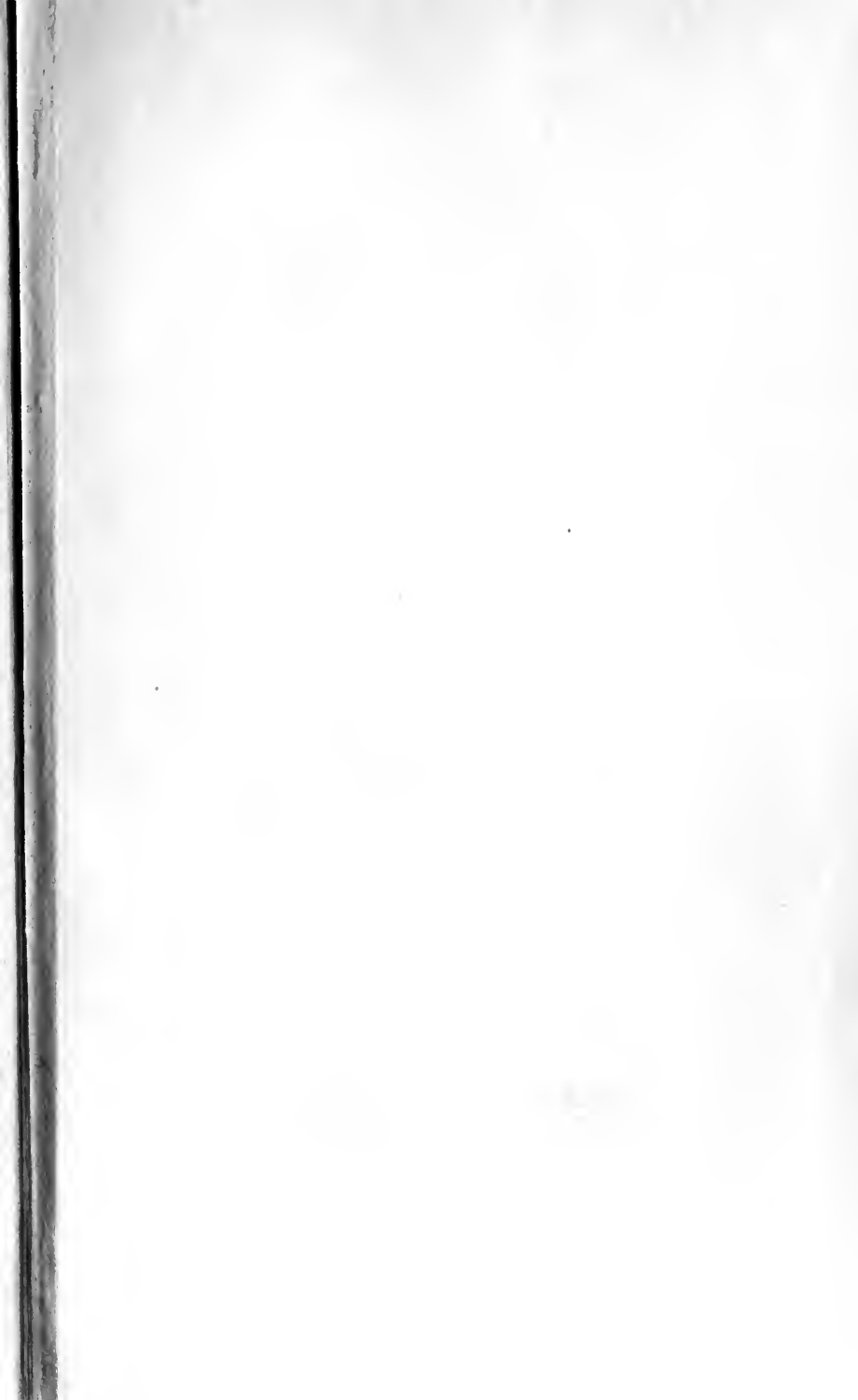


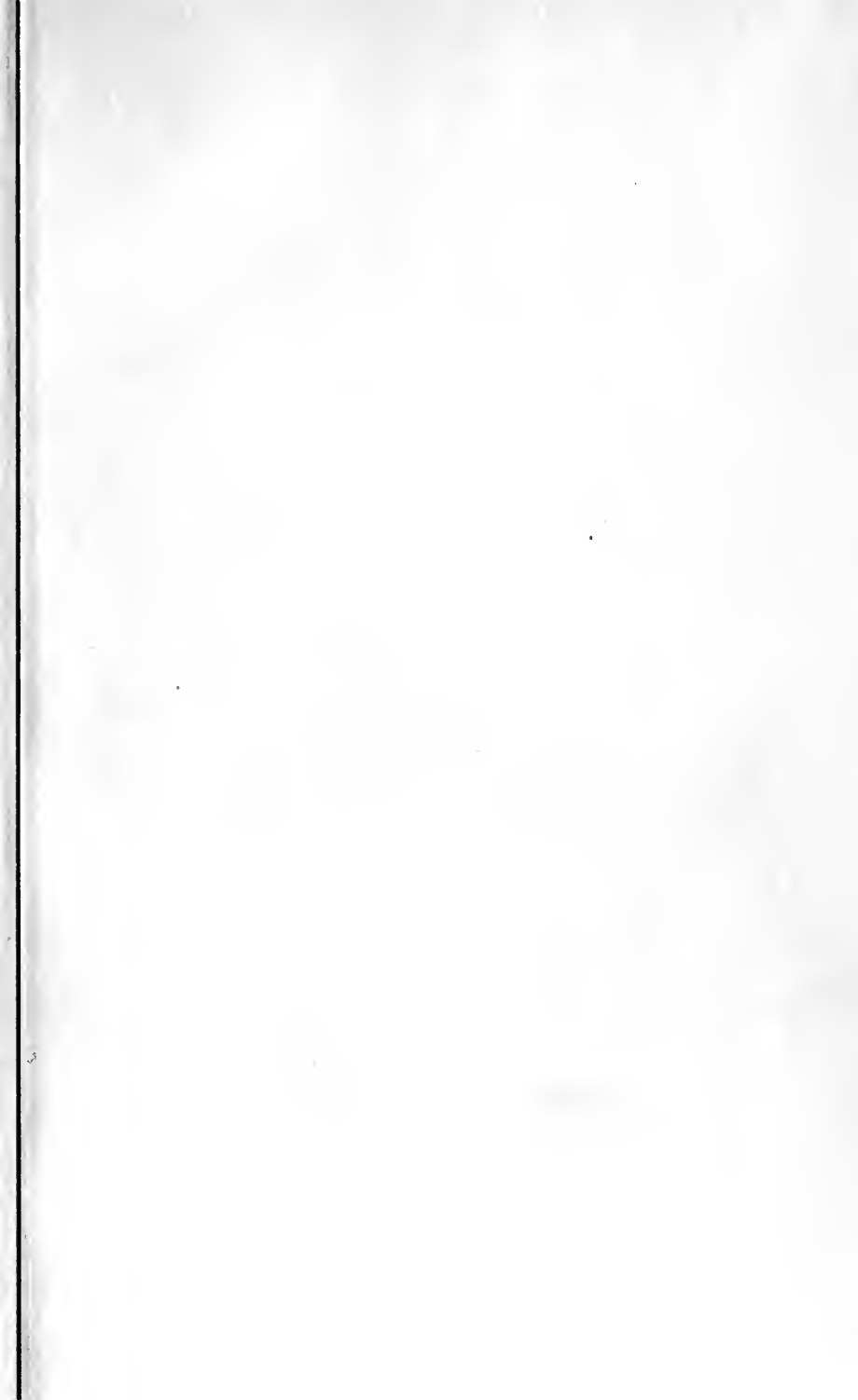
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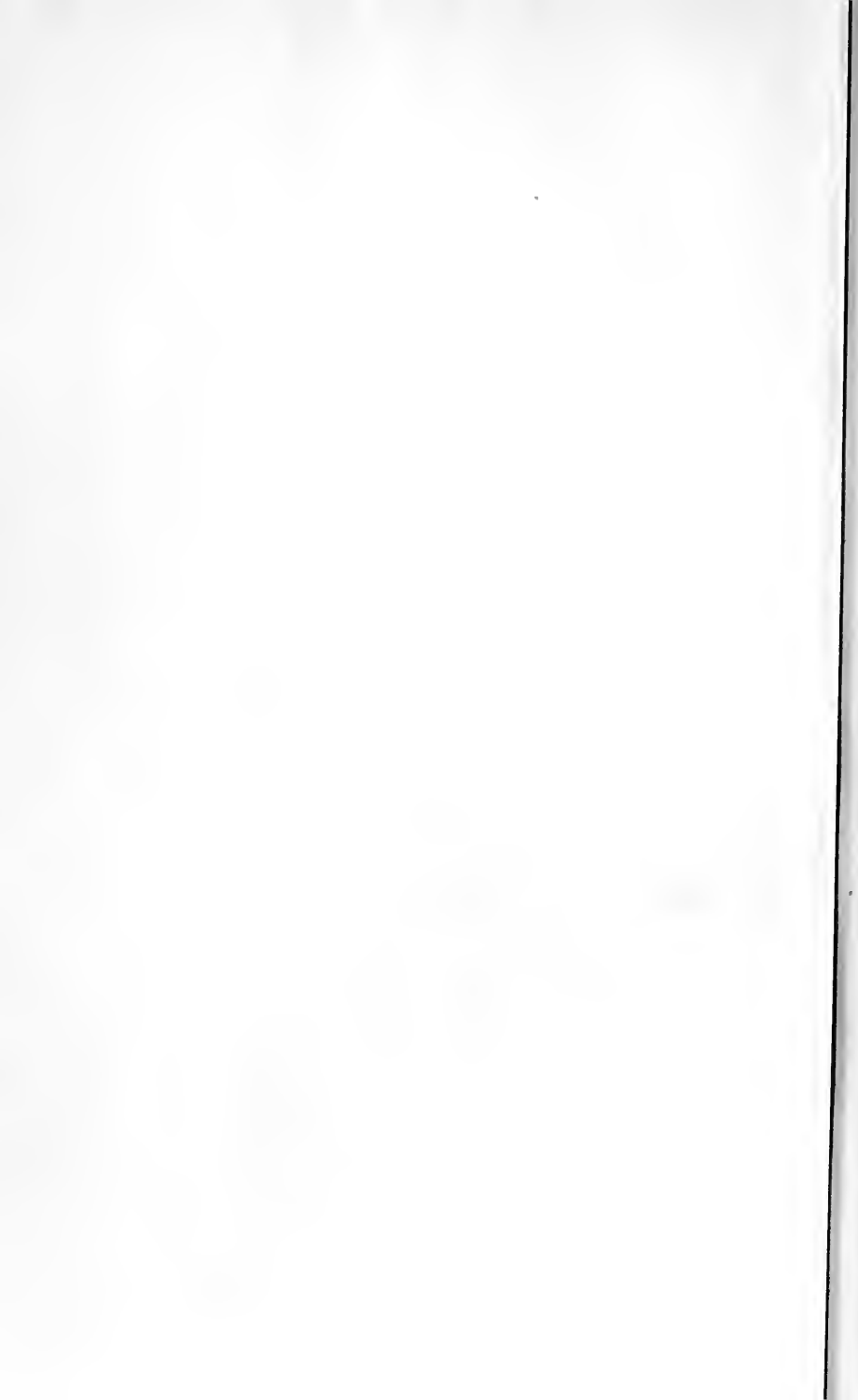


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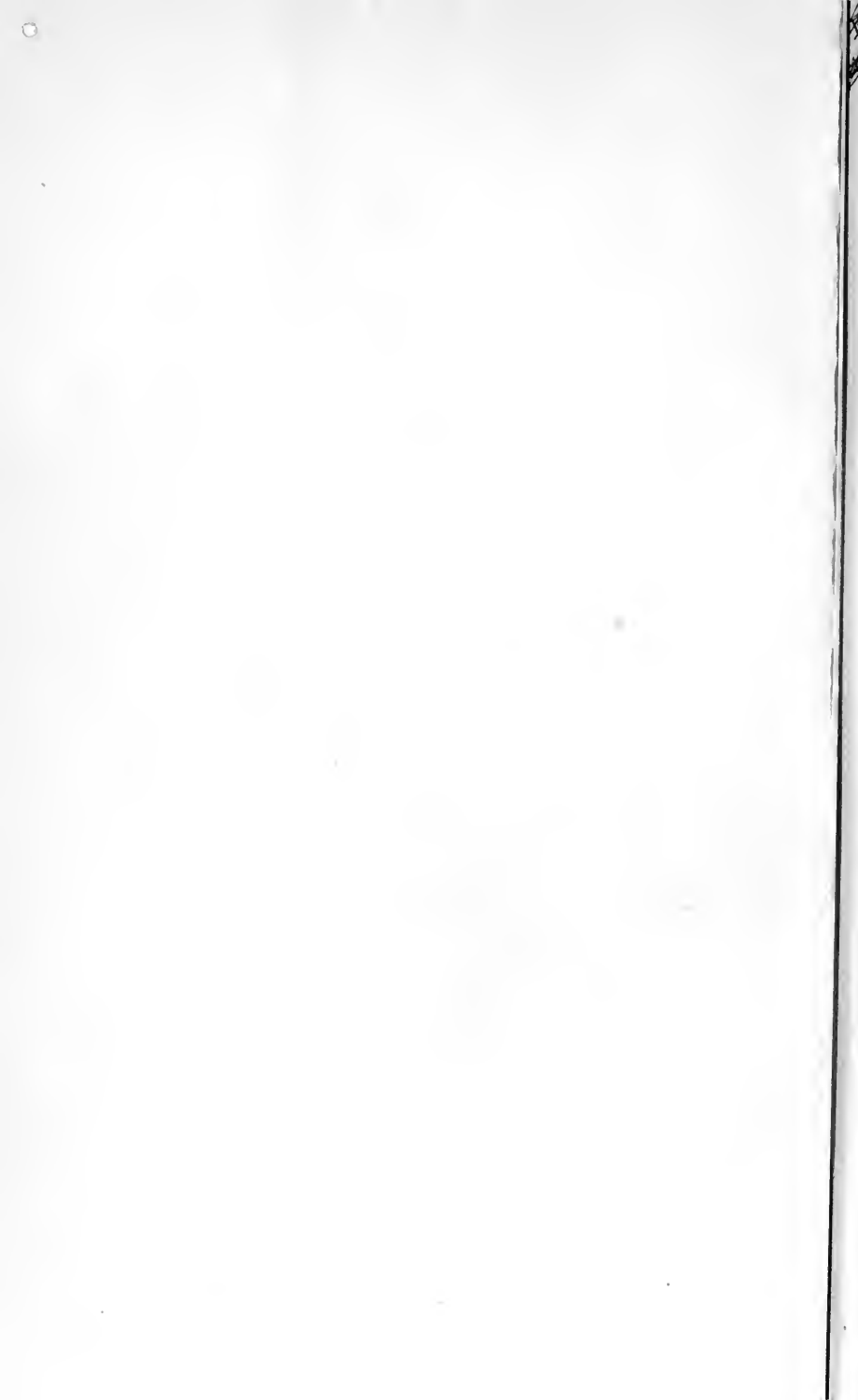






ENGLISH WRITERS.

VOL. I.—PART II.



ENGLISH WRITERS.

VOL. I.—PART II.

FROM THE CONQUEST TO CHAUCER.

By HENRY MORLEY,

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LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1866.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

PART II.

CHAPTER XIII.

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Movements and Change among the Nations | 426 |
| The Arabs abroad | 426 |
| The Scandinavians abroad. Norsemen. Danes | 427 |
| The Northmen in France. Rollo | 428 |
| Foundation of Normandy | 429 |
| Formation of the Scandinavian Kingdoms | 432 |
| Danish Conquest of England | 433 |
| Saxon, Dane, and Norman | 434 |
| The Anonymous 'Life of Edward the Confessor' | 434 |
| Literary Influences of the Conquest | 439 |
| Scandinavians in England | 440 |
| Scandinavian in Local Names | 441 |
| Scandinavian in Common English | 441 |
| Lanfranc | 444 |
| Anselm | 445 |
| Eadmer | 445 |
| Early Arabian Influence | 447 |
| Songs of the Troubadours. Origin of the Romance Languages | 449 |
| English and Norman French. The Langue d'Oc and Langue D'Oyl | 451 |
| Early Provençal Literature | 454 |
| Influence of the Crusades | 456 |
| The Lay of Havelok the Dane | 459 |
| <i>Havelok the Dane</i> | 460 |

CHAPTER XIV.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Songs of the People after the Conquest. Canute's Song | 468 |
| Songs on the Marriage of Gunhilda. Aldred. Rhymes of St. Godric | 469 |
| The People in the Forests | 471 |
| Herward in the Fens | 471 |
| The Saxon Chronicle upon the Reigns of Norman Kings | 473 |
| Relations between Saxon and Norman | 474 |
| Rival Authorities of Pope and King | 475 |
| Literature at Court | 476 |
| The Monks turned Journalists | 476 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Science begins to see the World | 477 |
| Gerland, Athelard of Bath | 478 |
| Metrical Science | 481 |
| Marianus Scotus, the Chronographer | 482 |
| Marianus Scotus, the Saint | 482 |
| Osbern | 482 |
| Ingulf. Lucian of Chester. Sæwulf | 483 |
| Sulcard. Ricemarchus. Heming. Colman | 484 |
| Turgot | 484 |
| Simeon of Durham | 487 |
| Ordericus Vitalis | 487 |
| His Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy | 490 |
| William of Malmesbury | 491 |
| His Histories of English Prelates and of English Kings | 494 |
| Gesta Stephani | 495 |
| Geoffrey of Monmouth | 496 |
| His History of the Britons | 497 |
| Breaking New Ground in Literature | 502 |
| Alfred of Beverley | 503 |
| Geoffrey Gaimar | 504 |
| Wace | 504 |

CHAPTER XV.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Thomas Becket | 506 |
| Giraldus Cambrensis (Gerald de Barri) | 509 |
| His Topography of Ireland | 518 |
| His History of the Conquest of Ireland | 519 |
| His Symbolum Electorum | 521 |
| Gemma Ecclesiastica | 522 |
| On the State of the Church | 524 |
| Other Works of his | 521 |
| Literature in the Vernacular | 520 |
| Popular Songs | 522 |
| Close of a Period in Mediæval Latin | 523 |
| Retrospect | 525 |
| Literature consists of Record or Reflection | 525 |
| Record precedes Reflection. Nature of the First Record | 525 |
| Influence of Race | 527 |
| Christianity. Rise of a New Literature of Reflection | 529 |
| Healthy Conflicts of Opinion | 530 |
| Lives of Saints | 530 |
| The Church and the World | 533 |
| Revival of a Literature of Record. Spirit of the Anglo-Norman Chronicles | 533 |
| Caradoc of Lancarvan | 536 |
| Laurence of Durham | 537 |

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| ✓ Henry of Huntingdon | 538 |
| His book on 'Contempt of the World' | 539 |
| Hugo Candidus, Richard and John of Hexham | 541 |
| Ailred of Rievaulx | 541 |
| William Fitzstephen | 542 |
| Miracle Plays | 542 |
| Hilarius | 542 |
| <i>Plays of Hilarius: Mystery Play of the Raising of Lazarus</i> .. | 545 |
| <i>Miracle Play on the Image of St. Nicholas</i> | 547 |
| <i>The History of Daniel</i> | 548 |
| The Church and the Stage. Suppression of the Ancient Drama .. | 549 |

CHAPTER XVI.

| | |
|---|--------|
| Walter Map | 553 |
| His Book of the Gossip of the Court ('De Nugis Curialium') .. | 557 |
| The King Arthur Romances | 562 |
| The Saint Graal. Robert Borron | 563 |
| Merlin | 565 |
| Map's Lancelot and Death of Artus | 565 |
| Design of the Romance of the Saint Graal | 565 |
| Was Map first Author of the Graal Romances? | 567 |
| The Opening of Merlin. Map's Lancelot | 568 |
| Birthplace of Arthurian Romance. Lancelot in the Rough | 569 |
| Other Versions of the Graal Legend. Wolfram von Eschenbach .. | 571 |
| Chrestien of Troyes | 571 |
| Epoch of Arthurian Romance: | |
| Flemish. Reineke Fuchs | 573-76 |
| Provençal | 573 |
| Norman-French | 574 |
| German | 575 |
| New Life in Suabia—Minnesänger and Romancers | 577 |
| Seed Time of Italian Literature | 577 |
| The Nibelungen-Lied | 582 |
| The Poem of the Cid | 583 |
| Degeneration of Monks | 583 |
| Walter Map and the Cistercians | 584 |
| Map's Goliath | 586 |
| <i>The Apocalypse of Bishop Goliath</i> | 587 |
| The Confession of Goliath | 590 |
| Map's other Poems | 592 |

CHAPTER XVII.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Degeneration of the Monks. Satire within the Monastery | 593 |
| Nigel Wireker | 593 |
| His Brunellus | 594 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| John of Salisbury | 596 |
| De Nugis Curialium | 597 |
| Joseph of Exeter upon the Trojan War | 599 |
| Maurice and Peter de Craon. Simon Ashe. Radulph Niger. Gilbert Foliot | 600 |
| Herbert of Bosham. Thomas and Richard of Ely | 601 |
| Jocelin of Brakelonde | 601 |
| Jocelin of Furness | 602 |
| Study of Arabian Learning | 602 |
| Daniel Morley | 603 |
| The Crusaders. Walter de Coutances. Richard the Canon. Geoffrey de Vinsauf | 603 |
| Ralph de Glanville | 604 |
| William of Newbury | 605 |
| Roger of Hovedon | 606 |
| Clement of Lanthony. Benedict of Peterborough. Richard of Devizes. Ralph de Diceto | 607 |
| Alexander Neckham | 607 |
| Gervase of Canterbury | 608 |
| Gervase of Tilbury | 608 |
| His Otia Imperialia | 609 |

CHAPTER XVIII.

| | |
|--|--------|
| Fusion of Norman into Saxon | 610 |
| Periods of Transition from Anglo-Saxon into Modern English | 611 |
| The Manner of the Change | 611 |
| Local Influence upon Language at Court | 612 |
| In the Trading Towns | 613 |
| In Rural Districts | 613 |
| Differences in Contemporary Forms of English | 613 |
| Anglo-Saxon no longer a Literary Language | 613 |
| Rise of the Modern English Literature | 614 |
| Layamon | 614 |
| Layamon's English | 617-31 |
| Layamon's Verse | 618 |
| <i>Layamon's Brut</i> | 618 |
| The Spirit of Layamon | 632 |

CHAPTER XIX.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Ormin | 636 |
| The Ormulum | 636 |
| English of the Ormulum | 637 |
| The Ancren Riwe | 639 |
| English of the Ancren Riwe | 641 |
| Spirit of the Ancren Riwe | 642 |
| Process of the Development of English | 641 |

CHAPTER XX.

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Songs of the People | 643 |
| Robin Hood | 644 |
| The First Ballads | 646 |
| Golden Age of Welsh Literature | 648 |
| Native Poetry of Wales | 649 |
| Meilyr, Gwalchmai | 649 |
| Owain, Prince of Powys. The Hirlas Horn. Prince Howel .. | 650 |
| Kynddelw. Llywarch ab Llywelyn. Other Welsh Bards .. | 651 |
| The Mythological Poems | 651 |
| The Avallenau | 652 |
| The Triads | 652 |
| The Mabinogion | 653 |
| <i>The History of Taliesin</i> | 654 |
| Close of the Welsh Literary Period | 657 |
| The Here Prophecy | 657 |

CHAPTER XXI.

| | |
|---|-----|
| English Metrical Romances | 660 |
| Dano-Saxon Romance | 660 |
| Havelok | 660 |
| King Horn | 660 |
| Guy of Warwick | 661 |
| Minstrels. Jongleurs | 661 |
| Arthurian Romance (See Ch. xvi.) | 662 |
| Sir Gawayne | 662 |
| Huchowne | 664 |
| Thomas of Erceuldoune | 665 |
| Songs of the Scots | 667 |
| Metrical Romances unconnected with any Great Series : | |
| William and the Werwolf | 667 |
| Sir Degarré | 668 |
| King Alexander | 668 |
| <i>Kyng Alisaunder</i> | 670 |

CHAPTER XXII.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Reformers in France | 683 |
| Origin of the Dominican Friars | 684 |
| Origin of the Franciscans | 686 |
| First Influence of the Mendicant Orders on the Mind of Europe .. | 688 |
| Roger Bacon | 688 |
| His Opus Majus, Opus Minus, and Opus Tertium | 693 |
| Robert Grosseteste | 698 |
| Michael Scot | 700 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Duns Scotus | 701 |
| William Occam | 701 |
| Poem of the Owl and Nightingale | 702 |
| Stephen Langton | 703 |
| Robert of Gloucester | 703 |
| Thomas de Marleberge | 705 |
| Annals of Margan. Roger of Wendover | 706 |
| Matthew Paris. Annals of Burton | 707 |
| Chronicle of Melrose. Annals of Waverley | 708 |
| Bartholomew Cotton | 708 |
| John of Oxnead | 710 |
| Thomas Wikes | 711 |
| Matthew of Westminster. Nicholas Trivet | 711 |
| Peter Langtoft. Walter Hemingford. Ralph Higden. Eulogium Historiarum | 712 |
| Spirit of the Old English Chroniclers | 713 |

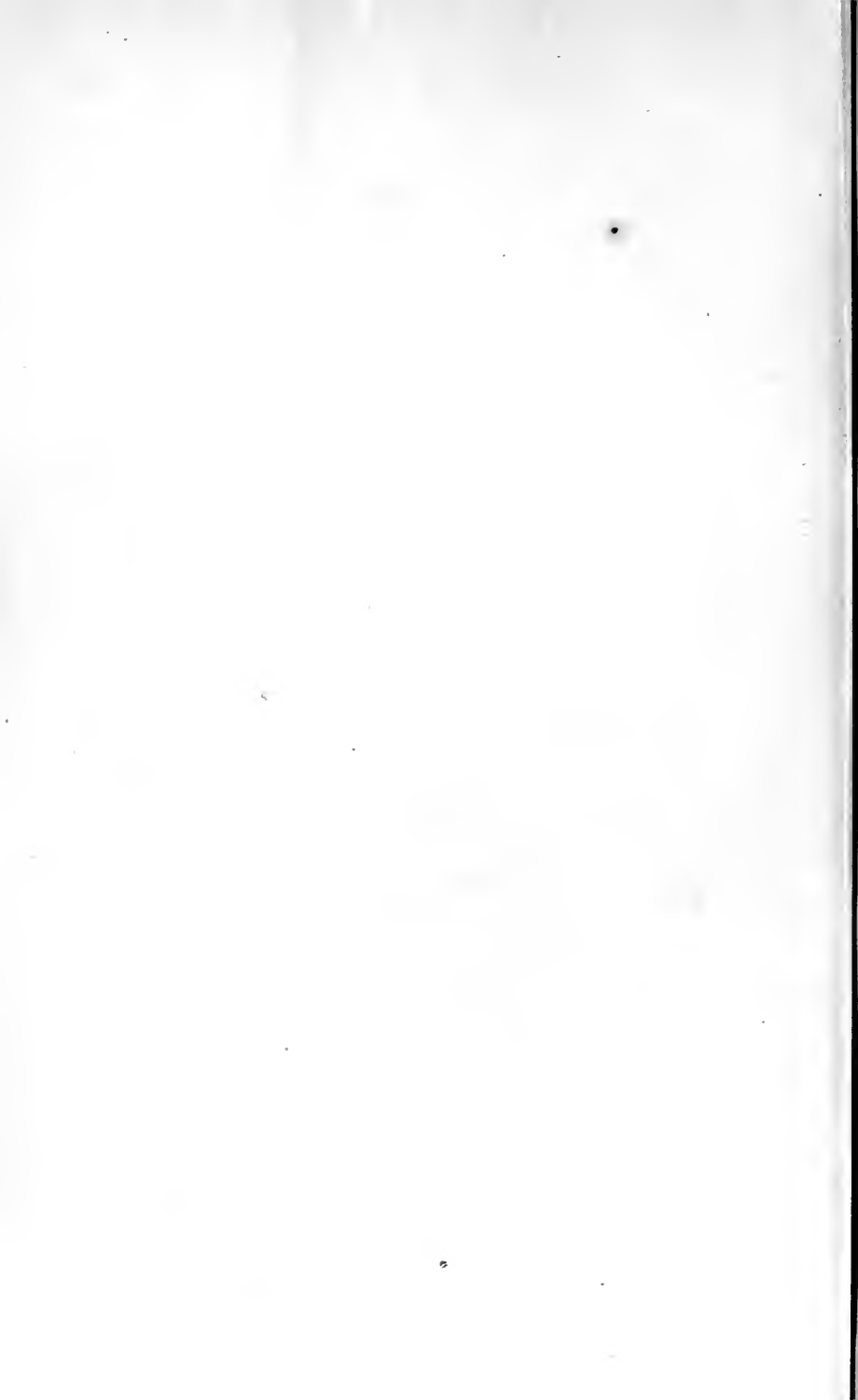
CHAPTER XXIII.

| | |
|--|-----|
| Robert of Brunne | 715 |
| His Chronicle | 715 |
| His Handlyng Synne | 716 |
| Gesta Romanorum | 721 |
| Psalms of the People | 728 |
| Growing Taste for Allegory | 729 |
| Abridged Romances: Dits and Ditties | 730 |
| Romance of History: The Enchanter Virgil | 731 |
| Lays and Fabliaux | 732 |
| <i>Sir Cleges</i> | 733 |
| Political Poems and Songs | 735 |
| Laurence Minot | 735 |
| <i>Song on the Battle of Cressy</i> | 737 |
| English almost formed | 740 |

CHAPTER XXIV.

| | |
|---|-----|
| Early Translations of the Bible | 741 |
| William of Shoreham | 741 |
| Richard Rolle of Hampole | 741 |
| <i>The Pricke of Conscience</i> | 742 |
| First Writers of Formed English | 745 |
| The First English Prose Writers | 746 |
| Romance of the Seven Sages | 747 |
| Michael of Kildare's Land of Cockayne | 747 |
| The Liber Cure Cocorum and the Boke of Curtasye | 747 |
| The Chester Plays | 748 |
| The Cornish Drama | 748 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| Cornish Poem on the Passion | 749 |
| Other Remains of Cornish Literature | 749 |
| Extinction of the Cornish Dialect | 750 |
| Sir John Mandeville | 750 |
| Wiclif's Bible | 753 |
| John Wiclif | 753 |
| Langlande's Vision of Piers Plowman | 757 |
| <i>The Vision of Piers Plowman</i> | 758 |
| Piers Plowman's Creed | 767 |
| John Barbour | 767 |
| Barbour's Bruce | 768 |
| Fordun's Chronicle of Scotland | 769 |
| Walter Bower | 769 |
| Influence of French Poets | 770 |
| The Roman de la Rose | 770 |
| Chaucer's Translation of it | 771 |
| Machault | 771 |
| Froissart's Poems | 771 |
| Chaucer's 'Complaint of the Black Knight,' 'Dream,' and 'Book of the Duchess' | 772 |
| The 'Flower and the Leaf' | 772 |
| Eustache Deschamps | 772 |
| Chaucer's Early Life | 773 |
| He Visits Italy | 774 |
| The English Mind in All | 774 |



ENGLISH WRITERS.

PART II.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Northmen who warred against Alfred, and in battle with whom, when Byrhtnoth fell, his Saxon comrades fought on to the death, represented only that part of an advancing tide of life which happened to spread over England. In the eighth and ninth centuries such a tide of life came in over Europe from east, north, and south; and even the west was not spared, although on that side lay the broad wilderness of the Atlantic. For the Northmen had possession of the sea. From the east there poured in the Magyars, who do not here concern us. From the north, the Scandinavians; and from the south, the Arabs.

Fifty years after the death of Mahomet, which happened in 632, the Arabian was known from the Indus to the Guadalquivir as a ruling race of men, restless and irresistible in their quick-witted energy and in the fierceness of religious zeal. Proud to dwell, as one of their poets said, beneath the shadow of their lances and cook their food upon the ashes of the conquered towns, by the year 715 the Arabs had overrun Spain and crossed the Pyrenees. The Gauls, too, were assailed in Provence. Why should not the Mediterranean be a Moslem lake? These Arabs, Moors, or Saracens,¹ not only by invasion, but by a continued immigration, found their way in great numbers to Provence and Aquitaine. Their blood stirs yet in

¹ Arabic Sharkeyn, the Eastern people, Σαρακηνοί, Saraceni, Saracens.

the Provençal, influencing both aspect and character of the people, while traces of their former occupation cleave yet to the soil in such local names as Puy-Maure and Mont Maure, near Gap; the Col de Maure, near Château Dauphin; the Fôret des Maures, on the Frejus coast; and that of the whole county of Maurienne. When the Mahometans had been expelled from Gaul and Italy, the Algerine galleys still clung to the coasts. We shall presently find Arab and Provençal influencing the expression of the English mind.

Heat of fanatical zeal, sustained by new experience of luxury and wealth that a keen wit and lively fancy made doubly enjoyable, scattered the Saracens as horsemen from their deserts and as seamen from their coasts. Necessity and a cool natural energy made enterprising sailors of men on the Scandinavian shores. The Swedish Scandinavians, facing inland seas with unattractive shores beyond their own, have been distinguished in history more for their prowess by land than as great shipmen. But the Norwegians, with an interior scarcely habitable, lived by the rivers and great fiords that opened on the billowy Atlantic. Their climate made them vigorous and active; food was to be had from land and sea only through labour and much wholesome buffet with the elements. There was more fish in the sea than fruit on land, and from the first the Norsemen must in their own home have learnt to be fearless sailors in skiffs built for weathering the roughest water.

Its continuity broken only by the irruption of the Atlantic into the Baltic—which was a perfectly inclosed sea in the days when the waste of eaten shellfish was heaped by man near the primæval villages on the east coast of Denmark—the west coast of the Danes is but the rest of the Norwegian sea-border. Here, however, there is no rugged mountain shore opposed to the encroachment of the tides. All is flat land, at which a glance on the map of Europe shows how constantly, from the Liim Fiord southward over Denmark and old Friesland even to the Scheldt, how hungrily the waters have been biting. The north and east Frisian islands, and the chain of islands fronting Zuider Zee, lie on the sea's lips as crumbs of the long feast. Liim Fiord, Nissum Fiord, Stading Fiord,

The Scandi-
navians
abroad.
Norsemen.

Danes.

Ringkjöbing Fiord, the great ragged break behind the Frisian islands, Helgoland Bay, Jahde Bay, and the broad shoal-beset estuary of the Weser, Lower Zee, and Zuyder Zee, set forth the outlines of so many bites. The Danes, compelled also by nature to be active sailors, were not born to remain dependent on sea, forest, and marsh, when the east coast of richer Britain lay within easy sail; and, by sailing into the English Channel and ascending the Seine, wealth that seemed to them fabulous could, after the death of Charlemagne, be drawn out of France. Danes, therefore, and Norsemen were alike ready to seek prosperity across the water.

On Easter Eve, 845, four years before the birth of our King Alfred, Regner Lodbrok and the Danes entered Paris, and among their plunder, took for excellent ships' timber the larchen beams of the Church of St. Germain-des-Près.

The Northmen in France. Rollo.

In the *Roman de la Rose* there is tradition of a proud heathen, named Hasting, who served Lodbrok, and trained Lodbrok's son Biörn, and who shared with Biörn in the conduct of a great expedition of Northmen and Danes to the French coast. They had much faith in their god Thor, and meant to divide among themselves the spoils of France. They laid waste the country about Ponthieu in Picardy, and the region about Amiens; plundered all the monasteries in the Vermandois, and the cathedrals of St. Quentin, St. Méart, and St. Martin. They murdered Bishop Eumon in Noon, and made themselves breeches and shirts of the sacred vestments. Shrieking of children, crying of women, and complaint of men was to be heard everywhere. When they had desolated Picardy, they went back to their ships and cruised from port to port in search of plunder. When Hasting and his Northmen came up the Seine, the nine hundred monks of the Abbey of Jumièges fled, and town and abbey were burnt by the heathens. Then they went to Rouen and made a ruin of the town, carrying to their ships all plunder taken there or elsewhere. The peasants fled into the woods. The priests fled hither and thither with their treasured psalters and missals, censers, mitres, relics and bones of their saints, carrying what they could, and burying what they were unable to carry. From

France Hasting went to Italy, but came back again and was made Count of Chartres. When Rollo came, the French sent Hasting to him, and looked to Hasting for advice, but he then broke faith and deserted them.

How England was overrun in Alfred's childhood and youth we have seen. In 876, when our Alfred, twenty-seven years old, had been for five years an unlucky king; when Healfdene was in the north of England, Guthrum in the south, endeavouring to squeeze even the Cymry; Rolf (Hrôlf)—Latinised Rollo, Gallicized Rou—an adventurer, who had been with the rest in England also, after plundering the Scheldt country entered the Seine.

He and his brother Gorm had quarrelled with their overking at home; Gorm had been killed, and Rolf took ship as a Viking for the English harvest ground. Thence he had gone to the Belgians, and he had attacked Walcheren before, having found his way up the Seine and met with no effective check, on the 17th of September, 876, he is said to have been invited by Bishop Franco to take peaceful occupation of Rouen, with its islands and surrounding country. Tradition says that Rolf then anchored his ship at the foot of the rock by the island Church of St. Martin. Franco was not Bishop of Rouen till a later date. But it is now too late to amend the records. Rolf's men, it is said took possession of the deserted place; the land was divided among them in the usual way, by rope (or, as they call the division here in Sussex, rape); and Rou received also a heavy Danegeld. In 882—two or three years after King Alfred had quieted Guthrum and secured a period of comparative rest for the English—the Danes in France attacked Soissons, whence Archbishop Hincmar, the chronicler, fled with the bones of St. Rémi, to die soon afterwards. The English had made their stand in the spirit of their Frisian kindred, in whose Doombook it was ordered that each man must guard the dykes "which encircled the land like a golden ring; and each Frison was to defend his dear fatherland against the sea with the spade, and with the fork, and with the hod; and against the southern Saxon and the Northmen, against the tall helmet and the red shield, and the

unrighteous might, with the point of the lance and the edge of the sword and the brown coat of mail. And thus shall we Frisons defend our land within and without, if they will help us, God and St. Peter.”¹

In July, 885—when King Alfred, who had beaten the Danes from Rochester the year before, was holding his own in England, and endeavouring to diffuse again through his country the health that comes of sound knowledge—Sigurd went up the Seine again; Rou re-occupied Rouen; and the Northmen invested Paris with that siege, one of the most famous events of the ninth century, which is described in Abbo of St. Germain’s ‘De Bellis Parisiacæ Urbis.’ It is the same siege that was afterwards transformed in the lays of the trouvères, who for Eudes, the great Count of Paris, put the Charlemagne of fable, and made of the Northmen Saracens. It is this memorable siege, therefore, that afterwards reappeared under disguise in the ‘Orlando Furioso.’ The siege was partly raised by subsidy, and cession to Sigfried (Ariosto’s Agramante) of revolted Burgundy. In 889 and 890 Paris again suffered, and in the latter year the Northmen harried the borders of Brittany. There had been for the last seventy years, in the Cotentin, desolation of their causing. Rolf took Bayeux, and when the “terra Normanorum” afterwards became Normandy, it was from this part of it that the language of the Northmen disappeared most slowly. Here, indeed, had been the strength of the old “Littus Saxonicum” on the Gallic side of the Channel. There was a Saxon language spoken here when Rollo came.

The French called the language of the Northmen English, and the only scrap that remains of the speech of Rollo might well pass for English with them. When re-quired to kiss the king’s foot or knee for the territory at last formally granted him, he is said to have answered roughly, “Ne si by Got!” and then, according to the well-known tradition, one of his comrades, who performed the ceremony by proxy, hoisted the sacred toe so as to throw his majesty upon

Foundation
of Nor-
mandy.

¹ Quoted in Sir Francis Palgrave’s ‘History of Normandy and England,’ (London, 1851-7), to which work I am indebted for some of the information given in the text.

his back. The Northmen troubled themselves little about purity of race. Norseman, Jute, Angle, Frisian, any bold, needy seaman who would strengthen the attack on the rich fighting ground, was welcome among Rolf's companions in arms. They conquered, squatted, and settled on the region they had made a wilderness, about the course of the Seine below Paris, where it flows through modern Normandy. They made verbal agreements, but wrote nothing as treaty or record, till their first historian Dudon, Dean of St. Quentin—the only man who asserts that Rolf commanded in the famous siege of Paris—took his pen in hand. In 911—ten years after King Alfred's death—the conference was held at St. Clair-sur-Epte, where Rolf was urged to make an end of war by marrying the king's daughter Giselle, and taking with her Rouen and the surrounding lands, already long since conceded to him. But he claimed all the land from where he stood on the banks of the Epte to the sea, and so got the district now known as Haute Normandie, including the part of the Vexin Normande between the Andelle and Epte, in struggle over which William the Conqueror received his death-wound. Next year Rolf was baptized Robert at Rouen, and the land secured was roped out among his followers. These took to themselves wives among the Celtic women of the country, left their children to be taught by their French mothers, and, accommodating themselves in all things with a rough cosmopolitan frankness to their new position, forgot their original language, troubled themselves not at all about their ancestry, and became vigorous Frenchmen. They do not appear to have retained a single Northern saga; not a rune has been found inscribed upon memorial stone in all Normandy. Two centuries after their settlement the Normans in France did not even know whence they had come. Benoit de St. More begins his Norman chronicle by confounding Denmark with Dacia, and placing it between ice-covered lands at the mouth of the Danube;¹ while as for Rolf's father, he was remembered only as 'Senex quidam in partibus Daciæ'—some old Dacian.

¹ This is observed by Dr. Lappenberg in his 'History of England under the Norman Kings,' a work translated, with considerable additions and corrections, by Mr. Benjamin Thorpe (Oxford, 1857), which together with the two preceding

But evidences of the northern origin of the people attached themselves to the soil in the names of places. On the land of which they entered into possession, places with names ending in *dal* or *dalle* and *t(h)al* abound; there are fifty or more in the Bessin. The ending in *-by*—which in other northern forms is *-boe*, *-böjgd*, or *-bygd*—appears under disguise in *Elbeuf*, *Belbeuf*, *Marbeuf*, *Bourguebuf*, *Carquebuf*, and *Tournebue*. The *becks* and *bachs* reappear—fair, birch-fringed, cold, turbid, or deep in the hollow—as *Beaubec*, *Briquebec*, *Caldebec*, *Foulbec*, *Houlbec*. The *yard* or *garth*, for fish or for apples, reappear in *Fisigard* and *Auppegard*, and *Epegard*. We have the northern *toft* in *Yvetot*, *Raffetot*, *Garnetot*, *Criquetot*, *Houdetot*, *Sassetot*. Near *Godarville*, in the department of the Lower Seine, the name of almost every village ends in *tot*. The towns or villages with names ending in *eu* and *eur* along the northern coast of France reproduce the old *Norsk ey*, Danish *ö* for an island, and *Norsk aur*, *eyri*, Danish *ör*, *öre*, for a shore. The ending in *-fleur* is, as the earlier names of places with those endings show, a changed form of the Norwegian *fljôt*, English *fleet*, a river. Thus, *Harfleur* used to be written *Herosfluet*. The Scandinavian *næs*, or *ness*, remains attached as distinctly to *Blancnez*, *Grisnez*, *Nez de Tancarville*, &c., as to *Dungeness* and *Sheerness*. While of those Norman names of places ending, like the *Tancarville* just mentioned, in *ville*, it is noticeable that they all attach that ending, as the French sign of possession in the land, to a distinctly northern name. As in England, *Asker*, *Ketil*, and *Clapa* gave their names to *Askarby*, *Kettleby*, and *Clapham*, so in Norman France we find the ground once held by a *Tancred*, *Gormund*, *Torf* and *Thorolf*, *Haco*, *Thurstan*, in *Tancarville*, *Gremonville*, *Tourville*, *Toufreville*, *Haqueville*, *Toustainville*.¹

volumes of Dr. Lappenberg's Anglo-Saxon History, also translated by Mr. Thorpe, supplies a standard book on our early history to English students.

¹ I cite these sufficient illustrations from Mr. Thorpe's edition of Lappenberg, and from a book on which I draw also for some of the facts contained in the next few paragraphs, 'An Account of the Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland, by J. J. A. Worsaae' (London, 1852); but the original sources of information on the subject are Depping's 'Les Noms topographiques d'Origine étrangère en Normandie,' De la Rue's 'Histoire de la Ville de Caen,' and Auguste le Prevost's 'Dictionnaire des anciens Noms de Lieu du Département de l'Eure.'

Rolf or Rollo died, an old man, in or about the year 931, thirty years after the death of King Alfred. Rolf was Count of Rouen or of the Normans. It is not until after the conquest of England that we find his heirs designated as chiefs of a country named, after the dominant race in it, Normandy. Rolf's son, William Longsword, was adding to his domain a part of the Breton coast, and the Normandy of the Conquest, that was to bring new life to our literature, was beginning to take shape at the time when Ethelwold and Dunstan were endeavouring to train the intellect of England under an unwonted strictness of monastic discipline.

Meanwhile in Denmark Gorm, and in Norway Harold Hartagr, had founded kingdoms, and were now main-
Formation of the Scandi-
navian king-
doms. taining fleets. The Northmen who had secured homes in France and England, desired no visits of plunder from their brethren. The old rough and natural viking life shrank, in its original home, into the exceptional form of Palnatoki's ideal viking commonwealth in Jomsburg; though in places like the Orkneys and the viking states of Ireland, busy plunderers still found homes and harbours for their ships. Iceland had been discovered by the Norsemen just before the time when Harold Harfagr, by crushing all the petty kings into submission, made himself paramount in Norway. Many men of mark, who had resisted while they could, disdained to be subdued: and therefore, in the year 870, noble bands of Norse emigrants proceeded with their thralls, their cattle, and their goods to a new home in Iceland. Here their descendants, taught to cherish the old sagas of their fathers' home, dwelt in the dreary fjords and vales; a century afterwards discovered Greenland, whence early voyages were made to the New World; and in the year 1000, at their annual assembly or Althing, adopted Christianity as the national religion, with the reservation that they might continue to eat horseflesh and expose their children. Nearly at the same time the Norwegian king Olave, who was numbered among saints for his propagandist zeal, landing at the Orkneys, with soldiers and priests, compelled their Norse king Sigurd to be unwillingly baptised. Within the next two generations, also, the Northmen who held in Ireland Dublin, Waterford, Limerick, and Cork, adopted the

form of religion by which they were then on every side surrounded.

England, with the unmixed elements of future power yet turbid and effervescent, had been made to feel the settled strength of the Danes. Landing in Essex in 991, they had defeated Byrhtnoth, and obtained, by advice of Archbishop Sidric, the first Danegeld, "an infamous precedent," says William of Malmesbury, "and quite unworthy the character of men, by money to redeem liberty, which no violence can ever extirpate from a noble mind." Then followed what is called by the Saxon Chronicle "a heavy time." There is evident confusion in the record between stray piracies of vikings from the Irish coast, and invasion and conquest by the Danes who had passed out of the viking stage of their national life. Tribute was levied by their own government on the distracted Anglo-Saxons for the satisfaction of the Danes. In 991 it was ten thousand pounds of silver, equal to three times as many pounds sterling in present value; in 994, sixteen thousand; in 1001, twenty-four thousand; in 1002 Ethelred organized his infamous massacre of Danes on St. Brice's day. Vengeance was taken for this, and in 1007 thirty-six thousand pounds of silver was the amount of Danegeld. It was no time for literature. It was a time of conflict of national elements, miserable to read of in contemporary records, though most wholesome in its issue. But the history of the seventy years before the Conquest yet awaits the full historical analysis that it deserves. For us here it is sufficient to point in a few sentences to the familiar facts of history that are at this period connected with the story of the language. In 1012, Sweyn, King of Denmark, came with a fleet to take possession of the land. Ethelred, who had married a daughter of Rolf's grandson, Richard Sans Peur, Count of the Normans, fled with his wife Emma and his sons for protection to his wife's brother, another Richard—Richard the Good—who then ruled over the French Normans. In 1014 Sweyn died, and Canute became king. Ethelred returned to claim his kingdom, but he also died in the year 1016, and his son, Edmund Ironside, a descendant of Rolf's on his Norman mother's side, was proclaimed king by the citizens of London. Then followed a struggle ending in division of the land; but

after the death of Edmund in 1017, Canute became sole king, and took for wife Ethelred's widow Emma. The life of Canute, the Great, called also the Rich, and King of Denmark, Norway, and England, who died in 1035, represents the advance of Danish civilization. In England he was not only a benefactor of the Church, but under his rule the fusion between Saxon and Danish England became, not without much brisk effervescence at the outset, more complete. The rule of the Danes lasted until the death of Hardicanute in 1042, and it was undisturbed when Earl Godwin, as champion of the Saxons, made the weak, monkish son of Ethelred, Edward—afterwards called Edward the Confessor—King of England.

Godwin and the other great chiefs who then had sway in England bore in their Danish title of jarl, earl, instead of the Saxon ealdorman, a mark of the direct strength of Scandinavian influence; and Edward, the son of Ethelred by Rolf's great-granddaughter, who had been trained as well as sheltered at the Norman court, was, in all but spirit, more than half a Norman. The mildness of his weak temper retained the fusion between English and Danes; but he came, speaking the language of the Normans, and his favourites at court were Norman priests and chiefs, who were to be addressed in their own language, and who did not adopt even the English dress. Meanwhile Earl Godwin, the representative of Anglo-Saxon England—accused as he has been of foul crimes by the Norman chroniclers, and represented as miraculously choked to death by judgment of God—seems to have been an honest patriot, who had made Edward king, had married him to his own kindly and gentle daughter Editha, and was securing for him the support of Saxon England.

An unknown Anglo-Saxon writer, who mingles Latin verse with Latin prose in a 'Life of the King Edward, who lies at Westminster,' dedicated to his patroness, Edward's surviving wife, his lively and clear account of those events of Edward's reign which he desired to tell. He knew the men whose acts and persons he describes; he had suffered poverty which Editha relieved; had suffered from enmity, perhaps of Norman courtiers; knew intimately the Queen's brothers Harold and Tostig. He wrote during the life-

The anonymous 'Life of Edward the Confessor.'

time of the Queen, who died in 1074, and he alludes to the Battle of Stamford Bridge in 1066; but he does not mention the death of Harold or the Norman William. What he thought of the conquest it would not then have been well for him to write, or during the next few generations for the copyist to reproduce. He said that he would be first to tell the events of Edward's reign.¹ His desire seems to have been, for the pleasure of Earl Godwin's daughter and King Edward's widow, with tenderness for Edward's memory, to put on record what a Saxon mind felt to be truth about Earl Godwin and the King. And there is probably no better key to the truth than this distinct contemporary narrative, of which every sentence is stamped with the mark of honest personal knowledge. The writer's good will for the King is, indeed, exceeded by his honour of the Queen and her father Godwin; but with great tact he avoids every word of disrespect to Edward's memory. A needy, lettered Saxon, attached first by the kindness of Editha to the house of the great Saxon leader, it happens that he gave his service to the persons by whom honour was really most deserved. Between Bede and William of Malmesbury we have no chronicler who puts so much true life in his record as this unknown client of Queen Edith's.

He sets forth at once the character, services, and honours of Godwin, and his marriage with Canute's sister-in-law, before he passes to the birth of Edward, his education in France, coronation, prosperity, and receiving of embassies. He describes the King as fairly tall, white-haired, full and pink-faced, with thin white hands, and long translucent fingers; pleasant in constant gravity and affable with eyes that sought the ground; fierce when angered, but not brawling in his wrath; gentle alike in granting and refusing favours. Verse now celebrates the gifts of welcome to the King, and compares Godwin's four children to the four rivers of Paradise.

We then learn how the King brought into England noble

¹ He says, "Quisquis post temptet, sane secundus erit." His work (Harleian MS. 526) was first published in the series of Chronicles and Memorials issued under direction of the Master of the Rolls, as one of three 'Lives of Edward the Confessor,' edited by Henry Richards Luard, M.A. (London, 1858).

Frenchmen, on whom he bestowed English honours, whom he made his secret counsellors, and set over the people of his palace. Among those who came was a certain Ro(d)bert, Abbot of Jumièges, who had chief possession of the King's ear and greatly influenced his actions. The King made him Bishop of London, and his arrogance in governing the sovereign was breeding storms at Court when the archbishopric of Canterbury became vacant. The monks of Canterbury elected for archbishop an able monk, named Aelric, who was dear to them and was of Earl Godwin's family, and through Godwin petitioned the King for confirmation of their choice. But the Normans had the King's ear, the petition was refused, and Robert thrust into the archbishopric.

Robert was an unscrupulous hater. He and Godwin were, in fact, the chiefs of the two interests at court—the Norman and the Saxon. Godwin, whose earldom included Kent and Sussex, possessed lands contiguous to lands of the Church of Canterbury. Robert accused him to the weak monk-ridden King, first of encroachment on Church property. Godwin, says the narrator, from respect to the King and because it is innate in his people to avoid precipitate actions (as he writes afterwards also, in reference to Godwin's sons, nobody could suspect of rashness any of Godwin's race), Godwin, he says, behaved peaceably himself under this provocation, but could with difficulty prevent his followers from insulting the archbishop. Robert proceeded then to accuse Godwin of designs upon the throne, and of the murder of Edward's brother Alfred. The accusation, easily credited by the King, was urged formally; and although Stigand, then Bishop of Winchester, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, interceded, the King's peace was promised to Godwin only when he should restore alive to the King his dead brother.

Godwin then fled from his house on the Thames near London, and taking ship at Bosham went to Baldwin Count of Flanders to whose sister the Earl's son Tostig had just been married, escaping those sent by the archbishop to kill him, if they found him upon English ground. The archbishop's next effort was to part the King from his wife Editha, who was Earl Godwin's daughter. She was sent, therefore, with royal attendance on

the way, to be shut up in the monastery of Wilton, where she had been educated. Here the chronicler pauses, while he requests his Muse to sing with him of the sufferings borne by the innocent through slander. He then goes on to tell how Godwin was received with great honour by Count Baldwin, and how Godwin's sons, Harold and Leofric, went to Ireland, where they raised a force for the avenging of their father. In England the Saxons regarded Godwin's exile as their ruin. Meanwhile Godwin for himself, and, in his behalf, the King of France and Count of Flanders, sought the renewal of good will with King Edward. But the Norman faction still prevailed, and the great Saxon earl therefore collected a fleet, and having crossed the sea, was joined by men of the east and south of England. His two sons also invaded England with the ships from Ireland. The King gathered a force to prevent the Earl's entry into London, but the whole city went out to meet him and wish him success. Earl Godwin told the citizens that he would rather die than, while he lived, see the King suffer hurt or wrong; and when he came before the King, putting away his arms and kneeling at his feet, he besought, in the name of Christ, whose cross was on the crown the King wore, that he might clear himself of the crime charged against him and return in peace to England. The archbishop Robert and his men had fled from the Earl's presence; and the King, having proceeded with him to his palace, after a little while, consenting to wise counsel, offered him the kiss of peace, and took him and his sons back into favour. Queen Editha was then brought back out of the Wilton monastery, and hereupon the chronicler's verse proceeds to compare Godwin's conduct to King Edward with that of David towards Saul. Two years afterwards Godwin died, mourned by the whole people, and was buried with great honour at Winchester.

His eldest son Harold succeeded to his earldom, trusted by the people, whom he excelled in vigour of mind and body as another Judas Maccabeus: tall, strong to endure fast and watching, a friend of his own race, and, like his father, patient and compassionate, though with a sword sharp against plunderers. Earl Siward of Northumberland died very soon after, and was buried in a Church of St. Olave's, founded by himself.

That is the Siward whose name lives in Shakespeare's verse.
Macduff, when need was sore, went to the English Court—

“to pray the holy king upon his aid
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward.”

Earl Godwin's son and the Queen's brother, Tostig, was Siward's successor. Tostig was forecasting, silent, prosperous, immutable; munificent in largess and, by his wife Fausta's counsel, chiefly liberal towards the Church. Gyrth, a younger son of Earl Godwin, received from King Edward a countship in Kent.

The narrative then tells how Harold, partly that he might observe on his way the strength of the French princes, went to Rome. Tostig, with his wife and younger brother Gyrth, followed by way of Saxony and the Upper Rhine. Incidents at Rome are then narrated, somewhat as if the chronicler had himself been there in the train of the brothers. After their return the quarrel between Harold and Tostig has to be told, and the first mention is veiled under a metrical comparison of it to the banquet of Thyestes. Then follow sketches of the character and habits of King Edward and his Queen, with incidental description of the defeats of Griffith, King of Wales, and of Macbeth, King of Scotland (who murdered King Duncan in the year 1039), which the writer does not propose to relate in full. He tells at more length of King Edward's transformation of the poor little monastery of St. Peter at Westminster, placed by the river-side, in green, sunny, and fertile fields near the great city, into a costly abbey, because St. Peter was the King's own patron saint and in that abbey he determined to be buried. As for Queen Editha, she restored her old monastery home of Wilton; and the chronicler inserts the verses he wrote on occasion of its consecration after a fire that had destroyed much of the town in the year 1065. Then followed a bloody revolt of nobles in Northumberland against Tostig's succession to the power of old Siward. Tostig accused his brother Harold of being privy to this, and great was the Queen's distress at the strife of her brothers. Tostig, dismissed, took refuge with his brother-in-law, the ancient friend of the English, Baldwin, Count of Flanders. Having told how Baldwin was made Regent

of France, the chronicler laments in verse the civil war between Harold and Tostig, and celebrates in the same verse their successes against the Cymry, whom the troubles of the Anglo-Saxon race had tempted to cross the Severn. But the Muse herself breaks in upon his plaint with comfortable words, bidding him write of the life and death of Edward; of the Queen also who first gave him a helping hand; and let all that he writes be in their praise and honour; dedicating to her the fruit of his labour. The poet assents with a heavy heart. Earl Godwin and King Edward are dead. Harold and Tostig he knew and served well when they were with their sister, and now he is sad in his bereavement of so many and great lords:—

“ Pareo suadenti, nimum sed corde dolenti,
Tot tantisque miser orphanus a dominis.”

Here, I believe, the narrative, closed with its dedicatory lines, originally ended; true to life in every touch. Then follows an account, interspersed with miracle and vision, of Edward's death, and of his dying prophecy of ills to come on England, and of his burial also, with a reference to miracles worked at his tomb. But I suspect all this to have been appended by a later—although not much later—hand than that which wrote within a year or two after the Conquest a fresh, natural sketch of what he had seen and felt at court, as friend and servant of Earl Godwin's daughter, in the days of that Edward who was first called the Confessor in the Papal bull for his canonization issued by Alexander III. about a hundred years after his death.

How the maintenance of the Anglo-Saxon crown in a day of great peril was entrusted to Harold, who vigorously began a hopeful reign; how the bastard Duke William of Normandy put in his claim, declaring that King Edward had nominated him; that Harold, when once half-prisoner in Normandy, had sworn fidelity to him, and that his grandfather had been Emma's brother; how Tostin, or Tostig, warring against Harold, allied himself with the King of Norway, Harold Hardrade, who fell on the day of his defeat at the great battle of Stamford Bridge; how William, with a banner blessed by the Pope, landed at Pevensey on Michaelmas Day, in the year 1066, and, falling forward as he stepped ashore, cried, “By

*Literary
influences of
the Conquest.*

God's splendour! I have seized England with my two hands!" while a Norman, offering him thatch pulled from the nearest hut, said, "Sire, receive the seizin; the country is yours!"—of all this we read the detail in the chronicle of William of Malmesbury and in the *Roman de Rou*. And although we read the story of the conquest in the Norman version, yet the fight for the kingdom at Senlac—called by William Hastings—where Taillefer, the minstrel knight, struck the first blow for Norman influence, was one in which a Saxon poet might without shame have sung how Harold and the sons of Godwin died. It was a death-day for Harold, but a birth-day of new strength for Anglo-Saxon England, when in the train of Taillefer, the idle wit of Arab-haunted Provence, that had made Normandy tuneful, came, as a lively bride, to be taken in marriage by the Saxon's true and sturdy working mind.

In the minds of the Normans—short as had been their holding of French land—Scandinavia was already subject to Provence, and through them the songs of the south of Europe reached us with their effeminacy filtered out. Direct from Scandinavia we got only more strength to the seaman's daring, to the bold spirit of enterprise, the energy that battles with the elements and does not flinch from toil. Some deepening too we got, perhaps, of the large sense of sombre grandeur that belongs to a true English fancy, in which there have been well blended and harmonized all the diverse elements of power that by their union have made England great.

Nevertheless, much of the record in our language of old local fusion with the Danish settlers appears to contain little enough of Northern gloom, being expressed in provincialisms that are associated with familiar half-comic present use, or in words of the people that, however earnest in themselves and in their first origin, are excluded as slang from the English of our books. The homeliness of such words needs no comment, but they are not all of this sort. At the root of our constitutional system we have candidates for representation of the people set before the people upon hustings, named after the Scandinavian husting. A score of streets in York, which never had a score of gates, end with the word gate, which is the old Scandinavian gate, a street.

The following list illustrates the Scandinavian origin of English local names ending in

- by, originally býr, a single hill farm, afterwards a town. Danish. The Norse form was bæ or bö.
- The colonization indicated by this name centered in Lindesey (Lincolnshire), and the land north of the Humber, and was chiefly on the coast. Mr. Worsaae¹ counted of places with this ending in Lincolnshire, 212; in Leicestershire, 66; in Yorkshire, North Riding, 100; East Riding, 35; West Riding, 32; Cumberland, 43; Westmoreland, 20; Buckinghamshire, 1; Huntingdon, 1. They are nowhere found to the south of the Roman Watling Street. Of 1370 Scandinavian names of places in this country, 600 end in by, as Whitby, Grimsby.
- thorpe, a collection of houses separated from the principal estate, thence a village. In English -thorpe, -thrup, -drup, or -rup. Next to -by this is the most frequent Danish ending. Of 1370 Scandinavian places in this country, 280 end in -thorp, as Althorp, Bishopthorpe.
- thveit, an isolated piece of land. In English -thwaite, as Braithwaite.
- garthr, a large farm. In Dalegarth, where there is a force, the Scandinavian word for waterfall, as gill is for ravine.
- naes, a promontory, as in Sheerness.
- ey or -oe, an isle, as in Anglesea.
- toft, a field, as in Lowestoft.
- beck, a brook, as in Troutbeck.
- haugr, a hill, haugh, or how, as in Blackhaw Topping and Skirlaugh.

The Asgaard of modern mythology appears in Asgardby of Yorkshire, where also is Upsal, from Upsaler, the high hills. The Yorkshire Ridings (or Thriddings, Thirdings) correspond to the divisions in South Norway,—Thridjungar, thirdings; Half-úr, halvings; and Fiorhjungar, quarterings. In names of persons, the ending -son is Scandinavian sön or sen. Johnson is a common name in Iceland, as in England. Nelson is Danish Nielson, and our Nelson was born at the old Danish Burnhamthorpe, in East Anglia. The British fleet is named from the Scandinavian flaade; shipboard from skibsborde; steersman from styrmand; wreck from vrag. An English earl in his yacht would be, according to old Danish, a jarl in his jagt. Here are some of the more familiar common or provincial English words of Norse or Danish origin:—

| | |
|--|-----------------|
| bairn, child | barn. |
| big, biggin, building, ('I mind the bigging o't.') | byggé, bygning. |
| boll or bole, trunk of tree | bul, (træ). |
| force, waterfall | fors. |

¹ 'The Danes and Norwegians in England.'

| | |
|---|---|
| full, fuddled, drunk | full. |
| gill, ravine | gil (Icel.). |
| din, noise | dinya (Icel.). |
| gainest way, nearest way | gjenvie. |
| gammon, jest | gammen. |
| gar, to make | gjöre. |
| greet, to weep | græde Dan. grata (Icel.). |
| groats, husked corn | grudlet korn. |
| handsel, earnest money | handsel. |
| hasp, latch | haspe. |
| low, flame | lue. |
| maw, stomach | mawe. |
| nab, to catch | nappe. |
| neb, bill, beak | næb. |
| nip, a sip (as of brandy) | nippe. |
| quern, a handmill | qværn. |
| rid, to remove | ridde. |
| rive, to split | rive. |
| speer, to ask | spörge. |
| stumpy, short, thick | stumpit. |
| swelter, to overcome with heat and exercise | vansmægte, pronounced swelt by the Jutlanders. |

Not a few words like swelt, however spelt, sound—as for example, stone, pronounced styan; one, yen—alike on the tongues of North of England men and Jutlanders. The Jutlanders alone in Denmark have an “æ” to represent the English “the,” and they alone can pronounce our broad, open w. Many Danish words as pronounced in Jutland are spoken English, with or without English provincial twang: as fowl, cock, food, stood, forenoon, and afternoon.

The traveller in Iceland is, therefore, at no loss to find spoken evidence that the familiar words of the old Norsemen are familiar still among ourselves, with whom some of them blended their blood—(blend, by the way, is a Norse word; in Icelandic blanda, to mix)—mixed their blood and acquired community of speech. A recent traveller¹ cites these among other examples:—

| | |
|----------------|---|
| Brag | Icelandic bragth, rumour, renown. |
| Fellow | félag, a comrade, literally one who goes shares in money. |
| Chap | kappi, a fighting man. |
| Dandy | dáindi, anything good. |

¹ ‘Iceland: its Scenes and Sagas,’ by Sabine Baring-Gould. London, 1863.

| | | |
|------------------------------------|-----|--|
| Duffer (a stupid fellow) | ..' | Icelandic dofi, laziness, from verb dofna, to be dull and stupid. |
| Fog | .. | fjuka, to drive with the wind. |
| Land-lubber (formerly spelt loper) | .. | land-hlaupr, one who runs on land. |
| Skulk | .. | skelk foer, from skélka, to frighten. |
| Ninny-hammer (a silly fellow) .. | .. | einn-hammer, in old Norse, meant one in his right senses, the negative prefix nei- would reverse that. |

So again, to “go the whole hog”—to do all at one stroke—is from the Icelandic högg; med höggi, all at once. Odin, under his name of Nikarr, from a root signifying stroke of violence, which appears in the Greek *νίκη*, victory; in the Latin *necare*, and Anglo-Saxon *næcan*, to kill; and in the English knock; having first been cut up into Nickers, has become the Old Nick of more recent times.

We have also attached to many churches the name of the Danish Saint Olave, to whom Earl Siward of Northumberland built the church in which he was buried. There are three churches in the city of London dedicated to this saint, who Christianized his own people at the sword's edge, and was so fierce that nobody dared wake him even when his infant son seemed to be dying and in need of baptism. One of his chiefs preferred naming the child to waking the father, and he excused himself by the flattery of calling the child Magnus, after Charlemagne. Canute the Great fought with the power of the Danes against that Olave, who was hated even by his own subjects while he lived. But the Church of Rome forced him, after his death, upon the Church of Northern Europe. The course of dynastic change placed Olave's son Magnus on the throne of Denmark; and this Saint Olave, who had been attacked by them when alive, came after his death in battle, A.D. 1030, to be cherished by the Danes. In Southwark, which was the *Syd-virki*, or enclosed trading-place of the Danes, south of the river, opposite London city, this saint had his church; and as St. Olave was known here also as St. Tooley, Southwark has also its Tooley-street. The church also of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, is on the site of the church built by Danes settled on that spot outside the City walls before the Conquest. Harold Harfagr is said to have been buried there. The Danes were trading mariners, and Clement was the seaman's patron saint.

In tracing the roots of our literature we find that they stretch far across Europe: northward we follow them to Iceland, southward to Provence and to the lands lying beyond the Mediterranean yet farther south. From Iceland to Provence this narrative has now to pass, with one rest by the way in England. From Provence we shall return home, ready to understand how upon English soil the South and the North met together in our earliest romance—the Lay of Havelok the Dane.

But on our way to Provence we find the Italian Lanfranc, who, although not an English writer, died in England in the year 1089, an old man of eighty-four, who for nineteen years had been Archbishop of Canterbury. At Canterbury he rebuilt the cathedral, was high in favour of William the Conqueror, and during part of the reign of William Rufus was also chief director of affairs in Church and State. Lanfranc was born, in 1005, at Pavia, son of a keeper of the public archives. He studied at Bologna, where he practised as an advocate, removed to France, and was famous as a teacher at Avranches. On his way from Avranches to Rouen, in 1041, he fell among thieves, was robbed in a forest near the abbey of Bec, tied to a tree, and abandoned. During a day and night of solitary peril he devoted himself to God, and, when released by travellers next day, asked the name of the nearest monastery. He was directed to the abbey of Bec, then newly founded by the unlettered Abbot Herluin, one of a noble Danish family, who had been bred to arms, had left the world, and was in much need of a good scholar in his abbey. To Bec, therefore, Lanfranc retired as a monk; in three years he became prior there, Herluin still living as abbot, and opened a school which he made famous by his teaching. Duke William made Prior Lanfranc one of his Counsellors of State, and when he obtained for William the permission of the Pope to marry his own cousin, on condition that he built a monastery, the monastery dedicated to St. Stephen was built at Caen, and Lanfranc was made its abbot. When William became King of England, Lanfranc was still his agent at Rome; and when, in England, William deposed in favour of his followers those of the Saxon clergy upon whose goodwill he could not depend, Lanfranc obtained the mitre of Stigand, Archbishop of Canterbury. Some controversial

writing upon the Eucharist against Berengarius, who upheld the views of Erigena; a tract of doctrine on the sacredness of "the Confidence of the Confessional," and on the position of a penitent who for want of a proper confessor might choose any clerk or layman or confess to God alone, though such confession would not be a sacrament; sixty-three letters almost wholly upon business of the Church; and a speech delivered in the Council at Winton, A.D. 1072, constitute Lanfranc's lesser writings. There remains of his mind a curious body of rules for the government of Benedictine monks, written when as Primate he had converted his chapter of Canterbury into a Benedictine monastery; besides these pieces we have his chief work, a complete body of Commentaries on St. Paul's Epistles, apparently notes for or from his oral teaching.

Anselm, a profounder scholar, was Lanfranc's favourite pupil, and his successor, first as Prior of Bec, afterwards, ^{Anselm.} under William Rufus, as Archbishop of Canterbury.

Anselm, born in 1034, at Aosta, in Piedmont—his father a Lombard, his mother a Burgundian—Archbishop of Canterbury though he was, belongs no more than Lanfranc to English literary history.

But a true Kentish man was the Eadmer or Edmer who wrote Anselm's life. He was one of the Benedictines ^{Eadmer.} of Canterbury, and, as he says of himself, was from childhood in the habit of noting and remembering events, especially those which concerned the Church.¹ His genius in this respect made him an admirable chronicler. He wrote in six books of clear Latin a 'Historia Novorum,' or History of his own Time from the Conquest to the year 1122, preceding his account of the Conquest with the prophecy ascribed to St. Dunstan, and ending his History with the death of Ralph of Escures, Anselm's successor in the archbishopric of Canterbury. When, in 1120, Alexander I. desired to make Eadmer—nominated for him by Archbishop Ralph—Bishop of St. Andrew's, Eadmer refused, unless he might profess, as a bishop in Scotland, allegiance to the primacy of Canterbury.² This claim

¹ 'Historia Novorum,' lib. II.

² Eadmer, 'Historia Novorum,' lib. v. ad fin.

for the aggrandisement of Canterbury was, of course, denied; and Eadmer died three or four years afterwards, in high esteem at Rome, without having been made a bishop. As Anselm's pupil, afterwards his friend, his spiritual director by the Pope's appointment, and his companion when, having offended William Rufus, he retired from England, Eadmer became also Anselm's biographer. He wrote the Life of Anselm in two books. He wrote lives, too, of Wilfrid of York; of the pious Bregwin, German born, who died Archbishop of Canterbury in the year 765; of Oswald of York, and of Dunstan. There is also a letter of his to the Glastonbury monks, on their asserting that they had the body of St. Dunstan. The central persons of Eadmer's chronicle of his own time, which is as true a record as the clever and honest monk could make it, are the Archbishops of Canterbury, Lanfranc, Anselm, and Ralph; Anselm, however, is the great king of the history, beginning to reign before the end of the first book, and dying only at the beginning of the fifth. Eadmer was to the core a monk, strict in all claims of ecclesiastical power; but, like Anselm, he was a monk with a breath of original genius. It delighted him to hear Anselm, who was seldom silent, talk and philosophise with a didactic fancy. Besides writing the life of Anselm, Eadmer gathered a book of the Similitudes of St. Anselm, a book of theological ethics and metaphysics, in nearly two hundred little chapters of philosophy, with tedious, unsubstantial divisions, enlivened throughout by a thoughtful play of the imagination. Other books of Eadmer's are on the Excellence of the Virgin Mary, who excels all creatures; on the Four Virtues that were in the Virgin Mary and her Sublimity; and on the Heavenly Beatitude.¹

We pass over to Provence, where we have already noted the strong extension of Arabian influence and the admixture of

¹ Eadmer's 'Historia Novorum' was edited in 1623 by Selden, with Notes that are added to the history in the edition of Eadmer's works included in Migne's Patrologia, where they form a part of vol. 159. Several unpublished MSS. of works by Eadmer are in the library of Bennett College, Cambridge, which contains the MS. of his 'Historia Novorum.' Among these unpublished works are his Letters. In the Archbishop's library at Canterbury is a MS. of Eadmer on Ecclesiastical Liberty, specially setting forth the quarrel between Anselm and William Rufus.

Arabian blood. While Alcuin was labouring for Charlemagne, the great Caliph Haroun al Raschid, who reigned Early Arabian influence. between the years 786-809, was master of the Moslem world, and stood, for a time, at the head of the whole world's best material civilization. The germ of a more substantial and enduring progress was possessed by Christian nations, but the brilliant powers of the Arabs were then being stimulated to their utmost exercise. The son of Haroun al Raschid, Al-Mamoun, the seventh caliph of the race of the Abassides (813-833), who became caliph in the same year that Charlemagne's son, Louis the Pious, succeeded to his father's empire—who belongs, therefore, to the period between the days of Alcuin and those of Erigena, dying sixteen years before King Alfred's birth—was the great Alfred of the Arabs, who promoted to the utmost of his large opportunities the spread of literature and art among his people. He gathered the learned to his court; he took tribute of subject provinces, not in gold and material produce, but in their products of mind, in manuscripts and books; hundreds of camels might in his day be seen entering Bagdad loaded with books and papers; and whatever was considered valuable in the thoughts of many minds expressed in many tongues that were thus poured into the capital, Al-Mamoun caused to be translated into Arabic. The modest band of copyists whom Alcuin sent to York to transcribe books for enrichment of the empire of Charlemagne were not to be compared to the host of Saracen translators and scribes. Bassora and Cufa were almost as rich in treatises and poems as Bagdad. Libraries of a fabulous extent were accumulated. In Spain, during the Arab occupation, seventy great libraries were open for instruction of the public; and there were schools, of the kind to which some trace the origin of our University system, at Cordova, Granada, Seville. From the ninth to the fourteenth century, arts and letters followed the conquests of a people which had begun its career as a few tribes of simple and hardy horsemen and lancebearers, to one of whom a handful of dates was a sufficient dinner. The highest forms of human power seem to be obtained only by mixture of race; and I do not doubt that it was in the design of Providence to give the strength to those who had most widely accepted neighbours

from the world beyond the narrow bounds of their own tribe. But of single races Baron Larrey was, perhaps, with some exaggeration, not altogether wrong in considering the Arabs to possess the highest physical perfection. He believed that he found the convolutions of their brain to be deeper and more numerous, the matter itself of the brain and of the nerves to be denser, than in Europeans; the heart and arterial system remarkably regular and perfect in development; the external senses exquisitely acute; "their sight is most extensive in its range; they hear at very great distances; and can, through a very extensive region, perceive the most subtle odour."¹ They are said by other eulogists to have produced more poets than all the other peoples of the world taken together. But their poetry seems to have been unsubstantial in its brilliancy, consisting in a heat and strain of fancy that made Pindar and Euripides pass for cold writers in their estimation, Homer and Sophocles for colder yet, and Virgil for a man to set the teeth chattering. When they collected treasures of wit from the nations, they did not, even as a matter of curiosity, care to translate the Western poets. Al-Mamoun took tribute in Greek books from the Emperor Michael the Stammerer, but, his own taste being also for science and mathematics, he set his translators to work not on the Greek poets, but on their philosophers. Arabic poetry consisted chiefly in lyrics about or between innumerable lovers and innumerable princesses. There were elegies and moral verses, but there was no comedy or tragedy, no epic sustaining vigorously some high argument of God or man. An insatiable curiosity for knowledge and a lively humour produced, in the form of didactic poems, treatises on Grammar, Rhetoric, Arithmetic, or Natural History; and to the production of all poetry of this sort all the wit on the coasts of the Mediterranean was stimulated. Arab philosophy fastened also upon Aristotle rather than upon Plato. The deep poetical spirit of Plato, essentially Christian, was at once too simple and too deep for a fancy that played with most pleasure over artificial subtleties. The definitions and distinctions of Aristotle gave an employment it enjoyed to the Arabic mind. Avicenna,

¹ Quoted in Prichard's 'Natural History of Man.'

the great Arabian philosopher, says that he began study by reading the *Metaphysics* of Aristotle forty times without understanding them. Avicenna lived as a most famous philosopher and physician while Canute was king in England, and the Arabian Averroes was commenting on Aristotle at the end of the twelfth century. To the Arabian influence was partly owing the peculiar reverence for Aristotle in the universities of Europe before the Reformation, which was ushered in among the learned by outpost skirmishes between Aristotelians and Platonists. But the great period of Saracen art, literature, and science, showed the Arabs to be indefatigable students; ready as Aristotle was—although his idolaters in Europe were not—to go to Nature herself for a true science. One of these Arabian scholars travelled forty years to study mineralogy; another went over all Europe collecting plants. And with all this there was their own nature freely expressed in the continual invention and enjoyment of those bright fanciful tales, of whose great number a very small part has become familiar to us in *Scheherezade's Thousand and One Tales of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment*.

The people of the south of Europe caught the humour of the singing and the story telling; and none sooner than those of Provence, among whom a language and literature rapidly formed fell afterwards almost as rapidly into decline.¹ The language, as preserved in the poetry of the Provençal troubadours, was the first acknowledged successor of the Roman speech, called, therefore, Romance; and it was the theory of M. Raynouard that the Romance language, formed from the corruption of Latin, was spoken not in Provence only, though preserved in a pure form in the poetry of the troubadours, but was common to all the countries of Europe in which Latin had been spoken; was a regular fixed language, the Rustic Roman; having constant rules, universally understood over Roman Europe, and the common source from which the modern Latin or Romance languages² were derived. The ancient Provençal—

Songs of the
Troubadours.
Origin of the
Romance
Languages.

¹ Not into perfect silence: Modern Provence has yielded the *Ranz des Vaches*, and in our own day the *Idyll Françonette* of *Jasmin*.

² See the table of the Pedigree of English, page 148.

called also, from the word in it signifying yes, the *Langue d'Oc*—would thus be a widely-spread language, Rustic Roman, only son and heir of the old Roman Latin, named afterwards from one only of the districts in which it was spoken. It would have the same relation of parent to modern Provençal that it has to modern French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, which are all children of the Rustic Latin and the grandchildren of Latin.¹ But this opinion has not prevailed; it was examined and rejected by Ampère and A. W. Schlegel; it is tacitly set aside by other students of the Romance languages; and its fullest examination and refutation is to be found in one of the works of an English scholar and statesman, whose loss is yet a fresh regret to all his countrymen—Sir G. C. Lewis.²

The modern Romance languages—of which one contributed, through Norman French, or that which from the word in it standing for “yes” was called the *Langue d'Oyl*, to the Latinization of English—were themselves formed by a fusion of tongues. True though it be that Latin when a living language was, like other living languages, spoken ungrammatically, mis-

¹ M. Raynouard was the first thorough student of the old Provençal literature. Having begun his researches in the year 1807, in 1816 he published the first of six volumes of his ‘*Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours*’ (Paris, 1816-1821), which contained a preliminary discussion upon the ancient Romance language and its grammar before the year 1000, besides a grammar of the language of the Troubadours. The second volume contained dissertations on the Troubadours, and on their Courts of Love, an account of earlier remains of the Romance language and illustration by example of the different forms of Provençal poetry. M. Raynouard then proceeded with his collection, which he closed with a volume of comparative grammar, to set forth his theory of the relation of the modern Romance languages of Europe with the language of the Troubadours. After M. Raynouard’s death in 1836, there was produced his other work, the valuable result of great and long-continued labour, in six volumes, ‘*Lexique Roman, ou Dict. de la Langue des Troubadours comparée avec les autres Langues de l’Europe Latine*’ (Paris, 1838-1844), preceded by fresh arguments and researches, a digest of grammar, and a new selection of poems, in which he still held to his theory of an intermediate language, having in what remains to us of the early poetry of Provence its fullest expression.

² ‘*An Essay on the Origin and Formation of the Romance Languages, containing an Examination of M. Raynouard’s Theory on the Relation of the Italian, Spanish, Provençal, and French, to the Latin.*’ Second Edition. (London, 1862.) In the next few paragraphs I chiefly follow Sir George Lewis’s argument.

pronounced, and mixed with archaisms by the country people, yet there is no evidence, nor is it likely, that such provincial or Rustic Latin formed a distinct, uniform language, which was to survive the cultivated Latin of the capital. No doubt, many provincial and colloquial words, being in wide use, would survive in speech,—words that had become almost peculiar to books; and if, therefore, in familiar speech men usually said *caballus*, *bellus*, *batuere*, where they would read *equus*, *pulcher*, and *percutere*, that custom would secure the life of words like *cheval*, *bel*, and *battre*. Latin writers, it is true, sometimes prefixed *ille* to a noun, and thence we may derive the articles of the Romance languages of Europe; the Italian *il*, the Spanish *el*, and the French *le*. But facts like these are only a small part of the whole truth. In Italy, Gaul, and Spain the Romans so effectually conquered and colonised, that the original dialects of those countries gave way, more or less completely, to the language of the conquerors. In this country, Rome had only outposts among a hostile British population, and did not remain long enough to come into much contact with the Anglo-Saxons who laid the foundations of our English speech. We have, therefore, scarcely a half-dozen words imposed upon us by the Roman occupation of the land. How much, if any, of the Latin element in the language of the British Celtic was derived from the Latin of the Roman soldiers, instead of from the Latin of the priests, I do not know. Certainly, there was not influence enough to affect its structure; at most, there were some trifling additions to its vocabulary. But the Roman occupation absolutely planted Latin as the common speech where the Romance tongues are now spoken,—a Latin, in the first instance, more or less individualized in each district by fusion with some scraps of the supplanted Celtic or Iberic way of speech.

If the conquered excel the conquerors in numbers or in force of intellect, it may be, as it was when the Northmen planted themselves by the Seine, that the conquerors are they whose native language disappears, or leaves only faint traces. And again, while the Normans in England poured their Latin wealth into the language of the Saxon people, yet, except in one or two very small matters, they did not Latinize its substance; but inflexions being, as we

English and
Norman-
French.
The Langue
d'Oc, and
Langue
d'Oyl.

shall presently see, dropped on both sides, their own way of speech was forced into accordance with the Anglo-Saxon mind and tongue. In Gaul, under the Romans, a little Celtic lingered in some eastern and southern parts during the third and fourth centuries; but Latin prevailed, and the old language at last survived only in Armorica, or Brittany. In Spain Iberian gave way everywhere except in the Pyrenees, where it survives among the Basque; and the Ligurian disappeared from the shore of the Mediterranean. But the Latin that had been spread by conquest was also destroyed by conquest. The foundations of diversity were laid when the Teutonic races of the Herulians, Goths, Lombards, and Franks successively overran the West of Europe in the fifth and sixth centuries. The Teutonic armies that were usually—as in the Lombard invasion of Italy—in fact, national hordes, vast crowds of men and women, were, however numerous, too few to outnumber and too uncivilized to subdue by intellectual force the Latinized nations among whom they settled. What took place, therefore, was a fusion, like that of the Norman with the Anglo-Saxon speech. Teutonic additions were made to the Latin vocabulary; inflexions were dropped or simplified, and new idioms were introduced. “The modern Italian,” says Gibbon, “has been insensibly formed by the admixture of nations,” so has the modern Frenchman. In northern France, it has been inferred by Savigny, from comparison of social laws, that the Franks settled numerously, and expelled a large number of the natives; in southern France they were less numerous, and more of the Latin population held its ground; while in the south also, nearer to Italy, the Roman occupation had originally been more complete. Aix in Provence was the site of the first Roman settlement in Gaul, while Provence and Dauphiny constituted the first Roman province sixty or seventy years before Cæsar’s campaigns in northern Gaul. Again, when the German power in Gaul began to supplant the Roman, they were in southern Gaul the Visigoths who early in the fifth century had their capital at Toulouse, and extended their power from the Pyrenees to the banks of the Loire; while over Northern Gaul Attila passed as a scourge, and the confederation of the German tribes known as the Franks—Salii, Ripuarii, Sicambri, Bructeri, Chamavi—

who at an early date gave to the country subject to them the name of Francia, made their way into Gaul by advance to the Somme through conquered Belgium. In those different proportions of the Latin, and those different characters of the Germanic elements, by fusion of which they were formed, lies manifestly the reason of the subsequent difference between the French spoken south and north of the Loire, Langue d'Oc or Provençal, and that Langue d'Oyl, or Norman French, through which the Latin element came into English. And so it is that, look where we may, we find how strongly in language as in literature neighbouring nations act and react upon each other. No land can be to itself a world; and no mind, whether of man or nation, can be rightly studied without constant reference to its relation with surrounding thought. We find, then, that what took place among ourselves after the Norman conquest, when Anglo-Saxon passed into modern English, had taken place already in the formation of that Norman French which enters now into our history. Complicated niceties of inflexion were disregarded or misused in the intercourse between the native and the stranger; and nouns were declined, verbs conjugated, not, as before, by inflexion of their endings, but by resolution of their ideas into component parts with help of participles and auxiliary verbs. In other words, the French language had passed out of synthetic into analytic forms. Even when there is no great admixture of peoples, the tendency of a language not fixed by a written literature and by the watchfulness of many skilled grammarians, is always from the synthetic towards the analytic method of expression. This fact A. W. Schlegel illustrated by the great advance made in the German language before the sixteenth century, while it was not artificially fixed, in the substitution of analytic for synthetic forms. Popular will prevails in the end. At this day the German spoken by the educated classes retains the use of inflected cases of nouns, while the uneducated people agree with the Dutch in supplanting them by a preposition or pronoun.

The Latin of the Roman empire had, it is true, a well-defined and long-defined literary standard; but as spoken in provinces over which the light of classical literature shone very faintly, it went the way of nature when the men who spoke it became

mingled here with one, there with another, horde of German conquerors. Such conquerors, from use of their own language among each other, passed, as well as they could, to use of the "lingua Romana" or "lingua rustica" of natives of the soil, in which formerly an Italian and a Spaniard could converse together; and they spoke it, necessarily, with little regard to the delicacies of its grammar. Although German was still used at the French Court at the end of the ninth century, yet everywhere over the old Roman ground the Latinized race had predominance in numbers and in intellect. Latin remained, therefore, the basis of the Romance languages, while they passed out of the synthetic class, and, according to the nature and degree of foreign interference, differed as Italian, Provençal, and Norman-French, Spanish, or Portuguese, among each other. To these principles governing the formation of the Romance languages and dialects we shall find it convenient to refer, when in due time we have to speak of the part played by Norman-French in the formation of English. But we must pass now from questions that concern our language to one that concerns its literature.

The people of southern Gaul preserved still in the eighth and ninth centuries a lively taste for pagan dances and songs, funeral processions, and for certain games; also dramatic farces, which were the corrupt remains of the amusement furnished by the Roman theatres. What usages, accounted pagan, the Church found itself unable to abolish, it endeavoured to divert into the way of edification. The Christian clergy dramatized, or turned into pantomime and represented in their own churches, incidents of sacred writ, applied dances and choruses to honour of the saints, and supplied metrical legends of saints as wonderful as any of the heathen fables, for the use of the itinerant story teller. But the monks in southern Europe had to deal with a lively people who demanded more than this. Aquitaine and Provence had been free in the time of the Merovingians, and they fought afterwards on their northern border against Franks for maintenance of freedom, while they were contending also with the Arabs who flocked to them through Spain and over sea. A few fragments remain from the eighth and ninth centuries of a heroic strain bred of these conflicts.

An extant Latin fragment on Walter of Aquitaine is of Teutonic origin, brought into France, it would seem, by the invading hordes. Scraps enough remain to show how in these centuries the conquering Saracens seized the imaginations of the people of Narbonne, Toulouse, and Bordeaux.¹ There is a fragment of a metrical tale of the beginning of the eleventh century, showing how a lord from Toulouse, being wrecked on his way to the Holy Land, wandered, like an Ulysses, from adventure to adventure among the Arabs of Africa and Spain. The word "trobar," to find, to invent, was already applied in Provence to the act of poetical invention; and perhaps the poets of the south of France were, by the time of our Norman conquest, called already troubadours; it is certain that a class of men called "jongleurs" were wandering singers or reciters of a popular poetry that was then essentially lyric. They were chiefly love lyrics, cast into rhyme and syllabic accent, divided into symmetrical strophes for singing to the poet's own tune, and in such songs the troubadours afterwards were second only to the Arabs in pushing the use of rhyme into abuse.

The songs of Provence that had for their theme not love but war, morality, or even religion, came at last to be called by the troubadours *sirventesque*, as opposed to *chevaleresque*: of subordinate rank, squirely; not of first rank, knightly. The dissolute and jovial Guillaume IX., Count of Poitiers, is the first troubadour of whose song any part remains, and he was born five years after the Norman conquest of England. He went—not with the first rush, and afterwards unwillingly—to the Holy Land in the first Crusade, and, having left a host of friends and vassals dead behind him, came home to sing of his adventures there in verses of buffoonery, whereof only the character remains. But he fought gallantly for defence of his own side of the Pyrenees against the Saracens in Spain. Eight poems of his remain: six amorous, of which four are indecent; two *sirventesque*, of which one is a burlesque medley about nothing, the other a lament upon his leaving home for the crusade.

¹ Fauriel's 'Histoire de la Poésie Provençale.' Paris, 1846.

The crusading spirit which broke out soon after the Conquest was yet more powerful than the influence of Provençal song upon the Normans, in bringing home to England the benefit of contact with the learning and the lively fancy of the Arabs. From the time of Haroun al Raschid the Saracens had softened greatly, by the refinements of literature, arts, and science, the fierceness of their one-idead fanaticism. But Christendom was becoming, with the narrowing and hardening of the monastic system, less simply religious, more theological, and fiercely propagandist. Not only did Charlemagne profess to convert the Saxons by carrying fire and sword into the land, and enforce in his empire orthodox opinions with all the power of the state. In the north, there was the Scandinavian Olave, whom the Roman Church immediately after his death canonized for his zeal, summoning the chiefs of unconverted districts to meet in assembly, and offering to their deliberation in region after region, the choice between Christianity and massacre. As men approached the year 1000, the belief spread, especially in Latin Europe, that with that year the world would end. There were political distractions and convulsions, preparing the way, as we now know, to great and wholesome issues, which, seen by those who were nearest to them, looked like the foretold signs that the last day was near. Men, therefore, forsook the world in terror, flocked in crowds to the great abbeys of Cluny or Monte Casino, to Rome, or to Jerusalem; and at Jerusalem they found unbelievers in possession of the Holy Places. The dangerous year came and went, the world survived it, but the Roman Church retained its hold on Christendom and cherished the fanaticism that enlarged its power. A spirit like that which had been their own was raised to band the Christian world against the Saracens; and in the year 1073, the great Hildebrand, the carpenter's son, in whose eyes the world was for the Church, came, as Pope Gregory VII., to a throne which he made the throne of Christendom. Gregory's ambition aimed necessarily at a reunion of the Greek and Roman churches; so that when the seat of the Moslem power was shaken by the outbreak of wild tribes from among the Kabyles of the African desert, who passed through Africa as fierce invaders of the old

stamp into Spain—when also from the steppes of Bulgaria the wild Turkish tribes swept over the caliphate of Bagdad, advanced on Asia Minor, and drove the Greek Emperor across the Hellespont—Gregory obtained from the French aid for the Spaniards, and proposed himself to lead an army of Christians to the relief of Constantinople and destruction of the Turks. Thus he would bind again to the unity of the Church Greeks and Armenians, and afterwards he would lead the Christian conquerors to the possession of the Holy Sepulchre. The quarrel with the German Emperor Henry IV. brought Gregory's life to its end in disappointment, but his successor Urban II., who eased himself of his imperial antagonist by stirring up the son of Henry IV. to strife against his father, was strong enough in 1095—substituting for all Gregory's political schemes a pure fanaticism—at the end of a council held at Clermont upon French affairs, to call upon all Europe to aid him in delivering the Holy Sepulchre. Since the year 1076 it had been recovered to themselves by the rude Turkish hordes, who first wrested it, in 935, from the tolerant and civilized rule of the Caliphs of Bagdad. For a time it had been wrested from them ; but now, coming with overwhelming force, they had seized Mecca and Jerusalem and threatened the Greek empire with ruin. Over all Europe the enthusiasm spread. The afflictions of the world were to be healed by conquest of the earthly Jerusalem. Three hundred thousand men fastened the badge of the cross on their shoulders. Duke Godfrey of Bouillon collected an army in Lorraine ; Duke Robert of Normandy mortgaged his whole territory to raise a troop of French and English knights. The time was thought to be come of which it was written, "Whoso will go with me, let him take up his cross and follow me." Our Lord himself was regarded as the commander-in-chief of the crusade ; the Papal legate who went with the army was his representative, but, as he was no soldier, military affairs were directed and commanders appointed by a war committee. Long-bearded Peter the Hermit, who had stood by the Pope's side at Clermont, and as a missionary for the war rode abroad on his ass, and told how he had been in Jerusalem, and seen there a vision of Christ, commanding him to summon the Christian Church to his help, saying, "I have longed for her ; I shall

rejoice in her; and paradise is open to her,"—this Peter was the spiritual leader of the poor and ignorant, glad to escape from home oppression. These were a wild body by themselves, who called their chief Tafur, which was Turkish for King of the Beggars. The Turks were then divided among themselves, and were old enemies of the more civilized Mahomedans. The Christians had, therefore, the Caliph of Egypt for an ally in their first attack on the Emir of Nicæa, though, finding that friendly Pagan become master of Jerusalem, they attacked him as an enemy, when, after the siege of Antioch, overbearing delay caused by the quarrels of the princes, they pressed in an eager crowd towards the Holy City. Jerusalem was taken by storm on the 13th of July, 1099, in the days of Eadmer, during Anselm's archbishopric of Canterbury and a year before the death in this country of William Rufus—or, to compare great things with small, the year in which the building of Westminster Hall was finished. There was soon afterwards a rush home of the surviving Christians who had fulfilled their vow; Godfrey of Bouillon and Tancred being left at Jerusalem with about two hundred knights and two thousand men at arms.

