

**OUR LITTLE CRUSADER  
COUSIN OF LONG AGO**



**OUR LITTLE  
CRUSADER COUSIN  
OF LONG AGO**

**BY**

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To  
MY YOUNG FRIEND  
FREDERICK SMITH



## PREFACE

I wonder if you boys and girls know what the crusades were? Perhaps not; so in as few pages as I can I will try to give you a little idea of them, though when you grow older you will find there are no end of interesting things to learn about them.

In the first place we must go back a long way, to the year 1000, when, for some reason or other, people in Europe got it into their heads that because it was a thousand years from the birth of Christ the world would surely come to an end. They were so certain of it that they thought a great deal about their sins and what would become of them in the next world. Many of them even sold all they had and spent their time making pilgrimages from one holy place to another; for they believed that to go on foot and pray at these shrines would benefit them greatly in the life to come. Some went to shrines of saints near their homes, some to the city of Rome and elsewhere; but of course the most sacred place of all to visit was Jerusalem, where is the tomb of our Saviour. To pray at this, the Holy Sepulchre, as it was most often called, these pilgrims longed to do more than anything else. Those who had done so were called "palmers" because they always wore in their hats a bit of palm which they brought from the Holy Land, and they no doubt were not a little proud that they had made the long and perilous

journey in safety. For in those days to go to Jerusalem was indeed a hard and dangerous undertaking, requiring many months, sometimes years.

Some went by land, passing through many countries and enduring great hardships; while others, going to some port on the Mediterranean sea,—you know Palestine is on the eastern coast of this,—sailed in boats, usually small and crowded and little able to withstand storm and shipwreck. And worst of all, when at last the weary pilgrim reached the holy city he was liable to be beaten or robbed or perhaps killed by the Turks, or Saracens, as most people called them who ruled over Palestine. The Saracens did not believe in our Christian religion, but in their own prophet Mohammed; so they looked with contempt on the pilgrims and treated them very cruelly.

Now of course you know the world did not come to an end in the year 1000. But the European people were still frightened, and decided that they must have made a mistake and that it would end a thousand years from the crucifixion of our Lord instead of from his birth. So for thirty-two years more they made pilgrimages harder than ever. At the end of that time they found that most of them were still alive and the world behaving about as usual and with no signs of the Day of Judgment; perhaps it was to show their relief and thankfulness to God because of this, or perhaps simply because so many had gotten in the habit of it, but at any rate pilgrims still thronged to

Jerusalem and the Saracens treated them worse and worse all the time.

Of course the pilgrims brought back many stories of cruelty and of how the infidels (that means people who do not believe in our religion, and was another name for the Saracens) desecrated even the tomb of our Saviour; and these stories made their friends at home more and more angry and indignant. At last things came to a climax when a French monk, named Peter the Hermit, went to Jerusalem and was so badly treated that on his way home he stopped at Rome and told Pope Urban about things there. Peter spoke so well that the Pope wept over the story, and going to France with Peter, he called together a large company, in which were many of the greatest princes and noblest knights of the land.

The Pope told them the things he had heard, and then begged them to stop fighting and quarreling among themselves, as many of them had been doing, and to go to the Holy Land and take the Holy Sepulchre away from the Saracens; indeed, to conquer Jerusalem and all Palestine so that Christians might go there and worship in peace.

Before the Pope was through speaking, everybody had become so excited that suddenly as with one voice the multitude shouted, "God wills it!" "God wills it!" and pressing forward, vowed that they would go and fight for the Holy Land and the tomb of Christ. At this Pope Urban said, "Let this then be your war-cry, "God wills it!" And in token that they were going to

fight and shed their blood for Christ, each man received a cross of red cloth, which was fastened upon his sleeve; and having once taken this cross, it was considered cowardly and disgraceful to turn back from the undertaking.

