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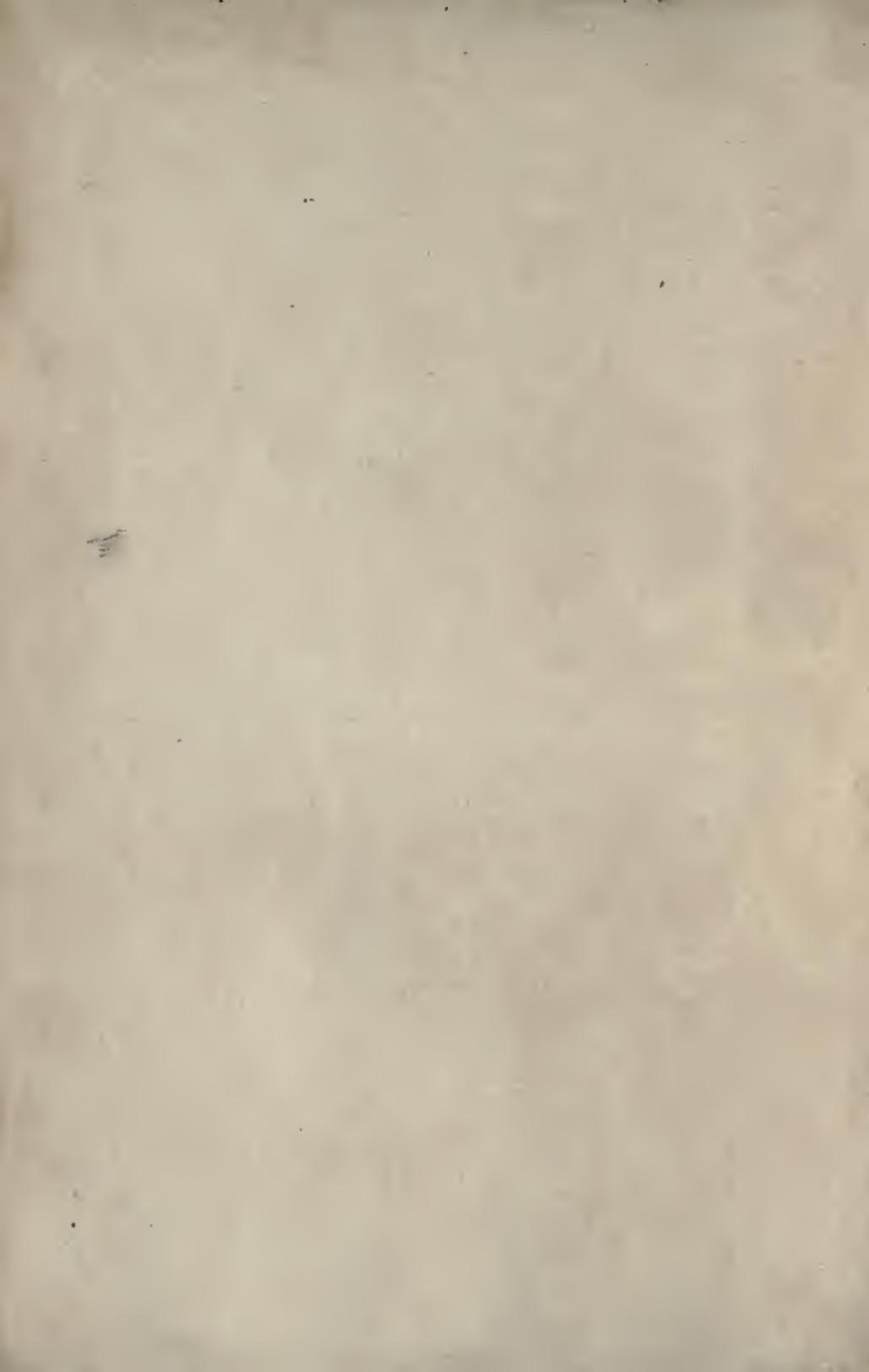
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THE SOURCES  
OF  
STANDARD ENGLISH

BY  
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## PREFACE.

THIS BOOK does not pretend to be a history of the English tongue; I attempt nothing more than to trace the way in which one special dialect took the lead in our island; I also try to point out the earliest instances of corruptions in our speech. Hence attention must be given to the North rather than to the South; we must think more of the first appearance of the New in the Northumbrian Versions of the Bible, than of the last traces of the Old in the *Ayenbite* of *Inwyt* and works still more modern. We must look to York rather than to Canterbury. I may mention that, until I began to study English with thoroughness, I had no idea how much of our Standard speech is due to Northern shires; how much influence the Norsemen have had in our land;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> When weighing the corruptions of the Old English, we shall find that two-thirds of these are due to the shires held by the Norsemen; the remaining one-third is due to the Lower Severn and to the shires lying south of the Thames.

how many of our idioms, seemingly modern, date from long before the Norman Conquest; and how many hundreds of our Romance words were used so far back as the Thirteenth Century.

With the help of our old writers, I mark the advance of our tongue; much as the changes in English Architecture for four hundred and fifty years may be traced by the man who visits in succession the Cathedrals of Durham, Lincoln, Exeter, and Winchester; or as the improvements in the English Constitution may be traced, from the woods of Germany to the Convention Parliament in 1689, by the documents printed in the small work of Professor Stubbs.

It is always well to begin from the beginning; I have therefore started from a point, that would have astonished the most keen-sighted of philologists seventy years ago. Mighty indeed were the results wrought by the great discovery as to the true use of Sanscrit.<sup>1</sup> Of these results the best idea may be formed by any one who compares the writings of Garnett with those of Horne Tooke. The two men were for many years contemporary; yet, thanks to the great discovery, the philological knowledge of

<sup>1</sup> We have lately naturalized the German word *umlaut*, thus marking the nation which has most claim on Philologists. A less peaceful age than our own naturalized *plunder*, which came from the same land.

Garnett is as far above that of Horne Tooke as Stephenson's engine outstrips Pharaoh's chariot. It is a loss to mankind that Garnett has left so little behind him. He seems to have been the nearest approach England ever made to bringing forth a Mezzofanti, and he combined in himself qualities not often found in the same man. When his toilsome industry is amassing facts, he plods like a German; when his playful wit is unmasking quackery, he flashes like a Frenchman. He it was who first called attention to the varying dialects of England and who first endeavoured to classify them. This work has since his death been most ably achieved by Dr. Morris.

To this gentleman I am under the greatest obligations, since he has looked over my proof-sheets as far as page 240; and many a correction do I owe to him. I have sometimes dared to differ from him, not without fear and trembling. As to what he has done for English Philology, I may perhaps be looked upon as a prejudiced witness; I therefore prefer to quote from Mr. Murray's 'Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland,' p. 40, published in 1873 (Transactions of the Philological Society): 'Very recent is our knowledge of any facts connected with the distribution and distinguishing characteristics of the dialects of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries—a region

of research which was all but a *terra incognita* when taken up by Mr. Richard Morris. His classification of the Early English dialects into Southern, Midland, and Northern, with the careful discrimination of their grammatical forms, has introduced order and precision into the study.'

It is not too much to say that the man who shall henceforth undertake any work upon the English tongue, without having always before him the grammatical works of Dr. Morris and Dr. March, must be the greatest of fools. I have followed Dr. March in my first Chapter, and have also consulted Bopp, Guest, Bosworth, Wedgwood, Marsh, Latham, Earle, and Max Müller. Thanks to the labours of the Early English Text Society, a writer of 1873 has great advantages over a writer of 1863. The English Homilies of the Twelfth Century, edited by Dr. Morris, are in themselves a mine of wealth to the Philologer. One of my best aids has been Dr. Strattmann's Dictionary of the Old English Language. This includes all words used between 1120 and 1440; the last Volume of the work did not reach me until April, 1873. Many new words and idioms in Orrmin, Layamon, and the Ancren Riwle were overlooked by me when I first went over those books, until afterwards the Dictionary forced the words upon my notice.

Without its help I could not have drawn up the lists of the new terms that cropped up between 1300 and 1500.<sup>1</sup>

I must apologize to those of my readers, who are unlearned, for the Latin in my text; the truth is, that there are so many shades of meaning in our words, that I cannot thoroughly explain myself without falling back upon the foreign tongue. When specifying English words, I have almost wholly confined myself to terms in use in 1873; of these, about fifteen hundred, I think, occur in my pages. In a work like this, ranging over the monuments of twelve hundred years, mistakes will be made; I have no doubt that I have sometimes assigned to a new word a date later than its real first appearance in England.

It is but fair to warn those who love to call a spade 'an horticultural implement,' that they will not relish my Sixth Chapter.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> One of the charms of Philology is, that new facts bearing upon it are always forthcoming, if a man will but keep his eyes and ears open. I for one have picked up much from gamekeepers and sextons in many a shire. In the Orton-Tichborne trial (the one for perjury), a Hampshire witness called the stump of a tree 'the *more*.' This word may be seen in the Dorsetshire poem of 1240, which is quoted in my work. The *more* occurs in the trial as reported by the Daily Papers of September 4, 1873.

<sup>2</sup> Like a trusty sentinel, I sound an alarm against the enemy's approach down to the very last moment. September, 1873, has been remarkable for the opening of the new Town Hall at Bradford, for

The printers have been good enough to let me write *rime* in the English, and not in the Greek, way. But I may mention that they have in general struck out *z* in favour of *s*; thus they have printed *civilise* instead of the *civilize* I wrote. Had they made alterations in a *Teutonic* word, I should at once have sprung to the rescue. I give this as an instance of the shifting that may be remarked in the history of the English tongue: some change or other is always at work. Caxton and his sons have ruled our spelling for the last four hundred years; in the instance referred to above, they may justify their alteration by Wickliffe's verb *evangelise*.

I rejoice to see that England is waking up at last to the importance of studying her own tongue in all its stages; and I hope that this small book, my first attempt in Philology, may help forward the good cause.

the English Pilgrimage to St. Marie Alacoque, and for the abandonment of France by the Germans. Our penny-a-liners called the Town Hall a *grandiose* building; asked what was the *rationale* of pilgrimages; and described the men of freed Verdun as *ingurgitating spirituous stimulus*. What will a penny paper of 1973 be like?

CHARLTON HOUSE, WIMBLEDON:

October 14, 1873.

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## CHAPTER VII.

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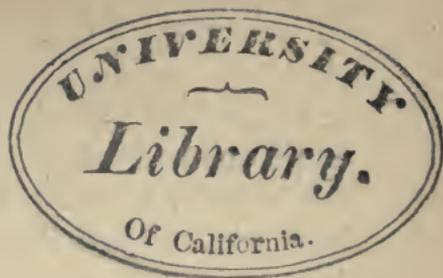
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### Erratum.

Page 262, lines 5, 6, 7, *dele* The form *graciouser* . . . . ending in *ous*.





THE

# SOURCES OF STANDARD ENGLISH.

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## CHAPTER I.

### ENGLISH IN ITS EARLIEST SHAPE.<sup>1</sup>

THERE are many places, scattered over the world, that are hallowed ground in the eyes of Englishmen; but the most sacred of all would be the spot (could we only know it) where our forefathers dwelt in common with the ancestors of the Hindoos, Persians, Greeks, Latins, Slavonians, and Celts—a spot not far from the Oxus. By the unmistakable witness of language we can frame for ourselves a pedigree more truthful than any heraldic tree boasted by Veres or Montmorencies, by Guzmans or Colonnas. Thanks to the same evidence, we can gain some insight into the daily life of the great Aryan clan, whence spring all the above-named nations.

The word '*Arya*' seems to come from a time-honoured term for ploughing, traces of which term are found in

<sup>1</sup> Gibbon begins his famous Chapter on Mohammed by confessing his ignorance of Arabic; even so, I must acknowledge that all my Sanscrit comes from Garnett, Bopp, Max Müller, and Dr. Morris.

the Latin *arare* and the English *ear*. Some have thought that Iran in the East and Erin in the West alike take their names from the old Aryans, the 'ploughing' folk, men more civilised than the roving Tartar hordes around them.

These tillers of the ground 'knew the arts of ploughing, of making roads, of building ships, of weaving and sewing, of erecting houses; they had counted at least as far as one hundred. They had domesticated the most important animals, the cow, the horse, the sheep, the dog; they were acquainted with the most useful metals, and armed with hatchets, whether for peaceful or warlike purposes. They had recognised the bonds of blood and the laws of marriage; they followed their leaders and kings; and the distinction between right and wrong was fixed by customs and laws.'<sup>1</sup> As to their God, traces of him are found in the Sanscrit *Dyaus*, in the Latin *Dies-piter*, in the Greek *Zeus*, in the English *Tiw*; from this last comes our *Tuesday*. Moreover, the Aryans had a settled framework of grammar: theirs was that Mother Speech, whence most of the men dwelling between the Shannon and the Ganges inherit the words used in daily life.<sup>2</sup>

The Sanscrit and the English are two out of the many channels that have brought the water from the old Aryan well-head down to our days. The Sanscrit language, having been set down in writing two thousand years before the earliest English, shows us far more of the great Mother Speech than our own tongue does. I

<sup>1</sup> Max Müller, *Science of Language*, I. 273.

<sup>2</sup> The Turks and Magyars are the chief exceptions to the rule.

now print a hundred and thirty words or so, the oldest used by us, which vary but slightly in their Eastern and Western shapes. How the one-syllable roots first arose, no man can say.

<i>Sanscrit.</i>	<i>English</i> ( <i>Old and New</i> ).	<i>Sanscrit.</i>	<i>English</i> ( <i>Old and New</i> ).
na	ne, no	dhruva (cer- tain)	true
ana	an, on	mridu (soft)	mild
upa	up	bhurja	birch
upari	over	nâbhi	navel
abhi	by	nakha	nægel, nail
apa	of	nava	new
para	far	ukshan (bull)	ox
puras	for	gô	cú, cow
param	fram, from	avi (ovis)	ewe
antar	under	mûsha	mûs, mouse
adhi	at	hansa (goose)	gander
ud	ût, out	udra	water
nu-	nu, now	swâdu	sweet
sa, sâ, tat	se, seô, pæt (the, that)	swêda	sweat
tê	they	rudhira	red
sama (like)	same	anta	end
ubhâ	bâ, both	yuga	yoke
kas <sup>1</sup>	hwâ, who	laghu, laghis- tha	light, lightest
kutra	hwider, whither	Divâ-madhyam	Day-middle, noon
tatra	thither	râjya	rich
katara	hwæðer, whe- ther	vidjâ	wit
antara	(onther) other	manas	mind
mahistha	mâst, most	gharmâ	warmth
dvau	twâ, two	nâman	nama, name
tri	pri, three	lobha (desire)	love
sastha	sixth	agra (field)	acre
saptan	seven	hval (to move)	hweol, wheel
navan	nine	sadas	seat
trajôdasan	thirteen	pathin	path
yuvan	young		

<sup>1</sup> K in Sanscrit becomes H in a Teutonic tongue.

<i>Sanscrit.</i>	<i>English</i> ( <i>Old and New</i> ).	<i>Sanscrit.</i>	<i>English</i> ( <i>Old and New</i> ).
bhrâj	bright	satya	sooth, true
pîtri	father	vêda	I wot
mâta	mother	sîd-âmi	I sit
bhrâtri	brother	sa-sâd-a	I sat
svasâr	sister	sâd-ayâ-mi	I seat
sûnu	sunu, son	bhar-âmi	I bear
duhitri	daughter	vaks-âmi	I wax
ganas	kin	mâr-ayâ-mi	I murder
dvâra	door	bhanj	break
bhrû	brow	hrî	rue
naktam	by night	wê	weave
div	day	man	mean
ghrishti (pig)	griskin	smi (laugh)	smile
gridhnu (eager)	greedy	grabh (take)	grab
bhadra (good)	better	lih	lick
vant (blowing)	wind	gâ	go
vidhavâ	widow	dhâ	do
nâsa	nose	ad	eat
tripada	three-footed	plu	flow
tanu	thin	par	ferry
dhuma (smoke)	dim	stâ	stand
manu	man	strî	strew
malana (grind- ing)	miln, mill	snu (flow)	snivel
kalamas	halm (stubble)	dar	tear
kalya	hale	bhu	be
kala (time)	hwile, a while	asti	is
dhvan	din	bhid (split)	bite
janaka (father)	cyning, king	dharsh	dare
janî (mother)	cwen, queen	trish	thirst
dru	tree	lû	loose
hrid	heart	bandh	bind
stâras	stars	dam	tame
pattra (wing)	feather	gnâ	know
kas (to cough)	hâs, hoarse	vânksh	wish
danta	(tonth) tooth	vrit (turn)	worth <sup>1</sup>
		siv	sew <sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> As in our phrase, 'woe *worth* the day.'

<sup>2</sup> It will be remarked that Grimm's Law is sometimes broken. Thus *day* and *path* begin with the same letter both in Sanscrit and

Unhappily, we English have been busy, for the last four thousand years, clipping and paring down our inflections, until very few of them are left to us. Of all Europeans, we have been the greatest sinners in this way. Well said the sage of old, that words are like regiments: they are apt to lose a few stragglers on a long march. Still, we can trace a few inflections, that are common to us and to our kinsmen who compiled the Vedas.

In Substantives, we have the Genitive Singular and the Nominative Plural left.<sup>1</sup>

	<i>Sanscrit.</i>	<i>Old English.</i>	<i>New English.</i>
<i>Nom. Sing.</i>	Asva-s ( <i>horse</i> )	Wulf	Wolf
<i>Gen. Sing.</i>	Asva-sja	Wulfes	Wolf's
<i>Nom. Plur.</i>	Asva-sas	Wulfâs	Wolves

I give a few Suffixes, common to Sanscrit and English forms of the same root:—

Ma; as from the root *gna*, know, we get the Sanscrit *nâman* and the English *nama*, *name*.

Ra; as from the root *ag*, go, we get the Sanscrit *agra* and the English *acre*.

English. I wish that some competent scholar would give us a list of all those of our Teutonic words that are clearly akin to Sanscrit. *Antiquam exquirite—sororem.* The English *bishop* and the French *evêque*, two very modern forms of the same word, are much wider apart from each other than the hoary words in the long list given above. Clive's sailors would have stared, had they been told that the first syllable of the Ganges was to be found in the *gangway* of their ships, and that kinsmen, long separated, were being re-united.

<sup>1</sup> English, in respect of the Nominative Plural, comes nearer to the Mother Speech than German does.

Nu ; as from the root *su*, bear, we get the Sanscrit *sunus* and the English *sunu*, son.

Der ; as from the root *pa*, feed, we get the Sanscrit *pi-tar* and the English *fæ-der*, father.

U ; as the Sanscrit *madhu* (honey) is the English *meodu* (mead). Hence our *scádu* (shadow), *seonu* (sinew).

Our word *silvern* must once have been pronounced as *silfre-na*, having the suffix *na* in common with the Sanscrit *phali-na*.

We may wonder why *vixen* is the feminine of *fox*, *carline* of *carle*. Turning to our Sanscrit and Latin cousins, we find that their words for *queen* are *ráj-nī* and *reg-ina*, coming from the root *ráj*. Still, in these last, the *n* is possessive ; the vowel at the end is the mark of the feminine.

What is the meaning of *ward* in such a word as *heaven-ward*? I answer, to *turn* is *vrit* in Sanscrit, *vertere* in Latin.

There is no ending that seems to us more thoroughly Teutonic than the *like* in such words as *workmanlike*. But this is seen under a slightly differing shape in the Sanscrit *ta-drksa*, in the Greek *te-lik-os*, and the Latin *ta-lis*. These words answer to our old *þýlic*, which survives as *thick* or *thuck* in the mouths of Somerseshire peasants. So in Old English we find *swýlic*, corrupted by us first into *swylc*, and then into *such*.

Our privative *un* is seen in Sanscrit, as *an-anta-s*, *un-end-ing*.

The Sanscrit *kas*, *ká*, *kat* appears in Latin as *quis*, *quæ*, *quid*, and in English as *hwá*, *hwá*, *hwæt* (who, what).

The Numerals, up to a hundred, are much the same in Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, and English.

In the Comparison of our Adjectives, we have much in common with Sanscrit. There was a Comparative suffix *jans*, a Superlative *jans-ta*.

	Sanscrit.	English.
Theme	Mah ( <i>great</i> )	Mic-el, <i>much</i>
Compar.	mah-i-jas	mâ-r-a, <i>more</i>
Superl.	mah-istha	mê-st, <i>most</i>

So *swâdu* (sweet) becomes *swâdîyâns*, *swâdisthas*, (sweeter, sweetest).

The old Comparatives were formed in *ra*, *tara*, Superlatives in *ma*, *tama*. We have, as relics of the Comparative, *other*, *whether*, *after*; also, *over*, *under*.

Of the old Superlatives we have but one left:

Positive.	Comparative.	Superlative.
foreward	fyrra	for-ma

But this *forma* we have degraded into a Comparative, and now call it *former*. It is, in truth, akin to the Sanscrit *pra-tha-ma* and the Latin *pri-mus*. Long before the Norman Conquest, we corrupted our old Aryan Superlatives in *ma* into *mest*, thinking that they must have some connection with *mæst*, *most*. Thus we find both *ûtema* and *ûtmost*, *utmost*. Our word *aftermost*, if written at full length, would be *af-ta-ra-ma-jans-ta*, a heaping up of signs to express Comparison.

In our Pronouns, we had a Dual as well as a Singular and Plural; it lasted down to the reign of Edward I.

In our Adverbs, we find traces of the Sanscrit *s*,

with which the old Genitive was formed. Hence comes such a form as 'he must *needs* go,' which carries us back, far beyond the age of written English, to the Sanscrit adverb formed from the Genitive. Even in the earliest English, the Genitive of *néd* was *néde*, and nothing more. In later times we say, 'of a truth, of course,' &c., which are imitations of the old Adverbial Genitive.

We have not many inflections left in the English Verb. The old form in *mi*, once common to English, Sanscrit, and other dialects, has long dropped; our word *am* (in Sanscrit *asmi*) is now its only representative. It is thought that the old Present ran as shown in the following specimen:

Root *nam*, take; a word retained by us till A.D. 1500.<sup>1</sup>

1. nama-mi	.	.	.	1st Per. ma, me.
2. nama-si	.	.	.	2nd Per. ta, thou.
3. nama-ti	.	.	.	3rd Per. ta, this, he.
4. nama-masi	.	.	.	1st Per. ma + ta, I + thou.
5. nama-tasi	.	.	.	2nd Per. ta + ta, thou + thou.
6. nama-nti	.	.	.	3rd Per. an + ta, he + he.

The Perfect of this verb must have been *na-nam-ma*, in its second syllable lengthening the first vowel of the Present; in other words, forming what is called in English a Strong verb. *Síd-âmi* in Sanscrit has *sa-sâd-a* for its Perfect, words of which we have clipped forms in I *sit* and I *sat*. I *hight* (once *hêhât*), from *há-tan*, and I *did* (once *dide*), are the only English Perfects that have kept any trace of their reduplication, and the

<sup>1</sup> Hence comes 'to numb.'

former is our one relic of the Passive voice. The Imperative in Sanscrit was, in the Singular, *nama*, in the Plural, *namata*, answering to the Old English *nim* and *nimath*. The Infinitive was *nam-anaj-a* (the Greek *nem-enai*), which we had pared down into *nim-an* more than a thousand years ago. The Active Participle was *nama-nt*, which runs through most of the daughters of the Aryan Tongue, and which kept its ground in the Scotch Lowlands until of late years, as 'ridand' instead of our corrupt word 'riding.' The Sanscrit and English alike have both Strong and Weak Passive Participles; the former ending in *na*, the latter in *ta*, as *stir-na-s*, *strew-n*.<sup>1</sup>

Sanscrit, *yuk-tas*

Greek, *zeuk-tos*

Latin, *junc-tus*

English, *yok-ed* (in Lowland Scotch, *yok-it*).

Those who choose to write *I was stopt* instead of *stopped*, may justify their spelling by a reference to the first three forms given above. But this form, though admissible in the Passive Participle, is clearly wrong in the Active Perfect, *I stopped*, as we shall see further on.<sup>2</sup>

In the Aryan Speech there were a few Verbs which had lost their Presents, and which used their old Perfects as Presents, forming for themselves new weak

<sup>1</sup> Few Sanscrit verbs have this form, so common in English.

<sup>2</sup> Archdeacon Hare always spelt *preached* as *preacht*. Still, it is the English *th*, not *t*, that answers to the Sanscrit *t*.

Perfects. I give a specimen of one of these old Perfects, found both in Sanscrit and English.

<i>Sanscrit.</i>	<i>Old English.</i>	<i>New English.</i>
vêd-a	wât	I wot
vêt-tha	wâs-t	Thou wottest
vêd-a	wât	He wots
vid-ma	wit-o-n	We wot
vid-a	wit-o-n	Ye wot
vid-us	wit-o-n	They wot

It is easy to see that, thousands of years before Christ's birth, our forefathers must have used a Present tense, like *wit* or *vid*. Our verbs *may*, *can*, *shall*, *will*, *must*, *dare* (most of which we use, with their new Perfects, as auxiliary verbs), have been formed like *wot*, and are Irregulars.

Our verb *to be* is most irregular, since it comes from three roots, *as*, *bhu*, and *vas*. One of the points, in which English goes nearer than Sanscrit to the Mother Speech, is the first letter of the Third Person Plural of this verb. We still say *are*, the old *ar-anti* or *as-anti*; in Sanscrit this word appears only as *s-anti*. The Germans have no form of our *am*, the Sanscrit *asmi*.

The old word, which in Sanscrit is *da-dhâ-mi*, with its Perfect, *da-dhau*, was brought to the Northumbrian shores by our Pagan forefathers in the shape of *ge-dô-m*, *di-de*. Hence our irregular *do*, *did*, the latter of which plays a great part in building Weak Teutonic verbs.

Our verb *ga*, which is now *go*, is found in Sanscrit as *gi-gâ-mi*, with its Perfect derived from another verb; we now say *went*, instead of the old *eôde*, which Spenser

used; this came from *eo*. The Lowland Scotch have a corrupt Perfect, *gaed*, which has been long in use.

Some of the compounds of our English verbs carry us far back. Thus, to explain the meaning of the first syllable in such words as *forlorn*, *fordone*, we must look to the Sanscrit *parâ*.

The Aryan settlement on the banks of the Oxus was in the end broken up. First, the Celt marched towards the setting sun, to hold the Western lands of Europe, and to root out the old Turanian owners of the ground; of these last, the Basques and Lapps alone remain in being. Hundreds of years later the English, with other tribes (they had not yet learnt to count up to a thousand), followed in the Celt's wake, leaving behind them those of their kinsmen who were afterwards to conquer India and Persia, to compile the Vedas, and to leave their handwriting on the rock of Behistun.<sup>1</sup> Some streams flowed to the West of the great watershed, others to the East.

Many tokens show that the English must have long lived in common with the forefathers of Homer and Nævius. The ending of the Greek word *paid-ion* is the counterpart of that of the English *maid-en*; *paid-isk-os* of *cild-isc*, *childish*.<sup>2</sup> Latin is still nearer akin to us, and sometimes hardly a letter is changed; as when we compare *alias* and *else*. *Dom-unculus* appears in Old English as *hus-incle*. The Latin *fer* and the Old English *bære*, in truth the same word, are attached to substantives,

<sup>1</sup> The old Persian word *yâre* is the English *year*.

<sup>2</sup> Sophocles' high-sounding *πωλοδαμνείν* would be our *to foal-tame*, if we chose to compound a word closely akin to Greek.

which are thus changed into adjectives. *Vig-il* and *wac-ol* (wakeful) are but different forms of one word. The Latin *calvus*, *gilvus*, and *malva* are our *callow*, *yellow*, and *mallow*; and the likeness was still more striking before we corrupted the old ending *u* into *ow*. *Aiei* and *evum* are the Gothic *áiv*, the English *aye* and *ever*. Latin and English alike slipped the letter *n* into the middle of a verb before *g*, as *frango* or *frag*, and *gang* or *gag*. The Latin Future tense cannot be explained by Latin words; but, on turning to English, we at once see that *doma-bo* is nothing but our *tame-be*; that is, *I be to tame*, or *I shall tame*. So likewise with *ara-bo*, or *I ear be*.<sup>1</sup> English sometimes shows itself more primitive than Latin; thus, our *knot* has never lost its first letter, while *gnodus* was shortened into *nodus* thousands of years ago.

But all the Teutonic tribes have traces left of their nearness of kin to the Slavonians and Lithuanians, who seem to have been the last of the Aryan stock from whom we Teutons separated. We have seen that, when living in Asia, we were unable to count up to a thousand. The Sanscrit for this numeral is *sahasra*, the Latin *mille*. The Slavonians made it *tusantja*, the Lithuanians *tukstanti*, and with this the whole Teutonic kindred closely agrees. Further, it seems strange at first sight that we have not framed those two of our numerals that follow *ten* in some such shape as *án-týne* and *twá-týne*, since we go on to *þreó-týne*, *thirteen*. The

<sup>1</sup> The verb *ear* is happily preserved in Shakespeare, and in the English Bible. It is one of the first words that ought to be revived by our best writers, who should remember their Aryan blood.

explanation is, that the Lithuanian *lika* answers to the Teutonic *tihan*, *ten*; the *ka* at the end of the former word changes to *fa*; just as the Sanscrit *katvar* changes to the Gothic *fidvor* (our *four*), and the Latin *cado* to our *fall*. If *lifan* then take the place of the common Teutonic *tihan*, *ân-lifan* and *twâ-lifan* (eleven and twelve) are easily framed. These Eastern kinsmen of ours had also, like ourselves and unlike the rest of the Aryan stock, both a Definite and an Indefinite form of the Adjective.

But the time came when our fathers left off hunting the auroch in the forests to the East of the Vistula, bade farewell to their Lithuanian cousins (one of the most interesting of all the branches of the Aryan tree), and marched Westward, as the Celts had done long before. Up to this time, we may fairly guess, we had kept our verbs in *mi*. It cannot be known when the great Teutonic race was split up into High Germans, Low Germans, and Scandinavians. Hard is it to explain why each of them stuck to peculiar old forms; why the High Germans should have kept the Present Plural of their Verb (a point in which Old English fails woefully), almost as it is in Sanscrit and Latin; why the Low Germans (this term includes the Goths and English) should in general have clung closer to the old inflections than their brethren did, and have refused to corrupt the letter *t* into *s*;<sup>1</sup> why the Scandinavians should have retained to this day a Passive Voice. I can here do

<sup>1</sup> Compare the Sanscrit *swêda*, English *sweat*, High German *schweiss*. English is at once seen to be far more primitive than German.

no less than give a substantive and a verb, to show how our brethren (I may now at last drop the word *cousins*) formed their inflections.

THE SUBSTANTIVE *Wolf*.

<i>Old English.</i>	<i>Gothic.</i>	<i>Old High German.</i>	<i>Old Norse.</i>
SINGULAR.			
<i>Nom.</i> wulf	vulfs	wulf	ulfr
<i>Gen.</i> wulfes	vulfis	wulfes	ulfs
<i>Dat.</i> wulfe	vulfa	wulfa	ulfi
<i>Acc.</i> wulf	vulf	wulf	ulf
PLURAL.			
<i>Nom.</i> wulfas	vulfos	wulfa	ulfar
<i>Gen.</i> wulfa	vulfe	wulfo	ulfa
<i>Dat.</i> wulfum	vulfam	wulfum	ulfum
<i>Acc.</i> wulfas	vulfans	wulfa	ulfa

PRESENT TENSE OF THE VERB *niman*, to take; whence comes our *numb*.

<i>Old English.</i>	<i>Gothic.</i>	<i>Old High German.</i>	<i>Old Norse.</i>
Ic nime	nima	nimu	nem
þu nimest	nimis	nimis	nemr
he nimeð	nimiþ	nimit	nemr
we nimað	nimam	nemames	nenum
ge nimað	nimiþ	nemat	nemið
hi nimað	nimand	nemant	nema

All these Teutonic tribes must have easily understood each other, about the time of Christ's birth; since, hundreds of years after that event, they were using the above-cited inflections. They had by this time wandered far from the old Aryan framework of speech. Thus, to take one instance—the Dative Plural in *um*; the Sanscrit Nominative *sînus* formed its Dative Plural

in *sūnu-bhjas* (compare the Latin *ped-ibus*),<sup>1</sup> our English word *by* entering into the third syllable. *Sunubhjas* was in time pared down in Teutonic mouths to *sunub*, and this again to *sunum*. This last corruption of the dative kept its ground in our island until Becket's time. The tendency of old, when we dwelt on the Oxus, and long afterwards, was to pack different words into one; our custom, ever since the days of Henry I., has been to untie the words so packed together; thus *sunubhjas* has been turned into *by sons*.<sup>2</sup> We have two of these old Datives still left, *hwīl-um*, whilom, and *seld-um*, seldom.

We keep to this day many prefixes to verbs (*a, be, for, fore, gain, mis, un, with*), and many endings of substantives and adjectives, common to us and to our brethren on the mainland; seen in such English words as *leech-craft, man-kind, king-dom, maiden-head, wed-lock, glee-man, piece-meal, ridd-ell, kind-red, bishop-rick, friend-ship, dar-ling, sing-er, spin-ster, warn-ing, good-ness, stead-fast, mani-fold, East-ern, stān-ig* (stony), *aw-ful, god-less, win-some, gold-en, right-wis* (righteous). Others, older still, I have given before. Many old Teutonic endings have unhappily dropped out of our speech, and have been replaced by meaner ware.

The Teutons, after turning their backs on the rest of

<sup>1</sup> *Pedibus* is but the Latin form of the Sanscrit *padbhyas*.

<sup>2</sup> I hope I have been plainer than Miss Cornelia Blimber, who told her small pupil that Analysis is 'the resolution of an object, whether of the senses or of the intellect, into its first elements—as opposed to Synthesis, you observe. Now you know what Analysis is, Dombey.' It is remarked that Dombey didn't seem to be absolutely blinded by the light thus let in upon his intellect.

their Aryan kin, compounded for themselves a new Perfect of the verb, known as the Weak form. The older Strong Perfect is formed by changing the vowel of the Present, as I *sit*, I *sat*, common to English and Sanscrit. But the new Perfect of the Teutons is formed by adding *di-de* (in Sanscrit, *da-dhâu*) to the stem. Thus, *sealf-ie*, I *salve*, becomes in the Perfect, *sealfo-de*, the *de* being contracted from *dide*. When we say, I *loved*, it is like saying, I *love did*. This comes out much plainer in our Gothic sister.<sup>1</sup>

Another peculiarity of the Teutons was the use of the dark Runes, still found engraven on stone, both in our island and on the mainland: these were in later times proscribed by Christianity as the handmaids of witchcraft.

The Celts were roughly driven out of their old abodes, on the banks of the Upper Danube and elsewhere, by the intruding Teutons. The former were far the more civilised of the two races: they have left in their word *hall* an abiding trace of their settlement in Bavaria, and of their management of *salt* works. The simple word *leather* is thought by good judges to have been borrowed from the Celts by their Eastern neighbours.<sup>2</sup>

Others suffered besides the Celts. A hundred years before Christ's birth, the Teutons forced their way into Italy, but were overthrown by her rugged champion Marius. Rather later, they matched themselves against

<sup>1</sup> The Latins set Prepositions before *dhâ* and *dadhâu*, and thus formed *abdo*, *abdidi*; *condo*, *condidi*; *perdo*, *perdidi*. This last is nothing but the English I *for-do* (ruin), I *for-did*.

<sup>2</sup> Garnett's *Essays*, pp. 150, 167.

Cæsar in Gaul, and felt the heavy hand of Drusus. The two races, the Latin and the Teutonic (neither of them dreamed that they were both sprung from a common Mother), were now brought fairly face to face. Our forefathers, let us hope, bore their share in the great fight, when the German hero smote Varus and his legions; we English should think less of Caractacus and Boadicea, more of Arminius and Velleda. Hitherto we have puzzled out our history from the words used by ourselves and our kin, without help from annalists; now at length the clouds roll away, and Tacitus shows us the Angli, sheltered by their forests and rivers, the men who worshipped Mother Earth, in her own sea-girt island, not far from the Elbe. Little did the great historian guess of the future that lay before the barbarians, whom he held up to his worthless countrymen with so skilful a pen. Some of these Teutonic tribes were to take the place of Rome and become the lords of her Empire, to bear her Eagle and boast her titles; others of them, later in the world's history, were to rule more millions of subjects than Rome could ever claim, and were to found new empires on shores to her unknown. She had indeed done great things in law and literature; but her Senate might well have learned a lesson of public spirit from the assemblies held by these barbarians, assemblies to which we can trace a likeness in the later councils held in Wessex, Friesland, Uri, Norway. Rome's most renowned poets were to be outdone by Teuton Makers, men who would soar aloft upon bolder wing into the Unseen and the Unknown, and who would

paint the passions of mankind in more lifelike hues than any Latin writer ever essayed.<sup>1</sup>

But among the many good qualities of ourselves and our kinsmen, tender care for conquered foes has seldom been reckoned; Western Celt and Eastern Slavonian know this full well. Hard times were at hand; the old worn-out Empire of Rome was to receive fresh life-blood from the healthy Teutons. In the Fifth Century, our brethren overran Spain, Gaul, and Italy; becoming lords of the soil, and overlaying with their own words the old Latin dialects spoken in those provinces. To this time belongs the *Beowulf*, which is to us English (may I not say, to all Teutons?) what the *Iliad* was to the Greeks. The old Epic, written on the mainland, sets before us the doughty deeds of an Englishman, before his tribe had come to Britain. There is an unmistakable Pagan ring about the poem; and a Christian transcriber, hundreds of years afterwards, has sought to soften down this spirit, which runs through the recital of the feats of *Ecgtheow's* bairn.

In the same age as the *Beowulf* were written the *Battle of Finsborough* and the *Traveller's Song*. In the latter, *Attila*, *Hermanric*, and the wealthy *Cæsar* are all mentioned. Pity it is that we have not these lays in their oldest form, in the English spoken not long after the first great Teutonic writer had

<sup>1</sup> Most Englishmen will agree with Garnett, who writes, 'We have a great regard for the Dutch, a still greater for the Germans, and an absolute enthusiasm for all the sons of Odin, whether Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, or Icelanders.'

given the Scriptures to his Gothic countrymen in their own tongue.<sup>1</sup>

The island of Britain was now no longer to be left in the hands of degenerate Celts; happier than Crete or Sicily, it was to become the cradle where a great people might be compounded of more than one blood. Bede, writing many years later, tells us how the Jutes settled themselves in Kent and Wight; how the Saxons fastened upon Essex, Sussex, and Wessex; how the Angles, coming from Anglen (the true Old England), founded the three mighty kingdoms of East Anglia, Mercia, and Northumbria, holding the whole of the coast between Stirling and Ipswich. It is with this last tribe that I am mainly concerned in this work. Fearful must have been the woes undergone by the Celts at the hands of the ruthless English heathen, men of blood and iron with a vengeance. So thoroughly was the work of extermination done, that but few Celtic words have been admitted to the right of English citizenship. The few that we have seem to show that the Celtic women were kept as slaves, while their husbands, the old owners of the land, were slaughtered in heaps.

Garnett gives a list of nearly two hundred of these words, many of which belong to household management; and others, such as *spree*, *bam*, *whop*, *balderdash*, &c., can scarcely be reckoned classical English.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I do not quote in my Appendix any specimen of English before 680, as we cannot be sure that we have any such English exactly as it was written.

<sup>2</sup> *Philological Essays*, p. 161. Some Celtic words, like *gallop*

Old Britain was by degrees swept away, after much hard fighting; and the history of New England at length begins. Christianity, overspreading the land in the Seventh Century, did much to lighten the woes of the down-trodden Celts: a wonderful difference there was between the Christian conquest of Somerset and the Pagan conquest of Sussex. The new creed brought in its train scores of Latin words, such as *candle, altar, church, &c.*, which have been employed by us ever since the Kentish King's baptism.

At this point I halt, finding no better opportunity for setting forth the grammar employed by our forefathers, traces of which, mangled as it is by the wear and tear of centuries, may still be found.

## NOUNS.

### DIVISION I.

#### CLASS I.

##### SINGULAR.

	<i>Masc.</i>	<i>Fem.</i>	<i>Neut.</i>
<i>Nom.</i>	Steorra	Tunge	Eáge
<i>Gen.</i>	Steorran	Tungan	Eágan
<i>Dat.</i>	Steorran	Tungan	Eágan
<i>Acc.</i>	Steorran	Tungan	Eáge

##### PLURAL.

<i>Nom.</i>	} Steorran	Tungan	Eágan
<i>Acc.</i>			
<i>Gen.</i>	Steorrena	Tungena	Eágena
<i>Dat.</i>	Steorrum	Tungum	Eágum

and *travail*, were brought back to England by our Norman conquerors. *Bother*, a favourite oath of the ladies in our time, comes to us from the Irish; it means *mente affigere*.—Garnett, p. 161.

## CLASS II.

SINGULAR.		PLURAL.	
<i>Nom.</i>	Sáwel	<i>Nom.</i>	Sáwla
<i>Gen.</i>	Sáwle	<i>Gen.</i>	Sáwla, sawlena
<i>Dat.</i>	} Sáwle	<i>Dat.</i>	Sáwlum
<i>Acc.</i>		<i>Acc.</i>	Sáwla

## CLASS III.

SINGULAR.		PLURAL.	
<i>Nom.</i>	Duru	<i>Nom.</i>	Dura
<i>Gen.</i>	Dure	<i>Gen.</i>	Dura (durena)
<i>Dat.</i>	Dure	<i>Dat.</i>	Durum
<i>Acc.</i>	Dura	<i>Acc.</i>	Dura

## DIVISION II.

## CLASS I.

SINGULAR.		PLURAL.	
<i>Nom.</i>	} Hors	<i>Nom.</i>	} Hors
<i>Acc.</i>		<i>Acc.</i>	
<i>Gen.</i>	Horses	<i>Gen.</i>	Horsa
<i>Dat.</i>	Horse	<i>Dat.</i>	Horsum

## CLASS II.

SINGULAR.		PLURAL.	
<i>Nom.</i>	} Scip	<i>Nom.</i>	} Scipu
<i>Acc.</i>		<i>Acc.</i>	
<i>Gen.</i>	Scipes	<i>Gen.</i>	Scipa
<i>Dat.</i>	Scipe	<i>Dat.</i>	Scipum

## DIVISION III.

## CLASS I.

SINGULAR.		PLURAL.	
<i>Nom.</i>	} Dæł	<i>Nom.</i>	} Dælas
<i>Acc.</i>		<i>Acc.</i>	
<i>Gen.</i>	Dæles	<i>Gen.</i>	Dæla
<i>Dat.</i>	Dæle	<i>Dat.</i>	Dælum

## CLASS II.

SINGULAR.		PLURAL.	
<i>Nom.</i>	} Sunu	<i>Nom.</i>	} Suna
<i>Acc.</i>		<i>Acc.</i>	
<i>Gen.</i>	Suna	<i>Gen.</i>	Suna
<i>Dat.</i>	Suna	<i>Dat.</i>	Sunum

We have still a few Plurals left, formed by vowel-change from the Singular. These are *feet, teeth, mice, lice, geese, men*. Three substantives, *deer, sheep, swine*, are the same in both numbers. *Oxen* is our one Plural in *en* that has come down from very early times.

## ADJECTIVES.

## DEFINITE DECLENSION.

SINGULAR.			
	<i>Masc.</i>	<i>Fem.</i>	<i>Neut.</i>
<i>Nom.</i>	Góda	Góde	Góde
<i>Gen.</i>	Gódan	Gódan	Gódan
<i>Dat.</i>	Gódan	Gódan	Gódan
<i>Acc.</i>	Gódan	Gódan	Góde

PLURAL.	
<i>Nom.</i>	} Gódan
<i>Acc.</i>	
<i>Gen.</i>	Gódena
<i>Dat.</i>	Gódum

## INDEFINITE DECLENSION.

SINGULAR.			
	<i>Masc.</i>	<i>Fem.</i>	<i>Neut.</i>
<i>Nom.</i>	Gód	Gód	Gód
<i>Gen.</i>	Gódes	Gódre	Gódes
<i>Dat.</i>	Gódum	Godre	Godum
<i>Acc.</i>	Góдне	Góde	Gód

PLURAL.

	<i>Masc. and Fem.</i>	<i>Neut.</i>
<i>Nom.</i>	} Góde	Gód(u)
<i>Acc.</i>		
<i>Gen.</i>	Gódra	Gódra
<i>Dat.</i>	Gódum	Gódum

DEMONSTRATIVES.

	SINGULAR.			PLURAL.
	<i>Masc.</i>	<i>Fem.</i>	<i>Neut.</i>	
<i>Nom.</i>	se	seo	þæt	} þa
<i>Gen.</i>	þæs	þære	þæs	
<i>Dat.</i>	þam	þære	þam	<i>Gen.</i> þára
<i>Acc.</i>	þone	þâ	þæt	<i>Dat.</i> þâm
<i>Abl.</i>	þý	þý	þý	

	SINGULAR.			PLURAL.
	<i>Masc.</i>	<i>Fem.</i>	<i>Neut.</i>	
<i>Nom.</i>	þes	þeôs	þis	} þâs
<i>Gen.</i>	þises	þisse	þises	
<i>Dat.</i>	þisum	þisse	þisum	<i>Gen.</i> þissa
<i>Acc.</i>	þisne	þâs	þis	<i>Dat.</i> þisum

PRONOUNS.

	SINGULAR.		DUAL.	
<i>Nom.</i>	Ic	þu	<i>Nom.</i> wit	git
<i>Gen.</i>	mín	þín	<i>Gen.</i> uncer	incer
<i>Dat.</i>	} me	þe	} unc	inc
<i>Acc.</i>				

PLURAL.

<i>Nom.</i>	we	ge
<i>Gen.</i>	ûre	eôwer
<i>Dat.</i>	} ûs	eôw
<i>Acc.</i>		

SINGULAR.			PLURAL.	
	<i>Masc.</i>	<i>Fem.</i>	<i>Neut.</i>	
<i>Nom.</i>	he	heô	hit	<i>Nom.</i> } hi
<i>Gen.</i>	his	hire	his	
<i>Dat.</i>	him	hire	him	<i>Gen.</i> hira
<i>Acc.</i>	hine	hi	hit	<i>Dat.</i> him

<i>Masc. and Fem.</i>		<i>Neut.</i>
<i>Nom.</i>	hwâ	hwæt
<i>Gen.</i>	hwæs	hwæs
<i>Dat.</i>	hwam	hwam
<i>Acc.</i>	hwone	hwæt
<i>Abl.</i>	hwÿ	hwÿ

## THE STRONG VERB.

(Infinitive, *healdan.*)

### INDICATIVE.

PRESENT.		PERFECT.	
<i>Sing.</i>	<i>Plur.</i>	<i>Sing.</i>	<i>Plur.</i>
healde	healdað	heôld	heôldon
hylst	healdað	heôlde	heôldon
hylv	healdað	heôld	heôldon

### SUBJUNCTIVE.

PRESENT.		PERFECT.
<i>Sing.</i>	healde	heôlde
<i>Plur.</i>	healdon	heôldon

### IMPERATIVE.

<i>Sing.</i>	heald
<i>Plur.</i>	healdað

GERUND.	PRESENT PARTICIPLE.	PAST PARTICIPLE.
To healdanne	healdende	gehealden

## THE WEAK VERB.

(Infinitive, *lufian.*)

## INDICATIVE.

PRESENT.		PERFECT.	
<i>Sing.</i>	<i>Plur.</i>	<i>Sing.</i>	<i>Plur.</i>
lufige	lufiað	lufode	lufodon
lufast	lufiað	lufodest	lufodon
lufað	lufiað	lufode	lufodon

## SUBJUNCTIVE.

PRESENT.		PERFECT.
<i>Sing.</i>	lufige	lufode
<i>Plur.</i>	lufion	lufodon

## IMPERATIVE.

*Sing.* lufa  
*Plur.* lufiað

GERUND.	PRESENT PARTICIPLE.	PAST PARTICIPLE.
To lufigenne	lufigende	gelufod

There are two marked tendencies in English, shared by some of the other Teutonic dialects, which should be observed.

The first is, a liking to cast out the letter *n*, if it comes before *th*, *s*, or *f*. We have seen how the Sanscrit *antara* is heard in our mouths as *other*; much in the same way *tonth*, *finf*, *gons*, became *tôð*, *fîf*, *gôs*, lengthening the vowel before *n*.

The second of our peculiarities is, a habit of putting *d* or *t* after *n*, *l*, *r*, or *s*, usually to round off the end of a

word, though it sometimes is inserted in the middle of a word. Thus the French *tyran* becomes *tyrant*, the Gaelic *Donuil* becomes *Donald*; the old English *betweoƿ* is now *betwixt*; thou *falles* (akin to the Greek and Latin form) is corrupted into *fallest*; but the true old form of this last still lingers in Scotland. Those who talk about a *gownd* or of being *drownded* may plead that they are only carrying further a corruption that began long before the Norman Conquest, and that has since that event turned *thunor* into *thunder*, and *dwine* into *dwindle*.

Many in our day call a *wasp* a *wapse*, and *axe* leave instead of *asking* it. Both forms alike are good old English; we also find side by side *fisc* and *fix*, *beorht* and *bryht*, *græs* and *gærs*, *irnan* and *rinnan*, for *piscis*, *clarus*, *gramen*, and *currere*. When men say, 'they don't care a curse' (the last word is commonly something still stronger), they little think that they are employing the old English *cerse*, best known to us as *cess*.

English, unlike German, has now a strong objection to the hard *g*, especially in the middle of a word; the *g* is softened into *y*; *regen* early became *rén* (rain).

A table of the Old English Prepositions is a mournful sight. Too many of them have been dropped altogether; and some have been replaced by cumbrous French compounds, such as *on account of*, *according to*, *in addition to*, *because of*, *in spite of*, *on condition that*, *around*, *during*, *except*.

Our sailors have kept alive *bæftan* (abaft), as a Preposition, though *æft* (aft) is with them only an adverb.

*Bûtan* and *binnan* (in Latin, *extra et intra*) still linger in the Scotch Lowlands; as in the old Perth ballad of Cromwell's time:—

When Oliver's men  
Cam but and ben.

*Anent*, which of old was *on-efn*, is preserved in the same district; and this most useful word seems to be coming into use among our best writers once more. But *gelang* (the Latin *per*) is now used only by the poor; as in 'it is all *along* of you.' We sometimes hear the old *onforan* as *afore*, and *ongéan* sounded as *again*, not the corrupt *against*. *Tô* is still used in America in one of its old senses, where we degenerate English should use *at*; we find in the *Beowulf* *sêcean tô Heorote*, seek at Heorote. The old Northumbrian *tîl* is employed in the North, where we say *to*.

I now give a few instances, where we still use Prepositions in the true Old English sense, though very sparingly. To do one's duty *by* a man; to receive *at* his hands; *for* all his prayers, i.e. *in spite of*; to go a hunting, which of old was written, *gân on huntunge*; eaten *of* worms (*by* is very seldom used before the Conquest in this sense of agency); we have Abraham *to* our father; made *after* his likeness; to get them *under* arms. Our best writers should never let these old phrases die out; we have already lost enough and too much of the good old English.

*Sum man* used to stand either for *quidam* or for *aliquis*; we can now only use it in the latter sense. The Indefinite Article may be seen in Matt. xxi. 28, *ân*

*man hæfde twegen suná*; but one of the most marked tendencies of the oldest English is to leave out this Article, especially in poems, such as Cadmon's lay or the Beowulf. Hence our many pithy phrases like, '*Faint heart never won fair lady.*' In this we go much further than the Gothic or High German.

Man is used indefinitely, where the Greeks would say *tis*; as *gif mon wíf ofsleá* (March's Grammar, p. 181). The numeral *án* was the parent of our *one* (if one slay). Some have wrongly derived the latter from the French *on*. Readers of David Copperfield will remember the collegian, who uses the phrase '*a man*' for *I*; as, '*a man is always hungry here,*' '*a man might make himself very comfortable.*'

Some think that *yea* is a more archaic form than *yes*; but *gese* and *geá* are alike found in our oldest writers. There was also once a *nese*. As to negation, when a man says, '*I didn't never say nothing to nobody,*' this is a good old idiom, that lasted down to the Reformation. Much harm has been done to our speech by attempts to ape French and Latin idioms.

We are now told that an English sentence ought never to end with a Preposition. This rule is not sanctioned by our forefathers' usage. When Cadmon was on his death-bed, and wished for the Eucharist, he said, '*Berað me hwæpere husel to.*'<sup>1</sup>

In the Verb we keep many old idioms with but little change, such as, *ic eom sêcende*, I am seeking; *hê gæð rêdan*, he is going to read; *ic tô drincenne hæbbe*, I have

<sup>1</sup> Thorpe's *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica*, p. 58.

to drink; *wæron tô farenne*, they were to go; *ic hæbbe mete tô etanne*, I have to eat; *synd forðfarene*, they are gone. The Future was expressed by *shall* and *will*, and also by the Present; we still say, 'another word, and I go.'  *Ic môtt, þú môst* expressed permission, and was very seldom used in our sense of *must*, expressing need.<sup>1</sup>

Our fathers translated the Latin *debeo* by *sceal*; we have lost this old sense of that verb, except in a phrase like 'he should do it.' In the Imperative mood, *utan* was used where we say *let*, as *utan tô-breccan*, let us break; this old form lingered on to 1250. We see an attempt to supply the want of a Middle voice in such phrases as *hê beþohte hine*, 'he bethought him,' and the later, 'I fear me.'

I give a few forms, which we should not expect, found in English writers before the Conquest. These I have taken from March's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, published in 1870.

The Article, as in Homer, sometimes stands for the Pronoun; *seô* for *heô*; as, *seô lufath hine*.<sup>2</sup> Hence comes our *she*.

The Preposition *of* is used to express material instead of the old Genitive. Thus we find not only *scennum scîran goldes*, but also *reáf of hærum*.<sup>3</sup> Compare Virgil's *templum de marmore ponam*. This *of* and this *de* have been the parents of a wide-spread offspring in modern

<sup>1</sup> March (p. 195) gives a few instances of the latter sense.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. pp. 140, 177. He quotes from Mark xii. 3, *swungon thone and forlêton hine*.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. p. 154. So *ân of þesum*, one of these. This Partitive use of the word *of* is very old.

languages ; but our Old English Genitive is happily still alive, though it is used more in speaking than in writing.

The Preposition *to* is used sometimes (not often) with an Infinitive, as well as with a Gerund. Thus, in Beowulf, 316, *mæl is mē tō fēran*, it is time for me to fare.<sup>1</sup>

*Cut to pieces* seems modern, but we find in the Old English Bible *ceorfon tō sticcon*.<sup>2</sup>

*With* has two meanings, seemingly contradictory, in Latin, *cum* and *contra*. We say, *to walk with a friend*, and *to fight with a foe*. It was used in both senses long before the Conquest.

In Old English, *hwæt* sometimes stood for the Latin *aliquid*. Hence comes our, 'I tell you what.'<sup>3</sup> In later times it would be easy to compound *somewhat*.

Indefinite agency was expressed of old much as now ; *ponne hig wyriað eow*, when they revile you.<sup>4</sup>

The strange Dative reflexive has always been used ; as, *Pilatus hym sylf áwrát*.<sup>5</sup> The Irish rightly say *meself*, not *myself* ; this is the old Dative *mê sylf*, brought to Erin by Strongbow's men-at-arms.

We have seen how useful the verb *do* has always been in framing our English speech. A phrase like *he doth withstand* (not *he withstands*) seems modern ; but it is found in King Alfred's writings. *Do not thou turn* was expressed of old as *ne dô þú, þæt þú oncyrrre*.<sup>6</sup> Christ said to the woman taken in adultery, '*Dô gá, and ne synga ðú næfre má*' (John viii. 11).

Our curious idiom of Participles, *he ceased command-*

<sup>1</sup> March, p. 168.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid.

<sup>3</sup> Morris, *English Accidence*, p. 137.

<sup>4</sup> March, p. 174.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid. p. 175.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid. p. 186.

ing, they dreaded asking, is found in Old English, as *geendude bebeôdende, ondrêdon âcsigende. Hê hæfde hine geworhtne*, 'he had him wrought,' common enough with us, is not often found in Greek or Latin.<sup>1</sup>

*Bu* is used just as we employ *both* in phrases like *both he and I*.<sup>2</sup> We have lost certain other old forms for expressing this.

The Latin *non solum* appears in Old English as *nâ pæt ân*. We now omit the word in the middle.

Our *same* was never used except adverbially; thus, *sam hit sý sumer sam winter*, the same in summer and winter.<sup>3</sup> Beasts have natures *swâ same swâ men*.<sup>4</sup> The Latin *idem* was expressed, not by *same*, but by *ylc*; this lingers in Scotland, as in the phrase, *Redgawntlet of that Ilk*. *Same* (*idem*) began to come into vogue only about the year 1200.

We still employ *though* at the end of a sentence, in the sense of the Latin *tamen*, and *now* in the sense of *quoniam*; just as our forefathers did. We have had a sad loss in *for þam*, the Latin *quia*, which we began to replace in 1300 by an ugly French compound.

I give from King Alfred a sentence which contains two peculiar English idioms: '*Elpendes hýd wyle drincan wætan gelíce and spinge déð*, Elephant's hide will soak water *like* a sponge *doth*.'<sup>5</sup>

The well-known Latin phrase, *quo plus . . . eo plus*, becomes in English *bið þý heardra, þé swiðôr beátað*, it becomes *the harder, the stronger they beat*.<sup>6</sup> This

<sup>1</sup> March, p. 201.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. p. 202.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid. p. 203.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid. p. 204.

<sup>5</sup> Ibid. p. 208.

<sup>6</sup> Ibid.

is, in our day, the one sole case in which *the* is not a Definite Article.

The expletive *þær* was used to begin a sentence, as, *þær was án cyning*. This resembles nothing in German or Latin.

The English of old employed *hwæt* (quid) as an Interjection. This is the first word of the *Beowulf*, where it answers to our *Ho*. The old usage may be traced down to our times, though it was thought to be somewhat overdone by King George the Third.<sup>1</sup>

Our speech is now but a wreck of what it once was; for instance, of the many verbs which bore the prefix *æt*, only one is left, retaining that preposition sadly mangled; this is *æt witan*, our *twit*.

Other verbs have become oddly corrupted, and the corruptions have, as it were, run into each other. Thus we have but one verb, *own*, to represent both the old *áhnian* (possidere), and the old *unnan* (concedere). Thus also we have but *settle*, to stand for both *setlan* and *sahlian*.<sup>2</sup>

An old verb had often two forms slightly differing; we still translate *fugere* by both *fly* and *flee*, following the

<sup>1</sup> In the *Rolliad*, the King meets Major Scott, and thus expresses himself:—

Methinks I hear,  
In accents clear,  
Great Brunswick's voice still vibrate on my ear.  
'What, what, what!  
Scott, Scott, Scott!  
Hot, hot, hot!  
What, what, what!'

<sup>2</sup> As in the phrase, 'to settle a quarrel.' So, in French, *louer* has to represent both *laudare* and *locare*.

oldest usage. It is a pity that we have lost our accents; we can now no longer distinguish between *metan* (*metiri*) and *métan* (*occurrere*). We have often doubled our vowels to mark a difference; thus *gód* (*bonus*) has become *good*, that it may not be confounded with our word for *Deus*: it is the same with *toll* and *tool*, *cock* and *cook*, and many others.<sup>1</sup>

We have sometimes thought that we could improve on our forefathers' speech by yoking two of their synonyms together; when we say *sledgehammer*, it is like a Latinist writing *malleus* twice over. Now and then a good old word is sadly degraded; thus *dyderian* (*decipere*) now exists only in the slang verb *diddle*.<sup>2</sup> Further on I shall give examples of words, that are seven hundred years old, set down as mere slang in our day.

There was one favourite art of our forefathers, which we have not yet altogether lost, prone though we have

<sup>1</sup> We have not often kept the sound of the old vowel at the end of the word so faithfully as in *smithy*, the former *smiððe*.

<sup>2</sup> The Dorsetshire peasantry, as Mr. Barnes tells us, pronounce in the Old English way words that in polite speech have but one sound; thus they say *heüle* for *sanus*, and *hail* for *grando*. We have had a sad loss in dropping the twofold sound, and odd mistakes sometimes arise. I remember at school, nearly thirty years ago, that our class was given Scott's lines:

'Hail to thy cold and clouded beam,' &c.,

which we were to turn into Latin longs and shorts. I still recall the disgust of the master (*vir plagosus*) on reading one blockhead's attempt: it began with *grando*! Thanks to our slovenly forefathers, English is now the punster's Paradise; Hood knew this well.

been to copy French rimes. This art was Alliterative poetry, as seen in Cadmon's lines on the Deluge ;—

For mid Fearme  
 Fære ne moston  
 Wæg liðendum  
 Wætres brogan  
 Hæste Hrinon  
 ac hie Halig god  
 Ferede and nereþe.  
 Fiftena stod  
 Deop ofer Dunum  
 sæ Drence flod.<sup>1</sup>

Conybeare traces this love of Alliteration in English poets down to 1550, and Earle traces it on further to 1830. Byron's noble line on the Brunswicker's death at Quatre Bras is well known. I can bear witness, from my own schoolboy recollections, to the popularity of this old metre in 1849.<sup>2</sup> This it is that has kept alive phrases like 'weal and woe,' 'born and bred,' 'sooth to say,' 'fair or foul,' 'kith and kin,' 'bed and board,' 'make or mar,' 'might and main.'<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Conybeare's *Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, xxxiii.

<sup>2</sup> We were fond of an old ballad, beginning with—

'All round the rugged rocks  
 The ragged rascal ran.'

<sup>3</sup> It has sometimes substituted a Romance for a Teutonic word; thus we now say 'safe and sound,' not 'hale and sound,' our forefathers' phrase.

## CHAPTER II.

THE OLD ENGLISH, 680-1120.

THE MIDDLE ENGLISH, 1120-1300.

THE examples given in the last few pages have been mostly taken from Wessex writers; but Cadmon's name reminds us that in the Seventh and Eighth Centuries there was no Teutonic land that could match Northumbria in learning or civilisation. Thither had come earnest missionaries from Italy and Ireland. There Christianity had taken fast root, and had bred such men as Cadmon and Bede. Charlemagne himself, the foremost of all Teutons, was glad to welcome to his Court Alcuin, who came from beyond the Humber. It was the dialect of Northumbria, settled as that land was by Angles, that first sprang into notice, and was so much in favour, that even the West Saxons on the Thames called their speech *English*.

This English of the North, or Northumbrian, has bequeathed to us but few monuments, owing to the havoc wrought by the Danes in the Northern libraries. We have, however, enough of it left to see that in some points it kept far closer to the old Aryan Mother Speech than the classical writers of Wessex did; thus, it boasts

the remnants of four verbs in *mi—am*, *beôm* (sum), *geseôm* (video), *gedôm* (facio). In other points it foreshadows the language to be spoken in Queen Victoria's day more clearly than these same writers of Wessex did.

In tracing the history of Standard English, it is mainly on Northumbria that we must keep our eyes. About the year 680, a stone cross was set up at Ruthwell, not far from Dumfries; and the Runes graven upon it enshrine an English poem written by no mean hand. Cadmon, the great Northumbrian bard, had compiled a noble lay on the Crucifixion, a lay which may still be read at full length in its Southern English dress of the Tenth Century. Forty lines or so of the earlier poem of the Seventh Century were engraven upon the Ruthwell Cross; these I give in my Appendix, as the lay is the earliest English that we possess just as it was written.<sup>1</sup> It has old forms of English nowhere else found; and it clearly appeals to the feelings of a warlike race, hardly yet out of the bonds of heathenism; the old tales of Balder are applied to Christ, who is here called 'the young hero.'

Mr. Kemble in 1840 translated the Ruthwell Runes, which up to that time had never unlocked their secret; not long afterwards, he had the delight of seeing them in their later Southern dress, on their being published from an old English skinbook at Vercelli. He found

<sup>1</sup> 'Cadmon mœ fauæpo' (not *Cædmon*) is the inscription lately discovered on the cross; and this confirms a guess made long ago by Mr. Haigh. Mr. Stephens assigns the noble fragment of the Judith to the great bard of the North.

that he had only three letters of his translation to correct. Seldom has there been such a hit and such a confirmation of a hit.<sup>1</sup>

These Ruthwell Runes are in close agreement with the dying words of Bede, the few English lines embedded in the Latin text.<sup>2</sup> The letter *k* is here found, which did not appear in Southern English until many centuries later. The word *ungcet*, the Dual Accusative, betokens the hoariest antiquity. The Infinitive ends, not in the Southern *an*, but in *a*, like the old Norse and Friesic.

The speech of the men who conquered Northumbria in the Sixth Century must have been influenced by their Danish neighbours of the mainland. I give a few words from the Ruthwell Cross, compared with King Alfred's Southern English:—

<i>Southern.</i>	<i>Ruthwell.</i>
Heofenas	Heafunæs
Stigan	Stiga
Gewundod	Giwundæd
Eal	Al <sup>3</sup>
On gealgan	On galgu

The next specimen, given by me in my Appendix, is about sixty years later than the Ruthwell Runes. It is another fragment of Cadmon's, which was modernised two hundred years after his time by King Alfred. The

<sup>1</sup> *Archæologia* for 1843, page 31.

<sup>2</sup> See the Runes in my Appendix, Chapter VII.

<sup>3</sup> We follow the North, which is more primitive than the South, in pronouncing this word. But in Dorset they still sound the *e* before *a*, as in *yacre*, *yale*, *yarm*, and others. See Mr. Barnes' poems.

text from which I quote is referred by Wanley, a good judge, to the year A.D. 737. I set down here those words which are nearer to the language spoken in our days than Alfred's version is.

<i>Southern.</i>	<i>Northern.</i>	<i>Modern.</i>
Fæder	Fadur	Father
Swa	Sue	So
Gescéop	Scop	Shaped
Bearnum	Barnum	Bairns
þa	Tha	The
Weard	Uard	Ward

The word 'til' (to), unknown in Southern speech, is found in this old manuscript, and is translated 'to' by Alfred. The modern Th here first appears for the good old character that our unwisdom has allowed to drop. The whole of the manuscript is in Northern English, such as it was spoken before the Danes overran the North.<sup>1</sup>

The next earliest Northumbrian monument that we have is a Psalter, which Garnett dates about the year A.D. 800. It is thought to have been translated in one of the shires just south of the Humber.<sup>2</sup> This Psalter, like the former specimen, employs *a* instead of the Southern *ea*, even as we ourselves do.

There are many other respects in which the Psalter differs from Southern English of the Ninth Century; the chief is that the first Person Singular of the verb ends, like the Latin, in *o* or *u*: as *sitto*, I sit; *ondredu*, I,

<sup>1</sup> Bosworth, *Origin of the Germanic Languages*, pp. 56-60.

<sup>2</sup> Rushworth Gospels, iv. (Surtees Society), *Prolegomena*, cix.

fear. The second Person ends in *s*, not *st*; as *neosas*, thou visitest. It is, therefore, less corrupt than King Alfred's form. The Lowland Scotch to this day say, *thou knows*. The prefix *ge* in Past Participles is often dropped, as *bledsad*, blessed, instead of *gebletsod*. Old Anglian was nearer than any other Low German speech to Danish, and *ge* is not found in the Danish Participle. We also remark the Norse *earun* for *sumus*, *estis*, *sunt*; this in Southern speech is nearly always *syndon*.<sup>1</sup> I give a few words from this Psalter, to show that our modern English in many things follows the Northern rather than the Southern form.<sup>2</sup>

<i>Southern English.</i>	<i>Northern English.</i>	<i>Modern.</i>
Bën	Boen	Boon (prayer)
Béc	Boec	Books
Célan	Coelan	Cool
Déman	Doeman	Doom <sup>3</sup>
Hréðe	Roeð <sup>4</sup>	Rough
Leoht	Leht	Light
Fram	From	From
Wæron	Werun	Were
Nawiht	Nowihte	Nought <sup>3</sup>
Feldas	Feldes	Fields
Twa	Tu	Two

<sup>1</sup> We find, however, *aran* in Kentish charters (Kemble, i. 234), and the form *ic bidde* in the oldest charters of Kent and Worcester-shire.

<sup>2</sup> See an extract from the *Psalter* in my Appendix.

<sup>3</sup> We still have both the Northern and Southern forms of this word.

<sup>4</sup> Here the old *h* at the beginning of a word is cast out; a process often repeated.

<i>Southern English.</i>	<i>Northern English.</i>	<i>Modern.</i>
Dést	Gedoeſt	Doest
Eage	Ege	Eye
Tyn	Ten	Ten
Geoguð	Iuguðe	Youth

The Northern men of the year 800 said, ‘doema strong and longmod,’ where the Southerners would have put ‘déma strang and langmod.’ We find *no* used just as the Scotch now use it, ‘gif ic *no* fore-settu,’ where *na* would have been used in the South. One of the most remarkable things in this Psalter is the first appearance of our *them*, used as a Pronoun, not as an Article. See Psalm cxlv. 6: ‘All ða in ðæm sind.’ This is found but seldom; the settlers soon to come from Denmark would recognise it as a form akin to their own.<sup>1</sup>

Much about the time that the Northumbrian Psalter was compiled, the Norsemen began to harry unhappy England. The feuds of near kinsmen are always the bitterest; and this we found true in the Ninth Century. Soon the object of the heathen became settlement in the land, and not plunder. The whole of England would have fallen under their yoke, had not a hero come forth from the Somersetshire marshes.

In A.D. 876, we read in the Saxon Chronicle that the Danish king, ‘Norðhymbra land gedælde, and

<sup>1</sup> I will point out an odd mistake of the Translator’s. He found the Low Latin substantive *singularis* (whence the French *sanglier* and the Italian *cinghiale*) in Psalm lxxix. 14. This he took for an adjective, and translated *syndrig*, making great nonsense.

hergende weron and heora tiligende wæron.'<sup>1</sup> In the next year, the outlandish host 'gefor on Myrcena land, and hit gedældon sum.' In 880, 'for se here on East-ængle and geset þat land and gedælde.' Here we find many English shires, once thriving and civilised, parcelled out within four years among the Norsemen. The Angles were now under the yoke of those who four hundred years earlier had been their neighbours on the mainland. Essex seems to have been the only Saxon shire that Alfred had to yield to the foreigner. Now it was that the Orms, Grims, Spils, Osgods, and Thors, who have left such abiding traces of themselves in Eastern Mercia and Northumbria, settled among us. They gave their own names of Whitby and Derby to older English towns, and changed the name of Roman Eboracum from Eoforwic to Iorvik or York.

