Captain W. Owen,

Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

William Owen of Holly Bush
and Light Infantry
with his authors' duty.

GERALD

THE WELSHMAN.

BY

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PHELAN

I HAVE thought that it might be useful to Welsh students if I published in a more extended form the Lecture on "Giraldus Cambrensis" which I delivered before the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion on *Nos-wyl Dewi Sant* in this year. The works of Gerald are but little known. The Rolls Edition, on which my Lecture was founded, is not accessible to all, and seven ponderous volumes of mediæval Latin are deterrent to many. I have added some notes—as Gerald would say, for learners, not for the learned. I have to express my acknowledgments to Mr. Vincent Evans, the Secretary of the Honourable Society, for much valuable aid in seeing this essay through the press.

H. O.

Withy Bush, Haverfordwest, 1889.

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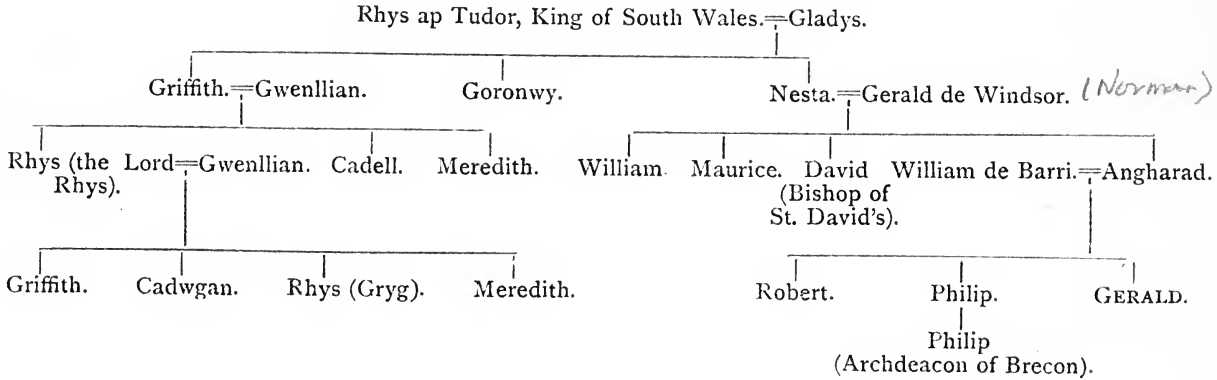


NOTE.—Gerald had a half-brother, Walter, who was killed in Wales.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

1147—1172.

GERALD THE WELSHMAN, famous in literature under the Latinised form of his name, Giraldus Cambrensis, was born at Manorbier Castle, in the county of Pembroke. Of his birthplace he says, in the *Itinerary*[1]: "As Demetia (Dyved), with its seven cantreds, is the fairest of all the lands of Wales, as Pembroke is the fairest part of Demetia, and this spot the fairest of Pembroke, it follows that Manorbier is the sweetest spot in Wales." He is often spoken of, even by Dr. Powel, as Sylvester Giraldus, as if Sylvester were part of his name; but it was evidently a term of reproach applied to him as a Welshman.[2] His father was William de Barri, a member of a noble Norman family, who, according to Gerald, derived their name from Barry Island, on the coast of Gla-

[1] i, 12.

[2] In a letter to Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, in the third book of the *De Jure et Statu*, he says: "Non tam sylvester sum sicut adversarii mentiuntur."

morgan: his mother was Angharad (William de Barri's second wife), the daughter of Gerald de Windsor, castellan of Pembroke, and of the famous Nesta. This Nesta, the so-called Helen of Wales, was the daughter of Rhys ap Tudor, the last of the Welsh kings; by King Henry I, she was the mother of the Fitz-Henries; by Gerald de Windsor of the Fitz-Geralds; and by Stephen, castellan of Aberteivi, of the Fitz-Stephens. Nesta took an active share in the politics of her time. Her capture from Gerald de Windsor, by Owen ap Cadwgan of Powys (as told in the *Brut*, anno 1106), reads like a chapter of romance. It was to celebrate the achievements of her descendants that Gerald wrote the history of the conquest of Ireland. Gerald inherited in no small degree the personal beauty of his famous grandmother. He frequently alludes, not without satisfaction, to the compliments which were paid to his commanding form and to his handsome face.[1]

Gerald was born, according to the most probable calculation, in 1147.[2] He lived over the threescore years and ten, and therefore died in the early years of the reign of Henry III, but his active life was spent under the first three Plantagenet kings, Henry II, Richard I, and John.

Within a few years after the battle of Hastings, Norman adventurers had spread into Wales—first

[1] "Is it possible so fair a youth can die?" asked Baldwin, then Bishop of Worcester, when he saw him in his student days. (*Speculum Eccl.*, ii, 33.)

[2] Gerald's own dates are, as a rule, entirely untrustworthy.

to take part in the never-ending feuds between the native princes, and then to take, under grant from the English crown, such part of their lands as they could reduce into their own possession.[1] The tide of invasion had been rolled back during the English troubles in the reign of Stephen, but in 1154 appeared a strong man on the throne, by whom the subjection of Wales was carried on in a more systematic fashion than under his grandfather, Henry I, and who made use of Norman prelates and Norman barons to further his policy in church and state. It must, however, be borne in mind that, on the high authority of Mr. Freeman, the English and Norman nations are stated, by the time of Henry II, to have become blended into one.[2]

Gerald's early education was undertaken by his uncle, David Fitz-Gerald, Bishop of St. David's (called by him David II, to distinguish him from the patron saint). The state of learning in Wales in those days was at the lowest ebb; and the Rolls editor argues, from the absence of all notice of any place of learning in Wales in all Gerald's writings, the dearth of Welsh names of literary

[1] The Welsh chronicler, speaking of the settlements of the Flemings in Roose (in the county of Pembroke) by Henry I, observes that the king was very liberal of that which was not his own.

[2] *Norman Conquest*, v, 655. He, however, admits that Gerald is an authority to the contrary. Gervase of Tilbury, who wrote early in the thirteenth century, says that you could not then tell the difference between a Norman and an Englishman—but this only applied to the free men.

note in that century. But there would appear to have been some incitements to literature in the age which produced the famous trio of Welsh scholars—Gerald, Mapes, and Geoffrey of Monmouth. And the learning of Gerald, the "universal scholar", as Mr. Freeman calls him, was prodigious, and is displayed lavishly and ostentatiously in every page of his writings. He quotes with prodigality from Holy Writ, from the fathers of the Church, from the whole range of Latin literature, and, not the least, from his favourite author, Giraldus Cambrensis.[1] He quotes some words of Greek, but the scanty references to Greek literature seem to have been filtered through a Latin translation. He also quotes Welsh, but his acquaintance with the language does not appear to have been sufficient to enable him to preach in it.[2]

All we know of his education is, that after he had left the care of his uncle's chaplains he studied at Gloucester, at the Abbey of St. Peter, and for three years went through the usual course at Paris, giving especial attention to rhetoric and theology. He tells us, with his accustomed

[1] In his later books he frequently incorporates whole passages from his earlier writings.

[2] John Spang, Prince Rhys's fool, said to his master at Aberteivi, after Gerald had been preaching during the Itinerary: "You owe a great debt, O Rhys, to your kinsman, the archdeacon, who has taken a hundred or so of your men to serve the Lord; for if he had only spoken in Welsh, you would not have had a soul left." (*De Rebus*, ii, 19.)

modesty, that when his tutors at Paris wished to point out a really model scholar they mentioned Gerald the Welshman.[1]

CHAPTER II.

EARLY PUBLIC LIFE.

1172—1198.

GERALD returned from his last year's course at Paris to enter on public life just two years after the great struggle of Becket against the king for the independence of the sacerdotal order from the civil power had ended in the murder of the archbishop in his cathedral. That struggle had doubtless great influence over the future life of the young Welsh student. He frequently sets before us the martyred St. Thomas of Canterbury[2] for our admiration, and, when he had developed into the patriotic Welshman of his later years, conceived the idea of being himself the Becket of Wales. Gerald was probably ordained soon after his return to Wales, and the nephew of the bishop did not lack for promotion. We find him holding in Pembrokeshire the livings of Llanwnda, Tenby,

[1] Anthony Wood, in his *History and Antiquities of Oxford*, says (anno 1183): "Dubium non est quin Silv. Gyraldus primos Oxonii annos posuit"; but Gerald does not mention it.

[2] Becket was canonised in 1173.

and Angle, and in Oxfordshire that of Chesterton.[1] He was also prebendary of Hereford and canon of St. David's.[2]

Gerald found the diocese of St. David's, under his indolent uncle, in extreme disorder, and his restless activity is soon shown. The people of Dyved and Cardigan had refused to pay their tithe of wool and cheese, and Gerald obtained from Archbishop Richard, the successor of Becket, legatine authority to use upon the recusants the powerful weapon of excommunication from the pale of the Church.[3] The Welshmen at once succumbed, but the stubborn Flemings of Roose held out, and for their punishment not only their wool but their sheep were taken from them by their Welsh neighbours, full of their new-born zeal for the rights of Holy Church.

Gerald next turned his attention to the clergy. The reforms of Hildebrand in the last century had not yet penetrated into Wales; even in high

[1] The Rolls editor and the historians of St. David's place Chesterton in Herefordshire, but it would seem to have been Chesterton St. Mary, near Bicester.

[2] Gerald, according to the custom of the time, like his friend Mapes, and his enemies the monks, received the great tithes as rector, the actual duties being performed by the vicar or curate. It appears, from his letter to the Bishop of Lincoln (*Symb. Elect. Epist.*, 22), that he felt his obligation to see that these duties were properly attended to.

[3] The lesser excommunication excluded from the sacraments and services; the greater (in addition) from the society of the faithful. The civil penalties which it involved were not abolished until 1813.

places in the Church married clergy were not uncommon,[1] and this thing was an abomination to the canon lawyer. It is impossible, even at this distance of time, not to feel sympathy with Jordan, the aged archdeacon of Brecon, who sturdily refused to part with his wife. He kept his wife, but he lost his archdeaconry ; and in 1175 the zealous commissioner of Canterbury takes the next step on the road to St. David's, and becomes archdeacon of Brecon and prebendary of Mathry.[2]

Not long after his appointment, a dispute arose between the sees of St. David's and St. Asaph as to the new church of St. Michael, at Kerry,[3] in Montgomeryshire, on the borders of their respective dioceses.[4] Shortly after the death of Bishop David, Gerald learnt that the Bishop of St. Asaph was coming, attended by the men of Powys, to dedicate the church. Gerald was not the man to

[1] In almost recent memory a bishop of St. David's had been succeeded by his son.

[2] Gerald is fond of styling himself "archidiaconus Menevensis", or "archidiaconus Sancti David".

[3] Kerry is now in the diocese of St. Asaph, but the living is in the gift of the Bishop of St. David's.

[4] I use modern geographical terms, as more intelligible to the general reader. Wales was not divided into shires until that great mass of legislation on Wales, in the reign of Henry VIII, which incorporated the dominion of Wales with England. In the Welsh petition to the king, that they might no longer be looked down upon as a separate people—the cause of much discord and national prejudice—they apologise for the seeming harshness of their language; "nor shall it be a disparagement, we hope, that it is spoken so much in the throat, as we believe that words that sound so deep come from the heart."

allow the rights of St. David's to be trespassed on. He sent messengers to his kinsmen to supply him with horse and arms, and posted off at once to the church, where he arrived on Sunday morning. He finds that the two incumbents of the church were on the side of the enemy, and had hidden the keys, but these were found after a search, and Gerald enters, celebrates mass, and rings the bells in triumph. News comes that the bishop has arrived, and Gerald, leaving a garrison in the church, goes out to meet him at the churchyard gate—the whole country-side having turned out to see the fun. The bishop produced an ancient book, under which he claimed not only Kerry, but all the country between the Wye and Severn, as part of his diocese. Gerald replied that he might write what he pleased in his book, but if he had a charter about him, with an authentic seal at the end of it, now was his time to show it. The bishop could not oblige him with this, but he had letters from the Archbishop of Canterbury, by whom he had recently been consecrated, confirming him in the possessions of the see and excommunicating his opponents. The wily Gerald knew his man—"quia garrulus erat ille et verbosus" (they had been students together at Paris), and while he had kept the bishop talking, had been arranging his plan of campaign. The bishop gets off his horse, and putting on his mitre, and taking his pastoral staff in his hand, proceeds up the churchyard way, when the doors of the church open, and out comes to meet him a solemn procession of clergy in sur-

plices, with lighted candles and the cross borne before them. The bishop inquires what this may mean, and Gerald explains that if he presumed to carry out his threat of excommunication, he would be excommunicated in turn. The bishop would not excommunicate an old schoolfellow, but he would read a general sentence on the enemies of St. Asaph. "Go to those hills yonder, and read your general sentence from morn to night", said Gerald, "if you like, but you must not do it here: the bystanders might misinterpret it." However, the bishop, to save appearances, begins in a loud voice to excommunicate the enemies of St. Asaph, and Gerald, in a louder, those of St. David. Gerald had the bells handy, and ordered them to be rung in triples—this sound is hateful to Welshmen[1]—and the St. Asaph party turned and fled, pelted by the people with stones and turfs; Gerald rates the incumbents and makes them take the oath of obedience to St. David; and in the evening—the Welsh supper-time—he sends to the bishop some of his own provisions, and some "very excellent drink", with his compliments. The bishop declares that the archdeacon is a right good fellow, and they kiss and make friends.

Gerald at once hurried to Northampton to tell the king, the custodian of the vacant see of St. David's, doubtless not without an eye to the appointment.[2] Henry commends the valiant defence by Gerald of

[1] As part of the rite of excommunication.

[2] He told the king that, as the Welsh laity steal cattle, even so their bishops steal churches.

the rights of St. David's, and tells his courtiers the story, how the archdeacon had excommunicated the bishop, which is received by them with shouts of laughter; but it did not require the astuteness of Henry II to discern that this was not the man to be his willing instrument in the vacant see.

The traditions of the metropolitan rights of St. David's, transferred from Caerleon by the patron saint, still lingered on in Wales, and it is somewhat curious that the greatest champion of these rights, before Gerald appeared on the stage, was the predecessor of David Fitz-Gerald—Bernard, the first of the long line of foreign prelates at St. David's. Quite recently, just before the death of Bishop David, a deputation of the chapter of St. David's, no doubt at Gerald's instigation, had appeared before the great council in London, and had urged their claims before the cardinal legate of St. Angelo. They brought some good Welsh money with them, but the king bluntly declared that he had no intention of giving this head for rebellion in Wales.

The ancient British Church had been independent of Rome, nor is there any evidence that the Bishop of St. David's, or any other bishop in Wales, had received from the Pope the *pallium*, sent by him to each archbishop on his consecration. As the power of the Saxons became consolidated, and made itself felt in Wales, the Welsh bishops came to look for consecration at the hands of the more direct representative at Canterbury of the head of the Church, and this feeling was of

course intensified after the increase of the Norman power in Wales during the reign of Henry I. Gerald, though he refused submission to Canterbury, could not see his way to refuse it to Rome; but, as an historian and a logician, he should have made himself head of the Welsh Church, not as an archbishop, but as a pope. In 1176 Bishop David died, and the chapter nominated the four archdeacons of the diocese for the king's choice, of whom Gerald was the only real candidate. They raise the *Te Deum*, and the people outside join in the acclamations, but their triumph was short-lived. Gerald himself came to reflect that night that no nomination of a bishop in England could be made without the previous consent of the king or his justiciary. They had been premature, but it was too late: a bird of the air had carried the matter, and the king knew all about it. His wrath knew no bounds: the man who had fought Becket had no intention of being snubbed by the canons of St. David's, or of recognising in that see the descendant of the Welsh royal house.[1] He promptly declared the election void. He summoned the canons to Winchester, and compelled them to elect in his presence Peter de Leia, the Cluniac Prior of Wenlock, a poor creature, without an atom of spirit, of whom no one had ever heard. Gerald protests, and plies the elect with letters, urging him not to swear obedience to

[1] Gerald says that, notwithstanding the demonstration in his favour by the leading English bishops, the king objected to his *natio et cognatio.*

Canterbury, but all in vain, and Gerald retires once more to Paris with his literary treasures.

There, for three years (1177-80), he devoted himself to the study of canon law and theology, upon which subjects he gave lectures (of which he has left us a specimen), with the applause of himself and his hearers.

Upon his return he was, through the influence of the archbishop, made administrator of the diocese of St. David's, in the absence of the bishop, who was at open war with his chapter. Gerald entered into the fray with all his energy; his letter to the chapter is a masterpiece of invective. In his best Latinity he accuses his rival of injustice, intolerance, and of even improving on the methods of his predecessors in alienating the lands of the see. To lighten his armour for the fight, he threw away his office of administrator; but, through the intervention of the Welsh magnates, peace was made. At a synod at St. David's the bishop restored all he had taken from the chapter, the chapter their spoils from the bishop, and the canons their annexations from each other (they would seem to have been playing a general game of grab all round). Thenceforth there was peace between Gerald and Peter de Leia.

He was also reconciled to the king, who employed him in keeping the peace in the Welsh Marches. In 1184 he was made one of the royal chaplains—an office, he says, he accepted with much hesitation, as unsuited to his scholastic life.

In the following year he was commissioned by

the king to accompany Prince John to Ireland, for which his kinship to the Norman-Welsh leaders in that country was doubtless a recommendation.[1] John was in his eighteenth year, and was as unsuccessful as Lord of Ireland—a title which his father had conferred upon him—as he was afterwards as King of England. He was recalled in the same year, but Gerald stayed on until the next year to collect material for his two books on Ireland, the *Topography* and the *Conquest.*

The former work, upon his return, he read publicly at Oxford, where, he tells us, were to be found the most learned and famous of the English clergy. He advertised his book, and disarmed the critics by some Welsh hospitality. Each of the three divisions of his work he read on three successive days. On the first day he entertained the poor, on the second the doctors of the various faculties and the more eminent scholars, and on the third the rest of the scholars and the townsfolk. "A costly and noble act", he says, with his own delightful self-complacency, "the like had not been seen in England."

In 1188 Gerald accompanied Archbishop Baldwin, of Canterbury, in his tour through Wales, to preach the third crusade, his record of which is immortalised in his *Itinerary.*

The old king died in the next year. Gerald, who had been abroad with him, was employed by Richard, as he was afterwards on several occasions

[1] Gerald had been in Ireland in 1183, and went there again to consult his relatives in 1198.

by Eleanor, the queen-regent, and by Earl John, to use his family influence in endeavouring (not with much success) to allay the troubles which had been stirred up in Wales by Rhys ap Griffith after the death of Henry.

Both by Richard and John he was offered promotion in the Church, but he declined Bangor and Llandaff, as he had declined various bishoprics in Ireland (on the ground that the Irish people, like the Welsh, would never be content with a bishop except one born among them). There was only one bishopric which he would fill. As Manorbier was the sweetest spot in Wales, so St. David's was the most sacred—sacred as the seat of the patron saint and primate, and doubly sacred to him from the recollections of his boyhood.

His life at court was always distasteful to him; and some time after Richard's return, in 1194, he determined to withdraw permanently, as from a troublous sea, to his favourite studies. "Mori non morari," he says, with his love for a play upon words. He had thoughts of his beloved Paris; but there was war between Richard and Philip Augustus of France, so he turned aside to Lincoln, where was then a famous school of theology, under the chancellor, William de Monte, and where he had many friends. He spent some years in studious retirement, to which we owe many of his books; but in 1198 the old war-cry was raised, and Gerald came out of his cloister to fight the great battle of his warlike life.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIGHT FOR ST. DAVID'S.

1198—1203.

Bishop Peter de Leia was dead. The chapter, as before, nominated for the royal sanction Gerald and three others.[1] The justiciary, Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the king's absence, declined to receive the nomination. He had personal reasons for disliking Gerald; besides that, his own metropolitan rights were at stake. He then proposes to the chapter two new candidates, one of them being Geoffrey de Henelawe, Prior of Llanthony, a doctor of medicine rather than theology.[2] The chapter will have none of them, and are ordered to send a deputation to King Richard in Normandy. They write to Gerald; and, lest they should appear too much like Welshmen or rebels, they suggest that he and three others of the most discreet members of their body should go over and see the king. The deputation, which was, for reasons of expense, reduced to two (Gerald not being one), after a wearisome journey arrived at Chinon, to find that King Richard was dead; but John, in the first

[1] The other three were the Abbots of St. Dogmael's and of Whitland, and Reginald Foliot, Canon of St. David's, the only Englishman of the four.

[2] Gerald says he won the goodwill of the archbishop by the successful administration of his pills.

flush of his sovereignty, is gracious; speaks in praise of Gerald, and accepts his nomination. Shortly after the return of John to England, Gerald visited him; but the new king had by this been visited by the archbishop, and refused to publicly ratify his consent. Gerald posted off to St. David's, and was received in triumph by clergy and people. He was unanimously elected to the see; and it was decided that the final blow for the independence of the Welsh Church should be struck, and that he should go to Rome and receive his consecration from the pope.

Gerald's first step was to cross over to Ireland and consult his kinsmen. Being duly encouraged by them, he returned to St. David's, to find that a peremptory order to the chapter to elect Geoffrey had arrived from the archbishop. The chapter protest, and Gerald starts off at once for Rome, first visiting Strata Florida to deposit his books in safety.[1] Avoiding the royal officials, Gerald crossed from Sandwich: the usual road to Rome was barred by the war between Philip Augustus and Baldwin, Earl of Flanders. His companions fell sick, and were forced to return, and, after a toilsome journey through the forest of Ardennes and Burgundy, the bishop-elect arrived in Rome in November 1199.

The reigning pontiff—Innocent III—was one of the greatest men who ever sat on the chair of

[1] The messenger whom he had sent on to Llanddew with some of his properties was robbed on his way by the Welsh.

St. Peter.[1] He received Gerald with courtesy, flattered his vanity to its full, was for ever urging him to fresh exertions, but committed himself to nothing definite. It was in vain that Gerald brought to him the most precious offering ever seen in the papal court—six of his own books.[2] It was in vain that he exhausted all his learning to prove that, until the time of Henry I, the Welsh Church had been subject to Rome alone, and all his wit to amuse the hours of papal retirement, with stories of the bad Latin and bad theology of his enemy of Canterbury.

As in the days of Juvenal—"Omnia Romæ cum pretio"—Gerald, besides his books, had promises to offer, Peter's pence and great tithes from Wales; but the emissary of Canterbury, one Buon Giovanni, a wily Lombard, had larger promises, if the pope would send a Nuncio to collect aid from the English clergy. The cautious pope, to keep both combatants in hand, appointed a commission in England to try the validity of the election, and afterwards, at the instance of Gerald, to examine the claims of St. David's—Gerald to be, meanwhile, the administrator of the diocese.

Gerald returned to St. David's, to find that the archbishop had created a strong party in the chapter against him, who had elected the Abbot of St. Dogmael's to the vacant see. He finds, among the mouldy and neglected archives at St. David's,

[1] Innocent III was pope from 1198 to 1216.

[2] "Praesentant vobis alii libras sed nos libros", was his doubtful compliment to his Holiness.

bulls of former popes, bearing on the metropolitan rights, and in the spring of 1201 is again before the pope with this fresh evidence.

This time he is opposed by one Andrew, on behalf of the archbishop, and by Reginald Foliot, on behalf of the opposition elect of St. Dogmael's.[1] Some months were spent in a further wrangle; the principal point in dispute being which election was prior in point of time. Gerald accuses his opponent of being illiterate, and the pope grants a commission to try it; the other side ask for an adjournment for further evidence. The archbishop and Gerald have each to pay costs, and the final hearing is adjourned until All Saints' Day in the following year.

Gerald again returned to Wales. He was now single-handed in the fight: his friends in the chapter had all forsaken him; but still he fought on, and even his enemies cannot withhold their admiration of the man's indomitable pluck. Deserted by the clergy, he turned to the laity of Wales; he visited Gwynedd and Powys, was received with enthusiasm by the princes and people, and the contest now assumed the form of open rebellion against the king, by whom, as a rebel, he was outlawed.[2] Meetings of the papal commissioners, under the Bishop of Ely, were held at Worcester, Brackley,

[1] We are told that the archbishop was not represented so far as regarded the claims of St. David's.

[2] There are among the Patent Rolls various edicts of King John against Gerald, Archdeacon of Brecon, calling himself the elect of St. David's.

Bedford, and St. Alban's. Gerald obstinately contends throughout, but, in the end, judgment was given against him, and he is ordered to pay the costs. He straightway appealed to the pope. At the lowest ebb of his fortunes he preached a sermon at St. David's against ingratitude, and, before he descended from the pulpit, publicly excommunicated his enemies, Reginald Foliot and Osbert, Archdeacon of Caermarthen. He also endeavoured to call a general council of the clergy of the diocese, and, after three attempts had been frustrated, he held one at Brecon; but the clergy, as a rule, feared to attend.

Early in 1203 Gerald was again in Rome; this journey had been the most perilous of his life. Turning on his steps, to elude his enemies in England; lying on the coast for days in an open boat, waiting for a chance vessel to take him across; robbed on the road to Cambray, he crossed the Alps in the deep snows in the dead of winter.

Gerald found at Rome his enemies ready to receive him, Osbert and Foliot, John of Tynemouth, and a Welsh monk, Walwyn. He plunged into the fray as if it had only just begun. Foliot produces his fresh witnesses[1]; Gerald his letters of commendation from the Welsh princes[2]; and

[1] One of them swore that the cathedral of St. David's was situated on a hill a long way from the sea, that it had only one tower, and very bad bells.

[2] Llewellyn ap Iorwerth, of North Wales; Gwenwynwyn and Madoc, of Powys; and Griffith, Maelgwn, Rhys, and Meredith (sons of Rhys ap Griffith), of South Wales.

fierce and bitter were the charges on either side. The pope annulled both elections, directed the chapter to begin anew, and issued another commission—this time to the bishops of the province of York—to try the metropolitan claims; he also taxed Gerald's bill of costs down to sixty marks, which he ordered the archbishop to pay. Gerald took leave of the pope, and even Innocent seemed touched at his courage and earnestness. "Doubtless, my brother", he said, "God has for His own good purpose rescued thee from this stormy life, and has reserved thee for some nobler work."

But the life of storm was not yet over. Gerald left Rome heavily in debt; his creditors followed him to Bologna; but his principal creditor unexpectedly came to his relief. He resumed his journey, but at Chatillon-sur-Saone he was taken prisoner as a subject of King John, who was then involved in the war which lost most of the continental possessions of the English crown. But Gerald, in an adroit manner, turned the tables on his enemy, John of Tynemouth, and gets off to Rouen in a fortunate moment. The archbishop had procured a fresh nomination, this time of Reginald Foliot, and the Bishop of Ely had been deputed by the king to decide on the nomination.[1] Mass had been said, and the bishop had taken his seat in the nave, when, to the consternation of his enemies, appeared the stately form of the elect of St. David's. He denounced the nomination

[1] Rouen had been made by the Angevin kings the capital of their whole dominions.

as void; the nominee as unfit—a mere Englishman, with no knowledge of Wales. He obtained an interview with the king, and the conclusion is as far off as ever. "What would he have done", said John, "if he had had my help, when he could thus, single-handed, defy the whole of you?"

Gerald goes to Wales, to find his archdeaconry in disorder. At St. David's no one dared speak to him, except one old woman, who had nothing to lose, and was therefore bold; but she comforted him by saying, "There are many good men and true in St. David's who are sorrowful to-day because they dare not fight for you as they would." The supporters of the independence of the Welsh Church had been reduced to Gerald and the old woman of St. David's. But, whatever was the power of his ally, Gerald was still a man of war.

A new writ was issued for the election. The chapter met at Waltham, in the presence of the archbishop, also in the presence of Gerald, and nothing is done. The proceedings are adjourned to Lambeth, with the like result. Gerald nominates Walter Mapes, certain "Trojans from Normandy",[1] and others.

The last scene in the drama is in St. Catherine's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, on the 10th November 1203. The choice of the chapter then fell on Prior Geoffrey. The justiciary urged Gerald to give way; Gerald reflected on the venality of the papal court; on the cowardice and

[1] Probably of Breton descent. Gerald derived the Bretons, as well as the Welsh, from the Trojans.

thanklessness of those for whom he fought. The Prior of Llanthony had never been his personal enemy, and he was a member of the chapter of St. David's. Enough had been done for honour, and, to the surprise and delight of everyone, he signified his assent; stipulating, however, that no undertaking should be taken from the new bishop that he should not attempt to obtain his metropolitan rights. The five years' war was ended; and from that day forth the successors of St. David acquiesced in the supremacy of the see of St. Augustine. "Many and great wars", said the Prince of Powys, "have we Welshmen waged with England, but none so great and fierce as his who fought the king and the archbishop, and withstood the might of the whole clergy and people of England, FOR THE HONOUR OF WALES."

CHAPTER IV.

RETIREMENT AND DEATH.

1203—1223.

THE peace of Gerald with the king and archbishop was soon made, and he withdrew permanently from public life to the study of his beloved books. A French historian[1] writes: "He devoted himself entirely to literature, and obtained more celebrity as an elegant writer than as an antagonist to

[1] Thierry, *Conquête d'Angleterre*, tom. 9.

power. Few people in Europe in the twelfth century took any interest in the question, whether or no the last remnant of the ancient population of the Celts lost its civil and religious independence among foreigners."

He resolved to sever his connection with the thankless chapter of St. David's, and resigned his archdeaconry and the prebend of Mathry. To these offices, in fulfilment of a promise he had given to his favourite brother Philip, he procured the election of Philip's son and namesake, who soon afterwards showed his gratitude by taking part with the new bishop against his uncle.

Among the reasons he gives for his resignation are, that his conscience pricked him as to the manner in which he, as legate of Canterbury, had ousted old Archdeacon Jordan from these offices. He had also resigned all his preferments to Archbishop Baldwin when he took the cross during the Itinerary, and received them again from him to hold until his return from the crusade, not as rector, but as guardian.