But they did not turn back. The princes and knights set to work to raise great armies, and knights and soldiers from other countries joined them. It all took a long while, but at last they were ready, and in the year 1096 they set off for Palestine; and because of the red cross every man wore, the expedition was called a “crusade” and the soldiers “crusaders.”

Long and hard was the journey; thousands died on the way from sickness and hardships and fighting enemies in countries through which they passed. But at last the crusaders reached Palestine, which they finally conquered after many months of gallant fighting. Indeed, the fame of the heroes of that first crusade is still handed down in poetry and stories. Of course, having conquered the country, they could not all go away and leave it at the mercy of the Saracens, who would all the while be trying to get it back again. So many of the leaders sent for their wives and children and planned to stay there, building castles and living much as they did at home. The chief part of the land they called the Kingdom of Jerusalem, and they elected for king of this the best and bravest knight among them, Godfrey of Bouillon.

But Godfrey, though he consented to govern the city and the country, would not be called king, say-

ing he would not wear a crown of gold, where Christ had worn one of thorns. Godfrey ruled well, but lived only a short time; and after him came several other rulers, who, less humble than he, allowed themselves to be called kings.

But sure enough, all the while, the Saracens were not idle, and kept trying harder and harder to drive out the Christians from the different cities. At last, under the leadership of their Sultan Saladin, who was a skilful warrior, they succeeded in recapturing some of these places, for a great many of the first crusaders had gone back home and there were not enough left to hold them.

When news of this reached Europe, the kings of France and of Germany led a second crusade to try and drive the Saracens off again. But the Christian armies were ambushed and defeated and accomplished nothing. A few years more and the Saracens had got back nearly all Palestine, including Jerusalem. When this happened, King Richard of England, who was soon to win the name of “the Lion Heart,” determined to lead a third crusade, and he asked King Philip of France to join him. These two were then the most powerful kings in Europe. They decided to go by sea instead of land, and planned to get their armies and fleets together and meet at the island of Sicily, which was on the way. Then they were to sail from there to the seaport city of Acre in Palestine; for Acre had the best harbor on that coast, and before they could march on to Jerusalem they would have to capture the place

so they could keep on landing more troops and supplies there. Moreover, they knew that the Christian armies already in Palestine had for two years been besieging the city in vain and were still camped about it.

Now the two kings expected to reach Sicily in the spring of the year 1190,—it was almost a hundred years, you see, after the first crusade,—but so many things delayed them that they did not meet there until fall, and with the kind of ships people had then they dared not risk a long voyage through the storms of winter; so Richard and Philip had to stay in Sicily until the next Spring. As soon as April came Philip sailed for the Holy Land; but as some of the English supply ships had not yet come, Richard had to wait a few weeks longer;—and this brings us to the beginning of our story, which starts in June 1191.

There were other crusades after the one our story is about, seven in all, and many are the gallant heroes of these whose names have been handed down to us; but for his marvelous daring and unsurpassed bravery, his knightly spirit and his romantic life none has so captured the world's fancy as has King Richard of the Lion Heart, who is even now on his way sailing into our little story.

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## KEY TO PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES AND SOME OTHER WORDS

Acre (ah'-ker)

Al'-lah

Ascalon (as'-ka-lon)

As'-sur

Beauvais (bo-vay')

Beirut (bay-root')

Berengaria (ba-ren-ga'-re-a)

Boullion (boo-yon')

Bur'-gun-dy

Cat'-a-pult

Champaign (sham-pane')

Cyprus (si'-prus)

Favelle (fav-el')

Languedoc (lang-dok')

Lusignan (lu-zen-yon')

Mal'-ek A'-del

Man'-go-nel

Montferrat (mon-fa-rah')

Mosque (mosk)

Navarre (na-var')

Pet'-ra-ry

Pratelles (pra-tel')

Rhodes (rodz)

Sal'-a-din

Sicily (sis'-i-ly)

Trenchmer (tranch'-mare)



## CHAPTER I

# RICHARD THE LION HEART LANDS IN PALESTINE

Far away, on the coast of Palestine, beyond the ancient city of Acre the slopes of Mount Carmel gleamed bright green in the June sunlight: pink and white oleanders, blue myrtle bloom, golden daisies and countless other of the gay flowers that flourish in that warm country dotted the green, and here and there rose tall, feathery palm trees crowned with clusters of ripening dates. But though the mountain was bright with color, the sandy plain beside the city walls was gray with tattered tents of war from which floated banners and pennons once brilliant and glowing but now faded in the burning sun of the East; for the crusading army besieging Acre had been camped there for two years.

