and various plants and curiosities brought from the New World. Upon his arrival at Barcelona, he was met by a number of courtiers and nobles, and a great crowd of people who formed a procession to escort him to the

presence of the king and queen. First in the parade marched the Indians, then came persons carrying live parrots, stuffed birds, and rare plants from the New World, and following these rode Columbus richly dressed, mounted on a splendid horse and surrounded by an escort of noblemen. He was received with every mark of distinction by Ferdinand and Isabella, and when he had given them an account of his voyage, they fell on their knees, and with tears of joy thanked God for his great mercy, after which the anthem *Te Deum laudamus* was sung by the choir of the royal chapel.

The queen who was very pious, at once took steps for the conversion of the Indians. Those that Columbus had brought with him were baptized with great ceremony, the king, the queen, and other members of the royal family, standing sponsors for them. To minister to those in the West Indies, the pope appointed Father Bernard Boyle, apostolic vicar in the New World. He took with him, when he went to take charge of his new mission, vestments and ornaments for the altar which the queen had given from her own chapel.

You may imagine how different Columbus' second voyage was from the first. This time there was no difficulty in getting men to go with him, and he sailed in triumph from Cadiz on Septem-

ber 25, with three large vessels and fourteen smaller ones. He took with him all kinds of domestic animals and fowls to stock the islands of the West Indies, also the seeds of oranges, lemons, melons, and other European fruits.

This voyage was a pleasant one, with fair weather, and on November 2, land was sighted. It was an island unknown to Columbus, one of a group all close together. He cruised about, looking for a good place to anchor, and, at last, came to a large island with a lofty mountain, from the sides of which gushed waterfalls, some of them so high up that they seemed to be falling from the sky. Here he landed, and, as a promise had been made to the monks of Guadalupe, a monastery in Spain, to call some new place for their convent, the island was given the name of Guadalupe. Columbus also discovered on this voyage the Island of Hayti, and Santo Domingo which he called Hispaniola. Here he founded the first city in the New World giving it the name of Isabella, in honor of the queen. Having seen the new city laid out into streets and the work of the house-building begun, Columbus appointed his brother, Bartholomew Columbus, and a man named Pedro Margarite, in command of the settlement, and left to continue his discoveries. After an absence of four months during which time he discovered Jamaica and cruised around the southern end of

Cuba, he returned to Isabella. Here all was in confusion. Sickness had attacked the Spaniards, many of them had died, the new city was almost a ruin, and worst of all, Pedro Margarite had deserted his post and left for Spain to report to the sovereigns how badly things had gone in the new settlement of Isabella. Fortunately for Columbus, just at this time, a ship arrived in Spain from Hispaniola, with news of his return from the discovery of Jamaica, and bringing specimens of gold found in the New World.

The king and queen decided to send some one to examine into the state of the colony. Not wishing to offend Columbus, they appointed a close friend of his, Juan Aguado to be the commissioner. A false friend he proved to be, for he acted in a high-handed manner, made the colonists think he had been sent to take Columbus' place, and altogether drove our poor hero almost to distraction. Wishing to set himself right with Ferdinand and Isabella, Columbus determined to return to Spain, setting sail when Aguado did, but in a different vessel. On his arrival he succeeded in clearing himself of the suspicion under which he had rested, even obtaining many new rights and privileges from the crown.

Happy over his success, he started on his third voyage to the New World on May 30, 1498 with six vessels. He sailed farther to the southward

than ever before, and landed on the continent, in what is now Venezuela, South America. After cruising for a while in that vicinity, he returned to the settlement of Isabella. But, alas! matters here had gone from bad to worse. There was much sickness and great discontent among the Spaniards, who blamed Columbus for all their troubles. The friendly Indians had been changed into enemies by the wicked conduct of some of the settlers, and I think that then the brave spirit of Columbus was really broken. In the meantime his enemies had again been busy in Spain. They accused him to the king and queen of being a tyrant and said all kinds of unjust things about him. The sovereigns finally listened to these complaints, and sent an officer of the royal household, Francisco de Bobadilla to take command of the new colony, and if he thought proper, to send Columbus back to Spain for trial. This authority he used to the utmost, even going so far as to arrest Columbus and put him in chains. It was with difficulty that a man would be found willing to rivet the chains. At last a cook, one of Columbus' own servants, to his shame be it said, fastened the irons upon the limbs of the innocent and venerable prisoner. The master of the vessel in which Columbus sailed for Spain wished to relieve him of them, but he refused, saying that he would only take them off at the order of his sover-

eign. He kept these chains in his room until the day of his death, to remind him, he said, of the vanity of earthly greatness.

When Columbus arrived, a prisoner in Spain, there was great anger among the people at the outrageous way in which he had been treated. He received a letter from the king and queen inviting him to court, where he was received with every mark of favor. He had written a letter to a lady of the royal household in which he said that the slanders of worthless men had done him more harm than all his services had profited him, and that if he built hospitals and churches his enemies would call them dens of robbers. This letter seems to have had some influence over the king and queen, for justice was done, to a certain extent, although he was never restored entirely to the rights he enjoyed when the colony of Hispaniola was founded.

Although much worn in mind and body, Columbus now made ready for his fourth and last voyage to the New World. This time he cruised far to the westward, crossing the Caribbean Sea and landing in what is now Honduras, Central America. Stormy weather was encountered and he was at one time in great danger of shipwreck. All this anxiety wore upon him, sick and feeble as he was, and several times it seemed as if his end was near. He resolved to visit Hispaniola and

Jamaica, but what he found there only added to his troubles. The Indians, at first so gentle and friendly, had become cruel enemies of the Spaniards, who had to fight several fierce battles with them before they could be conquered. There had been serious disagreements among the colonists, many of them blaming Columbus for their sufferings. All these troubles were too much for his failing strength, and he set sail for Spain, hoping to find there, in his home at Seville, rest and consolation. But a new trial awaited him. It was his hope that the sovereigns would restore to him certain rights in the affairs of the New World which had been taken from him, and it is probable that this would have been done if the queen had lived. However, her death occurred very shortly after his return. The loss of this constant and faithful friend was a sad blow. He was writing to his son Diego when the mournful news reached him, and he added a postscript to his letter asking him to pray for the repose of the queen's soul. "Her life was always Catholic and holy" he wrote, "and prompt to all things in God's holy service; for this reason we may rest assured that she is received into His glory and beyond the care of this rough and weary world."

This was the last of Columbus' many sorrows. His illness continued to increase but in the midst

of his pains he did not neglect to make his will and to arrange for the distribution of many small gifts. Even a poor Jew in the city of Lisbon was to receive a small piece of silver, probably for some little service he had once rendered to Columbus. After receiving the Last Sacraments with great fervor, Columbus died on the beautiful feast of the Ascension, 1506, his last words being: "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

His body rested for a time in the chapel of a monastery in Seville, but was afterwards removed to Hispaniola where it remained for many years in the cathedral of the city of Santo Domingo. Then it was brought to Havana, Cuba, where it rested until the close of the war which freed Cuba from Spanish rule. When the Spaniards left the island, they caused Columbus' remains to be taken from the cathedral in Havana and brought to Spain. They were placed in the cathedral of Seville, where they now repose, I hope, to be disturbed no more.

Columbus was tall and handsome, with bright eyes and fair hair which trouble had turned quite white before he was thirty-five years old. You have seen how pious he was, and how in all his troubles he never failed to recommend himself and his affairs to the care of Almighty God and of His Blessed Mother. It was his custom never to de-

part on a voyage without first going to confession and receiving Holy Communion.

Columbus had, in this world, but a poor reward for all his sufferings and labors, but God's ways are not our ways, and we may hope and believe that the great discoverer of our country has found in heaven the recompense which was denied him on earth.

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

IN the year 1451, there was born, at Madrigal, in Spain, a princess destined to play an important part in the history of her native land. Isabella was the only daughter of John II, king of Castile and his second wife, Isabella of Portugal. She was but four years of age when her father died, and, upon her elder brother's accession to the throne, was removed from court to the seclusion of the little town of Arvelo where she was trained by her good mother, in every virtue proper to her station in life. The little princess began, very early, to develop a strong practical piety and a discretion and prudence very rare in one of her age.

At that time Spain was divided into four independent kingdoms, Castile, Aragon, Navarre and the Moorish Kingdom of Granada. This last had been in possession of the Moors for seven hundred years, in spite of the fact that repeated attempts had been made, to expel them from Spain. We shall see how the young princess Isabella became a powerful instrument in ridding her country of the scourge of the infidel.

When Isabella was about fourteen years of age, several suitors for her hand had already presented themselves. Her brother wished to marry her to King Alfonso of Portugal, who was old enough to be her grandfather. With great courage, she declined the proposed marriage, and reminded King Henry that the infantas of Castile could not be lawfully disposed of in marriage without the consent of the nobles of the realm. She was then betrothed to a Castilian nobleman, Don Pedro Giron, who died suddenly a short time before the date set for the nuptials. The idea of this marriage had been very repugnant to poor Isabella, owing to the character of her intended husband who, although past middle age, led a wild and vicious life. King Henry selfishly wished to serve his own interests in marrying his sister to a person so unsuited to her, and it seems just that his design should have been thwarted on the very eve of fulfillment, when all preparations for the wedding had already been made.

There was another suitor whom Isabella's brother regarded with slight favor. Ferdinand was a younger son of King John of Aragon and Queen Joanna, a Castilian princess. He was a handsome young man, of pleasing address, and possessed, like Isabella, a maturity of judgment, far in advance of his years. A faction of Castilian noblemen opposed the union of Ferdinand and

Isabella because it conflicted with their own interests, and, as some of them were high in the king's favor, they prevailed upon Henry, not only to refuse his consent to the proposed match, but also to threaten Isabella with imprisonment in the fortress of Madrid, if she would not abandon all idea of marrying Ferdinand. The young princess bore herself with wonderful courage and fortitude in the midst of her trials, although it is doubtful whether she could have persisted in defying her brother, if a faithful friend, the archbishop of Toledo, had not aided and encouraged her. The good prelate obtained the consent of the majority of the Castilian nobles, to Isabella's union with Ferdinand, and preparations for the marriage were accordingly begun.

The young Prince of Aragon promised to respect the laws of Castile and to fix his residence in that country, to make no civil appointments without the consent of Isabella, to respect her brother, King Henry, and to prosecute the war against the Moors. These negotiations were concluded while King Henry was in the southern part of his dominions where an insurrection had broken out. When the king's adherents saw that Isabella's marriage to the young Prince of Aragon was likely to occur, they formed a desperate plan to prevent it. They determined to send a military force to Madrigal, where the princess had gone with her mother, and

to capture and hold her a prisoner until the return of her brother. The inhabitants of the town were warned against rendering her any assistance, under pain of the king's severe displeasure, but a few faithful friends managed to convey to her the news of her danger. Isabella, upon receiving these alarming tidings, at once sent word to the archbishop of Toledo, apprising him of her situation and begging him to send assistance without delay. In an incredibly short time, a body of horse and some foot-soldiers under the command of Admiral Henriquez, were despatched to Isabella's aid. So rapidly did they travel that they reached Madrigal before the enemy. Isabella was borne off in triumph, by her rescuers, to the friendly city of Valladolid, where she awaited the arrival of Ferdinand.

Envoys had been despatched to Aragon with the news of Henry's absence and of the attempt which had been made to capture the infanta. Ferdinand, thus warned of the hostility he was likely to meet with, was obliged to travel disguised as a servant, and the future king of Spain waited on his companions at table, and tended the mules on that strange and perilous journey.

Great was the joy at Valladolid when Ferdinand and his escort arrived, and four days later, Oct. 19, 1470, the marriage of Ferdinand of Aragon and the Infanta Isabella of Castile, was celebrated.

The young couple who afterwards became the most powerful monarchs of their time in Europe, were then so poor that it was found necessary to borrow money for the expenses of their nuptials.

The newly-wedded pair wrote to King Henry, acquainting him with the news of their marriage and assuring him of their loyalty. He returned a curt answer telling them that he would advise with his ministers. This was discouraging, for without Henry's good will, the position of Ferdinand and Isabella was uncomfortable and even dangerous. Fortunately, through the good offices of friends, a reconciliation was brought about between Henry and his sister, an event which was closely followed by the king's death.

The character of Henry IV was not calculated to make his reign a happy one for his subjects. He was weak, selfish and vacillating, entirely under the dominion of a few favorites, he disregarded the rights of the majority of his subjects, and confusion, anarchy and civil war prevailed during his unhappy reign. He had named, as his successor on the throne of Castile, his daughter Joanna, whose right to reign was denied by a large and powerful faction, who espoused the cause of Isabella. The unhappy country was again embroiled in a disastrous civil war, called the War of the Succession, which lasted about four years. Although Joanna's uncle, the king of

Portugal came to her aid, the cause of Isabella finally triumphed. The pious queen, when she learned of the successful issue of the war, walked barefoot, in a procession to church, where she offered up prayers of thanksgiving to God for the victory He had vouchsafed to her. It was a most happy victory, not alone for Isabella, but for all her subjects. The good queen and her husband at once took steps to remedy the many abuses which had crept in during the reign of Henry, and to preserve law and order throughout their dominion. New laws were made, old ones revised, and, in order to see that justice was properly dispensed the king and queen took their places every Friday in the alcazar, or court of Madrid, where they heard the suits of rich and poor alike. A writer of the period calls this "the golden age of justice."

When Ferdinand and Isabella had reigned a few months as sovereigns of Castile, Ferdinand's father, the king of Aragon, died. The heir to the throne of Aragon, Prince Carlos, had died before his father, and thus the kingdom came into possession of Ferdinand, and the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon were united.

After the affairs of the kingdom were set in order, and the machinery of the government was running smoothly, Ferdinand and Isabella turned their attention to a work which nearly every Span-

ish ruler had attempted during a period of seven hundred years, the expulsion of the Moors from Spain.

In the eighth century, all of Spain was governed by the Gothic king, Roderick. This ruler was a selfish and wicked man, and some of his acts so angered his subjects, that a few of the more reckless and daring actually crossed the Strait of Gibraltar, landed in that part of Africa belonging to the Arabs, and represented to the Arabian leader, Muza Ben Noseir that he could easily invade Spain, and conquer that delightful land. Muza had heard vague rumors of the beauty and fertility of the kingdom which was so close to his own that, on a clear day, its coast was plainly visible. The Moorish leader needed but little persuasion to put into execution so tempting a project, and soon the Spaniards were thrown into confusion by the appearance of those strange turbaned warriors, who managed their spirited horses and wielded their scimitars with so much grace and skill.

As soon as King Roderick learned that the invaders had landed in his dominions, he marched with ninety thousand men, to oppose them. The Spaniards and Moors met face to face on a plain traversed by the River Guadalete, where a fearful battle took place, resulting in the total defeat of the Spaniards whose

king was killed. The victors pursued their advantage and captured many cities and towns until a large part of Spain was in their power. As time passed, some of this conquered territory had been wrested from them by different Spanish rulers, until at the end of the fifteenth century, only the kingdom of Granada remained in possession of the Moors. It was the dream of Ferdinand and Isabella to restore that beautiful territory to the dominion of Spain and of the church. During the reign of Isabella's brother, Henry, the Moors had discontinued payment of a customary yearly tribute to the Castilian crown. This breach of faith was not noticed, or, at least, not resented by the weak predecessor of Isabella, but, on her accession to the throne, it was determined to force the payment of the tribute. A Spanish knight, Don Juan de Vera, was sent to the court of Granada, to confer with the Moorish ruler, Muley Abul Hassan. The Moors, wishing to impress the envoy and his train, with their magnificence, received their hostile visitors with great pomp, in the splendid palace of the Alhambra. When the message from the Castilian sovereigns was delivered, the Moorish king smiled bitterly and said "tell your king and queen that the kings of Granada who used to pay money to the Castilian crown, are dead. Our mint coins nothing at present but blades of scimitars and

heads of lances." Don Juan de Vera returned with this defiant reply to his sovereigns, and reported the condition of the Moorish dominions. The kingdom of Muley Abul Hassan contained fourteen cities, ninety-seven fortified places, and a large number of unwalled towns and villages defended by strong fortresses. Granada, the capital, was a splendid city surrounded by high walls, from which rose lofty watch-towers, one thousand and thirty in number.

