

Stories

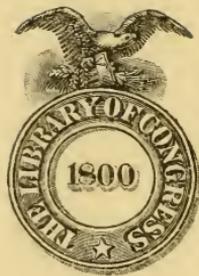
from

Old

Chronicles

Kate Stephens





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STORIES FROM OLD CHRONICLES

“The only history worth reading is that written at the time of which it treats, the history of what was done and seen, heard out of the mouths of the men who did and saw.”

—RUSKIN.



Cordelia first sees her father, Lear, while he sleeps—after he had been fitly
appareled and attended in honorable wise

Stories from Old Chronicles

Chosen and Edited with Brief Introductions
to the Stories and a General Introduction by

KATE STEPHENS

Author of "American Thumb-Prints: Mettle
of Our Men and Women," "A Woman's Heart,"
etc., etc.

NEW YORK
STURGIS & WALTON
COMPANY

1909

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Set up and electrotyped. Published September, 1909



© Sep. 25, 1909
Cl A 248073
SEP 27 1909

STORIES FROM OLD CHRONICLES

(*Grouped Chronologically—so far as possible*)

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To the Reader: Youths and Maids and Grown-ups: A Word at the Beginning

WHEN I say, "There is an indefinable attraction in old black-letter chronicles," you may ask, "What is a black-letter chronicle?"

Now a chronicle is commonly a simple narrative about facts and occurrences. Often the old chronicles that remain to us from bygone times were written by eye-witnesses, or reporters of eye-witnesses. And the simple narrative or chronicle is a black-letter chronicle when it is printed in Old English letter, a letter introduced into England about the middle of the fourteenth century—such type as the heading of this foreword to you, at the top of the page, is put in.

The attraction that we all agree is in the old chronicles—that is, their power of drawing you toward them—does not come wholly from the vivid and picturesque accounts their writers give, and the lasting impression these accounts leave upon our memory. Nor is it that from their pages we glean matter we are not apt to find elsewhere. The attraction the chronicles have for us, you will see, lies mainly in this: that in certain of those old writers we find a signal man-

ner of their telling a story, a simplicity of spirit like that of children, an explicitness in stating facts, and a faith that the writers are relating, with truth and seriousness, careers of men and women about whom it were worth while for later comers on the earth to know.

This matter of their stories, and manner of their telling, give to readers a better knowledge, as we said, than they are apt to gain elsewhere. One's best knowledge of a time is commonly gained from writers of that time, and especially is this true where the tales are told ingenuously.

For all these reasons I have taken a part of the best things met in old chronicles and put them together in this book. I started with Lord Berners' translation of Froissart, but soon Holinshed's *Historie* seemed almost as captivating. Later, when I sought other sources, I chose what would harmonize with the early spirit of the first selection.

I have made the book for readers of the younger years, for youths and maids of the interested mind—*virginibus puerisque* seeking to enlarge their own life by knowing what others have been and have done—for young men and young women who would look into earlier centuries and see the manner of life and habits of thinking of those earlier peoples, and realize the evolution, or unfolding, of our life as it is to-day—for you who would have some notion how many generations of your forefathers have wrought and joyed and suffered to make the conditions of life you now enjoy.

Probably, too, these leaves from the record of our race will interest older readers—grown-ups and people of the older years—who in the rush and push of our present-day life and its distractions from the old calm, find no opportunity to turn to the cumbersome quartos of Berners and his brothers—for those who would turn to the old tales in loving memory of other readings.

A goodly number of the most striking and pertinent and complete of the old writers' more agreeable stories are between these covers. In many instances the tales presented are those round which is already builded interest, and about which some knowledge is common.

In another way let us speak of results: If a reading of the vivid narratives of this book brings to us in an unusual way a sense of the continuity of race of our English-speaking peoples, its Early English writers also bring a sense of the continuity and splendor of our English speech—

“The glory of the English tongue.
That ample speech! That subtle speech!
Apt for the need of all and each:
Strong to endure, yet prompt to bend
Wherever human feelings tend.”

Just now, when we have a marked return to the language standards of the Old Bible, the purity and directness of the English of the early writers has much of value for us. To measure exactly the value one has merely to compare their pages with almost any book now issuing from the press. Because of their simplicity—their naïveté, their elementary human feeling,

their unconsciousness, and sincerity,—in other words because of the strength of their language, and their nervous grasp at just the right group of words, the old chroniclers are more living in English speech than many holding the pen to-day. Their facts may be now and then at fault, but their truth to human nature is commensurate with the emphasis of their black-letter English and the broad pages of their massive quartos.

The transcriptions here given, I hasten to add, are in many cases not exact copies. I have at times transposed phrases, sentences, and indeed whole paragraphs and pages. Not only have I transposed, I have also cut repetitions, sentences and paragraphs, introduced after the manner of the old chronicles. All this I did to keep the matter to the point, and save from tediousness, to keep the different stories to the limits of this book, to preserve our present-day sense of modesty, and in manner to set aside words the use of which is lost, and other words still in our every-day speech but with a different meaning from that of olden time.

In making my acknowledgments to those who have lent a helping hand to the making of this book, I am at a loss. If the reader carries a grateful heart for its content, he is in like plight. For we must not only render thanks to the chroniclers who hundreds of years ago wrote down these stories for us; we must also come with reverence to the doers of the deeds which the chroniclers recorded. Not tens of thousands, but hundreds of thousands of men and women and

children are the background of stirring life before us here.

And not only as we read should we in our mental picture see the men and women who chanced to be at the head of affairs, and therefore of importance to the vulgar eye and mind, but also countless, unnamed thousands, and especially the "common soldier," upon whose loyalty and devotion and stout heart, after all, the destiny of affairs really hung. If the archers at Crécy had been less competently and less completely loyal-hearted and stout-hearted men, Froissart would never have had opportunity to write the great story, given here, of that encounter between such men. Every good American, who reverences work, honors the worker and esteems no work "menial," will regard not alone the name of leader and lord which the chroniclers have handed down to us, but also those nameless and countless hosts—we do have a little hearing of them in the "March to London" story—upon whose unrecorded labors the chiefs rested and won their laurels and their power—the people who in their modest laboring made possible the glories of deed of the chiefs, and also the glory of the chroniclers, the glory of writing down the deeds.

For his generous permission to use selections from Asser from his *Alfred in the Chroniclers*, I am indebted to Mr. Edward Conybeare of Cambridge, England.

King Lear and His Three Daughters

First in this book is the far-famed story of King Lear. It is an imperishable story. Whether all that it tells exactly happened we do not know. Still it may have its foundation in fact.

The tale is very old—we first find it in an old chronicler, Geoffrey of Monmouth, who wrote nearly eight hundred years ago: and almost word for word, as we have it here, in the *Historie of England* by Raphaell Holinshed, published in London in the year 1587. The dates of the story however are in mythical years before the British history of the modern historian begins.

This tale of Lear and his three daughters is especially dear to us later English-speakers because of Shakespeare's great tragedy. If you open and read Shakespeare with our version before you, you will be interested to note how closely the poet's play follows the simple narrative here given from Holinshed. In the drama we have the cruelty of the two older daughters, and the rapid fall of the king from his royal estate to beggary. Shakespeare, as he carries on his drama, designedly moves our minds with pity for the king and with indignation at his sufferings and unjust treatment at the hands of his daughters. But the story, as we introduce it here, is told in hearty and simple fashion by a chronicler of Queen Elizabeth's and Shakespeare's day.

KING LEAR

LEAR, the son of Baldred, was admitted to rule over the Britons in the year of the world 3105,* at which time Joas reigned over Juda.

This Lear was a prince of right noble demeanor, governing his land and subjects in great

*846 B.C. These dates are legendary.

wealth. It is written that he had three daughters whose names were Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia, which daughters he greatly loved, but specially Cordelia, the youngest, far above the two elder. When this Lear, therefore, was come to great years, and began to wear unwieldy through age, he thought to understand the affections of his daughters towards him, and prefer her whom he best loved, to the succession over the kingdom.

Whereupon he first asked Goneril, the eldest, how well she loved him. She, calling her gods to record, protested that she loved him more than her own life, which by right and reason should be most dear unto her. With which answer, being well pleased, the father turned to the second, Regan, and demanded of her how well she loved him. She answered, confirming her sayings with great oaths, that she loved him more than tongue could express, and far above all other creatures of the world.

Then called he his youngest daughter, Cordelia, before him, and asked of her what account she made of him. Unto whom she made this answer as followeth: "Knowing the great love and fatherly zeal that you have always borne towards me, for which I may not answer you otherwise than I think, and as my conscience leadeth me, I protest unto you that I have loved you ever, and will continually while I live love you as my natural father. And if you would understand of the love that I bear you, ascertain yourself that so much as you have, so much you are worth, and so much I love you and no more."

The father being nothing content with this answer, married his two eldest daughters, the one unto Henninus, duke of Cornwall, and the other unto Paglanus, duke of Albany, betwixt whom he willed and ordained that his land should be divided after his death, and the one half thereof immediately should be assigned to them in hand. For the third daughter, Cordelia, he reserved nothing.

Nevertheless it fortun'd that Aganippus, one of the princes of Gallia (which is now called France), hearing of the beauty, womanhood and good conditions of Cordelia, desired to have her in marriage, and sent over to her father, requiring that he might have her for his wife. To whom answer was made that he might have Cordelia, but as for any dower she would have none, for all was already promised and assured to her two sisters. Aganippus, notwithstanding this answer, the denial that she should receive anything by way of dower, married Cordelia out of respect of her person and amiable virtues.

In times after this, when Lear was fallen into age, the two dukes that had married his two eldest daughters, thinking it long ere the government of the land did come to their hands, arose against him in armor, and wrested from him the governance of the land, enjoining conditions to be continued for the term of his life. By these conditions the old king was put upon a portion, that is, he was to live after a rate assigned to him for the maintenance of his estate, and this in

process of time was diminished as well by Paglanus as by Henninus.

But the greatest of the grief to Lear was to see the unkindness of his daughters, who seemed to think that all was too much which their father had, the same being never so little,—insomuch that going from the one to the other he was brought to that misery that scarcely they would allow him one servant to wait upon him.

In the end, such was the unkindness, or unnaturalness which he found in his two daughters, notwithstanding their fair and pleasant words uttered in time past, that being constrained of necessity, he fled the land, and sailed unto Gallia, there to seek comfort of his youngest daughter, Cordelia.

The lady Cordelia, hearing that he was arrived in poor estate, first sent to him privily a certain sum of money to apparel himself withal, and to retain a certain number of servants that might attend upon him in honorable wise, as appertained to the estate which he had borne; and then so accompanied, she appointed him to come to the court where he was joyfully, honorably and lovingly received, both by his son-in-law, Aganippus, and also by his daughter, Cordelia. Thus was his heart greatly comforted, for he was no less honored than if he had been king of the whole country himself.

Now when he had informed his son-in-law and his daughter in what sort he had been used by his other daughters, Aganippus caused a mighty army to be put in readiness, and likewise a great

navy of ships to be rigged, in order to pass over into Britain with Lear and to see him again restored to his kingdom. It was also accorded that Cordelia should also go with him to take possession of the land, the which he promised to leave unto her as the rightful inheritor after his decease, notwithstanding any former grant made to her sisters or to their husbands in any manner of wise.

Hereupon, when this army and navy of ships were ready, Lear and his daughter Cordelia, with her husband, took the sea, and arriving in Britain, fought with their enemies and discomfited them. In this battle Paglanus and Henninus were slain.

Thus then was Lear restored to his kingdom which he ruled afterwards for the space of two years, and then died, forty years after he first began to reign. His body was buried in Leicester (the town he himself had caused to be builded), and in a vault under the channel of the river Soar beneath the town.

Then was Cordelia, youngest daughter of Lear, admitted queen and supreme governess of Britain in the year 3155.* This Cordelia ruled the land right worthily during the space of five years, in which meantime her husband died. And then about the end of those five years her two nephews, sons of her aforesaid sisters, loving faction and disdaining to be under the government of a woman, levied war against her and destroyed a great part of the land, and finally took her prisoner. They laid her fast in ward;

* 806 B.C.

wherewith she took such grief, being a woman of manly courage, and despairing to recover liberty, there slew herself where she had reigned, as before is mentioned, the term of five years.

Boadicea's Fierce Lead of the Britons against the Romans

In this tale Boadicea, queen of a tribe of the Britons called Iceni, heads a popular outburst against the oppressions of the conquering Romans. These events happened in the year 61 of our era under the rule of the emperor Nero. The Icenians lived in what is now Norfolk and Suffolk, England.

About a hundred years before the happenings related here, Cæsar, by leading his armies into Britain, had begun the conquest of the people of the lower part of the island and their subjection to the will of imperial Rome. The governors sent from Rome to carry out this will had seized the people's goods and entered upon the various blood-sucking practices of governors of a remote colony, and had driven the Britons to desperation. Suetonius Paulinus was the governor. Under such conditions Boadicea, the widow of a chief of the Iceni, headed the half-armed and desperate people against the power whose slavery they were suffering. Chronieler Holinshed tells the tale with genuine feeling and in the following quaint and entertaining fashion.

QUEEN BOADICEA'S FIERCE WAR AGAINST THE ROMANS

ABOUT the year 61 A.D., when Paulinus, the governor whom the Romans had established in Britain, had gone abroad upon some enterprise, the Britons began to confer together of their great and unbearable miseries; of their grievous state of servitude; of their injuries and wrongs, which they daily sustained; how by suffering they profited nothing, but still were oppressed with more heavy burdens.

There was still another cause that stirred

them to rebellion. When the Roman governor had got possession of Britain, and had placed garrisons of war to keep the people in subjection, he caused also their woods to be cut down, which the Britons had consecrated to their gods, and in which they worshiped.

To this another grief was added, that the Romans having lent great sums of money to the Britons, upon great interest, required the whole sum together, although the Romans forced the Britons at the first to take the money at usury. Also such old Roman soldiers as were placed, by way of a colony in Britain, drove the Britons out of their possessions and lands, and accounted them as slaves or bondmen.

And also another thing: a temple that had been built by the Romans was served with priests, who, under cover of religion, did spoil, consume and devour the goods of all men.

But the Britons were chiefly moved to rebellion by the just complaint of Boadicea, widow of a king of the east coast of Britain, who declared how unseemly she had been used, and publicly whipped at the hands of the Romans. And because she was most earnestly bent to seek revenge of their injuries, and hated the name of the Romans most of all others, they chose her to be their captain, for the Britons in rule and government made no difference of sex, whether they committed the same to a man or woman.

So by a general conspiracy the more part of the people rose and assembled themselves together to make war against the Romans. There were of

them a hundred and twenty thousand got together in one army under the leading of the said Boadicea.

Boadicea therefore, to encourage her people against their enemies, mounted up into a high place raised up of turfs and sods, and from this she made a long and very pithy oration. Her mighty, tall person, her comely shape, her severe countenance and sharp voice, with her long and yellow tresses of hair reaching down to her thighs, and her brave and gorgeous apparel, also, caused the people to have her in great reverence. She wore a chain of gold, great and very massy, and she was clad in a loose kirtle of sundry colors; and aloft thereupon she had a thick Irish mantle. In her hand, as her custom was, she bore a spear, to show herself the more dreadful.

Thus Boadicea being prepared set forth with such majesty that she greatly encouraged and emboldened the Britons; unto whom, for their better animating and emboldening, she uttered this gallant oration in manner and force following:

“I do suppose, my lovers and friends, that there is no man here but doth well understand how much liberty and freedom is to be preferred before thraldom and bondage. But if there have been any of you so deceived with the Roman persuasions that ye did not for a time see a difference between them, now I hope that having tried what it is to be under both, ye will with me reform your judgment, and by the harms already taken, acknowledge your oversight and forsake your

former error. A number of you have rashly preferred an external sovereignty before the customs and laws of your own country; but at this time I doubt not you do perfectly understand how much free poverty is to be preferred before great riches whereunto servitude is annexed, and much wealth under foreign magistrates whereupon slavery attendeth. For what thing, I beseech you, can there be so vile and grievous unto the nature of man that hath not happened to us since the time that the Romans have been acquainted with this island?

“Are we not all in manner bereaved of our riches and possessions? Do not we, besides other things that we give and the land that we till for their profit, pay them all kinds of tribute? How much better it is to be at once aloft and fortunate in deed, than under the forged and false title of liberty, continually to pay for our redemption and freedom? How much is it more commendable to lose our lives in defense of our country than to carry about not so much as our heads toll free, but daily oppressed and laden with innumerable exactions.

“How shall we look for better dealing at their hands hereafter that at the beginning deal so discourteously with us?—since there is no man that raiseth so much as a wild beast but at the first he will cherish it, and with some gentleness win it to a familiarity. But we ourselves, to say the truth, are authors of our own mischief, who suffered them at first to set foot within our island, and

did not by and by drive them back, as we did Cæsar, or slay them with our swords.

“We therefore, even we, are now contemned and trodden under foot of them who study nothing else but how to become lords and have rule of other men. Wherefore, my well-beloved citizens, friends and kinsfolk, for I think we are all of kin since we were born and dwell in this isle and have one name common to us all, let us now, even now, I say, stick together and perform that thing which doth pertain to valiant and hardy courages, to the end we may enjoy not only the name of liberty, but also freedom itself.

“If you consider the number of your enemies, it is not greater than theirs. And we do so far exceed them in force that in mine opinion our army is more strong than stone walls, and one of our targets worth all the armor that they do bear upon them: by means whereof, if the victory be ours, we shall soon make them captive, or if we lose the field we shall easily escape danger. If after flight we shall endeavor to meet anywhere, we have the marshes to hide us in, and the hills round about to keep them off, so that by no means they shall have their purpose of us. They being overcharged with heavy armor shall neither be able to follow, if we flee, nor escape out of danger if they be put to flight. In which things, as they are far inferior to us, so most of all in this that they cannot endure hunger, thirst, cold, heat and sunshine, as we can do. In their houses, also, and tents they make much account of their baked meats, wine, oil, and if any of these do fail them

they either die forthwith, or else in time they languish and consume. Where to us every herb and root is meat, every juice an oil, all water pleasant wine, and every tree a house. Besides this there is no place of the land unknown to us, neither yet unfriendly to succor us at need, where to the Romans they are for the most part unknown and altogether dangerous, if they should stand in need. We can with ease swim over every river, both naked and clad, which they with their great ships are scarce able to perform. Wherefore with hope and good luck, let us set upon them courageously, and teach them to understand that since they are no better than hares and foxes, they attempt a wrong match when they endeavor to subdue the greyhounds and wolves.”

With which words the queen let an hare go out of her lap, as it were thereby to give prognostication of her success, which coming well to pass all the company shouted and cried out upon a power that not long before had done such violence to so noble a personage as the queen.*

Then Boadicea, clapping her hands, gave thanks to the goddess that governed the Britons that she ruled not the Romans, as did Nero (who was called by the name of man, yet was indeed in a way a woman as doth appear by his voice, his harp and his attire), but over the noble Britons.

When Boadicea had made an end of her prayer, she set forward against her enemies, who were then in Camelodunum or Colchester. This city was not compassed with any rampart or ditch

* This refers to the brutal scourging of Boadicea by the Romans.

for defense, such Britons as haply were privy to the conspiracy having put into the heads of the Romans that no fortification was needed. Neither were the aged men and women sent away, whereby the younger, abler persons might without trouble of them better attend to the defense of the city. But even as they had been in all surety of peace and free from suspicion of any war, the garrison of the Romans was suddenly beset with the huge army of the Britons.

All went to spoil and fire that could be found without the inclosure of the temple into which the Roman soldiers, drunken with sudden fear by this sudden coming of their enemies, had thronged. There being besieged by the Britons, within the space of two days the place was won, and they within found slain, every mother's son.

After this the Britons, encouraged with this victory, went to meet the legion surnamed the ninth, boldly encountered the same and gave the Romans the overthrow and slew all the footmen, so that the lieutenant, Petilius Cerealis, with much ado escaped with his horsemen, and got him back to camp, and saved himself within the trenches. Catus, the procurator, being put in fear with this overthrow, and perceiving what hatred the Britons bore towards him, having with his covetousness thus brought the war upon the head of the Romans, got him over into Gaul.

But Paulinus, advertised of their doings, came back and with marvelous constancy marched through the midst of his enemies to London, which was not then greatly peopled with Romans,

though there was a colony of them, but full of merchants and well provided with victuals. He was in great doubt at his coming thither, whether he might best stay there as in a place most convenient, or rather seek some other place more easy to be defended. At length, considering the small number of his men of war, and remembering how Cerealis had sped by his too much rashness, he thought better with the losing of one town to save the whole than to put all in danger of irrecoverable loss. And therefore, nothing moved at the prayers and tears of them who besought of him aid and succor, he departed, and those that would go with him he received into his army.

The Britons leaving the castles and fortresses unassaulted, followed their gain in spoiling of those places which were easy to get, and where great plenty of riches was to be found, using their victory with such cruelty that they slew, as the report went, to the number of seventy thousand Romans, and such as took their part in the said places.

For there was nothing with the Britons but slaughter, fire, gallows and such like, so earnestly were they set on revenge. They spared neither age nor sex. Women of great nobility and worthy fame they took and hanged up naked, and some of their bodies they stretched out in length and thrust them on sharp stakes. All these things they did in great despite whilst they sacrificed in their temples and made feasts, namely in the woods consecrated to the honor of their goddess

of victory, whom they worshiped most reverently.

In the meantime there came over to the aid of Paulinus, the legion surnamed the fourteenth, and other bands of soldiers and men of war to the number of ten thousand, whereupon (chiefly because victuals began to fail him) he prepared to give battle to his enemies. He chose out a plot of ground very strong within straits, and backed with a wood, so that the enemies could not assault his camp but on the front. Yet by reason of their great multitude, and hope of victory conceived by their late prosperous success, the Britons, under the conduct of queen Boadicea, adventured to give battle, having their women there whom they placed in chariots at the uttermost side of their field, to be witnesses of their victory.

Boadicea, being mounted in a chariot, as she passed by the soldiers of each country told them it was a thing accustomed among the Britons to go to wars under the leading of women, and that she, born of such noble ancestors as she was descended from, was not now come forth to fight for her kingdom and riches, but as one of the meaner sort, rather to defend her lost liberty, and to revenge herself of the enemy for their cruelty showed in scourging her like a vagabond.

“The legion that presumes to encounter with us is slain and beaten down. The residue keep them close within their holds. They shall not be once able so much as to abide the noise and clamor of so many thousands as we are here assembled, much less the force of our great puissance and dreadful hands. If ye therefore,”

said she, "would weigh and consider with yourselves your huge numbers of men of war, ye would surely determine either in this battle to die with honor, or else to vanquish the enemy by plain force, for so," quoth she, "I, a woman, am fully resolved. As for you men, ye may if ye list, live and be brought into bondage."

Neither did Paulinus cease to exhort his people, willing them not to fear the vain, menacing threats of the Britons, since they had no skill in warlike discipline, and being naked without furniture of armor, would forthwith give place when they should feel the sharp points of the Roman weapons, and the force of them by whom they had so often been put to flight.

Such forwardness in the soldiers followed upon this exhortation of their courageous general, that every one prepared himself so readily to do his duty, and with such a show of skill and experience that Paulinus caused the trumpets to sound to the battle.

The onset was given in the straits, or pass, greatly to the advantage of the Romans, who were but a handful in comparison to their enemies. The fight in the beginning was very sharp and cruel. But in the end the Britons, being a hindrance one to another by reason of the narrowness of the place, were not able to sustain the violent force of the Romans. They were constrained to give back, and so being disordered were put to flight and utterly discomfited.

The strait being stopped with the chariots stayed the flight of the Britons, so they could not

easily escape. And the Romans were so set on revenge that they spared neither man nor woman, so that many were slain in the battle, many amongst the chariots and a great number at the wood's side, which way they made their flight, and many were taken prisoners.

Those that escaped would have fought a new battle, but in the meantime Boadicea poisoned herself, and so died, because she would not come into the hands of her bloodthirsty enemies.

Legends of King Arthur and his Mighty Deeds .

About the beginning of the sixth century of our era, say between the years 508 and 542, when the Saxons were coming over from Germany and invading Britain, there doubtless ruled over a part of the Britons a king whom we know as Arthur. He must have been a mighty warrior, and far ahead of his time in those graces which go to make a person of gentle breeding.

So puissant was he that about his birth and coming to the throne, and then of the gracious usages of his court, many astounding miracles were reported. These popular narratives of the ruler who had led the Britons to victory against their Teutonic invaders passed from mouth to mouth and grew under the imagination of the tellers. Finally after some centuries the tales took final shape in the writings of ingenuous old chroniclers.

One of the happiest of the old chroniclers who wrote of Arthur is Geoffrey of Monmouth, and a part of his narrative we here subjoin. If he is one of the happiest, he is also one of the more credulous, and he tells a tale or two against the possible truth of which historians would set their faces. For instance, there is the story of the giant on Mount Michael.

Many of the legends clustered round the name of Arthur you will find retold in Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*, and also in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*.

LEGENDS OF KING ARTHUR

UTHER PENDRAGON having died, the nobility from several provinces met together at Silchester and proposed to consecrate Arthur, Uther's son, to be their king. They were now in great straits because, upon hearing of Uther's death, the Saxons had invited over their countrymen from Germany and were attempting to exterminate the whole British race. They had already subdued that part of the island

which lies between the Humber and the sea at Caithness. The nobility and bishops, therefore, set the crown upon Arthur's head.

Arthur was then fifteen years old, but a youth of such unparalleled courage and generosity, joined with such sweetness of temper and innate goodness, as gained him universal love. When this coronation was over, he, according to usual custom, showed his bounty and munificence to the people. And such a number of soldiers flocked to him that his treasury was not able to answer that vast expense. But such a spirit of generosity, joined with valor, can never long want means of support. Arthur, therefore, the better to keep up his munificence, resolved to use his courage and fall upon the Saxons, that he might enrich his followers with their wealth. To this he was also moved by the justice of the cause, since the entire monarchy of Britain belonged to him by hereditary right.

Hereupon assembling the youth under his command, he marched to York, where he met a great army composed of Saxons, Scots and Picts, and a battle happened with the loss of the greater part of both armies. The victory fell to Arthur, who pursued the foreigners to York and there besieged them. Upon the news, however, that a fleet of six hundred sail, laden with soldiers, was approaching for relief of the besieged, Arthur was dissuaded by his council from continuing the siege and hazarding a battle with so powerful and numerous an army.

Arthur made his retreat to London, where he

called an assembly of the nobility and clergy to ask their advice, what course to take against the formidable power of the pagans. After some deliberation it was agreed to send ambassadors to Hoel of Amorica, and represent to him the calamitous state of Britain. Hoel was the son of Arthur's sister who was married to the king of the American Britons. Upon hearing of the disaster with which his uncle was threatened, Hoel ordered his fleet to be got ready, and having assembled fifteen thousand men, he came with the first fair wind to Hamo's Port (which we now know as Southampton), and was received with all suitable honor by Arthur and most affectionately embraced by him.

After a few days they went to relieve a city besieged by the pagans, which, situated upon a mountain between two rivers, is called Lindocolinum (Lincoln). As soon as they arrived there with their forces they fought with the Saxons, and made a grievous slaughter of them to the number of six thousand; part of whom were drowned in the rivers, part fell by the hands of the Britons. The rest in consternation quitted the siege and fled, but were closely pursued by Arthur till they came to a large woods where they made a stand and formed themselves into a body.

Here they again joined battle with the Britons and made a brave defense. The trees that were in the place secured them against the enemies' arrows. Arthur, seeing this, commanded that the trees in that part of the wood be cut down, and the trunks be placed quite round them, so as to

hinder their getting out, resolving to keep them pent up here till he could reduce them by famine. He then commanded his troops to besiege the woods and continued three days in that place.

The Saxons, having now no provisions to sustain them, and famishing with hunger, begged for leave to issue forth; in consideration whereof they offered to leave all their gold and silver behind them and return back to Germany with nothing but their empty ships. They promised further that they would pay him tribute from Germany and leave hostages with him.

Arthur, after consultation, granted their petition, allowing them only leave to depart and retaining all their treasures, and also hostages for payment of the tribute.

But the Saxons, as they were under sail on their return home, repented of their bargain and tacked about again towards Britain. No sooner had they landed than they made an utter devastation of the country as far as the Severn sea, and put all the husbandmen to the sword. From thence they marched to the town of Bath and besieged that city.

When word of this was brought to King Arthur, he was beyond measure surprised at their wickedness, and at once gave orders for the execution of the hostages. He abandoned the expedition upon which he had entered to reduce the Scots and Picts and marched hurriedly to raise the siege of Bath. However, that which grieved him most was that he left his nephew Hoel sick at the city of Alclud.

When at length he entered the province of Somerset and beheld how the siege was carried out, he spoke to his followers in these words: "Since these impious and detestable Saxons have disdained to keep faith with me, I, to keep my faith with God, will endeavor this day to revenge the blood of my countrymen upon them. To arms, therefore, warriors, to arms, and with courage fall upon the traitors, for with Christ's succor we cannot fail of victory."

When he had done speaking, saint Dubric, archbishop of the city of Legions, going to the top of a hill, cried out with a loud voice: "You men that have the honor of Christian profession, fix in your minds the love you owe your country and fellowmen, whose sufferings by the treachery of the heathen will be a reproach to you everlastingly, if you do not defend them. Fight therefore for your country, and if you die in the fight, suffer death willingly, for that itself is victory and a cure unto the soul. For he that shall have died for his brethren offers himself a living sacrifice to God, nor is it doubtful that he follows the footsteps of Christ who humbled himself to lay down his life for his brethren."

At these words of the holy man the warriors instantly armed themselves. And Arthur himself, putting on a coat of mail fitted to the worth of so noble a king, set upon his head a golden helmet upon which was graved the figure of a dragon. Upon his shoulders he bore his shield called Priwen, upon the inner side of which was painted the picture of holy Mary in order to put

him oft in mind of her. Then he girt on Caliburn, an excellent sword, made in the island of Avalon, and graced his right hand with his lance named Ron, which was hard and stout and fit for slaughter.

After placing his men in order he boldly attacked the Saxons, who, after their wont, were ranked in shape of a wedge. All that day, and notwithstanding the Britons fought with great eagerness, the Saxons made a noble defense. Upon the following day, also, like fortune of war was between the hosts. Hereupon when much of the second day had been spent, Arthur, angry to see the little advantage he had gained, drew forth his sword, Caliburn, and crying aloud the name of holy Mary, rushed forward with great fury into the thickest of the enemy's ranks. Of those who felt the fury of his sword, not one remained alive. Nor did he slack the rage of his onslaught till with his Caliburn alone he had killed four hundred and seventy men. The Britons seeing this, followed their leader, dealing slaughter on every side.

Victory thus won, the king bade Cador, duke of Cornwall, pursue and capture or exterminate the enemy, while he himself should hasten his march into Albany, from whence he had word that the Scots and Picts were besieging Alclud, in which, as we said, Hoel lay sick. This city he relieved from the oppression of the barbarians, and then led his army against the Scots and Picts, treating them with a cruelty beyond compare. When the king of Ireland came with a fleet and

great army of barbarians to aid the Scots, Arthur turned his arms towards the Irish and, slaying some without mercy, forced the rest to return to their own country. The Scots and Picts he granted clemency to, when the clergy of the country came barefoot to implore his mercy for their distressed fellowmen and his pity for their distressed country.

After his general pardon to the Scottish people, Arthur went to York to celebrate the Christmas festival which was now at hand. On entering the city he beheld with grief the desolation of the churches. For when the archbishop Samson and the clergy had been driven forth, the fury of the heathen had prevailed, and no longer were the offices of religion preformed in them. The churches that lay level with the ground he rebuilt and filled with assemblies of devout persons, both women and men. The noble barons, also, who had been driven out by the disturbances of the Saxons, he restored to their early honors. At length when the whole country was reëstablished by him in its ancient state and dignity, Arthur for the nonce laid aside war, and did marry Guenevere, a lady born of a noble Roman family, who surpassed in beauty all the women of the island.

For twelve years he abode in his kingdom in peace. He invited unto him all persons whatsoever that were famous for valor in foreign nations. He also began to increase the number of his domestics and to introduce such politeness into his court as seemed to peoples of distant

countries worthy of their imitation. So that in all the land there was not a noble fain to be held with him, who would not strive to have the cut of his clothes, and the manner of his arms, in the same fashion as the arms and clothes of Arthur's knights.

At length the fame of Arthur's bounty and the valor of his deeds was the talk of the world, even to the furthest peoples, and he became a terror to the kings of other lands, lest he make an attempt to gain their dominions. Perplexed with these anxieties and cares, they repaired their cities and the towers of their cities, and builded strongholds in places fitted for defense, the better to fortify their country against any expedition Arthur might make, and the better to have a refuge, if need for it should come.

Arthur, when he learned what they were doing, was filled with joy that they stood in awe of his arms, and thereupon he set his design upon conquering all of Europe. He first attempted Norway. Thence victory followed him to Dacia, and to Acquaine and to Gaul. At the end of nine years he returned in the beginning of spring to Britain.

It was now the approach of the feast of Pentecost, or Whitsuntide, and Arthur, the better to show how uplifted his heart at so great success, and for the more solemn observance of that festival and reconciling the minds of the princes now subject to him, resolved to hold a court of great magnificence, to set the crown upon his head, and

to invite to the solemnity all kings and dukes who had become his vassals.

When he made known this design to his familiars, he pitched upon the city of Legions wherein to fulfil his desire. For besides its great wealth above other cities, it had a pleasant position upon the river Usk, near the Severn sea, and was thus a place fitting for so great a solemnity. On the one side it was washed by the noble river, so that kings and princes from beyond the seas might come thither even in their ships. On the other side it was girdled with the beauty of meadows and groves, and the magnificence of the royal palaces with lofty gilded roofs within it made it rival the city of Rome. It was also famous for two churches and for a college of two hundred learned philosophers. In this place, therefore, which afforded such delights, were preparations made for the great festival.

From all Britain and from neighboring islands, and from the parts beyond seas came kings and princes and nobles. The names are too many to tell; to recount would be tedious, and with each such a train of mules, horses and rich furniture as it is difficult to describe. Not a single prince this side of Spain who did not come upon this invitation. And no wonder, when Arthur's bounty was talked of all men, and all men for his sake were fain to come.

At last when all were assembled in the city upon the day of the high festival, the archbishops were conducted to the palace to place the crown upon the king's head. Dubric, therefore, because

the court was held in his diocese, made ready to celebrate the office. As soon as the king had been invested with the signs of his kingship, he was led in great pomp to the metropolitan church; upon his right hand walked one archbishop, and a second upon his left. Four kings, moreover, whose right it was, went bearing before him four golden swords. A company making sweet music in most excellent harmony also attended him.

On another part was Queen Guenevere, dressed in her richest ornaments, and conducted also by archbishops to the church of the virgins. Four queens of the kings already mentioned did bear before her four white doves according to ancient custom, and there followed her a retinue of women, making all signs of joy and gladness. When the whole procession was ended, so transporting was the music of the instruments and voices in both churches, that the knights who were there could choose with difficulty which church they would enter, and therefore they flocked first into one and then into the other. Nor although great part of the day was spent in it, could they tire with the solemnity.

At last, when the celebration was over in both churches, the king and queen put off their crowns and donning lighter ornaments went to the banquet. When they had all taken their seats according as the rank of each did demand. Kay, the seneschal, in rich robes of ermine, with a thousand noble youths in like manner clothed, did serve up the dishes. From another part Bedevere the butler had the same number of attendants,

who waited with all kinds of cups and drinking vessels.

I should draw out this history to a tedious length if I were to describe the various services. At that time Britain had come to such a pitch of grandeur that the kingdom, in plenty of riches, in luxury of ornaments, and in the courtesy of the people who dwelt in it, did surpass all other countries. The knights of it that were of high renown for feats of chivalry wore their clothes and arms all of the same color and fashion. The women of the country, no less celebrated for their wit, did apparel themselves in like manner. And they esteemed none worthy of their love save him who in three several battles had proved his valor. Wherefore the knights were nobler for the love.

As soon as they were well refreshed at the banquet, numbers of the noble company went forth into the fields without the city to divert themselves with sundry sports. The knights engaged in a game which imitated a fight on horseback, while the ladies, looking on from the top of the walls, did cheer them in sportive manner the more to encourage them. Others elsewhere spent the rest of the day in other sports, in shooting with bows and arrows, in tossing spears, in flinging heavy stones, and putting the weight, in playing at dice and like games, and all these without offense and quarreling. Whoever had done best in his game was rewarded by Arthur with a rich prize.

In this wise were the first three days spent; and upon the fourth, all who at this solemnity

had done service in virtue of the office they held, were called together and unto each was made grant of honor in possession, for example an earldom or a city or castle, a bishopric, abbey, or whatever other part of honor might be.

The high festival of Arthur's and Guenevere's coronation had, however, barely ceased its music, when ambassadors from eastern kings announced that their masters were assembling mighty forces to subdue Britain. Thereupon all the brilliant company called together for the coronation pledged their aid to the king and took ship for home to gather supplies, each one to his own kingdom.

Arthur committed the government of his realm to his nephew Mordred and the queen Guenevere, and he and his army marching to Hamo's Port, embarked with a fair breeze of wind. Eastward they sailed in order to meet their allies and proceed against the armies of the eastern kings, and after one night's sail they found themselves in the red of morning in a haven known as Barfleur. There they landed and pitched their tents and did await the coming of the kings of the islands and the dukes of the other provinces.

Meanwhile Arthur had tidings that a giant of marvelous size was come from the shores of Spain, and, moreover, had seized Helena, niece of duke Hoel, and fled with her to the top of the mount that is now called Michael's. To that mount the knights of the country had pursued him, but they could prevail against him neither by sea nor land. For when they made trial he

would sink their ships by hurling down vast rocks, or slay them with darts. Besides he took and devoured many half alive.

The next night, therefore, at the second hour, Arthur, taking with him Kay, the seneschal, and Bedevere, the butler, went forth privately from the tents and hastened towards the mount. When they were come anear it they saw a fire burning upon the top, and another smaller fire upon a smaller mount not far from the first. Being in doubt upon which mount the giant had his dwelling, they sent away Bedevere to spy the certainty of the matter.

He sailing over to the lesser mount was making his way to the top when he heard the wailing of a woman. He shuddered, but quickly recovering his hardihood, drew his sword and reached the summit. There he discovered a newly-made grave, and by it an elder dame sorely weeping and lamenting, who, as soon as she beheld Bedevere, spoke to him in this wise: "O, unhappy man, what evil hath brought you to this place? O, the pangs of death you must suffer! I pity you whom the detestable monster will this night destroy. He, the most wicked and impious giant, did bring to this mount the niece of our duke, and she, my queenly foster-child, swooning with fear of the foul monster, did breathe forth her life. Her body I, her nurse, have just now laid in silence in the grave."

Bedevere, moved to the heart by what the old nurse said, soothed her with words of comfort

and promise of speedy help. He then returned to Arthur.

Lamenting grievously the damsel's sad fate, Arthur bade his comrades allow him to attack the giant single-handed, unless his need for their aid be dire. Together then they three made their way to the greater mount, and began their climb to the top, Arthur leading the way.

At that moment the monstrous savage was sitting by his fire, his face besmeared with the clotted blood of swine, part of which he was roasting on spits over the live embers. At sight of king Arthur and his companions the giant hastened to seize his club, which two strong men could scarce have lifted from the ground. The king, forthwith, drew his sword, and covering himself with his shield, ran with all speed to prevent the giant's getting hold of the club. But he, aware of the king's design, had already snatched it up and gave the king such a blow upon his shield that the sound filled the shores and did utterly stun Arthur's ears.

Arthur, nothing daunted, slipped out of his clutches as the monster groped forward, and so exerted himself with his sword, striking at the giant first in one place and then in another, that he gave him no respite until he dealt him a mighty buffet on the head. The hideous creature roared aloud and dropped with a terrible sound, like an oak torn up from the roots by the winds.

In this conflict, therefore, Arthur proved himself victorious, and he later said that he had met with none who could be compared to this

giant in strength. The king and his companions now gathering to them the elder dame from the lesser mount, did return at the break of the day to their camp. Great crowds came to meet them and all praised the valor of the man who had freed the land from so destructive and terrible a monster. But Hoel, grieving for the loss of his niece, bade a church be builded over her body on the mount, which was named after the damsel's grave and is called the tomb of Helena to this day.

Leading his kings and their armies against the forces of the eastern kings, Arthur won many victories. But as he was beginning to climb the passes of the Alps on his march towards Rome, word was brought him that his nephew Mordred, into whose care he had entrusted Britain, had with tyrannous and treasonable practices set the crown of the kingdom upon his own head.

As soon as the report of this wickedness reached him, Arthur at once put aside his expeditions, and straightway hastened back to Britain. The wicked traitor, Mordred, had sent into Germany and there enlisted any that would join him. From that land now were brought back eight hundred ships full of armed soldiers who had covenanted to obey the leaders of the traitor. Mordred's whole army numbered some eight hundred thousand men, and with their help he met Arthur just after he landed at the haven of Richborough, and made a great slaughter of men. But Arthur, when at last his forces had got ashore, paid back the loss and drove Mordred and his

army fleeing before them. By the long use of arms and by many battles, they had learned to dispose their companies of foot and horse with greatest skill.

After sundry battles in which great numbers lost their lives, and Mordred's army suffered most grievously, Mordred ever retreating towards the west, the armies marshaled for final encounter. In this assault fell the wicked traitor himself, and many thousand with him.

And now, too, even the renowned king Arthur was mortally wounded; and being carried from the field of battle unto the island of Avalon to be healed of his wounds, he gave up the crown of Britain to his kinsman, Constantine, in the year of our Lord five hundred and forty-two.

[This ancient story of Arthur tells in various tales, for instance in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, and also in Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*, of the mysterious passing of the king, and the transfer of his body to a fabled Avalon. But the *Annales* of Stow, published in London in 1615, give the following account of the finding in later centuries of bodies supposed to be those of Arthur and the golden-haired Guenevere. It increases our interest in the story of Arthur, and we quote it here.]

After recording that Arthur's body was carried to Glastonbury and laid sixteen feet under ground for fear that his enemies, the Saxons, might find it, the chronicler says that more than 600 years after his death, to wit, about the year

1189, which was the last year of the reign of king Henry the second, his body was found buried in the churchyard (at Glostebury) between two pillars. Those that digged the ground there to find his body, after they had entered about seven feet deep into the earth, found a mighty broad stone, with a leaden cross fastened to that part which lay downwards towards the corpse, containing this inscription:

Hic jacet sepultus inclitus rex Arturius in insula
Avalonia*

This inscription was graven on that side of the cross which was next to the stone, so that till the cross was taken from the stone it was not seen. His body was found not inclosed within a tomb of stone, but within a great tree made hollow like a trough, the which being digged up and opened, therein were found the bones of Arthur, which were of a marvelous bigness. The shin bone being set up by the leg of a very tall man came above his knee the breadth of three fingers. The skull was of wonderful bigness, in which there appeared the prints of wounds. Also in opening the tomb of his wife, Guenevere, that was buried with him, they found the tresses of her hair whole and perfect, finely plaited, of color like to gold, which being touched fell to dust.

The bones of Arthur, with the bones of Guenevere, his wife, were removed to the new great church, and there buried in a fair tomb of marble.

* The renowned King Arthur lies buried here in the island of Avalon.

Charlemagne and the Battle of Ronceval

Charlemagne, or Karl the Great, ruled a great kingdom, holding within itself many French and German peoples called Franks, and lying in western Europe. There he was king from the year 768 to the year 814. What kind of a king he was, you will find further on.

Some time during his reign he took into his service a German named Eginhard. This Eginhard abode at the court of the great Karl and in time became secretary and chaplain to the king. Wherefore in gratitude he wrote his master's life. With this writing of secretary Eginhard we now have to do. It is a story that has endured more than a thousand years, and a book that a late French historian calls "the most distinguished piece of history from the sixth to the eighth century." It is the one great authority for the reign of the mighty Charlemagne.

CHARLEMAGNE AND THE BATTLE OF RONCEVAL

I WAS conscious, says Eginhard in his introduction, that no one could describe more accurately than I could matters in which I was myself concerned, and which, eye-witnessed, as they say, I faithfully took note of at the time, and whether they would be recorded by another hand I could not clearly know.

I therefore judged it better to hand down to posterity the same records, as it were in common with other writings, rather than that the brilliant life of the noblest king, the greatest of all in his age, and that actions the most distinguished, and by men of modern times little likely to be imi-

tated, should be allowed by me to perish in the shades of oblivion.

There was in the background yet another cause, and one, in my opinion, not unreasonable, which, standing by itself, might even be sufficient to induce me to write this history, viz., the nurture bestowed upon me and the friendship with himself and his children, which, from the time when I first began to frequent his palace, was never interrupted. By these ties he so bound me and made me his debtor in life and death that I should with justice seem to be, and be judged to be, most ungrateful if, unmindful of so many kindnesses bestowed upon me, I were to pass over in silence the brilliant deeds of one who deserved so well of me, and were to allow his life, as though he had never lived, to remain without a written remembrance and the praise which is his due.

But to describe and duly to unfold this subject, not my small talent, meager and poor as it is—nay, rather I had said which hardly exists at all—but the unflagging rhetoric of a Tully had sufficed.

Here, however, reader, is the book which contains the memorial of this great and most famous man, in which there is nothing save only his noble deeds, to wonder at, unless haply you wonder that I, a barbarian,* too little versed in the Roman tongue, should have thought that I could write with any degree of propriety in Latin.†

I pass by the birth, infancy, and childhood of

* That is, one who was not a Roman or did not speak Greek or Latin.

† This is a late English translation.

Karl because there is no written record concerning them, nor is any one now known to survive who can speak from personal knowledge. I have therefore thought it foolish to write about them, and have given my attention to relating and explaining those actions, habits, and other portions of his life which are not matters of uncertainty.

[Karl was engaged in many wars, and his biographer enumerates their causes and results,—for instance those of the war against the Aquitanians or Franks south of the Loire, the war against the Lombards, the war against the Saxons.]

It was during the time that the Saxon war was being vigorously and incessantly carried on, garrisons having been placed in all the most suitable places on the borders, that Karl marched into Spain with the best-appointed army possible. Having crossed the Pyrenean mountains, he reduced all the fortified towns and castles he came to, and was on his march home with his army safe and sound, when, in the very pass of the Pyrenees on his way back, he had a slight experience of Gascon treachery.

The army was moving in column, and its formation was much extended, as the narrowness of the pass required, when the Gascons, who had placed ambuscades on the highest ledges of the mountains—the abundant thick cover of wood making the place most suitable for the disposal of an ambush—rushed down from their vantage ground into the valley below, and threw them-

selves upon the extreme section of the baggage, and on those who were marching with it for its protection. The Gascons attacked them in a hand-to-hand fight, killed them all to a man, and destroyed the baggage; and being protected by the darkness of the night which was then coming on, they quickly dispersed in all directions.

In this exploit the Gascons were much favored by the lightness of their weapons and the nature of the place where the attack was made, while the Franks, impeded by their heavy arms and the unevenness of the ground, were at a great disadvantage.

There were killed in this fight Eggihard, the king's sewer; Anselm, the pfalsgraf; Roland, count of the British March, and many others.

[The foregoing paragraphs are, it is said, the only historical record of the famous defeat of Ronceval. Yet round this battle came to be centered many wonder-dealing histories and romances, such as the *Chansons de Roland*. That history, which long stood as a veritable account of the fight, was ascribed to Turpin, or Tilpin, "by the grace of God archbishop of Rheims, the faithful companion of Charles the Great in Spain." Its actual date is now placed later by some centuries.

"I write a true history of his warfare," says the venerable churchman, and then goes on to describe the battle. He wrote in Latin.]

When this famous emperor had thus recovered Spain to the glory of our Lord and saint James, after a season he returned to Pampeluna, and

encamped there with his army. At that time there were in Saragossa two Saracen kings, Marsir, and Beligard his brother, sent by the soldan of Babylon from Persia to Spain. Charles had subjugated them to his dominion, and they served him upon all occasions, but only with feigned fidelity.

For the king having sent Ganalon to require them to be baptized and to pay tribute, they sent him thirty horse-load of gold, silver and jewels; forty load of wine likewise for his soldiers, and a thousand beautiful Saracen women. But at the same time they covenanted with Ganalon to betray the king's army into their hands for twenty horse-load of gold and silver: which wicked compact being accordingly made, Ganalon returned to the king with intelligence that Marsir would embrace the Christian faith, and was preparing to follow him into France to receive baptism there, and would then hold all Spain under oath of fealty to him.

Charles, confiding in Ganalon, now began his march through the pass of the mountains, in his return to France, giving the command of the rear to his nephew, Orlando, count of Mans and lord of Guienne, and to Oliver, count of Auvergne, ordering them to keep the station of Ronceval with thirty thousand men, whilst he passed it with the rest of the army.

When Charles had safely passed the narrow strait that leads into Gascony between the mountains, with twenty thousand of his warriors, Turpin, the archbishop, and Ganalon, and while the

halves fell different ways. Marsir and his companions then fled in all directions, but Orlando, trusting in the divine aid, rushed forward and, overcoming all opposition, slew Marsir on the spot. By this time every one of the Christians was slain and Orlando himself sorely wounded in five places by lances, and grievously battered likewise with stones. Beligard, seeing Marsir had fallen, retired from the field with the rest of the Saracens.

Orlando wandering came to the foot of the pass and alighting from his steed stretched himself on the ground beneath a tree, near a block of marble that stood erect in the meadows of Ronceval. Here drawing his sword Durenda, which signifies a hard blow, a sword of exquisite workmanship, fine temper, and resplendent brightness, which he would sooner have lost his arm than part with, as he held it in his hand, regarding it earnestly, he addressed it in these words: "O sword of unparalleled brightness, excellent dimensions, admirable temper, and hilt of the whitest ivory, decorated with a splendid cross of gold, topped by a berylline apple, engraved with the sacred name of God, endued with keenness and every other virtue, who now shall wield thee in battle? Who shall call thee master? He that possessed thee was never conquered, never daunted at the foe; phantoms never appalled him. Aided by Omnipotence, with thee did he destroy the Saracen, exalt the faith of Christ, and acquire consummate glory. Oft hast thou vindicated the blood of Jesus against pagans and heretics; oft hewed off the hand and foot of the robber, ful-

filling divine justice. O, happy sword, keenest of the keen; never was one like thee! He that made thee, made not thy fellow! Not one escaped with his life from thy stroke! If the slothful, timid soldier should now possess thee, or the base Saracen, my grief would be unspeakable! Thus, then, do I prevent thy falling into their hands." He then struck the block of marble thrice, which cleft it in the midst and broke the sword in twain.

He now blew a loud blast with his horn, to summon any Christian concealed in the adjacent woods to his assistance, or to recall his friends beyond the pass. This horn was endued with such power that all other horns were split by its sound, and it is said Orlando at that time blew it with such vehemence that he burst the veins and nerves of his neck. The sound reached the king's ears, who lay encamped in the valley still called by his name, about eight miles from Ronceval, towards Gascony, being carried so far by a supernatural power. Charles would have flown to his succor, but was prevented by Ganalon, who, conscious of Orlando's sufferings, insinuated it was usual with him to sound his horn on light occasions. "He is perhaps," said he, "pursuing some wild beast, and the sound echoes through the woods; it will be fruitless therefore to seek him." O, wicked traitor, deceitful as Judas! What dost thou merit?

Orlando now grew very thirsty, and cried for water to Baldwin, who just then approached him. But Baldwin, unable to find any, and seeing Orlando so near his end, blessed him and mount-

ing his steed, galloped off for assistance to the army. Immediately after Theodoric came up and, bitterly grieving to see Orlando in this condition, bade him strengthen his soul by confessing his faith. The martyr of Christ then cast up his eyes to heaven and, after his confession and prayer, his soul winged its flight from his body and was borne by angels to Paradise, where he reigns in transcendent glory, united by his meritorious deeds to the blessed choir of martyrs.