By this crusade it concerns all literature of the following time to remember how many men of almost all countries in Europe, who had scarcely been beyond the acre they tilled, had their imaginations stirred with ideal expectations and visionary tales of miracle; their wit sharpened on their travel eastward and back; always among the press and stir of human life, with attrition of minds and experience of many moods of many nations; their eyes sated with changing Oriental scenes; their ears accustomed to the songs and brisk tales of the camp-fire. Thus from the religious enthusiasm there was bred a sense of the romance of chivalry; the flow of wit and fancy, and the taste for stories of adventure that had other than saints of the Church for their heroes became quickened; and thus there was a way made through the Church out of the Church, even by one of its narrowest and darkest passages, into the open world.¹

¹ See H. von Sybel's 'Aus der Geschichte der Kreuzzüge,' in the volume of 'Wissenschaftliche Vorlesungen gehalten zu München im Winter, 1858.' Sybel's essay has been translated by Lady Duff Gordon. (London, 1861.)

The first complete romance that has come down to us is an Anglo-Danish legend of Havelok,¹ rhymed by a Norman into French not many years after this first crusade, and afterwards retaken for the English by a native poet.

The earliest shape in which we have the story is that of a French romance, which was abridged by Geoffroi Gaimar, the Anglo-Norman trouvère, who composed his Chronicle of Anglo-Saxon Kings between the years 1142 and 1145. To the first half, therefore, of the twelfth century belongs 'Le Lai de Aveloc,' upon an English tradition that must have been extant in Anglo-Saxon times, for Gaimar speaks of it as an ancient story. The lay is also the legend of the origin of our English town of Grimsby. Grimsby was, in the twelfth century, a trading-place, to which, according to the Orkneyinga Saga, great numbers resorted from the Orcades, Scotland, and the Western Isles. From old time to this day the boundary-stone between Grimsby and Wellow has been called Havelok Stone, and Grimsby contains also an old Havelok-street. The burghesses of Grimsby were, by long tradition, free of toll at the Danish port of Elsinore. The ancient seal of Grimsby—at least as old as the time of Edward I.—also testifies to the credit of the legend, by representing the Grim of the story, in the middle, as a gigantic warrior, with small figures sheltered under him, one on each side, of a prince and princess, who are labelled "Habloc," "Goldeburgh." I give the substance of the legend from an English version, written towards the close of the thirteenth century, and discovered by Sir F. Madden among the Laudian Collection in the Bodleian Library,² where it was included among metrical legends, which gave to the MS. book its misleading title of 'Vitæ Sanctorum.' In the romance,

¹ The text of the old French romance was transcribed by Sir F. Madden from a MS. of the reign of Edward II., marked E. D. N. No. 14, in the Heralds' College, and published together with the English version found in the Bodleian, as 'The Ancient English Romance of Havelok the Dane, accompanied by the French Text: with an Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary, by Frederick Madden, Esq., Sub-keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. Printed for the Roxburgh Club.' (London, 1828.)

² MS. No. 108.

as sung in Norman French, the name of Goldeburgh has its Gold translated into Argent, and appears as Argentilla. I adopt, of course, the re-translation of the word into its right native form, and follow our own English thirteenth century version in the following sketch of the Lay of

Havelok the Dane.

This, says the English bard, is a lay learnt from the Bretons, and he loses no time in claiming part of his own dues for telling it :

At the beginning of our tale
Fill me a cup of full good ale.
The rhyme is made of Havelok,
A stalworthy man in a flock.
He was the stalwortheest man at need
That may riden on any steed.
He loved God with all his might,
And holy kirk, and sooth and right.

This is the tune to which our own thirteenth century minstrel sets the story which, with no variation from the manner of the narrative, is here faithfully copied, on a reduced scale, into modern prose.

Athelwold, king of England, had no heir to his body but an infant daughter. Feeling his death draw near, he was much troubled because of her helplessness. He sent then for all his earls and barons between Rokeby and Dover, and they came before the king at Winchester. When they were seated round about him, he told them that death was near to him, and bade them choose among themselves ; wherefore they chose Earl Godrich of Cornwall, who swore to protect the princess and her England till she should be twelve years old, and then to give her for a husband the best man in all the land. After this, the King Athelwold betook himself to prayers, penance, and alms, gave away all before he died, and died lamented. The bells were rung and masses sung, the king was buried, and the earl had power in the kingdom. He received from all an oath of fidelity until the deceased king's daughter should attain her twentieth year ; he sent justices to travel through the kingdom, appointed sheriffs and beadles, set swordsmen to keep the wild woods free from robbers, and had all things in his hand.

The king's daughter began thrive
And wex the fairest woman alive.

Her name was Goldeburgh. Earl Godrich sighed to think that she should ever be his mistress, and said to himself,

I have a son, a full fair knave,
He shall Engeland all have.

He then being so resolved, and not caring about his oath, before he ate meat fetched Goldeburgh from Winchester, where she was royally housed,

to the sea-shore at Dover, and there shut her up in the castle, poorly fed and thinly clothed.

Now in that time it befel that there was a rich, strong king of Denmark, and his name was Birkabeyn. He was a brave knight, with many knights for followers, and he was father of a son and of two daughters, whom he dearly loved. He being near death, when he was shriven, gave to his own friend Godard, the truest that he knew, care of his little children, till the son could wear helm on his head, and wield a spear as king. On altar, bells, and mass-book, Godard swore to protect Denmark and the children till the boy became a knight. But when Birkabeyn was laid in his grave, Godard speedily took Havelok, the king's heir, and his two sisters, Swanborow and Helfeld, and shut them up where, ere they were yet three winters old, they pined for cold and hunger. And after he had taken all, he thought of further treachery upon the children. He went to the tower in which they were shivering. Havelok, who was a bold child, came to him and sat on his knee. Godard said to them, "Why do you weep and howl?" "Because we are sore hungry," said the boy. "We have no meat, and there are no knights to fetch us drink. Woe is us that we were born! Well away! is there no corn, and cannot bread be made? We hunger so that we are nearly dead." Godard paid no heed, but lifted up the little maids together, green and bleak with hunger, as if he would dance them in sport, and in that manner he cut their throats. Havelok saw it, and he saw the knife at his own heart. He kneeled before the Judas, and gave Denmark for his life, offered to fly, and promised to deny his parentage. Godard withdrew the knife, but he thought, If my own children thrive ill, Havelok will succeed me. I must cast him into the sea, and tie an anchor round his neck, so that he shall not float.

So he sent for a fisherman that he knew, who would do all his will, and said to him, "Grim, thou knowest thou art my thrall. Do my will, thou shalt have gold and land to-morrow; I will set thee free. Take this child, throw him into the sea to-night, and upon my head be the sin." Grim took the child, and bound him fast with a strong line. When Grim had bound him fast, he wound him in an old cloth, stuffed a coat into his mouth, and carried him off on his back in a large black bag.

Being come home, the fisherman told Leve, his wife, what luck awaited them; who, when she heard it, started up, and threw the boy down with such a bounce, that his crown cracked against a great stone as it lay, and Havelok well might cry "Well away! that ever I was a king's child!" So the little one lay until midnight, when Grim bade his dame, Leve, blow the fire, and bring a light, for he must see to put his clothes on. As she went out to do so, she was aware of a great light where the child lay, and, as it were, a sunbeam shining from his mouth. It was a light as of ten candles. "Start up, Grim, and look! Say what this means!" They unbound the child, and found a royal mark on his right shoulder. "Godwot," quoth Grim, "this heir of Denmark shall be a strong king, that shall have in his hand all Denmark and England. He shall hang Godard, or bury him alive." Grim, therefore, fell at the boy's feet, promising to serve and nourish him. From him only would

he earn the gift of freedom, which he only could bestow. Then was Havelok a merry child; he sat up and craved bread, saying, "I am nigh dead, what for hunger, what for the bands upon my hands, and the coat thrust into my mouth." Leve fetched him bread and cheese, butter and milk, pasties and flawsns. Havelok ate up a whole loaf, then Grim made him a fair bed, undressed him, and put him to sleep.

In the morning, Grim the fisherman went to Godard and said: "I have drowned the boy, having first tied an anchor round his neck, that he should not float. Give me now my reward." But he was sent away with hard words and fierce threats. Grim sold all his corn, his sheep with wool, his kine with horns, horse and swine, geese and hens; he tried well the strength of his boat, put in a good mast, strong cables, stout oars and sail, and when there wanted not a nail more, he put into the boat young Havelok, together with his own wife, her three sons, and her two daughters, and escaped on the high-sea. When they were a mile from land, there rose a wind from the north, called *bise*, that drove them to England.

Grim landed in the Humber, in Lindeseye, right at the north end, and there he made a little earthen hut for himself, and his household, and his boat; and, because he was harboured there, for that reason men will, until doomsday, give that place the name of Grimsby.

Grim was a clever fisherman, who earned his living well with net and hook. He made stout panniers, in which he and his sons carried their fish for sale, through town and country round about; and they never came home without bread or dough in their shirts or coats, beans and corn in their bags. When Grim caught the great lamprey he carried it to Lincoln, and brought home wastels, simnels, his bags full of meal and corn, neat's flesh, sheep and swine's flesh; and hemp for the making of more lines. Thus, for twelve winters they strove and strove; but it grieved the young Havelok that Grim and his sons should work to get his meat, while he lay idle at home. He thought to himself, "I am no longer a baby. I can eat more than Grim gets me; I can eat, by Heaven, more than Grim and all his five children. I must work for my living—it is not a shame to work. I will go forth to-morrow."

On the morrow, when it was day, Havelok set forth with a pannier; and, for his load, he carried more fish than the other four. He bare it well, and sold it well, and brought home all the silver, for he would not keep a farthing of it back. So he went forth every day.

Now, there befel so great a scarcity of corn and bread, that Grim could not devise how he was to feed all in his household. He was afraid on behalf of Havelok, for he was strong, and ate more than could be drawn out of the sea. Therefore, he said, "Havelok, dear son, I ween that we must die, for we are hungering, and have no meat. It will be better for you to go hence; you know the way to the good borough of Lincoln; thither you had better go, for there lives many a good man of whom you may earn a living. But, woe is me! You are so naked. I must cut you a dress out of my sail, lest you take cold." He took the shears off the nail, and made of the sail a coat, which Havelok put on. He had neither hose, nor shoes, nor any other kind of garment; and barefoot he walked to Lincoln, where he had no friend to go to. For two days

he went up and down fasting, because nobody would give him food for work.

On the third day he heard a call of "Porters! porters! come hither, all!" Like a spark from a coal Havelok leapt forth; he shoved down nine or ten men, and pressed forward to the cook, from whom he took the Earl's meat that had been bought at the bridge, and, leaving the porters strewn upon the ground, he carried the meat to the castle; there he got a farthing wastel-loaf.

Next day he looked out for the cook upon the bridge, and saw him with many fishes by his side, which he had bought for the Earl of Cornwall. When he cried "Porters! porters! hither! quick!" Havelok knocked down, and made a heap of sixteen stout lads, who stood in his way, and took up on his head a full cart-load of fish. Then he spared neither toes nor heels till he came to the castle, where men took his burthen from his head. The cook stood and looked at him, thought him a stalwart man, and said: "Will you serve with me? I shall be glad to feed you, for the meat is well spent that you eat." "Dear sir," said Havelok, "I ask no other hire. Give me enough to eat, and I will fetch you fire and water; I can break sticks, kindle and blow the fire; I can cleave billets, skin eels, wash dishes." Quoth the cook, "I want no more. Go sit thou yonder, and eat bread and broth at will."

Havelok ate and worked. He carried mighty burthens gaily; he was always blithe of speech; the little children in the meadows took him for their playfellow; high and low, knights and children, talked of his strength, and of his fair form, and of his gentleness. But he was almost naked. He had nothing to wear but a coat that was not worth a fir-stick. The cook, sorry for that, bought him span new clothes, with hose and shoes; and, when he was clothed, hosed, and shod, he was the fairest under God. At the Lincoln games he was taller by the shoulders than the stoutest who came thither.

In these days, Earl Godrich had all England in his power, and he brought into the town of Lincoln many earls and barons, champions, bondsmen, the young and old, the strong and weak. One day, the strong men in that assemblage played at putting of the stone. Havelok, commanded to try his strength, lifted the heavy stone, twelve feet and more, over the heads of all the champions. The talk of his strength and of his meekness travelled through all England. Godrich's knights praised it in the castle-hall, and Godrich, when he heard how perfect the youth was, thought to himself: "Through this boy I shall have England. I swore upon the mass to my king Athelwold that I would wed his girl to the best man in all the land. Havelok shall have Goldeburgh." But this he thought with treachery, supposing Havelok to be some churl's son who would degrade the princess from her queenly right to possess England. Therefore he brought Goldeburgh to Lincoln with great ringing of bells, and said to her that he should give her to the fairest man alive. She vowed, in answer, that no man should have her but a king, or a king's heir. Godrich was wroth, and warned her that she was not to be queen and lady over him, but on the morrow he should marry her to his cook's knave.

Next morning, when the day-bell was rung, that Judas sent for Havelok, and said: "Master, wilt wive?"

"Nay," quoth Havelok, "by my life, how should I manage to keep a wife. I cannot feed, or clothe, or shoe her. I want house and cot, and stick and sprout, and bread and cloth, except a bit of an old sail. These clothes that I have on are the cook's, and I'm his knave."

Then Godrich beat him, threatened to hang him—to put out his eyes—and so compelled him to be married. By threatening to burn and hang, he forced also Goldeburgh to the altar, where the two were fast married by the Archbishop of York.

To save his wife from shame, and to avoid the manifest hatred of Godrich, Havelok resolved instantly to leave Lincoln. And whither could he take his bride for food and shelter but to faithful Grim and his three sons? So Havelok and Goldeburgh went to Grimsby, where they found that Grim was dead, but his five children were living, and they came out joyfully to greet their foster brother, bringing him constant love and homage. Horse and cattle, boats, gold and silver, Grim had left them. They said—

We have sheep and we have swine,
We give them, lord, and all are thine;
Thou shalt be lord, thou shalt be sir,
And we shall serve both thee and her.

Their sisters should wait upon Goldeburgh and take her for their lady. They brake sticks, and they spared not goose nor hen, to make a wedding festival.

In the night, as Goldeburgh lay sorrowing for her hard lot, she saw a bright light in the room, and found that it shone out of her husband's mouth; she saw also a noble cross of red gold on his shoulder, and heard the voice of an angel: "Goldeburgh, lay thy sorrow by, for Havelok, who hath espoused thee, as the fair cross betokens, is a king's son and heir. It betokens more: he shall have Denmark and all England. Thou shalt see it, queen and lady shalt thou be." Then, in her gladness, she kissed Havelok as he slept, and he awakening said to her, "Wife, sleepest thou? I have been dreaming a strange thing." He had dreamt that he was in Denmark, on a high hill, and saw all the land; that he stretched out his arms to it, and that they grew so long as to embrace it all, and when he sought to draw his arms back, castles and towns clave to them, and keys fell at his feet. Then he dreamt that he crossed the sea, and in like manner compassed England. Goldeburgh interpreted the dream for him, and counselled him to go at once to Denmark, taking with him Grim's three sons. In the morning, Havelok, when he rose, went to the church and prayed for strength against Godard, his sisters' murderer; then he told his beads, laid his offering upon the altar, and prostrated himself before the cross. When he went home, he found Grim's three sons ready to go fishing, but he called them to him, Robert the Rede, who was eldest, William Wendath, and Hugh Raven, told them his story and his purpose, and promised each of them, if they went forth as his companions, ten castles, with their lands and towns.

Havelok and Goldeburgh, with the three brothers, having reached Denmark, there travelling as strangers and foreigners, asked Ubbe, a great Danish earl, for leave to trade about the country, and assured his friendship by the gift of a gold ring. Ubbe bade him to meet at his castle, and there entertained well and honourably, both him and his wife. After dinner, he sent them for lodging to the house of the best man in the town, named Bernard Brun. There, when they were set to supper, the house was beset by sixty strong thieves, with long knives and swords. They broke the door through with a boulderstone; but Havelok leapt up, and taking the bar from the door, threw it open, pulled up the door-post for a weapon, and slew three at his first stroke. He made the right eye of the fourth fly out of its hole before he clapped him on the crown, he struck the fifth on the shoulders, brake the neck of the sixth; but they all set on him like dogs, and some with swords, and some with clubs, and some with stones, struck at him, till from twenty wide wounds his blood flowed, as water from a well. Every crown that he could reach Havelok cracked, and soon had twenty dead men lying round him. Raven, hearing the great din, looked out, and saw men beating upon Havelok as smiths upon an anvil. "Robert! William!" he cried, "where are ye? Gripe each of you a stout club, and follow me."

"Ya, leve, ya!" quoth Robert soon, "We shall have full good light of the moon."

Robert gript a staff, and William a tree, and Bernard held his axe, and they leapt forth like wild men. They broke arms, they broke knees, they broke shanks, they broke thighs; they made crowns break and crack, of the brown and of the black; they made backs swell as round as bellies, and they thrashed the thieves as easily as children that a mother beats. They killed the sixty-one.

Now, in the morning, when Ubbe heard of this, he went to see the bodies as they lay at Bernard's door, and to hear on the spot about the prowess of the stranger. A leech pronounced Havelok's wounds curable, and Ubbe took him to his own castle, to a room opening upon his own chamber. In the night, Ubbe saw a light bright as daylight shining from the chamber in which his guest lay. "At this hour," he thought, "only thieves and gluttons watch. I must go see what this light means." He went into Havelok's room, and saw where he slept beside Goldeburgh, the sunbeam shone out of his mouth, and as he lay half-naked, a cross on his right shoulder glistened like a carbuncle. Ubbe knew that these were signs of royalty, and when he looked closely at the sleeper's face, he knew also that he was King Birkabeyn's son, for never was there in Denmark likeness between brothers greater than that between Birkabeyn and his heir. He fell at his feet and kissed them, toes, nails, limbs, a hundred times, till Havelok awakened, and suspecting treachery, could hear his acknowledgment of fealty. On the morrow he would knight him—on the morrow homage should be paid to him from all the country round. In the morning, therefore, Ubbe summoned all the people, told them the tale of Havelok, and of the treachery of Godard, and was first to bow the knee to him. All the barons, thanes, and knights who were in that town, served Havelok. Then Ubbe, whose power was known and dreaded throughout Denmark, wrote far and wide to summon

knights and sheriffs; and when they were assembled at his castle, he presented to them their king's son. So Havelok was made king of Denmark, and there was jousting, wrestling, putting of the stone, harping, piping, and romance-reading. Gestes were sung, and gleemen played upon the tabor, and the boars were hunted. There was a feast for forty days; the king made Robert a knight, and William Wendath, and Hugh Raven, he made them all three barons with land, and twenty knights each for attendance.

Then the good King Havelok and his barons swore an oath that they would find Godard, and Robert was the first who came upon his track. Godard fought terribly, and after his own knights had fled from him, he slew and wounded twelve of the king's men. But he was taken and bound, roaring as a bull tied up to await the fight with dogs. Havelok delivered him for trial to Ubbe and a council of the earls and barons, burgesses and knights, and when they had doomed him, they said to the king, who sat still as a stone: We doom that he be quickly slain, and then drawn to the gallows at a scabby mare's tail, a strong nail through his feet, and there be hanged in two fetters with this writing upon him:—

This is the swike that wende wel
The king have reft the land it del,
And hise sistres with a knif
Bothe refte hire life.

And this was done. We pity him not. He was false. His lands and goods came to the king, who gave them into Ubbe's hand with a fair staff, saying: "Here I seise thee in all the land, and all the fee."

Then vowed Havelok to build for Grim a priory of Black Friars, and he did that in the town where Grim was buried, and which after his name is called Grimsby. Of Grim I tell no more.

But when Earl Godrich of Cornwall heard how Havelok was become king of Denmark, and that his princess, the right heir of England was, with her husband, come to Grimsby, he commanded all his fighting men to join him at Lincoln on the 17th of March; whoever disobeyed the summons, he and his heirs should be thrall for ever. They came, and he showed them how the Danes were at Grimsby, threatening the English. Which of you, he cried, will stand by me while his arms last?

The lef the! quoth the Earl Gunter,
Ya! quoth the earl of Chester, Rayner.

All leapt upon their steeds, and hurried to find the enemy at Grimsby. Then was a great battle fought, and doughty deeds were done. Ubbe bore down upon Godrich, Godrich upon him, both were unhorsed, they rose and fought with swords, every blow that they dealt one on the other would have shivered a flint. The sweat poured from their heads. The fight between them lasted from morning until sunset. A thousand knights were slain on either side, every coat dripped blood. When he had sorely wounded Ubbe, Godrich fell upon the Danes, and struck them to the mire on every side, till Havelok came driving down upon a steed.

Godrich cleft Havelok's shield in two, and victory was doubtful until Havelok struck off the sword hand of the traitor, then he took him by the neck, bound him in fetters and sent him to the queen, commanding that no man put him to shame, because he was a knight, until his brother knights had judged his cause. Then the Englishmen saw that Havelok was just, and learnt that the fair Goldeburgh, who was the king's wife, was right heir to their kingdom. Therefore they came to the king with their homage, six earls went to the queen as her servants, and brought her with great honour before the people, and the Englishmen knelt to her as Athelwold's daughter, and cried out that the traitor should be hung who had held wrongful possession of the country. Havelok bade them await the judgment of his peers. They doomed him to be led to Lincoln bound upon an ass with his face to the tail, and so led through the streets of the borough to a green that yet stands south of it, where he was to be burnt at a stake for warning against treachery. And Goldeburgh was glad, and thanked Heaven when this judgment was executed on the man who would have brought her into shame.

Then Havelok took oath of fealty from all the English. And he made, by Saint Davy, Gunnild of Grimsby, who was one of Grim's daughters, the Earl of Chester's wife. And when Gunnild was brought to Chester with high festival, the good Havelok did not forget Bertram, that was the earl's cook, he made him Earl of Cornwall, and possessor of all Godrich's broad land. Furthermore, when he had knighted him, he gave him for wife Grim's other daughter, Levice, courteous and fair as flower on the tree. They lived together happily a hundred years. Then Havelok enriched his Danes with land and cattle, but after the feast of his coronation, he permitted them to go to their own land, where he appointed Ubbe to be ruler in his name.

After this, Havelok and Goldeburgh reigned sixty years in England, so bound to each other that the people had one word for both; they never were apart, there was no wrath between them, and their love was always new. They had fifteen sons and daughters, whereof every son became a king, and each daughter a queen.

'Now have you heard the story through
Of Havelok and of Goldeboru.'

CHAPTER XIV.

THOMAS, a monk of Ely, who writes that he lived after the year 1166, produced a history of the Church of Ely,¹ and tells, in its fifteenth chapter, how Canute the King, “going by boat to keep at Ely the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, looked up at the church that rose from a rock near the Ouse, and ordered the rowers to row slowly towards the land that he might hear the psalms of the monks. Then calling his companions about him, he bade them sing with him, and, expressing with his own mouth the gladness of his heart, composed this little song in English:—

‘ Merie sungen the Muneches binnen Ely
 Tha Cnut ching reuther by,
 Rotheth cnites noer the land
 And here ye thes Muneches sæng.’

(‘ Pleasantly sang the monks in Ely
 When Canute the king rowed by,
 “ Row knights near the land
 “ And hear ye the song of the monks.” ’)

With other words which follow, still publicly sung and remembered in proverbs.” The song may have been really made on Canute’s staying the course of his boat to hear the distant chant; but the substantial fact is, that we have here, in modified Anglo-Saxon, one of the songs of the people floating down from the time before the Norman conquest to the days of Henry II. Before the invention of printing, and, after it, before the people could read books, traditional song and story never failed out of the land. William of Malmesbury, writing in the reign of Henry I., but still more than a century after the event described, tells of the marriage of Canute’s daughter Gunhilda

¹ *Historia Ecclesiæ Eliensis*, in the third volume of Dean Gale’s ‘*Historia Britannicæ, Saxonica, Anglo-Danicæ Scriptorum XV. ex Vetustis Codd. MSS. Editi.*’

to Henry Emperor of the Germans, adding, "the splendour of the nuptial pageant was very striking, and still in our times is frequently sung in the highways.¹ The Scóp, then, still wandered about the country; and if the gleeman's song was not desired within the castles of the Norman baron, it lived only the more surely for the people as the literature of the wayside. These songs of Canute, telling no good story and celebrating no event of interest to Norman ears, were not matter for the jongleurs and minstrels, French in name and origin, who became numerous in the days of Richard Cœur de Lion.

To Aldred, the last Saxon Archbishop of York, William of Malmesbury ascribes some lines of metrical prophecy, spoken on his deathbed to a Baron Urse, who had built a castle too close to Worcester church. Only the two first lines are given in English:—'Hatest thou (hightest thou, is your name) Urse, Have thou God's curse.'

St. Godric, born at Walpole, in Norfolk, who was for sixty years a hermit at Finchal, near Durham, and who died in the reign of Henry II., A.D. 1170, used, it is said,² to chant a hymn dictated and sung to him by the Virgin, as a solace in pain and temptation. It means—"St. Mary, Virgin Mother of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, take, shield, help thy Godric; take, bring him quickly with thee into God's kingdom! St. Mary, Christ's bower, maiden's purity, mother's flower, wash out my sin, reign in my mind, bring me to dwell with the only God!" And it runs in a form that, when compared with the preceding scrap of song ascribed to Canute, shows how rapidly the English people passed, in popular song, from their own alliterative measure through a half-formed, unrhymed ballad metre, to the rhymed couplet and stanza:—

" Sainte Marie, [] virgine
 Moder Jhesu Cristes Nazarene
 Onfo, schild, help thin Godric
 Onfang, bring hegilich with the in Godes riche.

¹ 'De Gestis Pontificum,' lib. iii. In Savile, p. 271.

² Capgrave, in *Nova Legenda Angliæ*, says it was 'rithmice in Anglico compositum;' Ritson in 'Bibliographica Poetica: a Catalogue of English Poets of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Centuries, with a short account of their Works,' London, 1802, quotes the hymn from its MSS. in Bib. Reg. 5. F. vii., Bib. Harl. 322.

“Sainte Marie, Christes bur,
Maidens clenhad, moderes flur,
Dilie min sinne, rix in min mod,
Bring me to winne with the selfd God.”

Eager to know the eternal future of a sister who had died a recluse at Durham, Godric obtained from her this rhymed answer, with an angelic chorus of “Kyrie Eleison:”—

“Crist and Sainte Marie swa on scamel me iledde
That ic on this erde ne silde with mine bare fote itredde.”

i. e. “Christ and St. Mary thus supported me led, That I on this earth should not with my bare foot tread.” One other rhyming verse was the product of this saint’s sixty years of seclusion. It means: “St. Nicholas, God’s lover! build us a fair, beautiful house. At thy birth, at thy bier, St. Nicholas bring us well there.”

“Sainte Nicholaes, Godes druth
Tymbre us faire scone hus.
At thi burth, at thi bare,
Sainte Nicholaes, bring us wel thare.”

Such popular rhymes lead to the form of the Here Prophecy in 1189, but we shall speak of that in its right place. Enough has been said to show how soon the tune of Saxon music caught the gayer measure of the people who came to the conquest of England with the spear of their poet knight, Slicing Sword, Taillefer,¹ the first to strike, and a song of Roland and Roncesvalles mingling with the din of the decisive battle.

In the first years of tumult following the Conquest the unwritten songs of the people were almost the only literature of the English. The misinterpreted shouts of the Saxons led to a massacre in London, even while William was being crowned in Westminster. The Cymry never ceased to hold their own and watch every opportunity of recovering what once had been theirs in the west, and the spirit of Northumbria remained yet unsubdued. After a success on the Humber, the Normans suffered a disaster at Durham by the rising of the country. Danes came to help the old friends among whom were so many

¹ The old Earls of Angoulême are said to have borne the name of Taillefer, because William, the second earl, clove with his sword at one blow an armed captain down to the stomach.

of their kinsmen; but their help was cruel, and the chief of their expedition was bribed to betray his cause. Then William, marching from the Humber to the Tyne, massacred the people, old or young, woman or child, burnt their homes, destroyed their corn and meat. William of Malmesbury tells how still in his day ground that had been fertile lay here for more than sixty miles bare and uncultivated. Many noble Saxons fled and took service abroad. Some joined troops of the common people, who took shelter in the fastnesses of the woods, ^{The people in the forests.} and, as bands of patriotic outlaws, lived on their oppressors. So were laid the foundations of the popular delight in stories of the merry men of the greenwood. Corn and meat during the Norman massacre had been brought in from villages, stored in houses, and consumed by fire. But Sherwood Forest, in those days, stretched from Nottingham to Whitby, and therein was food for a good marksman, with fuel in plenty; while it was for the poor and outcast who were strong of limb a castle finer than any of the eleven thousand that the Normans are said in the Saxon Chronicle to have already built by Stephen's time. When, a century later—in Henry II.'s reign—Sherwood Forest, still a stronghold of the oppressed, owned Robin Hood for its king, he soon became throughout England a more popular sovereign than even Edward the Confessor, all whose shortcomings were lost in the fact that he was a native king, with the foil of a Dane before him and a Norman after him. Plunder upon the plunderers was no crime, but a virtue, in the eyes of a much-troubled people.

But, before Robin Hood was Herward, son of the Lady Godiva, famous in English legend, and of her husband Leofric, the great Earl of Mercia, who died in 1057. ^{Herward in the fens.} Herward returned from foreign wars, a soldier of fortune, to find that his home had been seized and his mother insulted by a Norman. He took to the fens, received his sword and belt, as a knight, from the Saxon Brand, Abbot of Peterborough; carried off the Peterborough plate when a Norman superseded Abbot Brand; seized the fighting Abbot Tuold, and only let him off for a ransom of thirty thousand marks; thrashed the King's general Ivo Taillebois; and would have baffled King William himself, who marched against him in person, if the treacherous

monks of Ely in the fens had not guided the enemy to Herward's stronghold. A noble Saxon lady, Alswitha, who loved him for his heroism, persuaded the bold warrior to peace and ease. He made peace, says later romance, only to find that it was no peace. His house was surrounded, and he died in arms, fighting with his Norman assassins.

The collection of heroic stories forming the life of Herward sets out with his birth and parentage, his exile for being too wild and masterful a youth, his killing a great bear, and tells his adventures as a famous soldier in Ireland and Flanders before his fighting in the fens. It tells how, taking with him his swift mare called the Swallow, he went from his fen-fastness as a spy to the King's court, disguised as a potter, crying, "Pots! pots! good pots and pitchers! Earthenware dishes, all of the very best!"¹ so that he was brought by the cook, who would buy dishes, into the kitchen, and then, for his grand presence and stature, taken up as a curiosity among the soldiers and courtiers. But in the kitchen, after dinner, when the cooks and scullions sought to make him drunk and set him dancing blindfold among his pots, he nearly killed one of them with a box on the ear; then he defended himself against the rest, who advanced on him with spit and skewers; then, being given into custody, he seized on a sword, and did much execution before he escaped on his swift Swallow. The story tells also how he again cheated the King in disguise of a fisherman, and so forth. Something of this had been told in English by Deacon Leofric, whose humour it was to collect and tell in his own tongue all the tales he could find, ancient or modern, of the deeds of giants and great warriors; and there was report also of the existence of a book full of Herward's adventures, told in the native tongue, when the author of the Latin record, that remains to us, collected facts from men who had been Herward's companions in arms and arranged them into a biographical sketch "Of the Deeds of Herward the Saxon."²

¹ Ollæ! ollæ! bonæ ollæ et urnæ. Omnia hæc fictilia vasa peroptima!"

² The manuscript, 'De Gestis Herwardi Saxonis,' is among the muniments of Peterborough Cathedral. It was first printed in the 'Chroniques Anglo-Normandes' in 1839, from a transcript made for Dean Gale, which is in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. It has since been collated with the

The Saxon Chronicle was being kept meanwhile by patriotic native monks, who registered portents and deplored hard facts, yet honestly endeavoured to be just. The character of William the Conqueror was, in the year of his death, summed up at length with strophe and antistrophe of praise and censure, opening with the sentence, "If any one desires to know what kind of man he was, or what worship he had, or of how many lands he was lord, then we will write of him so as we understood him who have looked on him, and, at another time, sojourned in his court." It is then told how he reared a noble monastery on the spot where it had been granted to him to subdue England; how he supplied plenty of monasteries and Benedictine monks; was very dignified; "so also was he a very rigid and cruel man, so that no one durst do anything against his will. He had earls in his bonds who had acted against his will; bishops he cast from their bishoprics, and abbots from their abbacies, and thanes into prison; and at last he spared not his own brother, named Odo. . . . Among other things is not to be forgotten the good peace that he made in this land" (that is, the king's peace or safeguard); "so that a man who had any confidence in himself might go over his realm, with his bosom full of gold, unhurt." But the King himself, it is remembered, might take the gold, whether a man had any confidence in himself or not, and the "king's peace" was conditional.

The Saxon
Chronicle
upon the
reigns of
Norman
kings.

"Certainly in his time men had great hardship and very many injuries. Castles he caused to be made, and poor men to be greatly oppressed. The king was so very rigid, and took from his subjects many a mark of gold, and more hundred pounds of silver, which he took, by right¹ and with great unright, from his people, for little need. He had fallen into covetousness, and altogether loved greediness. He planted a great preserve for deer,² and he laid down laws therewith, that whosoever should slay hart or hind should be blinded. He forbade the harts and also the boars to be killed. As greatly

original, and appended by Mr. Wright to his edition of the 'Metrical Chronicle of Gaimar' for the Caxton Society. London, 1850.

¹ MS. be wite, *by weight*? (Mr. Thorpe's note).

² The word *deor* (like the Ger. *Thier*, Dan. *Dyr*) signifies *beast* in general; here it is applied to beasts of venery only. The allusion is evidently to the New Forest. If the manuscript is correct, *frið* in the sense of *enclosure* is neuter, while *frið*, *peace*, is masculine (Mr. Thorpe's note).

did he love the tall deer as if he were their father. He also ordained concerning the hares, that they should go free. His great men bewailed it, and the poor men murmured thereat; but he was so obdurate, that he recked not of the hatred of them all; but they must wholly follow the king's will, if they would live, or have land, or property, or even his peace."

There is a wholesome and fair Saxon sense of right and wrong in criticism like this. We see that a main body of the people, including native clergy, raised by little except mental training above the common rank, from the hour that the Norman rule was forced upon them, became banded together more or less in sturdy antagonism to oppression. At the same time, the Normans sought to confirm their position in the land and legalise their holdings by intermarriage with the Saxon ladies. It was a grievance of the day that high-born Saxon ladies of the land were given to Norman serving-men who by deeds of arms or otherwise had won landed estate. In England, as in France, the Normans had among their finer qualities a true cosmopolitan spirit; and in the first years after the Conquest they hurried forward, by forced intermarriages, the fusion of the races. Although more cruel than the Anglo-Saxons to the servile class, and without the Anglo-Saxon sense that it was an act pleasing to God to liberate men out of thrall, the Normans dealt with their new neighbours—who were by far more numerous than themselves—class for class, on equal terms. It was but in self-defence that they demanded for their own protection, in a land still partly hostile to them, higher price for the blood of a slain Norman than for that of a slain Englishman. Domesday Book was not a popular work in its own day among the native English. The Saxon Chronicle wearies at mention of William's setting down "what or how much each man had who was a holder of land in England, in land or in cattle, and how much money it might be worth. So very narrowly," says the people's own historiographer, "so very narrowly he caused it to be traced out, that there was not one single hide, nor one yard of land, nor even—it is a shame to tell, though it seemed to him no shame to do—an ox, nor a cow, nor a swine was left that was not set down in his writ. And all the writings were brought to him afterwards."

The contemporary taxpayer might regard as a contemptible

counting of pigs' snouts this efficient taxer's guide and introduction to demands of military service; its great incidental value to us as a record being, in the eleventh century, of no consequence to anyone. But there were seeds of a growth of freedom in it, and in the whole feudal system where it was planted, as it was planted here, upon good soil. The lands, for example, of the archbishops and bishops were among those entered; the archbishops and bishops had to do homage to the king for what they ate and drank out of the wealth of their lay-fiefs; and there were not many who looked so far beyond the round of their bellies and their worldly homes as to care greatly to refuse him spiritual homage too. In the eyes of William the Conqueror and his immediate successors, a bishop had no more right to divide his allegiance than an earl. The practical statesman-priest, Lanfranc, did not oppose William's declaration that it was for him to recognize the Pope; to allow or disallow laws passed by the Church in council; and to give or refuse assent to sentence of excommunication upon a chief tenant of the Crown. The quarrel between Anselm and William's son and successor, Rufus, rested wholly upon the total blindness to all earthly considerations with which Anselm sought to maintain the spiritual power of the Church in England as dependent only upon Rome and wholly independent of the English Government. Anselm maintained the purity of his ideal Church with an inflexible simplicity of purpose; and when they who were to be the hierarchy of his terrestrial paradise told him they were plain men, who confessed to loving their kindred and this world, and that if he in his sublimity looked to God alone they must not expect his support, he replied to them, "Ye have said well. Go ye to the King: I will trust myself in God's hands."¹ When the throne passed from Rufus to his brother, Henry I., Anselm obtained a triumph, or the shadow of a triumph, for

Rival authorities of Pope and King.

¹ An excellent account of these relations between Church and State will be found in Professor Pearson's 'Early and Middle Ages of England.' London, 1861. I know no better guide to the spirit of English history during the period of which the present volume is endeavouring to tell the spirit of the literature. But let the student not expect to find in that book and this, or in any two books, or in any two men, absolute agreement in the form and temper of opinion.

his principle. The King was accepted as the temporal authority; the Pope was acknowledged as the spiritual sovereign, to whom there was right of appeal in spiritual matters. But who was to take man, and draw through him a boundary-line between the spirit and the flesh? The English people were as prompt as English kings to see how impracticable was the right maintenance by fleshly popes and priests of their part in the metaphysical division. The only double sovereignty possible in ordinary English eyes was in the subjection of their spirits to the God who is a spirit, and of their bodies to the earthly sovereign whom God permitted to rule over them.

This question of divided authority is one that acquired great influence over the course of English literature. Within the narrow bounds of the authority and wealth of Anglo-Saxon kings the less perfect civilization of a people apt to receive deep impressions of religion had been gathered round a practical and earnest missionary Church. The self-seeking of Rome introduced then into England some vigorous dispute over indifferent questions; yet the Church was strong because it looked direct to God, and it drew to its service the best wit of the country, from the sound-hearted because it best deserved such service, and from all because there was no powerful competitor to outbid its rewards. But the Kings of England introduced by the Conquest not only brought Norman gaiety and riot in their train, with Norman priests of whom the greater number carried each his god under his belt, but their will was strong to rule and to be rich. They seized treasure wherever they had an excuse for seizing it, and when Henry II. came to the throne, not only was his power great of drawing gold from England, but, inheriting Normandy from his mother, having seized Anjou, Touraine and Maine, to the exclusion of his brother, and having obtained with his wife Eleanor of Aquitaine all Gascony and Poitou, he owned more of France than the French king himself.

At the court of so rich a sovereign there was work for wits and reward for flatterers. In the cloister also there was awakened, after the Conquest, a strong personal interest in political events that touched nearly the interests alike of priest and citizen. The annual entries into the Saxon

Literature at
Court.

The Monks
turned Jour-
nalists.

Chronicle were continued for the patriotic Saxons, who still looked for copies of their yearly newspaper; but now that civilization had advanced, a wide spirit of curiosity had been excited; and while momentous political changes that came home to the daily life and experience of every priest or layman were being worked by the brilliant worldly successors of the Norman kings of England, many chroniclers were produced among the lettered priests. They spent a little ink of the monastery upon records of the past, and more in detail of what they knew. For a little while we have now to trace a swelling stream of poetry across a varied plain of chronicle, here and there overflowed by the bright fertilizing stream, and everywhere yielding to it some of its own fruitful earth. There is an end for the present of unworldly religious treatise upon spiritual duties of the Christian. Morality is now taught by monastic journalists in record of those incidents of political change and adventure about which every man who can read is curious for full and faithful information. These chronicles of the days after the Conquest are their living newspapers that represent the form and pressure of the age. What retrospect of history they give is usually designed only to satisfy the curiosity that seeks interpretation of the present by a survey of the past. They represent all sections of opinion in the State. They are written under some awe of the claws and teeth of any living lion; but when a king is dead, the faithful journalist produces his obituary notice, and applauds or censures his career according to his individual sense of its merits. Thus, through their comment upon current history—which may not seem always very large-minded in the eyes of a world instructed by a few more centuries' experience—men were still ready to speak the truth that is in them.

The first efforts, also, at an independent search into the mysteries of nature now succeed the pious labours of those who compiled knowledge within the walls of the small bookroom. The far search made by Athelard—though it was to derive knowledge not from nature, but from the more cultivated intellect of Saracen unbelievers—was the first breaking of conventional bounds that followed quickly upon Gerland's course of homebred study.

Gerland, after the Conquest, the earliest English writer on

Science
begins to see
the world.

mathematical science, observed an eclipse of the sun in 1086, and produced, soon after the year 1082, a treatise on the Computus, and a treatise on the Abacus, a system of calculation which Pope Gerbert had brought into fashion.¹

Athelard—Athelard of Bath. or, in his own Latin form, Adelard—of Bath, born when Gerland was writing, studied in the schools of Tours and Laon. At Laon he taught till he pressed onward in search of knowledge to Salerno; thence, as he himself incidentally tells us, to Greece and Asia Minor, and, perhaps, as we may infer from his manner of speaking of his travels, to Bagdad itself. He returned to England in the reign of Henry I., and published before the year 1116 an allegory, ‘De Eodem et Diverso.’ In this work he represents Philosophy and Philocosmia, or love of worldly enjoyment, as having, when he was a student at Tours, appeared to him on the banks of the Loire in the form of two women, and disputed for his affections until he threw himself into the arms of Philosophy, drove away her rival with disgrace, and sought the object of his choice with an ardour that carried him in search of knowledge even to the distant Arabs. The persistent taste for allegory, and the form of the taste, should here be noticed.

Athelard opened a school on his way home to England, and taught the Arabian sciences, which seemed but doctrine of the heathen to his nephew and old pupil, for whom, therefore, he professes to have written his book of Questions in Nature (Quæstiones Naturales). He begins this book by telling with a pleasant ease how, after a long absence from his country for the sake of study, he came home, and, being welcomed by his friends, at their first meeting asked them for home news; upon which they complained heavily of “violent princes, vinolent chiefs, mercenary judges, inconstant patrons, private flatterers, lying promises, envious friends, and almost everybody ambitious.” He replied that he should not trouble about these matters. How could he cure them by not troubling himself? He would cure them by forgetting them.

But if scientific contemplation was to serve in those days for

¹ Wright’s Biogr. Brit. Lit. Anglo-Norman Period.

a sufficient antidote to public griefs, it needed all its powers of abstraction. Athelard's friends did not exaggerate the troubles of the country when this treatise was being written. We turn to the file of that patriotic newspaper the *Saxon Chronicle*, and read in it this account of the "violent princes, vinolent chiefs," by its own eye-witness and reporter for the year 1137. At the beginning of King Stephen's reign in 1135—

"They had done homage to him, and sworn oaths, but had held no faith; they were all forsworn, and forfeited their troth; for every powerful man made his castles, and held them against him; and they filled the land full of castles. They cruelly oppressed the wretched men of the land with castle-works. When the castles were made, they filled them with devils and evil men. Then took they those men that they imagined had any property, both by night and by day, peasant men and women, and put them in prison for their gold and silver, and tortured them with unutterable torture; for never were martyrs so tortured as they were. They hanged them up by the feet, and smoked them with foul smoke; they hanged them by the thumbs, or by the head, and hung fires on their feet; they put knotted strings about their heads, and writhed them so that it went to the brain. They put them in dungeons, in which were adders, and snakes, and toads, and killed them so. Some they put in a 'cruet hūs,' that is, in a chest that was short, and narrow, and shallow, and put sharp stones therein, and pressed the man therein, so that they brake all his limbs. In many of the castles were [instruments called] a 'lād and grim,'¹ these were neck-bonds, of which two or three men had enough to bear one. It was so made, that is, [it was] fastened to a beam; and they put a sharp iron about the man's throat and his neck, so that he could not in any direction sit, or lie, or sleep, but must bear all that iron. Many thousands they killed with hunger; I neither can nor may tell all the wounds or all the tortures which they inflicted on wretched men in this land; and that lasted the nineteen winters while Stephen was king; and ever it was worse and worse. They laid imposts on the towns continually, and called it 'censerie':² when the wretched men had no more to give, they robbed and burned all the towns, so that thou mightest well go all a day's journey and thou shouldst never find a man sitting in a town, or the land tilled. Then was corn dear, and flesh, and cheese, and butter; for there was none in the land. Wretched men died of hunger; some went seeking alms who at one while were rich men; some fled out of the land. Never yet had more wretchedness been in the land, nor did heathen men ever do worse than they did; for everywhere at times they forbore neither church nor churchyard, but took all the property that was therein, and then burned the church and

¹ Loathly and grim (Mr. Thorpe's note).

² In the MS. "tenserie." Censerie is, no doubt, the same as "cens," in Low Latin *censaria*, "rente seigneuriale et foncière, dont un héritage est chargé envers le seigneur du fief d'où il dépend." Roquefort, *Glossaire Romain* (Mr. Thorpe's note).

altogether. Nor forbore they a bishop's land, nor an abbot's, nor a priest's, but robbed monks and clerks, and every man another who anywhere could. If two or three men came riding to a town, all the township fled before them, imagining them to be robbers. The bishops and clergy constantly cursed them, but nothing came of it; for they were all accursed, and forsworn, and lost. However a man tilled, the earth bare no corn; for the land was all fordone by such deeds: and they said openly that Christ and his saints slept."

From such evils Athelard turned to the grass and the trees and the stars, and in turning from man to nature told his assembled friends that he would cure them by forgetting them.

Then when the nephew, much concerned in studying causes of things, entered and asked for an account of his uncle's Arabic studies, this treatise is said to have been the answer. And because, says Athelard, "it is the inborn vice of this generation to think nothing discovered by the moderns worth receiving—whence it comes that if you wish to publish anything of your own you say, putting it off on another person, It was somebody who said it, not I—so (that I may not go quite unheard) Dominus Quidam brought forth all that I know; not I." He begins then by reminding his nephew that he left him, seven years ago, a youth with the others whom he had been teaching at Laon, and then agreed that while the uncle sought the knowledge of the Arabs, the nephew should acquire the knowledge of the Franks. The nephew expresses doubtful esteem of the wisdom of the Saracens, and would like some proof that his uncle is the better for it. He shall have proof. Accordingly, beginning with the grass of the field and ascending to greater things, there are proposed and discussed seventy-six tough questions upon Nature, which the nephew treats according to the knowledge of the West, and which the uncle treats according to the knowledge of the East. Each short chapter of disputation being thus devoted to elucidation of a distinct question, the inquiry rises in the later chapters to the stars of heaven. Athelard declares that they are animate; and, in reply to the question, "What food do they eat, if they are animals?" says that, as they are more divine than earthly things, they take a purer diet, for they feed on the humidities of earth and water, thinned as they are drawn up through a

vast space.¹ An opinion that prevailed for many generations more. Athelard, though, of course, erring greatly in his facts, yet places reason and observation of nature higher than authority; and so deserves for his own time the title given to him² in the thirteenth century of "Philosopher of the English."

Athelard wrote also a tract on the use of the Abacus, another on the Astrolabe. He introduced Euclid into England by a translation which, as it remained the text-book of succeeding mathematicians, was published afterwards with a commentary ascribed to a Campanus, but which may possibly be by Athelard himself, and printed at Venice in 1482. Among his translations were also an Arabic work on Astronomy and the Kharismian Tables.

Roger, who is called Roger Infans, wrote a treatise on the Computus, or Calculation of Easter, following and correcting Gerland and Helperic, in which he says that it was published in 1124, and that he wrote it when he was very young.³

Born near Caen, in Normandy, Philip de Thaun was not an English writer, but he is to be named as the earliest Metrical Science. poet in the Langue d'Oyl, if he may be called a poet who rhymed science with less fancy than Athelard of Bath shows in his prose. Philip compiled in verse a scientific treatise on the astronomy of the Calendar under the name of "Livre des Creatures" and a "Bestiary," in which it is only worth while to notice that the half-fabulous natural history of his day is moralized and allegorized into symbols of the mysteries and doctrines of the Church.⁴

Now we turn to the chroniclers by whom we shall be led among the poets. Let the student who would have a fresh and lively sense of the early history of his country make himself at home among the best of the old chroniclers. Neither antique

¹ A MS. of Athelard's 'Questiones Naturales' is in the Cotton Collection, Galba, E. iv. The work was several times printed at the close of the 15th century, and I quote from a black letter copy printed in 1480.

² By Vincent of Beauvais.

³ The only known copy is in the Bodleian MS., Digby, No. 40.

⁴ These books, with literal translations into English, will be found among Mr. Thomas Wright's 'Popular Treatises on Science, written during the Middle Ages in Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, and English.' London, 1841.

handwriting nor an unaccustomed language now bar his way to an acquaintance with those which are most worth reading. They are to be read in cheap little modern English books,¹ and he misses a fair chance of pleasure as well as profit who omits to read them. They are practically, as I have said before, the newspapers and magazines of the days following the Conquest.

Marianus Scotus, born, as his Chronicle shows, in 1028, travelled in 1052 to Germany, taught mathematics at Regensburg, and four years afterwards became a monk at Cologne. In 1059 he went to the abbey of Fulda, where he remained till 1069. He died at Mayence in the year 1086, after writing a History from the Creation to the year 1083, following Cassiodorus, Eusebius, and Bede; but with use of such good copies of these authors that his work serves for occa-

sional correction of the text of those writers. With this Marianus is not to be confounded the Saint Marianus, also a Scot, who went to Germany and who died six years before his namesake. Marianus Scotus, the saint, went also to Regensburg, and there wrote many books which he gave away gratuitously, for which reason, perhaps, so little care was taken of them that they all are lost. He did not leave Regensburg, but immured himself in a cell there, for which reason he is also called "Inclusus;" and it is said in evidence of the sacred value of his writings, that one night, when his candle went out, he still wrote on, for the tips of the three fingers that were not holding his pen poured light over his paper.

Here, too, there may be record of the home-keeping wit of Osbern of Canterbury, who tells that he saw Canterbury Cathedral burnt in the year 1070. It was his amusement to translate the lives of native saints from Anglo-Saxon into a Latin of which William of Malmesbury admired the style. We have lives by him of St. Dunstan and St. Ælfeg or Alphege, the latter written upon occasion of the triumph of the native clergy, when after the Conquest it had been proposed to dismiss Ælfeg from the Calendar; but they held by him, and with Anselm's assistance gained their point.

Ingulf was an Englishman who became secretary to William

¹ As volumes of Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

of Normandy before the Conquest. Afterwards he went to Jerusalem, became a monk, was prior of Fontenelle under Abbot Gerbert, and, being recalled to England, ^{Ingulf.} was, in 1075, made by King William abbot of Croyland in place of the deposed Ulfketel. A chronicle ascribed to him was forged in the beginning of the fifteenth century, and came to light in the year 1415. Under that date we shall speak of it.

Chester is the first city of England that had a book written about it. Lucian, a monk of Werburgh, wrote the ^{Lucian of Chester.} book ¹ about the year 1100, and entitled it ‘De Laudibus Cestriae,’ On the Praises of Chester. The great feature of Chester in this writer’s eyes was the monastery of St. Werburgh. The city was its admirable outhouse.

The first English traveller who followed in the track of the Crusaders was Sæwulf, a merchant who had Bishop ^{Sæwulf.} Wulstan of Worcester for his confessor. Wulstan, as his conscience was too tender for trade, wished Sæwulf to turn monk. He went to Jerusalem, and did, in fact, afterwards become a monk of Malmesbury. His close and literal account of what he saw in Palestine in the years 1102 and 1103 (the date can be fixed exactly by internal evidence) is diversified with the description of a great storm at Joppa, in which twenty-one ships and a thousand persons perished—sailors, pilgrims and merchants, men and women—from which storm he escaped only by the accident of not having slept on board his vessel. Sæwulf’s whole record would not fill more than about three columns of a modern English daily newspaper. If we could imagine that excellent modern institution carried back, with all its machinery, by a bold anachronism, into the year 1103, we may be sure that public interest in the war in Palestine would suggest to journalism the propriety of having an Own Correspondent in that country; and Sæwulf’s travels, written in the spirit of their time, might appear one morning, or at most, in two letters, as the report of such a correspondent. There is really not so much anachronism in this way of looking at old records as in worshipping them simply as things ancient and

¹ MS. Bodley, No. 672, described in Mr. Wright’s Biog. Brit. Lit., Anglo-Norman Period, a work by which I am often helped.

difficult of study. When they had all the life in them—for which only, so far as we can seize upon it, they have value to us now—assuredly it was not mould of antiquity that gave them their true relish. The dust, the rents, the crabbed text, the faded ink of the old manuscript, are but the glass through which we look at things beyond; and what man ever prized his windows for the dust and dirt and cobwebs that collected on them? It is the same human heart and brain at work in every age. And again I say that books are nothing, except in so far as, setting at naught space and time, they can bring us into contact with the life and soul of men of every age and race of which we can learn how to read the tongue.

Sulcard, who may have been an Englishman, dedicated to the Abbot Vitalis, between the years 1076 and 1082, a short legendary history of Westminster Abbey. It occupies only six leaves of MS.¹ He was a monk of Westminster, who says that he saw the old monastery before it was pulled down and rebuilt by Edward the Confessor.

Ricemarchus, made Bishop of St. David's about the year 1085, and dying about 1096, wrote a life of St. David, on which subsequent biographies are founded.²

A short memoir of Bishop Wulstan of Worcester was inserted by Sub-prior Heming in the chartulary of the church of that town, which he compiled by Wulfstan's desire; and Colman, a Worcester monk, who was for fifteen years Wulfstan's chaplain, wrote also the Bishop's life, and, according to William of Malmesbury, not in Latin, but in English.

When Aldwin, a monk of Winchcomb in Gloucestershire, visited some monasteries afflicted by the disasters of the north,—Evesham, York, Newcastle, Jarrow,—he was invited to Durham by Bishop Walcher, and went thither accompanied by Turgot, a young clerk from the ruined Jarrow. The bishop of Durham aided Aldwin and Turgot in the rebuilding of Jarrow. Before the works were finished there, they went to Melrose, whence they returned to Durham, and they

¹ In MSS. Cotton. Faustina, A. III. and Titus A. VIII. I cite through Mr. Wright the minor writers mentioned in this paragraph.

² A MS. is in the Brit. Mus. Cott. Vesp. A. xiv.

were then settled again at Wearmouth, employed in the work of reconstruction. Turgot here received tonsure from Aldwin. After the murder of Bishop Walcher in 1083, his successor, Bishop William, obtained the king's license to connect monks instead of canons with his cathedral. The monks of Jarrow and Wearmouth were brought therefore to Durham, and those twin monasteries connected with the memory of Bede became cells to the larger house at Durham, of which Aldwin was made the first prior. Turgot, as Aldwin's successor, was prior at the foundation of the new monastery in 1093. He was afterwards archdeacon of the diocese, and in 1109 bishop of St. Andrews; but in 1115 he resigned his bishopric and returned to Durham, where he died in the same year, two months after his return. Turgot, besides a life of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, of which the only known copy was burnt in the fire at the Cotton Library, wrote a clear history of the Monastery of Durham, to which Simeon of Durham put his own name fifty years afterwards.¹

The History was first printed in 1652 by that good royalist antiquary Sir Roger Twysden (who wrote also the 'Historical Defence of the Church of England'), in his issue of 'Ten Writers upon English History,' then first published out of their old MSS.² As he found the work attributed in the Cambridge Public Library to Simeon of Durham, he published it under that name as the firsts of his ten, although Turgot's name was inscribed in a later hand on Sir Thomas Cotton's MS.; and John Selden, who followed Twysden's address to the reader with the substantial introduction to the 'Ten Writers,' began by proving Turgot to be in fact the author of the work to which Simeon prefixed an Apology and Preface, and in which Simeon made also some inconsiderable changes.

¹ A MS. is in the Brit. Mus. Cotton, Tiberius, D. III.

² 'Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores X.' Simeon Monachus Dunelmensis. Johannes Prior Hagulstadensis. Ricardus Prior Hagulstadensis. Ailredus Abbas Rievallensis. Radulphus de Diceto Londoniensis. Johannes Brompton Journallensis. Gervasius Monachus Dorobornensis. Thomas Stubbs Dominicanus. Gulielmus Thorn Cantuariensis. Henricus Knighton Leicestrensis. Ex vetustis MSS. nunc primum in lucem editi. Adjectis variis lectionibus, Glossario, indiceque copioso. Folio. London, 1652.

The 'History,' which is in four books, begins with Oswald and Aidan, and the foundation of the church of Lindisfarne; tells briefly of Cedd and Colman, more fully of Cuthbert and Bede; tells as it proceeds of the ruin and second ruin of the Lindisfarne church by the Danes, and the miracles connected with the travels of St. Cuthbert's remains; until at the beginning of the third book we read how it was revealed from heaven, in the year 995, to a priest named Eadmer, that they were to come to Durham. Then we are told of the miracles worked in Durham Church at Cuthbert's tomb; of the gifts of Canute; of the siege of Durham by the Scotch King Duncan in 1035—Macbeth's King Duncan, who "was killed by his own people," the monk significantly adds, "not long after his return;" then we are told more miracles of the gifts to the church by Tostig and his wife Judith, and so forth, until the story comes to the election of Bishop Walcher in 1082. There is an account of the way in which Saint Cuthbert, appearing in a dream to one Ralph, sent by King William to compel tribute from Durham, beat the said Ralph with his pastoral staff, in punishment for his audacity, so that when he awoke from the dream he could not rise from his bed until he had appeased the saint. After this we read of the coming of Aldwin of Winchcomb from Evesham, with Turgot and another companion, Reinhold, who went "to Streoneshale, which is called Whitby." He went thither to reconstitute a monastery, of which the monks after his death migrated to York, where they built a house in honour of the Virgin Mary, removing, doubtless, because historical associations in the neighbourhood of a few fishermen were less valuable to them than association with a large frequented town. Mildly ascribing to Bishop Walcher no other offence than neglect to censure or punish the cruel greed of his people, the third book of the 'History' ends with telling how the bishop was at last attacked by the people and burnt out of his church, to fall upon the lances of his enemies. Bishop Odo coming with military force to avenge this deadly riot, turned nearly the whole land into a desert, cut off heads, or mutilated those who, innocent of all part in the outrage, had remained fearlessly in their homes, and stole the beautiful sapphire crozier of Durham Church, which had been placed in the castle under military guard. As to all these later

matters, the monastic journalist is giving the vivid report of an eye-witness, and the whole of the fourth book, which ends with the year 1096, has the same character of fresh, natural journalism.

Simeon, the monk of Durham, who annexed to himself Turgot's 'History of the Monastery,' without even continuing it down to his own time, wrote also a History of English Kings to the year 1129, which is chiefly a literal transcript from the chronicle of Florence of Worcester.

A chronicler of nobler mark was Ordericus Vitalis, born on the 15th of February, 1075, at Atcham, on the Severn, near Shrewsbury, close to that Wroxeter where the old Roman city of Uriconium has in our day been disinterred, and not far from the spot where the hall of Kyndyllan had been left a waste "without fire and without songs." His father, Odelirius, was a married priest, native of Orleans, attached to the household of Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, as one of whose train he had crossed over to England. His own name, of Orderic, the chronicler took from the Saxon priest and curate of the parish who baptized him, and was also sponsor for him. At five years old, Orderic was sent to school at Shrewsbury, where he learnt, during the next five years of his life, reading, grammar, and chanting, under a priest of royal blood named Siward. Odelire, who was of Earl Montgomery's council, and received valuable gifts from his patron, gave a log-church, built by Siward in the suburbs of Shrewsbury, that had become his property, as the site of a stately Benedictine abbey of St. Peter, founded at his suggestion by the earl. Into that abbey when his wife was dead, and the earl was dead, Odelire withdrew as a monk of the stricter rule, with his son Orderic, then ten years old, and his youngest son whom he had called Benedict. One half of his estates he gave to the abbey, and the other half to be held as a fief under the abbey by his second son Everard, who remained outside in the world. But the father presently feared that with a son dear to his fleshly heart in the same monastery with him, the earthliness of natural affection would interfere with his chance of salvation by abstraction from the world, little Orderic, therefore, was sent to Normandy under the care of a monk named Raynold, and given, with thirty silver marks, to the

Benedictine abbey of Ouche. That was an abbey founded by Evroult, for whom, as a saint of his own town, Odelire, still somewhat a victim to his sympathies, had a too natural predilection. The abbey, which afterwards took the name of St. Evroult, was buried among forests, and was at that time forming a good library. The boy of eleven, "from the farthest wilds of Mercia," was kindly received by Abbot Mainier. Forty years afterwards, still in the same religious home, he wrote in his chronicle:—

"Then being in my eleventh year, I was separated from my father, for the love of God, and sent, a young exile, from England to Normandy, to enter the service of the King Eternal. Here I was received by the venerable father Mainier, and having assumed the monastic habit, and become indissolubly joined to the company of the monks by solemn vows, have now cheerfully borne the light yoke of the Lord for forty-two years, and walking in the ways of God with my fellow monks, to the best of my ability, according to the rules of our order, have endeavoured to perfect myself in the service of the Church and ecclesiastical duties, at the same time that I have always devoted my talents to some useful employment."¹

And in another place, having inserted an account of his father's connexion with the monastery of St. Peter's, Shrewsbury, he says—

"I have thus made a short digression respecting the foundation of the abbey on my father's property, which is now occupied by Christ's family, and where he, at the age of sixty, if my memory serves me, voluntarily submitted to the Lord's yoke till the end of his life. Forgive me, I pray you good reader, and let it not be thought wearisome, if I have committed to writing these few short particulars respecting my father, whom I have never seen since the day when, for the love of the Creator, he sent me into exile as if I had been a hateful stepson."

Orderic entered the Norman monastery in 1085. On the 22nd of September in the following year, on the Feast of St. Maurice, a boy in his twelfth year, he received the tonsure, and changed his English name of Orderic for that of Vitalis, one of St. Maurice's companions in martyrdom. That Maurice was in the year 286 commander of the Thebæan legion under Maxi-

¹ Ord. Vit. B. v. Ch. 1. The next passage quoted is in Book v. Ch. 14. I follow the translation by Mr. Thomas Forester, which gives the whole Chronicle of Ordericus Vitalis in plain English, well prefaced, annotated throughout, and fully indexed, in four volumes of Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

mianus Herçulius. Being camped in the Holy Land, he and all his men are said to have been baptized by Zembdal, Bishop of Jerusalem, and afterwards, having crossed the Alps with the imperial army, when the Emperor sacrificed to his gods on a plain by the Rhone in the Valais, Maurice and his legion of 6666 men marched eight miles away from the scene of impiety. Maurice having explained that they did this because they were Christians, the legion was ordered to be decimated, and as that did not shake their faith they were massacred in the place then called Ayounum, now St. Meurice. Two of his lieutenants, who died with St. Maurice and with all the men of the legion, Innocentius and Vitalis, are named with the chief saint in the celebration of the festival. And thus Orderic, receiving tonsure on St. Maurice's day, had his name changed from Orderic into Vitalis. He was admitted subdeacon at the age of sixteen, and deacon at the age of eighteen, but not until fifteen years afterwards did he venture to receive from the Archbishop of Rouen what he regarded as the solemn burden of the priesthood. The pious simplicity of his monastic life, and his devotion to study, carry our thoughts back from Orderic at St. Evroult to Bede at Jarrow, and he is among the better class of English historians that followed Bede. He was sixty-seven years old at the close of his history. Had he lived on, he would have worked on. We may assume, therefore, that he died soon afterwards, in the year 1141 or 1142. Like Bede's, his life was on one spot, devoted to religious exercises and his labour in the book-room. Orderic made few journeys after he received the tonsure. One was in 1115 to England, when he went to Worcester and spent some weeks at Croyland Abbey, obtaining material for his 'History;' one was in 1132 to Cluny, to attend a general chapter of the Order of St. Benedict; and one was to Cambrai, a journey that seems also to have been made for the purpose of obtaining information necessary to his work. The Abbey of St. Evroult was in his day the asylum of many aged soldiers of rank who had been with the Normans in Italy, had fought in the Crusades, or in the wars of William the Conqueror and his sons. It was also in constant communication with three monasteries colonised from itself in Italy, and with England, whence it drew much of its revenue. Orderic's work is called, like Bede's, an 'Eccle-

siastical History of England and Normandy.' It is in thirteen books, of which the last seven constitute for us the main narrative. They begin with very brief annals of the Carolingian kings, of the Franks, and of succeeding history; then, after a break at the year 1054, with the year 1084 they become full, very early in the seventh book, or first book of the chief series; from which date through the eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth books, the narrative proceeds to its close, in 1141, with the life of the author, who is thus essentially a journalist of his own times. To these seven books four are prefixed, and they were the part first written, forming now the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth, in which, setting out with the foundation of monasteries in Normandy, Orderic proceeds to tell the history of his own abbey of St. Evroult, of the Archbishops of Rouen, and of ecclesiastical affairs, as seen from within his own community. To these were then prefixed two books, now the first and second of the whole thirteen, and these were written during the progress of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth. They tell the history of the Church from the birth of Christ to the death of Leo IV. in 855; a list of Popes from that date to Innocent II., the reigning Pope, A.D. 1142, being appended. The 'Ecclesiastical History' of Orderic consists, therefore, of three parts, slightly connected with each other. The first part, in two books, is the compiled church history just mentioned; the second part, in four books, is the history of the affairs of his own abbey and its diocese, and of the church, so far as they most interested the St. Evroult monks; and the third part is in seven books, which, except a short introductory sketch, consists wholly of conscientious, although disorderly, contemporary record of political events in Normandy and England. Vitalis claims no subtlety, he discovers all that he can, and tells all that he knows, with breaks and digressions, with representation of facts sometimes in the form of speeches put in the mouth of persons of his story, or other movement of the fancy for expression of the truth, but with no attempt to colour facts to his opinions. His journal is, like every good old chronicle of its kind, a mine of historical anecdote, and illustrates vividly the social condition of England and Normandy in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

Orderic's Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy.

A MS. of Orderic's history was carelessly preserved at St. Evroult, where M. Guizot found, although it had been complete and had been copied at the beginning of the previous century, nothing left in the year 1799 but four leaves of the seventh book, and the last five books complete, except a few leaves at the end. This MS. was indexed in a catalogue of books at St. Evroult, made shortly after Orderic's death, and is his autograph copy, written very clearly on small sheets of common parchment, with corrections in some places. Orderic's Chronicle, of which there are several MSS. in France and England, was little known in the Middle Ages, and was first printed in 1619, by André Duchesne, with the Chronicle of Dudo of St. Quentin, and other pieces, in his folio of 'Ancient Writers of Norman History.' Of that volume, in fact, Orderic's work forms the most substantial part. A notice of Orderic by M. Guizot, then Professor of Modern History at Paris, was prefixed to a French translation of his history in the year 1826; and a careful edition, with notes, of the text of Ordericus Vitalis, formed from collation of the best MSS., has been published in five volumes by the French Historical Society since 1838, under the editing of M. Auguste le Prevost.¹ From this edition the whole history has been translated into English by Mr. Thomas Forester.² Geoffrey of Monmouth wrote only five or six years later than Orderic, and a chapter of Orderic's twelfth book contains citations from the Prophecies of Merlin.

Of the chroniclers after Bede, to whom he referred when writing his History of Britain, "William of Malmes-^{William of Malmesbury.}bury," says Milton, "must be acknowledged, both for style and judgment, to be by far the best writer of them all." After the praise of Milton it is little to record that Usher pronounced Malmesbury "the chief of our historians;" that Leland thought him "elegant, learned, and faithful;" and Sir Henry

¹ 'Orderici Vitalis Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ libri tredecim. Emendavit et suas animadversiones adjecit Auguste le Prevost.' Paris, 1838-1854.

² 'The Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy, by Ordericus Vitalis, translated with Notes, and the Introduction of Guizot, by Thomas Forester, M.A.,' in 4 vols. of Bohn's Antiquarian Library. London, 1853-1856.

Savile pronounced him to be the only man of his time who, as a historian, had discharged his trust. Of his own life he tells little, and his own monastery of Malmesbury scarcely preserved his memory. He tells us that his parentage was both English and Norman—*utriusque gentis sanguinem traho*—probably, therefore, he had a Saxon mother and a Norman father. From a few passages in his works, it is doubtfully inferred that William of Malmesbury was born in the year 1095 or 1096, and that he was, therefore, by twenty years a younger man than Orderic, his contemporary. He went as a boy into the monastery of Malmesbury, where he became librarian, and refused the dignity of abbot. His ‘History of the Kings of England’ ends with the year 1142. Orderic’s History ends its last book with the year 1141, and its second book with the year 1142. William, therefore, seems to have died at Malmesbury nearly at the time when Orderic died at St. Evroult. As a youth, William of Malmesbury was an enthusiast for books; he visited monastic libraries, bought—and read—every author that he could procure, divine or poet; studied the Latin authors of the old classical time, and consciously followed the venerated example of Bede—which he followed also in refusing to be made an abbot—by devoting to study and literary research every interval between his religious exercises. For what he takes of earlier time from older authors William of Malmesbury makes those authors responsible; of his own time he speaks only from personal knowledge and from trustworthy report. Robert, Earl of Gloucester, a natural son of Henry I., a man of high feeling and scholarly tastes, was the monk of Malmesbury’s especial patron, and to him Brother William’s chief work, the History of the Kings of England, as well as some other of his writings, are dedicated. Brother William’s credit as a scholar caused application to be made to him from other religious houses for biographies of saints. For Glastonbury he wrote the Life of St. Patrick,¹ the Miracles of St. Benignus and the Martyrdom of St. Indract, abridged from the Anglo-

¹ Extracts from it are in Leland’s *Collectanea*, but there is no known MS. of this or of the Miracles of St. Benignus.

Saxon;¹ also a Life of St. Dunstan,² in two books. Among other works of his are a History of the Church at Glastonbury, dedicated to Henry, Bishop of Winchester;³ the Life of St. Wulstan, translated from the Anglo-Saxon;⁴ the Miracles of the Blessed Virgin, in four books, and the Order of the Evangelists, in fifteen books of verse;⁵ the miracles of St. Andrew, abridged from another work;⁶ abridgments also of Amalarius on Ecclesiastical Offices;⁷ of the History of Haimo of Flory;⁸ and of the Commentary of Paschasius Radbert upon Jeremiah.⁹ When a youth, he wrote in verse the Miracles of St. Elfgifa; but neither that work nor his three books of Chronicles remain to us. He wrote also the Itinerary of John, Abbot of Malmesbury, to Rome, from the relation of a monk who was his companion. The work is lost, but Leland saw it, and said it was very curious, also that the writer himself there appeared as precentor of his monastery. Thus far we see only the industry of Brother William the monk. His skill as a historian is partly shown, however, in his four books of the History of the Prelates of England — ‘*De Gestis Pontificum*’ — of which there are several MSS., and which were printed in 1601, in the same folio that contained also the first imprint of Malmesbury’s History of the Kings of England, by Sir Henry Savile,¹⁰ founder of the Oxford Professorships in Geometry and Astronomy which bear his name.

The fifth book of the History of English Prelates, which

¹ In the Bodleian MS. Digby, 112. ² Bodleian MS., Rawlinson, 263.

³ ‘*De Antiquitate Glastoniensis Ecclesie.*’ It is printed in the 3rd volume of Gale’s ‘*Historiæ Brit. Sax. Anglo-Dan. Scriptores XV.*,’ together with the Life of Aldhelm, forming the 5th book of the ‘*De Gestis Pontificum.*’

⁴ A great part is printed in vol. ii. of ‘*Anglia Sacra.*’

⁶ Both in Leland Coll., vol. iv.

⁶ MS. Cotton. Nero. E. 1.

⁷ At Lambeth Palace, MS. 380.

⁸ Bodleian MS. Seldon Arch. B. 32.

⁹ Bodleian MS. 868.

¹⁰ ‘*Rerum Anglicarum Scriptores post Bedam præcipui, ex vetustissimis codicibus manuscriptis nunc primum in lucem editi. Willielmi Monachi Malmesburiensis de Gestis Regum Anglorum, lib. v. Ejusdem Historiæ Novellæ, lib. ii. Ejusdem de Gestis Pontificum, lib. iv. Henrici Archidiaconi Huntingdoniensis Historiarum, lib. viii. Rogeri Hovedeni Annalium pars prior et posterior. Chronicorum Ethelwerdi, lib. iv. Ingulphi Abbatis Croylandensis historiarum, lib. i. Frankfort, 1601.*’ This is the book in which Milton read William of Malmesbury.

remains only in one MS., is in Dean Gale's collection. The bishops in this work are arranged under the heads of their several sees: Archbishops of Canterbury being first chronicled; then the sequence of bishops and the points of note in their history at Rochester, London, in the east of England; in the west, and first of Winchester, at Sherborne, at Creed in Devonshire, of which the see was transferred in Edward the Confessor's time to Exeter; at Selsey, now Chichester. The Archbishop of York opens the third book, and so the work proceeds; the great monasteries within its jurisdiction being noticed in connexion with each see.

William of Malmesbury's History of English Kings—'De Gestis Regum'—is in five books, of which the first contains Anglo-Saxon History from the year 449 and the arrival of the Anglo-Saxons to the consolidation of England under Egbert; the second book continues the history until the Norman conquest; the third contains the history of England under William the Conqueror; the fourth gives a short account of the reign and character of William Rufus, followed by a full history of the first crusade; and the fifth book extends to the twentieth year of the reign of Henry I., the father of that Robert, Earl of Gloucester, to whom the History is dedicated. Under the separate title of Modern History—'Historia Novella'—at the request of his patron, the monk of Malmesbury continued his narrative in three shorter books, from the twenty-sixth year of Henry I. to the year 1142, at which year he breaks off in the midst of that civil war in Stephen's reign wherein Earl Robert of Gloucester, fighting for his sister Matilda, nearly dislodged Stephen from his throne. The escape of Matilda over ice from Oxford to Wallingford, when in Oxford she was besieged closely by Stephen and her capture seemed inevitable, is the last incident recorded in this chronicle; and its last sentence says, in relation to the Empress's escape, "this I purpose describing more fully if, by God's permission, I shall ever learn the truth of it from those who were present." Of these three books of Modern History, Robert Earl of Gloucester is the central point, and they seem to have been designed as a record of his action in his sister's behalf against King Stephen. After 1142 there was a balance

William of
Malmes-
bury's His-
tory of
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William of
Malmes-
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lish Kings.

of power, and in 1147 Earl Robert died. Although William of Malmesbury mentions only such authorities for his earlier history as are known to us—Ethelwerd and Eadmer for example—yet, since he was an eager reader of all tracts and accessible records of his time, he became acquainted with many details of early history that would have been lost to us but for his scholarly zeal, and, in fact, next to Bede and the Saxon Chronicle, William of Malmesbury's History is not only for careful journalism of its own time most valuable, but it now furnishes the best record of the political life of Anglo-Saxon England. Its narrative is throughout wholesome and lively; it digresses largely into a busy history of the Crusade, and but slightly into the monk's professional detail. The writer looks freely abroad over the world, and has a monk's sense of the worth of a legend side by side with a man's sense of the realities of life and a good historian's sense of the worth of a State paper. William of Malmesbury's chronicle has been used more than any other as the basis of all modern histories of England under the first Anglo-Norman kings.

Together with William of Malmesbury's Modern History, balancing the report of honest men who describe the same conflict from opposite points of view, should be read the chronicle known as the 'Gesta Stephani,' written by an unnamed contemporary in the reign of Stephen. Its author was friendly to the cause not of Earl Robert, but of the King. With the closeness of a tale having Stephen for its hero, this chronicle follows the King's fortunes from his accession to the year of the death of Earl Robert, where the MS. from which the work was first printed, with the History of Orderic and other works, in Duchesne's 'Normannorum Scriptores,' became fragmentary, and was abruptly broken off. In 1845 the book was re-edited and annotated from the printed copy in Duchesne for the English Historical Society by Dr. R. C. Sewell; and by Dr. Sewell, in the preface to his new edition of the text, it is thus sufficiently described: "Facts are here met with which not only Malmesbury, but other writers, have passed over, and scenes described with minute particularity which they have neglected, or of which they were ignorant. We are transported at once into the camp of Stephen and his barons; we are

present at his councils; we are hurried forward in the night-march; we lurk in the ambuscade; we take part in the storming of castles and cities. Now we stand in the wild morasses of the Isle of Ely; at another time we reconnoitre the fortifications of Bristol; from the hard-fought field of Lincoln we are carried to the walls of Oxford; from the dungeon of the captive king we hasten to witness the escape of the Empress during all the severities of the December night. It is one stirring series of events of personal and individual interest, and in this respect it partakes much more of the character of a romance than of history; it resembles more the metrical remnants of Barbour and Robert of Gloucester (save that it is written in prose) than the steady, the more calm and philosophical work, to which it forms so valuable an appendage. But at the same time it carries with it the impress of truth."

To the same patron of letters and opponent of King Stephen who received the dedication of William of Malmesbury's History of the Kings of England Geoffrey of Monmouth also dedicated his History of the Britons, a work more really than the 'Gesta Stephani' on the border-land between poetry and history. Geoffrey of Monmouth's chronicle was the book that, above all others, brought King Arthur home again out of Brittany to Britain. The first work of this writer was a Latin translation of the Prophecies of Merlin, which we have seen Orderic quoting. This translation Geoffrey made at the request of Alexander, Bishop of Lincoln. There has also been improperly ascribed to him a Life of Merlin, in Latin hexameters. His great work, the History of the Britons, to which he added his translation of the Prophecies of Merlin, was dedicated to Robert of Gloucester; and at least six years after producing it the Welsh monk was made Bishop of St. Asaph. Bishop Geoffrey died in 1154. The history of Geoffrey's History has been said to be that Walter Map—a man himself born in the Welsh borders, of whom we shall presently hear much as the man of highest literary genius in Henry II.'s reign, but who was a suckling child at the time here referred to—discovered when in Brittany an ancient History of Britain, written in the Cymric tongue. He was delighted with it, brought it home as a treasure, and found no man better able to translate it than the Welsh

priest Geoffrey, a man skilled in his native language and antiquities, and accounted an elegant writer of Latin verse and prose.

Geoffrey gladly undertook the task imposed upon him by the infant prodigy, and, dividing his work at first into four books, dedicated them to Robert, Earl of Gloucester. Afterwards he made alterations, and formed the work into eight books; to which he added Merlin's Prophecies, translated out of Cymric verse into Latin prose. Archbishop Usher mentions an old Welsh chronicle in the Cotton Library, thought to be that which Geoffrey translated; but, if so, he made additions to his text. In 1811, the Rev. Peter Roberts published the Chronicle of the Kings of Britain, translated from Welsh MSS.¹ (which may be all later than Geoffrey's time); a Chronicle of the Kings of Britain almost identical with Geoffrey of Monmouth's.

Geoffrey of
Monmouth's
History of
the Britons.

Geoffrey himself, in his dedication of the work to his patron, plainly says that the book was found by Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford—not Walter Map, who was not Archdeacon till 1196, but Walter Calenius, who had been Archdeacon in 1110, and was Archdeacon still in 1147. Calenius offered the curious MS. to him when he was studying the Kings of Britain, and, at the Archdeacon's request, Geoffrey translated it into Latin. Geoffrey adds that it was then very ancient, was in the British or Cymric tongue, and “in a continued regular story and elegant style related the actions of all the British Kings, from Brutus, the first of them, down to Cadwallader, the son of Cadwallo.”

Geoffrey's 'History' was at once widely read for delight of the fancy, and was translated into Anglo-Norman, English, and Welsh; but the students who were accustomed only to laborious compilation of truth in the name of History, were indignant when in the name of Clio there appeared this tissue of manifest invention. It was a work of imagination, published before such works were a recognised part of the highest literature, and taking the form of Chronicle which the new stir of national life

¹ Collectanea Cambrica. The Chronicle of the Kings of Britain, translated from the Welsh copy, attributed to Tysilio, &c. London, 1811.

had brought into most request. William of Newbury, looking back from the end of the century, expressed the general impression when he said that "A certain writer has come up in our times to wipe out the blots on the Britons, weaving together ridiculous figments about them, and raising them with impudent vanity high above the virtue of the Macedonians and Romans. This man is named Geoffrey, and has the by-name of Arturus, because he cloaked with the honest name of History, coloured in Latin phrase, the fables about Arthur taken from the old tales of the Bretons with increase of his own. . . . Moreover, in his book that he calls the History of the Britons, how saucily and how shamelessly he lies almost throughout, no one, unless ignorant of the old histories, when he falls upon that book, can doubt. . . . I omit how much of the acts of the Britons before Julius Cæsar that man invented, or wrote from the invention of others as if authentic;" but William of Newbury, making condemnation of Geoffrey the whole object of the Preface to his own work, goes on at length to testify to the falsity of Arthurian romance, and complain that Geoffrey of Monmouth has "made the little finger of his Arthur stouter than the back of Alexander the Great," and has represented his Merlin as a British Isaiah, except that he "dared not prefix to his prophecies 'Thus saith the Lord,' and blushed to write 'Thus saith the Devil' . . . Therefore, as in all things we trust Bede, whose wisdom and sincerity are beyond doubt: so that fabler with his fables shall be straightway spat out by us all."¹

Gerald of Wales, whose acquaintance we are soon to make, writing when Geoffrey's History had been extant some forty years, good Welshman as he was, scouted Geoffrey's book as History. "The name of Wales," he says,² "was not derived from Wallo, a general, or Wandolena, the queen, as the fabulous history of Geoffrey Arthur falsely maintains, because neither of these personages are to be found among the Welsh; but it arose from a barbarian appellation. The Saxons, when they seized upon Britain, called this nation, as they did all foreigners,

¹ Gul. Neubrig. Hist. Rer. Ang. in Proem.

² Wallie Descriptio, Ch. vii.

Wallenses." Geoffrey Arthur was more than half a poet, and many men delighted in his book, however ill some took it that a Latin work calling itself 'Historia Britonum' should be a work of fiction. In the literature of its time the book was as the ugly duck of the farmyard where not a fowl could recognize the future swan. There was in our time, says Gerald,¹ who is going to knock down fiction with fact, a Welshman at Caerleon named Melerius, who, "having always an extraordinary familiarity with unclean spirits, by seeing them, knowing them, talking with them, and calling each by his proper name, was enabled through their assistance to foretel future events. . . . He knew when any one spoke falsely in his presence, for he saw the devil, as it were, leaping and exulting on the tongue of the liar. . . . If the evil spirits oppressed him too much, the Gospel of St. John was placed on his bosom, when, like birds, they immediately vanished; but when that book was removed, and the History of the Britons by Geoffrey Arthur was substituted in its place, they instantly reappeared in greater numbers, and remained a longer time than usual on his body and on the book."

The previous History of the Britons bearing the name of Nennius had told that the first inhabitants of this island were Trojans led to Italy by Æneas, the wife of whose grandson Silvius bore a son of whom it had been foretold that he should kill his father and mother and be hated by his countrymen. The son was named Brut. His mother died in giving birth to him; his father he killed by the chance shot of an arrow. He was expelled from Italy with his companions and came to this island, which is named after him Britain. The History of Nennius contained also the Legend of Merlin, and told of the twelve battles in which King Arthur was victorious; ending with that of Mount Badon (Bath). Geoffrey of Monmouth's contemporary Orderic, writing in Normandy, had introduced into his History a chapter of the prophecies of Merlin. William of Malmesbury, writing in England, mentioned King Arthur in the first book of his History as "that Arthur about whom the idle tales of the Bretons (*nugæ Britonum*) craze to this day,

¹ In his Welsh Itinerary, Ch. vi.

one worthy not to have misleading fables dreamed about him, but to be celebrated in true history, since he sustained for a long time his tottering country, and sharpened for war the broken spirits of the people." This part of William of Malmesbury's History may have been written a dozen years or more before Geoffrey of Monmouth published as a Latin History those "idle tales of the Bretons." It was in 1142 that William of Malmesbury completed his work with the 'Modern History;' and it was in 1147 that Geoffrey of Monmouth completed his 'Historia Britonum,' but a part of it may have been published somewhat earlier. Geoffrey himself brings his book to an end with a playful reference to more exact historians, William of Malmesbury and Henry of Huntingdon, to whom he leaves the Saxons, but whom—as he must have written with a twinkle in his eye—"I advise to be silent about the kings of the Britons, since they have not that book in the British language, which Walter Archdeacon of Oxford brought out of Brittany."

Geoffrey of Monmouth dealt in his own way with popular tradition. He not only amplified it, but, whatever may have been in the Breton book, certainly it was he who, with a touch of the humour that was strong afterwards in Defoe, gave to the work the mock gravity of sober history. He quietly cites Homer as a witness that during the wanderings of Brut he built the city of Tours on the spot where his nephew Turonus was slain in a battle; and when, at the end of his first book, he has brought Brut to the foundation of Troynovant—New Troy, afterwards London—he is delightfully particular in telling his readers that this was when Heli ruled in Judea, and when the ark of the Testament was taken by the Philistines, and when the sons of Hector reigned in Troy, and when Silvius the son of Æneas reigned in Italy. His next two books manufacture a British history down to the time of Cæsar's invasion so contrived as, according to the humour of his day, to account by eponym for the names of places in the island. Some person in the story gives a name to every great region, river, or important city. Thus Brutus's three sons Locrin, Albanact, and Camber, give to Saxon England, Scotland, and Wales their names of Lloegria, Alban (or Albany), and Cambria. The invading Humber, king of the Huns, was defeated and drowned in the

river that now bears his name. His daughter Estrild was the captive of Locrin, who loved her though he had a lawful wife, and hid her in a secret chamber sixteen feet under the ground of London. There she bore him a daughter, Sabren, "virgin daughter of Locrine," who was afterwards, together with her mother, drowned by Locrin's widow in the river called after her Sabrina (Savrina), Severn. Geoffrey's next three books convert into romance the history of the Romans and Saxons in Britain to the time of King Arthur, and as the history proceeds, more and more names of places are accounted for by cunningly invented incidents. Geoffrey's seventh book contains Merlin's Prophecies. In the eighth book we have King Arthur's father, Uther Pendragon, and of the ninth and tenth King Arthur alone is the hero. He besieges in York Colgrin, who comes over with more Saxons to make an end of the Britons; his nephew King Hoel of Brittany sends 15,000 men to his aid, and Arthur makes the Saxons his tributaries. They break faith and land again, when Arthur with his own hand kills 470 of them in one battle. The Saxons are overcome; the Scots and Picts are pardoned; Arthur restores York to its ancient beauty; adds to his government Ireland, Iceland, Gothland, and the Orkneys; subdues Norway, Dacia, Aquitaine, and Gaul; summons a solemn assembly of kings to the City of Legions (Carleon-on-Usk), and is pompously crowned. Then he receives a letter from Lucius Tiberius, general of the Romans, commanding him for his withholding of tribute and seizure of territory to appear at Rome before the middle of August next year; he holds council upon this, refuses tribute, and prepares, at the end of Book IX., for a war with Rome. At the opening of Book X. Lucius Tiberius is calling together the kings of the East against the Britons; Arthur leaves Modred his nephew to rule Britain and take care of his queen Guanhumara (Guen-ever); has a portentous dream as he departs; kills a giant from Spain who has carried Helena, the niece of Hoel, to the top of St. Michael's Mount; beats the great force of the Romans; addresses his soldiers; Lucius Tiberius also addresses his soldiers; they fight a great battle; the Britons have the victory; Tiberius is killed; part of the Romans fly, the rest give themselves up as slaves; Arthur hears as he is marching

on Rome that Modred at home has seized his kingdom, and married his wife. So ends the tenth book of Geoffrey's history. The two remaining books create, partly by bold amplification of hints taken from Gildas and Nennius, an unbroken history of British kings from the return of Arthur, his victory over Modred, Guenever's becoming a nun of the order of Julius the Martyr, Arthur's mortal wound and resignation of his crown to Constantine, down to the death of Cadwallo, which is assigned to the year 689. The work, it should be added, is comparatively brief, its twelve books not occupying more space than about a couple of the thirteen books of Orderic.¹

Certainly here was a book to startle the grave monks who had a conscience as historians, who had been trained by the traditions of centuries to account no literature worthy that did not diffuse positive truths, and who almost thought it necessary to excuse themselves for collecting facts of history where their predecessors were more profitably occupied in expositions of theology and record of the miracles of saints.

Thus, for example, Orderic at St. Evroult excused himself for writing on those rough deeds which interested himself and the world in his own day, instead of giving himself to pure expositions of religion or the lives of saints:—

Breaking
new ground
in Litera-
ture.

“If our bishops and other rulers of the world were so gifted with sanctity that, for them and by them, miracles were divinely wrought, as was frequently the case with the primitive fathers, and these accounts scattered through ancient books sweetly influence the readers' minds, refreshing their memories with the glorious signs and wonders of the early disciples; I also would fain shake off sloth, and employ myself in committing to writing whatever may be worthy of the eager ken of posterity. But in the present age, in which the love of many waxes cold and iniquity abounds, miracles, the tokens of sanctity, cease, while crimes and lamentable complaints multiply in the world. The litigious quarrels of bishops, and the bloody conflicts of princes, furnish more abundant materials for the writers of history than the propositions of theologians, or the privations or prodigies of ascetics.”

¹ The translation of it is contained, together with translations of Ethelwerd's Chronicle, Asser's Life of Alfred, Gildas, Nennius, and Richard of Cirencester, in one volume of Bohn's Antiquarian Library. London, 1848. Geoffrey's Chronicle was printed as early as 1508, and reprinted in 1517. The latest edition of the text is that of Dr. J. A. Giles. London, 1844. In writing of Geoffrey, I have been helped by one of Mr. Wright's 'Essays on Archæological Subjects, and on various questions connected with the History of Art, Science, and Literature in the Middle Ages.' London, 1861.

Orderic supposed that all this meant the approach of Antichrist, but the strong interest he himself, a pure-hearted man, felt in the course of the "litigious quarrels of bishops and the bloody conflicts of princes," testified that minds as well as bodies were, in fierce antagonism of principles and interests, actively working forward on the way to that material advancement which it is the high privilege of man to attain only by the strengthening and ennobling use of all the powers he received from his Creator.

In Anglo-Saxon times the course of thought was comparatively uniform, but from the time of the Conquest, not in England only, antagonist claims of every form of right and authority were trying their strength against each other. Civilization grew apace, and as, during the period of individual bodily growth, the impulse of health is irresistible to freedom and variety of exercise of limb, so it is in the growth of the body politic. In the number of the early chroniclers we have evidence that there was mind at work under all the stir and tumult of the Anglo-Norman days, and that men fastened with strong human interest on the apparently confused affairs of life. This quickened material growth, and the new freedom of contact between writers and the active business of the world meant quickening of the blood of literature. The growing mind of the nation acquired an unwonted freedom of movement, and the appearance of Geoffrey of Monmouth's History marked the beginning of a time when English intellect would begin to find for itself many and various forms of exercise.

Geoffrey's book was a natural issue of its time, and is, indeed, the source of one of the purest streams of English poetry. It perplexed the men of precedent and custom, but it pleased the common mind of which it came. In England, Alfred of Beverley made an abridgment of it. Alfred was Alfred of Beverley. living when, at the beginning of the twelfth century, Henry I. planted a colony of Flemings at Ross on the Welsh border. He tells that in the days of an imposed silence among the clergy, at York, which must have been the days of contest (1141-1154) between two rival archbishops who took opposite sides in the civil war of Stephen's reign, he sought amusement

in the study of history, and, hearing people talk of British kings about whom he knew nothing and was ashamed continually to confess that he knew nothing, he with difficulty borrowed a copy of Geoffrey's new history, was charmed with it, and not having time to copy it or money for materials for a full transcript, he made an abridgment of it. Having done that, he determined, by abridging other historians, to continue his book down to Norman times, and thus he produced a chronicle which ends like Turgot's, the last from which he took material, with the year 1129.¹

In the North of England Geoffrey Gaimar, when Geoffrey of Monmouth's book was fresh, undertook to translate it into Anglo-Norman verse. This he did at the request of the lady to whose household he was attached, Constance, wife of Ralph FitzGilbert, a powerful baron of the North in Stephen's time. The copy of Geoffrey from which Gaimar translated was obtained through a Yorkshire baron, Walter Espec, from Earl Robert of Gloucester himself, to whom the work had been dedicated. Gaimar, like Alfred of Beverley, continued the British chronicle by adding a metrical history of Anglo-Saxon kings. A better translation of Geoffrey of Monmouth's book by Wace caused that of Gaimar to fall out of request, and no copies of it are now known to be extant. But of his chronicle of Anglo-Saxon and Norman kings four MSS. remain. The work, written between the years 1141 and 1151, is mainly based on the Saxon Chronicle, but it preserves many old traditions of Northern and Eastern England. It ends with the death of William Rufus.²

The other translator of Geoffrey of Monmouth's history Wace, or Eustace, who has been christened Robert on mistaken authority,³ was born at Jersey in the beginning of the twelfth century, was taught at Caen, and was in

¹ 'Aluredi Beverlacensis Annales, sive Historia de Gestis Regum Britanniae, Libris X.,' was edited from an old MS. by Thomas Hearne. Oxford, 1716.