To be sure, along the shore there showed now beside this older camp the fresher tents of the French host and the silken one of King Philip with its standard sown with golden lilies. But though these new crusaders from France had been welcomed with such joy nearly two months before, and though they had helped batter and pound the walls of Acre almost

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every day since then, still the great stone towers were stout and strong, the city still untaken. And more than this, Saracen soldiers and their allies, a mixed horde of Turks, Moors, Arabs and Egyptians (though I call them all, as did many of the crusaders, simply "Saracens"), were all the while gathering to help the people of Acre, and had begun to besiege the besiegers themselves, so that the latter had been obliged to dig a moat around their camp and be constantly on the watch for attacks from behind while they were trying in vain to storm the city.

(Before I go any farther, I wonder, have you children read the Preface of this story? If not you had best hurry up and do so or you will not understand things nearly so well. It is not very long, and though I am going right on with the story, if you are quick about it you can soon catch up.)

It is no wonder then that all the Christian army, especially those who had been there two whole years, were hoping and praying for the fleet of Richard to sail in sight, for they felt sure that with the coming of the lion-hearted king the city must surely be captured. For weeks they had looked anxiously to the west across the waters of the Mediterranean, but it was not till the June morning when our story begins that a soldier who had climbed up the slopes of Mount Carmel suddenly saw a tiny streak of white away off on the horizon, and flashing in front of it a gleam of red. Then more and more white rose over the sea, and with a glad cry, "King Richard is coming!" he flew down to the camp, and in a moment, as the word sped from mouth to mouth, the shore was lined with an eager throng, all

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breathlessly watching as nearer and nearer drew the English fleet.

On and on they came, oars flashing, sails swelling, ships and ships of every kind, almost two hundred of them. Soon rose the sound of trumpets from the foremost one, sweeping far ahead of all, flying scarlet sails and red as a poppy from stem to stern. "Look! Look!" "King Richard's ship, the *Trenchmer!*" shouted the French soldiers; for while in Sicily they had seen the royal vessel, whose name means "sea-cutter."

And very gay and splendid it looked, its scarlet sides glittering in the sun, its deck fluttering with the bright pennons of the noble knights who crowded to its rail. At either end of the ship was a high platform with castle-like turrets, and on this were the trumpeters blowing as hard as ever they could. But it was the prow of the vessel that caught the attention of all. There flew the royal standard of England with its three lions, and close beside it stood a tall, powerfully built and strikingly handsome man who bore himself with the most noble dignity. Over his hauberk of chain mail hung a purple mantle fastened with a richly jeweled clasp; his head was uncovered, and his tawny yellow hair, curling about his neck, shone in the light. As he stood motionless, with folded arms, his clear blue eyes fixed on the land seemed not to see the excited throng waiting there, but to be looking into some great dream of his own; and then, just as the ship was getting ready to anchor, with a sudden quick gesture flinging his mantle back and moving to the rail, he plunged into the sea, and wading breast-high to the shore, reverently knelt and touched his lips to the sacred soil. Thus it

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was that King Richard of the Lion Heart landed, first of all the fleet.

For a few moments the waiting crowd had stood speechless, watching the king, but the instant he rose to his feet such a shout of joy went up that even the Saracens in the besieged city began to mount the walls and peer over the battlements; and their hosts of allies camped along the shore ventured nearer to glimpse this wonderful new hero who had come to fight them and whose fame had already spread across the sea.