What more shall we say? Whilst the soul of the blessed Orlando was leaving his body, I, Turpin, standing near the king in the valley of Charles, at the moment I was celebrating the mass of the dead, namely, on the 16th day of June, fell into a trance, and hearing the angelic choir sing aloud, I wondered what it might be. Now when they had ascended on high, behold there came after them a phalanx of terrible ones, like warriors returning from the spoil, bearing their prey. Presently I inquired of one of them what it meant, and was answered, "We are bearing the soul of Marsir to hell, but yonder is Michael bearing the Horn-winder to heaven." When mass was over I told the king what I had seen; and whilst I was yet speaking, behold, Baldwin rode up on Orlando's horse, and related what had befallen him, and where he had left the hero in the agonies of death, beside a stone in the meadow at the foot of the mountain; whereupon the whole army immediately marched back to Ronceval.

The king himself first discovered the hero, lying in the form of a cross, and began to lament

over him with bitter sighs and sobs, wringing his hands and tearing his hair and beard. "O right arm of thy sovereign's body," cried he, "honor of the French; sword of justice, inflexible spear, inviolable breast-plate, shield of safety; a Samson in strength; brave, experienced soldier; scourge of the Saracens, valiant captain of our armies, why did I leave thee here to perish? How can I behold thee dead and not expire myself? Without cease shall I lament over thee, as David did over Saul and Jonathan and his son Absalom." Thus did Charles mourn for Orlando.

Early on the next day the army came to the field of battle in Ronceval, and found the bodies of their friends, many of them still alive but mortally wounded. Oliver was lying on his face, pinioned to the ground in the form of a cross, and flead from the neck to his finger ends; pierced also with darts and javelins and bruised with clubs.

The mourning was now dismal; every one wept for his friend, till the groves and valleys resounded with wailing. Charles solemnly vowed to pursue the pagans till he found them; and, marching in pursuit with his whole army, the sun stood still for three days till he overtook them on the banks of the Ebro, near Saragossa, feasting and rejoicing for their success. Attacking them valiantly, he then slew four thousand and dispersed the rest.

What further? We now returned to Ronceval, bearing with us the sick and wounded to the spot where Orlando fell. The emperor then made

strict inquiry after the treachery of Ganalon, which began to be universally rumored about. Trial was ordained by single combat, Pinabel for Ganalon, and Theodoric for the accuser; when the latter gaining the victory, the treason was proved. Ganalon was now sentenced to be torn to pieces by four wild horses, which was accordingly executed.

[Here ends the extract from Turpin. You see it is a highly vivacious and imaginative account of the famous defeat. But let us pass to the character of Charlemagne as sketched by his secretary, Eginhard.]

The king thought so much about the education of his children that he caused both sons and daughters early to be instructed in those liberal studies which attracted his own attention. As soon as his sons were old enough he caused them to ride on horseback, as was the Frankish custom, and to practise themselves in arms and hunting. He bade his daughters should learn wool-spinning and the use of the distaff and spindle, and be taught to employ themselves industriously in every virtuous occupation, that they might not be enervated by idleness.

He was so careful in the bringing up of his sons and daughters that when at home he never dined without them, and they always accompanied him on his journeys. His daughters were very fair and he loved them passionately. Strange to say he would never consent that they should marry, either any of his own nation or foreigners; but he kept them all at home and near his person

at all times until his death, for he used to say that he could not deprive himself of their society.

The person of Karl was large and robust, and of commanding stature, though not exceeding good proportions, for it appeared that he measured seven feet in height. The top of his head was round, his eyes large and animated, his nose somewhat long, his hair white and his face bright and pleasant; so that, whether standing or sitting, he showed very great presence and dignity. Although his neck was thick and short, and his belly too prominent, still the fair proportions of his limbs concealed these defects. His walk was fine and the whole carriage of his body manly. His voice was clear, but not so strong as his frame would have led one to expect.

He took constant exercise in riding and hunting, which was natural for a Frank, since scarcely any nation can be found to equal them in these pursuits. He also delighted in the natural warm baths, frequently exercising himself by swimming, in which he was very skilful, no one being able to outstrip him.

He wore the dress of his native country—that is, the Frankish; on his body a linen shirt and linen drawers; then a tunic with a silver border, and stockings. He bound his legs with garters and wore shoes on his feet. In the winter he protected his shoulders and chest with a vest made of the skins of otters and sable. He wore a blue cloak and was always girt with his sword, the hilt and belt being of gold and silver. Sometimes he

wore a jeweled sword, but only on great festivals, or when receiving foreign ambassadors.

In his eating and drinking he was temperate; more particularly so in his drinking, since he had the greatest abhorrence of drunkenness in anybody, but more especially in himself and his companions. He was unable to abstain from food for any length of time, and often complained that fasting was injurious to him. He very rarely feasted, only on great festive occasions when there were very large gatherings. The daily service at his table was only furnished with four dishes, in addition to the roast meat, which the hunters used to bring in on spits and of which he partook more freely than of any other food.

While he was dining he listened to music or reading. History and the deeds of men of old used to be read. He was ready and fluent in speaking, and able to express himself with great clearness. He did not confine himself to his native tongue,* but took pains to learn foreign languages, acquiring such knowledge of Latin that he used to repeat his prayers in that language as well as in his own. Greek he could better understand than pronounce. In speaking he was so voluble that he almost gave one the impression of a chatterer. He was an ardent admirer of the liberal arts, and greatly revered their professors, whom he promoted to high honors.

He was most devoted in providing for the poor, and in charitable gifts which the Greeks call almsgiving. In this matter he took thought not only

* That is, Low German.

for those of his own country and kingdom, but also for those who, he heard, were living in poverty beyond the seas, in Africa, Egypt, and Syria, at Carthage, Alexandria and Jerusalem, to whom he used to send money in compassion for their wants. It was on this account especially that he courted the friendship of foreign princes that he might be able to become a solace and comfort to those Christians who were living under their rule.

[Upon his death in 814 his body was laid in a church in his beloved town of Aix-la-chapelle, and there it has lain at rest for more than a thousand years.]

Deeds of Alfred the Great

One of the greatest rulers England ever had is Alfred, called the Great. Much has been written of this king. One of the best accounts of him is a naïve old chronicle first written in Latin by Asser, a monk of the monastery of saint David's. We know the chronicle in these days as *Of the Deeds of Alfred*.

The biographer, Asser, won such fame from his native abilities and learning that he became a preceptor and companion of Alfred. Indeed he was at the king's court onward from the year 884—in which year Alfred was thirty-six years old. Whatever he may relate is of interest and some of his writings are important. They are of what he saw and what he was able to collect from hearsay and reading. Asser sets before our eyes, without any pretense or stage trappings, Alfred and the men about him, as they lived in those days and did their deeds. And also his accounts suggest to us what those men thought and believed. Now follows a part of his chronicle.

DEEDS OF ALFRED THE GREAT

IN the year of our Lord's Incarnation 849, at the royal town of Wantage, in the shire called Berkshire (drawing this name from berroc wood, wherein the box-tree groweth freely) was born the king of the Anglo-Saxons, Alfred.

He was son to king Ethelwulf. Alfred's mother was named Osburga, a devout woman and keen of wit withal, great of heart as high in birth. She was child of Oslac, the far-famed cup-bearer of king Ethelwulf.

In the year 851, the third of king Alfred's age, Ceorl, earl of Devonshire, with the men of Devon fought the heathen;* and the Christians won.

* *Heathen* here and in the following pages from Asser's story means *Danes*, who were invading, harrying and settling in England during the whole of Alfred's lifetime.

Also in the same year a mighty heathen host, with three hundred and fifty ships, came into the Thames' mouth and lay waste Canterbury, chief city of Kent, and eke London. And Beorhtulf, king of Mercia, who came forth to meet them with all his war-folk, they put to flight. And thereafter the aforesaid heathen host passed over into Surrey, which lieth on Thames-bank southward, and from Kent westward.

In A.D. 853, the fifth of king Alfred's age, king Ethelwulf did send his aforesaid son Alfred to Rome, and many a peer with him, full worshipfully, and many a commoner. Pope Leo* held there the Apostolic See; and he it was who anointed for king this young Alfred; yea, and confirmed him also, and received him for his own son by adoption.

In the year 855, and the seventh of the aforesaid Alfred, the worshipful king Ethelwulf did wend him to Rome with mickle worship, and with him he took Alfred, his son, to tarry there yet a second time, inasmuch as he loved him beyond all his other sons. And there he abode by the space of one whole year.

I think that here should be shortly brought in the little that has come to my knowledge of the childhood and boyhood of my worshipful lord and master Alfred, king of the Anglo-Saxons.

Beloved he was both by father and mother alike, with a great love, beyond all his brethren; yea, and the darling of all. As he grew on, both

* Leo IV, distinguished by his efforts against the Saracens who were then raiding Italy much as the Danes were raiding England.

in childhood and boyhood, he so showed ever fairer than his brethren, and in looks and ways the lovesomest. From his very cradle above all, and amid all the distractions of this present life, his own high-souled temper, and his high birth also, bred in him a longing after wisdom. But, alas, through the unworthy carelessness of his parents and up-bringers, he abode even unto his twelfth year or more, unable to say his letters. Yet he learnt by heart many a Saxon lay, for, day and night would he hear them repeated by others, and no dull listener was he. A keen huntsman also, ever at work at woodcraft, and to good purpose. For he was peerless in the hunting field, ever the first and ever the luckiest; in this, as in all else, supremely gifted by God. And this we have ourselves oft-times seen.

It chanced then that one day his mother was showing to him and his brothers a book of Saxon songcraft which she had in her hand. "Which-ever of you," said she, "can soonest learn this volume, to him will I give it." At this word he, instinct with divine inspiration, and allured by the beauty of the opening letter of that book, answered his mother, forestalling his brethren, his elders in years but not in grace, and said: "Wilt thou indeed give one of us this book—and to him who can soonest understand and repeat it before thee?" Then did she smile for very joy, and "Yea," she said, "that I will." Then at once took he the book from her hand, went off to his master, and read it. And when it was read,

he took it back to his mother, and said it all by heart.

After this he learnt certain psalms and many prayers, which he collected into one book and ever bare about with him in his bosom (as I have seen with my own eyes) day and night, for the sake of prayer, amid all the changes and chances of this mortal life, and never parted therefrom.

But alas, what he most longed for, a liberal education to wit, he attained not according to his will, for there were then no good teachers in the whole realm of Wessex. And oft would he affirm, with many a complaint and many a sigh from his inmost heart, that amid all the hindrances of his mortal life this was the greatest, that at the period when he had both years and leisure and capacity for learning, he had no masters. He hath ever continued in this heartfelt longing, yea, even until now he ceaseth not to yearn for it, and will, as I believe, unto the very last day of his life.

In the year 868, the twentieth of the age of Alfred, the aforesaid worshipful king Alfred then holding but secondary rank, wooed and wed a wife from Mercia, high of birth, the daughter of Ethelred, alderman. And her mother's name was Eadburgh, of the blood-royal of Mercia, whom I myself oft-times saw with my own eyes for not a few years before her decease, a venerable lady in sooth.

In the year 871 and the twenty-second of the age of king Alfred, did the heathen host, hateful to tell, leave the East-Angles, and hie them to the realm of the West-Saxons, and came to a town

royal, Reading, which lieth on the bank of Thames-stream. And on the third day of their coming thither then rode forth their chiefs, and many with them, to harry the land.

Then did Ethelwulf, alderman of the land of Berkshire, with his comrades cross their path at the place called Englefield; and there fought both sides full valiantly, and long did either stand their ground. Of the two heathen captains the one was slain and the most part of that host laid low. Yet four days after this hap there came Ethelred, king of the West-Saxons, and Alfred his brother, and joined forces, and gathered them a host, and drew nigh unto Reading, cutting down and overthrowing whomsoever of the heathen they found without the stronghold, and made their way even unto the gates. No less keen in fight were the heathen. Out they burst from every gate like wolves; and then waxed long the fight, and ever more deadly. But, alas, alas, in the end did the Christians turn their backs, and the heathen gat them the victory.

Stirred by woe and shame, the Christians after yet another four days went forth to battle against the aforesaid host with their whole strength and with a good will. Alfred with his men came to the field. Nor wonder was it; for his brother, king Ethelred, was still in his tent, fixed in prayer, hearing mass. For ever would he say that never while he lived would he turn his back on divine service.

The king tarrying long in prayer, Alfred, then second in command, could stand the advance of

the foe no longer. Needs must he either draw him back from the battle, or charge the enemy ere yet his brother came into the fray. And at last in manly wise charged he, with the rush of a wild boar, leading his Christian forces against the foe-man's hosts.

But here those who know not the place must be told that it was no fair field of battle, for the heathen had seized the higher ground, and the Christian battle-line was charging uphill. There was also in that same place a lone thorn-tree and a low, which we ourselves have beheld. Around this, then, came the lines together, with a mighty shouting, in warrior wise, the one side bent upon all mischief, the other to fight for life and land and dear ones. This way and that swayed the battle for a while; valiant was it, and all too deadly, till so God ordered it that the heathen could stand against the Christian charge no longer. Most part of their force were slain, and with all shame they betook them to flight.

And when this fray was lost and won came there from over sea yet another heathen host and joined the horde. And in the same year Ethelred, after ruling his realm well and worshipfully amid many a trouble, went the way of all flesh. Then did our Alfred (who until then, while his brother lived, had been in the second place) take upon him, so soon as ever his brother was dead, the sway of the whole kingdom, by the grant of God and with all goodwill of the land-folks one and all. For even while this brother was yet alive might he eftsoon have won it would he have taken

it, and that with the assent of all men; seeing that both in wisdom and eke in all good ways was he better than all his brethren put together—yea, and in especial a surpassing warrior.

Then began he to reign, as it were unwillingly. For it seemed unto him that never might he, all alone with but God for aid, endure so grievous a stress and strain of heathendom.

So reigned he one full month. Thereafter on the hill called Wilton, on the southern bank of the river Willy, fought he with but few behind him against the whole heathen host, a fight all too unequal. Up and down most part of the day raged the fight full stoutly. Then were the eyes of the heathen opened and they saw to the full their peril. And therewith bore they up no longer against their unremitting foe, but turned their backs and fled away. But, alas, through the rashness of the pursuit they tricked us. On they came again to battle and won the victory.

The Saxons as a people were all but worn out by eight battles in one and the self-same year against the heathen. How many thousands of heathen were slain in these never-ending raids, God alone knoweth. In that same year did the Saxons make peace with the heathen on this one condition—that they should depart from them. And this they fulfilled.

[Upon the following year, however, and many subsequent years, the Danes continued to harry the land-dwellers.]

In the year 877, the heathen, as the autumn tide drew on, in part sat them down at Exeter,

and in part went back to raid in Mercia. Day by day the number of the miscreants grew ever larger, so that were thirty thousand slain in one day others would take their place twice-told. Then bade king Alfred make barks throughout the realm, and keels, that is long ships, that he might meet the foes in sea-fight, as they came in. Therein embarked he adventurers and let them keep the water-way. But himself hied he with all speed to Exeter, where the heathen were wintering, and shut them up in that city, and besieged them.

On his seamen also laid he straight command that they should suffer no supplies to reach the foe by way of the Narrow Seas.

Then met there his seamen one hundred and twenty ships, laden with armed warriors, coming to the help of their kinsfolk. And when the king's officers found ships thus filled with heathen war-men, then leapt they to arms and boarded the savages like men. But the heathen, who now for nearly a month had been wave-tossed and ship-worn, vainly returned the onset. So that in a moment their line of battle was shattered and sunken, and they perished one and all.

In the year 878, the oft-mentioned host left Exeter and came to Chippenham, and there they wintered. And many of the country-folk drave they, by force of arms, and through need and fear, to sail beyond the seas, and for the most part, brought they under their sway all that dwelt in that land.

At that time Alfred, with a few of his lords and

some warriors also, dwelt in the woods and fens of Somerset—a life of sore trouble and unrest. For he had naught whereon to live save only what he might carry off, either by force or stealth, from the heathen; or even from the Christians who had bowed to their sway.

And once in the house of one of his cowherds, it chanced that one day a country-wife (the wife indeed of that same cowherd) was making ready to bake cakes. And the king sat there by the hearth, and would make ready his bow and arrows and other war-gear. But when that unhappy woman saw that the cakes she had put before the fire were burning, she hastened and ran and moved them, scolding the while our all-conquering king and saying:

“Fie fellow!

And why so slack to move the cakes? And can'st not see them
burn?

Thou'rt all too glad to eat them up, when they are done to a
turn.”

Little thought that unlucky woman that this was king Alfred, who waged so many wars against the heathen, and won over them so many victories.

Finally the Christians, rather than endure such utter lack and need—stirred up, moreover, by God—deemed it better by far either to conquer or to die. At dawn of day brake they out all suddenly with the dash of a wild boar upon the foeman, and overthrow them utterly. Down went the king; down went his men, almost all; and but few they were who got off and fled them away to their ships.

And there gat they no small spoil, wherein

they took moreover that banner which men call the Raven. For they say that the daughters of Lodbrock wove that banner, and made it wholly ready between morn and night in one single day. They say too that in every fight, wherein that flag went before them, if they were to win, the raven in the midst thereof would seem to flutter as it were alive. But were it their doom to be worsted, then would it droop still and lifeless. And oft was this proved.

In the same year, after Easter, did king Alfred and a few of his comrades make them a stronghold at a spot called Athelney. And from that stronghold ever waged he, with his thanes and vassals of Somerset, tireless war against the heathen yoke. Next in the seventh week after Easter rode he to Egbert's stone. And there met him all the whole folk of Somersetshire and Wiltshire, and all the folk of Hampshire, such as had not, through fear of the heathen, sailed beyond seas. And when they saw the king, they were filled with joy untold, and they hailed him as one alive again from the dead;—as, after such mighty troubles, was full meet. And there encamped they one night.

And at peep of dawn did the king rouse the camp, and come to a place called Leigh, and there one night he encamped. And next day, very early in the morning, he advanced his banners, and came to a place called Edington in Wiltshire. And there against the whole heathen host formed he firm and fought a deadly fight. Stoutly and long kept they at it; and, by God's help, in the end

he got the victory, and laid low the heathen with a very great slaughter, and followed hard upon their flight, with blow on blow, even unto their stronghold. And everything without the stronghold, men to wit, and horses, and herds, caught he and took, and the men he slew at once; and before the gates of the heathen stronghold did he and all his host take camp, like men.

And when he had tarried fourteen days, the heathen, an-hungered and a-cold and a-dread and, at last, hopeless, became sore afraid, and begged for peace, on this troth, that the king should name and take from them such sureties as he would, giving them none in return. Never before had they made peace with any one after this sort.

And when he had heard their message, the king, stirred thereto by his own kind heart, named and took from them such sureties as he would; and when he had them, the heathen sware as well that they would depart from his realm with all the speed they might. Yea, and Guthrum, their king, pledged him to become a Christian, and to take upon him baptism at the hand of king Alfred. And all this he and his fulfilled, even as they had promised.

Now then, to return to the point wherefrom I have digressed, I will strive shortly and in few words to get in a very little about the life and ways and right conversation of Alfred, my lord, king of the Anglo-Saxons.

In Mercia, even when he wedded the worshipful bride of noble Mercian kin, even while the

marriage rite was being done, solemnly and with all honor, amid countless folk of either sex, after long feasting both by day and night, even then was he seized, all at once, before all the throng, with a sudden pain, beyond all telling, and beyond all leech-craft. For it was a thing past the skill of all who were on the spot, and eke of all who have seen it from that day even to this. And this, alas, is the worst of all, that for such a length of time—from his twentieth to his fortieth year or more—it should have gone on without a break, all these years. Whence came such woe and pain? Many there were who fancied that this thing was brought about by the evil influence of the adoring gaze of the throng round about him; others that it was by the malice of the devil, who ever grudgeth at the good; others by some unwonted kind of fever.

But therefrom God granted him relief, on a certain day, when he came into Cornwall to hunt, and turned him aside to pray in a church there. When his prayer was done, he took up his journey again; and, but a little after, felt that he was healed of that plague so that it was wholly done away.

The king, amid his wars, and the constant hindrances of his worldly duties, yea, and the attacks of the heathen, and his own daily attacks of illness, never slacked nor stayed in his tendance on the helm of the kingdom and in his practice of all woodcraft; nor yet in his teaching of all his goldsmiths, and his craftsmen, and his falconers, and his huntsmen; nor in his construc-

tion of buildings, stately and costly beyond all the elder wont, by new plans of his own; nor in his recitation of Saxon books; nor, most of all, in himself learning by heart Saxon songs, with all diligence and to the utmost of his power, and bidding others do the like.

Great, too, was his diligence and great his bounty in his alms-deeds which he did, both towards them of his own land and toward incomers from all nations. Kind of speech above all was he, beyond compare, and free of wit toward all men. And with all his mind did he throw himself into the seeking out of things unknown.

Fellow-workers, also, of his good purpose, who might help him in the wisdom he longed for, the attaining of his heart's desire, would he get whensoever he could. And thus, like as the cunning bee riseth early in the summer morning from the cells of the hive and cleaveth swiftly the pathless air, and setteth on many a divers plant—moss or fruit or flowret—and proveth that which pleaseth her most, and beareth it back home, with all foresight, so sought he from abroad that which he had not at home, that is, in his own realm.

And by all their learning and wisdom the king's longing grew ever the greater and slacked not. For day and night, whensoever he had ought of leisure, were books read before him. And thus gained he knowledge of almost every book in the world.

And what shall I say more? For the time would fail me to tell how oft he went forth against

the heathen to war; how incessant were his cares of kingship; how day by day had he embassies from the folk that dwell by the Tyrrhenian* Sea, and unto the uttermost parts of Ireland (yea, I have seen and read letters directed unto him by Abel, Patriarch of Jerusalem, and gifts withal); of his restoring towns and cities, yea, and building such where none were before; of the palaces of gold and silver, beyond compare, set up under his teaching; of the halls and chambers, both of wood and stone, right royally and wondrously wrought, by his bidding; of the towns-royal moved, stone by stone, from their ancient sites, and planted in fitter spots at his kingly command.

And, besides that pain, great trouble and vexation had he with his own folk, who of their own will were ready to take little or no pains for the common need of the realm. All his servants of high degree with the utmost care and wisdom did he bend and bind to his will and to the common weal, and by gentle teaching, by kind attentions, by exhortation, by command, and in the last resort by sharp punishment of the disobedient and by showing in every way his loathing of their low-bred folly and obstinacy.

When our king had set all this in order he minded him of that verse of Holy Scripture which saith, "He who would give alms must first give himself." Then vowed he that the half of the service of his mind and body, so far as his weakness and power and sufficiency would permit,

* Mediterranean.

would he, by day and night alike, of his own free will and with all his might, render unto God.

But inasmuch as by night he could not rightly tell the hours, because of the darkness, and by day because of the constant showers and clouds, he set himself to think out how he might by some fixed rule and without hesitation, keep this vow changelessly, even unto death. And when he had thought this over for a while, he found out at length a useful device, and of good wit. Then bade he his chaplains bring him wax enough, and weigh it out in the balance against pennies. And when so much wax had been measured out as weighed seventy-two pennies, he bade his chaplains make thereof six candles of equal weight, and that each candle should have twelve inches marked thereon. So when this device had been hit upon, those six candles were lighted and burnt without fail day and night throughout the twenty-four hours.

Sometimes, however, these candles would not last throughout a whole day and night, even unto the same hour at which they had been lighted the evening before; and this through the draught of wind which, day and night, ceaselessly blew in through the doors and windows of the churches, and caused the candles to burn away over quickly before completing their hour. Therefore thought he out how he might hinder this draught, and found a plan, like a wise and cunning craftsman, and bade make of wood and horn a full fair lantern. For cowhorn is white, and, when planed down to a thin sheet, as transparent as glass.

And when this wonderful lantern of wood and horn was completed, a candle set therein gave as much light inside as it were outside, and was let and hindered by never a draught, for he bade a horn door to be made to the mouth of the lantern. By this device, then, the six candles, one after the other, burnt without stay for the twenty-four hours, neither more nor less. Now when all this was wholly set in order, he was fain to keep the half of his service for God, according to his vow; nay, even more, so far as his power and sufficiency (to say nothing of his infirmity) would permit.

At great length, moreover, did he look into the truth of the judgments he gave, and this chiefly through his care for the poor, to whom, amid the other duties of this life, he ever took special heed. For in all the whole realm, save him alone, the poor had few or none to champion them. For all the high and mighty of the land gave thought to the things of this world rather than the things of God. Yea, more greedy was each of his own worldly gain than for the common weal.

In deciding a case, as in all things else, our king was a most keen searcher out of truth. For nearly every sentence given throughout the whole realm, in his absence, did he himself revise with all his wit. And if he perceived in those sentences ought of injustice, then would he mildly summon the judges before him, either in person or by some accredited friend, and would ask them why they had judged thus wrongfully. Was it through malice? Was it for love or fear of any? Was it for hate of any? Was it through greed of

money? Then would he say, "Much truly do I wonder. I bid you, therefore, either at once to lay down that authority and office which ye hold, or set yourselves to much more earnest study of wise teaching. Such is my behest."

In the year 900 Alfred the Truth-teller, in war ever the sturdiest of heroes, noblest of the kings of Wessex, prudent and religious and wise beyond all, after reigning twenty-nine years and a half over all England, to the grievous woe of his folk went the way of all flesh. And in the royal city of Winchester was he buried meetly, with all royal honors, in the church of St. Peter. And there standeth his tomb wrought of marble porphyry, most precious.

King Canute and the Sea

This famous story of an able old English king is from the chronicle of Henry of Huntingdon. Some writers, and readers as well, have doubted the truth of the tale. There are excellent reasons for believing it true. Our chronicler of it lived within sixty years of the death of Canute,* and, as he takes pains to tell us, he collected information from eye-witnesses: "I have heard in my youth some very old persons give an account—" he declares of another story.

The simplicity of Canute's test of his royal power, and the directness of his rebuke to flattering courtiers in measuring the strength of his word over the sea, is not unfitted to those days.

KING CANUTE AND THE SEA

KING CANUTE died at Shaftesbury after a reign of twenty years, and was buried at Winchester in the old minster. A few particulars of his grandeur must be set down, for before him there was never so powerful a king of England. He was lord of the whole of Denmark, England and Norway; as also of Scotland.

Besides the various wars in which he gained great glory, his nobleness and greatness of mind were eminently displayed on several occasions. Once, for example, when during his journey to Rome, he reduced the oppressive tolls exacted from pilgrims on the roads through France, by redeeming one half of them at his private expense. Another time when, at the summit of his power, he ordered a seat to be placed for him on the seashore when the tide was coming in.

*Canute died in 1035, and in the fortieth year of his age,

Thus seated, he shouted to the flowing sea, "Thou, too, art subject to my command, as the land on which I am seated is mine; and no one has ever resisted my commands with impunity. I command you then not to flow over my land, nor presume to wet the feet and the robe of your lord."

The tide, however, continuing to rise as usual, dashed over his feet and legs without respect to his royal person. Then the king leaped backward saying, "Let all men know how empty and worthless is the power of kings. There is none worthy of the name but He whom heaven, earth and sea obey by eternal laws."

From henceforth king Canute never wore his crown of gold, but placed it for a lasting memorial to the honor of God, through whose mercy may the soul of Canute, the king, enjoy everlasting rest.

The Famous Story of King Duncan and King Macbeth

The story of Macbeth of Scotland, as you here read it, is from the *Historie* of Holinshed, our old chronicler and friend of Elizabeth's day whom you have met in some of the foregoing tales. Critical historians of our day hardly admit this story as true in every way. They do say, however, that we may believe that Duncan and Macbeth and Malcolm lived in those old times, and that Macbeth was a successful general. We may also understand that Macbeth asserted the independence of the northern Celts against Duncan, who was accused of cottoning to the Saxons; that Macbeth reigned an able king some seventeen years; and that he finally fell in a battle with Malcolm aided by the hated Saxons. The gruesome witches and their boiling cauldron our historians of to-day cut from our faith. Still the witches are none the less wonderful—and men of the old time believed in them and in their prophecy!

If you read this old story jointly with Shakespeare's splendid poem, you will see the lines upon which our mighty poet wrote his drama. It is possible that a copy of the very edition of Holinshed from which we take this tale lay before him and gave him the story's outline as he wrote—the *Historie* having been published in 1587 and the play composed in 1606 or 1607.

KING DUNCAN AND MACBETH

NOW Malcolm, king of Scotland, was murdered by a conspiracy of the Scotch nobles in the year 1034. This king had two daughters, the one Beatrice, who married the thane of the Isles and became the mother of Duncan, and Doda, who married the thane of Glamis and whose child was Macbeth. Macbeth grew to be a valiant gentleman, and one that, if he had not been somewhat cruel of nature, might

have been thought worthy the government of a realm. On the other part Duncan was so soft and gentle that the people wished the inclinations and manners of these two cousins to have been so tempered, and interchangeably bestowed betwixt them, that where the one had too much of clemency and the other of cruelty, the mean virtue between these two extremes might have reigned by indifferent partition. So should Duncan have proved a worthy king, and Macbeth an excellent captain. The beginning of Duncan's reign was very quiet and peaceable, without any notable trouble; but after it was perceived how negligent he was in punishing offenders, many misruled persons took occasion thereof to trouble the peace and quiet state of the commonwealth by seditious commotions which first had their beginnings in this wise.

About the year 1040, in the sixth year of the reign of Duncan, Banquo, thane of Lochaber, of whom the house of Stuarts is descended, when gathering the finances due the king, was assailed by a number of rebels, spoiled of the money, and had much ado to get away with life after he had received sundry grievous wounds. Yet escaping their hands, after he was somewhat recovered of his hurts, and was able to ride, he repaired to the court, where, making his complaint to the king in most earnest wise, he purchased at length that the offenders were sent for by a sergeant at arms, to appear and make answer unto such matters as should be laid to their charge; but they, augmenting their mischievous act with a more wicked

deed, after they had misused the messenger with sundry kinds of reproaches, they finally slew him. Duncan, calling his nobles to a council, asked of them their best advice for the subduing of the leader of the rebels, Macdonald, and the mighty power of men that had come to him from his subtle persuasions and allurements, not only out of the western isles, but also out of Ireland no small number of Kernes and Galloglasses in hope of spoil.

In this council, as ever happeneth, were sundry opinions uttered according to each man's skill. At length Macbeth, speaking much against the king's softness and overmuch slackness in punishing offenders, promised, if the charge were committed unto him and Banquo, so to order the matter that the rebels should be shortly quite put down, and that not so much as one of them should be found within the country to make resistance. And even so it came to pass. For being sent forth with a new power, at his entering into Lochaber, the fame of his coming put the enemies in such fear that a great number of them stole secretly away from their captain, who nevertheless, inforced thereto, gave battle to Macbeth. But being overcome and fleeing for refuge into a castle, within which his wife and children were inclosed, at length when he saw how he could neither defend the hold any longer, nor yet upon surrender be suffered to depart with his life, he first slew his wife and children, and lastly himself, lest if he had yielded simply, he should have been executed in most cruel wise for an example

to others. Macbeth entering the castle by the gates, as then set open, found the body of Macdonald, which then he beheld, remitting no piece of his cruel nature with that pitiful sight, he caused the head to be cut off and set upon a pole's end, and so sent as a present to the king. The headless trunk he commanded to be hung up upon a high pair of gallows.

Them of the western isles Macbeth fined at great sums of money; and those whom he took in Lochaber, being come thither to bear arms against the king, he put to execution. Hereupon the islandmen conceived a deadly grudge toward Macbeth, calling him a covenant-breaker, a bloody tyrant, a cruel murderer of them whom the king's mercy had pardoned. Thus was justice and law restored again to the old accustomed course by the diligent means of Macbeth.

Immediately thereupon the king of Norway, who had arrived in Fife to subdue the realm of Scotland, was mightily defeated by the Scots under the leadership of Macbeth and Banquo, and his puissant army destroyed.

Now shortly after these battles happened a strange and uncouth wonder, which afterwards was the cause of much trouble in the realm of Scotland, as ye shall hear.

It fortun'd as Macbeth and Banquo journeyed towards Fores, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way together without other company, save only themselves, and passing through the woods and fields there suddenly met them three women in strange and wild apparel, resem-

bling creatures of elder world, whom as they attentively beheld, wondering much at the sight, the first of the women spoke and said:

“All hail, Macbeth, thane of Glamis!”—for he had lately entered into that dignity and office by the death of his father.

The second of them said: “Hail, Macbeth, thane of Cawdor!”

But the third said, “All hail, Macbeth, that hereafter shalt be king of Scotland!”

Then Banquo: “What manner of women,” said he, “are you that seem so little favorable unto me, whereas to my fellow here, besides high offices, ye assign also the kingdom, appointing forth nothing for me at all?” “Yes,” saith the first of them, “we promise greater benefits unto thee than unto him, for he shall reign indeed, but with an unlucky end; neither shall he leave any child behind him to succeed in his place; where contrarily thou indeed shalt not reign at all, but of thee those shall be born which shall govern the Scottish kingdom by long order of descent.”

Herewith the aforesaid women vanished immediately out of sight. At the first this was reputed but some vain, fantastical illusion by Macbeth and Banquo, insomuch that Banquo would call Macbeth in jest, king of Scotland, and Macbeth, again, would likewise in sport, call Banquo the father of many kings.

But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is, as ye would say, the goddesses of destiny, or else some nymphs or fairies, indued with knowl-

edge of prophecy by their necromantic science, because everything came to pass as they had spoken.

For shortly after, the thane of Cawdor being condemned at Fores of treason committed against the king, his lands, livings and offices were by the king's liberality given to Macbeth.

The same night after, at supper, Banquo jested and said:

“Now, Macbeth, thou hast obtained those things which the two former sisters prophesied, there remaineth only for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to pass.” Whereupon Macbeth, revolving the thing in his mind, began even then to devise how he might attain to the kingdom. But yet he thought with himself that he must tarry a time, for Providence to advance him thereto, as it had come to pass in his former preferment.

But shortly after it chanced that king Duncan, having two sons, made the elder of them, called Malcolm, prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdom. Macbeth sore troubled herewith, for he saw by this act his hope sore hindered, where, by the old laws of the realm the ordinance was that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was of next of blood unto him should be admitted, began to take counsel how he might usurp the kingdom by force. He had just quarrel so to do, as he took the matter, for that Duncan did what in him lay to defraud

him of all manner of title and claim which he might in time to come pretend unto the crown.

The words of the three weird sisters also greatly encouraged him hereunto. But especially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, for she was very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen. At length, therefore, communicating his intent to his trusty friends, amongst whom Banquo was the chiefest, upon confidence of their promised aid, he slew king Duncan. Then having a company about him of such as were privy to his enterprise, he caused himself to be proclaimed king, and forthwith went unto Scone where he received the investiture of the kingdom according to the accustomed manner.

The body of Duncan was conveyed to Colmeskill, and there laid in a sepulcher amongst his predecessors. His sons, for fear of their lives, knowing that Macbeth would seek to slay them for his more sure confirmation in the kingdom, fled to other countries.

Macbeth, after the departure of Duncan's sons, used great liberality towards the nobles of the realm, thereby to win their favor; and when he saw that no man went about to trouble him, he set his whole intention to maintain justice, and to punish all enormities and abuses which had chanced through the feeble and slothful administration of Duncan. And to bring his purpose the better to pass without any trouble, or great business, he devised a subtle wile to bring all offenders unto justice, soliciting sundry of his liege people, with high rewards, to challenge such as most

oppressed the commons, to come at a day and place appointed, to fight single combats within barriers, in trial of their accusations.

When these thieves, barrators* and other oppressors of the innocent people were come to dare battle in this wise, they were straightway apprehended by armed men, and trussed up in halters on gibbets, according as they had justly deserved. Those that were left were punished and tamed in such sort that many years after thefts were little heard of, the people enjoying the blissful benefit of good peace and tranquility.

Macbeth showing himself thus a most diligent punisher of all injuries and wrongs attempted by any disordered persons within his realm, was accounted the sure defense and buckler of innocent people. And he applied his whole endeavor to cause young men to exercise themselves in virtuous manners. He caused to be slain sundry thanes, as of Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, because through their seditious attempts much trouble daily rose in the realm.

To be brief, such were the worthy doings, and princely acts of this Macbeth in the administration of the realm, that if he had attained thereunto by rightful means, and continued in uprighteousness of justice as he began, to the end of his reign, he might well have been numbered amongst the most noble princes that any where had reigned. He made many wholesome laws and statutes for the public weal.

In short, Macbeth governed the realm for the

* Those who excite and encourage lawsuits.

space of ten years in equal justice. But this was but a counterfeit zeal of equity showed by him to purchase the favor of the people. Shortly after he began to show what he was, instead of equity practising cruelty.

For the prick of conscience, as it chanceth ever to such as attain to any estate by unrighteous means, caused him ever to fear lest he should be served of the same cup he had ministered to his predecessor. The words also of the three weird sisters would not out of his mind, which as they promised him the kingdom, so likewise did they promise it at the same time unto the posterity of Banquo.

Macbeth willed, therefore, the same Banquo, with his son named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was indeed, as he had devised, present death. For he hired certain murderers to execute that deed, appointing them to meet with Banquo and his son without the palace, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slay them so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might clear himself if anything were laid to his charge upon any that might arise.

It chanced that by the benefit of a dark night, though the father was slain, the son by the help of almighty God reserving him to better fortune escaped, and afterwards having some inkling how his life was sought no less than his father's, to avoid further peril fled to Wales.

After the slaughter of Banquo nothing prospered with Macbeth. For in manner every man

began to doubt his own life and durst not appear in the king's presence. And even as there were many that stood in fear of him, so likewise stood he in fear of many, in such sort that he began to make those away by one surmised cavilation* or other, whom he thought most able to work him any displeasure.

At length he found such sweetness in putting his nobles to death, that his thirst after blood might in no wise be satisfied. For ye must consider that he won double profit (as he thought), for first they were rid out of the way whom he feared, and then again his coffers were enriched by their goods which were forfeited to his use. And to the end that he might the more cruelly oppress his subjects with all tyrant-like wrongs, he builded a strong castle on the top of a high hill called Dunsinane, ten miles from Perth, on such a proud height that standing there alone a man might behold near all the counties of Angus, Fife, Stormoud and Ernedale, as it were lying beneath him.

This castle put the realm to great charges before it was finished, for all the stuff necessary to the building could not be brought up the hill without much toil and business. But Macbeth, being much determined to have the work go forward, caused the thanes of each shire to come and help towards that building, each man his course about.

At the last, when the turn fell to Macduff, thane of Fife, to build his part, he sent workmen

* Objection and criticism.

with all needful provision, and commanded them to show such diligence in every behalf that no occasion might be given for the king to find fault with him, in that he came not himself as others had done. Which he refused to do, for doubtless the king bearing him (as he partly understood) no great good will, would lay violent hands upon him. Shortly after Macbeth come to behold how the work went forward, and because he found not Macduff there, he was sore offended and said, "I perceive this man will never obey my commandments till he be ridden with a snaffle. But I shall provide well enough for him." Neither would he abide to look upon Macduff, either because he thought his puissance over-great or because he had learned of certain wizards in whose words he put great confidence (for the prophecy had happened so right which the three fairies, or weird sisters, had declared unto him) how he ought to take heed of Macduff, who in time to come should seek to destroy him.

And surely had the king put Macduff to death but that a certain witch, whom he had in great trust, had told him that he should never be slain or vanquished till the woods of Bernane came to the castle of Dunsinane. By this prophecy Macbeth put all fear out of his heart, supposing he might do what he would without any fear of being punished for the same. This vain hope caused him to do many outrageous things to the grievous oppression of his subjects.

At length Macduff, to avoid peril of life, purposed with himself to pass into England to

procure Malcolm, son of Duncan, to claim the crown of Scotland. But this was not so secretly devised by Macduff but that Macbeth had knowledge given him thereof: for kings (as is said) have sharp sight like unto lynxes, and long ears like unto Midas. For Macbeth had in every nobleman's house one sly fellow or other, in fee with him, to reveal all that was said or done within the same.

Immediately then being advertised whereabout Macduff went, he came hastily with a great power into Fife, and forthwith besieged the castle where Macduff dwelt. They that kept the house, without any resistance, opened the gates and suffered him to enter, mistrusting no evil. But nevertheless Macbeth most cruelly caused the wife and children of Macduff, with all others whom he found in the castle, to be slain. Also he confiscated the goods of Macduff, proclaimed him traitor, and confined him out of all parts of his realm.

But Macduff had already escaped out of danger and gotten into England unto Malcolm, to try what purchase he might make by means of his support to revenge the slaughter so cruelly executed on his wife, his children, and other friends. At his coming unto Malcolm he declared into what great misery the estate of Scotland was brought by the detestable cruelties exercised by the tyrant, Macbeth, his many horrible murders, as well of the nobles as of commons, for which he was hated right mortally of all his liege people—they desired nothing more than to be delivered from the intol-

erable and most heavy yoke of thralldom which they sustained at such a caitiff's hands.

Malcolm, hearing Macduff's words which he uttered in very lamentable sort, for mere compassion and very ruth of his sorrowful heart, bewailing the miserable state of his country, he fetched a deep sigh, which Macduff perceiving, began to fall most earnestly in hand with him to enterprise the delivering of the Scotch people. Which was an easy matter for him to bring to pass, considering not only the good title he had, but also the earnest desire of the people to have some occasion ministered whereby they might be revenged of those notable injuries which they daily suffered by Macbeth's misgovernance.

Soon after Macduff, repairing to the borders of Scotland, addressed letters with secret dispatch unto the nobles of the realm, declaring Malcolm was right inheritor, and requiring them to assist him with their powers to recover his kingdom from the hands of the usurper. At these news the thanes drew into two factions, the one taking part with Macbeth, the other with Malcolm.

Meanwhile Macbeth, perceiving his enemy's power to increase, fortified his camp at the castle of Dunsinane, there purposing to fight his enemies. Malcolm following hastily after Macbeth, came the night before the battle unto Bernane wood, and when his army was rested a while there to refresh them, he commanded every man to get a bough of some tree or other as big as he might bear, and to march forth therewith in such wise that on the morrow they might come closely and

without sight in this manner within view of his enemies.

On the morrow when Macbeth beheld them coming in this sort, he first marveled what the matter meant, but in the end remembering himself that the prophecy, which he had heard long before that time, of the coming of Bernane wood to Dunsinane castle, saw that it was likely to be now fulfilled. Nevertheless, he brought his men in order of battle, and exhorted them to do valiantly. Howbeit his enemies had scarcely cast from them their boughs, when Macbeth, perceiving their number, betook him straight to flight. Macduff pursued with great hatred and finally slew him. Then cutting the king's head from his shoulders, he set it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolm.

This was the end of Macbeth in the year 1057, and after he had reigned seventeen years over the Scottishmen. In the beginning of his reign he accomplished many worthy acts, very profitable to the commonwealth; but afterward, by illusion of the devil, he defamed the same with most terrible cruelties.

How William the Conqueror won the Battle of Hastings

The joy of life to those old peoples back eight hundred years ago and more seems, at times, to have been in fighting, with little results from the battles save the "huguous slaughter" of men. But the battle of Hastings in the year 1066 meant something other. For it meant that the English were taking a foreign king and in defense of their ancient liberties would in the future wrest vast concessions of their rights from the royal power. The effect of this battle of Hastings—that is, the settling of Normans in England—upon our English language and English literature have been very great.

Henry of Huntingdon, the old chronicler, from whose flowing narrative we take this story, was, like other learned men of his century, a member of the clergy. His history of the English was finished about the year 1154—not ninety years after the battle of Hastings, and about the year it is supposed he died. Says Henry in the preface to his history, "Precedence must be assigned to History as both the most delightful of studies and the one which is invested with the noblest and brightest prerogatives. Indeed there is nothing in this world more excellent than accurately to investigate and trace out the course of worldly affairs. For where is exhibited in a more lively manner the grandeur of the heroic, the wisdom of the prudent, the uprightness of the just, the moderation of the temperate, than in the actions which history records?" He wrote in Latin.

HOW WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR WON THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

IN the year of our Lord 1066, the Lord who ruleth all things accomplished what he had long designed with respect to the English nation, giving them up to destruction by the fierce and crafty race of the Normans. For when Edward the Confessor departed this life, and was

interred in the church of saint Peter at Westminster which he had built and endowed with great possessions, some of the English sought to make Edgar Etheling king. But Harold, relying on his power and pretensions by birth, seized the crown.

Meanwhile William, duke of Normandy, was inwardly irritated and incensed because of the violence of certain Englishmen toward a kinsman and friend of his, and because Harold, committing perjury, had usurped the kingdom which by right of relationship belonged to himself. Duke William, therefore, assembling the principal men of Normandy, called on them to aid him in the conquest of England.

As these men came together and were entering the council chamber, William Fitz-Osbert, the duke's steward, threw himself in their way, representing that the expedition to England was a very serious undertaking, for the English were a most warlike people, and he argued vehemently against the very few who were disposed to embark in the project of invading England. The barons hearing this were highly delighted, and pledged their faith to him that they would all concur in what he should say. Upon which he presented himself at their head before the duke, and thus he addressed him: "I am ready to follow you devotedly with all my people in this expedition." All the great men of Normandy were thus pledged to what he promised.

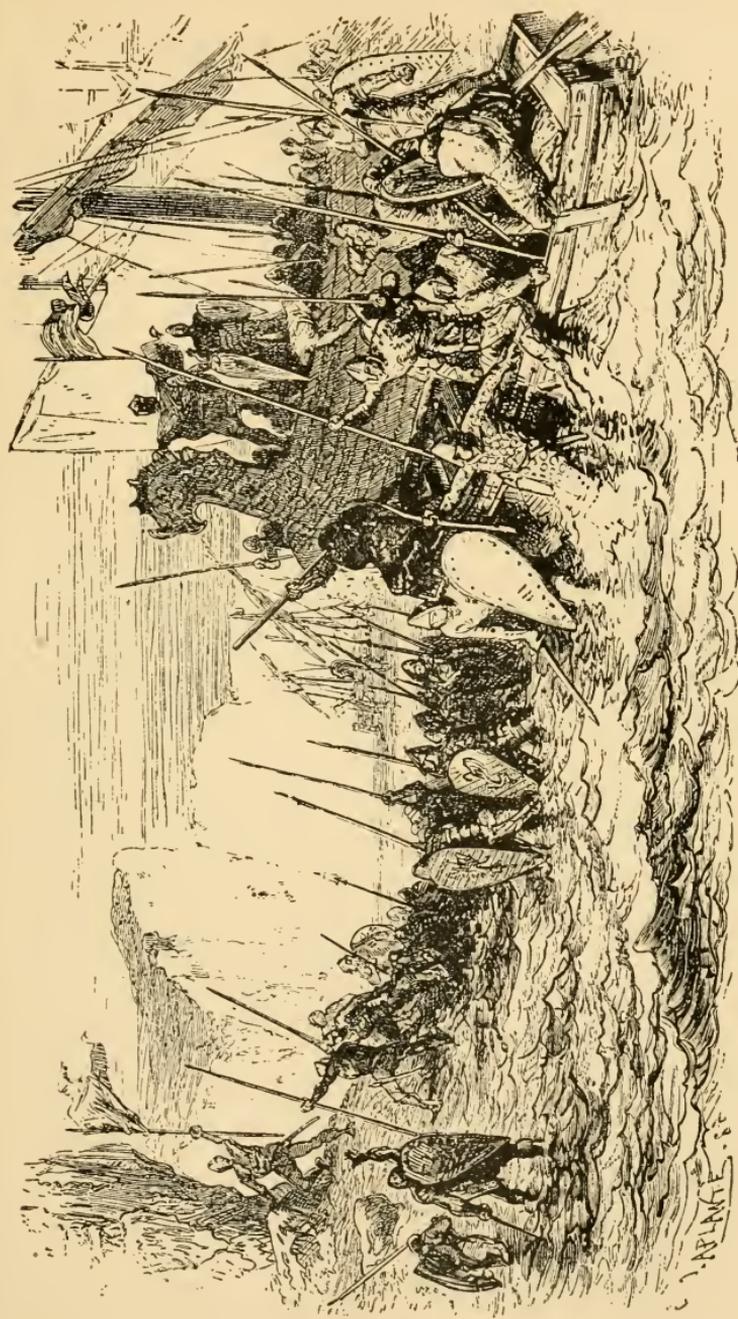
They broke up the council, agreeing in the month of August to assemble with horses and

arms in readiness to cross the sea. Accordingly they all assembled at the time appointed, but the wind was unfavorable for conveying them over to England. To procure a gale, the duke ordered the body of the patron saint of the harbor to be brought out into the open air, and immediately their sails were filled with the wished-for breeze. All thereupon embarked, and made a rapid course to Hastings. In quitting his vessel duke William slipped and fell; on which a knight, who stood near, gave a happy turn to the accident by saying, "Duke, you have seized possession of English soil as its future sovereign."*

One day, while king Harold was at dinner, a messenger arrived with the news that William had landed on the south coast,† and had built a fort at Hastings. The king hastened southward to oppose him, and drew up his army on level ground in that neighborhood. Harold sent forward scouts to estimate the enemy's strength and numbers. These were seized in duke William's camp, and conducted round and shown his army; then after plentiful refreshment they were sent back safe to their master. On their return Harold inquired what report they had to give of matters; whereupon, after reporting the great confidence of the duke, they seriously declared that William's men had the whole of the face and both lips shaven—which was not an English custom. Smiling at their simplicity, Harold assured them that

* This paragraph and also the two following this are taken from Roger of Wendoven's *Flowers of History*.

† William landed at Pevensey on the eve of Michelmas, the 29th of September of the same year.



The Normans, bent on the conquest of England, landing in the year 1066 on the south coast at the point of present-day Pevensey

William's men were not priests, but soldiers of stout heart, and invincible in battle.

While Harold was thus speaking, a monk arrived from duke William with three proposals on his behalf to Harold, either that he should give up the kingdom, or hold the kingdom as William's vassal, or lastly that they should decide the matter by single combat in the presence of both armies. On hearing this, Harold would neither give William's messenger a kind look nor a courteous speech, but indignantly dismissed him with the single sentence that the Lord might judge between him and William. On this the monk boldly replied that, if he denied William's right, the latter was prepared to prove it by battle. Harold would add nothing to his former answer, which served to kindle the spirit of the Normans for the battle.

Duke William began the attack with five squadrons of his splendid cavalry, a terrible onset. But first he addressed his army to this effect: "What I have to say to you, ye Normans, bravest of nations, does not spring from any doubt of your valor, or uncertainty of victory, which never by any chance or obstacle escaped your efforts. If, indeed, once only you had failed of conquering, it might be necessary to inflame your courage by exhortation. But little does the spirit of your race need to be raised. Let any of the English whom our forefathers, both Danes and Norwegians, conquered in a hundred battles, come forth and show that the race of Rollo ever suffered a defeat from his time till now, and I will submit

and retreat. Raise then your standards, my brave men, and set no bounds to your merited rage. Let the lightning of your glory flash, and the thunders of your onset be heard from east to west."

Duke William had hardly concluded his harangue when all the squadrons, inflamed with rage, rushed on the enemy with indescribable impetuosity. Before the armies closed for the fight, one Taillefer, playfully brandishing swords before the English troops, who were lost in amazement at his gambols, slew one of their standard-bearers. Soon a second of the enemy fell. A third to fall by the sword sport was the jester himself.*

* Upon this incident the German poet, Uhland, has written a spirited ballad called Taillefer. We quote a part of a translation into English.

Norman duke William once aloud did call—
 "Who singeth in my court and in my hall?
 Who singeth so witchingly, from morn to night;
 And makes my heart leap up in sheer delight?"

"It is Taillefer, as he is free to tell,
 Who sings in the court when he is at the well—
 Who sings in the hall when he fans the faggot flame,
 At break of morn, and at fall of eve the same."

Then quoth the duke, "I have a groom right true,
 Taillefer—he serveth me with honor due;
 He draws me water and fans my fire aright,
 And sings so loud that it nerves my arm with might."