But his conscience was quieted when, two years later, he made a fourth pilgrimage to Rome, this time for his soul's health. He then again resigned into the hands of the pope all those preferments which he admitted he had received in his youthful days, while he was as yet unworthy, either from the partiality of his relatives or through the influence of his patrons, but Innocent restored them all to him to hold to his life's end. During his stay in Rome he vexed and purified his soul by

much religious exercise, to wipe away the stains of his many sins, and to free himself from the doubt which oppressed him—whether he had not been too easy in making terms with that archbishop. He was made a brother of the Hospital of the Holy Spirit, then the English School in Rome, and obtained by his pious exertions indulgence for ninety-two years, which would seem to have left him with a balance in hand.[1]

Whether he devoted the remaining years of his life to the faithful discharge of his duties as a parish priest we are not told, but we know that some of the most important of his works were written during these years, and that he also issued revised editions of his earlier books. He probably passed some of his time at Lincoln, where, he tells us, some of the canons, if they could have had their will, would have nominated him as successor to St. Hugh. He also hints that there was some talk of making him a cardinal.

At the beginning of King John's contest with the pope, which resulted in England being laid for five years under an interdict, when Innocent had placed Stephen Langton in the disputed chair of St. Augustine, John bethought him of the famous warrior of St. David's, and tempted him to join in the fray. But Gerald had an admiration for Langton, and no liking for the king, to whom

[1] Indulgences were originally granted for certain periods of penance, the temporal punishment of sin. The abuse in granting remission of periods in purgatory was an approximate cause of the Reformation.

he replied that he must look for some one else to fight his battles.

Gerald lived to see St. David's again vacant, by the death of Bishop Geoffrey in 1214. A certain party in the chapter were in favour of Gerald, but he was too zealous a reformer for the others. The canons of St. David's had, owing to the troubles in England, for once a free hand, and they elected a Welshman, Iorwerth, Abbot of Talley.[1] Gerald does not conceal his soreness at being passed over, but there was evidently a general disinclination in everybody's mind but his to revive the fight for St. David's.

The date of Gerald's death has been variously given, but he probably died in 1223.[2] His last days were probably spent in his native county (let us hope, at his own beloved Manorbier), for he was buried at St. David's. The tomb, which has for generations been shown as his, is said to be of later date; but somewhere in the most sacred spot in Wales, in the precincts of the great cathedral of the church he loved so well, and for whose rights he fought so gallantly, "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well".

The famous building left to us by his rival, Peter de Leia, was by that time completed; and,

[1] In Caermarthenshire.

[2] Tanner, Bishop of St. Asaph, who died in 1735, in his *Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica* (p. 326), quoting from the Roll of the fourteenth year of Hugh (of Wells), Bishop of Lincoln, states that the church of Chesterton, co. Oxon., was in 1223 vacated by the death of Magister Giraldus de Barri.

to quote the eloquent words of the historians of St. David's,[1] as Gerald was so fond of saying, "Non praeter rem putavi"—"Salisbury by moonlight is more graceful and lovely, Winchester more grand and awful, than either is by day; but they cannot at all compete with the strange and unique charm of St. David's. They are still buildings, palpably and unmistakably the works of man; but St. David's almost assumes the character of a work of nature. The thoughts of man and his works, even the visions of fallen state and glory, are well-nigh lost in the forms of the scene itself, hardly less than in gazing on the wild cliffs whence its materials were first hewn, whose spirit they would seem to have refused utterly to cast away."

"Meneviam pete bis, Romam adire si vis,
Æqua merces tibi redditur hic et ibi.
Roma semel quantum, bis dat Menevia tantum."

CHAPTER V.

HIS BOOKS AND HIS EDITORS.

THE works of Gerald are written in Latin, the universal language of mediæval literature. Gerald prided himself on his classic style, and although he uses many Low-Latin words,[2] his mind was so

[1] Freeman and Jones, p. 50.

[2] *E.g.*, werra, for bellum, whence the French "guerre" and the English "war".

saturated by the classical models that his Latinity is of a higher type than that of most of his contemporaries; the language had not yet been debased by the barbarous jargon of the school-men. "Geography, history, ethics, divinity, canon law, biography, natural history, epistolary correspondence, and poetry employed his pen by turns, and in all these departments of literature he has left memorials of his ability."[1]

Besides the books which are noticed in the following pages there are extant shorter writings, some of them of great interest. In a long *Epistle to the Chapter of Hereford*[2] he gives a full account of his various works, and of the dates at which they were composed and published. The *Lesser Catalogue of his Books* gives much the same list, but Gerald has a way of referring to the same book under different titles. The *Retractationes* contain notes to the reader as to the contents of certain of his works. In this treatise he admits that many of his arguments in favour of the metropolitan rights of St. David's were founded rather on common rumour than historical certainty. He also acknowledges that, in the heat of the fray, he had been led to make charges against Archbishop Hubert, for which there was no ground. He retracts them in his cooler moments like a gentleman, and sketches the character of that prelate in more pleasing and more truthful colours. The *Letter to Stephen Langton* dissuades the archbishop in

[1] Brewer, preface to the *De Instructione Principum.*

[2] Written not earlier than 1219.

Gerald's best manner, and with some of his choicest quotations, from carrying out his intention of seeking, in the quiet of some monastic order, a respite from his long and harassing struggle with King John. There may also safely be attributed to Gerald a short tract on the life and works of that faithful servant of God and Saint David, "Magister Giraldus, Archidiaconus Menevensis".

The industry of the bibliographists, sometimes misled by Gerald's often vague description of his own books, has attributed to him many writings not included in the numerous lists he has himself given,[1] but they may safely be reduced to those to which allusion is made in his own works.[2] Those he does mention, which are not extant, are *The Life of St. Caradoc; The Chromography and Cosmography of the World*, a metrical work in hexameters and pentameters, written in early life, in which he followed the doctrines of the philosophers rather than those of the theologians. This is probably the same as the *De Flosculis Philosophicis*, and we have an extract in the *Symbolum Electorum;* the *Speculum Duorum*, written on the lines of the *Book of Invectives;* the *De Fidei Fructu, Fideique Defectu*, an ethical work; and, what is the greatest loss of all, a map of the

[1] See the list of Geraldian manuscripts given by Sir R. C. Hoare, also those mentioned by Wright in his *Biographia Britannica Literaria* (Anglo-Norman period).

[2] Wright states that Gerald does not mention the *Speculum Ecclesiæ*, but he apparently had not read the epistle to the chapter of Hereford.

whole of Wales, with the mountains, rivers, towns, castles, and monasteries carefully set out.[1] Gerald informs us of his intention to write books on the topography of England and Scotland, but no trace of either can be found.

In 1585, Dr. David Powel, the eminent Welsh antiquary, edited in Latin, with notes and preface, the *Itinerary* and *Description of Wales*, also the *Epistle to the Chapter of Hereford.* He dedicated the work to Sir Philip Sydney. As a good Protestant, he omitted the eulogy on St. Thomas à Becket, in the last chapter of the *Itinerary*, and, as a good Welshman, but as a bad editor, the whole of the last book of the *Description.* He gives a short and inaccurate account of Gerald's life.

Two years later, John Hooker, Chamberlain of Exeter (uncle of the more famous Richard Hooker), translated, with short notes, and dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh, the *Conquest of Ireland*, which was published in Hollinshed's *Chronicles.* Hooker states that he translated the book because so many writers had borrowed from it without acknowledgment. He also omits the twentieth chapter of the first book on the martyrdom of St. Thomas, declining to immortalise the fame of "that froward and obstinate traitor, Thomas à Becket".

In 1603, William Camden, in his work published at Frankfort, entitled *Anglica Normannica*,

[1] Both Bishop Tanner and Wharton state that the "Totius Kambriæ Mappa" was in existence in the library at Westminster Abbey. Wharton says that forty-three towns or villages in Wales were marked on it.

Hibernica, Cambrica a Veteribus Scripta, reprinted Powel's edition of the two Welsh works (the *Itinerary* and the *Description*), and also edited, in an equally unsatisfactory manner, the two Irish books.[1]

In 1691, Henry Wharton, the English church-historian, published in his *Anglia Sacra, sivi collectio Historiarum de Archiepiscopis et Episcopis Angliæ*, the second book of the *Description of Wales* (the *Illaudabilium*), and other works of Gerald bearing on matters ecclesiastical.[2] Wharton was a marvellous scholar, but died at the early age of thirty. His assistant-editors had not his zeal or his knowledge.

In 1806 Sir Richard Colt Hoare published the Welsh treatises, chiefly from the texts of Camden and Wharton, and also an English translation of them, which he used as a framework for an elaborate disquisition on the history and antiquities of Wales. Hoare's translations, and also translations (edited by Mr. Forester) of the Irish books, have been published in Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

[1] According to Sir R. C. Hoare, these four books had been edited in manuscript by John Stow, the famous sixteenth century chronicler—it may be, for this publication.

[2] These are: 1. *The Life of Geoffrey of York.* 2. *The Lives of the Bishops of Lincoln;* and 3. *The Lives of the Three Pairs of Bishops* (mixed up in a curious fashion by Wharton, or, rather, his editors, from the *Lives of St. Remi and St. Hugh*). 4. *The Letter to Langton.* 5. *The Epistle to the Chapter of Hereford.* 6. *The Lesser Catalogue.* 7. *The Retractationes.* 8. The *De Rebus a se Gestis.* 9. The *De Jure et Statu;* and 10. *The Life of St. David.*

There is a detailed, but somewhat unsympathetic, life of Gerald in Freeman and Jones's *History of St. David's.* The authors took their facts from the *Anglia Sacra;* they had not the advantage of having the Rolls edition before them.[1]

The first of the seven volumes of the Latin text of Gerald, published in the Rolls series, appeared in 1861. The first four volumes are edited by Professor Brewer, who had, in 1846, edited the *De Instructione Principum* for the Anglia Christiana Society. The work was continued by Mr. Dimock, the Lincoln historian, but he dying before the seventh volume was brought out, it was completed by one of the greatest of English historians, Mr. E. A. Freeman.[2] Gerald, at last, was fortunate in his editors. It only remains for some patriotic Welshman to translate the admirable Rolls edition into the language best understood by patriotic Welshmen.

[1] There is much valuable information about Gerald and his times in Mr. Laws' recently published and exhaustive history of *Little England beyond Wales.*

[2] Mr. Dimock published, at the end of the seventh volume, some Lincoln records bearing on Gerald's work: among them the *Catalogue of the Lincoln Cathedral Library in the twelfth century,* which includes some of Gerald's books, *De Dono Domini Geroldi Archidiaconi Walliæ.*

CHAPTER VI.

THE IRISH TOPOGRAPHY.

THE *Topographia Hibernica* was the earliest of Gerald's works. It was the one which he read to the University of Oxford, and the praise of which by Archbishop Baldwin was so pleasing to the author. He seems to have frequently revised it; manuscripts of various editions are in existence in the libraries at Oxford and Cambridge, and at the British Museum and Westminster Abbey. Gerald explains to us why he made this new departure, held to be unworthy of a man of letters, and descended to treat of the scenery and social condition of a wild and barbarous country. He remains the sole authority for the state of Ireland during the whole of the middle ages. The work is dedicated to the king (Henry II), and is divided into three books, or distinctions, as it was then the fashion to call them. The first deals with the physical features of the island and with its natural history, the second with its miracles, and the third with its inhabitants.

In the first book, after attributing the prevalence of rain to the hills and the frequent westerly breezes, and speaking of the rivers and lakes in a manner which shows that his knowledge of some of them was not derived from personal acquaintance, he proceeds to dilate, at some length, on the various birds and beasts, deducing from the

habits of each some moral for our edification. Thus, from the statement that in the birds of prey the female is larger and stronger than the male, he shows the superior capability for mischief in female kind. He never misses an opportunity, in all his works, of proclaiming his opinion of the sex, and, as he feels that it may be objected that his views on the subject, as a celibate ecclesiastic, are merely those of a theorist, he generally fortifies them by citing the judgment of King Solomon, who may be said to have had a practical acquaintance with the subject. But it must be remembered, to his credit, that there was one woman of whom he spoke in praise, and that was his own mother.[1]

He describes the different kinds of hawks with the delight of an accomplished falconer, moralises over the hibernation of birds, and the clouds of larks singing praise to God. He states that no partridges, pheasants, jays, or nightingales were to be found in Ireland; but stags, wild boars, hares, and rabbits were in abundance. His accuracy of observation is shown by his distinguishing the species of the Irish from the English hare, a fact unknown to scientific naturalists until some fifty years ago. His remark on the neglect of mankind of the marvellous beauty of the rising and setting of the sun, because of its frequent occurrence, deserves to be recorded. He accounts for the absence of noxious vermin by physical

[1] *Expug. Hib.*, i, 42.

causes, and, with a restraint meritorious in him, declines to believe in their coercion by St. Patrick.[1] In his own time a frog was found near Waterford —probably brought over in some ship of the invaders—and was brought to King Donnell (a man of sense, for an Irishman), who tore his hair, saying, "This creature is the bearer of dire news to Ireland."

In the second book, after dealing in a scientific manner with the tides and the moon's influence upon them, he discards all scientific method in a lengthy treatise on Irish miracles. It would seem as if the Irish, discovering their guest's keen appetite for the miraculous, had fed him with true Irish hospitality. There is St. Colman, who fed the teal (always thirteen in number, on the model of the prior and his twelve monks) during his life, and protects them still; St. Kevin, who grew apples, to feed the sick, off a willow-tree; St. Bridget, who takes her turn in watching the fire by night with her nineteen nuns; St. Kevin, again, in whose hand, outstretched in prayer, a blackbird settled and laid her eggs, and the holy man held his hand steady until the brood was reared; and St. Nannan, most beneficent of all, who cursed the fleas out of a village into a neighbouring meadow, where they covered the grass.

There are the sacred wells, scattered all over the country, relics of the well-worship the earlier

[1] But see *Gemma Ecclesiastica*, l. 53.

"At St. Patrick's command vipers quitted the land,
But he's wanted again in that island."

settlers had brought with them from more arid climes. One of them overflowed the country because a woman forgot to shut down the lid. There are the two isles in a lake: the greater is fatal to any woman or female who enters it, the cock-birds settle on the bushes, but the hens fly by and leave their mates. In the lesser, where the celibate Coelicolae (the Culdees) devoutly worship God, no man can die until, wearied of the burden of life, he entreats to be ferried over to the main to breathe his last. And there is the island in the lake in Ulster haunted by good and evil spirits, the purgatory of St. Patrick, famous in mediæval legend. He tells us of the lake, of which Tom Moore sung in later days,[1] where the fishermen can see the round ecclesiastical towers buried beneath its clear waters; of the Giant's Dance in Kildare, moved by Merlin to form Stonehenge; and digresses to Iceland to tell us of its geysers and its inhabitants who speak the truth.

He finds the Irish saints (like the Welsh) usually of an irascible and vindictive temper, which he attributes to the way in which their souls were vexed while here on earth. He enforces his favourite argument of the finiteness of man's understanding, and the necessity for admiration, and not discussion, of divine miracles; and he approves of the reply of St. Augustine to the scoffing inquiry, what the Deity was engaged in before the creation of the world—"He was

[1] "Let Erin remember" (*Irish Melodies*).

preparing a hell for those who ask silly questions."

In the third book Gerald gives an account, which, he says, he has compiled from more or less untrustworthy records, of the arrival of the various bands of settlers in Ireland, from Caesara, the grand-daughter of Noah, to the Norse and Danes, still a great power in the land in his time, who, he explains, were called in Ireland Ostmen, as to it they came from the East.[1] He observes how the various new-comers speedily became infected with the indigenous vices of the soil—a phenomenon which has been observed in more recent times.

The progress of mankind, he says, is from the forest to the field and from the field to the town; the Irish were then in the forest stage. He attributes to the mildness of the climate and the natural fertility of the soil the invincible laziness of the people. They are too indolent to work the various metals beneath their feet, or to employ themselves in manufacture, or in any trade or mechanical art, and agriculture they despise. They dress in a barbarous fashion; instead of cloaks they wear woollen rugs, generally black, the colour of the sheep of the country, and

[1] The prehistoric settlers of tradition were the Fomorians, a people of Turanian origin; the Firbolgs, a dark, pastoral people, who were afterwards fused with their successors, the fair and more civilised Danaans, to form the genuine Irish peasant of the West; and the warlike Milesians, stated to have come from Spain, the ancestors of the O's and Mac's, the chieftains and petty kings.

beneath, breeches and hose of one piece, and generally dyed bright. They have no saddles, and guide their horses with a crooked stick. They at all times carry a battleaxe, which they have acquired from the Ostmen (and which, deprived of its head, is the modern shillalagh), and Gerald points out the danger of permitting such a people to have always in their hands a weapon ready for murder, for it is a treacherous race, inconstant and cunning. Nature has been bountiful to them, but for any work of their own hands they are absolutely worthless.

In one thing he praises them, their love of music. And this leads him to a digression in praise of music. It cheers the sorrowful, smooths the troubled brow, stimulates the valour of the brave and the devotions of the pious; it is a comfort to all, a medicine to many. To be ignorant of music is as disgraceful as not to have learned to read. The Irish excel in instrumental music all other nations with whom he was acquainted, although some held that Scotland was then the equal, and perhaps the superior, of Ireland, her teacher. The Irish (like the Spanish) wailing at funerals, although it may seem to add to the present grief, may tranquillise the mind, he thinks, when the outbreak has passed.

He finds much to praise in the Irish clergy, remarkable above all for their chastity. They are devoted to their religious duties, they fast, and are sparing in their diet; but he grieves that so many of them, after a day of prayer and fasting,

will strike a balance by drinking the whole night through. But the bishops are dumb heralds, they do not preach, nor do they enforce discipline ; but this is sufficiently accounted for in Gerald's eyes by the fact that they were chosen from the monasteries. The monk has the care of only one person—himself ; the clerk is the guardian of his flock. Gerald upbraided the Archbishop of Cashel, because Ireland had furnished no martyr for Holy Church. "The Irish", replied the archbishop, "may be uncivilised and cruel, but they have never raised their hands against God's saints. But there is now come among us a people who know how to make martyrs. Henceforth Ireland will have her martyrs like other nations."

The book closes with the characters of Henry II and his sons, drawn by the court chaplain ; they were afterwards drawn by the same hand in an entirely different manner.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONQUEST OF IRELAND.

THE *Expugnatio Hibernica* is frequently called by its author the *Vaticinalis Historia.* The original intention was that it should consist of three books, and the third book, the *Liber Vaticiniorum*, was probably written but not published.

The preface only is extant,[1] and from this it appears that Gerald, aided by men skilled in the Welsh tongue, had translated the prophecies of Merlin Sylvester, an ancient copy of which he had found during the Itinerary.[2] In the two books which remain he quotes some of these prophecies which relate to Ireland. The book was, like the *Topography*, revised by the author. The manuscripts are in the British Museum, at Lambeth, and at Oxford and Cambridge. There is an English translation of it, of early fifteenth century date, in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. Gerald's unfavourable comments on Ireland called forth much indignant remonstrance from that country, the principal of which was contained in the elaborate work published by the eminent Irish scholar, Dr. John Lynch, in 1662, and called by him *Cambrensis Eversus*. Dr. Lingard,[3] who may be held to be impartial in such a matter, states that he has attentively perused Dr. Lynch's book, and that on all important points the Irishman had "completely failed" to overturn the Welshman. The principal contemporary authorities for the period are, among the English chroniclers, Hovedon, and among the Irish, *The Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland by the Four Masters*, a work compiled in the seventeenth century from the Irish annals from the earliest times to the

[1] *Symbolum Electorum*, iv, 8.

[2] Geoffrey of Monmouth had published the prophecies of Merlin.

[3] *History of England*, ii, 87.

year 1616. There is, besides, a contemporary Anglo-Norman poem, a *chanson de geste*, composed by an unknown rhymer from accounts furnished to him by Maurice Regan, the secretary (*latinier* or *latimer*) of King Dermot.

It must be borne in mind that one great object Gerald had always before him in writing this history was to extol the gallant deeds of his kinsmen. "Who are they who penetrated into the fastnesses of the enemy?—The Geraldines. Who are they who hold the country in submission?—The Geraldines. Who are they whom the foemen dread?—The Geraldines. Who are they whom envy would disparage?—The Geraldines. Yet fight on my gallant kinsmen,

"Felices facti si quid mea carmina possuit."[1]

The work is dedicated to Richard I, then Earl of Poitou. In the dedication of the later edition to King John, Gerald ventures to suggest that it may be translated into Norman-French, that he might reap some reward for his labours, and he proceeds to quote his facetious friend, Walter Mapes—"on whose soul God have mercy" (his old friend was dead): "You have written a great deal, Master Gerald, and I have talked a great deal; your writing is of much more value than my talk. But I talk in the vulgar tongue, which everybody can understand, while you write in Latin, for learned and liberal princes, and there are not many of them about in these days."

[1] Virgil, *Æneid*, ix, 446; but the first two words are Geraldian.

The history begins with the landing of Fitz Stephen near Wexford, in 1169, and ends with the visit of Earl John in 1185. It is of especial interest to Welshmen, as the first conquerors of Ireland under the Norman kings came from Wales. Gerald speaks of them as the "men of St. David's". They included the kinsmen of Gerald, all descendants of Nesta—the Fitz Geralds, the De Barris, the Fitz Stephens, the Fitz Henrys, and the De Cogans (who have been identified with the old Pembrokeshire family of the Wogans). We hear, too, of Maurice de Prendergast[1]; that stout and brave soldier from Roose, David Welsh, who took his name from his family and his race; and Robert le Poer, whose descendant (the Marquis of Waterford) still bears among his titles that of Baron of Haverfordwest.

The original object of the expedition was to restore to his dominions Dermot MacMurchard, or MacMurrough, King of Leinster, who had fallen into trouble through what Gerald's historical lore had told him had been the origin of evil since the world began—a woman. He had run away with another man's wife. The MacMurroughs were one of the four ruling houses of Ireland, whose dominions corresponded roughly with the four provinces. Meath, sometimes considered a fifth kingdom, was the royal domain assigned to the *ard-rìgh*, or high king, an elective office (which may be compared with the Saxon Bretwulda), then held by Roderic O'Connor of Connaught.

[1] Prendergast is now a suburb of Haverfordwest.

There were also several kinglets and chiefs, whose perpetual dissensions and wars were a source of great assistance to the invaders.

Dermot, a barbarian, whose brutality afterwards disgusted his allies, fled to England and obtained the favour of the king, and promise of help from the men of Bristol (then, after London and Norwich, the chief city in the kingdom), and from Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke and Strigul (near Chepstow).[1]

The expedition was also favoured by Rhys ap Griffith, Prince of South Wales, whose father and grandfather had been aided in their time by the Kings of Leinster. There are traces of frequent communication between the people of West Wales and their kin across the channel. The Goidelic division of the Celts, who had been driven before the advancing Kymry, had returned to Dyved and North Wales, in the fifth century, to bring Christianity and to leave their mark on the country.[2]

Dermot, who had been feasting his eyes with the sight of his native shores from St. David's, crossed first, and was soon followed by Robert

[1] He was called Strongbow, a name before given to his father, Gilbert, the first earl, who had made extensive conquests in South Wales during the reign of Henry I. Richard succeeded in 1149 to his father's titles, but he was at this time in disgrace with the king, who had deprived him of his estates.

[2] Of the two Celtic divisions, the Goidels or Gaels were the ancestors of the Irish, the Scotch Highlanders, and the Manxmen; the Brythons or Kymry, of the Welsh, the Bretons, and the Cornishmen.

Fitz Stephen, who had been released from prison by Prince Rhys for this purpose. The combined forces take Wexford and defeat the men of Ossory, a district of Leinster comprising the present county of Kilkenny. Roderic, the high king, summons all Ireland to his aid, and the invaders come to terms. But the truce was of short duration. Maurice Fitz Gerald, "a man of maiden modesty, true in word and deed", arrives with more Welshmen, and the invaders march on Dublin, which sues for terms. Dermot now aspires to be high king, and sends a message to rouse the lagging Strongbow: "We have watched the storks and the swallows, the summer birds have come and gone, but no breeze has brought to us your long-expected aid."

Then comes the earl from Milford; Waterford falls; the marriage of Strongbow with Eva, the daughter of Dermot, is duly solemnised, in accordance with the previous arrangement; and the army marches on Dublin. A desperate effort is made by Godred, the Norse king of Man, and the lords of the Southern Isles[1] to relieve the Ostmen of Dublin, aided by King Roderic and the Archbishop Laurence; but the Norse and Irish hosts are beaten off, and Dublin remains thenceforth under English rule.[2]

[1] Sudreyjar—whence Sodor—which survives in the title of the Bishop of Sodor and Man.

[2] It is a curious fact that the capital of Ireland was never held by the Irish. It was founded by the Ostmen, and remained in their hands until the time of the Anglo-Norman invasion.

The principal resistance to the invaders had come from the Ostmen—the Norse and Danes—who had been in Ireland as pirates, colonists, and traders since the eighth century, and who, although their power had been broken by the famous battle of Clontarf, fought on Good Friday, 1014, still held their detached strongholds, principally on the east coast. The Ostmen, after the invasion, became incorporated in the English pale.[1] Gerald describes the earthen forts in Ireland of the earlier Norse settlers, who have left so many traces in his native county in their raths—the Scandinavian names of places—and in their descendants along the coast.

The author puts into the mouths of the leaders set orations, after the classical models, and the Irish chieftains are represented as animating their followers by citing examples from Roman history. We also have full-length portraits of the principal actors in the drama, and the colouring in some of them is laid on with no unsparing hand.

Meanwhile the king grew jealous; he feared that Strongbow might set up in Ireland an independent rule, to the danger of the English crown; he forbade further supplies to be sent, and Strongbow submitted to hold all his conquests of the king. In 1171 Henry landed at Waterford with an army and his title-deed.

This was the famous bull "Laudabiliter", granted in 1155 (at which time Henry meditated

[1] The Norse bishoprics of Dublin, Limerick, and Waterford were subject to Canterbury, not to Armagh.

an invasion of Ireland), by Adrian IV, the only English pope,[1] and confirmed by his successor, Alexander III, the then reigning pontiff. Gerald gives us the document in full, which, he says, was deposited with the royal archives at Winchester. It sets forth that Adrian, the bishop, the servant of the servants of God, in recognition of the laudable desire of the king of the English to restore Ireland to the garden of the Lord, grants him that country, which, like all islands on which the sun of righteousness has shed its rays, is the dominion of the Holy Roman Church,[2] reserving to the blessed Peter the annual tribute of one penny for every house.

Henry spent six months in Ireland, the longest stay ever made there by an English monarch. His return appears to have been delayed by the tempestuous winter of that year. He organised the civil government, and caused a synod of the Irish clergy to be held at Cashel, whose constitutions Gerald gives us at length; they relate to baptism, marriage, funerals, the making of wills, the payment of tithes, the exactions of the petty kings (*reguli*) and chiefs on Church property, and enact that all the sacred offices shall henceforth be performed in accordance with the usage of the

[1] Adrian IV—Nicholas Breakspeare—was pope 1154-1159.

[2] This was founded on the alleged donation of Constantine (when he removed his seat of government to Constantinople) of the empire of the West to Pope Sylvester I. The claim, because of its inconvenient extent, was afterwards reduced to the Islands.

Holy Catholic Church as observed in England. Gerald had previously told of the synod of Armagh, held two years before, when the Irish clergy ascribed the recent invasion to the sins of the people, especially to the slave trade, of which the headquarters were at Bristol.[1]

Henry kept the feast of the Nativity at Dublin in a palace constructed of wattled work, after the manner of the country, and received the submission of all the native chiefs, with the possible exception of those of Ulster. He granted to his men of Bristol the city of Dublin to dwell in (the charter is still preserved in the Dublin archives), and, as lord paramount, gave Meath, the domain of the *ard-rìgh*, to Hugh de Laci, the deputy, whom Gerald praises as a very Frenchman for temperance.

After the departure of the king we hear of the famous storming of Limerick, and various incursions into Ulster, Munster, and Connaught. But these had no permanent result, and the power of the English king was for centuries confined to the Pale—a succession of counties palatine along the east coast.

In 1185, Earl John, the king's son, came over. His father had created him Lord of Ireland—a title borne by the English kings until Henry VIII renounced the successor of Pope Adrian, and called himself King of Ireland—or, as the Irish Act phrased it, "King and Emperor of

[1] Wulfstan, Bishop of Worcester, had attempted to suppress it in the reign of William I.

the realm of England and of the land of Ireland." In John's train came Gerald, this being his second visit.

Gerald seems to have been disgusted with the conduct of John and his court, and leaves to other historians to narrate this part of the history; but he cannot refrain from declaring the causes of the failure of the prince, whom he afterwards denounced as the worst of a bad breed. He relates the arrival of John Comyn, a monk of Evesham, the future builder of St. Patrick's Cathedral, appointed, through the influence of the king, to the archbishopric of Dublin, and quotes the four prophets of Ireland, who declare that Ireland shall be subdued by the English from the centre to the sea—some time before the Day of Judgment.