As for the crusaders, they were simply wild with joy, and while King Philip was welcoming Richard they hurriedly formed processions, marching up and down, beating drums, blowing trumpets, and fairly shouting themselves hoarse.

Meantime the knights and their followers were flocking off the *Trenchmer*, and among them came a boy in the dress of a page, a tunic of Lincoln green, long black hose, a short scarlet cape and small velvet cap with a pheasant's feather; on one sleeve of his tunic was embroidered a red cross, on the other three leopards. His fair hair and dark eyes spoke his mixed Saxon and Norman blood; and as he eagerly scanned the people on shore suddenly his face lighted as a dark-haired boy of about his own age sprang toward him, and with a glad "Hugh!" and "Raymond!" they tumbled into each other's arms. The two lads, both pages, Hugh, as the leopards on his sleeve showed, serving King Richard, and Raymond attending Count William de Pratelles of France, had met during the

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winter the armies had spent in Sicily and had become warm friends; though of course they had been separated when King Philip sailed first for Palestine.

As Hugh now gazed wonderingly around, "Why!" he said, "it looks as if people were here from every country in the world!"

"Yes," answered Raymond, "I believe they are. Ever so many have come since we've been here; that group of newer tents yonder are Austrians who got here a short time ago with their Duke Leopold, and the older crusaders say that for two or three years little parties of soldiers have been landing from nearly everywhere. Did you ever in your life see so many different banners and so many queer-looking people and queer clothes?"

"No indeed!" said Hugh, continuing to gaze around. And Raymond was certainly right; the people were of many races, and their clothes of innumerable kinds, yet none in the least like we are used to seeing soldiers wear. What kind were they, then? Well, the Saracens had loose robes girdled in various ways, and turbans of many folds of silk or linen wrapped around their heads to protect them from the hot sun. The crusader's dress was usually some kind of long tunic of linen or wool, and cross-gartered hose; and when the knights put on their armor they wore over it another loose, sleeveless tunic, called a surcoat, often richly embroidered, and meant, like the turbans of their enemies, to protect them from the heat. For most of them had come from cooler countries and had found

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that the sun of Palestine could make their metal armor as hot as an oven.

But while Hugh was still staring, "Look!" cried Raymond, "the other biggest ships have anchored, and there are ladies on one! See! King Philip is lifting one of them ashore in his arms! Who is she? I didn't see her in Sicily."

"That is the Princess Berengaria of Navarre," answered Hugh. "No, I mean *Queen* Berengaria. King Richard married her in Cyprus only a week ago. I will tell you about it when we get time to talk. Isn't she a beauty? And that other handsome lady is Queen Joan, King Richard's sister,—she used to be queen of Sicily. They have a lot of noble ladies with them and they are all going along with the army."

"Well," said Raymond, "there are a good many ladies in camp now, wives of the different knights who live here, so I guess they won't be lonesome. But look at the big chests they are taking off the third ship! I suppose that is King Richard's treasure ship. King Philip had one; it's over there in the harbor now."

"Yes," said Hugh, "and I don't wonder they have to have big chests of gold. It must take an enormous amount of money to pay so many soldiers and buy things for them to eat."

"I should think so!" echoed Raymond. "You know all our ships carried a year's supply of stuff to eat, but when we came, things were getting so scarce with the army that had been here so long that we had to let them have some of our food. The crusaders, though, haven't suffered anything like the folks shut

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up in the city there. They say they are nearly starved, for of course the armies camped here won't let anything get inside the gates. They think the Saracens outside do manage to sneak in a few things for the Acre people, but it can't be much, and they must be mighty hungry."

"Well," said Hugh, "King Richard started with a year's supply, too, and he has brought besides a lot of grain and fruit and wine and I don't know what all from Cyprus, so I guess there will be enough to last our armies for a while.