Before the armies of Castile were ready to march against Granada, the Moors attacked the city of Zahara and took many Spanish women and children captive. The news of this disaster instilled fresh energy into the Spanish troops and very soon they were prepared to carry fire and sword into the Moorish territory. The first attempt was made upon the rich and important Moorish city of Alhama, not far distant from Granada. Under cover of night, the Spanish troops scaled the walls, surprised the guard, and were in possession of the city before sunrise. When Muley Abul Hassan heard of this triumph of the Castilian forces, he determined to re-capture Alhama, if possible. Setting out with a numerous army, he reached the vicinity of Alhama, where his fury against the Spaniards was increased by the sight of numbers of dead bodies, the remains of the Moorish soldiers who had fallen in the act

of defending the city. The Moors rushed like maniacs to the walls, applied their ladders and prepared to take the place by storm. But the Spaniards were not to be so easily vanquished. As fast as the Moors reached the battlements, they were thrown down, their ladders overturned and stones and darts hurled after them. The battle lasted one entire day, and in the evening the Moors withdrew, having lost two thousand men in killed and wounded. Despairing of taking Alhama by assault, the Moorish leader resolved to turn the channel of the river from the city, and, by depriving the Spaniards of water, to compel them to come to terms. The place had neither fountains nor cisterns, as the entire water supply was obtained from the river. In spite of desperate efforts on the part of the Spaniards to prevent the Moors from accomplishing their purpose, the river was diverted from its course, and the terrible suffering of thirst began to be felt by the brave little army in possession of Alhama. Messengers were hastily despatched to Seville and Cordova, to implore immediate aid for the Spaniards in their desperate plight. The Marquis of Cadiz was in command of the forces at Alhama, and when his wife learned of his perilous situation, she lost no time in procuring assistance. Strangely enough, her husband's enemy, Don Juan de Guzman, she considered eminently qualified for the difficult and

dangerous task of rescuing the Spanish garrison at Alhama. She implored his aid, which was generously given and the two enemies became the warmest friends from the time of their meeting in Alhama. In the meantime the Moors made another attempt to storm the city, for they thought that the Spaniards, weakened by the sufferings of thirst, would be unable to offer any resistance. The conflict was raging when a Moorish scout brought the unwelcome tidings that a great army was marching to the relief of the enemy. The Moors then determined to return to Granada, and great was the surprise of the Spaniards when they saw their foes marching away. The cause of this unexpected movement was apparent, when the standard of Don Juan de Guzman was seen emerging from a mountain-pass. Then the joy of the garrison knew no bounds. They embraced their deliverers, weeping for joy. The two former enemies, the Marquis of Cadiz and Don Juan de Guzman sat down together to a bountiful repast which the wife of the Marquis had provided. Joy prevailed where recently there had been suffering and despair. A garrison of fresh troops remained at Alhama, while the brave soldiers who had defended the city at the price of so much suffering, were dismissed to their homes.

It would take too much time to describe the capture, by the Castilian forces, of one Moorish

stronghold after another. Finally there remained in the possession of the Arabs only the city of Granada, their capital, and they determined to defend it with all the energy which their desperate situation called forth.

Queen Isabella established her home in the camp before Granada in order to encourage the troops, and also to superintend the care of the sick and wounded. She shared with the soldiers all the hardships of the campaign, and was, at times exposed to great danger. Not long before the surrender of Granada, the camp caught fire and the queen's pavilion was blazing when she and her children were rescued. The Moorish leader, Boabdil, was overjoyed when he saw that the camp of his enemies had been reduced to a smoking ruin, for he was confident that the Castilian forces would be withdrawn from the plain before Granada. Imagine, therefore, his disappointment when the Spanish soldiers began to build a city of substantial houses on the site of the former camp. The troops wished to give the new city the name of their beloved queen, but Isabella insisted that it should be called Santa Fé, which means Holy Faith, to be a reminder, she said, of the purpose for which the war against the infidel had been undertaken.

The besieged city of Granada at length began to suffer the horrors of famine. The Moorish

king, Boabdil, had cherished a hope of obtaining aid from his countrymen in Africa—but this hope proved a vain one, and, when the inhabitants of Granada were reduced to the last extremity, an emissary was sent to treat with Ferdinand and Isabella for terms. After some delay, all arrangements for the surrender of Granada were agreed upon, and in the month of December, 1491, Ferdinand and Isabella led their victorious army into the city, which the Moors, with weeping and lamentation, had abandoned.

The king and queen at once gave orders to change the mosques of Granada into Catholic churches, which were consecrated and adorned with great magnificence. The queen took special delight in embroidering the altar-cloths and vestments used in these churches, and in supervising the decorations of the altars. The royal family took up their residence in the splendid palace of the Alhambra, which had long been the home of the Moorish kings. The Oriental beauty and magnificence of this building have been the wonder and delight of travelers, even in modern times. To the Spaniards, who were unaccustomed to the graceful beauty and lavish ornamentation of the Eastern style of architecture, the edifices of Granada must have seemed almost like the work of magicians.

Following closely upon the expulsion of the

Moors from Spain, another event shed still more luster upon the glorious reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. This was the discovery, by Christopher Columbus, of the new continent of America. The expenses of the doubtful and hazardous expedition had been supplied, through the efforts of Isabella, by the crown of Castile, and the immense territory discovered by Columbus was added to the dominions of that kingdom.

After the conquest of Granada, Ferdinand and Isabella turned their attention to the founding of schools for the education of Spanish youth, a work in which they were ably assisted by the illustrious Cardinal Ximenes. In a short time, Alcalá, Salamanca, Toledo, Seville, and Granada, each possessed an academy of repute with the most learned native and foreign teachers. So well patronized were these institutions of learning, that upon the occasion of a visit of the king to Alcalá, seven thousand students marched out from the university to meet him. Printing-presses were set up in all the principal cities of the realm, and German printers were offered many inducements to take up their residence in Spain, until the native printers could be thoroughly taught.

The royal children were educated with the greatest care. Prince John, the heir to the throne, was required to preside over a mimic council, exactly modeled on a council of state, where topics

connected with government were debated and discussed. The three daughters of the king and queen, Isabella, Joanna and Katherine, were instructed in Latin and in other branches of learning, not usually taught to women in the fifteenth century. Sad to relate, Ferdinand and Isabella suffered, through these beloved and carefully educated children, the greatest sorrow of their lives. The young prince, John, who gave promise of becoming a worthy successor to his illustrious parents, died suddenly, at the age of twenty. Their daughter Isabella, became a widow within a few months after her marriage to the king of Portugal. Joanna, who was united in marriage to Philip of Flanders, became hopelessly insane and is known in Spanish history, as Juana la loca, or Joanna the maniac. Katherine, the youngest child of the royal family became the wife of Henry VIII of England, who divorced her and kept her practically a prisoner until her death.

The crown of Aragon possessed considerable territory in Italy, where war broke out, and, as Ferdinand's dominions were in danger, an army was despatched to Naples, under the able command of Gonsalvo de Cordova. This brave general was called by the Spaniards, "el gran capitan," or the great captain, and he won a brilliant victory in Naples, thus adding fresh glory to the arms of Aragon.

While these events were taking place in Italy, the shadow of a great calamity hung over Spain. Isabella was seized with a malignant fever, which also attacked the king. Ferdinand was able to throw off the malady, but the queen, whose constitution had been weakened by anxiety over the mental condition of her daughter, Joanna, gradually succumbed. She made all preparations for death with the greatest calmness and fortitude. Her will provided for the future government of Castile, which she settled on Joanna and Philip, giving them much excellent advice regarding the management of public affairs. Her remains she wished transported to the monastery of Santa Isabella, in Granada and deposited in a "low and humble sepulcher, with no memorial but a plain inscription." The queen concluded her will with a bequest of her jewels to Ferdinand "that he may be reminded of the singular love I bore him through life, and that I will pray for him ceaselessly after death," are the words which the pious Isabella dictated on her death-bed. Her ladies surrounded her, weeping and lamenting. "Do not weep for me," she said, "nor waste your time in prayers for my recovery, pray rather for the salvation of my soul." The last sacraments were administered, and shortly after, Isabella breathed her last. She was fifty-four years of age, and had reigned over Castile for thirty years.

Isabella has been compared to Queen Elizabeth of England, whose career somewhat resembled her own. Both of these sovereigns suffered many vicissitudes in early life, and each one saw the power of her kingdom greatly increased during her reign. In character, however, they had nothing in common, for the vain, selfish and crafty nature of Elizabeth, was not worthy to be compared with that of the saintly Isabella, who possessed every virtue befitting the Catholic wife and mother, besides the good sense, justice and magnanimity of a wise ruler. Foreign writers joined in celebrating the glories of her reign, and the beauty of her character, and her own subjects regarded her as the example of every virtue. A Spanish writer of the period referred to the day of her death as "the last of the prosperity and happiness of Spain."

After Isabella's death, Ferdinand resigned the regency of Castile to his daughter Joanna and her husband Philip, both poorly qualified to reign over a country which had enjoyed the mild and beneficent rule of Ferdinand and Isabella.

For reasons of state, Ferdinand married the niece of the French king, Louis XII. Germaine de la Foix was the lady's name, and she had one child, a son, who died in infancy, to the intense disappointment of the king, who desired an heir to succeed him. Affairs in Italy demanded the

presence of Ferdinand, and he accordingly embarked for Naples, with a numerous army. During his absence from Spain, his son-in-law, Philip of Flanders, died. Joanna, who had been insane for some time, became worse after her husband's death, and had to be removed to a retired residence in the country. During the minority of Joanna's infant son, Charles, Ferdinand assumed the regency of Castile, retaining it until his death.

In the latter part of the year 1515, Ferdinand started on a journey to the south of Spain. His health had been failing for some time, and when the little town of Madrigalejo was reached, the king was so ill that he could not continue his journey. At first, he cherished hopes of restoration to health, but when his physicians assured him that he was on his death-bed, he made his confession and received the last sacraments. His death occurred, January 22, 1506, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Ferdinand of Aragon owes his prominent place in history, at least in part to his illustrious wife Isabella, who far surpassed him in courage, wisdom and other qualities which compose the character of the successful and beloved ruler. After Isabella's death, Ferdinand lost the love of his people, who were disgusted with his ill-advised second marriage. An astute writer of the period

has described Ferdinand of Aragon as "a lucky rather than a wise prince."

In the royal chapel of the cathedral in Granada, there are two magnificently carved sepulchers of alabaster, erected to the memory of Ferdinand and Isabella by their grandson and successor Charles V. This lovely chapel is filled with memorials of the Catholic sovereigns whose glorious reign restored the kingdom of Granada to Spanish rule. We love to linger before the effigy of Isabella, one of the noblest queens who ever graced a throne, while we call to mind what a celebrated English statesman said of her, "She was an honor to her sex, and the corner-stone of the greatness of Spain."

KATHARINE OF ARAGON.

KATHARINE of Aragon was the youngest daughter of those great Spanish sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, under whose patronage, Columbus discovered the New World.

She was born amid the stir of battle, for the armies of her parents were then engaged in wresting from the infidel Arabs, that territory in the south of Spain, of which they had been in possession for more than seven hundred years. Queen Isabella invariably accompanied the army, and after the fall of La Ronda, she set out to spend the Christmas holidays at Toledo, then the chief city of Spain. In the course of her journey, the queen stopped at Alcala de Henares, where the little princess was born, December 15, 1485. Her birth was hailed with joy, and her baptism was celebrated with all possible pomp. She was named Catalina, which is Spanish for Katharine, the name by which she is known in English history.

At that time, Spain was divided into two independent kingdoms, one of them, Aragon, was King Ferdinand's domain, the other, Castile, Queen Isabella's. Katharine took her name from her

father's kingdom, and was always known as Katharine of Aragon.

Our little princess spent the first four years of her life in the camp of her parents, before the city of Granada, of which the Moors still held possession. They sallied forth one night, and set fire to the pavilion in which slept Katharine and her little brother and sisters. The royal children were rescued, after much difficulty, from the dreadful death which threatened them.

A few months later, the city of Granada, the last stronghold of the Moors, surrendered to the victorious arms of Aragon and Castile, and the little Katharine was taken with her parents, when they made their triumphant entry into Granada. This lovely city, a paradise of marble palaces, sparkling fountains and old gardens, perfumed with countless orange blossoms and roses, and resounding with the songs of nightingales, was henceforth to be the little Katharine's home. Her mother, Queen Isabella, who was very learned and pious, being anxious that her little daughter should be taught all the learning and accomplishments of that period, her education was begun when she was about five years of age. She learned rapidly, and became very proficient in Latin, a rare accomplishment for a woman in those days.

Granada is the Spanish word for pomegranate,

and the pomegranate was the device that Katharine adopted for her own. In England this device may still be seen among the ornaments of certain old buildings with which Katharine was associated, among them the well of St. Winifred, of which she was a benefactress.

In the year 1501, the Princess Katharine, being sixteen years of age, there was an interruption to her peaceful and happy life in Granada. An embassy arrived there from England, soliciting her hand in marriage for the English king's eldest son, Prince Arthur. Her parents consented, and Katharine bade farewell to them and to her sisters, sailing for England from the Spanish port of Coruna, August 17th.

Imagine, my dear children, the sadness of this young princess, scarcely more than a child, thus compelled to leave her beloved family and her beautiful home, for that cold, foreign land where the poor stranger was destined to suffer so many bitter trials.

Her ship encountered contrary winds and was forced back on the Spanish coast. She re-embarked in a better vessel on September 26th, and after a fair voyage landed safely at the English port of Plymouth. The entrance of the young princess into her new domain was dismal enough. A dreary November rain was falling, the cold was very penetrating and caused great discomfort to

herself and to her retinue, accustomed to the balmy air and warm sunshine of the south.

King Henry VII, Katharine's future father-in-law, was notified of her arrival, and set out at once, accompanied by a large number of dignitaries, to meet and welcome her to his dominions. Just outside of Dogmer's field, where Katharine was stopping, he was met by a number of Spanish gentlemen who had accompanied her. Their mission in riding forward to meet him, was the rather difficult one of telling him that it was King Ferdinand's wish that neither the king, nor Prince Arthur, nor, in fact, any man should behold the face of Katharine until after her marriage. This strange rule of Spanish etiquette caused great consternation among the English and aroused the anger of King Henry, who declared that he would see the princess in spite of them, that was what he had come for, and he would not be turned aside from his purpose.

Seeing him so determined, the Spaniards finally yielded, and admitted him to the presence of his future daughter-in-law. She understood no English, King Henry no Spanish, but they exchanged compliments by means of the Latin language. Presently the king went in search of his son, Prince Arthur, who had been patiently waiting outside and presented him to his future bride.