Norman duke William sailed across the sea;
 To England with a mighty host steered he;
 Then he leaped ashore and fell upon his hand,
 "Ha!" cried he, "I clutch and seize on thee, England."

When now the Normans to the battle strode,
 The noble Taillefer before duke William rode.
 "Full many a year have I sung and fed the brand,
 Full many a year have I sung with sword in hand.

And if I have faithfully served and sung to you,
 First as a groom and anon as knight so true—
 Then grant me to-day my guerdon bright to know,
 Forsooth, let me be the first to smite the foe."

Foremost of all did Taillefer ride afield
 Upon a lofty charger, with sword and shield;

Then the ranks met: a cloud of arrows carried death: the clang of sword-strokes followed: helmets gleamed and weapons clashed. But Harold had formed his whole army in close column, making a rampart, which the Normans could not penetrate. Duke William, therefore, commanded his troops to make a feigned retreat, and while the English were engaged in pursuit, the Normans broke the center of their enemy's line. Duke William also commanded his bowmen not to aim their arrows directly at the enemy, but to shoot them in the air, that their cloud might spread darkness over the enemy's ranks. This occasioned great loss to the English.

Twenty of the bravest knights also pledged their troth to each other that they would cut through the English troops and capture the royal ensign called The Standard. In this attack the greater part were slain; but the remainder, hewing a way with their swords, captured the banner.

Meanwhile a shower of arrows fell round king Harold, and he himself was pierced in the eye. A crowd of horsemen now burst in, and the king, already wounded, was slain. With him fell earl Gurth and earl Leofric, his brothers.

And cheerily swept his song o'er Hastings' plain;
Of Roland and knighthood brave he sang amain.

Then onward he pricked and gave the leading thrust:
An English champion needs must bite the dust.
Then he brandished his sword and gave the leading blow.
And again an English knight on earth lay low.

The Northmen saw it and charged across the field;
Onward they rushed with shout and clashing shield.
How hurtled the arrow! How rang the falchion-blade!
Till Harold and his bold vassals low were laid.

After the defeat of the English army, and so great a victory, the Londoners submitted peaceably to William, and he was crowned at Westminster.

The battle was fought in the month of October, on the feast of saint Calixtus.* King William afterwards founded a noble abbey on the spot, which obtained the fitting name of Battle Abbey.

* In our more accurate calendar, upon the 14th day.

Adventures of Robin Hood

Let us consider Robin Hood, not as a man of straw, as he is often represented, or a creature of fancy, but as a liberty-loving Englishman, and let us see what conditions made such a life as his possible. That he, or others exceedingly like him, lived and dared there is small doubt.

This account we give of some of his exploits is from a manuscript of the fourteenth century. Now what conditions prevailed and evidence to us that the tales as we have them here can hardly be fiction?—supposing for a moment that any writer of the time sat down to write pure fiction.

If we turn to a certain fund of old history—to our Holinshed—we find that chronicler of Elizabeth's happy day, repeating from still older authors of still earlier days, that on account of the hardness of William the Conqueror (who you know gained rule at the battle of Hastings in 1066) and because of William's oppressions, there became divers outlaws in his reign and the reign of his sons. These many outlaws were lovers of the ancient liberties of England, and also others akin to them in spirit, and they found it healthy to keep well to the woods during William's rule.

In the winter following his conquest, says Holinshed, William began to handle the Englishmen somewhat sharply, supposing thereby to keep them the more easily under his obedience. He raised great taxes through the realm, nor anything regarded the English nobility, so that they who before thought themselves to be made forever by bringing a stranger to the realm, did now see themselves trodden underfoot, despised, and mocked on all sides, insomuch that many of them were constrained (as it were for a further testimony of servitude and bondage) to shave their beards, to round their hair, and to frame themselves as well in apparel as in service and diet at their tables after the Norman manner, very strange and far differing from the ancient customs and old usages of their country.

Others, utterly refusing to sustain such an intolerable yoke of thralldom as was daily laid upon them by the Normans, chose rather to leave all, both lands and goods, and after the manner of outlaws got them to the woods with their wives, children and servants, meaning from thenceforth wholly to live upon the spoils of the countries adjoining, and to take whatsoever came next to hand.

Whereupon it came to pass within a while that no man might

travel in safety from his own house or town to his next neighbor's, and every quiet and honest man's house became as it were an hold or fortress furnished for defense with bows and arrows and other weapons, the doors kept locked and strongly bolted in the night season for fear to be surprised, as it had been in time of open war and among public enemies.

Moreover, to reduce the English people the sooner into obedience and awe, William took from them all their armor and weapons. He ordained also that the master of every household, about eight of the clock in the evening, should cause his fire to be raked up in ashes, his lights to be put out, and then go to bed. Besides this, to the end that every man might have knowledge of the hour to go to rest, he gave order that in all cities, towns and villages, where any church was, there should a bell be rung at the said hour, which custom is still held even unto this day and commonly called by the French words "couvrir feu," or "curfew," that is, "to rake up the fire." In this way would William take from the English people all meetings and nightly plotting against his power.

Further, Holinshed says of the English:

They hated the Normans in their hearts to the very death. The Normans on the other side, with their king, perceiving the hatred which the English bore them, were sore offended and sought by all means to keep them under. Whereupon greater burdens were laid upon the English, insomuch that after they had been robbed and spoiled of their goods, they were also debarred of their accustomed games and pastimes. For where naturally they took great pleasure in hunting deer, both red and fallow, in the woods and forests, without restraint, king William, seizing the most part of the same forests into his own hands, appointed a punishment to be executed upon all such offenders; namely to have their eyes put out. And to bring the greater number of men in danger of his penal laws, he devised means how to breed, nourish and increase the multitude of deer, and also to make room for them. He pulled down towns, villages, churches and other buildings for the space of thirty miles to make thereof a forest, which at this day is called New Forest. The people as then sore bewailed their distress, and greatly lamented that they must thus leave house and home to the use of savage beasts.

Now the following tale of Robin Hood (first printed by Thoms from a manuscript in the British Museum) claims for his birth the second or third generation from the conditions related above and instituted by the Norman Conqueror. But such conditions may have persisted. Or again, Robin may have been born at an earlier day than the date here given. Certainly some men did live adventurously and much after the manner of the famed outlaw.

Robin, says an old account, entertained a hundred tall men and good archers with such spoils as he got, and upon this

one hundred, four hundred, were they never so strong, durst not make attack. Robin suffered no woman to be oppressed or otherwise molested. Poor men's goods he spared, abundantly relieving them with that which he took from abbeys and the houses of rich carles who were doing injustice. In better times Robin has been blamed for his rapine and theft, but of all thieves, if thief he were, he was the most gentle.

ROBIN HOOD

ROBIN HOOD was born at Lockesley in Yorkshire, or after others in Nottinghamshire, in the days of Henry II, about the year 1160, but lived to the latter end of Richard I. He was of noble parentage, but so riotous that he lost or sold his patrimony, and for debt became an outlaw, there joining to him many stout fellows of like disposition, amongst whom one called Little John was principal, or next to him. They haunted about Barnsdale forest,* and such other places. They used most of all shooting,† wherein they excelled all the men of the land, though as occasion required they had also other weapons.

One of Robin's first exploits was the going abroad into a forest and bearing with him a bow of exceeding great strength. He fell into company with certain rangers or woodmen, who fell to quarrel with him as making show to use such a bow as no man was able to shoot withal. Whereto Robin replied that he had two better than that at Lockesley, only he bore it with him as a birding bow.

* Barnsdale in Yorkshire, Sherwood in Nottinghamshire and Plompton Park in Cumberland were their haunts. Plompton Park was set apart for keeping of the king's deer.

† With bow and arrow.

At length the contention grew so hot that there was a wager laid about the killing of a deer a great distance off, for performance whereof Robin offered to lay his head to a certain sum of money, of which rash speech the others presently took advantage. The mark being found out, one of them, both to make Robin's heart faint and hand unsteady, as he was about to shoot urged him with the loss of his head if he missed the mark. Notwithstanding, Robin killed the deer and gave every man his money again save to him who at the point of shooting so upbraided him with the danger of losing his head.

The other stomached the matter, but from quarreling grew to fighting, and Robin getting him somewhat off with shooting, despatched him and so fled away. Then betaking himself to live in the woods by such booty as he could get, his company increased to an hundred and a half.

In those days, whether they were favored, or howsoever, they were counted invincible. Wheresoever Robin heard of any that were of unusual strength and hardiness, he would disguise himself, and rather than fail, go like a beggar to become acquainted with them, and after he had tried them with fighting, never give them over till he had used means to draw them to live after his fashion. After such manner he procured the pinder of Wakefield to become one of his company, and a friar called Michael.

Scarlock he induced upon this occasion. One day meeting him as he walked solitary, and like to a man forlorn, because a maid to whom

he was affianced was taken from him by the violence of her friends and given to another who was old and wealthy, Robin learned when the marriage day was to be. Then he came to the church as a beggar, and having his company not far off, to come at the sound of his horn, he took the bride perforce from him who was to have married her, and caused the priest to wed her and Scarlock together.

It was the manner of Robin and his retinue to live by thieving and robbing, yet he was somewhat religiously affected and not without superstition. Of all saints he most honored the saint Mary, so that if any for her sake asked aught of him, he would perform it if possibly he could. Neither would he suffer any that belonged unto him to abuse women or any husbandmen. All their attempts were chiefly against fat prelates and religious persons and house friars. He is commended of John Mayor for the prince of all thieves and robbers.

Now once it happened him to send Little John, Scarlock and Michael to the sales upon Watling Street* to meet with some booty. They wanted, when any prey came to their hands, to lead them into the wood to their habitation, as if they would use some hospitality. But after they were once in the woods and had eaten, they would make them pay dearly for their cates by stripping them of such things as they had.

* Watling Street was one of the chief roads which the Romans found in Britain when they landed. They afterwards paved it. Beginning at Dover it ran through Canterbury to London and passed along the boundary line of the present counties of Leicester and Warwick on to Chester.

So they dealt with sir Richard Lee, leading him to their master who made him the best cheer they had. When sir Richard would have departed only with giving the thanks, Robin told him it was not his manner to dine any where but he paid for such things as he took, and so should others do to him ere they parted, and it were, as he said, no good manners to refuse such doing. The knight told him he had but ten shillings, which he meant should have borne his charges at Doncaster, and it fared full ill with him at the time to part from it; only he promised, as he should be able, to requite his courtesy with the like. But Robin not so contented caused him to be searched and found no more but what the knight had told him of, whereupon he commended his true dealing and inquired further touching the cause of his sadness and barrenness.

The knight told him then of his state and ancestry and how his son and heir, falling at variance with a knight in Lancashire, slew him in the field, for which and some other like exploits being in danger of losing his life, the knight, to procure his deliverance, had been at great charges, and even lastly driven to pawn his castle and living to the abbot of Saint Mary's at York for four hundred pounds; and the chief justice so dealt with the abbot for his interest therein that, —the knight condemned to forfeit his living if he lacked money to redeem it at the appointed day— he despaired now of all recovery.

Robin, then pitying his case, gave him four hundred pounds, which was part of such booty as

they had, also taking surety for payment again within a twelvemonth. They also furnished the knight with apparel out of which he was worn quite, and therefore for very shame determining to pass over the seas and spend the rest of his life as a mournful pilgrim to Jerusalem.

The knight being now enlightened, on his day appointed came to the abbot, and to try the chief of the shire and the abbot—who accounted the knight's lands saved to themselves—made show as if he wanted money to pay the debt. When he found no token of compassion he left the money and recovered his land.

And ere the twelvemonth was expired, sir Richard provided the four hundred pounds, and a hundred sheaf of good arrows, and bestowed them on Robin Hood.

Now it was that the sheriff of Nottingham, to draw out Robin Hood, made to be proclaimed a day of shooting for a silver arrow. Thereto Robin boldly with all his train repaired, appointing but six of his company to shoot with him, all the rest to stand to safeguard him. So Little John, Robin, Michael, Scarlock, Gilbert and Reynold shot, but Robin won the prize from all. Whereupon the sheriff and his company began to quarrel, and after they came to fighting, till Robin and his accomplices destroyed the sheriff's train for the most part in the conflict. Little John was sore wounded with an arrow in the knee, and not being able to go, requested his master to slay him and not suffer him to come into the sheriff's hands. But Robin avouched he would not lose

him for all England, and Michael was appointed to bear him away on his back, who with much labor and oft resting brought him to sir Richard Lee's castle.

Thither after the broil repaired Robin himself and the rest of his company, and they were gladly received and defended against the sheriff, who presently razed the country and besieged the castle. Then the sheriff went to London and informed the king of all the matter, who dispatched the sheriff back to levy a power of men in the country, telling him that within a fortnight after he himself would be at Nottingham.

In the meanwhile, Little John being cured of his hurt, they all got them to the forest again.

The king presently came to Nottingham with a great retinue, and understanding of the matter, seized sir Richard Lee's living into his hands. Surveying all the forests in Lancashire, he came to Plompton Park, and finding all the deer destroyed he was marvelous wroth, seeking about for Robin Hood and making proclamation that whoso could bring him sir Richard Lee's head should have all his land.

So the king stayed about Nottingham half a year and could not hear of Robin, till being advised what a hard hand he bore against religious persons, he got himself into a monk's weed, and with a small company went as a traveler on the way where he thought Robin made abode. Robin spying them took hold of the king's horse, making show that he took him for an abbot, and began to inquire after some spending. But the

king excused the matter, telling him how he had lain in Nottingham at great charges a fortnight, and had left him but forty pounds. This Robin took, and having divided it amongst his men, gave the king part again, who in turn pulled out the king's broad seal and told Robin how the king did greet him well and charged him to come to Nottingham. Whereupon Robin kneeled down and thanked the abbot—for he pretended to think him none other—for bringing such a message from him he loved most dearly of all men, and told him that for his labor he should go dine with him.

So coming to the place of his abode, Robin blew his horn and all his company came as a host, obedient to their master. The king marveled, which Robin perceiving, did himself with his best men serve the king at meat, welcoming the abbot for the king's sake, he said.

Then he showed the abbot the course of their lives, and skill in shooting, that he might inform the king thereof, and in shooting proposed this penalty to him that shot one of the garlands, namely, that the abbot should give him a good buffet. For the nonce Robin made himself the forfeit, and when the abbot refused to strike him, saying it fell not for his order, Robin would not cease till he felled him to the ground.

Robin now discovered that he perceived it was the king, and together with sir Richard Lee and his men kneeled down and asked forgiveness, which the king granted upon condition that he would be with him at the court. So Robin arrayed

the king and his company in mantles of Lincoln green and went with them to Nottingham, the king seeming also to be one of the outlaws. The people, suspecting they should all be destroyed by Robin and his company, ran away till the king comforted them.

Robin dwelt in the court a year, till with lavish spending he had nothing left to maintain himself and his men, and therefore all were departed from him but Little John and Scarlock. On a time seeing youngsters shooting, it came to his mind how he was alienated from the exercise, for which he was very grieved, and he cast in his mind how to get away. So he craved liberty to make a pilgrimage barefoot to a chapel which he said he had erected in Barnesdale. The king gave him a week's respite for going and coming.

But Robin being come thither assembled his old train and never returned back to the court. He continued this course of life about twenty years, till distempered with cold and age he repaired to the prioress of Kirkesley, who some say was his aunt, a woman very skilful in physicks and surgery. She perceiving him to be Robin Hood, and weighing how fell an enemy he was to religious persons, took revenge on him for her own house and all others by letting him bleed to death.

Of Bitter Treatment of the Jews

The pathos of the following stories, and their value in telling how certain of the old kings raised money for their treasury, introduce them so well that no further word is necessary. They interest Christian and Jew alike.

The first tales, to page 103, are from the pages of our ever-interesting chronicler of Elizabeth's day, and the last, beginning near the foot of page 103, from William of Newburgh, who was alive and member of a priory of Augustine monks when the unhappy events he tells of were going on. In the paragraphs we have chosen from his history you will notice how painstakingly and pityingly William narrates his tale, and how calmly and exactly he aims to relate events. This would indicate that we may trust his records.

OF BITTER TREATMENT OF THE JEWS

AMONG other deeds of William the Conqueror, this is to be remembered—that he brought Jews to the land of England, and appointed them a place to inhabit and occupy. This people had long been persecuted and abused in Rouen, from which William brought them, and in other towns of France, and in other countries. So it was they first came to England.

And in the reign of William Rufus, son of William the Conqueror, called "Rufus" because he was red-colored, in the year 1100, when the king was in Rouen, there came to him certain Jews who inhabited that city, complaining to him that divers of their nation had renounced their Jewish

religion, and were become Christians. Wherefore they besought the king that for a certain sum of money which they offered to give, it might please him to constrain them to abjure Christianity and turn to the Jewish law again.

William Rufus was contented to satisfy their desires, and so receiving the money, called them before him, and with threats and putting them otherwise in fear, he compelled divers of them to forsake their new faith and return to their old law.

There was about the same time a young man, a Jew, who by a vision appearing unto him, as is said, was converted to the Christian faith, and being baptized was named Stephen, because saint Stephen was the man that had appeared to him in the vision, as by the same he was informed. The father of the young man being sore troubled, for that his son was become a Christian, and hearing what the king had done in such like matters, presented to him marks of silver conditionally that he should force the son to return to the Jewish religion.

Hereupon the young man was brought before the king, who said: "Sirrah, thy father here complaineth that without his license thou art become a Christian. If this be true, I command thee to return to the religion of thy nation without any more ado."

To the king the young man answered: "Your grace, as I guess, doth but jest."

Therewith the king being moved said: "What, thou dunghill knave, should I jest with thee! Get

thee hence quickly, or by saint Luke's face I shall cause thine eyes to be plucked out of thy head."

The young man, nothing abashed thereat, with a constant voice answered: "Truly, I will not do it; but I know for certain that if you were a good Christian, you would never have uttered any such words, for it is the part of a Christian to lead them again to Christ who be departed from him, and not to separate them from him who are joined to him by faith."

The king herewith being confounded, commanded the Jew to get him out of his sight.

But the father, perceiving that the king could not persuade his son to forsake the Christian faith, required to have his money again. To whom the king said, he had done so much as he promised to do, that was, to persuade the son so far as he might. But at length, when the father would have the king to deal further in the matter, the king, to stop his mouth, tendered back to him the one half of his money and retained the other half to himself.

And in the reign of Richard the Lion-hearted, great-grand-nephew of William Rufus, and upon the very day of king Richard's coronation, in the year 1189, the Jews that dwelt in London, and those who had assembled there from other parts of the realm, had but sore hap. For that people, meaning to honor the coronation with their presence, and to present to the king some fair and honorable gift, whereby they might declare themselves glad for his advancement and procure his friendship towards them, wished also the confirm-

ing of their privileges and liberties according to the grants and charters made to them by the former kings. But Richard, having the zealous faith which he afterwards evinced in his crusade to Palestine, commanded that the Jews should not come within the church where he was to receive the crown, nor within the palace whilst he was at dinner.

But at dinner time, among others that pressed at the palace gate, divers of the Jews were about to thrust in, when one of them was stricken by a Christian, who, alleging the king's commands, kept them back from coming within the palace. This act some of the unruly people perceiving, and supposing it had been done by the king's commandment, took lightly occasion thereof, and falling upon the Jews with staves, bats and stones, beat them and chased them home to their houses and lodgings.

Herewith also a rumor ran through the city that the king had commanded the Jews to be destroyed, and many of the unruly running together, assaulted them in their houses, which when they could not easily break up nor enter by reason the same were strongly builded, they set on fire, so that divers houses were consumed, not only of the Jews, but also of their neighbors, so hideous was the rage of the fire.

The king being advertised of this riotous attempt of the outrageous people, sent officers to appease the tumult. But their authority was nothing regarded, nor their persuasions any whit reverenced. In truth their threatenings rather

brought themselves in danger of life among the rude sort of those that were about to spoil, rob, and sack the houses and shops of the Jews; to the better accomplishment of which unlawful act, the light from the fire of those houses which burned did, after it was once night, minister no small help and furtherance.

The Jews that were in those houses set on fire were either smothered and burned to death within, or else, at their coming forth, most cruelly received upon the points of spears, swords and glaives of their adversaries, who watched for them very diligently.

This great riot well deserved sore and grievous punishment, but yet it passed over without correction through reason of the great number of transgressors; and for that the most part of men bore hatred against the obstinate forwardness of the Jews. Finally after the tumult had ceased, the king commanded that no man should hurt or harm any of that people, and that they should be restored to peace.

But the joyful day of Richard's advancement to the crown was a doleful day to the Jews, and they had sustained infinite damage.

About the time that the illustrious Richard came to the throne, the zeal of the Christians against the Jews in England, which had been inflamed a short time before at London (as I have related), vehemently broke forth—not indeed from a pure motive, that is, on account of faith, but through envy at their prosperity and desire to seize their fortunes. Bold and covetous men

thought they were doing service to God while they were despoiling or ruining the Jews, and they performed with joyful fury, and without scruple of conscience, the work of their own covetousness.

Of the Jews of York the principal were Benedict and Joceus, men who were rich and who lent on usury far and wide. Besides, with profuse expense, they had built houses of the largest extent in the midst of the city—which houses might be compared to royal palaces—and there they lived in abundance and luxury almost regal, like two princes of their own people, and tyrants to the Christians, exercising cruelty towards those whom they oppressed by usury. When they were in London at the solemnity of the royal coronation, Benedict had a most unhappy lot assigned him for his end. But Joceus, having with difficulty been rescued from the danger, returned to York.

Now, although the king after the tumult in London had passed a law for the peace of the Jews, and acted in good faith to them throughout England, according to ancient custom, yet when Richard was afterwards resident in parts beyond sea, many people in the county of York took an oath together against the Jews, being unable to endure their opulence while they themselves were in want; and without any scruple of conscientiousness thirsted for their blood through the desire of plunder. Those who urged them to venture upon these measures were certain persons of higher rank who owed large sums to those usurers. Some of these had pledged their own

estates to the Jews for money, and were oppressed with great poverty; and others, under obligations on account of their own bonds, were oppressed by the tax-gatherers to satisfy the usurers who had dealings with the king.

One night, when a portion of the city of York was blazing in a fire kindled by chance, an armed band of those confederates we named above, with great violence broke into the house of the Benedict who had died miserably at London, and after they had slain his wife and sons and many others there dwelling, they set fire to the roof. While the flames were sullenly gaining strength, these plunderers swept away all the wealth, and favored by darkness, retired to their secret retreat.

The Jews, struck with consternation at this event, and especially Joceus, who was more eminent than the rest, earnestly entreated the governor of the royal castle and gained his aid. They carried to the castle vast loads of their money, and moreover they had a guard for their own security.

After some days the plunderers returned with greater confidence and ferocity, and, joined by many others, attacked the house of Joceus. At length they took the house, and after plundering it, they set it on fire. All those persons whose misfortune it was to be in the house were destroyed either by the sword or by fire. Joceus, however, foreseeing this misfortune, had a short time before removed with his wife and sons to the castle. In like manner, also, the rest of the Jews acted, very few remaining abroad to be

victims. After the plunderers had decamped with the booty, and when it was morning, a mob rushed in and carried off all things and household furniture left by the plunderers and the fire.

After this many people uniting with the confederates, and holding in no respect the vigor of the law, openly began to rage against the Jews, and not being content with seizing their substance, gave all they could find outside the castle the choice of either baptism or death. Many feigned conversion in order to escape death; others who refused baptism were slain without mercy.

While these events were happening the Jews who had fled to the castle seemed to be in safety. The governor of the castle, however, happening to go out upon some kind of business, when he wished to enter the castle again, he was not permitted by those inside and on the watch, uncertain whom they could trust, and fearing his faith toward them might waver. The governor of the castle at once went to the governor of the county, who chanced with a large company of knights to be near on the king's business, and complained that he was defrauded by the Jews of the custody of the castle.

The governor was indignant and enraged against the Jews. The confederates in particular inflamed his anger. They declared that the timorous precaution of the unhappy Jews within the castle was nothing but a proud occupation of the royal castle—a thing in itself greatly to the injury of the king.

Since many people were determined to rescue

the royal castle from such occupants, the governor gave orders that the people should assemble and the attack be made. The word went forth, and bands of armed men, not only from the city, but also from the country, gathered about the castle.

Then the governor began to regret the order he had issued, and wished, but too late, to forbid the assault. He had no power, either by the weight of reason or of authority, to restrain the minds now inflamed.

Thus were the Jews besieged in the royal castle, and in consequence of the want of food, they would without doubt have been compelled to surrender if no one had attacked from without. They had not arms enough for their own protection or to repel the enemy. Nevertheless they kept off the besiegers with stones alone, which they pulled out of the wall in the interior, and cast down.

The castle was thus actively besieged several days, and at length engines were got ready and brought up. The capture of the castle was now certain. During the following night the besiegers rested, rejoicing in their coming victory. The Jews, however, strong and unbending through desperation, had but little rest, and debated among themselves what was to be done.

There was among them a certain elder, a most famous doctor of the law, who had come from beyond the sea to instruct the Jews in England, it was said. This man was held in honor among them, and was obeyed by all, as if he had been one

of the prophets. So when in this distress his advice was asked, he said: "God commands us to die for his Law. Since we ought to prefer a glorious death to live with disgrace as apostates, it is plain we should choose a most honorable and easy death. Therefore let us willingly and devoutly, with our own hands, render up that life which the Creator gave us, and let us not wait for the aid of a cruel enemy to give back that which He reclaims."

When he had said this many embraced the fatal advice; but to others this discourse seemed hard, and they went away preferring to make trial of the clemency of their enemies. Soon after, at the suggestion of the mad old man and to prevent their enemies from being enriched by their wealth, they set fire to their precious vestments. When this was done the roof was set on fire so that the flames might gain slowly among the solid timber, and deprive of life even those who had departed from their brethren through love of life.

It was moreover decided by direction of the old man that the men whose minds were more firm should make way with their wives and children. When this had been done by other men, the old man himself cut the throat of Joceus, because he was more honorable than the rest.

In the morning, when a multitude of people assembled to storm the castle, they found those of the unhappy Jews who had chosen life standing on the battlements and telling in melancholy voice of the massacre of their people. While they thus spoke with tears in their eyes, many of our people

looked with deep horror and astonishment upon the madness of those who had died, and they pitied the survivors. But the confederates were unmoved by compassion for the miserable survivors, and as they came from the castle they seized and slew them.

This act committed at York was soon reported to the king beyond the seas. After the disturbance at London he had granted peace and legal security to the Jews within his realm, and at this fresh outburst he was indignant and enraged, not only on account of the treason against his royal word, but for the great injury his revenue had sustained, for whatever the Jews, who are the king's farmers, possess in goods, appertains to the treasury.

A mandate was speedily issued ordering severe punishment to the doers of the audacious deed. The ringleaders, however, fled to Scotland, and the citizens of York stoutly denied their agency in the tumult. Still fines were imposed upon each man according to the amount of his fortune. But the multitude whose irregular zeal had chiefly caused the dreadful outbreak could not be brought to judgment. Nor until this day has any one been condemned for that massacre of the Jews.

Tales of the Lion-hearted Richard

No hero makes more vivid appeal to our imagination than Richard the Lion-hearted, at one time king of England. Accounts of him, although he lived so long ago, and so long before books became common, we are rich in, and actual records of his deeds we have from those who saw and knew him. Geoffrey de Vinsauf was one of these writers.

It is said Geoffrey was an Englishman and of Norman stock. At any rate he was so true to the telling of his hero that he left no word of himself. He wrote in Latin, as did most of the writers of those days. He may have been a monk—for in those days, again, the learned were mainly monks and priests, and a few nuns.

In Geoffrey's chronicle we have the report of an eye-witness—one who saw the Saracen leader, Saladin, and his armies attack the crusaders—European hosts who had gone to the Holy Land to rescue the places of Christ's life and service from the Saracens—and who had seen the crusaders withstand and repulse the Saracens. In the following pages you will see that the prowess and the feats of the lion-hearted king especially excite the admiration of the chronicler, and you will notice with what zeal he relates Richard's adventures.

TALES OF RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED

ON the third day of September, 1189, Richard was anointed king on a Sunday. Many were the conjectures made because the day was marked unlucky in the calendar. And in truth it was unlucky, and very much so to the Jews of London, who were destroyed that day.

Having therefore celebrated his crowning by a festival of three days, and entertained his guests in the royal palace of Westminster, king Richard

gratified all by distributing money without count or number to all according to their ranks, thus manifesting his liberality and his great excellence. His generosity and his virtuous endowments the ruler of the world should have given to the ancient times; for in this period of the world, as it waxes old, such feelings rarely exhibit themselves, and when they do, they are subjects of wonder and astonishment.

Who, if Richard were accused of presumption, would not readily excuse him, knowing him for a man who never knew defeat, impatient of an injury, and impelled irresistibly to vindicate his rights, though all he did was characterized by innate nobleness of mind. Success made him better fitted for action. He was tall of stature, graceful in figure; his hair between red and auburn; his limbs were straight and flexible; his arms rather long, and not to be matched for wielding the sword or for striking with it; and his long legs suited the rest of his frame. His appearance was commanding, and his habits and manners suitable; and he gained the greatest celebrity, not more from his high birth than from the virtues that adorned him.

But why need we take much labor in extolling the fame of so great a man? He was far superior to all others, both in moral goodness and in strength, and memorable for prowess in battles, and his mighty deeds outshone the most brilliant description we could give of them.

[Our chronicler Geoffrey de Vinsauf goes on to an elaborate description of Richard's journey

to Palestine. He tells how Richard and Philip of France met and arranged for their crusade. After some months the two met again with their forces at Messina in Sicily, where, another writer of that time, Richard of Devizes, relates, Richard won his title of "the Lion-hearted."]

The day after his landing in Sicily, the king of England caused gibbets to be erected without the camp to hang thereon thieves and robbers. The judges delegated spared neither sex nor age; the cause of the stranger and the native found the like law and the like punishment. The king of France, whatever transgression his people committed, or whatever offense was committed against them, took no notice and held his peace; the king of England esteeming the country of those implicated in guilt as a matter of no consequence, considered every man his own and left no transgression unpunished, wherefore the one was called a Lamb by the Griffones,* the other obtained the name of a Lion.

[After a considerable delay in Sicily, Richard proceeded to Cyprus where he celebrated his nuptials with Berengaria, described by Geoffrey de Vinsauf as a damsel of the greatest prudence and most accomplished manners. A long time previous, while yet count of Poitou, he had been charmed by the graces of the damsel and her high birth, and felt a passion for her; on which account her father, the king of Navarre, had committed her to the care of king Richard's mother, queen

* An opprobrious name given peoples of the East by early English and French.

Eleanor, to journey to Cyprus in order that he might marry her before crossing the sea as he intended.]

Finally upon the day of Pentecost, 1191, king Richard landed at Acre with his army, the flower of war, and the earth was shaken by the acclamation of the exulting Christians. Upon learning that the king of France had gained the good-will and favor of all, by giving to each of his soldiers three aurei a month, not to be outdone or equaled in generosity, he proclaimed by mouth of herald that whosoever was in his service, no matter of what nation, should receive four statute aurei a month for his pay. By these means his generosity was extolled by all, for he outshone every one else in merit and favor, as he outdid them in gifts and magnificence. "When," exclaimed they, "will the first attack* take place by a man whom we have expected so long and anxiously? A man, by far the first of kings, and the most skilled in war throughout Christendom? Now let the will of God be done, for the hope of all rests on king Richard."

But after some days' sojourn, the king was afflicted with a severe illness, to which the common people gave the name of Arnoldia, which is produced by a change of climate working on the constitution. But for all that, he caused petrariae† and mangonels† to be raised, and a fort in front of the city gates, and spared no pains to expedite

* Upon Acre, which had now withstood a siege of more than two years.

† Machines for throwing stones and battering walls.

the construction of machines for the siege of the city of Acre.

The king of France, Philip, not liking the delay in beginning the attack, sent word to king Richard that a favorable opportunity now offered itself. But king Richard signified his inability to attend to his duty, both on account of indisposition, and because all his men were not yet come. The king of France not thinking fit to desert from his purpose on that account, commanded an assault to be proclaimed, by voice of herald, throughout the army.

Then might have been seen a countless multitude of armed men, worthily equipped, and so many coats of scale armor, gleaming helmets, and noble charges, with pennons and banners of various workmanship, and soldiers of tried valor and courage, as never had been seen before. Having placed men to defend the trenches against the threatened attack of Saladin from without, the army approached the walls of the city, and began a most vigorous assault by casting darts and stones from arbalests* and machines, without ceasing.

When the Turks who were shut up in the city saw this, they raised a tumultuous clamor, and shouted to the skies, so that it resembled the crash in the air caused by thunder and lightning; for some had this sole duty, to beat basins and platters, to strike timbrels, and by other means to make signal to Saladin and the army without, in order that they might come to their succor

* Cross-bows.

according to agreement. And when the Turks without saw and heard this, they gathered in a body, and collecting every material within their reach to fill up the ditch, they essayed to cross over and attack our men.

So severe and unsupportable was the struggle, and so horrible the clamor of the conflict, that the men who were making the assault on the city, and were intent on filling up the trenches, were forced to retire and give up the attempt, for they were not able to carry on the assault, and at the same time defend their camp from the Turks without. And many of the French perished by the darts cast from the arbalests, the throwing of stones, and the pouring on them of Greek fire; and there was great mourning and lamentation amongst the people. O! with what earnestness had we expected the arrival of the kings! How fallen were our hopes!

Our men of France having laid aside their arms, the Turks began to revile them shamefully, and reproached them with not being able to accomplish what they had begun. Moreover, they threw Greek fire on the machines and other warlike instruments of the king of France, which had been made with such care, and destroyed them. Whence the king of France, overcome by fury and anger, sank into a state of languished sickness—from sorrow, it was said—and mounted not on horseback.

Thus the army pined away from excessive grief and discouragement at the sickness of the two kings; for they had not a chief or leader to

fight the battles of the Lord. King Richard was more tormented by the unfortunate attack of the Turks than by the severity of the fever that scorched him.

The king of France first recovered from his sickness, and turned his attention to the construction of machines and petrariae, suitable for attacks, and which he determined to ply night and day, and he had one of superior quality to which they gave the name of "Bad Neighbor." The Turks also had one they called "Bad Kinsman," which by its violent casts often broke "Bad Neighbor" in pieces; but the king of France rebuilt it, until by constant blows he broke down part of the principal city wall, and shook the tower Maledictum. On one side the petraria of the duke of Burgundy plied; on the other that of the Templars* did severe execution; while that of the Hospitallers† never ceased to cast terror amongst the Turks.

Besides these, there was one petraria erected at the common expense which they were in the habit of calling the "petraria of God." Near it there constantly preached a priest, a man of great probity, who collected money to restore it at their joint expense, and to hire persons to bring stones for casting. By means of this engine, a part of the wall of the tower Maledictum was at length shaken down.

In addition to these, king Richard had constructed two other machines of choice workman-

* Knights of the Temple, whose especial aim was the protection of pilgrims.

† A body of military monks.

ship and material, which would strike a place at an incalculable distance. He also had built one which the people called "Berefred," with steps to mount it, fitting most tightly to it, covered with rawhides and ropes, and having layers of most solid wood, not to be destroyed by any blows, nor open to injury from the pouring thereon of Greek fire, or any other material. He also prepared mangonels, one of which was of such violence and rapidity that what it hurled reached the inner rows of the city market-place. These engines were plied day and night, and it is well known that a stone sent from one of them killed twelve men with its blow; the stone was afterwards carried to Saladin for inspection, and king Richard had brought it from Messina. Such stones and flinty pieces of rock of the smoothest kind nothing could withstand; they either shattered in pieces the object they struck, or ground it to powder.

King Richard, not yet fully recovered from his sickness, was nevertheless anxious for action, and, strenuously intent upon taking the city, he made arrangements that his men should make the assault, in the hope that under Divine Providence he should succeed. For this purpose he caused to be made a hurdle, commonly called a circleia, put together firmly with a complication of interweaving and made with the most subtle workmanship. This the king intended to be used for crossing over the trench outside the city. Under it he placed his most experienced arbalesters, and he caused himself to be carried thither on a silken bed, to honor the Saracens with his presence and

animate his men to fight; and from it, by using his arbalest, in which he was skilled, he slew many with darts and arrows.

His sappers also carried a mine under the tower, at which a petraria was directed, and having made a trench, they filled it with logs of wood and set them on fire; when, by the addition of frequent blows from the petraria, the tower fell suddenly to the ground with a crash.

It was about tierce, i.e., the hour of dinner, when the men of valor and the most excellent squires prepared to attack the aforesaid tower and forthwith boldly mounted it. The sentinels of the Turks on seeing them began to shout, and the whole city being roused, took up arms with all haste and ran to oppose them; and the Turks pressed in dense numbers upon the squires who were nimbly making their way.

While our men tried to enter the city and the Turks to drive them back, they met in a body and fought hand to hand on both sides; right hand met right hand, and swords flashed against swords; some seized hold of each other, others struck each other, some were driven back and others fell. Our men were few in numbers; the multitude of the Turks increased constantly, and by throwing Greek fire they forced our men to retire and descend from the tower; some of them were killed by the enemy and afterwards burnt to ashes by this destructive conflagration.

There never was seen anything like that race of Turks for efficiency in war. What can be said of this race of unbelievers who thus defended

their city? They must be admired for their valor in war, and were the honor of their whole nation; and had they been of the right faith they would not have had their superiors as men throughout the world. Yet they dreaded our men, not without reason, for they saw the choicest soldiers from the ranks of all Christendom come to destroy them.

Meanwhile the petrarie of the Christians never ceased, day and night, to shake the walls; and when the Turks saw this they were smitten with wonder, astonishment, terror and confusion; and many, yielding to their fears, threw themselves down from the walls by night, and without waiting for aid promised them by Saladin; very many sought with supplications the sacrament of baptism and Christianity. There was little doubt that they presumptuously asked the boon more from the pressure of urgent fear than from any divine inspiration. But there are different steps by which men arrive at salvation.

Saladin, by means of messengers who passed backwards and forwards, perceiving that to persevere any longer in defending the city was dangerous, at length determined to yield to the entreaties of the besieged; he was, moreover, persuaded by his admirals and satraps and his influential courtiers, who had many friends and kinsmen amongst the besieged. The latter alleged that he was bound to them by his promise made on the Mohammedan law that he would procure for them an honorable capitulation at the last moment, lest, perchance, made prisoners at discre-

tion, they should be exterminated or put to an ignominious death.

They also reminded Saladin of the fact that they, a chosen race of Turks, in obedience to his commands had been cooped up in the city and had withstood a siege for so long a time. They reminded him, too, that they had not seen their wives and children for three years, during which period the siege had lasted; and they said it would be better to surrender the city than that people of such merit should be destroyed.

[The besieged Turks entered into a treaty with Christians, offering to surrender unconditionally the city of Acre, the Cross which it was supposed they possessed, and two thousand five hundred Christian captives, and that they should depart from their city with their shirts only.

After the Christian army had entered Acre and recuperated, it proceeded toward Joppa, Richard the Lion-hearted leading the van. On their three-weeks march they fought a fierce battle.]

Such was the vigor of our men's last attack that if the enemy had remained a little longer, and had not taken flight, they would never again have been in fighting order, and the land would have been left for the Christians to occupy. Saladin, hearing that his choice troops, in whom he had placed so much confidence, were routed in this manner by the Christians, was filled with anger and excitement, and calling together his admirals he said to them, "Are these the deeds of my brave troops, once so boastful, and whom I

have so loaded with gifts! Lo! the Christians traverse the whole country at their pleasure, for there is no one to oppose them. Where now are all the vaunts of my troops, those swords and spears with which they threatened to do such execution? Where is that prowess which they promised to put forth against the Christians, to overthrow them utterly? They have fought the battle they desired, but where is the victory they promised? They are degenerated from those noble ancestors who performed such exploits against the Christians, and whose memory will endure forever. It is a disgrace to our nation, the most warlike in the world, thus to become as nothing in comparison with their glorious ancestors.”

The admirals held down their heads at these words; but one of them, named Sanscuns, of Aleppo, returned this answer: “Most sacred sultan, saving your majesty, this charge is unjust, for we fought with all our strength against the Franks, and did our best to destroy them. We met their fiercest attacks, but it was of no avail. They are armed in impenetrable armor which no weapon can pierce, so that all our blows fell as it were upon a rock of flint. And, further, there is one among their number superior to any man we have ever seen: he always charges before the rest, slaying and destroying our men: he is the first in every enterprise, and is a most brave and excellent soldier; no one can resist him or escape out of his hands: they call him Melech Ric.*

* King Richard.

Such a king as he seems born to command the whole earth; what then could we do more against so formidable an enemy?"

Saladin, in the heat of his indignation, called to him his brother Saphadin. "It is my wish," said he, "to try what reliance can be placed on my men in this extremity: go and destroy without delay the walls of Ascalon; and destroy Joppa; destroy, in short, all mountain fortresses; spare neither city, castle, nor fort, except Crach and Jerusalem." Saphadin obeyed these commands without delay.

The Christian army remained outside the walls of Joppa and refreshed themselves with abundance of fruits—figs, grapes, pomegranates and citrons, produced by the country round—when lo! the fleet of king Richard, with other vessels, which accompanied the army and went to and fro between Joppa and Acre, brought us necessities, much to the annoyance of the Turks, because they could not prevent them.

Saladin, meanwhile, had destroyed the walls of Ascalon. This intelligence was brought by some common soldiers who escaped whilst it was in progress; but our people could hardly believe that Saladin had done this in despair, as if so powerful a prince could not, or did not, dare defend them.

King Richard and his nobles now deliberated whether they should march to save Ascalon, or proceed at once to Jerusalem. Many opinions were given, and the king gave his own in the presence of the duke of Burgundy and others, in

these words: "It seems to me," said he, "that our differences of opinion may be not only useless, but dangerous to the army. The Turks who are dismantling Ascalon, dare not meet us in the field. I think we should endeavor to save Ascalon as a protection to the pilgrims who pass that way."

The French violently opposed this opinion and recommended rather that Joppa should be restored, because it furnished a shorter and easier route for pilgrims going to Jerusalem. The acclamation of the multitude seconded the opinion of the French. Foolish counsel! fatal obstinacy of those indolent men! By providing for their immediate comfort, and to avoid labor and expense, they did what they would afterwards repent of: for if they had then saved Ascalon from the Turks, the whole land would soon have been clear of them. But the cry of the people prevailed, a collection was made, and they immediately began to rebuild the towers and to clear out the moat of Joppa. The army remained there long, enjoying ease and pleasure; their sins grew daily upon them; the zeal of pilgrimage waxed cold, and all their works of devotion were neglected.

It was now the end of September (year 1191), and Joppa partly rebuilt, when the army, issuing from the suburbs, encamped before the fortress of Habacuc; too small an army, alas! for many of them had withdrawn to Acre, where they spent their time in taverns. King Richard, seeing their idleness and debauchery, sent king Guy* to bring

* Guy of Lusignan, who claimed the throne of Jerusalem.

them back to the army at Joppa, but very few of them returned, and king Richard was obliged himself to sail to Joppa where he urged them by exhortations of their duty as pilgrims, and by these means induced many of them to return to Joppa.

About this time king Richard went out hawking with a small escort, and intending, if he saw any small body of Turks, to fall upon them. Fatigued by his ride he fell asleep, and a body of Turks rushed suddenly upon him to make him a prisoner. The king, awakening at the noise, had hardly time to mount his bay Cyprian horse. His attendants were still getting on their horses also, when the Turks came upon them and tried to take him; but the king, drawing his sword, rushed upon them, and they, pretending flight, drew him after them to a place where there was another body of Turks in ambush. These started up with speed and surrounded the king to make him prisoner.

The king defended himself bravely, and the enemy drew back, though he would still have been captured if the Turks had known who he was. But in the midst of the conflict one of the king's companions, William de Pratelles, called out in the Saracenic language that he himself was the "melech," i.e., king; and the Turks, believing what he said, led him off captive to their own army.

At the news of this action our army was alarmed, and seizing their arms came at full gallop to find the king, and when they met him

returning safe, he faced about and with them pursued the Turks, who had carried off William de Pratelles, thinking they had got the king. They could not, however, overtake the fugitives, and king Richard, reserved by the divine hand for greater things, returned to the camp to the joy of his soldiers, who thanked God for his preservation, but grieved for William de Pratelles, who had loyally redeemed the king at the price of his own liberty.

Some of the king's friends now reproved him for his temerity, and entreated him not to wander abroad alone, and expose himself to be taken by the ambuscades of the Turks, who were especially eager to make him prisoner; but on all occasions to take with him some brave soldiers, and not to trust to his own strength against such numbers. But, notwithstanding these admonitions on the part of his best friends, the king's nature still broke out; in all expeditions he was the first to advance and the last to retreat, and he never failed, either by his own valor or the divine aid, to bring back numbers of captives, or if they resisted, to put them to the sword.

[After strengthening their position by rebuilding forts, the army under Richard joyfully took up the march towards Jerusalem. This was in 1192. Their progress was soon abandoned, however. The French withdrew and discord divided the Christians among themselves. Without, the Turks were harassing them with frequent attacks.

At this juncture, while endeavoring to settle

difficulties immediately before his eyes, Richard heard that his brother John was intriguing against him at home and that he, Richard, stood in danger of losing the English crown. He now wavered in judgment—whether to return to defend his rights or to push towards the object of the crusade. After listening to a long harangue from one of his chaplains, he determined to remain for the present and prepared to lay siege to Jerusalem.

Again the army set out joyfully towards the Holy City. The Saracens who were in Jerusalem fled. But again through jealousies and discords the Christians were turned back.

Saladin now collecting an army took the offensive and assaulted the forces who were returned to Joppa. Richard at Acre was preparing to leave for England, when hearing of the Turks' activities he dispatched his army over land to Joppa and himself went thither by sea. There, after fierce conflict, the Christian forces gained the day, and Richard fixed his tents where those of the Saracens had been. They also diligently repaired the walls of Joppa.]

Meanwhile a certain depraved set of men among the Saracens, called Menelones of Aleppo and Cordivi, an active race, met together to consult what should be done in the existing state of things. They spoke of the scandal which lay against them, that so small an army, without horses, had driven them out of Joppa, and they reproached themselves with cowardice and shameful laziness, and arrogantly made a compact

among themselves that they would seize king Richard in his tent, and bring him before Saladin, from whom they would receive a most munificent reward.

Thus they prepared themselves in the middle of the night and sallied forth armed, by the light of the moon, conversing with one another about the object which they had in hand. O hateful race of unbelievers! they are anxiously bent upon seizing Christ's steadfast soldier while he is asleep. They rush on in numbers to seize him unarmed and apprehensive of no danger.

They were now not far from his tent, and were preparing to lay hands on him when, lo! the God of mercy, who never neglects those who trust in him, and acts in a wonderful manner even towards those who know him not, sent the spirit of discord among the aforesaid Cordivi and Menelones. The Cordivi said, "You shall go in on foot, to take the king and his followers, whilst we will remain on horseback to prevent their escaping." But the Menelones replied, "Nay, it is your place to go in on foot, because our rank is higher than yours. We are content with the service which is our duty; but this service on foot belongs to you rather than to us."

Whilst thus the two parties were contending which of them were the greater, and when at last they came to a decision how their nefarious attempt should be achieved, the dawn of day appeared. And now, by the providence of God, who had decreed that his holy champion should not be seized whilst asleep by the infidels, a cer-

tain Genoese was led by the divine impulse to go out early in the morning into the fields, where he was alarmed at the noise of men and horses advancing, and returned speedily, but just had time to see helmets reflecting back the light which now fell upon them. He at once rushed with speed into the camp, calling out, "To arms! to arms!" The king was awakened by the noise, and leaping startled from his bed, put on his impenetrable coat of mail, and summoned his men to the rescue.

God of all virtues! lives there a man who would not be shaken by such a sudden alarm? The enemy rush unawares, armed against unarmed, many against few, for our men had no time to arm, or even to dress themselves. The king himself therefore, and many others with him, on the urgency of the moment, proceeded without their cuishes to the fight, some even without their breeches, and they armed themselves in the best manner they could, though they were going to fight the whole day. Whilst our men were thus arming in haste, the Turks drew near, and the king mounted his horse, with only ten other knights. These alone had horses, and some even of those they had were base and impotent horses, unused to arms. The common men were skilfully drawn out in ranks and troops, with each a captain to command them.

O, who could fully relate the terrible attack of the infidels? The Turks at first rushed on with horrid yells, hurling their javelins and shooting their arrows. Our men prepared themselves as

they best could to receive their furious attack, each fixing his right knee in the ground, that so they might better hold together and maintain their position. The thighs of their left legs were bent and their left hands held their shields or bucklers. Stretched out before them in their right hands they held their lances, of which the lower ends were fixed in the ground, and their iron heads pointed threateningly towards the enemy. Between every two of the men who were thus covered with their shields, the king placed an arbalester, and another behind him to stretch the arbalest as quickly as possible, so that the man in front might discharge his shot whilst the other was loading. Thus everything was prepared as well as the shortness of the time allowed, and our little army was drawn up in order.

The king ran along the ranks and exhorted every man to be firm and not to flinch. "Courage, my brave men," said he, "and let not the attack of the enemy disturb you. Bear up against the frowns of fortune, and you will rise above them. Everything may be borne by brave men. Adversity sheds a light upon the virtues of men as certainly as prosperity casts over them a shade. There is no room for flight, for the enemy surround us, and to attempt to flee is to provoke certain death. Be brave, and let urgency sharpen your valor. Brave men should either conquer nobly, or gloriously die."

The king had hardly spoken these words when the hostile army in seven troops, each of which contained about a thousand horse, rushed for-

ward with ferocity. They came like a whirlwind, again and again making the appearance of an attack, that our men might be induced to give way, and when they were close up, they turned their horses off in another direction.

The king and his knights, who were on horseback, seeing this, put spurs to their horses and charged into the middle of the enemy, upsetting them right and left, and piercing a large number through the body with their lances. At last they pulled up their horses, because they found that they had penetrated entirely through the Turkish lines. The king now looking about him saw the noble earl of Leicester fallen from his horse and fighting bravely on foot. No sooner did he see this than he rushed to his rescue, snatched him out of the hands of the enemy, and replaced him on his horse.

What a terrible combat was then waged! A multitude of Turks advanced, and used every exertion to destroy our small army. Vexed at our success, they rushed towards the royal standard of the lion, for they would rather have slain the king than a thousand others. In the midst of the *mêlée* the king saw Ralph de Manleon dragged off prisoner by the Turks, and spurring his horse to speed in a moment released him from their hands and restored him to the army; for the king was a very giant in the battle, and was everywhere in the field—now here, now there, wherever the attack of the Turks raged the hottest. So bravely did he fight, that there was no one, however gallant, that would not readily and deserv-

edly yield to him the preëminence. On that day he performed the most gallant deeds on the furious army of the Turks, and slew numbers with his sword, which shone like lightning; some of them were cloven in two from their helmet to their teeth, whilst others lost their heads, arms, and other members, which were lopped off at a single blow.

While the king was thus laboring with incredible exertions in the fight, a Turk advanced towards him, mounted on a foaming steed. He had been sent by Saphadin, brother to Saladin, a liberal and munificent man if he had not rejected the Christian faith. This man now sent to the king two noble horses, requesting him earnestly to accept them and make use of them, and if he returned safe and sound out of that battle to remember the gift and recompense it in any manner he pleased. The king readily received the present, and afterwards nobly recompensed the giver. Such is bravery, cognizable even to an enemy.

Fierce now raged the fight, when such numbers attacked so few. The whole earth was covered with the javelins and arrows of the unbelievers; they threw them several at a time against our men, of whom many were wounded. Thus the weight of battle fell heavier on us than before, and the galley-men withdrew in the galleys which brought them, and so in their anxiety to be safe they sacrificed their character for bravery.

