Originals and Analogues

of some of

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.
"The larger works of fiction resemble those productions of a country which are consumed within itself; while Tales, like the more delicate and precious articles of traffic, which are exported from their native soil, have gladdened and delighted every land."—Dunlop's History of Fiction.
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FOREWORDS.

The purpose of this volume was to get together all the known sources of Chaucer's Tales, so that the student of the Poet might see what in them was borrowd, and what original. The Analogs were added in order to show how the stories that Chaucer used were modified by other minds in other lands. But few of these would have been given, had not Mr. W. A. Clouston, the well-known authority on the subject, most kindly volunteered his help. He has treated, as fully as he can, the Franklin's Tale, the Merchant's Tale, the Man of Law's Tale, the Pardoner's Tale, the Manciple's Tale, the Wife of Bath's Tale, and the Clerk's Tale. A like illustration of the other Tales—almost all of which admit it—would have swelled this volume to such unwieldy size, that Mr. Clouston advised its closing now, leaving him at liberty to take up the subject again when he can find time for it, either thro' a publisher or for the Society.

Mr. Clouston has also been good enough to revise Mr. W. M. Wood's Index to this volume, and to draw up the Contents, adding a List of the Tales illustrated by analogs, variants, &c. This was necessary, because the latter were printed as they came to hand. I never thought of waiting to get everything available for any Tale before anything about it was put forth. I still hope to arrange with Mr. Hy. Ward and some second Editor for the issue of the original of the Knight's Tale.

The Original of Troilus and Cressida has been edited for us by our kind helper, Mr. W. M. Rossetti. If Analogs or Originals can be found for any of Chaucer's Minor Poems, they will appear in a separate volume.

The thanks of all our Members are specially due to Mr. Clouston for the very interesting set of Eastern Analogs which he has contributed to this volume. I am responsible for pages 55-288 below.

F. J. Furnivall.

Westfield Terrace, Bakewell, Derbyshire, 12 August, 1888.
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The following is a list of such of Trivet's works as I have been able to find intelligible references for:—

I. Annales ab origine mundi ad Christum.¹ Royal MS. 13 B xvi., MS. Phillipps. 1846, MS. Bibl. du Roi 4929.


VI. A Commentary on the Flores Hugonis de S. Victore. Royal MS. 8 D ix., MS. E Museo 139.

VII. A Commentary on Valerii epistola ad Rufinum de uxore non ducenda. Lincoln Coll. Oxford MS. 81.

VIII. De officio missæ. Harl. MSS. 3138 and 3768, Merton Coll. MS. 188, Lambeth MS. 150.

IX. Expositio in Leviticum. Merton Coll. MS. 188.

X. Compositus Hebræorum. Merton Coll. MS. 188.

XI. Tabula Nicolai Trivet super allegorias libri Ovidii de transformatis, secundum ordinem alphabeti. Merton Coll. MSS. 85 and 299.

XII. Moralizatio fabularum Ovidii, sive commentarius super Ovidii metamorphoses. Merton Coll. MSS. 85 and 299, St John the Baptist Coll. MS. 137.

XIII. Questio determinata per Mag. Nicolaum dictum Trivet de ordine predicatorum, quod omnia sunt admittenda quæ tradit ecclesia circa passionem Christi. Corpus Christi Coll. Camb. MS. 298. († Royal MS. 6 B xi.)

¹ This is quite a distinct work from the Chronicles in French, though T. Hog supposes them to be one and the same. See his preface, p. xii-xiii.
XIV. Fr. Nicolai Trivet Opus in tres priores Libros Sententiarum. Lambeth MS. 347. (?Caius Coll. Camb. MS. 319.)


XVI. Nic. Triveth Angli, ord. Præd. quodlibeta. (See Haenel, col. 594.)

XVII. Notes on Senecce Declamationes. (See Haenel, col. 177.)


It is from this last work that the tale of Constance is extracted. In the Arundel MS. the heading runs thus:

Ci comence les Cronicles qe Frere Nichol Tryuet escript a dame Marie, la fille moun seignour le Roi Edward, le fitz Henri.

After this follows a short preface, in which the author explains the scope of his work as follows:

Pvr ceo qe nous sumez auize de ceux qe souent persons en estudie, qil souent ennoyez de la prolixete destoires & qe plousours en ouint defaute de liures, il nous plust recoiler la counte de ceaux qe descenderront del primere piere adam, droitement entendues, taunq a la nesauce nostre seignour iesu crist, si qe par la descriptiou qest myse soient les qeors plus attrez a regarder a la-bregement fete, qe len puisse la chose de plus leger entendre, & retenir de plus viue memorie; mes nous nescounteroms pas la verite de lestorie. Mes la monstroms ordeinemen solonc la descence de Adam par patriarches, Iuges, Rois, prophetes, & prestres, & des autres de lour temps isqes a nostre saueur, Et puis apres de les gestes des apostoles, emperours, & Rois taunt a lapostoile Iohan le xxij.

The story of Constance begins on leaf 45, back. Trivet represents it as the account of the Saxon chronicles. We need not inform the reader that the work known as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle contains nothing of the kind.

Gower, the contemporary of Chaucer, has versified the story of Constance in the second book of his Confessio Amantis (vol. i. pages 179—213, of Dr Pauli's edition). Beyond condensing the tale somewhat, he has altered it but little. The incidents follow each other in the same order as in Trivet. The following are the chief alterations:
1. Gower makes no mention of the great learning of Constance (compare pp. 4-5, 12-13).

2. Nor of the 700 Saracens (cp. pp. 8-9).

3. The murderer of Hermingild, after being smitten by the hand, confesses his crime and dies (cp. pp. 24-25).

4. Constance is not taken to the Admiral, but Thelous sees her by the shore (cp. pp. 32-33, 34-35).

5. Thelous is thrown from the ship miraculously, in answer to Constance’s prayer (cp. pp. 36-37).

6. Constance’s ship floats into the Roman fleet till it reaches the senator’s vessel, and then stops (cp. pp. 40-41).


8. Constance goes forward to meet her father without the king (cp. pp. 50-51).

The only important addition made by Gower is the following passage:

And fanne hire handes to pe heuene
Sche Strawhte, and wiþ a milde steuene,
Knelende vpon hire bare kne,
Sche seide, “O hihe mageste,
Which sest pe point of euery trowþe,
Tak of þi wofull womman rowþe
And of þis child þat I schal kepe.”
And with þat word sche gan to wepe,
Souende as ded; and þer sche lay.
Bot he which alle þinges may
Conforteþ hire, and ate laste
Sche lokeþ, and hire yhen caste
Vpon hire child, and seide þis;
“Of me no maner charge it is,
What sorwe I soffre, bot of þee
Me þenþ it is a gret pite;
þfor if I sterue þou schalt deie,
So mot I nedes be þat weie,
þfor Moderhed and for tendresse,
Wiþ al myn hole besinesse,
Ordeigne me for þilke office,
As sche which schal be þi Norrice.”
Thus was sche strengþed for to stonde;
And þo sche tok hire child in honde,
And þat it sowke; and euere among
Sche wepte, and oþerwhile song
To rocke wip hire child a slepe.
And thus hire oghne child to kepe
Sche hap, vnder pe goddes cure.

Harleian MS. 3869, leaf 67, back, 68.