The young couple had been betrothed by proxy,

but now they went through the ceremony in person. A quaint account is given by an old chronicler of this betrothal, and of the way all the noble company amused themselves afterwards, the princess calling for her Spanish minstrels, she and her ladies "with goodly behavior solaced themselves right pleasantly with dancing."

Then began the tedious journey to London, a journey which lasted several days, not alone on account of the bad roads, but also because the people, anxious for a view of their future queen, crowded along the road and necessarily delayed her progress. At one place she was met by Lord Henry Stafford and the Abbot of Bury, with a company of four hundred people, dressed in the Stafford livery of scarlet and black, the Abbot, in a speech, welcoming Katharine to England.

At Kensington Palace, near London, the princess was lodged until preparations could be made for her formal entry into the city. On November 12th all was ready, and Katharine, with a large escort of lords and ladies, made her entrance into London. She was seated on a mule, according to the custom of her country, and was curiously dressed, wearing a large, round hat, under which was a veil of crimson with gold lace. Her maids of honor wore similar hats. Each Spanish lady's mule was led by an English lady dressed in cloth of gold and riding on horseback. The people of

London welcomed her with a great representation, or kind of play, of her patroness, Saint Katharine.

And now, Saint Paul's Cathedral was made ready for the royal nuptials. A high platform covered with crimson cloth was erected, so that all might see the ceremony which took place on the morning of November 14th, 1501. Katharine was conducted to the Cathedral by the young Henry, Duke of York, who afterwards became her second husband. She was attired in a magnificent gown of white satin, with a long veil which completely concealed her face. This veil was embroidered with gold and pearls. The bridegroom, Prince Arthur, met her at the church where the Archbishop of Canterbury performed the marriage ceremony. The royal couple then followed the Archbishop and the nineteen bishops who were present, to the high altar where Mass was celebrated. Katharine's train was borne by her husband's aunt, the Princess Cecily, who was followed by one hundred ladies, richly dressed.

After Mass a grand wedding breakfast was served in the bishop's palace of St. Paul's Cathedral, at which the bridal pair were served on plates of gold, ornamented with precious stones. Then followed all the plays and tournaments and feasting, with which a royal wedding was celebrated in those days. To the credit of royalty be it said, that all the enjoyment was not reserved for them-

selves only, for the people were allowed to be present at all these entertainments, platforms having been erected for their accommodation.

One noble gentleman came mounted on a red dragon led by a giant with a large forest tree in his hand. Another had a great, green mountain carried over him, covered with trees and flowers and with all sorts of small animals creeping up the sides. Of course, the dragon and the mountain were made of a substance something like paper, but I presume they afforded great amusement to the audience. There was a tournament in which the nobles tilted with spears, breaking a great many lances on each other's bodies, as an old historian writes, but no one appears to have been injured.

When these celebrations were concluded, King Henry presented to the Spanish lords and ladies, costly gifts of gold and jewels, thanking them for the good care they had taken of his daughter-in-law.

Poor Katharine had now to bid these faithful friends good-bye, for their mission of caring for her until after her marriage, was concluded, and they were upon the point of starting on their return to Spain. King Henry, who noted his daughter-in-law's sadness, invited her and her ladies to accompany him to his library where he showed them many curious and pleasant books,

both English and Latin, and where his prudent foresight had provided a jeweler with his wares, rich trinkets of every description, of which the king bade Katharine take her choice. What remained, he distributed among her ladies-in-waiting.

It was the custom in England, at that time, for the king's eldest son, the Prince of Wales, to hold his court at Ludlow in Wales. This court, though small, was modeled exactly on the English court at Westminster. To Wales accordingly went Katharine and her husband, Prince Arthur, as soon as the wedding festivities were concluded. The roads were so bad that the journey could not be performed in carriages, so Katharine rode on a pillion, or kind of saddle, behind her master of horse, while eleven ladies on horseback followed her. The journey must have been a hard one, but the royal couple reached Ludlow safely, where they were joyfully welcomed by the Welsh people, with whom they became very popular.

A bright future seemed to be in store for them, but Katharine had not been destined for worldly happiness, and her sorrows began early indeed. When she had been scarcely two months in Wales, Prince Arthur fell ill of the plague, which raged at the time, and died, leaving her a widow in a strange land at the age of sixteen. Her mother-in-law, Queen Elizabeth of York, in her own grief

over the untimely death of her eldest and favorite child, did not forget the forlorn young widow. She had a litter of black velvet prepared, in which Katharine made the journey back to England, taking up her abode at the country palace of Croydon, which was to be her home during her widowhood.

King Ferdinand and Queen Isabel had paid only half of their daughter's marriage portion when the news of her husband's death reached them. They then expressed a desire that she should come home to them and that her dower be returned. King Henry VII, who was very grasping, disliked the idea extremely of parting with so much money, and he conceived the plan of arranging a marriage between Katharine and her young brother-in-law, Henry, who was then only thirteen years old. Her parents consented, provided a dispensation could be obtained from the Pope. Katharine herself was very unhappy, and naturally disliked the idea of becoming the wife of a boy so much younger than herself. She wrote to her father that she had no wish for a second marriage in England, but for him to act as seemed best to him, and not to consult her own wishes in the matter.

There were certain reasons for the granting of the dispensation, and the pope accordingly gave his permission for the marriage of Katharine and

Henry, which took place about seven years after the death of Prince Arthur. Henry was nineteen at the time of the wedding, Katharine being twenty-four.

Henry was already a king when he was married, having succeeded his father, who had died a short time before. He was a stout, handsome young man, good-humored, and with a certain heartiness of manner, which made him very popular with all classes. "Burly King Harry" they called him, and "bluff King Hal" and all of his subjects, high and low, liked the young king and promised themselves much happiness and prosperity during his reign. The ruling traits in his character seem to have been an inordinate selfishness and a stubbornness of will which prompted him to obtain what he desired, sacrificing, if need be, the rights and the happiness of others to attain his object.

Katharine was crowned in Westminster, with great pomp, a few days after her marriage. It is reported that she looked extremely handsome in her beautiful white robes of embroidered satin with a jeweled crown resting on her dark hair.

There were the usual festivities after the coronation, which were interrupted very soon by the death of the king's grandmother, Margaret of Richmond, and by the outbreak of a great pestilence in London. The king and queen to escape

the danger of infection, went with the court to Richmond, a country place not far distant. Here the king amused himself in his usual childish fashion, with all kinds of games and sports. He would suddenly leave the queen, and return dressed as a Moor, or a Russian, or anything else that took his fancy, Katharine good-humoredly pretending great surprise when he appeared before her in these strange disguises.

On New Year's Day, 1511, a son was born to the king and queen, who was named Henry at his baptism, the Archbishop of Canterbury being one of his sponsors. The birth of the little heir was celebrated at Westminster with a grand ball, which was opened by a beautiful pageant. A number of ladies appeared, seated in a large arbor, of which the pillars were covered with gold, and all entwined with hundreds of silk and satin roses and hawthorn blossoms. The ladies' dresses were covered with the letters "H" and "K," the initials of the king and queen, made of pure gold.

Now, as I have told you, every one was allowed to be present at these royal frolics, and, naturally there was an immense crowd, a mob indeed, gathered at the lower end of the hall to see this fine show. The golden arbor, after the ladies left it, had been rolled back within the reach of these spectators. This was too much of a temptation, and they promptly fell to work, and before the

court officers could interfere, had stripped the pillars bare of all the gold and flowers. Emboldened by this success, they then turned their attention to the noble actors in the scene, not sparing even the king himself, who was despoiled of all the golden ornaments adorning his rich costume. An old chronicle states that a certain sea captain, who was present at this ball, obtained for his share of the spoils, letters of beaten gold, which he afterwards sold for £3, or about fifteen dollars of our money.

This incident will serve to show you the curious state of society at that time.

Henry took it all very good-naturedly, and as every one at court was supposed to do exactly as the king did, I presume the noble lords and ladies laughed and pretended to be amused, although probably inwardly much vexed at the loss of their jewelry.

These uproarious celebrations came quickly and sadly to an end. On the twenty-second of February, the little prince Henry died, being less than two months old. His death is chronicled in one of the old records of Westminster Abbey, and reads this way: "In the second year of our Lord, the King, there was born to him and to her Grace, the Queen, a son, whose soul is now among the Holy Innocents of God."

Poor Queen Katharine was overwhelmed with

grief, but she tried, like the brave woman that she was, to overcome her sorrow, and to fulfill bravely all the duties of her station in life.

Soon after the death of the little prince, war broke out with France, and King Henry led the invasion into that country in person. He embarked, with his troops at Dover, where Katharine parted from him very affectionately and sadly.

The king made her regent of the kingdom during his absence, intrusting her with higher powers than had ever been given to a woman regent in England. Besides placing the government of the country entirely in her hands, he made her captain of his troops and empowered her to borrow money, if the necessity should arise, while he was in France.

This confidence of the king in his wife's discretion and judgment, proves the character of Katharine to have been one of ability and sterling worth.

Before the king's return, war was declared between England and Scotland, in which the English were victorious, the Scottish monarch, James IV, dying on the battle-field of Flodden.

The war in France was of short duration, and after winning the battle of Guinegate, King Henry sailed for home. He landed at Dover, and rode on to surprise the queen at Richmond, where there was an affectionate meeting between them. King

Henry's conduct had not been above reproach in France, but Katharine, with her customary kindness and charity overlooked this, and the royal pair seem to have been very happy for a time, joining in all kinds of merry-making and festivals.

Peace having been declared between the French and English, a marriage was arranged between King Henry's sister, Mary, and the French monarch Louis XII. Mary disliked this match which had been made for her, and departed sadly on her journey to France, taking an affectionate leave of her good sister-in-law, Queen Katharine.

Among the Princess Mary's ladies-in-waiting, who accompanied her to France, was a beautiful young girl, Anne Boleyn. Remember her name well, for you will learn more about her before this story is finished.

In the following November, another little prince was born, who died when he was but a few days old, to the great sorrow and disappointment of poor Katharine.

Now happened an event, which, though seeming to have but little connection with Katharine, was probably the cause of all her future misery. The French King, Louis XII, who had married Henry's sister Mary, died less than three months after the wedding. Mary had never liked the idea of this marriage, and she remained a widow

but a very short time, entering into a second marriage with the Duke of Suffolk, whom she had known before she became the wife of Louis. Mary then accompanied her new husband to England, and with her came her ladies-in-waiting, among them Anne Boleyn.

On February 18, 1516, the Queen's only daughter was born. This child, the only one of Katharine's children who lived past infancy, was named Mary for her aunt, the Duchess of Suffolk. She afterwards occupied the throne of England. When Mary was less than two years old, a third son was born to her parents, who lived only one day. The loss of all their sons, was a great sorrow to Henry and Katharine, who were very desirous of an heir to succeed them on the throne. Katharine's grief, after the loss of her last son, was increased by the fact that the king began to treat her with cold neglect. She was thirty-nine years old at this time, King Henry about thirty-four. Her health was very delicate, in fact, for three years she was so ill that her life was at times despaired of.

In the meantime, the king's foolish fancy had been captivated by the young maid-of-honor, Anne Boleyn, who had returned with his sister from France.

She became one of Queen Katharine's ladies-in-waiting, and was always treated by her with

the utmost limit of Christian charity and forbearance.

To make a long story short, King Henry wished to marry Anne Boleyn, and in order to rid himself of poor Queen Katharine, he pretended, having been married to her for sixteen years, to be suddenly much troubled in his conscience because she had been his brother's wife, and he accordingly set about getting a divorce from her so that he could make Anne Boleyn his wife.

He appealed to Rome, but the pope refused to consider any such scheme, and said that as Henry was lawfully married to Queen Katharine, he could not marry again while she lived, under penalty of excommunication.

Matters dragged on for some time without any decisive step being taken by the king, who now treated Katharine with the utmost injustice and cruelty. He even sent to intercept a letter she had written, asking advice and help in the trouble which had come upon her, of her nephew, the Emperor Charles V of Spain.

The king pretended to hold a court in London, before which his case was tried and where the poor Queen made a piteous appeal to him for justice, calling herself a friendless stranger in a foreign land. All this was of no avail, however, and when Henry found out that there was no hope of obtaining the pope's sanction to his divorce,

he renounced the Catholic Church and influenced Parliament to pass an act, called the "Act of Supremacy," which declared the king to be the "Only Supreme Head of the Church in England." Thus was founded the Protestant Episcopal Church, whose present head is King Edward VII of England.

The pope had written privately to Henry before he took this fatal step, commanding him to give up all idea of divorcing Queen Katharine, but when the king renounced allegiance to the True Church, sentence of excommunication was pronounced against him.

Now began a reign of terror in England. The good monks, who for hundreds of years had been the benefactors of the people, ministering to their spiritual and temporal wants, were forced to abandon their monasteries and lands, which were given to King Henry's followers. It was treason, punishable by death, to deny the "Act of Supremacy," and, as Catholics were liable to be asked their opinion of this at any time, many brave souls suffered martyrdom rather than betray their holy Faith.

Henry's marriage to Anne Boleyn had been privately performed some time before, and Katharine was banished from court, taking up her abode at Buckden Castle, near Huntingdon, a few faithful friends following her to share her exile.

Katharine's father, King Ferdinand, was dead, her daughter, the Princess Mary, by the King's command, was separated from her, and now, her faithful confessor, Father John Forrest, was thrown into prison, where he languished for two years before suffering a martyr's death.

The Queen's room at Buckden had a window opening into the chapel, and it is said that in the morning the stone sill was so wet with the tears she had shed, while praying during the night, that her attendants thought at first that a shower of rain had fallen upon it.

King Henry now began a persecution of Katharine's two confessors, Fathers Forrest and Abell, in the hope of extorting from them something the Queen might have confessed which would make his divorce more valid. No priest has ever been known to violate the secrecy of the confessional, and these two faithful servants of God suffered a horrible martyrdom in the performance of their duty.

Katharine, being now upon her death-bed, requested as a last favor that she be allowed to see her little daughter. King Henry, with incredible cruelty, refused his permission. She had previously removed from Buckden to Kimbolton Castle, and here she died, January 7, 1536, having received the Last Sacraments with great piety and fervor.

When word of Katharine's death was brought to Anne Boleyn, she was washing her hands in a costly basin, which she gave to the messenger in gratitude for his welcome tidings, exclaiming, "Now I am indeed a queen." The king ordered that the court go into mourning, but Anne dressed herself and her ladies in bright yellow, to show the joy she felt over her rival's death.

The character of Katharine of Aragon is one of the most noble and lovely in history. She neglected none of the difficult duties of her exalted station in life. She was a dutiful daughter, an exemplary wife, a fond mother, a noble queen. Although not disdaining the amusements of her station in life, she devoted the greater part of her time to duties of a serious nature. It was her custom always to rise at night to pray. She fasted twice a week and received Holy Communion every Sunday. Dress and frivolity were not to her taste, and she was once heard to say that that part of her time spent in dressing and adorning herself she considered entirely wasted.

Her treatment of Anne Boleyn is perhaps the most conspicuous example of her saintly virtue. Some time previous to her death, one of her attendants began a conversation about Anne, in the course of which she reviled her as the cause of all of Katharine's troubles. The Queen, who was weeping bitterly, dried her eyes and rebuked the

speaker, saying, "revile her not, but rather pray for her, for even now is the time fast coming when she will need your pity." This prophecy was singularly fulfilled in a few short years, when Anne Boleyn suffered death upon the scaffold, to make way for her own waiting-woman, Jane Seymour, to whom King Henry had transferred his affection.