The endings *by*, *thwaite*, *ness*, *drop*, *haugh*, and *garth*, are the sure tokens of the great Danish settlement in England; fifteen hundred of such names are still to be found in our North Eastern shires. The six counties to the North of Mercia have among them 246 places that end in *by*; Lincolnshire, the great Norse stronghold, has 212; Leicestershire has 66; Northamptonshire 26; Norfolk and Notts have rather fewer.

The Danes were even strong enough to force their preposition *amell* (*inter*) upon Northumberland, where

<sup>1</sup> At the head of the Yarrow is a mountain, called of old by the Celtic name Ben Yair. To this the Romans prefixed their *Mont*, and the Danes long afterwards added their word *Law*. The hill is now called Mountbenjerlaw; in it *hill* comes three times over. —Garnett's *Essays*, p. 70.

it still lingers. Our verbs *bask* and *busk* are Middle verbs, compounded of the Icelandic *baka* and *bua* with the ending *sik* (self).<sup>1</sup> York and Lincoln were the great seats of Norse influence, as we see by the numbers of Norse money-coiners who are known to have there plied their trade. English freedom was in the end the gainer by the fresh blood that now flowed in. When Doomsday book was compiled, no shire could vie with that of Lincoln in the thousands of its freeholders; East Anglia was not far behind.<sup>2</sup> Danish surnames like Anderson, Paterson, and, greater than all, Nelson, show the good blood that our Northern and Eastern shires can boast. Thor's day was in the end to replace Thunresday. Another Norse God, he of the sea, bearing the name of Egir, still rushes up English rivers like the Trent and the Witham, the water rising many feet: the *eagre* is a word well known in Lincolnshire. The Norse *felagi* is a compound from *fee* and *lay*, a man who puts down his money, like the member of a club. This became in England *felage*, *felawe*, *fellow*. So early as 1525 it had become a term of scorn; but the fellows of our Colleges will always keep alive the more honourable meaning of the word.

The next specimen in my Appendix is the book called the Rushworth Gospels, the English version of which Wanley dates at the year A.D. 900, or thereabouts; one of the translators was a priest at Harewood, in Yorkshire. I give a few words to show

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Morris was the first to point this out.

<sup>2</sup> Worsaae, *The Danes and Northmen*, pp. 71, 119, 170.

how much nearer it is to our speech than the West Saxon is :—

<i>Southern.</i>	<i>Northern.</i>	<i>Modern.</i>
Se, seo	The, thio	The
Ic, Heo	Ih, Sio	I, She
Deah	Theh	Though
Hi	Ða	They
Hyra	Ðara	Their
Eower	Ewer	Your
Feawa	Feawe	Few
Dreora gewittnesse	Dreo gewitnesse	Witness of three
Eom	Am	Am
Eart	Arth	Art
For	Foerde <sup>1</sup>	Fared
Drincan	Drinca, drince	To drink
Sealde	Salde	Sold
Gescy	Scoas	Shoes
Stanas	Stanes	Stones
Eac	Ek	Eke
Fynd	Fiondas	Fiends
Ælmesse	Ælmissa	Alms
Blawe	Blau	Blow
Fêt	Foedep	Feedeth
Byreð	Berep	Beareth
Slep	Slepte	Slept
Sceap	Scep	Sheep
Tó cumenne eart	Cwome scalt	Shalt come
Ealle gearwe	All iara <sup>2</sup>	All yare (ready)
Cuppa	Copp	Cup

<sup>1</sup> Here we have a Strong Verb turned into a Weak form, a corruption which has been going on ever since. Thus *crope*, used by Tyndale, after his time became *crept*.

<sup>2</sup> We see the hard *g* already softened into *y*, both here, and in the earlier Psalter.

<i>Southern.</i>	<i>Northern.</i>	<i>Modern.</i>
Þridda	Þirda	Third
Dóm	Doom	Doom
Geoc	Ioc	Yoke
Oð þone seofoðan	Oð to þæm siofund	Unto the seventh

In the last example we see the Norse *n* making its way into the Old English numeral. There are other remarkable changes. In Matthew ii. 4 we find *heom* employed for *hig*, just as we say in talking, 'I asked 'em.' The Norse Active Participle is often used instead of the Old English, as *gangande* for *gangelde*: and this lingered on in Scotland to a very late date. The Norsemen, in this instance, brought English speech nearer to Sanscrit than it was before. The Infinitive, as will be seen in the above table, has already been clipped.

The Southern *geworden* became in Yorkshire *awarð*; where in England the old prefix *ge* lingers in our days, it commonly takes the form of *a*. The cases of Substantives and Adjectives, so carefully handled in the South, are now confused in the North; the Dative Plural in *um* often vanishes altogether. The letter *h* is sometimes put in or dropped, the most hideous of all our corruptions; *k* and *ch* are found instead of *c*. *Sio* (our *she*) for *heo* and *ih* for *ic* are most remarkable; in the latter form we go nearer to the Sanscrit *aham* than to the Latin *ego*.

Few of England's children have done her better service than Alfred's son and daughter, whose deeds are written in the Saxon Chronicle. King Edward's reign was one steady war against the Danish lords of

Mercia and East Anglia; the strife raged all along the line between London and Chester, the King's men throwing up works to guard the shires they were winning back foot by foot. Essex seems to have been mastered in 913, Staffordshire and Warwickshire within the next few years. In 915, the Danish rulers of Bedford and Northampton gave their allegiance to the great King of Wessex; Derby and Leicester fell before his sister. The Norsemen struggled hard against Edward's iron bit; but the whole of East Anglia and Cambridge yielded to him in 921. By the end of the following year, he was master of Stamford and Nottingham; Lincolnshire seems to have been the last of his conquests. In 924, all the English, Danes, and Celts in our island chose Edward, the champion of Christianity against heathenism, for their Father and Lord. England, as we see, was speedily becoming something more than a geographical name.

Alfred had been King of the South; Alfred's son had won the Midland; Alfred's grandsons were now to bring the North under their yoke. The Danes drove the many quarrelsome English kingdoms into unity in sheer self-defence; much as in our own time the Austrians helped Italy to become one nation. The Saxon Chronicle in 941 names the Five Danish Burghs which overawed Mercia, and which have had so great an influence on the tongue now spoken by us.

Burga fife  
Ligoraceaster  
And Lincolne

And Snotingahâm  
Swylce Stanford eác.  
And Deoraby.

Long had these been in Danish thralldom; they were now, as the old English ballad of the day says, loosed by Edward's son. Northumberland, under her Danish kings, was still holding out against the Southern Overlord. At length, in 954, the last of these kings dropped out of history; and Eadred, the son of Edward and the grandson of Alfred, became the one King of all England, swaying the land from the Frith of Forth to the English Channel.<sup>1</sup>

Wessex, it is easy to see, was to our island much what Piedmont long afterwards became to Italy, and Brandenburg to Germany. It is not wonderful then that in the Tenth Century the literature of Wessex was looked upon as the best of models, and took the place of the Northumbrian literature of Bede's time. Good English prose-writers must have formed themselves upon King Alfred; English 'shapers' or 'makers' must have imitated the lofty lay, which tells how Alfred's grandsons smote Celt and Norseman alike on the great day of Brunanburgh. The Court of Winchester must in those days have been to England, what Paris has nearly always been to France: no such pattern of elegance could elsewhere have been found. For all that, were I to be given my choice as to what buried specimen of English writing should be brought to light, I should ask for a sample of the Rutland peasantry's common talk, about the year that Eadred was calling himself Kaiser of all Britain.<sup>2</sup> Such a

<sup>1</sup> Eadred was like King Victor Emmanuel, who has no underkings below him; Eadred's father was like Kaiser William.

<sup>2</sup> Kemble's *Charters*, ii. 304.

sample would be as precious as the bad Latin, the parent of the New Italian, which may be read on the walls of Pompeii. By Eadred's time, two or three generations of Norsemen and Angles must have been mingled together; the uncouth dialect, woefully shorn of inflections, spoken in the markets of Leicester and Stamford, would be found to foreshadow the corruptions of the Peterborough Chronicle after 1120.

The country, falling within a radius of twenty miles drawn from the centre of Rutland, would be acknowledged, I think, as the cradle of the New English that we now speak. To go further afield; all the land enclosed within a line drawn round from the Humber through Doncaster, Derby, Ashby, Rugby, Northampton, Bedford, and Ipswich (this may be called the Mercian Dane-lagh) helped mightily in forming the new literature: within this boundary were the Five Burghs, and the other Danish strongholds already named. Just outside this boundary were Southern Yorkshire and Northern Essex, which have also had their influence upon our tongue. Alfred's grandsons, on their way home to Winchester from their Northern fields, would have been much astonished, could it have been foretold to them that the Five Burghs, so lately held by the heathen, were to have the shaping of England's future speech. This New English, hundreds of years later, was to be handled by men, who would throw into the far background even such masterpieces of the Old English as the *Beowulf* and the *Judith*.

Some writers, I see, upbraid the French conquerors of England for bereaving us of our old inflections; it

would be more to the purpose to inveigh against the great Norse settlement two hundred years before William's landing. What happened in Northumbria and Eastern Mercia will always take place when two kindred tribes are thrown together. An intermingling either of Irish with Welsh, or of French with Spaniards, or of Poles with Bohemians, would break up the old inflections and grammar of each nation, if there were no acknowledged standard of national speech whereby the tide of corruptions might be stemmed.

When such an intermingling takes place, the endings of the verb and the substantive are not always caught, and therefore speedily drop out of the mouths of the peasantry. In our own day this process may be seen going on in the United States. Thousands of Germans settle there, mingle with English-speakers, and thus corrupt their native German. They keep their own words indeed, but they clip the heads and tails of these words, as the Dano-Anglians did many hundred years ago.

About the year 970, another work was compiled in Northern English, the Lindisfarne Gospels.<sup>1</sup> I give a specimen of words, taken from these, side by side with the corresponding West Saxon. A great many of the corruptions of the Old English, already found in the Psalter and Rushworth Gospels, are here repeated. Two or three of the forms, given in the second column, are not peculiar to the North.

<i>Southern English.</i>	<i>Northern English.</i>	<i>Modern English.</i>
Gemang	Himong	Among
Na mara	Noht mara	Not more

<sup>1</sup> See a specimen of these in my Appendix, Chapter VII.

<i>Southern English.</i>	<i>Northern English.</i>	<i>Modern English.</i>
Cildru	Cildes	Children
Steorra	Sterra	Star
Burgwaru	Burguaras	Burghers
Bréost	Brest	Breast
Axode	Ascade	Asked
Hi	Ða	They
Sunu	Sona	Son
Synd	Arun	Are
Eow	Iuh	You
Endlufon	Ællefno	Eleven
Leofath	Hlifes	Lives ( <i>vivit</i> )
Bóhton	Bochton	Bought
Begeondan	Bihionda	Beyond
Betweonan	Bituien	Between
Clæn-heortan	Claene of hearte	Clean of heart
Eorþan sealt	Eorþes salt	Earth's salt
Swa hwylc swa	Sua hua	Whoso
Ge gehyrdon	Herde ge	Heard ye
Gewefen	Gewoefen	Woven
Ic secge eow	Ic cueðo iuh to	Quoth I to you
Hwitne gedón	Huit geuirce	To make white
Ge biddað	Gie bidde	Ye bid
Magon gé	Maga gie	May ye
Eorþ, þær rust is	Eorð, huer rust is	Earth, where rust is
Beforan	Before	Before
Geat <sup>1</sup>	Gæt	Gate
Treow	Tré	Tree
Fæder willan	Faderes willo	Father's will
Getimbrode	Getimberde	Timbered ( <i>built</i> )
Lið	Liges	Lies ( <i>jacet</i> )

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<sup>1</sup> A Gloucestershire drill-sergeant will to this day tell his yeomanry to 'dra swurds, and come round like a gee-ut,' when they wheel. Our classic modern English comes from shires far to the East of Gloucester.

<i>Southern English.</i>	<i>Northern English.</i>	<i>Modern English.</i>
Swa hwæder	Sua huiðer	Whitherso
Heofenan scyp	Heofnes scipp	Heaven's ship
Eapelicre	Eaður	Easier
Dohtor	Dohter	Daughter
Slæpð	Slepes	Sleeps
Wyrhta	Wercmonn	Workman
Sward <sup>1</sup>	Suord	Sword
Gæð	Gaað	Goeth
Drige	Dryia	Dry
Wolde ofslean	Walde ofslae	Would slay
Leógeras	Legeras	Liars
Hund	Hundrað	Hundred
Muð twegra oððe þreora	Muð tuoe oððe ðrea	Mouth of two or three
Ðrittig	Ðrittih	Thirty
On þysum	In ðisum	In these
Heonon	Hena	Hence
Ðriwa	Ðriga	Thrice

The Norsemen, breathing fire and slaughter, have for ever branded, as we see, their mark upon England's tongue. Northern English had become very corrupt since the year 800 ; as I before said, the intermingling of two kindred tribes, like the Angles and Norsemen, must tend to shear away the endings of substantives and verbs. The third Persons, both Singular and Plural, of the Present tense now often end in *s* instead of *th*, as *he onsæces* ; we follow the North in daily life, but we listen to the Southern form when we go to Church. The ð of the Imperative also becomes *s*, as *wyrças* instead of *wyrcað* ;

<sup>1</sup> See note on p. 49.

the Scotch still say, *gies me*, instead of *give me*. New idioms crop up, which would have astonished Alfred or Ælfric: we find *full of fiscum* for *plenus piscium*.

The Old English Plural of nouns in *an* is now changed, and *hearta* replaces *heartan*; *sad havock* is made in all the other cases. The Genitive Singular and Nominative Plural in *es* swallow up the other forms. Thus we came back to the old Aryan pattern, in all but a few plurals like *oxen*.<sup>1</sup> Such new-fangled Genitives Singular as *sterres*, *brydgumes*, *heartes*, *tunges*, *fadores*, and such Nominative Plurals as *stearras*, *burgas*, and *culfras*, are now found. There is a tendency to confound Definite with Indefinite Adjectives. The Dative Plural in *um* is sometimes dropped.

In short, we see the foreshadowing of the New English forms. The South, where the Norsemen could never gain a foothold, held fast to the old speech; and many *forms* of King Alfred's time, now rather corrupted, linger on to this day in Dorset and Somerset; though these shires are not so rich in old *words* as Lothian is. The North, overrun by the Danes, was losing its inflections not long after King Alfred's death. Even in the South, Norse words were taking root; some are found in Canute's day; and William I., addressing his Londoners in their own tongue, says that he will not allow 'pæt ænig man eow ænig *wrang* beode.' This *wrang* (*malum*) comes from the Scandinavian *rangr* (*obliquus*); it drove out the Old English *woh*.

I shall consider elsewhere the effect of the Norman

<sup>1</sup> There is a wrong notion abroad that the German Plural in *ens* is more venerable than the English Plural in *es*.

Conquest upon England's speech. I give in my Appendix a specimen of the East Anglian dialect, much akin to the Northumbrian, written not long after the battle of Hastings.<sup>1</sup> In the Legend of St. Edmund, the holy man of Suffolk, we see the forms *þe*, *ðe*, and *the*, all replacing the old *se*; the cases of the substantive and the endings of the verb are clipped; the prefix *ge* is seldom found, and *iset* stands for the old Participle *geset*. As to the Infinitive, the old *dælfan* becomes *dælfe*; the Dative *heom* replaces the old Accusative *hî*, as *heom wat gehwa*, each knows them. The adjective does not agree in case with the substantive; as *mid æpele ðeawum*. *An heora* is turned into *án mon of him*; a corruption that soon spread over the South. The preposition is uncoupled from the verb in our bad modern fashion; as *slogon of þæt hæfod*, smote off the head.<sup>2</sup> Rather later, this preposition *of*, when used as an adverb, was to have a form of its own. The first letter is pared away from *hlaford*; the Anglian *alle* replaces the Southern *ealle*. *Eode* is making way for *wende* (*ivit*); and we find such forms as *child*, *nefre*, *healed*, *fologede*, instead of *cild*, *næfre*, *hælod*, *fyligde*. *Hál* (*sanus*) gets the new meaning of *integer* at p. 88: from it comes both our *hale* and our *whole*.

But other parts of England besides Suffolk were corrupting the old speech. In the years set down in the different Chronicles, after the Norman Conquest, we see new

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Thorpe, in his *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica*, looks upon the Legend, which he prints, as an East Anglian work.

<sup>2</sup> This uncoupling sometimes adds to our stores of expression; to *throw over* is different from to *overthrow*.

forms; as in the account of Stamford Bridge fight, in 1066, *þa com an oper* (here the *an* has no business), 'then came another; ' *æfre þe oðer man*, 'every other man' (year 1087). Moreover, we begin to light on expressions such as *sume of þam cnihtan* (year 1083); *toscyfton to his mannon* (year 1085); *yrfenuma of eallon* (year 1091). *Wifman* (mulier) is cut down to *wimman* in 1087; the process of casting out a consonant (coming in the middle of a word) went on for two hundred years and more. The Latin *amavisse* had become *amásse* centuries earlier. We see that *wiðutan*, which of old meant no more than *extra*, has gained the new sense of *sine* in 1087, as we now mostly use it. The great William, we hear, would have won Ireland *wiðutan ælcon wepnon*.<sup>1</sup> Still, the monks did their best to write classic English, down to about the year 1120.

England has been happy, beyond her Teutonic sisters, in the many and various stores of her oldest literature that have floated down the stream of Time. Poems scriptural and profane, epics, war-songs, riddles, translations of the Bible, homilies, prayers, treatises on science and grammar, codes of law, wills, charters, chronicles set down year by year, tales, and dialogues—all these (would that we took more interest in them!) are our rich inheritance. In spite of the havock wrought

<sup>1</sup> This of old would have been *bútan*. Our *but* still expresses *nisi, præter, quin, sed, verùm*; in Scotland, I believe, it may still stand for *extra* and *sine*. Our fathers must have thought that too great a load was thrown upon one word.

at the Reformation, no land in Europe can show such monuments of national speech for the 400 years after A.D. 680 as England boasts. And nowhere else can we so clearly mark the national speech slowly swinging round from the Old to the New.

Take the opposite case of Italy. In 1190 we find Falcandus holding in scorn the everyday speech of his countrymen, and compiling a work in the Old Italian (that is, Latin), such as would have been easily read by Cæsar or Cicero. Falcandus trod in the path that had been followed by all good Italian writers for 1200 years; but two or three years after his book had been written, we find his countryman, Ciullo d'Alcamo, all of a sudden putting forth the first known poem in the New Italian, a poem that would now be readily understood by an unlettered soldier like Garibaldi.

In Italy, there is a sudden spring from the Old to the New, at least in written literature; but in England the change is most slow. I have already traced the corruption shown in the Northumbrian writings. In the Peterborough Chronicle of 1120, we see an evident effort to keep as near as may be to the old Winchester standard of English. Some of the inflections indeed are gone, but the writer puts *eall* for the *all* that came into his everyday speech, and looks back for his pattern to King Alfred's writings. In 1303, we find a poem, written by a man born within fifteen miles of Peterborough: the diction of this Midland bard differs hardly at all from what we speak under Queen Victoria. Nothing in philology can be more interesting than these 180 years, answering roughly to the lives of our first

Angevin King, of his son, grandson, and great-grandson.

The plan I follow is this. I shall first give specimens of prose and poetry written within the Mercian Danelagh and East Anglia, where our classic New English was born.

To each specimen I shall add a contrast, being some poem or treatise, written outside the aforesaid district, either in the South, the West, or the North. The samples from within the Danelagh, and from its Essex and Yorkshire border, will be seen boldly to foreshadow what is to come; the samples from shires lying to the South and West of the Danelagh will show tokens of a fond lingering love for what is bygone. In the Midland district I have named, there was the same mingling of Angles and Danes that we find in the shires where the Northumbrian Gospels were translated.

#### THE EAST MIDLAND DIALECT.

(About 1120.)

Of all cities, none has better earned the homage of the English patriot, the English scholar, and the English architect, than Peterborough. Her Abbot was brought home, sick unto death, from the field of Hastings; her monks were among the first Englishmen who came under the Conqueror's frown. Her Minster suffered more from Hereward and his Norse friends than from her new French Abbot, Tuold. At Peterborough our history was compiled, not in Latin but in English; the English that had grown up from

the union of many generations of Danes and Angles, dwelling not far from Rutland. Without the Peterborough Chronicle, we should be groping in the dark for many years, in striving to understand the history of our tongue.

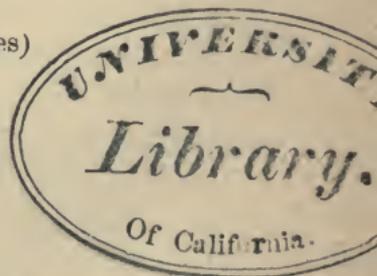
This Chronicle bears the mark of many hands. It is likely that various passages in it were copied from older chronicles, or were set down by old men many years after the events recorded had taken place. A fire, whereby the old Abbey and town of Peterborough were burnt to the ground in 1116, marks a date both in English Architecture and in English Philology. After that year arose the noble choir, which has happily escaped the doom of Glastonbury and Walsingham. After that year, monks were sent out to copy the English chronicles of other Abbeys, and thus to replace the old Peterborough annals, which must have been burnt in the fire.<sup>1</sup> The copyists thus handed down to us a mass of good English prose, a great contrast to the forged charters, drawn up in the Midland speech of 1120, which were newly inserted in the Chronicle. It is with these last that my business lies, as also with the local annals of Peterborough, taken down from the mouths of old men who could remember the doughty deeds of Hereward and his gang fifty years earlier, when men of Danish blood in the East and North were still hoping to shake off William's yoke.

<sup>1</sup> I here follow Mr. Earle in his account of the Saxon Chronicles. The cock and bull tales in the forged Charters of the Abbey are most amusing to any one who knows the true history of England in the Seventh Century.

I now show how the Old English had changed in the Danelagh before the year 1131, at which date the first Peterborough compilers seem to have laid aside their pens. This reign of King Henry I. is the most interesting of all reigns to a student of English.

As to letter changes, the old *h* sometimes becomes *ch*, as *burch* for *burh*; this prevailed over the Eastern side of England, from London to York; though *gh* came to be more used than *ch*. We see that the diphthong, which our fathers loved, was to drop; for *efre* (*semper*) sometimes replaces *æfre*. These two changes appeared long before in the Lindisfarne Gospels. The Old English Article, *se*, *seo*, *þæt*, becomes hopelessly confused in its cases and genders; we are not far from the adoption of *the*, to do duty for them all. Our old *ð* was often laid aside for *th*, the latter being better known to the Normans. There is a tendency to get rid of the letter *g* in every part of a word; thus we find

Dæg	becomes	dæi (day)
Geátweard	„	iateward (porter) <sup>1</sup>
Cæg	„	keie (key) <sup>2</sup>
Þægnâs	„	ðæines (thanes)
Ealmihtig	„	ælmihti
Sárig	„	sari
Agen	„	an (proprius)
Ænig	„	ani



<sup>1</sup> *G* sometimes changed to *y*, and then centuries later, in Standard English, changed back to *g* again; as we see in this word *gate*, still called by the Scotch *yett*.

<sup>2</sup> Here the Northern *k* begins to replace the Old Southern *c*.

Legdon	becomes	leidon
Sægde	„	εeide
Læg	„	læi
Mæg	„	mæi
Geornden	„	iornden (yearned)

*F* in the middle of a word was often replaced by *v*; thus *we geafon* becomes *we gaven*, and *lufe* becomes *luve*; this change was still more marked in the South. The Old English *heorá* and *him* (in Latin, *eorum* and *eis*) now change into *here* and *hem*. This last we still use in phrases like, *give it 'em well*; and this Dative Plural drove out the old Accusative *hî*. In the same way the Dative Singular *him* at this time drove out the Accusative *hine*; the latter is now only found in the mouths of peasants, as '*hit un hard*.' Squire Western, who was above a peasant (at least in rank), loved this old phrase. The Article *seo* replaces the Old English *heô* (in Latin, *ea*); and the accusative of *heô*, which of old was *hî*, is now seen as *hire* in the account of the year 1127. *Eôwer* becomes *iure* (your). The relative Neuter pronoun *þæt* is now no longer confined to the Neuter Singular antecedent, but follows Plurals, just as we use it; thus, in the forged Charter of the year 656, we find, *ealle þa þing þ. ic wat*. It soon came to follow Masculines and Feminines, much as we employ it now. The nominative *Who* did not come in as a Relative till the next Century. Many short English words now approached their modern form; what we found long ago in the Northumbrian Gospels is now repeated at Peterborough.

<i>Old English.</i>	<i>Peterborough Chronic'le.</i>
Ðreô	ðre
Æne	ænes (once)
Twîwa	twiges (twice)
Feôwer	fower (four)
Feawa	feuna (few)
Oðer	an oþre (another)
Swâ hwâ swâ	hwa swa (whoso)
Hund	hundred
Nán	nun
Seofôða	seouepende (seventh)
þanon	thenen (thence)
þisne	this
Betweox	Betwix
Onmang	Amang
Forþi	þærfore
Sóna	son (soon)

In Nouns the Dative Plural in *um* has long vanished ; there is a general break-up of case-endings ; and the Nominative Plural in *as* (now *es*) is swallowing up all the other Declensions. The Definite and Indefinite forms of Adjectives were jumbled together, and the agreement of their cases with those of Substantives was no longer heeded.

Seolfer	becomes	siluer
Suná	„	sunes (sons)
Naman	„	nam (name)
Hlaford <sup>1</sup>	„	lauerd (lord)
Leoht	„	liht
Heáfod	„	heafed (head)
Munecan	„	muneces (monks)
Hus	„	huses (houses)

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<sup>1</sup> The *h* before another consonant now begins to drop, in the approved Anglian fashion.

A good English writer of the Eleventh Century would have been shocked at the corrupt replacing of the old Genitive by such a phrase as this, in the account of the great Peterborough fire in 1116: '*bærnde eall þa mæste dæl of þa tuna;*' '*ic am witesse of þas Gewrite.*' Henceforward, *of* was used most freely, at least in the Danelagh. Prepositions were disjoined from the verbs; in the forged Charter of 963 we find *he draf út* instead of the old *he utdráf*. These changes we saw earlier in St. Edmund's Legend. We find *al* used instead of the old Genitive *ealra*; the latter form still lingers in Shakspeare, as *alderliest*. The helpful word *man* shrinks into *me*; as in the phrase of the year 1124, *him me hit beræfode*, 'one bereaved him of it,' or as we say now, 'he was bereaved of it.' This idiom lasted for 160 years more in the Danelagh, and much longer in the South.

We see *for to* employed in a new sense in the year 1127, like the kindred French *pour*; *se kyng hit dide for to hauene sibbe*, the king did it to have peace. Hence the well-known question, 'what went ye out for to see?' We suppress the *for* in modern speech.

The old *ælc* now becomes *ilca*, and still lingers in Scotland; in the South we say, *each*. The phrase, *ne belæf þær noht an* (there remained not one), in the account of the year 1131, shows how *noht* was by degrees replacing the ancient *ne*. The old *swithre* now gives way to *right* (dextera), just as the still older *teso* (in Gothic, *taihswō*) long before made room for *swithre*.

In the year 1124, *heftning* appears; and some old monk, who aimed at correctness, has put the *u*, the proper letter to be used, above the *i* in the manuscript.

The Verb, as written at Peterborough in Henry the First's day, is wonderfully changed from what it was in the Confessor's time.

<i>Old English.</i>	<i>Peterborough.</i>
Lufige	Lufe (love)
Lufôde	luuede (loved)
Sceolde	scolde (should)
Eom	Am
Beô	be ( <i>sît</i> )
Beoð	be ( <i>sunt</i> )
Wæs	was
Geræden	geredd (read)
Hyded	hidde (hidden)
Yrnð	renneth (currit)
Ge-coren	cosen (chosen)
Bleowon	blewen (blew)
Heald	held
Meahte	mihte
Habban	hafen (have)
Gesewon	gesene (seen)
Bearn	bærnde (burnt)

The Infinitive now drops the *n*, as in the Northumbrian Gospels. In Pope Agatho's forged charter of 675, we find '*ic wille segge,*' I will say: this should have been *seggan*. The *ge*, prefixed to the Past Participle, now drops altogether in the Danelagh; the Norsemen, having nothing of the kind, forced their maimed Participle upon us. The *ge*, slightly altered, is found to this day in shires where the Norsemen never settled. Thus, in Dorset and Somerset they say, 'I have *a-heard,*' the old *gehyrde*. One Past Participle, *gehaten*, still lingered on in the Midland for fourscore years after the paring down of all its brethren. No Teutonic country was fonder of this *ge* in old times than Southern England.

The *ge* in nouns is also dropped. *Scír-gerefa* turns into *scirreve*, which is not far from *sherriff*.

But we now come to the great change of all in Verbs, the Shibboleth which is the sure mark of a Midland dialect, and which we should be using at this moment, had the printing-press only come to England thirty years earlier than it did. The Old English Present Plural of verbs ended in *að*, as *wé hýgrað*, *gê hýgrað*, *hí hýgrað*. It has been thought that, after the common English fashion, an *n* has been here cast out, which used to follow the *a*. But the peasants in some of our shires may have kept the older form *hýgranð*; as we find the peasants on the Rhine using three different forms of the Present Plural; to wit, *liebent*, *liebet*, and *lieben*.<sup>1</sup> Bearing this parallel case in mind, we can understand how the Present Plural of the Mercian Danelagh came to end in *en* and not in *að*. The Peterborough Chronicle, in Henry the First's reign, uses *liggen*, *havesen*, for the Plural of the Present of Verbs; we even find *lin* for *liggen*. This is the Midland form. The Southern form would be *liggeth*, *habbeth*; a slight alteration of the Old English. The Northern form, spoken beyond the Humber, would be *ligges*, *haves*, as we saw in the Northumbrian Gospels. Another Shibboleth of English dialects is the Active Participle. In the North this ended in *ande*, the Norse form. In the Midland it became *ende*, the Old English form, though in Lincolnshire and East Anglia this was often supplanted by the Danish *ande*. In the South, it ended in *inde*, as we shall soon see. To take an example, *we stand singing*.

<sup>1</sup> Garnett's *Essays*, p. 142.

*North.*—We standes singande.

*Midland.*—We standen singende.

*South.*—We standeth singinde.

This Midland form of the Present Plural is still alive in Lancashire. The Southern form is kept in the famous Winchester motto, 'Manners *maketh* Man.'

Much shocked would an English scholar, sixty years earlier, have been at such a sentence as this, the last but one of the Chronicle for the year 1127: *ne cunne we iett noht seggon*, we can say nought yet. It is curious to mark the slow corruption of the old tongue: *on pyssum geare, on þis gær, þis gear*.

Many words, common to us and to our brethren on the mainland, live on in the mouths of the common folk for hundreds of years ere they can win their way into books. Thus Mr. Tennyson puts into the mouth of his Lincolnshire farmer the word *buzzard-clock* for a certain insect. No such word as *clock* can be found in the Anglo-Saxon dictionaries, though it is tacked on by our peasantry to many other substantives, to stand for various insects. But, on turning to an Old German gloss of wondrous age, we find '*chuleich, scarabæus*.'<sup>1</sup> We shall meet many other English words, akin to the Dutch and High German, which were not set down in writing until the Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Centuries, when these words replaced others that are found in the Anglo-Saxon Dictionary. Some of the strangers are also used by Norse writers; it is thus often hard to tell whether a Teutonic word came to England with Hengist in the Fifth Century or with

<sup>1</sup> See Garnett's *Essays*, p. 68.

Hubba in the Ninth Century. Perhaps the safest distinction is to draw a line through Ipswich, Northampton, and Shrewsbury: in the case of strange Teutonic words that crop up to the North of this line, we should lean to Scandinavia; in the opposite case, to Friesland. Thus, in the account of the year 1118, we find *wyrre*, our *war*; this reminds us of the Old Dutch *werren*; in Latin, *militare*. In 1124, the new form *bærlic*, our *barley*, replaces the old *bere*, which still lingers in Scotland. *Cnawlece* (acknowledge) is seen for the first time in a forgery inserted in the account of the year 963. As might be expected, Scandinavian words, long used by the Dano-Anglian peasantry, were creeping into written English prose. The Norse *bathe* (ambo) drove out the Old English *ba* and *butu*. In the forged charter inserted in the annals of 656, we read of the hamlet Grætecros; the last syllable of this comes from the Norse *kross*, and it was this word, not the French *croix*, that supplanted our Old English *rôd* (rood). In 1128, we find the phrase, ‘*þurh his micle wiles*’; this new word, which is still in our mouths, comes from the Scandinavian *vaela* (decipere). In 1131, we see ‘*þa wæs tenn ploges*’; the substantive is from the Scandinavian *plôgr*; English is the only Teutonic tongue that of old lacked this synonym for *aratrum*. The Scandinavian *fra* replaces the Old English *fram*; and we still say, ‘to and fro.’ Where an older writer would have written ‘*on ðe norð half*,’ the Peterborough Chronicler for 1131 changes *on* into *o*; from this new form, which soon spread into the South, we get our *aloft*, *aright*, and such like. We may still write either *ashore* or *on shore*.

EAST MIDLAND DIALECT OF 1120.

Extracts from a forged Peterborough Charter (inserted in the year 656):

Da seonde se kyning æfter þone abbode þet he æues-  
*Then sent the king after the abbot that he speedily*  
 telice scolde to him cumon. and he swa dyde. Ða cwæð  
*should come so did quoth*  
 se kyning to þan abbode. La leof Sæxulf. ic haue ge-seond  
*Lo, loved I have sent*  
 æfter þe for mine saule þurfe. and ic hit wile þe wæl  
*thee soul's need it will well*  
 secgon for hwi. Min broðor Peada and min leoue freond  
*say why brother loved friend*  
 Oswi ongunnen an mynstre Criste to loue and Sancte  
*began minster to Christ's glory*  
 Petre. Oc min broþer is faren of þisse liue. swa swa Crist  
*But gone from life as*  
 wolde. Oc ic wile þe gebidden. la leoue freond. þat hii  
*pray to they*  
 wirce æuostlice on þere werce. and ic þe wile finden  
*may work diligently the*  
 þærto gold and siluer. land and ahte. and al þet þærto  
*goods*  
 behofeð. Ða feorde se abbot ham. and ongan to wircene.  
*behoves went home began*  
 Swa he spedde swa him Crist huðe. swa þet in feuna  
*So as granted few*  
 geare wæs þat mynstre gare. Ða þa kyning heorda þæt  
*years ready. When heard*  
 gesecgon. þa wærd se swiðe glæd. heot seonden geond  
*said was he right glad he bade through*  
 al hi þeode æfter alle his þægne. æfter ærcebiscop. and  
*his people thanes*  
 æfter biscopes. and æfter his eorles. and æfter alle þa  
*those*

þe Gode luedon, þat hi scoldon to him cumene. and  
*that* *come*  
 seotte þa dæi hwonne man scolde þat mynstre gehalegon.  
*set* *day* *when* *hallow*

And ic bidde ealle þa þa æfter me cumen. beon hi mine  
*all those that* *be they*  
 sunes. beon hi mine breðre. ouþer kyningas þa æfter me  
*or* *kings*  
 cumen. þat ure gyfe mote standen. swa swa hi willen  
*our gift may*  
 beon delnimende on þa ece lif. and swa swa hi wilen  
*partakers in the eternal*  
 ætbeorstan þet ece wite. Swa hwa swa ure gife ouþer  
*escape* *punishment. Whosoever*  
 oþre godene manne gyfe wansiað. wansie him seo  
*of other good men lessens the*  
 heofenlice iateward on heofenrice. And swa hwa swa  
*heavenly gate-ward heaven-kingdom*  
 hit eceð. ece him seo heofenlice iateward on heofenrice.  
*increases*  
 Ðas sindon þa witnes þe þær wæron. and þa þat gewriten  
*These are* *wrote*  
 mid here fingre on Cristes mele. and ietten mid here  
*with their* *cross* *agreed*  
 tunge. . . . Ðes writ wæs gewriton æfter ure.  
*Lord's* *birth*  
 Drihtnes acennednesse DCLXIII. þes kyningas  
*seventh*  
 Wulhferes seouþende gear. þes ærcebiscopes Deusdedit  
 IX gear. Leidon þa Godes curs. and ealre halgane curs.  
*They laid then* *saints'*  
 and al cristene folces. þe ani þing undyde þat þær wæs  
 gedon. swa beo hit seið alle. Amen.  
*done so be it say*

## THE CONTRAST TO THE EAST MIDLAND.

(About A.D. 1120.)

Ure hlaford almihtig God wile and us hot þat we hine  
 lufie. and of him smage and spece. naht him to mede ac  
 hus to fremme and to fultume. for him seige alle hiscefte.  
 . . . Gif non man ne þoht of Gode. non ne spece of  
 him. Gif non of him ne spece. non hine ne lufede. Gif  
 non hine ne lufede. non to him ne come. ne delende. nere  
 of his eadinesse. nof his merhðe. Hit is wel swete of  
 him to specene. þenche gie ælc word of him swete. al  
 swa an huni tiar felle upe giure hierte. Heo is hefene  
 liht and eorðe brihtnesse. loftes leom. and all hiscefte  
 gimston. anglene blisse. and mancenne hiht and hope.  
 richtwisen strenhepe. and niedfulle frouer.<sup>1</sup>

Page 219. Seraphim *birninde* oðer anhelend.God lét hi habben ágen *chíre*, to *chíesen*.,, 221. Forgáng þu *ones* treówes westm.,, 235. He cweð *a* wunder worder.,, 223. Þa weran *boðe* deadlice.,, 225. Ic wille halden þe and *tí* wif.Ic wille settan *mi* wed (covenant).,, 233. He us forðteh *alse* is *cyldren*.Feder, of *wam* we sielpe habbeð.,, 235. Bárn of hire *ogen* innoð.Gif ic fader *ham*.*Wer* laðieres *móche*.,, 239. *Wic* zéie, *wic* dredness wurð.*Birne* *alse* *longe* as ic lesie.

<sup>1</sup> *Old English Homilies*, edited by Dr. Morris (Early English Text Society), p. 217. These go to p. 245. The passage I give above is an original one of the transcriber's, written long after Ælfric's time.

This Southern English, as anyone may see, is far more archaic than the English of Peterborough. After the year 1000, Ælfric wrote many homilies in the English of his day, and these were popular in our land long after his death. A clean sweep, it is true, was made of a Latin sentence of his, wherein he upholds the old Teutonic idea of the Eucharist, and overturns the new-fangled Transubstantiation, a doctrine of which Lanfranc, seventy years later, was the great champion in England.<sup>1</sup> But otherwise Ælfric's teaching was thought sound, and his homilies were more than once turned into the corrupt English of succeeding centuries. We have one of these versions, drawn up about the time of the forged Peterborough charters; this is headed by the extract given above. The East Midland, with its stern contractions, is like the Attic of Thucydides; the Southern English, with its love of vowels and dislike of the clipping process, resembles the Ionic of Herodotus. The work we have now in hand, being written far to the South of the Mercian Danelagh, holds fairly well by the Old English forms; thus, instead of the Peterborough *ðe*, we find the older *se*, *si*, *pat*; and we sometimes meet with the old Dative Plural in *um*, though the old Genitive is often replaced by the form with *of*, and the endings of Verbs are often clipped. A guess may be given as to the place where these Homilies were adapted to the common speech. Forms like *fer* (ignis) and *gelt* (scelus) point to some shire near Kent. The combination *ie*, used by King Alfred, is here found,

<sup>1</sup> See Faber's *Difficulties of Romanism* (Third Edition, p. 260) as to erasures made in Ælfric's text by theologians of a later age.

and does not appear later except in Kent and Essex. The letter *o* in this work begins to supplant the old *a*, though not often. This corruption is found in full vigour a hundred years later both in Suffolk and Dorset. Some town lying nearly half-way between the two shires, may have given birth to the new form. We now find *mor*, *long*, *non*, *ogen* (own), and *haligost*, for the old *már*, *lang*, *nán*, *ágen*, and *hálig gást*. Moreover, as we learn from the Conqueror's English charter to London, the great city was the abode of a large French-speaking population. From these men (Becket's father was one of them), it seems likely that their English fellow-subjects learned to turn the hard *c* into the soft *ch*; *ceósan* and *rice* into *chiésen* and *riche*. Long before this time, the French *castel* had become *chastel*.<sup>1</sup> The changes of the *a* and the *c*, most sparingly found as yet, are the two main corruptions that our Standard English has borrowed from the South. Yet the old sounds are apt to linger in proper names; as in Aldgate and Peakirk—a village not far from Rutland. The letter *h* is now often found wrongly used, or is dropped at the beginning of words. We find the true Southern shibboleth, the Active Participle ending in *inde*, as *birnind* instead of the old *birnendé*. Fourscore years later, this was to be still further corrupted. In page 235, we find *pes wer isent*. This of old would have been *wéron gesended*. The old English *án* is now pared down into *a*, and is sometimes also seen as *one*; so *nán ping* become *na ping*. What was *bathe* at Peterborough is found in the Homi-

<sup>1</sup> The French *escole* (schola) appears in these *Homilies* (p. 243) as *iscole*.

lies as *bothe*, the Gothic *bayoths* and the Sanscrit *ubhau*. Danish influence was making itself felt on the Thames. The form *abec* (aback, in Gothic *ibukai*) is seen, like the Midland *o þe half*; *in þe* is shortened into *i ðe*. *Ealswa* is cut down into *alse* and then into *as*, the most rapid of all our changes; thus we have formed two new words, *also* and *as*, out of one old word. *Mīn* and *þīn* are shortened into *mī* and *tī*.

We now find the first use of our New English Relative Pronoun. *Hwā* and *hwylc* were never so employed of yore; the former answered to the Latin *quis*, not to *qui*; but our tongue was now subject to French influence. As yet, the Genitive and Dative alone of *hwa*, not the Nominative, are used to express the Relative. *Teonðe* and *sefentize* are found instead of *teoða* and *hundseofontig*. *Swylc*, *hwylc*, and *mycel* now become *swice*, *wice*, and *moche*; further changes are to come forty years later. *Cildru* turns into *cyldren*, for the South of England, unlike the North, always loved the Plural in *en*, of which the Germans are so fond. *Ége* becomes *azéie*, not far from our modern *awe*; the *g* is softened into *y* or *i*, especially at the beginning of Past Participles. The new letter *ȝ* now appears to replace the old hard *g*; it lasted for nearly 350 years. Thanks to it, we wrote *citeien*, the old French word, as *citezen* in 1340, and in 1380 pronounced it *citisen*. Thus the Scottish *Dalyell* and *Mackenyie* have become *Dalziel* and *Mackenzie*.<sup>1</sup> The former *hē hofað gewesen* is now seen as *he hað íbí* (he hath been), a wondrous change; *hæfde* becomes *had*,

<sup>1</sup> About 1340, *cnokeȝ* was written for *knocks*. See the Lancashire specimen, given in Chapter III.

and *we wæren* is shortened into *we wer*. *Agén, áefre, pás, neah, genoh, yfel, bydel*, are replaced by *azénes, efer, pes, nieh, innoh, ewyl, bedele* (against, ever, these, nigh, enough, evil, beadle). *For* is now found for the first time, answering to the Latin *enim*; and *bread* (*panis*) replaces the old *hlaƿ*. This reign of Henry the First is indeed an age of change, both in the Midland and in the South. Old English words were becoming strange to English ears. Thus the adapter of the Homilies in this reign has to add the word *laga* to explain *á*, the Latin *lex* (p. 227). A verb sometimes gets a new sense; thus the old *ágan*, which of old meant nothing more than *possidere*, comes now to stand for *debere*; *he is ofer us and ah to bienne* (ought to be), p. 233; there is also *pu ahst* (*debes*). *Burch* is found instead of *burh*, as we saw it at Peterborough; and *ch* often replaces the old *h*, as *richtwis, michti, nachte* (*nihil*); in the word *zeworhte* we see a mixture of both the forms. We now find a budding corruption that is for ages the sure mark of a Southern dialect; namely, the turning of the old *i* or *y* into *u*. Thus *swipen* here becomes *swupen* (p. 239),<sup>1</sup> and the old *mycele* is sometimes seen as *mucele*. This particular change has not greatly affected our Standard English, except that we use the Southern *much* and *such* instead of the old *mycel* and *swylc*. We once see the *w* thrown out of *swa*, for we read *sa ful* (p. 233). *Hatrede* is found for the first time as well as *hate*.

A few lines on The Grave, printed by Mr. Thorpe in his *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica* (p. 142), seem to belong to

<sup>1</sup> This old word only survives among cricketers, who make good *swipes*.

this time. In this piece we find for the first time in English the word *lah* or *lage* (humilis): 'Hit bið unheh and *lah*; ðe hele-wages beoð *lage*.' The Scandinavian and Frisian have words akin to this. Fourscore years later, we find the verb *to lazhenn* (to lower); and almost two hundred years further on, we light on *bi loogh* (below). We thus in Chaucer's time compounded a new preposition out of an adjective.

#### THE EAST MIDLAND DIALECT.

(About 1160.)

We now skip thirty years, and once more return to the neighbourhood of Rutland. The Peterborough Chronicle seems to have been laid aside for many years after 1131. England was at this time groaning under some of the worst sorrows she has ever known; we have come to the nineteen winters when Stephen was King. As soon as these evil days were over, and England had begun her happy course (this has lasted, with but few checks, for more than seven hundred years<sup>1</sup>), the Peterborough monks went on with their Chronicle. Their language was becoming more and more corrupt; but the picture they set before us of King Stephen's days is a marvel of power, and shows the sterling stuff that a Monastic writer often had in him.

The English, which we are now to weigh, dates from about the year 1160. More Norse forms crop up; we find *cyrceiærd* (kirkyard) formed on the Norse pattern, instead of the Old English *cirictune*. When King Stephen lays hold of Earl Randolph, he is said to

<sup>1</sup> Even our few civil wars have commonly in the end furthered the good estate of the realm.

act through 'wicci rede.' This is the first appearance in our island of the common word *wicked*, a word which Mr. Wedgwood derives from Lapland or Esthonia. There is a change in the meaning of words; thus *wær* of old meant *cantus*, but it now gets the new sense of *sciens*; as in the account of the year 1140, 'he wart it wær,' he became *aware* of it. By this time many of the Southern corruptions had made their way to Rutland and its neighbourhood: thus *o* was beginning to replace *a*; *mor* and *oune* are used instead of *már* and *án*. We see here *æie*, *agenes*, *alsuic*, *alse*, *for*, *onoh*, *a*, just as we saw them in the Homilies; and *ahte* stands for *debut*, following the Southern fashion. What was *hwa swa* thirty years earlier is now *wua sua*, not far from our *whoso*. *Eall* is dropped altogether, in favour of the Anglian *all*. A form, of old found but seldom, now appears instead of *ælc*; to this word *ever* is prefixed, and *æuric* (every) is the result. In this way our fathers afterwards compounded *whoever*, *whatsoever*, and other strange forms. *Ic* makes way for *I*, the old Anglian *ih*, found in the Northumbrian Gospels; *seo* changes into *scæ*, but we have to wait more than a hundred years for our well-known *she*; *hit* becomes *it*. The Southern 'heo hefde íbí' is seen in the Midland as *scæ hadde ben*. The particle *ne* of old was always attached to the verb to express negation; but this *ne* is now replaced by *noht*, our *not*; in the account of 1132, we read, *was it noht lang*. This form was unknown at London for nearly two hundred years afterwards: Peterborough, it is plain, has had more influence upon our speech than London. The Anglian *tíl*

(*usque*), a word never found in the South, replaces the Old English *oð*, which soon vanished altogether. The ending of the Infinitive had already been pared down from *an* into *en* and *e*; it now lost even this; for we find in the account of the year 1135, *sculde cumm* (should come), *durste sei* (durst say); this *sculde* was once *sceolde*.<sup>1</sup> Other corruptions of the Verb are seen in *hi namm* for *hî nâmen*; there is also *he spac*, *he let*, *he mint*; what is now the Scottish form *gæde* (ivit) is found for the first time instead of the old *eôde*. *Læde* (*duxit*) now becomes *læd*, our *led*. *Nefan* becomes *neues*; the Irish peasantry still keep this old form 'nevvies,' rejecting our French-born word 'nephews.' *Cyse*, *niwe*, *treówð*, *ðúman*, *nearo*, become in 1160 *cæse* (cheese), *newue* (new), *treuthe*, *pumbes*, *nareu* (narrow). *On slæp* becomes *an slep*, not far from our *asleep*. We find both *nan treuthe* and *na iustise*, the old and the new form for *nullus*.

Prepositions are not often prefixed to the Verb, but are separated from it; we find such forms as *candles to æten bi*, *he let him ut*, *he sculde cumm ut*. *Wile* is used no longer exclusively as a noun, but like the Latin *dum*; an early instance of a conjunction being thus formed. Our modern *qu* is found instead of the Old English *cw*, as *quarterne*; *c* is giving way to *k*, for we find *smoke* and *snake*. Moreover, we see in the account of the year 1138 the first beginning of a new combination of letters, most common now in our speech; *gh* supplants *g*, as *sloghen* (they slew); we saw something similar in the Homilies.

<sup>1</sup> But the Infinitive in *en* lasted in the South down to the Reformation. Surrey writes, 'I dare well *sayen*.'

This change soon prevailed all through the East Midland, from Essex to Yorkshire. Burch, not the Old English *burh*, is the name given to Peterborough by its Chroniclers. The verbs *can* and *cuthe* are most freely employed; of old, *may* and *might* would have been used. Forms like *thereafter* and *therein* come pretty often, and *altogæder* is seen for the first time. King Stephen, we are told in the account of the year 1137, had treasure, but ‘scatered sotlice;’ that is, ‘dispersed it like a fool.’ This new word *scatter* is akin to the Dutch *schetteren*, which has the same meaning.

EAST MIDLAND DIALECT OF 1160.

Extract from the Peterborough Chronicle for the year 1137.

Ða the suikes undergæton þat he milde man was and  
*When traitors understood*  
 softe and god and na iustise ne dide. þa diden hi alle  
*good no then they*  
 wunder. Hi hadden him manred maked and athes  
*homage made oaths*  
 suoren. ac hi nan treuthe ne heolden. alle hi wæron for-  
*but held*  
 sworn. and here treothes forloren. for æuric rice man  
*forfeited every mighty*  
 his castles makede and agænes him heolden and fylden  
*against*  
 þe land ful of castles. Hi suencten suyðe þa uurecce  
*oppressed sore wretched*  
 men of þe land mid castelweorces. Ða þe castles uuaren  
*castle-works were*  
 maked. þa fylden hi mid deoules and yuele men. Ða  
*devils*

namen hi þa men þe hi wenden þat ani god hefden. bathe  
*took they thought property had*  
 be nihtes and be dæies. carlmen and wimmen. and diden  
*men put*  
 heom in prisun efter gold and sylver. and pined heom  
*them for tortured*  
 untellendlice pining. for ne uuæren næure nan martyrs  
*unspeakable torture no*  
 swa pined also hi wæron. Me hinged up bi the fet and  
*as they*  
 smoked heom mid ful smoke. me hinged bi the thumbs.  
*foul*  
 other bi the hefed. and hengen bryniges on her fet. Me  
*or head hung burning things*  
 dide cnotted strenges abuton here hæved. and uurythen  
*head twisted*  
 to pat it gæde to þe hærnæs. Hi diden heom in quar-  
*went brains prison*  
 terne. þar nadres and snakes and pades wæron inne. and  
*where adders toads*  
 drapen heom swa. Sume hi diden in crucet hus. þat is  
*killed Some house*  
 in an ceste þat was scort and nareu and undep. and dide  
*chest short shallow*  
 scærpe stanes þerinne. and þrengde þe man þærinne. þat  
*sharp stones crushed*  
 him bræcon alle þe limes. In mani of þe castles wæron  
*broke limbs*  
 lof and grim þat wæron rachenteges. þat twa other thre  
*neck-bonds or*  
 men hadden onoh to bæron onne. Þat was sua maced.  
*enough one*  
 þat is fæstned to an beom. and diden an scærp iren abuton  
 þa mannes þrote and his hals. þat he ne myhte nowider-  
*neck in any*  
 wardes ne sitten ne lien ne slepen. oc bæron al þat iren.  
*direction lie but*

Mani þusen hi drapen mid hungær. I ne canne i ne  
*thousands*  
mai tellen alle þe wundes. ne alle þe pines þat hi diden  
wrece men on þis land. and þat lastede þa XIX. wintre  
wile Stephne was king. and ævre it was uerse and  
*worse*  
uerse. . . .

1154.—On þis gær wærd þe king Steph. ded. and be-  
*was*  
byried þer his wif and his sune wæron bebyried æt  
Fauresfeld. þæt minstre hi makeden. Þa þe king was  
ded. ða was þe eorl beionde sæ. and ne durste nan man  
don oþer bute god. for þe micel eie of him.  
*awe*

The year 1135. Micel þing sculde *cumm.*  
*Æuric* man sone rævede. .  
*Wua sua* bare his byrthen. .

THE CONTRAST TO THE EAST MIDLAND.

(About 1160.)<sup>1</sup>

Ure feder þet in heouene is,  
þet is al soð ful iwis.  
weo moten to þeos weordes iseon.  
þet to liue and to saule gode beon.  
þet weo beon swa his sunes iborene.  
þet he beo feder and we him icorene.  
þet we don alle his ibeden.  
and his wille for to reden.  
Loke weo us wið him misdon  
þurh beelzebubes swikedom

<sup>1</sup> *Old English Homilies*, First Series (Early English Text Society),  
p. 55.

he haueð to us muchel nið.  
 alle þa deies of ure sið.  
 abuten us he is for to blenchen.  
 Mid alle his mihte he wule us swenchen.  
 Gif we leornið godes lare.  
 þenne ofþuncheð hit him sare.  
 Bute we bileuen ure ufele iwune.  
 Ne ꝥepeð he noht þet we beon sune.  
 Gif we clepieð hine feder þenne.  
 al þet is us to lutel wunne.  
 halde we godes lage.  
 þet we habbeð of his sage.  
 . . . . .

Page 75. Ic ileue in god þe fede(r) almihti. scup-  
 pende and weldende of heouene and of orðe and of alle  
 iscefte. and ich ileue on þe helende crist. his enlepi sune.  
 ure lauerd. he is ihaten helende for he moncun helede of  
 þan depliche atter. þet þe alde deouel blou on adam and on  
 eue and on al heore ofsprinke. swa þet heore fif-falde  
 mihte hom wes al binumen. þet is hore lust. hore loking.  
 hore blawing. hore smelling. heore feling wes al iattret.

- Page 53. Is afered *leste* þeo eorðe hire trukie.  
 „ 63. For þe saule of *him* is forloren.  
 „ 73. *Ech* mon habbe mot.  
 „ „ Heo sculen heore *bileue* cunnen . .  
 „ 83. Ðe sunne *schineð* þer þurh . .  
 „ „ Ho nimeð al *swuch*.  
 „ 127. *Muchele* mare lue he *scawede* us.  
 „ 129. Heo weren *ipult* ut of paradise.<sup>1</sup>  
 „ 141. Ðer stod a *richt* halue and a *lust*.

<sup>1</sup> Hence our 'put him out.'

Page 145. *Techeð us bi hwiche weie.*

„ 179. Were we . . . swa vuele *bicauhte.*

„ 129. Him þuhte *bicumelic* pet we . . . weren alesede.

The poem, part of which I have set out above, is the earliest long specimen of an English riming metre that is still popular.<sup>1</sup> Having been compiled somewhere about 1160, the work stands about half way between the *Beowulf* and the last work of Mr. Tennyson. The French riming lays, of which our Norman and Angevin rulers were so fond, must have been the model followed by the English bard, whoever he was. In the same volume are many Homilies, which give us a good idea of the English spoken in the South at this time. The following are the main points of difference between them and the Homilies of Henry the First's time.

A new combination of letters, *au* (well known in Gothic), is seen for the first time in English; as *blauwen*, *naut*, *bicauhte*.

<sup>1</sup> The English rimes, written before the Norman Conquest, must have been nothing but an exercise of ingenuity:—

Flah mah fliteð,  
Flan man hwiteð,  
Burg sorg biteð,  
Bald ald ðwiteð,  
Wræc-fæc wriðað.

This is a long poem, printed by Conybeare, *Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, p. xxiii. Mr. Morris, in his *Second Series of Homilies*, contends that the Moral Ode there printed is a transcript of some long English riming poem of the year 1000, or thereabouts. If so, the transcriber must have taken great liberties, in writing words like *bikeihhte* and *serveden* (pp. 239 and 230), *Second Series*. If the original ever turns up, it will be the first of long-lined riming poems in English.

*Oh* is beginning to change into *ou*, as *nout* and *inou* for *noht* and *inoh*.

*O* replaces *a* much oftener than before; *lore*, *strong*, and *nohwer* are examples; we find both *naping* and *noping* (pp. 165 and 181), both *na mon* and *no tunge*.

The diphthong *æ* was losing ground; thus *sæ* becomes *sea*, and *ægðer* becomes *eiðer*; but the combination *ei* has never been popular, at least in Teutonic words.

We sometimes find *v* substituted for *f* at the beginning of a word, as *vette* for *fette* (page 81). It is the influence of the South Western shires that makes us write *vixen* and *vat* instead of the old *fixen* and *fæt*; it is a wonder that we do not also write *vox*. *G* is commonly turned into *y*, but sometimes into *w*; thus *folegede* turns into *folewed* and *laga* into *law*; this is as yet most rare.

France was now dictating much of our pronunciation, and many of the vowels must in this age have been sounded in the same way on either side of the Channel. *Ch* replaces *c* in countless instances. *Cerran* (*verti*) now becomes *cherre*; we still say 'on the jar,'<sup>1</sup> or *ajar*. We also find *chirche*, *leche*, *diche*, *teache*, *biseche* (*beseech*). The verb *seche*, which was elsewhere *seke*, shows whence comes our *search*; the derivation from *chercher*, given even in our latest dictionaries, must be wrong, for *changer* does not become *sange* in English. Still, the intruding *r* in *search* must be due to the French verb. Moreover we see, in

<sup>1</sup> *Pickwick* will keep this alive for ever. Mr. Justice Stareleigh can have been no student of Anglo-Saxon.

page 83, the two forms *scine* and *schine* (shine), the last being a new sound now creeping into English. So popular did it become, that we forced French verbs in *ir* to take the sound, as *cherish* and *flourish*. But the French *cabus* has become *cabbage*, just as Perusia became Perugia. The corrupt forms of 1120, *swice*, *wice*, and *moche*, now become *swulc*, *swuche*, and *sulche* (such); *wilche*, and *hwiche*; *muche* and *muchel*. The old *gylt* becomes *gult* in the South; our *guilt* is a combination of the two. We see a new form in *hwilke time se eure* (which time so ever). *Ælc* (quisque) takes its modern shape of *elche* and *eche*; and *an* is fastened on to it, though as yet very seldom. Thus, at page 91, we read 'heo it delden *elchun*;' that is, to *each one*. *Latost* (ultimus) is cut down to *leste* at page 143; and *py læs þe* is shortened into *leste*, which we still keep. *If* and *neor* replace the old *gif* and *neah*; the first is the Scandinavian *ef*. *Saule of him* is put for *his soul*, simply to eke out a rime; and the *of* is sometimes used as an adverb, with a new spelling, as at page 29, 'zif þin hefet were *offe*.' The word *purhut* (throughout) now appears. *Oðerlicor* now becomes *oðer-weis* (page 31); at page 165 we see *evrema* (evermore); at page 139 the *ævríc* (quisque) of Peterborough is found in its new shape, *efri*: the East Midland corruptions were already beginning to find their way to the South. What was before written *on lif* (in vitâ) is now seen as *alive* (page 161); yet our dictionary-makers, even to this day, will have it that *alive* is an adjective. We see such new forms as *underling* and *fowertene niht* (fortnight). When we find the word *knave child* applied to the infant Saviour at page

77, we get some idea of the degradation undergone by the word *knave* since the Twelfth century. *Bicumelic* now first appears for *decorus*, shortened by us into *comely*; *bicuman* is used for both *decere* and *fieri* (pages 45 and 47). *Lot* also gets a wholly new meaning; at page 31 we read of a 'þridde lot' (*tertia pars*). *Geleafa* now takes its modern form *bileue*, belief; just as *gelitlian* was to become to *belittle*.<sup>1</sup> *Hæs, geong, betst, sorh, deaw, þeau, gescy, légere, and Sunnandæg*, now become *heste, yung, best, sorewe, deu, þewe, sceos* (shoes), *lihzare* (liar), and *Sunnedei* (Sunday). The old *hwilke* had not yet come to stand for the Neuter Relative, for we find 'zetten þurh *hwam*' (gates through which), page 153. We see a new use of *hwat* in the sentence (page 145), 'we beoð in wawe, *hwat for ure eldere werkes, hwat for ure azene gultes.*' We still keep this idiom, but we should now employ *with* instead of *for*. At page 53, we see in two lines both the new *alse feire alse* and the old *swa sone se*. At page 33 we find a form, well known to English witnesses, '*swa me helpe Drihten.*' Our forefathers used to express the Latin *sinister* by *wynstre*, something that was *wanting* in full strength. In these Homilies we find *wynstre* changed into *luft* (left), to which we still cling. There is a kindred word to this in Holland.

As to Verbs; the Participle *iturned* becomes *iturnd* at page 157, with the clipped pronunciation we still use, except at church. We sometimes find the Midland *beon* instead of the Southern *beoth*. At page 21, *we scolden* is used for *we sculen*, and the corruption still holds its

<sup>1</sup> Even so the Sanscrit *gigâmi* is the same word as the Greek βίβημι.

ground. Another form for *debemus*, *we agon*, now becomes *we achten* (we ought), page 167. The old *geworht* is turned into *iwrāt* (wrought). In page 173, we find *hi walkeð eure*. This is our modern sense of the old verb *wealcan*, which before meant nothing but *to roll*. The old *scéadan* (separate) now gets the sense of *fundere* (page 157); the former meaning still lingers in *watershed*. *Stælwyrð* used to mean 'worth stealing;' at page 25 it gets its new sense, *validus*: perhaps it was confounded with *staðelferhð*. The verb *sceáwian* loses its old meaning *spectare*, and gets its new sense *monstrare*, though we still call *spectaculum* a *show*. We know that the word *afford* has puzzled our antiquarians; we find it employed in these Homilies, page 37: 'do pine elmesse of þon þet þu maht *iforðien*.' Bishop Pecock uses *avorthi* in this sense three hundred years later. The old *geforðian* only meant 'to further or help.' Here, at least, we need not seek for help from France.<sup>1</sup> The substantive *cachepol* may be seen, in page 97, applied to St. Matthew's old trade. The verb *catch* is found for the first time with its Past Participle *cauhte*; this Mr. Wedgwood derives from the Picard *catcher*, meaning the same as *chasser*. There is hardly another instance of an English Verb, coming from the French, not ending with *ed* in the Past Participle.<sup>2</sup> To *put* or *pult*, another dark word, is also met with; there is a Danish *putten*, but some point us to the French *bouter*, and to Celtic roots. It was long before *put* meant *ponere* as well as *trudere*.

<sup>1</sup> This was first pointed out by Dr. Morris in the *Athenæum*.

<sup>2</sup> Can *catcher* have got confounded with the Old English *gelæccan*, *gelæht*, meaning the same?

The Norse *skil* (discretion) is first found at page 61; and the Norse *east* (torquere) at page 47. At page 131 may be found our verb *thrust*, coming from the Norse *prýsta*: 'he to-pruste þa stelene gate.' At page 43, we see our *smother* (there called *smorðer*), which is nearer related to the Low German of the mainland than to the Old English *smorian*. *Siker*, akin to *securus*, now first appears.

We may often find an old pedigree for a word that is now reckoned slangy. We are told at page 15 that we ought to *restrain* the evil done by thieves; the verb used is *widstewen*, afterwards repeated in the Legend of St. Margaret. Hence comes the phrase, '*stow* that nonsense;' this may be found in Scott and Dickens.<sup>1</sup> Our verb *lick*, as used in polite society, can boast of the best of Teutonic pedigrees; as commonly used by schoolboys, it is but a corruption of the Welsh *llachiau* (ferire). From this last may also come our *flog*, even as Lloyd and Floyd are due to one and the same source.

We may compare the Moral Ode of the date of these Homilies with its transcript a few years later. In this latter, *W* is much oftener employed for the old *g* or *y* in the middle of a word; as *drawen*, *owen*. Thanks to the corruption found in this last verb, we have two distinct forms for *debeo*: I *owe* money, and I *ought* to pay. The encroachment of *w* upon *g* or *y* may be remarked in another Southern work of about the same date, the Poem on the Soul and Body, printed from a Worcester manuscript by Sir Thomas Phillipps. In pages 2 and 6 of this work, we

<sup>1</sup> In *Hard Times* comes the phrase, 'Kidderminster, *stow* that;' i.e. 'be quiet.'

see *fugelas* turned into *fuweles* (fowls), *sugu* into *suwa* (sow), and *elboga* into *elbowe*. An attempt is even made to change our word *days* into *dawes*, a corruption that lasted long in the South. The old *purh* (per) now becomes *puruh*, pointing to our later *thorough* and *through*. In page 7 of this work, we find a Weak Verb turned into a Strong one, which seldom happens in English; *peo bellen rungen*, where the last word should be *ringoden*. The old *eahte* and *feower* now become *eihte* and *four*. We find *bokes*, *so*, *dayes*, *pih*, *eize*, *hei*, *chiken*, *neih*,<sup>1</sup> *heihnesse*, instead of the older *béc*, *swa*, *ðagas*, *peoh*, *eáge*, *hég*, *cicen*, *neah*, *heáhnes*. We were beginning to couple together the Southern *c* and the Northern *k*, as in *crock* and *picke*. Another budding change may be seen in *spindel*, which is turned into *spindle*. The new form *ou* was beginning to replace the older *o*, for *souhte* and *inouh* are found instead of *sohte* and *genoh*: the letter *u* is not yet changed into *ou*. Some new phrases appear, such as *alto longe*, the *all* being often prefixed, as it was later in our *although*, *albeit*, &c. The new Preposition *besiden*, formed from *side*, is now first found;<sup>2</sup> also *wome* (*væ mihi*), which was long afterwards lengthened into *woe is me*. *Cantwaraburh* is now changed into *Cantoreburi*; and thus the French way of spelling (did they ever yet spell a Teutonic word right?) influenced us. *Bæda* becomes *Beda*; and we see the Old and the New in the short sentence, 'Ælfric abbod þe we Alquin hotep.'

<sup>1</sup> We thus have *nigh* as well as the *near* (*neor*) seen at page 81, both alike coming from the old *neah*. The combination *ei* was never much liked for our Teutonic words.

<sup>2</sup> Wickliffe wrote '*bisydis* the desert,' for what was 400 years earlier '*wið ðæt wæsten*.'

It is hopeless, after seven hundred years of wrong spelling, to talk now of King *Ælfred*. *Ortgeard* is softened into *orchard*. *Rá-deor* (capreolus) is changed into *roa-deor*, and shows us the steps by which the old *a* became the new *o*; we still write *broad* and *goad*, a compromise between the North and the South. The sound *o* in English can be expressed by about ten different combinations of letters; the student of our tongue must here long for the simplicity of the Italian.

About this time, the reign of Henry II., the Old Southern English Gospels of King Ethelred's time were fitted for more modern use. These, known in their new form as the Hatton Gospels, are now accessible to all; St. Matthew's Gospel was published in 1858.<sup>1</sup> The main corruption, wrought by two hundred years or less, is the change of *c* into *ch*, as *mycel* into *mychel* and *ælc* into *elch*. The endings are clipped as usual; thus *sunu* becomes *sune*. These Gospels were the last version of Scripture, so far as is known, put forth in England until Wickliffe's day; free paraphrases and riming translations of the Psalms might indeed be compiled; but the next Century, with its Albigensian wars and its Lateran Councils, frowned upon literal versions of the Bible in any vulgar tongue. Even the stout Teutons of England had in this to give way to Roman behests. We are still two hundred years from the Lollard outbreak.

We must now for the third time cast an eye upon the Homilies, which throw such a flood of light upon Twelfth Century English.<sup>2</sup> Those to which I now refer

<sup>1</sup> *Anglo-Saxon and Northumbrian Versions of St. Matthew's Gospel*, by Hardwick.

<sup>2</sup> *Old English Homilies*, Second Series (Early English Text

date from about 1180, and seem to have been written in Essex, according to evidence brought forward by Dr. Morris; for some of their forms are akin to the Danelagh, others to the South. They have peculiarities, found also in Kent; such as the change of *i* into *e*, *manken* for *mankin*, *sennen* for *sinnen*; also, the combination of *ie* to express the sound of *e*, as in *lief*, *bitwien*, *gier*, *pief*, *fiend*, *friend*; *lie* (page 229) for the older *leogen*; *glie* for *gleo*; *fieble* (page 191) for what we call *feeble*. This combination is found in King Alfred's translation of Pope Gregory's Pastoral Care, and after 1120 was preserved nowhere else but in Kent and in the shire where the present Homilies were written. Another combination of vowels, common enough in Gothic but hitherto almost unknown in England, is that of *ai*.<sup>1</sup> We find in these Homilies the new forms *maiden*, *naif*, *slaine*, *nai*: here the *i* represents an older *g*; the ancient diphthong *æ*, beloved of old, was soon to vanish from England. There is here also a combination of consonants much used in the Eastern half of England, that of *gh* replacing the old *h*; we now find *þoghte* and *aghte* (debut); this was as yet strange to the shires South of Thames. Another mark of the North and of the Eastern coast, the use of *sal* instead of *shall*, is also found. The hard *g* sound was henceforth peculiar to East Anglia and Northern Essex; we here find *folegen*, *burg*, *gure* (vester), *beger* (empton), *gier* (annus); also Society), published by Dr. Morris. These did not come out before the end of May, 1873. I delayed publishing my own book until their appearance.