CHAUCE[t] tells the same story as Trivet, but tells it in his own
language, and in a much shorter compass. He omits little or nothing of importance, and alters only the details. As the reader can easily compare any passage of Trivet's version with the corresponding passage in the _Man of Law's Tale_ by means of the numbers in the margin, we need only mention a few of the more striking differences.

Trivet ascribes great learning to Constance and a knowledge of many languages; Chaucer passes this by, and where Trivet makes her speak Saxon so as to be mistaken for a Saxon princess, Chaucer says (ll. 516—520):

In hir langage / mercy she bisoghte
The lyf / out of hire body for to twynne
Hire to deliuer / of wo / that she was Inne
A maner latyn corrupt / was hir speche
But algates / ther by was she vnderstonde

Trivet makes the drowning of Thelous a premeditated act on the part of Constance; Chaucer treats it as an accident:

But blisful Marie / heelp hire right anon
ffor with hir struglyng wel and myghtily
The theef fil ouer bord / al sodeynly
And in the see / he dreynete for vengeance
And thus hath Crist vnwemmed kept Custance

ll. 920—924.

In Trivet Constance sends Maurice to invite the Emperor; but Chaucer says:

Som men wold seyn / how pat the child Maurice
Dooth this Message / vn to this Emperour
But as I gesse / Alla was nat so nycye
To hym that was / of so souereyn honour
As he that is / of cristen folk the flour
Sente any child / but it is bet to deeme
He wente hym self / and so it may wel seeme.

ll. 1086—1092.
Chaucer's additions are many; of the 1029 lines of which the tale consists, about 350 are Chaucer's additions. The passages are these:

I. Two stanzas on the great book of heaven, ll. 190—203:

Parauenture / in thilke large book . . . .
That no wight kan wel rede it atte fulle

II. A bit of chaff about husbands all being good; then Constance's farewell words to her parents, ll. 270—287:

And to be bounden / vnder subieccion . . . .
And to been / vnder mannes gouernance

III. Three astrological stanzas, ll. 295—315:

O firste moenyng / cruel firmament . . . .
Allas / we been / to lewed or to slowe

IV. The Sultaness's speech to the Saracen conspirators, ll. 330—343:

Lorde / she seyde / ye knowne euerichon . . . .
And I shal make vs sauf for eueremoore

V. Another speech of the Sultaness, ll. 351—357:

We shul firste feyne vs / cristendom to take . . . .
Thogh she / a font ful water / with hire lede

1 Tyrwhitt says, "This passage is imitated from the Megacosmus of Bernardus Sylvesteri, an eminent philosopher and poet about the middle of the xiith century. Fabric. Bibl. Med. Etat. in v. Bernardus Carnotensis et Sylvesteri. I will transcribe here the original lines from MS. Bod. 1265.

Prajacet in stellis series, quam longior ætas
Explicit et spatiiis temporis ordo suis,
Sceptra Phoronci, fratrum discordia Thebis,
Flamma Phaëthontis, Deucalionis aequ
In stellis Codri paupertas, copia Croesi,
Incestus Paradis, Hippolytique pudor.
In stellis Priami species, audacia Turni,
Sensus Ulyxex, Herculeusque rigor.
In stellis pugil est Pollux et navita Typhis
Et Cicero rhetor et geometra Thales.
In stellis lepidum dictat Maro, Milo figurat,
Fulgurat in Latia nobilitate Nero.
Astra notat Persis, Ægyptus parturit artes,
Grecia docta legis, praelia Roma gerit.

The four lines in Italics are quoted in the Margin of MS. C. 1," (the good paper MS. Dd. 4. 24, Univ. Libr. Cambr.); and others: see the Six-Text.
VI. Chaucer apostrophizes the Sultaness, and then Satan, ll. 358—371:

O Sowdanesse / roote of Iniquitee . . . .
Makestow of wommen / whan thou wolt bigile

VII. Some lines setting forth the splendour of Constance's reception in the Saracen city, ll. 400—410:

Noght trowe I / the triumpe of Iulius . . . .
And thus / in murthe and ioye I lete hem dwelle

VIII. A stanza on the shortness of worldly joy, ll. 421—427:

O sodeyn wo / that euere art successour . . . .
The vnwar wo / or harm pat comth bihynde

IX. A prayer of Constance, ll. 449—462:

She blesseth hire / and with ful pitous voys . . . .
Me helpe / and yif me myght / my lyf tamenden

X. Five stanzas on God's power to deliver from various dangers, ll. 470—504:

Men myghten asken / why she was nat slayn . . . .

XI. Four stanzas describing Constance's defenceless condition, ll. 631—658:

Allas Custance / thou hast no champion . . . .
ffer been thy freendes / at thy grete nede

XII. Some lines on the wedding, ll. 701—714:

Me list nat of the chaf / or of the stree . . . .
As for the tyme / it may no bet bitide

XIII. Chaucer apostrophizes the drunken messenger and the treacherous Domgild, ll. 771—784:

O Messager / fulfild of dronkenesse . . . .
Thogh thou heere walke / thy spirit is in helle

XIV. The constable's lament on receiving the counterfeit letter, ll. 811—819:

Lord Crist quod he / how may this world endure . . . .
On shames deeth / ther is noon oother weye
XV. Constance's prayer before going to ship, her attentions to her child, prayer to Mary, words of pity for her innocent babe, and her leave-taking, ll. 825—868:

—— and knelynge on the Stronde . . . .
She kissed hire / and into ship she wente

XVI. On the end of the 'lust of luxurie', and whence Constance got her strength against the renegade, ll. 925—945:

O foule lust of luxurie / lo thyn ende . . . .
So sente hye myght and vigour to Custance

XVII. Alla's thoughts after seeing Maurice, ll. 1037—1043:

Parfay thoghte he / fantome is in myn heed . . . .
To my contree / fro thennes that she wente

XVIII. The pain and joy of Alla's meeting with his long-lost wife, ll. 1052—1078:

And weep / that it was routhe for to see . . . .
Hath seyn or / shal / whil that the world may dure

XIX. On the unlastingness of all human joy, ll. 1132—1141:

But litel while it lasteth / I yow heete . . . .
Lasteth the blisse of Alla with Custance

The tale of Emare in the Cotton MS. Caligula A ii. printed by Ritson in his Romances, seems, in all but its bad beginning, to be merely an altered version of the Constance story. We give an outline only.

A rich and mighty emperor, named Artyus, has by his wife Erayne an only child, Emare. The empress dies before her daughter can walk or talk; and the child is entrusted to a nurse named Abro. Sir Tergaunte, the king of Sicily, presents the Emperor with a wondrous cloth of gold, set with all manner of precious stones. It was made by the 'Ameraile dowyster of hefennes,' and formerly belonged to the Sowdan, from whom Tergaunt's father won it. The Emperor sends messengers to fetch Emare and her nurse, and has a garment made for her of the wonderful cloth. When he sees his daughter thus attired, he becomes enamoured of her, and wishes to make an incestuous marriage with her. He actually gets a bull from the pope for that purpose. But Emare refuses. Whereupon
the wrathful Emperor swears that she shall die. She is put into a boat without food or drink 'in the robe of noble blee'. The wind drives the boat from the land. When her father has lost sight of her, he repents and sends ships after her, but in vain. The boat is driven 'into a lond that hy3th Galys y vnpurstond'. Emare is found by the king's steward, Sir Kador, who makes a feast, whereat the king sees Emare and falls in love with her. The king marries her sorely against his mother's will. Soon after he goes to help the king of France against the Saracens, leaving his queen, now with child by him, in charge of his steward and a bishop. In due time she bears a son, who is named Segramour. The steward sends news of the queen's safe delivery to the king. But the messenger, on his way, goes to the king's mother, who makes him drunk, steals and burns the steward's letter, and writes a counterfeit one, saying that the queen is a devil, and her child a monster. On reading the false letter, the king's grief is great, but he orders the queen to be safely kept. The messenger returns, again calling on the king's mother, who again makes him drunk and counterfeits the king's letter, giving order that the queen shall be sent out to sea. This is done. She is drifted to Rome, where a merchant named Iurdan finds her boat, and takes her home with him. She abides there. The king of Wales returns from the wars. The treachery of the king's mother is discovered, and she is banished. After some years the king goes to Rome to get absolution from the pope. He takes his lodging at the house of the burgess, where Emare dwells. Emare's son serves the king, who asks his name, and finds it the same as his son's. The old Emperor, thinking of his former sin and of his lost daughter, goes to the pope. The king and Segramour go to meet the Emperor and tell him about his daughter. A joyful meeting takes place.