Katharine of Aragon commanded the admiration and respect of even her enemies, not one of whom ever dared to calumniate her. Her friends loved her for her goodness and her benevolent unselfishness, and all posterity must admire her for those many beautiful virtues which shine forth so brightly in the darkness of her sorrowful life.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

“UNEASY lies the head that wears a crown” says the poet, and to no sovereign in history can this be applied with more truth, than to the unhappy queen whose tragic story I am now going to relate to you.

Mary Stuart was born in the palace of Linlithgow, near Edinburgh, December 8, 1542. Her father, King James V, had led his army against the English, whose king, Henry VIII, had wished, for a long time to conquer Scotland and annex it to his dominions. With this end in view, he was constantly making war on the Scotch, and, shortly before Mary's birth, a battle was fought at Solway Moss, during the course of which the Scottish king received a mortal wound. There was barely time to inform the dying monarch of his little daughter's entrance into the world, before he took his departure from it. He had ardently wished for a son to succeed him, and was greatly disappointed that the infant was a girl. Turning his face to the wall he said, “The kingdom came

in with a lass, and it will go out with a lass," predicting that his child would be the last sovereign to reign exclusively over Scotland. This proved true, for Mary's successor on the Scottish throne became king of England also, and from that time, Scotland has been under the dominion of the English monarchs.

Mary Stuart was a near relative of the king of England, whose only son, Edward, had been declared his father's heir to the throne. Edward was the son of Henry's third wife, Jane Seymour, whose marriage many Englishmen considered invalid. In that case, the rightful heir was Mary, the daughter of Henry's first wife, Katharine of Aragon. Our little Scottish Mary stood next in line of succession to her English cousin of the same name, and her nearness to the English throne, as well as Henry's desire to obtain control over Scotland, prompted him to beg Mary's hand in marriage for his son, Prince Edward. Now, the young English prince was a Protestant, while Mary's mother, Mary of Guise, was a Catholic and a Frenchwoman. She and a large portion of the Scottish nobles, determined that the proposed marriage should not take place. This thwarting of his carefully laid plan made the English king furious, and he promptly declared war against Scotland.

In the disturbed state of the country, it was

deemed best to send Mary away, for a time. The French king who had come to the assistance of the Scotch, in their war with England, invited the little queen to visit his dominions, and proposed a marriage between her and his son Francis, as soon as she should arrive at a suitable age. Accordingly, Mary and her attendants, among whom were four little girls, each named Mary, left their turbulent country, and landed, after a stormy voyage, in France. The little five-year-old queen was received with great ceremony and conducted to the king's palace of St. Germain, which was to be her home until she was sent to a convent to be educated.

While still quite young, Mary displayed great aptitude for learning. She was a good Latin scholar, and wrote very fair verses before she was grown. She loved the convent and the good French nuns who had charge of her education, and after a few years spent at school, Mary formed the design of becoming a nun herself. Of course, the French king refused to sanction this plan, and he took her from the convent and surrounded her with all the gayety and splendor of the court.

Mary was then about fourteen years of age, and possessed such great beauty, that, one day when she was bearing a candle in a religious procession, a peasant woman asked if she were not an angel. Shortly after Mary's arrival at court, prepara-

tions were begun for her marriage to the French dauphin, an amiable, delicate youth, about sixteen years of age. The nuptials were celebrated with all possible pomp, in the great church of Notre Dame, in Paris. Mary wore a splendid bridal toilet of white satin, embroidered in silver lilies, and glittering with diamonds. After the conclusion of the wedding festivities, the young couple retired to a palace in the country, near Paris, where they lived very happily, as they were much attached to one another. When Mary had been married about a year, the wedding of her sister-in-law was celebrated in Paris, with a grand tournament, at which the royal family and the court, were present. The nobles tilted, and at the close of the contest, Mary's father-in-law saw two lances which remained unbroken. Being splendidly mounted on a fine war-horse, the idea occurred to him to enter the list himself and challenge one of the knights present, to combat. His wife, realizing the danger attending such sport, begged him to desist, but he insisted that one of the knights should enter the lists with him. As no one had the hardihood to accept the king's challenge, he finally rode up to an officer named Montgomery, and commanded him to tilt. Very reluctantly the knight, holding the lance, took his position facing the king. Then the two combatants rode towards one another, aiming their

lances. That of the king did no injury, but Montgomery's struck his royal opponent's helmet, which it penetrated, inflicting a wound above the eye. So quickly had this occurred, that no one knew that the king had been injured, until he was observed to reel in his saddle. He was assisted from his horse, all the gay company crowding around him, in the utmost consternation and alarm. He insisted that his wound was of no consequence, but took to his bed and died in eleven days.

The throne then passed to Mary's husband, and she became queen of France, as well as queen of Scotland. The young king, Francis, exhibited much discretion and prudence in managing the affairs of the government. He was very fond of his wife, and they were perfectly happy together, a fact which rendered the more pitiful his untimely death at the age of eighteen. Mary then lost her rank and station as queen of France. The disconsolate young widow retired to a convent, but was not allowed to remain long in that peaceful retreat. Her mother, who had been regent of Scotland, died, and the leading nobles of the country considered their queen's presence necessary to the welfare of her subjects. Poor Mary dreaded the return to her native land, which she had left when little more than an infant. She loved France, and the French people returned her

affection. "La reine blanche," they called her, or the white queen, because she wore white, which was mourning for royal French widows of the period.

After delaying her departure as long as possible, Mary embarked, one sad day, for Scotland. Her love for her adopted country is touchingly depicted in a little French poem written on this voyage. Here is a translation of it:

ADIEU.

Adieu, thou pleasant land of France,
The dearest of all lands to me,
Where life was like a joyful dance
The happy dance of infancy.

Farewell, my childhood's laughing wiles,
Farewell the joys of youth's bright day,
The bark that takes me from thy smiles,
Bears but my meaner half away.

The best is thine, my changeless heart
Is given, beloved France, to thee,
And let it sometimes, though we part,
Remind thee, with a sigh, of me.

Mary's arrival in Scotland was a gloomy one. Holyrood Palace, her place of residence, was not ready for occupancy, and there was some delay before it could be placed in order for her. The shrill music of the Scottish bagpipes made her

head ache, and the rough manners of her subjects contrasted unpleasantly with the refinement of the French people. Protestantism had many adherents who put forth every effort to prevent the practice of the Catholic religion in Scotland. The first Sunday after Mary's arrival, while she was assisting at Mass in her private chapel, an armed body of Protestants gathered about the entrance, threatening the priest with death, and so frightening the queen's French attendants, that they could not be prevailed upon to remain any longer in Scotland. Among the Scotch Protestant ministers was a very stern, hard man, John Knox. He hated the Catholics intensely, and, in his efforts to convert the queen, treated her so rudely, that, upon one occasion, Mary was discovered weeping bitterly after he had left her presence.

The Scottish people were anxious that their queen should marry, and were so importunate that she finally consented to an alliance with a nobleman of Scotch extraction, living in England. Mary rather liked Lord Darnley, at first, but, not long after their marriage, he began to show his character in its true colors. He was mean, selfish, and possessed inordinate ambition. Mary bestowed upon him every honor in her power to grant, but he was not satisfied, and insisted that he was entitled to certain powers and prerogatives which had been withheld from him. He soon be-

gan to show his dissatisfaction by ill-treating his wife. The queen had an Italian secretary, a young man named Rizzio, for whom Darnley conceived a dislike, which many of the courtiers shared with him. They considered that Rizzio had too much influence over the queen, and as they had no love for foreigners, anyway, they determined to murder him. A fierce and unscrupulous nobleman, Lord Ruthven, consented to commit the dreadful deed. One evening, while the queen was at supper in her apartments, with some of the members of her household, among them the unfortunate secretary, the door was suddenly thrown open, and Ruthven entered with a band of armed men. The assassins declared that they intended no harm to the queen, but demanded Rizzio, who stood near her. Mary attempted to remonstrate with the intruders, but, without heeding her, they rushed upon the defenceless man and wounded him with a dagger. They then dragged their victim from the room and stabbed him repeatedly until he was dead. The queen had fainted during this frightful scene, and when she recovered consciousness, reproached Darnley bitterly for his share in the crime. Far from wishing to make amends, however, her cruel husband caused her to be detained for a few days, a prisoner in her own palace. Then he released her and a sort of reconciliation took place between them.

Mary removed her residence from Holyrood Palace to the castle of Edinburgh where occurred the birth of her son James, June 19, 1566. This child afterwards reigned as James VI of Scotland and I of England. The birth of the little prince brought some brightness into his mother's unhappy life. She was very proud and fond of him, as was his father also, although Darnley's affection for his little son did not prompt him to treat poor Mary with anything but cruelty. Among the powerful nobles who took part in the quarrels and petty wars of the period in Scotland, was a certain peer, the Earl of Bothwell. He was a bold, unscrupulous man, passionate, wilful, and possessed of great ambition. Knowing of the unhappy lack of harmony between Mary and her husband, and being an enemy of Darnley, he conceived the plan of killing him, and marrying the queen himself. Mary has been accused of conniving with Bothwell, in this project, but the most unbiased and reliable historians are of the opinion that she was, from first to last, entirely ignorant of the plot against her husband's life.

Mary was very unhappy. She wandered, restless and sad, from one castle to another, while Darnley amused himself in the chase, or indulged in other less innocent pastimes. She was in Glasgow when the news reached her of Darnley's

having been stricken with a serious illness. The malady proved to be smallpox, but Mary, forgetting all her sufferings at his hands, went, at once, to assist in nursing the invalid. To avoid spreading the contagion, the patient was lodged in a small house, called the Kirk-o-field, situated in the suburbs of Edinburgh. On the night of February 9, 1567, Mary and a few attendants were with Darnley, who was then convalescent, until eleven o'clock. The queen then reminded her husband of a promise she had made two of her servants, to be present at their wedding which had taken place that evening in Edinburgh. She announced her intention of spending an hour with the bridal pair, and took her departure with a few attendants, leaving Darnley and one servant in the house. A few hours later, the city of Edinburgh was shaken by a tremendous explosion. The terrified inhabitants discovered that the Kirk-o-field had been blown up with gunpowder. Darnley and his servant were found, quite dead, the force of the explosion having hurled their bodies some distance from the house. The queen, who was overwhelmed with indignation and horror, offered a large reward for the capture of the guilty persons. Bothwell was accused and tried for the crime, but there was not sufficient evidence against him, and he was found innocent.

Some time after these tragic events, Mary was

journeying from Stirling Castle to Edinburgh, accompanied by a small escort. At a wild and lonely spot, she was met by Bothwell and five hundred armed men, who had lain in wait for her. They easily overpowered her few attendants, captured the terrified queen, and took her to Bothwell's castle of Dunbar. There the powerful earl, partly by means of threats, partly by entreaties, prevailed upon his poor, distracted prisoner to become his wife. He represented to her that the leading nobles of Scotland desired the marriage, and displayed a paper signed by them to that effect. As no one came to Mary's rescue, she finally consented to the marriage, which was performed very quietly in Edinburgh.

Naturally, the Scottish people objected very strongly to this alliance of their queen and Bothwell. Two contending parties were speedily formed, with Mary and Bothwell at the head of one, and some of the nobles representing the people, on the other side. The latter faction wished to depose the queen, and to declare her little son ruler of Scotland in her place. The two opposing forces met, and were preparing for a battle, when Mary sent a message to her opponents, implored them to refrain from bloodshed, and offering to negotiate with them in person. Their answer was not very clear as to whether they would consider the queen as their sovereign

or their captive, if she should hold a conference with them. Nevertheless, Mary, distracted with grief and apprehension, went to the hostile camp. The leaders received her with a semblance of courtesy and loyalty, and proceeded to escort her, as she supposed, to Edinburgh. When they drew near the city, however, they pursued a road leading away from it, to the northward, in spite of the queen's frantic entreaties. She did not guess where they were conducting her, until they arrived at Loch Leven, a lake with a dreary castle, or rather fortress, rising out of its dark waters. There she was kept a close prisoner.

In the meantime Bothwell had made his escape to the shore of the North Sea, where he embarked for Denmark. He became a pirate and was guilty of many crimes, the accounts of which reached Scotland from time to time. Bothwell finally became insane and died miserably in a Danish prison.

Poor Mary spent more than a year in her desolate prison, Loch Leven Castle. The nobles forced her to sign a paper abdicating the throne in favor of her son, an infant not yet two years of age. The little James was crowned King of Scotland, and his mother would, in all probability, have ended her life in Loch Leven Castle, if friends had not come to her assistance. These friends were none other than the young sons of Lady Douglas,

who was the queen's jailer, so to speak, and was called the Lady of Loch Leven.

One unsuccessful attempt at escape was made, after which the royal captive was closely watched. Edward Douglas finally possessed himself of the key to the castle door, and in the silence and darkness of midnight, the queen stepped into a boat which had been moored outside the walls of her prison, and was rowed ashore. She was met by a band of loyal subjects between whom and Mary's enemies a battle took place on the day following her liberation. The queen's forces suffered a total defeat, and Mary, despairing of protection in Scotland, determined on a bold step. She resolved to go to England, and to throw herself upon the charity of her cousin, Queen Elizabeth.

Elizabeth was the daughter of Henry VIII and his second wife, Anne Boleyn, and her right to the throne was questioned by many of her subjects, because they considered her parents' marriage illegal. If Elizabeth had really no right to the throne of England, then it belonged to Mary, who was the grand-daughter of an aunt of Henry VIII. Elizabeth feared Mary's influence, and hated exceedingly to have her in England. While pretending to receive the Scottish queen as a guest, she had her confined as close a prisoner as she had been at Loch Leven, and poor Mary had only exchanged one captivity for another.

Eighteen weary years did the unfortunate queen of Scotland spend in her English prison. Several attempts had been made to liberate her, but all proved futile. The last one had the appearance of Mary's connivance, and she was accordingly accused of high treason, and brought to Fotheringay Castle for trial. Mary urged that she was not a subject, but a queen in her own right, and could not, therefore, be legally tried in England. No heed was paid to her remonstrance, however, and the trial proceeded. Mary was pronounced guilty of treason, an offence punishable with death. Queen Elizabeth pretended to be much disturbed over the result of the trial, and laid the matter before parliament, which confirmed the verdict against the Queen of Scotland. The death-warrant was prepared for Elizabeth to sign, but the crafty Queen of England wished to shift the blame for Mary's death upon parliament, and she sent a message to the condemned prisoner, declaring that she would make every effort to save her life. Mary answered, that, in saving her life, the Queen of England would confer no favor on one who was weary of living and who would welcome death with joy. After making a few last requests, she signed her letter "your affectionate cousin and prisoner, Mary, Queen of Scots."

Mary's son made some efforts to stay the execu-

tion of her sentence, but without success. On the evening of February 7, 1587, after Mary had retired, she was informed that some gentlemen wished to speak with her. She rose and dressed herself to receive her guests, who proved to be a commission appointed by Elizabeth to read the death-warrant, and to be present at the execution. After hearing the warrant, Mary replied with dignified calmness that she welcomed her guests as the bearers of good tidings, because she regarded her approaching death as a joyful release from all her sorrows and trials. The commissioners then informed her that the time of the execution had been fixed for the following morning at eight o'clock. The condemned queen begged that a Catholic priest be allowed to visit her, in order that she might prepare properly for death. Even this last consolation was denied her, the commissioners proposing to send the dean of Peterborough, an Episcopalian clergyman, to minister to Mary in her last hours. Naturally, she refused the offices of a Protestant minister and persisted in her request to see a priest, a request which, strange as it may seem, was cruelly refused. The condemned prisoner spent the greater part of the night making her will, and writing letters of farewell to her relatives in France and Scotland.