² Gaimar's Chronicle was edited for the Caxton Society, in 1850, by Mr. Thomas Wright, together with the Lay of Havelok, the Legend of Ernulf, and the Life of Herward, all in the same volume.

³ Huet was the first person who (Origenes de Caen, 1706) gave to Wace the

after life resident in Normandy. For a long time he was at Caen, where he employed himself with writing in romance; afterwards King Henry II. gave him a prebend at Bayeux. He says that he had seen the three King Henrys—the First, the Second, and the son of the Second, who was crowned during his father's life, and that he was during the whole time a reading clerk. His translation of Geoffrey of Monmouth into French verse as '*Li Romans de Brut*,' was completed in the year 1155, immediately after the accession of Henry II. His other great poem, the Romance of Rou or Rollo, giving the story of the Norman Conquest,—the '*Roman de Rou*,'—was produced by him some years later. This was a poetical amplification of the '*Gesta Guillelmi Ducis Normannorum*' of William of Poitiers, who was chaplain to the conqueror; but Wace adds facts from near tradition, says that he had conversed with men who saw the comet of 1066, and recollects distinctly his father's account of the number of vessels which sailed from St. Valeri.¹ When he grew old the King's patronage forsook him. Benoit, another poet, had been asked to write the history of the Normans, and Wace seems to have died in England, in 1184, complaining. His '*Brut*,' which superseded Gaimar's version of Geoffrey, is a poem of more than 15,000 lines, sometimes translating closely, sometimes paraphrasing, sometimes adding fresh legends from Brittany, or fresh inventions of his own.

name of Robert. The error arose from a misunderstanding of the last five lines in his *Vie de Saint Nicholas* :—

Qui fait le livre? Mestre Guace,
 Qui l'ad de Seint Nicholas feit,
 De latin en romanz estreit
 A l'oes Robert, le fiz Tiout
 Qui Seint Nicholas moult amout.

This source of the error was pointed out by M. Edelstand de Ménil in Wolf and Ebert's *Jahrb. für Roman. u. Engl. Lit.*, 1858.

¹ The text of the *Roman de Rou* is given, with a translation into English rhyme, photographs from the Bayeux tapestry, and notes of various writers, in a handsome volume by Sir Alexander Malet, Bart., B.A. London, 1860.

CHAPTER XV.

ALTHOUGH Thomas Becket left to literature only a collection of letters, which were first arranged with many by other persons in four books by John of Salisbury, the spirit of our more Saxon writers in the generations after him will in some points hardly be interpreted aright if nothing is said here of the conflict between Archbishop Becket and the King. The Church, in which the Norman Becket represented only a disease of his own day, preached the upholding of all clerical immunities, claimed to be as gold against the mere lead of the State—to be of the race of Abel, while the other was of Cain. It even ventured on more violent antithesis. It said, I have my authority from Heaven, you obtain your strength from hell.

In Italy and France nothing was known to Pope, King, or people of the substantial grievance out of which the quarrel arose in England between King and Archbishop. Liberty of the Church in danger, was the vague cry that awakened sympathy. But what was that liberty of the Church? Exemption of all clerical offenders from the jurisdiction of the civil law. When Henry II. came to the throne there lay, *sub judice*, the case of Osbert, Archdeacon of York, charged with having administered poison to his Archbishop in the Eucharistic cup. The accused not only withdrew himself from the control of English civil law, but escaped among the intricacies of the canon law, and was able to refer his case wholly to Rome. In the beginning of King Henry's reign, men whom a contemporary entitles "tornured demons, workmen of the devil, clerks in name only, but belonging to Satan's portion," furnished "murderers, thieves, robbers, assassins, and practisers of other atrocities." In rough times the immunities of the Church sheltered persons of this class, of whom we learn that a great number obtained ordination without cures. A chronicler of the time says roughly, that a hundred murders had been committed by clerks since the be-

ginning of Henry's reign. Men with no benefices to lose cared little for the sentence of deprivation, which they could for a long time escape, and by which the utmost rigour of the Church was represented. The ecclesiastical law was weak and slow to seize, and at the worst, inflicted punishment that was no terror to this class of evil doers. Henry II., hard-handed and passionate, but animated with his own rude sense of his own rights, asserted the liberty of England in demanding that such men should not be sheltered by immunities that were withdrawing a large number of his subjects from responsibility towards their fellow-subjects and their lawful rulers.

Becket, too, a London citizen's son, was from the first swift-tempered and ambitious. The white and slender-handed clerk to a rich merchant kinsman, and to the chief magistrates of London, was introduced through the chance friendship of Norman ecclesiastics into the service of Archbishop Theobald. He made the best of that position, obtained among other preferments, which were pure matters of income, the living of the old church of St. Mary-le-Strand (pulled down in the reign of Edward VI. to make room for Somerset House), received prebendaries, acquired wealth, indulged his taste for pomp and luxury; went to study ecclesiastical law, for the grief of his king, during a year under Gratian at Bologna; undertook delicate missions, and among them that which paved the way for the succession of Henry II., by causing Eugenius III. to forbid the coronation of Eustace as his father's colleague. This mission it was that gave to Becket a strong hold on the goodwill of Henry. Ecclesiastical gifts, of an archdeaconry, a provostship, and "very many parish churches," had made Becket, mere deacon as he was, rich before he owed anything to Henry's favour. Pluralities and other matters of that kind tending to promote luxury and stifle conscience in the Church, were not among the ecclesiastical abuses which we find Becket in later days reforming. His labour simply was to reform that which deprived the Church of influence or money into a shape that brought to it increase of worldly power.

When Henry came to the throne Becket was thirty-six years old, "tall and handsome in person, of eloquent and witty speech, of an apprehension so quick as to give him an advantage over

*this is
prejudice
also
inacc*

men of greater knowledge, an accomplished chess-player, a master in hunting, falconry, and other manly exercises. His tastes were luxurious. If he mortified himself it was by limiting his allowance of a dainty dish, and not by substitution of coarse fare. It is said, indeed, that when entertained in exile by the poor Cistercians of Pontigny, he ate for a time pulse, privately introduced into the show of delicate food, with which, that he might keep his fasting secret, he maintained his dignity before the brethren. But the unwholesome diet disagreed with him, it is said. He had a comely face in those days, and looked stout; but after his death it was revealed that the stoutness was produced by the crinoline of mortification, a hair shirt; and it was found on the day after his martyrdom, that under his fair outside of pomp he was so religiously beset with vermin, that, wrote Grim, "any one would think that the martyrdom of the preceding day was less grievous than that which these small enemies continually inflicted." A story told by Hoveden may or may not illustrate to the incredulous the true character of some of Becket's secret mortifications. One day, as he was dining with Pope Alexander, one who knew his custom of living on bread and water, although dainties were served up to him, placed on the table a cup of water. The Pope tasted it, and found it excellent wine; whereupon, saying, "I thought this was water," he set it before the Archbishop, and immediately it became water again! When going disguised as a poor monk into exile, travelling a French road painfully on foot, Becket is said to have betrayed himself by the sportsman's interest he displayed in a hawk carried by. At Pontigny the Bishop of Poitiers had to urge on him repeatedly the duty of "condescension to the religious house which entertained him," by reducing the number of his train of men and horses; and his wise friend John of Salisbury, whose letters show him to have been the most honest churchman who contributed his thread to the webs of chicanery, deceit, violence, and overbearing pride, of which broken and matted threads are left to us in the ecclesiastical correspondence of that time, attacked wisely the worst pride of Becket. He was using his leisure for more controversial study of the canons. "Laws and canons," John wrote, "are indeed useful; but believe me these are not what will now be needed. . . ."

Who ever rises pricked in heart from the reading of laws or even of canons?"

Having been given by the Church to the King as a friend and favourite who would watch subtly over the material interests of churchmen, and having profited by an undue exercise of the King's authority in obtaining his archbishopric, Becket used no moderation in advancing the claims of himself and of his order. For his submission to the constitutions of Clarendon, which hedged the power he was striving to make boundless, Becket, as a priest of his century, is hardly to be blamed. He was compelled by force; not he only, but also his cause was lost if he resisted them. His conscience was not for one man to bind by inconvenient promises. In the latter phases of his struggle, want of self-control is always manifest. At Vézelay he was embarrassing the Pope by dealing excommunications on men personally hostile to himself, when he aroused Henry to seek his expulsion from the shelter he had found with the Cistercians. The King's acts of persecution were two in number only; and, however little to be admired, each following upon distinct provocation. The banishment of Becket's kindred followed on the return of Henry's envoys from the Papal Court at Christmas, 1164; the dislodging of the exiles followed only upon Becket's excommunication of the King's adherents, and the threat of a like censure on himself. Even against Rome and the Pope Becket stormed when they were not ready enough to serve him. A letter from the Pope himself, ordering the absolution of one whom the Archbishop had cursed, was described as an order "that Satan might be let loose for the ruin of the Church." "I know not how it is," he cries, "that in the Court of Rome the Lord's side is always sacrificed—that Barabbas escapes and Christ is put to death." Such was the witness to Rome of one of her own saints. To the last the turbulent mind was the character of this saint, and a foul epithet, applied to one of the knights under whose blows he fell, seems to have stung them to his murder, when at least their first intention may have been only to seize his person.

Tall, stalwart, bushy-browed Gerald the Welshman, called also Silvester (the Savage)—which was but an English word for Welshman in his day—represented in the twelfth century the

church militant in Wales. A man ready at the worst season to cross Alps, or defy archbishops, if not kings, in the pursuit of his idea, he really lives in his writings. They are yet warm with his own natural heat. The strong flavour of his personality in all he writes, and his Welsh blood, give often to his manner an excess of boastfulness, and there is some Welsh pedantry, perhaps, but it is not the vanity of a weak self-contemplation that mingles with Gerald's flow of social anecdote and hearty comment on affairs of men, while jest and pun, and practical home-thrusting, humanize his use of his book-knowledge. He planned his narratives upon no model, good or bad, but spoke his mind with vivid earnestness, with strength and fearless truth that was the more genuine for its impetuosity. His sketches of his own career (*de Rebus a se Gestis*) and his letters are alive with action, and the soul of action in the mind and temper that beget the stir which they describe. His personal account of Ireland, to be found in Camden's 'British Writers,' is no dry antique itinerary, but a series of vigorous and graphic sketches both of men and things, unequalled in Gerald's own time for its spirit and truth; as a picture of Ireland remaining without equal till the time of Spenser.

In the year 1147, Gerald or Giraldus de Barri was born of a Welsh fighting family within the turretted castle of Manorbeer, which stood among wild rocks on a hill-top near a stormy sea, three miles from Pembroke Castle. The valley under it was made sandy by the violence of the winds, but the region was fertile, and, indeed, in Gerald's own opinion, the most pleasant spot in Wales. He was the youngest son of his father William by a second wife, and his maternal grandmother was Nesta, the Helen of Wales. Before she was the mother of a son to Henry I. of England, Nesta had three sons by her first husband, of whom one was David, Bishop of St. David's, friend of Robert Fitzstephen and of Dermot the exiled king of Leinster. Gerald followed his uncle rather than his father. William, the father, went into battle with his sons and many retainers. Fighting men of that family were the chief helpers in Strongbow's conquest of Ireland. It was David, the uncle, who gave to young Gerald, the one scholar within the walls of Manorbeer, his opportunities of study. The boy was called by those of his own

household the little bishop; but with all his predilections for the church, the hot blood of a race of Welsh warriors was in him.

Gerald, with three intervals of return to Wales, studied for several years at Paris, and came back to England at the age of twenty-five, soon after the death of Thomas Becket. The Welsh had in those days proved turbulent and savage neighbours to the English, and the resolve of Henry II. was to rule Wales by an ecclesiastical instead of a military police, the bishops being Normans instead of Welshmen. Welsh by his mother's blood, upon his father's side Giraldus was a Norman, and his uncle was still Bishop of St. David's. Entrusted at once, therefore, after his return, with a commission from the archbishop, young Gerald distinguished himself in his own neighbourhood as an ecclesiastical reformer. The prelate of St. David's being negligent of oversight, the people of Pembroke and Cardigan, negligent of duty, withheld tithes of wool and cheese. Gerald directed to these enormities the attention of the Archbishop of Canterbury, then legate of the Holy See, and brought nearly all to submission except the hostile colony of the Flemings of Ross settled by England upon the Welsh borders. The coerced people indemnified themselves by foray on these Flemings. But William Karquit, high sheriff of Pembroke, thought that as king's officer he might set at nought the young busybody of the church; and under Gerald's nose he carried off eight yoke of oxen from the Pembroke priory. Three times summoned in vain to return his plunder, king's officer as he was, William Karquit received word from the zealous churchman that as soon as all the bells of the monastery sounded at triple intervals, he might know himself to be excommunicated. And the bells did sound. The sheriff, being cast out of the church, restored the prey to the bishop in Gerald's presence. Having done that, there was decreed for him a whipping and an absolution.¹

But Gerald applied his rod to clergy as well as to laity. The Welsh clergy had fallen into many irregularities;—among others they had given up celibacy, and converted church benefices into heritable property. The old Archdeacon of Brecknock, among

¹ ' Restitutions facta et satisfactione secuta, virgis verberari meruit et absolvi.'

others, was a married man, and not disposed to put away his wife at the command of a boy of six-and-twenty. The Archdeacon, therefore, was suspended; and the Commissioner himself being promoted to his place, continued as Archdeacon Gerald his successful war against evasions and immunities that interfered with the rights of the Church. He worked incessantly, and to the end of his life scorned the man who watched for the weather when business had to be done. That, he said, was a weakness pardonable only in seamen. One day it blew, and rained, and hailed when, after a fatiguing campaign against recusants, Gerald lay at Kerren with his uncle the Bishop. He was called in the night, and the Bishop, who slept in the next bed, urged him to wait for daylight. "No," said Gerald; "delays are dangerous when those who have been excommunicated are expecting absolution." That day at dinner, while the storm outside continued, and the Bishop saw his suite idling with ladies over the wine in wanton talk, he said with regret, "He that hath left us to-day in such a storm as this, never neglects his duty for gluttony, sloth, or licentiousness."

It was at this time of his life that Archdeacon Gerald met and beat a real bishop in a match at excommunication. A new church at Keri, on the boundary-line between the dioceses of St. David's and St. Asaph's, was claimed for each see. One morning Gerald was told that the Bishop over the border meant on the Sunday following to consecrate the church, and so substantiate his claim. On Saturday, therefore, the Archdeacon dispatched messengers to his brethren and kinsmen, requesting them to furnish horsemen and arms, as the Bishop was advancing, supported by the men of Powis. Very early on Sunday morning Gerald was before the church-door at Keri, but the two incumbents had gone off, and the keys were hidden. The hidden keys having been found, the Archdeacon entered the church, ordered the bells to be rung in token of investiture, and proceeded to celebrate mass. Meanwhile came messengers bringing word of the approach of the Bishop, and his command that the church be got ready for the dedication. The Archdeacon gravely went on with his service, and when it was complete returned his answer to the Bishop's message that if his Grace came peaceably he should be hospitably entertained; if otherwise, he came at

his peril. The astonished Bishop, who had thought he was secretly stealing a march on his neighbour, replied that he came not as a guest or neighbour, but in virtue of his office, to exercise jurisdiction. He was told that the parish did not belong to him, and that there was appeal from him to the Pope; but as he still advanced, swift riders were sent to prepare the Archdeacon for his arrival. Hereupon the Archdeacon, having left in the church his retinue to keep it bolted and guarded, himself sallied out to confront the Bishop at the gate of the cemetery. The whole country was out to see the battle of authorities. The Bishop bade the Archdeacon get out of the way, or, though they had been schoolfellows together at Paris, he should excommunicate him. The Archdeacon begged the Bishop for old acquaintance sake desist; and as he still pressed forward, urged him, in the name of Pope, Archbishop, and King, not to thrust his sickle in another man's corn. The Bishop produced his letters of authority over St. Asaph, and an ancient book that made all churches between Wye and Severn subject to him. The Archdeacon told the Bishop scornfully that he might write in his book what he pleased, but if he had a charter with a seal let him produce it. If the Bishop excommunicated him, he would do as much by the Bishop. "You are only an Archdeacon," said his Grace, "you cannot excommunicate a Bishop." "And you are no Bishop of mine," said Gerald, "so that you can no more excommunicate me than I you." The Bishop backed, slipped off his horse, clapped on his mitre, and advanced to do the deed. The Archdeacon gave a sign, and out of the church came a procession of his clergy in stoles and surplices, with book and candle; this solemnly advanced to face the Bishop. "I will spare you for once," said the Bishop, then, "but I will excommunicate generally all who usurp the rights of St. Asaph." This, to keep up appearances, he began to do in a loud voice, but the Archdeacon and his people, in a louder voice, proceeded to excommunicate all who usurped the rights of St. David. Then the Archdeacon ordered the bells to be rung at triple intervals, a sound that struck to the superstition of the Welsh. The Bishop and his attendants thereupon mounted and fled, pelted with clods and stones by the shouting spectators.

Giraldus told his story to the King at Northampton, and it

was received at Court with shouts of laughter. But the King saw that this was not the man to serve his turn in a Welsh bishopric. His uncle was just dead, and the bishopric of which he defended the bounds lay vacant. It was the old metropolitan Welsh see, and there was desire in Wales, a strong desire in Gerald, to restore it to its old rank, and so give to the Welsh church a sort of independence. But nothing was further from the King's design than to let turbulent Wales have its own head in any form. When the Welshmen gave up the hope of getting at St. David's a metropolitan by title, their next best hope was to put in the see a man who would be as a metropolitan by force of will; whose birth, learning, and audacious shrewdness should be more than a match for my lord of Canterbury. The choice of the chapter, therefore, fell upon Archdeacon Gerald, and as four names were to be presented, the three least suitable were cunningly joined with his.

"That same night," Gerald frankly confesses, "reflecting upon the events of the day, and the precipitate proceedings of the chapter; remembering also that no nomination or election ever takes place in England until the king or his justiciary is apprised of the death of the bishop, and the royal assent first obtained, he determined to renounce the election early next morning." But at the first tidings the King was furious.

The chapter of St. David's collapsed. Canons and archdeacons all, without a single exception, followed the King from place to place to avert his wrath and save their livings. Gerald alone remained quiet, and used what influence he had to get another and a proper man appointed. But the see was at last given to a poor creature, Peter de Leia, prior of Wenlock, a black monk of the Cluniac order, who by his rules ought never to have assumed a mitre. Gerald troubled him much with instructions as to the right way of wearing it, and finding that he could do nothing, set off again for Paris to complete his studies of Imperial Constitutions and Decretals.

There he became a most popular expounder in both branches of the law, until finding his remittances irregular, he came back to England four years after his loss of the bishopric, about the year 1180, his age being in that year no more than thirty-three. Reaching Canterbury on Trinity Sunday, he was a guest at the

profuse table of the monks, where, he says, wine, mead, mulberry juice, and other strong drink was served in such abundance at the refectory, that beer, which is excellent in England, and especially in Kent, found no place there. Returned to Wales, Gerald became more and more incensed at the weakness of the monk Peter, who loved the loaves and fishes over-much, yet had not courage to stay any strong hand that robbed them from him.

“He never once dared,” Giraldus tells the chapter, “to interdict or excommunicate Robert FitzRichard, who frequently plundered the monastery of Whiteland, or refuse institution to his son in Haverfordwest, though he was but a child of five years old. He could never be prevailed on to pass sentence of excommunication on Wogan Stake and his sons, who robbed the churchyard of St. Michael de Talachar, and, carrying off two hundred sheep from the church, kept them under the very nose of the bishop, notwithstanding all that I could urge; for he was afraid they would lie in wait for his dues on the road to Carmarthen. The most I could obtain from him was that he would consider them as excommunicated. I told him that was not enough, unless he solemnly excommunicated them with lighted candles in the church of St. David, and had the sentence published, and condemned the parties to make restitution. And as I continued to press this matter in behalf of my parishioners and the poor people who had been robbed, Archdeacon Osbert, his master and warden, answered for him, and said, ‘If my lord were to do what you require, he would not have a tail left of all his cows at St. Kevan.’ ‘What!’ said I, ‘can he not do justice for fear of his cows? Then let him sell his cows or remove them to some safer spot, and do that justice which it is his office to do.’”

Peter, much troubled, became at last a voluntary exile from his see, and left the busy Gerald to administer affairs. But when Peter from afar quarrelled with certain of his canons and archdeacons, Gerald made common cause with them, threw aside his office, and became the strong opponent of the bishop, until he had enforced upon him and all parties a mutual restitution of goods. The bishop was made to give up all he had taken from the chapter, the chapter all that it had of the bishop's, the canons all that they had taken from each other, and peace came of this very frank settlement of standing quarrels.

In 1184 Henry II. invited Gerald to court, appointed him one of his chaplains, and used him in the pacification of Wales, but gave him no substantial reward. In the following year the King ordered him to attend upon Prince John, then eighteen years old, in his unsuccessful Irish expedition. The Welshman had intimate alliance with many leading Irish families, and

there would be manly vigour in his counsels. It was during this expedition that Gerald obtained that personal knowledge of Ireland and the Irish which he communicates in his 'Topographia Hiberniæ.' It was followed by the 'History of the Conquest of Ireland,' the best of Gerald's works. The Irish chiefs are certainly translated into Greeks by name; Fitz-Stephen becomes Stephanides, Fitz-Gerald, Giraldides; they are supplied, too, with artificial orations in which they quote Cæsar and Ovid; but otherwise they are all wild Irishmen by nature. Their characters are drawn with precision by a lively and shrewd observer, events are told after impartial sifting of evidence and careful observation of the ground in the case of battles, sieges, &c. The style of the book is simple and manly, and its temper singularly lionest. Gerald remained in Ireland four or five months after Prince John's return, digesting the materials for his history.

It was at Easter, 1186, that Gerald returned to England. Before Whitsuntide he returned to Wales, and worked on at his 'Topographia.' That being complete, he published by reading it at Oxford in 1187, as a work dedicated to Henry II. And as there were three distinct divisions in the work, and each division occupied a day, the readings lasted three successive days. On the first day he received and entertained at his lodgings all the poor of the town; on the next day all the doctors of the different faculties, and such of their pupils as were of fame and note; on the third day the rest of the scholars, with the soldiers, townsmen, and many burgesses. "It was," he says, "a costly and noble act, because the authentic and ancient times of poesy were thus in some measure renewed; and neither present nor past time can furnish any record of such solemnity having ever taken place in England."

In the latter part of this year Western Europe was stirred by news of the capture of Jerusalem by Saladin; and in the year following, Henry having assumed the cross in Normandy, Archbishop Baldwin was sent with a train of clergy to perambulate Wales, Gerald being at his side while he preached the Crusade to a willing people. With the Archbishop and Giraldus there stood also the favourite of the Welsh, Rhys, son of Griffith, whose name lighted dull Cambrian chroniclers to animation when they lauded him as "Rhys, the young man, famous for his

prowess and bravery, his learning and wisdom ; Rhys the light of the old, the liberality and fame, and jewel of the young." His 'Itinerary of Wales' is the record left by Giraldus of this incident in his life.

In the year following, 1189, the death of Henry II., at which Gerald seems to have been present, quenched his interest in the Crusade. He returned to Wales, and there refused the bishopric of Bangor, which fell vacant while Prince John, during his brother Richard's absence, managed the kingdom. Gerald grounded his refusal on the desire to complete his studies, but in truth the only see he wanted was that of St. David's, where he might work out for the Welsh Church its independence. On the road to Paris being stopped by the war, Gerald retired to Lincoln, then celebrated for its theological school, and remained there until the death of Bishop Peter, in July 1198. The Chapter of St. David's begged him then to return, sent two archdeacons and four canons to Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, with their letters nominating Gerald first and foremost, Reginald Foliot being set last on the list of four as the man least likely to be elected. This nomination the Archbishop flatly refused to accept. He was determined that no Welshman, and least of all Welshman Gerald, should have the see. Gerald, however, resolved to fight his battle out with the Archbishop, and the unhappy canons aiding him, four of the canons were commanded by the chief law officer of the Crown to cross over to King Richard in Normandy, and in the depth of winter. A Welshman in the twelfth century was usually no competent traveller : he wanted money, knowledge of the world, and above all the gift of tongues.

After much representation of the want of money and other difficulties, two canons were despatched, who had to hunt the King through Normandy, Anjou, and part of Aquitaine ; then heard that he was in Limousin ; and then learnt that he was dead. Turning back they found Prince John, who gave their Archdeacon all the desired support, and they returned so triumphant that Gerald packed up his books, left Lincoln, was elected at St. David's, and urged by his Chapter to proceed to Rome and receive his consecration from the Sovereign Pontiff.

But this was defying the King's power. Gerald knew that it

would be called treason in England; he believed, however, that the game had now to be played boldly on behalf of the Welsh church—it was no question to him of personal ambition—and he consented to the advice of his brethren. The canons of St. David receiving peremptory command from the English Archbishop to elect to their see the Prior of Lanthony by the 22nd of August, in that year, 1199, Giraldus started at once for Rome. He sent on before money and horses for his use by a man who was attacked, plundered, and killed upon his way. Landing at St. Omer, where the canon who was his sole companion having fallen sick must leave him, he found all the country dangerous because of the war broken out between Philip Augustus and the Earl of Flanders. He must make, therefore, his way alone, with no more state or means than a pedlar, away from the high road, through the forest of Ardennes, over Champagne and Burgundy, across the Alps as a solitary climber, to come at the end of November to the court of Innocent III. at Rome.

Innocent received him with great courtesy and trifled with his suit. The suit lingered for years, during which Gerald faced his enemies, although attainted of treason; journeyed to Rome, when a watch was set at all parts to prevent his egress from the kingdom; crossed the Alps at midwinter through deep snow. Persevering toil, indomitable courage were thus wasted upon a lost cause. Gerald's zeal for the *status* of St. David's became a pontifical joke; and the earnest churchman had made himself a subject of derision, before he astonished king and archbishop by his sudden reappearance in England, not as the cause but as the ender of strife, with a hearty and swift concession of the point he had failed to gain. The expense of his suit was then repaid to him; he received sixty marks a year of preferment; and withdrew to pass in quiet obscurity the remaining seventeen years of his life.

Gerald de Barri's amusing 'Topography of Ireland; its
Gerald's
 Topography
 of Ireland. Miracles and Wonders,' the result of his visit as companion of Prince John, is in three Distinctions or Divisions. Of these, the first is on the Topography and Natural History, in which the animals often suggest allegorical instruction; the second is a curious collection of stories on the Wonders and Miracles of the land; the third is on the Inhabitants, with

a digression in praise of music, from the fact that the Irish, still a pastoral people, too indolent to till their fertile ground, though excellent in their natural gifts, have an incomparable skill in playing on the harp and tabor. But it is said of them that they have a bad habit of walking with an axe (*securis*) instead of a staff in the hand. From these '*securibus*' there is no security; while you fancy yourself secure you will feel the '*securim.*' You put yourself heedlessly in danger if you permit the '*securis*' and omit to take thought for your security. Gerald, made for society himself, believed that he was the best priest who came most into wholesome contact with the world. He had only a nominal respect for the monks who shut themselves up for religious contemplation.

“Gerald of Wales on Monks and Clergy.”

“They ought,” he said, “to know, as Jerome reminds Eleutherius, that as the case of the monks differs from that of the clergy, the clergy feeding the sheep, and the monks being fed; the monks are in the same relation to the clergy as the flock to the shepherds. The monk has only the guardianship of a single person, he has to take care of himself; the clerk is bound to have a deep concern for the welfare of many. The monk is, therefore, like a single grain of wheat deposited in the ground; the clerk like a grain that sprouts up and brings an abundant crop into the granary of the world.”

In the Preface to his '*Vaticinal History of the Conquest of Ireland,*' Gerald explained that as his *Topography* related chiefly to the past, he dwelt now with the present, and would give the annals of the recent conquest. “But methinks,” he said, “I see some one turn up his nose, and, disgusted with my book, hand it to another, or throw it aside, because the reader will find all things in it plain, clear, and easy of apprehension.”

Gerald's History of the Conquest of Ireland.

“Gerald of Wales against Pedantry.”

“I admit,” he said, “that I have endeavoured always to write in a popular style, easy of apprehension, however I may have added to it some ornament from my own stores; and I have therefore entirely rejected the old and dry method of writing used by some authors. And inasmuch as new times require new fashions, and the philosopher bids us follow the examples of the old men in our lives, and of the younger men in our words, I have earnestly aimed to adopt the mode of speech which is now in use, and the modern style of utterance. For since words only give expression to what is in the mind, and man is endowed with the gift of speech for the purpose of

uttering his thoughts, what can be greater folly than to lock up and conceal things we wish to be clearly understood, in a tissue of unintelligible phrases and intricate sentences? To show ourselves sciolists in a knowledge of our own, shall we take pains so to write that others may see without comprehending, and hear without understanding? Is it not better, as Seneca says, to be dumb, than to speak so as not to be understood? The more, then, language is suited to the understanding, though framed with a certain elegance of style, the more useful it will be, as well as more suited to the tastes of men of letters."

Amen to that, Welsh Gerald, and to many more sound, whole-
Literature in the Vernacular. some, manly thoughts of yours! In the same spirit Gerald lived to regret that his works were in Latin, and in the last preface, dedicating his book on the Conquest of Ireland to King John, he observes that narratives heard through an interpreter, "are not so well understood and do not fix themselves in the mind so firmly as when they are published in the vernacular tongue." He therefore wished that his book might be translated, not into English, the language of the unlettered many, but into French, then the familiar language of the reading public. There is sign here of an extension of the circle of readers beyond the bounds of men trained to employ the Latin of the ecclesiastic, and in urging this point, Gerald quotes his friend, a man of great eloquence, Walter Map, Archdeacon of Oxford, who had often said to him in conversation, with his usual wit and that urbanity for which he was remarkable: "You have written a great deal, Master Gerald, and will write much more, and I have talked much; you wrote, I talked. Your writing is much better and far more likely to go down to future ages than my speaking; but as everybody could understand what I said in the common tongue, I am the better for my talking; while you, addressing yourself to learned princes, who are now dead and out of date, have not had any of the reward your works deserve." "It is true," Gerald adds, "that my best years and the prime of my life, have been spent without any gain arising out of my literary labours, and I am now growing old, and standing as it were on the threshold of death; but I neither ask nor expect worldly recompense from any one."

Gerald's work, in two books, on the Conquest of Ireland, is throughout a piece of that living journalism which the right

reader finds in the chronicles of the Middle Ages. So is his Itinerary through Wales, so is his Description of Wales.¹ So is the autobiographical sketch, in three books, 'of the Things done by Himself,' composed late in life, and his *Invectionum Libellus*, begun at Rome and completed there by desire of Innocent III., a bitter attack on his enemies, of whom Hubert Walter, Archbishop of Canterbury, is accounted the chief. Gerald was a fiery Welshman with a noble ancestry, personally offended and thwarted in his patriotic effort to secure the independence of the Welsh Church; thwarted, too, by an Englishman who was not well-born, who was no scholar, and who was given to lay work. In the calm of age, when he had ceased from contending, he published a little tract of *Retractations*, withdrawing his worst charges against Archbishop Hubert, and admitting that he had been more bitter than just. The work was lost, but the fifth and sixth books of it were first discovered by Professor Brewer in a copy made in 1836 by a German transcriber from a MS. at Rome, in the collection of Christina Queen of Sweden, and the corresponding copy of the preceding books having since been found among the confused papers of the suspended Record Commission, the whole work is, under Mr. Brewer's editorship, now in print. Another of Gerald's works that belongs also to the later years of his life, is the collection of letters, poems, speeches, and prefaces, under the title *Symbolum Electorum*,² in four books: the first of Letters; the second of Poems; the third of Descriptions of Character given in his works, as, for example, his character of Dermot, of Thomas à Becket, or of Henry II., and the orations put by him in the mouths of persons of his story; the fourth and last book being a collection of his Prefaces. He wrote also to the Chapter of Hereford in

Other works of Gerald.—
The Itinerary; Autobiography; *Invectionum Libellus*.

Symbolum Electorum.

¹ All these books of Gerald's upon Ireland and Wales, the Irish in the version of Mr. Thomas Forester, the Welsh as translated by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, are to be read in plain modern English, as edited with notes by Mr. Thomas Wright, in a recent volume of Bohn's Antiquarian Library, 'The Historical Works of Giraldus Cambrensis.' London, 1863.

² Of this there are three MSS., that in the library of Trin. Coll. Cam. R. 7, 11, being the only one that contains the poems.

answer to his maligners, an extant account of the books he had produced. His favourite work, the ‘*Gemma Ecclesiastica*,’ or Jewel of the Church, has very lately been for the first time printed from the only known MS. in the Archbishop of Canterbury’s library at Lambeth, and forms the second of three published volumes of the works of Giraldus Cambrensis, edited by Professor Brewer, with such clear, lively, and accurate introductions as Gerald himself might have prayed for.¹

Gerald’s ‘*Gemma Ecclesiastica*’ was a practical work, in two books, addressed to the Welsh clergy. He says in his Preface, that he desired only to be simple and clear, and that if the book should fall into the hand of the learned to whom all things are trite and common, “let such readers know that I prefer to set before them what they may consider superfluous, than to withhold from my countrymen what I deem to be necessary.” The work enforces precept by example, from the real life of the Wales of Gerald’s time, and is happily described by its recent editor as “in fact exactly of the same nature as an archidiaconal charge, addressed to a living body of men, dealing with real abuses of the times, interpreting disputed points of doctrine, enforcing ecclesiastical practice, regulating services, and explaining rubrics—with this only difference in its favour, that it is much more learned, genial, and lively, than archidiaconal charges are in general.” Earnestness here speaks, indeed, the gravest truths through gay anecdote, and the superstition of the writer’s time is to the modern reader in curious contrast—as it is in other works than those of Gerald de Barri—with a manly sense that is the writer’s own. One of the anecdotes in the ‘*Gemma Ecclesiastica*’ tells of the excommunication of a popular song. Gerald is opposing the popular custom of dancing and singing profane songs in the churchyard on Saints’-days. A priest of Worcester, he says, who had been hearing the refrain of a song all night in such dances in the churchyard,

¹ They form part of the series of Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages, published by the authority of Her Majesty’s Treasury, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. For the account here given of Giraldus Cambrensis, I am indebted in every page to Mr. Brewer’s volumes.

when he stood next morning at the altar in full canonicals instead of pronouncing the "Dominus vobiscum," chanted in a loud voice, to the scandal of his audience, the refrain of the song that had haunted him,—

Swete lamman dhin are—

William of Norhall, the Bishop, hearing of this, publicly anathematized that song by synod and chapter, and forbade it ever to be sung in his diocese. Two other popular songs of his day are mentioned by Giraldus when he condemns the custom of tacking additional gospels, for the sake of more oblations, to the service of the days. Such priests, he says, are like the singers of fables and gests. When they see that the song (cantilena) of Lauderic does not please their audience they begin to sing of Wacherius.

Other of Gerald's anecdotes illustrate the decay of Latin scholarship. The barbarous Latin introduced with the growing regard of the church for jargon of school logic helped, Gerald considered, to corrupt Latinity, and the passage of much literature out of the church into the world withdrew many cultivated minds from Latin studies. As to the logic he tells the story, which is at least as old, therefore, as the thirteenth century, of the young man who coming home from the University told his father that he had done wonders. He could prove that four made eight, and six were twelve. At breakfast, he actually did prove that the six eggs were twelve; so very clearly that his father did not scruple to eat the six on the table, and leave him the rest of the twelve for his breakfast. After the time of Giraldus, the corruption of Latinity became marked and general. Upon this subject there can be no better witness than Professor Brewer, one of the few scholars who unites a sound acquaintance with the classics to habitual study of the mediæval writers. "Down to the thirteenth century," says Mr. Brewer, "it would not be easy to find among the chroniclers or miscellaneous writers of Latin in the Middle Ages very gross departures from the ordinary rules of Latin Syntax. The niceties of the language had been lost ten centuries before; but the difference of the Latinity of the age extending from

Close of a
period in
mediæval
Latin.

Bede to Giraldus—that is of the seventh to the thirteenth century, from Tertullian or Ausonius—is not greater than the decline of the latter from the pure Latinity of the republic.” Among the less educated clergy of Gerald’s time, and even among some of the chroniclers after it, bad Latin was common. The Welsh clergy, indeed, were never good scholars, and never quite yielded to Roman influence the traditions of the ancient British church. The English bishops put over the Welsh clergy in Gerald’s day were rapacious, and one of them thus gave a Latin lesson to a priest of his diocese: The priest had met the bishop, and desired to say to him in Latin, My Lord, I beg your acceptance of 200 eggs, “ducenta ova,” but his bad Latin made him say “ducentas oves,” two hundred sheep. So when the eggs were sent the bishop returned them, and holding the unfortunate man to his promise, extorted out of him two hundred fat wethers. A priest preaching on the woman of Canaan, explained that she was partly woman partly canine. Another preaching on St. Barnabas day, taught that the saint was a good man, though a thief; quoting in support of that statement the text, “Barabbas was a robber,” and the fact that Barnabas was canonized. Another, on giving out the Feast of St. John Port Latin, “ante portam Latinam,” explained that this saint was the first who brought the Latin language into England, as his name tells—ante, first, portam, he brought, Latinam, the Latin tongue. One came to John of Cornwall and asked him what was the meaning of the Latin word busillis. “Where do you find it?” “In the missal.” “Show it me.” The book was brought, and there stood “in die-” at the end of one column, and “-bus illis” at the top of the next, the words being “in diebus illis.”

Gerald on the state of the Church. Another of Gerald de Barri’s works, written after the death of his antagonist of Canterbury, and dedicated to Stephen Langton, set forth at length, for the Archbishop’s instruction, in a prologue and seven books, the Ecclesiastical Condition of St. David’s Diocese—“de Jure et Statu Menevensis Ecclesie”—being again a large work rich in illustration of the writer’s life and times. Gerald also held the mirror up to the church in a work of great mark, yet to be edited, the ‘Speculum Ecclesie,’ and wrote lives of St. Ethelbert of Hereford, St. David, St.

Caradoc, a noble hermit of St. David's, St. Remigius, first bishop, and St. Hugo, a later bishop of Lincoln.

Let us pause here to glance back across the ground we have been traversing. Still chronicler follows chronicler, and by this time we must have observed how quiet and natural is the early growth of a great national literature. The whole body of the most complex literature can be resolved into the two simple elements of Record and Reflection. We observe the world without; we exercise on it the mind within. Knowledge must come before thought, record before reflection, and exact observation of the outer world is in every exercise of intellect, in every branch of literature, even the most imaginative, a condition of the highest exercise of genius. The first employment of a nation's mind is like the first working of a child's attention upon all that is external to it; everything yields record, or matter to be remembered. In this earliest gathering and retaining of knowledge, there is, for a time, faint power of discrimination between false and true, and much pleasant confusion in the use of all the active untrained powers that are being developed by free exercise. Very often does a child innocently refract through its mind the memory of what it has seen, and so blend its report of a fact with the stir of its desire or fancy, that what it says is altogether fabulous. To the mind of the young child, as to the mind of the yet untaught nation, beyond the very narrow round of its experience, everything is a wonder. When wonder is excited while the judgment is yet weak, imagination becomes active, and being further helped by strong desires and feelings, it will colour all that is observed. Again, if the variation from the truth of an observed fact be slight in the report of one child, let it but pass naturally from mind to mind through half-a-dozen children, and in the report of the sixth it will probably have become, without deliberate untruth in one instance, vague by the dropping of essential details, and marvellous through alterations and additions. So it was in the first childhood of our literature. With untrained judgments, men endeavoured to keep records. Because with little power to transmit knowledge by writing, men depended on their memories for preservation of their facts, words were arranged in some

Retrospect.

Literature consists of Record or Reflection.

Record precedes Reflection.

Nature of the first Records.

known artificial form with frequent recurrence of certain sounds or initial or final letters, so that one might help to the exact recollection of the next. For this reason, even more than because rude ears listened more attentively to that which was sung than to that which was said, the earliest literature usually took the form of verse. For the same reason it was a verse either with short lines, or with long lines that contained several devices for securing each important word from being accidentally supplanted by another. Herein, as we have seen, lies the whole mystery of our ancient Celtic and Anglo-Saxon metres.

The Gaels in their earliest literature had a history in prose narrative, as well as a poetry always employed in celebration of historic incident. We have seen that the Gaelic *Ollamh*, whose trade it was to represent the cultivated memory of a half-civilised society, was required to learn and to be able to repeat accurately a certain number of prime stories and a certain number of secondary stories, his topics being "destructions and preyings, courtships, battles, caves, navigations, deaths, expeditions, elopements, and conflagrations;"¹ all records of actual events. We have noticed also in illustration of this character of ancient literature the legend that tells of the pains taken by *Sencan*, about the year 580, to recover the exact words of the old tale or record of the *Cattle Spoil of Chuaighné*.² The old Gaelic poetry, when it recorded and glorified the deeds of *Cuchorb*, or preserved the memory of *Fionn*, *Oisin*, and the *Fenians*, celebrated battles and the deaths and burials of chiefs, consisted throughout of records not designedly inaccurate, nor held to be in any part untrue by a community wanting ripeness of experience, and the judgment that experience alone is able to develope. They who told those early tales, told them as children, meaning to be true, tell wonderful things to one another. But the fancy, aided by desires and feelings, gaily and curiously influenced the record.

In the ancient literature of the *Cymry*, severed from romances usually confused with it but really belonging to a later period, we have seen the same use of the mechanism of verse for record of experience. The battles of *Urien*, the ruin of the *Hall of*

¹ See pages 173, 174.

² See p. 178.

Cyndyllan in the contest with the Saxon, and the great final struggle in Strathclyde, as celebrated in the Gododin, are handed down from memory to memory. But they are told, like the reports of a child's observation, as matter for admiration and wonder, with regard rather to the enjoyable part of truth than to the relative value of facts as a judgment matured by experience would estimate them. Close reasoning, minute criticism, that exercise of mind from which the word intellect derives its name, a "choice between" one matter and another, hardly existed in those ancient days. They went little farther than the sense that it was better for a man to have what he liked than to go without it; for which reason, whether it were victual, victory, a wife, or applause of his companions, he must endeavour to get it; to deserve it perhaps, to fight for it more probably, but certainly to get it if he could. A charm of its own is in this early literature. All faculties and energies with which men are endowed mingle in exercise with an effect of natural tint and proportions often as true and delightful as the mixture of the tints in a bird's plumage. But the poetical charm is not produced by act of reflection, it is natural to the first untrained efforts for the record of experience.

Again, as the version a young mind would give of observed facts by which its fancy and its feelings or its passions had been stirred, would vary much according to its in-^{Influence of race.}born character, so we find, also, the various races of men giving distinctive colour to their early records. It may be to the accident of the different conditions under which their extant pieces of early literature were produced, that we owe much of the contrast between the lightness of the strain of the Gaels even in lament—for their very dirges were still brilliant with imagery—and the monotonous iterations of deep sadness in the metrical records of the Cymry who were giving way before the Saxon arms. However they may have differed between each other, there was a quickness of wit in both these Celtic peoples, that, while it gave them national precocity of intellect, has, where they are unstrengthened by fusion of race, had in the end its disadvantage. Impressions formed by events of the outer world in the same instant that they touch, so to speak, the surface of the mind, may be at once scattered abroad again in lively and even

accurate pictures. But it is a very trite, though to our argument a very applicable truth, that the mind which may appear to be much slower in its working, because it suffers all that lies around to sink into its texture, is that which digests and assimilates experience into the surest means of growth. Often we hear of the man whose intellect in after life exerts wide influence, that he was reckoned more or less of a dunce when at school. A quick boy may return the lessons thrown to him as gaily, easily, and neatly as he would have returned a ball; but the lesson, perhaps, has been no more digested than the ball would have been eaten. The slow boy has got each lesson, of life or of the schoolroom, insensibly under analysis while it is soaking through his mind. He is digesting, reconvertng, parting the food of knowledge from its excrement. His lesson is no playball to toss back into the hand that sent it. He has got it and will keep it; so far as he is concerned, nobody, perhaps, may ever see it any more. He cannot without much pain pass through the un-intellectual purgatory of learning it by rote, and he may never, in all his life, be able to reproduce it as he got it. Perhaps it may absolutely disappear. It has gone to the building of something; and has given him more strength and appetite for that which shall mysteriously and silently strengthen his mind by digesting and vivifying masses of crude knowledge that seem only to enter into him and disappear. They are not lost, though his mind can give no more account of them than his body can of the meat that has made it vigorous. Such seems to have been the first temper of the Anglo-Saxon mind, deficient in vivacity, while freely receptive of surrounding influence. The Anglo-Saxons also began with a literature of metrical record, but made apparently worse chroniclers than their neighbours, since they represent historical facts, as in *Beowulf*, even more deeply tinged with the hues of their own minds. The chronicle became thus to modern eyes of so much the greater value as a poem. But although it was meant to record facts, and although it was the record of a people so essentially earnest and single minded, that they hardly broke their course of thought with any simile, or used a metaphor that involved real distortion of a word from its plain sense, yet the chronicle was materially less true, although intellectually, it might possibly be more true, than that which

either Gael or Cymry would have easily produced out of the same matters of fact.

Still, then, before the introduction of Christianity, and the accompanying advance of civilization, our literature, in each of its small springs, Celtic or Germanic, was one of record only. There was reflection only so far as it was inevitable that a record should express something of the nature of the mind whence it had come. But from the first the Christian preachers not only produced a record, but urged it upon a half-civilized world as matter for reflection. Partly by some early fusion of race with the Celtic people, who were incompletely dispossessed of the ground, partly perhaps by the fact, that in the Saxon invasion and colonization of our north-eastern coast there were more Danes, and in that of the southern coast more Frisians, we have seen that English intellect for many of its first years throve best in Northumberland and Durham. But even here the quickened wit passed only gradually into a literature in which reflection was more prominent than record. Cædmon's great poem was a record of Scripture history. We first see in it facts of Scripture, staff of a civilization destined to climb heights inaccessible under the best guidance of heathen philosophy, firmly taken by the Anglo-Saxon mind. Bede's life's labour was to add facts of theology, to gather facts of all the knowledge of the day that Christianity brought with it as an attendant civilizing power. National childhood had passed into boyhood, and the worth of accurate knowledge was well understood; while the distinction between fact and fable was more clearly, but not completely, apprehended. Bede's literary life was one long labour of record. We have seen that, in framing his Ecclesiastical History of England, he was true chronicler enough to distinguish between forms of testimony. In history, as in his compilation of science, or his digested record of the doctrines of the fathers of the Christian Church, although the scant experience of his day could not enable him to distinguish between truth and what we now know to be fable, there never lived a man whose faithful labour of the pen has done more service to his country. We have found also the Anglo-Saxon poetry after Bede's time, a literature still of record, celebrating only chiefs and battles, and now also more com-

Christianity.
Rise of a new
Literature of
Reflection.

monly the lives of saints. But a literature of reflection and criticism sprang up in the Church. Violent critical controversies beat over almost all forms of opinion. Bede himself entered so far into the speculative temper as to seek edification by resolving scripture facts into some spiritual allegory. The Christian records were after Bede's time reflected upon until men argued themselves into sections holding perhaps here sound and there unsound opinions. It mattered little. Christianity was working on the modern world as the great living awakener and guide of thought. It was, and is, only by conflict that thought can be exercised and strengthened. All the battles of opinion among men, like all their joys and sorrows, are but a part of the beneficent ordinance of a God who has breathed into them the breath of His own spirit, and raising them high above the monotony of the life of beasts or plants, bidden them, as creatures made a little lower than the angels, seek willingly, although not without help, their way to the light of His presence. We have seen how in our early literature the first more spiritual reception of religious truth was disturbed rapidly by conflict of those dogmas that were among the first-fruits of the untrained powers of reflection. But we are not to regret that men differed, or to suppose that it would have been better for them or for us if there had been more stagnation of opinion.

Before the Norman Conquest this dogmatic literature of reflection, wholly, and in the main wholesomely, grounded upon Christianity, was acquiring predominance over the records that became often openly subordinate to it in lives of saints. In Bede, Asser, Ethelwerd, and the Saxon Chronicle, we have all the direct histories remaining from the purely Anglo-Saxon time. But there were the lives of saints, written very frequently by companions or pupils who knew and loved them. There is nothing that should surprise us in the miracles with which these narratives abound. Alike in record and reflection, judgment was yet weak. Almost destitute of experience, it was necessarily, like that of a child, without critical power. Where little was understood of that high evidence of Divine Wisdom and Love in the marvellously interwoven harmonies of Nature, the very wind and rain seemed

Healthy con-
flicts of
opinion.

Lives of
Saints.

often to come only by special miracle. Devotion erred in believing that God's majesty was more shown in occasional disorder than in perfect order. Men were swift, therefore, to recognise it in a miracle wherever they saw—and where could they look and not see?—what they did not understand. We have observed in the story of the miraculous shortening and lengthening of a piece of roof-timber during Aldhelm's church-building at Malmesbury, how immediately and honestly the blunder of a carpenter could be transformed into an unquestioned interposition of the Virgin. We see, even in our own day, after centuries of heaped experience, how even educated minds, unskilled in critical inquiry, entertaining themselves with the search for marvels and aided by the principle that such things must be, not seen to be believed, but believed to be seen, make for themselves, under the name of "spiritualism," their own little world of miracle. In days when a defect like this was universal, there was no man's life that might not honestly be turned into a narrative like that of one of the old Anglo-Saxon lives of saints. Dunstan, when he was yelped at by a pack of dogs upon the highway, undoubtedly believed that they were fiends. The miraculous reading of every fact was the one preferred; and critical inquiry was so far out of the question, that any little or great matter that would not harmonise with the miraculous interpretation was, as a superfluity, omitted from the tale, and soon dropped out of memory. In our own day also such facts, suppressed with no conscious dishonesty, are to be drawn only by keen questioning from the credulous who tell the wonders they have seen. There is seldom any consciousness of improper suppression when men tell only that which will suffice to convince others of the fact they do not themselves doubt. And then again, where all was credulity, and throughout the land the critical temper was yet wholly unformed, many, with good and bad motive, would practise upon easy faith. An abbot, when also the general code of social ethics was on many points more lax than it is now, would here and there account it even righteous to act some fictitious miracles for the good of his church, the honour of his saint, and the increase of regard for religion, seeing that he was answerable for the souls of a rude people more easily moved by signs than words.

Among the people, too, there would be many disposed to win honour and worldly profit by planting themselves on some church, or acquiring dignity in some community, as living witnesses to the healing power of its wonder-working shrine. In this way the priests, not unwillingly indeed, would be more frequently the victims than the authors of an easy fraud. When the three blind men, led by the dumb boy, went to the new shrine of St. Swithun and were healed, they, of course, settled with great comfort at Winchester, where it would have been almost sacrilege for any one to say, if by rare chance there had been any one person able to say, I knew these people in the Isle of Wight, where they were neither blind nor dumb. As many miracles are credited in this nineteenth century to the shrine of a quack medicine as were ever credited in the ninth to the shrine of a saint.

Since, then, in the ninth century, the defect of critical power that distinguishes still no small part of the population of England was the inevitable condition of the time, let us read with quiet, unscornful attention all the miraculous details in the lives of saints, content to fasten upon their pure spirit of devotion where that is expressed, to recognise the human language of friendship and sympathy which is to be found in most of them, and the incidental hints of manners and customs by which these numerous little treatises afford nearly or altogether the best help to those who would picture to themselves daily realities of Anglo-Saxon life. On this point, Mr. Hardy, the Deputy-Keeper of our Records, has lately dwelt with some effective illustration.¹ Thus we read incidentally how Saint Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, carried a hod, and worked with his own hands in building his church; this being told only as an

¹ In the preface to Part I. of the first volume of a 'Descriptive Catalogue of Materials relating to the History of Great Britain and Ireland to the end of the Reign of Henry VII.,' by Thomas Duffus Hardy, Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records. London, 1862. This work, which is one of the valuable series of Chronicles and Memorials issued under direction of the Master of the Rolls, places in order under each successive period the MSS. that illustrate our history, with notices of their writers, and other information to assist the student in determining their relative value. The part now published catalogues, explains and values the materials of history to the year 750. Its use to the student it would be impossible to overrate.

incidental part of the story of the miraculous healing of a cripple. We have in these Lives of Saints curious records also of the study and practice of medicine, which was almost confined to ecclesiastics until it was forbidden them by Innocent II., in the twelfth century.

The Danes disturbed the studies of the churchmen. King Alfred, when he sought to revive learning, by his own work recognised each first element of literature—that of reflection, by translating Boëthius, and Gregory's Pastoral Rule; that of record, by translating Bede and Orosius.

After Alfred's time the Church, as we have seen by the course of our narrative, had, by reflecting in a circle, by too much dissociation of its life from the life of the world, brought home also to England the great question that of all others was then most timely and wholesome—should the priest shut himself up and be holy by meditation, or should he be a part of the world, leavening it with his influence. Ethelwold and Dunstan were apostles of the strict monastic rule; they were opposed strongly by a clergy that claimed human ties with wife and children, and made no pretension to exclusive holiness. That battle of opinion had not been fought out when the Normans came. The question of the adjustment of relations between Church and World, which runs, as we shall see, with many changes of form, through English literature, is even at this day matter of argument.

When the Conqueror took seizin of England he and his race had been making active history in France. The priests, however strict in their formal rule, identified the well-being of religion with that of their monasteries. Many in Normandy, especially of those who were fed most plentifully on the monastic funds, had no better religion than this care of their own goods. Changes of fortune were many and sudden. Prelates, and those below them, took therefore a keen interest in civil strife. The educated mind in the monastery took human intelligent interest in what was passing, and sought for trustworthy news. The imprisoned mind delighted at least in the contemplation of activity. Disappointed warriors went with their money into monasteries, took the religious habit, and told tales of battle to the monks. Sometimes they buckled armour on again, rushed

The Church
and the
World.

Revival of a
Literature of
Record.
Spirit of the
Anglo-Nor-
man Chron-
icles.

out into some family fray, and, if they were not killed, came back to their "Dominus vobiscum." Wounded soldiers were tended in religious houses; for these were the only hospitals, the monks the only surgeons and physicians; and such patients told exciting tales of crime and adventure from their sick-beds. After all, the holiest and wisest of these monks were men with interests and passions none the weaker for the unnatural life they led. The march in a circle round one thrashing-ground of meditation, always pounding on the same unlucky sheaves of corn, till some of the corn had been already beaten into flour and trodden into mud, had not eternal charms. As intelligent men, therefore, they fastened upon details of the outer world, and would have done so if its movements had not interested nearly the material well-being of their houses. With some such apology for the change as that which we have found Orderic making to himself and his readers at St. Evroult, they abated in their zeal for abstract meditation, that had become but little better than as the churning of sand, and their lettered companions were converted into chroniclers who would lay in the cream for future churning.

We know how many and great changes the Norman Conquest of England brought with it, and, in foregoing pages, we have seen, almost to monotony, in how many monasteries the pens of priests were busily recording events as they happened. Again, then, almost the whole substance of our literature consists of record. But it is now the more exact record of men civilized by some experience.

Only in few cases were the Anglo-Norman chronicles produced by writers who sought literary fame. Every great monastic house had its own chronicler, or, we may say, set up its own newspaper for the information of its inmates. Usually the chronicler told what he knew, and grafted his account of what seemed to him or his house the most interesting facts of his own times on a record of preceding history, which he sometimes compiled and abridged from several authorities, sometimes abridged from one authority, sometimes copied unaltered from some other writer, and adopted as his own. Thus it was not by fraud that Simeon of Durham, who had no thought whatever of a future place in literary history, took to himself the chronicle

of Turgot. The chronicler, writing for his own religious house, commonly gave chief prominence to its ecclesiastical affairs. They formed the home news of his journal—the facts upon which it most concerned the monks who frequented the monastery reading-room to be rightly and fully informed. As a chronicle grew—the book that all in the monastery who read anything were sure to read—it would repeat for convenience old information within its pages, new information would be contributed from different sources, and perhaps inserted by several hands. A copy of the chronicle of one monastery, thus composite, would be made perhaps for some other religious house, which would interpolate details more peculiarly interesting to itself, and would proceed to add according to its own editor's view of what was interesting to his particular circle of readers. We may use the word *historiographer* instead of *editor*, but these old chroniclers were none the less in every respect, for the reading public in connexion with the monastery schools, the journalists of their own day; and the long file of *Chronicles and Memorials of the Middle Ages*, now being issued by our Government, under direction of the Master of the Rolls, is not a dull row of antiquarian tediousness, but a lively file of the journals of the middle ages, out of which it would be easy to fill a broadsheet of extracts with home and foreign intelligence, criminal reports, state-papers of the day, obituary notices of kings and great men written just after their death, and a few passages of editorial comment on contemporary events, that would look very much like leading-articles.

In the use of the numerous chronicles heretofore published, now being issued, or yet lying unprinted, precisely the same sort of care is necessary that will be necessary for those who consult hereafter our own newspaper records. There is great need of discrimination between passages in which the monastic editor gave the fresh information of "our own reporter" and those in which he simply copied matter out of other journals. If a passage written in Bede's journal has been copied and recopied generation after generation through a score of chronicles, until it reappears, let us say, in Matthew Paris, the authorities for the fact, of which nominal evidence has been thus multiplied, are not Bede and Matthew Paris, with or without the intervening

score of chroniclers. The single authority is Bede. References in Hume's History of England, and in other works, bear frequent witness to the want of discrimination with which any chronicler is cited as an authority for any fact included in his pages. There was no guide but long and laborious study to an easy discrimination of authority in reading these mediæval chronicles before the appearance, as a very essential part of the Government issue of Chronicles and Memorials, of Mr. Hardy's Catalogue of the Materials of History.

Geoffrey of Monmouth's History of British Kings was continued to the year 1156, by his neighbour and contemporary, Caradoc of Lancarvon; and copies of this history are said to have been then kept in the abbeys of Conway and Stratflur, and from that date until 1270 yearly augmented after the manner of the Saxon Chronicle, the two abbeys comparing notes every third year. Transcripts were made in Wales of these collections, and there are said to have been a hundred such copies extant when Humphrey Lloyd, a worthy student of Cymric antiquities, translated the book, with addition from Matthew Paris and Nicholas Trivet, into English. Humphrey Lloyd dying, the copy of his translation was purchased by Sir Henry Sidney, then Lord President of Wales, and he, desiring its publication, entrusted to Dr. David Powell the labour of preparing it for press. Collating the work, then, with three copies of the Cymric book, adding also, with a mark to denote the addition, and a change of type, what he thought fit from other Chronicles and from the Cymric or British Book of Pedigrees, Dr. Powell, in 1584, published the work thus ascribed to Caradoc of Lancarvon, with a dedication to Sir Henry's son, "the right worshipful Sir Philip Sidney, Knight," as 'The History of Cambria, now called Wales: a Part of the most famous Yland of Brytaine, written in the Brytish language above two hundreth yeares past: translated into English by H. Lhoyd, Gentleman: corrected, augmented, and continued out of Records and best approoued Authors by David Powel Doctor in divinitie.' Of this book there have been several editions.

To Caradoc of Lancarvon there is ascribed also a short extant 'Life of Saint Gildas,' but the editor of the first printed copy

of this work¹ shows reasonable ground for believing that it was written before Geoffrey of Monmouth had taught Welshmen to magnify King Arthur. That hero of Geoffrey's romance is introduced simply as a petty king of Devonshire and Cornwall, who is frequently routed by his rival, Huel, on whom higher praise is lavished by the writer. Since, however, Huel, son of Nan, King of Scotland, was one of the three-and-twenty brothers of Gildas, of course the Saint's biographer exalted him. It is further urged, however, that King Arthur is said to have been unable, for a year, to discover that Guenever was at Glastonbury after her elopement, that he found an equal in the seducer Meluas, King of Somersetshire, made a disgraceful peace with him, and received Guenever back. Certainly this does not seem to be the King Arthur of a man who thought it worth while to continue Geoffrey of Monmouth's *British History*. And yet the MS. (in *Corpus Christi Coll. Cam.*), which is of the twelfth century, ends with a couplet that decisively names Caradoc of Lancarvon as the author.²

The poetry of Stephen's reign reproduced only upon the old ground in the North of England a dull Latin Cædmon in Laurence, a monk of Durham, who was at one time of his life a chaplain at court, favoured by the King, and died prior of Durham in 1154. He died in France on his way back from Rome. His paraphrase is called the 'Hypognosticon,' and it consists of nine books of fluent hexameters and pentameters, six of the books versifying the chief events of the Old Testament, with divers digressions; the seventh book given to praises of the Virgin Mary; the eighth containing only a brief sketch of Gospel history; and the ninth a catalogue of saints and martyrs, among whom Cuthbert of Durham is made prominent. The first book was written at Durham, the others were written at court, and contain his occasional reflections on court life. An imitation in prose and verse of the great work of Boëthius is another of Prior Laurence's works. 'Consolation

Laurence of
Durham.

¹ The Rev. Joseph Stevenson, by whom it is prefixed to his edition of *Gildas* for the English Historical Society.

² Nancarbanensis dictamina sunt Caratoci
Qui legat, emendat, placet illi compositor.

for the Death of a Friend' is its title. He wrote also a prose life of St. Bridget, divers short rhetorical exercises with, according to the Annals of Durham, a Rhythm on Christ and His Disciples, and a poem on the City and Bishopric of Durham, in a dialogue between Laurence and Peter.¹

The literature of record, when it fastened on the stir and movement of the world, would necessarily pass into a literature of reflection, yielding those true mind pictures of life on which reason and fancy—and religion too—work with substantial effect. Henry of Huntingdon, the son of a married clerk named Nicholas, was trained in the household of Robert Bloet, Bishop of Lincoln, who was his patron in after life. Before the Bishop's death, Henry, who had been connected with the Abbey of Ramsey, was made Archdeacon of Huntingdon and Hertfordshire. Henry of Huntingdon died probably after the year 1154. He had a fancy for verse, and, except when versifying, a true sense of poetry. In mature life the stir of the world yielded matter for his contemplation. In his youth he wrote metrical treatises on herbs, gems, spices; hymns, amatory poems, epigrams. In 1135 he produced a book—'De Summitatibus Rerum'—in which he begins by discussion of the expected end of the world. At the request of a successor of his patron in the bishopric of Lincoln, Henry of Huntingdon undertook to compile a History of England, from Bede and the Saxon Chronicle and later sources, which he completed in seven books to the death of Henry I. He wrote afterwards an eighth book on the reign of Stephen, in which he tells much from good oral testimony, and occasionally, as in the other book, dwells on some point in verses of his own, either acknowledged or attributed to "quidam." He compiled also a book on English Saints and their Miracles, and closed his literary career with a treatise on Contempt of the World, setting forth to his friend Walter, to whom his youthful poems had

His book on
'Contempt of
the World.'

¹ A MS. of the 'Consolatio' and 'Hypognosticon' is in the Brit. Mus. Cotton Vespas. D. xi. The Life of St. Bridget is printed in the Acta Sanctorum for Feb. 1. Prior Laurence's poetry has not been printed, and I take my impression of it from Mr. Wright's 'Biog. Brit. Lit. Anglo-Norman Period'; a book full of help to the student of this period of English literature.

been dedicated, "once the flower of youth, now an old man suffering daily pain," perhaps Walter Calenius, Archdeacon of Oxford, how many whom the world knew he had seen depart into the grave. "A youth to a youth I dedicated juvenilities; an old man to an old man I destine now the thoughts of age. I have written something, therefore, of the Contempt of the World for you and me." This is his key-note. Then he talks to his own clerical friend of the churchmen they have known and lost; next of those whom they have seen trained to the world's luxury, who have passed away. There was William, the king's only son, walking in silk, joyous in expectation, proud of his future.

"But he displeased me, and to my mind the too great worship and pride of him portended future disaster; and I said in my mind, this youth is thus delicately nourished as food for the fire. He, puffed up, was always thinking vainly of his future kingdom. But God said, 'Not so, ye impious ones, not so.' It happened to him, therefore, that for the crown of gold his head was split on the sea-rocks; that for the gilded robes he floated naked on the waters; for the loftiness of rule he was buried in the fishes' bellies at the bottom of the sea. This was the turning of the right hand of the Most High."

From this the old Prior of Huntingdon passes to other like examples. There is solemnity in the work and a higher poetical sense than appears in the occasional verse contained in his History, but even in his History, as in his regard rather for King Edwy than for Dunstan, Henry of Huntingdon shows the liberality of mind that is part of the true sense of poetry. It interests us most, however, to observe that in this tractate of Contempt of the World, we have a first step in our literature upon one path that will be hereafter taken by the poets. It will lead us through the "Tragedies" of Gower and others, to Lord Buckhurst's plan of the 'Mirror for Magistrates,' which was to show by example "with how grievous plagues vices are punished in great princes and magistrates, and how frail and unstable worldly prosperity is found where fortune seems most highly to favour."

Prior Henry turns then, in this book that links him to the poets, from the luxurious to the men rich in the wisdom of this world, which is foolishness before God, and whom, also, he and Walter have seen pass sadly away. And then he looks to the men of great name, among whom he celebrates with horror one who had been the most powerful subject in England, Robert

de Belesme, the son of Orderic's patron, Roger Montgomery, the great Earl of Shrewsbury. Robert de Belesme delighted in slaughter; he impaled women and men, with his fingers gouged out the eyes of his own infant as he held it under a cloak for baptism.

"He, therefore, was in all men's mouths, so that men spoke proverbially of the marvels of Robert de Belesme. Let us come at length to the end, that is to the thing desirable. He who wickedly vexed others in the dungeon, placed by King Henry I. in perpetual dungeon perished away. Of him, about whom fame had said so much when he lived; in his dungeon, it knew not whether he lived or had died; and still mute, of the day of his death knew nothing."

Then Prior Henry treats of those great kings who are as gods to whom others swear fealty, and whom the very stars of heaven seem to serve. "Such is the sublimity of these tops of the world, that others are not satiated with gazing on them, and they who dwell by them are more esteemed than other men." But of these men also, by examples they have seen together, the old Prior tells his old friend Walter that the lives are vanity. Then follows, beginning with Lanfranc, as a sixth and last division of the subject, a long list of men who have been great in power at court. "Already they are nothing, they are nowhere; and by excess it may almost be said they never were." And thus the Prior ends:—

"O abject lot of mortals to be born, miserable to live, and hard to die. O death, how soon you rush upon us; how sudden is your grasp; how grand the ruin that you make. May, therefore, the physician who comes after death give you, Walter, the remedy of his mercy to secure a life of health continual. Already a letter cannot be sent to you, but an epitaph; the short memorial is to be written with tears."

And so the treatise ends with a funeral song on his friend Walter in sixteen lines of elegiac verse.

Before he himself died, Henry of Huntingdon collected all his writings into twelve books, of which there are two MSS. in the Archbishop's library at Lambeth.¹

¹ His 'De Contemptu Mundi' is the last piece printed in Henry Wharton's 'Anglia Sacra, sive Collectio Historiarum, antiquitus scriptarum de archiepiscopis et episcopis Angliæ a primâ Fidei Christianæ susceptione ad Annum MDXL.' London, 1691. His history is printed in Savile's 'Rerum Anglic. Scriptores.'

A history of the Monastery of Peterborough was written by one called Hugo Candidus, who was placed in it when very young, under Abbot Ernulph, 1107-1114, and who died there in the time of Abbot William de Waterville, 1155-1175. The MS. of his work is in the archives of Peterborough Cathedral.¹

Richard of Hexham, which is the Northumbrian house whence Acca had urged more and more work upon Bede, was Prior there in 1143. He wrote, besides a history of the Church of Hexham, a short history of the last two years of the reign of Henry I. and of the reign of Stephen.

A successor of Richard's, John, who was Abbot in 1170, continued the history ascribed to Simeon of Durham from 1130 to 1154.²

Ailred (Ethelred) of Rievaulx, was born in the north country, and educated with Henry, son of David, King of Scotland. Abandoning the court favour that would have given him a bishopric, he became a Cistercian monk in Rievaulx Abbey, Yorkshire. Thence he was removed to serve as abbot to the monastery of the same order at Revesby, in Lincolnshire, and in 1146 he returned to Rievaulx as its abbot. In 1162 he was active in reconciling Henry II. to the Pope. He was troubled in the last ten years of his life with stone and gout. In 1163 he was present, in Westminster Abbey, at the translation of the relics of Edward the Confessor, and offered on the occasion his Life of Edward. He died in 1166, at the age of 57, and was canonized in 1191; being so holy that he forbade nuns to teach little girls, because they could not do so without carnally patting and fondling them. He was credulous of church legend, and is said to have achieved a miracle himself, in

¹ It was printed in 'Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores Varii e Codicibus Manuscriptis, nunc primum editi' (London, 1723), a folio dedicated to Dr. Richard Mead, by Joseph Sparke, its editor. 'Hugonis Candidi Cœnobii Burgensis Historia,' is here printed as one of several histories of Peterborough, the others being by Abbot John, by Robert Swaffham or Swapham and Walter de Whytleseye, to which are added an anonymous continuation and a history of the same monastery in old French rhyme. These histories, indeed, constitute the chief contents of the folio.

² The works of both priors of Hexham are in Twysden's 'Hist. Anglic. Scriptores X.'

stilling a storm, when on his way home from a chapter of his order at Citeaux, by resuming a work in honour of St. Cuthbert, which he had begun on his way thither. Besides writing his Rule of Nuns, thirty-three Homilies, a Mirror of Divine Love, a Dialogue of Spiritual Friendship, and a book on the Twelfth Year of Christ, even the pious Ailred entered the ranks of the chroniclers with an account of Stephen's Battle of the Standard, and an account of David, King of Scotland, followed by a short History of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman Kings.¹

William Fitzstephen, a trusted clerk in Becket's household, and witness of the murder of his patron, wrote, some time afterwards, a Life of Becket. Being himself, like Becket, a Londoner, Fitzstephen introduced his biography with a valuable account of London as it was in his time, which has been printed separately in Stowe's Survey, and by Hearne in his edition of Leland's Itinerary. Miracle Plays. Miracle plays were acted in London in Fitzstephen's time; London, he says, instead of the ancient shows of the theatre, "has entertainments of a more devout kind, either representations of those miracles which were wrought by holy confessors, or those passions and sufferings in which the martyrs so rigidly displayed their fortitude."

To the time of Henry II., if not of Stephen, or even to the later years of Henry I., belong three Latin miracle plays written in France by Hilarius, an English monk, who was a pupil of Abelard; their subjects are the Raising of Lazarus, a miracle of St. Nicholas, and the History of Daniel. Hilarius. These are the earliest plays known to have been written by an Englishman; the Latin name for such entertainments was *ludi*, plays; the French, *jeux*, plays; the English, when an English name came into use, still plays.

Hilarius quitted his own country, when very young, to learn of Abelard, when he was at Paraclet, that is to say, about the year 1125, ten years before the death of Henry I. He must have been,

¹ As one of the Fathers, Ailred has had some of his works often printed. His Life of Edward is in the 'Acta Sanctorum.' Some of his theological works were published at Douay, in 1616, by the Jesuit, Richard Gibbon. His account of the Battle of the Standard and of King David of Scotland are in Twysden's 'Hist. Ang. Scr. X.'

therefore, about forty years old at the accession of Henry II. Abelard being made, during the course of the studies of Hilarius, abbot of Saint Gildas de Ruits, the young Englishman went to the school of Angers. No more is known of his personal history. While he was at Paraclet, he and the other students, on the report of Abelard's servant to his master, were brought into disgrace for some youthful excesses, and Abelard refused to continue his lectures unless they all left their lodgings in that monastery, and went to live at the neighbouring village of Quinçai. Upon this Hilarius wrote an amusing student's elegy in four-lined stanzas of Latin rhyme, abusing the varlet of an informer; "Lingua servi, lingua perfidæ," "Detestandus est ille rusticus;" lamenting with comic despair the cessation of lectures, and ending each Latin stanza with a refrain in the vernacular, "Tort a vers nos li mestre." The students did not at all relish the cruelty of the message that bade them go at once and live at Quinçai, or else hear no more lectures from Abelard; as saith the elegy,—

"Heu! quam crudelis iste nuntius
 Dicens: Fratres, exite citius!
 Habitetur vobis Quinciacus;
 Alioquin non leget monachus.
Tort a vers nos li mestre."

Hilarius asks himself why he don't go, but says that he is hindered by the shortness of the day, the length of the road, and his own weight. Probably he was lively and fat.

"Quid, Hilari, quid ergo dubitas?
 Cur non abis, et villam habitas?
 Sed te tenet dici brevitās,
 Iter longum, et tua gravitas.
Tort a vers nos li mestre."

Of the verse written by Hilarius when at Angers, there remains a poem on the life of Eva, an English lady of noble birth, whose father he calls Apis, and her mother Olive. This lady was attracted by the sanctity of a recluse named Herveus, at Calone, near Angers, to quit the English monastery of Clinton, in which she had been placed when a child, and cross the sea to live with him. The two hermits, male and female, lived together without reproach or suspicion, and made it part of their occupa-

tion to win out of the world novices for Geoffroi, Abbot of Vendôme;—catch butterflies for him to dry, and add to his collection. Hilarius wrote only with honour of Eva, saying,

“Fuge, frater, suspicari: nec sit hic suspicio;
Non in mundo, sed in Christo, fuit hæc dilectio.”¹

Eva, weakened by fasting and watching, died before Herveus, and there was present a great concourse of the pious at her funeral. Until the publication, at Paris, in 1838, by J. J. Champollion-Figeac, of the MS. of ‘*Hilarii Versus et Ludi*,’ which had been buried from sight in the library of Rosny, this curious piece was known only by a few extracts that had been made by Mabillon in 1713. The MS. had been known also to André Duchesne in 1616, but in 1763 its place of deposit was unknown to the Benedictines who produced the ‘*Literary History of France*.’ The publication of the Catalogue of the Library at Rosny brought to light the existence there of a MS. of the twelfth century on fifteen parchment leaves, entitled ‘*Hilarii Versus et varii Tractatus*.’ It was at once examined, identified, and secured for the Bibliothèque Royale. The writings of Hilarius thus reeovered consist of fifteen pieces, of which three are Mystery plays, the rest are Latin lyrics, amorous, satirical, descriptive, or historical. Mabillon has been the authority for representing Hilarius as an Englishman. The grounds of his statement are not known; but he might have inferred the fact from his works, since besides devoting forty of his rhymed four-lined stanzas to a celebration of the life of English Eva, four of his letters are addressed to English people. It is probable that Herveus also was an Englishman, whom Eva may have known before he was a hermit, for in the letters of Geoffroi of Vendôme is one in which the abbot condemns strongly a brother who said that his English butterflies were bad specimens, or accused Herveus of having dishonoured the monastery of Vendôme by the small merit of the English whom he had caused to be admitted there as novices.

¹ “Ille sibi serviebat tanquam suæ dominæ,
Et vicissim Eva sibi sub ancillæ nomine.
Mirus amor viri talis atque talis feminæ,
Qui probatus et repertus omni sine crimine.”

Hilarius addressed verses also to a nun named Bona, whom, of course, he found to answer to her name ; to one named Superba, whom he addresses as a spotless virgin, in a gay strain of affection, asking exchange of verses, and another of her girdles. He is her Hilary, and in all innocence, perhaps, they are amusing each other with exchange of little flatteries, and little gifts and little verses.

Other verses are to an English Rose, others more and others most amatory are to an English boy ; there are lines also to a boy of Anjou, that equally display one of the blots on an unnatural life, not only by their undisguised character, but by the fact that they are quietly placed by a monkish transcriber with one or two others, more or less like them, as matter worth preserving in a book that contains writing upon sacred subjects. There are lines in praise of the Priory of Chalandre le Petit, and there is praise also of an English gentleman called William de Anfonnia. These are the verses which precede the plays.

Plays of Hilarius : Mystery Play of the Raising of Lazarus.

This, says the opening direction, was to be played by persons who should represent Lazarus, his two sisters, four of the Jews, our Lord, and twelve, or at least six, of the Apostles. First, Lazarus is shown on his sick bed, with Martha and Mary and four Jews. The sisters sing two stanzas of lament. The Jews reply with a stanza of consolation. The sisters in a stanza send the Jews for Jesus, the great physician and the only king. The four Jews come to Jesus, and in four lines tell Him that he whom He loves is ill, and that they were sent to ask His aid. Our Lord replies in four short lines, that the disease is not to death, but that God through it would be manifest. Then says the direction to the players, "In the meantime when they return, Lazarus being already dead, two of them bring Mary to Him, to whom she will sing:"—Her lament is in four stanzas, each being of three rhymed lines, followed by reiteration of one burden in French :—

" Hor ai dolor,
Hor est mis frere morz
Por que gei plor."

Two of the Jews console Mary in a couple of six-lined stanzas, of rhyming speech, "After this Martha shall come with the other two Jews, singing:"—Her lament is, though in other words, of the same length and form as that of her sister, the French refrain of its Latin verses being—

" Lase, chative!
Dès que mis frere est morz
Porque sue vive ? "

Martha now receives from the two Jews who attend to her, her couple of six-lined stanzas of consolation, alike in measure to those offered to her sister. Then our Lord, who is now supposed to be distant, says to His disciples, in four lines, "Let us go into Judea again," and the dialogue given in Scripture (John xi. 8-16) is versified with very slight amplification. Then Martha comes near to Jesus with this version of the text, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died; but I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee" (verses 21, 22).

"Si venisses primitus
Dol en ai,
 Non esset hic gemitus.
Bais frere, perdu vos ai.

Quod in vivum poteras,
Dol en ai,
 Hoc defuncto conferas.
Bais frere, perdu vos ai.

Petis patrem quid libet;
Dol en ai,
 Statim pater exhibet.
Bais frere, perdu vos ai."

The following dialogue between our Lord and Martha (verses 23-27), is succinctly paraphrased. Martha tells Mary that Jesus has come bidding her cease from tears, and pray Him to restore life to their brother; and Mary then, in a dozen short lines, addresses Jesus in words of faith, and beseeches Him to raise her brother. In a stanza of four lines, our Lord freely consents—his grief is omitted from the representation—and asks to be taken to the dead. "But she, leading Jesus to the sepulchre, shall say: 'Here, Lord, is the place, here we deposited him whom we ask to be raised in the Father's name.'" Those about are then bidden in a couplet to remove the stone, and the bystanders make the reply assigned to Martha in the Gospel (v. 39). The prayer of Jesus (verses 41, 42) immediately follows. Four lines then represent the simple words of power, 'Lazarus come forth;' and two lines the following, 'Loose him, and let him go.' The officiating priest who has risen from the tomb, as Lazarus loosed from his graveclothes, then turns in that character to the assembled people, and tells them that they have seen this and other wonders of God, who made the earth and sea, and at whose rule Death trembles; he turns then to the representative of Jesus whom he adores as Master, King, and Lord, who wipes out the sins of the people, whose ordinance is sure, and of whose kingdom there shall be no end; and the closing direction is that, "This being finished, if it was played at matins, Lazarus shall begin 'Te Deum Laudamus.' But if, at vespers, 'Magnificat anima mea Dominum;'" and so the Church service in which this lesson of Scripture has been read to the eyes proceeds.

A play like this, setting forth one of the solemn acts and doctrines of the Gospel, was for some time, in France at least,

distinguished as a Mystery from the Miracle Play, which represented to the eyes some marvel out of the lives of saints. Thus the short play of Hilarius, designed for representation during the service on St. Nicholas' day, was a warning against theft of the saints' treasures.

Plays of Hilarius: 'Miracle Play on the Image of St. Nicholas.

The personæ necessary are said at the outset to be that of a Heathen who deposits a treasure, of an image of St. Nicholas, of four or six robbers, and of St. Nicholas himself. A man representing an image of Nicholas stands in a shrine. The barbarian comes to the shrine, and lays before it all his treasure of gold and vestments, saying, that he is going from home, and commits all his goods to the saint's keeping, bidding him mind that they are forthcoming upon his return. The heathen goes out, and the thieves come. Finding the door open and no man watching, they carry away all the treasure, without speaking. The barbarian comes back, misses his property, and wails in three short Latin verses, each with the refrain—

“Des! quel damage!
Qui pert la sue chose purque n'enrage!”

Then he addresses to the image two stanzas of wrath, with the burden—

“Ha! Nicholax!
Si ne me rent ma chose, tu ol comparras.”

Then he takes a whip, and accompanies a couple of verses with a thrashing of the image to the refrain—

“Hore t'enci
Qu'are me rent ma chose que g'ei mis ci.”

The image upon this goes out and reasons with the robbers; tells them that stolen goods will not thrive with them; that he has been thrashed and scolded for neglect of guard; and that if they do not return the whole treasure, they will all be hanged, because he will denounce them to the people. The thieves show fear, and, without speaking, bring everything back. The heathen finds his goods, and sings joyfully to the popular tune, used in the play of Lazarus—

“Nisi visus fallitur
Jo en ai
Tesaurus hic cernitur.
De si grant merveile en ai.”

After three such stanzas, he turns to the image and adores it to the tune of—

“Supplex ad te venio
Nicholux
Nam per te recipio
Tut icei que tu gardas.”

The saint after this appearing bids him worship God alone, and praise only the name of Christ, on which the heathen, in four stanzas, accepts Christianity, and closes the piece with adoration.

The perfect simplicity of this representation contrasts with the pomp of the same poet's other miracle play, 'the History of Daniel,' which seems to have been a costly Christmas piece.

Plays of Hilarius: The History of Daniel.

It is in two acts, the persons of the first being Balthazar, the Queen, Daniel, four soldiers, and four elders; the persons of the second, the same Daniel, soldiers, and elders, King Darius, Abacub, and three different angels. The piece opens with Balthazar (Belshazzar) sitting in pomp on his throne, while the soldiers around him sing a song of triumph. It is Belshazzar's Feast. The king calls for the gold and silver vessels taken from the temple of Jerusalem. They are brought, and the long strain of triumph is continued. "Then there shall appear a right hand over the head of the king, writing 'Mane: Techel: Phares.'" The king, disturbed, bids his soldiers fetch the magi to interpret. Four elders come, and are addressed by the king. They confer aside; come forward, and say that they cannot solve the mystery. Then the king proclaims to the people that he shall be third in the kingdom who can read the writing, and in a poem of eulogy invites his wife to aid him—

"Veni cito
ut marito
Præbeas consilium."

She comes and tells him of Daniel, for whom the soldiers are sent, and whom they bring in with an explanatory chorus. The king appeals to Daniel; Daniel interprets, is magnificently clothed, and set by the king's side. The king sends away the vessels of the temple, and the soldiers close the act by carrying them off in procession, and conducting out the queen, in whose praise they sing a final chorus.

"Afterwards Darius, king of the Medes and Persians, coming with his army, and appearing to kill Belshazzar, and taking away his crown, sets it on his own head." There is now a chorus in praise of the enthroned Darius. Some tell him of the wisdom of Daniel. Soldiers tell the people of the man who predicted the fall of Belshazzar's power. Daniel is brought in to serve the king by men singing in chorus. The king addresses him; Daniel replies; is seated by the side of Darius. Then some who are envious come and accuse him, saying together that he has not obeyed the king's command. The king declares that his command shall stand. "Then Daniel secretly departing shall pray to his God, which being seen, the envious ones shall say to the king," a version of the text, "O king, hast thou not signed a decree?" They cause Daniel to be delivered to them, and lead him to the lions' den, where, at Daniel's prayer, "there shall appear an angel of the Lord in the den, having a sword, who shuts the mouths of the lions." Then an angel appears to

Abacub, who is carrying dinner to the reapers, and bids him take the dinner down to Daniel in the den of lions. He replies that he does not know where that is, and the angel leads him thither by the hair. Arrived at the den, he offers Daniel the dinner. Wrathful Darius comes, and finding Daniel saved, his envious accusers are now given to be eaten by the lions, and the king taking Daniel by the hand, places him on his throne, and orders all the people to adore the true God. Daniel then delivers a rhymed version of the prophecy (ch. vii. v. 13, 14) of the coming of the Son of Man, and to close the piece a third angel appears, singing, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, &c.," "which being finished, if it was done at matins, Darius shall begin 'Te Deum laudamus;' but if at vespers, 'Magnificat anima mea Dominum.'"

This larger work, which contains no refrains in the vulgar tongue, and seems by its close to have been intended as a Christmas spectacle, does not appear to have been written throughout by Hilarius, but, together with two collaborators Jordanus and Simon; for sometimes one of these two names, and sometimes his, is placed over different parts of the play in the MS.

Such pieces, then, as these lie at the foundation of the modern drama. In Hilarius we see the miracle-play of the middle ages in its elementary and its most ancient form. It was acted in the church; for the excitement of devotion it was to a large extent choral, and it seems to have been throughout either sung or chanted. Although, in the directions to the actors, there seems to be a distinction expressed between singing and saying, this may be partly or wholly accidental; for it is to be observed that the direction is "dicet," not "cantabit," before the lament of Martha, set to a popular song-tune with its refrains of "Dol en ai;" . . . "Bais frere perdu vos ai."

Hilarius was far from being the inventor of this form of play. The earliest drama founded upon Scripture of which any part or record remains is a representation of the Exodus, by Ezekiel, a tragic poet of the Jews, in which the principal characters were Moses, Sapphora, and God from the Bush. There remain of it some fragments in Greek Iambics, and it is supposed to have been written in imitation of the classical Greek drama at the close of the second century.

The old classical drama was swept away by the denunciation of the early fathers of the church. Theophilus of Antioch said, in the second century, "The tragical distractions of Tereus an

The Church
and the stage.
Suppression
of the An-
cient Drama.

Thyestes are nonsense to us. The stage adulteries of the gods and heroes are unwarrantable entertainments: and so much the worse because the mercenary players set them off with all the charms and advantages of speaking." By the first Council of Arles, A.D. 314, players were excommunicated so long as they continued to act. Cyril taught, that when Christians, in baptism, renounced the devil and all his works and pomps, those "pomps" are the stage plays; and Tertullian taught that, for this reason, baptized Christians could not go to a play without turning apostate. The censure was upon the celebration of the heathen gods by popular representation of fables connected with them in a form of entertainment that had its origin in rites of the heathen Bacchus, and was habitually connected with pagan religious festivals. "We keep off your public shows," said Tertullian, "because we can't understand the warrant of their original. There's superstition and idolatry in the case; and we dislike the entertainment because we dislike the reason of its institution."¹ Again, he says, "the design is notably suited to the patronage of Bacchus and Venus. These two confederate devils of lust and intemperance do well together." Minutius Felix said of the absence of Christians from the theatres: "And good reason we have for our aversion. These things have their rise from idols, and are the trains of a false religion."

Thus sternly fought against by Christian teachers, as Christianity spread the old Greek and Roman theatres were deserted, and, in the time of St. Augustine—who repented bitterly that he had enjoyed Virgil in his youth²—were everywhere falling into ruin. But the power of imitation with which men are born, and by which they learn all that they know, must needs have its literary expression; and the drama, in its healthy form, is an inevitable product of the mind of man. In the fourth century Apollinarius the Elder, a priest of Laodicea, not only turned Old Testament history into Homeric verse, but also converted portions of Scripture into plays, after the manner of

¹ Jeremý Collier, in his 'View of the Stage,' saved after-comers all trouble of searching the Fathers for these testimonies.

² It may be read in Butler's 'Lives of the Saints' how Jerome was scourged by angels for reading the heathen Cicero.

Menander and Euripides ; while Bishop Apollinarius, his son, formed the New Testament into dialogues after the manner of Plato. Even one of the Fathers of the Church, Gregory Nazianzen, as Patriarch of Constantinople, attacked the Paganism of the Greek theatre, there flourishing, by substituting for the heathen plays, plays of his own, or stories of the Old and New Testament, written to the pattern of those of Sophocles and Euripides, Christian hymns taking the place of the old choruses. One of these plays, on the Passion of Our Lord, survives among his works. Its prologue professes it to be an imitation of Euripides, and a piece which for the first time brings the Virgin Mary on the stage. Where heathen songs and dances were most freely transferred for satisfaction and instruction of the ruder crowd to Christian use, especially in France, the priests, as much for their own intellectual amusement as for that of the people, produced also scriptural dramas. We have seen how, in Charlemagne's time, these also were denounced by Alcuin ; but they held their ground. That Latin miracle-plays were enacted by the French clergy, even before the Conquest, is testified by the record of Matthew Paris, that, in William the Conqueror's time, Geoffrey, a learned Norman, was sent for by Richard, Abbot of St. Alban's, to establish a school there, but arrived too late, and, settling at Dunstable to await the possible reversion of the office which had then been given to another, there composed a miracle-play of St. Catherine. When it was ready, he borrowed copes from St. Alban's for the decoration of it ; but, on the following night, his house, together with the copes and all his books, was burnt. This Geoffrey succeeded Richard as the abbot of St. Alban's.¹ Here is evidence that Latin miracle-plays were not unfamiliar to the Norman clergy in England immediately after the Conquest. The lately-discovered plays of Hilarius show that in, or a little before, Henry II.'s time, they were still written in Latin, with an occasional refrain in the vernacular to catch the public ear ; and Fitzstephen testifies that they were familiar sights in London. Matthew Paris,

¹ Thomas Warton repeats the story in his 'History of English Poetry,' Diss. II., putting Dunstable Priory, then not built, for that of St. Alban's, a mistake that Douce corrected.

writing about 1240, gives the name of this manner of play. He says that, "We commonly call them Miracles—'Miracula vulgariter appellamus;'" and William of Wadington, writing at about the same time, in French rhymes that have been quoted by Warton, describes while he denounces them as follies of the clergy, who, with masks over their faces, represent, to excite devotion, the most sacred subjects even in the streets and churchyards. They were not long, therefore, in seeking an audience outside the church, with a design like that of Aldhelm when he sang, blending devotion with attractive liveliness, songs of his own to his harp upon the bridge at Malmesbury. But the first plays of our modern drama were performed, as we have seen, within the church itself.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE traveller seaward, over inland hill and plain, wearied at times by the long stretches of flat moor that he must cross upon his way, knows by the freshened breeze ^{Walter Map} when he comes near the coast, and at the first sight of the distant water, draws a glad breath and believes that he can smell the sea. So may it be now with us when the large wholesome spirit of English Chaucer, towards whom we are travelling, flashes upon us suddenly from afar, as we cross the high ground where dwells Walter Map. It is Gerald de Barri's friend, the Archdeacon of Oxford, the same pleasant and courteous Walter Map who called Gerald's attention to the fact that his own less valuable works were widely read because they were written in the vernacular, while Gerald's better Latin books found few learned enough to do them justice. Walter Map was no trivial jester, although the misreading of a piece of his most scathing satire has attached to him the cant name of "the jovial Archdeacon."

Undoubtedly he had a lively wit, could make even an abbot blush, and send table companions out of doors to explode in laughter at his broad contemptuous jest against a blasphemous hypocrisy.¹ He was a wit somewhat of Chaucer's pattern, bitter against cowed hypocrites, and striking, as Chaucer often did, after the manner of his time, with a coarse jest out of the wrath of a clean heart. It was the wit also of a true poet. Among the high dignitaries of the Roman church he was an entirely orthodox divine, and looked down from the heights of theological scholarship upon what seemed to him the ignorant piety of the

¹ Witness his comment at the table of Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, on the failure of Saint Bernard, to raise a dead boy to life by lying on him. 'De Nugis Curialium,' *Distinct. i. cap. 24.*

Waldenses. But the first church reform concerned church morals more nearly than theology, and in this sense, by his Latin verse and prose, Walter Map represents the chief of the Reformers before Wiclif. In French, then the vernacular tongue of English literature, he it was who gave a soul to the Arthurian romances, writing, most probably, the Latin original of Robert Borron's introductory romance of the Saint Graal, and certainly Lancelot of the Lake, the Quest of the Saint Graal, and the Mort Artus. Unassuming as Chaucer, and, before Chaucer, the man of highest genius in our literature, Map was a frank man of the world with ready sympathies, a winning courtesy, warm friendships, and well-planted hatreds. He especially detested a Cistercian. And who doubts the report that Chaucer in his youth was "fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet-street?"

Among his many and various labours in illustration of the life and literature of the Middle Ages, I find most reason to thank Mr. Thomas Wright for having been the first to rescue the Latin works of Walter Map from the obscurity of MS., and add them to the series of the Camden Society's well edited volumes.¹

Walter Map was born on the Marches of Wales. He calls the Welsh his countrymen, and England "our mother." In the early story of our literature we have often to notice the enlivening influence of Celtic blood. The Scot blood in Erigena followed in France with livelier and bolder speculation the monastic sturdiness of Yorkshire Alcuin. And so it is now in the days of Henry II. The King of England, ruling not only over Normandy and over Anjou, Maine, and Touraine, but also, by his marriage with Eleanor of Poitou, over Poitou and Guienne,

¹ 'The Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes,' collected and edited by Thomas Wright, M.A., &c. London: Printed for the Camden Society. 1841. 'Gualteri Mapes de Nugis Curialium Distinctiones Quinque.' Edited from the Unique MS. in the Bodleian by Thomas Wright. Printed for the Camden Society. 1850. But why does Mr. Wright, admitting his author's name to be Map, follow those who have called him Mapes? He writes himself Map (not even Latinised into Mapus) in the very book Mr. Wright edits, and is always called Map, with an occasional variation of the vowel, as Maep, in the old French Arthurian MSS.