The Stockholm MS. marked III was many years ago found by Professor G. Stephens to contain the story of Constance. See his catalogue entitled "Förteckning öfver de förmämsta brittiska och fransyska handskrifterna, uti kongl. biblioteket i Stockholm (1847), p. 20. This MS. was kindly sent over by the authorities of the Royal Library at Stockholm, and deposited at the British Museum.
for the use of the Chaucer Society. Whilst it lay there Mr Ward of the MS. Department identified it with Trivet's Chronicle in the Arundel MS. 56, which Mr Thomas Wright had pointed out, in his edition of the Canterbury Tales, as containing the story of Constance. As the Arundel MS. was older and better, it was chosen for the text of the present edition, the Stockholm MS. being used to supply omitted words or letters, and in some cases to correct false readings. Since the text has been in type, I find that there are several other MSS. of the work in this country, namely, Magdalen Coll. Oxford 45, Trin. Coll. Camb. Gale O. 4. 32, Bodl. Lib. Rawl. B. 178, Douce, 119. (See Sir T. Hardy’s Descriptive Catalogue of Materials relating to the early History of Great Britain, iii. 349.)

In printing the text I have most carefully followed the MSS. The contractions are represented as usual by Italics. In collating the Stockholm MS. I have for the most part disregarded mere differences of spelling.

I have to thank M. Paul Meyer for some corrections which he kindly made in my translation.

E. Brock.

Cambridge, Jan. 1872.

1 I am sorry to find that Sir T. Hardy copies T. Hog’s mistake of confounding the French Chronicle with the Latin work, Annales Mundi.

2 The word ‘xpien’ I have printed as ‘christien’ throughout, notwithstanding that the scribe, when writing in full, spells it ‘cristien’. See p. 9, line 3 from below.

OBSERVE. All words marked * in the text are wanting in the Stockholm MS. Where the Stockholm MS. has additional words, they are either put into the text in crotchets [ ], or else into the footnotes with a dagger † before them. This dagger has been substituted for the sign + (plus), which was found inconvenient for the printer.
The Life of Constance

(the source of Chaucer's "Man of Law's Tale")

from

the Anglo-Norman Chronicle of Nicholas Tribet

(AFTER A.D. 1334).

COPYED FROM THE ARUNDEL MS. 56, COLLATED WITH A MS. IN THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT STOCKHOLM, AND EDITED WITH A TRANSLATION

by

EDMUND BROCK.
The Life of Constance.

Translation.

In the time of this Emperor Tiberius Constantinus, as some chronicles tell, there was a right valiant knight of the country of Cappadocia, called Maurice. This Maurice was chosen by the foresaid Tiberius to be emperor with himself; and (the emperor) gave him to wife his daughter Constance, and made her his heir. But, as the ancient chronicles of the Saxons say, this Maurice was not more than seventeen years old when he was appointed by Tiberius to the empire; a very gracious youth, and wondrously strong for his age, and wise and sharp of wit. According to the history of the Saxons aforesaid, he was the son of Constance, the daughter of Tiberius, by a king of the Saxons, Alle, beforenamed, who was the second king of Northumberland; and he was called (Maurice) of Cappadocia, because he was nourished twelve years in the court of the Senator Tarquinius of Rome, who was from Cappadocia. Then it gives us to understand that this Tiberius Constantinus, whilst he ruled the court and provinces of the empire under the Emperor Justin, as is aforesaid at the beginning of the forty-sixth history, begat on his wife Italia a daughter Constance. And because he had no other child, therefore with great diligence
The Life of Constance.

[Arundel MS. 56, leaf 45, back.]

En le temps cist Thiberie Constantin, emperour, com dient lez vns cronikes, estoit vn tresualautn chevaler del pais de Capadoce, apele Moriz. Cist Moris fu eslu par le auant-dit Thiberie destre Emperour ou lui; et lui dona femme Constance sa fille, & la clama son heire. Mes come dient lez Aunciene cronikes de sessounz, cist Moris nestoit mes de dissept auntz, quant il fu ordine par Thiberie al empire, trop gracious Iuuencel, & merueilousement vgerous de son Age, & de sen sages & agu. Cist, solom lestoire de sessouns auanitedtes, estoit le fitz constaunce, la fille Tyberie, de vn rei de sessouns, Alle, auantnome, que estoit le secund Roi de Northubre; & fu dit de Capadoce, quar dozze anz estoit norri en la Court le senatour Tarquinnus de Rome questoit de Capadoce. Dount fait assauoir que cist Tyberie Constantin, taunt com il gouerna la Court & lez provinces del Empire soutz lemperour Justin, com auant est dit al commencement del quarantime sisme estoire, engendra de sa femme ytalie vne fille Constance. Et pur cee que nul autre enfaunt auoit, pur cee a grant diligence

1 En diouwt. 2 xvij. 3 sage. 4 solone : so elsewhere. 5 lestoires dez. 6 auantditz. 7 dez. 8 Northumberland. 9 Tarquinnus. 10 donc : so elsewhere. 11 de. 12 xlvij. 13 od. 14 Tiberius Constantinus chose a knight named Maurice to be Moris, emperor, and gave him his daughter Constance to wife. 15 But according to the chronicles of the Saxons, this Maurice was the son of Constance.
he caused her to be taught the Christian faith and instructed by learned masters in the seven sciences, which are logic, physics, morals, astronomy, geometry, music, perspective, which are called secular sciences; and he had her instructed in various tongues. Then, when she had entered the thirteenth year of her age, there came to the court of her father Tiberius heathen merchants out of the great Saracenland, bearing divers and rich merchandise; and Constance went down to them to look at their riches, and asked them about their land and their belief. And when she understood that they were heathens, she preached to them the Christian faith. And after they had assented to the faith, she caused them to be baptized, and perfectly taught the faith of Jesus Christ. Then they returned to their country. And when they acknowledged the faith before their Saracen neighbours and kinsfolk, they were accused to the high Sultan concerning their faith. And after they were brought before him, they were rebuked by the wise men for their religion, that they should believe in a crucified and mortal man. But after they had sufficiently defended the religion of Jesus Christ against the heathen, who no longer knew how to gainsay it, they began to praise the maid Constance, who had converted and fully instructed them, for very high and noble wit and wisdom, and great marvellous beauty, and gentleness, and nobleness of blood; through which words the Sultan, greatly overcome with love for the maiden, he being a young man, sent those same Christians again whom she converted to the faith, and with them a heathen Admiral, with great pomp and wealth and presents to Tiberius and his daughter, asking the maiden in marriage, with great promise
CONVERSION OF THE SARACEN MERCHANTS.