<sup>1</sup> It is found, but most seldom, in the last part of the *Peterborough Chronicle*, as in *mai* and *lai*; the *i* representing the old *g*.

the corrupt *gede* (ivit). The new sound *sh* instead of *sc*, seldom found hitherto, is now established in the South; as shown in *bisshup*, *shipe*, *shufe* (our *shove*), *shrifte*, *fishes*. The *w*, which replaced *g* in so many words, is creeping up from the South; we see *owen*, *bruw*, *buw*, for *agen*, *breg*, and *boga*. Such forms occur as *sined* (peccavit), *gres* (gramen), *eke* (etiam), *fewe*, *sori*, *breðren*, *reu* (pœnitet). In this last word we now transpose the vowels. We here see the old *Frigedæg*, *geoguð*, *genemned*, *pyndan*, *cneowian*, *ceaca*, *gedriged*, *draf*, *bræc*, *leger*, turned into *Fridai*, *ziewð*, *nemmed*, *pen*, *cnewl*, *cheke*, *dride*, *drof*, *brac*, *leire* (lair). The prefix to the Past Participle often disappears, a sure token of Norse influence; as is also the *aren* (sunt) and *heðen* (hinc), found in these Homilies. At page 25, we get a bit of Old English philology: God is called Father, we are there told, for two things; 'on his for þo þe he . . . feide (joined) þe lemes to ure licame . . . oðer is þat he fet (feeds) alle þing.' The fact that a new French sound *ch* often replaced the old hard English sound *c*, has enriched our tongue with two sets of words; thus we have the two distinct verbs, *wake* and *watch*, both springing from the old *wæcan*. But in 1180 their use was most unsettled; at page 161 we hear that the Devil *weccheð* (awaketh) evil.

There are many new expressions in these Homilies; such as *anon*,<sup>1</sup> *welnehg* (wellnigh), *for þe nones* (instead of *for þan ænes*, page 87), *raper* (in the sense of *potius*, not *citius*, page 213), *a Godes name, alse þeih* (quasi); *mast mannen* (*maxima pars hominum*); *shewe em*, page 57. At

<sup>1</sup> The old *on an* only meant *continuously*.

page 175 we hear of two brethren, 'pat on is Seint Peter and pat oðer Seint Andreu : ' this is a great change from the *se an . . . se oðer* used of the two men who strove for the Papacy in 1129, as recorded in the Peterborough Chronicle of that year. In Scotch law papers *the tan* and *the tother* may be remarked down to very modern times ;<sup>1</sup> the confusion between letters is like that seen in *the nonce*. The Masculine and Neuter of the Article were no longer to be distinguished ; at least, in Danish shires. The *o*, which has so often replaced the old *a*, has added to our stock of synonyms for *unus* ; we now employ *one* and *an* in distinct ways, but this had not been settled in 1180 : at page 125 we read of ' *on* old man,' and two lines lower down of ' *an* holie child.'

Many English words were now getting new meanings. Among the works of darkness mentioned at page 13 are 'chest and *chew*,' translated by Dr. Morris 'contention and *jaw*,' a new sense of the old *ceówan*, our *chew*.<sup>2</sup> There is a famous Mediæval phrase in page 113 ; Christ, it is there said, ' *herede helle* ; ' the Harrowing of Hell plays a leading part in our old literature from first to last. We know our phrase, 'to take to his bed ; ' we read in page 29, ' þu takest to huse,' that is, 'thou keepest at home.' At page 39, we hear of 'a man þe was *of* his wit ; ' hence comes our, ' *off* his feed.' At page 201 we see a broad line drawn between *napping*

<sup>1</sup> So in the poem on the Chameleon :—

'Sirs,' cried the umpire, 'cease your pother ;  
The creature's neither one nor tother.'

<sup>2</sup> Sir Charles Napier, when finding comfort, as he said, in 'jawing away' at the powers that were, little suspected the good authority he had for his verb.

and *sleeping*. At page 151, *wlache*, the old *wlæc*, is the adjective applied to snow melted by the sun; this is seen in our *luke-warm*. The old *tilian* (*colere*) remains to this day as *till*; but it had another sense *laborare*: this last is expressed in page 155 by changing *tilian* into *tulien*. England was losing many of her old words; but she made the most of those that were left to her by giving double meanings to certain terms.

We find new forms like 'to *croke*' or 'make crooked,' page 61; and *swoldren*, our *swelter*, page 7; *snevi* and *snuve* (sniff and snuff, pages 37 and 191). *Trustliche* (trustfully) appears, akin to the Frisian *trâst*.

There are many Norse words, which we have followed, rather than the kindred old English forms.

Heve, <i>heave</i>	from hefia
Holsum, <i>wholesome</i>	„ heilsamr
Mece, <i>meeke</i>	„ miúkr
Redie, <i>ready</i>	„ rede
Rote, <i>root</i>	„ róte
Shurte, <i>shirt</i>	„ skyrta
Shrike, <i>shriek</i>	„ skrika
Shere, <i>sheer</i> <sup>1</sup>	„ skærr
Smoc, <i>smock</i>	„ smokkr
Tiðing, <i>tidings</i>	„ tiðindi
Toten, <i>spectare</i> <sup>2</sup>	„ titte (Danish)

There are here also a few words common to England and Holland, such as *twist*, *wimple*, and *shiver* (*findere*). To *scorn* is here seen for the first time; some have derived it from the French *escornir*, to deprive of horns. But it is used a few years later by Orrmin, the last of all men

<sup>1</sup> This is nearer to the Norse than to the Old English *scir*.

<sup>2</sup> Hence comes our *tout*, well known to sporting men.

to use a French word : *scærn* (stercus) is the more likely parent of the word. The old *wær* (cautus) now becomes *warre* (page 193), our *wary*.

We have a collection of King Alfred's saws, dating from about the year 1200.<sup>1</sup> It seems, like the Homilies just discussed, to have been compiled somewhere in the North of Essex ; for we find the thorough East Anglian forms, such as *gung, sal, wu, arren* (young, shall, how, are), and also Norse words, such as *plough*. On the other hand, we find the Active Participle ending in both the Midland *end* and the Southern *ind*, and the prefix *i* or *y* in constant use in all parts of the Verb ; the Southern *o* moreover has driven out the older *a*, as *no ping* for *na ping*, *swo* for *swa*. But there is a further change in the sound and spelling of vowels. *Bóc* is turned into *booc*, and *gód* into *goed*. The old sound of *o* was being replaced by *u* in many parts of England ; about this time Orrmin far away was writing *bule* (taurus) and *funnt* instead of *boli* and *font*. Moreover, in the poem before us, *u* is replaced by *oo* ; *wood* is written for the old *wude* (silva). The combination *ai* was in full force ; before it the Old English diphthong *æ* was to vanish. We here find *again, fair, maist* (potes). This last word is a corruption of *pu meahht*. *Ne leve pu* is now turned into *leve pu nout* (ne crede). *Wela* becomes *welð* ; *hwilis pat* stands for the Latin *dum*. *For sope* (forsooth) is seen for the first time. A new adjective is formed from *lang* ; the poet mentions at the end of his piece *pe lonke mon*, the lanky man. It is said of

<sup>1</sup> *Anglo-Saxon Dialogues*, by J. Kemble (Ælfric Society), Part. III. p. 226. A revised edition has been published by Dr. Morris in his *Old English Miscellany*.

a saucy fellow, that 'he wole grennen, cocken, and chiden;' here we have the first hint as to our adjective *cocky*. The whole poem is most Teutonic; but at the end of the two last stanzas, the bard, perhaps wishing to show off, brings in a few French words most needlessly:—

Ac nim þe to þe a stable mon  
 þat word and dede bisette con,  
 and multeplien heure god,  
 a sug fere þe his help in mod.

Hic ne sige nout bi þan,  
 þat moni ne ben gentile man;  
 þuru þis lore and genteleri  
 he amendit huge companie.<sup>1</sup>

This is the first instance of our word *gentleman*. We find for the first time the Frisian *haste*, and also *dote* (dolt), akin to a Dutch term; besides a few Scandinavian words. *Huge*, from the Norse *ugga*, to frighten. *Scold*, from the Swedish *skalla*. We have also added to our well-known word *ban* the Norse sense *maledicere*, as seen in this poem. About the year 1200, the Old English Charters of Bury St. Edmunds were turned into the current speech of the shire, and these fill many pages of Kemble's *Codex Diplomaticus*.

#### THE EAST MIDLAND DIALECT.

(About 1200.)

I now come to that writer who, more clearly than any other, sets before us the growth of the New English, the great work of the Twelfth Century. The monk

<sup>1</sup> The *h* is sadly misused in this piece, as we see.

Orrmin wrote a metrical paraphrase of the Gospels, with comments of his own, somewhere about the year 1200; at least, he and Layamon employ the same proportion of Teutonic words that are now obsolete, and Layamon is known to have written after 1204. Orrmin, if he were the good fellow that I take him to have been (I judge from his writings), was a man well worthy to have lived in the days that gave us the Great Charter. He is the last of our English Makers who can be said to have drunk from the undefiled Teutonic well; no later writers ever use so many Prepositional compounds, and on this account we ought perhaps to fix upon an earlier year than 1200 for his date. In the course of his lengthy poem, he uses only four or five French words; his few Latin words are Church phrases known in our land long before the Norman Conquest.<sup>1</sup> On the other hand, he has scores of Scandinavian words, the result of the Norse settlement in our Eastern shires 300 years before his day. His book is the most thoroughly Danish poem ever written in England, that has come down to us; many of the words now in our mouths are found for the first time in his pages. Had some of our late Lexicographers pored over him more, they would have stumbled into fewer pitfalls.<sup>2</sup>

It is most important to fix the shire in which Orrmin wrote, since no man did more to simplify our English grammar, and to sweep away all nicety as to genders

<sup>1</sup> When we find so thorough a Teuton using words like *ginn* and *scorn*, we should pause before we derive these from France.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. White has given us a capital edition of Orrmin's poem, the *Ormulum*. Dr. Stratmann has made good use of it.

and cases. From his use of the *ch* instead of *c*, he cannot well be established to the North of the Humber. From his employment of *their*, *them* (though indeed he sometimes uses *her*, *hem*, as well), he cannot fairly be brought further South than Lincoln. Had he lived in Lincolnshire, he would have used *sal* and *suld* instead of *shall* and *should*, and perhaps too, the participle in *and*, instead of *ende*. A line drawn between Doncaster and Derby seems to be the Western boundary of the old Danish settlement in Mercia, for few hamlets ending in *by* are found to the West of this line, and a writer so Scandinavian as Orrmin must have lived to the East of it. On the whole, the North of the county of Notts seems as likely a spot as any for his abode.<sup>1</sup> There are many links between him and the Peterborough Chronicler who wrote forty years earlier. The word *gehaten* or *gehatenn* is almost the only Past Participle which they leave unclipped of its prefix. They both use the two great Midland shibboleths, the Present Plural in *en* and the Active Participle in *ende*. They have the same objection to any ending but *es* for the Genitive Singular and the Nominative Plural, following in this the old Northumbrian Gospels. They do not inflect the Article, and are thus far ahead of the Kentish writer in 1340. Orrmin uses *that* as a Demonstrative and not as a Neuter Article; he knows nothing of the old *thilk*, used in Somersetshire to this day. He has no trace of the Genitive Plural in *ene*, which lingered on in the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Garnett wishes to settle him within fifty miles of Northampton, and therefore would not object to Nottingham. I should like to place him thirty miles still further North.

South for two hundred and fifty years after his time; he makes no distinction between Definite and Indefinite Adjectives, and their Plurals do not end in *es*. Writing, as he does, not far from the spot where the Northumbrian Psalter is thought to have been translated, he has a strong dislike to compound vowels. He often writes *brest*, *callf*, *cnew*, *darr*, *dep*, *ledd*, *fihtenn*, *frend*, *lernenn*, instead of the old *breost*, *cealf*, *cneow*, *dear*, *deop*, *læd*, *feohtan*, *freond*, *leornigan*. In the pronunciation of these words, as in many other things, we have followed him. By this time, the new sound *ch* had made its way from the South up to the Trent; we find *benneche*, *læche*, *macche*, *spæche*, instead of the old *benc*, *læce*, *maca*, *spæce*.<sup>1</sup> Orrmin was the second English writer, so far as is known, who pretty regularly used *sh* instead of the former *sc*; he wrote *shæfess*, *shæpe*, *shæwenn*, *shall*, and *shame*: this change began in the South, and the older form had not altogether gone out in the North, for he uses both *biskop* and *bishop*. Nowhere more clearly than in the Ormulum can we see the struggle between the Old and the New. He continues the custom of softening *g* into *y*; *eage* with him is *ezhe*, not far from our *eye*; *geong* becomes *zung*. We have happily not followed him in softening the *g* in words like *give*, *get*, and *gate*; or in corrupting *deor* (in Latin, *feræ*) into *deoress*, *deers*. He was the first to place *ȝ* at the end of a word, after a vowel; as *peȝȝ* (they). He gave us *lay* instead of the Peterborough *lai*. Orrmin, being a true Northerner,

<sup>1</sup> Our tongue is much enriched by having different forms of the same word; such as *dike*, *ditch*, *shriek*, *screech*, *drink*, *drench*, *egg*, *edge*, &c., owing to this intrusive *ch*.

dislikes the old fashion of setting *a* at the beginning of a verb: he will not write *arise* or *awake*. The Northern men, who settled our speech, clipped everything that they could.

In his Pronouns, he shows that he is a near neighbour to Northumbria. He uses *I* and *icc*; þeꝛꝛ, þeꝛꝛre, þeꝛꝛm; but sometimes replaces the two last by *heore*, *hemm*. It was two hundred and sixty years before *their* and *them* came into Standard English; they are true Scandinavian forms. Unlike the Peterborough Chronicler, Orrmin sticks to the Old English *heo* (in Latin, *ea*), which he writes *ꝛho*. This is another reason for settling him as far to the West in the Danelagh as we can; his *ꝛho* still survives in Lancashire as *hoo*, as we know from Mrs. Gaskell's works.

It would be endless to point out all Orrmin's Scandinavian leanings. In our word for the Latin *stella*, he prefers the Danish *stierne* to the Old English *steorra*, writing it *sterrne*. He even uses *og*, the Danish word for 'et' in a phrase like *aꝛꝛ occ aꝛꝛ*. He employs the Norse ending *leꝛꝛc* as well as the English *ness* in his substantives, as *modiꝛleꝛꝛc*, *modiꝛnesse*. In *tende*, his word for *decimus*, he follows the Danish *tiende* rather than the Old English *teoða*; our *tenth* seems to be a compound of the two. The English Church talks of *tithes*, the Scotch Kirk of *teinds*. He uses a crowd of Norse words which I do not notice, since they have dropped out of use. Like the Peterborough Chronicler, Orrmin has *fra*, *wicke*, *wrang*, *wiless*, *ploh*, *kirrkegærd*. While weighing the mighty changes that were clearly at work in his day, we get some idea of the influence that the Norse settlement

of 870 has had upon our tongue. I give a list of those Scandinavian words, used by him, which have kept their place in our speech.<sup>1</sup>

Old English.	Scandinavian.	Orrmin.
Tynan	Angra	Anngrenn, <i>to anger</i>
Unscearp	Blunda, <i>dormire</i>	Blunnt
Ceapsetl	Bûdh	Bope, <i>booth</i>
Fear	Boli	Bule, <i>bull</i>
Hræd	Buinn	Bun, <i>ready</i> <sup>2</sup>
Sniðan	Klippa	Clip, <i>tondere</i>
Searu	Krokr, <i>uncus</i>	Croc, <i>a device</i>
Sweltan	Deyja	Dege, <i>die</i>
Wunian	Dvelia, <i>delay</i>	Dwelle <sup>3</sup> .
Afaran	Flytta	Flitte, <i>remove</i>
Paþ	Gata	Gate, <i>path</i>
Freme	Gagn, <i>commodum</i>	Gaghenn, <i>gain</i>
Gescrepelice	Gegnilega, <i>conveniently</i>	Gezgnlike <sup>4</sup>
Cræft	Ginna, <i>seducere</i>	Ginn, <i>a contrivance</i>
Ceápman	Okr, <i>usury</i>	Hucster <sup>5</sup>
Yfel	Illa	Ille, <i>ill</i>
Ticcen	Kid	Kide, <i>capreolus</i>
Tendan	Kinda	Kindle
Up-heah	á Lopti	o Lofft, <i>aloft</i>
Neát	Naut	Nowwt, <i>nolt in Scotch</i>
Sige	Overhaand	Oferrhannd, <i>upper hand</i>
Eax	Palöxi	Bulaxe, <i>poll-axe</i>

<sup>1</sup> I give in my list the origin of a few Scottish phrases, and the reason why Yorkshiremen talk of the *gainest* way to a place.

<sup>2</sup> A ship is outward *bound*.

<sup>3</sup> We still have the old sense, 'to dwell long upon a thought.' The sense of *habitare* has not quite driven out the sense of *morari*.

<sup>4</sup> Hence comes our *ungainly*. But the verb 'to gain' is from the French *gagner*.

<sup>5</sup> *Ster* was the sign of the feminine for hundreds of years after this time, at least in the South; we see a change at work when Orrmin applies the ending *ster* to a man.

<i>Old English.</i>	<i>Scandinavian.</i>	<i>Orrmin.</i>
Arasian	Reisa	Rezzsenn, <i>to raise</i>
Scóp	Skálld	Scald, <i>minstrel</i>
Forhtian	Skierra	Skerre, <i>scare</i>
Craeftig	Slægr	Sleh, <i>sly</i>
Spor	Slódi	Sloþ, <i>track</i>
Fægr	Smuk <sup>1</sup>	Smikerr, <i>beautiful</i>
þeon	þrifask	þrife, <i>thrive</i>
Fultume	Upphelldi	Upphald, <i>an upholding</i>
Rod	Vöndr	Wand, <i>rod</i>
Wansian	Vanta	Wantenn, <i>carere</i>
Fyðer	Vængr	Weng, <i>wing</i>
Wyrse	Værre	Werre, <i>waur</i> in Scotch
Geol	Iól	Yol, <i>Yule</i>

Orrmin's work proves that England had not yet lost the power of compounding words with Prepositions and such words as *even*, *full*, *orr*, *un*, and *wan*. This gives wonderful strength and pith to his verse. We degenerate writers of later days use few compounds but those with *out*, *over*, *under*, and *fore*; and in this respect England falls woefully short of India, Greece, and Germany. Orrmin, like the Peterborough Chronicler, separates the Verb and the Preposition; he says, '*to standenn inn*' (instare), '*he strac inn*,' from the old *strican*, to pass.<sup>2</sup> *Inn* is by him often pared down to *i*, as in the Southern Homilies; Shakespere has '*digged i the dark*.' The letter *n* often vanishes before a dental, as in the case of *tonth*, *tooth*.

The old *bufan* now becomes *abufenn* (above); *bifóran* changes to *biforr* (*ante*).

<sup>1</sup> Every one remembers Cowper's 'Sir Smug.' The old Danish word has been sadly degraded.

<sup>2</sup> Sir Roger de Coverley at the theatre 'struck in,' hearing some people talk near him. Addison would have been puzzled to give the derivation of this verb.

The Scotch *forbye* (præter) here appears as *forþbi*; so *forthward* became *forward*.

Orrmin often writes *uppo* for *upon*. This is one of the Derbyshire peculiarities, which have lately been brought home to all lovers of good English by the authoress of Adam Bede. The old *uppe* preceded the more modern *uppan*.

Most striking is the number of Orrmin's words beginning with the privative *un*. We have lost many of them, and have thus sadly weakened our diction; but our best writers are awaking to a sense of our loss, and such words as *unwisdom* are coming in once more.

The privative *or*, as *orrap*, is still found in the Ormulum, but did not last much longer.

The old *hwæt litles*, which lingered on elsewhere, is here changed into *summwhatt*, which we have kept: there is a change in the consonants, if we compare the old *hwæt* with the new *what*;<sup>1</sup> we also find *sum operr* and *summwær*.

Orrmin employs *that* for the Latin *ille*, a sense unknown before the Conquest; while London stuck to the old *thilk* for two hundred and fifty years longer.

Vol. I. p. 227. Whase itt iss þatt lufeþþ griþþ, þatt mann shall findenn Jesu Crist.

For the Plural of this *þatt* he employs *þa* (fifty years later this *þa* was to become *þas*).

<sup>1</sup> If we had kept the *h* in its proper place, at the beginning of the word, we should have full in our view the link between *hwæt* and the Latin *cwid* (quid). The interchange between *h* and *c* has not yet died out in our island. I have heard Scotch peasants talk of a *cwirlwind* instead of a *hwirlwind*.

II. p. 153, alle þa þatt waterr swalh.

In Vol. I. p. 85, we see our common form *theirs* for the first time.

‘Till eggþerr þeggress herrte.’ Forms like *ours* and *yours* were to come later. This Norse form took long to reach the South.

The old *ælc* (quisque), as in the South, was now taking *an* after it; hence comes the Lowland Scotch form *ilka*, as in I. p. 15.

And off ille an off alle þa

Comm an god flocc off prestess (each one of all those).

We find also *swilc an*, such a one.

Orrmin is the first English writer to put *what* before a substantive without regard to gender, as ‘*what man?*’ ‘*what woman?*’ The old *hwilc* was losing its former meaning in England.

In Vol. I. p. 42, there is a new form, ‘þu cwennkesst i þi *self* modignesse.’ This of old would have been *þe silf*; *self* now began to be thought a *noun*, something like *person*.

*Nan* (nemo) takes a Plural sense, much as if a barbarous Latin word like *nemines* were to be formed. At Vol. II. page 92 we see, ‘i *nane* depe sinness.’

*A* is used as an Interjection, much like our *ah*.

*Alls iff* (in Latin, *quasi*) replaces the Old English *swilc*; we find also *alls itt wære*, as it were. Our *withal* is now seen.

The Old *aweg* is now *aweꝝꝝ* (away).

The Old *á* (semper) is now *aꝝꝝ*.

The curious word *bidene* (in Dutch, *by that*) is found

for the first time; it remained in use for 300 years. It here means 'at once.'

*Forþwiþþ* also appears for the first time, but is used only once by Orrmin; the old *forþrihht* is commonly employed by him.

*Hallflingess*, a word still in Scotch use, appears in Orrmin instead of the old *healfunga*.

The Old English Interjection *eala* now becomes *la*, our *lo!*

*Orr* (in Latin *aut*) appears once or twice for the first time, replacing the old *oppe*.

Orrmin was the first to use *rihht* instead of *swiþe* (the Latin *valde*), though he does not do it often; thus, in I. page 217, he talks of leading a life *rihht wel wiþþ Godess hellpe*. We still keep the old adverb, though the foreign *very* has almost driven it out.

The word *ân*, when used in the sense of *solus*, takes *all* before it (hence comes our *alone*). We are told that man cannot

Bi bræd *all ane libbenn*.—II. p. 40.

the new forms *although*, *albeit*, &c., were soon to follow.

Orrmin uses, as we do, both *awihht* and *ohht* (aught and ought).

The Old English word for the Latin *idem* was *ylc*, still kept in Scotland; as Redgauntlet of that Ilk. Instead of this, Ormynn, but only once, uses *same*;

He mihhte makenn cwike menn

þær off þa *same* staness.—I. page 345.

This root *same* is good Sanscrit and Gothic; the Norse *sams* means *ejusdem generis*. Nothing in English is more curious than that this Scandinavian word should have driven out the older *ylc*.

*Allderrman* here still means a Prince, as in Old English times; Orrmin even uses it for *Abbot*. He talks also of *Eorless*, earls, ranking them not much lower than kings.

*Lic* was the Old English word for *corpus*, though it is now found only in *Lichfield* and *lych-gate*. *Bodig* usually meant the trunk or chest; but Orrmin uses *bodig* far oftener than *lic*, in our sense of the word. In one line he forms a new substantive out of the two, speaking of *bodiglich*.

He uses *childre* for the Plural of *child*, and the former still lingers in Lancashire as *childer*. Our corrupt Plural *children* came from the South, as also did *brethren* and *kine*.

The word *drugoð* is now turned into *druhhpe*. The word *flail*, akin to the *flegil* of the mainland, now first appears in English.

The old *gærshoppa* now becomes *gresshoppe*, grass-hoppers.

The old *cræt* (*currus*) now becomes *karrte*.

The diphthong *æ* had long been giving way; and it was doubtful whether *a* or *e* was to replace it. Orrmin's *nazzl* instead of *nægel* has been followed by us rather than the *neil* of the South.

We now find for the first time such compounds as *overking*, *overlord*; words happily revived in our own day.

Our fathers had a rooted objection to beginning their

words with the letter *p*; few such are found in Orrmin, and nearly all of them are Church Latin phrases.

He uses *waggn* instead of the old *wægen*, and we still employ both *wain* and *waggon*; both alike are found in English writers before the Norman Conquest.

*Weddlac* (wedlock) now appears, where of old *wiflác* would have been used. The former word, before Orrmin's time, meant no more than the Latin *pignus*.

The Old English *woruld* stood for *sæculum*, and nothing more; but it now begins to stand for *orbis*.<sup>1</sup>

In Orrmin's *werrkedazh*, the new form of *weorc-dæg*, we see the first germ of Shakespere's 'this work-a-day world.'

Orrmin sometimes casts a letter out of the middle of a word; thus he has both the old *wurrþshipe* and the new *wurrshipe*, worship.

The word *daffte* still keeps its old sense, *humilis*; it has been degraded, like *silly* (*beatus*).

Adjectives were losing the guttural, with which they formerly ended. We find in Orrmin both *erþlic* and *erþliȝ*.

*Follhsumm* (compliant) has not yet the degrading sense of our *fulsome*; indeed, the latter is said to be connected with *foul*. *Fresh* now replaces the older *fersc*.

The word *fus*, 'eager,' is here found in its true old sense. This is now degraded, like many another good word. The worthy Nicodemus, as Orrmin says, was

<sup>1</sup> This word is still rightly pronounced as a dissyllable in Scotland; so in Lady Nairne's *Mitherless Lammie* :—

'But it wad gae witless the *warald* to see.'

*fus to lernenn*; in our days, a tiresome old woman is *fussy*.

*Nacod* now becomes *nakedd* (*nudus*).

Orrmin uses *sheepish* in a sense far removed from ours; he applies the adjective (I. p. 230) to a man who *meekly* follows Christ's pattern.

We find *purrhutlike*, thoroughly, for the first time. *Ungelic* is now cut down to *unnlic* (*unlike*).

We see *æpeliz*, our *easily*, instead of the older *eaðelice*.

For the Latin *sunt*, we find *arrn*, as well as *beon* and *sinndenn*. The first of these was hardly ever used in the South or West of England; it comes from the Angles, as we saw in the Northumbrian Gospels. *Hi wæron* now sometimes, as in the Southern Homilies, becomes *þez̄z wære*; but a more wonderful change is *þu wære* turned into *þu wass*, the Norse *war* (*eras*); *ic sceal* becomes *I shall*. We see the last of the Old English *si* (in Latin, *sit*); it survives, somewhat clipped, in our *yes*, i.e. *ge si*. *Beô* is in the Ormulum cut down to *be*, and *beon* (*esse*) to *ben*. Orrmin uses the old *ic môt*, *þu môt*, and also a new Scandinavian auxiliary verb, which is employed even now from Caithness to Derbyshire.<sup>1</sup> Such a phrase as *I mun do this* is first found in his work; the *mun* is the Scandinavian *muna*, but *mune* in the Ormulum implies futurity more than necessity.

Orrmin uses *assken* (*rogare*) instead of the Southern *acsian*, and we have followed him; the Irish still use *axe*, since the first English colonists came from Bristol and the South.

<sup>1</sup> Four years ago I heard an old Derbyshire gamekeeper use the verb in question.

We find both *bikæchedd* and *bikahht* for *caught*. This new word, which we saw first in the South, must have spread fast in England.

Another new word is found in the lines :—

þatt . . . þeod  
þatt Jacob wass *bilenge*.—I. page 75

(belonging to Jacob). This word is akin to the Dutch verb *belangen* (attingere).

Orrmin, like the Peterborough Chronicler of 1120, uses the Passive Participle *chosenn* for the old *gecôren*.

He replaces the old *cneowian* by *cneleenn* (kneel), which came first in the Essex Homilies.

He sometimes turns a Strong verb into a Weak one, a process begun long before his time. He uses *hæfedd* (elatum) as well as *hofenn*; he has *sleppte* (dormivit) where it ought to be *slep*; *weppten* (fleverunt) instead of *weópon*; *trededd* (depressus) instead of *treden*.

One of the peculiar shibboleths, brought hither by the Danes, is the word *gar* (facere), a word still in the mouths of Scotchmen. Orrmin uses the compounds *forrgarrt* and *oferrgarrt*. The verb *gar* is found neither in High nor in Low German.

The Norse *gow* is used by him for *observare*. Hence comes our *a-gog*, the Icelandic *à gægium*, on the watch.

As might be expected, Orrmin follows the Northern *hafan* rather than the Southern *habban* (habere). We find a near approach to our modern corruption *hast* in his line—

Himm *haffst* tu slazenn witerrliȝ.—I. page 154.

*Hezlenn* is now first used for 'to salute.'

The Old English *gehyded* is now contracted into *hidd*; *hidden* is one of the few Weak Participles that we have turned into Strong ones.

*Hutenn* (vituperare), to hoot, which first appears in Orrmin's work, is a puzzle to lexicographers, and may come either from the Welsh or the Norse.

The old *onlihtan* becomes *lihhtenn* in Orrmin's hands; but we have returned to *enlighten*.

England cleaves to her own old word *leap*, Scotland to the Norse *laupa* (loup): they are both found in the Ormulum.

The Old English *sæclode* now takes its modern form *secnedd*, sickened; conversely, we shall see later the French *train* become *trail*.

*Scorcnedd* (scorched) appears for the first time in English; Wedgwood quotes the Low Dutch *schroggen*, which has the same meaning.

Orrmin uses both the Strong and the Weak form for the Past Participle of *show*; he has both *shæwenn* and *shæwedd*. We now prefer the former, though the latter is the true form; just as we mistakenly write *strewn* for *strewed*. But in the matter of Strong and Weak verbs, we usually err on the other side.

We derive our modern notion of the word *shift* (in Latin, *mutare*) from the Scandinavian, and not from the Old English.<sup>1</sup> In the latter, the word means 'to distribute,' and nothing more. We see the two senses in Orrmin's work (I. 13), when he speaks of Zachariah's service in the Temple.

<sup>1</sup> Our word *shift* (chemise) means a *change* of linen.

The old meaning of *stintan* was 'to be weary;' it now has the meaning of 'to leave off.' See II. page 92.

We now first find the verb *stir* with an intransitive sense.

*Tæcan, ic tæhte* (docere, docui), become in Orrmin's mouth *tæchenn, ic tahhte*, not far from our own way of pronouncing it, and *feccan* becomes *fecchenn*.

The old *geworht* is now seen as *wrohht*, not far from our *wrought*.

We cannot help envying Orrmin his power of making long Teutonic compounds. He has no need to write the Latin *immortality*, when he has ready to hand such a word as *unndæpshildiznesse*, implying even more than the Latin. But this power was now unhappily on the wane in England.

We have had a great loss in the Old English words *mid* (cum) and *niman* (capere).<sup>1</sup> These are, with little change, good Sanscrit; and the Germans have been too wise to part with them. Orrmin but seldom employs them, and they must have been now dying out in the North. He is fonder of the two words which have driven them out, i.e. *with* and *take*. Had the banks of Thames been the birthplace of our Standard English, we should have kept all four words alike.

In giving a specimen of Orrmin's verse, I have been careful to take the subject from scenes in Courtly life, where, after his time, numbers of French words must unavoidably have been used by any poet, however much a lover of homespun English. Orrmin's peculiar way of doubling consonants will be remarked. He clings

<sup>1</sup> The last survives in *numb*, and in Corporal *Nym*.

fast to the Infinitive in *enn*, which had been dropped at Peterborough. If we wish to relish his metre, every syllable must be pronounced; thus, *Herode* takes an accent on all three vowels alike.

## THE EAST MIDLAND DIALECT OF 1200.

ORMULUM, I.—Page 280.

Herode king maꝝꝝ swiþe <sup>a</sup> wel	<sup>a</sup> right
þe laþe <sup>b</sup> gast bitacnenn ;	<sup>b</sup> loathsome
forr all hiss werre and all hiss will	
wass ifell gast full cweme, <sup>c</sup>	<sup>c</sup> pleasing to
and onn himm sellfenn wass inoh <sup>d</sup>	<sup>d</sup> enow
his aghenn <sup>e</sup> sinne sene ;	<sup>e</sup> own
for well biforenn þatt he swalt <sup>f</sup>	<sup>f</sup> died
wass himm þatt wa <sup>g</sup> bigunnenn	<sup>g</sup> woe
þatt he shall dregghenn <sup>h</sup> aꝝꝝ occ aꝝꝝ	<sup>h</sup> suffer
inn helle wiþþ þe deofell ;	
forr he warrþ <sup>i</sup> seoc, and he bigann	<sup>i</sup> became
to rotenn bufenn <sup>k</sup> eorþe,	<sup>k</sup> above
and tohh <sup>l</sup> he toc wiþþ mete swa	<sup>l</sup> yet
þatt nan ne mihtte himm fillenn,	
and swa he stannc þatt iwhille <sup>m</sup> mann	<sup>m</sup> every
was himm full laþ to nehghenn ; <sup>n</sup>	<sup>n</sup> approach
and all himm wærenn fet and þeos <sup>o</sup>	<sup>o</sup> thighs
tobollenn <sup>p</sup> and toblawenn.	<sup>p</sup> swollen
þa læchess þatt himm comenn to	
and himm ne mihttenn hælenn	
he sloh, and seꝝde þatt teꝝꝝ <sup>q</sup> himm	<sup>q</sup> they
ne kepptenn <sup>r</sup> noht to berrghenn.	<sup>r</sup> heeded not to protect him
and he toc iwhille hæfedd <sup>s</sup> mann	<sup>s</sup> head
off all hiss kineriche, <sup>t</sup>	<sup>t</sup> kingdom
and let hemm stekenn <sup>u</sup> inn an hus,	<sup>u</sup> had them shut
and haldenn swiþe fasste,	
and badd tatt mann hemm sholde slæn,	
son summ <sup>x</sup> he sholde deꝝenn.	<sup>x</sup> as soon as

he þohhte þatt mann munnde ʒ beon	ʒ would
off hiss dæþ swiþe bliþe,	
and wisste þatt mann munnde þa ʒ	ʒ then
for hemm full sare weþenn,	
and wollde swa þatt all þe folle	
þatt time sholde weþenn,	
þatt mann himm sholde findenn dæd	
þohh itt forr himm ne wære.	

Page 283.

And afterr þatt ta wass he dæd	
In all hiss miccle sinne.	
acc þær wass mikell oferrgarrt <sup>a</sup>	<sup>a</sup> haughti-
and modignesse <sup>b</sup> shæwedd	ness
abutenn þatt stinnkennde lic <sup>c</sup>	<sup>b</sup> pride
þær itt wass brohht till eorþe ;	<sup>c</sup> body
forr all þe bære <sup>d</sup> wass bilezgd	<sup>d</sup> bier
wiþþ bætenn gold and sillfierr,	
and all itt wass eþzwhær <sup>e</sup> bisett	<sup>e</sup> everywhere
wiþþ deorewurrþe <sup>f</sup> staness,	<sup>f</sup> precious
and all þatt wæde <sup>g</sup> þatt tær wass	<sup>g</sup> apparel
uppo þe bære fundenn,	
all wass itt off þe bettste pall	
þatt aniz mann maþz aþhenn, <sup>h</sup>	<sup>h</sup> own
and all itt wass wundenn wiþþ gold	
and sett wiþþ deore staness,	
and all he wass wurrlþike shridd <sup>i</sup>	<sup>i</sup> honourably
alls iff he wære o life,	clothed
and onn hiss hæfedd wærenn twa	
gildene cruness sette,	
and himm wass sett inn hiss riht hannd	
an dere kineþerrde <sup>k</sup> ;	<sup>k</sup> sceptre
and swa mann barr þatt fule <sup>l</sup> lic	<sup>l</sup> foul
till þær he bedenn hæfde. <sup>m</sup>	<sup>m</sup> had bidden
and hise cnihtess alle imæn <sup>n</sup>	<sup>n</sup> together
forth þedenn <sup>o</sup> wiþþ þe bære,	<sup>o</sup> went

wipþ heore wæpenn alle bun, <sup>p</sup>	<sup>p</sup> ready
swa summ itt birrþ, <sup>q</sup> wipþ like.	<sup>q</sup> it befits
and ec þær gedenn wipþ þe lic	
full wel fif hundredd þewwess, <sup>r</sup>	<sup>r</sup> servants
to strawwenn gode gresess <sup>s</sup> þær,	<sup>s</sup> herbs
þatt stunnkenn swiþe swete,	
biforenn þatt stinnkennde lic	
þær menn itt berenn sholldenn.	
and tuss þeꝝ alle brohhtenn himm	
wipþ mikell modiznesse	
till þær þær <sup>t</sup> he þeꝝm hæfde seꝝꝝd	<sup>t</sup> where
þat teꝝ himm bringgenn sholldenn.	
swillc <sup>u</sup> mann wass þatt Herode king	<sup>u</sup> such
þatt let te childre cwellenn,	
for þatt he wolde cwellenn Crist	
amang hemm, gif he mihte.	

## THE CONTRAST TO THE EAST MIDLAND.

(About A.D. 1205.)

(KING LEAR'S ANGER AT CORDELIA'S SPEECH.)

Þe king Leir iwerðe swa blac,  
 swilch hit a blac cloð weoren.  
 iwærð his hude and his heowe,  
 for he was suþe ihærmed,  
 mid þære wræððe he wes isweved,  
 þat he feol iswowen ;  
 late þeo he up fusde,  
 þat mæiden wes afæared,  
 þa hit alles up brac,  
 hit wes vuel þat he spac :  
 Hærne Cordoille,  
 ich þe telle wille mine wille ;  
 of mine dohtren þu were me durest,  
 nu þu eært me alre læðes :

ne scalt þu næver halden  
dale of mine lande;  
ah mine dohtren  
ich wille delen mine riche.  
and þu scalt worðen warchen,  
and wonien in wansiðe,  
for navere ich ne wende  
þat þu me woldes þus scanden,  
þarfore þu scalt beon dæd ic wene:  
fliz ut of min æah-sene,  
þine sustren sculen habben mi kinelond,  
and þis me is iqueme;  
þe duc of Cornwaile  
scal habbe Gornoille,  
and þe Scottene king  
Regan þat scone;  
and ic hem zeve all þa winne  
þe ich æm *waldinge* over.  
and al þe alde king dude  
swa he hafvede idemed.<sup>1</sup>

The above lines are taken from Layamon's Brut, compiled, as it would seem, in Worcestershire about the year 1205. The proportion of Teutonic words, now obsolete, to the whole is the same as in the Ormulum. The poet has both *hât* and *hôt* for *calidus*; but the words *lond*, *hond*, are written instead of *land*, *hand*, just as we find in the oldest Worcester charters printed by Kemble, Codex Dip. I. page 100. And this is also done by our kinsmen in Friesland.

We sometimes find in Layamon *þeo* for the Old English *hi*; a token that he did not live to the South of

<sup>1</sup> Sir F. Madden's *Layamon*, i. 130. Layamon has added much of his own to the original in this story of King Lear; and the additions have been copied by later writers, Shakespere among them.

the Thames. He prefers the old *sc* to the new sound *sh*, writing *scawian*, not *shawian*. The *ch* was not fully established in his Western shire, so far from London. We see *swilc*, *such*, and other varieties for *talis*. He, like Orrmin, sometimes gives us the old and the new sound of *c* (that is, *k*) in the same word; thus, the old *cycene* now becomes *kuchene*, our *kitchen*.<sup>1</sup> He was the last Englishman who held fast to the old national diphthong *æ*, which was after his time, and indeed earlier, replaced by many combinations of vowels that still puzzle foreigners.

What Orrmin would have called *o lande*, Layamon calls *a londe*.

He has for *denique* a new phrase, *at þan laste*, I. page 160. We have already seen in the Homilies our contraction from the old *latost*. We keep both the forms, *latest* and *last*.

The old *endlufon* (undecim) is turned into *ællevene*.

Layamon turns *ne* (the Latin *nec*) into *no*; we must wait 140 years for *nor*.

He has the two phrases *pene dæi longe* and *alle longe niht*; whence come our *all day long*, &c.

He first used the Indefinite Article after *many*, as *mony enne thing* (many a thing). The word *Hors* (equi) is now changed to *horses*.—II. page 556.

In Verbs, Layamon turns some Strong ones into Weak. He says (I. 57), *his scipen runden*, where we more correctly say, *his ships ran*. But the great corruption which England owes to him is the changed

<sup>1</sup> The old *cicen* is turned into *chicken* in the Worcester manuscript, quoted at page 85.

state of the Present Participle Active. It of old terminated in *ende*: this in the South became *inde* about the year 1100; and now, in 1204, it turns into *inge*; being doubtless confounded with the verbal nouns that of old ended in *ung*. We find *berninge*, *fraininge*, *singinge*, and *waldinge*, Participles all used by Layamon. A hundred years later still, this corruption was unhappily adopted by the man who shaped our modern speech.

The English word for *volaverunt* used to be *flugon*, but Layamon changes this into *fluwen*, our *flew*. This likeness to *flowan* (*fluere*) is rather confusing, to say nothing of *fleon* (*fugere*).

The Perfect of *þýden* (*premere*) was once *þidde*, but it now became *puðde*; hence our *thud*.

The old *gyrdan* (*cingere*) now gets a new sense (*cædere*), 'he gurde Suard on þat hæfd' (I. page 68); we still talk of *girding* at a man.

*Pliht* had hitherto meant *periculum*; it now takes the meaning of *conditio*, which we keep.

*Swogan* had meant *sonare*; it now got the sense of *swoon*.—I. page 130.

At I. page 275 we see for the first time the word *agaste* (*terruit*), whence comes our *aghast*. For the origin of this word we must go so far back as the Gothic *usgeisjan*. Our *ghostly* and *ghastly* come from sources that have been long separate.

Instead of the Old English word for *insula*, Layamon employs *æite* (*ait*), a word well known to all Etonians. It is the Danish *ey* with the Definite Article tacked on to the end in the usual way, *ey-it*, *eyt*, as Mr. Dasent tells us. Layamon has *mærcoden* in the sense of *videre*; of

old, it had been used for *ostendere*: this is just the converse of what has happened in the case of the old *seeáwian*.

The word *peáu* had hitherto been applied to the mind only; it is now used of the body; though this new sense did not become common in England until three hundred years later. We still talk of *thews* and *sinews*; Spencer used the word in its old sense.

Layamon forms an adjective from the Old English *hende*, in Latin *prope*. He says, in Vol. I. page 206:

‘An oðer stret he makede swiðe hendi.’

But he usually employs this adjective in the sense of *courteous*, and in this sense it was used for hundreds of years.

I give a list of many Norse words used by Layamon, which must have made their way to the Severn from the North and East; we shall find many more in Dorsetshire a few years later.

Club, from the Icelandic *klubba*

Draht (haustus), from the Icelandic *drattr*

Hap (fortune), from the Icelandic *happ*, good luck <sup>1</sup>

Hit, from the Icelandic *hitta*

Hustinge (house court), from the Norse *hus* and *thing*

Raken (rush), from the Swedish *raka*, to riot about <sup>2</sup>

Riven, from the Icelandic *rifa* (rumpere)

Semen (beseem), from the Norse *sama*, to fit

To-dascte (dash out), from the Danish *daske*, to slap

Layamon has the word *nook* (angulus) which may

<sup>1</sup> Hence *happen*, *happy*, came into England and supplanted older words.

<sup>2</sup> Hence the *Rake's Progress*.

come from *hnægan* (flectere). The poet, speaking of a mere, says, 'Feower *noked* he is' (II. page 500). There are some other common words, which he is the first English writer to use. Thus he has taken *gyres* (catenæ) from the Welsh *gevyn*; and *cutte* (secare) from the Welsh *cwtt*, a little piece: this has almost driven out the Old English *carve*. He employs *sturte* (started), akin to the Old Dutch *storten*; and has a new verb *talk*, springing from *tale*. *Bal* (our *ball*), *draf*, *picchen* (pangere), and *rif* (largus) are akin to the Dutch or German words *bal*, *draf*, *picken*, *rif*. *Rucken* is found both in Dutch and in Layamon's work; twenty years after his time it appears as *rock* (agitare). He has also *halede* (duxit), the Frisian *halia*; as often happens in English, the word *hale* remains, and by its side the corruption *haul*, which cropped up ninety years after this time. Layamon says, '*weoðeleden* his fluhtes,' his flights became weak (I. page 122): the verb has a High German brother, and from this may come our verb *wobble*.

About the year 1200, the Legend of St. Margaret seems to have been compiled.<sup>1</sup> It has forms akin to the Worcester manuscript printed by Sir Thomas Phillipps, and in other particulars it resembles a well-known Dorsetshire work. But it touches the East Midland in its forms *beon* and *aren* (sunt); and its Participles end sometimes in *ende*, sometimes in *inde*. The Past Participle *islein* (page 11) resembles what we find in the Peterborough Chronicle. On the whole, Oxford seems

<sup>1</sup> Early English Text Society.

to be as likely a spot as any, if we seek to fix upon some city for the authorship of the Legend.

Layamon was fond of the Old English diphthong *æ*, but in the present work this is often altered to *ea*, as in the words *reach*, *clean*, *heal*, *mean*, *least*. We even find *neafre* for *nunquam*. It is to the South Western shires that we owe the preservation of *ea*, a favourite combination of our forefathers: the word *flea* has never changed its spelling. We see in this Legend both the old *swa* and the new *so*; *teep* replaces *teþ*; *roa* comes once more. The *wimman* of the Midland makes way for *wummon*; we follow the former sound in the Plural and the latter sound in the Singular; a curious instance of the widely different sources of our Standard English. *Fearful* (*pavidus*) is seen for the first time; we grew fond of *ful* as an adjectival ending, and for it we displaced many older terminations. *Lagu*, *cwæp*, *wasc* become *lake*, *quod*, and *weosch*. Such new phrases crop up as *hwa so eaver* (page 20) and *steornaket* (page 5). *Cleane* is used for *omnino* in page 15; *cleane overcumen*, an idiom kept in our Version of the Bible. Our phrase 'it is all one to me,' is seen in its earliest shape at page 5, *al me is an*.

In this piece, *smartly* seems to bear a sense half-way between *quickly* and *painfully*. Orrmin's *gazhen* is now found in a new compound, *ungeinliche* (*ungainly*). At page 16 we see another Norse word, *drupest* (most drooping), from the Icelandic *drúpa*. *Drivel* appears, which is akin to the Dutch *drevel* (*servus*). There are a few other new verbs: *stutten*, akin to a High German word, shows the origin of our *stutter*, while *shudder* is akin to a Dutch word. The word *schillinde* (*sonans*) at page 19, akin to

both the High German and Icelandic, tells whence comes our *shrill*—one of the many English words into which *r* has found its way. The verb *seem* has here a sense unknown to Orrmin and Layamon, that of *videri*. At page 9 we read, ‘his teeð *semden* of swart irn.’ On reading at page 13 ‘þu fikest’ (tu fallis), we may perhaps derive from this verb our *fib*, even as *geleaf* turns to *belief*. *Toggen* (trahere) is seen, more akin in form to the Dutch *tocken* than to the Old English *teogan*. We have three corruptions of this verb, with three widely different meanings—to *tug*, to *toy*, and to *tow*.

From the Legend of St. Catherine, compiled not much later, we get the word *clatter*, found also in Dutch. In another piece, the Hali Meidenhad,<sup>1</sup> which dates from about the year 1220, we find one or two Norse words, such as *cake* and *gealde* (from *geldr*, that is, *sterilis*); there is also *crupel* (cripple), akin to the Dutch. The Old English *ceówan* has the sense of *jaw*, as in the Homilies of 1180. The maiden is told, in page 31, that the husband ‘chit te and *cheoweð* þe.’ A little lower down, she is further threatened; for he ‘beateð þe and *busteð* þe;’ this last verb is the Icelandic *beysta*, our *baste* (ferire). Hence also the French *baston* or *báton*. The *tíðing* of the Essex Homilies now becomes *tiding*. Our *scream* is found for the first time, and seems to be a confusion between the Old English *hream* and the Welsh *ysgarm*, each meaning the same. The old word *græg* has had a curious lot: the North and East of England kept the first letter of the diphthong, the South

<sup>1</sup> Early English Text Society.

and West held to the last letter, as we see in the Hali Meidenhad. We may still write either *gray* or *grey*: the case is most exceptional.

We now come to that piece which, more than anything else written outside the Danelagh, has influenced our Standard English. About 1220, the Ancren Riwle was written in the Dorsetshire dialect; it became most popular, and copies of it are extant in other dialects. Of these the Salopian variation is the most remarkable.<sup>1</sup> The language is near of kin to that employed in the Legend of St. Margaret; but the Southern *o* has by this time made further inroads upon the old *a*. *Whoso* replaces the word written at Peterborough *wua sua*; and we find our *No*, for the first time, in direct denial. The combination *ea* is most frequent; thus *læne* (maccer) becomes *leane*. We find new phrases cropping up, common enough in our mouths now; such as *et enes* (at once), *ase ofte ase*, *ase mucche ase*, *enes a wike ette leste* (once a week at the least, page 344), *yung ase he was*, *hu se ever it beo ischeaped*, *sumetime* (page 92, but *sumchere* is the favourite form for this), *al beo* (albeit, page 420), *hwerse ever*, *amidde þe vorhefde*, *bivorenhond* (beforehand). There is a new phrase, *never þe later*, which was near replacing our *nevertheless*, since Tyndale sometimes used the former. Both alike occur in the Ancren Riwle. The old *gewhær* (ubique) gets the usual prefix *ever* added to it; and *everihwar* (page 200), which we now wrongly spell as *every where*, is the result.

<sup>1</sup> It is most curious to compare the Salopian version (*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, ii. 4) with the Dorsetshire version (Camden Society).

This is one of the few words in which we still sound a corruption of the old *ge*, so beloved of our fathers.<sup>1</sup>

The phrase of *feor* (procul) was later to be written *afar*; the old *of* is seldom found in New English under this form *a*. We see the first use of a phrase that often replaces the old Preposition *for*. At page 260 are the words ‘*ine stude of in, his cradel herbarued him;*’ the cradle supplied the lack of an *inn*. The new preposition *besides* had not made its way everywhere, for in page 258 we see *wiðuten* employed for *præter*; ‘*wunden, al wiðuten eddren capitalen.*’

In the Ancren Riwle *one* is employed in a new way, standing for *man*. In page 370 we read, ‘*þe one þet was best ilered of Cristes deciples.*’ This cannot be translated by the Latin *alter*, as in the passage of the Peterborough Chronicle referred to at page 89 of the present work. Another new sense of *one* is found in page 252, ‘*ter on geð him one in one sliddrie wete*’ (where a man goeth alone by himself in a slippery way).<sup>2</sup> This looks at first sight very like a translation of the French *on*; *sum man* would have been used by earlier English writers. However, further on we shall see that the attempt to imitate the kindred *unus* is the most probable source of our idiomatic *one*, standing by itself.

After the break-up of our old grammar, it had not as

<sup>1</sup> This was pointed out by Dr. Morris some time ago in *Notes and Queries*.

<sup>2</sup> This Reflexive Dative, standing for *solus*, is still used in Scotland.

‘Oh! wha will dry the dreeping tear  
She sheds *her lane*, she sheds *her lane*?’

—Lady Nairne’s *Poems*, p. 211.

yet been settled how we were to translate the Latin Neuter Relative *quod*. We saw 'zetes bi *wam*' in the Homilies; in the Ancren Riwle, page 382, we see 'sum ping mid *hwat* he muhte derven.' This last is the English form of *quod*: but we were not to use it. We were to follow the form employed in page 354: 'peawes, bi *hwuche* me climbeð to þe blisse.' Yet this *hwuche* is almost always in the present work used in its true old sense (now unhappily lost) of *qualis*, its kindred word. The new translation of *quod* was to take root in Yorkshire, as well as in Dorset, thirty years later. The old *that* was, of course, in full employment as a Relative.

In page 110, we see how the old *onefne* came to be changed; in the Salopian copy it is found as *onevent*, in the Dorset copy as *onont*, not far from our *anent*. In the same page, we see how the old Preposition *geond* (per) was dropping out of use; it was still employed in Dorset, but was replaced in one shire by *over*, in another by *in*. When we find *onlich*, it does not convey our sense of the word; it as yet means nothing but *solitary*. What was called *leste* (solutus) in Dorset, was *lowse* and *lousse* in other shires, not far from our *loose*: this may be seen at page 228. The Southern influence, which changes *f* into *v* and *g* into *w*, may be seen in page 290, where we hear that the Devil 'fikeð mid dogge *vawenunge* (flatters with doglike fawning): this last word was of old *fægning*. The comparative of *late* had hitherto only conveyed the sense of *senior*; but we now find it mean *posterior*; in page 158, there is mention of the 'vorme. half and þe *latere*.' We have since 1220 distinguished the two meanings of the word by doubling the *t* in *later*, when it

is to mean *posterior*. In page 176, we find a wholly new idiom, which must have come from France, standing for the old Superlative; 'þe meste dredful secnesse of alle.' This new form for the Superlative was hardly ever used in the Thirteenth Century, but became very common in the Fourteenth. The word *sona* (mox) has new offspring, *sonre* and *sonest*. Orrmin's *la* has become *lo*. In page 288, we see a mistake repeated long afterwards by Lord Macaulay in his Lays; what should be written *iwis* (certè) is written as if it were a verb, *I wis*.

We find *mongleð*, *empti*, *volewen*, *lauhweð* (ridet), *lone* (commodatum), *owust* (debes), *sawe* (dictum), instead of the old *mengeð*, *æmtig*, *folgian*, *hlaheð*, *læn*, *âhst*, *sagu*. The *untowen*, found here for *untrained*, was afterwards to become *wanton*, the *un* and the *wan* meaning the same. There are words altogether new: such as *backbiter*, *chaffer*, *overtake*, *overturn*, *withdraw*, *withhold*. We now see the last of the old *Wodnes dei*; in the Legend of St. Katherine, of the same date, this becomes *Wednes-dai*. Our *Ember days* appear for the first time in the guise of *umbridei*; this and *umquhile* are the sole survivors in English of the many words formed from our lost preposition *umbe*, the Greek *amphi*. The word *halpenes* (page 96) shows a step in the formation of our *halfpence*. At page 344 *drive* gets an intransitive sense; 'I go *dri-vinde* upe fole pouhtes.' At page 426, we see our common expression, 'þet fur (ignis) go ut.' At page 46 comes *gluffen* (to blunder), from the Icelandic *glop* (incuria); hence perhaps 'to *club* a regiment.' *Sorh* (dolor) had taken the shape of *seoruwe* in Dorset, but it remained *sorhe* in Salop (see page 64). The old *ræcende* becomes

*ringinde* (page 140), whence our *ranging*.<sup>1</sup> In page 128, we are told that a false nun ‘*chefeð of idel* ;’ hence have arisen to *chatter* and to *chaff*. *Torple* (*cadere*) seems to be formed from *top* (*caput*). The ending *ful* is freely used for adjectives, as *dredful* and *pinful* ; other endings are driven out by it. The old *eallunga* is now replaced by *utterly* ; and *bælg* is turned into *bag* ; *beggar* is now first found.

In page 398, we see an instance of the revived use of the entreating *do*, before an Imperative ; the writer asks for a reason, adding, ‘*do seie hwui*.’ In page 54 may be found the first use of our indefinite *it*, prefixed to *was* ; ‘*a meiden hit was . . . eode ut vor to biholden*.’ A pithy phrase was once applied to our two last Stuart Kings : it was said of Charles that ‘*he could if he would* ;’ of James, that ‘*he would if he could*.’ On looking to the *Ancren Riwe*, p. 338, we read, ‘*he ne mei hwon he wule, þe nolde hwule þet he muhte*.’ This seems to have been a byword well known in 1220.

The East Midland dialect was pushing its conquests into the South, for many Norse words are found for the first time in this work ; as,

Chough	Kofa, Icelandic
Crop, <i>carpere</i>	Kroppa, Icelandic
Dog	Doggr, Icelandic
Dusk	Dulsk, Danish
Groom	Gromr, Icelandic
Mased, <i>delirus</i>	{ Masa, Old Norse, <i>to chatter</i>
	{ <i>confusedly</i>
Muwlen, <i>grow mouldy</i>	Mygla, Icelandic

<sup>1</sup> So in the Latin, *jungo* is formed from *jugo*, and *lingo* from *lico*.

Shy	Skygg, Swedish
Scowl	Skule, Danish
Skull	Skal, Danish
Scraggy	Skrekka, Norse
Skulk	Skjol, Norse
Sluggish	Sloeki, Norse
Smoulder	Smul, Danish, <i>dust</i>
Windohe, <i>window</i>	Vindauga, Icelandic

Many an Old English word has been driven out by these Scandinavian strangers. Moreover, I add a list of many words, which Southern England had in common with our Dutch and Low German kinsmen. England seems now to have rid herself of her old prejudice against beginning words with the letter *p*.

Bounce, <i>punch</i>	Bonzen	Puff	Poffen
Brink	Brink	Pick	Picken, <i>to use a sharp tool</i>
Cackle	Kakelen	Pack	Pack
Cleppe, <i>clapper</i>	Klappe	Scrape	Schrapen
Costnede, <i>cost</i>	Kosten	Snatch	Snacken
Cur <sup>1</sup>	Korre	Spat, <i>macula</i>	Spat
Giggle	Giggen	Squint	Squinte
Hag	Hacke	Toot	Toeten, <i>blow a horn</i>
Hurl	Horrelen	Tattle	Tatelu
Pig <sup>2</sup>	Bigge		
Pot	Pot		

We find also in this work *harlot*, a vagabond, from the Welsh *herlawd*, a youth; the word is used by Chaucer without any bad sense. From the same Celtic source come *cudgel* and *griddle*, now first seen in English. *Peoddare*, a pedlar, is also found for the first time;

<sup>1</sup> This, as now, might express a poltroon.

<sup>2</sup> In Salop, the old Scandinavian *gris* (the Sanscrit *ghriskti*) is used instead of *pig*; hence our *griskin*: some curious English rimes in the *Lanercost Chronicle* turn on the former word.

Forby derives it from *ped*, which in Norfolk is a covered pannier.<sup>1</sup> There are many words in the Ancren Riwle, which, as Wedgwood thinks, are formed from the sound; such as *gewgaw*, *chatter*, *flash*; *scratch* arose in Salop; the *window* of that shire was called *purl* in the South.<sup>2</sup> The adjective in Shakespere's 'little *cwifer* fellow' is found in the Ancren Riwle; it seems to come from the old *cóf*, *impiger*.

Dr. Morris has added to his Twelfth Century Homilies (First Series) some other works, which seem to date from about 1220. The word *carp* (loqui) is seen for the first time. Another new word is *dingle*, applied to a recess of the sea; it is akin to a German word, as also is *schimmeð* or *schimereð* (fulget), at page 257.

<sup>1</sup> This proves that we ought not to write *pedler*, but *pedlar*; the word is sometimes given as a puzzle in spelling.

<sup>2</sup> In Salop, forms which were used in Lothian and Yorkshire seem to have clashed with forms employed in Gloucestershire and Dorset; something resembling the *Ormulum* was the upshot. In each succeeding century Salop comes to the front. 'The Wohunge of ure Lauerd' seems to have been written here about 1210 (Morris' *Old English Homilies*, First Series, p. 269). In 1340, or so, the *Romance of William of Palerne* was compiled here. In 1420, John Audlay wrote his poems in the same dialect (Percy Society, No. 47). In 1580, Churchyard had not dropped all his old Salopian forms. Baxter, who came from Salop, appeared about 1650 as one of the first heralds of the change that was then passing over Standard English prose, and that was substituting Dryden's style for that of Milton. Soon after 1700, Farquhar, in his *Recruiting Officer*, gives us much of the Salopian brogue. This intermingling of Northern and Southern forms in Salop produced something not unlike Standard English.

THE EAST MIDLAND DIALECT.

(About A.D. 1230.)

I now bring forward a poem that may perhaps come from Cambridge—the Bestiary—that is printed in Dr. Morris's Old English Miscellany (Early English Text Society). This is very nearly the same in its dialect as the *Génesis* and *Exodus* (Early English Text Society), a poem which Dr. Morris refers to Suffolk; but the former piece seems to have been written nearer to Peterborough, since it uses *who*, where the latter poem has *quho*. The common marks of the East Midland dialect are found in both: the Present Participle ends in *ande* in the one case, in both *ande* and *ende* in the other; the Plural of the Present Tense ends in *en*, or is dropped altogether, as *have* instead of *haven*; the Prefix to the Past Participle comes most seldom. The Northern prepositions *fra* and *tíl* are found. The Bestiary bears a resemblance to the Proverbs of Alfred; it is a work such as might well have been compiled at Cambridge; being a translation made much about the time that King Henry the Third was beginning to play the part of Rehoboam in England, having got rid of his wise counsellors.

Here we find<sup>1</sup> the Old English *sinden* (sunt) for

<sup>1</sup> Now we have for the first time a new English metre, with the alternate lines riming:—

‘ His muð is get wel unkuð	bidden bone to Gode,
wið pater noster and crede;	and tus his muð rigten,
fare he norð, er fare he suð,	tilen him so ðe sowles fode,
leren he sal his nede;	ðurg grace off ure drigtin.

almost the last time; on the other hand, what Orrmin wrote *all ane* (solus) has now become *olon*; we also see *ones*, the Latin *semel*. The Southern *o* had long driven out the old Northern *a* in these Eastern shires. We find Orrmin's substitution of *o* for *on* always recurring here, as *o live*. But what he calls *bracc* (fregit) is seen in the present poem as *broke*; our version of the Scriptures has adopted the former, our common speech the latter. We also find *ut* turned into *out*; we saw something of the kind in the Proverbs of Alfred. The turtle's mate is called in the Bestiary 'hire olde luvē:' this of yore would have been written *leóf*. We have unhappily in modern English but one word for the old *leóf* and *lufe*, the person and the thing. *Fugelaz* is pared down to *fules* (fowls). We find here for the first time *borlic* (burly) applied to elephants; it is akin to the High German *purlih*. The word *cliver* (clever) is applied to the Devil. Mr. Wedgwood says it comes from *claw*; hence it in this passage has the sense of *nimble-fingered*, much as *rapidus* comes from *rapio*. The adjective *fine*, the Icelandic *finn*, is seen here for the first time. The word *snute* (snout), used of the elephant, is akin to a German word.

The Old English *ceaft* is now found in the shape of *chavel* (in the account of the whale): it is not far from our *jowl*.

The expression 'fisses to him (the whale) *dragen*,' shows that the verb has now got the new sense of *venire*, as we say, 'to draw nigh.'

We have seen *on* used for *aliquis*; it now comes to mean *quidam*, and is used without any substantive, as in

the Ancren Riwle. We read of the elephant entrapped; 'ðanne cumeð ðer on gangande.' This of old would have been *sum ylp*; in the present poem, the words *tunc unus currit* had to be Englished.

One of the most startling changes is that of the Second Person Singular of the Perfect of the Strong verb. What in Old English was *pu hehte*, is turned at page 6 into *tu higest* (*pollicitus es*). Thus one more of the links between Sanscrit and English was to be broken.

In an East Anglian Creed of this time (*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, i. 234), we find *ure onelic loverd*, written where Orrmin would have used the old *anlepiȝ* (*unicus*) for the second word. Thus a new form drove out an older one.

In the Genesis and Exodus the first thing that strikes us is the poet's sturdy cleaving to the Old English gutturals *g* and *k*. So, in the Bestiary, we find *gevenlike*, the last appearance of the old uncorrupted prefix. It is East Anglia that has kept these hard letters alive. But for these shires, whose spelling Caxton happily followed, we should be writing to *yive* (*donare*), to *yet* (*adipisci*), *ayain* (*iterum*), and *yate* (*porta*). We have unluckily followed Orrmin's corruption in *yield*, *yelp*, *yearn*, and *young*. These East Anglians talked of a *dyke* (*fossa*), when all Southern England spoke of a *ditch*. Orrmin's *druhþe* is now turned into *drugte* (*drought*), which we have followed. The most remarkable change is *deigen* (*mori*) instead of *deye*. But even into Suffolk the Southern *w* was forcing its way. We find *owen* as well as *ogen* (*proprius*), and *folwen* as well as *folgen* (*sequi*).

Owing to the changes of letters in different shires, we sometimes have two words where our forefathers had but one, each word with its own shade of meaning. 'To *dray* a man out' is different from the phrase 'to *draw* a man out:' the hard North is here opposed to the softer South West. Moreover, we may speak of a *dray* horse. Our Standard English is much the richer from having sprung up in shires widely apart.

We have also followed Suffolk in our word for the Latin *osculari*. A glance at Stratmann's dictionary will show that in the South East of England this was written *hesse*, in the South West it was *cusse*, but in East Anglia and further to the North it was *kiss*. The same may be remarked as to *kin*, *hill*, *listen*, *ridge*, and many other words. The Old English *o* was now getting the modern sound of *u*, as in the Proverbs of Alfred; we find *booc*, *mood*, and *wulde*, instead of *boc*, *mod*, and *wolde*.<sup>1</sup>

What Orrmin called *patt an* and *patt oþer* is seen in the Genesis and Exodus in a new guise.

Two likenesses . . . he

Gaf hire ȝe ton.—Page 77.

Dis on wulde don ȝe toðer wrong.—Page 78.

We see other new forms of old words in *cude* (potui), *eilond* (insula), *fier* (ignis), *fright*, *hol* (sanus), *loth*, *quien*

<sup>1</sup> Rather further to the North, as we shall see, the old *o* was turned into *ou*. A foreigner may well despair of pronouncing English vowels, when he finds that the words *rune*, *wound*, and *mood* are all sounded in the same way. This comes from Standard English being the product of many different shires.

(not *cwén*), *smot*, *olike* (similiter), *token*, *ðret*, *may*, *leman*, *helde*, *pride*, *strif*, *ðralles*, *wroð*, *often*, *eldest*, *reynbowe*.

There are other points in which these East Anglian poems of 1230 clearly foreshadow our Standard English. *Wiht* (pondus) becomes *wigte*, and *teogeða* is now *tigðe* (tithe). The *d* is sometimes slipped into the middle of a word after *n*; we find *kindred* and *ðunder*. The *t* or *ð* is also added to the end of a word: *þwyrian* becomes *čwert* (thwart); *stalu* (furtum) appears as *stalðe*, our *stealth*. *Maked* (factus) is shortened into *made*; and when we find such a form as *lorðehed* (dominion), we see that Orrmin's *laferrdinngeß* will soon become *lordings*. The clipping and paring process is going on apace. *Nu* is once seen as *nou*, and *tun* as *toun*. Orrmin had freely used *ne* in the old way, prefixing it as a negative to *am*, *will*, *habbe*, with all their tenses and persons; but in the Suffolk poem nothing of the kind is found, except the one verb *nill* (nolo), and this we have not yet wholly lost. *Golden* (aureus) is cut down in page 54 of the Genesis and Exodus; we find '*gol prenes and ringes*,' and in page 95 we see '*a gold pot*.' The Perfects *clad*, *bad*, and *fed* also meet us. When we see such a verb as *semelen* instead of the former *samnian*, we can understand how easily the French word *assemble* must have made its way in England.

Some of Orrmin's Norse words are here repeated; but his *sh* is often changed to *s*, as *sal* instead of *shall*, and this is still found in Scotland. What was *scæ* (illa) at Peterborough, seventy years earlier, is now found as *sge*, *sche*, and once as *she*. *Hi* (illi) is only

once replaced by *ðei*. Orrmin's new forms, such as *above*, *aʒʒ* (*semper*), *or*, again appear. We have in the two poems before us other new forms creeping in, such as, *to Godeward*, *moreover*, *everilc on*, *bitime* (*betimes*). *Whilum* and *seldum* are still found with the old Dative Plural ending; *moste* becomes the modern *muste*. The Old English *pās* (in Latin *hi*) is now seen as *pese*, just as we have it; in the Homilies of 1120, it was only *pes*.

*Ever* was often employed in compounding new words, such as *quatsoever*; *ful* was becoming a favourite ending for Adjectives, such as *dredful*, as we saw in the South. *H*, a fatal letter in English mouths, had been sadly misused in the South a hundred years earlier; the Suffolk poet often makes slips in handling it: he has *ard* for *hard*, and *hold* for *old*.

One token of the Midland, East and West, is the verb *niman* used for the Latin *ire*; it is found in this poem.

Some new formations from old words are now seen; the useful word *bearing* or carriage first appears in page 62.

For bi gure *bering* men mai it sen.

A new verb, which we still keep, is seen in page 41. Isaac was mourning for his mother; but Eliezer

*Eððede* his sorge, brogt him a wif.

This new formation from *eaðe* (*facilis*) may have been confounded with the French *aisier*. Long before Chaucer it was decided that in this verb we should use the French *s* and not the Old English *ð*.

The old Perfect of *fleón* (fugere) was *fleáh*; we find our new form in p. 96. ✓

Amaleckes folc *fledde* for agte of dead.

In page 12, we read that Adam and Eve were 'don ut of Paradise' (ejecti sunt). This must be the phrase which suggested our modern phrase for cheating. The verb *do* has undergone some degradation.

There are many Scandinavian words found here.

Busk, <i>bush</i>	Buskr, Icelandic
Dream, <i>somnium</i> <sup>1</sup>	Draumr, Icelandic
Glint	Glânta, Swedish
Levin, <i>lightening</i>	Lygne, Norse
Muck	Mykr, Icelandic
Ransack	Ransaka, Norse
Rapen, <i>to hurry, rap out</i>	Rapa, Norse
Rospen, <i>rasp</i>	Raspa, Swedish
Skie <sup>2</sup>	Sky, <i>cloud</i> , Norse
Tidy	Tidig, Swedish
Tine, <i>lose</i>	Tína, Norse
Ugly	Ugga, <i>frighten</i> , Norse

We find the word *irk* for the first time; it is akin to the German *erken* (fastidire).

Of manna he ben *forhirked* to eten.—Page 104.

We see in page 35, 'hen: gan ðat water *laken*' (the water began to fail them). This new word for *deesse* is akin to the Dutch *laecke* (defect). In page 26, we

<sup>1</sup> The Old English *dream* only meant *sonus* or *gaudium*, and is so used in the *Bestiary*.

<sup>2</sup> This as yet only means in English a *cloud*, and this sense of the word lasted till Chaucer's time. *Til skyia* in Norse means 'up in the sky.' Twenty years after the present poem's date *sky* stood for *aer* in Yorkshire.

find mention of *tol and takel and orf*. The second of these substantives comes from the Welsh *taclau*, accoutrements.

In page 91 we read

‘Gon worn VII. score ger.’