The king went down to the shore where the men had taken refuge, and exhorted them to return

to the battle and share with the rest whatever might befall them. Leaving five men as guards on board each galley, the king led back the rest to assist his hard-pressed army. And he no sooner arrived than with all his fury he fell upon the thickest ranks of the enemy, driving them back and routing them, so that even those who were at a distance and untouched by him were overwhelmed by the throng of the troops as they retreated. Never was there such an attack made by an individual. He pierced into the middle of the hostile army and performed the deeds of a brave and distinguished warrior. The Turks at once closed upon him and tried to overwhelm him.

In the meantime our men, losing sight of the king, were fearful lest he should have been slain, and when one of them proposed that they should advance to find him, our lines could hardly contain themselves. But if by any chance the disposition of our troops had been broken, without doubt they would all have been destroyed.

What, however, was to be thought of the king who was hemmed in by the enemy, a single man opposed to so many thousands? The hand of the writer faints to tell it, and the mind of the reader to hear it. Who ever heard of such a man? His bravery was ever of the highest order; no adverse storm could sink it. He remained invincible, even in the midst of the enemy, and his body, as if it were made of brass, was impenetrable to any kind of weapon. In his right hand he brandished his sword, which in its rapid descent broke the ranks on either side of him. Such was his energy amid

that host of Turks, that, fearing nothing, he destroyed all around him, mowing men down with his scythe as reapers mow down the corn with their sickles. Who could describe his deeds? Whoever felt one of his blows had no need of a second. Such was the energy of his courage that it seemed to rejoice at having found an occasion to display itself. The sword wielded by his powerful hand cut down men and horses alike, cleaving them to the middle. The more he saw himself separated from his men, and the more the enemy sought to overwhelm him, the more did his valor shine conspicuous.

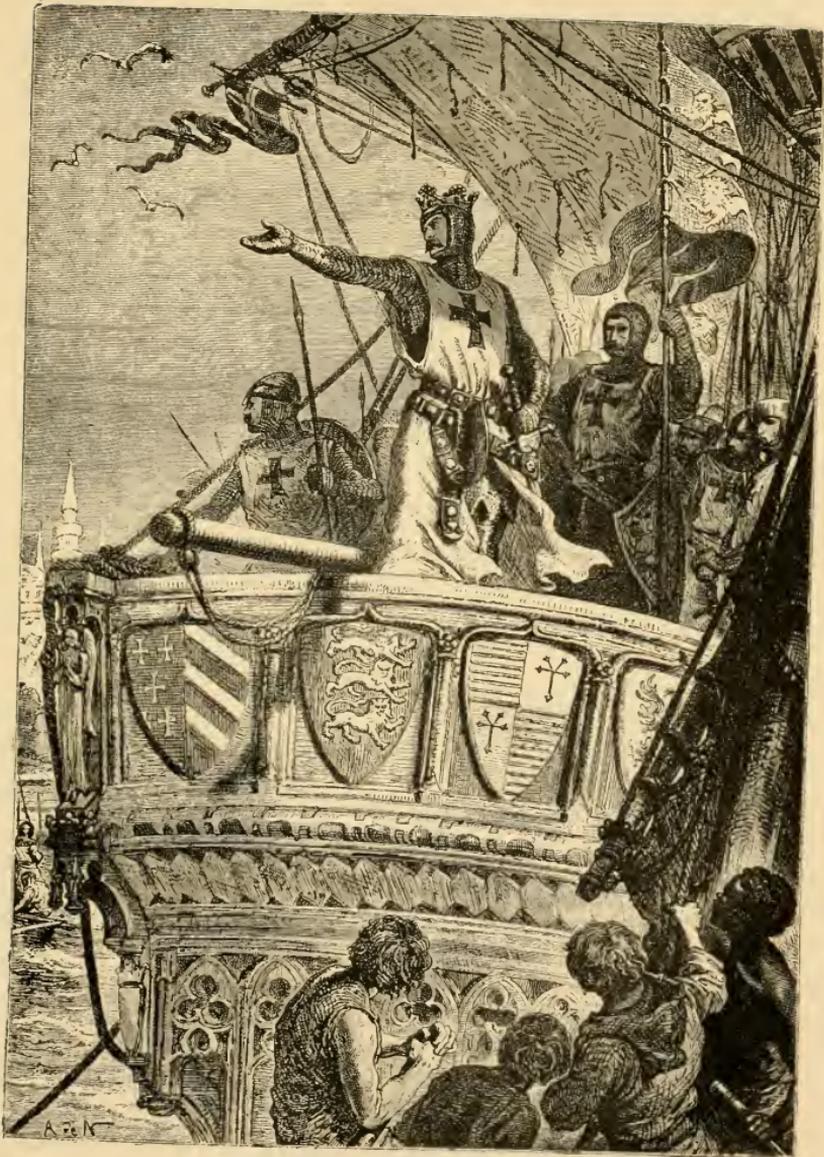
Among other brave deeds which he performed on that occasion, he slew by one marvelous stroke an admiral who was conspicuous above the rest of the enemy by his rich caparisons. This man by his gestures seemed to say that he was going to do something wonderful, and whilst he reproached the rest with cowardice, he put spurs to his horse and charged full against the king, who, waving his sword as he saw him coming, smote off at a single blow not only his head but his shoulder and right arm. The Turks were terror-stricken at the sight, and giving way on all sides scarcely dared to shoot at him from a distance with their arrows.

The king now returned safe and unhurt to his friends, and encouraged them more than ever with the hope of victory. How were their minds raised from despair when they saw him coming safe out of the enemy's ranks! They knew not what had happened to him, but they knew that without him all the hopes of the Christian army would be in

vain. The king's person was stuck all over with javelins, like a deer pierced by the hunters, and the trappings of his horse were thickly covered with arrows. Thus, like a brave soldier, he returned from the contest, and a bitter contest it was, for it had lasted from the morning sun to the setting sun.

It may seem indeed wonderful and even incredible that so small a body of men endured so long a conflict; but by God's mercy we cannot doubt the truth of it, for in that battle only one or two of our men were slain. But the number of the Turkish horses which lay dead on the fields is said to have exceeded fifteen hundred; and of the Turks themselves more than seven hundred were killed, and yet they did not carry back king Richard, as they had boasted, as a present to Saladin. On the contrary, he and his brave followers performed so many deeds of valor in the sight of the Turks that the enemy shuddered to behold them.

The Turkish army returned to Saladin, who is said to have ridiculed them by asking where Melech Richard was. "Which of you," continued he, "first seized him, and where is he? Why is he not produced?" To whom one of the Turks that came from the furthest countries of the earth, replied: "In truth, my lord, Melech Richard about whom you ask is not here. We have never heard since the beginning of the world that there ever was such a knight, so brave and so experienced in arms. In every deed at arms he is the foremost. He is without rival, the first to advance,



Richard, the Lion-hearted, setting sail for home, after his fruitless attempts to reach Jerusalem in the third crusade

and the last to retreat. We did our best to seize him, but in vain, for no one can escape from his sword. His attack is dreadful; to engage with him is fatal, and his deeds are beyond human nature.”

From the toil and exertion of the battle, king Richard and several others who had exerted themselves the most, fell ill—not only from the fatigue of the battle, but the smell of the corpses which so corrupted the neighborhood that they all nearly died.

[A three-years truce with Saladin having been reduced to writing, and confirmed by oaths on both sides, the king went to Cayphas to get himself cured. Increased disorder in England led him finally to set sail for home.

Count de Joinville, in his memoir of Louis IX of France whom he accompanied to Palestine about sixty years later, says:]

This Richard, king of England, performed such deeds of prowess when he was in the Holy Land that the Saracens, on seeing their horses frightened at a shadow or bush, cried out to them, “What, dost think king Richard is there?” This they were accustomed to say from the many and many times Richard had conquered and vanquished them.

In like manner, when the children of the Turks or Saracens cried, their mothers said to them, “Hush, hush! or I will bring king Richard of England to you,” and from the fright these words caused, the little ones were instantly quiet.

A Loyal Man's Memoir of Louis IX of France

John, lord de Joinville, high seneschal of Champagne, whose loyal account of saint Louis we are about to turn to, was born near the year 1220. What he did, and what he was, he tells in part as we go on with his story. We may know at the beginning, however, that he was about twenty-eight when he sailed upon the first crusade of king Louis.

At the very outset of this expedition for the Cross, the young lord from Champagne so pleased the king that Louis chose him to his service, and during the following years of wandering and of war, employed him in most important matters, esteemed him a wise and faithful counselor, and wished him always near his person. These pages which we take from his memoir of Louis have, therefore, not only value as the record of an eye-witness, but also they have weight as the account of an upright and thinking man.

LOUIS IX OF FRANCE

I, JOHN, lord of Joinville, high steward of Champagne, do indite the life and most pious acts and sayings of my late lord, saint Louis of France, from what I personally saw or heard during the space of six whole years that I was in his company, as well in the holy expedition and pilgrimage beyond sea, as since our return thence.

The holy king loved truth so much, that even to the Saracens and infidels, although they were his enemies, he would never lie, nor break his word in any thing he had promised them.

With regard to his food he was extremely temperate; for I never in my whole life heard him

express a wish for any delicacies in eating or drinking, like too many rich men; but he sat and took patiently whatever was set before him. He mixed his wine with water by measure, according to the strength of it. He once asked me when at Cyprus why I did not mix water with my wine? I answered what the physicians and surgeons had told me, that I had a large head and a cold stomach, which would not bear it. But the good king replied that they had deceived me, and advised me to add water; for that if I did not learn to do so when young, perhaps by drinking pure wine in my old age, I should frequently intoxicate myself; and that it was a beastly thing for an honorable man to make himself drunk.

In his conversation he was remarkably chaste; for I never heard him, at any time, utter an indecent word, nor make use of the devil's name, which, however, is now very commonly uttered by every one.

My good lord the king asked me one day if I should wish to be honored in this world, and afterward to gain paradise; to which I answered that I should wish it were so. "Then," replied he, "be careful never knowingly to do or say any thing disgraceful, that should it become public, you may not have to blush, and to be ashamed to say I have done this, or I have said that." In like manner he told me never to give the lie, or contradict rudely whatever might be said in my presence, unless it should be sinful or disgraceful to suffer it, for oftentimes contradiction causes coarse replies and harsh words, that bring on

quarrels, which create bloodshed and are the means of the deaths of thousands.

He also said that every one should dress and equip himself according to his rank in life, and his fortune, in order that the prudent and elders of this world may not reproach him by saying such a one has done too much, and that the youth may not remark that such a one has done too little, and dishonors his station in society.

[After quelling internal disturbances and settling an attack made by Henry III of England:]

The good king was taken grievously ill at Paris, and so bad was his state, that I have heard that one of the ladies who nursed him, thinking it was all over, wanted to cover his face with a cloth, but that another lady, on the opposite side of the bed (so God willed it), would not suffer his face to be covered, or buried as it were, declaring continually that he was alive.

During the conversation of these ladies, our Lord worked upon him, and restored to him his speech. The good king desired them to bring him a crucifix, which was done. When the good lady, his mother, heard that he had recovered his speech, she was in the utmost possible joy; but when she came and saw that he had put on the cross she was panic-struck, and seemed as if she would rather have seen him dead.

In the like manner as the king had put on the cross, so did many knights. And I, John de Joinville, crossed the sea in a small ship which we hired. This event took place after Easter, in the year of grace 1248.

Before my departure I summoned all my men and vassals of Joinville, who came to me about the vigil of Easter-day. During that whole week I was occupied in feasts and banquets with my brother de Vancouleur, and all the rich men of that part of the country, where, after eating and drinking, we amused ourselves with songs and led a joyous life. When Friday came I addressed them thus: "Gentlemen, know that I am about to go to the Holy Land, and it is uncertain whether I may ever return. Should there be any of you, therefore, to whom I have done wrong, and who thinks he has cause for complaint, let him come forward; for I am willing to make him amends, as I am accustomed to do to those who have complained of me or my people."

I did this according to the usual manner of my country and my lands. And in order that they might not be awed by my presence while they consulted together, I withdrew, and would only listen to what they might say to me without the restraint of fear. I likewise adopted this measure, because I was unwilling to carry with me one single penny wrongfully. To fulfil any demands that might be made, I had mortgaged to friends a great part of my inheritance, so that there did not remain at the utmost more than twelve hundred livres of yearly revenue from my lands; for my lady-mother was still living, who held the best of my estate in dower.

When I was on the point of departure, John, lord d'Apremont, and the count de Salebrucke sent to me to inquire if I were willing to join

parties and embark together, for that they were ready to march, and their company consisted of ten knights. I had set out with my nine knights and cheerfully assented, and we ordered a vessel to be hired for us at Marseilles, which carried us, our arms and horses.

When I was nearly ready to set out I sent for the abbot of Cheminon, who was at that time considered as the most discreet man of all the White Monks,* to reconcile myself with him. He gave me my scarf and bound it on me, and likewise put the pilgrim's staff in my hand. Instantly after I quitted the castle of Joinville without ever reëntering it until my return from beyond sea. I made pilgrimages to all the holy places in the neighborhood, such as Blicourt, St. Urban and others near Joinville, on foot without shoes and in my shirt. But as I was journeying from Blicourt to St. Urban, I was obliged to pass near the castle of Joinville; I dared never turn my eyes that way for fear of feeling too great regret, and lest my courage should fail on leaving my two fine children and my fair castle of Joinville, which I loved in my heart.

It was the month of August in this same year that we embarked at the rock of Marseilles, and the ports of the vessel were opened to allow the horses we intended carrying with us to enter. When we were all on board, the port was caulked and stopped up as close as a large tun of wine, because when the vessel was at sea, the port was

* Carmelites, then first establishing their houses in France. Their habit was for a time white throughout.

under water. Shortly after the captain of the ship cried out to his people on its prow, "Is your work done? Are we ready?" They replied, "Yes; in truth, we are."

Then the priests and clerks embarked, the captain made them mount to the castle of the ship and chant psalms in praise of God, that he might be pleased to grant us a prosperous voyage. They all, with a loud voice, sang the beautiful hymn of "Veni Creator" from the beginning to the end; and while they were singing the mariners set their sails in the name of God. Instantly after a breeze filled our sails and soon made us lose sight of land, so that we only saw sea and sky, and each day we were at a farther distance from the places from which we had set out.

We found on our landing at Cyprus that the good king, saint Louis, was already there and had laid in provisions in great abundance. You would have taken his cellars, at a distance, for great houses formed of casks of wine placed one on the other, which his purveyors had bought two years before, and had left in the open fields. In like manner was the wheat, barley and other grain in large heaps, which, from their immense size, appeared like mountains; and in truth many would have supposed them such; for the rains which had battered their sides had made the corn grow, so that there was nothing to be seen but green corn. When the army of the king came to remove the grain, in order to its being sent to Egypt, and to take off the crust of green corn,

they found the corn underneath as fine and fresh as if it had just been threshed.

As soon as the month of March* was come, it was proclaimed by orders of the king, that all vessels should be laden and ready to sail whenever the king should command. All things being ready, the king and queen and their households embarked on board their different ships. On the Friday preceding Whitsunday, the king ordered every one to follow him on the morrow and proceed to Egypt; and on the morrow, being Saturday, every vessel made sail, which was a pleasant sight to see, for it seemed as if the whole sea, as far as the sight could reach, was covered with cloth, from the great quantity of sails that were spread to the wind, there being one thousand eight hundred vessels, great and small.

A horrible wind that blew from Egypt made some of the ships alter their course, and separated them from the company of the king, and drove them on the coast of Acre and other strange countries at a great distance, so that the king did not see them again for a long time. He and his companions were much grieved at their loss, for they believed their men drowned, or in great danger at least.

The king arrived with his fleet on the Thursday after Whitsuntide at Damietta, where a great company were waiting for us. On the shore we saw the whole force of the sultan, who were handsome men to look at. The sultan wore arms of burnished gold of so fine a polish that when the

* The year 1249.

sun shone on them he seemed like a sun himself. The tumult and noise they made with their horns and necaires* was frightful to hear, and seemed very strange to the French.

The king perceiving this, called together his barons and counselors to consult on what should be done. They advised him to wait until the whole of his force should arrive; for he had not now with him a third part, owing, as I before said, to the contrariety of the wind. But the king would not consent, saying that by such conduct he should encourage the enemy; and likewise because there was not any port near in those seas whither he might retire, and wait in safety the return of those who had been dispersed by the storm. He added that a strong gust of wind might arise and separate them from each other in these foreign countries, as had happened to his other knights in Whitsunday last.

We then began to sail after the boat of the king's large ship, and made for land; but when those attached to the king, who were hastening to land like ourselves, saw that we made more speed than they, they cried out for us to wait for the arrival of the standard of saint Denis.† But I would not attend to them and continued advancing towards a large battalion of Saracens and Turks consisting of six thousand men at least on horseback. The moment they saw us on shore they spurred their horses full gallop toward us;

* Drums and cymbals.

† That is, the vessel which bore the standard of saint Denis. This standard was no other than the *ori flamme*—the name given it because, slit up from the bottom and of a red color, when it fluttered in the wind it appeared at a distance to be a flame. It was fastened to a gilded lance.

but we struck our spears and shields into the sand with their points against them, which as soon as they perceived, and that we were advancing inland, they suddenly wheeled about and fled.

On our right the galley bearing the standard of saint Denis arrived within a crossbow-shot of us. When the good king saint Louis learnt that the standard of saint Denis was landed, he quitted his vessel, which was already close to the shore, without waiting until he could disembark from it, and against the will of the legate, who was with him, leaped into the sea, which was up to his shoulders, and advanced to the land, his shield on his neck, his helmet on his head, and lance in hand. On joining his men, he observed the Saracen army and asked who they were. On being told they were Turks and Saracens, he wanted to make a course alone against them, but his attendants would not permit it, and made him remain quiet until his whole army should be assembled and armed.

[After taking up quarters at Damietta, the king and his counselors determined to proceed to the capital city. During their march and building of roads and fording of the Nile, the crusaders were resolutely opposed by the Turks with stratagem, such engines of warfare as Greek fire, and covert attack and open battle. Our chronicler writes of saint Louis' great valor:]

You may believe me when I say that the good king performed that day the most gallant deeds that ever I saw in any battle. It was said that had it not been for his personal exertions, the

whole army would have been destroyed. But I believe that the great courage he naturally possessed was that day doubled by the power of God. For he forced himself wherever he saw his men in any distress, and gave such blows with battle-axe and sword, it was wonderful to behold.

The lord de Courtenay and sir John de Salenay one day told me that at this engagement six Turks caught hold of the bridle of the king's horse, and were leading him away; but this virtuous prince exerted himself with such bravery in fighting the six Turks, that he alone freed himself from them; and that many seeing how valiantly he defended himself, and the great courage he displayed, took greater courage themselves, and abandoning the passage they were guarding, hastened to support the king.

After the two battles I have mentioned, which were marvelously sharp and severe, the one on Shrove Tuesday and the other on the first Friday in Lent,* another great misfortune befell our army. At the end of eight or ten days the bodies of those who had been slain in these two engagements, and thrown into the Nile, rose to the top of the water. These bodies floated down the river until they came to the small bridge that communicated with each part of our army. The arch of the bridge was so low it almost touched the water, and prevented the bodies passing underneath. The river was covered with them from bank to bank, so that the water could not be seen a good stone's throw from the bridge upward.

* Year 1250.

The king hired one hundred laborers, who were full eight days in separating the bodies of the Christians from the Saracens. The Saracen bodies they thrust under the bridge by main force, and floated them down to the sea; but the Christians they buried in deep graves, one over the other. God knows how great was the stench, and what misery it was to see the bodies of such noble and worthy persons lying so exposed. I witnessed the chamberlain of the late count d'Artois seeking the body of his master, and many more hunting after the bodies of their friends; but I never heard that any who were thus seeking their friends amidst such an infectious smell ever recovered their healths.

You must know that we ate no fish the whole Lent, but eelpouts, which is a gluttonous fish and feeds on dead bodies. From this cause, and from the bad air of the country where it scarcely ever rains a drop, the whole army was infected by a shocking disorder, which dried up the flesh on our legs to the bone, and our skins became tanned as black as the ground, or like an old boot that has long lain behind a coffer. In addition to this miserable disorder, those affected by it had another sore complaint in the mouth, from eating such fish. This increased so much in the army that the barbers were forced to cut away very large pieces of flesh from the gums to enable their patients to eat. It was pitiful to hear the cries and groans of those on whom this operation was performing, and I cannot express the great concern all felt who heard them.

[At this juncture* negotiations were begun for the surrender of the realm of Jerusalem to the king, he in turn to restore Damietta to the sultan. Before the treaty were reached, however, the ailing Louis was captured by the Saracens, and after devious experiences of oriental treachery, ransomed. Having delivered Damietta to the Turks, he sailed thence to Acre.]

While we were on our voyage to Acre, on account of illness I was always seated near the king; and it was then he related to me how he had been taken, and how, through the aid of God, he had accomplished his own ransom and ours. I was likewise obliged to tell him how I had been captured on the river, and how a Saracen had saved my life. The king said I ought to feel myself under the greatest obligations to our Lord who had delivered me from such imminent dangers. At times the good and holy king bewailed bitterly the death of his brother, the count d'Artois.

On the king's arrival before Acre, the inhabitants of that city came out in grand procession to meet him on the seashore, and received him with much joy. Soon after the king sent for me and expressly commanded me, as I valued his love, to come and eat with him morning and evening, until he should determine whether to return to France or to remain there.

I was lodged with the rector of Acre. Of all my servants, there was but one that was not confined to his bed with sickness like myself; nor

* The year is 1250.

had I any to comfort me, by once offering me something to drink. The more to enliven me I saw daily pass my window twenty corpses for burial; and when I heard the chant "Libera me, Domine," I shed floods of tears, and cried out to God that he would mercifully save me and my household from the pestilence that then raged. And this he did.

Not long after the king's arrival at Acre he summoned his brothers, and all the other nobles, on a certain Sunday, and, when assembled, he addressed them: "My lords, I have called you together to give you some news from France. In truth my lady-mother, the queen, has sent for me, and it is necessary that I return with the utmost haste, for my kingdom is in great danger, inasmuch as there exists neither peace nor truce with the king of England. The people here wish to detain me, assuring me that if I depart their country will be destroyed, and insist on following me. I beg you will maturely consider what I have said, and give me your opinions within eight days."

On the Sunday following we all presented ourselves before the king to give him our opinions, as he had charged us, whether he should depart or stay. Sir Guion de Malvoisin was our spokesman and said, "Sire, my lords your brothers, and the other nobles now present, have fully considered your situation, and they are of opinion that you cannot remain longer in this country with honor to yourself or profit to your kingdom. For, in the first place, of all the knights whom

you led to Cyprus, amounting to two thousand eight hundred, not one hundred remain. Secondly, you have not any habitation in this country, nor have you army or money. For these reasons, which we have maturely weighed, we unanimously advise that you return to France to reinforce yourself with men-at-arms, and supply yourself with money, so that you may hastily repair again hither and take vengeance on the enemies of God and of his holy religion."

The king was not pleased with this advice of sir Guy, but demanded from each person his private opinion on the business, beginning with the counts d'Anjou, de Poitiers, and the other nobles near him. All of them replied they agreed in the advice of sir Guy de Malvoisin. The count de Japhe was hard pressed to give his opinion, for he had castles and possessions in those countries; but when the king insisted on having it, he said that if the king could keep the field, it would redound more to his honor to remain than thus discomfited to return. I, who was fourteenth in rank, answered in my turn that I was of the same opinion with the count de Japhe; moreover, giving these additional reasons, that it was reported the king had not as yet expended any of the money from the royal treasury, but had employed that which was in the hands of the clerks of finance; and that the king should seek powerful reinforcements of men-at-arms, who, when they should learn the high pay the king was willing to give, would hasten to join him from all parts, and by this means the king might deliver the

multitude of poor prisoners who had been captured in the service of God, which would never be the case unless it were done as now proposed.

You must know that at this moment none reproved me for my opinion, but many began to weep, for there was scarcely one among us who had not some of his relations in the prisons of the Saracens.

When all had delivered their opinions, the king was much confounded at their diversity, and took eight days more to declare which he should follow. When we had left the presence of the king, the great nobles made a violent attack on me, and through jealousy and envy said, "Ha! certainly the king must be mad if he do not follow your opinion, lord de Joinville, in preference to that of the whole French council." But to this I made not any reply.

The tables were soon laid for dinner, and the king, who had usually made me sit down near him when his brothers were absent, and during the repasts had conversed with me, did not now open his lips, nor even turn his face toward me. I then thought he was displeased with me for having said that he had not employed his own money, when he had expended such very large sums. After he had said grace, and returned thanks to God for his dinner, I retired to a window near the head of the king's bed, and, passing my hand through the grating, remained there musing. I said to myself that if the king should now return to France, I would go to the prince of Antioch, who was a relation of mine.

While I was thus meditating, the king leant on my shoulder, and held my head between his hands. I thought it was sir Philip de Nemours, who had been fretting me all the day for the advice which I had given the king, and said to him, "Sir Philip, do leave me quiet in my misfortune." As I turned round, the king covered my face with his hands and I then knew it was the king from an emerald on his finger. I wished to make some reparation, as one that had improperly spoken; but the king made me be silent, and continued, "Now, lord de Joinville, tell me how you, who are so young a man, could have the courage to advise me to remain in these countries contrary to the opinion of all my greatest nobles?" I replied that if I had advised him well, he should follow it; if the contrary, he ought not to think more on what I had said. "And will you remain with me, if I should stay?" "Yes, certainly," answered I, "were it at my own or at another's expense." The king said that he was pleased with the advice I had given, but ordered me to tell this to no one.

I was so rejoiced that whole week with what he had told me, that I was insensible to my illness, and defended myself boldly against the other lords when they attacked me.

During the king's residence at Acre, there came to him ambassadors from the prince of the Assassins, called the Old Man of the Mountain.*

*The Old Man of the Mountain ruled over the Assassins, who inhabited the mountains of Phœnicia. It was said he had several fine and strong palaces surrounded by high walls, well guarded, with entrance but by one gate. In these palaces were confined children of his subjects, who were taught various languages, and that they must obey the com-

On the entrance of the ambassadors the king caused them to be seated to deliver their message; when one of the chiefs began by asking the king if he were acquainted with their lord, the prince of the mountain. The king said he was not; he had never seen him, although he had heard much spoken of him. The chief continued, "Sire, since you have heard my lord spoken of, I wonder much that you have not sent him such of your people as should have made him your friend, in like manner as the emperor of Germany, the king of Hungary and many other princes have yearly done; for they know well that they would not be allowed to exist or reign but during his good pleasure. For this cause he has despatched us hither to advertise you that he wills you should act in the like manner, or at least that you acquit him of the tribute he pays annually to the grand master of the Temple,* or of the Hospital,† there would soon be others as good, and for this reason he is unwilling to risk his people's lives where little is to be gained."

The king replied that he would consider what they had said, and if they would return in the evening they should have his answer. When they came again before the king, they found the mas-

mands of their prince since through him alone could they attain paradise. When their master presented them for examination by the prince, and they had pledged themselves to obey his orders in hopes of gaining paradise, the prince then gave them a large and sharp knife and sent them forth to assassinate those whom he hated. They would, if possible, whatever might happen to them, execute his commission.

* Knights of the Temple, or Knights Templar, a military order, founded in Jerusalem in 1118, with headquarters at the Crusaders' palace.

† Order of the Hospitalers of Saint John of Jerusalem, military monks under whose auspices a hospital was kept for a time in Jerusalem. Also called Knights of Malta.

ter of the Temple on one side of him, and the master of the Hospital on the other. The king on their entrance ordered them to repeat what they had before said to him, as well as the demand which they had made in the morning. They replied that they should not think it right to repeat what they had said, except in the presence of such as had heard them in the morning. The masters of the Temple, and of the Hospital, on this, ordered them to repeat it. The chief then repeated what he had said before to the king. The masters on hearing it bade them come and confer with them in the morning, and they should then know the king's pleasure.

On the morrow, when they came before the masters of the Temple and Hospital, they were told that their lord had foolishly and impudently sent such a message to the king of France, and if they were not invested with the character of ambassadors, the king would have them thrown into the filthy sea of Acre and drowned, despite their masters. "And we command you," continued the masters, "to return to your lord, and to come back within fifteen days with such letters from your prince that the king shall be contented with him and with you."

Before the fifteen days were expired, the same ambassadors returned from the Old Man of the Mountain, and addressing the king, said, "Sire, we come back from our lord, who informs you that as the shirt is the part of dress nearest to the body, he sends you this, his shirt as a gift, or a symbol that you are the king for whom he has the

greatest affection; and for a further assurance of it, here is his ring that he sends you, which is of pure gold and hath his name engraven on it; and with this ring our lord espouses you, and understands that henceforward you are as one of the fingers of his hand."

Among other presents sent to the king was an elephant of crystal; there were also figures of men of crystal, the whole set in fine amber with borders of pure gold. When the ambassadors opened the case containing all these fine things, the whole apartment was instantly embalmed with the sweet odor of their perfumes.

The king, desirous not to be behindhand in making a return for these presents from the Old Man of the Mountain, sent to him by his ambassadors and by father Yves Le Breton, who understood the Saracenic, great quantities of scarlet robes, cups of gold and other vessels of silver.

[King Louis continued to govern the French army and its followers in Palestine, leading to divers battles with the hostile hordes of the land, and instituting the siege of Joppa. till the year 1254, when upon the death of his "lady-mother" he took the remnants of his force back to France, and thus ended his first crusade. He never gained Jerusalem.

What Bonfires meant in the Thirteenth Century

In this little story an old chronicler tells us of democratic good fellowship in olden times.

BONFIRES IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

IN the year 1253, when Henry III was king of England, he commanded watches to be kept in the cities and borough towns, for the better observing of peace and quietness amongst his people.

And in the months of June and July, on the eves of festival days, and on the same festival days in the evenings, after the sun-setting, there were usually made bonfires in the streets. Every man bestowed wood or labor towards them.

The wealthier sort also before their doors, near to the said bonfires, would set out tables on the eve, and furnish them with sweet bread and good drink. And on the festival days they would furnish them plentifully with meats and drinks. whereunto they would invite their neighbors and passers-by also to sit and be merry with them in great familiarity, and praise God for his benefits bestowed on them.

These were called bonfires because of the good feeling they led to among neighbors—those being

before at controversy were there by the labor of others reconciled, and those bitter enemies becoming loving friends. They were called bonfires also for the virtue that a great fire hath to purge the infection of the air.

On the eve of John the Baptist's day,* and the day of Peter and Paul,† the apostles, every man's door was shadowed with green birch, long fennel, saint John's wort, orpin, white lilies and such like, and garnished with garlands of beautiful flowers; with lamps of glass also which had oil burning in them all the night. And some citizens hung out branches of iron curiously wrought, containing hundreds of lamps alight at once—which made a goodly show.

* Midsummer day, the 24th day of June, according to legends of the church.

† The 29th of June, according to legend.

Border Warfare between English and Scots in the Fourteenth Century: and how Robert Bruce died

The story tells itself without a foreword. But in introducing it into this book we take up him who was doubtless the greatest of all our chroniclers, Froissart, a garrulous scribe and a gentle man, superstitious according to the practices of his time, and taking much on floating report, but withal a man with a heart beating under his mantle and a brain thinking under his hood the best thought of his day. He died about the year 1410 and somewhat over seventy years of age.

From the time he was twenty Froissart traveled about the Europe of his neighborhood—that is, France, England, Scotland, Holland, Belgium and Italy of our day, listening to the talk of gentle men and gentle women—he reports none beneath the rank of gentleman—making his notes and writing his chronicles. He had a way with him of sucking information from those he met. Like the newspaper interviewer of our time he was newsgathering and no unflinching American reporter ever collected more information than the mild Froissart from his contemporaries. He must have been a delightful companion, and as we read we do not wonder that greater and lesser courts of his day kept him, although a willing guest, and gave him money upon his leaving.

He wrote in French. His great work had the good fortune to find a translator into English of like tastes and not unlike capacity, lord Berners, member of the court of Henry VIII and a trusted officer of the king. It was at the instance of king Henry that lord Berners made his translation of Froissart, and this translation is now one of our treasured English classics. From it are taken the following stories.

BORDER WARFARE

THE young king Edward III, who in his days after was right fortunate and happy, was crowned in the year 1326, on Christmas day, and then the young king was about the

age of sixteen. And they held the feast and greatly feasted sir John of Hainault and all the princes and nobles of his country, and there were given to him and his company many rich jewels. And so he—sir John—and his company, both lords and ladies, tarried with solace till the Twelfth day.

After that passed the winter and the Lent season till Easter, and the king and the queen his mother, and all the realm was in good peace all this season. Then so it fortuneth that king Robert* of Scotland, who had been right hardy and had suffered much travail against Englishmen, and oftentimes had been chased and discomfited in the time of Edward the first, grandfather to this young king Edward the third, was sick of the great evil and malady.† When he knew the adventures that were lately fallen in England, how the old king Edward II was taken and deposed from his royalty and his crown, and certain of his counselors beheaded and put to destruction, then he bethought him that he would defy the young king because he was young, and the barons of the realm were not all of one accord, as it was said. And so about Easter in the year 1327, he sent his defiance to the young king and to all the realm, sending them word that he would enter into the realm of England and burn before him as he had done beforetimes.

When the king and his council perceived that they were defied, they caused it to be made known

* Robert Bruce.

† Commonly supposed to be leprosy.

over all the realm, and commanded that all the nobles and all other should be ready appareled, every man after his estate, and that they should be by Ascension day next after at the town of York, standing northward.

And the king and the lords of England and more than sixty thousand men of war lay at York. And the victuals were never the dearer, as well of fowl as of other victuals, for ever they had a penny-worth for a penny. And there was daily brought before their lodgings hay, oats and litter, whereof they were well served for their horses, and at a meetly price.

And they had knowledge from the king that every man should provide for carts and tents to lie in the field, and for all necessaries thereto belonging, to the intent to draw toward Scotland. And when every man was ready appareled, the king and all his barons went out of the city, and the first night they lodged six miles forward. And there the king abode two days and two nights, tarrying for all them that were behind, and to be well advised that they lacked nothing.

And on the third day they dislodged and went forward till they came to the city of Durham, a day's journey within the county called Northumberland, which at that time was a savage and a wild country, full of deserts and mountains, and a right poor country of everything saving of beasts. Through the county runneth a river full of flint and great stones, called the water of Tyne. And on this river standeth the town and castle of

Carlisle, which sometime was king Arthur's, who held his court there oftentimes. And at Carlisle was the lord Hereford and the lord Mowbray, who were governors there to defend the passage against the Scots. For the Scots could not enter into England but they must pass this said river in one place or another. The Englishmen could hear no tidings of the Scots till they were come to the entry of the said country. The Scots were passed this river so privily that they of Carlisle knew nothing thereof.

The Scottish men are right hardy and sore travailing in harness and in wars. For when they will enter into England, within a day and a night they will drive their whole host twenty-four miles, for they are all a-horseback, without it be the camp-followers and lagers of the host who follow after afoot. The knights and squires are well horsed, and the common people and others on little hackneys and geldings; and they carry with them no carts nor chariots, for the diversities of the mountains that they must pass through in county of Northumberland. They take with them no purveyance of bread or wine, for their usage and soberness is such in times of war that they will pass in the journey a great long time with flesh half sodden,* without bread, and drink of the river water, and they neither care for pots nor pans, for they see the beasts† in their own skins. They are ever sure to find plenty of beasts in the country that they will pass through.

* Boiled.

† That is, they boiled the flesh.

Therefore they carry with them none other provision, but on their horse between the saddle and the panel they truss a flat stone, and behind the saddle they will have a little sack full of oatmeal to the intent that when they have eaten of the sodden flesh, then they lay this flat stone on the fire and temper a little of the oatmeal; and when the stone is hot they cast of the thin paste thereon, and so make a little cake in manner of a cracknell or biscuit,* and that they eat to comfort withal their stomachs. Wherefore it is no great marvel that they make greater journeys than other people do.

And in this manner were the Scots entered into the said country, and wasted and burnt all about as they went, and took great number of beasts. They were to the number of four thousand men of arms, knights and squires, mounted on good horses, and other ten thousand men of war were armed after their guise, right hardy and fierce, mounted on little hackneys which were never tied nor kept at hard meat, but let go to pasture in the fields and bushes.

They had two good captains, for king Robert of Scotland, who in his days had been hardy and prudent, had made one of his captains a gentle prince and a valiant in arms, called the earl of Moray, and the other the lord James Douglas, who was reputed the most hardy knight and greatest adventurer in all the realm of Scotland. These two lords were renowned as chief in all deeds of arms and great prowess in all Scotland.

* These are the well-known oatmeal cakes of the Scots.

When the king of England and his host had seen and heard of the fires that the Scots had made in England, at once was cried alarm, and every man commanded to dislodge and follow after the marshals' banners. Then every man drew to the field ready appareled to fight. There were ordered three great battalions afoot, and to every battalion two wings of five hundred men of arms, knights and squires. So they advanced, well ranged and in good order, and followed the Scots by the sign of the smoke that they made with burning. And thus they followed all that day till it was near night.

Then the host lodged them in a wood by a little river side, there to rest and abide their carriages and purveyances. And at that day the Scots had burnt and wasted and pillaged the country within five miles of the English host. But the Englishmen could not overtake them.

And the next day in the morning all the host armed them and displayed their banners on the field, every man ready appareled in his own battalion, and so advanced without disordering all the day through mountains and valleys. But for all that they could never approach near to the Scots, who went wasting the country before them. And when it drew night, the men afoot were so sore travailed that they could not endure to labor any further that day. And when the lords saw that their labor in following the Scots was in vain, it was determined by great advice and counsel that all the host should move at mid-

night and make haste in the morning to the intent to stop the passage of the river from the Scots.

To this conclusion all the host was accorded, and so supped and lodged as well as they might that night, and every man was warned to be ready at the first sounding of the trumpet, and at the second blast every man to arm him without delay, and at the third every man quickly to mount on their horses and to draw under their own standard and banner; and every man to take with him but one loaf of bread, and to truss it behind him on his horse. It was also determined that they should leave behind them all their loose harness and all manner of carriages, for they thought surely to fight with the Scots the next day.

Thus it was set in order, and so it was accomplished. For about midnight every man was ready and appareled: few had slept. As great haste as they made, ere they were ranged in battle line the day began to appear. Then they advanced in all haste through mountains, valleys and rocks. And on the highest of these hills and on the plains of these valleys there were marvelous great marshes and dangerous passages, and it was great marvel that much people had not been lost, for they rode ever still forward and never tarried one for another. For whosoever fell in any of these marshes with much pain could get any aid to help them out again.

Thus rode all that day the young king of England by mountains and deserts without finding any highway, town or village. And when it was against night, they came to the river Tyne, to the

same place where the Scots had passed over into England, thinking to themselves that the Scots must needs re-pass again the same way. Then the king of England and his host passed over the same river by fording, and with much pain and travail, for the passage was full of great stones. And they lodged them that night by the river side, and by that time the sun was gone to rest. And there were but few among them that had either axe or hook, or any instrument to cut down any wood to make their lodgings withal. And there were many that had lost their own company and wist not where they were. Some of the footmen* were far behind and wist not well what way to take.

All this night they lay by this river side, still in their harness, holding their horses by their reins in their hands, for they wist not whereunto to tie them. Thus their horses did eat no meat all that night; nor the day before. They had no oats for forage for them. Nor had the people of the host sustenance all that day and night, but every man his loaf that he carried behind him, the which was sore wet with the sweat of the horses. And they drank no other drink but the water of the river, without it were some of the lords that had carried bottles with them. Nor had they fire or light, for they had nothing to make light withal, without it were some of the lords that had torches brought with them.

In this great trouble and danger they passed all that night, their armor still on their backs,

* Infantry.

their horses ready saddled. And when the day began to appear they trusted to find some redress for themselves and their horses, or else to fight with the enemies. And all that day it rained so fast that the river and passage was waxen great and risen so high that ere it were noon none might pass the passage again. They could not send to know where they were, nor where to have forage or litter for their horses, nor bread nor drink for their own sustenance. So all that night they were fain to fast, nor had their horses anything but leaves of trees and herbs. They cut down boughs of trees with their swords to tie their horses and to make themselves lodges.

And about noon some poor folks of the country were found, and they said how they were then fourteen miles from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and eleven miles from Carlisle, and there was no town nearer wherein they might find anything to do them ease. When this was showed the king and lords of his council, at once were sent horses and sumpters to fetch provision. And there was a cry in the king's name in the town of Newcastle that whosoever would bring bread or any other victual should be paid therefor a good price, and that they should be conducted to the host in safe-guard. The next day by noon such as had been sent returned again to the host with such victual as they could get, and that not overmuch. And with them came other folks of the country with little nags charged with bread evil baken, and other provision to sell in the host, whereby great part of the host were well refreshed and eased.

And thus they continued day by day the space of eight days, abiding every day the returning again of the Scots, who knew no more where the English host lay than they knew where they were. Three days and three nights, as we have seen, they were without bread, light or fodder, or any manner of provision for horse or man. And after the space of four days a loaf of bread was sold for a sixpence which was worth but a penny. Yet there was such a rage of famine that men took victuals out of one another's hands, whereby rose divers battles and strifes.

Besides all these mischiefs, it never ceased to rain the whole week, whereby their saddles, saddlecloths and girths were all rotten and broken, and most of the horses hurt on their backs. Nor had they whereby to shoe those that were unshod. Nor had they whereby to cover themselves from the rain and cold but green bushes and their armor, and nothing to make fire of withal but green boughs which would not burn because of the rain.

In this great mischief they were all the week without hearing any word of the Scots, whereby great noise and murmur began to rise in the host. Wherefore it was ordained by the king and his council, and a cry made throughout the host, that whosoever could bring the king certain knowledge where the Scots were should have for his labor a hundred pounds of land to him and his heirs forever, and be made a knight of the king's hand.

When this cry was made divers English

knights and squires, for covetousness of winning this promise, passed the river in great peril and rode forth through the mountains. The next morning the host dislodged and rode fair and easily all day, for they were but evil appareled. And they repassed the river with much pain and travail, for the water was deep because of the rains, wherefore many did swim and some were drowned.

And when they were all over they lodged, and there they found forage and a little village which the Scots had burnt. And the next day they departed thence and passed over hills and dales. And the third day they rode forth. And again the fourth in like manner.

And about the hour of nine in the morning there came a squire fast riding toward the king and said, "And it like your grace, I have brought you perfect tidings of the Scots, your enemies. They be within three miles of you, lodged on a great mountain. They know no more tidings of you than you of them. Sir, I approached so near to them that I was taken prisoner and brought before the lords of their host. And there I showed them tidings of you and how ye seek them to have battle. And the lords did quit me of my ransom and prison, when I showed how your grace had promised a hundred pounds sterling of rent to him who brought first tidings of them to you. And they made me promise that I should not rest till I had showed you this tidings, for they said they had as great desire to fight with

you as ye had with them; and there shall ye find them without fault.”

As soon as the king had heard this tidings, at once he assigned a hundred pounds sterling of rent to the squire according to his promise, and made him knight with his own hands before all the host. And when they had rested them, and taken repast, the trumpet sounded to horse and every man mounted, and the banners and standards ranged as well as they might, followed this new-made knight through mountains and dales, ever ready to fight. And about noon they were so near the Scots that each of them might clearly see the other.

And as soon as the Scots saw them they issued out of their lodges afoot and set in order three great battalions in the declivity of the hill, the first two at the two corners of the mountain, joining to the rocks, so that none might well mount upon the hill to assail them but the Scots would be ever ready to beat with stones the assailants. And at the foot of the mountain ran a great river* full of rocks and stones so that none might pass over without great jeopardy.

And there were heralds of arms sent to the Scots, giving them knowledge that if they would come and pass the river, the English would draw back from the river and give them sufficient place to arrange their host. But when the Scots heard this they took counsel among themselves and anon answered the heralds and said, “Sirs, your king and your lords see well how we be here

* The Were.

in this realm and have burnt and wasted the country, and if they be displeased therewith, let them amend it when they will, for here we will abide as long as it shall please us.”

As soon as the king of England heard that answer, it was at once cried that all the host should lodge there that night. And so the host lodged there that night with much pain on the hard ground and stones, always still armed. They had no stakes nor rods to tie withal their horses, nor forage, nor bush to make withal any fire.

And the next morning the lords of England ranged again their force as they had done the day before; and the Scots in like wise ordered their forces. Thus both the hosts stood in array till near noon. The Scots made never semblant to come to the English host to fight with them, nor in likewise the Englishmen to them. And after noon was past, the lords of England commanded every man to draw to their lodging, for they saw well the Scots would not fight with them.

In like manner thus they did for three days together, and the Scots in like case kept still their mountains. Howbeit, there was skirmishing on both parties, and divers slain and prisoners taken. And every night the Scots made great fires and great noise, with shouting and blowing of horns. The intention of the Englishmen was to hold the Scots there in manner as besieged, thinking to have famished them. The English knew well by such prisoners as they had taken that the Scots had neither bread nor salt, nor

other provision, save of beasts they had great plenty which they had taken in the country, and might eat at their pleasure without bread—which was an evil diet. They lacked oaten meal to make cakes withal.

And in the morning the fourth day the Englishmen looked on the mountain where the Scots were, and they could see no creature for the Scots were departed at midnight. Then were sent men a-horseback and a-foot over the river to know where they had gone. And about noon they found them lodged on another mountain, stronger than the other was, by the same river side, and where a great wood on one side allowed them to come and go secretly. Then at once the English host dislodged and drew to that part, and lodged them on another hill against the Scots, and ranged their forces and made semblant to come to them. Then the Scots issued out of their lodges and set their forces along the river side against them. But they would never come toward the English host, and the Englishmen could not go to them without being slain or taken at an advantage.

Thus they lodged each against other the space of eighteen days; and oftentimes the king of England sent to them his heralds of arms, offering them that if they would come and fight with him he would give them place sufficient on the plain ground to pitch their field; or else let them give him room and place, and he assured them he would come over the river and fight with them. But the Scots would never agree thereto.

Thus both the hosts suffered much pain and travail the space that they lay so near together.

And the first night that the English host was thus lodged on the second mountain, the lord James Douglas took with him about two hundred men of arms and passed the river far off from the host, so that he was not perceived, and suddenly he broke into the English host about midnight, crying "Douglas! Douglas! ye shall all die, ye English!" and he slew ere he ceased three hundred men, some in their beds and some scant ready. And he struck his horse with the spurs and came to the king's own tent, always crying, "Douglas!" and struck asunder two or three cords of the king's tent and so departed, and in that retreat he lost some of his men. He returned again to the Scots so that there was no more done. But every night the English host made good and sure watch, and ever the most part of the host lay in their harness.

In conclusion, the last day of twenty-four there was a Scottish knight taken, who against his will showed to the lords of England what state and condition the Scots were in—showed for fear of his life how the lords of Scotland were accorded among themselves that the same night every man should be ready armed to follow the banners of the lord James Douglas, and every man should keep him secret. But the knight could not show them what they intended to do.

Then the lords of England drew them to council, and there it was thought among them that the Scots might in the night-time come and assail

their host on both sides, to adventure either to live or to die, for they could endure no longer the famine that was among them. Then the English lords set in order three lines of battle without their lodgings, and made great fires, thereby to see the better.

Thus they stood all that night, every man under his own standard and banner. And in the breaking of the day two trumpeters of Scotland met with the English scout-watch who took the trumpeters and brought them before the king of England and his council, and then they said openly, "Sirs, what do ye watch here? Ye lose but your time, for on the jeopardy of our heads the Scots are gone and departed before midnight, and are at least three or four miles on their way. And they left us two behind to the intent that we should show this to you."

Then the English lords said that it were but folly to follow the Scots, for they could not overtake them. Yet for doubt of deceiving they still kept the trumpeters privily and caused their forces to stand still arranged. And when they saw for truth that the Scots were departed, then every man had leave to return to his lodging, and the lords took counsel what it was best to do.

In the meantime divers of the English host mounted on their horses and passed over the river, and came to the mountain where the Scots had been. And there they found more than five hundred great beasts ready slain, because the Scots could not drive them before their host, and because the Englishmen should have small profit

of them. Also there they found three hundred cauldrons made of beasts' skins with the hair still on them, strained on stakes over the fire, full of water and of flesh to be cooked, and more than a thousand spits full of flesh to be roasted, and more than ten thousand old shoes made of raw leather with the hair still on them which the Scots had left behind. Also there they found five poor English prisoners, bound fast to certain trees, and some with their legs broken. And they were loosed.

By the time the English returned, all the host was dislodged. And it was ordained by the king by the advice of his council that the whole host should draw homeward into England. And so they did, and at last came into a fair meadow where they found forage sufficient for their horses, whereof they had great need for they were nigh so feeble that it should have been great pain for them to go further.

And so then the next day the host dislodged again and went forth, and about noon they came to a great abbey two miles from the city of Durham. The king and lords and gentlemen abode two days in the city of Durham, and the host round about, for they could not all lodge within the city. And there their horses were new shod.

And then they took their way to the city of York, and so within three days they came thither. And there the king found the queen his mother, who received him with great joy, and so did all other ladies, damosels, burgesses and commons of the city.

When the Scots were departed by night from the mountain where the king of England had besieged them, they went twenty-two miles through that savage country without resting, and passed the river Tyne right near to Carlisle. And the next day they went to their own land, and so departed every man to his own mansion. And within a space after there was a peace purchased between the kings of England and Scotland.

HOW ROBERT BRUCE DIED

The peace which was purchased between England and Scotland was to endure three years. And in the meantime it fortunèd that king Robert of Scotland was right sore aged and feeble: for he was greatly charged with the great sickness, which is leprosy, so that there was no way with him but death.

And when he felt that his end drew near, he sent for such barons and lords of his realm as he trusted best, and showed them how there was no remedy, but he must needs leave this transitory life. And he commanded them on the faith and truth that they owed him, truly to keep the realm and aid the young prince David, his son, and when he came of age to obey him and crown him king.

Then he called to him the gentle knight, sir James Douglas, and said before all the lords, "Sir James, my dear friend, ye know well that

I have had much ado in my days to uphold and sustain the right of this realm. And when I had most ado I made a solemn vow, which as yet I have not accomplished—whereof I am right sorry—which was that if I might achieve and make an end of all my wars, so that I might once have brought this realm in rest and peace, then I promised in my mind to go and war on the adversaries of our holy Christian faith. To this purpose mine heart hath ever intended. But God would not consent thereto; for now in my last enterprise I have taken such a malady that I cannot escape.

“And since it is so, that my body cannot go or achieve that which my heart desireth, I will send the heart instead of the body to accomplish mine avow. And because I know not in all my realm a knight more valiant than ye be, or of body so well furnished to accomplish mine avow instead of myself, therefore I require you, mine own dear especial friend, that ye take on you this voyage for the love of me, and to acquit my soul before my Lord God.

“For I trust so much in your nobleness and truth that if ye will take it on you, I doubt not but that ye shall achieve it. Then shall I die in more ease and quiet, so that it be done in such manner as I shall declare unto you.

“I will that as soon as I am passed out of this world, ye take my heart out of my body and embalm it, and take of my treasure as ye shall think sufficient for that enterprise, both for yourself and such company as ye will take with you, and present my heart to the sepulcher where our

Christ lay, seeing my body cannot come there.

“And take with you such company and purveyance as shall be appertaining to your estate. And wheresoever ye come, let it be known how ye carry with you the heart of king Robert of Scotland at his instance and desire, to present it to the holy sepulcher.”

Then all the lords that heard these words wept for pity. And when this knight, sir James Douglas, might speak for weeping, he said, “Ah, gentle and noble king, a hundred times I thank your grace for the great honor that ye do to me, since of so noble and great treasure ye give me in charge. And, sir, I shall do with a glad heart all that you have commanded me, to the best of my true power, howbeit I am not worthy or sufficient to achieve such a noble enterprise.”

Then the king said, “Ah, gentle knight, I thank you, so that ye will promise to do it.”

“Sir,” said the knight, “I shall do it undoubtedly by the faith I own to God and to the order of knighthood.”

“Then I thank you,” said the king, “for now shall I die in more ease of my mind, since I know that the most worthy and sufficient knight of my realm shall achieve for me that which I could never attain unto.”

