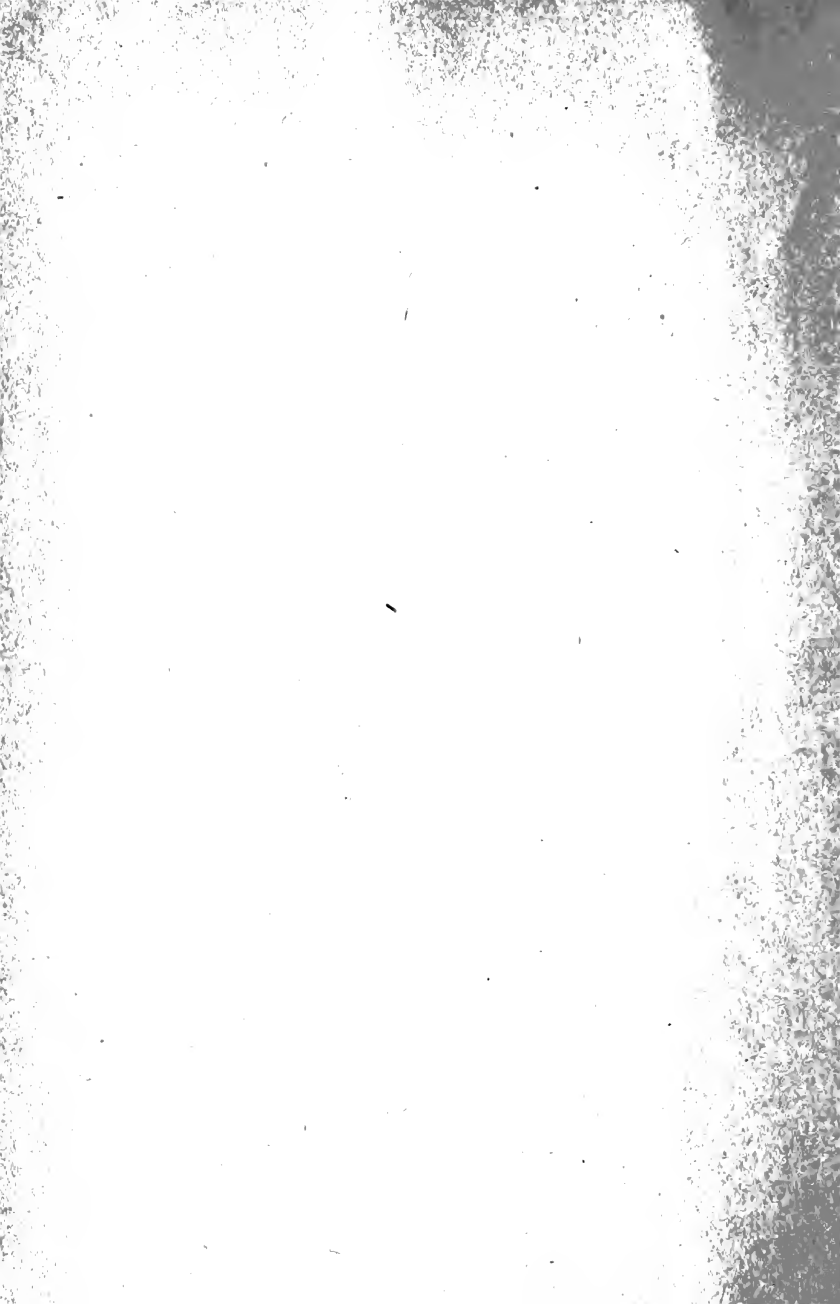


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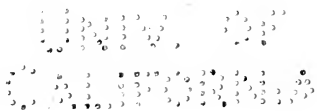
A BOOK OF PROSE NARRATIVES

CHOSEN AND EDITED

BY

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PREFACE

A new book of specimens in any of the forms of discourse should be welcome if the matter is fresh and inviting and also of standard worth, and if the principle is sound as well as practical, even more if it be new. These selections are certainly not hackneyed—hardly any of them are to be found in a similar book; and readable they as certainly are, some of them as readable as a fairy tale and some as readable as a magazine article. Yet all are standard; here is nothing ephemeral. What then of the principle?

Instructors in English have long wanted a book of narrative specimens for use in freshman classes, both as a guide to writing in the simpler forms and as a literary stimulus. Now the editor of practically every manual in use crowds into one bulky volume examples of every one of the forms. Among the examples of narration he tucks in a stray chapter of history, or of biography or travel. But in general his excerpts are short stories or chapters from novels; the study of narration he takes to mean the study of story-writing and story-reading, the study of one of the finest of the fine arts. All very good, but does it fit the needs of the ordinary freshman?

One great difficulty we all must meet is in teaching our students, especially freshmen, to write plainly and soundly and, at the same time, vitally and agreeably. The stock of most freshman writing is, of course, exposition, with a little description—in rare instances, narration—introduced as a relief and a luxury. In the meantime the humdrum and useful exposition plods along, and but little is done in narration of the plainer kind. Yet every student should be taught to narrate and to describe in this way; he has need of both powers every day. And certainly

his expository writing will gain vastly by his practice in a style abounding in the sense of fact.

The editor believes that this volume of personal and impersonal narratives contains enough matter for models to fit the ordinary student's actual needs. Here are more than twenty pieces, ranging from primitive to modern, from naïve to sophisticated. None of them is fiction in the strict sense. The two apparent exceptions, that from *The Journal of the Plague Year* and that from *Henry Esmond*, are historical at least in their appeal to the reader's interest and in their bid for belief. The scheme of division—(1) Legendary History, (2) History, (3) Intimate History—is meant as a grouping of models no less than as a literary classification. For practical purposes the second and third divisions will be found the better suited. Few freshmen can write acceptable stories; but all freshmen can learn to tell a plain tale plainly, perhaps interestingly; and many freshmen write capital bits of personal narration.

The editor hopes his book may serve as an introduction to delightful ranges of literature which seldom lie within the scope of lower college courses because not available in a handbook. Why should novels and stories have everything their own way? Are not certain histories literature? are not saga and chivalric legend literature? above all, are not Bible-stories literature? Yes, but so too are certain autobiographies literature; and near neighbors to novels and stories at that. Indeed the study of such a book as this should lay the very best foundation to the later study of fiction and drama, for the pieces show, in this way or that, all, or nearly all, the qualities of narrative structure and style. Now nothing is so fundamental to the appreciation of novels and plays as the ability to realize experience (actual or supposed) as set forth in narrative order and scheme, and in a sound diction quick with vivid details; upon these play-writing and story-writing inevitably depend. And not only plot, but character even, will be the better

understood by one who has a trained sense of narrative order and fact.

His purpose being frankly rhetorical, the editor has added few notes or none. Here and there a necessary definition is given or a necessary fact supplied, mainly, however, in the little chapter-prefaces. But no origins are traced and no allusions are explained. Any teacher, therefore, who finds that sort of exercise profitable to his class has a clear field. Surely there are enough encyclopedias and dictionaries, and more than enough annotated editions ready to hand. Nor would the editor embarrass the teacher with rhetorical apparatus—with plot schemes or with analyses of style, of sentence-forms, habitual phrases, diction. A student is less helped than hindered by them; a good teacher can supply his own devices, and the better the teacher the more he will resent being run into a mold. Rhetoric defeats expression when its applications are made too hard and fast.

The editor has taken certain liberties. He has omitted authors' footnotes where these were irrelevant or obtrusive because too documentary or distracting. He has even omitted solid passages from the body of the text, sometimes for brevity, more often for clarity. Much from the text of the De Quincey passage, for example, some of it verbiage and nearly all of it digression, he has ruthlessly cut. But he believes he has done no wrong to this or any other author, that he has never sacrificed spirit to form.

Acknowledgments for the favor of copyrighted books or of special editions are made in the proper places. It remains to thank my colleagues in the University of California—Messrs. Leonard Bacon, Frederick Blanchard, Harold Bruce, Herbert Cory, Sigurd Hustvedt, George MacMinn and George Smithson for assistance in making the selections—and my chief, Professor Charles Mills Gayley, for kindly criticisms and valuable suggestions.



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PART I
LEGENDARY HISTORY



THE BIBLE

THE PROPHET ELIJAH

[From the First and Second Books of Kings, *passim*. The text is taken from the "authorized," or King James, Version, 1611.]

The period in Hebrew history is that of the divided kingdoms of Israel—that is to say, Judah and Israel—after the death of Solomon.]

I

1 Kings xvi, 29-33; xvii, 1-16; xviii, 1-2; xviii, 17-46; xix

And in the thirty and eighth year of Asa king of Judah began Ahab the son of Omri to reign over Israel: and Ahab the son of Omri reigned over Israel in Samaria twenty and two years. And Ahab the son of Omri did evil in the sight of the Lord above all that were before him. And it came to pass, as if it had been a light thing for him to walk in the sins of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, that he took to wife Jezebel the daughter of Ethbaal king of the Zidonians, and went and served Baal, and worshipped him. And he reared up an altar for Baal in the house of Baal, which he had built in Samaria. And Ahab made a grove; and Ahab did more to provoke the Lord God of Israel to anger than all the kings of Israel that were before him.

.

And Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, said unto Ahab, As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word. And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be, that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to

feed thee there. So he went and did according unto the word of the Lord: for he went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook. And it came to pass after a while, that the brook dried up, because there had been no rain in the land.

And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, Arise, get thee to Zarephath, which belongeth to Zidon, and dwell there: behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee. So he arose and went to Zarephath. And when he came to the gate of the city, behold, the widow woman was there gathering of sticks: and he called to her, and said, Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink. And as she was going to fetch it, he called to her, and said, Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand. And she said, As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but an handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse: and, behold, I am gathering two sticks, that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it, and die. And Elijah said unto her, Fear not; go and do as thou hast said: but make me thereof a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and for thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth. And she went and did according to the saying of Elijah: and she, and he, and her house, did eat many days. And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Elijah.

And it came to pass after many days, that the word of the Lord came to Elijah in the third year, saying, Go, shew thyself unto Ahab; and I will send rain upon the earth. And Elijah went to shew himself unto Ahab. And there was a sore famine in Samaria.

And it came to pass, when Ahab saw Elijah, that Ahab said unto him, Art thou he that troubleth Israel? And he answered, I have not troubled Israel; but thou, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim. Now therefore send, and gather to me all Israel unto mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves four hundred, which eat at Jezebel's table. So Ahab sent unto all the children of Israel, and gathered the prophets together unto mount Carmel.

And Elijah came unto all the people, and said, How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him. And the people answered him not a word. Then said Elijah unto the people, I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord; but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Let them therefore give us two bullocks; and let them choose one bullock for themselves, and cut it in pieces, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under: and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under: and call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord: and the God that answereth by fire, let him be God. And all the people answered and said, It is well spoken. And Elijah said unto the prophets of Baal, Choose you one bullock for yourselves, and dress it first; for ye are many; and call on the name of your gods, but put no fire under. And they took the bullock which was given them, and they dressed it, and called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they leaped upon the altar which was made. And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked. And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them. And it came to pass, when midday was past, and they prophesied until the time

of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that there was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded.

And Elijah said unto all the people, Come near unto me. And all the people came near unto him. And he repaired the altar of the Lord that was broken down. And Elijah took twelve stones, according to the number of the tribes of the sons of Jacob, unto whom the word of the Lord came, saying, Israel shall be thy name: and with the stones he built an altar in the name of the Lord: and he made a trench about the altar, as great as would contain two measures of seed. And he put the wood in order, and cut the bullock in pieces, and laid him on the wood, and said, Fill four barrels with water, and pour it on the burnt sacrifice, and on the wood. And he said, Do it the second time. And they did it the second time. And he said, Do it the third time. And they did it the third time. And the water ran round about the altar; and he filled the trench also with water.

And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that Elijah the prophet came near, and said, Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again. Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces; and they said, The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God.

And Elijah said unto them, Take the prophets of Baal; let not one of them escape. And they took them: and Elijah brought them down to the brook Kishon, and slew them there.

And Elijah said unto Ahab, Get thee up, eat and drink; for there is a sound of abundance of rain. So Ahab went up to eat and to drink. And Elijah went up to the top of Carmel; and he

cast himself down upon the earth, and put his face between his knees, and said to his servant, Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said; Go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand. And he said, Go up, say unto Ahab, Prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop thee not. And it came to pass in the mean while, that the heaven was black with clouds and wind, and there was a great rain. And Ahab rode, and went to Jezreel. And the hand of the Lord was on Elijah; and he girded up his loins, and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel.

And Ahab told Jezebel all that Elijah had done, and withal how he had slain all the prophets with the sword. Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah, saying, So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by to morrow about this time. And when he saw that, he arose, and went for his life, and came to Beer-sheba, which belongeth to Judah, and left his servant there.

But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree: and he requested for himself that he might die; and said, It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers. And as he lay and slept under a juniper tree, behold, then an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat. And he looked, and, behold, there was a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head. And he did eat and drink, and laid him down again. And the angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said, Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee. And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb the mount of God.

And he came thither unto a cave, and lodged there; and, behold, the word of the Lord came to him, and he said unto him,

What doest thou here, Elijah? And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away. And he said, Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice. And it was so, when Elijah heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entering in of the cave.

And, behold, there came a voice unto him, and said, What doest thou here, Elijah? And he said, I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away. And the Lord said unto him, Go, return on thy way to the wilderness of Damascus: and when thou comest, anoint Hazael to be king over Syria: and Jehu the son of Nimshi shalt thou anoint to be king over Israel: and Elisha the son of Shaphat of Abel-meholah shalt thou anoint to be prophet in thy room. And it shall come to pass, that him that escapeth the sword of Hazael shall Jehu slay: and him that escapeth from the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay. Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him.

So he departed thence, and found Elisha the son of Shaphat, who was plowing with twelve yoke of oxen before him, and he with the twelfth: and Elijah passed by him, and cast his mantle upon him. And he left the oxen, and ran after Elijah, and said, Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father and my mother, and then I will follow thee. And he said unto him, Go back again: for what

have I done to thee? And he returned back from him, and took a yoke of oxen, and slew them, and boiled their flesh with the instruments of the oxen, and gave unto the people, and they did eat. Then he arose, and went after Elijah, and ministered unto him.

II

1 Kings xxi

And it came to pass after these things, that Naboth the Jezreelite had a vineyard, which was in Jezreel, hard by the palace of Ahab king of Samaria. And Ahab spake unto Naboth, saying, Give me thy vineyard, that I may have it for a garden of herbs, because it is near unto my house: and I will give thee for it a better vineyard than it; or, if it seem good to thee, I will give thee the worth of it in money. And Naboth said to Ahab, The Lord forbid it me, that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee. And Ahab came into his house heavy and displeased because of the word which Naboth the Jezreelite had spoken to him: for he had said, I will not give thee the inheritance of my fathers. And he laid him down upon his bed, and turned away his face, and would eat no bread.

But Jezebel his wife came to him, and said unto him, Why is thy spirit so sad, that thou eatest no bread? And he said unto her, Because I spake unto Naboth the Jezreelite, and said unto him, Give me thy vineyard for money; or else, if it please thee, I will give thee another vineyard for it: and he answered, I will not give thee my vineyard. And Jezebel his wife said unto him, Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? arise, and eat bread, and let thine heart be merry: I will give thee the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite. So she wrote letters in Ahab's name, and sealed them with his seal, and sent the letters unto the elders and to the nobles that were in his city, dwelling with Naboth. And she wrote in the letters, saying, Proclaim a fast, and set Naboth on high among the people: and set two men, sons of Belial, before

him, to bear witness against him, saying, Thou didst blaspheme God and the king. And then carry him out, and stone him, that he may die.

And the men of his city, even the elders and the nobles who were the inhabitants in his city, did as Jezebel had sent unto them, and as it was written in the letters which she had sent unto them. They proclaimed a fast, and set Naboth on high among the people. And there came in two men, children of Belial, and sat before him: and the men of Belial witnessed against him, even against Naboth, in the presence of the people, saying, Naboth did blaspheme God and the king. Then they carried him forth out of the city, and stoned him with stones, that he died. Then they sent to Jezebel, saying, Naboth is stoned, and is dead.

And it came to pass, when Jezebel heard that Naboth was stoned, and was dead, that Jezebel said to Ahab, Arise, take possession of the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite, which he refused to give thee for money: for Naboth is not alive, but dead. And it came to pass, when Ahab heard that Naboth was dead, that Ahab rose up to go down to the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite, to take possession of it.

And the word of the Lord came to Elijah the Tishbite, saying, Arise, go down to meet Ahab king of Israel, which is in Samaria: behold, he is in the vineyard of Naboth, whither he is gone down to possess it. And thou shalt speak unto him, saying, Thus saith the Lord, Hast thou killed, and also taken possession? And thou shalt speak unto him, saying, Thus saith the Lord, In the place where dogs licked the blood of Naboth shall dogs lick thy blood, even thine. And Ahab said to Elijah, Hast thou found me, O mine enemy? And he answered, I have found thee: because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord. Behold, I will bring evil upon thee, and will utterly sweep thee away, and will cut off from Ahab every man child, and him that is shut up and left in Israel, and will make thine house like the house of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, and like the

house of Baasha the son of Ahijah, for the provocation wherewith thou hast provoked me to anger, and made Israel to sin. And of Jezebel also spake the Lord, saying, The dogs shall eat Jezebel by the wall of Jezreel. Him that dieth of Ahab in the city the dogs shall eat; and him that dieth in the field shall the fowls of the air eat.

(But there was none like unto Ahab, which did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up. And he did very abominably in following idols, according to all things as did the Amorites, whom the Lord cast out before the children of Israel.)

And it came to pass, when Ahab heard those words, that he rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his flesh, and fasted, and lay in sackcloth, and went softly. And the word of the Lord came to Elijah the Tishbite, saying, Seest thou how Ahab humbleth himself before me? because he humbleth himself before me, I will not bring the evil in his days: but in his son's days will I bring the evil upon his house.

III

1 Kings xxii, 29-40

So the king of Israel and Jehoshaphat the king of Judah went up to Ramoth-gilead. And the king of Israel said unto Jehoshaphat, I will disguise myself, and enter into the battle; but put thou on thy robes. And the king of Israel disguised himself, and went into the battle. But the king of Syria commanded his thirty and two captains that had rule over his chariots, saying, Fight neither with small nor great, save only with the king of Israel. And it came to pass, when the captains of the chariots saw Jehoshaphat, that they said, Surely it is the king of Israel. And they turned aside to fight against him: and Jehoshaphat cried out. And it came to pass, when the captains of the chariots

perceived that it was not the king of Israel, that they turned back from pursuing him. And a certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote the king of Israel between the joints of the harness: wherefore he said unto the driver of his chariot, Turn thine hand, and carry me out of the host; for I am wounded. And the battle increased that day: and the king was stayed up in his chariot against the Syrians, and died at even: and the blood ran out of the wound into the midst of the chariot. And there went a proclamation throughout the host about the going down of the sun, saying, Every man to his city, and every man to his own country.

So the king died, and was brought to Samaria; and they buried the king in Samaria. And one washed the chariot in the pool of Samaria; and the dogs licked up his blood; and they washed his armour; according unto the word of the Lord which he spake.

Now the rest of the acts of Ahab, and all that he did, and the ivory house which he made, and all the cities that he built, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Israel? So Ahab slept with his fathers; and Ahaziah his son reigned in his stead.

IV

2 Kings ii, 1-12

And it came to pass, when the Lord would take up Elijah into heaven by a whirlwind, that Elijah went with Elisha from Gilgal. And Elijah said unto Elisha, Tarry here, I pray thee; for the Lord hath sent me to Beth-el. And Elisha said unto him, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. So they went down to Beth-el. And the sons of the prophets that were at Beth-el came forth to Elisha, and said unto him, Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to day? And he said, Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace. And Elijah

said unto him, Elisha, tarry here, I pray thee; for the Lord hath sent me to Jericho. And he said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. So they came to Jericho. And the sons of the prophets that were at Jericho came to Elisha, and said unto him, Knowest thou that the Lord will take away thy master from thy head to day? And he answered, Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace. And Elijah said unto him, Tarry, I pray thee, here; for the Lord hath sent me to Jordan. And he said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee.

And they two went on. And fifty men of the sons of the prophets went, and stood to view afar off: and they two stood by Jordan. And Elijah took his mantle, and wrapped it together, and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither, so that they two went over on dry ground. And it came to pass, when they were gone over, that Elijah said unto Elisha, Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee. And Elisha said, I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me. And he said, Thou hast asked a hard thing: nevertheless, if thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but if not, it shall not be so.

And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven. And Elisha saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more: and he took hold of his own clothes, and rent them in two pieces.

CUCHULAIN

*Twelfth Century (?)*THE BATTLE OF ROSNAREE¹

[From *Cuchulain of Muirthemne* (pronounced Cu-hoolan of Mŭr-hĕv-na), translated by Lady Augusta Gregory, in 1903; an Irish hero-story, or saga, of the wars between Ulster and Ireland.

“The Cuchulain cycle of tales relates the deeds and adventures of a group of heroes called ‘The Champions of the Red Branch,’ so named from one of their three halls of assembly. Chief among these heroes was Cuchulain, whose prowess began to show itself in his earliest youth, and whose courage and powers were so extraordinary that in the long and archaic tale which forms the first and centre of the series, called the *Táin bó Cuailnge* or ‘Cattle-raid of Cooley’ (in Co. Down), he is represented as holding at bay single-handed the allied forces of Ireland through a long series of single combats which occupied a whole winter; and this at a time when he was but a youth and beardless.”—ELEANOR HULL: *A Text-Book of Irish Literature*, p. 29.

“The hero Cuchulain is the offspring of Lugh (Loo), the Irish sun-god From his birth he is of abnormal development. As a child of five he puts to shame all the boys of Ulster in their various sports; at six he slays the terrible watch-dog of Culann the smith, from which feat he gained his name Cú-chulainn, or ‘Hound of Culann’; at seven years he has already taken arms and slain prime warriors in single combat.”—ELEANOR HULL: *A Text-Book of Irish Literature*, p. 39 *passim*.

“Cuchulain had three formidable enemies who were bent upon his life; these were Lughaidh (Lewy) the son of the Momonian King Curigh, whom Cuchulain had slain, Eric, the son of Cairbre King of all Ireland, who was slain in the battle of Rosnaree, and the descendants of the wizard Calatin, who with his twenty sons and his son-in-law fell by Cuchulain in one of the combats at the Ford, during the raid of the *Táin*.”—DOUGLAS HYDE: *A Literary History of Ireland*, p. 341.

The Battle of Rosnaree follows in time *The Cattle-raid of Cooley*, in which Queen Maeve’s forces were routed by King Conchubar’s men, mainly through the prowess of Cuchulain, “the Irish Achilles.”]

¹ Reprinted by kind permission of Lady Gregory.

There was a time, now, after the war for the Bull of Cuailgne,¹ when King Conchubar² got someway down-hearted, and there was a heaviness on his mind.

And the men of Ulster thought it might be lonesome he was, and fretting after Deirdre yet, and they searched about through the whole province for a wife for him.

And at last they found a beautiful young girl of good race, whose name was Luain, and they brought her to Emain³ Macha, and a great wedding was made, and great feasting; and the king grew to be quiet and happy in his mind. But among the men that came to the wedding were the two sons of the poet Aithirne, that had such a bad name for covetousness and for cruelty.

The two sons were poets as well, Cuingedach and Abhartach, and when they saw Luain, Conchubar's queen, and she so beautiful, the two of them fell in love with her there and then. And they stopped at Emain, and after a while each of them tried to gain her secret love. But there was great anger and displeasure on Luain at that, and she drove them from her.

They went home then to their father, Aithirne, and the three of them, to avenge themselves on Luain, made satires on her, that brought blotches out on her face. And when her face that was so beautiful was spoiled like that, she went back and hid herself in her father's house, and with the shame and the sorrow that were on her, she died there.

Then great anger and rage came on Conchubar, and he sent the men of Ulster to Aithirne's house, and they killed himself and his two sons, and they pulled his house down to the ground.

But the rest of the poets of Ulster were not well pleased that Conchubar should put such disrespect on one of themselves and do such a great vengeance on him, and they gathered together and gave Aithirne a great burial and keened him, and it was Amergin that made a lament over his grave.

¹ Pronounced Cooley.

² Pronounced Con-a-choor.

³ Pronounced Avvin.

And then Conchubar stopped in Emain Macha, and the cloud of trouble came on him again, and he used to be thinking of the war for the Bull of Cuailgne, and of all that Maeve's army did when he was in his weakness; and he did not sleep in the night, and there was no food that pleased him.

And then the men of Ulster bid Cathbad, the Druid, go to Conchubar, and rouse him out of his sickness.

So Cathbad went to him, and he cried tears down when he saw him, and he said: "Tell me, Conchubar, what wound it is or what sickness has weakened you and has made your face so pale?" "It is no wonder sickness to be on me," said Conchubar, "when I think of the way the four provinces of Ireland came and destroyed my forts and my duns and my walled towns and the houses of my people, and when I think how Maeve brought away cattle and gold and silver, and how she came as far as Dun Sescind and Dun Sobairce,¹ and brought away Daire's bull out of my own province. And it is what vexes me, Maeve herself to have got away safe from the battle; and it is time for me to go and avenge that time on the men of Ireland," he said. "That is no right thing you are saying," said Cathbad, "for the men of Ulster did a good vengeance on the men of Ireland the time they gained the battle of Ilgaireth." "I do not count any battle to be a battle," said Conchubar, "unless a king or a queen has fallen in it; and I swear by the oath of my people, Cathbad," he said, "that kings and great men will be brought to their death by me, or else I myself will go to my death."

"This is my advice to you," said Cathbad, "not to set out till the winter is gone by; for at this time the winds are rough, and the roads are heavy, and the rivers are full and flooded, and every windy gap is cold. It is best to wait for the summer," he said, "till the fords are shallow and the roads are smooth, till the thick leaves on the bushes will be shelters, till every sod of grass will be a pillow, till our colts will be strong, till the nights will be short

¹ Pronounced Dom Sěvěrka.

for keeping watch against an enemy. It is best to wait," he said, "till you can gather together the men of Ulster, and till you can send messengers to your friends among the Gall." "I am willing to do that," said Conchubar, "but I give my word," he said, "let them come, or let them not come, I will go myself to Teamhair¹ to get satisfaction from Cairbre Niafer, my own son-in-law, that did not come to help me at the gathering at Ilgairth, and to Lugaid, son of Curoi, and to Eocha, son of Luchta, and to Maeve, and to Ailell, till I throw down the stones over the graves of their chief men, till I destroy and lay waste their country, the same way as the men of Ireland destroyed my province."

So then Conchubar sent out messengers to Conall Cearnach, that was raising his tribute in the islands of Leodus, and of Cadd, and of Orc, and to the countries of the Gall, to Olaib, grandson of the king of Norway, and to Baire, of the Scigger islands, and to Siugraid Soga, king of Sudiam; to the seven sons of Romra, and to the son of the king of Alban, and to the king of the island of Orc.

And the first to answer the messengers, and to set out for Ulster was Conall Cearnach, for there was great anger on him when he heard of all that had happened in Ulster in the war for the Bull of Cuailgne, and he not in it. "And if I had been in it," he said, "the men of Connaught would not have taken spoil from Ulster, without an equal vengeance being measured to them again." And Olaib, grandson of the King of Norway, came with him, and Baire, of the Scigger islands, and their men with them in their ships; and they came through the green waves, and the seals and the sword-fishes rising about them, towards Dundéalgan, and the place where they landed was at the Strand of Baile, son of Buan.

This, now, is the story of Baile that was buried at that strand.

He was of the race of Rudraige, and although he had but little land belonging to him, he was the heir of Ulster, and every one that saw him loved him, both man and woman, because he was so

¹ Pronounced T'yower.

sweet-spoken; and they called him Baile of the Honey-Mouth. And the one that loved him best was Aillinn, daughter of Lugaidh, the King of Leinster's son. And one time she herself and Baile settled to meet one another near Dundéalgan, beside the sea. Baile was the first to set out, and he came from Emain Macha, over Slieve Fuad, over Muirthemne, to the strand where they were to meet; and he stopped there, and his chariots were unyoked, and his horses were let out to graze. And while he and his people were waiting there they saw a strange, wild-looking man, coming towards them from the South, as fast as a hawk that darts from a cliff or as the wind that blows from off the green sea. "Go and meet him," said Baile to his people, "and ask him news of where he is going and where he comes from, and what is the reason of his haste." So they asked news of him, and he said: "I am going back now to Tuagh Inbhir, from Slieve Suidhe Laighen,¹ and this is all the news I have, that Aillinn, daughter of Lugaidh, was on her way to meet Baile, son of Buan, that she loved. And the young men of Leinster overtook her, and kept her back from going to him, and she died of the heartbreak there and then. For it was foretold by Druids that were friendly to them that they would not come together in their lifetime, but that after their death they would meet, and be happy for ever after." And with that he left them, and was gone again like a blast of wind, and they were not able to hinder him.

And when Baile heard that news, his life went out from him, and he fell dead there on the strand.

And at that time the young girl Aillinn was in her sunny parlour to the south, for she had not set out yet. And the same strange man came in to her, and she asked him where he came from. "I come from the North," he said, "from Tuagh Inver, and I am going past this place to Slieve Suidhe Laighen. And all the news I have," he said, "is that I saw the men of Ulster gathered together on the strand near Dundéalgan, and they

¹ Pronounced Slieve see li'-hon.

raising a stone, and writing on it the name of Baile, son of Buan, that died there when he was on his way to meet the woman he had given his love to; for it was not meant for them ever to reach one another alive, or that one of them should see the other alive." And when he had said that he vanished away, and as to Aillinn, her life went from her, and she died the same way that Baile had died.

And an apple-tree grew out of her grave, and a yew-tree out of Baile's grave. And it was near that yew-tree Conall Cearnach landed, and Baire, and the grandson of the king of Norway. And Cuchulain had made ready a great feast for them, and for Conchubar that had come to meet them, at bright-faced Dundéalgan.

And the Hound bade them a kind, loving welcome, and he said: "Welcome to those I know, and those I do not know, to the good and the bad, the young and the old among you." And they stopped there a week, and Conchubar was well pleased to see the whole strand full of his friends that were come in their ships. And then he bade farewell to Emer, daughter of Forgall, and he said to Cuchulain: "Go now to the three fifties of old fighting men, that are resting in their age, under Irgalach, son of Macclach, and say to them to come with me to this gathering and to this war, the way I will have their help and their advice." "Let them go to it if they have a mind," said Cuchulain; "but it is not I that will go and ask it of them."

So then Conchubar himself went to the great house, where the old fighting men used to be living that had laid by their arms. And when he came in, they raised their heads from their places to look at the great king. And then they leaped up, and they said: "What has brought you to us to day, our chief and our lord?" "Did you get no word," he said, "of the way the four provinces of Ireland came against us, and how they burned down our forts and our houses, and how they brought their makers of poems and of stories along with them, that their deeds might be

told, and our disgrace might be the greater? And I am going out against them now," he said, "to get satisfaction from them; and let you come with me, and I will have your advice." Then the hearts of the old men rose in them, and they caught their old horses and yoked their old chariots. And they went on with the king to the mouth of the Water of Luachann that night.

And the next day Conchubar set out with his own men and his friends from beyond the sea, to Slieve Breagh, that is near Rosnaree on the Boinne. And they made their camp at Cuanglas, the green harbour, and lighted their fires, and music and merry songs were made for them. But Cuchulain stopped behind in Dundéalgan to gather his own people, and to make provision for them on the march.

Now news had been brought to Cairbre Niafer at Teamhair, that Conchubar was gathering his men to get satisfaction for all that had been done to Ulster in the war for the Bull of Cuailgne, and that it was likely he himself would be the first he would come against.

For there was some bad feeling between Cairbre and the men of Ulster, since the time he drove the sons of Uomor into Connaught, with the heavy rent he put on them, and that after Conall Cearnach and Cuchulain giving their own security for their good behaviour. They turned on their securities after that, and fought with them, and Conall Cool, the son of their chief, fell; and Cuchulain, and his father, and his friends, raised the heap of stones over him that is called Carn Chonaill, in the province of Connaught.

And Cairbre sent a message to Cruachan, to say to Ailell and to Maeve: "If it is towards us Conchubar and the men of Ulster are coming, let you come to our help; but if it is past us they go, into the fair-headed province of Connaught, we will go to your help." So when Conchubar came to Cuanglas, at Rosnaree, there was a good army gathered there to make a stand against him; the three troops of the children of Deagha, and a great

troop of the Collamnachs, and of the men of Bregia, and of the Gailiana. And he rose up early in the morning, and he could see the moving of men and the shining of spears, and he heard the noise of a great army, and he said: "We will send some one of our men to bring us word about them."

And he sent out Feic, son of Follaman. And Feic went up to a hill beside the Boinne, and he began to look at the army and to count it, and it vexed him to see how many were in it. "If I go back now and tell this," he said, "the men of Ulster will come and will begin the battle, and there will be no better chance for me to get a great name and do great deeds than for any other man. And why would I not go and begin a fight now by myself?" And with that he crossed the river.

But the men that were in front caught sight of him, and the whole army began shouting around him, and he had not courage to go against them, but he turned to cross the river again. But he gave a false leap, just where the water was deepest, and a wave laughed over him, and he died.

It seemed a long time to Conchubar that he was away, and he said to the men of Ulster: "What is your advice to us about this battle?" "It is what we advise," they said, "to wait till our strong fighters and our chief men are come." And they had not long to wait before they saw troops coming, Cathbad with twelve hundred men, and Amergin with twelve hundred men, and Eoghan,¹ king of Fernmaighe, and Laegaire Buadach, and the three sons of Conall Buide.

And then they saw another troop coming, and in the front of it a fierce, brown man. Rough, dark hair he had, and a big nose and hollow cheeks, and his talk was quick and hurried. A blue cloak about him, and a brooch of silver as white as a bird, a heavy sword, and a shield with iron rims. And this is who he was, Daire of Cuailgne, that was come to get satisfaction for his bull and for his herds on the men of Ireland. "What is delaying you here?"

¹ Pronounced Owen.

he said to Conchubar. "I have good reason for delaying," said Conchubar, "for there is a great army under Cairbre Niafer before us at Rosnaree, and there are not enough of us to go against them. And it is not refusing a battle we are, but waiting till we get our full number." "By my word," said Daire, "if you do not go out against them, it is I will go against them by myself."

Then Conchubar put on his armour, and took his many-coloured shield, and his sword, the Ochain. And all the men of Ulster gathered around him, and they raised their spears and their shields, and it was like a great river breaking from the side of a mountain, and breaking what it meets of stones and trees before it, that they went to meet the men of Leinster at Rosnaree on the Boinne.

And when Cairbre Niafer and his friends and his men saw them coming, they made ready for them, and came towards the river.

And the men of Ulster crossed the river, and the two armies met, and each of them took to hacking and destroying the other. And the Gailiana pressed heavily on the men of Ulster, and came in to the middle of them, and cut them down like trees are cut in a wood. And as for Conchubar he did not give back, where he was, and Celthair on his right hand, and Amergin the poet on his right hand again, and Eoghan, king of Fernmaighe, on his left, and Daire of Cuailgne near him. These few stood against the Gailiana, and fought against them, stout and proud. But as to the young men and those that were never in a fight before, they turned round and burst through the battle northwards.

It was just then Conall Cearnach was coming in his chariot, and when the young men of Ulster saw the face of Conall, they came to a stop, and Conall saw that they were beaten and running from the battle, and he called out sharp words to them, for there was anger on him, they to have left the fight, and with no sign of blood or of wounds upon them.

But they were ashamed then, and content to go back to the battle, when they had Conall's hand to help them; and each one

of them tore a green branch off the oak trees that were near them, and held it up, and they went with him; for they knew there would be no running away in any place where Conall's face would be seen.

And it happened just at that time Conchubar, the High King, was taking three backward steps out of the battle northward, but when he saw the face of Conall coming towards him, he called to him to stop the army from falling back. "I give my word," said Conall, "I think it easier to fight the battle by myself than to stop the rout now."

And just then the three royal poets of the king of Teamhair came to give him their help, Eochaid¹ the Learned, and Diarmant of the Songs, and Forgel the Just, and they went into the fight against Conall. And Conall looked at them and he said: "I give my true word," he said, "if you were not poets and men of learning, you would have got your death by me before this; and now that you are come fighting with your master," he said, "where is there any reason for sparing you?" And with that he made a blow at them with a heavy stick that was in his hand, that struck the three heads off them.

Then Conall drew his sword out of its sheath, and he played the music of his sword on the armies of Leinster, and the sound of it was heard on every side; and when the men near him heard it their faces whitened, and each one of them went back to his place in the battle. And at that time Cuchulain came into the battle, and the men of the Gailiana gave wild shouts at him, and anger came on him and he scattered them.

And strength came again into the hearts of the men of Ulstêr, and their anger rose, and the earth shook under their feet, and there was clashing of swords on both sides, and the shouting of young men, and the screams of old men, and the groaning of chariot-fighters, and the crying of ravens. And there were many lying in cold pools, the white soles of their feet close together,

¹ Pronounced Yohee.

and the red lips turning grey, and the bright faces very pale, and darkness coming on their grey eyes, and confusion on their clear wits.

It is then Cuchulain met with Cairbre Niafer, and he went against him, and put his shield against his shield and there they were face to face. And Cairbre said words of insult to Cuchulain, and Cuchulain answered him back and said: "It is all I ask of you, to fight with me now alone." "I will do that," said Cairbre Niafer, "for I am a king in my way of living, and a champion in battles."

Then each attacked the other, and it was hard for them to hold their feet firm, or to strike with their hands, in the closeness of the fight. And Cairbre broke all his weapons, but nine of his men came and kept up the fight against Cuchulain till more weapons could be brought to him. And then Cuchulain's weapons were broken, and Cairbre and nine of his men came and held up their shields before him till Laeg could bring him his own right weapons, the Dubach, the grim one, his spear, and the Cruaidin, his sword. And then they took to hitting at one another again, and at last Cuchulain took his spear into his left hand, and struck at Cairbre with it, and he lowered his shield to protect his body. And then Cuchulain changed it to his right hand, and struck at him over the rim of his shield, and it went through his heart; and before his body could reach the ground, Cuchulain made a spring and struck his head off. And then he held up the head, and shook it before the two armies.

Then Sencha, son of Ailell, rose up and shook the branch of peace, and the men of Ulster stood still. As to the men of Leinster, when they saw their king was killed, they fell back; but Iriel of the Great Knees, the son of Conall Cearnach, followed after them, and did a great slaughter on the Gailiana and on the rest of the army till they reached to the Rye of Leinster.

And then the men of Ulster went back to their homes. And as to Conchubar, he went back to Emain, and it was not till a good

while after that he got the wound in his head that Fintan sewed up with gold thread, to match the colour of his hair, and that brought him to his death in the end.

GRETTIS SAGA

Fourteenth Century (?)

THE END OF GRETTIR¹

[From the *Story of Grettir the Strong*, a translation (1869) by Eirikr Magnússon (1833-1913) and William Morris (1834-1896).

The hero, cursed by the demon Glam, whom he has overcome in fight, suffers continual reverses, until finally he is outlawed by his kinsman, King Olaf.

“Grettir is driven from his lairs one after the other, and makes up his mind to try, as a last resource, to set himself down on the island of Drangey, which rises up sheer from the midst of Skagafirth like a castle: he goes to his father’s house, and bids farewell to his mother, and sets off for Drangey in the company of his youngest brother, Illugi, who will not leave him, in this pinch, and a losel called ‘Noise,’ a good joker (we are told) but a slothful, untrustworthy poltroon. The three get out to Drangey, and possess themselves of the live stock on it, and for a while all goes well: the land-owners who held the island in shares, despairing of ridding themselves of the outlaw, give their shares or sell them to one Thorbiorn Angle, a man of good house, but violent, unpopular, and unscrupulous. This man after trying the obvious ways of persuasion, cajolery, and assassination for getting the island into his hands, at last, with the help of a certain hag, his foster-mother, has recourse to sorcery.”—Translators’ Preface.]

OF THE CARLINE’S² EVIL GIFT TO GRETTIR

Now wore away the time of autumn till it wanted but three weeks of winter; then the carline bade bear her to the sea-shore. Thorbiorn asked what she would there.

“Little is my errand, yet maybe,” she says, “it is a foreboding of greater tidings.”

¹ Reprinted by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., London.

² Old woman.

Now was it done as she bade, and when she came down to the strand, she went limping along by the sea, as if she were led thereto, unto a place where lay before her an uprooted tree, as big as a man might bear on his shoulder. She looked at the tree and bade them turn it over before her eyes, and on one side it was as if singed and rubbed; so there whereas it was rubbed she let cut a little flat space; and then she took her knife and cut runes on the root, and made them red with her blood, and sang witch-words over them; then she went backwards and widdershins¹ round about the tree, and cast over it many a strong spell; thereafter she let thrust the tree forth into the sea, and spake in such wise over it, that it should drive out to Drangey, and that Grettir should have all hurt therefrom that might be. Thereafter she went back home to Woodwick; and Thorbiorn said that he knew not if that would come to aught; but the carline answered that he should wot better anon.

Now the wind blew landward up the firth, yet the carline's root went in the teeth of the wind, and belike it sailed swifter than might have been looked for of it.

Grettir abode in Drangey with his fellows as is aforesaid, and in good case they were; but the day after the carline had wrought her witch-craft on the tree the brothers went down below the cliffs searching for firewood, so when they came to the west of the island, there they found that tree drifted ashore.

Then said Illugi, "A big log of firewood, kinsman, let us bear it home."

Grettir kicked it with his foot and said, "An evil tree from evil sent; other firewood than this shall we have."

Therewithal he cast it out into the sea, and bade Illugi beware of bearing it home, "For it is sent us for our ill-hap." And therewith they went unto their abode, and said nought about it to the thrall. But the next day they found the tree again, and it was nigher to the ladders than heretofore; Grettir drave it out to sea, and said that it should never be borne home.

¹ In a contrary direction.

Now the days wore on into summer, and a gale came on with much wet, and the brothers were loth to be abroad, and bade Noise go search for firewood.

He took it ill, and said he was ill served in that he had to drudge and labour abroad in all the foulest weather; but withal he went down to the beach before the ladders and found the carline's tree there, and deemed things had gone well because of it; so he took it up and bore it to the hut, and cast it down thereby with a mighty thump.

Grettir heard it and said, "Noise has got something, so I shall go out and see what it is."

Therewithal he took up a wood-axe, and went out, and straightway Noise said, "Split it up in as good wise as I have brought it home, then."

Grettir grew short of temper with the thrall, and smote the axe with both hands at the log, nor heeded what tree it was; but as soon as ever the axe touched the wood, it turned flatlings and glanced off therefrom into Grettir's right leg above the knee, in such wise that it stood in the bone, and a great wound was that. Then he looked at the tree and said,

"Now has evil heart prevailed, nor will this hap go alone, since that same tree has now come back to us that I have cast out to sea on these two days. But for thee, Noise, two slips hast thou had, first, when thou must needs let the fire be slaked, and now this bearing home of that tree of ill-hap; but if a third thou hast, thy bane will it be, and the bane of us all."

With that came Illugi and bound up Grettir's hurt, and it bled little, and Grettir slept well that night; and so three nights slipped by in such wise that no pain came of the wound, and when they loosed the swathings, the lips of the wound were come together so that it was well-nigh grown over again. Then said Illugi, "Belike thou wilt have no long hurt of this wound."

"Well were it then," said Grettir, "but marvellously has this befallen, whatso may come of it; and my mind misgives me of the way things will take."

GRETTIR SINGS OF HIS GREAT DEEDS

Now they lay them down that evening, but at midnight Grettir began to tumble about exceedingly. Illugi asked why he was so unquiet. Grettir said that his leg had taken to paining him, "And methinks it is like that some change of hue there be therein."

Then they kindled a light, and when the swathings were undone, the leg showed all swollen and coal-blue, and the wound had broken open, and was far more evil of aspect than at first; much pain there went therewith so that he might not abide at rest in any wise, and never came sleep on his eyes.

Then spake Grettir, "Let us make up our minds to it, that this sickness which I have gotten is not done for nought, for it is of sorcery, and the carline is minded to avenge her of that stone."

Illugi said, "Yea, I told thee that thou wouldst get no good from that hag."

"*All will come to one end,*" said Grettir, and sang this song withal—

Doubtful played the foredoomed fate
Round the sword in that debate,
When the bearserks' outlawed crew,
In the days of yore I slew.
Screamed the worm of clashing lands
When Hiarandi dropped his hands
Biorn and Gunnar cast away,
Hope of dwelling in the day.

Home again then travelled I;
The broad-boarded ship must lie,
Under Door-holm, as I went,
Still with weapon play content,
Through the land; and there the thane
Called me to the iron rain,
Bade me make the spear-storm rise,
Torfi Vebrandson the wise.

To such plight the Skald was brought,
Wounder of the walls of thought,

Howsoever many men
 Stood, all armed, about us then,
 That his hand that knew the oar,
 Grip of sword might touch no more;
 Yet to me the wound who gave
 Did he give a horse to have.

Thorbiorn Arnor's son, men said,
 Of no great deed was afraid,
 Folk spake of him far and wide;
 He forbade me to abide
 Longer on the lovely earth;
 Yet his heart was little worth,
 Not more safe alone was I,
 Than when armed he drew a-nigh.

From the sword's edge and the spears
 From my many waylayers,
 While might was, and my good day,
 Often did I snatch away;
 Now a hag, whose life outworn
 Wicked craft and ill hath borne,
 Meet for death lives long enow,
 Grettir's might to overthrow.¹

“Now must we take good heed to ourselves,” said Grettir, “for Thorbiorn Angle must be minded that this hap shall not go alone; and I will, Noise, that thou watch the ladders every day from this time forth, but pull them up in the evening, and see thou do it well and truly, even as though much lay thereon, but if thou bewrayest us, short will be thy road to ill.”

So Noise promised great things concerning this. Now the weather grew harder, and a north-east wind came on with great cold: every night Grettir asked if the ladders were drawn up.

Then said Noise, “Yea, certainly! men are above all things to be looked for now. Can any man have such a mind to take thy

¹ This song is obviously incomplete, and the second and third stanzas speak of matters that do not come into this story.—Translators' note.

life, that he will do so much as to slay himself therefor? for this gale is far other than fair; lo now, methinks thy so great bravery and hardihood has come utterly to an end, if thou must needs think that all things soever will be thy bane."

"Worse wilt thou bear thyself than either of us," said Grettir, "when the need is on us; but now go watch the ladders, whatsoever will thou hast thereto."

So every morning they drave him out, and ill he bore it.

But Grettir's hurt waxed in such wise that all the leg swelled up, and the thigh began to gather matter both above and below, and the lips of the wound were all turned out, so that Grettir's death was looked for.

Illugi sat over him night and day, and took heed to nought else, and by then it was the second week since Grettir hurt himself.

HOW THORBIORN ANGLE GATHERED FORCE AND SET SAIL FOR DRANGEY

Thorbiorn Angle sat this while at home at Woodwick, and was ill-content in that he might not win Grettir; but when a certain space had passed since the carline had put the sorcery into the root, she comes to talk with Thorbiorn, and asks if he were not minded to go see Grettir. He answers, that to nought was his mind so made up as that he would not go; "perchance thou wilt go meet him, foster-mother," says Thorbiorn.

"Nay, I shall not go meet him," says the carline; "but I have sent my greeting to him, and some hope I have that it has come home to him; and good it seems to me that thou go speedily to meet him, or else shalt thou never have such good hap as to overcome him."

Thorbiorn answered: "So many shameful journeys have I made thither, that there I go not ever again; moreover that alone is full enough to stay me, that such foul weather it is, that it is safe to go nowhither, whatso the need may be."

She answered: "Ill counselled thou art, not to see how to overcome herein. Now yet once again will I lay down a rede for this; go thou first and get thee strength of men, and ride to Hof to Hall-dor thy brother-in-law, and take counsel of him. But if I may rule in some way how Grettir's health goes, how shall it be said that it is past hope that I may also deal with the gale that has been veering about this while?"

Thorbiorn deemed it might well be that the carline saw further than he had thought she might, and straightway sent up into the country-side for men; but speedy answer there came that none of those who had given up their shares would do aught to ease his task, and they said that Thorbiorn should have to himself both the owning of the island and the onset on Grettir. But Tongue-Stein gave him two of his followers, and Hialti, his brother, sent him three men, and Eric of God-dales one, and from his own homestead he had six. So the twelve of them ride from Woodwick out to Hof. Halldor bade them abide there, and asked their errand; then Thorbiorn told it as clearly as might be. Halldor asked whose rede this might be, and Thorbiorn said that his foster-mother urged him much thereto.

"That will bear no good," said Halldor, "because she is cunning in sorcery, and such-like things are now forbidden."

"I may not look closely into all these matters beforehand," said Thorbiorn, "but in somewise or other shall this thing have an end if I may have my will. Now, how shall I go about it, so that I may come to the island?"

"Meseems," says Halldor, "that thou trustest in somewhat, though I wot not how good that may be. But now if thou wilt go forward with it, go thou out to Meadness in the Fleets to Biorn my friend; a good keel he has, so tell him of my word, that I would he should lend you the craft, and thence ye may sail out to Drangey. But the end of your journey I see not, if Grettir is sound and hale: yea, and be thou sure that if ye win him not in manly wise, he leaves enough of folk behind to take up

the blood-suit after him. And slay not Illugi if ye may do otherwise. But methinks I see that all is not according to Christ's law in these redes."

Then Halldor gave them six men withal for their journey; one was called Karr, another Thorleif, and a third Brand, but the rest are not named.

So they fared thence, eighteen in company, out to the Fleets, and came to Meadness and gave Biorn Halldor's message; he said that it was but due for Halldor's sake, but that he owed nought to Thorbiorn; withal it seemed to him that they went on a mad journey, and he let them from it all he might.

They said they might not turn back, and so went down to the sea, and put forth the craft, and all its gear was in the boat-stand hard by; so they made them ready for sailing, and foul enow the weather seemed to all who stood on land. But they hoisted sail, and the craft shot swiftly far into the firch, but when they came out into the main part thereof into deep water, the wind abated in such wise that they deemed it blew none too hard.

So in the evening at dusk they came to Drangey.

THE SLAYING OF GRETTIR ASMUNDSON

Now it is to be told, that Grettir was so sick, that he might not stand on his feet, but Illugi sat beside him, and Noise was to keep watch and ward; and many words he had against that, and said that they would still think that life was falling from them, though nought had happened to bring it about; so he went out from their abode right unwillingly, and when he came to the ladders he spake to himself and said that now he would not draw them up; withal he grew exceeding sleepy, and lay down and slept all day long, and right on till Thorbiorn came to the island.

So now they see that the ladders are not drawn up; then spake Thorbiorn, "Now are things changed from what the wont was, in that there are none afoot, and their ladder stands in its place withal; maybe more things will betide in this our journey than

we had thought of in the beginning: but now let us hasten to the hut, and let no man lack courage; for, wot this well, that if these men are hale, each one of us must needs do his best."

Then they went up on to the island, and looked round about, and saw where a man lay a little space off the landing-place, and snored hard and fast. Therewith Thorbiorn knew Noise, and went up to him and drave the hilt of his sword against the ear of him, and bade him, "Wake up, beast! certes in evil stead is he who trusts his life to thy faith and troth."

Noise looked up thereat and said, "Ah! now are they minded to go on according to their wont; do ye, may-happen, think my freedom too great, though I lie out here in the cold?"

"Art thou witless," said Angle, "that thou seest not that thy foes are come upon thee, and will slay you all?"

Then Noise answered nought, but yelled out all he might, when he knew the men who they were.

"Do one thing or other," says Angle, "either hold thy peace forthwith, and tell us of your abode, or else be slain of us."

Thereat was Noise as silent as if he had been thrust under water; but Thorbiorn said, "Are they at their hut, those brothers? Why are they not afoot?"

"Scarce might that be," said Noise, "for Grettir is sick and come nigh to his death, and Illugi sits over him."

Then Angle asked how it was with their health, and what things had befallen. So Noise told him in what wise Grettir's hurt had come about.

Then Angle laughed and said, "Yea, sooth is the old saw, *Old friends are the last to sever*; and this withal, *Ill if a thrall is thine only friend*, whereso thou art, Noise; for shamefully hast thou bewrayed thy master, albeit he was nought good."

Then many laid evil things to his charge for his ill faith, and beat him till he was well-nigh past booting for, and let him lie there; but they went up to the hut and smote mightily on the door.

“Pied-belly¹ is knocking hard at the door, brother,” says Illugi.

“Yea, yea, hard, and over hard,” says Grettir; and therewithal the door brake asunder.

Then sprang Illugi to his weapons and guarded the door, in such wise that there was no getting in for them. Long time they set on him there, and could bring nought against him save spear-thrusts, and still Illugi smote all the spear-heads from the shafts. But when they saw that they might thus bring nought to pass, they leapt up on to the roof of the hut, and tore off the thatch; then Grettir got to his feet and caught up a spear, and thrust out betwixt the rafters; but before that stroke was Karr, a home-man of Halldor of Hof, and forthwithal it pierced him through.

Then spoke Angle, and bade men fare warily and guard themselves well, “for we may prevail against them if we follow wary redes.”

So they tore away the thatch from the ends of the ridge-beam, and bore on the beam till it brake asunder.

Now Grettir might not rise from his knee, but he caught up the short-sword, Karr’s-loom, and even therewith down leapt those men in betwixt the walls, and a hard fray befell betwixt them. Grettir smote with the short-sword at Vikar, one of the followers of Hialti Thordson, and caught him on the left shoulder, even as he leapt in betwixt the walls, and cleft him athwart the shoulder down unto the right side, so that the man fell asunder, and the body so smitten atwain tumbled over on to Grettir, and for that cause he might not heave aloft the short-sword as speedily as he would, and therewith Thorbiorn Angle thrust him betwixt the shoulders, and great was that wound he gave.

Then cried Grettir, “*Bare is the back of the brotherless.*” And Illugi threw his shield over Grettir, and warded him in so stout a wise that all men praised his defence.

Then said Grettir to Angle, “Who then showed thee the way here to the island?”

¹ ‘Pied-belly,’ the name of a tame ram.—Translators’ note.

Said Angle, "The Lord Christ showed it us."

"Nay," said Grettir, "but I guess that the accursed hag, thy foster-mother, showed it thee, for in her redes must thou needs have trusted."

"All shall be one to thee now," said Angle, "in whomsoever I have put my trust."

Then they set on them fiercely, and Illugi made defence for both in most manly wise; but Grettir was utterly unmeet for fight, both for his wounds' sake and for his sickness. So Angle bade bear down Illugi with shields, "For never have I met his like, amongst men of such age."

Now thus they did, besetting him with beams and weapons till he might ward himself no longer; and then they laid hands on him, and so held him fast. But he had given some wound or other to the more part of those who had been at the onset, and had slain outright three of Angle's fellows.

Thereafter they went up to Grettir, but he was fallen forward on to his face, and no defence there was of him, for that he was already come to death's door by reason of the hurt in his leg, for all the thigh was one sore, even up to the small guts; but there they gave him many a wound, yet little or nought he bled.

So when they thought he was dead, Angle laid hold of the short-sword, and said that he had carried it long enough; but Grettir's fingers yet kept fast hold of the grip thereof, nor could the short-sword be loosened; many went up and tried at it, but could get nothing done therewith; eight of them were about it before the end, but none the more might bring it to pass.

Then said Angle, "Why should we spare this wood-man here? Lay his hand on the block."

So when that was done they smote off his hand at the wrist, and the fingers straightened, and were loosed from the handle. Then Angle took the short-sword in both hands and smote at Grettir's head, and a right great stroke that was, so that the short-sword might not abide it, and a shard was broken from the

midst of the edge thereof; and when men saw that, they asked why he must needs spoil a fair thing in such wise.

But Angle answered, "More easy is it to know that weapon now if it should be asked for."

They said it needed not such a deed since the man was dead already.

"Ah! but yet more shall be done," said Angle, and hewed therewith twice or thrice at Grettir's neck, or ever the head came off; and then he spake,

"Now know I for sure that Grettir is dead."