This is the first use of *score* for *twenty*. It comes from the old habit of *shearing* or *scoring* notches on wood up to twenty. Our word *skip* comes from the Welsh *ysgip* (a quick snatch); hence locusts are called *skipperes*, page 88.

In page 93, is the line—

‘Undrinclcd in ðat salte spot.’

The last word (*locus*) here makes its first appearance. Wedgwood derives it from *spatter*, and calls it the mark upon which something has been splashed. This *spot* and the French *place* have between them driven out the Old English *stede*, which only survives in a prepositional shape. In this poem the old French word *fey* is seen as our modern *feid* (faith); the oath *par ma fey* was well known in England. We also see the French *espier* become *spy*; in the Danelagh, French words as well as English were clipped. It is owing to the Southern shires that we say *establish* as well as *stablish*.

#### THE EAST MIDLAND DIALECT.

(About A.D. 1230.)

##### ACCOUNT OF THE FLOOD.<sup>1</sup>

Ðo <sup>a</sup> wex a flod ðis werlde wid-hin  
and ouer-flowged men & deres <sup>b</sup> kin

<sup>a</sup> Then

<sup>b</sup> animals

<sup>1</sup> *Genesis and Exodus*, p. 16 (Early English Text Society).

wiðuten ° Noe and hise ðre sunen,  
 Sem, Cam, Iaphet, if we rigt munen,<sup>d</sup>  
 and here ° foure wifes woren hem wið;  
 ðise viii hadden in ðe arche grið.<sup>f</sup>  
 Ðat arche was a feteles<sup>g</sup> good,  
 set and limes agen ðe flood;  
 ðre hundred elne was it long,  
 nailed and sperd,<sup>h</sup> ðig and strong,  
 and l<sup>ti</sup> elne wid, and xxx<sup>ti</sup> heg<sup>i</sup>;  
 ðor buten Noe long swing he dreg<sup>k</sup>;  
 an hundred winter, everilc del,<sup>l</sup>  
 welken or<sup>m</sup> it was ended wel;  
 of alle der ðe on werlde wunen,<sup>n</sup>  
 and foueles, weren ðerinne cumen  
 bi seven and seven, or bi two & two,  
 Almitin God him bad it so,  
 and mete quorbi<sup>o</sup> ðei migten liven,  
 ðor quiles he<sup>p</sup> woren on water driven.  
 sexe hundred ger Noe was hold<sup>q</sup>  
 Quan he dede<sup>r</sup> him in ðe arche-wold.

Two ðusant ger, sex hundred mo,  
 and sex and fifti forð to ðo,<sup>s</sup>  
 weren of werldes elde numen<sup>t</sup>  
 ðan<sup>u</sup> Noe was in to ðe arche cumen.  
 Ilc<sup>x</sup> wateres springe here strengðe undede,  
 and reyne gette<sup>y</sup> dun on everilk stede  
 fowerti dais and fowerti nig,  
 so wex water wið magti mig.  
 so wunderlike it wex and get  
 ðat fiftene elne it overflet,  
 over ilk dune,<sup>z</sup> and over ilc hil,  
 ðhurge Godes mig<sup>t</sup> and Godes wil;  
 and oðer fowerti ðore-to,  
 dais and nigtes stod et so;  
 ðo was ilc fleis<sup>a</sup> on werlde slagen,  
 ðo gunnen<sup>b</sup> ðe wateres hem wið-dragen.

- ° except
- <sup>d</sup> consider
- ° their
- <sup>f</sup> peace
- <sup>g</sup> vessel
  
- <sup>h</sup> closed
- <sup>i</sup> high
- <sup>k</sup> bore toil
- <sup>l</sup> bit
- <sup>m</sup> passed ere
- <sup>n</sup> dwell
  
- ° whereby
- <sup>p</sup> they
- <sup>q</sup> old
- <sup>r</sup> put
  
- <sup>s</sup> beside those
- <sup>t</sup> taken
- <sup>u</sup> when
- <sup>x</sup> each
- <sup>y</sup> poured
  
- <sup>z</sup> mountain
  
- <sup>a</sup> flesh
- <sup>b</sup> began

De sevend moned was in cumen,  
and sevene and xx<sup>ti</sup> dais numen,  
in Armenie ðat arche stod,  
ðo was wið-dragen ðat ilc <sup>c</sup> flod.

<sup>c</sup> same

Do ðe tende moned came in,  
so wurð dragen ðe watres win <sup>d</sup> ;  
dunes wexen, ðe flod wið-drog,  
It adde lested long anog.<sup>e</sup>

<sup>d</sup> force

<sup>e</sup> enough

Fowerti dais after ðis,  
arches *windoge* undon it is,  
ðe raven ut-fleg,<sup>f</sup> hu so it gan ben,  
ne <sup>g</sup> cam he nogt to ðe arche agen.  
ðe duve fond <sup>h</sup> no clene stede,  
and wente agen and wel it dede ;  
ðe sevendai eft ut it tog,<sup>i</sup>  
and brogt a grene olives bog ; <sup>k</sup>  
seve nigt siðen <sup>l</sup> everilc on  
he is let ut flegen,<sup>m</sup> crepen, and gon,  
wiðuten <sup>n</sup> ilc sevend clene der  
ðe he sacrede on an aucter.<sup>o</sup>

<sup>f</sup> flew out

<sup>g</sup> nor

<sup>h</sup> found

<sup>i</sup> went

<sup>k</sup> bough

<sup>l</sup> afterwards

<sup>m</sup> to fly

<sup>n</sup> except

<sup>o</sup> altar

Sex hundred ger and on dan olde  
Noe sag <sup>p</sup> ut of ðe arche-wolde ;  
ðe first moned and te first dai,  
he sag erðe drie & te water awai ;  
get he was wis and nogt to rad ; <sup>q</sup>  
gede <sup>r</sup> he nogt ut, til God him bad.

<sup>p</sup> looked

<sup>q</sup> quick

<sup>r</sup> went

#### THE CONTRAST TO THE EAST MIDLAND.

(About A.D. 1230.)

Ar ne kuthe ich sorghe non,  
Nu ich mot manen nun mon,  
Karful wel sore ich syche ;  
Geltles ihc tholye muchele schame ;  
Help God for thin swete name,  
Kyng of hevене-riche.

Jesu Crist, sod God, sod man,  
Loverd, thu rew upon me,  
Of prisun thar ich in am  
    Bring me ut and makye fre.  
Ich and mine feren sume,  
    God wot ich ne lyghe noct,  
For othre habbet misnome,  
    Ben in thys prisun ibroct.

Almicti, that wel lieth,  
    Of bale is hale and bote,  
Hevene king, of this woning  
    Ut us bringe mote.  
Foryhef hem, the wykke men,  
    God, yhef it is thi wille,  
For wos gelt we bed ipelt  
    In thos prisun hille.

Ne hope non to his live,  
Her ne mai he belive,  
Heghe thegh he stighe,  
    Ded him felled to grunde.  
Nu had man wele and blisce,  
Rathe he shal tharof misse,  
Worldes wele mid ywise  
    Ne lasted buten on stunde.

Maiden, that bare the heven king,  
Bisech thin sone, that swete thing,  
That he habbe of hus rewsing,  
And bring us of this woning  
    For his muchele misse ;  
He bring hus ut of this wo,  
And hus tache werchen swo,  
In those live go wu sit go,  
That we moten ey and o  
    •Habben the eche blisce.

The above poem is taken from the *Liber de Antiquis Legibus* ('*Reliquiæ Antiquæ*,' I. 274), in the possession of the Corporation of London; the manuscript has musical notes attached to it. The proportion of obsolete English is much the same as in the *Genesis* and *Exodus*. The poem of page 134 seems therefore to represent the London speech of the year 1230, or so. What was *g* in Suffolk becomes *c* here, as in the Twelfth Century Homilies; it is *broct*, not *brogt*; *gelt* replaces *gilt*. The *h* is sometimes misused, even as Londoners of our day misuse it. The *gh* sometimes replaces the old *h*, as we saw in the *Essex Homilies*: this change was now overspreading the greater part of the Eastern side of England between London and York.

#### THE EAST MIDLAND DIALECT.

(About A.D. 1240.)

The piece that comes next, a version of the Athanasian Creed, was most likely written in the Northernmost part of Lincolnshire, perhaps not far from Hull; it has corruptions of English that are not often found before Manning wrote in that county sixty years later, such as 'ne pre *no* two' (*nec tres nec duo*).<sup>1</sup> We see the Northern forms in great abundance; thus *whilk* is used for the Relative, as in Dorset; *als*, *til*, *sal*, *pair*, &c., come often: the third Person Singular of the Present tense ends in *es*, not in *eth*. But the Southern *o* was making great inroads on the Northern *a*, as we saw in

<sup>1</sup> *No* for *nec* is found in Layamon.

East Anglia ; in this piece we find *so, non, no mo, whos, pow* (tamen), *who so* ; in short, the whole poem foreshadows Manning's riming Chronicle. The writer who Englished this Creed has little love for outlandish words ; *sauf, sengellic*, and *persones* are the only three specimens of French here found : he commonly calls *persones* by the obsolete name *hodes*. The deep theological terms of the Creed could still be expressed in sound English ; though the writer's *mikel* does not wholly convey the sense of our *incomprehensible*. We see our *bifore-said* for the first time. *Bot* (sed) and *with* (cum) are preferred to their other English synonyms, as in Orrmin's writings. Unlike that poet, our present author will seldom use *ne* for the Latin *non* ; he prefers *noht*, as in the East Anglian pieces : but he once has *nil* (*nolunt*). We see the Participle *lastend*, which Orrmin would have used.

This Creed, short though it be, shows us two great changes that were taking root in our spelling ; *h* was being turned, as in Essex, into *gh*, and *u* into *ou*.<sup>1</sup> One or two instances of these changes may be seen in the East Midland poems of 1230 ; but the alteration is now well marked. We see *right, noght*, and *thurght* instead of the old *riht, noht*, and *thurh*. These words must have been pronounced with a strong guttural sound, which may still be heard in the Scotch Lowlands ; there *right* is sounded much like the German *recht*. *Thoh* is in this Creed written *pof*, and this shows us how *cough* and *rough* came to be pronounced

<sup>1</sup> In the piece referred to at p. 85, we saw the first instance of *o* being changed into *ou*.

as they are now.<sup>1</sup> The letters *k* and *f* are akin to each other; the Sanscrit *katvar* is the Gothic *fidvor* (four), and the Lithuanian *dwy-lika* is our *twâ-lifa* (twelve). With us, Livorno becomes Leghorn; and in Aberdeenshire *lwa* (the Latin *quis*) is pronounced *fa*. No change seems to have been made in the sound, when *dun* and *ur* were written as *down* and *our* in the Creed before us. The English word for *domus* is to this day pronounced in Northumberland as *hoose*. This, in parts of Yorkshire, is corrupted into *ha-oose*; if this last be pronounced rapidly, it gives *house*, as it is sounded by good speakers of English in our day.<sup>2</sup> It is hard to know why *us* should be spelt now as it was a thousand years ago, and yet why *ur* should be turned into *our*.

## EAST MIDLAND.

(A.D. 1240.)

Who pat þen wil berihed <sup>a</sup> be,	<sup>a</sup> saved
So of þe prinnes <sup>b</sup> leve he,	<sup>b</sup> Trinity
And nede at hele <sup>c</sup> þat last ai sal	<sup>c</sup> salvation
Ðat þe fleshede <sup>d</sup> ai with al	<sup>d</sup> incarnation
Of oure louerd Jhu Crist forþi <sup>e</sup>	<sup>e</sup> therefore
Ðat he trowe it trewli.	

<sup>1</sup> The pronunciation of a word like Loughborough is the despair of foreigners. Why should *cough* be sounded differently from *plough*? 'I have a cow in my box,' said a Frenchman, meaning a cough in his chest. Bunyan, who came from the East Midland, pronounced *daughter* as *dafter*; so we see by his rimes, quoted by Mr. Earle (*Philology of the English Tongue*), p. 127.

<sup>2</sup> It is pronounced in South Lancashire in a way *quod literis dicere non est*, but something like *heawse* (Garnett's *Essays*, p. 77). *Coude* (our *could*), *wound*, and *bound* have three different sounds in modern English.

Den ever is trauth <sup>f</sup> right <sup>f</sup> belief  
 Dat we leve with alle oure miht  
 Dat oure louerd Jhu Crist in blis  
 Godes sone and man he his,  
 Gode of kinde of fadir kinned <sup>g</sup> werld biforn, <sup>g</sup> begotten  
 Man of kinde of moder into werld born,  
 Fulli God, fulli man liyand  
 Of schilful <sup>h</sup> saule and mannes flesshe beand, <sup>h</sup> reasonable  
 Even to the Fadir purght godhede,  
 Lesse pen Fader purght manhede,  
 Dat þof he be God and man,  
 Noght two þrwæper <sup>i</sup> is, bot Crist an, <sup>i</sup> still  
 On, noht purght wendinge <sup>k</sup> of Godhed in flesshe, <sup>k</sup> changing  
 Bot purght takynge of manhede in godneshe,  
 On al, noht be menginge of stayelness, <sup>l</sup> <sup>l</sup> substance  
 Bot purht onhede of hode <sup>m</sup> þat is, <sup>m</sup> person  
 Dat poled <sup>n</sup> for oure hele, doun went til helle, <sup>n</sup> suffered  
 Ðe þred dai ros fro dede so felle,  
 Upstegh <sup>o</sup> til heven, sittes on right hand <sup>o</sup> went up  
 Of God Fadir (alle) mightand,  
 And yhit for to come is he  
 To deme þe quik and dede þat be,  
 Ate whos come alle men þat are  
 Sal rise with paire bodies þare,  
 And yelde sal þai, nil þai ne wil,  
 Of þair awen <sup>p</sup> dedes il, <sup>p</sup> own  
 And þat wel haf doun þat dai  
 Sal go to lif þat lastes ai,  
 And ivel haf doun sal wende  
 In fire lastend withouten ende.  
 Dis is þe trauht þat heli <sup>q</sup> isse, <sup>q</sup> holy  
Whilk bot ilkon with miht hisse <sup>r</sup> unless  
 Trewlic and fastlic trowe he,  
 Saufe ne mai he never be. <sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Hickes has mangled some of the words in this piece, which I leave as he printed it. It is in his *Thesaurus*, i. 233.

## THE CONTRAST TO THE EAST MIDLAND DIALECT.

(About A.D. 1240.)

THE OWL AND NIGHTINGALE.—Line 993.

Yut þu aisheist wi ich ne fare  
 In to other londe and singe thare.  
 No! what sholde ich among hom do,  
 War never blisse ne com to?  
 That lond nis god, ne hit nis este,  
 Ac wildernisse hit is and weste,  
 Knarres and cludes hoventinge,  
 Snou and hazel hom is genge;  
 That lond is grislich and un-vele,  
 The men both wilde and unisele;  
 Hi nabbeth nother grith ne sibbe;  
 Hi ne reccheth hu hi libbe,  
 Hi eteth fihs an flehs un-sode,  
 Suich wulves hit hadde to-brode;  
 Hi drinketh milc, and wei thar-to,  
 Hi nute elles wat hi do;  
 Hi nabbeth noth win ne bor,  
 Ac libbeth al so wilde dor;  
 Hi goth bi-tigt mid ruze velle,  
 Rigt svich hi comen ut of helle;  
 Thez eni god man to hom come,  
 (So wiles dude sum from Rome)  
 For hom to lere gode thewes,  
 An for to leten hore unthewes,  
 He mihte bet sitte stille,  
 Vor al his wile he sholde spille;  
 He mihte bet teche ane bore  
 To weze bothe sheld and spere,  
 Than me that wilde folc i-bringe,  
 That hi me segge wolde i-here singe.

These lines are taken from a most charming Dorsetshire poem, which seems to have been no translation from the French. It was published by the Percy Society, No. 39. Most of the forms found in the Ancren Riwle are here repeated. We see from the present work how warmly King Alfred's name had been taken to England's heart. The proverbs attributed to him come again and again, 340 years after his death. We find also other saws, such as

‘Dahet habbe that ilke best,  
That fuleth his owe nest.’<sup>1</sup>

We often say ‘the other day,’ when referring to past time. At page 4 we read

‘That other ȝer a faukun bredde.’

At page 50 occurs

‘Wanne ich iseo the tohte ilete.’

‘The *taught* (tensus) let out ;’ this is formed from the old *teohhian* (trahere).

In line 507 we read :

‘Wane thi lust is *ago*.’

We find in the poem the old *agon* as well as the Southern *ago*, the corrupt form of the Participle kept by us in *long ago*.<sup>2</sup> In Southern works, *one man* is often found as *o man*, and this corruption lingered in Devonshire for 200 years longer.

<sup>1</sup> The French imprecation *dahet* shows whence comes our ‘dash it!’

<sup>2</sup> We keep the older form in *woe begone*; the verb here is a corrupt Participle from *begangan* (circumdare).

Many changes take place in words. Thus, *holh* (cavus), *hælfter*, *morgen*, *nihtegale*, now become *holeuh*, *halter*, *moregeiing* (morning), and *niztingale*. The word *sprenge* (trap) is now first found, coming from the verb *spring*. There are a few Scandinavian words, such as *amiss*, *cukeweald* (cuckold), *cogge* (of a wheel), *falt* (falter); and *shrew*; the last comes from *skraa* (sloping). There are many words cropping up, akin to the Dutch and German, like *clack*, *clench*, *clute* (gleba), *cremp* (contrahere), *hacch* (parere), *luring* (torvo vultu), *mesh*, *isliked* (whence our *sleek*), *stump*, *twinge*, *wippen*; the last in its intransitive sense.<sup>1</sup>

In page 27, we see the first use of a well-known adjective.

‘ Mon deth mid strengthe and mid witte ;  
That other thing nis non his *fytte*.’

That is, ‘it is no match for man.’ This is akin to the Dutch *vitten* (convenire).

#### THE EAST MIDLAND DIALECT.

(About A.D. 1250.)

I now give the Lord’s Prayer, Hail Mary, and Belief, from a manuscript written in the middle of the Thirteenth Century, and printed in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, I. 22. This must have been used in the Northern part of Mercia, perhaps in Orrmin’s shire, for the *a* is not yet replaced by *o*, as in East Anglia. We also find such Northern forms as *til*, *until*, *fra*, *als*, *alwandand*.

<sup>1</sup> As we say, ‘he whipped into his desk.’

But we have here the great Midland shibboleth, the Present Plural of the Verb ending in *en*. This is sometimes altogether dropped. The Third Person Singular of the Present now ends in *s*, which is most unlike the Genesis and Exodus. *Omnis* is translated by *hevirilk*; this, to the North of the Humber, would have been *ilk an*. *Are* is used for the Latin *sunt*. The Past Participle has no prefix. The letter *h* is sometimes set at the beginning of words most uncouthly. *Acennede* (genitus) is now turned into *begotten*. *Heli* stands for the old *halig*, as in the Athanasian Creed given at page 138. We light upon the full forms *mankind* and *kingdom* for the first time. Nottingham would be as likely a town as any for the following rimes. We may imagine the great Bishop Robert turning aside from his wrangles with the Roman Court and from the studies that made the name of *Lincolniensis* known throughout Christendom, and hearing his Mercian flock repeat these same lines.

## THE EAST MIDLAND DIALECT.

(About A.D. 1250.)

[I b]idde huve with milde stevene  
*prayer raise* *voice*  
 til ure fader þe king of hevene,  
*to*  
 in þe mununge of Cristis pine,  
*remembrance*  
 for þe laverd of þis hus, and al lele hine,  
*faithful hinds*  
 for alle cristinfolk that is in gode lif,  
 that God schilde ham to dai fro sinne and fro siche;  
 for alle tho men that are in sinne bunden,  
*those*



Moder of milte and maidin Mari,

*mercy*

help us at ure hending, for þi merci.

þat suete Jhesu þat born was of þe,

þu give us in is godhed him to se.

Jhesu for þi moder luve and for þin hali wndis,

þu leise us of þe sinnes þat we are inne bunde.

‘Hi true in God, fader hal-michttende, þat madeðe heven and herdeþe, and in Jhesu Krist, is aneþepi sone, hure laverd, þat was bigotin of þe hali gast, and born of the mainden Marie, pinid under Punce Pilate, festened to the rode, ded and dulvun, licht in til helle, þe þride dai up ras fra dede to live, stegh intil hevenne, sitis on is fadir richt hand, fadir alwaldand, he þen sal cume to deme þe quike an þe dede. Hy troue hy þeli gast, and hely kirke, þe samninge of halghes, forgifnes of sinnes, uprisigen of fleyes, and life with-hutin hend. Amen.’<sup>1</sup>

#### THE CONTRAST TO THE EAST MIDLAND.

(A.D. 1250.)

PSALM VIII.

Laverd, oure Laverd, hou selkouth is

Name pine in alle land þis.

For upe-hoven es þi mykelhede

Over hevens þat ere brade ;

<sup>1</sup> We find the old genitive still uncorrupted, as *hevene king*, *fadir hand*. We still say *hell fire*, *Lady day*. It is most strange that such words as *fanding*, *stegh*, and *samninge* should ever have dropped out of our speech, since they must have been in the mouths of all Englishmen who knew the simplest truths of religion.

Of mouth of childer and soukand  
 Made þou lof in ilka land,  
 For þi faes; þat þou for-do  
 þe fai, þe wreker him unto.  
 For I sal se þine hevenes hegh,  
 And werkes of þine fingres slegh;<sup>1</sup>  
 þe mone and sternes mani ma,  
 þat þou grounded to be swa.  
 What is man, þat þou mines of him?  
 Or sone of man, for þou sekas him?  
 þou liteled him a litel wight  
 Lesse fra þine aungeles bright;  
 With blisse and mensk þou crowned him yet,  
 And over werkes of þi hend him set.  
 þou under-laide alle þinges  
 Under his fete þat ought forth-bringes,  
 Neete and schepe bathe for to welde,  
 In-over and beestes of þe felde,  
 Fogheles of heven and fissesches of se,  
 þat forth-gone stihs of þe se.  
 Laverd, our Laverd, hou selkouth is  
 Name þine in alle land þis.

The above Psalm is a specimen of the Northumbrian Psalter (Surtees Society), a translation which, from its large proportion of obsolete words, must have been compiled about 1250, though it has come down to us only in a transcript made sixty years later. This is the earliest well-marked specimen of the Northern Dialect, spoken at York, Durham, and Edinburgh alike; it was now making its way to Ayr and Aberdeen, and driving out the old Celtic dialects before it. This was the speech

<sup>1</sup> *Sly* (*sapiens*) has here a most exalted sense; it has been sadly degraded. 'Nasty sly girl!' says one of Mr. Trollope's matrons, speaking of her son's enchantress.

which long held its own in the Palaces and Law-courts of Scotland, the speech which was embodied in Acts of Parliament down to Queen Anne's time, and which has been handled by world-renowned Makers : may it never die out ! It will be found that our classic English owes much to Yorkshire ; some of its forms did not make their way to London until 1520. How different would our speech have been, if York had replaced London as our capital !

This Psalter, most likely compiled in Southern Yorkshire,<sup>1</sup> is nearly akin in its spelling to the Lincolnshire Creed in page 139. It has *gh* for the old *h* ; we find *heghest*, *lagh*, *sight*, *fight*, *neghbur*, *negh*. It substitutes the same *gh* for *g* or *c* ; as in *sigh*, *slaghter*, *sagh*. Sometimes the former *g* gets the sound of *y*, as in *bie* (emere) ; it is thus that we still pronounce the old *bycgan*, though we spell it with a *u* in the Southern way. The English word for *arcus* is written both *bough* and *bow*. In Psalm cxxxi. *breg* is turned into *brow* ; and the consonant is thrown out altogether in *slaer* (occisor) in Vol. I. page 11 ; as also in *slaine*.<sup>2</sup> This last we saw in Essex in 1180. *Hég* (fœnum) becomes *hai*, much as it remains. The *u* and *o* are often turned into *ou*, as in the Lincolnshire Creed ; we find *wound*, *down-right*, and *thought*. In Vol. II. page 43, *super principes* is translated, by *our princes* ; hence our contraction *o'er*. The English for *per* is here seen as *through*, the sound

<sup>1</sup> The Midland Present Plural ending in *en* is sometimes found, as *wirken* (laborant). Ninety years later, Higden said that this Yorkshire speech was so harsh and rough that it could be hardly understood in the South.

<sup>2</sup> It is well known how the Scotch love vowels and get rid of consonants ; with them *all wool* becomes *a oo*.

of which we keep. The Northern Poet sometimes leans to the vowel *o*; we find *swore*, *spoken*, *rore*, and *swolyhe* (devorare). What was once *gebundne his* (vinctos suos) now becomes *his bonden* (Vol. I. p. 221); new words were soon to be formed from this Participle. There are other forms still preserved in our Version of the Bible, such as *brake*, *spake*, and *gat*. The Plural of *foot* is now written *feet* instead of *fét*; we also find *beest* and *neet*. *Longè* is translated by *far* in Vol. I. p. 59, and this has prevailed over the Southern *ferre*.

We of course find the Active Participle in *and*, the old Norse form; *sal* is used for *shall*; *thai*, *thair*, *thaim* occur, something like the forms in the Ormulum. We see the correct *pou mines*, where we should say *pou mindest*; a two-fold corruption. The third Person Singular of the Present ends in *s*, as *gives*, *does*, *has*; we follow this Northern usage in week-day life, but on Sunday we have recourse in Church to the old Southern forms, *giveth*, *doeth*, &c. A remarkable Norse form is seen in Vol. I. page 301; *pou is* (tu es);<sup>1</sup> *pon has*, which is also found, is not yet grown into *thou hast*. The old ending of the Imperative Plural is sometimes clipped, though not often; as *understande* for *intelligite*. The Northern form of the Present Plural in *es* appears, as *hates*, *oderunt*; and Shakspeare sometimes follows this form.

Many new phrases crop up for the first time; such as *for evermare*, *fra fer* (à longe), *al at anes*, *in mides of*,

<sup>1</sup> This lingers in Scotland, as in the Jacobite ballad:—

‘Cogie, an the King come,  
I’se be fou and thou’s be toom.’

This Norse *is* answers alike to *sum*, *es*, and *est*.

*four-skore*. There are new Relative forms which took a long time to find their way to the South, as *nane was wharoned*; *nane es whilke saufe mas*; *yhe whilk standes* (qui statis), *fest, God, þat whilke þou wrought*. In the Twelfth Century, these Relatives had only been used in oblique cases; the Nominative *who* was not used commonly in the South till the Reformation.

Another wholly new form is found in this Psalter. We have seen that Orrmin, first of all our writers, used *þat*, the old Neuter article, to translate *ille*; and its plural *þá*, to translate *illi*. This *þá* is still to be found in Scotland (Scott talks of *thae loons*); it held its ground in Southern England as *þo* down to 1530. The old Dative of this, *þám*, is still in use among our lower orders; as, 'look at *them* lads.' But in Yorkshire, about 1250, *þas*, our *those*, a confusion with the old Plural of *þes* (hic), began to be used for *þá*.<sup>1</sup>

Vol. I. page 243: 'Superbia eorum qui te oderunt,' is translated *pride of þas þat þe hates*; and many such instances could be given. The writer has elsewhere *pese*, as in the Essex Homilies, to translate the Latin *hi*. In this Psalter we see the beginning of the corruptions embodied in the phrase *those who speak*; a phrase which often with us replaces the rightful *they that speak*, the Old English *þá þe*. The *whilke* set down a little earlier, answering to the Latin *qui*, gives us the earliest glimpse of the well-known idiom in the first clause of our English Paternoster.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hampole, ninety years later, has the same corruption, *þas* for *þá*.

<sup>2</sup> Addison, in his *Humble Petition of 'Who' and 'Which'*, makes these Relatives complain of the Jack Sprat *That*, their supplanter.

We now first find the letter *d* in the middle of words like *wrecchedness* and *wickedness*. What used to be *inlihton* (inluxerunt) is now *lightned*, with a strange *n*. *Hâs* (*raucus*) becomes *haast*; hence the Scotch substantive *hoast*. We of the South have put an *r* into the old adjective, and call it *hoarse*.

*Olera herbarum* (Vol. I. page 111) is translated *wortes of grenes*; hence our name for certain vegetables.

*Hors* (*equi*) is corrupted into *horses*, as in Layamon's poem. In Vol. I. 245, we find *pai pat horses stegh up*. This word has had a fate exactly the reverse of *hâs* (*raucus*), for we too often call *equus* 'a hoss.'

We find some new substantives, such as *understanding*, *foundling*, *yles* (*insulæ*);<sup>1</sup> there is also *hand-mayden*. English delights in making two nouns into a new compound.<sup>2</sup> *Molestus* is translated by a new word, *hackande* (Vol. I. page 105); hence perhaps our 'hacking cough.'

We see an effort made after a new idiom in Vol. I. page 265. 'Non erat qui sepeliret' is there translated *was it nane pat walde biri*. But this *it* could never drive out the old *there*.

In Vol. I. page 61, 'exaruit velut testa' is translated

He is wrong: *That* is the true Old English Relative, representing *þe*; the others are Thirteenth Century upstarts. It is curious that Yorkshire had far more influence than Kent upon the language of the capital in 1520. If we wish to be correct, we should translate 'qui amant' by *they that love*: *those who love* can date no higher than 1250.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. p. 323. The Psalter being a most Teutonic work, we may hope that our *isle* is not derived from the French. The Old High German has *isila*.

<sup>2</sup> We must allow that *country-house* is far better than the French *maison de campagne*.

by *dried als a pot might be*. The two last words are a roundabout expression for *wære*.

The verbs *delve*, *cleave*, *swepe*, and *wepe* take Weak perfects. This process has unluckily always been going on in England.

In Vol. I. page 267, a new meaning is given to the verb *spill*; what of old was *blod is agoten* (effusus), now becomes *blode es spilte*. One of the puzzles in our language is, how ever could the Old English *geotan* be supplanted by the Celtic *pour*: this took place about 1500. The former word survives in the Lincoln *goyts* or canals.

It is curious to mark the various compounds of *wil*, employed at different times to translate *voluntariè*. This about the year 800 was *wilsum-lice* (Vol. I. page 171); about 1250 it was *willi*; in a rather later copy of this Psalter it was *wilfulli*: we should now say *willingly*.

A new phrase crops up, used to translate *forsitan*; this (Vol. II. page 115) is *thurgh hap*: it is the forerunner of our mongrel *perhaps*.

We now see the first employment of our word *gain-say*, the only one of all the old compounds of *again* that is left to us. In Vol. I. page 269 we read, 'thou set us in *gaine-sagh*,' that is, *in contradictionem*. This is a true Northern form; a Southerner would have written *ayen-sawe*.

The English tongue was still able to turn a substantive into a verb. 'Qui dominatur' (Vol. I. page 203) is translated by 'pat laverdes.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In Shakespere's time, substantives and adjectives could be turned into verbs with ease. Dr. Johnson turns a preposition into a verb: 'I downed him with this.'

We see the sense of *shunt* given for the first time to *scunian*. *Expulsi sunt* (Vol. I. page 291) is translated *ere out-schouned*.

There are many Scandinavian words now found for the first time ; as,

Dreg, from the Icelandic *dregg* (sediment).

Gnaist (gnash), from the Norse *gnista*.

Hauk, from the Icelandic *haukr*.<sup>1</sup>

Lurk, from the Norse *lurke*.

Molbery, from the Swedish *mulbaer*.

Slaughter, from the Norse *slâtr*.

Scalp, from the Norse *skal* (a shell).

Snub, from the Norse *snubba* (cut short).

Besides these, we find for the first time our *cloud* (nubes) ; in Vol. I. 43, we read *in þe kloudes of þe skewe* ; 'in nubibus aeris.' *Sky* has therefore at last got its modern meaning. We see *snere*, akin to the Dutch *snarren*, to grumble ; *stuble* (stipula) related to the Dutch *stoppel*. In Vol. II. page 53, *conquassare* is translated in three different manuscripts by *squat*, *squacche*, *swacche* (our *squash*), all akin to the Dutch *quassen*.

A few French words appear, such as *fruitfull*, *oile*, *richesses* ; the last being the usual translation of *divitie*, and thus the Plural form of our word is accounted for. The older *pais* is sometimes turned into *peas* (pax). The word *ire* is used to translate the Latin *ira* ; our kindred word *yrre* cannot have died out at this time : the Poet would think the Latin form more dignified than

<sup>1</sup> Our word for *accipiter* clearly comes from the Norse, and not from the Old English *heafoc*. So we have preferred the Norse form *slâtr* to the Old English *slæge*. A glance at Stratmann's Dictionary will show, that the South held to the Old English forms long after the Norse forms, now used by us, had appeared in the North.

the Old English. So we may hope that our *ire* is from an English and not from a Latin source. The word *majestas* (Vol. I. page 233) is turned into an ingenious compound, *mastehede*.

What was in the year 800 *a-ðeastrade sind* (*obscurati sunt*) is now seen as *er sestrede* (Vol. I. page 241). This is a good example of the gradual change in the sounds of letters; thus *eaðe* became *easy*. The translator of the Psalter was used to write the French word *city*; he, therefore, sometimes writes *cestrede* as well as *sestrede*. Here we have the soft sound of *c* coming in; before this time it was always sounded hard, except in a French word. In Vol. I. page 243, we see, 'when time tane haf I;' the first instance of *taken* being cut down to *tane*—a sure mark of the North.

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About the year 1250, Layamon's poem was turned into the English of the day; many old words of 1200 are dropped, being no longer understood; and some new French words are found. The old *henan* (*hinc*), already corrupted into *henne*, now becomes *hennes*, our *hence*; and *betwix* becomes *bitwiate*. In this poem we first find our *leg* (*crus*); it comes from the Old Norse *leggr*, a stem; and *slehpe* (our *sleight*) comes from the Icelandic *slægð*. *Cloke* (*chlamys*) is a Celtic word.

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We owe a great deal to the men who, between 1240 and 1440, drew up the many manuscript collections of English poems that still exist, taken from various sources by each compiler. The writer who copied many lays

into what is now called The Jesus Manuscript, ranged over at least one hundred and forty years. In one piece of his, professing to give a list of the English Bishopricks, there is no mention of Ely; hence the original must have been set down soon after the year 1100. In another piece in the same collection, mention is made of *Saint Edmund*, the Archbishop; this fixes the date of the poem as not much earlier than the year 1250. Most of these pieces, printed in *An Old English Miscellany* (Early English Text Society), seem to me to have been compiled at various dates between 1220 and 1250; for the proportion of obsolete English in them varies much. The Southern Dialect is well marked.

What in Essex had been called *patt an*, is now changed into its present shape.

*pe on* is *pat ich schal heonne*.—Page 101.

At page 164, the old *gearwa* is cut down to *gere*, our *gear*.

The Virgin says, in page 100, '*ich am Godes wenche*' (ancilla). The word was henceforth only used of women; Orrmin had called Isaac 'a wennchell.'

We see in page 76, a Celtic word brought into English, a word which Shakspeare was to make immortal. It is said that greedy monks shall be '*bitauht pe puke*;' that is, given over to the Fiend. The Welsh *pwcca* and *bwg* mean 'an hobgoblin;' hence come our *bugbears* and *bogies*.<sup>1</sup> At page 43, we see '*he wes more bold*,' not *bolder*. This was put in for the sake of rime.

<sup>1</sup> Good Bishop Bedell, in a letter to Usher, brands an oppressor named Cooke: 'he is the most cryed out upon. Insomuch as he hath found from the Irish the nickname of Pouc.'—Page 105 of *Bedell's Life*, printed in 1685.

In Verbs, we find *ute*, the old Imperative form, used for almost the last time. In page 47 Pilate, speaking of Christ, says, 'leteþ hyne beo.' We should now say, 'let him alone.'

A new word for *tremere* now appears in English, in page 176 :

For ich schal bernen in fur  
And *chiverin* in ise.

There has been so much wrangling as to whether our Indefinite *one* comes from the French *on* or from the Old English *ân* used for *man*, that I once more return to the word, which has been seen already in the *Ancren Riwe* and the *Bestiary*. At page 40 we read :

'*On* me scal bitraye þat nu is ure yvere.'

This *on*, which before the Thirteenth Century never stood alone, is a translation of the kindred Latin word in the well-known passage of the Vulgate, '*unus* vestrum me traditurus est.' Latin, as well as French, had great influence upon the changes in English. Fifty years later, the *on* was to be used indefinitely like the Old English *man*.

#### THE EAST MIDLAND DIALECT.

(About A.D. 1270.)

The following specimen must have been written much about the time that King Henry III. ended his worthless life, if we may judge by internal evidence. It was transcribed by a Herefordshire man about forty years later. Of the sixty nouns, verbs, and adverbs contained

in it, one alone, *pray*, is French; and of the other fifty-nine, only three or four have dropped out of our speech. In the poems of 1280 we shall find a larger proportion of French than in this elegant lay, which may be set down to 1270. The writer seems to have dwelt at Huntingdon, or somewhere near, that town being almost equidistant from London and the three other places mentioned in the fifth stanza. The prefix to the Past Participle is not wholly dropped; and this is perhaps a token that the lay was written on the Southern Border of the Mercian Danelagh. The third Person Singular of the Present Tense ends in *es*, and not in the Southern *eth*. The Plural of the same Tense ends in the Midland *en*. We find ourselves speedily drawing near the time, when English verse was written that might readily be understood six hundred years after it was composed.

## THE EAST MIDLAND DIALECT.

(A.D. 1270.)

When the nyhtegale singes, the wodes waxen grene,  
 Lef ant gras ant blosme springes in Averyl, y wene,  
 Ant love is to myn herte gon with one<sup>a</sup> spere so  
 kene,  
 Nyht ant day my blod hit drynkes, myn herte deth  
 me tene.<sup>b</sup>

a a

b harm

Ich have loved al this ȝer, that y may love na  
 more,  
 Ich have siked moni syk,<sup>c</sup> lemmon, for thin ore;<sup>d</sup>  
 Me nis love never the ner, ant that me reweth sore,  
 Suete lemmon, thench on me, ich have loved the  
 ȝore.<sup>e</sup>

c sigh  
d mercy

e long

Suete lemmon, y preye the of love one speche,  
 Whil y lyve in world so wyde other nulle y<sup>f</sup> seche; <sup>f</sup> I will not  
 With thy love, my suete leof, mi blis thou mihtes  
 eche,<sup>g</sup> <sup>g</sup> increase  
 A suete cos of thy mouth mihte be my leche.

Suete lemmon, y prege the of a love bene; <sup>h</sup> <sup>h</sup> boon  
 Yef thou me lovest, ase men says, lemmon, as y  
 wene,  
 Ant ȝef hit thi wille be, thou loke that hit be sene,  
 So muchel y thenke upon the, that al y waxe  
 grene.

Bituene Lyncolne ant Lyndeseye, Norhamptoun  
 ant Lounde,  
 Ne wot y non so fayr a may as y go fore y-bounde;  
 Suete lemmon, y prege the thou lovie me a  
 stounde,<sup>i</sup> <sup>i</sup> while  
 Y wole mone my song on wham that hit ys on y-  
 long.<sup>1</sup>

THE CONTRAST TO THE EAST MIDLAND.

(A.D. 1264.)

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kyng,  
 He spende al is tresour opon swyvyng;  
 Haveth he nout of Walingford o ferlyng;  
 Let him habbe, ase he brew, bale to dryng,  
 Mauge Wyndesore.

Be the luef, be the loht, sire Edward,  
 Thou shalt ride sporeles o thy lyard  
 Al the ryhte way to Dover ward;

<sup>1</sup> *Percy Society*, vol. iv. p. 92. This is a transcript made by a Herefordshire man, who must have altered *and* into *ant*, *nill* into *nulle*, *kis* into *cos*, &c.

Shalt thou never more breke foreward,  
 Ant that reweth sore ;  
 Edward, thou dudest ase a shreward,  
 Forsoke thyn emes lore.

These stanzas are from the famous ballad on the battle of Lewes, in 1264, and come from the same Herefordshire manuscript: they smack strongly of the South. We have here the first instance of our corrupt Imperative, *Let him habbe*, instead of the old *hæbbe he* (*habeat*).<sup>1</sup> We also find the word *bost* (our *boast*) for the first time; this is Celtic. In another Southern poem of this date, the Proverbs of Hending, we see that *ue* replaced *e* or *eo*; as *bue* for *be*, *hue* for *heo*. I give some of the homely bywords of the time, when Englishmen were drawing their swords upon each other at Lewes and Evesham.<sup>2</sup>

God biginning makeþ god endyng.  
 Wyt ant wysdom is god warysoun.  
 Betere is eyesor þen al blynd,  
 Wel fyþt þat wel flyþ.  
 Sottes bolt is sone shote.  
 Tel þou never þy fo þat þy fot akeþ.  
 Betere is appel y-geve þen y-ete.

<sup>1</sup> But we still sometimes use the older form: 'Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go.' 'Be Thine the glory, and be mine the shame.' How much more pith is there in these phrases, than in the cumbrous compound with *let*, as in the Lewes Ballad! This I have taken from the Camden Society's Edition of the *Political Songs of England*, p. 69.

<sup>2</sup> The Proverbs of Hending may be found in Kemble's *Anglo-Saxon Dialogues* (Ælfric Society), No. 14, p. 270.

Gredy is þe godles.

When þe coppe is follest, þenne ber hire feyrest.

Under boske (bush) shal men weder abide.

When þe bale is hest, þenne is þe bote nest.  
*highest remedy highest*

Brend child fur dredeþ.

Fer from ege, fer from herte.

Of unboht hude men kerveþ brod þong.

*hide*  
 Dere is boht þe hony þat is licked of þe þorne.

Ofte rap reweþ.

*haste*

Ever out comeþ evel sponne web.

Hope of long lyf gyleþ mony god wyf.

The well-known phrase 'all and some' is first found in this Manuscript. The old *sum* is here equivalent to *one*.

Meanwhile, beyond the Humber, the French Romance of Sir Tristrem was being translated. The proportion of obsolete English words is rather greater than in the Havelok, and the former poem may therefore be dated about 1270. We unluckily have it only in a Southern transcript made sixty years later. The rimes give some clue to the true old readings; and when we see such a phrase as *ich a side*, we may be sure that the old Northern bard wrote *ilka side*. We find such new forms as *fer and wide*, and *furthermore*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> P. 169 of Scott's edition, in the year 1811. I give a stanza or two from p. 149.

Strokes of michel might,  
 Thai delten hem bituene;  
 That thurch hir brinies bright,  
 Her brother blode was sene;

We now find for the first time *ye* (vos) used instead of *thou*. French influence must have been at work here.

‘Fader, no wretthe the nought,  
Ful welcome *er ye*.’—Page 41.

Some new substantives are found. In page 25 a castle is called a *hold*. In page 32 the old *bonda* (colonus) is turned into *husbondman*.<sup>1</sup> The poet elsewhere has a new sense for *bond*, which of old meant nothing more than a tiller of the ground: it now gets the sense of *servus*, as at page 184:

‘Tho folwed *bond* and fre.’

---

Tristrem faught as a knight,  
And Urgan al in tene  
Yaf him a strok unlight;  
His scheld he clef bituene  
Atuo.

Tristrem, withouten wene,  
Nas never are so wo.

Eft Urgan smot with main,  
And of that strok he miste;  
Tristrem smot ogayn,  
And thurch his body he threste;  
Urgan lepe unfain,  
Over the bregge he *deste*:  
Tristrem hath Urgan slain,  
That al the cuntre wist  
With wille.

The king tho Tristrem kist,  
And Wales tho yeld him tille.

<sup>1</sup> *Husbonde* of old meant only *paterfamilias*. The confusion of the derivative of *bua* with the derivative of *bindan* sometimes puzzles the modern reader.

It is strange that this change should be for the first time found in the Norse part of England. We shall soon see a new word with a French ending formed from this *bond*. Already, in the Northern Psalter, *bunden* (vinctus) had been changed into *bonden*.

To *dash* (intransitive) may be found in the lines quoted at page 160 of my work. In Layamon the word was transitive.

Ich *aught* (debeo), a word which was always undergoing change, is first found at page 44.

A new sense of the word *smart*, used in the Northern Psalter, is seen in page 171 :

‘The levedi lough ful *smare*.’

That is, ‘quickly, briskly.’ Americans well know what they mean by ‘a smart man.’

In page 17, we find the use of the phrase ‘fair and free,’ so common in English ballads down to the latest times :

‘Thai fair folk and thi fre.’<sup>1</sup>

Some Scandinavian words appear ; such as *busk* (parare), from the Norse *bua sig*, to betake himself ; *stilt*, from the Swedish *stylta*, a support. To *hobble*, which is here found, is akin to a Dutch word meaning ‘to jog up and down.’

The Northern men seem to have clipped the prefixes of French words as well as of their own. We find the beginning vowel gone in the verbs *scape* and *stable*.

<sup>1</sup> It even comes in *Billy Taylor*, ‘to a maiden fair and free.’

*Corona* now first stands for the top of the head, as in page 51 :

‘*Crounes thai gun crake.*’

#### THE EAST MIDLAND DIALECT.

(About A.D. 1280.)

King Edward was now fastening his yoke upon Wales. The first Mercian poem of this time that I shall notice is the piece called *The Harrowing of Hell*, the earliest specimen of anything like an English dramatic work. It may have been written at Northampton or Bedford. The text has been settled (why did no Englishman take it in hand, and go the right way to work?) by Dr. Mall of Breslau. With true German insight into philology, he has compared three different English transcripts : a Warwickshire (?) one of 1290 ; a Herefordshire one of 1313 ; and a Northern one of 1330.<sup>1</sup> Again we see the Midland tokens ; the Present Plural in *en*, the almost invariable disuse of the prefix to the Past Participle, the substitution of *noht* for *ne*, *have I* for *habbe ich*. The author wrote *kin* and *man*, not the Southern *kun* and *mon*, since the words are made to rime with *him* and *Abraham*. The old *a* is sometimes, but not always, replaced by *o* ; the poet’s rimes prove him to have written *strong*, not *strang* ; he had both *ygan* and *ygon*, riming respectively with *Sathan* and *martirdom*. The plural form *honden*,

<sup>1</sup> The Latin *donec* is rendered in the Herefordshire manuscript by *o pat*, a relic of the old Southern English form ; in the other two manuscripts it is the Danish *til pat*.

found in all the three manuscripts, and the absence of *are* (*sunt*), point to the Southern border of the Danelagh; at the same time, the Northern *wip* (*cum*) has driven out the Southern *mid*. *Thei* (*illi*) sometimes replaces *hi*; both *Ich* and *I* are found. The Midland form *prist* (*sitis*) has been altered by all the three transcribers; the two Southern ones use *purst*, something like our sound of the word: Dr. Mall, by the help of the rime, has here restored the true reading. *Ch* had replaced *c*, for *micHEL*, not *mikel*, is found in the Northern manuscript. The dialogue is most curious; Satan swears, *par ma fei*, like the soundest of Christians; and our Lord uses a metaphor taken from a game of hazard. The comic business, as in the *Antigone* of Sophocles, falls to a warder. The oath *God wot* comes once more; and also the Danish word *gate* (*via*), which never made its way into the South.<sup>1</sup>

A sad corruption, which first appeared in the Bestiary, is now once more seen: it is one of the few things that has escaped Dr. Mall's eye. The second person of

<sup>1</sup> I give a specimen from page 33 of Dr. Mall's work. Abraham speaks:—

Louerd, Crist, ich it am,  
 Pat þou calledest Abraham;  
 Þou me seidest, þat of me  
 Shulde a god child boren be,  
 Pat ous shulde bringe of pine,  
 Me and wip me alle mine.  
 Þou art þe child, þou art þe man,  
 Pat wes boren of Abraham;  
 Do nou þat þou bihete me,  
 Bring me to hevene up wip þe.

The New English, as we see, is all but formed.

the Perfect of the Strong verb is brought down to the level of the more modern Weak verb.

In line 77, we see in the transcript of 1290,

Sunne ne *foundest* pou never non.

In line 189, the transcriber of 1313 writes,

Do nou þat pou *byhihtest* me.

It was many years before this corruption could take root; it is seldom found in Wickliffe, who tries to avoid translating *dedisti* by either the old *gave* or the new *gavest*, and commonly writes *didest give*.

In the transcript of 1290, *lording* is seen instead of *loverding*, and this is found in Kent and Lincolnshire much about the same time. In the lines of page 28,

I shal go fro man to man  
And reve þe of mani an —

the last two words give us the same phrase found in the Yorkshire poems already quoted.

At page 32, we find a line thus written in the transcript of 1290, 'we þi comaundement forleten;' in the transcript of 1313, this is 'we þin heste *dude* forleten.' If this latter represent the original of 1280 best, it is the first instance of a revived auxiliary verb, of which I shall give instances in the next Chapter.

Much ink has lately been spent upon Byron's expression, 'there let him lay' (*jaceat*). The bard might have appealed to the transcript of 1313:

Sathanas, y bynde þe, her shalt pou *lay*  
O þat come domesdai.—Page 30.

But the greatest Midland work of 1280 is the Lay of Havelok, edited by Mr. Skeat for the Early English Text Society. This is one of the many poems translated from the French about this time, when King Edward the First was welding his French-speaking nobles and his English yeomen into one redoubtable body, ready for any undertaking either at home or abroad. The poem, which belongs to the Mercian Danelagh, has come down to us in the hand of a Southern writer, transcribed within a few years of its compilation. This renowned Lincolnshire tale was most likely given to the world not far from that part of England where Orrmin wrote eighty years earlier: it is certainly of near kin to another Lincolnshire poem, compiled in 1303. Mr. Garnett, in page 75 of his essays, has suggested Derbyshire or Leicestershire as the birth-place of the author: Dr. Morris is in favour of a more Southern shire. We find the common East Midland marks: the Present Plural ending in *en*; the Past Participle oftenest without a prefix; *are* for the Latin *sunt*; *niman* for the Latin *ire*; and the oath *Goddot*, which is said to be of Danish birth. But there is also a dash of the Northern dialect; the second person singular of the Present tense, and the second person plural of the Imperative, both end in *es* now and then; a fashion that lingers in Scotland to this day. The Norse Active Participle in *ande* is also found, and Norse phrases like *thusgate*, *hethen*, *gar*. Orrmin's *munnde* has now become *mone*, which is almost the Scotch *maun*, as in line 840.

‘I wene that we deye (die) *mone*.’

Orrmin's *zho* (the old *heo*) is now changed into *she*

and *sho*; his *they* and *their* are sometimes seen, but have been often altered by the Southern transcriber into *hi* and *hir*. The Southern *thilk* (ille) is not found once in the whole poem. We now for the last time see the Old English Dual (this we must have brought from the Oxus) in the line 1882 :

‘Gripeth eþer unker a god tre.’  
*Grip*      each of you two a good tree.

This was of old written *incer*. Strange tricks are played with the letter *h*. The letter *d* is dropped after liquids, for we find here *shel*, *hel*, *bihel*; and the Danes to this day have the same pronunciation. We may remark the Westward march, up from East Anglia, of the letter *o*, replacing the older *a*: *swa* has become *so*, and is made to rime with *Domino*; on the other hand, *wa* (dolor) still rimes with *stra*, our *straw*. But such words as *ilc*, *swilk*, *mikel*, *hwilgate*, prove that our modern corruptions of these words had not as yet made their way to the Humber; the Havelok shows us our Standard English almost formed, but something is still wanting.

There are Northern forms, which could never have been used in the South in Edwardian days; such as *sternes*, *intil*, *tinte*, *coupe*, *loupe*, *carle*. The Plurals of Substantives end in *es*, not *en*; and to this there are hardly any exceptions.

The old *seofopa* (septimus) now first becomes *sevenpe*, owing the intrusive *n* to Norse influence; many others of our Ordinals are formed in the same way.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> We saw it as *seouþende* at Peterborough in 1120.

Other English words, common in our mouths, are found in their new form in the Havelok for the first time, such as *yonder*, *thoruthlike*: *overthwart* has been pared down to *athwart* since that age.

The French use *vous*, when addressing the Almighty. This took root in England; and we find *of you*, a word unmusical in Quaker's ear, employed for the Latin *tuus*:

'For the holi milce of *you*  
*mercy*  
 Have merci of me, louerd, nou!'—Line 1361.  
*lord*

I give the earliest instance of a well-known vulgarism:

'Hwan Godard herde þat þer þrette.'—2404.

In substantives, we find the Plural *shon* (our *shoon*), one of the few corrupt Plurals in *n* that we keep, and which will never die out, thanks to a famous old ballad in *Hamlet*. What Orrmin called *laf* (panis) is now seen as *lôf*: we have not changed the sound of this word in the last six hundred years.

The Old English *cwiðe* is now seen as *quiste* (our *bequest*).

We see two lines in page 55 which explain why the Irish to this day sound the *r* so strongly:

'And he haves on þoru his *arum* (arm),  
 þerof is ful mikel *harum* (harm).'

So the Irish sound the English *boren* (natus) in the true old way. We see the Old English word for a well-known bird, in line 1241:

'Ne þe *hende*, ne þe *drake*.'

The former substantive, akin to the Latin *anas*, *anatis*, was still to last two hundred years, before it was supplanted by the word *duck*. As to *drake*, this poem first shows us that the word had lost its old form *end-rake*, that is, *anat-rex*. There is hardly a word in English that has been so corrupted; one letter, *d*, alone remains now to show the old root, and this letter is prefixed to a word akin to the *rajah* of Hindostan.

In line 968, we find a new phrase:

‘And bouthe him clopes, al *span-newe*.’

*Span*, the old *spón*, means a *chip*.

In line 27, we see an idiom well known to ballad-makers, when *it* becomes something like an indeterminate pronoun: this first appeared in the *Ancren Riwe*.

*It was a king bi are dawes*  
That in his time were gode lawes, &c.

In line 1815, a man slaughtered is said to be *stan-ded*. The word *smerte* (painful) keeps its old English sense, though we saw other meanings of the word farther to the North.

The verb *leyke* (ludere) is sounded in this poem, just as the Northern shires still pronounce it; we of the South call it *lark*, following the Old English *lácan*.<sup>1</sup>

To *fare* of old meant only to *journey*: we see in the line 2411 a derivative from another old verb, *ferian*:

‘Hwou Robert with here loverd *ferde*’ (egit).

<sup>1</sup> One of the earliest instances I remember of the modern use of this good old word, which is thought to be slangy, occurs in Miss Eden’s Letters from India, about 1839. She calls one of the Hindoo gods, ‘a kind of larking Apollo.’

To *prick* is used in the sense that Macaulay loved, and that Croker blamed :

'An erl, þat he saw *priken* pore,  
Ful noblelike upon a stede.'—Line 2639.

As might be expected, there are many Norse words in the Havelok. I give those which England has kept, together with one or two to be found in Lowland Scotch.

Beyte (bait), from the Icelandic *beita* (incitare).

Big, from the Icelandic *bolga* (tumere).

Bleak, from the Icelandic *bleiðr* (pallidus).

Blink, from the Danish *blinke*.

Boulder (a rock), from the Icelandic *ballaðr*.

Coupe, as in *horse-couper*, from the Icelandic *kaupa* (emere).

Crus (Scotch *crouse*), from the Swedish *krus* (excitable).

Ding, from the Icelandic *dengia*, to hammer.

Dirt, from the Icelandic *drit* (excrementa).

Goul (to yowl, *ululare*), from the Icelandic *gaula*.

Grime, from the Norse *grima* (a spot).

Hemp, from the Icelandic *hampr*, not from the Old English *hanep*.

Put<sup>1</sup> (to throw), from the Icelandic *potta*.

Sprawl, from the Danish *sprælle*.

Stack, from the Danish *stak*.

Teyte (tight, active), from the Norse *teitr* (lively).

Besides these Scandinavian words, we find in the Havelok other words now for the first time employed. Such are *lad* (puer), from the Welsh *llawd*;<sup>2</sup> *stroute*, our *strut* (contendere), a High German word; *boy* (puer), akin to the Suabian *buah*; to *butt*, akin to the Dutch *botten*; *but*

<sup>1</sup> Hence comes the phrase, *putting* the stone, first found in this poem.

<sup>2</sup> *Lodes*, the Welsh female of this word, has become our *lass*.

(a bout at wrestling), which Mr. Wedgwood derives from *bugan* (flectere), and *bought*, a word applied to the coils of a rope, and so to the turns of things that succeed each other. *File*, akin to the Dutch *vuil*, means a worthless person; we may still often hear a man called 'a cunning old file.' In 2499 of the *Havelok*, we read,

‘Here him rore, pat fule *file*.’  
*foul*

We see the origin of the word *deuce* in the line—

‘Deus! lemman, hwat may jis be?’

*Storie* appears clipped of the vowel that once began it; and *Justice* is used for a man in office, as well as for a virtue.

It is curious to see in this *Lay* two forms of the same word that has come to England by different channels; we have *gete* (custodire) from the Icelandic *gæta*; and also *wayte*, which means the same, coming from the French *quaiter*, a corruption of the *wahten* brought into Gaul by her German conquerors. Sad havock must have been wrought with English prepositional compounds in the eighty years that separated the *Havelok* from the *Ormulum*. In compound words, *umbe*, the Greek *amphi*, comes only three times throughout the long poem before us; *for* only five times; *with* only once; *of* not at all. The English tongue had been losing some of its best appliances. The preposition *to*, answering to the German *zer* and the Latin *dis*, is still often found in composition, and did not altogether drop until the days of James I.

## THE EAST MIDLAND DIALECT.

(About A.D. 1280).<sup>1</sup>

THE HAVELOK.—Page 38.

On þe nith, als Goldeborw lay,  
 Sory and sorwful was she ay,  
 For she wende she were biswike,<sup>a</sup>  
 Þat sh[e w]ere yeven unkyndelike.<sup>b</sup>  
 O nith saw she þer-inne a lith,  
 A swiþe<sup>c</sup> fayr, a swiþe bryth,  
 Al so brith, al so shir,<sup>d</sup>  
 So it were a blase of fir.  
 She lokede no(r)þ, and ek south,  
 And saw it comen ut of his mouth,  
 Þat lay bi hire in þe bed :  
 No ferlike<sup>e</sup> þou she were adred.  
 Þouthe she, 'wat may this bimene ?  
 He beth<sup>f</sup> heyman yet, als y wene,  
 He beth heyman<sup>g</sup> er he be ded.'  
 On hise shuldre, of gold red  
 She saw a swiþe noble croiz,  
 Of an angel she herde a voyz,  
 'Goldeborw, lat þi sorwe be,  
 For Havelok, þat haveþ spuset þe,  
 He [is] kinges sone, and kinges eyr,  
 Þat bikenneth<sup>h</sup> þat croiz so fayr.  
 It bikenneth more, þat he shal  
 Denemark haven, and Englund al.  
 He shal ben king strong and stark  
 Of Engelond and Denemark.<sup>2</sup>  
 Þat shal þa wit þin eyne sen,<sup>i</sup>  
 And þo shalt quen and levedi ben.'

<sup>1</sup> In this poem *nith* stands for *night*, and other words in the same way.

<sup>2</sup> This way of pronouncing all the three vowels alike of the word *Engelond* had not died out in Shakespere's time.

Panne she havede herd the stevene <sup>k</sup>	<sup>k</sup> voice
Of þe angel uth of hevене,	
She was so fele sipes <sup>l</sup> blithe,	<sup>l</sup> many times
þat she ne mithe hire joie mythe. <sup>m</sup>	<sup>m</sup> moderate
But Havelok sone anon she kiste,	
And he slep and nouth ne wiste.	
Hwan þat aungel havede seyð,	
Of his slep anon he brayd, <sup>n</sup>	<sup>n</sup> started
And seide, 'lemman, slepes þou?	
A selkuth <sup>o</sup> drem dremede me nou.	<sup>o</sup> wondrous
Herkne nou hwat me haveth met, <sup>p</sup>	<sup>p</sup> I dreamt
Me þouthe y was in Denemark set,	
But on on þe moste <sup>q</sup> hil	<sup>q</sup> greatest
þat evere yete kam i til.	
It was so hey, þat y wel mouthe	
Al þe werd <sup>r</sup> se, als me þouthe.	<sup>r</sup> world
Als i sat upon þat lowe, <sup>s</sup>	<sup>s</sup> hill
I bigan Denemark for to awe,	
þe borwes <sup>t</sup> and þe castles stronge;	<sup>t</sup> boroughs
And mine armes weren so longe,	
That i fadmede, al at ones,	
Denemark, with mine longe bones.	
And þanne <sup>u</sup> y wolde mine armes drawe	<sup>u</sup> when
Til me, and hom for to have,	
Al that evere in Denemark liveden	
On mine armes faste clyveden. <sup>x</sup>	<sup>x</sup> clave
And þe stronge castles alle	
On knes bigunnen for to falle,	
þe keyes fellen at mine fet.	
Anoper drem dremede me ek,	
þat ich fley <sup>y</sup> over þe salte se	<sup>y</sup> flew
Til Engeland, and al with me	
þat evere was in Denemark lyves, <sup>z</sup>	<sup>z</sup> alive
But <sup>a</sup> bondemen, and here wives,	<sup>a</sup> except
And þat ich kom til Engelond,	
Al closede it intil mine hond.	
And, Goldeborw, y gaf [it] þe.	
Deus! lemman, hwat may þis be?'	

Sho answerede and seyde sone :  
 ' Jhesu Crist, þat made mone,  
 þine dremes turne to joye ;  
 þat wite<sup>b</sup> þw that sittes in trone.  
 Ne non strong king, ne caysere,  
 So þou shalt be, fo[r] þou shalt bere  
 In Engelond corune yet ;  
 Denemark shal knele to þi fet.  
 Alle þe castles þat aren þer-inne,  
 Shal-tow, lemman, ful wel winne.'

<sup>b</sup> decree

## THE CONTRAST TO THE EAST MIDLAND.

(About A.D. 1280.)

Whan Jhesu Crist was don on rode  
 And polede deþ for ure gode,  
 He clepede to hym seint Johan,  
 þat was his oze genes man,  
 And his ozene moder also,  
 Ne clepede he hym feren no mo.  
 And sede, ' wif, lo her þi child  
 þat on þe rode is ispild :  
 Nu ihc am honged on þis tre  
 Wel sore ihc wot hit rewep þe.  
 Mine fet and honden of blod . . .  
 Biþute gult ihc þolie þis ded.  
 Mine men þat agte me to love,  
 For whan ihc com from hevne abuve,  
 Me haveþ idon þis ilke schame.  
 Ihc nave no gult, hi buþ to blame.  
 To mi fader ihc bidde mi bone,  
 þat he forgive hit hem wel sone.'  
 Marie stod and sore weop,  
 þe teres feolle to hire fet.  
 No wunder nas þeȝ heo wepe sore,  
 Of soreȝe ne miȝte heo wite no more,

Whenne he þat of hire nam blod and fless,  
 Also his suete wille was,  
 Heng inayled on þe treo.  
 ‘Alas, my sone,’ seide heo,  
 ‘Hu may ihc live, hu may þis beo?’

The above is taken from the Assumption of the Virgin, printed by the Early English Text Society, along with the King Horn and another poem, all written about 1280 or rather later. In them we find that the Active Participle in *inge*, first used by Layamon, has almost driven out the older *inde*. The King Horn was written in some part of England (Oxfordshire?), upon which the East Midland dialect had begun to act, grafting its Plural form of the Present tense upon the older form in *eth*. Here *hwanon* (unde) is replaced by *whannes*, our *whence*. In page 8 there is a curious instance of the Old English idiom, which piles up negatives upon each other: this survives in the mouths of the common folk.

‘Heo ne miȝte . . . speke . . . noȝt in þe halle,  
 ne nowhar in non opere stede.

We now light on *scrip* (pera), which comes from the Norse *skreppa*, and *pore* (spectare), akin to the Swedish *pala*.<sup>1</sup> There are also three words akin to the Dutch or German, *clink*, *flutter*, and *guess*. Chivalrous ideas were now being widely spread under the sway of the great Edward, and we find that a verb has been formed from the substantive *knight*.

‘For to kniȝti child horn.’—Line 480.

<sup>1</sup> *Pala i en bok* is to pore on a book.—Wedgwood.

The verb 'to squire' came a hundred years later, in Chaucer's time.

There are some Kentish Sermons printed at page 26 of An Old English Miscellany (Early English Text Society). These seem to have been translated from the French about 1290: it was in Kent and Essex, as we can plainly see, that the old forms of King Alfred's day made their last stand against Northern changes. Forms like *liesed* (amisit), *niede* (necessitas), show us how a word such as *belefe* got turned into *belief*, the corrupt form which we still keep. Never did any tongue employ so many variations of vowels as the English, to represent the sound *e*: here is one more puzzle for the foreigner.<sup>1</sup> Our word *glare*, first found here, is akin to the Low German. We light on *goodman* (paterfamilias) at page 32. An idiomatic repetition, well known to our lower orders, now appears: as at page 31, 'a sik man seyde, Lord, lord,' 'ha seide,' &c. The *swiche* (talis) is sometimes shortened into the *siche*, still often heard.

Robert of Gloucester wrote his Chronicle about 1300, or not much earlier, since he speaks of St. Louis as canonised. He shows us a few new idioms, especially as regards the word *an*, our *one*.<sup>2</sup>

De more þat a man con, þe more worþ he ys.—I. page 364.

De castel of Cary held one Wyllam Lovel.—II. page 448.

Ac me ne miȝte vor no þing in þe toune finde on.—II. p. 556.

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<sup>1</sup> This comes of our tongue being compounded in different shires; the form *ie* came from the South East, the form *ea* from the South West, the form *e*, and also *ee*, from the North.

<sup>2</sup> I quote from Hearne's edition.

Heo maden certeyne covenaut pat heo were al *at on*.

I. page 113.

The first phrase in Italics answers to *quisque*, the second to *quidam*, the third to *unus*. From the fourth, often repeated in this piece, comes 'to set them at one again,' and our word *atonement*. The Old English *gleow* had been hitherto seen as *glew*, *gleu*, and *glie*; it now approached its more long-lived form in *gle*. *Makes* (*socii*) is now seen as *mates*, II. 536. Formerly *sceoppa* had stood for a *treasury*; it was now degraded in meaning, and became our *shop*: it occurs in Robert's account of the riot at Oxford (he may have been an eye-witness), not long before the battle of Lewes.<sup>1</sup> It was a bowyer's shop that suffered; and this word is spelt *bowiar*: *lawyer*, *collier*, and such like forms were to follow.<sup>2</sup> The adjective *bad* (*malus*) is now first found; it has much puzzled the brains of antiquaries, for there seems to be no kindred word nearer to it than the Persian *bud*. Different explanations have also been given of Robert's new word, *balledness* (*baldness*); Mr. Dasent (*Jest and Earnest*, II. 70) talks of the God Baldr, who had a glorious whiteness of face.

Our poet uses the Norse word *tome* for *otium*; and this lasted down to the Fifteenth Century, when it was confused with *time*. We still say, 'I have time' (*vacat mihi*); the Scotch *toom* (*vacuus*) is well known. John Balliol was nicknamed *Toom-tabard*, which well hits off his gaudy emptiness; Robert talks of '5,000 poundes of *sterlinges*:' this last word we owe to Germany.

<sup>1</sup> This I take from Dr. Stratmann.

<sup>2</sup> The ending in *ier* is French; yet there must have been some Old English word like *bog-er*; the trade was so common. There may here be a confusion between the two endings.

When Richard I. came home from his German prison (II. page 490), 'he pleyede nywe king at ome.' This new idiom seems French; we now put a *the* after the verb. The poet is fond of using *body* for *person*, as 'mani god bodi, that ne com' (II. page 546). We are told, in the famous ballad on Lewes fight, that the King's brother 'saisede the *mulne* for a castel.' Thirty-five years later, the Gloucestershire bard tells us that the aforesaid Prince 'was in a *windmulle* inome.' The old *n* at the end of the word, clipped in England, is still kept by the Scotch Lowlanders.

Robert wrote, besides his Chronicle, a great number of Lives of Saints. Of these, that of Becket has been published by the Percy Society, Vol. XIX. At page 92, we see a new adverb compounded from an adjective, 'to do the sentence al *abrod*.' We still keep this counterpart to the Latin *latè* in 'to noise abroad;' but the Norse *abroad* (*foris*) is of much later introduction. There are such new phrases as *forasmoche as* (page 28); *þu mißt as wel beo stille* (page 49); the kinges men *were at him* (page 63); *hi dude here best* (did their best), page 3. The old *berewe* now becomes *barewe*, our *barrow*.

A new adjective is found; Becket's mother, wandering about London unable to speak English, is called 'a *mopisch best*' (page 5). This is akin to the Dutch *mopen*, to sulk. *Buttock* reminds us of the Dutch *bout*; and *stout*, which is pure Dutch, now first appears in England.

We have seen in Sir Tristrem that *bond* came to mean *servus*; we find, at page 27 of the Becket, the word *bonde man*, with the same meaning. In other shires, such as near Rutland, *bonde man* still bore the old sense

of *colonus* and nothing more. In the former case, the word came from the English *bindan*; in the latter, from the Norse *bua*.

At page 126, we see both the old form *Tywesdai* and the new form *Tuesdai*. Two foreign words were pronounced in 1300 just as we wrongly pronounce them now: *Stevene* (Stephanus), page 124, and *yused* (solebam), page 23.<sup>1</sup> We find *simple* opposed to *gentle* (page 124), as in Scott's writings.

Another of these Saint's Lives is the Voyage of St. Brandan (Percy Society, Vol. XIV.). In this we first see *her and thar*, at page 26; the preposition *bi* is used by sailors in a new sense, for we read at page 28, 'hi seze an yle al *bi southe*.'

A line in page 30 is remarkable; speaking of an otter,

'Mid his *forthere fet* he brouzte a *fur-ire* and a ston.'

We did not use the word *forefeet* in 1300; *fire-iron* is an old compound.

An idiom, already known, is seen at page 3; we are there told that if men had not sinned, 'herinne hi *hadde gut ilyved*' (vixissent).

We now see a new word which was to degrade the Old English *smirk*. At page 4, we read, 'bi the suete *smyl* of zou.' This word has kinsmen both in Norway and Germany.

Much about the year 1300, the great Romance of

<sup>1</sup> One of our peculiarities now is, that we may say *used* for *solebam*, but may not say *use* for *soleo*. The latter remained in our mouths down to 1611, when it began to drop.

