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**SEVENTEEN CRISES  
IN WORLD HISTORY**

BY SISTER M. FIDES SHEPPERSON, P H . D .

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SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

# SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

*by*

Sister M. Fides Shepperson, Ph.D.

PROFESSOR OF HISTORY

MOUNT MERCY COLLEGE, PITTSBURGH, PA.



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## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY



# SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

## OUTLINE OF HISTORY, B. C.

FROM Egypt, 6000 B. C., even to the hour, history lies as a land of oppressive valleys diversified by peaks red with the blood of battles.

### EGYPT

Egyptian civilization came into mortal conflict with that of the Tigris-Euphrates valley; the latter won.

### ASSYRIA

Jealousy arose between Assyria, the upper part of the Tigris-Euphrates valley, and Babylonia, the lower. Nineveh fell—Babylon won.

### PERSIA

Cyrus united the Medes and Persians and with combined forces attacked Babylon; mighty Babylon, proud London of the past, fell; Persia won.

Cyrus subdued Lydia, Egypt, Asia; and established the great Persian Empire. Cyrus fell in battle against the Scythians under their warlike queen, Tomyris. His dis-severed head was immersed in a tub of blood at command of the desperate queen, whose heart, fatally wounded by the\* tragic death of her son, sought alleviation in revenge. "He ever thirsted for blood; well, let him have his fill," said Tomyris. So ended Cyrus the Great, conqueror of the Orient, founder of the Persian Empire.

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

Ionia revolted against Persia; Athens helped Ionia; they destroyed the temples of Sardis. Darius, the Persian monarch, compromised, but only that he might gain time for preparation of a force that should crush Ionia and her Greek Allies. As Herodotus tells us, an attendant was placed in the Persian court whose sole duty it was to say many times a day in the monarch's ears: "Sire, remember the Athenians. Sire, avenge the burning of Sardis."\*

### PERSIAN INVASION

The East grappled with the West. (Long time ago since Greece was the *West*!) Period of Persian invasion; the peaks rise out from the weary valleys—Marathon, Thermopylae, Artemisium, Salamis, Plataea, Mycale. Greece won.

### SPARTA AIDS ATHENS

Narrow, jealous, military Sparta—indecisive, treacherous, yet strong, splendidly strong; however obtained, however long delayed, when at last Spartan swords were decisively devoted to a cause—that cause won. Many an unnamed Leonidas fought and died for Sparta.

### ATHENS

Athens, city of the Acropolis, crowned by the Parthenon; city of Euripides, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Demosthenes, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Phidias, and Pericles; city, too, of Alcibiades and all that this typically Athenian character stands for; city of fair gods and goddesses, of Eleusinian mysteries, Bacchic orgies; city of the Great Plague!

### WAR WITH SPARTA

The mutual jealousies and animosities between Sparta and Athens, smouldering since the close of the Persian

## OUTLINE OF HISTORY, B.C.

wars, at last broke out into open violence. The long, wasting, useless, Hellas-suicidal Peloponnesian war began. Arginusae, Syracuse, Aegospotami mark the mournful, fratricidal eminences of this struggle; Sparta won.

### EPAMINONDAS

Thebes sprang into a ten years' prominence under her one great man, Epaminondas. Epaminondas longed to do for Thebes what Pericles had done for Athens. But war broke out; Leuctra and Mantinea were Theban victories indeed, but the latter was too dearly bought. Thebes' one great man, Epaminondas, lay dead on the battlefield of Mantinea. Thebes had lost by winning.

### PHILIP OF MACEDON

Philip of Macedon grew powerful in the north. Distracted Greece fell an easy prey to superior army tactics and military equipment. The battle of Chaeronea marked the downfall of Hellas and the dominance of Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great.

### ALEXANDER THE GREAT

Greece, Scythia, Illyria, Thebes, Asia Minor, Egypt, Persia, Asia, the known world—bent, fell and at last lay prostrate under the iron dominance of Alexander the Great. Granicus, Issus, Arbela bloodily proclaimed him Lord! of the World.

And then—this splendid madman, aged thirty-two, wept because there were no more kingdoms for him to conquer; and his burning life-forces, thwarted in further outward activities, turned in upon his own heart and killed him. At Babylon, city so old and wise and weary, died the world-victor—a victim of his own o'ermastering excesses.

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

He could conquer the world but not his own passions. "Who is strong? He who subdues his passions," says the Talmud. Then, indeed, was Alexander the Great not strong.

Are the world estimates of greatness all wrong? Did some glimmer of this truth come to the dying conqueror when he lay impotent amid world-opulence, helplessly powerless in the grasp of pain and death? We know not.

When asked to whom he left his throne, Alexander's reply, "To the strongest," seems enigmatic. Was it in irony that he said these words, knowing that regardless of his wishes the strongest would prevail, or was it in admiration of world-conquering strength "the ruling passion strong in death"? Perhaps the latter—truly a man dies as he lives.

Alexander's death was followed by the dreary wars of the Succession, which finally resulted in the establishment of the Seleucidae in Asia, the Ptolemies in Egypt, and the descendants of Philip in Macedonia.

### ROME

From Rome, a wilderness, to Rome, Mistress of the World, leads by way of a five hundred years' struggle, with the Temple of Janus closed only twice during that period. By conquest over the Gauls, by three Samnite wars, by war with Magna Graecia aided by Pyrrhus, Rome won Italy.

By three Punic wars, Rome won Sicily, Spain, Northern Africa; and obtained control of the Western Mediterranean: by three Macedonian wars, Rome won Macedonia, Greece; and obtained control of the Eastern Mediterranean: by the conquests of Sulla and Pompey in the east, Rome extended her Asiatic conquests as far as the Euphra-

## OUTLINE OF HISTORY, B. C.

tes River; by the conquests of Julius Caesar in the northwest, Rome obtained Gaul, Germany, and Great Britain; by the defeat of Anthony and Cleopatra in the **naval** engagement off Actium, Octavius Caesar became sole and supreme ruler of the Roman Empire. Allia, Caudine Forks, Beneventum, Cannae, Metaurus, Zama, Cynoscephalae, Pydna, Corinth, Aguae Sextae, Magnesia, Pharsalus, Thapsus, Philippi, Actium—are the blood-red peaks diversifying the long weary way from Rome, a wilderness, to Rome, mistress of the world.

### PROGRESS

Slow and bitter is the progress of the ages. Every stride forward seems to be set upon by ten thousand forces that would drag it back, negative it, or at worst rivet it down so fast that centuries must pass away ere progress can make another forward stride.

No age is competent to pass judgment upon any other-age; its light of knowledge and its competency of judgment are for itself alone—too glaring for the past, too faint for the future.

The long struggle to ward off barbarian aggression from the North made wars inevitable and war-preparedness a condition of existence. That ultimate good rather than evil came out of Alexander's fearful carnage of blood; that civilization was aided rather than retarded by the Western march of empire—the conquest of Greece over Persia, the successive conquest of Rome over Carthage and Greece; that throughout all this "mighty maze but not without a plan" there is perceptible the steady, indomitable, and ceaseless advancement of the Human race—seem to trace the (Tope-notes ringing down among the amid desolate valley lamentations, shrieks of the battle peaks^ dirges of the past

# CITIES OF THE PAST

## MEMPHIS

MEMPHIS on the Nile, capital of Lower Egypt, and Thebes on the Nile, capital of Upper Egypt, are the first cities known to history. Modern Cairo and suburbs now occupy the site of ancient Memphis. The villages Karnak and Luxor, on the east bank of the Nile, and the villages Gurna and Medinef Abu on the west bank now occupy the site of ancient Thebes.

Thirty-one Dynasties are recorded in the period of more than four thousand years beginning with Menes, founder of the first Dynasty (4500 B. C.) and ending with the conquest of the country by Alexander the Great (322 B. C.).

Little is authoritatively known concerning the ancient Egyptians. The early Greek writers differ among themselves in the accounts given.

It is difficult, almost impossible, to reconstruct a buried civilization from its resuscitated ruins and from the enigmatical hieroglyphics on tablets, cartouches, steles, obelisks, pylones, and temple-tombs. The vast galaxy of events must forever lie as hazy white-light to the unaided eye, while the few faint stars that do appear serve\* but to shed bewildering rays over dynasties and long periods of time.

## THE PYRAMID KINGS

The Fourth Dynasty (about 3700-3550 B. C.) is known as the period of the builders of the Pyramids. **Khufu** (called Cheops by the Greeks) was the greatest of the Pyramid Kings. He built the great Pyramid of Gizeh.

The base of this pyramid covers an area of thirteen acres; it rises to a height of 480 feet. Herodotus says that

## CITIES OF THE PAST

Cheops employed one million laborers for twenty years in its construction.

A portrait statue of Cheops has recently been discovered. Of this Professor Petrie says: "As far as force of will goes, the strongest characters in history would look pliable in this presence. There is no face parallel to this in all the portraits that we know—Egyptian, Greek, Roman, or modern."

The pyramids were the tombs of kings. The most important ones stand upon a sandy plateau overlooking the city Memphis (Cairo). They are today in a state of excellent preservation and seem firmly set, and likely to endure for another four thousand years.

### GOLDEN AGE OF THEBES

At the end of the Twelfth Dynasty (about 2500-2300 B. C.), Memphis seems to have lost prestige as the capital of Egypt and the seat of government was transferred to Thebes. The twenty centuries preceding are known among Egyptologists as the Old Empire.

A long line of warlike Theban kings raised Egypt to unprecedented splendor. The art of sculpture was brought to an excellence not subsequently surpassed. The irrigation of Fayum by means of Lake Moeris, an artificial lake, was one; of the most notable achievements of this period. The labyrinth was also the work of this same king, Amenemhe III.

### THE NEW EMPIRE

The Eighteenth and Nineteenth Dynasties (about 1575-1253 B. C.) saw Egypt in control of the entire valley of the Nile, and mighty in conquests in Africa, Arabia, and Mesopotamia. The *pschent* or double crown, typical of the union of Memphis and Thebes, was worn by the

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

Pharaohs. Mighty temple-palaces, the triumph and the despair of modern archaeologists, were built at Ipsambul, Dier-el-Bahri, Tanis, This-Abydos, Memphis, and Thebes.

Rameses II was the greatest builder among the Pharaohs. During his long reign of sixty-six years he erected the **two** magnificent temples of Ipsambul in Nubia; the Ramesseum of Thebes; a large part of the temples of Karnak and Luxor; and the temple at Abydos.

The great Temple of Osiris at Abydos, recently in the limelight of archaeological exploration, was erected by Seti I, father of Rameses II.

The names perpetuated by the ruins of this period are the ones best known among Egyptologists. They include Ahmes, Amen-ho-tep (called Merneptahs), and Prince Seti, a degenerate ruler, with whom ended the Nineteenth Dynasty and the splendor period of ancient Egypt.

### LAST OF THE PHARAOHS

The Twenty-Sixth Dynasty (663-525 B. C.), founded by Psammeticus, was characterized by the reversal of an ancient decree in regard to men of other nations. Psammeticus and, even more liberally his son, Necho, welcomed foreigners to Egypt and threw open the long closed markets of the Nile to the commerce and influence of the **outer** world. "From this time on Greek philosophers are represented as becoming pupils of the Egyptian priests; and without question the learning and philosophy of the **old** Egyptians exercised a profound influence upon the open, receptive mind of the Greek race, that was, in turn, to become teacher of the world." "The mission of Egypt among the nations was fulfilled; it had lit the torch of civilization in ages inconceivably remote, and had **passed** it **on** to the other peoples of the West."

# CITIES OF THE PAST

## BABYLON

*Fuerunt—non sunt.* They have been: they are no more.

"Mother of God, where are they then?

But where are the snows of yester-year!"

VILLON.

Carchemish, the ancient capital of the Hittites; Palmyra of the Plain; Nineveh of Assyria; Memphis and Thebes of Egypt; Babylon of Babylonia; "golden Mycenae" old when Homer was young—*fuerunt; non sunt.*

O Carchemish, O Babylon!  
Your young old life-tide yet rolls on;  
But all your gold and glories bold  
And love tales told in days of old—  
Are gone.

O Carchemish, O Babylon,  
Forever—ever gone!

Where are the peoples that have been?  
Where are the cities that were?  
Hittite, Egyptian, Chaldean—  
Where?

Larsa, Lacash, and Ur,  
Shirpurla and Nippur,  
Nineveh and Sennaar,  
Memphis and Thebes and Tyre,  
Borsippa-Babylon,  
Rome-Pantheon and Athens-Parthenon  
Are gone.

O Carchemish, O Babylon—  
Your young old life-tide still rolls on:  
But all your gold and glories bold  
Are memories cold  
Of days of old—  
Forever—ever gone.

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

### BABYLONIA

In the words of Herodotus: "Babylon is situated in an extensive plain. Each side of the city, which forms a square, measures one hundred and twenty stadia (about fourteen miles), making the entire circuit of the city four hundred and eighty stadia—such is the magnitude of this city Babylon! And in magnificence also it surpasses every city of which we have any knowledge. It is surrounded by a trench, deep, wide, and full of water. Within this is a wall, the width of which is fifty royal cubits (about eighty-five feet) and its height two hundred cubits (three hundred and thirty-five feet).

"On the upper edges of the wall, and opposite to one another, were constructed turrets; between these turrets a space was left wide enough for a chariot and four horses to pass and turn. In the walls were one hundred gates, all of brass, with posts and upper lintels of the same. Within the principal wall just mentioned is a second, not much inferior to the first in strength, tho' less in width. Such are the fortifications of Babylon."

Many and terrible were the reverses of Babylon on her way to empire. Sennacherib of Assyria conquered Babylon; it was "stormed, sacked, burned/flooded, and so mercilessly punished that it was reduced to a mass of ruins and almost obliterated." But Babylon, Phoenix-like, arose from the ashes and again towered as a formidable rival to the Assyrian city Nineveh. Later still we read that Asshur-banipal marched against Babylon. The city and fortresses were captured; the temples/palaces, royal tombs, and shrines were destroyed. Treasures and booty were taken and carried away to Assyria, and several thousands of people, as well as the princes of the royal family were put to death.

## CITIES OF THE PAST

But Babylon rose again and in 606 B. C, with the aid of the Medes, she attacked and completely overthrew Nineveh. The proud "City of Blood," which had razed so many other cities, was itselriven over to plunder and theWordL The words of Sennacherib describing his capture of Babylon might well be used to describe the overthrow of his own city, Nineveh: "I laid the houses waste from foundation to roof with fire. Temples and tower I tore down and threw into the canal. I dug ditches thro' the city and laid waste its site. Greater than the deluge was its annihilation."

On the downfall of Nineveh, Babylon rapidly attained supremacy in the Orient. The second Babylonian Empire by far surpassed the first, tho' it lasted in full splendor less than a century. Under its king, Nebuchadnezzar, the city attained to that eminence of magnificence, glory, and dominion commonly connoted by the name *Babylon*.

### GODS AND GODDESSES

In Rawlinson's "restoration" of the Temple of the Spheres at Borsippa may be noted a series of brightly colored bases arranged pyramidally, leading to a high shrine-tower. The first base is black, the second orange, the third red, the fourth golden, the fifth yellow, the sixth blue, the seventh silver. Each base was twelve feet in height; and the two towers—outer shrine and inner shrine—were each fifteen feet in height.

Herodotus, describing the Temple of Belus, says: "It is a square structure; each side measures two stadia. Within the enclosure is erected a solid tower, measuring a stadium both in width and depth; upon this tower is raised another and then another, and another, making eight in all. The ascent is by a path which is formed on the outside of the

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

towers; midway in the ascent is a resting-place furnished with easy chairs, in which those who ascend repose themselves. On the summit of the topmost tower stands a large temple; and in this temple is a great couch, handsomely fitted up; and near it stands a golden table; no statue whatever is erected in the temple, nor does any man ever pass the night there; but a woman only, chosen from the people by the god, as the Chaldeans, who are the priests of the temple, affirm. The same persons say—tho' I give no credit to the story—that the god himself comes to the temple and reposes on the bed, in like manner as at Thebes in Egypt, where also in the Temple of Jupiter a woman passes the night. A similar custom is observed at Pataris, in Lycia, where there is at times an oracle, on which occasions the priestess is shut up by night in the temple."

The principal deities of Assyria-Babylonia were as follows: Anu, king of gods, corresponding to Jupiter; Bel, deity presiding over creation and affairs of mortals; Ishtar, mother of mankind, consort of Bel; Ea, god of humanity; Sin, the moon-god; Shamash, the sun-god, Assyrian Apollo; Nergal, king of the lower world, Assyrian Pluto; Mardeck, a solar deity, god of storms; Nebo, god of wisdom; Ramman, god of seasons; Nuska, god of fire; and Asshur, supreme protector of Assyria.

### HAMMURABI

Hamffli<sup>^</sup>flhi was the sixth king of the Babylonian dynasty. The cuneiform texts on Babylonian tablets now in the British Museum contain many letters and documents pertaining to this period.

The discovery of Hammurabi's Code has given pre-eminence to this warrior and statesman of old, and at once places him on the roll of great men of ancient times.

## CITIES OF THE PAST

In the winter of 1901-02 a French archeological student-body under M. de Morgan, whilst making excavations at Susa, once the capital of Elam and later of Persia, unearthed the stele containing Hammurabi's Code. This stele is now in the Louvre Museum, Paris. After an introductory address to the gods and a lengthy enumeration of Hammurabi's titles of honor and a recital of his deeds in peace and in war, the Code proper begins with these words: "When Mardeck sent me to govern men, to sustain and instruct the world—right and justice I established, I brought about the happiness of men."

The Code is ethically excellent and most comprehensive, covering all the duties of man to himself, his neighbor, and the immortal gods. It contains 285 "legal judgments."

This document is humanly interesting as an evidence that human nature has not essentially changed during the last four or five thousand years. The following "judgment" might have application to the political perturbations of today: "If a man offers as a bribe grain or money to the witnesses, he shall himself bear the sentence passed in that case."

The following are of enduring application and interest: "If a man rents a field for cultivation on shares and does not perform the work required on the field, he shall give the owner of the field grain on the basis of the adjacent field."

"If a builder builds a house for a man and does not make its construction firm, and the house which he has built collapses and causes death, that builder shall be put to death."

"If a builder builds a house for a man and does not make its construction meet the requirements, and a wall falls

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

in, that builder shall strengthen that wall at his own expense."

"If a man, in a case, utters threats against the witnesses, or does not establish the testimony that he has given, if that be a case involving life, that man shall be put to death."

### WHO WERE THE ACCADIANS?

Who were those highlanders from the mountains of Alam who settled in the Tigris-Euphrates Valley in pre-historic times and whom we know chiefly by their influence upon the literature and life of Babylonia?

Their language, the Accadian, was taught in the schools of Babylon as a dead language. It was to the Semitic races of Babylonia what Latin now is to the people of Europe. Assyrian scholars translated Accadian literature into their own language and nearly all their sacred, scientific, and technical terms were derived from the Accadian tongue.

The systems of weights and measures of Europe today are those of the Greeks, who, it is well known, borrowed them from the Babylonians, who, in turn, obtained them from the Accadians. The signs of the Zodiac; a week of seven days and the seventh a day of rest; the sexagesimal divisions of the circle are of Accadian origin. But of Accadia proper—its cities, dynasties, civilization, origin, and end—history is silent.

Truly that mediaeval monk, Thomas a Kempis, sitting thoughtful in his cell intent on things eternal, touched pivotally the pulse of the pageant of the past when he said: "All is little and short that passes away with time. Nothing is great that is not eternal."

As the Accadian tongue became to the Assyrian what Greek and Latin are to Europe today; as Accadia and

## CITIES OF THE PAST

"golden Mycenae" became to Nineveh and Babylon, myth-wonders lost in the long night of time, even as Nineveh and Babylon are to us today: may there not yet wait an hour adown the time-held ages, when the wondering school boy shall dream sadly golden dreams of the teeming-populous, gorgeous, mightily magnificent cities of the past—London, Paris, New York,—myth-wonders, lost in the long night of time!

### LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL

When Babylon was at the height of its power under Nebuchadnezzar, the kingdom of Judea under Zedekiah rebelled against Babylon and entered into alliance with the rival kingdom, Egypt. Jeremias, the prophet, lifted up his voice in vain against Zedekiah and foretold the fall of Judea and the scattering of the children of the tribes. All Jeremias lamentingly foretold came to pass. Nebuchadnezzar with a powerful army appeared before Jerusalem. The city fell, Zedekiah was taken captive; his eyes were cut out and he and 200,000 inhabitants of Judea were taken to Babylon. This is the Babylonian captivity, so celebrated in song and story. "By the waters of Babylon we sat and wept. We hung our harps on a willow tree and we sang not at the bidding of the stranger. How can we sing the songs of home in a strange land!"

When Cyrus overthrew the Babylonian Empire (588 B. C.), he liberated the Israelites from this so-called "seventy years' captivity," and gave them permission to return to Jerusalem and rebuild the temple. Only three tribes availed themselves of this privilege, the tribe of Benjamin, of Levi, and of Juda: the other ten tribes became lost to history. "Much effort has been made to discover the ultimate condition or fate of the ten tribes. Josephus, in his

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

day, thought they dwelt in large communities **somewhere** beyond the Euphrates. Rabbinical tradition makes the same assertion. Christian writers have traced them all over the world. Some find them among the Afghans; some tell of a Jewish colony at the foot of the Himalayas; the "**Black Jews**" of Malabar claim an affinity or descent from them; they have been supposed to be the fathers of Tartars, of the Nestorians, of the North American Indians, and, by some recent scholars, of the Anglo-Saxons,"

But whatever conjecture may be true, or any or none, they are eloquently known in history as the *ten lost tribes of Israel*.

### HANGING GARDENS

Herodotus says that among the many sovereigns of Babylon there were two women, Semeramis and Nitocris; "The former named, Semeramis, reigned five generations before the latter. This queen raised an embankment worthy of admiration thro' the plain to confine the river, which hitherto often spread over the level like a lake. The latter of these two queens, names Nitocris, excelled the former in intelligence; she left mighty monuments." Later historians regard these queens as mythical. By some Nitocris is thought to have been the wife of Nebuchadnezzar, for whose delectation he had gardens erected. However, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon are classed among **the seven** wonders of the ancient world. Diodorus gives a detailed description of these overhanging flower-mounds of gorgeous color-splendors and of fragrance subtly pervasive over the whole city. The wonderful temple of Bel; the white marble palace of Belshazzar with its hundreds entrances guarded by colossal winged man-beasts cut in alabaster; the street leading to the capitol all of burnished brass, and

## CITIES OF THE PAST

kept shining like the sun by the labor of captive slaves; golden chariots drawn by white horses brazen-shod; mysterious shrine of Ishtar-Ishtar, mystic mother of mankind; and brightly resplendent o'er all and thro' all this mighty Babylon, this Paris of the past, rising flower-protectively and Ishtar-indulgently and asphodel-fatefully, shimmer the Hanging Gardens of Babylon: All now "gone glimmering thro' the dream of things that were; a schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

### JEREMIAS THE PROPHET

And Jeremias write in a book all the evil that was to come upon Babylon.

"A sword is upon the Chaldeans, saith the Lord, and upon the inhabitants of Babylon, and upon her princes and upon her wise men.

"A sword upon her Seers and they shall be foolish; a sword upon her valiant ones and they shall be dismayed.

"O thou that dwelleth upon thy\* waters, rich in treasures; thy end is come for thy entire destruction."

### BABYLON THE GREAT IS FALLEN

Prophecy passed into fulfillment. The united peoples of the Medes and Persians found in Cyrus an able and ambitious leader. He marched his united forces against Babylon.

The seeming impregnable city walls, 160 feet in height and 85 feet in width with their 100 (according to Diodorus 250) securely barred gates of brass, might well inspire that feeling of defiance of danger that filled the hearts of the Babylonians even into the hour of conflagration, seizure, and slaughter.

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

And King Belshassar (Baltassar) made a great feast for a thousand of his nobles. They drank wine and praised their gods of gold and silver and brass and iron and wood and stone.

"In the same hour there appeared fingers, as it were of the hand of a man, writing over against the candlestick upon the surface of the wall of the king's palace: and the king beheld the joints of the hand that wrote.

"Then was the king's countenance changed, and his thoughts troubled him: and the joints of his loins were loosed and his knees struck one against the other."

"And Daniel appeared before the king to interpret the words of the handwriting on the wall.

"And this is the writing that was written: *Mane, Thecel, Phares*.

"And this is the interpretation of the word *Mane*: God hath numbered thy kingdom and hath finished it.

"*Thecel*: thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting.

"*Phares*: thy kingdom is divided, and is given to the Medes and Persians."

And that same night Baltassar (Belshassar) was slain and his city fell to the Medes and Persians.

That frightful contrast of extremes, that abysmal plunge from joy of life and pride of place and citadel-security down to chaos, madness, and death—fill the mind with awe. Who is secure among mortals? Who knows what ills lie hid in the night or what quicksands wait in the gilded noon of the morrow? Surely life that snuffs out as a candle at the tweak of death cannot be an end in itself! No,—Protean it passes on, deathlessly secure amid carnage, conflagration, devastation, hell-horrors, death, the fall

## CITIES OF THE PAST

of Babylon, the crack of doom, the crash of worlds, the blazing of the solar system seething back to primal nebulae. *Non omnis mortar.*

And Cyrus with a mighty band camped around about Babylon. But seeing the walls of so vast height and thickness, he deemed it unwise to draw up his battering engines, but thought rather to enter the city by stratagem. Accordingly he gave orders to his soldiers that half should remain on one side of the river and the other half should go to the side opposite and that all the army should be at the same time engaged in digging trenches leading out from the river. And Cyrus led the waters of the river Euphrates into the old reservoir made long ago by the command of Queen Nitocris. And when the waters of the river were lowered so that by wading in the river bed a man might stoop under the wall, Cyrus gave command to both divisions of his army that they should enter Babylon.

In the darkness of the night while the city slept many Medes and Persians, having entered by the bed of the river, ran hastily along the inner walls and threw open the ponderous gates of brass so that Cyrus and all his army might enter in.

Most of the Babylonians lay in drunken sleep, for the king gave a carouse that night in honor of Bel and the people had observed the feast in much rioting and drunkenness. And so they knew not that the city was taken until bright death glittered at their throats: and some never knew.

Thus Babylon fell.

### NINEVEH

Tho' Nineveh, capital of Assyria, may have been as great and glorious as Babylon, capital of Chaldea, yet the name

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

today does not connote an equal splendor or awake equal interest. We know not why. Fame seems capricious, of ten seating the meretricious on thrones of the mighty, and hiding the mighty in oblivious uncertainty. However, we know the stars and classify them according to their shining, and we question not why Sirius, Vega, Antares, Arcturus are of the first magnitude rather than second, or whether, indeed, they are in themselves more brilliant than their seeming second companions: they are so for us and we take them for what they seem: and in like manner the highlights of history as fixed in fame must ever shine first magnitude no matter what in themselves they may be. If Nineveh be Procyon, Babylon must ever be Sirius in the night of fame.

### BRITISH MUSEUM

Strange that the story of the city of the Tigris is mutely telling itself today in the city of the Thames. The black obelisk taken from the ruins of the palace of Sennacherib, the colossal winged human-head lions, and the huge brick octagonal Assyrian books—all now in the British Museum—are cryptically hinting to mighty London of the dead gods and dulled dominion and long lost glories of mightier Nineveh. Those monstrous man-beasts done in alabaster, twelve feet in height and twelve feet in length and covered all over with cuneiform inscriptions, and now pedestaled in European museums, are objects of profound meditation to the mind cognizant of their historical setting and their story.

A strong comedy of contrasts was played for the meditative amusement of the writer some years ago. It chanced in the British Museum in the room occupied by the Assyrian collection.

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Suddenly thro' the swing-door there entered the apartment of the grimly grotesque bull-gods and\*winged sphinxes, a troop of brightly blooming English college girls. They were accompanied by a mild middle-aged lady, evidently the dean of the college.

"In the name of the worlds, what are they?" said one of the group.

"Assyrian deities," answered the dean.

"They—gods! ha—ha—ha!" then a school girl giggle-chorus altogether untranslatable rippled thro' the room and ascended as no flattering incense to the silently terrible creatures whose unchanging eyes, disdainful of the hour, gazed solemnly into the past.

"What may his god-ship's name be?" said one pointing to a figure.

"Nin, or Ninus is the name of the bull-god, and Nergal is the name of the lion-god. Nergal is their god of **the** dead, the Assyrian Pluto," said the dean.

"Nergal! Musical name for such a hideous object, isn't it?" said a thoughtless voice.

"Well what a combination! big, strong bull-body, enormous eagle wings, and human head wearing a kingly crown—could such things exist?" said one more thoughtfully.

"Well," said another, "you know what geology teaches about those monsters of the past, dragons and centaurs and minotaurs, etc.—perhaps they were transition forms, perhaps they did exist: perhaps all myth is founded upon a modicum of reality."

"O tomfoolery!" said a dashing girl, previously addressed as Alice, "I don't believe a word of it. Something gets wrong with a scientist's brain cells; one of them refuses to

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act at all or acts abnormally and the result is a hypothesis of absolute absurdity gulled down by a sycophant world because it is the utterance of a man of authority, a present day science-deity. All tomfoolery, I say."

"I draw the line on the crown anyway," said a gentle voice.

"So do I, and I"—laughed the chorus.

"Some historians say the figure is symbolical," said the dean, "the strong animal body typifies the material greatness of a people; the eagle wings, its dominance and the speed with which it can swoop down upon its enemies; the head regally crowned is symbol of the wisdom and power of a government protected by deity."

"How's that for a brain cell, Alice, normal or abnormal?" laughed one.

"Don't know—don't believe anything," said Alice. "All theory. We don't know our world of today or of yesterday, and how can we do other than theorize as to the world of three thousand years ago?"

"Three thousand years ago!" said a voice. "In the name of all the worlds, have those things been in existence three thousand years! Where have they been?"

"Safe in the darkness of dead Nineveh," said the dean kindly. As Rossetti says:

"No shade that plague of darkness knew,  
No light, no shade; while older grew  
By ages the old earth and sea."

"So very long!" said a thoughtful voice, "when were they brought to light?"

"Between 1845 and 1850 when excavations were made along the banks of the Tigris by an English archeological

## CITIES OF THE PAST

party under Austen Henry Layard. We shall add Layard's *Nineveh* to our supplementary reading, young ladies, you will find it somberly fascinating."

"From what poem did you quote, madam?"

"From *The Burden of Nineveh*, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He was evidently here in the museum when these Assyrian relics were brought in. His poem begins:

"In our Museum galleries  
Today I lingered o'er the prize  
Dead Greece vouchsafes to living eyes—  
Her art forever in fresh wise  
    From hour to hour rejoicing me.  
Sighing I turned at last to win  
Once more the London dirt and din:  
And as I made the swing-door spin  
And issued, they were hoisting in  
    A winged beast from Nineveh.

"A human face the creature wore,  
And hoofs behind and hoofs before,  
And flanks, with dark runes fretted o'er,  
'Twas bull, 'twas mitred Minotaur,  
    A dead disbowelled mystery.  
The mummy of a buried faith,  
Stark from the charnel without scathe:  
Its wings stood for the light to bathe—  
Such fossil cerements as might swathe  
    The very corpse of Nineveh."

"The mummy of a buried faith," repeated Alice. "There is a certain grandeur about these colossal creatures. And those inscrutable sphinxes—if they could only tell us wherefore and by whom and how and under what circumstances they were made! Where are the hands that made them? Can the thing made endure while its maker perishes?"

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"Too solemn, Alice; growing sphinx-like," said a voice, "bet you wouldn't like to see the men that made them coming in here just now."

"O no," laughed the chorus, "those savage Assyrians!"

"Do you recall what I read for you yesterday in *Records of the Past*?" **asked the dean,**

"Yes," said Alice, "you mean that demon-like boast of Assur-Natsir-Pal over a conquered city? It runs this way: "They did not embrace my feet. With combat and with slaughter I attacked the city and captured it; three thousand of their fighting men I slew with the sword. Their spoils, their gods, their oxen and their sheep I carried away. The numerous captives I burned with fire. I captured many of the soldiers alive. I cut off the hands and feet of some; I cut off the noses and fingers of others; the eyes of numerous soldiers I put out. I built up a pyramid of the living and a pyramid of heads. In the middle of them I suspended their heads on vine stems in the neighborhood of their city. Their young men and their maidens I burned as a holocaust. The city I overthrew, dug up, and burned with fire, I annihilated it'."

"Horrible, horrible!" said a voice. "Could such things be again?"

"We don't like to think so, but—" the dean hesitated.

"You think it possible, madam?" said Alice.

"Yes, I think the present day humanitarianism is veneer," said the dean reluctantly.

"I don't," said a voice.

"Neither do I—nor I — , " echoed the girls.

"Why," said one, "my father wouldn't hurt a kitten, couldn't hurt one. He nearly fainted the other day when by chance he stepped on the tail of my poodle. He's a **gentleman.**"

## CITIES OF THE PAST

"So is my father."

"And so is my brother/'

"Madam, can't you take back what you said?" pouted a pretty face.

"O, what's the difference?" laughingly said the dean. "Only the momentary excitation of a brain cell, eh, Alice? But come, isn't it nearly time to leave Nineveh and go back to London?" she added pleasantly.

"Not just yet; soon. What's on that black obelisk, madam?"

"Cuneiform writing, descriptive of the glorious deeds done by Sennacherib. It was taken from the ruins of the palace at Koyunjik by Layard. On one side is relief work typifying victory over a conquered people; men and women are represented prostrate before the king, cringing in fear, and abjectly offering him tribute. In the background are seen men leading the Bactrian camel, elephant, lion, rhinoceros, as tribute-offering to conqueror Sennacherib."

"What are those huge blocks of stone, madam?"

"Assyrian tablets of some kind; and I suppose the Deluge Tablet is among them. Mr. George Smith, of London, whilst examining these Assyrian tablets and deciphering and translating their cuneiform script, found upon one of them a description of a great flood, a general deluge. The story does not differ essentially from that given in the Book of Genesis. These tablets were found in the library of the palace of Assur-bani-pal at Nineveh. Mr. Smith thinks they cannot be placed later than the seventeenth century B. C. and they may be much older."

"I feel the gloom of the age of the world," said a voice.

"And I of the mystery of life," said another.

"All thinking minds feel that way here," said the dean

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kindly. "We have touched the past: we have gazed upon the sphinx face of dead and buried centuries. Let us turn kindly and courageously to the passing hour—link of a chain of time stretching back unto and beyond Nineveh and stretching, too, unto and beyond another hour when London itself shall be a long lost Nineveh. Rossetti says:

"For as that bull-god once did stand  
And watch the burial-clouds of sand,  
Till these at last without a hand  
Raised o'er his eyes another land,  
And blinded him with destiny:—

"So may he stand again till now,  
In ships of unknown sail and prow  
Some tribe of the Australian plough—  
Bear him afar—a relic now  
Of London, not of Nineveh."

"Man's life is short, after all, isn't it?" said Alice. "Those hyperbolical expressions of the old writers seem truthful when viewed comparatively. As the flight of a bird thro\* the air, as a ship's track at sea, as a flower of the field, as a shadow that disappears and never continues in the same state, as a flower that is nipped as soon as it comes forth—such is life."

"What then is worth while?"

"The eternal," said the dean reverently, "that of which all time is but an infinitesimal part. *'Nothing is great that is not eternal/* says Thomas a Kempis. But come, London and duty await us."

"Is it raining?" said a voice.

"Of course; you've grown hopeful," said another.

"Can't smile yet," said the first voice, "'fraid of offending the sphinx. Let's hurry away. I feel faint with heavy thought and fear and—"

## CITIES OF THE PAST

"Hunger perhaps/" interrupted the dean. "We were to have dined at one, and it is now twenty minutes of two. Explanation?"

The girls laughed. "O that explains everything," said one, "I thought all earth and time were empty."

"No, that's just a hearty craving for dinner. Come." The dean turned, followed by the young ladies, and walked hastily away.

### THE LONELY GODS

Tense silence reigned in the room of the Assyrian relics. The presence and the absence of the bright young college girls and their demure scholarly dean served but to accentuate the awful loneliness and inevitable misunderstanding of the past as pompously pedestaled before the eyes of a busy present. Outside the museum walls the tide of London life rolled on: and not one of that vast million knew, or much cared to know, the secrets hieroglyphically held within. Indifference to the outside throng; disdain of mortals' questioning conjecture; wide-eyed ignoring of the accidental hour-panorama passing in London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Bagdad, the world—seemed to characterize Ninus and Nergal of Nineveh. The uncommunicative sphinx lay content in shadow: the black obelisk fatefully told the old, old glories of Sennacherib; the high octagonal Assyrian books, the sculptured tablets, the Deluge Record, the winged creatures—all seemed fatefully sleeping in a charmed garden of Proserpine. The silence rhythmically swayed to the music of Swinburne's lines:

**"Then star nor sun shall waken  
Nor any change of light;  
Nor sounds of water shaken,  
Nor any sound or sight;**

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"Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,  
Nor days nor things diurnal:  
Only the sleep eternal  
In an eternal night"

### FALL OF NINEVEH

After five centuries of Assyrian rule, Nineveh, the proud "city of blood," was finally overcome and razed to the ground by the victorious city Babylon. Nineveh was given over to rapine, plunder, and prey and was at last destroyed by fire.

Xenophon, exploring the banks of the Tigris two hundred years later could not learn even the name of the ruins he saw scattered around. All signs of human habitation had vanished, the very site of Nineveh was forgotten and so remained until the rediscovery in recent times.

FIRST CRISIS  
THE BATTLE OF MARATHON  
B. C. 490

*After the fall of Babylon, including Assyria, the Persian Empire arose and successively dominated Asia, Africa, and the countries Thrace and Macedonia in Europe. In attempting to add Greece to her empire, Persia met with the beginning of the end of her supremacy at the Battle of Marathon.*

As IN the order of time, so likewise in the order of importance, Marathon stands first among the battles that have determined world history. Without Marathon there would have been no Thermopylae, Salamis, Plataea, Mycale; no Attic supremacy; no Age of Pericles: and would the world be just what it is today if these things had not been? Would Attica as a Persian satrapy ever have become Athens of the Acropolis crowned with the Propylaea-Erectheum-Parthenon: Athens bright star-night of the past glittering with deathless names?

Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia had risen and set; Rome subsequently rose and fell; France, Italy, Spain, England, Germany, and our experimental republic of the West are advancing fatefully in the old circle: yet not one of these may boast as many eminent men, stars of first magnitude, glorious constellations—as little Greece might boast, that brief bright star-night of the past thick-studded with immortal names.

CALLIMACHUS, WAR RULER

Of the ten commanders of the ten Athenian tribes who assembled on the heights overlooking the plain of Mara-

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

thon, five voted against battle with the invading Persians, five in favor of battle. Callimachus, the War Ruler, influenced by the enthusiastic eloquence of Miltiades, gave the casting vote in favor of battle. On this so seeming slight chance hung Marathon.

Humanly speaking, it was madness for that little handful of Greeks to rush down upon the countless Persian hosts. The Persians themselves could not believe their own eyes when they saw the Greeks running to battle; and half-heartedly, perhaps even jestingly, they prepared for a brief skirmish with madmen.

The Medes and Persians were at that time deemed invincible. Babylonia, Assyria, Asia Minor, the isles of the Aegean, the African Coast, the Euxine, Thrace, Macedonia had successively fallen before the soldiers of the great king. The Aegean was a Persian Lake; from east, from south, from north approached the awful power of Imperial Persia, ready irresistibly to absorb little Greece, to punish and obliterate Athens. Already the Eretrians, who together with the Athenians had aided in the Ionian revolt, were overtaken by the dread vengeance of Darius; their city had fallen and more than a thousand Eretrians were left bound on the island Egilia awaiting the return of the victorious Persian fleet from Marathon. Then together with the captive Athenians, the Eretrians were to be taken to Susa, there to await the pleasure of the Great King, whose wrath had been new-kindled day by day with memories of burning Sardis by a court attendant whose sole duty was to repeat to Darius at each meal: "Sire, remember the Athenians." Sardis would then be fearfully avenged.