la fist enseigner la foi christian, & endoctriner par\(^1\) mestres sachauenz en lez\(^2\) sept sciences, que sont logi-

\[\text{ciene, Naturel, Morale, astronomie, geometrie, Musique,}\]

perspective, que sont philosophies seculieres apelez ; & la fist endoctriner en diverses langages. Puis, quant

ele estoit entree le trezime aan de son age, vindrent a

la court son pire Tiberie, Marchauntz paens hors de

la graunde sarazine, portaunts\(^3\) diuers & riches Mar-

chandies ; a queus\(^4\) descendi Constauance pur Auiser

lour\(^5\) richesses, si lour demaunda de lour terre & de

lour\(^6\) creanunc. Et quant ele entendi qil estoient

paens, lour prescha la foi comfisence. Et puis qil auoient

assentu\(^7\) a la fey,\(^8\) les fit baptizer & en-seiner parfitement

en\(^9\) la fei iesu crist. Puis retournerent a lour terre.

† Et quant reconustrent la foi deuaunt lour veisines e

parens sarazines, estoient accusés al haut soudan de

lour foi. Et aprés qil\(^10\) estoient amenes deuant lui,

furent repris par\(^10\) les sages de lour ley, qil\(^11\) deueyent

crere en vn homme crucifie & mortel. Mes puis\(^6\) qil

auyect suffiassautment defendu\(^12\) la loy\(^13\) iesu crist en-

contre les paens, qe ne sauoient plus\(^6\) contre-dire,\(^14\)

comenserunt\(^15\) de preiser la pucelle constauance, qui les

anoit converti\(^16\) [& pleinerement enseigne,]\(^17\) de trop

haut & noble seen & sapience, & de graunte merueil-

ouse beaute & gentirise & noblesce de saunc ; par

queles paroles lui\(^18\) soudan, trop suppris del amour\(^19\) de

la pucelle, com il estoit homme de Ioeuene age, maunda

de nouel mesmes ceux christiens, qil\(^20\) converti\(^21\) a la

foy, e ouesqes eus vn admiral\(^22\) paen oue grant aparail

&\(^o\) richesses & presentz a Tyberie &\(^23\) sa file, en de-

maundaunt la pucelle en mariage, oue grant promesce

\[\text{daughter to be instructed in the Christian faith and in the}\]

\[\text{seven sciences.}\]

\[\text{They returned to their own country; and being brought before the sultan,}\]

\[\text{they defended their faith and spoke in praise of Constance.}\]

\[\text{The sultan falls in love with her, and sends messengers with rich gifts to ask her}\]

\[\text{in marriage.}\]

\(\text{† lez.}\)
\(\text{le.}\)
\(\text{multz.}\)
\(\text{as quex.}\)
\(\text{lez.}\)
\(\text{la.}\)
\(\text{assenti.}\)
\(\text{† christi ne.}\)
\(\text{ils.}\)
\(\text{de.}\)
\(\text{qils : so elsewhere.}\)
\(\text{defendi.}\)
\(\text{foy.}\)
\(\text{† come.}\)
\(\text{comencerent.}\)
\(\text{convertiz.}\)
\(\text{† a.}\)
\(\text{From S.}\)
\(\text{le : so elsewhere.}\)
\(\text{damaour.}\)
\(\text{ia.}\)
\(\text{conuertez.}\)
\(\text{admirable.}\)
\(\text{† a.}\)
THE LIFE OF CONSTANCE.

Man of Law's Tale, line 234 of peace and alliance between the countries of the Christians and the Saracens. And after that Tiberius had consulted, concerning this request, Pope John (who was spoken of before in the forty-sixth history,) and the other great ones of Holy Church, and the Romans of the Senate, he answered the Admiral and messengers, that if the Sultan would consent to deny his idols and his false beliefs, and receive baptism and the religion of Jesus Christ—on this condition Tiberius would consent to the alliance, but in no other way. And hereupon he sent his letters to the Sultan, and greatly honoured the messengers. And these men, on their return, praised above all things to the Sultan, the maiden, and the splendour of the court, and the gentle lordship of Tiberius. And the Admiral, before the Sultan and all his council, vowed himself to the Christian faith, if the Sultan should consent. Then after a few days, the Sultan sent this same Admiral, and worshipful messengers of the greatest men of his land, and under their conduct, twelve Saracen children, sons of the great Saracens, as hostages to Tiberius, in form of a security for his daughter; and moreover he sent his full consent to the arrangement of the Christians, and also sent his letters sealed, (assuring) good and entire peace between all Christians and all Saracens, and free passage to go freely and trade, and to visit the holy places of the Sepulchre, and Mount Calvary, and Bethlehem, and Nazareth, and the valley of Jehoshaphat, and all other holy places within the bounds of his dominion. And he relinquished the city of Jerusalem to the dominion of the Christians, for them to inhabit, and (gave) liberty to the Christian bishops and their clergy to preach, and to teach the peoples of his land the right faith, and to baptize, and to build churches,
CONDITIONS OF THE MARRIAGE.

The emperor consents to the alliance on condition that the sultan shall become a Christian.

The sultan declares there shall be peace between all Christians and all Saracens, and free passage to the holy places.

Jerusalem is ceded to the Christians.

Obligatio Soldani.

de pees & daliance entre les parties de christiens & sarazins. Et puis que tiberie avoit conseile sur cest demaunde le pape Iohan, (de qui est auaundit en le quarantisme sisme estoire,) & les autres grantz de seint esglise, & les Romeyns del Senat, respondui al admiral & as messagiers, Qe si luy soudan se volet assentir de reneer ses maumetz & sa mescreance, & resceiuere bapteme & la loi iezu crist—a cest couennant Tyberius sassentireit a la-launce, mes ne pas en autere fourme. Et sur ceo maunda ses lettres a lui soudan & grantment honura les messagiers. Et cistz, a lour retourner, sur tote rienz preiserent la pucele a luy soudan, & la nobleie de la court, & la gentil seignorie Tyberie. Et lui admiral, deuaunt [le Sodan & deuauent] tot soun conseil, se vova a la foi christien, si le soudan sassentiseit. Puis apres poy de iours, le soudan maunda sesmes cesti admiral & solempnes messagiers dez plus grantz de sa terre, & en lour conduit, duzze enfauntz sarazins, fitz as grantz sarazins, en hostages a Tyberie, en fourme de seuret pur sa fille, & a ceo maunda son assent, haut & baas, de lordinarye des christienes, & a ceo enuoia ses lettres asseles, [de bone] e entere pees entre tous christienes & touz sarazins, & fraunce passage de aler fraunche-ment e Marcaunder, & pur visiter lez seintz luz del seulcre, & del mount de Caluarie, & de Bethleem, & de Nazarethe, & del val de Iosaphat, & tous autres lieux seyns deins les Marches de son power. Et la Cite de ierusalem abaundona a la seignurie des christienes pur enhabiter, & Fraunchises as Euesqes christienes & a lour clergie de prechier, e enseigner les gentz de sa terre la droict moy, & de baptizer, & deseglisez

1 MS. countre, S. entre. 2 demanda. 3 xlvij. 4 mescreance. 5 moy. 6 En. 7 Tyberie assentireit. 8 comaunda lez. 9 ils. 10 &. 11 sassenti. 12 dez. 13 cest. 14 de lez. 15 hostagers. 16 christiens en. 17 puis. 18 lieux seintz de. 19 de. 20 franuchise. 21 la. 22 † de.
Man of Law's Tale, line

and to destroy the idol-temples. And moreover he sent his letters to the apostle [pope] and to the clergy, and to Tiberius and to the maid Constance, and to all the Senate, with rich gifts and treasures, by great persons. And through their conferences upon this message they all agreed, and in time sent the maiden from her father’s house, and from her acquaintance, among strange barbarians, amid great grief, and tears, and cry, and noise, and complaint of all the city of Rome. On this voyage were sent a cardinal bishop, and a cardinal priest, with a great number of clergy, and a senator of Rome, with noble chivalry and great and rich array, and with a great number of Christians who went thither, some on pilgrimage, others to take possession of Jerusalem.