In the morning, having risen and performed her devotions with great fervor, Mary took a

solemn leave of her attendants, whose sobs and cries resounded through the castle. She walked, with a firm step, to the place of execution, a large hall of the castle, where a scaffold had been erected. After kneeling a few moments in prayer, with a crucifix clasped in her folded hands, Mary rose and addressed the commissioners. She assured them of her full forgiveness of Queen Elizabeth and all her enemies and declared herself a faithful Catholic.

I will spare you the harrowing details of the execution. After the ghastly deed was accomplished, one of the witnesses held up the severed head saying, "Thus perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies," but no one answered him.

Mary's body was first interred at Peterborough, near Fotheringay Castle, where her execution had taken place. After her son became King of England, he caused his mother's remains to be removed to Westminster Abbey, where a magnificent monument was erected to her memory.

The sad career of Mary, Queen of Scots, enlists our sympathy, and, while we cannot approve of some of her actions, we must remember, in extenuation of her faults, the unusual and tragic circumstances that ordered her ill-starred life. She possessed noble qualities of mind and heart, and, under different conditions, would have been a happy wife and mother, and a beloved queen.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

THE little French sea-port of Brouage, on the Bay of Biscay, was the birth-place, in the year 1567, of the hero of my story. Samuel de Champlain entered the marine service, while still a very young man, and rising rapidly soon became a captain in the royal navy. He took part in a war conducted by King Henry IV of France, against a rebellious noble in Brittany, and so distinguished himself, that the king granted him a pension, and expressed a desire to retain him permanently at court. But the restless spirit of the soldier soon wearied of the monotony of this new mode of life, and the young captain begged the king's permission to visit the West Indies, then in control of the Spaniards, who desired to exclude all foreigners. In fact, a Frenchman who landed on those islands, took his life in his hands. The danger only rendered the voyage more attractive to Champlain, who spent two years visiting the principal parts of the West Indies, as well as Panama and Mexico. At Dieppe, in France,

there is still preserved, a curious old manuscript, the journal kept by Champlain on this voyage. It contains sixty-one quaint drawings of Indians, birds, beasts and fish, seen by him on his travels.

Returning to France, he took his old position at court, which he had formally found so tiresome. There he formed a friendship with a man who, like himself, stood high in the royal favor. The name of this new friend was Aymar de Chastes. He had rendered important services to the king, and was, at that time, governor of Dieppe. Although somewhat advanced in years, he had formed the project, (being a man of great piety) of converting the Indians and establishing a colony in New France, as that portion of the New World was called, which belonged to France. Champlain, just returned from the West Indies, young, hardy and courageous, seemed to De Chastes, to be perfectly qualified to accompany his expedition to New France. Champlain was delighted with the opportunity of making another voyage of adventure, and readily consented to become one of De Chastes' little company. The vessel bearing the brave pioneers, sailed from Honfleurs, and crossing the Atlantic safely, proceeded up the beautiful St. Lawrence River. Soon after the arrival of Champlain in New France, the good and pious De Chastes died, and, an officer of the king's household, named De

Monts, succeeded him as lieutenant-general of the proposed colony. De Monts sailed from Havre de Grace, April 7, 1607, having arranged for a second ship, loaded with provisions for the colonists, to follow in a few days. This vessel cast anchor in a harbor on the southern coast of Nova Scotia, to which the sailors gave the name of Port Mouton, because a sheep jumped overboard into the sea at that place.

When De Monts' little party had anxiously waited an entire month for the store-ship, it finally arrived, and the two vessels, well stocked with provisions and supplies of all kinds, pursued their way around the southern coast of Nova Scotia, then northward to Newfoundland, anchoring in St. Mary's Bay.

One day, a small company went ashore for a stroll in the forest, whose green shade looked very inviting to the ship-weary travelers. Among them was a young French priest, Nicholas Aubry. After walking some distance into the depths of the forest, he stopped to drink at a brook, placing his sword beside him on the grass, while he bent over the little stream. In his hurry to rejoin his companions, he forgot his weapon, and, when he discovered his loss, started back to find it. Ignorant of wood-craft, he became bewildered, lost his way, and was unable to find his comrades. He walked aimlessly about, in the wood,

shouting, but receiving no answer. He had wandered out of earshot of the ship, and even failed to hear a cannon fired on board, to guide him. De Monts finally sailed away, thinking that the young priest had perished in the forest. The vessel landed at the mouth of the St. Croix River, where it was decided to fix the site of the colony, and a fort and other buildings were at once begun. After settling at St. Croix, Champlain sent several of the vessel's crew back to St. Mary's Bay, because he thought that traces of silver had been found by the ill-fated party who landed the day Nicholas Aubry was lost. As the vessel rode at anchor, one day while the crew fished, they heard, from the direction of the shore, a sound like a feeble human voice. Looking towards the place whence the sound came, they saw a small black object moving, as if someone were waving a hat on the end of a stick. Hastily they rowed ashore, and found the companion they had given up for lost two weeks before. Nicholas Aubry had wandered through the wilderness, eating only berries and roots, and was so emaciated that his former comrades recognized him with difficulty.

In the meantime, every one was busy at the new settlement at St. Croix. Soon the little island was covered with buildings, protected against the Indians by a palisade. Champlain even laid out a garden, but nothing would grow in the stony

soil. A small rustic chapel built on the summit of a rocky hill, overlooked the new city. Soon the summer passed, and the bleak, northern winter swept down on St. Croix, surrounding the little island with great fields of ice. Cider and wine froze solid, and were served in pieces by the pound. A dreadful disease, scurvy, broke out, and of the seventy-nine colonists, thirty-five died before the spring. Champlain, with his great courage, inspired the settlers, even in the midst of the sufferings of that terrible winter, and with the spring came health and hope to revive their drooping spirits.

In the summer, Champlain set out on a further voyage of discovery, among the islands and bays of the coast of Maine. He pursued his course to the southward, past the Massachusetts coast, where he landed every fair day to visit the Indians, whose queer pointed wigwams could be plainly seen from the vessel. At Cape Cod, a number of the ship's crew landed to procure a supply of fresh water. An Indian snatched a kettle from one of the men, who started in pursuit of the thief. In an instant, a number of arrows shot through the air, and a sailor fell dead. The Frenchmen then opened fire, from their vessel, on the Indians, who escaped to the woods. Soon after this unhappy adventure, provisions failed the little company of explorers, and they were

compelled to return to St. Croix. Champlain had learned, from the sad experience of the past winter, that the situation of St. Croix was too exposed, and he determined to remove the settlement to a more sheltered site, across the Bay of Fundy, at the mouth of the River Annapolis, called by the French, the River Dauphin. Soon the dense forest was cleared away, and, for the second time, Champlain and his followers set to work to build a town in the wilderness. Two of the principal officers of the colony, De Monts and Pontrincourt returned to France to solicit financial aid for the new settlement, of which there was a pressing need, and to bring back priests to minister to the settlers as well as to labor for the conversion of the Indians. The envoys found a valuable ally in Marc Lescarbot, a pious man, possessed of much good sense and energy, who could not only help to build a colony, but could also write its history. It is to Lescarbot that we owe most of our knowledge of the affairs of New France. De Monts remained in France, while Lescarbot embarked for the New World in a ship bearing the unlucky name of Jonas. The Jonas bore him safely to the beautiful shore of New France, which, lit up by a golden July sun, smiled a welcome to the brave little vessel. Sailing up Port Royal Basin, the travelers on the Jonas finally came in sight of the new settlement, which looked

attractive enough, with its background of huge forest-trees. Champlain and all the colonists welcomed Lescarbot and his companions with delight, and wine was served in the courtyard to celebrate their safe arrival.

Soon the newcomers learned what it was to be pioneers in the wilderness. They set out with Champlain in a small vessel, to continue the exploration of the Massachusetts coast. Although the shore was thickly strewn with wigwams, five of the ship's company disobeyed orders, and passed a night on shore. While they slept around their camp-fire, a large band of Indians attacked them, killing two of their number outright, and wounding the remaining three, who fled, panic-stricken, to their boat. Champlain was awakened by the terrified cries for help of the men on shore, he snatched his weapons, jumped into a boat, and with only eight men, rowed ashore and charged the furious Indians. The savages fled to the woods where they paused, and from a hill-top watched Champlain and his men bury their murdered companions. At that safe distance, they danced in glee and triumph, making mocking gestures towards the white men. The Indians afterwards dug up the dead bodies and burned them.

This dreadful experience determined Champlain to abandon his idea of forming a colony in

that vicinity, and he, accordingly, returned to Port Royal.

Among the colonists, Lescarbot, of whom I have already told you, was the most useful. He was gardener, mechanic, builder and soldier, to the entire settlement. He laid out, and cultivated with his own hands, a fine garden, the first in New France. All the priests had, unfortunately, died of scurvy, and, until others could be procured, he assembled the colonists regularly in the great hall of the settlement, where he read prayers. With Champlain's assistance, he organized the settlers into a society, each member of which had to take his turn at supplying the meals for one day. There was a friendly rivalry among the amateur caterers, as to who could set forth the best fare, and consequently, the Frenchmen had an abundance of fish, wild fowl and game. At these meals, there were always present a number of Indian guests, who became friends and allies of the white men.

It became necessary, at this time, to send a member of the new settlement to France, to attend to some important affairs of the colony, and Pontrincourt being selected for the mission, he bade farewell to Port Royal, and sailed for home. On his arrival in France, he secured the services of a pious and zealous priest, Father La Fleche, who accompanied him on his return to the New

World. The good priest lost no time in beginning his labors among the savages, and very soon an Indian chief named Membertou was baptized, together with his children, grand-children and all his tribe. It was an impressive sight—that band of savages kneeling to receive the sacred rite in the presence of the entire colony. When the last words of the baptismal service were spoken, the great audience joined in singing the *Te Deum*, whose solemn strains re-echoed through the adjacent forest. Membertou was called Henry, and one of his sons received the name of the pope. Very soon, so many Indians had followed Membertou's example, that the work of ministering to the spiritual needs of such a large number of converts, became too great a task for Father La Fleche. Through the efforts of a devout French lady, Madame de Guercheville, two Jesuits, Fathers Masse and Biard, were procured to aid in the difficult work of the Indian missions. They embarked for New France, reaching Port Royal on the Feast of Pentecost. Taking up their new and arduous labors without delay, they went to share the hard life of the Indians in the forest, and at once set about learning the language of the savages. Father Masse soon composed a small, simple catechism, which he used with great success, in preparing them for baptism. Worn out with his unaccustomed labors and feeble in health,

the good priest was compelled, after a time, to return to Port Royal. He found the Indian chief, Membertou at the point of death. Father Biard administered the last sacraments to the dying convert, who was the first of his race in New France to be buried in consecrated ground.

In the meantime, Champlain had returned to Paris, but the wilderness was too tempting to his adventurous spirit for him to remain long away from it. He embarked for New France, and sailing far up the noble St. Lawrence River, anchored before a steep, rocky promontory, the site of the present city of Quebec. It was not long before the axmen of the energetic Champlain had cleared a spot in the wilderness, and the first wooden houses of the new settlement were built.

Champlain shared the popular belief, that, by going westward, he would discover a route to China. Accordingly, he set out, in the spring, with a few comrades, and several Indians of the Algonquin and Huron tribes, who acted as guides. The little party of explorers pursued their way to the west and south, now sailing down rivers, or across small lakes, then shouldering their canoes and walking in long procession through the dense undergrowth of the forest. As they were in constant danger of attack by hostile tribes of savages, they were compelled to hold themselves always in readiness for a fight.

The actions of the Indian members of his little company, were a constant source of interest and amusement to Champlain. One evening, he observed an old Indian breaking sticks into various lengths and thrusting them into the ground. When he had carefully disposed them, according to a plan, he called the other Indians of the party, who came and gravely took note of the position of the sticks. Champlain learned that each stick represented a warrior, and the position each one was to take in the expected battle was thus plainly shown to him. Soon the little band reached the beautiful lake that now bears Champlain's name. Passing from it into Lake George, Champlain expected to land at its southern end, and walk to the head waters of the Hudson River, where the canoes could be launched for the long journey southward. The way was every day beset with greater perils. Champlain gave orders to march only at night, as the country of the Iroquois, a fierce and hostile tribe, had now been reached. One beautiful July evening, Champlain and his party rose from their beds of spruce boughs, and prepared to launch their canoes for a night's journey. As they neared the lake, they saw some dark objects in motion on its placid surface. These proved to be the canoes of the Iroquois, and soon the air was filled with the frightful sound of their war-cry. Champlain lashed all his canoes

together, while the other Frenchmen of the party buckled on the light armor in use at that period. They could see their foes advancing towards them, two hundred tall, strong men, the boldest and fiercest of the Indians. Champlain leveled his musket and fired. Two Iroquois fell dead, and instantly the darting arrows of their comrades flew thick through the forest, which resounded with the fierce cries of defiance and rage of those savage warriors. The Iroquois stood firm until the Frenchmen fired a volley of musketry from a thicket, then they fled in terror, leaving Champlain and his comrades complete victors in the contest. New France had met the cruel Iroquois, and conquered him for the time, but the crafty savage waited patiently for his revenge, and many wars took place before the white settlers of Canada finally vanquished the Iroquois.

Shortly after these events, Champlain returned to Quebec, as he saw that to travel further in the Iroquois country was too dangerous to be attempted at that time. After he had rested from the fatigues of his journey, he set sail for France, and was received by the king at Fontainebleu. Champlain described the flourishing condition of the colony at Quebec, and the French monarch, encouraged by the account of affairs in Canada, directed that another city be at once founded in New France. On Champlain's return, he sailed

past Quebec, and landed at the junction of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers, where the foundation of Montreal was laid. Among the company whom Champlain brought with him from France, were four Franciscans, friars destined to accomplish in the New World great things for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Their first care on landing, was to choose a suitable place for their monastery, then, erecting a rude altar of logs, they unpacked their vestments and altar-vessels, and one of them proceeded to say Mass. All the colonists assisted with grateful hearts at the holy sacrifice, at which, no doubt, fervent prayers were offered up for the success of the new city.

Father Joseph Le Caron, one of the recently arrived Franciscans, chose the most difficult mission—the conversion of the Hurons. He left the settlement of Montreal, to make his home with the savages in the wilderness, suffering many hardships, as you may guess from the following letter written by the young missionary to a friend in France. “It would be hard to tell you,” he wrote, “how tired I was, paddling all day with the Indians, wading through the rivers over sharp stones that cut my feet, or walking through the forest, with my canoe on my back to avoid the cataracts, and half starved all the time. But I must needs tell you what abundant consolation

I found in all my troubles, for, when one sees so many infidels needing nothing but a drop of water to make them children of God, he feels an inexpressible ardor to labor for their conversion, and to sacrifice to it his repose and his life.”

Champlain was pursuing his explorations along the shore of Lake Huron, when he came upon an Indian village, and to his great surprise and joy, he saw Father Le Caron rushing out of a small bark wigwam to embrace him. It was a happy meeting. The next day, the priest celebrated Mass at his simple rustic altar, all the Frenchmen assisting and firing a volley from their guns at the elevation. This was the first Mass ever celebrated in the Huron country.

The following winter, Champlain reluctantly abandoned his wanderings, and took up his residence in the infant city of Quebec, where affairs demanded his presence. His wife joined him and assisted the priests in instructing the Indian squaws and children. Being a lady of singular piety, she became an Ursuline nun, after the death of her husband, and died a holy death in the convent of her order which she had founded at Meaux.