Sardis was, indeed, avenged but not by Marathon. There

## THE BATTLE OF MARATHON

is a justice exact even to the weight of a hair in all things of life; seen or unseen, known or unknown, acknowledged or unacknowledged, it is ever at work silently, forcefully, fatefully. Athens burns Sardis and desecrates the temples of the Persian gods; and some years later the Persians sack and devastate Athens, razing her temples to the ground, leaving her site in smoking ruins.

History tells us that after the battle of Marathon, six thousand four hundred Persians lay dead upon the battle-field and only one hundred and ninety-two Athenians. This seems incredible, yet it is equally incredible that the Greeks won. Ten thousand Athenians and one thousand Plataeans had fought against one hundred thousand soldiers of the great king, and—won. There was something wrong with that motley army of the Great King; some subtly retributive force was at work, some balancing justice.

### MILTIADES

Doubtless to Miltiades more than to any other man Athens and the world owe Marathon. It was his overpowering eloquence that weighed heavily in the balance against the honest fears of those who dreaded the encounter with Persia's hitherto invincible warriors; the well-founded fears of those who were secretly in sympathy with Hipp'n and hoped that a battle might be averted: and the prudent fears of those who dreaded defeat and the vengeance of the Great King and thought it wiser to wait until the promised help should come from Sparta. One man's eloquent fearlessness outweighed all those fearful considerations and precipitated the mad descent from the hill, the onslaught, the unequal\* fight, the wonder-victory.

Yet had Miltiades rested after the momentous battle all

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

might have been lost. For the sullen Persian fleet hastening from Marathon had turned its course towards undefended Athens. And so that very night, even with the departure of the last Persian ship from the shore, Miltiades led his battle-worn veterans a distance of about twenty-two miles to Phalerum, the port nearest to Athens. And early the next morning when, indeed, true to Miltiades' fears, the Persian fleet appeared off the coast of Phalerum, the men of Marathon stood awaiting their landing. The Persians did not land.

Hippias, deposed tyrant of Athens and guide and leader of the Persians was killed at Marathon. Callimachus, the pole-march, was killed, not in the battle proper, but on the shore, as the defeated forces were confusedly seeking safety in escape to their ships, and the Greeks, following them even to the water's edge, kept up the slaughter.

Surely Miltiades remained ever after the best beloved hero of Athens, and his years passed on amid ever vernal honors down the easy ways of old age, and the end was in peace!

Alas! history tells us that Miltiades fell into disgrace, was banished from Athens, and a few years after Marathon died of his wounds in prison.

Too bad that every crest-wave of human achievement hastily tumbles to a depression correspondingly low as the swell was high. Scipio, conqueror at Zama, triumph-crowned, and honored with the appellation *Africanus*, was, on that same day one year later, on trial for his life. What a tumult of conflicting feelings must have raged in his heart when, disdaining to reply to the accusations made against him, Scipio said, turning to the fickle populace: "I would remind the men of Rome that this day one year

## THE BATTLE OF MARATHON

ago I won the battle of Zama." And then the tide turned in his favor and the young-world children wept because of their ingratitude and clamorously acquitted Scipio. But depressive doubt succeeded crest confidence and Scipio went into exile. *Ingrata Patria* (Ungrateful Native Land!), Scipio exclaimed, as death drew near and his tired eyes turned longingly towards Rome.

Coriolanus, Roman exile, torn to pieces by the Volscians; Hannibal, lone boast of Carthage, hater of Rome; Themistocles, hero of Salamis; Aristides the Just; Socrates; Miltiades are among the tragic figures on the historic stage whose dying heart-throbs may have reproachfully re-echoed *Ingrata Patria*.

### MARATHON

#### *All the Glory That Was Greece*

From Marathon (490 B. C.), clarion of the birth of Athens, to iEgospotami (405 B. C.), her knell of death, momentous history was made.

iEgospotami knelled the fall of Athens; Leuctra of Sparta; Mantinea of Epaminondas-Thebes; and Chaeronea of all Hellas; but not all of Athens died at iEgospotami. Pericles, Aspasia, Phidias, Ictinus, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, iEschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon—have not died; they are effective forces in the world today.

Spartan military excellence, Spartan hardihood and endurance is a bubble that burst; it is no more: but Attic excellence of intellect endures imperishably—with Platonic wonder as freshly fair in college halls of today as in the Academia and Lyceum of the old Athenian day. Mind is the only conqueror.

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

Blue sky of Athens, white-cliff Acropolis,—so unchanging amid change, so laughing fair among the ruins of the glory that was Greece!

Nature's ever young irreverence towards the wreck of time is invigorating. It calls to the heart of man in language the heart understands, *What's Time!*

"Men said, 'But time escapes

Live now or never.'

He said, 'What's time! Leave Now for dogs and apes—

Man has Forever'."

BROWNING.

### SPARTA

The manner in which the news of the defeat of the Athenians at iEgospotami affected Athens is in striking contrast with the manner in which Sparta received the word of the disastrous Spartan defeat at Leuctra. When report of the naval disaster reached the Piraeus, it was quickly communicated to the thronging crowds within the Long Walls, and thence to the heart of the city. Consternation prevailed and all Athens mourned. "That night," says Xenophon, "no one in Athens slept."

The news of the defeat at Leuctra reached Sparta in the midst of a festive celebration. The magistrates heard of the defeat, and of the death of their king with countenances unmoved; they gave orders that the festival be uninterrupted; and they urged all who had lost relatives and friends in the battle of Leuctra to appear at the festivities in particularly gay attire and with smiling faces, while those whose relatives were among the survivors were ordered to put on mourning.

## THE BATTLE OF MARATHON

The spirit of Lycurgus, of Draco, and of Leonidas seems to have fused and chilled into the laws of Sparta. No surrender; conquer or die; return with your shield or upon it; wounds all in front and faces grimly fierce even in death—such was the spirit of Sparta.

Whatever may be our admiration for the Spartan qualities in general, there can be but lament that they found expression in the Peloponnesian War. This fratricidal strife brought ruin to Hellas. Marathon, Thermopylae, Salamis, Plataea, Mycale were all undone by Syracuse and Ægospotami. Chaeronea was made possible and the passing of the scepter of empire from Greece to Macedonia, from leaderless Hellas to Alexander the Great.

SECOND CRISIS  
THE BATTLE OF ARBELA  
B.C. 331

*With the fall of Hellas at Chaeronea (338 B. C), Philip of Macedon rose to power. His early death placed his son Alexander, then a youth of eighteen, on the throne.*

*The career of Alexander the Great—whose culminant victory was at Arbela—fills the pages of history from the death of Philip to his own death in 323 B. C.*

ARBELA

THE life of Alexander the Great is of perennial interest, for it holds in epitome the life of the world when the world was young. Plutarch tells with quaint truthfulness what cannot now be told without a smile of wondering incredulity.

Alexander spent the night before the battle of Arbela in consultation with the diviner Aristander, and in sacrificing to the god Fear. What does that mean? The conqueror of the world would placate Fear; would render it favorable to him, adverse to the enemy. Terror, recoil from death, panic-madness of a multitude of men, rout, ruin—from *that* deliver my army, O great god Fear; but let it come upon my enemy. Thus prayed Alexander as his gaze rested upon the moving plain gleaming with a million torch-lights where Darius, prepared for a night attack, was reviewing his forces. And well might Alexander so pray. Fear that blanches the lips and freezes the blood in the heart, contagious Terror irresistible, dread recoil from butchering death—these were, indeed, effects of causes

## THE BATTLE OF ARBELA

proportionately terrible. A million men were in the enemy's ranks, three hundred chariots armed with scythes; rivers were in the rear, and beyond a hostile country.

"Alexander," says Napoleon, "deserves the glory which he has enjoyed for so many centuries and among all nations; but what if he had been beaten at Arbela, having the Euphrates, the Tigris, and the deserts in his rear, without any strong places of refuge, nine hundred leagues from Macedonia!"

After the sacrifice to the god Fear, as Plutarch gravely assures us, Alexander seemed jubilant in spirit, and returning to his tent made ready to take his rest. Parmenio, his oldest and ablest general, sought him there and suggested that a night attack be made, urging that their army would grow faint at heart could they see as in broad daylight the countless hosts arrayed against them. In conclusion Parmenio respectfully said: "And if I were Alexander I would attack the Persians tonight."

To this Alexander ironically replied: "And so would I if I were Parmenio." On further remonstrance being made Alexander curtly replied: "I will not steal a victory." At this Parmenio withdrew and Alexander lay down to rest.

A profound and most refreshing sleep came to Alexander. Morning dawned and it seemed proper to rouse the men to breakfast and to preparation for battle, but Alexander still slept. In the words of Plutarch: "But at last, time not giving them leave to wait any longer, Parmenio went to his bedside and called him twice or thrice by name till he waked him, and then asked how it was possible, when he was to fight the most important battle of all, he could sleep so soundly as if he were already victorious. 'And are we not so, indeed/ replied Alexander

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

smiling, 'since we are at last relieved from the trouble of wandering in pursuit of Darius thro' a wide and wasted country, hoping in vain that he would fight us?\*' And not only before the battle, but in the height of the danger he showed himself great, and manifested the self-possession of a just foresight and confidence."

Alexander's full front battle line was not so long as Darius' center. And this so seeming fatal arrangement yet turned out to be most favorable for Alexander. For instead of attacking the Persian center where Darius commanded in person and where the ground in front had been smoothed and prepared for the rush of the three hundred scythe-chariots, Alexander attacked vigorously the left wing, driving them in front of and towards the center. The onslaught of the Macedonian phalanx was irresistible, and the Persian army, dominated by the god Fear, was in panic rout before Darius could get his unwieldy forces full into action or send forth the chariots upon which he so much relied.

Alexander pursued the fleeing army until urged back by messengers from Parmenio saying his wing was surrounded by the Persians. Alexander reluctantly returned, and full victory for the Macedonian army was soon proclaimed upon the field.

Darius, seeing that all was lost and that his chariot, wedged in among dead bodies high as the shoulders of the horses, was unable either to advance or to turn back, hastily leaped from his seat and seizing a riderless mare he galloped as best he could over the bodies of the dying and the dead and thus escaped from the battlefield.

The break in the friendship between Alexander and his ablest general, Parmenio, began with the battle of

## THE BATTLE OF ARBELA

Arbela. Was there jealousy, cruel as the grave, in the heart of the older man as he saw success after success crown the brow of the young commander? Granicus, Issus, Arbela—Europe, Asia, Africa, the world—had gone down successively under the conqueror. Jealousy is incipient hate,

"He who ascends to mountain heights will find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow;  
He who would conquer or subdue mankind,  
Must look down on the hate of those below."

—BYRON.

### HUMAN, TOO HUMAN

All that the literatures of the world hold treasured in amber; all that life, the primal fount of literature, holds as its human heritage—find fitting application to Alexander the Great. The color scale—from white thro' tints to standard, and from standard thro' shades to black—of every emotion and passion of the heart of man is fixed fadelessly upon the name and fame of Alexander.

Yet how human and dearly human it all is! We understand it today even as Callisthenes understood it, and as the age B. C. and the early age and the middle age understood it. We haven't advanced even yet very far from the primitive. The heart that in drunken rage slew Clitus, his friend, and then mourned his deed inconsolable in his terit for three days is easily cognizable today.

That quarrel between Alexander and his tried and true Macedonians, with its subsequent reconciliation, has in it a ring of the old young-world. For when Alexander returned to Susa with his worn-out troops, he at once sought out the thirty thousand boys whom he had left there in training. Great was his delight at the progress they had

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made in his absence; at their military bearing, their ability to ride and hurl the javelin, and to perform other adroit manoeuvres. Alexander then thought to reorganize his army and send home all the Macedonians who were in any way disabled, or who, when urged to cross over the Ganges, had begged to be taken back to their wives and children. But the sturdy veterans were sorely offended at this proposal, and breaking out into a rage declared that they had been most unjustly dealt with, and that every Macedonian would at once abandon the army, and that, perhaps, with his pretty boys he might be able to keep the world which their good swords had won for him. To this Alexander responded in deep wrath that it should be as they said. He at once dismissed from his service all the Macedonians and filled their places with Persians.

Now when the Macedonians saw it was done even as they had said, the scales of jealous anger dropped from their eyes and they were deeply repentant. So laying aside their arms, and dressed only in short undergarments they sought suppliantly the tent of Alexander. But it opened not to their importunities. For three days they stayed there neither eating nor drinking, but sorely longing for the light of the countenance of Alexander, for every man loved him. And at last the tent door opened and Alexander came forth, and going affectionately among them he sat down and wept; and they wept.

Then Alexander, thinking it wiser that the maimed should embark in the waiting vessels, spoke to them most kindly, praising their valor and declaring that their deeds should be known throughout the world: saying also that he would write concerning them to his mother, Olympias, and to the Governor of Macedonia, giving orders that the

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first seats in the theatres should be reserved for them and that they should therein be crowned with chaplets of flowers. Moreover, every soldier's pay should continue to him, and the pay due to the fallen should be regularly sent to their wives and children. And thus was reconciliation between Alexander and his Macedonians happily effected.

How childish it all is—that jealous hate and the hasty reactions; the humiliating importunities of barbaric love; the conqueror conquered and—in tears; the generous refusal of the old warm feelings; the magnanimity of the great; the joyous departure of the honored veterans, their sitting in the seats of honor crowned with a chaplet of flowers: childish? well, yes, but we older children can understand and even dimly—remember.

### A DEITY

Did Alexander believe himself descended from Jupiter Ammon? No. On one occasion, being wounded, he said: "This, my friends, is real blood flowing not Ichor,

'Such as immortal gods are wont to shed'."

Yet, if the reply of the gymnosophist be admitted as true, Alexander was not a mortal. The gymnosophists, or wise men of India, were entertained at the court of Alexander, and among the questions proposed to them by the young lord of the world was, how a man might become a god; to this the sage replied: "By doing that which was impossible for men to do." The deeds done by Alexander in his brief thirty-two years seem beyond the merely human: and it is certain that he was honored as a deity in the latter years of his life. He had his friend and biographer, Callisthenes<sup>^</sup> tortured and put to death because Kena<sup>3</sup> derisively laughed while the servile court prostrated

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before the "present Deity" and had refused to follow their example.

"Man, vain man, dressed in a little brief authority, does cut such capers before high heaven as make the angels mourn." The awful punishments inflicted upon Thebes, Tyre, Gaza; the maniacal madness that satiated itself in the blood of Clitus—a warrior, comrade, and friend; a soldier who at Grarilcus had thrust his own body between Alexander and the down-plunging slaughtering sword and so receiving in his own flesh the blow had saved the life of the man who should later slay him; the deadly ingratitude which could forget the lifelong services of Parmenio, his father's ablest general, his own boyhood's adviser, admirer and friend, and, in a fit of jealous rage, condemn to death Philotas, son of Parmenio, and Parmenio; the hate-exultation which, triumphant at last, had the feet of Batis, late satrap of Gaza and a bravely fallen foe, bored through and thereby tied to his chariot; then Alexander, descendant of Achilles (?), drove three times through the streets of Gaza, dragging his living victim—naked, torn, bleeding, broken, dying—through the town in which so late he had reigned as Persian satrap: surely at capers such as these well might the angels mourn.

Yet these atrocities are well nigh balanced by acts of heroism, repentant generosity, benignity, magnanimity: and it is an open question whether any other of the race of mortals, having the world of his time absolutely in his own hands, would have acted as wisely as Alexander.

The eunuch, escaping from the Macedonian camp and bearing to Darius the news of his wife Statira's death, extolled the forbearance and chivalrous courtesy of Alexander toward the Persian captives and admiringly cried

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out: "Alexander is as gentle after victory as he is terrible on the field." And Darius, so late king of Persia, tallest and handsomest man of his time, husband of Statira, most bewitchingly beautiful woman of Asia; but now alas! an uncrowned king, loser of Arbela, a fugitive, bereft of sons, daughters, wife—nevertheless on hearing of Alexander's generous conduct towards the royal captives exclaimed in tears: "Ye gods of my family, and of my kingdom, if it be possible, I beseech you to restore the declining affairs of Persia, that I may leave them in as flourishing a condition as I found them, and have it in my power to make a grateful return to Alexander for the kindness which in my adversity he had shown to those who are dearest to me. But if, indeed, the fatal time be come, which is to give a period of the Persian monarchy, if our ruin be a debt which must be paid to the divine jealousy, and the vicissitude of things, then, I beseech you, grant that no man but Alexander may sit upon the throne of Cyrus." And when slowly bleeding to death from wounds inflicted by his base betrayer, Bessus, satrap of a province into which Darius had fled for safety—the dying monarch begged of Polystratus, a chance attendant, for a little water; and on receiving it he said that it had become the last extremity of his ill fortune to receive benefits and not be able to return them. "But Alexander," said he, "whose kindness to my mother, my wife and my children I hope the gods will recompense, will doubtless thank you for your humanity to me. Tell him, therefore, in token of my acknowledgment, I give him this right hand," with these words he took hold of Polystratus' hand and died.

The man who could inspire such sentiments of grateful admiration into the heart of his dying enemy was more than mortal.

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Plutarch tells us that Alexander, coming up at that moment, gazed with painful emotion upon the dead form of Darius. And taking the cloak from off his own shoulders he covered with it the prostrate form of his late foe, and, gazing upon the fierce dead comely face, he wept.

### PHILOSOPHIES

All the philosophies of the sleepy East and their antitheses of the aggressive West seem to have influenced the myriad-minded Alexander.

Pride, not vanity, but pride essentially one with the chords of being, expressed itself in the words: "And were I not Alexander I would be Diogenes/" Either highest or lowest, all or nothing. Earth as kingdom or—a tub; no compromise, no half way, absolutely and unconditionally either one extreme or the other: this seeming perversity in the makeup of many men of genius has not been sufficiently considered; it is not psychologically understood; there is something humanly attractive about it; something young-world young and something old, old as the heart of man. And this perverse pride was the common link between Alexander and Diogenes, and by it each understood the other: to the former, indeed, fate awarded the earth-kingdom and to the latter—the tub; but these extremes were, by the common link, essentially one.

The Gymnosophists, or wise men of India, whom Alexander consulted, could not have deeply impressed the mind of the pupil of Aristotle, for, as Plutarch tells us, he laughed at them and sent them away with many presents.

Yet the sacrificial death of Calanus, one of these seers, could not fail to affect forcibly the susceptible mind of Alexander. Jests, dreams, auspices, oracles, theories, sophisms, philosophies, metaphysical speculations in general—

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well, these are agreeably adjustable; maybe so, maybe not so; and when looked at too logically they can all scamper away and hide themselves elusively in symbolism: but death, death in flames, self-sought, self-devised, self-suffered—that is real, that is awful

On the day of his death and whilst erecting his funeral pile Caianus talked cheerfully with the Macedonians and urged them to drink deep and enjoy the passing hours. He commended himself to Alexander, whom, he said, he doubted not but that he should soon see again at Babylon. Then when the pyre was finished, he set it on fire, sprinkled himself, and cutting off some of his hair threw it into the flame as a first-offering of the sacrifice: he then mounted the pyre, lay down calmly and covered his head in his robe. He moved not as the crackling flames drew near, nor might anyone note the least tremor of fear in his limbs as the fire fed on them, nor did any sigh or moan escape from his lips: though what contortions of agony may have twisted themselves on his face could not be known for his head and shoulders were hid in his robe.

Alexander stood by and watched the scene. At first he thought to interpose, but learning that such was the custom of the country, and that the seer, by this sacrificial death, drew to himself high honor and special veneration from the people, he forbore. Alexander's brow was clouded as he watched the full-fed flames: in his mind re-echoed the threefold question of the Indian seer, *Whence are we come; whereby do we live; whither do we go?* Ah, whither! in his heart ten thousand contradictory questionings seethed voiceless, answerless. Alexander turned dejectedly away and retired within his tent.

That night violent reaction from the depression of the day seized upon Alexander. He ordered that all his army

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should rest and feast. *Carpe diem* was the dominating animus of the ensuing debauch. In a delirium of drunken joy Alexander proposed a drinking bout offering a crown to the victor. Promachus drank twelve quarts of wine and to him was awarded the prize. But Promachus did not live long to enjoy his reward, three days after he died from the effects of the debauch as did forty others who had taken part in the drinking bout at the great court feast.

There is undoubtedly a strong tendency in human nature to rush from one extreme to the other. The best by corruption become the worst; no one can fall so low as he who has been the highest. But from the lowest which has been known the highest there is at times instantaneous recoil, re-ascent, re-attainment—momentary though it be—to the highest. Then when genius gilds that lowest, that recoil, re-ascent, re-attainment—the thoughtless world is thrilled, it listens anew, it understands.

Some of the chastest lyrics of the language have been written in recoil from, in liberation and glad freedom from—the slough of sensuality.

The significant charm of Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven* lies in what it connotes rather than in what it tells. Soul-struggle is enmeshed in the lines, and defeat is heard in alto moan with every note of victory. It is the violent rebound to the height gilded, perhaps goldened, by genius.

### ALEXANDER'S FEAST

The ode, *Alexander's Feast*, by Dryden, is one of many contributions to literature inspired by the Macedonian madman:

**"Great genius is to madness near allied  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."**

—DRYDEN.

## THE BATTLE OF ARBELA

Perhaps the taking of Persepolis and the mad orgy of triumph there indulged in mark the flood-tide of Alexander's good fortune and likewise the fateful turning and re-flow of the tide. But what a tide!

Given the effects of generous wine; and the warrior, the military genius, the poet-philosopher, the dreamer of dreams, the world conqueror, the fair-haired favorite of Zeus, is, indeed, in that wondrous triumph-hour a deity. That sycophant court-adulation, that lulling love, the music, that wine might well "raise a mortal to the skies or draw an angel down." O music, elf of a lost paradise, we remember with you, we lament, we love, we pity, we deplore, we—weep. With young-world Alexander touched to tears by old Timotheus' lyre, we too lament a bravely fallen foe:

"He sang Darius great and good  
By too severe a fate  
Fallen, fallen, fallen,—  
Fallen from his high estate,  
And weltering in his blood."

We too deplore human ingratitude:

"Deserted in his utmost need  
By one his former bounty fed—  
On the bare earth exposed he lies  
With not a friend to close his dying eyes."

We too muse mournfully perplexed o'er all this sorry scheme of things and mingle our tears with those which thus perplexedly flowed so long ago:

"With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
Revolving in his altered soul  
The various turns of chance below;  
And, now and then, a sigh he stole  
And tears began to flow."

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Lyre of old Timotheus, wizard violin, symphony concert—for the hour at least, we are what you make us, and whither you lead we follow. Sadness, remorseful sorrow—love, youth and beauty caught coiled in icy death—are these, as Poe asserts, the essential elements of supreme beauty? Poe's magically beautiful *Lenore*, *Raven*, *Vllor lutne*, *Annabel Lee* confirm the poet-critic's dictum. Love in sorrow, beauty in death, mutability, vicissitude are the dominant chords in music, in literature, and in life.

But reaction follows depression, and violent activity succeeds to passivity. And this the old musician knew who played so well upon the all too humanly receptive heart of Alexander. The wails of the Grecian ghosts "that in battle were slain and unburied remain inglorious on the plain" call for vengeance and point out the abodes of the Persian gods.

Thais leads the way, and Alexander, drunk with wine and with the madness of music, follows whither she leads him; and soon the temples of the gods, the palaces of the Persian kings, the city Persepolis—are in crackling flame.

Suddenly Alexander is again Alexander. With shame of soul he sets the ruin he has wrought and frantically strives to undo what he has done. But too late; countermands clash with commands, confusion feeds the flame, Persepolis falls.

Thus culminated the triumph-banquet held in honor of Alexander's conquest of Asia, and immortally sung into song by John Dryden in one of the best odes of the English language, *Alexander's Feast*.

### HELLENISM

Alexander died in a comparatively short time after the battle of Arbela and his world empire fell to pieces. What,

## THE BATTLE OF ARBELA

then, was the permanent good or decisive effect of his conquests? To this question historians reply that the Hellenization of the Orient with subsequent spread of Greek culture among the Arabian Saracens, thence as vital principle re-animating the Renaissance—was the result of Alexander's conquest of Asia. More than seventy Greek colonies were established along the route of the conqueror. These continued to flourish long after the far-seeing mind that planned them had ceased to foresee and plan. Vigorous Hellenism was easily dominant over sleepy Orientalism. And thus was bloodlessly won through the slow centuries the great victory of freedom, civilization, culture, art, science, philosophy—Hellenism. From Arbela (331 B. C.) to the sixteenth century Renaissance is a conquering span that might well delight the gaze of the young warrior who once wept because there were no more worlds for him to conquer.

As Napoleon's crucial defeat was not at Waterloo but in Moscow; as the British Revolutionary forces lost the colonies not at Yorktown but at Saratoga; as Carthage of old went down under world-conquering Rome not at Zama but at the Metaurus; so the incipient death blow to Alexander was inflicted not in Babylon but at the banks of the Ganges. When his army refused to follow him any farther; when his brave Macedonians wept for their far-away homes and begged to be taken back to their wives and children; when his best friends and admirers saw in the wide rolling Ganges and the enemy bristling the opposite bank, obstacles insuperable even to Alexander; when at last the conqueror turned away unconquering, turned back, yielded—then came the fierce chagrin-humiliation, the mad beginning of the end. The world marks only the collapse-

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crash, but deeper insight *sets* sympathetically the fatal bend or twist or crack or break having in it inevitably the tragic collapse-crash.

The death of Alexander has been variously described. Some say he died of poison; others, of the exceeding coldness of the waters of the river in which he bathed; others, that his death is directly attributable to the excesses, the mad orgies of sensual indulgence into which he plunged himself as result of his chagrin at turning back from the Ganges, and of his wild grief at the untimely death of Hephaeston, his favorite and friend. Doubtless the subjectivities of the various biographers have obtruded themselves over the objective reality and the simple truth will never be known. Alexander died at Babylon, 323 B. C., aged thirty-two.

### THIRD CRISIS

## THE BATTLE OF ZAMA

B. C. 202

*Rome on the Tiber, Italy—a people of the Aryan race rose to power simultaneously with Carthage, in northern Africa—a people of Semitic origin.*

*The clash between these powers and races gave rise to three Punic wars—and ended decisively in favor of Rome in the battle of Zama.*

### ZAMA

HAD the battle of Zama been won by the Carthaginians and lost by the Romans, then Semitic influence rather than Aryan would have moulded the civilization of Europe. These two mutually antagonistic races have grappled together in mortal combat at Zama, Tours, Jerusalem and, influentially, at Belgrade, Lepanto, Constantinople, Adrianople—and the end is not yet. Will there ever be full amity between these races?

But Rome won at Zama. And as Roman historians gravely assure us that it was better for all subsequent civilization that Rome should win, why we gratefully acquiesce; feeling, indeed, dully content that fate should, at all past times and crises, have shown herself as wisely beneficent to the winning cause as she is today. But however superior Rome may have been to Carthage, and however Roman valor, dogged Roman endurance, Roman integrity (*Romana Fides*) may have surpassed Carthaginian—yet Hannibal, favorite of Baal, towered mountain-high over all Romans of his day, and for a time even over all Rome.

Hannibal's personality thrills through the centuries. The school boy, with the good wonder-flush of admiration at

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the revealing vistas of the past, understands Hannibal. That eternal enmity to Rome in the son of Hamilcar; that youthful vow at the altar of Baal and its life and death fulfilment; that Herculean crossing of the Alps; Ticino, Trebia, Thrasymenus, Cannae—Capua; Metaurus, Zama: exile, suicide—why the school boy understands it all: and Hannibal, hunted victim of the past, is victor of the passing hour. Glamour of the historic page, generous youth, poets in prose, dreamers of dreams—and the Smoky City classroom is all aglow with white-light from the Alps as Hannibal crosses; with red-light from the bloody waters of Lake Thrasymenus; with gold-glow from the rings severed from the cold dead hands of Roman knights at dread Cannae; with mocking death-light as Hannibal defiantly dies!

### CAPUA

And after the great victory at Cannae Hannibal led his troops into winter quarters at Capua. Here his soldiers, relaxed from the severe discipline of war and wildly delighting in the genial climate of southern Italy, gave themselves up unrestrainedly to luxuries and pleasures. And just here at Capua, in the midst of those luxuries and pleasures, lay potentially the defeat at Zama.

For the Romans, gaining courage from despair, grimly faced the fatal losses of Cannae, and never were the Roman people more royally Roman than when they voted thanks to the consul, Terrentius Varro, the runaway loser of Cannae,—"because he had not despaired concerning the republic" (*quod de republica non desperassei*). Every day spent by Hannibal and his army at Capua trebly weakened his fighting force and cause as it trebly strengthened the fighting force and cause of the Romans. Capua lost Metau-

## THE BATTLE OF ZAMA

rus, Zama, Carthage, and Semitic dominance in Europe.  
*Ave Capital*

### DEFEAT

The Roman senate determined to carry the war into the enemy's country, hoping that thereby Carthage **would be** constrained to summon Hannibal and his army from Rome in order to defend the Carthaginian capital. Nor was this hope vain. Hannibal's eight years' success in Italy was negated by this call from Carthage and his reluctant compliance.

Rome's ablest general, Scipio, with a well-equipped army, awaited Hannibal on his\* disheartened return into Africa. They met at Zama.

History or story relates that a personal interview between Scipio and Hannibal took place before the battle. Each stood in awe and admiration of the other: each felt mutually the charm of bravery, integrity, excellence; as men they were friends, as leaders of hostile armies, they were enemies. The interview proved futile. After a proudly lingering farewell they parted with dignity; and riding back to their respective armies prepared for immediate battle.

When the fight was fiercest and success seem to favor the Carthaginians, suddenly the sun ceased to shine and darkness enveloped the contending hosts. It was an eclipse of the sun for which the Romans were, in great measure, prepared; the Carthaginians, wholly unprepared. Panic fear and superstitious terror seized upon Hannibal's veterans; they who had crossed the Alps, and stood knee-deep in blood at Lake Trasymene and at Cannae, yet quailed in this midday darkness.

With the slow and ghastly return of the light of the sun,

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Rome's bull-dogs were again ferociously at slaughter; but the Semitic heart had been smitten with awe of the unknown God; he would pray, not fight; he would fall prone in adoration of the awful Deity of darkness and of light. In vain did Hannibal strive to rouse his terror-stricken legions, in vain did he himself perform prodigies of valor: the hour of conquering Rome had come and on her way to world-conquest lay Zama. The Juggernaut of destiny rolled on, and Zama-Carthage fell to rise no more.

### AND AFTER

"It is not in the storm or in the strife  
We feel benumbed and wish to be no more;  
But in the after silence on the shore—  
When all is lost except a little life."

—BYRON.

Hannibal was only forty-five when he lost Zama. That flame of hatred toward Rome, kindled at the altar of Baal when he was a boy of only nine years, still raged within him inextinguishably. He had lost his right eye in the Roman campaign. His brave brothers, Mago, hero of Trebia, and Hasdrubal, hero of Metaurus, had fallen in battle. The second Punic War, the war of Rome against Hannibal, or rather of Hannibal against Rome, had after phenomenal successes ended in the disastrous defeat at Zama and in the most humiliating conditions of peace imposed upon Carthage by world-conquering Rome. All, indeed, seemed lost except a little life; yet in this dull defeat-peace, this wearily sullen after-storm, the old hate fires insatiably raged.

Hannibal, unsupported and unappreciated by his own country, passed over into Asia. He wandered from Asiatic

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court to court ever striving to arouse enmity towards Rome or to incite the nations to battle against her. Rome steadily pursued her inveterate foe. From court to court he passed, and from country to country passed too the paid assassins whose sole object in life was to bring Hannibal dead or alive to Rome.

And at the court of Prusias, king of Bythinia, Hannibal was at last hopelessly trapped. Hatefully grinning faces glared in upon him from corridors, doors, windows: Rome had won.

Hannibal's presence of mind and proud dignity did not desert him even in that crucial hour, even when he toyed with death. Whilst adjusting his military robes in full presence of the leering faces at corridors, doors, and windows, he took from his finger a ring whose hollow setting contained a most potent poison. This he drank. And before any one of that self-gratulating victor-gang realized what was taking place Hannibal fell forward dead.

FOURTH CRISIS  
BATTLE IN THE TEUTOBERGER WALD  
A.D. 9

*Rome became mistress of the known world under Caesar Augustus. Her frontiers seemed impregnable. True, countless barbarian tribes roamed north of the Danube, and tall Teutonic warriors swarmed in the Black Forests of Germany; but imperial Rome was secure. The first shock to this serenity, and the first tremor of that upheaval which should ultimately subvert Rome came with the loss of six Roman legions under Varus in the Teutoberger Wald.*

TEUTOBERGER WALD

IN GERMANY, in the modern principality of the Lippe, may still be seen traces of the historic struggle between the Roman legions under Varus and the Germanic barbarians led by Arminius. The names "das Winnefeld" (the field of victory), "die Knochenbahn" (the bone-lane), "die Knochenleke" (the bone-brook), "der Mordkessel" (the kettle of slaughter), which still characterize various places in the gloomy Teutoberger Wald, are in themselves reminders of scenes of horror which were once dread realities; while scattered here and there may still be seen traces of the Roman camp—unmistakable evidence of the one time presence of the Roman eagles.

TRAPPED

Perhaps all is fair in war, and the end justifies the means, and the eleventh commandment, "Do to the enemy what he'd like to do to you," being altogether heartless and godless, is peculiarly applicable to war: nevertheless the victory won by treachery never sounds so clarionly joyous

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adown the ages as the victory following a fair fight; and the deadly defeat that came by treachery has in it a pathos that redeems defeat from disgrace. Time is just.

When Vanis^started out at the head of his legions to quell, as he thought, an insurrection of a few unimportant tribes scattered along the Weser and the Ems rivers, Germany seemed comparatively at peace; and Arminius, the most dreaded war-lord of the barbarians, seemed to have been won over by the blandishments of the Roman camp.

It was a gala day for the troops as with ample supplies, generous baggage-wagons, plenty of camp followers, jesters, entertainers, they turned away from the frontier and plunged into the Black Forest. There was nothing to indicate that concerted action on the part of the Germans was the cause of that far distant uprising against Roman authority, and that within their ranks were half-Romanized barbarians who would desert at a given signal and use their arms against their present comrades; above all, that Arminius had secretly instigated a general uprising and that the black forests were blackly alive with the foe.

On went the Roman troops following their treacherous guides, who purposely led them into the dense marshy depths of the woods; and when thus lost and entangled, their cavalry unable to advance, and while all the troops were called upon to construct a rude causeway over which the horses might proceed—suddenly from the gloom encompassing them on all sides came deadly arrows, missiles, javelins hurled by an unseen foe.

Varus seems to have been unable to realize that he was the victim of a stratagem. His best men, officers and soldiers, were falling around him; his cavalry slipping in slimy blood lay floundering on the way; his light-armed auxiliaries, composed in great part of brawny German

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youth, were slinking away and becoming strangely one with the forces whence came the arrows, missiles, javelins. Still Varus urged on the work on the causeway, and still veterans advanced to the work as veterans fell and at last the gloomy march resumed.

The attack seemed over, and Varus thought some isolated tribe of barbarians had taken advantage of their hour of disability to harass them on the march. On reaching a declivity of the woody plain Varus drew up his forces as best he could in battle line and thus awaited the coming of the foe. But Arminius was not prepared to meet the Romans in battle; his rude warriors were no match for the trained Roman soldiers fully protected by helmet, cuirass, greaves, and shield. There could have been but one result to such an encounter—victory for the Romans, defeat for the cause of liberty and native land.

Arminius held in leash his blood hounds all through the night. The Romans halted on the slope and, perceiving no enemy near, pitched their camp with true Roman precision and then slept long and well the heavy sleep of worn-out nature that last night of mortal life.

At early dawn, while the Roman camp yet lay moveless, undreaming of the savage blood-hounds around or the deadly ambush ahead,—Arminius despatched men to the farther end of the defile with orders to fell trees and erect an impassable barricade. He then sent troops to different points of advantage on either side of the defile through which the fated army would advance; he gave instructions as to concerted action at the sound of the agreed-upon signal, and thus awaited the coming of morn and the renewed activities of the Roman camp.

There is something sternly terrible in the human heart which can thus joyfully contemplate the destruction of

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thousands upon thousands of one's fellow mortals. And yet, in this case, these Roman soldiers were the concrete embodiment of a cause which would enslave Arminius' native land, intrude deadly enervation into the integrity of a German home; and more—much more: Rome had deeply wronged Arminius, lover of liberty, lover of native land; but even more deeply had she wronged Arminius, the lover, and the man. His wife, Thusnelda, was held a captive in Rome, and his child, a fair-haired boy of only five years, had been made to grace a Roman triumph. Rivers of blood could not wash away such seared, yet burning, memories from the heart.

With fierce exultation did Arminius watch the waking of the camp, the taking up of pickets, formation of line, and the slow winding motion towards the way, the fatal way, he had foreseen they must go. Had Varus even then become suspicious of concerted treachery, he would have hastened back, would have plunged into the heart of the unknown wood, would have remained in camp, would have done anything under the sun rather than advance right into that narrow densely wooded way ambushed at every vantage point on both sides and shut in at the farther end by that barricade high as the tops of the trees. But he looked and knew not; Arminius saw and knew and exulted.

### DER MORDKESSEL

Fate is always on the winning side. As day advanced and the troops were all now fairly within the ravine, the heavens opened in streams of torrential rain. The Black Forest seemed to groan with impending doom: old Thor and Odin seemed fighting for their altars in the Druid wood, and Roman Jove was no match for this grim Teutonic Thor.

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Arminius watched from the height; and just as the vanguard rounded the curve, at the summit of which rose the barricade of trees, the signal for general assault all along the line arose clear and decisive from the height.

The slaughter was appalling. The bulk of the infantry, fourteen thousand men, were slain; while the cavalry which at first had numbered about eighteen hundred horsemen, partly Romans, partly provincial, made here its last dread stand against the foe and—lost.

Numonius Vola, a Roman cavalry officer, seeing the utter uselessness of the attempt to continue the unfair strife, made a bold dash for deliverance. At the head of a small force, he turned away from the floundering mass of horses and men and plunged into the unknown forest. He was, however, soon surrounded by the Germans, and he and his soldiers were cut to pieces.

A brave band of Romans, last of that death-devoted multitude of men, gained a point of vantage on a hill slope and arranging themselves in a solid circle presented to the foe an almost impenetrable line of glittering points of spears. The Germans, though outnumbering them a hundred to one, yet quailed before that steely welcome. Perhaps, too, being themselves brave men, they were in awe and admiration of that heroic despair; perhaps, being perfectly sure of their prey, they were loth to break the savage satisfaction of gloating upon its desperation; perhaps no Arnold Winkelreid opportunely came forth to offer himself in sacrifice upon those outstretched points and so wedge open the way; perhaps, and O most dread truth—perhaps! those wild children of the Druid wood saw safely entrenched behind that helpless steel—worthy victims for Odin. And thus the night passed—that awful last night upon earth for the last of the legions of Varus.

## BATTLE IN THE TEUTOBERGER WALD

**There** is an open space on the flat top of an overhanging rock, darkly terrible even today and still the favorite haunt of century-old oaks: and this place tradition points out} as the spot upon which human sacrifices were of old offered to Thor and to Odin. And thither the blue-eyed barbarians dragged those Roman soldiers, bravest of the brave, who had stood entrenched behind their helpless steel until exhaustion overcame them and who at last overpowered by sheer force of numbers, had been taken alive by the implacable foe and dragged to the altar of sacrifice.

Strange indeed is that delusion, so often inextricably assimilable with religious fanaticism, wherein a man makes himself believe that he honors or placates Deity by immolating thereto his own enemy! Truly the human-heart god is the deification of its own desires. And that God-man upon the Cross, who is essentially the everlasting antithesis of the desires of the human heart, is not of man. We can understand Jove and Juno and Mars and Venus and even Odin and Thor—they are ourselves, only more so: not so the Christ crucified on Calvary.