In such wise Grettir lost his life, the bravest man of all who have dwelt in Iceland; he lacked but one winter of forty-five years whenas he was slain; but he was fourteen winters old when he slew Skeggi, his first man-slaying; and from thenceforth all things turned to his fame, till the time when he dealt with Glam, the Thrall; and in those days was he of twenty winters; but when he fell into outlawry, he was twenty-five years old; but in outlawry was he nigh nineteen winters, and full oft was he the while in great trials of men; and such as his life was, and his needs, he held well to his faith and troth, and most haps did he foresee, though he might do nought to meet them.

THE MABINOIGION

*About the Fourteenth Century*MAXEN'S DREAM¹

[From *The Mabinogion*, twelve tales from early Welsh literature, mainly from the *Red Book of Hergest*, a fourteenth-century manuscript in the possession of Jesus College, Oxford, and first put into English in 1849 by Lady Charlotte Guest (1812-1895).

"In early-mediæval Wales the Bards were a class by themselves—graduates in a particular art. To obtain admission into the ranks of this bardic hierarchy the candidate had to undergo a strict and definite literary training: he had to prove himself master of certain traditional lore. The aspirant to bardic rank was called a *Mabinog*. The traditional lore which he had to acquire was roughly represented by the *Mabinogi*, which seems to have been at once a course of study and a source of income, for the *Mabinog* was probably allowed by custom to recite the tales he knew for pay. Using *Mabinogion* as the plural of *Mabinogi* Lady Charlotte Guest gives it as the general title of all the twelve tales contained in her book, although, strictly speaking, the title is applicable only to the four-branch tale of *Pwyll*, *Branwen*, *Manawyddan* and *Math*."—R. WILLIAMS: Introduction to the *Everyman* edition, 1906.

Maxen's Dream goes back to the Roman occupation of Britain. The tale itself falls somewhere, in point of time, before the growth of the Arthurian legend in Welsh literature.]

Maxen Wledig was emperor of Rome, and he was a comelier man, and a better and a wiser than any emperor that had been before him. And one day he held a council of kings, and he said to his friends, "I desire to go to-morrow to hunt." And the next day in the morning he set forth with his retinue, and came to the valley of the river that flowed towards Rome. And he hunted through the valley until mid-day. And with him also were two-and-thirty crowned kings, that were his vassals; not for the delight of hunting went the emperor with them, but to put himself on equal terms with those kings.

¹ Reprinted by kind permission of Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, London.

And the sun was high in the sky over their heads and the heat was great. And sleep came upon Maxen Wledig. And his attendants stood and set up their shields around him upon the shafts of their spears to protect him from the sun, and they placed a gold enamelled shield under his head; and so Maxen slept.

And he saw a dream. And this is the dream that he saw. He was journeying along the valley of the river towards its source; and he came to the highest mountain in the world. And he thought that the mountain was as high as the sky; and when he came over the mountain, it seemed to him that he went through the fairest and most level regions that man ever yet beheld, on the other side of the mountain. And he saw large and mighty rivers descending from the mountain to the sea, and towards the mouths of the rivers he proceeded. And as he journeyed thus, he came to the mouth of the largest river ever seen. And he beheld a great city at the entrance of the river, and a vast castle in the city, and he saw many high towers of various colours in the castle. And he saw a fleet at the mouth of the river, the largest ever seen. And he saw one ship among the fleet; larger was it by far, and fairer than all the others. Of such part of the ship as he could see above the water, one plank was gilded and the other silvered over. He saw a bridge of the bone of a whale from the ship to the land, and he thought that he went along the bridge, and came into the ship. And a sail was hoisted on the ship, and along the sea and the ocean was it borne. Then it seemed that he came to the fairest island in the whole world, and he traversed the island from sea to sea, even to the furthest shore of the island. Valleys he saw, and steeps, and rocks of wondrous height, and rugged precipices. Never yet saw he the like. And thence he beheld an island in the sea, facing this rugged land. And between him and this island was a country of which the plain was as large as the sea, the mountain as vast as the wood. And from the mountain he saw a river that flowed through the land and fell into the sea. And at the mouth of the river he be-

held a castle, the fairest that man ever saw, and the gate of the castle was open, and he went into the castle. And in the castle he saw a fair hall, of which the roof seemed to be all gold, the walls of the hall seemed to be entirely of glittering precious gems, the doors all seemed to be of gold. Golden seats he saw in the hall, and silver tables. And on a seat opposite to him he beheld two auburn-haired youths playing at chess. He saw a silver board for the chess, and golden pieces thereon. The garments of the youths were of jet-black satin, and chaplets of ruddy gold bound their hair, whereon were sparkling jewels of great price, rubies, and gems, alternately with imperial stones. Buskins of new Cordovan leather on their feet, fastened by slides of red gold.

And beside a pillar in the hall he saw a hoary-headed man, in a chair of ivory, with the figures of two eagles of ruddy gold thereon. Bracelets of gold were upon his arms, and many rings were on his hands, and a golden torque about his neck; and his hair was bound with a golden diadem. He was of powerful aspect. A chess-board of gold was before him, and a rod of gold, and a steel file in his hand. And he was carving out chessmen.

And he saw a maiden sitting before him in a chair of ruddy gold. Not more easy than to gaze upon the sun when brightest, was it to look upon her by reason of her beauty. A vest of white silk was upon the maiden, with clasps of red gold at the breast; and a surcoat of gold tissue upon her, and a frontlet of red gold upon her head, and rubies and gems were in the frontlet, alternating with pearls and imperial stones. And a girdle of ruddy gold was around her. She was the fairest sight that man ever beheld.

The maiden arose from her chair before him, and he threw his arms about the neck of the maiden, and they two sat down together in the chair of gold: and the chair was not less roomy for them both, than for the maiden alone. And as he had his arms about the maiden's neck, and his cheek by her cheek, behold, through the chafing of the dogs at their leashing, and the clashing of the shields as they struck against each other, and the beating

together of the shafts of the spears, and the neighing of the horses and their prancing, the emperor awoke.

And when he awoke, nor spirit nor existence was left him, because of the maiden whom he had seen in his sleep, for the love of the maiden pervaded his whole frame. Then his household spake unto him. "Lord," said they, "is it not past the time for thee to take thy food?" Thereupon the emperor mounted his palfrey, the saddest man that mortal ever saw, and went forth towards Rome.

And thus he was during the space of a week. When they of the household went to drink wine and mead out of golden vessels, he went not with any of them. When they went to listen to songs and tales, he went not with them there; neither could he be persuaded to do anything but sleep. And as often as he slept, he beheld in his dreams the maiden he loved best; but except when he slept he saw nothing of her, for he knew not where in the world she was.

One day the page of the chamber spake unto him; now, although he was page of the chamber, he was king of the Romans. "Lord," said he, "all the people revile thee." "Wherefore do they revile me?" asked the emperor. "Because they can get neither message nor answer from thee as men should have from their lord. This is the cause why thou art spoken evil of." "Youth," said the emperor, "do thou bring unto me the wise men of Rome, and I will tell them wherefore I am sorrowful."

Then the wise men of Rome were brought to the emperor, and he spake to them. "Sages of Rome," said he, "I have seen a dream. And in the dream I beheld a maiden, and because of the maiden is there neither life, nor spirit, nor existence within me." "Lord," they answered, "since thou judgest us worthy to counsel thee, we will give thee counsel. And this is our counsel; that thou send messengers for three years to the three parts of the world to seek for thy dream. And as thou knowest not what day or what night good news may come to thee, the hope thereof will support thee."

So the messengers journeyed for the space of a year, wandering about the world, and seeking tidings concerning his dream. But when they came back at the end of the year, they knew not one word more than they did the day they set forth. And then was the emperor exceeding sorrowful, for he thought that he should never have tidings of her whom best he loved.

Then spoke the king of the Romans unto the emperor. "Lord," said he, "go forth to hunt by the way thou didst seem to go, whether it were to the east, or to the west."

So the emperor went forth to the hunt, and he came to the bank of the river. "Behold," said he, "this is where I was when I saw the dream, and I went towards the source of the river westward."

And thereupon thirteen messengers of the emperor's set forth, and before them they saw a high mountain, which seemed to them to touch the sky. Now this was the guise in which the messengers journeyed; one sleeve was on the cap of each of them in front, as a sign that they were messengers, in order that through what hostile land soever they might pass no harm might be done them. And when they were come over this mountain, they beheld vast plains, and large rivers flowing there through. "Behold," said they, "the land which our master saw."

And they went along the mouths of the rivers, until they came to the mighty river which they saw flowing to the sea, and the vast city, and the many-coloured high towers in the castle. They saw the largest fleet in the world, in the harbour of the river, and one ship that was larger than any of the others. "Behold again," said they, "the dream that our master saw." And in the great ship they crossed the sea, and came to the Island of Britain. And they traversed the island until they came to Snowdon. "Behold," said they, "the rugged land that our master saw." And they went forward until they saw Anglesey before them, and until they saw Arvon likewise. "Behold," said they, "the land our master saw in his sleep." And they saw Aber Sain, and a castle at the mouth of the river. The portal of the

castle saw they open, and into the castle they went, and they saw a hall in the castle. Then said they, "Behold, the hall which he saw in his sleep." They went into the hall, and they beheld two youths playing at chess on the golden bench. And they beheld the hoary-headed man beside the pillar, in the ivory chair, carving chessmen. And they beheld the maiden sitting on a chair of ruddy gold.

The messengers bent down upon their knees. "Empress of Rome, all hail!" "Ha, gentles," said the maiden, "ye bear the seeming of honourable men, and the badge of envoys; what mockery is this ye do to me?" "We mock thee not, lady; but the Emperor of Rome hath seen thee in his sleep, and he has neither life nor spirit left because of thee. Thou shalt have of us therefore the choice, lady, whether thou wilt go with us and be made empress of Rome, or that the emperor come hither and take thee for his wife?" "Ha, lords," said the maiden, "I will not deny what ye say, neither will I believe it too well. If the emperor love me, let him come here to seek me."

And by day and night the messengers hied them back. And when their horses failed, they bought other fresh ones. And when they came to Rome, they saluted the emperor, and asked their boon, which was given to them according as they named it. "We will be thy guides, lord," said they, "over sea and over land, to the place where is the woman whom best thou lovest, for we know her name, and her kindred, and her race."

And immediately the emperor set forth with his army. And these men were his guides. Towards the Island of Britain they went over the sea and the deep. And he conquered the Island from Beli the son of Manogan, and his sons, and drove them to the sea, and went forward even unto Arvon. And the emperor knew the land when he saw it. And when he beheld the castle of Aber Sain, "Look yonder," said he, "there is the castle wherein I saw the damsel whom I best love." And he went forward into the castle and into the hall, and there he saw Kynan the son of

Eudav, and Adeon the son of Eudav, playing at chess. And he saw Eudav the son of Caradawc, sitting on a chair of ivory carving chessmen. And the maiden whom he had beheld in his sleep, he saw sitting on a chair of gold. "Empress of Rome," said he, "all hail!" And the emperor threw his arms about her neck; and that night she became his bride.

And the next day in the morning, the damsel asked her maiden portion. And he told her to name what she would. And she asked to have the Island of Britain for her father, from the Channel to the Irish Sea, together with the three adjacent Islands, to hold under the empress of Rome; and to have three chief castles made for her, in whatever places she might choose in the Island of Britain. And she chose to have the highest castle made at Arvon. And they brought thither earth from Rome that it might be more healthful for the emperor to sleep, and sit, and walk upon. After that the two other castles were made for her, which were Caerlleon and Caermarthen.

And one day the emperor went to hunt at Caermarthen, and he came so far as the top of Brevi Vawr, and there the emperor pitched his tent. And that encamping place is called Cadeir Maxen, even to this day. And because that he built the castle with a myriad of men, he called it Caervyrddin. Then Helen bethought her to make high roads from one castle to another throughout the Island of Britain. And the roads were made. And for this cause are they called the roads of Helen Luyddawc, that she was sprung from a native of this island, and the men of the Island of Britain would not have made these great roads for any save for her.

Seven years did the emperor tarry in this Island. Now, at that time, the men of Rome had a custom, that whatsoever emperor should remain in other lands more than seven years should remain to his own overthrow, and should never return to Rome again.

So they made a new emperor. And this one wrote a letter of threat to Maxen. There was nought in the letter but only this.

“If thou comest, and if thou ever comest to Rome.” And even unto Caerlleon came this letter to Maxen, and these tidings. Then sent he a letter to the man who stiled himself emperor in Rome. There was nought in that letter also but only this. “If I come to Rome, and if I come.”

And thereupon Maxen set forth towards Rome with his army, and vanquished France and Burgundy, and every land on the way, and sat down before the city of Rome.

A year was the emperor before the city, and he was no nearer taking it than the first day. And after him there came the brothers of Helen Luyddawc from the Island of Britain, and a small host with them, and better warriors were in that small host than twice as many Romans. And the emperor was told that a host was seen, halting close to his army and encamping, and no man ever saw a fairer or better appointed host for its size, nor more handsome standards.

And Helen went to see the hosts, and she knew the standards of her brothers. Then came Kynan the son of Eudav, and Adeon the son of Eudav, to meet the emperor. And the emperor was glad because of them, and embraced them.

Then they looked at the Romans as they attacked the city. Said Kynan to his brother, “We will try to attack the city more expertly than this.” So they measured by night the height of the wall, and they sent their carpenters to the wood, and a ladder was made for every four men of their number. Now when these were ready, every day at mid-day the emperors went to meat, and they ceased to fight on both sides till all had finished eating. And in the morning the men of Britain took their food. And they drank until they were invigorated. And while the two emperors were at meat, the Britons came to the city, and placed their ladders against it, and forthwith they came in through the city.

The new emperor had no time to arm himself when they fell upon him, and slew him, and many others with him. And three nights and three days were they subduing the men that were in

the city and taking the castle. And others of them kept the city, lest any of the host of Maxen should come therein, until they had subjected all to their will.

Then spake Maxen to Helen Luyddawc. "I marvel, lady," said he, "that thy brothers have not conquered this city for me." "Lord, emperor," she answered, "the wisest youths in the world are my brothers. Go thou thither and ask the city of them, and if it be in their possession thou shalt have it gladly." So the emperor and Helen went and demanded the city. And they told the emperor that none had taken the city, and that none could give it him, but the men of the Island of Britain. Then the gates of the city of Rome were opened, and the emperor sat on the throne, and all the men of Rome submitted themselves unto him.

The emperor then said unto Kynan and Adeon, "Lords," said he, "I have now had possession of the whole of my empire. This host give I unto you to vanquish whatever region ye may desire in the world."

So they set forth and conquered lands, and castles, and cities. And they slew all the men, but the women they kept alive. And thus they continued until the young men that had come with them were grown grey-headed, from the length of time they were upon this conquest.

Then spoke Kynan unto Adeon his brother, "Whether wilt thou rather," said he, "tarry in this land, or go back into the land whence thou didst come forth?" Now he chose to go back to his own land, and many with him. But Kynan tarried there with the other part and dwelt there.

And they took counsel and cut out the tongues of the women, lest they should corrupt their speech. And because of the silence of the women from their own speech, the men of Armorica are called Britons. From that time there came frequently, and still comes, that language from the Island of Britain.

And this dream is called the Dream of Maxen Wledig, emperor of Rome. And here it ends.

SIR THOMAS MALORY

Fifteenth Century

THE SANGREAL

[From *Le Morte D'Arthur*, translated from the French by Malory in 1469, and published by Caxton in 1485.

Books XIII–XVII tell “the noble tale of the Sangreal, that is called the holy vessel”—the cup in which the blood of Our Lord at Calvary was caught; “blessed mote it be, the which was brought into this land by Joseph of Aramathie.” The story tells of the miraculous appearance of the grail, the vows of King Arthur’s knights, and divers of their adventures in the quest. The selection is adapted from Book XVII, chapters ix–xviii.]

HOW THE THREE KNIGHTS, WITH PERCIVALE’S SISTER, CAME
UNTO THE SAME FOREST, AND OF AN HART AND
FOUR LIONS, AND OTHER THINGS

Right so departed the three knights, and Percivale’s sister with them. And so they came into a waste forest, and there they saw afore them a white hart which four lions led. Then they took them to assent for to follow after for to know whither they repaired; and so they rode after a great pace till that they came to a valley, and thereby was an hermitage where a good man dwelled, and the hart and the lions entered also. So when they saw all this they turned to the chapel, and saw the good man in a religious weed and in the armour of Our Lord, for he would sing mass of the Holy Ghost; and so they entered in and heard mass.

And at the secrets of the mass they three saw the hart become a man, the which marvelled them, and set him upon the altar in a rich siege; and saw the four lions were changed, the one to the form of a man, the other to the form of a lion, and the third to an eagle, and the fourth was changed unto an ox. Then took they their siege where the hart sat, and went out through a glass window, and there was nothing perished nor broken; and they heard

a voice say: In such a manner entered the Son of God in the womb of a maid Mary, whose virginity ne was perished ne hurt. And when they heard these words they fell down to the earth and were astonied; and therewith was a great clereness.

And when they were come to theirselves again they went to the good man and prayed him that he would say them truth. What thing have ye seen? said he. And they told him all that they had seen. Ah lords, said he, ye be welcome; now wot I well ye be the good knights the which shall bring the Sangreal to an end; for ye be they unto whom Our Lord shall shew great secrets. And well ought Our Lord be signified to an hart, for the hart when he is old he waxeth young again in his white skin. Right so cometh again Our Lord from death to life, for He lost earthly flesh that was the deadly flesh, which He had taken in the womb of the blessed Virgin Mary; and for that cause appeared Our Lord as a white hart without spot. And the four that were with Him is to understand the four evangelists which set in writing a part of Jesu Christ's deeds that He did sometime when He was among you an earthly man; for wit ye well never erst ne might no knight know the truth, for oftentimes or this Our Lord showed Him unto good men and unto good knights, in likeness of an hart, but I suppose from henceforth ye shall see no more.

And then they joyed much, and dwelled there all that day. And upon the morrow when they had heard mass they departed and commended the good man to God: and so they came to a castle and passed by. So there came a knight armed after them and said: Lords, hark what I shall say to you.

HOW THEY WERE DESIRED OF A STRANGE CUSTOM, THE WHICH
THEY WOULD NOT OBEY; AND HOW THEY FOUGHT
AND SLEW MANY KNIGHTS

This gentlewoman that ye lead with you is a maid? Sir, said she, a maid I am. Then he took her by the bridle and said: By the Holy Cross, ye shall not escape me tofore ye have yolden the cus-

tom of this castle. Let her go, said Percivale, ye be not wise, for a maid in what place she cometh is free. So in the meanwhile there came out a ten or twelve knights armed, out of the castle, and with them came gentlewomen which held a dish of silver. And then they said: This gentlewoman must yield us the custom of this castle. Sir, said a knight, what maid passeth hereby shall give this dish full of blood of her right arm. Blame have ye, said Galahad, that brought up such customs, and so God me save, I ensure you of this gentlewoman ye shall fail while that I live. So God me help, said Percivale, I had lever be slain. And I also, said Sir Bors. By my troth, said the knight, then shall ye die, for ye may not endure against us though ye were the best knights of the world.

Then let them run each to other, and the three fellows beat the ten knights, and then set their hands to their swords and beat them down and slew them. Then there came out of the castle a three score knights armed. Fair lords, said the three fellows, have mercy on yourself and have not ado with us. Nay, fair lords, said the knights of the castle, we counsel you to withdraw you, for ye be the best knights of the world, and therefore do no more, for ye have done enough. We will let you go with this harm, but we must needs have the custom. Certes, said Galahad, for nought speak ye. Well, said they, will ye die? We be not yet come thereto, said Galahad. Then began they to meddle together, and Galahad, with the strange girdles, drew his sword, and smote on the right hand and on the left hand, and slew what that ever abode him, and did such marvels that there was none that saw him but weened he had been none earthly man, but a monster. And his two fellows halp him passing well, and so they held the journey every each in like hard till it was night: then must they needs depart.

So came in a good knight, and said to the three fellows: If ye will come in to-night and take such harbour as here is ye shall be right welcome, and we shall ensure you by the faith of our bodies,

and as we be true knights, to leave you in such estate to-morrow as we find you, without any falsehood. And as soon as ye know of the custom we dare say ye will accord. Therefore for God's love, said the gentlewoman, go thither and spare not for me. Go we, said Galahad; and so they entered into the chapel. And when they were alit they made great joy of them. So within a while the three knights asked the custom of the castle and wherefore it was. What it is, said they, we will say you sooth.

HOW SIR PERCIVALE'S SISTER BLEED A DISH FULL OF BLOOD FOR
TO HEAL A LADY, WHEREFORE SHE DIED; AND HOW
THAT THE BODY WAS PUT IN A SHIP

There is in this castle a gentlewoman which we and this castle is hers, and many other. So it befell many years ago there fell upon her a malady; and when she had lain a great while she fell unto a measles, and of no leech she could have no remedy. But at the last an old man said an she might have a dish full of blood of a maid and a clene virgin in will and in work, and a king's daughter, that blood should be her health, and for to anoint her withal; and for this thing was this custom made.

Now, said Percivale's sister, fair knights, I see well that this gentlewoman is but dead. Certes, said Galahad, an ye bleed so much ye may die. Truly, said she, an I die for to heal her I shall get me great worship and soul's health, and worship to my lineage, and better is one harm than twain. And therefore there shall be no more battle, but tomorn I shall yield you your custom of this castle. And then there was great joy more than there was tofore, for else had there been mortal war upon the morn; notwithstanding she would none other, whether they would or nold. That night were the three fellows eased with the best; and on the morn they heard mass, and Sir Percivale's sister bad bring forth the sick lady. So she was, the which was evil at ease. Then said she: Who shall let me bleed? So one came forth and let her bleed, and she bled so much that the dish was full. Then she lift

up her hand and blessed her; and then she said to the lady: Madam, I am come to the death for to make you whole, for God's love pray for me. With that she fell in a swoon. Then Galahad and his two fellows start up to her, and lift her up and staunched her, but she had bled so much that she might not live. Then she said when she was awaked: Fair brother Percivale, I die for the healing of this lady, so I require you that ye bury me not in this country, but as soon as I am dead put me in a boat at the next haven, and let me go as adventure will lead me; and as soon as ye three come to the City of Sarras, there to achieve the Holy Grail, ye shall find me under a tower arrived, and there bury me in the spiritual place; for I say you so much, there Galahad shall be buried, and ye also, in the same place. Then Percivale understood these words, and granted it her, weeping. And then said a voice: Lords and fellows, to-morrow at the hour of prime ye three shall depart every each from other, till the adventure bring you to the maimed king. Then asked she her Saviour; and as soon as she had received it the soul departed from the body. So the same day was the lady healed, when she was anointed withal.

Then Sir Percivale made a letter of all that she had holpen them as in strange adventures, and put it in her right hand, and so laid her in a barge, and covered it with black silk; and so the wind arose, and drove the barge from the land, and all knights beheld it till it was out of their sight. Then they drew all to the castle, and so forthwith there fell a sudden tempest and a thunder, lightning, and rain, as all the earth would have broken. So half the castle turned up so down. So it passed evensong or the tempest was ceased.

Then they saw afore them a knight armed and wounded hard in the body and in the head, that said: O God, succour me for now it is need. After this knight came another knight and a dwarf, which cried to them afar: Stand, ye may not escape. Then the wounded knight held up his hands to God that he should not die in such tribulation. Truly, said Galahad, I shall

succour him for His sake that he calleth upon. Sir, said Bors, I shall do it, for it is not for you, for he is but one knight. Sir, said he, I grant. So Sir Bors took his horse, and commended him to God, and rode after, to rescue the wounded knight. Now turn we to the two fellows.

HOW GALAHAD AND PERCIVALE FOUND IN A CASTLE MANY TOMBS OF MAIDENS THAT HAD BLED TO DEATH

Now saith the story that all night Galahad and Percivale were in a chapel in their prayers, for to save Sir Bors. So on the morrow they dressed them in their harness toward the castle, to wit what was fallen of them therein. And when they came there they found neither man nor woman that he ne was dead by the vengeance of Our Lord. With that they heard a voice that said: This vengeance is for blood shedding of maidens. Also they found at the end of the chapel a churchyard, and therein might they see a three score fair tombs, and that place was so fair and so delectable that it seemed them there had been none tempest, for there lay the bodies of all the good maidens which were martyred for the sick lady's sake. Also they found the names of every each, and of what blood they were come, and all were of kings' blood, and twelve of them were kings' daughters.

Then they departed and went into a forest. Now, said Percivale unto Galahad, we must depart, so pray we Our Lord that we may meet together in short time: then they did off their helms and kissed together, and wept at their departing.

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT ENTERED INTO THE SHIP WHERE SIR PERCIVALE'S SISTER LAY DEAD, AND HOW HE MET WITH SIR GALAHAD, HIS SON

Now saith the history, that when Launcelot was come to the water of Mortoise, as it is rehearsed before, he was in great peril, and so he laid him down and slept, and took the adventure that God would send him. So when he was asleep there came a vision

unto him and said: Launcelot, arise up and take thine armour, and enter into the first ship that thou shalt find. And when he heard these words he start up and saw great clereness about him. And then he lift up his hand and blessed him, and so took his arms and made him ready; and so by adventure he came by a strand, and found a ship the which was without sail or oar. And as soon as he was within the ship there he felt the most sweetness that ever he felt, and he was fulfilled with all thing that he thought on or desired. Then he said: Fair sweet Father, Jesu Christ, I wot not in what joy I am, for this joy passeth all earthly joys that ever I was in. And so in this joy he laid him down to the ship's board, and slept till day.

And when he awoke he found there a fair bed, and therein lying a gentlewoman dead, the which was Sir Percivale's sister. And as Launcelot devised her, he espied in her right hand a writ, the which he read, the which told him all the adventures that ye have heard tofore, and of what lineage she was come. So with this gentlewoman Sir Launcelot was a month and more. If ye would ask how he lived, He that fed the people of Israel with manna in the desert, so was he fed; for every day when he had said his prayers he was sustained with the grace of the Holy Ghost.

So on a night he went to play him by the water side, for he was somewhat weary of the ship. And then he listened and heard an horse come, and one riding upon him. And when he came nigh he seemed a knight. And so he let him pass, and went thereas the ship was; and there he alit, and took the saddle and the bridle and put the horse from him, and went into the ship. And then Launcelot dressed unto him, and said: Ye be welcome. And he answered and saluted him again, and asked him: What is your name? for much my heart giveth unto you. Truly, said he, my name is Launcelot du Lake. Sir, said he, then be ye welcome, for ye were the beginning of me in this world. Ah, said he, are ye Galahad? Yea, forsooth, said he; and so he kneeled down and asked him his blessing, and after took off his helm and kissed him.

And there was great joy between them, for there is no tongue can tell the joy that they made either of other, and many a friendly word spoken between, as kin would, the which is no need here to be rehearsed. And there every each told other of their adventures and marvels that were befallen to them in many journeys sith that they departed from the court. Anon, as Galahad saw the gentlewoman dead in the bed, he knew her well enough, and told great worship of her, that she was the best maid living, and it was great pity of her death. . . . Truly, said Launcelot, never erst knew I of so high adventures done, and so marvellous and strange.

So dwelt Launcelot and Galahad within that ship half a year, and served God daily and nightly with all their power; and often they arrived in isles far from folk, where there repaired none but wild beasts, and there they found many strange adventures and perillous, which they brought to an end; but for those adventures were with wild beasts, and not in the quest of the Sangreal, therefore the tale maketh here no mention thereof, for it would be too long to tell of all those adventures that befell them.

HOW A KNIGHT BROUGHT UNTO SIR GALAHAD A HORSE, AND BAD HIM COME FROM HIS FATHER, SIR LAUNCELOT

So after, on a Monday, it befell that they arrived in the edge of a forest tofore a cross; and then saw they a knight armed all in white, and was richly horsed, and led in his right hand a white horse; and so he came to the ship, and saluted the two knights on the High Lord's behalf, and said: Galahad, sir, ye have been long enough with your father, come out of the ship, and start upon this horse, and go where the adventures shall lead thee in the quest of the Sangreal. Then he went to his father and kissed him sweetly, and said: Fair sweet father, I wot not when I shall see you more till I see the body of Jesu Christ. I pray you, said Launcelot, pray ye to the High Father that He hold me in His service. And so he took his horse, and

there they heard a voice that said: Think for to do well, for the one shall never see the other before the dreadful day of doom. Now, son Galahad, said Launcelot, syne we shall depart, and never see other, I pray to the High Father to conserve me and you both. Sir, said Galahad, no prayer availeth so much as yours. And therewith Galahad entered into the forest.

And the wind arose, and drove Launcelot more than a month throughout the sea, where he slept but little, but prayed to God that he might see some tidings of the Sangreal. So it befell on a night, at midnight, he arrived afore a castle, on the back side, which was rich and fair, and there was a postern opened toward the sea, and was open without any keeping, save two lions kept the entry; and the moon shone clear. Anon Sir Launcelot heard a voice that said: Launcelot, go out of this ship and enter into the castle, where thou shalt see a great part of thy desire.

Then he ran to his arms, and so armed him, and so went to the gate and saw the lions. Then set he hand to his sword and drew it. Then there came a dwarf suddenly, and smote him on the arm so sore that the sword fell out of his hand. Then heard he a voice say: O man of evil faith and poor belief, wherefore trowest thou more on thy harness than in thy Maker, for He might more avail thee than thine armour, in whose service that thou art set. Then said Launcelot: Fair Father Jesu Christ, I thank thee of Thy great mercy that Thou reprovest me of my misdeed; now see I well that ye hold me for your servant.

Then took he again his sword and put it up in his sheath, and made a cross in his forehead, and came to the lions, and they made semblant to do him harm. Notwithstanding he passed by them without hurt, and entered into the castle to the chief fortress, and there were they all at rest. Then Launcelot entered in so armed, for he found no gate nor door but it was open. And at the last he found a chamber whereof the door was shut, and he set his hand thereto to have opened it, but he might not.

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT WAS AFORE THE DOOR OF THE CHAMBER
WHEREIN THE HOLY SANGREAL WAS

Then he enforced him mickle to undo the door. Then he listened and heard a voice which sang so sweetly that it seemed none earthly thing; and him thought the voice said: Joy and honour be to the Father of Heaven. Then Launcelot kneeled down tofore the chamber, for well wist he that there was the Sangreal within that chamber. Then said he: Fair sweet Father, Jesu Christ, if ever I did thing that pleased Thee, Lord for Thy pity never have me not in despite for my sins done aforetime, and that Thou show me something of that I seek.

And with that he saw the chamber door open, and there came out a great clereness, that the house was as bright as all the torches of the world had been there. So came he to the chamber door, and would have entered. And anon a voice said to him, Flee, Launcelot, and enter not, for thou oughtest not to do it; and if thou enter thou shalt forethink it. Then he withdrew him aback right heavy. Then looked he up in the middes of the chamber, and saw a table of silver, and the holy vessel, covered with red samite, and many angels about it, whereof one held a candle of wax burning, and the other held a cross, and the ornaments of an altar. And before the holy vessel he saw a good man clothed as a priest. And it seemed that he was at the sacring of the mass. And it seemed to Launcelot that above the priest's hands were three men, whereof the two put the youngest by likeness between the priest's hands; and so he lift it up right high, and it seemed to show so to the people. And then Launcelot marvelled not a little, for him thought the priest was so greatly charged of the figure that him seemed that he should fall to the earth.

And when he saw none about him that would help him, then came he to the door a great pace, and said: Fair Father Jesu Christ, ne take it for no sin though I help the good man which hath great need of help. Right so entered he into the chamber, and came toward the table of silver; and when he came nigh he

felt a breath, that him thought it was intermeddled with fire, which smote him so sore in the visage that him thought it brent his visage; and therewith he fell to the earth, and had no power to arise, as he that was so araged, that had lost the power of his body, and his hearing, and his seeing. Then felt he many hands about him, which took him up and bare him out of the chamber door, without any amending of his swoon, and left him there, seeming dead to all people.

So upon the morrow when it was fair day they within were arisen, and found Launcelot lying afore the chamber door. All they marvelled how that he came in, and so they looked upon him, and felt his pulse to wit whether there were any life in him; and so they found life in him, but he might not stand nor stir no member that he had. And so they took him by every part of the body, and bare him into a chamber, and laid him in a rich bed, far from all folk; and so he lay four days. Then the one said he was on live, and the other said, Nay. In the name of God, said an old man, for I do you verily to wit he is not dead, but he is so full of life as the mightiest of you all; and therefore I counsel you that he be well kept till God send him life again.

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT HAD LAIN FOUR AND TWENTY DAYS AND AS MANY NIGHTS AS A DEAD MAN, AND OTHER DIVERS MATTERS

In such manner they kept Launcelot four and twenty days and all so many nights, that ever he lay still as a dead man; and at the twenty-fifth day befell him after midday that he opened his eyes. And when he saw folk he made great sorrow, and said: Why have ye awaked me, for I was more at ease than I am now. O Jesu Christ, who might be so blessed that might see openly thy great marvels of secretness there where no sinner may be! What have ye seen? said they about him. I have seen, said he, so great marvels that no tongue may tell, and more than any heart can think, and had not my son been here afore me I had seen much more. Then they told him how he had lain there four and twenty

days and nights. Then him thought it was punishment for the four and twenty years that he had been a sinner, wherefore Our Lord put him in penance four and twenty days and nights.

Then looked Sir Launcelot afore him, and saw the hair which he had borne nigh a year, for that he forethought him right much that he had broken his promise unto the hermit, which he had avowed to do. Then they asked how it stood with him. Forsooth, said he, I am whole of body, thanked be Our Lord; therefore, sirs, for God's love tell me where I am. Then said they all that he was in the castle of Carbonek. Therewith came a gentlewoman and brought him a shirt of small linen cloth, but he changed not there, but took the hair to him again. Sir, said they, the quest of the Sangreal is achieved now right in you, that never shall ye see of the Sangreal no more than ye have seen. Now I thank God, said Launcelot, of His great mercy of that I have seen, for it sufficeth me; for as I suppose no man in this world hath lived better than I have done to achieve that I have done. And therewith he took the hair and clothed him in it, and above that he put a linen shirt, and after a robe of scarlet, fresh and new. And when he was so arrayed they marvelled all, for they knew him that he was Launcelot, the good knight. And then they said all: O my lord Sir Launcelot, be that ye? And he said: Truly I am he.

Then came word to King Pelles that the knight that had lain so long dead was Sir Launcelot. Then was the king right glad, and went to see him. And when Launcelot saw him come he dressed him against him, and there made the king great joy of him. And there the king told him tidings that his fair daughter was dead. Then Launcelot was right heavy of it, and said: Sir, me forthinketh the death of your daughter, for she was a full fair lady, fresh and young. And well I wot she bare the best knight that is now on the earth, or that ever was sith God was born. So the king held him there four days, and on the morrow he took his leave at King Pelles and at all the fellowship, and thanked them of their great labour.

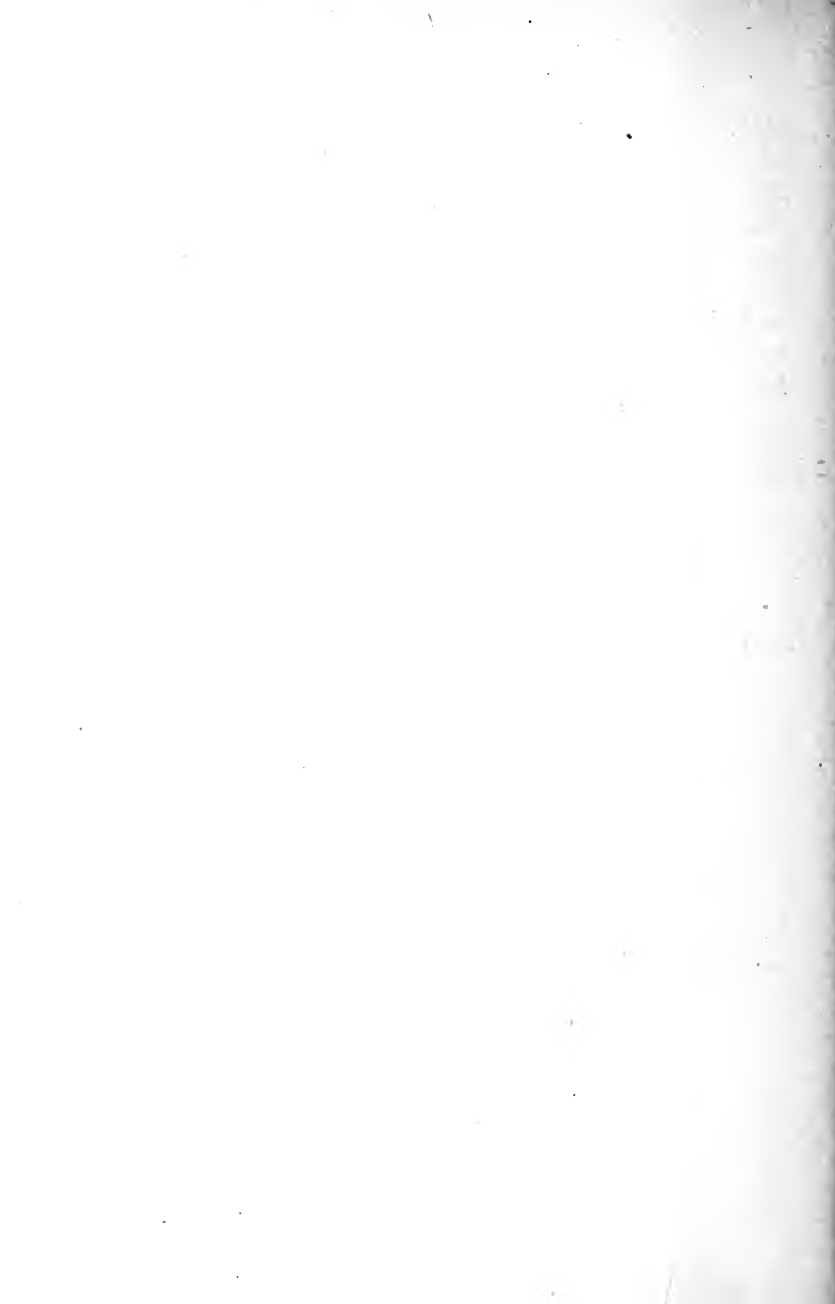
Right so as they sat at their dinner in the chief hall, then was it so that the Sangreal had fulfilled the table with all manner of meats that any heart might think. So as they sat they saw all the doors and the windows of the place were shut without man's hand, whereof they were all abashed, and none wist what to do. And then it happened suddenly that a knight came to the chief door and knocked, and cried: Undo the door. But they would not. And ever he cried: Undo; but they would not. And at last it annoyed him so much that the king himself arose and came to a window where the knight called. Then he said: Sir knight, ye shall not enter at this time while the Sangreal is here, and therefore go into another; for certes ye be none of the knights of the quest, but one of them which hath served the fiend, and hast left the service of Our Lord: and he was passing wroth at the king's words. Sir knight, said the king, sith ye would so fain enter, say me of what country ye be. Sir, said he, I am of the realm of Logris, and my name is Ector de Maris, and brother unto my lord, Sir Launcelot. In the name of God, said the king, me forthinketh of what I have said, for your brother is here within. And when Ector de Maris understood that his brother was there, for he was the man in the world that he most dread and loved, and then he said: Ah God, now doubleth my sorrow and shame. Full truly said the good man of the hill unto Gawaine and to me of our dreams. Then went he out of the court as fast as his horse might, and so throughout the castle.

HOW SIR LAUNCELOT RETURNED TOWARDS LOGRIS, AND OF OTHER ADVENTURES WHICH HE SAW IN THE WAY

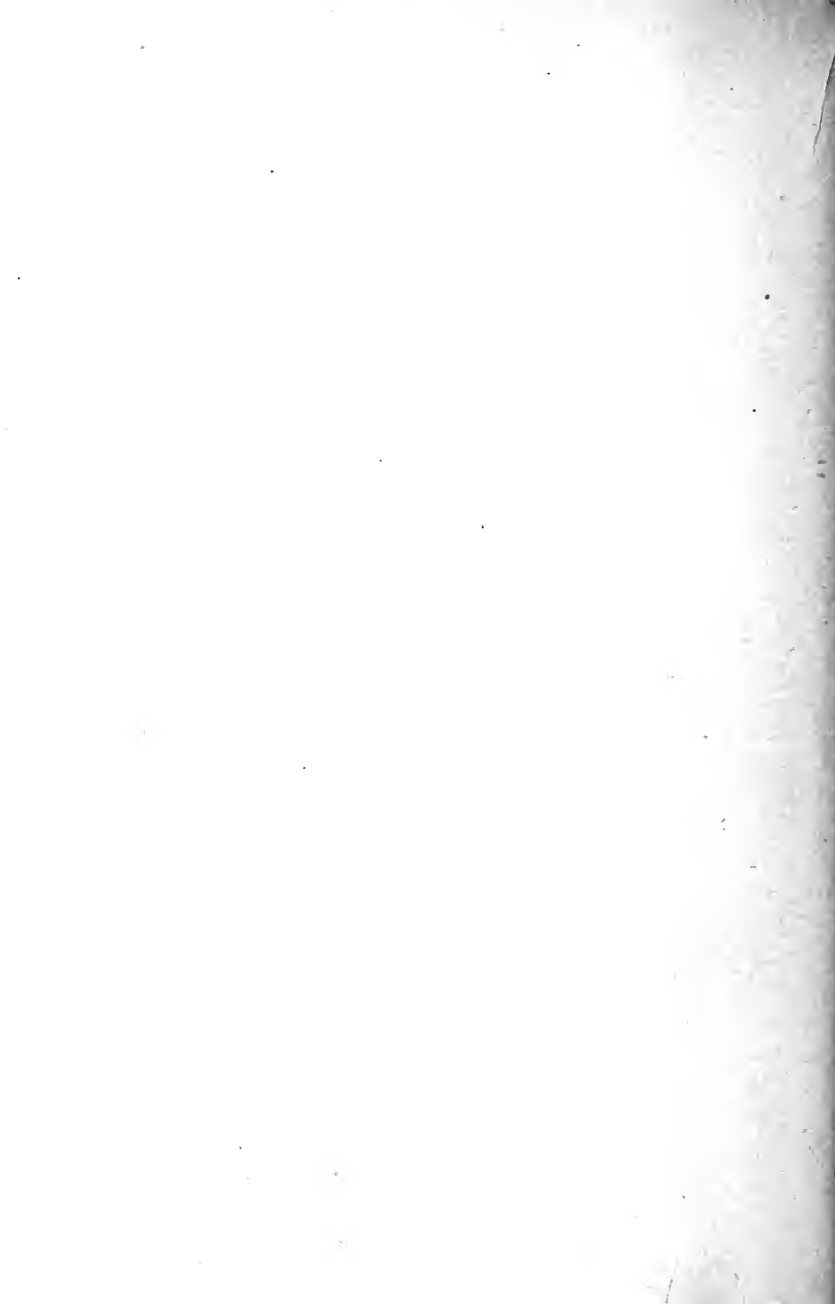
Then King Pelles came to Sir Launcelot and told him tidings of his brother, whereof he was sorry, that he wist not what to do. So Sir Launcelot departed, and took his arms, and said he would go see the realm of Logris, which I have not seen these twelve months. And therewith he commended the king to God, and so rode through many realms. And at the last he came to a

white abbey, and there they made him that night great cheer; and on the morn he rose and heard mass. And afore an altar he found a rich tomb, the which was newly made; and then he took heed, and saw the sides written with gold which said: Here lieth King Bagdemagus of Gore, which King Arthur's nephew slew; and named him, Sir Gawaine. Then was he not a little sorry, for Launcelot loved him much more than any other, and had it been any other than Gawaine he should not have escaped from death to life; and said to himself: Ah Lord God, this is a great hurt unto King Arthur's court, the loss of such a man. And then he departed and came to the abbey where Galahad did the adventure of the tombs, and won the white shield with the red cross; and there had he great cheer all that night. And on the morn he turned unto Camelot, where he found King Arthur and the queen.

•But many of the knights of the Round Table were slain and destroyed, more than half. And so three were come home again, that were Sir Gawaine, Sir Ector, and Sir Lionel, and many other that need not to be rehearsed. Then all the court was passing glad of Sir Launcelot, and the king asked him many tidings of his son Galahad. And there Launcelot told the king of his adventures that had befallen him syne he departed. And also he told him of the adventures of Galahad, Percivale, and Bors, which that he knew by the letter of the dead damosel, and as Galahad had told him. Now God would, said the king, that they were all three here. That shall never be, said Launcelot, for two of them shall ye never see, but one of them shall come again.



PART II
HISTORY



HERODOTUS

About 484-424 B. C.

THERMOPYLÆ¹

[Adapted from the *History*, Book VII (entitled *Polymnia*), chaps. 201-228. The text is taken, with slight rearrangements, from the translation by George Rawlinson (1812-1902), first published in 1858.

The action here recounted is of the third Persian expedition against Greece, that under Xerxes (about 480 B.C.), and falls between the battles of Marathon and of Salamis.]

King Xerxes pitched his camp in the region of Malis called Trachinia, while on their side the Greeks occupied the straits. These straits the Greeks in general call Thermopylæ (the Hot Gates); but the natives, and those who dwell in the neighbourhood, call them Pylæ (the Gates). Here then the two armies took their stand; the one master of all the region lying north of Trachis, the other of the country extending southward of that place to the verge of the continent.

The Greeks who at this spot awaited the coming of Xerxes were the following:—From Sparta, three hundred men-at-arms: from Arcadia, a thousand Tegeans and Mantineans, five hundred of each people; a hundred and twenty Orchomenians, from the Arcadian Orchomenus; and a thousand from other cities: from Corinth, four hundred men: from Phlius, two hundred: and from Mycenæ eighty. Such was the number from the Peloponnese. There were also present, from Bœotia, seven hundred Thespians and four hundred Thebans.

Besides these troops, the Locrians of Opus and the Phocians had obeyed the call of their countrymen, and sent, the former all

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the force they had, the latter a thousand men. For envoys had gone from the Greeks at Thermopylæ among the Locrians and Phocians, to call on them for assistance, and to say—"They were themselves but the vanguard of the host, sent to precede the main body, which might every day be expected to follow them. The sea was in good keeping, watched by the Athenians, the Eginetans, and the rest of the fleet. There was no cause why they should fear; for after all the invader was not a god but a man; and there never had been, and never would be, a man who was not liable to misfortunes from the very day of his birth, and those misfortunes greater in proportion to his own greatness. The assailant therefore, being only a mortal, must needs fall from his glory." Thus urged, the Locrians and the Phocians had come with their troops to Trachis.

The various nations had each captains of their own under whom they served; but the one to whom all especially looked up, and who had the command of the entire force, was the Lacedæmonian, Leonidas. Now Leonidas was the son of Anaxandridas, who was the son of Leo, who was the son of Eurycratidas, who was the son of Anaxander, who was the son of Eurycrates, who was the son of Polydôrus, who was the son of Alcamenes, who was the son of Têlecles, who was the son of Archelaüs, who was the son of Agesilaüs, who was the son of Doryssus, who was the son of Labôtas, who was the son of Echestratus, who was the son of Agis, who was the son of Eurysthenes, who was the son of Aristodêmus, who was the son of Aristomachus, who was the son of Cleodæus, who was the son of Hyllus, who was the son of Hercules.

Leonidas had come to be king of Sparta quite unexpectedly. Having two elder brothers, Cleomenes and Dorieus, he had no thought of ever mounting the throne. However, when Cleomenes died without male offspring, as Dorieus was likewise deceased, having perished in Sicily, the crown fell to Leonidas, who was older than Cleombrotus, the youngest of the sons of Anaxandridas, and, moreover, was married to the daughter of Cleomenes.

He had now come to Thermopylæ, accompanied by the three hundred men which the law assigned him, whom he had himself chosen from among the citizens, and who were all of them fathers with sons living. On his way he had taken the troops from Thebes, whose number I have already mentioned, and who were under the command of Leontiades the son of Eurymachus. The reason why he made a point of taking troops from Thebes, and Thebes only, was, that the Thebans were strongly suspected of being well inclined to the Medes. Leonidas therefore called on them to come with him to the war, wishing to see whether they would comply with his demand, or openly refuse, and disclaim the Greek alliance. They, however, though their wishes leant the other way, nevertheless sent the men.

The force with Leonidas was sent forward by the Spartans in advance of their main body, that the sight of them might encourage the allies to fight, and hinder them from going over to the Medes, as it was likely they might have done had they seen that Sparta was backward. They intended presently, when they had celebrated the Carneian festival,¹ which was what now kept them at home, to leave a garrison in Sparta, and hasten in full force to join the army. The rest of the allies also intended to act similarly; for it happened that the Olympic festival fell exactly at this same period.² None of them looked to see the contest at Thermopylæ decided so speedily; wherefore they were content to send forward a mere advanced guard. Such accordingly were the intentions of the allies.

The Greek forces at Thermopylæ, when the Persian army drew near to the entrance of the pass, were seized with fear; and a council was held to consider about a retreat. It was the wish of the Peloponnesians generally that the army should fall back upon the Peloponnese, and there guard the Isthmus. But Leonidas, who saw with what indignation the Phocians and Locrians heard of this plan, gave his voice for remaining where

¹ About our August.

² In the latter end of June, or in July.

they were, while they sent envoys to the several cities to ask for help, since they were too few to make a stand against an army like that of the Medes.

While this debate was going on, Xerxes sent a mounted spy to observe the Greeks, and note how many they were, and see what they were doing. He had heard, before he came out of Thessaly, that a few men were assembled at this place, and that at their head were certain Lacedæmonians, under Leonidas, a descendant of Hercules. The horseman rode up to the camp, and looked about him, but did not see the whole army; for such as were on the further side of the wall (which had been rebuilt and was now carefully guarded) it was not possible for him to behold; but he observed those on the outside, who were encamped in front of the rampart. It chanced that at this time the Lacedæmonians held the outer guard, and were seen by the spy, some of them engaged in gymnastic exercises, others combing their long hair. At this the spy greatly marvelled, but he counted their number, and when he had taken accurate note of everything, he rode back quietly; for no one pursued after him, nor paid any heed to his visit. So he returned, and told Xerxes all that he had seen.

Upon this, Xerxes, who had no means of surmising the truth—namely, that the Spartans were preparing to do or die manfully—but thought it laughable that they should be engaged in such employments, sent and called to his presence Demaratus the son of Ariston, who still remained with the army. When he appeared, Xerxes told him all that he had heard, and questioned him concerning the news, since he was anxious to understand the meaning of such behaviour on the part of the Spartans. Then Demaratus said—

“I spake to thee, O king! concerning these men long since, when we had but just begun our march upon Greece; thou, however, didst only laugh at my words, when I told thee of all this, which I saw would come to pass. Earnestly do I struggle at all times to speak truth to thee, sire; and now listen to it once more.

These men have come to dispute the pass with us; and it is for this that they are now making ready. 'Tis their custom, when they are about to hazard their lives, to adorn their heads with care. Be assured, however, that if thou canst subdue the men who are here and the Lacedæmonians who remain in Sparta, there is no other nation in all the world which will venture to lift a hand in their defence. Thou hast now to deal with the first kingdom and town in Greece, and with the bravest men."

Then Xerxes, to whom what Demaratus said seemed altogether to surpass belief, asked further, "how it was possible for so small an army to contend with his?"

"O king!" Demaratus answered, "let me be treated as a liar, if matters fall not out as I say."

But Xerxes was not persuaded any the more. Four whole days he suffered to go by, expecting that the Greeks would run away. When, however, he found on the fifth that they were not gone, thinking that their firm stand was mere impudence and recklessness, he grew wroth, and sent against them the Medes and Cissians, with orders to take them alive and bring them into his presence. Then the Medes rushed forward and charged the Greeks, but fell in vast numbers: others however took the places of the slain, and would not be beaten off, though they suffered terrible losses. In this way it became clear to all, and especially to the king, that though he had plenty of combatants, he had but very few warriors. The struggle, however, continued during the whole day.

Then the Medes, having met so rough a reception, withdrew from the fight; and their place was taken by the band of Persians under Hydarnes, whom the king called his "Immortals": they, it was thought, would soon finish the business. But when they joined battle with the Greeks, 't was with no better success than the Median detachment—things went much as before—the two armies fighting in a narrow space, and the barbarians using shorter spears than the Greeks, and having no advantage from

their numbers. The Lacedæmonians fought in a way worthy of note, and showed themselves far more skilful in fight than their adversaries, often turning their backs, and making as though they were all flying away, on which the barbarians would rush after them with much noise and shouting, when the Spartans at their approach would wheel round and face their pursuers, in this way destroying vast numbers of the enemy. Some Spartans likewise fell in these encounters, but only a very few. At last the Persians, finding that all their efforts to gain the pass availed nothing, and that, whether they attacked by divisions or in any other way, it was to no purpose, withdrew to their own quarters.

During these assaults, it is said that Xerxes, who was watching the battle, thrice leaped from the throne on which he sate, in terror for his army.

Next day the combat was renewed, but with no better success on the part of the barbarians. The Greeks were so few that the barbarians hoped to find them disabled, by reason of their wounds, from offering any further resistance; and so they once more attacked them. But the Greeks were drawn up in detachments according to their cities, and bore the brunt of the battle in turns,—all except the Phocians, who had been stationed on the mountain to guard the pathway. So, when the Persians found no difference between that day and the preceding, they again retired to their quarters.

Now, as the king was in a great strait, and knew not how he should deal with the emergency, Ephialtes, the son of Eurydæmus, a man of Malis, came to him and was admitted to a conference. Stirred by the hope of receiving a rich reward at the king's hands, he had come to tell him of the pathway which led across the mountain to Thermopylæ; by which disclosure he brought destruction on the band of Greeks who had there withstood the barbarians. This Ephialtes afterwards, from fear of the Lacedæmonians, fled into Thessaly; and during his exile, in an

assembly of the Amphictyons held at Pylæ, a price was set upon his head by the Pylagoræ. When some time had gone by, he returned from exile, and went to Anticyra, where he was slain by Athênades, a native of Trachis. Athênades did not slay him for his treachery, but for another reason, which I shall mention in a later part of my history: yet still the Lacedæmonians honoured him none the less. Thus then did Ephialtes perish a long time afterwards.

Besides this there is another story told, which I do not at all believe—to wit, that Onêtas the son of Phanagoras, a native of Carystus, and Corydallus, a man of Anticyra, were the persons who spoke on this matter to the king, and took the Persians across the mountain. One may guess which story is true, from the fact that the deputies of the Greeks, the Pylagoræ, who must have had the best means of ascertaining the truth, did not offer the reward for the heads of Onêtas and Corydallus, but for that of Ephialtes of Trachis; and again from the flight of Ephialtes, which we know to have been on this account. Onêtas, I allow, although he was not a Malian, might have been acquainted with the path, if he had lived much in that part of the country; but as Ephialtes was the person who actually led the Persians round the mountain by the pathway, I leave his name on record as that of the man who did the deed.

Great was the joy of Xerxes on this occasion; and as he approved highly of the enterprise which Ephialtes undertook to accomplish, he forthwith sent upon the errand Hydarnes, and the Persians under him. The troops left the camp about the time of the lighting of the lamps. The pathway along which they went was first discovered by the Malians of these parts, who soon afterwards led the Thessalians by it to attack the Phocians, at the time when the Phocians fortified the pass with a wall, and so put themselves under covert from danger. And ever since, the path has always been put to an ill use by the Malians.

The course which it takes is the following:—Beginning at the Asôpus, where that stream flows through the cleft in the hills, it runs along the ridge of the mountain (which is called, like the pathway over it, Anopæa), and ends at the city of Alpênus—the first Locrian town as you come from Malis—by the stone called Melampygu8 and the seats of the Cercopians. Here it is as narrow as at any other point. The Persians took this path, and, crossing the Asôpus, continued their march through the whole of the night, having the mountains of Ceta on their right hand, and on their left those of Trachis. At dawn of day they found themselves close to the summit.

Now the hill was guarded, as I have already said, by a thousand Phocian men-at-arms, who were placed there to defend the pathway, and at the same time to secure their own country. They had been given the guard of the mountain path, while the other Greeks defended the pass below, because they had volunteered for the service, and had pledged themselves to Leonidas to maintain the post. The ascent of the Persians became known to the Phocians in the following manner:—During all the time that they were making their way up, the Greeks remained unconscious of it, inasmuch as the whole mountain was covered with groves of oak; but it happened that the air was very still, and the leaves which the Persians stirred with their feet made, as it was likely they would, a loud rustling, whereupon the Phocians jumped up and flew to seize their arms.