It came to pass that the Sultan’s mother, who was still living (alas! but for the will of God), seeing that her religion was already on the point of being destroyed by Christians who were in the Saracens’ country, plotted evil and treason. Then, after she had secret alliance by covenant with seven hundred Saracens who gave themselves up to live or die in the quarrel, she went to her son, when she heard of the coming of the maiden and the Christians very near to land, within a few days’ journey, and began greatly to thank and praise God that she had resolved to embrace the Christian religion, and swore to him that for a long time she had been secretly in the same mind; then, at last, she begged her son, the Sultan, that he would grant her the first feast before the wedding; and he, thanking her, complied. Then were the maiden and the Christians received by the Sultan and his mother with great honour, and with great splendour. And the first day of their coming, the feast was provided in the
TREACHERY OF THE SULTANESS.

fere,\(^1\) & les temples de\(^2\) Maumetz destruire. Et a ceo
euoya ses lettres a la-postoise, & a la clergie, & a Ty-
berie, & a la pucelle constaunce, & a tout le senat oye
riches doomes & tresours \(\text{par [grantz] persones. Et}
\)
\(\text{pur lour comunes sur\(^3\) cest maundement, tous se ac-
derent, & en temps maunderent la pucelle hors de la}
meson son piere, & hors de sa consaunce, entre estranges
barbaryns, a grant doel, &\(^4\) lermes, & crie, & noise, &
pleynt, de tote la citee de Rome. En cele\(^4\)
veiage estoit enueye vn Euesge Cardinal & vn prestre
Cardinal oye grant nombre de Clergie, & vne senatour
de Rome oye\(^5\) noble chiualrie \& grant \& riche ap-
parail, *\& oye\(^6\) grant noumbre de\(^7\) christiens que i
alerent, les vns pur pelerinage, les autres pur la seysine
duire jereusalem.

\(\text{† Avynt que la mere le soudan, que vnkorere}
\)
\(\text{viuoit, (allas ! si ne fut la volunte dieu,) veaunte que}
\)
sa ley estoit ia en poynt destre destrute \(\text{par christiens}
\)
qi furent\(^8\) en saraisines, sen-pensa de mal \& de tresoun.
Dount puis celle aoit priue alliaunce de couenaunt
ouesge sept [C dez] sarazines, qe sabaundonerent de
viuere \&\(^9\) morier en la querelle, Mist a son fitz, quant
ele oy la venue de la pucelle \& de\(^\text{10 christiens bien}
\)
\(\text{pres de la terre, a poy\(^11\) dez\(^12\) iourneis, \&\(^13\) comensca}
\)
moult mercier \& loer dieu, qel\(^14\) aoit le purpos\(^15\) de la
\(\text{ley christien, \& luy iura que par grant\(^16\) temps aoit ele}
\)
este en mesme la volunte priuement ; dount fainement\(^17\)
pria son fitz, le soudan, qe\(^18\) lui grauast la prime fest
avant les esposailes, \& il\(^19\) en merciaunt ly octrey.
Puis fu la pucelle \& les christiens resceu del soudan \&
de sa mere, a grant honour \& a grant nobleie. Et le
\(\text{primer iour de lour\(^20\) venu fu la feste puruwu en le}
\)

\(^1\) de faire esglises.
\(^2\) des.
\(^3\) \& \(\text{par lour conues.}
Sour.

\(^4\) \(\text{† temps &.}
\(^5\) \(\text{† graunt \&.}
\(^6\) \(\text{⋆ oue.}
\(^7\) \(\text{dez.}
\(^8\) \(\text{suruenautz.}
\(^9\) \(\text{⋆ de.}
\(^10\) \(\text{⋆ des.}

The maid is sent away from her father's house among strange barbarians.

The sultan's mother, seeing her religion about to be destroyed, lays
a plot and hires 700 Saracens.

Tresoun.

She feigns to become a Christian; and
arranges to hold a feast before the
marriage.

\(^{11}\) apres. \(^{12}\) ⋆ iu. \(^{13}\) ⋆ ele.
\(^{14}\) qil. \(^{15}\) la purpose.
\(^{16}\) grauntz. \(^{17}\) finalment.
\(^{18}\) qi. \(^{19}\) luy. \(^{20}\) sa.
Man of Law's Tale, line 10 palace of the Sultaness; and the banquet was so arranged that all the males, Christian and Saracens, should eat in the hall of the Sultan, and that in the Sultaness's hall and feast should be women alone, except the seven hundred hired Saracens who were appointed to serve at both feasts. And these seven hundred hirelings, when the feast was most joyful, came armed, with another great multitude of their retainers, upon the feasters. And according to the order of the Sultaness, they killed all the Christians, male and female, except only the maiden; and they slew the Sultan and the Admiral, and the other converts to the faith. And through all the court, whatever common people of the Christians they found, they put to death. But three Christian young men escaped, when first they heard the affray, and came to Rome, and related to the Emperor the mischance and the treason, and the death of his daughter Constance, as they supposed. At this news the Emperor and all the clergy and the Senate were alarmed, and great grief was manifested throughout Rome.

In this manner Constance remained alone, bewildered, entirely in the hands of her enemies. Then, after that she, for no fair promise of wealth or honour, nor for any threat of punishment or death, would deny her faith, the member of the devil, the Sultaness, planned for her a new torment; which, though it came to her of cruel will, nevertheless the providence of God did not fail therein, which in tribulation never fails those who have hope in Him. Then she (the Sultaness) caused a ship to be stored with victuals, bread which is called biscuit, peas, beans, sugar, honey, and wine, to sustain the life of the maiden for three years. And in this ship she caused to be placed all the riches and the treasure which the Emperor Tiberius had sent with the maid
paleis le souldane; e estoit la mangerie ordeigne issint que les hales li soudan mangasent tous madles, chris-
tiens & sarazins, & que en les hales & en la feste le 
soudane fusent soules femmes, sauntz les sept centz 
sarazins lowes, que furent ordeignes pur servuice del vne 
feste & del autre. E ces sept centz lowis, quant la 
feste fust plus lee, vyndrent Armes, oue vne autre 
graunde multitude de leur retenaunce, sur lez man-
geaunteez. E solom lordinaunce de la soudane, tuerent 
tous les christiens, madles & femalez, fors soule la 
pucele; & occirent le soudan, et ladmiral, & lez autres 
convieriez a la foi. Et par tote la court, quant qil 
trouerent del commun peuple de christiens, mistrent 
a la mort. Mes tres valletz christienes eschaperent, 
quant primerement oierent lefray, & vindrent a Rome, 
& Counteren al emperour la mescheaunce & le traions, 
& la mort sa file constaunce, come il entendirent. ¶ A 
ceste nouele estoit lempour, & tote la clergie, & le 
Senat affraiez; & grant doel fu demene par mi rome.