And thus soon after this noble Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, passed out of this uncertain world, and his heart was taken out of his body and embalmed. And honorably his body was interred in the abbey of Dunfermline in the year

of our Lord 1329, the seventh day of the month of June.

And when the spring-time began, then sir James Douglas prepared for his enterprise, and took his ship at the port of Montrose in Scotland, and sailed into Flanders, to Sluys, to hear tidings and to know if there were any nobleman in that country that would go to Jerusalem. His intent was to have more company.

And he lay still at Sluys the space of twelve days ere he departed; but he would never come to land, but kept to his ship, and kept always his port and behavior with great triumph, with trumpets and clarions, as though he had been king of Scots himself. And in his company there was a knight banneret and seven other knights of the realm of Scotland, and twenty-six young squires and gentlemen to serve him. And all his vessel—pots, basins, ewers, plates, flagons, barrels, cups and other things, was of gold and silver. And all such as would come and see him, they were well served with two manner of wines and divers manner of spices.

And when he had thus tarried the space of twelve days he heard report that Alphonso, king of Spain, made war against a Saracen king of Granada. Then he thought to draw to that part, thinking surely he could not bestow his time more nobly than to war against Christ's enemies. That enterprise done, he thought to go forth to Jerusalem and to achieve that he was charged with.

And so he departed and took the sea toward

Spain, and arrived at the port of Valencia. Then he went straight to the king of Spain who held his port against the Saracen king of Granada. And the armies were near together.

And a while after this knight, sir James Douglas, was come to the king of Spain, on a day the king issued out into the field to approach near to his enemies. And the king of Granada issued out in like wise. So each king might see the other with all banners displayed. And they arranged their armies each against the other.

Then sir James Douglas drew out on the one side with all his company to the intent to show his prowess the better. And when he saw there two armies thus ranged, and saw that the army of the king of Spain began somewhat to advance toward their enemies, he thought that then verily they should assemble together to fight at hand strokes. And he thought rather to be with the foremost than with the hindermost, and struck his horse with spurs, and all his company did likewise, and dashed into the army of the king of Granada, crying, "Douglas! Douglas!" and thinking that the king of Spain and his host had followed. But they did not. He was deceived, for the Spanish host stood still.

And so this gentle knight was inclosed and all his company also. He did marvels in arms against the Saracens, but finally he could not endure, and he and all his company were slain. That the Spaniards would not rescue them was great damage.*

* In certain chronicles of Scotland there is another account of this

The heart of king Robert which this faithful Douglas bore, was after a passage of many years recovered by a leal and gentle knight of the company, sir William Keith, and found its final resting-place at Melrose in Scotland.

engagement. Douglas with his companions eagerly pursued the Saracens. Taking the casket which contained the heart of Bruce from his neck, he threw it before him and cried, "Now pass thou onward as thou wast wont, and Douglas will follow thee or die." The Saracens rallied. Douglas fell while attempting to rescue another knight.

Philippa, a Lady and Queen of England

This beautiful and all too short story is of Philippa of Hainault, the wife of Edward III of England and mother of that pattern of knighthood, the Black Prince. It is one of the quaintest and loveliest tales of a ruler in any language.

Philippa was a patron of the teller of the story, and calling him to England for a second visit to her court, kept him as secretary for several years. He must have come into almost daily acquaintance with the queen. The account itself bears witness of its truth.

QUEEN PHILIPPA OF ENGLAND

THIS is to tell of the most gentle queen, most liberal and most courteous of all the queens of her day, the fair lady Philippa of Hainault, queen of England and Ireland.

It was not long after the coronation of Edward III that the queen his mother, the earl of Kent his uncle, sir Roger Mortimer and all the barons of England, and also the king's council, took advice concerning the marriage of the young king. And they sent a bishop, and two knights, and two notable clerks to their friend, sir John of Hainault, praying him to be a mean that their lord, the young king of England, might marry Philippa, daughter of sir John's brother, the earl of Hainault: for the king and all the nobles of the realm had rather have her than any other lady.

Sir John of Hainault, for his love of the Eng-

lish, feasted and honored greatly these ambassadors, and brought them to Valenciennes to the earl his brother, who honorably received them and made them much cheer that it were over long here to rehearse. And when they had showed the content of their message, the earl said: "Sirs, I thank greatly the king your prince, and the queen his mother, and all other lords of England, since they have sent such sufficient personages as ye be to do me such honor as to treat for this marriage"; with which answer these ambassadors were right well content. And the marriage was concluded and affirmed on both parties.

Then was there devised and purveyed for apparel and all things honorable that belong to a lady, who should be queen of England; and there this princess was betrothed.

And after all feasts and triumphs were done, then this young queen entered upon the sea at Wissant, and arrived with all her company at Dover. And sir John of Hainault, her uncle, did conduct her to the city of London, where there was made great feast, and many nobles of England, and the queen was crowned. And there were also great jousts, tourneys, dancing, caroling and great feasts every day, the which endured the space of three weeks. This marriage and coronation of the queen was in the year 1328.

So Philippa became queen; and thereafter many years passed in divers duties and pleasures until the year 1346, when king Edward was absent, laying siege to the town of Calais.

Then David, king of Scotland, seeing the realm

was void of men of war, determined to make war into England, and be revenged for such hurts as the Scots had taken before. He straightway made his summons, and to him came earls, barons and prelates of Scotland, and when all the Scots were assembled at Dunfermline, they were fifty thousand fighting men. They passed a little arm of the sea and came to Edinburgh, and then went forth, burning and destroying the county of Northumberland.

But they could not make their assembly so secret but queen Philippa of England, who was then in the borders of the north about York, knew all their dealing. And forthwith she sent summons all about her for men to meet herself at York. Then all men of war and archers came with the queen to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and others came daily from all parts.

When the Scots knew the Englishmen assembled at Newcastle, they drew thitherward and burnt certain hamlets thereabout, so that the smoke thereof came into the town of Newcastle. Some of the Englishmen would have issued out to fight with them that made the fires, but the captains would not suffer them.

The next day the king of the Scots with forty thousand men came and lodged within three English miles of Newcastle on the land of the lord Nevill at Nevill's Cross. And this king sent to them within the town that if they would issue out into the field, he would fight with them gladly. Then they all issued out of the town, and were in number twelve hundred men at arms, three thou-



Queen Philippa went from battalion to battalion, desiring the men to do their duty to defend the honor of the king of England, and in the name of God every man to be of good heart and courage. And she promised them that to her power she would remember them as well or better than if her husband, the king, were there personally.

The original of this picture is in a manuscript of the fifteenth century.

sand archers, and seven thousand of others with the Welshmen.

The Scots came and lodged over against them near together. Then every man was set in order of battle.

Then the queen came among her men, and the army was set in order in four parts. The queen went from battalion to battalion, desiring the men to do their duty to defend the honor of the king of England, and in the name of God every man to be of good heart and courage. And she promised them that to her power she would remember them as well or better than if her husband, the king, were there personally. Then the queen departed, recommending them to God and to saint George.

Anon after, the divisions of the Scots' army began to set forward, and in like wise so did the Englishmen. Then the archers of both armies began to shoot. The shot of the Scots endured but a short space, but the archers of England shot so fiercely that when the armies approached there was a hard battle. They began at nine and endured till noon. The Scots had great axes, sharp and hard, and gave with them many great strokes. Howbeit finally the Englishmen obtained the place and victory; but they lost many of their men.

The king of the Scots, who fought valiantly and was sore hurt, was taken. A squire of Northumberland, called John Copeland, took him. And as soon as he had taken the king, he went with him out of the field with eight of his servants with him. They rode all that day, till they were

fifteen leagues from the place of the battle, and at night they came to a castle called Ogle, in Northumberland. And then John Copeland said he would not deliver the king of Scots to any man or woman living, but only to his sovereign, the king of England.

When Philippa, the queen, heard at Newcastle how the day had been for her and her men, she rode to the place of the battle. Then it was showed her how the king of Scots was taken by a squire called John Copeland, and how he had carried the king no man knew whither. Then the queen wrote to the squire commanding him to bring his prisoner, the king of Scots, and how he had not done well to depart with him without leave. All that day the Englishmen tarried still in the same place, and the queen with them. The next day they returned to Newcastle.

When the queen's letter was brought to John Copeland, he answered and said that as for the king of Scots, his prisoner, he would not deliver him to any man or woman living, but only to his sovereign, the king of England. As to the keeping of the king of the Scots, he said he should be safely kept, so that he would give account for him.

Then the queen sent letters to the king at Calais, whereby the king was informed of the state of his realm. The king sent at once to John Copeland that he should come over the sea to him in his siege before Calais.

Then the same John did put his prisoner in safe keeping in a stony castle, and so rode

through England till he came to Dover, and there took the sea and arrived before Calais. When the king of England saw the squire, he took him by the hand and said, "Ah! welcome, my squire, that by your valiantness hath taken mine adversary the king of Scots."

The squire kneeled down and said, "Sir, if God by his grace have suffered me to take the king of Scots by true conquest of arms, sir, I think no man ought to have any envy thereat. For God by his grace may send such a fortune to fall to a poor squire as well as to a great lord. And, sir, I require your grace be not discontent with me, though I did not deliver the king of Scots at the commandment of the queen. Sir, I hold of you, as mine oath is to you, and not to her but in all good manner."

The king said, "John, the good service that ye have done and your valiantness is so much worth, that it must atone for your trespass and be taken for your excuse, and shame have they that bear you any evil will therefor. Ye shall return again home to your house, and then my pleasure is that ye deliver your prisoner to the queen, my wife. And in reward I assign you near to your house five hundred pounds sterling of yearly rent, to you and your heirs forever. And here I make you squire of my body."

The third day John Copeland departed and returned again into England. And when he came home to his own house, he assembled together his friends and kin, and so they took the king of Scots and rode with him to the city of York. And

there from the king, his sovereign, he presented the king of Scots to the queen, and excused himself so well that the queen and her council were content.

Then the queen made good provision for the city of York, the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and all other garrisons on the marches of Scotland, and left in those marches the lord Percy and the lord Nevill as governors there. Then the queen departed from York toward London.

Then she set the king of Scots in the strong tower of London, and the earl Moray and all other prisoners, and set good keepers over them, and she went to Dover and there took the sea, and had so good wind that in short space she arrived before Calais.

The king for her coming made a great feast to all the lords and ladies that were there. The queen brought many ladies and damosels with her, as well to accompany her as to see their husbands, fathers, brethren and other friends, that lay in the siege there before Calais.*

At last the good Philippa, that so many deeds had done in her time, and so many knights succored, and so many ladies and damosels comforted, and had so largely given of her goods to her people, fell sick in the castle of Windsor; and her sickness continued on her so long that there was no remedy but death. Right piteous was it for the king, their children, and all the realm of England.

And the good lady, when she knew and per-

* See page 220.

ceived that there was with her no remedy but death, she desired to speak with the king, her husband.

And when Edward, right sorrowful at his heart, was before her she put out of her bed her right hand, and took the king by his right hand, and she said: "Sir, we have in peace, joy and great prosperity used all our time together; so now, I pray you at our parting that ye will grant me three desires."

The king, right sorrowfully weeping, said: "Madam, desire what ye will, I grant it."

"Sir," said she, "I require you, first of all, that all manner of people such as I have dealt withal in their merchandise, on this side the sea or beyond, that it may please you to pay everything that I owe to them, or to any other. And secondly, sir, all such promises as I have made churches; that it may please you to fulfil the same. Thirdly, sir, I require you that it may please you to take no other sepulture, whensoever it shall please God to call you out of this transitory life, but beside me in Westminster."

The king, all weeping, said: "Madam, I grant all your desires."

Then the good lady and queen commended the king, her husband, and her youngest son, Thomas, who was beside her, to God. And anon after she yielded up the spirit, the which I believe surely the holy angels received with great joy up in heaven, for in all her life she did neither in thought nor deed anything whereby to lose her soul, as far as any creature could know. Thus died the good queen Philippa, in the year of our Lord 1369, in the midst of August.

The Heroism of the Countess of Montford

A grievous "one hundred years" war was waged between England and France for possession of the crown of France, and all because Edward III of England claimed the bauble, and the powers that went with it, on the ground that his mother was daughter of the French king Philip IV. It was a vast war, between two great peoples having a common strain of blood, and it was fought with deeds of personal bravery.

One of the liveliest happenings of the English campaign in Brittany, in the year 1342, was the siege of Hennebont. Defense of the town was led by the stout-hearted countess of Montford. Her doughtiness in appealing to the English king for aid, and in keeping up the defense till aid should arrive, is related by Froissart in the following picturesque story.

Among the powerful nobles of France was the earl of Montford, who claimed that he inherited the duchy of Brittany, and who proceeded to England and did homage to Edward III as the rightful king of France. Upon the other hand, sir Charles of Blois also claimed that he had inherited this same duchy of Brittany, and he swore allegiance to the French king. A war between the two claimants and their factions followed—until at the siege of Nantes the earl of Montford was taken prisoner. This happened in the year 1341. Now opens the story.

THE HEROISM OF THE COUNTESS OF MONTFORD

THEN the lords of France entered into the city Nantes with great joy; and all the burgesses and other did fealty and homage to the lord Charles of Blois, as to their sovereign lord; and there they tarried a three days in great feast. Sir Charles of Blois was counseled to abide there till the next summer, and so he did, and set captains in such garrisons as he had won.



The countess of Montford, and her husband the earl, greeted by the citizens of Nantes. Their entry into Nantes happened before the earl became a prisoner, as reported at the top of page 189.

The original of this picture is in a manuscript of the fifteenth century.

Then the other lords went to Paris to the king and delivered the earl of Montford as prisoner. The king set him in the castle of Louvre where he was long, and at last, as I have heard reported, there he died.

Now let us speak of the countess, his wife, who had the courage of a man and the heart of a lion. She was in the city of Rennes when the earl was taken, and howbeit that she had great sorrow at her heart, yet she valiantly recomforted her friends and soldiers, and showed them a little son that she had, called John, and said, "Ah! sirs, be not too sore dismayed at the loss of the earl, my lord. See here my little child, who shall by the grace of God be his restorer; and he shall do for you all. I have riches enough; ye shall not lack; and I trust I shall procure such a captain that ye shall all be recomforted."

When she had thus comforted her friends and soldiers in Rennes, then she went to all her other fortresses and good towns, and led ever with her John, her young son, and did with them as she did at Rennes, and fortified all her garrisons with everything they wanted, and paid largely and gave freely where she thought it was well employed. Then she went to Hennebont, and there she and her son tarried all that winter.

[Sir Charles of Blois, after abiding at Nantes for the winter, laid siege to Rennes. The countess of Montford sent to the English king, Edward III, for help. In answer to her petition three thousand archers and a body of men of arms under sir Walter of Manny set sail, who

were sixty days on their passage owing to contrary winds. Meanwhile the city of Rennes yielded to sir Charles in May, 1342.]

When the city of Rennes was given up, the burgesses made their homage and fealty to the lord Charles of Blois. Then he was counseled to go and lay siege to Hennebont, where the countess was, saying that the earl being in prison, if they might get the countess and her son, it should make an end of all their war. They went to Hennebont and laid siege thereto, and to the castle also, as far as they might by land.

With the countess in Hennebont there was the bishop of Leon, also there was sir Ives of Tre-siguidy, sir Henry and sir Oliver of Spinefort, and divers others. When the countess and her company understood that the Frenchmen were coming to lay seige to the town of Hennebont, then it was commanded to sound the watch-bell alarm, and every man to be armed and to draw to their defense.

When sir Charles and the Frenchmen came near to the town, they commanded to lodge there that night. Some of the young lusty companions came skirmishing to the barriers, and some of them within issued out to them, so that there was a great affray, and the Genoese and Frenchmen lost more than they won. When night came on every man withdrew to his lodging.

The next day the lords took counsel to assail the barriers, to see the manner of them within; and so the third day they made a great assault to the barriers from morning till it was noon.

Then the assailants drew aback sore beaten and divers slain.

When the lords of France saw their men draw aback, they were sore displeased, and caused the assault to begin again fiercer than it was before. They within defended themselves valiantly. The countess herself wore armor on her body and rode on a great courser from street to street, desiring her people to make good defense. She caused ladies and other women to take up the pavement of the streets and carry stones and pots full of quicklime to the walls to be cast down to their enemies.

This lady did there a hardy enterprise. She mounted up to the height of a tower to see how the Frenchmen were ordered without. She saw how all the lords and other people of the host were all gone out of their field to the assault. Then she again took her courser, armed as she was, and caused three hundred men a-horseback to be ready, and she went with them to another gate where there was no assault.

She and her company issued out and dashed into the French lodgings, and cut down tents and set fire in their lodgings. She found no defense there, but certain varlets and boys who ran away. When the lords of France looked behind them and saw their lodgings afire, and heard the cry and noise, they returned to the field, crying, "Treason! treason!" so that all the assault was left.

When the countess saw that, she drew together her company, and when she saw she could not

enter again into the town without great damage, she took another way and went to the castle of Brest, which is not far thence.

When sir Louis of Spain, who was marshal of the host, was come to the field, and saw their lodgings burning, and saw the countess and her company going away, he followed after her with a great number. He chased her so near that he slew and hurt divers of them that were behind ill-horsed. But the countess and most part of her company rode so well that they came to Brest, and there they were received with great joy.

The next day the lords of France, who had lost their tents and their provisions, took counsel to lodge in bowers of trees more near to the town. And they had great marvel when they knew that the countess herself had done that enterprise. They of the town wist not where the countess was, whereof they were in great trouble, for it was five days ere they heard any tidings.

The countess did so much at Brest that she got together five hundred spear. And then about midnight she departed from Brest, and by the sunrising she came along by the one side of the host and to one of the gates of Hennebont which was opened for her. Therein she entered, and all her company, with great noise of trumpets and kettledrums.

Thereof the French host had great marvel, and armed them, and ran to the town to assault it. They within were ready to defend. There began a fierce assault and endured till noon. But the

Frenchmen lost more than they within. At noon the assault ceased.

Sir Charles of Blois now departed from the siege and sir Louis of Spain abode before Hennebont, and thus they divided the army. Sir Louis of Spain had so broken and bruised the walls of the town with his engines that they within began to be dismayed.

And on a day the bishop of Leon, abiding within the town, spake with sir Hervé of Leon, his nephew, who was of the army of sir Louis of Spain, and they agreed that the bishop should do what he could to cause the company within to agree to yield up the town and the castle to the other side, and to lose nothing of their goods. Thus the bishop entered again into the town.

The countess feared some evil purchase. Then she desired the lords and knights that were there, that for the love of God they should be in no doubt; for she said she was in surety that they should have succor within three days.

Howbeit the bishop spoke so much and showed so many reasons to the lords, that they were in great trouble all that night. The next morning they drew to council again, so that they were near of accord to give up the town, and sir Hervé, the bishop's nephew, was come near to the town to take possession thereof.

Then the countess looked down along the sea, out at a window in the castle, and began to smile for great joy that she had to see the succors coming, the which she had so long desired. Then

she cried out aloud and said twice, "I see the succors of England coming."

Then they of the town ran to the walls and saw a great number of ships, great and small, freshly decked, coming toward Hennebont. It was the succors of England who had been on the sea sixty days by reason of contrary winds.

When the seneschal of Guingamp, sir Ives of Tresiguidy, and the other knights saw these succors coming, then they said to the bishop, "Sir, ye may well leave your treaty," for they were not then content to follow his counsel.

Then the bishop said, "Sirs, then our company shall depart, for I will go to him that hath most right, as me seemeth." Then he departed from Hennebont and defied the countess and all her aiders, and so went to his nephew, sir Hervé of Leon, and showed him how the matters went. Then sir Hervé was sore displeased, and caused incontinent to rear the greatest engines that they had near the castle and commanded that they should not cease to cast day and night.

Then the countess dressed up halls and chambers to lodge the lords of England that were coming, and did send against them right nobly. And when they were aland, she came to them with great reverence and feasted them the best she might, and thanked them right humbly, and caused all the knights and other to lodge at their ease in the castle and in the town, and the next day she made them a great feast at dinner.

All night and the next day also the engines never ceased to cast. And after dinner sir Wal-

ter of Manny, who was chief of that company, demanded of the state of the town and of the host without, and said, "I have a great desire to issue out and to break down this great engine that standeth so near us, if any will follow me." Then sir Ives of Tresiguidey said how he would not fail him at this his first beginning, and so said the lord of Landernau.

Then they armed them, and so they issued out privily at a certain gate, and with them three hundred archers, who shot so wholly together that they that kept the engine fled away. And the men of arms came after the archers and slew divers of them that fled, and beat down the great engine and broke it all to pieces. Then they ran in among the tents and lodgings and set fire in divers places and slew and hurt divers, till the host began to stir. Then they withdrew fair and easily, and they of the host ran after them like madmen.

Then sir Walter said, "Let me never be beloved with my lady, without I have a course with one of these followers," and therewith turned his spear in the rest. And in like wise so did the two brethren of Levedale, sir Ives, sir Galeran of Landernau, and divers other companions. They ran at the first comers: there might well have been legs seen turned upward. There began a sore meddling, for they of the host always increased, wherefore it behoved the Englishmen to withdraw toward their fortress.

There might well have been seen on both parties many noble deeds, taking and receiving.

The Englishmen drew sagely to the dikes and there made a stall, till all their men were in safe-guard; and all the residue of the town issued out to rescue their company, and caused them of the host to recoil.

So when they of the host saw how they could do no good, they drew to their lodgings, and they of the fortress in like wise to their lodgings. Then the countess descended down from the castle with a glad cheer and came and kissed sir Walter of Manny and his companions one after another, like a valiant lady. And because of the puissance of the countess, the French retired from the siege of Hennebont.

The Battle of Crécy

Froissart's description of the battle of Crécy is almost as famous as the great contest itself, and his account will last as long as any report of that measure of strength and order between French and English shall survive. "That I write in this book," said the chronicler in introducing his account of the engagement, "I learned specially of the Englishmen, who well beheld their dealing. And also certain knights who were always about king Philip [of France] showed me as they knew."

The forces of Edward III numbered about 30,000 men. The French, commanded by the count of Alençon, were said to be 100,000 strong. Philip of Valois was now king of France.

THE BATTLE OF CRECY

ON a Friday the English army all lodged together near Crécy in Ponthieu.

Edward III, king of England, was well informed how the French king followed after him to fight. Then he said to his company, "Let us take here some plot of ground, for we will go no farther till we have seen our enemies. I have good cause here to abide them, for I am on the right heritage of the queen my mother, the which land was given at her marriage. I will challenge it of mine adversary, Philip of Valois."

And because he had not the eighth part in number of men that the French king had, therefore he commanded his marshals to choose a plot of ground somewhat for his advantage. This they did, and thither the king and his host went. Then he sent scouts to Abbeville to see if the

French king drew that day into the field, or not. They went forth and returned again and said how they could see no appearance of his coming. Then every man took his lodging for that day, and to be ready in the morning at the sound of the trumpet in the same place.

This Friday the French king tarried still in Abbeville, abiding for his company, and sent his two marshals to ride out to see the dealing of the Englishmen; and at night they returned and said how the Englishmen were lodged in the fields. That night the French king made a supper to all the chief lords that were there with him, and after supper the king desired them to be friends each to other.

On this Friday, as I said before, the king of England lay in the fields, for the country was plentiful of victuals; and if need had been, they had provision following in carts and other carriage. That night the king made a supper to all the chief lords of his host, and made them good cheer. And when they were all departed to take their rest, then the king entered his oratory and kneeled down before the altar, praying God devoutly that if he fought the next day he might achieve the battle to his honor. Then about midnight he laid him down to rest, and in the morning he rose betimes and heard prayers, the prince his son with him and most of his company, and they were houseled. And he commanded every man to be armed and to draw to the field to the place before appointed.

Then the king caused a park to be made by the

woodside behind his host, and there were set all carts and carriages, and within the park were all their horses, for every man was afoot; and into this park there was but one entry.

Then the king set in order three battalions. In the first was the young prince of Wales,* and with him the earls of Warwick and Oxford, the lord Godfrey of Harcourt, sir Reginald Cobham, sir Thomas Holland, the lord Stafford, the lord Mohun, the lord Delaware, sir John Chandos, sir Bartholomew Burgherst, sir Robert Neville, the lord Thomas Clifford, the lord Bouchier, the lord Latimer, and divers other knights and squires that I cannot name. They were eight hundred men of arms and two thousand archers, and a thousand of others with the Welshmen. Every lord drew to the field appointed under his own banner and pennon.

In the second battalion was the earl of Northampton, the earl of Arundel, the lord Ros, the lord Lucy, the lord Willoughby, the lord Basset, the lord Saint Albans, sir Louis Tufton, the lord Multon, the lord Lascelles, and divers others, about eight hundred men of arms and twelve hundred archers. The third battalion had the king: he had seven hundred men of arms and two thousand arches.

Then the king, with a white rod in his hand, leaped on a hobby† and, one of his marshals on the one hand and the other on the other hand, he

* The famous Black Prince. At this battle he gained his spurs and adopted the triple feather crest of the fallen king of Bohemia, with the motto, "*Ich dien*," still worn by the prince of Wales.

† A small palfrey.

rode from rank to rank desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honor. He spoke it so sweetly, and with so good a countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited took courage in the seeing and hearing of him.

And when he had thus visited all his battalions it was nine of the day. Then he caused every man to eat and drink a little, and so they did at their leisure. And afterwards they formed their battalions; and every man lay down on the earth and by him his helmet and bow, to be the fresher when their enemies should come.

This Saturday the French king rose betimes and heard prayers in Abbeville in his lodging in the abbey of Saint Peter, and he departed after the sunrising. When he was out of the town two leagues, approaching toward his enemies, some of his lords said to him, "Sir, it were good that ye set in order your battalions, and let all your footmen pass somewhat on before that they be not troubled with the horsemen."

Then the king sent four knights, the lord of Moyne of Bastleburg, the lord of Noyers, the lord of Beaujeu, and the lord d'Aubigny to ride to view the English host; and so they rode so near that they might well see part of their dealing. The Englishmen saw them well, and knew well how they were come thither to view them. They let them alone, however, and made no countenance toward them, and let them return as they came.

And when the French king saw these four

knights return again, he tarried till they came to him, and then said, "Sirs, what tidings?"

These four knights, each of them looked on the other, for there was none would speak before his companion. Finally the king said to the lord Moyne, who pertained to the king of Bohemia, and had done in his day so much that he was reputed one of the valiantest knights of the world, "Sir, speak you."

Then lord Moyne said, "Sir, I shall speak, since it pleaseth you, under the correction of my fellows. Sir, we have ridden and seen the behaving of your enemies. Know ye for truth they are resting in three battalions abiding for you. Sir, I will counsel you as for my part, saving your displeasure, that you and all your company rest here and lodge for this night. For ere they of your company that are behind come hither, and ere your battalions be set in good order, it will be very late, and your people will be weary and out of array, and ye shall find your enemies fresh and ready to receive you. Early in the morning ye may order your battalions at more leisure, and observe your enemies at more deliberation, and regard well what way ye will assail them; for, sir, surely they will abide you."

Then the king commanded that it should be so done. And of his two marshals, one rode before, another behind, saying to every banner, "Tarry and abide here in the name of God and saint Denis."

They that were foremost tarried, but they that were behind would not tarry, but rode forth and

said how they would in no wise abide till they were so far forward as the foremost. And when they before saw them come on behind, they rode forward again, and neither the king nor his marshals could rule them.

So they rode without order or good array till they came in sight of their enemies. And as soon as the foremost saw the enemies they drew back without good array, whereof those behind had marvel and were dismayed and thought that the foremost company had been fighting. Then they might have had leisure and room to go forward if they had list: some went and some abode still.

The commons, of whom all the ways between Abbeville and Crécy were full, when they saw that they were near to their enemies, they took their swords and cried, "Down with them! let us slay them all." There is no man, though he were present at the journey, that could imagine or show the truth of the evil order that was among the French. And they were a marvelous great number.

The Englishmen, who were in three battalions lying on the ground to rest, as soon as they saw the Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet fair and easily without any haste and arranged their battalions. In the first, which was the prince's battalion, the archers stood in the form of a harrow and the men of arms in the rear. The earl of Northampton and the earl of Arundel with the second battalion were on a wing in good order, ready to comfort the prince's battle if need be.

The lords and knights of France came not to the assembly together in good order, for some came before and some came after in such haste and evil order that one of them did trouble another. When the French king saw the Englishmen his blood grew hot and he said to his marshals, "Make the Genoese go on before and begin the battle in the name of God and saint Denis."

There were of the Genoese cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going that day six leagues afoot, armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables, "We are not well ordered to fight this day, for we are not in the case to do any great deed of arms. We have more need of rest."

These words came to the earl of Alençon, who said, "A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, who faint and fail now at most need."

At this moment also a heavy rain fell with terrible thunder and a flash of lightning, and before the rain there came flying over both battalions a great number of crows fearful of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyes and on the Englishmen's backs.

When the Genoese were assembled together and began to approach they made a great cry to abash the Englishmen. But the English stood still and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoese again the second time made a fell cry and stepped forward a little. But the English-

men removed not one foot. Thirdly again they cried, and went forth till they came within shot, and then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows.

Then the English archers stepped forth one pace and let fly their arrows so wholly together and so thick that it seemed to snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows and did cut their strings and returned discomfited.

When the French king saw them fly away, he said, "Slay these rascals, for they shall hinder and trouble us without reason." Then ye should have seen the men of arms dash in among them and kill a great number of them.

And ever still the Englishmen shot where they saw thickest press. The sharp arrows ran into the men of arms and into their horses, and many fell, horse and men, among the Genoese, and when they were down they could not rise again, the press was so thick that one overthrew the other.

And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went afoot with great knives, and they went in among the men of arms and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights and squires—whereof the king of England was sore displeased for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

The valiant king of Bohemia, called Charles of Luxembourg, son to the noble emperor Henry of Luxembourg, for all that he was nigh blind, when he understood the order of the battle he said to

them about him, "Where is the lord Charles, my son?"

His men said, "Sir, we cannot tell. We think he is fighting."

Then he said, "Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this battle. I require you bring me so far forward that I may strike one stroke with my sword."

They said they would do his commandment, and to the intent that they should not lose him in the press, they tied all the reins of their bridles each to other and set the king before to accomplish his desire. And so they went on their enemies.

The lord Charles of Bohemia, his son, came in good order to the battle; but when he saw that the matter went awry for their party, he departed I cannot tell which way. The king, his father, was so far forward that he struck a stroke with his sword, yea and more than four, and fought valiantly and so did his company. But they adventured themselves so far forward that they were there all slain, and the next day they were found in the place about king Charles, and all their horses tied each to other.

The earl of Alençon came to the battle right ordinately and fought with the Englishmen. The earl of Flanders came also on his part. These two lords with their companies passed alongside the English archers, and came to the battalion of the prince, and there fought valiantly. The French king would fain have come thither when

he saw their banners, but there was a great hedge of archers before him.

The same day the French king had given a great black courser to sir John of Hainault who mounted the lord Thierry to ride on him and to bear his banner. The same horse took the bridle in his teeth and brought his rider through all the scouts of the Englishmen. And as he would have returned again he fell into a great ditch and the lord Thierry was sore hurt, and had been there dead if his page, who had followed him through all the battalions, had not seen his master lying in the ditch and with no other hindrance but his horse—for the Englishmen would not issue out of their battalion for the taking of any prisoner. Then the page alighted and relieved his master; who went not back the same way they came, there were too many in his way.

The battle near Crécy this Saturday was right cruel and fell, and many a feat of arms was done that came not to my knowledge. Towards nightfall divers knights and squires lost their masters and sometimes came on the Englishmen, who received them in such wise that they were ever nigh slain. For there were none taken in mercy nor to ransom, for so the Englishmen were determined.

During the battle certain Frenchmen and Germans perforce opened the archers of the prince's battalion and came and fought with the men of arms hand to hand. Then the second battalion of the Englishmen came to succor the prince's battle, the which was time for they had

as then much ado. And they, with the prince, sent a messenger to the king, who was on a little windmill hill, and this messenger knight said to the king, "Sir, the earl of Warwick, the earl of Oxford, sir Reginald Cobham and others about the prince, your son, are fiercely fought withal and are sore handled. Wherefore they desire you that you and your battalion will come and aid them. For if the Frenchmen increase, as they fear they will, your son and they shall have much ado."

Then the king said, "Is my son* dead, or hurt, or on the earth felled?"

"No, sir," quoth the knight, "but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid."

"Well," said the king, "return to him and to them that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive. And also say to them that they suffer him this day to win his spurs; for if God be pleased, I will this battle be his and the honor thereof, and to them that be about him."

Then the knight returned to them, and showed the king's words, the which greatly encouraged them, and they felt sorry in that they had sent to the king as they did.

Sir Godfrey of Harcourt would gladly that the earl of Harcourt, his brother, might have been saved. For he heard say by the English that saw his banner, how he was in the field with the

* Edward, the Black Prince. Notice the chronicler says his division bore the brunt in this battle.

French party. But sir Godfrey could not come to him betimes, for he was slain ere he could come to him; and so also was the earl of Aumale, his nephew.

In another place the earl of Alençon and the earl of Flanders fought valiantly, every lord under his own banner. But finally they could not resist the puissance of the Englishmen, and so there they were also slain; and divers other knights and squires.

Also the earl Louis of Blois, nephew to the French king, and the duke of Lorraine fought under their banners. But at last they were closed in among a company of Englishmen and Welshmen, and there were slain, for all their prowess. Also there were slain the earl of Auxerre, the earl of Saint-Pol and many others.

In the evening the French king, who had left about him no more than a three score persons, one and another, whereof sir John of Hainault was one—who had once remounted the king for his horse was slain with an arrow—sir John said to the king, “Sir, depart hence, for it is time. Lose not yourself wilfully. If ye have loss at this time, ye shall recover it again another season.” And so he took the king’s horse by the bridle and led him away in a manner perforce.

Then the king rode till he came to the castle of Broye. The gate was closed because it was by that time dark. Then the king called the captain, who came to the walls and said, “Who is that calleth there this time of night?”

Then the king said, "Open your gate quickly for this is the fortune of France."

The captain knew then it was the king, and opened the gate and let down the bridge.

Then the king entered, and he had with him but five barons, sir John of Hainault, sir Charles of Montmorency, the lord of Beaujeu, the lord d'Aubigny and the lord of Montford. The king would not tarry there, but drank and departed thence about midnight, and so rode by such guides as knew the country till he came on the morning to Amiens; and there he rested.

This Saturday the Englishmen never departed from their battalions for chasing any man, but kept their field and ever defended themselves against all such as came to assail them. This battle ended about evensong time.

When the night was come and the Englishmen heard no more noise of the Frenchmen, then they reputed themselves to have the victory, and the Frenchmen to be discomfited, slain and fled away. Then they made great fires, and lighted up torches and candles because it was very dark.

Then the king descended from the little hill where he stood; and of all that day till then his helmet never came on his head. Then he went with all his battalion to his son, the prince, and embraced him in his arms and kissed him, and said, "Fair son, God give you good perseverance. Ye are my noble son. Thus ye have acquitted you nobly. Ye are worthy to keep a realm." The prince inclined himself to the earth, honoring the king his father.

This night they thanked God for their good adventure and made no boast thereof. For the king would that no man should be proud or make boast, but every man humbly to thank God.

On the Sunday in the morning there was such a mist that a man might not see the breadth of an acre of land from him. Then there departed from the host by the commandment of the king and marshals, five hundred spears and two thousand archers to see if they might see any Frenchmen gathered together in any place.

The same morning out of Abbeville and Saint Ricquiers in Ponthieu the commons of Rouen and of Beauvais issued out of their towns, not knowing of the discomfiture the day before. They met with the Englishmen, weening they had been Frenchmen and when the Englishmen saw them, they set on them freshly, and there was a sore battle. But at last the Frenchmen fled and kept no array. There were slain in the ways and in hedges and bushes more than seven thousand; and if the day had been clear there had never one escaped.

Anon after, another company of Frenchmen, the archbishop of Rouen and the great prior of France, were met by the Englishmen. They also knew nothing of the discomfiture the day before. For they heard that the French king should have fought the same Sunday, and they were going thitherward. When they met with the Englishmen there was a great battle, for they were a great number; but they could not endure against

the Englishmen. They were nigh all slain; few escaped. The two lords were slain.

This Sunday morning the Englishmen met with divers Frenchmen that had lost their way on the Saturday and had lain all night in the fields and wist not where the king was nor the captains. They were all slain, as many as were met with, and it was showed me that of the commons and men afoot of the cities and good towns of France there were slain four times as many as were slain the Saturday in the great battle.

The same Sunday, as the king of England came from prayers, such men as had been sent forth returned and showed the king what they had seen and done, and said, "Sir, we think surely there is now no more appearance of any of our enemies."

Then the king sent to search how many were slain and what they were. Sir Reginald Cobham and sir Richard Stafford with three heralds went to search the field and country. They visited all them that were slain and rode all day in the fields, and returned again to the host as the king was going to supper. They made just report of that they had seen, and said how there was eleven great princes dead, fourscore banners, twelve hundred knights and more than thirty thousand others.*

The Englishmen kept still their field all that night. On the Monday in the morning the king prepared to depart. The king caused the dead bodies of the great lords to be taken up and con-

* This estimate is doubtless exaggerated.

veyed to Montreuil, and there buried in holy ground; and made a cry in the country to grant truce for three days, to the intent that they of the country might search the field of Crécy to bury the dead bodies.

Then the king went forth and came before Montreuil. And the next day he rode toward Boulogne and came to the town of Wissant. There the king and the prince lodged and tarried a day to refresh his men. And on a Wednesday the king came before the strong town of Calais.

The Sacrifice of the Six Honorable Burgesses at the Siege of the Town of Calais

There was greatness of heart and mind in those days of the "one hundred years" war, as well as the terrible killing off of countless men. In the foregoing tale of the countess of Montford we have spoken of this. And now we have another beautiful story, the facts of which happened in the midst of the abominations of the contest and bear witness to magnanimity of soul and self-sacrifice.

Following the battle of Crécy the English army sat down before Calais to a prolonged and memorable siege. By referring to the last sentence of the story before this, you will see how king Edward III, with his men refreshed, on the Wednesday following the Saturday at Crécy did invest the strong town of Calais.

THE SIEGE OF CALAIS

WHEN the king of England had come from Crécy before Calais he laid his siege and set up fortresses between the town and the river. He made carpenters to make houses and lodgings of great timber, and set the houses like streets and cover them with reed and broom, so that it was like a little town. And there was everything to sell, and a market-place to be kept every Tuesday and Saturday for flesh and fish, houses for cloth, for bread and all other things necessary; and there the people might buy what they list. The Englishmen ran oftentimes into the country and brought in to their host great prey.

The king would not assail the town of Calais, for he thought it but a lost labor. He spared his people and his artillery, and said how he would famish them in the town with long siege, unless the French king came and raised his siege perforce.

When the captain of Calais saw the manner and the order of the Englishmen there he constrained all poor and humble people to issue out of the town, and on a Wednesday there issued out of men, women and children more than seventeen hundred. And as they passed through the English host they were demanded why they departed, and they answered and said because they had nothing to live on. Then the king did them that grace that he suffered them to pass through his host without danger, and gave them meat and drink to dinner, and every person two pence sterling in alms, for the which divers of them prayed for the king's prosperity.

The siege before Calais endured long and many things fell in the mean season, the which I cannot write the fourth part. The French king had set men of war in every fortress in the country about Calais so that when any of the Englishmen would go a-foraging, either afoot or horseback, they found many hard adventures, and often there was skirmishing about the gates and dikes of the town, and oftentimes some slain and hurt on both parties. Some day the one part lost, and some day the other.

The king of England caused engines to be made to oppress them within the town, but they

within made others again to resist them so that they took little hurt by them. But nothing could come into the town but by stealth, and that was by the means of two mariners, one called Marant and the other Mestriel, and they dwelt in Abbeville. By these two they of Calais were oftentimes recomforted and freshed by stealth. Oftentimes the two mariners were in great peril, chased and near taken, but always they escaped and made many Englishmen to be drowned.

Now the French king assembled a great host to raise the king of England from the siege before Calais. But the English king, when he saw the French king come with so great an army, knew well how he had so constrained the town that it could not long endure for default of victuals. It grieved him sore then to depart, and he advised well how the Frenchmen could not approach either to his army or to the town, but in two places—either by the downs by the seaside or by the highway over a bridge. When the French king saw that he could do nothing he dislodged betimes and gave every man leave to depart.

After the French king was thus departed they within Calais saw well how their succor had failed them, for which they were in great sorrow. Then they desired so much their captain, sir John of Vienne, that he went to the walls of the town and made a sign to speak with some person of the English host. When the king heard thereof, he sent thither sir Walter of Manny and sir Basset. Then sir John of Vienne said to them, “Sirs, ye be right valiant knights in deeds of arms, and ye

know well how the French king, my master, hath sent me and others to this town and commanded us to keep it to his advantage in such wise that we take no blame nor do him damage; and we have done all that lieth in our power. Now our succor hath failed us, and we be so sore strained that we have not to live withal, but we must all die for famine without the noble and gentle king of yours will take mercy on us, which to do we require you to desire him to have pity on us and to let us go and depart as we be, and let him take the town and castle and all the goods that be therein, the which is great abundance.”

Then sir Walter of Manny said, “Sir, we know somewhat of the intention of the king, our master, for he hath showed it unto us. Surely we know for truth it is not his mind that ye or they within the town should depart so, for it is his will that ye all should put yourselves into his pure will, to ransom all such as pleaseth him, and to put to death such as he list. For they of Calais have done him such contraries and despites, and have caused him to spend so much and lose so many men that he is sore grieved against them.”

Then the captain said, “Sir, this is too hard a matter to us. We are here within, a small company of knights and squires, who have truly served the king our master as well as ye serve yours in like case. And we have endured much pain and unease; but we shall yet endure as much pain as ever knights did rather than consent that the humblest lad in town should have any more

evil than the greatest of us all. Therefore, sir, we pray you that of your humility, yet that you will go and speak to the king of England and desire him to have pity on us; for we trust in him so much gentleness that by the grace of God his purpose shall change."

Sir Walter of Manny and sir Basset returned to the king and declared to him all that had been said. The king said he would none otherwise but that they should yield them up simply to his pleasure. Then sir Walter said, "Sir, saving your displeasure, in this ye may be in the wrong, for ye shall give by this an evil ensample. If ye send any of us your servants into any fortress, we will not be very glad to go, if ye put any of them in the town to death after they be yielded. For in like wise they will deal with us, if the case fall like." These words divers other lords that were present sustained and maintained.

Then the king said, "Sirs, I will not be alone against you all. Therefore, sir Walter of Manny, you shall go and say to the captain that all the grace that he shall find now in me is that they let six of the chief burgesses of the town come out bare-headed, bare-footed and bare-legged, and in their shirts, with halters about their necks, with the keys of the town and castle in their hands, and let the six yield themselves purely to my will, and the residue I will take to mercy."

Then sir Walter returned and found sir John of Vienne still on the wall, abiding for an answer. Then sir Walter showed him all the grace that he could get of the king. "Well," quoth sir John,

“sir, I require you tarry here a certain space till I go into the town and show this to the commons of the town, who sent me hither.”

Then sir John went into the market-place and sounded the common bell and at once men and women assembled there. Then the captain made report of all that he had done, and said, “Sirs, it will be none otherwise. Therefore now take advice and make a short answer.”

Then all the people began to weep and to make such sorrow that there was not so hard a heart, if any had seen them, but would have had great pity of them. The captain himself wept piteously.

At last the most rich burgess of all the town, called Eustace of Saint-Pierre, rose up and said openly, “Sirs, great and small, great mischief it should be to suffer to die such people as be in this town, either by famine or otherwise, when there is a mean to save them. I think he or they should have great merit of our Lord God that might keep them from such mischief. As for my part, I have so good trust in our Lord God, that if I die in the quarrel to save the residue, God would pardon me. Wherefore to save them I will be the first to put my life in jeopardy.” When he had thus said, every man honored him and divers kneeled down at his feet with sore weeping and sore sighs.

Then another honest burgess rose and said, “I will keep company with my gossip Eustace.” He was called John d’Aire. Then rose up Jacques of Wissant, who was rich in goods and heritage; he said also that he would hold com-

pany with his two cousins. In like wise so did Peter of Wissant, his brother. And then rose two others; they said they would do the same. Then they went and appareled themselves as the king desired.

Their captain, sir John of Vienne, went with them to the gate. There was great lamentation of men, women and children at their departing. Then the gate was opened and the captain issued out with the six burgesses and closed the gate again, so that they were between the gate and the barriers. Then he said to sir Walter of Manny, "Sir, as captain of Calais I deliver here to you, by the whole consent of all the people of the town, these six burgesses, and I swear to you truly that they are and were to-day most honorable, rich and noble burgesses of all the town of Calais. Gentle knight, I require you pray the king to have mercy on them, that they die not."

Quoth sir Walter, "I cannot say what the king will do, but I shall do for them the best I can." Then the barriers were opened, the six burgesses went towards the English king, and the captain entered again into the town.

When sir Walter presented these burgesses to the king, they kneeled down and held up their hands and said, "Gentle king, behold here we six who were burgesses of Calais and great merchants. We have brought to you the keys of the town and of the castle, and we submit ourselves clearly unto your will and pleasure, to save the residue of the people of Calais who have suffered great pain. Sir, we beseech your grace to have

mercy and pity on us through your high nobleness." All the earls and barons and other that were there wept for pity.

The king looked angrily on them, for greatly he hated the people of Calais for the great damages and displeasures they had done him on the sea. Then he commanded their heads to be stricken off. Then every man required the king for mercy, but he would hear no man in that behalf.

Then sir Walter of Manny said, "Ah, noble king, for God's sake refrain your inclination. You have the name of sovereign nobleness. Therefore now do not a thing that would blemish your renown, or give cause to some one to speak of your villainy. Every man will say it is a great cruelty to put to death such honest persons, who by their own wills put themselves into your grace to save their company."

Then the king turned away from him and commanded to send for the hangman, and said, "They of Calais have caused many of my men to be slain, wherefore these shall die in like wise."

Then the noble queen Philippa* kneeled down and sore weeping said, "Ah, gentle sir, since I passed the sea in great peril I have desired nothing of you. Now I humbly require you to the honor of the Son of Mary, and for the love of me, that you will take mercy for these six burgesses."

The king beheld the queen, and stood still in study a space, and then said, "Ah, dame, I would ye had been now in some other place. Ye make

* See page 186.

such request to me that I cannot deny you. Wherefore I give them to you to do your pleasure with them.”

Then the queen caused the six burgesses to be brought into her chamber, and made the halters to be taken from their necks, and caused them to be new clothed, and gave them their dinner at their leisure; and then to be brought out of the host in safeguard and set at their liberty. Thus the strong town of Calais was given up to king Edward of England in the year 1347, in the month of August.

The king of England called to him sir Walter of Manny and his two marshals, the earl of Warwick and the earl of Stafford, and said to them, “Sirs, take here the keys of the town and castle of Calais. Go and take possession there and put in prison all the knights that be there. And all other soldiers that came thither simply to win their living, cause them to avoid the town, also all other men, women and children, for I would repeople the town with pure Englishmen.”

So these lords, with a hundred with them, went and took possession of Calais, and did put in prison sir John of Vienne, sir John of Surie, sir Baldwin of Bellebrune, and others. Then they made all the soldiers to bring all their harness and lay it on a heap in the hall of Calais.

Then they made all manner of people to leave and kept there no more persons than a priest and two other ancient personages who knew the customs, laws and ordinances of the town. Then they prepared the castle to lodge the king and

queen, and prepared other houses for the king's company. Then the king mounted on his horse and entered into the town with trumpets, tabours, necaires and horns.

The king gave to sir Walter of Manny divers fair houses within the town, and to the earl Stafford, to the lord of Cobham, to sir Bartholomew of Burgherst, and to other lords, to repeople the town. The king's mind was when he came into England to send out of London thirty-six good burgesses to Calais to dwell there, and to do so much that the town might be peopled with pure Englishmen; the which intent the king fulfilled.

Then the new town and fortress that was made without the town was pulled down, and also the castle that stood on the haven, and the great timbers and stones brought into the town. Then the king set men to keep the gates, walls and barriers, and amended all things within the town.

Sir John of Vienne and his company were sent into England, and were half a year at London, and then they were put to ransom. Methink it was great pity of the burgesses and other men of the town of Calais, and women and children, when they were obliged to forsake their houses, heritages and goods, and to bear away nothing. And they had no restorement of the French king, for whose sake they lost all. The most part of them went to Saint Omer's.

The Betrothal of the Earl of Flanders: A Mediaeval Love Story

WHILE the king of England lay at siege before Calais, as hath been shown in the foregoing chapter, he sent still messengers to them of Flanders, and made them great promises to keep their amity with him, and to oppress the drift of the French king, who did all that he could to draw them to his opinion.

The king of England would gladly that the earl Louis of Flanders, who was then but fifteen years of age, should have in marriage his daughter Isabel. So much did the king that the Flemings agreed thereto. Whereof the king was glad, for he thought by that marriage the Flemings would the gladlier help him. And the Flemings thought, by having of the king of England on their party they might well resist the Frenchmen. They thought the love of the king of England more necessary and profitable to them than the French king.

But the young earl, who had ever been nourished among the noblemen of France, would not agree, and said plainly, he would not have for his wife the daughter of him that slew his father.*

* Slain at the battle of Crécy. See page 208.

Also duke John of Brabant endeavored greatly that the earl of Flanders should have his daughter in marriage, promising him that if he would take her for his wife, he would cause him to enjoy the whole earldom of Flanders, either by fair means or otherwise. Also the duke said to the French king, "Sir, if the earl of Flanders will take my daughter, I shall find the means that all the Flemings shall take your part and forsake the king of England"—by which promise the French king agreed to that marriage.

When the duke of Brabant had the king's good-will, then he sent certain messengers into Flanders to the burgesses of the good towns, and showed them so fair reasons that the counsels of the good towns sent to the earl, their natural lord, certifying him that if he would come into Flanders and use their counsel, they would be to him true and good friends and deliver to him all the rights and jurisdictions of Flanders, as much as ever any earl had. The earl took counsel and went into Flanders, where he was received with great joy and given to him many great presents.

As soon as the king of England heard of this, he sent into Flanders the earl of Northampton, the earl of Arundel and the lord Cobham. They did so much with the officers and commons of Flanders, that they had rather that their lord the earl should take for his wife the king of England's daughter than the daughter of the duke of Brabant. So to do the men of Flanders earnestly desired the earl, and showed him many fair reasons to draw him to that way, and the burgesses

that were on the duke of Brabant's party durst not say the contrary.

But then the earl in no wise would consent thereto, but ever he said he would not wed her whose father had slain his, though he might have half of the whole realm of England.

When the Flemings saw that, they said how their lord was too much French and evil counseled, and also said how they would do no good to him since he would not believe their counsels. Then they took and put him in courteous prison, and said how he should never depart without he would follow and believe their counsels. Also they said that the earl, his father, believed and loved too much the Frenchmen; for if he had believed them he would have been the greatest lord in all Christendom, and yet alive.

Thus the matter abode a certain space. The king of England lay still at the siege before Calais, and kept a great court that Christmas.

The earl of Flanders was long in danger among the Flemings in courteous prison, and it greatly annoyed him. Then at last he said he would believe their counsel; for he knew well, he said, that he should have more profit there than in any other country.

These words greatly rejoiced the Flemings. They took him out of prison and suffered him to go a-hawking to the river—which sport the earl loved well. But ever there was good watch laid on him, that he should not steal away from them, and they, and also such as were favorable to the king of England, were charged on their lives to

take good heed of him. They watched him so near, that he could do nothing without their knowledge.

This endured so long that at last the earl said that he would gladly have for his wife the king of England's daughter. Then the Flemings sent word thereof to the king and queen, and appointed a day that they should come to Bergues, in the abbey, and bring their daughter with them. And they, the Flemings, would bring thither their lord, the earl of Flanders, and there conclude the marriage. The king and queen were glad thereof, and said that the Flemings were good men.