In a moment the barbarians came in sight, and, perceiving men arming themselves, were greatly amazed; for they had fallen in with an enemy when they expected no opposition. Hydarnes, alarmed at the sight, and fearing lest the Phocians might be Lacedæmonians, inquired of Ephialtes to what nation these troops belonged. Ephialtes told him the exact truth, whereupon he arrayed his Persians for battle. The Phocians, galled by the showers of arrows to which they were exposed, and imagining themselves the special object of the Persian attack, fled hastily

to the crest of the mountain, and there made ready to meet death; but while their mistake continued, the Persians, with Ephialtes and Hydarnes, not thinking it worth their while to delay on account of Phocians, passed on and descended the mountain with all possible speed.

The Greeks at Thermopylæ received the first warning of the destruction which the dawn would bring on them from the seer Megistias, who read their fate in the victims as he was sacrificing. After this deserters came in, and brought the news that the Persians were marching round by the hills: it was still night when these men arrived. Last of all, the scouts came running down from the heights, and brought in the same accounts, when the day was just beginning to break. Then the Greeks held a council to consider what they should do, and here opinions were divided: some were strong against quitting their post, while others contended to the contrary. So when the council had broken up, part of the troops departed and went their ways homeward to their several states; part however resolved to remain, and to stand by Leonidas to the last.

It is said that Leonidas himself sent away the troops who departed, because he tendered their safety, but thought it unseemly that either he or his Spartans should quit the post which they had been especially sent to guard. For my own part, I incline to think that Leonidas gave the order, because he perceived the allies to be out of heart and unwilling to encounter the danger to which his own mind was made up. He therefore commanded them to retreat, but said that he himself could not draw back with honour; knowing that, if he stayed, glory awaited him, and that Sparta in that case would not lose her prosperity. For when the Spartans, at the very beginning of the war, sent to consult the oracle concerning it, the answer which they received from the Pythoness was, "that either Sparta must be overthrown by the barbarians, or one of her kings must perish." The prophecy was delivered in hexameter verse, and ran thus:—

O ye men who dwell in the streets of broad Lacedæmon!
Either your glorious town shall be sacked by the children of Perseus,
Or, in exchange, must all through the whole Laconian country
Mourn for the loss of a king, descendant of great Hêracles.
He cannot be withstood by the courage of bulls nor of lions,
Strive as they may; he is mighty as Jove; there is nought that shall
stay him,
Till he have got for his prey your king, or your glorious city.

The remembrance of this answer, I think, and the wish to secure the whole glory for the Spartans, caused Leonidas to send the allies away. This is more likely than that they quarrelled with him, and took their departure in such unruly fashion.

To me it seems no small argument in favour of this view, that the seer also who accompanied the army, Megistias, the Acarnanian,—said to have been of the blood of Melampus,¹ and the same who was led by the appearance of the victims to warn the Greeks of the danger which threatened them,—received orders to retire (as it is certain he did) from Leonidas, that he might escape the coming destruction. Megistias, however, though bidden to depart, refused, and stayed with the army; but he had an only son present with the expedition, whom he now sent away.

So the allies, when Leonidas ordered them to retire, obeyed him and forthwith departed. Only the Thespians and the Thebans remained with the Spartans; and of these the Thebans were kept back by Leonidas as hostages, very much against their will. The Thespians, on the contrary, stayed entirely of their own accord, refusing to retreat, and declaring that they would not forsake Leonidas and his followers. So they abode with the Spartans, and died with them. Their leader was Demophilus, the son of Diadromes.

At sunrise Xerxes made libations, after which he waited until the time when the forum is wont to fill, and then began his advance. Ephialtes had instructed him thus, as the descent of the

¹ In the generation before the Trojan War.

mountain is much quicker, and the distance much shorter, than the way round the hills, and the ascent. So the barbarians under Xerxes began to draw nigh; and the Greeks under Leonidas, as they now went forth determined to die, advanced much further than on previous days, until they reached the more open portion of the pass. Hitherto they had held their station within the wall, and from this had gone forth to fight at the point where the pass was the narrowest. Now they joined battle beyond the defile, and carried slaughter among the barbarians, who fell in heaps. Behind them the captains of the squadrons, armed with whips, urged their men forward with continual blows. Many were thrust into the sea, and there perished; a still greater number were trampled to death by their own soldiers; no one heeded the dying. For the Greeks, reckless of their own safety and desperate, since they knew that, as the mountain had been crossed, their destruction was nigh at hand, exerted themselves with the most furious valour against the barbarians.

By this time the spears of the greater number were all shivered, and with their swords they hewed down the ranks of the Persians; and here, as they strove, Leonidas fell fighting bravely, together with many other famous Spartans, whose names I have taken care to learn on account of their great worthiness, as indeed I have those of all the three hundred. There fell too at the same time very many famous Persians: among them, two sons of Darius, Abrocomes and Hyperanthes, his children by Phratakuné, the daughter of Artanes. Artanes was brother of King Darius, being a son of Hystaspes, the son of Arsames; and when he gave his daughter to the king, he made him heir likewise of all his substance; for she was his only child.

Thus two brothers of Xerxes here fought and fell. And now there arose a fierce struggle between the Persians and the Lacedæmonians over the body of Leonidas, in which the Greeks four times drove back the enemy, and at last by their great bravery succeeded in bearing off the body. This combat was scarcely

ended when the Persians with Ephialtes approached; and the Greeks, informed that they drew nigh, made a change in the manner of their fighting. Drawing back into the narrowest part of the pass, and retreating even behind the cross wall, they posted themselves upon a hillock, where they stood all drawn up together in one close body, except only the Thebans. The hillock whereof I speak is at the entrance of the straits, where the stone lion stands which was set up in honour of Leonidas. Here they defended themselves to the last, such as still had swords using them, and the others resisting with their hands and teeth; till the barbarians, who in part had pulled down the wall and attacked them in front, in part had gone round and now encircled them upon every side, overwhelmed and buried the remnant which was left beneath showers of missile weapons.

Thus nobly did the whole body of Lacedæmonians and Thespians behave; but nevertheless one man is said to have distinguished himself above all the rest, to wit, Diêneces the Spartan. A speech which he made before the Greeks engaged the Medes, remains on record. One of the Trachinians told him, "Such was the number of the barbarians, that when they shot forth their arrows the sun would be darkened by their multitude." Diêneces, not at all frightened at these words, but making light of the Median numbers, answered, "Our Trachinian friend brings us excellent tidings. If the Medes darken the sun, we shall have our fight in the shade." Other sayings too of a like nature are reported to have been left on record by this same person.

Next to him two brothers, Lacedæmonians, are reputed to have made themselves conspicuous: they were named Alpheus and Maro, and were the sons of Orsiphantus. There was also a Thespian who gained greater glory than any of his countrymen: he was a man called Dithyrambus, the son of Harmatidas.

The slain were buried where they fell; and in their honour, nor less in honour of those who died before Leonidas sent the allies away, an inscription was set up, which said:—

“Here did four thousand men from Pelops’ land
Against three hundred myriads bravely stand.”

This was in honour of all. Another was for the Spartans alone:—

“Go, stranger, and to Lacedæmon tell
That here, obeying her behests, we fell.”

This was for the Lacedæmonians. The seer had the following:—

“The great Megistias’ tomb you here may view,
Whom slew the Medes, fresh from Spercheius’ fords.
Well the wise seer the coming death foreknew,
Yet scorned he to forsake his Spartan lords.”

These inscriptions, and the pillars likewise, were all set up by the Amphictyons, except that in honour of Megistias, which was inscribed to him (on account of their sworn friendship) by Simônides, the son of Leôprepes.

JEAN FROISSART

1337-1410

WAT TYLER'S REBELLION

[From *Chronicles of England, France, Spain, and the Adjoining Countries*, translated by Thomas Johnes of Hafod (1803-1805).

The Peasants' Revolt occurred in 1381, in the reign of Richard the Second.]

While these conferences were going forward, there happened in England great commotions among the lower ranks of the people, by which England was near ruined without resource. Never was a country in such jeopardy as this was at that period, and all through the too great comfort of the commonalty. Rebellion was stirred up, as it was formerly done in France by the Jacques Bonshommes, who did much evil, and sore troubled the kingdom of France. It is marvellous from what a trifle this pestilence raged in England. In order that it may serve as an example

to mankind, I will speak of all that was done, from the information I had at the time on the subject.

It is customary in England, as well as in several other countries, for the nobility to have great privileges over the commonalty, whom they keep in bondage; that is to say, they are bound by law and custom to plough the lands of gentlemen, to harvest the grain, to carry it home to the barn, to thrash and winnow it: they are also bound to harvest the hay and carry it home. All these services they are obliged to perform for their lords, and many more in England than in other countries. The prelates and gentlemen are thus served. In the counties of Kent, Essex, Sussex, and Bedford, these services are more oppressive than in all the rest of the kingdom.

The evil-disposed in these districts began to rise, saying they were too severely oppressed; that at the beginning of the world there were no slaves, and that no one ought to be treated as such, unless he had committed treason against his lord, as Lucifer had done against God; but they had done no such thing, for they were neither angels nor spirits, but men formed after the same likeness with their lords, who treated them as beasts. This they would not longer bear, but had determined to be free, and if they laboured or did any other works for their lords, they would be paid for it.

A crazy priest in the county of Kent, called John Ball, who, for his absurd preaching, had been thrice confined in the prison of the archbishop of Canterbury, was greatly instrumental in inflaming them with those ideas. He was accustomed, every Sunday after mass, as the people were coming out of the church, to preach to them in the market-place and assemble a crowd around him; to whom he would say: "My good friends, things cannot go on well in England, nor ever will, until everything shall be in common; when there shall neither be vassal nor lord, and all distinctions levelled; when the lords shall be no more masters than ourselves. How ill have they used us! and for what reason do

they thus hold us in bondage? Are we not all descended from the same parents, Adam and Eve? and what can they show, or what reasons give, why they should be more the masters than ourselves? except, perhaps, in making us labour and work, for them to spend. They are clothed in velvets and rich stuffs, ornamented with ermine and other furs, while we are forced to wear poor cloth. They have wines, spices, and fine bread, when we have only rye and the refuse of the straw; and, if we drink, it must be water. They have handsome seats and manors, when we must brave the wind and rain in our labours in the field; but it is from our labour that they have wherewith to support their pomp. We are called slaves; and, if we do not perform our services, we are beaten, and we have not any sovereign to whom we can complain, or who wishes to hear us and do us justice. Let us go to the king, who is young, and remonstrate with him on our servitude, telling him we must have it otherwise, or that we shall find a remedy for it ourselves. If we wait on him in a body, all those who come under the appellation of slaves, or are held in bondage, will follow us, in the hopes of being free. When the king shall see us, we shall obtain a favourable answer, or we must then seek ourselves to amend our condition."

With such words as these did John Ball harangue the people, at his village, every Sunday after mass, for which he was much beloved by them. Some who wished no good declared it was very true, and murmuring to each other, as they were going to the fields, on the road from one village to another, or at their different houses, said, "John Ball preaches such and such things, and he speaks truth."

The archbishop of Canterbury, on being informed of this, had John Ball arrested, and imprisoned for two or three months by way of punishment; but it would have been better if he had been confined during his life, or had been put to death, than to have been suffered thus to act. The archbishop set him at liberty, for he could not for conscience' sake have put him to death. The

moment John Ball was out of prison, he returned to his former errors. Numbers in the city of London having heard of his preaching, being envious of the rich men and nobility, began to say among themselves that the kingdom was too badly governed, and the nobility had seized on all the gold and silver coin. These wicked Londoners, therefore, began to assemble and to rebel: they sent to tell those in the adjoining counties they might come boldly to London, and bring their companions with them, for they would find the town open to them, and the commonalty in the same way of thinking; that they would press the king so much there should no longer be a slave in England.

These promises stirred up those in the counties of Kent, Essex, Sussex, and Bedford, and the adjoining country, so that they marched towards London; and, when they arrived near, they were upwards of sixty thousand. They had a leader called Wat Tyler, and with him were Jack Straw and John Ball: these three were their commanders, but the principal was Wat Tyler. This Wat had been a tiler of houses, a bad man, and a great enemy to the nobility. When these wicked people first began to rise, all London, except their friends, were very much frightened. The mayor and rich citizens assembled in council, on hearing they were coming to London, and debated whether they should shut the gates and refuse to admit them; but, having well considered, they determined not to do so, as they should run a risk of having the suburbs burnt.

The gates were therefore thrown open, when they entered in troops of one or two hundred, by twenties or thirties, according to the populousness of the towns they came from; and as they came into London they lodged themselves. But it is a truth, that full two-thirds of these people knew not what they wanted, nor what they sought for: they followed one another like sheep, or like to the shepherds of old, who said they were going to conquer the Holy Land, and afterwards accomplished nothing. In such manner did these poor fellows and vassals come to London from

distances of a hundred and sixty leagues, but the greater part from those counties I have mentioned, and on their arrival they demanded to see the king. The gentlemen of the country, the knights and squires, began to be alarmed when they saw the people thus rise; and, if they were frightened, they had sufficient reason, for less causes create fear. They began to collect together as well as they could.

The same day that these wicked men of Kent were on their road towards London, the princess of Wales, mother to the king, was returning from a pilgrimage to Canterbury. She ran great risks from them; for these scoundrels attacked her car, and caused much confusion, which greatly frightened the good lady, lest they should do some violence to her or to her ladies. God, however, preserved her from this, and she came in one day from Canterbury to London, without venturing to make any stop by the way. Her son Richard was this day in the Tower of London: thither the princess came, and found the king attended by the earl of Salisbury, the archbishop of Canterbury, sir Robert de Namur, the lord de Gommegines, and several more, who had kept near his person from suspicions of his subjects who were thus assembling without knowing what they wanted. This rebellion was well known to be in agitation in the king's palace before it broke out and the country people had left their homes; to which the king applied no remedy, to the great astonishment of every one. In order that gentlemen and others may take example, and correct wicked rebels, I will most amply detail how this business was conducted.

On Monday preceding the feast of the Holy Sacrament, in the year 1381, did these people sally forth from their homes, to come to London to remonstrate with the king, that all might be made free, for they would not there should be any slaves in England. At Canterbury they met John Ball (who thought he should find there the archbishop, but he was at London), Wat Tyler, and Jack Straw. On their entrance into Canterbury they were much

feasted by every one, for the inhabitants were of their way of thinking; and, having held a council, they resolved to march to London, and also to send emissaries across the Thames to Essex, Suffolk, Bedford, and other counties, to press the people to march to London on that side, and thus, as it were, to surround it, which the king would not be able to prevent. It was their intention that all the different parties should be collected together on the feast of the Holy Sacrament, or on the following day.

Those who had come to Canterbury entered the church of St. Thomas, and did much damage: they pillaged the apartments of the archbishop, saying, as they were carrying off different articles: "This chancellor of England has had this piece of furniture very cheap: he must now give us an account of the revenues of England, and of the large sums he has levied since the coronation of the king." After they had defrauded the abbey of St. Vincent, they set off in the morning, and all the populace of Canterbury with them, taking the road towards Rochester. They collected the people from the villages to the right and left, and marched along like a tempest, destroying every house of an attorney or king's proctor, or that belonged to the archbishop, sparing none.

On their arrival at Rochester they were much feasted, for the people were waiting for them, being of their party. They advanced to the castle, and seizing a knight called sir John de Newtown, who was constable of it and captain of the town, they told him that he must accompany them as their commander-in-chief, and do whatever they should wish. The knight endeavoured to excuse himself, and offered good reasons for it, if they had been listened to; but they said to him, "Sir John, if you will not act as we shall order, you are a dead man." The knight, seeing this outrageous mob ready to kill him, complied with their request, and very unwillingly put himself at their head. They had acted in a similar manner in the other counties of England, in Essex, Suffolk, Cambridge, Bedford, Stafford, Warwick, and Lincoln, where they forced great lords and knights, such as the lord Man-

ley, a great baron, sir Stephen Hales, and sir Thomas Cossington, to lead and march with them. Now, observe how fortunately matters turned out, for had they succeeded in their intentions they would have destroyed the whole nobility of England: after this success, the people of other nations would have rebelled, taking example from those of Ghent and Flanders, who were in actual rebellion against their lord. In this same year the Parisians acted a similar part, arming themselves with leaden maces. They were upwards of twenty thousand, as I shall relate when I come to that part of my history; but I will first go on with this rebellion in England.

When those who had lodged at Rochester had done all they wanted, they departed, and, crossing the river, came to Dartford, but always following their plan of destroying the houses of lawyers or proctors on the right and left of their road. In their way they cut off several men's heads, and continued their march to Blackheath, where they fixed their quarters: they said they were armed for the king and commons of England. When the citizens of London found they were quartered so near them, they closed the gates of London Bridge: guards were placed there by orders of sir William Walworth, mayor of London, and several rich citizens who were not of their party; but there were in the city more than thirty thousand who favoured them.

Those who were at Blackheath had information of this; they sent, therefore, their knight to speak with the king, and to tell him that what they were doing was for his service, for the kingdom had been for several years wretchedly governed, to the great dishonour of the realm and to the oppression of the lower ranks of the people, by his uncles, by the clergy, and in particular by the archbishop of Canterbury, his chancellor, from whom they would have an account of his ministry. The knight dared not say nor do anything to the contrary, but, advancing to the Thames opposite the Tower, he took boat and crossed over. While the king and those with him in the Tower were in great

suspense, and anxious to receive some intelligence, the knight came on shore: way was made for him, and he was conducted to the king, who was in an apartment with the princess his mother. There were also with the king his two maternal brothers, the earl of Kent and sir John Holland, the earls of Salisbury, Warwick, Suffolk, the archbishop of Canterbury, the great prior of the Templars in England, sir Robert de Namur, the lord de Vertain, the lord de Gommegines, sir Henry de Sausselles, the mayor of London, and several of the principal citizens.

Sir John Newtoun, who was well known to them all, for he was one of the king's officers, cast himself on his knees and said: "My much redoubted lord, do not be displeased with me for the message I am about to deliver to you; for, my dear lord, through force I am come hither."

"By no means, sir John; tell us what you are charged with: we hold you excused."

"My very redoubted lord, the commons of your realm send me to you to entreat you would come and speak with them on Blackheath. They wish to have no one but yourself; and you need not fear for your person, for they will not do you the least harm: they always have respected and will respect you as their king; but they will tell you many things, which they say it is necessary you should hear; with which, however, they have not empowered me to acquaint you. But, dear lord, have the goodness to give me such an answer as may satisfy them, and that they may be convinced I have really been in your presence; for they have my children as hostages for my return, whom they will assuredly put to death if I do not go back."

The king replied, "You shall speedily have an answer." Upon this he called a council to consider what was to be done. The king was advised to say that if on Thursday they would come down to the river Thames, he would without fail speak with them. Sir John Newtoun, on receiving this answer, was well satisfied therewith, and, taking leave of the king and barons,

departed: having entered his boat, he recrossed the Thames and returned to Blackheath, where he had left upwards of sixty thousand men. He told them from the king, that if they would send on the morrow morning their leaders to the Thames, the king would come and hear what they had to say. This answer gave great pleasure, and they were contented with it: they passed the night as well as they could; but you must know that one-fourth of them fasted for want of provision, as they had not brought any with them, at which they were much vexed, as may be supposed.

• At this time the earl of Buckingham was in Wales, where he possessed great estates in right of his wife, who was daughter of the earl of Hereford and Northampton; but the common report about London was that he favoured these people: some assured it for a truth, as having seen him among them, because there was one Thomas very much resembling him from the county of Cambridge. As for the English barons who were at Plymouth making preparations for their voyage, they had heard of this rebellion, and that the people were rising in all parts of the kingdom. Fearful lest their voyage should be prevented, or that the populace, as they had done at Southampton, Winchelsea, and Arundel, should attack them, they heaved their anchors, and with some difficulty left the harbour, for the wind was against them, and put to sea, when they cast anchor to wait for a wind.

The duke of Lancaster was on the borders, between la Morlane, Roxburgh, and Melrose, holding conferences with the Scots: he had also received intelligence of this rebellion, and the danger his person was in, for he well knew he was unpopular with the common people of England. Notwithstanding this, he managed his treaty very prudently with the Scots commissioners, the earl of Douglas, the earl of Moray, the earl of Sutherland, the earl of Mar, and Thomas de Vesey. The Scotsmen who were conducting the treaty on the part of the king and the country knew also of the rebellion in England, and how the populace were rising

everywhere against the nobility. They said that England was shaken and in great danger of being ruined, for which in their treaties they bore the harder on the duke of Lancaster and his council.

We will now return to the commonalty of England, and say how they continued in their rebellion.

On Corpus Christi day king Richard heard mass in the tower of London, with all his lords, and afterwards entered his barge, attended by the earls of Salisbury, Warwick, and Suffolk, with other knights. He rowed down the Thames towards Rotherhithe, a manor belonging to the crown, where were upwards of ten thousand men, who had come from Blackheath to see the king and to speak to him: when they perceived his barge approach, they set up such shouts and cries as if all the devils in hell had been in their company. They had their knight, sir John Newtoun, with them; for, in case the king had not come and they found he had made a jest of them, they would, as they had threatened, have cut him to pieces.

When the king and his lords saw this crowd of people, and the wildness of their manner, there was not one among them so bold and determined but felt alarmed: the king was advised by his barons not to land, but to have his barge rowed up and down the river. "What do ye wish for?" demanded the king; "I am come hither to hear what you have to say." Those near him cried out with one voice: "We wish thee to land, when we will remonstrate with thee, and tell thee more at our ease what our wants are." The earl of Salisbury then replied for the king, and said: "Gentlemen, you are not properly dressed, nor in a fit condition for the king to talk with you."

Nothing more was said; for the king was desired to return to the Tower of London, from whence he had set out. When the people saw they could obtain nothing more, they were inflamed with passion, and went back to Blackheath, where the main body was, to relate the answer they had received, and how the king

was returned to the Tower. They all then cried out, "Let us march instantly to London." They immediately set off, and, in their road thither, they destroyed the houses of lawyers, courtiers, and monasteries. Advancing into the suburbs of London, which were very handsome and extensive, they pulled down many fine houses: in particular, they demolished the prison of the king called the Marshalsea, and set at liberty all those confined within it. They did much damage to the suburbs, and menaced the Londoners at the entrance of the bridge for having shut the gates of it, saying they would set fire to the suburbs, take the city by storm, and afterwards burn and destroy it.

With respect to the common people of London, numbers were of their opinions, and, on assembling together, said: "Why will you refuse admittance to these honest men? They are our friends, and what they are doing is for our good." It was then found necessary to open the gates, when crowds rushed in, and ran to those shops which seemed well stored with provision: if they sought for meat or drink it was placed before them, and nothing refused, but all manner of good cheer offered, in hopes of appeasing them.

Their leaders, John Ball, Jack Straw, and Wat Tyler, then marched through London, attended by more than twenty thousand men, to the palace of the Savoy, which is a handsome building on the road to Westminster, situated on the banks of the Thames, belonging to the duke of Lancaster; they immediately killed the porters, pressed into the house, and set it on fire. Not content with committing this outrage, they went to the house of the knights-hospitalers of Rhodes, dedicated to St. John of Mount Carmel, which they burnt, together with their hospital and church. They afterwards paraded the streets, and killed every Fleming they could find, whether in house, church, or hospital; not one escaped death. They broke open several houses of the Lombards, taking whatever money they could lay their hands on, none daring to oppose them. They murdered a

rich citizen called Richard Lyon, to whom Wat Tyler had been formerly servant in France; but, having once beaten this varlet, he had not forgotten it, and, having carried his men to his house, ordered his head to be cut off, placed upon a pike, and carried through the streets of London. Thus did these wicked people act like madmen; and, on this Thursday, they did much mischief to the city of London.

Towards evening they fixed their quarters in a square called St. Catherine's, before the Tower, declaring they would not depart thence until they should obtain from the king everything they wanted, and have all their desires satisfied; and the chancellor of England made to account with them, and show how the great sums which had been raised were expended; menacing, that if he did not render such an account as was agreeable to them, it would be the worse for him. Considering the various ills they had done to foreigners, they lodged themselves before the Tower. You may easily suppose what a miserable situation the king was in, and those with him; for at times these rebellious fellows hooted as loud as if the devils were in them.

About evening a council was held in the presence of the king, the barons who were in the Tower with him, sir William Waltham the mayor, and some of the principal citizens, when it was proposed to arm themselves, and during the night to fall upon these wretches, who were in the streets and amounted to sixty thousand, while they were asleep and drunk, for then they might be killed like flies, and not one in twenty among them had arms. The citizens were very capable of doing this, for they had secretly received into their houses their friends and servants, properly prepared to act. Sir Robert Knolles remained in his house, guarding his property, with more than six score companions completely armed, who would have instantly sallied forth. Sir Perducas d'Albreth was also in London at that period, and would have been of great service; so that they could have mustered upwards of eight thousand men, well armed. But nothing was

done; for they were too much afraid of the commonalty of London; and the advisers of the king, the earl of Salisbury and others, said to him: "Sir, if you can appease them by fair words, it will be so much the better, and good humouredly grant them what they ask; for, should we begin what we cannot go through, we shall never be able to recover it: it will be all over with us and our heirs, and England will be a desert." This counsel was followed, and the mayor ordered to make no movement. He obeyed, as in reason he ought. In the city of London, with the mayor, there are twelve sheriffs, of whom nine were for the king and three for these wicked people, as it was afterwards discovered, and for which they then paid dearly.

On Friday morning those lodged in the square before St. Catherine's, near the Tower, began to make themselves ready; they shouted much, and said that if the king would not come out to them, they would attack the Tower, storm it, and slay all in it. The king was alarmed at these menaces, and resolved to speak with them; he therefore sent orders for them to retire to a handsome meadow at Mile-end, where, in the summer time, people go to amuse themselves, and that there the king would grant them their demands. Proclamation was made in the king's name for all those who wished to speak with him to go to the above-mentioned place, where he would not fail to meet them.

The commonalty of the different villages began to march thither; but all did not go, nor had they the same objects in view, for the greater part only wished for the riches and destruction of the nobles, and the plunder of London. This was the principal cause of their rebellion, as they very clearly showed; for when the gates of the Tower were thrown open, and the king, attended by his two brothers, the earls of Salisbury, of Warwick, of Suffolk, sir Robert de Namur, the lords de Vertain and de Gommegines, with several others, had passed through them, Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball, with upwards of four hundred, rushed in

by force, and, running from chamber to chamber, found the archbishop of Canterbury, whose name was Simon, a valiant and wise man, and chancellor of England, who had just celebrated mass before the king: he was seized by these rascals, and beheaded. The prior of St. John's suffered the same fate, and likewise a Franciscan friar, a doctor of physic, who was attached to the duke of Lancaster, out of spite to his master, and also a serjeant-at-arms of the name of John Laige. They fixed these four heads on long pikes, and had them carried before them through the streets of London: when they had sufficiently played with them, they placed them on London Bridge, as if they had been traitors to their king and country.

These scoundrels entered the apartment of the princess, and cut her bed, which so much terrified her that she fainted, and in this condition was by her servants and ladies carried to the riverside, when she was put into a covered boat, and conveyed to the house called the Wardrobe, where she continued that day and night like to a woman half dead, until she was comforted by the king her son, as you shall presently hear.

When the king was on his way to the place called Mile-end, without London, his two brothers, the earl of Kent and sir John Holland, stole off and galloped from his company, as did also the lord de Gommegines, not daring to show themselves to the populace at Mile-end for fear of their lives.

On the king's arrival, attended by the barons, he found upwards of sixty thousand men assembled from different villages and counties of England: he instantly advanced into the midst of them, saying in a pleasant manner, "My good people, I am your king and your lord: what is it you want? and what do you wish to say to me?" Those who heard him answered, "We wish thou wouldst make us free for ever, us, our heirs and our lands, and that we should no longer be called slaves, nor held in bondage." The king replied, "I grant your wish: now, therefore, return to your homes and the places from whence you came, leaving be-

hind two or three men from each village, to whom I will order letters to be given sealed with my seal, which they shall carry back with every demand you have made fully granted: and, in order that you may be the more satisfied, I will direct that my banners shall be sent to every stewardship, castlewick, and corporation." These words greatly appeased the novices and well-meaning ones who were there, and knew not what they wanted, saying, "It is well said: we do not wish for more." The people were thus quieted, and began to return towards London.

The king added a few words, which pleased them much: "You my good people of Kent, shall have one of my banners; and you also of Essex, Sussex, Bedford, Suffolk, Cambridge, Stafford, and Lincoln, shall each of you have one; and I pardon you all for what you have hitherto done; but you must follow my banners, and now return home on the terms I have mentioned." They unanimously replied they would. Thus did this great assembly break up, and set out for London. The king instantly employed upwards of thirty secretaries, who drew up the letters as fast as they could; and, having sealed and delivered them to these people, they departed, and returned to their own counties.

The principal mischief remained behind: I mean Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball, who declared that though the people were satisfied, they would not thus depart; and they had more than thirty thousand who were of their mind. They continued in the city, without any wish to have their letters, or the king's seal; but did all they could to throw the town into such confusion that the lords and rich citizens might be murdered, and their houses pillaged and destroyed. The Londoners suspected this, and kept themselves at home, with their friends and servants, well armed and prepared, every one according to his abilities.

When the people had been appeased at Mile-end Green, and were setting off for their different towns as speedily as they could receive the king's letters, king Richard went to the Wardrobe,

where the princess was in the greatest fear: he comforted her, as he was very able to do, and passed there the night.

I must relate an adventure which happened to these clowns before Norwich, and to their leader, called William Lister, who was from the county of Stafford. On the same day these wicked people burnt the palace of the Savoy, the church and house of St. John, the hospital of the Templars, pulled down the prison of Newgate, and set at liberty all the prisoners, there were collected numerous bodies from Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk, who proceeded on their march towards London, according to the orders they had received, under the direction of Lister.

In their road they stopped near Norwich, and forced every one to join them, so that none of the commonalty remained behind. The reason why they stopped near Norwich was, that the governor of the town was a knight called sir Robert Salle: he was not by birth a gentleman, but, having acquired great renown for his ability and courage, king Edward had created him a knight: he was the handsomest and strongest man in England. Lister and his companions took it into their heads they would make this knight their commander, and carry him with them, in order to be the more feared. They sent orders to him to come out into the fields to speak with them, or they would attack and burn the city. The knight, considering it was much better for him to go to them than they should commit such outrages, mounted his horse, and went out of the town alone, to hear what they had to say. When they perceived him coming, they showed him every mark of respect, and courteously entreated him to dismount, and talk with them. He did dismount, and committed a great folly; for, when he had so done, having surrounded him, they at first conversed in a friendly way, saying, "Robert, you are a knight, and a man of great weight in this country, renowned for your valour; yet, notwithstanding all this, we know who you are: you are not a gentleman, but the son of a poor mason, just such as ourselves. Do you come with us, as our commander, and we will make so

great a lord of you that one quarter of England shall be under your command."

The knight, on hearing them thus speak, was exceedingly angry; he would never have consented to such a proposal; and, eyeing them with inflamed looks, answered, "Begone, wicked scoundrels and false traitors as you are: would you have me desert my natural lord for such a company of knaves as you? would you have me dishonour myself? I would much rather you were all hanged, for that must be your end." On saying this, he attempted to mount his horse; but, his foot slipping from the stirrup, his horse took fright. They then shouted out, and cried, "Put him to death." When he heard this, he let his horse go; and, drawing a handsome Bordeaux sword, he began to skirmish, and soon cleared the crowd from about him, that it was a pleasure to see. Some attempted to close with him; but with each stroke he gave, he cut off heads, arms, feet, or legs. There were none so bold but were afraid; and sir Robert performed that day marvellous feats of arms. These wretches were upwards of forty thousand; they shot and flung at him such things, that had he been clothed in steel instead of being unarmed, he must have been overpowered: however, he killed twelve of them, besides many whom he wounded. At last he was overthrown, when they cut off his legs and arms, and rent his body in piece-meal. Thus ended sir Robert Salle, which was a great pity; and when the knights and squires in England heard of it, they were much enraged.

On the Saturday morning the king left the Wardrobe, and went to Westminster, where he and all the lords heard mass in the abbey. In this church there is a statue of our Lady in a small chapel that has many virtues and performs great miracles, in which the kings of England have much faith. The king, having paid his devotions and made his offerings to this shrine, mounted his horse about nine o'clock, as did the barons who were with him. They rode along the causeway to return to London; but,

when they had gone a little way, he turned to a road on the left to go from London.

This day all the rabble were again assembled, under the conduct of Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball, to parley at a place called Smithfield, where, every Friday, the horse-market is kept. They amounted to upwards of twenty thousand, all of the same sort. Many more were in the city, breakfasting and drinking Rhenish and Malmsey Madeira wines, in taverns and at the houses of the Lombards, without paying for anything; and happy was he who could give them good cheer. Those who were collected in Smithfield had the king's banners, which had been given to them the preceding evening; and these reprobates wanted to pillage the city this same day, their leaders saying "that hitherto they had done nothing. The pardons which the king has granted will not be of much use to us; but, if we be of the same mind, we shall pillage this large, rich, and powerful town of London, before those from Essex, Suffolk, Cambridge, Bedford, Warwick, Reading, Lancashire, Arundel, Guildford, Coventry, Lynne, Lincoln, York, and Durham shall arrive; for they are on the road, and we know for certain that Vaquier and Lister will conduct them hither. If we now plunder the city of the wealth that is in it, we shall have been beforehand, and shall not repent of so doing; but if we wait for their arrival, they will wrest it from us." To this opinion all had agreed, when the king appeared in sight, attended by sixty horse. He was not thinking of them, but intended to have continued his ride without coming into London: however, when he came before the abbey of St. Bartholomew, which is in Smithfield, and saw the crowd of people, he stopped, and said he would not proceed until he knew what they wanted; and, if they were troubled, he would appease them.

The lords who accompanied him stopped also, as was but right, since the king had stopped; when Wat Tyler, seeing the king, said to his men, "Here is the king: I will go and speak with him:

do not you stir from hence until I give you a signal." He made a motion with his hand, and added, "When you shall see me make this sign, then step forward, and kill every one except the king; but hurt him not, for he is young, and we can do what we please with him; for, by carrying him with us through England, we shall be lords of it without any opposition." There was a doublet-maker of London, called John Ticle, who had brought sixty doublets, with which some of the clowns had dressed themselves; and on his asking who was to pay, for he must have for them thirty good marks, Tyler replied, "Make thyself easy, man; thou shalt be well paid this day: look to me for it: thou hast sufficient security for them." On saying this, he spurred the horse on which he rode, and, leaving his men, galloped up to the king, and came so near that his horse's head touched the crupper of that of the king. The first words he said, when he addressed the king, were, "King, dost thou see all those men there?"

"Yes," replied the king; "why dost thou ask?"

"Because they are all under my command, and have sworn by their faith and loyalty to do whatever I shall order."

"Very well," said the king; "I have no objections to it."

Tyler, who was only desirous of a riot, answered, "And thinkest thou, king, that those people and as many more who are in the city, also under my command, ought to depart without having had thy letters? Oh no, we will carry them with us."

"Why," replied the king, "so it has been ordered, and they will be delivered out one after the other: but, friend, return to thy companions, and tell them to depart from London: be peaceable and careful of yourselves, for it is our determination that you shall all of you have your letters by villages and towns, as it has been agreed on."

As the king finished speaking, Wat Tyler, casting his eyes around him, spied a squire attached to the king's person bearing his sword. Tyler mortally hated this squire; formerly they had

had words together, when the squire ill-treated him. "What, art thou there?" cried Tyler: "give me thy dagger."

"I will not," said the squire: "why should I give it thee?" The king, turning to him, said, "Give it him, give it him"; which he did, though much against his will. When Tyler took it, he began to play with it and turn it about in his hand, and, again addressing the squire, said, "Give me that sword."

"I will not," replied the squire; "for it is the king's sword, and thou art not worthy to bear it, who art but a mechanic; and, if only thou and I were together, thou wouldst not have dared to say what thou hast for as large a heap of gold as this church."

"By my troth," answered Tyler, "I will not eat this day before I have thy head."

At these words, the mayor of London, with about twelve more, rode forward, armed under their robes, and, pushing through the crowd, saw Tyler's manner of behaving: upon which he said, "Scoundrel, how dare you thus behave in the presence of the king, and utter such words? It is too impudent for such as thou."

The king then began to be enraged, and said to the mayor, "Lay hands on him."

Whilst the king was giving this order, Tyler had addressed the mayor, saying, "Hey, in God's name, what I have said, does it concern thee? what dost thou mean?" "Truly," replied the mayor, who found himself supported by the king, "does it become such a stinking rascal as thou art to use such speech in the presence of the king, my natural lord? I will not live a day, if thou pay not for it." Upon this, he drew a kind of scimitar he wore, and struck Tyler such a blow on the head as felled him to his horse's feet. When he was down, he was surrounded on all sides, so that his men could not see him; and one of the king's squires, called John Standwich, immediately leaped from his horse, and, drawing a handsome sword which he bore, thrust it into his belly, and thus killed him.

His men, advancing, saw their leader dead, when they cried out, "They have killed our captain: let us march to them, and slay the whole." On these words, they drew up in a sort of battle-array, each man having his bent bow before him. The king certainly hazarded much by this action, but it turned out fortunate; for when Tyler was on the ground, he left his attendants, ordering not one to follow him. He rode up to these rebellious fellows, who were advancing to revenge their leader's death, and said to them, "Gentlemen, what are you about? you shall have no other captain but me: I am your king: remain peaceable." When the greater part of them heard these words, they were quite ashamed, and those inclined to peace began to slip away. The riotous ones kept their ground, and showed symptoms of mischief, and as if they were resolved to do something.

The king returned to his lords, and asked them what should next be done. He was advised to make for the fields; for the mayor said "that to retreat or fly would be of no avail. It is proper we should act thus, for I reckon that we shall very soon receive assistance from London, that is, from our good friends who are prepared and armed, with all their servants in their houses." While things remained in this state, several ran to London, and cried out, "They are killing the king! they are killing the king and our mayor!" Upon this alarm, every man of the king's party sallied out towards Smithfield, and to the fields whither the king had retreated; and there were instantly collected from seven to eight thousand men in arms.

Among the first, came sir Robert Knolles and sir Perducas d'Albreth, well attended; and several of the aldermen, with upwards of six hundred men-at-arms, and a powerful man of the city called Nicholas Bramber, the king's draper, bringing with him a large force, who, as they came up, ranged themselves in order, on foot, on each side of him. The rebels were drawn up opposite them: they had the king's banners, and showed as if

they intended to maintain their ground by offering combat. The king created three knights: sir William Walworth, mayor of London, sir John Standwich, and sir Nicholas Bramber. The lords began to converse among themselves, saying, "What shall we do? We see our enemies, who would willingly have murdered us if they had gained the upper hand." Sir Robert Knolles advised immediately to fall on them and slay them; but the king would not consent, saying, "I will not have you act thus: you shall go and demand from them my banners: we shall see how they will behave when you make this demand; for I will have them by fair or foul means."

"It is a good thought," replied the earl of Salisbury.

The new knights were therefore sent, who, on approaching, made signs for them not to shoot, as they wished to speak with them. When they had come near enough to be heard, they said, "Now attend: the king orders you to send back his banners, and we hope he will have mercy on you." The banners were directly given up, and brought to the king. It was then ordered, under pain of death, that all those who had obtained the king's letters should deliver them up. Some did so; but not all. The king, on receiving them, had them torn in their presence. You must know that from the instant when the king's banners were surrendered, these fellows kept no order; but the greater part, throwing their bows to the ground, took to their heels and returned to London.

Sir Robert Knolles was in a violent rage that they were not attacked, and the whole of them slain; but the king would not consent to it, saying, he would have ample revenge on them, which in truth he afterwards had.

Thus did these people disperse, and run away on all sides. The king, the lords, and the army returned in good array to London, to their great joy. The king immediately took the road to the Wardrobe, to visit the princess his mother, who had remained there two days and two nights under the greatest fears, as indeed

she had cause. On seeing the king her son, she was mightily rejoiced, and said:

“Ha, ha, fair son, what pain and anguish have I not suffered for you this day!”

“Certainly, madam,” replied the king, “I am well assured of that; but now rejoice and thank God, for it behoves us to praise him, as I have this day regained my inheritance, and the kingdom of England, which I had lost.”

The king remained the whole day with his mother. The lords retired to their own houses. A proclamation was made through all the streets, that every person who was not an inhabitant of London, and who had not resided there for a whole year, should instantly depart; for that, if there were any found of a contrary description on Sunday morning at sunrise, they would be arrested as traitors to the king, and have their heads cut off. After this proclamation had been heard, no one dared to infringe it; but all departed instantly to their homes, quite discomfited. John Ball and Jack Straw were found hidden in an old ruin, thinking to steal away; but this they could not do, for they were betrayed by their own men. The king and the lords were well pleased with their seizure: their heads were cut off, as was that of Tyler, and fixed on London bridge, in the place of those gallant men whom they beheaded on the Thursday. The news of this was sent through the neighbouring counties, that those might hear of it who were on their way to London, according to the orders these rebels had sent to them: upon which they instantly returned to their homes, without daring to advance further.

EDWARD HYDE, LORD CLARENDON

1609-1674

THE KING'S FLIGHT

[From the *History of the Rebellion* (begun in 1646; published in 1702-1704). Out of a disastrous defeat at the Battle of Worcester (1651) Charles the Second slipped through Cromwell's hands, and after weeks of wandering escaped into France.]

They of the King's friends in Flanders, France, and Holland, who had not been permitted to attend upon his majesty in Scotland, were much exalted with the news of his being entered England with a powerful army, and being possessed of Worcester, which made all men prepare to make haste thither. But they were confounded with the assurance of that fatal day, and more confounded with the various reports of the person of the King; of his being found amongst the dead; of his being prisoner; and all those imaginations which naturally attend upon such unprosperous events. Many who had made escapes arrived every day in France, Flanders, and in Holland, but knew no more what was become of the King than they did who had not been in England. And the only comfort any of them brought was, that he was amongst those who fled, and some of them had seen him that evening many miles out of Worcester. This unsteady degree of hope tormented them very long; sometimes they heard he was at the Hague with his sister, which was occasioned by the arrival of the duke of Buckingham in Holland; and it was thought good policy to publish that the King himself was landed, that the search after him in England might be discontinued. But it was quickly known that he was not there, nor in any place on that side the sea. And this anxiety of mind disquieted the hearts of all honest men during that whole month of September (for the action was upon the third of that month) and all November [October]. About the beginning of December [end of October] his majesty was known to be at Rouen; where he made himself

known, and stayed some days to make clothes, and from thence gave notice to the Queen of his arrival.

It is great pity that there was never a journal made of that miraculous deliverance, in which there might be seen so many visible impressions of the immediate hand of God. When the darkness of the night was over, after the King had cast himself into that wood, he discerned another man, who had gotten upon an oak, who was in that wood, near the place where the King had rested himself, and had slept soundly. The man upon the tree had first seen the King, and knew him, and came down from the tree to him, and was known to the King, being a gentleman of the neighbour county of Staffordshire, who had served his late majesty during the war, and had now been one of the few who resorted to the King after his coming to Worcester. His name was Carelesse, who had had a command of foot, above the degree of a captain, under the lord Loughborough. He persuaded the King, since it could not be safe for him to go out of the wood, and that as soon as it should be fully light the wood itself would probably be visited by those of the country, who would be searching to find those whom they might make prisoners, that he would get up into that tree where he had been, where the boughs were so thick with leaves, that a man would not be discovered there without a narrower inquiry than people usually make in places which they do not suspect. The King thought it good counsel, and with the other's help climbed into the tree, and then helped his companion to ascend after him; where they sat all that day, and securely saw many who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all their discourse, how they would use the King himself if they could take him. This wood was either in or upon the borders of Staffordshire; and though there was a highway near one side of it, where the King had entered into it, yet it was large, and all other sides of it opened amongst enclosures, and it pleased God that Carelesse was not unacquainted with the neighbour villages. And it was part of the King's good fortune

that this gentleman was a Roman Catholic, and thereby was acquainted with those of that profession of all degrees: and it must never be denied that those of that faith, that is, some of them, had a very great share in his majesty's preservation.

The day being spent in the tree, it was not in the King's power to forget that he had lived two days with eating very little, and two nights with as little sleep; so that when the night came he was willing to make some provision for both: so that he resolved, with the advice and assistance of his companion, to leave his blessed tree; and so when the night was dark they walked through the wood into those enclosures which were farthest from any highway, and making a shift to get over hedges and ditches, and after walking at least eight or nine miles, which were the more grievous to the King by the weight of his boots, (for he could not put them off, when he cut off his hair, for want of shoes,) before morning they came to a poor cottage, the owner whereof, being a Catholic, was known to Carelesse.

He was called up, and as soon as he knew one of them he easily concluded in what condition they both were, and presently carried them into a little barn full of hay, which was a better lodging than he had for himself. But when they were there, and had conferred with their host of the news and temper of the country, it was resolved that the danger would be the greater if they stayed together; and therefore that Carelesse should presently be gone, and should within two days send an honest man to the King to guide him to some other place of security; and in the mean time his majesty should stay upon the hay-mow. The poor man had nothing for him to eat, but promised him good buttermilk the next morning; and so he was once more left alone, his companion, how weary soever, departing from him before day; the poor man of the house knowing no more than that he was a friend of the captain's, and one of those who had escaped from Worcester.

The King slept very well in his lodging, till the time that his host brought him a piece of bread and a great pot of buttermilk,

which he thought the best food he had ever eaten. The poor man spoke very intelligently to him of the country, and of the people who were well and ill affected to the King, and of the great fear and terror that possessed the hearts of those who were best affected. He told him that he himself lived by his daily labour, and that what he had brought him was the fare he and his wife had; and that he feared if he should endeavour to procure better it might draw suspicion upon him, and people might be apt to think he had somebody with him that was not of his own family; however, if he would have him get some meat he would do it, but if he could bear this hard diet, he should have enough of the milk, and some of the butter that was made with it. The King was satisfied with his reason, and would not run the hazard for a change of diet; desired only the man that he might have his company as often and as much as he could give it him; there being the same reason against the poor man's discontinuing his labour as the alteration of his fare.

After he had rested upon this hay-mow and fed upon this diet two days and two nights, in the evening before the third night another fellow, a little above the condition of his host, came to the house, sent from Carelesse, to conduct the King to another house, more out of any road near which any part of the army was like to march. It was above twelve miles that he was to go, and was to use the same caution he had done the first night, not to go in any common road; which his guide knew well how to avoid. Here he new dressed himself, changing clothes with his landlord, and putting on those which he usually wore: he had a great mind to have kept his own shirt, but he considered that men are not sooner discovered by any mark in disguises than by having fine linen in ill clothes; and so he parted with his shirt too, and took the same his poor host had then on.

Though he had foreseen that he must leave his boots, and his landlord had taken the best care he could to provide an old pair of shoes, yet they were not easy to him when he first put them on,

and in a short time after grew very grievous to him. In this equipage he set out from his first lodging in the beginning of the night, under the conduct of his comrade, who guided him the nearest way, crossing over hedges and ditches, that they might be in least danger of meeting passengers. This was so grievous a march, and he was so tired, that he was even ready to despair, and to prefer being taken, and suffered to rest, before purchasing his safety at that price. His shoes had after the walking a few miles hurt him so much that he had thrown them away, and walked the rest of the way in his ill stockings, which were quickly worn out; and his feet, with the thorns in getting over hedges, and with the stones in other places, were so hurt and wounded, that he many times cast himself upon the ground, with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morning, that he might shift with less torment, what hazard soever he run. But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, sometimes promising that the way should be better, and sometimes assuring him that he had but little further to go: and, in this distress and perplexity, before the morning [Sept. 6] they arrived at the house designed, which though it was better than that which he had left, his lodging was still in the barn, upon straw instead of hay, a place being made as easy in it as the expectation of a guest could dispose it.

Here he had such meat and porridge as such people use to have, with which, but especially with the butter and the cheese, he thought himself well feasted; and took the best care he could to be supplied with other, little better, shoes and stockings: and after his feet were enough recovered that he could go, he was conducted from thence to another poor house, within such a distance as put him not to much trouble: for having not yet in his thought which way, or by what means, to make his escape, all that was designed was only by shifting from one house to another to avoid discovery; and being now in that quarter which was more inhabited by the Roman Catholics than most other parts

in England, he was led from one to another of that persuasion, and concealed with great fidelity. But he then observed that he was never carried to any gentleman's house, though that country was full of them, but only to poor houses of poor men, which only yielded him rest, with very unpleasant sustenance; whether there was more danger in those better houses, in regard of the resort and the many servants, or whether the owners of great estates were the owners likewise of more fears and apprehensions.

Within few days, a very honest and discreet person, one Mr. Hurlestone [Huddleston] a Benedictine monk, who attended the service of the Catholics in those parts, came to him, sent by Carelesse, and was a very great assistance and comfort to him. And when the places to which he carried him were at too great a distance to walk, he provided him a horse, and more proper habit than the rags he wore. This man told him that the lord Wilmott lay concealed likewise in a friend's house of his; which his majesty was very glad of, and wished him to contrive some means how they might speak together; which the other easily did, and within a night or two brought them into one place [Mr. Whitgreave's, at Moseley]. Wilmott told the King that he had by very good fortune fallen into the house of an honest gentleman, one Mr. Lane, a person of an excellent reputation for his fidelity to the King, but of so universal and general a good name, that, though he had a son who had been a colonel in the King's service during the late war, and was then upon his way with men to Worcester the very day of the defeat, men of all affections in the country and of all opinions paid the old man a very great respect: that he had been very civilly treated there, and that the old gentleman had used some diligence to find out where the King was, that he might get him to his house, where he was sure he could conceal him till he might contrive a full deliverance. He told him he had withdrawn from that house, and put himself amongst the Catholics, in hope that he might discover where his

majesty was, and having now happily found him, advised him to repair to that house, which stood not near any other house.

The King inquired of the monk of the reputation of this gentleman, who told him that he was a gentleman of a fair estate, exceedingly beloved, and the oldest justice of peace of that county of Stafford; and though he was a very zealous Protestant, yet he lived with so much civility and candour towards the Catholics, that they would all trust him as much as they would do any of their own profession, and that he could not think of any place of so good repose and security for his majesty to repair to. The King, who by this time had as good a mind to eat well as to sleep, liked the proposition, yet thought not fit to surprise the gentleman, but sent Wilmott thither again, to assure himself that he might be received there, and was willing that he should know what guest he received; which hitherto was so much concealed, that none of the houses where he had yet been knew, or seemed to suspect, more than that he was one of the King's party that fled from Worcester. The monk carried him to a house at a reasonable distance, where he was to expect an account from the lord Wilmott, who returned very punctually, with as much assurance of welcome as he could wish. And so they two went together to Mr. Lane's house [Bentley Hall], where the King found he was welcome, and conveniently accommodated in such places as in a large house had been provided to conceal the persons of malignants, or to preserve goods of value from being plundered; where he lodged and eat very well, and began to hope that he was in present safety. Wilmott returned under the care of the monk, and expected summons when any farther motion should be thought to be necessary.

In this station the King remained in quiet and blessed security many days, receiving every day information of the general consternation the kingdom was in, out of the apprehension that his person might fall into the hands of his enemies, and of the great diligence they used in inquiry for him. He saw the proclamation

that was issued out and printed, in which a thousand pounds were promised to any man who would deliver and discover the person of Charles Steward, and the penalty of high treason declared against those who presumed to harbour or conceal him: by which he saw how much he was beholding to all those who were faithful to him.

It was now time to consider how he might find himself near the sea, from whence he might find some means to transport himself: and he was now near the middle of the kingdom, saving that it was a little more northward, where he was utterly unacquainted with all the ports and with that coast. In the west he was best acquainted, and that coast was most proper to transport him into France; to which he was most inclined. Upon this matter he communicated with those of the family to whom he was known, that is, with the old gentleman the father, a very grave and venerable person, the colonel his eldest son, a very plain man in his discourse and behaviour, but of a fearless courage and an integrity superior to any temptation, and a daughter of the house, of a very good wit and discretion, and very fit to bear any part in such a trust. It was a benefit, as well as an inconvenience, in those unhappy times, that the affections of all men were almost as well known as their faces, by the discovery they had made of themselves, in those sad seasons, in many trials and persecutions: so that men knew not only the minds of their next neighbours, and those who inhabited near them, but, upon conference with their friends, could choose fit houses, at any distance, to repose themselves in securely, from one end of the kingdom to another, without trusting the hospitality of a common inn: and men were very rarely deceived in their confidence upon such occasions but that the persons with whom they were at any time could conduct them to another house of the same affection.

Mr. Lane had a niece, or very near kinswoman, who was married to a gentleman, one Mr. Norton, a person of eight or nine

hundred pounds *per annum*, who lived within four or five miles of Bristol, which was at least four or five days' journey from the place where the King then was, but a place most to be wished for the King to be in, because he did not only know all that country very well, but knew many persons very well to whom in an extraordinary case he durst make himself known. It was hereupon resolved that Mrs. Lane should visit this cousin, who was known to be of good affections, and that she should ride behind the King, who was fitted with clothes and boots for such a service, and that a servant of her father's, in his livery, should wait upon her. A good house was easily pitched upon for the first night's lodging where Wilmott had notice given him to meet. And in this equipage the King begun his journey [Sept. 10]; the colonel keeping him company at a distance, with a hawk upon his fist, and two or three spaniels; which, where there were any fields at hand, warranted him to ride out of the way, keeping his company still in his eye, and not seeming to be of it. And in this manner they came to their first night's lodging [at Long Marston]; and they need not now to contrive to come to their journey's end about the close of the evening, for it was now in the month of October [September] far advanced, that the long journeys they made could not be despatched sooner. Here the lord Wilmott found them; and their journeys being then adjusted, he was instructed where he should be every night: and so they were seldom seen together in the journey, and rarely lodged in the same house at night. And in this manner the colonel hawked two or three days, till he had brought them within less than a day's journey of Mr. Norton's house, and then he gave his hawk to the lord Wilmott, who continued the journey in the same exercise.

There was great care taken when they came to any house that the King might presently be carried into some chamber, Mrs. Lane declaring that he was a neighbour's son, whom his father had lent her to ride before her in hope that he would the sooner recover from a quartan ague, with which he had been

miserably afflicted, and was not yet free. And by this artifice she caused a good bed to be still provided for him, and the best meat to be sent; which she often carried herself, to hinder others from doing it. There was no resting in any place till they came to Mr. Norton's [at Abbotsleigh, Somerset], nor any thing extraordinary that happened in the way, save that they met many people every day in the way who were very well known to the King; and the day that they went to Mr. Norton's [Sept. 12], they were necessarily to ride quite through the city of Bristol, a place and people the King had been so well acquainted with, that he could not but send his eyes abroad to view the great alterations which had been made there after his departure from thence: and when he rode near the place where the great fort had stood, he could not forbear putting his horse out of the way, and rode, with his mistress behind him, round about it.

They came to Mr. Norton's house sooner than usual, and, it being on a holyday, they saw many people about a bowling-green that was before the door; and the first man the King saw was a chaplain of his own, who was allied to the gentleman of the house, and was sitting upon the rails to see how the bowlers played. So that William, by which name the King went, walked with his horse into the stable, until his mistress could provide for his retreat. Mrs. Lane was very welcome to her cousin, and was presently conducted to her chamber, where she no sooner was than she lamented the condition of a good youth who came with her, and whom she had borrowed of his father to ride before her, who was very sick, being newly recovered of an ague; and desired her cousin that a chamber might be provided for him, and a good fire made: for that he would go early to bed, and was not fit to be below stairs. A pretty little chamber was presently made ready, and a fire prepared, and a boy sent into the stable to call William, and to shew him his chamber; who was very glad to be there, freed from so much company as was below. Mrs. Lane was put to find some excuse for making a visit at that time of

the year, and so many days' journey from her father, and where she had never been before, though the mistress of the house and she had been bred together, and friends as well as kindred. So she pretended that she was, after a little rest, to go into Dorsetshire to another friend.