Alexander was Englished; perhaps in Warwickshire.<sup>1</sup> Here we find *als fer as*, *aloud*, and *aside* for the first time; the noun *side* had a hundred years earlier been used to compound *beside*. At page 192, we see the origin of our 'to ride the high horse;' Alexander says of his friends, 'Y wolde sette heom on hyghe hors.' There are such new words and forms as *bestir*, *drawbridge*, *fofman*, *notemugge* (nutmeg), *brother-in-lawe*, *overthrow*, *peacock*, *upper*, *kuin* (kine), *bewray*, *anhungred*. *Hnægan* becomes *neigh*; the old *geolo* (flavus) is seen as *yelow* (page 191); and the old adjective *cyse* now takes the form of *chis*, our *choice*, as in the line,

'The lady is of lemon chis.'—Page 137.

The old *ruh* (hispidus) and *hlihan* are turned into *rowgh* (page 253), and *laugh* (page 296). *Schill* at length becomes *shrill*.

There are many words, akin to terms found in German dialects, now cropping up; such as *cower*, *curl*, *to dab*, *to duck*, *girl*,<sup>2</sup> *mane*, *pin*, *to plump*, *poll*, *scoff*, *scour*, *scrub*, *shingle*, *stamp*, *top* (turbo); also *hedlinge* (præceps).

A few Scandinavian words are found, such as *fling*, *ragged*, *tumble*. The Celtic words, seen here in greater numbers than usual, may betoken that the Alexander was compiled not very far from the Welsh March; these words are *bicker*, *wail*, *hog*, and *gun*. This last is most likely some engine for darting Greek fire; the siege of

<sup>1</sup> Weber's *Metrical Romances*, vol. i. It has new words in common with the Gloucester poems, such as *bicker*.

<sup>2</sup> For this Dr. Stratmann refers to the Low German *gör*; this was in time to prevail over *maiden* and *damsel* alike.

Macedoyne, supposed by the poet to be a city, is thus described in page 135 :

The kyng sygh, of that cité,  
 That they no myghte duyрэ :  
 They dasscheth heom in at the gate,  
 And doth hit schutte in hast.  
 The tayl they kyt of hundrodis fyve,  
 To wedde heo lette heore lyve.  
 Theo othre into the wallis stygh,  
 And the kynges men with *gonnes* sleygh.<sup>1</sup>

As to French words, *bonny* is seen for the first time in page 161, where *bonie londis* are promised. The word *defyghe*, riming with *spie* (page 288), shows that the guttural was not sounded in Southern Mercia in 1300; *dereworth* is now making way for *precious*, when jewels are mentioned. In the line at page 316, 'theo *wayte* gan a pipe blawe;' the French substantive shows how the *watchman* was to become a *musician*.

The above specimens will give some idea of the sources whence mainly comes our Standard English. A line drawn between Chelmsford and York will traverse the shires, where the new form of England's speech was for the most part compounded by the old Angles and the later Norse comers. Almost half-way between these two towns lived the man, whose writings are of such first-rate importance that they are worthy of having a Chapter to themselves.<sup>2</sup> After his

<sup>1</sup> Contrast these obsolete-looking lines with those given at page 163 of my work; the latter are the product of the Danelagh.

<sup>2</sup> The Mercian Danelagh has claims upon architects as well as upon philologers. A great treat awaits the traveller who shall go

time there came in but few new Teutonic changes in spelling and idiom, such as those that had been constantly sliding into our written speech between 1120 and 1300.

from Northampton to Peterborough and Stamford, and so to Hull, turning now and then to the right and left. Most of the noble churches he will see, in his journey of 120 miles, date from the time between 1250 and 1350.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE RISE OF THE NEW ENGLISH.

(A.D. 1303.)

WE have seen the corruption of speech in the Mercian Danelagh and East Anglia ; a corruption more strikingly marked there than in other parts of England, with the exception of Yorkshire and Essex, where the same intermixture of Norse blood was bringing about like results. We shall now weigh the work of a Lincolnshire man who saw the light at Bourne within a few miles of Rutland, the writer of a poem begun in the year that Edward I. was bringing under his yoke the whole of Scotland, outside of Stirling Castle. It was in 1303 that Robert of Brunne (known also as Robert Manning) began to compile the *Handlyng Synne*, the work which, more clearly than any former one, foreshadowed the road that English literature was to tread from that time forward.<sup>1</sup> Like many other lays of King Edward I.'s time, the new piece was a translation from a French poem; the *Manuel des Pechés* had been written about thirty years earlier by William of Waddington.<sup>2</sup> The English poem

<sup>1</sup> This work, with its French original, has been edited for the Roxburgh Club by Mr. Furnivall.

<sup>2</sup> The date of Waddington's poem is pretty well fixed by a passage

differs from all the others that had gone before it in its diction ; for it contains a most scanty proportion of those Teutonic words that were soon to drop out of speech, and a most copious proportion of French words. Indeed there are so many foreign words, that we should set the writer fifty years later than his true date, had he not himself *written* it down. In this book we catch our first glimpse of many a word and idiom, that were afterwards to live for ever in the English Bible and Prayer Book, works still in the womb of Time. Indeed, the new Teutonic idioms that took root in our speech after this age were few in number, a mere drop in the bucket, if we compare them with the idioms imported between 1120 and 1300. This shows what we owe to Robert Manning ; even as the highest praise of our Revolution of 1688 is, that it was our last. The *Handlyng Synne* is indeed a landmark worthy of the carefulest study. I shall give long extracts from it, and I shall further add specimens of the English spoken in many other shires between 1300 and 1340. We are lucky in having so many English manuscripts, drawn up at this particular time : the contrasts are strongly marked. Thus it will be easy to see that the Lincolnshire bard may be called the patriarch of the New English, much as Cadmon was of the Old English six hundred years earlier. We shall also gain some idea of the influence that the Rutland neighbourhood has had upon our classic tongue. This was remarked by Fuller in his time ; and in our day Latham

in page 248 (Roxburgh Club edition of the *Handlyng Synne*). He writes a tale in French, and his translator says that the sad affair referred to happened ' in the time of good Edward, Sir Henry's son.'

tells us that 'the labouring men of Huntingdon and Northampton speak what is usually called *better* English, because their vernacular dialect is most akin to that of the standard writers.' He pitches upon the country between St. Neots and Stamford as the true centre of literary English.<sup>1</sup> Dr. Guest has put in a word for Leicestershire. Our classic speech did not arise in London or Oxford; even as it was not in the Papal Court at Rome, or in the King's Palace at Naples, or in the learned University of Bologna, that the classic Italian sprang up with sudden and marvellous growth.

The Handlyng Synne shows how the different tides of speech, flowing from Southern, Western, and Northern shires alike, met in the neighbourhood of Rutland, and all helped to shape the New English. Robert of Brunne had his own mother-tongue to start with, the Dano-Anglian dialect corrupted by five generations since our first glimpse of it in 1120. He has their peculiar use of *niman* for the Latin *ire*, and other marks of the East Midland. We have seen a specimen of the North Lincolnshire speech of 1240; this, as Robert was to do later, had substituted *no* for *ne* (the Latin *nec*).<sup>2</sup> From the South this speech had borrowed the change of *a* into *o* and *c* into *ch* (hence Robert's *moche*,<sup>3</sup> *eche*, *whyche*, *swych*), of *sc* into *sh*, *g* into *w*, and *o* into *ou*. From the West

<sup>1</sup> I visited Stamford in 1872, and found that the letter *h* was sadly misused in her streets.

<sup>2</sup> This change is also seen in Layamon and in the Herefordshire manuscript of 1313; whence Mr. Wright has taken much for his *Political Songs* (Camden Society).

<sup>3</sup> His *moche* was used by good writers down to Elizabeth's time.

came one of the worst of all our corruptions, Layamon's Active Participle in *ing* instead of the older form: Robért leans to this evil change, but still he often uses the old East Midland Participle in *and*. With the North Robert has much in common: we can see by his rimes that he wrote the Norse *pepen* (page 81) and *mykel* (page 253), instead of the Southern *pen* and *mochyl*, which have been foisted into his verse by the Southerner who transcribed the poem sixty years later. The following are some of the forms Robert uses, which are found, many of them for the first time, in the Northern Psalter: *childer*, *fos*, *ylka*, *tane*, *ire*, *gatte*, *hawk*, *slagheter*, *handmayden*, *lighten*, *wrecched*, *abye*, *sle*, *as sone as*, *many one*, *dounright*, *he seys*, *thou sweres*, *sky* (cœlum). He, like the translator of the Psalter, delights in the form *gh*; not only does he write *sygh*, *lagheter*, *doghe*, *nyghe*, *neghbour*, but also *kneugh* and *nagheer* (our *knew* and *nowhère*). This seems to show that in Southern Lincolnshire, in 1303, the *gh* had not always a guttural sound. He also sometimes clips the ending of the Imperative Plural;<sup>1</sup> but turns the Yorkshire *thou has* into *thou hast*. In common with another Northern work, the *Sir Tristrem*, Robert uses the new form *ye* for the Latin *tu*; also the new senses given in that work to the old words *smart* and *croun*. To the *bond* (servus) of the aforesaid poem he fastens a French ending, and thus compounds a new substantive, *bondage*, where-with he translates the French *vileynage*: this is a most astounding innovation, the source of much bad English. Our tongue might well seem stricken with barrenness,

<sup>1</sup> This is as great a change as if the Latin *intelligite* were to be written *intellig*.

if English endings were no longer in request. He holds fast to the Norse of his forefathers when writing words like *yole*, *kirk*, *til*, *werre* (pejus). For the Latin *idem* he has both *same* and *yche*. We can gather from his poem that England was soon to replace *zede* (ivit) by *went*, *oper* by *second*; that she was soon to lose her *swithe* (valdè), and to substitute for it *right* and *full*: *very* is of rather later growth.<sup>1</sup> Almost every one of the Teutonic changes in idiom, distinguishing the New English from the Old, the speech of Queen Victoria from the speech of Hengist, is to be found in Manning's work. We have had few Teutonic changes since his day, a fact which marks the influence he has had upon our tongue.<sup>2</sup> He it was who sometimes substituted *w* for *u*, as *down* for *doun*. In his writings we see clearly enough what was marked by Sir Philip Sidney almost three hundred years later: 'English is void of those cumbersome differences of cases, genders, moods, and tenses, which I think was a piece of the Tower of Babylon's curse, that a man should be put to schoole to learne his mother tongue; but for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceit of the minde, which is the ende of speech, that it hath equally with any other tongue in the world.'<sup>3</sup> The Elizabethan knight ought to have been well pleased with the clippings and parings of the Edwardian monk.

In the *Handlyng Synne* are the following Scandinavian words:

<sup>1</sup> The idea of *swithe* is kept in Pepy's '*mighty merry*,' and the common phrase, 'you be *main heavy*.'

<sup>2</sup> *Since*, *nor*, *its*, *unless*, *below*, *until*, are our main Teutonic changes since Manning's time.

<sup>3</sup> Quoted by Marsh, *Lectures on the English Language*, p. 88.

Ekename (nickname), from the Swedish *öknamn*.

Nygun (niggard), from the Norse *nyggja*, to scrape.

Squyler (scullion), from the Norse *skola*, to wash.

Some words, which we have in common with other Teutons, are found for the first time; as *plank* and *stumble*; also *midwife*, which has been explained by Junius.<sup>1</sup>

There are a few remarkable changes in the meanings of English words.

*Kind* had hitherto meant *natural*, but in page 167 we read,

To serve hym (God) þat ys to us so *kynde*.

The two senses were alike used for nearly 400 years, as we see in Milton's works.

In page 161 we read, 'he is to hym *mynde*,' that is, *inclined*: *mind* was getting a new sense, used by us when we say, 'I have a *mind* to go;' 'ye that *mind* to come.'

*Truth* had hitherto stood for *fides*, but it now comes to mean *veritas*, and in the end has all but driven out the good old *sooth*. To this day our *true* will translate either *fidus* or *verus*.

Hyt ys no *troupe*, but fals belevyng.—Page 13.

Forswere ȝow nevere for worldys gode.

For ȝe wyte weyl, and have hyt herde,

þat *troupe* ys more þan alle þe worlde.—Page 88.

Eton *Bucks* is the name that used to be given to the lads bred at King Henry the Sixth's renowned College. In the *Handlyng Synne* (page 102), we see how the Old English *bucca* (*hircus*) came to mean a *dandy*.

<sup>1</sup> He explains it as a woman who comes for *mede*.

And of þese *berdede buckys* also,  
 Wyþ hem self þey moche mysdo,  
 þat leve Crystyn mennys acyse,  
 And haunte alle þe newe gyse ;  
 þer whylys þey hade þat gyse on hande  
 Was nevere grace yn þys lande.

These are Robert's own rimes ; for Waddington, writing earlier, had not thought it needful to glance at the beard movement, though he bore hard on the ladies and their dress.

The Old English *næddre* (serpens) now loses its first letter, as it also did in the *Alexander*. *Ekename*; on the other hand, has since gained the letter *n*.

And *adres* bete hym by þe fete.—Page 166.

In this poem, both the Northern *ky* and the Southern *keyn* stand for the Latin *vaccæ*. *Reafian* gets the new sense of *snatching* :

Refte þe saule unto helle.—Page 154.

We have seen how in the South *one* came to stand for *aliquis* and *quidam*. It was brought into Lincolnshire, and is now used in a new sense, thereby avoiding the repetition of a substantive that has gone before ;

She ledde hym to a moche felde,  
 So grete *one* nevere he behelde.—Page 104.<sup>1</sup>

London thieves speak of their booty as *swag*. The word of old meant nothing but a *bag* ; the connexion between the two ideas is plain :

þere was a wycche, and made a bagge,  
 A bely of leþyr, a grete *swagge*.—Page 17.

<sup>1</sup> In this century, many adjectives were to have *one* fastened on to them ; we still hear, ' he is a bad un,' &c. Dr. Morris thinks that this *one* represents an old inflection *ne*. He quotes from the *Ayenbite ane littlene* (a little un).

So schoolboys talk of *bagging* their mates' goods. We now find the first mention of 'ready money:'

And ten mark of *pens redy*.—Page 198.

A well-known religious phrase is found in the following lines:

þys erymyte lenede hym on a walle,  
Ande *badde hys bedys*.—Page 378.

We have seen that *hál* or *hol* came to mean *integer* before 1100; we now find our well-known adverb compounded from it. Something had to be invented to replace the lost *eallunga*. 'Ta confessiun deit estre *entere*' is translated

Alle *holy* oweþ þy shryfte be doun.—Page 367.

The old *leosan* (*amittere*) had had *loren* for its Past Participle and *pu lure* for the second Person Singular of the Perfect; we now light on a wonderful change:

Here wurschyp ys *lost* for evermore.—Page 94.  
And brynge þe azen to hys grace  
þat þou *lostest*.—Page 373.

We still keep the true Old English Gerundial form in the phrase, 'this house to let.' It was corrupted in Lincolnshire by the year 1303, and Tyndale unhappily followed this corruption in his account of St. Paul's rebuke to St. Peter. Robert of Brunne says—

þey bep *to be blamede* eft þarfore.—Page 50.

The verb *have* was now gaining its sense of 'to drag:'

She *had* hym up, wyþ here to go.—Page 104.

We have still the phrase (rather slangy) to *sack* a sum of money. We first find this in the *Handlyng Synne*.

þe whyles þe executours *sekke*,  
Of þe soule þey ne rekke.—Page 195.

This phrase seems not to have been understood in the South; for the Southern transcriber writes over *sekke* the words *fyl þe bag*.

The old *teogan* (trahere) is pared down, and from it a new substantive is formed, to express *dalliance*:

And makeþ nat a mys þe *toye*.—Page 246.

Orrmin's *laffdig* (domina) had been c. t down in many English shires to its present form, shortly before 1300. Robert of Brunne throws the accent on the last syllable, as is so often done in English ballads:

For to be holde þe feyryst *lady*.—Page 103.

*Can* and *coude*, as in the Peterborough Chronicle, are used very freely, where of old *may* and *might* would have been employed. Our *cannot* now first appears as one word:

þat ȝyf ȝe *kunnat*, lerneþ how.—Page 298.

The *coupe* (potuit) of the Havelok now becomes *coude*, as in East Anglia; the verb has since changed for the worse, owing to a false analogy. We see *do* and *did*, as in page 193 of my work, employed as auxiliaries. There are some instances of this idiom before the Norman Conquest, but the fashion had long been dropped until shortly before the year 1300.<sup>1</sup> Robert of Gloucester has it.

<sup>1</sup> In Somersetshire, they say '*he do be*,' instead of '*he is*.' Mr. Earle (*Philology*, page 492) gives instances of this idiom from the old Romance of *Eger and Grime*.

I give many of the new words and phrases, well worn as they now seem, which crop up for the first time, or for all but the first time, in the *Handlyng Synne* :

To wake a corpse.

To waste stores.

To ley a waiour (wager).

The Saturday was doun (finished).

Besides these, we find for the first time other words, most of them common enough now ; such as, to *betroth*, to *bestead*, to *hap*, *burble* (bubble), *lyzting*, *welfare*, *for-sayde*, *shameful*, *boastful*, *ruefully*, a *sory present*, a *trew-man*, *umwhile* (the Scottish *unquhile*). *Ládman* (dux) is turned into *lodesman* ; a word something like our *loadstar*.

We now light upon a well-known by-word,

‘The nere þe cherche, þe fyrþer fro Gode.’—Page 286.

St. *Æthelthryth*, the Patroness of Ely, is shortened into St. *Audre*, in page 325. The poet had doubtless knelt at her shrine, on his way from Lincolnshire to Cambridge. Of all our English clippings and parings, none is more startling than the contraction of this Saint’s name. *Botolphston* was later to be cut down to *Boston*. Robert gives original tales of events that happened in *Cambridgeshire*, *Norfolk*, and *Kesteven* in his own time ; though he is too discreet to set down the names of the misdoers.

I print in italics the remarkable phrases first found in this poem. The stock of true English words had every year been getting scantier, and new resources seemed now to be called for. The poet was not

particular as to drawing on French or English; thus, *lequel* is translated literally. The *yn as moche* is remarkable as a sister form to the Gloucestershire *forasmuch*; many such forms were to crop up in the Fourteenth Century and to remain in use till about the Restoration. When new phrases come into a language, it is in adverbial forms and in conjunctions that they are mostly found; thus *only* and *rather* are in the Thirteenth Century used, not merely as adjectives, but in a new sense. The *Handlyng Synne* should be compared with another poem due to the same shire, and written five hundred and sixty years later; I mean Mr. Tennyson's *Northern Farmer*. Some of the old forms are there repeated, especially the *a* which stands first in the following rimes:

He ys wurpy to be shent,

For *a*<sup>1</sup> doþ azens þys comaundment.—Page 84.

Yole, ys *yone*<sup>2</sup> þy page?—Page 184.

A gode man and *a* ryȝt stedefaste.—Page 74.

A man yn flesshe *as*<sup>3</sup> he dyde se.—Page 391.

Beþ wakyng . . . .

*What tyme* þat ȝoure lorde wyl kalle.—Page 137.

Crystendom . . . .

Purghe þe *whych* we are savede alle.—Page 294.

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<sup>1</sup> The *he* had become *ha* and then *a*; this is one of the new forms that we have rejected; Mrs. Quickly used it.

<sup>2</sup> This is the Gothic *jains*, the Greek *keinos*. When I was at Hastings in March, 1873, I heard a maid (she had been told to look at a man carefully) reply, 'What! *yon*?' I asked where she came from; the answer was, from Lincolnshire.

<sup>3</sup> This stands for *quem*; it was an idiom that Robert was unable to establish.

*Ho*<sup>1</sup> hap made þy chyld so blodý?—Page 24.  
 For *ho* so haunteþ comunly, &c.—Page 42.  
 Þou mayst be wroþe *sum body* to chastyse.—Page 120.  
 Þat of þe Iewes seye *sum oun*.—Page 294.  
 He shulde be cumbrede *sumwore*.—Page 301.  
*One of þys dayys* shul ze deye.—Page 105.  
 Sum tyme was *ones*<sup>2</sup> a Iew.—Page 241.  
 And *sette at noȝt* þat he hadde told.—Page 242.  
*Nat only* for soulès ys he herde,  
*But also* for, &c.—Page 324.  
*Oftyn tyme* a foule þoȝt, &c.—Page 388.  
 Of gentyl men, þyr are *but fo*.—Page 270.  
 Men sey, and have seyde *here before*.—Page 102.  
 For *yn as moche* þat she douþ men synne,  
 Yn so moche shal she have plyghte ynne.—Page 110.  
 For to reyse þe devyl *yn dede*.—Page 12.  
*As weyl as* for soules yn purgatorye.—Page 330.  
 Þarfore he þat ys ones baptysede,  
*Ones for ever* ys.—Page 300.  
 To helpe chyldryn yn many kas  
 Men wete never what nede *one* has.<sup>3</sup>—Page 297.  
 The dede mevede hys hede *to and fro*.—Page 74.  
 Yn every sykenes aske hyt *al weys*.—Page 348.  
 Men askede hym why he þedyr zede,  
*Syn*<sup>4</sup> he was an holy man yn dede.—Page 246.  
 A party hyt halpe *per un to*.—Page 322.  
 Þe þornes prykkede, the netles *dyde byte*.—Page 234.  
 Alle þat we *do jangle*, þe fende *dope wryte*.—Page 287.  
*Y dar weyl seye* þou hym dyffamest.—Page 361.

<sup>1</sup> Here we find something like our modern pronunciation of *who*.

<sup>2</sup> This stands for *olim*, not *semel*.

At first sight it would seem that this comes from the French *on*; but it is a corrupt form of the Old English *ân*. It is a pity that our Lincolnshire bard did not keep alive the indefinite *man*; in this we have had a sad loss.

<sup>4</sup> This is a wonderful shortening of the old *siððan*.

- Yyf he ys *aboute to tempte* þe.—Page 374.  
 Yn alle sloghenesse he *bereþ þe bel*.—Page 135.  
 Y *brast on lagheter* þere y stode.—Page 288.  
 Yyf þou be *come of hyghe blode*.—Page 97.  
*Wulde*<sup>1</sup> *Gode þat many swyche wommen wore*!—Page 331.  
*Lord!*<sup>2</sup> what shal swych men seye?—Page 137.  
 Yn *London toun*e fyl swyche a chek.—Page 86.  
 He sette hym by hym, *syde be syde*.—Page 244.  
 Þe body, whyl hyt on bere lys,  
*A day or two* ys holde yn prys.—Page 195.  
 Þank hym noþer yn *wel* no *wo*.—Page 160.  
 Þou mayst þan sykerly *go þy weye*.—Page 346.  
 Comyþ alle home, and *havyþ down*.<sup>3</sup>—Page 31.  
 Hyghely shal he go alone  
 To the devyl, *body and bone*.<sup>4</sup>—Page 169.  
 Ne slepte onely a lepy *wynke*.—Page 283.  
 Ande Jumna *was wonte wyþ here to wone*.—Page 330.  
 Every man shulde have a *fore þogt*.—Page 334.  
 And gnoghe hyt ynwarde *al to pecys*.—Page 114.  
*Fro wykkede to wers* y do hem falle.—Page 392.  
 And to þe ded was *as trew as steyl*.—Page 75.  
 Þat gadren *pens*<sup>5</sup> un to an hepe.—Page 190.  
 Yyf þey come *not*<sup>6</sup> also þurgh þe *poghte*.—Page 15.  
 Þey myghte no more be broghte a *sondre*.—Page 277.  
 Þat tyme *hyt happede* for to be.—Page 199.  
 For some when þey *yn age* are *come*.—Page 54.  
 Y *troue* God shewede þys merveyle.—Page 82.  
 To *do* a man to *deþ* þarfore.—Page 189.

<sup>1</sup> This *wulde* (our *would*) replaced the old *wolde*, as in East Anglia.

<sup>2</sup> The original story has *Deu!* the French invocation. We have stuck to *Lord* ever since, as an Interjection; Pepys was fond of it.

<sup>3</sup> Hence the '*ha done, do!*' common among our lower orders.

<sup>4</sup> Moore, in one of his best squibs, talks of Wellington in Spain, and proposes to 'ship off the Ministry, body and bones, to him.'

<sup>5</sup> This would of old have been *peningas*.

<sup>6</sup> This would have been *noht* or *nout* earlier. Our author writes *nat* or *not* for *non*, and *noghte* for *nihil*. Here once more we get two different forms from one old word.

It must be clear to all, that since Orrmin no Englishman has shown the change in our tongue so strikingly as Robert of Brunne. Many of our writers had fastened an English ending to a foreign root, such as *martirdom*; but no Englishman before 1303 had fastened a French ending to an English root, as *bondage*; and none had employed a French Active participle instead of an English preposition, as '*passing* all things.' Robert commonly writes *y* instead of *i*, a fashion which lasted for two hundred years, and then happily dropped. He seems to be conscious that he was an innovator, for in page 267 he asks forgiveness

'For foule Englysshe and feble ryme,  
Seyde oute of resun many tyme.'

In his seventy lines on Confirmation, at page 304, he employs French words for at least one-third of his nouns, verbs, and adverbs; the same proportion that was afterwards to be used in the Collects of the English Prayer Book, as also by Addison, and by most good writers of our own day.<sup>1</sup> No more nonsense, it is to be hoped, will now be talked about Chaucer, who not long ago was looked upon as the first Englishman who employed French words to a great extent.

In my specimens taken from Robert's work, I have chosen parts that are wholly his own and no translation from the French. I give first a tale of the great Bishop of Lincoln, who died but a few years before our poet's birth; I then give St. Paul's description of

<sup>1</sup> Matthew Paris would have called Robert of Brunne 'immutator mirabilis.'

Charity, a well-known passage, which may be compared with our Version of the Bible put forth three hundred years after the *Handlyng Synne*. Next comes a peep into English life in Edwardian days; next, a tale of a Norfolk *bondeman* or farmer; last of all comes the bard's account of himself and the date of his rimes. Had the *Handlyng Synne* been a German work, marking an era in the national literature, it would long ago have been given to the world in a cheap form. But we live in England, not in Germany. I could not have gained a sight of the poem, of which a few copies have been printed for the Roxburgh Club, had I not happened to live within reach of the British Museum.<sup>1</sup>

## Page 150.

Y shall ȝow telle as y have herde

Of þe bysshope Seynt Roberde,

Hys toname <sup>a</sup> ys Grostest

<sup>a</sup> surname

Of Lynkolne, so seyþ þe gest.<sup>b</sup>

<sup>b</sup> story

He lovede moche to here þe harpe;

For mannys wyt hyt makyþ sharpe;

Next hys chaumbre, besyde hys stody,

Hys harpers chaumbre was fast perby.

Many tymes be nyȝtys and dayys,

He had solace of notes and layys.

One askede hym onys,<sup>c</sup> resun why

<sup>c</sup> once

He hadde delyte yn mynstralsy:

<sup>1</sup> The Early English Text Society has printed a vast quantity of Fifteenth Century English, tales about Arthur, and what not; but they have not given us the *Medytaciuns on the Soper of our Lorde*, which is said to be another work of Robert of Brunne's. Its philological value must be very great; it may contain forms which as yet have not been found in any writer before Mandeville.

He answerede hym on þys manere,  
 Why he helde þe harper so dere :  
 ‘ þe vertu of þe harpe, þurghe skylle and ryzt,  
 Wyl destroye þe fendes myzt,  
 And to þe croys by gode skylle  
 Ys þe harpe lykenede weyle.<sup>d</sup> d well  
 Anoper poynt cumforteþ me,  
 þat God haþ sent unto a tre  
 So moche joye to here wyþ eere ;  
 Moche þan more joye ys þere  
 Wyþ God hym selfe þere he wonys,<sup>e</sup> e dwells  
 þe harpe þerof me ofte mones,<sup>f</sup>— f reminds  
 Of þe joye and of þe blys  
 Where Gode hym self wonys and ys.  
 þare for, gode men, ze shul lere,<sup>g</sup> g learn  
 Whan ze any glemen here,  
 To wurschep Gode at zoure powere,  
 As Davyde seyþ yn þe sautere,  
 Yn harpe, yn thabour, and symphan gle,  
 Wurschepe Gode, yn troumpes and sautre,  
 Yn cordys, an organes, and bellys ryngyng,  
 Yn al þese, wurschepe ze hevene kyng.’

## Page 222.

Se now what seynt Poule seys  
 Yn a pystyl, þe same weys,—  
 ‘ þoghe y speke as weyl wyþ tung  
 As any man or aungel haþ song,  
 And y lyve nat wyþ charyte,  
 No þyng awayleþ hyt to me.  
 For y do þan ryzt<sup>a</sup> as þe bras, a just  
 And as þe tympan, þat bete<sup>b</sup> was; b beaten  
 þe bras to oper zyveþ grete sown,  
 And bet hym self up and down.  
 And þoghe y speke al yn prephecye,  
 And have þe kunnyng of every maystrye,<sup>c</sup> c knowledge

And wyþ gode beleve myghte seye  
 Þe hylles to turne yn to þe valeye,  
 Lyf hyt ne be wyþ charyte wroghte,  
 Elles, he seyþ þat y am noghte.  
 Þogh y gyve alle my wurldes gode  
 Unto pore mennys fode,  
 And gyve my body for to brenne  
 Opunly oþer men to kenne,<sup>d</sup>  
 But zyf<sup>e</sup> þar be charyte wyþ alle,  
 My mede þarfore shal be ful smalle.'

<sup>d</sup> teach<sup>e</sup> unless.

Lðke now how many godenesse þer are  
 Wyþ oute charyte noghte but bare.  
 Wylt pou know þy self, and se  
 Lyf pou wone<sup>f</sup> in charyte?

dwell

'Charyte suffreþ boþe gode and yl,  
 And charyte ys of reuful wyl,  
 Charyte haþ noun envye,  
 And charyte wyl no felunne;  
 Charyte ys nat irus,  
 And charyte ys nat covetous;  
 Charyte wyl no bostful preysyng;  
 He wyl noghte but rygtywys þyng;  
 Charyte loveþ no fantome,  
 No þynges þat evyl may of come;  
 He haþ no joye of wykkednes,  
 But loveþ alle þat sothefast<sup>g</sup> es;  
 Alle godenes he up bereþ;  
 Alle he suffreþ, and noun he dereþ,<sup>h</sup>  
 Gode hope he haþ yn ryghtewys þyng,  
 And alle he susteyneþ to þe endyng;  
 Charyte ne fayleþ noghte,  
 Ne no þyng þat wyþ hym ys wroghte.  
 When alle prephycyes are alle gone,  
 And alle tunges are leyde echone,  
 And alle craftys fordo<sup>i</sup> shul be,  
 Þan lasteþ stedfast charyte.'<sup>1</sup>

<sup>g</sup> truthful<sup>h</sup> harms<sup>i</sup> ruined

<sup>1</sup> In these twenty-two lines there are thirteen French words, not

Dus seyþ seynt Poule, and moche more,  
Yn pystyl of hys lore.

Page 227.

As y have tolde of rere <sup>a</sup> sopers,	<sup>a</sup> late
þe same falleþ of erly dyners ;	
Dyners are oute of skyl and resun	
On þe Sunday, or hye messe be doun. <sup>1</sup>	
þoghe þou have haste, here zyt a messe,	
Al holy, <sup>b</sup> and no lesse,	<sup>b</sup> completely
And nat symple a sakare, <sup>c</sup>	<sup>c</sup> the conse- cration part
For hyt ys nat ynow for þe,	<sup>d</sup> unless
But <sup>d</sup> hyt be for lordys powere	
Or pylgrymage þat haþ no pere.	
Are þou oghte ete, þys ys my rede,	
Take holy watyr and holy brede ;	
For, yn aventure kas, hyt may þe save,	
Lyf housel <sup>e</sup> ne shryfte þou mayst have.	<sup>e</sup> Eucharist
Alle oper tymes ys glotonye	
But hyt be grete enchesun <sup>f</sup> why.	<sup>f</sup> reason
On oper hyghe dayys, zyf þat ou may,	
þoghe þat hyt be nat Sunday,	
Here þy messe or þou dyne,	
Lyf þou do nat, ellys ys hit pyne ; <sup>g</sup>	<sup>g</sup> woe
Lordes þat have preste at wyl,	
Me þenkeþ þey trespas ful yl	
þat any day ete, are þey here messe,	
But zyf <sup>h</sup> hyt be þurghe harder dystresse.	<sup>h</sup> unless
þe men þat are of holy cherche,	
þey wete weyl how þey shul werche ;	
But swych <sup>i</sup> y telle hardyly,	<sup>i</sup> such
þat swych a preste douþ glotonye	

counting repetitions ; in our Version of 1611, there are but twelve French words in the same passage.

<sup>1</sup> *Ere* appears in this piece as *or* and *are*.

þe levyp hys messe on þe auter  
 For to go to a dyner.  
 So ne shulde he do, for no þyng,  
 For love ne awe of no lordyng,  
 But gyf<sup>k</sup> hyt were for a grete nede  
 þat shulde hym falle, or a grete drede.

<sup>k</sup> unless

Page 269.

Yn Northfolk, yn a tounne,  
 Woned a knyzt besyde a persone ;<sup>a</sup>  
 Fyl hyt so, þe knyzt's manere<sup>b</sup>  
 Was nat fro þe cherche ful fere ;<sup>c</sup>  
 And was hyt þan, as oftyr falles,  
 Broke were þe cherche gerde walles.  
 Þe lordes hyrdes often lete  
 Hys bestys yn to þe cherche gerde and ete ;  
 Þe bestys dyde as þey mote nede,  
 Fylede<sup>d</sup> overal þere þey gede.<sup>e</sup>  
 A bonde man say<sup>f</sup> þat, ande was wo  
 þat þe bestys shulde þere go ;  
 He com to þe lorde, and seyde hym þys,  
 'Lorde,' he sezde, 'zoure bestys go mys,<sup>g</sup>  
 Loure hyrde doþ wrong, and zoure knavys,  
 þat late zoure bestys fyle þus þese gravys ;  
 Þere mennys bonys shulde lye,  
 Bestes shulde do no vyleynye.'  
 Þe lordes answerere was sunwhat vyle,  
 And þat falleþ evyl to a man gentyle ;  
 'Weyl were hyt do<sup>h</sup> ryzt for þe nones  
 To wurschyp<sup>i</sup> swych cherles bones ;  
 What wurschyp shulde men make  
 Aboute swych cherles bodyes blake ?'  
 Þe bonde man answerede and seyde  
 Wurdys to gedyr ful weyl leyde,  
 'þe Lorde þat made of erþe erles,  
 Of þe same erþe made he cherles ;

<sup>a</sup> parson

<sup>b</sup> manor

<sup>c</sup> far

<sup>d</sup> defiled

<sup>e</sup> went

<sup>f</sup> saw

<sup>g</sup> amiss

<sup>h</sup> done

<sup>i</sup> honour

Erles mygt and lordes stat<sup>k</sup> <sup>k</sup> stout  
 As cherles shal yn erpe be put.<sup>1</sup>  
 Erles, cherles, alle at ones,  
 Shal none knowe zoure fro oure bones.<sup>2</sup>  
 Þe lorde lestenede þe wurdes weyl  
 And recordede hem every deyl;<sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup> bit!  
 No more to hym wulde he seye,  
 But lete hym go furþe hys weye;  
 He seyde þe bestys shulde no more  
 By hys wyl come þore.<sup>m</sup> <sup>m</sup> there  
 Seþen<sup>n</sup> he closede þe cherchegerde so <sup>n</sup> afterwards  
 Þat no best mygt come þarto.  
 For to ete ne fyle þer ynne,  
 So þogt hym seþen þat hyt was synne.  
 Þyr are but fewe lordes now  
 Þat turne a wrde so wel to prow;<sup>o</sup> <sup>o</sup> advantage  
 But who seyþ hem any skylle,<sup>p</sup> <sup>p</sup> wisdom  
 Mysseye agen<sup>a</sup> fouly þey wylle. <sup>q</sup> abuse in  
 Lordynges, þyr are ynnow of þo;<sup>r</sup> turn  
 Of gentyll men, þyr are but fo.<sup>s</sup> <sup>2</sup> <sup>r</sup> those  
<sup>s</sup> few

Page 3.

To alle Crystyn men undir sunne,  
 And to gode men of Brunne,  
 And speciali alle bi name  
 Þe felaushepe of Symprynghame,  
 Roberd of Brunne greteþ zow  
 In al godenesse þat may to prow.<sup>a</sup> <sup>a</sup> advantage  
 Of Brymwake yn Kestevene,  
 Syxe myle besyde Sympryngham evene  
 Y dwellede yn þe pryorye  
 Fyftene zere yn companye.

<sup>1</sup> Here we see the word *put* get the meaning of *ponere*; before this, it was *trudere*.

<sup>2</sup> In one copy of the *Harrowing of Hell*, Christ calls Satan 'lording.'

Dane Felyp was mayster þat tyme  
 þat y began þys Englyssh ryme.  
 Þe yeres of grace fyl<sup>b</sup> þan to be <sup>b</sup> fell  
 A þousynd and þre hundrede and þre.  
 In þat tyme turnede y þys  
 On Englysshe tunge out of Frankys,  
 Of a boke as y fonde ynne;  
 Men clepyn þe boke 'Handlyng Synne.'

## NORTH LINCOLNSHIRE.

(A.D. 1338.)

Now of kyng Robin salle I zit speke more,  
 & his broþer Tomlyn, Thomas als it wore,  
 & of Sir Alisandere, þat me rewes sore,  
 þat boþe com in skandere, for dedes þei did þore.  
 Of arte he had þe maistr<sup>e</sup>, he mad a corven kyng  
 In Cantebrige to þe clergie, or his broþer were kyng.  
 Siþen was never non of arte so þat sped,  
 Ne bifore bot on, þat in Cantebrigge red.  
 Robert mad his fest, for he was þore þat tyme,  
 & he sauh alle þe gest, þat wrote & mad þis ryme.  
 Sir Alisander was hie dene of Glascow,  
 & his broþer Thomas zed spiand ay bi throw,  
 Where our Inglis men ware not in clerke habite,  
 & non wild he spare, bot destroyed also tite.  
 Þorgh þe kyng Robyn þei zede þe Inglis to spie,  
 Here now of þer fyn þam com for þat folie.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Hearne's *Langtoft's Chronicle*, ii. 336. The lines were written by Manning, some thirty years after his *Handlyng Synne*, at a time when he lived further to the North. The Northern dialect is most apparent. We here read of his getting a glimpse of the Bruce family at Cambridge, about the year 1300 or earlier.

YORKSHIRE.

(About A.D. 1340.)

HAMPOLE.

Dan waxes his hert hard and hevvy,  
And his heved feble and dysy ;  
Dan waxes his gast seke and sare,  
And his face rouncles, ay mare and mare ;  
His mynde es short when he oght thynkes,  
His nese ofte droppes, his hand stynkes,  
His sight wax dym, þat he has,  
His bax waxes croked ; stoupand he gas ;  
Fyngers and taes, fote and hande,  
Alle his touches er tremblande.  
His werkes for-worthes that he bygynnes ;  
His hare moutes, his eghen rynnes ;  
His eres waxes deaf, and hard to here,  
His tung fayles, his speche is nocht clere ;  
His mouthe slavers, his tethe rotates,  
His wyttes fayles, and he ofte dotes ;  
He is lyghtly wrath, and waxes fraward,  
Bot to turne hym fra wrethe it es hard.<sup>1</sup>

DURHAM.

(About A.D. 1320.)

METRICAL HOMILIES.

A tal of this fest haf I herd,  
Hougat it of a widou ferd,  
That lufd our Lefdi sa welle,  
That scho gert mac hir a chapele ;  
And ilke day deuotely,  
Herd scho messe of our Lefdye.  
Fel auntour that hir prest was gan  
His erand, and messe haved scho nan,

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<sup>1</sup> Morris, *Specimens of Early English*, p. 172. This poem should be compared with the *Northern Psalter*, at page 145 of my work.

And com this Candelmesse feste.  
 And scho wald haf als wif honeste  
 Hir messe, and for scho moht get nan,  
 Scho was a ful sorful womman.  
 In hir chapele scho mad prayer,  
 And fel on slep bifor the auter,  
 And als scho lay on slep, hir thoht  
 That scho in til a kyrc was broht,  
 And saw com gret compaynye  
 Of fair maidenes wit a lefedye,  
 And al thai sette on raw ful rathe,  
 And ald men and yong bathe.<sup>1</sup>

## LANCASHIRE.

(About A.D. 1340.)

## SIR GAWAYNE.

'Where schulde I wale þe,' quoth Gauan, 'where is þy place?  
 I wot never where þou wonyes, by hym þat me wrogt,  
 Ne I know not þe, knygt, þy cort, ne þi name.  
 Bot teche me truly þerto, & telle me howe þou hattes,  
 & I schal ware all my wyt to wynne me þeder,  
 & þat I swere þe for soþe, & by my seker trawep.'  
 'þat is innogh in nwe-zer, hit nedes no more,'  
 Quoth þe come in þe grene to Gawan þe hende,  
 'Gif I þe telle triwly, quen I þe tape have,  
 & þou me smopely hatz smyten, smartly I þe teche  
 Of my hous, & my home, & myn owen nome,  
 þen may þou frayst my fare, and forwardez holde,  
 & if I spende no speche, þenne spedex þou þe better,  
 For þou may leng in þy londe, & layt no fyrre,  
 bot slokes;  
 Ta now þy grymme tole to þe,  
 & let se how þou cnokez.'  
 'Gladly, syr, for soþe,'  
 Quoth Gawan; his ax he strokes.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Small, *Metrical Homilies*, p. 160.<sup>2</sup> Morris, *Specimens*, p. 233. In Alliterative verse obsolete words always abound.

SALOP.

(About A.D. 1340.)

WILLIAM AND THE WERWOLF.

Hit tidde after on a time, as tellus oure bokes,  
As pis bold barn his bestes blypeliche keped,  
Þe riche emperour of Rome rod out for to hunte,  
In þat faire forest feipely for to telle;  
Wiþ alle his menskful meyné, þat moche was & nobul;  
Þan fel it hap, þat þei founde ful sone a grete bor,  
& huntyng wiþ hound & horn harde alle sewede;  
Þe emperour entred in a wey evene to attele,  
To have bruttenet þat bore, & þe abaie seppen,  
But missely marked he is way & so manly he rides,  
Þat alle his wies were went, ne wist he never whider;  
So ferforth fram his men, feþly for to telle,  
Þat of horn ne of hound ne miȝt he here sowne,  
& houte eny living lud lefte was he one.<sup>1</sup>

HEREFORDSHIRE.

(About A.D. 1300.)

Dilke that nulleþ ageyn hem stonde  
Ichulle he habben hem in honde.

He is papejai in pyn that beteth me my bale,  
To trewe tortle in a tour, y telle the mi tale,  
He is thrustle thryven in thro that singeth in sale,  
The wilde laveroc ant wolc ant the wodewale,  
He is faucoun in friht dernest in dale,  
Ant with everuch a gome gladest in gale,  
From Weye he is wisist into Wyrhale,  
Hire nome is in a note of the nyhtegale.  
In a note is hire nome, nempneth hit non,  
Whose ryht redeth rounē to Johon.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Morris, *Specimens of Early English*, p. 243.

<sup>2</sup> *Percy Society*, Vol. IV. 26. See the Preface to this volume,

## GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

(About A.D. 1300.)

Þus come, lo! Engelond into Normannes honde.  
 And þe Normans ne coupe speke þo bote her owe speche,  
 And speke French as dude atom, and here chyldren dude also  
 teche.

So þat heymen of þys lond, þat of her blod come,  
 Holdeþ alle pulke speche, þat hii of hem nome.  
 Vor bote a man coupe French, me tolþ of hym wel lute.  
 Ac lowe men holdeþ to Englyss, and to her kunde speche  
 gute.

Ich wene þer ne be man in world countreyes noue,  
 þat ne holdeþ to her kunde speche, bote Engelond one.  
 Ac wel me wot vorto conne bothe wel yt ys,  
 Vor þe more þat a man con, þe more worþ he ys.<sup>1</sup>

## THE ENGLISH PALE IN IRELAND.

(About A.D. 1310.)

Jhesu, king of heven fre,  
 Ever i-blessid mot thou be!  
 Loverd, I besech the,  
 to me thou tak hede,  
 From dedlich sinne thou gem me,  
 while I libbe on lede;  
 The maid fre, that bere the  
 so swetlich under wede,  
 Do us to se the Trinité,  
 al we habbeth nede.

where the writer of this poem is proved to be a Herefordshire man. He here mentions the Wye. *He* in this piece stands for *he* (illa). The two detached lines at the beginning come from the version of the *Harrowing of Hell*, in the same manuscript.

<sup>1</sup> Hearne's *Robert of Gloucester*, I. 364.

This sang wrogt a frere,  
Jhesu Crist be is socure!  
Loverd, bring him to the toure!  
frere Michel Kyldare;  
Schild him fram helle boure,  
Whan he sal hen fare!  
Levedi, flur of al honor,  
cast awei is care;  
Fram the schoure of pinis sure  
thou sild him her and thare! Amen.<sup>1</sup>

SOMERSETSHIRE (?)

(About A.D. 1300.)

Wharfore ich and Annas  
To-fonge Jhesus of Judas,  
vor thrytty panes to paye.  
We were wel faste to helle y-wronge,  
Vor hym that for zou was y-stonge,  
in rode a Godefridaye.

Man, at fulloxt, as chabbe yrad,  
Thy saule ys Godes hous y-mad,  
and tar ys wassche al clene.  
Ac after fullouxt thoruz fulthe of synne,  
Sone is mad wel hory wythinne,  
alday hit is y-sene.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, II. 193. From the Southern dialect of this piece, we might readily gather, even if history did not help us, that the early English settlers in Ireland came, not from Chester, but from Bristol and from ports near Bristol. The Wexford dialect is said to be very like that of Somerset and Dorset.

<sup>2</sup> Do., p. 242. The *chabbe* (ich habbe) reminds us of Edgar's dialect in *Lear*, and of the Somersetshire ballads in *Percy's Reliques*. The word *bad* (malus) occurs in this piece, which made its first appearance in *Robert of Gloucester*: it is also found in the *Handlyng Synne*.

## OXFORDSHIRE.

(About A.D. 1340.)

That is fro old Hensislade ofre the cliff into stony lonly wey ; fro the wey into the long lowe ; fro the lowe into the Port-strete ; fro the strete into Charewell ; so aftir strem til it shutt eft into Hensislade—De Bolles, Couele, et Hedyndon. Thare beth hide londeymere into Couelee. Fro Charwell brigge andlong the streme on that rithe. . . . This privilege was idith in Hedington . . . . myn owne mynster in Oxenford. There seint Frideswide . . . . alle that fredome that any fre mynstre frelubest . . . . mid sake and mid socna, mid tol and mid teme . . . . and in felde and alle other thinge and ryth that y . . . . belyveth and byd us for quike and dede and . . . . alle other bennyfeyt.<sup>1</sup>

## KENT.

(A.D. 1340.)

Aye þe vondigges of þe dyeule zay þis þet volȝep. 'Zuete Jesu þin holy blod þet þou sseddest ane þe rod vor me and vor mankende : Ich bidde þe hit by my sseld avoreye þe wycked vend al to mi lyves ende. zuo by hit.'

Þis boc is Dan Michelis of Northgate y-write an Englis of his ozene hand, þet hatte : Aȝenbite of inwyt. And

<sup>1</sup> Kemble, *Codex. Dipl.*, III. 329. This charter is a late forgery, and seems much damaged. The proper names in it will be recognised by Oxford men.

is of þe boc-house of saynt Austines of Canterberi, mid  
þe lettres : C : C :

Holy archanle Michael.

M. C. C. Saynt Gabriel and Raphael.

Ye brenge me to þo castel.

þer alle zaulen vareþ wel.

Lhord Jhesu almigti kyng. þet madest and lokest alle þyng.  
Me þet am þi making. to þine blisse me þou bryng. Amen.

Blind and dyaf and alsuo domb. Of zeventy yer al vol rond.  
Ne ssolle by drage to þe grond. Vor peny vor Mark ne vor  
pond.<sup>1</sup>

MIDDLESEX.

(A.D. 1307.)

Of Syr Edward oure derworth kyng,  
Iche mette of him anothere faire metyng.  
Me thought he rood upon an asse,  
And that ich take God to witnessse;  
Ywonden he was in a mantell gray,  
Toward Rome he nom his way,  
Upon his hevede sate a gray hure,  
It semed him wel a mesure.

Into a chapel I cum of ure lefdy,  
Jhe Crist her leve son stod by,  
On rod he was an loveliche mon,  
Als think that on rode was don.  
He unneled his honden two.

Whoso wil speke myd me Adam the marchal  
In Stretforde Bowe he is yknown and over al.

---

<sup>1</sup> *Ayenbite of Inwyt* (Early English Text Society), page 1. Here we must read *s* for *z*, *sh* for *ss*, and *f* for *v*.

Iche ne schewe nouȝt this for to have mede,  
 Bot for God almiȝtties drede.<sup>1</sup>

BEDFORDSHIRE (?).

(About A.D. 1340.)

Godys sone þat was so fre,  
 Into þis world he cam,  
 And let hym naylyn upon a tre,  
 Al for þe love of man ;  
 His fayre blod þat was so fre,  
 Out of his body it ran,  
 A dwelfful syȝte it was to se ;  
 His body heng blak and wan,  
 Wip an O and an I.

His coroune was mad of þorn  
 And prikkede into his panne,  
 Bothe by hinde and a-forn ;  
 To a piler y-bowndyn  
 Jhesu was swiþe sore,  
 And suffrede many a wownde  
 Þat scharp and betere wore.  
 He hadde us evere in mynde,  
 In al his harde þrowe,  
 And we ben so unkynde,  
 We nelyn hym nat yknowe,  
 Wip an O and an I.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Warton, *History of English Poetry*, II. 2. This London dialect was to be somewhat altered before the time of Mandeville and Chaucer. The *thilk* (ille) held its ground in this city for 140 years longer. Compare this piece with the older London poem at page 134 of my work.

<sup>2</sup> Legends of the Holy Rood (Early English Text Society, p. 150). This piece seems to me to be the link between Manning's *Handlyng Synne* and *Mandeville's Travels* sixty years later. It has forms akin to both, and seems to have been compiled half-way between Rutland and Middlesex.

We see what wild anarchy of speech was raging throughout the length and breadth of England in the first half of the Fourteenth Century; and this anarchy had lasted more than two hundred years. But at the same time we plainly see that the dialect of the shires nearest to Rutland was the dialect to which our own classic speech of 1873 is most akin, and that Robert of Brunne in 1303 was leading the way to something new. In a later chapter we shall weigh the causes that led to the triumph of Robert's dialect, though this triumph was not thoroughly achieved until a hundred and sixty years after he began his great work. Strange it is that Dante should have been compiling his *Inferno*, which settled the course of Italian literature for ever, in the self-same years that Robert of Brunne was compiling the earliest pattern of well-formed New English. Had King Henry VIII. known what we owe to this bard, the Lincolnshire men would not have been rated in 1536 as follows: 'How presumptuous are ye, the rude commons of one shire, and that one of the most brute and beastly of the whole realm, and of least experience!'

## TABLE I.

Words, akin to the Dutch and German, first found in England in the Fourteenth Century.

Bark (cortex)	Botch	Cog (scapha)
Blear	Broker	Collier
Blister	Bum (bombizare)	Coot (mergus)
Blubber	Clew	Cough
Blunder	Cnop, knob	Crouch

Damp	Marl	Slobber
Drone (the verb)	Mumble	Slender
Duck	Mop	Slight
Fester	Moss	Sluttish
Flap	Moult	Snort
Flecked	Mud	Spout
Flitter	Notch	Stale
Flush	Pamper	Stem (sistere)
Freight	Patch	Stew (vivarium)
Gossamer	Peer	Struggle
Grasp	Plot	Tallow
Grunt	Poke	Tawny
Gulp	Polecat	Tattered
Handsome	Pond	Tickle
Hinge	Puddle	Tinkle
Howl	Rabble	Tittle
Humble-bee	Rack	Totter
Hurry	Rash	Tramp
Hush	Rat	Trample
Husk	Rumble	Troll
Hut	Rush	Tub
Jog	Satchel	Twitter
Lane	Scoop	Waist
Lash	Scum	Wattle
Lisp	Shock (quater)	Waver
Loadstar	Shock (acervus)	Whirl
Loiter	Shore (fulcire)	Wimble
Loll	Seer	Wrap
Lull	Sidelong	

Scandinavian Words, first found in England in the  
Fourteenth Century.

Blab	Bustle	Clumsy
Bole (truncus)	Calf (sura)	Dairy
Bow (cortina proræ)	Crash	Dapple
Boot	Cucking-stool	Dowdy
Bracken	Cuff (manica)	Down (pluma)
Brag	Chime	Dump

Fell (mons)	Looby	Slant
Flake	Lubber	Spar
Flat	Lug (trahere)	Squeal
Froth	Mistake	Stagger
Gall (vulnus)	Odd	Sway (flectere)
Gasp	Pebble	Tarn
Gill (fauces)	Pikestaff	Throb
Glimmer	Rate (vituperare)	Tike
Glum	Reef	Trill
Haberdasher	Rugged	Trip
Happy	Shout	Windlass <sup>1</sup>
Leap year	Skirt	Wrangle

Celtic words, first found in English in the Fourteenth Century.

Basket	Drudge	Rub
Bodkin	Gown	Spigot
Boisterous	Kick	Spike
Cobbler	Peck (a measure)	Strumpet
Crag	Pour	Tinker
Daub	Rail (a fence)	Whin <sup>2</sup>

TABLE II.

Words, akin to the Dutch and German, first found in England in the Fifteenth Century.

Block	Bud	Cork
Blow (plaga)	Bulwark	Croon
Brick	Clammy	Chap (scindere)

<sup>1</sup> The old word was *windass*, and *l* is inserted; *r* is the favourite insertion in English.

<sup>2</sup> Of course, it is hopeless to attempt to give the French words first used in England in this century; they would fill many pages.

Daw	Mellow	Prop
Fledge	Mole	Quill
Flue	Nag	Rabbit
Gag	Nightmare	Rattle
Glower	Nip	Shallow
Halloo	Noddle	Shrug
Jagged	Parch	Sink (latrina)
Ledge	Pickle	Sod
Lint	Pip	Spawn
Locker	Plump	Starch
Lump	Prank	Streamer
Lush (laxus)	Prawn	Stripe
Mash	Pretty	Tan
Measles		

Scandinavian words, first found in England in the Fifteenth Century.

Bulk	Luck	Rump
Butt (meta)	Offal	Scant
Dapper	Peg	Smatter
Fleet (volitare)	Prong	Spud
Fry (semen)	Queasy	Steep (infundere)
Harsh	Ram (premere)	Wheeze
Hassock	Roach	Wicker

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE INROAD OF FRENCH WORDS INTO ENGLAND.

THE nearer we approach 1303, the more numerous become the French words, upon which the right of English citizenship was being bestowed. In the Thirteenth Century the greatest change that ever revolutionised our tongue was made. A baleful Century it was, when we look to English philology; though a right noble Century, in its bearing on English politics and English architecture. The last word suggests a comparison: if we may liken our language to a fine stone building, we shall find that in that wondrous age a seventh part of the good old masonry was thrown down, as if by an earthquake, and was withdrawn from mortal ken. The breach was by slow degrees made good with bricks, meaner ware borrowed from France; and since those times, the work of destruction and reparation has gone on, though to a lesser extent than before. We may put up with the building as it now stands, but we cannot help sighing when we think of what we have lost.

Of old, no country was more thoroughly national than England: of all Teutonic lands she alone set down her annals, year after year, in her own tongue; and this went on for three Centuries after Alfred began to reign. But

the grim year 1066, the weightiest year that England has seen for the last twelve centuries, has left its mark deeply graven both on our history and on our speech. Every time almost that we open our lips or write a sentence, we bear witness to the mighty change wrought in England by the Norman Conqueror. Celt, Saxon, Angle, and Dane alike had to bow their heads beneath a grinding foreign yoke. It is in English poetry that we can trace the earliest change. Poetry always clings fast to old words, long after they have been dropped by prose; and this was the case in England before the Conquest. If we take a piece of Old English prose, say the tales translated by Alfred, or Ælfric's Homilies, or a chapter of the Bible, we shall find that we keep to this day three out of four of all the nouns, adverbs, and verbs employed by the old writer; but of the nouns, adverbs, and verbs used in any English poem, from the *Beowulf* to the song on Edward the Confessor's death, about half have dropped for ever. From Harold's death to John's grant of the Charter, English prose did not let many old words slip. But it was far otherwise with England's old poetic diction, which must have been artificially kept up. Of all the weighty words<sup>1</sup> used in the Song on the Confessor's death, as nearly as possible half have dropped out of our speech. In the poems written a hundred years after the Conquest, say the rimes on

<sup>1</sup> Substantives, adjectives, adverbs, and verbs, I call 'weighty words'; they may alter, while the other parts of speech hardly change at all. I cannot see the use of counting, as Marsh does, every *of* and *the* and *him*, in order to find out the proportion of home-born English in different authors.

the Lord's Prayer published by Dr. Morris, the proportion of words of weight, now obsolete, is one-fifth of the whole, much as it is in English prose of that same date.<sup>1</sup> In the poem of 1066, nearly fifty out of a hundred of these words are clean gone; in the poem of 1170, only twenty out of a hundred of these words cannot now be understood. I think it may be laid down, that of all the poetic words employed by English Makers, nearly one-third passed away within a hundred years of the Battle of Hastings. Henry of Huntingdon makes laughable mistakes, when he tries to turn into Latin the old English lay on Brunanburgh fight, though its words must have been in the mouths of poets only fourscore years before his time. English poetry could not thrive without patrons; and these, the Abbots and Aldermen who thronged the Winchester Court of old, had been swept away to make room for men who cared only for the speech of Rouen and Paris. The old Standard of English died out: if chronicles were written at Peterborough, or homilies still further to the South, they were compiled in corrupt English, at which Bede or Alfred would have stared. As to English poetry, its history for one hundred years is all but a blank. Old legends of England's history, it is true, such as those that bear on Arthur or Havelok, were dressed up in verse; but the verse was French, for thus alone could the minstrel hope that his toil would be rewarded. In 1066, England's King was praised in good ringing English lines, that may have been shouted

<sup>1</sup> Morris, *Early English Homilies*, First Series, I. 55 (Early English Text Society). I gave a specimen at page 77.

by boisterous wassailers around the camp fires on the eve of Hastings; sixty years later, England's Queen was taught natural history in French verse, and was complimented therein as being 'mult bele femme, Aliz numée.'<sup>1</sup> About a hundred years after the battle of Hastings, an English writer gave the names of the wise English teachers of old, Bede, Cuthbert, Aidan, Dunstan, and others; he then complained how woefully times were changed—new lords, new lore:

[Nu is] þeo leore forleten.  
 and þet folc is forloren.  
 nu beoþ oþre leoden.  
 þeo læ[reþ] ure folc.  
 and feole of þen lorþeines losiaþ.  
 and þat folc forþ mid.<sup>2</sup>

The speech of the upper and lower classes in England, for two hundred years after 1066, was almost as distinct as the Arve and the Rhone are when they first meet. We see, however, that a few French words very early found their way into English. A shrewd observer long ago told us how *ox*, *sheep*, and *swine* came to be called *beef*, *mutton*, and *pork*, when smoking on the board. Treading in his steps, I venture to guess how our bluff forefathers began their studies in the French tongue. We may imagine a cavalcade of the new aristocracy of England, ladies and knights, men who perhaps fought at Hastings in their youth; these alight from their steeds at the door of one of the churches,

<sup>1</sup> Wright, *Popular Treatises on Science*, p. 74.

<sup>2</sup> Page 5 of the Worcester manuscript, referred to at page 84 of this work.

that have lately arisen throughout the land in a style unknown to Earl Godwine. The riders are accosted by a crowd of beggars and bedesmen, who put forth all their little stock of French: 'Lady Countess, clad in *ermine* and *sabeline*, look from your *palfrey*. Be large of your *treasure* to the *poor* and *feeble*; of your *chàrity* bestow your *riches* on us rather than on *jogelours*. We will put up our *orisons* for you, after the *manere* and *custom* of our *religion*. For Christ's *passion*, ease our *poverty* in some *measure*; that is the best *penance*, as your *chaplain* in his *sermon* says. By all the *Confessors*, *Patriarchs*, and *Virgins*, show us *mercy*.' Another speech would run thus: 'Worthy *Baron*, you have *honour* at *Court*; speak for my son in *prison*. Let him have *justice*; he is no *robber* or *lecher*. The *sergeants* took him in the *market*; these *catchpoles* have wrought him sore *miseise*. So may Christ *accord* you *peace* at the day of *livreison*!' Not one of these forty French words were in English use before the battle of Hastings; but we find every one of them set down in writing within a century after that date, so common had they then become in English mouths.<sup>1</sup> Those of the needy, who knew but little French, must have learnt at least how to bawl for *justice*, *charity*, *mercy*, on seeing their betters. The first letter of the word *justice* shows that a new French sound was taking root in England. The words *Emperice* and *mercy*, used in these times, brought in new hissing sounds; the *s* in English came already quite often enough.

<sup>1</sup> They may be found in the *Saxon Chronicle* and in the First Series of *Homilies* (Early English Text Society).

In the Homilies of 1160 we trace a new change. Foreign proper names had hitherto unbendingly maintained their Latin form in England. They were now being corrupted, owing to French influence; at pages 47 and 49 we find mention of *Jeremie* and *Seint Gregori*. At page 9 we see both the old form *folc of Iudeus* and the new form *pe Giwis* (Jews). *Maria* and *Jacobus* now become *Marie* and *Jame*. French words were being brought in most needlessly; thus we read at page 51, 'crabbe is an *manere* (kind) of fisce.'

In the Essex Homilies, the French is seen elbowing out the Latin from proper names. *Andreas* and *Mattheus* become *Andreu* and *Matheu*: this *eu* we English could never frame our mouths to pronounce aright. What was of old written *leo* is turned into *leun* (lion); *ælmesse* into *almes*; *marma* into *marbelstone* (page 145). We find *pay*, *mend*, *blame*, and *wait*: these four are perhaps the French verbs that now come oftenest into our common use. *Deciple* replaces the old *learning knight*. An intruding letter is seen in *z*, (*mazere* is found at page 163). This *z* did not become common in England for nearly three hundred years.<sup>1</sup> Layamon wrote his long poem the *Brut* about 1205; but, though this was mainly a translation from the French, he seldom employs a French word, and hardly ever without good reason. Orrmin is still more of an Englishman in his scorn for outlandish words. About this time, the days of King John, one-fifth of the weighty words in a passage are such as have become obsolete in our day. Under John's grandson, this pro-

<sup>1</sup> See the Paston Letters (Gairdner), I. 510.

portion was to be woefully altered. The only thing that could have kept up a purely Teutonic speech in England would have been some version of the Bible, a standard of the best English of the year 1200. But this was not to be; Pope Innocent III. and his Prelates had no mind to furnish laymen with weapons that might be so easily turned against the Church. We have missed much; had Orrmin given us a good version of the Scriptures, our tongue would have had all the flexibility of the New English, and would have kept the power of compounding words out of its own stores, the power that belonged to the Old English.

The Anceren Riwle, written about 1220, is the forerunner of a wondrous change in our speech. The proportion of Old English words, now obsolete, is therein much the same as it is in the writings of Orrmin and Layamon. But the new work swarms with French words, brought in most needlessly. What could we want with such terms as *cuntinuelement*, *Deuleset* (God knows), *belami*, *misericorde*, and *cogitaciun*? The author is even barbarous enough to give us the French *sulement*, where we should now write *only*. I set down a short sample, underlining the foreign words. 'Heo weren *itented*, and puruh þe *tentaciuns* ipreoved to treowe *champiuns*, and so mid rihte *ofserveden* kempene *crune*.'<sup>1</sup> Many a word, embodied in the English Bible and Prayer Book three hundred years later, is now found for the first time in our tongue. These words were accented in the

<sup>1</sup> Page 236 of the Camden Society's edition. I have not underlined *proved*, as that foreign word was in use before the Norman Conquest.

French way, on the last French syllable; the usage held its ground for four hundred years.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, it still rules us when we pronounce *urbane* and *divine*. A new vowel sound now first made itself heard in England; we find in the Ancren Riwle words like *joie*, *noise*, and *despoil*. This French invader was in process of time to drive the old English pronunciation of home-born words out of polite society; our lower classes indeed may sound *býle* (pustulæ) as our forefathers did, but our upper classes must call it *boil*.<sup>2</sup> A well-known French name is seen as 'Willam' (p. 340), and it is still often pronounced 'Willum.' We find *alas* for the first time: this is said to be a compound of the English *eala* and the French *hélas*; *alack* was to come later. The author of the Ancren Riwle foreshadows the inroad that French was to make even into the English Paternoster; in page 26 he translates, 'dimitte nobis debita nostra,' by 'forzif us ure *dettes*, al so ase we vor-giveð to ure *detturs*.' He uses the word *mesire*, where we should say *Sir*; Salimbene, who was born in Italy about the time that the Ancren Riwle was compiled, tells us that the Pope was always addressed by the Romans as, 'Tu, Messer;' and that the Emperor Frederick II. received the same title from his Southern Italians. When we find the word *cruelte*, we see at once that England has often preserved French words in a more uncorrupt shape than France herself has done.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> One of these words, accented in the French way, is preserved in the old rimes, 'Mistress Mary, quite *contrāry*.'

<sup>2</sup> Schoolboys may call *irritare* 'to ryle;' the grave Lord Keeper Guildford and his brother Roger North pronounced it *roil*.

<sup>3</sup> We have kept the good old French *empress*; the French lost the word and had to go straight to the Latin for *imperatrice*.

We must turn to page 316, if we would know the source of 'to make a fool of myself;' we there find, 'ich habbe ibeon fol of me sulven' (concerning myself). In page 46 we find mention of 'a large creoz;' this shows that the adjective was getting the meaning of *magnus* as well as of *prodigus*. The French *creoz* was not to drive out the Danish *kross*; though the English *rood* was unhappily to vanish almost entirely. Many technical words of religion come in, such as *silence* and *wardein*; at page 42 we see the stages in the derivation of a well-known word, *antiphona*, *antempne*, *antefne*; *anthem* was to come later. At page 192 may be found the phrase *gentile wummen*.<sup>1</sup> We light upon *spitel* (hospital) and *mester*, afterwards corrupted into *mystery*, a confusion with the Greek word. At page 202 we see the source of 'he is but a *poor* creature;' for the term cowardice is there said to embrace the *poure iheorted*. The old French *garser* (page 258) supplied us with the word *garses*, that is, *gashes*. The old English *caser* (Cæsar) was altered into *kaiser*, a word lately brought to life again in our land by Mr. Carlyle. The letters *ea* had taken such fast root in the West, that even French words had to suit themselves to this peculiarly English combination; in page 58 we find our well-known *beast*. We light upon the source of our *Jewry*, as Judæa is sometimes translated in our Bible, when we read at page 394 that God 'leide himsulf vor us ine Giwerie.' The first letter, a sound borrowed from France, shows us how we came to soften the old *brig* into *bridge*. At page 44 we

<sup>1</sup> This phrase, Thackeray tells us, was admired by Miss Honeyman more than any word in the English vocabulary.

see the French *crier* beginning to drive out the old English *gridan*. These kindred words are often found alongside each other in this Century; and unhappily it is usually the French one that has held its ground. It is now and then hard to tell whether some of our commonest words are home-born or of French growth, so great is the confusion between the Teutonic words brought to the Thames by Hengist, and the kindred words brought to the Seine by Clovis and afterwards borne across the channel by William the Conqueror. The kinsmanship in meaning and sound must have bespoken a welcome in England for these French strangers that follow.

Old English	French	Old English	French
Acofrian . .	Recouvrir	Heard . . .	Hardi
Astundian . .	Estonner	Hasti . . .	Hastif
Abeatan . . .	Abattre	Hereberg . .	Herbier
Alegan . . .	Aloyer	Hurlen . . .	Hareler
Ange . . . .	Anguisse	Yrre . . . .	Ire
Bigalian . . .	Guiler	Lafian . . . .	Laver
Biwrezen . . .	Bitraie	Laga . . . .	Lei
Brysan . . . .	Briser	Lagu . . . .	Lac
Cempa . . . .	Cham- pioun	Line . . . .	Ligne
Ceosan . . . .	Choisir	Logian <sup>1</sup> . . .	Loger
Dareð . . . .	Dard	Miðla (Ice- landic) . . .	Mesler
Eap . . . . .	Eise	Nefe . . . .	Neveu
Feorme . . . .	Ferme	Flatr (Ice- landic) . . .	Plat
Feorren . . . .	Forain	Priss (Ice- landic) . . .	Pris
Frakele . . . .	Fraile	Ric . . . . .	Riche
Fýlan . . . .	Defouler	Rypere . . . .	Robeor
Geard . . . .	Gardin	Solian . . . .	Soillier
Gote . . . . .	Gouttière	Spendan . . .	Despender
Wise . . . . .	Guise		
Gesamnian . .	Assembler		

<sup>1</sup> This has only a transitive sense.

Old English	French	Old English	French
Staðol . . .	Estable	Weardan . . .	Guarder
Strið <sup>1</sup> . . .	Estrif	Westan . . .	Guaster
Teld . . .	Tent	Wyrre . . .	Guerre
Trahtnian . . .	Traiter		

If it be true, as some tell us, that the mingling of the Teutonic and the Romance in our tongue make ‘a happy marriage,’ we see in the author of the *Ancren Riwle* the man who first gave out the banns.<sup>2</sup> He was, it would seem, a Bishop, well-grounded in all the lore that Paris or Rome could teach; and he strikes us as rather too fond of airing his French and Latin before the good ladies, on whose behalf he was writing. For sixty years or so no Englishman was bold enough to imitate the Prelate’s style, at least, in a book. Those who weigh English authors of this age will find that, if we divide the Thirteenth Century into three equal parts, the first division will take in writers who have eight or ten obsolete English words out of fifty; the writers of the middle division have from five to seven obsolete English words out of fifty; and the writers of the last division have only three or four obsolete English words out of fifty.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The verb *strive* most likely comes from some overlooked *strithan*, as Theodore becomes Feodor in Russian. The Perfect in the *Ancren Riwle* is *strôf*, and a French word in English always takes a Weak Perfect.

<sup>2</sup> Cloth of gold, do not despise,  
Though thou be matched with cloth of friese.  
Cloth of friese, be not too bold,  
Though thou be matched with cloth of gold.

It is not, I need hardly say, the words used by us in common with the Frisians, that I should call ‘cloth of friese.’

<sup>3</sup> The fifty words to be reckoned should be only substantives, adjectives, adverbs, and verbs.