Lord over poets of the Langue d'Oc and of the Langue d'Oil, has the richest court in Europe. The appointed duties of this world occupy the minds even of monks. The church has failed in her natural struggle to retain political ascendancy, and keep her servants independent of the civil power, while some men are discovering that there is religion in well-spent activity of life, and many time-servers are finding the reward they seek outside the monastery walls. The stream of literature widens as it is swollen by fresh interests, and breaks, from its first seclusion between walls of stone, into the open country. And at this time in busy, growing England, three men with Cymric blood in their veins are foremost spirits of a small Augustan age. They are Geoffrey of Monmouth, Gerald de Barri, who is half Welsh, half Norman, and Walter Map, who claims the Cymry for his countrymen. We may remember, too, that Orderic was a man of the Welsh border, and that William of Malmesbury was born of intermarriage between Norman and Saxon. The pure Anglo-Saxon mind at this stage of its life is as the good flour being mixed with the good yeast. Born on the Marches of Wales, of a family that had done good service to King Henry II., both before and after his accession, Walter Map studied in the University of Paris, where he saw town and gown riots, and attended in, or soon after the year 1160, the school of Girard la Pucelle. After his return to England he was in attendance at court. The King was no mean scholar, and had a sound relish of wit. Map, by birth, character, and attainments, was qualified to stand high and make friends. He was familiar with Becket before he was made Archbishop. In 1173 he was presiding at Gloucester assize as one of the justices in eyre, who were then not so much judges in the modern sense as Government inspectors, obtaining from the chief men of each county a true return to certain questions touching fines that had been levied, royal wards, escheats, encroachments on the king's domains, and other points that it concerned the king to know, of what was passing in the country. No prisoner was, in our modern sense of the word, tried by these ambulant judges; they simply saw that the appointed forms were observed in trial by battle, or in the decision by opinion of a jury of his neighbours as to an accused man's guilt or innocence. They heard no evidence, but in a short formula

simply committed the case to the jury.¹ Map afterwards, an ecclesiastic not a lawyer, frequently represented the king as one of his justices in eyre. In the same year, 1173, when his age must have been about thirty, he was with the court at Limoges where he received allowance for the care and entertainment at King Henry's expense of Peter Archbishop of Tarantaise. Probably Map was in attendance on King Henry as his chaplain, and therefore the proper host for the Archbishop. He found Peter of Tarantaise lively and modest, a good man whom both his host and Bishop John of Lyons, an Englishman and friend, believed that they had really found able to cure a demoniac. The afflicted man being in the street, John had asked Map to bring out his guest that they might test his power, for he had never yet seen a true miracle performed, although there was pretence in plenty. The Bishop of Tarantaise came out, and the sufferer was so visibly calmed by his address, that Bishop John said, with tears in his eyes, "He is well. This man alone is a bishop. We are dogs who cannot bark."

Walter Map was in attendance on the king during his war with his sons. He was sent to the court of Louis VII. of France, the father of Philip Augustus, and there received as an intimate guest. Louis called *le Jeune*, who in Becket's lifetime had espoused his cause against King Henry, and who, after Becket's death, obtained from the Pope the laying of an interdict on Henry's French dominions, had fomented the rebellion against their father of the princes Henry, Geoffrey, and Richard. But he made peace with Henry about a year after the beginning of that war, and shortly before his death in 1180, made a pilgrimage to Thomas Becket's shrine at Canterbury. A mission to a French King having such relations with the English Government, would have been confided by Henry only to a man in whose tact and shrewdness he could place the highest trust. Map was a churchman, too, and a man who had known Saint Thomas Becket.

On another occasion, Walter Map was sent to Rome, to the Lateran council of 1179, and hospitably entertained on the way by Henry the Liberal, Count of Champagne. At this council

¹ Bracton, as set forth in Stephen's 'General View of the Criminal Law of England.' London, 1863.

some of the Waldenses appeared with a Psalter, and several books of the Old and New Testament in the French language,¹ the use of which they wished the pope to license. Walter Map ridiculed their ignorance, and not yet so far in advance of his time as to see the fallacy in his own argument that "water is taken from the spring, and not from the broad marshes," was invited to argue with the poor religious Frenchmen, and expose to them their ignorance. That council did not interdict Peter Waldus's bible. In 1199 Innocent III. caused the Bishop of Metz to inquire into its character, and its use was afterwards forbidden by the Council of Toulouse in 1229.

When the King's illegitimate son Geoffrey, a boy of fourteen became Bishop of Lincoln, receiving for three years the revenues without consecration, Map succeeded him as canon of St. Paul's and was made also precentor of Lincoln. Among other preferments, Map held also the parsonage of Westbury in Gloucestershire. But still he was in attendance on the King, and he was especially attached to the young Prince Henry, after he had been crowned by his father. In the reign of Richard I., and the year 1196, when his age was about 53, Map became Archdeacon of Oxford, and at that date we lose sight of him.²

The intention of his Latin book ('De Nugis Curialium') of the small talk of the courtiers, has been, I think, misunderstood by its editor, when he says that Map's "object Map's Book of the Gossip of the Court. seems to have been to show that it was impossible for any one involved in the troubles of a court to apply himself to poetry with success; but as he proceeds he seems to have lost sight of his primary object, and goes on stringing together stories and legends which have no intimate connexion with the general subject." Walter Map was certainly too clever and busy a man to think of wasting time over a book upon so empty a subject as the difficulty of writing poetry at court. It is quite true, as Mr.

¹ The Waldensian dialect did not then exist, as it was formed gradually after their migration to Italy in the course of the union of the Vaudois with the Piedmontese. There is a good philological article by Grützacher, on the Waldensian Bible, in the number of 'Wolf u. Ebert's Jahrb. für Romanische und Englische Literatur' for Sept. 1862.

² The facts in Map's life were first extracted by Mr. Wright from scattered autobiographical hints in his 'De Nugis Curialium.'

Wright points out, that he opens his work with a parallel between a court and the infernal regions ; and that he answers to a friend Geoffrey who has been asking him, its Tantalus, to write something as a philosopher and poet, courtly and pleasant, that "Poetical invention needs a quiet concentrated mind," and to ask it of him, there at court, is to ask of him a miracle. But at the end of the twelfth chapter the purpose of the book is thus explicitly defined. Map there says of his friend's request,—

"I have fear on several grounds. My slenderness of knowledge will accuse me ; inability of speech will condemn me ; our modern time will despise me because I live. You who command will excuse me the two first terrors, and of the third I don't want the withdrawal, since I wish to live. You choose for me a subject copious enough, that no work could master, to which no labour could be equal, namely, the sayings and doings that have not yet been committed to writing, whatever I have learnt to think remarkable, so that the telling should be pleasant, and the instruction should tend to morality. It is proposed to me, then, not to strike out anything new, to add no invention ; but that whatever I know from having seen, or believe from having heard, I should, as well as I can, unfold."

This is precisely what he has done in the book 'De Nugis Curialium.' He adds to the preceding sentences that Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, regretting in his old age that his learning had hitherto spoken only through a few slight treatises, was producing a work on the Old and New Testament ; that Bartholomew, Bishop of Exeter, and Baldwin of Worcester, were then writing ; men who had no want of the requisite leisure, and could bring their work to a good end : but what could he achieve at court, where he hardly had leisure to live.¹

It may be that the friend who suggested the subject proposed for it a poetical form of which it was not susceptible, and that Map, perceiving the interest and value of a record of such facts as were known personally or by way of talk among the courtiers of the days of Henry II., adopted the suggestion, but obeyed his own sense of artistic fitness in the way of carrying it out. He grouped together notes made at different times on the life of his day ; added to them and arranged them. What he thus put together was a note-book of events of the day that were discussed among the courtiers, authentic information of the private history

¹ ' Qui vix vaco vivere.'

of this or that incident or institution, hot from the busy ancestor of one of our own quidnuncs of the clubs, and usually more or less flavoured with the quidnunc sauce of scandal—the gossip of the court, in fact, as it passed through the head of the best man at the court, and came out blended with his own right touches of satire or reflection. Among the topics of the world and church are tales of the Welsh Marches that Map himself could have told after dinner to his companions, and the stories they could tell him in return. There is not a fact or story that might not have been matter of table-talk at Henry's court. Anecdotes on subjects allied to one another are generally arranged together; but there is a new topic in every chapter, and the work is a miscellany, rich in illustration of its time, and free enough in its plan to admit any fact or opinion on current events worth record. Old notes would be used, fresh ones jotted down by snatches, changes of arrangement and interpolations would sometimes be made. The work was in five divisions (*distinctiones*). Mr. Wright has pointed out that a chapter of the first division was written in 1187, when the news had arrived of Saladin's capture of Jerusalem; but that the latter part of a chapter in the fourth book was written in 1182, immediately after the accession of Pope Lucius, while the earlier part of the same division of the work was written in a later year. In a single chapter, the sixth, of the fifth division, Henry II. is spoken of in earlier sentences as being dead, and in a later sentence as being alive. Thus we see how the notes grew. The opening allegory which finds in the court a Tartarus with its Tantalus, its Sisyphus, Ixion, Tityus, and birds of night, is simply the ingenious introduction to the subject whereby Map establishes a shape and title for the work, an introduction that amused with its satire the men whom court affairs concerned, the sort of men who were then almost its only readers, and that accounted to the satisfaction of the taste of his day for the natural form of the work as a memorandum-book, and not a laboured treatise. The true reason for the adoption of that form was, I think, the instinctive sense of a good artist, that no other was as fit. The true reason for his writing of its matter was, I think, a manly intellectual sense of the value of such notes.

Thus Map sketches vividly the life of his day when he tells

how the poet Gischard de Beaulieu became a monk of Cluny, and when his son Imbert had lost, through his own weakness and the strength of enemies; all the land left in his hands, came out of the monastery, appeared in arms, compelled restitution, and went back to the fulfilment of his vows.

The Penitent Monk.

Of another monk of Cluny, recalled by like needs to the world, Map tells that he was overpowered but not overcome, "whether his enemies fled or resisted, unwearied he stuck to them like glue" (*adhærebat ut glutinum*). But he was caught when resting, hot after a victorious summer battle, with his armour off, under the shade of a vineyard, and by a treacherous enemy in guise of a friend struck with a mortal wound. Then he dictated to a boy who alone happened to be near, the performance of the priestly office for the dying. The boy said that he was of the laity, and knew nothing;

"But the monk, eager in all that he did, and eager in penitence, said, 'Enjoin me by the mercy of God, dearest son, that in the name of Jesus Christ my soul lie in hell repenting till the day of judgment, and that the Lord then have pity on me, that I may not see with the impious his face of wrath.' Then the boy said to him with tears, 'Master, I enjoin on you the penance which your lips have here spoken before the Lord.' And he, in words and countenance assenting, devoutly received it and died. Here let there be recalled to memory the word of mercy, which says, In whatsoever hour the sinner repenteth, he shall be saved. How this man could repent and not be saved if he omitted any of the contingents, let there not be dispute among us, and may God have mercy on his soul."

There is singular tact shown always in Map's manner of teaching, and something far higher than the mere professional impulse to lead other men to put a soul into their daily thoughts. So courteous and cheerful, so pleasantly at home in the world, full of good stories, quick at repartee, all seem to have acknowledged his rare genius, and relished his society without regarding it as that of a preacher. His less earnest comrades never felt that the mainspring of his power was a sacred earnestness. They laughed when he flashed his witty scorn at a wine-bibbing Goliath bishop, and they were right, although they did not look far down into the pure spiritual nature of their pleasant friend, who drew Sir Galahad, the stainless knight, for his ideal. When Walter Map preaches as he writes, his sermon is but a few lines long, and it is fastened upon some worldly incident of which the interest is strong. Probably many chapters of Map's common-

place book were, like his poems, copied and circulated when the occasion was fresh that produced them. His longest incidental sermon—indeed the chapter of his book 'De Nugis Curialium,'¹ in which it is contained, might have been preached at court by such a chaplain—is on occasion of the public consternation at the capture of Jerusalem by the great Saladin in 1187, and the extinction of the feeble Christian rule that had been there maintained.

“ On Saladin's Capture of Jerusalem.

“The feet of many,” he said, “have moved hence, and the steps have poured out of many not considering that this is not our Jerusalem. But we, not so; but we who seek our way to the future Jerusalem, the more the little worth of this world becomes manifest, the more we are chafed by it, the faster we journey thither, the better our hope for the future, and the freer from the cares of earth. The horse, the ox, the camel, and the ass, and every animal makes haste to get out of the mud, or struggles with its whole might to leap up out of a pit. But we choose to remain fastened in the mud.”

And elsewhere commenting upon the legend of an all-conquering angel who fought at a tournament, in the semblance of a knight, who at sound of the chapel bell had turned aside to pray, he writes thus

“ Of the Churchmen Militant in Palestine.

“They want nothing but Jerusalem; there they take in defence of Christianity the sword that was prohibited to Peter in defence of Christ. Peter there learnt to seek peace with patience; I know not who has taught these to conquer peace by violence. They take the sword and perish by the sword. Yet they say that all laws and all rights permit force to be repelled by force. But he disapproved such law who, when Peter struck, would not command the legions of the angels. By the Word of the Lord, not at the point of the sword, the Apostles conquered Damascus, Alexandria, and a great part of the world that the sword has lost. And David, when he went out to Goliath, said, ‘Thou comest to me with arms, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord, that all this assembly may know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear.’”

Good churchman as he was, Map was a better Christian, and living in the world with no ostentation of sanctity, ever at work usefully, consorting as a busy man with busy men, doing small things and great with the same pure high motive, that was the

¹ *Distinct. I. cap. xv.*

secret between him and his God, and the last thing in a true man's mind to be made a matter of vain glory, Walter Map was the antithesis of the strict cloistered monk, who was but, as Gerald de Barri said, a barren grain of seed, a seed hidden between stones and withheld from the contact with earth, whereby alone it could yield increase. Map's wit spared nothing that was base ; not even, faithful servant of Rome as he was, the corruption of the Papal court. But in such attack, when he has hit home, he recovers his position, and with a stroke of refined humour preserves ecclesiastical decorum. He tells, for example, this of

“ The Pope's Master.

“ Jocelin, Bishop of Salisbury, when his son, Reginald of Bath, complained that, elected by violence, he was not admitted to consecration at Canterbury, said to him, ‘ You fool, fly quickly to the Pope, be at ease, don't hesitate, box his ears with a big purse, and he will stagger whithersoever you please.’ So he went, he struck, the Pope did stagger and fall. The chief priest rose again and wrote, lying in the Lord, at the head of all his letters ; for where he ought to have written, ‘ By grace of the Purse,’ he wrote, ‘ By grace of God.’ Whatever he of the purse willed, he did. Yet let Rome, our mistress and mother, be as a staff broken in the water, and let us not believe that which we see.”

If we would be sure that we have not misread the spirit of Map's social life, as this book of Court Table-Talk has represented it, we have only to turn to his work on the King Arthur Romances.

Sir Frederic Madden,¹ accepting the opinion that a mass of popular traditions relating to Arthur and his companions must have existed before Geoffrey of Monmouth's time, circulated first by native bards, and afterwards by the Anglo-Norman minstrels, holds that the earliest prose romances were based upon these ; though he does not agree with Southey, Scott and Ritson in denying the existence of the Latin original to which, of some chief romances, all the MSS. refer. The Romances, he thinks, must have been compiled in the

The King
Arthur Ro-
mances.

¹ In his volume published by the Bannatyne Club, in 1839, entitled, ‘ Sir Gawayne : a Collection of Ancient Romance Poems, by Scottish and English authors, relating to that celebrated Knight of the Round Table, with an Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary.’

following order, and the first of them at least twenty years after the appearance of Geoffrey of Monmouth's 'History.' 1. The Romance of the Saint Graal, sometimes called the Romance of Joseph of Arimathea, by Robert de Borron, called in the printed editions the First Part of the Saint Graal. 2. The Romance of Merlin, by the same. 3. The Romance of Lancelot of the Lake, by Walter Map. 4. The Romance of the Quest of the Saint Graal, also by Walter Map, being in the printed editions the Second Part of the Saint Graal. 5. The Romance of the Mort Artus, also by Walter Map, and originally a distinct romance, although combined in the printed editions with his Lancelot. 6. The First Portion of the Romance of Tristan, by Luces de Gast (who is said to have been at home near Salisbury). 7. The rest of Tristan, by Hélic de Borron; and 8. The Romance of Gyron le Courtois, by the same. Of these, the first six were written in the latter half of the twelfth century, and the other two in the first half of the thirteenth. To these, says Sir F. Madden, must be added the metrical romances composed by Chrestien de Troyes, between the years 1170 and 1195, and the later prose compilations of Rusticien le Pise, and his followers in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The Metrical Romances of Chrestien de Troyes are founded on the Prose Romances, but contain incidents derived from other sources. They are the Percival le Gallois, the longest and best known, Tristan (now lost), the Chevalier au Lion, original of the English Ywaine and Gawin, the Romance of Erec and Enide, the Romance of Fregus, which somewhat resembles Percival, and has a Scotchman for its hero, the Roman de la Charrette, an episode from Lancelot, and the Roman de Cliges.

The Romance of the Graal, which is designed evidently as a preface to the entire cycle of Arthurian Romance, was last year printed for the Roxburghe Club, in the French text ascribed to English (?) Robert de Borron, with an English verse translation from the time of Henry VI. These are introduced by a general Preface from their editor, Mr. Furnivall, who has a lively sense of the spiritual character of the Graal story, and appended to the preface is an Essay on the Graal Saga by a well known student of early German Romance, Herr Albert Schulz (San Marte), who has been study-

The Saint
Graal.
Robert
Borron.

ing the King Arthur Romances for the illustration of Wolfram von Eschenbach's 'Parcival.' Herr Schulz, like a good German, sees in the Graal Saga, as it reappears in 'Parcival,' a symbol of the threefold relation of man placed in creation,—to God, to the Devil, and to the Flesh. Into such speculations I have no desire to follow him.

The most ancient MS. of the Prose Romance of the Saint Graal in the French National Library is of the thirteenth century, a parchment folio with costly ornament of miniatures, vignettes, and initials. It has a prelude to this effect :

“Prelude to the Romance of the St. Graal.

“He who accounts himself the least and most sinful of all, salutes, and begins this history to all those whose heart and faith is in the Holy Trinity. The name of him who wrote this history is not told at the beginning. But by the words that follow ‘you may in a great measure perceive his name, country, and a great part of his lineage. But he would not disclose himself in the beginning. And he has three reasons for that. The first is that if he named himself, and said that God had revealed through him so high a history, the felon and envious would turn it into scoff. The second is that all who knew him, if they heard his name, would value the less his history, for being written by so mean a person. The third reason is, that if he put his name to the history, and any fault were found committed by him, or by a transcriber from one book into another, all the blame would fall on his name; for there are so many more mouths that speak evil than good, and a man gets more blame for a single fault than praise for a hundred merits. And however he might wish to cover it, it would be more seen than he should like. But he will tell quite openly how the History of the Saint Graal was commanded to him to be made manifest. It happened 717 years after the passion of Jesus Christ that I, the most sinful of all men, was in a place wilder than I can describe”¹

And then he proceeds to open the tale in the character of a hermit to whom in that year, 717, appeared a vision of Joseph of Arimathea and the Holy Graal, and whose account of what was then revealed to him, written in Latin, is now to be set forth in French. In the last words of the story the name of the French author, Robiers de Borron, who wrote the Merlin also, is thus indicated: “Here is passed over the relation of all the lines that issued from Celidon, and we return to a history of Merlin, which it is fit to add to the History of the Saint Graal. And Messire

¹ ‘Les Manuscrits François de la Bibliothèque du Roi, leur Histoire, &c. Par M. Paulin Paris.’ In seven volumes. Paris, 1836.

Robiers begins in such matter as you shall hear, since it is he who tells you,"—a phrase indicating that these prose romances were written to be read aloud; as, indeed, books were habitually read aloud at dinner-tables for some time after the invention of printing. Robiers or Robert Borron's Romance of Merlin, twice as long as that of the Saint Graal, stops at the birth of Lancelot the son of King Ban.

Of all these romances of the Middle Ages, M. Alexis Paulin Paris, the scholar who has given most labour to the study of the MSS. in the French National Library, observes that their copyists were educated men, often poets themselves, who altered and added as they wrote, so that the tales grew, the incidents were varied, and it is difficult, except in an autograph copy, to get a piece as it came from the original author. In a noble MS. of the Saint Graal, Merlin, and Lancelot, written in the fourteenth century, the Romance of the Saint Graal appears expanded to its utmost, and Robiers de Borron's name, as that of the author, occurs frequently in the course of it as well as at the end, though it was probably in no case written by himself. Borron's Romance of Merlin also is expanded to its fullest dimensions, and has the prophecies appended; as they were dictated by Merlin to his scribe Antoine, afterwards Bishop of Gaul, except those which Antoine got from Meliadus, the lover of the Lady of the Lake. The complete copy of the Lancelot of the Lake in this MS. ends with the words, "Here Master Walter Map becomes silent upon the History of Lancelot, for he has brought it all well to an end according to the events that happened. And here his book finishes. For beyond this, or otherwise, nobody can tell the tale who does not altogether lie. Here ends the History of Lancelot of the Lake, and of the Death of the King Artus. Amen."

Merlin.

Map's Lancelot and the Death of Artus.

The Holy Graal, or dish, was, according to M. Paulin Paris,¹ the point of unity in the Breton Epopœia. It was the dish in which, according to the tale, the Saviour usually offered sacrifice, from which he ate the Last Supper, and in which the gore from his wounds was put when he was

Design of the Romance of the Saint Graal.

¹ 'Les Manuscrits Français,' Tom. i., p. 161.

taken down from the cross by Joseph of Arimathea. Joseph was then its possessor, because, when the Saviour was taken, a Jew seized the Holy Graal and brought it to Pilate, who, unwilling to retain anything that had belonged to Jesus, gave it to Joseph of Arimathea, whom he knew as one of the Saviour's devoted friends. When the Jews, angered at the Resurrection, thrust Joseph, some days afterwards, in a dungeon, the Saint Graal, placed miraculously in his hands, kept him insensible to the pangs of hunger and the horrors of his prison for two-and-forty years. Joseph, released by Vespasian, quitted Jerusalem, and went, with the Graal, through France into Britain, where it was carefully preserved in the treasury of one of the kings of the island, called the Fisherman King. But although a central point of the Arthurian Romances, the Holy Graal was, in the opinion also of M. Paris, an addition of the twelfth century to the earlier and ruder Arthurian tales, which it was desired, by pious fraud, to spiritualize. Such frauds were then common supplements to history or legend. The origin of the vial from which French Kings were anointed was unknown; but a priest dreamed that it was a gift to Clovis from the Holy Spirit. Nobody knew why Charlemagne had made his expedition into Spain; but a priest piously connected it with the pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella. Archbishop Turpin, so much celebrated in the popular songs, must have had a religious motive in marching with the French barons; a monastic fancy, therefore, produced such a history of the expedition as Turpin ought to have written, and thus gave currency to the narrative bearing the name of the Archbishop of Rheims to which there is such constant reference in the later romance and poetry founded upon tales of Charlemagne. In the same way, argues M. Paris, as nobody knew whence Arthur came, what the Round Table meant, how Merlin was able to predict so much, how Lancelot and Tristan grew to be so strong; a priest resolved that where there were so many miracles, religion ought to be concerned. One of the apocryphal gospels accounts for the institution of the Eucharist by miracles connected with a cup possessed by Joseph of Arimathea, whom church legend had made a first apostle of the Britons. This cup might be made to give occasion to the institution of the Round Table; and the presence in Britain of

the Holy Graal, might serve as the mainspring to set all the romantic works of the Arthurian knights in motion. Merlin was a great prophet, but there must be no prophet dissociated from religion. He was modified, therefore, into the son of a fiend, with his nature, half that of a bad angel, transformed by the Saviour. As for the superhuman valour of the knights of the romances, the one pious way of reconciling that with the faith of the church was to make them all descend in direct line from the parents of Joseph and the first missionaries to Britain. Legends believed by the people were not in this way contradicted or transformed; they were accepted as they stood, carefully arranged, and with a subtle piety accounted for. There was nothing altered or taken away; but there was something added. The Arthurian Romances were, according to this opinion, which I believe to be the true one, all perfectly detached tales, till in this twelfth century Robert de Borron translated the first Romance of the St. Graal as an introduction to the series, and shortly afterwards Walter Map added his Quest of the Graal, Lancelot, and Mort Artus. The way for such work had been prepared by Geoffrey of Monmouth's bold setting forward of King Arthur as a personage of history, in a book that was much sought and discussed, and that made the Arthurian Romances a fresh subject of interest to educated men.

But M. Paulin Paris, whose opinions, founded upon a wide acquaintance with the contents of old MSS. I am now sketching, and in part adopting, looks upon Walter Map as the soul of this work of Christian spiritualisation. Was the romance of the St. Graal Latin before it was French? He does not doubt that it was. He sees in it the mysticism of the subtlest theologian. It was not a knight or a jongleur who was so well read in the apocryphal gospels, the legends of the first Christian centuries, rabbinical fancies, and old Greek mythology; and there is all this in the St. Graal. There is a theory, too, of the sacrifice of the mass, an explanation of the Saviour's presence in the Eucharist, that is the work, he says, of the loftiest and the most brilliant imagination. These were not matters that a knight of the twelfth century would dare to touch. They came from an ecclesiastic and a man of genius. But if so, why should we refuse credit to the assertion, repeated

Was Walter Map first author of the Graal Romances?

in every MS., that they were first written in Latin? The earliest MSS. are of a date not long subsequent to the death of Walter Map, Latinist, theologian, wit, and chaplain to King Henry II., who himself took the liveliest interest in Breton legends. Henry, M. Paris supposes, wished them to be collected, but how? Some would prefer one method, some another; Map reconciled all. He satisfied the clergy, pleased the scholar, filled the chasms in the popular tales, reconciled contradictions, or rejected inconsistencies, and by him also the introductory tale of the Graal was first written in Latin for Robert de Borron to translate into French. Helinand, an annalist who died early in the thirteenth century, testifies to the immediate acceptance of the legendary origin ascribed artistically to Map's tale of the Graal, by actually placing under the year 707 the introductory story of the vision that appeared to a certain hermit in Britain, of St. Joseph and the Graal, "about which there was written by the same hermit the history called of the Gradal; but Gradalis or Gradale means in French a broad and somewhat deep dish, in which precious viands are placed before the rich, and is called Graal . . . this History written in Latin I have not been able to find; but it is possessed only, written in French, by some nobles, nor, as they say, can the whole of it easily be had. I have not yet been able to beg the reading of it from any one." The imaginary Hermit, M. Paris firmly believes, was Walter Map, and the only Latin copy of the history was that which he gave Robert de Borron to turn into the vernacular. To "the learned imagination of Walter Map" M. Paris also believes that Borron had recourse for the opening of the romance of Merlin, which recalls to mind the first chapters of Job. Of the rest, there is a summary in Geoffrey of Monmouth, and it might have been taken direct by Robert de Borron himself out of popular legend. Map indisputably wrote the Quest of the Graal, edited afterwards by Hélie de Borron, and invented the ideally pure character of Sir Galahad. M. Paris would confine the work of Map to the two Graal romances and opening of Merlin. Lancelot is, as we have seen, confidently ascribed to him on old MS. authority, but M. Paris considers that the religious element added piecemeal to old current legend there and elsewhere in the Arthurian romances, are the inevitable

The opening
of Merlin.

Map's Lan-
celot.

additions made from time to time as men worked out the scheme of which Map, with a masterly hand, established the principle and marked the future course. Herein, I think, the learned critic is influenced by a regard for the soundness of his theory, and loses sight of the vivacious worldly side of the wittiest priest of his time. The romance of Lancelot, he says, answers to the description given in its first verses of the Orlando,

"Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori
Le cortesie, l' audaci imprese io canto,"

and he adds his belief that it is not founded on Breton legend. The names of places and persons, the chivalrous character of the incidents, the absence of all source of interest but love and the tourney, and the prodigious talent of style, show it, says M. Paris, to be an invention purely French. But where was there an author able to invent it and to write it with a talent so "prodigious," except Walter Map, to whom alone, and to whom always positively, it has been ascribed? Who else would have interspersed it with those episodes by which its picture of chivalry, with all its vices as well as virtues, is bound to the conception of the Holy Graal, as the sublime centre around which Arthurian romance was by him made to revolve?

The question whether Wales or Brittany gave birth to the older and rougher forms of Arthurian romance, I think Birthplace of Arthurian Romance. as profitless as the inquiry whether a man is the son of his father or of his mother. There is an admitted community of origin between the people of Wales or Cornwall and those of Lower Brittany; it is still manifest in their language, and even the old name of Armorica is said to be good Welsh—Ar-mor-uch, upon the sea heights.¹ The nature of the connexion can only be conjectured.

The Vicomte Hersart de la Villemarqué, who has especially studied the Welsh MSS. for comparison with Breton Lancelot in the Rough. legend, believes² that he has found the original of Map's Lancelot, whose very name is French, in the King Mael

¹ 'Die Arthur-Sage und die Mährchen des Rothen Buchs von Hergest. Herausgegeben von San Marte (A. Schulz).' Quedlinburg and Leipsic, 1842.

² 'Les Romans de la Table Ronde et Les Contes des Anciens Bretons,' 3rd edition, Paris, 1860.

(Meluas) of Gildas and of Caradoc of Lancarvan's life of Gildas, of the Triads, and of the later poems that have been ascribed to Taliesin. The L in Lancelot represents the French article, the name being sometimes written Ancelot. Ancel (ancilla) in Romance language meant a servant, and Ancelot was its diminutive. But Mael is Welsh for a servant. Lancelot therefore is, says M. de Villemarqué, simply the Welsh Mael translated into the Romance tongue. From the laws of Hoel Dda, it appears that after the triumph of the Saxons in Southern England, Mael was elected king of the native tribes in the year 560. In Gildas, he is spoken of as redoubtable for arms, noted also for crimes of unchaste violence, and for having as a youth oppressed his uncle. From Caradoc of Lancarvan it is to be learnt that Mael's uncle was King Arthur, he being the king Meluas, who carried off Arthur's wife Guenever, who was besieged by Arthur, and with whom Arthur made disgraceful peace, receiving his wife back. Mael or Meluas is said also to have ended his days in a monastery. King Mael is represented in the earlier Cymric traditions as a coarse barbarian. He seized Guenever by hiding himself, naked and covered with leaves, behind a bush in the wood she was to pass through, then rushing out on her as a satyr, from whom her attendants fled as he seized her and carried her off. This wild hero, who is more than once named in connexion with Sodom and Gomorrhah, was, if M. de Villemarqué's probable theory be true, transmuted by the genius of Walter Map into an ornament of unspiritual chivalry. Map had him carried off as an infant to be bred in fairy land, and come into the world again generous and brave, sinning like Mael, but in courtlier form, by the abduction of Guenever, and like Mael, closing his days repentant in the bosom of the Church.

Sir Galahad, Map's ideal knight, was the son of his L'Ancelot and Elaine. The son and namesake of Joseph of Arimathea, Bishop Joseph, to whom the Holy Dish was bequeathed, first instituted the Order of the Round Table. The initiated at their festivals sat as apostle knights round the table, with the Holy Graal in the midst, leaving one seat vacant as that which the Lord had occupied, and which was reserved for a descendant of Joseph, named Galahad. Whatever man else attempted to sit

in the place of Galahad the earth swallowed. It was called therefore the Siege (seat) Perilous. When men became sinful, the Holy Graal, visible only to pure eyes, disappeared. On its recovery depended the honour and peace of England, but only Sir Galahad, who at the appointed time was brought to the knights by a mysterious old man clothed in white, and placed in the Siege Perilous, only the pure Sir Galahad succeeded in the Quest.

The Holy Graal partially reappears in the 'Parcival' of Wolfram von Eschenbach, who says that he took that poem from the Provençal of Kyôt of Provenz, whom one cannot believe to be any other than the clever monk Guiot of Provins, in the Isle de France, who was at Mayence in 1184,¹ and whose "Bible," a satirically pious, social, and doctrinal poem, a form of writing to which that name was then commonly applied, appeared in the year 1208.

Other versions of the Graal legend. Wolfram von Eschenbach.

The King Arthur romances, as we know them now, were the produce of successive generations. We refer here to their first appearance in poetical literature, because we speak of Walter Map with whose labours the history of their birth is inevitably connected. The harmonious blending of the inventions of Map with the main body of the legends of King Arthur was greatly assisted by the rhymes of the French poet, Chrestien of Troyes.

Chrestien of Troyes was born in the reign of Louis VII., probably within the ten years before 1150. Whether he was of the nobles or of the people, courtier or citizen, layman or priest, is not known; for it may be only in poets' homage that he is once or twice called by other singers "bon père Chrestien." It is expressly said that he was then dead in a poem written soon after the year 1234, Huon de Meri's 'Torneiement Antecrist.' It was Chrestien of Troyes who first sang the Romance of Erec and his wandering with the faithful Enid, which reappears in the Geraint of the Mabinogion, and lives again for us, and for all time, in our laureate's Idylls of the King. The German Minnesinger, Hartmann von Aue, who

Chrestien of Troyes.

¹ 'Des Guiot von Provins bis jetzt bekannte Dichtungen altfranzösisch und in Deutscher Metrischer Übersetzung mit Einleitung,' &c. Von J. F. Wolfart und San-Marte (A. Schulz) 'Parcival Studien.' Erstes Heft. Halle, 1861.

lived between the years 1170 and 1210, was, in his *Eric* and *Yvain*, the first who took that story out of France. His is no servile version, and he may possibly, even probably, have followed a romance in prose which Chrestien had versified, or may have heard from other poets other songs on the same theme. But there is no evidence that Chrestien of Troyes was not at the outset of his own career, the first creator of the tale of *Enid*. Nearly at the same time he sang the '*Remedia Amoris*' as the '*Comandement d'Ovide*,' the '*Ars Amatoria*' as the '*Ars d'Amors*,' and reproduced *Pelops*, *Tereus*, *Philomela*, from the *Metamorphoses* as '*le Mors d l'Espaule*,' and '*La Muance de la Hape et de l'Aronde et del Rossignol*.' These pieces are lost, and so is Chrestien's romance, '*Del Roi Marc et d'Ysalt la Blonde*,' although there are extant fragments which some hold to be a part of it. *Ysaelt*, the wife of *Mark*, King of *Cornwall*, uncle of *Tristan*, was called *la Blonde* to distinguish her from *Ysaelt the Whitehanded*. Chrestien wrote also the '*Romance of Cliget*,' the lady of whose love was married to his uncle. *Cliget* was son of the Greek Emperor's son *Alexander*, who had betaken himself to *Arthur's* court, and of *Sordamours* king *Arthur's* niece, who had been given to the brave *Alexander* in marriage. This *Cliget* has nothing but name in common with the hero of our charming old metrical fabliau of *Sir Cleges*, hereafter to be mentioned. Another romance of Chrestien's is that of *King William of England*, which is wholly independent of either *William the Conqueror* or *William Rufus*, or any *William* who was ever in the flesh. This *William*, with his fair and Christian wife, *Gratiana*, being admonished by a vision to fly from his kingdom, went to live in the woods, and was lost to his subjects. The tale is a poetical romance of the adventures of the King and his fair wife, and of the two children, *Lovel* and *Marin*, who were born in a sea-cave; how they were all parted, tried, and reunited. In spirit, the romance is a tale of the triumph of a pious spirit over earthly glory, and in substance it has some relation, perhaps, to our English '*Sir Isumbras*,' and some points of resemblance to the German '*Kaiser Octavian*.' Of Chrestien's romance of '*the Knight of the Lion*,' *Yvain* is hero. But the tales of his which most interest us here are the metrical tale of *Lancelot* in the '*Chevalier de la Charette*,'

and the metrical version of the Graal story in 'Percival le Gallois.' For the Lancelot romance, he says that he received his material from the Countess of Champagne; and for the Percival he says that he had his material from Philip, Count of Flanders. A Flemish scholar, W. J. A. Jonckbloet,¹ has shown by minute comparison that the material given to Chrestien by the Countess of Champagne was unquestionably Map's prose romance of Lancelot; that the one work was distinctly founded on the other, and that the resemblance does not arise from their being based upon some common original.

The Arthurian romances were but one symptom of the adolescence of the mind of modern Europe. It was no more under monastic tutelage. It had left school. An occasional swift glance at what is being done and thought abroad is necessary to right understanding of our home affairs.

The Count Philip of Flanders, or of Alsace, just mentioned, who died in 1191, in his enthusiasm for Arthurian romance, had in his pay poets of Artois and other adjacent parts of France, who were to produce him French songs of the Saint Graal, Ywein, Parcival, Galahad, and other heroes, which he then caused to be translated into Flemish. Of such poets who worked for the Fleming, Chrestien of Troyes was chief. The Flemings themselves had their *trouvères* or *troubadours* under the name of *Vinder*, and their wandering story-tellers, called *Spreker* or *Zegger*, and even the Flemish noble would put off his courtly robes and seek applause as a wandering minstrel, in which case he was called a *Gezel*.

Meanwhile in Provence very many preferred the spinning of empty ingenious love-song to the telling of good stories. The close of a song by the Count of Poitou, father of King Henry the Second's Eleanor, runs thus, to the sense that he has made a verse of he knows not whom and will transmit it to whoever can send him back the key to it from her own keeping—

¹ 'Le Chevalier de la Charette' and 'Geschiedinis der Middennederlandsche Dichtkunst,' quoted in Dr. W. L. Holland's exhaustive account of 'Chrestien von Troies.' Tübingen, 1854.

“Fag ai lo vers no sai de cui,
 E trametrai lo à celui
 Que lo m trametra per autrui
 Lai ves Anjau,
 Que m tramezes del seu estui
 La contra-clau.”¹

Musical trifling is the chief characteristic of the Provençal chivalrous or love poems; musical trifling is also the chief characteristic of the sirventes. They were mere exercises of rhyming skill, cut like clothes to a fashion; mere intellectual tailoring; and when they were most earnest had seldom more than a beast's animal feeling to express with a man's grace of wit and melody of speech.

The more vigorous Norman France, of which the power has been shown by the subsequent triumph of the Langue Norman-French. d'Oyl over the Langue d'Oc as the tongue of the French nation, had its love-songs too, after the Provençal fashion, in a language clearly testifying its relation to the French of later times. Thus, for example, almost in French of to-day, ran a song of the Langue d'Oyl in the year 1160:

“Quand florist la violette
 La rose et la flor de glai,
 Que chante li papegai,
 Lors mi poignent amorettes,
 Qui me tiennent gai,
 Mes pièça ne chantai;
 Or chanterai
 Et ferai
 Chanson joliette
 Pour l'amour de m'amiette
 Oû grand pièça me donnai.”

M. de Villemarqué says that the theory of the Provençal origin of the King Arthur romances, which had been advocated by Raynouard and Fauriel, and widely adopted in Germany, was abjured by M. Fauriel when evidence to the contrary became stronger and stronger. Certain it is that while in the south of France the light word-music held its ground, music of thought and action seized more firmly on the Norman French. Their

¹ It is the first poem in the ‘Parnasse Occitanien, ou Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours.’ Toulouse, 1819.

Scandinavian and Teutonic blood that gave new life and energy to their region of France, was only to be stirred by records or by songs of action. They desired only such works of fancy as imagined noble or strong deeds as patterns of all that was most to be cared for by a masterful and busy race. They could enjoy also a literature astir with lively record of things done and suffered, and on the whole they were not eager followers of the fashion among courtly wits for making little ornamental tarts of words; their leaning was to the true literature that comes of a nation's mind and heart.

In Germany, too, the kindred mind had been at work. The oldest relic of German literature is a translation of the German.
Reineke
Fuchs. ♣ Gospels and Epistles of Paul made by the Gothic Bishop Ulfilas, in the fourth century. Tacitus tells that the ancient Germans celebrated in songs their heroes and their battles, the victory of Arminius over Varus in the Teutoberg Forest being a century afterwards renowned in song. The old heroic tale of Horny Sigfried, the Dragon Slayer, and the animal story, really Flemish in its origin, of Reynard the Fox and Isegrim the Wolf, that in every turn refers to human character and action, are said to have come down in tradition even from the fourth century. Reynard or Reinaert first entered into literature as a Flemish poem in 1150,¹ and a more erudite and philosophical second part was added to it in the course of the next century. Sigfried became nearly at the same time the hero of the Nibelungenlied. Reinaert (or High-German Reinard), which had for its Flemish or Low-German diminutive Reineke, became among the Franks so popular as Reynard, that in remote time the name of the story supplanted the old French name for a fox, goupil. King Arthur was hardly seated on his throne of Romance (the tales of him in the Romance language first giving the name of Romance to such stories of adventure), when, early in the thirteenth century, Reynard the Fox became the next popular hero; the Flemish story—of which the essence

¹ This has been shown by Mr. J. E. Willems, quoted in 'A Sketch of the History of Flemish Literature and its Celebrated Authors from the 12th Century down to the Present Time. By Octave Delepierre, LL.D. London, 1860.'

is a homely spirit of freedom—being told again in the ‘Roman du Renard,’ with sharp satirical reference to the great men by whom power was abused. Only the deeds of heroes occupied the German singers in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries. Eginhard tells that Charlemagne caused a collection of them to be made. But that is lost.

Nothing remains in the native tongue except a fragment of the old Hildebrandslied, the song of Hildebrand, who had been thirty years absent from home in the land of the Huns, and, when he returned, found his infant son, Hadubrand, grown into a stout warrior, who mistook his father for a crafty Hun, and forced him to combat. In the middle of the fight between father and son ends suddenly the fragment of alliterative verse, copied early in the ninth century into the blank leaves at the beginning and end of their religious manual by two monks of Fulda.

There remains also from the beginning of the tenth century a Latin version of the stirring history of Walther of Aquitaine, who defends his treasure and his betrothed in twelve successive single combats with each of twelve Burgundian warriors; by whom he is attacked in a defile of the Vosges. In Germany, as in England, a first effect of Christianity was to give new themes to the poets. The Germans, the same Saxons whom Charlemagne had found it so hard to convert with the sword, had, in the ninth century—nearly two centuries after us—their Cædmon in the author or authors of the poem called the Heliand, the Saviour. In the usual alliterative verse it told as a sublime heroic tale the History of Christ. Called by the obscure heathen name of Muspilli, there is a fragment also of an alliterative poem which describes with intense earnestness the end of the world and the Last Judgment. But already by the end of the ninth century even a long German poem was composed in rhyme.

The Germany, which had such previous training in heroic song, was stirred also by that period of energy which corresponds in England to the reign of Henry the Second, when the State felt its own vigour and the people lived again with sense of their rights; when the Crusades made a camp romance of reli-

gion itself, and the Church, no longer the sole patron of intellect, saw her priests giving at least equal attention to the kings and to the saints; when the free mind had brought fresh powers into play, and the real became blended with fictitious record, and the very clergy made for the delight of men of the world fictitious history in the Arthurian romance.

Between the years 1150 and 1190, Germany, in and about Suabia, had its heroic poem of King Rother, its version, the oldest now extant, of Reynard the Fox, its fragment of the chivalrous romance of Count Rudolf, and some of the first Minnelieder or love-songs after the Provençal pattern. But here, as elsewhere, this was especially an entertainment for great men—Henry VI., the son of Barbarossa, Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, and dukes and margraves. Even the truer Suabian poets of this time, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Hartmann von der Aue, and Walther von der Vogelweide, were all nobles, and wrote much in the Provençal manner with, I think, more than the Provençal depth of tenderness. This was among Barbarossa's conquests.

For we must remember the relations of the German Emperor with Italy, never unplagued by Germans since Alaric and his tribes ravaged her plains. In the time of Boëthius, Theodoric the Ostrogoth ruled over Italy and Sicily. In the sixth century Alboin and his Lombards crossed the Alps, and his successor, Antar, going south, struck with his spear the pillar in the sea at Reggio, and said, "This is the boundary of the Lombard kingdom." When Pepin and Charlemagne had destroyed that Lombard kingdom, leaving the Lombard duchy of Benevento to assume a crown, new trouble quickly followed in the Saracen conquest of Sicily at the close of the ninth century. When, not very long after Charlemagne's death, the Lombard Duchy of Benevento, which had once included nearly all South Italy, was broken up, the Saracens were called in by the combatants, and made their strength felt on the mainland. Against the Saracens the Greeks successfully asserted their own claims; but in the year 1000 it was doubtful whether Greek, German, or Saracen, would finally succeed in getting mastery of the Italian peninsula. And then, in 1016, a band of adventurous Normans settled at Aversa, near Naples. About twenty

New Life in Suabia.—Minnesänger and Roman-cera.

Seed time of Italian Literature.

years later the elder sons of the Norman Tancred de Hauteville came and joined their countrymen. The Norman knights fought as adventurers in quarrels of the land, and being angered at denial of their proper share of spoil, after they had helped the Greeks to take Messina and Syracuse from the Saracens, they turned on the Greeks themselves, and beat them out of nearly all Apulia, which they then divided into twelve parts for twelve of their own counts. They made Malfi their capital, and chose William Iron-Arm, the eldest son of Tancred, for their chief. Pope Leo brought the Suabians against these Norman conquerors. They beat the Suabians and seized the Pope, who yielded them then his investment with all lands they might acquire; an investment which they religiously interpreted as heaven's own encouragement to future conquest. Robert Guiscard, fourth son of Tancred, when it was his turn to rule, conquered his way as far south as Reggio, and became Duke of Apulia and Calabria. In 1059 he had that title ratified, when he acknowledged himself the Pope's vassal, and was made the standard-bearer of the church. The standard-bearer then took Capua; besieged and took Salerno and Amalfi; held his own against all menace; and, in aid of the Pope Hildebrand, sacked Rome. The Norman Robert Guiscard, who thus played a master's part in Italy at the time of the Norman Conquest of England, died in the same year as William the Conqueror. His brother Roger, youngest son of Tancred de Hauteville, who had set out in 1060 to take Sicily from the Saracens and had taken it, succeeded Robert by right of the strong, and he died, at the age of seventy, Great Count of Calabria and Sicily. His son, another Roger, when he had reached man's estate, became, by failure of Guiscard's line, undisputed master of Apulia. This Roger having taken, after a few years, Capua and Naples, thought himself entitled to rank as a king. He was invested, therefore, by the Pope as "King by the Grace of God of Sicily, Apulia, and Calabria, the helper and shield of Christians, son and heir of Roger, the great Count." Palermo was this Roger's capital. The new kingdom kept its boundaries for more than seven centuries, and it was the birth-place of that earlier Italian poetry which afterwards exercised so manifest an influence upon our literature. King Roger of Sicily died in 1154. His son and successor, William the Bad,

had, in 1166, for son and successor, William the Good, who married a daughter of our King Henry the Second, and died in 1189, leaving no children. Here ended the legitimate male line of descent from Tancred de Hauteville. But a new Tancred, an illegitimate grandson of King Roger, held firmly for five years the throne of Sicily, to which another claimant had been raised by the marriage of King Roger's legitimate daughter, Constance, with Henry, afterwards Henry VI., the heir presumptive of the Western Empire.

Meanwhile in Germany the power of the Suabian house of Hohenstaufen had been founded by the knight Frederick, whose loyalty to Henry IV. obtained for him the hand of that Emperor's daughter Agnes, with the duchy of Suabia for her dower. It was he who built near Stuttgart the castle high on the Staufen, whence his house derived its name. He warred for twenty years against the rival house of Guelf, and left his two sons, Frederick and Conrad, to the care of their uncle the Emperor Henry V., at whose death, in 1125, they inherited his possessions as the next of kin. Lothaire of Saxony, an enemy to the Hohenstaufens, was the next Emperor elected, and he was the only representative of temporal headship in Christendom who was not, for generations before and after him, in conflict with the spiritual headship of the Pope. The elder of the Hohenstaufens Duke Frederick of Suabia, the One-Eyed, possessed also Alsace, and was a great castle builder. It was said of him that he always trailed a fortress at the tail of his horse. At the death of Lothaire, his son-in-law, Henry the Proud, was the strongest prince in Germany. He was of that younger German line of the Guelfs whose elder branch remained in Italy, and afterwards ruled in Ferrara and Modena, while the descendants of the younger branch finally became Dukes of Brunswick, and heirs of the English crown. But Henry was now passed over, and Duke Conrad of Franconia, the younger of the Hohenstaufen brothers, was crowned by the Electors. The new Emperor stripped his rival of both Saxony and Bavaria. The rival died in a couple of years afterwards, leaving a boy, known in his later life as Henry the Lion; but still the strife went on between the Suabian Hohenstaufens and the plundered Guelfs. At a battle fought at Weinsberg, in 1140, the cries

were "Ho for Guelf!" and "Ho for Waiblingen!"—Waiblingen being a castle of the Suabians; and in the year 1200 these cries reappeared in Italy, when partisans of the Pope, who held by the house of Guelf, were known as Guelfs, while followers of the Suabian Emperors, hostile to Rome, were known by an Italian corruption of the word Waiblingen, as Ghibellines.

In 1142 Conrad gave Saxony to young Henry the Lion, and made peace in Germany. Five years afterwards, taking with him his nephew and successor, Frederick, afterwards known as Barbarossa, Conrad, being persuaded to do so by St. Bernard, marched to the second Crusade. It was in 1152 that the son of Frederick the One-Eyed, Duke of Suabia, Frederick I., known commonly by his Italian name of Barbarossa, succeeded his uncle on the German throne. He was a Hohenstaufen on his father's side, a Guelf on his mother's; but he was no friend to the Pope. Barbarossa, upon invitation of some oppressed Milanese, crossed the Alps, marched to Turin, took Tortona, was crowned at Pavia, and went forward to be crowned Emperor at Rome. After his return Frederick married Beatrice, heiress of Burgundy. Overshadowing the King of France on his own ground, he held diets at Besançon; and his English contemporary Henry II., who also was a part Sovereign in France, was the one man in Europe who was Barbarossa's match in strength. After three years of absence, Barbarossa was again in Italy ravaging the free-hearted trading Lombardy, and forcing the Milanese to sue for peace. Even Genoa paid him a fine, and he was crowned King of Italy at Monza. Again, in 1160, the Italians of the north were struggling vainly to expel the foreigner; and in 1162 the walls of Milan were razed to the ground. Four times had Barbarossa come in arms across the Alps, when, in 1167, the Lombard League was formed, and the Milanese begun the rebuilding of their walls. Frederick forced his way into Rome, after setting fire to the porch of St. Peter's; and to the burnt porch was ascribed a pestilence that followed. By reason of the pestilence, he whom Becket then called the German Sennacherib, his army being melted away, returned home as he could from the Italy that he had lost. For the next seven years he was quiet. English Henry II., after Becket's death,

transferred his friendship to the struggling states of Italy. In 1176 Barbarossa, who had been deserted by the Guelf Henry the Lion, was defeated by the glorious triumph of the Lombards, who fought for their freedom at Lignano. Then there were six years of truce after a strife that had lasted three-and-twenty years. During the truce Henry the Lion was punished, and became a banished man, with Brunswick and Luneburg assured to him. After the truce the states of the Lombard League made a peace at Constance by which they were left free republics, with a nominal allegiance to the Empire.

When, in 1187, Saladin took Jerusalem, Barbarossa, now seventy years old, whose might was great in Germany, claimed of the Saracens, as part of the old Roman empire, Judæa, Parthia, and Egypt, and he set out in 1189 upon the third Crusade. From that adventure he never returned. Plunging with impatient vigour into a stream, of which he had been warned that its tide would overpower him, by the might of the rushing water he was overwhelmed. They buried him at Antioch, and without him the Crusade ended in failure.

It was Barbarossa's son, Henry VI., crowned Emperor at Rome in 1191, who, by right of his wife Constance, King Roger's daughter, claimed against bastard Tancred the kingdom of Sicily. After his coronation he marched south, but failed before Naples. With the money gained by the enormous ransom of Richard I., he marched upon Sicily again in 1194, after the death of Tancred. The way was then easy to him; and he kept Christmas in Palermo with hanging, torturing, burning, and burying alive of the Norman prelates and barons. Tancred's young son William was mutilated, blinded, and sent to a dungeon in the Alps. The body of Tancred was pulled out of its grave. This Henry VI. was one of the courtly poets of his day, after the fashionable manner of the Provençal troubadours. On the day stained by his Christmas cruelties in Palermo, the 26th of December, 1194, the Empress Constance became the mother of that Frederick II., at whose court, in Sicily, the history of Italian literature, presently afterwards raised to its first grandeur in free-hearted Lombardy, is said to have had its rise. Henry VI. died in the vigour of early man-

hood, in 1197, leaving his son Frederick, a child of three years old.¹

The literature of Germany may be said to have had its origin in our Henry II.'s day, and in Suabia, when old Barbarossa was in the maturity of power. The mind of all Europe was then active. The men of the republics of the north of Italy, among whom way was being made for Dante, and for efforts of genius that had the strongest and most lasting influence on European literature, if they were not singing or writing, were kindled with that spirit of which only the best literature is made, fighting for liberty, and declaring in their hours of suffering that death for freedom was the next best thing to being free. Even against the grim might of Barbarossa they held fast to what they cherished. When France and England marked the passage of the nations' minds out of the cloisters into the free air, by exercise of the best wit on a sudden outpouring of heroic legends of King Arthur, Germany, too, was aroused; and, as with us, the old floating traditions of Arthurian Romance were knit together, so in Germany there were knit together, in the Nibelungen-lied, the songs and legends of the Netherlandish Sigfried, who became possessor of the vast hoard of the distant Nibelungs; of his wife Kriemhild, the fair Princess of Worms; of the jealous wrath of the Valkyr Brunhild; of Hagen's murder of Sigfried, and his laying of her dead husband's body at Kriemhild's door; the bleeding of the wounds when Hagen passed; and Kriemhild's nursing and executing of vengeance, doubly fierce after her Nibelungen treasure—the treasure of the Sons of Mist—sunk in the Rhine, had given its name to the Burgundian land. The oldest MS. of the Nibelungen-lied is of the year 1210, and it was being shaped into its epic form at the same time as the King Arthur romances.

Even Spain, where the flood of Arab conquest had rolled over the native race, who fought so incessantly against the strong in-

¹ In this sketch I have followed Mr. T. L. Kington's 'History of Frederick the Second, Emperor of the Romans. From Chronicles and Documents published within the last Ten Years.' London, 1862.

vader, that, according to the phrase of a modern Spanish novelist, the forefathers of the world's conquerors had not a quiet night's rest for eight centuries—even Spain sang, ^{The poem of the Cid.} in the same season of new life, her own epic of action. The Cid Campeador was Spain's King Arthur; and the popular romantic 'Poem of the Cid,' three thousand lines long, belongs, like the King Arthur Romances and the Nibelungen-lied, to the years in which Henry II. reigned in England. It was composed at the end of the twelfth century, not later than the year 1200, its hero being no mythical person, but Rodrigo, or Ruy Diaz, who died only in 1099, after a life of successful battle with the Moors. This hero was called the Cid because five Moorish kings in one battle acknowledged him their Seid or Lord; and he was called Campeador, or Champion—el Cid Campeador, Lord Champion—as the great representative of Spain's determination to be free. There was little else of song in Spain. Not until the rout of the Arabs at the battle of Tolosa, in 1212, could there be the beginning of a stream of literature in that Old Castile which was named from the many castles in which Christian knights assured to their cause small conquests of independent ground. Everywhere, then, we see the soul of a true literature in the spirit of freedom working out with profound earnestness a living sense of right. There had been true literature in the Church when its sense of that which is the highest right was pure and earnest, and when the Church sought, out of the depth of its own convictions, to spread far and wide the truth that makes men free.

But the gross body of the monks in many orders was now ceasing to represent the spirit of the Church. There ^{Degeneration of Monks.} were true men in every order, and the corruption had not infected all ranks in a like degree. It is in our day a common saying, that "a corporation has no conscience." In those days each monastery was a corporation of which by the tradition of the earliest Church, the well-being had meant the well-being of souls. For their monasteries, even good and temperate monks had felt it no shame to be greedy. To bring in rich converts, to add field to field, seemed to be the laying up of treasure for the cause of heaven. But wealth provoked to luxury, and even the strictest discipline might tend to pharisaic

formalism. The fat abbot dishonoured his calling, but the true cause of the Church in the world was not more helped by the lean brother who fasted himself empty of all human sympathies, and whipped himself into a dogged state of spiritual pride. Against either excess, Walter Map, who was of the clergy himself, strongly protested.

He especially detested the Cistercian Benedictines, who made extravagant claims to holiness, by way of bodily penance, while they drew much wealth to their houses, and, as Map explained to one of their abbots when he asked why they should be so much detested by him, could in no way practise or teach moderation. One day, after the King had slept in a Cistercian house, the Abbot, in the morning, showed him all its costly glories, Walter Map being in attendance. When they came to the chapter-house, "Sire," said the Abbot, "there is no place the devil hates so much as this. Here souls are reconciled; here our penances are performed, offences punished." "No wonder," said Map, "that the devil hates the place where so many of his friends are whipped." Gerald de Barri said¹ that Map's particular dislike to the Cistercians came from his living near them. He saw too much of them. He was at home at Newnham, where he held the adjacent living of Westbury-on-Severn. Newnham is about a dozen miles from Monmouth, on the borders of the Forest of Dean; and in the Forest, on the spot where Count Milo of Hereford had been killed by a chance arrow when hunting, was a Cistercian abbey, making its greed felt by encroachment upon Map's clerical rights at Westbury. One day the Abbot, in the forest, was said to be very ill; Map, therefore, going to him, as a clergyman, begged him, for the good of his soul, to put off the Cistercian habit. He should prepare for heaven by abandoning the badge of guile and rapacity. The monk was scandalized; but he got well, and had his revenge. Map, in his turn, fell sick, and the abbot came to give him spiritual consolation. He bade the

¹ In the yet unpublished 'Speculum Ecclesiæ,' from which Mr. Thomas Wright gives extracts in his volume edited for the Camden Society of 'The Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes.' London, 1841. The 'Speculum Ecclesiæ' will be in the next volume of the works of Giraldus, edited by Mr. Brewer.

archdeacon repent of all his lively jokes and clever tales, because for every idle word he would have an account to give, admonishing him also to resign the churches and prebends that he held in different bishoprics, seeing that he was only able to do duty in one, and to secure certain salvation by putting on the Cistercian habit. Whereupon Map summoned all his household into the room, and solemnly bade them claim him, as a lunatic if ever, in the course of his illness, he should be so far gone as to ask to be made a Cistercian. Then he turned good-humouredly to the abbot and begged him not to come unbidden upon that errand again.

Gerald of Wales tells also of his friend Map, that when he was about to go on journeys for the King, as Justice in Eyre, and had to be sworn that he would do justice to all, he used to except from his oath Jews and Cistercians, as men to whom equal justice was abomination. In his day two Cistercians, in different parts of England, were apostates to the Jewish faith. "I wonder," said Map, "that if they really wished to part themselves from that abominable order, they did not turn Christians."

Map was not singular in censure of the greed and hypocrisy then common in the religious orders. "It is no longer true," said St. Bernard, "that the priests are as bad as the people, for the priests are worse than the people;" and the two or three that remain of the Latin satirical poems of Map against the degraded lives and habits of ecclesiastics—of his poems against the Cistercians none remain—are but a part of a shower of scorn poured upon the monks in the same form by the educated minds of the last years of the twelfth century, and many years thereafter. But let it not be forgotten that the struggle for reform has been in England always mainly between two sections of the Church itself, which has been, even in its darkest days, so far truly the Church of the people; that its internal conflicts have represented but the movements and divisions of the national mind; and the churchmen themselves, who are of the people, have sooner or later travelled with the people on the right way of reform. In his own time Map seems to have kept more or less secret his relation to a new personage who suddenly appeared before the world and acquired wide

popularity, Bishop Goliath. As he had painted in his fiction the purity of a Galahad, and spiritualised the King Arthur romance, leaving his wit to do its wholesome work without drawing attention, after the manner of the Pharisees, to the righteousness of his intent, so we find him at Court spending his genius on the creation of a fat mock-bishop, who is the familiar pattern of all that is gross and worldly among men professing to be spiritual guides. Audacious anonymous poems passed into circulation, which professed to have for their author one Bishop Goliath, about whom nobody had heard before. Goliard, says Mr. Wright, was a name that about this time signified a clerical buffoon; and he regards *gula*, the gullet, as the root of the new bishop's name. But it does not appear that there were goliards before Goliath; and I think that Map, when about to pelt church-worldlings with satire, simply named his bishop, as a monster of the flesh, after the Philistine giant against whom the servant of God cast only a pebble from his sling. Map's Bishop Goliath became the father of a family. He was Pater Goliath, and Magister Goliath, about whom there sprang up Filii and Discipuli. Before the close of the thirteenth century ribald clergy were familiarly known as of the family of Goliath; and the word Goliard had passed into the language. In the beginning of the century it meant a clerical buffoon; at the end of it any jongleur, though the word bore still a signification of contempt. Gerald de Barri, who was not in his friend's secret, tells of the impudence of the "parasite named Goliath," who had in his time become "famosissimus" for gluttony and lechery. Thus, Gerald took the satirical type of an abomination, as many others doubtless did, and as Map might have wished they would, for a real person. The evil was so real that the caricature of it was not more than might be taken as a part of the hard fact. Of the poems of Map on which the Goliath literature was founded, the chief remains are the Apocalypse of Goliath and the Confession of Goliath. These have by constant tradition been ascribed to him; never to any other writer. The oldest MS. which names him is that of the Apocalypse of Goliath, in the Bodleian,¹ written in the fourteenth century, and inscribed

¹ MS. 851. Bernard, 3041.

'Apocalipsis Magistri Galteri Mahap super vita et moribus personarum ecclesiasticarum.'

The poem contains 440 line in quatrains of lines rhyming in this fashion :—

"Omnis a clericis fluit enormitas :
Cum Deo debeant mentes sollicitas,
Tractant negotia mercesque vetitas
Et rerum turpium vices indebitas."¹

And this is the argument of

The Apocalypse of Bishop Goliás.

I went at noon on a hot summer's day to the shade of a grove, and there, as I lay under an oak, Pythagoras stood by me. Astrology shone on his forehead, Grammar in his teeth, Rhetoric on his tongue, Logic between his lips, Arithmetic upon his fingers, Music in his veins. Geometry was in his eyes, every art was in its place, Ethics before him, and Mechanic art behind. Unfolding all his body for a book, he offered me his palm, and bade me read the mysteries of his right hand. There I found written in dark letters, "I am thy guide, follow me." He glided away, and I followed into a strange land, where I saw a great throng of people who had their names engraven on their foreheads. Here Priscian beat his scholars' hands, there Aristotle beat the air; Tully softened the severe by force of words, Ptolomy gave himself up wholly to the stars. There were Boëthius and Euclid; there Pythagoras at the forge learnt speech from the sound of the hammers. There were Lucan and the magician, Virgil, making brazen flies. Ovid fed men with fables, and the head of Persius bred satires. Statius was there. Terence danced, and Hippocrates prepared to dose the country folks with wormwood.

¹ To the twelfth century belongs the invention of what are called Leonine verses, after a monk named Leon, of St. Victor, at Marscilles, who invented them about the year 1135. The term is sometimes applied almost indiscriminately to Latin rhymes, but it strictly belongs only to hexameters or pentameters, in which there is a rhyme at the cæsura with the closing syllables. As when, in the 13th century, the hungry priest, a Goliard, invites himself to breakfast with his Bishop, saying,

"Non invitatus, venio prandere paratus ;
Sic sum fatatus, nunquam prandere vocatus,"

and the Bishop answers with a play on words in the *Te* and the *Me invito*, and it is barely possible a sense of the name *Map* in the word used for cottages, *mapalia*.

"Non ego curo vagos, qui rura, mapalia, pagos
Perlustrant, tales non vult mea mensa sodales.
Te non invito ; tibi consimiles ego vito :
Me tamen invito potieris pane petito."

While I observed these different men, there came an angel, brighter than a star, who said, "Look up, open the heavens and see what must happen." Then I was drawn in spirit through the sky, and placed at the gate of the heavens; but my first glance was struck back by the blinding glory, and the angel who was with me said: "Stay, you will see, as John saw, the mysteries of the seven churches that were in Asia, in other form the mysteries of the seven churches that are in England."

After that came thunder as a trumpet's voice, and a glorious one held seven candlesticks and seven stars. The angel said, "The candlesticks are the seven churches, and the stars the prelates." Then he took a book with seven chapters, sealed with seven seals. "Observe intently this," the angel said. "For the book knows the lives of them who are set over the church. The more detestable part is to be found within; the laudable without."

A power opened the seal of the first chapter, and there came out four flying creatures full of eyes. One was a lion, one a calf, the third had the face of an eagle, the fourth that of a man. The lion is the Pope who devours, who pledges books for gold (*libros for libras*), and will disgrace Saint Mark for a mark, who steers for God and anchors upon Mammon ("in summis navigans, in nummis anchorat"). The calf's a Prelate who makes for the fattest pasture, and grows plump upon the goods of others. The eagle who flies high is the Archdeacon, who espies prey from afar, hovers over it, swoops and lives by what he can seize. He in human face is the Dean full of silent cunning, who cheats with a show of justice, and lies to the pious with a simple face. These are the creatures who fly busily to and fro, covered with eyes, that spy and search for gain.

When I had read the title, I began to read the chapter written under it, in which I learnt the morals and life of the dignitaries who mislead the people.

Wo to the people with the mitred chief
 Who does not feed, but feeds upon the sheep.
 He thinks not of the sad, the sick, the frail,
 But of the yield of milk and weight of wool;
 Thus he brings home the lost sheep on his back.
 The light fault of the poor he punishes
 By stripping them to satisfy his greed.
 Milked, fleeced, by their false shepherd led astray,
 The sheep fall among wolves and birds of prey.

When I had thus read the first chapter, clouds gathered over heaven, lightning flashed, and the air shook with thunder. Then the second seal was opened, and I read of the Archdeacon who, with beak and claws, tears what escapes the bishop. He sits at the synod full of eager eyes. Decrees of the doctors are beyond the law of laws. Whoso breaks one of these breaks all, unless he stop the breach with a full purse. The Archdeacon sells church rights, and sells to the priests immunity of lust, bidding his dean see that if any priests be genitives they be made datives.

Then there was eclipse and thick clouds gathered, and the darkness

was as of night when the third seal was opened. And the angel said, "Read what you find;" and there I found the shame of the man who hunts for lechery and fishes for foul gain; the dean who, with a man's face is not *vir* but *virus*,¹ is the dog of the Archdeacon, with his nose upon the scent of lucre. He hunts the prey into the nets fixed by his master. He avoids truth, is at home in falsehood; confident in doubtful things, uncertain of the sure; pious of speech and treacherous of thought.

A golden hand shone from the cloud and opened the fourth book, wherein I read of the rapine of Officials, cruel and bold, disgraced by fierce deeds, against which none venture to complain. These are the prelates' huntsmen, trappers and bold falconers, with arrows for some game, nets and snares for others, and for others birdlime.

The earth quaked in the whirlwind, and a clear voice cried from Heaven, "Epheta!" which is, Be opened. The fifth seal opened then, and when I saw the chapter I read first its title, of the Morals and the Deeds of the Priests. Wo to them that defile the fountain of truth, and belch their fumes of wine into the face of God! They hear such crimes of the penitents in Lent, that they account their own sins blameless. They care more for one wanton than for the eleven thousand virgins.

A noble woman came through heaven, and with a white finger touched the sixth seal, and the chapter opened to me. It was written in minute close letters, thickly interlined, for it was filled with the frequent excesses of the clergy. Sloth, pride, lust, ambition. The parson eats the tithes, sleeps well, and leaves the labour to the vicar. He cuts his erring soul into many pieces for the many churches that he holds. The clergy owing to God careful minds, one trades by sea, one frequents fairs, one ploughs with ox and ass, and each passes the bounds of his order. This one scorns tonsure, another blushes at the name of clergy; thus among the laity the clergy withers.

At this an Ethiop crowd thronged from the dark bitumen, and seven times they cried, "Tu autem, Domine." At the noise my guide trembled, and I stood as lifeless, while the seventh seal was opened. Then I read of the Morals and the Deeds of Abbots, who declare by their base shaving, vile habit, and watery eyes, that they scorn delights and carry contrite hearts; but whose throats when they dine are open sepulchres, whose stomachs are whirlpools, and their fingers rakes. At supper with his

¹ This whole passage illustrates very well Map's reckless luxuriance of Latin punning:—

"Hic vir decanus est; qui viri specie
Non vir sed virus est; virosa sanie,
In viros viribus furens insanie
Humanum mentiens humana facie.
Decanus canis est archidiaconi,
Cujus sunt canones latratus dissoni,
Canens de canone discors est canoni,
Datis et venditis est concors Symoni."

brethren, the Abbot extols the wine-cup lifted in both hands, crying with loud voice, "O how glorious a lantern of the Lord is the cup of drunkenness in the brisk hand. Evoe! Bacchus! Be thou guide of our convent! Wash us with the fruit of the branch of David!" Then taking again the ale-cup, he cries, "This cup which I am about to drink after its kind, can you drink from it?" They answer, "We can! Ha! hi! Be quick. But let the rule not be that each drinks half; that breeds dispute. No strife can be where each man drains the cup." So they decree that none shall leave the cup undrained, empty the full and fill the empty, without rest to bellies or to hands. Each monk becomes demoniac. As pye with pye, parrot with parrot, the brothers chatter and feed, eat till their jaws swell, drink till there is a deluge in their stomachs. Hence come transgressions of rule, frauds, perjuries, slanders, starvation of mind:—

"Die tripudians adorat dolia,
Nocte cum bipede sepultus bestia,
Tali discrimine, tali molestia
Meretur vir Dei regna cœlestia."

When I had seen all these things, my guide divided my head into four parts with four fingers, and wrote in my brain with a stiff, dry, sharp pen what I had seen. After that I was taken up to the third heaven, and beheld an ineffable mystery, thousands brought among thousands to the Most High Judgment, and I learnt the profound counsels of God inscrutable to human minds. But when I had seen I hungered, and great chiefs of that assembly set before me poppy bread, and gave me to drink water of Lethe. And when I had eaten and drunk, I immediately forgot all, and shared knowledge no more with the angels. I fell like the third Cato from heaven, and come not now to reveal the highest mystery. But what my friend inscribed for me within my head, that I am able to declare to you more faithfully.

Here then we have expressed the mind of the Goliath poetry.

The Confession of Gollas.

Of the Bishop himself there is a revelation in the Confession of Gollas. Supposed to be confessing with the candour of despair, Gollas says, that in wrath and bitterness of mind he confesses himself made of such light matter that he is like a leaf the winds play with; that whereas a wise man should base his seat upon a rock, he is a fool to be compared to a flowing river that is nowhere to be stayed; he is as a ship without a mariner, as a lost bird borne through pathless air; chains and keys will not bind him, he looks for his own likeness and joins himself to the depraved. Descending the broad road in the way of youth, he entangles himself in vices, unmindful of virtue; more greedy of pleasure than of health, dead in his soul, his care is for his skin.

Having confessed thus bitterly the miserable levity of mind

that is one of the characters of that Goliath whom, in the songs ascribed to him, Map and his followers created into a familiar character, and set up as a mark for scorn; secondly, this bishop confesses to the lust by which he yet defiantly abides. Who, he asks, can be in the fire and not burn? who can be in the world and remain chaste? Thirdly, he remembers the tavern that he has never scorned, nor ever will scorn till he hears the angels sing his requiem. Then, in what has been taken, by those for whom words are sound not sense, as the first verse of a jovial song, Map images the heavens opening upon the drunkard priest who lies in a tavern, where, too weak himself to hold the wine-cup, he has it put to his lips, and so dies in his shame. "What I set before me is to die in a tavern; let there be wine put to my mouth when I am dying, that the choirs of the angels when they come may say, 'The grace of God be on this bibber!'"¹ But from this point the strain lightens; Goliath sings his scorn of certain poets who write fasting, avoid the wine-cup and the scene of strife. His own verses he makes with a full belly. It is wine that loosens his tongue with eloquence. It is when Bacchus sits in the citadel of his brain that Apollo enters and works miracles. This part of the poem might be taken as a drinking-song; but the writer, let it be remembered, is himself the temperate poet whom he makes the toying bishop scorn.

The levity of Goliath appears in two or three changes of humour before the short confession ends. When he has vomited up his old life to the Bishop of Coventry, who confesses him, he tells his confessor that he is displeased with it, and would like to try new ways. Already he loves virtues, and is wrathful against vice; his mind is renewed, his spirit born again; he is as a babe feeding on milk, that his heart may be no more a vessel for vanity; and so he ends by asking for pardon, and promising to perform any imposed penance.

The greater part of the Goliath's poetry, printed by Mr.

¹ "Meum est propositum in taberna mori :
 Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
 Ut dicant cum venerint angelorum chori
 'Deus sit propitius huic potatori.'"

Wright, in the same volume with that of Walter Map, simply connects the popular name with the religious purpose for which it was first invented. Goliath, in these imitations, seldom speaks in character; and he sometimes preaches devoutly to backsliding priests. But we may yet perhaps recover more of the poems by which Map applied his genius to the creation of an episcopal Falstaff, who became a person as well known in England as the Archbishop of Canterbury himself. I do not doubt that the witty verses of Goliath "against marrying a wife" are rightly ascribed to Walter Map; and that he wrote the rhymed epitome of Wales, which sums up in four hundred short lines the land of his thrifty countrymen, content with barley and rye-bread—and cheese, of course; the seese and putter of Sir Hugh Evans, whereof Map also sings, †

"Butirum, lac et caseus
Oblongus et tetragonus."

His pre-eminence as a colloquial wit, the rough humour of his time, and the character of the court in which he was popular, left few men leisure to observe how little there was of idle speaking in Map's light use of his talent. He dealt with men as they were. Saying to no man, I am holier than thou; gaily audacious, he shot at hypocrisy over the dinner-table, and could strike home at avarice with a light turn of wit, when the King sent for him to give shrewd counsel. He was not, in life, eternally didactic; and when he taught best, none might seem to be less a teacher. Yet no celled monk, keeping a trade-account of penances with heaven, was more mindful than this genial archdeacon of the Master to whose service he was formally devoted. If Walter Map had been a man to wear his soul upon his sleeve, the Cistercian abbot who came to his sick-bed perhaps would not have bidden him repent of having been a wit. For his aim was not more pure when he set the holy Graal among King Arthur's knights, and placed in the Seat Perilous, at their table, Sir Galahad for their true pattern, than when he gave a seat on the Bench of Bishops to Goliath, of whose life it was the crowning hope that he might die drunk in a tavern.

CHAPTER XVII.

COURT chaplains, and the clergy who mixed with the world, were not the only satirists of the degeneracy of the monks. Within the monastery itself the English mind Degeneration of the Monks. was at work, heartily in earnest, struggling to get at a religion free from hypocrisy, and at a learning without pedantry. The reckless traders in a sacred trust were deaf to ordinary exhortation; but the bustle of the world, and greater interest of educated men in secular affairs, had opened new channels for wit. It had made chroniclers of the priests; and now we find their meditations on events of their own time taking a vigorous form of satire. Their battle was with a false spirit of Satire within the Monastery. mockery, that could parry with a laugh every argument save only that which turned the laugh against itself. And let us remember here, that if the reckless Norman gaiety went far towards demoralization of the monasteries, its blood alliance with the Saxon earnestness bred the new forms of lively vigour in attack on their misdoings. Map, at least half belonging to the Cymry, owed to Celtic blood some of his wit. But Wireker, whose liveliness is of the Saxon sort, seems to have been brightened only by attrition with the Normans, at home and in Paris.

Nigel Wireker was a liberal churchman, precentor in the Benedictine monastery at Canterbury, and a friend of Nigel Wireker. William de Longchamp, to whom he addressed a prose treatise on the Corruptions of the Church, and to whom also, before Longchamp was Bishop of Ely, if not to some other friend William, he dedicated his famous satirical poem of 'Brunellus,' or the Mirror of Fools ('Speculum Stultorum'). The minor writings of Nigel Wireker are attacks upon self-seeking and hypocrisy among those who make religion their profession. His apologue of Brunellus, in about 3800 Latin elegiac lines, is named after its hero, an ass who has a monkish

discontent with the length of his tail, and goes the round of the monastic orders. The name of the ass, Brunellus—a diminutive of Brown—is taken from the scholastic logic of the day. It was first applied to the horse when a particular horse had to be discussed, in place of the general idea, horse. Half-a-dozen illustrations of this are quoted in an essay on Nigel Wireker, produced by Immanuel Weber, Bachelor of Philosophy, for public disputation in the University of Leipsic in the year 1679.¹ From one old disputant he extracts the sentence, "Without this horse (demonstrated Brunellus) riding is possible: ergo, this horse is not required for riding." Another colour from which the logician took a name to represent any particular horse was Favellus. But when it came to be felt that Bucephalus was a finer word to stand for an individual horse, Brunellus and Favellus were turned over to the asses. Thus writes Johannes Major, a Scot of Haddington, in his 'De Ascensu et Descensu,' "Grant that there are two men, say Socrates and Plato, of which each has an ass; precisely, Socrates Brunellus, Plato Favellus," &c.

Taking, then, the name of the schoolmen for their own particular ass, Nigel Wireker represented to the public that Brunellus found his tail too short, and went to consult the physician Galen on the subject. The author of the satire explains openly in his preface, that "the ass is that monk who, not content with his own condition, wants to have his old tail pulled off, and try by all means to get a new and longer tail to grow in its place—that is to say, by attaching to himself priories and abbeys." He calls his book, as he says in this introductory letter to his friend William, the Mirror of Fools, that they who see themselves in it may learn to correct their faults. Galen, finding the case of Brunellus frivolous, advises him to be content, and tells him a story of two cows, Bicornis and Brunetta, who lay down to sleep one winter evening in a muddy place, and, after a night of frost, woke in the morning to find their tails so hard bound in the earth that they could not pull them out. One of the cows got her tail off, and went home to the good

¹ C. D. de Nigello Wirekero . . . sub præsidio Dn. M. Jacob Thomasi . . . publice disputabit . . . Immanuel Weber. Lipsiæ, 1679

victual in the stable, bidding her neighbour get rid of her tail too, and make haste to her breakfast. But the other, who was wiser, waited till the noonday sun unbound the earth and set her free to go home with her tail behind her. Those cows, says Nigel in his preface, are two kinds of monks; one eager only to fatten—a kind of monks who will tear away from themselves that which is essential, that which in the day of fervent heat, the judgment day, shall sweep away the stinging flies of hell. But as Brunellus is resolved on having a new tail, Galen sends him off with a satirical prescription, of which he is to bring back the ingredients in glass bottles. The ass who goes on this errand is the monk who runs hither and thither in pursuit of vanities, and when got they are held, by tenure of flattery or otherwise, in glass bottles as costly as they are frail. He is cheated by a merchant; and, on his return, has his tail partly bitten off by four large mastiffs, set on him by the Cistercian Brother Fomundus, with a “Benedictus, ha, ha!” The Cistercian, being terrified by the wrath of Brunellus, dissembles, and promises all things; but Brunellus drowns him in the river. That Fomundus is, we are told, the astuter brother, who will take advantage of the simple, and who perishes sometimes in his own net. Brunellus then ponders, as he goes, the foolish thoughts that disturb men busy about mere vanities. Can he go back empty among those who know him, without his medicines, and even without a great part of his tail? Better not return at all than return only to be ridiculed. There is immense power in him for patient labour; and he does not fear the rod as boys do, for he has learnt from a boy how to suffer many blows. He will go to the University of Paris, and there study. On his way he picks up a companion, Alnoldus, who tells him an apologue of unequal, leg for a leg, vengeance between a cock and a priest’s son. The ass, after he has spent seven years at the University of Paris, cannot even remember the name of the town where he has been, but he accounts his study perfect. The sketch of his university life is a picture from Wireker’s memory, and includes special comment upon the lavish expenditure, and the excess of indolent and vicious luxury, among the English students, who were numerous enough to form one of the four schools into which it was then techni-

cally divided. Brunellus remembers, however, one syllable of the town's name, and that is enough for him; he has been taught that the part may stand for the whole. Nothing remains for him, now that he has gone through the sciences, but to secure health to his soul by giving himself up to religion. But he tries successively without satisfaction Cistercians, White Friars, Templars, Brothers of Grandmont, Carthusians, regular Canons, Præmonstratenses (an order of Augustinians, named from Premontre, the house of their founder, Norbert, Archbishop of Magdeburg), Secular Canons, and the Nuns, ending with a resolve to construct out of them all a new composite order of his own. Meeting Galen, he discusses at large with him the state of the Church and of society, until he falls into the hands of his old master, and returns to the true duties of his life. The earnest satire of this work attacks misdoings of the laity as well as of the clergy, but is directed chiefly at the neglect by pastors of the simple word of God and care of souls, not sparing the Pope himself. Nigel Wireker condemns prohibition of meat, and defends marriage of priests; his argument throughout being for that which is real and spiritual against all falsehood and empty formalism.¹

There was a contemporary of Map's, an elder and duller man, who preceded him as the author of a book entitled 'De
John of
Salisbury. Nugis Curialium,' the John of Salisbury to whom I have already referred. He had little in common with Walter Map and his surroundings; but as a critic of life and study at the University of Paris, we may be reminded of him by the 'Brunellus' of Nigel Wireker. John of Salisbury, born about the year 1120, went as a youth to Paris, attended Abelard's lectures on Mont St. Geneviève; after Abelard's departure, studied under Alberic and Robert de Melun, an English pupil of Abelard's, who taught with repute at Paris, afterwards at Melun, and had Becket as well as John of Salisbury among his pupils. Melun came back at last to England, and was made bishop in

¹ Wireker's 'Brunellus' has been several times printed. I describe it from a black letter edition printed at Cologne in 1499, in which woodcuts repeated with slight variation show the ass upon two legs with his tongue out, engaged in dialogue.

1163, dying in 1167. From Robert de Melun, John of Salisbury went to study grammar and the ancient writers, for three years, under William de Conches, and after and during more studies in more places under more scholars, earned his living by the teaching of young noblemen. Twelve years of study and teaching left him a penniless scholar in the Abbey of Montier la Celle, diocese of Troyes, where the Abbot Peter took him for chaplain, became his friend, and three years afterwards, in 1151, sent him to England with letters from himself and from St. Bernard, recommending him as secretary to Gerald de Barri's antagonist, Theobald Archbishop of Canterbury. As Theobald's secretary, John of Salisbury came to know Becket, then Chancellor of England, and he was then so much employed on missions that he ten times crossed the Alps. It was he who brought the bull from English Pope Adrian IV. authorizing King Henry to conquer Ireland. When Becket became Archbishop, John of Salisbury remained in office as his warm partisan, and he was one of the executors to Becket's will. He shared the Archbishop's exile, again suffering poverty; accidentally escaped sharing his fate at the assassination, and held on by the next Archbishop, Richard, who was distasteful to the court. In 1176 he was made Bishop of Chartres, where four years afterwards he died. He also wrote a work, in eight books, finished in 1156, 'De Nugis Curialium,' entitled 'Polycraticus, de Nugis Curialium et Vestigiis Philosophorum;' his purpose being to contrast the trifling of the worldly with the track of the philosopher that men should follow. The work opens with some three hundred lines or more of Latin elegiacs from the author to his book, in which Becket, the King's Chancellor, is distinguished as the author's patron. In the first book, John treats of temptations and duties and other vanities, such as hunting, dice, music, mimes and minstrelsy, magic and soothsaying, prognostication by dreams and astrology not, as he shows in the second book, always to be despised. In the third book he treats of flatterers and parasites, and ends by preaching from the old philosophers, in the most abstract way, the duty of tyrannicide, inasmuch as the tyrant is a public enemy. This subject he pursues in the fourth book, arguing only that it is for the church to say what tyrants shall be slain. The fourth book is a long

John of Sa-
lisbury de
Nugis Curia-
lium.

scholastic dissertation on the state and duties of a king. In the fifth book he treats of the king in relation to the common weal, of the high officers of state, judges, &c.; in the sixth, of the duties, privileges, and corruptions of the knights; and in the two last books, which are long, he follows the footsteps of the ancient philosophers, discussing with them virtue and vice, true and false glory, and returning at last to his doctrine of tyrannicide under the direction of the church. The work is dedicated to Becket, who was supposed not long afterwards to have himself suffered tyrannicide under direction of the state. John of Salisbury wrote also a satirical poem in six books, supporting scholastic philosophy against the courtiers, ‘*Entheticus de dogmate Philosophorum*,’ and has left behind him a collection of more than three hundred letters. His ‘*Polycraticus, or de Nugis Curialium et Vestigiis Philosophorum*,’ was a popular book of the Middle Ages, and was one of the earliest books printed, the first impression of it being ascribed to the year 1475.¹

The contrast is so complete between John of Salisbury’s book, ‘*De Nugis Curialium*,’ and that of Walter Map, that if Map took part of his neighbour’s title it was for the jest of putting it to a work flatly opposite in character. John of Salisbury drives a heavy waggon-load of speculations of ancient philosophy and reminiscences of ancient history. Walter Map rides a swift horse and bears a satchel full of the good stories of his day. In John of Salisbury we have long discourses powdered with references to Ulysses and Attila, to Lacedæmonian Chilon, and Pythagoras and Moses; a chapter on the difference between Augustus and Nero; a great deal about Titus, and, in a crudely learned mosaic, Plato, Hiero, Æneas, Venus, Tobias, Cyrus, and so forth. Map tells of the capture of Jerusalem, in his own day, by Saladin, while men about him are all heavy with the news. John of Salisbury comes no nearer to this than an account of the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, with a chapter on a woman who, at that siege, ate her child. Both Map and John of Salisbury detest the oppression of the poor that attends royal pleasure in the chase, and Henry II. was a mighty huntsman. John of Salisbury, in

¹ The ‘*De Nugis Curialium*’ and letters are printed in the 23rd volume of De la Bigne’s ‘*Maxima Bibliotheca Veterum Patrum*.’

his 'De Nugis Curialium,' has a long chapter on this subject, setting out with the Thebans, Athenians, Lacedæmonians, Carthage, Meleager, Kings of Cappadocia; prosing on to Hercules, Geryon, Æmilianus and the Ligurians; a small anecdote of Hannibal and an elephant; Ulysses the presumed founder of hawking; and brings all to a very lame moral conclusion from which it is not easy to see what he condemns. Walter Map, with a pun and a story, drives his thought home briefly thus:—

“Hugh, prior of Selwood, now Bishop of Lincoln, found huntsmen thrust back from the door of the king's bedchamber, to whom he said in wonder, when he saw them insolently cursing and offended, 'Who are you?' They answered, 'Forestarii' (foresters). He says to them, 'Forestarii foris stent' (showing by an untranslatable pun on their name, that 'foresters' must 'stand outside the door'). The king within, hearing this, laughed, and came out to them. To whom said the prior, 'That parable touches you, because when the poor whom these men torment have gone into Paradise, you will stand outside the door with the foresters.' But the king took this serious word for jest, and as Solomon did not withdraw from the high places, he did not abolish the foresters, but to this day, now after his death, they stand before Leviathan and drink of the flesh and blood of men; they build the high places, which except the Lord with a strong hand destroy them, they will not abolish. The master whom they see they dread and please, not fearing to offend the Master who is unseen.”

Although a courtier, Map felt with the nation, and he did not go back to Hercules or Geryon, or Meleager or the Kings of Cappadocia, for occasion to speak out the true thought of an English mind upon the oppression of the poor, by which, for the King's delight in the chase, the royal forests were extended and maintained. But except for the schools, and the things learnt in them, which he criticized most sensibly, the world of his own day did not concern John of Salisbury when he sat pen in hand. Thus, again, he has a chapter about actors and musicians, from which we may reasonably expect a gleam of light on literary history. But when he talks of actors and plays, it soon appears that he is retailing opinions of the fathers, and that his mind is upon Plautus and Terence.

With rapid notices of less important writers, we must now complete the passage from the twelfth into the thirteenth century. Joseph of Exeter, or Josephus Iscanus, dedicated to Archbishop Baldwin a Latin poem in six books, on the Trojan War, founded on Dares Phrygius, and

Joseph of
Exeter upon
the Trojan
war.

finished when Henry II. was preparing for the crusade that Baldwin preached. He wrote also an *Antiocheis*, of which there remains only a fragment celebrating British heroes. Warton, in his *History of Poetry*, calls this writer "a miracle of his age in classical composition," praises his pure diction, round periods, harmonious numbers, adding that his style is a mixture of Ovid, Statius, and Claudian, and that he wants only the Virgilian chastity. He wants also, and always will want, readers. Having Homer, we can spare Joseph of Exeter upon the Trojan War.

Some French songs remain of a Lincolnshire father and son in the days of Henry II., Maurice and Peter de Craon,¹ and one song of about the same date, bearing the Lincolnshire name of Renaud de Hoilande.

Simon Ashe or du Fresne, a friend and supporter of Gerald de Barri, wrote a French metrical abridgment of the *Consolations of Boëthius*, as the *Romance of Dame Fortune*, besides some Latin epigrams and poems.

Radulph Niger, born at Bury in Suffolk, studied at Paris, was Archdeacon of Gloucester, and was a violent partisan of Becket. After the death of Henry II., he attached to a slight chronicle all that he could hear or say bad of the King's character.

Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, who was among the friends of Walter Map, and a friend of the King's in his dispute with Becket (by whom Foliot was called "a forerunner of Antichrist"), has not left to us the work on the Old and New Testament which Map said he was writing when he himself wrote his Introduction to the '*De Nugis Curialium*.' There remains, however, a commentary of his on the Song of Songs, and a valuable collection of letters in MSS. in the British Museum,² the Bodleian,³ and the library of Hereford Cathedral, where Foliot had been bishop. They were edited by Dr. Giles in 1845,⁴ and reprinted in 1854, with the letters of Thomas

¹ '*Chansons de Maurice et Pierre de Craon, poètes Anglo-Normands du XII. Siècle, par G. S. Trebutien.*' Caen, 1843.

² MS. Reg. 8 A. xxi.

³ No. 249.

⁴ '*Gilberti Foliot, ex Abbate Glocestriæ episcopi primum Herefordiensis deinde Londoniensis Epistolæ et variorum ad ipsum et alios. Nunc primum, e codicibus MSS. edidit J. A. Giles, LL.D.*' 2 vols. Oxford and London, 1845.

Becket, Herbert of Bosham's Life of Becket, and the letters of Alan of Tewkesbury, in vol. 190 of Migne's 'Patrologia.'

Herbert of Bosham, in Sussex, was Thomas Becket's secretary and his chief biographer. As a youth, tall, strong, and handsome, he seemed rather a soldier than a priest. He Herbert of Bosham. attached himself to Becket, and was a familiar witness of the chief acts of his public life. Fourteen years after Becket's death, Herbert produced his biography, in seven books, adding seven books of a 'Melorum Liber,' in which he suggests parallels between the lives of Becket and of our Saviour. His complete works have been edited by Dr. Giles.¹

Thomas of Ely having written the History of his Monastery to the year 1107, Richard of Ely continued it to the year 1169. Richard was sent by his monastery on a Thomas and Richard of Ely. mission to the Pope between the years 1149 and 1154; was made Prior of Ely in 1177; and was dead in 1195.

Jocelin of Brakelonde, a native of St. Edmondsbury, in which the Long Braklond and the Little Braklond were two ancient streets, produced a Chronicle of the Monastery Jocelin of Brakelonde. of St. Edmund, between the years 1173 and 1202. He begins with the year when the Flemings were taken prisoners without the town, at the battle of Fornham, in 1173. It was then that he took the habit of St. Edmund's, being specially committed to the charge of Samson de Totington, afterwards Abbot, then Master of the Novices. Samson became Abbot in 1182, after an interregnum of a year and nine months since the death of Abbot Hugh. Jocelin sketches rapidly the state of the monastery under Hugh, and gives his chief attention to the government of his friend Abbot Samson, whose chaplain he was, and with whom he says that he lived day and night for six years. In the years 1198 and 1200 he was the abbey's guestmaster, afterwards he was its almoner. His Chronicle tells as much of history as blended itself with the affairs of St. Edmund's Abbey in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I., and it gives in easy and colloquial style a pleasant record of monastic life. Incorporated with it is an episode describing a duel between Henry

¹ 'Herberti de Boseham S. Thomæ Cantuarii clerici a secretis Opera quæ Extant Omnia.' 2 vols. Oxford and London, 1845.

of Essex and Robert de Montford. This report is from the hand of another monk, who, going with the abbot to Reading, found Henry of Essex in the abbey cloister there, and received the story from his lips. From a MS. of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, in the Harleian Collection, this Chronicle was edited by Mr. J. G. Rokewode, and published in 1840 as one of the volumes of the Camden Society.¹

Jocelin, a monk of Furness Abbey in Lancashire, compiled at the request and for the use of different monasteries, legendary lives of St. Patrick, St. Kentigern, St. Helen, and other Saints.

We must not lose sight of the Arabian influence. Roger of Hereford was a mathematician of note in the days of Henry II. A few of his astronomical works remain, and in the introduction to one of them, an astronomical table,² he apologizes for using the Christian year and Roman months, "the years and months of the Arabs being difficult to our people who are not used to them." A generation earlier than this, an Englishman named Robert of Retines, which is sometimes interpreted Robert of Reading, had acquired Arabic in Asia and Spain, studied at Evora with Hermann the Dalmatian, and at request of Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Cluny, had, for the help of Christians in confounding the Moslem, joined Hermann in a translation of the Koran, which they finished in the year 1143. Again, an English Alfred, who became chaplain at Rome to Cardinal Ottoboni, and in Henry III.'s time was sent by the Pope as Legate to England, translated Arabian books into Latin, and dedicated to his contemporary, Roger of Hereford, his translation from the Arabic of Aristotle upon Vegetables and Plants.