When it was supper-time, there being broth brought to the table, Mrs. Lane filled a little dish, and desired the butler, who waited at the table, to carry that dish of porridge to William, and to tell him that he should have some meat sent to him presently. The butler carried the porridge into the chamber, with a napkin and spoon and bread, and spake kindly to the young man, who was willing to be eating. And the butler looking narrowly upon him fell upon his knees, and with tears told him he was glad to see his majesty. The King was infinitely surprised, yet recollected himself enough to laugh at the man, and to ask him what he meant. The man had been falconer to Tom Jermin, and made it appear that he knew well enough to whom he spake, repeating some particulars which the King had not forgot. Whereupon the King conjured him not to speak of what he knew, so much as to his master, though he believed him a very honest man. The fellow promised, and faithfully kept his word; and the King was the better waited upon during the time of his abode there.

Dr. Gorges, the King's chaplain, being a gentleman of a good family near that place, and allied to Mr. Norton, supped with them; and, being a man of a cheerful conversation, asked Mrs. Lane many questions concerning William, of whom he saw she was so careful by sending up meat to him; how long his ague had been gone, and whether he had purged since it left him, and the like: to which she gave such answers as occurred. The doctor, from the final prevalence of the Parliament, had, as many others of that function had done, declined his profession, and pretended to study physic. As soon as supper was done, out of good nature, and without telling anybody, he went to see William. The King saw him coming into the chamber, and

withdrew to the inside of the bed, that he might be farthest from the candle; and the doctor came and sat down by him, felt his pulse, and asked him many questions, which he answered in as few words as was possible, and expressing great inclination to go to his bed; to which the doctor left him, and went to Mrs. Lane, and told her that he had been with William, and that he would do well; and advised her what she should do if his ague returned. And the next morning the doctor went away, so that the King saw him no more, of which he was right glad.

The next day the lord Wilmott came to the house with his hawk to see Mrs. Lane, and so conferred with William; who was to consider what he was to do. They thought it necessary to rest some days, till they were informed what port lay most convenient for them, and what person lived nearest to it upon whose fidelity they might rely: and the King gave him directions to inquire after some persons, and some other particulars, of which when he should be fully instructed he should return again to him. In the mean time he lodged at a house not far from Mr. Norton's, to which he had been recommended.

After some days' stay here, and communication between the King and the lord Wilmott by letters, the King came to know that Colonel Francis Windham lived within little more than a day's journey of the place where he was [at Trent, in Somerset], of which he was very glad; for, besides the inclination he had to his elder brother, whose wife had been his nurse, this gentleman had behaved himself very well during the war, and had been governor of Dunstar Castle, where the King had lodged when he was in the west. After the end of the war, and when all other places were surrendered in that county, he likewise surrendered that, upon fair conditions, and made his peace, and afterwards married a wife with a competent fortune, and lived quietly with her, without any suspicion of having lessened his affection towards the King.

The King sent Wilmott to him, and acquainted him where he was, and that he would gladly speak with him. It was not

hard for him to choose a good place where to meet, and there, upon the day appointed, after the King had taken his leave of Mrs. Lane, who remained with her cousin Norton, the King and the lord Wilmott met the colonel, and in the way encountered in a town through which they passed Mr. Kirton, a servant of the King's, who well knew the lord Wilmott, who had no other disguise than the hawk, but took no notice of him, nor suspected the King to be there; yet that day made the King more wary of having him in his company upon the way. At the place of meeting they rested only one night [at Castle Cary], and then the King went to the colonel's house, where he rested many days, whilst colonel Windham projected at what place the King might embark, and how they might procure a vessel to be ready there; which was not easy to find, there being so great caution in all the ports, and so great a fear possessing those who were honest, that it was hard to procure any vessel that was outward bound to take in any passenger.

There was a gentleman, one Mr. Ellison, who lived near Lyme in Dorsetshire, and who was well known to colonel Windham, having been a captain in the King's army, and was still looked upon as a very honest man. With him the colonel consulted how they might get a vessel to be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, who were in danger to be arrested, and transport them into France. Though no man would ask who the persons were, yet every man suspected who they were; at least they concluded that it was some of Worcester party.

Lyme was generally as malicious and disaffected a town to the King's interest as any town in England could be, yet there was in it a master of a bark of whose honesty this captain was very confident. This man was lately returned from France, and had unladen his vessel, when Ellison asked him when he would make another voyage, and he answered as soon as he could get loading for his ship. The other asked, whether he would undertake to carry over a couple of gentlemen, and land them in France, if

he might be as well paid for his voyage as he used to be when he was freighted by the merchants; in conclusion, he told him he should receive fifty pounds for his fare. The large recompense had that effect that the man undertook it, though he said he must make his provision very secretly; for that he might be well suspected for going to sea again without being freighted after he was so newly returned. Colonel Windham, being advertised of this, came together with the lord Wilmott to the captain's house, from whence the lord and the captain rode to a house near Lyme, where the master of the bark met them; and the lord Wilmott being satisfied with the discourse of the man, and his wariness and foreseeing suspicions which would arise, it was resolved that on such a night, which upon consideration of the tides was agreed upon, the man should draw out his vessel from the pier, and being at sea should come to such a point about a mile from the town, where his ship should remain upon the beach when the water was gone; which would take it off again about the break of day the next morning.

There was very near that point, even in the view of it, a small inn, kept by a man who was reputed honest, to which the cavaliers of the country often resorted; and London road passed that way, so that it was seldom without resort. Into that inn the two gentlemen were to come in the beginning of the night, that they might put themselves on board. And all things being thus concerted, and good earnest given to the master, the lord Wilmott and the colonel returned to the colonel's house, above a day's journey from the place, the captain undertaking every day to look that the master should provide, and if any thing fell out contrary to expectation, to give the colonel notice at such a place, where they intended the King should be the day before he was to embark.

The King, being satisfied with these preparations, came at the time appointed to that house [at Charmouth], where he was to hear that all went as it ought to do; of which he received

assurance from the captain, who found that the man had honestly put his provisions on board, and had his company ready, which were but four men, and that the vessel should be drawn out that night: so that it was fit for the two persons to come to the afore-said inn; and the captain conducted them within sight of it, and then went to his own house, not distant a mile from it; the colonel remaining still at the house where they had lodged the night before, till he might hear the news of their being embarked.

They found many passengers in the inn; and so were to be contented with an ordinary chamber, which they did not intend to sleep long in, but as soon as there appeared any light, Wilmott went out to discover the bark, of which there was no appearance. In a word, the sun rose, and nothing like a ship in view. They sent to the captain, who was as much amazed, and he sent to the town; and his servant could not find the master of the bark, which was still in the pier. They suspected the captain, and the captain suspected the master. However, it being past ten of the clock, they concluded it was not fit for them to stay longer there, and so they mounted their horses again to return to the house where they had left the colonel, who they knew resolved to stay there till he were assured that they were gone.

The truth of the disappointment was this. The man meant honestly, and had made all things ready for his departure; and the night he was to go out with his vessel he had stayed in his own house, and slept two or three hours; and the time of the tide being come, that it was necessary to be on board, he took out of a cupboard some linen and other things which he used to carry with him to sea. His wife had observed that he had been for some days fuller of thoughts than he used to be, and that he had been speaking with seamen who used to go with him, and that some of them had carried provisions on board the bark; of which she had asked her husband the reason; who had told her that he was promised freight speedily, and therefore he would

make all things ready. She was sure that there was yet no lading in the ship, and therefore, when she saw her husband take all those materials with him, which was a sure sign that he meant to go to sea, and it being late in night, she shut the door, and swore he should not go out of the house. He told her he must go, and was engaged to go to sea that night; for which he should be well paid. His wife told him she was sure he was doing somewhat that would undo him, and she was resolved he should not go out of his house; and if he should persist in it, she would call the neighbours, and carry him before the mayor to be examined, that the truth might be found out. The poor man, thus mastered by the passion and violence of his wife, was forced to yield to her, that there might be no farther noise; and so went into his bed.

And it was very happy that the King's jealousy hastened him from that inn. It was the solemn fast day, which was observed in those times principally to inflame the people against the King and all those who were loyal to him; and there was a chapel in that village and over against that inn, where a weaver, who had been a soldier, used to preach, and utter all the villainy imaginable against the order of government: and he was then in the chapel preaching to his congregation when the King went from thence, and telling the people that Charles Steward was lurking somewhere in that country, and that they would merit from God Almighty if they could find him out. The passengers who had lodged in the inn that night had, as soon as they were up, sent for a smith to visit their horses, it being a hard frost. The smith, when he had done what he was sent for, according to the custom of that people, examined the feet of the other two horses, to find more work. When he had observed them, he told the host of the house that one of those horses had travelled far, and that he was sure that his four shoes had been made in four several counties; which, whether his skill was able to discover or no, was very true. The smith going to the sermon told this story to some of his neighbours, and so it came to the ears of the preacher

when his sermon was done. And immediately he sent for an officer, and searched the inn, and inquired for those horses; and being informed that they were gone, he caused horses to be sent to follow them, and to make inquiry after the two men who rode those horses, and positively declared that one of them was Charles Steward.

When they came again to the colonel, they presently concluded that they were to make no longer stay in those parts, nor any more to endeavour to find a ship upon that coast; and so, without farther delay, they rode back to the colonel's house, where they arrived in the night.¹ Then they resolved to make their next attempt more southward, in Hampshire and Sussex, where colonel Windham had no interest. And they must pass through all Wiltshire before they came thither, which would require many days' journey: and they were first to consider what honest houses there were in or near the way, where they might securely repose; and it was thought very dangerous for the King to ride through any great town, as Salisbury or Winchester, which might probably lie in their way.

There was between that and Salisbury a very honest gentleman, colonel Robert Phillipps, a younger brother of a very good family, which had always been very loyal, and he had served the King during the war. The King was resolved to trust him; and so sent the lord Wilmott to a place from whence he might send to Mr. Phillipps to come to him, and when he had spoken with him, Mr. Phillipps should come to the King, and Wilmott was to stay in such a place as they two should agree. Mr. Phillipps accordingly came to the colonel's house, which he could do without suspicion, they being nearly allied. The ways were very full of soldiers, which were sent now from the army to their quarters; and many regiments of horse and foot were assigned for the west, of which Desborough was major general. These

¹ [They were that night at Broad Windsor, and the following night, Sept. 24, again at Trent, where he remained nearly a fortnight.]

marches were like to last for many days, and it would not be fit for the King to stay so long in that place. Thereupon he resorted to his old security of taking a woman behind him, a kinswoman of colonel Windham, whom he carried in that manner to a place not far from Salisbury, to which colonel Phillipps conducted him. And in this journey he passed through the middle of a regiment of horse, and presently after met Desborough walking down a hill with three or four men with him, who had lodged in Salisbury the night before; all that road being full of soldiers.

The next day, upon the plains, Dr. Hinchman, one of the prebends of Salisbury, met the King, the lord Wilmott and colonel Phillipps then leaving him to go to the sea-coast to find a vessel [Oct. 6], the doctor conducting the King to a place called Heale, three miles from Salisbury, belonging then to sergeant Hyde, who was afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and then in the possession of the widow of his elder brother, a house that stood alone, from neighbours and from any highway; where coming in late in the evening, he supped with some gentlemen who accidentally were in the house, which could not well be avoided. But the next morning he went early from thence, as if he had continued his journey; and the widow, being trusted with the knowledge of her guest, sent her servants out of the way, and at an hour appointed received him again, and accommodated him in a little room, which had been made since the beginning of the troubles (the seat always belonging to a malignant family) for the concealment of delinquents. And here he lay concealed, without the knowledge of some gentlemen who lived in the house and of others who daily resorted thither, for many days, the widow herself only attending him with such things as were necessary, and bringing him such letters as the doctor received from the lord Wilmott and colonel Phillipps.

A vessel being at last provided upon the coast of Sussex, and notice thereof sent to Dr. Hinchman, he sent to the King to meet him at Stonedge, upon the plains, three miles from Heale,

whither the widow took care to direct him; and being there met, he attended him to the place, where colonel Phillipps received him: who the next day [Oct. 13] delivered him to the lord Wilmott, who went with him to a house in Sussex [the house of Mr. Symons], recommended by colonel Gunter [Hambleton, Hampshire], a gentleman of that country, who had served the King in the war; who met him there, and had provided a little bark at Brightemsted [Brighton], a small fisher-town, where [at Shoreham] he went early on board, and by God's blessing arrived safely in Normandy [at Fécamp].

The earl of Southampton, who was then at his house at Titchfield in Hampshire, and had been advertised of the King's being in the west and of his missing his passage at Lyme, sent a trusty gentleman to those faithful persons in the country who he thought were most like to be employed for his escape if he came into those parts, to let them know that he had a ship ready, and if the King came to him he should be safe; which advertisement came to the King the night before he embarked, and when his vessel was ready. But his majesty ever acknowledged the obligation with great kindness, he being the only person of that condition who had the courage to solicit such a danger, though all men heartily wished his deliverance. It was about the end of November that the King landed in Normandy, in a small creek; from whence he got to Rouen, and then gave notice to the Queen of his arrival, and freed his subjects in all places from their dismal apprehensions.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

1800-1859

THE CAPTURE OF MONMOUTH

[From the *History of England*, chapter VI (1848).

James, Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles the Second, was weak and profligate but popular because of his beauty and of his reputed bravery in putting down a rising of the Covenanters in the west of Scotland (1679). He was chosen by Charles as heir to the throne, that the succession might fall neither to William of Orange nor to James, Duke of York, the King's brother. Though he was supported in this by the Anti-Catholic party opposed to the Duke of York, Charles was forced by political necessity to banish both York and Monmouth. After Charles' death in 1685 when the Duke of York had become James the Second, Monmouth landed at Lyme in the southwest, and with an army of six thousand men flung himself in a night attack upon the royal forces under Feversham and Churchill, encamped on Sedgemoor near Bridgewater. The surprise failed.]

It was four o'clock: the sun was rising; and the routed army came pouring into the streets of Bridgewater. The uproar, the blood, the gashes, the ghastly figures which sank down and never rose again, spread horror and dismay through the town. The pursuers, too, were close behind. Those inhabitants who had favoured the insurrection expected sack and massacre, and implored the protection of their neighbours who professed the Roman Catholic religion, or had made themselves conspicuous by Tory politics; and it is acknowledged by the bitterest of Whig historians that this protection was kindly and generously given.

During that day the conquerors continued to chase the fugitives. The neighbouring villagers long remembered with what a clatter of horsehoofs and what a storm of curses the whirlwind of cavalry swept by. Before evening five hundred prisoners had been crowded into the parish church of Weston Zoyland. Eighty of them were wounded; and five expired within the consecrated walls. Great numbers of labourers were impressed for the

purpose of burying the slain. A few, who were notoriously partial to the vanquished side, were set apart for the hideous office of quartering the captives. The tithing men of the neighbouring parishes were busied in setting up gibbets and providing chains. All this while the bells of Weston Zoyland and Chedzoy rang joyously; and the soldiers sang and rioted on the moor amidst the corpses. For the farmers of the neighbourhood had made haste, as soon as the event of the fight was known to send hog-heads of their best cider as peace offerings to the victors.

Feversham passed for a goodnatured man: but he was a foreigner, ignorant of the laws and careless of the feelings of the English. He was accustomed to the military license of France, and had learned from his great kinsman, the conqueror and devastator of the Palatinate, not indeed how to conquer, but how to devastate. A considerable number of prisoners were immediately selected for execution. Among them was a youth famous for his speed. Hopes were held out to him that his life would be spared if he could run a race with one of the colts of the marsh. The space through which the man kept up with the horse is still marked by well known bounds on the moor, and is about three quarters of a mile. Feversham was not ashamed, after seeing the performance, to send the wretched performer to the gallows. The next day a long line of gibbets appeared on the road leading from Bridgewater to Weston Zoyland. On each gibbet a prisoner was suspended. Four of the sufferers were left to rot in irons.

Meanwhile Monmouth, accompanied by Grey, by Buysé, and by a few other friends, was flying from the field of battle. At Chedzoy he stopped a moment to mount a fresh horse and to hide his blue riband and his George. He then hastened towards the Bristol Channel. From the rising ground on the north of the field of battle he saw the flash and the smoke of the last volley fired by his deserted followers. Before six o'clock he was twenty miles from Sedgemoor. Some of his companions advised him to cross the water, and seek refuge in Wales; and this would

undoubtedly have been his wisest course. He would have been in Wales many hours before the news of his defeat was known there; and in a country so wild and so remote from the seat of government, he might have remained long undiscovered. He determined, however, to push for Hampshire, in the hope that he might lurk in the cabins of deerstealers among the oaks of the New Forest, till means of conveyance to the Continent could be procured. He therefore, with Grey and the German, turned to the southeast. But the way was beset with dangers. The three fugitives had to traverse a country in which every one already knew the event of the battle, and in which no traveller of suspicious appearance could escape a close scrutiny. They rode on all day, shunning towns and villages. Nor was this so difficult as it may now appear. For men then living could remember the time when the wild deer ranged freely through a succession of forests from the banks of the Avon in Wiltshire to the southern coast of Hampshire.

At length, on Cranbourne Chase, the strength of the horses failed. They were therefore turned loose. The bridles and saddles were concealed. Monmouth and his friends procured rustic attire, disguised themselves, and proceeded on foot towards the New Forest. They passed the night in the open air: but before morning they were surrounded on every side by toils. Lord Lumley, who lay at Ringwood with a strong body of the Sussex militia, had sent forth parties in every direction. Sir William Portman, with the Somerset militia, had formed a chain of posts from the sea to the northern extremity of Dorset. At five in the morning of the seventh, Grey, who had wandered from his friends, was seized by two of the Sussex scouts. He submitted to his fate with the calmness of one to whom suspense was more intolerable than despair. "Since we landed," he said, "I have not had one comfortable meal or one quiet night." It could hardly be doubted that the chief rebel was not far off.

The pursuers redoubled their vigilance and activity. The cottages scattered over the heathy country on the boundaries of Dorsetshire and Hampshire were strictly examined by Lumley; and the clown with whom Monmouth had changed clothes was discovered. Portman came with a strong body of horse and foot to assist in the search. Attention was soon drawn to a place well fitted to shelter fugitives. It was an extensive tract of land separated by an enclosure from the open country, and divided by numerous hedges into small fields. In some of these fields the rye, the pease, and the oats were high enough to conceal a man. Others were overgrown with fern and brambles. A poor woman reported that she had seen two strangers lurking in this covert. The near prospect of reward animated the zeal of the troops. It was agreed that every man who did his duty in the search should have a share of the promised five thousand pounds. The outer fence was strictly guarded: the space within was examined with indefatigable diligence; and several dogs of quick scent were turned out among the bushes. The day closed before the work could be completed: but careful watch was kept all night. Thirty times the fugitives ventured to look through the outer hedge: but everywhere they found a sentinel on the alert: once they were seen and fired at; they then separated and concealed themselves in different hiding places.

At sunrise the next morning the search recommenced, and Buyse was found. He owned that he had parted from the Duke only a few hours before. The corn and copsewood were now beaten with more care than ever. At length a gaunt figure was discovered hidden in a ditch. The pursuers sprang on their prey. Some of them were about to fire: but Portman forbade all violence. The prisoner's dress was that of a shepherd; his beard, prematurely grey, was of several days' growth. He trembled greatly, and was unable to speak. Even those who had often seen him were at first in doubt whether this were truly

the brilliant and graceful Monmouth. His pockets were searched by Portman, and in them were found, among some raw pease gathered in the rage of hunger, a watch, a purse of gold, a small treatise on fortification, an album filled with songs, receipts, prayers, and charms, and the George with which, many years before, King Charles the Second had decorated his favourite son. Messengers were instantly despatched to Whitehall with the good news, and with the George as a token that the news was true. The prisoner was conveyed under a strong guard to Ringwood.

And all was lost; and nothing remained but that he should prepare to meet death as became one who had thought himself not unworthy to wear the crown of William the Conqueror and of Richard the Lionhearted, of the hero of Cressy and of the hero of Agincourt. The captive might easily have called to mind other domestic examples, still better suited to his condition. Within a hundred years, two sovereigns whose blood ran in his veins, one of them a delicate woman, had been placed in the same situation in which he now stood. They had shown, in the prison and on the scaffold, virtue of which, in the season of prosperity, they had seemed incapable, and had half redeemed great crimes and errors by enduring with Christian meekness and princely dignity all that victorious enemies could inflict. Of cowardice Monmouth had never been accused; and, even had he been wanting in constitutional courage, it might have been expected that the defect would be supplied by pride and by despair. The eyes of the whole world were upon him. The latest generations would know how, in that extremity, he had borne himself. To the brave peasants of the West he owed it to show that they had not poured forth their blood for a leader unworthy of their attachment. To her who had sacrificed everything for his sake he owed it so to bear himself that, though she might weep for him, she should not blush for him. It was not for him to lament and supplicate. His reason, too, should have

told him that lamentation and supplication would be unavailing. He had done that which could never be forgiven. He was in the grasp of one who never forgave.

But the fortitude of Monmouth was not that highest sort of fortitude which is derived from reflection and from selfrespect; nor had nature given him one of those stout hearts from which neither adversity nor peril can extort any sign of weakness. His courage rose and fell with his animal spirits. It was sustained on the field of battle by the excitement of action, by the hope of victory, by the strange influence of sympathy. All such aids were now taken away. The spoiled darling of the court and of the populace, accustomed to be loved and worshipped wherever he appeared, was now surrounded by stern gaolers in whose eyes he read his doom. Yet a few hours of gloomy seclusion, and he must die a violent and shameful death. His heart sank within him. Life seemed worth purchasing by any humiliation; nor could his mind, always feeble, and now distracted by terror, perceive that humiliation must degrade, but could not save him.

As soon as he reached Ringwood he wrote to the King. The letter was that of a man whom a craven fear had made insensible to shame. He professed in vehement terms his remorse for his treason. He affirmed that, when he promised his cousins at the Hague not to raise troubles in England, he had fully meant to keep his word. Unhappily he had afterwards been seduced from his allegiance by some horrid people who had heated his mind by calumnies and misled him by sophistry; but now he abhorred them: he abhorred himself. He begged in piteous terms that he might be admitted to the royal presence. There was a secret which he could not trust to paper, a secret which lay in a single word, and which, if he spoke that word, would secure the throne against all danger. On the following day he despatched letters, imploring the Queen Dowager and the Lord Treasurer to intercede in his behalf.

When it was known in London how he had abased himself the general surprise was great; and no man was more amazed than Barillon, who had resided in England during two bloody proscriptions, and had seen numerous victims, both of the Opposition and of the Court, submit to their fate without womanish entreaties and lamentations.

Monmouth and Grey remained at Ringwood two days. They were then carried up to London, under the guard of a large body of regular troops and militia. In the coach with the Duke was an officer whose orders were to stab the prisoner if a rescue were attempted. At every town along the road the trainbands of the neighbourhood had been mustered under the command of the principal gentry. The march lasted three days, and terminated at Vauxhall, where a regiment, commanded by George Legge, Lord Dartmouth, was in readiness to receive the prisoners. They were put on board of a state barge, and carried down the river to Whitehall Stairs. Lumley and Portman had alternately watched the Duke day and night till they had brought him within the walls of the palace.

Both the demeanour of Monmouth and that of Grey, during the journey, filled all observers with surprise. Monmouth was altogether unnerved. Grey was not only calm but cheerful, talked pleasantly of horses, dogs, and field sports, and even made jocose allusions to the perilous situation in which he stood.

The King cannot be blamed for determining that Monmouth should suffer death. Every man who heads a rebellion against an established government stakes his life on the event; and rebellion was the smallest part of Monmouth's crime. He had declared against his uncle a war without quarter. In the manifesto put forth at Lyme, James had been held up to execration as an incendiary, as an assassin who had strangled one innocent man and cut the throat of another, and, lastly, as the poisoner of his own brother. To spare an enemy who had not scrupled to resort to such extremities would have been an act of rare,

perhaps of blamable generosity. But to see him and not to spare him was an outrage on humanity and decency. This outrage the King resolved to commit. The arms of the prisoner were bound behind him with a silken cord; and, thus secured, he was ushered into the presence of the implacable kinsman whom he had wronged.

Then Monmouth threw himself on the ground, and crawled to the King's feet. He wept. He tried to embrace his uncle's knees with his pinioned arms. He begged for life, only life, life at any price. He owned that he had been guilty of a great crime, but tried to throw the blame on others, particularly on Argyle, who would rather have put his legs into the boots than have saved his own life by such baseness. By the ties of kindred, by the memory of the late King, who had been the best and truest of brothers, the unhappy man adjured James to show some mercy. James gravely replied that this repentance was of the latest, that he was sorry for the misery which the prisoner had brought on himself, but that the case was not one for lenity. A Declaration, filled with atrocious calumnies, had been put forth. The regal title had been assumed. For treasons so aggravated there could be no pardon on this side of the grave. The poor terrified Duke vowed that he had never wished to take the crown, but had been led into that fatal error by others. As to the Declaration, he had not written it: he had not read it: he had signed it without looking at it: it was all the work of Ferguson, that bloody villain Ferguson. "Do you expect me to believe," said James, with contempt but too well merited, "that you set your hand to a paper of such moment without knowing what it contained?" One depth of infamy only remained; and even to that the prisoner descended. He was preeminently the champion of the Protestant religion. The interest of that religion had been his plea for conspiring against the government of his father, and for bringing on his country the miseries of civil war; yet he was not ashamed to hint that he was inclined to be

reconciled to the Church of Rome. The King eagerly offered him spiritual assistance, but said nothing of pardon or respite. "Is there then no hope?" asked Monmouth. James turned away in silence. Then Monmouth strove to rally his courage, rose from his knees, and retired with a firmness which he had not shown since his overthrow.

Grey was introduced next. He behaved with a propriety and fortitude which moved even the stern and resentful King, frankly owned himself guilty, made no excuses, and did not once stoop to ask his life. Both the prisoners were sent to the Tower by water. There was no tumult; but many thousands of people, with anxiety and sorrow in their faces, tried to catch a glimpse of the captives. The Duke's resolution failed as soon as he had left the royal presence. On his way to his prison he bemoaned himself, accused his followers, and abjectly implored the intercession of Dartmouth. "I know, my Lord, that you loved my father. For his sake, for God's sake, try if there be any room for mercy." Dartmouth replied that the King had spoken the truth, and that a subject who assumed the regal title excluded himself from all hope of pardon.

Soon after Monmouth had been lodged in the Tower, he was informed that his wife had, by the royal command, been sent to see him. She was accompanied by the Earl of Clarendon, Keeper of the Privy Seal. Her husband received her very coldly, and addressed almost all his discourse to Clarendon, whose intercession he earnestly implored. Clarendon held out no hopes; and that same evening two prelates, Turner, Bishop of Ely, and Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, arrived at the Tower with a solemn message from the King. It was Monday night. On Wednesday morning Monmouth was to die.

He was greatly agitated. The blood left his cheeks; and it was some time before he could speak. Most of the short time which remained to him he wasted in vain attempts to obtain, if not a pardon, at least a respite. He wrote piteous letters to

the King and to several courtiers, but in vain. Some Roman Catholic divines were sent to him from Whitehall. But they soon discovered that, though he would gladly have purchased his life by renouncing the religion of which he had professed himself in an especial manner the defender, yet, if he was to die, he would as soon die without their absolution as with it.

Nor were Ken and Turner much better pleased with his frame of mind. The doctrine of nonresistance was, in their view, as in the view of most of their brethren, the distinguishing badge of the Anglican Church. The two Bishops insisted on Monmouth's owning that, in drawing the sword against the government, he had committed a great sin; and, on this point, they found him obstinately heterodox. Nor was this his only heresy. He maintained that his connection with Lady Wentworth was blameless in the sight of God. He had been married, he said, when a child. He had never cared for his Duchess. The happiness which he had not found at home he had sought in a round of loose amours, condemned by religion and morality. Henrietta had reclaimed him from a life of vice. To her he had been strictly constant. They had, by common consent, offered up fervent prayers for the divine guidance. After those prayers they had found their affection for each other strengthened; and they could then no longer doubt that, in the sight of God, they were a wedded pair. The Bishops were so much scandalised by this view of the conjugal relation that they refused to administer the sacrament to the prisoner. All that they could obtain from him was a promise that, during the single night which still remained to him, he would pray to be enlightened if he were in error.

On the Wednesday morning, at his particular request, Doctor Thomas Tenison, who then held the vicarage of Saint Martin's, and, in that important cure, had obtained the high esteem of the public, came to the Tower. From Tenison, whose opinions were known to be moderate, the Duke expected more indulgence than

Ken and Turner were disposed to show. But Tenison, whatever might be his sentiments concerning nonresistance in the abstract, thought the late rebellion rash and wicked, and considered Monmouth's notion respecting marriage as a most dangerous delusion. Monmouth was obstinate. He had prayed, he said, for the divine direction. His sentiments remained unchanged; and he could not doubt that they were correct. Tenison's exhortations were in milder tone than those of the Bishops. But he, like them, thought that he should not be justified in administering the Eucharist to one whose penitence was of so unsatisfactory a nature.

The hour drew near: all hope was over; and Monmouth had passed from pusillanimous fear to the apathy of despair. His children were brought to his room that he might take leave of them, and were followed by his wife. He spoke to her kindly, but without emotion. Though she was a woman of great strength of mind, and had little cause to love him, her misery was such that none of the bystanders could refrain from weeping. He alone was unmoved.

It was ten o'clock. The coach of the Lieutenant of the Tower was ready. Monmouth requested his spiritual advisers to accompany him to the place of execution; and they consented: but they told him that, in their judgment, he was about to die in a perilous state of mind, and that, if they attended him it would be their duty to exhort him to the last. As he passed along the ranks of the guards he saluted them with a smile; and he mounted the scaffold with a firm tread. Tower Hill was covered up to the chimney tops with an innumerable multitude of gazers, who, in awful silence, broken only by sighs and the noise of weeping, listened for the last accents of the darling of the people. "I shall say little," he began. "I come here, not to speak, but to die. I die a Protestant of the Church of England." The Bishops interrupted him, and told him that, unless he acknowledged resistance to be sinful, he was no member of their

church. He went on to speak of his Henrietta. She was, he said, a young lady of virtue and honour. He loved her to the last, and he could not die without giving utterance to his feelings. The Bishops again interfered, and begged him not to use such language. Some altercation followed. The divines have been accused of dealing harshly with the dying man. But they appear to have only discharged what, in their view, was a sacred duty. Monmouth knew their principles, and, if he wished to avoid their importunity, should have dispensed with their attendance. Their general arguments against resistance had no effect on him. But when they reminded him of the ruin which he had brought on his brave and loving followers, of the blood which had been shed, of the souls which had been sent unprepared to the great account, he was touched, and said, in a softened voice, "I do own that. I am sorry that it ever happened." They prayed with him long and fervently; and he joined in their petitions till they invoked a blessing on the King. He remained silent. "Sir," said one of the Bishops, "do you not pray for the King with us?" Monmouth paused some time, and, after an internal struggle, exclaimed "Amen." But it was in vain that the prelates implored him to address to the soldiers and to the people a few words on the duty of obedience to the government. "I will make no speeches," he exclaimed. "Only ten words, my Lord." He turned away, called his servant, and put into the man's hand a toothpick case, the last token of ill starred love. "Give it," he said, "to that person." He then accosted John Ketch the executioner, a wretch who had butchered many brave and noble victims, and whose name has, during a century and a half, been vulgarly given to all who have succeeded him in his odious office. "Here," said the Duke, "are six guineas for you. Do not hack me as you did my Lord Russell. I have heard that you struck him three or four times. My servant will give you some more gold if you do the work well." He then undressed, felt the edge of the axe, expressed some fear that it was not sharp

enough, and laid his head on the block. The divines in the meantime continued to ejaculate with great energy: "God accept your repentance! God accept your imperfect repentance!"

The hangman addressed himself to his office. But he had been disconcerted by what the Duke had said. The first blow inflicted only a slight wound. The Duke struggled, rose from the block, and looked reproachfully at the executioner. The head sunk down once more. The stroke was repeated again and again; but still the neck was not severed, and the body continued to move. Yells of rage and horror rose from the crowd. Ketch flung down the axe with a curse. "I cannot do it," he said; "my heart fails me." "Take up the axe, man," cried the sheriff. "Fling him over the rails," roared the mob. At length the axe was taken up. Two more blows extinguished the last remains of life; but a knife was used to separate the head from the shoulders. The crowd was wrought up to such an ecstasy of rage that the executioner was in danger of being torn in pieces, and was conveyed away under a strong guard.

THOMAS CARLYLE

1795-1881

THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR

[From *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, Part VI (1845).

From the island of Jersey Charles the Second had plotted with the Government of Scotland for an uprising against the Commonwealth. Cromwell, recalled to London from his campaign in Ireland (1650), pushed north and crossed the Tweed with fifteen thousand men, for provisions relying on a fleet which sailed along the coast. David Lesley, leader of the Scotch forces, lay between Edinburgh and Leith, at first refusing battle.]

LETTERS CXXXIX—CXLVI

The small Town of Dunbar stands, high and windy, looking down over its herring-boats, over its grim old Castle now much

honey-combed,—on one of those projecting rock-promontories with which that shore of the Frith of Forth is niched and vandyked, as far as the eye can reach. A beautiful sea; good land too, now that the plougher understands his trade; a grim niched barrier of whinstone sheltering it from the chafings and tumblings of the big blue German Ocean. Seaward St. Abb's Head, of whinstone, bounds your horizon to the east, not very far off; west, close by, is the deep bay, and fishy little village of Belhaven: the gloomy Bass and other rock-islets, and farther the Hills of Fife, and foreshadows of the Highlands, are visible as you look seaward. From the bottom of Belhaven Bay to that of the next seabight St. Abb's-ward, the Town and its environs form a peninsula. Along the base of which peninsula, "not much above a mile and a half from sea to sea," Oliver Cromwell's Army on Monday 2d of September 1650, stands ranked, with its tents and Town behind it,—in very forlorn circumstances. This now is all the ground that Oliver is lord of in Scotland. His Ships lie in the offing, with biscuit and transport for him; but visible elsewhere in the Earth no help.

Landward as you look from the Town of Dunbar there rises, some short mile off, a dusky continent of barren heath Hills; the Lammermoor, where only mountain-sheep can be at home. The crossing of *which*, by any of its boggy passes, and brawling stream-courses, no Army, hardly a solitary Scotch Packman could attempt, in such weather. To the edge of these Lammermoor Heights, David Lesley has betaken himself; lies now along the outmost spur of them,—a long Hill of considerable height, which the Dunbar people call the Dun, Doon, or sometimes for fashion's sake the Down, adding to it the Teutonic *Hill* likewise, though *Dun* itself in old Celtic signifies Hill. On this Doon Hill lies David Lesley with the victorious Scotch Army, upwards of Twenty-thousand strong; with the Committees of Kirk and Estates, the chief Dignitaries of the Country, and in fact the flower of what the pure Covenant in this the Twelfth year of its

existence can still bring forth. There lies he since Sunday night, on the top and slope of this Doon Hill, with the impassable heath-continents behind him; embraces, as within outspread tiger-claws, the base-line of Oliver's Dunbar peninsula; waiting what Oliver will do. Cockburnspath with its ravines has been seized on Oliver's left, and made impassable; behind Oliver is the sea; in front of him Lesley, Doon Hill, and the heath-continent of Lammermoor. Lesley's force is of Three-and-twenty-thousand, in spirits as of men chasing, Oliver's about half as many, in spirits as of men chased. What is to become of Oliver?

LETTER CXXXIX

Haselrig, as we know, is Governor of Newcastle. Oliver on Monday writes this Note; means to send it off, I suppose, by sea. Making no complaint for himself, the remarkable Oliver; doing, with grave brevity, in the hour the business of the hour. "He was a strong man," so intimates Charles Harvey, who knew him: "in the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all the others." A genuine King among men, Mr. Harvey. The divinest sight this world sees,—when it is privileged to see such, and not be sickened with the unholy apery of such! He is just now upon an "engagement," or complicated concern, "very difficult."

*To the Honourable Sir Arthur Haselrig at Newcastle or elsewhere:
These. Haste, haste.*

'Dunbar,' 2d September 1650

DEAR SIR,

We are upon an Engagement very difficult. The Enemy hath blocked up our way at the Pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth so upon the Hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination.

I perceive, your forces are not in a capacity for present release. Wherefore, whatever becomes of us, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all Good People. If your forces had been in a readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us. But the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for Good. Our spirits are comfortable, praised be the Lord,—though our present condition be as it is. And indeed we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience.

Indeed do you get together what forces you can against them. Send to friends in the South to help with more. Let H. Vane know what I write. I would not make it public, lest danger should accrue thereby. You know what use to make hereof. Let me hear from you. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL

‘P.S.’ It’s difficult for me to send to you. Let me hear from ‘you’ after ‘you receive this.’

The base of Oliver’s “Dunbar Peninsula,” as we have called it (or Dunbar Pinfold where he is now hemmed in, upon “an entanglement very difficult”), extends from Belhaven Bay on his right, to Brocksmouth House on his left; “about a mile and a half from sea to sea.” Brocksmouth House, the Earl (now Duke) of Roxburgh’s mansion, which still stands there, his soldiers now occupy as their extreme post on the left. As its name indicates, it is the *mouth* or issue of a small Rivulet, or *Burn*, called *Brock*, *Brocksburn*; which, springing from the Lammermoor, and skirting David Lesley’s Doon Hill, finds its egress here into the sea. The reader who would form an image to himself of the great Tuesday 3d of September 1650, at Dunbar, must note well this little *Burn*. It runs in a deep grassy glen, which the South-country Officers in those old Pamphlets describe as a “deep *ditch*, forty feet in depth, and about as many in width,”—ditch dug out by the little Brook itself, and carpeted with greensward, in the course of long thousands of years. It runs pretty close by the foot of Doon Hill; forms, from this point to the sea,

the boundary of Oliver's position: his force is arranged in battle-order along the left bank of this Brocksburn, and its grassy glen; he is busied all Monday, he and his Officers, in ranking them there. "Before sunrise on Monday" Lesley sent down his horse from the Hill-top, to occupy the other side of this Brook; "about four in the afternoon" his train came down, his whole Army gradually came down; and they now are ranking themselves on the opposite side of Brocksburn,—on rather narrow ground; corn-fields, but swiftly sloping upwards to the steep of Doon Hill. This goes on, in the wild showers and winds of Monday 2d September 1650, on both sides of the Rivulet of Brock. Whoever will begin the attack, must get across this Brook and its glen first; a thing of much disadvantage.

Behind Oliver's ranks, between him and Dunbar, stand his tents; sprinkled up and down, by battalions, over the face of this "Peninsula"; which is a low though very uneven tract of ground; now in our time all yellow with wheat and barley in the autumn season, but at that date only partially tilled,—describable by Yorkshire Hodgson as a place of plashes and rough bent-grass; terribly beaten by showery winds that day, so that your tent will hardly stand. There was then but one Farm-house on this tract, where now are not a few: thither were Oliver's Cannon sent this morning; they had at first been lodged "in the Church," an edifice standing then as now somewhat apart, "at the south end of Dunbar." We have notice of only one other "small house," belike some poor shepherd's homestead, in Oliver's tract of ground: it stands close by the Brock Rivulet itself, and in the bottom of the little glen; at a place where the banks of it flatten themselves out into a slope passable for carts: this of course, as the one "pass" in that quarter, it is highly important to seize. Pride and Lambert lodged "six horse and fifteen foot" in this poor hut early in the morning: Lesley's horse came across, and drove them out; killing some and "taking three prisoners";—and so got possession of this pass and hut; but did not keep it.

Among the three prisoners was one musketeer, "a very stout man, though he has but a wooden arm," and some iron hook at the end of it, poor fellow. He "fired thrice," not without effect, with his wooden arm; and was not taken without difficulty: a handfast stubborn man; they carried him across to General Lesley to give some account of himself. In several of the old Pamphlets, which agree in all the details of it, this is what we read:

"General *David* Lesley (old Leven," the other Lesley, "being in the Castle of Edinburgh, as they relate¹), asked this man, If the Enemy did intend to fight? He replied, 'What do you think we come here for? We come for nothing else!'—'Soldier,' says Lesley, 'how will you fight, when you have shipped half of your men, and all your great guns?' The Soldier replied, 'Sir, if you please to draw down your men, you shall find both men and great guns too!'"—A most dogged handfast man, this with the wooden arm, and iron hook on it! "One of the Officers asked, How he durst answer the general so saucily? He said, 'I only answer the question put to me!'" Lesley sent him across, free again, by a trumpet: he made his way to Cromwell; reported what had passed, and added doggedly, He for one had lost twenty shillings by the business,—plundered from him in this action. "The Lord General gave him thereupon two pieces," which I think are forty shillings; and sent him away rejoicing.—This is the adventure at the "pass" by the shepherd's hut in the bottom of the glen, close by the Brocksburn itself.

And now farther, on the great scale, we are to remark very specially that there is just one other "pass" across the Brocksburn; and this is precisely where the London road now crosses it; about a mile east from the former pass, and perhaps two gunshots west from Brocks-mouth House. There the great road then as now crosses the Burn of Brock; the steep grassy glen, or "broad ditch forty feet deep," flattening itself out here once more into a passable slope: passable, but still steep on the southern or Lesley side, still mounting up there, with considerable acclivity, into a high table-ground, out of which the Doon Hill; as outskirt

¹ Old Leven is *here*, if the Pamphlet knew; but only as a volunteer and without command, though nominally still General-in-chief.

of the Lammermoor, a short mile to your right, gradually gathers itself. There, at this "pass," on and about the present London road, as you discover after long dreary dim examining, took place the brunt or essential agony of the Battle of Dunbar long ago. Read in the extinct old Pamphlets, and ever again obstinately read, till some light rise in them, look even with unmilitary eyes at the ground as it now is, you do at last obtain small glimmerings of distinct features here and there, — which gradually coalesce into a kind of image for you; and some spectrum of the Fact becomes visible; rises veritable, face to face, on you, grim and sad in the depths of the old dead Time. Yes, my travelling friends, vehiculating in gigs or otherwise over that piece of London road, you may say to yourselves, Here without monument is the grave of a valiant thing which was done under the Sun; the footprint of a Hero, not yet quite undistinguishable, is here!—

"The Lord General about four o'clock," say the old Pamphlets, "went into the Town to take some refreshment," a hasty late dinner, or early supper, whichever we may call it; "and very soon returned back,"—having written Sir Arthur's Letter, I think, in the interim. Coursing about the field, with enough of things to order; walking at last with Lambert in the Park or Garden of Brocksmouth House, he discerns that Lesley is astrir on the Hill-side; altering his position somewhat. That Lesley in fact is coming wholly down to the basis of the Hill, where his horse had been since sunrise: coming wholly down to the edge of the Brook and glen, among the sloping harvest-fields there; and also is bringing up his left wing of horse, most part of it, towards his right; edging himself, "shogging," as Oliver calls it, his whole line more and more to the right! His meaning is, to get hold of Brocksmouth House and the pass of the Brook there;¹ after which it will be free to him to attack us when he will!—Lesley in fact considers, or at least the Committee of Estates and Kirk consider, that Oliver is lost; that, on the whole, he must not be

¹ Baillie's Letters, iii. 111.

left to retreat, but must be attacked and annihilated here. A vague story, due to Bishop Burnet, the watery source of many such, still circulates about the world, That it was the Kirk Committee who forced Lesley down against his will; that Oliver, at sight of it, exclaimed, "The Lord hath delivered" etc.: which nobody is in the least bound to believe. It appears, from other quarters, that Lesley *was* advised or sanctioned in this attempt by the Committee of Estates and Kirk, but also that he was by no means hard to advise; that, in fact, lying on the top of Doon Hill, shelterless in such weather, was no operation to spin out beyond necessity;—and that if anybody pressed too much upon him with advice to come down and fight, it was likeliest to be Royalist Civil Dignitaries, who had plagued him with their cavillings at his cunctations, at his "secret fellow-feeling for the Sec-tarians and Regicides," ever since this War began. The poor Scotch Clergy have enough of their own to answer for in this business; let every back bear the burden that belongs to it. In a word, Lesley descends, has been descending all day, and "shogs" himself to the right,—urged, I believe, by manifold counsel, and by the nature of the case; and, what is equally important for us, Oliver sees him, and sees through him, in this movement of his.

At sight of this movement, Oliver suggests to Lambert standing by him, Does it not give *us* an advantage, if we, instead of him, like to begin the attack? Here is the Enemy's right wing coming out to the open space, free to be attacked on any side; and the main-battle hampered in narrow sloping ground between Doon Hill and the Brook, has no room to manœuvre or assist:¹ beat this right wing where it now stands; take it in flank and front with an overpowering force,—it is driven upon its own main-battle, the whole Army is beaten? Lambert eagerly assents, "had meant to say the same thing." Monk, who comes up at the moment, likewise assents; as the other Officers do, when the

¹ Hodgson.

case is set before them. It is the plan resolved upon for battle. The attack shall begin to-morrow before dawn.

And so the soldiers stand to their arms, or lie within instant reach of their arms, all night; being upon an engagement very difficult indeed. The night is wild and wet;—2d of September means 12th by our calendar: the Harvest Moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray,—and withal keep his powder dry! And be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man!—Thus they pass the night; making that Dunbar Peninsula and Brock Rivulet long memorable to me. We English have some tents; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays; the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we,—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a Major-General say some, extinguish their matches, all but two in a company; cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep. Be wakeful, ye English; watch, and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my puddingheaded Yorkshire friend, that his regiment must mount and march straightway; his and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocksmouth House, to the Pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there; beat that, and all is beaten. Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, "a Cornet praying in the night"; a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void Heaven, before battle joined: Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother Officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them; haply his last prayer on this Earth, as it might prove to be. But no: this Cornet prayed with such effusion as was wonderful; and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his

men by telling them of it. And the Heavens, in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance!—The Moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds; and over St. Abb's Head, a streak of dawn is rising.

And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here, he is ordering the line far to the right yet; and Oliver occasionally, in Hodgson's hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots too, on this wing, are awake; thinking to surprise us; there is their trumpet sounding, we heard it once; and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord General is impatient;—behold Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangour Night's silence; the cannons awaken along all the Line: "The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!" On, my brave ones, on!—

The dispute "on this right wing was hot and stiff, for three quarters of an hour." Plenty of fire, from fieldpieces, snaphances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main-battle across the Brock;—poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, "with lancers in the front rank," charge desperately; drive us back across the hollow of the Rivulet;—back a little; but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. "Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot." Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them: fieldpieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn; and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above Three-thousand killed upon the place: "I never saw such a charge of foot and horse," says one; nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded; Hodgson heard him say, "They run! I profess they run!" And over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean, just then, bursts the first gleam of the level Sun upon us, "and I heard Nol say, in

the words of the Psalmist, 'Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered,'—or in Rous's metre,

Let God arise, and scattered
 Let all his enemies be;
 And let all those that do him hate
 Before his presence flee!

Even so. The Scotch Army is shivered to utter ruin; rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither; to Belhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar, the chase goes as far as Haddington; led by Hacker. "The Lord General made a halt," says Hodgson, "and sang the Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm," till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm, at the foot of the Doon Hill; there we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky:

O give ye praise unto the Lord,
 All nati-ons that be;
 Likewise ye people all, accord
 His name to magnify!

For great to-us-ward ever are
 His lovingkindnesses;
 His truth endures forevermore:
 The Lord O do ye bless!

And now, to the chase again.

The Prisoners are Ten-thousand,—all the foot in a mass. Many Dignitaries are taken; not a few are slain; of whom see Printed Lists,—full of blunders. Provost Jaffray of Aberdeen, Member of the Scots Parliament, one of the Committee of Estates, was very nearly slain: a trooper's sword was in the air to sever him, but one cried, He is a man of consequence; he can ransom himself!—and the trooper kept him prisoner. The first of the Scots Quakers, by and by; and an official person much reconciled to Oliver. Ministers also of the Kirk Committee were

slain; two Ministers I find taken, poor Carstairs of Glasgow, poor Waugh of some other place,— of whom we shall transiently hear again.

General David Lesley, vigorous for flight as for other things, got to Edinburgh by nine o'clock; poor old Leven, not so light of movement, did not get till two. Tragical enough. What a change since January 1644, when we marched out of this same Dunbar up to the knees in snow! It was to help and save these very men that we then marched; with the Covenant in all our hearts. We have stood by the Letter of the Covenant; fought for our Covenanted Stuart King as we could;—they again, they stand by the substance of it, and have trampled us and the letter of it into this ruinous state!—Yes, my poor friends;—and now be wise, be taught! The Letter of your Covenant, in fact, will never rally again in this world. The spirit and substance of it, please God, will never die in this or in any world!

Such is Dunbar Battle; which might also be called Dunbar Drove, for it was a frightful rout. Brought on by miscalculation; misunderstanding of the difference between substances and semblances;—by mismanagement, and the chance of war.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

1814-1877

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN

[From *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, 1856,—the history of the struggle of the Netherlands, under the leadership of William of Orange, to free themselves from the rule of Philip the Second of Spain.

The first siege—October 31, 1573, to March 21, 1574—had been raised by Louis of Nassau, brother of William. After Louis's death at the Battle of Mookerheyde, Don Frederick, the Spanish commander, with eight thousand troops, invested the city—May 26, 1574—garrisoning a series of more than sixty forts. Leyden stood on firm ground protected against the sea by great dykes: the Land-Divider, the Green-Way and the Church-Way. William's plan was by piercing these dykes to let in the sea, and so by means of the fleet under Admiral Boisot to bring relief to the besieged city. But a week after the cutting of the outer dykes the flotilla lay helpless in water too shallow to float her. On September 18, however, the wind shifting to the northwest blew a gale, driving the sea in over the flooded land. The fleet could proceed.]

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages, they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa; but since then all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day, every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean.

Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Haarlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced.

Bread, malt cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation.

The daily mortality was frightful—infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses, father, mother, and children, side by side, for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone, yet the people resolutely held out—women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do, the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows, as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons

to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility.

A party of the more fainthearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werff with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him, as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the Church of St. Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved: "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed

defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion, against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then we will maintain ourselves forever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our own hands we will set fire to the city, and perish, men, women, and children together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed." Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud, but at the same time, he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards, derisively, to the citizens, "as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."

On the 28th of September, a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this despatch, the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince, that if the spring-tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would, of necessity, be abandoned.

The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2d of October, came storming from

the northwest, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the southwest. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes.

In the course of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed toward Zoeterwoude.

The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle; a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half-submerged farmhouses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel Admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through.

Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards,

in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction toward The Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dyke and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them, with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to The Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitring the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if, in the meantime, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been despatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgo-master, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist.—“Yonder,” cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand toward Lammen, “yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?” “We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails,” was the reply, “before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us.” It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn.

Night descended upon the scene, a pitch dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cowgate and the tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned, at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen toward the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort.

After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic struck, during the darkness. Their

position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen.

Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.

The quays were lined with the famishing population, as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand, coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death, in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation;—but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

1818-1894

THE CANTERBURY MARTYRDOM¹

[From the "Life and Times of Thomas Becket" in *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, 1882.

Upon being created Archbishop of Canterbury (1155) Thomas Becket, who, as Chancellor of England, had been King Henry the Second's chief supporter, now became his bitterest opponent. The issue concerned ecclesiastical jurisdiction, the king wishing to dominate the church and to govern the clergy. Retracting his momentary assent, Becket fled to the Continent from Henry's resentment. In Becket's absence the king had the prince, his son, crowned his successor by the Archbishop of York, thus setting aside the prerogative of Canterbury and the interdict of Becket. On the eve of his return to England after an absence of six years, Becket, alleging the sanction of the king for his act, excommunicated the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London and the Bishop of Salisbury for their share in the coronation.]

The story now turns to Henry's court in Normandy. Between Southampton and the Norman coast communications were easy and rapid; and the account of the arrival of the censured bishops, with the indignant words which burst from the king at the unwelcome news which he heard from them for the first time, is an imperfect legend in which the transactions of many days must have been epitomized.

The bishops did not leave England till the 20th or 21st of December, and before their appearance the king must have heard already not only of the excommunications and of the daring misuse of his own name, but of the armed progress to London, of the remarkable demonstration there, of the archbishop's defiance of the government, of the mission of the Abbot of St. Albans, of the threats of the priests, and of the imminent danger of a general rebellion. During the first three weeks of this December many an anxious council must have been held in the

¹ Reprinted by kind permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Norman court, and many a scheme talked over and rejected for dealing with this impracticable firebrand. What could be done with him? No remedy was now available but a violent one. The law could not restrain a man who claimed to be superior to law, and whose claims the nation was not prepared directly to deny. Three centuries later the solution would have been a formal trial, with the block and axe as the sequel of a judicial sentence. Ecclesiastical pretensions were still formidable under the Tudors, but the State had acquired strength to control them. In our own day the phantom has been exorcised altogether, and an archbishop who used Becket's language would be consigned to an asylum. In Becket's own time neither of these methods was possible. Becket himself could neither be borne with, consistently with the existence of the civil government, nor resisted save at a risk of censures which even the king scarcely dared to encounter. A bishop might have committed the seven deadly sins, but his word was still a spell which could close the gates of heaven. The allegiance of the people could not be depended upon for a day if Becket chose to declare the king excommunicated, unless the pope should interfere; and the pope was an inadequate resource in a struggle for the supremacy of the Church over the State. It was not until secular governments could look popes and bishops in the face, and bid them curse till they were tired, that the relations of Church and State admitted of legal definition. Till that time should arrive the ecclesiastical theory was only made tolerable by submitting to the checks of tacit compromise and practical good sense.

Necessities for compromises of this kind exist at all times. In the most finished constitutions powers are assigned to the different branches of the State which it would be inconvenient or impossible to remove, yet which would cause an immediate catastrophe if the theory were made the measure of practice. The Crown retains prerogatives at present which would be fatal to it if strained. Parliament would make itself intolerable

if it asserted the entire privileges which it legally possesses. The clergy in the twelfth century were allowed and believed to be ministers of God in a sense in which neither Crown nor baron dared appropriate the name to themselves. None the less the clergy could not be allowed to reduce Crown and barons into entire submission to their own pleasure. If either churchman or king broke the tacit bargain of mutual moderation which enabled them to work together harmoniously, the relations between the two orders might not admit of more satisfactory theoretic adjustment; but there remained the resource to put out of the way the disturber of the peace.

Fuel ready to kindle was lying dry throughout Henry's dominions. If Becket was to be allowed to fling about excommunications at his own pleasure, to travel through the country attended by knights in arms, and surrounded by adoring fools who regarded him as a supernatural being, it was easy to foresee the immediate future of England and of half France. To persons, too, who knew the archbishop as well as Henry's court knew him, the character of the man himself who was causing so much anxiety must have been peculiarly irritating. Had Becket been an Anselm, he might have been credited with a desire to promote the interests of the Church, not for power's sake, but for the sake of those spiritual and moral influences which the Catholic Church was still able to exert, at least in some happy instances. But no such high ambition was to be traced either in Becket's agitation or in Becket's own disposition. He was still the self-willed, violent chancellor, with the dress of the saint upon him, but not the nature. His cause was not the mission of the Church to purify and elevate mankind, but the privilege of the Church to control the civil government, and to dictate the law in virtue of magical powers which we now know to have been a dream and a delusion. His personal religion was not the religion of a regenerated heart, but the religion of self-torturing asceticism, a religion of the scourge and the hair shirt, a religion in which the

evidences of grace were to be traced not in humbleness and truth, but in the worms and maggots which crawled about his body. He was the impersonation not of what was highest and best in the Catholic Church, but of what was falsest and worst. The fear which he inspired was not the reverence willingly offered to a superior nature, but a superstitious terror like that felt for witches and enchanters, which brave men at the call of a higher duty could dare to defy.

No one knows what passed at Bayeux during the first weeks of that December. King and council, knights and nobles, squires and valets must have talked of little else but Becket and his doings. The pages at Winchester laid their hands on their dagger-hilts when the priest delivered his haughty message. The peers and gentlemen who surrounded Henry at Bayeux are not likely to have felt more gently as each day brought news from England of some fresh audacity. At length, a few days before Christmas, the three bishops arrived. Two were under the curse, and could not be admitted into the king's presence. The Archbishop of York, being only suspended, carried less contamination with him. At a council the archbishop was introduced, and produced Alexander's¹ letters. From these it appeared not only that he and the other bishops were denounced by name, but that every person who had taken any part in the young king's coronation was by implication excommunicated also. It is to be remembered that the king had received a positive sanction for the coronation from Alexander; that neither he nor the bishops had received the prohibition till the ceremony was over; while there is reason to believe that the prohibitory letter, which the king might have respected, had been kept back by Becket himself.