Champlain directed the affairs of Quebec with great energy and prudence, but the little colony suffered many vicissitudes. A band of Iroquois attacked it, and were with difficulty repulsed.

Famine, pestilence, and all the ills of a new settlement in the wilderness did the brave little city have to combat, but brighter days dawned, and before Champlain's death, Quebec was in a flourishing condition. Many Indian missions were established, and every ship from France brought priests to labor among the constantly increasing number of Indian converts to the Faith.

Christmas day, 1635, was a mournful one indeed for Quebec. Champlain was dead. As he lay in state in the fort, Indians and priests, noblemen and soldiers, thronged to pay a last tribute to the precious memory of their brave leader. All followed him to the little church where Requiem Mass was sung, and a eulogy pronounced by the Jesuit, Father Le Jeune. Champlain lived sixty-eight years, of which twenty-seven were spent laboring in the wilderness for New France. In this brave and pious man were united all the virtues befitting the Catholic gentleman and soldier. His death was an irreparable loss to Quebec, and, a hundred years after he had been laid to rest, it was still the custom of the Huron Indians to extol the prudence, the bravery, and the virtues of the "great French war-chief."

CHARLES CARROLL OF CARROLTON,

Charles Carroll, famous in the history of our country as one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was born at Annapolis, Md., September 19, 1737. He was descended from the ancient Irish family of the Carrolls of Ely O'Carroll, Kings County, Ireland, and also from several English families of antiquity and prominence. An English ancestress, Jane Lowe, married the third Lord Baltimore, son of the founder of the colony of Maryland. It would appear that the Carrolls were partial to their Irish ancestors, for they gave to their beautiful country-place an Irish name, Doughoregan Manor.

At ten years of age, Charles entered the Jesuit college of Bohemia, in Maryland, together with his cousin John Carroll, afterwards Archbishop of Baltimore. Some years later, the two cousins were sent across the ocean, to pursue their studies at the celebrated college of St. Omer's in French Flanders, where they remained six years. From St. Omer's, Charles Carroll went to Rheims and afterwards to Paris, where his father visited him,

having taken the long and dangerous journey from America to see his beloved son, and to arrange for Charles to go to London, as he desired him to take a course in English law. Our young student remained in the English metropolis three years, and then returned after his long absence, to his native land. The following notice was published in the "Maryland Gazette" of February 14, 1765, "Last Tuesday, arrived at his father's house in town, Charles Carroll Jr., Esq. (lately from London, by way of Virginia), after about sixteen years' absence from his native country at his studies, and on his travels."

Shortly after Charles Carroll's return, the country was thrown into a ferment of excitement over the passage, in England, of the Stamp Act. The British government, having spent large sums of money prosecuting the French and Indian wars, decided to place an additional tax on the colonists in America. A law was passed, requiring all legal papers, such as wills, deeds, contracts, even printed advertisements, to contain one of these stamps, without which they were invalid. Great was the indignation of the colonists over this act of tyranny. Meetings were held, the British government denounced in no uncertain terms, and the stamp distributors, or men who had the stamps for sale, were burned or hung in effigy. Charles Carroll attended these meetings, and joined an

association called the "Sons of Liberty," who pledged themselves to use their influence against the importation of articles of commerce from England. To a friend in London, Charles wrote "Nothing can overcome the aversion of the people to the Stamp Act but an armed force, and that too, not a contemptible one. To judge from the number of the colonists and the spirit they have already shown, and which I hope to God will not fail them on the day of trial, twenty thousand men would find it difficult to enforce the law, or more properly speaking, to ram it down our throats."

But political affairs were not the only ones that engaged the attention of the young colonist. He had bestowed his affections upon a very lovely and amiable young lady, a distant relative, Rachel Cooke, to whom he became engaged. The wedding was to have taken place on June 8, 1766, but a few days before that date, the prospective bridegroom was attacked with an illness which lasted until the fall. Again the wedding day was set, but this time the young lady fell ill, and died in the very month in which her marriage was to have taken place. After Charles Carroll's death, there were found, in a secret drawer of his writing-desk, a miniature of Rachel Cooke, and a lock of her hair, which he had treasured through all the years of his eventful life. After a few

years, Charles Carroll married Mary Darnall, whom he described in a letter to a friend as possessed of "good sense, virtue and good temper, a charming, neat girl—a little too young for me, perhaps." The marriage took place, June 9, 1768, in Annapolis, where the young couple continued to reside. Among the many distinguished guests who enjoyed the hospitality of the newly established home, was George Washington, whose estates in Fairfax County, Virginia, were not far from Annapolis. In Washington's diary there is an entry of September 27, 1771 in which he writes that he, "visited Annapolis, dined at Mr. Carroll's and went to the ball."

It would be hard to imagine a greater contrast than that between the United States of to-day, and the country as it was in the latter part of the eighteenth century. All of the territory outside of that small portion of it occupied by the original thirteen colonies was a wilderness inhabited by roving bands of Indians. There were no factories, no railroads, no steamboats, no large cities. Traveling was a slow and difficult process, by water in sailboats, or by land on horseback, or in coaches over roads only fairly good in summer, and almost impassable in the winter season. Cloths, silks, linens, shoes, building materials, sugar, tea, and numerous other articles of necessity or luxury were imported from Europe (mostly

from England) and sold to the colonists at a high price. Religious toleration was scarcely known or understood. Even the colony of Maryland, founded by the Catholic Lord Baltimore, who intended that all Christians should be allowed the free practice of their religion, had been gradually forced to yield to the prejudice against the Catholics. In Charles Carroll's time, Catholics could not hold office, and they were oppressed by the very penal laws of England from which their ancestors had fled. Not one Catholic church was open in Maryland, at the time of Charles Carroll's marriage. The Holy Sacrifice had to be offered up under the family roof, and the Carroll house in Annapolis, as well as Doughoregan Manor, each had its chapel, where divine service was held whenever a priest could be procured. Frequently those devoted servants of God were compelled to ride sixty miles on horseback to attend a sick call. Father John Carroll returned to Maryland in the year 1774, and was as hearty a sympathizer with the cause of the Revolution as was his illustrious cousin, for he saw that its success meant the emancipation of the Catholic Church in Maryland.

The situation between England and the colonies was constantly becoming more grave. Although the Stamp Act had been repealed, parliament would not give up what it considered its right to

tax the colonies whenever it saw fit to do so. Taxes were placed on glass, lead, painter's materials and tea. Again the people rebelled. Two regiments of English troops were stationed in Boston. Their presence aroused the resentment of the colonists, and disturbances were constantly arising. One evening a fight took place, the troops fired and six citizens were killed and five wounded. The Boston Massacre, as it was called, aroused the whole country.

The British parliament took alarm at the hostile attitude of the colonists, and repealed all the taxes except the tax on tea. As the colonists denied the right of parliament to tax them at all, this only angered them the more, and although the tea was actually cheaper in the colonies than it was in England, the people decided to buy none of it, and when an English ship laden with tea, arrived in Boston harbor, a party of men disguised as Indians, stole on board one night and threw all the tea overboard. This was the famous "Boston Tea Party." When the "Peggy Stewart" arrived in Baltimore with a cargo of tea, the people were so much incensed, that the owner of the brig, Mr. Anthony Stewart, decided, on the advice of Charles Carroll, to take the only means of righting himself. He set fire to the vessel with his own hands and all the obnoxious tea was consumed.

Congress had passed a resolution against imports from England, and committees were appointed to see that the resolution was carried out. Charles Carroll was among the commissioners from Maryland. In spite of the fact that he was a "papist," his fellow-citizens wisely concluded that his services were entirely too valuable to be dispensed with in the disturbed state of the country.

Not long after these occurrences, letters were received in Maryland containing the news of the battle of Lexington, and a meeting was called, at which it was decided to support the revolutionists. Charles Carroll assisted in preparing a statement, setting forth the wrongs which the colonies had suffered at the hands of the mother country; sketching a military system, and providing for the issue of paper money. This declaration became the charter of Maryland until the constitution was adopted in 1776.

To his friend, George Washington, Charles Carroll wrote, "If we cannot obtain a peace on safe and just terms, my next wish is, that you may extort by force from our enemies, what their justice should have granted, and that you may long live to enjoy the fame of the best, the noblest deed, the defending and securing the liberties of your country."

In February, 1776, Charles Carroll was ap-

pointed by Congress one of a commission to visit Canada, in behalf of the colonies. The other members of the commission were Benjamin Franklin, then an old man of seventy, and Samuel Chase. The Rev. John Carroll was requested to accompany the little party and to use his influence with the Canadian priests, in favor of the colonists. Charles Carroll and his companions embarked at New York for the journey up the Hudson River. On their arrival in Albany, they were met by General Schuyler, at whose house they were entertained until they resumed their journey, which then became more difficult, the ice rendering travel by water tedious, and sometimes even dangerous. The tired travelers at length reached Montreal, where they were kindly received and comfortably lodged, in one of the best houses in the city.

The commissioners lost no time in setting about the accomplishment of the object which had prompted them to make the long journey to Canada. But the Canadians were well treated by the mother country, and certain ill-advised speeches in Congress had offended them, and rendered them distrustful of their southern neighbors. All these circumstances made them unwilling to join the colonists in their struggle for independence. Although the commissioners failed in enlisting the aid of the Canadians, they were

of great service in attending to the needs of the Continental soldiers in Canada, and, in obtaining from the Indian tribes of the north a promise of neutrality in the approaching struggle.

Having accomplished this important work, the commissioners started home and arrived in Philadelphia on June 11. They appeared before Congress which was then in session, and gave an account of their mission in Canada, and of the state of the Continental troops in that country. Charles Carroll hastily journeyed from Philadelphia to Annapolis for the purpose of using his influence with his native state to join in the Declaration of Independence, which he knew would soon be made by Congress. His efforts were successful, and he was appointed a delegate from Maryland to Congress with full power to join the other colonies in throwing off the yoke of England. Congress, convinced that the time was ripe for a formal separation from the mother-country, had appointed a committee of five, to draw up a Declaration of Independence, which was written by Thomas Jefferson of Virginia. This all-important document was submitted to Congress and accepted, July 4, 1776. As soon as the joyful news was noised abroad, the old bell-ringer in the state-house, pulled the rope with such energy that the stirring peals which sounded from the belfry thrilled every patriotic heart. All the bells of the

city were rung, and the joy and excitement of the people beggared description. The statue of King George was thrown into the street, and the British arms torn from the public buildings and burned.

Charles Carroll took his seat in Congress on July 18. The Declaration of Independence, having been accepted by Congress and ordered engrossed on parchment, was ready August 2, on which date it was signed by the members representing the thirteen states. When Charles Carroll of Carrollton placed his signature to the famous document, a witness said "There go millions,"—referring to the probability of the confiscation of the Carroll estates to the crown, in case the revolution had proved a failure. It has been erroneously stated that Charles Carroll, on this occasion, added, "of Carrollton," for the first time, to his signature, in order that there might be no mistake about his identity. This curious error is refuted by the fact that his letters, written while a student in Europe, are signed, Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

But the colonies were not free just because they declared themselves so. A long and bitter struggle lay before them, before the liberty that they prized so highly, was really theirs. You all know the story of the sufferings and the reverses of the patriot army under the command of

the brave George Washington. Many times, a less courageous soul would have given up the struggle in despair, but Washington was never disheartened.

In December, 1776, the British considered that the war was nearly at an end, and settled down to pass the winter comfortably at Trenton, New Jersey. Washington determined upon a bold step. The Hessians, German troops hired by the British, were celebrating Christmas, feasting and drinking, when, in the darkness of the winter night, amid the cakes of floating ice, Washington's men guided their boats across the Delaware River. Landing on the New Jersey shore, the army marched swiftly and silently to Trenton, arriving there in the early morning. The surprise was complete. Many of the Hessians were killed, or wounded, and more than a thousand taken prisoners. A few days later Washington met another British force at Princeton and was again victorious. The British then abandoned New Jersey to Washington, who remained in possession. For the first time, it looked probable that the colonists would win, although many hard battles still remained to be fought, before the war really ended.

The French rendered valuable aid to the struggling patriots, sending an army under the Marquis de Lafayette to their assistance, and later, a fleet of war-vessels. In 1781, the scene of

hostilities was transferred to the South, and the British general, Lord Cornwallis, made his headquarters at Yorktown, Virginia. Washington, wishing to throw the enemy off their guard, pretended that he was going to attack New York. Instead, he marched his army to Yorktown with all speed. A French fleet sailed into York River, to keep away any British ships that might come to the assistance of Cornwallis, who, finding himself thus surrounded, was forced to surrender. This important event, took place October 19, 1781, and practically ended the Revolutionary War.

Peace was celebrated in Annapolis on the grounds belonging to Charles Carroll, called Carroll's green. A lady, writing to her son in England, described the festivities. "There is to be a grand dinner on Squire Carroll's Point—a whole ox to be roasted, besides sheep and calves, and a world of other things. The whole to conclude with illuminations and games."

Charles Carroll continued to serve his country as an able senator for more than twenty years. His last public act was to convey, from the Senate to the House of Representatives, the news of the death of his beloved friend, George Washington. One who was present wrote, "General Washington died while the Legislature was still in session. Immediately after the houses were organized, the Senate sent down a message to the House of Rep-

representatives, proposing to pay appropriate honors. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and John Eager Howard, two of the most distinguished men in Maryland, were appointed by the Senate to bring the message, and I never witnessed a more impressive scene. The two honored senators, their gray heads bowed in sorrow, stood at the bar of the House, with the tears rolling down their cheeks. The speaker and the members rose to receive them, and stood while the message was delivered. It was no empty, formal pageant. It was the outward sign of the grief within, and few were present who did not shed tears on the occasion."

With the beginning of the new century, Charles Carroll's retirement to private life began. In the peaceful seclusion of Doughoregan Manor he spent his declining years, still taking a keen interest in the affairs of his country. His advice was sought on almost every subject of national importance, for age had not impaired the soundness of his judgment. He made use of his great wealth to establish Catholic churches and schools in Maryland. The Jesuit College at Georgetown was founded through his efforts, as was also the church of St. Mary, in Baltimore.

Of Charles Carroll's faith and piety, we have abundant proof in his letters to his son. "In improving your mind," he wrote, "remember

your God. The fear of the Lord, says the wise man is the beginning of wisdom. Without virtue, there can be no happiness, without religion, no virtue."

When his little grandson died, he wrote to the bereaved parents, informing them that he had given orders to take up the pavement in the chapel, so that the little grave could be dug, for "receiving the earthly remains of your poor little infant. To soften the loss of this dear and engaging child, the certainty of his now enjoying a glorious immortality, will greatly contribute."

In November, 1832, the long and useful life of the "Last of the Signers," was drawing to a close. "I am going," he said, "to the tomb of my fathers"—then noticing the distress of his daughter and grand-daughter, who watched beside him, he endeavored to divert them by joking about his physicians whom he called his "Esculapiases." It was during his last illness that he said to a friend, "I have lived to my ninety-sixth year, I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity and most of the good things which the world can bestow, public approbation, esteem, applause, but what I now look back on with the greatest satisfaction to myself is, that I have practised the duties of my religion."

On November 14, a large and sorrowful company gathered in the room of Charles Carroll of

Carrollton. His children and grandchildren, a few intimate friends, several old negro servants—all knelt in prayer while the viaticum was administered to the dying Catholic. After the beautiful ceremonies were concluded, he rallied somewhat, and fell into a light doze. Shortly after midnight, he calmly breathed his last—having retained full possession of his faculties until the moment of his death.