Daniel Morley, of Norwich, after studying at Paris without satisfaction to himself, went to Toledo to learn of the Arabs, and came home, as he says in the Preface to his treatise on

¹ 'Chronica Jocelini de Brakelonda de Rebus Gestis Samsonis abbati Monasterii Sancti Edmundi. Nunc primum typis Mandata curante Johanne Gage Rokewode. Lond. Sumpst. Soc. Camd. 1840.' Brakelonde's Chronicle is the subject of a graphic sketch in Mr. Carlyle's 'Past and Present.'

² In the Brit. Mus. MS. Arundel, No. 377.

the Natures of Inferiors and Superiors, or things of earth and heaven, "cum pretiosa multitudine librorum," with a precious lot of books. He found too little regard for liberal science among the English; and rather than be the only Greek among the Romans, was travelling out of the country again. But he met on his road John, Bishop of Norwich, who received him with great honour, heard him tell of the studies of Toledo, and encouraged him to stay and write his treatise 'De Naturis Inferiorum et Superiorum,' which is in two books, the first showing what the Arabians taught of creation, matter, and the world below; the second of the nature and movements of the heavenly bodies in the world above.

Daniel
Morley.

Contact with the Saracen mind was still being maintained by the Crusaders. Walter de Coutances, whom Gerald de Barri calls a Cornishman, and who perhaps was of Jersey,—John of Salisbury calls him Walter de Insula, and Jersey belongs to the diocese of Coutances,—was in 1173 Vice-Chancellor, and in 1183 Bishop of Lincoln, from which dignity he was promoted, in less than a year, to the Archbishopric of Rouen. In 1188 this Archbishop took the cross and meant to go to Palestine with Henry II. He did go with Cœur de Lion; came back to act for him in the regency, and held office during the captivity of Richard. He died in 1207, and left only a few letters, but he is said to have written a history of the Crusade.

The Crusaders.
Walter de Coutances.

Richard the Canon, a monk of the Priory of Holy Trinity, in London, about the year 1200, was the author of an interesting account of Cœur de Lion's expedition to the Holy Land, 'Itinerarium Ricardi Anglorum regis in Terram Sanctam,' which was published in Gale's Collection under the name of Geoffrey de Vinsauf.

Richard the
Canon.

Geoffrey de Vinsauf, Galfridus de Vinosalvo, who is also called Galfridus Anglicus, educated in the Priory of St. Frideswide, at Oxford, and in the Universities of France and Italy, dedicated to his patron at Rome, Pope Innocent III., his Latin critical didactic poem, there written and published, on the New Poetry, 'De Nova Poetria.' His New Poetry is the old revived; a recommendation of the ancient measures and the Horatian critical standard in place of the Leonine verse and

Geoffrey de
Vinsauf.

Latin rhymes by which they had been superseded. There is ascribed to this writer a book on Preserving Wines ('De Vinis, Fructibus, &c., conservandis'), written by one Geoffrey, of which Pits saw the MS. in Caius College, Cambridge. Very probably he no more wrote that than Richard the Canon's Itinerary of King Richard and others to Jerusalem, the lively Chronicle of an Eyewitness (or, as it might be, Own Correspondent), who himself went with King Richard and saw the last flash of the crusading enthusiasm that Rome afterwards had no more power to sustain in Europe. There remained only, twenty years later, the disastrous crusade of St. Louis in Egypt. Already Europe had so far advanced in spiritual life (and the struggle against church abuses was a sign of it), that they could say with Map, or with St. Bernard, "It is better to struggle against the sinful lusts of the heart than to conquer Jerusalem." The record of Richard the Canon that has been ascribed to Vinsauf, begins with the Crusade itself, in the year 1187, and ends with King Richard's setting sail to return home from the Holy Land at the end of the year 1192.¹ Vinsauf is said to have written also a monody on the death of Richard, besides treatises on Rhetoric and Ethics. In fact, if we omit the works ascribed to him on Crusading, Pickling and Preserving, there remains only a writer upon Ethics, Rhetoric, and Poetry.

Ralph de Glanville, who was in 1180 appointed Chief Justiciary of England, was the author of the first treatise on English law. Born at Stratford in Suffolk, founder in 1171 of Butterley Abbey, at which time he held Richmond Castle in fee of the King; in the battle of Alnwick, 1174, he captured the Scottish King. In 1175 he was made sheriff of Yorkshire, next year a judge of the King's Court, went as a Justice in Eyre on the northern circuit, and at last was Chief Justiciary, by right of his sound knowledge of law and his firm support of the King's prerogative against encroachments of the church. He remained Justiciary at the accession of Richard I., but dissatisfied with the state of the home government in 1190, he resigned his offices, and went to Palestine with the Crusaders.

¹ A translation of this Chronicle into English is in the volume of 'Chronicles of the Crusades,' in Bohn's Antiq. Library. London, 1848.

There he fell in battle at the siege of Acre. He compiled and collected the laws of his country, and wrote a Latin treatise, of which his authorship has been disputed, on the Laws and Customs of the Kingdom of England—'De Legibus et Consuetudinibus regni Angliæ.' It is a regular treatise, in fourteen books, on the system and practice of English law under the King's courts in the days of Henry II. Upon Glanville's book was founded the treatise of Bracton.¹

William Petit or Parvus, monk of the Abbey of Austin Canons of Newburgh in the North Riding of Yorkshire, was born at Bridlington in the year 1136, and educated William of Newbury. in the monastery from which he took his name. As a diligent theologian and historian he was employed by the abbots of the neighbouring monasteries of Byland and Rievaulx, and began his career as a writer with a commentary on the Song of Solomon, written for, and dedicated to, Robert, Abbot of Byland. It was at the desire of the convent of Rievaulx, conveyed to him by their Abbot Ernald, that William of Newbury wrote his History of English Affairs (*Historia Rerum Anglicarum*), of which the Preface, as we have seen, very properly attacked the credibility of Geoffrey of Monmouth's historical romance, and of which the substance has secured him lasting credit for his own trustworthiness. Beginning at the Conquest, and ending with the year 1198, he condenses into a dozen pages all that occurred before his own time, so that his chronicle is almost throughout the journal of a contemporary, who, with some of the credulity then common to his age and calling, has a clear and manly sense of life. He died in 1208, at the age of 72. Of his History there are several MSS.² It was first printed by Silvius at Antwerp, in 1567, afterwards at Heidelberg and Paris; by Hearne, in three volumes, in 1719; and lastly, in two volumes, for the

¹ Henry Bracton, a Devonshire man, who became Lord Chief Justice in the time of Henry III., took the degree of Doctor of Laws at Oxford, and about the year 1244 was one of the King's Justices in Eyre. Ten years later he was made Lord Chief Justice, and held the office for ten years, during which he wrote his treatise 'De Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ.'

² One in the Archbishop's Library at Lambeth is of the early part of the 13th century, and said to be very accurate.

English Historical Society in 1856, by Mr. Hans Claude Hamilton.¹

Roger of Hoveden, or Howden, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, is said to have been at one time a Professor of Theology at Oxford, and was attached, like Walter Map, to the household of Henry II., who employed him in visiting abbeys that were without abbots or priors, as receiver of the revenues due from them in that case to the crown. He finished his *Annals* in 1201, compiled in the first of its two parts from Turgot (Simeon of Durham), Henry of Huntingdon, and the authorities used by the *Chronicle of Melrose*; and in the second part from Benedict of Peterborough. Benedict's work almost reappears in Roger of Hoveden, but the *Annals* include many ecclesiastical documents that are not to be found elsewhere. Their compiler made also a few insertions of fact while he was copying,—is alone in giving several particulars relating to Spain, Portugal and Scotland,—and adds to what is told elsewhere of Richard I.'s expedition to Messina, his captivity, and his return to England. Of the two parts of Hoveden's *Annals*, the first professes to continue Bede's history, and, beginning in 732, extends to the death of Stephen in the year 1154. The second part is a *History of the reign of Henry II.*, continued to the third year of the reign of John, in the year 1201; the nine years previous to that date being the minute and diffuse record of a contemporary journalist, who had every opportunity and disposition to compile authentic information. The reputation of the *chronicle* was, therefore, in its own time so good that Edward I. is said to have caused diligent search to be made for copies of it in the year 1291, in order that on its evidence he might adjust the disputes as to homage due to him from the crown of Scotland.²

Clement, who was Prior of Lanthony in the year 1176, was

¹ From whose preface I take the information given in the text.

² Archbishop Nicolson on the authority of Pits, quoted by Mr. Riley in the preface to his translation of Roger of Hoveden, which forms 2 vols. of Bohn's *Antiquarian Library*. (London, 1853.) The original text was first printed in Savile's Collection.

remarkable for learning and piety. His work was in the old simple way of religion, for he wrote as 'Series Col-
lecta' a Harmony of the Four Gospels, and appended to Clement of Lanthony. it as the Collectarium, a commentary selected from the Fathers. He wrote also commentaries on the Canonical Epistles, and worked at sacred allegory in a book on the Wings of the Cherubim. But still the tendency of his brethren, when they were not tempted by special genius into inventive work, was to write chronicles.

Benedict, a monk of Canterbury, chancellor to Becket's successor, Archbishop Richard; in 1175 Prior of Canterbury; in 1177 Abbot of Peterborough; died in 1193, Benedict of Peterborough. leaving behind him a Latin history of his own times, from 1170 to 1192, carefully compiled and well supplied with copies of official documents. Another journalist of this period was Richard of Devizes, a monk of Winchester, who Richard of Devizes. there wrote a history of the first years of the reign of Richard I. from 1189 to 1192, which adds to the information given by Benedict of Peterborough.

Radulph de Diceto, after travelling in Europe, was Archdeacon of Middlesex, about 1160. In 1183 he was Dean of Ralph de Diceto. London. Under his name appear two histories, one short and brought down to 1198; the other longer, of events between 1147 and 1193 or 1200. These have been published in Twysden's collection of historians. In Gale's collection there appears under the same name an abridgment of Geoffrey of Monmouth's History.

Alexander Neckham—whose name was punned upon in his day as Nequam—blended a little science and philosophy with the great mass of journalism that his Alexander Neckham. brethren were producing. He was born at St. Alban's in September 1157, on the same night as King Richard I., and was the King's foster-brother. His mother suckled the prince with her right breast, and Alexander with the left one. Educated at St. Alban's, he was early entrusted with care of the school at Dunstable, dependent on St. Alban's Abbey. In 1180, at the age of 23, he was at Paris as a distinguished professor. In 1187 he returned to Dunstable, and a year afterwards became an Augustine Canon in the monastery of Cirencester, where in 1213 he

was elected abbot. He died in 1217, leaving behind him grammatical treatises and Latin poems, including a treatise on Science in ten books of elegiac verse, the subjects of the books being Creation; the Elements; Water, and its contents; Fire; Air; the Earth's Surface; its Interior; Plants; Animals; and the Seven Arts. He left also a similar work in prose, besides theological works and commentaries on writings of Aristotle and others.

Gervase, a monk of Canterbury, who saw the cathedral burnt in 1174, wrote an account of the burning and rebuilding; also an account of the quarrels between Archbishop Baldwin and his monks; a History of the Archbishops of Canterbury, ending soon after the accession of Hubert; a Chronicle of the reigns of Stephen, Henry II. and Richard I., ending with Richard's death in 1199;¹ and a Mappa Mundi, showing the bishops' sees, and monasteries in each county of England, and a list of the Archbishops of the whole world with their suffragans.

Gervase of Tilbury, in Essex, his birthplace, who is called, upon no good grounds, a grandson of Henry II., studied in foreign schools and, high in favour of Emperor Otho IV., became marshal of the kingdom of Arles. For this Emperor's amusement he wrote, in the reign of King John, his 'Otia Imperialia,' in which he speaks from memory of the time of the death of Prince Henry, Henry II.'s son, in 1183. The book, in three parts, or Decisions, is the most valuable and amusing medley of the legendary tales and superstitions of the Middle Ages.

In the 'Otia Imperialia' of Gervase of Tilbury, written about the year 1211, there is much interesting illustration of the scientific knowledge of the educated laymen of that time, and of the history and geography of the Middle Ages. Of the traditions and popular superstitions of the beginning of the thirteenth century, the book is a mine. It abounds in citations of ancient authors, and Gervase of Tilbury received, on this account, more than his due share of credit for learning, until it

¹ These are all in the Collection of Sir Roger Twysden, whom I have called a Royalist, but should rather have called an honest friend of King and People.

was lately pointed out by Herr Felix Liebrecht,¹ that a very considerable number of his citations, and the greater part of his first book or 'Decision,' had been taken from the 'Historia Scholastica' of Petrus Comestor. He is careless, too, says Herr Liebrecht, in his use of secondhand quotations, and he never once mentions Comestor. Seeking reward of the Emperor, his patron, Gervase desired evidently to cheat his Majesty into a very high sense of his client's erudition. Nevertheless, he was remarkably well read for a layman of the beginning of the thirteenth century. But we care little now about his learning; the chief value of his book arising out of his credulous superstition, and the taste for mythology which made Ovid his favourite among the ancient poets. In the third Decision, defined by Gervase as "containing marvels of each province—not all, but of each some"—he tells of the enchantments ascribed to Virgil at Naples, and gives accounts of werwolves, lamias, barnacle geese, and whatever else he had heard or read about that was most curious.

To Gervase of Tilbury has been ascribed a Dialogue on the Exchequer—*Dialogus de Scaccario*—of which the author is said, in the Red Book of the Exchequer written in the reign of Henry III., to have been the son of Nigel Bishop of Ely, Richard, successively Canon of London, Archdeacon of Ely and Dean of Lincoln, High Treasurer by purchase in 1169, and Bishop of London in 1189, dying in 1198.²

¹ 'Des Gervasius von Tilbury *Otia Imperialia*. In Einer Auswahl neu herausgegeben und mit Anmerkungen begleitet von Felix Liebrecht.' Hannover, 1856. A book that gives, annotated in a scholarly way with copious illustrations out of European folklore, all that is most amusing in Gervase of Tilbury. Herr Liebrecht's book was dedicated to the late Sir G. C. Lewis.

² The work is in the 'History and Antiquities of the Exchequer of the Kings of England . . . together with a correct copy of the Ancient Dialogue concerning the Exchequer, generally ascribed to Gervasius Tilburiensis' (by Thomas Madox), London, 1711; and a translation of it has been published.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE extent to which, by fusion of races, the formation of English had advanced in the reign of Henry II. is indicated by the reply of "Magister" to "Discipulus," in the work named at the close of the last chapter, the 'Dialogue on the Exchequer,'¹ to the question, whether clandestine death should be imputed for the murder of an Englishman as of a Norman. "At the outset it was not, as you have heard: but already by English and Norman cohabiting and taking wives from each other, the nations are so thoroughly mixed, that at this day it can hardly be discerned,—I speak of the children,—which is of English, which of Norman race; except only those ascribed to the soil, who are called villains, to whom their lords do not give liberty to depart from their condition."

The change made by this time in the English language was one of development, not of disorganization. There was loss of inflexion, and there was gradual enrichment of the vocabulary. Archbishop Trench, in one of his delightfully instructive little books on English,² adopts Selden's comparison of our language to a garment full of patches various in colour and material. But the comparison misleads, for it implies rot and imperfect restoration. The true comparison would be to a house that, with the increasing wealth of its owner, becomes more and more suited to the uses and enjoyments of his life.

Different writers have, as technical aids to study, parted the English language, during the years of its growth, into four periods, to which they assign various arbitrary limits. The division adopted by Sir Frederic Madden has probably the best

¹ Lib. I. cap. x. Quid Murdrum et quare sic dictum.

² 'English Past and Present,' 'The Study of Words,' 'Glossary of Words used formerly in a different sense to the Present.' No student should overlook these little helps to a true knowledge of his mother tongue.

right to general acceptance. According to this the first stage of advance, during which the language is Anglo-Saxon losing accuracy of inflexion and acquiring some new words, is called the period of Semi-Saxon—Saxon with marks of the coming English in it—and is said to extend between the years 1100 and 1230. The second stage of advance is through a language marked by more complete freedom from grammatical complexity, and by much enrichment of the vocabulary through absorption of whatever was useful in the Norman into the old Saxon speech. This is called the period of Early English—English with marks of the bygone Saxon in it; and is said to extend over the next hundred years—that is to say, from 1230 to 1330. As the development proceeds, and the passage into English of our own day becomes more apparent, the division is into Middle English (1330-1500), Later English (1500-1600), and from that date Modern English.

Periods of transition from Anglo-Saxon into Modern English.

These divisions are not only arbitrary, but in the true period of the formation of the language, where alone they may seem to be (and to a certain extent are) substantial and convenient, they require to be used with incessant caution. For let it be considered what was the true manner of this change. English remains essentially an Anglo-Saxon language, because the great bulk of the population of the country remained Anglo-Saxon after the arrival of the Normans. The Normans did not come, as the Anglo-Saxons themselves had come, in successive tides of colonization. They conquered the land, but did not people it. By the Conquest, except the King himself, most of the great lords of his court, the ecclesiastics whom he set in places of chief trust in the Church, and the barons and men-at-arms whom he established as landed proprietors about the country, there were but a few common priests and soldiers added to the nation. The policy of the conquerors was to promote intermarriage between Norman and Saxon; there was no attempt to suppress or alter anything consistent with the Norman notions of good law, and with the policy of self-preservation necessary while the conquerors were few and they were not yet firmly rooted in the land. They

The manner of the change.

had no particular regard for Norman-French, and would, to a man probably, have spoken Anglo-Saxon from the day after the Conquest if they could have done so at a wish, and without putting themselves to school. William the Conqueror did try to learn the language of the country; but he was not apt at lessons, and gave up the labour. The Norman-French in our language gave us much of what is technically called Latin of the third period, as distinguished from the Latin of the first period, derived from the Roman occupation of Britain, and that of the second period derived from the influence of Roman Christianity upon the Anglo-Saxons. But this new Latin element was received into our language only by slow degrees, and at very different rates in different parts of the land. For more than fifty years after the Conquest the native language, as represented by the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, was altogether unaffected. For so many years the old language could at any rate, by a patriotic effort of will, be pretty accurately spoken. After that time the new life made the new growth too strong to be concealed.

In the chief towns, and wherever the King and his nobles held court, the Normans who, as an essential part of the policy of conquest and not only for the division of spoil, had been set in places of chief trust, naturally spoke in their own language to each other. It was also the reasonable courtesy of inferiors to address them, if they were able to do so, in the language they best understood; and for their own sakes pleaders would take care to put their cause into the form most clearly intelligible. Thus French found its way into law courts, and came to be generally taught in schools. As far as they could, the Norman barons, bishops, and abbots would, one man perfectly, another imperfectly, acquire the language of the great mass of the people, and attempt to make themselves intelligible to those who had not learnt French; while, on the other side, there would be generally produced by the native some variety of the "French of Stratford-atte-Bow," racy enough of English soil.

In the towns frequented by the court the result of such intercourse, after four or five generations of Normans and Saxons

Local influ-
ences upon
language.
At court.

dwelling together, and having their chief commerce with an Anglo-Saxon people at their doors, would be a Saxon language with comparatively much Latin or French admixture.

In the trading towns, of which many soon became strong and prosperous, and of which the inhabitants were chiefly and patriotically Anglo-Saxon, the language would be on the whole less modified by French, although the intercourse and extension of trade would compel a frequent use of that language, and introduce a class of technical terms distinct from those of chivalry and the chace peculiar to courtly circles.

And lastly, in the little towns and hamlets of the rural districts there was usually a Norman baron, with an Anglo-Saxon wife or mother, set as the influential centre of a Saxon people. The people would pick up and keep any convenient French terms dropped among them by the castle folks, but would, on the whole, oblige their lords and ladies, if they dwelt much on the estate, to learn the language of their people. Still, whether the lord of the soil were resident or not, the direct intercourse with him would not be very great; while as for the population of the villains or serfs, their intercourse remained almost exclusively among each other. Thus, in these rural districts, the old language would stay in the old form for a much longer time than in large towns; for it is to be remembered that there was far less intercourse then than there now is between town and country, and that there was no wide circulation of books to diffuse knowledge of some common standard of right speech.

In the same year, then, the language spoken in the capital, in a trading town, and in the rural districts of England, would differ so much, that we might, if not on our guard, be led to ascribe the rustic English to one period, the courtly to another.

While change was being thus made at different rates of progress, there had long ceased to exist a cultivated literary class among the Anglo-Saxons that might have studiously maintained the old purity of inflexion.

As at this day, the German peasantry confuse the genders, and clip the inflexions of their language, so doubtless Anglo-Saxon

In the trading towns.

In rural districts.

Differences in contemporary forms of English.

Anglo-Saxon no longer a literary language.

was confused and clipped by the main body of the people even in the best days of its literature. But when Norman influence ruled over literature, and the best native writers used either Latin or Norman-French, complexities of gender and inflexion must needs go the way of nature rather faster than they usually do; but as they all sooner or later must do in the language of a vigorous and active people.

Nevertheless, if its voice was out of fashion for a few years, there had been no pause in the working of the Anglo-Saxon mind; and among all the signs of intellectual advancement that mark the busy period of Henry II.'s reign, not the least is the re-awakening of English song in its own native tongue. It was Layamon, priest of a rural district, who began the strain; and of this work also the inspiration is to be traced back to that mock history of Geoffrey of Monmouth which rose suddenly as a bright spring of romance in the midst of a wilderness of record, and wherever it went quickened the blossoming of fancy from the ready soil.

Layamon, the son of Leovenath,—called in the later text of his poem Laweman, the son of Leuca,—was a priest who read the services of the Church at Ernley, on the banks of the Severn, near Redstone. The place is now called Areley, or Areley Kings, and is about three and a half miles from Bewdley, in Worcestershire. The later of the two texts of his poem, doubtless in error, makes him say that “he dwelt at Ernley, with the good knight, upon Severn.” Of his life no more is known. Of his book, he says that he compiled it from three sources—namely, a book in English, by Saint Bede; another in Latin, by Saint Albin and Austin; and a book, in French, by a clerk named Wace, who presented it to Eleanor, Henry II.'s Queen. To obtain these three books, he says that he travelled “wide over land.” If the English book be the translation of Bede's History ascribed to Alfred, he has taken from it only the story of Pope Gregory and the Anglo-Saxon captives at Rome; and he differs from it in many places even when he is not copying from Wace. Of what is meant by the Latin book of Albinus and Austin there can be only remote conjecture. Sir Frederic Madden, the first editor of

Rise of the
modern Eng-
lish litera-
ture.

Layamon.

Layamon, whose Introduction to his 'Brut' I am now following,¹ thinks that Layamon may have supposed, by confusion, the Albinus of Canterbury, who gave Bede information, to be the author of the original Latin of Bede's History, and that he further confused St. Augustin with the authorship. But that is hardly possible. The "errors of equal magnitude" to which Sir Frederic refers are errors in early history, that a man might well make without being therefore judged unable to read the most obvious fact in the books he has been taking particular pains to obtain. The reference, I think, must be to some other work of which there is no MS. extant. But the third authority, Wace's 'Brut,' was the work chiefly used by Layamon, and of this the English poem is, in fact, an amplified translation. It is doubled in length. Wace's 'Brut' contains 15,300, Layamon's 32,250 lines. The addition consists partly of speeches put with dramatic effect into the mouths of persons of the story, partly of a very considerable extension of the Arthurian romance, names of persons and places being supplied, and the interpolations of new matter being sometimes to the extent of a hundred lines and more. Among the many legendary additions, for example, is that of King Arthur's being taken after death to Avalon. In his dying speech to Constantine he says, according to Layamon—

"I will fare to Avalun to the fairest of all maidens, to Argante the Queen, an elf most fair, and she shall make my wounds all sound; make me all whole with healing draughts. And afterwards I will come again to my kingdom and dwell with the Britons with mickle joy. Even with the words there approached from the sea a little short boat floating with the waves; and two women therein wondrously formed; and they took Arthur anon, and bare him quickly, and laid him softly down, and forth they gan depart. Then was it accomplished that Merlin whilom said, that mickle care should come of Arthur's departure. The Britons believe yet that he is alive, and dwelleth in Avalun with the fairest of all elves, and the Britons ever yet expect when Arthur shall return."

¹ Layamon's 'Brut, or Chronicle of Britain: a Poetical Semi-Saxon Paraphrase of the Brut of Wace. Now first published from the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum. Accompanied by a Literal Translation, Notes, and a Grammatical Glossary.' By Sir Frederic Madden, K.H., Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. 3 vols. Published by the Society of Antiquaries of London, 1847.

Which I give in Layamon's own language, that the reader may observe for himself how far this form of Semi-Saxon is like modern English:—

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| <p>“And ich wulle varan to Avalun : To vairest alre maidene. To Argante þere¹ quene : Alven swiðe sceone. And heo scal mine wunden Makien alle isunde Al hal me makien Mid haleweige drenchen And secðe ich cumen wulle To mine kineriche And wunien mid Brutten Mid mnchelese wunne. Æfne þan worden þer com of se wenden þat was an sceort bat liðen Sceoven mid uðen,</p> | <p>And twa wimmem þer inne Wunderliche idihte And heo nomen Arthur anan And aneouste hine uereden And softe hine adun leiden And forth gunnen hine liðen. þa wes hit iwurðen þat Merlin seide whilen þat weore unimete care Of Arðures forð-fare. Bruttes ileueð yete þat he bon on liue And wunnien in Avalun Mid fairest alre aluen ; And lokieð euere Bruttes yete When Arður cumen liðe.”</p> |
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Layamon has completely kept, after the introductory line or two, himself and his own time out of the story that is really a poem in his hands. It is not easy, therefore, to assign to his work an exact date. In telling of Leir and of Caer-Leir or Leicester that he is said to have founded, Layamon says that “of yore it was a most noble burgh, and afterwards there fell towards it very much sorrow, so that it was all destroyed through slaughters of the people.” This may be supposed to refer to its destruction by the forces of Henry II. in 1173. Again, in telling of King Ebrauc, after whom the burgh he founded was called Eborac, he says, “afterwards came foreign men and named it Eoverwic, and the northern men, not long since, through an ill practice, called it Yeork.” In another passage, within not many lines of the end, he thus ascribes to King Ina the establishment of Peter's pence: “Inne was the first man that began Peter's penny. When Inne, the king, was dead, and his laws done away, then ceased the tribute here five-and-sixty years, until that Athelstan arrived into this land, and had dwelt here full fifteen years. The king kissed his feet and greeted him fair, and eft

¹ Some readers may find it convenient to be reminded that in this and any future extracts the two A.-S. letters þ and ð represent the two sounds of th in thin and then.

the same tribute granted that Inne, the king, did ere; and so it hath stood ever since in this land—the Lord knoweth how long the law shall last!” In 1205 King John and his nobles resisted the Pope’s mandate for its collection. In the beginning of his work, too, Sir Frederic Madden, who calls attention to these points, adds, that Layamon says Wace presented his book to Eleanor, who *was* Henry’s queen, inferring from this that either Henry, or both he and Eleanor, must then have been dead. But, it is argued, Henry died in 1189 and Eleanor in 1204. The date of the composition of Layamon’s ‘Brut’ is, therefore, on this as well as the other grounds, placed, by common consent, a few years after the year 1200. I do not doubt the accuracy of the conclusion thus arrived at; but no argument is to be founded on the expression “Eleanor, who was Henry’s queen,” unless it be admitted that Layamon wrote this poem after his own death, for his very first lines tell that “There was a priest in the land who was named Layamon.”

Layamon, priest in a rural district, was among those who spoke the language of the country with the least mixture of Norman French. In the earlier of the two MSS. of Layamon,¹ that written in the thirteenth century, Sir Frederic Madden found that the English of the poet contained less than fifty words derived from the Normans, and some even of those which he found may have come direct from Latin. Such words of French or Latin are:

“admirail, appostolie, astronomie, barun, bunnan (bounds), canele (sweet cane), cheisil (linen), coriun (pipe), duc, eastresse (territories), falsie (to fail), flum (river), ginne (stratagem), haleweie (balsam), hune (mast top), ire (angry), latinier, machunes (machines), mahun (idol), male (coffer, mail), mantel, montaine, nap (cup), paradis, pouere, processiou, scurmen (to skirmish), senaht (senate), servise, sire, sot (fool), timpe (tambour).”

And several of these words had been used more than half a century before in the Saxon Chronicle. The second MS. of Layamon,² written about a generation later, drops about twenty

¹ In Brit. Mus. Cotton MSS. Caligula, A. ix.

² Cotton MSS. Otho, C. xiii. Both texts are printed by Sir Frederic Madden. Damaged and supposed to be lost by the fire in 1731, its fragments were collected in 1827 by the Rev. J. Forshall, then keeper of the MSS. In this MS., of the 26,960 lines of the poem, 2370 are wholly lost, and 1000 injured.

of the French words in the early text, and introduces rather more than forty others, of which a few had long been in familiar use. Among these words are:—

“abbey, chapeil, nonnerie, anued (annoyed), atyr (attire), conseil, chevetaine (chieftain), contre, cri, delaie, eyr (heir), failede, fol, folie, gile, grace, granti, guise, honure, hostage, manere, paid, parc, passi (to pass), prisune, route, tresur, tumbé, gisarme (battle-axe), harsun (saddlebow), pensiles (standards), seine (ensign), pais (peace), paisi (to reconcile), truage (tribute).”

In the two texts, containing together more than 56,800 lines, there are thus but ninety words of French origin to be found.

Battles are described in the old way. In Layamon's ‘Brut,’ as in ‘Cædmon’ or ‘Beowulf,’ there are few similes, and those which occur are simply derived from natural objects, as the lion, the boar, the crane, hail, &c. There is the same use of a descriptive synonym for man or warrior. There is the old depth and earnestness that rather gains than loses dignity by the simplicity of its expression, often in colloquial form. There is the old alliterative manner, too, though not the exact metre, with an occasional sliding into rhyme, that had by imitation both of Latin and of French verse already found its way into songs of the people, the accent being placed with equal justice on the alliterative and upon the rhyming syllable. The rhyming couplets are described by Mr. Guest as founded on the models of accentuated Anglo-Saxon rhythms of four, five, six, or seven accents, those of six and five accents being used most frequently, but with changes made at will by the poet from the shortest to the longest.

The substance of this first long English poem after the Conquest is too rich in detail for complete analysis; but the remarkable influence of Geoffrey of Monmouth's history, now apparent, may well be represented in a sketch of the form given by Layamon to that part of it from which the Arthurian romance was disconnected for especial amplification by the poets.

Layamon's ‘Brut.’

Thus it begins:—

“There was a priest in the land Who was named Layamon, He was son of Leovenath,—May the Lord be gracious to him!—He dwelt at Ernley, At a noble church Upon Severn's bank, Good it seemed to him, Near Radstone,

Where he read book. It came to him in mind, And in his chief thought,
That he would of England Tell the noble deeds. What the men were named,
And whence they came Who English land First had, After the flood That
came from the Lord That destroyed all here That is found alive Except Noah
and Sem Japhet and Cam And their four wives That were with them in the
ark. Layamon began the journey Wide over this land and procured the noble
books Which he took for pattern. He took the English book That Saint Bede
made, Another he took, in Latin, That Saint Albin made And the fair Austin
Who brought baptism in hither; The third book he took, Laid there in the
midst, That a French clerk made, Who was named Wace Who well could
write And he gave it to the noble Eleanor that was Henry's queen, The high
king's. Layamon laid down those books And turned the leaves He beheld
them lovingly, May the Lord be merciful to him! Pen he took with fingers
And wrote a book-skin And the true word Set together And the three Books
Compressed into one. Now prayeth Layamon Each good man, For, the
Almighty's love, That reads this book, And learns this rune (counsel) That he
these soothfast words Say together For his father's soul That brought him
forth, And for his mother's soul That bore him to be a man, And for his own
soul That it be the better. Amen. Now saith with lofty song He that was a
priest in the land All as the books speak, That he took for pattern. The
Greeks had Troy With mischief conquered," &c.

Eneas escaped with his son Ascanius and his retinue in twenty ships
to Italy, landed where Rome now stands, and was courteously received
by the wise old King Latin. He was to marry also the king's daughter,
Lavinia, and be his heir. Turnus, who loved her, fought for her and fell.
Eneas took Lavine to wife, and had the country, and after four years
died, and after his death the queen had a son for her comfort, Silvius
Eneas, of whom his brother, Ascanius, son of Eneas, by Creusa, daughter
of Priam, took charge. In his day the Fiend carried away, from Alba
Longa that he built, the idol that Eneas brought from Troy. Ascanius
had a son named Silvius, who secretly loved Lavine's niece; and when
the lady was with child, Ascanius called all who knew songs of magic
art, the Devil was among them, to tell what that was. And they found
by their sorrowful spells that it was a son, who should slay both his
father and his mother, and be through their death driven from the land.
And his mother died through him in his birth, but the child lived, and
was named Brutus, throve, and loved virtue. When fifteen years old, he
went to the wood with his father. They found a herd of harts. The
father drove them to his son; Brutus set on his arrow, he thought to
shoot the tall deer, and hit his own father through the breast. Woe was
Brutus therefore! Woe was him alive when his father was dead! When
his kindred heard that he had slain his father, they banished him from
the land, and he went sorrowful to Greece, where he found his kindred of
the Troy folk, but they were all slaves. The men were become numerous;
the women had thriven; the cattle were abundant. Brutus had been
but a little while in the land when he became dear to all; for he was a
man most good to please the people; bountiful, which is great honour;
beloved by all who looked on him. They gave him gifts and greeted him
courteously; they said to him secretly that if he were bold and durst do

it, he would lead them out of slavery to freedom, and he should be their duke. "We have," said they, "seven thousand good knights, besides the women, who know nothing of weapons, children, and hinds to mind the cattle." In Greece was a young man of thirty years old, named Assaracus, his father a Greek, his mother a Trojan concubine. Assaracus had a brother born in wedlock, who took from him the castles that his father gave him; so there was much fighting, and Assaracus, who was a good knight, joined the Trojans who were of his mother's kindred. By his advice Brutus was made Duke, war was prepared, and a letter was sent by Brutus to Pandrasus, the Greek king, telling him that he had seven thousand men in castles, and in the mountains many thousands, who would rather live on roots like swine of the forest than endure more slavery, and that they prayed him in friendship to set them free. The king raised a great army, but Brutus, disposing his men in a forest pass, smote the king's army, so that many fell by sword and spear; many were drowned in the river Achalon. Then the king's brother, Antigonus, marched against Brutus, was defeated and taken prisoner. The king besieged the castle of Sparatin, in which were six hundred Trojan knights; and, as the king thought, his captive brother, but he was safe in the woods. The king could not take the castle, and when famine approached, the knights in it sent for help to Brutus. There was a well-born man, named Anacletus, taken with Antigonus. Brutus rushed on him, threatening him grimly with naked sword, "unless thou dost my bidding; but if thou do it, ye may help yourselves." Anacletus consented to go to his own men as an escaped prisoner, say that Antigonus was escaped also, and lying in the wood for rescue, and so bring the knights of the Greeks into an ambush. This he did, for he was the betrayer of his people. And then Brutus, dividing his army, crept by stealth on the king's camp; and when he was at the door of the king's tent, he leapt from his horse and blew a loud blast on his horn. The Trojans heard that and advanced; they awakened the Greeks with their terrible slaughter. Heads flew on the field. The fated fell; many hand, many foot, the hap was worse, and Brutus with his knights captured the king. All whole and sound loudly he called, "I have the king of this folk! Fell down his people. Let none escape alive to the woods, and I will lead this king with myself." So Brutus took all and delivered Sparatin. On the morrow they buried the slain and divided the spoil.

Then it was proclaimed that the Trojans should come to the hustings, and their lord spake, and thus said to them, "Listen, my knights; listen, my dear men; tell me the counsel that seems to you good. I have this king and his brother prisoners, have slain his people, and parted his goods among my friends. If ye that are my brave men advise it, I will smite off his head; and if ye so advise me, I will free him, if he give us treasure for his life." Then the knights answered with differing opinions, and while they debated Membricius spoke and counselled that they demand of the king freedom, his daughter, Ignogen, for wife to Lord Brutus, gold, steeds, provision, and all the ships that were in his land, so that the Trojans might depart over the seas to a country pleasant to them, where they would make Brutus king. When he had spoken [and his whole husting speech is given in the poem], there was great talking,

great din, much clamour of people, and they all cried thus, "Sooth saith Membricius." So was agreed, and so was done, and the good knights went right to the sea; great was the joy that Brutus had with him! Brutus took Ignogen and led her into the ship. They righted their ropes, they reared their masts, they wound up sails, the wind stood at their will; sixteen times twenty ships went from the haven, and four great ships that were full laden with the best weapons that Brutus had.

First they landed at the island of Leogice, that had been ravaged by outlaws, and bereft of inhabitants. There the men killed as much wild deer as they would, and found a ruined castle with a temple made of marble stone, lofty and spacious, "the Worse had it to wield." Therein was an image of woman's form, fair and very noble, called by her heathen name Diana, the Devil loved her. She worked wondercraft with the Fiend's help. She was queen of all the woods that were on earth. Brutus took his twelve wisest men and a priest, bare a gold vessel of wine mixed with the milk of a hind shot by his own hand, lighted a fire on the altar, and went nine times around it. He entreated the beloved lady, often kissed the altar, poured milk on the fire, with mild words, "Lady Diana! loved Diana! high Diana, help in need. Teach me, counsel me by thy wise craft, whither to lead my people to a winsome land, where they may dwell. And if I may get the land and my people spread over it, I will make a spacious dwelling in thy name, and honour thee with high worship." Thus spake Brutus, and he took the hide of the hind, spread it before the altar, kneeled, lay down on it and slept. Then it seemed to him in a dream that his lady, Diana, beheld him lovingly, and courteously laid her hand upon his head, and said, "Beyond France thou shalt find in the West a winsome land that is surrounded by the sea. Thereon thou shalt prosper. There is fowl, there is fish; there dwell fair deer. There is wood, there is water, there is much wilderness. The land is most winsome. Springs there are fair. Eotens most strong dwell in the land. Albion is the land's name, but men there are none." Thereto shalt thou go, and a new Troy there make; there shall arise of thy kin royal progeny, and over all lands shall their fame be high. Brutus when he awoke promised the lady in that land a temple and an image of red gold.

So [with divers lesser adventures] they sailed on, and, escaping at the pillars of Hercules the siren snares of the mermaids, saw Spain, and, there landing, found a four-fold host of their own kindred, who had been led thither by Atenor after the fall of Troy. After Atenor was dead, Corineus, strong as a giant, was their duke, and he it was who gave Brutus the kiss of welcome. When Brutus told whither he was bound, Corineus said, "And I will go with thee, with my good folk, and have part with thee; and hold thee for chief and obey thee for lord."

So they came by Armorica, and anchored in the Loire for seven nights and a day, and sent over the land and viewed the people. Goffar, King of Poitou, was displeased, and sent, to inquire why these people came, his alderman, Numbert, who met Corineus, with five hundred knights, and horn and hounds, hunting the deer in the king's park. Numbert in wrath shot an arrow against Corineus, but Corineus, leaping on him like a lion, seized the bow from which the arrow had been shot, and smote

him with it, so that his head-bone broke to bits, and his blood and brains dashed out. Numbert's companions fled with the tidings to King Goffar, who raised an army. Then there was a battle lasting for a day, and Corineus slew two hundred with his sword before it broke. After the sword broke, he wrenched a war-axe from a man's hand, and with that he hewed among the flying Poitou folk. The king's strong man Suard he chopped in two, right by the ribs. The folk that fled from Corineus came to Brutus, and they slew all that they came nigh.

Goffar fled out of his kingdom to the Emperor and twelve companions, who were kings, of France. While Brutus was harrying Armorica, they gathered forces, and presently they besieged Brutus in a strong castle that he had built. In a sally made by Brutus, a strong knight, and relation of his, named Turnus, was so furious in fight that, when he was killed, from him the castle was named Tours, and the whole land Touraine.

The French were beaten, Brutus blew his horn, assembled his forces, and they held counsel together, and resolved to march to the sea. So they went to their ships with treasure of Goffar and of the Frenchmen dead in fight, and voyaged till they came to land at Dartmouth, by Totness. Then had Brutus the gift Diana promised him, and his men made mirth and were thankful. They found in the land twenty giants, whose names I never have heard tell in song or speech, except the name of one who was their chief lord, hight Geomagog, who was the most powerful. God's enemy: the Worse loved him. The arrows of the Trojans at first drove these fiends into the caverns. But one day, when Brutus and all his folk were blithe, there came twenty tall giants descending from the hills, mighty and strong; great trees were their clubs, and in a little time they slew five hundred. Then the Trojan men turned on them with arrows, and slew all but Geomagog, who was taken alive, and brought before Brutus, to wrestle with Corineus.

" Brutus sat as judge upon a down, the folk came together upon a sea-cliff. Forth came Corineus, and advanced himself, and the giant also, that all beheld it. There was many a man, there was many a woman, there was mickle folk at the wrestling. They yoked their arms and made themselves ready; breast against breast—bones they cracked. They thrust out their shanks, the heroes were strong; they rammed their heads together, the people beheld. Oft they fell down, as they would lie; oft they leaped up, as they would fly. Loathly glances they flashed with their eyes. Their gnashing of teeth was all as the wild boar's rage. Awhile they were black and loathly swollen, awhile they were red and highly enraged. Either of them willed to conquer the other with wiles, with stratagems, and with wondrous strength. Geomagog bethought what he might do, and thrust Corineus from off his breast, eft drew him back and broke him by the back four of his ribs, evilly he marred him; but he no whit minded that. It wanted little that Corineus was not overcome. Nevertheless he bethought him what he might do; he took Geomagog to heart and stretched out his arms and hugged him so that his back broke, grasped him by the girdle, and grimly heaved him up. The rock was most high where on the cliff they fought. Corineus felled him, and hurled him with strength down the rock, so that his bones clove asunder, so the fiend broke all to pieces

ere he came to the ground, and thus went the mighty wretch to hell. Now and evermore is the cliff known to each people as Geomagog's leap."

Then the Trojans spread over the land, tilled it, built towns. It had been named Albion; they called it as the land of Brutus, Britain; and the Trojan men after their lord called themselves Britons. Brutus gave Corineus, his dear warrior, one part of the land. The lord high Corineus and the land Corinie. Afterwards, through the people who were in the land, they called it Cornwall, through their foolish custom. [It was a Cornwall that included Devonshire.] Their own Trojan speech they called British, but Englishmen changed its name after Gurmund came into this land.

Gurmund drove out the Britons, and his folk were named Saxons from one end of Alemaine that was named Angles, and of Angles come Englishmen, and they called it England. The English overcame the Britons. Brutus had Britain, and Corineus Cornwall. The people increased and throve, and the fair land was dear to Brutus.

Then thinking of Troy, he journeyed over all this land to view the country, and found a winsome spot upon a water, and reared there a rich burgh, with bowers, and halls, and high stone walls, and named it Troy the New. Afterwards the people called it Trinovant. And many winters afterwards there arose a king of Brutus' kin named Lud, who loved this burgh much, dwelt in it many winters, and caused loudly to be proclaimed that it should be called Kaer-Lud, after his own name. Afterwards came other dominion and new customs, so that men called it Lundin all over the country. Then came English men who called it Lundene; thereafter the French, who conquered it with fight and called it, with their country manners, Lundres.

Brutus reigned 24 years, and hé and Ignogen had three sons. Locrin, the eldest and wisest, who had the south land, of people called after him Locres [Lloegr]; and Camber was the second who had all westward of Severn, Cambria, "that is the wild land that the Welshmen love." Afterwards it was called Wales on account of the Queen Galues, and for the Duke Gualun men call them Welshmen. The third brother was Albanac, whom King Humber afterwards destroyed; he had the north land now called Scotland, but in his day Albanie.

Then follows the story of the coming of Humber, king of the Huns and of Sabrina, daughter of Locrine.¹ Queen Guendolen, who drowned Sabrina and her mother, Æstrild, in the Severn, that now bears by her command Sabrina's name, reigned fifteen years and nine days after Locrine's death. But she afterwards retired to her own Cornwall, giving to Madan, her son, his father's kingdom. Madan had two sons, Malin and Membrez, both of them wicked; at his death he gave his kingdom in their hands. Then there was strife between them. Membrez slew his brother, and reigned twenty years as a monster of wickedness; but at last, parted from his followers in the hunt, was set upon and torn to pieces by wolves. His son and successor, Ebrauc, was the noblest of kings. He conquered France and more than France. "This was the first king that went out

¹ See page 501.

a robbing, who passed over sea out of this land. Very long after his time was all his people immeasurably rich from his plunder. He it was who built Kaer Ebrauc; afterwards it was called Eborac; then came foreign men and named it Eoverwic; and the northern men, not long since, through an ill-usage, named it Yeore." He reigned sixty years, and had twenty sons, each by a different mother, and thirty fair daughters, after the fairest of whom, Galues, Wales was named. Silvius, king of Lombardy, sent for all Ebrauc's daughters, to be married to his knights of Trojan kin, who could not endure the women of the Lombard country. Some of their brothers went with them and passed as conquerors into Alemaine, but the eldest son remained by his father Ebrauc, and his name was Brutus Vert-Escu. He reigned twelve years after his father's death, and had a son named Leil, who reigned after his father five-and-twenty years, and built Kaer Leil (Carlisle). "In all the north land is there no burgh so fair." Leil died when his kingdom was disturbed by strife among his noble barons. His son, Ruhhudibras, who reigned thirty-nine winters, established peace. He made a noble burgh, and called it Winchester, such work seemed to him most pleasant, and afterwards he made Canterbury. An eagle spoke from a castle-wall the warning of his death.

His son, Bladud, who followed, was a busy man, strong and huge, rich and mighty. He knew the evil craft, so that he spake with the Worse, and all that ever he would the Worse told him. He wrought baths with a kind of stone as great as a beam which he laid in a well-spring. This stone makes the water hot and heals folk. He built (at Bath) near the bath a temple of Minerva, wherein was a fire, never extinguished. He boasted that he would fly like a bird, made wings, and went to London with much folk, put on his wings, and went very high, got very near the Welkin. Then the wind turned against him, his flight was weak, his cords broke, and he fell, so that he was dashed to pieces on the roof of the temple of Appollon, the mighty Fiend who was worshipped in London.

Bladud had a son who was named Leir, who ruled sixty winters; he built Kaer Leir, which we in our country speech call Leirchestre (Leicester). Yore it was a most noble burgh, and afterwards there fell towards it very much sorrow, so that it was all destroyed through slaughter of the people. The king had three daughters, but he had no son. The eldest daughter, hight Gornoille, the second Ragan, the third Cordoille. She was the youngest, of beauty fairest; she was to her father dear as his own life. [Here follows the legend of King Lear that Shakespeare has idealized. Its end here is with Lear's triumph by help of his daughter's husband from over the sea-stream, Aganippus king of France.] The old king also lived three years after giving the land to Cordoille, and after death was buried by her at Leicester, in the temple of Janus. But after Lear's death, and her husband's death, which happened five years later, Cordoille was attacked by her sister's sons, Morgan and Cunedagius, who slew her armies, captured her, put her in a prison, a torture-house, and angered their aunt till "she took a long knife and deprived herself of life."

Then her two nephews divided the land; but two years afterwards

Morgan wasted the country of his cousin, who chased him and smote off his head. Then for thirty-three years Cunedagius was sole lord. In his days Remus and Romulus made Rome. In the days of his son Riwald it rained blood three days and three nights; then came black flies that destroyed men by flying into their eyes, mouths, and noses, and that ate the corn and grass. Thereafter was such a mortality that few remained alive. King Riwald's son, Gurgustius, reigned half a year; Sisillius came next, who was soon dead. Then came Lago, who lived eight weeks. Next came King Marke, who was king thirty weeks.

Then came Gorbodiago, he was a good king five years. He had two sons, both wicked, the elder hight Fereus, the younger Poreus. [Here follows the legend which is the subject of our first English tragedy, Gorboduc, or Ferrex and Porrex.]

The end of that story was civil war and great destruction of men, so that few here remained alive. Four chiefs divided the land; in Scotland was King Stater, in Logres King Piner, Cloten had Cornwall, Rudauc had North Wales. Cloten had most right, the others most strength. But of Cloten came a son, the fairest this kingdom ever had, and his name was Donwallo Molinus, or Dunwale; he reconquered the land, and was the first after Brutus who put on the golden crown. He reigned well forty years, and left two sons, Belin and Brennes. Belin gave to Brennes the land by the sea north of Humber, and the brothers were friends five years, till evil counsellors, traitorous Malgod the chief, sowed strife between them. Brennes, too, being in Norway, was wedded against her will to Delgan, the king's daughter there, who had for her true lover Godlac, King of Denmark. When Brennes was about to take her to England, she sent to Godlac that he might rescue her. Godlac, therefore, met with a fleet of forty ships the seven hundred returning ships of Brennes, fought them, dispersed them, and took Delgan out of the Queen's ship, that she might go with him to Denmark. But a fierce storm arose, and cast Godlac and Delgan on the English coast, in Belin's land, where they were taken prisoners. Brennes, returning with four hundred ships, sent with threats for his queen and the King Godlac; but Belin denied them, overcame his brother in battle, and caused him to fly as an exile in a single ship. Then Godlac and Delgan were set free on leaving hostages for payment of ransom and tribute.

After this Belin was sole king, and he made three streets, one called Fosse, from Totness to Caithness, one from Southampton to St. David's, and a third that divided this land in the midst; and he ordained death for any who should on these streets break the king's peace. Brennes went with twelve companions where he became rich, and was much beloved. He married the daughter of the lord of Burgundy, and of the Britain that is beyond the sea-strand, and succeeded to his lordship. Then he came to invade the kingdom of his brother; but their mother, the old Queen Tonuenne, walked to him barefoot in a tattered kirtle, embraced him, kissed him, and with tears persuaded him to lay down his red shield, and his long spear, and his strong sword, trust his mother, and love his brother. So the brothers kissed, and trumpets blew, and peace was among the people. But the brothers joined arms to go into France, where there were four kings, and they won the land in fight.

After this they agreed to go to Rome and avenge the death of Remus, whom Romulus slew many years there before. They conquered their way to within four days' march of Rome, when the Romans sent traitors compassing their death under promises of submission in the name of their God Dagon. The brothers would go through Lombardy to conquer Germany, and the Alemanish emperor prepared a host, to which the Romans sent ten thousand knights in aid. Then Rome was taken; and Brennes dwelt in it as emperor, and governed Rome for fifteen years. After he died, the Romans took their land again.

Belin came home, and made good laws, and went to Wales and built a noble burgh upon the River Usk, and named it Kaer-Usk. And afterwards it was called Caer-Leon, because after Belin's death the Romans, desiring revenge on the Britons who had conquered them, sent four Legions, each of 6666 men, who harried the people and won Caer-Usk, and held it till there came more of their countrymen. Wherefore the place was called Kaer-Legiun, the City of Legions, and afterwards people called it Kaer-Liun.

When Belin had built Kaer-Usk, he went to London, and built the strongest tower in the town, and made a gate thereunder. The men called it Belin's-gate (Billingsgate), and now and evermore the name standeth there. In Belin's days there was so much meat that it was without measure, and so much drink that through it thousands perished. He was so much loved that when he died they put him in a tomb of gold and gems out of his hoard, and raised him high on the top of his tower, so that men might behold it wide over the land.

After Belin, came his son, Gurguint Bertruc, a good man, who fought and slew the Danish king, and forced the Danes to pay their tribute. As he came home by Orkney, he found thirty ships containing men and arms, and sent a messenger to bid the seafarers say whence they were and what they sought. Their chief was Pantolaus, driven with his folk from Spain. He sought a land for his people, and offered homage and service in Gurguint's kingdom. The king took the homage, but refused to admit the unknown men into his land. But he gave them steersmen, lent them four hundred of his knights, and sent them into Ireland, where no man ever was since Noah's flood had gone over it. There Pantolaus ruled over his people, who had wandered seven years on the sea; their clothes were much damaged, and evilly they were clad; naked they were, and nothing cared who saw their limbs.

After Gurguint, who died in Caer-Leon, reigned his son Guencelin, who had a good and learned wife, Marcie, and she made, and caused to be written, a book of laws called after her, Marcian. Many hundred winters after, came Alfred the King, England's Darling, and wrote the law in English as it was before in British, and changed its name in his day, and called it Mærcene law; but it was not Alfred, it was Queen Marcia who made it.

This wise woman had a little son, named Sillius, for whom she was Regent till he could be bold on horseback. Sillius had two sons, Rumarus and Damus. Damus had an illegitimate son, Morpidus, who always slew on the spot the person with whom he was angry, were it right or were it wrong. He slew the Duke of Moraine (Moray), who ravaged his

coast and built a castle in Northumberland, and in the same battle slew with his own hand seven hundred. In his time there came a wonderful beast out of the sea from Ireland-ward that slew often a hundred in a day, and went back at night into the sea, its den. Morpidus went to fight with it; and when he gave the beast its death blow, its last rush and snap bit him in two.

This king had five sons, Gorbonian, Argal, Elidur, Jugenes, and Peredur. Gorbonian ruled first, he was prudent and moderate; then Argal, the wickedest man that ever had the kingdom. He being banished, Elidur ruled, a keen good knight. Argal returned to the land in disguise, met his brother hunting in a valley, made himself known with brotherly greeting, and was lovingly and secretly taken to a castle named Clud. Thither King Elidur, feigning himself sick to death, called a council to advise about his burial, and sent in to his chiefs when they were met, bidding them not talk so loudly, because his head ached. Then he sent for them to his chamber one by one, and as each entered, the king leaped upon him with a battle-axe, and surrounded him with knights, and forced him to swear fealty to the king's brother, Argal. So he did with all, and made his brother king again; and ever afterwards was Argal noblest of all kings. When Argal died, Elidur returned to his succession; but his younger brothers, Jugenes and Peredur, rose against him, took him, shut him in a tower, and parted the land between themselves. Jugenes ruled south, Peredur north of the Humber. In seven years Jugenes died, and Peredur had all, but was so wicked that the devil seized him. Then Elidur was released by his people, and was made a third time king.

Next follow more kings of divers characters, until we come to Lud, the son of Heli, in whose day Trinovant was named Kaer-Lud, afterwards altered into London. They buried him by a gate that was called Port-Lud, afterwards by the bold Englishmen who came, Ludesgate (Ludgate). Lud left two little children, Androgeus and Tennancius, who were lovingly cared for by his brother Cassibelaunus, who became king, and gave to the children when they grew up two earldoms. Androgeus had Kent, Tennancius Cornwall.

Then came the enraged enemy, Julius Cæsar, with an innumerable host from Rome. He had won with his own hand five-and-fifty kingdoms. Here follow the speech of Cæsar on the opposite coast; his letter to Cassibelaunus; the British king's reply; Cæsar's speech of wrath thereat; the invasion; the muster of the British; the battle in which Cæsar, keen beyond measure, killed a hundred, fought as a wild boar, and laboured "till he was all lathered in sweat." Nennius, the brother of the British king, smote Cæsar on the helm so that the sword bit. Cæsar smote Nennius so that his helm gave way and his head bled. Cæsar raised his brand again, and Nennius lifted his shield. The sword bit into the shield. "Julius wrested it, and the sword stuck fast. Julius held the sword and Nennius the shield. Long they tugged thus, but Cæsar could not draw the sword out." Androgeus advanced then to the help of Nennius and Cæsar, relinquishing his sword, fled empty handed. Afterwards Nennius drew out the sword. Defeated Cæsar went back with his host to Flanders. Nennius died of his head wound, and was buried with Cæsar's sword by

his side, a sword very broad and long, and engraven with letters saying that it was called *CROCEA MORS*.

“So the sword hight
For it had much might.”

At his second coming Cæsar was again beaten by the British. But afterwards Evelin, a relative of Androgeus, slew in wrath at a mock combat Herigal, one of the king's kin [this part of the story first appears in Layamon], and fled to Androgeus, in Kent, for protection from the King's wrath. Because Androgeus did not deliver this man up, Cassibelaune took London from him, banished him from court, and slew many of his knights. For which reason Androgeus, who had in Kent twenty strong castles, wrote a letter offering his help to Cæsar. As he gave hostages of his faith, Cæsar came, and he was well received by Androgeus at Dover. So, by help of Androgeus, Cassibelaune was defeated, and had lain three days in distress on a hill when he sent to appease Androgeus. Then Androgeus, going to Cæsar, begged favour for Cassibelaune, promising tribute on his behalf. But Cæsar averted his head wrathfully, on which Androgeus spoke in a bolder tone, and Cæsar replied, “Androgeus, my dear man, all thy will I will do.” Cassibelaune, therefore, came down the hill, and was nobly received, and became Cæsar's man, promising three thousand pounds of tribute.

Cæsar went, taking Androgeus with him to Rome, where Androgeus ruled all that he would. Cassibelaune dying in York, Tennancius was king. He reigned twenty-two years, and had a son named Kinbelin, who had gone with his uncle Androgeus to Rome, had been made a knight by Augustus Cæsar, and had defended the Rome folk against foreign nations. He was sent for to succeed his father. In his time Our Lord was born. In his day also was a marvellous man in this country named Teilesin (Taliesin). He prophesied of the Saviour. Kinbelin [Shakspeare's Cymbeline] left two sons, Wither (Guiderius) and Arviragus. Wither succeeded his father, and refused tribute to Rome. Therefore Claudius, the emperor, landed with an army at Portchester, and destroyed it. King Wither joined battle, and a Roman knight, named Hamun, who could speak British well, treacherously put on the armour of a British knight, and fought by King Wither's side, yet slaying Britons. When the king, not with battle, went aside from the fight, and let his cuirass drop from his back, treacherous Hamun pierced him with a spear, and fled to his own folk. But Arviragus, who saw this, made haste and put on his brother's armour, mounted his brother's horse, and, as if he were King Wither, led the Britons forward, so that they slew nine thousand Roman knights, and Claudius and his folk fled. They left behind five thousand who were captured in a wood, and Hamun who was torn to pieces with horses; and where that was done, for Hamun's death the king named the place Hamton (Hampton); now and evermore the name standeth there. Claudius went over sea safely, but with a change of wind came back, took Portchester again, and besieged Arviragus in Winchester, where peace was made. Arviragus there agreed to marry the emperor's daughter, Genuis, and pay tribute to Rome. At the wedding there was

much rejoicing; and, upon Severn, a fair burgh, raised to celebrate the day, was given by Arviragus to Claudius, with the land thereabout, and called in his honour Kair-Clou. But Claudius loved a fair maid who had been taken by his knights at Portchester, and she was with him at Kair-Clou, and they had there a son, who was baptized Gloi. When the boy grew, Claudius gave him the burgh, and for his son's love named it Gloichestre (Gloucester). [This legend also we have first from Layamon.] After this Claudius went to Rome with the child's mother, for other queen he had not. After the death of Claudius, Arviragus refused tribute, and Vespasian came and besieged Excter. There was a great battle, but Queen Genuis persuaded her lord to hold by his compact to her father, and on the second day of the battle she rode between the hosts as peace-maker.

The son of Arviragus was Maurius. In his reign Rodric from Scythia first came with the Picts into Scotland. [This tradition also is of Layamon's addition to the store.] When Maurius defeated the Picts and slew Rodric, he set up a wonderful stone pillar, and caused thereon to be engraven in strange characters how he slew Rodric, and with horses drew him in pieces, and how he overcame the Picts with his fight. Up he set the stone; yet it there standeth, so it will do as long as the world stands.¹ A name the king shaped to it, and called the stone West-mering, and he took a great part of the land there, and called it West-meringland (Westmorland); for the name of the stone the land is so called. Fifteen hundred Picts that remained alive were made the king's thrall, and had land, before that time uninhabited, given to them in Caithness. The British refused their petition for wives, so the Picts sent for wives to Gille Coar, King of Ireland, and had Irish women, for which reason their folk began to use the Irish speech.

After this was good King Coil, who was succeeded by a dear son Luces (Lucius), the best that ever had ruled in Britain. Through him the land received Christendom. [Then follows the story of the letter of Lucius to Pope Eleutherius.] Luces left no heir. Then Severus came from Rome, and they who resisted him fled to the Picts, who received them, and were led by a noble knight, Fulgenes, who took one end of Scotland in his hand, the end was dear to him, it hight Dœiræ. He leapt into Britain with baleful onset, goods he took, men he slew, he did sorrow enow. Then Severus caused a strong deep dike to be made from sea to sea beside Scotland, and thereupon he made a broad wall, and set knights to guard it day and night. Fulgenes then went into Scythia and brought back a ship-army of Picts, who came by the sea-strand into the land and besieged York. There Britons joined him, Severus attacked him, and in a fierce fight Severus was slain, Fulgenes being wounded so that in three days he died.

Severus left two sons, Basian of a British, Geyan of a Roman mother. Between these there was contest for rule; Basian slew Geyan and the Romanish folk fled. A subtle knight of low birth, named Canais, went to the Emperor Cyrian at Rome, got ships, and returned to harry Britain,

¹ See page 246.

where, by help of the Picts, he killed Basian, and got the land. Then came Allec and Livius Gallus from Rome and slew Canais, and Allec took much of the land. The Britons who refused submission took for their king Asclepidiot, Duke of Cornwall, slew Allec, and besieged Livius in London till he was suffered to go forth, swearing never to return. But he and his men met on their way Columban, king of Scots, with men of Galloway and Moray, who said they had no part in the compact, and did not spare them. They smote off the head of Livius Gallus, and cast it in a brook that stood by; and all the dead they brought into the brook; and the Britons, because Gallus was slain, thereby named the brook Galli, and in the English books it is named Walbrook.

The story then passes, with curious perversion of history into British romance, through the persecution of Christians under Diocletian; the legend of Helen, wife of Constantine and daughter of King Coel, who slew and succeeded Asclepidiot; the birth and life of Constantine; his war with Maxentius; Helen's finding of the Cross; the struggle between the Strong Duke Octaves, of Welshland, and Helen's uncle, Trahern; the deeds of Maximian and of the wicked King Gratian. It tells of the coming to Northumberland of Melga and Wanis, with a great army of Gothland outlaws, of men of Denmark and Norway, Irish and Scot; of the departure of the Romans weary of their losses and sorrows in the land; of the despair of the Britons; who once were good knights, but now were helpless and weak; of the ravages of Melga and Wanis; of the fetching of Constantine, the brother of King Aldroein of Brittany, by the Archbishop Guencelin, and of the great battle in which Melga and Wanis were slain, most of the heathens were destroyed, and the fugitives were hunted over hill and dale, and torn to pieces with loud laughter by the women of the country. To Constantine they gave a British wife. His child, Constantius, was made a monk in Winchester. His second child was named Aurelius Ambrosius. His last born was Uther, who was the father of King Arthur.

Constantine was stabbed in an orchard by a traitorous Pict, when Ambrosius could not yet ride on a horse, and Uther was at his mother's breast. The people came, therefore, to a husting at London, and would have chosen Ambrosius, but the crafty Vortiger, who was lord of half Welshland, and had forty knights, counselled that they should wait a fortnight. He then went to the child-monk Constantius, in Winchester, offering to take him from the monastery, and in due time transfer to him the kingdom if he would make him his steward. The boy gladly assented, for he hated his monk's clothes. Vortiger put a knight's cape on the boy, and put a young swain in the monk's habit, and talked to the swain as if he were the monk, while Constance rode away. But when the prince was safely escaped, Vortiger and his people departed, leaving the empty clothes. The abbot rode after them in wrath, but when he was overtaken, Vortiger swore to the abbot that he would hang him if he did not unhood the boy. Then was Constantius unhooded, and gave to the abbot twenty ploughlands.

From this point the romantic story of Vortigern proceeds, as it was begun, with much detail of Layamon's addition. When this has been told to the end, we come to Merlin, and are soon deep in the romantic

stories of King Arthur, which occupy more than a third part of the whole poem. After they are told, little is left to dwell upon but the story of Gurmund, son of the African King Anster, the tale of the mission of Augustine, the romance of the reign of King Cadwallan and loss of his son Cadwalleder, with whom, like Geoffrey of Monmouth's History, the poem ends.

Such was the substance of the poem in which the English mind, escaping from confinement within the bounds of Greek and Latin, recovered, with a long breath certainly, the use of its own English speech.

It had undergone, as we have partly seen, some changes in the interval of a literary silence, only broken by Layamon's English. songs of the people. The most noticeable changes in the old inflected Anglo-Saxon, visible in Layamon's 'Brut,' are, according to Sir Frederic Madden, the use of a or an (in the later text, on) as an article; the change of the then Anglo-Saxon terminations a and an into e and en, as well as the disregard of inflections and genders; the masculine forms given to neuter nouns in the plural; the neglect of the feminine terminations of adjectives and pronouns, and confusion between the definite and indefinite declensions; the introduction of the preposition *to* before infinitives, and occasional use of weak preterites of verbs and participles instead of strong (that is, an ending in ed, instead of a simple change of the root vowel, as we may for the past of *crow* use *crowed* instead of *crew*); the constant recurrence of en for on in the plurals of verbs and frequent elision of the final e; together with uncertainty in the rule for the government of prepositions.

There is also free use of the plural in s, and in the later text the preposition 'of' appears as a genitive sign; it is in the later text also that the dual has disappeared wholly from the declension of pronouns. There is also, in conjugation of the verb, a first appearance in both texts of Layamon of the technical use of will and shall as signs of the future tense, which in pure Anglo-Saxon was represented simply by the present.¹ A striking pecu-

¹ This is pointed out by Mr. Marsh, who adds that Layamon's technical use of will and shall exhibits "closer conformity to the present practice than is found in many works of even as late a date as the 14th century." See 'The Origin and History of the English language and of the Early Literature it Embodies,' by George P. Marsh, author of the 'Lectures on the English

liarity in the earlier of the two texts of Layamon is the frequent adding of the letter n, without apparent reason, to certain cases of nouns and adjectives, tenses of verbs, and other parts of speech. This peculiarity, which probably was restricted to the dialect in which the poem was written, has received from Mr. Guest the technical name of "nunnation." In the later text nearly all the superfluous n's are dropped, and in the earlier text some of them have been struck out or erased by a second hand, some even by the hand of the first writer.

But discussion of the letter must not engage too much of our thought if we would draw near to the spirit of the men The spirit of Layamon. who wrote during this Period of the Formation of the Language. After the Anglo-Saxon time, Layamon's 'Brut' is the first long English poem. By what motive was the country priest impelled to produce these six-and-fifty thousand lines of English verse? He had not, like Wace, the commission of a queen. No liberal Count of Flanders cared for him. No king or courtier, having Wace's 'Brut' within his reach in what was then accounted the vernacular of literature, would ask a country priest to turn it into English verse. The introduction to the second manuscript of Layamon's poem, says that he dwelt at Ernley, now Areley Kings, with "the good knight." If that phrase be interpolated, not by error but by accurate tradition of a lord of the manor who was remembered after death not by his name, but by his character, as the "Good Knight," we know so much the more of Layamon's home in his parish. But no good knight bade him produce an English 'Brut.' If his labour had been inspired by any patron, he must have named the patron in the poem. And Layamon has not done that, but, on the contrary, he has explicitly asserted that the task was one of his own choosing. The thought occurred to him and took strong possession of him—"it came to him in mind and in his chief thought,—that he would tell the noble deeds of the English."

He was a priest remote from courtly towns, and living near to what were then the Welsh Marches. His parish of Areley Kings, west of the Severn, between Bewdley and Stourport, is now a

Language.' London, 1862. Mr. Marsh is an American philologist, whose books on the texture of English are full of original and sound research.

hamlet with rather fewer than six hundred inhabitants. As it is a rectory worth at the present time about four hundred guineas a year, we may reasonably assume it to have been of old a country living that gave simple competence to any quiet student priest. Such a priest undoubtedly was Layamon. That is shown by the complete forgetfulness of self, which, after the usual opening lines, causes his personality to vanish from so long a poem, and by the kindly temper of those first lines. It may be remembered, for example, how they end with addition to the usual request of payment from the reader or the hearer, by a prayer for the writer's soul, of a tender thought also "for his father's soul that brought him forth, and for his mother's soul that bore him to be a man."

Layamon was a modest, pious English priest, who loved his country, and enjoyed traditions of its ancient time. Having the true fine natural spirit of a poet and scholar, he was among the many in almost every part of Europe who had their imagination kindled by Geoffrey of Monmouth's patriotic fictions. He had discoursed much and pleasantly with his neighbours, for his mind was stored with the oral tradition only to be gathered in familiar social talk; and when he translated Wace's 'Brut,' he added not only fresh legends of his own gathering, but new touches to the old. This he did partly by use of the stories he himself had heard, partly by setting Wace's pictures in the light of his own fancy. His account, for example,¹ of the wrestling on the Cornish Down between Corineus and the giant Geomagog, shows how Layamon could, on occasion, translate Wace's verse into a more vivid poetry.

Again, Layamon's 'Brut' shows that his piety was that of a refined man, unobtrusive. He misses glaring opportunities for preaching, where he has too right an instinct of art to dilute the quaintness of a legend; as in his delivery of the odd record of Ebrauc's surpassing excellence as the first man who enriched England by plundering his neighbours. He drops reflections here and there; if the poem be read it gives the impression that its writer was a pious priest; and yet in all its six-and-fifty

¹ See page 622.

thousand lines, there are nowhere to be found ten, if anywhere five, consecutive lines of interpolated preaching.

From his poem, then, we have a right to infer that this earliest poet in our modern tongue was a devout, gentle, and affectionate parish priest, who loved his home and his country, and was a familiar pleasant friend as well as spiritual counsellor to the small flock of rustic parishioners, whose good will satisfied all but his intellectual wants.

Then "it came to him in mind and in his chief thought that he would tell the noble deeds of the English;" so he made a pilgrimage out of his parish for the books in foreign tongues whose native story it had "come into his mind" to write in native verse. And when he had them, is there a student who does not feel the simple and charming touch of nature in his record, "Layamon laid before him these books, and turned over the leaves, lovingly he beheld them, may the Lord be merciful to him?"

Can we doubt in what spirit the good country priest and poet bent day by day over his long labour, and can we doubt who were his public? In all those thousands of lines, chiefly written with a French original beside him, are to be found only three or four dozen words of French origin. And yet in translation from the French, others were tempted irresistibly to the adoption of French words and phrases, and Layamon, too, was a French scholar. But father Leovenath, and the old mother who bore Layamon to be a man, perhaps were not French scholars, and they, if they lived with him, as it is likely that they did, were the critical chiefs of his public. The rest of the world about his parsonage knew nothing but English. And although Layamon cannot have been without his human desire to be remembered generously by his countrymen, as he who first put the traditions of their ancient glory into English song, the best success he saw was among his simple Areley people. He saw it in the smile from the sick-bed of some poor hut to which, when he had brought the knowledge of a fairer home than Avalon, whither the meanest hind might go with the angels after death, he could bring solace also in unbending from his sacred office. He cannot lock from sight what it is pleasure to him to communicate, and

greater pleasure to his humble friends to hear. Gentle voiced, therefore, he sits sometimes by the straw pallet, with the scroll that contains the labour of his leisure on his knee, charming away care and pain by telling through the sweet music into which he has turned the daily and familiar Areley speech, of Merlin and King Arthur, or the tale of Gorboduc, or of the stricken majesty of Lear.

CHAPTER XIX.

BROTHER ORMIN seems to have been the next man after Layamon who wrote much English verse. His purpose was religious and didactic. It was to bring home pleasantly and very simply to the understanding of the poor the truths of Scripture in those portions of the New Testament which were to be read in the daily offices of the church. The intention of his work corresponded to that of the Scripture Paraphrase of Cædmon, although it differed much in plan and execution. His work is called from his own name the Ormulum.

“þis boc iss nemmed Ormulum
Forrþi þatt Orm itt wrohhte.”

But though the author there, for a purpose, calls himself Orm, he says elsewhere that he was christened Ormin. There remains only a portion of the work, and it is in a single MS. which forms a folio volume in the Junian collection, now preserved in the Bodleian.¹ The metre of this work is regular in accent, but without alliteration and without intentional rhyme.

The author tells of himself in the dedication that he was a canon regular of the order of St. Augustine, and that he composed the Homilies in English at the request of Brother Walter, also an Augustinian canon, for the spiritual improvement of his countrymen. His plan is, first, to give a metrical paraphrase of the Gospel of the day, and then to expound it in metre doctrinally and practically, with frequent borrowing from the writings of St. Augustine and Ælfric, and some borrowing from Bede.

¹ ‘The Ormulum. Now first Edited from the Original MS. in the Bodleian, with Notes and a Glossary,’ by Robert Meadows White, D.D., late Fellow of St. Mary Magdalene College, and formerly Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford. 2 vols. Oxford, 1852. I take from this book the information given on the language of the Ormulum.

Of the homilies provided for nearly the whole of the yearly service nothing remains beyond the thirty-second, and in what remains there is no sentence that points to the time when the work was written.

The mechanism of their English is always an important consideration in these books written during the formation of the language. In the Ormulum, for example, gender and number are neglected; prepositions often do the work of inflection; the prefix *ge-* is except in one instance dispensed with, *i-* being sometimes substituted, as in the words *i-staned*, *i-wiss*. Both the grammatical forms and the construction of sentences are simplified, perhaps beyond the custom of the educated in the time when these Homilies were written for unlearned readers. In 1229 the Council of Toulouse prohibited possession by the laity of any copy of the Scriptures except the Psalter, and such portions as were contained in books of offices of the church. It also prohibited any translation of them into the vulgar tongue. From its language, the late Mr. Garnett inferred that the Ormulum was written somewhere in the neighbourhood of Peterborough, and Mr. Guest places its locality north of the Thames and south of Lincoln.

The metre is in alternate verses of eight and seven syllables, imitative of a Latin rhythm, or in lines of fifteen syllables with a metrical point at the end of the eighth. Ormin has taken some pains to preserve his rhythm; and over the lines of the MS. marks as of different acute accents, single, double, or triple, are set. These marks may have served as guides to a right elocution, but for the right pronunciation of his vowels Brother Ormin took a precaution all his own. He doubled the consonant after a short vowel, and there only. Where the consonant was single, even a Norman or town-bred priest reading the simple English homily to the simple country congregation, was thereby taught that the preceding vowel was a long vowel, and he was accordingly warned not to mispronounce it.

Although Brother Ormin's version of the Scripture service of the day and homily upon it, is never poetical, yet it has one pleasant distinctive character. It is remarkable for its well-studied simplicity of expression. Without sacrifice of the dignity of the subject, each Scripture story is told in the easy language

that might be addressed to an untaught peasant, and the little homily upon it is produced according to the same design. A part of this design appears in the care taken to secure a right pronunciation of the words. There was still some confusion of tongues in the land during the amalgamation of all that was serviceable in the Norman into English, and if the simplicity of the home speaking were marred by the false pronunciation of any far-fetched town priest or half-foreigner who might officiate as reader, the whole intention of the work would be so far defeated. Doubtless this was the reason of that ingenious use of consonants as a guide to correct pronunciation. Having achieved this contrivance, Brother Ormin did his best to secure it from being made a misleading pathway to confusion by the blunders of transcribers, by thus laying his most special injunction on the copyist: "And whoso shall will to write this book again another time, I bid him that he write it rightly, so as this book teacheth him entirely as it is upon this first pattern, with all such rhymes as here are set, with just as many words, and that he look well that he write a letter twice where it upon this book is written in that wise. Let him look well that he write so, for he may not otherwise write the word in English, that let him know well for sooth. And if any one wants to know why I have done this deed, why I have turned into English the Gospel's holy teaching; I have done it in order that all young Christian folks may depend upon that only, that they with their whole might follow aright the Gospel's holy teaching in thought, in word, in deed."

Of which passage the first lines run thus in his own verse :

"And whase wilenn shall thiss boc
 Efft oþerr siþe writenn
 Himm bidde icc þatt het write riht
 Swa summ þiss boc him tæcheþþ,
 All þwertt ut affter þatt itt iss
 Uppe þiss firrste bisne,
 Wiþþ all swike rime alls her iss sett
 Wiþþ all se fele wordess ;
 And tatt he loke wel þatt he
 An bokstaff write twiyyess
 Eyywhær þær itt uppe þiss boc
 Iss writen o þatt wise."

It will have been observed in this specimen that Ormin's

English differs less from that of our own day than the English of Layamon, and that the doubling of consonants after short vowels enables the reader, even now, rightly to determine the pronunciation of the words.

From a not less pious but more monkish and Romish priest we have a prose work more distinctly written in the Semi-Saxon English. The Ancren Riwle, of which ^{The Ancren Riwle.} four MSS. are extant,¹ and which was first edited for the Camden Society by the Rev. James Morton² in 1853, is a work that was first written in the English of its time, distinguished now as Semi-Saxon, and that was afterwards translated into Latin. It was written for a society of anchoresses, who were afterwards incorporated with the Cistercian order, but who, when this Rule was composed for them, do not seem to have been living under any spiritual superior. And why should they? The whole society consisted only of three pious ladies of good family with their domestics or lay sisters, who had withdrawn from the world to give themselves up to religious exercises and devout meditations. Their rule and their independence of all formal orders is well defined by the writer when he says to them, "If any ignorant person ask you of what order ye are, say that ye are of the order of St. James. If such answer seem strange and singular to him, ask him, What is Order, and where he can find, in Scripture, Religion more plainly described than in the canonical epistle of St. James? He saith what Religion is and right Order, 'Pure religion and without stain, is to visit and assist widows and orphans, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world.' Thus doth St. James describe Religion and Order." The house occupied by these three anchoresses was at Tarente, called also Tarrant-Kaines, Kaineston, or Kingston, near Crayford Bridge, in Dorsetshire, where it became a nunnery that was suppressed and demolished soon after Henry VIII.'s quarrel with

¹ One in Corpus Christi Coll. Cam.; three in the Brit. Mus. Nero, A. xiv., Titus D. xviii. Cleopatre, C. vi.

² 'The Ancren Riwle: a Treatise on the Rules and Duties of Monastic Life.' Edited and Translated from a Semi-Saxon MS. of the 13th century. By James Morton, B.D., Vicar of Holbeach, Prebendary of Lincoln, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Earl Grey. London, 1853. Mr. Morton's introduction to this book is the chief source of information on the subject of it.

the Pope. The original founder of the house was Ralph de Kahaines, a son of one of William the Conqueror's Norman followers. Ralph built near his mansion at Tarente, according to Dugdale's *Monasticon*, "a little monastery for nuns, which his son William increased; and, among other gifts, gave all the tithe of the bread made in his house, wherever he might be in his demesne, except the king's bread, and all the tithe of salt pork and of cattle killed in his house every year." Richard Poor, successively Bishop of Chichester, Salisbury and Durham, who was born at Tarente, and died there in 1237, rebuilt or enlarged the house and augmented its revenues.

The "Rule" written for the few anchoresses of this house has been ascribed to a Simon of Ghent, who was born in London of a Flemish father. He was Archdeacon of Oxford in 1284, was Bishop of Salisbury in 1297, assisted at the coronation of Edward II. in 1307, and died in 1315. There are ascribed to him also numerous statutes for the government of the church of Salisbury. The authority for naming him as the author is an anonymous prefatory note to the Latin copy of the work at Magdalen College, Oxford, which adds that it was addressed by him to his own sisters at Tarente. But the English is not such as a bishop would have written at the close of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century. It is Semi-Saxon, differing little from that of Layamon, whose 'Brut' was written not later than the year 1205. A more probable author of the "Anchoresses' Rule," in the opinion of Mr. Morton, its editor, is the Bishop Poor, who refounded the little nunnery, whose earnest character corresponds to the lessons of morality and piety contained in the work, who died in 1237, and who was buried at Tarente, or rather whose heart was buried there, having been taken for that purpose from his body, which was buried at Salisbury, in the cathedral where he was bishop.

The book of the Anchoresses' Rule is in eight parts. 1. Of Devotional Services; 2. Of the Government of the External Senses in keeping the Heart; 3. Moral lessons and examples: Reasons for embracing a monastic life; 4. Of Temptations and the means of avoiding and resisting them; 5. Of Confession; 6. Of Penance and Amendment; 7. Of Love or Charity; 8. Of Domestic and Social Duties. The instruction is practical, and is

conveyed in simple language, incidentally illustrating in various ways the customs of society and tenets of religion in its time.

The spelling is uncouth: u and v being used indiscriminately, uvel, evil, is written vuel; t is often substituted for þ, as tis for this; and the letter k now often takes the place of c. The disuse of inflections of nouns is not yet universal. Not only does es, our 's, remain as a genitive sign, but there is often a dative or accusative in e, or an accusative in en, as well as a genitive plural in re, from the Anglo-Saxon ra, and in ne and ene from ena; the common way of development by simplification being here also illustrated, in the habitual conversion of all other inflexional vowel-endings into one uniform e. The next stage in such development is that endings in an having become endings in en, the n is dropped. The consequence of this is a fresh accession from a new source of already multiplied words ending in e. Nobody by this time can tell what all the endings in e originally meant. Of a few the power is remembered and sometimes retained; the rest remain as superfluties accredited by custom. The end of the process is represented by the superfluous final e, so common in English even after the reign of Elizabeth, and that was afterwards partly expelled from English by the dictionary-makers and the master printers. Thus in the 'Anceren Riwle,' the old Anglo-Saxon infinitives in an become infinitives in en. Habban, to have, becomes habben, but as every b between two a's had the soft sound v, the word is pronounced haven, which by the dropping of the inflectional n becomes have. Here is one of the words that has defied even the dictionary-maker, for to this day, by tradition, we retain the e in have, although the word is häv. By the custom now in force the conventional effect of e in such a place is that of the old Anglo-Saxon accent over the preceding vowel, and would be to make the pronunciation häve, a rhyme to save; just as the unsounded final e is used now for turning glad into glád (glade), bad into bade, &c. The dropping of the final n was already beginning, even in the Semi-Saxon of the Anchoresses' Rule, although at that stage of the transition of our language into modern English it occurred only in a few instances. Thus we have in the Anceren Riwle such infinitives as warnie, to warn, i-wurðe, to be, windwe to winnow. As for

English of
the Anceren
Riwle.

Process of
the develop-
ment of
English.

the treatment of grammatical sex caused by the delivery of a language with complex differences of gender to the tongues of strangers, or of the less educated country people, the result could only be a confusion that was well solved at a very early period by the good logical instinct of the community. Already in the 'Ancren Riwle' exceptions are few to the rule into which society had fallen, of making everything neuter that was not by nature obviously male or female.

But although few, there were exceptions. Thus the pot on the fire is a male pot in the following argument: "A pot that boils quickly, shall he not be ladled from, or cold water be cast therein and fuel withdrawn. The belly pot that boils ever with meats, and more with drinks, he is so nigh neighbour to that unruly member that she divides with him the burning of her heat." Which is in Semi-Saxon: "Pot pet walleð swuðe, nule he beon ouerladen, oðer kold water iworpen perinne and brondes wiðdrawene? þe wombe pot pet walleð euer of metes, and more of drunches, he is so neih neihebur to þet fulitowne lim þet heo deleð mid him þe brune of hire hete."

The sense and spirit of the 'Ancren Riwle' was that it should give counsel as to all things that concerned the anchoresses, as, their dress, their diet, their management of themselves, and of their servants. They were not to beat themselves with leaded whips, nor too much at a time, nor to draw blood from themselves with holly twigs. They were directed also as to their dealings with the confessor. They were to say, "Sir, I played or spoke thus in the church; went to the play in the churchyard,"—still, it will here be seen, there is reference to the miracle plays, of which we shall have hereafter to speak fully, as a familiar amusement,—"I looked on at this, or at the wrestling, and other foolish sports; spoke thus, or played, in the presence of secular men, or of religious men, in a house of anchorites, and at a different window than I ought."

At the close of the book the anchoresses are counselled to read in it every day, as they have leisure, less or more, and "As often as ye read anything in this book, greet the Lady" (for the house, I should have said, was dedicated to the Virgin and All Saints), "greet the Lady with an Ave Mary for him who made this rule, and for him who wrote it and took pains about it. Moderate enough I am, who ask so little."

CHAPTER XX.

THE spirit of liberty gave life to the people, and their songs had never ceased out of the land. No scholar had yet thought of recording them. Of the oldest popular songs, only ^{Songs of the people.} here and there a chance mention, or the accidental fixing in some other record of a line or verse, remains. But such evidences are as the small holes in the ice through which we see that the deep river still flows on. To the literature of a great nation there belongs very much more than an army of writers. The oak that rises from the surface of the ground would wither in a day if there were not continued down from the great stem its double in an oak below the greensward, of which nobody can paint, or cares to paint, the form. The root of a great literature is the people out of which it springs, and by whose sap it is strengthened. As is the root, so is the fruit. Let the mind of a people be free, generous; through all its prejudices, that are but changing accidents and errors of a day, strong in desire of right; let there be in it also a living sense of God, and there is not a clod but shall yield life and strength to the grand upward growth of such a literature as the English people now can show.

Springs of a clear natural music well up out of the depths, and trickle among the growing roots of such a literature. Here, for example, gay with fresh musical mimicry, is the oldest English song now extant.¹ Each final *e* in it is sounded as a syllable:—

“Cuckoo Song.

“Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wde nu,
Sing cuccu!

¹ Given by Ritson in his ‘Ancient English Songs,’ from Harleian MS., No. 978.

“ Awe bleteth after lomb,
 Lhouth after calve cu ;
 Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,
 Murie sing cuccu !

“ Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu, cuccu,
 Ne swik thu naver nu ;
 Sing cuccu, nu, sing, cuccu
 Sing, cuccu, sing, cuccu, nu ! ”

To the reign of Henry II. belongs the life of our popular English ballad hero, Robin Hood, who was born at Robin Hood. Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, about the year 1160. He was of noble birth, and his true name was Robert Fitzooth, said to have been corrupted into Robin Hood. He may have had, in the latter part of his life at least, some right to his reputed dignity of Earl of Huntingdon. Forfeiture of his inheritance, either by reason of the wildness of his youth or of injustice done, sent him to the old refuge of patriotic outlaws in the years following the Conquest, to the woods, where, in days of cruel and oppressive forest-law, men ate the king's game for their daily meat. His chief companions were Little John, whose surname is said to have been Nailor, William Scadlock, Scathalock, or Scarlet, George à Green, the pinder (or pound-keeper), Much, a miller's son, Friar Tuck, and Robin's sweetheart, the Maid Marian. He gathered a company of a hundred stout archers ; and ballad tradition always held that if he saw any stout fellow whom he desired for comrade he fought him, took a cudgelling from him, and enlisted him, after he had thus made proof of his strength. His forest-domain was usually at Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, or in Sherwood Forest ; some say also at Plompton Park, in Cumberland. He stole only from the rich, and fed the poor with plunder of the abbots ; thus taking his own way of expressing popular resentment against the rapine of the flying calves and eagles, figured in Walter Map's 'Apocalypse of Goliath.' Said Robin Hood, according to the ballads of the people,—

“ These byshoppes and thyse archebyshoppes
 Ye shall them bete and bynde,”

and he loathed especially the abbot of St. Mary's, York. English tradition has also painted Robin Hood as in the rough way of a

rough time a religious outlaw. Friar Tuck was added to his company, that he might not neglect the duties of religion; and there is a story told by Scottish Fordun, in the fourteenth century, current, therefore, not long after Robin Hood's death, if not in his lifetime, and a part of the very earliest Robin Hood literature, that, being surprised by the sheriff and his company in the thicket where he and his men were at mass, the greater number of Robin's men immediately fled, but he himself, with a very few, devoutly awaited the completion of the service; after which, by Divine aid, they thrashed and spoiled the whole troop of king's officers.¹

Again, the oldest of the Robin Hood ballads marks strongly this religious element in the character of the English popular outlaw:—

“A good maner than had Robyn
 In londe where that he were,
 Every daye or he woulde dyne
 Thre messes wolde he here.

* * * *

“Robyn loved our dere Lady
 For doute of dedely synne;
 Wolde he never do company harme
 That ony woman was ynnne.”

The knights themselves had not a better spirit of chivalry than this, through which the poetry of the people expressed what their priests had become active in teaching them, of homage to the Virgin, their especial saint.

The heart of the people, since the days when Herward in the fens defied William the Conqueror, had always been with the men who dared to maintain a life of perfect freedom in the woods. At first these bold freeholders had been Saxons who disdained submission to the Norman, and the traditional goodwill easily passed to the outlaws who defied a grinding forest-law. Again, we may refer to Walter Map, who, courtier and priest as he was, drew the life of his genius from fellow-feeling with the people, and remember how he spoke of the king's foresters.

¹ I take facts of the life of Robin Hood from Ritson's Introduction to his 'Robin Hood Ballads.' 2 vols. London, 1832.

During the thirteenth, and more especially the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, ballad literature came into ^{The first Ballads.} strong life in Western Europe. It was no part of the inspiration of Provence; from the Provençal, or Norman French even, or from the Italian literature, no ballads have come down to us. But Spain had, in the thirteenth century, her ballad-romances, of which, though it has been asserted confidently that they were rhymed in exact accord to measures of the Arabs before Mahomet, Mr. Ticknor, the clear-minded American historian of Spanish literature, says, justly, that "their freedom, their energy, their Christian tone, and chivalrous loyalty announce an originality and independence of character" quite inconsistent with that theory. It was not so much by the forms borrowed, as by the soul of freedom kindled, in long conflict with the Moors, that to the Spaniards there came in the thirteenth century the mind which yields a true national literature. Among the Scandinavians and the English, ballads became and long continued to be a familiar social entertainment of the people, and among them, as in Spain, time was kept by a dance movement to the ballad measure. From that fact their name, indeed, is derived. It is not derived, as is commonly said, from the Italian ballare, to dance, whence ball and ballet. The technical name for this sort of composition was supplied by mediæval Latinists, who knew little or nothing of Italian. But the term ballad is derived from the middle-Latin word, whence the Italians took their name for dancing, "ballare,—huc et illuc inclinare, vacillare,"¹ to incline to this side and that. And how exactly fit the name was, an account of the traditional manner in which to this day ballads are sung in the Faroe Islands will serve to show:²

"Their greatest amusement is dancing. Old and young take part in it: their sedentary work and the damp weather make it in some degree necessary.

¹ Wedgwood's 'Etymological Dictionary.' London, 1859. Under the word Ball.

² Translated, without any etymological purpose, from Lyngbye's preface to his edition of the 'Færoiske Quæder,' by Dr. R. C. A. Prior, in the introduction to his 'Ancient Danish Ballads, translated from the Originals.' 3 vols. London, 1860. The student of literature will find very much to interest him in Dr. Prior's book.

From Christmas till Shrovetide is the proper dancing season, but beside this they dance also on holidays and all occasions of festivity. They use no instrumental music, but dance to songs. It is now the one and now the other, who leads the song, and all who can sing join in it, at least in the refrain. The dance consists in this, that the men and women mutually hold each other's hands, and make three steps forward or to the side, keeping time, and then balance a little, or remain standing still a moment. If there is any one who does not observe this, he disturbs the whole dance. The object of the song is not only like dance-music to regulate the steps, but at the same time to awaken certain feelings by its meaning. One may see by the dancers' behaviour that they are not indifferent to the matter of the song, but with their countenances and gestures take pains to express the various meaning of it. This gives the dance, notwithstanding its uniformity, so much interest, that both young and old remain the whole evening in place with scarcely any cessation. These songs in the Faroic dialect are so numerous, that the same is seldom sung a second time the same winter. Most of them are pretty long, yet are never written down, but retained in the memory."

The rhymed stories thus sung were produced partly by and partly for the people. For the people, perhaps, rather than by them, the greater number of the ballads that abridged the fabliaux or metrical romances of the day were written. These form a considerable part of the Danish ballads, which are said to have come down to us chiefly in MSS. that were the handwriting of educated ladies, and in which, by the attention they represent brave husbands as giving to the prudent advice of their wives, there is said to be frequent indication of a female hand in authorship.¹ Out of Denmark, too, it may have been often so. The people of England doubtless have owed, in the first days of ballad-writing, many a strain of natural music, as in later time they have owed 'Auld Robin Gray,' to the large and refined sympathies of a well-born Englishwoman. The woman's heart is quick to resent injustice, and warm into a sacred fellow-feeling with the poor. With lively feminine wit, and a tongue in practised harmony with the familiar and simple speech of children, an educated English lady would know how to come nearer, and would care more than an educated man to come near, to the heart of the unlettered people as a ballad-writer. The only men who would succeed often in producing a good ballad must be those who were themselves of the commonalty, spoke with them, thought

¹ Prior's 'Ancient Danish Ballads.'

with them, and gave the poetry of truth and earnestness to rapid narrative by exercise of their own simple gift of song.