So to Bergues, between Newport and Grave-lines came the most respectable men of the good towns in Flanders, and brought with them the earl, their lord, in great estate. The king of England and the queen were there ready.

The earl courteously inclined to the king and to the queen. The king took the earl by the right hand right sweetly, and led him forth saying, "As for the death of the earl your father, as God help me, the day of the battle of Crécy, nor the next day after, I never heard word of him that he should be there."

The young earl made as though he had been content with the king's excuse. Then they fell in communication of the marriage. There were certain articles agreed unto by the king of England and the earl Louis of Flanders, and great amities there were sworn to be holden between them. And there the earl betrothed Isabel, the king of England's daughter, and promised to wed her.

So that journey broke off, and a new day was appointed for more leisure. The Flemings returned into Flanders with their lord, and the king of England with the queen went again to the siege of Calais.

Thus the matter stood a certain time, and the king and the queen prepared greatly for the marriage in jewels and other things to give away according to their dignities.

The earl of Flanders daily passed the time at the river, and made as if this marriage pleased him greatly. So the Flemings thought they were sure of him and there was not so great watch made on him as before. But they knew not well the condition of their lord, for whatsoever countenance he made outward, his inward courage was all French.

So on a day he went forth with his hawks, the same week that the marriage should have been finished. His falconer cast off a falcon to a heron, and the earl cast off another. These two falcons chased the heron, and the earl rode after, as to follow his falcon. And when he was a good way off and had the advantage of the fields, he dashed his spurs to his horse and galloped forth in such wise that his keepers lost him. Still he galloped straight on till he came into Artois, and there he was in surety. Then he rode into France to king Philip and showed him all his adventure. The king and the Frenchmen said how he had dealt wisely.

The Englishmen on the other hand said that he had betrayed and deceived them. But for all

that, the English king left not to keep the Flemings in amity, for he knew well the earl had done this deed not by their counsel; for they were sore displeased therewith. And the excuse they made the king soon believed in their behalf.

[The following conclusion of the earl's escape is commonly not included in Froissart's account.]

You have heard related how the young earl Louis of Flanders had been betrothed to the lady Isabel, daughter of king Edward of England, and afterwards he had escaped from Flanders into France, where he was joyfully received by the king and his barons, who told him he had acted wisely. And the king added that he would otherwise ally him more to his honor and profit.

Things remained in this state for about a year. Duke John of Brabant was not much displeased at this. He sent ambassadors to king Philip to entreat that he would consent to the match between the earl of Flanders and his daughter; that if he consented, he would in future be his good neighbor, and that neither he nor any of his children would ever bear arms again for the king of England.

The king of France, who knew the duke of Brabant to be a powerful lord, that could hurt or assist him according to his pleasure, listened to his proposal in preference to any other, and let the duke know that if he could prevail on the states of Flanders to consent to this marriage, he would be agreeable to it, and would press it on the earl. The duke, in his answer, engaged for

the consent of the states. He instantly sent able commissioners to chief towns to negotiate with them this marriage. He treated, I may say, with sword in hand. For he gave them to understand that if they married the young earl otherwise, he would instantly declare war against them. And on the contrary, if they complied with his desire, he would unite himself strongly with them, and defend them against any other lords.

The councils of the towns heard with attention the proposals and promises the duke of Brabant, their neighbor, made them. They knew their young lord was not within their power, but under the direction of the king of France, and the lady his mother, and that his heart was wholly French. Upon consideration, therefore, they thought that as the duke of Brabant was a very powerful prince, and of great enterprise, it would be much more advantageous to conclude a match with him than with any one else; for by it they would enjoy peace, and have their lord again among them.

The business was so arranged that the young earl of Flanders was brought to the city of Arras whither the duke of Brabant sent his eldest son and all his council. The chief towns of Flanders sent thither also their magistrates. Many conferences were held; and the young earl and his countrymen engaged for his marriage with the daughter of the duke of Brabant.

Not long after this, the young earl came back to Flanders, where due homage was paid him. The earl married the duke's daughter. The duke gave so much to his daughter that great wars were

the consequence between Flanders and Brabant in after times.

The king of England was sorely vexed with all parties for this marriage—with the duke of Brabant because he was his cousin-german, and had carried off from his daughter the heir of Flanders, to whom she was betrothed; with the earl because he had broken his engagement with him respecting his daughter. However the duke sent very prudent and handsome apologies; as did afterwards the earl of Flanders.

The Pride of the Earl of Pembroke: and how Sir John Chandos came to the Earl's Succor

This finely described episode in the long war between English and French introduces one of the most famed knights of his time. The date is about the year 1369. Sir John Chandos was, says Froissart, "the flower of all chivalry." "The Englishmen loved him," says the chronicler, "because all nobleness was found in him. The Frenchmen hated him because they feared him"; and further Froissart adds, "He was so well beloved with the king of England that the king would believe him rather than any other in the world." "He was so sage and imaginative that (had he lived) he would have found some manner of good means whereby the peace might have ensued between the realms of England and France."

THE PRIDE OF THE EARL OF PEMBROKE

DURING this time certain feats of arms were performed in Poitou which ought not to be forgotten.

Sir John Chandos, who was seneschal of Poitou, like a hardy and valiant knight ever desiring to find the Frenchmen to fight with them, assembled together at Poitiers a certain number of men of arms saying how he would ride into Anjou, and return again by Touraine, and see the Frenchmen in the marches and frontiers.

This purpose he signified to the earl of Pem-

broke, who lay at Montagne in garrison with two hundred spears; at which tidings the earl was joyful and was well content to have ridden forth. But some of the knights of his counsel broke his purpose, and said, "Sir, ye be as yet but young; your nobleness is yet to come. And, sir, if you put yourself in the company of sir John Chandos, whatsoever ye do he shall have the fame and voice thereof, for ye shall be reputed but as his companion. Therefore, sir, it is better for you, since ye be so great a lord, that ye do your enterprises by yourself apart and let sir John Chandos do his by himself." These words and others abated the earl's desire, and he had no more will to go forth with sir John Chandos, and so made excuse to him.

Howbeit sir John would not break his purpose in going forth to do his enterprise, but made his assembly at Poitiers, and so departed with three hundred spears of knights and squires and two hundred archers.

These men of arms rode forth in good order and passed Poitou and entered into Anjou. Then they sent forth their couriers before them to burn and lay waste the country. So they did many evils to that good plentiful country of Anjou, and none came to fight with them, and they tarried there the space of fifteen days. Then they returned again between Anjou and Touraine, along by the river Crouse, and so entered into the land of the viscount of Rochechouart, and burnt and wasted the country and left nothing abroad

without the fortress, and assailed the town of Rochechouart.

Now sir John Chandos had knowledge how the marshal of France, sir Louis of Sancerre, with a great number of men of war was at La Haye in Touraine, and he had great desire to go thither, and sent word to the earl of Pembroke desiring him to go with him to La Haye. The herald went on this message and found the earl at Montagne, where he had already assembled a certain number to the intent to make a journey on his enemies.

By the counsel of his knights the earl again made his excuse, saying he could not come to sir John Chandos at that time. Then the herald returned and showed his master the answer from the earl of Pembroke.

When sir John heard he was not well content in his mind, for he perceived how the earl left his enterprise by presumption and pride. He said, "Well, in God's name, so be it," and gave leave to the most part of his company to depart, and he went again to the city of Poitiers.

As soon as the earl of Pembroke knew that sir John Chandos was gone back again to the city of Poitiers, and had given leave to his men to depart, then the earl prepared to ride forth, and with him three hundred spears, English and Poitevins, and so departed from Montagne. Certain knights and squires who had been with sir John Chandos, came to the earl of Pembroke, and went forth in his company. So they passed through Poitou, and took the same way that sir John Chandos had taken before and so entered Anjou,

and burnt and ravaged the country and took all that was left.

When the Frenchmen who were in the garrisons in the marches of Touraine, Anjou and Poitou, heard of these two journeys thus made in the country of Anjou, and heard how that for pride the earl of Pembroke, a young man, disdained to go forth in the company of sir John Chandos, then they determined to encounter him, thinking more easily to discomfort him than sir John Chandos. They assembled together secretly a certain number out of every garrison thereabout, and they made their captain, sir Louis of Sancerre, marshal of France, and in a night they went forth by La Roche-posay in Poitou.

The earl of Pembroke had made an end of the burning of the viscount of Rochechouart's lands, and was returning into Poitou. These Englishmen and Poitevins rode without dismay, and heard no manner of tidings of any men of war, and so with pillage and prey, one day about high noon, they entered a village called Puireson, and took lodgings, thinking themselves in safety.

Their varlets were setting up their horses and dressing their supper when suddenly the Frenchmen, who were well advised of what they should do, came into town. Crying their cry, "Our lady of Sancerre for the marshal of France," they beat down the Englishmen on every side, in the streets and houses.

The noise was so great that it raised men up in great fright, and came to the earl of Pembroke, sir Thomas Percy and other knights, and they

went out of their lodgings and assembled their companies. But they could not draw all together for the Frenchmen were so strong. At the first brunt there were taken and slain more than six score, so that the earl had no remedy but to withdraw as soon as he might into a place of the Knights Templars inclosed with stone walls.

When the Frenchmen knew that the Englishmen were in that place, they were thereof right joyous, saying among themselves, "They cannot escape us; they are all ours; they shall now dearly repay the damage they have done in Anjou and Touraine." So they drew to the place in good order, and assailed right fiercely, and there was showed many a noble feat of arms.

The earl and the Englishmen pained themselves as much as they might to defend themselves. The Frenchmen had certain scaling ladders, and some of them adventured to mount upon the walls with shields before them for fear of shot and casting of stones. But when they were up they were fiercely received by knights and squires, who with spears and swords in their hands fought with the Frenchmen hand to hand, and caused them to descend down faster than they came up; and such archers as were within, shot so fiercely that the Frenchmen drew back.

So this assault endured till night. Then the Frenchmen, right weary and sore travailed, sounded the retreat, saying that they had done enough for that day and that they purposed to come next morning to the assault. "All things considered," the Frenchmen said, "surely they

are ours; they cannot long endure against us. We shall rather famish them." So they lodged them that night and kept good watch.

You may know for truth that the earl of Pembroke and his company were not well at their ease, for they saw they were in great jeopardy. The fortress was not strong enough to endure long against so many good knights as were against them. Also they lacked victuals and artillery to keep the place long. Howbeit, they made no sign for they thought to fast a day and a night, if need be.

When it was dark night they desired a squire in whom they had great trust to depart out at a back postern and to ride to Poitiers to speak with sir John Chandos and show him what case they were in, showing him also how, if he list, he might come time enough to rescue them, for they trusted to defend the place till the next day past noon.

The squire, who saw the danger they were in, said he would gladly do their message, and also he said he knew the way thither, and so about midnight he departed by a back postern and took the way to Poitiers. Howbeit for all his knowledge, he went all night out of the way so that it was fair day ere he could get into the right way.

When it was morning the Frenchmen armed them and sounded the assault, saying how they would assault the place in the cool of the morning rather than in the heat of the day. The earl of Pembroke had slept but little, for all the night he

and his company were fortifying the wall with stones and other things.

The Frenchmen had scaling ladders, and some mounted up the walls with shields to defend their heads; they thought it a great honor whosoever could mount first. Howbeit the Englishmen were not idle, but ready to defend themselves marvelously, and so they cast down stones on the shields and helmets, and overthrew, slew and hurt divers, and did such deeds of arms that you never heard of so feeble a place so well defended—with so few people against so many good knights and squires.

Between morning and nine of the day, when the assault was fiercest and the Frenchmen were sore displeased that the Englishmen endured so long, they sent to the villages thereabouts for pikes and mattocks to break down and undermine the wall—which thing the Englishmen feared most. Then the earl of Pembroke called a squire to him and said, “Friend, take my courser, and issue out at the back postern, and ride straight to Poitiers, and show sir John Chandos the state and danger that we be in, and recommend me to him by this token,” and took a ring from his finger and delivered to him and said, “Take sir John this ring. He knoweth it right well.”

The squire who took the enterprise thought it should be a great honor to him if he might achieve to escape and bring the message to sir John Chandos. He took the ring, and mounted at once on his courser, and went out a private way and took the way to Poitiers. In the mean season

the assault was terrible and fierce by the Frenchmen, and the Englishmen defended themselves right valiantly with good courage, as it stood them well in hand so to do.

Now let us speak of the first squire that departed from Puirenon at the hour of midnight. All the night he rode out of his way, and when it was morning and fair day, then he knew his way and so rode toward Poitiers, and by that time his horse was weary. He came thither by nine of the clock, and alighted before sir John Chandos' lodgings, and entered, and found him at church service, and so came and kneeled down before him and did his message as he was commanded.

Now sir John Chandos was not content since that other day when the earl of Pembroke would not ride with him, as you have heard, wherefore he was not lightly inclined to make any great haste, but said, "It will be hard for us to come thither time enough and bear out this service."

And anon after service the tables were covered ready for dinner, and the servants demanded of him if he would go to dinner, and he said, "Yes, since it is ready." Then he went into his hall, and knights and squires brought him water, and as he was a washing there came into the hall the second squire from the earl of Pembroke and kneeled down and took the ring out of his purse, and said, "Right dear sir, the earl of Pembroke recommendeth him to you by this token, and desireth you heartily to come and comfort him and bring him out of the danger that he and his be in at Puirenon."

Then sir John Chandos took the ring and knew it well and said, "To come thither betimes it were hard, if they be in that case as ye show me. Let us go to dinner," and so sat down, and all his company, and ate the first course. And as he was served of the second course and was eating thereof, sir John Chandos, who greatly had considered the matter, at last cast up his head and said to his company, "Sirs, the earl of Pembroke is a noble man. He is son to my natural lord, the king of England, for he hath wedded his daughter. He hath required me to come to him in his business and I ought to consent to his desire and to succor and comfort him, if we may come betimes." Therewith he put the table from him and said, "Sirs, I will ride toward Puirennon."

At this his people had great joy and at once appareled them, and the trumpets sounded and every man mounted on his horse—as soon as they heard that sir John Chandos would ride to Puirennon to comfort the earl of Pembroke and his company who were besieged there. Every knight, squire and man of arms went out into the field, so they were more than two hundred spears, and alway they increased.

Thus as they rode forth together, tidings came to the Frenchmen by their spies, who said to them, "Sirs, advise you well, for sir John Chandos is departed from Poitiers with more than two hundred spears and is coming hitherward in great haste, and hath great desire to find you here."

And when sir Louis of Sancerre and sir John of Vienne and other captains heard those tidings,

the wisest among them said, "Sirs, our people are sore weary and travailed with assaulting of the Englishmen, both yesterday and this day. Therefore I think it were better that fair and easily we return in safeguard with such winnings and prisoners as we have got, rather than abide the adventure of the coming of sir John Chandos and his company, who are all fresh and lusty, for I fear we may lose more than we shall win."

The counsel was well believed. Then their trumpets sounded the retreat, and all their company withdrew from the assault and assembled together and took their way to La Roche-posay.

The earl of Pembroke and his company knew thereby how the Frenchmen had knowledge of the coming of sir John Chandos. Then the earl said, "Sirs, let us all issue out and ride toward Poitiers to meet with my dear friend, sir John Chandos." Then they leapt a-horseback, such as had any horses, and some went afoot, and some two and two on a horse, and so they issued out of the castle and rode toward Poitiers.

They had not ridden a league before they encountered sir John Chandos and his company, and there was a joyful meeting. Sir John Chandos said that he was sore displeased that he came not ere the Frenchmen were departed. And so they rode together talking the space of three leagues, and then they took leave each of other.

Sir John Chandos returned to Poitiers, and the earl of Pembroke to Montagne from whence he first departed. And the Frenchmen and their company returning to Posay, there distributed

their booty; and then every man went to their own garrison and led with them their prisoners, and ransomed them courteously in like manner as was accustomed between the Englishmen and Frenchmen.

Gaston, Earl of Foix: how he lived; how he kept Christmas: Feat of Strength of the Bourg of Spain

In his fifty-first year, that is, in 1388, Froissart made a journey from the north of France to the south. A part of what he saw and heard and recorded is in this and the three following stories. The reasons for his journey he gives at the very opening of this tale.

These stories make plain that the luxury-loving earl of Foix found speedy enjoyment in the knowledge, poise and agreeable bearing that distinguished his guest, the chronicler.

The estates of Foix lay just north of the Pyrenees and south of Toulouse.

GASTON, EARL OF FOIX

I, JOHN FROISSART, who have taken on me to chronicle this present history, considering in myself how there were no great deeds of arms likely in the parts of Picardy or Flanders, seeing peace was made between the duke and them of Gaunt, and greatly annoyed to be idle, for I knew well that after my death this noble and high history should have a course wherein divers noble men should have great pleasure and delight, and as yet, I thank God, I have understanding and remembrance of all things past, and my wit quick and sharp enough to conceive all things showed to me touching my principal matters, and

my body as yet able to endure and suffer pain, I thought I would pursue my first purpose.

And to the intent to know the truth of deeds in far countries, I found occasion to go to the high and mighty earl of Foix and of Bearn. For I knew well that if I might have the grace to come into his house, and to be there at leisure, I could not be so informed to my purpose in any other place of the world. For thither resorted all manner of knights and strange squires, for the great nobleness of the said earl.

As I imagined, so I did, and showed to my redoubted lord, the earl of Blois, mine intent, and he gave me letters of recommendation to the earl of Foix. So long I rode without peril or damage that I came to his house called Orthez in the county of Bearn, on saint Katherine's day,* the year of grace one thousand three hundred four-score and eight.

In my journey I came to the good city of Pamiers, pertaining to the earl of Foix, and there I tarried abiding for some company going into the county of Bearn. And when I had tarried there a three days in great pleasure, for the city was delectable, standing among the fair vines and environed with a river large and clear, it fortun'd that thither came a knight of the earl of Foix, called Espang de Lyon, a valiant and an expert man of arms about the age of fifty years. So I got me into his company. We were a six days in our journey ere we came to Orthez, and this knight every day, most part all the day, conversed

* The 25th of November according to our more exact calendar.

with me, asking of tidings of the matter of France, and also when I asked anything of him, he would answer me to my purpose.

So we rode fair and easily, and all the matters that sir Espang de Lyon showed me right well contented me. And every night I wrote ever all that I heard from him in the day, the better thereby to have it in remembrance, for writing is the best remembrance that may be.

At last one day by sun-setting we came to Orthez.* The knight, sir Espang of Lyon, alighted at his own lodging and I alighted at The Moon,† where dwelt a squire of the earl's, who well received me because I was of France.

Sir Espang of Lyon went to the castle to the earl and found him in his gallery, for he had but dined a little before; for the earl's usage was always that it was high noon ere he arose out of his bed, and he supped ever at midnight. The knight showed him how I was come thither, and at once I was sent for to my lodging—for the earl of all men of the world most desired to speak with strangers to hear tidings.

When the earl saw me he made me good cheer and said how he knew me, and yet he never saw me before, but he had often heard speaking of me. And so he retained me in his house to my great ease, with the help of letters I brought, so that I might tarry there at my pleasure.

* Orthez, residence of the court of the earl of Foix, is now a dull town of the Pyrenean country about twenty-five miles northwest of its gay, health-resort neighbor Pau. Of the castle of the earls of Foix and its abounding life which the chronicler now describes, little remains save the stones of the keep.

† The inn called La Lune, or The Moon, is now rebuilt and re-named La belle Hôtresse.



When the Earl of Foix saw Froissart he made him good cheer and said how he knew him, and yet he never saw him before, but he had often heard speaking of him. And so he retained him in his house to his great ease, with the help of letters he brought, so that he might tarry there at his pleasure.

The original of this picture is in a manuscript of the fifteenth century.

And the earl himself, if I did demand anything of him, he did show me all he knew, saying to me that how the history I had begun should hereafter be more praised than any other; and the reason he said why this was that in the fifty years past had been done more marvelous deeds of arms than in the three hundred before that. Thus was I in the court of the earl of Foix well cherished and at my pleasure more than twelve weeks; and my horse well entreated.

The acquaintance of the earl and of me was strengthened because I had brought with me a book which I had made, containing all the songs, ballads, rondeaux and virelays which Wenceslaus, the gentle duke of Luxemburg, had made in his time, and which I had gathered together. This book the earl of Foix was glad to see, and every night after supper I read therefrom to him, and while I read there was none durst speak any word because he and I should be well understood. In these readings the earl had great solace, and when it came to any matters of question, then he would speak to me in good and fair French.

Of this earl's house I made some record, for I tarried there so long that I might well perceive and know much. The earl in this year 1388 was fifty and nine years of age. I say I have in my time seen many knights, kings, princes and others, but I never saw any like him of personage—of so fair form or so well made. His visage was fair, sanguine and smiling; his eyes gray, and amorous whenever he chose to show his regard. In every thing he was so perfect that he cannot be praised

too much. He loved what ought to be beloved, and hated what ought to be hated. He was a wise knight of high enterprise and of good counsel. He never had any miscreant with him.

Every day he gave five florins in small money at his gate to poor folks for the love of God. He was large and courteous in his gifts; he could right well take where it pertained to him, and to deliver again where he ought. He loved dogs of all beasts. He never loved foolish outrages or foolish expenditure.

Every month he would know what he spent; to serve him in receiving revenues he took twelve notable persons, and ever from two months to two months two of them should serve for his receipt. At the two months' end he would change and put other two into that office. The one he trusted best should be his controller, and to him all others should account, and the controller accounted to the earl. Certain coffers he had in his chamber, out of which oft-times he would take money to give to lords, knights and squires, such as came to him, for none should depart from him without some gift, and yet daily multiplied his treasures.

He was of good and easy acquaintance with every man, and amorously would speak to them. He was short in counsel and answers. He had four secretaries, and at his rising they must ever be ready at his hand without any calling. And when any letter was delivered to him, and he had read it, he would give to them to answer.

In this estate the earl of Foix lived. At midnight when he came out of his chamber into the

hall to supper he had ever before him twelve torches burning, borne by twelve varlets standing before his table all the supper. The torches gave a great light, and the hall was ever full of knights and squires—and also many tables dressed for those who would sup. There was none who should speak to the earl at his table unless he were called.

His meat was commonly wild fowl, the legs and wings only, and in the day he did but little eat and drink. He had great pleasure in the harmony of instruments, of which he knew right well. He also had songs sung. He gladly saw strange kinds of dishes, and when he had seen he would send them to the other tables.

Before I came to this earl's court I had been in many courts of kings, dukes, princes, earls and great ladies, but I was never in any one that I liked so well, and where none more rejoiced in deeds of arms than the earl did.

There were seen in his hall, chamber and court, knights and squires of honor going up and down and talking of arms and of amours. All honor there was found; all manner of tidings of every realm and country there might be heard; for out of every country men came because of the valiantness of this earl. There I was informed of deeds done in Spain, in Portugal, in Aragon, in Navarre, in England and in Scotland. For I saw come thither to the earl while I was there knights and squires of all nations. And so I was informed by them and by the earl himself of all things that I demanded.

Among other solemnities that the earl of Foix kept on the high feasts of the year, he kept the feast of saint Nicholas in great solemnity, he and all his land. This was showed me by a squire of his house the third day I came thither, and I saw it myself right well apparent, for I was there on the very day. First, all the clergy of the town of Orthez and all the people, men, women and children, with procession came to the castle to fetch the earl, who all afoot departed from his castle and went with the procession to the church of saint Nicholas. There the clergy sang a psalm from the psalter of David, and when this psalm was sung, then the singers, of whom the earl had many with him, began to sing as they did on Easter day in the French king's chapel. And there I heard as good playing on organs as ever I heard in any place.

To speak briefly and according to reason, the earl of Foix then was right perfect in all things, and as sage and as perceiving as any high prince in his days. There was none could compare with him in wit, honor or in liberality.

At this feast of Christmas came to his house many knights and squires of Gascony, and to every man he made good cheer. There I saw the bourg of Spain, of whom sir Espang de Lyon had told me. Of all the men in Gascony there was none like this bourg of Spain in strength of body; therefore the earl of Foix hath him ever in his company. It happened not three years ago that he did in sport a great deed as I shall show you.

On that Christmas day the earl of Foix held

a great feast with a plenty of knights and squires, as is his usage. It was a cold day, and the earl dined in the hall, and with him a great company of lords. And after dinner he departed out of the hall, and went up into a gallery twenty-four stairs of height, in which gallery there was a great chimney wherein they made fire when the earl was there. At that time there was but a small fire, for the earl loved no great fire; howbeit he had wood enough there about.

The same day there was a great frost and it was very cold. And when the earl was in the gallery and saw the fire so little, he said to the knights and squires about him, "Sirs, this is but a small fire and the day so cold."

Then the bourg of Spain went down the stairs, and beneath in the court he saw a great many asses laden with wood to serve the house. He went to and seized the largest of the asses with all the wood, and laid him on his back, and went up all the stairs into the gallery and did cast down the ass with all the wood upon the hearth of the huge chimney, the ass's feet sticking upward.

Thereof the earl of Foix had great merriment, and so had all they that were there, and they marveled at this bourg's strength, how he came up all the stairs with the ass and the wood on his neck.

How Gaston, the Earl's Son and also Fifteen Men died

In the foregoing story Froissart says of the earl of Foix, "In every way he was so perfect he can not be praised too much." When you read the story of his young son, this description will come to your mind. The earl was called "Phœbus," that is, "the Shining One," on account of his personal beauty. Possibly to beauty of the body this sentence of Froissart refers. The following story tells that the earl tortured a boy, his own son and heir, with astonishing rigor. No soul with larger vision of justice seemed to interfere to protect the innocent child.

In reading we must bear in mind the difference between our own century and the fourteenth in practices of humanity and protection of the weak and defenseless—how since that time has developed, and now among us still every day are evolving, defenses of the young and inexperienced and oppressed.

HOW GASTON, THE EARL'S SON, DIED

WHILE I was in Orthez I inquired how Gaston, the earl's son, died, for sir Espang of Lyon would not show me anything thereof. And so much I inquired that an ancient squire and a notable man told the matter to me in this wise:

True it is that the earl of Foix and my lady of Foix agree not well together, and have not done for a long season. Discord between them was first moved by the king of Navarre, brother of the lady. For the king of Navarre offered to pledge himself for the lord d'Albret, whom the

earl of Foix had in prison, for the sum of fifty thousand francs.

The earl of Foix, who knew that the king of Navarre was crafty and malicious, in the beginning would not trust him. Wherewith the countess of Foix had great displeasure and indignation against the earl, her husband, and said to him, "Sir, ye repute but small honor to the king of Navarre, my brother, when ye will not trust him for fifty thousand francs. Though ye have no more from the d'Albrets than ye now have, it ought to suffice. And also, sir, ye know well ye should assign over my dower, which mounteth to fifty thousand francs, and put it into the hands of my brother; wherefore, sir, ye cannot be evil paid."

"Dame," quoth the earl, "ye say truth. But if I thought the king of Navarre would stop the payment for that cause, the lord d'Albret should never leave Orthez till I had been paid to the last penny. Since, however, ye desire it I will do it, not for the love of you, but for the love of my son."

So by these words and by the king of Navarre's obligation, who became debtor to the earl of Foix, the lord d'Albret was delivered over, and married in France, and paid at his ease to the king of Navarre the sum of fifty thousand francs for his ransom, for which sum the king was bound to the earl of Foix. But the king would not send the money to the earl.

Then the earl of Foix said to his wife, "Dame, ye must go into Navarre to the king, your brother,

and show him how I am not well content with him, that he will not send me that which he hath of mine.”

The lady answered how she was ready to go, and so she departed and rode to Pampeluna to the king, her brother, who received her with much joy. The lady did her message from point to point.

Then the king answered, “Fair sister, the sum of money is yours. The earl should give it for your dower. It shall never go out of the realm of Navarre since I have it in possession.”

“Ah, sir,” quoth the lady, “by this ye shall set great hate between the earl, my husband, and you. And if ye hold your purpose, I dare not return again into the country of Foix, for my husband will say I have deceived him and will put me to death.”

“I cannot tell,” quoth the king, “what ye will do, whether tarry or depart. But as to the money, I will not let it depart; it shall never go out of Navarre. It pertaineth to me to keep it for you.”

The countess could have no other answer from the king, her brother, and so she tarried in Navarre and durst not return to her husband.

The earl of Foix, when he saw the dealing of the king of Navarre, began to hate his wife. Howbeit she was in no fault save she returned not when she had done her message. But she durst not return, for she knew well the earl, her husband, was cruel when he took displeasure. Thus the matter stood.

The earl's son, Gaston, grew and waxed goodly, a child of fifteen or sixteen years of age, and resembled right well his father. On a time he desired to go into Navarre to see his mother and his uncle, the king of Navarre, which was an evil hour for him and for all this country.

When he was come into Navarre he had there good cheer and tarried with his mother a certain space and then took his leave. But for all that he could do, he could not get his mother out of Navarre, to return with him into Foix, for she demanded if the earl had commanded him so to do or no, and he answered that when he departed the earl spoke nothing thereof. Therefore the lady durst not go thither.

Then the child went to Pampeluna to take leave of the king, his uncle. The king made him great cheer, and kept him ten days, and gave great gifts to him and his men. Also the last gift that the king gave him was his death,—I shall tell you how.

When this youth should depart, the king drew him apart into his chamber and gave him a little purse full of powder, which powder was such that if any living creature did eat thereof he should at once die. Then the king said, "Gaston, fair nephew, ye shall do as I will show you. You see how the earl of Foix, your father, wrongfully hath your mother, my sister, in great hate. Therefore am I sore displeased, and so ought ye to be. Howbeit, to perform all the matter and that your father should love again your mother, to that intent ye shall take a little of this powder

and put it on some meat, that your father may eat it. But beware that no man see you. And as soon as your father hath eaten it, he shall intend to nothing but to have again his wife and so to love her ever after; which ye ought greatly to desire. Of this that I tell you let no man know, but keep it secret, or else ye lose all the deed."

The child, who thought all that the king said to him had been true, said, "Sir, it shall be done as ye have devised," and so departed from Pampeluna and returned to Orthez.

The earl his father made him good cheer, and demanded tidings of the king of Navarre and what gifts he had given him; and the child showed him how he had given him divers, and showed him all except the purse with the powder.

Oftentimes this young Gaston and Yvain, his bastard brother, slept together, for they loved each other, and were like arrayed and appareled for they were near of a size and age. And it happened on a time as their clothes lay together on the bed, Yvain saw a purse at Gaston's coat and said, "What thing is this that ye bear ever about you?"

At this Gaston had no joy, and said, "Yvain, give me my coat, ye have nothing to do therewith"; and all that day after Gaston was pensive.

And it fortun'd three days after, as God would that the earl should be saved, Gaston and his brother Yvain fell out, together playing at tennis, and Gaston gave him a blow. The child went to his father's chamber and wept. And

when the earl saw him weep, he said, "Son Yvain, what ailest thou?"

"Sir," quoth he, "Gaston hath beaten me; but he were more worthy to be beaten than I."

"Why so?" quoth the earl, and at once suspected something.

"By my faith, sir," quoth he, "since he returned out of Navarre he beareth at his breast a purse full of powder. I wot not what it is, nor what he will do therewith, but he hath said to me once or twice that my lady, his mother, should shortly be again in your grace and better beloved than ever she was."

"Peace," quoth the earl, "and speak no more, and tell this to no man living."

"Sir," quoth Yvain, "no more I shall."

Then the earl entered into thought, and so came to the hour of his dinner, and washed and sat down at his table in the hall. Gaston, his son, was used to set down all the dishes before him and to taste the meats.

Now when the child had set down the first course, the earl cast his eyes on him and saw the strings of the purse hanging at his bosom. Then his blood grew hot, and he said, "Gaston, come hither, I will speak with thee in thine ear." The child came to him and the earl took him by the bosom and found the purse, and with his knife cut it from his bosom.

The child was abashed, and stood still and spoke no word, but looked as pale as ashes for fear, and began to tremble.

The earl of Foix opened the purse and took of

the powder, and laid it on a trencher of bread and called to him a dog and gave it to him to eat; and as soon as the dog had eaten the first morsel, he turned his eyes in his head and died at once.

And when the earl saw that, he was sore displeased, and he had good cause, and he rose from the table and took his knife and would have stricken his son. Then the knights and the squires ran between them and said, "Sir, for God's sake have mercy and be not so hasty. Be well informed first of the matter, ere ye do any evil to your child."

And the first word the earl said was, "Ah, Gaston, traitor, for to increase thine heritage that should come to thee, I have had war and hatred of the French king, of the king of England, of the king of Spain, of the king of Navarre, and of the king of Aragon, and as yet I have borne all their malices. And now thou wouldst murder me. It moveth of an evil nature, but first thou shalt die with this stroke." And so stept forth with his knife and would have slain him.

Then all the knights and squires kneeled down before him weeping and said: "Ah, sir, have mercy for God's sake, slay not Gaston, your son. Remember ye have no more children. Sir, cause him to be kept, and take good information of the matter. Peradventure he knew not what he bore, and peradventure is nothing guilty of the deed."

"Well," quoth the earl, "at once put him in prison, and let him be so kept that I may have a reckoning with him."

Then the child was put in the tower, and the

earl took a great many of them that served his son. But some of them departed, and as yet the bishop of Lescar is out of the country for he was had in suspicion.

The earl caused to be put to death fifteen men, and the cause that he laid to them was that they knew of the child's secret, and they should have told him and have said, "Sir, Gaston, your son, beareth a purse at his bosom." Because they did not thus, they died horribly, whereof it was great pity, for some of them were as fresh and as jolly squires as were in all the country.

This thing touched the earl near to the heart; and that he well showed. For on a day he assembled at Orthez all the nobles and prelates of Foix and Bearn, and all the notable persons in his country. And when they were all assembled, he told them wherefore he sent for them, how he had found his son in this default, for which he said his intent was to put him to death as he well deserved.

Then all the people answered to that case with one voice and said, "Sir, saving your grace, we will not that Gaston die. He is your heir and ye have no more."

And when the earl heard the people, how they desired for his son, he somewhat refrained his ire. Then he thought to chastise him in prison a month or two, and then to send him on some voyage for two or three years till he himself had forgotten his evil will and the child had become of greater age and more knowledge. Then he gave leave to all the people to depart.

But they of Foix would not depart from Orthez till the earl should assure them Gaston should not die;—they loved the child so well. Then the earl promised them, but he said he would keep the child in prison a certain time to chastise him. And so upon this promise every man departed, and Gaston abode still in prison.

The earl caused his son to be kept in a dark chamber in the tower of Orthez ten days. Little did the child eat or drink, yet he had enough brought him every day. But when he saw it, he would go therefrom, and set little thereby. And some said that all the meat brought him stood whole and entire the day of his death,—wherefore it was great marvel that he lived so long.

For divers reasons the earl caused him to be kept in the chamber alone without any company, either to counsel or comfort him. And all that time the child lay in his clothes, as he had come in, and argued in himself, and was full of melancholy.

The same day that he died, they that served him meat and drink, when they came to him said, “Gaston, here is meat for you.” He made no care thereof, and said, “Set it down there.”

He that served him looked, and saw in the prison all the meat standing whole, as it had been brought him before. So he departed and closed the chamber door, and went to the earl and said, “Sir, for God’s sake have mercy on your son Gaston, for he is near famished in prison. There he lieth. I think he hath eaten nothing since he came into prison, for I have seen there this day

all that ever I brought him before lying together in a corner.”

On hearing these words the earl was sore displeased, and without speaking any word went out of his chamber and came to the prison where his son was. And in an evil hour he had the same time a little knife in his hand to pare withal his nails.

He opened the prison door and came to his son, and had the little knife not an inch out of his hand. And in great displeasure he thrust his hand to his son's throat, and the point of the knife entered a little into a certain vein of Gaston's throat. “Ah, traitor,” said the earl, “why dost thou not eat thy meat?”—and therewith he departed without saying any more and went into his own chamber.

The child was abashed, and afraid of the coming of his father, and also was feeble from fasting, and after the point of the knife had entered the vein of his throat, he fell down and died.

The earl was scarce in his chamber when the keeper of the child came to him and said, “Sir, Gaston, your son, is dead.”

“Dead?” quoth the earl.

“Yea, truly, sir,” quoth the keeper.

The earl would not believe it, but sent thither a squire, who went and came again and said, “Sir, surely he is dead.”

Then the earl was sore displeased, and made great complaint for his son, and said, “Ah, Gaston, what a poor adventure is this for thee and for me. In an evil hour thou wentest to Navarre

to see thy mother. I shall never again have the joy I had before."

Then the earl caused his barber to shave him, and he clothed himself and all his house in black, and with much sore weeping the child's body was borne to the church at Orthez and there buried.

The Story of the Lord of Corasse and His Familiar Spirit

Just as, in the chapter before this, the chronicler tells a most moving tale, and in the telling, and without design on his part, shows the cruelty of his time—giving us, also, a clear view of the life of the earl's court—so in this story we see the superstition of the squire, who upon an idle afternoon repeats the tale in a corner of the chapel at Orthez. We can see our reporter, the curious-minded and receptive Froissart, sitting on a bench in mellow sunshine, and absorbing into his memory the squire's account.

In the story note the ease of the telling. We almost think that we ourselves are in the chapel with Froissart, "as divers men speaketh secretly when they be together as friends," and are making mental notes as the confiding squire proceeds.

THE LORD OF CORASSE AND HIS FAMILIAR SPIRIT

IT is great marvel to consider one thing which was showed me in the earl of Foix's house at Orthez—a thing I have oftentimes thought of since, and shall as long as I live. The squire that told me the tale drew me apart into a corner of the chapel at Orthez, saying, "I would not it should be known that I speak thereof; but I shall show you as divers men speaketh secretly, when they be together as friends." And then he began his tale and said:

It is well a twenty years past that there was in this country a baron called Raymond, lord of Corasse, which is seven leagues from this town of Orthez. This lord of Corasse had at that time a suit before the pope at Avignon for the dimes

or tithes of his church against a clerk curate there who was a priest of Catalonia. He was a great clerk, and claimed to have right of the dimes in the town of Corasse, which was valued at a hundred florins a year. And the right that he had he showed and proved in letters he had from another pope, Urban V, who in consistory general condemned the knight and gave judgment with the priest. And with these letters he rode to Bearn and there showed the writings for his possession of his dimes.

The lord of Corasse had great indignation at this priest, and came to him and said, "Master Peter," or "Master Martin," as his name was, "thinkest thou that by reason of thy letters I will lose mine heritage? Not so hardy shalt thou take any thing that is mine. If thou do, it shall cost thee thy life. Go thy way into some other place to get thee a benefice, for of my heritage thou gettest no part, and once for all I forbid thee."

The clerk feared the knight, for he was a cruel man, therefore he durst not persevere. Then he thought to return to Avignon, as he did. But when he departed he came to the lord of Corasse and said: "Sir, by force and not by right ye take away from me the right of my church, wherein ye greatly hurt your conscience. I am not so strong in this country as ye; but, sir, know for truth that, as soon as I may, I shall send you a champion whom ye shall fear more than me."

The knight, who feared not his threatenings, said, "God be with thee. Do what thou mayest,

I fear you not at all. For all thy words I will not lose my heritage.”

Thus the clerk departed from the lord of Corasse and went I cannot tell whither, to Avignon or into Catalonia, and forgot not the promise he had made to the lord of Corasse ere he departed. For afterwards when the knight thought least on him, about three months after, as the knight lay abed of a night in his castle of Corasse, there came to him messengers invisible and made a marvelous tempest and noise in the castle, that it seemed as though the castle should have fallen down. And they struck great strokes at his chamber door that the good lady, his wife, was sore afraid.

The knight heard all, but he spake no word thereof, because he would show no abashed courage, for he was hardy to abide all adventures. This noise and tempest was in sundry places of the castle and dured a long space, and at last ceased for that night.

Then the next morning all the servants of the house came to the lord when he had risen, and said: “Sir, have you not heard this night what we heard?”

The lord dissimulated and said, “What have you heard?”

Then they told him what noise they had heard, and how all the vessels in the kitchen were overturned.

Then the lord began to laugh, and said, “Yea, sirs, ye dreamed. It was nothing but the wind.”

“In the name of God,” quoth the lady, “I heard it well.”

The next night there was as great noise and greater, and such strokes given at his chamber door and windows that it seemed they would have broken in pieces. The knight started up out of bed, and demanded who was at his chamber door that time of the night. Anon he was answered by a voice that said, “I am here.”

Quoth the knight, “Who sent thee hither?”

“The clerk of Catalonia sent me hither,” quoth the voice, “to whom thou dost great wrong, for thou hast taken from him the rights of his benefice. I will not leave thee in rest till thou hast made him a good account, so that he be pleased.”

Quoth the knight, “What is thy name that art so good a messenger?”

Quoth he, “I am called Orthon.”

“Orthon,” quoth the knight, “the service of a clerk is little profit for thee. He will put thee to much pain if thou believe him. I pray thee leave him and come and serve me, and I shall give thee good thank.”

Orthon was ready to answer for he was in amours with the knight, and said, “Wouldst thou fain have my service?”

“Yea, truly,” quoth the knight, “so thou do no hurt to any person in this house.”

“No more I will do,” quoth Orthon, “for I have no power to do any other evil but to awake thee or some other out of sleep.”

“Well,” quoth the knight, “do as I tell thee

and we shall soon agree. And leave the evil clerk, for there is no good in him but to put thee to pain. Therefore come and serve me.”

“Well,” quoth Orthon, “and since thou wilt have me, we are agreed.”

So this spirit Orthon loved so the knight that oftentimes he would come and visit him while he lay in his bed asleep, and either pull him by the ear, or else strike at his chamber door or window to awake him. And when the knight awoke, then he would say, “Orthon, let me sleep.”

“Nay,” Orthon would answer, “that will I not do, till I have showed thee such tidings as are fallen a-late.”

The lady, the knight’s wife, would be so afraid that her hair would stand up, and she would hide herself under the clothes. Then the knight would say, “Why, what tidings hast thou brought me?”

Then Orthon would answer, “I am come out of England, or out of Hungary, or some other place, and yesterday I came thence, and such things are fallen,—or such other.”

So thus the lord of Corasse knew by Orthon everything that was done in any part of the world. In this case he continued five years. But he could not keep his own counsel and at last discovered it to the earl of Foix, and in this wise.

The first year the lord of Corasse came on a day to Orthez, to the earl of Foix and said to him, “Sir, such things are done in England, or in Scotland, or in some other country.” And ever the earl of Foix found his saying true, and had great marvel how he should know such things so

shortly. And on a time the earl of Foix examined him so closely that the lord of Corasse showed him altogether how he knew and how the spirit came to him first.

When the earl of Foix heard that, he was joyful, and said, "Sir of Corasse, keep him well in your love. I would I had such a messenger; he costeth you nothing and ye know by him everything that is done in the world."

The knight answered and said, "Sir, that is true."

Thus the lord of Corasse was served with Orthon a long season. I cannot say if this Orthon had any more masters or not, but every week twice or thrice he would come and visit the lord of Corasse and would show him such tidings of anything that was fallen from whence he came. And ever the lord of Corasse, when he knew anything, he wrote thereof ever to the earl of Foix, who had great joy thereof, for he was the man of all the world that most desired to hear news out of strange places.

And on a time the lord of Corasse was with the earl of Foix, and the earl demanded of him and said, "Sir of Corasse, did ye ever as yet see your messenger?"

"Nay surely, sir," quoth the knight, "I never desired it."

"That is a marvel," quoth the earl, "if I were as well acquainted with him as ye be, I would have desire to see him. Wherefore I pray you desire it of him, and then tell me what form and fashion he is of. I have heard you say

how he speaketh as good Gascon as you or I.”

“Truly, sir,” quoth the knight, “so it is. He speaketh as well and as fair as any of us do. And surely, sir, since ye counsel me, I shall do my pain to see him an I can.”

And so on a night as he lay in his bed—the lady, his wife, now so inured to hear Orthon that she was no more afraid of him—there came Orthon, and pulled the lord, who was fast asleep, by the ear; and therewith he awoke and asked who was there.

“I am here,” quoth Orthon.

“From whence comest thou?” demanded the knight.

“I come,” quoth Orthon, “from Prague in Bohemia.”

“How far is that hence?” quoth the knight.

“A threescore days’ journey,” quoth Orthon.

“And art thou come thence so soon?” quoth the knight.

“Yea, truly,” quoth Orthon, “I came as fast as the wind, or faster.”

“Hast thou then wings?” quoth the knight.

“Nay, truly,” quoth the spirit.

“How canst thou then fly so fast?” quoth the knight.

“Ye have nothing to do to know that,” quoth Orthon.

“No?” quoth the knight, “I would gladly see thee, to know what form thou art of.”

“Well,” quoth Orthon, “ye have nothing to do to know. It sufficeth you to hear me and I to show you tidings.”

“In faith,” quoth the knight, “I would love thee much better an I might see thee once.”

“Well,” quoth Orthon, “sir, since ye have so great desire to see me, the first thing ye see to-morrow when ye rise out of your bed, the same shall be I.”

“That is sufficient,” quoth the lord, “go thy way. I give thee leave to depart for this night.”

The next morning when the lord was to rise the lady, his wife, was so afraid that she durst not rise, but feigned herself sick and said she would not. Her husband would have had her rise.

“Sir,” quoth she, “then I shall see Orthon, and I would not see him by my good will.”

“Well,” quoth the knight, “I would gladly see him.” And so he arose fair and easily out of his bed and sat down on his bedside, weening to see Orthon in his own proper form. But he saw nothing whereby he might say, “Lo, yonder is Orthon.”

So that day passed and the next night came, and when the knight was in his bed, Orthon came and began to speak as he was accustomed.

“Go thy way,” quoth the knight; “thou art but a liar. Thou promised that I should see thee, and it was not so.”

“No?” quoth he, “and I showed myself to thee.”

“That is not so,” quoth the lord.

“Why,” quoth Orthon, “when ye rose out of your bed, saw you nothing?”

Then the lord studied a little and advised him-

self well. "Yes, truly," quoth the knight, "now I remember me, as I sat on my bed's side thinking on thee, I saw two straws on the pavement tumbling one upon another."

"That same was I," quoth Orthon, "into that form I did put myself as then."

"That is not enough to me," quoth the lord; "I pray thee put thyself into some other form, that I may better see and know thee."

"Well," quoth Orthon, "ye will do so much that ye will lose me, and I go from you, for ye desire too much of me."

"Nay," quoth the knight, "thou shalt not go from me. Let me see thee once and I will desire no more."

"Well," quoth Orthon, "ye shall see me tomorrow. Take heed. The first thing that ye see after ye be out of your chamber, it shall be I."

"Well," quoth the knight, "I am then content. Go thy way, let me sleep."

And so Orthon departed, and the next morning the lord arose, and issued out of his chamber, and went to a window, and looked down into the court of the castle, and cast about his eyes. And the first thing he saw was a sow, the greatest that ever he saw, and she seemed to be so lean and evil favored that there was nothing of her but the skin and the bones, with long ears, and a long, lean snout.

The lord of Corasse had marvel of that lean sow and was weary of the sight of her, and commanded his men to fetch his hounds, and said, "Let the dogs hunt her to death and devour her."

His men opened the kennels and let out his hounds, and did set them on this sow. And at last the sow made a great cry and looked up to the lord of Corasse, as he looked out of the window, and so suddenly vanished away, no man wist how.

Then the lord of Corasse entered into his chamber right pensive, and he remembered him of Orthon, his messenger, and said, "I repent me that I set my hounds on him. Perchance I may never hear more of him, for he said to me oftentimes that if I displeased him I should lose him."

The lord said truth, for never after came Orthon to the castle of Corasse. The knight died the year next following.

"Lo, sir," quoth the squire, finishing his tale in the corner of the chapel, "thus have I showed you the life of Orthon, and how for a season he served the lord of Corasse with new tidings."

"It is true, sir," quoth I, "but now as to your first purpose,—is the earl of Foix served with such a messenger?"

"Surely," quoth the squire, "it is the imagination of many that he hath such messengers. For there is nothing done in any place, but an he set his mind thereto, he will know it, and when men think least thereof. Some say the knowledge of such things hath done him much profit, for an there be but the value of a spoon lost in his house, anon he will know where it is."

Then I took leave of the squire, and went to other company, but I bore well away this tale.

The Sudden Death of the Earl of Foix

TRULY of all sports this noble and gentle earl of Foix loved hunting with hounds and greyhounds, and of these he was well provided, for always he had at his command more than sixteen hundred.

One season he was at Bearn in the marches of Orthez and daily he went hunting in the woods of Sauveterre. The same day that he died he had hunted and killed a bear, and by that time it was high noon. Then the earl demanded of them that were about him where his dinner was provided, and it was told him at the hospital, two little miles from Orthez. So thither he rode to dinner and alighted there and went into his chamber, the which was strewed with green herbs and the walls set full of green boughs to make the chamber more fresh, for the air without was marvelously hot.

When the earl felt the fresh air he said, "Ah, this freshness doth me much good for the day hath been very hot," and so sat down in a chair. Then he talked and advised with sir Espang of Lyon which of his hounds had run the best, and as he thus considered there came into the chamber Yvain, his bastard son, and sir Peter of Cabestan. And the tables were ready covered in the same chamber.

Then water was brought to wash, and John of

Spain took a silver basin and sir Tybault took the towel.

Then the earl rose and put out his hands to wash, and as soon as the cold water fell on his fingers he waxed pale in the face, and suddenly his heart failed him, and so he fell down, and in the falling said, "Ah, I am but dead: God have mercy on me." He never spoke word after; howbeit he died not so soon, but lay in great pain.

The knights that were about him were sore abashed, and so was his son. They took him in their arms and laid him on a bed and covered him, trusting that he was but in a trance. The two knights that had given him water, to the intent that it should not be said that they had poisoned him, took the basin and ewer and said, "Sirs, here in your presence behold here this water, the which we took assay of, yet will do"; and they drank thereof so that every man was content with them.

They put into the earl's mouth drink and spices and other things comfortable, but all that availed nothing for in less than half an hour he yielded up his breath sweetly and was dead. All such as were there were greatly troubled and abashed, and they closed the chamber door to the intent that his death should not be so suddenly known abroad.

The knights beheld sir Yvain, his son, who wept piteously and wrung his hands, and they that were with him said, "Sir Yvain, you have now lost your father. We know well he loved you entirely. Leave your sorrow and leap on

your horse and ride to Orthez. Take possession of the castle, and of your father's treasure that is within it before ever the death of your father is known abroad."

Sir Yvain inclined to those words and said, "Sirs, I thank you for your good counsel, the which I shall deserve. But now let me have some token that is on my father, or else I shall not be suffered to enter the castle."

"That is true, sir," quoth they, "take some token from your father."

Then he took a ring from his father's finger, and a knife that he bore always about him. These tokens the porter of the castle knew well. If Yvain had not brought them, he could not have entered in.

Thus sir Yvain of Foix departed from the hospital with three with him and rode in haste to the castle of Orthez. He rode through the town, no man mistrusting him, and so came to the castle and called the porter who answered and said, "Sir, what would you have? Where is my lord, your father?"

"He is at the hospital," quoth the knight, "and hath sent me for certain things that are in his chamber, and then I must return again to him. And to the intent that thou shouldst believe me, behold here his ring and knife."

The porter opened a window and saw the tokens which he knew well. Then he opened a wicket and Yvain entered; and his varlets set up his horses.

As soon as he was entered Yvain said to the

porter, "Close again the gate." Then he took the porter and said, "Deliver me the keys or else thou art but dead."

The porter was abashed and said, "Sir, why say ye thus?"

"Because," quoth Yvain, "my father is dead, and I will have possession of his treasure before any other come here."

The porter obeyed for he durst do none otherwise, and he loved sir Yvain as well as another.

The knight knew right well where the treasure lay. It was in a strong tower whereto belonged three strong doors surely bolted and barred, and divers keys pertained to them, which keys he could not readily find for they were in a coffer of steel and locked with a little key of steel.

This little key of steel the earl ever bore about him wherever he went, in a purse about his neck, and after sir Yvain departed from the hospital it was found by the knights that were about the dead body. They marveled what key it should be that the earl bore so privily about him.