He digresses, after his manner, on the Crusades, the death of Becket, the character of the king (still in the style of the court chaplain), and various events in contemporary history which occur to him. He attributes to the check of the first invaders by the jealousy of the king, the disastrous fact in Irish history that the country never became thoroughly subjugated to the English crown, and that the people remained for centuries divided into the three classes of the king's friends, the king's enemies, and the king's rebels.[1]

He divides the invaders at the time of John's visit into Normans, English, and "our people",

[1] The loyal inhabitants of the Pale, the "mere Irish" of the West, and the Anglo-Irish—*ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores.*

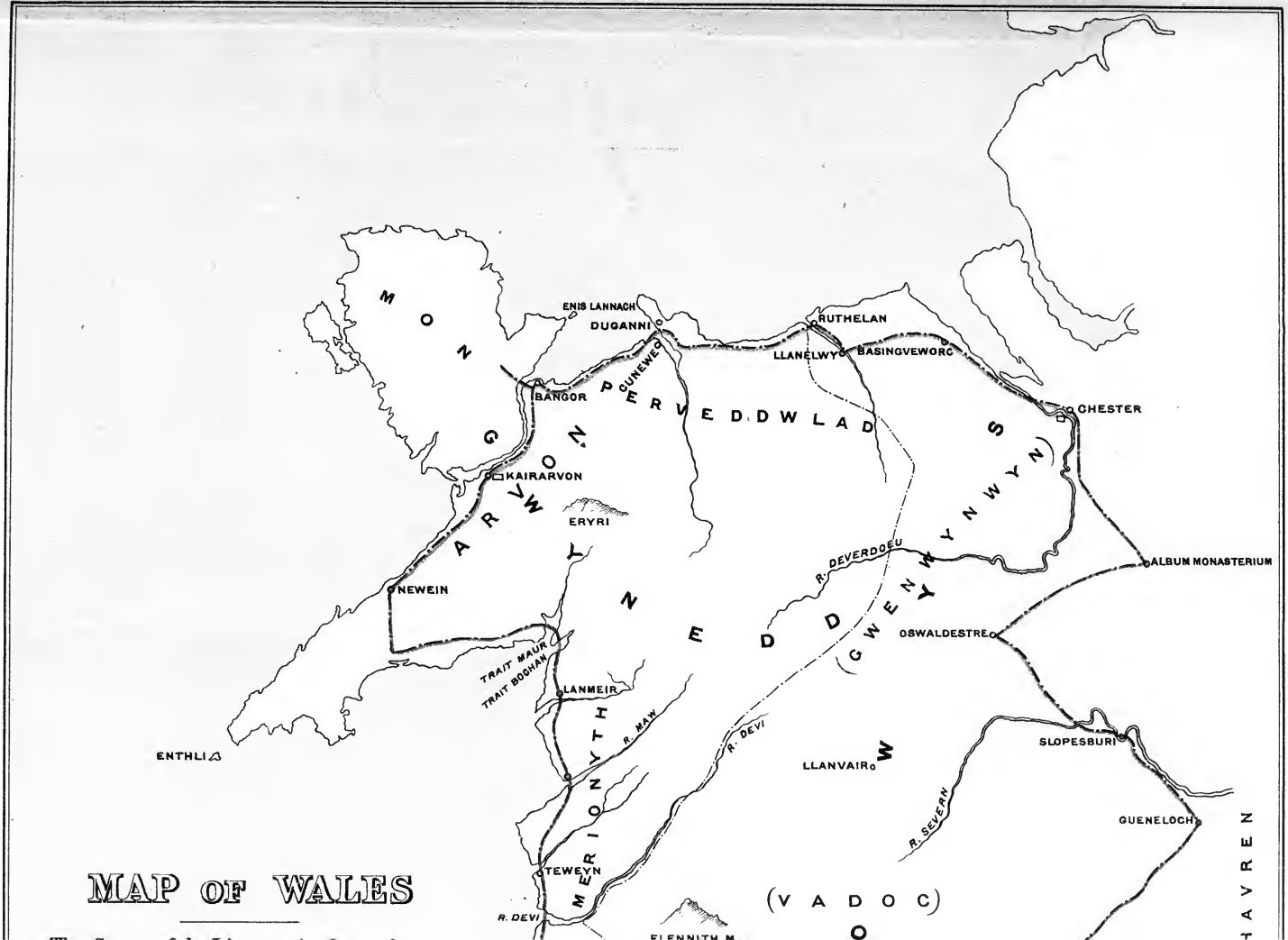
i.e., the Welsh. He forgets his own Norman blood in denouncing the first named as a grasping, boasting set, who despised everybody else. He gives his receipt for the conquest of Ireland, and, with characteristic gallantry, addresses himself to the insoluble problem how Ireland should be governed. He finds the ideal ruler of Ireland in the strong man armed.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ITINERARY THROUGH WALES.

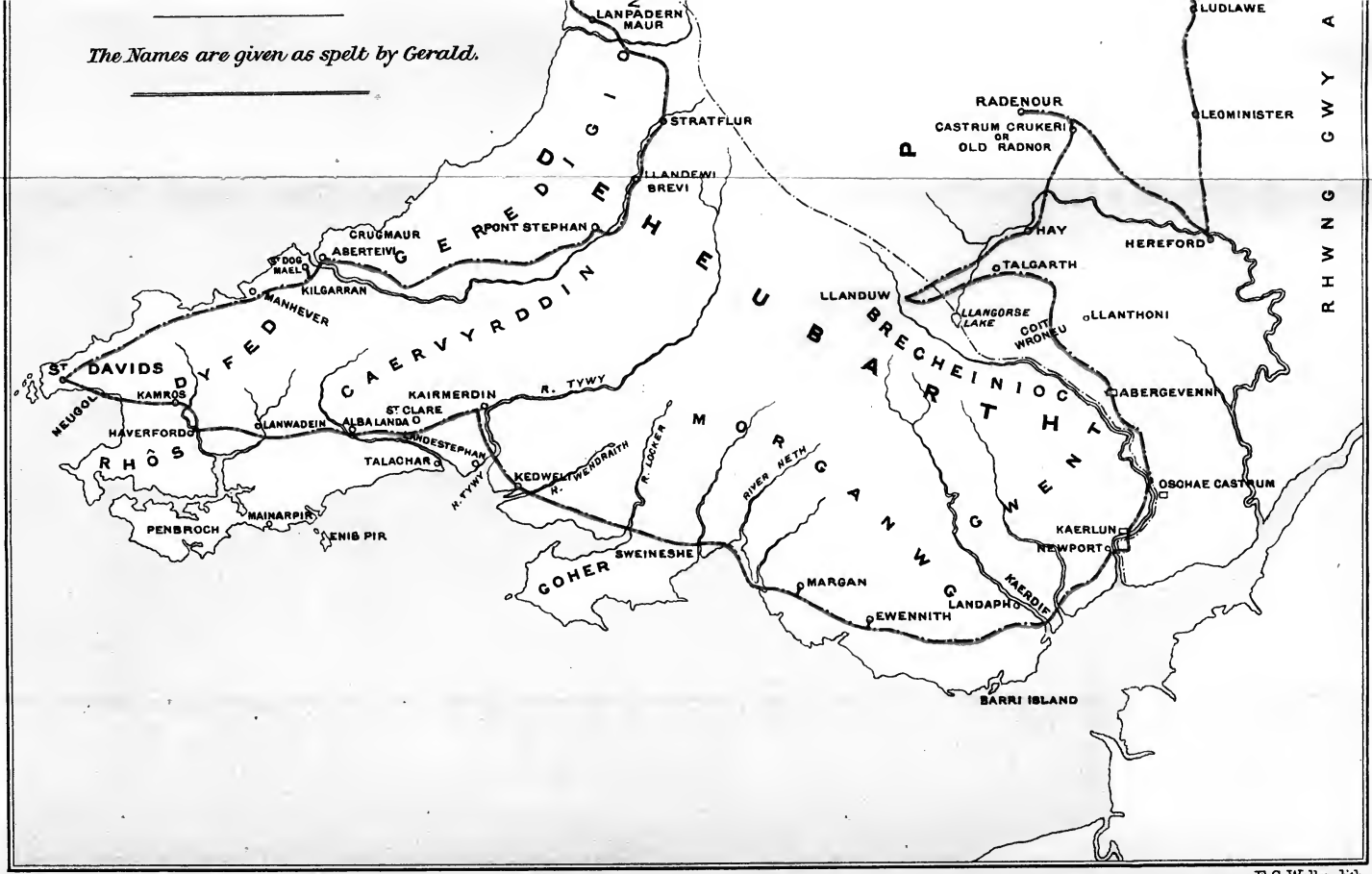
THERE are three editions of the *Itinerarium Kambriæ* to be found among the manuscripts in the libraries of the British Museum and of the two Universities. The first two editions were dedicated to William de Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, Justiciary of the realm in the absence of Richard I, and to St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln. In the third there are two dedications to Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, the leader of the barons against King John, in one of which Gerald regrets his error in dedicating his Irish works to that graceless and thankless person, Henry II, and to his successor in vice, Richard of Poitou.

Henry II had been deaf to all entreaties to succour the failing kingdom of Jerusalem, but, in 1187, all Christendom was thrilled by the news that the Holy City was again in the hands of the


MONGON
ARVON
ENIS LANNACH
DUGANNI
BANGOR
CUNEWEC
RUTHELAN
LLANELWY
BASINGVEWORC
CHESTER
PERVEDDWLAD
KAIRARVON
ERYRI
NEWEIN
ENTHLI
TRAIT MAUR
TRAIT BOCHAN
LANMEIR
MERIONYTH
R. MAW
R. DEVI
R. DEVERDOEU
ALBUM MONASTERIUM
GWENYNWYNS
OSWALDESTRE
SLOPESBURI
LLANVAIR
R. SEVERN
GUENELOCH
TEWEYN
(VADOC)
R. DEVI
ELENNITH M
HAVREN

MAP OF WALES

The Names are given as spelt by Gerald.



F. S. Weller, lith.

infidels.[1] The king then assumed the cross,[2] and vast preparations were made for the third crusade, which was led to Palestine, after Henry's death, by his son Richard and by Philip Augustus of France.

Baldwin, the Archbishop of Canterbury,[3] was sent into Wales to preach the crusade, accompanied by the first minister of state, Ranulf de Glanville, the Justiciary, the most famous lawyer of the day.[4] The expedition was not without its political reasons. The royal officials had an opportunity of surveying the country, not possible under any other circumstances ; the religious conscription would send to Palestine many of the king's troublesome enemies ; and the metropolitan of the English Church would have the opportunity of asserting his still not undisputed rights by celebrating Mass in each of the four cathedrals of Wales. It is to be noted that the canons of St. David's attempted to persuade Prince Rhys to prevent the archbishop having access to the metropolitan church of St. David's, but the

[1] It had been captured by Godfrey de Bouillon in the first crusade, A.D. 1099.

[2] The symbol worn by those who had vowed to join the crusade was originally a red cross sewn on the garments on the right shoulder ; but afterwards the nationalities were distinguished by different colours. The English cross was white.

[3] He was made Bishop of Worcester, 1180, and Archbishop, 1184. He died in Palestine, 1191.

[4] Ranulf de Glanville was the writer of the *Tractatus de Legibus et Consuetudinibus Regni Angliæ*, the oldest work on English jurisprudence. He died at the siege of Acre, 1191.

prince's notions of hospitality forbade it, "lest he might wound the holy man's feelings."

"The sages of the church and the law", says Dean Hook,[1] "were under the guidance of a young man, tall, slender in figure, with delicate features, and a fine complexion, over-shadowed by large, wide eyebrows; a man of learning and a wit, but self-sufficient, conceited, and an intolerable egotist." It was not without reason that on the Archbishop's right hand was placed the leader of the clergy of St. David's—the scion of the blood-royal of Wales. The effect of that solemn and stately procession, with the successor of St. Thomas of Canterbury riding in full armour at its head, the white cross on his breast, it is easy to imagine. The champions of the captive Jerusalem were received with reverence alike by the Welsh princes and the Norman barons, and could traverse the remote country districts with equal safety as the towns.

The Welsh princes of the time were: in South Wales, Rhys ap Griffith (Gerald's Welsh uncle), called, by the English, the Lord Rhys, the last prince of Deheubarth. Rhys was a man of conspicuous ability. He was made by Henry II, in 1176, Chief Justice of South Wales, and on the death of that king, being cavalierly treated by his successor, he reconquered nearly the whole of his ancient Principality. He died of the yellow plague in 1197. In North Wales, on the death of the famous Owen Gwynedd in 1169, the Principality

[1] *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, ii, 561.

was usurped by his son David, who was ousted, in 1194, by his (Owen's) grandson, Llewelyn ap Iorwerth—Llewelyn the Great.[1] Powys, from its situation had been more exposed to English attacks. On the death of Madoc ap Meredith, the last prince of Powys, in 1160, it was divided into Higher Powys, afterwards called Powys Gwenwynwyn,[2] held at the date of the Itinerary by Madoc's nephew, Owen Cyveilioc, a bard, some of whose poems are still extant; and Lower Powys, or Powys Vadoc, held by the sons of Madoc. There were, also, still Welsh chieftains of importance in Merioneth, Glamorgan, and elsewhere.

Among the Norman barons settled in Wales we hear of William de Braose, a man of might in the neighbourhood of Gerald's house at Llanddew, a grasping soldier of most pious conversation; of Bernard de Newmarch, the Norman conqueror of Brecheiniog, who, like some of the other invaders, married a Welshwoman, and whose daughter brought the province as her dower to Milo, Earl of Hereford. It is of Milo that Gerald relates that, when riding near the lake of Brecheiniog[3] with Griffith ap Rhys, he jestingly said to his companion, "It is an old Welsh tradition that the birds of this lake will sing at the bidding of their lawful prince."

[1] It was Madoc, another son of Owen Gwynedd, whose discovery of America was celebrated by the Welsh bards before the era of Columbus, and who is the hero of Southey's poem.

[2] From Gwenwynwyn, the son and successor of Owen Cyveilioc.

[3] Llangorse Lake.

Griffith bade Milo, as actual lord of the country, to try; he tried, and failed. Then Griffith, dismounting from his horse, prayed: "O Lord, who knowest all things, if I am the rightful prince, I command these birds, in Thy name, to declare it." And immediately the birds, flapping the water with their wings, began to cry aloud. Milo tells the king (Henry I), who exclaims, "By the death of Christ (his usual oath), we do wrong and robbery to this people, for the land is theirs."

We hear, too, of Maurice de Londres (lord of Kidwelly[1]) who, like the Conqueror, "loved the high deer as if he had been their father". But his wife persuaded him that they killed her sheep, "for women are very apt in deceiving men". There is also Robert de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, who had a stud-farm of Spanish horses in Powys.

The expedition started on Ash Wednesday from Hereford. They visited Radnor, crossed the Wye at Hay to Llanddew[2] (a mansion of the see of St. David's, near Brecon, where Gerald then lived), thence by Talgarth across the hills to Abergavenny, and so down the valley of the Usk by Caerleon to Newport and the noble castle of Cardiff. They pass through Llandaff and Ewenny to the noble Cistercian monastery of Margam. Thence along the coast, over dangerous quick-

[1] He was the son of William de Londres, one of the twelve Norman knights who were called in by Iestyn, lord of Morganwg, against Rhys ap Tudor, and who rewarded their ally by seizing his territory.

[2] More properly Llandduw, which Gerald interprets, "Ecclesia Dei."

sands and across rivers not yet bridged, to Neath and Swansea, and so by Kidwelly and across the Towy, in boats, to Caermarthen. From Caermarthen by Whitland (Alba Domus or Alba Landa)[1] and Llawhaden, the castle of the Bishop of St. David's, to Haverfordwest, thence by Camrose and Newgale Sands[2] to St. David's. From St. David's along the old pilgrims' way, by the northern coast of the county, where the cross, cut deep in some old stone in the road-side, still marks the route to the sacred city. They visit St. Dogmael's, and are handsomely entertained by Prince Rhys at his castle at Aberteivi (Cardigan). From Cardigan up the Tivy to Strata Florida—"the Westminster Abbey of Wales"[3]—and so to Llanbadarn Vawr, once, and perhaps again to be, a cathedral church.[4] They cross the Dovey into North Wales and follow the coast line to Pwllheli;[5] then strike across to Nevin on Carnarvon Bay, where Gerald is said to have found the works of Merlin Sylvester. Still keeping to the coast, they reach

[1] The famous Cistercian monastery of Alba Domus replaced the old Bangor y Ty Gwyn, stated to have been founded by Paulinus (Pawl Hên), the tutor of St. David. The Ty Gwyn ar Dâf, where Howel Dda promulgated his laws in 940, was in the same neighbourhood.

[2] Gerald notices the tradition, still remaining along the coast, of the submerged forest in St. Bride's Bay.

[3] All Welshmen should read the history of this abbey, lately published by Mr. Stephen W. Williams.

[4] The see of Llanbadarn was merged in that of St. David's in the eighth century, after an existence of some two centuries.

[5] Gerald does not mention Harlech.

the little cell of Basingwerk (near Holywell), and go up the Dee to Chester, visiting on their way the island of Anglesey and the cathedrals of Bangor and St. Asaph (the latter Gerald always speaks of as "that poor little church of Llanelwy"). They had hurried to Chester to keep the Easter festival. After Easter they turn inland, and traversing with greater rapidity Powys and the borders, they pass through Album Monasterium (probably Whitchurch in Shropshire), Oswestry, Shrewsbury, and Ludlow, back to the starting point at Hereford. A like journey had never been made through Wales. After spending a month in South Wales, they passed through North Wales in eight days; Powys had already been worked by the bishop of the diocese (St. Asaph), and it does not seem to have been thought necessary to do much preaching in that district.

Of course, Gerald gets off the track whenever the occasion suggests itself. He digresses to Llanthony, to describe, with his appreciation of the beauties of nature, the wild grandeur of the valley in which originally was founded the little church of St. David on the Hodni, which developed into the famous Abbey of the Order of St. Augustine, and to denounce with his impartial hatred all the monastic orders. He proposes more fully to expound his views in a book hereafter, by the grace of God, to be written. This book, the *Speculum Ecclesiæ*, he wrote late in life; and in it, by the grace of God, he lashed the monks in a way his old friend Walter Mapes could not have excelled. Gerald

closes the digression with a sermon on the virtues of frugality and contentment, and sets before us, as an eminent example of both, the Venerable the Archdeacon of Brecon.

He digresses to Pembroke, to tell us of the slender fortress of stakes and turf built there in the reign of Henry I, by Arnulph de Montgomery, who entrusted it to that worthy and discreet man, Gerald de Windsor (Gerald's grandfather), who, in order to make his position more secure, married the Welsh princess Nesta; to tell us of the beauties of his own loved Manorbier, which he attributes, after the fashion of the time, to an eponymous hero, Pyrrus (*mansio Pyrri*), in the same manner as he attributes Brecheiniog to Brachanus, with his four-and-twenty saintly daughters.[1]

He praises the beautiful situation of his old home, its genial climate, its vineyards and orchards, its plenty of corn, sea-fish, and imported wines.

Houses in the county of Pembroke[2] had even then attained to the respectability of being haunted. The inmost secrets of the inmates of Stephen Wiriot (of Orielton?) were divulged by unclean spirits, who did not scruple to slander even the priests armed with crucifix and holy water. The

[1] Gerald states that his own family took their name from Barry Island, on the Glamorganshire coast, and the island its name from St. Baruc.

[2] The county of Pembroke was then confined to the old cantred of Penvro, corresponding nearly with the present hundred of Castlemartin.

steward of Elidor de Stakepole was Satan, in the guise of a red-haired young man, who knew all the family secrets; fed the servants well, on the plea that those who produced had the first right to consume; but who never went to church or uttered one Catholic word.

It was not in Gerald to pass through St. David's without a long dissertation on the ancient glories of the seat of the Primate of Wales. He enumerates the successors of St. David to his own time, but omits all mention of the great church then being reared by his successful rival, Peter de Leia.

His love of the picturesque and the miraculous leads him to describe the mountains of Snowdon and its two lakes—one with floating islands, of which he gives a rational explanation, and the other with one-eyed fish, which he will not take on himself to explain.

We have miracles galore. There is the staff of St. Curig, a certain cure for glandular swellings upon devout application, and the oblation of one penny. And the saint would not take less. A thrifty patient, who only invested to the extent of a halfpenny, found himself still with half a swelling. Another, who was cured on credit, and did not meet his engagements on settling day, had his swelling back until he brought to the saint an apology and a fine of threepence. There are the portable bells, a church property used at funerals, which had such miraculous power that both clergy and laity of Wales preferred to forswear themselves on the Holy Gospels.

There is the boy who stole pigeons from a church of St. David, and St. David held him tight by the hand for three days and three nights, while all his friends and relatives were supplicating before the high altar for his release. And this story is authentic, for Gerald had seen at Newbury the boy when he had become an old man, and the stone is "alive at this day to testify it". There is the Welshman of Caerleon, "in our time", who began the downward path by going courting on Palm Sunday "in a pleasant and convenient spot", and who was straightway possessed with devils, who affected him principally when near a monastery, but who taught him how to prophesy and how to detect a liar. If the gospel of St. John were placed on his bosom, the devils fled; but when the *History of the Britons*, by Geoffrey ap Arthur,[1] was substituted, they returned in greater numbers. We are not told whether the same experiment was tried with the *Itinerary through Wales*. It is an example of the uncritical spirit in which history was then written that Gerald should mention as an interesting and noteworthy fact that when his uncle was bishop the little river

[1] Geoffrey ap Arthur, better known under his English name, Geoffrey of Monmouth, was the founder of the historical novel. His *Historia Britonum*, a history of the British kings from Brute the Trojan to Cadwallader, at the end of the seventh century, was professedly founded on a book in the Cymric tongue, brought out of Brittany by Walter (not Mapes), Archdeacon of Oxford. To this he added the prophecies of Merlin, translated into Latin prose. Geoffrey was archdeacon of Monmouth, and was made Bishop of St. Asaph in 1152.

Alan at St. David's (he calls it a turbid stream) on one occasion ran with wine. Students of folk-lore will be interested in the account of the visits of a priest of Gower in his boyhood to fairyland, where he learned the language, which was akin to Greek (he was ejected for stealing a golden ball for his mother). Gerald gives us some specimens of the fairy tongue, and airs his learning in furnishing the equivalents in Welsh, English, Latin, Greek, Irish, German, and French. We have occasional glimpses of the state of the country in those days; of the ceaseless fueds between the native princes, to whom even the experience of having their country filched from them piecemeal would not teach wisdom; of the barbarities inflicted on the Welsh by the Norman governors of the castles, and retaliated on the Normans by the Welsh whenever they got the chance. Gerald thinks it better to omit the narration of the atrocities perpetrated at Abergavenny (of which he accuses Henry II of being the instigator), lest bad men might be induced to follow the example.[1] The history of the time is summed up in one sentence: "This man was, after the manner of the Welsh, the owner of a tract of wild mountain land, of the whole or part of which the Earl was for ever trying to deprive him."

[1] As morbid minds have been sometimes induced to follow the examples set forth in all their loathsome details by the press, it may not be inappropriate to remark that there are some who might do well to imitate the reticence of this garrulous old Welshman of seven hundred years ago.

Gerald, at Llanddew, presented the Archbishop with his work on Irish Topography. He graciously received it, and read a portion every day, and, when the journey was over, took the book home to finish. Gerald, with his easy credulity, believes that he did it.[1]

The crusaders were accompanied by the Welsh bishops through their respective dioceses, and by the Welsh princes through their Principalities.[2] They were also attended by interpreters to the Welsh. To give all the details of interest would be to rewrite the book. It must suffice to notice that Gerald details the vestiges of Roman splendour then still to be found at Caerleon, and prophesies of the gold to be found in Wales when men would work for it. At Cardiff we have the story of the warning to Henry II (on Sunday observances) in English, which language the king could understand but not speak.[3] At Llandaff the English part of the congregation stand on one side, the Welsh on the other. At Caermarthen, Gerald found remains of the old Roman brick walls. Near Whitland, a young Welshman, devoutly coming to meet them, was murdered by some

[1] Having regard to the time occupied in the journey, a very slight portion appears to have sufficed to send the good man to sleep.

[2] The area of the civil and ecclesiastical rule was, as in England, originally the same. For Deheubarth there was the unwieldy diocese of St. David's; for Gwent and Morganwg, Llandaff; for Gwynedd, Bangor; and for Powys, St. Asaph.

[3] "God holde thee, Cuning", said his interviewer; that is, "God save thee, King".

archers of the castle at St. Clears, who were signed with the cross as punishment of their crime. At Haverford, Gerald preaches in Latin and French; and the people, although they did not understand a syllable, are moved to tears by his eloquence, and rush in crowds to take the cross. We hear, in the *De Rebus*,[1] that the Archbishop frequently remarked on the journey that he had seen weeping in his day, but such weepers as the men of Haverford were beyond the range of even his experience; and Gerald takes a neighbourly pride in their exuberance. It would have been interesting if Gerald had told us what language the men of Haverford then used. Richard, the son of Tancard, the castellan, seems to have been a Fleming, from which it would appear that the Flemings were in the ascendant; but some of the old Norse settlers might still have been in evidence.[2]

Gerald describes the Flemings settled in the district, in the reigns of Henry I and Henry II,[3] as a brave and robust people; ever hostile to the Welsh; with skill in commerce and manufacture,

[1] ii, 18.

[2] Haverford—Hafnafiord—"the creek on the haven", is one of the numerous Norse place-names in Pembrokeshire. It may—or may not—be in connection with the Norse prefix of Honey, common in the county, that the natives of the old town are still wont to speak of it as Honey Harford.

"Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet."

[3] There were three Flemish settlements in Pembrokeshire; the first in 1107.

and a keen eye to the main chance. The Welsh chronicler calls the Flemings cowards.[1] Gerald gives a long account of their divination by the blade-bone of a ram's shoulder; but this was also a Celtic use.

We hear much of Caradoc of St. Ishmael's,[2] a local hermit, and the last of the Welsh saints, whom Innocent III canonised at Gerald's instance,[3] the annual festival at whose sacred well, near Haverfordwest, developed, in later times, into the less saintly pastimes of Portfield Fair.

At St. David's, in the vale of Roses, in which the cathedral stands, was Llech Llafar, the famous speaking stone of white marble which bridged the Alan. A prophecy of Merlin was held to mean that on it Henry II should meet his death. As that king was on his return from Ireland, going to the cathedral in pilgrim's garb, a woman of the crowd urged some petition against the bishop. The king paid no heed, and the woman shouted aloud in Welsh: "Revenge us this day, Llech

[1] *Brut y Tywysogion*, the *Chronicles of the Princes*, anno 1135. The *Brut* (from A.D. 681 to 1282) was written chiefly by Caradoc of Llancarvan, who died in 1156, and is confused by the Rolls editor with St. Caradoc, who died in 1124. The whole was recast and added to by a later hand. There is no notice of Baldwin's journey in the *Brut*, but the *Annales Cambriæ* mentions it. The *Annales*, from A.D. 444 to 1288, are ascribed to the monks of Strata Florida. They exist in Latin, but were probably, like the *Brut*, originally written in Welsh. The entries until the eleventh century are very scanty.

[2] Haroldstone St. Ishmael's or St. Issel's, near Haverfordwest.

[3] *De Jure et Statu*, book ii.

Llafar, revenge us on this man." The king had heard of the prophecy, he paused, gazed earnestly at the stone, then firmly stepped across, and looking round on his attendants, cried in triumph: "Who will hereafter place his trust in that liar, Merlin?"

We have two other legends of St. David's. One of the same king, who, while hawking on the coast, spied a noble falcon on the cliff, and let loose his favourite hawk at him. But the native bird, soaring to a great height, struck the foreigner dead at the king's feet; and from that day the royal sportsman sent, every breeding season, for his hawks to Ramsey Island.

The other is also a twice-told tale by Gerald. William Rufus,[1] observing the Irish coast from St. David's Head, exclaimed: "I will summon all the ships of my realm and make a bridge over to that country." "Did the king say, If God so will?" said the prince of Leinster, when the story was told to him; and being informed that the king was not in the habit of making that sort of remark, replied, "Then I fear him not."

The noble river Tivy excites the author's admiration, with its salmon, still happily to be found there, and its beavers (on which he learnedly digresses), long since extinct.[2] Crossing the hills

[1] William the Conqueror is said to have visited St. David's in 1079, but it is very doubtful if his son was ever there.

[2] Gerald says that the Tivy was the only river in England or Wales in which beavers were then found. They were scarce in Wales in the days of Howel Dda.

from Strata Florida they are met by Cynwrig, the fair-haired son of Prince Rhys, with a company of light-armed youths, clothed, according to the custom of the country, with thin cloaks and light under-garments, their legs and feet bare.

The lay-abbot of Llanbadarn Vawr is the text for a discourse on the evil habit among the Welsh clergy of appointing powerful laymen to be patrons of their churches, who eventually appropriate the possessions of the church and leave them to their children.

Merioneth is the rudest and roughest district of all Wales, and as South Wales excels in the use of the bow, so does North Wales in that of the lance. We have a passing notice of Bardsey, the Isle of the Saints (off the south coast of Caernarvonshire), where, through the merits of the blessed saints, disease is unknown, and no one dies except from old age. The difficulties of the journey through Caernarvon are so great that Gerald looks on it as the rehearsal of the great journey to Jerusalem. We see the Archbishop sitting on the trunk of a tree, uprooted by the wind, at the crest of some hill which he had surmounted, and inviting his panting attendants to regale him by whistling a tune; and Gerald approves the pleasantry of so grave and dignified a personage. Some one then remarks that the nightingale never came to Wales: "Wise bird the nightingale", says the way-worn primate.

The Bishop of Bangor, although he had accom-

panied the crusaders, would not take the cross, except upon compulsion; nor were the sons of Roderic (ap Owen Gwynedd), who met the Archbishop in Anglesey, less unwilling than their diocesan. Traces of the visit are said to have been left in Anglesey in the local names of the "Careg-yr-Archesgob" and of the "Maen Roderic", as also in Dyved, in the "Pont-y-Baldwin" over the little river Duad, near College, and in the "Parc-y-Capel", on the Tivy, where a chapel was built in memory of the sermons delivered there.

We have a description of Mona, so fertile in corn as to give rise to the proverb, "Mon mam Kembre",—Mona, the mother of Wales; but externally it reminded Gerald of the district of Pencaer, in his native county. The adjacent island of Priestholme was another isle of the saints, where the women were, as usual, not admitted.

The Bishop of Bangor is commanded to remove from before the high altar of his cathedral the body of Owen Gwynedd, who had died excommunicated by St. Thomas of Canterbury;[1] and the bishop, in divided allegiance to the spiritual and civil power, secretly deposited the late Prince of North Wales among his faithful subjects outside through an underground tunnel.