However that may be, it is the right spirit of liberty that gives life to the mind. Hardly less remarkable than the predominance of intellectual power in the north-east of England during Anglo-Saxon times is the vigour of mind in the west during the first two centuries of Norman rule. Geoffrey of Monmouth, who at the fit time first turned the current of historic record into a new channel of romance, Gerald de Barri, Walter Map, the three men of their time who were of highest mark in English literature, all, as I have remarked before, wrote themselves Welshmen: Orderic was from Shrewsbury, and Layamon lived on the Welsh side of the Severn. But nowhere in England during all this time was the spirit of independence stronger than amongst the Welsh. The Lord Marchers, appointed to restrain, if not subdue them, intermarried with them, and fought sometimes with, sometimes against them. Henry I. himself took for his wife Nesta, the daughter of Rhys of Tudor, and one of the two sons of that Welshwoman was Robert Earl of Gloucester, whom we have recognised as the chief patron of letters in the reign of Stephen. M. Thierry, in his 'History of the Norman Conquest,' declared his opinion that the Cymry of the Middle Ages were the most intellectual people of their time in Europe. Undoubtedly they reached during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the most vigorous expression of their intellect; and this they did while, and because, they were cherishing an indomitable sense of independence, waging no unsuccessful war against servitude to the Norman, when they had empty pockets and not an ally to back them. They were drawn as friends to the court of Henry II., where the king numbered among his familiar companions not only Walter Map, but also the brilliant Prince of Powys, who wrote the poem of 'The Hirlas Horn.' But after the patriot king Llewelyn had perished in his struggle with Edward I. (in 1282), and the Welsh had accepted Edward's infant son, born at Carnarvon, as their prince, there was an end of the vigour of Welsh intellect as a great feature in the story of the English mind. The power of an active patriotism was no longer great over the characters of all men bred within its influence; and when the old patriotism,

become passive, had shrunk into a small national vanity, it served only to withhold the Welshman from that life and thought in the wide open world, and from that free mixture of blood with other races, by which alone there is to be maintained the enduring progress of a people.

In the years of their best intellectual achievement we may be sure that the brave patriots of Wales did not express all the native mind in French and Latin. There was ^{Native poetry of Wales.} abundant literature also in the native language of the Cymry.

The earliest Welsh poet of the later time was Meilyr, who among other pieces wrote, at the age of almost eighty, ^{Meilyr.} an elegy on the death, in 1137, of his second patron Gruffyd ab Kynann. Meilyr sang also, in the vein of the first bards, of his own approaching death. "I have received," he says, "heaps of gold and velvet from frail princes for loving them. But after the gifted muse I feel another impulse; faltering is my tongue, urging me to silence. I, Meilyr the poet, am a pilgrim to Peter."¹

Gwalchmai, the son of Meilyr, has left fourteen pieces, of which some prove his love of nature, but of which the ^{Gwalchmai.} most famous is his ode on the Battle of Tal y Moelvre, perhaps the defeat of the fleet entrusted in 1157 by Henry II. to Madoc ap Meredydd. It is from this ode that Gray translated his *Triumphs of Owen*—

"Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield and Britain's gem,"

giving its own force to the bold image of Gwalchmai, which Gray left out of his first version:—

"Check'd by the torrent tide of blood,
Backward Menai rolls his flood."

In Wales, as we have seen to be the case in Provence and elsewhere, rhyming had become in the latter half of the twelfth

¹ The translation is that of Mr. Thomas Stephens, from whose 'Literature of the Kynry' (Llandoverly, 1849) I derive the information given in the next few paragraphs.

century an entertainment of their wit by princes and courtiers. Owain Kyveiliog, a fighting Prince of Powys, who says of himself in one of his lines that "Owain's Court has ever been fed on prey," and whose father was in favour at Henry the Second's Court, wrote 'the Hirlas Horn,' the longest of the Welsh poems of the twelfth century. He was the Welsh prince who would not receive or visit Archbishop Baldwin, when in 1188 he went through Wales preaching the Crusade, with Gerald de Barri by his side; for which contumacy the Archbishop excommunicated him. A few years later this Prince of Powys (he died in 1197) was on friendly terms with Henry the Second, who enjoyed the noble Welshman's wit.

In his poem of 'the Hirlas Horn'—a drinking horn, long, blue, and silver-rimmed—Owain, Prince of Powys, imagines warriors assembled in his hall at night after a battle in the morning, and as he sits at the head of the board, to each of his chiefs he dedicates a cup and a little song, beginning with the words "Fill, cupbearer," in celebration of his praise. There is a fine touch where he bids the cupbearer fill to the chieftains Tudyr and Moreiddig, and, when he has ended the chant of their glory, turns to greet them, sees their places vacant, and breaks into mourning as he recollects how they had fallen in the fight.

Another noble poet of the Welsh fought in the battle of which Gwalchmai sang: he was Howel ab Owain, son of Owain Gwynedd, king of North Wales. His life also was one of feud and strife, and he fell in battle with his brother over right of possession to the kingdom. Prince Howel wrote delicate and gay love poetry. If he sang as a patriot that he hated "England, a flat inactive land," and that he loved Gwynedd, with its sea-coast and its mountains, its wide wilds and its sports of the chace, still the praise of fair women ran through all the strain. He loved his own land, its white seaweeds and beautiful women. "I love," he says, "the marches of Merioneth, where my head was pillowed on a snow-white arm," and he ends the song of 'Howel's Patriotism' with a celebration by name of the most beautiful women in Wales, "from the gates of Chester to Portskewelt." Howel's love is of the average quality of that of the troubadours, such as they might, however gentle their natures and however delicate their song, share with

a turbulent Welsh prince or with the Emperor Henry VI., the hero of the Christmas massacres at Palermo, or with a thrush at pairing time.

Of the poetry of Kynddelw there remain fifty pieces, among which are expressions of the contempt of monks that was at the same time becoming a feature of the literature of Saxon-Norman England. "I will not," says Kynddelw, "receive the sacrament from wicked monks, with their gowns on their knees: I will commune with God himself."

Llywarch ab Llywelyn has left fewer pieces than Kynddelw, but they are less intricate in structure and said to be more poetical. In one of them there is thought to be a reference to the sailing away "on the bosom of the vast ocean, in trouble great and immeasurable," of Prince Madoc, the son of Owain Gwynedd. In another poem, addressed to the hot iron of the Ordeal, he seems himself to have been made accountable for Madoc's disappearance. He says:—

"To the Hot Iron.

"Consecrated truth, glowing hot! My song delights in thy blessedness. Reflect when thou judgest the number of my kindred. Hot wounding creature, who created thee? I will ask advice through Peter of Christ, who was appointed to bear the cross; and of the fair interceders, Thomas and Philip and Paul and Andrew, lest my hand be misplaced and I be slain by the bright sword, and my kinsmen pay the retribution fee for murder. Good iron! clear me from the charge of having slain Madoc, and show that he who slew the fair prince shall have no part of heaven nor its nine kingdoms; but that I shall obtain the society of God and escape His wrath."

Eineon ap Gwgan, Davydd Benvras, Elidir Sais, Gwynvardd Brycheniog, and Phylip the Poet, are the names of other Welsh bards who lived in the days of Llewelyn the Great, at the beginning of the thirteenth century. To the same and to a later age belong most of the mythological poems of the 'Awdl Vraith' and the 'Avallenau,' or mystical song of the Apple Orchard, Welsh Arthurian romances, and the other popular tales or Mabinogion.

The poems called Mythological are, in addition to the twenty-five that form the Mabinogi of Taliesin, twenty-eight in number. Their language is formed, and differs little from that of the present day. One contains a reference to Gerald

Kynddelw.

Llywarch ab
Llywelyn.

Other Welsh
Bards.

The Mytho-
logical
Poems.

de Barri's dispute with the king about the see of St. David's, one refers to "the Blessed Arthur;" others refer to matter in the tale of Taliesin and the poems of Gwalchmai; one is in the same mixture of Welsh and Monkish Latin that is found in the late verses ascribed falsely to Taliesin.

The Aval-
lenau. The Aval-
lenau. The free giver, ere age had overtaken him, seven score and seven sweet apple-trees, "a maid with beauteous ringlets watching over them, Cloywedd by name, with teeth of pearly whiteness." Under the apple-trees and to them Merlin was supposed to prophesy, beginning each prophetic stanza with address to the tree in some such lines as these: "Delicious apple-tree that will not wither; four hundred years it will be in peace, growing apart and widely out-spreading. Its root is oftener surrounded by the wolf which violates than by the youth who can enjoy its fruit. And I will prophesy that a youth shall come from the flowers of Cadvan, who when he grows up will be known as Gruffydd of the line of Iago—'There will be no tyranny when he comes.'" The poem is considered by Mr. Stephens to be founded on a tradition of seven score chiefs who were changed to sprites in the wood of Celyddon, to have been written in the latter part of the reign of Owain Gwynedd, and to contain distinct historical allusion to affairs of the years 1165-1170. It includes also a notion of the return of Cadwallader, which was one of the inventions of Geoffrey of Monmouth, set afloat by the wide popularity of his fictitious history. Apple-trees were chosen by the poet because, after Geoffrey's history appeared, Fairy land was known among the bards as Ynys yr Avallon, the Island of the Apple-trees, which English romancists, not knowing the meaning of Avallon, or not being so much impressed as the Welsh by the beauty of a blossoming apple orchard, called "the woody isle of Avalon."

Of the documents known as the Welsh Triads, which string
The Triads. facts or moralities in successive groups of three of a kind, the collections now existing are not more ancient than the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. They are Triads of history, bardism, theology, ethics, and jurisprudence. The form of triad was older, and earlier triads of

jurisprudence appeared in the tenth century among the laws of Hoel Dda.

The old Welsh poets had their stereotyped flowers of speech. Thus in the Iolo MSS.¹ is a paper of bardic criticism, setting forth as Triads—

“The three embellishing names of poetic genius ; light of the understanding, amusement of reason, and preceptor of knowledge.

“The three embellishing names of reason ; candle of the soul, might of wisdom, and transparency of knowledge.

* * * * *

“The three embellishing names of the sea ; field of Gwenhidwy, court of Neivion, and fountain of Venus (and glutton of the world).

“The three embellishing names of the waves ; sheep of Gwenhidwy, dragons of the salt deep, and blossoms of the ocean.

“The three embellishing names of the wind ; hero of the world, architect of bad weather, and assaulter of the hills.”

The Mabinogion, or fairy tales of the Welsh, belong chiefly to the same and partly to a later period of intellectual activity. Mabinogion is the plural of the Welsh word ^{The Mabinogion.} Mabinogi, which means entertainment or instruction for the young ; the word being derived from Mab, a child, or Maban, a young child, and the same root running through many words with a like sense, as mabinneiddio, to become childish, and mabiaith, child's prattle ; so also a mab-cath is a kitten. The great collection of these tales is at Jesus College, Oxford, in a MS. volume of the fourteenth century, known as the Red Book of Hergest,² of which the tales have been published both in the original Cymric and in a delightful English translation as the Mabinogion, by Lady Charlotte Guest.³

The Mabinogion thus represented contains Welsh versions of three of the French Arthurian romances, by Chrestien de Troyes, namely, ‘The Lady of the Fountain,’ and among the notes to it the text of the ‘Chevalier au Lion,’ with which that story corresponds : ‘Peredur, the son of Evrawc,’ corresponding to the ‘Percival le Galois’ of Chrestien, and ‘Geraint, the son of Erbin,’ which is his ‘Erec and Enide.’ Besides these in the Mabinogion

¹ See p. 217.

² See page 217.

³ ‘The Mabinogion, from the Llyfr Coch o Hergest and other Ancient Welsh MSS., with an English translation and Notes,’ by Lady Charlotte Guest. 3 vols. 1838-1849.

are two British tales ascribed to the time of King Arthur, 'Kilhwch and Olwen' and 'the Dream of Rhonabwy.' The rest are tales in which King Arthur does not appear, or is named only as by interpolation, namely, 'Pwyll, Prince of Dyved;' 'Branwen, the daughter of Llyr;' 'Manawyddan, the son of Llyr;' 'Math, the son of Mathonwy;' 'the Dream of Emperor Maximus;' 'Lludd and Llevelys,' and the Romance of 'Taliesin.' Of these the Romance of Taliesin, which is not older than the thirteenth century, is most interesting to the student of our literature. I pass over, as bygone error, the confusion caused by reference of such romance as this to the sixth century, and by the fanciful Druidical and other speculations that have been based by some Welsh scholars upon the writing of men who were almost as far as Geoffrey of Monmouth himself, Welsh patriot as he was, from even incidental mention of the Druids.¹ It is only as one of the tales of the thirteenth century into which, as into other tales, traditions current in its time were introduced, that we read here the substance of—

The History of Taliesin.

Tegid Voel and Caridwen his wife lived in the midst of the Lake Tegid. They had a son, Morvran ab Tegid; also the fairest daughter in the world, named Creirwy; and another son, the ugliest in the world, whose name was Avagddu. As he was so ugly, Caridwen, his mother, thought that he could not prosper without exalted knowledge. So she resolved, according to the arts of the books of the Fferyllt (alchemists, or metal-workers), to boil a cauldron of Inspiration and Science, of which the boiling must not cease for a year and a day, until three blessed drops were obtained of the grace of Inspiration. And she put Gwion Bach, the son of Gwreang of Llanfair in Powys, to stir the cauldron, and a blind man, named Morda, to keep up the fire beneath it; and she gathered in planetary hours, according to the books of the astronomers, every day of all charm-bearing herbs. And one day towards the end of the year, as Caridwen was culling plants and making incantations, it chanced that the three charmed drops flew out of the cauldron and fell on the finger of Gwion Bach. By reason of their great heat he sucked his finger, and immediately he foresaw what was to come, and knew that his chief care must be to guard against the wiles of Caridwen, for vast was her skill.

¹ If any student has yet to discharge his mind of this sort of spoilt goods, he should call to his aid Mr. Stephens and Mr. Nash, who (by their 'Literature of the Kymry' and 'Taliesin') are the persons chiefly answerable for the damage they have suffered.

He fled, therefore, towards his own land; and the cauldron, because all that was left in it was poisonous, burst in two, and its liquor ran into a stream where the horses of Gwyddno Garanhir were drinking, so they were poisoned, and the confluence of the stream was called thenceforth the Poison of the Horses of Gwyddno.

When Caridwen came in, and saw the year's work lost, she took up a billet of wood and knocked out one of the eyes of the blind Morda, who said, "Wrongfully hast thou disfigured me. The loss was not because of me." "True," said Caridwen, "it was Gwion Bach who robbed me." And she went forth after him running. And he saw her and changed himself into a hare and fled. But she changed herself into a greyhound and turned him. And he ran towards a river and became a fish. But she, in form of an otter, chased him until he was fain to become a bird. Then she, as a hawk, followed him, and gave him no rest in the sky. Just as he was in fear of death, he saw a heap of winnowed wheat on the floor of a barn, and dropped among the wheat and turned himself into one of the grains. Then she transformed herself into a high-crested black hen, and scratched among the wheat with her feet, and found him out and swallowed him.

And so she bore him nine months, and when she was delivered of him had not the heart to kill him because of his beauty. So she wrapped him in a leathern bag, and cast him into the sea on the twenty-ninth day of April. And at that time the weir of Gwyddno was on the strand between Dyvi and Aberystwith, near to his castle, and the value of a hundred pounds was taken in that weir every May eve. And Gwyddno had an only son, named Elphin, the neediest and most luckless of youths. His father pitied his ill-luck, and had granted him the drawing of the weir that year, to give him something wherewith to begin the world. Next day when he went to look, there was nothing in the weir. But as he turned back, he saw the leathern bag upon one of its poles. Said one of his companions, "You were never unlucky till now, when your luck has turned the fish away from a weir that has been worth a hundred pounds every May eve, till to-night, when there is nothing but a skin in it." "Perhaps," said Elphin, "the bag may have that in it which is worth a hundred pounds." He who opened it saw the shining forehead of the boy, and said to Elphin, "Behold, a shining forehead!" "Taliesin let him be called then," said Elphin, and lifted the boy gently to his horse, and made it amble softly, and went sorrowfully homeward.

But the boy as he rode behind sang him a song of consolation [given as a poem in the romance], saying that although he was little he was highly gifted. And this was the first poem Taliesin ever sang. Then Elphin asked him whether he was man or spirit, and he sang a second song [given as a poem in the romance], telling what he had been, how he had fled from Caridwen, and so how he came to be entangled in the weir. Then came Elphin to the house of Gwyddno, his father, who asked whether his haul was good. He said he had got a Bard. Then said Gwyddno, "Alas! what will he profit thee?" And Taliesin himself replied, "He will profit him more than the weir ever profited thee." Asked Gwyddno, "Art thou able to speak, and yet so little?" Taliesin answered, "I am better able to speak than you to question." "What

can you say?" asked Gwyddno. Then Taliesin sang [the next poem in the romance] his trust in God.

Elphin having been thrown into prison by Maelgwn Gwynedd, Taliesin undertook his rescue, and in reply to the question of Elphin's wife, told her in a poem that refers to the History of King Arthur [also given in the romance] that he would do it by his power as a bard. At Maelgwn's court he cast a spell upon the bards there, so that when they appeared before their king, instead of singing his praises, they could only pout out their lips and make mouths at him, playing "Blerwm, blerwm," on their lips with their fingers as they had seen Taliesin do. Maelgwn supposing them to be drunk, "ordered one of his squires to give a blow to the chief of them, named Heinin Vardd; and the squire took a broom and struck him on the head, so that he fell back on his seat." This brought them all to, and the chief bard then explained that they were not drunk, but affected by a spirit sitting in a corner of the hall, in the form of a child.

So the king ordered the squire to fetch the child, and Taliesin, being brought forward, and asked what he was and whence he came, replied with the next poem introduced into the romance, which tells how he was the chief bard of Elphin, a bard whose accustomed country was the land of the Cherubim, who was called, by Merlin, John the Diviner, who carried the banner before Alexander, was in *Caer Bedin tetragrammaton*, and so forth, and who should be on the face of the earth until the judgment day. The king and his nobles wondered, for they had never before heard the like from a boy so young as he.

But as he was the bard of Elphin, the king bade Heinin, his chief bard, strive with him; and he and all the others of the four-and-twenty bards, when they came forward, could do no other than play "Blerwm" on their lips. Then Maelgwn asked the boy Taliesin what was his errand? He replied in song that he came to deliver Elphin, who was in *Caer Deganwy*, under thirteen locks, and to demand the chair of *Deganwy*. When the contest with the bards seemed to be fruitless, Taliesin prophesied the coming of a wonderful golden worm from the sea-marsh of *Rhianedd*, who should take vengeance on Maelgwn. His threat having no effect, Taliesin went out, and uttered a charm to the wind [given as one of the poems of the story], bidding it blow open the prison of Elphin. And while he thus sang near the door, there arose a mighty storm of wind, so that the king and all his nobles thought the castle would fall on their heads. Then Maelgwn ordered them to fetch Elphin from his dungeon and place him before Taliesin. And when he was brought, Taliesin sang a Mead song that caused the chains upon Elphin's feet to open. Then he sang of the excellence of the Bards, and poured down riddles upon Heinin and his companions: "Why is a stone hard? Why is a thorn sharp pointed? What is as hard as steel? What is as salt as brine? What is as sweet as honey? Who rides on the gale? Why is the nose ridged? Why is a wheel round? Why is the tongue's speech different from every other gift? If you and your bards are able, O Heinin, let them give an answer to me, Taliesin." They were not able, and therefore Taliesin in his next song reproved and defied them. Then follows an attack from Taliesin on the immoral songs and habits, the senseless stories,

and the tasteless delivery of deeds of heroes by the strolling minstrels, a piece which is found to have been written by Jonas Athraw, that is, Doctor Jonas, a monk of St. David's. But the whole putting together of the romance is from the hand of a certain Thomas ap Einion. It ends with a horse-race, in which, by Taliesin's help, Elphin defeats the twenty-four horses of Maelgwn, and wins the cup in the shape of a large cauldron full of gold, which Taliesin's skill enables him to find buried underneath the racecourse.

A story like this belongs not to the beginning but to the end of the Welsh literary epoch. The death of Llewelyn deprived the Welsh poets of their patron, and after him Close of the Welsh Literary period. there was almost a silence. This has been accounted for by supposing that the bards were all hanged by order of Edward I., or, according to another theory, that many Welsh MSS. sent to the Tower for use of the imprisoned Cambrian princes were destroyed there by one Scolan. But there was no destruction of the bards by Edward I.; the oldest authority for that fable will not bear five minutes' scrutiny. Even his prohibition soon became a dead letter. As for the other story about the destructive Master Scolan, it has grown out of confused apprehension of a tradition of St. Columba (Ys Colan), who in his zeal for Christianity was said to have destroyed some heathen books.

The Taliesin of days of romance delivered in verse his prophecies and incantations. There is a weight of emphasis on every word and an exactness of form in The Here Prophecy. metrical speech that has commonly made the prophets versifiers, in this country rhymers. We may remember how Archbishop Aldred is represented as having troubled himself on his death-bed to express in the emphatic form of rhyme his prophecy of evil upon Baron Urse—a prophecy which, says historical tradition, was fulfilled. A strange bit of old English rhyming prophecy, preserved by Abbot Benedict, is said to have become active after the image of a hart was set up in 1189 by Ralph Fitzstephen over a house at Here, a royal vill that had been given to him by Henry II. There is no place in England named Here, and there is no place, I believe, with which it has yet been identified. But it may be that the name of the old Here survives in the present ancient village of Hever, formerly

Heure,¹ on the bank of the river Eden in the Weald of Kent, where there is a Norman castle, built on the site of the old family mansion in the reign of Edward III., by William de Hevre (Heure), who then obtained a royal charter granting him right to embattle his mansion at Hever, and annexing right of free warren to his lands. It is the same Hever Castle in which Anne Boleyn was at home when Henry VIII. first saw her walking in its gardens. Even at this day mystery-making Hever is distinguished by a local rhyming tradition that is a riddle to the generations who repeat it :

“Jesus Christ never was but once at Hever,
And then he fell into the river.”

The castle was bought of the Hevre family by Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, grandfather of Anne. The prophecy itself connected with the hart set up at Here is an unsolved riddle, which is, I think, not insoluble. It is said by Abbot Benedict, who gives two versions, and the second as the “more correct,” to have been this :—

“Whan thu ses in Here hert yreret
Then sulen Engles in three be ydelet :
That an sal into Yrland al to late waie
That other into Puille mid prude bileue
The thride in hire athen hert alle wreke y-dreghe.”

But the last mysterious line Hoveden reports to have been—

“The thridde into Air haben herd all wreke y drechege.”

The date of the setting up the hart was that of the death of Henry II. and accession of Richard I., and the probable sense of the lines is : “When thou seest a hart reared up in Here then shall the English people be divided into three parts : one shall go all too late into Ireland.”—There John, who was Lord, removed, at his brother Richard’s accession to the English crown, the fighting John de Courcy from direction of affairs, and made

¹ Hasted’s ‘History of Kent,’ vol. I. p. 395. William de Heure had a moiety of this place, and was sheriff of the county in the second year of Edward I. But the family had originally taken its name from a Heure (which looks like Norman for Here), near Northfleet.

him an enemy; while Richard's coming crusade exciting the hopes of the Irish chiefs, caused them to patch up their own quarrels and agree on a combined rising, of which the most notable result was the destruction of the English army at Thurles. The results would have been serious to England if the insurgents had not again fallen out among themselves. Then the prophecy proceeds—"The other into Apulia, with profitable remaining."¹—On his way to the Holy Land Richard remained at Messina, where, in a quarrel about his sister's dower, he extorted from Tancred, the last of the Norman kings of Sicily, forty thousand ounces of gold, and betrothed his nephew Arthur of Bretagne to Tancred's daughter. Then of the third division the prophecy adds—"The third in their highest oaths, all drawn to vengeance."² That is to say, by their oath as Crusaders to avenge the desecration of the Holy Place by the infidel. The last line, as given by Hoveden, I regard as a corruption. This is my own guess at the unsolved riddle of the last part of the Here Prophecy, and I am pretty sure that, if not in every word right, it gives the true general sense.

¹ The noun *prou* = advantage, French *prod*; *bilve* and *bilave* = remain. Herbert Coleridge's 'Glossarial Index of the Printed English Literature of the Thirteenth Century.' London, 1859.

² *Að*, A.-S. an oath; high (*heye*) comparative *herre*, superl. *herte*. Coleridge's Thirteenth Century Glossary. *Wreche* vengeance, Coleridge's Glossary. The A.-S. is *Wræc*, with the same meaning; *drægen* or *y-drægen*, A.-S. drawn the participle of *dragan*, 'to drag, bear, draw, proceed, go,' Bosworth.

CHAPTER XXI.

OUR way is now through the great field of English metrical romance, that had its fragrant blossom-time in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

English Me-
trical Ro-
mances.

M. Francisque Michel believes¹ that the curiosity of the Norman Trouvères after the Conquest sought as material for romance all the traditions of the conquered people. Besides the Arthurian cycle, and the cycle of the romances of Charlemagne, which the livelier patriotic interest in our own hero, King Arthur, kept out of England, there was, he believes, a Dano-Saxon cycle of romances re-composed in French, whereof only a few portions remain. There is the romance of Havelok, and there is the romance of Horn and Rimenhild, of which latter story the French version is preserved in three MSS., so imperfect, that by collation of all three a complete text is not obtained. There are, however, two English translations which supply all that is wanting. The singer of Horn is a Thomas, of whom Sir Walter Scott said there was "some room to conjecture that it may have been" his Thomas of Erceldoune, Thomas the Rhymer, to whom he ascribes the Auchinleck copy of the English romance of Sir Tristrem.

Dano-Saxon
Romance.

King Horn.

King Horn.

The story of the romance is that after King Murray, Horn's father, had been killed by the 'Saracen' vikings from Denmark, and all his countrymen who would not renounce Christianity were killed, Horn himself was put out to sea in a small boat, and landed in Westernesse, where King Aylmer took him for page, and he became enamoured of King Aylmer's only

¹ 'Horn et Rimenhild. Recueil de ce qui reste des Poèmes relatifs à leurs Aventures, composées en Anglois et en Écossois dans les 13^{me}, 14^{me}, 15^{me}, et 16^{me} siècles, publié d'après les MSS. de Londres, de Cambridge, d'Oxford et d'Edinburgh, par Francisque Michel.' Published for the Pannatyne Club. Paris, 1854.

daughter Rimenhild. Dubbed knight he achieved brave adventures, and brought Aylmer the head of a great Saracen viking. Banished for his love, he bade Rimenhild wait for him seven years, but marry another suitor if she heard evil of him within that time. Within the time suit was pressed on her by King Modi, she therefore sent for Horn, who came home from his life of adventure, married her, and then departed with a troop of Irish soldiers to recover his native land, Suddene, from the infidel. He not only did this, but found his mother, who had all this while been hiding herself in a cave; but he returned to learn that a false friend, Fykenild, had seized his wife. Then he went as a harper into Fykenild's castle, killed him and recovered Rimenhild.

To the same Dano-Saxon cycle of romances may have belonged that of the fabulous Sir Guy of Warwick, who is said to have been a son of Siward, Baron of Wallingford, ^{Guy of Warwick.} who became Earl of Warwick in right of his wife Felicia, and to have died in the year 929. He lived as a hermit near his own castle after vanquishing Colbrond the Dane, and took alms of his own wife, only sending her their wedding-ring when he was about to die, and desired her to take care of his burial. The romance of Guy of Warwick has been attributed to Walter of Exeter, a Cornish Franciscan, who lived in the thirteenth century.¹

Richard I., who was thoroughly a Norman, and probably never in his life conversed or wrote in English, was himself a courtly poet of the Provençal school, and was a great ^{Minstrels.} patron of the minstrels who became abundant in his reign. The minstrel's name was simply the old French menestrel, a workman, confined afterwards to those who were artists in music and song, as we confine now the word artist to musicians, painters, sculptors, and other ministers to the refinement of taste.

The minstrel sang to musical accompaniments. The jongleur was a teller of stories or gestes. Gest, from the Latin ^{Jongleurs.} gestum, a thing done, meant at first simply a story; a gestour was one who entertained with stories. When the gestour lived among the people by his wits, he found it by a great deal most easy and profitable to raise laughter, hence the degeneration of the word into its present sense of jest and jester. But

¹ The earliest MSS. of the romance are portions from the Auchinleck MS. in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, edited by the late Mr. Turnbull, for the Bannatyne Club, as 'The Romances of Sir Guy of Warwick and Rembrun his son.' Edinburgh, 1840.

the jongleur is not represented by the modern word juggler. The jongleur derived his name from the old French jangler, which means, according to Cotgrave, to prattle, tattle; according to Roquefort, to jest, flatter, lie. He was the storyteller. The jugleur, whose name is derived from another root, and was translated by misconception into the Latin jocolator, amused by sleight of hand, and gave his name to his descendants in the present day. The juggler's name has its alliance with the English cog, to cheat; Scandinavian jouk, to move quickly aside, to cheat; and with the roots gog, cog, jog, jig, which represent rapid movement to and fro. So says that skilful student of our English etymologies, Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood.

Richard Cœur de Lion's personal taste increased the English encouragement of metrical romance, and though the king was, for the most part a Frenchman, in England the fusion between Saxon and Norman becoming more and more perfect, the English language was rapidly completing the formation of its lasting characters, and the English mind, everywhere rejecting use of French as its vernacular tongue, began to busy itself, among other works, in the conversion of the metrical romances it most cared for into English verse. By help of Sir Frederick Madden, we may see how this was done, and indeed, taking a fragment of Arthurian story, trace it from the first hint in Geoffrey of Monmouth's History through its expansion, adoption, and occasional great modification in the north of France, to its re-conversion into English metrical romance.

Sir Gawayne first appears in Geoffrey of Monmouth as Walwain, eldest son of Loth, prince of Lothian and the Sir Gawayne. Orkneys, by Anna, half-sister of Arthur. At twelve years old Arthur sent him to Rome, where he received knight-hood from Pope Sulpicius. He went, says Geoffrey, with King Arthur to France to fight the Romans, and when sent with two others to treat with the Emperor Lucius Tiberius, he cut off the head of the Emperor's nephew. In the decisive battle, Walwain and Hoel had joint command of the fourth division of King Arthur's forces, and Walwain fought single-handed with the Emperor, who was separated from him and afterwards slain.

Layamon and Robert of Brunne follow Wace, who, by misunderstanding Geoffrey, says that Wawain, Normanized Ga-

wayne, came from Rome to assist Arthur in his expedition to Norway. Throughout the Brut Gawayne is first among the knights of Arthur, for no Lancelot or Tristram had been then created.

Gawayne is not mentioned, nor are the other Knights of the Round Table, in the first Romance of the Graal, of which the Graal itself, the legend of Joseph of Arimathea and the fabulous history of his descendants are the subject.

In the first romance of Merlin, Gawayne, Prince of Orkney, appears with new adventures ascribed to him. At his birth, Merlin pronounces him destined to be one of the best knights in the world. He comes with his three brothers to help King Arthur against the Saxons, whom he expels; and he is made for his prowess a Knight of the Round Table and constable of the household to King Arthur, being next in rank to the King himself. After this he triumphs in an expedition against King Claudas of Gaul and his Roman allies, and his last achievements accord with Geoffrey of Monmouth's narrative of the war against the Roman Emperor. One MS. says that he slew the Emperor with his own hand. In this romance also we read of his supernatural increase and decline of strength that corresponded to the movement of the sun.

In the romance of Lancelot of the Lake, Sir Gawayne is second only to Lancelot in prominence, and is his equal and friend till, after Lancelot has slain three of his brothers, Gawayne vows vengeance and dies in the wars undertaken by King Arthur against the knight of the Joyeuse Garde.

In the Quest of the Saint Graal, Gawayne is prominent. He reaches the magic castle of the Fisher King, the guardian of the Graal, and rests on the enchanted bed.

At the breaking up of the Round Table, through the disunion caused by Lancelot's dishonour of the King, as told by Walter Map in the Mort Artus, Gawayne again is prominent. He kills in one battle thirty knights, and fights with Lancelot in single combat. But after a conquest long doubtful Gawayne is severely wounded in the head, and being wounded in the head again at the battle with the Romans, of the double wound he dies, and is buried at Camelot.

After these romances there came Tristram, of which the first

part was the invention of Luces de Gast, said to have been an Englishman, who lived near Salisbury in the time of Henry II., and the second part was written by Helie de Borron in the reign of Henry III. Here first appears the tale of a feud between the sons of King Pellinor and the sons of King Loth. Pellinor slew Loth, and was slain by Gawayne; Pellinor's eldest son Lamorat de Galles, the brother of Percival, had also seduced Tristan's mother, the Lady of Orkney, who had therefore been slain by her own sons. For this and in all incidents Sir Gawayne's fame is blackened by the authors of the romance of Tristan. Helie de Borron, author of the second part of Tristan, proceeding to invent new heroes in his Gyron le Courtois, continues in that poem the depreciation of Sir Gawayne.

Chrestien of Troyes, in his *Perceval le Gallois*, says as much of Gawayne as of Perceval, and gives to Gawayne, in his *Romance of Erec and Enid*, the first place among the knights of the Round Table. A poem of 'Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight,' first published by the Bannatyne Club in 1839, was edited by Sir F. Madden, from a MS. believed to be unique,¹ which he ascribes to the reign of Richard II. The author, from his familiarity with woodcraft and early French literature, is assumed to be a man of birth and education, his language that of the north modified by transcription of the MS. south of the Tweed. He is perhaps to be identified as the Huchowne of the Awle Ryale (Aula Regia) mentioned in the metrical chronicle of Wyntown who was Prior of St. Serf's, Lochleven, in 1395, and finished his chronicle between the years 1420-24. Wyntown says that

"men of gud discretiowne
Suld excuse and loue Huchowne
That cunnand wes in literature;
He made the great gest of Arthure,
And the Awntyre of Gawane,
The Pystyl als of swete Swsane.
He wes curyws in hys style,
Fayre of facund and subtile."

¹ In the Brit. Mus. Cotton. Nero. A. x. To Sir F. Madden's volume edited for the Bannatyne Club of 'Ancient Scottish and English Romance Poems upon Sir Gawayne' I have already referred. I have followed the authority of that book in all that is here said upon its subject.

All the poems here mentioned are extant. The Pystyl of Sweet Susan is the story of Susannah. Huchowne ranks, therefore, with Thomas of Erceldoune, as the oldest English poet born north of the Tweed.¹

The story of the Grene Knight is from the French metrical romance of Perceval, which was continued from the verse of Chrestien of Troyes, by Gautier de Denet and Manessier at the beginning of the thirteenth century.

To Thomas of Erceldoune, Thomas the Rhymer, a Scotch poet of the thirteenth century, Sir Walter Scott attributed the romance of Sir Tristrem, which he edited from the Auchinleck MS.² He derived his name from the village of Erceldoune, on the Leader, two miles above its junction with the Tweed, in the county of Berwick. He was alive and in the height of his fame at the death of Alexander III. in 1286, and he was dead in 1299, of which date there is a charter in which his son describes himself as the heir of 'Thomas Rymour de Erceldon.' His fame used to be great among the Scots. Tradition said that on the day before King Alexander's death he predicted a great wind, the greatest that ever had blown in Scotland. The morrow proving fine and still, the Earl of March sent for the false prophet to reprove him; but while he spoke one came to the gate saying that the king was killed. Then said the prophet, "yone is the wind that sall blaw to the gret calamity and truble of al Scotland." Divers metrical prophecies were ascribed to him, and there was a tale of one who came riding to him on a grey palfrey when he sate beneath Eildoun

¹ "The oldest MSS. containing genuine Scottish poetry are the Cotton MS. Nero. A. x., the Vernon MS. in the Bodleian library, and a MS. formerly in the possession of Dr. Whitaker, and afterwards of Mr. Heber, all of which are of the reign of Richard the Second, all apparently written in England, and all contain poems of Huchowne." Sir F. Madden in notes to Sir Gawayne, p. 303.

² 'Sir Tristrem; a Metrical Romance of the Thirteenth Century, by Thomas of Erceldoune, called the Rhymer. Edited from the Auchinleck MS. by Walter Scott, Esq. Edinburgh, 1804.' The Auchinleck MS., written in the middle of the 14th century, was given, in 1744, to the Advocates' Library by Alexander Boswell, of Auchinleck, father of Dr. Johnson's Boswell, called, as a Lord of Session, Lord Auchinleck. It contains more than forty poems and fragments of poems.

tree; a beautiful damsel, for whose love he prayed; but she was Queen of Faery, and becoming an odious hag when he had won her, carried him off swiftly behind her on her palfrey through darkness and roaring, through a wondrous garden, and by the roads leading to hell and heaven into fairyland. There the fairy queen resumed her beauty, and they feasted and were happy till, when he had been three years in fairyland, she bade him prepare to go, because the fiend would come next day for his tithe of the fairies, and would surely seize the handsome Thomas whom she loved so well. So she carried him back to the Eildon tree, and there prophesied to him of the wars between England and Scotland.¹ The first line of the *Tristrem* ascribed to him speaks of him in the third person—

“I was at [Erceldoune?]
 With Tomas spake I there,
 Ther herd Y rede in rounde
 Who 'Tristrem gat and bare.”

Sir Walter relied also upon this passage in Robert of Brunne's Introduction to his metrical Annals.

“I see in song, in sedgeying tale,
 Of Erceldoune and of Kendale,
 Non tham sayis as thai tham wrought,
 And in ther saying it semes noght.
 That may thou here in Sir Tristrem,
 Over gestes it has the steem,
 Over all that is or was,
 If men it sayd as made Thomas;
 Bot I here it no man so say,
 That of some cople³ some is away.

All that is not Scottish in the text of this *Sir Tristrem* is ascribed to an English transcriber. Scott's opinion as to Thomas of Erceldoune being the Thomas who wrote this *Sir Tristrem* is now, I believe, universally rejected. But although not proved, it has not been disproved.

¹ Three MSS. of this story preceding a book of prophecies, entitled 'Thomas off Ersseldoune,' are in the Brit. Mus. Cotton. Vitell. E. x., in the library of the Univ. of Cambridge, and in that of Lincoln Cathedral.

² The word has been cut out in cutting for an illumination, but the line is written at the bottom of the preceding page, by way of catchword.

³ Couplet.

The Scottish people joined, like their neighbours, the spirit of freedom to the spirit of popular song. When in 1296 Edward I. besieged Berwick, these lines of derision are said to have been chorussed to him from the walls:—

“Wend Kyng Edewarde, with his lange shankes
To have gete Berwyke, al our unthankes?
Gas pikes hym,
And after gas dikes hym.”¹

So, also, in memory of Bannockburn, there was a song of triumph long afterwards sung by Scottish maidens and minstrels; one record says that it was composed by maidens,² beginning thus:—

“Maydens of Englande, sore may ye morne
For your lemmans ye have loste at Bannockysborne,
With heue a lowe.
What, weneth the Kyng of Englande
So soone to have wonne Scotlande?
With rumblyow.”

The English is, no doubt, more modern than the substance and the spirit of the song. We turn now to a class of metrical romances unconnected with any great series. An example of these is the Romance of William and the Werwolf by an unknown English author. It is said, at the end of the first Fytte, to have been translated from the French at the command of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, and nephew to King Edward II. He succeeded to the earldom in 1336, and died in 1361. Between these dates, therefore, lies the year of the composition of the poem, probably, according to Sir F. Madden, 1350.³

It is one of the mixed romances that did not belong to the cycle of Charlemagne and his twelve peers, or of Arthur and his knights of the Round Table, or of the possible Dano-Saxon group, the chief of such exceptions being at this time (if we exclude the

¹ Ritson's 'Hist. Essay on Scottish Song.'

² Fabyan's Chronicle; St. Alban's Chronicle.

³ 'The Ancient English Romance of William and the Werwolf; edited from an Unique Copy in King's College Library, Cambridge; with an Introduction and Glossary.' By Frederick Madden, Esq. (for the Roxburghe Club). London, 1832.

romances of Havelok, and Horn), the *Guerre de Troie* of Benoit de St. Maure, to which we owe the first conception of the tale of Troilus and Cressida, Gavin le Loherain, Alexander, Athys and Porfilias, Florimond, and Gerard de Roussillon. The origin of William and the Werwolf is the *Roman de Guillaume de Palerne*, and the English verse is a close translation; but its chief interest is its use of an unrhymed alliterative metre, with many French words, as in the following Passage from its opening:—

“Hit bi fel in that forest there fast by side
 There woned ¹ a wel old cherl that was a couherde
 That fele wintres ² in that forest fayre had kepud
 Mennes ken ³ of the cuntre as a comen herde,
 And thus it bitide that time, as tellen our bokes,
 This cowherd comes on a time to kepen his bestes
 Fast by side the borw ⁴ there the barn was inne,
 The herd had with him an hound his hert to ligt,
 For to bayte on his bestes wanne thai to brode ⁵ went;
 The herd sat than with hound ayene the hote sunne,” &c.

The ‘Romance of Sire Degarré’ was one of the popular romances that appeared in England about the end of the thirteenth century.⁶ Three editions of it were printed in black letter during the sixteenth century. Mr. Utterson has suggested that the name rightly spelt would be D’Egaré, or L’Egaré, a person almost lost.⁷

But throughout, the great romance of the romances that did not tell of Arthur or Charlemagne, was that of King Alexander. The Greek Romance of Alexander, written about the year 1060, by Simeon Seth, keeper of the imperial wardrobe in the palace of Antiochus at Constantinople

The Romance of King Alexander.

¹ Dwelt.

² Many years. Years were of old counted by winters; days by nights.

³ Men’s kine (cattle). ⁴ Borough. ⁵ Abroad (astray).

⁶ It was published from the MS. containing its earliest and best copy, the Auchinleck, by the Abbotsford Club, in 1849, with a preface and various readings from more recent copies, “as a contribution from the late William Henry Miller, of Craigetinny,” with facsimile woodcuts from Mr. Miller’s unique copy of *Syr Degore*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

⁷ The story of Sir Degarré and the stories of many of the chief English romances of the middle ages, may be found in Ellis’s ‘Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances,’ of which an edition by Mr. Halliwell (London, 1848) forms one of the cheap volumes of Bohn’s Antiquarian Library.

and founded upon Oriental legends that abounded among the Persians and Arabians as Mirrors of Iskander, the 'Two-Horned Alexander,' &c., was translated into Latin, and from Latin even into Hebrew, by one who wrote under the adopted name of Jos. Gorionides, had very wide popularity, and became the groundwork of many French and English poems. Gerald de Barri mentions the Latin version which professed to be by an Æsopus or a Julius Valerius, and had a fictitious dedication to Constantine the Great. In the year 1200, Gaultier de Chatillon turned it into an *Alexandreis*, which was one of the best Latin poems of the Middle Ages; and again, in 1236, Aretinus Qualichinus turned it into Latin elegiac verse.

A score of French poets worked upon the subject, and by translation and expansion produced that Romance of Alexander of which the great French exemplar was composed in the year 1200.¹ The work is in nine books of about 20,000 lines, and the lines are of the sort now called, as is generally supposed from their use in this poem, *Alexandrines*. All the lines of a paragraph, even though their number be a hundred, rhyme together. Chrestien de Troyes was among those who sang romances of Alexander the Great, and he made his Cliget Alexander's son. There is a German *Alexandreis*, written in six books, by Rudolph of Hohenems, a Suabian, between the years 1220 and 1254. Ulrich von Eschenbach translated the *Alexandreis* of Gautier de Chatillon. The Alexander romance was adopted in Spain, Italy, and even in Scandinavia. An admirable free translation into English metre was made in the thirteenth century by an unknown author, who has been called Adam Davie, because among other—chiefly religious and legendary—poems in the volume of Bodleian MS.² which contains it, is a mystical poem, having no resemblance to it whatever, by an "Adam Davie, the Marchal of

¹ A splendid illuminated copy of it is in the Bodleian Library, 264 fol. I take the information on this subject from the Introduction to the English romance in Henry Weber's 'Metrical Romances of the 13th, 14th, and 15th Centuries.' 3 vols. Edinburgh, 1810. The following sketch of the romance itself, which is not described by Ellis, is from the old English poem, as printed in this work, where it occupies nearly the whole of the first volume.

² Laud I. 74. There is a second MS. in the Library of Lincoln's Inn. No. 150.

Stratford atte Bow." But few mistakes can be more obvious than the assumption that all poems copied of old into one MS. book were the work of the same writer.

With an outline of this Early English version of the most widely famous of the independent metrical romances, I pass for the present from this form of song. The texture of the story will show something of the sort of influence exercised by Oriental fiction on the mind of Europe.

Our ancient romance of *Kyng Alisaunder*, written in rhymes short and irregular, consists of two parts. The first tells of the hero's youth and of his conquest of Darius; the second of his wonderful adventures in India; and it was the beginning of the interest taken by this country in India, when lords sat in hall and heard their minstrels sing of the "gentil baroun" who thus carried his conquests to the uttermost end of the earth. They had their own views of life and of geography. Their Alexander was a knight with horn and pennon, and his battles were fierce medley encounters of men in full armour fighting hand to hand. They liked to have the detail of all battles in a tale, and the description was but the recital of a series of duels. As for their geography, therewith begins the romance of

Kyng Alisaunder.

Learned clerks divide into three parts, Europe, Africa, and Asia this middle earth, but Asia is as big as the other two. Wise men discover twelve months in the year, February the twelfth and no more; they know the names of planets, some are hot and some are cold, all tell the chances of this life, and once there were good barons who understood this art, of which there was none wiser than Neptanabus, King of Egypt. When the kings prepared battle against him he looked in the sky. He made puppets of wax and caused them to fight together, so he quelled his enemy with charms and conjurations. At last King Philip of Macedon with twenty-nine kings in his train marched against Neptanabus, who saw in the stars death for himself should he abide in Egypt. Therefore he fled disguised to the rich city of Macedon itself, while Philip was distressing Egypt.

Now Philip's queen, Olympias, the fairest woman living, was disposed to show her charms in a procession, and to make a feast. There were knights tourneying, and maidens carolling, and champions skirmishing and wrestling, lions hunted, bears baited, boars at bay; the city was hung with furs and cloth of gold, and Dame Olympias rode through all the town, with a crown on her head and with her mantle off. Her yellow hair, plaited with rich strings of gold-wire, fell to her waist. Neptanabus stood in the road.

Bareheaded he gazed at her, she also gazed at him. They exchanged a word, and he hurriedly left her. When she returned to the palace she sent her under-chamberlain after him, and heard from him of his magic power. He used his art in her presence to confirm the saying of the wise that Philip on his return would put her away for a new wife, but he foretold also that Ammon, god of Libya, would come down to her from the sky, and that she should be mother of one son, the god of Land, who would avenge her of all foes.

Then Neptanabus went home to his inn and there made a puppet of wax with which he charmed the queen. He gave her dreams. As a false god in the form of a dragon he went to her. He was the father of King Alexander. He caused also King Philip to have portentous dreams, and when after the king's return he would disgrace Olympias at a great feast, Neptanabus descended from the air in form of a great dragon that caressed her, and there appeared divers strange portents. Afterwards, when Alexander was born, the earth shook, the sea became green, the sun ceased to shine, the moon appeared and became black, the thunder crashed. King Philip said to the mother "You have borne a sorry son

"Gef he libbe ryde and go
Mony a mon he schal do wo."

The boy grew and had a dozen masters. Aristotle was one of them. One day, when King Philip sported in a plain, a grisly colt was brought him, chained, by men who had found it in the wood. It had a hart's crupper, a bull's head, a sharp horn in the midst of the forehead. It was fed with red wheat, and liked man's flesh better than any corn. It was kept bound in iron chains, and was fed with condemned thieves. It would eat a man sooner than two champions could eat a hen. Bulsifal it was called, and only Alexander dared bestride it. For him it would lie down and he might play upon its back.

One day Neptanabus sported with Alexander, and was teaching him the secrets of the stars. Alexander tripped him quietly into a pit, his head cracked against a stone, his neck-bone brake in two. "What treason is this," he cried, "against thy father?" "What!" Alexander said, "hast thou begot me? Could you not see in your books whose hand would slay you? Thou shalt beguile no other men; now I am quits with thee." "I knew," he said, "that I should be slain by my son." "Art thou my father?" quoth Alexander. "Yes," he said, "rumour speaks true." Then Alexander drew him from the pit, and took him to Olympias. But soon he made another pit and put Neptanabus in his long house. So came to that man of evil life an evil end.

The king desired to know which of his sons—Philip or Alexander—should be his successor. The oracle declared for him who should tame Bulsifal, and that was Alexander. He was knighted therefore, and a hundred knights were dubbed together with him. His father had been aggrieved by the king Nicholas of Carthage, Alexander, therefore, crossed the sea with knights, elephants, and camels, and encamped his knights in their pavilions on the sward of the strange land. Walking alone presently upon the shore, he met Nicholas, an hardy man, stout and

savage, who said anon, "Who gave thee leave hither to come? Quick! Get thee hence soon! Thou hast nothing to do here!" They quarrelled until Nicholas insulted Alexander grossly,—

"Fy on the! quoth Nycolas,
And spitte amydde his face,"—

then ran away to escape chastisement. That was but delayed to the day following, when Alexander killed him in a great battle and sacked his city.

Now while her son Alexander was away, Olympias had been imprisoned for her levity. Also King Philip had offered his hand to Cleopatra Queen of Egypt, who had accepted him, and gone in great state to Macedon, where the wedding feast was being held. Alexander entered the hall with the crown of Nicholas in his hand, which he placed on his father's head. Then he sat at the board, but missed his mother, and slew with a stroke of his cup over the table the knight who answered his enquiry for her with a shameful truth. Then there was a sudden strife, tables were overthrown, and many knights were slain.

"Thus hit farith by feste unwise
After mete contek ariseth."

Alexander set Queen Cleopatra on her mule and drove her with shame out of Macedon. He fetched his mother out of prison; made peace with his father; and they all held a great reconciliation feast.

During this feast there arrived in the hall messengers who said that the city of Mentana was revolted. Alexander having considered, after dinner blew stoutly his ivory horn. Ten thousand knights at the sound flocked to him, mounted and armed, and fifteen thousand lads on foot with sword and buckler. Then Alexander leapt on Bulsifal, spurred, and sprang out at the hall door. There is an end soon of Mentana,—

"The spere beorith, the kyng is falle :
His knightis flouen swithe alle,
That folk is slawe withoute pité
And forbrent is that cité
Alisaundre agayn heom dyghtis
Wel blithe is heorte, and his talant."

Then Darius, king of Persia, sent to Philip, king of Macedon, for tribute of land, water and wood. Alexander returned a defiant answer, but before the war with Persia began, it happened that by Pausanias, who loved much Olympias, Philip was deadly wounded through the nape. Alexander returned from the quelling of a distant rebellion, found what had been done, and beheaded the assassin in the presence of the dying king. Alexander then was crowned at Corinth. He set forth against Darius, conquering on his way Thrace, Sicily and Italy, levying knights also as he went. In Libya he found near Tripoli a magic statue built by Neptanabus, and dedicated to Termagaunt and Baal. He consulted this statue upon the question of his parentage, and was told that his father's name was Philip—

“Tho, aller furst, he understode
That he was ryght kyngis blod.”

Before Tyre there was a dreadful contest. Messengers from Darius brought demands of tribute with a contemptuous present to the boy Alexander, of a top, a scourge, and a purse. He replied that the scourge was for the back of Darius; the top, the round world given into his hand; the purse, a token of the tribute he should take from all mankind.

Alexander, having taken Tyre, wasted Arabia with fire and sword. The Arabian Duke fled for help to Darius, who sent Salome forward against the Maccedonians with forty thousand knights, and himself followed with all his army. Salome having seen the strength of the enemy declined a battle, but next day the whole Persian host advanced together. In front there were forty thousand elephants, each carrying twelve or fifteen men in a castle on his back. Then followed tributary kings, each leading twenty thousand men. Octiatus, the brother-in-law of Darius marshalled sixty thousand. Darius followed with his wife, his sister, and his household, and a hundred thousand savage knights for his attendance. There was great neighing of steeds, glitter of gold and silver, white and red; there was many a rich dress and many a word of pride. Alexander sat in a silk robe and played at chess, when a knight came running and said, “Sire, up in haste! Here comes Darius with all his host. He comes with so great an army it is wonder that the ground will bear their weight.” The king cried “Arms, anon!” To arms they went, every one. They let the elephants go by, and struck into the middle of the Persian host. Alexander raged as a hungry wolf among the sheep. The blows of knights were as hail on the shingle.

“Every knyght so laide on othir,
Mony mon ther les his brothir;
Mony lady hire amye,
Mony maide hire drewery;¹
Mony child is faderles,
Gret and dedliche was that pres!”

The Persians were at last routed, Darius fled,—

“Tho Alisaundre cried anon
‘Quyk after Darie every chon!’
Men myghte se tho after ryde al
With drawe sweord and slak the bridal,
Kyng and duyk, eorl and baroun,
Prikid the stedis with gret raundoun;
Ac² Alisaunder upon Bulsifall,
He passed his people all.”

Darius escaped, but the Greeks took his mother and his wife and his daughter, that dear life. Of all the women who were taken they only were saved from harm and honourably used.

¹ Love. Drury Lane, Love Lane.

² But.

The dead were buried. Alexander took to Nicomedia the captive family. But Darius, rallying at Babylon, sent for vast succours, and covered twenty miles of ground with people who all boasted that they would smite off Alexander's head. Alexander also sent for succours to the kingdoms he had conquered. He was leading them over Tauryn, the high hill, when he saw there stuck in the ground a spear that cast never a shadow. Whoever plucked it from the mould his hand should have the world to hold. Many a king and kaiser had there tugged in vain; Philip among the rest. At the first pull Alexander drew it up, to the great bliss of all his people.

Then he was stopped on his way by the Thebans, whose town he attacked, and, in spite of the supplication of a harper who appeared on the walls, utterly razed from the earth. Then the Athenians gave him trouble. He wrote them lordly letters, which they at first defied, but afterwards, at the intercession of Demosthenes, who came to the king when he was chess-playing, they submitted, and he pardoned them their hardihood. Then Macedon revolted, but by the poor folk of the land and ladies bright in bower, who saw their own ruin before them, the town keys were pushed under the gate to Alexander. So he rode in and listened to the cry for mercy from the weaklings who lay prostrate at his horse's feet.

In the mean time Darius, having made a great speech to his council and taken the opinions of his generals, marched to meet Alexander, and encamped in a vast plain on the banks of the Tigris. Alexander was on his way to him, slaying, plundering, and burning. Soon Darius saw the distant fire that strode towards his camp. One day Alexander put on all his armour and therein swam across the Tigris, but was so cruelly chilled in the passage that he nearly sank under the weight of his arms, and was recovered afterwards only by the skill of Philip, his physician. While he was recovering, Tholomeus (Ptolemy) his steward, with a band of knights crossed the stream and established themselves in an ambush near the Persian camp. Thence he attacked a Persian guard, and thus produced an outcry that raised all the host against him. He and his men were being forced back on the water, when a gentle knight, covered with wounds, and with the splinter of a lance in his flank, swam the river to rouse Alexander to the rescue.

*"As armes! he cried fast:
Sone was y-armed al the ost."*

They crossed in boats, and Tholomeus saw the succour.

*"Alisaundre made a cry hardy
Ore tost, ore tost, aly! aly!"*

The hosts crashed together. The earth quaked with their riding, the air thickened with their crying, the blood of them that were slain ran in floods over the lawn.

Darius turned aside out of the battle, summoned his own knights with a blast of his horn, and offered all his treasure, half his realms, and his daughter, to the man who should kill Alexander. A stalwart Persian

knight undertook the adventure, slew a Greek, changed clothes with him, and rode through the battle at the heels of Alexander till he saw fair opportunity to cleave him from behind. But the blow could not pierce the strong hauberk. The king turned and shook him by the chin as a traitor. The knight said he was no traitor; and when he was tried after the battle, urged that all wile was honourable for the slaughter of a foe. Then, although Alexander's barons would have hanged him, Alexander declared that his deed was just and honourable, and sent him away free, loaded with presents.

Afterwards Alexander, whose whole army had crossed the river, ordered his men to tie boughs to their horses' tails, and so advance upon the Persians, raising a dust as if each man were twenty. Deceived by the dust, Darius broke up his camp and retired to the banks of a river called Estrage. Alexander occupied the ground he had abandoned, disguised himself as Antigonus, and in the character of an ambassador, carried his own defiance to the Persian. Darius bade him to meat. At the feast, when the Persian king had drunk to him, the Macedonian hid the gold cup under a fold of his cloak. The theft was observed and outcry was raised, but the feigned messenger declared that it was usage in his court to give to an ambassador the cup he drank from, and he had supposed it to be also usage with the Persians. While he spoke, Pertage, a knight who knew him, whispered to Darius, and King Alexander understood his danger instantly. He leapt over the table and made haste away, "Darie after with all his might." Drawing his sword, King Alexander cleared the way before him till he came against a knight upon a war-horse. Then he smote him down and leapt himself into the saddle. Hotly chased, he reached the river, plunged in, and horse and man sank to the bottom. But they rose again and safely reached the other side, where he had left the companions to whom, during a short walk from the camp on a misty morning, he had suddenly disclosed the mind he had for an adventure.

Against Alexander, in his camp close to the river, Darius resolved to move. King Alexander burnt his tents and made a show of flight till he had tempted all the Persians to cross over and put the stream between themselves and flight. Then his whole army turned, and after a fierce conflict full of single combats and adventures, routed them for the last time. Darius fled to a castle near at hand, whence he sent a submissive letter. Alexander meant well, but delayed to answer it. Then King Darius in despair sent message to Porus, King of India, offering rich payment for his succour. But while the messengers were gone, two traitors, Besas and Besanas, foundlings whom he had reared, betrayed him. Such is beggars' blood!

"Therefore no scholde gentil knyght
Never norische founden wyght."

They betrayed him to Alexander, and then told him that the king was on the way to break the castle down over his head. They bade him fly with them, and on the way they gave him two death wounds. Alexander found him lying in a pit—

"Anon he lyghte of his hors
 And tok in armes that gentil cors.
 Darie sith, the kyng hit is :
 On kneoes he set up, y wis,
 To him he heold his hondes tweye
 Also wel as he maye,
 And saide, 'Gentil baroun, here my cry'
 On me that thou have mercy,
 And graunte me soche beryng
 So fallith for a kyng!
 And Y the bygwe the, by my lif,
 To thy spouse, my gentil wif ;
 And Y bygwe the to youre honours
 Alle my castelis and my tours."

Darius bequeathed everything, and died in the arms of Alexander, who was ready to give all that he might live again.

Then the dead king of Persia was embalmed, and had a stately burial at Babylon. Alexander took his treasure and divided it among his kindred and among his own men, who all gave him fealty. And the two traitors he discovered by declaring that if he knew them he would set them on a high horse, and raise them to the dignity they merited. So the men came for their reward, and were marched through Babylon on horseback, with their faces to the horses' tails, pelted with dirt and dung by all the people, till they reached the gallows, on which they were lifted up.

"Now begynneth the other partie
 Of Alisaundre's dedis hardye."

Alexander went with his dukes, earls, and knights towards the city of Facen after King Porus that was floun into the city of Bandas. He took five thousand of the guides of the land to lead him through the desert by night and by day. They led him into strange peril.

"Ac ar hy comen to castel, oither town
 Hy shullen speken another lessoun."

India begins at Mede, and stretches farthest of all eastern lands, the southern half touches the Afric sea, the north Mount Caucasayne. There is twice summer in that land, and never more winter or cold. It is a land full of all wealth. Fruit, wine, and corn they gather twice in one year. There are five thousand cities, without reckoning isles, castles and borough towns. There are nine thousand strange sorts of people. In India there is a water called Ganges, in which swim strong fishes three hundred feet in length. There is an island in that water containing great towns, and the king of that island rides to battle with four thousand horse and fifty thousand foot. There is another island called Gangerides, containing castles and a fair people, like children of no more than seven years old, who are "engineful to fight," and ride stalworth horses. They are clerks, conjurors, and warriors. They can shoot the griffin and the dragon

flying, they are mighty hunters of the lion and the elephant. Not far thence is the hot island of Polybote, whose king leads into battle thirty thousand horsemen and six thousand foot. Beyond is the highest hill called Malleus. The people living on the north half see no sun all through the year. Those on the south see it only for one month at Midsummer. Those in the east lie all day under the hot sunshine, and are black as pitch. Pandea is a land close by, in which all who dwell are damsels, ruled by a maiden whose banners are followed by twenty thousand maids on war-horses, all well able in field to shake a spear. Near them are the Farangos, who roam forests, catch wild beasts, and eat them raw and hot. Another people near them, the Mantiny, live by the water and eat fish, having no fire but the clear sunshine. Next is a people dressed in leaves and thorns, creeping like hogs, skipping and leaping after crabs and eggs. Near these are the Orphani, who when their parents become old, kill them and feed upon their bowels. Another people, the Still men, when they see signs of bad health in themselves take no medicine, but steal away from their friends into the wood, dig holes and creep therein to die, nor are they ever again found. Beside these are the Houndynges, men from the breast downwards, barking dogs above. Another strange people is pitch black, and each man has only one eye and one foot; with his foot he shelters himself against rain and sun, for the foot is big enough to shelter all the body. Another folk there is that lives on hips and haws, and sloes and turnips. On the south side, where India ends, there lives a wise and cultivated people, clothed in ermine, gold and silver, and fine scarlet silk. They eat and drink daintily, and have shapely faces, yellow as gold. Another people near them has light and vigorous legs, eighteen feet long. They go barefoot, live near the woods, and overtake all prey. The women of that country, who are large and bold, marry at fifteen, bear fair children, and never live beyond the age of twenty. Beside them is a wise and proud people whose men know how to ward off all trouble. They rise early in the morning and go to the seashore (they stand all day on one foot), and judge of events by the waves and stars. These men have wondrous wives, who bear but one child in their lives; that child is able to begin talking to its mother as soon as it is born. Another people near them, rich and proud, is of men who are hoary to the age of nineteen years and a half, are brown-haired at thirty, and change every ten years the colour of their hair. These have the longest lives.

You have heard of the wonderful people in a few parts of Ind, there are many more, but I must tell of the beasts and worms that Alexander fought with in the desert, as he marched out against Porus from Faen. For three days they could find no water; horses and dromedaries died of thirst. They came to a lake but it was black, and poisoned those who drank of it, until a palmer came, it was an angel, who showed where a herb grew that would recover them. Next day, with his great army of which the train was twenty miles long, Alexander marched on to endure another seven days' thirst, after which they arrived at a castled town beside a river. The Greeks asked to drink at the river, but the men in the castle paid no heed to them. The king bade two hundred knights swim over to discover by some stratagem what men they were who formed the garrison. The knights leapt into the water, and had swum a third of the

way over when ypotamos came flinging out of rocks, with a loud neighing, great and grisly beasts stronger than elephants. They shot into the water and ate up every one of the knights.

The king in wrath threw after them thirty of his guides, and they also were eaten. Top and back, crupper and body, the hippopotamus is like a horse. He hath a short beak and a crooked tail, and boar's tusks, and a pitch-black head. It is a wondrous beast, will eat all fruit, apples, nuts, raisins, and wheat, but best he loveth man's flesh and man's bone. He lives in rock, haunts water and land, eats flesh and fish, dreads no beast, and when he seeks prey turns his steps hindwards and forwards so that no man may see whitherward he is going.

The king left that river and saw no more water till at noon a fisherman directed him to cross a wood, upon which they rode south-east for a day and night, fighting with boars, bears, lions, elephants, tigers, dragons, great ounces and leopards, which slew many a bold knight, and on the other side of the wood sweet water was found, by which the king set his pavilions and planted many a banner and banneret. Then he felled many thousand oaks, beeches and birches, and made five hundred fires each as great as a house, that in the dark night there might be no betrayal, and to cook the beef and mutton, birds and venison, for it was supper-time.

Before the king hung a carbuncle-stone and two thousand lamps of gold, and one that cast all as much light as the bright sun by day. The gleemen sang, and the woods echoed to their singing. The feast was held for twenty miles about. While the king and their troops were rejoicing, great adders and scorpions came flying with a vile whistling; tigers, elephants and bears assailed with cry and boast all Alexander's host. But there was a king in those parts ruling a strange race, the Albanies, white men with blue faces, who are all wall-eyed, and see by night as cats do. They are four feet high and very strong. Their king had sought Alexander's friendship, and had sent to him a crown of gold, a falcon, two bugle-horns, a bow and five arrows, also in a chain of gold two greyhounds as great as lions. While Alexander's army fought with fire and sword and spear against the scorpions, and adders, tigers, elephants, lions and bears, these hounds, wild and eager, brake the chain between them, and one leapt on a lion, the other on an elephant. They strangled both, and put the whole rout of the rest to flight, but the small adders stopped at a lake to drink and wash.

While the king was still wondering, there was a cry and a great noise behind, as if all the world were coming down, and then came flying dragons of divers colour, who slew more than a hundred and ten of the king's men. Twice in the night these dragons fought with the knights, and the third time the small adders came and battled with the dragons and defeated them. Whereupon King Alexander bade that none should do hurt to those adders. Then all were turned again to rest, when there was a loud thunder from the mountain and clear fire flying abroad as if it were the world in flames. It was grisly dragons, some with two, some with three heads, whistling and casting blasts of fire out of their mouths. The king and his knights fought with these dragons and killed them all, losing of their own force in the fray twenty knights and one-and-thirty footmen. It was past midnight, and they took a little rest, that was soon

broken by a noise as if the wood were tumbling. They were attacked then by many thousand crabs as big as boars, each with twelve feet, and ugly as the devil. No steel of axe or sword could pierce their armour, nathless these were subdned when fought against with firebrands. But directly afterwards white lions, large as bulls, rushed on the army. Anon came tigers breathing fire, these fought with the knights till it was almost day, and then fled to their dens. Then there came at daybreak, with peacock cries, foul birds, larger than doves, with black feathers on the belly, and rough like lambs on the back, they had teeth like a man, and tresses over the neck like a woman. These did great hurt to the army. Afterwards there dashed in frightful beasts named deutyrauns, taller than elephants, black-headed like a palfrey, and with three long sharp horns on the forehead. They gave battle and slew one hundred and twenty-two knights, losing fifty-two of their own force before they were driven into dales and caves. Suddenly great foxes came up out of the ground and bit with poisoned teeth both man and horse, but black fowls who were hovering over the lake for perch and salmon, seeing these foxes pounced on them and bore them off in their strong claws.

Through such trouble King Alexander made his way to Bandas, where he went disguised into the court of Porus, and received a challenge to bear to himself. He defeated Porus in a battle, took him prisoner, then granted him his love and peace.

“Now went Porus so I fynde
 With Kyng Alisaunder overe all Ynde,
 To shew hym the merueilynges
 Of men, of bestes, of other thinges ;
 And helpen wyne under his honde
 All the nacions of the londe.”

They marched to the world's end and saw the two golden images on brazen stages which men call Hercules' bounds. There a black churl with a long beard told Alexander that southward was the end of middle earth, westward the Red Sea, northward a howling wilderness, but eastward East Ind, the best and safest road. There four-and-fifty kings accounted nothing of him and of Porus. In twenty days' sail that land might be reached; the passage had been once made by an emperor named Libertine. King Alexander took ship, therefore, and came on the fourteenth day to Yperoun, seven thousand miles long and four thousand broad. He found there a fair city and a friendly king. There grows no sort of corn except sweet spices, and only of them the people make their bread. Every man and woman of the land of Taprobane lives for a hundred years unless death come by the foeman; they are all clothed in gold, silver, and precious stones. Further east are only dragons, wild beasts, a strange folk called sea-hounds, and four-headed adders that void sapphires, chrysolites, jacinths, and emeralds and pearls. Beyond the dragons and beasts, right in the East, is the earthly Paradise wherein Adam was set.

The king went forth again to India in the north, which is called Upper Ind. There he found the land in arms, and kings and dukes, rich and

poor, made desperate but vain resistance. Child in cradle, man or wife, the king left never one in life. A great beast with two heads, one like a cokedrill, the other like a unicorn, a back bristling as with sharp scythes and flaming eyes, attacked the army, and could not be wounded, but was driven off; and then there was a charge made by elephants, but following the advice of Porus, King Alexander whipped pigs until their squeaking, which no elephant can bear, drove all these enemies away.

The king saw a nation of men living in the water, plashing and swimming about unmolested by the ypotames; they stank like water dogs. He reached the Ganges, where his march was opposed by a city on whose wall he stepped to look within; but the inhabitants seized him with iron hooks and dragged him in among them, where they beat him nearly flat before he could think where he was. Then he began to use his shield, soon slew "a raw two dozen," and maugre the teeth of them all, set his back to the wall. He had slain more than a hundred; he was bleeding and faint,

"And the folk hym leide on, ay the lenge the more,
Byhynde and biside, and also before."

The noble duke, Sir Perdicas, who was in the host without, then got upon the wall, and seeing the great fray leapt into it. He killed sixty-five, and saved the king's life, until the army had stormed the town, which was then soon taken and burnt.

Afterwards Alexander saw the Isles of Cormorans and Bramans. The people in Bramans live a life of penance, eating only herbs and fruit, inhabiting trees and dens. They also burn themselves alive to win the joys of Paradise. Then Alexander meant to pass the sea again, and war upon the Frenchmen, Germans and English, Bretons, Irish and Danes. But a black man with no neck, one eye, one foot, and the voice of a bull, told him that over the sea right in the north were men indeed worth conquering, the godless sons of Nebrot, builder of the tower in Babylon after Noah's flood; they lived in Taracun, feeding on adders and on dragon's flesh, and on man's flesh and blood, which was their sweetest meat. Whatever is most unnatural, that they hold to be best. To have the mastery of them would be to win most praise. So the king levied a great host, and sailed to Taracun, capital of the land of Magog. The sons of Nebrot gathered in their marshes and their narrow defiles, and slew many of the invaders. The king's arms and devices failed, and after sacrificing on Mount Celion, he remembered the land called Meopante, which is between Egypt and Ind, which is indeed not land but water, and where men dwell among fishes, within gates built of a bitumen that becomes hard as iron, having power irresistible against all water, salt or clear. The king dived to this isle of Meopante, and therein he learnt the wonders of the deep. When he had lived there half a year, he loaded many thousand ships with the strange clay of the place, that no water can dissolve, no metal break. Then he set half his army to engage the monsters of Taracun in battle for sixty, forty and two days, while, with help from the men of Meopante, he stopped the way from Magog by the sea of Calpias,—it was but a single passage between two rocks,—also

with that tough clay he stopped the passes, through which only there was any land way out of Taracun, except over a mountain that reached to the sky. So he bound up and confined the Taracountes and Magogecas, the Gogas, the Vetas, and the Durwes, and the Wolfings and twenty-five folk more, every one fouler than the other. As King Alexander bound them, they remain shut up till Antichrist shall come and set them free, and lead them to lay waste the world, and tear with their teeth all who will not serve him.

Then Alexander went to Ethiopia, and saw many more strange peoples; the Cenophalis doing no work, living entirely on each other's milk, the Azachy eaters of elephants, the Mauritivity good archers, with eyes behind as well as before; the Archapitis who run on all fours; the fair and courteous people of Macropy in the East, whose capital is Sheba, whence the queen came, for whom Solomon served Mahomet. Between that land and Paradise is nothing but a desert plain. There is another people without nose or mouth, but only a small hole under the chin, where their wind goes out and in. They suck milk through a reed. Having no tongue, they talk by motions of the hand. These are the Orisiné. Another people, the Auryalyn, have long ears, in which they wrap themselves to keep out wind and weather. But of all the world the Garranien are the foulest men.

When he had seen and conquered all that was in Egypt, Alexander went with his host through a green wood, where he saw women sprouting up out of the ground, some with their heads only, some more above the surface; and when they were all grown up they walked away. Men can only marry these women by force, and then their cries bring around them others of their kind, who fall on them and tear them all to pieces. These people are called the Archdraks.

And many more of the world's wonders Alexander had seen when, on his way back to India, he passed the realms of Queen Candace, who loved him, and whom he loved, though they had never seen each other. She sent her son to bid him to her court, but he marched. She had sent also a cunning man secretly to model in clay for her the portrait of the conqueror. That she kept in her bower, and by that she knew him.

Directed by two old men, King Alexander visited in a sacred land, among the spice groves of a great mountain, the miraculous trees of the sun and moon. He questioned them about his fate, and, though he tried their patience, learnt from them that he should die by poison on the twenty-fourth of March in the next year. Then after more marches and sufferings from adders, dragons, and wild beasts, while waiting for fresh succours, he built a city in the desert, which he named Alexandria. His distress emboldened Porus to defy him; but in the ensuing battle Alexander killed Porus, and became possessor of his throne.

After this Candulake, Candace's son, came to the conqueror for help against a tyrant who had carried off his wife. The king caused Tholomy to wear his robes and pass for Alexander, while he himself went as Antigonus to redress the wrongs of the suppliant. Candulake returned to swear fealty to the mimic Alexander, who was bidden to profess a great desire to test the reports of Candace's beauty. He sent home, therefore, with Candulake, King Alexander, still in his disguise; but by

the model in her chamber, Candace recognised him, and employed her woman's wit to win him to her arms. Thus Alexander remained happy in love at the court of Candace, the fairest and the richest of all queens, till having been discovered he departed suddenly, rejoined his host, and marched to the great borough of Babylon, which he proposed to make his capital. He summoned all kings, dukes, barons, and earls, princes, knights, freemen, and churls, for he thought to go, after summer, into Africa; but in the mean time Antipater, who had been accused of false dealing in the justice seat and feared his punishment, sent to the king a gift of poisoned wine. He died of it, but before death parted his kingdom among his barons, and they buried him by counsel of a bird in his own town of Alexandria.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN the year 1209, by the inspiration of Amaury, abbot of that Citeaux whence the Cistercians, hated of Walter Map, ^{Reformers in France.} derived their name, there was a massacre in France of those who had gone farthest upon the way the English mind was travelling. The followers of Peter Waldus, called after him Vaudois, and Albigenses from the town of Alby, where their influence was greatest, had spread through the south of France their growing spirit of antagonism to the corruptions of the Church of Rome. They opposed the doctrine of the mass then current; they did not believe in purgatory; they denounced image-worship; and they set up against an ecclesiastical religion, degenerate by too much intercourse with the lusts of the flesh and the pomps and vanities of the schools, a pure and strict observance of the rules of life and doctrine drawn by themselves from the word of Christ and his Apostles. The massacre in France of the Albigenses in 1209 bears nearly the same relation to our English struggle of mind in the days of Wiclif that the massacre of St. Bartholomew bore to our English Reformation in the sixteenth century. Grand might have become the record of the literature of aspiring France, and real the glory of her citizenship, that now means accepted slavery, had not the French thus twice suffered the light of their true independence to be quenched in blood. England, as this tale of her mind in her literature will inevitably show, has lived, lives, and will live on hereafter, in her people: France lives, and has hitherto lived, in her chiefs. France, too, would have secured her part in the liberty of thought brought with the Reformation, had not the leaders of the Huguenots disdained the inspiration, and despised the service of the common people. Leaving the strength of their deep sympathy to waste itself in undirected effort, they preferred the formal service of hired men-at-arms, although they had the hope and vigour of the nation at their beck.

They were two Cistercian monks, Peter de Castelnau and Ralph, to whom, in 1203, Innocent III. gave extraordinary commission to root out the heresy in Languedoc, which had Raymond VI., Count of Toulouse, for a protector. As the Cistercians excommunicated Raymond, one of them, Peter of Castelnau, was, in 1208, killed by a gentleman of Raymond's household. Then a crusade was proclaimed against the sovereign, who was declared worse than a Saracen and heathen, since he was a Christian and a heretic. The same offers of spiritual advantage by which men had formerly been drawn to Palestine brought, at the Pope's bidding, an eager host to Lyons. Marching thence, in the year 1209, through summer fields and woods into Languedoc, the Pope's new crusaders stormed the town of Béziers, and massacred its people. "How," asked a knight of the Cistercian Abbot, Amaury, who was joined to Simon de Montfort as director of the bloody work; "how shall we distinguish heretic from faithful?" "Slay them all!" said the Cistercian; "for the Lord will know his own." It is in the midst of this popular struggle that we first meet with the Spanish Dominic, founder of one of those two orders of friars, the Dominican and the Franciscan, which, in the thirteenth century, did more than all other religious orders to restore health to theology and scholarship, and to bring charity back into the visible church-system. Each of these two orders had a distinct central idea; but they both took the same method of carrying from the church—the Dominicans, doctrine, the Franciscans pity—home, in an unsuspected form, among the poor. They learnt more than they taught; and by what they learnt were better fitted for the rational instruction of rich men and scholars. So healthy was the issue of this effort that Mr. Maurice, when, in his thoughtful and generous account of 'Mediæval Philosophy,'¹ he speaks of the vanities of the schools touched by the learning of the friars, who had sound human experience by which to test their doctrine and to modify their dogmas, writes, not without good reason, at the side of the page telling of this, "The poor prove the revivers of learning, and the saviours of the upper classes."

Origin of the
Dominican
Friars.

¹ Encyclopædia Metropolitana Treatise. London, 1857, p.166.

For, in truth, it is with literature as with theology; whenever a good or bad form that has had life in it dies into formalism, help comes from no Cæsar. Effectual help comes only from free effort to get back into a living sympathy, not with the scribes and doctors only, but with all that can be found worthiest and truest in the hearts of all, and of the scribes and doctors only as a part of the great whole.

Dominic, born in 1170, of a noble family of Guzmans, in the valley of the Douro, became a learned theologian, sternly devout in his denial of salvation in heaven, or mercy on earth, to the heretic, but truly devout, and in his own way pitiful. When a student, much as he cherished them, he sold his books that he might give their value to relieve the poor in a sharp day of famine. "How," he said, "can I be studying in dead skins when there are living men dying of hunger?" He believed also substantially that men did not live by bread alone, and that the poor might die of hunger for the word of truth, only the more easily since there was no religious truth outside the doctrines of his church. When, therefore, Dominic, who had been for nine years studying theology alone at Osma, went as his prior's companion on a Danish embassy, and passed through southern France before the massacres began, he saw the legates of the Pope, and the rich priests, whose lives were of no good example to the poor, struggling in vain to browbeat into orthodoxy a people trained to heresy by men whose lives were of unblemished purity. Dominic, and his prior Diego, told the Pope's legates this; and when on their return, after a visit also to Rome, they found the armed crusade a-foot, they urged that the first way of dealing with such errors was to carry piously and simply home among the huts of the land the fruits of learning; and to do that not as men who sought worldly advancement through the precious knowledge of eternal truth, but as a class of priests who had abandoned all that the world calls preferment, and lived only to guide, by the true path, heavenward the willing footsteps of the poor.

To carry out such a design was Dominic's share in the reaction within strictest orthodox bounds of the church of his day against the self-seeking of monks, abbots, and archdeacons.

He founded an order, not of Fathers but of Brothers, who,

having abjured possession of all forms of wealth, dependent for their daily meal upon the bread sufficient for the hour that might be shared with them by those to whom they preached, not carrying even a crust out of any house as bodily provision for the future, should simply, but with help of all the learning by which heresy could be proved error, preach the gospel to the poor. They were to be *Frati Predicatori*, Friars Preachers. And it was at Toulouse, in 1215; in the midst of ruin left by the Albigensian war, from which, as a last resort against heretics, his creed had not revolted; that his work was begun by that Dominic whom Dante saw in heaven,¹ as the warm lover of the Christian Faith, the holy athlete, kind to its own, and cruel to its foes,—

“l' amoroso drudo
Della Fede Cristiana, il santo atleta,
Benigno a' suoi, et a' nimici crudo,”

coupling his name of Dominic with the character of husbandman chosen by Christ to help him in His garden.

Francis, too, Dante saw, seraphic in his zeal,

“Tutto serafico in ardore,”

who wedded Poverty in love and pity of the poor. Twelve years younger than Dominic, he was born in 1182, and was the son of a rich merchant of Assisi. When as a youth he became grave in the midst of a gay frolic, he answered to the question, “Why so grave, Francis? Are you going to be married?” “I am; and to a lady of such wealth, rank, and beauty that the world cannot produce her like.” His bride was the Poverty in which His Lord came to his own; rich in the winning of souls; high in dignity before the throne of heaven; and adorned with the beauty of holiness. The wealth and ambition of the clergy lay in those days as an impassable rampart between them and the people. In that rampart Francis and his followers would make a breach. The suburbs of the towns were too commonly filthy, leprous and plague-smitten haunts of a poor and ignorant people, who belonged to no protecting guilds,

Origin of the
Franciscans.

¹ Del Paradiso. Canto XII.

and feebly cringed under the shelter of the towns from the rapacity that plagued them in the open country. Wherever the suffering was greatest, always in such suburbs, and in the worst parts of them, the little spiritual heavens of the first Franciscans made their good foundation sure. As Dominic had called his preachers Brothers, so the followers of Francis who were to bring home to men, not the strict orthodox theology, but the pure charity of the Gospel, should be Brothers too. Dominic's theologians were called already *Frati Predicatori*; Francis therefore modestly placed himself and his companions below their order as the *Frati Minori*, lesser brethren, *Minorite Friars*. They were both offshoots of the Augustinian monks; both Austin Friars, Black Friars, and Grey Friars. The Dominicans were in black; and the Franciscans went in coarse gray gowns, bare-footed and bare-headed. The crusaders had brought leprosy home from the East in a form virulent and loathsome. The leper was cast out and shunned by his fellows. Saint Francis went to him in a divine spirit of mercy. Once he rebuked a brother for walking with a leper in the street, outside the hospital, where men could not endure the sight. He thought that the wretched sufferer winced at the mention of his loathsomeness; and, as penance for the pain he had thus given, Francis resolved "to eat out of the same dish with this Christian brother. He was a leper all over, disgusting for his open ulcers; especially as his fingers were covered with sores and blood; insomuch that as he dipped his fingers in the dish, and carried the morsels to his mouth, the gore and blood dripped into the dish. As the friars looked on they were greatly grieved and pained at the sight. But for the reverence they bore him, not one dared utter a word."¹ Nobody, noble or ignoble, might in the early days of the order become a Franciscan who refused attendance upon lepers.

It was a remarkable result of this foundation of a brotherhood

¹ Quoted from the '*Speculum Vitæ*' by Mr. Brewer, in his interesting preface to the '*Monumenta Franciscana; scilicet, I. Thomas de Eccleston de Adventu Fratrum Minorum in Anglia. II. Adæ de Marisco Epistolæ. III. Registrum Fratrum Minorum Londoniæ.*' Edited as a volume of the Series of Chronicles and Memorials published under direction of the Master of the Rolls. London, 1858.

for the performance of all works of Christian charity in closest contact with the very poor, a brotherhood, too, in which book-learning was discouraged to the utmost by its founder, that it should have given a right impulse to physical study, and should have improved the school of theologians. Their mission of healing to the poor made the Franciscans students of nature. In energetic and devoted men the intellect could not remain inactive, and the Franciscans became, in the best and strictest sense of the word, physicians. To the best of their opportunity they explored secrets of nature, and yielded to England in Roger Bacon her first great experimental philosopher. Though the Dominicans and Franciscans (known with the uninfluential Carmelites as the Mendicant orders) were theologians after the manner of their day, yet even their theology had been by the nature of their calling humanized. The keen and busy minds among the people were more than a match for scholastic sophistry; and this the growth of heresies had shown. When, therefore, the guiding brothers came among the poor they could sometimes find for themselves where their church-logic armed them in steel and where in cobweb.

The Franciscans very soon learnt that to have influence they must have knowledge. How effectively they sought it, the works of Roger Bacon witness; and their influence for good was great from the day of their settlement in England, in 1226, until, by Chaucer's time, they also had degenerated into formalism, and too many of them were, as the monks before them had been, ignorant, greedy, and obscene. When that was so, their character of friar brought with it the additional evil, that, as they still frequented the homes of the poor, instead of enclosing much of their vice within monastery walls, they sowed it broadcast, and brought into contact with the ignorant and helpless, not the seraphic zeal of Francis, but all the corruption bred of an unnatural life led as a trade, and sustained by no strong impulse of a righteous enthusiasm.

The "Old Hodge Bacon" of Hudibras, and the hero of "the honourable History of Frier Bacon and Frier Bongay," is the person who acquired his skill by promising himself to the devil when he died, whether he died in the Church or out of it, and who at last cheated the devil cleverly by dying

First influence of the Mendicant orders on the mind of Europe.

Roger Bacon.

in a hole in the church wall. Four centuries before the day of small philosophy, when such stories were credited, an anxious simple-minded man, in the grey habit of the lowliest of the religious orders—one who had spent a handsome patrimony for the love of knowledge, and who waited on the outcast leper for the love of God—walked barefoot in the streets of Oxford. His home was in no stately monastery, but in the poor house in the suburbs, in the parish of St. Ebbe's, which had been given to the Franciscans by a citizen. In the wretched chamber that was the appointed dwelling of a Minorite, while still the doctrine of St. Francis was in force among his followers, Roger Bacon made lament sometimes for want of ink, and sometimes was by the superior of his order confined as a prisoner on bread and water, because he had plunged rebelliously into the luxury of books, or made his knowledge known too freely to others. Beyond these punishments for breach of discipline it does not appear that Friar Roger Bacon suffered, as many accounts of him would have us to believe, chains and persecution from the Church. Neither did he occupy any such middle place between the Church and the world as might be represented by the hole in the church-wall, wherein tradition tells us that he died. Within the church he lived and died, and all the labour of his life, in science and philosophy, as in the daily ministering to the sorrows of the poor, was worship.

There could be no better introduction to the study of the works of Roger Bacon, now being collected by Professor Brewer,¹ than the volume of 'Monumenta Franciscana,' issued already under the same editorship, in the same issue of *Chronicles and Memorials*, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. In the valuable Introduction to that volume, in its opening treatise of Eccleston 'On the coming of the Minorites into England,' and especially in the remarkable letters of Adam de Marisco, a contemporary of Bacon's, and like him an Oxford Minorite, there is much to be found that is essential to any lively understanding of the place occupied in his own time by one who was the earliest

¹ 'Some works of Roger Bacon hitherto unedited. Fr. Rogeri Bacon Opera Quædam hæctenus Inedita. Vol. I. Containing, I. Opus Tertium; II. Opus Minus; III. Compendium Philosophiæ.' London, 1859.

of our great English philosophers. He was a thinker who has been excelled by very few in grasp of intellect, by none in honesty of character.

Roger Bacon was born in 1214, and died in 1292. He was born when King John of England had done homage to Pandolf, and he was in his cradle in Somersetshire when the Barons obtained from the king his signature to Magna Charta. He was the child of a rich family that in the succeeding reign sided with Henry III. against the combination of the Barons. The triumph of the Barons, as we learn from the 'Opus Tertium' now published, had sent Bacon's mother, his brothers, and his whole family into exile. Repeatedly subject as they were to capture, all their wealth was eaten up in ransoms.

Roger, from childhood studious, avoided the strife of the day. He was sent to the University of Oxford, and according to the custom of the better class of scholars, passed on to the University of Paris, then in chief repute. The death of his father may have placed his fortune in his hands. He prosecuted in France without stint costly studies and experiments, did not shrink from the great expense of books, transcribers, and instructors, and he mastered thoroughly not Latin merely, but also Hebrew and Greek, which not more than five men in England then understood grammatically, though there were more who could loosely read or speak those tongues. When he returned to Oxford, having obtained a doctorate in Paris, to be confirmed to him by his own University, he withdrew entirely from the shock of civil strife by joining the house of the Oxford Minorites, having spent all his time in the world and two thousand pounds of money on the search for knowledge.

But of all that he acquired and digested in his healthy brain, he had committed to writing nothing or almost nothing, and his Order prided itself in the checks put by it upon the vanity of learning.

A ditch and a fence, poor cottages of mud and wood, with some few cells for the friars to pray in and labour in for the eschewing of idleness, had been Saint Francis's ideal of a religious house. In London the Minorites chose for their home "Stinking Lane," near the Newgate shambles; at Shrewsbury the liberality of the townsmen having raised for the Franciscans'

dormitory walls of stone, the minister of the order caused them to be taken away and rebuilt with mud alone. Saint Francis declared doing to be more than talking or writing. To a friar who asked whether he might not keep a psalter, he said, "When you have got a psalter then you'll want a breviary, and when you have got a breviary you will sit in your chair as great as a lord, and you will say to your brother, 'Friar, fetch me my breviary.'" A man, said the honest saint, has no more knowledge than he works; and he is a wise man only in the degree in which he loves God and his neighbour.

Roger Bacon was already ten years old when the Franciscan friars first came into England, and he was a Franciscan when the order was still true to the principles on which it had been founded. It does not appear, therefore, that his studies were impeded by peculiar discouragement or persecution. The strict discipline of his order weighed upon him. It has yet to be shown that he was regarded as a heretic, or that, as an old translator of one of his books in the days of the restored Long Parliament expressed it, "'twas the Pope's smoke which made the eyes of that age so sore as they could not discern any open-hearted and clear-headed soul from an heretical Phantasm."

Out of the Pope's smoke came, in fact, Roger Bacon's light. A report made to him before his elevation to the Papacy had excited in Clement IV. curiosity to learn what was in the mind of the 'Doctor Mirabilis,' and from what poor Bacon called his Chair on the Top of the World he sent to the lowly Friar for the knowledge that he had to give.

The pent-up store was all held for the good of the Church. In spite of their self-denials the Franciscans at Oxford and elsewhere included many learned men, who by the daily habit of their minds were impelled to give to scholarship a wholesome practical direction. They were already beginning to supply the men who raised the character of teaching at the University of Oxford, till it rivalled that of Paris. Friar Bacon was among the earliest of these teachers, so was Friar Bungay, who lives with him in popular tradition. In those days the strength of the pure clergy was gone out of the church; rank and power came by use of the law, and the clergy were embroiled in questions of canonists and jurists, pouring out uncertain words directed by a

logic parted from the nature out of which it sprang. Bacon believed that the use of all his knowledge, if he could but make free use of it, would be to show how strength and peace were to be given to the church. Knowledge was then regarded strictly, as it had been in the time of Alcuin, as the handmaid of theology.¹ Roger Bacon saw benefit to the church in the communication of his knowledge, and the Pope required that, disregarding any rule of his Order to the contrary, he would write for him what was in his mind.

What was in his mind! Within his mind was, according to the just phrase of Dr. Whewell, at the same time the Encyclopædia and the *Novum Organum* of the thirteenth century. By the rule of his Order strictly enforced he was a sealed fountain, till the desire of the Pope set the stream flowing. In a thick coming eager torrent it poured forth, dashing wildly against the great rocks set in its path. The first rock was poverty. As a Franciscan he was without worldly goods. The Pope sent him no money, and the welcome command, celebrated with so many eloquent words of extreme, heartfelt gratitude, came to the poor Friar when he was in France. The Franciscans, it may here be remembered, travelled often for their order, and went far as missionaries, strict to keep Lent even in bleak Crim Tartary on salt, millet, and melted snow. To commit to parchment all that he had been pining to say would cost in materials, transcribers, necessary references, and experiments, a sum of sixty pounds. Bacon hurried a call for money to his exiled mother and brothers, but they had spent all in paying their own ransoms. None, of course, would lend money on the personal security of a man vowed to possess nothing in this world. It was furnished at last by poor friends, some of whom pawned goods to raise the necessary means, upon the understanding that their loans would be made known to his Holiness, who would, no doubt, enable the poor Friar to repay the gold necessary to be borrowed for his service. The next obstacle to be overcome was the continued hindrance of his order, for the Pope's command was but a release to Bacon's conscience. It was confidential, and was not made known to those who had immediate rule over his time. Never-

¹ See page 373.

theless, the torrent was set loose, and the most astonishing fact demonstrated by the first volume of his works is, that in less than a year and a half, in about fifteen months, the 'Opus Majus' had been written for Pope Clement, the 'Opus Minus' had been sent after it to recapitulate its argument and strengthen some of its parts, the 'Opus Tertium' had followed upon that, as Summary and Introduction to the whole, enriched with farther novelty, and prefaced with those touching details to which we have just referred. The details appear in explanation of the strict account of requisite disbursements which had been sent to the Pope with the last treatise, because to raise the means of making them the Friar had pawned to poor men the credit of the Holy See. The 'Opus Majus,' edited by Doctor Samuel Jebb in 1733, is a large closely-printed folio. The 'Opus Tertium,' serving for argument and introduction to the whole, as now first printed in a large octavo, occupies more than three hundred pages. The mere fragment which alone has been discovered of the 'Opus Minus' fills in the same volume eighty pages more. Yet Bacon performed the duties of his order, read and experimented, framed intricate tables, and had to superintend the work of his transcribers. His eagerness must have been sleepless; but there is no record of any acknowledgment that it received.

Opus Majus,
Opus Minor,
and Opus
Tertium.

Roger Bacon, then fifty-three years old, saw to the heart of the knowledge of his time, and it had life for him. He rejected nearly all its vanities and follies, and perceived the harmony among its truths. The body of doctrine that he urged in the 'Opus Majus,' reiterated in the 'Opus Minus,' and summed up for his Holiness in the 'Opus Tertium,' sets out with the principle that there are four grounds of human ignorance: trust in inadequate authority, the force of custom, the opinion of the inexperienced crowd, and the hiding of one's own ignorance with the parading of a superficial wisdom. No part of that ground has yet been cut away from beneath the feet of students, although six centuries ago the Oxford friar clearly pointed out its character. We still make sheep walks of second, third, and fourth and fiftieth-hand references to authority; still we are the slaves of habit; still we are found following too frequently the untaught crowd; still we flinch from the righteous and wholesome phrase,

I do not know! and acquiesce actively in the opinion of others that we know what they appear to know. Substitute honest research, original and independent thought, strict truth in the comparison of only what we really know with what is really known by others, and the strong redoubt of ignorance has fallen.

But because much ignorance arises and is perpetuated through uncertain use of words, the right study of grammar and the art of exact expression must be taken as the portal to sound knowledge. "In his day," says Bacon, " 'ego currit' passed as grammar, and 'contraries may be like' as logic among youths who were 'sine ulla arte artium magistri.'" Great stress is laid upon the study of languages and the getting rid of untrue translations, especially those of the Bible and of Aristotle. He would have learned men study to read the Bible accurately in the original tongues. Of Aristotle, he declared that it would be a blessing if he never yet had been translated, so great was the confusion of good knowledge caused by the incompetence of those who turned him into Latin. Next to grammar and languages, Bacon placed mathematics, which in his day included all physical science, adding a particular consideration of optics and ending with the study of nature by experiment, which, he says, is at the root of all other science and a basis of religion.