Charles Carroll attained the great age of ninety-five years, and survived all the other fifty-four signers of the Declaration of Independence. The "Last of the Signers" earned the gratitude of his country, which he so ably served in the times which try men's souls. His fellow-countrymen revere his memory, and American Catholics are justly proud of the achievements, and of the virtues of Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

MARIE ANTOINETTE, one of a family of sixteen children, was born November 2, 1755. Her mother, Queen Maria Theresa, of Austria, was a stern, hard woman, whom her children feared and respected more than they loved. Her father, Francis, Duke of Lorraine, died when the little Marie was only ten years old, and, from that time her education was directed by her mother, who, absorbed in the management of her kingdom, was not always fortunate in the choice of tutors for her children. The consequence was that the royal children were very imperfectly educated, a fact which Marie Antoinette had occasion in after life to deplore bitterly.

The little princess was naturally intelligent and witty, and possessed of a cheerful disposition, and her childhood passed very happily with her numerous brothers and sisters in the lovely palace and gardens of Schoenbrun. She seems to have been the favorite of all her mother's children, with the Austrian people. A Frenchman who saw her at Schoenbrun when she was about fourteen years

of age, exclaimed, "What a destiny! young, beautiful, rich and a archduchess, what a destiny!"

When the young heir to the French throne was about twenty years of age, a bride was sought for him among the royal houses of Europe. The choice fell on Marie Antoinette, and, as her mother readily agreed to this brilliant match for her daughter, the beautiful, affectionate child prepared to leave her native country, and become the bride of a man whom she had never seen.

The Austrian people loved her as much as they detested the French, and, as she was leaving for France, her carriage was surrounded by a great crowd of men, women and children, who cut the traces amid much weeping and lamentations. Poor child, it was fortunate that what the future held in store for her could not even be dreamed of by those devoted friends, who felt only a natural grief at parting from their beloved princess.

When Marie Antoinette reached the frontier of France, the Austrian ladies and noblemen who had accompanied her thus far, returned to Vienna, and she proceeded with French attendants only. At Compiègne, the young bride was met by her future husband, whose name was Louis. He was a cold, indifferent young man, who did not exhibit the slightest enthusiasm over the beautiful princess, who was soon to become his wife.

Young as she was, this indifference did not escape the notice of Marie Antoinette, who felt it deeply.

The French heir to the throne was called the Dauphin, and his marriage to the young Austrian princess took place May 16, 1770, amid scenes of splendor and rejoicing seldom witnessed, even in the gay capital of France. Thousands of people thronged the avenues and parks, exclaiming in admiration over the beauty and grace of the royal bride.

A feature of the evening was to be a magnificent display of fireworks, which had been stored on a wooden platform in a small park called the "Place Louis XV." An immense throng of people filled this park at dusk, when suddenly a tongue of flame shot upward from the platform, and a tremendous explosion rent the air. Then followed a scene of indescribable horror. The fireworks, hurled in all directions by the explosion, set fire to women's dresses or exploded under the feet of plunging horses. In an instant the laughter of the light-hearted crowd was replaced by the groans of the wounded and the dying. The bridal couple, whose carriage was just about to enter the park when the explosion occurred, were horrified when they learned that forty persons had been killed outright, and three hundred wounded, a sad ending, indeed, to a wedding day.

The young dauphiness, as Marie Antoinette was

called after her marriage, soon found her path beset with many difficulties. She had some warm friends, but she made enemies, who were always trying to annoy and wound her. The etiquette of the French court was very strict, and the dauphiness, accustomed to the freedom of her native Austria, ridiculed the ceremony with which every action had to be performed. Even her mode of dressing and undressing, putting on her gloves, taking her handkerchief—all were prescribed by rule.

One day she was receiving some persons who had just been presented, her ladies-in-waiting each stationed in her proper place, when it was observed that one of them, Madame de Noailles, was exceedingly disturbed. She raised her eyebrows, shook her head, motioned with her hands, and seemed to be trying to attract the attention of one of the younger maids of honor, to whom Marie Antoinette whispered, "Turn down your lappets, or Madame de Noailles will expire." The lappets on the young lady's bodice had been turned up, when etiquette demanded that they be turned down. You can easily understand how irksome all this form and ceremony must have been to a lively child, only sixteen years of age.

Marie Antoinette's home was at Versailles, about ten miles from Paris, where there was a splendid palace belonging to the kings of France.

In the beautiful forest of Versailles there were also two smaller buildings, called the Great and the Little Trianon, where Marie Antoinette could live with greater simplicity than was possible at the larger palace. She and her ladies, dressed as dairy-maids, would amuse themselves making butter, or bringing the fresh milk to the dairy. It was at Versailles that the dauphiness tried to repair her neglected education. Masters were employed to give her lessons, but, owing to the demands made upon her time, by the duties of her station as future queen of France, but little progress was made in her studies.

The dauphin continued to treat her with cold indifference. One evening while she was promenading in the gardens of the Little Trianon, he overwhelmed her with delight and surprise, by offering her his arm.

About four years after the dauphin's marriage, his grandfather, King Louis XV of France, fell ill. "What are these strange pimples breaking out on my hands?" he asked his physicians. They concealed from him the fact that the disease was smallpox, and in a few days the king was dead.

When the news was brought to the dauphin and Marie Antoinette, they fell on their knees, exclaiming tearfully, "O, God, help us, we are too young to reign." They were crowned soon after

at Rheims, and Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette began their tragic career as king and queen of France.

For many years the French peasantry and the lower classes had been growing poorer and more miserable, and the nobles richer and more cruel. In the country where there were numerous chateaus, the homes of the nobility, the poor peasant was taxed unmercifully for the benefit of his lord. After working all day, perhaps harnessed to a cart, like a horse, he would be compelled to beat the ponds during the entire night, so that the sleep of the family at the chateau might not be disturbed by the croaking of the frogs. Starved, ill-treated, taxed and worked to death, the peasantry at length began to show signs of rebellion against their oppressors. Meetings were held in Paris, during which the royal family and the nobility were bitterly denounced, and preparations were secretly begun for an uprising of the people. Rumors of these things reached the king from time to time, and distressed him greatly. In his trouble he turned to his wife for sympathy and began to treat her with less of his former indifference. Poor Marie Antoinette was so very ignorant of the miserable state of affairs throughout the kingdom that being told that the poor people had no bread, she asked, why then, did they not eat cake?

About nine years after the marriage of Louis and Marie Antoinette, a son was born to them, who died in infancy. Three other children were afterwards added to their family, of whom two, Maria Theresa and Louis Charles, lived to experience with their parents, the horrors of the French Revolution.

In the meantime the discontent of the people increased, and it began to be noised abroad that the peasantry of France were in a dangerous mood. The Empress Catharine II of Russia, wrote a letter concerning these rumors to Marie Antoinette, in which she said that "kings and queens ought to proceed in their careers undisturbed by the cries of the people, as the moon pursues her course unimpeded by the howling of dogs."

Shortly after this occurred the affair of the diamond necklace. This was simply the purchase of a diamond necklace valued at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars by an unscrupulous woman of the French court, who, to obtain it, disguised herself, impersonating the queen, whom she resembled. Marie Antoinette was entirely innocent of any part in this intrigue, but the French people accused her of complicity in the affair (the necklace was never paid for,) and her enemies used this story against her, with dreadful effect. Songs about the diamond necklace were

sung in the streets of Paris, in which the queen was openly insulted. Her path was every day beset with greater difficulty and danger.

July 14, 1789, witnessed the bursting of the storm which had been gathering for centuries, and Paris was filled with a furious, blood-thirsty army. "To the Bastile!" was the cry which rose from thousands of throats, and a huge mob composed of men and women, and even children, surged toward that celebrated prison. The garrison protecting it was entirely powerless against the vast multitude, and the fall of the Bastile was an accomplished fact before the dawning of the following day.

The royal family received the alarming news at Versailles, and the king determined to proceed alone to Paris to appease the populace, if that were possible. He suffered no injury on his dangerous journey, but every conceivable insult was heaped upon him, as he rode through the streets of Paris.

Now began a reign of terror. All business was at a standstill, no provisions were brought into the city, the people were actually starving. The bakeries were attacked, and a few bakers were hung before their own ovens. One haggard woman obtained possession of a drum, and began beating it, shouting "Bread, bread!" A few boys followed her: then more women, the procession,

growing as it marched through the streets, appeared more like the vision of a feverish nightmare than reality.

At length the cry of bread was changed. Some one shouted, "To Versailles!" and instantly the mob directed its steps toward the residence of the royal family. Alarm bells were rung, and the queen was urged to seek safety for herself and her children in flight. This she heroically refused to do, declaring her intention of never deserting her husband. "The daughter of Maria Theresa does not fear death," she said.

Meanwhile the mob had arrived. They overran the gardens of Versailles, and their savage demeanor struck terror to the hearts of those within the palace. The queen did not retire until about three o'clock in the morning, when, worn out, she threw herself upon her bed, to obtain, if possible, a few hours' repose.

The Commander of the National Guard was the Marquis de Lafayette, who had returned from the United States, where he rendered such great service in the war for Independence. He assured the queen that she might rest in safety, as he would station a trusty guard at her door. Marie Antoinette had just fallen asleep when she was aroused by a fearful noise in the hall. The soldiers at her door called, "Fly, save yourself," as the mob attacked them. This gave the queen

time to leave her room by another door, which she locked after her, just as the mob rushed into her room. Thinking that the queen occupied her bed, they ran their sabers through it repeatedly. The whole palace was ransacked, mirrors and furniture were destroyed, and clothing strewn over the floor. The bloody heads of the murdered guard were held upon pikes for the king and queen to see.

Marie Antoinette bore herself in the midst of these horrors with queenly fortitude. When the rabble called for her, she fearlessly stepped out upon a balcony in plain view, holding a child by each hand. This appeased the mob, a few of whom shouted "Long live the Queen!" The royal family were then notified to prepare themselves to return with the mob to Paris. Seven long hours were consumed in making their way to the city. The people surrounded their carriage, which was forced to proceed at a snail's pace, now insulting, now threatening them. One woman climbed upon a cannon and shouted, "Now we will have bread, for we bring with us the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy."

In Paris, the royal family were placed under a strong guard in the palace of the Tuileries. It would be difficult to picture the anguish of the king and queen, who could not prevent their children from witnessing those scenes of horror and

bloodshed. The poor little seven-year-old dauphin, being awakened in the morning by the roaring of cannon, threw his arms around his mother's neck and said, "O, mamma, is to-day yesterday again?"

For two years the king and queen were prisoners in the Tuileries. Many of the French nobles had left to seek safety in foreign lands, and Louis and his family were urged to follow their example. Their own servants had been taken from them, and replaced by spies, whose duty it was to report every action, every conversation even, of the royal prisoners. Escape seemed almost impossible, but, after many plans had been considered and abandoned, arrangements for flight were finally perfected.

No one knew of the project except the king and queen, the king's sister, Madame Elizabeth, and a young Swedish nobleman, Count de Ferson, who had been in the king's service in happier days. He resolved to accompany the royal fugitives disguised as a coachman, so that he could drive the carriage.

In the silence of midnight, the royal family took their places in the carriage, the sham coachman mounted the box, and they were off. All went well until their arrival, late on the following afternoon, at a town many miles distant from Paris, and not far from the frontier, beyond

which they would have been safe. Unluckily, the horses had to be changed, occasioning some delay, and the king imprudently put his head out of the carriage window. One of the bystanders, who was the village postmaster, had been to Paris, and he recognized the king.

The fugitives were arrested and sent back under a strong guard to Paris. O, the agony of that journey! Insulting and menacing crowds lined the way, shouting all kinds of imprecations. The heat was intense, and the dust stifling. The poor little dauphin suffered terribly from thirst, and his mother, regardless of her own safety, spoke from the window of the carriage to a bystander, begging him for a drink of water for the suffering child. "My poor child is choking with thirst," she said. "We will soon choke him and you in another fashion," was the brutal answer.

At length the weary journey ended. The royal family were taken to the Tuileries, which they had left so hopefully but two days before, and where they were now to be close prisoners. The revolution gained every day in strength. Law and order were unknown in Paris, where anarchy and bloodshed reigned. Murder was such a common occurrence, that the streets ran with blood. Any one who was of noble birth, or who was suspected of being in sympathy with the aristocracy, was in danger of his life. Even the churches were

not safe from the insane fury of the revolutionists. In one of them the Blessed Sacrament was desecrated, and a wicked woman placed upon the altar to be worshiped as the "Goddess of Reason."

Efforts had been made by the nobles who had fled the country, in the beginning of the revolution, to rescue the king and queen. An army, called the allied army, had been formed, and had reached the frontiers of France. The news that the king would soon be rescued, increased the fury of the people. The royal family then occupied a gloomy prison, called the Temple. Louis was not allowed the solace of his family's society. He was confined alone in a separate part of the building. The soldiers who conducted them to this gloomy place remarked that they had hitherto been used to gilded roofs, now they would see how the assassins of the people were lodged. Every day some new restriction was placed upon them. Very soon they were deprived of pens and paper, as well as knives, scissors and even needles, under the pretence that they might attempt suicide.

One day the roll of drums and the tramp of many feet in the street outside the prison, apprised the captives that something unusual was about to occur. It had been decided to give the king a mockery of a trial.

The Convention was the name of the tribunal

before which the nobles were tried during the revolution. "Louis," said the president of the Convention, "the French nation accuses you. You are about to hear the charges preferred against you." The king listened patiently to a long list of accusations, after which he submitted to a tedious examination. At the close of the trial, he was led into a waiting-room, where a soldier was eating some bread. Exhausted and faint from hunger, the French monarch begged the soldier, in a whisper, for a piece, which he ate with relish.

As Louis was returning to his room in the Temple, he gazed long and sadly at the windows of the queen's apartments, but they were so closely barred that he could not even catch a glimpse of his wife and children.

All communication between him and his family had been prohibited, but he managed to send a note wrapped in a tangle of thread to the queen, who contrived to return him an answer. Louis then commenced his preparations for death, for he had read his doom in the fierce demeanor of the judges at his trial. He was seated in his dreary cell, when the officers of the Convention arrived to inform him that within twenty-four hours he was to go to the guillotine. The guillotine was a machine used in France during the revolution to sever the heads of victims condemned to die,

being more swift and accurate than the ax in the executioner's hands.

The king received the news of his approaching death with great fortitude, only requesting that he be allowed to see a priest and to bid farewell to his unhappy family. These requests were granted, and the Abbé Edgeworth arrived before sunset. Fortunately he was allowed to remain with Louis and to accompany him to the guillotine. Seven o'clock was the hour set for the king's meeting with his family. Louis had prepared himself for this ordeal, which he dreaded far more than death, by long and fervent prayer, and, as the clock struck seven, he descended a stair leading from his miserable room into a small, bare hall, where he was to bid a last farewell to his family. The door was thrown open, and Marie Antoinette, leading the dauphin by the hand, entered and threw herself into her husband's arms. Madame Elizabeth, the king's sister, followed with the young princess, Maria Theresa. A half hour passed, during which scarcely a word was spoken, but the lamentations of the unfortunate family were heard in the street outside of the prison. At last it was time for the king to retire. Bidding farewell to each one of the little group, he partially promised that he would see them once more on the morrow,—then swiftly ascended the stairs. Upon re-entering his room, he said to his con-

fessor, "Now I have done with time, let us prepare for eternity."