Dinas Emrys, where Merlin uttered his prophecies, calls to the author's mind the two Merlins —Ambrosius of Caermarthen, and Celidonius or

[1] He had married his first-cousin.

Sylvester of Scotland.[1] Coleshill, where Henry II fled ignominiously before the Welsh, gives him leave to speak of the three Welsh expeditions of that king in 1157, 1162, and 1165; and the story of the greyhound who defended the body of a young Welshman who was slain in the battle, affords him the opportunity, which he always takes, of showing his love for dogs. The English, though they hated the Welsh, gave to the master the rights of sepulture and humanity—as a mark of favour to the dog.

Chester, we hear, is the burial-place of two famous monarchs, Henry V, the emperor,[2] and Harold, the last of the English kings. For the first statement there is no authority; for the second, many old writers assert that Harold escaped from Hastings. Oswestry is memorable for the sumptuous entertainment given by William Fitz Alan, after the English manner, and the crusaders appear to have keenly appreciated the change of diet.

At Shrewsbury the Archdeacon preached an elegant sermon, and, with the aid of the primate, struck from the roll of the faithful, Owen Cyveilioc of Powys—Owen of the silver tongue—for he of all the princes of Wales came not to the help of the Lord. Nevertheless, Gerald names him as among the Welsh princes of his time who were famous for their justice, wisdom, and princely moderation.

[1] The principal works of wonder are attributed to the former.

[2] He died in 1125.

During the pilgrimage, about three thousand recruits were made for the crusade,[1] and many and great were the lamentations of their friends and neighbours. The women opposed throughout. Prince Rhys was diverted from his noble purpose by the female artifices of his wife, a daughter of Eve and of Powys. The recruits at Hay fled from their wives to the Archbishop at the castle.[2] A Welsh chieftain from the Usk was stamped in a different mould; being urged by Baldwin to take the cross, he replied that he would like to consult his friends. "I suppose", said the Archbishop, "you wish to ask your wife?" Then he modestly made answer: "When the work of a man is to be done, the advice of a woman need not be asked"; and straightway took the cross like a man. But few of the recruits ever went. Dissensions arose among the sovereigns, and the enterprise was delayed until the zeal of the Welsh had grown cold. But that some, at least, did go, we know elsewhere from the valiant deeds of Welshmen recounted by the chronicler of the third crusade.

The historian concludes with a panegyric on that gentle enthusiast, Archbishop Baldwin, one of the few monks of whom Gerald ever spoke in

[1] Their efforts appear to have been directed wholly to the Welsh. The vassals of the Norman barons were subject to other influences.

[2] Michaud, *Bibliothèque de Croisades*, ed. 1829, ii, 786, in an extract from another manuscript of the *Itinerary*, says: "Ils donnèrent la croix à un grand nombre d'hommes qui étaient presque nus, parce que leurs femmes avaient caché leurs vêtemens pour les empêcher d'aller s'enrôler dans la croisade."

praise. Gerald himself had taken the cross at Radnor among the first, but, like many rich men, had bought a dispensation. The poor man had literally to go, or be—well, the alternative was unpleasant. But the saintly primate of the English Church, of whom even lying rumour dared not to speak ill, followed the crusading hosts to the rescue of Jerusalem, and died in the Holy Land, broken-hearted at the spectacle of the unbridled wickedness of the Soldiers of the Cross.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DESCRIPTION OF WALES.

THERE are two editions of the *Descriptio Kambriæ* which have survived; one published by Gerald about 1194, and dedicated to Archbishop Hubert; and the other published about 1215, and dedicated to Hubert's successor, the famous Stephen Langton. There was probably another edition inscribed to Bishop Hugh of Lincoln; but of this no manuscript is extant. The manuscripts of the other editions are in the British Museum and at Cambridge. The manuscript which Wharton used was probably destroyed in the fire in 1694, by which so much of the contents of the library of Westminster Abbey was lost.

There are two prefaces addressed to Archbishop

Langton. In these the author gives his reasons for proclaiming to the world the hidden merits of his native land, and describing the genius of the people, so entirely distinct from that of other nations. He does not look for remuneration; it was an age in which literary effort had scant reward.

Gerald begins by describing the three remaining tribes of Britons in Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany; and the three divisions of Wales into North Wales, Venedotia or Gwynedd, South Wales, Demetia[1] or Deheubarth, and the middle or eastern district of Powys. South Wales is the largest, but the least desirable (for the prince), from the number and power of its nobles (uchelwyr; Gerald writes Hucheilwer).[2] He gives the genealogy of the princes of North and South Wales to Roderic the Great, but his love for exact historical truth will not permit him to continue it, after the manner of the bards, to Æneas and Adam.

South Wales has twenty-nine cantreds,[3] North Wales twelve, and Powys six[4]; the respective

[1] Demetia corresponded more with Dyved, West Wales.

[2] The dependence of the great lords of Dyved, Morganwg, and Gwent on the king at Dynevor was always somewhat precarious.

[3] Groups of a hundred townships, corresponding to the hundreds of the Saxon shires.

[4] According to the later survey made by Prince Llewelyn, and preserved in the *Red Book* at Jesus College, Oxford, the cantreds were—in South Wales twenty-five, in North Wales fifteen, and in Powys fourteen; but many of these had long been lost to Wales.

royal[1] seats being Dynevor in Caermarthen, Aberffraw in Anglesey, and Pengwern, the modern Shrewsbury.[2]

He then describes the four cathedral churches, with the cantreds subject to each, and the noble rivers which flow from Plynlimmon and Snowdon. North Wales has the strongest men and the most fertile soil, but the more level country of the south pleases him more. The men in the north are expert with the lance ; those of the south, and especially the men of Gwent, with the bow. The purest Welsh is spoken in North Wales, or perhaps in Brittany, although some hold that the genuine speech is to be found in Cardigan. He notices in passing that the Saxon of southern England is purer and less corrupted by Danish idioms than that of the north.

He asserts the truth of the derivation of Cambria from Camber, the son of Brutus the Trojan[3] (Brutus ap Silvius ap Ascanius ap Æneas), and admits the plausibility of the derivation from Cam and Gracco—"distorted Greek". But in the same chapter he roundly accuses Geoffrey of Monmouth of lying ("sicut fabulosa Galfridi Arthuri mentitur historia"), because he attributes the name of Wales to a General Wallo or a Queen Wendolena. And

[1] After the death of Rhys ap Tudor in 1093, Y Tri Tywysog Talaethioc were princes, not kings.

[2] The seat of the King of Powys, after the making of Offa's Dyke in 795, was transferred to Mathraval on the Vyrnwy.

[3] The story of Brute the Trojan is inconsistent with the accounts given in the Triads.

then "the father of comparative philology" informs us that "Welsh" was merely "foreigner" in the Saxon tongue.

Gerald then launches out in praise of his countrymen. They are a nation of warriors; the higher classes go to battle well mounted, but the mass of the people are on foot, lightly armed with small coats of mail, helmets, and shields, with arrows and long lances. They are a pastoral people, living on the produce of their herds, and eating more flesh than corn. They care little for agriculture, and nothing for commerce or shipping.[1] They are frugal; they go to no expense in food or dress. There is no beggar in the land. Every man keeps open house. Hospitality is the first of their virtues. The guest, on entering, gives up his arms, and is welcomed by the washing of his feet, and is entertained by the conversation of the younger women, and by playing on the harp, until the simple evening meal, furnished according to the wealth of the family. (Here is no Irish jealousy, says Gerald.) They have no table-linen. They sit on rushes or fresh grass; and three guests eat out of the same wooden platter, instead of two, as is the custom elsewhere.[2] They eat a thin, broad cake of bread, baked every day (lagana = *bara llech*), sweet herbs, and sometimes

[1] The absence of a navy was often disastrous in Welsh history.

[2] In later mediæval times there were four guests to a plate, who were called a mess. Those who have eaten their way to a noble profession will recognise traces of this custom.

chopped meat with broth. The host and hostess wait on the company. A large bed of rushes, covered with coarse cloth (*brychan*), is laid along one side of the room, and they all sociably retire to rest, clothed as they are in their thin cloaks and tunics. "Propinquo concubantium calore multum adjuti"—when one side gets tired from the hardness of the bed they turn the other —or go and warm themselves at the fire, which is kept alight all night.

Both men and women kept their heads cropped close; the women's being covered with a kind of white turban. Equally both sexes keep their teeth like ivory, by constant rubbing with green hazel. The men shave their beards, but let the moustache (*gernoboda*) grow as they did in Cæsar's time.[1]

He praises their sharpness of intellect above those of other dwellers in a Western clime, which enables them to excel in whatever study they pursue.[2] Above all, he praises their skill in music, repeating from the *Irish Topography* his remarks on harmony and discords, fourths and fifths, the charms of the key of B flat, and the beauties of the bass accompaniment. The instruments are the same—the harp, the pipe,[3] and the

[1] "Omni parte corporis rasâ præter caput et labrum superius." (*De Bell. Gall.*, v, 14.)

[2] He observes elsewhere that the people of the East are of a less robust frame, but of a more acute intellect. (*Top. Heb.*, i, 37.)

[3] The bagpipes had been introduced into Wales from Ireland by Griffith ap Conan, 1080.

crowd.[1] Companies of singers were frequently to be met with in Wales, who sang in parts, and not in unison, as in other countries. The like symphony, but less elaborate, was to be found across the Humber, and the superior musical talent of the north countrymen he attributes to their Norse descent.

He extols their rhetorical powers, and the exquisite invention of their rhymed songs and set speeches. He quotes examples in Welsh, English, and Latin of the rhetorical ornament of alliteration, which finds favour in his eyes—or, rather, his ears—and regrets that the otherwise elegant French tongue is ignorant of this embellishment. The Welsh and English examples are interesting, as being very early specimens of those languages.

"Dychaun Dyu da dy unic."[2]

"Erbyn dibuilh puilh paraut."[3]

"Godis to gedere gamen and wisdom."[4]

"Ne halt nocht alsor isaid, ne al sorghe at wite."[5]

"Betere is red thene rap, and list thene lither streingthe."[6]

Gerald illustrates Welsh wit and pleasantry by

[1] The crowd—*crwth*—was an ancient fiddle with six strings, four played by a bow, and two by the thumb as accompaniment.

[2] In modern Welsh, Digon Duw da dyn unig—The good God is enough to the lonely man.

[3] In modern Welsh, Erbyn dibwyll pwyll parod—Against the senseless sense is ready.

[4] Good is together play and wisdom, *i.e.*, It is good to be merry and wise.

[5] It boots not to tell every woe, nor to upbraid every sorrow.

[6] Counsel is better than haste, and firm than pliant strength.

examples which would not pass muster in a modern book of jokes, and which are not worthy of his keen appreciation of humour. "Our hostess puts too little butter in her salt," a guest remarked of a thrifty housewife, and the point of the joke is elaborately explained.

In his dedication of the *Conquest of Ireland* to King John, he takes leave to give his royal majesty some good advice with the freedom of speech which is the inalienable birthright of Welshmen; and in the *De Instructione Principum* we hear that he urged Henry II to go to the Holy Land—"Britannicâ forte temeritate." This quality, which he finds among all classes of the Welsh, he attributes to their Trojan descent; and, in proof of his theory, he cites examples of many classical names to be found in Wales, and of the similarity of many Greek, Latin, and Welsh words. The English, who derive their fair complexion and cold disposition from their Saxon ancestry, have not the same frankness of speech as their darker and warmer-tempered neighbours.

We then have a long chapter full of scriptural allusions on the soothsayers (*Awennithion*, i.e., *awenyddion*), who, in a kind of poetic rapture, utter oracular sayings. The mantle of Calchas had descended on Merlin. And Gerald works round to the old conclusion—prophecy shall fail, knowledge shall vanish away, but there abideth faith, hope, and charity, and charity never fails.

The Welshman loves high descent and carries his pedigree about with him, which is his title-

deed.[1] We have interesting details of their family feuds, their dislike of town life, their wattled huts in the woodlands, built to last one year. They plough the little arable land they have with two or more, frequently four, oxen, the ploughman walking backwards in front of the team. They have rough instruments for reaping, which we are invited to come and see, as they cannot well be described. Their boats are almost round, covered within and without by raw hides, like the coracles described in the *Irish Topography*—a salmon will often upset them. That dealer in fables, Bledri, a little before our time, alluded to them when he speaks of the people who leap on their horses to catch their prey, and when it is caught, carry their horses home on their shoulders.

The first book, the *Laudabilium*, ends with a eulogy on the antiquity and pureness of their faith. They break the first piece of every loaf for the poor; they ask a blessing of every priest or monk they meet. They pay the great tithe on all their property and cattle when they marry, go on a pilgrimage, or turn over a new leaf (this last seems to have been a frequent source of revenue). Two-thirds of this tithe goes to their baptismal church, and one-third to the bishop. The churches have the right of sanctuary, often abused, and the right extends to the animals in the churchyards, and sometimes beyond, to boundaries fixed by the bishop.

[1] The free tribesmen, who alone were entitled to the name of "Cymry", had to show descent through nine generations to be admitted to a share of the *tir gwelyog*.

"This nation is earnest in all its pursuits; nowhere will you find worse men than the bad, or better than the good. Happy and blessed would this people be if only they had good pastors and but one prince, and he a good one." If only they had good pastors!

In his preface to the second book, the *Illaudabilium*, Gerald declares that it is his duty, as a truth-loving historian, to set forth in what respects the natural disposition of the British nation had been corrupted by long exile and poverty. This book, which Dr. Powel declined to publish, has been the subject of much hostile criticism, but, whatever may be said of Gerald's acquaintance with Ireland, derived from his three visits to that country, he knew Wales well, and the judgment which he had formed as a Norman ecclesiastic on the highroad to success, he did not reverse in the later edition of his work, when he had passed through the mill of adversity and become the earnest, patriotic Welshman of his later years.

It is interesting to compare the account of Gerald with that given by a contemporary Welshman, the famous Walter Mapes.[1] Mapes, in his

[1] Walter Mapes, or Map, was born about 1143. His mother was Flur, the only child of Gweirydd, the lord of Llancarvan. Mapes, who was in great favour with Henry II, was Canon of St. Paul's and Precentor of Lincoln, and in 1196 became Archdeacon of Oxford. He is chiefly known by his satires on the monks and clergy; but it was to him that the Arthurian legends were indebted for their first popularity. He was the author of a treatise in Welsh on agriculture, which is still extant.

chapter *De moribus Walensium*,[1] says: "Compatriotæ nostri Walenses omnino sunt infideles ad omnes tam ad invicem quam ad alios." And in his conversation with Thomas à Becket on "fides Walensis", he speaks of the glory of Welshmen in robbery and theft, of their foolish and unjust anger, and of their swiftness to shed blood. There are many allusions to Wales in Mapes' book—"Rarus in Walensibus nostris est timor Domini secundum scientiam"; and he gives a story of a Welsh noble who in faith and prayerful piety was a very angel, but in works a mere bloodthirsty brigand. He did not fear the Lord "secundum scientiam".

In further proof of the accuracy of Gerald's description, it is alleged that her Majesty's Judges of Assize, and other archæologists, have found in modern Wales some traces of that want of truth and honesty which is stated to have existed in mediæval times. The way to cure national or personal failings is not to shut our eyes to them.

The Welsh, says Gerald, are inconstant, cunning, and crafty. They have no respect for oaths, no regard for the truth. They thieve even from their own countrymen, and no treaty has yet been found which can hold them. And then Gerald suddenly breaks off to lecture Gildas[2] for having

[1] *De nugis Curialium*, Camden Society's Publications, 1850, ii, 20.

[2] Gildas, a monk of the sixth century, said to have been a fellow-pupil of Llywarch Hen, wrote the *De Excidio Britanniæ*, an account of the Saxon conquest of Britain.

abused his own countrymen; and he gives some instances of British valour to contravert the dictum of his predecessor, that the Britons were neither brave in war nor faithful in peace.[1] In the first attack the Welsh are more than men, in the second less than women. This Gerald explains by their being light-armed troops, unsuited for a pitched field of battle, but always ready to return after a defeat; as easy to be beaten in a single fight as difficult to be subdued in a long war.[2]

They remove their neighbours' land-marks, and claim as their own, by hereditary right, lands held under lease or at will, or on condition of planting, even when the tenant's right has been publicly confirmed by the oath of the lord proprietor.

The contentions are increased by the national custom of all brothers (born in or out of wedlock) sharing equally. The Welshman loves his brother more when he is dead than when he is alive. The living brother he persecutes, the dead he avenges with all his might.

[1] Gerald gives the story of Gildas, in a fit of irritation, destroying his history of the valiant deeds of Arthur and the Britons.

[2] George Owen, the Lord of Henllys, in his *History of Pembrokeshire*, 1603, a fragment preserved in manuscript in the Harleian Collection at the British Museum, speaking of the numerous places in his county called castles, says that the Welsh castles were merely towers without any curtilage, used for refuge for the lord, and a small company, on any sudden emergency. The Norman castles were built with large courts, walled in for permanent residence.

The Welsh are parsimonious at home but immoderate at another man's table. Yet they do not mortgage their property to gorge their stomachs, as men do in England. They buy their wives on trial, and they do not marry until they have just ground for believing that the woman who has been chosen to keep house may become the joyful mother of children. They have two sins heinous in the eyes of the Roman ecclesiastic, and common to Britain and to Brittany: they marry within the prohibited degrees, and their benefices are hereditary. For their vices, especially that narrated of Maelgon by Geoffrey of Monmouth,[1] they have lost Britain, as they formerly lost Troy; but they still exult in the prophecy of Merlin, that the name and nation of the foreigners shall be lost in the Isle of Britain.

Gerald then recounts the conquest of the Welsh by Ethelfrith,[2] Offa,[3] and Harold.[4] Of the victories of the latter, many stones remained in his day as memorials, with the inscription, "Hic fuit victor Haroldus." It is to these victories that Gerald attributes the comparative quiet of Wales

[1] *Hist. Brit.*, ii, 7; but see *Symbol. Elect.*, i, 1: "Inauditum in Walliæ finibus facinus istud."

[2] Ethelfrith, King of Northumbria, defeated the Welsh and massacred the monks of Bangor, 607.

[3] Offa, King of Mercia, died 794. He reduced the bounds of Wales, and made the famous dyke between his dominions and the Welsh.

[4] Harold, who had had previous encounters with the Welsh, subdued the whole country in 1063.

in the first three Norman reigns, during which the country increased in population, and the Welsh, having learnt from the Normans and English the use of armour and horses, were enabled again to lift up their heads.

He tells us how Wales may be conquered. Their perpetual dissensions are to be fomented; castles to be built, trade stopped, and the coast blockaded; light-armed troops should be used, and not unsparingly, for the English can buy more, while the Welsh cannot replace their losses. The towns on the Marches should have especial privileges, and their whole population be trained to arms; for the Welsh fight for liberty, and only a free people can subdue them. The vast cost of the frequent military expeditions against Wales would be saved, and the country, strong in its arms and courage, would become a bulwark of the English realm.

And how is it to be governed? By kindness and firmness; but no ruler should trust in Welsh good faith. Forts should be built, and roads made through the forests. There are three things which ruin this nation: the equal succession of natural and lawful sons, whence fratricide; the foster-fathering, whereby those entrusted with the charge of high-born children are led to disturb the country to maintain the rights of their wards; and their pride in refusing to be subject to one king.

Then, as befitting one equally connected

with either race, Gerald teaches the Welsh how to resist. If they were inseparable they would be insuperable. They have a country defended by nature, a people contented with little, and a whole community trained to war. The English fight for plunder, the Welsh for freedom. Let them ever bear in mind the high and ancient majesty of the realm of Britain, and hold their independence in their marshes, their forests, and their mountains.

Gerald closes the book with the oft-quoted story of the old Welshman of Pencader,[1] who was asked by Henry II if the Welsh could resist his might. "This nation, O king", he replied, "may often be weakened and in great part destroyed by the power of yourself and of others, but many a time, as it deserves, it will rise triumphant. But never will it be destroyed by the wrath of man, unless the wrath of God be added. Nor do I think that any other nation than this of Wales, or any other tongue, whatever may hereafter come to pass, shall, on the day of the great reckoning before the Most High Judge, answer for this corner of the earth."

[1] Near Caermarthen.

CHAPTER X.

THE JEWEL OF THE CHURCH.

Of the *Gemma Ecclesiastica* there is only one manuscript known, that in the Lambeth Library. The middle leaves are stained with salt-water, and it may be the identical copy which was presented by the author to Innocent III. The Pope was a ripe scholar, and loved good books; the other works of Gerald he lent, after much importunity, to his cardinals, but this he would not allow out of his sight. It is an archidiaconal charge, intended, as we are told in the preface, only for the Welsh clergy, and it gives a wonderful insight into the actual state of learning and morality in the Principality. It is divided into two books, the first treating of the canon, and the second of the moral, law.

"Our little systems have their day", says the Laureate; the learning of Gerald as a canonist, supported as it is by citations from the Decretals,[1] the Fathers, and from Holy Writ, has now, to most Welshmen, merely an historical interest; but his exhortation to his people to be honest, to be sober, and to speak the truth, might even now be repeated with profit in every church and chapel in the land.

[1] The Decretals were answers given by the pope *ex cathedrâ*, to questions submitted to him on points of doctrine and discipline. They are the source of much of the canon law.

The first book treats of the sacraments of the Church, and especially of the Eucharist. With Gerald this was the central doctrine; with the schoolmen who followed him "the central doctrine" was the mystery of the Trinity. He gives the now received etymology of the word "mass", "Ite Missa est"—Go, the sacrifice has been sent to heaven. He directs that water should be mixed with the wine, as significant of Christ's passion; discusses whether other liquors than wine may be used; and tells many stories of the impure chalice, sometimes in those days used as a poisoned cup. He will not refuse the communion to stage-players or actors, on their repentance, or even to a thief on the gallows, although some hold that the body of Christ might thereby seem to be crucified again. For the more perfect Christians, communion every Sunday is commendable; the less perfect must be content with the three great festivals (Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas). For despisers of the Eucharist, we have the warnings of Richard de Aubrey, the English priest at Paris, a very mirror of religion and morality, who, through weakness of his faith, turned away his face from the last sacrament, and went the way of all flesh without the *viaticum;* of Pope Gerbert, who, instead of taking the host, secretly deposited it in a bag fastened to his neck, and when this was discovered by his confession, the Church at Rome decreed that henceforth a pope when communicating should turn his face to the people; of Master Simon of Tournay, who cried aloud, "How long shall

this superstitious sect of Christians and their new-fangled ways endure?" and grievous and speedy was the divine vengeance. Laymen may, under certain circumstances, administer the sacraments, but they may not enter the chancel, nor should they, as is their wont, sing profane songs in the churchyard on saints' days. A priest of Worcester, who had lent a too attentive ear to such melodies, standing before the altar in full canonicals, instead of the *Dominus vobiscum* in the orthodox Latin, burst out into the English *Swete lamman dhin are*, a worldly ditty, beginning, "Sweetheart, thy lover calls", and from that day that song is anathema in the diocese of Worcester.

The Archdeacon then attacks certain abuses and superstitions, such as the celebration of Mass over waxen images, to bring down curses upon those represented by them; the hurrying over a number of gospels by merely reading the opening sentences. "It is good physic", said a priest, in excuse, "and helps to drive away ghosts, especially the beginning of the Gospel of St. John." The laity had a reverence for certain gospels, and would make offerings on hearing them; wherefor, instead of one gospel for each Mass, there were now many. They were not all so easily satisfied as the woman who was churched by a subdeacon, who read her two epistles and then took her alms, on the assurance that two epistles were always held to be of equal efficacy to one gospel.[1] The

[1] The subdeacon was the lowest of the three major or holy orders, as opposed to the four minor orders of ministers. The

Welsh people had, more than any other, a salutary dread of excommunication. The sacraments, prayers, and benedictions of the Church were cut off from the offender for the salvation of his soul; but they had now come to despise it, seeing how lightly it was imposed and taken off. The Archdeacon straitly enjoins his clergy to impose it only as a last resource, after all admonition had failed, and then with due solemnity and earnest prayers for the soul of their erring brother.

We have many examples to enforce his various precepts. For the efficacy of the sign of the cross: the Jew who was benighted in a ruined heathen temple, and, although he had no faith, protected himself by the holy symbol, and the evil spirits, coming down, turned him over, but left him unharmed, exclaiming, "Hallo! here is a sealed cask, but an empty one." Against hasty words: of the husband who said to his wife, "I deliver thy body to the devil"; and Satan immediately entered upon his property. Of the many instances of God's judgment on perjury: the story, afterwards made famous by Cervantes, of the Christian who swore to a Jew before the altar of St. Nicholas that he had returned his loan, giving his creditor at the same time a hollow cane to hold, in which the money was concealed; the perjurer was run over and killed on his way home, and the cane broken; whereupon the Jew was converted to the faith and righteous dealing of the Christians. The

other two were the priests and deacons. The deacon chaunted the gospel, the subdeacon the epistle.

evil of Sabbath breaking may be read in the fate of the harvesters in Dyved, in the reign of King Stephen, on the Holy Day of St. Lawrence, when the saint sent his fire and burnt up the waggons and the crops, and the oxen rushed down to the neighbouring sea and were drowned.

Throughout the book instruction is given on various ecclesiastical matters—the ornaments of the church; vestments; the confessional; the duties of sponsors in baptism; and the banns of marriage, which were published precisely as they are now.

The priest must exact no fee for any sacrament, for baptism, marriage, or burial; but he may accept such offerings as the faithful may give of their own free will.

A great portion of the second book is taken up with exhortations to the holy life, and considerations of the offences against the moral law which had come under the Archdeacon's notice. He was dealing with a needy and illiterate clergy, among whom much old Celtic practice and belief doubtless still lingered; little removed from their untractable and uncivilised people, and forced to eke out their scanty living by rearing cattle and feeding swine. And first he insists on the necessity of purity of life to those who have to offer the great sacrifice of the body of our Lord. The Welsh priest was wont to keep in his house a female (*focaria*)—"to light his fire but extinguish his virtue." How, he asks, can such a man practise frugality and self-denial, with a house full of brawling brats, and a woman for ever extracting

money to buy costly robes with long skirts trailing in the dust; and he draws a ludicrous picture of a priest jogging along to market on horseback, holding on his domestic—he will not even call her his mistress—in front of him, decked out in her holiday attire.

But Gerald admits that the vow of clerical celibacy imposed by Hildebrand on the Western Church had the sanction of neither the Old nor the New Testament; and he quotes the saying of his master, Peter Manducator, that the devil had never put greater mischief into the heads of the rulers of the Church than when he induced them to forbid the marriage of the clergy.

To enforce his precepts upon chastity he describes the ardent lover fleeing in horror from the body of his dead mistress, which he had worshipped a few short hours before. He quotes with approval the *remedium amoris* taken by St. Dogmael of Cemmaes; and gives the curious story of the reply of "Louis, the most Christian King of France" (Louis VII), to the seductive advice of the spiritual men of his court; and the awful example of the Welsh Abbot Enatus of Alba Landa,[1] who ran away with a nun, and was afterwards sorry. Another story is of the hermit who, after having spent thirty years of his life in solitary devotion, puffed up with his own merits, prayed that God would show to him another man as holy as himself. Soon a wandering minstrel comes to his oratory—a wretched outcast, the

[1] Whitland.

companion of thieves. The hermit enters into conversation, and asks him if he had done one good action in his life. The minstrel can think of none, but at last recollects that once, when with a band of robbers engaged in rifling a nunnery, a nun fell to him as part of his share of the booty—the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Touched by her entreaty, he disregarded the taunts of his comrades, and preserved her from insult, restoring her unharmed to her family "Verily, my son", said the hermit, "this one single act of self-restraint of yours outweighs in real merit, and is more acceptable to God, than all my abstinence for these long years."

But some of his stories seem to modern ideas more suited to the pleasant pages of the *Decameron* than those of a grave archidiaconal charge. What would be thought of a present archdeacon who illustrated his solemn admonitions on the higher life by some such story as this on the limit of Christian charity ?—

"Exemplum de monacho, ad cujus thorum mulier de nocte veniens, rogavit ut in caritate Dei sub vestibus ejus stratum intrans se calefacere posset. Quo concesso, post pusillum petiit ut in caritate Dei ipsum amplexari ei liceret. Quo etiam concesso, tertio rogavit ut in caritate Dei voluptuosos carnis suae motus viriliter extingueret. Quo audito, vir Deo plenus ipsam a strato incontinenti acriter expellens, 'Vade inquit 'filia Sathanæ non sapis quae Dei sunt, quia caritas Dei non eo usque se extendit'."

That the shortcomings of the clergy were not confined to Wales we may gather from the story of the matron who came to consult St. Hugh, the

Bishop of Lincoln, not so much in his episcopal capacity as for the medical lore he had gained during his monastic life. She complained "super maritum quia debitum ei reddere non poterat". The blessed man, we are told, loved a joke ; he was well acquainted with the clergy of his diocese, and he knew of an infallible prescription for the payment of such debts in full. "Madam", he said, "we will get him ordained." And this part of the subject may be closed with the eloquent sermon of the Archdeacon on the danger of delaying repentance until old age. "Behold we die daily", he says, quoting from Seneca, not St. Paul. Speaking of himself, as now past his fiftieth year : "Boyhood, the purer part of life, is dead ; youth, the sweeter part of life, is dead ; manhood, the stronger part of life, is dead ; what now remains but old age, itself akin to death ?" "You will be moved in reading history", he tells us, "as I have been, at seeing how many of these great emperors, kings, and popes were cut off in their prime." "Sancte Pater non videbis annos Petri", was the solemn warning to his successor. "And let no man be safe in his own conceit ; for what shall the rod of the desert do, when the cedar of Lebanon is shaken ?"