Meantime the new-comers were being shown the place allotted to them for their camp and the soldiers were beginning to pitch the tents; so the two pages scampered off to see if they were needed for any service.

All day long the crusaders swarmed about, unloading ships and arranging the new camp, and though much was still to be done, by nightfall the quarters were ready for the more important people. The gay silken pavilions for the two queens and their ladies were pitched at a safe distance from any possible fighting and were piled with cushions spread with rich coverings; and before the handsome tent of King Richard in the midst of the camp was planted the English standard and his own banner with its three leopards.

When it grew dark great bonfires were lighted, and all the soldiers feasted and shouted and sang and spent nearly the whole night rejoicing. Hugh and Raymond were so excited they could hardly sleep at all when, near dawn, they threw themselves on their beds,

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each in a tent adjoining that of his master. The two kings however were not with the rejoicing throng. In Richard's tent for hours they talked over the crusade and tried to plan what would be their next move against Acre; and when they parted, both looked tired and worn. For Philip was barely recovered from the fever which had attacked him in Palestine and which had carried off so many of the crusaders who were unused to the climate; and Richard, who had been sailing down the coast for several days, was beginning also to feel the seeds of this same sickness.

## CHAPTER II

### HUGH TELLS OF THE VOYAGE

The next morning Hugh did a number of errands for King Richard, and then the latter, who was fond of the lad, told him he might run along and look around a bit with his friend Raymond. Hugh at once hurried over toward the French camp, and though Raymond had told him in what direction to look for Count William's tent, he was quite uncertain of finding it among so many thousands. But luckily he had not gone far when he spied Raymond holding the bridle of a war-horse his master was mounting. He was going with a company of French knights to see if they could find some Saracens thought to be hiding in the hills and trying to bring food to the besieged city.

As soon as Count William rode off the two pages ran down to the shore to watch the rest of the ships being unloaded. These were of many kinds and sizes: as no one then had dreamed of steamboats, and all had sails, and long rows of oars, too. The smaller ones were called galleys and the larger "busses" and "dromonds;" these last usually had one deck and a few cabins below, and carried about two hundred men, including fifty knights and their horses, and provisions

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for a year. At each end was built up a platform where trumpeters could sit, or, more important when the ship was in a fight, where archers could be stationed; for gunpowder was not yet invented. Also, at the top of the mast was a little cage-like place to which archers could climb by means of a rope ladder. These ships were thought very large and fine in those days, though to us they would look very small and queer.

As the two boys watched, "Look!" said Raymond, "that must be King Richard's horse they are taking off the *Trenchmer*. See how careful they are with him and how proudly he steps along. But, Hugh," he added, as he eyed the horse more critically, "that's not the one he had in Sicily; that was a black one from Spain, I remember."

"Yes," said Hugh, "it was, but he likes this one better; he got him in the island of Cyprus on the way here, and his name is Favelle. Isn't he handsome? And they say the jewels on his harness and trappings are worth a fortune, and besides these the stirrups and all the trimmings of the saddle are pure gold and on his crupper are two little golden lions pawing each other! And there come more of the knights' horses, all with their armor!" For war-horses then were protected by armor, the same as their masters.

"And they will find it mighty hot and uncomfortable in this country!" said Raymond. "I've seen the horses and knights, too, just panting after they have been fighting a while. I guess the Saracens know better how to do in a climate like this. They ride the fastest kind of Arabian horses and carry just light shields, and

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they seem to depend more on shooting their arrows and then getting out of the way quickly. Of course in hand-to-hand fighting our crusaders can smash harder with their battle-axes and things.”

“I see the armies here have a good many fighting machines,” said Hugh, “but I believe King Richard has brought some better ones. There are some of them now coming off yonder galleys,” and he pointed to the huge wooden structures being set up on the beach; some were for pounding through city walls, and were called “battering-rams” because of the ram’s head of copper fastened on the end of the great beam of wood which did the pounding and which was hung by ropes to a strong framework. There were other ropes fastened to the beam and it sometimes took hundreds of men to pull it back and forth. Other of the machines were called catapults, petraries and mangonels and were made to shoot arrows or hurl stones a great distance.