### EFFECTS

Fifteen thousand eight hundred men are estimated to have formed the army lost in the Teutoberger Wald. This irreparable loss gave to the heart of Caesar Augustus its pathetic cry enduring even to the day of death, "Varus, Varus, give back my legions, Varus 1"

Seutonius tells us that at the news of the Black Forest disaster, Augustus, in bitter grief, beat his head against the wall crying incessantly and inconsolably, "Bring back my legions, Varus": and that after many years had passed

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

and even to the day of his death he lamented the loss as irreparable. Not, indeed, because so many men had fallen; Rome was prodigal of human life; but because his prophetic eye saw in this defeat the beginning of the end of Roman supremacy; the change of policy from aggressive to defensive; the fatal turning of a tide which should roll down upon southern Europe in inundations of desolation.

## FIFTH CRISIS

# BATTLE OF ADRIANOPE

A. D. 378

*From Teutoberger Wald 9 A. D. to the battle of Adrianople, there were two destructive forces steadily at work upon the Roman Empire. The one, from without,—the encroachments of barbarians; the other, from within,—the steady disintegration of old Roman standards of honor, family life, and governmental integrity. In the battle of Adrianople the Emperor Valens fell while fighting against the Goths.*

### ADRIANOPE

AMONG the struggles of the past which seem decisively to have subverted the old order of things and ushered in the new is the battle of Adrianople. There Valens, Emperor of Rome, was killed in battle with the Goths; and the proud Roman army hitherto invincible, almost invulnerable, was defeated and destroyed.

How the wild-eyed children of the North must have gazed with astonishment upon one another as they stood victors on that field! They had not dared to hope that a Roman army would go down under their undisciplined assault; and that an Emperor of Rome should lie dead upon the battlefield was far beyond their wildest dreams. Doubtless they felt within them that first awakening of brutal youth-strength: race-childhood was gone; race-manhood not yet come. And enervated old Rome; cultured, wily, effete civilized Romans lay at the feet of these youthful, battle-flushed barbarians: and history yet hears the cries that arose as those feet advanced ruthlessly trampling,

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

### HISTORIC RIVERS

If rivers could write history—what would the Nile tell us, the Tigris-Euphrates, the Granicus-Issus, the Metaurus, the Aufidus, the Tiber, the Danube, the Moskva, the Maritza, the Marne?

Mysterious Nile—with sources for ages unknown; with inundations death-dealing, life-giving; with crocodiles and alligators and implacable river god; with Theban Karnak-Luxor and the Necropolis; with Memphis and the Pyramids and the great Sphinx; with dynastic silences perturbed by a few great names—Menes, Cheops, Rameses; with the barge of Cleopatra wafted by scent-sick breezes to a waiting Anthony; with cosmopolitan bad, sad, modern Memphis-Cairo.

### TIGRIS-EUPHRATES

Tigris-Euphrates Valley—reputed cradle of the human race! home of the Accadians, a prehistoric people that had passed away and whose language had become a dead classic tongue when Nineveh and Babylon were young. Who were the Accadians? The Euphrates and the Tiber will not tell.

Hanging Gardens of Babylon—world-wonder: Babylon as described by Herodotus—city of blood and beauty and winged power: city surfeited with the slaughter of Assyrian Nineveh: city of the great temple of Bel: city of palaces guarded by majestic colossi—sphinxes, winged lions, man-head bulls; city of gold and precious stones and ivory edifices and streets of burnished brass: city of the fatal Euphrates, of Balthazzar's banquet and the dread handwriting upon the wall: city of a destruction so tremendous, so terrible that the lamentation thereof, caught

## BATTLE OF ADRIANOPLE

**vibrantly** in Biblical amber, rings on and ever on adown  
**the** ages, "Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen!"

"They say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;  
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass  
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep."

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

And the site of Babylon^ that mighty Paris of the past,  
is not now authoritatively known. Does the river know;  
does it remember the glory and the horror-night and the  
gloom? Is the sad sighing of riversxhausted by the sorrows  
they see as they flow? And is the eternal moan of ocean the  
aggregate of the throbs of woe that the rivers have felt  
as they flow? Does nature know of mortal woe, does  
she, indeed, lament with Moschus the death of pastoral  
Bion; with Shelley, the untimely departure of Keats, our  
"Adonais"?

Fact or fancy, suggestive silence or assertive sound, poet-  
dream or cynic-certainty—which draws nearer to truth?  
which shall prevail?

Granicus-Issus—bloody outlets of the wounds of the  
world when Macedonian Alexander made Europe and  
Asia bleed!

Was Alexander the Great great? Moralize as we may;  
shudder at the grim bloody outlets of a wounded world;  
wonder at the mad folly of the masses who, at the caprice  
of a magnetic madman, wildly slay and submit to be slain;  
see clearly, in the cut and statuary past, the dolt unreason  
of it all, the uselessness, the Pelion-Ossa horror: yet hon-  
estly recognize that deep down in the perverse human  
heart there lurks admiration for—Alexander the Great.  
Rameses, Cyrus, Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Napoleon—

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

we cannot dissociate these men from their deeds; how then can we disapprove their deeds and approve these men? Why is it that a Shelley, Byron, De Musset, Swinburne, Omar—*ad infinitum*—enthrall us by the charm of their written words, even though we disagree with them in their tenets, their philosophy of life, their conclusions: and we censure and condemn their private lives! Can men, as Catullus sings to Lesbia, both "adore and scorn" the same object at the same time? There are many replies to these questions, but no satisfactory answer. Psychologists, take note.

The military hero, the "chief who in triumph advances," the warrior bold, the idols of history will continue to glimmer secure in cob-web fascination even when armaments shall have been banished from off the face of the earth and wars shall be remembered only as myths of days that are no more. We forgive Granicus-Issus-Arbela for the sake of Alexander the Great.

And the conqueror of the world died, aged thirty-two, in Babylon. This cognizant old city and Accadian Euphrates were too wearily wise to wonder two thousand years ago. They had seen the rise and fall of many monarchs: and one more, this boy-wonder from the West, could arouse no throb of pitying surprise from scenes that dully remembered dead and gone dynasties. Why, death was old when Accadia was young ten thousand years ago; lament this stripling? No. And thus went out the conquered Conqueror of the world.

### METAURUS

The little stream Metaurus witnessed perhaps the most momentous battle of history. Yet no magic name shines forth from that strife either as victor or vanquished. Nero,

## BATTLE OF ADRIANOPE

the Roman consul, victor; and Hasdrubal, brother of Hannibal, vanquished, are not the names of favorites of fame. As Byron says, of a thousand students hearing the name Nero nine hundred and ninety-nine recall the last Julian emperor of Rome, and one laboriously remembers the hero of Metaurus. And yet were historians endowed with microscopic vision whereby the great is perceived in the small, doubtless the bloody conflict by the stream would be seen pivotal of history.

**"Carthagini jam non ego nuntios  
Mittam superbos. Occidit, occidit  
Spes omnis fortuna nostri  
Nominis, Hasdrubale intercmto."**

—HORACE.

"Alas, I shall not now send to Carthage proud bearers of good news," said Hannibal, as he mournfully gazed at the severed head of his brother hurled insolently into his camp, even as with impatient hope he awaited news of that brother's coming and dreamed the dream of their successfully united forces, attack on Rome, victory, and the dispatch of proud messengers to Carthage. With prophetic gaze did the hero of Cannae see in that bloody dead face the negation of his eight years' victory in Italy, his recall to Carthage, his defeat at Zama, his exile and bitter death, and the onward stride of world-conquering Rome over the ashes of Carthage.

Cities that have been and that are no more: Niobe-woe: rivers that know of that long ago and wearily sigh as they flow!

TIBER

Old Tiber disdains the paragraph; a volume for it or—nothing.

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

### DANUBE

Lordly dark Danube—so long the barrier between the known and the unknown, civilization and barbarism, the magic sun-gardens of Italy and the Teutoberger Wald!

"Varus, Varus, give back my legions, Varus"—that cry of Caesar Augustus, Ruler of Rome, Mistress of the World, was the first wild note of a chorus of woe that arose in full diapason when Valens fell in the battle of Adrianople. From the victory of Arminius over the Roman troops under Quintilius Varus in the Black Forest of Germany (9 A. D.) to the decisive victory of the combined Gothic tribes over the veteran Roman army under Valens near the capital of the Empire, the sympathetic student of history may hear ever that losing cry of the Emperor-seer: "Give back my legions, Varus."

Legend relates that on the Roman northern frontier there stood a colossal statue of victory; it looked toward the North, and, with outstretched hand pointing to the Teutoberger Wald, seemed to urge on to combat and to victory: but the night following the massacre of the Roman troops in the Black Forest, and the subsequent suicide of Varus, this statue did, of its own accord, turn round and face the South, and, with outstretched hand pointing Romeward, seemed to urge on to combat and to victory the wild-eyed childreif of the North. Thus did the Goddess of Victory forsake Rome.

### MOSKVA

The Moskva River is yet memory-lit with the fires of burning Moscow; and its murmuring ever yet faintly echoes the toll, toll, toll of the Kremlin bell. Three days and three nights of conflagration—and then the charred and crumbling stillness! Snow on the hills and on the

## BATTLE OF ADRIANOPLE

plains; white, peaceful snow healing the wounds of Borodino, blanketing uncouth forms, hiding the horror; but within the fated city, no snow, nothing white, nothing peaceful; gaunt icicle-blackness o'er huge, prostrate Pan-Slavism.

Yet surely cognizant old Moscow, secure in ruins, sighed, too, o'er the gay and gallant Frenchmen caught fatefully in the trap of desolation. Perhaps, too, the compensating lamentation of distant Beresina mingled genially with the murmuring Moskva.

Napoleon Bonaparte met his "Waterloo" in Moscow: history to the contrary notwithstanding.

"The soldiers fight and the kings are called heroes," says the Talmud. Of all that nameless host of ardent, life-loving men who entered Moscow, stood aghast amid the ruins, started back on that awful across-continent retreat—the world knows only Napoleon, Meissonier paints Napoleon, Byron apostrophizes Napoleon, Emerson eulogizes Napoleon, Rachmaninoff plays Napoleon, and the hero-lover loves Napoleon. Why? Is there any answer to ten thousand *Whys* perched prominently and grinning insolently in this mad play-house of the planets? None.

### MARITZA

The Maritza River, at one time caviled the Orestes River, is formed by the confluence of two unimportant streams. Adrianople is favorably situated, and ranks next to Constantinople in natural advantages.

Orestes, son of Agamemnon, built the city and gave his name both to the city and the principal river. Emperor Hadrian changed the name to Hadrianopolis (Hadrian's city), thence our modernized Adrianople. One almost regrets that the name of the restless Orestes did not continue

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

appropriately to designate the city of so varying fortunes and vivid vicissitudes.

Adrianople was the Turkish capital for nearly a hundred years; it was abandoned in 1453 when Constantinople came into Turkish control. The ruins of the palace of the Sultans yet grace the ancient capital.

Adrianople is a faithful Moslem city of forty mosques. The mosque Selim II is a close rival of Santa Sofia.

Greek, Macedonian, Roman, Byzantine, Christian, Moslem, Turk, and Bulgarian influences have in turn dominated the city of three rivers; each re-baptizing it with blood: and the end is not yet.

In 1713, Charles XII of Sweden was a guest in the castle of Tumurtish. Little then did the valiant madman of the North dream how ignominiously his own meteoric career would close: little did he see himself as fixed in fame, not by his combats and victories, not even by his gallant defeat at Pultowa, but by being the inspiration in the moralizing mind of Dr. Samuel Johnson of the following lines:

"He left a name—at which the world grew pale—  
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

The Vanity of Human Wishes is indeed exemplified not only in Charles XII of Sweden, but also in many other favorites of fortune: not one of whom, perhaps, but would add to or alter his own peculiar setting in fame—if perchance he should be able to recognize himself at all in the historic figure masquerading under his name. How seldom does it chance that the world honors a man for what that man feels to be his best title to honor?

Would Julius Caesar, red-hand conqueror of Gaul, know himself as the Shakespearean hero? And Nero, Louis XI,

## BATTLE OF ADRIANOPLE

Wallenstein, Henry VIII, Roderick Borgia—would they claim even passing acquaintance with themselves as fame has fixed them? If these men took any of their fighting qualities with them into the Spirit Land, there must have been some flamy duelling when they met their respective biographers.

And so the blood of battle bathed Adrianople one thousand five hundred and thirty-five years ago and—in 1913. And we talk learnedly about the defeat and death of the Roman Emperor Valens, and of the effect of that victory upon our respective barbarian ancestors with consequent doings of destiny, etc., etc.—because we *don't* *now*: and we say little about the recent Servian-Bulgarian-Turkish capture of Adrianople, because it is too near and—we *fyiow*. Then, too, who can poetize or moralize or even sentimentally scribble over the yet hideously bleeding wounds of war? When they are healed, when the moaning is still, the mangled forms moveless, the cripples on crutches gone, the lamentations silenced, the last, lingering heart-ache soothed in death—why, then, perhaps; but not now. Battle in the real is a human butchering: and there is no other delusion under the sun more diabolic than that which makes battle-savagery seem patriotism, and the red-hand slaughter-man a hero. From the Homeric Hector-Achilles, deliver the world, O Lord.

Strange, indeed, is the contrariety between the real of war and the ideal; the far away hero and the near; the blood spilled and stilled and the bright life-blood spilling; the sorrow silenced, and the agonized cries that arise; the battle of Adrianople, 378 A. D., and the siege and capture and re-capture of Adrianople (1912-1913).

SIXTH CRISIS  
THE BATTLE OF CHALONS  
A. D. 451

*The battle of Chalons retarded the jail of Rome. It also fused the three forces—Roman culture, Christianity', and Teutonic energy into a power which has since dominated western Europe, Christendom, and the world.*

CHALONS

IF, IN the battle of Chalons, Attila and his Huns had been victorious over the combined forces of the semi-Christianized Visigoths under Theodoric and the Romans under *Elius*—then Hungvari influence rather than Teutonic would have dominantly determined the progress of the civilized world.

Rome had fallen: effete in her withered hand lay the rod of empire: and swarming about her, now quarrelling among themselves and with her, now fraternizing, but always more or less in awe of her prostrate majesty were her barbarous children—Franks, Burgundians, Alans, Lombards, Gauls, Alemanni, Visigoths, and Ostrogoths. These had known Rome in the hour of her pride and power; they revered the Rome that was for the sake of the Rome that had been; they had imbibed something of her culture, her military discipline, her laws, her religion. Semi-civilized, semi-Christianized, with the bold Teutonic virtues yet pristine from the Black Forests of Germany,—they were the possible material of an excellence surpassing that of Rome, even when Rome could boast of excellence.

But about 450 A. D., hordes, innumerable hordes, *velut*

## THE BATTLE OF CHALONS

*unda supervenit undam* (even as wave upon wave) of hideously ugly, lithe, little, wiry, imp-like men poured into Europe from the Asiatic lands north of the Black Sea. By their numbers, their lightning-like rapidity, their uncanny appearance, and their brute ferocity, they quickly swept the countries before them, put to flight the Alans, the Ostrogoths, and other tribes dwelling along the course of the Danube, and finally under their terrible leader Atzel (Attila), Scourge of God, they confronted the civilized and semi-civilized world in arms on the plains of Chalons.

### BATTLE

From early dawn even until darkness frowned over the field the blood-feast flowed: and death was satiated.

Attila withdrew to his camp. He left an effective guard around his wagons and outposts and made everything ready for a prolonged and obstinate resistance to the attack anticipated at early dawn. Nevertheless he built for himself a massive funeral pile, placed upon it his most valuable treasures and his favorite wives, and was fully prepared and resolute to apply the torch, ascend the pyre, and so perish in the flames—should defeat fall to his fortune on the following day.

Morning dawned. The awful work of death on the preceding day appalled both armies; miles upon miles of outstretched plains lay covered with carnage; the all-night-writhing mounds of men were ominously still. Sullenly did foe gaze upon foe; but each recoiled from renewal of the slaughter.

Still the advantage was with the allies; for Attila, so late the fierce aggressor, was barricaded in his camp—though grimly awaiting attack indeed, and prepared to resist to the end and die like a lion in his den.

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

Did the Romans know of that funeral pile? They may not, indeed, have known the peculiar manner in which Attila would seek death, but they knew that he would die by his own hand—if the worst came. Cato had done so and Varus and Brutus and Cassius and Hannibal and Anthony and Cleopatra.

"~Addison, in his tragedy, *Cato*, has graphically portrayed the conflicting thoughts and emotions in the mind of a man who feels that life cannot longer be borne and yet shrinks back from the horror and the dread unknown.

Cato had lost the battle of Utica. He has been true to Pompey, he had fought the last battle for the cause of Pompey—and lost. And Caesar was indeed god of this world, and the morrow held no place on all this so vast earth for Cato; this lost-battle night must end it all. He read Plato's discourse on the immortality of the soul, and in the lines of Addison thus soliloquized:

"It must be so. Plato, thou reason'st well:  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.

"The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age and nature sink in years;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

# THE BATTLE OF CHALONS

## VALENTINIAN

But Attila did not mount his funeral pile. The day passed without attack upon Attila's formidable position. King Theodoric lay dead upon the plain and his son, Prince Thorismund, who had distinguished himself in the battle, was victoriously proclaimed king of the Visigoths.

*Jetius*, Valentinian's able general, held in leash both the Romans and the Visigoths, even while Attila slowly broke up camp and withdrew in long lines leading northward.

## EFFECT

The effect was that of victory for the allies. Rome was saved from a fresh infusion of barbarism whilst her Teutonic element was still semi-barbarous. The German characteristics—love of liberty, independence, and reverential regard for women—thus dominated the Christian civilization which now began to flourish vigorously out from the decadence of pagan Rome.

If, as Byron says,

"Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away,"

then also it may be said that Lucan laughed Rome's gods and goddesses away. The laugh is the most insidiously potent of all destructive forces when the laughter is loved and the times are attuned to hear. Not satire, not personal bitterness, not even the withering invectives of a Juvenal are as sweepingly effective as the quills of ridicule, the inescapable miasma of the laugh. Once let the grin distort the frown of Zeus—and majesty trembles, awe smiles, reverence dies.

And so the pagan deities were dead; their temples empty and meaningless; and thundering Jove and jealous Juno

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

and murderous Mars and all the other deifications of the all too human heart of man were impotently silent under the spell of the solemn central figure of the new religion—Christ on the Cross.

And the Church, in the name and with the power of that Sublime Sufferer, taught the reverse of all that paganism had taught; of all that the world had hitherto heard and heeded; of all that the all too human heart of man held as dearest and best. "Love your enemies," said the Church to the men who had fought at Chalons. "Blessed are the merciful, Blessed are the clean of heart, Blessed are the peacemakers," reiterated the Church to her semi-barbarous children. And they understood only in part, and they did deeds of appalling atrocity even while acquiescing to her teachings: for the will to do good was, indeed, emotionally present with them, but the power so to do failed them crucially. Yet their sins were of surface-passions not of the inmost heart; for they were ever in reverential awe of the Sublime Sufferer on the Cross; for He spoke as no man ever yet had spoken, and He lived what He said and He died praying for His murderers: and all this is not of man—as none know better than they who know the naked human heart.

### ATHLA

History has not done justice to Attila. History has not done justice to any lost cause. For the winners, not the losers, are the writers as well as the makers of history, and all forces combine to make them unjust to the lost cause.

Herodotus gives us the story of Marathon, Thermopylae, Plataea, Salamis; Persia had no Herodotus: Homer extols the exploits of the Grecian army, the valor of Achilles; but Hector had no Homer: Roman historians tell the story

## THE BATTLE OF CHALONS

of the Punic wars; Carthage from her desolate site sown with salt cares not what they say, whilst Hannibal, bravest of the brave, and supreme military genius, speaks on the historic page only from the lips of the hated Romans.

When Protestantism finally won in England and the long able reign of Elizabeth established it firmly upon a political basis, then were fulminated against the Church of Rome all those unjust accusations and gross misrepresentations which, crystallized in history and in literature, seem ineradicable as fate. But *jruthis*\_older than history or literature, and more analytically powerful than the syncretic<sup>TM</sup> forces of crystallization, and patiently prevalent even over fate.

Elizabeth's very legitimacy depended upon the establishment of Protestantism in England and the overthrow of Catholicity; and to this twofold end the energies of the very astute daughter of Henry VIII were undeviatingly directed.

It takes about three hundred years from the time of a cataclysmic upheaval of any kind before the minds of men can view it dispassionately or estimate it without bias. But what are three hundred years to age-old truth?

Elizabeth possessed, in addition to the terse Tudor qualities, the rare gift of foresight. She knew the power of the pen and the possibilities for fame or infamy in the men of genius of her time. And so her court was open to the great men of that day and her smile of patronage was ever ready to welcome poet, artist, dramatist, politician, warrior, traveler, historian, and statesman: she became all to all and she won all.

As *Gloriana* in, Spenser's immortal "Faerie Queen" she reigns forever. Bacon, Spenser, Sidney Smith, Raleigh, Voltaire—as voices having a thousand echoes throughout

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

the years—have amply rewarded that patient foresight and have fixed her in fame as—what she was to them—Good Queen Bess.

And so Attila and his Huns in low, long, sinuously winding northern lines left behind them the carnage-strewn plain of Chalons, and the camp with its ominous pyre, and the dazed foe. And thus victory remained to iEtius, last of the Romans: and the field of Chalons which saved civilization and semi-civilization from an untimely intrusion of rank barbarism; which secured domination to the Teutonic race rather than to the Hungvarian; which freed Europe from Asia—was the last victory of imperial Rome.

Attila died two years later; some say as the victim of poison secretly mixed with his food by iEtius' ever vigilant spies. With him his vast empire passed away: and the leader who once claimed as proud titles—"Atzel, Descendant of the Great Nimrod: by the grace of God, King of the Huns, the Goths, the Danes, and the Medes; the Dread of the World"—died ignominiously one carousal wedding night: and history, ever unjust to a lost cause, writes his name among the *Almosts* and calmly commends the destiny by which Attila and his Hunnish hordes were defeated in the great battle of Chalons.

SEVENTH CRISIS  
THE BATTLE OF TOURS

A. D. 732

*After the fall of Rome, 476 A. D.—there was chaos. Countless tribes and tongues and religions—mingling indeed but never mixing—were mutually disruptive and destructive of the new, unstable, and tentative order of government. A common danger from without welded these forces into one. On the plains of Tours they fought the Saracens from the south and—won.*

TOURS

THE battle of Tours had as result the dominance of the Aryan race over the Semitic in Europe; and of the Cross over the Crescent throughout the world. As Gibbon says, speaking of the phenomenal conquests of the followers of Mahomet: "A victorious line of march had been prolonged above a thousand miles from the Rock of Gibraltar to the banks of the Loire; the repetition of an equal space would have carried the Saracens to the confines of Poland and the Highlands of Scotland; the Rhine is not more impassable than the Nile or Euphrates, and the Arabian fleet might have sailed without a naval combat into the mouth of the Thames. Perhaps the interpretation of the Koran might now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits might demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelation of Mahomet. From such calamities was Christendom delivered by the genius and fortune of one man."—(Charles Martel.)

Persia, Lydia, northern Africa, Spain—had successively fallen under the devouring zeal of the fanatics of the desert.

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

Hot and arid and consuming as the sun o'er yellow sands was the inspiration of the prophet fire-breathing thro' the Koran. "The sword," says Mahomet, "is the key of heaven. A drop of blood shed in the cause of God is of more avail than two months of fasting and prayer; whoso falls in battle, all his sins are forgiven; at the day of judgment his wounds shall be as resplendent as vermillion and odoriferous as musk." Hearts thus athirsting aflame had as their dream-goal, their vermillion glory—the conquest and subjugation of the city of the Caesars, the city of the Church, Rome, Immortal Rome.

From the Bosphorus to the Gibraltar glowed the victor Crescent with extremities burning into Europe. Unsuccessful on the Bosphorus but successful at Gibraltar, Spain was soon enveloped in its fanatic fire and its flame-tongues darted over the Pyrenees.

The Saracens of Spain were commanded by Abderame, favorite of the caliph Hashen, victor of many fields, idol of the army, and devout believer in the promises of the Prophet. Abderame was proud of his battle scars, not yet indeed resplendent as vermillion and odoriferous as musk, but potentially so and cherished accordingly. He would yet slay "many cut-throat dogs of misbelievers" and so gain more vermillion. One is here tempted to say, in the words of Virgil describing the sacrifice of Iphigenia:

"Learn thou then  
To what damned deeds religion urges men."

Too bad that the word "religion" must needs do service to express the extravagances of mythology, the ravings of fanaticism, and the teachings of the gentle Christ.

Eudes, duke of Aquitaine, first opposed the Moslems as they advanced beyond the Pyrenees. He was at first suc-

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cessful but later suffered a signal defeat at Toulouse, "in so much so," says an old chronicler, "that only God could count the number of Christians slain." Eudes himself escaped and hastening northward sought the aid of Charles, duke of Austrasia, mayor of the palace, and soon to be known as Charles Martel (Charles the Hammer).

On came the conquering Saracen hosts, grown insolent by victory, deeming themselves invincible, and proudly confident in the destiny that should lead them to Rome. Asia and Africa were in arms against Europe; the old against the new; maturity against lusty youth; and they met steel to steel on the plains of Tours.

Tours towers in solemn awe in the vague *What might have been*. Was it wise to have risked Christendom on the issue of one battle? The result says Yes.

Upon what seeming trifles turns the hinge of destiny! The casting-vote of Callimachus, urged by the eloquence of Miltiades, made Marathon; panic-fear let loose among Darius' million men made Arbela; an eclipse of the sun won at Zama; Teutoberger Wald, Chalons, Tours—invisible, unknown, but not the less effective were the forces in these fights making fatefully for defeat and for victory. That which we term a trifle may be as a single bead of perspiration; trifling in itself, no doubt, but representative of a force far from trifling.

Battle raged indecisively all day long from early light till dark. Prince Charles seemed to wield the hammer of Thor. Abderame fell. The Saracens withdrew sullenly within their tents. Quiet darkness gathered mournfully over the living, the dying, and the dead.

And the next morning there was a great silence in the Moslem camp; in so much that the Christians trembled as at some uncanny treachery and stood awaiting they knew

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not what. But as the early morning hours passed and broad daylight brought back manly courage, the Christian army approached the camp of the enemy. It was deserted. The foe had fled. Christendom had won.

Charles did not immediately pursue the fleeing Moslem hordes. He still feared treachery. Perhaps, too, some wakening sentiment of humanity restrained him from further bloodshed. The vast plains of Tours were covered with ghastly forms horribly hacked and hewed but now strangely still. According to an old chronicle the number of Moslems dead upon the field of Tours was three hundred and fifty thousand; that of the Christians, fifteen hundred. Surely that was enough of slaughtering death even for Karl Martel.

The battle of Tours was fought October 4, 732 A. D. The following spring Charles went in pursuit of the Saracens, who were still ravaging southern France. They withdrew from place to place as Charles drew near; and ultimately—without risking another encounter with the Hammer of Thor—they retired across the Pyrenees. France was freed from the Crescent.

### THE EIGHTH CENTURY

All writers agree that the eighth century was the darkest of the so-called Dark Ages. The Benedictine monks, authors of *L'histoire littéraire de la France*, say that the eighth century was *the darkest, the most ignorant, the most barbarous* that France had ever seen. It seemed to be the seething culmination of four hundred years of barbarism, one infusion, following fast upon another.

In 407 A. D. the Vandals from the upper Rhine invaded Gaul and Germany: in 410 the West Goths under Alaric besieged and sacked Rome: in 429 the Vandals under

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Genseric came down upon Numidia and Mauritania: in 443 the Burgundian invaders settled on the upper Rhone and on the Saone: in 451 came the Huns under Attila. Towards the end of the fifth century the Franks from the lower Rhine came into Gaul, destroying every vestige of civilization that had survived the invasion and occupation of France by the Vandals and Burgundians. About this time, too, the Angles and Saxons established themselves in Britain, and the Visigoths in Spain. In the sixth and seventh centuries the Heruli, the East Goths, and the Lombards destroyed whatever remained of Roman civilization in northern Italy.

And now to complete this scene of chaotic confusion came the fanatic Moslem hordes from the south. Surely every remaining reminder of old-world civilization seemed about to be crushed and broken to pieces between these contending crest waves of barbarism. The cataclysmic clash and crash came at the battle of Tours.

### THE CHURCH

William Turner, S. T. D., in his *History of Philosophy* speaking of the eighth century says: "We can scarcely realize the desolation that during these centuries reigned throughout what had been the Roman Empire. Although surrounded by all the external signs and conditions of dissolution and decay, the Church remained true to her mission of moral and intellectual enlightenment, drawing the nations to her by the very grandeur of her confidence in her mission of peace, and by the sheer force of her obstinate belief in her own ability to lift the new peoples to a higher spiritual and intellectual life. It was these traits in the character of the Church that especially attracted the barbarian kings. But, though towards the end of the fifth

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**century** Clovis became a Christian, it was not until the beginning of the ninth century that the efforts of the Church to reconquer the countries of Europe to civilization began to show visible results. The Merovingian kings—the "do-nothing-kings," as they were styled—could scarcely **be** called civilized. Even Charlemagne, who was the third of the Carolingian dynasty, could hardly write his name."

The Church is for all ages and all conditions of men. She is equally effective in answering the soul-questionings of savage peoples, barbarous, semi-civilized, cultured, and aesthetic: of a superstitious monk of the Thebaid and of the philosopher Augustine, Bishop of Hippo: of a Thais of the desert and of Ursula, virgin and martyr: of Charles Martel, of the bloody battle Tours, and the gentle Francis of Assisi: of Constantine, Clovis, Charlemagne; and of John Henry Cardinal Newman, Mangan, Oscar Wilde, Strindberg, and Francis Thompson. As the manna that fell from heaven for the Israelites had in it every taste that might be in accordance with the peculiar desire of him who tasted, so in like manner, the Church of all ages has ever brought to her children that which was in accordance with their peculiar needs and desires. Fiercely kind, sternly kind, firmly kind, humanly kind, and divinely kind—as occasion may require, the Church has been and may be.

In Charles Martel, hero of Tours, the Church had a gallant defender. Under his son Pepin, and his greater grandson Charlemagne, the Church made that leap forward, away from ninth century barbarism, up and onward to her fair and full flowering in the thirteenth century Renaissance.

### GREEK FIRE

At the second siege of Constantinople, when Moslemah with a land force of one hundred twenty thousand **Arabs**

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and Persians stood ready to attack the city; and a fleet of eighteen hundred ships—as a moving forest,—covered the Bosphorus; Constantinople seemed doomed. A night attack of the combined land and sea forces was planned; and no one might reasonably doubt the issue of the conflict. But here again the unexpected happened.

Truly the race is not to the swift nor is the battle to the strong. Marathon, Salamis, Arbela, Tours, Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Saratoga, Valmy,—were battles not to the strong. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends."

As night approached and the formidable "moving forest" gathered round the doomed city, suddenly there darted amidst the towering timbers—lighted monsters, Greek Fire-ships belching forth from dragon-mouthed prows the fatal Greek Fire. Here, there, everywhere plunged the fire-breathing ships leaving behind them Moslem vessels in flames. The Bosphorus was on fire. Of the fated soldiers in that mighty fleet of eighteen hundred ships, few escaped to make known the tragedy or to describe the horribly magnificent scene.

What was the Greek Fire? How compounded? how used? how propelled? does the world of today know the secret of Greek Fire? Gibbons says: "The historian who presumes to analyze this extra-ordinary composition should suspect his own ignorance and that of his Byzantine guides, so prone to the marvelous, so careless, and, in this instance, so jealous of the truth. From their obscure, and perhaps fallacious, hints it should seem that the principal ingredient of the Greek Fire was the naphtha, or liquid bitumen, a light, tenacious, and inflammable oil, which springs from the earth, and catches fire as soon as it comes in contact with the air. The naphtha was mingled, I know not by what methods or in what proportions, with sulphur and

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with pitch that is extracted from evergreen firs. From this mixture, which produced a thick smoke and a loud explosion, proceeded a fierce and obstinate flame, which not only rose in perpendicular ascent, but likewise burnt with equal vehemence in descent or lateral progress; instead of being extinguished, it was nourished and quickened by the the element of water; and sand or vinegar were the only remedies that could damp the fury of this powerful agent, which was justly denominated by the Greeks the *liquid* or the *maritime* fire. For the annoyance of the enemy it was employed, with equal effect, by sea and land, in battles or in sieges. It was either poured from the rampart in large boilers, or launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with wax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil; sometimes it was deposited in fire-ships, the victims and instruments of a more ample revenge, and was most commonly blown through long tubes of copper which were planted on the prow of a galley, and fancifully shaped into the mouths of savage monsters, that seemed to vomit a stream of liquid and consuming fire."

The paralyzing effect of fear let loose among a multitude of men has decisively determined many a battle. When the Romans saw elephants for the first time, and saw them too, in the midst of Pyrrhus' hostile hosts bearing down upon them—those brave world-conquerors promptly turned and fled. Chariots armed with scythes madly rushing down upon a body of infantry, were used with success by the Britons against Caesar's terrified legions. And Greek Fire, Byzantium's secret for four hundred years, infused such enduring terror into the hearts of the nations that had taken part in that night attack upon Constantinople, that this remembering fear, rather than the effective

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force of Byzantium, may be said to have saved Christendom.

By the defeat of Tours in the west and the failure of the siege in the east, the two horns of the Crescent, burning into Europe, were effectively repulsed and chilled. Mohammedanism with its threefold blight—propagation by the sword, polygamy, and religious intolerance—was swept back into Asia, leaving Europe to develop under the milder sway of Christianity.

Writers of note are unanimous in attributing to the victory of Charles Martel over the Saracens at Tours the deliverance of Europe from the thralldom of Mahomet. Even Gibbon so characteristically fond of "Snapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer" speaks of this battle as "the event that rescued our ancestors of Britain and our neighbors of Gaul from the civil and religious yoke of the Koran." Arnold speaks of this victory as "among those signal deliverances which have effected for centuries the happiness of mankind." The historian Ranke writing of this period points out as "one of the most important epochs in the history of the world, the commencement of the eighth century, when on one side Mohammedanism threatened to overspread Italy and Gaul, and on the other the ancient idolatry of Saxony and Friesland once more forced its way across the Rhine. In this peril of Christian institutions, a youthful prince of Germanic race, Karl Martel, arose as their champion, maintained them with all the energy which the necessity of self-defense calls forth, and finally extended them into new regions." Schlegel, with devoutly grateful heart, tells of this "mighty victory whereby the arm of Charles Martel saved and delivered the Christian nations of the West from the deadly grasp of all destroying Islam."

EIGHTH CRISIS  
THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

A. D. 1066

*From the ninth century to the fourteenth, Feudalism prevailed over Europe. Rollo the Dane obtained the rich feudatory Normandy from the king of France (911 A. D.), and his successor William, the sixth Duke of Normandy, carried old Roman culture as filtered through Norman French into Britain,*

*The Norman element ultimately fused with the sturdier Anglo-Saxon; and England of the past eight hundred years and of today—is largely the result of the battle of Hastings.*

HASTINGS

"If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you:  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you  
Yet make allowance for their doubting too.  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or being lied about don't deal in lies;  
Or being hated not give way to hating,  
And yet don't seem too good or talk too wise."

—KIPLING.

IF

IF, laconic fate-word! hinge of destiny! /f the Persians had won at Marathon; and *if* the brilliant imagination of a Persian Herodotus had fixed in fame the glories of conquering Persia: /f the Peloponnesian War had not mutually destroyed the Grecian empire: *if* Alexander the Great had lost the battles Granicus, Issus, Arbela; *if* world-conquering Alexander the Great had been successful in the conquest of his own down-dragging human heart, and if he had not

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died at Babylon, aged thirty-two, world-victor and self-victim: if the village by the Tiber had not advanced by bloody strides o'er fixed-star battlefields from Rome a wilderness to Rome, Mistress of the World: *if* the barbarous hordes of the North had not ever longingly before their eyes the fairyland of southern Europe, the troll-gardens of Italy: // Rome had not become enervated; if Gaul and Goth and Hun and Norseman had not won: *if* the Crescent had waved victorious o'er a fallen Cross at Tours, Belgrade, Lepanto: *if* William of Normandy son of Robert the Devil, had been pierced by an arrow and buried indistinguishably among the dead on the slaughter-field of Senlac-Hastings - **If!**

But we are a perennially hopeful race and happily unimaginative and dully content with the Real: and so we unquestioningly acquiesce when grave historians tell us that in each and every historic struggle the juggernaut determinant of the If acted favorably to the best interests of civilization and progress: so, too, would we obligingly believe had the determinant favored the opposing cause. Perhaps to all-conquering Progress as to world-conquering Rome, all battles are victories; either as a victory proper with roll of triumph-drum and flash of conquering colors, or as that grim Cannae-defeat potential of a future Zama-victory.

It is well that there should be two possible interpretations of the answers of the oracle: thus is Truth ever serenely secure unperturbed by the errors of mortals.

### PEGASUS

It is hard to control the winged steed. His next flight and whereabouts of alighting are as happily unknown to the rider as to the beholder—to the writer as to the reader.

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However Pegasus, the real, can never fail to be interesting whether he leap over the historic ages, or play antics on an *If*, or neigh irreverently in the temple of Delphian Apollo, or speed to the finding of Harold Godwin amid the indistinguishably dead on the slaughter-field of Senlac-Hastings.

### ROLLO THE DANE

Vikings of the northern seas, wolf-men of the Sagas, dark devotees of Thor, heirs of Valkyrie—little wonder that the semi-civilized world shuddered at their distant approach; little wonder that Charlemagne, hero of a hundred wars, grew sick at heart, foreseeing the rivers of blood that should deluge fair France,—when, one day, by chance, his eagle gaze caught sight of the Dragon-Head long-boats of the Northmen as yet far off, red-glittering on shaggy northern seas.

Time passed; the Chalemagne vision had dread realization ; France, England, Southern Europe were overrun by conquering Saxon, Dane, Norsemen.

And Rollo of Norway, called Rollo the Dane, settled in northern France. He named that part of the country Normandy in honor of his native land. After many years of bloodshed and as advancing age subdued the battle fever, he entered into a compromise compact with Charles the Simple of France. Rollo was to do homage to the king, be baptized, and marry Giselle, the king's daughter: in return he should be acknowledged as the lawful Duke of Normandy with right of succession to his heirs forever. But rough old Rollo protested against the humiliating conditions of the homage ceremony. It was obligingly agreed that it should be done by proxy. History relates that the warrior appointed as proxy in the homage ceremony felt deeply the humiliation of having to kiss the slippered foot

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of King Charles and that in this act he rudely raised the foot so high that the monarch was unseated and fell from his chair. Amid the wild hilarity caused by this scene and the seeming revival of barbarism, King Charles was too fearful of Rollo to make open complaint: concealing his chagrin he proceeded with the ceremony and no doubt felt happily relieved when all was over, and Rollo at the head of his wild followers stood forth as Robert, the first Duke of Normandy. The baptism and the marriage followed in due succession and thus was won over and fixed in civilization, Christianity, and historic fame Rollo the Dane, forefather of six dukes of Normandy, and of a long line of English kings extending directly or indirectly from William the Conqueror to Queen Anne, last of the Stuarts.

### WILLIAM OF NORMANDY

William was the son of Robert, sixth duke of Normandy: William's mother was Arlotte, a peasant girl, daughter of a humble tanner of Falaise. William was reared at the court of his father, and being a beautiful and precocious boy as well as heir apparent of the realm, he became a great favorite among the warrior courtiers of Duke Robert.