He then admonishes his clergy on the evils of drink ; but he is a temperance man, not a teetotaller, for he does not condemn the use of wine, but the abuse, and he is equally severe on the vice of excessive eating. And in this connection he inveighs against the church ales and feastings

of the time, when men and women were assembled promiscuously under the excitements of religious emotion and strong drink, with the evil results that they (and we) all know. "If you must have a feast", he says, "let it be in moderation, and let all that is superfluous be given to the poor."

Even in the sacred rites of hospitality let them remember St. Philibert, who was overtaken in his zeal to do honour to his guests. As he lay on his back the devil approached him, and, patting him pleasantly where his dinner was in evidence, said: "Our friend Philibert has done pretty well to-day." "He will be mighty bad to-morrow", groaned the saint, and returned straightway to his diet of bread and water.

Of the many concealed unbelievers in the ministry he gives us an example—the priest who at length confessed: "Do you suppose that this bread can really become flesh, and this wine blood? Can you think that the Creator of all things took the flesh of a woman, or that a virgin can conceive and still remain a virgin? It is all hypocrisy, the invention of greybeards, to strike terror into men."

The archdeacon then proceeds to lament the growing desire of riches among all orders of the Church, and gives us a long discourse against simony, and the search for temporal reward for spiritual office. And here he declares himself to be a communist. All the goods of the world are by natural law common property—"Dives aut ini-

quus est aut haeres iniqui";[1] thereby anticipating the dictum of the French philosopher—"La propriété c'est le vol." He much commends St. Thomas of Canterbury for exacting an oath from his chancellor that he would not accept so much as a penknife (*knipulus*) for the performance of his duties.

The higher he looked in the church the more he found this plague of avarice rampant, and especially in the Norman prelates sent into Wales—"pasci non pascere"[2]—and in their even more rapacious officials. Among many examples we have the bishop who always promoted the most incapable among his relatives, alleging that the capable ones could get along without his aid, but the others would starve: the Welsh priest who was accused by his bishop of having turned "Catholic",[3] he denied on oath, but it was proved against him, and, as he was well-to-do, he had to pay for it: another priest said to his diocesan; "My lord, I bring two hundred sheep"—he said "oves", he was not a Latinist, he meant "ova" (eggs)—but the wolf, as Gerald calls him, took care that the sheep were forthcoming: a priest, who at gambling had lost his all except five shillings, offered these to any

[1] I do not know whether this is an original remark. I suspect not. Gerald usually acknowledges his quotations, but his mind was so saturated with classical lore that he often incorporates phrases from Latin authors in his text.

[2] See Mapes, *Goliae quaerela ad Papam:*

"Cum non pascant sed pascantur
Non a pasco derivantur
Sed a pascor pasceris."

[3] The ignorant priest supposed that a Catholic was some new species of heretic.

man who would tell him how, beyond any other sinner, he could offend his Maker; a bystander promptly replied, "Become the seneschal to the bishop", and won the money by acclamation. And yet Gerald, in his large-hearted charity, will not say that no bishop can be saved: he merely asserts that it is more difficult for them than for other people.[1]

Gerald then regales himself with stories of clerical ignorance (a subject in which he always delights); many of them are of bad Latinity, and lose their point when translated. There is the priest on St. Barnabas' Day, declaring how that good and holy man repented him of the days when he was a robber; another, on the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude, explaining that, although the latter was the traitor, he was honoured as a saint for his companion's sake; another, on the festival of St. John—"ante portam Latinam"—informed his hearers that this St. John was the first man who brought the Latin language into England, arriving at it thus: *ante*, "first", *portam*, "he brought", *Latinam*, "the Latin language", *subaudi*, "into England".

And in the next chapter we have similiar blunders of the higher clergy, especially of one Archbishop, doubtless Gerald's old enemy Hubert, who on one occasion compromised himself, even at Oxford, and Martin, his assessor, shouted out: "What are you all laughing at? This is the ancient grammar."

[1] "Non dicimus episcopos non salvari, dicimus autem difficilius ipsos his diebus quam alios salvari."

This illiterateness Gerald attributes to the new-fangled study of logic, which had driven out the older and sounder learning, a subject on which he speaks more at length in the *Speculum Ecclesiæ.* The barbarous Latinity of the rising schoolmen, and their frivolous and subtle distinctions, were distasteful to him. He tells the story, often since repeated, of the young Englishman who came home from a course of logic at Paris, and offered to prove to his father that four made eight and six made twelve. There were six eggs on the breakfast-table, and he proved his point to the conviction and satisfaction of his illogical parent, who took for his own breakfast the six eggs which the hen had laid, leaving for his son the six which his dialectical skill had created. He quotes with approval the remarks of an old divine to him when he himself was a Paris student, carried away by the new learning; "This logic of yours is of no use to you unless you can find some other fool to argue with, while I can read my books in a corner and be happy."

And with a parting shaft at the ecclesiastical rulers who were responsible for all the evils he had been denouncing, the book closes with the archidiaconal benediction: "I beseech you, brethren, that you present your bodies a holy, acceptable sacrifice to God; that you assist me with your prayers that my offering may be received, and my vexation of spirit in the divine law acceptable, and that I may again come among you with joy. The God of peace be with you. Amen."

CHAPTER XI.

THE BOOK OF INVECTIVES.

THE *Liber*, or perhaps more properly, the *Libellus Invectionum*, was written by Gerald at Rome at the suggestion of the Pope. The original manuscript is in the Vatican Library; but Mr. Brewer, during his labours on the Record Commission, found a somewhat indifferent transcript of the last two books, made by a German in 1836, and afterwards, at the New Record Office, he found the rest of the transcript of the other four books.[1] The object of the work, we are told in the preface, was to refute the calumnies circulated at Rome about Gerald by his opponents; but the author did not long stand on the defensive; he violently attacks all the enemies of St. David and of his servant Gerald; he also gives a survey of Welsh Church history, more fully treated of in the book on the *Rights of St. David;* and he digresses, after his manner, on various incidental and personal matters.

The especial objects of his attack were of course his arch-enemy, Hubert Walter, the Archbishop of

[1] The Record Office was opened in 1858. The public records, which had been kept in the Tower and elsewhere in a state of the greatest confusion, were brought there; also the State Papers, which had previously been moved from the Tower, and since 1833 had been lodged in the State Paper Office, in St. James's Park.

Canterbury, and his myrmidons. Hubert, the Wolsey of the age, was an Englishman, born in Norfolk; he filled the highest offices in Church and State during parts of the reigns of Richard and John. As Bishop of Salisbury, he accompanied Richard on the crusade, and won much credit and the favour of that king. He died in 1205, and John is reported to have said, "Now I shall be king in England.[1] Gerald himself admits in the *Retractationes*, that Hubert was a bridle to the tyrant John; and the result, when the bridle was taken off, was shown in the later years of that disastrous reign. Gervase of Canterbury, the panegyrist of Hubert, writes: "I consider this the greatest of all his great deeds, that he retained seven bishops in subjection to Canterbury, and trampled under foot the rebellious craft of Giraldus."[2]

The book begins with the letter, or, as Gerald calls it, the invective, from Hubert to the Pope. After compliments, the Archbishop proceeds to remind the Pope that the Church of Canterbury is the mother and metropolis[3] of St. David's and of all the churches of Wales. But lately, one Gerald, an archdeacon, a Welshman by birth, and

[1] But the same story is told as to the death of Geoffrey Fitz-Peter.

[2] Gervase, a contemporary monk of Christ Church, wrote a chronicle of the Kings of England from 1122 to 1200, and a history of the Archbishops of Canterbury to the death of Hubert Walter.

[3] In the ecclesiastical sense the metropolis was the seat of the archbishop of a province.

related to most of the magnates of that country, had procured himself to be elected to the bishopric of St. David's, by some three of the canons, the others standing aloof. He had also obtained possession of the episcopal seal; the guardian of the seal had declined to give it up, but had placed it on the high altar, protesting that no one should remove it without the consent of all the chapter. This Gerald promptly took it away, and now has all the patronage of the see at his will. Knowing that he could not hope for confirmation from Canterbury, he has now, the Archbishop hears, set off for Rome to seek it from the Pope. Hubert calls God to witness that he is not animated by his hatred of the man, but let the Pope beware. "If this man can obtain consecration from your holiness, he will at once claim exemption from the see of Canterbury, and will hereafter sow the seeds of dissension between the English and the Welsh. For the Welsh trace their descent in unbroken line to the ancient Britons, and claim that the whole land of Britain is theirs of right. Unless, therefore, this lawless and barbarous people can be kept in order by the censures of the Church through the see of Canterbury, to which province they have hitherto been subjected, they will be for ever rising in arms against the king, to the disquiet of the whole realm of England." Gerald, in his reply to the Pope, answers the letter of the Archbishop in much detail. "Holy Father", he begins, "it is, as you know, the property of dogs, when they are unable to bite, not

to cease to bark. His Grace of Canterbury shall learn how dangerous a thing it is for an illiterate to attack, by his writings, a man of letters." The Archbishop alleges three modern instances of bishops of St. David's being subject to Canterbury; but the Welsh were Christians for ages, while all his Saxon ancestors remained in paganism. As to the assertions about the election by only three canons, and the forcible taking away the seal, Gerald proclaims, in good set terms, that the Archbishop has lied. "If I were elected by only three canons, without the support of the others, as there are nearly as many English as Welsh in our chapter, why does not he produce one of these others to support his statements? Because I am a Welshman am I to be debarred from all preferment in Wales? On the same reasoning, so would an Englishman in England, a Frenchman in France, and an Italian in Italy. But I am sprung from the princes of Wales and from the barons of the Marches, and when I see injustice in either race I hate it. And what can be more unjust than that this people of ancient faith, because they answer force by force in defence of their lives, their lands, and their liberties, should be forthwith separated from the body corporate of Christendom, and delivered over to Satan?'

"And who is this Archbishop? While I and others were preparing for the ministry in the schools, he was being educated in the Exchequer.[1]

[1] Hubert was brought up by Ranulf de Glanville, the Justiciary, who gave him a business, rather than an ecclesiastical, training.

And what is the Exchequer? It is the public treasury in England, a kind of square table in London, where the king's dues are collected and counted."[1] This money-changer was so hazy in his notions on the mystery of the Trinity, that Gerald convicts him of the Arian heresy,[2] and so ignorant of Latin that even King Richard put him to shame. "Your grammar, my lord, is more valiant than ours." Many were his enormities; on two Gerald lays especial stress. In his civil capacity he had caused the slaughter of three thousand Welsh in the troublous times, during Richard's captivity, "and he had the bells rung and the *Te Deum* chanted, returning thanks to God, like a good shepherd, because he had sent so many of his sheep to heaven on one day." The other was the hanging of "Barbatus" and the burning of St. Mary-le-bow.[3]

[1] The Court of Exchequer, formerly the exclusive court of revenue, took its name from the *Scaccaria*, a chequered cloth, like a chessboard, on which the king's accounts were served.

[2] The Arian heresy, which convulsed the Church in the fourth century, denied the coequality of the Second Person in the Trinity. The orthodox view prevailed in the Nicene Creed, and the screed which has unjustly been laid at the door of St. Athanasius.

[3] William Fitz-Osbert, surnamed Longbeard, made orations to the people, taking as a text (as was the custom in all mediæval speeches), "With joy shall ye draw water". The water was to be drawn from the rich. He fled from the Archbishop to sanctuary at St. Mary-le-bow in Cheapside, and the church was burnt before he was taken. He was hanged at Tyburn, and esteemed a martyr by the commons. Hubert had in consequence to resign his secular offices until the end of the reign.

For the myrmidons Gerald has a word to say as to each. "Perfide Albion" had already earned her title. Master Andrew is an "untriwe Sax"; and Gerald mentions incidentally that the Saxons are the slaves of the Normans, and that in his own country for all their most servile offices they used a Saxon. Foliot he likens to the man who, because he could find no honest road to fame, burnt the Temple of Diana. The hostile array is divided into three parts—the false brethren, the false monks, and the hired ruffians; but among them all he gives the palm to their standard-bearer, the open-mouthed Osbert. And so on—"they are arrant knaves all."

There is much incidental matter. Gerald renews his protest against the interference of the crown in episcopal elections. The bishop was chosen in the king's court, not in the church, and the famous provision in the forefront of the Great Charter,[1] although it may not have been without its influence on the next election at St. David's, had no lasting effect. He also again lifts up his voice indignantly against the bitter English policy of excluding all Welshmen from the higher offices of the Church in Wales, a policy which lasted for centuries, with the result which Gerald foresaw.

There are various letters in connection with Gerald and his affairs—letters from Innocent, and also from some of his cardinals to various persons on his behalf; commissions from the

[1] "*Ecclesia Anglicana libera sit.*"

Pope to certain Church dignitaries in England, to report on the literary qualifications and fitness of the opposition candidate, the Abbot of St. Dogmael's, of whom it is reported to us that he is "quasi penitus idiota" (who could have spread such a report?), and to the abbots of Whitland, Strata Florida, and St. Dogmael's, or any two of them, to inquire into the life, death, and miracles of the venerable Caradoc; letters from the Pope exempting his beloved son Gerald from the crusade on the ground of poverty, old age, and weakness—but the poor weak old man had to pay a subsidy, commensurate with his intended outlay on the crusade, towards the succour of the Holy Land and the rebuilding of St. David's Cathedral; letters from Gerald to the Bishops of Ely and Worcester, who were labouring to make peace (in which he claims Chester, Coventry, Hereford, Worcester, Bath, and Exeter as former suffragans of St. David's), offering to withdraw his personal claims if any fit man were chosen Archbishop of St. David's, or, as an alternative, suggesting a truce for the lifetime of Hubert.

The author breaks out into Latin verse in praise of Innocent, and also of Gerald—

> "Optime sancte David, virtus quem celsa beavit,
> Quem veneratur, amat, dominum quem Wallia clamat,
> Magna levat gentis quem laus, memor esto clientis."

Of the virtues of St. David's client, the bishop-elect, he discourses more at length in prose, and recounts the many things said in his praise. Of these none seem to have been more pleasing than

those said by that "mulier mulierum perpaucarum", Matilda of St. Valery, the wife of his neighbour at Brecon, William de Braose, and apparently none the less because the lady laid so much stress on his noble birth and his good looks; nor was it displeasing to his personal vanity that when he was talking at Canterbury with his friend Geoffrey Fitz Peter, Earl of Essex, the famous Justiciary who succeeded Hubert,[1] the monks of Christ Church came trooping out to have a look at the famous adversary of the Archbishop of Canterbury, between whom and them there was not much love lost. But Gerald longs for literary ease; he has no wish "digito montrari", nor yet "episcopari", especially in the English dominions, where bishops are the slaves of the king. And he tells a story. Henry II asked a bishop how it was that whereas in the old days the bishops were good and holy men, nowadays they were, as a rule, neither good nor holy. And he was answered thus: "Formerly the King of Heaven made the bishops through their election by His Church, and they were men of God; but now the kings of the earth make them at their will and pleasure, and they are the work of men's hands."

For all his troubles and anxieties Gerald had

[1] The Justiciary was the King's chief officer, and in his absence from the kingdom, his viceroy. His judicial functions descended to the Lord Chief Justice of England. The Chancellor was then an inferior minister, and practically the Secretary of State for all Departments.

five consolations—his clear conscience, the prayers of Wales, the favour of Rome, his upright and studious life—as that of a clerk should be—and, not the least, certain visions. Visions, he argues, from philosophy and scripture, although they must not overbalance the mind, yet must be taken into account, and he takes into account thirty-one of them, which had been vouchsafed on behalf of St. David and himself, principally in Wales, and principally seen just before the death of Peter de Leia.

A priest at St. David's Head saw the sun rise in the west; the sun was Gerald, the Archbishop. A woman at Brecon thought that she saw two moons—the phenomenon has been observed since; but on this occasion the other was the "stella Giraldi". A boy saw in a dream the Archdeacon attacked by three wolves, two small and one large; but the Archdeacon, aided by a beautiful woman and a venerable man, slew the two small ones, and the other fled with his tail between his legs. And this is the interpretation thereof. The two small wolves are the respective Abbots of St. Dogmael's and Whitland, the larger one is Hubert, the beautiful woman is the mother of Christ, and the venerable man is St. David, the Patron of Wales. A certain man saw Gerald advancing to the bridge at Haverford, in Roose, bearing in triumph a third part of the relics of the Church of Canterbury. A soldier sleeping before the outer gate at Pembroke saw Gerald as bishop come with a great crowd of horsemen to recover

the plunder which the townsfolk had taken from the Bishop's palace at Lamphey.[1]

Gerald was also consoled, among others, by the anchorite of Newgale, a recluse of the cross of Caradoc, who spoke through his wicket words of comfort in prophecy that the enemies of St. David should die the death. But his chief consoler was his favourite brother, Philip de Barri, an excellent and discreet man, though a mere illiterate lay-man. And a conscientious man was Philip. He was perplexed because many travellers came to his castle at Manorbier on their way to and from the public sea-passage between Milford and Devonshire, and, owing to the number of the rich, he could not entertain the poor as well as he would have liked. He got Gerald to obtain direction on the point for him at Rome, and Gerald brought back a letter from the Cardinal who answered these conundrums for the Pope, that the rich were also worthy of his hospitality, and even among them he might find that he had entertained angels unawares.

Gerald tells us that on his last sad visit to Wales, before he resigned all hope for St. David's, when the faint-hearted canons turned their backs on him, and when he was hunted as a criminal by the King's officials, wearied and disheartened, he went for a quiet time of refreshing to his old home by the sea at Manorbier.

[1] Lamphey, near Pembroke, was one of the numerous palaces of the Bishops of St. David's.

CHAPTER XII.

GERALD, HIS ACTS AND DEEDS.

Of this autobiography, the *De Rebus a se Gestis*, only one manuscript remains, that in the Cotton Library. It ends abruptly in the third book, as if torn off; only nineteen chapters of that book having survived out of the original one hundred and thirty-eight. From the table of contents it appears that there was, as was usual with Gerald, much repetition from his other works (especially the *Book of Invectives*), but much original information has also been lost. The book is written in the third person, occasionally dropping into the first; it was evidently dictated to an amanuensis, who occasionally interpolates his own remarks, such as: "I have often heard the Archdeacon say."[1] The narrative of his life, as supplemented in the book on the Rights of St. David's, is practically complete. That narrative has been told in the preceding pages, it only remains to give certain supplementary details as to his life and times which are related here. After a short preface, in which we are informed that the object of the book is to incite someone hereafter to fight for the independence of the Welsh Church, for the honour of St. David, and for the glory of Wales, Gerald proceeds to tell us of his childhood; how, when his

[1] Gerald called himself Archdeacon of St. David's to the end of his days.

three elder brothers used to build castles on the sands at Manorbier, he would always build a church. They were troublous times. One night, when the whole garrison was called to arms, the "little bishop", as his father called him, clamoured to be taken from the strong walls of the castle to the sacred precincts of the church across the valley. There was not much book-learning to be had at Manorbier; the little bishop was taken away by his uncle, Bishop David, and, like other great men, was slow at the start. The four chaplains who were told off to educate him quickened his steps, not by the rod but by shame, the one declining the word "durus", the other "stultus".

But, unfortunately, he tells us very little about his real education. He hastens to recount his exploits against the non tithe-paying Flemings of Roose, when he was armed with the legative authority of Canterbury.[1] History repeats itself—witness Gerald's remark: "Dabis impio militi quod dare non vis sacerdoti";[2] but the faithful tithe-payer was better rewarded in those days. Roger Bechet owed ten stone of wool to his creditors at Pembroke, but he sent them only nine. The tenth he sent to the church at Carew; but, lo! when the

[1] The Archbishop of Canterbury was *legatus natus*, i.e., *ex officio*. *The legatus missus* was—(1) *delegatus*, usually a local cleric appointed for some definite purpose; (2) *nuncius apostolicus*, with restrictive jurisdiction over the province to which he was sent; or (3) *legatus a latere*, usually a cardinal, the minister-plenipotentiary of the Pope.

[2] "You will give to the county police what you won't give to the parson."

Pembroke creditors had out the scales, they found the whole ten stone complete.

But the energies of the vice-legate were not confined to tithe-collecting. William Karquit, the sheriff, had, apparently to spite Gerald, carried off some cattle from the Prior of Pembroke.[1] Gerald threatened him with excommunication, and the sheriff laughed. But it was no laughing matter; the anathema was read, the book was solemnly closed, the lighted candles were dashed on the ground, the bells were three times tolled, and William Karquit, Sheriff of Pembroke, was cut off from the communion of Christian men.

The sheriff climbed down; he hurried to the Castle of Llawhaden, where were the Bishop, and Gerald, with his coadjutor Michael; he restored the plunder, and asked for pardon; and after being publicly beaten with rods, received it.

Gerald's war against the Flemings lasted until after he had become Archdeacon. Some of the excommunicated Flemings were in his own parish of Angle; and Gerald, who with the Bishop was staying at Carew Castle, had promised to go over and release them. Gerald got up early in the morning, and found it was raining in torrents and blowing a gale.

The Bishop, good, easy man, who slept in the next bed, said: "You are never going out in this weather to take the curse off those Flemings?" Gerald said he was, and went; and the Bishop at

[1] The Priory of Monckton was dependent on the Benedictine Abbey of St. Martin at Sayes in Normandy.

dinner that day, when he looked at his suite eating and drinking and talking with the ladies, and watched the storm outside, held up his nephew as an example of devotion to duty. For Gerald used to say, that when business had to be done, it was a poor thing to watch the weather, unless you were going to sea.

Gerald's reforming zeal provoked much opposition from the Welsh clergy. Some clergy between the Wye and the Severn sent to tell him that they would not have him coming to inspect their churches. He might send his officials, as his predecessors had done, and they raked up for his benefit some ancient feud between the house of Rhys ap Tudor and the chieftains of those parts. They went so far on one occasion as to lock him up in a church[1]; and he had to send to his relative, Cadwallon ap Madoc, who had married Eva, daughter of the Prince of Powys, to let him out.

Of his visit to Paris, after the election of Peter de Leia, to study, and afterwards to lecture on the civil and canon law, we have a full account. Gerald boasts that he used to draw huge audiences to his public lectures; and it is quite probable that his fund of general learning and his store of anecdote made them entertaining. He also gave private readings on Gratian in his chambers, apparently in the capacity of a modern university-coach. He had some thought of going on to Bologna, then the great school of jurispru-

[1] He says that this church was, after the Welsh custom, held by six or seven clergy in common.

dence; although some of his admirers asserted that Bologna had nothing more to teach him; but he was detained for want of funds. He fled from his creditors to a chapel dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, said his prayers, and received his remittances. Gerald periodically suffered from want of funds when he was abroad; but this seems only to have happened when his agents had failed to send him supplies. Judging from his manner of life, his frequent journeys, and his elaborate retinue, Gerald must have been a rich man. At Arras, on his way back to England, he watched, from an upper window of his hostelry, Philip of Flanders and his knights riding at the quintain[1] in the market-place; and half apologises for taking so much interest in the sport.

At Canterbury, on his arrival, he was asked to dinner by the Prior of Christ Church, and dined in hall at the high table. He has given us a sketch of the bill of fare—sixteen courses, and all the wines known in those days. The best beer was brewed in England, but the brew of the monks of Canterbury was the best of all. What would the holy St. Benedict have thought of this sumptuous banquet? asks Gerald. He tells a story of the monks of St. Swithin at Winchester. They

[1] The quintain was an upright post with a cross-pole turning on a pin. At one end of this pole was a broad board, and at the other a sand-bag. The game was to tilt at the board on horseback, and the fun came in when the sand-bag caught the rider on the back of the head before he could get out of the way.

came to Guildford, to complain to Henry II that their bishop, who was also their abbot, had cut off three of their courses. "How many have you left?" asked the King. "Only ten," said the Prior. "Look at these monks," said Henry, "you would think, from their woebegone looks, that their abbey was on fire; and it's all because their bishop has docked their dinner. I and my court are content with three courses. If their bishop does not cut them down to the same number—" and the King said bad words. On his way from Canterbury, Gerald visited Archbishop Richard at his country house near London; and is entrusted by the Primate, in a delicate mission, to put an end to certain divorce proceedings pending before the Bishop of Winchester in Southwark.[1]

Of the *Itinerary* we have further details—the request of Archbishop Baldwin to Gerald to become the historian of the projected crusade; the banquet given at Hereford by the Bishop to the Archbishop, the Justiciary, and Rhys ap Griffith. The Bishop was of the Clare family, whom Rhys had ejected from Cardigan.[2] Gerald chaffs Rhys, who was sitting between two Clares, and the Bishop and the Welsh prince bandy compliments in pleasant fashion. After the midday sleep the company meet again in the garden, and there Rhys and Gerald have a sharp passage of arms on

[1] Gerald and his company then wore the badge of St. Thomas of Canterbury suspended from their necks.

[2] His father Griffith had done it before him, but they had got back on Griffith's death.

the way the descendants of Nesta had feathered their respective nests in Dyved and Ireland.

Gerald is very proud of the effects of his oratory in that Welsh campaign. He moved them all to tears, although the Archbishop had been preaching away for hours with no result. "Good Lord," said Baldwin, "what a hard-hearted lot of people these are!" Gerald has not given us a specimen, to form our own opinion. But he has of a sermon preached in Dublin, in which he was faithful to the Irish clergy, and attributed the degraded state of the people to the incapacity of the bishops and to the drunkenness of the priests. But the effect of his eloquence there was not quite the same; for he has given us the comment of the Bishop of Ossory, which is in effect that he would have liked to punch that Archdeacon's head.

On his return to England from Normandy, after the death of Henry, charged with a mission to Wales from the new king, Gerald had a great fright. His servants were all dead or ill of the plague, and Gerald had to entrust his personal baggage, containing his credentials, money, plate, vestments, and maps, to a stranger who rode an iron-grey horse. Crossing the river at Dieppe, the iron-grey and the baggage disappeared from the company, and Gerald was inconsolable. He did not care so much for the money, for it is the property of money for one man to lose it and another to pick it up; nor yet for the King's letters: he could get them renewed by the Justiciary, for he knew their tenor. But his maps, which he

made during the Itinerary, neither he nor any other man could replace. However, at Abbeville the iron-grey and the baggage turned up. The strange servant was honest, and finding that some of the money had got out of the baggage, went back to search for it, and discovered it lying in a rough part of the road.

He relates his conversation with Earl John, whom he urged, instead of wasting his time in idleness in England during the King's absence in Palestine, to go to Ireland and complete the conquest of that country. John replied that he was not so fond of Ireland as the Archdeacon was, he had not so many relations there. But all is vanity, said Gerald, especially at court; and he left his courtier life, for which he was eminently unfitted, for the quiet of his study.

He came out of his study on the death of Peter de Leia, and gives us his correspondence with Archbishop Hubert at the beginning of the fight for St. David's. The slaughter of the Welsh in Elvel, in the country between the Wye and the Severn, at a place which Gerald calls Pagan's Castle,[1] had recently taken place, for which the Archbishop in his capacity of justiciary was responsible. "Blessed be God", begins Gerald, in irony, "who has taught your hands to war and your fingers to fight, for since the days when the foot-soldiers of Harold almost exterminated the

[1] Rhys ap Griffith had taken Pain's Castle from William de Braose in 1196.

nation, no conquering prince has destroyed so many Welshmen in one battle as your Grace." Hubert, in his reply, says: "You ascribe to my hands the slaughter of those proud Welshmen, who would take no warning. But it was evidently the finger of God, for from their spears and bows no single man of my forces received a mortal wound."

But Satan also had a finger in that slaughter, for in the guise of a man he persuaded the English army to attack the Welsh, who were besieging the castle, pretending that he was sent by Wechelen, a holy anchorite of repute in those parts, to whose cell the blind and the dumb were brought that he might heal them. This anchorite was devoted to Gerald, who frequently visited him. He had gone on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but, to his great grief, he was so ignorant of Latin that he could not understand the Gospels or the service of the Mass.

How the hermit of Locheis came to understand Latin the scribe tells us in the holy man's own words, which he had often heard the Archdeacon relate. "After my return from Jerusalem I often besought the Lord with tears to vouchsafe to me the mystery of the Latin tongue. One day my portion of bread had not been brought to me at the usual hour. I called to my attendant, but he came not, and through weariness and hunger I fell asleep. Upon waking I saw my bread lying on the altar. I gave thanks and ate it. At vespers

that evening and at the morning Mass I understood the words of the priest, and from that day forward I could speak Latin; but the good Lord who gave me the Latin tongue did not give me the Latin syntax." The hermit got over the difficulties of the Latin verbs by using the infinitive mood always. Gerald once asked the hermit to pray for him that he might understand the Scriptures. The hermit warmly grasped his friend's hand—"Say not understand, but keep: it is but a vain thing to understand the Word of God and not to keep it."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RIGHTS OF ST. DAVID'S.

THE *Dialogus de Jure et Statu Menevensis Ecclesiæ* was one of Gerald's literary labours after his retirement from public life; it was written, or at any rate completed, after 1215. It is in the form of a dialogue between "Quaerens" and "Solvens" (at the close of the book he drops into the first person). The author gives in the prologue as his reason for adopting this form, the small profit and great injury obtained by writers of the day; but another may have been that it afforded larger scope for enlarging on the theme "de laudibus Giraldi". There are two manuscripts, both in the Cotton Library. Some extracts

from the work are given by Leland in his *Collectanea.*[1]

In the long prologue addressed to Archbishop Langton, Gerald tells the Primate that as it has been fated that Wales should belong to his pastoral care, and as a good shepherd should have some knowledge of his sheep, he has a mind to tell him something of this neglected part of his province. These particular sheep were light in mind and body, restless, ever ready for bloodshed and plunder; their word was their bond, both of no account; but they were eminently capable of being led into the better path, if there were but someone to lead them. Perhaps some day would arise a national leader who would bring the Welsh back to their former religion and piety. Meanwhile, if Canterbury, distant fifteen days' journey, was to be the real seat of the primacy, let the Archbishop see to it, let him reform the cathedral churches, and the clergy ("quia qualis populus talis hic fere sacerdos"). Let the bishops be chosen freely by the heads of the religious houses, and by other religious and discreet men; let Welshmen be appointed to the highest and lowest offices in the Church, and let the Primate visit the Welsh Church every two or three years in person, or by upright and capable deputies.