The Archbishop of York still advised forbearance, and an appeal once more to Rome. The pope would see at last what Becket really was, and would relieve the country of him. But an appeal to Rome would take time, and England meanwhile

¹ The Pope.

might be in flames. 'By God's eyes,' said the king, 'if all are excommunicated who were concerned in the coronation, I am excommunicated also.' Some one (the name of the speaker is not mentioned) said that there would be no peace while Becket lived. With the fierce impatience of a man baffled by a problem which he has done his best to solve, and has failed through no fault of his own, Henry is reported to have exclaimed: 'Is this varlet that I loaded with kindness, that came first to court to me on a lame mule, to insult me and my children, and take my crown from me? What cowards have I about me, that no one will deliver me from this lowborn priest!' It is very likely that Henry used such words. The greatest prince that ever sat on throne, if tried as Henry had been, would have said the same; and Henry had used almost the same language to the bishops at Chinon in 1166. But it is evident that much is still untold. These passionate denunciations can have been no more than the outcome of long and ineffectual deliberation. Projects must have been talked over and rejected; orders were certainly conceived which were to be sent to the archbishop, and measures were devised for dealing with him short of his death. He was to be required to absolve the censured bishops. If he refused, he might be sent in custody to the young king, he might be brought to Normandy, he might be exiled from the English dominions, or he might be imprisoned in some English castle. Indications can be traced of all these plans; and something of the kind would probably have been resolved upon, although it must have been painfully clear also that, without the pope's help, none of them would really meet the difficulty. But the result was that the king's friends, seeing their master's perplexity, determined to take the risk on themselves, and deliver both him and their country. If the king acted, the king might be excommunicated, and the empire might be laid under interdict, with the consequences which every one foresaw. For their own acts the penalty would, but fall upon themselves. They did not know, perhaps, distinctly what they meant to do,

but something might have to be done which the king must condemn if they proposed it to him.

But being done unknown,
He would have found it afterwards well done.

Impetuous loyalty to the sovereign was in the spirit of the age.

Among the gentlemen about his person whom Henry had intended to employ, could he have resolved upon the instructions which were to be given to them, were four knights of high birth and large estate—Sir Reginald Fitzurse, of Somersetshire, a tenant in chief of the Crown, whom Becket himself had originally introduced into the court; Sir Hugh de Morville, custodian of Knaresborough Castle, and justiciary of Northumberland; Sir William de Tracy, half a Saxon, with royal blood in him; and Sir Richard le Breton, who had been moved to volunteer in the service by another instance of Becket's dangerous meddling. Le Breton was a friend of the king's brother William, whom the archbishop had separated from the lady to whom he was about to be married on some plea of consanguinity. Sir William de Mandeville and others were to have been joined in the commission. But these four chose to anticipate both their companions and their final orders, and started alone. Their disappearance was observed. An express was sent to recall them, and the king supposed that they had returned. But they had gone by separate routes to separate ports. The weather was fair for the season of the year, with an east wind perhaps; and each had found a vessel without difficulty to carry him across the Channel. The rendezvous was Sir Ranulf de Broc's castle of Saltwood, near Hythe, thirteen miles from Canterbury.

The archbishop meanwhile had returned from his adventurous expedition. The young king and his advisers had determined to leave him no fair cause of complaint, and had sent orders for the restoration of his wine and the release of the captured seamen; but the archbishop would not wait for the State to do him justice.

On Christmas Eve he was further exasperated by the appearance at the gate of his palace of one of his sumpter mules, which had been brutally mutilated by Sir Ranulf de Broc's kinsman Robert. 'The viper's brood,' as Herbert de Bosham said, 'were lifting up their heads. The hornets were out. Bulls of Bashan compassed the archbishop round about.' The Earl of Cornwall's warning had reached him, but 'fight, not flight,' was alone in his thoughts. He, too, was probably weary of the strife, and may have felt that he would serve his cause more effectually by death than by life. On Christmas day he preached in the cathedral on the text 'Peace to men of good will.' There was no peace, he said, except to men of good will. He spoke passionately of the trials of the Church. As he drew towards an end he alluded to the possibility of his own martyrdom. He could scarcely articulate for tears. The congregation were sobbing round him. Suddenly his face altered, his tone changed. Glowing with anger, with the fatal candles in front of him, and in a voice of thunder, the solemn and the absurd strangely blended in the overwhelming sense of his own wrongs, he cursed the intruders into his churches; he cursed Sir Ranulf de Broc; he cursed Robert de Broc for cutting off his mule's tail; he cursed by name several of the old king's most intimate councillors who were at the court in Normandy. At each fierce imprecation he quenched a light, and dashed down a candle. 'As he spoke,' says the enthusiastic Herbert, repeating the figure under which he had described his master's appearance at Northampton, 'you saw the very beast of the prophet's vision, with the face of a lion and the face of a man.' He had drawn the spiritual sword, as he had sworn that he would. So experienced a man of the world could not have failed to foresee that he was provoking passions which would no longer respect his office, and that no rising in England would now be in time to save him. He was in better spirits, it was observed, after he had discharged his anathema. The Christmas festival was held in the hall. Asceticism was a virtue which was never easy to him. He indulged his

natural inclinations at all permitted times, and on this occasion he ate and drank more copiously than usual.

The next day Becket received another warning that he was in personal danger. He needed no friends to tell him that. The only attention which he paid to these messages was to send his secretary Herbert and his cross-bearer Alexander Llewellyn to France, to report his situation to Lewis and to the Archbishop of Sens.¹ He told Herbert at parting that he would see his face no more.

So passed at Canterbury Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 26th, 27th, and 28th of December. On that same Monday afternoon the four knights arrived at Saltwood. They were expected, for Sir Ranulf with a party of men-at-arms had gone to meet them. There on their arrival they learned the fresh excommunications which had been pronounced against their host and against their friends at the court. The news could only have confirmed whatever resolutions they had formed.

On the morning of the 29th they rode with an escort of horse along the old Roman road to Canterbury. They halted at St. Augustine's Monastery, where they were entertained by the abbot elect, Becket's old enemy, the scandalous Clarembald. They perhaps dined there. At any rate they issued a proclamation bidding the inhabitants remain quiet in their houses in the king's name, and then, with some of Clarembald's armed servants in addition to their own party, they went on to the great gate of the archbishop's palace. Leaving their men outside, the four knights alighted and entered the court. They unbuckled their swords, leaving them at the lodge, and, throwing gowns over their armour, they strode across to the door of the hall. Their appearance could hardly have been unexpected. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. They had been some time in the

[¹ One of his complaints, presented by the Abbot of St. Albans, had been that his clergy were not allowed to leave the realm. There seems to have been no practical difficulty.—Author's Note.]

town, and their arrival could not fail to have been reported. The archbishop's midday meal was over. The servants were dining on the remains, and the usual company of mendicants were waiting for their turn. The archbishop had been again disturbed at daybreak by intimation of danger. He had advised any of his clergy who were afraid to escape to Sandwich; but none of them had left him. He had heard mass as usual. He had received his customary floggings. At dinner, he observed, when some one remarked on his drinking, that a man that had blood to lose needed wine to support him. Afterwards he had retired into an inner room with John of Salisbury, his chaplain Fitzstephen, Edward Grim of Cambridge, who was on a visit to him, and several others, and was now sitting in conversation with them in the declining light of the winter afternoon till the bell should ring for vespers.

The knights were recognized, when they entered the hall, as belonging to the old king's court. The steward invited them to eat. They declined, and desired him to inform the archbishop that they had arrived with a message from the court. This was the first communication which the archbishop had received from Henry since he had used his name so freely to cover acts which, could Henry have anticipated them, would have barred his return to Canterbury for ever. The insincere professions of peace had covered an intention of provoking a rebellion. The truth was now plain. There was no room any more for excuse or palliation. What course had the king determined on?

The knights were introduced. They advanced. The archbishop neither spoke nor looked at them, but continued talking to a monk who was next to him. He himself was sitting on a bed. The rest of the party present were on the floor. The knights seated themselves in the same manner, and for a few moments there was silence. Then Becket's black restless eye glanced from one to the other. He slightly noticed Tracy; and Fitzurse said a few unrecorded sentences to him, which ended with 'God help

you! To Becket's friends the words sounded like insolence. They may have meant no more than pity.

Becket's face flushed. Fitzurse went on: 'We bring you the commands of the king beyond the sea; will you hear us in public or in private?' Becket said he cared not. 'In private, then,' said Fitzurse. The monks thought afterwards that Fitzurse had meant to kill the archbishop where he sat. If the knights had entered the palace, thronged as it was with men, with any such intention, they would scarcely have left their swords behind them. The room was cleared, and a short altercation followed, of which nothing is known save that it ended speedily in high words on both sides. Becket called in his clergy again, his lay servants being excluded, and bade Fitzurse go on. 'Be it so,' Sir Reginald said. 'Listen then to what the king says. When the peace was made, he put aside all his complaints against you. He allowed you to return, as you desired, free to your see. You have now added contempt to your other offences. You have broken the treaty. Your pride has tempted you to defy your lord and master to your own sorrow. You have censured the bishops by whose ministrations the prince was crowned. You have pronounced an anathema against the king's ministers, by whose advice he is guided in the management of the Empire. You have made it plain that if you could you would take the prince's crown from him. Your plots and contrivances to attain your ends are notorious to all men. Say, then, will you attend us to the king's presence, and there answer for yourself? For this we are sent.'

The archbishop declared that he had never wished any hurt to the prince. The king had no occasion to be displeased if crowds came about him in the towns and cities after they had been so long deprived of his presence. If he had done any wrong he would make satisfaction, but he protested against being suspected of intentions which had never entered his mind.

Fitzurse did not enter into an altercation with him, but continued: 'The king commands further that you and your clerks

repair without delay to the young king's presence, and swear allegiance, and promise to amend your faults.'

The archbishop's temper was rising. 'I will do whatever may be reasonable,' he said; 'but I tell you plainly the king shall have no oaths from me, nor from any one of my clergy. There has been too much perjury already. I have absolved many, with God's help, who had perjured themselves. I will absolve the rest when He permits.'

'I understand you to say that you will not obey,' said Fitzurse; and went on in the same tone: 'The king commands you to absolve the bishops whom you have excommunicated without his permission (*absque licentiâ suâ*).'

'The pope sentenced the bishops,' the archbishop said. 'If you are not pleased, you must go to him. The affair is none of mine.'

Fitzurse said it had been done at his instigation, which he did not deny; but he proceeded to reassert that the king had given him permission. He had complained at the time of the peace of the injury which he had suffered in the coronation, and the king had told him that he might obtain from the pope any satisfaction for which he liked to ask.

If this was all the consent which the king had given, the pretence of his authority was inexcusable. 'Ay, ay!' said Fitzurse; 'will you make the king out to be a traitor, then? The king gave you leave to excommunicate the bishops when they were acting by his own order! It is more than we can bear to listen to such monstrous accusations.'

John of Salisbury tried to check the archbishop's imprudent tongue, and whispered to him to speak to the knights in private; but when the passion was on him, no mule was more ungovernable than Becket. Drawing to a conclusion, Fitzurse said to him: 'Since you refuse to do any one of those things which the king requires of you, his final commands are that you and your clergy shall forthwith depart out of this realm and out of his

dominions, never more to return. You have broken the peace, and the king cannot trust you again.'

Becket answered wildly that he would not go—never again would he leave England. Nothing but death should now part him from his church. Stung by the reproach of ill-faith, he poured out the catalogue of his own injuries. He had been promised restoration, and instead of restoration he had been robbed and insulted. Ranulf de Broc had laid an embargo on his wine. Robert de Broc had cut off his mule's tail, and now the knights had come to menace him.

De Morville said that if he had suffered any wrong, he had only to appeal to the council, and justice would be done.

Becket did not wish for the council's justice. 'I have complained enough,' he said; 'so many wrongs are daily heaped upon me that I could not find messengers to carry the tale of them. I am refused access to the court. Neither one king nor the other will do me right. I will endure it no more. I will use my own powers as archbishop, and no child of man shall prevent me.'

'You will lay the realm under interdict then, and excommunicate the whole of us?' said Fitzurse.

'So God help me,' said one of the others, 'he shall not do that. He has excommunicated over-many already. We have borne too long with him.'

The knights sprang to their feet, twisting their gloves and swinging their arms. The archbishop rose. In the general noise words could no longer be accurately heard. At length the knights moved to leave the room, and, addressing the archbishop's attendants, said, 'In the king's name we command you to see that this man does not escape.'

'Do you think I shall fly, then?' cried the archbishop. 'Neither for the king nor for any living man will I fly. You cannot be more ready to kill me than I am to die. . . . Here you will find me,' he shouted, following them to the door as they went out, and calling after them. Some of his friends thought that he

had asked De Morville to come back and speak quietly with him, but it was not so. He returned to his seat still excited and complaining.

'My lord,' said John of Salisbury to him, 'it is strange that you will never be advised. What occasion was there for you to go after these men and exasperate them with your bitter speeches? You would have done better surely by being quiet and giving them a milder answer. They mean no good, and you only commit yourself.'

The archbishop sighed, and said, 'I have done with advice. I know what I have before me.'

It must have been now past four o'clock; and unless there were lights the room was almost dark. Beyond the archbishop's chamber was an ante-room, beyond the ante-room the hall. The knights, passing through the hall into the quadrangle, and thence to the lodge, called their men to arms. The great gate was closed. A mounted guard was stationed outside with orders to allow no one to go out or in. The knights threw off their cloaks and buckled on their swords. This was the work of a few minutes. From the cathedral tower the vesper bell was beginning to sound. The archbishop had seated himself to recover from the agitation of the preceding scene, when a breathless monk rushed in to say that the knights were arming. 'Who cares? Let them arm,' was all that the archbishop said. His clergy were less indifferent. If the archbishop was ready for death, they were not. The door from the hall into the court was closed and barred, and a short respite was thus secured. The intention of the knights, it may be presumed, was to seize the archbishop and carry him off to Saltwood, or to De Morville's castle at Knaresborough, or perhaps to Normandy. Coming back to execute their purpose, they found themselves stopped by the hall door. To burst it open would require time; the ante-room between the hall and the archbishop's apartments opened by an oriel window and an outside stair into a garden.

Robert de Broc, who knew the house well, led the way to it in the dusk. The steps were broken, but a ladder was standing against the window, by which the knights mounted, and the crash of the falling casement told the fluttered group about the archbishop that their enemies were upon them. There was still a moment. The party who entered by the window, instead of turning into the archbishop's room, first went into the hall to open the door and admit their comrades. From the archbishop's room a second passage, little used, opened into the north-west corner of the cloister, and from the cloister there was a way into the north transept of the cathedral. The cry was, 'To the church. To the church.' There at least there would be immediate safety.

The archbishop had told the knights that they would find him where they left him. He did not choose to show fear, or he was afraid, as some thought, of losing his martyrdom. He would not move. The bell had ceased. They reminded him that vespers had begun, and that he ought to be in the cathedral. Half yielding, half resisting, his friends swept him down the passage into the cloister. His cross had been forgotten in the haste. He refused to stir till it was fetched and carried before him as usual. Then only, himself incapable of fear, and rebuking the terror of the rest, he advanced deliberately up the cloister to the church door.¹ As he entered the cathedral cries were heard from which it became plain that the knights had broken into the archbishop's room, had found the passage, and were following him. Almost immediately Fitzurse, Tracy, De Morville, and Le Breton were discerned, in the twilight, coming through the cloister in their armour, with drawn swords, and axes in their left hands. A

¹ Those who desire a more particular account of the scene about to be described should refer to Dean Stanley's essay on the murder of Becket, which is printed in his *Antiquities of Canterbury*. Along with an exact knowledge of the localities and a minute acquaintance with the contemporary narratives, Dr. Stanley combines the far more rare power of historical imagination, which enables him to replace out of his materials an exact picture of what took place.—Author's Note.

company of men-at-arms was behind them. In front they were driving before them a frightened flock of monks.

From the middle of the transept in which the archbishop was standing a single pillar rose into the roof. On the eastern side of it opened a chapel of St. Benedict, in which were the tombs of several of the old primates. On the west, running parallel to the nave, was a lady chapel. Behind the pillar, steps led up into the choir, where voices were already singing vespers. A faint light may have been reflected into the transept from the choir tapers, and candles may perhaps have been burning before the altars in the two chapels—of light from without through the windows at that hour there could have been scarcely any. Seeing the knights coming on, the clergy who had entered with the archbishop closed the door and barred it. 'What do you fear?' he cried in a clear, loud voice. 'Out of the way, you cowards! The Church of God must not be made a fortress.' He stepped back and reopened the door with his own hands, to let in the trembling wretches who had been shut out. They rushed past him, and scattered in the hiding-places of the vast sanctuary in the crypt, in the galleries, or behind the tombs. All, or almost all, even of his closest friends, William of Canterbury, Benedict, John of Salisbury himself, forsook him to shift for themselves, admitting frankly that they were unworthy of martyrdom. The archbishop was left alone with his chaplain Fitzstephen, Robert of Merton his old master, and Edward Grim, the stranger from Cambridge—or perhaps with Grim only, who says that he was the only one who stayed, and was the only one certainly who showed any sign of courage. A cry had been raised in the choir that armed men were breaking into the cathedral. The vespers ceased; the few monks assembled left their seats and rushed to the edge of the transept, looking wildly into the darkness.

The archbishop was on the fourth step beyond the central pillar ascending into the choir when the knights came in. The outline of his figure may have been just visible to them, if light

fell upon it from candles in the lady chapel. Fitzurse passed to the right of the pillar, De Morville, Tracy, and Le Breton to the left. Robert de Broc and Hugh Mauclerc, an apostate priest, remained at the door by which they entered. A voice cried 'Where is the traitor? Where is Thomas Becket?' There was silence; such a name could not be acknowledged. 'Where is the archbishop?' Fitzurse shouted. 'I am here,' the archbishop replied, descending the steps, and meeting the knights full in the face. 'What do you want with me? I am not afraid of your swords. I will not do what is unjust.'

The knights closed round him. 'Absolve the persons whom you have excommunicated,' they said, 'and take off the suspensions.'

'They have made no satisfaction,' he answered; 'I will not.'

'Then you shall die as you have deserved,' they said.

They had not meant to kill him—certainly not at that time and in that place. One of them touched him on the shoulder with the flat of his sword, and hissed in his ears, 'Fly, or you are a dead man.' There was still time; with a few steps he would have been lost in the gloom of the cathedral, and could have concealed himself in any one of a hundred hiding-places. But he was careless of life, and he felt that his time was come. 'I am ready to die,' he said. 'May the Church through my blood obtain peace and liberty! I charge you in the name of God that you hurt no one here but me.' The people from the town were now pouring into the cathedral; De Morville was keeping them back with difficulty at the head of the steps from the choir, and there was danger of a rescue. Fitzurse seized hold of the archbishop, meaning to drag him off as a prisoner. He had been calm so far; his pride rose at the indignity of an arrest. 'Touch me not, Reginald!' he said, wrenching his cloak out of Fitzurse's grasp. 'Off, thou pander, thou!' Le Breton and Fitzurse grasped him again, and tried to force him upon Tracy's back. He grappled with Tracy and flung him to the ground, and then

stood with his back against the pillar, Edward Grim supporting him. He reproached Fitzurse for ingratitude for past kindness; Fitzurse whispered to him again to fly. 'I will not fly,' he said, and then Fitzurse swept his sword over him and dashed off his cap. Tracy, rising from the pavement, struck direct at his head. Grim raised his arm and caught the blow. The arm fell broken, and the one friend found faithful sank back disabled against the wall. The sword, with its remaining force, wounded the archbishop above the forehead, and the blood trickled down his face. Standing firmly with his hands clasped, he bent his neck for the death-stroke, saying in a low voice, 'I am prepared to die for Christ and for His Church.' These were his last words. Tracy again struck him. He fell forward upon his knees and hands. In that position Le Breton dealt him a blow which severed the scalp from the head and broke the sword against the stone, saying, 'Take that for my Lord William.' De Broc or Mauclerc—the needless ferocity was attributed to both of them—strode forward from the cloister door, set his foot on the neck of the dead lion, and spread the brains upon the pavement with his sword's point. 'We may go,' he said; 'the traitor is dead, and will trouble us no more.'



PART III
INTIMATE HISTORY



PLINY THE YOUNGER

About 61-115

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS¹

[From the *Letters of the Younger Pliny*, Book VI, Nos. 16 and 20. The translation is by John B. Firth.

In the year of the eruption, A. D. 79, Pliny was with his uncle, Pliny the Elder, author of the *Natural History*, assisting him in literary work.]

I. TO TACITUS

You ask me to send you an account of my uncle's death, so that you may be able to give posterity an accurate description of it. I am much obliged to you, for I can see that the immortality of his fame is well assured, if you take in hand to write of it. For although he perished in a disaster which devastated some of the fairest regions of the land, and though he is sure of eternal remembrance like the peoples and cities that fell with him in that memorable calamity, though too he had written a large number of works of lasting value, yet the undying fame of which your writings are assured will secure for his a still further lease of life. For my own part, I think that those people are highly favoured by Providence who are capable either of performing deeds worthy of the historian's pen or of writing histories worthy of being read, but that they are peculiarly favoured who can do both. Among the latter I may class my uncle, thanks to his own writings and to yours. So I am all the more ready to fulfil your injunctions, nay, I am even prepared to beg to be allowed to undertake them.

My uncle was stationed at Misenum, where he was in active command of the fleet, with full powers. On the 23rd of August,

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about the seventh hour, my mother drew his attention to the fact that a cloud of unusual size and shape had made its appearance. He had taken his sun bath, followed by a cold one, and after a light meal he was lying down and reading. Yet he called for his sandals, and climbed up to a spot from which he could command a good view of the curious phenomenon. Those who were looking at the cloud from some distance could not make out from which mountain it was rising—it was afterwards discovered to have been Mount Vesuvius—but in likeness and form it more closely resembled a pine-tree than anything else, for what corresponded to the trunk was of great length and height, and then spread out into a number of branches, the reason being, I imagine, that while the vapour was fresh, the cloud was borne upwards, but when the vapour became wasted, it lost its motion, or even became dissipated by its own weight, and spread out laterally. At times it looked white, and at other times dirty and spotted, according to the quantity of earth and cinders that were shot up.

To a man of my uncle's learning, the phenomenon appeared one of great importance, which deserved a closer study. He ordered a Liburnian galley to be got ready, and offered to take me with him, if I desired to accompany him, but I replied that I preferred to go on with my studies, and it so happened that he had assigned me some writing to do. He was just leaving the house when he received a written message from Rectina, the wife of Tascus, who was terrified at the peril threatening her—for her villa lay just beneath the mountain, and there were no means of escape save by shipboard—begging him to save her from her perilous position. So he changed his plans, and carried out with the greatest fortitude the ideas which had occurred to him as a student.

He had the galleys launched and went on board himself, in the hope of succouring, not only Rectina, but many others, for there were a number of people living along the shore owing to its

delightful situation. He hastened, therefore, towards the place whence others were flying, and steering a direct course, kept the helm straight for the point of danger, so utterly devoid of fear that every movement of the looming portent and every change in its appearance he described and had noted down by his secretary, as soon as his eyes detected it. Already ashes were beginning to fall upon the ships, hotter and in thicker showers as they approached more nearly, with pumice-stones and black flints, charred and cracked by the heat of the flames, while their way was barred by the sudden shoaling of the sea bottom and the litter of the mountain on the shore. He hesitated for a moment whether to turn back, and then, when the helmsman warned him to do so, he exclaimed, "Fortune favours the bold; try to reach Pomponianus." The latter was at Stabiæ, separated by the whole width of the bay, for the sea there pours in upon a gently rounded and curving shore. Although the danger was not yet close upon him, it was none the less clearly seen, and it travelled quickly as it came nearer, so Pomponianus had got his baggage together on shipboard, and had determined upon flight, and was waiting for the wind which was blowing on shore to fall. My uncle sailed in with the wind fair behind him, and embraced Pomponianus, who was in a state of fright, comforting and cheering him at the same time. Then in order to calm his friend's fears by showing how composed he was himself, he ordered the servants to carry him to the bath, and, after his ablutions, he sat down and had dinner in the best of spirits, or with that assumption of good spirits which is quite as remarkable as the reality.

In the meantime broad sheets of flame, which rose high in the air, were breaking out in a number of places on Mount Vesuvius and lighting up the sky, and the glare and brightness seemed all the more striking owing to the darkness of the night. My uncle, in order to allay the fear of his companions, kept declaring that the country people in their terror had left their fires burning, and that the conflagration they saw arose from the blazing and empty

villas. Then he betook himself to rest and enjoyed a very deep sleep, for his breathing, which, owing to his bulk, was rather heavy and loud, was heard by those who were waiting at the door of his chamber. But by this time the courtyard leading to the room he occupied was so full of ashes and pumice-stones mingled together, and covered to such a depth, that if he had delayed any longer in the bed chamber there would have been no means of escape. So my uncle was aroused, and came out and joined Pomponianus and the rest who had been keeping watch. They held a consultation whether they should remain indoors or wander forth in the open; for the buildings were beginning to shake with the repeated and intensely severe shocks of earthquake, and seemed to be rocking to and fro as though they had been torn from their foundations. Outside again there was danger to be apprehended from the pumice-stones, though these were light and nearly burnt through, and thus, after weighing the two perils, the latter course was determined upon. With my uncle it was a choice of reasons which prevailed, with the rest a choice of fears.

They placed pillows on their heads and secured them with napkins, as a precaution against the falling bodies. Elsewhere the day had dawned by this time, but there it was still night, and the darkness was blacker and thicker than any ordinary night. This, however, they relieved as best they could by a number of torches and other kinds of lights. They decided to make their way to the shore, and to see from the nearest point whether the sea would enable them to put out, but it was still running high and contrary. A sheet was spread on the ground, and on this my uncle lay, and twice he called for a draught of cold water, which he drank. Then the flames, and the smell of sulphur which gave warning of them, scattered the others in flight and roused him. Leaning on two slaves, he rose to his feet and immediately fell down again, owing, as I think, to his breathing being obstructed by the thickness of the fumes and congestion of the stomach, that

organ being naturally weak and narrow, and subject to inflammation. When daylight returned—which was three days after his death—his body was found untouched, uninjured, and covered, dressed just as he had been in life. The corpse suggested a person asleep rather than a dead man.

Meanwhile my mother and I were at Misenum. But that is of no consequence for the purposes of history, nor indeed did you express a wish to be told of anything except of my uncle's death. So I will say no more, except to add that I have given you a full account both of the incidents which I myself witnessed and of those narrated to me immediately afterwards, when, as a rule, one gets the truest account of what has happened. You will pick out what you think will answer your purpose best, for to write a letter is a different thing from writing a history, and to write to a friend is not like writing to all and sundry. Farewell.

II. TO TACITUS

You say that the letter which I wrote to you at your request, describing the death of my uncle, has made you anxious to know not only the terrors, but also the distress I suffered while I remained behind at Misenum. I had indeed started to tell you of these, but then broke off. Well, though my mind shudders at the recollection, I will essay the task.

After my uncle had set out I employed the remainder of the time with my studies, for I had stayed behind for that very purpose. Afterwards I had a bath, dined, and then took a brief and restless sleep. For many days previous there had been slight shocks of earthquake, which were not particularly alarming, because they are common enough in Campania. But on that night the shocks were so intense that everything round us seemed not only to be disturbed, but to be tottering to its fall. My mother rushed into my bedchamber, just as I myself was getting up in order to arouse her if she was still sleeping. We sat down in the courtyard of the house, which was of smallish

size and lay between the sea and the buildings. I don't know whether my behaviour should be called courageous or rash—for I was only in my eighteenth year—but I called for a volume of Titus Livius, and read it, as though I were perfectly at my ease, and went on making my usual extracts. Then a friend of my uncle's, who had but a little time before come to join him from Spain, on seeing my mother and myself sitting there and me reading, upbraided her for her patience and me for my indifference, but I paid no heed, and pored over my book.

It was now the first hour of the day, but the light was still faint and weak. The buildings all round us were beginning to totter, and, though we were in the open, the courtyard was so narrow that we were greatly afraid, and indeed sure of being overwhelmed by their fall. So that decided us to leave the town. We were followed by a distracted crowd, which, when in a panic, always prefers some one else's judgment to its own as the most prudent course to adopt, and when we set out these people came crowding in masses upon us, and pressed and urged us forward. We came to a halt when we had passed beyond the buildings, and underwent there many wonderful experiences and terrors. For although the ground was perfectly level, the vehicles which we had ordered to be brought with us began to sway to and fro, and though they were wedged with stones, we could not keep them still in their places. Moreover, we saw the sea drawn back upon itself, and, as it were, repelled by the quaking of the earth. The shore certainly was greatly widened, and many marine creatures were stranded on the dry sands. On the other side, the black, fearsome cloud of fiery vapour burst into long, twisting, zigzag flames and gaped asunder, the flames resembling lightning flashes, only they were of greater size. Then indeed my uncle's Spanish friend exclaimed sharply, and with an air of command, to my mother and me, "If your brother and your uncle is still alive, he will be anxious for you to save yourselves; if he is dead, I am sure he wished you to survive him. Come, why do you

hesitate to quit this place?" We replied that we could not think of looking after our own safety while we were uncertain of his. He then waited no longer, but tore away as fast as he could and got clear of danger.

Soon afterwards the cloud descended upon the earth, and covered the whole bay; it encircled Capreae and hid it from sight, and we could no longer see the promontory of Misenum. Then my mother prayed, entreated, and commanded me to fly as best I could, saying that I was young and could escape, while she was old and infirm, and would not fear to die, if only she knew that she had not been the cause of my death. I replied that I would not save myself unless I could save her too, and so, after taking tight hold of her hand, I forced her to quicken her steps. She reluctantly obeyed, accusing herself for retarding my flight. Then the ashes began to fall, but not thickly: I looked back, and a dense blackness was rolling up behind us, which spread itself over the ground and followed like a torrent. "Let us turn aside," I said, "while we can still see, lest we be thrown down in the road and trampled on in the darkness by the thronging crowd." We were considering what to do, when the blackness of night overtook us, not that of a moonless or cloudy night, but the blackness of pent-up places which never see the light. You could hear the wailing of women, the screams of little children, and the shouts of men; some were trying to find their parents, others their children, others their wives, by calling for them and recognising them by their voices alone. Some were commiserating their own lot, others that of their relatives, while some again prayed for death in sheer terror of dying. Many were lifting up their hands to the gods, but more were declaring that now there were no more gods, and that this night would last for ever, and be the end of all the world. Nor were there wanting those who added to the real perils by inventing new and false terrors, for some said that part of Misenum was in ruins and the rest in flames, and though the tale was untrue, it found ready believers.

A gleam of light now appeared, which seemed to us not so much daylight as a token of the approaching fire. The latter remained at a distance, but the darkness came on again, and the ashes once more fell thickly and heavily. We had to keep rising and shaking the latter off us, or we should have been buried by them and crushed by their weight. I might boast that not one groan or cowardly exclamation escaped my lips, despite these perils, had I not believed that I and the world were perishing together—a miserable consolation, indeed, yet one which a mortal creature finds very soothing. At length the blackness became less dense, and dissipated as it were into smoke and cloud; then came the real light of day, and the sun shone out, but as blood-red as it is wont to be at its setting. Our still trembling eyes saw that everything had been transformed, and covered with a deep layer of ashes, like snow. Making our way back to Misenum, we refreshed our bodies as best we could, and passed an anxious, troubled night, hovering between hope and fear. But our fears were uppermost, for the shocks of earthquake still continued, and several persons, driven frantic by dreadful prophecies, made sport of their own calamities and those of others. For our own part, though we had already passed through perils, and expected still more to come, we had no idea even then of leaving the town until we got news of my uncle.

You will not read these details, which are not up to the dignity of history, as though you were about to incorporate them in your writings, and if they seem to you to be hardly worth being made the subject of a letter, you must take the blame yourself, inasmuch as you insisted on having them. Farewell.

JEAN FROISSART

*About 1337-1410*THE COUNT DE FOIX AND THE CRUEL DEATH OF HIS
ONLY SON

[From *Chronicles of England, France, Spain, and the Adjoining Countries*, translated by Thomas Johnes of Hafod (1803-1805).]

In such manner did the count de Foix live. When he quitted his chamber at midnight for supper, twelve servants bore each a large lighted torch before him, which were placed near his table and gave a brilliant light to the apartment. The hall was full of knights and squires; and there were plenty of tables laid out for any person who chose to sup. No one spoke to him at his table, unless he first began a conversation. He commonly ate heartily of poultry, but only the wings and thighs; for in the daytime he neither ate nor drank much. He had great pleasure in hearing minstrels, as he himself was a proficient in the science, and made his secretaries sing songs, ballads, and roundelays. He remained at table about two hours; and was pleased when fanciful dishes were served up to him, which having seen, he immediately sent them to the tables of his knights and squires.

In short, everything considered, though I had before been in several courts of kings, dukes, princes, counts, and noble ladies, I was never at one which pleased me more, nor was I ever more delighted with feats of arms, than at this of the count de Foix. There were knights and squires to be seen in every chamber, hall, and court, going backwards and forwards, and conversing on arms and amours. Everything honourable was there to be found. All intelligence from distant countries was there to be learnt; for the gallantry of the count had brought visitors from all parts of the world. It was there I was informed of the greater part of those events which had happened in Spain, Portugal, Arragon, Navarre, England, Scotland, and on the borders of Languedoc;

for I saw, during my residence, knights and squires arrive from every nation. I therefore made inquiries from them, or from the count himself, who cheerfully conversed with me.

I was very anxious to know, seeing the hotel of the count so spacious and so amply supplied, what was become of his son Gaston, and by what accident he had died, for sir Espaign du Lyon would never satisfy my curiosity. I made so many inquiries, that at last an old and intelligent squire informed me. He thus began his tale:—

“It is well known that the count and countess de Foix are not on good terms with each other, nor have they been so for a long time. This dissension arose from the king of Navarre, who is the lady’s brother. The king of Navarre had offered to pledge himself for the lord d’Albreth, whom the count de Foix held in prison, in the sum of fifty thousand francs. The count de Foix, knowing the king of Navarre to be crafty and faithless, would not accept his security, which piqued the countess, and raised her indignation against her husband: she said, ‘My lord, you show but little confidence in the honour of my brother, the king of Navarre, when you will not trust him for fifty thousand francs: if you never gain more from the Armagnacs and Labrissiens than you have done, you ought to be contented: you know that you are to assign over my dower, which amounts to fifty thousand francs, into the hands of my brother: therefore you cannot run any risk for the repayment.’ ‘Lady, you say truly,’ replied the count; ‘but, if I thought the king of Navarre would stop the payment for that cause, the lord d’Albreth should never leave Orthès until he had paid me the utmost farthing. Since, however, you entreat it, it shall be done, not out of love to you, but out of affection to my son.’ Upon this, and from the assurance of the king of Navarre, who acknowledged himself debtor to the count de Foix, the lord d’Albreth recovered his liberty; he turned to the French interest, and married the sister of the duke of Bourbon. He paid, at his convenience, to the king of Navarre the sum of fifty

thousand francs, according to his obligation; but that king never repaid them to the count de Foix.

“The count on this said to his wife, ‘Lady, you must go to your brother in Navarre, and tell him that I am very ill satisfied with him for withholding from me the sum he has received on my account.’ The lady replied, she would cheerfully go thither, and set out from Orthès with her attendants. On her arrival at Pampeluna, her brother, the king of Navarre, received her with much joy. The lady punctually delivered her message, which when the king had heard, he replied, ‘My fair sister, the money is yours, as your dower from the count de Foix; and, since I have possession of it, it shall never go out of the kingdom of Navarre.’ ‘Ah, my lord,’ replied the lady, ‘you will by this create a great hatred between the count de Foix and me; and, if you persist in this resolution, I shall never dare return, for my lord will put me to death for having deceived him.’ ‘I cannot say,’ answered the king, who was unwilling to let such a sum go out of his hands, ‘how you should act, whether to remain or return; but as I have possession of the money, and it is my right to keep it for you, it shall never leave Navarre.’

“The countess de Foix, not being able to obtain any other answer, remained in Navarre, not daring to return home. The count de Foix, perceiving the malice of the king of Navarre, began to detest his wife, though she was no way to blame, for not returning after she had delivered his message. In truth, she was afraid; for she knew her husband to be cruel when displeased with any one. Thus things remained. Gaston, the son of my lord, grew up and became a fine young gentleman. He was married to the daughter of the count d’Armagnac, sister to the present count and to sir Bernard d’Armagnac; and by this union peace was ensured between Foix and Armagnac. The youth might be about fifteen or sixteen years old: he was a very handsome figure, and the exact resemblance to his father in his whole form.

“He took it into his head to make a journey into Navarre, to visit his mother and uncle; but it was an unfortunate journey for him and for this country. On his arrival in Navarre, he was splendidly entertained: and he stayed some time with his mother. On taking leave, he could not prevail on her, notwithstanding his remonstrances and entreaties, to accompany him back; for, the lady having asked if the count de Foix his father had ordered him to bring her back, he replied, that when he set out, no such orders had been given, which caused her to fear trusting herself with him. She therefore remained, and the heir of Foix went to Pampeluna to take leave of his uncle. The king entertained him well, and detained him upwards of ten days: on his departure he made him handsome presents, and did the same by his attendants. The last gift the king gave him was the cause of his death, and I will tell you how it happened. As the youth was on the point of setting out, the king took him privately into his chamber, and gave him a bag full of powder, which was of such pernicious quality as would cause the death of any one that ate of it. ‘Gaston, my fair nephew,’ said the king, ‘will you do what I am about to tell you? You see how unjustly the count de Foix hates your mother, who being my sister, it displeases me as much as it should you. If you wish to reconcile your father to your mother, you must take a small pinch of this powder, and when you see a proper opportunity, strew it over the meat destined for your father’s table; but take care no one sees you. The instant he shall have tasted it, he will be impatient for his wife, your mother, to return to him; and they will love each other henceforward so strongly they will never again be separated. You ought to be anxious to see this accomplished. Do not tell it to any one: for, if you do, it will lose its effect.’ The youth, who believed everything his uncle the king of Navarre had told him, replied, he would cheerfully do as he had said; and on this he departed from Pampeluna, on his return to Orthès. His father, the count de Foix, received him with pleasure, and asked what

was the news in Navarre, and what presents and jewels had been given him; he replied, 'Very handsome ones,' and showed them all, except the bag which contained the powder.

"It was customary, in the hotel de Foix, for Gaston and his bastard brother Evan to sleep in the same chamber: they mutually loved each other and were dressed alike, for they were nearly of the same size and age. It fell out, that their clothes were once mixed together; and, the coat of Gaston being on the bed, Evan, who was malicious enough, noticing the powder in the bag, said to Gaston, 'What is this that you wear every day on your breast?' Gaston was not pleased at the question, and replied, 'Give me back my coat, Evan; you have nothing to do with it.' Evan flung him his coat, which Gaston put on, but was very pensive the whole day. Three days after, as if God was desirous of saving the life of the count de Foix, Gaston quarrelled with Evan at tennis, and gave him a box on the ear. The boy was vexed at this, and ran crying to the apartment of the count, who had just heard mass. The count, on seeing him in tears, asked what was the matter. 'In God's name, my lord,' replied Evan, 'Gaston has beaten me, but he deserves beating much more than I do.' 'For what reason?' said the count, who began to have some suspicions. 'On my faith,' said Evan, 'ever since his return from Navarre, he wears on his breast a bag of powder: I know not of what use it can be of, nor what he intends to do with it; except that he has once or twice told me, his mother would soon return hither, and be more in your good graces than ever she was.' 'Ho,' said the count, 'hold thy tongue, and be sure thou do not mention what thou hast just told me to any man breathing.' 'My lord,' replied the youth, 'I will obey you.'

"The count de Foix was very thoughtful on this subject, and remained alone until dinner-time, when he rose up, and seated himself as usual at his table in the hall. His son Gaston always placed the dishes before him, and tasted the meats. As soon as he had served the first dish, and done what was usual, the count

cast his eyes on him, having formed his plan, and saw the strings of the bag hanging from his pour-point. This sight made his blood boil, and he said, 'Gaston, come hither: I want to whisper you something.' The youth advanced to the table, when the count, opening his bosom, undid his pour-point, and with his knife cut away the bag. The young man was thunderstruck, and said not a word, but turned pale with fear, and began to tremble exceedingly, for he was conscious he had done wrong. The count opened the bag, took some of the powder, which he strewed over a slice of bread, and, calling a dog to him, gave it him to eat. The instant the dog had eaten a morsel his eyes rolled round in his head, and he died.

"The count on this was very wroth, and indeed had reason: rising from table, he would have struck his son with a knife; but the knights and squires rushed in between them, saying, 'For God's sake, my lord, do not be too hasty, but make further inquiries before you do any ill to your son.' The first words the count uttered were in Gascon; 'Ho, Gaston, thou traitor! for thee, and to increase thy inheritance which would have come to thee, have I made war, and incurred the hatred of the kings of France, England, Spain, Navarre, and Arragon, and have borne myself gallantly against them, and thou wishest to murder me! Thy disposition must be infamously bad: know therefore thou shalt die with this blow.' And leaping over the table with a knife in his hand, he would have slain him: but the knights and squires again interfered, and on their knees said to him with tears, 'Ah, ah! my lord, for Heaven's sake, do not kill Gaston: you have no other child. Let him be confined and inquire further into the business. Perhaps he was ignorant what was in the bag, and may therefore be blameless.' 'Well,' replied the count, 'let him be confined in the dungeon, but so safely guarded that he may be forthcoming.' The youth was therefore confined in this tower. The count had many of those who served his son arrested, but not all; for several escaped out of the country: in particular, the bishop

of Lescar, who was much suspected, as were several others. He put to death not less than fifteen, after they had suffered the torture: and the reason he gave was, that it was impossible but they must have been acquainted with the secrets of his son, and they ought to have informed him by saying, 'My lord, Gaston wears constantly on his breast a bag of such and such a form.' This they did not do, and suffered a terrible death for it; which was a pity, for there were not in all Gascony such handsome or well-appointed squires. The household of the count de Foix was always splendidly established.

"This business went to the heart of the count, as he plainly showed; for he assembled at Orthès all the nobles and prelates of Foix and Béarn, and others the principal persons of the country. When they were met, he informed them of the cause of his calling them together, and told them how culpable he had found Gaston; insomuch that it was his intention he should be put to death, as he thought him deserving of it. They unanimously replied to this speech, 'My lord, saving your grace's favour, we will not that Gaston be put to death: he is your heir and you have none other.' When the count thus heard his subjects declare their sentiments in favour of his son, he hesitated, and thought he might sufficiently chastise him by two or three months' confinement, when he would send him on his travels for a few years until his ill-conduct should be forgotten, and he feel grateful for the lenity of his punishment. He therefore dissolved the meeting; but those of Foix would not quit Orthès until the count had assured them Gaston should not be put to death, so great was their affection to him. He complied with their request, but said he would keep him some time in prison. On this promise, those who had been assembled departed, and Gaston remained a prisoner in Orthès. News of this was spread far and near, and reached pope Gregory XI., who resided at Avignon: he sent instantly the cardinal of Amiens, as his legate, to Béarn, to accommodate this affair; but he had scarcely travelled as far as

Beziers, when he heard he had no need to continue his journey, for that Gaston the son of the count de Foix was dead.

“I will tell you the cause of his death, since I have said so much on the subject. The count de Foix had caused him to be confined in a room of the dungeon where was little light: there he remained for ten days. He scarcely ate or drank anything of the food which was regularly brought to him, but threw it aside. It is said, that after his death, all the meat was found untouched, so that it is marvellous how he could have lived so long. The count would not permit any one to remain in the chamber to advise or comfort him: he therefore never put off the clothes he had on when he entered his prison. This made him melancholy and vexed him, for he did not expect so much harshness: he therefore cursed the hour he was born, and lamented that he should come to such an end. On the day of his death, those who brought him food said, ‘Gaston, here is meat for you.’ He paid not any attention to it, but said, ‘Put it down.’ The person who served him, looking about, saw all the meat untouched that he had brought thither the last days: then, shutting the door, he went to the count and said, ‘My lord, for God’s sake, look to your son: he is starving himself in his prison. I do not believe he has eaten anything since his confinement: for I see all that I have carried to him lying on one side untouched.’

“On hearing this, the count was enraged, and, without saying a word, left his apartment and went to the prison of his son. In an evil hour, he had in his hand a knife, with which he had been paring and cleaning his nails, he held it by the blade so closely that scarcely the thickness of a groat appeared of the point, when, pushing aside the tapestry that covered the entrance of the prison, through ill luck, he hit his son on a vein of his throat, as he uttered, ‘Ha, traitor, why dost not thou eat?’ and instantly left the room, without saying or doing anything more. The youth was much frightened at his father’s arrival, and withal exceedingly weak from fasting. The point of the knife, small as it was,

cut a vein, which as soon as he felt he turned himself on one side and died.

“The count had barely got back again to his apartment when the attendants of his son came and said, ‘My lord, Gaston is dead.’ ‘Dead!’ cried the count. ‘Yes, God help me! indeed he is, my lord.’ The count would not believe it, and sent one of his knights to see. The knight, on his return, confirmed the news. The count was now bitterly affected, and cried out, ‘Ha, ha, Gaston! what a sorry business has this turned out for thee and me! In an evil hour didst thou go to visit thy mother in Navarre. Never shall I again enjoy the happiness I had formerly.’ He then ordered his barber to be sent for, and was shaven quite bare: he clothed himself, as well as his whole household, in black. The body of the youth was borne, with tears and lamentations, to the church of the Augustin friars at Orthès, where it was buried. Thus have I related to you the death of Gaston de Foix: his father killed him indeed, but the king of Navarre was the cause of this sad event.”

JEAN FROISSART

About 1337-1410

EDWARD THE THIRD AND THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY¹

[From the translation by Lord Berners, published in 1523-25.

During the wars of Edward the Third the Scots laid siege to the Earl of Salisbury's Castle of Wark on the Tweed, the earl being absent, a prisoner in France in his king's cause. Edward came to the countess's rescue and raised the siege.

“The same day that the Scots had decamped from before the castle of Wark, King Edward and his whole army arrived there about mid-day, and took up their position on the ground which the Scots had

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occupied. . . . He ordered his men to take up their quarters where they were as he wished to go to the castle to see the noble dame within, whom he had never seen since her marriage. . . . The king . . . taking ten or twelve knights with him, went to the castle to salute the countess of Salisbury, and to examine what damage the attacks of the Scots had done, and the manner in which those within had defended themselves.”]

As sone as the lady knewe of the kynges comyng, she set opyn the gates and came out so richly besene, that euery man marueyled of her beauty, and coude nat cease to regard her nobleness, with her great beauty and the gracyous wordes and countenance that she made. When she came to the kyng she knelyd downe to the yerth, thankyng hym of his socours, and so ledde hym into the castell to make hym chere and honour as she that coude ryght well do it. Euery man regarded her maruelussly; the kyng hymselfe coude nat witholde his regardyng of her, for he thought that he neuer sawe before so noble nor so fayre a lady; he was stryken therwith to the hert with a spercle of fyne loue that endured long after; he thought no lady in the worlde so worthy to be beloude as she. Thus they entred into the castell hande in hande; the lady ledde hym first into the hall, and after into the chambre nobly aparelled.

The king regarded so the lady that she was abashed; at last he went to a wyndo to rest hym, and so fell into a great study. The lady went about to make chere to the lordes and knyghtes that were ther, and comaunded to dresse the hall for dyner. Whan she had al deuysed and comaunded tham she came to the kyng with a mery chere (who was in a great study), and she sayd, Dere sir, why do you study so, for, your grace nat displeased, it aparteyneth nat to you so to do; rather ye shulde make good chere and be joyfull seyng ye haue chased away your ennies who durst nat abyde you; let other men study for the remynant. Than the kyng sayd, A dere lady, knowe for trouthe that syth I entred into the castell ther is a study come to my

mynde so that I can nat chuse but to muse, nor I can nat tell what shall fall therof; put it out of my herte I can nat. A sir, quoth the lady, ye ought alwayes to make good chere to comfort therwith your peple. God hath ayded you so in your besynes and hath gyuen you so great graces, that ye be the moste douted and honoured prince in all christendome, and if the kyng of Scottes haue done you any dyspyte or damage ye may well amende it whan it shall please you, as ye haue done dyuerse tymes or this. Sir, leaue your musing and come into the hall if it please you; your dyner is all redy. A fayre lady, quoth the kyng, other thynges lyeth at my hert that ye knowe nat of, but surely your swete behauyng, the perfect wysedom, the good grace, noblenes and excellent beauty that I see in you, hath so sore surprised my hert that I can nat but loue you, and without your loue I am but deed.

Than the lady sayde, A ryght noble prince for Goddes sake mocke nor tempt me nat; I can nat beleue that it is true that ye say, nor that so noble a prince as ye be wolde thynke to dyshonour me and my lorde my husbände, who is so valyant a knyght and hath done your grace so gode seruyce and as yet lyethe in prison for your quarell. Certely sir ye shulde in this case haue but a small prayse and nothing the better therby. I had neuer as yet such a thocht in my hert, nor I trust in God, neuer shall haue for no man lyueng; if I had any suche intencyon your grace ought nat all onely to blame me, but also to punysshe my body, ye and by true iustice to be dismembred.

Therwith the lady departed fro the kyng and went into the hall to hast the dyner; than she returned agayne to the kyng and broght some of his knyghtes with her, and sayd, Sir, yf it please you to come into the hall your knyghtes abideth for you to wasshe; ye haue ben to long fastyng. Than the kyng went into the hall and wassht and sat down among his lordes and the lady also. The kyng ete but lytell, he sat styll musing, and as he durst he cast his eyen upon the lady. Of his sadnesse his knyghtes

had maruell for he was nat acustomed so to be; some thought it was because the Scotts were scaped fro hym. All that day the kyng taryed ther and wyst nat what to do. Sometime he ymagined that honour and trouth defended hym to set his hert in such a case to dyshonour such a lady and so true a knight as her husband was who had alwayes well and truely serued hym. On thother part loue so constrayned hym that the power thereof surmounted honour and trouth. Thus the kyng debated in hymself all that day and all that night.

In the mornyng he arose and dyssloged all his hoost and drewe after the Scottes to chase them out of his realme. Than he toke leaue of the lady sayeng, My dere lady to God I comende you tyll I returne agayne, requiryng you to aduyse you otherwyse than ye haue sayd to me. Noble prince, quoth the lady, God the father glorious be your conduct, and put you out of all vylayne thoughts. Sir, I am and euer shal be redy to do your grace seruyce to your honour and to myne. Therwith the kyng departed all abashed.

[“The passages quoted above, relating to the Countess of Salisbury, were translated from what M. Siméon Luce calls the ‘ordinary’ version. In a later version, represented by the MS. of Amiens, Froissart adds further details to the story. The passage is written in his best style—with his best ink, as the French would say. I ‘English’ it, inadequately, as follows.”—F. T. Marzials.]

After dinner the tables were cleared. Then the king sent my Lord Reginald Cobham and my Lord Richard Stamford to the army, and to the companions who were lodged without the castle, to know how they did, and in what condition they were, for he was minded to ride forward and pursue the Scots, and wished all the chariots and materials of war to be sent on, saying that at night he would rejoin the host. And he ordered the Earl of Pembroke to form the rear-guard with five hundred lances, and wait for him in the open country, and the rest to ride forward. The two barons did all that he had commanded them.

He himself still remained with the lady in the Castle of Salisbury [*i. e.*, belonging to the Earl of Salisbury], having good hope that before his departure she would give him a more agreeable answer than he had yet had from her. He asked that chessmen might be brought, and the lady ordered them to be brought accordingly. Then the king begged the lady to play with him, and the lady willingly consented, for she made him the best cheer that she could, as indeed she was bound to do, seeing that the king had done her an excellent service in raising the siege of her castle and driving away the Scots, of whom she stood in great peril,—and seeing also that the king was her right and natural sovereign in faith and homage. At the opening of the game of chess, the king, who wished to leave some gift of his with the lady, said to her laughingly: “Lady, what will it please you to stake upon the game?” And the lady rejoined: “And you, sire?” Then the king placed on the board a very beautiful ruby ring which he wore on his finger. But the lady said: “Sire, sire, I have no ring as rich as yours.” “Lady,” said the king, “stake such as you have. I shall not look at it so closely.”

Then the countess, to gratify the king’s wish, took from her finger a little ring of gold, which had no great value. So they played at chess together, the lady playing her best, in order that the king might not take her to be silly and ignorant; and the king dissimulating somewhat, for he did not play as well as he could. And scarcely was there any pause between the moves but the king looked at the lady so fixedly, that she was quite confused, and thus made mistakes in her play. And when the king saw that she had endangered a rook, or knight, or what not, he also made some mistake so as to restore the lady’s chances in the game.

They played till the king lost, and was at last checkmated. Whereupon the lady rose and called for wine and spices, for the king made as if he wished to leave. And the lady took her own ring, and placed it on her finger, and would fain have induced

the king to take his up also, offering it to him, and saying: "Sire, it is not fitting that in my own house I should receive aught of yours: rather should you take away something of mine." "Lady," said the king, "not so; for such has been the fortune of the game; and be assured that if I had won your ring I should have worn it." The lady was unwilling to press the king further, but she went to one of her damsels, and gave her the ring, saying, "When you see that the king has gone hence, and taken leave of me, and is about to mount his horse, then go forward, and give him back his ring, and tell him I will in no wise keep it, for it does not belong to me." The damsel answered that she would do so willingly. As this was being said, the spices and wines were brought. The king declared he would not partake of them before the lady—nor she before him;—and there was a pleasant strife between them. Finally, so as to cut the matter short, it was agreed that they should drink at the same time. After this, when the king's knights had all drunk, the king took his leave of the lady, and said out loud, so as not to seem particular in his words, "Lady, you are staying at home, and I am going to follow my enemies." The lady, at these words, bowed very low before the king. And the king took her lightly by her right hand, and pressed it a little, somewhat overmuch in sooth, as a sign of love. And the king looked, and saw that the knights and damsels were busy taking leave of one another, so he went forward again to speak as it were but two or three words more. "My dear lady, may God have you in His keeping till I come again, and I pray you to consider and to be better advised in what you have said to me." "Dear lord," rejoined the lady, "may the Father Almighty lead you, and keep you from all foul and dishonourable thoughts; for I am, and always shall be, minded and advised to serve you in what may be for your honour and mine."

Then the king left the apartments, as did the lady also,—who accompanied him to the court where his palfrey stood. The king said he would not mount his horse as long as the lady

remained there. So, to cut the matter short, the countess took, for that time, final leave of the king and of his knights, and retired into her apartments with her damsels. And as the king was preparing to mount, the damsel who had been so instructed by her lady, came to the king, and knelt before him;—and when the king saw it, he raised her very quickly, thinking she wished to speak to him to other purpose than she actually did. “My lord,” she said, “here is your ring, which my lady sends back to you, humbly praying that you will not take it ill if she cannot consent to keep it by her. You have done so much for her in other manners, that she is bound, she says, to be always your servant.” The king, hearing the damsel, and seeing his ring in her hand, and understanding how determined was the countess to be excused, stood all astonished. Nevertheless, so that he might have his wish, and so that the ring might remain there, as he had determined with himself, he answered briefly, for it was no occasion for long speech, “Damsel, since it does not please your lady to keep the small stake she won of me, let it remain with you.” So speaking he mounted his palfrey, and issued from the castle, and rode into the open country with his knights, and found the Earl of Pembroke waiting for him with about five hundred lances. . . . The damsel above mentioned going back to her lady, repeated the king’s answer, and wished to return the golden ring which the king had lost at chess. But the lady would in nowise consent, and said that she had no claim to it, and that as the king had given it to the damsel, so she might make her profit of it. Thus the king’s ring remained with the damsel.

BENVENUTO CELLINI

1500-1571

ESCAPE FROM ST. ANGELO¹

[From Miss Anne Macdonnell's translation of the *Vita di Benvenuto Cellini* (sections CVII-CX), 1903.