The magic of danger, the lure of the unknown, the glamour of romance and chivalry lay, at that time, in a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Thither turned the eyes of the half-civilized descendants of the savage old Vikings; and, as the war fever of youth abated, many men, combining incongruously remorse for crimes and penitential expiation with love of daring adventure, turned away from strong feudal castles and lordly possessions in Europe to brave the hardships and uncertainties a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Among those thus lured into fatal uncertainties was Robert le Diable, sixth Duke of Normandy.

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He left the realm to his son William—if by chance he himself should not return—appointed Allan of Brittany regent during William's minority, and having left the boy safe at the court of Henry of France, Robert set out on that pilgrimage to the Holy Land from which he never returned.

Ever insatiably hungry is the heart of man. Pleasure is a mirage. Yet perhaps, happier is it to fall and perish in full pursuit of an ever receding pleasure than to walk inane in the beaten sand-way and—live. To do is easier than to endure: to act is easier than to wait; to roam abroad and strive is easier than to stay at home and pray; to wander amid strange scenes and stranger men, to draw the approving sword in a cause approved, to fight and die and leave his bones to bleach on Asiatic plains were easier far for Rollo's blood than to wait and waste away secure in a feudal fortress of Normandy.

At Robert's death there were various claimants to his possessions; but, finally, owing, in great measure, to the fidelity of the regent Allan of Brittany, the dukedom was secured for William. He left the court of Paris, and soon after, taking full possession of the realm, he began to exhibit those indomitable character qualifications which together with his military education and robust physical powers led him on from conquest to conquest even unto the tragic culmination at Senlac-Hastings from which he came forth blood-baptized as William the Conqueror.

### THE LADY EMMA, PEARL OF NORMANDY

When Ethelred, the Saxon King of England, fled from his realm and left it to the victorious Danes, he sought refuge at the court of Richard, the fourth duke of Normandy. There he met and married the Lady Emma, sister

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of Duke Richard. This lady was famed for her beauty and known throughout the realm as the Pearl of Normandy.

Edward of England, known in England as Edward the Confessor, was the son of Ethelred and Lady Emma; and it was upon this relationship that William, at the time of Edward's death, laid claim to the crown. Whatever may be said of this claim, it was at least more tangible than that of Harold, son of Earl Godwin.

The days have gone by when the rights of blood relationship were claims for which contending realms might squander fortunes and armies: but he who estimates the ages past by the standards of today, would better roll up and read no more the enigmatic scrolls of history. Rivers of blood have freely flowed in order that some royal rascal, slightly richer in royal rascality than a rival claimant, might win a throne. Yet we who cannot understand the code of the *Samurai*, as worked out logically today; we to whom the principles of *Bushido*, when carried to the last full measure of devotion, are fascinatingly unreal; we to whom *jun-shi*, *hari-kiri*, *seppuku* are words ominous, indeed, but unintelligible even when translated into deed in the white light of today\*—how shall we be able to understand or estimate aright the mysteries of the mighty past!

So upon this faint claim of relationship, William, the seventh duke of Normandy, nephew of Lady Emma, Queen of England, founded his right to the English throne: and for better or worse, right or wrong, faint claim or no claim—he won.

### MATILDA OF FLANDERS

William sought to strengthen his position by an influential matrimonial alliance. Matilda, daughter of the Duke

\*Suicide of General Nogi.

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of Flanders, became the object of his choice. This lady was very beautiful and an adept in the accomplishments of her time—music and tapestry weaving. In fact a wonderful piece of tapestry known as the Bayeaux Tapestry and even now in a state of comparative preservation, is said to have been the work of Matilda of Flanders, wife of William the Conqueror. This famous piece of embroidery on linen is four hundred feet long and nearly two feet wide; it is a series of designs illustrating the various events and incidents of the Battle of Hastings and other exploits of the Conqueror.

William and Matilda were married in 1052, the Battle of Hastings was fought in 1066, so that the Bayeaux Tapestry has resisted the gnawing tooth of time for more than eight hundred years.

Who shall unerringly perceive in the glare of the passing day, what is great, what small: what is enduring, what evanescent! Linen fibres, silken threads, a woman's needlework—endure: shields, helmets, swords, battle axes, all the iron horrors of Hastings have passed away.

And the moral values of the passing hour are, to human perception, equally elusive, intangible, untraceable. But are we called upon to understand the full meaning of the passing show? Surely the Power above us smiles at our endeavors to fit together here in Time things whose fitness shall not have developed in a thousand years.

The old Norse story runs that when Thor went to Jotunheim, the home of the Giants, he failed ignominiously in the accomplishment of the tasks imposed upon him. He struck with might and main at the head of the prostrate giant Skrymir, but the huge creature only moved restlessly and murmured in his sleep that a leaf or twig had fallen upon his face. Thor failed in the race with Hugi. Thor

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failed in the drinking bout proposed by Utgard-Loki. Thor failed in the wrestling match with Elli, the old nurse of Utgard-Loki. Thor failed to lift the Giant's sleeping cat, and though he tugged with all his strength, he succeeded in lifting only one paw from the ground. Thor failed apparently in every task that was set before him.

But, behold! when revelation was made, it was found that Thor had, indeed, been Thor and that his failure-achievements had terrified even the Norns. For the giant Skrymir later confessed to Thor that by magic he had shielded his head with a mountain when Thor struck with his hammer, and that the mountain had been well nigh severed by the blow. And as to the race with Hugi, why Hugi is Thought; and no man may hope to surpass the speed of thought. And as to Thor's failure in the drinking bout, why the drinking horn had been secretly in connection with the ocean, and Thor's deep draughts had seriously lowered old ocean's vast domain. And as to Elli, the nurse, why she was Old Age and her no mortal may overcome. And as to Thor's failure to lift the sleeping cat—why the seeming cat had been in dread reality, the Midgard serpent coiled around the world, and his nearly successful efforts to rouse the serpent and tear it from the charmed circle, had terrified even the Norns. And so Thor was still Thor in his failure-achievements in Jotun-heim: so likewise may we, in the great Revelation, be found to have been splendid conquerors in the grim failure-strife of Time. And then, too, shall a fateful Skrymir make known to us the true nature of the forces against which we strove; the fatal necessity of failure in such a strife, were we Thor or even Odin: then too shall we learn with astonishment and delight the Herculean results of our labors; and throughout all the upward cycles of our immortality we

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shall be stronger and better because of our failure-achievements down in earth's Jotun-heim.

### MONASTERIES

As there was some tie of consanguinity between William and Matilda, their marriage could take place only by special dispensation from the Pope. After some vexatious delays, however, this dispensation was obtained, but William and Matilda were advised by the Pope to erect a Hospital for incurable patients and two monasteries, one for men, the other for women.

William and Matilda joyfully agreed to fulfill these conditions. The hospital was built first, and later two imposing monastic piles, one under the special patronage of Matilda, the other under William, were erected at Caen. Strange to relate that after forty or fifty years had passed away, Matilda was brought to her wedding monument monastery and quietly interred, and a few years later William was laid to rest in his wedding monument monastery. And thus near yet apart they have slept through the long ages.

### HAROLD GODWIN

Harold Godwin and William of Normandy were not strangers to each other when they drew up their battle forces on the field of Senlac-Hastings. Harold had spent some months in Normandy at the court of William some years prior to the death of Edward. And William had made known to Harold his claim to the English throne and his intention of maintaining that claim when the time should come. History relates that Harold, concealing his own ambitious designs, vowed solemnly to support William's cause.

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At the death of Edward, however, Harold found himself at the head of a powerful Saxon faction and felt strong enough to oppose William, should he persist in his intent to claim the throne.

But what about that oath made solemnly in the presence of the Sacrament! Is a man ever courageously self-respecting and invincibly valiant in whose soul festers the ulcer—perjury! When Richard the Third went forth to battle upon Bosworth field, he was already defeated and slain by his own avenging conscience.

When Harold heard of the landing of William's Norman troops at Pevensey, he was then in the north of England engaged in a struggle with the Danes under the leadership of his own brother Tostig. Harold was slightly wounded in this battle, but in the end, Tostig lay dead upon the field and the Danes were put to flight. Thus from a battlefield red with a brother's blood, Harold, a wounded man and a perjured man hastened southward to his fate in the dread slaughter of Hastings.

"And were things only called by their right name,  
Caesar himself would be ashamed of fame."

—BYRON.

The word *battlefield* is a euphemism for human shambles. And "the chief who in triumph advances" is, in grim reality, but the lustiest and the bloodiest of the dogs of war. And the Alexanders, Caesars, Napoleons are the madmen who have made men mad by their contagion, and have so accumulated horrors Pelion-Ossa piled on horrors as to make the angels weep o'er this mad planet of the universe.

So all day long the tide of battle rolled—from early day till dark. And William and his Norman followers were in

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possession of the field, and round them lay a host of dead and wounded, yet by reason of the sudden darkness and the exhaustion of the troops, no search could be made even for the Norman wounded: and though groans and cries of thirst and deep sighings arose incessantly from the writhing masses just darker than the darkness, yet no search could be made or any aid given by reason of the utter exhaustion of the troops.

And on that field of death and awfully dying life Harold Godwin lay happily dead under a heap of the slain. Two monks, lanterns in hand, went out to search for him and with them went also the mother of Harold and Edith the woman that loved him. After hours of fruitless search amid scenes of gruesome horror, and as the dawn burst in red wonder over a bleeding world, Edith discovered Harold. So changed was he, so mutilated, hacked and hewed, blood-clotted, dismembered, that even his mother knew him not, but the woman that loved him knew. With great difficulty the body of Harold was extricated from under the heap of the slain, but the monks and the women persevered at their task and finally bore him away.

### WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

We know only what life has brought within our own cognition; beyond that all is conjecture. The love turned to hate and delighting in the avenging pangs of a lover is utterly uncognizable by the man or woman unto whom love is love forevermore. Dante Gabriel Rossetti's weird poem "Sister Helen" is, thank God, quite meaningless to the greater number of women: and yet such women as Sister Helen exist; they know each other; they understand the poem.

## THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

Strange, indeed, was that practice among primitive people, of injuring an image of an enemy and claiming that thereby, in like manner, they injured the enemy. In the poem referred to, the woman is engaged in the magic rite of holding a waxen image in the flame and letting it slowly consume under incantation. She is interrupted from time to time by her wondering little brother, and in her answers to him, Helen makes known her wrongs, her slighted love, her love turned to hate, her revenge, her vindictive madness, her black-art vengeance reaching even beyond the grave, her triumph-despair. At the end of the incantation as for the seventh time she turns the waxen figure and it breaks up and melts dripping away—her perjured lover **dies.**

A formula of this magic rite runs as follows:

"Take parings, nails, hair, saliva, etc., of your victim and make them up into his likeness with wax from a deserted bees' comb. Hold the waxen image in slow flame for *seven* consecutive nights repeating intently over the image—

'It is not wax that I am scorching,  
It is the liver, heart, spleen of *So and So!*

"After the seventh time, turn your figure, and your victim's life will go out with the last drippings of the wax into the flame."

Gladly would we relegate this grotesque rite back to the twilight of animistic; superstitions: but if we are vitally in touch both with the past and with the passing hour, we dare not do so. There is subtle relationship between this concretely hideous formula of other days and such abstract expressions—not unfamiliar today—as *mental assassination*,

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use of *malicious animal magnetism*, hypnotic control of the aura, aggressive telepathic forces, etc. The garb of the occult changes, adapts itself with Protean pliability to the passing hour—but the inscrutable Occult forever hid behind the Isis-veil, does not change.

It is said of Moliere that behind the mask of comedy, he bore a heart heavy with tragic woe: that his farces are satires on human nature: that he, more piercingly than any other mortal, had gazed down into the heart of man. Perhaps for Moliere then, or such as he, the all around understanding of every act or emotion is sympathetically possible, but to the ordinary mortal there is full knowledge only of that which has come within his own cognition.

Therefore, to depict the feelings of William the Conqueror, as he stood among the dead and dying on the field of Hastings is beyond the power of ordinary mortal. Whether he felt elated or depressed—for we know that ofttimes in the hour of seeming triumph there is deadly depression of soul; whether he turned heartsick from the reproachful glare in dead and dying eyes and shuddered that such things should be, or gazed delightedly and eagerly upon the sullen silent faces of the Saxon foe: whether with infinite pity regretful and remorseful he could have wept for the brave men who lay dead because of him, or saw them not at all, or, at best, only as stepping stones to a throne: who shall say? who shall know?

When a man as stoically severe as the late General Nogi has by chance been revealed to the world as a tender father and a man weighed down by fatal woe even whilst he was urging on the furiously victorious death-charges up the hill of Port Arthur—we would willingly suspend judgment as to what may have been the feelings in the hour of triumph deep down in the heart of William the Conqueror.

## THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

### ROBERT'S REBELLION

William had left his wife Matilda as regent of Normandy when he set out for the invasion of England. Robert, the eldest boy, a bright lad of fourteen and his mother's idol was also participant in the regency. As the years rolled by and the boy grew more able and willing to rule, Matilda willingly sank to second place in active government and Robert was in deed if not in title the Duke of Normandy.

Eight years passed by before William found his English realm calm enough for him to leave it and make a visit to his old home Normandy. At his coming he found all going on admirably without him. Matilda was happy in the affection of her favorite son Robert; and Robert a valiant young prince, was happy in the love of an over-indulgent mother and the possession of ducal power. All this was changed when William came. Perhaps jealousy of the place Robert held in the affections of Matilda, perhaps insatiable avarice and lust of power, perhaps unnatural hatred of the son who dared to oppose the unconquerable will of the Conqueror—perhaps any or all of these feelings intermingling impelled William to act as he did, but certainly, in the light of calmer times, William's conduct towards his son Robert cannot be justified.

Robert was deposed from the place which he held during the regency and which he had slowly grown to regard as his own. The proud spirit of the princely youth could not endure this humiliation. He fled to Flanders, and there among his mother's friends and his own followers and retainers, he gathered together an army and appeared in open rebellion against his father.

Matilda was, indeed, a devoted wife to William, but she was an even more devoted mother to her son; and her heart was torn with grief when hostilities broke out and

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

father and son were arrayed against each other on the field of battle. It is related that Robert saved William's life in the engagement that followed. Both were in armor and their faces were concealed by the helmet and visor, so that they did not recognize one another. In the heat of the strife, Robert saw one of his knights hurl a javelin at a burly figure on horseback in the opposing ranks. With a cry and a groan the injured man fell from his horse, and Robert horrified at the voice which he recognized as his father's rushed headlong to the side of the fallen man and rescued him from the feet of trampling horses. He was touched with remorse and wept as William uplifted his helmet and visor revealing a face white and weary and covered with blood.

The generous heart of the youth even then might have been won to better things had William himself been morally high enough to draw his son higher; but he was not.

That hasty action and as hasty reaction in the hearts of the young-world children—hate surging suddenly into remorseful love, strength into weakness, audacious rebellion into repentant submission: and then as hastily surging back again! Robert saving the life of his father against whom he had come in battle array: Richard Coeur de Lion bitterly weeping at the bier of his father whose death he had desired and hastened: Henry I who never smiled again after the loss of his son and heir when the White Ship went down: the Black Prince, chivalrously subservient to his prisoner King John of France conquered at Poitiers—strangely fascinating is this hasty action and reaction in the hearts of the young-world children!

Matilda succeeded in bringing about a reconciliation between her husband and her son after that strange battle;

## THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

but it was only for a time. William was compelled to return to England and Robert took advantage of this occasion to enforce his claim on Normandy. Matilda was secretly in favor of her son though she tried to conciliate both. Rebellion again raged in Normandy openly carried on by Robert and secretly abetted by Matilda. William was, at the same time, threatened with an uprising in England and was obliged to remain on the island. But certainly there could have been little peace or happiness in the heart of the man whose subjects were in insurrection against him and in whose household there was hate and discord and rebellion.

As William became more and more alienated from Robert, he looked more favorably upon his second son William Rufus and his third son Henry. These in turn succeeded him upon the throne of England to the exclusion of Robert, the rightful heir.

Robert languished in prison the last twenty-seven years of his life—thus adding another chapter to the book in which is recorded the story of men and women who have nearly succeeded in their ambitious designs—but not quite: the *Almosses* of literature and of Life; who have struggled fearfully and failed; whose fierce activities have died down in dungeon gloom; who have been, in the main, more sinned against than sinning; who have lived and died leaving behind a tragic name flame-cut into fame.

### EXEUNT OMNES

Matilda died in 1082, and about five years later William followed her to the tomb. Matilda died in the palace part of the monastery at Caen erected by William at the time of their marriage. Her last days were deeply shadowed by the renewal of hostilities between William and Robert, and by the death of a daughter, a young and beautiful girl full

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of hope and promise, who had suddenly been stricken with an incurable illness.

It was well that in those days in the twilight of the grave, Matilda could not foresee the sad fate of her son Robert. Little did that tender mother-heart dream of the destiny overhanging the boy, when at that last clandestine interview she hastily blessed him and kissed him good bye. Thank God for the heavy curtain rolled down impenetrably between the present and the future.

William, notwithstanding his grievance against Matilda, came to see her in her last illness. He was with her when she died. He followed her in the funeral cortege to that monastery built by her in far-off happier days, and he stood sadly by as that devoted wife and mother of his many children was laid to rest.

Philip of France abetted the cause of Robert, and William, now an old man and grown excessively corpulent, was forced again to take up arms. William was under medical treatment for his corpulency, and Philip, hearing of this, jestingly remarked that "the old woman of England was in the straw." A tale-bearer repeated this to William and in a rage the king swore that "the old woman of England would soon make things too hot for him." William kept his word; burning villages and war horrors arose on every side as the irate monarch began his march of revenge.

The town of Mantes, on the road to Paris, was in flames, and William, riding thro' and giving out orders in all directions, failed to notice that his horse was treading upon smoking ashes. Suddenly the horse reared violently, his feet evidently having been burnt by smouldering flame, and William was internally injured. He was borne by litter to a monastery just outside the gates of Rouen. William soon realized that he was face to face with the King

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of Terrors. He shrank with horror from the remembrance of his deeds: he ordered that a large sum of money should be given to the poor and that their prayers should be enlisted in his behalf; he gave orders that all the churches of Mantes, destroyed by him, should be at once rebuilt, and he richly endowed the monastery.

His sons, William and Henry, were soon at his side, but Robert came not. When asked as to whom he bequeathed the kingdom of England he replied that it had not been bequeathed to him, that, therefore, he bequeathed it to no one, but that he wished that his son, William Rufus, might succeed him.

William, at last, when he could hold it no longer, left Normandy to his eldest son Robert.

William tried to make his peace with Heaven as the dread summons came nearer and nearer. He was one morning suddenly aroused from a comatose state by the ringing of the church bells. Hastily arising and thinking himself in the clash of battle he demanded to know what that clangor meant. On being told that it was the church bells of St. Mary's ringing for morning services, he lifted up his hands, turned his eyes heavenward, and exclaimed: "I commend myself to my Lady Mary, the holy Mother of God." He then sank back and died.

William Rufus succeeded to the throne of England and after a troubled reign of thirteen years he died.

Henry, the youngest son of William the Conqueror, claimed the crown, and after overcoming his brother Robert in a terrible battle, he quietly took possession of the throne. Robert was held a prisoner by Henry I. until death released him twenty-seven years later.

So long ago were these scenes enacted, and so very long have the actors slumbered! Would they recognize them-

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

selves in the descriptions given of them today ? And would they be pleased or displeased with the parts attributed to them in the play ?

However all the actors, immediate and mediate, connected with the battle of Senlac-Hastings have long ago gone off the stage. The colossal If upon which once hung the history of England has become fate-fixed actuality. The Houses of Plantagenet, Lancaster, York, Tudor, Stuart—England's story from 1066 to the passing hour are inseparably woven one with the battle of Senlac-Hastings and the If determinant in favor of William the Conqueror.

## NINTH CRISIS

### ORLEANS

A. D. 1429

*The Hundred Years' War between England and France ended finally in favor of France with the victory of the Maid of Orleans over the English forces under Sir John Gladsdale at the raising of the siege of Orleans.*

### ORLEANS

WHAT France won in three years (1428-1431) under the leadership of Joan of Arc restored all that France had lost during the Hundred Years' War. Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt were negated by Orleans.

More wonderful than any myth of any nation under the sun, than any concept of poetic fancy throughout all literatures, than any vision of poet-sage or seer in all Sibylline rhapsodies—is the plain historical narrative of the life and deeds of Joan of Arc. Some power beyond the natural worked through the peasant maid of Domremy.

"The people of Orleans when they first saw her in their city thought it was an angel from Heaven that had come down to save them," said an eye-witness of the scene who testified at the reversal of Jeanne's sentence ten years after her death. On the contrary the Duke of Bedford, in a letter still extant, writing to Henry VI and lamenting recent disasters to the English army, says: "And alle thing there prospered for you til the tyme of the Siege of Orleans taken in hand God knoweth by what advis.

"At the which tyme, after the adventure fallen to the person of my cousin of Salisbury, whom God assoile, there fell by the hand of God as it seemeth, a great strook upon your people that was assembled there in grete nombre,

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caused in great part as I trowe, of lakke of sadde beleve, and of unlevefull doubte, that they had of a disciple and limb of the Feende, called the Pucelle that used fals enchantments and sorcerie."

**"So certainly  
As morn returneth in her radiant light  
Infallibly the day of truth shall come"**

said the Maid of Orleans.

That day of truth has come. Around Joan of Arc the charmed circle of the Church of Rome is drawn. Let no man dare to call evil that which the Church calls good; let no man dare to attribute imposture, hysterical exaltation, or necromantic might to one whom the Church calls Blessed. Vindicated, rehabilitated, restored, cherished, beatified, canonized is now the Maid who died five hundred years ago burned at the stake as a witch.

Condemned by the University of Paris, an ecclesiastical tribunal? Yes. Hounded to the stake by Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais? Yes. But the Church can shake off and disclaim the clinging hands of her children whose touch pollutes her; and the Church of all ages can outshine the lurid darkness of any one age, and deprecate, and deplore and denounce the deeds done in that lurid darkness. Splendidly, too, and with stern magnanimity defying apparent self-contradiction can the Church reverse the decrees of ecclesiastical tribunals, and stoop down to pick up and restore and rehabilitate and bless a strangely foolish child whom kings and courts and the great University of Paris had condemned and cast away.

The Church of the Middle Ages must ever stand darkly enigmatic to the non-Catholic student of history. He cannot rightly appreciate the binding force of spiritual au-

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thority. The withering away from fear of Church censure, the clinging claim upon all the powers of the soul in the prayers and ceremonies and sacraments of the Church, the isolating horrors of her excommunications, the abject fear of her spiritual punishments, powerful alike over prince and potentate and peasant—are practically meaningless to the non-Catholic.

That scene in "Richelieu," by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, well illustrates the power of the Church in the Middle Ages. King Louis XIII has sent to demand that Julie de Mortemar, Cardinal Richelieu's orphan ward, shall be immediately sent to the court subject to the king's pleasure. The girl clings to the Cardinal for protection. To these messengers Cardinal Richelieu replies:

"To those who sent you!—

And say you found the virtue they would slay  
Here—couched upon this heart, as at an altar  
And sheltered by the wings of sacred Rome.  
Begone!"

They go. But soon again comes Baradas, favorite of the king, First Gentleman of the Chamber, and about to be made premier to succeed the temporarily deposed Cardinal Richelieu. To Baradas' insolent importunities the eloquent old Cardinal in righteous wrath exclaims:

"Ay, is it so?—

Then wakes the power which in the age of iron  
Burst forth to curb the great and raise the low.  
Mark where she stands!—around her form I draw  
The awful circle of our solemn Church!  
Set but a foot within that holy ground,  
And on thy head—yea tho' it wore a crown  
I launch the curse of Rome!"

Baradas abashed retires, the king's suit ceases; the Church has triumphed.

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

LA PUCELLE

France is assuredly a genius-mad nation: whether genius or madness shall ultimately prevail is an answerless question. The republic shall go down in "a slough of mire and blood" is the current prophecy today; but, then, France has gone down in the mire and blood many and many a time and, phoenix-like, she has risen and soared aloft, led onward and upward by some strong Genius-Child.

Joan of Arc and Napoleon Bonaparte stand unique in history; each picked up torn, bleeding, fragmentary France and restored her to her rightful place in the family of nations. That Napoleon Bonaparte, a man, a soldier, and a master of opportune occasion, should have rescued France is not wonderful; but that the Maid of Domremy, a timid girl, aged seventeen, who "knew not how to ride or to handle a sword," whose hand never shed blood, should have, amid most inopportune occasion, prevailed in battle against Talbot, Gadsdale, Falstowe, and the flower of the English army is, past all credence, wonderful.

France as a nation was extinguished by the Treaty of Troyes. Isabeau of Bavaria, wife of Charles VI, deliberately and exultantly aided the trembling hand of the imbecile king as he signed away his kingdom. Henry VI of England, infant son of Henry V, and Catharine, daughter of Charles VI of France, was proclaimed heir of the united kingdoms of France and England; later, at the death of Henry V, this child was crowned at Paris king of England and of France. Isabeau of Bavaria aided in the coronation ceremony, graciously accepting young Harry Lancaster as king of France to the exclusion of the rightful heir, her own son, Charles the dauphin.

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As Schiller says:

"Even the murderous bands  
Of the Burgundians, at this spectacle  
Evinced some token of indignant shame.  
The queen perceived it and addressed the crowds,  
Exclaiming with loud voice, "Be grateful, Frenchmen,  
That I engraft upon a sickly stock  
A healthy scion, and redeem you from  
The misbegotten son of a mad sire."

Surely the first part of Merlin's prophecy had been ominously fulfilled: France was lost by a woman. Would a woman save France? And far away—among the wooded hills of Domremy wandered the splendid Dreamer who would, in three bitter years—flame-cut into fame forever—undo what Isabeau had done, throw off the incubus of alien authority, negative the Treaty of Troyes, and save France.

Thank God for the enthusiasts, for those who follow their Voices! Tho' their ways lie thro' adamantine opposition, they know it not, their eyes are fixed on the goal; and even as one, in hypnotic somnambulism, leaps on from toppling crag to crag unawed by the sheer depths of yawning destiny o'er which he strides, so do these enthusiasts press on to the goal,—and they reach it.

"Joan appeared at the camp of Blois, clad in a new suit of brilliant white armor, mounted on a stately black war-horse, and with a lance in her right hand, which she had learned to wield with skill and grace. Her head was un-helmeted; so that all could behold her fair and expressive features, her deep-set and earnest eyes, and her long black hair, which was parted across her forehead and bound by a ribbon behind her back. She wore at her side a small battle-axe, and the consecrated sword marked on the blade

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with five crosses which had at her bidding been taken for her from the shrine of St. Catharine at Fierbois.

"A page carried her banner, which she had caused to be made and embroidered as her Voices enjoined. It was white satin, strewn with fleurs-de-lis; and on it were the words "Jhesus Maria." And thus spectacularly equipped Joan made her appearance at Orleans at the head of an enthusiastic French army. The astounded English soldiers could only stare and glare; and had it not been for their greater fear of their irate commanders, these descendants of the brave heroes of Agincourt would have promptly run away in panic fright from this dread Maid.

Joan advanced towards the besiegers and solemnly admonished the English generals to desist from their unlawful holding of Orleans, to withdraw at once from France, and to spare further bloodshed. Oaths and imprecations and ribald jests answered her earnest adjuration. Joan returned to her ranks and gave order for battle. Yet she shrank from the fury of the strife and her heart recoiled and sickened at the sight of suffering and death. Joan's most trustworthy biographer tells us that her own hand never shed blood.

Joan was wounded at the battle around Orleans; an arrow from a cross-bow penetrated her armor between the neck and shoulder and remained fastened in the wound. Joan grew faint from pain and she suffered La Hire to lead her from the fray. Recovering herself in a little while, she sat up and withdrew the arrow with her own hands, then putting a little oil on the wound she mounted and galloped back to where the battle was raging. Joan's presence re-inspired her followers; mad dash after dash was made against the fort held by Sir John Gladsdale. The English soldiers, thinking her to have been mortally

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wounded, were terrified at her abrupt return. Again Joan called out to Gladsdale to surrender and spare further bloodshed. With an oath the infuriated general came out upon the drawbridge shouting orders for a final desperate assault. As he stood thus conspicuous between the two armies, a cannon ball from the town crashed thro' the drawbridge and Gladsdale fell and perished in the waters. At the sight of this disaster, and also at the attack upon the fort under the leadership of Joan in person, the English army fled. The siege of Orleans was raised. The long imprisoned Orleanais came forth and hailed Joan as their deliverer sent from Heaven.

### CHARLES VII

The raising of the siege of Orleans was quickly followed by the decisive battle of Patay, in which Talbot, the English commander, was wounded and taken prisoner together with a large part of the English army. The way now lay open to Rheims. Thither marched the victorious French forces under Joan of Arc, carrying with them the perplexed and irresolute Dauphin. In the cathedral at Rheims, July 17, 1429, with all the solemn ceremonies of the coronation of kings, this weakling was crowned Charles VII of France.

Perhaps as the son of an imbecile sire and Isabeau of Bavaria, Charles II couldn't help being what he was. So in the shadow of that comfortable Lombrosian theory we leave without reproach the man whom, in the good sunlight of common sense and honest manhood, we should scathingly reproach as dastard and ingrate.

After the crowning of Charles at Rheims, Joan desired to withdraw from the king's service and go back to Domremy. She declared that her work was done; she,

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moreover, maintained that her Voices no longer urged her to remain in the field, or pointed unerringly just what she should do. Du Nois and La Hire prevailed upon her to remain with the army.

Joan was wounded in an unsuccessful attack upon Paris. And the following spring in a sortie at Compeigne, Joan was taken prisoner by the Burgundians and subsequently sold to the English.

Joan was cast into prison at Rouen. Here the indignities to which she was subjected, as related by her biographers, are almost incredible. The apathy of the fickle French towards their late "deliverer sent from Heaven," and the dastardly indifference of Charles VII during her imprisonment and throughout her trial and death form a conspicuous page in the black book of Human Ingratitude.

*Et tu, Brute!* (And thou, too, O Brutus!) cried Caesar as he fell pierced, indeed, with twenty-three wounds, but slain at the sight of his beloved Brutus among the murderers. That was death in death. "And if my enemy had done this to me, verily, I could have borne it. But thou, my friend and my familiar!" This agonizing cry—shrieked so that all the world may hear by Caesar, Wolsey, Joan—rises in bitter silence in many a heart. Only those we love have power to wound us; and we stand defenceless, unresenting, dim-wondering, yet loving. Nancy of the slums, under the murderous blows of Bill Sykes, Caesar, as he gazes at Brutus, Joan of Arc blessing Charles VII from her Calvary of flames—shine as radiant silhouettes of human nobility on the somber overshadowing background of human ingratitude.

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### JOAN'S VOICES

"This pure, this gentle creature cannot lie!  
No, if enchantment binds me, 'tis from Heaven  
My spirit tells me she is sent from God."

—SCHILLER.

Both the French and the English firmly believed that Joan of Arc was aided by some preternatural power; but was she borne upward by "airs from heaven or blasts from hell" ? Burned at the stake as a Witch, Relapsed Heretic, Accurst—thus died the Maid whom the Church has raised to her altars.

But ere we too scathingly condemn that scene, disgraceful alike to the Church and to human nature, which was enacted in the Rouen market-place, May 31, 1531, it might be well to turn a balancing gaze upon our own Cotton Mather madness which had its orgies upon Gallows Hill, Salem, June-September, 1692. Nor are we of the passing day and hour sufficiently washed white of the soot of Occultism that we may conspicuously disclaim the witch-burning at Rouen. In the late Christian Science rupture, accusations of "mental assassination" and the use of "malicious animal magnetism" were mutually charged. Just what that may mean in the esoteric circle, I know not; but full meaning and full knowledge would doubtless ramify back to Rouen.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

Yes, infinitely more: all that the human eye can see or the ear hear or the intellect know is but as a shore-lapping wave of the infinite ocean of the Seen, the Heard, the Known. And what if some eye be abnormally endowed

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with vision, or some ear be attuned beyond the normal for hearing, or some finely fashioned intellect transcend ordinary knowing—shall it not inevitably see more or hear more or know more of that infinite ocean? and shall it not fearlessly and fully make known what it sees or hears or knows? and then what? Why,—we gregarious Little People, spitefully content in limitations, will with consenting conscience, condemn the witch to death.

Joan's Voices spoke to her more especially when the church bells were ringing; the Voices were mild and kind; they always spoke soothingly. When their music stilled, she lay prostrate upon the ground and wept because they had left her behind; because she had not been able to ascend with them and go home to that waiting Heaven. Joan's Voices urged her to become the Savior of France. And when the child remonstrated that she was only a poor peasant girl and did not know how to ride a horse or handle a sword, the Voices insistently replied, "It is God who commands." And then the Maid arose and went forth on that mighty mission.

Orleans, Jargeau, Troyes, Patay, Rheims, Laon, Soissons, Compeigne, Beauvais were her victories. Then came the rapid, flame way of her own emancipation.

As Joan stood bound to the stake, and as the smoke and flames were hiding her from the *vulgus profanum*, a wild-eyed monk advanced to the pyre. He held aloft a large iron cross, having upon it an ivory figure of the tortured Christ. A look of infinite sympathy and love lit up the eyes of Joan as they rested upon the Christ, Her lips parted in prayer. Blessings upon Charles VII, prayerful petitions for her beloved France were heard through the crackling flames. Not once did her eyes turn from the tortured form upon the cross; thence was coming the strength that en-

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abled her to bear the pangs of death, thence, too, the grace which urged her to pray for her murderers.

Round her rolled the fire; her long black hair was blazing; her head, her face, her wondrous eyes were flooded in flame. All was ending. But the monk held aloft the Crucifix. A gust of wind parted the fire, again the charred eyes rested upon the tortured form on the cross, her lips moved in prayer; and again she was lost in the flames. Thus perished Joan of Arc, aged nineteen, virgin and martyr.

Take not the ivory Christ away. 'Tis sorrow's mutual friend; 'tis the strength of strong agony; 'tis the sympathizing consoler of the rack, the stake, the prison house of pain, the dim valley of the shadow, the Rouen sea of flames. The Crucifix understands.

Pan ? Well, yes for the bright Arcadian hour in young-heart Arcady. But for the gray every day and the solemn night; for the hours of pain and loss and parting and change, sickness, old age, sorrow; for\* the crucial crises of life as they come in bitter pangs to us of a lost Arcady; for the mother whose boy fell in battle; for a Joan of Arc in the flames—ah! take your grinning Pan away; we want the Crucifix, we want the thorn-crowned Christ who has suffered and who understands.

Ten years after the death of Joan, there was a judicial reversal of her sentence of condemnation. Twenty-five years later the Church instituted a thorough investigation of Joan's claims, deeds, trial, condemnation and death. The process and results of this inquiry may be found in detail in the work "*Proces de Condemnation et de Rehabilitation de Jeanne D'Arc*," published in five volumes, by the Societe de L'Histoire de France.

TENTH CRISIS  
BATTLE OF LEPANTO  
A. D. 1571

*Spain was fairly on her way to world dominance in the sixteenth century. Her wealth, power, and possessions in the New World made her a formidable rival to Elizabethan England. The battle of Lepanto showed too that as a naval power Spain might yet challenge the claim of Britannia as ruler of the waves.*

*The Cross—symbol of the Religion of western Europe—won a decisive victory over the Crescent—symbol of Asiatic religions—at the battle of Lepanto.*

LEPANTO

CROSS or Crescent! We of the present time can form no adequate idea of the import couched in those words in mediaeval time. Strange that rivers of blood should flow in the interests of the cause of the Prince of Peace! Would the Christ,—who, dying upon the Cross prayed for His murderers,—have it so? Perhaps over His friends even more pitifully than over His erring inimical world the sublime impetration unceasingly ascends: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

And Allah, "the mild, the merciful, the compassionate,"—where was he that tragic Sunday morning, October 7, 1571, when one hundred thousand of his followers, singularly lacking in his characteristic qualities, stood red-hand in slaughter! Alas for the ideal when fitted to the real: it is shattered; its shimmering iridescence dies down gray and dead.

TO FIGHT OR NOT TO FIGHT

The Ottoman Empire, flushed by a long series of successes under Solyman the Magnificent, had grown inso-

## BATTLE OF LEPANTO

lently aggressive. The memory of Tours and of Belgrade no longer acted as a deterrent to the fierce victors of Constantinople; their eyes were ever turned longingly toward western Europe, and their dreams were of bloodshed and victory.

The island Cyprus belonged to Venice, but its situation made it highly desirable as an Ottoman possession; and upon the old principle that might makes right—a principle unfortunately ever retaliatively new—the Turkish forces besieged Cyprus. The town Nicosia, capital of Cyprus, fell an easy prey, and the atrocities committed on the defenceless inhabitants horror-thrilled the Christian world\*. Later the town Famagosta, after a prolonged and obstinate resistance was captured, but under circumstances of peculiar malignity. In the words of Prescott: "While lying off Cephalonia Don John received word that Famagosta, the second city of Cyprus, had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and this under circumstances of unparalleled perfidy and cruelty. The place, after a defence that had cost hecatombs of lives to the beseigers, was allowed to capitulate on honorable terms. Mustapha, the Moslem commander, the same fierce chief who had conducted the siege of Malta, requested an interview at his quarters with four of the principal Venetian captains. After a short and angry conference, he ordered them all to execution. Three were beheaded. The other, a noble named Bragadina, he caused to be flayed alive in the market-place of the city. The skin of the wretched victim was then stuffed: and with this ghastly trophy dangling from the yard-arm of his galley, the brutual monster sailed back to Constantinople to receive the reward of his services from Selim (son and successor of Solyman)."

Submit to that? Wait apathetically for the Turks to

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come to Venice, Rome, Madrid and do in like manner? Well, no; not in the real, whatever may be the ideal. What then? Why, fight.

Non-resistance: and if your enemy smite you upon the cheek, turn to him the other also; and if he take your coat give to him also your cloak; love your enemies; do good to them that hate you and spitefully use you: and as result, what? Crucifixion. A nation of Christ-like men would be put to death as unjustly as was the Christ of Calvary.

Fortunately or unfortunately—we know not which it may prove to be—only the Tolstoyan few will carry to their logical conclusions the principles of non-resistance; and few, if any, even of the Tolstoyan few, will abide by these conclusions and stand calm, kind, compassionate, even under the fatal final injustice. The great body of men,—of today as of every other day of the long ages of time,—defend their rights; and if that defence means that blood must flow,—then let it flow. And all the more freely will blood flow and all the more sternly indomitable will be the strife when men feel themselves justified as they strike the blow; when they feel themselves called upon to conquer or to die for a cause that they hold just; when they fight elated and fortified with the assurance that they stand as bulwarks warding off the concrete embodiment of all that they hold evil from all that they hold dear and

*S°°d'*

"The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring."

Some of the bravest and the tenderest of men have trodden knee deep in human blood. There have been wars just and inevitable; and what has been may again be. We hope not; we dream not; the Peace Palace of the Hague looms spectrally on the future horizon; we are looking

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that way: and at times this Peace Palace seems assertively real,—ready to cope with armaments and with red-hot wrongs; but again it rises fancifully and floats evanescently away and fades on a gray sky. Is it Mirage?

### THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHT

Next in moral excellence to the Christian martyr is undoubtedly the Christian knight.

Chivalry—fair flower of Feudalism, night blooming cereus wide opening in white splendor, exuding fragrance, in mediaeval midnight! King Arthur and his Table Round; knights errant done to death by Don Quixote and yet victors even over the smile; Chevalier Bayard, the knight without fear and without reproach; Richard Coeur de Lion, the Black Prince, Lohengrin, Parsifal, Siegfried, Don John of Austria—are flowerets of that Flower caught wax-white in amber and fixed fadelessly.

In all the sweep of history from Egypt to the hour, there is nothing nobler than the ideal Christian knight. To stand in awe of the omnipotent God; to go about the world redressing human wrongs; to love with young-world love bashfully reverent, constrained to win the world and lay it humbly at *her* feet; to reverence truth and to scorn with scorn unutterable all the thousand and one manifestations of the lie; to be loyal to king and country and God; to be gentle, courteous, kind to all life from highest to lowest; to stand face-front to the oncoming forces of evil and in that fight grimly to conquer or die: there is nothing nobler.