[1] John Leland, the king's antiquary in the time of Henry VIII, endeavoured to remedy the havoc made in the valuable libraries at the dissolution of the monasteries. He was the author of the *Itinerary*, a record of six years' travel over the kingdom.

The work is divided into seven books, but, notwithstanding its title, it does not contain much more about the "rights of St. David's" than some of its predecessors. A large portion is taken up with personal details, especially concerning his defence of those rights, and with contemporary ecclesiastical history. But it may be useful to give here Gerald's case for the independence of the Welsh Church, which he has stated diffusely in his other books, and has summed up here in his memorial to the Pope.

Following Bede, Gerald ascribes the conversion of the Britons to Fagan and Duvian or Dyfan.[1] There seems more reason for believing that the first missionaries came from the Greek colonies in Southern Gaul.[2] Fagan and Dyfan were missionaries from Pope Eleutherus,[3] and through the agency of these holy men[4] the seat of the British primacy was fixed at Caerleon until Dubritius[5] resigned his metropolitan rights to St. David, that there might be fulfilled the prophecy of Merlin: "Menevia pallio urbis Legionum induetur."[6] From

[1] It is also ascribed in the legends to various others, among them to St. Paul, St. Peter, and Joseph of Arimathea.

[2] There was much intercourse between the British and Gallican churches, especially in the fourth and fifth centuries.

[3] Eleutherus was elected Pope A.D. 177.

[4] There are churches dedicated to Fagan and Dyfan in the neighbourhood of Llandaff, St. Fagan's, and Merthyr Dovan.

[5] Dubritius, or Dyfrig, was afterwards the first Bishop of Llandaff.

[6] The pallium or pall, the descendant of the Roman toga, the sign of archiepiscopal authority conferred by the Pope on

St. David to Sampson were twenty-five bishops, whose names Gerald duly records. This Sampson was a holy man, fearless of death, but he was persuaded by his people to go on board ship to escape the yellow plague, and the ship was wafted to Brittany. The see of Dol was vacant. Sampson was promptly made its bishop,[1] and the pall of St. David was obtained by his successors until, in Gerald's days, they submitted to the supremacy of the Archbishop of Tours.[2] Our countrymen, he says, through the combined influences of indolence, poverty, and the English invasions, lost their archiepiscopal honours, but, until the subjugation of Wales in the time of Henry I, the Welsh bishops were always consecrated by the Bishops of St. David's, and he in his turn by his suffragans.[3]

From Sampson to Bernard, who was bishop from 1115 to 1147, there were nineteen bishops, whose names are also given. It is to be noted that Bernard, who was the first of the long line of

each appointment, was a peculiar form of stole in the shape of the letter Y, and is to be still seen on the arms of the Archbishops of Canterbury.

[1] The Cathedral of Dol is dedicated to St. Sampson.

[2] The dispute for the pallium between Tours and Dol was decided by Innocent in 1199.

[3] In the laws of Howel Dda, St. David's is the metropolitan see of Wales, and Asser, a monk of St. David's, the secretary and biographer of Alfred, speaks of his uncle Novis as Archbishop of St. David's. The title has also been claimed for the sees of Bangor and Llandaff. The truth seems to be that the Welsh bishops were independent of Canterbury in the same proportion as the Welsh princes were from time to time independent of the Saxon kings.

foreign prelates at St. David's, was also the first who publicly maintained the rights of his see against the supremacy of Canterbury.

Gerald gives details of this struggle from the Papal registers, and from the archives at St. David's. It lasted through six pontfiicates,[1] and was only ended by the death of the Bishop. It had been decided provisionally against him, on the ground that he had been consecrated by, and had sworn obedience to, the Archbishop of Canterbury. This latter Bernard denied; and bribery of the witnesses against him was, as usual, alleged.

David Fitz-Gerald, Bernard's successor, good, easy man ("vìr suâ sorte contentus", his nephew calls him), was not the man to continue the fight, even if his hands had not been tied by Theodore of Canterbury on his election. But the canons of St. David's renewed their protest before the cardinal legate in England, and in a Lateran council before Pope Alexander III.

Gerald extracts from Bede the accounts of the conferences between St. Augustine and the British bishops at St. Augustine's Oak (Austcliffe on the Severn).[2] At the first, St. Augustine urged the Britons to co-operate with him in his mission to the pagan English, and to conform their usages

[1] Calixtus II, Honorius II, Innocent II, Celestine II, Lucius II, and Eugenius III.

[2] Bede, who died in 735, wrote from the Roman standpoint. There is no notice of these meetings in the Welsh *Chronicles*.

to those of the Roman Church.[1] Although the Roman missionary restored a blind man to his sight in their presence, the Britons declined to leave their ancient usages without the consent of their brethren. The second conference was attended by seven British bishops,[2] and by other learned men. They had taken the precaution to consult a local hermit of pious fame, who advised them if the Roman was a man of God, that is, if he were meek and lowly of heart, to follow him. But Augustine, *more Romano*, received them sitting; and the conference ended in nothing but the prophecy of the Saint, that if they would not have peace with their brethren, they should have war with their enemies; and the prophecy was fulfilled by the famous slaughter of the monks of Bangor a few years later.

Gerald narrates a conversation he had one evening with Innocent in his chamber. The Pope was always affable of an evening, but on this particular evening he was more than usually friendly. The subject of conversation was of course St.

[1] The principal differences were in the time for the observance of Easter (to which the Britons did not conform for another century); the administration of baptism; the tonsure; the consecration of a bishop by a single bishop, and certain divergences of ritual. The Britons had also a separate version of the Scriptures. But there is no suggestion of any doctrinal difference.

[2] According to tradition, of Hereford, Llandaff, Llanbadarn Fawr, Bangor, St. Asaph, Wig (in Archenfield on the Wye), and Margam, but they are variously given. See *Hoveden*, Rolls ed., iv, 103, who includes Worcester and Chester.

David's, and the Pope ordered the Papal registers to be brought to him, in which were entered the different metropolitan churches with their suffragan sees. Turning to England, he found: "Canterbury, the metropolitan church, has for its suffragans Rochester, London,"—and so on. Then came the rubric, *De Walliâ:* "In Wales are the churches of St. David's, Llandaff, Bangor, and St. Asaph." "You see", said the Pope, smiling, "St. David's is mentioned among the suffragans." "By no means", said Gerald, "for then it would have been mentioned in the accusative case." "That is sound", replied the Pope; "and there is another thing in your favour, the rubric. For there is never a fresh rubric in the register except when it passes to another kingdom or another metropolitan church." "Quite so", said Gerald; "Wales is a part of the realm of England, and not a kingdom of itself."

The Pope then asks if St. David's had any muniments in support of its claim. He was told that it once had plenty, but being situated in a remote corner on the Irish sea, its treasures had frequently been ransacked by pirates from the Orkneys, especially in the summer season.[1] Gerald then tells the story of St. Sampson and the pallium. "But he was Archbishop of York," said the Pope.[2] "Truly he came from us", replied

[1] The last time St. David's was ravaged by the robbers of the sea was as late as 1088.

[2] Sampson of York, according to some accounts, was made Archbishop of Dol in 520.

Gerald, "as the histories of Dol set forth, for in one of their sequences it is written:

'Praesul ante Menevensis
Dignitatis in Dolensis
Transfertur fastigium.'"[1]

At another evening conversation the Pope addressed Gerald: "Welcome, elect of St. David's." Gerald was a believer in papal infallibility, and fell down and kissed the Pope's toe; but the doctrine was not yet fully developed. Innocent explained that he spoke not *ex cathedrâ*, but merely called him as other men did. At another, the Pope went further, and addressed him as Archbishop; Gerald again fell down and worshipped, saying that the words of so great a pontiff must be prophetic. The genius of Innocent III was far too much of a match for all the wit of the bishop-elect; he humoured and baffled Gerald at his will.

There are many interesting details of the contest, some of them repeated from the *Book of Invectives*—the letters of the Welsh princes on behalf of Gerald and the freedom of the Welsh Church, from which Gerald, who was evidently the draftsman, could not keep out his classical allusions any more than from the speeches of the

[1] The sequence was a more or less metrical composition having especial reference to the festival of the day. The sequence for the festival of St. Ives of Cornwall, that paragon of Cymric lawyers, is of interest to Welshmen:

"Sanctus Ivo erat Brito
Advocatus sed non latro
Res miranda populo."

Irish chieftains; the number of Welsh visitors at Rome for various causes, and the havoc which the pestilential climate of the Campagna played among them; the Welsh candidate for the see of Bangor, whom Gerald assisted with all his might in his appeal to the Pope against the nominee of Archbishop Hubert, and who, when Gerald was in pecuniary straits, and had to borrow at enormous interest from the usurers of Bologna, turned his back on his valiant ally. "Poor, miserable monk", says Gerald; "just like all these Welsh clergy. The laity of Wales stood by me; but of the clergy, whose battle I was fighting, scarce one."

Gerald was not sparing of his allegations against the personal character of the opposing witnesses, although the Pope dissuaded him, and said if they were going to attack each other's characters in this way, the suit would last for ever. The enemy retaliated, and accused "the elect of St. David's" of stealing a horse. They put up a Welsh monk of St. Dogmael's, whom Gerald had excommunicated, who claimed the horse which had carried Gerald to Rome; and the horse was sequestrated by the Pope's chamberlain (a simple man, ignorant of law) until the matter was decided. Gerald was furious; the rights of St. David's were nowhere if their champion was to be branded as a horse-stealer. At last he bethought him of a stratagem. He admits that his official (but without his authority) had taken from the excommunicated, among other things, a wretched nag which

had no likeness to the horse in question except in its colour. He instructed one of his party to get up in court and say to the monk, "The horse you are talking about was a gelding, but this in the chamberlain's stable is entire." The impetuous Welsh monk was drawn. "You lie," he said; "he was a noble steed, furnished as such a horse should be." A commission to view was appointed. They presented a detailed report; the court was dissolved in laughter, and Gerald had his gelding back. In the evening the Pope and Gerald make merry over the incident.[1] Gerald would make all the monks even as his horse; and the Pope found another instance of the inflexible equity of the Roman court; and then, to change the subject, said, "Now tell us some stories of your Archbishop's bad grammar."

Gerald's resources were again tried on the journey home. France was in an unsettled state, owing to the war with England; and Gerald and the Norman pilgrims with whom he travelled were taken prisoners. The rest got off by declaring that they were French palmers from the Holy Sepulchre; but his old enemy, John of Tynemouth, had laid a trap for Gerald, and had sent word to his captor that the man of the great stature and the forest of eyebrows was an Archdeacon of princely birth, whose friends would pay a noble ransom. Gerald was for once in despair, and no human aid being forthcoming, he put his

[1] "Sunt ne tales *testes* quos contra te producunt?" said the Pope.

faith in God and St. David. And not in vain. The next morning the seneschal of the castle brought in John of Tynemouth himself; and Gerald hastened to explain that he, Gerald, was but a poor Welshman, who had lost his all in fighting the Archbishop of Canterbury at Rome; but this John was the favoured clerk of that same Archbishop, with preferments of over a hundred marks a year. The tables were turned; Gerald rode merrily away, leaving his enemy in custody, and also leaving him some good advice. "Bear your misfortune with patience. Remember that it is for your soul's health, and in penance for all the lies your master, at your instigation, has told of me at Gloucester, St. Alban's, and at Rome."

We have a long and learned disquisition, founded on authorities from the civil and canon law, to prove that Gerald was entitled to fight single-handed for the rights of St. David's. The mother-church of St. David's was free—*partus sequitur ventrem*—therefore Gerald, her son, was free. Gerald was a liberal of the old school—"nullius addictus jurari in verba magistri."[1] Miseri Menevenses immo miserrimi. "They disliked me for my zeal for reform; they looked on me as a madman; and on the claims of the metropolitan rights of St. David's as to be counted among the fables of Arthur." He was weary of them, so betook himself again to the studious life, and gives us yet another list of his works.

The rest of the book is taken up with stories of

[1] Hor., *Ep.* I, i, 14.

the extortions of the foreign prelates in Wales; their alienation of the lands of their sees; their brief sojourns in the Principality, leaving their dioceses to the management of unprincipled officials; their exactions of tallages[1] on the clergy. As a sample of episcopal covetousness, Gerald gives an account of the attempt of Bishop Geoffrey to intrude a creature of his own on Gerald's living of Tenby, then in the gift of the Prior of Pembroke. The episcopal stomach longed for the tithe of the fish for which Tenby was then, as always, famous.[2]

Then follow historical sketches of the Archbishops of Canterbury from Becket to Langton,[3] and of the Bishops of St. David's, from Griffith (whom he calls Wilfrid, following Eadmer[4]), the last of the Welsh line of bishops, to Iorwerth, who died in 1230.[5] This last was a Welshman,

[1] The tallage was a tax amounting to a twentieth, fifteenth, or tenth, and occasionally more. It arose out of the Crusades, and was originally called the Saladine tenth. The Popes and Bishops claimed the right to levy it on the clergy. The tallages on clergy and laity were, in the thirteenth century, replaced by the system of subsidies. The subsidies of the clergy were, until the times of the Stuarts, granted by themselves in Convocation, and confirmed by Parliament.

[2] Dinbych-y-Pysgod.

[3] They were—Becket, appointed 1162; Richard, 1174; Baldwin, 1185; Richard Fitz-Jocelin, 1191; Hubert Walter, 1193; and Stephen Langton, who outlived Gerald, 1207.

[4] Eadmer, a monk of Canterbury, wrote the *Historia Novorum*, a history of his own time, from the Conquest to 1122.

[5] The dates of their elections were—Griffith, 1096; Bernard, 1115; David Fitz-Gerald, 1147; Peter de Leia, 1176; Geoffrey de Henelawe, 1203; Iorwerth, 1215.

the Abbot of Talley in Caermarthenshire, whom the canons, having their hands for the time freed by the victory of Innocent III over King John, chose, in opposition to the King's wishes—a quiet, inoffensive man, not likely to worry them with his reforms. But Gerald preaches to him a sermon on his duties and opportunities as a Welshman, at St. David's. Let him be careful to ordain only those of decent morals and due education, and decline the English reprobates who come to seek ordination from Welsh bishops. Let him keep his expenses below the slender income of his see, so that he have no occasion to plunder; and let him visit the wild, mountain parts of his diocese, so neglected by his predecessors. And so, by a pious life and a holy death, may he bring peace to his people and honour to the country which gave him birth.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE INSTRUCTION OF PRINCES.

THE work, *De Instructione Principum*, is not included in the Rolls edition. It was edited by Mr. Brewer, in 1846, for the Anglia-Christiana Society, with the omission of the ethical portions of the first book, which were not considered suitable for the objects of the Society. The only manuscript known is the inaccurate one in the

Cotton Library. It is divided into three books; the first treating of the qualities and duties of the ideal prince; and the second and third being practically a history of the life and times of Henry II, to which Gerald, from his position at court, was able to supply many details not accessible to the other chroniclers of the reign. He was often attached to the court, and had gone over to the Continent with Archbishop Baldwin and Ranulph de Glanville, the Justiciary, in 1189, to endeavour to make terms between the King and his son, Richard, who feared that his father wished to supplant him for his more favoured son, John. Gerald had begun the work in his early life, but, because of his abuse of the Angevin dynasty, did not dare to publish it until his seventieth year.[1]

He does not cease to exalt the more gentle House of Capet over the fierce Plantagenet race, nor conceals his regret that Louis (after Louis VIII), the son of the French king, who was called into England by the barons in 1216, had not stamped out that "tyrannical whelp, the offspring of bloodthirsty tyrants, and himself of tyrants the most tyrannical" (a gentle allusion to King John), and his whole brood. This has led the editors of the French historical collection by Bouquet and his successors,[2] but apparently without sufficient reason, to suggest that this book (which they use largely) was written with a political purpose to assist the English barons in their

[1] See *De Jure et Stat. Men. Eccl. ad fin.*

[2] *Gallicarum et Franciarum rerum Scriptores*, xviii, 121.

revolt against John. But Gerald gives other instances of good princes, such as Edward the Confessor, and William the Lion, of Scotland, whose recent death he records.[1] His favourite prince seems to have been that devoted son of the Church, Louis VII of France, whom he also praised in the *Gemma Ecclesiastica*, who burnt the Papal Bull giving him the sole appointment to all ecclesiastical benefices, and who replied to his courtiers, who wished him to give up fasting and to balance the account by feeding a hundred or two of the poor instead, that he found fasting good for his soul and also for his body, it produced an excellent appetite.

Gerald complains bitterly in the Preface of the hatred and contempt of the Welsh at the English court—"Can any good thing come from Wales?" But he is a citizen of the world; it is on the man, he says, and not his birthplace, that his fame depends.

The greatest interest of the book lies in the sketches of the characters of the royal family —the fiery King, with his large, round head and fierce grey eyes, his broad shoulders and enormous paunch, which all his activity could not keep in check; his learning, his affable manner when he pleased, his ungovernable temper, his licentious life,[2] his duplicity ("never did I meet

[1] William died in 1215.

[2] Gerald notices the epitaph on fair Rosamond:

"Hic jacet in tumbâ Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda,
Non redolet sed olet quae redolere solet."

this man's equal in lying", said Vivian, the cardinal legate), his unwise treatment of his children, pampering them when young and hating them as his successors when they had grown up.

Eleanor, the queen, the mischief-maker between the father and his sons, whom her husband kept under lock and key for many years, until his death. Henry, the eldest son, his father's and the people's favourite, who, however, died in open rebellion against the king.[1] Geoffrey, the Earl of Brittany, smooth-tongued and treacherous, who died, like his brother (according to Gerald), of fever, whom Philip Augustus loved so, that he was with difficulty restrained from throwing himself into his grave. Richard the lion, or rather tiger-hearted, in his father's life Count of Poitou; and John, in whom all the family vices, without any of their better qualities, were concentrated, whom Gerald hated with his whole heart.

Gerald begins the purely historical part of his work with a picture of Henry II in his prosperity; he describes his vast dominions on the Continent, stretching along the whole of the west of modern France to the Pyrenees, and far exceeding the territory of the French king. But Henry's oppression of the Church results in the murder of Becket,[2] and the wheel of fortune turns. The penance of the King at Becket's tomb was

[1] Henry was crowned in 1170, in his father's life-time; he is usually spoken of as Henry III, until John's son ascended the throne.

[2] Becket was killed in Canterbury Cathedral, 1170.

rewarded by the capture of William the Lion, who was forced to do homage for the kingdom of Scotland, so that Henry was now the nominal head of the whole of the present United Kingdom. But the King's heart was still hardened; the rest of his life was clouded by the rebellions of his sons. The alliance of his son Richard with the French king compelled him to sue for terms. "God will not suffer me to die until I have revenged myself on you", was his parting benediction to his heir; but he died shortly at Chinon, exclaiming with his last voice, "Shame on the beaten king!"

Gerald gives us his will (which relates only to his personal estate); it contains legacies to the Knights Templars and Hospitallers, to various religious houses, to hospitals for lepers, and for marriage-gifts to poor free women. He leaves a curse to his sons if they interfere with his executors—"for I would have you know that our lord the Pope has confirmed this my will with his signature and seal."

Gerald is especially angry with Henry because he did not keep his vow of going on the crusade. The kings of England and France had made an arrangement, under which all their present and future differences were to be referred to the arbitration of six bishops and six barons, chosen by the respective kings, two on each side to form a quorum. Three years afterwards, to quiet the messengers from the Pope, he promised to found three monasteries, which he accomplished, accord-

ing to Gerald, by turning out the dean and secular canons of Holy Cross, Waltham, and replacing them by regulars, and supplanting the abbess and nuns of Ambresbury (convicted, according to another chronicler,[1] "de manifesto lenocinio") by an importation from St. Evreux. Gerald allows him the Carthusian house at Witham, but it was done on the cheap.

Nor was Heraclius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, more successful than the Pope. The King put him off, alleging that he must consult the great council of the nation at London, and then said he could not expose his Continental dominions to the rapacity of his brother, the most Christian King of France. At Dover, on leaving, the Patriarch was faithful, and told the King in set terms of all the evil that ever he did. Henry gave him one of his furious looks. "Do to me", said the Patriarch, "as you did to the holy Becket; you are worse than any Saracen." The King excused himself; his sons would seize his dominions in his absence. "No wonder", said the Patriarch; "from the devil they came, and to the devil they will go."[2]

Once, when Henry was hunting near Clarendon with his son-in-law, Henry the Lion, the Duke of Saxony, Gerald took on himself to point out to the King the great honour the Patriarch had done him by his visit. "I don't see that", said Henry; "he came to please himself, not me." Then Gerald,

[1] Gervase of Canterbury, a contemporary of Gerald.

[2] Heraclius was a sample of the Palestine prelate. He poisoned his opponent, the Archbishop of Tyre.

"bold Welshman that he was", said, "You should account it glorious, O King, that you have been thus preferred to all the princes of Christendom." "Look at these clergy", cried the King, "how bold they are to urge us on to war and danger, but they take good care to keep out of it all themselves."

Besides many quotations from his two Irish books and the Welsh *Itinerary*, Gerald cites long passages from the *Itinerary of Richard I*,[1] giving an account of the expedition of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, the Arthur (but more historical) of Germany, who, like Arthur, still lies in his enchanted sleep, surrounded by his knights, waiting the golden age of peace and unity.[2]

In the somewhat pompous letter of Frederick, as successor to the empire of Rome, to Saladin, detailing the various countries beneath his sway, Gerald includes England, Scotland, and Wales. But this is not in the original. The imperial rights had never been exercised in England, and the claim, although made from time to time, was always repudiated. Gerald takes occasion to lament the extortions practised to obtain money for the crusade. If the men had been fewer, but God-fearing, and the money less, but honestly

[1] The *Itinerarium Richardi I*, a history of the third crusade by an eye-witness, is generally attributed to Geoffrey de Vinsauf.

[2] Frederick was drowned in 1190, on his way to the Holy Land, to the consternation of all Christendom.

gotten, the sepulchre of Christ might have been won back from the infidel.

Gerald derides the predictions of the astrologers, who flourished principally in Spain and Sicily, but he had a firm belief in visions, and, as in many of his books, he gives numerous instances.

The vision of Roger de Estreby. Roger was a knight of Lincoln, and one day in the field he heard two voices, who ordered him to go to the Archbishop and the Justiciary in London and tell them to cross the sea and deliver seven certain mandates to King Henry. The voices affirmed that they belonged to Peter and Gabriel. The good knight crossed himself, and bade the devil depart from him, and then thought no more about it But a year and a half afterwards, when he was going out to look at some beans which he had for sale, he heard the voices again. This time they bade him give the beans to the poor, for it was a time of scarcity, and they promised to get back for him a cuirass which Aaron the Jew had in pawn, and Roger set much store on that cuirass. And then for the first time he thought the voices might come from heaven, because they had care for the poor. After a little thought he promised to obey, if their words were confirmed by a crucifix in a church in those parts, which was held in great reverence. Roger posted off to the church, and got the priest to say the Mass of the Holy Ghost; and the crucifix clasped its hands, and told him to obey the voices of the blessed apostle and archangel. He hurried home, and

ordered all the beans to be threshed and given to the poor, his wife and family *multum obloquentibus.* Again the voices reproach him for not going; and, when he objects that they had not kept their bargain—he had not had that cuirass back—reply, "You will find it at the foot of your bed"; and so it was. Then Roger, nothing doubting, crosses to the King in Normandy, who, as was his wont, promises, delays, and eventually does nothing. Of the seven mandates, three relate to his obligations to maintain the rights of the Church in accordance with his coronation vow; the seventh may not have been unconnected with that cuirass. The Jews were to be expelled from the King's dominions, with sufficient money to keep themselves and families, but all their bonds and pledges were to be given up to their debtors.[1]

The vision of Gerald, which was vouchsafed to him at the Castle of Chinon, when he was in attendance on Henry, just before his death. He saw the heavens opened, and there was war in heaven, and the rebels smote the Prince of heaven, and thrust a spear into His side; and thereupon a terrible voice cried aloud, "Woth, Woth! Pater et Filius! Woth, Woth! Spiritus Sanctus!" and Gerald in terror awoke. In the *Conquest of Ireland* he relates this vision, and interprets the mixture of German and Latin as signifying that these nations were most eager to join the crusade and to recover the Holy Land; but in this book

1 The Jews were expelled from England in 1290, and did not return until the Commonwealth.

he finds it evidently refers to the death of the emperor, which had by that time happened. The interpretation of prophecy becomes easier when you know.

There are many historical sketches in the book. The origin of the King's nickname, Henry Court-mantle,[1] from the short Angevin cloak which he introduced in the place of the long Norman garment reaching to the heels. The picture of Gerald, when a youth of twenty at Paris, being roused from his sleep by a hubbub in the streets, on the night on which Philip Augustus was born.[2] Leaning out of the window, he asked two old women carrying torches what it was all about. "We have", one of them said, "an heir to the throne born to us, who will one day give your king a good beating"; for she knew, he explains, that he and his comrades came from England. The conversation between Gerald and Ranulph de Glanville, on the reasons why the Normans had more superiority over the French in former days, when single-handed, than now with the English at their back. St. Thomas of Canterbury trying his luck at the *Sortes*.[3] The humanity of the old English laws about shipwrecks, which kept the vessel for its owners, as compared with the barbarous plundering practised by English and Welsh in his time. The origin of the Picts and

[1] This name is usually given to his son Henry.

[2] Philip was born in 1165.

[3] The Sortes was a form of divination by opening a book, usually Virgil or the Bible, and reading the first passage which met the eye.

Scots, and the treacherous slaughter of all the Pictish chieftains at the banquet by the Scots.[1]

He also relates the well-known story of the finding, or perhaps it would be better to use the Latin word — the invention — in his own days, of King Arthur's body at Glastonbury.[2] The Abbot of Glastonbury had been induced by a tradition, which Henry II had learnt from an old Welsh bard, to dig between two huge stones in the abbey churchyard. Sixteen feet below the surface, safe from Saxon rage, was found a rude coffin, in the hollowed trunk of an oak, with a leaden plate, on which was the inscription, "Here lies buried the famous King Arthur, with Guinevere, his second wife, in the Isle of Avalon."[3] In it were found two skeletons, one of a man of heroic size (Gerald had seen the bones and the inscription), whose skull had been cloven by ten wounds, one of which had made a huge gap. The other bones were of a woman, and among them a single lock of yellow hair. A monk standing by

[1] The Cruithne, a Celtic tribe, settled in the North of Scotland, called by Latin writers Picti, were absorbed by the Gaels, or Scoti, who came from Ireland.

[2] The legend of Arthur had recently been made famous by Geoffrey of Monmouth. Arthur was mentioned by Nennius, in his *Historia Britonum*, a doubtful authority, probably of the eighth century, and the *Annales Cambriæ* assert that he died in 537. But Gildas, as contemporary, is silent concerning him; as also Bede, who died in 735. He is supposed by some authorities to have been the leader of the Northern Cymry of Strathclyde and Cumbria against the Saxons.

[3] According to some old metrical romances, Arthur repudiated his first queen, to marry Guinevere.

caught at it roughly, and the golden tress for which Arthur had died and Lancelot sinned crumbled into air.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS.

GERALD'S writings, *De Legendis Sanctorum*, are not among the most interesting of his works, although among his contributions to the mythic literature of Christendom there is much incidental information as to the manners and events of his own time. There was much rivalry in mediæval times between the clients of the holy patrons of various localities or orders in the Church; and Gerald was urged by the authorities of the three cathedral churches with which he was connected, Hereford, Lincoln, and St. David's, to employ his recognised literary talent in composing or re-editing the legend of the local saint, which was read at the yearly festival. But it is evident that he approached the work with the feeling of a man who has a task set before him; it was no labour of love, as when he was inveighing against Archbishop Hubert or the monks, or was telling humorous stories about the manners of his Welsh clergy.[1]

[1] The local saints were, until the tenth century, created by the bishops "arbitrio popularis auræ"; the sanction of the

Standing somewhat apart from the Lives of the Saints is the biography, in two books, of *Geoffrey, Archbishop of York*, of which the sole manuscript is in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. It does not seem clear why Gerald wrote it. He tell us in the Preface that it is a sermon on the changes and chances of this mortal life, and on the unequal conditions of men. "The daily courses of the sun and the moon, the flow of the tides, the unchanging course of the seasons, and of darkness and light, who will dare to doubt that all this is ruled by law, and not by chance?" But, like King David, he had seen the wicked in great prosperity, and the question troubles him, although he humbly hopes they will get their deserts hereafter. This Geoffrey was a violent, impracticable man, an Ishmael, whose hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him, but generous, of a decent life, with honesty enough to tell the canons of York he liked horses and dogs better than books and priests, and always faithful to his father, who said to him, "Thou alone art my true son, the rest are bastards."