In this order he traced the course of knowledge in his 'Opus Majus' and the works connected with it. In the same order he afterwards prepared upon a grander scale his summary of knowledge, not in a brief *Conspectus*, but in a series of ample treatises, whereof a Grammar and some other parts are extant in MSS., hereafter to be published.

Some of the discoveries attributed to Roger Bacon are ascribed to him, perhaps, through ignorance of the substance of knowledge in the middle ages. He is far from attributing to himself any discovery of optic lenses, but records the belief that Julius Cæsar set up great glasses on the coast of Gaul to observe the people and cities on the shore of Britain when he designed his invasion. He knew how to imitate thunder and lightning with gunpowder, but had doubtless that knowledge from his oriental studies, and did not suggest any use for the explosive force. In the mechanical chapter of his remarkable letter 'On the Secrets

of Art and Nature, and the Nullity of Magic,' we read, "It is possible to make a chariot move with an inestimable swiftness, and this motion to be without the help of any living creature." Yet we cannot say that Roger Bacon was discoverer of locomotive engines. The careful reader of his works does not, in fact, dwell upon isolated curiosities, but notes rather the philosophic tone of the whole argument, the clearness with which truth is apprehended, the nicety of mathematical calculation, the evidence of actual and careful astronomical research, and the wise tone in which those errors are discredited with which Roger Bacon's name has, by perversity, been for so many centuries associated. He explicitly condemns the doctrine of astrology dominant in his day, which attributed events to the working of the constellations, and foretold them accordingly, allowing "nothing to free-will, nothing to accident or fortune, nothing to prudence." He was so far from accepting magical doctrines, that he censures even the priests who attributed magical power to the holy water sprinkled on hot irons for the ordeal, or to prayers over running streams at the immersion of witches. But he cautiously allows some force, as men do still, to the opinion that faith in charms, by acting cheerfully upon the mind, may cause them to effect some cures. That Roger Bacon was the true originator of the reform of the Julian calendar there is good reason to believe.

Mr. Brewer's volume in the 'Chronicles and Memorials' is the first of two or three which will, in fact, contain the more important and the larger part of Roger Bacon's works, for the unpublished MSS. outweigh in extent and even in value all that has hitherto appeared in print. The list of what has formerly been printed is exhausted soon. In 1542 Claudius Cœlestinus edited at Paris, and in 1617 Doctor Dee printed at Hamburg the Letter, 'De Secretis Operibus Artis et Naturæ,' which was translated by an Englishman in 1659. At Nuremberg there was printed in 1614 the 'Speculum Alchemiæ.' At Oxford there was printed in 1590 the treatise, which was translated in 1683 by Doctor Richard Browne, as 'The Cure of Old Age.' His doctrine is that man, being by nature *Potens non mori*, if everybody, from the breast upward, followed a complete regimen of health, he might reach the utmost limit "that the nature he had from his parents would permit, beyond which there is no

further progress." That doctrine we receive from the physicians of the present day. To this brief list I have only to add Doctor Jebb's edition of the 'Opus Majus;' even that is, however, wanting the book upon Natural Science, which it is left to Professor Brewer to supply. "It is easier," said Leland, "to collect the leaves of the Sibyl than the titles of the works written by Roger Bacon." Nevertheless to the practised eye of an editor who identified the disjointed, ill-copied fragment of the 'Opus Minus,' given here, and found a MS. of the 'Opus Tertium' in Lambeth Library, under the modern title of 'De Laude Sacræ Scripturæ,' we may now safely look for the collection of no inconsiderable number of the works themselves.

Although it was most natural that, in speaking of the first English Franciscans, we should turn at once to Roger Bacon, yet by following that instinct we have placed the pupil before the master, whom he outlived by some forty years. Now therefore it is in the midst of the younger men, who looked up to him as a light of knowledge, that we find Grosseteste.

Robert Gros-
seteste.

Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln from 1235 to 1253—Gower's "great clerk Grostest"—the one man who knew the sciences, according to his pupil Roger Bacon, was born about the year 1175, at Stradbroke, in Suffolk, of humble parents. He studied at Oxford, and probably also at Paris. At Oxford afterwards he graduated in divinity, and became master of the schools. In 1224, at the request of Agnellus, the provincial minister of the Franciscans in England, he became their first rector at Oxford, and continued in this office until his election to the bishopric of Lincoln. Between 1214 and 1220 he was archdeacon of Wilts, and in 1221 he was archdeacon of Northampton. Afterwards he was, till 1231, archdeacon of Leicester; and he was at one time rector of St. Margaret's, Leicester. In 1232, after a violent fever, Grosseteste gave up all his preferments except a prebend at Lincoln. In 1235 he succeeded Hugh de Wells in the bishopric of Lincoln, and thus had charge of the largest and most populous diocese in the country. Strictly interpreting the duties of his office, with great energy he devoted himself to the suppression of abuses. Within a year of his consecration, he had, after a visitation of the monasteries, removed seven abbots and four priors. Next

year he was, in a council held in London, supporting the proposal to deprive pluralists of all their livings except one. His strictness caused some wretched monk to give him poison, from which he did not recover easily. Of course also his chapter opposed his strong-handed efforts at reform, and joined the monks in resisting all future exercise of the episcopal right of visitation. The chapter had, like the bishop himself, an agent at Rome: arbitration failed. The canons preached against the bishop in their own cathedral; and once, when an angry canon had said of what he called the bishop's oppressions, "If we were to be silent, the stones would cry out," the wall of the church behind the dean's seat fell, burying three men under its ruin. Letters of Grosseteste, many of them written during and in relation to this contest, remain;¹ but Mr. Luard, their recent editor, rightly observes, that if there was harshness in the bishop's manner and mode of proceeding, his letters show no sign of it. His aim was a manly and honest one, simple enough in itself—so simple that one wonders at the weakness of the arguments, according to the type of mediæval theology and logic, with which he endeavoured to persuade men who thought it their interest not to agree with him. They answered him even more weakly, with forgery of an absurd document purporting to contain historical evidence that the see of Lincoln was a royal foundation, subject, therefore, to the King's will, having come to an end before the Conquest through faults of a bishop, and been refounded by William Rufus. It was not till 1245 that the bishop won his point in the dispute about visitation, by getting a bull from Pope Innocent IV.; and in 1246 he obtained another bull from the Pope to prevent scholars at Oxford from graduating in arts without passing the usual examinations, after the Parisian manner. But when Grosseteste resumed his visitation, in the needful spirit of that antagonism to priestly luxury, of which the Dominicans and Franciscans were,

¹ 'Roberti Grosseteste Episcopi Quondam Lincolnensis Epistolæ.' Edited by Henry Richards Luard, M.A. London, 1861. A volume of the series of Chronicles and Memorials published under direction of the Master of the Rolls. In the text I am indebted almost throughout to Mr. Luard's preface to this volume.

in their own way, an active embodiment, his inquiry into the morals of his diocese, that spared neither noble nor ignoble, produced so much scandal that the King was appealed to, and actually issued a mandate forbidding laymen to give evidence in such matters before officials of the bishop. And when Grosseteste at last excommunicated a king's sheriff for not imprisoning, upon his order, a beneficed clerk of Lincoln diocese, who had in vain been excommunicated for incontinence, the King became angry, and obtained from the Pope exemption of his bailiffs from all such episcopal compulsion. One of the struggles of Grosseteste was with the seizure by the monasteries to their own use of possessions and tithes of the Church meant for the sustenance of resident priests, encroaching greedily, as Map found that the Cistercians did when they were neighbours to him in his parsonage by the Forest of Dean. Grosseteste endeavoured to make the monks disgorge, and went to the Pope for help. But the monks had been to the Pope before him, "boxing the Pope's ear" with their heavy purses of ill-gotten gold; and so the Bishop left the Pope, sighing aloud, so that his angry Holiness might hear, "Oh, money, money, how much you can do!—especially at the court of Rome." In 1252 Grosseteste caused a calculation to be made of the income of the foreign clergy thrust by the Pope on English maintenance. It was 70,000 marks—three times the clear revenue of the King; and in the year following, then an old man, he made his famous stand against the avarice of Rome, by refusing to induct the Pope's nephew, Frederick di Lavagna, into a canonry at Lincoln. Grosseteste died in the autumn of that year, 1253, accusing Rome of the ruin brought into the Church; and his last words were that the Church would not "be freed from this Egyptian bondage except at the bloody sword's point. But these things, indeed, are slight. In a short time—say three years—heavier troubles will come." A legend of bells heard in the sky by several people on the night of Grosseteste's death, and the early report of miracle worked at his tomb, testify to the regard in which he was held among the people. Even the King, whom he often thwarted, had looked up to him, with the University of Oxford, and all the intelligence of the country, as a fountain-head of erudition

and wise counsel ; while his contemporary, Matthew Paris, who took the monk's view of his strict visitations of the monasteries, and was not the bishop's friend, felt, after all, the high sense of a bishop's duty that had made Grosseteste so fearless an opposer of all powers that strove to make a den of thieves out of the House of Prayer. For he thus sums up his character : " He was a manifest confuter of the Pope and the King, the blamer of prelates, the corrector of monks, the director of priests, the instructor of clerks, the support of scholars, the preacher to the people, the persecutor of the incontinent, the sedulous student of all Scripture, the hammer and the despiser of the Romans. At the table of bodily refreshment he was hospitable, eloquent, courteous, pleasant, and affable. At the spiritual table devout, tearful, and contrite." Grosseteste's intimate friend Adam de Marisco was most struck, observes Mr. Luard, by his courage ; his pupil Bacon, by his marvellous and almost universal knowledge. He battled against the corruption of the Church not in the narrow spirit of an ascetic. Three things, he once told a preaching friar, are necessary for temporal health—food, sleep, and liveliness. To a melancholy friar, plaguing himself with unsubstantial self-torture, he ordered the drinking of a cup of the best wine as penance ; and when the friar had drunk it—drunk it unwillingly—he said to him, " Dearest brother, if you had often such a penance, you would have your conscience in much better order." Heartily in accord with the movement represented by the poverty of the Franciscans, he said that he liked to see the friars' dresses patched. But when one of them, mistaking a particular means for the great end that was to be sought thereby, praised, in a sermon, mendicancy as the highest step towards attainment of all heavenly things, Grosseteste told him that there was a step yet higher, namely, to support oneself by one's own labour.

Bishop Grosseteste left his library to the Franciscans ; but of the MSS. of his works many have, in comparatively recent times, been lost. The mere list of his writings, chiefly theological, occupies three-and-twenty closely-printed quarto pages. Among them is a Book of Husbandry, in Latin, of which there are also MSS. in French. He wrote sermons, treatises on physical and mental philosophy, commentaries on Aristotle and

Boethius. He applied a rare knowledge of Greek and Hebrew to the minutest study of the Scripture; wrote Latin verse, including perhaps the metrical 'Dispute between the Body and the Soul,' published among the poems attributed to Walter Map¹—a poem on an old familiar plan, popular in several languages, of which we have seen that there was an Anglo-Saxon example in the Exeter Book. He wrote an allegorical 'Chateau d'Amour;' to Grosseteste also is usually ascribed the authorship of the work written in French by William of Waddington, as the 'Manuel des Péchés,' and afterwards freely translated by Robert of Brunne, who introduces into it a story of the learned Bishop's love for harp music:—

"Next hys chamber, besyde his study,
 Hys harpers chamber was fast the by.
 Many tymes, by nightes and dayes,
 He hadd solace of notes and layes.
 One askede hem the resun why
 He hadde delyte in mynstrelsy:
 He answerde hym on thys manere
 Why he helde the harpe so dere:
 The vertu of the harpe thurgh skife and ryght
 Wyll destrye the fendys myght;
 And to the cros by gode skeyl
 Ys the harpe lykened weyl."

Michael Scot of Balwirie, who, like Roger Bacon, has had posthumous fame as a conjuror, travelled through France and Germany, and was received with honour at the court of Frederick II. Skilled in ancient and modern languages, he translated into Latin the Arabian Avicenna's History of Animals, and wrote a book of the natural science of his time, called Secrets of Nature, besides a special treatise on the Nature of the Sun and Moon, in which he speaks of the grand operation of the alchemists. He wrote also a 'Mensa Philosophica,' which, in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, was loosely translated into a popular little English book as 'The Philosopher's Banquet.' The death of Michael Scot

¹ It is ascribed to Grosseteste by Polycarp Leyser, as quoted by Mr. Luard, whose authority I am here following.

preceded by only a twelvemonth that of Roger Bacon, for he died in the year 1291.

Besides the naturalists, there were the philosophers of the schools, who still made an unprofitable logic their especial study.

John Duns, called Scotus, or John (some say) of Dunse, a little town in the Scotch lowlands, three miles from Coldingham; others say John of Dunston, a village Duns Scotus. near Alnwick, in Northumberland; others again say of Down, in Ireland; others otherwise—was called by the Parisians the Subtle Doctor. He, too, was a Franciscan friar. He was educated by the Minorites of Newcastle, who sent him to Oxford, where he studied for some years at Merton College. When his old teacher, William Varro, went to the University of Paris, John Duns taught in his place, and opposed the doctrines of Thomas Aquinas with such success, that he is said to have attracted to Oxford 30,000 students. But after he had taught at Oxford for three years, his Order sent him on to Paris, where he took his doctor's degree, and, in 1307, had charge of the Theological Faculty at the Convent of Toulouse. It was then that he sustained, with two hundred arguments, the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. It is said that on the 8th of November, 1308, he had a fit that left him apparently dead, that he was confined and taken to his grave, where, in reviving, he knocked with his head so hard against the coffin-lid that he died of the wounds he gave himself. But this is no doubt a part of the story not less fabulous than the class of thirty thousand that he formed at Oxford. As his philosophy differed from that of Thomas Aquinas, he founded a school of Scotists in opposition to the more powerful school of the Thomists, who succeeded at least in setting a mark of contempt upon the name of the philosopher, whose followers they stigmatised by their chief's name of Dunsce.

William Occam was a pupil of Duns Scotus, and also a Franciscan. As his master was called the Subtle, so he was called the Invincible Doctor. Parting from the opinions William Occam. of his master, he became the chief of the Occamists, who denied the reality of ideas outside the mind; opposing what was called by the philosophers of that day "Realism" with what was called in

opposition to it "Nominalism." The founder of Nominalism had been at the end of the eleventh century John Roscellin, or Rouscellin, a canon of Compiègne, who argued that the notions of genus and species were mere names, "flatus vocis," used to designate qualities common to different individual objects. Over this there was a long battle—flatus vocis—about genus and species, ridiculed by the good sense and best wit of John of Salisbury, who said: "There is no getting away from genera and species. From whatever point the discourse begins thither you will find it turning. . . . Whatever Rufus is doing, there is nothing but Nævia for Rufus. If he is glad, if he weep, if he is silent, he speaks only of her. Does he sup, does he drink, does he ask, does he refuse, does he nod assent, it is only Nævia. If there is no Nævia he is dumb."¹

The logicians, or, as they were then called, dialecticians, of the older school, held that notions of genus and species were real essences or types of things, "universalia ante rem;" that before there was a horse there was, equally real, the idea of a horse. William Occam opposed this idle reasoning, not so much by undertaking to split hairs against the Realists as by attacking powerfully the despotism of mere dogmas, and encouraging each thinker to individual inquiry. The issue of his doctrine was, that he gave a practical turn to his philosophy, by boldly arguing against the domination of the Pope² in temporal affairs. He defended the cause of the King of France and of the Emperor against the Pope, and, never flinching under persecution, died at Munich in the middle of the fourteenth century.

Imagination was not all spent upon logic; and the romancers, growing at last somewhat tedious as they also passed from originality into formalism, were not the only poets in the land. The poem of the 'Owl and Nightingale' tells how those birds advanced against each other their several claims to admiration, and disparaged one another, leaving Master Nicholas de Guilford

Poem of the
Owl and
Nightingale.

¹ Quoted by Mr. Maurice from the Polycraticon, in his 'Mediæval Philosophy.'

² In 'Decisiones octo quaest. de Potestate summi Pontifici,' Lugd. 1496, and 'Disputatio inter Clericum et Militem super Potestate Prelatis atque Principibus terrarum Commissâ.' Paris, 1498.

of Portesham to judge between them. Master Nicholas, who from a gay youth in the world had passed into the church as a monk, had apparently some thought of calling attention to the neglect that left himself without advancement, while men of less merit obtained patronage. He alludes in his poem to the death of a King Henry, "Jesus his soul do merci!" Henry II. died in 1189; Henry III. in 1272. From the language of the poem it is inferred by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, who edited it in 1838 for the Roxburghe Club, that it was written soon after the death of Henry II., but that in the two extant MSS.¹ we receive only transcripts of it, made in the West of England about the end of the reign of Henry III.

Stephen Langton wrote a poem, now lost, in hexameter, on 'The Hexameron; or Six Days of Creation;' also a poem, which is in the Library at Lambeth, 'De Contemptu ^{Stephen Langton.} Mundi.' One of his sermons is preserved in a MS. in the British Museum,² which, taking a popular song of the day for text,

"Bel Aliz matin leva,"

converts it piecemeal into spiritual allegory in honour of the Virgin.

And still rolled on, in its own bed, the stream of chronicle, that had been spreading itself wide over the meadows of romance. But even the chronicle continued to bear witness to its alliance with the metrical fictitious history that had branched from it through Geoffrey of Monmouth. Thus Layamon is now followed by Robert of Gloucester, who lived in the reign of Edward I., and wrote a rhymed Chronicle of England, ^{Robert of Gloucester.} from the siege of Troy to the death of Henry III. in 1272. Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle is at first founded upon Geoffrey of Monmouth, but, as in the usual Latin prose chronicles, it becomes in many parts an original authority for events, or for

¹ One in the Library of Jesus College, Oxford; the other in the Brit. Mus. Cotton. MSS., Caligula, A. ix. Since Mr. Joseph Stevenson's edition for the Roxburghe Club of 'The Owl and the Nightingale: a Poem of the Twelfth Century, now first printed from MSS. in the Cottonian Library, and at Jesus College, Oxford, with an Introduction and Glossary,' the Poem has been edited also for the Percy Society by Mr. Thomas Wright.

² Arundel, No. 292, fol. 38.

illustration of the manners and customs of the writer's time. Since we must account Layamon's work to be only a free poetical translation of the Brut of Wace, Robert of Gloucester may be called, as he is by those who attach value to Latin parallels, the English Ennius, since it was he who first produced in English verse a complete history of his country from the old fabulous times to his own day. He wrote also rhymed Lives and Legends of the Saints.

A complete edition of Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle was first published, chiefly from the Harleian MS. which had belonged formerly to Sir Simonds D'Ewes, by Thomas Hearne,¹ who considered Robert to have been a monk charged by the Abbey of Gloucester with care of the youths sent by them to Oxford, and was "apt to think" that he might have resided in an old house where monks used to study, on the west part of Stockwell Street, in the same place where Gloucester College (afterwards Worcester College) was founded in 1283 by John Giffard, Baron of Brimfield, for the use of his good neighbours the monks of Gloucester. It is certain that one of the liveliest passages in the chronicle is that which describes a contest between Oxford town and gown, in 1263, on the occasion of Prince Edward's being, when on his way to the Welsh marches, shut out of Oxford by reason of the Barons' war. He slept at the palace of Beaumonts, or King's Hall, in the west suburb, and went away next day; after which all the gates were opened except Smithgate, through which the scholars, who wished much to see the prince, and greet him loyally, used to go out into the fields. As the bailiffs would not open the gate, the students broke it down, and carried it off into the fields in triumph. The townsmen then sent some of the gownsmen to jail, and, says Robert,—

"The clerkes were to-wrothe,² the burgeis were tho³ bolde
And thretne⁴de to nime⁵ mo, and of hor⁶ wra⁶ththe lute⁶ tolde.

¹ 'Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle. Transcribed and now first published from a MS. in the Harleyan Library by Thomas Hearne, M.A. To which is added, besides a Glossary and other improvements, a continuation (by the Author himself) of this Chronicle from a MS. in the Cottonian Library.' 2 vols. Oxford, 1724.

² To- is intensitive.

³ Then.

⁴ Take.

⁵ Their.

⁶ Little.

The verste Thorsdai in Lent the burgeis were wel fers,
 And the wule¹ men were atte mete, arerde² tueie baners
 And wende hom vorth iarmed mid al hor poer³ there
 To defouli⁴ alle the clerkes, ar hii iwar were.⁵
 As hii come ayen Alle Halwen mid poer so strong,
 At Seinte Marie churche a clere the comun bel rong.
 This clerkes up fram hor mete and to Gode's grace truste,
 And seie, that hii were issend,⁶ but hii the bel hom wuste.⁷
 Hii mette with this burgeis, and begon to seke vaste.⁸
 Iwounded ther was mani on, ac⁹ the borgeis atte laste
 Hii begonne to fle vaste, hom thoyte long er.
 So that the clerkes adde the stretes sone cler
 The bowiares ssoppe hii breke¹⁰ and the bowes nome ech on
 Suththe¹¹ the portereues house, hii sette a fure anon,
 In the south half of the toun, and suth the spicerie
 Hii brake fram ende to other, and dude al to robberie.
 Vor the Mor¹² was viniter, hii breke the viniterie,
 And alle other in the toun and that was late maistrie.
 Hii caste away the dosils,¹³ that win orn¹⁴ abrod so,
 That it was pite gret of so much harm ido.
 Ther vore tho the king com, and wuiste¹⁵ sich trespas
 Alle the clerkes out of the toun he drov vor that cas.
 Ne, vort¹⁶ after Misselmasse, hii ne come na more there."

Thomas de Marleberge, who died abbot of Evesham in the year 1236, contributed to an extant chronicle of the ^{Thomas de Marleberge.} abbey¹⁷ its most interesting part in an account of the struggle of his abbey to resist the claim of Malgere, Bishop of Worcester, whose integrity and piety he admits, to exercise power as a visitor over the abbey and its churches in the vale. In the course of this contest the brotherhood was excommunicated by the bishop. The dispute was carried before Pope Innocent III., Marleberge, then prior, acting as proctor for his abbey; and the course of the pleading is set forth in the Chronicle with lively detail. We are told, for example, how the

¹ The while.² Reared.³ Power.⁴ Trample on, disgrace.⁵ Ere they were aware.⁶ Ruined.⁷ If they had not been warned by the bell.⁸ Fast.⁹ But.¹⁰ They broke open the bowyers' shops.¹¹ Afterwards.¹² Because the Mayor.¹³ Spigots.¹⁴ Wine ron (ran).¹⁵ Knew.¹⁶ Until.

¹⁷ 'Chronicon Abbatiae de Evesham, ad Annum 1418.' Edited by William Dunn Macray, M.A., Chaplain of Magdalene and New Colleges, and Assistant in the Bodleian. London, 1863. Another of the series of Chronicles and Memorials. The MS. is in the Bodleian. Rawlinson, A. 287.

judge on one occasion corrected some bad law with the Italian comment, "Truly, you and your masters had drunk no little of your English beer when you got such teaching as this." The abbey won the suit; but the question of the churches in the Vale remained for some years afterwards unsettled. The other work of Marleberge's life which became prominent in his part of the Chronicle was resistance to his abbot, Roger Norreys, who stinted the monks in food and clothes, dealt roughly with them, and broke their rules, offences to which his gross immorality was added as a makeweight.

Margan was an abbey, named from its site by the seashore, at Annals of Margan. Kinfeage, in Wales, and founded by the liberal Robert Earl of Gloucester in 1147, the year of his death. The Annals of Margan, which are but very brief notes, extend from the Conquest to the year 1232, and contain in their later years notes on affairs of Wales and of Margan Abbey, as well as notes as to crusades and affairs of England.

Roger of Wendover, in Buckinghamshire, was a monk of St. Roger of Wendover. Alban's, who became precentor of the abbey and afterwards prior of Belvoir, a cell attached to St. Alban's, from which office he was, about the year 1219, deposed for extravagance. Recalled to St. Alban's by abbot William de Bumpington, who went on a personal journey of inspection and recalled also the priors of Hatfield and Wymondham, Roger of Wendover died there in the year 1237. He wrote under the name of Flowers of History (*Flores Historiarum*) a History of the World from the Creation, in two books; the first to the Nativity of our Lord, the second to the 19th year of Henry III. The early part of this was taken from the Greeks and Romans and from Geoffrey of Monmouth. From A.D. 447 to his own time he compiled sometimes from records that are no longer extant, and looked generally to many books for information. The rest of the book, or the forty or fifty years before 1235, are Roger of Wendover's manly and impartial history of his own time. Matthew Paris embodied Roger of Wendover's labours in his own more extensive work, and would have had credit for all of it but for the existence in the Bodleian of a single MS. of Wendover, formerly the property of Mr. Douce. This was first

printed, except some of the earlier part, by the English Historical Society some twenty years ago.¹

Matthew Paris was a monk of St. Alban's, of whose life little is known, and who may have been called Parisiensis Matthew Paris. from having been educated at Paris. If he was Parisian born, he was a Frenchman in an English monastery. He compiled a 'Historia Major,' extending to the year 1273, of which all that precedes 1235 has been lately found to be annexation of Roger of Wendover's 'Flowers of History,' with a few variations and additions. The rest is the chronicler's fully-detailed journal of the history of his own times. Still, except metrical romance and love poetry, nearly all the literature of the country was produced by monks, friars, and clergy, and within the church not only the battle of religious right was being fought, but also by the general sympathy of the chroniclers with the just claims of the people the political movements of the day are, though with little comment, on the whole shown as in a faithful English mirror. Matthew Paris wrote also Lives of the two Offas Kings of Mercia and of twenty-three abbots of St. Alban's, and an unprinted 'Historia Minor,' which is an abridgment of his larger work.

The Annals of Burton, a monastery founded by Wilfric Spot in 1004, were written by a monk who was contemporary with Matthew Paris. After jotting down in a Annals of Burton. page or two dates of events interesting to his monastery, from its foundation to the year 1190, he begins his serious work of record with King Richard in Palestine, from which point the narrative proceeds, increasing in fulness to its end with an unfinished sentence in the year 1261. This chronicle is rich in details illustrative of Church history, giving facts and documents explanatory of questions between the English clergy and the Pope as to Peter's pence, &c., of quarrel between the English archbishop and prelates, papal and episcopal letters, the relation between Christians and Jews, letters of Henry II., documents connected with Henry's dispute with the Barons—the

¹ 'Rogeri de Wendover Chronica, sive Flores Historiarum, nunc primum edidit Henricus O. Coxe, M.A.' 5 vols. London, 1841-1844.

documents being always given in the original Norman French and then translated into Latin.

The Chronicle of Melrose,¹ is of unknown authorship. The beginning of it has been ascribed by misapprehension to an abbot of Dundrenan, in Galloway. It is the production of a series of writers who were inmates of Melrose, extends from 730 to 1264, and is original from the year 1140.

Waverley Abbey, founded in 1128 by William Gifford, Bishop of Winchester, for twelve monks and an abbot of the Cistercian order, which in that year came to England, produced a Chronicle from the Conquest to the year 1291, throughout contemporary work, for it was begun by a man with Saxon sympathies, who testifies that he himself had seen the Norman Conqueror and was once at his court, and whose Saxon characters appear at the beginning of one of the two MSS. These Annals were used by William of Malmesbury and later chroniclers of note.

Bartholomew Cotton, or de Cotton, was a monk of Norwich, whose life is recorded on the last page of his Chronicle with an "Amen, Pater Noster, Ave Maria," to have ended in the same year with his work. His work,² called 'Historia Anglicana,' is divided into three books: the first, of the kings of the Britons, a mere transcript of the History of Geoffrey of Monmouth; the second, of the English, Danish, and Norman kings, divided into two parts by the Conquest; the third, of the Archbishops and Bishops of England, which is mainly a digest of William of Malmesbury's 'De Gestis Pontificum.' In the

¹ In the Brit. Mus. Cotton MS. Faustina, B. ix., is the only known copy. It has been edited for the Bannatyne Club by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, as 'Chronica de Mailros. E codice uno in Bibl. Cott. serv. nunc iterum in lucem edita. Notulis indiceque aucta.' Edinburgh, 1835.

² The MS. in the Brit. Mus. Cotton, Nero, C. v., supplemented by a discovery of the first book among the Royal MSS. (14 c. i.), has been edited by Mr. Luard, and forms part of the series of Chronicles and Memorials issued under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, as 'Bartholomæi de Cotton Monachi Norwicensis Historia Anglicana (A.D. 449-1298); necnon ejusdem liber de Archiepiscopis et Episcopis Angliæ.' Edited by Henry Richards Luard, M.A., Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trin. Coll. Cam. London, 1859. Mr. Luard has added value to his edition by indicating with a difference of type where his author is only repeating known authorities, and where he gives new matter.

second book, after a short introduction, Bartholomew Cotton takes, until the Conquest, Henry of Huntingdon for guide, with a digression introduced from Florence of Worcester. For the part of the history that extends from the Conquest to 1258, the chief authorities used are Roger of Wendover and Matthew Paris; but there is a wider range of search and collation, there are more interpolations, affairs of the Norwich monastery not being overlooked. From 1258 to 1263 the Chronicle is simply a transcript of part of the Chronicle of John de Taxter, a monk of Bury St. Edmund's.¹ The part of Cotton's Chronicle, giving the annals from 1264 to 1279, is regarded by Mr. Luard, its editor, as entirely original even when it records facts that are of necessity recorded also elsewhere. Norwich affairs become prominent and are sometimes interesting: there is a detailed account, for example, of the riots in 1272, when part of the cathedral and the monastery were burnt down. From 1279 to 1284 the Chronicle is a transcript of what is written under the same years in the Chronicle ascribed to Everisden, a monk and cellarer of Bury St. Edmund's, who continued Taxter's Chronicle from the year 1295,² and whose Chronicle was used by John of Oxnead. From 1285 to 1291 Bartholomew Cotton's Chronicle is said to be again wholly original, and tells much of the affairs of Norwich and Yarmouth, as of perilous floods, of quarrels between Yarmouth sailors and those of the Cinque Ports, with many general details that add colour and life to the larger history of England. From 1291 to 1298, where it ends, the record is original and rich in important documents not elsewhere to be found, inserted when they were fresh and the events to which they referred were happening. For the first twenty-five years of the reign of Edward I. Bartholomew Cotton's Chronicle is of original value.

John of Oxnead was a monk of the abbey of St. Benet Holme, born at the village of Oxnead, about ten miles from the Holme.

¹ Taxter's Chronicle is given by Mr. Thorpe at the close of his edition of Florence of Worcester for the English Historical Society as a 'Continuation of the Chronicle of Florence of Worcester.'

² This is also part of the continuation of Florence of Worcester, in the edition of the English Historical Society.

Prefixing to it a History of the Monastery of St. Benet to the year 1275, this monk wrote a Chronicle of English History, from the arrival of Hengist and Horsa in 449 to the election of John Baliol as King of Scotland, the death of Robert Bishop of Bath and John Archbishop of Canterbury, and an irruption of the sea on Innocents' day in the year 1292. Few parts of his Chronicle are fuller or more interesting than his contemporary local records of the great floods and encroachments of sea on the Norfolk coast. John of Oxnead's narrative substantially begins with the reign of Alfred. Of course he is only a compiler of the Anglo-Saxon history, and after the Conquest he generally follows Roger of Wendover, with interpolations which become long and important in the reigns of Richard I., John, and Henry III. He has referred also to Matthew Paris. He gives particular detail of the incredible injustice and cruelty with which the Jews were treated in his time, the first strong persecution of them beginning in the reign of Henry II., followed by their massacre at the coronation of Richard I. The perverted religious enmity to them remained unabated until their expulsion in 1290. John of Oxnead gives at length an account of the Barons' War with Henry III., and, again writing with contemporary knowledge, details the wresting of Wales from the last of the Llewellyns in 1282, and the coming out of the London citizens with horns and trumpets to meet the head of the slain patriot king. A last struggle was made by the South Welsh, in 1292, for the independence of their country. John of Oxnead describes this, and relates how, "in these days," the leader of the South Welsh, Rhys ap Meredith, was drawn at a horse's tail to the gallows and then hanged—a barbarous form of execution that had commonly been suffered by the Jews, and had been suffered also by David, the brother of Llewellyn.¹

Thomas Wikes was choirmaster at the Augustine Monastery of Osney, near Oxford. He wrote a 'Compendious Chro-

¹ 'Chronica Johannis de Oxenedes.' Edited by Sir Henry Ellis, K.H., F.R.S. London, 1859. One of the volumes of Chronicles and Memorials of Great Britain and Ireland during the Middle Ages, published by authority of the Treasury under direction of the Master of the Rolls. The only MS. is in the Brit. Mus. Cotton. Nero. D. 11.

nicle,' from the Conquest to the year 1294, or perhaps only to the year 1289, which becomes copious in the middle of the thirteenth century, and has been continued by another hand to the year 1304.¹ Wikes, who was an old man in 1290, wrote also a Catalogue of the Abbots of Osney, had credit as a poet and wrote verses, probably satirical, entitled *Commendations of Wine and Rebuke of the Gullet*.

Thomas
Wikes.

Of Matthew of Westminster, no more is known than that he was a Benedictine monk of the fourteenth century, who wrote a Chronicle as '*Flowers of History*,' especially such as relate to the affairs of Britain, from the beginning of the world to the end of the reign of Edward I. (1307). For his earlier matter he drew upon Roger of Wendover; but he becomes an authority himself when he treats of the reigns of John, Henry III., and Edward I., whose wars he describes with animation.

Matthew of
Westminster.

Nicholas Treveth, called also Trivet, was the son of Thomas Treveth, one of the king's justices in eyre in the last year of the reign of Henry III. He was born about the year 1258, educated first by the Dominicans, afterwards at Oxford and at Paris, where he began to make historical researches. On his return to England he became a Dominican friar, and is said, on doubtful authority,² to have been prior of his convent in London. He taught at Oxford and wrote several works. His '*Annals of the Six Kings of England of the House of Anjou*,' begin in 1136 with the reign of Stephen, and end in 1307 at the death of Edward I. He sought material among French Chroniclers and testimony of trustworthy witnesses; where his accuracy in copying documents can be tested, it is faultless, except clerical error. He wrote clearly and forcibly as a cultivated man, who had not only produced commentaries on the fathers, but also glosses on Livy, Juvenal, Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Valerius Maximus, Seneca, and Boethius. In his judgments he

Nicholas
Trivet.

¹ This Chronicle is one of those printed by Gale in the '*Historiæ Anglicæ Scriptores V.*' Vol. II. pp. 21-128. The MS. is Cotton Tiberius, A. 9. The notices of Wike are from Bale and Pits, quoted by Gale.

² Of Pits.

blames without violence, he writes in a religious spirit, and refers, of course, not seldom to the merits of the Dominicans. Among his other works is a 'Short Chronicle from the beginning of the World,' written in Norman French for the use of the Princess Mary, daughter of Edward I., who became a nun of Amesbury in 1285.¹

Peter Langtoft, a canon regular of Augustinians, at Bridlington, who died early in the reign of Edward II., translated Herbert of Bosham's Life of Becket into French verse, and wrote also in French verse a Chronicle of England, from Brut to the end of the reign of Edward II.² Robert of Brunne turned Langtoft's Chronicle into English verse.

Walter Hemingburgh, commonly called Hemingford, was a canon of the Priory of Gisborough, near Clive, by the river Tees, in Yorkshire. Born, probably, of an influential family, he was educated at the priory and became distinguished for his scholarship. He wrote first a Chronicle of England, from the dissolution of the Saxon Government to the death of Edward I., adding afterwards a History of the first year of Edward II., and a History of Edward III., in which the contemporary events were noted down as information was procured. To 1195 the History follows Eadmer, Hoveden, Henry of Huntingdon, and William of Newbury. The account of the reigns of the first three Edwards is original.³

Ralph Higden, who lived in the reign of Richard II. and died about the year 1362, was a monk of St. Werburgh's, at Chester, who compiled a History, or Polychronicon, from the foundation of the world.

A Chronicle, from the Creation to the year 1366, which in its latter years is the original work of a contemporary, was produced at the request of his prior, most probably by a monk of Malmesbury, named Thomas, under the title of Eulogium, Eulogium Historiarum, and Eulogium Temporis;

¹ Trivet's 'Annals' were edited for the English Historical Society from the text of Hall, by Mr. Thomas Hog, in 1845.

² One MS. of it is in the Brit. Mus. Cotton. Julius. A. 5.

³ The text of this Chronicle was edited for the English Historical Society by Mr. Hans Claude Hamilton. Two vols. London, 1848.

Eulogium meaning in mediæval Latin only an agreeable discourse. One of the MSS. of the work includes a continuation from 1366 to 1413, another extends the history of the popes to 1490.¹

The list of our old chroniclers is long, and although certainly less brilliant than that of France, it represents a very sound body of information upon the essential facts and principles of history. For with all disadvantages as well as advantages of the monastic influence upon writers' minds, the occasional comment and the manner of presenting facts, with wholesome diversities of judgment upon events instinctively regarded rather as they affect the well-being of a people than as they build up the glory of a king, bear witness to the English mind in all this journalism. There is a remarkable absence of material pageantry from our old English records. There is a simple reflection of the national mind of their time in its strength and weakness; with some of the credulity that belongs to an age yet only half-taught by experience, but with the desire to know and record the exact truth that alone can make one age the worthy teacher of the next, and there is evidence of a strong popular sense that history is the biography of nations in the lives of kings. Priests being chroniclers, the religious earnestness that underlies the English character, though not obtruded, is felt through the entire substance of their record.

In France, Villehardouin was a chivalrous seigneur; Joinville a man of rank and genius, the king's friend at the polished court of Thibaut of Navarre. So far was that excellent French chronicler from being priestly minded, that, in answer to the king's question whether he would not rather be a leper than be guilty of a mortal sin, he frankly said that thirty mortal sins would be more tolerable to him than a leprosy. Froissart, indeed, was educated for the church, but he never gave a tithe of his heart to its offices. His father was a painter of armorial

¹ The 'Eulogium (Historiarum sive Temporis) Chronicon ab Orbe condito usque ad A.D. MCCCLXVI. a monacho quodam Malmesburiensi exaratum.' Edited by Frank Scott Haydon, B.A., 1858-63; forms three volumes of the Series of Chronicles and Memorials of the Middle Ages. It is edited from a MS. in the Library of Trin. Coll. Cam.

bearings. At twelve years old young Froissart's pleasure was in dress, good cheer, music, wine, and the company of women. As a schoolboy his question to himself was, he says, how long it would be before he should "aimer d'amour." At twenty he began to celebrate with wonderful vivacity his country's wars, and when he took holy orders, as a gay court poet, his office was only in the chapel of his patroness the Queen.

Our quiet English mediæval journalists were no match in vivacity of narrative for chroniclers like these. But whether their records be better or worse reading on that account, they were most thoroughly our own in caring more for the life of the people than for the bray of trumpets and the fluttering of pennons. Even when, like Robert of Brunne, in his rhymed chronicle, they desired much to amuse those for whom they wrote, their mind was fixed like his upon the thought that has in it the soul of all their journalism:—

“And it is Wisdom for to witten
The State of the Land and have it written.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

ROBERT MANNYNG of Brunne, now Bourn, a town among the fens of Lincolnshire, seven or eight miles from Market Deeping, was a canon of the Gilbertine order, ^{Robert of Brunne.} who, from 1288 to 1303, professed in the priory of Sempringham, where nuns and monks fulfilled in one house a common vow.* Afterwards he removed to Brimwake, in the division of Lincolnshire called Kesteven, lying between Lincolnshire Holland, and Lindeseye. Between the years 1327 and 1338, during part of which time he was in the house of Sixhill, another Lincolnshire priory of the Gilbertines, also admitting both brothers and sisters, Robert of Brunne finished ^{His Chronicle.} his translation of the French rhyming chronicle of Peter Langtoft into English verse, a labour undertaken at the request of his prior Dan (Dominus) Robert of Malton, as he says of himself in his chronicle.

“Of Brunne I am, if any me blame,
 Robert Mannyng is my name.
 Blissed be he of God of heuene
 þat me Robert wiþ gude wille neuene.
 In þe þrid Edwardes tyme was I,
 Whenne I wrote alle þis story.
 In þe hous of Sixille I was a þrowe,²
 Dany Robert of Maltone þat ye know,
 Did³ it wryte for felawes sake,
 Whenne þai wild⁴ solacü make.”

His chronicle told, for more than a few monks,

“All þe story of Inglande
 Als Robert Mannyng wryten it, and
 On Inglysch has it schewed
 Not for þe lelid, bot for þe lewed,⁵

¹ An old satire in French connects the ‘Freres et sueres ensemble’ at Sempringham with a proposed ‘Ordre de Bel Eyse.’

² Space of time = A.-S. þrag, or þrah.

³ Caused.

⁴ Willed.

⁵ The untaught, as opposed to the taught clergy from A.-S. Læwede, belonging to the Laity. Thence inferior, sensual, and the present sense of lowd.

For þo þat in þis land wonne ¹
 þat þe Latin no Frankes conne,
 For to haf solace and gamene
 In felawschip when thai sitte samen.²
 And it is wisdom forte wyttē
 þe state of þe land, and haf it wryten.”

Here is reference to the old social character of books that, when written in English for the use of “those who dwell in the land,” were, in the time of which we now speak, chiefly written to be read aloud; much solitary use of books being then possible only to the learned and the rich. His account of the early history, Robert says that he took from Wace, the rest from Langtoft,—

“Pers of Langtoft, a Chanon,
 Of þe hous of Brydlingtonn,”

and pleasantly refers to Bede, the venerable father of all English history, as to a holy Saint of the historians. Cheerful Robert Mannyng, like Layamon and Brother Ormin, wrote, as one whose heart was with the people, in the simplest and most Saxon English phrase:—

“And menne besoght me many a tyme
 To turne it bot in lighte ³ ryme;
 þai sayd, if I in strange it turne,
 To here it manyon suld skurne;
 For it ere names fulle selcouth ⁴
 þat ere not used now in mouthe,
 And þerfore for þe comonalte
 þat blythely wild listen to me,
 On light lange I it beganne,
 For luf of þe lewed manne,
 To telle þam þe chaunces bolde
 þat here before was don and tolde.
 For þis makyng I will no mede,
 Bot gude prayere when ye it rede.”

Robert Mannyng rhymed morals as well as history, in translating into English verse the ‘Manuel des Péchés,’
 His Hand-
 l yng Synne. ascribed to Grosstête, but really written in French
 verse by another Englishman, William of Waddington, a

¹ Dwell.

³ Easy.

² Together.

⁴ Strange = A.-S. sel(d)-cuð, seldom known.

Yorkshire town two or three miles from Clitheroe, on the Lancashire border. The author says of himself in the original poem :—

“ Kar en Engleterre fu né
 E norri e ordiné e alevé.
 De une vile sui nomé
 Ou ne est burg ne cité . . .
 De Dieu seit beneit chescun hom
 Ke prie por Wilhelm de Wadigton.”

William of Waddington's work has been printed side by side with Robert of Brunne's free amplified translation as 'the Handlyng Synne,' in an edition of 'the Handlynge Synne,' prepared for the Roxburghe Club by Mr. F. J. Furnivall, whose introductory sketch is written in the cheerful spirit of his author, with the same evident "luf of þe lewed manne" in the generous sympathies that it expresses.* Waddington's work itself did not profess to be original. He said of it, "Rien del mien ni mettrai." It has been called a translation from a Latin poem called 'Floretus,' ascribed by some to St. Bernard and by others to Pope Clement; but Mr. Furnivall refers to the 'Floretus,' and finds little more than similarity of subject.

Of his own translation of Waddington, which he calls 'The Handlynge Synne,' Robert Mannyng himself writes:—

“ turned y þys
 On Englysshe tunge out of Frankys,
 Of a boke as y fonde inne;
 Men clepen þe bokë 'Handlyng Synne.'
 In Frenshe þer a clerk hyt sees,
 He clepyþ it 'Manuel de Pecches.'
 'Manuel' ys 'handlyng wyþ honde';
 'Pecches' ys synne, y vudyrstone.
 þese twey wurdys þat beyn otwynne,
 De hem to gedyr, ys 'Handlyng Synne.'”

The English translator drops what is tedious, and omits about

* 'Robert of Brunne's Handlyng Synne (written A.D. 1303;) with the French Treatise on which it is founded, Le Manuel des Pechiez by William of Waddington. Now First Printed from MSS. in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries. Edited by Frederick J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and the Working Men's College, London; Captain 19th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers; one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Philological Society. Printed for the Roxburghe Club. London, 1862.'

half a dozen stories, while he adds more than a dozen. He means to amuse while he teaches—

“ For many ben of swyche manere
 þat talys and rymys wyl bleþly here ;
 Yn gamys, and festys, and at þe ale,
 Loue men to lestene troteuale ;
 þat may felle ofte to vylanye
 To dedly synne or oþer folye ;
 For swyche men have y made þis ryme,
 þat þey may weyl dyspende here tyme.”

The book, after its Prologue, begins with the Ten Commandments, and under each of these places and illustrates with doctrine, anecdote, marvel, and moral tale, different forms of sin against it. Then are taken in order, and illustrated in the same way, the Seven Deadly Sins: Pride, Anger, Envy, Sloth, Covetousness, Gluttony, and Lechery. Then follow stories and admonitions under the head of the Sin of Sacrilege. The Seven Sacraments then furnish seven more heads: Baptism, Confirmation, Sacrament of the Altar, Penance, Holy Orders, Marriage, Extreme Unction. Mannyng's poem then ends with illustrations of the twelve Points or Requisites and the twelve Graces of Thrift. A poem so planned by a man of lively mind must needs be rich in illustration of the manners of its time. It shows the baron and the rich man plundering the poor; the priest in his lust; the trader at his tricks; the beauty with her powdered face; the chattering in the church, and again and again there rings through it the cry of the poor. The miracles and marvels often sound oddly enough in modern ears; we may take for example from the full abstract of the book which forms Mr. Furnivall's table of contents a sketch of the substance of the rhymers' lesson against pride, which walks first in the procession of the Deadly Sins:—

FIRST, OF PRIDE :—

She was the first that walkèd wide,
 In every land, to every man,
 Through all the world, over all she ran.

All that are of her company she brings to hell, so I'll tell you how she beguiles men; by making them disobedient to parents, spiritual fathers, and sovereigns; or too desirous of praise for good deeds; or vain of high birth.

Vnwrþly art þou made gentyl
 3yf þou yn wurdys and dedys be yl.

Be not proud that you are wise, or of your beauty, or of your strength, or of your riches, or your singing, "ful selde ys synger gode yn thew," and beware of men of fair and flowery and laughing words.

Be not proud of thy "bayly" (office, authority); nor of thy learning; nor, if a beneficed clerk, of thy horses, hawks, and hounds; nor of a king's or lord's favour; think not that thy wits or goods came from thyself; use not God's gifts to break his commands; boast not of them, or of those you have not. A vile sin men practise now, none can praise himself without blaming another. Scorn no man, for David and Neomas a prophet say scorners shall be punished from God's mouth. If you like to be praised for your good deeds, and be a hypocrite, then you are quit of reward from God, who full fell-ly chides those false hypocrites.

*The Tale of the Hypocritical Monk of the Abbey Tangabaton.

A monk, reported to be of holy life, summons his brethren to his death-bed, and tells them, that, when they thought he fasted, he used to eat twice privily, and, when they thought he had been "holy," he had eaten and drunk full lustily; "and now the devil has tied up my knees with his tail, and stopped my mouth with his head, and I am forlore."

Hypocrisy, this is the sin,
 Fair without, and foul within.

Be not proud of thy hair, or thy chaplet, nor adorn thy body too much. And these bearded bucks too, who leave Christian men's customs, and follow all the new fashions! There's no grace in the land. And those disgusting women who powder their faces to make them fairer than God made them. What outrage that they're not satisfied with God's image. For heads dressed with hair and long horns too, women are lost; and rich ladies must not have "corouns" out of measure.

*The tale of the Proud Lady, who was burnt to ashes again and again in Hell by a burning wheel.

A lord's beautiful wife, who over all things loved fair dressing of her head, died in her pride, and afterwards took her lord's squire to hell, and showed him her torment;—how fiends put a burning wheel on her head, which burnt her down to the ground, and then she revived again, and was burnt again perpetually; and this because "she dighted her head right much with pride."

If God have lent thee hands and feet,
 Armès, leggès, fair and sweet,
 Be not over proud of this,
 They are not thine, but they are His.

Disguise (pierce and slash) not thy clothing too much. A wedded wife may attire herself so that her husband love none but her, but she must not dress for others. Greatly they sin who spend their days in making novelties in dress.

*The Tale of the Knight and Clerk who loved New Fashions.

A knight who loved new fashions, had a quaintly pierced coat made; and

one day, as he came from his robbery with his prey, his enemies bestead and killed him. His friends gave his clothes to the poor, and the "kote of pryde" to a clerk who asked for it; but, as soon as the clerk put it on, a burning fire lighted on him, and burnt him down to the ground.

So let no man wear clothes contrary to his condition, and specially not clerks "ordeynede yn dignyte," for the devil has made himself the Chief Justice of new fashions.

Men, don't desire to be called "lorde or syre;" or women, "madame or lady;" "al þys comeþ of grete pryde." And don't delight in great "meyne" (train of servants), or in great halls, rich bedding, horses, armour, &c. And, for no such things do wrong to holy church or poor men.

Women's trailing dresses are wrong.

*The French Tale of How the Devil has power over Women's Trains.

A woman with a long train passes two monks; one sees a devil sitting on it, and, when she turns her tail to the monk, the devil falls into the mud. Therefore know that the devil has power over women's long tails.

As to women's saffroned wimples and kerchiefs, men can't tell which is yellow, their wimple or their leather (skin). Also, women's going from street to street to meet one another, and show their dress, is sin; and borrowing clothes "yn carol to go,"

That poorè pridè, God it loathes,
That makes them proud of other men's clothes.

Speak not words of pride to prevent other men's praying or fasting, singing in church, or other holy deed; and chide not with priest or clerk.

Also that clerk is much to blame,
That will not shave his crown for shame.

Scorn not God, nor grumble against nor chide him. If you have said or done wrong, don't be obstinate and back up your error.

Of al follys þat beryn name
þys foly ys moste for to blame.

Loseniours, or flatterers, with words fair as flowers, may not enter heaven. Another kind of pride is chiding your servants. And these cursed backbiters, "God Almighty hatys." He forgives no habitual backbiting or lying.

*The Tale of the Backbiting Monk.

How a certain monk was a "felun" in backbiting, and after his death a brother monk saw him at night sitting before the steps of the altar continually spitting out his tongue (which was all burning) and eating it up again—"he gnoghe hyt ynwarde al to peecys"—and this was to punish him for his sin, for our Lord in the "Apocalyps" says that liars and backbiters "shal ete here tunges in peynes."

Never counsel a wicked deed, but give good counsel, and avow it before God and man.

Never tell a secret entrusted to you. For a priest to do so, is a special sin; even if men use force to make him, he must not, but rather swear falsely, or die.

Speak no foul words ; menace no one ; give not your goods to "iogolours" to be praised of them, or make wrestlings that none be held so great as you ;

pryde is þe bygynnyng
Of al manere wykkede þing.

Preaching by example, with help of good stories to keep the attention fixed, was at this time customary. The very ^{Gesta Roma-}early use of metrical paraphrase of Scripture, and, by ^{norum.} the miracle play, of living representations by the priests within the church of facts in sacred history told in the lessons of the day, testified to a sense of the need of liveliness in teachers who desired to drive instruction home. The Franciscans and Dominicans in carrying their doctrine to the poor may have improved the art of illustrating sermons with tale, and anecdote, and legend. And now, in 'The Gesta Romanorum,' we have a story-book with its tales arranged, according to their moral or spiritual application, like the hymns in a modern hymn-book, for the use of preachers and enlivenment of congregations. The French Dominican, Vincent of Beauvais, tells in his 'Mirror of History' that in his time—the thirteenth century—it was the practice of preachers to rouse languid hearers by quoting fables out of Æsop, and he recommends a sparing and discreet use of profane fancies in discussing sacred subjects. Among the Harleian MSS. is an ancient collection of 215 stories, romantic, allegorical, and legendary, compiled by a preacher for the use of monastic societies. In 1389 there appeared at Paris a system of divinity, translated afterwards by Caxton as 'The Court of Sapyence,' crowded with historical examples, parables, and fables. Many ancient collections of this sort remain ; but the favourite compilation of this kind was the Latin story-book known as the 'Gesta Romanorum.'

This compilation long retained its popularity, was printed as early as 1473 ; reprinted at Louvain a few months later ; again in 1480 ; translated into Dutch in 1484 ; printed again in 1488 ; and went through six or seven editions in this country during the succeeding century. In an anonymous comedy, called 'Sir Giles Goosecap,' acted by the children of the chapel in 1606, one of the persons says, "Then for your lordship's quips and quick jests, why Gesta Romanorum were nothing

to them;" and in George Chapman's 'May Day,' a comedy printed in 1611, of a man of high taste according to the time it is said, "One that has read 'Marcus Aurelius,' 'Gesta Romanorum,' 'The Mirrour of Magistrates,' &c., to be led by the nose like a blind bear that has read nothing."¹

When and by whom the collection was made has not been ascertained. Thomas Warton believed the author to be Pierre Bercheur (Petrus Berchorius) of Poitou, who died Prior of the Benedictine convent of St. Eloi in 1362, and the date of whose composition of the 'Gesta Romanorum,' Warton supposes on fanciful grounds to have been 1340. Warton named Bercheur as author because in the 'Philologia Sacra' of Salomon Glassius, written in 1623, he found (in a chapter on the Allegories of Fables) censure of the application of spiritual allegory to profane stories, accompanied with the statement that Peter Berchorius, a Benedictine of Poitou, had in a special book expounded, allegorically and mystically, deeds of the Romans, as well as legends of the Fathers and other old wives' tales. But Bercheur's 'Repertorium Morale,' in 14 books, answers quite sufficiently to this description. Francis Douce contended that the compiler of the Gesta was a German, because he found in the moral of one story a German proverb, and in another story several German names of dogs,² also because the earliest editions of the Gesta were printed in German. The incidents of one tale are said to occur in the bishopric of Ely, and the writer says of its matter that it is what "I have myself heard both from the inhabitants of the place and others."³ The work varies of course by omission and addition of tales in

¹ I take these illustrations, and much that is here said on the subject, from Warton's 'History of English Poetry,' which includes a "Dissertation on the Gesta Romanorum."

² The dogs were Richer, Emuleym, Hanegiff, Baudyn, Crismel, Egofyn, Beamis, and Renelen. Chap. 144. Tale 62, in vol. ii. of Swan's Translation. The German proverb is thus introduced: "Corobola, vulgariter: die Schnock wil fliegen also hoch als der Adler." (The snail will fly as high as the eagle.) Chap. 142. Tale 64, in vol. ii. of Swan's Translation.

³ Tale 75, in vol. ii. of the 'Gesta Romanorum: or, Entertaining Moral Stories. . . . Translated from the Latin, with Preliminary Observations and Copious Notes, by the Rev. Charles Swan. 2 vols. London, 1824.' To this work I am indebted for part of the information given in the text.

different MSS., and its name, 'Gesta Romanorum,' Deeds of the Romans, commonly applied to any records of the History of Rome, is justified by little more than the arbitrary, but not invariable, reference of tale after tale to the life or reign of Roman emperors, ancient or then modern, as Conrad, or Frederic, or Henry II. The book itself refers to the 'Gesta Romanorum' as simply the Annals of Rome. Thus one tale, to illustrate "the Sin of Pride," begins with the sentence, "We read in the Gesta Romanorum of a prince called Pompey," and proceeds to tell about Cæsar and Pompey, adding a moral in the usual form. It may be that a first collection of these tales was, like this one, in accordance with the title, and gave only illustrations out of Roman history, each with its ready-made moral or "application" added for the preacher's use; but that by the addition of more striking marvels and much livelier matter, with omission of familiar bits of ancient history, the original convenient form of Story and Application, and the original name also being retained, the work itself was developed to its later shape. Thus, tales from the east were added from the 'Clericalis Disciplina,' a Latin dialogue, professedly borrowed from the Arabian fabulists, between an Arabian philosopher, Salaan, which is said to be in the Arabian Lucamam, and Edric (Enoch), his son; a work written by Petrus Alphonsus, called by the Anglo-Normans Pierre Anfors, a baptized Jew, who lived in 1106, and was godson to Alphonsus I., King of Aragon. A short analysis of the contents of this story-book—Alphonsus on Clerical Teaching—was made by Francis Douce, and is among the introductory matter to Ellis's 'Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances.' Some of the Eastern tales are said, also by Thomas Warton, to be borrowed from an old Latin translation of the 'Calilah u Damnah,' a celebrated set of Arabian fables, to which Alphonsus was indebted. There are also citations of Ovid in the 'Gesta Romanorum,' and of Valerius Maximus, Macrobius, Aulus Gellius, Pliny, Seneca, and Boethius. But the matter attributed to these writers is not always to be found in their works, and never occurs in the form given to it by the story-teller. Francis Douce distinguished from the 'Original' as 'The English Gesta,' a work which he considered to have been "undoubtedly composed in imitation of the other." But

Mr. Swan, the translator of the Gesta into English, rightly observes that what Douce called the English Gesta is but a free copy with alterations and additions, including the introduction of some English proper names, law terms, and modes of speech. We have already noticed how much liberty was taken of old in the transcript of romances. Transcripts of such an English transcript are, of course, not to be looked for in continental libraries. The manner of the collection is best shown by an example. Its contents are classed under such heads as of Love; of Mercy; of Following Reason; of Bad Example; of Constancy; of Avoiding Imprecations; of the Cunning of the Devil. Very frequently a tale has a king or an emperor in it, and the Application by which it is turned into spiritual allegory, always beginning with *Carissimi* (my beloved), as the preacher's usual form of address to his hearers, opens usually with "My beloved, the Emperor is God," or "My beloved, the king is Christ." We must not omit here to note as we pass the persistence of the taste for allegory among teachers in the church, and its extension among the people, by the habitual receiving of instruction through such allegorized tales as those of the Gesta.

Of the following tales the first may be of the number of those which gave their name to the collection, since, ascribed here to Valerius Maximus, it is to be found in Cicero de Oratore; the second, which has an explanation instead of an application, is the story on which Parnell, who found the tale in the 'Divine Dialogues' of Sir Henry More, founded his poem of the 'Hermit':—

THE TREE THAT BORE GOOD FRUIT.

"Valerius tells us, that a man named Paletinus one day burst into tears; and calling his son and his neighbours around him, said, 'Alas! alas! I have now growing in my garden a fatal tree, on which my first poor wife hung herself, then my second, and after that my third. Have I not therefore cause for wretchedness?' 'Truly,' said one who was called Arrius, 'I marvel that you should weep at such unusual good fortune! Give me, I pray you, two or three sprigs of that gentle tree, which I will divide with my neighbours, and thereby enable every man to indulge his spouse.' Paletinus complied with his friend's request; and ever after found this tree the most productive part of his estate.

Application.

"My beloved, the tree is the cross of Christ. The man's three wives are,

pride, lusts of the heart, and lusts of the eyes, which ought to be thus suspended and destroyed. He who solicited a part of the tree is any good Christian."

THE HERMIT AND THE ANGEL.

"There once lived a hermit, who in a remote cave passed day and night in God's service. Not far from his cell, there was a flock kept by a shepherd, who one day fell into a deep sleep, when a robber, seeing him careless, carried off his sheep. When the keeper awoke, he began to swear in good set terms that he had lost his sheep; and where they were gone to he knew not. But the lord of the flock bade him be put to death. This gave to the hermit great offence. 'Oh heaven,' said he to himself, 'seest thou this deed? the innocent suffers for the guilty: why permittest thou such things? If thus injustice triumph, why do I remain here? I will again enter the world, and do as other men do.'

"And so he left his hermitage, and went again into the world; but God willed not that he should be lost: an angel in the form of a man was sent to join him. And so, crossing the hermit's path, he said to him—'Whither bound, my friend?' 'I go,' said he, 'to yonder city.' 'I will go with you,' replied the angel; 'I am a messenger from heaven, come to be your companion on the way.'

"So they walked on together to the city. When they had entered, they begged for the love of God harbourage during the night, at the house of a certain soldier, who received them cheerfully, and entertained them nobly. The soldier had an only and most dear son lying in the cradle. After supper, their bed-chamber was sumptuously adorned for them; and the angel and the hermit went to rest. But about the middle of the night the angel rose and strangled the sleeping infant. The hermit, horror-struck at what he witnessed, said within himself, 'Never can this be an angel of God: the good soldier gave us every thing that was necessary; he had but this poor innocent, and he is strangled.' Yet he was afraid to reprove him.

"In the morning both arose and went forward to another city, in which they were honourably entertained at the house of one of the inhabitants. This person had a rich gold cup which he highly valued; and of which, during the night, the angel robbed him. But still the hermit held his peace, for great was his fear.

"On the morrow they went forward; and as they walked they came to a certain river, over which was a bridge; they went on the bridge, and about mid-way a poor pilgrim met them. 'My friend,' said the angel to him, 'shew us the way to yonder city.' The pilgrim turned, and pointed with his finger to the road they were to take; but as he turned, the angel seized him by the shoulders, and hurled him into the stream below. At this the terror of the hermit became greater—'It is the devil,' he said to himself—'it is the devil, and no good angel! What evil had the poor man done that he should be drowned?'

"He would now have gladly gone alone; but was afraid to speak his mind. About the hour of vespers they came to a city, in which they again sought shelter for the night; but the master of the house where they applied, sharply refused it. 'For the love of heaven,' said the angel, 'give us shelter, lest we

fall prey to the wolves.' The man pointed to a sty—'That,' said he, has pigs in it; if it please you to lie there you may—but to no other place will I admit you.' 'If we can do no better,' said the angel, 'we must accept your ungracious offer.' They did so; and next morning the angel calling their host, said, 'My friend, I give you this cup;' and he gave him the gold cup he had stolen. The hermit more and more amazed at what he saw, said to himself, 'Now I am sure this is the devil. The good man who received us with all kindness, he despoiled, and now he gives the plunder to this fellow who refused us a lodging.'

"Turning, therefore, to the angel, he cried, 'I will travel with you no more. I commend you to God.' 'Dear friend,' the angel said, 'First hear me, and then go thy way.'

"The Explanation.

"When thou wert in thy hermitage, the owner of the flock unjustly put to death his servant. True it is he died innocently, and therefore was in a fit state to enter another world. God permitted him to be slain, foreseeing, that if he lived he would commit a sin, and die before repentance followed. But the guilty man who stole the sheep will suffer eternally, while the owner of the flock will repair, by alms and good works, that which he ignorantly committed. As for the son of the hospitable soldier, whom I strangled in the cradle, know, that before the boy was born, he performed numerous works of charity and mercy; but afterwards grew parsimonious and covetous, in order to enrich the child, of which he was inordinately fond. This was the cause of its death; and now its distressed parent is again become a devout Christian. Then, for the cup which I purloined from him who received us so kindly, know, that before the cup was made, there was not a more abstemious person in the world; but afterwards he took such pleasure in it, and drank from it so often, that he was intoxicated twice or thrice during the day. I took away the cup, and he has returned to his former sobriety. Again, I cast the pilgrim into the river; and know, that he whom I drowned was a good Christian, but had he proceeded much further, he would have fallen into a mortal sin. Now he is saved, and reigns in celestial glory. Then, that I bestowed the cup upon the inhospitable citizen, know, nothing is done without reason. He suffered us to occupy the swine-house, and I gave him a valuable consideration. But *he* will hereafter reign in hell. Put a guard, therefore, on thy lips, and detract not from the Almighty. For He knoweth all things. The hermit, hearing this, fell at the feet of the angel and entreated pardon. He returned to his hermitage, and became a good and pious Christian."

From the 'Gesta Romanorum,' which include the germ of the romance of 'Guy of Warwick' and a story much resembling that of 'Sir Isumbras,' Gower took for his 'Confessio Amantis'—the story of the three images with the beard, mantle, and ring, which he gives to a statue of Apollo; the story also of a man's falling into a pit where there were a lion, ape, and serpent (but Gower omits the lion); also, though he need not have gone to the Gesta for it, the story of Perillus's brazen

bull, and a story like that of the chest and the three pasties, which he may have got from the 'Speculum Historiale' of Vincent of Beauvais, who took it from John of Damascus's old Greek romance of Barlaam and Josaphat, translated into Latin before the 13th century; the work which introduced into literature the germ of the casket story in the Merchant of Venice. The tale of Florent in Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' which resembles Chaucer's Wife of Bath, is in some MSS. of the Gesta Romanorum. Chaucer gives in his Sompnour's Tale the story in the Gesta of the reconciliation of two knights by Emperor Eraclius, quoting Seneca, who tells it of Cneius Piso in his treatise 'on Anger.' The plot of the knight against Constance, and her adventure with the steward, in the Man of Lawe's tale, are also in a tale of the Gesta, which was completely versified by Occleve, who took, moreover, so literally from the 'Gesta Romanorum' the story of King Darius's legacy to his three sons, that the original inventor deserves most of the praise given to Occleve for it in William Browne's Shepherd's Pipe:

" Well I wot, the man that first
Sung this lay, did quenche his thirst
Deeply as did ever one
In the Muses Helicon."

Another tale in the Gesta is the story of Boccaccio's 'Tito and Gisippo,' and of Lydgate's 'Tale of Two Merchants of Egypt and Baldad.' The ancient tale of Apollonius of Tyre, so early popular that even an Anglo-Saxon translation of it has been found,¹ is, although disproportionately long, included among the stories of the Gesta. Gower has the tale in his 'Confessio Amantis,' taken by him, he says, from the Pantheon. Upon this story Shakespeare's play of Pericles is founded, and many passages are parallel in play and story. The story of the Caskets in Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice is in one of the MSS. of the Gesta, and also in an old English translation printed by Wynkyn de Worde. In the same MS. is, assigned to an Emperor Selestinus, the story of the Bond which Shakespeare

¹ Its text was printed by Mr. Thorpe in a small 12mo pamphlet. London 1834.

blended with that of the Caskets, and took probably from the Pecorone of Ser Giovanni of Florence, who was living in 1378. Set forth as the tale of an Emperor Theodosius, there is also among the *Gesta Romanorum* a modification of the tale of Lear. One MS. of the *Gesta* contains the old form of the story which Schiller learnt at Mannheim as an Alsatian legend and told in the ballad of Fridolin; and in the *Gesta* we find also the original of the old tale of the Three Black Crows, which Dr. Byrom versified:—

“I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,
Something that was as black as any crow.”

But, after all, there was at least as much of the polite rage for allegory as of the popular delight in tales in these moralized narratives. Religion, for its own sake, was sought earnestly, as their chief hope and solace, by many of the English people.

Together with the Latin text, and interlinear Anglo-Saxon version made at a later date in Northumbria on its eighth century MS.,¹ Mr. Stevenson has edited for the Surtees Society, from three MSS. in the British Museum, a corresponding metrical version of the Psalms in English, made early in the fourteenth century, or about the middle of the reign of Edward II.² Not only as an example of the English language at that date, but as representing also one element in the common English mind, we may note how the pure teaching of Scripture was then turned into music. The 15th Psalm runs thus:—

“Laverd³ in þi teld⁴ wha sal wone
In þi hali hille or who reste mone?
Whilke þat in-comes wemles⁵
And ai wirkes rightwisenes;
þat spekes sothnes in hert his
And noght dide swikeldome⁶ in tunge his,

¹ Cotton Vespasian, A. 1.

² ‘Anglo-Saxon and Early English Psalter.’ Now first printed from MSS. in the British Museum. 2 vols. 1845, 1847.

³ A.-S. Hlaford, source of bread, from Hlaf, bread, loaf; Ord, origin; thence Lavord, Lord.

⁴ A.-S. for tent.

⁵ Spotless. A.-S. wem and wom, a spot, from wemman to stain.

⁶ Deceit. A.-S. Swic and Swicdom, the verb being Swican, to wander off, thence to deceive.

Ne dede to his neghburgh ivel ne gram ;¹
 Ne ogaines his neghburgh up-braiding nam.²
 To nocht is lede³ lither⁴ in his sight ;
 And dredand Laverd⁵ he glades right.
 He þat to his neghburgh sweres
 And nocht bi-swekes⁶ him ne deres.
 Ne his silver til okir⁷ nocht is givande ;
 Ne giftes toke over un-derande.⁸
 þat does þese night and dai
 Noght sal he be stired in ai."

But we come back to the polite and learned world, bent upon exercise of ingenuity in the conversion into allegory of all the tales and romances in which fancy was running riot. It made Christian moralization even out of ancient fable ; saw allegory of the Creator in Prometheus, who gave life in a spark from heaven to a form of clay ; of the Saviour, born of God and of the Virgin, in Bacchus twice born, first of Semele and then of Jupiter ; of the Saviour, born of God alone, in Minerva, sprung from the brain of Jupiter ; of the Saviour, born of the Virgin, in the birth of Perseus by descent of Jupiter as a shower of gold on Danaë, within the tower. In Actæon, killed by his own hounds, the students of that day perceived an allegory of the Passion of Our Lord, and in a fable told by the poet Lycophron of Hercules, an allegory of the Resurrection. John Waleys, an English Franciscan of the thirteenth century, allegorized the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid into Christian morals ; and when, in accordance with this taste for subtlety, the French 'Roman de la Rose' appeared, early in the fourteenth century—of which hereafter—it was the more popular because it left the theologian free to prove that the mystical rose, sought through so many difficulties, was the white rose of Jericho, the new Jerusalem, the Virgin, or the beatitude to which no heretic is able to attain ; while the chemist might call it the philosopher's stone ; the lawyers might hold it to be the consummate point of just decision, or the physicians read the poem as an allegory

¹ A.-S. for wrath.

² A.-S. for took.

³ Speech, from A.-S. *Leden*, Latin, and thence language generally.

⁴ Wicked, A.-S. *lyðer*, whence also in Old English Luther meant wicked.

⁵ Them who fear the Lord.

⁶ See note 6, preceding page.

⁷ Usury. Old Norse, *okr* from *auka* to increase.

⁸ Un-injuring, A.-S. *derian*, to injure.

of the search for the one universal panacea. Romances were becoming long and tasteless, or rather charged with the conventional ornament that was regarded as a necessary part of their court dress, whereof they were again mercilessly stripped when they were simplified by the travelling story-tellers (disours or seggers) for the amusement of the people. Under the hands of these reformers of romance, off came the dainty introductions leading to nothing, that were used almost at random as elegant methods of approach, and out went the long rhetorical ingenuities of dialogue. For example of the conventional openings, we may refer to the English romance of Alexander, where the freshness of the earliest strains of the troubadour that connected, as songs of the thrushes do, a sense of the soft spring-time with the warble over coupling, is distinctly hardened into formula. Of two dozen cantos, every one opens with a reference to spring, summer, or autumn, meaning even less than the comment on weather that preludes a modern English conversation. This, for example, is the prelude to the second canto:—

“Averil is meory, and longith the day;
Ladies loven solas, and play;
Swaynes, justes; knightis, turnay;
Syngith the nyghtyngale, gredeth the jay;
The hote sunne chongeth the clay,
As ye wel y-seen may.
In this tyme I undurstonde,
Phelip is in Neptanabus' londe, . . .”

Philip and Neptanabus having nothing whatever to do with the jays and nightingales, and April not being at all meant as the date of the warlike action next to be described. When the disour or jongleur had cut a long romance down into a form suitable for popular recitation, it was called a dit, or a ditty. Thus the long romance, Robert the Devil, first versified in the thirteenth century, became a dit of 254 strophes, each consisting of four monorhymes.¹

¹ Preface to the Prose Romance of Robert the Deuyll in ‘Early English Prose Romances, with Bibliographical and Historical Introductions. Edited by William J. Thoms. Second edition. 3 vols. London, 1858.’ A delightful book of old romance, each tale with its literary history well told in a short scholarly introduction. From Mr. Thoms’s Introduction to the Romance of Virgilius, I take also the facts in the next paragraph.

Everything in history was trimmed as resolutely to their own shape by the romancers as by the allegory hunters. Romance of History. The Enchanter Virgil. Cæsar, as well as Alexander, was transformed into a mediæval knight; Hercules and Jason, too, were dubbed; but Virgil, as the man of intellect, became a magician. So, near Palestrina, Horace is revered still by the country people as a wizard. In the case of Virgil, it has been suggested, that, as his maternal grandfather was Maius, whose name might have been read Magus, and his mother has been generally called Maia, he was held to be of magical race, and credited as a magician by the same monk, Helinand, who, in his *Universal Chronicle*, told as history the vision of the hermit introducing the Graal story, and by succeeding writers. Corroboration of this notion may have been found in Virgil's seventh eclogue, and in the sixth book of the *Æneid*. At any rate, in the time of Gervase of Tilbury, who saw what was then to be seen at Naples, and heard more from his host there, Archdeacon Pinatellus, Virgil was already a great Enchanter. He it was who set up a brazen fly on one of the gates of Naples, which, while it remained there, did not allow any other fly to come into the city; and he built in Naples a shambles where meat never became tainted; and he set up at one of the gates two huge stone images, one smiling and handsome, the other sad and deformed, so made that whoever entered on the side of the cheerful image prospered in his affairs; and whoever entered on the side of the other image was unfortunate. The same Virgil, it was said, set up an image outside Naples, with a brazen trumpet, through which, when the wind was north, it blew the volcanic smoke clear of the city; made baths also to cure every disease, and furnished them with written directions which the physicians of Salerno defaced for the good of trade. Virgil made a fire, too, at which every one in Naples was free to warm himself, with a brazen archer thereby, arrow in drawn bow, and the inscription, "If any one strike me I will shoot off my arrow." A dull lump of a man struck at the archer, and was shot by the arrow into the midst of the fire, which he put out. It never rained in Virgil's garden. A wall of immoveable air protected it. He went whither he would upon a brazen bridge. Virgil, the great enchanter, set on the Capitol at Rome carved images, called

“the Salvation of Rome,” which represented the gods of the subject nations. Whenever a nation moved to revolt, the image of its god moved also, rang a bell upon its neck, and pointed to the nation’s written name. As for Naples, Virgil himself founded that town on the sea, when he had carried off the Sodan’s daughter, “and the fundacyon of it was of egges; and in that towne of Napells he made a tower with iiij corners; and in the toppe he set a napyll upon a yron yarde, and no man culde pull away that apell without he brake it: and thorowghe that yron set he a botel, and on that botel set he a egge; and he henge the apell by the stauke upon a cheyne, and so hangyth it styll. And whenne the egge styrreth so shulde the towne of Napels quake, and when the egge brake than shulde the towne synke. When he had made an ende he lette call it Napels.” The end of Virgil himself, according to the romance was, that, when he had, in order to become young again, caused himself to be chopped small, and put in a barrel, where the oil of a lamp was to drop on him for nine days, the re-pickling was spoilt on the seventh day by blundering interference of his friend the emperor. “Then saw the Emperor and all his folk a naked child, three times running about the barrel, saying the words: ‘Cursed be the time that ye came ever here;’ and with these words vanished the child away, and was never seen again; and thus abided Virgil in the barrel, dead.”

But, together with these crude imaginings, there was a full number of witty or graceful tales current, either as Lays and Fabliaux. gests to be told in common prose, or lays and fabliaux that were to be sung or said in verse, wherever men, according to the way then common of enlivening good company, sang ballads, and told stories to each other.

Of the Lays, the most famous are those of Marie of France,¹ who offered the twelve fresh stories² which she knew to be true, taken by her from lays of the Bretons—

“Les contes ke jeo sai verrais
Dunt le Bretun ont fait les lais
Vus conterai asez briefment”—

¹ Edited by Roquefort, at Paris, in 1820.

² The lays are Guigemar, Equitan, Lai le Freisne, Bisclaveret, Lanval, Les Deux Amans, Ywonec, Laustic (the Nightingale), Milun, le Chaitivel (the Wretch), Chevrefoil and Eliduc.

to a king who may be our Henry III. Nothing is known of the history of this poetess. In the *Fabliaux* the subject-matter was usually an amusing anecdote, with little or no incidental seriousness. The lays were romancelets, usually turning on some graceful or pathetic incident. One form passed frequently into the other; and it is with an opening half in the spirit of a Lay that we have a true *Fabliau* in the old English metrical poem of

Sir Cleges.

That good knight, in the days of King Arthur's father, beggared himself by liberality; but when his fortune was at the worst, he and his wife, *Claris*, would not despair. One Christmas-eve, when joy and mirth were all around him, and he grieved that he could not, as of old time, "feed both free and bond," his good wife came to him, took him in her arms, and kissed him, as she called him to his solitary meat, and bade him be glad in honour of the day. So they made mirth together, and played with their children, and on the morrow went to church. When they came home, he went alone into his garden, knelt under a cherry-tree, and thanked God with all his heart for his trials.

But when he pulled himself up from his knees by a bough of the tree, behold the bough was green, and there were ripe cherries on it.

He cut a slip therefrom, and showed the wonder to his wife, who proposed putting the Christmas cherries in a basket for *Sir Cleges* to take next day as a present to King *Uther*, at *Cardiff*. He took his staff, and went as a poor man; his eldest son by his side carrying the basket. But when they got to the king's castle at *Cardiff*, the Porter at the gate threatened to break the poor man's head if he attempted to go in. Yet when the Porter saw the Christmas cherries, and foresaw the great gifts they would draw from the King, he let *Sir Cleges* in on promise of a third of what King *Uther* gave him. But when the poor knight had gone a little farther,

"The *Usscher* at the hall dore was
With a staffe stonyngē,"

he was as rough as the Porter, and made, when he saw the cherries, bargain for a third of the king's gift. In the hall there was the Steward to pass, and another promise of a third of the king's gift the steward would have of him,

"Ar wyth a staffe I schall thee wake
That thy rebys schall all-to quake
And put thè out hedlyngē."

Then *Sir Cleges* made his offering to King *Uther*, and was royally received. The king, in payment for his Christmas cherries, promised the poor man whatsoever he would ask, and his petition was—

“ I pray you graunt me strokys twelwe,
 To dele were lykyth me :
 Wyth my staffe to pay hem all
 To myn aduerseryse in the hall,
 For send Charytè !”

“ Than aunsswerd Hewtar the kynge :
 ‘ J repent my grauntetynge,
 That J to thè made.
 Good, he seyde, so mott J thee
 Thowe haddyst be better haue gold or fee ;
 More nede therto thou hade.’
 Sir Cleges seyde, with a waunt,¹
 ‘ Lord yt ys your owyn graunte,
 Therefore J am full glade.’
 The kynge was sory therfore,
 But neuerthelesse he grauntyd hym there ;
 Therefore he was full sade.

“ Sir Cleges went into the hall,
 Among the gret lordes all,
 Without any more.
 He sowght after the prowghd styward,
 For to yeve hym hys reward,
 Because he grevyd hym sore.
 He yaffe the styward sech a stroke,
 That he fell down as a bloke,
 Before all that therin were :
 And after he yafe hym othyr thre ;
 He seyde, ‘ Sore, for thy corteci,
 Smyghte me no more !’

“ Out of the hall Sir Cleges went,
 Moo to paye was hys entent,
 Wythout any lett.
 He went to the vsscher in a breyde :²
 ‘ Haue here sum strokys he seyde,’
 Whan he wyth hym mete ;
 So that after and many a daye
 He wold warn no man the waye,
 So grymly he hym grett.
 Sir Cleges seyde, ‘ Be my threft,
 Thou haste the thyrd part of my yefte
 As J thè behyght.’

“ Than he went to the portere,
 And four strokys he yaue hym there ;

¹ Shake.

² Start.

His part hade he there [too]:
 So that after and many a daye,
 He wold warn no man the waye,
 Neythyr to ryde nether goo.
 The fyrste stroke he leyde hym on
 He brake in to hys schuldrybone,
 And hys on arme thereto.
 Sir Cleges seyde, ' Be my threfte,
 Thowe has the thyrd parte of my yefte ;
 The couenaunte we made soo.' "

When Sir Cleges went back into the hall, he found a harper, to whom he had once been liberal, singing his praises, and the king reminded by the song of his old knight. Sir Cleges therefore disclosed himself, and when he had explained his jest to Uther's great delight, he was adorned as a knight, and the king gave him Cardiff Castle . . . with what more you will, for the last morsel of the MS. is wanting.

But in the flood of romance there were some islets of solid ground. Already there were a few poets busy also with the thoughts and actions of their time. One poem in Norman French, meant, in Edward III.'s time, to stir enmity to France by a bold contemporary fable, tells how the young king, Edward III., was in 1338 urged into war with France by Robert of Artois, who, having caught a heron, had it cooked and served ostentatiously at the king's table, as the most cowardly of birds, for the greatest coward there,—the king who tamely bore exclusion from his right to the French crown. Then Robert of Artois presented the heron to the king, and, as was customary, asked his Majesty to make a vow upon it. The King vowed to invade France; and in like spirit others followed him with the fierce "Vows of the Heron," after which the piece is named. Mr. Thomas Wright, who opens with this piece his collection of 'Political Poems and Songs, from the Accession of Edward III. to that of Richard III.,'¹ adds to it a Latin 'Invective against France,' and Latin poems on the Battle of Neville's Cross and the Truce of 1347.

But of these French wars Laurence Minot was the English laureate. The MS. of Minot's poems, having Richard Chawfer scrawled on a spare leaf, was described as 'Chaucer, Exemplar emendate scriptum,' in the Catalogue of

Political
Poems and
Songs.

Laurence
Minot.

¹ In two vols. (1859, 1861) of the 'Chronicles and Memorials' issued under direction of the Master of the Rolls.

the Cottonian MSS., printed at Oxford in 1696. To this MS., therefore, which is of the fifteenth century, Mr. Tyrwhitt referred when he was editing the 'Canterbury Tales;' and he, therefore, it was who, in his Essay on the Language and Versification of Chaucer, revived the memory of Laurence Minot. Thomas Warton referred to and quoted him, mistaking, however, Edward Baliol for King Edward III. Edward, elder son of John Baliol, espousing an English cause, won Scotland, and was crowned at Scone in 1332, as vassal to King Edward. His crown should have been a wreath of mushroom. He was driven out of Scotland by the Earl of Murray, and then brought the English to lay siege to Berwick, where at the battle of Halidon Hill, one of the events celebrated in song by Minot, the Scots were beaten in an effort to relieve the town. Berwick surrendered then, and Edward Baliol, regaining his mock-rule, again swore fealty to Edward, but again had to invite English invasion to his rescue. The strife continued; and in 1346, when King Edward was in France besieging Calais, the Scots, under their own King David, retaliated upon England, crossed the border, and advanced as far as Durham. There they were routed with great slaughter, and their king was taken prisoner at the battle of Neville's Cross, the English army being headed, under a commission from the Regency, by William de la Zouch, Archbishop of York, Henry de Percy, and Ralph de Neville. As Minot, one of whose poems is a song of triumph on this battle, says that "Edward the Baliolfe," fought in it, Warton considered that to mean Edward the Warlike, *i. e.*, Edward III., who "is introduced," he says, "by Minot, as resisting the Scottish invasion in 1347 [1346] at Nevil's Cross, near Durham."¹

The latest event commemorated by Minot is the capture of Guisnes Castle, in January 1351-2; and it is probable that he did not survive to celebrate the great events following the year 1352, in which year Chaucer was a young man, aged about four-and-twenty. Minot's songs are in the handsome extant MS. arranged in their right order of time. Beginning with the Battle

¹ 'Poems written Anno mccccli. by Laurence Minot, with Introductory Dissertations on the Scottish Wars of Edward III. on his claim to the Throne of France, and Notes and Glossary, by Joseph Ritson. London, 1825.'

of Halidon Hill, he exults in the second song over the avenging of Bannockburn; celebrates in the third King Edward's expedition to Brabant in 1338; then celebrates the first invasion of France; next, the sea-fight of Sluys, or of the Swyne; then the siege of Tournai. Minot's next poem is the song of triumph written to celebrate the great battle of Crécy. There is, after this, a song of the Siege of Calais; another of the Battle of Nevil's Cross; another of a Victory at Sea over the Spaniards in 1350; and the last is of the taking of Guines Castle. Very remarkable in the Songs of Minot is the ease and variety of the rhyming song-measures, while he retains something of the old habit of alliteration. As the English of his poems is that of the north of England in the next century and that carelessly written, there is little to be learnt from its peculiarities. I may venture, therefore, to show the spirit of our first national song-writer, by taking away, for once, all that can easily be removed of the mere rust of antiquity. While leaving to the poet exactly his own way and measure, by the use of modern spelling and occasional translation of some now obsolete word,¹ we shall hear all the more nearly as his countrymen in his own time heard it—

Minot's Song on the Battle of Cressy.

“ Men may read in Romance right
Of a great clerk that Merlin hight;
Full many books are of him written,
As the clerkés well may witten;
And yet, in many privy nooks
Men may find of Merlin books.
Merlin said thus, with his mouth,
Out of the North into the South
Should a Bear come over the sea,
That should make many men to flee;
And in the sea, he said full right,
Should he show full mickle might;
And in France he should begin
To make them wroth that are
therein;
Unto the sea shall reach his tail²
All folk of France to mickle bale.

Thus have I matter for to make,
For a noble Prince's sake:
Help me God, my wit is thin!
Now Laurence Minot will begin.

“ A boar is brought on bankés
bare
With full batail before his breast,
For John of France will he not
spare
In Normandy to take his rest,
With princes that are proper and
prest.
All-wielding God, of might the
most
He be his help,³ for he may best,
Father and Son and Holy Ghost.

¹ That the reader may see also the old text wherever a word is modernized, or a line meddled with to retain the rhyme, the original is given in a note.

² Untill the se his taile reche sale.

³ Beld.

- “Holy Ghost, thou give him grace
That he in good time may begin,
And send to him both might and
space
His heritage well for to win ;
And soon assoil him of his sin,
Gentle¹ God that harried Hell!
For France now is he entered in,
And there he dights him for to
dwell.
- “He dwellèd there, the sooth to
tell,
Upon the coast of Normandy ;
At La Hogue² found he foemen
fell
That were all full of felony :
To him they makèd great maistrie
And strove to force³ the Bear
abide
Through might of God and mild
Marie,
The bear abated all their pride.
- “Mickle pride was there imprest
Both on pennon and on plate
When the Bear rode without rest
Unto Caen, swift and straight ;⁴
There found he folk before the
gate
Thirty thousand stiff on steed :
Sir John of France came all too
late
The Bear has made⁵ their sidës
bleed.
- “He made bleed if they were bold,
For there were slain and wounded
sore
Thirty thousand, truly told,
Of foot-men⁶ was there mickle
more.
- Knightës were there well two score
That were new dubbed to that
dance,
Helm and head they have forlore :
The mislikèd John of France.
- “More misliking was there then
For false treason alway they
wrought ;
But since⁷ they met with English-
men
All their bargain dear they
bought.
Englishmen with sight them sought,
And hastily quit them their
hire ;
And, at the last, forgot they nought,
The town of Caen they set on
fire.
- “That fire feared many folk afar,
When they saw brands begin to
fly ;⁸
This have they won out of the war,
The falsë folk of Normandy.
I tell you Lily how they lie
Dongen down all in a dance ;
Their friends may full fair forthi
Plain them unto John of France.
- “Frenchmen put themselves to pine
At Cressy when they brake the
brig,
That saw Edward with both his
eyne
Then liked him no longer to
lig
Each Englishman on others rig⁹
Over that water are they went ;
To battle are they boldly big
With broad axe and with bowës
bent.

¹ Hende.² Hogges.³ Proved to ger.⁴ The graythest gate (nearest way).⁵ Gert.⁶ Pitaile.⁷ Fro.⁸ “That fire ful many folk gan fere
When thai se brandes o ferrum flye.”⁹ Lig, lie ; rig, back. I keep here the old words to avoid spoiling the stanza.

"With bent bowës they were full
bold,
For to knock off¹ the Frankish
men ;
They made² them lie with carës cold
Full sorry was Sir Philip then.
He saw from far the burning town
And folk in fear a flying band,
The tears full soon he let run down
Out of his eyes, I understand.³

"Then came Philip, full ready dight,
Toward the town, with all his
rout,
With him came many a comely
knight,
And all beset⁴ the Bear about.
The Bear made them full low to lout,
And dealt them knockës to their
meed ;
He made them stumble that were
stout,
There helpëd neither staff nor
steed.

"Steedës strong remainëd still
Beside Cressy upon the green ;
Sir Philip wanted all his will,
That was well on his visage⁵ seen
With spear and shield and helmës
sheen
The Bear then durst they not
abide :
The King of Böhm was brisk⁶
and keen
But there he left both play and
pride.

"Pride in press ne praise I nought
Among these princes proud in pall,
Princes should be well bethought,
When kings should them to
council call.

If he be righteous king they shall
Maintainë him both night and
day
Or else to let his friendship fall
In fair manner and fare away.

"Away is all thy weal, I wis,
Frenchë-man with all thy fare
Of mourning may thou never miss
For thou art cumbered all in care :
With speech ne mought thou never
spare
To speak of Englishmen despite ;
Now have they made thy dwelling⁷
bare
Of all thy cattle art thou quit.

"Quit art thou, that well we know,
Of cattle and of treasures⁸ dear
Therefore lies thy heart full low
That ere was blith as bird on
brier.
Englishmen shall yet toge'er
Knock thy pate⁹ ere thou shall
pass
And make thee pollëd like a frere
And yet is England as it was.

"Wast thou not Francis with thy
weapon
Between Cressy and Abbeville
Where thy fellows lie and gapen
For all their juggling¹⁰ and their
guile
Bishops were there in that while,
That sungen all without a stole
Philip the Valais was a vile,
He fled, and durst not take his
dole.

"Men dealed there full many a dint
Among the gentle Genevaise
Full many man their livës tint¹¹
For love of Philip the Valais.

¹ Fell of.² Gert.

³ "He saw the toun o ferrum bren
And folk for ferd war fast fleand
The teares he lete ful rathly ren
Out of his eyhen, i understand."

⁴ Umset.⁵ Sembland.⁶ Cant.⁷ Biging.⁸ Drewris.⁹ Palet (I add the word "shall" to this line).¹⁰ Treget.¹¹ Lost.

Unkind he was and uncourtayse
 I praise nothing his purveyance ;
 The best of France and of Artayse
 Were dashed together¹ in that
 dance.

“ That dance with treason was begun
 To track the Bear with some
 false gin :
 The Frenchëmen said, All is won,
 Now is it time that we begin ;
 For here is wealth enough to win,
 To make us rich for evermore :
 But through their armour, thick
 and thin,
 Slain they were and wounded sore.
 “ Sore then sighëd Sir Philip,
 Now wist he never what him
 was best ;
 For he is cast down with a trip,
 In John of France is all his trest ;

For he was his friend faithfulest,
 In him was full his affiancë :
 But Sir Edward would never rest,
 Ere they were felled, the best of
 France.

“ Of France was mickle wo, I wis,
 And in Paris, the high palays :
 Now had the Bear, with mickle
 bliss,
 Posted² him before Calais.
 Hear now how the Romancë says
 How Sir Edward, our King with
 crown,
 Held his siege, by nights and
 days,
 With his men before Calais
 town.”

From this last connecting verse Minot then passes to the siege of Calais, and takes for the new song a new measure.

Minot's poems are written in a Northumbrian English, which was more archaic than the English of the South. Yet even here the comparatively small number of words that, in a poem of this length, need an interpreter, and the readiness with which, by a mere change of old into modern spelling, verse after verse falls into familiar English music, bear witness that we are near the end of that first period of our literature during which the language we now speak was being formed.

English
 almost
 formed.

¹ Al to-dongyn.

² Bigged.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE main body of the English people, strengthened by accession of the liveliness of Norman wit, had determined the formation of an Anglo-Saxon English, and had firmly retained also the great essentials of the Anglo-Saxon mind. Steadily it had pressed forward, content with the achievement of the possible in search of right. To the Scriptures it had looked for light to aid the search, and never had been well content to keep their light in the dark-lantern of an unfamiliar tongue. Cædmon had sung the Scripture story of God's power and mercy to the poor and ignorant. Bede had translated St. John's Gospel; Aldhelm the Psalms; King Alfred sought and probably attained in his own life-time a version of the four Gospels, which remains to us in later copies; Ælfric translated the first seven books of the Old Testament, the Heptateuch. The Normans in England had also their translations; and had not only their metrical romance, but also a verse translation of the Bible to the end of the Book of Kings.

In the year 1327 William of Shoreham, vicar of the well-wooded and watered parish of Chart Sutton, in Kent—there was a vineyard there in the time of Domesday Book—translated the Psalter into English. In south and north the same work was advancing. While William of Shoreham put King David's words into the mouths of Kentish men, there was in Yorkshire Richard Rolle, an Augustinian monk, of the Priory of Hampole, about four miles from Doncaster, employed on a like work for those who spoke the English of Northumberland, a dialect that belonged, with a few slight local variations, not only to the North of England, but was spoken also by the Lowland Scots north of the Tweed.

Richard Rolle, who died at Hampole in the year 1349, not only versified the Psalms and portions of the Book of Job, but wrote also, both in Latin and in English, a poem called 'The

Early translations of the Bible.

William of Shoreham.

Richard Rolle of Hampole.

Pricke of Conscience,' in seven books, and almost ten thousand lines. Its seven books treat—1, of the Beginning of Man's Life; 2, of the Unstablens of this World; 3, of Death, and why death is to be dreaded; 4, of Purgatory; 5, of Doomsday; 6, of the Pains of Hell; and 7, of the Joys of Heaven. An excellent edition of the 'Pricke of Conscience,' from the same MS.¹ which contains the songs of Laurence Minot, has been just produced by Mr. Morris, with an introductory examination of its dialect.² Into details about dialect it is beyond the purpose of this book to enter. But place may be found for one fact stated here by Mr. Morris. As a general rule, he says, in our northern writers of this period, the use for the word "such" of "sic" denotes a Scottish, "slike" a Border, "swilk" a Yorkshire origin of the work in which it occurs.