As the boys eyed these machines, “You know,” went on Hugh, “they are the ones King Richard had built in Sicily last winter because he thought wood was scarce over here. He even brought stones for the catapults. Do you see that pile there on the beach?”

“Yes,” answered Raymond, “it was a good thing he got them ready in Sicily. Wood and stones *are* scarce here. And just a few days ago our French army was attacking the city walls and the Saracens poured down some Greek fire and burned up two of King Philip’s biggest machines. That Greek fire is horrible! A lot of soldiers have been burned to death by its getting under

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their armor, and water won't put it out. I never saw anything like it before."

"I saw some of it on the way here, when King Richard fought the Saracen ship," said Hugh.

"What all did King Richard do on the way?" asked Raymond. "We didn't stop anywhere or have any adventures!" he added regretfully.

"Well," said Hugh, "things generally are moving when King Richard is around. Didn't we have a fine exciting winter in Sicily when he was fighting King Tancred there?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered Raymond, his eyes sparkling. "I never did know, though, what the quarrel was about; you know King Philip kept out of it."

"There was reason enough to fight," said Hugh. "It seems the husband of Queen Joan, King Richard's sister, used to be king of Sicily, and when he died a while ago Tancred got himself made king and shut up Queen Joan and took away all her money. He earned the good beating he got!"

"Did they make up afterward?" asked Raymond. "You know about that time we sailed for here with King Philip."

"Yes," said Hugh, "they gave each other presents, and then King Richard invited everybody to a big feast in honor of his betrothal to Princess Berengaria. His mother, Queen Eleanor, had brought her from Navarre, somewhere near Spain, where her father is king. King Richard couldn't go after her himself, be-

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cause he had started on the crusade, but he wanted to get married and take her along.”

“But I thought you said yesterday they were married in Cyprus,” said Raymond, looking rather bewildered.

“So they were,” answered Hugh, “for when the princess got to Sicily,—it was just after you left,—it was Lent, you know, and it’s against the church rules to have grand weddings then. So they thought, as Lent would soon be over, they would stop at Rhodes, one of the islands on the way, and get married there. King Richard had that handsome ship over there fitted up for the ladies, for Queen Joan decided to come, too, and he sent along some of our best knights to guard them. You just ought to have seen us start away from Sicily. I believe everybody there was out to see us off! It was a fine bright day, and we had flags flying and music playing and everything lively. When it got dark they lighted the big red lantern on the mast of the *Trenchmer*—see it over there?—so the others could follow our ship. But in a little while a terrible storm came up.”

“Were you scared?” asked Raymond.

“Yes,” admitted Hugh, after a moment’s hesitation, “I was. The storm lasted two days and I thought surely we should all upset and be drowned! Several of the ships were wrecked and blown to pieces, a lot of them ran up on little islands, and the third day we managed to put into the harbor at Rhodes. The *Trenchmer* was pretty badly battered up, but when King Richard looked around and saw the ladies’ ship wasn’t

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there he wouldn't stay, but gave orders to sail right on for Cyprus, which was the next big island. He thought maybe he would find the princess there. The next day we sighted Cyprus, and there was the ladies' ship standing off outside the harbor of a town."

"Why were they *outside* the harbor?" asked Raymond.

"That was what King Richard wanted to know," replied Hugh. "So he sent two sailors and one of our knights in the *Trenchmer's* little life-boat to see what was the matter; and the captain of the ladies' ship told them that two others of our galleys had been wrecked on the coast and when the men tried to swim ashore the Cyprus people beat them off so they could get all the valuable things that floated in. They acted so mean that the captain didn't dare land with the ladies. When our folks came back and told King Richard that, he was simply furious!"

"What did he do?" inquired Raymond, who was listening with interest.