His father was Henry II, and his mother was said to be (but without authority) Fair Rosamond. Although not in orders, he was made Archdeacon

Pope was then made necessary, and, in the twelfth century, Pope Alexander III took the not unlucrative power of canonisation entirely into his own hands. The lesser degree of beatification merely declared the recipient blessed, and did not entitle him to the full privileges of a saint.

and (in 1173) Bishop of Lincoln. The Pope refused to consecrate him,[1] and in 1182 insisted that he should take orders or resign (Gerald does not mention the papal intervention). He resigned, and was consoled by his father with the office of chancellor; and Henry, on his death-bed, nominated him to the see of York, which had been vacant eight years. Richard, after some delay, confirmed the appointment, but exacted an oath from him that he would not enter his diocese. Geoffrey then took orders, which he had delayed, as Gerald thinks, in hope of succession to the crown of William the Bastard. He was afterwards consecrated by the Archbishop of Tours, and received the pallium from the Pope. Geoffrey had now the opportunity of indulging the warlike propensities of which he had shown much proof against the Scots, and wherever there was fighting to be had. He landed in England, and was imprisoned by the Justiciary in the King's absence, William de Longchamp, Bishop of Ely.[2]

Geoffrey no doubt earned much of Gerald's good-will through the fierce opposition to him of Longchamp, and of Hubert Walter (at one time Dean of York), both of whom Gerald hated with cordiality. He was also the champion of the

1 He was then not twenty years old.

2 Longchamp was a Norman *parvenu* (Gerald says he could hardly speak English). He was made Bishop of Ely, 1189, and Justiciary, 1190. He was expelled from England in 1191, but restored on the return of the King, whose faithful servant he had been.

rights of the northern metropolitan see in the never-ending feud with the Primate of Canterbury.[1] Geoffrey's imprisonment was made the pretext for the impeachment and banishment of the Justiciary by the council convoked at Reading by Earl John, in which proceedings the citizens of London, "assembled in common hall", took no small share. Geoffrey was released, and duly enthroned in York. Gerald leaves him on his throne, and does not mention that he spent the rest of his days in fighting the canons of York, and his all-powerful suffragan, Hugh Pudsey, the Prince-Bishop of Durham, and in resisting the demands on the Church by Richard and John. He was exiled, after a stormy life, by John, in 1207, and died in Normandy about 1212.

It must be stated on Geoffrey's behalf that he had the support of English bishops like St. Hugh of Lincoln and Hugh (de Nonant) of Coventry.. The stories of the latter,[2] as to that "belua multiformis" Longchamp, Gerald relates at some length, and makes merry over the Justiciary's attempted escape from England "in habitu meretricis",[3] a disguise which he adopted with so much success as to lead a simple seafaring man into a position of some perplexity.

* * *

[1] See Gerald's account of the free fight between Richard of Canterbury and Roger of York, *Life of St. Remi*, cap. 8.

[2] See Hugh of Coventry's letter, *Hoveden R.S.*, iii, 141.

[3] The costumes of the beau and the demi-monde were then more distinctive.

Gerald's *Life of St. Ethelbert* was copied by Sir William Dugdale, the famous antiquary, who died in 1696, from a manuscript in the Cotton Library (which has since perished), for the Bollandists.[1] The editors, assuming that a book so unlike the style of the Irish works of Gerald, with which alone they were acquainted, could not have been written by Giraldus Cambrensis, attributed it to a later Canon of Hereford of the same name. They founded their life of the Saint on the *Chronicle* of Brompton,[2] merely giving extracts from the life by Gerald in the notes, and also inserting some miracles which Brompton had left out. But, from the extracts they give, the life was evidently written by Gerald; nor does there appear to have been any later Canon of Hereford who could have written it.

Ethelbert, the youthful King of the East Angles, was murdered in 793, at the court of Offa, the famous King of Mercia; his body was removed to Hereford, where he had founded the church. Among the wonders worked at his tomb, related by Gerald, some occurred after the Norman conquest. The style of miracle may be gathered from the story of the tailor who persisted in con-

[1] The Bollandist Fathers, founded by John Bolland, a Jesuit of Antwerp, compiled the *Acta Sanctorum*—the lives of the Saints—in the order of the calendar. The first series, issued from 1643 to 1773, was interrupted by the French Revolution.

[2] John Brompton, Abbot of Jervaulx in the fifteenth century, compiled, from earlier records, a chronicle from 597 to 1199.

tinuing his work on the Saint's festal-day, and, being remonstrated with by his wife, poked her right eye out with his needle. She fled to the shrine of the Saint, and, after prayers and offerings, her eye was restored. The miracles narrated in these lives were taken from the registers kept by the guardians of the tombs of the saints; the details no doubt owed somewhat to the pious imagination of the author. Gerald in some instances gives full particulars of the inquiries which were made into those miracles, and there would seem to have been an honest endeavour to test their truth. But it must be remembered that in the twelfth century such occurrences were supposed to be probable; in the nineteenth they would have been supposed to be impossible.

* * *

The *Life of St. Remi*, like the other Lincoln treatise, the *Life of St. Hugh*, is preserved only in the manuscript at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. The first edition, issued during Gerald's stay at Lincoln, just before the fight for St. David's, is lost; the second edition was, after he had written the *Life of St. Hugh*, presented by Gerald to Langton about 1214. In the Dedication he gives the Archbishop permission to lend the book to Hugh the Second,[1] to incite him to emulate the virtues of his predecessors. There was want of a local saint at Lincoln, before the greater name of St. Hugh appeared, and Gerald undertook

[1] Hugh of Wells, made Bishop of Lincoln in 1209.

the life of Remi, the first bishop, and fitted him out with the appropriate set of miracles derived from the local records.

Remi, a monk of Fécamp, came in with the Conqueror, and led the contingent of his abbey at Hastings. He was made Bishop of Dorchester in 1067, and the Council of London having ordered, in 1072, that certain sees should be moved to larger towns,[1] the seat of the huge diocese was transferred to Lincoln, and Remi added to its borders by annexing the district of Lindsey from the province of York. He built a cathedral at Lincoln, on the model of that of Rouen, but most of his work was destroyed in the next century. He died in 1092. According to Gerald, he reformed his diocese, was a successful preacher, and eminent for his charity. He founded the Hospital of the Holy Innocents for Lepers,[2] and held a maundy every Saturday.[3]

St. Remi, be it said with reverence, was a specialist; he was especially propitious to cripples; but Gerald only gives such miracles as are attested by unquestionable evidence.

[1] The Saxon bishop was of a tribe, and afterwards of a district. The Normans imported from the Continent the idea of a bishop of a city.

[2] This hospital is attributed to Henry I.

[3] The *mandatum*, or maundy, was the washing of the feet of the poor and giving them alms. It was done by kings and personages, especially on Maundy Thursday, the day when the mandate was given. James II was the last sovereign who did the washing; the royal alms-giving is still continued.

Gerald continues his Lincoln history by giving notes of the bishops from St. Remi to St. Hugh, among them, of Walter de Coutances, who, notwithstanding his Norman name, came of the old British and Trojan stock in Cornwall.[1]

The end of the book is taken up with the treatise *De Episcopis Angliæ Tergeminis*—the three pairs of good bishops of the age: Thomas of Canterbury and Henry of Winchester[2]; Bartholomew of Exeter (1159-84) and Roger of Worcester (1164-79),[3] whom Pope Alexander styled the two great lights of the English Church; and Baldwin of Canterbury and Hugh of Lincoln.

* * *

Of much more general interest is Gerald's life of the famous *St. Hugh of Lincoln*, after Becket, the most popular of English saints. To the first two books was afterwards added a third, at the instance of Roger the Dean, giving an account of some miracles wrought at the tomb during the Interdict. Hugh was born of a knightly family

[1] He was Bishop of Lincoln only for a year, and was translated in 1184 to the Archbishopric of Rouen. He held high office at the court of Henry II, and succeeded Longchamp as Justiciary.

[2] Henry de Blois, the younger brother of King Stephen, Bishop of Winchester, 1129-71, and papal legate, the founder of the Hospital of St. Cross. He took an active part in the troublous times of the reign of his brother: but, like another famous Henry of Winchester, "more like a soldier than a man o' the Church."

[3] Roger was a son of Robert, Earl of Gloucester, who was a son of Henry I and (according to some accounts) of Nesta.

in Burgundy, at Avalon, near Grenoble, in 1135. He came to England in 1175, to become the Prior of Witham, in Somerset, the first English Carthusian house. He was made Bishop of Lincoln in 1186, and died in 1200. He was canonised in 1220, after an inquisition into his miracles by Langton and the Abbot of Fountains.

Hugh, the bright lily of Lincoln, unworldly ascetic as he was, managed, by his bluff, hearty manner, his humour and tact, to maintain his influence over such different men as Henry II and his two successors; in this he was no doubt assisted by his precept, to which he himself rigidly adhered, that no minister of Christ should interfere in politics.[1] Of the details of his life may be mentioned—the commencement of the new cathedral,[2] in the modern improved style—Gerald speaks of the marble columns, but does not mention the transition from the round to the pointed arch. His careful discharge of his duties; he would not, like other bishops, confirm on horseback. Once, when riding, he was importuned by an old man to lay his hands on him. The Bishop at length got off his horse and received the suppliant into the fold, and concluded the laying on of hands by boxing his ears soundly for having

[1] There are numerous lives of this saint. The *Magna Vita S. Hugonis*, and the metrical life founded on it, were both written shortly after his death, and have been edited by Mr. Dimock. They are indebted to Gerald for some details.

[2] He built the choir. The church of Remi had suffered from fire, and the great earthquake in 1185.

delayed until his old age a sacrament so necessary to salvation. On another occasion he was stopped by a rustic carrying a child on his shoulder. The Bishop dismounted, and prepared to confirm; but the father explained that the boy, whose name was John, had already been confirmed, but he wanted the name changed for luck. "You foolish rascal!" said the bishop. "What better name can you have than John?—'Quod *Dei Gratia* sonat';"[1] and imposed a penance of bread-and-water. His devotion in burying the dead at Lincoln, Le Mans, and Westminster. It is evident that a corpse lying unburied in the streets was not an unusual sight. The instance given at Westminster occurred the day after Richard's coronation, when there had been a great massacre of the Jews.[2] His devout visitation of the sick, especially of the lepers, whom he kissed, notwithstanding that we are told they were more like some monstrosity than a human form. His chancellor, the famous William de Monte, pointed out to him that St. Martin had healed a leper by his kiss. "Yes", said the Bishop; "St. Martin's kiss healed the leper's body; but the leper's kiss heals my soul." His consideration for his tenants. Gerald gives two instances where he declined to take advantage of the feudal incidents of heriot

[1] This story is quoted by Mr. Freeman to show that Gerald had some knowledge of Hebrew.

[2] The Jews had flocked to London to present offerings to the new king, and to petition him not to follow the recent example of Philip Augustus, by expelling them from his dominions.

and relief,[1] notwithstanding the remonstrances of his steward. A poor widow brought him the heriot ox—her only one; he gave it back, saying, "This poor woman had two to work for her, her husband and the ox; because she has lost the better of these labourers, shall I take the other?" The son of a knight brought him the relief of a hundred shillings on the death of his father; the Bishop refused to take it; he would not be the cause of bringing on the youth a twofold trouble; he had lost his father, he should not lose his money also.

Never was there a man in our days, says Gerald, who feared God more or man less; and he tells the story how, when Hugh had got into trouble with Richard for resisting his exactions on the Church to find money for his wars in France, he crossed over to Normandy and kissed the king with as little fear as he did a leper. Richard, to the general surprise, returned to the Bishop at Mass the kiss of peace, and as he knew he ate no meat, sent him a large pike for his dinner.

Hugh had a great love for animals; we hear of his birds and squirrels at the Grande Chartreuse before he came to England, of his pet bird (Gerald calls it a "burneta") at Witham, and of the famous swan at Stow, the manor-house of the

[1] Heriot was the right of the lord to seize the best beast or chattel of a deceased tenant. Relief was the composition paid by the heir for a re-grant of the tenant's land; it was at first arbitrary, but was fixed by Magna Charta.

bishops, near Lincoln. This was a wild swan, or hooper, which afterwards became the emblem of St. Hugh. Gerald gives an account, from his own observation, of the bird's singular attachment to the Bishop.

Hugh died at the old Temple in Holborn, the hospice of the Bishops of Lincoln, and was buried with much pomp in his own cathedral, in the presence of King John, William, King of Scotland, Roland, Prince of Galloway, Bernard, Archbishop of Ragusa, in Dalmatia (an exile in England), and a great company of prelates, lords, and commons. Gerald considers this great ceremonial as the first of the miracles of St. Hugh, but omits to notice an even greater miracle related by another chronicler, that at his funeral the Jews of Lincoln wept.

These miracles, of which we have a considerable list, were attested by the oaths of competent witnesses before the chapter, and, when fully verified, were duly registered and proclaimed, after a solemn procession to the tomb. Waxen images were sometimes offered at the shrine, both before the cure and afterwards. We hear also much of the matrons of the city, who appear to have formed a kind of charitable guild. There are two interesting stories which give pictures of the times. A woman of Keal had both hands contracted for working on Saturday night, in spite of the sermons of the Abbot of Flaye, who came to England (in 1200) to preach the duty of keeping the Sab-

bath, which should begin at *nones*[1] on Saturdays. The woman tried St. Thomas of Canterbury, but was recommended by that saint to his brother of Lincoln. A knight had got on horseback too soon after blood-letting, with the result of a tumour in the arm. He had recourse to the doctors; he found them highly expensive, full of promises, but lacking in performance. He then commended himself to God, Saint Mary of Lincoln, and the blessed Hugh, and by his faith he was healed.

* * *

Of the biographies connected with St. David's, the life of St. Caradoc is lost; the preface only has been preserved in the *Symbolum Electorum*. The short life of David II, David Fitz-Gerald, Archdeacon of Cardigan, and afterwards Bishop of St. David's, is also attributed by the Rolls editor to Gerald. But a comparison of this life with that given in the *De Jure et Statu*, where Gerald dutifully attempts to whitewash the character of his despoiling and parsimonious uncle (he says that he impoverished the see with more modesty than some of those who went before or who came after him), seems to point to the conclusion that the *Vita Davidis II* is the work of another hand. The author states that the cathedral was closed through nearly the whole of the episcopate. The *Life of St. David, Archbishop of Menevia*, is

[1] *Nones, i.e.*, 3 P.M. The canonical hours started from *prime*, 6 A.M.

founded on the earlier work of Rhyddmarch, who was Bishop of St. David's from 1088 to 1096. Rhyddmarch, one of the last of the Welsh bishops, had collected the legends of the patron saint which were floating about in Wales in his time; but, as St. David had then been dead some five hundred years, their historical value is small. The life is divided into ten lessons, with a collect and response for the choir at the end; it was evidently intended as a service to be read in church on the patron's day.[1]

The only manuscript of Gerald's life of St. David perished in the fire at the Cotton Library; but it had been copied by Wharton for his *Anglia Sacra*, and is quoted from by Archbishop Usher in his *Britannicarum Ecclesiarum Antiquitates*, published in the reign of Charles I.[2]

The father of St. David was Sanctus (Sandde), a prince of Cardigan, and the uncle of King Arthur.[3] Sanctus was hunting in Dyfed, and happened on a fair maiden, by name Nonnita or

[1] In early times, especially in the Gallican Church, which the Welsh followed, it was customary to read in church, instead of the canonical Scriptures, the lives of the saints and martyrs, and the writings of the Fathers. The custom, although it provoked much opposition, was not extinct at the time of the Reformation.

[2] Fuller, *Church History in Britain*, lib. i, cent. 6, says: "I am sensible, to my shame, that I have spent much precious time in reading the legend of this life"; but he gives the Brefi miracle.

[3] According to Geoffrey of Monmouth, the saint himself was King Arthur's uncle.

Non,—"statim equo delapsus virgineis ibidem amplexibus est delectatus." The result of this somewhat abrupt proceeding was the patron saint of Wales. David was born on the coast of St. Bride's Bay, where ruins of the chapel dedicated to his mother still stand. He was baptised by Elvi, Bishop of Munster, at Porthclais, in a spring produced for the occasion ;—a blind man who held him at the font received his sight. He was nurtured at a place called Old Bush—in Welsh, "Hen-meneu" ; in Irish, "Kil-muni" ; and in Latin, "Vetus Menevia". St Patrick, on his return from Italy, had settled in this place thirty years before, but had been warned off by a vision.

David in due time took orders, and studied at Whitland,[1] under Paulinus, the pupil of Germanus. After ten years' study he restored his master's sight, and departed to preach, and to found various monasteries, among them Glastonbury and Bath. Divinely warned, he returned to Menevia,[2] and founded a monastery in the valley of the Roses, having first destroyed by fire from heaven the tower of the Irish enchanter, Boia, who harassed him from a neighbouring height. There he gave his time to manual labour, reading, praying, and the relief of the poor ; and, as water was his only drink, he was known among the Welsh as "Dewi Deverur". Among his early disciples were SS. Aidan, Teilo,

[1] In Caermarthenshire.

[2] The situation was chosen apparently because of its accessibility to the Celtic brethren in Ireland.

and Ishmael. Complete harmony did not prevail in the monastery, as St. Aidan had, after he had gone to Ireland, to send over a messenger to warn his master that he would be poisoned in the eucharist.[1] Other Irish disciples were St. Barrock and St. Brendan. Barrock had come across to have counsel of St. David, and, as the wind was contrary, he borrowed David's horse to ride home. On the journey he met Brendan coming across on the same holy errand, riding on a dolphin; and the two saints hold a colloquy in mid-channel. Modomnoc, another disciple, introduced bees to Ireland. When he had got on board his ship at Menevia a swarm of bees followed him, and as he would not rob his brethren, he landed, and the bees returned to their hives. This happened a second time; but the third time, with the blessing of the Father, he and the bees departed. We have also the story of the "Evangelium Imperfectum", the copy of the Gospel of St. John, which an angel completed in letters of gold, when the saint had been called away to prayers. It is still held in reverence, but no man has dared to look on it to this day.

St. David, with Teilo and Paternus, makes a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where he was consecrated Bishop by the Patriarch. He was assisted on his travels by the gift of tongues, and abode in Jerusalem for some time. Soon after his return he was summoned by Paulinus to the synod at Brefi,

[1] St. Aidan's messenger was St. Swithun, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. St. Swithun died in 862; the dates do not quite tally.

where were collected Dubricius, Archbishop of Caerleon, Deiniol, Bishop of Bangor, and a great company of bishops, abbots, and princes, to put down the reviving heresy of Pelagius.[1] David came reluctantly, on his way raising to life the son of a widowed mother. He disdained the heap of clothes which the others had used as a pulpit, but the ground was raised at his feet as he spoke in the place where the church of Llandewi Brefi now stands. Dubricius ceded his honours in his favour, and David was raised by acclamation to the archbishopric of the whole of Wales. A supplemental synod, the "Synod of Victory", was held (at Caerleon), and its decrees were confirmed by the authority of the Church of Rome. And when St. David was one hundred and forty years old, the time came to him that he should die, and he foretold the hour of his death. Holy men from all the regions of Britain and of Ireland came to say farewell. Comforted by angels' voices, he sang the *Nunc Dimittis*, and departed in peace on the first day of March.[2]

[1] Pelagius, or Morgan, a Briton, was fabled to have been Abbot of Bangor, but his life was principally spent in Africa and the East. His earliest known writing is dated 405; and his principal tenets were that Adam was mortal whether he had sinned or not, and that his sin affected him alone, and not the whole human race; that new-born infants were as Adam before the Fall, and that there were men who lived without sin before the birth of Christ. The Pelagian heresy found its way to Britain through Gaul. St. Germanus made two missionary expeditions to Britain (in 429 and 447) against it.

[2] St. David is said by the *Annales Cambriæ* to have died in 601. He was canonised by Calixtus II, in 1128.

The Response.[1]

"David, glorious prefect of Christ, receive the prayers of Thy servants, and bear them for us to the throne of the Most High."

The Collect for St. David's Day.

"O God, who has vouchsafed to Thy Church the blessed David, Thy minister, to be our wonderful teacher, grant us in Thy mercy that we may alway deserve to have before Thee this faithful intercessor, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE COLLECTION OF EXTRACTS.

THE *Symbolum Electorum* was compiled by Gerald somewhat late in life. He gives us what he considers he has written of most value, but posterity has not endorsed his judgment. There are only three manuscripts known—those at Trinity College, Cambridge (the only complete one), and at Lambeth, and in the Cotton Library. The work is divided into four books; the first consisting of correspondence; the second, of Latin verse, including the "Juvenilia", collected by the Rolls editor from various sources; the third, of the orations and character-sketches in the *Conquest of Ireland;* and the fourth, of prefaces to his various works. Of these only the first and second books need be considered here.

The first book begins with some correspondence, in Gerald's most violent style, with the Abbot of

[1] See above, p. 148.

Garendon (in Leicestershire), on the iniquities of one William Wibert, a Cistercian monk of Bethlesden.[1] Wibert was afterwards Abbot of Bitlesden, and the records of the abbey show that he was deposed in 1198. Gerald had a great hand in this deposition, and this seems to have been no small cause of the enmity towards him of Archbishop Hubert, who favoured Wibert. About the year 1193, when King Richard was held in prison by the Duke of Austria, Gerald was sent on several missions to Wales, to endeavour to make terms with Rhys ap Griffith, who had taken advantage of the confusion of affairs in England to subdue nearly the whole of South Wales. Wibert had ingratiated himself with Gerald by a professed admiration for his writings; and then spread rumours abroad that in these negotiations Gerald was secretly working for the Welsh. He is lashed in Gerald's best manner, he is "belua iste", a term Gerald is fond of applying to those he does not like. He is guilty of every enormity. He lends money under the name of Aaron the Jew, of Lincoln; and he has added this above all, that he has dared to aspire to St. David's.

There is much correspondence with and about Bishop Peter de Leia, who had been alienating the lands of the see (presumably to find money to build his cathedral), aided by his creatures, Jocelin the Dean, and Osbert, Archdeacon of Caermar-

[1] Bitlesden, in Buckinghamshire, a daughter house of Garendon.

then, who had the effrontery to trespass on Gerald's rights, and call himself Archdeacon of St. David's.

The Bishop had even laid hands on the prebend of Mathry (the golden prebend), which was attached to Gerald's own archdeaconry. In a letter to the Bishop he confesses his own Welsh hot temper, and plies him with some Norman French, with which language his diocesan was more familiar than Welsh, or even Latin—*e.g.*, "Bien set chat ki barbe il leche."[1] With his feeling of a Whig aristocrat, which is always coming to the front, he tells De Leia that a priest is every whit as good as a bishop, and can perform all the sacraments of the Church, saving only ordination. He upbraids the chapter for their cowardice in being dumb dogs, when the Bishop openly stated that he did not care a dog's tail for the Archdeacon of Brecon. "By all the merits of St. Andrew and St. David, may God protect our church from whatever beast the monks may send us." It is pleasing after this to read a courteous letter from Gerald to the Bishop, suggesting that the war-hatchet should be buried.

There are letters to his officials ordering them to visit every church in the archdeaconry once a year; to extort nothing from either clerk or lay, and to lead even William de Braose, and his wife, gently back to the fold; but if they were incorrigible, to hand them over to the Bishop.

There is a sermon before the synod of St. David's, and the text is, "The priest's lips should

[1] "The cat is happy that licks its whiskers."

keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth, for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts."[1] Two things are necessary for priest and bishop—"scientia et conscientia"; and Gerald reasons eloquently on righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come. This is immediately followed by a furious letter addressed to Bishop Hugh of Lincoln, which gives us details of a suit fought out with Geraldian tenacity as to his living of Chesterton[2] (which was in the gift of the Crown), upon which a certain canon of Lincoln had been thrust as vicar without Gerald's approval, and had assigned to him twenty marks,[3] leaving for the parson (*persona*) of the parish a beggarly four marks and a half.

There is a letter to Richard I. Gerald tells the King that his fame had reached him even down in the far end of Wales. He regrets that he cannot bring his congratulations in person, but he sends him, as a reward for all his toil for the cause of Christ, the *Irish Topography*. He urges him to befriend men of letters, without whom all his glory would soon die; and he gives him some good advice. "Bear this in mind, O King! that the first duty of a king is to rule himself, and then his subjects. You long for mighty empire; behold, I give it to you: the empire of yourself."

[1] Malachi ii, 7.

[2] The county of Oxford was in the diocese of Lincoln until 1542.

[3] The English mark was thirteen shillings and fourpence.

There are several chatty letters to his friends. To the Prior of Llanthony he describes how he lost his way on the mountains, in trying to get over from Llandduw, although he was attended by local guides. To William, the Bishop of Hereford, he commends that promising young scholar, Robert Grossteste, afterwards the famous Bishop of Lincoln. William, the Precentor of Hereford, he consoles on the death of his brother, and commends him to the God of consolation, and to time, the consoler of all. He urgently requires the Prior of Malvern to send back the book of Decretals which he had lent him. And he afterwards despatches a special messenger to get the book back. "Your only possible excuse for keeping that book is that you want a keepsake of me; but if your friendship requires that artificial aid, I will do without it. Send the book back." There is a long and learned letter to Walter Mapes, in which he urges "the merry Archdeacon" to give up the frivolous rhymes of his youth, and betake himself in his age to the study of divine theology.[1]

The second book in Latin verse is a curious medley, showing the singular versatility of the author's mind. It begins with a long poem on

[1] Among the poems of Mapes edited by Thomas Wright for the Camden Society, 1841, is the *Cambriæ Epitome*, being Gerald's *Itinerary and Description of Wales*, done into rhyming Latin. There is an old English version of it called "Of the londe of Wales", in Trevisa's translation of Ranulph Higden's *Polycronycon*, "imprinted by William Caxton 1482."

the creation of the world and all that therein is; and is followed by a lengthy and sufficiently erotic "descriptio cujusdam puellæ". There are verses on love, on fame, and on human misery, to Henry II, to Mapes, on sending him a walking-stick with a crooked handle and iron ferule. To his enemies in general, and to some in particular; on the dead raised by Christ; in praise of Innocent III, and banter of the same; chaff on the bad Latin of a monk; "some admirable verses on the destruction of Rome"; a nuptial song; and various epitaphs on himself. A few extracts will suffice. Here is Gerald in praise of the British spring as feigned by the poets:

"Ver fontes musco, ver silvas frondibus ornat,
Flore tegit ramos, gramine vestit humum.
Ver pictor terræ, renovator temporis, anni
Temperies, avium gaudia, cantus, amor.
Ver zephyrum mittit, ver ventum vertat in auram
Vere latet Boreas, et maris unda jacet."

He catalogues the external beauties of his mistress with full anatomical details, omitting nothing:

"Dens ebur, os roseum, labra mollia, succus in illis
Dulce sapit, sapiunt oscula pressa favum."

Nor was the gem unworthy of the casket:

"Vox lenis, sermo suavis, facundia mira,
Junctura pariter verba sonoque placent.
Plus Marco eloquio, plus hæc Demosthene floret
Hunc licet extollat Græcia, Roma suum.
Quod dedit ars illis, naturæ contulit isti
Plenus et in cunctis immoderatus amor."

We learn from another poem that the name of this "incomparable she" (or of another) was Lætitia. It may fairly be argued that magister Giraldus was not always the fierce misogynist of his maturer years. Perhaps Lætitia played him false. Great events from little causes spring. "If the nose of Cleopatra had been longer, the destiny of the world would have been changed." If Lætitia had been true, the *Symbolum Electorum* might never have been written. Gerald might have remained a layman, and turned on the Irish or the Saracens the martial ardour of his race.

Here is a "belua" from Roose:

> "Ex patre Flandrensi, Walensi matre; quid unquam
> Ni scelus esse potest quod scelerosa creant?
> Wallia fraude replet et Flandria proditione."

It was a bad cross; the Norman-Welsh was better. He descends from his classical measures to the rhyming stanzas of the day, to tell how a physician for the body is more eagerly sought than one for the soul:

> "Ha! quam sollicito quisque timore,
> Occursat medico carnis amore:
> De morbis animæ nulla querela,
> Egressam sequitur tarda medela."

In his verse, as in his prose works, he assimilates the ideas of classical authors. One poem begins:

> "Nocte pluit totâ redeunt spectacula mane."

The line seems familiar, but Gerald might have

said, with Puff in the *Critic*, two people happened to hit on the same thought: Virgil made use of it first.

And Gerald, foreseeing the long neglect by his countrymen of one of the few great names in Welsh history, writes his own epitaph:

"Kambria[1] Giraldum genuit, sic Cambria mentem
Erudiit, cineres cui lapis iste tegit."

When a fitting monument is raised at St. David's to Gerald the Welshman, this epitaph might be writ over him.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MIRROR OF THE CHURCH.

This, the latest, and, according to Mr. Brewer, in many respects the most interesting, of the works of Gerald, has come down to us in a more incomplete state than any other of his writings. Only one manuscript is known, that in the Cotton Library, and it has suffered severely from the disastrous fire at that library in 1731.[2] The *Speculum Ecclesiæ*, notwithstanding its title, con-

[1] Observe the different spelling of Cambria. Gerald usually spells it with a K.

[2] This splendid collection of manuscripts was formed by Sir Robert Cotton, who died in 1631. It became the property of the nation in 1706, and was transferred to the British Museum in 1757.

tains little of Church history except in the fourth and last book. The others were a mirror in which the principal monastic orders of the time could see their portraits depicted by an untiring enemy. Curses, like chickens, came home to roost. The monks, whatever may be alleged against them, were the scholars of mediæval times. It is to their industry that we owe the preservation of many manuscripts; and to their ill-will that the manuscripts of some of Gerald's works are so scanty. They were not likely to expend many of their leisure-hours in immortalising the writings of a man who added to the Litany the new prayer, "A malitiâ monachorum, libera nos, Domine" (From the villainy of the monks, good Lord deliver us).

The life of selfish indolence led by most monks was distasteful to a man of Gerald's enormous energy; and besides, it must be borne in mind, in order to appreciate the violent animosity between the seculars (the parochial clergy) and the regulars (the communities bound to follow the rule of one of the numerous orders), that the monks as such were in no sense ecclesiastics, and could exercise no spiritual function. Although bound to a religious life, they were—except such of them as had been ordained—really laymen, and laymen for ever encroaching on the rights and privileges of the clergy. The bitter hatred of Gerald, as champion of his order, living as he did in a fierce and warlike age, may be in some degree extenu-

ated. It has taken full seven centuries more of the study of the life and teaching of Christ to produce that gentle spirit of brotherly love which now, in solemn recognition of their Master's prayer,[1] pervades all His diverging followers in the Principality.[2]

The ascetic form of monasticism, which found its most remarkable exponent in Simon Stylites; the delight in self-inflicted torture—as Byron has it—

"In hope to merit heaven, by making earth a hell,"[3]

seems never to have found much favour in Britain. Of the hermit or anchorite who withdrew to some lonely spot for a life of contemplation, there are traces all through Welsh history; and Gerald himself has supplied us with some examples.