And yet not for all the glory of Don John, ideal Christian knight; and hero of Lepanto, would I have one little stain of human blood on my white hands.

"New occasions teach new duties;

Time makes ancient good uncouth." —LOWELL.

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Nevertheless he who would sympathetically and justly depict the past should be capable of entering into and all round estimating that ancient good now grown uncouth. And whatever the best men of any given age or time or clime unanimously hold as best must, in the deep heart of things, be best for that age or time or clime. The knight, the hero, the Crusader, the victor over the Saracens seemed best to the best men of the Middle Age.

Pope Pius V earnestly advocated the cause of Venice. He appealed to the Christian monarchs of Europe to join with the Holy See in a League having for its object the total overthrow of the Ottoman Empire. He urged the aggressive policy of the Turks under Solyman the Magnificent and his unworthy son and successor, Selim I I ; he vividly portrayed the atrocities of Turkish conquest and the blight upon civilization that ever unerringly followed in the wake of the Crescent; and he endeavored by all means in his power to arouse in the hearts of the children of the Church the spirit that had made possible the First Crusade.

All Europe at this time mourned its Christian captives, who were languishing in Turkish dungeons or wasting away as galley slaves. Twelve thousand of these Christian captives were chained to the oars as galley slaves on the Moslem ships while the fight Lepanto was raging; their liberation and restoration to freedom formed the purest joy-pearl in the gem casket of that victory.

Cyprus had just fallen into the hands of the Turks amid scenes of unparalleled barbarity: and against the Turk as the destroyer of civilization and the menace of Christendom all eyes were directed, all hearts beat with desire to avenge, slay, destroy: and all these feelings found outlet, and culmination and gratification in the battle of Lepanto, under Don John of Austria, the Christian knight.

## BATTLE OF LEPANTO

### OCEAN ENCOUNTERS

Ocean instability, ocean vastness, ocean majestic indifference to the pigmy life and death struggles of men throw a magnetic glow over sea fights.

When the bay of Salamis changed gradually from greenish gray to red; when the Ionian sea slowly purpled off Actium, crimsoning the frightened barge of Cleopatra and of love-maddened Anthony; when the waters at the entrance of the gulf Lepanto grew blood-red fed by trickling streams from five hundred galleys: did ocean care? The Titanic sinks and the billows dash high in foam play, they descend sportively with her into her grave, they arise and roll on: the Volturno blazes on a background of black sky, a foreground of flame-lit angry rolling waves: does ocean care?

Don John arranged his battle line in a semi-circular stretch of about one mile, embracing the entrance to the Gulf of Lepanto (now Gulf Corinth). The<sup>1</sup> Turkish fleet lay concealed somewhere on the water of the gulf and must come out at the entrance and fight openly or remain bottled up in the gulf until forced out by starvation. Don John knew his adversary, Ali Pasha, too well to dream that the latter alternative would be accepted by the sturdy Moslem.

Early Sunday morning (October 7, 1571) Don John sighted a line of ships far in the gulf but making steadily for the opening. Battle was at hand. Don John, in his flagship, the *Real*, passed from vessel to vessel encouraging and animating his soldiers. "You have come," he said, "to fight the battle of the Cross; to conquer or to die. But whether you are to die or conquer, do your duty this day and you will secure a glorious immortality." He then returned to his position in the center of the semi-circle,

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and in that conspicuous position seen by all, he knelt in prayer under the far-floating banner of the League. His example was followed by all, and the priests, of whom there was at least one, if not more, on each galley, went around giving the last absolution to the men as they knelt in prayer.

The Ottoman shouts now filled the air as the long line of three hundred galleys, arranged as a crescent, paused for a moment at the opening of the gulf. The center of the Christian fleet following Don John advanced to the Ottoman center commanded by Ali Pasha; the left wing under Barbarigo, the Venetian admiral, sought as adversary the opposing wing under Mahomet Sirocco; the right wing under Andrew Doria grappled with the opposing Mohammedan left under Ulrich Ali, dey of Algiers. For four hours the battle raged. So dense was the canopy of smoke enveloping the combatants that neither side knew for a certainty which was winning until the drawing down of the Ottoman banner and the hasty hauling up of the banner of the League on board the flagship of Ali Pasha made known the result decisively. Shouts then rent the air and groans.

The Moslem left wing, under the brave sea captain, Ulrich Ali, was engaged in a fierce grappling fight with Doria, and the advantage seemed to be with the Moslems. Don John, seeing this, hastened to Doria's aid. Ulrich Ali, seeing that all was lost, ordered his men at the oars to make all possible speed for escape round the promontory. The Christian vessels gave chase, but the Moslem galleys sped with the speed of the wind and were soon lost to sight. About forty vessels were thus saved out of the three hundred that had taken part in the engagement. Of these one

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hundred and thirty were seized as prizes by the Christian forces, the rest having been sunk or burned in the fight.

The Ottoman loss is estimated between twenty-five thousand and thirty thousand; that of the Christians at eight thousand. The superior marksmanship of the allies and their use exclusively of firearms, while the Turks used in part bows and arrows; the better make and equipment of the Christian galleys—are among the causes to which human reason may attribute the incredible disparity between the Turkish loss and that of the Christians in this engagement. But there are many circumstances peculiar to this battle for which human reason can assign no cause.

It is related on good authority that as the Christian soldiers arose from prayer the wind which had hitherto been blowing steadily from the gulf suddenly veered around and blew right into the faces of the enemy. In the course of the engagement the sun, too, reached the point where its rays shot into the eyes of the Turkish marksmen and caused them to err in their aim. Pope Pius V who, while the battle was in progress, was closeted in consultation with a number of Cardinals in the Vatican, suddenly arose from his seat and approaching the window and casting up his eyes to the heavens exclaimed as tears of joy rolled down his cheeks: "A truce to business; our great task at present is to thank God for the victory He has just given the Christians."

### DEATH OF ALI PASHA

The struggle between *The Real*, Don John's flagship, and the galley bearing Ali Pasha was of course pivotal. Each commander felt that upon him and his ship depended the issue of the combat. Both were brave men, both must conquer or die: Don John conquered, Ali Pasha died.

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The ships had grappled and a hand to hand conflict was raging upon the decks. Blood slowly trickled down the sides of the galleys and the waters were incarnadined.

In the heat of the engagement a musket ball struck the head of the Moslem commander. He fell prone and lay for some time unconscious upon a heap of the dying and the dead. But suddenly regaining consciousness, he attempted to rise and was at once recognized by the surrounding Spanish soldiers. They were about to despatch him with their swords when the wily Moslem, appealing to their natural cupidity, made known to them the secret hiding place of his ship's treasure. The lure of gold led the soldiers to hasten below, leaving their victim to chance life or death on the deck. But just as dear life seemed secured from the ruthless thrust of death, the wounded commander was confronted by a strangely savage figure with uplifted sword. It was one of the Christian galley slaves long chained on Ali's vessel and but that hour given freedom from the hated oar. In vain did Ali Pasha appeal to this soldier's cupidity; nothing seemed quite so desirable to him as the death of the man who had so long chained him a galley slave. The threatening sword fell unerringly upon the wounded Moslem chief and buried itself in his heart. With this retributive blow the tide of victory turned decisively in favor of the Christians.

### DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA

There are few characters upon the historic page more full in promise and yet futile in attainment than Don John of Austria. The idol of all Europe, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, the hero of Lepanto—at the age of twenty-four; he died seven years later in comparative ob-

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scurity; a rude hut hastily erected to receive the dying commander served as his last resting place upon earth.

As Don John lay in the agony of death, a terrific storm suddenly arose; the skies darkened ominously, lightning poleon under somewhat similar circumstances, Don John partly arose, muttered incoherently of battle and victory, then sank back and died. Did the rattle of the storm suggest the din of battle? Or did vague visions of another storm arise associatively in memory? History relates that tho' that battle Sunday, October 7, 1571, was a day of ideal autumn brightness, yet when the strife was fairly over and the battered galleys with their dead and wounded and sorely wearied men were heavily entering port, a storm suddenly arose; the skies darkened ominously, lightning flashed from the lowering clouds, thunder reverberated, and torrential rains poured down. For twenty-four hours the storm continued. Was nature indignantly weeping over the errors and sufferings of her children? Was she striving to wash out from old ocean—the rugged, primal, favorite work of her hands—those awful stains of blood?

As Don John hastened to port under the gathering storm, he gave orders that the Moslem galleys, rendered worthless by the battle, should be stripped of everything of value and then set on fire. And so it was that when safe in port the Christian conquerors, looking out thro' the storm, saw the burning ships. They luridly lit up the darkness and blazed wildly down to the waves—mutely eloquent witnesses of the horror and desolation of war.

Did the dulling senses of the hero of Lepanto see that scene, hear that storm—as the winds raged round his temporary shelter and death in blasting splendor closed over all? Or did the fair "castles in Spain" rise again spectrally with light upon them from beyond the grave as the dreamer

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

of royal dreams sank down to the real? That wonderful African Empire so near, so far: that beauteous bride, Mary, Queen of Scots, liberated, released, restored by his own good sword; wooed and won and with her the throne of the imperious usurper, Elizabeth Tudor: that smile of pontiffs; that commendation of Catholic Europe; that proud praise from the lips of his father's son, Philip II of Spain—as he, the hero of Lepanto, the champion of Christendom, returned fresh-laureled from new combats and victories, a king, a crowned lover, an emperor—dreams!

"Take, fortune, whatever you choose,  
You gave and may take again;  
I've nothing 'twould pain me to lose,  
For I own no more castles in Spain."

Don John is buried in the Escorial. His name and fame are inseparably associated with the decisive victory of the Cross over the Crescent off the entrance to the gulf Lepanto.

An admirable painting of this battle, '*The Victory of the League*,' by Titian, still adorns the walls of the Museo, Madrid.

The petition, *Mary, Help of Christians*, inserted on this occasion in the litany of Loretto bears evidence even today of the gratitude felt by Pius V and with him all Christendom for deliverance from the Turk.

The historian, Ranke, speaking of the effects of this battle, says: 'The Turks lost all their old confidence after the battle of Lepanto. They had no equal to oppose to Don John of Austria. The day of Lepanto broke down the Ottoman supremacy.'

ELEVENTH CRISIS  
THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA

A. D. 1588

*What Spain won by the Battle of Le panto (1571), she lost by the defeat of her Invincible Armada (1588). And as that loss crippled her sea power—it was fatal to her claims on the sources of her wealth in the New World.*

*By the victory over Spain's great armada—England advanced as a world power, while Spain declined.*

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA

SPAIN'S proudly invincible Armada left Lisbon May 20, 1588, with one hundred and forty ships and thirty thousand four hundred and ninety-seven men; fifty-three shattered vessels, and ten thousand men, vincible and humbled, returned to port Santander September 13, 1588. This disaster led to the decadence of Spain as a maritime power, and indirectly to the decline of Spanish dominance both in the old and in the new world.

The effects of any great event are not immediately discernible nor are its causes ever fully revealed. When Philip II of Spain received with courteous equanimity his defeated admiral, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and to his

words

"And you see here, great King,  
All that remains of the Armada's might  
And of the flower of Spain"

made answer,

"God rules above us!  
I sent you to contend with men and not  
With rocks and storms. You're welcome to Madrid;"

—SCHILLER.

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

did the great king see then either the causes or the consequences of the vincibility of his Invincible Armada!

The character of Philip II is portrayed upon the historic page in colors of sharp contrast. To the Spaniards he was their Solomon, their "prudent king"; to Motley and the Netherlands he was "the demon of the South."

Philip II was the finished product of his age and nation. Pride, intolerance, absolutism combined with excellent administrative ability, deep tho' narrow religious convictions, and rigorous sincerity, characterized both the man and the monarch. To a victim of an *Auto da Fe* he said with stern truthfulness: "If my own son were guilty like you I should lead him with my own hands to the stake."

As to Philip's really having delivered his son, Don Carlos, into the hands of the Grand Inquisitor as tragically told in Schiller's "Don Carlos"; well, that is drama, not history. But when a noted name and its suggested personality—for good or for evil and unfortunately less frequently for **good** than for evil—are once fascinatingly fixed in drama or story or song, not all the tomes of contradictory evidence, not all the living archives of dead centuries, not truth itself, can shatter the crystal charm or make it cease shining. Alexander the Great, world conqueror; Socrates the Wise; Plato, poet-philosopher; Aristotle, master of them that know; Julius Caesar, deplored of all nations; Mark Anthony, Cleopatra's lover; Nero, monster; Caligula-Commodus-Heliogabalus, crowned madmen; Marcus Aurelius, Emperor-philosopher; Charlemagne, the Good; Louis IX, the Saint; Louis XI, hypocrite; John of England, child-murderer; Richard III, deformed devil; Henry VIII, wife-killer; Machiavelli, serpent-sophist; Louis XIV, despot, *Arbiter Elegantiarum*; Elizabeth, **Good** Queen Bess; Mary, Queen of Scots, the lovely unfortunate;

## THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA

Philip II of Spain, bigot: thus are they fixed in the charmed circle of literature and thus shall they glitter forever.

Is history itself any more reliable than drama? As to facts, Yes; as to motives, intentions, cumulative causes, results, all round truth, No. "Histories are as perfect as the historian is wise, and is gifted with an eye and a soul," says the astute Carlyle; and every honest author feels at deepest heart the truth of these words. The soft art of omission is known to every artist of the pen. And condemnation euphemistically balanced by excusing comment may, in one artistic sentence, satisfy at once a writer's conscience, his subjectivity, and the claims of his peculiar environment. Can any one doubt that it was thus Macaulay wrote his brilliant history of England? And even granted almost the impossible—that an historian be ruggedly truthful and fearlessly sincere; he is not thereby rendered wise nor is he necessarily gifted with an eye and a soul.

So in colors of sharp contrast upon the historic page will Philip II ever be portrayed; but both can't be right. Perhaps tho' they may be as sundered extremes of a prismatic ray which, when complementary colors shall have been inserted, will become white light.

### STORMS

Truly it was against storms and rocks as well as against such rough sea-dogs as Drake and Hawkins and Raleigh and Frobisher and Howard that the Invincible Armada contended. In the beginning of the northward cruise as the Armada was rounding the corner of Spain, off Corunna, a violent tempest arose. The frail caravels, and galleons and galleasses of 1588 were not so independent of wave and

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wind as are the dreadnoughts of today. Yet ocean is still master of man; and man's most Titan-like "Titanic" is but a puny plaything in old Neptune's hand.

Several vessels were lost in the storm, and the fleet was so badly damaged that in consequence the Spanish admiral was obliged to stop off at Corunna for repairs. July 12th, after so inauspicious a beginning, the fleet was again on its way northward.

Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, captain-general of all the Spanish armies, was at Dunkirk with a flotilla of large flat-bottomed barges awaiting the Armada to convoy him and his army across the channel. His plan was to invade England by way of the Thames and land his veteran forces in London.

As in 1588 Alexander Farnese, with a chosen army, awaited at Dunkirk the assistance of the Armada both to clear the seas of Dutch and English war ships and to convoy in safety his flotilla to the coast of England: so, too, in 1805 Napoleon Bonaparte awaited at Boulogne for Villeneuve to do him a like service; and in both cases the English fleet took the offensive and destroyed at one blow both the protective war boats of the enemy and the hopeful plans of the man who waited. The sea fights at Calais Roads and at Trafalgar are perhaps negatively momentous in history but not the less momentous.

The Spanish fleet, after some disastrous fighting with the English cruisers off the coast of Plymouth, succeeded in reaching Calais Roads (July 27th). Here they were quickly semicircled by the combined Dutch and English fleet under Lord Charles Howard, high admiral of England. The Spanish ships were far greater in bulk than those of the opposing force and in the harbor of Calais they were huddled together "Like strong castles fearing no as-

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sault, the lesser placed in the middle ward." The lighter English ships, no longer able to use their two best assets, nimbleness and advantage of the wind, clung doggedly around these ocean leviathans awaiting the hour of opportunity. At length early on the morning of the twenty-ninth the English admiral succeeded in thrusting eight Greek fire-ships in among the compact wooden war-vessels. The effect was electrical. The Spanish ships cut their cables and were dispersed and the fight ship to ship was soon in full progress. All day long from early dawn till dark this battle raged. The Spaniards were driven out from Calais Roads and past the Flemish ports and far out beyond Dunkirk, where the prince of Parma waited. The English then ceased pursuit. Lord Henry Seymour, with an able squadron, was left to maintain the blockade of the Flemish port and to render ineffectual the activities of the prince of Parma.

Northward sped the vincible Armada farther and farther from sunny Spain. She had many wounded men on board ships, her provisions were failing, the channel filled with victorious Dutch and English war boats offered no hope of a way of return, and at last in desperation the Spanish admiral directed the course of his ships around the northern coast of Scotland and Ireland. What a long and cruel way home for wounded soldiers, starving sailors, and disheartened generals! But even here ill luck pursued them. A storm arose as they were passing thro' the Orkneys: their vessels were dispersed, many were lost. About thirty ships were afterward wrecked on the west coast of Ireland, and those of the crews who succeeded in reaching the shore were immediately put to death. It is estimated that fourteen thousand thus perished.

And in September of that memorable year there came

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straggling ship by ship into the port Santander all that were left of the gallant fleet that had sailed away five months ago to subdue England and so win all Europe for Spain.

Nor was that plan at all chimerical, nor its realization improbable, Spain was at that time in possession of Portugal, Naples, Sicily, Milan, Franche-Compte, and the Netherlands; in Africa she controlled Tunis, Oran, the Cape Verde and the Canary Islands; in Asia, the Philippine and Sunda Islands and part of the Moluccas; in the New World, the empire of Peru, and of Mexico, New Spain, Chili, Hispaniola, and Cuba. Only England held out against the power of Spain and stood adamant to all her threats, cajolery, caresses. Only England stood between Philip II of Spain and Spanish dominance in the Old and in the New World. English buccaneers seized upon his galleons on their return gem-laden from Peru and Mexico. Drake, the "master robber of the New World," had signally dishonored Philip of Spain, and had in requital been honored by the English queen with the title *Sir Francis*. England must be destroyed (*Britannia dclenda est*). Spain seemed powerful enough by land and by sea to be as a new Rome to old Carthage: but winds and waves and rocky coasts and adamant Englishmen reversed the Roman story (*Britannia non deleta est*).

### THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

"What we appear is subject to the judgment  
Of all mankind; and what we are, of no man."

—SCHILLER, in "*Mary Stuart*/"

These lines or their significance if uttered by Elizabeth Tudor are her condemnation in the judgment of mankind.

## THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA

Short-sighted, indeed, and headed directly towards the rapids of the all-revealing Real is the mortal who thus honors appearances.

Elizabeth would have Mary Stuart put to death, but would *seem* to have tried to save her: Elizabeth would sign the death warrant, but would *seem* to have been constrained, to have done so regretfully, to have recalled the fatal sentence when alas! too late. But all this flimsy seeming has been blown away by the rugged years; and that which this Machiavellian queen thought subject to the judgment of no man has become her condemnation in the eyes of all.

So close they lie together now in old Westminster Abbey—these rival queens who once so cordially feared and hated each other! and for whose conflicting ambitions all Britain was not room enough, but one must die! How ignoble seems now the strife, how despicable the deed of culminating fear; how diaphanous all the seeming! Was it worth while?

The death of Mary, Queen of Scots, at the hands of her cousin, Queen Elizabeth, aroused a feeling of angry indignation in every court of Europe. France, Spain, and the Vatican, openly denounced the deed. And it was, in great measure, in execration of this unnatural cruelty that Pope Sextus V espoused the cause of Philip II of Spain and urged and aided the invasion of England.

Strange that such men as Edmund Spenser, author of "Faerie Queen," and Sir Walter Raleigh, mirror of chivalry, should have been among the foremost to demand the death of the Scottish queen. But those were turbulent times. Life and death never played the mortal game more boldly and recklessly and desperately than in the sixteenth century. The magic of the New World was upon the Old;

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the glammers of gem-lit *El Dorados* shimmered across the seas; and thither responsively rushed in shaky ships and leaky caravels those whom the gods would destroy made mad by the bite of the gold-tarantula. "We are as near heaven by sea as by land," shouted Sir Humphrey Gilbert as his frail bark was lost in the storm; as his deck lights rose high and dashed low and darkened far down 'neath the sea-lashing storm.

And night with wondering stars looked down upon De Soto's lordly grave. And then as now and even throughout the historic ages, the prehistoric, the geologic—the thundering waters fell and formed Niagara Falls. In silvery moonlight, in dazzling sun-radiance rainbow-frilled, in blinding white of winter, in rainy spring, in saber flashing summer storm—the thunder-waters fell; they fall; they shall fall.

While Columbus and his crew, secretly fearful of falling off the good old planet Earth, sailed the unknown sea; while Cortez conquered Mexico (not yet calm); while Pizarro ravaged Peru; while Balboa ascended the Andean heights and "silent upon a peak in Darien" first saw the vast Pacific; while De Soto died and was buried; while Drake circumnavigated the globe; while Mary, Queen of Scots, laid her head on the block and the axe fell; while the Invincible Armada hurrying northward away from the foe sailed brokenly back to Spain by way of the Orkneys; while Julius Caesar fell pierced with twenty-three wounds; while Hannibal crossed the Alps; while Alexander, world-conqueror, aged thirty-two, died at old Babylon; while Pericles of Athens reigned imperishably; while Sardis was avenged; while Marathon, Salamis, Thermopylae, Plataea, Mycale were fighting; while Babylon the Great was captured by Cyrus; while the Memphian pyramids were

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building; while the Great Sphinx of Gizeh emerged from the rock; while griffins and dragons and gummy pterodactyls winged the air; while plesiosaurs and ichthyosaurs fought for the empire of the ocean; while the original of the Pittsburgh *Diplodocus Carnegiei* was sixty feet somewhere—why, then, even then were the waters rolling over the rock now called Niagara; even then Niagara Falls—that fall and shall fall—were falling.

### SEA FIGHTS

The hostile encounters by land throughout the historic ages have been practically countless; sea fights are few. Man feels intuitively that the yielding wave is not the fit place for battle. Salamis, Actium, Lepanto, Calais Roads, Trafalgar are the chief naval engagements of history.

When Rome had won her first game in world conquest and all Italy was Rome, Carthage was mistress of the Mediterranean, and without her permission no man might even wash his hands in her "Phoenician Lake." Triremes and quinqueremes with proudly curving prows scudded over the blue waters or huddled together in port as beves of black swans.

And Rome had no fleet. But Rome could learn from her enemies; and when a wrecked Cathaginian galley was dashed against the Latium coast, Rome quickly learned the art of making galleys; and within two months the waving forest near the coast was metamorphosed into a fleet of one hundred and twenty Roman triremes.

And when the pains of growth were upon Rome, making further conquest fatally necessary, she embarked unsteadily upon her late waving forest trees and went reeling forth to meet the swan beves of the Mediterranean. The hostile fleets engaged and Rome's was annihilated.

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Then these sullen young-world children wildly wept, as did Romulus and Remus, perhaps, in the cave of the she-wolf. But when they were suckled and made strong with the milk of defeat, these wild young Romans built themselves another fleet. And Duillius devised a grappling contrivance whereby to catch and hold the enemy's ship until a drawbridge could be thrown across o'er which the short-sword Roman soldiers might pass and so fight on the deck hand to hand as on land.

Again the hostile fleets engaged on the blue Mediterranean. But as the haughty quinqueremes with their decks filled with archers bore down upon the awkward Roman triremes, the grappling "hands" arose, the quinqueremes were grappled. Consternation prevailed among the Carthaginians as the drawbridges from ship to ship were thrown across, and the dreaded Roman soldiers, short-sword in hand, were seen slaughtering the archers and the rowers. Rome's first naval victory was won.

If the blue Mediterranean could make known all that has taken place upon its waves and shores—what a Homer of the waters it would be! But nature is indifferent to the human tragedy.

The other scene off the coast of Carthage, after the second Punic War, when Rome demanded as a condition of peace the Carthaginian fleet should be destroyed—yet burns upon the historic page, but the waters that once reddened with the flames just ripple unrememberingly. Five hundred galleys—towering quinqueremes, sturdy triremes—were led out from the harbor before the mourning gaze of the dethroned Queen of the Seas, and set on fire; she watched them blaze down to the laughing waters.

Actium was fought on the Adriatic off the promontory on the west coast of Greece. Here half the world was bar-

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tered for one fleeing galley and one woman. While the conflict was yet doubtful and victory seemed even favorably inclined to perch upon the prow of Anthony's vessel, the barge of Cleopatra shudderingly backed out from the bloody fray, wavered, turned, and sped southward. Marc Anthony followed. Upon the defeat of the allied Roman and Egyptian forces at Actium and over the tragically dead forms of Anthony and Cleopatra, Octavius Caesar arose to world dominance, becoming Augustus Caesar, Emperor, Pater Patriae, and one-man Ruler of Rome, Mistress of the World.

Lepanto was fought at the entrance of the Gulf of Corinth, not far from Actium. Here the Cross triumphed over the Crescent and rescued Europe from the deadly blight of Islamism. Don John of Austria, aged twenty-four, led the Christian forces; Alexander Farnese (prince of Parma), then a youth of twenty, won here his first of many laurels under the generously approving eyes of his young cousin-commander, Don John.

And seventeen years later (1571-1588) the prince of Parma, captain-general of all the Spanish armies, awaited impatiently at Dunkirk for Admiral Medina Sidonia to clear the channel of hostile vessels so that he and his veteran army might sail across and attack old England. He watched the fight off Gravelines. How his hot Spanish heart must have indignantly throbbed to bursting, as helplessly cooped in port with a flotilla of unarmed barges to protect, and Lord Seymour with a strong blockading squadron at the mouth of the harbor, he could only see and know and acutely feel that a fearful battle was raging all day long from dawn till dark and that Spain was losing—Spain had lost. One by one hurrying northward past the Flemish ports limped the disabled Spanish ships; English and Dutch

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cruisers followed in fierce pursuit.

The invasion of England by way of the Thames, the conquest of an inveterate foe, success proudly placing a flaming carbuncle upon the coronet of the prince of Parma, the approving glance of Philip and of the fair girl-queen Isabella, Spanish dominance in the Old and the New World—all as burst bubbles died down in gray mist as twilight descended, as dark night gathered over the wave and the world and the fleeing, scattered, shattered ships of Spain's vincible Armada,

TWELFTH CRISIS  
BATTLE OF NASEBY

A. D. 1645

*Although the battle of Naseby culminated a civil war in England, yet the principles for which it was fought are of all countries **and** all times. The abuse of power in high places; the seething helplessness of the great mass of men under the iron hands of entrenched power and privilege;— and then revolt, the breaking of those iron hands; civil war with all its pathetic horrors; and at last victory for the parliamentary forces over royalty—at Naseby! This conflict is very old, yet ever new; it is as old as Spartan Hellas, and as new as soviet Russia.*

NASEBY

THE battle of Naseby was, perhaps, the anticipative preventive of an English "French Revolution." The difference between Cromwell's Ironsides and the gay Frondeurs measures the difference between the English people and the French.

Charles I aimed to be in England what Louis XIV was in France. Both fully believed in the divine right of kings; both quoted as their favorite text of Scripture: "Where the word of a king is there is power; and who may say unto him 'What doest thou?'" But Louis dealt with the fickle Frondeurs and Charles with Cromwell's Ironsides, and this racial difference had as divergent results—absolutism for Louis le Grand and the block for Charles Stuart.

There will always be difference of opinion as to Cromwell's place in history. Was he liberator or tyrant, Christian ruler or barbarously fanatic despot? There can be but one opinion as to the injustice of the trial, condemnation,

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and death of Charles. The Rump Parliament was certainly not representative of England. It was Cromwell's creature as arbitrarily as ever the Star Chamber was Charles'.

"Must crimes be punished but by other crimes,  
and greater criminals?"—BYRON.

But as a force in favor of constitutional government and civic liberty, however abused in immediate practice; and as a threatening protest against the abuse of power in high places; and as a veiled challenge of defiance to every absolute monarch—the battle fought June 14, 1645, at Naseby, Northamptonshire, between the Royalists under Charles I and the Parliamentarians under Fairfax must ever be considered a victory decisive and for all time advantageous.

### QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA

Henrietta Maria was the daughter of Henry IV of France, the first Bourbon, and his second wife, Maria de Medici. At the age of fifteen she was married to Charles I of England; and her best and happiest years as wife, mother, and queen were spent in England.

In this princess many of the leading Italian, French, and English characteristics were met and happily blended. Her dark, lithe beauty (as shown in her portrait by Van Dyke), her musical ability, instrumental and vocal, her fiery-hearted fidelity to the religion of her mother, were, perhaps, her heritage from sunny Italy; the France of Richelieu might, as an environment, conduce favorably to that diplomatic waywardness which, in early years, invariably won for the sweet girl-wife whatsoever her heart might desire; but perhaps from England, land of realism, chilly fogs, and Cromwellian barbarity, she imbibed her sturdy spirit of fortitude and heroic endurance of sorrow.

## BATTLE OF NASEBY

"To bear is to conquer our fate," and to refuse to bear and apparently to end all by self-destruction is to fail to conquer our fate.

The hopes and promises of religion are of inestimable value as an aid in the endurance of sorrows. When the dread culmination of all earthly fears and horrors—the beheading of Charles I—clashed full upon the widowed heart of Queen Henrietta Maria, she withdrew at once from the court of Paris and sought solace in seclusion and prayer. The convent, not the court; the divine, not the human; the hopes and promises of religion as red-glowed in the sanctuary of a Carmelite convent chapel, held the balm that soothed her wounded soul in that awful culminant woe.

Which is better—to bear or to fail to bear? to hope and endure or despair and die? to pray and bless God, saying, *The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord*, or to wither away in cursing and impotent hate? to believe and grow strongly peaceful in the belief that God is good and all is for the best; that all is little and short that passes away with time; that God's explanation shall exultingly explain forever and ever—or to doubt, negative, deny, and bitterly live and despairingly die? Even as a matter of merely human wisdom, it is well to believe in the hopes and promises of religion.

The monastic sanctuaries that arise wherever the Catholic Church flourishes, and that lure into their prayerful solitudes the "hearts that are heavy with losses and weary with dragging the crosses too heavy for mortals to bear" are surely indicative of a far higher and happier state of society than that whose godless defiance finds suicidal expression in the insidious drug, the deadly acid, the desperate bullet.

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The houses of Euthanasia of the near Socialistic future are surely as stones unto bread in comparison with the monastic sanctuaries of the Middle Ages.

### WONDERS OF PORTRAITS

How wonderful is the art which can impress upon canvas and so preserve from generation to generation and from century to century a lifelike presentment of men and women whose flesh and blood realities have long since moulded dust with dust! The canvas endures; the man dies?—Ah, no! he has but shuffled off the earth-garment and left it earth with earth; he lives.

The Van Dyke portraits of Queen Henrietta Maria, Charles I and the children of Charles I are mutely eloquent. The well-known picture, "Baby Stuart," a detail from the group, "Children of Charles I," suggests the high tide of love and happiness in the life of Queen Henrietta Maria. She was then surrounded by everything that heart could desire,—wealth, honor, power, a husband's unbounded love and confidence, and three beautiful and most promising children. They were Mary, who later married William, Prince of Orange; Charles, who, at the Restoration, became the "Merry Monarch" of England, and James, the baby Stuart, who later became the unfortunate James II, the monarch who lost his crown, and whose daughter, Mary, wedded to her cousin, William, Prince of Orange, son of that sister Mary, who, in the portrait, stands at his side,—abetted the deposition of her father and wore his crown.

There is something eloquently pathetic in the portraits of men and women who have fallen victims to a tragic fate. The principle of contrast is, doubtless, here at work, setting side by side with the hour of portrayal that other

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hour of bitter death, Marie Antoinette and her children, as fixed upon canvas by the court painter, Madame Vigée LeBrun, derive their rich tonal qualities—warm grays and reds, their charm of evanescence, their magically somber fascination, from the shadows of the Conciergerie and the guillotine.

The portrait of Charles I, as painted by Van Dyke, must ever suggest to the thoughtful student of history that scene, disgraceful alike to the English nation and to human nature which took place on the scaffold just outside Whitehall Palace.

Yes; there are two sides to every question, and one is a ruler exercising arbitrary power and impregnated with belief in the divine right of kings and claiming it his prerogative to break up his parliament and govern alone; the other is an assembly of men, nominally a parliament, so narrowly fanatic and steeped in human hate that they demanded as condition under which they would agree to levy taxes for Charles I to use in aid of Protestant Holland, that he should first order every Catholic priest in his own realm to be put to death and the property of all Catholics to be confiscated. Charles refused. This side of the cause of the rupture between Charles I and his parliament has not the historic prominence of the other side. Why? Not very hard to tell *why* if one considers attentively the writers of the history of that period.

"I hope to meet my end with calmness. Do not let us speak of the men into whose hands I have fallen. They thirst for my blood, they shall have it. God's will be done. I give Him thanks. I forgive them all sincerely, but let us say no more about them"—these words addressed to Bishop Juxon by Charles a few days before his death attest the inherent nobility of his nature. Whatever the life of

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Charles I may have been, his death was kingly; and if death is the echo of life, then, too, his life must have been vocal with virtues. But what virtue can outshine or even illumine the black chaos of creed-fanaticism, odium, obloquy? What power can break up and restore to their original settings the half-truths, untruths, errors and lies glitteringly crystallized in history, drama, story and song? Does time right ancient wrongs, readjust and make-whole,—torn, century-scattered truths? We dream so; we say so; but at deepest heart we whisper *No*.

With unruffled calmness, with dignity, with kingly grace, Charles I stepped from the opening of what had been in happier days his banqueting hall and advanced upon the scaffold. In the words of Agnes Strickland:

"It was past one o'clock before the grisly attendants and apparatus of the scaffold were ready. Colonel Hacker led the king through his former banqueting hall, one of the windows of which had originally been contrived to support stands for public pageantries; it had been taken out and led to the platform raised in the street. The noble bearing of the king as he stepped on the scaffold, his beaming eyes and high expression were noticed by all who saw him. He looked on all sides of his people, but dense masses of soldiery only presented themselves far and near. He was out of hearing of any persons but Juxon and Herbert, save those who were interested in his destruction. The soldiers preserved a dead silence; this time they did not insult him. The distant populace wept, and occasionally raised mournful cries in blessings and prayers for him. The king uttered a short speech, to point out that every institute of the original constitution of England had been subverted with the sovereign power. While he was speaking someone touched the axe, which was laid enveloped in black crepe on the

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block. The king turned round hastily and exclaimed: 'Have care of the axe. If the edge is spoiled it will be the worse for me.'

"The king put up his flowing hair under a cap; then, turning to the executioner asked: 'Is any of my hair in the way?' 'I beg your majesty to push it more under your cap/' replied the man, bowing. The bishop assisted his royal master to do so and observed to him: 'There is but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will carry you a great way—even from earth to heaven.' 'I go/' replied the king, 'from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown/'

"He unfastened his cloak and took off the medallion of the order of the Garter. The latter he gave to Juxon, saying with emphasis, 'Remember'! Beneath the medallion of St. George was a secret spring which removed a plate ornamented with lilies, under which was a beautiful miniature of his Henrietta. The warning word, which has caused many historical surmises, evidently referred to the fact that he had parted with the portrait of his beloved wife only at the last moment of his existence. He then took off his coat and put on his cloak and, pointing to the block, said to the executioner: 'Place it so that it will not shake/' 'It is firm, sir/' replied the man. 'I shall say a short prayer,' said the king, 'and when I hold out my hand thus, strike,' The king stood in profound meditation, said a few words to himself, looked upward on the heavens, then knelt and laid his head on the block. In about a minute he stretched out his hand, and his head was severed at one blow."

### SORROW

News traveled slowly in the days of long ago; and the trial, death, and burial of Charles I were over long before

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intelligence of the dire happenings in England had been carried into France. Queen Henrietta Maria, then in the Louvre Palace, Paris, had just received into her motherly arms her second son, James, who had successfully passed through the belligerent lines and reached safety in Paris. This joy was soon dulled into woe—

Ominous whispers among the Louvre circle and pitying glances caused the queen to make inquiries. The worst was soon told. The queen had expected imprisonment, perhaps even deposition and exile; but death—the official beheading of an English sovereign—had not once entered into her mind as among the possibilities. The queen sat silent and tearless among her sympathizing English attendants. Pere Gamache approached. She received him apathetically. Her aunt, the Duchess de Vendome, took her hand and held it caressingly—but the queen seemed in a state of frozen woe; no moan, no sigh, no tear. Pere Gamache withdrew unobserved, and searching through the royal chambers he found the little Princess Henriette, the four-year-old idol of the once happy Stuart home. Leading the child gently by the hand, he returned to the scene of grief.

At the touch of baby hands, the impress of childish kisses, the unhappy queen seemed slowly to come back to life even as it was, and clasping her little daughter in rapturous tenderness to her breast, she wept. Long and wildly she wept and the frightened child weeping responsively and clinging helplessly to her bosom saved her at last to sanity and to heroic endurance.

A few days later the queen withdrew from the French court for a brief period of retirement and prayer in the Carmelite Convent

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MILTON

While the drama in high places was playing before the world, a more enduring side scene was enacting in a quiet English home. John Milton, in political disgrace, in sorrow of soul, and in total blindness was dictating to his daughters the lines of "Paradise Lost." Cromwell and his Roundheads, the Merry Monarch and his dissolute court, James II and his sorrows, have passed away; the visions seen by the blind old bard remain.

As literary immortality is the highest prize that fate holds for mortals it is fitting that the cost of attainment should be proportionately high. And in this adjustment fate is inexorable. Heart's blood and tears wrought into a book give it enduring qualities: much, much; little, little; some, some; none, none. The dictum of Horace in the olden day, *Si vis me flere*, etc., is still the exponent of an author's power.

That poem by Mrs. Browning, "A Musical Instrument," has fixed in rainbow evanescence—as it were, a Thoughts' Niagara Bridal Veil—ten thousand blending, blinding truths and beauties that prose could never hold or catch.

Is the prize worth the price? In itself, *No*; but in the soul-growth that its mastery implies and in the soul-wealth that it makes one's own forever and ever, *Yes*. Then, too, they to whom Fame shines as an ever-luring star, urging on, on, incessantly—even through blood and tears, are so formed by their fate that the prize seems to them worth while; its winning seems life's only good, its loss, life's supreme sorrow. "The attractions are proportional to the destinies."

So who shall judge his unknown neighbor? Who shall justly say *Thou fool* to the man who must needs follow his

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fate? Who shall justly pity him whose poverty, disgrace, bitterness of heart, and blindness of soul and body—lead to the star-luring heights of literary immortality?

Milton was Latin secretary under Oliver Cromwell and a man of great influence at the court. He shared in the amnesty proclaimed by Charles II at the Restoration. Milton's remaining years were spent in retirement and literary labors.

The return of the Stuarts shattered all his hopes, religious and political. He seemed to see in the Stuart restoration the first gathering gloom of a darkness which should overwhelm himself, England, and all the earth. Subjectively this was true. Milton never saw beyond that gathering cloud; and when the culminant blackness of his own blindness closed in upon him, then, too, into a common gloom sank Milton, England and all the earth.

"And darkness shows us worlds by night  
We never see by day."

Would *Paradise Lost* have been born into literature if Milton had not become blind?

Would we of today find congenial that Milton of the old Puritanical day? Do we admire the Miltonic God? Milton liked best his Lucifer, and that liking elusively throbs through *Paradise Lost* and elicits response.

### CHARLES II

There must have been a great measure of compensation to Charles I in the filial devotion of his household. It is related that Prince Charles, eldest son, and heir apparent to the throne, sent to his father, when in prison, a document *carte blanche* signed with his name. And in a letter enclosed the prince assured his father that whatever conditions he should see fit to make with Cromwell and his

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followers relative to the succession would be agreeable to him, in token whereof he had signed his name to the document. There was something heroic in that, and something even more magnanimously heroic in the response of Charles I. He at once tore the document to pieces, fearing that the enemy might get possession of it and make use of it against Prince Charles. He wrote tenderly to his son, admitting the pleasure his generous oiler had given, but declaring that death would be preferable to any act whereby the rights of his children should be tampered with or signed away.