¶ A ceste manere demorra Constaunce soule, de-
garre, toute en les meyns sez enemis; puis apres que ele 
ne voleit pur nule bele promesse de Richesse ne de 
honour, ne pur nule manace de peyne ne de mort, 
renener sa fey, le membre au diable, la soudane, sen-
pensa de lui nouel turment; que, tut li vienesit de 
cruel volunte, nepurquant la purreaunce dieu ni faili 
poynt, qu'en tribulaciou ia ne faut a ceaus qi oint 
en lui esperance. Dount ele fist estorier vne 
nef de vitaile, de payn quest apele bisquit, & de peis, 
& de feues, de sucre, & de Meel, & de vyn, pur 
sustenaunce de la vie de la pucele pur tres aunz. E 
en cele nef fit mettre [tout] la richesse & le tresour 
que lempire Tiberie auoit maunde oue la pucele Con-

In the midst of the feast the 700 armed men fall upon 
the guests, and slay all the Christians except 
Constance.

1 MS. medles, S. madles. 7 veils. 8 laffray. 13 luy vensist. 14 ne. 
2 † sa mieire. 9 par demy. 15 failli point as ceux. 
3 MS. mangeauncez. 10 tout degarre. 11 par. 16 sperance. 
4 ils. 5 de. 6 dez. 12 se pensa dune. 17 lempere. 

the sultaness caused a ship to be stored with 
three years' provisions, and Constance to be put therein,
Constance, his daughter; and in this ship the Sultaness caused the maiden to be put, without sail or oar, or any kind of human aid. And thus she caused her to be conveyed by other ships to the high sea, where no land was visible to them, and so the mariners left her all alone, and committed her to the four winds. But God was her mariner; for during three whole years she was on the great ocean; in all the time she never saw or met with man or ship; but God only had comforted and counselled her by His speech.

Then, in the eighth month of the fourth year, God, who steered the ship of the holy man Noah in the great flood, sent a favourable wind, and drove the ship to England, under a castle in the kingdom of Northumberland, near Humber; and the ship went ashore on the eve of the Nativity of Jesus Christ. And when the mariners, who were near the shore in their ships, saw this marvel, that is to wit, a maiden of fair and gentle form, but discoloured, in strange attire, and furnished with great treasure, they went to the warden of the castle, who at that time was a Saxon named Elda,—for the Britons had already lost the dominion over the island, as before was related in the end of the forty-fifth history,—and told him the wonder. And Elda went down to the maid in her ship, and asked her of her condition. And she answered him in Saxon, which was the language of Elda, as one who was learned in divers languages, as is aforesaid; and told him that, as to her belief, she was of the Christian faith; as to her lineage, that she was extracted from rich and noble people; and that through her lineage she was given in marriage to a great prince; but because she displeased the great ones
CONSTANCE SENT ADRIFT ON THE SEA.

staunce, sa fille; e en cele neef fist la soudane mettre la pucele saunz sigle, & sauntz neuiroun,1 & sauntz chescune maner de6 eide de homme. Et issint la fist mener par autres neefs tanke a la haut mere, &c ou nule terre lour apparut; & issint les mariners la lesserent soule, & la comaunder[ent] a quatre ventz.2 Mes dieu estoit soune Mariner, quar par treis aunts entiers3 fu ele mesme4 en la graunde ocean; en tut le5 temps, vnqes homme ne6 neef ne vist [ne] nen-countra; Mes dieux soul lauoit conforte & couenile de sa par-
lauence.

If Puis le oytyme moys del quart aan, dieu que
gouerna la neef le8 seint6 homme6 Noe en le graunde
diluie,3 maunda vn vent couenable & enchasa la neef
En Engleterre, de-south4 vn castel en le Reaume de
Northombre, pres humbre; & a-riua la neef la veile de
la Natiuite iexe crist. Et quant les5 Mariniers, que
estoient pres de la riual en lour neefs,5 virent ceste
erueile, cee est6 assauoir, vne pucele de bele & genti
afelure,7 mes descoloure, en estraunge atir, & estoffe
de8 graunt tresour, alerent al gardeyn del castel, que
adouneque estoit vn sessoun, qi auoit a9 noun Elda10—
quar lez bretouns auoient ia perdu la seignurie del
isle, comme Auant est cuntaee en la fin del quarantisme
quint estoire—and lui counterent la merueile. Et Elda
descendi a la pucele en sa neef, & lui11 demaunda de
son estre. E ele lui respondi en sessoneyys, que fu la
langage Elda, come celui12 que estoit apris en diverses
langagez, come auant est dit. Et lui disoit qe quant a
sa creounce, ele estoit de cristiene foy; Quant a13
linage, qe estoit de14 riches & noblez gentz estret; E
qe par son linage estoit ele done en mariage a vne
graunt prince; Mes pur cee qe ele desplut as grantes

1 nauiroun. 2 nefz. 6 Cest. 10 Olda: so throughout.
3 Ms. diluie, S. deluie. 7 & de gentil fature. 11 le. 12 cele.
4 de-souz. 5 nef. 8 stoffe del. 9 souz. 13 al. 14 dez.

Miraclum.

But God who
steered the
ship of Noah,
sent a favourable
wind which drove
the ship ashore in
Northumberland,
by a castle.

Elda, the warden
of the castle,
came down to
Constance,
and asked her
several questions,
which she
answered wisely.
of the land, therefore was she in such wise banished. And among her sayings she would reveal nothing concerning Tiberius the emperor, her father, nor concerning the Sultan; for the adventure of the murder of the Sultan and the Christians was now known through all lands. And when Elda had heard her speak his language so correctly, and found with her so great treasure, he hoped she was the daughter of some king of Saxons beyond the sea, as of Germany, or Saxony, or Sweden, or Denmark. And with great joy, he received her into the castle, courteously and honourably; and the treasure which he had found with her he shut into a chest under a double lock, one key of which he delivered to the maid, the other he kept for himself; and he bade his company to receive the maiden honourably in their chamber. Then, after a little time, when she was well strengthened with good meats, and comforted with baths and other conveniences, she regained her beauty and her fair colour. And albeit she was wondrous fair in body, nevertheless she excelled in the beauty of virtues, as she whom God had predestined to grace, and virtue, and temptation, and joy. Then, when Hermingild the wife of Elda perceived her noble and virtuous life, she was so much smitten with love for her, that nothing could happen to her, that she would not do according to her will.