"Do?" echoed Hugh, "why, the wind wasn't toward the harbor so we could sail in, but he ordered the rowers to get the *Trenchmer* there as fast as they could. Then we all hurried ashore and King Richard sent for the king of Cyprus, whose name was Isaac. When Isaac showed fight and wouldn't apologize for the outrageous way his people acted about the wreck, King Richard just grabbed his big battle-ax—you know how enormous it is—and waving it in the air, he rushed toward the town to attack it. All our knights went after him, and a good many from some other

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ships that had come up, and before long King Richard had taken the town. And right away he signalled for the ladies' ship to come on, and he took Princess Berengaria and Queen Joan and their maids of honor and put them in Isaac's best palace. Then he took another fine palace for himself, and all the knights had very grand houses to stay in."

"What became of Isaac?" put in Raymond.

"At first he promised everything King Richard wanted," replied Hugh, "but when King Richard found he was all the while plotting behind his back, he made him prisoner. Isaac cried and made such a fuss about being chained up that King Richard said his chains should be silver because he had been a king. He looked pretty scornful, though, when he said it, and put a good strong guard over him, so I guess Isaac will never get Cyprus back again."

"How long did you stay there?" asked Raymond.

"A whole month," answered Hugh, "and then came the wedding. It was the grandest affair! King Richard looked magnificent; he had on a bright rose-colored satin tunic and a mantle of striped silver tissue all embroidered with jewels, and his belt and sword were sparkling with more jewels, and on his head was a kind of cap of red velvet brocaded with gold lions, and he carried a gold scepter in his hand. The Princess Berengaria looked like a fairy beside him,—you saw how little she is. She wore a wonderful white dress, with lots of gold and diamonds," he added vaguely, for he could remember Richard's costume better than his

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bride's. "And then," he went on. "I helped carry in the dishes at the feast afterward, and I was worn out when it was over. I never saw so many fine things to eat in all my life, and everything was served on gold and silver platters, for we used all Isaac's best things and he was very rich. Right away after the feast we loaded up the ships again and started for here."

"When was it you fought the Saracen ship?" was Raymond's next question.

"Why that was two days after we left Cyprus," replied Hugh. "It was the biggest ship I ever saw. King Richard thought it must have held nearly fifteen hundred men!"

"Whew!" exclaimed Raymond, with round eyes. "I didn't know ships *could* be so big!"

"Neither did I," said Hugh, "but it was. It seems it was carrying food and money for Acre here; I suppose they thought they could sneak it into the city some way. The ship was so big that King Richard knew the *Trenchmer* couldn't fight it alone, so he ordered six more of our fleet to line up in a row and they all started to ram the Saracen one. It was then the Saracens began throwing Greek fire on ours. They threw vases full of it,—it's a kind of liquid, you know,—and when the vases smashed, it caught fire in the air, and it got on some of the sailors and burned them to death!"

"Did the rams make a hole in the ship?" asked Raymond.

## *HUGH TELLS OF THE VOYAGE*

“Yes,” said Hugh, “and when the Saracens saw that, they began to chop more holes as fast as they could, for they wanted the ship to sink before our men could climb on it. I guess they thought they would rather drown than fall into the hands of our crusaders, and then, too, they didn’t want us to get all the food and treasure they had on board. But King Richard and the rest hurried and climbed on it and got most of the things off and put on our ships. The Saracens fought like everything, but unless they could swim somewhere I don’t think many were alive when our fighters got through with them. Some of our men were killed but most got back all right to our ships, and then we sailed on for Palestine. When King Richard first caught sight of the coast he said two words I couldn’t understand,—one of the knights said they were Latin and meant ‘Holy Land’—and then he never took his eyes off it, but just stood watching it in a kind of dream till we landed.”

“Well,” said Raymond, drawing a long breath, “of course our trip here was all very strange and new to me but it was nothing like so exciting as yours!”

But by this time the boys knew they had better be going back to their masters, so they parted for the day.