It is well to note these nobler actions and emotions in the lives of kings: the ambitious selfishness and cruelty of a Macbeth, a King John, a Richard III. are pedestaled for all the world to see. Why not the mutual magnanimity of the Stuarts? Truly the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oftentimes interred with their bones.

At the death of Cromwell, after a five years' stormy reign as Lord Protector of England, and after a twelve years' exile of the family of Charles I., the people of England unanimously welcomed the restoration of the Stuarts. Charles II—known in France under this title since the death of Charles I—was crowned king of England.

The times were troubled. Roundhead and Cavalier still stood at misunderstanding enmity one directly opposed to the other and never the twain might meet. The pendulum swung with bewildering rapidity from harshly somber Cromwellian Puritanism to the excessive dissipation of the Court of the Merry Monarch: the country followed the pendulum.

Charles II, while humane on the whole, and more inclined to ease and pleasure than to troublesome revenge, yet displayed a touch of the savage in his treatment of the

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body of Oliver Cromwell. He ordered that it be disinterred and the head struck off. This was done; and the ghastly head of the man who had ruled England with a rod of iron for five years was fastened to the gibbet at Tyburn.

Horrible is the hate which pursues its victim beyond death and wreaks vengeance upon an unresisting mass of putrefaction! All such excesses, no matter by whom committed or under what provocation, are atavistic expressions of the jackal and the tiger in the heart of man.

Truly there is no eye that can foresee the future! Cromwell, passing for the thousandth time through the thoroughfare of Tyburn, saw not there his own head fastened to a gibbet. Charles I, at the stately banquet board of Whitehall Palace saw not the great end window and the hall opening upon the scaffold. And we, secure in the hour, see not that other hour of fatal import that yet shall be; and—'tis well.

### DEATH OF QUEEN HENRIETTA

Queen Henrietta Maria was not present at the scenes of acclamation which welcomed the return of her son, Charles II. She was at that time happily absorbed in the forthcoming marriage of her charming daughter, the Princess Henrietta Marie, to Philip, Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV.

Some time later Queen Henrietta Maria went to England. She resided there three years, but her heart's best interests were in sunny France, where her idolized daughter, the Duchess of Orleans, moved amid the gay court of Versailles as its chief honor and ornament. Charles II and his wife, Catherine, of Braganza, reluctantly bade farewell to the queen-mother after accompanying her as far as **the** Nore; but doubtless there was secret joy in the heart

## BATTLE OF NASEBY

of Henrietta Maria as the foggy shores of England receded from view and France arose in expectancy.

Then, too, all seemed calm in England; Charles II and his wife were high in popular favor. Her second son, James, Duke of York, was happily married and surrounded by a promising family. James' eldest daughter, the Lady Mary, later Queen Mary II of England, was a great favorite **with** the affectionate grandmother, Henrietta Maria. Anne, James' second daughter, afterward Queen Anne of England, was also attached to the kindly old queen-mother.

The old-age years of Henrietta Maria rolled on in comparative happiness. Some lives seem to have their sorrows scattered uniformly over the years, a gentle drizzle, never dazzling sun-light, other lives are marked by dynamic contrasts—brilliancy, ecstatic light suddenly blackened by tornado blasts and torn by vivid lightning, and after that, calm again and even the bright light.

Queen Henrietta Maria's tornado blast and searing lightning flash came full<sup>1</sup> upon her when her husband was beheaded; her later years were calmly happy. In philanthropic labors, in the exercise of all the gentle charities of the Christian heart, in the hopeful fulfilment of religious obligations, the old age years drifted calmly to the great Calm.

It chanced that at that time the use of opium as a sedative, narcotic, and harmless medicine was in vogue at the court. M. Valot, favorite physician of Louis XIV, ordered it for the queen. In the best of spirits and laughing at the supposed wonderful qualities of the new panacea, Henrietta Maria took the prescribed drug. An hour later she fell into a peaceful slumber; the night passed and the day passed, and still she slept. Alarm was felt, her son-in-law, the Duke of Orleans, was soon at her bedside; the little grand-

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daughter, Anne, was brought near in hopes of arousing the dormant sensibilities—but in vain. Queen Henrietta had sunk into the calm; it was too good to leave; she stayed, sank deeper, deeper, and with a little sigh of relief she died.

### BOSSUET'S SERMON

Jacques Benigne Bossuet, the eloquent pulpit orator of the court of Louis XIV, added a classic to French literature in his masterly discourse at the obsequies of Henrietta Maria. It was delivered in the convent chapel of the nuns of the Visitation of Chaillot, whom the late queen particularly favored, and for whom she had founded the convent.

The nobility of France were gathered on this occasion, the "most illustrious assembly of the world" sat spellbound under the eloquence of the "Eagle of Meaux." Bossuet had proved equal to his opportunity.

Perhaps, though, Bossuet is better known today by that other funeral oration delivered some months later at the obsequies of Queen Henrietta Maria's youngest daughter, the Duchess of Orleans.

When the old die, well—there can be no Shelleyan lamentation.

"Grief made the young Spring wild,  
And she threw down her opening buds  
As if she autumn were and they dead leaves."

—SHELLEY.

The young spring may, indeed, thus lavishly lament for the young, but not for the old. When a poet, Keats, aged twenty-six, lies brokenheartedly and beautifully dead; when a queenly woman, wife and bereaved mother, aged twenty-eight, lies pathetically dead—oh, then, all that Shelley may poetically declare, all that Bossuet may magically

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proclaim seem fitting and just and true. We understand the young spring tantrums; and the sobbings of the buds, as roughly sundered from the grief-swept trees, seem strangely familiar, as though ages ago we ourselves had thus wildly wept when, the world was young.

Wealth, station, honor, health, happiness, youth, beauty, love, today; and the tomb tomorrow! This contrast has ever most forcefully appealed to the human heart. Bossuet knew full well the force of this appeal and again the orator and the occasion were well met.

"O vanity," he exclaimed, "O nothingness! O mortals, ignorant of their destiny! Ten months ago would she have believed it? And you, my hearers, would you have thought, while she was shedding so many tears in this palace, while I was discharging a like office for the queen, her mother—that she would so soon assemble you here to deplore her own loss? 'Vanity of vanities; all is vanity.' Nothing is left for me to say but that; that is the only sentiment which, in presence of so strange a casualty, grief so well grounded and so poignant permits me to indulge. No; after what we have just seen, health is but a name, life is but a dream, glory is but a shadow, charms and pleasures are but a dangerous diversion."

### REFLECTIONS

"Keep cool, it will be all one in a hundred years." So we say to others, so we try to persuade ourselves; but the tempestuous teapot seems fatally fixed over the live coals of life and the teapot tempest must as fatally follow. So mightily important, so imperative, so irresistibly puissant were those seeming geyser-forces in their day; perhaps we who laugh at their spent spray would more wisely learn the lessons they may teach us.

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But just as a matter of spent spray and vanishing iridescence, those struggles of the long ago seem magically beautiful; and the men and women who figured prominently in them seem to peer through the mist even as flame-light from which flame has fled; even as pictured pain, reflex sorrows, unrealities—spray-shrouded, color clouded. Cleopatra, nobly dead, a queen forever; ugly old Socrates growing humanly dear and beautiful to all the ages as he drinks the poison-hemlock; Marie Antoinette, in the tumbril, at the guillotine under the glittering blade: Charles I upon the scaffold, on the block awaiting the headsman's blow—these things have been, but now they are not; yet they endure.

### FRANCE: LOUIS XIV

France seems to be the unstable, erratic, tho' brilliant and genius-coruscating member of the family of nations. John Dryden expressed a perplexing truth when he said:

"Great wits to madness sure are near allied;  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

Is this applicable to nations as well as to individuals? Louis XI, Joan of Arc, Catherine de Medici, Louis XIV, Robespierre, Napoleon are abnormal types; and, tho' individuals, yet their power and accordant influence prove them to have been the products of—and the true representatives of—their country.

### PERSONALITIES

Whatever may await in the future; and however different from autocracy, or plutocracy the tide of democratic government may carry the peoples that are yet to be; the observant student of the past cannot fail to acknowledge that the history of nations is, in general, the biography of

## FRANCE: LOUIS XIV.

their great men. Perhaps the word "great" is here a misnomer; their leading, forceful, dominant men would better express the characteristic quality. Perhaps, too, in the other-world estimate there is inversion of terms; and great becomes infinitesimal; glory, shame; military triumph, human slaughter; Alexandrian-Caesarian-Napoleonic world-conquest,—egoistic madness. Take away the glamour of song and story and history's "pictured page," and what is there admirable or estimable in the life of Alexander the Great, Louis le Grand, Napoleon? Unscrupulous selfishness, maniacal egoism seem basically characteristic of those whom history calls Great.

### Louis LE GRAND

If pride of place, wealth, health, physical beauty, exuberance of animality, success in love, in war, and in ambition, can make a man happy and great then Louis le Grand was happy and great. If the burning tributes of grateful genius can cameo and perpetuate greatness, then the greatness of Louis le Grand is fixed in fame forever.

Voltaire, in his brilliant tho' untrustworthy *Siicle de Louis XIV*, says:

"It seemed that nature took delight at that time to produce in France some of the greatest men in all the arts, and to assemble at the court the most beautiful and best made persons of both sexes. The king excelled all his courtiers in the proper dignity of his stature and the majestic beauty of his features.

"The tone of his voice, noble and striking, gained those hearts which his presence intimidated."

The imposing personality of Louis XIV, and the feeling of awe and intimidation which his presence aroused, is well illustrated in the following stories:

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An old officer, scarred and war-worn by service in Louis' ceaseless wars, had at length summoned courage to seek the royal presence in order to present a petition. As Louis drew near, the officer stood silent and abashed, unable to make known his wishes, and visibly trembling. Louis looked on self-complacently and secretly gratified at the power of his presence. At length, the officer summoning up battlefield courage, exclaimed: "Sire, I did not tremble thus before your enemies." History relates that the favor was most graciously granted.

### POOR VATEL

Madame de Sevigne, in a letter to her daughter, tells in her own inimitable style the story of "Poor Vatel," a distinguished caterer or steward who committed suicide because unable to bear the disgrace of not having adequately or rather, profusely, provided for the banquet-entertainment of the Grand Monarch and his court. In the words of Madame as she heartlessly prattles the spicy gossip:

"Paris, Sunday, April 26, 1671.

"I have just learned from Moreuil of what passed at Chantilly with regard to poor Vatel. I wrote you last Friday that he had stabbed himself—these are the particulars of the affair: The king arrived there on Thursday night; the walk, and the collation, which was served in a place set apart for the purpose, and strewn with jonquils, were just as they should be. Supper was served; but there was no roast meat at two or three of the tables, on account of Vatel's having been obliged to provide several dinners more than were expected. This affected his spirits; and he was heard to say several times: 'I have lost my honor! I cannot bear this disgrace!' 'My head is quite bewildered,' said he

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to Gourville. 'I have not had a wink of sleep these twelve nights; I wish you would assist me in giving orders.' Gourville did all he could to comfort and assist him, but the failure of the roast meat (which, however, did not happen at the king's table, but at some of the other twenty-five) was always uppermost with him. Gourville mentioned it to the prince (Conde, the great Conde, the king's host), who went directly to Vatel's apartment and said to him: 'Everything is extremely well conducted, Vatel; nothing could be more admirable than his majesty's supper.' 'Tour highness's goodness,' replied he, 'overwhelms me; I am sensible that there was a deficiency of roast meat at two tables.' 'Not at all,' said the prince, 'do not perplex yourself, and all will go well.' Midnight came; the fireworks did not succeed; they were covered with a thick cloud; they cost sixteen thousand francs. At four o'clock in the morning Vatel went around and found every body asleep. He met one of the under-purveyors, who was just come in with only two loads of fish. 'What!' said he, 'is this all?' 'Yes, sir,' said the man, not knowing that Vatel had dispatched other people to all the seaports around. Vatel waited for some time; the other purveyors did not arrive; his head grew distracted; he thought there was no more fish to be had. He flew to Gourville: 'Sir,' said he, 'I cannot outlive this disgrace.' Gourville laughed at him. Vatel, however, went to his apartment, and setting the hilt of his sword against the door, after two ineffectual attempts, succeeded, in the third, in forcing the sword through his heart. At that instant the couriers arrived with the fish; Vatel was inquired after to distribute it. They ran to his apartment, knocked at the door, but received no answer; upon which they broke it open, and found him weltering in his blood. A messenger was immediately dispatched to

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acquaint the prince with what had happened, who was like a man in despair. The duke wept, for his Burgundy journey depended upon Vatel."

This letter is documentary of the awful chasm between the classes and the masses. In it, too, one may hear the twitter of that Mock-Spirit which, full-grown and aware, croaked ominously and revengefully over the guillotine in the terror-days of the French Revolution.

. . .

Perhaps, humanly speaking, those monarchs were the wisest and are, to posterity, the "greatest" who had the insight to perceive, the generosity to encourage, and the good fortune to fascinate—the inherently great men of their times.

Queen Elizabeth of England was good to the men of merit and of genius of her age; hence her place in literature, regardless of what it was in life, is *Good Queen Bess*. She was good to the makers of literature, hence good.

Napoleon appealed especially to the artists of his time. They sought him; he responded graciously, seeing, perhaps, in eagle vision, the present Napoleonic cycle of portraits that adorn the galleries of Europe.

Louis David, Jean Ingres, Jean Baptiste Regnault, Antoine Gros, Jean Louis Meissonier, Jean Leon Gerome, Antoine Vernet—were among the artist-admirers of Napoleon. Chief among the Napoleonic pictures are "Napoleon Crossing the Alps" and "Coronation of Napoleon and Josephine," by Louis David; "Pest at Joppa" and "Battlefield of Eylau," by Gros; "The Morning of Austerlitz," by Antoine Vernet; and "Friedland, 1807," and "Retreat from Moscow: 1814," by Jean Louis Meissonier.

## FRANCE: LOUIS XIV.

### *O Fortunate Adulescens!*

As a digression, tho' somewhat in the thought-line, comes that scene from Cicero's immortal oration, *Pro Archia*, wherein the Roman orator represents Alexander the Great as gazing at the tomb of his hero, Achilles, and exclaiming: *O fortunate adulescens, qui tuæ virtutis Homerum præconetn inveneris!* (O fortunate youth! thou who hast found a Homer as herald of thy deeds.) "Aind truly so," continues the orator, "for unless the *Iliad* had blazed abroad Achilles' valor, that same mound which covered his body would also have buried his name."

The old circle-question arises: which is greater, the hero who does, or the poet, who perpetuates what the hero does? What were Achilles without his Homer? yet what were Homer without his real or imaginary Achilles?

That shattered portrait column of Ozymandias, as sung into dubious fame in a sonnet by Shelley—stands for some Egyptian Achilles who failed to find his Homer.

### Louis' GREAT MEN

Judging from the following citation, Louis' estimate of the greatness of the men whom he appointed to places of honor was not in accord with the estimate of succeeding generations. If so, chance rather than insight, and the urgency of the hour rather than generous appreciation of merit, determined his choice.

On one occasion, after having filled a vacancy in a post of honor and thereby aroused jealous discontent, Louis is said to have bitterly exclaimed: "Whenever I give a vacant place I make a hundred malcontents and one ungrateful wretch." Something of the cynic sneer of La Rochefoucauld lies in those words.

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Did Louis XIV, amid all the grandeur and pomp of Versailles, secretly despise the splendid puppets whom he had made splendid? If so, the ambrosial banquet was ashes, and the nectar-wine was wormwood, and the glittering flambeaux, the music, the dance, the mythic merriment were mockery.

### VERSAILLES

Voltaire describes a seven days' festivity of the Court at Versailles. Four thousand flambeaux lighted the gardens. The tables were served by two hundred persons, who were costumed so as to represent the seasons, fauns, dryads, shepherds, grape-gatherers, etc. Pan and Diana advanced upon a moving mountain and descended in order to place upon the table whatever the country and the forests produced that was most delicious.

In the story of the "House of Seven Gables," by Hawthorne, the ills of the Pyncheon family are traced back to the ancestral wrong done to Matthew Maule (wizard) in order to secure a coveted corner of the site on which the ill-fated house was subsequently built. Versailles, Louis' mighty palace and splendor-wonder, is perhaps as fatefully wronged in its origin as was the House of the Seven Gables.

With a starving peasantry savagely devouring their black bread, and with a land full of homeless hideously crippled old soldiers, Louis lavished 400,000,000 francs on the palace and gardens of Versailles.

And yet aside from this gray scrutiny into foundation-facts, what a fascinating fairy-land of grace and beauty and elegance and lordly recklessness of lights and flowers and splendors, was that seven days' banquet scene in the gardens of Versailles!

However true it may be that "what is false in this world

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below betrays itself in a love of show," yet the world is so made that it does dearly love a show: and if as a *sine qua non* of show it must concomitantly pay homage to the false, well, then, so let it be, rather than forego the<sup>1</sup> show. The croakers may croak; and the cynic onlookers may sneer at the participants; and the philosophers may furnish comment and conclusion *a priori*; and moralists may lament the evanescence of all things under the sun; and *Vanity of Vanities* may still cry out the preacher: nevertheless, so long as human nature is what it is, there will continue to be "Versailles" garden scenes, of high or of low degree, and the old show will go on with all the glamour and gloom, the lure of life and of love, the starry sorrows, tinsel splendors, glorious evanescence, of good, glad, fascinating Fairyland.

### Louis XIV: ARBITER OF EUROPE

After the Peace of Nemeguen (1678) Louis rapidly attained to the height of power. For six years subsequent he was the terror of Europe, and arbiter of peace and of war.

In 1680, the magistrates of Paris bestowed on him the title of "The Great," and ordered it to be placed upon all public monuments. Medals were struck emphasizing this honor. The magnificent arch of Porte St. Denis and that of Porte St. Martin, which still ornament the boulevards of Paris, were erected in memory of his victories.

There are two estimates of Louis XIV, one favorable,—the other unfavorable. One was written understanding, and even lovingly; the other the reverse. G. P. James, in his "Life and Times of Louis XIV," says:

"The character of Louis XIV has been a subject of dispute ever since his eyes were closed. . . . That he com-

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mitted many errors there can be no doubt; but he had many high qualities both of the mind and of the heart; and it is not a little to say of him that, tho' he had struggled with faction in his youth, rendered himself despotic in his prime, and met with bitter griefs, disappointments, and anxieties in his decline, he never showed the slightest trait of a sanguinary disposition in youth, in manhood, or in old age.

"That he was ambitious to excess, no one who reads his history can hesitate to admit. . . . That he had active and that he had passive courage is clear; in youth he exposed himself on all occasions to the fire of the enemy; in age he never shunned any of those contagious sicknesses which desolated his family and swept off the young around him. In prosperity he more than once forgot himself, and the despot spoke out when he had conquered; but in adversity there was not the corresponding depression, which is the sign of a weak mind; and he bore reverse more nobly than success. In his nature he was mild and not sanguinary, and during a reign of 70 years with despotic power, there were fewer occasions mentioned on which the crime of high treason was punished with death than in any equal period in the history of France."

Henry Thomas, in his "History of Civilization in England," says: "The reign of Louis XIV must be utterly condemned if it is tried even by the lowest standard of morals, or honor, or of interest.... In his public career he displayed an arrogance and a systematic perfidy which eventually aroused the anger of all Europe, and brought upon France sharp and signal retribution—These things are notorious, they are incontestable, they lie on the surface of history, yet in the face of them there are still found men who hold up for admiration the age of Louis XIV. Although it is

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well known that in his reign every vestige of liberty was destroyed; that the people were weighed down by an insufferable taxation; that their children were torn from them by tens of thousands to swell the royal armies; that the resources of the country were squandered to an unprecedented extent; that a despotism of the worst kind was firmly established; although all this is universally admitted, yet there are writers, even in our own day, who are so infatuated with the glories of literature as to balance them against the most enormous crimes, and will forgive every injury inflicted by a prince during whose life there were produced the letters of Pascal, the orations of Bossuet, the comedies of Moliere, and the tragedies of Racine."

### BLUNDERS AND CRIMES

Louis' greatest blunder was the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. This resulted in his odious system of "dragonades" which made him hateful to his own people, Catholic and non-Catholic: it depleted France, for in spite of the decree against emigration the roads leading from France were dark with men and women seeking homes and religious freedom in other lands; but more fatefully still, it gave to his old bitter enemy, William, Prince of Orange, lately crowned King William III of England, just the grievance and the opportunity for which he had waited. The League of Augsburg, the "Grand Alliance" resulted directly and indirectly from the animosity of the man who had cut the dykes and inundated his own country, flooding alike friend and foe as the awful price of freedom. The war of the Second Coalition soon followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and Europe was again in the fangs of the dogs of war.

Undoubtedly the blackest blot upon the name of Louis

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XIV is the second devastation of the Palatinate. Louis' admirers place the blame of this accumulation of horrors upon his war minister, Louvois: but if he who profits by a crime commits it, then there can be no disseverance of Louis from Louvois in the awful wrongs crying to heaven for vengeance in the second devastation of the Palatinate.

Forty cities and a hundred towns and villages in one red ruin: one hundred thousand homeless peasants wandering drearily o'er a land of desolated homes—what cause under the sun could be proportionately grievous to so grievous effects! None. And yet history would have us believe that the cause so awfully resultant lay in the ambition of one man, the hate of another man, and the European fear of France. But the equation is not solved. The terms of the proportion are disproportionate.  $X$ , the cause, cannot be obtained from the given conditions of the problem. We await explanation.

### CAUSES

In nature, as in historical events, the effect seems to be altogether out of all conceivable proportion to the cause. An old woman was milking a cow in a barn by lantern-light and the cow kicked the lantern—cause; a sputtering flame, a blaze, a fire, a conflagration, Chicago in red ruin—result.

A too careless security resulting from the experiences of the years ;a brave laugh at danger; a natural competitive pride in making a record; an interest in the interests of the ship-company; an oversight in not providing a field glass for the look-out; what else? We don't know, we would not judge: but the ship went down. Under clear, starry skies and with ocean cold and tranquil, the glassy iceberg waited phantomly invisible; and thither rushed the

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*Titanic.* One premonition, one chance glance from the bridge, one sweeping field-glass observation from the lookout—might have counteracted the causes, might have saved: but the ship went down.

"The moving Finger writes and having writ  
Moves on: not all thy piety or wit  
Can call It back to cancel half a line,  
Nor all thy Tears wash out one Word of it."

Wars and war horrors and sorrows; the irreducible equation with its sphinx-X; the fatalistic gloom of the late ocean disaster; history as it has been, as it is, and as it yet shall be—all lie quiescent when Time is viewed as a link of a chain eternal; as part of an incomprehensible Whole; as twilight and night confidently awaiting the dawn-gleam, the dawn, the day, the full noon-light of God's good Explanation.

### LAST DAYS OF LOUIS XIV.

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of  
And our little life is rounded by a sleep."

Louis XIV shone as central splendor of many a golden dream. From the youth years and Versailles garden scenes, starlit by the magic lure of the as yet unwon, beloved and loving Mademoiselle de la Valliere, to the years of fulfilled ambition when, as arbiter of Europe, haughtily to an adulatory court Louis exclaimed, *Vetat e'est mot* (The State! why I am the State), and even unto the years close shadowed by the sleep, Louis was central splendor of many a golden dream.

History tells us of a tyrant Pharaoh of Egypt who awaited moodily in his palace, the result of one of his battles then raging. And as each messenger drew near he scanned the

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face and, reading there bad news, gave orders that the messenger be immediately slain. But desiring yet greater relief from tension, the Pharaoh drew out his own sword, and as the trembling messenger drew near telling defeat by ashy lips and brow, the Pharaoh slew him.

Louis stands out in bright relief from this lurid despotism. When Villars, the French marshal, appeared at court after his defeat at Ramillies, Louis only said to him: "One is not fortunate at our age."

If reverses of fortune lay bare the inherent worth or worthlessness of man, then, by that test, Louis bore not vainly the title, *the Great*. Reverses do not change the character as made by all life's yesterdays; they only expose it, bring it up into the limelight that the world may see what the yesterdays were doing. So silently, so secretly, down in the thought-depths the character-weavers are weaving, and what they weave for us we shall wear forever. Some deed, some decision, some sweeping upheaval of fortune, may indeed reveal us to ourselves and to the world; but whether so revealed or not, whether exposed and held aloft in the limelight or not; we are, in the deep heart of things, that which the character-weavers have made us working silently, secretly down in the thought-depths throughout all our yesterdays.

If in old age Louis was tolerantly kind to his defeated general, Villars; if he bore manfully the humiliation of the treaty of Utrecht; if he intrepidly faced death in its most hideous form of disease rather than seek safety and ease away from the stricken members of his household; if when on his death bed, he said to Madame de Maintenon, "I imagined it was more difficult to die," and to his weeping attendants, "Why do you weep ? Did you think me immortal?"; if to his little grandson, heir of France,

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Louis said the words of warning wisdom attributed to him; and if he died in the sheltering bosom of the Church; then under all seeming and all accidents of time and place, and all excesses and all blunders and crimes, Louis could not have been inherently unworthy down in the solemnly recording thought-depths throughout that seventy years of yesterdays.

### ONLY GOD IS GREAT

With the words *Only God Is Great*, Jean Baptiste Massillon, the eloquent pulpit orator, began the funeral oration at the obsequies of Louis XIV. The effect was electrical. As one body impelled by one spirit the audience arose and remained standing in reverential attitude of body and mind throughout the exordium of the speaker.

Negatived, taken back, declared null and void was all the greatness of Louis the Great as he lay a pitiable mass of putrefying matter in the huge sarcophagus and over him thundered the eternal affirmation, *God and only God and God alone—is Great*. Versailles, Nimeguen, Europe—adulation, love, honors, conquests, titles, greatness—gone as the spray of yesterday's Niagara, the ever vanishing Bridal Veil, rainbow-splendid, iridescent-evanescent.

Was it worth while? Was it all a mistake—a shudderingly hideous blunder awful as that second devastation of the Palatinate? Ah, how very small, measured by the soul-stature, is he whom the world calls great!

### THE CHURCH

But the Church's *requiem* arose over that pitiable form in the sarcophagus; the Mother Church pleaded indulgently with the Creator that he enter not into judgment with his creature; that he be pitiful to the child of earth, remembering his frame that it is but dust; that he be merciful

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and spare the work of his own hands, "a creature not made by strange gods but by Thee, O omnipotent and ever bountiful Creator": and then grown more confident by the force of her own appeal, the Church, in full organ chorus intones, *Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat ei—quia pius es* (Eternal rest grant to him, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him—because thou art so kind).

The non-Catholic mind fails utterly to comprehend the Catholic Church. It is, however, a fairly good indication that the Church is in balance when she is assailed so antithetically from varying sources. To the godly Puritan, as atmosphered in Scott's "Heart of Midlothian," the Church is pliable, mendacious, obsequious to world power; secretly hand in hand with the Evil One whose interests she promotes by conniving at card playing, gaming, gambling, fiddling, dancing, horse racing, etc.; over-indulgent, too, to her parasitic children, and fearfully deceiving them and wronging them in life and in death by her absolutions, indulgences, requiems. To the gay Parisian, as atmosphered in Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew," the Church is adamant to all feelings of the human heart. Childhood, beauty, youth, good man-and-woman love—let them perish: they are of time, they are of the passing day: crush them down and use them as stepping stones to the honor and glory of the omnipotent and eternal God. Deaf to all cries and prayers, sightless to all tears and agonies of hearts, the sphinx-Church with eyes penetrating horizons eternal looks out over the yellow Saharas of time and knows them not, sees them not, heeds not, cares not: so minute is man and the hour, so mighty is God and eternity. And the balance, whilst potentially containing both ex-

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tremes when they are rightly conditioned, swings in the safe midway.

### PULPIT ORATORS

There are writers who accuse the great pulpit orators of Louis' time—Jacques Benigne Bossuet, Louis Bourdaloue, Jean Baptiste Massillon—of a blandly complacent leniency towards court evils and iniquities in high places. Yet a dispassionate reading of those Lenten discourses, delivered at Versailles in presence of Louis and his court would seemingly controvert this opinion. Louis' own courteous words to Massillon after an incisive sermon, "In hearing some preachers I feel pleased with them; in hearing you I feel displeased with myself," are at once an admission of reproof and a manly acknowledgment of the need and the right of that reproof.

Louis Bourdaloue's sermon on "A Perverted Conscience" is forcefully direct. With the fearlessness of an Ambrose to Theodosius, Bourdaloue thunders the old truths at the court of Versailles. "I have said more particularly that in the world in which you live—I mean the court—the disease of a perverted conscience is far more common and far more difficult to be avoided. For it is at the court the passions bear sway, that desires are most ardent, that self-interest is keener, and that, by infallible consequence, self-blinding is more easy, and consciences become perverted. It is at the court that the goddess of the world, I mean fortune, exercises over the minds of men, and in consequence over their consciences a more absolute dominion. It is at the court that the aim to maintain one's self, the impatience to raise one's self, the frenzy to push one's self, the fear of displeasing, the desire of making one's self agreeable, produce consciences which anywhere else

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would pass for monstrous, but which, finding themselves there authorized by custom, seem to have acquired a right of possession and prescription. People from living at court and from no other cause than having lived there are filled with these errors. Whatever uprightness of conscience they may have brought thither, by breathing its air and by hearing its language they are habituated to iniquity.

"You would say, and it really seems, that for the court there are other principles of religion than for the rest of the world, and that the courtier has a right to make for himself a conscience different in kind and in quality from that of other men. . . . Nevertheless, my dear hearers, St. Paul assures us that there is but one God and one faith; and woe to the man who dividing him, this one God, shall represent him as at court less an enemy to human transgression than he is outside of the court; or severing this one faith, shall suppose it in the case of one class more indulgent than in the case of another."

And in that awful sermon, "An Eternity of Woe," Bourdaloue exhausts the vocabulary of gruesome sounds, and brutally, magnetically harrows the hearts of his hearers until in his stupendous climax, "Pierce thou my flesh with thy fear, for I am afraid of thy judgments, O God!" there reechoed sighs and moans and plaintive prayers, and the gay court was confusedly suffused with sobs and tears of penitence.

Perhaps from such a scene as this the Duchess de la Val-Here went forth firm in that resolution of amendment of life which resulted in her severing all ties with the king and the court. As we know, she subsequently sought the seclusion of a convent wherein for thirty-five years she lived the obscure and laborious life of a Carmelite nun, known only as Louisa the Penitent. Her death was saintly.

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Religion basically and essentially is unchanged throughout the changing ages, however the unessential disciplinary fringe-flappings may adapt themselves to the evolutionary protuberances and depressions of succeeding generations. Today, even as in the old Roman-arena days, religion is the bond that binds the soul to the unseen God, the unknown God. But the bond is real; for the unseen, the unknown are the only real—the noumena; as the seen, the apparently known are fleeting, unreal phenomena. Basic, too, of all religions under the sun, is self-control, self-denial, the conquest of the lower by the higher; the extirpation and annihilation of the ape and tiger in the dual heart of man. And for the *Whence? Why? Whither?* of the moaning ocean of life, religion has at all times made answer—unintelligible, indeed, but the only earth-answer—from her anchorage in the harbor of Eternity.

Happy are they who are thus bound to Good; who walk strongly joyous in the Higher Way; who hear and understand the answer whether as wafted over the moaning sea in the pathetic minor of Tennyson:

"My own dim life should teach me this—  
That life shall live forevermore;  
Else—earth is-darkness at the core,  
And dust and ashes all that is,"

or as I caught gale-glad in the dominant major of the Church—*Ex expecto resurrectionem mortuorum eft vitam venturi saeculi* (And I await the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come).

THIRTEENTH CRISIS  
BATTLE OF BLLENHEIM  
1704

*A cynic seer might have beheld the low valley of Blenheim even from the towering pinnacles of the Treaty of Nimeguen (1679). All the victories and phenomenal successes of Louis XIV were wing-clipped by the defeat of his army at Blenheim by the combined forces of Prince Eugene of Savoy and the Duke of Marlborough of England. Sic transit gloria mundi.*

BLLENHEIM

BLLENHEIM, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet—somehow these names lie contiguous in the mind; so stored away, perhaps, in the brain cells long ago, and thus forever associative.

Blenheim, cumulatively at least, stands for the first and fatal blow that fortune dealt to her fair-haired favorite, Louis le Grand. The treaties of Utrecht (1713) and Rastadt (1714) were an appalling humiliation to the Grand Monarch, who had imperiously dictated the conditions of Aix-la-Chapelle and Nimeguen.

"There are no longer any Pyrenees," said Louis XIV, arbiter of Europe, as his grandson, a boy of seventeen was raised to the throne as Philip V of Spain. And then all Europe flew to arms and for thirteen years blood flowed and war dogs killed one another because that boy was on the throne and Louis' witty words had razed the Pyrenees.

This war is known as the War of the Spanish Succession. A second Grand Alliance was formed; England, Holland, Sweden, Savoy, Austria fought against France. The famous English general, Marlborough, and Prince Eugene

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of Savoy, in the service of the emperor, won the memorable battles, Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet.

The Allies chose for the Spanish throne the Archduke Charles of Austria, the second son of the Emperor Leopold I; but when after ten years' fighting there was a vacancy in the imperial line and Archduke Charles suddenly became emperor of Austria, the Allies, fearing the preponderance of Austria in European affairs, withdrew their claim. Philip V, grandson of Louis XIV, was permitted to remain upon the throne of Spain.

The war ended disadvantageous<sup>^</sup> for France. Philip V was obliged to renounce his claims to the succession in France, so that France and Spain might never be under the same monarch; and thus by miracle-words the august Pyrenees were reinstated (of course they had been deeply disturbed and were, in consequence, duly grateful!), England obtained Gibraltar and the island Minorca; the Duke of Savoy was rewarded with the island Sicily, and Austria obtained Milan, Naples, Sardinia, and part of the Netherlands.

Thirteen years of bloodshed for the whim of an ambitious old man! And thousands fell on both sides, who, if questioned, could not honestly have told why they were killing one another.

" 'Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they fought each other for?'  
Young Peterkin he cries,  
While little Wilhelmine looks up with wonder waiting eyes."

" 'It was the English,\* Caspar said,  
Who put the French to rout,  
But what they fought each other for—  
I couldn't well make out:  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory."

—SOUTHEY.

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And the world is as fatuous as Southey's old "Caspar," and we of the awakening twentieth century are sorely perplexed "Peterkins." Why must things like that be; and why do men speak of successful human slaughter as a "famous victory"; and why do martial music and blare of trumpet and drum and epaulettes and ribbons and medals and barbaric pomp in general—succeed in silencing the death groans and in hiding from view the bloody agonies and the demon horrors of the battle field?

" 'Why 'twas a very wicked thing', "  
Quoth little Wilhelmine.  
'Nay, nay, my little girl,' said he,  
'It was a famous victory.'  
'But what good came of it at last?'  
\* \* \* \* \*  
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,  
'But 'twas a famous victory'."

And the voice of the questioning child is lost in answerless fatuity. When will the world hear and honestly answer?

### Louis XIV

Louis le Grand, greatest of the Bourbons, lived too long. For seventy-two years (1643-1715) Louis was king and for, at least, fifty years his power was absolute.

Louis' long reign had as contemporary English history the disastrous Civil War and the beheading of Charles I (1649); the Cromwellian Protectorate (1653); the Restoration of the Stuarts (1660); the reign of the Merry Monarch, the misfortunes of James II, the revolution of 1688, the battle of the Boyne, and the final deposition and expulsion of James II; the accession to the throne of England

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as King William III, of Louis' most inveterate foe, William, Prince of Orange (1688); the death of King William III (1702); the reign of Queen Anne, her death, and the beginning of the House of Hanover (1715).

On the continent the Thirty Years' War was happily ended by the treaty of Westphalia (1648). Peter the Great ascended the throne of Russia (1682). In the great battle of Pultowa (1709) the power of Sweden was practically annihilated; the madly victorious career of Charles XII of Sweden was stopped, and his successes, together with the more solid attainments of his predecessor, Gustavus Adolphus, were rendered negative; Russia advanced over her prostrate foe to her place among the nations.

For forty years success, pleasure, honor, power, and glory beamed in full radiance upon Louis—both as man and monarch. Had he died even as late as 1702 when William, his great rival foe, died, Louis would have been, to all appearances, the most blessed of mortals and his reign the most glorious in the annals of France.

If Pompey the Great had died on his triumphal return from the Mithridatic War, his life would have been esteemed singularly happy and free from the reverses and misfortunes that are the ordinary lot of mortals. But Pompey lived to see all his blushing honors grow gray, as the admiring eyes that had once adoringly gazed upon Pompey the Great turned from him, the setting sun, to the dazzling effulgence of the rising orb, Caius Julius Caesar. Pharsalia lay in that alienating gaze, and assassination and bloody death.

The last years of Louis XIV were burdened with many miseries. His fortitude and magnanimity under these crushing blows form, perhaps, his best claim to the title Great. The War of the Spanish Succession ended with

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the humiliating treaty of Utrecht. Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet had, in great measure, swept away all that the successful years had, with blood and treasure, attained. But it was in his domestic relations that the aged monarch was most sorely afflicted. The Dauphin died, and a few months later his second son, the Duke of Burgundy, Fenelon's favorite pupil, died; Adelaide of Savoy, wife of the Duke of Burgundy, soon followed her husband to the grave; their two sons yet lived, and of these, the elder, a promising youth, died suddenly and there remained only a delicate infant—the future Louis XV.

Louis bore all these sorrows with fortitude and sublime resignation. In the same stoic or heroic attitude of mind he looked forward into the gathering darkness of death, there is something truly great in the man who can suffer cataclysmic misfortunes and deny to himself the relief of a cry of complaint.

Louis died calmly at Versailles, September 1, 1715. His last words were to his little grandson, a frail boy of five years; sadly the dying monarch said: "My child, you are about to become a great king. Do not imitate me either in my taste for building or in my love of war. Endeavor on the contrary to live in peace with the neighboring nations. Render to God all that you owe to him and cause his name to be honored by your subjects. Strive also to relieve the burdens of your people which I myself have been unable to do."

And with this futile advice carrying with it his own confession of failure Louis le Grand died. The king is dead—long live the king!

FOURTEENTH CRISIS  
BATTLE OF PULTOWA  
1709

*Pultowa marks the emergence of Russia from historical obscurity. The defeat of Charles XII of Sweden and his death whilst planning revenge—determined that the slow unlettered Slavs should rise to power while Sweden—still flooded with the meteoric splendor of her Madman of the North—should slowly fade and fail as a power among the nations.*

PULTOWA

RUSSIA came into existence as a nation on the day of the victory of the Muscovite troops under Peter I over the Swedes and allies under Charles XII of Sweden, at Pultowa 1709 A. D. What Russia has attained to since that date is known and startlingly significant; what she was previous to that date is insignificant.

As Creasy says: "Yet a century and a half (two centuries) have hardly elapsed since Russia was first recognized as a member of the drama of modern European history,—previous to the battle of Pultowa, Russia played no part. Charles V and his great rival (Francis I), our Elizabeth and her adversary Philip of Spain, the Guises, Sully, Richelieu, Cromwell, De Witt, William of Orange, and the other leading spirits of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries thought no more about the Muscovite Czar than we now think about the king of Timbuctoo."

Sweden lost on that dread day when "fortune fled the royal Swede," all that she had toilsomely gained thro<sup>1</sup> the slow centuries. At one blow her fairest provinces were torn from her; and the rival Russian throne ascended to European prominence over the prostrate power of Sweden.