Then, when she had affirmed this saying to her several times, one day, as Hermingild again repeated the saying to her, the holy maiden answered her: “And since there is nothing,” said she, “that you will not do at my wish, then you yourself shall be such as I am.” And Hermingild answered her: “To that,” said she, “I can never attain; for you are quite peerless
de la terre, pur ceo fu ele en tiel manere exilee. Et entre sez ditz riens ne voleit reconustre de Tiberie, *lemperour, son pire, ne del2 soudan ; quar laauenture del3 mordre del4 soudan & de les5 christiens esoit ia conue par totes terres. Et puis que Elda lauoit6 oy si renablement parlier sa langage,7 & troua oue lui si grant tresour, esoperait quel estoit file dascun Roi de 8 sessoneyes outre9 meer, com de Allmeyne, ou de sessoyne, ou de Swete,10 ou de Denemarche. E a graunt ioie, curteisement & honorablement, la rescet en le11 chastel, e le tresour quil auoit ou lui troue, ferma eyns12 vne huche soutz13 double sure, de quelle il baila la puele le9 vne clef,14 et deuers soi retient15 l'auteur. Et comaunda sa compaignie quelle rescet la puele16 honorablement en sa chaumbe. ¶ Puis apres vn poi de temps, quelle estoit bien aunoigie de17 bones viuandes, & conomte de18 bayns & dautre19 esementz, elle reprist sa beaute & sa10 bele colour. Et tut fut ele bele a20 merueile de corps, neperqant ele passa en beaute dez vertues, come cele que dieu auoit predestine a grace, &21 vertue, &22 temptaciom, &23 ioie. Dount quant hermyngild, la femme Elda, aperceut sa24 noble vie & vertuouse, taunt fu de sa amour surpris, que riens ne lui poeit25 Anenir que ele ne freit a sa volunte.

¶ Lors, quant plusieurs foitz lui auoit ceste parole afferme, vn iour com hermyngilde lui rehera autrefoit26 la parole, la seint puele lui respondi : "Et puis que riens nest,"27 dit ele, "que vous ne freez a ma volunte, dount vous serretz mesmes tiel28 com ieo suy." Et hermyngilde lui respondi : "A ceo," dit ele, "Ia ne purray29 ieo atendre, quar vous etez entere30 sauntz peer

[& leaf 47]

Then he received her into the castle.

Hermingild, the wife of Elda, seeing the virtuous life of Constance, becomes greatly attached to her. Notabile.

1 mes. 2 de le. 3 de la. 4 de le. 5 dez. 6 auoit. 7 Lange. 8 des. 9 le. 10 Succ. 11 sonz. 12 deinz. 13 deinz. 14 vn clef. 15 retynt. 16 damiseil. 17 dez. 18 dez. 19 autres. 20 et. 21 le. 22 en temptaciones. 23 a. 24 le. 25 poit. 26 autrefoitz. 27 est. 28 celle. 29 purra. 30 estez en terre.
in virtue." And Constance answered her, "You may come to that, if you will believe in that God who is lord of all virtue." For Hermingild and Elda, and the other Saxons who then had the lordship over the land, were still heathens. And Hermingild listened humbly and devoutly to the doctrine of the faith, by the mouth of Constance, who taught her the power of God in making all the world, and his vengeance which he took for sin by the great flood, and afterwards by plunging the great cities into hell for sin, both men and beasts, and whatever was therein. Then she shewed her the great love of God in his birth, and his kindness and virtue in his death and passion, and the virtue of the Godhead of Jesus Christ in his resurrection and ascension, and all the nature of one only God and three persons in Trinity, and in the coming of the Holy Spirit. And when she had taught her for several days concerning the faith and the sacraments and the commandments, then she taught her to love and desire the joy of heaven, and to fear the pains of hell. Then Hermingild, after this instruction, devoutly begged to be baptized according to the form of Holy Church; but because her lord was a heathen, she could not yet carry out her purpose.

And it came to pass, as Elda and Hermingild and Constance went one day to see the beach, and the fishers fishing in the sea, that they saw coming towards them a poor blind Christian Briton. He, being strange to them all, but taught by the Holy Spirit, began to cry out before all, "Hermingild, wife of Elda and disciple of Constance, I pray thee in the name of Jesus, in whom thou believest, to make the sign of the rood on my blind eyes!" At this word, Hermingild,
en vertue." Et custauncé lui responst, "A ceo poiez vous venir, si creer voudrez en celui dieu quest seignur de tote vertue." 

Hermyngilde, e Elda, & les autres sessouns, que auoient dounque la seignurie de la terre, estoient vnqore paens. et hermygild humblement & deuoutement escota la doctrine de la fey par la bouche Constance, que lui aprist la puissauce dieu en la fesaunce de tut le mounde, & sa vengeance qu'il prist [de pecche] par la grant deluuie, & apres par les grantz cités quil enfoundrie en enfer pur pecche, & homes, & bestes, & quant que leins estoit. Puis lui monstra le grant Amour dieu en sa nesaunce, & sa boneirte & vertue en sa mort e en sa passioun, & la vertue de la deite ieu crist en sa resurrexioun e en sa ascensioun, & tote la nature dun soul dieu & trois personnes en' trinite, & en la venu del seint espirit. Et quant par plusieurs iours lauoit de la foi apris, & les sacraments, & de les comaundementz, [Puis] lui aprist amour & desir a la ioie de ciel, & les peynes denfern douter. Dount hermygilde, apres ceste aprise, deuotement pria destre baptize solom la fourme de seint esglise; Mes pur ceo que soun baroun estoit paen, ele ne poiast vnoqore purceure son purpose.

Et avient que auxint com elda & hermygilde & constauncé alerent vn iour de veer la marine & les pessoners, pechauntz en la meer, & voient encountraunt vne pouere christiene Britouen enveugles. Cist questoit de tous estraunge, Mes apris del seint espirit, comensa de crier deuant touz, "Hermyngilde, la femme Elda & la desciple counstaunce, te pri en le noun ieu, en qui tu crois, que tu me facis le signe de la crois sur mes eus enveugleis." A ceste parole, her-

1 vertues. 2 Constance. 3 respondist. 4 tous vertues. 5 MS. deluie, S. deluie. 6 enfer. 7 oeu. 8 &. 9 debonerte. 10 en vn. 11 de. 12 apris de la foy. 13 x. 14 lamour. 15 de eschuer. 16 aprist. 17 &. 18 poiast. 19 pursuer. 20 iour deuers Marinie tout. 21 de. 22 de. 23 crist.
Man of Law's Tale, line 566 greatly affrighted, was dismayed; but Constance, understanding the power of God to be in the blind man's word, strengthened Hermingild, and said to her, "Hide not, lady, the virtue which God has given thee!" And Hermingild, before Elda and his household which followed him, in good and firm faith made the holy cross on the eyes of the blind man, and said to him in her Saxon tongue, "Blind man, in the name of Jesus, slain on rood, have thy sight!" And he was immediately enlightened, and saw well and clearly. When Elda had seen this, he wondered greatly where his wife had learnt so fair an art. And after he had asked her, she replied, that if he would listen to her advice he should do such a marvel, and yet greater. Then Hermingild and Constance ceased not to preach to Elda and all his household the faith of Jesus Christ. And this poor Briton they received and maintained for the love of Jesus Christ. Then Elda right joyfully received the doctrine of the faith; and by common consent they sent the said Briton privily into Wales, whither most of the Britons had fled (as is aforesaid in the end of the forty-fifth history), to fetch thence a British bishop who might baptize Elda and his wife, and their household. And in the mean time Elda caused their idols which they had worshipped, to be broken, and commanded them to be cast into jakes.