Then the earl's chaplain, who knew all the earl's secrets (for the earl loved him and ever when he went into his treasure house had his chaplain with him), when he saw the key he said, "Ah, sir Yvain hath but lost his pains for this is the key of a little coffer wherein are all the keys of the tower where the earl's treasure lieth."

Then the knights said to the chaplain, "Sir Nicholas, go and ride you to Orthez and bear him the key."

"Sirs," said the chaplain, "since you give me

the counsel I shall do it, for it were better he had his father's treasure than another; and I know well his father loved him entirely." Then he took his horse, and took the key, and rode to the castle of Orthez.

And all that season sir Yvain was searching all about for the keys and could not find them. He wist not how to get the door open it was so strong; nor had he instruments to break it open withal.

And in this mean time the men of the town had knowledge by varlets or women that came from the hospital, how the earl was dead. These were hard tidings to them, for the earl was well-beloved with all his people. They of the town assembled together in the market-place, and said one to another—such as had seen sir Yvain pass through the town alone,—“We have seen sir Yvain pass through the town alone towards the castle, and it seemed by his countenance he was not content. Surely there is something amiss, for he was not wont to come home before his father.”

Thus as they were communing together, there came into the town the earl's chaplain. Then the men of the town came about him, and demanded news of the earl, their lord. “It hath been showed us that he is dead. Is it so or not?”

“Nay,” quoth the priest, “he is not dead, but he is sore sick, and I am come home before to cause things to be dressed for him, and then I must return again to him,” and so saying he passed forth to the castle and entered.

At his coming sir Yvain had great joy, for without the key that he brought he could not enter into the tower where the treasure was.

Then the men of the town had great suspect of the earl's death, and said, "Night is near at hand and as yet we hear nothing of our lord and his officers, and sir Yvain and his chaplain are entered into the castle suspiciously. Let us watch the castle this night and to-morrow we shall hear other tidings. Let us send secretly to the hospital, then shall we know how the matter goeth. We know well the most part of the earl's treasure is within the castle, and if it is stolen away by craft we shall be blamed for it. Ignorance shall not excuse us."

Then the men of the town drew about the castle and kept the gates of the town surely, that none should enter or issue without license. Thus they watched all night, and in the morning they had perfect knowledge of the death of their lord. Then every man, woman and child cried out and wept piteously, for the earl was well beloved. And the watchmen doubled and increased about the castle.

When sir Yvain saw the manner of the men of the town, and saw well how he was perceived, and that they knew the certainty of the death of his father, he went into a tower near to the gate, and opened a window over the bridge, and spoke to them that were the principals of the town, who came on the bridge near to the window to hear what he would say. Then he spake aloud and said, "Oh, ye good people of Orthez, I know well

the cause of your assembly. It is not without a great occasion. Howbeit I require you, as dearly as you loved my lord and father, that you be not displeased with me though I have advanced myself to enter into this castle before any other should enter, and to take possession thereof and of such goods as be within it, for I will do nothing but good. You know well that my lord my father loved me well, and would fain have found the way to have me his inheritor. But now it hath pleased God to call him to his mercy without accomplishing anything of mine advancement, and now he hath left me among you where I have been brought up, and am now a poor knight without I have your aid and help. Wherefore, sirs, I require you in God's behalf to have pity on me, wherein ye shall do great alms. And I shall open the castle and suffer you to enter. I will not keep it against you."

Then they answered and said, "Sir Yvain, you have spoken so nobly that it ought to suffice. And, sir, we say that we will abide with you, and our intent is to keep this castle and goods with you. And if the viscount of Chatêl-bon, your cousin, come hither as next to your father to challenge his heritage and movables, ere he have it he shall know how we shall defend you and your right."

With this answer sir Yvain was well content and he opened the gate of the castle of Orthez and such entered as would. And the same day the earl's body was brought thither.

At their meeting with the corpse, men and

women wept piteously in the remembrance of his nobleness and puissant estate, his wit and prudence, his prowess and largess, and the great prosperity that he lived in; for there was neither French nor English that durst displease him. Most part of the people said, "Now our neighbors will make us war, where we were wont to live in peace and freedom. Now shall we be in bondage, in misery and subjection. Now there is none to aid us. Ah, Gaston, Gaston, why did you ever so displease your father that it cost you your life? If you had been left with us, it should now have been to us a great comfort."

With such lamentations and weepings the body of this noble earl was borne through the town of Orthez by eight noble knights, and behind was sir Yvain, his bastard son, and more than threescore other knights.

Thus was the body carried with open visage to the church in Orthez, and there embalmed and laid in lead, and so left under good keeping unto the day of interment. And night and day without cease there were burning about the body four and twenty torches borne by eight and forty yeomen, four and twenty in the night, and four and twenty in the day.

The day of the obsequy of the gentle earl, Gaston of Foix, last earl of that name, was on a Monday in the town of Orthez, in the year of our Lord one thousand, three hundred, fourscore and eleven. There were many people from the country present, both lords and knights and prelates. The interment was honorably done according to

the usage of the country, and the body buried before the high altar.

And a counsel was called at Orthez to advise whether the county of Foix should belong to the French king or to the viscount of Chatêl-bon, and the counsel took advice together with ambassadors from the king. Thus all things were concluded, and the viscount of Chatêl-bon was earl of Foix, in like manner as the old earl, and all such as ought so to do made homage to him. And he gave large gifts to sir Yvain, who was well content.

The Dance of Wild Men at the French Court: and of Yvain of Foix

Sir Yvain of Foix, of whom we have read in the sad story of the earl's son, and in accounts of the earl himself, was retained at the French court and became a knight of the chamber of the king. Charles VI was then the young monarch. It was a gay court. The melancholy ending of one adventure is here related.

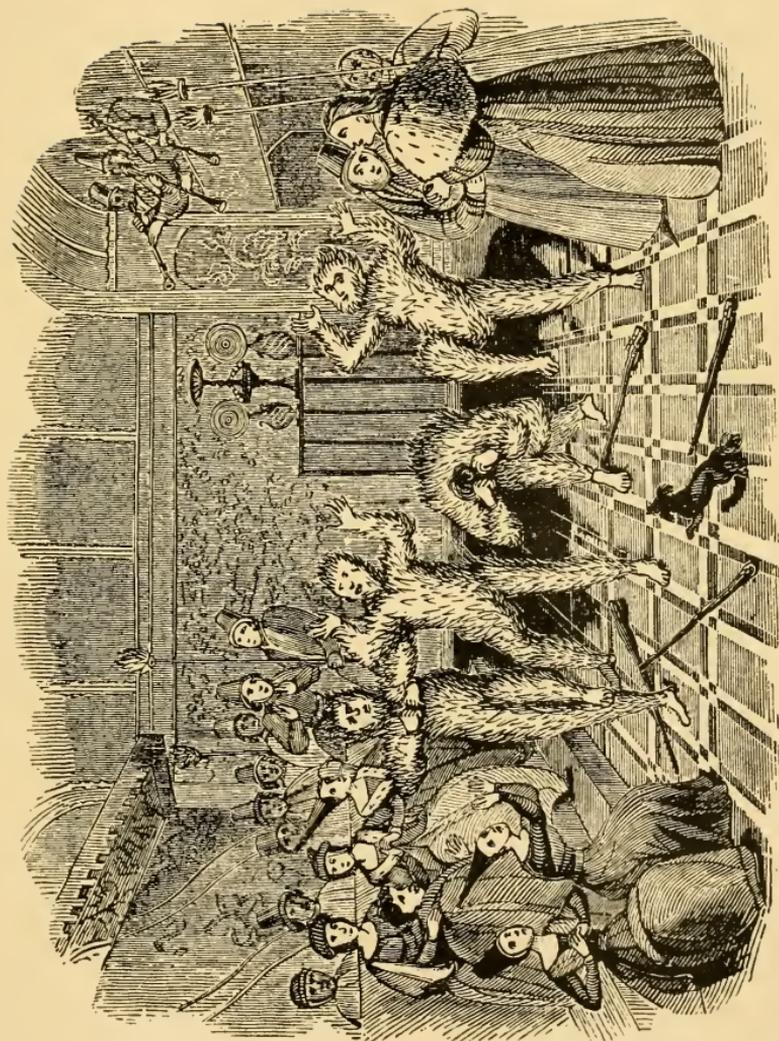
It fortuned, says Froissart, that some time after the retaining of the knight Yvain, that is, in the year a thousand three hundred fourscore and twelve, the Tuesday before the feast of Candlemas—

THE DANCE OF WILD MEN

A MARRIAGE was made in the king's house between a young knight of Vermandois and one of the queen's gentlewomen. And because they were both of the king's house, the king and his uncles and other lords made a great joy and supper, and the queen with her ladies and damosels kept estate and desired every man to be merry.

And there was a squire of Normandy, called Hugoin of Guisay, who advised to make some pastime. Wherefore he provided for a mummary against night, and he devised six coats of linen cloth covered with pitch and thereon flax laid like hair, and had them ready in a chamber.

The king put on one of them, and the earl of Joigny, a young, lusty knight another, and sir Charles of Poitiers the third, and sir Yvain of Foix another, and the son of the lord of Nantouillet had on the fifth, and the squire himself



And when the knights were well arrayed in these said coats, and sewed fast in them, they seemed like wild men, full of hair from the top of the head to the sole of the foot, and they came into the hall where the ladies danced.

The original of this picture is in a manuscript of the fifteenth century.

had on the sixth. And when they were well arrayed in these said coats, and sewed fast in them, they seemed like wild men, full of hair from the top of the head to the sole of the foot.

This device pleased well the French king who was well content with the squire for it. They were appareled in these coats secretly in a chamber, and no man knew of the device but such as helped them.

When Yvain of Foix had well considered these coats he said to the king, "Sir, command straight-way that no man approach near us with any torches or fire. For if the fire fasten in any of these coats, we shall all be burnt without remedy."

The king answered and said, "Yvain, ye speak well and wisely; it shall be done as ye have devised," and at once sent for an usher of his chamber, commanding him to go into the chamber where the ladies danced and to command all the varlets holding torches to stand up by the walls, and none of them to approach the wild men who should come thither to dance. The usher did the king's command, which was fulfilled.

Soon after the duke of Orleans entered into the hall accompanied with four knights and six torches, and he knew nothing of the king's commandment for the torches, nor of the mummary that was coming thither. He thought to behold the dancing, and began himself to dance.

Therewith the king with the five others came in. They were so disguised in flax that no man knew them. Five of them were fastened one to

another. The king was loose and went before and led the device.

When they entered into the hall, every man took so great heed of them that they forgot the torches. The king departed from his company and went to the ladies to sport with them. So he passed by the queen and came to his aunt, the duchess of Berry, who took and held him by the arm to know what he was. But the king would not show his name. Then the duchess said, "Ye shall not escape me till I know your name."

In the meantime great mischief fell on the other wild men, and by reason of the duke of Orleans. Howbeit, it was by ignorance and against his will, for if he had known before the mischief that fell, he would not have done as he did for all the goods in the world. But he was so desirous to know what personages the five were who danced that he put one of the torches his servants held so near that the heat of the fire entered the flax (wherein if fire take there is no remedy). Suddenly there was a bright flame, and each of the wild men set fire on the other.

The pitch was so fastened to the linen cloth, and the shirts of the men so dry and fine and so close to their flesh that they began to burn and to cry for help. None durst come near them; they that did burnt their hands with the blazing pitch.

One of them, Nantouillet, remembered how the buttery was near by, and he fled thither and cast himself into a vessel full of water wherein they washed plates and pots. This saved him, other-

wise he had been dead as the others were. Yet he was sore hurt with the fire.

When the queen heard the cry that they made, she feared for the king, for she knew well that he should be one of the six. Therewith she fell in a swoon, and knights and ladies came and comforted her. A piteous noise there was in the hall.

The duchess of Berry delivered the king from peril for she cast over him the train of her gown and covered him from the fire. The king would have gone from her. "Whither will ye go?" quoth she. "Ye see well how your company burns. What are ye?"

"I am the king," quoth he.

"Haste you," quoth she, "and get you into other apparel that the queen may see you, for she is in great fear lest you be hurt."

Therewith the king departed out of the hall and in all haste changed his apparel and came to the queen. The duchess of Berry had somewhat comforted her and had showed her how she should see the king shortly. Therewith the king came to the queen, and as soon as she saw him for joy she embraced him and fell into a swoon.

Yvain of Foix when he was all on fire cried ever with a loud voice, "Save the king, save the king!" Thus was the king saved. It was happy for him that he went from the company of the other five wild men, for otherwise he would have died without remedy.

This great mischief fell about midnight in the hall of Saint-Pol in Paris. There were two burnt to death in the place, and the other two, Yvain of

Foix and the earl of Joigny, were borne to their lodgings and died within two days after in great pain and misery.

Thus the feast of this marriage broke up in heaviness. Howbeit, there was no remedy. The fault was only in the duke of Orleans; and yet he thought no evil when he put down his torch. The duke said, "Sirs, let every man know there is no man to blame only myself. I am sorry therefor. If I had thought as much before, it should not have happened."

Then the duke went to the king to excuse himself, and the king took his excuse. The dukes of Burgoyne and Berry were not there present at that season; they had taken their leave of the king and were gone to their lodgings.

The next day the news spread abroad in the city, and every man had marvel thereof. And some said how God had sent that token for an example, and that it was wisdom for the king to regard it and to withdraw himself from such young, idle wantonness, which he had used overmuch.

The commons of the city of Paris murmured and said: "Behold the great mishap and mischief that was likely to have fallen on the king. He might have been burnt as the others were. What should have fallen then of the king's uncles and of his brother? They might none of them have escaped death. Yea, and all the knights that might have been found in Paris."

As soon as the king's uncles, the dukes of Berry and of Burgoyne, heard of the adventure,

they were dismayed and marveled greatly. They leaped on their horses and rode to the king, and comforted and counseled him—which was necessary for he was sore troubled, and the peril he had been in was still in his imagination. He showed his uncles how his aunt of Berry had saved him, and said he was very sorry for the deaths of the knights.

His uncles recomforted him and said, "Sir, that that is lost cannot be recovered. Ye must forget the death of them, and thank God for the fair adventure that is fallen to your own person; for all the realm of France by this incident might have been in great danger of losing; for ye may think well that these people of Paris will never be still; for God knoweth that if the misfortune had fallen on you, they would have slain us all. Therefore, sir, apparel you in royal estate, and leap on your horse and ride to Notre Dame in pilgrimage, and we shall accompany you, and show yourself to the people, for they desire sore to see you."

The king said he would do so. Then the king's uncles took apart the duke of Orleans and in courteous manner somewhat blamed him of his young deed that he had done. He answered and said how he thought to have done no evil.

Then anon after the king and his company leapt on their horses and rode through the city to appease the people, and came to the church and heard service, and then returned again to the house of Saint-Pol.

The obsequies were done for the dead bodies.

But all lords and ladies through the realm of France and elsewhere that heard of this chance had great marvel thereof. And of the fortune great bruit spread abroad in the realm of France and other countries. Then little by little the matter was forgotten.

Ah, earl Gaston of Foix, if this had fortun'd in thy life days, thou shouldest have had great displeasure, and it had been hard to appease thee, for thou didst love sir Yvain entirely.

The Story of the People's March to London and of Wat Tyler

This story of the English people's rise against excessive taxation in June, 1381, is by a chronicler whose sympathies were with the governing powers. If you will turn back to the introductory note on page 157, you will see that Froissart "reports none beneath the rank of gentleman." The chronicler had long been living at courts and had the notion that men and women with the trappings of rank and with money were of chiefest value. Our modern, democratic sense of the worth of a human being without regard to his money, his social grade, his dress, did not have very general acceptance in Froissart's day. So it is you will see the chronicler expressing little fellow feeling with the oppressed people who made the famous march.

In reading this story the following facts should be kept in mind. In 1349, and the years immediately following, a great plague called the Black Death raged in England. At that time laborers were of two sorts, first, villeins, those who held land on conditions of service either to the land or the person of the lord, and, second, freemen. The Black Death cut off so large a percentage of the inhabitants that laborers were scarce. Parliament tried by various acts to keep wages at old rates, and finally in 1380 levied a graduated poll tax, that is a tax upon the poll or head of each person and graded to his income. Parliament also resolved to punish those who evaded the tax.

In March, 1381, the government instituted a writ of inquiry in which it threatened confiscation. This instrument was doubtless the immediate cause of the revolt here detailed. The tax was three times as heavy as that of 1377, and levied with little regard to the poor. The money from it was to allow the English government to continue its war with France. Discontent filled the minds of the people and want pinched their bodies.

As the following story will show, the great revolt was not an uprising of one class, the villeins, alone. Many classes joined in the protest.

At this time, also, disciples of Wycliffe were preaching and teaching not only a religious cleansing, but also a social revolution. The story will in the following pages show an instance in the preacher, John Ball.

It is interesting to bear in mind that in Russia to-day conditions not unsimilar to those here described have been prevail-

ing—an uprising, a revolt without a leader of the prestige to control vast and undisciplined masses, an enormous output of strength, a beastly excess along the lines of the oppressors' excesses, and the hand of the multitude about to grasp victory. Then the sudden renewal within the government of the old power, a reawakening of the autocratic instinct, the old consciousness of domination of lord over people of the soil, and afterwards a blow that sends the head of the united people rolling, and leaves the body a broken, riddled, scarred, unorganized mass.

THE PEOPLE'S MARCH TO LONDON

ABOUT the years 1380 and 1381, there fell in England great mischief and rebellion of the common people, by which deed England was at a point to have been lost without recovery. There was never realm or country in so great adventure as England was at that time, and all because of the ease and riches the common people were of,* which moved them to this rebellion. I will speak thereof as I was informed.

There was a usage in England, and yet is in divers countries, that the noblemen have great franchise over the commons and keep them in servage. That is to say their tenants ought by custom to work the lords' lands, to gather and bring home their corn, and some to thresh and fan, and to make the lords' hay and hew their wood and bring it to the lords' house. All these things they ought to do by servage; and there are more of such serving people in England than in any other realm. The noblemen and prelates are served by them—especially in the counties of Kent, Essex, Sussex and Bedford.

These unhappy people of the said counties began to stir because they said they were kept in

* Human nature is not affected to rebellion by ease and riches.

great servage. In the beginning of the world, they said, there were no bondmen. Wherefore they maintained that none ought to be bond without he did treason to his lord, as Lucifer did to God. They said they were men, formed to the similitude of their lords, and why then should they be kept so under like beasts? The which, they said, they would no longer suffer, for they would be all one, and if they labored or did anything for their lords, they would have wages therefor as well as others.

Of such imaginations as these was a foolish priest in the county of Kent called John Ball, and three times he had been in bishop of Canterbury's prison for his foolish words. For this priest used oftentimes on the Sundays after service, when the people were going out of the minster, to go into the cloister, and preach, and make the people assemble about him, and would say thus:

“Ah, ye good people, matters go not well in England, and shall not till everything be common, and there be no villeins nor gentlemen, till we all be united together and the lords are no greater masters than we. What have we deserved, or why should we be kept thus in servage? We are all come from one father and one mother, Adam and Eve. Whereby can they say or show that they are greater lords than we are, save that they cause us to win and labor for that they spend? They are clothed in velvet, camlet* and furs, and we in poor cloth. They have their wines, spices and good bread, and we have rye,

* A cloth made of camel's hair.

bran and straw, and drink water. They dwell in fair houses, and we have the pain and travail, wind and rain in the fields. By that which cometh of our labors they keep and maintain their estates. We are called their bondmen, and without we readily do them service we are beaten. We have no sovereign to whom we may complain, nor that will hear us or do us right. Let us go to the young king and show him what servage we are in, and how we will have it otherwise, or else we will provide ourselves some remedy. If we go together, all manner of people now in any bondage will follow us with the intent of being made free. And when the kings seeth us, we shall have some remedy either by fairness or otherwise.”*

Thus John Ball said on Sundays when the people issued out of the churches in the villages. Therefore many of the people loved him, and such as intended no goodness said how he said truth. So they murmured one with another in the fields and in the ways as they went together, affirming how John Ball said truth.

The archbishop of Canterbury, when informed of these preachings, caused this John Ball to be taken and put in prison two or three months to chastise him. It had been much better at the beginning if he had been condemned to perpetual prison, or else had died, rather than been suffered again to be delivered out of prison. But the bishop had conscience† to let him die. And when

* This determination to try to get their rights by appeal to fairness and justice, and if that fails, to fight, is not far from methods employed by nations to-day.

† Ball had been excommunicated, and at this time the sentence was

John Ball was out of prison he returned again to his error, as he had before.

Of his words and deeds there were much people in London informed,—such people as had envy* of those that were rich and noble—and they began to speak among themselves and said how the realm of England was right evil governed, and how gold and silver was taken from them by those who were named noblemen. So thus these unhappy men of London began to rebel and assemble together, and sent word to the aforesaid counties that the people should come to London, which would be open to receive them, and—the commons of the city being of the same accord—they would do so much to the king that there should not be one bondman in all England.

This promise so moved them of Kent, of Essex, of Sussex, of Bedford and of the counties about, that they rose and came towards London to the number of sixty thousand. And they had a captain called Walter Tyler,* and with him in

still in force. One account says that he was in prison and, when committed, had declared he would be liberated by 20,000 people. The prophecy was fulfilled, for the insurgents delivered him soon after they had got together.

* To this day this reason of “envy of the rich” is sometimes given when sufferers from penury rebel.

† The following tale from Holinshed helps us to see what sort of man Wat Tyler was:

In 1381, Richard II, king of England, being little more than a child in years, parliament affected a new and strange subsidy: to wit, of every man and woman married or not married, being sixteen years of age (beggars certainly known only excepted), four pence for every one. For priests and nuns it was more.

Now when these poll pence were to be collected, there arose no small murmuring and repining among the common people about the same, and the more indeed on account of the demeanor of some indiscreet officers that were assigned to gather the money. For one of these men came to the house of one, Wat Tyler, who had both servants in his house and a fair young maid, his daughter. And when the officer demanded money for the said Tyler and for his wife, his servants and his daughter, the wife being at home, and her husband abroad at work in the town, made

company was Jack Straw and John Ball. These three were chief captains, but the head of all was Walter Tyler, a tiler of houses, an ungracious patron.

The Monday before the feast of Corpus Christi,* the year of our Lord a thousand, three hundred and eighty-one, these people (of Kent) issued out of their houses to come to London to speak with the king to be made free, for they would have no bondman in England.

First they came to Canterbury and there John Ball had thought to find the bishop of Canterbury, but he was at London with the king. When they entered Canterbury all the common people made great feast, for all the town was of their assent. And there they took counsel to go to London to the king, and to send some of their company over the Thames into Essex, into Sussex and into the counties of Stafford and Bedford to speak to the

answer that her daughter was not of age and therefore she would not pay for her.

The officer, not satisfied with the mother's excuse, reached his hands toward the daughter and familiarly touched her.

The mother straightway made an outcry so that her husband, hearing of this ado at his house, came running from his work with his lathing staff in his hand, and began to question the officer, asking who made him so bold to keep such a rule in his house. The officer being somewhat presumptuous, as we have seen, forthwith flew against Tyler; but he, avoiding the blow, brought such a rap on the officer's pate that his brains broke out; and so presently he died.

Great noise rose in the streets about this matter, and the poor folks, being glad that one man rose in their defense, every one arrayed himself to support Wat Tyler.

Now not only for the poll tax demanded of them were the commons of the English realm sore repining, as you have heard, but also by reason that they were oppressed by their landlords, who demanded of them ancient customs and services. Wherefore they, purposing to enforce the king to make them free and release them of all servitude wherein they stood as bondsmen to their landlords and rulers, had risen in divers parts of the realm and assembled together in companies.

These companies drawing together, went to Blackheath, where their number soon increased. And the said Wat Tyler took upon him to be their chief captain.

* The Thursday following the eighth Sunday after Easter.

people, that they should all come to the farther side of London and close London round about, so the king should not stop their passage, and that they should all meet together on Corpus Christi day.

They that were at Canterbury entered into saint Thomas' church and robbed and broke up the bishop's chamber, and did much hurt. And in bearing out their pillage they said, "Ah, this chancellor of England* hath had a good market to get together all these riches. He shall now give us account of the revenues of England and the great profits he hath gathered since the king's coronation."

When they had thus broken they departed in the morning and all the people of Canterbury with them, and so took the way to Rochester and sent their people to the villages about. And in their going they beat drums and robbed houses of advocates and procurers of the king's court and of the archbishop, and had mercy on none.

And when they were come to Rochester, they had there good cheer; for the people of that town tarried for them, for they were of the same sect. And then they went to the castle there and took the knight that had the rule thereof—he was called sir John Newton—and they said to him: "Sir, it behooveth you to go with us, and you shall be our sovereign captain and to do that we will have you."†

* Simon of Sudbury was archbishop of Canterbury as well as chancellor. He was especially hated as the framer of the poll tax.

† Their feeling that they were yokels led them to want a courtier who could come to the royal presence and present their requests in conventional fashion.

The knight excused himself honestly and showed them divers considerations and excuses. But all availed him nothing for they said unto him: "Sir John, if ye do not do as we will have you, ye are but dead."

The knight seeing these people in that fury and ready to slay him, he agreed to them, and so they took him with them against his inward will. In like wise did they of other counties in England, as Essex, Sussex, Stafford, Bedford and Warwick, even to Lincoln. For they brought the knights and gentlemen to such obeisance that they caused them to go with them, whether they would or not, as the lord Moylays, a great baron, sir Stephen of Hales and sir Thomas of Cosington and others.

When these people thus lodged at Rochester, they departed, always keeping still their opinions, beating down before them the houses of advocates and procurers, and striking off the heads* of divers persons. So long they went forward till they came within four miles of London, and there they lodged upon a hill called Blackheath. And as they went they said ever that they were the king's men and the noble commons of England.†

When they of London knew that they were come so near to them, the mayor and the rich men of the city took counsel together, and closed the gates of the city and suffered no man to enter. But when they had well considered they deter-

* The terrible readiness to strike off heads belonged to kings and commons alike in those days.

† That is, their loyalty was hearty and not to be questioned.

mined not so to do, for they thought they should thereby put their suburbs in great peril of burning; so they opened again the city and there entered in at the gates in some places a hundred or two hundred by twenty and thirty, and lodged. And yet of truth three fourths of these people could not tell what to ask or demand,* but followed one another like beasts, as certain crusaders did in old time, saying how they would go conquer the Holy Land, and at last all came to nothing.

These people being thus lodged on Blackheath determined to send their knight, sir John Newton, to speak with the king and to show him how all that they had done or would do was for him and his honor, and how the realm of England had not been well governed a great space, for the honor of the realm nor for the common profit, by his uncles and by the clergy, and especially by the archbishop of Canterbury, his chancellor, from whom they would have account. This knight durst do none otherwise, but came by the river of Thames to the Tower. The king and they that were with him in the Tower, desiring to hear tidings, made way for this knight, and he was brought before the king in a chamber. With the king were the princess his mother, his two brethren, the archbishop of Canterbury, the mayor of London, and divers other notable men.

This knight, sir John Newton, who was well known among them for he was one of the king's officers, kneeled down before the king and said,

* Further on it will be evident that they knew pretty well, even if they felt too unlearned to express their wants.

“My right redoubted lord, let it not displease your grace the message that I must needs show you, for, dear sir, it is by force and against my will.”

“Sir John,” said the king,* “say what you will; I hold you excused.”

“Sir, the commons of this your realm have sent me to you to desire you to come and speak with them on Blackheath. They desire to have none but you. And, sir, ye need not have any doubt of your person. They will do you no hurt, for they hold and will hold you for their king. But, sir, they say they will show you divers things when they speak with you the which shall be right necessary for you to take heed of,†—which things, sir, I have no charge to show you. May it please you to give me an answer such as may appease them, that they may know for truth that I have spoken with you. For they have my children in hostage till I return again to them, and without I return again they will slay my children.”

The king answered him and said, “Sir, you shall have an answer shortly.”

Then the king took counsel what was best for him to do, and it was anon determined that the next morning the king should go down the river by water, and without fail speak with them. And when sir John Newton heard that answer he

* At this time Richard II was but fifteen years old, having been born in 1366. He had succeeded to the throne of his grandfather, Edward III, four years before these events. Now and for some years after he was in a state of tutelage. His presence of mind, courage and energy during the course of this story are remarkable. In after life his character changed, as we shall see in the story “How Richard II resigned the English throne.”

† Note the loyalty and effort for justice of these last two sentences.

desired nothing else and so took his leave of the king and of the lords and returned to his vessel, and crossed the Thames, and went to Blackheath where he had left more than threescore thousand men. And there he answered them that the next morning they should send some of their council to the Thames, and there the king would come and speak with them. This answer greatly pleased them, and they passed the night as well as they might. Four fifths of them fasted for lack of victual, for they had none—wherewith, with good reason, they were sore displeased.

In the morning, on Corpus Christi day, king Richard heard church services in the Tower of London—he and all his lords—and then he took his barge with the earl of Salisbury, the earl of Warwick, the earl of Oxford, and certain knights, and so rowed down the Thames to Rotherhithe. There ten thousand men descended down the hill to see the king and speak with him.

When they saw the king's barge coming they began to shout,* and made such a cry as though all the devils of hell had been among them. And they had brought with them sir John Newton to the intent that, if the king had not come, they would have stricken him to pieces as they had promised him.

When the king and his lords saw the demeanor of the people, the best assured of them were in dread. And the king was counseled by his barons not to take any landing there, and so rowed up and down the river. He demanded of

* Such was their joy.

them what they would, and said how he had come thither to speak with them.

They all answered with one voice, "We would that you should come aland, and then we will show you what we lack."

Then the earl of Salisbury answered for the king, "Sirs, ye be not in such order or array that the king ought to speak with you."* And so with those words and no more said, the king was counseled to return again to the Tower of London. And so he did.†

When these people saw this they were inflamed with ire and returned to the hill where the great band was. And there they showed them what answer they had, and how the king was returned to the Tower of London. Then they cried all with one voice, "Let us go to London," and so they took their way thither.‡

In their going they beat down abbeys, and houses of advocates and of men of the court, and so came into the suburbs of London which were great and fair, and there they beat down divers fair houses, and especially they broke up the king's prisons, the Marshalsea and others, and delivered out all the prisoners that were within. And at the bridge's foot they threatened them of London because the gates of the bridge were

* Order and array from a weary, hungry army seeking justice! Nothing was said about their seeing the king again.

† His advisers caused the king to break his pledge of the day before. How such tergiversation set upon the empty stomachs of the four fifths who had gone "without victuals" is told as the story goes on.

‡ Holinshed says that at Blackheath Ball preached to the multitude the text,

"When Adam delved, and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?"

in which sermon he excited the multitude to kill the lords and all others destructive of the common weal.

closed, saying they would burn all the suburbs and conquer London by force.

Now there were within the city more than thirty thousand of their unhappy opinions, and they drew together and said, "Why do we not let these good people enter the city? They are our fellows and that that they do is for us." So therewith the gates were opened, and these people entered the city and went into houses and sat down to eat and drink. They desired nothing but it was at once brought to them, for every man was ready to make them good cheer and to give them meat and drink to appease them.

Then the captains, as John Ball, Jack Straw and Wat Tyler, went throughout London and twenty thousand with them, and they set on fire, pillaged and clean destroyed divers houses, and they went from street to street and slew all the Flemings* they could find. And they slew in the city a rich merchant called Richard Lyon, to whom before that time Wat Tyler had done service in France. Once on a time this Richard Lyon had beaten Wat while he was his varlet, the which Tyler then remembered, and so came to his house and struck off his head and caused it to be borne on a spear-point before him all about the city. Thus these ungracious people demeaned themselves like people enraged. That day they did much sorrow in London.

Over against night they went to lodge at Saint

* Their grievance against the Fleming manufacturers was that they were unfair competitors, who ruined the native artisans by using cheap labor. Foreigners, says Professor Omar, were supposed to be sending the wealth out of the country, and especially to be exporting secretly all the gold and silver, for which they gave in return only useless services.

Katherine's before the Tower of London, saying how they would never depart thence till they had the king at their pleasure, and till he had accorded them all, that they would ask accounts of the chancellor of England to know where all the goods were that he had levied through the realm, and without he made a good account to them thereof, it should not be to his profit. And so when they had done all these evils by day, at night they lodged before the Tower.

Ye may well know and believe that it was great pity for the danger that the king and such as were with him were in. The king was counseled by his brethren and lords, and by sir Nicholas Walworth, mayor of London, and divers other notable and rich burgesses, that in the night time they should issue out of the Tower, and so slay all these unhappy people while they were at their rest and asleep. For it was thought that many of them were drunken, whereby they should be slain as flies. Also in twenty of them there was scarce one who bore arms. And surely the good men of London might well have dared this at their ease, for they had in their houses secretly their friends and servants ready in arms. Howbeit, there was nothing done, for the residue of the commons of the city were sore doubted lest they should rise also.*

The earl of Salisbury and the wise men about the king said, "Sir, if ye can appease them with fairness, it were best and most profitable, and to

* And all that saved these people apparently was fear lest the London commons be allied with them, and lest the nobles lose their estates and inheritances.

grant them everything that they desire. For if we should begin a thing which we could not achieve, we should never recover it again, but we and our heirs ever be disinherited." So this counsel was taken and the mayor countermanded.

In the morning the people, being at Saint Katherine's near to the Tower, began to apparel themselves and to cry and shout, saying without the king would come out and speak with them they would assail the Tower, and take it by force, and slay all them that were within.

The king feared these words, and was counseled that he should issue out to speak with the people. And then he sent to them that they should all withdraw to a fair, plain place called Mile-end, where the people of the city sport them in the summer season, and there the king would grant them what they desired. It was cried in the king's name that whosoever would speak with the king, let him go to the said place, and he should not fail to find the king.

Then the people began to depart, specially the commons of the villages, and went to the place. But all went not thither, for they were not all of one condition. For there were some who desired nothing but riches, and the utter destruction of the noblemen, and to have London robbed and pillaged. That was the principal matter of their beginning which they well showed, for as soon as the Tower gate opened, and the king with divers noblemen was issued out, Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, John Ball and more than four hundred of these

people entered the Tower and broke up chamber after chamber.

At last they found the archbishop of Canterbury, called Simon, a valiant man and wise, and chief chancellor of England, and a little while before he had said church service before the king. These gluttons took him and struck off his head, and also they beheaded the grand prior of the Hospital, and a friar, and a sergeant at arms. And the four heads were set on four long spears, and were borne through the streets of London and at last set a-high on London bridge, as though they had been traitors to the king and to the realm.*

When the king came to the said place of Mile-end without London, he put out of his company the earl of Kent and sir John Holland, for they durst not appear before the people. And going forward with his other lords the king found three-score thousand men of divers villages and of sundry counties in England. So he entered in among them and said to them sweetly, "Ah, good people, I am your king; what lack ye? What will ye say?"

Then such as understood him said, "We will that ye make us free forever, ourselves, our heirs and our lands, and that no more we be called bond, nor so be reputed."

"Sirs," said the king, "I am well agreed

* A recently discovered manuscript contradicts the order of this episode. It declares that Tyler was at the interview at Mile-end, demanding permission to seize the "traitors" of the realm. When Richard granted this, Tyler rushed to the Tower for the archbishop, etc. The sense and sequence of the action of the people would uphold this statement.

thereto. Withdraw you home into your own houses and into such villages as you come from. And leave behind you of every village two or three. I shall cause writings to be made and seal them with my seal, the which they shall have with them, containing everything that ye demand. And to the intent that ye shall be better assured, I shall cause my banners to be delivered into every bailiwick, shire and country."

These words appeased well the common people, such as were simple and good plain men, that were come thither and wist not why. They said, "It is well; we desire no better." Thus these people began to be appeased and withdraw into the city of London.

And the king also said a word which greatly contented them. He said, "Sirs, among you good men of Kent ye shall have one of my banners with you, and ye of Essex another, and ye of Sussex, of Bedford, of Cambridge, of Yarmouth, of Stafford and of Lynn, each of you one. And also I pardon everything that ye have done hitherto, so that ye follow my banners and return home to your houses." They all answered how they would do so.* Thus these people departed and went into London.

Then the king ordained more than thirty clerks to write with all diligence letters patent and sealed with the king's seal, and delivered them to these people. And when they had received

* This bears evidence to the sincerity and simple faith of the people, and to their knowing what they wanted. And it was an easy way for the king and the nobles, who feared for their inheritances, to get rid of them. The promises were not, and could not be carried out. The next parliament refused to confirm them.

the writing they departed and returned into their own counties.

But the great venom remained behind, for Wat Tyler, Jack Straw and John Ball said for all that these people were thus appeased, yet they would not depart so. And they had of their accord more than thirty thousand.

They still abode and made no press to have the king's writing and seal, for all their intent* was to put the city to trouble in such wise as to slay all the rich and honest persons, and to rob and pillage their houses. They† of London were in great fear of this, wherefore they kept their houses privily with their friends and such servants as they had, every man according to his puissance. King Richard came to the house called the Queen's Wardrobe, where the queen his mother was right sore afraid, and comforted her as well as he could, and tarried there with her all the night.

The next morning, Saturday, the king departed and went to Westminster, and heard services in the church there, and all his lords with him. And beside the church there was a little chapel with an image of our Lady which did great miracles. The king made his orisons before this image‡ and did there his offering, and then he

* Here Froissart's sympathies with the king and nobles lead to an assertion for which he could have no real foundation. How did he know the intent of those not satisfied with the king's promises? After events showed that they were justified in staying to get some definite charter.

† The "honest and rich" people of London, that is, those who could afford bodies of armed servitors.

‡ It must be borne in mind that these happenings were before the Great Reformation.

leapt on his horse, and all his lords, and so rode toward London. And when he had ridden a little way he found a place on the left hand to pass without London.

The same proper morning Wat Tyler, Jack Straw and John Ball assembled their company to common together in a place called Smithfield, where every Friday there is a market of horses. There were together all of affinity more than twenty thousand, and yet there were many still in the town drinking and making merry in the taverns and paying nothing, for they were happy that made them best cheer.* And these people in Smithfield had with them the king's banners which were delivered to them the day before.

All these gluttons were in mind to overrun and rob London the same day, for their captains said how they had done nothing as yet. "These liberties the king hath given us are to us but small profit. Therefore let us be all of one accord and overrun this rich and puissant city before other commons come. If we be first lords of London and have possession of the riches therein, we shall not repent us. If we leave it, they that come after will have it from us."

To this counsel they all agreed. And there-with the king came the same way unaware of them, for he had thought to pass that way without London. And with him were forty horse. When he came before the abbey of saint Bartholomew and beheld all these people, he rested, and said he would go no farther till he knew what

* In other words, those of their opinions entertained them gladly.

these people ailed,—that if there were any trouble he would appease them. The lords that were with him tarried also, as reason was when they saw the king tarry.

And when Wat Tyler saw the king tarry he said to his people, “Sirs, yonder is the king. I will go and speak with him. Stir not from hence without I make you a sign. And when I make you that sign, come on and slay all them except the king. But do the king no hurt. He is young, we shall do with him as we list, and shall lead him with us all about England, and so shall we be lords of all the realm without doubt.”

Therewith he spurred his horse and departed from his company and came to the king, so near that his horse’s head touched the croup of the king’s horse, and the first word that he said was this, “Sir king, seest thou all yonder people?”

“Yea, truly,” said the king, “wherefore sayest thou?”

“Because,” said he, “they be all at my commandment and have sworn to me faith and truth to do all that I will have them.”

“In a good time,” said the king, “I will well it be so.”

Then Wat Tyler said, as he that nothing demanded but riot, “What believest thou, king, that these people and as many more as be in London at my commandment, that they will depart from thee thus without having thy letters?”

“No,” said the king, “ye shall have them. They are ordered for you and shall be delivered

every one, each after the other. Wherefore good fellows, withdraw fair and easily to your people and cause them to depart out of London; for it is our intent that each of you by villages and townships shall have letters patent, as I have promised you."

With those words Wat Tyler cast his eyes on a squire that was there with the king bearing the king's sword, and Wat Tyler hated greatly this same squire, for he had displeased him before for words between them. "What," said Tyler, "art thou there? Give me thy dagger."

"Nay," said the squire, "that will I not do. Wherefore should I give it thee?"

The king beheld the squire and said, "Give it him; let him have it." And so the squire took it him sore against his will.

And when Wat Tyler had it, he began to play therewith and turned it in his hand, and said again to the squire, "Give me also that sword."

"Nay," said the squire, "it is the king's sword. Thou art not worthy to have it, for thou art but a knave. And if there were no more here but thou and I, thou durst not speak those words for as much gold in quantity as all yonder abbey."

"By my faith," said Wat Tyler, "I shall never eat meat till I have thy head."

At these words the mayor of London came to the king with twelve horse, all well armed under their coats, and he broke through the press and saw and heard how Wat Tyler demeaned himself, and said to him, "Ha, thou knave, how art thou

so hardy in the king's presence to speak such words? It is too much for thee so to do."

Then the king began to chafe and said to the mayor, "Set hands on him."

And while the king said so, Tyler said to the mayor, "In God's name, what have I said to displease thee?"

"Yes, truly," quoth the mayor, "thou false, stinking knave, shalt thou speak thus in the presence of the king, my natural lord? I will not live without that thou shalt dearly pay for it." And with these words the mayor drew his sword* and struck Tyler so great a stroke on the head that he fell down at the feet of his horse. And as soon as he was fallen they environed him all about, whereby he was not seen of his company. Then a squire of the king's alighted, called John Standish, and he drew out his sword and put it into Wat Tyler's body. So Tyler died.†

Then the ungracious people there assembled,

* If Tyler had been armed, if he had had with him forty horse, as the king had, and twelve horse "well armed under their coats" as the mayor had, would the mayor have attacked him?

† Another account of this interview is that Tyler shook Richard heartily by the hand, and told him to be of good cheer, for he would soon be held better by the commons than he was at that moment. In answer to the question why he did not go home, he said with an oath that the people would not go till they got a charter redressing their grievances, and it would be worse for the lords if they kept them from getting the charter. Among their wants he included that no land should thereafter exercise seignior, that there should be but one bishop in England, that the riches of churches and monasteries should, after provision for clergy and monks, be divided among the parishioners, that there should be no villeinage but all should be free and "of one condition." The king promised everything consistent with "the regality of his crown," and urged Tyler to go home.

Tyler, becoming thirsty, called for a drink. They brought him beer. A "valet of Kent" with the king then remarked that Tyler was the greatest thief and robber in the county. Tyler was about to kill him when the mayor of London arrested him. Tyler struck at the mayor, who drew his sword and wounded Tyler in the neck. Tyler called on his people to avenge him, and riding a little way fell from his horse. His people carried him to the hospital of saint Bartholomew and laid him on the master's bed. The mayor had him carried out and beheaded.

perceiving their captain slain, began to murmur among themselves, and said, "Ah, our captain is slain, let us go and slay them all." And therewith they arranged themselves in the manner of battle,* their bows before them.

Then the king began a great act of boldness; howbeit, all turned out for the best. For as soon as Tyler was on the earth, the king departed from all his company and all alone he rode to these people, saying to his own men, "Sirs, none of you follow me. Let me alone." And so when he came before these ungracious people, who put themselves in order to revenge their captain, the king said to them, "Sirs, what aileth you? Ye shall have no captain but me. I am your king. Be ye all in rest and peace."

The most part of the people that heard the king speak, and saw him among them, were shame-faced, and began to wax peaceable and depart. But some, such as were malicious and evil, would not depart, but made as though they would do something.

Then the king returned to his own company and demanded of them what was best to be done. He was counseled to draw into the fields, for to fly away was no help. Then said the mayor, "It is good that we do so, for I think surely we shall have shortly some aid from them of London and such good men as be of our part and are prepared and have their friends and men ready armed in their houses."

In the meantime voice and rumor ran through

* They had not till then drawn up in battle array.

London that these unhappy people were likely to slay the king and the mayor in Smithfield. Through this rumor all manner of good men of the king's party issued out of their houses and lodgings, well armed, and so came all to Smithfield and to the field where the king was. And they were soon the number of seven or eight thousand men, well armed.

Among the first came sir Robert Knolles and sir Perducas d'Albret, well accompanied, and divers of the aldermen of London, and with them six hundred men in arms. And also a puissant man of the city, who was the king's draper, Nicholas Bramber, and he brought with him a great company. And ever as they came they arranged themselves afoot in order of battle.*

And on the other part were these unhappy people ready ranged, making semblance to give battle. And they had with them divers of the king's banners.

Then the king made† three knights, the one the mayor of London sir William Walworth, sir John Standish, sir Nicholas Bramber. Then the lords said among themselves, "What shall we do? We see here our enemies who would gladly slay us if they have the better hand of us."

Sir Robert Knolles counseled to go and fight with them and slay them all. Yet the king would not consent thereto, but said, "Nay, I will not so. I will send to them commanding them to send me

*Men strong, well fed, well armed, according to that day, in fresh strength, against a hungry, travel-worn, unarmed, disorganized, awed and heart-sick multitude.

† The king then and there dubbed the three men knights for their services to him that morning.

again my banners, and thereby we shall see what they will do. Howbeit, either by fairness or otherwise, I will have my banners.”

“That is well said, sir,” quoth the earl of Salisbury.

Then the new knights were sent to them, and these knights made sign to them not to shoot* at them, and when they came so near them that their speech might be heard, they said, “Sirs, the king commandeth you to send to him again his banners, and we think he will have mercy for you.”

At once they gave up the banners and sent them to the king. Also they were commanded, on pain of beheading, that all such as had letters of the king to bring them forth and send them again to the king. Many of them delivered their letters; but not all. Then the king caused the letters to be all torn to pieces in their presence.

And as soon as the king’s banners were delivered again, these unhappy people broke their array and cast down their bows and returned to London.

Sir Robert Knolles was sore displeased in that he might not go to slay them all. But the king would not consent thereto, but said he would be revenged of them well enough.† And so he was after.

Thus the foolish people departed, some one way and some another. And the king and his lords and all his company in good order and with great joy entered London.

* Certain ones by chance had bows and arrows.

† Possibly he referred to his promises and the later action of parliament.

And the first journey that the king made he went to the lady princess, his mother, who was in the house called the Queen's Wardrobe, and there she had tarried two days and two nights right sore afraid, as she had good reason. And when she saw the king her son, she was greatly rejoiced and said, "Ah, fair son, what pain and great sorrow have I suffered for you this day!"

Then the king answered and said, "Certainly, madam, I know it well. But now rejoice yourself and thank God, for it is time. I have this day recovered mine heritage and the realm of England, the which I had nearly lost."* Thus the king tarried that day with his mother, and every lord went peaceably to his lodgings.

Then there was a cry made in the king's name in every street that all manner of men, not being of the city of London and had not dwelt there the space of one year, should depart. And if any such be found there on Sunday by sunrise, they should be taken as traitors to the king and lose their heads. This cry thus made there were none that durst break, and so all manner of people departed and scattered, every man to his own place.

John Ball and Jack Straw were found in an old house hidden, thinking to have stolen away. But they could not for they were betrayed by their own men. Of the taking of them the king and his lords were right glad. Their heads were

* This is a bit of vainglory. When the commons were come to Blackheath "they said ever that they were the king's men and for the noble commonwealth of England."

struck off,* and Wat Tyler's also, and set on London bridge. And the valiant men's heads† were taken down that they had set on the bridge the Thursday before.

These tidings were soon spread abroad so that the people of the neighboring counties, who were coming towards London, durst come no farther, but turned back again to their homes.‡

* Another account says that after Ball was taken he was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered as a traitor. The sentence was carried out July 15th, and the king witnessed the execution. The four quarters were sent to four different towns to be publicly exhibited.

† That is, the head of the archbishop, treasurer and chancellor, from whom the people wanted account of the general money of the realm, and the heads of the other three, the prior, friar and sergeant.

‡ So ended the heroic endeavor of the commons, their failure to get at that time what they conceived just and desirable for the common realm. But the moral effect of the protest has never been lost. "The unity of the rising was not produced by unity of purpose," says Stubbs in his *Constitutional History*; "no common political purpose can be alleged; but just as in court and parliament * * * men were intriguing and combining for selfish ends, year by year altering their combinations and diversifying the object of their intrigues, so the general discontent and trouble in the humble classes * * * produced a rebellion with many causes and consequences."

"The rising of the commons is one of the most portentous phenomena to be found in the whole of our history. The extent of the area over which it spread, * * * the variety of cries and causes which combined to produce it, the mystery that pervades its organization, its sudden collapse and its indirect permanent results, give it a singular importance both constitutionally and socially."

The Battle of Otterburn: to which is added the Episode of Sir Matthew Redman and Sir James Lindsay

The story of the battle of Otterburn has been variously told. In ballads we know it under the name of *Chevy Chase* and *The Battle of Otterbourne*. The fame of the ballad form is older than sir Philip Sidney, who wrote, "I never heard the olde song of Percy and Duglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet."

No story of the historic encounter between Hotspur and sir James Douglas is however more vivid and informing than the following pages from Berners' Froissart. "It was shewed me by such as had been at the same battle," said the chronicler, "as well by knights and squires of England as of Scotland, at the house of the earl of Foix—for anon after this battle was done I met at Orthez two squires of England called John of Chateauneuf and John of Cantiron. Also when I returned to Avignon I found also there a knight and squire of Scotland. I knew them and they knew me by such tokens as I showed them of their country. For I, author of this book, in my youth had ridden nigh over all the realm of Scotland, and I was as then a fifteen days in the house of earl William Douglas, father to the same earl James of whom I speak now, in a castle five leagues from Edinburgh which is called in the country Dalkeith. The same time I saw there this earl James, a fair young child, and a sister of his called the lady Blanche.

And I was informed by both sides how this battle was as sore a battle fought as readily hath been heard of before of such a number. And I believe it well, for Englishmen on the one party and Scots on the other party are good men of war, for when they meet there is a hard fight without sparing, there is no ho between them as long as spears, swords, axes or daggers will endure, but lay on each upon other. And when they have well fought and one party hath obtained the victory, they then glorify so in their deeds of arms and are so joyful that such as be taken they shall be ransomed or they go out of the field, so that shortly each of them is so content with other that at their departing courteously they will say, 'God thank you.' But in fighting one with another there is no play nor sparing. This is true, and that

shall well appear by this encounter, for it was as valiantly fought as could be devised, as ye shall hear."

Richard II, seven years older than upon the day of Wat Tyler's memorable interview told in the foregoing story, was on the English throne. The Scots had determined to ravage England. The main body of the Scots marched towards Carlisle, while earl Douglas with a smaller body went raiding in Northumberland.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN

WHEN the earl of Douglas, the earl of Moray and the earl of March and Dunbar departed with their bands from the great host of the Scots then invading England, they took their way thinking to enter the bishopric of Durham, and to ride to the town and then return burning and exiling the country, and so to come to Newcastle and to lodge there in the town in despite of all the Englishmen.

As they determined, so they did essay to put it in use, for they rode a great pace under cover without doing of any pillage by the way, or assaulting of any castle, tower or house. So they came into the lord Percy's land, and passed the river of Tyne without any hindrance, and at last entered the bishopric of Durham, where they found a good country. Then they began to make war, to slay people and to burn villages, and to do many sore displeasures. At that time the earl of Northumberland and other lords and knights of that country knew nothing of their coming.

When tidings came to Newcastle, and to Durham, that the Scots were abroad, as one might well see by the fires and smoke in the country, the earl sent to Newcastle his two sons with commandment to every man to draw to Newcastle, say-

ing to his sons, "Ye shall go to Newcastle and all the country shall assemble there, and I shall tarry at Alnwick, which is a passage that they must pass by. If we may enclose them we shall speed well." Sir Henry Percy and sir Ralph, his brother, obeyed their father's commandment and came thither with them of the country. And the smoke of the Scots' burning the country came to Newcastle.

When the three Scottish earls, who were chief captains of their bands, had sore overrun the country of Durham, then they returned to Newcastle and there rested and tarried two days. And every day they skirmished.