Our store of homespun terms was being more and more narrowed. Compare Layamon's *Brut* with Robert of Gloucester's poem; we are at once astounded at the loss in 1300 of crowds of English words, though both writers were translating the same French lines. It is much the same in the language of religion, as we see by comparing the *Ancren Riwe* with the Kentish sermons of 1290, published by Dr. Morris.<sup>1</sup> Now comes the question, what was the cause of the havoc wrought in our store of good old English at this particular time? One-seventh of the Teutonic words used here in 1200 seems to have altogether dropped out of written composition by the year 1290: about this fact there can be no dispute. In the lifetime of Henry III., far more harm was done to our speech than in the six hundred years that have followed his death. I shall now try to answer the question just asked; I write with some diffidence, since I believe that I am the first to bring forward the forthcoming explanation. I draw my bow; it is for others to say if I hit the mark.

Few of us have an idea of the wonderful change brought about in Latin Christendom by the teaching of St. Francis. Two Minorite friars of his Century, the one living in Italy, the other in England, give us a fair notion of the work done by the new Brotherhood, when it first began to run its race. Thomas of Eccleston and Salimbene<sup>2</sup> throw a stronger light upon its

<sup>1</sup> *An Old English Miscellany* (Early English Text Society), p. 26.

<sup>2</sup> The work of the Englishman is in *Monumenta Franciscana*, published by the Master of the Rolls; that of the Italian is in *Monumenta ad Provincias Parmensem et Placentinam pertinentia*, to be found in the British Museum.

budding life than do all the documents published by the learned Wadding in his *Annals of the Minorites*. Italy may claim the Founder; but England may boast that she carried out his work, at least for fourscore years after his death, better than any other land in Christendom. She gave him his worthiest disciples; the great English Franciscans, Alexander de Hales, Adam de Marisco, Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus, and Occam, were unequalled by any of their brethren abroad, with the two exceptions of Buonaventura and Lulli. Some of these men sought the mainland, while others taught in their school at Oxford: under the new guidance the rising University shot up with giant's growth, and speedily outdid her old rival on the Seine. The great Robert himself (he was not as yet known as *Lincolniensis*) lectured before the brethren at Oxford. English friars, being patterns of holiness, were held in the highest esteem abroad; when reading Salimbene's work, we meet them in all kinds of unlikely places throughout Italy and France: they crowded over the sea to hear their great countryman Hales at Paris, or to take a leading part in the Chapters held at Rome and Assisi. The gift of wisdom, we are told, overflowed in the English province.

It was a many-sided Brotherhood, being always in contact with the learned, with the wealthy, and with the needy alike. The English Friar was equally at home in the school, in the bower, in the hovel. He could speak more than one tongue, thanks to the training bestowed upon him. We may imagine his every-day life: he spends his morning in drawing up a Latin letter to be

sent to the General Minister at Oxford or Paris, and he writes much as Adam de Marisco did. The friar of this age has no need to fear the tongue of scandal ; so in the afternoon he visits the Lady of the Castle, whose dearest wish is that she may atone for the little weaknesses of life by laying her bones in the nearest Franciscan Church, mean and lowly though it be in these early days. He tells her the last news of Queen Eleanor's Court, points a moral with one of the new Lays of Marie, and lifts up his voice against the sad freaks played by fashion in ladies' dress. Their talk is of course in French ; but the friar, having studied at Paris, remarks to himself that his fair friend's speech sounds somewhat provincial ; and more than a hundred years later we are to hear of the school of Stratford atte Bowe. In the evening, he goes to the neighbouring hamlet, and holds forth on the green to a throng of horny-handed churls, stalwart swinkers and toilers, men who earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brows. They greedily listen when addressed in the uncouth English of their shire, English barely understood fifty miles off. Such burning words they never hear from their parish-priest, one of the old school. The friar's sermon is full of proverbs, tales, and historical examples, all tending to the improvement of morals.<sup>1</sup>

A new link, as we see, was thus forged to bind all classes together in godly fellowship ; nothing like this

<sup>1</sup> This last sentence I take from Salimbene, who describes the new style of preaching practised by the friars his brethren. Italy and England must have been much alike in the Thirteenth Century in this respect.

Franciscan movement had been known in our island for six hundred years. The Old was being replaced by the New; a preacher would suit his tales to his listeners: they cared not to hear about hinds or husbandmen, but about their betters.<sup>1</sup> He would therefore talk about ladies, knights, or statesmen; and when discoursing about these, he must have been almost driven to interlard his English with a few French words, such as were constantly employed by his friends of the higher class. As a man of learning, he would begin to look down upon the phrases of his childhood as somewhat coarse, and his lowly hearers rather liked a term now and then that was a little above their understanding: what is called 'fine language' has unhappily always had charms for most Englishmen. It would be relished by burghers even more than by peasants. The preacher may sometimes have translated for his flock's behoof, talking of '*grith* or *pais*, *rood* or *croiz*, *steven* or *voiz*, *lof* or *praise*, *swikeldom* or *tricherie*, *stead* or *place*.'<sup>2</sup> As

<sup>1</sup> Our humbler classes now prefer the fictitious adventures of some wicked Marquis to all the sayings and doings of Mrs. Gamp or Mrs. Poyser.

<sup>2</sup> I take the following sketch from *Middlemarch*, III. 156 (published in 1872):—

'Mr. Trumbull, the auctioneer . . . was an amateur of superior phrases, and never used poor language without immediately correcting himself. "Anybody may ask," says he, "anybody may interrogate. Any one may give their remarks an interrogative turn." He calls *Ivanhoe* "a very superior publication, it commences well." Things never *began* with Mr. Trumbull; they always *commenced*, both in private life and on his handbills, "I hope some one will tell me—I hope some individual will apprise me of the fact."

Many of our early Franciscans must have been akin to Mr. Trumbull. Our modern penny-a-liners would say that the worthy

years went on, and as men more and more aped their betters, the French words would drive out the Old English words; and the latter class would linger only in the mouths of upland folk, where a keen antiquary may find some of them still. So mighty was the spell at work, that in the Fourteenth Century French words found their way into even the Lord's Prayer and the Belief; the last strongholds, it might be thought, of pure English. It was one of the signs of the times that the old *boda* made way for the new *prechur*; <sup>1</sup> *prayer* and *praise* both come from France.

But the influence of the friars upon our speech was not altogether for evil. St. Francis, it is well known, was one of the first fathers of the New Italian; a friar of his Order, Thomas of Hales, wrote what seems to me the best poem of two hundred lines produced in English before Chaucer.<sup>2</sup> This 'Luve ron,' addressed to a nun about 1250, shows a hearty earnestness, a flowing diction, and a wonderful command of rime; it has not a score of lines (these bear too hard on wedlock) that might not have been written by a pious Protestant. Hardly any French words are found here, but the names of a string of jewels. English poets had hitherto made but little use of the Virgin Mary as a theme. But her worship was one of the great badges of the Franciscan; and a Franciscan was a master of English, and a better guide to follow than Bunyan or Defoe.

<sup>1</sup> How often does the word *predicai* (prædicavi) occur in the journal of the Franciscan, who afterwards became Sixtus V.!

<sup>2</sup> *Old English Miscellany*, p. 93 (Early English Text Society). Dr. Morris thinks that the friar wrote in Latin, which was afterwards Englished.

ciscan Order; and from 1220 onward she inspired many an English Maker. However wrong it might be theologically, the new devotion was the most poetical of all rites; the dullest monk is kindled with unwonted fire, when he sets forth the glories of the Maiden Mother. To her Chaucer and Dunbar have offered some of their most glowing verse.

The first token of the change in English is the ever-waxing distaste for words compounded with prepositions. After 1220, these compounds become more and more scarce, though we have kept to this day some verbs which have *fore*, *out*, *over*, and *under* prefixed; those beginning with *to* (the German *zer*) lived on for a long time before waning away. We have a second copy of Layamon's Brut, written, it is thought, soon after 1250. Scores of old words set down fifty years earlier in the first copy of 1205 had become strange in the ears of Englishmen; these words are now dropped altogether. Some French words, unknown to Layamon, are found in this second copy.

We have an opportunity of comparing the old and the new school of English teachers, as they stood in the Middle of this Century. We find one poem, written shortly before 1250, about the time that Archbishop Edmund was canonized: this must have been composed by a churchman of the good old St. Albans' pattern, a preacher of righteousness after Brother Matthew's own heart. The rimer casts no wistful glance abroad, but appeals to English saints and none others; he strikes hard at Rome in a way that would have shocked good Franciscans. He is an exception to the common

rule; for the proportion of English words, now obsolete, in his lines is as great as in those of Orrmin.<sup>1</sup> Most different is another poem, written in a manuscript not later than 1250. The Maker may well have been a Franciscan; he pours out his wrath on priests' wives and on parsons; he handles the sins of Jankin and Malkin in most homely wise. He has some French words that he need not have employed, such as *sire* and *dame* instead of *father* and *mother*; his proportion of obsolete English is far less than that which we see in the lines of his brother-poet.<sup>2</sup> I suspect that the *Ancren Riwle* (it still exists in many copies) must have been a model most popular among the friars, who perhaps did much to bring into vogue the French words with which it swarms.

About the year 1290, we find Churchmen becoming more and more French in their speech. Hundreds of good Old English words were now lost for ever, and the terms that replaced them, having been for years in the mouths of men, were at length being set down in manuscripts. The *Life of a Saint* (many such are extant, written at this time) was called a *Vie*. In that version of the *Harrowing of Hell* which dates from the aforesaid year, the transcriber has gone out of his way to bring in the words *delay*, *commandment* (this comes twice over), and *serve*: all these are crowded into five lines.<sup>3</sup> Still more remarkable are the few and short Kentish sermons, translated from the French about the same time, 1290.<sup>4</sup> Never were the Old and the New

<sup>1</sup> *Old English Miscellany*, p. 89.

<sup>2</sup> *Do.*, p. 186.

<sup>3</sup> Page 36 of Dr. Mall's edition.

<sup>4</sup> *Old English Miscellany*, p. 26 (Early English Text Society).

brought face to face within narrower compass. We see the old Article with its three genders, *se, si, þet* (in Sanscrit *sa, sá, tat*), still lingering on in Kent, though these forms had been dropped everywhere else. On the other hand, we find about seventy French words, many of which, as *verray, defenden, signefiance, orgeilus, commencement*, were not needed at all. When reading the short sentence, 'this is si signefiance of the miracle,' our thoughts are at one time borne back to the abode of our earliest forefathers on the Oxus; at another time we see the fine language of the Victorian penny-a-liner most clearly foreshadowed. After 1290, we hardly ever find a passage in which the English words, now obsolete, are more than one-seventeenth of the whole;<sup>1</sup> the only exception is in the case of some Alliterative poem. This fact gives us some idea of the havock wrought in the Thirteenth Century.

But the friars of old did not confine themselves to preaching; all the lore of the day was lodged in their hands. Roger Bacon's life sets before us the bold way in which some of them pried into the secrets of Nature. One of the means by which they drew to themselves the love of the common folk was the practice of leechcraft; in the friars the leper found his only friends. The best scientific English treatise of the time of Edward the First is 'the Pit of Hell,' printed by Mr. Wright: this also deals with the shaping of the human frame.<sup>2</sup> There are in it about 400 long lines, containing forty French

<sup>1</sup> That is, leaving out of the calculation all but the 'weighty words.'

<sup>2</sup> *Popular Treatises of Science*, p. 132.

words: among them are *air* and *round*. It is strange to contrast the language of this with the obsolete English of a treatise on Astronomy, put forth three hundred years before, and printed in the same book of Mr. Wright's.

To these early forefathers of our leechcraft we owe a further change in our tongue. There are many English words for sundry parts and functions of the human frame, words which no well-bred man can use; custom has ruled that we must employ Latin synonyms. The first example I remember of this delicacy (it ought not to be called mawkishness) is in Robert of Gloucester, writing about 1300. When describing the tortures inflicted by King John on his subjects in 1216, and the death of the Earl Marshal on an Irish field in 1234, the old rimer uses Latin terms instead of certain English words that would jar upon our taste.<sup>1</sup> But a leech who flourished eighty years after Robert's time is far more plain-spoken, when describing his cures, made at Newark and London.<sup>2</sup> Indeed, he is as little mealy-mouthed as Orrmin himself. It was not, however,

<sup>1</sup> On this head there is a great difference between Germany and England. Teutonic words that no well-bred Englishman could use before a woman may be printed by grave German historians. See Von Raumer's account of the siege of Viterbo in 1243, *Geschichte der Hohenstaufen*. Of course I know that this does not prove Germans to be one whit more indelicate than Englishmen; custom is everything.

<sup>2</sup> John Arderne's Account of himself, *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, I. 191. Charles II. was the best bred Englishman of his time, yet he writes to his sister:—'Poor O'Nial died this afternoon of an ulcer in his guts.'—*Curry's Civil Wars in Ireland*, I. 308. So swiftly does fashion change!

until very late times that *perspiration* replaced in polite speech the English word akin to the Sanscrit *swêda*, or that *belly* was thought to be coarser than *stomach*.

Architecture was another craft in which the clergy took the lead; Alan de Walsingham by no means stood alone.<sup>1</sup> English words were well enough, when a cot or a farm-house was in hand; but for the building of a Castle or a Cathedral, scores of French technical words had to be called in: at Canterbury, William the Englishman doubtless employed much the same diction as his predecessor, William of Sens. Indeed, the new style of building, brought from France more than a hundred years before the time of these worthies, must have unfolded many a new term of art to King Edward's masons at Westminster. In our own day, the great revival of Architecture has led to a wonderful enlargement of diction among the common folk; every working mason now has in his mouth scores of words for the meaning of which learned men forty years ago would have searched in dictionaries.

The Preacher in his religious or secular character was not the only importer of French words. We must now consider three other agents who helped forward the great change—the Lady, the Knight, and the Lawyer.

Paris and Rouen were the oracles of the fair sex. These cities supplied articles of dress, wherewith the ladies decked themselves so gaily as to draw down the

<sup>1</sup> The clergy were also great engineers in war, as we read in the accounts of the Crusades against the Albigenses and Eccelin da Romano. The renowned Chillingworth wanted to play the same part at the siege of Gloucester in 1643.

wrath of the pulpit. One preacher of 1160 goes so far as to call smart clothing 'the Devil's mousetrap;' yellow raiment and *blanchet* (a way of whitening the skin) seem to have been reckoned the most dangerous of snares to womankind, and therefore also to mankind.<sup>1</sup> In the Essex Homilies an onslaught is made upon the Priest's wife and her dress; we hear of 'hire chemise smal and hwit, hire mentel grene, hire nap of mazere.'<sup>2</sup> The Ancren Riwle does not dwell on this topic of dress so much as might have been expected; only a few French articles are there mentioned. A little later, the high-bred dames are thus assailed:

Þeos prude levedies  
 Þat luyeyþ drywories  
 And brekeþ spusynge,  
 For heore lecherye,  
 Nulleþ here sermonye  
 Of none gode þinge.<sup>3</sup>

In the days of Edward I., we find scores of French words, bearing on ladies' way of life, employed by our writers. Many were the articles of luxury that came from abroad; commerce was binding the nations of Christendom together. The English *chapman* and *monger* now withdrew into low life, making way for the more gentlemanly foreigner, the *marchand*. Half of our trades bear French names; simple hues like *red* and *blue* do well enough for the common folk, but our higher classes must have a greater range of choice; hence come the foreign *scarlet*, *vermilion*, *orange*, and others.

<sup>1</sup> *Homilies*, First Series, p. 53.   <sup>2</sup> *Homilies*, Second Series, p. 163.

<sup>3</sup> *Old English Miscellany*, p. 77.

The Knight had three great pleasures—war, hunting, and cookery. He at first lived much apart from the mass of Englishmen; but the mighty struggle of the Thirteenth Century knit fast together the speakers of French and of English, the high and the low. One of the first tokens of this union is the Ballad on Lewes fight; it may have been written by some Londoner, who uses a few French words, such as might have been picked up in the great Earl Simon's tent. Six years earlier, the Reformed Government had thought it worth while to publish King Henry's adhesion to the new system, in English, as well as in French and Latin. In the reign of Henry's son, the work of amalgamation went on at full speed. From this time dates the revival of the glories of England's host, which has seldom since allowed thirty years to pass without some doughty deed of arms, achieved beyond our borders; for there were but few quarrels at home henceforward. Now it was that a number of warlike French romances were Englished, such as the *Tristrem*, the *Havelok*, the *Horn*, and, above all, the renowned *Alexander*.<sup>1</sup> Legends about King Arthur were most popular; the Round Table became a household word; and the adjective *round* grew to be so common, that it was in the end turned into a preposition, as we find in the *Alexander*. The word *adventure*, brought from

<sup>1</sup> Many French words must have been brought in, simply for the sake of the rimes, literally translated; thus in the *Floriz and Blaunchefur* of about 1290:—

'þanne sede þe burgeis  
þat was wel hende and curtais.'

France, was as well known in England as in Germany.<sup>1</sup> Our *per aventure*, having been built into the English Bible centuries later, is likely to last. Old Teutonic words made way for the outlandish terms *glory, renown, army, host, champion*. England was becoming, under her great Edward, the most united of all Christian kingdoms; the yeomen who tamed Wales and strove hard to conquer Scotland looked with respect upon the high-born circle standing next to the King. What was more, the respect was returned by the nobles: we have seen the tale of the Norfolk farmer at page 200; and this, I suspect, could hardly have happened out of England. France has always been the country that has given us our words for soldiering—from the word *castel*, brought over in 1048, to the word *mitrailleuse*, brought over in 1870. Englishmen of old could do little in war but sway the weighty axe or form the shield-wall under the eye of such Kings as Ironside or Godwine's son; it was France that taught us how to ply the mangonel and trebuchet.<sup>2</sup> Many hunting terms, borrowed from the same land, may

<sup>1</sup> Our word *adventurer* seems to be sinking in the mire. A lady told me the other day that she thought it unkind in Sir Walter Scott to call Prince Charles Edward 'the young Adventurer.' Thus, what but sixty years ago described a daring knight, now conveys to some minds the idea of a scheming knave. It is a bad sign for a nation, when words that were once noble are saddled with a base meaning. Further on, I shall call attention to the Italian *pœnitentia* and *virtus*.

<sup>2</sup> The Editor of *Sir John Burgoyne's Life*, in 1873, complains of the poverty of the English military vocabulary, when he talks of a *coup de main* and an *attaque brusquée*, Vol. II. 346. Even so late as 1642, we were forced to call in French and German engineers, at the outbreak of the Civil Wars.

be found in the Sir Tristrem. Several of the French words used in cookery may be read in the Lay of Havelok, who himself served for some time as a swiller of dishes: we here find *pastees, wastels, veneysun*, and many other terms of the craft; our common *roast, boil, fry, broil, toast, grease, brawn, larder* bear witness as to which race it was that had the control of the kitchen.

We have spoken of the Lady and the Knight; we now come to the Lawyer.<sup>1</sup> The whole of the Government was long in the hands of the French-speaking class. Henry II., the great organiser of English law, was a thorough Frenchman, who lived in our island as little as he could; the tribunals were in his time reformed; and the law-terms, with which Blackstone abounds (*peine forte et dure*, for instance), are the bequest of this age. The Roman law had been studied at Oxford even before Henry began to reign. The Legend of St. Thomas, drawn up about 1300, swarms with French words when the Constitutions of Clarendon are described; and a charter of King Athelstane's, turned into the English spoken about 1250, shows how many of our own old law terms had by that time been supplanted by foreign ware.<sup>2</sup> Our barristers still keep the old French pronounciation of their technical word *recórd*; the *oyez* of our courts is well known.

<sup>1</sup> Those who administered the law were either churchmen or knights.

<sup>2</sup> Kemble, *Cod. Dip.*, v. 235. We here find *grantye, confirme, and custumes*. We are therefore not surprised to learn, that few or none in 1745 could explain the old English law terms in the Baron of Bradwardine's charter of 1140, 'saca et soca, et thol et theam, et infangthief et outfangthief, sive hand-habend, sive bak-barand.'

The Chronicle of Robert of Gloucester, compiled about 1300, abounds in the words of law and government borrowed from France, words that still keep their hold upon us. The *Sir Tristrem*, translated in the North about thirty years earlier than Robert's work, is most interesting as giving us more than 200 French terms of war, hunting, law, leechcraft, religion, and lady's dress.

The mischief was now done; we must not be hard on Colonel Hamley, or on Blackstone, or on the compilers of the Anglican Prayer Book, or on the describer of a fashionable wedding in the *Morning Post*, or on the chronicler of the Lord Mayor's feast, or on the Editors of the *Lancet* and the *Builder*, for dealing in shoals of foreign terms; nearly six hundred years ago it was settled that the technical diction of their respective crafts must to a great extent be couched in French or Latin.<sup>1</sup> There were about 150 Romance words in our tongue before 1066, being mostly the names of Church furniture, foreign plants, and strange animals. About 100 more Romance words got the right of English citizenship before the year 1200. Lastly, 800 other Romance words had become common with our writers by the year 1300; and before these came in, many hundreds of good old English words had been put out of the way. Fearful was the havoc done in the Thirteenth Century; sore is our loss: but those of us

<sup>1</sup> It was once my lot to treat of a code of law; I find, on looking over my book, that at least one half of my substantives, adjectives, adverbs, and verbs dealing with this subject, are of Latin birth; so impossible is it for the most earnest Teuton to shake off the trammels laid on England in the Thirteenth Century.

who love a Teutonic diction should blame, not Chaucer or Wickliffe, but the Franciscans of an earlier age; they, if I guess aright, were the men who wrought the great change in our store of words. The time of King Henry the Third's death is the moment when our written speech was barrenest; a crowd of English words had already been dropped, and few French words had as yet been used by any writer of prose or poetry, except by the author of the *Ancren Riwe*; hitherto the outlandish words had come as single spies, henceforward they were to come in battalions. I have already touched upon the French expressions that came in about 1300, and are now so common in our mouths; such as 'he *used* to go.'

These strangers, long before the Norman Conquest, had been forced to take an English ending before they could be naturalized. In the Twelfth Century, some of them took English prefixes as well; we find not only a word like *maisterlinges*, but also *bispused*. In Layamon's poem of 1205, we see our adverbial ending tacked on to a French word, as *hardiliche*. In the *Ancren Riwe*, a few years later, we find French adjectives taking the English signs of comparison, as *larger* and *tendrust*. In the last decade of the Thirteenth Century, French words were coming in amain. The *Alexander* (published by Weber), and Robert of Gloucester's *Chronicle*, both of which belong to this date, swarm with foreign terms, the bricks that were to replace our lost stone. It was now not only nouns, verbs, and adverbs that came hither from France; we see, in Robert's *Chronicle* (page 54), *save* used to express *præter*: 'save lym and lyf.' He

also shows us the first germ of our new word *because*. In page 24, he tells us that the Humber was so called, 'for þe cas þat Homber . . . per ynne adreynt was.' He has also that most curious compound *pece-mele*. A new idiom is found in the Life of Becket, at page 40: 'he *upe the poynte was to beo icast.*' A still greater change is seen in the Alexander; the French word *round*, which had not taken root in England much before 1300, was used as a Preposition :

'This is *round* the mydell erd.'—Page 29.

In the Life of Becket this word takes an English prefix, and becomes *around*. A great change was coming over England about the year 1300, from the Severn to the Wash; the old Teutonic sources of diction had been sadly dried up and could no longer supply all her wants; Germany was to have a happier lot, at least in speech. Nothing can more clearly set forth the inroad of the French than the following sentence, which is made up of words in the every-day use of the lowest among us :

'Of *course* I *immediately* just walked *quite round* the second of the walls, *because perhaps* it might have been *very weak.*'

We should find it hard to change these foreign words in italics for Teutonic equivalents, without laying ourselves open to the charge of obsolete diction. England, too careless of her own wealth, has had to draw upon France even for prepositions and conjunctions. After reading such a sentence as the one above, we are less astonished to find words like *face, voice, dress, flower, river, uncle, cousin, pass, touch, pray, try, glean,*

which have put to flight the commonest of Teutonic words. Strange it is that these French terms should have won their way into our hovels as well as into our manor houses.

I give a few instances of Manning's use of French words; his lines on Confirmation show plainly how much foreign ware we owe to the clergy. He sticks pretty close to the French poem he was translating, as in page 107, *une cote perece* is Englished by *a kote percede*; and this gives us some idea of the number of new words that must have been brought in by translators. We see the terms *verry* (*verus*), *oure* (*hora*), *prayere*, *anoynt*, *age*, *renoun*, *morsel*, *tryfyl*, *savyoure*, *straitly*, *in vein* (*frustra*), *bewte*, *usurer*, *valeu*, *a fair*, *affynyte*, *sample*, *trespas*, *spyryt*, *revyle*, *moreyne* (*pestis*), *pestelens*, *veniaunce*, *hutch*, *tremle*. It may be laid down, that in his diction this writer of 1303 has more in common with us of 1873 than he had with any English poet of 1250.

A few other changes must be more specially pointed out. Hitherto Englishmen had talked of *crisendom*, but Robert (page 346) speaks of *crystyanyte*.

He has dropped the old word *syfernes*, and translates the kindred French *sobreté* by *soberte*, our *sobriety*.

He has both *verement* and *verryly*: the first in its foreign adverbial ending points to *mind*, the second in its English adverbial ending points to *lic* (*body*). In page 149 *charyte* stands for *alms*, coming from the French line, *la charite luy enveia*. In the same page, *nycete* stands for *folly*.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> This French word has had a most curious history in England. *Nice* stood for *foolish* down to about 1580; then it came to mean

In page 56, *joly* stands for *riotous*, as is seen by the context :

Yyf a man be of *joly* lyfe.

This French *jolif* is said to come from the Yule of the conquerors of Normandy.

In page 75, we see the word *party* get its modern sense :

Þys aperyng, yn my avys,  
Avaylede to bope *partys*.

In page 228, there is a piling up of French and English synonyms :

On *many maner dyvers wyse*.

In page 273, *en le qeor* is turned into *yn þe chaunsel*.

In page 276, we find our *county court*, when he translates the French :

Seculer plai, cum est cunte.

Lay *courte*, or elles *counte*.

In page 100, *escharnir* is translated by *scorn*, the word used by Orrmin a hundred years earlier.

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*precise*; and a hundred years ago it got the meaning of *pleasing*. Mrs. Thrale, in *Miss Burney's Diary*, is the earliest instance I can recollect of any one using *nice* in the last-named sense, in free everyday talk. The young lady of our time who is helped through her hoop at croquet by some deft curate, thinks to herself, 'O nice creature!' These are the very words that Chaucer, in his *Second Nun's Tale*, puts into the mouth of St. Cecilia, when that most outspoken of maidens wishes to call the Roman governor 'a silly brute.' *Nice* is now applied to a sermon, to a jam tart, to a young man; in short, to everything. The lower classes talk of '*nice* weather.' We have become mere slovens in diction; the penny-a-liners now write about 'a *splendid* shout.'

In page 323, we see the beginning of what was to become a well-known English oath :

‘Ye,’ he seyde, ‘*graunte mercy.*’

In page 95, we see a sense that has been long given in England to the French word *touch*, ‘to speak of:’

Y *touchede* of þys yche lake.

In page 109, we see how liquid consonants run into each other :

What sey ze, men, of ladyys pryde,  
þat gone *traylyng* over syde?

This in the French is *trainant*. Thus Bononia became Bologna, and Lucera was sometimes written Nucera.

In page 229, *single* is opposed to *unmarried*; *simples hom* is translated by *sengle knave*.

In page 4, we see how in the Danelagh French words as well as English underwent clipping. The French *enticer* loses its first syllable; and our lower orders still use this maimed verb :

þe fende and oure fleshe *tysyn* us þerto.

We saw how seventy years earlier *espier* became *spy* in Suffolk.

In page 9, a French impersonal Verb appears, ‘to repent him.’

In page 72, we see the unhappy French word, which has driven out the true English *afeard*, at least from polite speech. *Fu tant affraie* is there turned into *he wás a frayde*. In this poem we also see the French

*peyne* driving out the English *pine*. At page 325, we light on the old *coverde* (convaluit); and at page 222, we see the new French form, *recovery*. But Robert writes 'to new,' not 'to renew.'

In page 30, *les tempestes cesserent* is translated by *tempest secede*; we have long confounded the sound of *c* with that of *s*. In page 358, we see that our *g* had been softened in sound, for Robert writes the word *mageste* (majestas). In this way *brig* got the sound of *bridge*.

In page 7, Robert translates the *deable*, the supposed idol of the Saracens, by *maumette* and *termagaunt*: both of these are as yet masculine in gender; Layamon had used them earlier.

In page 77, we see *terme eslu*, *certein*, *nome*, turned into a *certeyn day of terme*. But this *certain* was not used as an equivalent for *quidam* until Chaucer's time.

Our bard finds it needful to give long explanations in English rime of the strange words *mattok*, *sacrilege*, and *miner* (pages 31, 266, 331).

I have kept the greatest changes of all to the last; in page 321 we find a French Participle doing duty for a Preposition,

*Passyng alle þyng hyt hap powere.*

And in page 180,

My body y take þe here to selle  
To sum man as yn *bondage*.

This *bondage* is the first of many words in which a French ending was tacked on to an English root. So barren had our tongue become by the end of this un-

lucky Thirteenth Century, that we had to import from abroad even our terminations, if we wanted to frame new English nouns and adjectives. We were in process of time to make strange compounds like *godd-ess*, *forbear-ance*, *odd-ity*, *nigg-ard*, *upheav-al*, *starv-ation*, *trust-ee*, *fulfil-ment*, *latch-et*, *wharf-inger*, *king-let*, *fish-ery*, *tru-ism*, *love-able*, *whims-ical*, *talk-ative*, *slumbr-ous*.<sup>1</sup> What a falling off is here! what a lame ending for a Teutonic root!

Desinit in piscem mulier formosa superne.

We were also to forget the good Old English adjectival *isc* or *ish*, and to use foreign endings for proper names like *Alger-ine*, *Gael-ic*, *Syri-ac*, *Chin-ese*, *Wykeham-ist*, *Wesley-an*, *Irving-ite*, *Dant-esque*.<sup>2</sup> Cromwell in his despatches talks of the *Lincoln-eers*.

By-and-by French prefixes drove out their English brethren, even when the root of the word was English; we are now doomed to write *embolden* and *enlighten*, and to replace the old *edniwian* by *renew*. *Mistrust* has been almost wholly driven out by *distrust*. We have happily two or three Teutonic endings still in use, when we coin new adjectives and nouns; one of these is *ness*. It had English rivals in full vigour at the end of the Fourteenth

<sup>1</sup> *Bowyer*, in Robert of Gloucester, may descend from some overlooked English *bog-er*, though *ier* is a French ending; there may be a confusion between the two endings. The worst compound I ever met with was *mob-ocracy*. I half fear to point it out, lest the penny-a-liners should seize upon it as a precious jewel. What a difference does the Irish ending *een* make when added to *squire*!

<sup>2</sup> In this last word the old Teutonic ending *isc* has gone from Germany to Italy, then to France, and at last to England.

Century, but they have now dropped out of use ; what our penny-a-liners now call *inebriety* might in 1380 be Englished not only by Chaucer's *dronkenesse*, but by Wickliffe's *drunkenhede*, by Mirc's *dronkelec*, and by Gower's *drunkeshepe*.<sup>1</sup> Our lately-coined *pigheadedness* and *longwindedness* show that there is life in the good old *ness* yet. Such new substantives as *Bumbledom* and *rascaldom* prove that *dom* is not yet dead ; and such new adjectives as *peckish* and *rubbishy* show a lingering love for the Old English adjectival endings.

More than one Englishman might when a child have given ear to the first Franciscan sermons ever heard in Lincolnshire, and might at fourscore and upwards have listened to the earliest part of the *Handlyng Synne*. Such a man (a true *Nævius*), on contrasting the number of Romance terms common in 1300 with the hundreds of good old Teutonic words of his childhood, words that the rising generation understood not, might well mourn that in his old age England's tongue had become strange to Englishmen.<sup>2</sup> But about this time, 1300, the Genius of our language, as it seems, awoke from sleep, clutched his remaining hoards with tighter grip, and thought that we had lost too many old words already. Their rate of disappearance between 1220 and 1290 had been

<sup>1</sup> Other roots, with all these four endings, may be found in *Stratmann's Dictionary*.

<sup>2</sup> As to the speech of religion, compare the Creed at page 138, with the description of Charity at page 198 ; yet there are but sixty years between them. In later times, Caxton says that he found an amazing difference between the words of his childhood and those of his old age : Hobbes and Cibber must have remarked the same, as to turns of expression.

most rapid, as may be seen by the Table at the end of this Chapter; some hundreds of those left were unhappily doomed to die out before 1520, but the process of their extinction was not speedy, as the same Table will show. After 1300, the Franciscans began to forsake their first love; one of the earliest tokens of the change was the rearing in 1306 of their stately new London Convent, which took many years to build, and where hundreds of the highest in the land were buried. It arose in marked contrast to the lowly churches that had been good enough for the old friars, the first disciples of St. Francis. Their great lights vanished from Oxford; the most renowned name she boasts in the Fourteenth Century is that of their sternest foe. About 1320 they were attacked in English rimes, a thing unheard of in the Thirteenth Century. We now learn that a friar Menour will turn away from the needy to grasp at the rich man's gifts; the brethren will fight over a wealthy friend's body, but will not stir out of the cloister at a poor man's death; they

‘ wolde preche more for a busshel of whete,  
Than for to bringe a soule from helle out of the hete.’<sup>1</sup>

These rimes were written about the date of Wickliffe's birth. The Franciscans had by this time done their work in England, though they were to drag on a sluggish life in our shires for two hundred years longer. Curious it is, that the time of their fiery activity coin-

<sup>1</sup> *Political Songs* (Camden Society), p. 331. Churchmen, lawyers, physicians, knights, and shopkeepers are all assailed in this piece.

cides exactly with the time of England's greatest loss in a philologer's eyes.<sup>1</sup>

Robert of Brunne began his *Handlyng Synne*, as he tells us, in 1303; he must have taken some years to complete it. We possess it, not as he wrote it, but in a Southern transcript of 1360 or thereabouts; even in this short interval many old terms had been dropped, and some of the bard's Norse words could never have been understood on the Thames. The transcriber writes more modern equivalents above those terms of Robert's, which seemed strange in 1360. I give a few specimens, to show the change that went on all through the Fourteenth Century:

Robert of Brunne, in 1303.	His Transcriber, about 1360.	Robert of Brunne, in 1303.	His Transcriber, about 1360.
Gros . . . .	Dred	yerne . . . .	desyre
wlatys . . . .	lopeþ	rous . . . .	boste
wede (insanus) made		qued . . . .	shrewe
wrygtes . . . .	carpenters	aywhore. . . .	ever more
were . . . .	kepe	wurþ þe . . . .	most
mote (curia) . . . .	plete	weyve . . . .	forsake
ferly . . . .	wndyr	gate . . . .	wey
cele . . . .	godly	lope . . . .	harme
byrde (decet) . . . .	moste	he nam . . . .	he zede
estre . . . .	toune	he nam . . . .	he toke
yrk . . . .	slow	stounde . . . .	tyme
mayn . . . .	strenkþ	rape . . . .	haste
harnes . . . .	brayn	kenne . . . .	teche
grete . . . .	wepete	tarne . . . .	wenche
whyle . . . .	tyme	bale . . . .	sorow

<sup>1</sup> Happy had it been for Spain if her begging friars, about the year 1470, had been as sluggish and tolerant as their English brethren.

Robert of Brunne, in 1303.	His Transcriber, about 1360.	Robert of Brunne, in 1303.	His Transcriber, about 1360.
yn lowe . . .	fyre	rous . . .	proud wordys
layþ . . .	foule	aghte. . .	gode
fyn . . .	ende	hals }	. . . nek
þarmys . . .	guttys	swyer }	
mone . . .	warne	cuntek . . .	debate
warryng . . .	cursing	hote . . .	vowe
mysse . . .	fayle	ferde . . .	zede
wonde . . .	spare	raþe . . .	sone
dere . . .	harme	flytes . . .	chydeþ
teyl . . .	scorne	y-dyt. . .	stoppyd
tyne . . .	lese	syde . . .	long
pele . . .	perche	awe . . .	drede
myrke . . .	derke	dryghe . . .	suffre
seynorye . . .	lordshyp	wlate . . .	steyn

Some of Robert's words, that needed explanation in 1360, are as well known to us in 1873 as those where-with his transcriber corrected what seemed obsolete. Words will sometimes fall out of written speech, and crop up again long afterwards. Language is full of these odd tricks.<sup>1</sup> It is mournful to trace the gradual loss of old words. This cannot be better done than by comparing three English versions of the Eleven Pains of Hell: one of these seems to belong to the year 1250, another to 1340, another to 1420.<sup>2</sup> Each successive loss was of course made good by fresh shoals of French words. Steady indeed was the flow of these into English prose and poetry all through the Fourteenth Century, as may

<sup>1</sup> Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque  
Quæ jam sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus.

<sup>2</sup> *Old English Miscellany* (Early English Text Society), pp. 147, 210, 223.

be seen by the following Table. I take from each author a passage (in his usual style) containing fifty substantives, adjectives, verbs, and adverbs; and this is the proportion in which the words are employed:

	English Words that are now Obsolete	Romance Words
Old English Poetry, before 1066 . . . . .	25	—
Old English Prose, before 1066 . . . . .	12	—
Orrmin and Layamon, about 1200 . . . . .	10	—
Ancren Riwle, about 1220 . . . . .	9	—
Genesis and Exodus, Bestiary, about 1230 . . . . .	8	—
Owl and Nightingale, about 1240 . . . . .	7	—
Northern Psalter, about 1250 . . . . .	6	—
Proverbs of Hending, about 1260 . . . . .	5	—
Love song (page 156), about 1270 . . . . .	4	1
Havelok, Harrowing Hell, about 1280 . . . . .	4	2
Robert of Gloucester, about 1300 . . . . .	3	4
Robert Manning, in 1303 . . . . .	2	6
Shoreham, about 1320 . . . . .	3	3
Auchinleck Romances, about 1330 . . . . .	3	4
Hampole, about 1340 . . . . .	3	5
Minot, about 1350 . . . . .	3	6
Langland, in 1362 . . . . .	2	7
Chaucer (Pardoner's Tale), in 1390 . . . . .	2	8
Pecock in 1450 . . . . .	1	10
Tyndale, in 1530 . . . . .	—	12
Addison, in 1710 . . . . .	—	17
Macaulay, in 1850 . . . . .	—	25
Gibbon (sometimes) . . . . .	—	44
Morris (sometimes) <sup>1</sup> . . . . .	—	3

<sup>1</sup> I give specimens of the two last in my Seventh Chapter. They seem to be writing in two languages that have little in common.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE NEW ENGLISH.

(1303-1873.)

NONE of the great European literatures, as Hallam has said, was of such slow growth as the English; the reason is not far to seek. The French, Spanish, Provençal, Italian, Norse, and German literatures were fostered by high-born patrons. Foremost stand the great Hohenstaufens, Emperors of the Romans, ever August; then come Kings of England, of Norway, of Sicily, of Castile; Dukes of Austria, Landgraves of Thuringia, Counts of Champagne; together with a host of knights from Suabia, Tuscany, Provence, and Aragon. A far other lot fell to the English Muse; for almost three hundred years after 1066, she basked not in the smiles of King or Earl; her chosen home was far away from Court, in the cloister and the parsonage; her utterance was by the mouths of lowly priests, monks, and friars. Too long was she content to translate from the lordly French; in that language her own old legends, such as those of Havelok and Horn, had been enshrined for more than a hundred years. It was in French, not in English, that Stephen of Canterbury had preached

and Robert of Lincoln had rided, good home-born patriots though they might be. In our island there was no acknowledged Standard of national speech; ever since 1120, each shire had spoken that which was right in its own eyes. We have seen how widely the Northern, the Midland, and the Southern dialects differed from each other; and this was remarked by Giraldus Cambrensis almost seven hundred years ago.<sup>1</sup> But not long after that keen-eyed Welshman's death, it might be seen that some great change was at hand. Of course, any dialect that was to hold the position once enjoyed by the Winchester speech, would have to win its way into London, Oxford, and Cambridge—towns that, after the year 1000, had become the heart and the eyes of England. Of these three, Cambridge lay within the bounds of the East Midland speech; her clerks, drawn to her from all quarters of the land, may have helped to spread abroad her dialect, such as we (it may be) see it in the Bestiary of 1230. To Cambridge came young Robert Manning, as he says himself.<sup>2</sup> That University, thronged as it must have been with lads from the North, West, and South, may have had her influence on his great work of 1303.

Had the most renowned of all Lincoln's Bishops been a writer of English, I should have given him a great share of credit for the Southern conquest achieved a hundred years after his death by the speech of his flock. But we must go much further back than his time, when

<sup>1</sup> He says that Devonshire best preserved King Alfred's speech.

<sup>2</sup> He there saw the future King Robert I. of Scotland, and his brother. See page 202 of this book.

essaying to account for the origin of our Standard English. The Danish settlers of 870 gave fresh life-blood to our race; their pith and manliness have had, I suspect, a far greater share in furthering England's greatness than is commonly acknowledged. Much do we owe to the Scandinavian cross in our breed. They could not, it is true, keep their Kings upon the English throne; but their Norse words by slow degrees made their way into every corner of the land: we have seen how under King John many of the terms, employed by this pushing and enterprising race, took root in distant counties like Worcestershire and Dorset, where there never was a Danish settlement. Often has a Danish word become confused with an Old English word, as in the case of the verbs *beita* and *beatan*: often has a Danish word altogether driven out an Old English word, closely akin to Sanscrit. Thus the Scandinavian *dræmmr* (somnia), corrupted into *dream* in Suffolk, has altogether made an end of the older *sweren*; and the former word has moreover become confounded with the English *dream*, which of old meant nothing but *sonitus* or *cantus*: the sense of these Latin words has long vanished from *dream* as we now employ it.

It may often be remarked that one form of a great speech drives another form before it. Thus, in our own day, the High German is always encroaching on its Northern neighbour the Low German; and the Low German, in its turn, is always encroaching upon its Northern neighbour the Scandinavian. Something of the like kind might have been seen in England six hundred years ago; but with us the Dano-Anglian speech

of the Midland was working down Southwards towards London and Oxford all through the Thirteenth Century. Its influence may be seen so early as the Essex Homilies of 1180; many years later we find a still clearer token of the change. In some hundred Plural substantives that had been used by Layamon soon after 1200, the Southern ending in *en* was replaced by the Midland ending in *es*, when Layamon's work came to be written out afresh after 1250. East Midland works became popular in the South, as may be seen by the transcript of the Havelok and the Harrowing of Hell. In the Horn, a Southern work, we find the Present Plural *en* of the Midland verb replacing the older Plural in *eth*. In the Alexander (perhaps a Warwickshire work) the Midland *I, she, they, and beon* encroach upon the true Southern *ich, heo, hi, and beoth*. Even in Kent we find marks of change: in the sermons of 1290 the contracted forms *lord* and *made* are seen instead of *louerd* and *maked*. Already *mid* (cum) was making way for the Northern *with*. This was the state of things when the Handlyng Synne was given to England soon after 1308; it was believed, though wrongly, to be the translation of a work of Bishop Robert's, and it seems to have become the great pattern; from it many a friar and parson all over England must have borrowed the weapons wherewith the Seven Deadly Sins (these play a great part in English song) might be assailed. Another work of Robert Manning's is entitled Medytacyuns of the Soper of our Lorde, a translation from Buonaventura, the well-known oracle of Franciscans abroad.<sup>1</sup> The popularity of these works of the Lincoln-

<sup>1</sup> Why has not this work been printed long ago?

shire bard must have spread the influence of the East Midland further and further. We know not when it made a thorough conquest of Oxford, the great stronghold of the Franciscans; but its triumph over the London speech was most slow, and was not wholly achieved until a hundred and sixty years after Manning's first work was begun. That poet, as may be seen by the Table at the end of the foregoing chapter, heralded the changes in English, alike by his large proportion of French words and by his small proportion of those Teutonic words that were sooner or later to drop.

The following examples will show how the best English of our day follows the East Midland, and eschews the Southern speech that prevailed in London about the year 1300. *A* is what Manning would have written; *B* is what was spoken at London in Manning's time.

*A.* But she and thei are fyled with synnes, and so I have sayd to that lady eche day; answer, men, is hyt nat so?

*B.* Ac heo and hi beoth ifuled mid sunnen, and so ichabbe iseid to thilke levedy uche day; answereth, men, nis it nought so?

The last sentence is compiled mainly from the works of Davie, of whom I gave a specimen at page 209. It is interesting to see what the tongue of London was thirty years before her first great poet came into the world.

It may seem strange that England's new Standard speech should have sprung up, not in Edward the First's Court, but in cloisters on the Nen and the Welland. We must bear in mind that the English Muse, as in the tale

of the Norfolk bondman, always leaned towards the common folk; it was the French Muse that was the aristocratic lady.<sup>1</sup> As to Edward, he was in the main a truly national King, and what we owe to him is known far and wide; but one thing was wanting to his glory—he never made English the language of his Court, sore worried though he was by Parisian wiles. Our tongue had to plod on for about forty years after his death, before it could win Royal favour. The nobles still clave to the French: the struggle for mastery between the Romance and the Teutonic lasted for about a hundred and twenty years in all. In 1258 a proclamation in English was put forth, the first Royal acknowledgment of the speech of the lowly; about 1380 the Black Prince, lately dead, was mourned in French poems compiled by Englishmen; and these elegies seem to be almost the last effort of the tongue which had been the fashion at Court for three centuries, and in which Langtoft had sung the deeds of Edward the First. Robert of Gloucester could say in 1300 that England was the only country that held not to her own speech, her ‘high men’ being foreigners.<sup>2</sup> This reproach was taken away fifty years later. By that time it was becoming clearer and clearer that a New Standard of English had arisen, of which Robert Manning was the patriarch; much as Cadmon had been the great light of the Northern Anglian that had fallen

<sup>1</sup> The poet of 1220 (*Old English Miscellany*, p. 77) goes over all the classes of society, and pronounces that the *bonde* (colonus) has the best chance of escaping the grip of ‘Satanas the olde.’

<sup>2</sup> Robert might have found the same phenomenon in parts of Hungary. I have quoted his words at page 206.

before the Danes, and as Alfred had been the great light of the Western Saxon that had fallen before the Frenchmen. Throughout the Fourteenth Century the speech of the shires near Rutland was spreading in all directions; it at length took possession of Oxford and London, and more or less influenced such men as Wickliffe and Chaucer. Gower, when a youth, had written in Latin and French; when old, he wrote in English little differing from that of Manning. This dialect moreover made its way into the North: let any one compare the York Mysteries of 1350 with the version of them made forty years later, and he will see the influence of the Midland tongue.<sup>1</sup> The Western shires bordering on North Wales had long employed a medley of Southern and Northern forms; these were now settling down into something very like Manning's speech, as may be seen in the romance of William and the Werwolf.<sup>2</sup> Kent, Gloucestershire, and Lancashire were not so ready to welcome the dialect compounded in or near Rutland; their resistance seems to have lasted throughout the Fourteenth Century; and Langland, who wrote Piers Ploughman's Vision after the year 1362, holds to the speech of his own Western shire. He was the greatest genius that had as yet employed English, though he was soon to be outdone, perhaps in his own lifetime. Chaucer has given us a most spirited sketch of the

<sup>1</sup> *Garnett's Essays*, p. 192; *swylke*, *alane*, and *sall* are changed into *suche*, *allone*, and *shalle*; and other words in the same way. *p* is here corrupted into *y*; *yat* stands for *þat*. Many still write *y<sup>e</sup>* for *the*.

<sup>2</sup> See Page 205.

Yorkshire speech as it was in his day.<sup>1</sup> The Northern English had become the Court language at Edinburgh. The Southern dialect, the most unlucky of all our varieties, gave way before her Mercian sister: Dane conquered Saxon. After Trevisa wrote in 1387, no purely Southern English work, of any length, was produced for almost five hundred years.<sup>2</sup> Shakespere, in his *Lear*, tries his hand upon the Somersetshire tongue; and it also figures in one of the best of the Reformation ballads to be found in Bishop Percy's collection. But Mr. Barnes in our own day was the first to teach England how much pith and sweetness still lingered in the long-neglected homely tongue of Dorset; it seems more akin to Middle English than to New English.<sup>3</sup>

A few improvements, not as yet brought from the North, were still wanting; but now at last our land had a Standard tongue of her own, welcome alike in the Palace and in the cottage. King Edward the Third, not long after Cressy, lent his countenance to the mother-tongue of his trusty billmen and bowmen. He in 1349 had his shield and surcoat embroidered with his own motto, on this wise:

‘Hay, hay, the wythe swan,  
By Godes soule, I am thy man.’

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<sup>1</sup> The Southerner, on entering Leeds, still reads the old Northern names of Kirkgate and Briggate on two great thoroughfares. May the Leeds magistrates have more wit than those of Edinburgh, whom Scott upbraids for affectation in substituting the modern *Square* for the ancient *Close*!

<sup>2</sup> Audlay, the blind Salopian of 1420, has a mixture of Southern and Midland forms.

<sup>3</sup> We there see the true old Wessex sound of *ea*.

His doublet bore another English device: 'it is as it is.'<sup>1</sup> Trevisa says that before the great Plague of 1349 high and low alike were bent on learning French; it was a common custom: 'but sith it is somedele chaunged.' In 1362 English was made the language of the Law-courts; and this English was neither that of Hampole to the North of the Humber, nor that of Herebert to the South of the Thames. Our old freedom and our old speech had been alike laid in the dust by the great blow of 1066: the former had arisen once more in 1215 and had been thriving amain ever since; the latter was now at last enjoying her own again.

After this glance at Kingly patronage, something almost unknown hitherto, we must now throw a glance backward, and mark the changes since the Handlyng Synne had been given to the world. Many writers, both in prose and in rime, had been at work in the first half of the Fourteenth Century: of their pieces I have already given some specimens. *Forme-fader*, *ganed*, *hyrwe*, *ilic*, *iseowed*, *ileaned*, *lawerce*, *ofpurst*, *sêli*, *ismêpet*, *spinnere*, *tæppet*, *pridde* were now turned into *forefader*, *yâned* (yawned), *harew*,<sup>2</sup> *aliche*, *isewed* (the participle of the Latin *suere*), *ilend*,<sup>3</sup> *larke*, *athurst*, *sili*, *ismôped* (smoothed), *spîpre* (spider), *tippet*, *pirde*. There are new words and forms such as *awkward*, *bacward*, *tall*, *until*, *ded as a dore-nail*, a *biwey* (bye-way). The most startling are *turn up swa doune* (upside down) in Hampole, and *she-beast* much

<sup>1</sup> Warton gives the Wardrobe Account, in Latin, with Edward's directions for his devices.—*History of English Poetry*, II. 32. (Edition of 1840.)

<sup>2</sup> It must have been confounded with the Norse *harfr*.

<sup>3</sup> Chaucer turned this into *ilent*, our *lent*.

about the same time.<sup>1</sup> Layamon's *no* (*nec*) becomes *nor*, in the Salopian poem quoted at page 205; this is shortened from *nother*. *Reule*, having long been a substantive, now becomes a verb, and we see *ine mène time*. The form *graciouser*, in the Ayenbite, is one of the last attempts to force the English sign of comparison on a French adjective ending in *ous*. The old *dysig* (*stultus*) gets our modern sense of *dizzy*; and Langland's *kill* (*occidere*) replaces the old *cwell*, which now has only the meaning of *opprimere*.

A curious poem, the Debate of the Carpenter's Tools (Hazlitt's Collection, I. 88), is the compilation that best represents Manning's style; it seems to have been written about 1340, and must belong to the Rutland neighbourhood: it certainly has a dash of the Northern speech. I give a few lines as a link between Manning and Mandeville.

Bot lythe to me a lytelle space,  
 I schall zow telle all the case,  
 How that they wyrke fore ther gode,  
 I wylle not lye, be the rode.  
 When thei have wroght an oure ore two,  
 Anone to the ale thei wylle go,  
 And drinke ther, whyle thei may dre :  
*Thou to me, and I to the.*  
 And seys the ax schall pay fore this,  
 Therefore the cope ons I wylle kys ;  
 And when thei comme to werke ageyne,  
 The belte to hys mayster wylle seyne :  
 ' Mayster, wyrke no oute off resone,  
 The dey is vary longe of seson.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is found under the form of *ho-besteȝ*, in the Lancashire poem quoted at page 204.

<sup>2</sup> In this last line, we have the first use of our foreign *very* (*valdè*),

We now hail the first writer of New English prose. I give in my Appendix a specimen of Sir John Mandeville: it is strange to think that he is separated by only a score of years or so from the compiler of the *Ayenbite of Inwit*.<sup>1</sup> The travelled knight was born at St. Albans, and went abroad in 1322. We may look upon his English as the speech spoken at Court in the latter days of King Edward III.; high and low alike now prided themselves upon being Englishmen, and held in scorn all men of outlandish birth. The earlier and brighter days of King Harold seemed to have come back again; Hastings had been avenged at Cressy, and our islanders found none to match them in fight, whether the field might lie in France, in Spain, or in Italy. King Edward was happy in his knights, and happy also in the men whom he could employ in civil business, men like Wickliffe and Chaucer. Mandeville's language is far more influenced by the Midland forms than that of Davie had been fifty years earlier; in the new writer we find *sche*, *I*, *thei*, *theirs*, *have*, *are*, and *ben*, forms strange to the Thames, at least in 1300; the Southern ending of the Third Person Plural of the Present tense is almost wholly dropped, being replaced by the Midland ending in *en*; even this is sometimes clipped, as also is the *en* of the Infinitive, and the Prefix of the Past Participle. A hundred years would have to pass before these hoary old

which appears next in Yorkshire letters of 1450; it was a long time making its way to London, though Chaucer uses it as an adjective. In the above poem we meet the expression 'reule the roste.'

<sup>1</sup> I have given a specimen of this at page 208.

relics could be wholly swept away from Standard English. The corruption first seen in 1220, whereby *most dreadful* replaced the old Superlative, is sown broadcast over Mandeville's works. He has the new form, *houshold*. The Northern *same* (*idem*), so sparingly employed of yore even in the North, is now found instead of *ilk*; *ask* instead of *axe*, *ren* (*currere*) instead of *urn*, *chough* instead of *choz*, *mordrere* instead of *murperere*. *Ayens* now takes a *t* at the end, in the true English style, and becomes *ayenst* (*contra*). The old forms *dwerghes*, *o ferrom*, *thilke*, *overthwart*, are still kept. There are barely more than fifty obsolete English words in the whole of Mandeville's book, though it extends over 316 printed pages. It was wonderfully popular in England, as is witnessed by the number of copies that remain, transcribed within a few years of the worthy knight's death.<sup>1</sup> Few laymen had written in English, so far as can be known, since King Alfred's time.

We now find a University lending its sanction to the speech of the common folk. In 1384, William of Nassington laid a translation into English rimes before the learned men of Cambridge. The Chancellor and the whole of the University spent four days over the work; on the fifth day they pronounced it to be free from heresy and to be grounded on the best authority. Had any errors been found in it, the book would have been burnt at once.<sup>2</sup> For the last thirty years there had been a great stirring up of the English mind;

<sup>1</sup> See Halliwell's edition of it, published in 1866.

<sup>2</sup> *Thornton Romances* (Camden Society), p. xx.

many works on religion had been put forth both in the North and the West.<sup>1</sup>

Having spoken of Cambridge, I next turn to Oxford, which had been lately roused by the preaching of Wickliffe; she was now glowing with a fiery heat unknown to her since the days of the earlier Franciscans. The questions at this time in debate had the healthiest effect upon the English tongue, though they might jar upon Roman interests. Wickliffe, during his long residence in the South, seems to have unlearned the old dialect he must have spoken when a bairn on the banks of the Tees. His first childish lessons in Scripture were most likely drawn from the legends of the *Cursor Mundi*.<sup>2</sup> He was now bestowing a far greater blessing upon his countrymen, and was stamping his impress upon England's religious dialect, framed long before in the *Ancren Riwle* and the *Handlyng Synne*. In reading Wickliffe's version of the Bible, of which so many scores of manuscripts have been happily snatched from Roman fires, we are struck by various peculiarities of speech in which he differs from *Mandeville* and *Chaucer*. In these we have followed him. The greatest is the Dano-Anglian custom of clipping the prefix to the Past Participle, as *founden* instead of *yfoundeden*. He sometimes, although most seldom, clips the ending of the Plural of the Imperative, as in Herod's request to the wise men:

‘Whan yee han founden, telle ayein to me.’

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<sup>1</sup> The Editors of *Wickliffe's Bible* give specimens of many of these treatises.

<sup>2</sup> This most popular work (about 1290) exists both in Northern and other forms of English.

If he has now and then the Northern *theire* (illorum), he employs *thilke* (iste), and has both *ilk* and *same*; *whiche*, *eche*, *suche*, and *myche*, all occur in his writings. He still uses the old *sum man* for *quidam*, but this was soon to drop, and to be replaced by *a certain man*. He has one peculiarity that may be still found in Yorkshire; the Old English *butan* (nisi) is not enough for him, but he turns it into *no but*. In Mark xvi. 5, he has *a zong oon*, instead of the old Accusative *anne geongne*; the *oon* (one) seems to stand for *wight*; the phrase is common enough with us. He corrupts Orrmin's *pu wass* into *thou wast* (Mark xiv. 67); the old form was kept by Roy 150 years later. He also corrupts a Strong Perfect now and then, as, '*thou betokist*' (Mat. xxv. 20). He speaks of '*thi almes*,' not '*thine alms*' (Mat. vi. 4). We see our well-known *yea*, *yea*; *nay*, *nay* (the Gothic *ya* and *ne*). Wickliffe has both the old *windewe* and the new *winewe*, our *winnow*. He has *shipbreche*, which had not yet become *shipwreck*, a strange corruption. We find also *debreke* (Mark i. 26), one of the first instances of a French preposition being prefixed to an English root; *renew* and *dislike* were to come long afterwards. A remnant of the older speech lingers in his *nyle ye drede* (fear not); we still say *willy*, *nilly*. *Hys efen-peowas* was in 1380 turned into *his even servauntis*; but this most useful prefix, answering to the Latin *con*, was soon to drop. To express *forsitan*, he uses *by hap* and *happily* (our *haply*). The Old English *reafung* is with him *ra-veyn* (our *ravening*).

The great English Reformer clave far too closely to the idioms of the Latin Vulgate, whence he was trans-

lating; he therefore produced English by no means equal to that of the year 1000. Thus he will not say, that 'it thundered,' as the English writer of the Tenth Century wrote; but puts, 'the cumpany seide thundir to be maad.' One of his most un-Teutonic idioms is, 'he seith, I a vois of the crying in desert.' Again, Wickliffe writes, 'Jhesu convertid, and seyng hem suwyng him.' Tyndale handles this far better: 'Jesus turned about, and sawe them folowe.' We now happily keep *sue* to the law courts; and we may also rejoice that the earlier Reformer's diction was improved upon in other respects a hundred and fifty years later; we have thus been saved from such phrases as, 'I am sent to *evangelise* to thee thes thingis;'<sup>1</sup> 'to zyve the *science* of helthe to his peple;' 'if I schal be *enhaunsid* (lifted up) fro the erthe;' 'it *perteynede* to him of nedy men;' 'Jhesus *envyraunyde* (went about) al Galilee;' 'Fadir, *clarifie* thi name;' 'he hath *endurid* (hardened) the herte;' 'my *volatilis* (fatlings) ben slayn;' 'he that hath a *spousesse* (bride).' On the other hand, we have preferred Wickliffe to Tyndale in sundry passages.

## WICKLIFFE.

Sone of perdicion.  
It is good us to be here.  
Entre thou in to the joye of  
thi lord.  
I shulde have resceyved with  
usuris.  
Thou saverist nat tho thingis,  
&c.

## TYNDALE.

That lost chylde.  
Here is good beinge for us.  
Go in into thy master's joye.  
Shulde I have received with  
vauntage.  
Thou perceavest nott godly  
thynges.

<sup>1</sup> This first brought in the Greek ending *ize*, of which we have become so fond. What a mongrel word is *proctorize*!

Purvey, after referring to Bede and Alfred as translators of the Bible 'into Saxon, that was English, either comoun langage of this lond,' writes thus: 'Frenshe men, Beemers, and Britons han the bible, and othere bokis of devocioun and of exposicioun, translatid in here modir langage; whi shulden not English men have the same in here modir langage, I can not wite, no but for falsenesse and negligence of clerkis, either for oure puple is not worthi to have so greet grace and gifte of God, in peyne of here olde synnes. God for his merci amende these evele causis, and make our puple to have and kunne and kepe truli holi writ, to liif and deth!' <sup>1</sup> Purvey and his friends stand out prominently among the writers, who settled England's religious dialect; few of the words used in the Wickliffite version have become obsolete within the last five hundred years. The holy torch was to be handed on to a still greater scholar in 1525; for all that, Wickliffe is remarkable as the one Englishman who in the last eleven hundred years has been able to mould Christian thought on the Continent; Cranmer and Wesley have had small influence but on English-speaking men.

Wickliffe had much help from Purvey and Hereford. The latter of these, who translated much of the Old Testament, strove hard to uphold the Southern dialect, and among other things wrote *daunster*, *syngster*, after the Old English way. But the other two translators leant to the New Standard, the East Midland, which was making steady inroads on the Southern speech. They write *daunseresse*, *dwelleresse*, &c., following Robert

<sup>1</sup> *Wickliffite Versions* (Forshall and Madden), p. 59.

of Brunne, who first led the way to French endings fastened to English roots. They also write *ing* for the Active Participle, where Hereford writes the old *ende*; they do not follow him in employing the Southern Imperative Plural. In the Apology for the Lollards (Camden Society) there is a strong dash of the Northern dialect. If Wickliffe were the writer, he must have here gone back to the speech of his childhood far more than in his Scriptural translations. In this Apology there are 94 obsolete English words.

The last half of the Fourteenth Century employed many of the phrases that live for ever in the English Bible and Prayer Book. We find such expressions as *albeit, surely, passing rich, during, on this condition that, considering this, as to this, with one accord, to that ende that, touching these things, enter in, under colour of, that is interpreted, if so be that, oft time, according as, in regard of, upon a time, ensaample, rebuke, she-wolf, outrelly (utterly), go a begging, whereas, because*. The Lord's Prayer took its shape much as we have it now, Wickliffe employing in its latter part the French words *dettours, temptacioun, delyvere*. I pass on to the Belief, that other stronghold of wholesome English; and I give a few other forms of this age, now embodied in our Prayer Book. I take the following from a Primer of the year 1400.<sup>1</sup> We see that the speech of Religion was being moulded into the shape which has come down to us in the Anglican Prayer Book; little remained to

<sup>1</sup> *Blunt's Key to the Prayer Book*, Edition of 1868, page 4. The first piece seems to be East Anglian.

be done in the way of change. The Creed may be compared with the one of 1250, printed in page 145 of my work :

‘ I bileve in god, fadir almygti, makere of hevene and of erthe: and in iesu crist the sone of him, oure lord, oon alone: which is conceyved of the hooli gost; born of marie maiden: suffride passioun undir pounce pilat: crucified, deed, and biried: he went doun to hellis: the thridde day he roos agen fro deede: he steig to hevenes: he sittith on the right syde of god the fadir almygti: thenns he is to come for to deme the quyke and deede. I beleve in the hooli goost: feith of hooli chirche: comunyng of seyntis: forgyveness of synnes: agenrisyng of fleish, and everlastyng lyf. So be it.’

PREIE WE. FOR THE PEES.

‘ God of whom ben hooli desiris, rigt counceles and iust werkis: gyve to thi servantis pees that the world may not geve, that in our hertis govun to thi comandementis, and the drede of enemys putt awei, oure tymes be pesible thurgh thi defendyng. Bi oure lord iesu crist, thi sone, that with thee lyveth and regneth in the unities of the hooli goost god, bi all worldis of worldis. So be it.’

‘ God, that taughtist the hertis of thi feithful servantis bi the lightnyng of the hooli goost: graunte us to savore rightful thingis in the same goost, and to be ioiful evermore of his counfort. Bi crist our lorde. So be it.’

‘ Almyghti god, everlastyng, that aloone doost many wondres, schewe the spirit of heelful grace upon bisschopes thi servantis, and upon alle the congregacion

betake to hem : and gheete in the dewe of thi blessinge  
that thei plese evermore to the in trouthe. Bi crist  
oure lord. So be it.'

HOLY MATRIMONY.

(From a Manual of 1408.)

'Lo breyren and sustren her we beon comyn to gedre  
in ye worsschip of god and his holy seintes in ye face of  
holy chirche to joynen to gedre yuse tweyne bodies yat  
heynforward yei be on body in ye beleve and in ye lawe  
of god for te deserven everlastynge lyf wat so yei han  
don here byfore. Werfore i charge you on holy  
chirche byhalf all yat here bes yat gif eni mon or  
womman knowen eny obstacle prevei or apert why yat  
yey lawefully mowe nogt come to gedre in ye sacra-  
ment of holy churche sey ye now or never more.'<sup>1</sup>

(From another Manual, rather older, of the Fourteenth  
Century.)

'Also I charge you both, and eyther be your selfe, as  
ye wyll answer before God at the day of dome, that yf  
there be any thyng done pryvely or openly, betwene  
your selfe : or that ye knowe any lawfull lettyng why  
that ye may not be wedded togyther at thys time : say  
it nowe, or we do any more to this mater.'

'N.—Wylt thou have this man to thy husbunde,  
and to be buxum to him, serve him and kepe him in

<sup>1</sup> Here we see the Southern *sustren*, the Midland *beon*, and the  
Northern *bes*.

sykenes and in helthe : And in all other degrese be unto hym as a wyfe should be to hir husbande, and all other to forsake for hym : and holde thee only to hym to thy lyves end ? *Respondeat mulier hoc modo* : I wyll.

‘ I N. take the N. to my weddyd husbonde to have and to holde fro thys day for bether, for wurs, for richer, for porer, in sykenesse and in helthe, to be bonour and buxum in bed and at bort : tyll deth us departe yf holy chyirche wol it ordeyne : and ther to I plycht the my trouth.

‘ With this rynge I wedde the, and with this gold and silver I honoure the, and with this gyft I honoure the. In nomine Patris : et Filii : et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.’

The middle of the Fourteenth Century was the time when English, as it were, made a fresh start, and was prized by high and low alike. I take what follows from an old Lollard work, put forth about 1450 and printed eighty years later, when the term *Lollard* was being swallowed up by the term *Lutheran* : ‘ Sir William Thorisby archebishop of Yorke<sup>1</sup> did do draw a treatyse in englishe by a worshipfull clercke whose name was Gatryke, in the whiche were conteyned the articles of beleve, the seven dedly synnes, the seven workes of mercy, the X commaundmentes. And sent them in small pagines to the commyn people to learne it and to knowe it, of which yet many a cople be in england. . . . Also it is knowen to many men in ye tyme of King Richerd ye II. yat into a parlement was put a bible

<sup>1</sup> This Prelate, in 1361, began the choir of York Minster.

(*bill*) by the assent of II archbisshops and of the clergy to adnulle the bible that tyme translated into Englishe with other Englishe bookes of the exposition off the gospels; whiche when it was harde and seyn of lordes and of the comones, the duke of Lancaster Jhon answered thereto ryght sharpely, sayenge this sentence: We will not be refuse of all other nacions; for sythen they have Goddes law whiche is the lawe of oure belefe in there owne langage, we will have oures in Englishe whosoever say naye. And this he affermyd with a great othe. Also Thomas Arundell Archebishoppe of Canterbury sayde in a sermon at Westmester at the buryenge of Quene Anne, that it was more joye of here than of any woman that ever he knewe. For she an alien borne hadde in englishe all the IIII gospels with the doctours upon them. And he said that she had sent them to him to examen and he saide that they were good and trewe.<sup>1</sup> Here we see that English had kept its ground in the Palace; an intrusion which would have seemed strange, I suspect, to Edward the Second, the grandfather of stout Duke John. Not long after the Duke's death, an inscription in English was graven upon the brass set up in Higham Ferrars church to the memory of Archbishop Chicheley's brother.

We have seen what was the language of the Church in the days of Richard II.; we now turn to the speech of the Court. England had the honour of giving birth to one of the two great poets of the Middle Ages, of the

<sup>1</sup> Arber's Reprint of *Rede me and be nott wrothe*, page 176. In page 157 will be found a Fifteenth Century pun: the endowing of the clergy should be called 'all amiss,' rather than 'almes.'

two bright stars that enlighten the darksome gap of fourteen hundred years between Juvenal and Ariosto. Dante had been at work upon the loftiest part of his *Divina Commedia* at the precise time that Manning was compiling his *Handlyng Synne*, the first thoroughly-formed pattern of the New English; the great Italian was now to be followed by a Northern admirer, of a somewhat lower order of genius indeed, but still a bard who ranks very high among poets of the second class. Chaucer was born at London, a city that boasts a more tuneful brood than any single spot in the world; for this early bard was to have for his fellow-townsmen Spenser, Milton, Pope, and Byron. Never has English life been painted in more glowing hues than by Chaucer; his lines will be more long-lived than the frescoes of Orcagna, which are dropping off the Pisan cloister; though poet and painter belong to the same date.

Chaucer has many new forms; such as *gossib* (as well as *godsib*), *harwed* instead of the old *heregede*, *arowe* (*sagitta*) instead of *arwe*. He led the fashion of doubling the vowel *o*, for he has both the old *stól* and the new *stool*. He turns the old *tôh* into *tough*, *akern* into *acorn*. Indeed there are whole sentences in his writings, especially in the Parson's prose sermon, that need but the change of a few letters to be good modern English, spelling and all. He follows Manning's way of writing *syn*, or rather *sin*, for *quoniam*. In one of the earliest sentences of the Parson's attack on *Pride*, we find the words, '*those* bountees . . . that he hath not;' but this corruption as yet comes very seldom.

We see many new phrases like, *what ails him? now*

a dayes, belike, as helpe me God, ten of þe klokke, no malice at all, bi and bi; and Chaucer uses the phrases, to bring about, to drive a bargain, platly ayenst him. Bondman in the Parson's sermon is taken in the Gloucester sense, not in that of Rutland; and this bad sense it has kept ever since. We see *caterwaw* and *newe fangel*; also *award*, which seems to come from the Icelandic *aqvarda* (allot).<sup>1</sup> *Badder* stands for *pejor*.