The records of the earlier British cœnobites—the dwellers in common—are obscured by fanciful legends; but it would seem that their organisation, like that of the Irish, was strongly tribal, the chief of the tribe becoming *ex officio* head of the monastery. The revival of Welsh monasticism in the fifth century followed on the lines of St. Martin, the warrior Bishop of Tours, who reformed the monks in Southern Gaul, and died

[1] "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word, that they all may be one."

[2] "Fighting like devils for conciliation,
Hating each other for the love of God."

[3] *Childe Harold*, i, 20.

about A.D. 400. Like Ninian (the apostle of the Southern Picts), Kentigern at St. Asaph, Dubricius at Llandaff, Illtyd at Bangor, David (whom Montalembert[1] calls the Benedict of Wales) at Menevia, Cadoc (Cattwg Ddoeth) at Llancarvan, and the other Welsh revivalists, owed their inspiration to the Gallican Church.

The primary local unit in Celtic Christendom was the monastery, not the diocese. The monastery was the centre of missionary enterprise. The titles of bishop and abbot seem to have been somewhat loosely used; and if the records can be trusted, there seem to have been a large number of bishops who were the heads, not of dioceses, but of monastic establishments.[2]

But the Celtic orders of monks, like all those of western Christendom, were absorbed by the great organisation founded by Benedict of Nursia, in 529, which inculcated the duties of manual labour,[3] prayer, and reading; and, from the time of the conquest of Britain by the Church of Rome until the Reformation, the Benedictine remained the chief of the monastic orders.[4]

But, as Gerald says in the introduction to the

[1] *Les Moines d'Occident*, book viii, cap. 2.

[2] In England (as in Germany), the place of the chapter was frequently filled by a monastic order (usually Benedictine), the original introducers of Christianity having been monks.

[3] "Orat qui laborat", was his favourite maxim.

[4] At the time of the suppression of the monasteries there were 186 Benedictine, as against 101 Cistercian, 20 Cluniac, and 9 Carthusian.

third book, the old enemy of mankind is ever on the watch to sow the seeds of wickedness in all human efforts after righteousness; the Benedictines and their numerous reforming offshoots, all in process of time, were unable to bear prosperity, and grew rich, lax, and corrupt; and their enormities, principally in Wales and the Welsh borders, he holds up in his mirror for the instruction of posterity.

It is much to be regretted that, owing to the mutilation of the manuscript, the introductory epistle is hardly legible. Extracts from it are given in Anthony Wood's *History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford*.[1] In it Gerald gave a sketch of the state of learning in England in his day, and laments the desertion of the old course of the *trivium* and *quadrivium*[2] for the more lucrative study of law and the vain disputations of the schoolmen. Young men, after three or four years' study, presume to teach what Gerald and his contemporaries took twenty years to learn. He also regrets that certain treatises on logic, alleged to have been written by Aristotle, had been brought over from Spain through the medium of translations from the Arabic, which, like other churchmen of the age, he thought would tend

[1] Published 1674.

[2] The *trivium*—the course of the undergraduates—included grammar, logic, and rhetoric; the *quadrivium*—that of the bachelors—music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy. The whole course made up the seven liberal arts.

to the decay of faith and the propagation of heresy.

The first book, so far as it has survived to us, is taken up with general reflections on the usefulness of riches, if rightly applied, and the advantages of solitude and the absence of womenkind.

> "Oh wise was the founder, and well said he,
> 'Where there are women, mischief must be.'"[1]

His reflections are fortified by copious references to the Fathers, especially to St. Jerome.

In the second book he describes the foundation of the first reformed order which sprang from the Benedictines, the Cluniac—the order which Gerald honoured by his especial detestation. "Above all, we will have no black monks," he said, when the see of St. David's was vacant through the death of Peter de Leia, in allusion to the black robes which the Cluniacs inherited from the Benedictines, and in pious memory of the late pastor.[2] But the robe does not make the monk, says Gerald, almost in the words of the *Roman de la Rose* of the contemporary troubadour,[3] and proceeds to give numerous instances of the manner in which the monks had fallen away from the

[1] Hogg, *Queen's Wake*, Night III. St. Columba would allow no cow on Iona, reasoning that where there were cows there must be women, and where there were women there must be mischief.

[2] The order was founded in 910, and introduced into England in 1077.

[3] "Li robe ne faict pas le moyne."

austere life of the first reformers. The Cluniacs born in Britain were more decent folk, he admits, than their foreign brethren sent to England, and points out that much of their laxity was due to their dependence on their superior, always resident abroad, which contributed not a little to their unpopularity here.[1]

Another fertile cause of their villainies was their habit of living in cells[2] singly (or rather, he suggests, doubly), without any supervision, a life which they preferred to the comforts of the monastery. "Go back to the cloister?" said a monk, shortly, "I had rather go to hell." Gerald gives an instance of one who was sent down Milford way, whose enormities were so great that the castellan of the place put him in prison, and his "amica" was set in the pillory "et garcionibus prostituta".

Besides their incontinence, of which, as Gerald says, "melius est silere quam loqui" (although he speaks a good deal), he has much to say of their gluttony and love of drink, whence sprang the former evil. "Sine Cerere et Libero friget Venus"[3]—God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks, is the old adage. God sent the abbeys, but the devil sent the kitchens and the cellars, is Gerald's conclusion. He gives some curious

[1] The arch-Abbot of Clugni, on the Saone, had some 300 monasteries dependent on him.

[2] The usual monastic cells were dependent monasteries on outlying estates. They sometimes contained a full complement of monks.

[3] Terence, *Eun.*, 4-5-6.

instances of monks who, to escape temptation, followed the example of Origen ; the ill-success in some cases of the operation he accounts for in a highly scientific manner.

The laxity and pride of life of the monks was much encouraged by the practice which had grown up of exempting them from episcopal control, to the destruction of the unity of the Church.[1] The way was led by the three leading English monasteries, those of St. Alban, St. Edmund (at Bury St. Edmund), and St. Peter at Westminster ; the first-named by favour of Pope Adrian IV, who had been born on the estate of the abbey of St. Alban, and who in its favour deposed Glastonbury from its former high estate as premier abbey of England. As a sample of monkish exclusiveness we have the story of the Prior of Llanthony, who, being at Canterbury, and intending to celebrate Mass in the Church of the Holy Trinity, sent a priest to make preparations. A monk promptly ejected him, and told him, if he wanted to celebrate or to hear Mass, he might go to one of the churches in the town, the altars of the Holy Trinity were reserved to monks of his particular Order.

These usurpations of the monks, of course, met with strong opposition from the clergy. The Bishops St. Hugh of Lincoln and Hugh of Coventry are especially commended for their zeal in

[1] There is no authentic instance of any English monastery having been exempted by the Pope from episcopal control until after the Norman Conquest.

defending the clerical rights.[1] Gerald is fair enough to allow that there were some honest and pious monks, even among those who were made bishops, and he reckons them up; the total is not large.

The review of the Cluniacs may be closed with the story of the reply of Richard I to one Fulco, a priest, who had exhorted him to put away his three evil daughters—Pride, Luxury, and Covetousness. "I have given them away in marriage", replied the King; "my eldest born, Pride, to the Templars; my second, Luxury, to the black monks (Cluniacs); and my third, Covetousness, to the white monks (Cistercians)."[2]

It is to the white-robed Cistercians[3]—the

[1] Hugh Nonant, Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, 1188-98, replaced the monks in the chapter of Coventry by secular canons; but the monks soon found their way back. The seat of the diocese of Lichfield had been moved to Chester in 1075, and thence to Coventry.

[2] In Hollinshed's *Chronicles*, ii, 271, the story is given: "My Pride to the high-minded Templars and Hospitallers, which are as proud as Lucifer himselfe; my Covetousness to the white monks, for they covet the divell and all; my Lecherie to the prelats of the Church, who have most pleasure and felicitie therein." Richard I had a pretty wit. He had taken the Bishop of Beauvais prisoner, and Pope Celestine sent to ask him to release his "dear son". Richard sent the Pope the Bishop's coat-of-mail, with this scroll attached to it: "Know now whether this be thy son's coat or no." The Pope had to give in.

[3] The Cistercians were founded at Citeaux, near Dijon, in 1098, and introduced into England in 1129.

younger branch of reformed Benedictines, the great building order who have left us Tintern, Furness, and Fountains, and many other of the noblest works of architecture in England (especially in Yorkshire), the farmers who did so much for English agriculture when the only crop the barons cared to raise was men-at-arms—that Gerald now addresses himself. The rule of the Order was established by Abbot Stephen Harding, an Englishman, in 1119, and under it their abbeys had a far larger amount of independence than those of their Cluniac rivals.

He praises the frugal and religious life of the early Cistercians; their hospitality and care for the really poor, before the indiscriminate alms-giving of the monasteries had raised up the race of "sturdy beggars" who figure so largely in the legislation of Henry VIII, and who gave rise to the Poor-law of Elizabeth. He laments that in the time of their wealth they fell away from grace, and laid themselves open to many of the charges he brings against the hated black monks of Clugni. Nor does he disguise his personal enmity to the order, owing to the wicked wiles of the Cistercian Abbot of Whitland, who poisoned the minds of the Chapter of St. David's—not only the English and Norman, but even the Welsh members of it—against a certain canon and archdeacon of that church who had been duly elected to the bishopric—"an honest man, they say, and by the gifts of nature and his own industry not unworthy of the pastoral dignity."

Of the covetousness of the white monks we have many instances. The Abbot of a rich house (Gerald will not name it, out of respect for the Order, but it was apparently Margam) came from the north of England, and the people of the north of England are more crafty and subtle than any other in the Isle of Britain. This Abbot thirsted to increase his borders, and he laid hands on a poorer monastery in the neighbourhood. Canon law was of no avail, so the matter was fought out by Welsh law, *i.e.*, force; the Welsh laity, delighted at the fray, were called in by both sides. The Abbot of Whitland, the mother abbey of nearly all the Cistercian houses in Wales, cajoled the principal man of that country, who was the patron of a canonical house of Premonstratenses,[1] and expelled the canons.[2] The monks sang the *Salve Regina* in token of their victory; but the canons appealed to Hubert of Canterbury, and then to Rome, and eventually got part of their own again. We are told of a similar case of Cistercian oppression on another community of canons at the foot of Snowdon, who, bound to no monastic or canonical order, lived together to worship God after the manner of their fathers long before the

[1] A reformed Order of Augustinian canons founded in 1120.

[2] The canons were colleges of priests, living under a less strict rule than that of the monks, with a common dormitory and refectory. Originally they were communities of priests living in the bishop's household, and were the centres of religious work before the introduction of the parochial system.

rule of St. Benedict had been brought to Britain. And Gerald grieves to state that some of these houses of canons were corrupted by riches, even as though they had been mere monasteries.

Besides the smaller monasteries the Cistercians tried to absorb the possessions of nunneries; witness their conduct to a nunnery founded by Rhys ap Griffith. Talking of nunneries reminds Gerald of Enoch, a Cistercian Abbot in Powys, who collected holy virgins from all parts of Wales for the nunnery founded by him. A discreet and religious man was Enoch, but he got into the habit of going to inspect those nuns rather too often, and he ended by running away with one of them.[1] But of course the greatest enormity in the eyes of Gerald is the usurpation by the Cistercians, like all other monkish Orders, throughout all their vast estates, of the rights and emoluments of the parish priests.

Nor were the laity more secure; the monks moved their neighbour's land-mark, ploughed up his pasture by night to assimilate it with their own tract, or sowed his land with salt to render it more marketable (for them). They even dared to lay hands on part of the royal Forest of Dean.[2] The

[1] Most of the monastic Orders had societies of women affiliated to them, or formed on similar lines.

[2] Gerald gives the received account of the destruction of churches and villages to form the New Forest; but having regard to the nature of the soil, it is difficult to see how anything beyond a very sparse population could ever have been supported there.

Cistercian farmer had given himself up to all the pursuits of the country; like the Monk in Chaucer's Prologue,

> "He yave not of the text a pulled hen,
> That saith that hunters ben not holy men."

He came to market to sell his cattle or his wool,[1] and, according to Gerald, he was no bad hand at a bargain. The stories of the fraudulent bargains of the Cistercians must, like many of the other accusations against them, be accepted with a grain of salt. Gerald even accuses the monks of Strata Florida of swindling him out of his theological books (which he had collected from his youth up, and which he had given in pledge to them), on the ground that their *Book of Uses* permitted them to buy books, but not to lend money on them. He says that it was like having his entrails torn out to part with his books; but the monks were too many for him.

The monks were also medicine-men, and doubtless as good as most of the others; but Gerald severely rebukes the impudence of some black and white monks whom he had seen in Wales, who, without having read a line of Hippocrates or Galen,[2] presumed to practise as physicians. He

[1] The Cistercians of Yorkshire were the principal merchants in the wool trade with Flanders.

[2] The science of medicine was founded by Hippocrates, who was born B.C. 360, and Galen, born A.D. 131. It has, since their times, been enriched by the discovery of several new diseases.

gives a case where a monkish potion brought a speedy termination to the disease and to the patient, and another where the monks endeavoured to physic a future benefactor prematurely to his reward. The monks made good use of the combined reverence paid to the priest and the family doctor to make themselves heirs to mammon. They opened the gates of Paradise to their patients, but you had to pay to go in. Notwithstanding their opportunities for making money, many of the religious houses were in pecuniary difficulty, which Gerald attributes to their being ruled by scholars, rather than, as in the days of the primitive Church, by careful men of business; but, on his own showing, the business capabilities of the Cistercians were excellent.

Of the luxurious living of the Cistercians, as of the Cluniacs, Gerald has a word to say; and, in saying it, he tells a story, so common in mediæval times, of the adventures of a king who lost his way out hunting. This particular king was Henry II, and being benighted, he sought the shelter of a Cistercian abbey. He was hospitably received as a knight of the royal household, more especially as the Abbot, who knew the King was in the neighbourhood, proposed to visit him on the morrow on business connected with his Order. The Abbot pledged his guest in many cups of strong wine, after the English fashion, but, instead of the usual salutation, *Wesheil*, it was the use of the Abbey to say "Pril" (it took less

time). The King did not know the responses, but was instructed instead of *Drincheil* to say "Wril".[1] The King thought it excellent sport, and they played Pril and Wril until the night was far spent. In the morning the King rode off to the town where the court was, and putting on his royal robes received the Abbot (who did not recognise his late guest) with all state. After the business was concluded he bade the Abbot and his attendant monks to dinner, and during the repast, turning to the Abbot, he raised a golden goblet to his lips, and said, "Pril, Father Abbot, Pril." The Abbot, overcome with fear and confusion, begged to be excused, but the King swore by God's eyes (his favourite oath)[2] that, as they had been good fellows last night at the convent, they would drink Pril and Wril to-day at the court. So the Abbot and his merry men had to accept the King's challenge again and again, to the huge delight of the courtiers who were in the secret.

Another picture of the times is given in the

[1] In another story, partly unintelligible owing to the state of the manuscript, Gerald gives these monkish greetings in English:

"Loke nu frere
Hu strong ordre is here."

And the uncongenial response was—

"Ihe la ful amis,
Swide strong ordre is dhis."

[2] The Norman Kings had each their favourite oath; generally some part of the person of the Deity. "'Twas vastly genteel," as Bob Acres says in *The Rivals*.

story of the old priest, on the Welsh border, who had given up his living to his son, and for twenty years had withdrawn from the cares of life to holy meditation. This son, according to the detestable custom of the time, had what the ecclesiastic called a "focaria", and what a layman would call a wife. They all slept in a common room ; and it happened that the son was called away for some days to attend a synod. Of the old man's nocturnal conflicts with Satan, by the uncertain light of the lamp which burnt all night, Gerald gives a graphic account. On two nights Satan was beaten, but on the third he was nearly gaining the victory, until a voice came from behind the curtains : " Errastis, pater, errastis, non hic est locus vester." " Erravi, filia, vere erravi," mumbled the old priest, " sed de cætero ad me lectumque meum, Deo dante, revertar," and in the morning he moved next door. What, says Gerald, could be the morals of the lay-people under these circumstances, when this could befall an old and reverend priest. What ? But the iniquity which distressed Gerald more than any other was that of the two Cistercians who, wearied with the yoke of Christ, fled to the synagogue of Satan ; that is to say, they embraced the Jewish faith.

Of the other Orders mentioned (and not without praise) by Gerald, are the most ascetic offshoot of the Benedictines—the Carthusians,[1] who

[1] Founded 1084. Introduced into England 1140. Their principal memorial in England is the Charterhouse in London.

took the trouble to discriminate between the real poor and the feigned; and who lived in separate cells, and took in through the lattice called the galilee[1] sufficient food on Sunday to last them out the week. Not quite so perfect as the Carthusian was the Order of Grammont,[2] whose brethren lived a hermit life, bound to the rule of neither Benedict nor Augustine; and who, among their other virtues, allowed no female animal of any kind on their premises. Also he favours the Augustinian canons,[3] an Order of great power in Ireland. Gerald, in his chapter on Irish monasteries, alleges that the native Irish of gentle birth, after the English conquest, frequently withdrew with all their goods to the monasteries, and solaced themselves by knocking on the head any chance Saxon who came to spend the night.

Gerald devotes a chapter of the book to the remarks on the monastic Orders of his friend the Archdeacon of Oxford—"nomine Walterus et cognomine Mapus." The two famous Welsh Archdeacons were close friends through life. They were both men of wit, and they both loathed the monks. Mapes had an old grudge against the

[1] The galilee of a church was a porch or chapel at the entrance, as at the cathedrals of Lincoln, Ely, and Durham.

[2] Founded 1074.

[3] They followed the pretended rule of Augustine of Hippo, and were introduced into England 1105, where they ranked next to the Benedictines, and held the only cathedral convent (Carlisle) which was not Benedictine.

Cistercians, for they had seized his living of Westbury[1] (like Gerald, he held a good many); and when he was sworn in as one of the new Justices in Eyre,[2] he promised to do right and justice to all men excepting to the Jews and the white monks, to whom right and justice were always strangers. The King and Mapes (in attendance as court chaplain) were taken over a certain sumptuous monastery by the Abbot, who showed them the chapel, and said, "This is the place which the devil hates most of all; for here our erring brothers are punished, and are reconciled to God." "Of course he does," said the King, turning to Mapes; "when he sees how many of his good friends suffer pain there." On another occasion, when Henry was hunting in the Forest of Dean, some abbots who had been squabbling about their lands laid their claims before the King; and one of the claimants, knowing Henry's thirst for glory, gave God as his surety that if the King would decide for him, he should do some glorious deed before the year was out. The King asked Mapes what he thought; he replied, "I should like to hear what that surety has to say about it."

Another story evidently delighted Gerald, and we can almost hear him chuckling as he tells it. The Abbot of the Cistercian monastery near Newnham, which had ousted Mapes from West-

[1] On Severn.

[2] The predecessors of the Judges of Assize; they were created by Henry II.

bury, was sick unto death, and Mapes thought he would go and see him. Turning out all the by-standers from the sick man's chamber, Mapes adjured the Abbot, in his most solemn tones, to repent him of his sins of commission and omission, and especially to throw off that monkish habit, stained with the venom of avarice and the vice of rapacity, and betake him to some clerical and canonical religion, where honesty and moderation were to be found, the only haven of salvation. "Get thee behind me, Satan", said the Abbot; "shall I desert the Order of the blessed Bernard for the lax habits of the canons?" "In the time of the blessed Bernard", replied Mapes, "the primitive purity and charity of your Order had not given place to greed and ambition." The Abbot admitted that the desire to increase its possessions, and to obtain the Papal immunities, had not tended to the sanctity of his Order; but he stuck to his guns, and Mapes left him. The Abbot got well, and in course of time, in the changes and chances of this mortal life, Mapes himself fell ill, and the Abbot saw his chance. Coming to the Archdeacon, and sitting by his bedside, he spoke words of comfort and advice. He pointed out the account the Archdeacon would have to give for all those sharp and bitter sayings in which he took such delight, and he added, "You have, my dear friend, many churches and prebends scattered about in different dioceses, and for the cure of all those souls what single man can suffice?

Delays are dangerous to dying men; let me entreat you, abandon these things, and embrace the Order of the Cistercians, the true and undoubted port of salvation. And, my brother, as repentance oft comes too late, see, I have brought with me here, ready for your use, a new habit and cowl of our Order." Mapes was furious; he sat up in bed and called his attendants. "Look at this Abbot, who has come to make a monk of me; but I tell you, if ever I ask for a habit like this, bind me hand and foot as a madman." Then turning to the Abbot, he thanked him for his visit, and asked him if he would kindly refrain from visiting him again, whether he were sane or mad, sound or ill.

In the fourth book, in his notice of the attacks on corruption in the Roman court, and on the Church in general, made in rhyming Latin, under the name of that gluttonous dignitary, Golias the Bishop, Gerald makes as though he had no idea that the creator of Golias was his friend, the "merry Archdeacon". But it was "only his fun". The man who tried to bribe the Pope by Welsh tithes need not have held up his hands in horror at the invectives of the rhymer, from whom he gives lengthy quotations—he is careful to explain, for reprobation, not imitation. For example, from *Golias in Romanam Curiam* (*inter alia*)—

> "Roma mundi caput est sed nil capit mundum,
> Quod pendet a capite totum est immundum.
> Cum ad papam veneris habe pro constanti
> Non est locus pauperi, soli favet danti.

Papa, si rem tangimus, nomen habet a re,
Quicquid habent alii, solus vult papare.
Vel si verbum Gallicum vis apocopare,
Paez, *paez*, *dit li mot*, si vis impetrare."

And from the *Confessio Goliae Episcopi*—

"Tertio capitulo memoro tabernam,
Illam nullo tempore, sprevi neque spernam.
Donec sanctos angelos venientes cernam
Cantantes pro mortuo requiem æternam.
Meum est propositum," etc.[1]

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[1] Mapes has been identified with his drunken bishop, but he was really a temperance lecturer. The following teetotal song, founded by a later hand on the *Confessio Goliae*, from which Gerald quotes, may be of service to the Welsh division of the Blue Ribbon Army. For "vinum", read "tea"; "tabernâ", subaudi "coffee".

"Meum est propositum in tabernâ mori,
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Et dicant cum venerint angelorum chori
'Deus sit propitius huic potatori.'

"Ave color vini clari
Dulcis potûs non amari
Tuâ nos inebriari
Digneris potentiâ.

"O quam felix creatura
Quam produxit vitis pura
Omnis mensa sit secura
In tuâ præsentiâ.

"O quam placens in colore
O quam fragrans in odore
O quam sapidum in ore
Dulce linguae vinculum.

The fourth book was apparently condensed from the original scheme; in it Gerald shows once more the versatility of his genius, and publishes a guide-book to Rome. He gives a description of the numerous *basilicæ*[1] and other churches in the city and suburb, especially of the most famous of all, the Church of St. John, in the Lateran palace, given by Constantine to Pope Silvester,[2] where only the supreme Pontiff dared to celebrate Mass and where general councils were held.[3] Of the fourth Lateran Council, held by Innocent III in 1215, he observes, with satisfaction, that the prelates of the Church, as well abbots as bishops, resisted the Pope's claim for a universal tithe.[4] Gerald gives

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"Felix venter quem intrabis
Felix guttur quod rigabis
Felix os quod tu lavabis
Et beata labia.

"Ergo vinum collaudemus—potatores exultemus,
Non potantes confundamus in æterna supplicia."

[1] The cathedrals in Rome, so called, were formerly halls for justice or business converted into churches.

[2] Gerald, always anxious to give derivations for names, suggests "a ranis latentibus vel latrantibus"—in the marsh in which it was built, forgetting his Juvenal—"egregias Lateranorum aedes," 10, 17.

[3] "Omnium ecclesiarum in universo orbi terrarum mater et caput."

[4] This Council forbade the foundation of any new Orders, but Innocent, nevertheless, in the same year, sanctioned the first of the mendicant Orders, the Dominicans and Franciscans, the friars or itinerant preachers. These did not come to England in time to earn Gerald's notice.

a long list of the relics at St. John Lateran, most of which are still stated to be found there. They consisted of most of the objects of interest in the Old and New Testaments, from Aaron's rod and a specimen of manna, to samples of the five barley loaves and the two small fishes.[1]

The rest of the book is taken up by a sketch of the history of the Church of Rome, and of the functions of its various officers, from popes to parish-priests. Of the popes he observes that, as the secular property of their subjects is invested in the emperors and kings, but not for their own use —so is ecclesiastical property in the popes. Of course he has a passing shot at the bishops, and, as usual, objects to the hand the kings had in their election[2]; but he admits that in the eventide of the world in which he lived, the intervention of the secular arm was useful to repress the discords and venality among spiritual electors.

Gerald closes the book and his writings with a picture of the day of doom—the great congrega-

[1] The trade in relics began as early as the fourth century; the monks, who were the principal merchants, could not always guarantee their wares—hence, numerous duplicates. Gerald gives a story of a knight who refused to kiss the true head of St. Denis—he had kissed the true head elsewhere, and had not heard that the saint had more than one. The fourth Lateran Council attempted to stop the sale of relics.

[2] The election of the Bishops was originally in the clergy and people, afterwards the laity were eliminated. In England the election of Bishops of the Established Church is still regulated by the Act of Henry VIII, but in the Roman Church the Pope selects out of the list submitted by the chapter.

tion of popes and priests, kings and commons, the sheep and the goats—the unfaithful to go to their own place, and the faithful to the enjoyment of those good things which God hath prepared for those that love Him.

It would almost seem that Gerald had before him that grandest of all the hymns of the universal church, which was written in his days[1]—

"Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante Thronum.

"Inter oves locum praesta
Et ab haedis me sequestra
Statuens in parte dextrâ.

"Rex tremendae majestatis
Qui salvandos salvas gratis
Salva me, Fons Pietatis."

CHAPTER XVIII.

QUAMDIU STABIT WALLIA.

"So long as Wales shall stand, by the writings of the chroniclers and by the songs of the bards, shall his noble deed be praised throughout all time." So spoke Llewelyn the Great; the noble deed being, of course, the fight for St. David's.

What might have been the result if Gerald had

[1] The *Dies Iræ* is now generally attributed to Thomas of Celano, a contemporary of Gerald.

succeeded in establishing an independent Welsh National Church, it is now idle to speculate. The Welsh might have remained united in the fold of the Roman communion, whose gorgeous ritual would seem to appeal more strongly to the Celtic imagination than the stately simplicity of the English Church. The philosopher might then have missed the spectacle of the various messengers of the same glad tidings of peace and goodwill at war to the knife about *trimming*,[1] in the face of the great wave of unbelief which is gathering its forces to sweep them all away.

Litera scripta manet. The memory of Gerald's gallant fight has passed away to the limbo of lost causes, but his writings still remain. In these, written at a time when it was thought beneath the dignity of history to record anything but the wars of princes, he has left us pictures of the Welsh people the interest of which cannot die. Professor Brewer, than whom no one was better qualified to form an opinion, speaks of the "vast debt which Wales owes to the memory of Giraldus, from whom alone more complete information may be derived as to its true condition than from all others who have treated of its history and antiquities".[2]

The greatest of living English historians, in his

[1] "Religion is like the fashion. One man wears his doublet slashed, another laced, another plain; but every man has a doublet. We differ about trimming." (Selden, *Table Talk.*)

[2] Preface to the *Gemma Ecclesiastica.*

preface to his portion of the Rolls Edition, has given this judgment on Gerald's place in literature: "In estimating the historical value of any work of Giraldus Cambrensis we must remember the two-fold character of the man with whom we are dealing. We are dealing with one who was vain, garrulous, careless as to minute accuracy, even so far careless as to truth as to be, to say the least, ready to accept statements which told against an enemy without carefully weighing the evidence for them. We are dealing with one who was not very scrupulous as to consistency, and who felt no especial shame at contradicting himself. But we are also dealing with one of the most learned men of a learned age, with one who, whatever we may say as to the soundness of his judgment, came behind few in the sharpness of his wits, with one who looked with a keen, if not an impartial, eye on all the events and controversies of his own time; with one, above all, who had mastered more languages than most men of his time, and who had looked at them with an approach to a scientific view which still fewer men of his time shared with him. I have elsewhere[1] ventured to call him the 'father of comparative philology'. He may be telling a spiteful tale, or repeating a frivolous legend; but in the way of telling it he is sure to use some incidental expression, or to bring in some incidental illustration

[1] Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, v, 579.

which adds to our knowledge, very often of facts, always of the way in which men looked at facts."

Even Gerald's admirers cannot but regret the intemperance of language which disfigures some of his writings. He can write like a statesman and a philosopher, but when his keen personal animosities are aroused, in his coarse invective, and disregard of truth, he descends to the level of the modern party politician.

He has been accused of conceit, and of credulity. A conceited man has been likened to a cock who thought that the sun rose to hear him crow. Gerald thought the whole world was listening to his crowing : it may be conceded that he was conceited; it may also be conceded that the handsome, high-born, and learned Archdeacon of Brecon had somewhat to be conceited of. For his credulity, it must be remembered that he lived in an uncritical age, and that as a good churchman he accepted the miracles of Holy Church with the same unquestioning reverence as those of Holy Writ. He held with the saying of St. Augustine, which he is so fond of repeating, that nothing could be said to be against nature which exists by the will of the great Creator. In many of his other stories he is careful to explain that he tells the tale as it was told to him, without expressing any opinion as to its authenticity. We can still happily read the stories which he has written for our instruction, but we cannot see the twinkle in his eye with which he wrote them down.

But with all his faults—perhaps in no small degree because of them—it is impossible for any careful reader to rise from a perusal of his works without a feeling of personal affection for the man, and of admiration for the character which he has so unsparingly exposed to our view. In his pure and noble life, his hatred of tyranny in every form, his love of nature, his wit and humour, his earnest striving after reform, his indefatigable industry, his chivalrous courage, and his wonderful learning, the figure of the great Welsh Archdeacon stands out across seven centuries, towering above his fellows as he did in actual life. "There arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto him."

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