Benvenuto, a soldier, roisterer, braggart, and homicide, and also a great sculptor and designer, was attached to the service of Clement the Seventh as the Pope's jeweller. In 1527, during the French invasion, Benvenuto had defended the Castle St. Angelo ably and bravely, killing the Constable de Bourbon with a cannon shot fired by his own hand. Ten years later, on his return to Rome from a visit to the court of Francis the First, he was imprisoned in the very castle by order of Paul the Third, on the false charge of having stolen at the time of the siege the jewels of the pontifical tiara.]

The castellan was every year the victim of a certain infirmity which bereft him of his wits. When it was coming on, he would speak, or rather he would chatter without stopping. These humours of his varied every year. One time he thought he was an oil jar; another time a frog, and then he jumped just like one. Again he thought he was dead, and he had to be buried. Thus each year he had a different delusion. Now this time he began to imagine that he was a bat; and when he went for a walk, he would every now and then give a low scream as bats do, and flutter his hands and his body as if he were going to fly. When his doctors and his old servants saw the malady upon him, they indulged him in every possible way; and since it seemed to them he took great pleasure in hearing me talk, they were always fetching me to keep him company. And the poor man sometimes kept me four or five hours talking to him the whole time. He had me sit opposite him at table, and he never stopped talking and making me talk. In spite of all this conversation I ate well; but he, poor man, neither ate nor slept. Now all this tired me

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out, so that I was at the end of my forces. And sometimes when I looked at him, his eyes were terrible to see, one turning one way and one the other.

One day he asked me if I had ever had a fancy to fly. I answered that I had always been most eager to do, and had done, such things as come hardest to men; and as for flying, the God of Nature had given me a body more than usually agile and fit for running and leaping; and so by the aid of what little wits I possessed, I could manage some kind of mechanical contrivance; and certainly I did not want courage for the attempt. Then he began to ask me what methods I should use; to which I answered, that if we observed the flying creatures, the one whose natural powers could best be imitated by art was the bat. When the poor man heard that name of bat, the mimicry of which was the form his mania took that year, he cried with a loud voice saying, "He speaks the truth, he speaks the truth! That's the thing—the very thing!" Then turning to me, he said, "Benvenuto, if you had the chance, would you have the courage to fly?" Thereupon I said that, if he would give me my liberty, I had pluck enough to fly as far as Prati, and would make myself a pair of wings out of waxed linen for the purpose. Then he answered, "And I, too, should not be behindhand; but the Pope has commanded me to look after you as the apple of his eye; and I know you are a clever enough devil to make your escape. Therefore I am going to lock you up with a hundred keys, so that you don't make off."

I entreated him, reminding him how I had had opportunities of escape, but that, for the sake of the word I had given him, I had never broken faith. Then I begged him, for the love of God, not to add a greater misery to what I was now suffering. But even while I was speaking, he gave strict orders for me to be bound and taken to my prison, and there securely locked up. Seeing there was no help for it, I said to him, in the presence of his household, "Make fast your locks and watch me well,

for I shall get out of here one way or another." Then they led me off, and shut me up with the greatest care.

From that moment I set to thinking about the best means of escape. As soon as they had shut the door on me, I went about examining the prison where I lay. When I believed I had certainly found a way of getting out, I began to devise a means of climbing down from the high castle keep. Then I took those new sheets of mine, which, as I have already said, I had torn into strips and well sewn together, and calculated what length would serve me to climb down by.

When I had made up my mind about this, and prepared everything, I laid my hands on a pair of pincers, which I had stolen from a Savoyard warder of the castle. This man looked after the barrels and the cisterns; and he also worked at carpentering for his pleasure. Now he had several pincers, and amongst them some huge solid ones. Just my affair, I thought; and I stole them, and hid them in the mattress. Then the time came for me to use the tool, and I began to try the nails of the hinges. As the door was a double one, the riveting of the nails could not be seen, so that when I tried to draw one out, it gave me the greatest trouble; but in the end I succeeded. When I had drawn out the first nail, I bethought me how I should contrive that this should not be seen. I managed it by mixing some little rusty iron filings with a little wax, getting just the very colour of those long nails I had taken out. With this I began carefully imitating the nails in the supports of the hinges; and by degrees made a waxen counterfeit for every one I drew out. I left the hinges still attached at top and bottom with some of the old nails, which, however, I only put back after they had been cut, and then only lightly, so that they just held the hinge-plates and no more.

This business gave me a deal of trouble; for the castellan dreamt each night that I had escaped, and every now and then he sent to have my prison examined. The man who came to investigate had a bum-bailiff's name, Bozza, and behaved as such.

He always brought with him another fellow called Giovanni, surnamed Pedignone. He was a soldier, and Bozza was a menial. This Giovanni never once came to my prison without insulting me. He was from Prato, where he had been an apothecary. Every evening he examined the hinges and the whole prison very carefully; and I would say to him, "Keep a good look-out on me, for I am going to slip through your hands for a certainty."

These words stirred up a furious hatred between him and me. So with the utmost care I hid up my implements, that is, the pincers, a large dagger, and other things pertaining to my plan, in my mattress, along with the strips I had made. As soon as daylight came I used to sweep my room; and though by nature I like cleanliness, I kept my place in specially good order then. When I had done my sweeping, I arranged my bed beautifully, and laid flowers on it, which I had a certain Savoyard bring me almost every morning. This was the Savoyard who had charge of the cisterns and barrels, and who worked at carpentering for his pleasure. It was from him I stole the pincers with which I picked out the nails from the hinge-plates.

Now to return to what I was saying about my bed. When Bozza and Pedignone came in, I told them they were to keep at a due distance from it, that they might not foul and spoil it. When sometimes, just to annoy me, they would touch it lightly, I would cry to them, "Oh, you dirty cowards! I'll get hold of those swords of yours, and serve you a turn that will astonish you! Do you think yourselves good enough to touch the bed of a man of my sort? No care for my own life shall hold me back, for I am sure to take yours. So leave me alone with my troubles and my tribulations, and don't add to them; otherwise, I'll let you see what a desperate man can do." All this they told to the castellan. But he expressly ordered them not to go near my bed, and to come to me without their swords; for the rest, they were to keep a sharp look-out on me.

When I was thus sure about the bed, I thought I had done everything, for therein lay what I needed most for the business. One feast night, when the castellan was feeling very ill, and his humours were at their height, he kept on saying that he was a bat; and if they heard that Benvenuto had flown away, they were to let him go, for he would overtake me, since at night-time he could certainly fly better than I. "Benvenuto," said he, "is only a sham bat, but I'm a real one. And since he's been given into my keeping, leave the business to me, for I'll come up with him." He had been in this condition for several nights, and had tired out all his servants. And I heard about it through different channels, but especially from the Savoyard, who was a friend of mine.

This feast-day evening I had made up my mind to escape at all hazards. First I prayed most devoutly to God, entreating His Divine Majesty to defend me, and aid me in my perilous enterprise. Then I prepared everything I needed for the business, working all through that night. When day was but two hours off, I removed the hinges with the greatest trouble. But the wooden frame and the bolt also resisted, so that I could not open the door, and had, therefore, to cut the wood. At last I succeeded; and then carrying the strips of linen, which I had rolled round two pieces of wood like flax on a spindle, I made my way out towards the privies of the keep. From inside I perceived two tiles on the roof, and thus I could climb up at once with the greatest ease. I was wearing at the time a white jerkin, white hosen, and a pair of buskins, into which I thrust my dagger. Taking one end of my linen rope, I tied it in the form of a stirrup round a piece of antique tile which was built into the wall, and which stuck out hardly the length of four fingers. This done, I turned my face to God, and said, "O Lord my God, defend my cause! for Thou knowest it is good; and that I help myself." Then I let myself go gently, and supporting myself by the strength of my arms, I reached the bottom.

The moon was not shining, but the sky was fair and clear. When my feet were on the ground, I regarded the great descent I had made so bravely, and went off much heartened, for I thought I was free. But it was not so; for on that side the castellan had had two very high walls built enclosing a poultry-run. This place was barred with great bolts on the other side. When I saw my way thus stopped, I was much vexed; but while walking to and fro, thinking what I should best do, I fell up against a large beam which had been covered up with straw. With great difficulty I set it up against the wall. Then by force of arm I climbed up on it to the top. But as the wall was pointed, I was not solidly enough placed there to draw the pole up after me. So I determined to use a piece of the second rope of linen, as the other I had left hanging from the keep. Well, binding it fast to the beam, I climbed down by it on the other side. This was very far from easy. I was quite worn out at the end; and, besides, I had galled the palms of my hands, so that they bled. I therefore stayed to rest a while, and bathed my hands in my own urine.

When I felt sufficiently recovered, I made my way to the last wall, which looks towards Prati. There I laid down my linen rope, intending to fix it to a battlement, and get down from the lesser height as I had done from the greater. But just at that moment I discovered that behind me was one of the sentinels on duty. Seeing here a hindrance to my plans, and knowing my life in danger, I made up my mind boldly to face the guard, who, perceiving my resolute demeanour, and that I was coming towards him with a weapon in my hand, quickened his step, and made as if to keep out of my way. I had left my ropes some way off; now I quickly turned back for them, and though I saw another sentinel, yet he appeared unwilling to see me.

When I had picked up my linen ropes, I tied them to the battlement, and let myself go. But either I thought that I had almost reached the ground, while I was still some distance off, and

let go my hands and jumped; or else my hands were too feeble to keep up the effort. At all events I fell, and in falling, I struck the back of my head, and lay there unconscious more than an hour and a half, so far as I could judge.

The day was about to break, and the fresh, cool air that comes before the rising of the sun brought me to my senses; but yet my wits were not quite clear, for I thought my head was cut off, and that I was in purgatory. Little by little my powers came back to me, and I saw that I was outside the castle, and had a sudden remembrance of all I had done. Now I felt the hurt to my head before I perceived that my leg was broken; for putting up my hands, I found them all covered with blood. But examining the place thoroughly, I came to the conclusion that the wound was not serious. When, however, I wanted to get up from the ground, I found my right leg broken three inches above the knee. But even this did not discourage me. I drew out my dagger in its sheath, at the end of which was a large ball. This it was which had broken my leg; for the bone had been jammed against the ball, and unable to bend, had snapped just there. So I threw away the sheath; and with the dagger I cut off a piece of the remainder of the linen strip, and as well as I could bound up my leg. Then, my weapon in my hand, I crept on all fours towards the gate.

I reached it only to find it shut; but I saw a stone just under the door, and as I thought it was probably not stuck very fast, I tried to move it. Putting my hands to it, I felt it move; it yielded at once, and I drew it out. Then I crawled through the hole it had stopped up.

There had been more than five hundred paces from the place where I fell, to the gate by which I entered the city. When I got inside Rome, some mastiffs threw themselves on me and bit me viciously. They set on me several times and worried me, till at last I drew my dagger and dealt one of them such a blow that

he yelped loudly. Then the other dogs, as their habit is, gathered about him, while I made haste, on hands and knees, towards the church of the Traspontina. When I reached the mouth of the street which turns towards Sant' Agnolo, I took the road to St. Peter's; for day was breaking above me, and I knew I was in danger. So meeting a water-carrier with his ass laden with full pitchers, I called him to me, and begged him to lift me up and carry me to the terrace by St. Peter's steps; explaining that I was a poor young man who, in getting down from the window of my lady, had fallen and broken my leg. The house I came out of was of great importance, I told him, and I was in danger of being cut in pieces. So I begged him to carry me off quickly, promising him a golden crown for his pains. And at the word I gave him a sight of my purse, which was by no means empty. He took hold of me at once, hoisted me on his back with a good will, and carried me to the open space above the steps of St. Peter's. There he put me down, and I told him to run back to his ass.

At once I took the road again, crawling on all fours towards the house of the Duchess, the wife of Duke Ottavio. She was the natural daughter of the Emperor, and had been the wife of Duke Alessandro of Florence. Now I knew that with this great princess I should find many of my friends, who had come with her from Florence. Besides, I was in her favour, for the castellan had spoken well of me in her presence. Wishing to help me, he had said to the Pope one day, that when the Duchess made her entry into Rome, I had saved them more than a thousand crowns. The heavy rain had threatened great damage to the city; and he had been in despair. But I had put heart into him; for, as he told, I had pointed several heavy pieces of artillery towards that part of the sky where the clouds were thickest, and from whence torrents of water had already begun to pour. When the artillery was discharged, the rain stopped, and at the fourth round the sun came out. Thus, said he, I had been the sole cause of the festa passing off so happily. When the Duchess heard it, she

said, "This Benvenuto is one of the artists who were in the good graces of my husband, Duke Alessandro; and I shall always keep them in mind when an opportunity comes to do them a good turn." She had also spoken of me to her present husband, Duke Ottavio.

So now I made straight for the house of her Excellency, a very fine palace in Borgo Vecchio. And there I should have been quite safe, and the Pope could not have touched me. But as the thing I had done was beyond the powers of an ordinary human creature, God wished to check my vainglory through a still harder discipline than I had known in the past. And this was how it came about. While I was creeping on all fours up the steps, a servant of Cardinal Cornaro's household recognised me. Now, as it happened, the Cardinal was lodging in the palace, and the servant ran to his master's room, and waking him, said, "Most reverend monsignor, your Benvenuto is below. He has escaped from the castle, and is crawling along on hands and knees, and covered with blood. It looks as if he had broken his leg, and we do not know where he is going." The Cardinal said at once, "Run and carry him into my room here." When I was brought to him, he told me to have no fear. Then he sent at once for the best doctors in Rome, and by them I was treated. One of them was Maestro Giacomo of Perugia, a most excellent surgeon. He set my leg very skilfully, then bandaged it, and with his own hand bled me. My veins were unusually swollen, and, besides, he wished to make a rather large incision; so the blood spluttered furiously out in his face, and bespattered him so abundantly that he had to stop his operations. This he took to be a very bad augury; and it was with great reluctance that he went on treating me. Several times, in truth, he would fain have left me, remembering that he was risking no slight penalty in doctoring me, or at least in continuing his attendance. The Cardinal had me put in a secret chamber, and went off at once to the palace to beg me from the Pope.

DANIEL DEFOE

1659?-1731

LONDON IN THE PLAGUE

[From *A Journal of the Plague Year*, sometimes called *A History of the Plague in London*, 1722.

In the year of the great plague, 1665, Defoe may have been six years of age. Though he reports as if he had witnessed them, he must have learned the facts at second-hand—if he did not invent them.]

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow; for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall to the stairs, which are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank, or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up. At last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man; first I asked him how people did thereabouts. "Alas, sir!" says he, "almost desolate; all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village" (pointing at Poplar), "where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick." Then he pointing to one house, "There they are all dead," said he, "and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief," says he, "ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too last night." Then he pointed to several other houses. "There," says he, "they are all dead, the man and his wife, and five children. There," says he, "they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door;" and so of other houses.

"Why," says I, "what do you here all alone?"

"Why," says he, "I am a poor, desolate man; it has pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead."

"How do you mean, then," said I, "that you are not visited?"

"Why," says he, "that 's my house" (pointing to a very little, low-boarded house), "and there my poor wife and two children live," said he, "if they may be said to live, for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them." And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

"But," said I, "why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?"

"Oh, sir," says he, "the Lord forbid! I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want"; and with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven, with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man, and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want.

"Well," says I, "honest man, that is a great mercy as things go now with the poor. But how do you live, then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?"

"Why, sir," says he, "I am a waterman, and there 's my boat," says he, "and the boat serves me for a house. I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night; and what I get I lay down upon that stone," says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; "and then," says he, "I halloo, and call to them till I make them hear; and they come and fetch it."

"Well, friend," says I, "but how can you get any money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?"

"Yes, sir," says he, "in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there," says he, "five ships lie at anchor" (pointing

down the river a good way below the town), "and do you see," says he, "eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?" (pointing above the town). "All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such-like, who have locked themselves up and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself, and, blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto."

"Well," said I, "friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this is such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?"

"Why, as to that," said he, "I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board. If I did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them."

"Nay," says I, "but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody, for the village," said I, "is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it."

"That is true," added he; "but you do not understand me right; I do not buy provisions for them here. I row up to Greenwich and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich and buy there; then I go to single farm-houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls and eggs and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here, and I came now only to call to my wife and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money, which I received last night."

"Poor man!" said I; "and how much hast thou gotten for them?"

"I have gotten four shillings," said he, "which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish and some flesh; so all helps out."

"Well," said I, "and have you given it them yet?"

"No," said he; "but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet, but in half-an-hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman!" says he, "she is brought sadly down. She has a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover; but I fear the child will die, but it is the Lord—"

Here he stopped, and wept very much.

"Well, honest friend," said I, "thou hast a sure Comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; He is dealing with us all in judgment."

"Oh, sir!" says he, "it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared, and who am I to repine!"

"Sayest thou so?" said I, "and how much less is my faith than thine?" And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was on which he stayed in the danger than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence, and a courage resting on God; and yet that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me, for, indeed, I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door and called, "Robert, Robert." He answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat and fetched up a sack, in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned he halloed again. Then he went to the great stone which he showed me and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away, and he called and said such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing, and at the

end adds, "God has sent it all; give thanks to Him." When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

"Well, but," says I to him, "did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?"

"Yes, yes," says he; "you shall hear her own it." So he calls again, "Rachel, Rachel," which, it seems, was her name, "did you take up the money?"

"Yes," said she.

"How much was it?" said he.

"Four shillings and a groat," said she.

"Well, well," says he, "the Lord keep you all"; and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance. So I called him, "Hark thee, friend," said I, "come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee;" so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before, "Here," says I, "go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me. God will never forsake a family that trust in Him as thou dost." So I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money, and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

I then asked the poor man if the distemper had not reached to Greenwich. He said it had not till about a fortnight before; but

that then he feared it had, but that it was only at that end of the town which lay south towards Deptford Bridge; that he went only to a butcher's shop and a grocer's, where he generally bought such things as they sent him for, but was very careful.

I asked him then how it came to pass that those people who had so shut themselves up in the ships had not laid in sufficient stores of all things necessary. He said some of them had, but, on the other hand, some did not come on board till they were frightened into it, and till it was too dangerous for them to go to the proper people to lay in quantities of things, and that he waited on two ships, which he showed me, that had laid in little or nothing but biscuit bread and ship beer, and that he had bought everything else almost for them. I asked him if there was any more ships that had separated themselves as those had done. He told me yes, all the way up from the point, right against Greenwich, to within the shore of Limehouse and Redriff, all the ships that could have room rid two and two in the middle of the stream, and that some of them had several families on board. I asked him if the distemper had not reached them. He said he believed it had not, except two or three ships, whose people had not been so watchful to keep the seamen from going on shore, as others had been, and he said it was a very fine sight to see how the ships lay up the Pool.

When he said he was going over to Greenwich as soon as the tide began to come in, I asked if he would let me go with him, and bring me back, for that I had a great mind to see how the ships were ranged, as he had told me. He told me, if I would assure him on the word of a Christian and of an honest man, that I had not the distemper, he would. I assured him that I had not; that it had pleased God to preserve me; that I lived in Whitechapel, but was too impatient of being so long within doors, and that I had ventured out so far for the refreshment of a little air, but that none in my house had so much as been touched with it.

“Well, sir,” says he, “as your charity has been moved to pity me and my poor family, sure you cannot have so little pity left as to put yourself into my boat if you were not sound in health, which would be nothing less than killing me, and ruining my whole family.” The poor man troubled me so much when he spoke of his family with such a sensible concern, and in such an affectionate manner, that I could not satisfy myself at first to go at all. I told him I would lay aside my curiosity rather than make him uneasy, though I was sure, and very thankful for it, that I had no more distemper upon me than the freshest man in the world. Well, he would not have me put it off neither, but, to let me see how confident he was that I was just to him, now importuned me to go; so when the tide came up to his boat I went in, and he carried me to Greenwich. While he bought the things which he had in his charge to buy, I walked up to the top of the hill under which the town stands, and on the east side of the town, to get a prospect of the river. But it was a surprising sight to see the number of ships which lay in rows, two and two, and some places two or three such lines in the breadth of the river, and this not only up quite to the town, between the houses which we call Ratcliff and Redriff, which they name the Pool, but even down the whole river, as far as the head of Long Reach, which is as far as the hills give us leave to see it.

I cannot guess at the number of ships, but I think there must be several hundreds of sail; and I could not but applaud the contrivance, for ten thousand people, and more, who attended ship affairs were certainly sheltered here from the violence of the contagion, and lived very safe and very easy.

I returned to my own dwelling very well satisfied with my day's journey, and particularly with the poor man; also, I rejoiced to see that such little sanctuaries were provided for so many families in a time of such desolation. I observed also, that as the violence of the plague had increased, so the ships which had families on board removed and went farther off, till, as I was

told, some went quite away to sea, and put into such harbours and safe roads on the north coast as they could best come at.

But it was also true that all the people who thus left the land and lived on board the ships were not entirely safe from the infection, for many died and were thrown overboard into the river, some in coffins, and some, as I heard, without coffins, whose bodies were seen sometimes to drive up and down with the tide in the river.

But I believe I may venture to say that in those ships which were thus infected it either happened where the people had recourse to them too late, and did not fly to the ship till they had stayed too long on shore and had the distemper upon them, though perhaps they might not perceive it, and so the distemper did not come to them on board the ships, but they really carried it with them; or it was in these ships where the poor waterman said they had not had time to furnish themselves with provisions, but were obliged to send often on shore to buy what they had occasion for, or suffered boats to come to them from the shore. And so the distemper was brought insensibly among them.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

1706-1790

A JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA IN 1723

[From the *Autobiography*, dated 1771, first published, 1868.

Franklin had been bound an apprentice to his elder brother James, a Boston printer, and publisher of the *New England Courant*. To this journal Benjamin, though but a lad, had contributed, incognito, several pieces which had occasioned remark, and perhaps on the part of the elder brother, some jealousy.

“But my brother,” says Franklin, “was passionate, and had often beaten me, which I took extremely amiss: and thinking my apprenticeship very tedious, I was continually wishing for some opportunity of shortening it, which at length offered in a manner unexpected.”]

One of the pieces in our newspaper on some political point, which I have now forgotten, gave offense to the Assembly. He was taken up, censur'd, and imprison'd for a month, by the speaker's warrant, I suppose, because he would not discover his author. I too was taken up and examin'd before the council; but, tho' I did not give them any satisfaction, they content'd themselves with admonishing me, and dismissed me, considering me, perhaps, as an apprentice, who was bound to keep his master's secrets.

During my brother's confinement, which I resented a good deal, notwithstanding our private differences, I had the management of the paper; and I made bold to give our rulers some rubs in it, which my brother took very kindly, while others began to consider me in an unfavorable light, as a young genius that had a turn for libelling and satyr. My brother's discharge was accompany'd with an order of the House (a very odd one), that "*James Franklin should no longer print the paper called the New England Courant.*"

There was a consultation held in our printing-house among his friends, what he should do in this case. Some proposed to evade the order by changing the name of the paper; but my brother, seeing inconveniences in that, it was finally concluded on as a better way, to let it be printed for the future under the name of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; and to avoid the censure of the Assembly, that might fall on him as still printing it by his apprentice, the contrivance was that my old indenture should be return'd to me, with a full discharge on the back of it, to be shown on occasion, but to secure to him the benefit of my service, I was to sign new indentures for the remainder of the term, which were to be kept private. A very flimsy scheme it was; however, it was immediately executed, and the paper went on accordingly, under my name for several months.

At length, a fresh difference arising between my brother and me, I took upon me to assert my freedom, presuming that he would not venture to produce the new indentures. It was not

fair in me to take this advantage, and this I therefore reckon one of the first errata of my life; but the unfairness of it weighed little with me, when under the impressions of resentment for the blows his passion too often urged him to bestow upon me, though he was otherwise not an ill-natur'd man: perhaps I was too saucy and provoking.

When he found I would leave him, he took care to prevent my getting employment in any other printing-house of the town, by going round and speaking to every master, who accordingly refus'd to give me work. I then thought of going to New York, as the nearest place where there was a printer; and I was rather inclin'd to leave Boston when I reflected that I had already made myself a little obnoxious to the governing party, and, from the arbitrary proceedings of the Assembly in my brother's case, it was likely I might, if I stay'd, soon bring myself into scrapes; and farther, that my indiscrete disputations about religion began to make me pointed at with horror by good people as an infidel or atheist. I determin'd on the point, but my father now siding with my brother, I was sensible that, if I attempted to go openly, means would be used to prevent me. My friend Collins, therefore, undertook to manage a little for me. He agreed with the captain of a New York sloop for my passage, under the notion of my being a young acquaintance of his, that had got a naughty girl with child, whose friends would compel me to marry her, and therefore I could not appear or come away publicly. So I sold some of my books to raise a little money, was taken on board privately, and as we had a fair wind, in three days I found myself in New York, near 300 miles from home, a boy of but 17, without the least recommendation to, or knowledge of any person in the place, and with very little money in my pocket.

My inclinations for the sea were by this time worn out, or I might now have gratify'd them. But, having a trade, and supposing myself a pretty good workman, I offer'd my service to the printer in the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had

been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but removed from thence upon the quarrel of George Keith. He could give me no employment, having little to do, and help enough already; but says he, "My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, Aquila Rose, by death; if you go thither, I believe he may employ you." Philadelphia was a hundred miles further; I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

In crossing the bay, we met with a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, prevented our getting into the Kill, and drove us upon Long Island. In our way, a drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger too, fell overboard; when he was sinking, I reached through the water to his shock pate, and drew him up, so that we got him in again. His ducking sobered him a little, and he went to sleep, taking first out of his pocket a book, which he desir'd I would dry for him. It proved to be my old favorite author, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in Dutch, finely printed on good paper, with copper cuts, a dress better than I had ever seen it wear in its own language. I have since found that it has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and suppose it has been more generally read than any other book, except perhaps the Bible. Honest John was the first that I know of who mix'd narration and dialogue; a method of writing very engaging to the reader, who in the most interesting parts finds himself, as it were, brought into the company and present at the discourse. De Foe in his *Cruso*, his *Moll Flanders*, *Religious Courtship*, *Family Instructor*, and other pieces, has imitated it with success; and Richardson has done the same in his *Pamela*, etc.

When we drew near the island, we found it was at a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surff on the stony beach. So we dropt anchor, and swung round towards the shore. Some people came down to the water edge and hallow'd to us, as we did to them; but the wind was so high, and the surff so loud, that we could not hear so as to understand each other.

There were canoes on the shore, and we made signs, and hallow'd that they should fetch us; but they either did not understand us, or thought it impracticable, so they went away, and night coming on, we had no remedy but to wait till the wind should abate; and, in the mean time, the boatman and I concluded to sleep, if we could; and so crowded into the scuttle, with the Dutchman, who was still wet, and the spray beating over the head of our boat, leak'd thro' to us, so that we were soon almost as wet as he. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest; but, the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without victuals, or any drink but a bottle of filthy rum, and the water we sail'd on being salt.

In the evening I found myself very feverish, and went into bed; but, having read somewhere that cold water drank plentifully was good for a fever, I follow'd the prescription, sweat plentiful most of the night, my fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soak'd, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopt at a poor inn, where I staid all night, beginning now to wish that I had never left home. I cut so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions ask'd me, I was suspected to be some runaway servant, and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded the next day, and got in the evening to an inn, within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some refreshment, and, finding I had read a little, became very sociable and friendly. Our acquaintance continu'd as long as he liv'd. He had been, I imagine, an itinerant doctor, for there was no town in England, or country in Europe, of which he could not give a very particular account. He had some letters, and was

ingenious, but much of an unbeliever, and wickedly undertook, some years after, to travestie the Bible in doggrel verse, as Cotton had done Virgil. By this means he set many of the facts in a very ridiculous light, and might have hurt weak minds if his work had been published; but it never was.

At his house I lay that night, and the next morning reach'd Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before my coming, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday; wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought gingerbread to eat on the water, and ask'd her advice. She invited me to lodge at her house till a passage by water should offer; and being tired with my foot travelling, I accepted the invitation. She understanding I was a printer, would have had me stay at that town and follow my business, being ignorant of the stock necessary to begin with. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of ox-cheek with great good will, accepting only of a pot of ale in return; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going towards Philadelphia, with several people in her. They took me in, and, as there was no wind, we row'd all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it, and would row no farther; the others knew not where we were; so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arriv'd there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, and landed at the Market-street wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the

figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuff'd out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with travelling, rowing, and want of rest, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refus'd it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps thro' fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second-street, and ask'd for bisket, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bad him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surpriz'd at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walk'd off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market-street as far as Fourth-street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut-street and part of Walnut-street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market-street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy thro' labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

Walking down again toward the river, and, looking in the faces of people, I met a young Quaker man, whose countenance I lik'd, and, accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," says he, "is one place that entertains strangers, but it is not a reputable house; if thee wilt walk with me, I'll show thee a better." He brought me to the Crooked Billet in Water-street. Here I got a dinner; and, while I was eating it, several sly questions were asked me, as it seemed to be suspected from my youth and appearance, that I might be some runaway.

After dinner, my sleepiness return'd, and being shown to a bed, I lay down without undressing, and slept till six in the evening, was call'd to supper, went to bed again very early, and slept soundly till next morning. Then I made myself as tidy as I could, and went to Andrew Bradford the printer's. I found in the shop the old man his father, whom I had seen at New York, and who, travelling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me. He introduc'd me to his son, who receiv'd me civilly, gave me a breakfast, but told me he did not at present want a hand, being lately suppli'd with one; but there was another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who, perhaps, might employ me; if not, I should be welcome to lodge at his house, and he would give me a little work to do now and then till fuller business should offer.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

1785-1859

EARLY HARSHIPS

[From *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, the text adapted from that of the original edition in the London Magazine, 1821.

The body of this selection (from Part I—"Preliminary Confessions") tells of youthful experiences resulting in physical weakness and disease which in their turn brought on the opium habit. The last section (from Part II—"The Pains of Opium") brings back in an opium dream images of the early days.]

I

My father died, when I was about seven years old, and left me to the care of four guardians. I was sent to various schools, great and small; and was very early distinguished for my classical attainments, especially for my knowledge of Greek. At thirteen, I wrote Greek with ease; and at fifteen my command of that language was so great, that I not only composed Greek verses in lyric metres, but could converse in Greek fluently and without embarrassment—an accomplishment which I have not since met with in any scholar of my times, and which, in my case, was owing to the practice of daily reading off the newspapers into the best Greek I could furnish *extempore*: for the necessity of ransacking my memory and invention for all sorts and combinations of periphrastic expressions as equivalents for modern ideas, images, relations of things, &c. gave me a compass of diction which would never have been called out by a dull translation of moral essays, &c. "That boy," said one of my masters, pointing the attention of a stranger to me, "that boy could harangue an Athenian mob, better than you and I could address an English one."

He who honoured me with this eulogy, was a scholar, "and a ripe and a good one": and of all my tutors, was the only one whom I loved or revered. Unfortunately for me (and, as

I afterwards learned, to this worthy man's great indignation), I was transferred to the care, first of a blockhead, who was in a perpetual panic, lest I should expose his ignorance; and finally, to that of a respectable scholar, at the head of a great school on an ancient foundation. This man had been appointed to his situation by [Brasenose] College, Oxford; and was a sound, well-built scholar, but (like most men, whom I have known from that college) coarse, clumsy, and inelegant. A miserable contrast he presented, in my eyes, to the Etonian brilliancy of my favourite master: and besides, he could not disguise from my hourly notice, the poverty and meagreness of his understanding. It is a bad thing for a boy to be, and to know himself, far beyond his tutors, whether in knowledge or in power of mind. This was the case, so far as regarded knowledge at least, not with myself only: for the two boys, who jointly with myself composed the first form, were better Grecians than the head-master, though not more elegant scholars, nor at all more accustomed to sacrifice to the graces. When I first entered, I remember that we read Sophocles; and it was a constant matter of triumph to us, the learned triumvirate of the first form, to see our 'Archididasculus' (as he loved to be called) conning our lessons before we went up, and laying a regular train, with lexicon and grammar, for blowing up and blasting (as it were) any difficulties he found in the choruses; whilst *we* never condescended to open our books, until the moment of going up, and were generally employed in writing epigrams upon his wig, or some such important matter.

My two class-fellows were poor, and dependent for their future prospects at the university, on the recommendation of the head-master: but I, who had a small patrimonial property, the income of which was sufficient to support me at college, wished to be sent thither immediately. I made earnest representations on the subject to my guardians, but all to no purpose. One, who was more reasonable, and had more knowledge of the world than the rest, lived at a distance: two of the other three resigned all their

authority into the hands of the fourth; and this fourth with whom I had to negotiate, was a worthy man, in his way, but haughty, obstinate, and intolerant of all opposition to his will. After a certain number of letters and personal interviews, I found that I had nothing to hope for, not even a compromise of the matter, from my guardian: unconditional submission was what he demanded: and I prepared myself, therefore, for other measures. Summer was now coming on with hasty steps, and my seventeenth birthday was fast approaching; after which day I had sworn within myself, that I would no longer be numbered amongst schoolboys. Money being what I chiefly wanted, I wrote to a woman of high rank, who, though young herself, had known me from a child, and had latterly treated me with great distinction, requesting that she would 'lend' me five guineas. For upwards of a week no answer came; and I was beginning to despond, when, at length, a servant put into my hands a double letter, with a coronet on the seal. The letter was kind and obliging: the fair writer was on the sea-coast, and in that way the delay had arisen: she enclosed double of what I had asked, and good-naturedly hinted, that if I should *never* repay her, it would not absolutely ruin her. Now then, I was prepared for my scheme: ten guineas, added to about two which I had remaining from my pocket money, seemed to me sufficient for an indefinite length of time: and at that happy age, if no *definite* boundary can be assigned to one's power, the spirit of hope and pleasure makes it virtually infinite.

It is a just remark of Dr. Johnson's (and what cannot often be said of his remarks, it is a very feeling one), that we never do anything consciously for the last time (of things, that is, which we have long been in the habit of doing) without sadness of heart. This truth I felt deeply, when I came to leave [Manchester], a place which I did not love, and where I had not been happy. On the evening before I left [Manchester] for ever, I grieved when the ancient and lofty schoolroom resounded with

the evening service, performed for the last time in my hearing; and at night, when the muster-roll of names was called over, and mine (as usual) was called first, I stepped forward, and, passing the head-master, who was standing by, I bowed to him, and looked earnestly in his face, thinking to myself, 'He is old and infirm, and in this world I shall not see him again.' I was right: I never *did* see him again, nor ever shall. He looked at me complacently, smiled goodnaturedly, returned my salutation (or rather, my valediction), and we parted (though he knew it not) for ever. I could not reverence him intellectually: but he had been uniformly kind to me, and had allowed me many indulgencies: and I grieved at the thought of the mortification I should inflict upon him.

The morning came, which was to launch me into the world, and from which my whole succeeding life has, in many important points, taken its colouring. I lodged in the head-master's house, and had been allowed, from my first entrance, the indulgence of a private room, which I used both as a sleeping room and as a study. At half after three I rose, and gazed with deep emotion at the ancient towers of [the collegiate church], 'drest in earliest light,' and beginning to crimson with the radiant lustre of a cloudless July morning. I was firm and immovable in my purpose: but yet agitated by anticipation of uncertain danger and troubles; and, if I could have foreseen the hurricane, and perfect hail-storm of affliction which soon fell upon me, well might I have been agitated. To this agitation the deep peace of the morning presented an affecting contrast, and in some degree a medicine. The silence was more profound than that of midnight: and to me the silence of a summer morning is more touching than all other silence, because, the light being broad and strong, as that of noon-day at other seasons of the year, it seems to differ from perfect day, chiefly because man is not yet abroad; and thus, the peace of nature, and of the innocent creatures of God, seems to be secure and deep, only so long as

the presence of man, and his restless and unquiet spirit, are not there to trouble its sanctity.

I dressed myself, took my hat and gloves, and lingered a little in the room. For the last year and a half this room had been my 'pensive citadel': here I had read and studied through all the hours of night: and, though true it was, that for the latter part of this time I, who was framed for love and gentle affections, had lost my gaiety and happiness, during the strife and fever of contention with my guardian; yet, on the other hand, as a boy, so passionately fond of books, and dedicated to intellectual pursuits, I could not fail to have enjoyed many happy hours in the midst of general dejection. I wept as I looked round on the chair, hearth, writing-table, and other familiar objects, knowing too certainly, that I looked upon them for the last time. Whilst I write this, it is eighteen years ago; and yet, at this moment, I see distinctly as if it were yesterday, the lineaments and expression of the object on which I fixed my parting gaze: it was a picture of the lovely——, which hung over the mantelpiece; the eyes and mouth of which were so beautiful, and the whole countenance so radiant with benignity, and divine tranquillity, that I had a thousand times laid down my pen, or my book, to gather consolation from it, as a devotee from his patron saint. Whilst I was yet gazing upon it, the deep tones of [Manchester] clock proclaimed that it was four o'clock. I went up to the picture, kissed it, and then gently walked out and closed the door for ever!

So blended and intertwined in this life are occasions of laughter and of tears, that I cannot yet recall, without smiling, an incident which occurred at that time, and which had nearly put a stop to the immediate execution of my plan. I had a trunk of immense weight; for, besides my clothes, it contained nearly all my library. The difficulty was to get this removed to a carrier's: my room was at an aerial elevation in the house, and (what was worse) the staircase, which communicated with this angle of the building, was accessible only by a gallery, which

passed the head-master's chamber door. I was a favourite with all the servants; and, knowing that any of them would screen me, and act confidentially, I communicated my embarrassment to a groom of the head-master's. The groom swore he would do anything I wished; and, when the time arrived, went up stairs to bring the trunk down. This I feared was beyond the strength of any one man: however, the groom was a man—

Of Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies;

and had a back as spacious as Salisbury plain. Accordingly he persisted in bringing down the trunk alone, whilst I stood waiting at the foot of the last flight, in anxiety for the event. For some time I heard him descending with slow and firm steps: but, unfortunately, from his trepidation, as he drew near the dangerous quarter, within a few steps of the gallery, his foot slipped; and the mighty burden falling from his shoulders, gained such increase of impetus at each step of the descent, that, on reaching the bottom, it trundled, or rather leaped, right across, with the noise of twenty devils, against the very bed-room door of the archididascalus.

My first thought was, that all was lost; and that my only chance for executing a retreat was to sacrifice my baggage. However, on reflection, I determined to abide the issue. The groom was in the utmost alarm, both on his own account and on mine: but, in spite of this, so irresistibly had the sense of the ludicrous, in this unhappy *contretems*, taken possession of his fancy, that he sang out a long, loud, and canorous peal of laughter, that might have wakened the Seven Sleepers. At the sound of this resonant merriment, within the very ears of insulted authority, I could not myself forbear joining in it: subdued to this, not so much by the unhappy *étourderie* of the trunk, as by the effect it had upon the groom. We both expected, as a matter of course, that Dr. [Lawson] would sally out of his room:

for, in general, if but a mouse stirred, he sprang out like a mastiff from his kennel. Strange to say, however, on this occasion, when the noise of laughter had ceased, no sound, or rustling even, was to be heard in the bedroom. Dr. [Lawson] had a painful complaint, which, sometimes keeping him awake, made his sleep, perhaps, when it *did* come, the deeper. Gathering courage from the silence, the groom hoisted his burden again, and accomplished the remainder of his descent without accident. I waited until I saw the trunk placed on a wheelbarrow, and on its road to the carrier's: then, 'with Providence my guide,' I set off on foot,—carrying a small parcel, with some articles of dress, under my arm; a favourite English poet in one pocket; and a small 12mo volume, containing about nine plays of Euripides, in the other.

II

It had been my intention originally to proceed to Westmoreland, both from the love I bore to that country, and on other personal accounts. Accident, however, gave a different direction to my wanderings, and I bent my steps towards North Wales.

After wandering about for some time in Denbighshire, Merionethshire, and Carnarvonshire, I took lodgings in a small neat house in B[angor]. Here I might have stayed with great comfort for many weeks; for, provisions, were cheap at B[angor], from the scarcity of other markets for the surplus produce of a wide agricultural district.

Now, my landlady had been a lady's maid, or a nurse, in the family of the Bishop of [Bangor]; and had but lately married away and 'settled' (as such people express it) for life. In a little town like B[angor], merely to have lived in the bishop's family, conferred some distinction: and my good landlady had rather more than her share of the pride I have noticed on that score. What 'my lord' said, and what 'my lord' did, how useful he was in parliament, and how indispensable at Oxford, formed the

daily burden of her talk. All this I bore very well: for I was too good-natured to laugh in anybody's face, and I could make an ample allowance for the garrulity of an old servant. Of necessity, however, I must have appeared in her eyes very inadequately impressed with the bishop's importance: and, perhaps, to punish me for my indifference, or possibly by accident, she one day repeated to me a conversation in which I was indirectly a party concerned. She had been to the palace to pay her respects to the family; and, dinner being over, was summoned into the dining-room. In giving an account of her household economy, she happened to mention, that she had let her apartments. Thereupon the good bishop (it seemed) had taken occasion to caution her as to her selection of inmates: 'for,' said he, 'you must recollect, Betty, that this place is in the high road to the Head; so that multitudes of Irish swindlers, running away from their debts into England—and of English swindlers, running away from their debts to the Isle of Man, are likely to take this place in their route.'

This advice was certainly not without reasonable grounds: but rather fitted to be stored up for Mrs. Betty's private meditations, than specially reported to me. What followed, however, was somewhat worse:—'Oh, my lord,' answered my landlady (according to her own representation of the matter), 'I really don't think this young gentleman is a swindler; because —': 'You don't *think* me a swindler?' said I, interrupting her, in a tumult of indignation: 'for the future I shall spare you the trouble of thinking about it.' And without delay I prepared for my departure. Some concessions the good woman seemed disposed to make: but a harsh and contemptuous expression, which I fear that I applied to the learned dignitary himself, roused *her* indignation in turn: and reconciliation then became impossible. I was, indeed, greatly irritated at the bishop's having suggested any grounds of suspicion, however remotely, against a person whom he had never seen: and I

thought of letting him know my mind in Greek: which, at the same time that it would furnish some presumption that I was no swindler, would also (I hoped) compel the bishop to reply in the same language; in which case, I doubted not to make it appear, that if I was not so rich as his lordship, I was a far better Grecian. Calmer thoughts, however, drove this boyish design out of my mind: for I considered, that the bishop was in the right to counsel an old servant; that he could not have designed that his advice should be reported to me; and that the same coarseness of mind, which had led Mrs. Betty to repeat the advice at all, might have coloured it in a way more agreeable to her own style of thinking, than to the actual expressions of the worthy bishop.

I left the lodgings the very same hour; and this turned out a very unfortunate occurrence for me: because, living henceforward at inns, I was drained of my money very rapidly. In a fortnight I was reduced to short allowance; that is, I could allow myself only one meal a-day. From the keen appetite produced by constant exercise, and mountain air, acting on a youthful stomach, I soon began to suffer greatly on this slender regimen; for the single meal, which I could venture to order, was coffee or tea. Even this, however, was at length withdrawn: and afterwards, so long as I remained in Wales, I subsisted either on blackberries, hips, haws, &c. or on the casual hospitalities which I now and then received, in return for such little services as I had an opportunity of rendering. Sometimes I wrote letters of business for cottagers, who happened to have relatives in Liverpool, or in London: more often I wrote love-letters to their sweethearts for young women who had lived as servants at Shrewsbury, or other towns on the English border.

On all such occasions I gave great satisfaction to my humble friends, and was generally treated with hospitality: and once, in particular, near the village of Llan-y-styndw (or some such name), in a sequestered part of Merionethshire, I was

entertained for upwards of three days by a family of young people, with an affectionate and fraternal kindness that left an impression upon my heart not yet impaired. The family consisted, at that time, of four sisters, and three brothers, all grown up, and all remarkable for elegance and delicacy of manners. So much beauty, and so much native good-breeding and refinement, I do not remember to have seen before or since in any cottage, except once or twice in Westmoreland and Devonshire. They spoke English: an accomplishment not often met with in so many members of one family, especially in villages remote from the high-road. Here I wrote, on my first introduction, a letter about prize-money, for one of the brothers, who had served on board an English man of war; and more privately, two love-letters for two of the sisters. They were both interesting looking girls, and one of uncommon loveliness. In the midst of their confusion and blushes, whilst dictating, or rather giving me general instructions, it did not require any great penetration to discover that what they wished was, that their letters should be as kind as was consistent with proper maidenly pride. I contrived so to temper my expressions, as to reconcile the gratification of both feelings: and they were as much pleased with the way in which I had expressed their thoughts, as (in their simplicity) they were astonished at my having so readily discovered them.

The reception one meets with from the women of a family, generally determines the tenor of one's whole entertainment. In this case, I had discharged my confidential duties as secretary, so much to the general satisfaction, perhaps also amusing them with my conversation, that I was pressed to stay with a cordiality which I had little inclination to resist. I slept with the brothers, the only unoccupied bed standing in the apartment of the young women: but in all other points they treated me with a respect not usually paid to purses as light as mine; as if my scholarship were sufficient evidence that I was of "gentle blood." Thus I lived with them for three days, and great part of a fourth:

and, from the undiminished kindness which they continued to show me, I believe I might have staid with them up to this time, if their power had corresponded with their wishes. On the last morning, however, I perceived upon their countenances, as they sate at breakfast, the expression of some unpleasant communication which was at hand; and soon after one of the brothers explained to me that their parents had gone, the day before my arrival, to an annual meeting of Methodists, held at Carnarvon, and were that day expected to return; "and if they should not be so civil as they ought to be," he begged, on the part of all the young people, that I would not take it amiss.

The parents returned, with churlish faces, and "*Dym Sassenach*" (*no English*), in answer to all my addresses. I saw how matters stood; and so, taking an affectionate leave of my kind and interesting young hosts, I went my way. For, though they spoke warmly to their parents in my behalf, and often excused the manner of the old people, by saying, that it was "only their way," yet I easily understood that my talent for writing love-letters would do as little to recommend me with two grave sexagenarian Welsh Methodists, as my Greek Sapphics or Alcaics: and what had been hospitality when offered to me with the gracious courtesy of my young friends, would become charity, when connected with the harsh demeanour of these old people. Certainly, Mr. Shelley is right in his notions about old age: unless powerfully counteracted by all sorts of opposite agencies, it is a miserable corrupter and blighter to the genial charities of the human heart.

III

Soon after this, I contrived, by means which I must omit for want of room, to transfer myself to London. And now began the latter and fiercer stage of my long sufferings; without using a disproportionate expression, I might say, of my agony. For I now suffered, for upwards of sixteen weeks, the physical anguish

of hunger in various degrees of intensity; but as bitter, perhaps, as ever any human being can have suffered who has survived it. I would not needlessly harass my reader's feelings, by a detail of all that I endured: for extremities such as these, under any circumstances of heaviest misconduct or guilt, cannot be contemplated, even in description, without a rueful pity that is painful to the natural goodness of the human heart. Let it suffice, at least on this occasion, to say, that a few fragments of bread from the breakfast-table of one individual (who supposed me to be ill, but did not know of my being in utter want), and these at uncertain intervals, constituted my whole support. During the former part of my sufferings (that is, generally in Wales, and always for the first two months in London) I was houseless, and very seldom slept under a roof. To this constant exposure to the open air I ascribe it mainly, that I did not sink under my torments. Latterly, however, when colder and more inclement weather came on, and when, from the length of my sufferings, I had begun to sink into a more languishing condition, it was, no doubt, fortunate for me, that the same person to whose breakfast-table I had access, allowed me to sleep in a large unoccupied house, of which he was tenant.

Unoccupied, I call it, for there was no household or establishment in it; nor any furniture, indeed, except a table, and a few chairs. But I found, on taking possession of my new quarters, that the house already contained one single inmate, a poor friendless child, apparently ten years old; but she seemed hunger-bitten; and sufferings of that sort often make children look older than they are. From this forlorn child I learned, that she had slept and lived there alone, for some time before I came: and great joy the poor creature expressed, when she found that I was, in future, to be her companion through the hours of darkness. The house was large; and, from the want of furniture, the noise of the rats made a prodigious echoing on the spacious stair-case and hall; and, amidst the real fleshly ills of cold, and,

I fear, hunger, the forsaken child had found leisure to suffer still more (it appeared) from the self-created one of ghosts. I promised her protection against all ghosts whatsoever: but, alas! I could offer her no other assistance. We lay upon the floor, with a bundle of cursed law papers for a pillow: but with no other covering than a sort of large horseman's cloak: afterwards, however, we discovered, in a garret, an old sofa-cover, a small piece of rug, and some fragments of other articles, which added a little to our warmth. The poor child crept close to me for warmth, and for security against her ghostly enemies.

When I was not more than usually ill, I took her into my arms, so that, in general, she was tolerably warm, and often slept when I could not: for, during the last two months of my sufferings, I slept much in day-time, and was apt to fall into transient dozings at all hours. But my sleep distressed me more than my watching: for, besides the tumultuousness of my dreams (which were only not so awful as those which I shall have to describe hereafter as produced by opium), my sleep was never more than what is called *dog-sleep*; so that I could hear myself moaning, and was often, as it seemed to me, wakened suddenly by my own voice; and, about this time, a hideous sensation began to haunt me as soon as I fell into a slumber, which has since returned upon me, at different periods of my life, viz. a sort of twitching (I know not where, but apparently about the region of the stomach), which compelled me violently to throw out my feet for the sake of relieving it. This sensation coming on as soon as I began to sleep, and the effort to relieve it constantly awaking me, at length I slept only from exhaustion; and from increasing weakness (as I said before) I was constantly falling asleep, and constantly awaking.

Meantime, the master of the house sometimes came in upon us suddenly, and very early, sometimes not till ten o'clock, sometimes not at all. He was in constant fear of bailiffs: improving on the plan of Cromwell, every night he slept in a different

quarter of London; and I observed that he never failed to examine, through a private window, the appearance of those who knocked at the door, before he would allow it to be opened. He breakfasted alone: indeed, his tea equipage would hardly have admitted of his hazarding an invitation to a second person—any more than the quantity of esculent *matériel*, which, for the most part, was little more than a roll, or a few biscuits, which he had bought on his road from the place where he had slept.

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During his breakfast, I generally contrived a reason for lounging in; and, with an air of as much indifference as I could assume, took up such fragments as he had left—sometimes, indeed, there were none at all. In doing this, I committed no robbery except upon the man himself, who was thus obliged (I believe) now and then to send out at noon for an extra biscuit; for, as to the poor child, *she* was never admitted into his study (if I may give that name to his chief depository of parchments, law writings, &c.); that room was to her the Blue-beard room of the house, being regularly locked on his departure to dinner, about six o'clock, which usually was his final departure for the night. Whether this child were an illegitimate daughter of Mr. [Brunell], or only a servant, I could not ascertain; she did not herself know; but certainly she was treated altogether as a menial servant. No sooner did Mr. [Brunell] make his appearance, than she went below stairs, brushed his shoes, coat, &c.; and, except when she was summoned to run an errand, she never emerged from the dismal Tartarus of the kitchens, &c. to the upper air, until my welcome knock at night called up her little trembling footsteps to the front door. Of her life during the daytime, however, I knew little but what I gathered from her own account at night; for, as soon as the hours of business commenced, I saw that my absence would be acceptable; and, in general, therefore, I went off and sate in the parks, or elsewhere, until nightfall.

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In common with the rats, I sate rent free; and, as Dr. Johnson has recorded, that he never but once in his life had as much wall-fruit as he could eat, so let me be grateful, that on that single occasion I had as large a choice of apartments in a London mansion as I could possibly desire. Except the Blue-beard room, which the poor child believed to be haunted, all others, from the attics to the cellars, were at our service; "the world was all before us"; and we pitched our tent for the night in any spot we chose. This house I have already described as a large one; it stands in a conspicuous situation, and in a well-known part of London. Many of my readers will have passed it, I doubt not, within a few hours of reading this. For myself, I never fail to visit it when business draws me to London; about ten o'clock, this very night, August 15, 1821, being my birth-day—I turned aside from my evening walk, down Oxford-street, purposely to take a glance at it: it is now occupied by a respectable family; and, by the lights in the front drawing-room, I observed a domestic party, assembled perhaps at tea, and apparently cheerful and gay. Marvellous contrast in my eyes to the darkness—cold—silence—and desolation of that same house eighteen years ago, when its nightly occupants were one famishing scholar, and a neglected child.—Her, by the bye, in after years, I vainly endeavoured to trace. Apart from her situation, she was not what would be called an interesting child: she was neither pretty, nor quick in understanding, nor remarkably pleasing in manners. But, thank God! even in those years I needed not the embellishments of novel-accessories to conciliate my affections; plain human nature, in its humblest and most homely apparel, was enough for me: and I loved the child because she was my partner in wretchedness. If she is now living, she is probably a mother, with children of her own; but, as I have said, I could never trace her.

This I regret, but another person there was at that time, whom I have since sought to trace with far deeper earnestness, and with far deeper sorrow at my failure. This person was a young

woman, and one of that unhappy class who subsist upon the wages of prostitution. I feel no shame, nor have any reason to feel it, in avowing, that I was then on familiar and friendly terms with many women in that unfortunate condition. The reader needs neither smile at this avowal, nor frown. For, not to remind my classical readers of the old Latin proverb—'Sine Cerere,' &c., it may well be supposed that in the existing state of my purse, my connection with such women could not have been an impure one. But the truth is, that at no time of my life have I been a person to hold myself polluted by the touch or approach of any creature that wore a human shape: on the contrary, from my very earliest youth it has been my pride to converse familiarly, *more Socratico*, with all human beings, man, woman, and child, that chance might fling in my way: a practice which is friendly to the knowledge of human nature, to good feelings, and to that frankness of address which becomes a man who would be thought a philosopher. For a philosopher should not see with the eyes of the poor liminary creature calling himself a man of the world, and filled with narrow and self-regarding prejudices of birth and education, but should look upon himself as a Catholic creature, and as standing in equal relation to high and low—to educated and uneducated, to the guilty and the innocent. Being myself at that time of necessity a peripatetic, or a walker of the streets, I naturally fell in more frequently with those female peripatetics who are technically called Street-walkers. Many of these women had occasionally taken my part against watchmen who wished to drive me off the steps of houses where I was sitting.

But one amongst them, the one on whose account I have at all introduced this subject—yet no! let me not class thee, Oh noble-minded Ann——, with that order of women; let me find, if it be possible, some gentler name to designate the condition of her to whose bounty and compassion, ministering to my necessities when all the world had forsaken me, I owe it that I am at this time alive.—For many weeks I had walked at nights with this

poor friendless girl up and down Oxford Street, or had rested with her on steps and under the shelter of porticos. She could not be so old as myself: she told me, indeed, that she had not completed her sixteenth year. By such questions as my interest about her prompted, I had gradually drawn forth her simple history. Hers was a case of ordinary occurrence (as I have since had reason to think), and one in which, if London beneficence had better adapted its arrangements to meet it, the power of the law might oftener be interposed to protect, and to avenge. But the stream of London charity flows in a channel which, though deep and mighty, is yet noiseless and underground; not obvious or readily accessible to poor houseless wanderers: and it cannot be denied that the outside air and framework of London society is harsh, cruel, and repulsive. In any case, however, I saw that part of her injuries might easily have been redressed: and I urged her often and earnestly to lay her complaint before a magistrate: friendless as she was, I assured her that she would meet with immediate attention; and that English justice, which was no respecter of persons, would speedily and amply avenge her on the brutal ruffian who had plundered her little property. She promised me often that she would; but she delayed taking the steps I pointed out from time to time: for she was timid and dejected to a degree which showed how deeply sorrow had taken hold of her young heart; and perhaps she thought justly that the most upright judge, and the most righteous tribunals, could do nothing to repair her heaviest wrongs. Something, however, would perhaps have been done: for it had been settled between us at length, but unhappily on the very last time but one that I was ever to see her, that in a day or two we should go together before a magistrate, and that I should speak on her behalf. This little service it was destined, however, that I should never realise.