At midnight Louis lay down to rest until five o'clock, when he arose and prepared for the reception of Holy Communion. After his devotions were concluded, he asked that a few locks of his hair be cut off, which he enclosed in a packet with his wedding ring, to be sent to his wife. In a last message to her, he assured her of his love, and told her that he would spare her and the other members of the family the anguish of a second parting. "How happy am I," he said, "to have retained my holy Faith. What would be my condition now, if I were deprived of the consolation and hope that my holy religion gives me."

As Louis was leaving the prison on his way to the guillotine, he met a jailor, who had provoked him the night before, by his insolence. "Mathew," he said, "I was hasty with you yesterday, forgive me for the sake of this hour." At the prison door, there was a carriage which the king entered, accompanied by the Abbé Edgeworth.

A few spectators in the streets, touched by the sad sight of Louis, haggard, ragged, unkempt and unshaven, cried "Pardon, pardon," but the sound was stifled by the rolling of drums. As if to add the last drop of bitterness to the king's cup of sorrow, the guillotine had been placed in a small

park facing the palace of the Tuileries, his home in happier times.

The space surrounding the guillotine, the streets for blocks around, even the neighboring housetops, were black with spectators. The carriage stopped. "We have arrived, I think," said the king calmly. The Abbé nodded his head. Louis then begged the guard on duty to see that no insult would be offered to his faithful confessor after the execution. He then mounted the scaffold. The executioner advanced to bind his hands. "No," said the king, "I will never submit to such an indignity." "Sire," said M. Edgeworth, "submit to this last humiliation in resemblance to our Blessed Lord, who is about to recompense all your sufferings." The king at once offered his hands to be bound, and knelt down. "Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven," said the priest. The blade fell, Louis XVI was no more.

Soon after the execution of her husband, Marie Antoinette was confined alone in a cell so damp that her shoes moldered and dropped from her feet. One day she ventured to ask for another blanket for her bed. "How dare you make such a request," said the guard, "you deserve to be sent to the guillotine."

In October, Marie Antoinette was brought to trial. The absurd accusation was made against her that she abhorred the execution of her hus-

band. She did not even answer her accusers, bearing herself throughout the trial with queenly dignity. Death within twenty-four hours, was the verdict.

Marie Antoinette had no dread of death, but the mother's heart shrank from leaving her children. She wrote them an affectionate letter bidding them farewell. After spending some time in prayer, she threw herself upon her wretched bed and fell asleep. In the morning she dressed herself in a white gown, the last one remaining to her. Her hair, which sorrow had turned quite white, was covered with a cap.

Jolted about in the rude cart that bore her to the guillotine, derided and insulted by the mob which filled the streets, this daughter of a hundred kings still bore herself with composure and dignity. In alighting from the cart, she accidentally stepped on the foot of the executioner. "Pardon me," she said, with a grace which scarcely accorded with her terrible surroundings. Kneeling down, she prayed fervently for her children. The executioner advanced. His hand trembled, and there was a slight delay before the ax fell. "Long live the Republic!" was the shout that rent the air. Marie Antoinette's sufferings were over.

The king's sister, Madame Elizabeth, who had shared the imprisonment and sufferings of the royal family, was executed very shortly after

the queen. There remained only the two children. The dauphin, Louis Charles, was placed in the charge of a brutal man, who so ill-treated him that he lost his mind. He died of a fever, at the age of ten years. His sister, Maria Theresa, after lingering some time in prison, was finally rescued and sent to her mother's family in Austria. For one entire year she never smiled, but time gradually softened the recollection of the horrors she had witnessed in France. Maria Theresa afterwards married the Duke d'Angouleme, with whom she lived very happily.

The French Revolution has not a parallel in history. It shows how humanity, giving itself up to the passion of revenge, will be degraded below the level of the wild animal, which it imitates and surpasses in ferocity. The peasantry of France undoubtedly suffered many great wrongs at the hands of the nobility, and if they had proceeded in a rational manner to claim their rights, would have had the sympathy of the world. Under the circumstances we find it hard to pity their sufferings, when we remember how frightfully they wreaked their vengeance upon their oppressors.

VENICE.

IF you ever go to Europe, as I hope you will, some day, dear children, you will visit a fairy city—a city in whose limpid sapphire streets, the beat of horses' hoofs and the rumble of wheels, are never heard. The only sounds are the soft splash of waves against the marble steps of stately palaces, and the song of the gondoliers, as they guide their boats through those wonderful canals that form the streets of Venice. A city whose streets are lagoons, whose carriages are gondolas, whose squares are beautiful sheets of sparkling water—that is Venice.

But how came a city to be built in such a curious place?" you will ask. To answer you, I must go back to the fifth century. In the year 421, the barbarians from northern Europe, who had committed terrible ravages in Italy, totally destroyed the city of Aquilèra, whose inhabitants, with their neighbors from Padua, Concordia and Altinum, fled, seeking refuge from the savage invaders. On reaching the Adriatic Sea, the fugi-

tives discovered sixty small islands of marsh and sand, on which they began to build their poor little huts. Gradually, the city grew, the first little huts were torn down to make way for solid houses, and, in this way was founded the great and powerful city of Venice.

From its humble beginning in the fifth century, to the commencement of the twelfth, this city of the sea had attained a power which many kingdoms did not possess. The vessels of her merchant princes filled the seas. She had subjected to her sway the territory along the coast of Dalmatia, and the islands of Crete and Cyprus, which were called the tribute-lands, because they were obliged to pay to Venice, a yearly tribute. Every Venetian citizen was a sort of sovereign to be respected and feared by his less fortunate countrymen.

Venice was governed by a doge, or duke, elected by the people. His installation in office was accompanied with many curious and interesting ceremonies, among them, the wedding of the sea, when the doge, with much pomp and array of splendor, cast a ring into the Adriatic. This was called the marriage of Venice with the sea.

Domenico Michieli was the name of the doge who led the Venetians against Jerusalem during the Crusades. So well did he and his fellow-citizens fight, that he was very near being made King of Jerusalem. When Michieli returned home, he

brought with him the secrets of the Eastern glass-workers, and Venetian glass has since been celebrated throughout the world. In the baptistry of the wonderful church of St. Mark, there is a stone which this great doge caused to be removed from Tyre to Venice. It had stood at the gates of the former city since Our Lord's time, and it was popularly believed, in the Holy Land, that Our Saviour rested upon this stone, during the course of a journey He was making along the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. The stone was received in Venice with awe and reverence, and was considered by the Venetians as the most precious spoil of the many which Michieli brought from the East.

The cathedral of St. Mark contains the body of the great apostle for whom it is named, and who is the patron-saint of Venice.

In the ninth century, two Venetian sea-captains, having brought their vessel to Alexandria, where St. Mark was buried, learned that the king was plundering the churches to enrich his own palace. They obtained the consent of the priests to remove the relics to a place of safety—a difficult and dangerous undertaking, requiring courage and caution. The Venetians placed the Saint's body in a basket covered with herbs and pork—a meat which every Mussulman holds in abhorrence. The sailors who carried the basket were instructed to cry—"pork!" "unclean!"

whenever they saw any one approaching, and in this way they reached the vessel safely with their precious burden. Then the body was wrapped in a sail, to conceal it from the Turk whose duty it was to clear the vessel.

Extraordinary and joyous ceremonies marked the reception of the holy relic in Venice, and, from that time, the church of St. Mark was embellished with every rich ornamentation that the piety and generosity of the Venetians, could suggest. Statues of semi-precious stones, rich mosaics, an altar front of solid gold—these are some of the wonders of San Marco.

During the reign of the Doge, Michieli, all the cities of northern Italy, with Venice at their head, were united in what was called, the Lombard league, against the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. This great and powerful German ruler had, for several years, held northern Italy completely in his power. The city of Milan had been almost entirely destroyed by the invader, who had even marched as far as Rome. The Pope, Alexander III, fled, taking refuge in Venice, where the venerable fugitive was treated with every mark of distinction and respect. The doge sent a message to Barbarossa, interceding for the pontiff. The German emperor was very angry when he learned that the Holy Father had taken refuge in Venice, and sent word to the doge, that unless

he delivered up the pontiff, the armies of Barbarossa would let loose the German eagle in the church of St. Mark, the foundation of which would be made as a plowed field.

The brave Venetians were not the sort of people to hear such a message calmly. They rose as one man, and, in a very short time, a fleet of ships had been prepared, to meet the foreign invaders. The doge, who was over seventy years of age, led the fleet in person. The Venetians, before going forth to battle, assisted at a Mass said by the pontiff, in the church of St. Mark. At the conclusion of the Mass, the Holy Father girded the doge with a golden sword, and solemnly blessed the army.

Venice had but thirty galleys, while the enemy had seventy-five, commanded by the son of Barbarossa, Prince Otto. On the feast of the Ascension, the two fleets met in the Adriatic. The Venetians were completely victorious, capturing forty vessels, and taking Otto prisoner. The news of this immense and unexpected victory, was received in Venice with great rejoicing, and all the people flocked to see the return of the triumphant fleet with the royal prisoner. The pope himself met the victorious doge, and drawing a ring from his finger presented it to him, saluting him as Lord and Master of the Sea. This was the origin of the wedding of the doge with the Adriatic, a cere-

mony which always took place on Ascension Thursday, in commemoration of the great victory of that day.

Prince Otto was kindly treated by his captors, who sent him, on parole, with a message to his father. Frederick, convinced of the power of the Venetians, concluded to make peace, and consented to go to Venice, there to effect a reconciliation with the pope.

The meeting took place before the church of St. Mark, where the pope, seated in state on his throne, awaited the approach of the penitent emperor. Frederick advanced, and kneeling, kissed the pontiff's foot. The Holy Father then raised him up and embraced him. There is, in the vestibule of St. Mark, a marble tablet which marks the spot where this event occurred.

In the year 1193, the doge, Enrico Dandolo was elected. The document recording his oath of office, is still preserved in Venice. He vowed to rule justly, to accept no bribes, to show no partiality, not to write letters on his own account to any prince, and to maintain, at his own expense, two war-ships. Shortly after this doge's election, the French sent an embassy to Venice, begging for ships to carry the French crusaders to the Holy Land. They had men and money, in plenty, they said, but must lack vessels, unless the masters of the sea would furnish them. The doge assembled

the Venetians in the church of St. Mark, (ten thousand were present), and bade the strangers plead their cause themselves. After Mass, one of the Frenchmen rose and said; "Messieurs, the noblest barons of France have sent us to you, to beg that you will have pity on Jerusalem, in bondage to the Turk, and, for the love of God, to accompany us to the rescue. Knowing that no nation is so powerful on the sea as you, they have charged us to implore your aid, and not to rise from our knees, until you have consented to take pity upon the Holy Land." Hereupon, the six ambassadors knelt down, weeping. The doge and all the assembled multitude cried out: "We grant it, we grant it." After the tumult had subsided, the doge ascended the pulpit and told the people that a great honor had been paid them, an honor of which they should prove themselves worthy. The Venetians immediately pledged themselves to provide transportation and provisions for thirty-four thousand French soldiers, besides which they furnished fifty galleys of their own.

In October, 1202, the expedition sailed from Venice. The Venetians gathered at the wharf to see the departure of the vessels, and were much interested in watching the Frenchmen lead on board their war-horses—animals that many of the citizens of Venice then beheld for the first time in their lives.

It would seem that the Venetians, after starting on this expedition, were turned aside from their noble purpose, the rescue of Jerusalem, by a love of aggrandizement and worldly ambition. In spite of the pope's remonstrance, they persisted in going first to Constantinople; where they assisted in overthrowing the usurper on the throne and in placing in power, the real king, who had been imprisoned. But, owing probably, to their disobedience, the conquerors of Constantinople soon found themselves involved in many difficulties. Just as they were upon the point of departing, a second revolution broke out, which it took all their strength to subdue. Constantinople was finally pacified, but not before many French and Venetian soldiers had been sacrificed. The Venetians took, as a memento of the services they had rendered to the city of Constantinople, the celebrated bronze horses of St. Mark's. These ancient bronzes once adorned the triumphal arch of the Roman Emperor Trajan; and were removed, by the Emperor Constantine, from Rome to Constantinople. The Venetians placed them over the main portal of the church of St. Mark, where they remain to this day, the wonder and admiration of all beholders.

The doge, Enrico Dandolo, who had taken part in so many stirring events, died at the age of ninety-seven, in Constantinople. An old chronicle

states that when his successor assumed the new dignity, he put a rose-colored silk stocking on one foot, and a white one on the other, together with the imperial boots. Thus we see that even the grave Venetians were not above a love of fine attire.

My story would be too long, if I told you the history of every doge of Venice, some of whom led very eventful lives. Francesco Dandolo, a relative of the doge who captured Constantinople, went on his knees, with a chain around his neck, to beg the pope to lift the sentence of excommunication against the Venetians. Another doge, Marino Faliero, who aspired to greater power than the people allowed their rulers, led a faction who wished to help his cause, but was defeated, tried, and condemned to be beheaded on the very balcony where he had taken the oath of office, after his election. The history of the doge, Lodovico Manin, is perhaps, the saddest of all. After the fifteenth century, the power of Venice began to decline, and in 1797, the former proud Republic was subjected to the sway of Austria, and the poor old doge, was compelled to take the oath of allegiance, in the name of Venice, to the Austrian government. With tottering steps, he walked to the place appointed for the agonizing ceremony, raising his trembling hands, as if praying heaven to spare him the terrible ordeal. After the oath

had been administered, he swooned, and it was thought, for a time, that he had expired.

Venice has always been one of the most religious cities in the world. The Blessed Sacrament is constantly exposed in some one of her numerous churches, where people, as well as priests, take their turn in adoring, not only in the daytime, but at night also. The extraordinary magnificence and beauty of her churches bear witness to the zeal and piety of her inhabitants, in ancient, as well as in modern times.

Many beautiful traditions exist in Venice, illustrating the piety of the young Venetian girls. One of them, the daughter of the Count Tagliapietra, lived with her father, in their palace on the Grand Canal. From her early youth, she showed a remarkable devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and would steal away from her home, to spend long hours in prayer, before the altar of San Marco. Her father objected to what he considered her exaggerated piety, and gave strict orders to all the gondoliers on the Grand Canal, to refuse her passage. When the child hailed a gondola, and was told that she could not cross the canal, she boldly stepped out upon the water, and walked, dry-shod, to church.

Venice is beautiful, even in decay, and we are everywhere reminded of her past glorious history, although much of her former grandeur has de-

parted. Her own artists who are among the finest in the world, have immortalized many events in Venetian history, in their matchless paintings. Artists from foreign lands, have reproduced, on their canvases, the beauties of the Grand Canal, the Bridge of Sighs (across which condemned prisoners were led to execution), the Ducal Palace, and the superb church of St. Mark.

Venice is a city, to love and to compassionate, her triumphs and her woes have been sung by poets innumerable, and I could not conclude my little story more appropriately than by quoting one of them :

Underneath day's azure eyes,
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.
Lo ! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half reclined
On the level, quivering line
Of the waters crystalline ;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies ;
As the flames of sacrifice

From the marble shrines did rise
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City ! thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen ;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey.

CONCLUSION.

I BEGAN to tell my first story before the fire on a cold February afternoon, when the ground was covered with snow, and the great icicles hanging from the eaves, sparkled in the frosty air. I finished the last one in the summer-house on a sunny October day. The rustling leaves of the great elm-tree in the garden fell thick around us, and the chrysanthemums inclined their bright heads toward us in the autumn wind, as if they, too, were listening to my story.

There was a moment's silence, after I had finished, then Josephine said, "Muddie, I would rather be Charles Carroll of Carrollton, than any king or queen, except the saints, whose story you have told us, wouldn't you?" and I quite agreed with her.

THE END.

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