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Peter the Great, even upon the field of victory, fully realized that Pultowa was for him the key to the Baltic. Even amid the carnage of the slaughter field where ten thousand men lay dying or dead and the Vorksla River ran red, his eagle gaze beheld the Russia resultant from the Treaty of Nystadt. Exultantly he cried out that "the sun of the morning had fallen from heaven, and the foundation of St. Petersburg at length stood firm."

From dread Pultowa's day even to the hour, Russia has steadily advanced by slow, gigantic strides unto a dominating prominence among the family of nations. The cabinets of Turkey, Austria, Germany, Italy, France, and England are secretly tho' effectively influenced by Russia.

### REPUBLIC OR EMPIRE

Napoleon said that all Europe would ultimately become either Muscovite or Republican. Which shall it be? The answer as deduced from present tendencies might be—Republican: but no thoughtful observer can fail to regard attentively and apprehensively that sullen Slavonic dominance extending insidiously and simultaneously into India, Persia, Mongolia, Turkey, the Balkans, and Central Europe.

Amalgamation, the mergence of the many into one, sameness—quiescent and content under a powerful, capable, and just administration seem to be and ever to have been the ideal form of government. The empires of the past—Egyptian, Babylonian, Persian, Grecian, Roman; the Holy Roman Empire and the Socialistic commune of the future—all include as fundamental principle this solidarity. So far, indeed, it has proved a marshlight leading to the marsh; but we dream that it will yet lead out of and beyond the muddy, bloody marsh and ultimately light up

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millennial realms of world-wide oneness, goodness, gladness, peace.

### CHARLES XII OF SWEDEN

When Charles set out on that expedition, having for its object the castigation and possible subjugation of the upstart Tartar hordes weakly held together by Peter of Russia,—all Europe believed that Charles would briefly and successfully accomplish that object.

Sweden was then a power for whose alliance and friendly interest the most powerful monarchs of Europe contended. Louis XIV of France sought the aid of Charles in the war then waging between France and England; and Marlborough, leader of the English forces in France, went personally to the court of Charles in order to solicit that monarch's aid or at least his neutrality in the great struggle then in progress,

Charles himself was fully confident of victory, and in his romantic plans drawn up for the future, the overthrow of Peter formed only an episode. A year, perhaps, would be required for the full accomplishment of the Russian enterprise; then he, Charles of Sweden, victor of Moscow and arbiter from the Kremlin, would hastily return to western Europe and begin preparations on a gigantic scale for his master-achievement—the dethronement of the Pope of Rome, and the demolition of the Papacy.

Desire-dream of many; achievement of none: for this magic Gibraltar elusively endures bearing its age-old scars as brightest ornamentations. Charles XII did not, indeed, attack Rome; but did Pultowa save the Papacy? No: the missiles of the Madman of the North, whether hurled in the real or only in that futile future plan, would have been equally ineffectual; the magic rock would, perhaps, bear

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another scar bright shining today as trophy of its past struggle and victory.

The lesson of history would seem to teach mortals to expect the unexpected. At Saratoga, at Valmy, at Pultowa, in the Teutoberger Wald, at Marathon, and at Babylon—the undreamed of, the altogether unanticipated, unprepared for, both by the combatants themselves and by the world-spectators—took place.

Charles XII, who had set out from Sweden with an army of eighty-five thousand men, Swedes and allies, escaped from the shambles of Pultowa only by swimming across a river red with blood and thus reaching an alien shore weak, wounded, a fugitive, and comparatively alone. Eighty-five thousand men died for the gratification of the personal ambition of the Swedish king; and, by the irony of fate, for the ruination of their native land and the aggrandizement of Peter I, subsequently and, perhaps, consequently Peter the Great of Russia.

### SLAVONIC VERSUS TEUTONIC

The battle of Pultowa was the first decisive victory of the Slavonic race over the Germanic. Arnold, in his "Lectures on Modern History," says that the last chapter of the history of Europe will narrate the achievements leading to Muscovite ascendancy and the glories of world-dominant Panslavism.

Do nations and races attain only to a certain degree of excellence and then deteriorate? And is that the plan fatefully fixed for the planet Earth? Mycenae, Troy, Philae, Babylon, Athens, Rome make answer in the affirmative.

A poem, "Christ in the Universe," by Alice Meynell, comes to mind. In a few master touches the writer describes God's way of revealing Himself to us mortals:

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"With the ambiguous earth  
His dealings have been told us; these abide;  
The signal to a maid, the human birth,  
The lesson, and the Young Man crucified.\*

But do the other planets of our solar system, do the stars, those countless suns controlling countless planets—know aught of God's way of dealing with our Earth? Or can we even in loftiest flight of thought conceive "in what guise He walked the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear?"

Then the good glad confidence of the soul in touch with God, in tune with the Infinite, in *Te Deum* ecstasy of exultation, overflows in the concluding lines:

"Oh, be prepared my soul;  
To read the unconceivable, to scan  
The million forms of God those stars unroll,  
When in our turn we show to them—a Man."

They are indeed blessed in whom dwells this abiding confidence, and for whom at times at least there is overflow in *Te Deum* exultation. The slaughter-fields of history and rivers rolling red; the answerless *Whys* wailing from out the past forlorn as Pharaoh-ghosts in search of non-existent mummies; the chaos of it all, from Memphis to modern Cairo; the damnable wrongs, the demon cruelties, the awful sufferings, the hellish horrors—all sound sonoral in orchestral harmony when faith and hope and good, glad confidence play dominant and the soul is exultant in God.

### DEATH OF CHARLES

Charles XII never rallied from the defeat of Pultowa. He did, indeed, linger for a time in Turkey, striving to enlist the sympathies of the Sultan in his behalf. And his-

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tory relates that at last the Sultan yielded to the importunities of Charles, and that an army was fitted out for the invasion of Russia: but the command of the forces was entrusted to the Vizier, not to Charles. And the story runs that the Russians were completely trapped by the Turkish troops and Pultowa seemed about to be avenged and the hand of destiny turned backward; when Catherine, later the wife of Peter the Great and first empress of Russia, seeing the hopelessness of exit from the trap into which the Russians had fallen, went secretly by night into the tent of the Grand Vizier, and by her charms, and by her gifts of gold, diamonds, and pearls bribed the stern old soldier so that he failed to see the following day that the Russians were secretly stealing away from the trap in which he had caught them.

Charles withdrew to Sweden and, a war having broken out between Norway and Sweden, he was killed at the siege of Frederickshall: but just how he met death is not authoritatively known. He was found dead in the trenches the night preceding the battle.

Voltaire has sympathetically told the story of Charles XII of Sweden. His meteoric career has often been used as Johnson happily said: "To point a moral or adorn a tale." He ranks with Alexander and Napoleon in personal magnetism, in phenomenal attainment, and in the ultimate loss and evanishment of all attained. His name and fame are ever subtly suggestive of:

**"Dread Pultowa's day  
When fortune left the royal Swede;  
Around a slaughtered army lay  
No more to combat and to bleed;  
The power and fortune of the war  
Had passed to the triumphant Czar."**

—BYRON.

FIFTEENTH CRISIS  
BATTLE OF SARATOGA  
A. D. 1775

*// was at Saratoga, not at Yorktown, that destiny played and won **her** first game in the New World. The American Revolution was a continuation of the revolt that forced King John to sign the Magna Charta; and of the civil uprising that sent Charles I to the block. The eagle gaze of France saw what lay potential in the battle of Saratoga, and she immediately recognized the claims of the colonists. France sent aid in money and in troops—and finally the dip of destiny fell in favor of the American Revolution.*

SARATOGA

THE surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga, though not, perhaps, properly classed among battles, is nevertheless properly classed among events momentous in their influence upon the destinies of nations. Looking upon the American Revolution as a whole and from a dispassionate distance, Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga is seen to be the fateful turning of the tide which rolled from crest-wave English victory back to slow but sure English discomfiture and ultimate defeat.

As result of the Colonial victory at Saratoga came recognition of the Independent United States of America, first from France, later from Spain, and still later from Holland. Confidence was established; untried troops had stood breast to breast against veterans of the British army, against skilled Grenadiers, and these untried troops had won; they had caused the proud British general to retreat from place to place, they had surrounded him at last on Saratoga

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Heights and forced him to capitulate. The independence of the thirteen original states and all evolutionary Republican America lay potential in the victory of Generals Gates and Arnold over Burgoyne and his veterans at Saratoga.

### PLAN

"The best laid plans of mice and men  
Gang aft aglcy." —BURNS.

Burgoyne's plan was good; and had not General St. Leger failed to capture Fort Stanwix and then to proceed along the Mohawk to its confluence with the Hudson and there join his force to that of Burgoyne; and had not General Baum failed to win the battle of Bennington and so secure the magazines of provisions so sorely needed by the British army; and had not Lord Howe considered it more advantageous to cross over to the Delaware and attack Philadelphia, rather than remain at New York for emergency; and had not General Clinton been retarded in his victorious advance up from Albany; if all, or perhaps any of these conditions had been the reverse of what they were, why, history might be the reverse of what it is.

Momentous little things—so seeming trifling, inconsequential, negligible—and yet potential of cataclysmic calamity! An insect bores into the heart of an oak, and the forest monarch falls: a tiny trickling rill freezes in the rock and the mountain is rent asunder; a pine twig breaks under its weight of snow and the awful avalanche comes crashing down. In the moral world, too, the results seem altogether out of proportion to the cause; a glance of suspicion and the bloom of perfect trust is gone from the heart forever; an unkind word and love withers, a deed—it dies; one lie, one little wormy lie, and the fair integrity

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of character has in it the boring insect with which it may, indeed, flourish full foliage for a season, but by which, in the end, it must, being hollow hearted, succumb to the storm and fall and die.

Perhaps when Burgoyne sent for the Indians and made them part of his fighting force, he then admitted into his moral make-up, as well as his military, the mighty "little thing" which should silently yet forcefully work disaster. For many men who were irresolute as to which side to join, being indeed loyal at heart to the mother country and hesitating to strike against her, boldly threw in their fortunes with the Colonists when they heard that the Red Man formed part of the force of the advancing army. They knew what savage warfare meant even better than Burgoyne knew. Many are inclined to excuse Burgoyne on the plea that he knew nothing of the horrible atrocities of the Indian when intoxicated with the blood of battle: but fate did not excuse him. His Indians never knew the intoxication of victorious battle—thanks to the stern resolution of men who fought in defence of mothers, sisters, wives, and children shuddering in near-by homes: and as defeat came and ignominious retreat from post to post before the enraged advance of a conquering foe, the Indians deserted the army and slunk away through the western wilds back to their native tribes.

### BENEDICT ARNOLD

Strange that history remembers only Arnold the Traitor and not Arnold the hero of Ticonderoga, Quebec, and Saratoga. Too bad he didn't die in that brilliant charge upon Burgoyne's intrenchments, where, after overcoming all obstacles and apparently just on the point of victory, he was wounded in the same leg that had been painfully

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injured in the assault on Quebec—and carried fainting and profusely bleeding from the field. To be twice wounded for a cause and then to betray it—perverse human heart, who shall know its depths of perversity 1

And yet the events since that time, which Arnold could not foresee or foreknow, rather than the concomitant circumstances of that time, which Arnold saw and knew, have proclaimed him traitor. And had the results been otherwise, had not his own mad efforts helped turn the tide at Saratoga, Arnold might now be known as a shrewdly diplomatic young officer who, influenced by a beautiful Tory wife and seeing the cause of the Colonists desperate, had timely transferred his allegiance to the British army and bravely helped along the conquering cause of the mother country.

And Major Andre sleeps in honored rest in old Westminster Abbey; while the man twice wounded in battle, the hero of Ticonderoga, Quebec, and Saratoga sleeps in an unhonored grave, having as epitaph indelibly traced upon the surrounding air and earth and water and sky—*Arnold the Traitor.*

### GENERAL FRAZIER

General Frazier was mortally wounded in the engagement which took place October 7th. He died in camp the following day. The Italian historian, Botta, gives the following account of his burial: "Toward midnight the body of General Frazier was buried in the British camp. His brother officers assembled sadly around while the funeral service was read over the remains of their brave comrade, and his body was committed to the hostile earth. The ceremony, always mournful and solemn of itself, was rendered even terrible by the sense of recent losses, of present

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and future dangers, and of regret for the deceased. Meanwhile, the blaze and roar of the American artillery amid the natural darkness and stillness of the night came on the senses with startling awe. The grave had been dug within rangs of the enemy's batteries; and while the service was proceeding a cannon ball struck the ground close to the coffin and spattered earth over the face of the officiating chaplain."

There is something painfully pathetic in the scene thus presented to the imagination. War has no respect for the rights of the living or the dying or the dead.

### SURRENDER

On the 13th of October, 1777, General Burgoyne, besieged by overpowering numbers on the heights of Saratoga and seeing that his army was facing disease and famine, and being unable to establish communication either with Lord Howe or with General Clinton—opened negotiations with General Gates as to conditions of surrender.

At first General Gates demanded that the royal army should surrender themselves prisoners of war. Burgoyne refused.

It was later agreed upon that "the troops under General Burgoyne were to march out of their camp with the honors of war, and the artillery—of the entrenchments, to the verge of ths river, where the arms and the artillery were to be left. The arms to be piled by word of command from their own officers. A free passage was to be granted to the army under Lieutenant-General Burgoyne to Great Britain upon condition of not serving again in North America during the present contest."

These conditions having been formally accepted, an army of weak and wounded men laboriously descended

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the heights and marched out to the place appointed for the laying down of arms. General Gates was on this occasion extremely courteous, and the Colonial troops were soon fraternizing with the English soldiers and striving in every way to supply their many needs and wants.

General Clinton, who was but fifty miles down the river with supplies and men, heard with dismay of Burgoyne's surrender. Lord Howe's plans were all broken up by this sudden change of fortune. And the far-away, sleepily-stubborn British Parliament felt the first cold intimation that it might possibly be wrong and Burke might possibly be right in their respective estimates of the rebel children in the wide awake, wonderful New World.

And so the failure of the New York plans, culminating in Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, proved to be one of the mighty little things potential of results that change the destinies of nations.

## FRENCH REVOLUTION

### FRENCH REVOLUTION: TALLEYRAND

Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Perigord was a sane, tolerant and disgusted spectator of the mad drama played on the stage of Europe in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the early nineteenth. If—as runs Voltaire's famous witticism—the other planets are inhabited, then perchance our earth may be the "madhouse of the universe": then surely revolutionary France was the most violent maniac ward of the earth-madhouse, and Talleyrand saw it in its most appalling paroxysms of madness.

It is difficult even now to take a dispassionate view of the French Revolution and not to yield to the tug of bias urging strongly either for royalty or for the proletariat. Perhaps the tug of bias is more commonly felt in favor of the proletariat. Carlyle says that the shrieks of those who fell under the rage of the *Canaille* of Paris have filled the world; but that the shrieks of the mighty in high places, tho' heard around the world, did not in grim reality stand for as much suffering as did the silence of the peasantry: and that, as a whole all over the country, there was less suffering during the five years of the Revolution than during any consecutive preceding five years of that country's history.

And yet, whatever may be our sympathy with "The Man with the Hoe" as menacingly glaring out upon us from a Millet canvas, we should all shudder, and, if in high station, anticipatively shriek, were the power of life and death suddenly to fall into those brute hands. The orangoutang of the *House in the Rue Morgue*, as luridly depicted by the pen of Edgar Allan Poe, would be soon satiated and hence reasonable and merciful in comparison with the Man with the Hoe capriciously perched on the pinnacle of power. Remember Robespierre.

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The wisest and most disciplined minds of the ages have found a stumbling block to their wisdom and their integrity in the possession of absolute power. The use of power is the touch-stone of a man's greatness: and for one found great by the test there are a thousand found or rendered base. Misuse and too often the abuse of power is the fatal gangrene corrupting the efficacy of countless organizations, institutions, municipalities, and governments of the world today even as in the French Revolution days and in the long, dreary centuries that preceded. But if the wise, the disciplined, the morally great fail in the use of power, what tragic horror and mountain-madness must ensue when power passes into the hands of the imbecile, the undisciplined, the mentally unawakened, the mortally base!

### TALLEYRAND, THE DIPLOMAT

"Language was given us to conceal our thoughts," said Talleyrand, the excommunicated bishop of Autun. Perhaps these words best explain the cynic sneer never quite absent from the lips of Talleyrand; they also indicate the seer's unerring insight into things as they were, the dauntless eagle-gaze into, through, and beyond them. Talleyrand of the delicate hands, of the manners of the old *noblesse*, the star scholar of St. Sulpice, the honor graduate of the Sorbonne, the ex-bishop, laicized priest, statesman, diplomat, nobleman—would not willingly submit to indignities at the hands of the Parisian mob or grace the guillotine: and so by the magic play of words that concealed thoughts he became citizen Talleyrand. What's in a name? Humor the mad city while the paroxysm is on; laugh at it when it is over.

"He who fights and runs away,  
May live to fight another day.\*\*

## FRENCH REVOLUTION

And so by the magic of words, Talleyrand was sent as minister plenipotentiary of the nascent, non-existent Republic to engage the interest of England in its behalf. And when the paroxysm was over and the cynic laugh was on the lips of Talleyrand, the muddled members of the National Assembly realized that they had been outwitted; and in consequence the name Charles Maurice Talleyrand-Perigord figured ominously on the list of *Smtgris*. But the seer did not return. Whatever his words may have been, his actions were in accordance with his thoughts. And tho' England was for him a land of mist and fog and of stony monosyllabic people utterly alien, yet he remained there many years.

In January, 1794, he set sail from England for a visit to the United States. He remained here about a year, speculating freely and thereby increasing his fortune, whilst carefully studying American laws and institutions.

When the storm of revolution had spent itself, or rather when a man strong enough to control the storm and direct its forces to his own interests had arisen, Talleyrand returned to his beloved France.

## NAPOLEON

Diamond cut diamond. Napoleon knew Talleyrand even as Talleyrand knew Napoleon: each needed the other; each understood the possible relation between language and thought.

Talleyrand became Napoleon's principal adviser and indefatigable aid on the way to empire. Napoleon, when emperor, conferred upon Talleyrand the title Prince of Benevento.

But again came the old abuse of power, the blindness of the man on the height, the dizzy despotism, the fall:

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and, Talleyrand saw it all long before it came, and while his courtier lips smiled upon Napoleon, doomed favorite of fortune, his thoughts were planning the restoration of the Bourbons.

Talleyrand was representative of France at the Congress of Vienna. How disgusted he must have been and how cynically eloquent in suppression of his thoughts when he heard the worthies there assembled calmly proposing the restoration of the *status quo* of Europe previous to Napoleon and the Revolution: ignoring the France of Napoleon; trying to bridge over by a footpath of arbitrary power the awful gap between the present and the past made by the French Revolution.

Again at the Court of Louis XVIII. the diplomatic abilities of Talleyrand were called into requisition. He was appointed minister of foreign affairs and made a peer of France,

But scarcely had his unhappy country begun to breathe freely after the long strain of horrors thro\* which it had passed, when the air was again rent with the shrieks of the vengeance of the Bourbons and the hideous White Terror was raging in Paris.

Talleyrand at length, wearied of the perplexities of courts and kings, withdrew from public life, and in the privacy of a palatial home shared with his beloved niece, Pauline Perigord, he passed his declining years in scholarly leisure and the silent enjoyment of thought.

### TALLEYRAND, THE MAN

Most men and women whom the world's estimates hold as unprincipled, Machiavellian, evil,—were, perhaps, in the deep heart of things, more sinned against than sinning. They had, in most cases at least the fatal gift of genius.

## FRENCH REVOLUTION

And that, as tortured into retaliatory madness by the wrongs and sorrows and chaotic injustices of life, made them what they were; and won for them that prominence by which the world remembers them.

Talleyrand was lame from early childhood. Physical deformity of any kind is galling to the pride of the human heart. Byron's life was, even from early boyhood, embittered by the ever present consciousness of an awkward club foot. In like manner Talleyrand's limp was a never-ending humiliation.

In consequence of this lameness, Talleyrand was deprived by his family of his right of primogeniture in favor of a younger brother, and he himself was, much against his will, forced to enter the Church. Injustice generates injustice : and the long rankling under the helpless endurance of wrong corrupts the heart.

Then, too, Talleyrand was, partly by force of circumstances and partly by his own conniving co-operation with circumstances—a hypocrite. And no one felt more keenly than he the full opprobrium implied in the Shakespearean description of a hypocrite: "He was a man who stole the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the devil in." Something of the Dean Swift laceration of soul comes at times to every man or woman whose life is a lie before God. They may bluff for a time and give and take and hold their own before men, for at last analysis not one among them dare cast the stone; but not so before God.

When those in the livery of the Church, by which they are proclaimed to the world to be of more than ordinary human virtue, are found to be only human or weakly human or despicably human, they are coincidentally, by a swift intuitive justice in the minds of men, denounced, condemned, execrated doubly and trebly because of that livery.

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Remorse is the psychic necessity that accompanies the choice of evil rather than good. Remorse is a proof of the freedom of the will. For if the will be not, in some measure, free to act or not to act, then the Almighty Arbiter of life makes us, in self-condemnatory remorse, suffer most appallingly for having done what we could not help doing. God is less just than man—*reductio ad absurdum*. Talleyrand knew and Shakespeare knew and every honest heart knows the truth of that Biblical text: "This day there is set before thee good and evil; life and death: choose."

### DEATH OF TALLEYRAND

Pauline de Perigord, grand-niece of Talleyrand, proved his good angel in the declining years of life; and her prayers, her devout tenderness, her gentle ministrations did much to soothe the cynic heart of the man of the world, deposed bishop, laicized priest: scorner of the excesses of the French Revolution; of the despotic ambition of Napoleon Bonaparte; and of the imbecile stupidity of the Bourbons of the Restoration. Truly he lived in the times in which it were well that language could be at variance with thought, since naked thought at any one of these periods would have meant death instantaneous and ignominious.

Talleyrand, at the instigation of Napoleon Bonaparte, was released from the ban of excommunication by Pope Pius VII. When free to do so, Talleyrand at last married Mme. Grant; the marriage did not prove happy, however, and it was followed in a short time by a legal separation.

Talleyrand made his peace with the Church before death: and in his "retractions" sent to the Pope he deplores the losses inflicted upon the Church by his moral irregularities and political expedencies.

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Did Talleyrand's return to the Church mean but a survival of "the ruling passion strong in death" whereby as in the case with the Bourbons, the Revolution, Napoleon, and again the Bourbons, his keen insight saw the chaos and the inevitable fall of the passing power and his instinct of self-preservation showed him safety in the rising regime: so that in the chaos of the darkness of death he adaptably sought security in the Church? Or did the faith of the star-student of austere St. Sulpice, never quite dead even under hypocrisy and Machiavellian turpitude and cynic scorn of all God's weary world,—suddenly burst into flame as fed by the Nessus-robe of his own remorse or the gentle offerings of his niece's prayerful love, and so win back to God the soul too broadly capacious to be filled by anything less than God? If by corruption the best become the worst, then, reasoning backward, the worst by the converse mercy of God are yet ever inherently capable of becoming the best.

Talleyrand died in Paris, May 17, 1838. Prayer and love lingered round his death-bed; the last absolution of the ever compassionately forgiving Mother Church came as soothing balm to his soul. And thus passed that perturbed spirit into the great Explanation; into the white light of Truth where thought and language are identical and nothing can be concealed: unto the Maker and Knower and only capable Judge of the human heart.

### FRENCH REVOLUTION: MARIE ANTOINETTE

The influence of woman is glaringly in evidence in the history of France. The peasant maid of Domremy, long before she became Joan of Arc, cherished in her heart a village prophecy, dreamed of it under the Fairy Tree, prayed over it in the village Church, heard it amid the wonder of her voices, vowed to fulfill it,—fulfilled it. And

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the prophecy was: "As France has been ruined by a woman, so, too, a woman shall save France." Isabella of Bavaria, unworthy queen, dissolute wife of a maniac king, had ruined France: she, the peasant maid of Domremy, dreamer of dreams, seer of visions, hearer of voices—should yet save France. And she did.

The brilliant English victories of the Hundred Years' War—Sluys, Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt—were negated by the raising of the siege of Orleans and the victory of Patay. The bold achievements of Edward III of England, and the Black Prince; of Henry V and of Talbot were rendered null by Joan of Arc. Of all the claims of England upon France—the patrimony of William the Conqueror, the rich dower of Eleanor, the conquests of Edward III and of Henry V, the throne of France as accorded to England by the *Treaty of Troyes*—England could claim at the close of the Hundred Years' War only Calais. The humiliation of the Treaty of Troyes was blotted out, its conditions were repudiated: a French king, Charles VII of the Valois branch of the line of Capet, sat on the throne of France: and Henry VI of England, crowned in infancy king of France, never wore the double crown, never realized the emblem of his favorite banner—a rampant lion quartered with the fleur-de-lis; the game of the Hundred Years' War lost preponderantly by France for ninety-nine years was yet won in the hundredth by Joan of Arc. Whatever doubt there may be whether France was ruined by a woman there can be no doubt that a woman saved France.

As in no other country the lower classes have suffered so much from bad government as in France; so it was fitting, in the eternal balance of effects and causes, that, in no other country, should the governmental classes suffer so much from the aroused fury of the masses. Charles VI,

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a mild maniac, lucid at intervals, governed France for more than thirty years. The "deluge" that, in the latter part of the eighteenth century, inundated royalty and aristocracy had been fatefully gathering since the time of Charlemagne. When it came its seething potency lay in its briny blood and tears; and they made possible the demon orgies of 1793.

### DEATH OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

If the dissolute Isabella of Bavaria brought about the humiliation of France, Joan of Arc restored France to honor: if the sins of court favorites lay heavy upon France, surely in the supreme sufferings of Marie Antoinette there was expiation. Considered objectively there is no tincture of bitterness in the cup of possible human sorrows that did not enter into her cup. Whether or not she was subjectively capable of suffering all that her dread fate held of suffering, none can know; perhaps not; we hope not. An unpopular queen, she whose breath of life was popularity; a sister derided by France in her grief for a dead brother, Leopold of Austria; a mother lamenting the death of her eldest boy amid the ominous silence of revolutionary France; a prisoner in the Conciergerie; "Widow Capet"; outraged mother (foulest concoction of the blackest depths of the blackest human heart,—execrable Hebert!)—fair, calm, tragic victim of the guillotine.

Canon Sheehan, in *The Queens Fillet*, thus describes the death of Marie Antoinette.

"At eleven o'clock, on the morning of October 16th, amidst the scattered crowd which were assembled before the prison of the Conciergerie, a word of command rang out; and the infantry and huzzars, who lined the whole place, stood to attention; and in a moment, the doors of

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the prison were flung open and a procession emerged. A few municipal officers in their tricolor scarves came first; and then a pale-faced woman, her two arms bare to the elbows, tightly bound with a rope, the end of which was held in the hand of the man who followed. It was the queen in the hands of her executioner. She was dressed in white; that is, she wore a white blouse or bodice, and a muslin neckerchief covered her neck and breast. Over a black petticoat she had a white one. Her hair, blanched since that terrible journey from Varennes, was cut short by her own hands, and covered with a white cap secured by a black fillet of silk or velvet. Two similar bands of black velvet were on her wrists. She stopped for a moment, and looked round at the crowd and at the soldiers. Then at a gesture from Grammont she moved toward the cart. Her husband, the king, had been accommodated with a carriage. This was a common cart, muddy and dirty, without even a little straw. A narrow plank stretched from side to side. A little ladder of three or four steps was at one end. The executioner offered his hand when they reached the cart. His victim put it aside, and calmly ascended without assistance. She took her seat on the plank facing the horses, but was ordered to move around, and make way for the constitutional priest, who then sat by her side, a crucifix in his hands. She had no need of his services, because already a priest, the Abbe Magnin, had been smuggled into the *Conciergerie* by the loving ingenuity of unknown friends, and she had heard Mass and received Holy Communion in her dark cell. She needed no spiritual assistance now: nor would she have accepted it from the forsworn and excommunicated priest whom the Commune deputed to attend her. He made several attempts to elicit some remarks from her. She kept an imperturbable silence

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after one retort when he exhorted her to have courage:

" 'Ah, Sir, there is no need. I have been serving my apprenticeship to it for several years. It is not likely that in the supreme moment when I need it, and that is to terminate my misfortune, I shall fail/

"The procession moved on first in silence, then a hired mob of drunken women began to shout and jeer. Some better educated persons shouted 'Fredegonde,' 'Messalina.' At the Church of St. Roch, a few ladies in deep mourning cried out: 'Mercy! Mercy!' A faint blush covered the face of the queen, who, however, continued looking steadily before her, neither to right or left, the little color on her temples emphasizing the deadly pallor of her cheeks. Once or twice she appeared interested when, in huge staring letters, some revolutionary emblem or advertisement caught her notice. Once, her eye caught sight of a priest, standing at a window. He raised his hand as if to give absolution. She smiled and bowed her head. And once, she saw a lady and a child at another window. The child kissed hands. The lady was weeping; and tears came into the dry eyes of Marie Antoinette. Otherwise, she passed thro' the tumultuous and shouting crowds, as if she did not see them. Her eyes were bloodshot. They were gazing into eternity.

"At last they came to the Place de la Revolution, and she mounted the scaffold whereon, a few months before, the king had suffered. The place was dense with a riotous and blaspheming and pitiless crowd. The furies of Paris, those dreadful women who brought their stools and knitting with them every day as if to a play and shouted, 'Bravo!', as each head fell beneath the axe, swayed around the scaffold, shouting the most abominable and approbrious epithets. She did not see them. She looked over their heads at the palace of the Tuileries. A little emotion of

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

sadness and regret swept over her soul as she thought of the *Then* and *Now*.

"Then, turning to the executioner, she whispered, 'Make haste! Quick!' and in doing so she trod inadvertently on the man's foot. He said, 'Oh!', as if in pain; and in that supreme moment she apologized with queenly courtesy: 'Pardon me, Monsieur, I did not intend it.'

"The next moment, she was laid and tied on the narrow plank, face downwards, and pushed forward till her neck rested in the lunette. Samson released the heavy axe, which glided downwards, and the severed head rolled into the basket. Marie Antoinette was no more."

### FRENCH REVOLUTION: ANDRE CHENIER

If the Reign of Terror had ended just two days earlier than it did, Andre Chenier, the Poet of the Revolution, would have lived to sing of the fall of Robespierre. On July 25th, Andre Chenier, Boucher, and forty-four companions met death by the guillotine; and two days later, July 27th, the coalition between the Girondists and the Mountain party was formed, having for its object the overthrow of the tyrant. "You weep for Verginaud," said Tallien, "and we weep for Danton: let us unite their shades by smiting Robespierre." And under this double vengeance, the dread man of blood, the arch-fiend of the Reign of Terror, fell at last and passed by the broadly beaten path to the guillotine.

So many execrating epithets have been heaped upon Robespierre that, just as a matter of refusing to compete where one\* cannot hope to surpass, and of dull wonder at the Carlylian carbuncle-blazing execrations already inseparably one with the name, it would be capriciously prudent to leave Robespierre unmodified.

## FRENCH REVOLUTION

There is no doubt that terror—daily, hourly, momentary terror—was the animating principle urging on to atrocity after atrocity the mighty maniac whose madness made the Reign of Terror. Yet Robespierre will always stand as a terribly fascinating enigma of history: and never in this life will there be satisfactory explanation of the degenerative mental, moral, and spiritual processes that changed the gentle ward of a bishop, the pupil of a priest, the young attorney who pleaded against capital punishment, into—*Robespierre*.

In the quick evolution of the Revolution, Robespierre had seen successively the dropping off and disappearance of the Old Right of the first Assembly, the Right Center, the Left Center, the Left. He stood alone on the terror heights for a time; then he fell. The factions had mutually destroyed one another.

To a disinterested observer of the drama of the French Revolution, and of history in general, from the roll-up of the curtain even to the scene enacting in the hour,—the strife, the object, and the attainment of the combative forces seem strikingly suggestive of those of the Kilkenny cats.

"There once were two cats in Kilkenny,  
Each thought there was *one* cat too many:  
So they fought and they fit,  
And they scratched and they bit;  
Till—instead of two cats,  
There wasn't any."

### THE POET OF THE REVOLUTION

Andre Chenier was loud in his denunciations of the abuses of royalty and privilege: he was louder still in denunciation of the wild excesses of the Jacobins. And his note of protest arose shrilly and persistently and death-

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

feeling fearlessly thro' an atmosphere heavily fraught with fear. His father and brother were men of the Revolution and members of the Committee of Public Safety, or the young enthusiast would, long ere the virtual close of the Revolution, have been silenced by Samson—past master of the guillotine.

Chenier's grief and indignation at the trial and death of Marie Antoinette were beyond all bounds. He, with true poetic insight, perceived that in that ignominious crime lay the irreparable degradation of the manhood of France.

Chenier had seen the queen in the Palace of Versailles; and he beheld her again on that frightful morning, October 16th, as she was led forth from the Conciergerie, as she mounted the tumbril, as she passed thro' the ruffraff crowd vociferating "*A has l' Autrichienne!*" as she ascended the scaffold; as at 12:15 P. M. the blade thudded down and the head rolled into the basket. As man, as patriot, as poet he raved against the wrong, and his denunciatory lamentations reverberated even amid the ominous thunders of the Reign of Terror.

The well-known portrait, "Marie Antoinette and Her Children," by the court painter, Madame Vigee Lebrun, comes to mind as a bright relief from the lurid scaffold setting; as does also the masterly description of Marie Antoinette by Edmund Burke: "It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy. O what a Revolution! and what a heart must

## FRENCH REVOLUTION

I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall. Little did I dream when she added tides of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her, in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor and of cavaliers! I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with assault. But the age of chivalry is gone."

### THE SINGER SILENCED

On the day that Charlotte Corday was led to the scaffold in the red garb of a murderess, Chenier expressed, in burning words, his admiration for the heroine who had dared to do and die rather than lament and live. "Thou alone wast a man! Thou hast avenged humanity; whilst we, unmanned, unsexed, a soulless herd of poltroons, repeated a thousand womanly and plaintive cries, for our trembling hands were too weak to grasp the dagger."

The tyrants in high places trembled at these words and the song-bird was captured and caged. But he sang, tho' in prison, loud and well, and even until the gloomy corridors re-echoed with his name summoning to the scaffold. His swan song is as follows:

"As the sun's last flashing ray,  
As the last cool breeze from the shore,  
Cheer the close of a dying day,  
Thus I strike my lyre once more.  
As now by the scaffold I wait  
Each moment of time seems the last,  
For the clock, like a finger of fate,  
Points onwards and onwards fast.

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

Perchance ere the hand goes **round**,  
Perchance ere I hear the beat  
Of the measured and vigilant sound  
Of its sixty sonorous feet—  
The sleep of the tomb will close  
On my wearied lids and eyes,  
Before each thronging thought that glows  
Can have taken fitting guise.  
And one bearing death in his hand  
Like a grim recruiter of shades  
Will come with his murderous band  
And, amid the clangor of blades,  
Fill all the gloomy corridors  
With resoundings of my name—"

The dread summons came, the song unfinished ceased, the "grim recruiter of shades" led the way to the guillotine; and within the "beat of the sixty sonorous feet" of the prison clock dread-watched by the poet, the sweet singer and the swan-song had hushed into silence.

How bravely those men and women of the old *regime* died; and how heroically and Sidney-Carton magnanimously many of those men and women, victims of the fury clash of factions, accepted their fate!

The Revolution is past. The roarings of the "deluge" have been slowly seething into silence the last hundred years. Yet while time is time its momentous message is flashed across from nation to nation, from government to government, from man to man. Dully crimson as a mountain carbuncle back in the past, it is ever silently suggestive of what has been and of what may again be as result of social upheavals; of the breaking away from moorings in the known and the stable; of the repudiation of the religious principles—self-denial, self-restraint, self-control, self-sacrifice; of the vengeful uprising of the masses against

## FRENCH REVOLUTION

iniquity in high places, injustice, oppression, rank wrong.

So long as combustibles remain unignited their true nature and power are unrecognized and, in many cases, unknown. The grievances of the Jacques ie, their sullen hate and fear of the nobility date back farther than the battle of Rosbecque or Courtrai. But when, to slumbrously potential wrath, cowed down by social customs, controlled by the hopes and promises of a religious creed, there is suddenly applied the torch of the *Contrat Social*, and "icrasez Vinjame" awful conflagration is inevitable.

The influence of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, the Encyclopaedists, had been paramount among the upper classes in France during the last half of the eighteenth century; more tardy but more deadly meaningful was this influence when, in the last decade of the century, it penetrated to and permeated the masses. Danton, Marat, Hebert, Billaud-Varennes, Fouquier-Tinval, Collot d'Herbois, Camille Desmoulin, Samson, the Leeches, the Knitters, Couthon, Robespierre were among the monsters resultant from this hybridization.

Whatever may be world censure of delinquent churchmen that of the Church itself is more severe. None deplores as the Church deplores, the evils wrought by her children. In some manner, too, she shares their blame; for if she is a mother, then nothing that the children do can be utterly alien to her. And if she is a mother, then no matter what wrong the children do, or how far they may wander away, or how deeply they may wound her, their mother—yet she awaits their return, she welcomes them back, she breathes over them the words of Absolution, and her Requiem arises in pleading peace-prayer for a Talleyrand, a Louis XV and, if needs be, for a Hebert, a Robespierre.

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

No excess of depravity in human nature can surprise the Church; she is very old and very wise. Her foundation is upon traitor human nature condoned and strengthened and upheld by the Divine. Venerable thro' the ages and fearless today she stands remembering her throes while Gaul and Goth and Hun and Vandal and Norseman tore at her bosom as she took them in; remembering, too, her wounds and her scars and her victories. The Catacombs; the Persecutions; the troubled Constantine triumph; the civilizing-Christianizing of the northern barbarians; feudalism; rise of Mohammedanism; the Crusades; the strife of Guelph and Ghibelline; discovery of the New World; the sixteenth century Religious Revolt; chaos; rise of the Jesuits; slumbrously cognizant preparedness for strife—such is the Church's retrospect.

Whatever of worthlessness may be intenerated with worth in human institutions or in divine will be eroded by time—only worth will endure. And for this life, we know not why it is, but we do know that so it is—worth is a flower whose root is nurtured by self-discipline, selflessness, self-sacrifice. The educational forces which develop the power of endurance, self-mastery, and possible self-sacrifice, will produce the men and women who, by the survival of the fittest, will ultimately dominate. And amid world-wide French Revolutions and ruffraff Reigns of Terror, true worth based upon self-sacrifice will endure indestructible, indomitable, imperturbable.

SIXTEENTH CRISIS  
BATTLE OF VALMY  
A. D. 1792

*The success of the American Revolution was the torch that lit the age-old combustibles long smouldering in France. How potent is the spark—real or symbolic! The spark issuant from a lantern wick became a Chicago conflagration; the successful uprising of a far-off people against oppressive rulers made possible the French Revolution culminant in the Reign of Terror. The battle of Valmy was the first success of the Revolutionary forces in France, and it opened the way to all that followed.*

VALMY

"BURY my heart in Valmy," said Kellerman, soldier of the Seven Years' War, victor of Valmy, Marshal of France under the first Napoleon and court favorite of the Bourbons—as the shadows of old-age death deepened into darkness. And they buried his heart in Valmy.

A simple monument on the crest of the hill, the bloodiest spot of the one-time battle ground, tells to the thoughtful stranger the story of the restless heart o'er whom as o'er Madame de Stael and many another heir of a checkered heritage might be engraved as epitaph: "Here rests one who never rested."

The era ushered in by the battle of Valmy was especially prolific of men whose political principles changed violently from one extreme to the other; only to rebound again and again, until, at length, weariness and cynic scorn of good in anything caused them to drift in perplexed acquiescence wherever the tide rolled longest and strongest.

## BATTLE OF VALMY

Talleyrand, Dumouriez, Marquis de la Rouarie, Kellerman, La Fayette, Mirabeau, Due de Chartres, and even Napoleon Bonaparte were, in great measure, moulded into their respective historic moulds by the lurid lightning play of antithetic forces ever fatefully flashing and slashing and crashing around them.