Meantime, that which she rendered to me, and which was greater than I could ever have repaid her, was this:—One night,

when we were pacing slowly along Oxford Street, and after a day when I had felt more than usually ill and faint, I requested her to turn off with me into Soho Square: thither we went; and we sate down on the steps of a house, which, to this hour, I never pass without a pang of grief, and an inner act of homage to the spirit of that unhappy girl, in memory of the noble action which she there performed. Suddenly, as we sate, I grew much worse: I had been leaning my head against her bosom; and all at once I sank from her arms and fell backwards on the steps. From the sensations I then had, I felt an inner conviction of the liveliest kind that without some powerful and reviving stimulus, I should either have died on the spot—or should at least have sunk to a point of exhaustion from which all reäscend under my friendless circumstances would soon have become hopeless. Then it was, at this crisis of my fate, that my poor orphan companion—who had herself met with little but injuries in this world—stretched out a saving hand to me. Uttering a cry of terror, but without a moment's delay, she ran off into Oxford Street, and in less time than could be imagined, returned to me with a glass of port wine and spices, that acted upon my empty stomach (which at that time would have rejected all solid food) with an instantaneous power of restoration: and for this glass the generous girl without a murmur paid out of her humble purse at a time—be it remembered!—when she had scarcely wherewithal to purchase the bare necessaries of life, and when she could have no reason to expect that I should ever be able to reimburse her.—Oh! youthful benefactress! how often in succeeding years, standing in solitary places, and thinking of thee with grief of heart and perfect love, how often have I wished that, as in ancient times the curse of a father was believed to have a supernatural power, and to pursue its object with a fatal necessity of self-fulfilment,—even so the benediction of a heart oppressed with gratitude might have a like prerogative; might have power given to it from above to chace—to haunt—to way-lay—to overtake—to pursue thee into

the central darkness of a London brothel, or (if it were possible) into the darkness of the grave—there to awaken thee with an authentic message of peace and forgiveness, and of final reconciliation!

I do not often weep: for not only do my thoughts on subjects connected with the chief interests of man daily, nay hourly, descend a thousand fathoms “too deep for tears”; not only does the sternness of my habits of thought present an antagonism to the feelings which prompt tears—wanting of necessity to those who, being protected usually by their levity from any tendency to meditative sorrow, would by that same levity be made incapable of resisting it on any casual access of such feelings:—but also, I believe that all minds which have contemplated such objects as deeply as I have done, must, for their own protection from utter despondency, have early encouraged and cherished some tranquilizing belief as to the future balances and the hieroglyphic meanings of human sufferings. On these accounts, I am cheerful to this hour: and, as I have said, I do not often weep. Yet some feelings, though not deeper or more passionate, are more tender than others: and often, when I walk at this time in Oxford Street by dreamy lamplight, and hear those airs played on a barrel-organ which years ago solaced me and my dear companion (as I must always call her) I shed tears, and muse with myself at the mysterious dispensation which so suddenly and so critically separated us forever. How it happened, the reader will understand from what remains of this introductory narration.

Soon after the period of the last incident I have recorded, I met, in Albemarle Street, a gentleman of his late Majesty's household. This gentleman had received hospitalities, on different occasions, from my family: and he challenged me upon the strength of my family likeness. I did not attempt any disguise: I answered his questions ingenuously,—and, on his pledging his word of honour that he would not betray me to my

guardians, I gave him an address to my friend the Attorney's. The next day I received from him a 10*l.* Bank-note. The letter inclosing it was delivered with other letters of business to the attorney: but, though his look and manner informed me that he suspected its contents, he gave it up to me honourably and without demur.

This present, from the particular service to which it was applied, leads me naturally to speak of the purpose which had allured me up to London, and which I had been (to use a forensic word) *soliciting* from the first day of my arrival in London, to that of any final departure.

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No mode sufficiently speedy of obtaining money had ever occurred to me, but that of borrowing it on the strength of my future claims and expectations. This mode I sought by every avenue to compass: and amongst other persons I applied to a Jew named D[ell].

To this Jew, and to other advertising money-lenders (some of whom were, I believe, also Jews), I had introduced myself with an account of my expectations; which account, on examining my father's will at Doctor's Commons, they had ascertained to be correct. The person there mentioned as the second son of [Thomas Quincey], was found to have all the claims (or more than all) that I had stated: but one question still remained, which the faces of the Jews pretty significantly suggested,—was *I* that person? This doubt had never occurred to me as a possible one: I had rather feared, whenever my Jewish friends scrutinised me keenly, that I might be too well known to be that person—and that some scheme might be passing in their minds for entrapping me and selling me to my guardians. It was strange to me to find my own self, *materialiter* considered (so I expressed it, for I doated on logical accuracy of distinctions), accused, or at least suspected, of counterfeiting my own self, *formaliter* considered. However, to satisfy their scruples, I took

the only course in my power. Whilst I was in Wales, I had received various letters from young friends: these I produced: for I carried them constantly in my pocket—being, indeed, by this time, almost the only relics of my personal encumbrances (excepting the clothes I wore) which I had not in one way or other disposed of. Most of these letters were from the Earl of [Altamont], who was at that time my chief (or rather only) confidential friend. These letters were dated from Eton. I had also some from the Marquis of [Sligo], his father, who, though absorbed in agricultural pursuits, yet having been an Etonian himself, and as good a scholar as a nobleman needs to be—still retained an affection for classical studies, and for youthful scholars. He had, accordingly, from the time that I was fifteen, corresponded with me; sometimes upon the great improvements which he had made, or was meditating, in the counties of M[ayo] and Sl[igo] since I had been there; sometimes upon the merits of a Latin poet; and at other times, suggesting subjects to me on which he wished me to write verses.

On reading the letters, one of my Jewish friends agreed to furnish two or three hundred pounds on my personal security—provided I could persuade the young Earl, who was, by the way, not older than myself, to guarantee the payment on our coming of age: the Jew's final object being, as I now suppose, not the trifling profit he could expect to make by me, but the prospect of establishing a connection with my noble friend, whose immense expectations were well known to him. In pursuance of this proposal on the part of the Jew, about eight or nine days after I had received the 10*l.*, I prepared to go down to Eton. Nearly 3*l.* of the money I had given to my money-lending friend, on his alleging that the stamps must be bought, in order that the writings might be preparing whilst I was away from London. I thought in my heart that he was lying; but I did not wish to give him any excuse for charging his own delays upon me. A smaller sum I had given to my friend the attorney (who was

connected with the money-lenders as their lawyer), to which, indeed, he was entitled for his unfurnished lodgings. About fifteen shillings I had employed in re-establishing (though in a very humble way) my dress. Of the remainder I gave one quarter to Ann, meaning on my return to have divided with her whatever might remain.

These arrangements made,—soon after six o'clock, on a dark winter evening, I set off, accompanied by Ann, towards Piccadilly; for it was my intention to go down as far as Salt-hill on the Bath or Bristol Mail. Our course lay through a part of the town which has now all disappeared, so that I can no longer retrace its ancient boundaries: Swallow-street, I think it was called. Having time enough before us, however, we bore away to the left until we came into Golden-square: there, near the corner of Sherrard-street, we sat down; not wishing to part in the tumult and blaze of Piccadilly. I had told her of my plans some time before: and I now assured her again that she should share in my good fortune, if I met with any; and that I would never forsake her, as soon as I had power to protect her. This I fully intended, as much from inclination as from a sense of duty: for, setting aside gratitude, which in any case must have made me her debtor for life, I loved her as affectionately as if she had been my sister: and at this moment, with seven-fold tenderness, from pity at witnessing her extreme dejection. I had, apparently, most reason for dejection, because I was leaving the saviour of my life: yet I, considering the shock my health had received, was cheerful and full of hope. She, on the contrary, who was parting with one who had had little means of serving her, except by kindness and brotherly treatment, was overcome by sorrow; so that, when I kissed her at our final farewell, she put her arms about my neck, and wept without speaking a word. I hoped to return in a week at farthest, and I agreed with her that on the fifth night from that, and every night afterwards, she should wait for me at six o'clock, near the bottom of

Great Titchfield-street, which had been our customary haven, as it were, of rendezvous, to prevent our missing each other in the great Mediterranean of Oxford-street.

This, and other measures of precaution, I took: one only I forgot. She had either never told me, or (as a matter of no great interest) I had forgotten, her surname. It is a general practice, indeed, with girls of humble rank in her unhappy condition, not (as novel-reading women of higher pretensions) to style themselves—*Miss Douglas, Miss Montague, &c.* but simply by their Christian names, *Mary, Jane, Frances, &c.* Her surname, as the surest means of tracing her hereafter, I ought now to have inquired: but the truth is, having no reason to think that our meeting could, in consequence of a short interruption, be more difficult or uncertain than it had been for so many weeks, I had scarcely for a moment adverted to it as necessary, or placed it amongst my memoranda against this parting interview: and, my final anxieties being spent in comforting her with hopes, and in pressing upon her the necessity of getting some medicines for a violent cough and hoarseness with which she was troubled, I wholly forgot it until it was too late to recall her.

It was past eight o'clock when I reached the Gloucester Coffee-house: and, the Bristol Mail being on the point of going off, I mounted on the outside. The fine fluent motion of this Mail soon laid me asleep: it is somewhat remarkable, that the first easy or refreshing sleep which I had enjoyed for some months, was on the outside of a Mail-coach—a bed which, at this day, I find rather an uneasy one. . . .

For the first four or five miles from London, I annoyed my fellow-passenger on the roof by occasionally falling against him when the coach gave a lurch to his side; and indeed, if the road had been less smooth and level than it is, I should have fallen off from weakness. Of this annoyance he complained heavily, as perhaps, in the same circumstances most people would; he expressed his complaint, however, more morosely than the occa-

sion seemed to warrant; and, if I had parted with him at that moment, I should have thought of him (if I had considered it worth while to think of him at all) as a surly and almost brutal fellow. However, I was conscious that I had given him some cause for complaint: and, therefore, I apologized to him, and assured him I would do what I could to avoid falling asleep for the future; and, at the same time, in as few words as possible, I explained to him that I was ill and in a weak state from long suffering; and that I could not afford at that time to take an inside place. This man's manner changed, upon hearing this explanation, in an instant: and when I next woke for a minute from the noise and lights of Hounslow (for in spite of my wishes and efforts I had fallen asleep again within two minutes from the time I had spoken to him) I found that he had put his arm round me to protect me from falling off: and for the rest of my journey he behaved to me with the gentleness of a woman, so that, at length, I almost lay in his arms: and this was the more kind, as he could not have known that I was not going the whole way to Bath or Bristol.

Unfortunately, indeed, I *did* go rather farther than I intended: for so genial and refreshing was my sleep, that the next time, after leaving Hounslow that I fully awoke, was upon the sudden pulling up of the Mail (possibly at a Post-office); and, on inquiry, I found that we had reached Maidenhead—six or seven miles, I think, a-head of Salt-Hill. Here I alighted: and for the half minute that the Mail stopped, I was entreated by my friendly companion (who, from the transient glimpse I had had of him in Piccadilly, seemed to me to be a gentleman's butler—or person of that rank) to go to bed without delay. This I promised, though with no intention of doing so: and in fact, I immediately set forward, or rather backward, on foot.

It must then have been nearly midnight: but so slowly did I creep along, that I heard a clock in a cottage strike four before I turned down the lane from Slough to Eton. The air and

the sleep had both refreshed me; but I was weary nevertheless. I remember a thought (obvious enough, and which has been prettily expressed by a Roman poet) which gave me some consolation at that moment under my poverty. There had been some time before a murder committed on or near Hounslow-heath. I think I cannot be mistaken when I say that the name of the murdered person was *Steele*, and that he was the owner of a lavender plantation in that neighbourhood. Every step of my progress was bringing me nearer to the Heath: and it naturally occurred to me that I and the accused murderer, if he were that night abroad, might at every instant be unconsciously approaching each other through the darkness: in which case, said I,—supposing I, instead of being (as indeed I am) little better than an outcast,—

Lord of my learning and no land beside,

were, like my friend, Lord [Altamont], heir by general repute to 70,000*l.* per ann., what a panic should I be under at this moment about my throat!—indeed, it was not likely that Lord [Altamont] should ever be in my situation.

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I dally with my subject because, to myself, the remembrance of these times is profoundly interesting. But my reader shall not have any further cause to complain: for I now hasten to its close.—In the road between Slough and Eton, I fell asleep: and, just as the morning began to dawn, I was awakened by the voice of a man standing over me and surveying me. I know not what he was: he was an ill-looking fellow—but not therefore of necessity an ill-meaning fellow: or, if he were, I suppose he thought that no person sleeping out-of-doors in winter could be worth robbing. In which conclusion, however, as it regarded myself, I beg to assure him, if he should be among my readers, that he was mistaken. After a slight remark he passed on: and I was not sorry at his disturbance, as it enabled me to pass through Eton

before people were generally up. The night had been heavy and lowering: but towards the morning it had changed to a slight frost: and the ground and the trees were now covered with rime. I slipped through Eton unobserved; washed myself, and, as far as possible, adjusted my dress at a little public-house in Windsor; and about eight o'clock went down towards Pote's. On my road I met some junior boys, of whom I made inquiries: an Etonian is always a gentleman; and, in spite of my shabby habiliments, they answered me civilly. My friend, Lord [Altamont], was gone to the University of [Cambridge]. 'Ibi omnis effusus labor!' I had, however, other friends at Eton: but it is not to all who wear that name in prosperity that a man is willing to present himself in distress. On recollecting myself, however, I asked for the Earl of D[esart], to whom, (though my acquaintance with him was not so intimate as with some others) I should not have shrunk from presenting myself under any circumstances. He was still at Eton, though I believe on the wing for Cambridge. I called, was received kindly, and asked to breakfast.

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Lord D[esart] placed before me a most magnificent breakfast. It was really so; but in my eyes it seemed trebly magnificent—from being the first regular meal, the first "good man's table," that I had sate down to for months. Strange to say, however, I could scarce eat anything. On the day when I first received my 10*l.* Bank-note, I had gone to a baker's shop and bought a couple of rolls: this very shop I had two months or six weeks before surveyed with an eagerness of desire which it was almost humiliating to me to recollect. I remembered the story about Otway; and feared that there might be danger in eating too rapidly. But I had no need for alarm, my appetite was quite sunk, and I became sick before I had eaten half of what I had bought. This effect from eating what approached to a meal, I continued to feel for weeks: or, when I did not experience any nausea, part of what I ate was rejected, sometimes with acidity, sometimes

immediately, and without any acidity. On the present occasion, at Lord D[esart]'s table I found myself not at all better than usual: and, in the midst of luxuries, I had no appetite. I had, however, unfortunately at all times a craving for wine: I explained my situation, therefore, to Lord D[esart], and gave him a short account of my late sufferings, at which he expressed great compassion, and called for wine. This gave me a momentary relief and pleasure; and on all occasions when I had an opportunity, I never failed to drink wine—which I worshipped then as I have since worshipped opium. I am convinced, however, that this indulgence in wine contributed to strengthen my malady; for the tone of my stomach was apparently quite sunk; and by a better regimen it might sooner, and perhaps effectually, have been revived. I hope that it was not from this love of wine that I lingered in the neighbourhood of my Eton friends: I persuaded myself *then* that it was from reluctance to ask of Lord D[esart], on whom I was conscious I had not sufficient claims, the particular service in quest of which I had come down to Eton. I was, however, unwilling to lose my journey, and—I asked it. Lord D[esart], whose good nature was unbounded, and which, in regard to myself, had been measured rather by his compassion perhaps for my condition, and his knowledge of my intimacy with some of his relatives, than by an over-rigorous inquiry into the extent of my own direct claims, faltered, nevertheless, at this request. He acknowledged that he did not like to have any dealings with money-lenders, and feared lest such a transaction might come to the ears of his connexions. Moreover, he doubted whether *his* signature, whose expectations were so much more bounded than those of [his cousin], would avail with my unchristian friends. However, he did not wish, as it seemed, to mortify me by an absolute refusal: for after a little consideration, he promised, under certain conditions which he pointed out, to give his security.

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Recomforted by this promise, which was not quite equal to the best, but far above the worst that I had pictured to myself as possible, I returned in a Windsor coach to London three days after I had quitted it. And now I come to the end of my story:—The Jews did not approve of Lord D[esart]'s terms; whether they would in the end have acceded to them, and were only seeking time for making due inquiries, I know not; but many delays were made—time passed on—the small fragment of my bank note had just melted away; and before any conclusion could have been put to the business, I must have relapsed into my former state of wretchedness. Suddenly, however, at this crisis, an opening was made, almost by accident, for reconciliation with my friends. I quitted London, in haste, for a remote part of England: after some time, I proceeded to the university; and it was not until many months had passed away, that I had it in my power again to re-visit the ground which had become so interesting to me, and to this day remains so, as the chief scene of my youthful sufferings.

Meantime, what had become of poor Anne? For her I have reserved my concluding words: according to our agreement, I sought her daily, and waited for her every night, so long as I staid in London, at the corner of Titchfield-street. I inquired for her of every one who was likely to know her; and, during the last hours of my stay in London, I put into activity every means of tracing her that my knowledge of London suggested, and the limited extent of my power made possible. The street where she had lodged I knew, but not the house; and I remembered at last some account which she had given me of ill treatment from her landlord, which made it probable that she had quitted those lodgings before we parted. She had few acquaintance; most people, besides, thought that the earnestness of my inquiries arose from motives which moved their laughter, or their slight regard; and others, thinking I was in chase of a girl who had robbed me of some trifles, were naturally and excusably indisposed to give

me any clue to her, if, indeed, they had any to give. Finally, as my despairing resource, on the day I left London I put into the hands of the only person who (I was sure) must know Anne by sight, from having been in company with us once or twice, an address to [the Priory] in [Chester]shire, at that time the residence of my family. But, to this hour, I have never heard a syllable about her. This, amongst such troubles as most men meet with in this life, has been my heaviest affliction.—If she lived, doubtless we must have been sometimes in search of each other, at the very same moment, through the mighty labyrinths of London; perhaps, even within a few feet of each other—a barrier no wider in a London street, often amounting in the end to a separation for eternity! During some years, I hoped that she *did* live; and I suppose that, in the literal and unrhetoical use of the word *myriad*, I may say that on my different visits to London, I have looked into many, many myriads of female faces, in the hope of meeting her. I should know her again amongst a thousand, if I saw her for a moment; for, though not handsome, she had a sweet expression of countenance, and a peculiar and graceful carriage of the head.—I sought her, I have said, in hope. So it was for years; but now I should fear to see her; and her cough, which grieved me when I parted with her, is now my consolation. I now wish to see her no longer; but think of her more gladly, as one long since laid in the grave; in the grave, I would hope, of a Magdalen; taken away, before injuries and cruelty had blotted out and transfigured her ingenuous nature, or the brutalities of ruffians had completed the ruin they had begun.

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IV

I thought that it was a Sunday morning in May, that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage.

Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnized by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet; but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns; the hedges were rich with white roses; and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green church-yard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round about the grave of a child whom I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise in the same summer, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said aloud (as I thought) to myself, "It yet wants much of sun-rise; and it is Easter Sunday; and that is the day on which they celebrate the first fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad; old griefs shall be forgotten to-day; for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretch away to Heaven; and the forest-glades are as quiet as the church-yard; and with the dew I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer."

And I turned, as if to open my garden gate; and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different; but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony with the other. The scene was an Oriental one; and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone and shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman; and I looked; and it was—Ann! She fixed her eyes upon me earnestly; and I said to her at length: "So then I have found you at last." I waited: but she answered me not a word. Her face was the same as when I saw it last, and yet again how different! Seventeen years ago, when the lamplight fell

upon her face, as for the last time I kissed her lips (lips, Ann, that to me were not polluted), her eyes were streaming with tears: the tears were now wiped away; she seemed more beautiful than she was at that time, but in all other points the same, and not older. Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression; and I now gazed upon her with some awe; but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us; in a moment, all had vanished; thick darkness came on; and, in the twinkling of an eye, I was far away from mountains, and by lamp-light in Oxford-street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children.

GEORGE BORROW

1803-1881

THE FLAMING TINMAN

[From *Lavengro, the Scholar, the Gypsy, and the Priest* (1851), an autobiography partly fictitious.

The author, a vagrant scholar ("Lavengro" in the Rommany, or Gypsy, language means "master of tongues") has bought a horse, cart, and outfit from a travelling tinker, Slingsby by name, who, beaten in fair fight by his rival, "The Flaming Tinman," had agreed to give up his trade and to quit the roads.]

Two mornings after the period to which I have brought the reader in the preceding chapter, I sat by my fire at the bottom of the dingle; I had just breakfasted, and had finished the last morsel of food which I had brought with me to that solitude.

"What shall I now do?" said I, to myself; "shall I continue here, or decamp—this is a sad lonely spot—perhaps I had better quit it; but whither should I go? the wide world is before me, but what can I do therein? I have been in the world already without much success. No, I had better remain here; the place is lonely, it is true, but here I am free and independent, and can do

what I please; but I can't remain here without food. Well, I will find my way to the nearest town, lay in a fresh supply of provision, and come back, turning my back upon the world, which has turned its back upon me. I don't see why I should not write a little sometimes; I have pens and an inkhorn, and for a writing-desk I can place the Bible on my knee. I shouldn't wonder if I could write a capital satire on the world on the back of that Bible; but first of all I must think of supplying myself with food."

I rose up from the stone on which I was seated, determining to go to the nearest town, with my little horse and cart, and procure what I wanted—the nearest town, according to my best calculation, lay about five miles distant; I had no doubt, however, that by using ordinary diligence, I should be back before evening. In order to go lighter, I determined to leave my tent standing as it was, and all the things which I had purchased of the tinker, just as they were. "I need not be apprehensive on their account," said I, to myself; "nobody will come here to meddle with them—the great recommendation of this place is its perfect solitude—I dare say that I could live here six months without seeing a single human visage. I will now harness my little gry and be off to the town."

At a whistle which I gave, the little gry, which was feeding on the bank near the uppermost part of the dingle, came running to me, for by this time he had become so accustomed to me, that he would obey my call, for all the world as if he had been one of the canine species. "Now," said I to him, "we are going to the town to buy bread for myself, and oats for you—I am in a hurry to be back; therefore, I pray you to do your best, and to draw me and the cart to the town with all possible speed, and to bring us back; if you do your best, I promise you oats on your return. You know the meaning of oats, Ambrol?"

Ambrol whinnied as if to let me know that he understood me perfectly well, as indeed he well might, as I had never once fed

him during the time he had been in my possession without saying the word in question to him. Now, Ambrol, in the Gypsy tongue, signifieth a pear.

So I caparisoned Ambrol, and then, going to the cart, I removed two or three things from out it into the tent; I then lifted up the shafts, and was just going to call to the pony to come and be fastened to them, when I thought I heard a noise.

I stood stock still supporting the shafts of the little cart in my hand, and bending the right side of my face slightly towards the ground; but I could hear nothing; the noise which I thought I had heard was not one of those sounds which I was accustomed to hear in that solitude, the note of a bird, or the rustling of a bough; it was—there I heard it again, a sound very much resembling the grating of a wheel amongst gravel. Could it proceed from the road? Oh no, the road was too far distant for me to hear the noise of anything moving along it. Again I listened, and now I distinctly heard the sound of wheels, which seemed to be approaching the dingle; nearer and nearer they drew, and presently the sound of wheels was blended with the murmur of voices. Anon I heard a boisterous shout, which seemed to proceed from the entrance of the dingle. "Here are folks at hand," said I, letting the shaft of the cart fall to the ground, "is it possible that they can be coming here?"

My doubts on that point, if I entertained any, were soon dispelled; the wheels, which had ceased moving for a moment or two, were once again in motion, and were now evidently moving down the winding path which led to my retreat. Leaving my cart, I came forward and placed myself near the entrance of the open space, with my eyes fixed on the path down which my unexpected and I may say unwelcome visitors were coming. Presently I heard a stamping or sliding, as if of a horse in some difficulty; and then a loud curse, and the next moment appeared a man and a horse and cart; the former holding the head of the horse up to prevent him from falling, of which he was in danger,

owing to the precipitous nature of the path. Whilst thus occupied, the head of the man was averted from me. When, however, he had reached the bottom of the descent, he turned his head, and perceiving me, as I stood bareheaded, without either coat or waistcoat, about two yards from him, he gave a sudden start, so violent, that the backward motion of his hand had nearly flung the horse upon his haunches.

"Why don't you move forward?" said a voice from behind, apparently that of a female, "you are stopping up the way, and we shall be all down upon one another;" and I saw the head of another horse overtopping the back of the cart.

"Why don't you move forward, Jack?" said another voice, also of a female, yet higher up the path.

The man stirred not, but remained staring at me in the posture which he had assumed on first perceiving me, his body very much drawn back, his left foot far in advance of his right, and with his right hand still grasping the halter of the horse, which gave way more and more, till it was clean down on its haunches.

"What is the matter?" said the voice which I had last heard.

"Get back with you, Belle, Moll," said the man, still staring at me, "here's something not over-canny or comfortable."

"What is it?" said the same voice; "let me pass, Moll, and I'll soon clear the way," and I heard a kind of rushing down the path.

"You need not be afraid," said I, addressing myself to the man, "I mean you no harm; I am a wanderer like yourself—come here to seek for shelter—you need not be afraid; I am a Rome chabo by matriculation—one of the right sort, and no mistake—Good day to ye, brother; I bids ye welcome."

The man eyed me suspiciously for a moment—then, turning to his horse with a loud curse, he pulled him up from his haunches and led him and the cart farther down to one side of the dingle, muttering as he passed me, "Afraid. Hm!"

I do not remember ever to have seen a more ruffianly-looking fellow; he was about six feet high, with an immensely athletic

frame; his face was black and bluff, and sported an immense pair of whiskers, but with here and there a grey hair, for his age could not be much under fifty. He wore a faded blue frock coat, corduroys, and highlows—on his black head was a kind of red nightcap, round his bull neck a Barcelona handkerchief—I did not like the look of the man at all.

“Afraid,” growled the fellow, proceeding to unharness his horse; “that was the word, I think.”

But other figures were now already upon the scene. Dashing past the other horse and cart, which by this time had reached the bottom of the pass, appeared an exceedingly tall woman, or rather girl, for she could scarcely have been above eighteen; she was dressed in a tight bodice and a blue stuff gown; hat, bonnet, or cap she had none, and her hair, which was flaxen, hung down on her shoulders unconfined; her complexion was fair, and her features handsome, with a determined but open expression—she was followed by another female, about forty, stout and vulgar-looking, at whom I scarcely glanced, my whole attention being absorbed by the tall girl.

“What’s the matter, Jack?” said the latter, looking at the man.

“Only afraid, that’s all,” said the man, still proceeding with his work.

“Afraid at what—at that lad? why, he looks like a ghost—I would engage to thrash him with one hand.”

“You might beat me with no hands at all,” said I, “fair damsel, only by looking at me—I never saw such a face and figure, both regal—why, you look like Ingeborg, Queen of Norway; she had twelve brothers, you know, and could lick them all, though they were heroes—

On Dovrefeld in Norway,
Were once together seen,
The twelve heroic brothers
Of Ingeborg the queen.

"None of your chaffing, young fellow," said the tall girl, "or I will give you what shall make you wipe your face; be civil, or you will rue it."

"Well, perhaps I was a peg too high," said I, "I ask your pardon—here's something a bit lower—

'As I was jawing to the gav yeck divvus
I met on the drom miro Rommany chi——'

"None of your Rommany chies, young fellow," said the tall girl, looking more menacingly than before, and clenching her fist, "you had better be civil, I am none of your chies; and, though I keep company with gypsies, or, to speak more proper, half and halves, I would have you to know that I come of Christian blood and parents, and was born in the great house of Long Melford."

"I have no doubt," said I, "that it was a great house; judging from your size, I should 'nt wonder if you were born in a church."

"Stay, Belle," said the man, putting himself before the young virago, who was about to rush upon me, "my turn is first"—then, advancing to me in a menacing attitude, he said, with a look of deep malignity, "'Afraid' was the word, wasn't it?"

"It was," said I, "but I think I wronged you; I should have said, aghast; you exhibited every symptom of one labouring under uncontrollable fear."

The fellow stared at me with a look of stupid ferocity, and appeared to be hesitating whether to strike or not: ere he could make up his mind, the tall girl stepped forward, crying, "He's chaffing; let me at him"; and, before I could put myself on my guard, she struck me a blow on the face which had nearly brought me to the ground.

"Enough," said I, putting my hand to my cheek; "you have now performed your promise, and made me wipe my face: now be pacified, and tell me fairly the ground of this quarrel."

“Grounds!” said the fellow; “did n’t you say I was afraid; and if you had n’t, who gave you leave to camp on my ground?”

“Is it your ground?” said I.

“A pretty question,” said the fellow; “as if all the world did n’t know that. Do you know who I am?”

“I guess I do,” said I; “unless I am much mistaken, you are he whom folks call the ‘Flaming Tinman.’ To tell you the truth, I’m glad we have met, for I wished to see you. These are your two wives, I suppose; I greet them. There’s no harm done—there’s room enough here for all of us—we shall soon be good friends, I dare say; and when we are a little better acquainted, I’ll tell you my history.”

“Well, if that does n’t beat all,” said the fellow.

“I don’t think he’s chaffing now,” said the girl, whose anger seemed to have subsided on a sudden; “the young man speaks civil enough.”

“Civil,” said the fellow, with an oath; “but that’s just like you; with you it is a blow, and all over. Civil! I suppose you would have him stay here, and get into all my secrets, and hear all I may have to say to my two morts.”

“Two morts,” said the girl, kindling up, “where are they? Speak for one, and no more. I am no mort of yours, whatever some one else may be. I tell you one thing, Black John, or Anselo, for t’other an’t your name, the same thing I told the young man here, be civil, or you will rue it.”

The fellow looked at the girl furiously, but his glance soon quailed before hers; he withdrew his eyes, and cast them on my little horse, which was feeding amongst the trees. “What’s this?” said he, rushing forward and seizing the animal. “Why, as I am alive, this is the horse of that mumping villain Slingsby.”

“It’s his no longer; I bought it and paid for it.”

“It’s mine now,” said the fellow; “I swore I would seize it the next time I found it on my beat; ay, and beat the master too.”

"I am not Slingsby."

"All's one for that."

"You don't say you will beat me?"

"Afraid was the word."

"I'm sick and feeble."

"Hold up your fists."

"Won't the horse satisfy you?"

"Horse nor bellows either."

"No mercy, then."

"Here's at you."

"Mind your eyes, Jack. There, you've got it. I thought so," shouted the girl, as the fellow staggered back from a sharp blow in the eye. "I thought he was chaffing at you all along."

"Never mind, Anselo. You know what to do—go in," said the vulgar woman, who had hitherto not spoken a word, but who now came forward with all the look of a fury; "go in apopli; you'll smash ten like he."

The Flaming Tinman took her advice, and came in bent on smashing, but stopped short on receiving a left-handed blow on the nose.

"You'll never beat the Flaming Tinman in that way," said the girl, looking at me doubtfully.

And so I began to think myself, when, in the twinkling of an eye, the Flaming Tinman, disengaging himself of his frock-coat, and dashing off his red night-cap, came rushing in more desperately than ever. To a flush hit which he received in the mouth he paid as little attention as a wild bull would have done; in a moment his arms were around me, and in another, he had hurled me down, falling heavily upon me. The fellow's strength appeared to be tremendous.

"Pay him off now," said the vulgar woman. The Flaming Tinman made no reply, but planting his knee on my breast, seized my throat with two huge horny hands. I gave myself up for dead, and probably should have been so in another minute

but for the tall girl, who caught hold of the handkerchief which the fellow wore round his neck with a grasp nearly as powerful as that with which he pressed my throat.

“Do you call that fair play?” said she.

“Hands off, Belle,” said the other woman; “do you call it fair play to interfere? hands off, or I’ll be down upon you myself.”

But Belle paid no heed to the injunction, and tugged so hard at the handkerchief, that the Flaming Tinman was nearly throttled; suddenly relinquishing his hold of me, he started on his feet, and aimed a blow at my fair preserver, who avoided it, but said coolly—

“Finish t’other business first, and then I ’m your woman whenever you like; but finish it fairly—no foul play when I ’m by—I’ll be the boy’s second, and Moll can pick up you when he happens to knock you down.”

The battle during the next ten minutes raged with considerable fury, but it so happened that during this time I was never able to knock the Flaming Tinman down, but on the contrary received six knock-down blows myself. “I can never stand this,” said I, as I sat on the knee of Belle, “I am afraid I must give in; the Flaming Tinman hits very hard,” and I spat out a mouthful of blood.

“Sure enough you’ll never beat the Flaming Tinman in the way you fight—it’s of no use flipping at the Flaming Tinman with your left hand; why don’t you use your right?”

“Because I’m not handy with it,” said I; and then getting up, I once more confronted the Flaming Tinman, and struck him six blows for his one, but they were all left-handed blows, and the blow which the Flaming Tinman gave me knocked me off my legs.

“Now, will you use Long Melford?” said Belle, picking me up.

“I don’t know what you mean by Long Melford,” said I, gasping for breath.

“Why, this long right of yours,” said Belle, feeling my right arm—“if you do, I should n’t wonder if you yet stand a chance.”

And now the Flaming Tinman was once more ready, much more ready than myself. I, however, rose from my second’s knee as well as my weakness would permit me; on he came, striking left and right, appearing almost as fresh as to wind and spirit as when he first commenced the combat, though his eyes were considerably swelled, and his nether lip was cut in two; on he came, striking left and right, and I did not like his blows at all, or even the wind of them, which was anything but agreeable, and I gave way before him. At last he aimed a blow, which, had it taken full effect, would doubtless have ended the battle, but owing to his slipping, the fist only grazed my left shoulder, and came with terrific force against a tree, close to which I had been driven; before the Tinman could recover himself, I collected all my strength, and struck him beneath the ear, and then fell to the ground completely exhausted, and it so happened that the blow which I struck the tinker beneath the ear was a right-handed blow.

“Hurrah for Long Melford!” I heard Belle exclaim; “there is nothing like Long Melford for shortness all the world over.”

At these words, I turned round my head as I lay, and perceived the Flaming Tinman stretched upon the ground apparently senseless. “He is dead,” said the vulgar woman, as she vainly endeavoured to raise him up; “he is dead; the best man in all the north country, killed in this fashion, by a boy.” Alarmed at these words, I made shift to get on my feet; and, with the assistance of the woman, placed my fallen adversary in a sitting posture. I put my hand to his heart, and felt a slight pulsation—“He’s not dead,” said I, “only stunned; if he were let blood, he would recover presently.” I produced a penknife which I had in my pocket, and, baring the arm of the Tinman, was about to make the necessary incision, when the woman gave me a violent

blow, and, pushing me aside, exclaimed, "I'll tear the eyes out of your head, if you offer to touch him. Do you want to complete your work, and murder him outright, now he's asleep? you have had enough of his blood already." "You are mad," said I, "I only seek to do him service. Well, if you won't let him be blooded, fetch some water and fling it into his face; you know where the pit is."

"A pretty manœuvre," said the woman; "leave my husband in the hands of you and that limmer, who has never been true to us; I should find him strangled or his throat cut when I came back." "Do you go," said I, to the tall girl, "take the can and fetch some water from the pit." "You had better go yourself," said the girl, wiping a tear as she looked on the yet senseless form of the tinker; "you had better go yourself, if you think water will do him good." I had by this time somewhat recovered my exhausted powers, and, taking the can, I bent my steps as fast as I could to the pit; arriving there, I lay down on the brink, took a long draught, and then plunged my head into the water; after which I filled the can, and bent my way back to the dingle. Before I could reach the path which led down into its depths, I had to pass some way along its side; I had arrived at a part immediately over the scene of the last encounter, where the bank, overgrown with trees, sloped precipitously down. Here I heard a loud sound of voices in the dingle; I stopped, and laying hold of a tree, leaned over the bank and listened.

The two women appeared to be in hot dispute in the dingle. "It was all owing to you, you limmer," said the vulgar woman to the other; "had you not interfered, the old man would soon have settled the boy." "I'm for fair play and Long Melford," said the other. "If your old man, as you call him, could have settled the boy fairly, he might, for all I should have cared, but no foul work for me; and as for sticking the boy with our gulleys when he comes back, as you proposed, I am not so fond of your old man or you that I should oblige you in it, to my soul's

destruction." "Hold your tongue, or I'll—"; I listened no farther, but hastened as fast as I could to the dingle.

My adversary had just begun to show signs of animation; the vulgar woman was still supporting him, and occasionally cast glances of anger at the tall girl who was walking slowly up and down. I lost no time in dashing the greater part of the water into the Tinman's face, whereupon he sneezed, moved his hands, and presently looked round him. At first his looks were dull and heavy, and without any intelligence at all; he soon, however, began to recollect himself, and to be conscious of his situation; he cast a scowling glance at me, then one of the deepest malignity at the tall girl, who was still walking about without taking much notice of what was going forward. At last he looked at his right hand, which had evidently suffered from the blow against the tree, and a half-stifled curse escaped his lips. The vulgar woman now said something to him in a low tone, whereupon he looked at her for a moment, and then got upon his legs. Again the vulgar woman said something to him; her looks were furious, and she appeared to be urging him on to attempt something. I observed that she had a clasped knife in her hand. The fellow remained standing for some time as if hesitating what to do; at last he looked at his hand, and, shaking his head, said something to the woman which I did not understand.

The tall girl, however, appeared to overhear him, and, probably repeating his words, said, "No, it won't do; you are right there, and now hear what I have to say,—let bygones be bygones, and let us all shake hands, and camp here, as the young man was saying just now." The man looked at her, and then, without any reply, went to his horse, which was lying down among the trees, and kicking it up, led it to the cart, to which he forthwith began to harness it. The other cart and horse had remained standing motionless during the whole affair which I have been recounting, at the bottom of the pass. The woman now took the horse by the head, and leading it with the cart

into the open part of the dingle turned both round, and then led them back, till the horse and cart had mounted a little way up the ascent; she then stood still and appeared to be expecting the man. During this proceeding Belle had stood looking on without saying anything; at last, perceiving that the man had harnessed his horse to the other cart, and that both he and the woman were about to take their departure, she said, "You are not going, are you?" Receiving no answer, she continued: "I tell you what, both of you, Black John, and you Moll, his mort, this is not treating me over civilly,—however, I am ready to put up with it, and go with you if you like, for I bear no malice. I'm sorry for what has happened, but you have only yourselves to thank for it. Now, shall I go with you, only tell me?" The man made no manner of reply, but flogged his horse. The woman, however, whose passions were probably under less control, replied, with a screeching tone, "Stay where you are, you jade; and may the curse of Judas cling to you,—stay with the bit of a mullo whom you helped, and my only hope is that he may gully you before he comes to be—— Have you with us, indeed! after what's past; no, nor nothing belonging to you. Fetch down your mailla go-cart and live here with your chabo." She then whipped on the horse, and ascended the pass, followed by the man.

The carts were light, and they were not long in ascending the winding path. I followed to see that they took their departure. Arriving at the top, I found near the entrance a small donkey-cart, which I concluded belonged to the girl. The tinker and his mort were already at some distance; I stood looking after them for some little time, then taking the donkey by the reins I led it with the cart to the bottom of the dingle: Arrived there, I found Belle seated on the stone by the fireplace. Her hair was all dishevelled, and she was in tears.

"They were bad people," she said, "and I did not like them, but they were my only acquaintance in the wide world."

WILLIAM HAZLITT

1778-1830

THE FIGHT

[From *Literary Remains*, 1836; originally published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, February, 1822.

On the eleventh of December, 1821, the author, a periodical essayist, turned reporter, had gone down from London by the Bath mail coach to Newbury, in order to witness a prize fight between Hickman (the Gasman) and Bill Neate. In the following December Hickman was killed by falling from a chaise.]

Reader, have you ever seen a fight? If not, you have a pleasure to come, at least if it is a fight like that between the Gasman and Bill Neate. The crowd was very great when we arrived on the spot; open carriages were coming up, with streamers flying and music playing, and the country-people were pouring in over hedge and ditch in all directions, to see their hero beat or be beaten.

The odds were still on Gas, but only about five to four. Gully had been down to try Neate, and had backed him considerably, which was a damper to the sanguine confidence of the adverse party. About £200,000 were pending. Gas says he has lost £3000, which were promised him by different gentlemen if he had won. He had presumed too much on himself, which had made others presume on him. This spirited and formidable young fellow seems to have taken for his motto, the old maxim, that "there are three things necessary to success in life—*Impudence! Impudence! Impudence!*" It is so in matters of opinion, but not in the *Fancy*, which is the most practical of all things, though even here confidence is half the battle, but only half. Our friend had vapoured and swaggered too much, as if he wanted to grin and bully his adversary out of the fight. "Alas! the Bristol man was not so tamed!"—"This is the *gravedigger*"

(would Tom Hickman exclaim in the moments of intoxication from gin and success, showing his tremendous right hand), "this will send many of them to their long homes; I have n't done with them yet!"

Why should he—though he had licked four of the best men within the hour—why should he threaten to inflict dishonourable chastisement on my old master Richmond, a veteran going off the stage, and who has borne his sable honours meekly? Magnanimity, my dear Tom, and bravery, should be inseparable. Or why should he go up to his antagonist, the first time he ever saw him at the Fives Court, and measuring him from head to foot with a glance of contempt, as Achilles surveyed Hector, say to him, "What, are you Bill Neate? I'll knock more blood out of that great carcass of thine, this day fortnight, than you ever knock'd out of a bullock's!" It was not manly—'t was not fighter-like. If he was sure of the victory (as he was not), the less said about it the better. Modesty should accompany the *Fancy* as its shadow. The best men were always the best behaved. Jem Belcher, the Game Chicken (before whom the Gasman could not have lived) were civil, silent men. So is Cribb; so is Tom Belcher, the most elegant of sparrers, and not a man for every one to take by the nose. I enlarged on this topic in the mail (while Turtle was asleep), and said very wisely (as I thought), that impertinence was a part of no profession. A boxer was bound to beat his man, but not to thrust his fist, either actually or by implication, in every one's face. Even a highwayman, in the way of trade, may blow out your brains, but if he uses foul language at the same time, I should say he was no gentleman. A boxer, I would infer, need not be a blackguard or a coxcomb, more than another. Perhaps I press this point too much on a fallen man—Mr. Thomas Hickman has by this time learnt that first of all lessons, "That man was made to mourn." He has lost nothing by the late fight but his presumption; and that every man may do as well without!

By an over display of this quality, however, the public had been prejudiced against him, and the *knowing ones* were taken in. Few but those who had bet on him wished Gas to win. With my own prepossessions on the subject, the result of the 11th of December appeared to me as fine a piece of poetical justice as I had ever witnessed. The difference of weight between the two combatants (14 stones to 12) was nothing to the sporting men. Great, heavy, clumsy, long-armed Bill Neate kicked the beam in the scale of the Gasman's vanity. The amateurs were frightened at his big words, and thought they would make up for the difference of six feet and five feet nine. Truly, the *Fancy* are not men of imagination. They judge of what has been, and cannot conceive of anything that is to be. The Gasman had won hitherto; therefore he must beat a man half as big again as himself—and that to a certainty. Besides, there are as many feuds, factions, prejudices, pedantic notions in the *Fancy* as in the state or in the schools. Mr. Gully is almost the only cool, sensible man among them, who exercises an unbiassed discretion, and is not a slave to his passions in these matters.

But enough of reflections, and to our tale. The day, as I have said, was fine for a December morning. The grass was wet, and the ground miry, and ploughed up with multitudinous feet, except that, within the ring itself, there was a spot of virgin-green, closed in and unprofaned by vulgar tread, that shone with dazzling brightness in the mid-day sun. For it was now noon, and we had an hour to wait. This is the trying time. It is then the heart sickens, as you think what the two champions are about, and how short a time will determine their fate. After the first blow is struck, there is no opportunity for nervous apprehensions; you are swallowed up in the immediate interest of the scene—but

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.

I found it so as I felt the sun's rays clinging to my back, and saw the white wintry clouds sink below the verge of the horizon. "So," I thought, "my fairest hopes have faded from my sight!—so will the Gasman's glory, or that of his adversary, vanish in an hour." The *swells* were parading in their white box-coats, the outer ring was cleared with some bruises on the heads and shins of the rustic assembly (for the *cockneys* had been distanced by the sixty-six miles); the time drew near.

I had got a good stand; a bustle, a buzz, ran through the crowd; and from the opposite side entered Neate, between his second and bottle-holder. He rolled along, swathed in his loose greatcoat, his knock-knees bending under his huge bulk; and, with a modest, cheerful air, threw his hat into the ring. He then just looked round, and begun quietly to undress; when from the other side there was a similar rush and an opening made, and the Gasman came forward with a conscious air of anticipated triumph, too much like the cock-of-the-walk. He strutted about more than became a hero, sucked oranges with a supercilious air, and threw away the skin with a toss of his head, and went up and looked at Neate, which was an act of supererogation. The only sensible thing he did was, as he strode away from the modern Ajax, to fling out his arms, as if he wanted to try whether they would do their work that day. By this time they had stripped, and presented a strong contrast in appearance. If Neate was like Ajax, "with Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear" the pugilistic reputation of all Bristol, Hickman might be compared to Diomed, light, vigorous, elastic, and his back glistened in the sun, as he moved about, like a panther's hide. There was now a dead pause—attention was awe-struck. Who at that moment, big with a great event, did not draw his breath short—did not feel his heart throb? All was ready. They tossed up for the sun, and the Gasman won. They were led up to the *scratch*—shook hands, and went at it.

In the first round every one thought it was all over. After making play a short time, the Gasman flew at his adversary like a tiger, struck five blows in as many seconds, three first, and then following him as he staggered back, two more, right and left, and down he fell, a mighty ruin. There was a shout, and I said, "There is no standing this." Neate seemed like a lifeless lump of flesh and bone, round which the Gasman's blows played with the rapidity of electricity or lightning, and you imagined he would only be lifted up to be knocked down again. It was as if Hickman held a sword or a fire in that right hand of his, and directed it against an unarmed body. They met again, and Neate seemed, not cowed, but particularly cautious. I saw his teeth clenched together and his brows knit close against the sun. He held out both his arms at full length straight before him, like two sledge hammers, and raised his left an inch or two higher. The Gasman could not get over this guard—they struck mutually and fell, but without advantage on either side. It was the same in the next round; but the balance of power was thus restored—the fate of the battle was suspended. No one could tell how it would end. This was the only moment in which opinion was divided; for, in the next, the Gasman aiming a mortal blow at his adversary's neck, with his right hand, and failing from the length he had to reach, the other returned it with his left at full swing, planted a tremendous blow on his cheek-bone and eyebrow, and made a red ruin of that side of his face. The Gasman went down, and there was another shout—a roar of triumph as the waves of fortune rolled tumultuously from side to side.

This was a settler. Hickman got up, and "grinned horrible a ghastly smile," yet he was evidently dashed in his opinion of himself; it was the first time he had ever been so punished; all one side of his face was perfect scarlet, and his right eye was closed in dingy blackness, as he advanced to the fight, less confident, but still determined. After one or two rounds, not receiving another such remembrancer, he rallied and went at it

with his former impetuosity. But in vain. His strength had been weakened—his blows could not tell at such a distance—he was obliged to fling himself at his adversary, and could not strike from his feet; and almost as regularly as he flew at him with his right hand, Neate warded the blow, or drew back out of its reach, and felled him with the return of his left. There was little cautious sparring—no half-hits—no tapping and trifling, none of the *petit-maitreship* of the art—they were almost all knock-down blows:—the fight was a good stand-up fight.

The wonder was the half-minute time. If there had been a minute or more allowed between each round, it would have been intelligible how they should by degrees recover strength and resolution; but to see two men smashed to the ground, smeared with gore, stunned, senseless, the breath beaten out of their bodies; and then, before you recover from the shock, to see them rise up with new strength and courage, stand ready to inflict or receive mortal offence, and rush upon each other “like two clouds over the Caspian”—this is the most astonishing thing of all:—this is the high and heroic state of man!

From this time forward the event became more certain every round; and about the twelfth it seemed as if it must have been over. Hickman generally stood with his back to me; but in the scuffle, he had changed positions, and Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for a minute or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death's head spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante's *Inferno*. Yet he fought on after this for several rounds,

still striking the first desperate blow, and Neate standing on the defensive, and using the same cautious guard to the last, as if he had still all his work to do; and it was not till the Gasman was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round, that his senses forsook him, and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over.¹

Ye who despise the Fancy, do something to show as much *pluck*, or as much self-possession as this, before you assume a superiority which you have never given a single proof of by any one action in the whole course of your lives!—When the Gasman came to himself, the first words he uttered were, “Where am I? What is the matter?” “Nothing is the matter, Tom,—you have lost the battle, but you are the bravest man alive.” And Jackson whispered to him, “I am collecting a purse for you, Tom.”—Vain sounds, and unheard at that moment! Neate instantly went up and shook him cordially by the hand, and seeing some old acquaintance, began to flourish with his fists, calling out, “Ah! you always said I could n’t fight—what do you think now?” But all in good-humour, and without any appearance of arrogance; only it was evident Bill Neate was pleased that he had won the fight. When it was over, I asked Cribb if he did not think it was a good one? He said, “*Pretty well!*” The carrier-pigeons now mounted into the air, and one of them flew with the news of her husband’s victory to the bosom of Mrs. Neate. Alas, for Mrs. Hickman!

Mais au revoir, as Sir Föpling Flutter says. I went down with Joe P——s; I returned with Jack Pigott, whom I met on the ground. Tom’s is a rattle-brain; Pigott is a sentimentalist. Now, under favour, I am a sentimentalist too—therefore I say

¹ Scroggins said of the Gasman, that he thought he was a man of that courage, that if his hands were cut off he would still fight on with the stumps—like that of Widdrington—

—“In doleful dumps,
Who, when his legs were smitten off,
Still fought upon his stumps.”

nothing, but that the interest of the excursion did not flag as I came back. Pigott and I marched along the causeway leading from Hungerford to Newbury, now observing the effect of a brilliant sun on the tawny meads or moss-coloured cottages, now exulting in the fight, now digressing to some topic of general and elegant literature. My friend was dressed in character for the occasion, or like one of the Fancy; that is, with a double portion of greatcoats, clogs, and overhauls: and just as we had agreed with a couple of country-lads to carry his superfluous wearing-apparel to the next town, we were overtaken by a return post-chaise, into which I got, Pigott preferring a seat on the bar.

There were two strangers already in the chaise, and on their observing they supposed I had been to the fight, I said I had, and concluded they had done the same. They appeared, however, a little shy and sore on the subject; and it was not till after several hints dropped, and questions put, that it turned out that they had missed it. One of these friends had undertaken to drive the other there in his gig: they had set out, to make sure work, the day before at three in the afternoon. The owner of the one-horse vehicle scorned to ask his way, and drove right on to Bagshot, instead of turning off at Hounslow: there they stopped all night, and set off the next day across the country to Reading, from whence they took coach, and got down within a mile or two of Hungerford, just half-an-hour after the fight was over. This might be safely set down as one of the miseries of human life.

We parted with these two gentlemen who had been to see the fight, but had returned as they went, at Wolhampton, where we were promised beds (an irresistible temptation, for Pigott had passed the preceding night at Hungerford as we had done at Newbury), and we turned into an old bow-windowed parlour with a carpet and a snug fire; and after devouring a quantity of tea, toast, and eggs, sat down to consider, during an hour of

philosophic leisure, what we should have for supper. In the midst of an Epicurean deliberation between a roasted fowl and mutton chops with mashed potatoes, we were interrupted by an inroad of Goths and Vandals—*O procul este profani*—not real flash-men, but interlopers, noisy pretenders, butchers from Tothill Fields, brokers from Whitechapel, who called immediately for pipes and tobacco, hoping it would not be disagreeable to the gentlemen, and began to insist that it was *a cross*. Pigott withdrew from the smoke and noise into another room, and left me to dispute the point with them for a couple of hours *sans intermission* by the dial.

The next morning we rose refreshed; and on observing that Jack had a pocket volume in his hand, in which he read in the intervals of our discourse, I inquired what it was, and learned to my particular satisfaction that it was a volume of the *New Eloise*. Ladies, after this, you will contend that a love for the Fancy is incompatible with the cultivation of sentiment?—We jogged on as before, my friend setting me up in a genteel drab great coat and green silk handkerchief (which I must say became me exceedingly), and after stretching our legs for a few miles, and seeing Jack Randall, Ned Turner, and Scroggins pass on the top of one of the Bath coaches, we engaged with the driver of the second to take us to London for the usual fee.

I got inside, and found three other passengers. One of them was an old gentleman with an aquiline nose, powdered hair, and a pig-tail, and who looked as if he had played many a rubber at the Bath rooms. I said to myself, he is very like Mr. Windham; I wish he would enter into conversation, that I might hear what fine observations would come from those finely-turned features. However, nothing passed, till, stopping to dine at Reading, some inquiry was made by the company about the fight, and I gave (as the reader may believe) an eloquent and animated description of it.

When we got into the coach again, the old gentleman, after a graceful exordium, said he had, when a boy, been to a fight between the famous Broughton and George Stevenson, who was called the *Fighting Coachman*, in the year 1770, with the late Mr. Windham. This beginning flattered the spirit of prophecy with me, and riveted my attention. He went on—"George Stevenson was coachman to a friend of my father's. He was an old man when I saw him, some years afterwards. He took hold of his own arm and said, 'there was muscle here once, but now it is no more than this young gentleman's.' He added, 'well, no matter; I have been here long, I am willing to go hence, and I hope I have done no more harm than another man.' "Once," said my unknown companion, "I asked him if he had ever beat Broughton? He said Yes; that he had fought with him three times, and the last time he fairly beat him, though the world did not allow it. 'I'll tell you how it was, master. When the seconds lifted us up in the last round, we were so exhausted that neither of us could stand, and we fell upon one another, and as Master Broughton fell uppermost, the mob gave it in his favour, and he was said to have won the battle. But the fact was, that as his second (John Cuthbert) lifted him up, he said to him, 'I'll fight no more, I've had enough'; which," said Stevenson, 'you know gave me the victory. And to prove to you that this was the case, when John Cuthbert was on his death-bed, and they asked him if there was anything on his mind which he wished to confess, he answered, "Yes, that there was one thing he wished to set right, for that certainly Master Stevenson won that last fight with Master Broughton; for he whispered him as he lifted him up in the last round of all, that he had had enough." "This," said the Bath gentleman, "was a bit of human nature;" and I have written this account of the fight on purpose that it might not be lost to the world. He also stated as a proof of the candour of mind in this class of men, that Stevenson acknowledged that Broughton could have beat him in his best day; but

that he (Broughton) was getting old in their last rencounter. When he stopped in Piccadilly, I wanted to ask the gentleman some questions about the late Mr. Windham, but had not courage. I got out, resigned my coat and green silk handkerchief to Pigott (loth to part with these ornaments of life), and walked home in high spirits.

P. S.—Joe called upon me the next day, to ask me if I did not think the fight was a complete thing? I said I thought it was. I hope he will relish my account of it.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

1811-1863

GENERAL WEBB AND THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

[From *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.*, 1852.

The passage is a bit of feigned history reported by Henry Esmond, a supposed officer in Webb's command during the continental campaign in the so-called "War of the Spanish Succession."]

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1707, 1708

During the whole of the year which succeeded that in which the glorious battle of Ramillies had been fought, our army made no movement of importance, much to the disgust of very many of our officers remaining inactive in Flanders, who said that his Grace the Captain-General had had fighting enough, and was all for money now, and the enjoyment of his five thousand a year and his splendid palace at Woodstock, which was now being built. And his Grace had sufficient occupation fighting his enemies at home this year, where it began to be whispered that his favour was decreasing, and his Duchess losing her hold on the Queen, who was transferring her royal affections to the famous Mrs. Masham, and Mrs. Masham's humble servant, Mr. Harley. Against their intrigues, our Duke passed a great part of his time

intriguing. Mr. Harley was got out of office, and his Grace, in so far, had a victory. But Her Majesty, convinced against her will, was of that opinion still, of which the poet says people are when so convinced, and Mr. Harley before long had his revenge.

Meanwhile the business of fighting did not go on any way to the satisfaction of Marlborough's gallant lieutenants. During all 1707, with the French before us, we had never so much as a battle; our army in Spain was utterly routed at Almanza by the gallant Duke of Berwick; and we of Webb's, which regiment the young Duke had commanded before his father's abdication, were a little proud to think that it was our colonel who had achieved this victory. 'I think if I had had Galway's place, and my Fusileers,' says our General, 'we would not have laid down our arms, even to our old colonel, as Galway did;' and Webb's officers swore if we had had Webb, at least we would not have been taken prisoners. Our dear old General talked incautiously of himself and of others; a braver or a more brilliant soldier never lived than he; but he blew his honest trumpet rather more loudly than became a commander of his station, and, mighty man of valour as he was, shook his great spear and blustered before the army too fiercely.