The earl of Northumberland's two sons were young, lusty knights, and were ever foremost at the barriers to skirmish. There were many proper feats of arms done and achieved. There was fighting hand to hand; and among others there fought hand to hand the earl Douglas and sir Henry Percy. And by force of arms the earl Douglas won the pennon of sir Henry Percy's; wherewith sir Henry was sore displeased and so were all the Englishmen.

And the earl Douglas said to sir Henry Percy, "Sir, I shall bear this token of your prowess into Scotland, and shall set it on high on my castle of Dalkeith, that it may be seen far off."

"Sir," quoth sir Henry, "ye may be sure ye shall not pass the bounds of this country till ye be met withal in such wise that ye shall make no boast thereof."

"Well, sir," quoth the earl Douglas, "come this night to my lodging and seek your pennon.

I shall set it before my lodging, and see if ye will come to take it away.'"

So then it was late, and the Scots withdrew and refreshed them with such as they had. They had meat enough. They made that night good watch, for they thought surely to be awaked for the words they had spoken. But they were not, for sir Henry Percy was counseled not so to do.

The next day the Scots dislodged and returned towards their own country, and so came to a castle and a town called Pontland, whereof sir Edmund of Alphel, who was a right good knight, was lord. There the Scots rested, for they came thither betimes, and understood that the knight was in his castle. They set in order to assail the castle, and gave a great assault, so that by force of arms they won it and the knight within it. The town and castle were burnt.

From thence the Scots went to the town and castle of Otterburn, thirty English miles from Newcastle, and there lodged. That day they made no assault, but the next morning they blew their horns and made ready to assail the castle, which was strong, for it stood in a marsh. That day they assaulted till they were weary, and did nothing. Then they sounded the retreat and returned to their lodgings.

Then the lords drew to council to determine what they should do. The most part were of the accord that the next day they should dislodge without giving of any assault, and to draw fair and easily towards Carlisle. But the earl Douglas broke that counsel and said, "In despite of sir

Henry Percy, who said he would come and win again his pennon, let us not depart hence for two or three days. Let us assail this castle. It is pregnable. We shall have double honor. And then let us see if he will come and fetch his pennon. It shall be well defended.”

Every man accorded to this saying of the earl Douglas what for their honor and for the love of him. Also they lodged there at their ease, for there was none that troubled them. They made many lodgings of boughs and great herbs, and fortified their camp sagely with the marsh that was thereby. Their carriages were set at the entry into the marsh, and they had all their beasts within the marsh. They appareled for to assault the next day. This was their intention.

Now sir Henry Percy and sir Ralph, his brother, were sore displeased that the earl Douglas had won the pennon of their arms. Also it touched greatly their honors if they did not as sir Henry Percy said he would. For he had said that the earl Douglas should not carry his pennon out of England, and had openly spoken this before all the knights and squires that were at Newcastle.

The knights of the country, such as were well expert in arms, spoke against sir Henry Percy's opinion, and said to him, “Sir, there fortuneth in war oftentimes many losses. If the earl Douglas have won your pennon, he bought it dear, for he came to the gate to seek it and was well fought with. Another day ye shall win as much of him, or more. Sir, we say this because we know well all the power of Scotland is abroad in the fields

of England, and if we issue out and be not men enough to fight with them,—and peradventure they have made this skirmish with us to the intent to draw us out of the town (the number they are of, it is said, above forty thousand men)—they may soon enclose us and do with us what they will. It were better to lose a pennon than two or three hundred knights and squires, and put all our country in peril.”

These words refrained sir Henry and his brother, sir Ralph, for they would do nothing against counsel. Then tidings came to them by such as had followed the Scots from Newcastle and had well advised their doing. “Sirs,” they said, “we have followed the Scots privily. They have taken sir Edmund Alphil in his own castle, and from thence gone to Otterburn, and there they lie this night. What they will do to-morrow we know not. And, sirs, surely their great host is not with them, for in all they pass not three thousand men.”

When sir Henry heard that he was joyful and said, “Sirs, let us leap on our horses, for by the faith I owe to God, and to my lord, my father, I will go seek for my pennon and dislodge them this same night.” Knights and squires that heard him agreed thereto and were joyous, and every man made himself ready.

The same evening the bishop of Durham was coming thither with a good company, for he heard at Durham how the Scots were before Newcastle and how the lord Percy’s sons with other lords and knights should fight with the Scots. There-

fore the bishop of Durham to come to the rescue had assembled all the country and so was coming to Newcastle.

But sir Henry Percy would not abide his coming for he had with him six hundred spears, knights and squires, and eight thousand footmen. They thought that sufficient number to fight with the band of Scots, if they were but three thousand spears and three thousand of other. Thus they departed from Newcastle after dinner and set forth in good order, and took the same way as the Scots had gone, and rode to Otterburn, but they could not ride fast because of their footmen.

When the Scots had supped they lay down to their rest, for they were weary with assaulting of the castle all that day, and thought to rise early in the morning in the cool of the day to give a new assault. Therewith suddenly the Englishmen came upon them, crying "Percy! Percy!" and entered into lodgings wherein were but varlets and servants, thinking it the master's lodgings.

And it fortun'd well for the Scots. For when they saw the Englishmen come to wake them, then the lords sent certain of their servants of footmen to skirmish with the Englishmen at the entry of the lodgings, and in the mean time they armed and appareled them, every man under his banner and under his captain's pennon. The night was far on, but the moon shone so bright it was as if in a manner day. It was in the month of August, and the weather fair and temperate.

Thus the Scots were drawn together and without any noise departed from their lodgings and went to a little mountain—which was greatly to their advantage. For all the day before they had well considered the place and said among themselves, “If the Englishmen come on us suddenly, then we will draw to this place, for it is a jeopardous thing in the night if men of war enter our lodgings.”

When the Englishmen entered into the field, at the first they overcame the varlets, and as they entered further in, always they found new men to busy them and to skirmish with them. Then suddenly came the Scots from the little mountain, and set on the Englishmen, whereof the Englishmen were sore astonished. Then the Englishmen cried “Percy!” and the Scots cried “Douglas!”

Then began a cruel battle, and at the first encounter many of both parties were overthrown. And because the Englishmen were a great number and greatly desired to vanquish their enemies, they did greatly put back the Scots so that the Scots were near discomfited. Then the earl James Douglas, who was young and strong and of great desire to get praise and grace, and was willing to deserve to have it, and cared for no pain nor travail, came forth with his banner and cried, “Douglas! Douglas!”

And sir Henry Percy and sir Ralph, his brother, who had great indignation against the earl Douglas because he had won the pennon of their arms at the barriers before Newcastle, came to that part and cried, “Percy!”

Their two banners met and their men each against other, envious who should win. The Scots showed great hardiness, and fought with great desire of honor. The Englishmen also did nobly acquit themselves; for every Englishmen had rather be slain, or taken, than to fly. There was a sore fight, and the Englishmen were so strong and fought so valiantly that they drove the Scots back.

Then the earl Douglas, who was of great heart and high of enterprise, seeing his men driven back, then to recover the place and to show knightly valor, he took his axe in both his hands, and entered so into the press and made himself way in such wise that none durst approach him. And he was so well armed that he bore off such strokes as he received. Thus he went ever forward like a hardy Hector, willing alone to conquer the field and to discomfit his enemies. But at last he was met with three spears all at once; the one struck him on the shoulder, the other on the breast, and the third struck him in the thigh. Sore hurt with all three strokes he was borne perforce to the earth, and after that he could not be again relieved for he had his death wound.

After he was overthrown the press was great about him. His men followed him as near as they could, and there came to him sir James Lindsay, his cousin, and sir John and sir Walter Sinclair, and other knights and squires. And by him was a gentle knight of his, who had followed him in his valor, and a chaplain of his, not like a priest but like a valiant man of arms, for he had

followed the earl with a good axe in his hands and still skirmished about the earl where he lay and drove back the Englishmen with great strokes, whereby he had great praise, and the same year was made archdeacon of Aberdeen.

When these knights came to the earl, sir John Sinclair demanded how he did. "Right evil, cousin," quoth the earl, "but thanked be God there hath been but a few of mine ancestors that hath died in their beds. But, cousin, I require you to avenge me. I reckon myself but dead, for my heart fainteth oftentimes. My cousin Walter and you, I pray you raise up again my banner which lieth on the ground, and my squire, Davie Collemine, slain. But, sirs, show neither to friend nor foe in what case ye see me, for if mine enemies knew it they would rejoice and our friends be discomforted."

The two brethren of Sinclair and sir James Lindsay did as the earl had desired them, and raised up again his banner and cried "Douglas!" Such as were behind and heard that cry drew together and set on their enemies valiantly, and drove back the Englishmen beyond the place where the earl lay, who was by that time dead, and so came to the banner, the which sir John Sinclair held in his hands, and many good knights and squires of Scotland about him. Thither came the earl Moray with his banner well accompanied, and also the earl of March and Dunbar, and when they saw the Englishmen drawn back and their company assembled together, they renewed

again the battle and gave many hard and sad strokes.

Of all battles and encounterings, great or small, that I have made mention of heretofore in all this history, this battle was one of the sorest and best fought without cowardice or faint hearts. The earl of Northumberland's sons, sir Henry and sir Ralph Percy, who were sovereign captains, acquitted themselves nobly. Sir Ralph Percy entered in so far among his enemies that he was closed in and hurt, and so sore handled was he and his breath so short that he was taken prisoner by a knight of the earl of Moray's, called sir John Maxwell. In the taking the Scottish knight demanded what he was, for it was still in the night so that he knew him not. Sir Ralph was so sore overcome and bleeding that at last he said, "I am Ralph Percy."

Then the Scot said, "Sir Ralph, rescue or no rescue I take you for my prisoner. I am Maxwell."

"Well," quoth sir Ralph, "I am content But take heed of me for I am sore hurt. My hose and greaves are full of blood."

Then the knight saw by him the earl of Moray and said, "Sir, here I deliver to you sir Ralph Percy as prisoner; but, sir, let good heed be taken to him for he is sore hurt."

The earl was joyful of these words and said, "Maxwell, thou hast well won thy spurs." Then he delivered sir Ralph Percy to certain of his men, and they stopped and wrapped his wounds. And still the battle endured, neither knowing who

had as then the better. Many were taken and rescued again that came to no knowledge.

To say truth, the Englishmen were sorer wearied than the Scots, for they came the same day from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and went a great pace to the intent to find the Scots; so that by their fast going they were near out of breath, and the Scots were fresh and well rested, which greatly availed them in the battle. In the last skirmish they drove back the Englishmen in such wise that after that they could no more assemble together.

And it fortunèd that sir Henry Percy and the lord of Montgomery, a valiant knight of Scotland, fought together hand to hand right valiantly without hindering of any other, for every man had enough to do. So long these two fought that perforce of arms sir Henry Percy was taken prisoner by the said lord of Montgomery.

This battle was fierce and cruel till it came to the end of the discomfiture. But when the Scots saw the Englishmen turn back and yield themselves, then the Scots were courteous, and set them to their ransom, and every man said to his prisoner, "Sir, go and unarm you and take your ease; I am your master," and so made their prisoners as good cheer as though they had been brethren, without doing to them any damage.

The chase endured five English miles, and if the Scots had been enough, there had none escaped, but either they had been taken or slain.

The same evening that the Percys departed from Newcastle, as ye have heard before, the bishop of Durham with the rear band came to

Newcastle and supped. And as he sat at table he considered with himself how he did not acquit himself well to see the Englishmen in the field and he to be within the town. At once he caused the tables to be taken away, and commanded to saddle his horses and to sound the trumpets, and he called upon men in the town to arm themselves and to mount on their horses, and footmen to order themselves to depart.

Thus every man departed out of the town to the number of seven thousand, two thousand on horseback and five thousand afoot. They took their way to Otterburn where the battle had been.

By the time they had gone two miles from Newcastle, tidings came to them how their men were fighting with the Scots. Therewith the bishop rested. And at once came more flying fast and out of breath, and saying, "We are all discomfited; here cometh the Scots chasing us." These tidings troubled the Englishmen and they began to fear. And again the third time men came flying as fast as they might.

When the men of the bishopric of Durham heard of these evil tidings, they were dismayed in such wise that they broke their array, so that the bishop could not hold together the number of five hundred. Then the bishop, having good will to succor the Englishmen, comforted his men as much as he could and demanded counsel of sir William Lucy, and of sir Thomas Clifford, and of other knights, what was best to do. These knights could give him no counsel, for they thought to return again and do nothing should sound greatly

to their blame, and to go forth might be to their great damage. So they stood still, and would give none answer, and the longer they stood the fewer they were, for some stole away.

Then the bishop said, "Sirs, all things considered, it is none honor to put all in peril, nor to make of one evil damage twain. We hear how our company is discomfited, and we cannot remedy it. For to go to recover them we know not with whom, nor with what number, we shall meet. Let us return fair and easily to Newcastle, and to-morrow let us draw together and go look on our enemies."

Every man answered, "As God will, so be it." Therewith they returned to Newcastle.

Thus a man may consider the great default that is in men that be dismayed and discomfited. For if they had kept them together, and had turned again such as fled, they had discomfited the Scots. This was the opinion of divers; and because they did not thus, the Scots had the victory.

When the bishop of Durham was come again to Newcastle and in his lodgings, he was sore pensive and wist not what to say or do; for he heard say how his cousins, the Percys, were slain or taken, and all the knights that were with them.

Then he sent for all the knights and squires that were in the town; and when they were come he demanded of them if they should leave the matter in that case, and said: "Sirs, we shall bear great blame if we thus return without looking on our enemies."

They concluded by the sunrising every man to be armed, and on horseback and afoot to depart out of the town, and to go to Otterburn to fight with the Scots. This was warned through the town by a trumpet, and every man armed them and assembled before the bridge, and by the sunrising they departed by the gate towards Berwick and took the way towards Otterburn to the number of ten thousand afoot and a-horseback.

They were not gone past two miles from Newcastle when the Scots were signified that the bishop of Durham was coming to them to fight. This they knew by their spies such as they had set in the fields. The knights of Scotland then drew to council to see what was best for them to do, either to depart or else to abide the adventure.

All things considered they concluded to abide, for they said they could not be in a better or a stronger place than they were in already; that they had many prisoners and they could not carry them away, if they should depart; and also they had many of their men hurt and also some of their prisoners whom they thought they would not leave behind them. Thus they drew together and ordered so their field that there was no entry but one way, and they set all their prisoners together and made them promise how that, rescue or no rescue, they should be their prisoners.

After that they made all their minstrels to blow up all at once and made the greatest revel in the world. It is the usage of Scots, when they are thus assembled together in arms, for the footmen to bear about their necks horns in manner

like hunters, some great, some small, and of all sorts, so that when they blow all at once they make such a noise that it may be heard nigh four miles off. Thus do they to frighten their enemies and to rejoice themselves.

When the bishop of Durham with his banner and ten thousand men were approached within a league, then the Scots blew their horns in such wise that it seemed that all the devils in hell had been among them, so that such as heard them, and knew not of their usage, were sore afraid.

This blowing and noise endured a long space and then ceased; and by that time the Englishmen were within less than a mile. Then the Scots began to blow again and made a great noise and as long endured as it did before. The bishop approached with his battalions well ranged in good order, and came within the sight of the Scots, within two bow-shots or less. Then the Scots blew again their horns a long space.

The bishop stood still to see what the Scots would do, and viewed them well, and saw how they were in a strong ground greatly to their advantage. Then he took counsel what was best for him to do. But all things well advised, they were not in purpose to enter in among the Scots to assail them, but returned without doing any thing, for they saw well they might rather lose than win.

When the Scots saw the Englishmen driven back, they went to their lodgings and made merry and set in order to depart from thence. And because that sir Ralph Percy was sore hurt, he

desired of his master that he might return to Newcastle, or into some place that pleased him, unto such time as he were whole of his hurts, promising that as soon as he were able to ride he would return into Scotland, either to Edinboro or any other appointed place. The earl of March, under whom he was taken, agreed thereto and delivered him a horse litter and sent him away. And by like covenant divers other knights and squires were suffered to return and took terms either to return or to pay their ransom, such as they were appointed to.

At this battle between Newcastle and Otterburn, in the year of our Lord 1388, on the fifth day of August, there were taken prisoners of the English party and slain in the field, a thousand and forty men, and in the chase eighteen hundred and forty, and sore hurt more than a thousand. And of the Scots there were a hundred slain, and taken in the chase more than two hundred. For as the Englishmen fled, when they saw any advantage they returned again and fought. By that means the Scots were taken and none otherwise.

After the battle was thus finished, every man returned, the earl Douglas's dead body was chested and laid on a cart, and the Scots departed and led with them sir Henry Percy and more than forty knights of England, and took their way to the abbey of Melrose. At their departing they set fire to their lodgings and rode all the day and yet lay that night on English ground, which none denied them.

The next day they dislodged early in the morn-

ing and so came that day to Melrose. It was an abbey of monks on the border between the realms of Scotland and England. There they rested, and the second day after reverently buried the earl James Douglas. And over his body they laid a tomb of stone and hung his banner over him.

When these Scots had been at Melrose abbey and done there all that they came thither for, then they departed each from other and went into their own countries. And such as had prisoners, some led them away with them and some were ransomed and suffered to return. Thus the Englishmen found the Scots right courteous and gentle in their deliverance and ransom, so that they were well content. And the Scots had by reason of their journey two hundred thousand franks for ransoming of prisoners, for since the battle before Stirling, when sir Robert of Bruce and other Scots chased the Englishmen three days, they never had journey so profitable nor so honorable for them as this was.

SIR MATTHEW REDMAN AND SIR JAMES LINDSAY

(An incident following the battle of Otterburn)

When the Englishmen were turned back at the battle of Otterburn, sir Matthew Redman of that army, being on horseback, sought to save himself, since he alone could not remedy the event of the battle.

At his departing, sir James Lindsay, a Scot, was near him, and saw him depart; and then sir James, to win honor, followed him in chase, and came so near sir Matthew that he might have stricken him with his spear if he had list. Then he said, "Ah, sir knight, turn. It is a shame thus to fly. I am James of Lindsay. If ye will not turn I will strike you on the back with my spear."

Sir Matthew spoke no word, but struck his horse with the spurs sorer than he did before. In this manner sir James chased him more than three miles, and at last sir Matthew's horse foundered and fell under him. Then he stept forth on the earth, and drew out his sword, and took courage to defend himself.

The Scot thought to have stricken him on the breast, but sir Matthew swerved from the stroke and the spear point entered the earth. Then sir Matthew struck asunder the spear with his sword.

Now when sir James Lindsay saw how he had lost his spear, he cast away the truncheon that remained in his hand, and alighted afoot and took a little battle-axe that he carried at his back and handled it with one hand quickly and deftly, in which feat Scots are expert, and then he set at sir Matthew, who defended himself properly. Thus they tourneyed together, one with an axe and the other with a sword, a long season, and no man to hinder them.

Finally sir James gave sir Matthew such strokes, and held him so short that he was put out of breath in such wise that he yielded himself and said, "Sir James Lindsay, I yield me to you."

“Well,” quoth sir James, “and I receive you, rescue or no rescue.”

“I am content,” quoth Redman, “so ye deal with me like a good companion.”

“I shall not fail that,” quoth Lindsay, and so put up his axe.

“Well, sir,” quoth Redman, “what will you now that I shall do? I am your prisoner, ye have conquered me. I would gladly go again to Newcastle, and within fifteen days I will come to you in Scotland wherever ye shall assign me.”

“I am content,” quoth Lindsay, “ye shall promise by your faith to present yourself within these three weeks at Edinboro, and wheresoever ye go to declare yourself my prisoner.”

All this sir Matthew swore and promised to fulfil. Then each took his horse, and they took leave each of the other. Sir James returned, and his intent was to go to his own company the same way he came; and sir Matthew to Newcastle.

Sir James Lindsay could not keep the right way as he came. It was dark and there was a mist, and he had not ridden half a mile when he met face to face with the bishop of Durham, who had more than five hundred Englishmen with him. The Scot might well have escaped, but he supposed he had fallen in with his own company that had pursued the English. So when he was among them, one demanded of him what he was. “I am,” quoth he, “sir James Lindsay.”

The bishop heard those words, and stopt to him and said, “Lindsay, ye are taken; yield ye to me.”

“Who are you?” quoth Lindsay.

“I am,” quoth he, “the bishop of Durham.”

“And from whence came you, sir?” quoth Lindsay.

“I come from the battle,” quoth the bishop, “but I struck never a stroke there. I go back to Newcastle for this night, and ye shall go with me.”

“I may not choose,” quoth Lindsay, “since ye will have it so. I have taken, and I am taken; such is the adventures of arms.”

“Whom have ye taken?” quoth the bishop.

“Sir,” quoth he, “I took in the chase sir Matthew Redman.”

“And where is he?” quoth the bishop.

“By my faith, sir, he is returned to Newcastle. He desired me to trust him on his faith for three weeks, and so have I done.”

“Well,” quoth the bishop, “let us go to Newcastle and there ye shall speak with him.”

Thus they rode to Newcastle together, and sir James Lindsay was prisoner to the bishop of Durham.

After sir Matthew Redman was returned to Newcastle, and had showed to divers how he had been taken prisoner by sir James Lindsay, then it was showed to him how the bishop of Durham had taken the said sir James Lindsay, and how he was there in the town a prisoner.

Sir Matthew went at once to the bishop’s lodgings to see his master, and there he found him very pensive, leaning against a window, and he said, “What, sir James Lindsay, what make you here?”

Then sir James roused himself from his study and gave good morrow, and said, "By my faith, sir Matthew, fortune hath brought me hither. For as soon as I was departed from you, I met by chance the bishop of Durham, to whom I am prisoner, as ye are to me. I believe ye shall not need to come to Edinboro to me to pay your ransom. I think rather we shall make an exchange one for another, if the bishop be so content."

"Well, sir," quoth Redman, "we shall accord right well together. Ye shall dine this day with me. The bishop and our men are gone forth to fight with your men. I cannot tell what shall fall. We shall know at their return."

"I am content to dine with you," quoth Lindsay. Thus these two knights dined together at Newcastle.

How Richard II resigned the English Throne: and how he died

The pitiful story of the putting off of Richard II from the English throne is here told by Froissart, who, as we have already said, had been at the court of his grandfather, Edward III, and his grandmother Philippa, and knew his mother Joan, "The Fair Maid of Kent," and his father, the Black Prince.

In a story before this, "The People's March to London," we see Richard, then but a fair-haired lad of fifteen, distinguishing himself by extraordinary courage and independence. In this tale of his life eighteen years later we find weakness and indolence marking him and leading to his downfall.

His kingdom had been in an unquiet state during much of Richard's reign. But now Londoners, and others of the people, and also certain nobles, were especially numerous against the king. They had gone so far as to send to France for Henry Bolingbroke, called both earl of Derby and duke of Lancaster in the following story—he was earl of Derby before the death of his father, John of Gaunt, and came to the Lancastrian estates upon John of Gaunt's death.

Henry had accepted the proposal of the Londoners and other Englishmen, and landing with a handful of men on the coast of Yorkshire on the 22d of July, 1399, had met those rallying to his standard in constantly increasing numbers on his march to Bristol.

Richard, meanwhile, had come back from an expedition to Ireland, and trusting to misguided or false advisers, had gone to Flint Castle in North Wales at the mouth of the Dee, one hundred and seventy-three miles from London. He was there abiding when the following story begins.

THE earl of Derby and the Londoners had their spies going and coming, who reported to them all the state of the king. And the earl had sure knowledge that the king was gone to the castle of Flint and had no company with him but such as were of his own household. Then

the earl determined to ride thither and to have the king either by force or by treaty.

Then the earl and all his company rode thither, and within two miles of the castle they found a great village. There the earl tarried and drank, and determined in himself to ride to the castle of Flint with two hundred horse and to leave the rest of his company there at the village. He said he would do what he could to enter the castle by love and not perforce, and to bring out the king with fair words, and to assure him from all peril except going to London, and to promise him he should have no hurt of his body, and to stand between him and the Londoners who were not content with him.

The earl's device seemed good to them that heard it, and they said to him: "Sir, beware of dissimulation. This Richard of Bordeaux* must be taken either quick or dead, and all the other traitors that be about him and of his council; and so be brought to London and set in the Tower. The Londoners will not suffer you to do the contrary."

Then the earl said, "Sirs, fear not but all that is enterprised shall be accomplished. But if I can get him out of the castle with fair words I will do it. And if I cannot, I shall send you word thereof, and then ye shall come and lay siege to the castle, and then we will do so much by force or by assault that we will have him quick or dead, for the castle is well pregnable."

* Called "of Bordeaux" because he was born while his parents were living at the capital of Aquitaine.

To these words the Londoners accorded. So the earl departed from the army and rode with two hundred men to the castle, where the king was among his men right sore dismayed.

The earl came riding to the castle gate, which was fast closed. The earl knocked at the gate. The porters demanded who was there.

The earl answered, "I am Henry of Lancaster. I come to the king to demand mine heritage of the duchy of Lancaster.* Show the king this from me."

"Sir," quoth they within, "we shall do it." At once they went into the hall and into the donjon where the king was and such knights about him as had long time counseled him. Then these news were showed to the king, and they said, "Sir, your cousin of Derby is at the gate, who demandeth of you to be set in possession of the duchy of Lancaster, his inheritance."

The king regarded such as were about him and demanded what was best to do. They said, "Sir, in this request is no evil. Ye may let him come in to you with twelve persons in his company, and hear what he will say. He is your cousin and a great lord of the realm. He may make peace for you if he will, for he is greatly beloved in the realm, and especially with the Londoners who sent for him into France. They are now the chief against you. Sir, ye must dissimulate till your brother, the earl of Huntington, who cometh from Calais, is with you, by

* In February, 1399, John of Gaunt had died and Richard had seized the Lancaster estates.

whose means we suppose ye should come to peace and concord."

The king agreed to these words and said, "Go and let him in with twelve with him and no more."

Two knights went down to the gate, and opened the wicket, and issued out, and made reverence to the earl and received him with gracious words, for they knew well that they had no force to resist, and also they knew well the Londoners were sore displeased with them. Therefore they spoke fair and said to the earl, "Sir, what is your pleasure? The king hath sent us hither to speak with you."

"I say," quoth the earl, "ye know well I ought to have possession of the duchy of Lancaster. I am come in part for that cause and also for other things that I would speak with the king of."

"Sir," quoth they, "ye be welcome. The king would be glad to see you and to hear you, and hath commanded that ye come to him only with twelve persons."

The earl answered, "It pleaseth me well." So he entered the castle with twelve persons, and then the gate closed again and the rest of his company tarried without.

Now consider what danger the earl of Derby was in, for the king might have slain him, and such as were with him, as easily as a bird in a cage. But he feared not the matter, but boldly went to the king, who changed color when he saw the earl. Then the earl spake aloud without making any great honor or reverence, and said, "Sir, are ye fasting?"

The king answered and said, "Yea, why ask you?"

"It is time," quoth the earl, "that ye had dined, for ye have a great journey to ride"

"Why, whither should I ride?" quoth the king.

"Ye must ride to London," quoth the earl, "wherefore I counsel you eat and drink that ye may ride with the more mirth."

Then the king, who was sore troubled in his mind and in a manner afraid of these words, said, "I am not hungry. I have no lust to eat."

Then such as were by were glad to flatter the earl of Derby, for they saw well the matter was like to go diversely, and they said to the king, "Sir, believe your cousin of Lancaster, for he will nothing but good."

Then the king said, "Well, I am content. Cover the tables."

Then the king washed and sat down and was served. The earl was demanded if he would sit down. He said no, for he was not fasting

In the mean season the king while he sat at dinner did eat little; his heart was so full that he had no lust to eat. For all the country about the castle was full of men of war. They within the castle might see them out of the windows, and the king when he arose from the table might see them himself. Then he demanded of his cousin what men they were that appeared so many in the fields.

The earl answered and said, "The most part of them are Londoners."

“What would they have?” quoth the king.

“They will have you,” quoth the earl, “and bring you to London and put you into the Tower. There is none other remedy; ye can escape none otherwise.”

“No?” quoth the king, and he was sore afraid of those words, for he knew well the Londoners loved him not, and said, “Cousin, can you not provide for my surety? I will not gladly put me into their hands, for I know well they hate me and have done long, though I be their king.”

Then the earl said, “Sir, I see none other remedy, but to yield yourself as my prisoner. And when they know that ye be my prisoner they will do you no hurt. But ye must set in order you and your company to ride to London with me and be as my prisoner in the Tower of London.”

The king, who saw himself in a hard case, was in his spirit sore dismayed, as one who feared the Londoners would slay him.

Then he yielded himself prisoner to the earl of Derby, and bound himself and promised to do all that he would have him do. In like wise all his knights, squires and officers yielded to the earl to escape the danger and peril they were in. And the earl received them as his prisoners and at once ordered horses to be saddled and brought forth into the court and the gates opened.

Then when many men of arms and archers entered the castle, the earl of Derby caused a cry to be made that no man be so hardy to take away anything within the castle nor to lay hands upon any person, for all were under the earl's

safeguard and protection. And this cry was kept —no man durst break it. The earl had the king down in the court talking with him, and he caused all the king's household and estate to go forward, as of custom they had done before, without changing or minishing of anything.

While everything was a-preparing, the king and the earl communed together in the court and were well regarded by the Londoners. And king Richard had a greyhound called Math who always waited upon the king and would know no man else; for whensoever the king did ride he that kept the greyhound did let him loose and he would straight run to the king and fawn upon him and leap with his forefeet upon the king's shoulders.

And as the king and the earl of Derby talked together in the court, the greyhound, who was wont to leap upon the king, left the king and came to the earl of Derby, duke of Lancaster, and made to him the same friendly countenance and cheer as he was wont to do to the king. The duke, who knew not the greyhound, demanded of the king what the greyhound would do. "Cousin," quoth the king, "it is a great good token to you and an evil sign to me."

"Sir, how know you that?" quoth the duke.

"I know it well," quoth the king, "the greyhound maketh you cheer this day as king of England, as ye shall be, and I shall be deposed. The greyhound hath this knowledge naturally; therefore take him to you; he will follow you and forsake me."

The duke understood well those words and

cherished the greyhound, who would never after follow king Richard, but followed the duke of Lancaster.

So every man leapt a-horseback and departed from the castle of Flint and entered into the fields. And duke Henry of Lancaster, who was no more called earl of Derby but duke of Lancaster, rode by the king and they oftentimes talked together, the men of war before and behind in great number, and all such as were of the king's court rode together in a company.

The duke led king Richard by no castles or good towns for fear of stirring the people, but always kept the fields.

Then the duke gave license to a great number of his people to depart, and said, "Sirs, ye may depart for we have that we desire. The king cannot fly or escape us. We and our company shall bring him to London and put him in safe-guard in the Tower. He and all his are my prisoners. I may bring them whither I will. Therefore, sirs, go your ways home till ye hear other news." They did as the duke commanded them, and most part of the Londoners returned to London, and others to their own places.

The duke of Lancaster departed from Windsor and took the way by Staines and so came to dinner to Chertsey. The king had desired the duke that he should not bring him London way nor through the city, and therefore they took that way. From Chertsey they rode to Sheen and from thence in the night time they conveyed the

king, and such other knights and squires as the king would, to the Tower of London.

The next morning when the Londoners knew the king was in the Tower they were greatly rejoiced. But there was great murmuring among them because the king was conveyed thither so secretly. They were angry that the duke had not brought him through London openly, not to have done him honor but shame, they hated him so sore. Behold the opinion of common people when they be up against their prince or lord, and specially in England.

When the duke of Lancaster had set his cousin, king Richard, and certain of his councilors in the Tower of London, and had set sure keeping on them, he took advice what should be done with the king. Then it was thought that king Richard should be put from all the royalty and joy he had lived in, for he had been king twenty-two years. And it was determined to keep him in prison.

Then the duke of Lancaster and his council regarded what case the realm stood in, and did put all the king's deeds in writing to the number of twenty-eight. They then went to the Tower of London and entered into the chamber where king Richard was, and without making any reverence to him openly read all the said articles. To them the king made no answer, for he saw well all was true that was laid to his charge, saving he said, "All that I have done passed by my council."

Then he was demanded who they were that had given counsel, and by whom he was most ruled. He named them, trusting thereby to

deliver himself in accusing them, as he had done beforetime, and trusting thereby to escape and bring them in the danger and pain. But that was not in the mind of them that loved him not.

At last the duke of Lancaster departed and went to his lodging and suffered the mayor and the men of law to proceed. They went to the Guildhall, where all the matters of the city were determined, and there also many people assembled. When they saw the governors of the city go thither, they thought some justice should be done, as there was indeed: I shall show you how.

The articles that were read before the king in the Tower were read again there openly; and it was showed by him that read them how the king himself denied none of them, but confessed that he did thus by the counsel of four knights—how by their counsel he had put to death the duke of Gloucester, the earl of Arundel, sir Thomas Corbet, and others—and how they had long incited him to deeds which were not to be forgiven, but demanded punishment. For by them and their counsel justice and right were closed up through all the courts of England, whereby many evil deeds followed. And companies and routs of thieves and murderers rose and assembled together in divers parts of the realm and robbed merchants by the ways and poor men in their houses, by which means the realm was in great peril to be lost without recovery.

These words thus showed to the people, made many dismayed, and they began to murmur, and said, “These causes demand punishment, that all

others may take example thereby. And Richard of Bordeaux should be deposed, for he is not worthy to bear a crown, but ought to be deprived of all honor and kept all his life in prison on bread and water."

And still others said, "Sir mayor of London, and ye others that have justice in your hands to minister, execute justice. We will that ye spare no man, for ye see well the case that ye have showed us demandeth justice at once; for they are judges upon their own deeds."

Then the mayor and other governors of the law went together into the chamber of judgment. And there four knights were judged to die, and were judged to be led to the foot of the Tower, where king Richard was, that he might see them drawn along the dike with horses, one after another, through the city into Cheapside, and then their heads stricken off there and set upon London bridge, and their bodies drawn to the gibbet and there hanged.

When the judgment was given the four, whose names were sir Bernard Brocas, sir Magelars, master John Derby, receiver of London, and master Sely, the king's steward, were delivered to execution to the mayor of London and such as were deputed and went from the Guildhall to the Tower. Each of them was tied to two horses in the presence of them that were in the Tower, and the king might well see it out at the windows, wherewith he was sore discomforted, for all others that were with the king looked to be in the same case; they knew them of London so cruel.

Thus these four knights were drawn one after another along through the city till they came into Cheapside, and there on a fisher's stall their heads were stricken off and set upon London Bridge, and their bodies drawn by the shoulders to the gibbet and there hanged up. This justice thus done, every man went to his lodgings.

King Richard, knowing himself taken and in danger from the Londoners, was in great sorrow of heart, and reckoned his puissance nothing; for he saw how every man was against him, and if there were any who owed him any favor, it lay not in their powers to give him aid and they durst not show it. Such as were with the king said: "Sir, we have small trust in our lives; for when your cousin of Lancaster came to the castle of Flint, and with your own good will ye yielded you to him, he promised that you and twelve of yours should be his prisoners and have no hurt. And now of those twelve four are executed shamefully and we are like to pass the same way. These Londoners have caused the duke of Lancaster, your cousin, to do this deed, and have him so sore bound to them that he must do as they will have him. God doth much for us if he suffers that we die our natural death and not a shameful death. It is great pity to think on this."

With these words king Richard began tenderly to weep and wring his hands, and he cursed the hour that ever he was born rather than to have such an end. Such as were about him had great pity, and recomforted him as well as they might. One of his knights said, "Sir, it behooveth you to

take comfort. We see well, and so do you, that this world is nothing. The fortunes thereof are marvelous and sometimes turn as well upon kings and princes as upon poor men. If ye might escape this mischief by dissimulation, and save your life and ours, it were a good enterprise. Peradventure within a year or two there would be had some recovery."

"Why," quoth the king, "what would ye that I should do? There is nothing but I would be glad to do it to save us thereby."

"Sir," quoth the knight, "we see for truth that these Londoners will crown your cousin of Lancaster as king, and for that intent they sent for him, and so have aided him and do. It is not possible for you to live without ye consent that he be crowned king. Wherefore, sir, we counsel you, to the intent to save your life and ours, that when your cousin of Lancaster cometh to you to demand anything, then with sweet and treatable words say to him how ye will resign to him the crown of England and all the right that ye have in the realm clearly and purely into his hands, and how ye will that he be king. Thereby ye shall greatly appease him and the Londoners also. And desire him earnestly to suffer you to live and us also with you, or else every man apart as it shall please him; or else to banish us out of the realm forever: for he that loseth his life loseth all."

King Richard heard these words well and fixed them surely in his heart, and said he would do as they counseled him, as he that saw himself

in great danger. And then he said to those that kept him, how he would gladly speak with his cousin of Lancaster.

When it was showed the duke of Lancaster how Richard of Bordeaux desired to speak with him, the duke in an evening took a barge and went to the Tower by water. The king received him courteously and humbled himself greatly as one who saw himself in great danger, and said, "Cousin of Lancaster, I regard and consider mine estate, which is now but small, I thank God thereof. As any more to reign or to govern people or to bear a crown, I think it not; and as God help me, I would I were dead by a natural death. Cousin, all things considered, I know well I have greatly trespassed against you and against other noblemen of my blood. By divers things I perceive I shall never have pardon, nor come to peace. Wherefore with mine own free and liberal will I resign to you the heritage of the crown of England, and I require you to take the gift thereof with the resignation."

When the duke heard that he said, "Sir, it is convenient that part of the three estates of the realm be called to these words, and I have sent already for some noblemen, prelates and councilors of the towns of England, and I trust they will be here within this three days, sufficient of them for you to make a due resignation before them, and by this means ye shall greatly appease many men within the realm. For to withstand such enormities and evils as have been in the realm for failure of justice, who had no place to

reign, I was sent for from beyond the sea. And the people would crown me, for the renown runneth through England that I have more right to the crown than ye have. For when our grandfather, king Edward III, did choose and make you king, my greater right was shown him. But he so loved his son, the prince, that none could break his purpose but that you should be king. And if ye had followed the steps of your father, the prince, and had believed his counsel as a good son ought to do, ye might still have been king and continued your estate. But ye have done the contrary. And because mine uncle of Gloucester and the earl of Arundel did counsel you truly and faithfully to keep the honor of the realm, and to follow the steps of your ancestors, ye traitorously caused them to die. As for me, I have taken on me to defend your life as long as I may for pity, and I shall pray the Londoners, and the heritors of them that ye have slain and banished, to do the same."

"Cousin, I thank you," quoth the king, "I trust more in you than in any other."

"It is but right that ye so should do," answered the duke, "for if I had not been, ye had been taken by the people and deposed with great confusion and slain by reason of your evil works."

King Richard heard well all the duke's words and wist not what to say against them. For he saw well that force and arguments could not avail him, but rather meekness and humility. Wherefore he humbled himself, and prayed the duke to save his life.

When the duke of Lancaster had been at the Tower two hours with king Richard, and had showed him part of his faults, then he returned. And the next day he sent forth more commandments into all parts of the realm to cause noblemen and others to come to London. Thither came great numbers; and the duke of Lancaster made them good cheer. And on a day the duke of Lancaster, accompanied with lords, dukes, prelates, earls, barons and knights, and of the notablest men of London and of other good towns, rode to the Tower and there alighted.

Then king Richard was brought into the hall, appareled like a king in his robes of estate, his scepter in his hand and his crown on his head. And he stood up alone, not held nor stayed by any man, and said aloud, "I have been king of England, duke of Aquitaine and lord of Ireland about twenty-two years, which seignory, royalty, scepter, crown and heritage I clearly resign here to my cousin Henry of Lancaster. And I desire him here in this open presence, in entering of this same possession to take this scepter." And so he delivered the scepter to the duke, who took it.

Then king Richard took the crown from his head with both his hands, and set it before him and said, "Fair cousin, Henry, duke of Lancaster, I give and deliver you this crown wherewith I was crowned king of England, and therewith all the right thereto depending." The duke of Lancaster took the crown, and the archbishop of Canterbury took it out of the duke's hands.

This resignation thus done, the duke of Lan-

caster called a notary and demanded to have letters and witness of all the prelates and lords there present. Then Richard of Bordeaux returned again into the chamber from whence he came. The duke of Lancaster and all others leapt on their horses, and the crown and scepter were put in a coffer and conveyed to the abbey of Westminster and there kept in the treasury. And every man went to their lodgings and abode till the day of parliament and council should be at the palace of Westminster. These things happened in the year one thousand, three hundred, fourscore and nineteen.

If was not long after that true tidings ran through London how Richard of Bordeaux was dead. How he died and by what means I could not tell when I wrote this chronicle. But this king Richard dead was laid on a litter set on a carriage covered with fine black cloth. And four horses all black drew the carriage, two men in black leading, and four knights all in black following. Thus the carriage departed from the Tower of London and was brought along through London fair and softly to Cheapside, where the chief assembly of London was, and there rested the space of two hours.

Thither came in and out more than twenty thousand persons, men and women, to see king Richard where he lay, his head on a black cushion and his visage open. Some had on him pity, and some none but said he had long deserved death.

Now consider well, ye great lords, kings, dukes, earls, barons and prelates and all men of great lineage and puissance. See and behold how the fortunes of this world are marvelous and turn diversely. This king Richard reigned king of England twenty years in great prosperity, holding great estate and seignory. There was never before any king of England that spent so much in his house as he did, by a hundred thousand florins every year. For I, John Froissart, knew it well, for I was at his court more than a quarter of a year together, and he made me good cheer because that in my youth I was clerk to the noble king Edward the third, his grandfather, and with my lady Philippa of Hainault, queen of England, his grandam. And when I departed from him it was at Windsor, and at my departing the king sent me by a knight of his, called sir John Golofre, a goblet of silver and gilt weighing two marks of silver, and within it a hundred nobles, by the which I am yet the better and shall be as long as I live. Wherefore I am bound to pray to God for his soul and with much sorrow I write of his death.

In my time I have seen two things; though they differ, yet they be true. I was in the city of Bordeaux and sitting at the table when king Richard was born, the which was on a Tuesday about ten of the clock.* The same time there came where I was sir Richard Pontchardon, marshal

* The 13th of April, 1366. His mother was Joan of Kent, "The Fair Maid of Kent." His father, Edward the Black Prince, had his court at Bordeaux. The town was then capital of a sovereign state, Aquitaine, according to the treaty of Bretigny, 1360.

as then of Aquitaine, and he said to me, "Froissart, write and put in memory that my lady princess hath a fair son on this day, he is son of a king and shall be a king."

This same gentle knight said truth, for he was king of England twenty-two years. But when this knight said these words he knew full little what should be his conclusion. And the same time that king Richard was born, his father was king of Galicia, for king don Pedro had given him that kingdom and he went to conquer it.

Upon these things I have greatly imagined since. For the first year that I came into England into the service of queen Philippa, king Edward and the queen and all their children were then at Berkhamstead, a manor of the prince of Wales beyond London.

The king and the queen were come thither to take leave of their son the prince and the princess who were going into Aquitaine. And there I heard an ancient knight devise among the ladies and say, "There is a book which is called *le Brut* and it deviseth that the prince of Wales, eldest son to the king, shall never be king of England, but the realm and crown shall return to the house of Lancaster."

There I, John Froissart, author of this chronicle, considering all these things, I say these two knights, sir Richard Pontchardon and sir Bartholomew of Burgherst, said both truth. For I saw, and so did all the world, Richard of Bordeaux king of England, and afterward the crown returned to the house of Lancaster, and that was

when king Henry was made king,—which would never have been if Richard of Bordeaux had dealt amiably with him. For the Londoners made him king because they had pity on him and on his children.

Thus when the dead king Richard had lain two hours in the carriage at Cheapside, then they drove forward. And when the four knights that followed afoot were without London, they leapt on horses which were ready for them and so they rode till they came to a village called Langley, thirty miles from London, and there this king Richard was buried. God have mercy on his soul!

What befell Two Princes in London Tower

This tale is from the chronicle of Edward Hall, who certainly had a most attractive way of telling his stories. Later writers have cast some doubt upon what Master Hall calls "the dolorous end of these two babes"—whether, that is, the facts here given were really true. Perhaps they were not. But the old chronicler here rehearses them with touching elevation and feeling for the right order of life—"not after every way that I have heard, but after that way that I have heard—by such men and means—that methinketh it to be hard but it should be true."

The dates of the tale are these: Upon the death of Edward IV in April, 1483, Richard, duke of Gloucester, seized his nephew, Edward's son, also named Edward, assumed the title of Protector, and formed plans for securing the crown to himself. Later he also got possession of Richard, younger son of Edward IV, and in June assumed more royal state. In July he set aside the Protectorship and caused himself to be crowned king. Shortly after, the rumor became current that the two children, Edward and Richard, were dead.

WHAT BEFELL TWO PRINCES IN LONDON TOWER

NOW after the triumphant coronation of king Richard III, there fell michiefs thick and thick; and as the thing evil-gotten is never well kept, so through all the time of his usurped reign, never ceased there cruel murder, death and slaughter, till his own destruction ended it. But as he finished with the best death and most righteous, that is to say his own, so began he with the most piteous and wicked, I mean the lamentable murder of his innocent nephews, the young king and his tender brother.

The death and final fortune of the younger brother hath so far come in question that some remained long in doubt whether the two were destroyed or no. Perkin Warbeck, by many folk's malice and more folk's folly so long space abusing the world, and as well with princes as with poor people, was reputed and taken for the younger of these two. But for all things were so covertly demeaned, one thing pretended and another meant, there was nothing so plainly and openly proved as the murder.

For this present matter I shall rehearse to you the dolorous end of these two babes, not after every way that I have heard, but after that way that I have heard—by such men and such means—as methinketh it to be hard but it should be true.

King Richard after his coronation taking his way to Gloucester to visit in his new honor the town of which he of old bore the name, devised as he rode to fulfil that thing which he before had intended. And forasmuch as his mind persuaded him that while his nephews were living, men would not reckon he could have right to the realm, he thought therefore without delay to rid himself of them; as though the killing of his kinsmen might end his cause and make him kindly king.

Whereupon he sent John Green, whom he specially trusted, unto sir Robert Brakenbury, constable of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same sir Robert in any wise should put the two children to death. This John Green did his errand to Brakenbury, who plainly an-

swered that he would never put them to death to die therefor. With which answer Green returned, recounting the same to king Richard, yet on his journey at Warwick. Wherewith Richard took such displeasure and thought that the same night he said to a secret page of his, "Ah, whom shall a man trust! They that I have brought up myself, they that I would have most surely serve me, even these fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me."

"Sir," quoth the page, "there lieth one in the pallet chamber without that I dare well say to do your grace pleasure the thing were right hard that he would refuse"—meaning by this James Tyrell, who was a man of goodly personage and for the gifts of nature worthy to have served a much better prince, if he had well served God and by grace obtained to have as much truth and good will as he had strength and wit. This man had a high heart and sore longed upward, not rising yet so fast as he had hoped. He was hindered and kept under by sir Richard Ratcliffe and sir William Catesby, who longing for no more partners of the prince's favor—namely not for him whose pride they knew would bear no peer—kept him by secret drifts out of all secret trust: which thing this page had well marked and known.

And since this occasion offered of very special friendship, the page spied his time to set Tyrell forward and such wise to do him good that all the enemies he ever had (except the devil) could never have done him so much hurt and shame. For upon the page's words, king Richard arose and

came into the pallet chamber where he did find in bed the said James Tyrell and sir Thomas Tyrell, of person like and brethren of blood, but nothing of kin in conditions.

Then said the king to them, "What, sirs, be you in bed so soon?" and called up James Tyrell, and broke to him secretly his mind in this mischievous matter, in which he found him nothing strange. Therefore on the morrow he sent him to Brakenbury with a letter, by which the constable was commanded to deliver to the said James all the keys of the Tower for a night, to the end that he might there accomplish the king's pleasure in such things as he there had given him in command.

After this letter was delivered and keys received, James appointed the next night ensuing to destroy the children, devising before and preparing the means.

As soon as Richard took upon him to be king and left the name of "protector," the young prince was advertised thereof and showed that he should not reign, but that his uncle should have the crown. At this word the prince sore abashed began to sigh, and said, "Alas, I would mine uncle would let me have my life although I lost my kingdom."

Then he that told him the tale put him in the best comfort that he could. But forthwith the prince and his brother were both shut up, and all others set to serve them removed from them, one called Black Will, or William Slaughter only excepted. After which time the prince never tied

his points,* nor wrought anything of himself, but with that young babe, his brother, lingered in thought and heaviness till the traitorous deed delivered them of their wretchedness.

For James Tyrell devised that they should be murdered in their beds, and no blood shed, to the execution whereof he appointed Myles Forest, one of the four that had kept the children, a fellow flesh-bred in murder beforetime. And to him he joined one, John Dighton, his own horsekeeper, a big, broad, square and strong knave.

Then all the others being removed from them, this Myles Forest and John Dighton about midnight, the guileless children lying in their beds, came into the chamber and suddenly lapped them up amongst the clothes, and so bewrapped and entangled them, keeping down by force the feather bed and pillows hard upon their mouths, that within a while they smothered and stifled them. The children's breath failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls and into the joys of heaven, leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in bed.

After the wretches perceived first by their struggling with the pangs of death, and after their long lying still, the children to be thoroughly dead, they laid the bodies out upon the bed and fetched James Tyrell to see them. When he saw them perfectly dead he caused the murderers to bury them at the stair foot, meetly deep in the ground under a great heap of stones.

Then rode James Tyrell in great haste to king

* Lacings of his dress.

Richard and showed him all the manner of the murder. The king gave him great thanks, and as men say, there made him knight. But he allowed not the burial in so vile a corner, saying that he would have the children buried in a better place because they were a king's sons. Lo, the honorable courage of a king! For he would recompense a detestable murder with a solemn obsequy.

Thereupon a priest of sir Robert Brakenbury's took them up and buried them secretly, but by the occasion of his death—which was very shortly after—the very truth could never be very well and perfectly known. For some say that king Richard caused the priest to take them up and close them in lead, and put them in a coffin full of holes and hooked at the ends with two hooks of iron, and so to cast them into a place called the Black Deeps at the Thames mouth, so that they should never rise up or be seen again. But the very truth was unknown by reason that the said priest died so shortly after and never disclosed the matter to any person who would utter it.

And for a truth, when sir James Tyrell was in the Tower for treason committed against king Henry VII, both he and Dighton were examined together on this point and both confessed the murder to be done in the manner you have heard. But whether the bodies were removed, they both affirmed they never knew.

And thus, as I have learned of them that knew much, and little cause had to lie, were these two noble princes, these innocent, tender children, born of royal blood and brought up in great

wealth, likely long to live, to reign and rule in the realm, by traitorous tyranny taken and deprived of their estate, shut up in prison and privily slain and murdered by the cruel ambition of their unnatural uncle and his pitiless tormentors. Which things on every part well pondered, God gave this world never a more notable example, either in what unsurety standeth this world's weal, or what wretched end ensueth such pitiless cruelty.

For first, to begin with the ministers: Myles Forest at saint Martin le Grand by piecemeal miserably rotted away. John Dighton lived at Calais long after, no less disdained and hated than pointed at, and there died in great misery. Sir James Tyrell was beheaded at the Tower hill for treason. And king Richard himself was slain in field, hacked and hewed at his enemies' hands, harried on a-horseback naked and dead, his hair in despite torn and tugged like a cur dog.

And the mischiefs that he met with in less than three years to the mischiefs he did in three months are not comparable; and yet all the mean time spent in much trouble and pain outward, and much fear, dread and anguish within. For I have heard by credible report of such as were secret with his chamberers, that after this abominable deed done, he never was quiet in his mind, he never thought himself sure when he went abroad, his body privily fainted, his eyes whirled about, his hand was ever on his dagger, his countenance and manner like always to strike again; he took evil rest at nights, lay long waking and

musings forwearing with care and watch, rather slumbered than slept, was troubled with fearful dreams, sometimes suddenly started up, leapt out of his bed and looked about the chamber. So was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled with the tedious impression and stormy remembrance of his abominable murder and execrable tyranny.

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