### SEPTEMBER TWENTIETH

Yet in August, 1792, when sixty thousand Prussians and forty thousand Austrians and fifteen thousand of the old French *noblesse* started out upon the "military promenade to Paris": or on the morning of September 20th, when that victoriously advancing column prepared gaily for its first skirmish with the raw revolutionary levies who filled the passes of the Argonne wooded heights and threatened to impede that "promenade"—who could see or who could dare to dream what the issue of that encounter would be; what results would follow; what rivers of blood would flow; what lordly heads would roll from under the guillotine; what national madness would break out barking at the peace of Europe; what mighty madman would arise urging on that national madness, even to Wagram, Austerlitz, Moscow, Leipsic, Waterloo!

### RETRIBUTION

Had Kellerman failed to come up just in time to join forces with Dumouriez: had the Prussian advance been just an hour or two earlier: had the heavy mists lifted from the Valmy hill and Argonne wood revealing the relative positions of Kellerman and Dumouriez: had the forcing of the defile by Clairfayt and his Austrian corps proved fatally successful: had the Duke of Brunswick resolutely charged a second time up that hill of bristling bayonets: had the

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

king of Prussia, urged on by a vision of the future, authoritatively commanded that the hill be taken and himself led the charge: ah, so we learnedly say from the calm eminence far away, but history is made in the low blind fury of the fray. Perhaps, too, there were potently at work upon that fated battlefield forces that elude the gaze of the dreamer on the height far away:—a determining animus, moral and spiritual potencies formed by the slow centuries and long controlled, but now liberated and wildly free. Ghosts of ten thousand wrongs may have arisen between the gilded ranks of the French *noblesse* and the ragged rows of the Carmagnoles: and, as the spirits that arose over the tent of Richard III, the night before the battle of Bosworth Field cursed Richard and blessed Richmond; threatened Richard with defeat and death on the morrow and cheered Richmond with hopes and promises of victory; fought intangibly, invisibly, yet potently present amid the awful carnage of Bosworth Field even until death trampled down Richard: so, in like manner, may the ghosts of ten thousand wrongs have arisen between the men of the old regime and of the rebellious new—fighting for their fellow-wrongs still writhing in the flesh, fighting the old, old fight of retaliation, compensation, stern adjudication infinite justice. As the sun's rays that reach earth are but one-millionth of the rays emitted by the sun, so for everything known, bright shining on the historic page, there are a million things unknown.

### BATTLE

About seven o'clock on that battle morn, as the mists were dissipating, the successfully united French forces saw with dismay the slowly advancing army of the allies; long line of Prussian cavalry, Austrian light troops, solid col-

## BATTLE OF VALMY

umns of infantry, batteries of artillery filled the valley and moved slowly, sinuously toward the Valmy height.

Dumouriez anxiously scanned the white strained faces of his untried troops. Would they fail him in the crucial hour? Would they break away in panic rout when the death-play began? It was their custom.

At Tournay, at Lille, and in general throughout the opening campaign this uncertain "heap of shriekers" had fled away as satyrs pursued by Pan when the death-play began. Would the Carmagnoles of today, and, at deepest heart, the Jacquerie of many a yesterday, dare to fight face to face and hand to hand against the august seigneurs of the old regime—late their dread lords and masters? Three hundred years of culture lay between them.

Of all who took part in the battle that day, either among the allies or the revolutionary forces, perhaps not one realized the full importance of what had taken place as did Johann Wolfgang von Goethe—then a young man and comparatively unknown; he had followed the allies as a spectator, a curious seeker of strange scenes, a bold hot-blood, eager as his own Wilhelm Meister to taste adventure at its source and to know the ways of the world in love and in war. Goethe, with the unerring insight of genius, perceived that victory to the Carmagnoles marked a new era. In his own words to comrades in camp on the night following the battle: "From this place and from this day forth commences a new era in the world's history, and you can all say you were present at its birth."

### FRANCE, A REPUBLIC

Simultaneously with victory at Valmy, France broke from the cocoon of monarchical forms and proclaimed herself a republic. Even while the battle was raging, the Na-

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

tional Convention in Paris were engaged in this deliberation, this liberation. The Republic of France dates from September 20th, 1792. And under the regrettable excesses of the Revolution, the reactionary repression of the First Empire, of the Bourbon restoration, the revolt of 1830, of 1848, even to Sedan and the hour—the spirit of democracy, of liberty and independence born September 20th, 1792, has flourished and flourishes indestructibly, imperishably.

And yet as Dumouriez said: "France (revolutionary) was within a hair's breadth of destruction." And had victory gone that day to the allies the throne of Louis XVI would have been reinstated on foundations so firm that centuries would not shake it. For in La Vendee and throughout Brittany there was at that time a strong uprising in favor of the throne: men such as the admirable old Marquis de la Rouarie were abandoning the Revolutionary cause and turning decisively back to monarchical principles; moreover, the recent atrocious September massacres had alienated the more conservative and thoughtful men throughout France. Never was the time more propitious for the return of the mild and humane Louis XVI, the re-establishment of the monarchy, the substitution of Reform for Revolution, and of concessive peace for fratricidal war. But by that hair's breadth Republican France won: and that winning mustered out the gentlemanly old regime and ushered in the arrogant awful new.

The spirit of Valmy flies eagle-free over the world today. It is the spirit making possible the face to face and hand to hand fight between the laborer and the capitalist, the soldier and the king, woman and man: and that Spirit tells strange and terrible tales of victory.

## BURNING OF MOSCOW

### BURNING OF MOSCOW

"O music, sacred tongue of God, I hear thee  
calling and I come."  
—CONFUCIUS.

Strange that music, the most ethereal of all the arts, should so readily lend itself to the expression of primal savage emotions. In the *Opus No. 3* of Rachmaninoff, a musical description of the burning of Moscow, there is palpably contained the barbaric joy of a wild triumphant despair.

True Napoleon and his 400,000 French troops are in possession of Moscow; true the sacred precincts of the Kreml have been desecrated by the ruthless invaders, and French bacchantes now revel in the royal palaces of the ancient citadel; true Smolensk and Borodino, white now under the new-fallen snow, are yet blood-reeking with Russian blood, and many an uncouth form, somberly white, lies seemingly unavenged. But night comes, the long gray gloaming suggestive of early winter, steely cold. The music throbs with fiercely sullen pangs—the pangs whose outburst into destructive retaliation is young-world madness. The bell of the Kremlin (Russian, *Kreml*) tolls. The music, wildly cognizant, accords with all that the sound expresses, all that it more mysteriously implies.

What horror waits in the echoing silence? What solemn destiny hovers over the doomed city, lurks potential within, envelopes, enmasses? Fire. Fire simultaneously rising from a thousand oil-saturated buildings; fire here, there, everywhere; fire in the Kitai-Gorod, in the Bielo Gorod, in the Zemlianoi Gorod, in the Slobodi; fire in the Kremlin.

Conflagration!—burning Nineveh, burning Troy, burning Rome, burning Moscow—and over the devastation of

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

the world, *boom, boom, boom*, sounds the Kreml bell!

The music is fatefully Slavonic. And thro' the terror and the horror and the red-lit darkness twangs sharply the chord of defiance, savage joy of sacrifice, indomitable triumph-cry of far off victory, primal wonder, primal strife, primal love and hate wild rampant in the dual heart of man.

Deplore it, ignore it, deny it, if we can; yet more truthfully admit that we hear what the music says, we know that twanging chord,—we understand. Not so far are we up on the heights but that we may hear and understand and fiercely respond to the guttural growl of the valley. Assyrian cruelty in war, Roman butchery, Indian torture, French Revolution fury, Turco-Italian atrocities in Tripoli, Manchu revenge, are all chorded in the horrible harmony of the Burning of Moscow.

### NAPOLEON

"I see the fate of Carthage," mournfully cried Hannibal as in sunny Italy, he gazed upon the severed head of his brother, Hasdrubal. And "I see the fall of the First Empire," mournfully mused Napoleon as he gazed on the flaming ruins of Moscow. Outwitted; victory turned into impalpable defeat; Smolensk; Borodino, the successful march of 400,000 men over a distance of nearly three thousand miles—suddenly negated, rendered void and self-menacing by this master element, devouring shelter, supplies, food; and leaving a starving army in the heart of a desolate, hostile snow world.

Yet how spectacular the grief; how world-eminent the stage of Napoleonic tragedy! Moscow, Austerlitz, Leipsic, Waterloo, St. Helena, Hotel des Invalides must ever stand as peaks that over-tower the commonplace.

## BURNING OF MOSCOW

### RETREAT

The word *retreat* forms a sadly consonant rhyme with the word *defeat*. Perhaps they differ only as prelude differs from climactic crash.

The well-known painting "1814," by Meissonier, tells to the eye what prose would tell to the intellect, poetry to the heart, music to the soul. Napoleon is fatefully advancing into the penumbral gray of the black cloud, *Waterloo*. He is urged thereto by flurries of ghostly shadows that rise from Russian snows and rush forth from under a fallen bridge in a darkly flowing river. Sad Beresina seems to sob in the steely background.

### WAR

Truly more or less than man was he who could behold the wreck of that once magnificent army of men 400,000 strong, the Grand Army, the pride of France, the terror of Europe—and not feel his soul bleed as from a thousand wounds. Did Napoleon so suffer? No words attest that he suffered. We know not. But that very silence condemns him as less than man.

No one who prizes soul-worth—be he philosopher, Buddha under the Bodhi tree, hermit of the Thebaid, dervish of the Yellow Robe, cloister contemplative, Christian martyr, saint, or seer—would willingly exchange places with Napoleon; would willingly give in exchange one least last tittle of immortally enduring soul-worth for all the world wonder and magic splendor and tragic triumph connoted by the name *Napoleon*.

History estimates that not fewer than 500,000 men, French and Russian, perished as result of Napoleon's invasion of Russia. The number is appalling. Tolstoy, in

## SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY

his thoughtful work, *Peace and War*, has given in full the details of this awful paragraph of history.

When will war be hurled forever from off the face of the earth? When will the blinded soldiers see that they—their wives, their children, their own bodies and souls—are too often the willing victims offered on the altar of some Mars-ambition or Bellona madness?

When the soldiers see clearly; when *Demos* attaining unto full conscious strength and dignity solemnly says, "*We will not be sacrificed*": when rulers are *men*, kindly, humane, wise, generous *men*—then wars will cease,

### Moscow

Picturesque Moscow, "beautiful and rich, grotesque and absurd, magnificent and mean"; cosmopolitan Moscow, with pagodas, temples, and churches, Chinese tea-houses, French cafes, Turkish bazaars, Russian market-places—all amicably struggling side by side; Moscow of the sullen, silent Moskva River, the sacred Kremlin, the starry scars of the years! Blow of Lithuanian plunderers, blast of Tartar-Tamerlane, blight of the savage self-burning planned by Rostopchin—yet thro' all ever somberly picturesque, phoenix-vital, Panslavic-terrible!

The music of Rachmaninoff twangs down into sullen sobbing. 'Tis the night of the fifth day of the Conflagration. Fire has enjoyed full feast; it would lie slumbrously still amid charred ruins that shell-likd re-echo the roar of the red rolling sea. It would lotus-lovingly remember, but not rise again, not rage any more, not devouringly roar: rest in) the ruins seems best.

The broad white plains surrounding Moscow are homesick with farewells; Smolensk, Borodino, and waiting Bérésina, and the Death-Retreat shudderingly awake in weird *Heimweh*.

## BURNING OF MOSCOW

Yet dauntlessly defiant amid desolation, sullen silent as the Moskva River, yet with heart responsive to the dirge of battles, the homesickness of the plains, the soldiers' *Heimweh*, the white farewells—stood the spirit of Panslavism. "Here I stay, and here I suffer, and here I die, and here I shall rise again," says the Spirit as the music in Herculean wrestling with destiny suddenly dies down o'er the white plains, the darkly rolling river, the fire-fiends slumbrously at rest in the charred ruins of Moscow.

### Music

Silence and emptiness: the sudden ceasing to be of the magic palace of sound; gone shimmering with burst-bubble iridescence—the light that never was on land or sea, the poet's dream, the glory and the gleam!

"Never to be again! But many more of the kind.

As good, nay, better, perchance: Is this your comfort to me?"

We, too, in sympathy with Abt Vogler, indignantly turn from such solace. Rather would we believe with the poet-musician that:

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;  
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, no good, no power  
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist  
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.  
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,  
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,  
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;  
Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by and by."

We are more gentle in soul because we have seen and known that magical palace of sound; we are more humanly cognizant, more wisely world-sympathetic because we have heard and pityingly understood Rachmaninoff's *Burning of Moscow*.

## SEVENTEENTH CRISIS

# BATTLE OF WATERLOO

A. D. 1815

*Had Napoleon won at Waterloo—what would have been the history of the past one hundred and eighteen years? Better or worse? Would there have been a German Empire and a World War? Napoleon lost Waterloo, and therewith France lost all the territorial conquests she had won in twenty-five years of successful warfare. But the spirit of the French Revolution did not die at Waterloo—it rose liberated; it diffused itself over all the world. It is deathless today.*

WATERLOO stands for the sudden darkening of the blazing comet, 'Raphael' and for the return of France to the realm of the real after twenty-five years of hysterical unreality. Consequentially, too, Waterloo meant the relaxation of the terrible war-tension which had held rigid both Europe and the civilized world. The victor-trampling of Napoleon's troops was heard on this side of the Atlantic; and our second war with England (1812-1814) was, in great measure, both in origin and in purposeless conclusion the result of that victor-trampling.

After Waterloo (June 18, 1815) the war-weary world snapped tension and sank to rest; though perhaps the secret tremor was not utterly stilled until six years later, May 5, 1821) when Napoleon, Man of Destiny, lay dead at St. Helena.

Youth may idolize Napoleon, age may condemn; but so long as human nature is what it is, we ordinary mortals—knowing difficulties that attend success, eminence, excel-

## BATTLE OF WATERLOO

lence; knowing the almost insuperable obstacles that bar the way to supremacy, be it cosmopolitan, national, provincial, municipal, or parochial—will ever regard with wonder the man who won excellence and world-wide supremacy.

It has been said that a base man or a thoroughly selfish man cannot truly love or inspire love. Whom did Napoleon love? History answers, "Napoleon." Yet Napoleon certainly inspired love. Josephine, the army, the Old Guard devotedly loved Napoleon. In the song from the French 'To Napoleon,' beginning with the line "Must thou go, my glorious Chief," some ardent admirer lamenting Napoleon's downfall and doom cries out:

"My chief, my king, my friend, adieu!  
Never did I droop before;  
Never to my sovereign sue,  
As his foes I now implore:  
All I ask is to divide  
Every peril he must brave;  
Sharing by my hero's side  
His fall, his exile, and his grave."

And elsewhere we read that at Napoleon's farewell "all wept, but particularly Savary, a Polish officer, who had been exalted from the ranks by Bonaparte. He clung to his master's knees; wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted."

Too bad Napoleon did not die with the Old Guard. At La Belle Alliance in the midst of that last square of his death-devoted friends and lovers Napoleon should have died. "The Guard dies, it does not surrender," replied that gallant band as they awaited the last terrible onslaughts

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of the victor-breathing troops, and thus were they hewn down even to a man. And while this slaughter of his Guard was going on, Napoleon, urged and aided by Marshall Soult, was galloping away from the field. Too bad Kfapoleon did not die at Waterloo.

### QUATRE-BRAS AND LIGNY

Hoping to strike a decisive blow at the Prussian forces under Blucher before they could effect a junction with Wellington's advancing army, Napoleon marched upon Ligny (June 16, 1815). He left Marshall Ney at Quatre-Bras with instructions to oppose the advance of the English army towards Ligny, and to fight if necessary. Ney, taking advantage of Wellington's temporary absence (he had ridden across to confer with Blucher and was then hastening back), resolved to attack the Anglo-Netherland forces under the prince of Orange. He was repulsed; nevertheless, he succeeded in checking the advance of the army towards Ligny.

In the meantime Napoleon had gained a victory over eighty thousand Prussian troops under Blucher, and they were even then in ignominious retreat towards Wavre. Napoleon ordered Marshal Grouchy to follow up the Prussians and to prevent them, at any cost, from joining forces with Wellington. Blucher had been wounded at Ligny and his army thoroughly demoralized: Grouchy, with an army of thirty thousand men, seemed more than a match for such an opponent; and doubtless, Napoleon, when hastening away from Ligny to oppose his more formidable foe, felt sure that the Prussians and Blucher were happily eliminated from the conflict confronting him.

But in that conference between Wellington and Blucher, it had been agreed upon that in case of defeat at Ligny,

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Blucher should retreat towards Wavre, and Wellington would withdraw towards Waterloo; so that they would still be in line of direct communication, and a union of forces might be effected. Wellington and Blucher trusted each other implicitly: "Whether after victory or defeat, come to me at Waterloo," said Wellington. "I will come," answered Blucher grimly and—he came.

The following day (June 17th) a reinforcement under Bulow reached Blucher at Wavre; thus the loss sustained at Ligny was made good. At Grouchy's approach the following morning (June 18th) Blucher resolved to sacrifice deliberately a regiment of seventeen thousand men in order to detain Grouchy and keep him from returning to Napoleon, while he (Blucher) and Bulow with the bulk of the Prussian army should hasten to the aid of Wellington at Waterloo.

Not at Wavre but at Waterloo was destiny at work; this Blucher knew and he acted accordingly: this Grouchy did not know; and after completely routing with great slaughter the Prussians under Thielman, he kept up a meaningless pursuit following a will-o-the-wisp, whilst Napoleon, after sending to him messenger after messenger urging his aid, stood still at last and deadly pale under the gorgeous June sunset, and saw all his hopes go down in darkness as the ominous moving cloud emerging from the direction of Wavre and advancing, glitteringly advancing, proved to be Blucher—not Grouchy.

That deliberate leaving of seventeen thousand men as a bait in trap for the victorious French forces thundering onward from Ligny is typical of the demon ingenuity of war. I have read somewhere that in darkest Africa the lure of the tiger trap is a kid securely fastened. Its fearful bleatings attract the night prowling brute: there is a spring; then

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awful shrieks arise, growing shriller and shriller as the pangs of being devoured alive grow tenser and more terrible; by this time the cannibals are upon the scene and the trap is sprung.

Seventeen thousand soldiers as kid to the tiger lure—and men call themselves civilized! Could a woman do that? No; woman is higher in the moral scale than man. And the higher, thank God, is the kinder, tenderer, the more compassionate. Wars and all hellish machinations of cruelty must cease as the race, as a whole, advances into that higher. And advancement, even tho' zigzag, shall ultimately attain to the higher and even to the highest. We dream so.

### KING MAKING VICTORY

Perhaps no other battlefield of the historic past has been more frequently described or rendered more vivid to mental vision than the field of Waterloo. Victor Hugo's masterly portrayal, in "Les Miserables," is doubtless the best; but Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, Captain Siborne, and Napoleonic writers *ad infinitum* have added richness of tonal qualities to the monochrome.

Those two long lines of undulating hills running nearly parallel, with a valley half a mile in width between; the allied army under Wellington on the northern ridge, the devoted French forces on the southern; the artillery of each army firing incessantly upon the other over the heads of the combatants in the valley and on the lower slope; the forest of Soignies darkly waving in the rear of Wellington's forces; the village and ravine at the right warding a possible flank movement; the two hamlets, La Haye and Papillote, at the left, strongly garrisoned of course, and then, too, expectant of Blucher's approach from Wavre;

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Hougoumont, an old stone chateau surrounded by a copse of beech trees, half-way down the slope nearly in front of the British right center—strongly fortified, most important, strategic; Hougoumont—to be taken and retaken seven times during that day of destiny and held at last in flaming ruins by the British; the farm house, *La Haie Scnnte*, somewhat down from the British left center, heavily garrisoned, expectant of what came; the French forces in superb battle array on the Charleroi crest of the hill, with an open way to France behind them,—and the hamlet, *La Belle Alliance*, Napoleon's headquarters, and their idol, Napoleon—before: why every school boy knows the plan of this most famous battlefield!

Had Napoleon's star not been fatally descendant he must have won at Waterloo. His forces, seventy-two thousand, were numerically stronger than the oppoising forces, seventy-one thousand eight hundred and five, under Wellington; then, too, his army was a unit and unanimously devoted to him, whereas Wellington's army was a mixup of Belgians, Dutch, Nassauers, Brunswickers, Hanoverians, with only twenty-four thousand English troops upon whom he could implicitly rely. Wellington knew and Napoleon knew that the Belgian and Netherland forces would far rather be fighting under the French eagles than against them. And, in truth, these regiments did disgracefully run away from the advancing French columns in the crisis of the strife, and the demoralizing effect of their flight was counteracted only by the superhuman efforts and life-sacrificing devotedness of England's two brave heroes, Picton and Ponsonby.

It is true that Wellington confidently awaited a strong Prussian reinforcement, eighty thousand—and Blucher. It is equally true that owing to heavy rainfall and conse-

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quently almost impassable roads between Wavre and Waterloo, Blucher, who was eagerly looked for at 3 P. M., did not reach the field until 7 P. M. and at that time the battle was practically won by the British.

Had Napoleon's pristine favor been accorded him—the magic favor of fate that had made possible Areola, Rivoli, Jena, Ulm, Wagram, Austerlitz—he would have defeated Wellington at Waterloo, advanced upon the advancing Prussians and completely routed them; and then he would have hastened to crush separately and before a junction could be effected the various contingencies of the Coalition even then converging upon him by way of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. But fate forsook her favorite at Waterloo. Olympian Zeus, jealous of Promethean man, had decreed that if once, then certainly not twice, shall a mortal transcend the lot of mortals.

It rained all night long that memorable seventeenth of June, the night before the battle. Of those forces that thus drearily bivouacked upon the opposing hills, some fifty thousand men thus passed their last night upon earth. Nature wept for them. The skies dissolved in tears at the mad folly of mortals. Rain, inconsolable rain, fell from the early afternoon of the seventeenth thro' all the night, and sobbingly drizzled late on the morning of the eighteenth as the armies went out to battle.

That dreary last night of life for fifty thousand men—what did it mean to them! Did any flint-glitterings, struck out of sullen gloom, zigzag thro' the darkness of their minds? Why should they fight? Why should they kill on the morrow? Wellington, Napoleon—what were they to the common soldier; he would be free, he would go to his home, he would live his life as God gave it to him to live. Desert on the eve of battle! Ah, no! Yet, why not?

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"So free we seem, so fettered fast we are." Honor bound tonight and death bound tomorrow night! Who of those sleeping in yonder tents, under the rain, shall fall tomorrow? Whom shall he kill? Who may kill—him? '

**"Some one has blundered."**

\* \* \* \*

**"Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,  
Theirs but to do and die."**

Again, why? Half a million men must die because Napoleon blundered—Why! And the tears of the rain made answer.

At half-past eleven o'clock, Sunday morning, June 18th, shortly after the village church bells had ceased ringing, the French forces began descending the slope of the southern ridge and were soon dashing across the valley. Their first object was the capture of Hougoumont. In the words of Creasy: "Napoleon began the battle by directing a powerful force from his left wing under his brother, Prince Jerome, to attack Hougoumont. Column after column of the French now descended from the west of the southern heights, and assailed that post with fiery valor, which was encountered with the most determined bravery. The French won the copse round the house, but a party of British Guards held the house itself throughout the day. Amid shell and shot, and the blazing fragments of part of the buildings, this obstinate contest was continued. But still the English held Hougoumont, tho' the French occasionally moved forward in such numbers as enabled them to surround and mask this post with part of their troops from their left wing, while others passed onward up the slope, and assailed the British right."

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The fight then became general all along the line. As the French advanced to the left center the Dutch and Belgians under Blyant threw down their arms and fled from the field, whether as result of fright, disinclination to fight, or treachery will, perhaps, never be known. The second line consisted of two brigades of English infantry and with these the gallant Picton charged the advancing French columns already flushed with victory. Volley after volley thinned the advancing ranks and then, at the opportune moment, the British made a fierce bayonet charge. The French reeled back in confusion, halted and staggering, tried to rally; but just then a brigade of English cavalry rushed down upon them. Two thousand French soldiers were taken prisoners, the artillerymen of Ney's seventy-four advanced guns were sabered and the guns rendered useless. The British cut the throats of the horses of the artillery wagons and, severing the traces, left these poor brutes maddened with pain to add to the horror of the slaughter. In this charge Picton fell.

At La Haie Sainte, the fortified farm house that served as protection of the British left wing, the French performed prodigies of valor. At last Donzelot's infantry gained possession of this long desired point of vantage.

About four o'clock a corps of Prussians under Bulow made its appearance at the French right. This disconcerted Napoleon's plan of general assault on the allied center. He sent ten thousand men under Lobau to hold Bulow in check.

In the meantime, Wellington ordered another assault to be made for the recapture of La Haie Sainte. Ney repelled this attack, but sent for reinforcements. Napoleon sent him the cuirassiers under Milhaud. By mistake the forces of light cavalry under Lefebvre-Desnouettes joined the

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cuirassiers and hastened to the assistance of La Haie Sainte. Ney, finding himself in command of two powerful bodies of horse, resolved to take the offensive; he accordingly renewed the attack upon the British center. Wellington had arranged his men in squares; these hedged in with bayonets presented an almost impenetrable front to the enemy. Still they showed signs of wavering; and Ney, seeing his advantage, sent hurriedly for a reinforcement of infantry; Napoleon could send no more.

Lobau had succeeded in driving Bulow out of the village (Planchenoit) on the French right; La Haie Sainte was still in the possession of the French; and could Ney have obtained the infantry he desired historians agree that he would have succeeded in forcing the British center. That hour was the pivotal beam of the battle and it seemed about to dip in favor of France.

Napoleon watched the scene from the opposite hill. How his heart must have thrilled to the air of the old-time victory; Wagram, Austerlitz,—Waterloo!

It was evening, the western sky was crimson with sunset, night must soon come and end the conflict. Wellington, too, was ardently longing that "the night would come or—Blucher."

And just then on the ominous French right, whence Bulow's division had been routed an hour ago, another darkly moving mass of men appeared. Was it Grouchy—hope! or Blucher—despair! It was Blucher. Napoleon turned deadly pale; he asked for a glass of water, but in his agitation he spilled more than half the contents ere his trembling hand could lift the glass to his lips. Thus bitterly began Napoleon's Waterloo.

Napoleon concentrated all his available forces, the reserve troops, and the Old Guard for one more Herculean

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attack upon the British. Across the plain they dashed, Ney leading the charge, and over their heads played the French artillery in an incessant rain of lead upon the opposing height. Men there were falling under it like leaves in autumn. Wellington, observing the havoc wrought by the French guns, ordered the British Guards to lie prone upon the earth so as to be out of range of the bullets. As the French approached the foot of the ridge, and even as they advanced up the slope, the fire from Napoleon's headquarters continued, and when they fairly gained the height, the French guns ceased firing.

On rushed the devoted French columns, led by Ney, bravest of the brave, who, covered with blood and dust, hatless, with clothing torn, and on foot—five horses having been shot under him—still dared to dream of victory. As the French reached the top of the hill, for one madly exultant moment they thought that the enemy had fled; but at Wellington's hissing command, "Up, Guards, and at them!", they stood aghast as the very earth seemed to open and pour out brigade after brigade of British Red Coats. The onslaught was awful. Over the crest of the hill and far down the slope the French were driven saber-slaughtered and slaughtering. *La Garde Reculee* (The Guard is repulsed)—this cry with its ominous suggestion sped from blanched lip to lip. And soon the most desperate of all defeat cries, "Sauve qui peut!" (All's lost: save himself who can!), became general among the fleeing French forces.

At La Belle Alliance Napoleon attempted to make a rallying point; he hastily pressed his few devoted followers into a square, declaring it his intention to perish with them. But as it is the surgeon that has most mercilessly used his knife upon others who shrinks back in awful dread from

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the knife as used upon himself: so Napoleon, who had seen thousands of soldiers die of bloody wounds, could not endure for himself that which he had been willing to witness in others. As the English drew near and, seeing the hopelessness of the French position, called upon them to surrender; and even as General Cambronne gallantly replied, "The Guard dies; it does not surrender," Napoleon spurred back his horse, turned, and galloped at full speed from the field.

### EXILE

Napoleon a second time signed a treaty of abdication just one hundred days after his flagrant violation of the first treaty of abdication. One hundred days of doubtful triumph and then—Waterloo: was it worth while!

The Macchievellian principles—honorable fraud; splendid rascality; a ruler should combine the qualities of the fox and the lion; no matter what the means may be, the vulgar are ever caught by appearances and judge only by the event—which Napoleon had so deeply imbibed from perusal of his favorite book, // *Principe*, suffered sudden collapse of inflation and wraith-like glimmered as will-o-the-wisps in a bog. That stripping away of names and epithets and opinions and customs and sunlight success from the—Lie: and that Lie in naked hideousness black-branded on the soul for self and all the world to see;—how terrible a triumph of the unseen over the seen, the real over the apparent, the truth over the lie! What Austerlitz concealed Waterloo revealed. Outlaw of Europe, execrable wretch, vile miscreant, whom no promise or vows could hold in honor, etc., were among the uncouth Teutonic free translations of Napoleon's subtly soft /1 *Principe*.

And Josephine was dead; she had died a year ago while Napoleon was at Elba. Josephine never knew the worst

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about Napoleon; she never could have known the "execrable wretch" as the Congress of Vienna knew him. Love and hate see differently the same objects. As she would gladly have followed Napoleon to Elba, so, too, would she have been a pitying angel at his side in the world-execration after Waterloo, and in the bitter loneliness of St. Helena. Was Napoleon the real, what he was as known and loved by Josephine or what he was as seen and hated by the Congress of Vienna; or neither?

That portrait of Napoleon by Delaroche comes to mind. We are sorry for Napoleon in his hour of ignominy; we forgive him all the sorrows that he caused—to others; we look with him fascinated into the fatal future, we grieve with the stoic grief of the Man of Destiny.

Meissonier's companion pictures "1807: Friedland" and "1814: Retreat from Moscow" come to mind. Full success—sun convergent from Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram shines in "1807"; penumbral shadows gray-flecked with snows from Borodino, Moscow, Beresina lower in "1814."

Louis David's statuesque picture, "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," comes to mind. It seems the "French Revolution on horse-back," yet controlled, goaded up the ascent, led out from bleeding France, and destiny-plunging on towards Italy, Prussia, Austria, Russia.

David's canvas, "Coronation of Napoleon and Josephine," comes to mind. From that rhapsody of color-splendor to bleak Helena surf-lashed by the sea; from that act of crowning exaltation to the signing of abdication at Fontainebleau; from that supreme success in life to a failure-grave under the willows; ah! surely there throbs within and between these antithetic scenes all that enigmatic life may hold for us mortals. Nothing exists beyond—in pleas-

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ure or in pain, in honor or dishonor, in success or failure, in highest or lowest.

COR NE EDITO (DEVOUR NOT THINE OWN HEART)

Napoleon spent the last six years of life on the island St. Helena (October 16th, 1815-May 5th, 1821). There are various stories told as to his bitter loneliness whilst in exile, his ceaseless repining at fate, his chafing chagrin under the cautious coldness of Sir Hudson Lowe. Napoleon is most frequently represented walking alone on the shore, his hands locked behind, his head lowered, and his "broad brow oppressive with his mind" bent sullenly forward. Again as a caged eagle he stands for hours at a time with eyes straining towards France. And old ocean always inimical to Napoleon and coldly conscious of Aboukir and Trafalgar enjoys indifferently its final triumph. True to Britannia, Ruler of the Wave, the gray waters roll impenetrable to bribery or betrayal, impervious to sentiment or sympathy. Napoleon, victor of a hundred fields, king-maker, arbiter of Europe, is caught and caged; his eagle wings all torn and bleeding, yet dash against the bars; he is eating his heart, O restless sea, and he gazes on thee; old ocean rolled responseless.

Am I tonight participant in the woe that] had its hours of agony one hundred years ago? It seems so.

## HERO WORSHIP

Balance is hard. And to see clearly all sides of a subject, however conducive to balance, is destructive of enthusiasm. Hero worship is, perhaps, a phase of hysteria, but without it there are no heroes. No name upon the historic page, from Homer's Achilles down to Carlyle's Cromwell, but shines with luster luminous from hero worship. Alexan3er,

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Hannibal, Caesar, Charlemagne, Napoleon—the world will ever admire them, not perhaps for that they were, but for the vision splendid with which they are attended, and which was formed and fitted to them by their admirers.

### RETROSPECT

As Napoleon paced sleeplessly his rock kingdom under the flaky stars, did memory ever conjure up a strange night scene in old Vincennes? The young Due d' Enghein, last of the race of the great Conde, was asleep in bed. Suddenly, by order of the First Consul, the French soldiery aroused the sleeper, dragged him from his luxurious couch, hurried him across the French frontier, tried him by a military commission, and then, in a ditch of the castle grounds, that very night, by order of the First Consul, they shot to death the gay young man. And they tied a lantern to his breast that it might serve as target to his heart. Did Napoleon see that night scene under the flaky stars of St. Helena? His "Memoires" do not so record.

Did the treacherously yielding waves that lapped his island home ever suggest to Napoleon that horror scene, when after Austerlitz, as the fleeing enemy were escaping over the frozen lake, the French artillery, by order of the Emperor, played heavily upon the ice; it cracked, broke, crashed down, and thousands sank within the treacherous waves? Or did they softly sigh of Beresina, when the heavily laden bridge broke down and his own devoted soldiers and friends—those who had stood by him at Borodino, in Moscow, and in the dread retreat—struggled in the icy waters? Napoleon's "Memoires" do not so record.

And the dark rolling billows surf-capped—did they at times suggest low mounds in churchyards, or ominous

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ridges on recent battle grounds? Half a million **men had** died that Napoleon might rise and—fall. AU Europe, from Lisbon to Moscow, was dotted with their **graves** . Surely In the retrospective leisure of exile, however it may have been in the fever of the empire-strife, there was **regret for** all the young life suddenly darkened into death; there was awakening self-knowledge regretful, remorseful; there was lamentation at the futility of it all, the horror, the agony, the shame; there was prayer, the bitter prayer of TTiais of the Desert, "Thou who hast made me have mercy on me!" Maybe: not ours to know the enigmatic heart of man; we only say there is no record of such feelings in Napoleon's "Memoirs."

Did the year 1809 loom sullen in restrospect? That year held in record the capture of Pope Pius VII. and his confinement at Savona; the ban of excommunication pronounced against Napoleon by his illustrious prisoner; and Napoleon's divorce from Josephine.

The Emperor was at this time at the height of his career. In his hand as playthings were the kingdoms of Europe, and he awarded them as whim or pleasure urged. To his brother Joseph, too scrupulous to be great, Napoleon condescendingly gave the throne of Spain; to his brother Louis, Holland; to his brother Jerome, Westphalia; to a favorite general, Bernadotte, Sweden; to Murat, Naples. At his touch, the Holy Roman Empire—no longer, indeed, either "holy or Roman or an empire"—had crumbled into dust. Germany lay prostrate; Austria humbled; Russia chastened, yet friendly. Only England, secure in her watery kingdom, dared to oppose his plans and resist his power.

And then this madman on the dizzy height dreamed a glorious dream. The Pontiff, Pius VII., prisoner at Savona, would annul the marriage with Josephine; then he

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(Napoleon) would marry the sister of the Tsar of Russia; then with the help of Russia he would conquer India and "so strike England to the heart." After that "it will be possible to settle everything and have done with this business of Rome and the Pope. The cathedral of Paris will become that of the Catholic World." And Napoleon shall be all in all. Perhaps, too, this rhapsody ended half audibly with the adulatory words of the prefect of Arras, "God created Napoleon and then rested from His works."

But as seen from gray Helena, the Pope did not annul the marriage with Josephine, nor did Napoleon marry the sister of Tsar Alexander or long retain the friendship of Russia; nor did he conquer India and so strike England to the heart; nor did he ever have done with that "business of Rome and the Pope." That "business" has seen the rise and fall of many—and yet shall see.

Was Napoleon a Catholic? He died in the bosom of the Catholic Church after having devoutly received the sacraments. To General Montholon he said: "I was born in the Catholic religion; I wish to fulfill the duties it imposes and to receive the succors it administers." On another occasion he said: "It would rest my soul to hear Mass." These words having been reported to the Pontiff, Pope Pius VII., one time prisoner at Savona; the gentle old man immediately petitioned the English government to send a priest to administer to the spiritual wants of Napoleon. In compliance with the papal request the Abbe Vignali was sent to St. Helena.

Napoleon, in his "Memoirs," speaking of Pius VII., calls him "an old man full of tolerance and light"; and in euphemistic reference to his troubles with the Pontiff he writes: "Fatal circumstances embroiled our cabinets; I regret it exceedingly."

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But whatever Napoleon may have been in exile at St. Helena,, certainly in 1809-10, as arbiter of Europe, he was an arch enemy of the Catholic Church, and he acted in flagrant violation of all that the Church stands for. And had his phenomenal success continued to favor him, he would, without doubt, have lived and died an enemy to the Church.

Napoleon never ceased to be a deist. "Who made all that, gentlemen?" he said one night as he and his friends were gazing at the starry heavens. As a statesman he perceived that religion is an ally to good government, and doubtless he was sincere when he said: "A society without religion is like a ship without a compass; there is no good morality without religion." Napoleon's re-establishment of the Church in France after the Revolution, and the Concordat made in the beginning of his reign; the six years spent at St. Helena and his death there, would seem to testify that Napoleon was at deepest heart a sincere child of that Church so tolerant of human frailty and so divinely compassionate towards those who come contritely back from error's devious ways and would sleep that last sleep in her bosom.

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### CONCLUSION

MORE than a hundred years have passed away since Napoleon's dread Waterloo. There have been wars since then and much blood has flowed, tho' perhaps of no one battle from Waterloo—up to the World War—may it be said that had victory gone other than it did go, all subsequent history would be different from what it is.

In our own Civil War the three days' battle of Gettysburg may seem to hold a determinant place. The continuance of slavery and the break up of the young Republic of the West would surely have made a momentous page of history—but one with which we are happily unfamiliar. Nor would the import of that page affect only us and our Republic; both continents are now favorably influenced by what we are—so may both have have been unfavorably influenced by what we might have been.

In the World War the first battle of the Marne—a German defeat by the allied French and British, September 5th-12th, 1914, and the second battle of the Marne,—like-wise a German defeat by the combined French, English, and American forces, July-August, 1918—are pivotal. But we are too near to the Great War for clear perspective, calm judgment, and dispassionate truth.

In a hasty glance over the historic field from Egyptian Memphis, 5000 B. C. to the Marne, 1914—the great conflicts of nations loom sullenly as blood-red peaks daubing the darkness. Memphis: Nineveh: Babylon:—Marathon, Salamis, Syracuse, Aegospotami, Leuctra, Manteneia, Chæroneia:—Granicus, Issus, Arbela:—Ipsus:—Cannae, Zama, Cynoscephalæ, Magnesia, Pharsalia, Philippi, Actium:—Teutoberger Wald: Adrianople: Chalons: Tours: Hastings: Lepanto: Blenheim: Naseby; Pultowa: Saratoga:

## CONCLUSION

Valmy: Waterloo: Gettysburg: Mukden: Adrianople:  
the Marne—as blood-red peaks dot the darkness.

\* \* \*

Knowing only too well the historic past, we stand in a troubled today and eagerly ask, "What of tomorrow?" There is no answer. The hate forces, whose outlet is war, are deep in the minds of men. Mental disarmament must precede military.

Sometime, no doubt, in our upward strivings we shall come at last into the penumbral light of the Christ who lived more than nineteen hundred years ago and is still ten thousand years ahead of our times.

The world is on its way upward. Good women—high in heart and in intellect—are mighty forces pulling the people on that upward way. They will endure and attain; and all the forces of good will ultimately join them. Then wars will cease. And on the height some glimmerings of the eternal Truth will fill the minds of men with understanding and with sympathy. The battle peaks will fade in the mists of evolutionary ages and be remembered no more in the Great Peace.