As to the many French words employed by Chaucer, he often yokes them with their English brethren, using them in the same breath; thus he talks of *seuretee* or *sikernesse*, *robbe* and *reve*.<sup>2</sup> He has also *scarcely* and *menes* (instrumenta). In the Squieres Tale, about line 180, we see the first instance of a well-known vulgarism:

‘There may no man it drive:  
And *cause why*, for they con not the craft.’

Our lower orders have refused to part with Chaucer's *markis*, though our upper class can only talk of a *marquis* or *marquess*. That nobleman's lady is called by Chaucer a *markisesse*. The adjective *able* had been used in England before he was born. He has *sextein* (sexton) and *raffle*, and talks of a *pair of tonges*. He sometimes leans to the Latin rather than the French, writing *equal* as well as *equality*, *perfection* as well as *parfit*.

Chaucer's speech is much the same as Mandeville's, and very unlike it is to what must have been the London dialect a hundred years before their time. Gower

<sup>1</sup> Garnett's *Essays*, p. 32.

<sup>2</sup> I remember in Somerset a yoke of oxen called *Good Luck* and *Fortune*.

resembles his brother bard, except that he clips the prefix to the Passive Participle, and tries to keep alive the Active Participle in *and*; Chaucer unluckily stuck to the corrupt ending in *ing*, first seen in Layamon. Lydgate and Occleve followed in the steps of the great Londoner; their loving reverence for him atones for much dulness in their song. Even King James I. of Scotland sometimes dropped his Northern speech, and gave to Chaucer as a pattern; though the aforesaid speech was the Court language to the North of the Tweed, and so remained down to the days of the later Stuarts. Toward the end of the Fourteenth Century, a son of Edward III. made what we may call his dying confession in English; and early in the next age our tongue was employed instead of French by Princes, by Cardinals, and by the future hero of Agincourt. Ellis' Letters on English History show us best how the language was being by degrees pared down; its most obsolete form is to be found in the despatches of the Royal officers who were fighting against Glendower. It is curious to mark the difference of the speech of Northern knights, such as Assheton and Waterton, from that of a Somersetshire man like Luttrell. The State papers, drawn up by the men of the Irish Pale, prove that Dublin was now taking London for her pattern in these Agincourt days; Friar Michael of Kildare's speech was a thing of the past.

If we wish to know what was the best, or rather the most fashionable, English spoken in 1432, we must glance at a petition given in by Beauchamp Earl of Warwick

to the good Duke Humphrey and many of our Bishops.<sup>1</sup> The Earl, having the charge of the boy King Henry VI., craved full powers as to whipping the future founder of Eton College; the child's growing years were causing him 'more and more to grucche with chastising, and to lothe it.' The petition shows us that the endings of verbs had been much clipped, that the Southern *thilke* had, in some measure, made way for *that* (*ille*), that Wickliffe's *suche* (*talis*) had come to be preferred to Chaucer's *swiche*, and that the Northern *their* and *theim* were encroaching on the Southern *her* and *hem*. It was still thought the right thing to say, like Manning, *yeve* and *ayeins*, though Caxton was afterwards to bring us back to the true old spelling. The phrase '*speech at part*' shows us whence comes our '*apart*,' and '*owe*' (*debet*) makes us aware that some resistance was made to our corrupt '*ought*.' The Plural Adjectives in the phrase, '*causes necessaries and resonables*,' are a token of lingering French influence, which acted upon Warwick, an old soldier of the great French war. One half of the nouns, verbs, and adverbs in this State paper are of French birth; indeed, there could not well be a greater proportion of Romance terms in a Queen's speech compiled by the Gladstone cabinet. The unhappy Suffolk, one of the Council to whom the petition is addressed, was himself the writer of a noble letter of advice; this, being drawn up not long before his death for his son's behoof, is far more Teutonic than Warwick's petition.<sup>2</sup> Still homelier are the letters

<sup>1</sup> Gairdner's edition of the *Paston Letters* (in 1872), page 31.

<sup>2</sup> Do., page 121.

coming from Norfolk manor-houses; here we find the East Anglian *arn* (sunt) and the *qu* replacing *hw*, as *quhat* for *hwat*, *qwan* for *hwen*, much as in the Genesis and Exodus of the same shires, compiled two hundred years before. Manning's way of writing *ho* for *who* is repeated. A paper of the date 1419 shows that almost all inflections had been pared away.<sup>1</sup> Soon afterwards we find the French *z* employed for the old English *s* at the end of words. In a letter of 1440 we see Mandeville's corruption of *ayenst* repeated.<sup>2</sup> We also find the new phrases *that meene tyme* and *be the meene of*, in 1424; the last phrase was one generation later to become *be menys of*.<sup>3</sup> Many a corruption, now used by us, had its rise in shires far to the North of London; in the great city, writers who aimed at dignity of style preserved the old inflections that were on the wane elsewhere. Shillingford, Mayor of Exeter, shows us the lingering remnant of Southern speech in a letter of his '*y-written yn Alle Sawlyn day.*' He reports from London, whither he had gone on a lawsuit, the '*Alagge! alagge!*' (alack) uttered by Archbishop Kemp the Chancellor in 1447, one of the first instances of that exclamation, which may come from the old *eala* of our fathers. We are rather amazed to find that the Northern *tham* (illos) had already taken root in Devonshire by the side of the old *ham* and *buth* (sunt).<sup>4</sup>

Capgrave and Lydgate, both East Anglians, were reckoned two of the great lights of the first half of this

<sup>1</sup> Gairdner's edition of the *Paston Letters* (in 1872), page 7.

<sup>2</sup> Do., p. 40.

<sup>3</sup> Do., pp. 15, 17, 493.

<sup>4</sup> *Shillingford's Letters* (Camden Society), pp. 17, 18.

Century. A far greater master of English was Bishop Pecock, the best of our prose writers in this age, a man who was in theology a compound of Bellarmine and Hooker, and who therefore drew down upon himself the wrath of the Anglican Church.<sup>1</sup> Pecock is the last good writer in whom we see the old Southern form *thilk* for *iste*. By 1450 the speech of the Mercian Danelagh had all but made a thorough conquest of London; the prefix to the Past Participle was nearly gone; and the endings of Verbs were not to last many years. Chaucer's example, though he was held to be the best of all patterns of language, had been unable to preserve the few traces of Southern speech that lingered in his day. The old *gedede* (ivit) had made way for *went*; Capgrave's *eldfæder* for *graunt fadir*. We find both *schulde* and *schude*, the last showing the rise of our present pronunciation of *should*. The helpful *for* is no longer used to compound verbs, as to *fordo*. We see both *esilier* and *esier*, the old and the new form of the Comparative in the Adverb. England henceforward became so slovenly as to express the Comparative of both the Adjective and the Adverb by one and the same word. The Bishop is most fond of tacking on a French ending to an English root, like the *bondage* of 1303; we find in his work *se-able*, *knowe-able*, *here-able*, *do-able*, *dout-able*; also *craftiose*.<sup>2</sup> The English *un* is preferred to the Latin *in* in *uncongruité*, *unmoveable*, and

<sup>1</sup> *Pecock's Repressor*, whence I quote, was published by the Master of the Rolls. I give a long passage from it in my Appendix.

<sup>2</sup> When we want a new adjective, we almost always compound with this foreign *able*. Dr. Johnson spoke of an *unclubbable* man; we speak of a thing as *uncomeatable*, when it is inaccessible.

other words. As to terms which were to be built into the English Bible fourscore years later, we find *Jewry*, *ensaumple*, *sutil*, *enquire*, *according to*; these had been in use much earlier.

The great change we owe to Peacock is a new phrase that took off a part of the heavy load thrown upon *but*. The source of our *unless* is now seen. In the Repressor (page 51), he speaks of the Lollards, 'whiche wolen not allowe eny governaunce to be the lawe and service of God, *inlasse than* it be grondid in Holi Scripture.' It was hundreds of years before this word could be used freely; in our New Testament it comes but once: '*unless* ye have believed in vain.' Peacock uses his new phrase four times in his Repressor. Another word, common in our mouths, is seen for the first time in a Lancastrian ballad of 1458: '*acros* the mast he hyethe travers.' This is not found once in our Bible.<sup>1</sup>

At this time English prose rose high above English poetry; and herein the Fifteenth Century stands alone.<sup>2</sup> That one short passage of Mallory's, pronouncing Sir Lancelot's elegy, outweighs many pages of later poets, such as Barclay, Skelton, and Hawes. Civil war is commonly thought to forebode evil to literature; England for forty years after Duke Humphrey's death was harassed by risings of the Commons, or was divided between the Red and the White Roses, as many a bloody field bore witness. Yet this is the

<sup>1</sup> *Archeologia*, XXIX. 326.

<sup>2</sup> England was, as a general rule, very different from France; the prose of Molière and Voltaire is far above their poetry, and no riming Frenchman has come near Bossuet or Pascal.

precise time when English prose was handled with wonderful skill. Theology, chivalry, law, and homely life found the best of representatives in Pecoock, Mallory, Fortescue, and Caxton. This was the time when our inflections were almost all driven out; there is a great difference between the Bishop's writings and those of the Printer thirty years later. At this latter date, few inflections remained. Pity it was that the printing press did not come to England a few years earlier; we might then have kept the old Plural ending of the Verb in *en*.<sup>1</sup> Ben Jonson long afterwards bemoaned this heavy loss.

About the time that the Red Rose was withering, the Northern words *their* and *them* drove out the Southern *her* and *hem*. King Henry VI. uses the former in a proclamation, put forth at York a fortnight before Towton field. There are other words, common in our mouths, which we owe to Yorkshire. Robert of Brunne had written *syn* instead of the old *siððan*; but in a Knaresborough petition of 1441, we find a formation from this *syn*, the new *synnes* or *since*; this we have kept. We also see 'my *verray* good maister' in a letter of 1462: this *very* (*valdè*) was not well established in Standard English until sixty years later, when it unhappily almost wholly drove out *right*.<sup>2</sup> The ending of verbs are clipped in these Yorkshire letters, and

<sup>1</sup> If we *must* subdivide New English prose, the decisive periods seem to be 1470, when many inflections were dropped by Caxton; 1650, when Cowley and Baxter began to write; 1740, when Johnson was becoming known; 1800, when Cobbett was making his mark.

<sup>2</sup> Chaucer talks of 'a *verray* parfit gentil knight,' but here the *verray* is an adjective.

corruption soon spread Southward. In a letter of 1464, the old Northern Plural of the Present Tense in *s* is seen; and Robert of Brunne's *holy* (integrè) is changed into *wholie*, a wretched corruption which we are still doomed to write.<sup>1</sup> In the same letter, we see *far* (procul) replacing the old *ferre*, as it did in the Northern Psalter. I give the Knaresborough wedding formula of 1450: 'Here I take the . . . to my wedded wife to hold and to have, att bed and att bord, for farer or lather, for better for warse, in sicknesse and in hele, to dede us depart, and thereto I plight the my trowth.'<sup>2</sup>

Salop, like Yorkshire, has had some influence upon Standard English. In 1426, an old blind monk, known as 'Syr Ion Audlay,' was compiling his poems, striking at Lollards and worthless priests alike.<sup>3</sup> He lived on the border land between the Northern and the Southern varieties of English speech, as we could tell from a few lines in page 65:

And vii aves to our lady,  
Fore *sche* is the wel of al peté,  
That *heo* wyl fore me pray.

The Salopian shows us that the old *lewd* (indoctus) was getting its bad modern meaning, when at page 3 he brands the wicked lives of the clergy of his time. He

<sup>1</sup> I have ventured on writing *rime* instead of *rhyme*; but I must leave to bolder men to write *hole* instead of *whole*, *coud* instead of *could*.

<sup>2</sup> *Plumpton Letters* (Camden Society), LIV., LXXVII. 1, 11, 233.

<sup>3</sup> *Percy Society*, No. 47. The *Sir*, applied to a priest, lasted two hundred years, down to Sir Hugh Evans.

pronounced *one* (unus) much as we do : in page 35 we read :

‘*thai serven won Lord.*’

This *won* was to be brought into the English Bible, a hundred years later, by another Western man. What Chaucer called a *persone*, Audlay calls a *parsun* ; he also tries to Latinize the old *siker* (securus), writing it *secur*.

We must glance at Audlay's shire thirty years after he wrote ; in this interval, the Southern speech seems to have been losing ground. There is hardly a spot, throughout England, so closely linked both to our history and to our literature, as that Salopian stronghold, Ludlow Castle. Here it was that Richard Duke of York (he held also Sandal in Yorkshire) brought up his children ; from hence in 1454 was written the joint letter of the future King Edward IV. and of the boy Rutland, who was soon to fall at Wakefield.<sup>1</sup> This letter is most unlike in its forms (*geve* replaces *zeve*) to the language Bishop Pecock would have used at Paul's Cross before his London hearers ; it shows us the clipped English that must have been learnt in childhood by King Edward and his sister, the future wife of Charles the Bold. When the Sun of York was making glorious summer in England, more Northern forms came in ; the conqueror's diction may be studied in some of the Paston Letters.<sup>2</sup> Now it was, if ever, that Kings brought

<sup>1</sup> All inflections are here clipped, much as they are in 1873. The letter is in Gairdner's *Paston Letters*, I. cxi.

<sup>2</sup> Do., I. 298, (here the word *adoo* (negotium) comes ; 325, lxxvii. The rightful *g* is here beginning to replace the usurping *y*.)

influence to bear upon England's tongue.<sup>1</sup> After 1460, the clipped inflections of Ludlow and Sandal must have become familiar in the ears of the ladies and knights that begirt Edward IV. and the Kingmaker at the Court of London. But it was abroad, more than at home, that change was at work. Caxton, a Kentish man, whose grandfather must have been born about the time that the *Ayenbite of Inwit* was compiled, lived long in London; and then about 1440 betook himself to the Low Countries, where he printed the first English book in 1471. We might have expected, from his birth and breeding, that he would have held fast to the old Southern forms and inflections, at least as much as Bishop Pecock did. But Caxton had come under another influence. In 1468 he had begun translating into English the *Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye*; and in the same year King Edward's sister was given to Charles the Bold. The new Duchess took an interest in the work of her countryman, who had sickened of his task after writing five or six quires. In 1470, 'she commanded me,' says Caxton, 'to shew the said five or six quires to her said grace. And when she had seen them, anon she found defaute in mine English, which she commanded me to amend.' She bade him (he had a yearly fee from her) go on with his book; and this work, the first ever printed in our tongue, came out in 1471. It was 'not

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Earle tells us (*Philology of the English Tongue*, p. 97) that 'a French family settled in England and edited the English language;' he means the Plantagenets. I suspect that the Queen's English owes more to a Lincolnshire monk, on whom I have bestowed some pains, than to all our Kings put together who have reigned since the year 901.

written with pen and ink, as other books are, to the end that every man may have them at once.' Wherein did the Duchess and the Printer differ in their views of English? In this, that the one came of a Northern house, while the other had been born and bred in the South.<sup>1</sup> Owing to the new influence, in Caxton's first work we see the loss of the old Southern inflections of the Verb; and we find Orrmin's *their, them, and that* (iste) well established, instead of the Southern *her, hem, and thilk*, beloved of Pecoek. Plural Adjectives no longer end in *s*; for we read '*strange habitacions*' in the first page of the *Recuyell*. The word *yle* (insula) in the same page is spelt without the intruding *s*. Manning's way of writing *y* instead of *i* is often found; but this we have happily refused to follow. The old form *that oon . . . that othir* (in Latin, *alter . . . alter*) comes once more. In the Game of the Chess, published in 1474, we find *ner* for the Latin *neque*, an odd mixture of the Southern *ne* with the North Western corruption *nor*. The hard *g* is seen once more, as in *agayn*, driving out the usurper *y*. When we weigh the works of Caxton, who wrote under the eye of the Yorkist Princess, we should bear in mind the English written by her father in 1452.<sup>2</sup> The Midland speech was now carrying all before it. The Acts of Parliament passed under the last Plantagenet King were printed by the old servant of the House of York.

<sup>1</sup> See Knight's *Life of Caxton*. *The Recuyell*, and some of Caxton's later works, are exposed to view in a case at the British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> See York's long State Paper in Gairdner's *Paston Letters*, lxxvii. He used the Northern Genitive *bother* (amborum), a very late instance.—*Archæologia*, XXIX. 132.

Caxton's press was of great use in fixing our speech. The English spoken at London, brought thither from the Mercian Danelagh, was now established as the Standard; Puttenham, in a well-known passage written a hundred years later, will have nothing to say to any speech but that of London and the neighbouring shires. Strange it is that Caxton, a Kentishman, should have been the writer who sealed the triumph of Midland English as our Standard for the future. One of his best works is *Renard the Fox* (Percy Society), which he translated from the Dutch; traces of the sister tongue we see in words like *moed*, *saacke*, *lupaerd*, *unghebuck*, which must be due to Dutch handicraftsmen. Caxton says, 'I have folowed as nyghe as I can my copie, which was in dutche, and translated into this rude and symple Englyssh;' the date of the work is 1481. There are here many old Teutonic words, now obsolete, which we could ill afford to lose, and which Tyndale unhappily did not employ in his great work, though they must have been household words in his childhood. Such are *eme*, *overal*, *lief*, *bleeve*, *wyte*, *elenge*, *sybbe*, *to dere*, *to bote*, and others.<sup>1</sup> Caxton's great claim upon us is, that in many words he gave us back the old *g*, which for the foregoing three hundred years had been softened into *y* in words like *gate*, *get*, *again*; he even writes *galp* instead of *yelp*. It was now settled that we were to employ *peyne* and not *pine*. We find *brydge* and *hedche*, the spelling showing how they

<sup>1</sup> It is wonderful that the Norse *thrive* and the French *flourish* between them drove out the Old English *theon*; for the expletive 'so mote I the!' asted down to 1500, and is found in many a ballad.

were pronounced in the late Plantagenet days; *bury* follows the Southern, *gylty* the Northern form; there are *herke*, *hearke*, and *harkene*, all three; there are both *lawhe* and *laugh*. When we see *borugh*, we think of a *borough* of men, but it means only a *burrow* of conies; our spelling was not yet thoroughly settled. Theft is expressed by *roving*; we have since given a new meaning to the word. The bear is called both Bruyn and Brownyng. We find the interjection *O ho*, and also our common pronunciation of *me lorde*. The *z* is employed to spell *wesel*, which had of old been *wesel*; *puf* is used where we say *pook*.

Caxton had many words and phrases which Tyndale was afterwards to make immortal; such are, *skrabbing*, *ravyn*, *kyen*, *adoo*, *good luck*, *to you-ward*, *oftymes*, *in lyke wyse*, *chyde with*, *bewraye*, *take hede*, *al be it that*, *if so be that*, *how be it*. As to Romance words, we find *rere-ward*, *concubyne*, *tarye*, *stuff*, *straytly*, *sauf that*, *secrete chamber*, *dwelllyng place*, *according to*, *sporte*, *abhor*, *mock*, *refrayne himself*. There is also the portentous compound, *disworshipped*. Still the home-born *mis* held its own against the outlandish *dis*; two hundred years later Bunyan writes *mistrust* and not *distrust*.

In 1482, Caxton brought out an old chronicle written by Trevisa a century earlier; the great printer says, 'I somewhat chaunged the rude and old Englyssh, that is to wete, certayn wordes which in these days be neither usyd ne understanden.' We thus see that the Verbs *clepe*, *fonge*, *won*, *welk*, *steihe*, *wilne*, and *behote* had become obsolete; *buxom*, *nesche*, *lesue*, and *bede* now sounded strange in London ears; *swipe* had to be turned into *right*, and *sprankelep* into *sperclyth*. The letter *z*

(standing for *y*) is clean gone, and *p* is hardly ever used for *th*; this *p*, which had been often employed in the Recuyell, is a sad loss.<sup>1</sup> England was slowly forgetting her old words; and the bad habit would have been carried further, but for Caxton's press and for a great religious change that happened forty years after this time.

Lord Berners' translation of Froissart may be looked on as a new landmark in our tongue. Those who filled up the gap between Caxton and the learned nobleman, men like Hawes, Skelton, and Barclay, have few worshippers now but antiquaries. The Englished Froissart, given to the world in 1523, heads a long roll of noble works, that have followed each other, it may be said, without a break for three hundred and fifty years. Since 1523, there is not an instance of twenty years passing over England, without the appearance of some book, which she has taken to her heart and will not willingly let die. No literature in the world has ever been blessed with so continuous a spell of glory. Two of her great men, whose works are inscribed on the aforesaid roll, would by most foreign critics be reckoned among the five foremost intellects of the world; a large proportion forsooth to be claimed by one nation.

One of the earliest English works that followed Lord Berners' Froissart was the New Testament, published at Worms in 1525, by William Tyndale of Gloucestershire.

<sup>1</sup> Higden's *Polychronicon* (Master of the Rolls), page 63. The *her* and *hem*, rejected by Caxton, still kept their ground in 1482, as we see in the *Revelation of the Monk of Evesham*, printed by De Machlinia; it is one of Arber's reprints.

Wickliffe had made his translation from the Vulgate, and his work is sadly marred by Latin idioms most strange to English ears; Tyndale, being a ripe Greek and Hebrew scholar, went right to the fountain-head.<sup>1</sup> His New Testament has become the Standard of our tongue; the first ten verses of the Fourth Gospel are a good sample of his manly Teutonic pith. It is amusing to think how differently one of our penny-a-liners would handle the passage; he would deem that so lofty a subject could be fairly expressed in none but the finest Romance words to be found in Johnson or Gibbon.<sup>2</sup> Most happily, our authorized version of the Scriptures was built upon the translation which Tyndale had almost completed before his martyrdom. When we read our Bibles, we are in truth taken back far beyond the days of Bacon and Andrewes to the time of Wolsey and More.

Tyndale, a man well known alike at Oxford, Cambridge, and London, may be said to have fixed our tongue once for all; a few words were now changing for the worse. He it was who brought in the corrupt Yorkshire *those* (*isti*) instead of the old *tha* or *tho*, though the latter also may be found now and then in his Testament. He thus established a vicious form, which had been used almost three hundred years earlier in the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Demaus has lately written his life. Tyndale in prison wrote a letter, still extant, beseeching his Flemish gaolers to let him have his Hebrew books—the ruling passion strong in death. Of all our great writers, he is the one about whom most mistakes have been made by later enquirers.

<sup>2</sup> A scribe in the *Daily Telegraph*, July 14, 1873, speaks thus, in a leader on the Duke of Edinburgh: ‘He ranks next in *geniture* to the heir of our throne.’ *Hoc fonte derivata clades, &c.*

Northern Psalter.<sup>1</sup> He speaks of *twyse* and *thryse*, but has unluckily the corrupt *once* instead of *ones*. *Fadir* and *modir* now become *father* and *mother*. We see almost the moment of their change, when we find in Tyndale's New Testament the three forms *hidder*, *hydther*, and *hetherto*; we also find *gadther*. *Against* and *amongst* appear with their last consonant, which they were never to lose. We have both the old *coude* (potui) and also the corruption into *coude* from a false analogy; there is the good old Teutonic *rightewes* and also the new Latinized *righteous*: pity it was that Tyndale had no share in Leland's knowledge of Old English. The upstart *kill* comes as often as *slay*. Pecoock's *you silf* is corrupted into *youre selves*, as if *self* was a substantive. The *symle* (semper) of 1000, and the *ever* of 1380, now become *all wayes*. We find some old forms almost for the last time, as, *do on hym a garment*, *anhongred*, *hedling*, *unethe*, he *leugh* (risit). There are some forms which seem to be relics of the writer's native Gloucestershire: *honde*<sup>2</sup> (manus), *awne* (proprius), *axe* (rogare), *mooare* (plus), *lawears* (juris periti), *visicion* (medicus). Tyndale sometimes goes much nearer to the Old English of the year 1000 than Wickliffe does; thus *geve* replaces *yewe*; he has *one loofe* instead of *o loof*; *feawe*, not *fewe*; *brydegrome*, not *spouse*; *lende*, not *gyve borwyng*; *lett the deed bury*, not *suffre that deede men burie*; *in the middes*, not *in the middil*. Tyndale brought in some

<sup>1</sup> See p. 145 of the present work.

<sup>2</sup> This is the form taken by the word in old Worcester charters drawn up seven hundred years before Tyndale wrote.

words hitherto unused in Scriptural translations; such as, *at all, nor, lyke wyse, ado, God forbid*: this last replaces Wickliffe's '*fer be it.*' *Whole* (sanus) takes the hideous interloping letter that begins the word; the Salopian *won* is used for *unus*. The word *abroad* had been used earlier in a sense like the Latin *latè*: since 1525 we have used it to express also the Latin *foris*. This last meaning comes, not from the Old English *brad*, but from the Norse *brant*, a way.<sup>1</sup> We see a few new terms; thus, the word *already* was beginning to come in, and was employed twice in the Gospels. Wickliffe's *waves* (fluctus) are now turned into *waves*. The adjective *sad* had hitherto meant nothing more than *gravis*; it now began to take its new meaning, *tristis*. What was called *unrôte* in the year 1000, and *sorwful* in 1380, is here called *sadde*; but this new sense comes only twice in the Four Gospels. Wickliffe had translated *volvere* by *walew* (wallow); but Tyndale uses this English verb in an intransitive sense only; he writes *roll* for *volvere*. The verb *werian* (induere) had been of old a Weak verb, and made its Perfect *werode*; but Tyndale turns this into a Strong Perfect, a change most seldom found in English. In his translation of St. Luke viii. 27, we read that the man which had a devil '*ware noo clothes.*' We still say *wore* and *worn*. He gave us a few words hardly ever used before his time, such as *immediatly* (he has also the old *anon*, to which he should have stuck), *exceedingly*, and *streyght waye*. He stands almost at the end of the old school of writers,

<sup>1</sup> Dasent, *Jest and Earnest*, ii. 63.

before the Latin forms had come in like a flood, as they were to do all through this Century. He therefore leans to the old way, when writing *baptim*, *advoutry*, *crysten*, *soudeour* (miles), *parfit*, *unpossyble*. I could wish that he had kept to the English, instead of the French pattern, in such words as *afrayed* and *defyle*. He made a sad mistake in not writing 'Peter was to blame' in a well-known passage. He was too fond of *similitude*, *conclusion*, *seniours*; and we have to regret that by 1525 such words as *certain*, *herbes*,<sup>1</sup> *loins*, *physician* had supplanted good old English equivalents. About forty Strong verbs, which we still keep, had by this time been turned into Weak verbs; since then, *holpen* has been corrupted into *helped*, though the former occurs in a well-known passage.

Tyndale, though hunted out of his own land, was always a sound and wise patriot; his political tracts are as well worth studying as his religious books. He uplifted his voice against the folly of England's meddling in foreign wars, at the time when Zwingli was giving the like wholesome rede to the Switzers. Tyndale's works fill two goodly volumes, yet these contain only about twelve Teutonic words that have become obsolete since his time; a strong proof of the influence his translation of the Bible has had upon England, in keeping her steady to her old speech. As to the proportion of Latin words in his writings, of his nouns, verbs, and adverbs, three out of four are Teutonic, and in this pure

<sup>1</sup> This is pronounced *yarbs* in America, as we see in Cooper; and Tyndale wrote it *yerbes*.

style he is rivalled by his great enemy, the Chancellor.<sup>1</sup> Never were two English writers better matched in fight than More and Tyndale; loud was the wrangling over the Reformer's rendering of the Greek Scriptural words *charis*, *ecclesia*, *presbyteros*, *metanoia*. All Greek scholars must see what an advantage Tyndale had over Wickliffe, when we read an absurd version of Wickliffe's in the parable of the son, who at first refused to work in his father's vineyard, but afterwards 'stirid by penaunce' went.<sup>2</sup> The men that loved not the Reformation had a rooted mistrust of Tyndale's Bible. Long after the Martyr's death, Bishop Gardiner in 1542 brought forward a list of 102 Latin words (so he called them), which ought to be retained in any English version 'for the majesty of the matter in them contained.' Among these majestic words were *olacausta* (sic), *simulacrum*, *panis*, *peccator*, *rizania*, *hostia*, and others of the like kind.<sup>3</sup> It was a happy thing that the Bishop was

<sup>1</sup> King Alfred and Tyndale are alike in this, that three-fourths of their 'weighty words' are Teutonic, such as can be now understood; but as to the other fourth, Alfred's Teutonic has been replaced by the French and Latin that Tyndale was driven to use, owing to the heedlessness of the Thirteenth Century.

<sup>2</sup> A corrupt religion will corrupt its technical terms. One of the most curious instances of the degradation of a word is St. Jerome's *penitentia*, an act of the mind, which he uses of God Himself; this word in Italy (*penitenza*) now means no more than some bodily act of atonement for sin. This is as great a drop as when we find *virtus* and *virtu* expressing widely different things; the one suits Camillus, the other Cellini. Coverdale, who translated the New Testament ten years after Tyndale had done it, sometimes turns *metanoia* into *penance*, one of the many faults of his version. Words, like coins, get worn away by the wear and tear of ages.

<sup>3</sup> Anderson's *Annals of the English Bible*, ii. 151.

forbidden to meddle in the business; and this Protestants and philologers alike must thankfully acknowledge. But the old *housel*, which in the English mind was linked with the Roman idea of the Eucharist, was cast aside when the Reformation triumphed.<sup>1</sup>

In the wordy strife between Tyndale and More, the two best English writers of their day, we trace further changes in English. The Chancellor often employs the old form *sith* (quoniam), and we also find the corrupt *since*; the two lingered on side by side into the next Century. *Are* (sunt) sometimes replaces *be*, in spite of the Reformer having been bred in Gloucestershire. He is perhaps the first Englishman who used the word *popish*. He speaks of a flock '*going to pot*,' and gives us *bo-peep* and '*huker-muker*,' which has been but little changed. He applies *naughty*, a new word, to a priest. The ever-waxing influence of classical learning was ere long to substitute *vituals* for the old *vitaille*, the sound of which we still partly keep: this influence may be traced in Tyndale's use of words like *delectable* and *crudelity* in the works he printed just before his death; these forms he would not have used when he fled from England a dozen years earlier.<sup>2</sup> He kept his eye upon each succeeding edition of Erasmus' Greek Testament, and thus made his own English version more perfect. I now

<sup>1</sup> Tyndale went wrong in using *worship* to translate many widely different Greek words. We have now almost lost the true sense of that good old verb. I have heard men find fault with that clause of the Marriage Service, 'with my body I thee worship;' of old, this verb meant nothing more but 'to honour.'

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Marsh has pointed out More's rebuke to Tyndale for using *yea* and *nay* improperly.

quote a passage from his Obedience of a Christian Man, put forth in 1527 ; this will show the scholarship of

Ille Dei vates sacer, Esdras ille Britannus,  
Fida manus sacri fidaque mens codicis.<sup>1</sup>

‘ Saint Jerom translated the bible into his mother tongue : why may not we also ? They will say it cannot be translated into our tongue, it is so rude. It is not so rude as they are false liars. For the Greek tongue agreeth more with the English than with the Latin. And the properties of the Hebrew tongue agreeth<sup>2</sup> a thousand times more with the English than with the Latin. The manner of speaking is both one ; so that in a thousand places thou needest not but to translate it into the English, word for word ; when thou must seek a compass in the Latin, and yet shall have much work to translate it well-favouredly, so that it have the same grace and sweetness, sense and pure understanding with it in the Latin, and as it hath in the Hebrew. A thousand parts better may it be translated into the English, than into the Latin.’

The Reformer lived to English most of the Bible ; the little he left undone at his death in 1536 was finished by his friend Rogers, Queen Mary’s first victim. This was the Bible set up in every English parish church by Henry VIII., though he had long plotted against the Translator’s life.

I must glance at another of Tyndale’s helpers. William Roy, a runaway Franciscan, was employed by Tyndale in 1525 to compare the texts of the New Testament and to write. The two men had not much in common.

<sup>1</sup> So called by Johnston, Professor at St. Andrews in 1593. Anderson’s *Annals of the English Bible*, ii. 486. I wish that the Parker Society had published Tyndale’s works in his own spelling.

<sup>2</sup> Here we have the old Southern form of the Plural of the Verb ; it is not often found after Tyndale’s day.

'When that was ended,' says Tyndale, 'I toke my leve and bode him farewel for oure two lives and, as men saye, a daye longer.' Roy went to Strasburg, and there in 1528 printed his biting rimes against the English clergy.<sup>1</sup> I give an extract from page 71.

Alas, mate, all to geder is synne,  
And wretchednes most miserable.  
What! a man of *religion*  
Is reputed a dedde person  
To worldly conversacion.

Here we see that Religion still keeps its old sense of *monkery*; but Tyndale was bringing a new sense of the word into vogue among Englishmen.<sup>2</sup>

Roy talks of '*wholy* S. Fraunces' (sanctus). We have been mercifully spared this corruption of the old English; *wholly* (integrè) is bad enough, with its useless first letter. He has both *Christen* and *Christian*, the old and the new form. His *defoyle* (page 113) shows how the French *defouler* became our *defile*. He still uses *ryches* as a noun singular; and he has *per hapis* (forsitan).

The translations of the Bible, put forth by Tyndale and Roy, slipped into many an out-of-the-way corner of England. Young Robert Plumpton, who was at the Temple about 1536, sends 'the Newe Testament, which is the trewe Gospell of God,' to his mother in her Yorkshire home. He says that he wishes not to bring her into any heresies. 'Wherefore, I will never write nothing to you, nor saye nothings to you, concerninge

<sup>1</sup> See Arber's Reprint of *Rede me and be nott wrothe*.

<sup>2</sup> Pecoock assigns more than one meaning to *Religion* in his *Repressor*.

the Scriptures, but will dye in the quarrell.'<sup>1</sup> I give this sentence, as it is one of the last occasions that we find a gentleman of good blood, and eke learned in the law, piling up negatives after the true Old English fashion; a habit that now prevails only among the lower orders. Tyndale had looked askant upon this idiom, of which Caxton was not ashamed. Our tongue was in this respect to leave the old path and to follow the Latin; the land was now athirst for classic learning.

The time, when England broke away from the Italian yoke, falls in precisely with the time, when the diction of her bards was greatly changed for the better. Langland, true genius though he might be, was wrong in employing so vast a number of French words in his work; the *Passus Decimus-Quartus* of his *Vision* has one French word for two English, counting the nouns, verbs, and adverbs alone. Chaucer penning a hymn to the Virgin is most different from Chaucer laughing over the pranks of naughty lads at the Universities; in the former case he heaps up his French words to a wondrous extent. The same tendency may be seen in Lydgate, Hawes, Dunbar, and their brethren; the worst sinners in this respect being monks and writers of Church legends. To prove my point, I give a stanza from a poem composed by the Abbot of Gloucester in 1524; we may almost call it the last dying strains, somewhat prosaic in truth, of the Old Creed:—

<sup>1</sup> *Plumpton Correspondence*, p. 233 (Camden Society).

## XXI.

Where is and shall be eternall  
 Joy, incomparable myrth without heaviness,  
 Love with Charity and grace Celestiall,  
 Lasting interminable, lacking no goodness.  
 In that Citty virtue shall never cease,  
 And felicity no Soule shall misse,  
 Magnifying the name of the Kinge of Blisse.

## XXII.

This compendious Extract compiled was new,  
 A thousand yeere 5 hundred fower and twenty  
 From the birthe of our Saviour Christ Jesue,  
 By the Reverend Father of worthy memory,  
 Willm̄ Malverne, Abbot of this Monastery,  
 Whome God preserve in long life and prosperity,  
 And after death him graunt Eternall Felicity.<sup>1</sup>

But about the time that Tyndale was giving the English Bible to his countrymen in their own tongue, and that Cromwell was hammering the monks, a new soul seems to have been breathed into English poetry. Surrey and Wyatt stand at the head of the new school, and show themselves Teutons of the right breed; they clearly had no silly love for lumbering Latinized stuff. The true path, pointed out by them, was soon to be followed in this Sixteenth Century by Buckhurst, Gascoigne, Sidney, and by two men greater still. Even Southwell, who died in the Pope's behalf, cleaves fast to the new Teutonic diction of his brother bards. The Reformation

<sup>1</sup> Hearne's *Robert of Gloucester*, ii. 584. The old spelling has been partly changed.

has been called an uprising of Teutonism against Latinism; nowhere does this come out clearer than in English Poetry.

But this Sixteenth Century had a widely different effect on our Prose. Latin was the great link between our own Reformers and those of other lands; and the temptation was strong to bring into vogue Latin terms for the new ideas in religion that were taking root in our island. Theology was the great subject of the age; and King Henry VIII. remarked to his Parliament in 1545: 'I am very sorry to know and hear how unreverently that most precious jewel, the Word of God, is disputed, rimed, sung, and jangled in every ale house and tavern, contrary to the true meaning and doctrine of the same.' Besides this intense thirst after religious discussion, our fathers later on in the Century saw for the first time the authors of Greece and Rome clad in an English dress; and the sailors who bore the English flag round the world were always printing wondrous tales of their wanderings. Plymouth, as well as Oxford, was making her influence felt. Our land, therefore, owned at the end of the Sixteenth Century thousands of new words, which would have seemed strange to Hawes and Roy; a fair store of words was being made ready for Shakespere, whose genius would not bear cramping. The people, for whom he was to write, had a strong taste for theology, for the classics, and for sea roving; each of these tastes brought in shoals of new words. We had long had Latin words in their corrupt French form, such as *balm*, *feat*, *frail*, *sure*; we now began to write the original Latin of these forms, *balsam*, *fact*, *fragile*,

*secure*; keeping all the words, original and corrupt, alike. English was becoming most copious.

It is to the ripe and mellow wisdom of Cranmer that we owe the English Prayer Book almost as it now stands. It is his best monument; he had no vulgar wish to sweep away what was old, unless the sacrifice were called for by the cause of Truth. We have seen that some of the Book's formularies date from Wickliffe's day; others, such as the Bidding prayer, betoken a wish to yoke together the Teutonic and the Romance in pairs, like *acknowledge* and *confess*, *humble* and *lowly*, *goodness* and *mercy*, *assemble* and *meet*, *pray* and *beseech*.<sup>1</sup> Even so the Law talks of *yielding* and *paying*. In the Collects, the proportion of French to English is much the same as in Chaucer's prose earlier, and as Addison was to write later. Lord Macaulay long ago contrasted our English prayers, compiled when our language was full of sap and vigour, with the older Latin forms translated by Cranmer, the work of an age of third-rate Latinity. Yet the Archbishop's work was held cheap by some of his flock. The stalwart peasantry of our Western shires, the men who rose against his system, called this new Prayer Book nothing but 'a Christmas game.'

It is well known how great an influence Luther and Calvin have had upon their respective tongues; in like manner, one effect of the Reformation was to keep England steady to her old speech. As we have always had the voices of Tyndale and Cranmer ringing in our ears

<sup>1</sup> Compare the prayers of Cranmer's compilation with those now and then put forth by authority in our own time. The art of compiling prayers seems to be lost.

week after week for the last three Centuries, we have lost but few words since the time of these worthies; the most remarkable of our losses are *bolled*, *daysman*, *to ear*, *silverling*, and *meteyard*, found in parts of Scripture not much read. Hearne, writing 170 years later, mourned over the substitution of modern words for *rede* (consilium) and *behight* (promisit), both used by Sternhold in his version of the Psalms, made in the days of Edward VI. 'Strange alterations,' says the Antiquary, 'all for the worse.' On the other hand, we could have gladly spared out of the Bible such needless foreign words as *affinity*, *artificer*, *champaign*, *cholera*,<sup>1</sup> *concupiscence*, *immutable*, *intelligence*, *magnifical*, *mollify*, *prognosticate*, *secondarily*, *similitude*, *terrestrial*, though they happily come but seldom.<sup>2</sup> They stand in striking contrast to words like *thank-worthy*, *stiff-necked*, *ringstraked*, *loving-kindness*, *yoke-fellow*, *undersetters*, *waterflood*, *well-spring*, *good-man*, *slaughter-weapon*. We even find the old *sith* (quoniam), and *steads* (loca). The Old English *grin* (laqueus) was a word still common enough to be used in the Version of 1611, but already the Norse *gin* (first used in the Ormulum) was encroaching on it; and the French *engyne* conveyed a kindred meaning. *Shamefastness* was printed in the right way; and this our writers and printers of

<sup>1</sup> We English abound in terms for this passion. *Wrath* and *ire* came over with Hengist; the Danes brought *anger*; the French gave us *rage* and *fury*; the Latin supplied *indignation*; the Greek *cholera*. We further conferred this sense on *passion*.

<sup>2</sup> *Habergeon* and *brigandine* are relics of Sixteenth Century warfare. By the bye, what would the old bowmen, who decided so many fields between Hastings and Pinkie, have said to our monstrous word *toxophilite*?

1873 ought to restore forthwith. The English privative *in* comes often where we now use the Latin *in*. We find such old words as *anon*, *chapman*, *halt*, *knap*, *let*, *list*, *neesing*, *trou*, *ward*, *wax*, *wot*, still struggling for life. What fine old idioms we have preserved to us in *well is thee*, *woe is me*, *woe worth the day*, *the gate opened of his own accord*, *the more part of them*,<sup>1</sup> *do you to wit*, *to have an evil will at Zion*, *I was shapen*, *whether* (uter) *of the two*, *set them at one again!* The phrase *would God!* which we owe to Manning in 1303, is a thoroughly English idiom, and is not sanctioned by the Hebrew.<sup>2</sup> The Douay Bible has had a lot widely different from that of Tyndale's Version; already in 1583 Fulke was railing against the foreign work and its authors; he branded 'affected novelties of terms, such as neither English nor Christian ears ever heard in the English tongue — *scandal*, *prepuce*, *neophyte*, *depositum*, *gratis*, *parascève*, *paraclete*, *exinanite*, *repropitiate*, and a hundred such like ink horn terms.'<sup>3</sup> Fulke further on protests against *azymes*, *schisms*, *zelators*: 'these and such other be wonders of words that wise men can give no good reason why they should be used.' Why not talk of *gazophilace* and the *encœnes*? Fulke's book, reprinted by the Parker Society, should be in the hands of all philologists; it is to be wished that he could come to life

<sup>1</sup> This sense of *more* (major) lingers in our 'more's the pity.'

<sup>2</sup> I have been guided here by Eastwood and Wright. May the Revisors of 1873 hold fast to the Teutonic element in our Version, whatever else they do!

<sup>3</sup> Fancy such words as *exinanite* and *repropitiate* being read out in our parish churches! *Dî meliora piis erroremque hostibus illum!*

and be clothed with full power over the English press in our own day. Many a penny-a-lining quack would he yoke to the cart's tail.

It is well known that those who revised the English Bible in 1611 were bidden to keep as near as they could to the old versions, such as Tyndale's: this behest is one of the few good things that we owe to our Northern Solomon, the great inventor of *kingcraft*. The diction of the Bible seemed most archaic in the mouths of the Puritans in 1642, as their foes tell us; this could hardly have been the case had the version been a work of Bacon's time. The Book's influence upon all English-speaking men has been most astounding; the Koran alone can boast an equal share of reverence, spread far and wide. Of the English Bible's 6,000 words, only 250 are not in common use now; and almost all of these last are readily understood.<sup>1</sup> Every good English writer has drawn freely upon the great Version: we know the skill with which Lord Macaulay and others interweave its homely, pithy diction with their prose. Even men who have left the English Church acknowledge that Rome herself cannot conjure away the old spell laid upon their minds by Tyndale's Bible. This book it is that affords the first lessons lisped by the English child at its mother's knee; this book it is that prompts the last words faltered by the English grey-beard on his death-bed. In this book we have found our strongest breakwater against the tides of silly novelties, ever

<sup>1</sup> I take from Marsh my statistics as to the words of the Bible. The French have no need to go so far back as the Constable Bourbon's time for the standard of *their* tongue.

threatening to swamp our speech. Tyndale stands in a far nearer relation to us than Dante stands to the Italians.

Among the East Midlanders who helped on the Reformation were Cranmer, Latimer, and Foxe; Hall and Bunyan were to come later.<sup>1</sup> English literature is so closely intertwined with English history and English religion that we are driven to ask, what would have been the future of our tongue, had the Reformation, the great event of this Sixteenth Century, been trampled down in our island? Our national character is nearer akin to that of Spain than to that of France; I fear, therefore, that had Rome won the day in England, our religion would have smacked more of Philip II. than of Cardinal Richelieu, more of grim bloody Ultramontaniam than of the other and milder form of Romanism. We know how Cervantes felt himself shackled by the awful, overbearing Inquisition: English writers would have fared no better, but would have dragged on their lives in everlasting fear of spies, gaolers, racks, and stakes. Could Shakespere have breathed in such an air? Hardly so. Could Milton? Most assuredly not. Our mother tongue, thought unworthy to become the handmaid of religion, would have sunk (*exinanited*) into a Romance jargon, with few Teutonic words in it but pronouns, conjunctions, and such like.

Many Orders of the Roman Church have brought their influence to bear upon our speech. In the Seventh Century, the Benedictines gave us our first batch of Latin ware, the technical words employed by Western

<sup>1</sup> Dryden came from the same district.

Christianity.<sup>1</sup> In the Thirteenth Century, the Franciscans, as I think, wrought great havock among our old words, and brought into vogue hundreds of French terms. In the Sixteenth Century, the Jesuits and their friends strove hard to set up a religious machinery of their own among us; happy was it for England that she turned away from their merchandise, so hated of old Fulke. These luckless followers of the Pope, as time wore on, found their English style as much disliked as their politics or their creed; glad were they in the days of James II. when so great a master as Dryden came to their help in controversy.<sup>2</sup> Such evil words as *probabilism* and *infallibilist* were never to become common in English mouths.

The Reformation, among its other blessings, bound together those old foes England and Scotland by ties undreamt of in the days of Wolsey; it wrought a further change in the North country's speech. Tyndale's great work was smuggled from abroad into Scotland, as well as into England. A Scotch heretic on his trial in 1539, referred to his Testament, which he kept ready at hand; the accuser shouted, 'Behold, Sirs, he has the book of heresy in his sleeve, that makes all the din and play in our Kirk!'<sup>3</sup> Tyndale, as I before showed, wrought for the good of England in more ways than one. John

<sup>1</sup> There are but two or three Latin words in our tongue, brought hither before Augustine's time.

<sup>2</sup> 'Hout, Monkbarns, dinna set your wit against a bairn!' says Edie Ochiltree. This sentence might be applied to Stillingfleet, when we consider the men pitted against him. Dryden says that it was the great Anglican divines who taught him how to write English.

<sup>3</sup> Anderson's *Annals of the English Bible*, ii. 501.

Knox was soundly rated by the other side for Anglicizing, not only in religion and politics, but also in his speech. Soon after 1600, Aytoun and Drummond wrote in the London dialect; Scotland, as she would have said herself, had to 'dree her weird.' The false Southron was fast getting the upper hand by a new kind of warfare; the Lowland peasantry, among whom schools began to thrive, read the truths of religion enshrined in a dialect that would have jarred on the ears of John Bellenden or Gawain Douglas. To this day the Scotch minister in his sermons keeps as near as he can to the speech of Westminster and Oxford; though his flock, when in the field or at the hearth, cleave fast to their good old Northern tongue.<sup>1</sup>

Thus the New Standard English, convoyed by the Reformation, made its way to the far North, and also into the Protestant settlements in Ireland; it soon afterwards crossed the Atlantic in the Pilgrim Fathers' ship. Tyndale's great work, beloved by all forms alike of English Protestantism, will for ever be a bond of fellowship between the seventy millions of the Angel cyn, whether they live on the Thames, the Potomac, the Kuruman, or the Murrumbidgee. Our tongue is like the Turk, who will bear no brothers near his throne; Irish and Welsh are dying out, as Cornish did long ago.

The great prose writers of the Sixteenth Century did much for the cause of sound English. Cheke, though writing some years after Tyndale's death, had a hankering after Fifteenth Century words, and strove to keep

<sup>1</sup> In like manner, Luther's speech is used in the pulpit among the Low Germans of the Baltic.

alive *againrising* and *againbirth*. His pupil Ascham made head against the foreign rubbish, which 'did make all thinges darke and hard.' Wilson in 1550 branded the 'strange ynkehorne terms' of his day. One part of his criticism may be most earnestly recommended to the fine writers of our own time. 'Some seke so farre for outlandishe Englishe, that thei forgette altogether their mothers' language . . . He that commeth lately out of France, will talke Frenche-English, and never blush at the matter. The unlearned or foolishe phantasticall that smelles but of learnyng will so Latin their toungues that the simple cannot but wonder at their talke and thinke surely thei speake by some revelacion. I know them that thinke Rhetorique to stand whollie upon darke woordes, and he that can catche an ynke horne terme by the taile, hym thei coumpt to be a fine Englishman and a good Rhetorician.'<sup>1</sup> In spite of all these drawbacks, Mulcaster wrote thus in 1583: 'The English tung cannot prove fairer than it is at this day.'<sup>2</sup> He was a rash soothsayer, and little knew what was to be the literary history of the next thirty years.

I have dwelt much on Manning, Chaucer, and Caxton; but it was three Englishmen, writing within ninety years after 1525, who had the honour of settling the form of our speech for ever. I have spoken of Tyndale and Cranmer; Shakespere, the employer of no fewer than 15,000 English words, was yet to come. It would be hopeless

<sup>1</sup> *The Art of Rhetorique*, written by Wilson, about 1550. Can he have had a prophetic glimpse of the *Daily Telegraph* of 1873?

<sup>2</sup> Marsh, *Lectures on the English Language*, p. 51.

indeed for me to add aught to the praises so lavishly heaped upon the mighty Enchanter by all good judges both at home and abroad; be it enough to say that the lowest English clown who, wedged tight among his fellows in some barn, listens breathless to Lear's outbursts or to Iago's whispers, is sharing in a feast such as never fell to the lot of either Pericles or Augustus, of Leo the Tenth or Louis the Fourteenth.<sup>1</sup> In the last twelve years of Elizabeth's life, London had privileges far beyond any favours ever bestowed on Athens, Rome, Florence, Paris, or Weimar; the great Queen might have gathered together in one room Spenser, Shakespere, Bacon, and Hooker; to say nothing of her other guests, the statesmen who outwitted Rome, the seamen who singed the proud Spaniard's beard, the knights who fought so manfully for the good cause in Munster, in Normandy, and in Flanders. Nowhere does the spirit of that high-reaching age breathe stronger than in Spenser's verse; how widely apart stands his Protestant earnestness both from the loose godlessness of Ariosto, and from the burning Roman zeal of Tasso, that herald of the coming Papal reaction! A shout of triumph burst forth from England when the Faery Queen was given to her in 1590; our island had at last a great poet, such as she had not beheld for two centuries. Now began the golden age of her literature; and this age was to last for about fourscore years. Many a child that clapped its tiny hands over the earliest news of the

<sup>1</sup> The last Act of *Othello* is a rare specimen of Shakespere's diction; of every five nouns, verbs, and adverbs, four are Teutonic. Of course he is far more Teutonic in comedy than in tragedy.

Armada's wreck, and that saw Shakespere act in his own plays, must have lived long enough to read the greatest of all Milton's works.

The boyhood of such a child would witness a new corruption in English; the change of the old Neuter Genitive of *he* from *his* into *its*. This last comes not once in our Bible; but Shakespere sometimes has the unlucky new-fangled word. These corruptions commonly begin with children, and are then passed up to women, and at length to men; in this way many of our Strong verbs have become Weak: in this very year 1873 I see a tendency in writers (who should know better) to change the participles *sown* and *mown* into *sowed* and *mowed*. *Holpen* has been replaced by *helped*, though the true form occurs in one of the oftenest-read parts of the Bible. But some old forms were hard of dying. In that first-rate little book on Ireland, printed by Sir John Davies in 1612, a book that may be called 'Irish History in a nutshell,' we find the Old English Genitive Plural of *horse* in the term *mansmeate* and *horsemeat*, two exactions that come under those evil words *coigne* and *livery* (page 174).<sup>1</sup> In the same book we find *sithence*, I think for the last time. Two other Old English forms were now to drop out of men's speech; the old Genitive *alre* (omnium), used by Shakespere in the compound *alderliest*; and the prefix *to*, our form of the Latin *dis* and the German *zer*. We read that a stone 'all to-brake Abimelech's scull;' and this Scriptural expression, oddly mangled by the printers, has puzzled many a man, woman, and child for the last two hundred years. The Version of

<sup>1</sup> We still keep old Genitives Singular in *hell fire*, *Lady day*.

1611 did much to fix our spelling; since that time little change has been made, except that we have got rid of the *e* tacked on to many a word in former days: this *e* was seldom pronounced after Spenser's time. A new set of words had cropped up about the time he began to write; we had turned the noun *cross* into a verb. The only derivative of this in the Bible is *crossway*, which comes but once. *Aloof* appears about the same time, a word due to the Norsemen. An uglier phrase was now coming on the stage; I mean, what is now the national oath of England. It is found twice or thrice in Shakespere, but had become common thirty years after his death.

Our tongue sometimes spins out of her own resources in a wonderful way: would that she did this oftener! The preposition *purh* had long before given birth to the adjective *thorough* and the adverb *thoroughly*; a bold bad man was now to make immortal a noun substantive, borrowed from the adjective. Whatever philologers may say, the true Englishman will, in this case at least, be drawn to Langton's *Charter*, French word though it be, rather than to Strafford's *Thorough*, in spite of the new noun's Teutonic birth. So closely intertwined are English philology, politics, and religion, that it is hardly possible to keep them asunder. A subject of Strafford's in Ireland, Bishop Bedell, who came from East Anglia, was one of the last that wrote the good old *sith* for *quoniam*, about the year 1630.

Among Strafford's stoutest foes stood the man, who was long afterwards to measure himself with Dante, and to match the Protestant Muse against the noblest creation of Roman Catholicism. Often has the resem-

blance between the Ghibelline and the Roundhead been pointed out; each, as it must be allowed, is seen at his best in the murkiness of Hell rather than in brighter climes.<sup>1</sup> The learning of Milton, the deepest-read of all great poets, is well known; and critics have admired the skill with which he brings Latin words under his yoke in his *Paradise Lost*. For all that, were I to be asked for a short passage upon which to stake the fair fame of the English Muse, St. Peter's speech in *Lycidas* would be the specimen that I should choose. In that best of all patterns of Teutonic strength and pith, Milton throws away foreign gear and goes back to the middle of the Fourteenth Century; the proportion of Romance words in the passage is not greater than that employed by Minot, the bard who sang the feats of England at Cressy and Poitiers.<sup>2</sup>

In Milton's time flourished Sir Thomas Browne, whose mantle long afterwards fell on Dr. Johnson, and who has therefore much to answer for as regards the corruption of English prose. It is strange to contrast Sir Thomas with another writer of his day, a tinker, who has written far better English than the learned knight, and who shows us our mother tongue in its homeliest guise, while giving us the loveliest of all Allegories. The common folk had the wit at once to see the worth of Bunyan's masterpiece, and the learned

<sup>1</sup> It is curious that coarse and mean passages may be found in such sublime writers as Æschylus, Dante, and Milton, those kindred souls.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Paradise Lost*, the proportion of Romance to Teutonic is just double what it is in the *Allegro*.

long afterwards followed in the wake of the common folk. Butler was now composing the riming couplets that are oftenest in our mouths. Our prose about this time was undergoing a great change; the stately march of Milton and Clarendon was no longer to be copied; English conjunctions and forms compounded since 1300 were to undergo the pruning knife. For instance, we were no longer to write *a certain man* for *quidam*; *a man*, as in the oldest times, was quite enough. Cowley and Baxter about 1650 were the heralds of a new style, that was soon to be brought to further perfection by Dryden and Temple. About that year, 1650, our spelling was settled much as it is now.<sup>1</sup> In 1661 our Prayer Book was revised; *are* was substituted for *be* in forty-three places. This was a great victory of the North over the South.<sup>2</sup>

The earlier half of the Eighteenth Century was far more admirable in its English than the latter half. Defoe, Addison, Swift, and Pope are names worthy of all honour; and I could wish that no Latinized terms had been brought in since their day; at least, without good reason given. Compare Ockley, the lion's provider, with Gibbon. Poetry was thriving; and in his Rape of the Lock, Pope beat the French on their own ground; the English Muse, forty-four years after bringing forth the Paradise Lost, showed that she could carve

<sup>1</sup> The most uncouth English spelling ever known was in the letters of the time of Henry VIII. Rather later, the spelling of Topeliffe, the Elizabethan persecutor of Roman Catholics, is something astounding.

<sup>2</sup> Earle, *Philology of the English Tongue*, p. 478.

a face out of a cherry stone as well as hew a Colossus out of the rock. Dryden and Pope surpassed all mankind in the majestic art of reasoning in rime, and in the skill with which they wielded the keenest of weapons. One of the best passages in our literature is, where these two great poets are nicely weighed in the scales against each other by a kindred spirit.<sup>1</sup>

Johnson has said, 'Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.' Would that the adviser had practised what he preached! He was misled by Sir Thomas Browne, and he corrupted our tongue by bringing in outlandish stuff which would have moved the scorn of Swift, and from which our best writers have only of late shaken themselves free.<sup>2</sup> Johnson was in his lifetime revered by a tasteless generation as the greatest of all masters of English; his disciples, more especially Gibbon, have still further Latinized our tongue. The Dictator, however, seems in his old age to have felt a lurking consciousness that he had gone too far; his last works show a far purer taste than those he wrote at forty. He now no more 'depeditated obtunding anfractuosities;' he was no longer the deep-mouthed Bœotian—

Thebes did his green, unknowing youth engage;  
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

<sup>1</sup> Of course, I use *nicely* neither in the sense of 1303, nor in that of 1873.

<sup>2</sup> *Tendimus in Latium* is a bad watchword for England, whether in religion, in architecture, or in philology.

His good sound Teutonic talk has often been contrasted with the vicious Latinisms that he penned. How forcible are his compounds, 'an *unclubbable* man,' 'wretched *unideaed* girls!' and his verb, 'I *downed* him with this!' While on the subject of Johnson, one cannot help regretting that neither he nor his friends ever knew of the kinsmanship between the tongues of Southern Asia and Europe. Had the great discovery been made thirty years earlier than it was, he and Burke would have found a safer topic for debate than the Rockingham ministry. How heartily would those lordly minds have welcomed the wondrous revelation, that almost all mankind, dwelling between the Ganges and the Shannon, were linked together by the most binding of ties! How warmly would the sages have glowed with wrath or with love, far more warmly than ever before, when talking of Omichund and Nuncomar, of the Corsican patriot and the Laird of Coll! From how many blunders in philology would shrewd Parson Horne have been kept! No such banquet had ever been set before the wise, since the Greeks, four hundred years earlier, unfolded their lore first to the Italians, and then to the rougher Trans-alpines. It was not in vain that the new lords of Hindostan induced the Brahmins to throw open what had been of yore so carefully kept under lock and key. But the main credit of the new feast must be given to others; if the English brought home the game, it was the Germans who cooked it.

About the time that the aforesaid discovery was made, the English Muse was once more soaring on high. Her happiest efforts have mostly been made at the moment

when English knights have been winning their spurs abroad ; and this remark is as true of Wellington's time as of the days of the Black Prince or Raleigh. Nine or ten English writers, who are likely to live for ever, were at work soon after 1800. Scott rose aloft above his brethren ; but he was dethroned in his own lifetime (never had such a thing been known in our literature) by a greater bard than himself. Byron had the good taste to tread in the path followed by his Northern rival ; both of them in their diction set the simplicity of the early part of the Fourteenth Century above all the gewgaws of certain later ages. Now it was that such words as lovel and leech awoke after a long sleep. Bishop Percy, though Dr. Johnson laughed, had already led the English back to old wells, streams purer than any known to Pope. Burns had written in his own dialect verses that were prized by the high and the low alike. Coleridge's great ballad betokened that the public taste was veering round ; he also turned the eyes of England to the vast intellectual wealth that was now being poured into the lap of Germany. All the different nations of Europe had come to know each other better. Voltaire had many years earlier told his countrymen that an old Warwickshire barbarian had lived, whose works contained grains of gold overlaid with much rubbish ; something might have been made of the man, had he lived at Paris at the right time and formed himself upon Racine, or better still, upon Monsieur Arouet. Somewhat later, Schiller and Manzoni alike felt the English spell.

Ireland as well as her sister came under the new

influence. Moore, when arranging his Celtic gems in a new setting, worked in the best Teutonic style. In our own day, Mr. Aubrey de Vere, in his *Legends of St. Patrick*, has shown an equally pure taste. Thanks to the poetry of Burns and to the prose of Scott, the fine gentlemen of London and Oxford began to see what pith and harmony were lurking in the good old English of the North: would that every one of our shires likewise had its laureate!<sup>1</sup> But Scott's romances, the wholesomest of all food for the mind, have borne fruit; we have in our own day seen many attempts, like those of Mr. Barnes in Dorset, to bring the various dialects of England (they are more akin to Middle English than to New English) before the reading public. How many good old words, dropped by our literature since 1500, might be recovered from these sources! If our English Makers set themselves earnestly to the task (they have already made a beginning), there is good hope that our grandchildren may freely use scores of Chaucer's words that we ourselves are driven to call obsolete. Lockhart, Macaulay, Davis, and Browning have done yeoman's service, in reviving the old English ballad.

Prose has followed in Poetry's wake. No good authors of our time, writing on a subject that is not highly scientific, would dream of abusing language as Gibbon

<sup>1</sup> Dr. M'Crie, in an early page of his attack on Scott's *Old Mortality*, says of *Guy Mannering*; 'We are persuaded not one word in three is understood by the generality of (English) readers.' The *Quarterly Review*, vol. xv. p. 139, was so astoundingly ignorant as to call that novel, 'a dark dialect of Anglified Erse.' Surely there must be a great difference between readers in 1815 and in 1873.

did, when he cleverly in many passages elbowed out almost all Teutonic words, except such as *his, to, of,* and the like. Cobbett roused us from foreign pedantry; and if we do not always reach Tyndale's bountiful proportion of Teutonic words in his political tracts, we at least do not fall below the proportion employed by Addison.<sup>1</sup> In proof of this, let any one contrast the diction of our modern English writers on Charles V. with the Latinized style wherein Dr. Robertson revels when handling the same subject. That fine passage, in which Mr. Froude sets before us the Armada leaving the Spanish shore, would have been altogether beyond Hume a hundred years ago. Mr. Carlyle has had many disciples, whose awkward efforts to conjure with his wand are most laughable; but one good result at least has followed—the stern rugged Teutonism of the teacher is copied by those who ape him.

It is amusing to look back upon what was thought sound English criticism barely forty years ago. In a sharp attack on Dr. Monk's *Life of Bentley*, the Edinburgh Reviewer of July, 1830, lifts up his voice against such vulgar forms as *hereby, wherein, hereupon, caught up, his bolt was shot, fling away his credit, a batch of fragments, it lay a bleeding*. I know not whether Dr. Monk could have explained the *a* in the last phrase; but it seems pretty certain that he was one of the pioneers who brought us back to a homelier style of English.<sup>2</sup> Most men in our time would allow, that a

<sup>1</sup> See my Tables at page 255.

<sup>2</sup> I grieve to say that he is guilty of 'on the *tapis*;' a vulgarism more suited to a schoolgirl than to a scholar.

writer of prose may go so far back as Tyndale, a writer of poetry so far back as Chaucer, in employing old words; this rule would have jarred upon the mawkish Reviewer's feelings. I once saw it laid down in an old-fashioned book of good manners, that it was vulgar to say, 'I would as *lieve* do it.' For all that, let each of our English writers, who has a well-grounded hope that he will be read a hundred years hence, set himself heart and soul to revive at least one long-neglected English word. It may be readily allowed that an imitation of the French Academy on our shores would never come to any good; still a combination of our crack writers to effect much-needed reforms in spelling and word-building would lend fresh lustre to Queen Victoria's reign. More ought to be done by men who have some idea of the Old English grammar, than was done by Gibbon and Robertson.

The change from Latinism back to Teutonism may be seen in speaking as well as in writing. Whatever we may think of Mr. Gladstone's Irish University Bill in 1873, none can gainsay that the last few sentences of his great speech, uttered the moment before his defeat, were a masterpiece of wholesome English. But of all our Parliament men, none in our day has employed a racier diction than Mr. Bright. He has clearly borrowed much from the great Sixteenth Century; he sometimes seems to be kindled with the fire of one of those Hebrew prophets, whom Tyndale and his friends loved to translate into the soundest of English. Pitt the elder, as we hear, knew nothing well but the Faery Queen; Pitt the younger took for his pattern the great

speeches in the First Book of *Paradise Lost* : Mr. Bright has gone still further back in search of a model. There is nothing pleasanter in our literature than the fond reverence with which each man, who is worth aught, looks back to the great spirits that went before.

Mr. Tennyson, a countryman of Robert Manning's and a careful student of old Mallory, has done much for the revival of pure English among us; not the least happy of his efforts has been the death-bed musings of his Northern Farmer. Further strides in the right direction have been made by Mr. Morris.<sup>1</sup> *The Earthly Paradise*, more than any poem of late years that I know, takes us back to 1290 or thereabouts, and shows us how copious, in skilful hands, an almost purely Teutonic diction may be. It is hopeless to attempt the recovery of the English swept away in the Thirteenth Century; but Mr. Morris, in many places, cuts down his proportion of French words to the scale which Chaucer's grandfather would have used, had that worthy, when young, essayed to make his mark in literature. It may be said of Mr. Morris as of Spenser, 'he hath labored to restore as to their rightful heritage such good and naturall English words as have been long time out of use, and almost cleane disherited.' So swiftly are we speeding along the right path, that ere many years we may even come to take a hearty general interest in our old title-deeds that

<sup>1</sup> Our modern poets may take for their watchword the sentence wherein Dante (*De vulgari Eloquio*) praises the Italian poets who went before him: 'The illustrious heroes, Frederick Cæsar and his noble son Manfred, followed after elegance and scorned what was mean.'

still lie unprinted. We may see the subscribers to the Early English Text Society reckoned, not by hundreds, but by thousands.<sup>1</sup> Our German and Scandinavian kinsfolk will then no longer twit us with our carelessness of the hoard so dearly prized abroad; like them, we shall purge our language of needless foreign frippery, and shall reverence the good Teutonic masonry where-with our forefathers built.

TABLE OF DATES BEARING ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Fifth Century . . . .	The Saxon settlement in South Britain.
Sixth Century . . . .	The establishment of the Anglian kingdom in North Britain.
Seventh Century . . . .	The earliest written specimen of Northern English.
Eighth Century . . . .	The earliest written specimen of Southern English.
Ninth Century . . . .	The great Danish settlement in the North and East of England.
Tenth Century . . . .	The Court of the Southern English Kings becomes the central point for all the land.
Eleventh Century . . . .	The French Conquest. Loss of the Old English Court at Winchester, and of Old English poetic words.
Twelfth Century . . . .	Break-up of the Old English grammar; a variety of dialects prevail for two centuries, with no fixed standard.

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<sup>1</sup> The Secretary of the Society is G. Joachim, Esq., St. Andrew House, Change Alley, London. I wish they would print more works written before 1400, and fewer works written after that year.

- Thirteenth Century . . . Loss of thousands of Old English words, which are slowly replaced by French words.
- Fourteenth Century . . . The New English, or Dano-Anglian, which had long been forming, gains possession of London and Oxford, and is spoken at Court.
- Fifteenth Century . . . The Printing-press fixes the language, which had lost nearly all its inflections.
- Sixteenth Century . . . The Reformation brings Standard English home to all men, and imports many Latin words.
- Seventeenth Century . . . The Golden age of English Literature. It began, indeed, ten years before this Century.
- Eighteenth Century . . . A Latinized style prevails.
- Nineteenth Century . . . Reaction from Latinism to Teutonism, at least in our good writers. Long may it last!

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CHAPTER VI.

## GOOD AND BAD ENGLISH IN 1873.

WE read that in our renowned government of 1757, framed by the greatest of all English War ministers and by the greatest of all English Ducal jobbers, everything that was bright and stainless passed through the one channel, everything that was foul and noisome poured through the other; the Ministry was based upon all the high and all the low parts of our nature. Something of the like kind may be remarked in 1873, as to the men who keep the English printing press at work. Some of these are scholars, or men of strong mother wit, who in prose and poetry employ a sound Teutonic style. Others are men representing the middle class, writers who, for want of education, often use in a wrong sense the long Latinized words wherein the true penny-a-liner revels. The first class are day by day straining the foul matter from our language, and are leading us back to old springs too long unsought; perhaps they may yet keep alive our perishing Subjunctive mood. The other class are day by day pouring more sewage into the well of what can no longer be called 'English undefiled.' From the one quarter comes all that is lofty and noble

in the literature of the day; from the other all that is mean and tawdry.

Our middle class (we beheld something of this kind in the Thirteenth Century) has an amazing love of cumbrous Latin words, which have not long been in vogue. This is seen in their early life. Winchester and Eton may call themselves *colleges*, Harrow and Rugby may call themselves *schools*; but the place, where the offspring of our shopkeepers are taught bad French and worse Latin, is an *educational establishment* or a *polite seminary*. The books used in our National schools show a lofty disdain for homespun English. As the pupils grow older, they do not care to read about a *fair lady*, but they are at once drawn to a *female possessing considerable personal attractions*. A *brawl* is a word good enough for a scuffle between peasants; but when one half-tipsy alderman mauls another, the brawl becomes a *fracas*. An *émeute* is a far genteeler word than a *riot*. A farmer, when he grows rich, prides himself on being an *eminent agriculturist*. The corruption is now spreading downward to the lower class; they are beginning to think that an *operative* is something nobler than a *workman*.<sup>1</sup> We may call King David a *singer*; but a triller of Italian trills must be known as a *vocalist*. Our fathers talked of *healing waters*; our new guide-books scorn even the term *medicinal*; *therapeutic* is the word beloved by all professors of the high polite style. Pope's well-known divine is being outdone; our ears are now become so polite, that sins must be called by new names, at which Wickliffe and Tyndale would have stared. I

<sup>1</sup> May I not ask with Theocritus, τίς δὲ πόθος τῶν ἔκτοθεν ἐργάτα  
ἰνῶρί;

see that a hospital has lately been founded, not for *drunkards*, but for *inebriates*, a new-coined substantive of which Bunyan's Mr. Smooth-tongue might have been proud. Shade of Cobbett! we are now forbidden to call a spade a spade; our speech, like Bottom the weaver, is indeed translated.