In his poem of

The Pricke of Conscience,

Richard Rolle begins with Commendation of the Trinity, and having sung of God, sings Man in the beginning, middle, and end of his natural life. At the beginning, says the learned monk,

| | |
|--|---|
| <p>"Unnethes es a child born fully That it ne begins to youle and cry; And by that cry men know than Whether it be man or weman, For when it is born it cries swa: If it be man it says 'a a,'</p> | <p>That the first letter es of the nam Of our forme-fader Adam. And if the child a woman be, When it is born it says 'e e.' E es the first letter and the hede Of the name of Eve that began our dede."</p> |
|--|---|

He has Latin to quote for this: "Dicentes E. vel A. quot-quot nascuntur ab Eva." This poem, that abounds in curious particulars of old belief, is interspersed, not thickly, with Latin citation from Scripture or the fathers.

When he has passed from birth onward to death, the writer tells the signs that prognosticate death or recovery from sickness in an old man and in a young man. If death be near, the young man wakes and cannot sleep; the old man sleeps and cannot wake. He describes the corpse;

¹ Cottonian, Galba. E. ix., a folio of Northumbrian poetry.

² 'The Pricke of Conscience (Stimulus Conscientiæ): a Northumbrian Poem, by Richard Rolle de Hampole. Copied and Edited from MSS. in the Library of the British Museum, with an Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index, by Richard Morris, Author of the Etymology of Local Names, Editor of the Liber Cure Cocorum. Published for the Philological Society. Berlin, 1863.'

follows it to the grave, and tells of the loathsomeness of its decay. From man thus destined to fleshly nothingness, the preacher-poet turns to the two worlds, the earthly and the spiritual. He discusses each, paints here below the earth, the Macrocosm on which man lives, and man the Microcosm who dwells upon it. He speaks of the peril of love for the world that gives no help in time of need, but is as a sea, a waste, a wood, a battle-field, a monster helped by Dame Fortune in fighting with two hands against us; its right hand wealth, its left hand poverty. He speaks of the chances, changes, and varieties of life; preaches against them who call good evil and evil good; tells that there is a spiritual as well as a bodily death, and that God desires not the death of a sinner. He has thus come back to the man's death-bed; but has now to tell, not of its physical aspect, but of the spiritual struggle that goes with it. Death comes at uncertain time, so let men watch for it; while living think of God, and speak of his loving kindness in the gates of the daughter of Zion. Those gates are the church. Good men do not fear death, holy men desire to die; "Blessed are they that die in the Lord." Then the monk tells, according to the belief of his time, that devils gather about the bed of the dying, of good men as well as bad; that they are grisly, black, and foul, horribly disfigured by sin, which is the cause of their ugliness, and is itself more horrible than any devil. He paints the future contest for each soul between the devils and the angels.

"Thai sal dispute than of our life,
With grete discord and grete strife.
The angels sal reherce the gude,
And the devels the yvel, with grete mude."

Some souls go straight to heaven; some through purgatory, of which the least pain is greater than the greatest pain of earth, but where the soul is cleansed of sin and obtains greater reward in heaven. It is under the earth; above the place where unbaptized children dwell, and below the place where our Lord (as described in the apocryphal gospel of Nicodemus) harrowed Hell. Some say there are two places of Purgatory—a common, under earth; and a special, above it. Of Purgatory there are seven pains: 1, the sight of devils; 2, the soul's doubt; 3, exile; 4, diseases (and he names of them dropsy, gout, ulcers and boils, palsy, quinsy, and leprosy); 5, fire, a pain that may be mitigated by almsdeed, mass, and prayer, and it is worth mitigating—

"For a spark of that fire es mare hate
Than al the fire of erthe, als clerkes wate."

The fire is to burn out sins. The greatest burn in it as wood, the least as stubble, moderate sins as hay. The fire has also to melt the cause of the sixth pain of purgatory, the bands of sin. The seventh and last pain is the absence of all kinds of pleasure.

The preacher tells, then, of the deadly sins for which penance must be fulfilled either here or there; also of the ten things that destroy a venial sin: 1, holy water; 2, almsdeed; 3, fasting; 4, the sacrament; 5, the Pater Noster; 6, shrift; 7, blessing of the bishop; 8, ditto of the priest;

9, knocking on the breast of a meek man; and 10, anointing of the sick. A list follows of the most common venial sins, and presently the monk tells of the four kinds of help out of Purgatory—prayer, almsdeed, fasting, and mass. Richard of Hampole then lays down with unhesitating faith the doctrine of the efficacy of pardon purchased from the popes and bishops who keep the keys of that treasure of the Church, gathered from the merits of Christ's passion, the penance, labour, and death of martyrs and confessors, the teaching of doctors, the chastity of virgins, and the prayers of good priests and clerks.

“Of alle thys, as I shewed by for,
Es gadird¹ haly kirkes tresor,
Of wilk the Pape the kays bers
Whar-with he bathe opens and spers.”²

This church treasure is large enough to release from the pains that may be due to them in Purgatory all the men in Christendom.

There follows a particular account of Doomsday and of Resurrection, when the age of every man shall be that of our Lord in the day of his Crucifixion. After the mediæval notion of Doomsday has been versified, the monk who seeks to prick tough-hided conscience with an ox-goad, follows the condemned souls to Hell, of which he details the fourteen general pains: 1, heat; 2, cold; 3, filth and stink; 4, hunger, and men shall tear at their own flesh; 5, thirst, and their drink shall be fire, and for thirst they shall suck at the heads of adders; 6, darkness; 7, sight of devils, so horrible that—

“The hardyest man in flesshe and bane
That here lyfes, yf he sawe ane
Of tha devels in thair awen lyke
Suld wax wode for ferde and be wittles;”

8, venomous vermin, that shall live in the fire as fishes in clear water, themselves devils; 9, incessant beating by devils with glowing hammers; 10, gnawing of conscience that bites as vermin; 11, scalding tears, hotter than molten lead, flowing incessantly; 12, shame and disgrace; 13, bonds of fire, in which the wicked shall be chained with their heads down and their feet up; and, 14, at the end of all despair, while the tormented scratch the faces of each other among the roaring and the yelling of the devils.

The preacher having dilated on these mediæval fancies, and done his best to push them as a goad into the sinner's conscience, turns then from hell to heaven, and ascends by way of the seven planets and the stars, telling astronomical facts as crude as those of his theology. He goes through the starry and the crystalline or watery heaven to the third or highest heaven, which—

“Ne moves nocht als dose the other twa.
But stands ay stille, for it is the best,
And the most worthi place of pees and rest.”

¹ Is gathered.

² Locks.

Here he supplies a catalogue of joys of heaven, to which he adds the seven blisses and their contraries, arranging his story so that a reminder of the mediæval Hell follows each point in the description of the mediæval Heaven. The blisses are—1, brightness; 2, swiftness; 3, strength; 4, freedom; 5, health; 6, perfect joy; and, 7, everlasting life. Then follow the seven spiritual blessings and their contraries; the poem passing after this into the monk's picture of Heaven and the Heavenly City, transformed suddenly into a fresh reminder of the noise and stink and other pains of hell. Richard of Hampole ends by representing the purpose of his poem and those for whom it has been thus written—

“Namly til lewed men of England
That can nocht bot Inglise undirstand;
Tharfor this tretice drawe I wald
In Inglise tung that may be cald
'Prik of Conscience' als men may fele,
For if a man it rede and understande wele
And the materes thar-in til hert wil take,
It may his conscience tendre make.”

He excuses himself for bad rhyming—

“For I rek nocht, thogh the ryme be rude,
If the materes thar-of be gude.”

And at the last he begs—

“Yhe that has herd this tretice red
That now es brought til ende and sped,
For the luf of our Loverd Jhesu
Pray for hym specially that it dru.”

Here, then, we are able to see fairly, in the mind of an honest and religious monk, who wrote in the next generation after Dante, that body of mediæval doctrine against which, in some of its parts, and especially its claim of power to the Pope or his delegates to trade in pardon of the pains of purgatory, the most vigorous protest of the English mind was already arising.

In the year of the death of Richard Rolle, of Hampole, 1349, John Wiclif was five-and-twenty years old; Geoffrey Chaucer about one-and-twenty; William (or Robert) Langlande, the author of the Vision of Piers Plowman, could scarcely have been younger; John Gower perhaps was a little older than Chaucer, whom he survived eight years; Scottish John Barbour, who wrote the Bruce, was at the same time thirty-three years old, according to the earliest date assigned to his birth,

First writers
of formed
English.

nineteen years old according to the latest; and it was seven-and-twenty years since Sir John Mandeville set out upon his travels.

In the hands of Sir John Mandeville, Wiclif, and Chaucer the vigour of newly-formed English was first shown in a clear, flexible, and lively prose. In Chaucer we read only the poet, and forget the skilful prose translator of the 'Consolation' of Boëthius. Mandeville and Wiclif wrote prose only; and with them begins, at the close of the period of the Formation of the Language, the true modern history of English prose. But to the end of that period, like Langlande and Barbour, and like Chaucer in the earlier part of his life, they belong wholly. When in the fulness of his power Chaucer, then the most English of our poets—English to the whole depth of his earnestness, English in every light turn of sentiment or humour—planned his *Canterbury Tales* to the suggestion he found in the scheme of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, we have already passed into the period of Italian Influence on English literature. When Chaucer referred for the origin of his *Clerke's Tale of the Patient Grisel* to "Fraunceis Petrark, the laureate poete," who "enlumined all Itaille of poetrie," we recognise the strength of the new influence. But at the same time we cannot fail to observe how Chaucer turns the story into English thought as well as into English language, giving his own manliness to its tender music, and fencing off with a few touches of shrewd humour the practical comment with which the majority of English readers would bring down their bludgeon of common sense upon the tenderest joints of the story. It is wonderful to see how Chaucer's laying on of hands could raise into robust health any feeble sentiment that he found lying by the way-side.

But to the period of the formation of the language there belong only the early days of Chaucer; and it is when we are before Chaucer in the fulness of his strength that ancient Gower will again come from his ashes. When, therefore, a few smaller details have been remembered, we close this section of the noble story of the English mind with Mandeville and Wiclif; with Langlande's pure *Vision of Christ*, from the midst of a world crowded with unreformed abuses, against which the Anglo-Saxon spirit chafes; with Barbour's strain of patriotism, and the grace of Chaucer's youth.

The first
English
prose
writers.

The metrical romance of the 'Proces of the Sevyng Sages,'¹ or Seven Wise Masters, a short collection of tales told to gain time, set in a machinery not unlike that of the Arabian Nights, long survived as a popular prose story-book; and it seems to have been first Englished about the year 1330 from a preceding French version by an unknown author. The original inventor of the book is said to have been Sandabar, an Indian sage, who lived a hundred years B.C., and wrote it as 'The Book of the Seven Counsellors, or Parables of Sandabar.' It is said to have been translated next into Persian and Arabic; then into Hebrew, by a Rabbi Joel; then into Greek, under the name of 'Syntipas;'; then to have been translated into Latin by a Jean de Hanteselve or Altavilla, in Loraine; then into French verse and prose, and so into English.

'The Land of Cokayne,' by Michael of Kildare, the first Irishman known to have written verse in English, is of uncertain date, but probably belongs either to the outset of the fourteenth century, or to the close of the thirteenth. It is a satire on the monks. Cockayne is a land of luxury far in the sea, west of Spain, fairer than Paradise; for what is there in Paradise but grass, and flower, and green branch? Though there be great joy and pleasure, there is no meat—there is only fruit. There is a fair abbey of white monks and grey; its walls are built of pasties, fish, and meat; it is all paved with wheaten cakes, and has fat puddings for pinnacles. There is a nunnery, too, and gluttony is not the sole bliss of Cockayne. The word Cockayne is of the same origin as Cocker and Cockney, which only a fanciful ingenuity has traced to *οἰκογενής*, town-born. A Cokenay meant of old one who was too tenderly nursed and pampered. There is a Dutch kokelen, and there is a French coqueliner with a corresponding sense.²

To the fourteenth century belongs a cookery book, the Liber Cure Cocorum, which Mr. Morris, editor of Richard of Hampole's 'Pricke of Conscience,' has edited; and in the same MS. is a metrical Boke of Curtasye, which has been edited by Mr. Halliwell. The Book of Curtasye

Romance of
the Seven
Sages.

Michael of
Kildare's
Land of
Cockayne.

The Liber
Cure Coco-
rum and the
Boke of
Curtasye.

¹ Cotton, Galba. E. ix. And there is a large fragment of it in the Auchinleck MS.

² Wedgwood's Etymological Dictionary.

explains that it is not etiquette for a guest to pick his teeth with his knife, or clean them with the tablecloth. Also

“ If thou spit on the borde or elles opone,
Thou shalle be holden an uncurtayse man ;”

And

“ If thy nose thou clense, as may befalle,
Loke thy honde thou clense withalle ;
Prively with skyrt do hit away,
Or ellis thurgh thi tepet that is so gay.”

A note written three centuries later, at the end of a MS. of a proclamation of Henry VIII. relating to the Chester The Chester Plays. Mystery Plays, says that they were written by Randal Higgenett, a monk of Chester Abbey, during the mayoralty of Sir John Arnway, in 1327 and 1328, and played then publicly in the Whitsun week. To this effect was the tradition. Miracle and Mystery Plays were, as we have seen, familiar amusements in England at a much earlier date. But the earliest extant MSS. of the Chester Plays are as late as the close of the sixteenth century, and the plays themselves were in full tide of popularity at Chester in the reign of Henry VIII.

But while we leave the Chester, Coventry, and Towneley collections of these pieces to fall in due time into connexion with the story of the English drama, there is no other place than this for the few words due to the miracle plays of Cornwall, and whatever else is notable in Cornish literature.

Richard Carew in his Survey of Cornwall, in the year 1602, The Cornish Drama. describes the earthen amphitheatres or “ rounds ” built by the Cornishmen for the performance of their miracle plays; and there is a MS. in the Bodleian,¹ written in the fifteenth century, of three miracle plays in the old Cymric Cornwall, as it was spoken and written in the fourteenth century, to which these plays belong. Their subjects are ‘ the Origin of the World,’ ‘ the Passion of Our Lord,’ and ‘ the Resurrection of our Lord ;’ and each is inscribed “ Ordinale,” a church service. Their text has been carefully edited by Mr. Edwin Norris, who has provided it with translation, notes, grammar, a copy of the

¹ Bodley, 791.

ancient Cornish vocabulary in the British Museum, ascribed by Zeuss to the thirteenth century, an appendix of general information, and a notice of the names of places mentioned in the work.¹

There remains, also—and this, too, is a work of the fourteenth century in a fifteenth century MS.—a Cornish poem on the Passion of our Lord, containing 259 stanzas of 8 Cornish Poem on the Passion. lines, in seven-syllabled metre, with alternate rhymes. It tells in close narrative of the Temptation in the Wilderness, the Entry into Jerusalem, and the following scenes of Our Lord's Life, and Death, and Resurrection.² We may carry quite to its close the record of Cornish literature by adding that an imitation or copy from the old Cornish dramas was produced in 1611 by William Jordan as 'the Creation of the World with Noah's Flood';³ that there are two Cornish Other remains of Cornish Literature. versions of the Lord's Prayer, Commandments, and Creed—one said to be ancient, and the other modern; that there are also two poor translations of the first chapter of Genesis, a few songs, some proverbs, and a short tale. The poem on the Passion was printed under the name of 'Calvary,' in 1826, and 'the Creation' in 1827, by Mr. Davies Gilbert; but each version was found by Zeuss to be swarming with errors. In 'Calvary' Mr. Norris estimates that there are about eight mistakes to a stanza; but 'the Creation' is better, having only on an average about twenty to a page. This has suggested to Mr. Whitley Stokes a fresh transcription and translation of the Cornish 'Calvary,' under its more suitable name of 'the Passion' (for the second line in it bids the hearer beseech God "that He grant you grace and desire to hear His Passion"); and this new edition is included as an appendix in the Transactions of the Philological Society for 1860-61.

The Cornish dialect of Celtic is no longer spoken, although a considerable sprinkling of Cornish words yet blends with the

¹ 'The Ancient Cornish Drama, Edited and Translated by Edwin Norris, Sec. R. A. S.' 2 vols. Oxford, 1859.

² In the Bodleian and Brit. Mus. there are four MSS. of this. The oldest is in the B. M. Harl. 1782, with nine such pictures as a young schoolboy of our day might draw at the bottom of as many pages.

³ There are two MS. copies of this: one in the Bodleian, N. 219; one in the Brit. Mus., Harleian, N. 1567.

speech of the Land's End district. The last survivor of those who spoke in their youth pure Cornish is said to have been Dolly Pentreath, of Mousehole, near Penzance, who died in 1778, aged 102. And even she would not have talked Cornish in her youth, if she had not lived in one of the few parishes along the coasts of Mount's Bay and St. Ive's Bay, and a few districts to the west of those bays, where alone, at the beginning of the last century, the ancient dialect survived.

Sir John Mandeville, our first prose writer in formed English, tells us of himself that he was born at St. Alban's; that on Michaelmas day in the year 1322 he crossed the sea, and that after that date he remained long abroad, seeing and going through many divers lands—Tartary, Persia, Armenia; Lybia, Chaldea, and a great part of Ethiopia; Amazonia, India the Less and the Greater, a great part, and isles that are about India; and, having returned home, wrote his English book in England, four-and-thirty years after the date of his departure for strange lands. This father of our prose writers marks, therefore, strongly and at the very outset, that English spirit of adventure which has in every century supplied matter for a valuable part of our prose literature. Mandeville, after he came home, occupied himself in diffusing some of his recollections in the form of a book which may rank as, in formed English, the first of our long series of Traveller's Guides, his work being for the use of other English travellers or pilgrims, what might now be called a Traveller's Guide to Jerusalem, by four routes, with a Handbook to the Holy Places.

On his way home, Mandeville says that he told his adventures to the Pope, was absolved by his Holiness of all the traveller's sins that lay upon his conscience, and that he also showed to the Pope his book, which he had then written in Latin, of the marvels and customs that he had seen himself, and of the information he had got from men who knew of things that he had not seen. The Pope caused the book to be examined by his council, and the council not only approved it, but showed Mandeville a book that comprehended much more, by the which the "Mappa Mundi" was made.

So then, says, "John Mandeville, knight, above said. . . . Now I am come home (in spite of myself) to rest; for rheumatic

gouts, that distress me, fix the end of my labour, against my will (God knoweth)." Tied at home by the gout, he turned his Latin book into French, and then translated it again out of French into English, "that every man of the nation may understand it; and that lords and knights and other noble and worthy men, that know Latin but little, and have been beyond the sea, may know and understand, if I err from defect of memory, and may redress it and amend it." A loyal desire to establish only truth dictated that suggestion; and although the marvels in Mandeville's narrative have given him a character for lying, what he tells of his own knowledge seems to be all simply true; the mass of his incredible stuff being either the Church legend or local tradition, or report of books that he believed, or the report made to him abroad of countries that he did not himself visit. Thus, when he tells all that he heard about the Terrestrial Paradise, he begins by saying, "Of Paradise I cannot speak properly, for I was not there." As a traveller in our day, producing from personal knowledge a Handbook for Mr. Murray, would add to his experience the fruits of some research and reading, so did Mandeville when he produced his Handbook of Routes to the Holy Land. But his authorities were all dyed deeply with church legend and romance. He understood what he saw; but he was no critical reader; and, being devoutly credulous, he shows to excess that relish for the new and wonderful which forms part of the character of all men who take passionate enjoyment in a life of travel. And let us not overlook the fact that his devout orthodoxy did not blind Mandeville to all corruption of the Church. At Constantinople, where he was told that shaving is a deadly sin, he says that "they sell benefices of holy Church, and so do men in other places (God amend it when his will is!), and that is a great scandal; for now is Simony king, crowned in holy Church. God amend it for his mercy!"

At the Babylon of Egypt, Mandeville tells of the fair castle of the Sultan, strong and great, well set upon a rock, adding: "In that castle dwell always more than 6000 persons, who receive here all necessaries from the Sultan's court. I ought to know it well, for I dwelt a great while with him as soldier in his wars against the Bedouins; and he would have married me full

highly to a great prince's daughter, if I would have forsaken my law and my belief." Among the wonders of Egypt he says that men find there the apple-tree of Adam, the fruit of which has a bite on one side. Mandeville carrying letters of the Sultan with his great seal, while other men had commonly but his signet, was admitted in Palestine even to the least accessible of the Holy Places; and he sets forth what he there saw and was told. Then, in the true spirit of his design to produce a practical guide-book, he writes: "Now have I told you of ways by the which men go farthest and longest, as by Babylon and Mount Sinai, and many other places, through which lands men turn again to the Land of Promise. Now, I will tell you the direct way to Jerusalem; for some men will not pass it on account of the expense, or because they have no company, or for many other reasonable causes; and therefore I will tell you briefly how a man may go with little expense in a short time." He proceeds, therefore, to sketch three routes. Adding note of a way by Tartary, he says, "I have not been in that country; but I have been in other lands which border on those countries, and in the land of Russia, and in Nyflan, and in the realm of Cracow, and Letto, and in Dorestan, and in many other places which border on those parts; but I never went by that way to Jerusalem, wherefore I cannot describe it from personal knowledge." Mandeville condemns the vices of the Christians in his day, through the sketch of a dialogue concerning them between himself and the Sultan, probably an invented homily. It was afterwards turned into verse. In another interesting passage of his book he proves the roundness of the earth by his own observation of the stars: "By which," he says, "I tell you certainly that men may go all round the world, as well under as above, and return to their country, if they had company, shipping, and guides; and always they would find men, lands, and isles, as well as in our part of the world." Mandeville's travel over Asia brought him to the Tartars of Cathay, where he tells of the Great Khan, and says, "My fellows and I, with our yeoman, served this emperor, and were his soldiers, fifteen months, against the King of Mancy, who was at war with him, because we had great desire to see his nobleness, and the estate of his coast, and all his government, to know if it were such as we heard say."

Mandeville lived fifteen years after he had produced the English version of his book, and probably got liberty from the gout to go abroad again. He died, not in England but at Liège, in the year 1371.¹ As we have read his story of himself without attention to his spelling, I will add a sentence or two, showing how little the old spelling disguises the simplicity of his formed English. The Sultan, in the course of his criticism on the conduct of the Christians, says:—

“The Comownes, upon festyfulle dayes, whan thei scholden gon to Chirche to serve God, than gon thei to Tavernes, and ben there in glotony, alle the day and alle nyghte, and eten and drynken, as bestes that have no resoun, and wite not whan thei have ynow. And also the Cristene men enforen them, in alle maneres that thei mowen, for to fighte, and for to desceeyen that on that other. And therewithalle thei ben so proude, that thei knowen not how to ben clothed; now long, now schort, now streyt, now large, now swerded, now daggered, and in alle manere gyses. Thei scholden ben symple, meke and trewe, and fulle of Almes dede, as Jhesu was, in whom thei trowe.”

That they might be so, Wiclif now was labouring. In 1360 the Psalter was the only book of Scripture of which there was a complete version in English. Within less than twenty-five years from that date there was provided an English translation of the entire Bible, including the Apocrypha; John Wiclif being the director of the work. He began with Comments on the Gospels; and in the Prologue to the Gospel by Matthew strongly urged that the whole Scripture ought to be translated for use of the laity. Then Wiclif translated pious Clement of Lanthony's Harmony of the Gospels. Versions of the Epistles followed; the version of the Gospels was taken out of Wiclif's Commentaries; Epistles, Acts, and Apocalypse were added; names of translators being studiously kept out of sight, for it was a labour against custom and against authority disposed to argue by oppression.

John Wiclif was born not later than the year 1324, probably at the village of Hipswell, a mile distant from Richmond, in Yorkshire; his family being of the village of Wycliffe, some ten miles distant. It is said that he was in

¹ 'Mandeville's Travels,' of which there is a MS. written about 1400, Cotton. Titus, C. xvi., are accessible to every reader in the English version, with the spelling modernised, in Mr. Wright's edition of 'Early Travels in Palestine,' for Bohn's Antiq. Lib. (London, 1848.)

1356 a Fellow of Merton; but the Fellow of Merton was another John Wiclif, who died in 1383, a Sussex rector, and of whom the traces have sometimes been mistaken for those of the Reformer. There is evidence that in 1361 Wiclif was Master or Warden of Balliol College, Oxford. In that year also he was presented by the College to the rectory of Fylingham, in Lincolnshire, and soon afterwards resigning his mastership, he went to reside on his living. It was probably about two years later that he took his degree as Doctor of Divinity. Wiclif's historical life begins with the alliance of his pure desire to restore a spiritual church with John of Gaunt's effort, as chief of the feudal party at the Court, to humble the pride of the prelates who claimed temporal power. The Duke of Lancaster fought in what he took to be the quarrel of the Court. Wiclif, with a quick mind in a spare, frail body, a conversation "most innocent," and ascetic self-denial, was a combatant in what he felt to be the cause of heaven. The convocation of the Church, taking its stand wholly upon the quarrel that touched temporalities, and leaving untouched those points of doctrinal heresy which had been raised against Wiclif, attacked the Duke through his pure-minded partisan, who being in 1376 arraigned as a heretic, appeared at St. Paul's before the appointed ecclesiastical judges, with John of Gaunt and Percy, the Earl Marshal of England, for supporters. Their appearance led to a brawl, first between the great lords and Courtney, Bishop of London; then between the lords and their men, and the Londoners. Wiclif, not called upon to speak, was simply commanded to forbear thereafter from preaching or writing his doctrine.

But the monks who regarded Wiclif as their enemy obtained the Pope's injunction on the prelates and the university to renew process against him. Before the Pope's bulls to this effect reached England, Edward III. died, and the citizens of London made their peace with his successor. Although dispute presently revived, the Duke of Lancaster quieted it by withdrawing himself from Court. The people of England was against the Pope socially and politically, for his Court was the centre of all church corruption, and he was at Avignon, the slave of France. The Court in the first year of Richard II.'s reign had consulted Wiclif as to the lawfulness of withholding papal dues when there

was pressing need for defence of the country. Now, therefore, it was visibly in Wiclif's favour that the Pope was against him ; and when, in accordance with the summons that his holiness had dictated, the English reformer appeared, in 1378, before his church judges at Lambeth Palace, a message from the Princess of Wales forbade the bishops to proceed, and the mob appeared in person to break up the sittings.

In November, 1368, Wiclif exchanged his rectory of Fylingham for the living of Lugershill, in Buckinghamshire, and this he exchanged again in 1374, on presentation of the Crown, for the living of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, which he retained until his death. He never retained one living after he had received another. He was from time to time at Oxford, renting rooms at Queen's College—a poor foundation that took lodgers—and now and then disputing in the schools.

It was in the preface to his work on the Divine Government, *De Dominio Divino*, that Wiclif announced his intention of dedicating his time thenceforth to the study only of theology ; but his theology at first touched more nearly the constitution than the doctrines of the Church. He founded an order of "simple priests," whose long russet dress flowed to their heels, and who were to do what the Franciscans had been destined to do, without falling as they had fallen, into base forms of extravagance. They were to be poor without mendicancy, and to go forth as apostles to the poor. They worked in some dioceses, as in the large diocese of Lincoln, under episcopal sanction ; but they were suppressed a year or two before their founder's death.

It was in the spring of 1381 that Wiclif, who had begun to forsake the use of Latin and wrote English tracts, put out a paper containing twelve propositions in which he denied the doctrine of transubstantiation. His old adversary, Courtney, was then Archbishop of Canterbury, and it was he who instituted the ecclesiastical prosecution. The question being one of theology, and not of statecraft, John of Gaunt gave no countenance to his old supporter, and in May 1382 a council was held at the house of the especial guardians of theology, the Dominicans or Black Friars in London, to which Wiclif was not summoned, but at which twenty-four conclusions extracted from his writings were condemned. He was banished from the uni-

versity, and several heads of his party in the university were forced to recant. In 1384 Wiclif was summoned to appear before the Pope, but he was then dying from paralysis, and on the last day of that year he obeyed his summons to appear before a higher judgment seat.

In his work on Divine Government, Wiclif's doctrine is, that dominion belongs only to God, who delegates power to men on condition of obedience. Mortal sin, therefore, deprives man of his authority; in other words, he used to say that "Dominion is founded on Grace." As the Pope may be Christ's vicar on earth in spiritual rule, so is the king as much Christ's vicar in temporal authority. In either case, the final appeal is to God only. Wiclif wished the Church to resign its temporal endowments, and return to poverty and independence. The name of Lollard, given to his followers, was derived from a German reformer, Walter Lollardus, who was teaching before Wiclif, in 1315, and the name was attached not to the simple upholding of the tenets of Wiclif, but to all who were openly dissatisfied with any form of the use or abuse of spiritual power.¹ In the following specimen of the English of Wiclif's own part in the translation of his Bible, there may have been a strong sense of the Pharisee of his time, dictating the phrase that interprets to the simple the word proselyte.²

"Forsothe he that shal hie hym self, shal be mekid; and he that shal meeke hym self, shal been exhaustid. Sothely woo to you, scribis and Pharisees, ypocritis, for ye closen the kyngdam of heuenes before men; sothely ye entren nat, ne suffre men entrynge for to entre. Woo to you, scribis and Pharisees, ypocritis, that eten the housis of widues, in long preier preyinge; for this thing ye shulen take the more dom. Woo to you, scribis and Pharisees, ypocritis, that cumpasen the se and the lond, that yee maken o proselite, that is, a conuertid to youre ordre; and whanne he shal be maad, ye maken hym a sone of helle, double more than you."—(Matthew, ch. xxiii.)

¹ In this account of Wiclif I have been indebted to the Rev. Walter W. Shirley's introduction to the edition in the 'Chronicles and Memorials' of the 'Fasciculi Zizaniorum Magistri Johannis Wyclif cum Tritico, ascribed to Thomas Netter of Walden, Provincial of the Carmelite Order in England, and Confessor to King Henry the Fifth.' London, 1858.

² Wiclif's Bible was published at Oxford, 1850, in 4 quarto vols., edited by the Rev. Josiah Forshall and Sir Frederic Madden, with the later revised text supposed to have been written by Purvey about ten years after the completion of the older text in 1380.

It was probably in the year 1362; for there is allusion in the poem to a memorable gale from the south-west which occurred on Saturday the 15th of January in that year, Langlande's Vision of Piers Plowman. that the Vision of Piers Plowman was written. There is reference also to incidents of war with France and the treaty of Bretigny in 1360. Again in 1362 the people were fresh from the scourge (in 1361-2), of the second (the first one had been in 1348-9), of the three Great Pestilences which wasted England in the 14th century. The argument of the Pestilence as nature's warning to the conscience is again and again urged in the poem.

But in that year 1362 Wiclif was newly made Master of Balliol, and of his labour for reform before that time there is no record among his writings. It was fourteen years later, in 1376, that Wiclif was arraigned before the ecclesiastical court at St. Paul's, and went thither with John of Gaunt and the Earl Marshal by his side. The poem of Piers Plowman is therefore not strictly the work of a Wicliffite, though written by a man who was of Wiclif's mind. It has, indeed, still greater interest, as the expression by an English priest whose whole soul was astir with love of God and the People, of all social griefs that had come on the land with the degeneration of the prelates, priests and monks, the venality of Rome, the King's neglect of the Commons, robbery of the poor by the great lords and wide spread disorganization of society, even among the poor who were taught to spend their pence on buying "pardons by the pound," instead of being shown the heavenly way as Christ had taught it to the world. The 'Vision of Piers Plowman,' that is to say the vision of Christ, was written for the English people by a poet who not only employed, like Layamon, a language Saxon to the utmost, as used by the common people round his home by the Welsh border; if it be rightly inferred from his opening that he was at home among the Malvern Hills; but in whom we again hear the old music of Cædmon's form of verse. Without rhyme, unless by accident, and with alliteration in the Anglo-Saxon manner, a national poet of vivid imagination fastens on the courtly taste, presently to be described, for long allegorical dreams, and speaks by it to the humblest in a well sustained allegory, often of great subtlety, always embodying the

purest aspirations. Everywhere too it gives flesh and blood to its abstractions by the most vigorous directness of familiar detail, so that every truth might, if possible, go home, even by the cold hearth stone of the hungriest and most desolate of the poor, to whom its words of a wise sympathy might be recited.

The Vision of Piers Plowman.

In the soft summer season, says the Poet, I put on the habit of a layman, and went abroad into the world to hear wonders. And on Malvern Hills on a May morning, I saw what seemed to be a fairy marvel. I was weary with travel, and went to rest on a broad bank by a brook-side; and as I lay and looked on the waters, I was lulled to slumber by their pleasant sound. Then I had a marvellous dream that I was in a wilderness I wist not where, and as I looked eastward, high towards the sun, I saw a strong tower on a hill, with a deep dale beneath it, and therein a dungeon, with deep ditches and dark and dreadful to see. Between them I found a fair field full of folk, of all manner of men, the mean and the rich, working and wandering as the world requires.

This field is the world, and the poet peoples it with ploughmen, whose fruits of toil the gluttons waste, with gay men in rich apparel, anchorites and hermits who deny their bodies, thriving chaffers, minstrels, jesters and jongleurs, bedesmen and beggars, their bellies and bags crammed with bread, flattering for their food and fighting over the ale; with pilgrims also and palmers who went forth to seek Saint James and saints at Rome with many wise tales, and had leave to tell lies all their lives after. Hermits there in a heap, with hooked staves, went to Walsingham (a shrine of the Virgin in Norfolk), and their wenches after them, great long loobies who were loth to work; friars were there of all four orders, preaching to the people for the profit of themselves. There preached a pardoner as he were a priest; brought forth a bull with many bishops' seals, and said that himself might assoil them all of falsehood, of fasting, or of broken vows. Unlearned men believed it well, and liked his words, and came up kneeling to kiss his bulls. Thus they give their gold to keep gluttons and lecherous losel. Were the bishop a saint and worth both his ears, his seal should not be sent to deceive the people. The parish priest and the pardoner divide the silver of the poor. Parsons and parish priests complain to the bishop that since the pestilence time their parishes are poor, to have license and leave to live at London; bishops and bachelors, masters and doctors that have cure under Christ, lie at London, and some serve the king in public offices, some serve as stewards to lords and ladies. Then the poet represents in the world the Pope chosen by cardinals, the king led by knighthood—

“ Might of the communes
Made hym to regne.”

Also the natural office of clergy, and among the commons the mechanics and the ploughmen. He dwells on the king's duties, partly veiling in Latin the doctrine that the king reaps as he sows, bare justice if he do

bare justice untempered with mercy. Then he drops into the story of the rats and mice who proposed to bell the cat, but what this means

“Ye men that ben marye
Devyne ye, for I ne dar.”

Now he sees serjeants-of-law in their silk hoods marketing for justice; barons, burgesses, bondmen, bakesters, brewsters, butchers, woollen websters, linen weavers, tailors, tinkers, market tollers, masons, miners, ditchers, and delvers. Cooks and their boys crying, “Hot pics hot! Good geese and pigs! Go, dine, go!” Taverners join them with white wine of Osaie and red wine of Gascony, Rhine wine and Rochelle.

A lovely lady clothed in linnen came down from the castle, and said to the dreamer, “Sleepest thou, son? Seest thou this busy people? If they have worship in this world, they desire no better.” To his question she answered, that in the Tower on the Hill was Truth, the Father of Faith, who gave men five wits wherewith to worship him, and earth to yield them clothing, and meat and drink for discreet use at need. But that dungeon in the dale was the castle of Care, where dwelt its founder, Wrong, who is the Father of Falsehood. The lady herself, who had come out of the castle of Truth, was Holy Church. To her, therefore, when he heard who she was, the dreamer knelt, and asked how he should save his soul? By Truth, she answered him.

| | |
|--|---|
| “Who is trewe of his tonge And telleth noon oother, And dooth the werkes therwith And wilneth no man ille, He is a God by the Gospel A-grounde and o-lofte, | And y-like to oure Lord By Seint Luke's wordes. The clerkes that knowen this, Sholde kennen it aboute, For Cristen and un-Cristen Cleymeth it echone.” |
|--|---|

Kings and knights should hold to this,

“And Truthe telleth that Love
Is triacle of hevене.”

Be true, and love as he did who was merciful to them that pierced him, and

“Ye ne have namoore merite
In masse nor in houres.”

Faith without deeds is “dead as a door tree.” Chastity without charity is an unlighted lamp. So preaches the true Holy Church in this priest's vision. Love is the leech of life, and—

“Whan alle tresors ben tried
Treuthe is the beste.”

Then the dreamer prays the lady that she will teach him to know the false, and is bidden to look up and see where Falsehood stands. He sees a woman ringed with jewels, crowned and clothed in scarlet and gold. Lady Church explains that this is the maid Mede (worldly reward). To-morrow she will be married to Falsehood of fickle tongue. Having warned the dreamer against her, Church departed. But a great rout ran

about Mede, of whom there were none so familiar with her as Simony and Civil Law. Guile has given to the engaged couple the earldom of Envy and Wrath, the County of Covetousness, with all the coasts about, with gluttony and other like gifts, and to have and to hold for them and their heirs a dwelling with the devil, with all the appurtenances of purgatory. But after the reading of this settlement, Theology forbids the marriage; Mede being the daughter of Amends, designed to be the bride of Truth. Shall she, then, be given to a liar? Let the question be argued before the king in London. Law would consent to this, but Simony asked first for silver. Then Favel (Cajolery), the friend of Falsehood, brought out florins enow to buy false witness. So they went to Westminster; Mede on a sheriff shoed all new; Falsehood on a soft-trotting sisour (holder of assizes); and Favel on the back of a flatterer. But Simony and Law saddled officers of the ecclesiastical court with silver, and so they went, a great rout following, and Guile being their guide. But Soothness, who saw them, hurried forward to court, and told Conscience, who told the King. Warned by Conscience, the king bade his constable put Falsehood in fetters, pillory Liar, and bring Mede to him. Dread stood at the king's door, and, hearing that, warned Falsehood, who fled to the Friars; Guile was like to die, but the merchants found him, and invited him to lodge with them. Liar lurked as an outcast, nowhere welcome, till the Pardoners took pity on him, pulled him into their house, and sent him with seals to the churches on Sundays to sell pardons by the pound. But Mede was taken weeping to the king.

So Mede was brought to Westminster, where everybody worshipped her and the confessor, coped as a friar, offered himself as the servant of all her desires. The king desired to marry her to Conscience. But Conscience gave a string of good reasons—of the poet's devout satire—for saying nay to the king's question, "Woltow wedde this womman?" The political satire is continued in the retort of Mede on Conscience for the sacrifices and losses he caused both the king and his people to make. And then the lady showed that without Mede no man can live. But Conscience replied to the almost persuaded king that there were two manner of Medes: one granted by God to them who have wrought good works, pursuing truth; the other the reward that men take here beyond their fair hire and the just exchange of merchandise. But a good name is better than riches.

The king presently bade the contest cease, ordering Conscience and Mede both to serve him, and to kiss each other. Conscience refused to kiss Mede, except Reason counselled him thereto, and was bidden by the king, fetch Reason. The king met Reason courteously, and had set him on the bench between himself and his son, discoursing with him, when Peace came into the Parliament and laid complaint against the deeds of Wrong. The king knew, for Conscience assured him, the complaint was true. Wrong took counsel of Wisdom and Sir Waryn the Witty, who told him that he must trust in the help of Mede. Peace displayed to the king his broken head. But Wisdom, Wit, and Mede, pleaded for Wrong, Mede offering Peace a bribe of gold, which made Peace also a pleader for his enemy. The king said that unless Reason counselled Pity, Wrong should sit in the stocks. Reason then told what things must be before

he could have ruth. Were he a crowned king, Wrong should never go unpunished, nor get grace by gifts. Clerks that were confessors sought then to interpret the words of Reason all to the king's profit, and not for the comfort of the Commons. But the king, letting Reason guide him, declared himself wroth with Mede, and with Law that Mede swayed often to her will. Reason was never to depart from the king so long as Conscience remained one of the council.

Upon that agreement the king and his knights went to church, and so the first dream ended; the dreamer grieving that he had not slept better and seen more. He awoke too soon to know whether the pledge was kept. But he had not gone a furlong before he felt that he could not go another foot without sleeping, so he sat down and babbled on his beads, which brought on sleep. His first dream was an allegory of the world and of the duties of its kings. In his second dream he saw again the "feld ful of folk," and Reason had come out to preach that those Pestilences were for pure sin, and that the south-west wind on Saturday at even was evidently for pure pride. He bade Waster go work, and gave homely counsels of duty to Pernel Proud-heart, Tom Stoune, and Wat and Bet; bade also prelates and priests practise what they preached; advised Religion to hold fast to her rule, and the king to love his people;

" And sithen he preide the Pope
Have pité on holy chirche,
And er he gyve any grace,
Governe first hymselfe;"

while to the seekers of St. James and Saints of Rome, he said, "Seek Saint Truth, for he may save you all!" And then Repentance ran to Pernel and to Will; Lechery cried, Alas; Envy asked after shrift, and made confession; Wrath also came to confession of his practices and Covetousness too; their confessions and replies to questions of the confessor setting forth with homely force the common forms of such misdeed. Covetousness thought rifling was restitution,

" For I lerned nevere rede on boke,
And I kan no Frensshe, in feith,
But of the ferthest ende of Norfolk."

Before Repentance, also Gluttony and Sloth confessed their sins, and Robert the Robber. Repentance prayed, and then Hope blew a horn, at which the saints in heaven sang, and a thousand men cried up to Christ and his pure mother that they might have grace to seek Truth. But none of them knew the way. They met a pilgrim fresh from Sinai and the Holy Sepulchre, from seeking saints in many lands—

| | |
|--|--|
| " Knowestow aught a cor saint That men calle Truthe? Koudestow aught wissen us thi wey, Wher that we dwelleth? ' Nay, so me God helpe! Seide the gome thanne, ' I seigh nevere palmere | With pyk ne with scrippe, Asken after hym er Til now in this place? Peter quod, a plowman, And putte forth his hed, I knowe hym as kyndely As clerk doth his bokes"— |
|--|--|

Piers Plowman is thus introduced, first being offered to the mind as a type of the poor and simple, to whom the things of God are revealed, and gradually, within fifty lines, passing into the Christ, who came as one of low estate to guide the erring world into the way of truth. His direction to these people, moved by Reason and Repentance, is that they go through Meekness till they come into Conscience, love God and their neighbour, do as they would be done by, and go by way of the ten commandments (allegorically represented) to the court, of which Grace and his man, Amend-you, keep the wicket-gate that Eve first shut. If Grace would admit them through that gate, then they should see Truth in their hearts. Seven sisters ever serve Truth, and keep the posterns, Abstinence, Humility, Charity, Chastity, Patience, Peace, and Largeness or Liberality, who has holpen a thousand out of the devil's penfold. Any relation to one of these seven has the better welcome. The cut-purse and the holy-wafer maker were alarmed at hearing this, for they have no kindred with any of the seven. But Piers the Plowman, who "poked hem alle to good," told them that Mercy also is a maiden there, who has might over all; she is of kin to all the sinful, and her son also.

The Plowman himself has his half acre to plough and to sow by the highway. If they would first labour with him, he would be their guide. So they were put to works of honest duty (in Christ's half-acre, this world), the knight's charge being to protect the rest from harm. Then Waster defied Piers, and would not work. But Piers fetched Hunger to him, who took him by the belly and wrung him till his eyes watered, buffeting him, too, about the cheeks till he looked like a lanthorn all his life after. Dread of Hunger made the rest industrious.

Truth presently sent word to Piers, bidding him abide by his half-acre; and furnished also a bull of Pardon to those who had worked with him faithfully. This is the pardon of God to those who, under our Lord's guidance, live a life of work and love. A priest impugned the worth of such a pardon, and by the noise of his dispute the dreamer was awakened.

What meant this dream of Piers the Plowman at his half-acre, and of Truth's Bull of Pardon to those who should do well as fellow-labourers with him? The Pope grants passes into heaven, but to trust to these

"Is noght so siker for the soule,
Certes, as is Do-wel."

At the last day of account a "poke full of pardons" and indulgences double-fold are valueless without Do-wel's assistance. The dreamer awake searched, therefore, for Do-wel. He met two friars on a Friday, who told him that Do-wel and Do-yvele both lived with them. But as he travelled far, he fell asleep, to the song of birds, under a tree by a wood-side, and dreamt that a man like himself came to him and called him by his name. This was Thought, who told him that Do-wel, Do-better, and Do-best, are three fair virtues not far to find. Whoso is true of tongue and earns his bread by honest labour, takes only that which is his own and is not drunken or disdainful, him Do-wel follows. Do-bet doth thus and more. He is meek as a lamb, helpful to others, has broken the bags of Avarice, and has given the Bible to the people. Do-best is above both

and beareth a bishop's cross, with a crook at the end to hale men out of hell, and a pike wherewith to put down the wicked who seek to work harm against Do-wel. And Do-wel and Do-bet have crowned Do-best as their king. Thought brought the dreamer then to Wit (knowledge), from whom he was to learn where were the dwellings of these three.

Do-wel, said Wit, dwells in the Castle (of Man's Body) made by Kynde (Nature), who dwells there with his bride, Anima (the soul), whom envy hates, and desires to win away. For her protection Kynde has made Sir Do-wel Duke of the Marches; Do-bet, Sir Do-wel's daughter, is her damsel; and Do-best is her spiritual lord and teacher. The Constable of her Castle is Sir Inwit, who has five sons, See-well, Say-well, Hear-well, Sir Godfrey Go-well, and Sir Work-well-with-thine-hand.

But while Wit told these things, his wife, Dame Study, looked at him sternly, and presently

"Blamed hym and banned hym
And bad hym be stille,
With swiche wise wordes
To wissen any sottes.

And seide 'Noli mittere, man
Margery perles
Among hogges, that han
Hawes at wille.'"

Wit left the simple man himself to appease Dame Study by his meekness, and she, become gracious again, sent him on his search after Do-wel, Do-bet, and Do-best, to Clergy, who had wedded a wife named Scripture. They two should be able to direct him. Having been first shown, allegorically, the way to Clergy, the dreamer went, and Clergy told him of the evils and abuses in the church, but (ac) he says—

"Ac ther shal come a kyng
And confesse yow religiouses,
And bete yow as the Bible telleth
For brekyng of your rule;
And amende monyals,
Mónkes and chanons,
And puten to his penaunce
Ad pristinum statum ire;
And barons with erles beten hem
Thorough *Beatus virres*¹ techyng
That hir barnes claymen
And blame yow foule.
*Hi in curribus et hi in equis ipsi
obligati sunt,*² &c.

That Gregeries god-children
Han yvele despended.
And thanne shall the abbot of
Abyngdone,
And al his issue for evere
Have a knok of a kyng
And incurable the wounde.
That this worth sooth, seke ye
That ofte over se the Bible
*Quomodo cessavit exactor, quievit
tributum, contrivit Dominus
baculum impiorum et virgam
dominantium cædentium plagam
insanabili.*³

And thanne freres in hir fraytour
Shul fynden a keye
Of Constantyn's cofres,
In which is the catel

Ac er that kyng come,
Cayn shall awake.
But Do-wel shal dyngen hym adoun,
And destruye his might."

¹ "Blisful the man that went not awei in the counseil of unpitouse." Wiclif's Tr.

² "These in charis, and these in hors; wee forsothe in the name of the Lord oure God shul inwardli clepen." Ps. xix. 8. Wiclif's Tr.

³ "What manere cesede the wronge asker, rested the tribute? The Lord

Thus the poet foresaw the inevitable issue of the growing worldliness among those who should have been the guardians of religion. The dreamer replied that the teaching of Clergy had informed him little of the way to Do-wel. But Scripture reprov'd him, and in his doubt he was taken suddenly by Fortune into the land of Longing, and given to the persuasions of her two damsels, Concupiscentia-carnis and Covetousness-of-the-Eyes; so that for forty or fifty years, with Fortune for his friend, he was beguiled from thought of Do-wel and Do-bet. But old age then menaced him, and Scripture taught and Kynde (Nature) led him to the top of a high hill, whence he saw all the animals, except man, following Reason. Then he argued against Reason, and being rebuked awoke with a sense of shame, and felt that "to see much and suffer more" is Do-wel. One came to him then when he was awake, and discoursed with him, and told him that if he had not rebuked Reason, and through pride lost further knowledge, he would have heard from Reason what he had been told by Clergy.

This new friend was Imaginative, never idle, one who had often moved him to think of his end. By Imaginative he was told of the power and excellence of Kynde (Nature), and counselled to love Clergy, for Kynde Wit (Natural Knowledge) is his kin, and they are both near cousins to our Lord.

So when he slept again, Conscience comforted him, and bade him come to his court to dine with Clergy. Patience stood there as a poor hermit, and was made to sit with the dreamer at the side table. Conscience called for meat, and was served by Scripture. Before Patience and the Dreamer a sour loaf was set. Patience received the fare as princely. Then they were served with other meats, of Miserere-mei and Beatus-virres, and Quorum-tecta-sunt-peccata in a dish. Patience after that had his pittance, and Conscience comforted the guests with pleasant tales. A greedy doctor at the high table ate all the pudding and other good meats, leaving none for those who were more meanly placed. In an after-dinner conversation about Do-wel and Do-bet, this doctor said that Do-wel is Do as clerks preach; Do-bet, is he that teaches; and Do-best he that both teaches and does. But Clergy referred to one Piers Plowman who had made light of all knowledge but Love, and said that Do-wel and Do-bet are, according to him, finders of Do-best, who saves men's souls. Patience said he had been told that Disce was Do-wel, Doce Do-bet, and Dilige Do-best. But Conscience resolved to set out on a pilgrimage with Patience to discover more.

So they set forth, talking of Do-wel, and met Haukyn the Active Man, too busy to clean his coat. He sleeps in it. But Conscience told him how it might be cleaned, and Patience told him of a meat that never failed, though no man ploughed or sowed for it. The dreamer looked and saw that it was a piece of the Pater-noster, called Thy-Will-be-Done. "Take it, Haukyn," said Patience, "and eat this when thou hungerest or when thou art chill or wet; fetters shall never chafe, nor great lords

to-brosede the staf of unpitous men, the yerde of lordshipende men betende puples in indignacioun, with an unheleable plage." Isaiah xiv. 4-6. Wiclif's Tr.

anger, nor prison harm thee." Taught further by Conscience and Patience, Haukyn wept; and at the sound of his wailing, the dreamer awoke.

In his next dream Anima, the soul, spoke with him; and after lamenting the avarice and luxury of churchmen, sent him straight to Christ figured in

"Piers the Plowman,
Petrus in Christus."

The tree bearing the fruit of Charity grows in a garden held by Free-Will under Piers the Plowman. The allegory of that tree is worked out, and passes to its climax in the tale of the Sublime Charity of Our Lord's Life and Passion. By awaking from this vision, the dreamer lost sight of Piers, and, straining to recover knowledge of him, presently met a hoary man, named Faith, in the person of Abraham. There came to them also Hope, in search of Him who is to overcome all Evil. They talked as they went towards the jousts at Jerusalem, of the old and the new law; found by the way a man left wounded by thieves, whom Faith and Hope rode by, but the Samaritan descended from his horse to care for and lay him in an inn at the grange, called "Lex Christi." After discourse the Samaritan pricked on before them, and "went away as wind" towards Jerusalem. Therewith again the dreamer awoke.

When he slept next he dreamed that one like both to the Samaritan and to Piers Plowman came riding barefoot on an ass's back by the inn window. And Faith knew it to be Jesus gone to joust in the garb of Piers the Plowman. He shall joust with the foul fiend. The rest of this dream is the story of Piers Plowman as the Saviour.

In the next dream,

"Sodeynly we mette
That Piers the Plowman
Was peynted al blody
And com in with a cros
Bifore the comune peple,
And right lik in alle thynges
To oure Lord Jhesus."

Like to him who, as a child when he was not yet known as Holy Christ, began of his grace to Do-wel; who took afterwards a greater name, as Do-bet, when he healed and helped all that asked Grace of him; and who was Do-best from the time that his wounds were touched by the doubting Thomas.

"Thus hath Piers power,
By his pardon paid,
To bynde and unbynde,
Bothe here and ellis where."

And Grace gave to Piers the Plowman on earth, a team of four oxen that were the four evangelists, and four stots, Austin, Ambrose, Gregory, and Jerome, who followed with two harrows, an old and a new (Testament)

Piers's plough. And Grace gave the seed that should be sown; the spirits of prudence and of temperance and of fortitude and of justice.

Piers was attacked by Pride; therefore Conscience counselled his followers to defend themselves in the stronghold of Unity (the Church); Natural Wit and Conscience advising that it should be well entrenched. But Conscience taught also that assault was to be defied if each man would pay that which he owed to his neighbour. Then rolls again over the heavenward prospect the dark mist of human wrong and selfishness. The Pope—whom "God amende"—plunders the church,

"And counteth nought though Cristene ben
Killed and robbed;
And fynt folk to fighte
And Cristen blood to spille."

The king claims all that he can take.

In the next dream came in a man's form Antichrist to waste the crop of Truth. He reigned over all men but the mild and holy, and Pride boldly bare about his banner. Conscience then counselled that they all should go into Unity, Holy Church, and get help from Nature for the love of Piers the Plowman. Nature came with an army of Diseases and Pestilences; his soldier, Death, made great havoc. Then his army departed, but still Fortune, Lechery, Simony, and other enemies, warred upon Conscience. Life and his mistress, Fortune, sinned till Life was visited by Age and Despair. The dreamer took refuge from his share in the misfortunes of Life within the Church's Castle of Unity. But Flattery got entrance there as a physician; and Conscience, being thus ousted, set out on a new journey, saying—

"Now kynde me avenge,
And sende me hap and heele
Till I have PIERS THE PLOWMAN."

So, with the object of the search yet unattained, through the turmoil and disaster of his time, wherewith the poem ends, the poet sent his last thought heavenward, and built his last hope for the world upon a search for Christ.

Early in the sixteenth century it was a tradition that the author of this deep utterance of English earnestness was Robert Longlande or Langlande, born at Cleobury Mortimer, in Shropshire, educated at Oxford and a monk of Malvern. The dreamer in the poem is called Wil, and at the end of the last vision but one, on waking, he says that he

"Callede Kytte my wif
And Calote my doghter;
And bad hem rise and reverence
Goddess resurexion."

His acquaintance with Scripture and his first lines seem to indicate that he was an ecclesiastic. But conjecture may be at fault. In a hand of the fifteenth century, Sir Frederic Madden found on the fly-leaf of a MS. of *Piers Plowman* at Trinity College, Dublin, an entry that would make the name of the author William de Langland.¹

The popularity of the 'Vision of *Piers Plowman*' is testified by adoptions of the name of *Piers Plowman* for later Piers Plowman's Creed. *Wicliffite* poems written in the same metre, although without regard to the original allegory, treating *Piers* as a simple rustic. The chief of these, '*Piers Plowman's Creed*,' written near the close of the century, represents the writer seeking for his form of belief among the different orders of friars, and as he finds no charity among them seeking on until he gets the creed from poor and humble *Piers*.

We still find the best as well as the worst mind of the country in the Church, when we turn to John Barbour, the first John Barbour. poet of great mark who wrote in the formed English of the Scots. He was born, some think, at Aberdeen, perhaps in 1316, possibly as late as 1330. He was Archdeacon of Aberdeen in 1357; but according to the canon law it is only provided that an archdeacon's age shall not be less than five-and-twenty. In that year, 1357, he was described as Archdeacon of Aberdeen, in a safe conduct from Edward III. for himself and three students to visit the University of Oxford. Seven years later another safe conduct authorized the archdeacon to visit England with four horsemen, in order to study at Oxford or elsewhere. And four years later still, in 1368, he had safe conduct for his passage through England with two servants and two horses on his way to France for purposes of study. In 1373 his name appeared in a list of auditors of the Exchequer, and he

¹ "Memorandum, quod Stacy de Rokayle, pater Willielmi de Langland, qui Stacius fuit generosus, et morabatur in Schiptone under Whiewode, tenens domini Le Spenser in comitatu Oxon, qui prædictus Willielmus fecit librum qui vocatur *Perys Plowman*." Quoted in Mr. Thomas Wright's edition of '*The Vision and Creed of Piers Plowman*.' Edited from a Contemporary MS., with a Historical Introduction, Notes, and a Glossary. 2 vols. Second Edition. London, 1856.'

was still Archdeacon of Aberdeen. In his own poem, the 'Bruce,' there is clear evidence, in a date inserted while he wrote, that it was half written in the year 1375. He received from Robert II. of Scotland two pensions. One was for life, of ten pounds a year, payable from the Customs of Aberdeen; perhaps as a reward for the poem. The other was in perpetuity, of twenty shillings, payable from the rent of the lands and fisheries which Aberdeen held of the crown. This pension appears from the record certainly to have been granted as a reward for the writing of the poem. Barbour bequeathed it to the Dean and Chapter of Aberdeen, on condition that they said a yearly mass for his soul. Besides the 'Bruce,' which is extant, Barbour wrote a 'Brut,' or genealogy of Scottish Kings, from Trojan Brutus to his patron the chivalrous Robert II.

Barbour's 'Bruce' is a heroic narrative poem of more than 13,000 rhymed eight-syllabled lines. It is a vigorous and thoughtful narrative of the career of King Robert the Bruce, who appears in it as a knightly hero, able to defend a pass against three hundred men of Galloway, but whose career is faithfully followed, though it be with the wit of a poet rather than the literalness of a chronicler. The sober but unostentatious scholarship of the learned archdeacon, who quotes, like the author of *Piers Plowman* and other of his neighbours, the moral distichs of Dionysius Cato, and one or two not less popular works, who shows also by occasional inadvertent borrowing the then prevalent taste for Statius, but otherwise writes in the simplest way plain Saxon Northumbrian English of the Scottish form, gives double force to his frequent strokes of vigour. He had the warm heart of a scholar and a gentleman; was of liberal mind, beyond his day in contempt of astrology, and it was rather his poetry than superstition that made his King Edward consult with a fiend, and ascribed Bruce's constant misfortune in his early years, to his sacrilege in the slaying of Comyn at the high altar. Barbour had the warm heart of a scholar and of an English gentleman, or of a Scottish, for it is a distinction without difference. It was the sturdy love of freedom, again and again proving itself no small part of the soul of English Literature, that both made Barbour

Barbour's
'Bruce.'

a poet with the 'true fire in his verse, and made his hero to be Bruce of Bannockburn. Here for example there speaks Barbour, and through him the land that is still proud to claim him for its own :

“A! Fredome is a noble thing!
 Fredome mayss man to haiff liking;
 Fredome all solace to man giffis:
 He levys at ese that frely levys!
 A noble hart may haiff nane ese
 Na ellis nocht that may him plese,
 Gyff Fredome failyhe; for fre liking
 Is yharnyt¹ our all othir thing.
 Na he, that ay hass levyt fre,

May nocht knaw weil the propyrte,
 The angyr, na the wrechyt dome,
 That is cowplyt to foule thyrdome.
 Bot gyff he had assayit it,
 Than all perquer² he suld it wyt,
 And suld think Fredome mar to
 pryss
 Than all the gold in warld that is.”

¹ Yearned for. ² Par cœur.

Among Barbour's friends at Aberdeen was another man who took his patriotism into literature. John of Fordun, a Fordun's Chronicle of Scotland. village in Kincardine, wrote a *Scotichronicon*, or *Chronicle of Scotland*, beginning with the origin of the Scots, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, and ending, in the reign of Edward III., with the year 1360. This work is divided into chapters, and conceived and executed as a formal history. It is more like what we should now call history, as Barbour's Bruce is more like what we should now call a heroic poem, than any preceding work. John of Fordun, a secular priest and chaplain of the cathedral of Aberdeen, is said by Walter Bower, the continuer of his history, to have been a simple man, who had never graduated in the schools. Walter Bower, born Walter Bower. at Haddington, in 1385, became in 1418 Abbot of St. Columba, or Inch-Colm. At the request of Sir David Stewart, of Cosyith, he undertook to transcribe Fordun's papers; but instead of simply transcribing he interpolated information, and continued the history to the death of James I., extending the work from six books to sixteen. The *Chronicle of Fordun*, copied for many monasteries, became known to each as its own. Two such copies were famous as the *Black Book of Scone* and the *Black Book of Paisley*.¹ Of John of Fordun's Latin *Chronicle*

¹ Fordun's *Chronicle* to the middle of the fifth book was first printed by Dean Gale. A complete edition with the continuation was first published by

we may mark progress by noting how exceptional is the fact that it is a popular work, not written in the language of the people.

In speaking of the Vision of Piers Plowman reference was made to the French taste for allegorical dreams then fashionable, a taste that probably suggested to Langland the form of his great English poem, as it did certainly suggest to his contemporary, Chaucer, the form of his early verse, whether translated or original.

The 'Roman de la Rose' was the fashionable book at the beginning of the fourteenth century. It was the work of two writers, very differently minded. Guillaume de Lorris, in the thirteenth century, meant to substitute for the romance of chivalry a symbolic dream of the experiences of the lover. The war of north against south in the crusade against the Albigenses had stifled the voice of Provence, but the taste was widely spread for the ingenious affectations of the Troubadour. De Lorris represented Beauty as the Rose, and produced the Passions that attend on Love as persons of his drama. Upon this the second writer, Jean de Meung—who lived between the years 1260 and 1320—entering into the new temper of the time, grafted his satire against women, nobles, and the clergy. The poem thus begins in good faith with a dreamy idealization of chivalry, and, where the second writer takes the thread of it in hand, becomes a bitter satire. The 'Romaunt of the Rose' was but the more popular for this. The taste for that form of ingenuity which consists in the figuring of one thing by another, a taste that we have traced down from the fathers of the Christian church, had been especially cultivated by the poets in France and in Italy—as will be more fully shown of the Italians—who sang in the Provençal manner. The double sense was as necessary to the art of many poems as the rhyme itself; and clever readers liked to look for it, or make it for themselves. Thus, then, in the 'Romaunt,' for one the Rose might symbolize the

Hearne. 5 vols. Oxon, 1722. Another edition from a MS. in the library of the University of Edinburgh was edited in two folio vols., in 1759, by Walter Goodall, assistant keeper of the Advocates' Library.

Virgin Mary, for another the Philosopher's stone. Each adapted the allegory to his own sense of the object most worthy of search. When the continuation of the work, already so popular as to be widely imitated, was, at the wish of Philippe-le-Bel, written by Jean de Meung in the rigorous spirit of the reformers of that day, its popularity and influence were increased threefold. And this, of course, none the less for the offence it gave, and for the ban it was put under by one section of knights, priests, and women—

“ Se bien veux et chastement vivre
De la Rose ne lis le livre,”

is one of the notable morals of Christine de Pisan. What it then meant is evidenced by the fact that in the sixteenth century Clement Marot, the wit and poet of French protestantism, published an edition of it; or by the fact that Etienne Pasquier, vigorous in combat against the pride of the Pope and the encroachments of the Jesuits, was in such close harmony with its spirit that he preferred the ‘Roman de la Rose’ to the Divine Comedy. It was one of Chaucer's earlier labours to translate literally, and almost line for line, into English, this fashionable French romance. The part written by Guillaume de Lorris, in the more simple Provençal style, he translated entire. The part written by Jean de Meung, with which his own mind and his later original work was in most harmony, he compressed by the selection of passages. Throughout he has been simply a translator.

Chaucer's
translation
of it.

In the fourteenth century, Guillaume de Machault wrote as a feeble imitator of the first allegorical plan of the Romaunt of the Rose. His poems, like that Romance, which begot the new rage for allegorical dreaming, are all actions of a dream, expressed monotonously by descriptions. Machault had lords and ladies for his readers, and he represented the best literary style of the polite French rhymers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. As a poet, to this school belonged Froissart; and by Froissart, perhaps, its indolent poetry, with its festival and hunting scenes and dreams of magnificent parks, was brought to England. In the fashionable

Machault.

Froissart's
Poems.

French manner Chaucer wrote for the family of the Duke of Lancaster the *Complaint of the Black Knight*, Chaucer's *Dream*, and the *Book of the Duchess*; a trilogy upon the love of John of Gaunt, his marriage with Blanche, and the death of that Princess in 1369. The allegory of the *'Flower and the Leaf'* may have been written for John of Gaunt's daughter, Philippa. In all these poems Chaucer, submitting his own taste to that of his patrons, introduced matter of Machault's. His *'Complaint of the Black Knight'* perfectly resembles Froissart's *'Dit du bleu Chevalier.'* *'Chaucer's Dream'* seems to start from Machault's *'Dit du Lyon,'* and to include recollections from the verses of Marie de France. In the *'Book of the Duchess,'* M. E. G. Sandras, from whose recent study of Chaucer's relation to the French poets of his time I take information here given upon the subject,¹ finds reminiscences of the *'Roman de la Rose'* from which the chess-playing with Fortune is translated almost literally; of two of Machault's poems, the *'Fontaine Amoureuse'* and the *'Remède de Fortune,'* where is the original strain of the eulogy of Blanche, and of Froissart's *'Paradis d'Amour.'* In Chaucer's *'Flower and the Leaf'* are, again, images and thoughts of the school of Machault.

Eustache Deschamps, Machault's pupil and nephew, wrote for Philippa of Lancaster, on her marriage, in 1387, to John I. of Portugal, a poem in which the *Flower and Leaf* are compared, and the *Flower* obtains precedence. He wrote afterwards another, in which he gave the *Leaf* the victory. Philippa may possibly have shown the poem of Deschamps to Chaucer, and asked him to write on the same subject. The opening of Chaucer's *'Flower and the Leaf'* suggests resemblance to the opening of Machault's *'Dit du Vergier,'* the close to the fantastic vision of the *'Lai du Trot,'* taken from the chronicler Helinand, in which a troop of damsels, crowned with roses,

¹ *'Étude sur G. Chaucer considéré comme Imitateur des Trouvères,* par E. G. Sandras. Paris, 1859.' A valuable piece of research. But I have set aside parallels in which I do not believe, and said nothing of the author's critical opinions, from which I differ.

riding on rich palfreys, and escorted by young bachelors, is followed by a dismal troop, upon lean horses, of damsels who have lived but have not loved.

In the poem of Mars and Venus, Chaucer says that he has endeavoured

“To folow, word by word, the curiosite
Of Graunson, flour of hem that make in France.”

But Graunson is a poet of whose verse little remains.

Farewell to France. We have seen only the seed-time of Italian literature; for in the ripening under free air of its harvest is the growth of a new source of strength for the mind's life of Europe. I close, therefore, this book when English Chaucer sets his foot upon the soil of Dante's Florence.

Geoffrey Chaucer was born of unknown parents, at an uncertain date, usually said to be 1328; and it is not known where he was born, although, from the assumption Chaucer's early life. that he applied to himself in 'The Testament of Love' what he said of an imaginary character, it has been inferred that he was born in London. Some have said that he went to Oxford; some that he went to Cambridge; some that he went to both universities; but there is no evidence that he went to either, except in the fact that he was more learned than was usual with a gentleman who had not been trained at the university for some learned profession. It has been said that he was educated to the law; and Thomas Speght¹ stated that a Mr. Buckley had seen a record of the Inner Temple, showing that Chaucer, while of that Inn, had been fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan friar in Fleet Street. In the autumn of 1359, Chaucer was in the army with which Edward III. invaded France; and that was his first military service. He was taken prisoner by the French during the expedition which ended with the peace of Chartres, in May, 1360, two years before the author of 'Piers Plowman' wrote that poem. For the next seven years nothing is known of Chaucer's life. In 1367 he was in the position of a

¹ Life of Chaucer prefixed to the (4th) edition of his Works published in 1598.

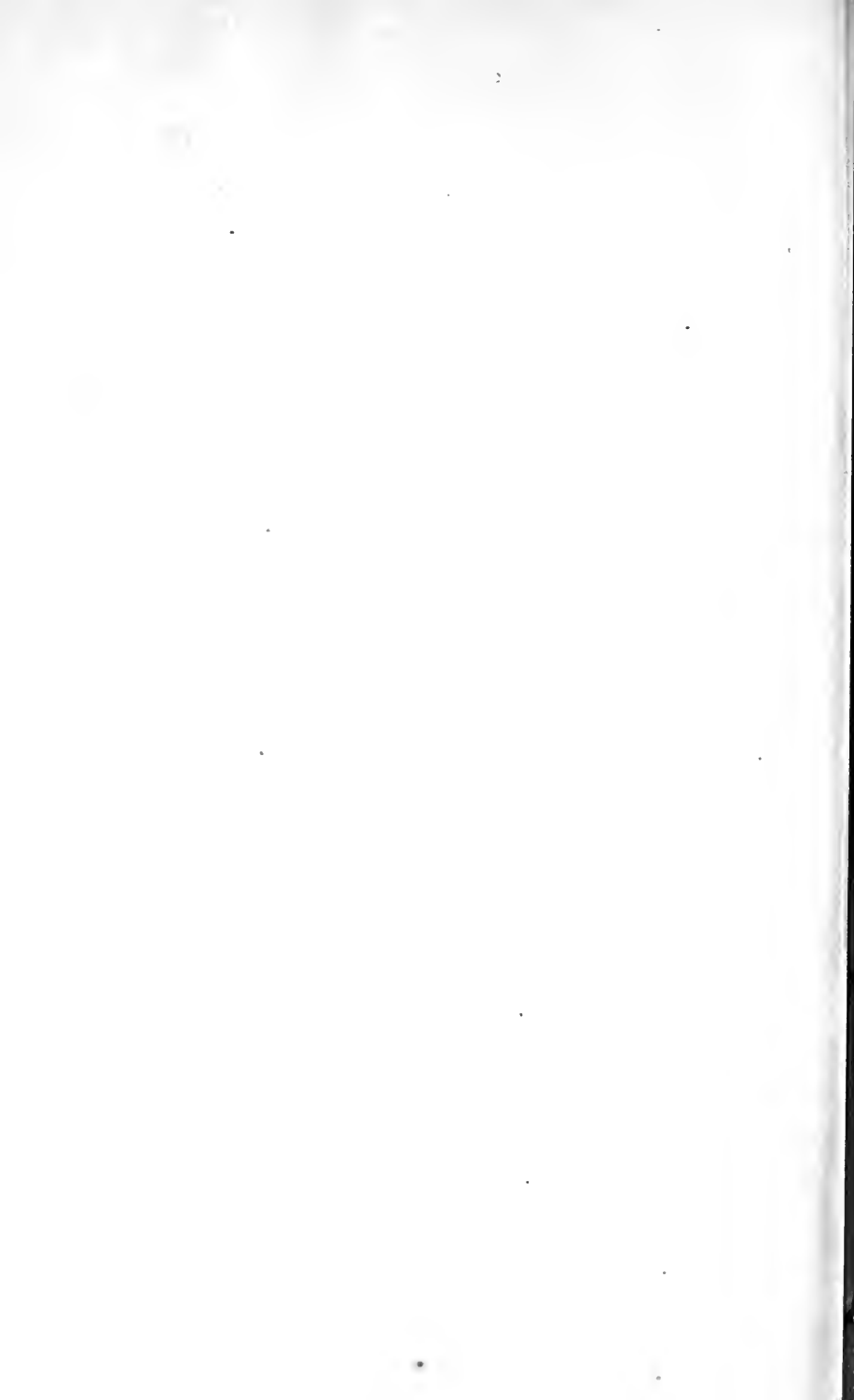
gentleman, as one of the valets of the king's chamber, and obtained from the King as "dilectus valettus noster" a salary of twenty marks a-year for life, or until he should be otherwise provided for. About that time he married Philippa, one of the ladies in attendance on the Queen, eldest daughter of Sir Payne Roet, and sister of Catherine Swynford, the widow who was first mistress and afterwards wife to John of Gaunt. Chaucer was abroad on the King's service during part of the year 1370. In 1372 he was one of the King's esquires, appointed to treat with Genoese citizens concerning choice of a commercial port for use of the Genoese in England. Soon afterwards—it was in the year before the death of Petrarch—he left England and went to Italy. At home again, in November, 1373; in February, 1374, he received at the Exchequer 25*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* for his expenses while in the King's service at Genoa and Florence.

Here, then, I close, where there is no break—for there is nowhere a break—in the continuity of English thought, the first part of the story of its course. It is well that we should speak of Italy while seeking to draw nearer to the life and soul of the most English of our poets, for thereby we shall connect with the first study of Italian influence the most emphatic sense of the fact, that the mind of England is its literature under all diversities of manner. There is no break or change in the river at the sharpest bend upon its course. And that none may by any chance complacently regard divisions of a literature, here adopted, as the actual cutting of a mind into so many parts, I close this book where it is most obvious that the stream of life and thought is running on. Let us end, therefore, with the English voice of Chaucer in our ears:—

"Fly from the press, and dwell with soothfastness,
 Suffice unto thy good, though it be small;
 For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness,
 Press hath envy and weal is blind over all.
 Savour no more than thee behovè shall.
 Read well thyself that other folks canst read
 And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no drede.

* * * *

That thee is sent receive in buxomness,
The wrastling of this world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness,
Forth, pilgrimë! forth, beast out of thy stall!
Look up on high, and thankë God of all.
Waivë thy lusts, and let thy ghost thee lead,
And Truth thee shall deliver, it is no drede."



INDEX TO VOL. I.

PART II.

AILRED.

A.

- Ailred of Rievaulx, 541, 2.
 Albigenses, the, 557; 683, 4.
 Alexander, romance of King, 668-82.
 Alfred of Beverley, 503, 4.
 Allegory, 729.
 Ancren Riwle, the, 639-42.
 Anglo-Saxon chronicle, 473, 4; 479;
 language, 611-14; 631, 2, 7; 641, 2.
 Anselm, 445.
 Apocalypse of Goliath, Map's, 587-90.
 Apollonius of Tyre, 727.
 Arabs, influence of the, 426; 447-9;
 602, 3.
 Arthur, King, romances of, 498-502;
 562-73.
 Ashe, Simon, 600.
 Avallenau, the, 651, 2.

B.

- Bacon, Friar Roger, 688-96.
 Ballads, the first, 646, 7.
 Barbour, John, 767-9.
 Bartholomew Cotton, 708-9.
 Battles, King Arthur's, 501, 2; Ban-
 nockburn, 667; Cressy, 737-40.
 Becket, Thomas, 506-9.
 Benedict of Peterborough, 607.
 Benoit, 505.
 Bercheur, Pierre, 722.
 Bible, Translation of the, 741; 753.
 Borron, Robert, 563, 8; Hélie de, 563.
 Bower, Walter, 769, 70.
 Bruce, Barbour's, 768, 9.
 Brunellus, Wireker's, 593-6.
 Brunne, Robert of, 715-22.
 Brut, Wace's, 505, 615; Layamon's,
 615-31.
 Burton, Annals of, 707, 8.

C.

- Canute's Song, 468.
 Caradoc of Lancarvon, 536.
 Charlemagne, the romances of, 660.

DRAMA.

- Chaucer, 727; 771-5.
 Chester Plays, the, 748.
 Chrestien of Troyes, 563; 571-3.
 Christianity, its first effect on literature,
 529, 30.
 Chronicle, the Anglo-Saxon, 473, 4;
 479.
 Chroniclers, the Anglo-Norman, 476, 7;
 482-519; 533-42; 600-9; 703-20.
 Cid Campeador, Poem of the, 583.
 Cistercians, the, 584, 5; 683.
 Cleges, Sir, Fabliau of, 733-5.
 Clement of Lanthony, 606, 7.
 Cliget, Romance of, 572.
 Cockayne, the Land of, 746.
 Cocorum, Liber Cure, 747.
 Colman, 484.
 Confession of Goliath, Map's, 590, 1.
 Conquest of Ireland, Giraldus Cam-
 brensis on the, 520, 1.
 Contempt of the World, Henry of Hun-
 tingdon's book on, 538-40.
 Convito, Dante's, 703-20.
 Cornish, Old, Dialect and Literature,
 748-50.
 Cotton, Bartholomew, 708, 9.
 Coventry Plays, the, 748.
 Craon, de, Maurice and Peter, 600.
 Cressy, Minot's Song on the Battle of,
 737-40.
 Crusades, influence of the, 456-8; 603-5;
 659.
 Cuckoo Song, 643, 4.
 Curtasye, the Book of, 747, 8.
 Cymry, ancient Literature of the, 648-
 57.

D.

- Danes, the, 427-35; Dano-Saxon Ro-
 mance, 660.
 Daniel, Hilarius's Play of, 548, 9.
 Dialogue on the Exchequer, 609, 10.
 Diceto, Ralph de, 607.
 Dits and Ditties, 730.
 Dominicans, the, 684-6.
 Drama, the, 542-552; 748, 9.

DUDO.

Dudo of St. Quentin, 430.
Duns Scotus, 701.

E.

Eadmer, 445, 6.
Edward the Confessor, an anonymous
Life of, 434-9.
English, development out of Anglo-
Saxon, 611-14; 631, 2; 637; 641, 2;
704, 5; 740; 745, 6.
Erceldoune, Thomas of, 665-7.
Erec and Enide, Romance of, 563;
571, 2; 653.
Eulogium Historiarum, 712, 3,
Exchequer, Dialogue on the, 609, 10.

F.

Fabliaux, 732-5.
Fitzstephen, William, 542.
Flemish Romance, 573, 5.
Foliot, Gilbert, 600.
Fordun's Chronicle of Scotland, 769.
Franciscans, the, 686-96.

G.

Gaimar, Geoffrey, 504.
Galahad, Sir, 568; 570, 1.
Gawayne, Sir, 662-4.
Gemma Ecclesiastica, 522.
Geoffrey of Monmouth, 496-503.
Geraint, 571; 653.
Gerland, 477, 8.
Gervase of Canterbury, 608.
——— Tilbury, 608, 9.
Gesta Romanorum, 721-8.
——— Stephani, 495, 6.
Gestes, 661.
Giraldus Cambrensis, 509-23.
Gloucester, Robert of, 703-5.
Godric, St., Rhymes of, 469, 70.
Goliath, Map's, 586-92.
Glanville, Ralph de, 604.
Gospels, Wiclif's, 753, 6.
Gottsched, 741.
Gower, 726, 7.
Graal, St., Romances of the, 563-71;
663.
Gray, his translations from the Welsh,
649.
Grosseteste, 696-700.
Gnelfs and Ghibellines, 579-81.
Gumhilda, Songs on the Marriage of,
469.
Guy of Warwick, 661; 726.
Gwalchmai, 649.
Gyron le Courtois, Romance of, 563.

LANCELOT.

H.

Hampole, Richard Rolle of, 741-5.
Handlyng Synne, the, 716-21.
Hartmann von Aue, 571, 2.
Havelok the Dane, Lay of, 459-67.
Heliand, the, 576.
Heming, 484.
Hemingford, Walter, 712.
Henry of Huntingdon, 538-40.
Herbert of Bosham, 601.
Here Prophecy, the, 657-9.
Herward in the Fens, 471, 2.
Hilarius, his Plays and Poems, 542-9.
Higden, Ralph, 712.
Hildebrandslied, the, 576.
Hirlas Horn, Poem of the, 650.
Hoveden, Roger of, 606.
Howel, Prince, 650, 1.
Huchowne, 664, 5.
Hugo Candidus, 541.

I.

Influence, Literary, of Race, 527-9; of
the Conquest on the Anglo-Saxons,
439, 40; of the Arabs, 426; 447-9;
602, 3; of the Crusades, 456-8; 603-5;
659.
Italy, seed-time of Modern Literature
in, 577-82.

J.

Jerusalem, travels to, 483; 750-3.
——— taken by Saladin, 516; 561.
Jocelin of Brakelonde, 601, 2.
——— of Furness, 602.
John of Fordun, 769.
——— of Hexham, 541.
——— of Oxnead, 709, 10.
——— of Salisbury, 596-9.
Joinville, 713.
Jongleurs, 661, 2.
Joseph of Exeter, 599, 600.
Journalists, the monks as, 476, 7; 482-
519; 533-6; 600-9; 703-20.

K.

King Alexander, romance of, 668-82.
——— Arthur, romance of, 408-502;
562-73.
——— Horn, 660, 1.
Kynddelw, 651.
Kyot of Provins, 571.

L.

Lancelot of the Lake, Romance of, 563,
5, 8; 573.

LANFRANC.

Lanfranc, 444, 5.
 Langlande's Piers Plowman, 756-67.
 Langtoft, Peter, 712.
 Langton, Stephen, 703.
 Langue d'Oc and Langue d'Oyl, 451-4;
 573, 4.
 Latin of the third period, 612-4; 617, 8.
 — Prose writing, decay of, 523-5.
 Laurence of Durham, 537.
 Layamon, 614-35.
 Lays, 732.
 Lazarus, Mystery Play of the Raising
 of, 545, 6.
 Littus, Saxonium, 429.
 Llywarch ab Llewellyn, 651.
 Local Nomenclature, 431.
 London, 623.
 Lucas de Gast, 563.
 Lucian of Chester, 483.

M.

Mabinogion, the, 571; 651-4.
 Machault, 771, 2.
 Malmesbury, William of, 491-5.
 Mannyng, Robert, of Brunne, 715-21.
 Manuel des Pêchés, 716-21.
 Mandeville, Sir John, 750-3.
 Map, Walter, 553-71; 584-92.
 Margan, Annals of, 706.
 Marianus Scotus, 482.
 Marleberge, Thomas de, 705.
 Matthew Paris, 707.
 — of Westminster, 711.
 Meilyr, 649.
 Melrose, Chronicle of, 708.
 Mendicant Orders, first influence of the,
 688.
 Merlin, romance of, 491, 9; 501; 563,
 5, 8.
 Michael of Kildare, 747.
 — Scot, 700, 1.
 Minot, Laurence, 735-40.
 Minnesänger, the, 577.
 Minstrels, 661.
 Miracle Plays, 542-52.
 Monasticism, degenerate, 583-95.
 Monmouth, Geoffrey of, 496-503.
 Morley, Daniel, 602, 3.
 Muspilli, 576.
 Mythological Poems, the Welsh, 651-7.

N.

Nature of Things, Questions in, Athel-
 lard's, 478-81.
 Neckham, Alexander, 607, 8.
 Nibelungenlied, the, 575; 582.
 Nicholas, St., Hilarius's Miracle Play
 of, 547, 8.
 Niger, Randolph, 601.

ROBERT.

Normans, the, 427-34; 470-6; 533-6.
 Norse in English, 411-3.
 Nugis Curialium, de, Map's, 557-62.
 ————— John of Salis-
 bury's, 597-9.

O.

Occam, 701, 2.
 Oecleve, 727.
 Olave, St., 443.
 Ordeal of Fire, Welsh Poem on Trial
 by, 651.
 Ordericus Vitalis, 487-91.
 Orkneys, Vikings in the, 432.
 Ormin, 636-8.
 Ormulum, the, 636-9.
 Osbern, 482.
 Otia Imperialia, Gervase of Tilbury's,
 608, 9.
 Owain, Prince of Powys, 650.
 Owl and Nightingale, Poem of the,
 702, 3.
 Oxnead, John of, 709, 10.

P.

Parcival, Wolfram von Eschenbach's,
 571.
 Percival le Gallois, 563; 572; 653.
 Period of the Formation of the English
 Language (*continued*), 427-775.
 Philip de Thaur, 481.
 Piers Plowman, Vision of, 757-67.
 His creed, 767.
 Plays, 542-52; 748, 9.
 Political Poems and Songs, 735-40.
 Poor, Bishop, 640.
 Pope, the, his authority in England,
 475, 6.
 Powys, Owain, Prince of, 650.
 Pricke of Conscience, Hampole's, 742-5.
 Prose, first English, 746.
 Provençal language and poetry, 449-
 55; 573, 4.
 Psalms, Surtees Collection of, 728. Wil-
 liam of Shoreham's Version of the,
 741.

Q.

Quest of the Graal, Map's, 563; 566-9.
 Questions in Nature, Athelard's, 478-81.

R.

Race, Influence of, 527-9.
 Ralph de Diceto, 607.
 Reineke Fuchs, 575.
 Ricemarchus, 481.
 Richard the Canon, 603.
 — of Devizes, 617.
 — of Hexham, 541.
 Robert of Brunne, 715-21.

ROBERT.

Robert of Gloucester, 703-5.
 Robin Hood, 644, 5.
 Roger Bacon, 688-96.
 ——— of Hoveden, 606.
 ——— of Wendover, 706, 7.
 Rolle, Richard, of Hampole, 741-5.
 Rollo, Rolf or Rou, 428-32. Wace's Romance of, 505.
 Romance Languages, the, 449-54.
 Romaunt of the Rose, the, 770, 1.
 Rusticien le Pise, 563.

S.

Saints, Lives of, 530-3.
 Scandinavian in English, 441-3.
 Scandinavians, 427; 432.
 Science, Arabian, 477-81.
 Scot, Michael, 700, 1.
 Seven Sages, Romance of the, 747.
 Shakespeare, 727, 8.
 Simeon of Durham, 487.
 Songs of the People, 465-70; 522, 3;
 643-7; 735-40.
 Suabian Poets, 577.
 Sulcard, 484.

T.

Taliesin, romance of, 654-7.
 Thomas of Marlborough, 705, 6.
 ——— of Erceldoune, 665-7,
 Topography of Ireland, Gerald de
 Barri's, 518-20.
 Triads, the Welsh, 652, 3.
 Tristan, the romance of, 563; 663, 4.
 Trivet, Nicholas, 711.
 Troubadours, 449; 454-6.
 Turgot, 484-7.
 Turpin, Archbishop, 566.

YWAINE.

U.

Ulfilas, 575.

V.

Vikings, the, 428-33.
 Villehardouin, 713.
 Vinsauf, Geoffrey de, 603, 4.
 Virgil, Romance of the Enchanter,
 731, 2.
 Vision of Piers Plowman, the, 757-67.

W.

Wace, 504, 5.
 Waddington, William of, 716, 7.
 Walter de Coutances, 603.
 Walther of Aquitaine, the romance of,
 576.
 Waverley, Annals of, 708.
 Wicliff, John, 753-6.
 Wikes, Thomas, 711.
 William King of England, Romance of,
 572.
 ——— and the Werwolf, Romance of,
 667, 8.
 ——— of Malmesbury, 491-5.
 ——— of Newbury, 605.
 ——— of Shoreham, 741
 ——— of Waddington, 716, 7.
 Wireker, Nigel, 593-6.
 Wolfram von Eschenbach, 571.

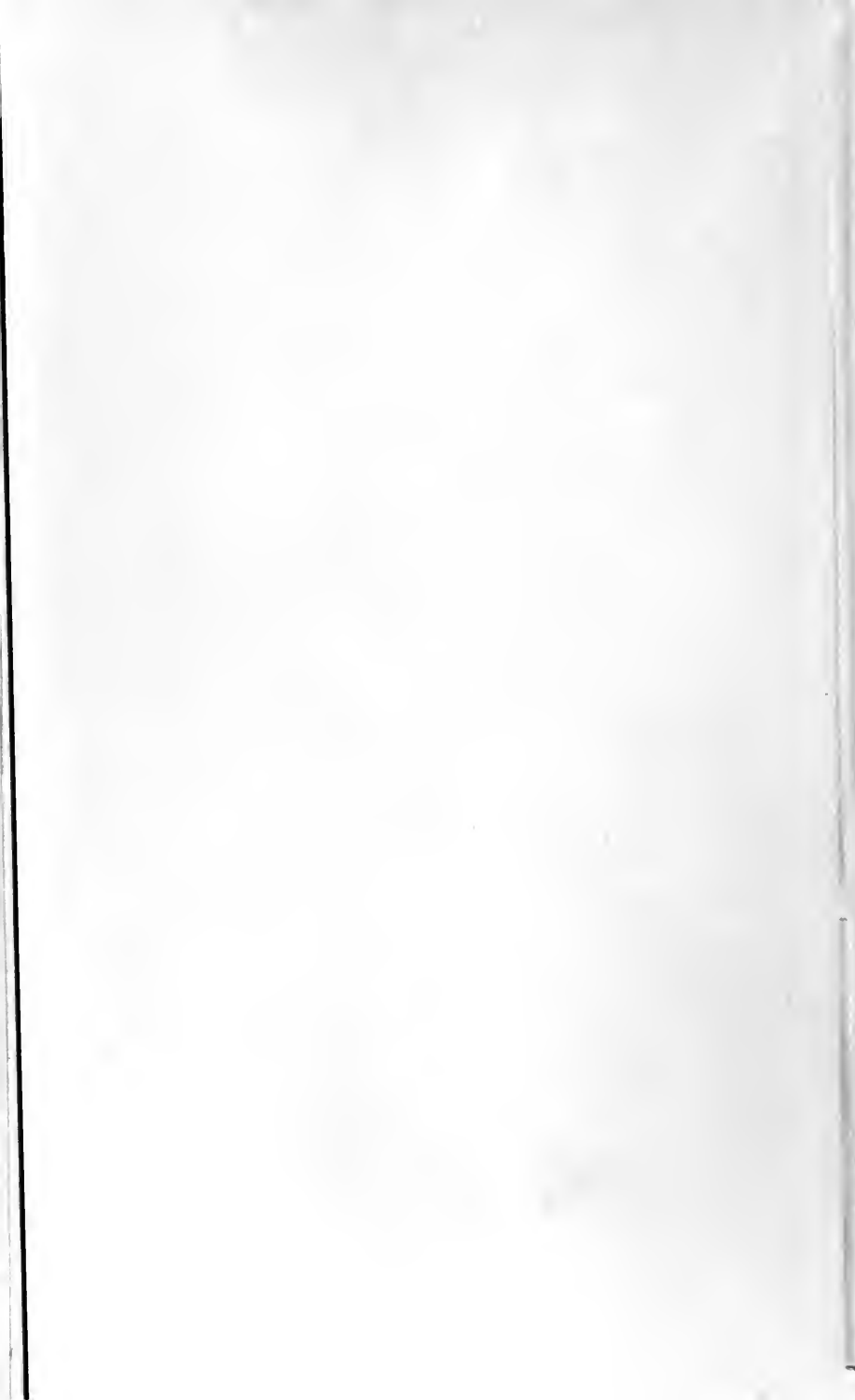
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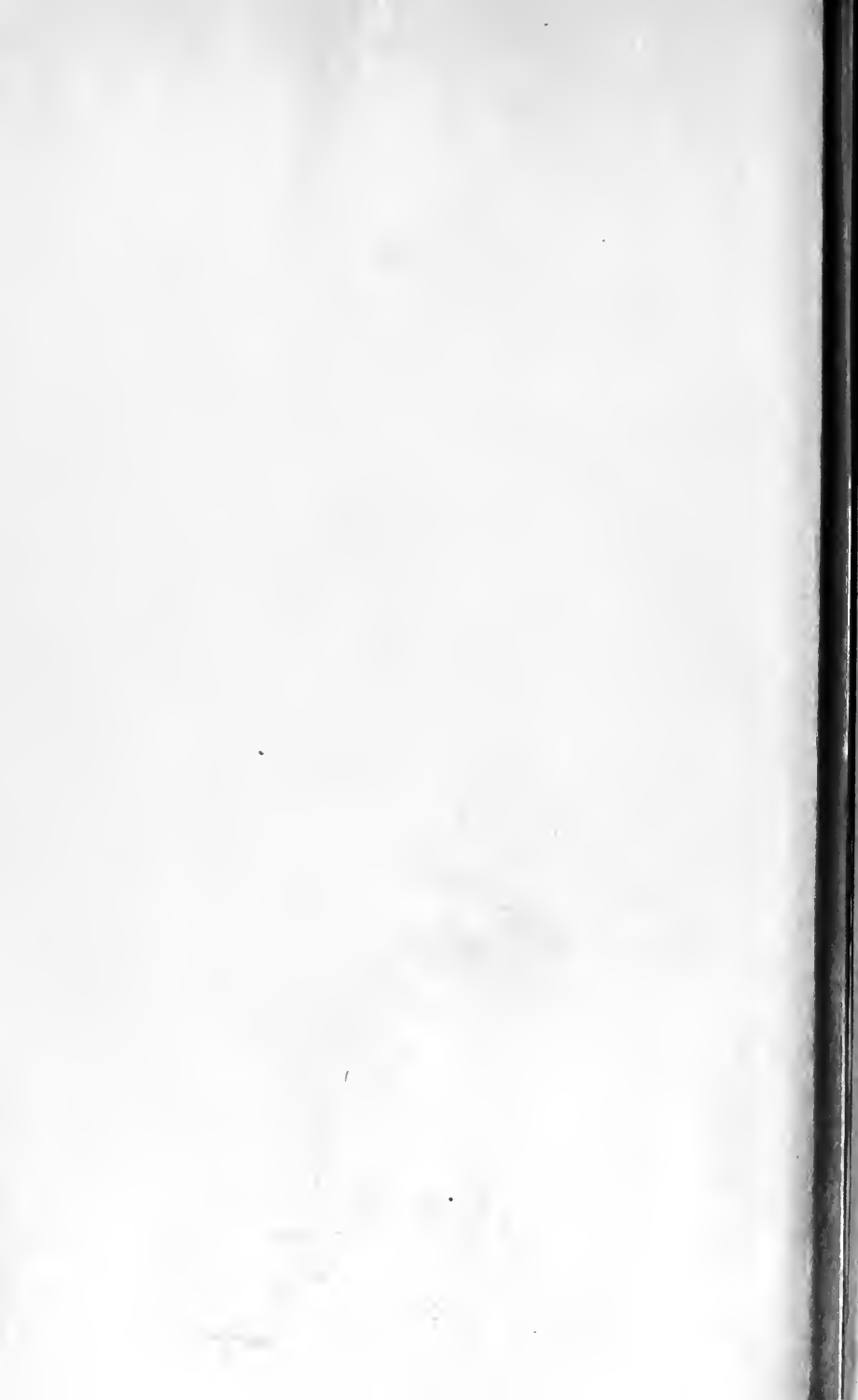
Ysaecult la Blonde, 572.
 Ywayne and Gawin, romance of, 563.

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