Mysterious Mr. Holtz went off on a secret expedition in the early part of 1708, with great elation of spirits and a prophecy to Esmond that a wonderful something was about to take place. This secret came out on my friend's return to the army, whither he brought a most rueful and dejected countenance, and owned that the great something he had been engaged upon, had failed utterly. He had been indeed with that luckless expedition of the Chevalier de St. George, who was sent by the French King with ships and an army from Dunkirk, and was to have invaded and conquered Scotland. But that ill wind which ever opposed all the projects upon which the Prince ever embarked, prevented the Chevalier's invasion of Scotland, as 't is known, and blew poor Monsieur von Holtz back into our camp again, to scheme

and foretell, and to pry about as usual. The Chevalier (the King of England, as some of us held him) went from Dunkirk to the French army to make the campaign against us. The Duke of Burgundy had the command this year, having the Duke of Berry with him, and the famous Mareschal Vendosme and the Duke of Matignon to aid him in the campaign. Holtz, who knew everything that was passing in Flanders and France (and the Indies for what I know), insisted that there would be no more fighting in 1708 than there had been in the previous year, and that our commander had reasons for keeping him quiet. Indeed, Esmond's General, who was known as a grumbler, and to have a hearty mistrust of the great Duke, and hundreds more officers besides, did not scruple to say that these private reasons came to the Duke in the shape of crown-pieces from the French King, by whom the Generalissimo was bribed to avoid a battle. There were plenty of men in our lines, quidnuncs, to whom Mr. Webb listened only too willingly, who could specify the exact sums the Duke got, how much fell to Cadogan's share, and what was the precise fee given to Doctor Hare.

And the successes with which the French began the campaign of 1708 served to give strength to these reports of treason, which were in everybody's mouth. Our General allowed the enemy to get between us and Ghent, and declined to attack him, though for eight-and-forty hours the armies were in presence of each other. Ghent was taken, and on the same day Monsieur de la Mothe summoned Bruges; and these two great cities fell into the hands of the French without firing a shot. A few days afterwards La Mothe seized upon the fort of Plashendall: and it began to be supposed that all Spanish Flanders, as well as Brabant, would fall into the hands of the French troops; when the Prince Eugene arrived from the Mozelle, and then there was no more shilly-shallying.

The Prince of Savoy always signalled his arrival at the army by a great feast (my Lord Duke's entertainments were both

seldom and shabby); and I remember our General returning from this dinner with the two Commanders-in-Chief; his honest head a little excited by wine, which was dealt out much more liberally by the Austrian than by the English commander:—‘Now,’ says my General, slapping the table, with an oath, ‘he must fight; and when he is forced to it, d—— it, no man in Europe can stand up against Jack Churchill.’ Within a week the battle of Oudenarde was fought, when, hate each other as they might, Esmond’s General and the Commander-in-Chief were forced to admire each other, so splendid was the gallantry of each upon this day.

The brigade commanded by Major-General Webb gave and received about as hard knocks as any that were delivered in that action, in which Mr. Esmond had the fortune to serve at the head of his own company in his regiment, under the command of their own Colonel as Major-General; and it was his good luck to bring the regiment out of action as commander of it, the four senior officers above him being killed in the prodigious slaughter which happened on that day. I like to think that Jack Haythorn, who sneered at me for being a bastard and a parasite of Webb’s, as he chose to call me, and with whom I had had words, shook hands with me the day before the battle begun. Three days before, poor Brace, our Lieutenant-Colonel, had heard of his elder brother’s death, and was heir to a baronetcy in Norfolk, and four thousand a year. Fate, that had left him harmless through a dozen campaigns, seized on him just as the world was worth living for, and he went into action knowing, as he said, that the luck was going to turn against him. The Major had just joined us—a creature of Lord Marlborough, put in much to the dislike of the other officers, and to be a spy upon us, as it was said. I know not whether the truth was so, nor who took the tattle of our mess to headquarters, but Webb’s regiment, as its Colonel, was known to be in the Commander-in-Chief’s black books: ‘And if he did not dare to break it up at home,’ our gallant old chief used to say, ‘he was determined

to destroy it before the enemy;' so that poor Major Proudfoot was put into a post of danger.

Esmond's dear young Viscount, serving as aide-de-camp to my Lord Duke, received a wound, and won an honourable name for himself in the *Gazette*; and Captain Esmond's name was sent in for promotion by his General, too, whose favourite he was.

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We of the English party in the army, who were inclined to sneer at everything that came out of Hanover, and to treat as little better than boors and savages the Elector's Court and family, were yet forced to confess that, on the day of Oudenarde, the young Electoral Prince, then making his first campaign, conducted himself with the spirit and courage of an approved soldier. On this occasion his Electoral Highness had better luck than the King of England, who was with his cousins in the enemy's camp, and had to run with them at the ignominious end of the day. With the most consummate generals in the world before them, and an admirable commander on their own side, they chose to neglect the counsels, and to rush into a combat with the former, which would have ended in the utter annihilation of their army but for the great skill and bravery of the Duke of Vendosme, who remedied, as far as courage and genius might, the disasters occasioned by the squabbles and follies of his kinsmen, the legitimate princes of the blood-royal.

'If the Duke of Berwick had but been in the army, the fate of the day would have been very different,' was all that poor Mr. von Holtz could say; 'and you would have seen that the hero of Almanza was fit to measure swords with the conqueror of Blenheim.'

The business relative to the exchange of prisoners was always going on, and was at least that ostensible one which kept Mr. Holtz perpetually on the move between the forces of the French and the Allies. I can answer for it, that he was once

very near hanged as a spy by Major-General Wayne, when he was released and sent on to headquarters, by a special order of the Commander-in-Chief. He came and went, always favoured, wherever he was, by some high though occult protection. He carried messages between the Duke of Berwick and his uncle, our Duke. He seemed to know as well what was taking place in the Prince's quarter as our own: he brought the compliments of the King of England to some of our officers, the gentlemen of Webb's among the rest, for their behaviour on that great day; and after Wynendael, when our General was chafing at the neglect of our Commander-in-Chief, he said he knew how that action was regarded by the chiefs of the French army, and that the stand made before Wynendael Wood was the passage by which the Allies entered Lille.

'Ah!' says Holtz (and some folks were very willing to listen to him), 'if the King came by his own, how changed the conduct of affairs would be! His Majesty's very exile has this advantage, that he is enabled to read England impartially, and to judge honestly of all the eminent men. His sister is always in the hand of one greedy favourite or another, through whose eyes she sees, and to whose flattery or dependants she gives away everything. Do you suppose that His Majesty, knowing England so well as he does, would neglect such a man as General Webb? He ought to be in the House of Peers, as Lord Lydiard. The enemy and all Europe know his merit; it is that very reputation which certain great people, who hate all equality and independence, can never pardon.' It was intended that these conversations should be carried to Mr. Webb. They were welcome to him, for great as his services were, no man could value them more than John Richmond Webb did himself, and the differences between him and Marlborough being notorious, his Grace's enemies in the army and at home began to court Webb, and set him up against the all-grasping, domineering chief. And soon after the victory of Oudenarde, a glorious opportunity fell into General Webb's

way, which that gallant warrior did not neglect, and which gave him the means of immensely increasing his reputation at home.

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GENERAL WEBB WINS THE BATTLE OF WYNENDAEL

By the besiegers and besieged of Lille, some of the most brilliant feats of valour were performed that ever illustrated any war. On the French side (whose gallantry was prodigious, the skill and bravery of Marshal Boufflers actually eclipsing those of his conqueror, the Prince of Savoy) may be mentioned that daring action of Messieurs de Luxembourg and Tournefort, who, with a body of horse and dragoons, carried powder into the town, of which the besieged were in extreme want, each soldier bringing a bag with forty pounds of powder behind him; with which perilous provision they engaged our own horse, faced the fire of the foot brought out to meet them: and though half of the men were blown up in the dreadful errand they rode on, a part of them got into the town with the succours of which the garrison was so much in want. A French officer, Monsieur du Bois, performed an act equally daring, and perfectly successful. The Duke's great army lying at Helchin, and covering the siege, and it being necessary for M. de Vendosme to get news of the condition of the place, Captain du Bois performed his famous exploit: not only passing through the lines of the siege, but swimming afterwards no less than seven moats and ditches: and coming back the same way, swimming with his letters in his mouth.

By these letters Monsieur de Boufflers said that he could undertake to hold the place till October; and that if one of the convoys of the Allies could be intercepted, they must raise the siege altogether.

Such a convoy as hath been said was now prepared at Ostend, and about to march for the siege; and on the 27th September we (and the French too) had news that it was on its way. It was composed of 700 waggons, containing ammunition of all

sorts, and was escorted out of Ostend by 2000 infantry and 300 horse. At the same time M. de la Mothe quitted Bruges, having with him five-and-thirty battalions, and upwards of sixty squadrons and forty guns, in pursuit of the convoy.

Major-General Webb had meanwhile made up a force of twenty battalions and three squadrons of dragoons at Turout, whence he moved to cover the convoy and pursue La Mothe: with whose advanced guard ours came up upon the great plain of Turout, and before the little wood and castle of Wynendael; behind which the convoy was marching.

As soon as they came in sight of the enemy, our advanced troops were halted, with the wood behind them, and the rest of our force brought up as quickly as possible, our little body of horse being brought forward to the opening of the plain, as our General said, to amuse the enemy. When M. de la Mothe came up, he found us posted in two lines in front of the wood; and formed his own army in battle facing ours, in eight lines, four of infantry in front, and dragoons and cavalry behind.

The French began the action, as usual, with a cannonade which lasted three hours, when they made their attack, advancing in eight lines, four of foot and four of horse, upon the allied troops in the wood where we were posted. Their infantry behaved ill: they were ordered to charge with the bayonet, but, instead, began to fire, and almost at the very first discharge from our men, broke and fled. The cavalry behaved better; with these alone, who were three or four times as numerous as our whole force, Monsieur de la Mothe might have won victory: but only two of our battalions were shaken in the least; and these speedily rallied: nor could the repeated attacks of the French horse cause our troops to budge an inch from the position in the wood in which our General had placed them.

After attacking for two hours, the French retired at nightfall, entirely foiled. With all the loss we had inflicted upon him, the enemy was still three times stronger than we: and it could not

be supposed that our General could pursue M. de la Mothe, or do much more than hold our ground about the wood, from which the Frenchman had in vain attempted to dislodge us. La Mothe retired behind his forty guns, his cavalry protecting them better than it had been able to annoy us; and meanwhile the convoy, which was of more importance than all our little force, and the safe passage of which we would have dropped to the last man to accomplish, marched away in perfect safety during the action, and joyfully reached the besieging camp before Lille.

Major-General Cadogan, my Lord Duke's Quartermaster-General (and between whom and Mr. Webb there was no love lost), accompanied the convoy, and joined Mr. Webb with a couple of hundred horse just as the battle was over, and the enemy in full retreat. He offered, readily enough, to charge with his horse upon the French as they fell back; but his force was too weak to inflict any damage upon them; and Mr. Webb, commanding as Cadogan's senior, thought enough was done in holding our ground before an enemy that might still have overwhelmed us had we engaged him in the open territory, and in securing the safe passage of the convoy. Accordingly, the horse brought up by Cadogan did not draw a sword; and only prevented, by the good countenance they showed, any disposition the French might have had to renew the attack on us. And no attack coming, at nightfall General Cadogan drew off with his squadron, being bound for headquarters, the two Generals at parting grimly saluting each other.

'He will be at Roncq time enough to lick my Lord Duke's trenchers at supper,' says Mr. Webb.

Our own men lay out in the woods of Wynendael that night, and our General had his supper in the little castle there.

'If I was Cadogan, I would have a peerage for this day's work,' General Webb said; 'and, Harry, thou shouldst have a regiment. Thou hast been reported in the last two actions; thou wert near

killed in the first. I shall mention thee in my despatch to his Grace the Commander-in-Chief, and recommend thee to poor Dick Harwood's vacant majority. Have you ever a hundred guineas to give Cardonnel? Slip them into his hand to-morrow, when you go to headquarters with my report.'

In this report the Major-General was good enough to mention Captain Esmond's name with particular favour; and that gentleman carried the despatch to headquarters the next day, and was not a little pleased to bring back a letter by his Grace's secretary, addressed to Lieutenant-General Webb. The Dutch officer despatched by Count Nassau Woudenbourg, Vælt-Mareschal Auverquerque's son, brought back also a complimentary letter to his commander, who had seconded Mr. Webb in the action with great valour and skill.

Esmond, with a low bow and a smiling face, presented his despatch, and saluted Mr. Webb as Lieutenant-General, as he gave it in. The gentlemen round about him—he was riding with his suite on the road to Menin as Esmond came up with him—gave a cheer, and he thanked them, and opened the despatch with rather a flushed, eager face.

He slapped it down on his boot in a rage after he had read it. 'Tis not even writ with his own hand. Read it out, Esmond.' And Esmond read it out:—

Sir,— Mr. Cadogan is just now come in, and has acquainted me with the success of the action you had yesterday in the afternoon against the body of troops commanded by M. de la Mothe, at Wynecndael, which must be attributed chiefly to your good conduct and resolution. You may be sure I shall do you justice at home, and be glad on all occasions to own the service you have done in securing this convoy.—Yours, &c.,
M.

'Two lines by that d——d Cardonnel, and no more, for the taking of Lille—for beating five times our number—for an action as brilliant as the best he ever fought,' says poor Mr. Webb. 'Lieutenant-General! That's not his doing. I was

the oldest major-general. By ——, I believe he had been better pleased if I had been beat.'

The letter to the Dutch officer was in French, and longer and more complimentary than that to Mr. Webb.

'And this is the man,' he broke out, 'that's gorged with gold—that's covered with titles and honours that we won for him—and that grudges even a line of praise to a comrade in arms! Has n't he enough? Don't we fight that he may roll in riches? Well, well, wait for the *Gazette*, gentlemen. The Queen and the country will do us justice if his Grace denies it us.' There were tears of rage in the brave warrior's eyes as he spoke; and he dashed them off his face on to his glove. He shook his fist in the air. 'Oh, by the Lord!' says he, 'I know what I had rather have than a peerage!'

'And what is that, sir?' some of them asked.

'I had rather have a quarter of an hour with John Churchill, on a fair green field, and only a pair of rapiers between my shirt and his ——'

'Sir!' interposes one.

'Tell him so! I know that's what you mean. I know every word goes to him that's dropped from every general officer's mouth. I don't say he's not brave. Curse him, he's brave enough; but we'll wait for the *Gazette*, gentlemen. God save Her Majesty! she'll do us justice.'

The *Gazette* did not come to us till a month afterwards; when my General and his officers had the honour to dine with Prince Eugene in Lille; his Highness being good enough to say that we had brought the provisions, and ought to share in the banquet. 'T was a great banquet. His Grace of Marlborough was on his Highness's right, and on his left the Mareschal de Boufflers, who had so bravely defended the place. The chief officers of either army were present; and you may be sure Esmond's General was splendid this day: his tall noble person, and manly beauty of face, made him remarkable anywhere; he wore, for the first time,

the star of the Order of Generosity, that His Prussian Majesty had sent to him for his victory. His Highness the Prince of Savoy called a toast to the conqueror of Wynendael. My Lord Duke drank it with rather a sickly smile. The aides-de-camp were present; and Harry Esmond and his dear young lord were together, as they always strove to be when duty would permit: they were over against the table where the generals were, and could see all that passed pretty well. Frank laughed at my Lord Duke's glum face: the affair of Wynendael, and the Captain-General's conduct to Webb, had been the talk of the whole army. When his Highness spoke, and gave, 'Le vainqueur de Wynendael; son armée et sa victoire,' adding, 'qui nous font dîner à Lille aujourd'huy'—there was a great cheer through the hall; for Mr. Webb's bravery, generosity, and very weaknesses of character caused him to be beloved in the army.

'Like Hector handsome, and like Paris brave!' whispers Frank Castlewood. 'A Venus, an elderly Venus, could n't refuse him a pippin. Stand up, Harry! See, we are drinking the army of Wynendael. Ramillies is nothing to it. Huzzay! huzzay!'

At this very time, and just after our General had made his acknowledgment, some one brought in an English *Gazette*—and was passing it from hand to hand down the table. Officers were eager enough to read it; mothers and sisters at home must have sickened over it. There scarce came out a *Gazette* for six years that did not tell of some heroic death or some brilliant achievement.

'Here it is—action of Wynendael—here you are, General,' says Frank, seizing hold of the little dingy paper that soldiers love to read so; and scrambling over from our bench, he went to where the General sat, who knew him, and had seen many a time at his table his laughing, handsome face, which everybody loved who saw. The generals in their great perukes made way for him. He handed the paper over General Dohna's buff-coat to our General on the opposite side.

He came hobbling back, and blushing at his feat: 'I thought he'd like it, Harry,' the young fellow whispered. 'Did n't I like to read my name after Ramillies, in the *London Gazette*?—Viscount Castlewood serving a volunteer—— I say, what's yonder?'

Mr. Webb, reading the *Gazette*, looked very strange—slapped it down on the table—then sprang up in his place, and began, 'Will your Highness please to——'

His Grace the Duke of Marlborough here jumped up too—'There's some mistake, my dear General Webb.'

'Your Grace had better rectify it,' says Mr. Webb, holding out the letter; but he was five off his Grace the Prince Duke, who, besides, was higher than the General (being seated with the Prince of Savoy, the Electoral Prince of Hanover, and the envoys of Prussia and Denmark, under a baldaquin), and Webb could not reach him, tall as he was.

'Stay,' says he, with a smile, as if catching at some idea, and then, with a perfect courtesy, drawing his sword, he ran the *Gazette* through with the point, and said, 'Permit me to hand it to your Grace.'

The Duke looked very black. 'Take it,' says he, to his Master of the Horse, who was waiting behind him.

The Lieutenant-General made a very low bow, and retired and finished his glass. The *Gazette* in which Mr. Cardonnel, the Duke's secretary, gave an account of the victory of Wynendael, mentioned Mr. Webb's name, but gave the sole praise and conduct of the action to the Duke's favourite, Mr. Cadogan.

There was no little talk and excitement occasioned by this strange behaviour of General Webb, who had almost drawn a sword upon the Commander-in-Chief; but the General, after the first outbreak of his anger, mastered it outwardly altogether; and, by his subsequent behaviour, had the satisfaction of even more angering the Commander-in-Chief, than he could have done by any public exhibition of resentment.

On returning to his quarters, and consulting with his chief adviser, Mr. Esmond, who was now entirely in the General's confidence, and treated by him as a friend, and almost a son, Mr. Webb writ a letter to his Grace the Commander-in-Chief, in which he said:—

Your Grace must be aware that the sudden perusal of the *London Gazette*, in which your Grace's secretary, Mr. Cardonnel, hath mentioned Major-General Cadogan's name as the officer commanding in the late action of Wynendael, must have caused a feeling of anything but pleasure to the General who fought that action.

Your Grace must be aware that Mr. Cadogan was not even present at the battle, though he arrived with squadrons of horse at its close, and put himself under the command of his superior officer. And as the result of the battle of Wynendael, in which Lieutenant-General Webb had the good fortune to command, was the capture of Lille, the relief of Brussels, then invested by the enemy under the Elector of Bavaria, the restoration of the great cities of Ghent and Bruges, of which the enemy (by treason within the walls) had got possession in the previous year, Mr. Webb cannot consent to forego the honours of such a success and service, for the benefit of Mr. Cadogan, or any other person.

As soon as the military operations of the year are over, Lieutenant-General Webb will request permission to leave the army, and return to his place in Parliament, where he gives notice to his Grace the Commander-in-Chief, that he shall lay his case before the House of Commons, the country, and Her Majesty the Queen.

By his eagerness to rectify that false statement of the *Gazette*, which had been written by his Grace's secretary, Mr. Cardonnel, Mr. Webb, not being able to reach his Grace the Commander-in-Chief on account of the gentlemen seated between them, placed the paper containing the false statement on his sword, so that it might more readily arrive in the hands of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough who surely would wish to do justice to every officer of his army.

Mr. Webb knows his duty too well to think of insubordination to his superior officer, or of using his sword in a campaign against any but the enemies of Her Majesty. He solicits permission to return to England immediately the military duties will permit, and take with him to England Captain Esmond, of his regiment, who acted as his aide-de-camp, and was present during the entire action, and noted by his watch the time when Mr. Cadogan arrived at its close.

The Commander-in-Chief could not but grant this permission, nor could he take notice of Webb's letter, though it was couched in terms the most insulting. Half the army believed that the cities of Ghent and Bruges were given up by a treason, which some in our army very well understood; that the Commander-in-Chief would not have relieved Lille, if he could have helped himself; that he would not have fought that year had not the Prince of Savoy forced him. When the battle once began, then, for his own renown, my Lord Marlborough would fight as no man in the world ever fought better; and no bribe on earth could keep him from beating the enemy.¹

But the matter was taken up by the subordinates; and half the army might have been by the ears, if the quarrel had not been stopped. General Cadogan sent an intimation to General Webb to say that he was ready if Webb liked, and would meet him. This was a kind of invitation our stout old General was always too ready to accept, and 't was with great difficulty we got the General to reply that he had no quarrel with Mr. Cadogan, who had behaved with perfect gallantry, but only with those at headquarters, who had belied him. Mr. Cardonnel offered General Webb reparation; Mr. Webb said he had a cane at the service of Mr. Cardonnel, and the only satisfaction he

¹ Our grandfather's hatred of the Duke of Marlborough appears all through his account of these campaigns. He always persisted that the Duke was the greatest traitor and soldier history ever told of; and declared that he took bribes on all hands during the war. My Lord Marquis (for so we may call him here, though he never went by any other name than Colonel Esmond) was in the habit of telling many stories which he did not set down in his Memoirs, and which he had from his friend the Jesuit, who was not always correctly informed, and who persisted that Marlborough was looking for a bribe of two millions of crowns before the campaign of Ramillies.

And our grandmother used to tell us children, that on his first presentation to my Lord Duke, the Duke turned his back upon my grandfather; and said to the Duchess, who told my Lady Dowager at Chelsey, who afterwards told Colonel Esmond: 'Tom-Esmond's bastard has been to my levée: he has the hang-dog look of his rogue of a father'—an expression which my grandfather never forgave. He was as constant in his dislikes as in his attachments; and exceedingly partial to Webb, whose side he took against the more celebrated general. We have General Webb's portrait now at Castlewood, Va.

wanted from him was one he was not likely to get, namely, the truth. The officers in our staff of Webb's, and those in the immediate suite of the General, were ready to come to blows.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1850-1894

THE OISE IN FLOOD¹

[From *An Inland Voyage*, 1878.

In the late summer of 1876 Stevenson and Sir Walter Simpson made a journey from Antwerp to Paris in two canoes, the *Arethusa* and the *Cigarette*.]

Before nine next morning the two canoes were installed on a light country cart at Etreux; and we were soon following them along the side of a pleasant valley full of hop gardens and poplars. Agreeable villages lay here and there on the slope of the hill: notably, Tupigny, with the hop poles hanging their garlands in the very street, and the houses clustered with grapes. There was a faint enthusiasm on our passage; weavers put their heads to the windows; children cried out in ecstasy at sight of the two "boaties"—*barquettes*; and bloused pedestrians, who were acquainted with our charioteer, jested with him on the nature of his freight.

We had a shower or two, but light and flying. The air was clean and sweet among all these green fields and green things growing. There was not a touch of autumn in the weather. And when, at Vadencourt, we launched from a little lawn opposite a mill, the sun broke forth and set all the leaves shining in the valley of the Oise.

The river was swollen with the long rains. From Vadencourt all the way to Origny it ran with ever-quickening speed, taking

¹ Reprinted by kind permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

fresh heart at each mile, and racing as though it already smelled the sea. The water was yellow and turbulent, swung with an angry eddy among half-submerged willows, and made an angry clatter along stony shores. The course kept turning and turning in a narrow and well-timbered valley. Now the river would approach the side, and run gliding along the chalky base of the hill, and show us a few open colza fields among the trees. Now it would skirt the garden walls of houses, where we might catch a glimpse through a doorway, and see a priest pacing in the checkered sunlight. Again, the foliage closed so thickly in front that there seemed to be no issue; only a thicket of willows overtopped by elms and poplars, under which the river ran flush and fleet, and where a kingfisher flew past like a piece of the blue sky. On these different manifestations the sun poured its clear and catholic looks. The shadows lay as solid on the swift surface of the stream as on the stable meadows. The light sparkled golden in the dancing poplar leaves, and brought the hills into communion with our eyes. And all the while the river never stopped running or took breath; and the reeds along the whole valley stood shivering from top to toe.

There should be some myth (but if there is, I know it not) founded on the shivering of the reeds. There are not many things in nature more striking to man's eye. It is such an eloquent pantomime of terror; and to see such a number of terrified creatures taking sanctuary in every nook along the shore is enough to infect a silly human with alarm. Perhaps they are only acold, and no wonder, standing waist deep in the stream. Or, perhaps, they have never got accustomed to the speed and fury of the river's flux, or the miracle of its continuous body. Pan once played upon their forefathers; and so, by the hands of his river, he still plays upon these later generations down all the valley of the Oise; and plays the same air, both sweet and shrill, to tell us of the beauty and the terror of the world.

The canoe was like a leaf in the current. It took it up and shook it, and carried it masterfully away, like a Centaur carrying off a nymph. To keep some command on our direction required hard and diligent plying of the paddle. The river was in such a hurry for the sea! Every drop of water ran in a panic, like so many people in a frightened crowd. But what crowd was ever so numerous or so single-minded? All the objects of sight went by at a dance measure; the eyesight raced with the racing river; the exigencies of every moment kept the pegs screwed so tight that our being quivered like a well-tuned instrument, and the blood shook off its lethargy, and trotted through all the highways and byways of the veins and arteries, and in and out of the heart, as if circulation were but a holiday journey and not the daily moil of threescore years and ten. The reeds might nod their heads in warning, and with tremulous gestures tell how the river was as cruel as it was strong and cold, and how death lurked in the eddy underneath the willows. But the reeds had to stand where they were; and those who stand still are always timid advisers. As for us, we could have shouted aloud. If this lively and beautiful river were, indeed, a thing of death's contrivance, the old ashen rogue had famously outwitted himself with us. I was living three to the minute. I was scoring points against him every stroke of my paddle, every turn of the stream. I have rarely had better profit of my life.

For I think we may look upon our little private war with death somewhat in this light. If a man knows he will sooner or later be robbed upon a journey, he will have a bottle of the best in every inn, and look upon all his extravagances as so much gained upon the thieves. And above all, where, instead of simply spending, he makes a profitable investment for some of his money, when it will be out of risk of loss. So every bit of brisk living, and above all when it is healthful, is just so much gained upon the wholesale filcher, death. We shall have the less in our pockets, the more in our stomachs, when he cries, Stand and deliver!

A swift stream is a favorite artifice of his, and one that brings him in a comfortable thing per annum; but when he and I come to settle our accounts I shall whistle in his face for these hours upon the upper Oise.

Towards afternoon we got fairly drunken with the sunshine and the exhilaration of the pace. We could no longer contain ourselves and our content. The canoes were too small for us; we must be out and stretch ourselves on shore. And so in a green meadow we bestowed our limbs on the grass, and smoked deifying tobacco, and proclaimed the world excellent. It was the last good hour of the day, and I dwell upon it with extreme complacency.

On one side of the valley, high upon the chalky summit of the hill, a plowman with his team appeared and disappeared at regular intervals. At each revelation he stood still for a few seconds against the sky, for all the world (as the *Cigarette* declared) like a toy Burns who had just plowed up the Mountain Daisy. He was the only living thing within view, unless we are to count the river.

On the other side of the valley a group of red roofs and a belfry showed among the foliage. Thence some inspired bell ringer made the afternoon musical on a chime of bells. There was something very sweet and taking in the air he played, and we thought we had never heard bells speak so intelligibly or sing so melodiously as these. It must have been to some such measure that the spinners and the young maids sang, "Come away, Death," in the Shakespearean Illyria. There is so often a threatening note, something blatant and metallic, in the voice of bells, that I believe we have fully more pain than pleasure from hearing them; but these, as they sounded abroad, now high, now low, now with a plaintive cadence that caught the ear like the burden of a popular song, were always moderate and tunable, and seemed to fall in with the spirit of still, rustic places, like the noise of a waterfall or the babble of a rookery in spring.

I could have asked the bell ringer for his blessing, good, sedate old man, who swung the rope so gently to the time of his meditations. I could have blessed the priest or the heritors, or whoever may be concerned with such affairs in France, who had left these sweet old bells to gladden the afternoon, and not held meetings, and made collections, and had their names repeatedly printed in the local paper, to rig up a peal of brand-new, brazen, Birmingham-hearted substitutes, who should bombard their sides to the provocation of a brand-new bell ringer, and fill the echoes of the valley with terror and riot.

At last the bells ceased, and with their note the sun withdrew. The piece was at an end; shadow and silence possessed the valley of the Oise. We took to the paddle with glad hearts, like people who have sat out a noble performance and return to work. The river was more dangerous here; it ran swifter, the eddies were more sudden and violent. All the way down we had had our fill of difficulties. Sometimes it was a weir which could be shot, sometimes one so shallow and full of stakes that we must withdraw the boats from the water and carry them round. But the chief sort of obstacle was a consequence of the late high winds. Every two or three hundred yards a tree had fallen across the river, and usually involved more than another in its fall. Often there was free water at the end, and we could steer round the leafy promontory and hear the water sucking and bubbling among the twigs. Often, again, when the tree reached from bank to bank, there was room, by lying close, to shoot through underneath, canoe and all. Sometimes it was necessary to get out upon the trunk itself and pull the boats across; and sometimes, where the stream was too impetuous for this, there was nothing for it but to land and "carry over." This made a fine series of accidents in the day's career, and kept us aware of ourselves.

Shortly after our reëmbarkation, while I was leading by a long way, and still full of a noble, exulting spirit in honor of the sun,

the swift pace, and the church bells, the river made one of its leonine pounces round a corner, and I was aware of another fallen tree within a stonecast. I had my backboard down in a trice, and aimed for a place where the trunk seemed high enough above the water, and the branches not too thick to let me slip below. When a man has just vowed eternal brotherhood with the universe he is not in a temper to take great determinations coolly, and this, which might have been a very important determination for me, had not been taken under a happy star. The tree caught me about the chest, and while I was yet struggling to make less of myself and get through, the river took the matter out of my hands and bereaved me of my boat. The *Arethusa* swung round broadside on, leaned over, ejected so much of me as still remained on board, and, thus disencumbered, whipped under the tree, righted, and went merrily away downstream.

I do not know how long it was before I scrambled on to the tree to which I was left clinging, but it was longer than I cared about. My thoughts were of a grave and almost somber character, but I still clung to my paddle. The stream ran away with my heels as fast as I could pull up my shoulders, and I seemed, by the weight, to have all the water of the Oise in my trousers' pockets. You can never know, till you try it, what a dead pull a river makes against a man. Death himself had me by the heels, for this was his last ambushade, and he must now join personally in the fray. And still I held to my paddle. At last I dragged myself on to my stomach on the trunk, and lay there a breathless sop, with a mingled sense of humor and injustice. A poor figure I must have presented to Burns upon the hilltop with his team. But there was the paddle in my hand. On my tomb, if ever I have one, I mean to get these words inscribed: "He clung to his paddle."

The *Cigarette* had gone past awhile before; for, as I might have observed, if I had been a little less pleased with the universe at the moment, there was a clear way round the tree top at the

farther side. He had offered his services to haul me out, but, as I was then already on my elbows, I had declined and sent him downstream after the truant *Arethusa*. The stream was too rapid for a man to mount with one canoe, let alone two, upon his hands, so I crawled along the trunk to shore, and proceeded down the meadows by the riverside. I was so cold that my heart was sore. I had now an idea of my own why the reeds so bitterly shivered. I could have given any of them a lesson. The *Cigarette* remarked, facetiously, that he thought I was "taking exercise" as I drew near, until he made out for certain that I was only twittering with cold. I had a rubdown with a towel, and donned a dry suit from the india-rubber bag. But I was not my own man again for the rest of the voyage. I had a queasy sense that I wore my last dry clothes upon my body. The struggle had tired me; and, perhaps, whether I knew it or not, I was a little dashed in spirit. The devouring element in the universe had leaped out against me, in this green valley quickened by a running stream. The bells were all very pretty in their way, but I had heard some of the hollow notes of Pan's music. Would the wicked river drag me down by the heels, indeed? and look so beautiful all the time? Nature's good humor was only skin deep, after all.

There was still a long way to go by the winding course of the stream, and darkness had fallen, and a late bell was ringing in Origny Sainte-Benoite when we arrived.

APPENDIX A

THE ART OF NARRATIVE

- Baldwin, C. S.: *How to Write—A Handbook
Based on the English Bible*
How to tell a Story, Chapter III
The Macmillan Company, New
York, 1905
- Brewster, W. T.: *Studies in Structure and Style*
The Macmillan Company, New
York, 1899. (Contains an analy-
sis of the narrative structure of
Froude's Defeat of the Spanish
Armada)
- Buck and Morris: *A Course in Narrative Writing*
The Structure of the Story, Chap-
ter I
Henry Holt and Company, New
York, 1906
- Hamilton, Clayton: *Materials and Methods of Fiction*
The Nature of Narrative, Chap-
ter III
The Baker and Taylor Company,
New York, 1908
- Maxcy, C. L.: *The Rhetorical Principles of Nar-
ration*
Analysis of the Narrative Form,
Chapter II; General Rhetori-
cal Characteristics of Narrative
Forms, Chapter III; The Order-
ing of the Action—Plot, Chapter
VI; Forms of Narrative Litera-
ture, Chapter VII
Houghton Mifflin Company, Bos-
ton, 1911

APPENDIX B

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

The titles in the following lists have been placed in a sequence, to accord with that of the Table of Contents. In List I (Legendary History) whole books have been cited without specification of parts or chapters; legend, to be appreciated, should be read in considerable amount. But in List II (History) and in List III (Intimate History) separate chapters, or episodes, have generally been cited because whole books of history are too long or too inclusive for the purpose in hand. For these lists especially the passages have been chosen primarily for their value as narration, and placed as supplementary to a given piece in the body of the volume, for reasons of style, subject, or date as seemed convenient. Occasionally works of fiction covering the historical period or supplementary in some other way have been added.

The initial letters E, T, and S stand for Everyman's Library (35 cents), the Temple Classics (35 cents), and the Walter Scott Library (40 cents) — the first two published by Messrs. J. M. Dent Sons, Ltd., London, the last by the Walter Scott Publishing Company, Felling-on-Tyne, England. The initial letter W indicates that the selection is to be found in Warner's Library of the World's Best Literature.

I. LEGENDARY HISTORY

1

- Moulton, R. G. (editor): *The Modern Reader's Bible*
The same in separate volumes:
The Judges; The Kings; Biblical Idylls (including *Ruth* and *Esther*), *Daniel*, and the *Minor Prophets*
- Nettleton, G. H. (editor): *Old Testament Narratives*
In Henry Holt and Company's
English Readings

- 2
- Cunningham, Allan : *Traditional Tales*
 Curtin, Jeremiah : *Hero Tales of Ireland*
 Gregory, Lady Augusta : *Gods and Fighting Men*
 Gregory, Lady Augusta : *Poets and Dreamers*
 Joyce, P. W. : *Old Celtic Romances*
 Larminie, William : *West Irish Folk-Tales and Romances*
 MacManus, Seumas : *Donnegal Fairy Stories.*
 Rolleston, T. W. : *Myths and Legends of the Celtic Race*
 Thomas, C. E. : *Celtic Stories*
 Yeats, W. B. : *Irish Fairy- and Folk-Tales — S*
- 3
- Armour, Margaret : *The Fall of the Nibelungs — E*
 Dasent, G. W. : *The Story of Burnt Njal — E*
 Magnusson and Morris : *The Story of the Volsungs — S*
 Press, M. A. C. : *The Laxdaela Saga — T*
 Thomas, Edward : *Norse Tales*
Fiction Morris, William : *Sigurd the Volsung*
 Verse tale founded on the story of the Volsungs
 Morris, William : *The Lovers of Gudrun*
 Verse tale founded on the Laxdaela Saga
 Morris, William : *The House of the Wolfings*
 Morris, William : *The Roots of the Mountains*
- 4
- Lanier, Sidney (editor) : *The Boy's Mabinogion*
 Williams, R. (editor) : *The Mabinogion — E*
- 5
- Evans, Sebastian : *The High History of the Holy Grail — E*
 Lang, Andrew : *Aucassin et Nicolette*
 Lanier, Sidney : *The Boy's King Arthur*
 (Adapted from Malory)
 Malory, Sir T. : *Morte D'Arthur — E, T, S*

- Mason, Eugene : *Aucassin et Nicolette and Fifteen
Other Romances and Legends*
— E
- Mason, Eugene : *French Medieval Romances* — E
- Morris, William : *Old French Romances*
- Syrett, Netta : *Stories from Medieval Romance*
- Weston, Jessie L. : *Romance, Vision, Satire*
- Weston, Jessie L. : *Sir Gawain and the Lady of Lys*
- Weston, Jessie L. : *Sir Gawain at the Grail Castle*
- Weston, Jessie L. : *Gottfried von Strassburg*
(The Story of Tristram and
Iseult)
- Wragg, H. : *Selections from Malory*
- Fiction* Church, A. J. : *Stories of Charlemagne*
- Morris, William : *Early Romances* — E

II. HISTORY

1

- Herodotus : *The History* — E
The Story of Cyrus, Book I
(Clio), Chapters 95-130; The
Rule of the Magi, Book III
(Thalia), Chapters 61-88; The
Expedition against the Scythians,
Book IV (Melpomene), Chapters
85-148; The Battle of Mara-
thon, Book VI (Erato), Chapters
94-117; The Battle of Salamis,
Book VIII (Urania), Chapters
51-96
- Livy : *History of Rome*
Horatius, Book II; Battle of
Lake Trasimene, Book XXII
- Plutarch : *Life of Timoleon* — E
Dryden's translation

- Thucydides: *History of the Peloponnesian War*
The Sicilian Expedition, Books
VI and VII
- 2
Dunster, H. P. (editor): *Froissart's Chronicles of England,
France, and Spain* — E
(Adapted in 1853 from Johnes's
translation)
- Edgar, Madalen (editor): *Froissart's Chronicles*
(Adapted from Berners's transla-
tion)
- Lanier, Sidney (editor): *The Boy's Froissart*
- Marzials, F. T. (editor): *Select Passages from Froissart* — S
(Johnes's translation)
- Villehardouin and
DeJoinville: *History of the Crusades* — E
Before Constantinople; The Bat-
tle of Mansoorah
- Fiction* Edgar, J. G.: *Crécy and Poitiers* — E
- 3
Boyle, G. D. (editor): *Characters and Episodes of the
Great Rebellion*
Selections from Clarendon
- MacKenzie, R. J. (editor): *War Pictures from Clarendon*
- 4
Gibbon, Edward: *Decline and Fall of the Roman
Empire* — E
Various episodes in the rise of the
Saracens, Chapter LI; The Siege
of Damascus; The Battle of Tours
- Macaulay, T. B.: *History of England* — E
The Battle of the Boyne, Chap-
ter XVI; The Battle of Kil-
liekrankie, Chapter XIII; The
Massacre of Glencoe, Chapter
XVIII; The Expedition to Da-
rien, Chapter XXIV; The Dec-
laration, Chapter VIII

5

- Carlyle, T. : *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*
— E
The Battle of Worcester, Letters
CLXXXII, CLXXXIII
The French Revolution — E
The Storming of the Bastille;
Charlotte Corday — W; The
Execution of Louis XVI — W;
The Procession — W

6

- Creasy, Sir Edward : *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the
World* — E
Kinglake, A. W. : *The Invasion of the Crimea*
The Charge of the Light Brigade
— W
Motley, J. L. : *Rise of the Dutch Republic* — E
The Abdication of Charles V
*Life and Death of John of Barne-
veld*
The fate of John of Barneveld
— W
*The History of the United Nether-
lands*
The Taking of Antwerp
Prescott, W. H. : *Conquest of Mexico* — E
The Melancholy Night — W
Conquest of Peru — E
Capture of the Inca — W
Southey, Robert : *Life of Horatio, Lord Nelson* — E
The Death of Nelson
- 7
Fiske John : *The American Revolution*
The Treason of Benedict Arnold;
Yorktown
The Discovery of America
The Voyage of Magellan

- Froude, J. A. : *History of England*
 The Defeat of the Armada
English Seamen of the Sixteenth Century
 The Sailing of the Armada; The Defeat of the Armada; Drake's Voyage around the World
- Hasbrouck, Louise : *The Boy's Parkman*
 Episodes from Parkman's histories concerning the Indians
- Parkman, Francis : *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*—E
 Braddock's Defeat and The Capture of Quebec; The Treachery of Pontiac; The Death of Pontiac
Montcalm and Wolfe
Pioneers of France in the New World
 Dominique de Gourgues — W
La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West
 (Several chapters included in *The Boy's Parkman*); *The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century*; Father Brebeuf — W

III. INTIMATE HISTORY

1

- Copeland and Hersey (ed.): *Representative Biographies*
 Autobiographic chapters from the lives of Gibbon, Carlyle, Dickens, Ruskin, Stevenson

2

- Plato : *The Phædo*
 The Death of Socrates

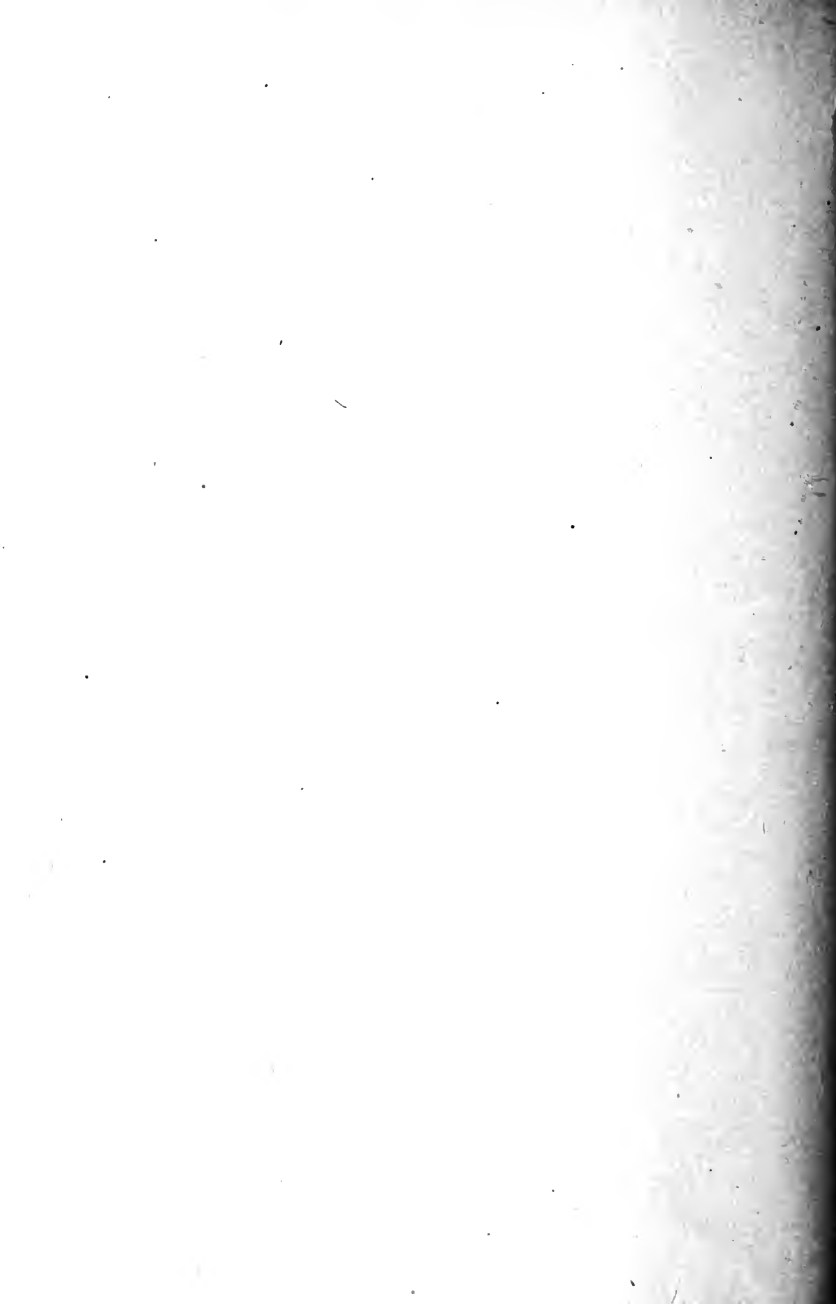
- Pliny the Younger: *Letters* — S
Description of his Estates, Book II, Letter XVII; Book V, Letter VI; Book IX, Letters XXXVI and XL; The Murder of Macedo; The Crimes of Publicius Certus; Two Ghost Stories
- Fiction* Bulwer-Lytton: *Last Days of Pompeii* — E
The Amphitheatre — W
- 3
- Abelard: *Letters of Eloise and Abelard*
— T
Historia Calamitatum
- Froissart, J.: *Passages from Froissart* (Marzials)
— S
(Or Dunster's adaptation — E)
Madness of the French King, Charles VI; Froissart visits the Court of Richard II; Sir Peter de Craon plots the Death of Sir Oliver de Clisson
- Fiction* Hewlett, M.: *New Canterbury Tales*
The Scrivener's Tale (founded on Froissart's account of Edward the Third and the Countess of Salisbury)
- 4
- Casanova, J.: *Memoirs*
Escape from the Ducal Palace
— W
- Cellini, B.: *Memoirs* — E
His Second Imprisonment; The Casting of the Perseus — W
- Kropotkin, P.: *Memoirs of a Revolutionist*
Escape from Prison — W
- Pellico, S.: *Le Mie Prigioni*
Imprisonments — W

- Fiction* Hugo, Victor : *Les Misérables* — E
Jean Valjean foils Javert, Chapters CXIX ff.
- Stevenson, R. L. : *St. Ives*
The Escape, Chapters VI ff.
- 5 Defoe, D. : *Memoirs of a Cavalier* — E
Battles of Edgehill, Marston Moor, Naseby, etc.
A Journal of the Plague Year — E
The Journeymen
The Apparition of One Mrs. Veal
- Evelyn, John : *Diary* — E
The Great London Fire (entries of Sept. 2d, 3d, and 4th, 1666) — W
- Jessopp, A. H. : *The Coming of the Friars and Other Essays*
The Black Death in East Anglia
- Pepys, S. : *Diary*
Selections in the Everyman edition of the *Journal of the Plague Year*
The Diary
Extracts — W
- Fiction* Ainsworth, H. : *Old St. Paul's* — E
Episodes of the Plague and the Great Fire
- 6 Crèvecoeur, St. J. : *Letters from an American Farmer* — E
History of Andrew the Hebridean
- Fielding, H. : *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*
At Ryde (entry of July 3d)

- Franklin, B. : *Autobiography* — E
 Journey to England ; Whitefield's
 Preaching ; General Braddock ;
 An Expedition against the In-
 dians
- Woolman, John : *Journal* — E
 A visit to Pennsylvania, Chapter
 VIII
- 7
- De Quincey, T. : *Autobiographic Sketches*
Suspiria de Profundis — S
 His Dead Sister ; Levana — W
The English Mail-Coach
 A Vision of Sudden Death
- Heine, H. : *Prose Writings of Heine*
 (Translated by Havelock Ellis)
 Boyhood in Düsseldorf — W
- 8
- Borrow, George : *Lavengro* — E
 At the Horse Fair
The Bible in Spain — E
 A Meeting ; Finisterra
- 9
- Hazlitt, William : *Liber Amoris*
- 10
- Lockhart, J. G. : *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter*
Scott — E
 The Death of Scott
- Macaulay, T. B. : *Madame d'Arblay* — E
 Fanny Burney at Court
- Stevenson, R. L. : *A Footnote to History*
- Thackeray, W. M. : *English Humorists of the 18th*
Century
 Goldsmith
The Second Funeral of Napoleon
 On the Funeral Ceremony

11

- The Four Georges*
George the Third; George the Fourth
- Burton, Sir Richard: *First Footsteps in East Africa* — E
Pilgrimage to El Medinah
A Journey in Disguise — W; *En Route* — W
- Dana, R. H., Jr.: *Two Years before the Mast*
A Dry Gale; Every-Day Sea Life
- King, Clarence: *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada*
Ascent of Mount Tyndall, IV;
Descent of Mount Tyndall, V
- Kinglake, S.: *Eothen* — E
The Desert — W
- Mark Twain: *Life on the Mississippi*
The High River; The Lightning Pilot — W
- Muir, John: *The Mountains of California*
A Near View of the High Sierra
- Parkman, F.: *The Oregon Trail*
The Buffalo, Chapter VII
- Stanley, Sir Henry: *Autobiography*
The Finding of Livingston
- Stevenson, R. L.: *The Amateur Emigrant*
Early Impressions; The Stowaways; The Sick Man
Across the Plains
Travels with a Donkey — E
A Camp in the Dark



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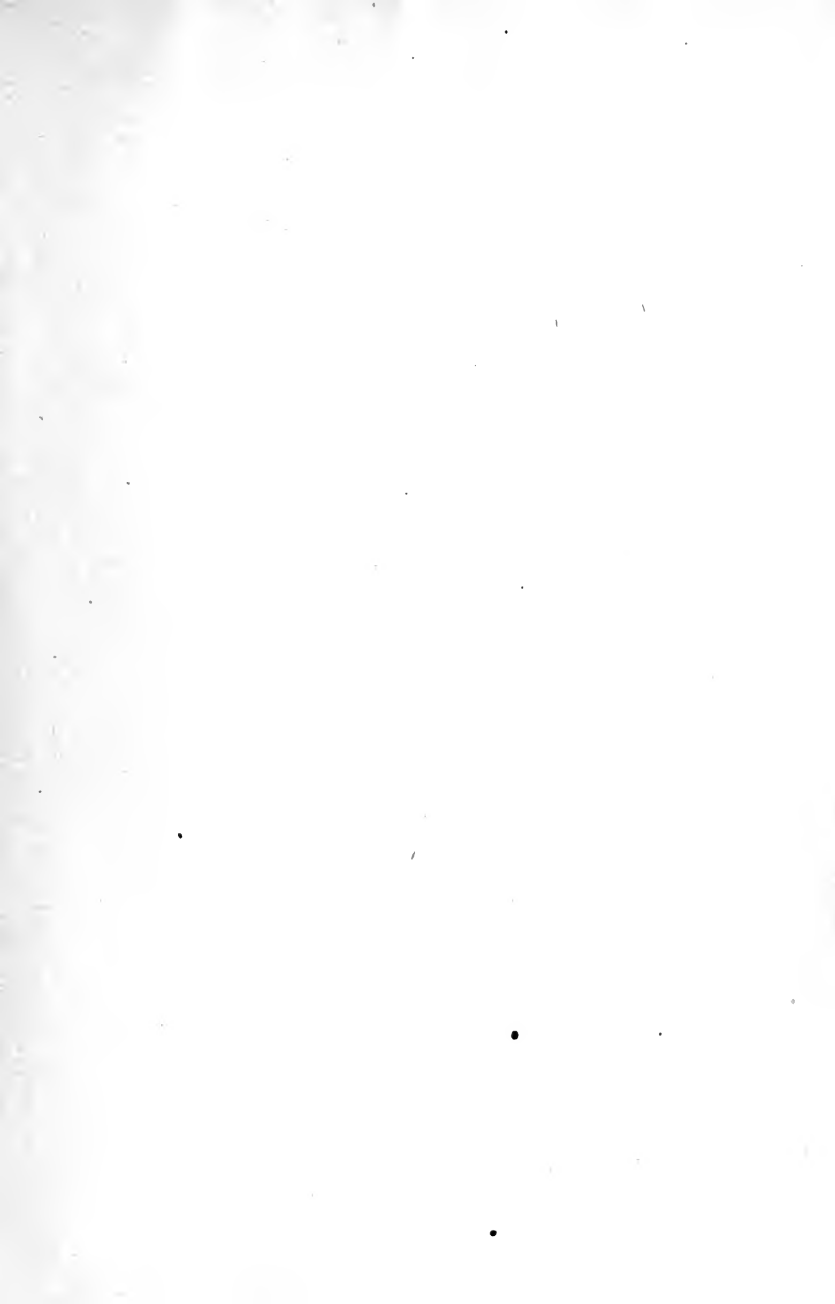
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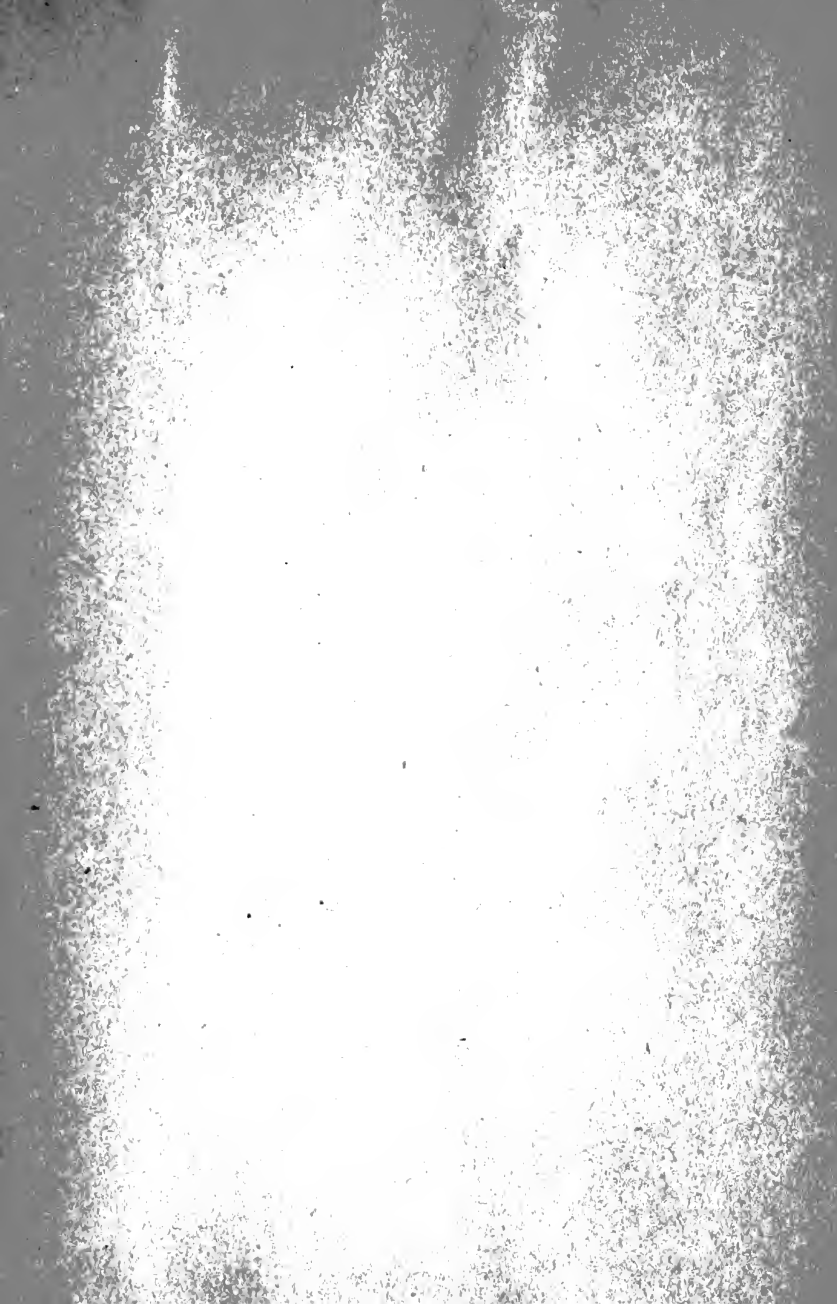
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