Let us watch an Englishman of the average type setting to work upon a letter to the *Times*.<sup>1</sup> The worthy fellow, when at his own fireside, seldom in his talk goes beyond plain simple words and short sentences, such as Mr. Trollope puts into the mouths of his heroes. But our friend would feel himself for ever shamed in the eyes of his neighbours, were he to rush into print in this homely guise. He therefore picks out from his dictionary the most high-sounding words he can find, and he works them up into long-winded sentences, wholly forgetting that it is not every man who can bend the bow of Hooker or Clarendon. The upshot is commonly an odd jumble, with much haziness about *who*, *which*, and their antecedents. The writer should look askant at words that come from the Latin; they are too often traps for the unwary.<sup>2</sup> The Lady of the

<sup>1</sup> Here is a gem, which occurs in a letter to the *Times* of May 5, 1873. The writer sets up to be a critic of the English drama; the blind leads the blind. 'Such representations are artistically as much beneath contempt as morally suggestive of compassion for the performers, not to speak of some indignation that educated and responsible people should sanction such exhibitions.' He also talks of 'partaking an intellectual pleasure.' Yet the writer of this is most likely no fool in private life.

<sup>2</sup> I have seen a begging letter containing the words, 'I have become so deaf that I cannot *articulate* what people say to me.' I once heard a showman say of a baboon: 'The form of his claws enables

even trench and the bristling mound is indeed a high and mighty Queen, when seated on her own throne; she has dictated the verse of Catullus and the prose of Tacitus; her laws, given to the world by the mouths of heathen Emperors and Christian Popes, have had wondrous weight with mankind. But no rash or vulgar hand should drag her into English common life; her help, in eking out our store of words, should be sought by none but ripe scholars, and even then most sparingly.<sup>1</sup>

I once heard a country doctor say, 'Let me *percute* your chest.'<sup>2</sup> This too common love of Latinized tawdriness is fostered by the cheap press; the penny-a-liner is the outcome of the middle class. As I shall bestow some notice upon these *individuals*, to use the word dearest to their hearts, I think it as well first to say what I mean by the scornful term. The leading articles in our daily papers of the highest rank are the

him to climb trees with the greatest *felicity*.' I know people who talk of diseases being *insidious*, confusing the adjective with *assiduous*.

<sup>1</sup> In my younger days, the term *reduplication* used to be confined to the Greek grammar; but I see that one of the cheap papers has begun to employ this word for the action known hitherto to Englishmen as *repetition*. A little learning is indeed a dangerous thing.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Charles Butler had called the Bull, by which Pius V. deposed Elizabeth, *illaudable*. He was twitted by a hot Protestant for applying so mild an epithet to so hateful an act. The Roman Catholic answered that he had had in his mind Virgil's *Busiris*; he quoted, in support of his phrase, Aulus Gellius, Heyne, and Milton. Had he but used in the first place some plain English adjective to express his meaning, much angry ink would have been left unshed. See his *Vindication against Mr. Townsend's Accusations*, pp. 112-114. Mr. Hazard, the American, published in 1873 a very good book on San Domingo; but he will not hear of *settling* in a country; *locating*, according to him, is the right word to use.

work of scholars and gentlemen, who write much in the style of our great authors of 1700, and do not use a greater proportion of Romance words than Chaucer employed in his tale of Melibœus, five hundred years ago. As to some of our weekly papers (I need not give names), a steady perusal of them is in truth a liberal education, most cheaply procured. Without help from such writers this work of mine would never have been undertaken. Their merit as English authors is beyond that of Chaucer, for they cast aside a huge pile of Romance words that he never knew, that they may employ as great a proportion of Teutonic words as he did in his prose. Good English is not confined to London; the names of certain admirable journals, published in Scotland, Yorkshire, and Lancashire, will occur to many of my readers.

But when we go a little lower down, we alight upon the penny-a-liner. His two best-beloved quotations are *coign of vantage* and *the light fantastic toe*. He it was who, having never heard of the works of Wheatley or Cardinal Bona, named a certain party in the English Church *ritualists*; this was about seven years ago. He may always be known by his love of words fresh from Gaul (thus he always calls his brethren his *confrères*), and by his fondness for Latin words that came in after Pope's death. He looks upon Sir A. Alison's text, well bestrewn with French phrases, as a far nobler pattern than the works of Mr. Hallam or Bishop Thirlwall. With him dangers do not grow, but they 'assume proportions of considerable magnitude.' He scorns to *abuse* or *revile* his foes, much more to *rate* or *miscall* them, so long

as he can *vituperate* them.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Justice Keogh in 1872 was accused by many Irish pens of having *vituperated* the Galway clergy, but never of having sinned with the four other verbs in italics. The Irish are every whit as fond of fine language as the English middle class. When in 1871 all the Roman Catholic Prelates in Ireland put forth a lengthy demand for education on sound Ultramontane principles, they spoke of the thing that scholars call a 'hearty welcome' as an 'ovation.' The Irish clergy of the old pattern never learnt stuff such as this at Douai or Salamanca. Maynooth ought to be above borrowing from the Daily Telegraph.<sup>2</sup> If a writer of this kind were to pit himself boldly against Dr. Arnold and once more to set forth the homeward march of the Roman Consuls after the glorious day of the Metaurus, he would most likely say that they met with an *ovation* in every town on their road, and that they ended with a *triumph* at Rome. Livy would raise his eyebrows, could he read this version of his heart-stirring tale. I remember seeing in one of the penny papers an article in 1872 on the Alabama business; the Americans were there said to be uttering *minatory expressions*; *threats* being a coarse Teutonic word, far too commonplace for these gentry of the lower press. It is a wonder to me that they have not long ago enriched our tongue with the verbs *existimate* and *autumate*, making a dead set at

<sup>1</sup> George III. and Dr. Johnson, in their famous interview, spoke of the vituperative habit as 'calling names.' *Prisca gens mortalium!*

<sup>2</sup> Let them not touch the unclean thing, remembering that the anagram on the name of their deadly foe, Titus Oates, was *Testis Ovat.*

the vulgar *think* and *deem*. The pressmen have already outrun the auctioneer mentioned at page 229<sup>o</sup> of this work; having now waxed bolder, they will not *begin* or even *commence*; they *inaugurate* and *initiate*, and they will soon *incept*. The state of France after 1871 has lately given them two glorious new words, *rejuvenescence* and *recuperation*. In a letter on prison discipline, printed in the *Times* of September 5, 1872, we find the wondrous word *penology*; the writer compounds Latin with Greek, and knows not how to spell the Latin he has compounded. What would become of our unhappy tongue, had we not the Bible and Prayer Book to keep us fairly steady in the good old paths? Our forefathers thought our mansion weather-tight, but these lovers of the new-fangled are ever panting to exchange stone and brick for stucco.<sup>1</sup> When the Irish Protestants were revising their Prayer Book, not many months ago, one luckless wight, a lover of what they call 'ornate phraseology,' was not ashamed to propose an alteration of our grand old Teutonic name for the Third Person of the Trinity. It is needless to say what a reception this piece of un-wisdom met with from a scholar like Archbishop Trench. No vulgar hands should be laid on the Ark.

We all owe much to the Correspondents of the daily journals. Many of them write sound English; but the penny-a-liner may now and then be found in their ranks. His Babylonish speech bewrayeth him; he mawkishly enough calls an Emperor 'a certain exalted Personage;' a favourite at Court becomes in the scribbler's mouth 'a *persona grata*.' After all, it is rather hard to grudge

<sup>1</sup> O that they would learn '*deductum ducere carmen* !'

him his chance of showing off that he learnt Latin in youth. One of this breed, in the last years of the French Empire, was never tired of telling us in a queer Anglo-Gallic jargon what he ate and drank at Paris, and what Dukes and Marquesses he slapped on the back. Such stuff could not have been served up, day after day, if it had not hit the taste of the English middle class, a taste thoroughly corrupt. A writer of this kind must have readers like-minded with himself. Let me borrow his beloved jargon for one moment, and wound his *amour propre* by asking what is his *raison d'être*? The penny-a-liner's help is often sought by an Editor, who knows what good English is, yet employs these worthless tools. Surely the Editors of our first-class journals should look upon themselves as the high-priests of a right worshipful Goddess, and should let nothing foul or unclean draw nigh her altars. Cannot these lower journeymen of the Press be put through a purification, such as an examination in Defoe, Swift, or some sound English writer, that a good style may be formed before the novice is allowed to write for the journal? If the great authors named were set up as models for young writers, we should never hear of fire as 'the devouring element,' of the spot where something happens as 'the *locale*,' or of a man in his cups as 'involved in circumstances of inebriation.'<sup>1</sup> It would be barbarous indeed to ask the writers to learn a new tongue; but we only beg them to go back to what they learned from their mothers and their nurses.

<sup>1</sup> This last gem I saw myself in a Penny Paper of October, 1872.  
*Hæc ego non agitem?*

A sharp-eyed gamekeeper nails up rows of dead vermin on a barn door. Even so our Editors ought once a month or so to head their columns with a list of new-fangled words, the use of which should be forbidden to every writer for their journals; to be sure, the vermin unhappily are not yet dead. In this list would come, I hope, many words already gibbeted in this chapter, together with *post-prandial*, *solidarity*, *egoism*, *collaborator*, *acerbity*, *dubiety*, *donate*.<sup>1</sup> Some of these words, I believe, came to us from America. Our kinsmen there have made noble contributions to our common stock of literature; the works of Irving, Motley, Marsh, Bryant, Longfellow, are prized on both sides of the Atlantic alike. Dr. March by his *Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon language*, a work to which I owe so much, has shown us that in some things American scholarship aims at rivaling German thoroughness. But Englishmen cannot help being astonished at one thing in his book: he writes *labor*, *honor*, &c., instead of following the good old English spelling. Here is one of the few instances in which the pupil, strong in his right, may make bold to correct the master. Our English *honour*, the French *honure* or *honneur*, takes us back eight hundred years to the bloody day, big with our island's doom, when the French knights were charging up the slope at Senlac again and again, when striving to break the stubborn English shield-wall. The word *honure*, which had already

<sup>1</sup> Every writer, who prints his travels, calls his book 'Personal Adventures.' Lord Plunkett, when asked the meaning of this, supposed that there was the same difference between what was Real and what was Personal in travels, as in the law of property.

thriven in Gaul for eleven hundred years, must have been often in the conquerors' mouths all through those long weary hours; it was one of the first French words that we afterwards admitted to English citizenship; and it should abide with us in the shape that it has always hitherto worn. If we change it into *honor*, we pare down its history, and we lower it to the level of the many Latin words that came in at the Reformation: from the Bastard of Falaise to the English Josiah is a great drop. Let us in this, as in everything else, hold to the good old way; and let our kinsmen, like ourselves, turn with dislike from changes, utterly needless, that spoil a word's pedigree. To maul an old term, whether English or French, is to imitate the clerical boors who wrought such havock at Durham and Canterbury within the last Century.

America and England alike are too much given to slang and to clipping old words. Nothing in the speech of the former country, so far as I know, can match our 'awfully nice,' or our 'what say?' but one comfort is, that slang takes hundreds of years before it can creep into Standard English. *Mob* and *sham* were slang in 1680, and smack strongly of that year's peculiarities; on the other hand, *humbug*, though as old as Bonnell Thornton, can as yet be employed by no grave author. Addison had before protested against curtailing words, as in the case of *incog.*; what would he have said to our *exam.*? Fine writing has set its dingy mark upon America as well as England; I think it was President Pierce who, in his opening address at the Capitol, twenty years ago, spoke of slavery as

‘involuntary servitude.’ New habits stand in need of new words; one verb, that has come to us within the last four years from the American mint, is ‘to interview.’ Nothing can better express the spirit of our age, ever craving to hear something new; the verb calls up before us a queer pair: on the one side stands the great man, not at all sorry at the bottom of his heart that the rest of mankind are to learn what a fine fellow he is; on the other side fussily hovers the pressman, a Boswell who sticks at nothing in the way of questioning, but who outdoes his Scotch model in being wholly unshackled by any weak feeling of veneration. This Nineteenth Century of ours is a grand age of inventions. Thus we know to our cost what a Sensation Novel means; yet Mr. Edgeworth, writing in 1808, lets us see that the word *sensation* in his day was wholly confined to France (Memoirs, p. 192). Now and then innovators make a lucky hit. ‘Why so much *weep*?’ (fletus) asked Artemus Ward; he little knew that he was reviving the Old English word *wóp*.<sup>1</sup> It is well known that phrases, called Americanisms, are often relics of a remote age. Thus, where an Englishman resolves to do a thing, an American *concludes* to do it. Yet, in an account of the battle of St. Albans (written in 1455), we read that the King and Lords ‘kept resydens, *concludyng* to holde the

<sup>1</sup> Philology crops up in strange places; I once heard a clown in a circus propound the question, ‘If you may say *I freeze, I froze*, why not also say *I sneeze, I snoze*?’ Yet he most likely never heard of Strong and Weak Verbs, or as the vile English Grammars of old used to call them, Irregular and Regular Verbs. We may remember that Wamba the son of Witless plays the philologist in the opening scene of *Ivanhoe*.

parlement.'<sup>1</sup> The fact that America speaks of the Fall and not of the Autumn, ought in a Philologer's eyes to atone for a multitude of her sins of the tongue.

As I have made a few strictures upon American vagaries, I ought, in common fairness, to acknowledge that no American fault comes up to the revolting habit, spread over too many English shires, of dropping or wrongly inserting the letter *h*. Those whom we call 'self-made men' are much given to this hideous barbarism; their hopes of Parliamentary renown are too often nipped in the bud by the speaker's unlucky tendency to 'throw himself upon the 'Ouse.' An untaught peasant will often speak better English than a man worth half a million. Many a needy scholar might turn an honest penny by offering himself as an instructor of the vulgar rich in the pronunciation of the fatal letter.<sup>2</sup> Our public schools are often railed against as teaching but little; still it is something that they enforce the right use of the *h* upon any lad who has a mind to lead a quiet life among his mates. Few things will the English youth find in after-life more profitable than the right use of the aforesaid letter.<sup>3</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> *Paston Letters* (Gairdner's edition), i. 331.

<sup>2</sup> I make a present of this hint to those whom it may concern; I took it from Thackeray, who introduces a Frenchman, the instructor of Mr. Jeames in the art of garnishing his English talk with French phrases.

<sup>3</sup> The following story sets in a strong light the great difference between the speech of the well-bred and of the untaught in England. A servant, who had dropped into a large fortune, asked his master how he was to pass muster in future as a gentleman. The answer was, 'Dress in black and hold your tongue.'

abuse of it jars upon the ear of any well-bred man far more than the broadest Scotch or Irish brogue can do. These dialects, as I have shown, often preserve good old English forms that have long been lost to London and Oxford.<sup>1</sup>

There are two things which are supposed to bring fresh ideas before the minds of the middle class—the newspaper on week days, and the sermon on Sundays. We have seen the part played by the former; I now turn to the latter. Many complaints have lately been made on the scarcity of good preachers; one cause of these complaints I take to be, the diction of the usual run of sermons. The lectern and the reading desk speak to the folk, Sunday after Sunday, in the best of English; that is, in old Teutonic words, with a dash of French terms mostly naturalized in the Thirteenth Century. The pulpit, on the other hand, too often deals in an odd jargon of Romance, worked up into long-winded sentences, which shoot high above the heads of the listeners.<sup>2</sup> Swift complained bitterly of this a hundred and fifty years ago; and the evil is rife as ever now. Is it any wonder then that the poor become lost to the Church, or that they go to the meeting-house, where they can hear the way to Heaven set forth in English, a little uncouth it may be,

<sup>1</sup> A Scotch farmer's wife once said to me, finding me rather slow in following her talk when she spoke at all fast, 'I beg your pardon, Sir, for my bad English.' I answered, 'It is I that speak the bad English; it is you that speak the true old English.' It is delightful to hear the peasantry talk of *sackless* (innocens), and *he coft* (emit).

<sup>2</sup> How charming, in *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, is the account of the scholarlike Augustus Hare's style of preaching to his Wiltshire shepherds! He had a soul above the Romance hodgepodge.

but still well understood of the common folk? A preacher has been known to translate, 'we cannot always stand upright,' into 'we cannot always maintain an erect position.'<sup>1</sup> Who can make anything out of the rubbish that follows, 'a system thus hypothetically elaborated is after all but an inexplicable concatenation of hyperbolical incongruity?'<sup>2</sup> This reads like Dr. Johnson run mad; no wonder that Dissent has become rife in the land. If we wish to know the cause of the bad style employed in preaching by too many of the Anglican clergy, we must ask how they have been taught at our Schools and Universities. Much heed is there bestowed on Latin and Greek, but none on English.<sup>3</sup> What a change might be wrought in our pulpits if lads at public schools were given some knowledge of our great writers from Chaucer and Wickliffe downwards, instead of wasting so much time on Latin verses, that do no good in after life to three-fourths of the students! A lad of average wit only needs sound English models to be set before him, and he will teach himself much. What good service might

<sup>1</sup> Barnes, *Early England*, p. 106. Such a preacher would miss the point of that wittiest of all proverbs, 'An empty sack cannot stand upright.'

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Cox, who treats us to this stuff (*Recollections of Oxford*, p. 223), says, 'such sentences, delivered in a regular cadence, formed too often our Sunday fare, in days happily gone by.'

<sup>3</sup> I for some years of my life always thought that our English *long* was derived from the Latin *longus*. Every grammar and dictionary, used in schools, should have a short sketch of Comparative Philology prefixed. I know that I was fourteen, before the great truths of that science were set before me by Bishop Abraham's little book, used in the Lower Fifth form at Eton. In those days what we now call Aryan was termed Indo-Germanic.

Oxford do if she were to establish yet another School, which would enforce a thorough knowledge of English, and would, moreover, teach her bantlings a new use of the Latin and Greek already learnt! The works of March, Morris, Max Müller, and others would soon become Oxford text-books in one of the most charming of all branches of learning. Surely every good son of the Church will be of my mind, that the knowledge of English is a point well worth commending to those who are to fill our pulpits. Our clergy, if well grounded in their own tongue, would preach in a style less like Blair's and more like Bunyan's. Others may call for sweetness and light; I am all for clearness and pith.<sup>1</sup> But we are getting into the right path at last. Articles have lately appeared in the *Times*, calling for more attention to the study of English at our Grammar Schools.

While we are on the subject of schools, it may be pointed out that Greek has done much in the last three centuries to keep before us the fact, that English will lend itself readily to high-sounding compounds. Old Chapman long ago set us on the right tack; Milton followed; and our boys at school talk glibly of *wide-swaying* Agamemnon and *swift-footed* Achilles; thus the power of compounding has never altogether left us. Would that we could also fasten any one of our prepositions to our verbs at will! I believe it is mainly owing to the study

<sup>1</sup> There is an old Oxford story, that a preacher of the mawkish school, holding forth before the University, spoke of a well-known beast as 'an animal which decency forbids me to name.' The beast turned out to be the one nearest of kin to the preacher himself; Balaam's reprove, to wit.

of Latin, that *forsooth* and *wont* have been kept alive, by schoolboys construing *scilicet* and *soleo* in the time-honoured way. It is pleasant to find one bough of the great Aryan tree lending healthy sap to another offshoot.<sup>1</sup>

Some of the best English verse of our time may be read in the pages of *Punch*, whenever great Englishmen die. Moreover, that shrewd wight is always ready to nail up vermin on the barn door; as lately in the case of the word *elasticity*, employed by three Bishops. Upon this he remarked (June 7, 1873): 'An upstart expression foisted into the Text would be like a patch of new cloth, and that shoddy, sewn into an old garment of honest English make. That web is of a woof too precious to be pieced with stuff of no more worth than a penny a line.' But sound English criticism too often calls forth a growl of annoyance from vulgar vanity. If any one in our day sets himself to breast the muddy tide of fine writing, an outcry is at once raised that he is panting to drive away from England all words that are not thoroughly Teutonic. The answer is: no man that knows the history of the English tongue, can ever be guilty of such un wisdom. Our heedless forefathers in the Thirteenth Century allowed thousands of our good old words to slip; our language must be copious, at any cost; we therefore by slow degrees made good the loss

<sup>1</sup> One of the good deeds of our boys is that they have kept alive the old substantive *let* (a hindrance) used in the game of fives. In a letter of Horace Walpole's, written about 1737 from the Christopher at Eton, we see some of the venerable slang of that College; the words are still fresh as ever. Mr. Kinglake, in his account of Colonel Yea at the Alma, has almost made *rooge* classical; none who have played football in the Eton way can forget this verb.

with thousands of French terms. Like the Lycian, whom Zeus bereft of wit, we took brass for gold. Thanks to this process, Chaucer had most likely as great a wealth of words at his beck as Orrmin had, two hundred years earlier. But, though we long ago repaired with brick the gaps made in our ruined old stone hall, it does not follow that we should daub stucco over the brick and the stone alike. What a scholar mourns, is that our daws prank themselves in peacocks' feathers: that our lower press and our clergy revel in Romance words, brought in most needlessly after Swift and Addison were in their graves. What, for instance, do we want with the word *exacerbate* instead of the old *embitter*? The former is one of the penny-a-liner's choicest jewels. Is not the sentence, *workmen want more pay*, at least as expressive as the tawdry *operatives desiderate additional remuneration*? At the same time, no man of sense can object to foreign words coming into English of late years, if they unmistakably fill up a gap. Our hard-working fathers had no need of the word *ennui*; our wealth, ever waxing, has brought the state of mind; so France has given us the name for it. The importer, who first bestowed upon us the French *prestige*, is worthy of all honour, for this word supplied a real want. Our ships sail over all seas; English is the chosen language of commerce; we borrow, and rightly so, from the uttermost shores of the earth; from the Australians we took *kangaroo*; and the great Burke uses *taboo*, which came to him from Otaheite.<sup>1</sup> What our ladies, priests, sol-

<sup>1</sup> Burke (the friend of Hare, not the friend of Fox) has given us a new word for *suppress*. Another famous Galway house has given

diers, lawyers, doctors, huntsmen, architects, and cooks owe to France, has been fairly acknowledged. Italy has given us the words ever in the mouths of our painters, sculptors, and musicians. The Portuguese traders, three hundred years ago, helped us to many terms well known to our merchants. Germany, the parent of long-winded sentences, has sent us very few words; and these remind us of the Thirty Years' War, when English and Scotch soldiers were fighting on the right side.<sup>1</sup> To make amends for all this borrowing, England supplies foreigners (too long enslaved) with her own staple—namely, the diction of free political life.<sup>2</sup> In this she has had many hundred years' start of almost every nation but the Hungarians; she has, it is true, no home-born word for *coup d'état*; but she may well take pride in being the mother of Parliaments, even as old Rome was the source of civil law.<sup>3</sup>

us a name for irregular justice executed upon thieves and murderers.

<sup>1</sup> The word *plunder* is due to this war. The Indian Mutiny gave us *loot*, and the American Civil War created the *bummer*, called of old *marauder*.

<sup>2</sup> I take the following from D'Azeglio's Letters to his wife, page 244 (published in 1871): 'Abbiamo avuto qui Cobden, il famoso dell' *Anti-Corn-Laws-League*. Ho dovuto far l'inglese puro sangue, più che si potesse, coi *speeches* e i *toast*, che sono stati i seguenti: "a S.M. Carlo Alberto—alla *Queen Victoria*—a Cobden.'" The great patriot, as we see, makes rather a hash of his English. We also supply foreigners with sportsmanlike terms; *le groom anglais est pour le cheval français*.

<sup>3</sup> *Coup d'état* reminds me of one effect of Napoleonism. The greatest of French Reviews says in an article on Manzoni (July 15, 1873): 'quantité de termes, qui n'étaient permis qu'aux halles, ont passé dans le langage de la cour.' Paris is here meant.

But it is sad to see one of the most majestic of our political forms debased into a well-spring of bad English. Few sights are more suggestive than that of a British Sovereign enthroned and addressing the Lords Spiritual and Temporal with the Commons; while the men of 1215 look down from their niches aloft upon their good work. The pageant, one after Burke's own heart, takes us back six hundred years to the days when was laid the ground-plan of our Constitution, much as it still stands; the speech deals with facts upon which hangs the welfare of two hundred millions of men. But the old and pithy style of address, such as Charles I. and Speaker Lenthall employed, is now thought out of place; the Sovereign harangues the lieges in a speech that has become a byword for bad English. We have taken into our heads the odd notion, that long sentences stuffed with Latinized words are more majestic than our forefathers' simplicity of speech; the bad grammar, often put into the Sovereign's mouth, smacks of high treason. The evil example spreads downwards; it is no wonder that official reports are not seldom a cumbrous mass of idle wordiness.<sup>1</sup> A wholesome awe of long sentences would wonderfully improve the Official style, and would save the country many reams of good paper. As it is, too often from the Government scribbler's toil

‘Nonentity, with circumambient wings,  
An everlasting Phoenix doth arise.’

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<sup>1</sup> In the *Daily Telegraph*, July 18, 1873, will be found a letter from an Official representing the Lord Chamberlain; while rebuking a Manager for bringing the Shah on the stage, he so far forgets

Mr. Marsh has long ago pointed out that our best-loved bywords, and those parts of the Bible most on our lips in every-day life, are almost purely Teutonic. I go a step further and would remark, that the same holds good, as regards the great watchwords of English history; such as 'Short rede, good rede, slay ye the Bishop;' 'when Adam dalf and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?' 'bastard slips shall not thrive;' 'this man hath got the sow by the right ear;' 'turn or burn;' 'the word Calais will be found graven on my heart after death;' 'stone dead hath no fellow;' 'put your trust in God, but keep your powder dry;' 'change kings, and we will fight you again;' 'we'll sink or swim together;' 'the French run, then I die happy;' 'a Church without a Gospel, a King above the Law;' 'the wooden walls of Old England;' 'what will they say in England if we get beaten?' 'the schoolmaster is abroad in the land;' 'the Queen has done it all;' 'the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill;' 'blood is thicker than water;' 'rest and be thankful;' 'are they not your own flesh and blood?'<sup>1</sup>

himself as to talk of 'altering the make-up.' But he at once pulls himself up, after this slip, and goes on to speak of 'making modifications of the personality of the principal character.'

<sup>1</sup> Lord Thurlow in 1789 knew very well what he was about, when he couched in good Saxon his famous adjuration, which he meant to be a household word in the mouths of English squires and parsons. The pithy comments of Pitt, Burke, and Wilkes on Thurlow's blasphemy are well known. The Irish leaders in 1873 are wise in talking of 'Home Rule,' rather than of 'Domestic Legislation;' though the former bears an unlucky resemblance to 'Rome Rule.' Mr. Tadpole and Mr. Taper knew the value of a good cry.

In this way, Pitt the younger is known to us as 'the pilot that weathered the storm.' I have heard, that when Canning wrote the inscription graven on Pitt's monument in the London Guildhall, an Alderman felt much disgust at the grand phrase 'he died poor,' and wished to substitute 'he expired in indigent circumstances.' Could the difference between the scholarlike and the vulgar be more happily marked? I have lately seen another kind of alteration earnestly recommended—it is short rede, good rede; and it sounds like a loud call to come and do likewise. Mr. Freeman says in 1873, on reprinting his *Essays* written long before:—

'In almost every page I have found it easy to put some plain English word, about whose meaning there can be no doubt, instead of those needless French and Latin words which are thought to add dignity to style, but which in truth only add vagueness. I am in no way ashamed to find that I can write purer and clearer English now than I did fourteen or fifteen years back; and I think it well to mention the fact for the encouragement of younger writers. The common temptation of beginners is to write in what they think a more elevated fashion. It needs some years of practice before a man fully takes in the truth that, for real strength and above all for real clearness, there is nothing like the old English speech of our fathers.'<sup>1</sup>

We have before our eyes many tokens that the old ways of our forefathers have still charms for us, though our tongue has been for ages, as it were, steeped in French and Latin. Take the case of children brought to the font by their godfathers; Lamb long ago most

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Freeman's *Essays*, Second Series, Preface. I lighted upon this passage long after I had written the rest of this chapter.

wittily handled a long list of fine girlish names, and avowed at the end,

♦ 'These all, than Saxon Edith, please me less.'

One of the signs of the times is, the marked fondness for the name Ethel; we cannot say whether the heroine of Mr. Thackeray or the heroine of Miss Yonge is the pattern most present to the parental mind. I know of a child christened Frideswide, though her parents have nothing to do with Christchurch, Oxford. This is one of the straws that shows which way the wind is blowing. With all our shortcomings, we may fairly make the Homeric boast that in some things we are far better than our fathers. A hundred years ago Hume and Wyatt were making a ruthless onslaught upon the England of the Thirteenth Century: the one mauled her greatest men; the other (irreparable is the loss) mauled her fairest churches. We live in better times; we see clearly enough the misdeeds of Hume and Wyatt: ought not our eyes to be equally open to the sins of Johnson and Gibbon? For these last writers, the store that had served their betters was not enough; disliking the words in vogue at the beginning of their Century, they gave us a most unbecoming proportion of tawdry Latinisms, which are to this day the joy of penny-a-liners. But already improvement is abroad in the land; Cobbett first taught us a better way; we have begun to see that the Eighteenth Century (at least in its latter half) was as wrong in its diction as in its History or its Architecture. We are scraping the stucco off the old stone and brick, as the Germans and Danes have done. Ere long, it is to be

hoped, the most polysyllabic of British scribblers will find out that for him Defoe and Fielding are better models than Johnson or Gibbon. The great truth will dawn upon him, that few men can write forty words unbroken by a semicolon, without making slips in grammar. He will think twice before he uses Latin words, such as *ovation*, in a sense that makes scholars writhe. He will never discard a Teutonic word without good reason; and if he cannot find one of these fit for his purpose, he will prefer a French or Latin word, naturalized before 1740, to any later comer. Fox had some show of right on his side, when he refused to embody in his History any word not to be found in Dryden; though the great Whig might surely have borne with phrases used by Swift and Bolingbroke.

I now give three sentences, which will bring three different forms of what is called English into the most glaring contrast; each contains more than twenty nouns and verbs.

I. Stung by the foe's twitting, our forefathers (bold wights!) drew nigh their trusty friends, and were heartily welcomed; taught by a former mishap, they began the fight on that spot, and showed themselves unaffrighted by threatening forebodings of woe.

II. Provoked by the enemy's abuse, our ancestors (brave creatures!) approached their faithful allies, and were nobly received; instructed by a previous misfortune, they commenced the battle in that place, and proved themselves undismayed by menacing predictions of misery.

III. Exacerbated by the antagonist's vituperation, our

progenitors (audacious individuals!) approximated to their reliable auxiliaries, and were ovated with empressement; indoctrinated by a preliminary contretemps, they inaugurated hostilities in that locality, and demonstrated themselves as unintimidated by minatory vaticinations of catastrophe.<sup>1</sup>

These three sentences at once carry the mind to Hengist, to William the Conqueror, and to the Victorian penny-a-liner. Of the three, the first is made up of good Teutonic words that are among our choicest heirlooms; some of them have been in our mouths for thousands of years, ever since we dwelt on the Oxus. The second sentence is made up of French words, many of which, so far back as the Thirteenth Century, had the right of citizenship in England; they are not indeed to be ranked with the Teutonic words already given, yet are often most helpful. The third sentence is made up of Latin words, mostly not brought in until after 1740; <sup>2</sup> wholly unneeded in England, they are at once the laughing-stock of scholars and the idols of penny-a-liners.<sup>3</sup> The first sentence is like a Highland burn; the second is like the Thames at Hampton Court; the third is like London

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Soule, of Boston, furnished me with many of the words of Number III., grand rolling words far above my poor brain. Number III. differs from Number I. as Horace's *meretrix* from *matrona*, *scurra* from *amicus*; his lines on the difference are well known. As to Mr. Soule and his synonyms—*haud equidem invideo; miror magis*.

<sup>2</sup> There are two Greek words and two French words among them; I have shown the Victorian penny-a-liner at his very best.

<sup>3</sup> Bishop Hall says in his Satires, I. 6 :—

‘Fie on the forged mint that did create  
New coin of words never articulate.’

sewage.<sup>1</sup> Or, to borrow another illustration, the first sentence is like Scott's *Jeanie Deans* ; the second is like the average young lady of our day ; the third is like Fielding's loathsome *Bellaston* woman. Something has been said earlier of the merits of stone, brick, and stucco.<sup>2</sup>

I will end with a parable :—A maiden of Eastern birth came over the sea, and by sheer force installed herself in a Welshman's house. Her roughness was much abated after her baptism : some say the priest who christened her was an Italian, others will have it that he was an Irishman. Her garments were afterwards somewhat ruffled and torn in a struggle with a Danish rover, her own kinsman, who long worried her sorely. A French knight proved a still shrewder foe ; he became lord of her house, settled himself in her parlour, and thrust her down into the scullery. There she abode many days, taking little thought for her dress, though she had once given the greatest heed to it. A begging friar now came in, who was listened to by knight and maiden alike ; he persuaded the latter to throw away certain articles of her homespun raiment, brought by her from the East, and to replace these (a work of time) by an imitation of part of the knight's fine French apparel. What was worse, she became too proud to spin new garments, as she wanted them, out of her home materials. All this was wrong ; her weeds now became parti-coloured, unlike those of her kinsmen on the mainland. Not long after this great change in her attire,

<sup>1</sup> A London journal or two, that might well stand for the *Cloaca Maxima*, will readily occur to my readers.

<sup>2</sup> I have spoken of gold and brass ; but I know of no combination of metals vile enough to be likened to Number III.

she found herself once more mistress in all her rooms, equally at home in parlour and in scullery. She again and again took the law of the Frenchman, thus handsomely requiting him for his burglary; and as to the government of her own household, she laid down rules that have since been copied far and wide. But she herself followed foreign fashions in dress still further as she grew older, especially about the time that she turned Protestant. Soon after changing her creed, she is thought to have looked her very best. We must take her as we find her; it is hopeless to expect her to wear those articles that she long ago flung away at the friar's behest; but all lovers of good taste will be sorry, if she hide the goodly old homespun weeds that still remain to her, under a heap of new-fangled Italian gewgaws. She is sometimes to be met with abroad, dight in comely apparel; plain in her neatness, she seems fondest of the attire she brought with her from over the sea, though she shrinks not from wearing a fair proportion of the French gear which she cannot now do without, thanks to her unwisdom when she lived in the scullery. Arrayed on this wise, she can hold her own, so skilful judges say, against all comers; she need not fear the rivalry of the proudest ladies ever bred in Greece or Italy. But sometimes the silly wench seems to be given over to the Foul Fiend of bad taste; she comes out in whimsical garments that she never knew until the other day; she decks herself in outlandish ware of all the colours of the rainbow, hues that she has not the wit to combine; <sup>1</sup> heartily ashamed of her own home,

<sup>1</sup> The word *penology*, to wit.

she takes it into her head to ape foreign fashions, like the vulgarest of the pretenders upon whom Thackeray loved to bring down his whip. In these fits, she resembles nothing so much as some purse-proud upstart's wife, blest with more wealth than brains, who thinks that she can take rank among Duchesses and Countesses by putting on her back the gaudiest refuse of a milliner's shop. Let us hope that these odd fits may soon become things of the past; and that the fair lady, whom each true knight is bound to champion against besetting clowns, may hold up before English scholars, preachers, and pressmen alike that brightest of all her jewels, simplicity.

Your termes, your coloures, and your figures,  
Kepe hem in store, til so be ye endite  
Hie stile, as whan that men to kinges write.  
Speketh so plain at this time, I you pray,  
That we may understonden what ye say.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Chaucer, the *Clerkes Prologue*.

## CHAPTER VII.

## TWELVE HUNDRED YEARS OF ENGLISH.

## I.

RUNES ON THE RUTHWELL CROSS, OF ABOUT THE YEAR 680.<sup>1</sup>

(On-) geredæ hinæ  
 God almeyottig  
 þa he walde  
 on galgu gi-stiga  
 modig fore  
 (ale) men

Girded him  
 God almighty  
 when he would  
 on gallows mount  
 proud for  
 all men

(ahof) ic riicnæ cuningc  
 heafunæs hlafard  
 hælda ic (n)i darstæ  
 bismærædu unget men ba  
 ætgad(r)e  
 ic (wæs) miþ blodæ bistemid

I heaved the rich king  
 heaven's lord  
 heel (over) I durst not  
 men mocked us both to-  
 gether.  
 I was with blood besmeared

Krist wæs on rodi  
 hweþræ þer fusæ  
 fearran kwomu  
 æppilæ ti lanum  
 ic þæt al bi(h)eal(d)  
 s(are) ic wæs  
 mi(þ) sorgu(m) gi(d)ræ(fe)d

Christ was on rood  
 but there hurriedly  
 From afar they came  
 the Prince to aid  
 I beheld all that  
 sore I was  
 with sorrows harrowed

<sup>1</sup> Stephens, *Runic Monuments*, I, 405.

mip strelum giwundæd	with arrows wounded
alegdun hiæ hinæ limwæ- rignæ	they laid him down limb- weary
gistoddun him (æt) h(is l)i- cæs (h)eaf(du)m	they stood at his corpse's head

## II.

MANUSCRIPT OF THE YEAR 737, CONTAINING LINES BY  
CADMON.<sup>1</sup>

Nu scylun hergan	Now must we praise
hefaen ricaes uard	heaven kingdom's Warden
metudæs mæcti	the Creator's might
end his mod gidanc	and his mind's thought
uerc uuldur fadur	glorious Father of men
sue he uundra gihuaes	as he of each wonder
eci drictin	eternal Lord
or astelidæ	formed the beginning
He ærist scop	He erst shaped
elda barnum	for earth's bairns
heben til hrofe	heaven as a roof
haleg scepen	holy Shaper
tha middun geard	then mid-earth
mon cynnæs uard	mankind's Warden
eci dryctin	eternal Lord
æfter tiadæ	afterwards produced
firum foldu	for men the earth
frea allmectig.	Lord Almighty.

<sup>1</sup> Bosworth, *Origin of the Germanic Languages*, p. 57.

III.

THE EIGHTH PSALM, FROM THE NORTHUMBRIAN PSALTER,  
COMPILED ABOUT THE YEAR 800.<sup>1</sup>

Dryht', dryht' ur, hu wundurlic is noma ðin in alre eorðan,  
for-ðon up-ahefen is micelnis ðin ofer heofenas, of muðe cilda  
and milc-deondra ðu ge-fremedes lof.

fore feondum ðinum, ðæt ðu to-weorpe feond and ge-  
scildend.

for-ðon ic ge-sie heofenas were fingra ðinra, monan and  
steorran ða ðu ge-steaðulades.

hwet is mon ðæt ge-myndig ðu sie his, oððe sunu monnes  
for-ðon ðu neosas hine?

ðu ge-wonedes hine hwoene laessan from englum, mid  
wuldre and mid are ðu ge-begades hine, and ge-settes hine  
ofer were honda ðinra:

all ðu under-deodes under fotum his, scep and oxan all ec  
ðon and netenu feldes,

fugas heofenes and fiscas saes, ða geond-gað stige saes

Dryht', dryht' ur, hu wundurlic is noma ðin in alre eorðan.

IV.

THE RUSHWORTH GOSPELS, A.D. 900.

St. Matthew, Chap. ii.

1. þa soþlice akenned wæs Hælend Iudeana in dagum  
Erodes þæs kyninges, henu tungul-kræftgu eastan quo-  
mon in Hierosolimam, 2. cweþende, hwær is seþe akenned  
is kining Iudeana? we gesegon soþlice steorra his in  
east-dæle and cuomon to gebiddenne to him. 3. þæt þa

<sup>1</sup> This Psalm may be compared with the version made four hun-  
dred and fifty years later, at p. 145 of my work. Both may be found  
in the *Psalter* (Surtees Society).

geherde, soþlice Herodes king wæs gedroefed in mode and ealle Hierosolima mid hine. 4. . . . ealle aldur-sacerdos, bokeras þæs folkes, ahsade heom hwær Krist wære akenned. 5. hiæ þa cwædon, in Bethlem Iudeana, swa soþlice awriten þurh witgu, cwæþende. 6. . . . nænigþinga læs-æst eart aldurmonnum Iuda, of þe soþlice gæþ latteuw seþe ræccet Israhæl. 7. Herodes dernunga acægde tungul-kræftgum and georne geliornade æt þa tid þæs æteawde him steorra. 8. sondende heom to Bethlem cwæþ, gæþ ahsiað georne bi þem cnæhte þanne ge gemoetep hine sæcgað eft, þæt ic swilce cymende gebidde to him. 9. þa hie þa . . . . ðæs kyninges word eodun þonan, henu þe steorra þe hiæ ær gesægon east-dæle fore-eade hiæ oppæt he cumende bufan ðær se cneht . . . . 10. hie geseænde soþlice steorran gefegon gefea miccle swiþe. 11. ingangende þæt hus gemoettun þone cneht mid . . . forþfallende gebedun to him . . . ontynden heora gold-hord brohtun lac recils murra. 12. andsuari onfengon slepe, hiæ ne cerdun . . . þurh wege gewendun to heora londe.

## V.

## THE LINDISFARNE GOSPELS, A.D. 970.

## PARABLE OF THE TEN VIRGINS.—St. Matthew xxv.

1. Ðonne gelic bið ric heofna tewm hehstaldun, ða onfengon leht-fato heora ge-eodun ongeæn ðæm brydguma and ðær bryde. 2. fifo uutetlice of ðæm weron idlo and fifo hogofæste. 3. ah fifo idlo gefengon leht-fato ne genomun oele mið him. 4. hogofæste

utetlice onfengon oele in fetelsum hiora mið leht-fatum.  
 5. suigo utetlice dyde ðe brydgum geslepedon alle and  
 geslepdon. 6. middum utetlice næht lydeng geworden  
 wæs: heonu brydguma cwom, gæs ongæn him. 7. ða  
 arioson alle hehstalde ða ilco, and gehrindon leht-fato  
 hiora. 8. idlo utetlice ðæm snotrum cuoedon: seles  
 us of ole iuerre, forðon leht-fato usræ gedrysned biðon.  
 9. geonduordon hogo cuoedendo: eaðe mæg ne noh is us  
 and iuh, gaas gewelgad to ðæm bibycendum and bygeð  
 iuh. 10. miððy utetlice geeodon to bycganne, cuom  
 ðe brydguma and ða ðe . . . . weron innfoerdon mið  
 him to brydloppum and getyned wæs ðe dura.  
 11. hlætmosto cwomon and ða oðro hehstaldo cuoedendo:  
 drihten, drihten, untyn us. 12. soð he onduearde cueð:  
 soðlice ic cuoedo iuh, nat ic iuih. 13. wæccas forðon,  
 forðon nuuto gie ðone dæge ne þone tid.

VI.

(About A.D. 1090.)

THE FINDING OF ST. EDMUND'S HEAD.<sup>1</sup>

Hwæt þa, ðe flot-here ferde þa eft to scipe, and  
*What then fleet-armament fared then again ship*  
 behyddon þæt heafod þæs halgan Eadmundes on þam  
*hid the head holy*  
 ðiccum bremlum, þæt hit biburigeð ne wurde. þa  
*thick brambles buried should not be.*

<sup>1</sup> Thorpe's *Analecta*, p. 87. He thinks that this is East Anglian. Here we see the Anglian diphthong *æ* at the end of words, just as on the Ruthwell Cross, four hundred years earlier.



æfter fyrste, syððan heo ifarene wæron, com þæt lond-  
*a time after they gone*  
 folc tó, þe þær to lafe þa wæs, þær heoræ lafordes lic  
*left their lord's corpse*  
 buton heafde þa læg, and wurdon swiðe sarig for his  
*without head lay were right sorry*  
 slægie on mode, and hure þæt heo næfdon þæt heafod to  
*slaughter mind moreover had not*  
 þam bodige. Þa sæde ðe sceawere, þe hit ær iseah, þæt  
*beholder erst saw*  
 þa flot-men hæfdon þæt heafod mid heom, and wæs him  
*with them to him it*  
 ipuht, swa swa hit wæs ful soð, þæt heo hydden þæt  
*seemed as true*  
 heofod on þam holte. For-hwæga heo eoden þa endemes  
*However went at last*  
 alle to þam wude, sæcende gehwær, geond þyfelas and  
*every where through shrubs*  
 brymelas, gif heo mihten imeten þæt heafod. Wæs eac  
*if meet eke*  
 mycel wunder þæt an wulf wæs isend, þurh Godes  
 willunge, to biwærigenne þæt heafod, wið þa oðre deór,  
*guard against beasts*  
 ofer dæg and niht. Heo eoden ða sæcende, and  
*day*  
 cleopigende, swa swa hit iwunelic is þæt ða þe on wude  
*calling customary those that*  
 gaþ oft: 'Hwær eart þu nu gerefa?' And him and-  
*go governor*  
 swyrde þæt heafod: 'Her, her, her.' And swa ilome  
*so often*  
 clypode andswarigende, oððet heo alle bicomen, þurh  
*until came*  
 þa clypunge, him tó. Þa læg þe grægæ wulf þe bewiste  
*gray guarded*  
 þæt heafod, ant mid his twam fotum hæfde þæt heafod  
*two feet*

biclypped, gredig and hungrig, and for Gode ne dyrste  
*clasped*  
 þæs hæfdes onburigen, ac heold hit wið deor. Ða  
*taste but held*  
 wurdon heo ofwundroden þæs wulfes hordrædene, and  
*became amazed at guardianship*  
 þæt halige heafod hám feroðen mid heom, þankende  
*home carried*  
 þam Almihtigan alre his wundræ. Ac þe wulf fologede  
*for all*  
 forð mid þam heafde, oððet heo on túne comen, swylce  
*town as if*  
 he tome wære, and wende æft syððan to wude ongean.  
*tame again*  
 Ða lond-leodan þa syððan lægdan þæt heafod to þam  
*land-folk*  
 halige bodige, and burigdon, swa swa heo lihtlucost  
*easiest*  
 mihten on swylce rædinge, and cyrce arærdon onuppon  
*such haste a kirk reared*  
 him.<sup>1</sup>

VII.

(A.D. 1220.)

ANCREN RIWLE (Camden Society), 388.<sup>2</sup>

A lefdi was þet was mid hire voan biset al abuten,  
*lady foes*  
 and hire lond al destrued, and heo al poure, wiðinnen  
*she poor*

<sup>1</sup> I give here only one specimen of English between this date (1090) and 1350, since so many pieces, written in that interval, are to be found in my book.

<sup>2</sup> This is the only passage, of all the specimens in this Chapter, that was not written in the Anglian country, or that did not feel the Anglian influence. French words begin to come in.

one eorðene castle. On mihti kinges luve was þauh bi-  
*an earthen A however*  
 turnd upon hire, so unimete swuðe þet he vor wouh-  
*boundless very wooing*  
 lecchunge sende hire his sonden, on efter oðer, and ofte  
*messengers, one*  
 somed monie: and sende hire beaubelet boðe veole and  
*at once jewels many*  
 feire, and sukurs of liveneð, and help of his heie hird to  
*supplies victuals army*  
 holden hire castel. Heo underveng al ase on unrec-  
*received careless*  
 heleas ping þet was so herd iheorted þet hire luve ne  
*hard-hearted*  
 mihte he never beon þe neorre. Hwat wult tu more?  
*nearer*  
 He com himsulf a last, and scheawede hire his feire  
*at*  
 neb, ase þe þet was of alle men veirest to biholden, and  
*face one*  
 spec swuðe sweteliche and so murie wordes þet heo  
*spake pleasant they*  
 muhten þe deade arearen vrom deaðe to live. And  
*might*  
 wrouhte veole wundres, and dude veole meistries bivo-  
*did great works*  
 ren hire eihsihðe, and scheawede hire his mihten: tolde  
 hire of his kinedome, and bead for to makien hire cwene  
*offered*  
 of al þet he ouhte. Al pis ne help nout. Nes pis  
*owned helped nought Was not this*  
 wunderlich hoker? Vor heo nes never wurðe vorte.  
*disdain to*  
 beon his schelchine. Auh so, þuruh his debonerté, luve  
*scullion But*  
 hefde overkumen hine þet he seide on ende, ‘ Dame, þu  
*had him at last*

ert iweorred, and þine von beoð so stronge þet tu ne  
*assailed* *foes*  
meiht nonesweis, wiðuten sukurs af me, etfleon hore  
*in no way* *escape* *their*  
honden, þet heo ne don þe to scheomefule deað. Ich  
*they*  
chulle vor þe lueve of þe nimen þis fiht upon me, and  
*shall* *take*  
aredden þe of ham þet schecheð þine deað. Ich wot  
*rid* *them*  
þauh for soðe þet ich schal bitweonen ham undervongen  
*must*  
deaðes wunde, and ich hit wulle heorteliche vorto ofgon  
*win*  
þine heorte. Nu, þeonne, biseche ich þe, vor þe lueve þet  
*then*  
ich kuðe þe, þet tu luevie me, hure and hure, efter þen  
*show* *at least*  
ilke dead deaðe, hwon þu noldes lives. Þes king  
*same* *since* *wouldst not in my life*  
dude al þus, aredde hire of alle hire von, and was him-  
sulf to wundre ituked, and isleien on ende. Þuruh  
*injured* *slain*  
miracle þauh he aros from deaðe to live. Nere þeos  
*Would not be*  
ilke lefdi of vuele kunnes kunde, gif heo over alle þing  
*evil* *nature* *sprung*  
ne lueve him her efter ?

Þes king is Jesu Crist, Godes sune, þet al o þisse wise  
wowude ure soule, þet þe deoffen heveden biset. And  
*woeal* *our* *devils*  
he, ase noble woware, efter monie messagers, and feole  
*many*  
god deden, com vorto preoven his lueve, and scheawede  
*prove*  
þuruh knihtschipe þet he was lueve-wurde, ase weren  
*worthy*



was born in Englund, in the town of Seynt Albones, passed the see, in the yeer of our Lord Jhesu Crist MCCCXXII., in the day of Seynt Michelle; and hidre to have ben longe tyme over the see, and have seyn and gon thorghe manye dyverse londes, and many provynces and kingdomes and iles; and have passed thorghout Turkye, Tartarye, Percye, Surrye, Arabye, Egypt the highe and the lowe, Ermony the litylle and the grete; thorgh Lybye, Caldee, and a gret partie of Ethiope; thorgh Amazoyne, Inde the lasse and the more, a gret partie; and thorgh out many othere iles, that ben abouten Inde; where dwellen many dyverse folkes, and of dyverse maneres and lawes, and of dyverse schappes of men. Of whiche londes and iles I schalle speke more pleyntyly hereaftre. And I schal devise you sum partie of thinges that there ben, whan tyme schalle ben, aftre it may best come to my mynde; and specially for hem, that wylle and are in purpos for to visite the holy citee of Jerusalem, and the holy places that are thereabout. And I schalle telle the weye, that thei schalle holden thidre. For I have often tymes passed and ryden the way, with gode companye of many lordes: God be thonked.

And gee schulle undirstonde, that I have put this boke out of Latyn into Frensch, and translated it agen out of Frensche into Englyssch, that every man of my nacioun may undirstonde it.

But lordes and knyghtes and othere noble and worthi men, that conne Latyn but lityle, and han ben beyonde the see, knowen and undirstonden, gif I seye trouthe or no, and gif I erre in devisyng, for forgetyng, or elles;

that thei mowe redresse it and amende it. For thinges passed out of longe tyme from a mannes mynde or from his syght, turnen sone into forzetyngge; because that mynde of man ne may not ben comprehended ne withholden, for the freeltie of mankynde.

## IX.

BISHOP PECKOCK, REPRESSOR OF OVER MUCH BLAMING OF THE CLERGY, Vol. I. 86.

(About A.D. 1450.)

## EVILS OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IN RELIGION.

Certis in this wise and in this now seid maner and bi this now seid cause bifille the rewful and wepeable destruccioun of the worthi citee and universite of Prage, and of the hoole rewme of Beeme, as y have had ther of enformacioun ynouȝ. And now, aftir the destruccioun of the rewme, the peple ben glad for to resorte and turne aȝen into the catholik and general faith and loore of the chirche, and in her<sup>1</sup> pouerte bildith up aȝen what was brent and throwun down, and noon of her holdingis<sup>2</sup> can thrive. But for that Crist in his prophecying muste needis be trewe, that ech kingdom devidid in hem silf schal be destroyed, therefore to hem<sup>3</sup> bifille the now seid wrecchid myschaunce. God for his merci and pitee kepe Ynglond, that he come not into lijk daunce. But forto turne here fro aȝen unto our Bible men, y preie ȝe seie ȝe to me, whanne among you is rise a strijf in holdingis and opiniouns (bi cause that ech of

<sup>1</sup> their.

<sup>2</sup> their tenets.

<sup>3</sup> them.

you trustith to his owne studie in the Bible aloon, and wole have alle treuthis of mennys moral conversacioun there groundid), what iuge mai therto be assiynd in erthe, save resoun and the bifore seid doom<sup>1</sup> of resoun? For thoug men schulden be iugis, zit so muste thei be bi nce of the seid resoun and doom of resoun; and if this be trewe, who schulde thanne better or so weel use, demene, and execute this resoun and the seid doom, as schulde tho men whiche han spende so miche labour aboute thilk craft? And these ben tho now bifore seid clerkis. And therefore, ze Bible men, bi this here now seid whiche ze muste needis graunte, for experience which ze han of the disturblaunce in Beeme, and also of the disturblaunce and dyverse feelingis had among zou silf now in Ynglond, so that summe of zou ben clepid *Doctourmongers*, and summe ben clepid *Opinioun-holders*, and summe ben *Neutralis*, that of so presumptuose a cisme abhominacioun to othere men and schame to zou it is to heere; rebuke now zou silf, for as miche as ze wolden not bifore this tyme allowe, that resoun and his doom schulde have such and so greet interesse in the lawe of God and in expownyng of Holi Scripture, as y have seid and proved hem to have.

X.

(A.D. 1550.)

LEVER'S SERMONS.<sup>2</sup>

As for example of ryche men, loke at the merchauntes of London, and ye shall se, when as by their honest voca-

<sup>1</sup> judgement.

<sup>2</sup> Arber's *Reprint*, page 29.

cion, and trade of marchandise God hath endowed them with great abundaunce of ryches, then can they not be content with the prosperous welth of that vocacion to satisfye theym selves, and to helpe other, but their riches muste abrode in the countrey to bie fermes out of the handes of worshypfull gentlemen, honeste yeomen, and pore laborynge husbandes. Yea nowe also to bye personages, and benefices, where as they do not onelye bye landes and goodes, but also lyves and soules of men, from God and the comen wealth, unto the Devyll and them selves. A myschevouse marte of merchandrie is this, and yet nowe so comenly used, that therby shepeheardes be turned to theves, dogges into wolves, and the poore flocke of Christ, redemed wyth his precious bloud, moste miserablye pyllled and spoyled, yea cruelly devoured. Be thou marchaunt of the citey, or be thou gentleman in the contrey, be thou lawer, be you courtear, or what maner of man soever thou be, that can not, yea yf thou be master doctor of divinitie, that wyl not do thy duety, it is not lawfull for the to have personage, benefice, or any suche livyng, excepte thou do fede the flocke spiritually wyth Goddes worde, and bodelye wyth honeste hospitalitye. I wyll touch diverse kyndes of ryche men and rulers, that ye maye se what harme some of them do wyth theyr ryches and authoritye. And especiallye I wyll begynne wyth theym that be best learned, for they seme belyke to do moste good wyth ryches and authoritie unto them committed. If I therefore beyng a yonge simple scholer myghte be so bolde, I wolde aske an auncient, wyse, and well learned doctor of divinitie, whych cometh not at hys benefice,

whether he were bounde to fede hys flocke in teachynge of Goddes worde, and keypyng hospitalitie or no? He wolde answere and saye: Syr, my curate supplieth my rounge in teachynge, and my farmer in keypyng of house. Yea but master doctor by your leave, both these more for your vauntage then for the paryshe conforte: and therefore the mo suche servauntes that ye kepe there, the more harme is it for your paryshe, and the more synne and shame for you. Ye may thynke that I am sumwhat saucye to laye synne and shame to a doctor of divinitie in thys solemne audience, for some of them use to excuse the matter, and saye: Those whych I leave in myne absence do farre better than I shoulde do, yf I taryed there my selfe.

XI.

COWLEY.

(Works, printed by Sprat in 1668.<sup>1</sup>)

How this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such Chimes of Verse, as have never since left ringing there. For I remember when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my Mother's Parlour (I know not by what accident, for she her self never in her life read any Book but of Devotion), but there was wont to lie Spencers Works: this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the

<sup>1</sup> Page 144, near the end of the Volume.

Knights, and Giants, and Monsters, and brave Houses, which I found every where there : (Though my understanding had little to do with all this) and by degrees with the tinckling of the Rhyme and Dance of the Numbers, so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a Poet as irremediably as a Child is made an Eunuch. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon Letters, I went to the University ; But was soon torn from thence by that violent Publick storm which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every Plant, even from the Princely Cedars to Me, the Hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a Tempest ; for I was cast by it into the Family of one of the best Persons, and into the Court of one of the best Princesses of the World. Now though I was here engaged in wayes most contrary to the Original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of Greatness, both Militant and Triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and French Courts), yet all this was so far from altering my Opinion, that it onely added the confirmation of Reason to that which was before but Natural Inclination. I saw plainly all the Paint of that kind of Life, the nearer I came to it ; and that Beauty which I did not fall in Love with, when, for ought I knew, it was reall, was not like to bewitch, or intice me, when I saw that it was Adulterate. I met with several great Persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their Greatness was to be liked or desired, no more then I would be glad, or content to

be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it: A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my Courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found any where, though I was in business of great and honourable trust, though I ate at the best Table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and publick distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old School-boys Wish in a Copy of Verses to the same effect.

XII.

GIBBON.

(A.D. 1776.)

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

CHAPTER I.

In the second century of the Christian *Æra*, the empire of Rome comprehended the fairest part of the earth, and the most civilized portion of mankind. The frontiers of that extensive monarchy were guarded by ancient renown and disciplined valour. The gentle, but powerful, influence of laws and manners had gradually cemented the union of the provinces. Their peaceful inhabitants enjoyed and abused the advantages of wealth and luxury. The image of a free constitution was preserved with decent reverence: the Roman senate appeared to possess the sovereign authority, and devolved

on the emperors all the executive powers of government.

## CHAPTER II.

It was once proposed to discriminate the slaves by a peculiar habit; but it was justly apprehended that there might be some danger in acquainting them with their own numbers. Without interpreting, in their utmost strictness, the liberal appellations of legions and myriads, we may venture to pronounce that the proportion of slaves, who were valued as property, was more considerable than that of servants, who can be computed only as an expense. The youths of a promising genius were instructed in the arts and sciences, and their price was ascertained by the degree of their skill and talents. Almost every profession, either liberal or mechanical, might be found in the household of an opulent senator. The ministers of pomp and sensuality were multiplied beyond the conception of modern luxury. It was more for the interest of the merchant or manufacturer to purchase, than to hire his workmen; and in the country, slaves were employed as the cheapest and most laborious instruments of agriculture. To confirm the general observation, and to display the multitude of slaves, we might allege a variety of particular instances. It was discovered, on a very melancholy occasion, that four hundred slaves were maintained in a single palace of Rome.

## MORRIS.

(A.D. 1872.)

## LOVE IS ENOUGH.

O friend, I have seen her no more, and her mourning  
Is alone and unhelped—yet to-night or to-morrow  
Somewhat nigher will I be to her love and her longing.  
Lo, to thee, friend, alone of all folk on the earth  
These things have I told: for a true man I deem thee  
Beyond all men call true; yea, a wise man moreover  
And hardy and helpful; and I know thy heart surely  
That thou holdest the world nought without me thy  
fosterling.

Come, leave all awhile! it may be, as time weareth,  
With new life in our hands we shall wend us back hither.

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One beckoneth her back hitherward—even Death—  
And who was that, Beloved, but even I?  
Yet though her feet and sunlight are drawn nigh  
The cold grass where he lieth like the dead,  
To ease your hearts a little of their dread  
I will abide her coming, and in speech  
He knoweth, somewhat of his welfare teach.

Hearken, O Pharamond, why camest thou hither?

I came seeking Death; I have found him belike.

In what land of the world art thou lying, O Pharamond?

In a land 'twixt two worlds; nor long shall I dwell there.

Who am I, Pharamond, that stand here beside thee?

The Death I have sought—thou art welcome; I greet thee.

Such a name have I had, but another name have I.

Art thou God, then, that helps not until the last season?

Yea, God am I surely; yet another name have I.

Methinks as I hearken, thy voice I should wot of.

I called thee, and thou cam'st from thy glory and kingship.

I was King Pharamond, and love overcame me.

Pharamond, thou say'st it.—I am Love and thy master.

Sooth did'st thou say when thou call'dst thyself Death.

Though thou diest, yet thy love and thy deeds shall I quicken.

Be thou God, be thou Death, yet I love thee and dread not.

Pharamond, while thou livedst, what thing wert thou loving?

A dream and a lie—and my death—and I love it.

Pharamond, do my bidding, as thy wont was aforetime.

What wilt thou have of me, for I wend away swiftly?

Open thine eyes, and behold where thou liest!

It is little—the old dream, the old lie is about me.

Why faintest thou, Pharamond? Is love then unworthy?

Then hath God made no world now, nor shall make hereafter.

Wouldst thou live if thou mightst in this fair world, O  
Pharamond?

Yea, if she and truth were; nay, if she and truth were not.

O long shalt thou live; thou art here in the body,  
Where nought but thy spirit I brought in days bygone.  
Ah, thou hearkenest!—And where then of old hast thou  
heard it?

O mock me not, Death; or, Life, hold me no longer;  
For that sweet strain I hear that I heard once a-dreaming;  
Is it death coming nigher, or life coming back that brings it?  
Or rather my dream come again as aforetime?

Look up, O Pharamond! canst thou see aught about  
thee?—Page 76.

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It is a shame for any Englishman to look coldly upon his mother tongue, and I hope that this Book may help forward the study of English in all its stages. Let the beginner first buy the Gothic and Anglo-Saxon Gospels, with Wickliffe's and Tyndale's versions; these, printed in four columns side by side, make a moderate volume, and are published by J. Smith, Soho Square, London. Let him next get Thorpe's *Analecta Anglo-Saxonica* (a glossary is attached), published by Arch, Cornhill; the extracts given here range from the year 890 to 1205. Then let him go on to Dr. Morris' *Specimens of Early English*, which will take him from 1230 to 1400; Mr. Skeat's *Specimens* will bring him down to 1579: these last two books come from the Clarendon Press and are sold by Macmillan & Co. The great English works, from 1579 to 1873, may be supposed to be already well known to all

men of any education. The thorough-going English student must always keep his eye fixed upon Dr. March's Anglo-Saxon Grammar (Sampson Low, Son, and Mars-ton), and upon Dr. Morris' Historical Outlines of English Accidence (Macmillan and Co.). He will, it is to be hoped, forthwith become a subscriber to the Early English Text Society. May many an Englishman begin his studies in his own tongue, mindful of Virgil's line:

‘*Antiquam exquirite Matrem.*’



## INDEX.

[English words and letters are here inserted in their most modern shape; thus *which* must be looked out, in order to find *hwylc*. In pursuance of this plan, I set down that *a* replaces *æ*, not that *æ* changes to *a*.]

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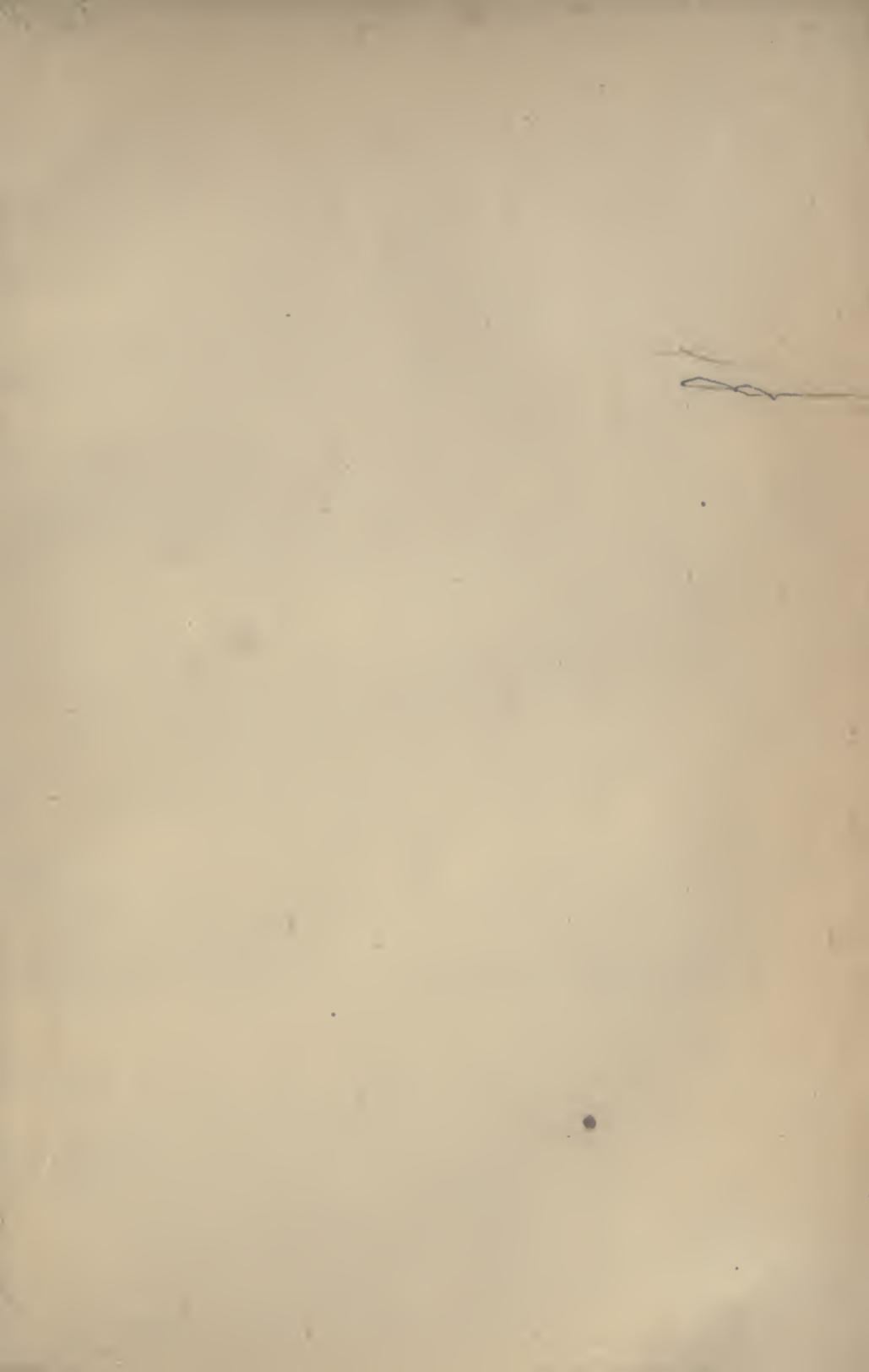
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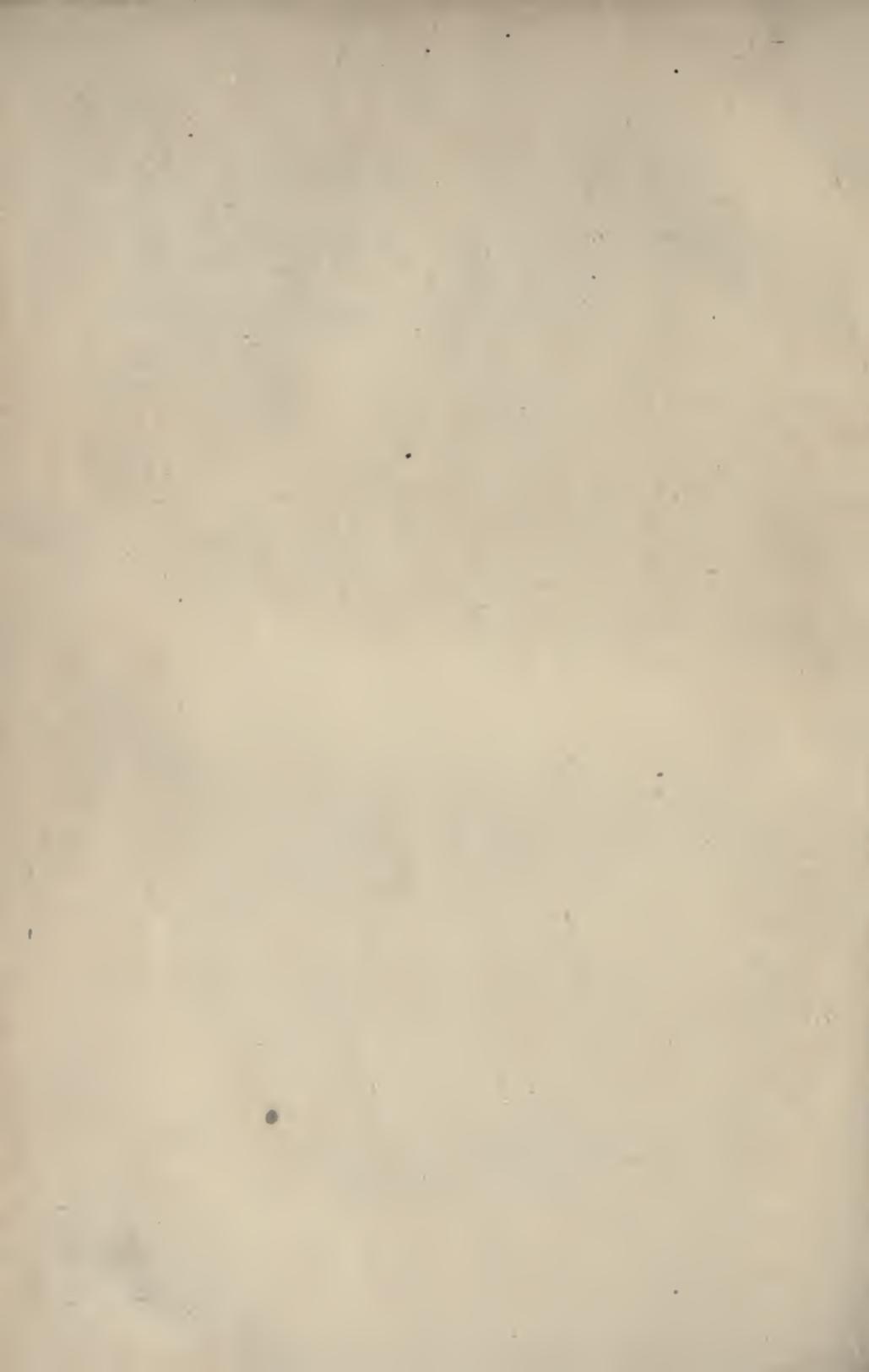
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