Then this poor Briton, returning from Wales, brought with him Lucius, one of the bishops of Wales, from Bangor. This Lucius, after he had tested and proved that Elda and his wife and household were instructed according to the right form of the religion and faith, praised God devoutly, and baptized them to the number of four score and eleven. Then Elda, by great deliberation and secret
A BLIND MAN RECEIVES HIS SIGHT.

migild trop affraie estoit abais ; Mes constaunce, entendaunt la vertue dieu [estre] en la parole lenuengle, conforta hermigilde & lui dist, "Ne mucez pas, dame, la vertue que dieu te ad done." E hermygilde, deuaunt Elda e sa mene que lui suy, de bone fey & ferme, fist sur les eus de lui eneugles la seinte crois, & lui dist en sa langage sessone, "Bisene man, in iesus name in rode Islawe, haue thi sight." Et meyntinaunt fu allumine, e regardoit bien & clerment. Qant Elda auoit ceo veu, moult senmerueila oue sa femme auoit aprise si bele mestrie. Et apres qil auoit demaunde, ele lui respondu que, il escotat son conseil, tiel merueil freit & plus graunde. Puis hermigild & constaunce ne cesserent [de precher] a Elda & A tote sa mene la fey Iesu crist. 

Lors Elda trop ioieusement receut la doctrine de la fey ; & par comun assent maunderent priuement le dit Britoun en Gales, ou estoient le plus de Britouns fuitz, com auant est dit en la fyn del quauntaisme quinte estoirie, pur amener de illoques vn Euesqe Britoun qi poiet. Elda & sa femme & lour mene baptizer. E en le mene temps, Elda fit debrusier lour Mahounet, qil auoient aoure, & les comauda getter en longgaynes.

Puis cist pouere britoun, returnaunt de Ga*les, amena ouesque lui Lucius, vn dez Euesqes de Gales, de Bangor. Cist lucius, apres ceo qil auoit assaie & esproue que Elda oue sa femme & sa mene estoient solom droit fourme de la ley & fey enfourmes, loa dieux deuoutement, & les baptiza al nombre de quatre vinz & vnze. Puis Elda, par grant auisement & priue

1 estre estre. 2 de le veugle. 3 toy. 4 veuglez. 5 bisine. 6 iesus. 7 the. 8 cil. 9 illumine. 10 se merueila.
11 celle. 12 meestre &. 13 S. omits from E cil to crist. 14 rescueut trop ioysusement. 15 a. 16 iez plusours dez. 17 Puis. 18 puist. 19 sa. 20 mesme. 21 Mahouns. 22 auoit. 23 retournoit. 24 &.

* leaf 47, back

He returns with Bishop Lucius of Bangor, who baptizes Elda and his household to the number of four score and eleven.
counsel with himself, as he who through great confidence for honesty and good sense had the supreme charge of the kingdom after the king, went to his lord the king of Northumberland, Alle beforenamed, and in private council told him of the maid Constance. And when the king had heard all his sayings in secret council between them two, he was greatly desirous of seeing and speaking with the maiden. And with this desire, he promised Elda that he would come privily to visit her.

582 At this same time, a Saxon knight of Elda's household, already baptized among the others, and to whom Elda had committed the keeping of the castle until his return from the king, was, by secret temptation, smitten with love for the maid Constance. And, because in the absence (of Elda) all the keeping was left to him, by evil instruction and temptation of the devil, he went to solicit the maid Constance to consent to carnal sin. And after she had reproved him once and again, the third time she reviled him with great indignation, saying that he was like a hound, who after the holy sacrament of his baptism would return to his dung. Then he, fearing that he would be accused for his fault to his lord Elda at his return, forecast him of evil.

589 For in the dawn after the night in which Elda was to enter the castle on his return from the king, when Hermingild and Constance were soundly asleep after long watchings and prayers, this man, who was wholly taken in the devil's hand, cut the throat of Hermingild, his lady, beside Constance who was sleeping soundly in the same bed. And when he had accomplished the crime, he hid the bloody knife behind the maid Constance's pillow. Thereupon after a little
HERMINGILD MURDERED.

Constance was sent to her lord King Alle and tells him of Constance;

En cel mesme temps, vn chivalier sessoun de la meyne Elda, entre les autres ia baptize, a quy Elda auoit baile la garde del chastel tanque a sa venue del Roys, estoit par9 priue temptacioun suppris en lamur la pucelle Constance. Et [pur cec qen labsence tout la garde estoit a luy demure] par mauaise aprise & temptacioun del diable, ala surqere la pucelle constaunce de assent de pesche charnel. Et puis quele10 auoit [luy] repris vne foitz & autre, La tierce foitz que grant qore11 lui reuili en disaunt12 qil estoit com cheen, que, apres si13 seinte sacrament de son baptism, voleit retourner a son merde.14 Puis cist,15 dotauq qil fust16 accuse de sa mesprise a son seignur, Elda, a son retourner, de mal se purueint.17 Qar en la-journante de la nuyt a quele Elda deuoi entrier le chastel en le turnaut18 del Roy, Puis que hermyngilde & constaunce estoient forment19 endormies apres longe veiletz20 e orisouns, cist, que tut estoit pris en la mayn al21 diable, trencha la goule hermigilde, sa dame, a coste22 constaunce, que23 fu forment24 endormie en mesme le lyt. Et quant il auoit parfait la25 felonie, musca le cotel senglaunt en lorier constaunce,26 la9 pucelle. A ceo apres27 poy de

1 Northumberlond.
2 S. puts alle after seignur.
3 qi pur. 4 la. 5 del.
6 ditz priuez. 7 qi.
8 luy viendoit. 9 en.
10 qil. 11 quere.
12 reculi & disoit. 13 sa.
14 merdayle. 15 cil.
16 serroit.
17 pursuit.
18 sous retourner.
19 fortement.
20 longs veilles. 21 del.
21 MS. E ceste, S. a coste.
22 &. 24 fortement.
23 sa.
24 MS. en constaunt lorier, S. aderer loriler Constance.
25 Apres ceo.
while, Elda entered the castle, and came in haste to his consort's chamber to tell the news of the king's coming. Constance, who was wakened with the noise, thinking the lady slept, moved her hand to awake her; and when she felt that her body was all wet with blood, in great alarm she cried out, "My lady is dead!" At which word, Elda and those who were present, greatly amazed at the word, as those who knew naught of the crime, shouting, "Light! light!" found the throat of Hermingild hideously cut, and her body all covered with blood. And when all exclaimed at the cruelty, asking Constance the truth, this traitor, who had done the crime, heaped the death hugely on the maid; and for a pretence that he took the death of the lady more to heart than others, he leapt about in all directions like a mad man, until he had found the knife where he himself had hid it; and showing before all the instrument of the crime, with a great cry he accused the maiden of treachery. But Elda, who could not think this cruelty of the maid, kindly defended her. And this bad man in haste took into his hands the book of Bishop Lucius beforenamed, which was a book of the Gospels that the holy women, Hermingild and Constance, had beside them every night by devotion; and on this book he swore, crying out, that, so help him God and the Gospel, and his baptism which he had already lately received, Constance was the criminal, the murdereress of the lady. Scarcely had he ended the word, when a closed hand, like a man's fist, appeared before Elda and all who were present, and smote such a blow on the nape of the felon's neck, that both his eyes flew out of his head, and his teeth out of his mouth; and the felon fell smitten down to the earth.
CONSTANCE ACCUSED OF THE MURDER.

temps, entra Elda le chastel, 1 & en haste vint a la
chaumtre sa compaigne pur contier nouele de la venue
le Roy. 2 Constaunce, que ouse la noyse estoit aucile,
quidaunt la dame dormaunte, lui moueyt la mayn pur
la-veiler. Et quant ele senti que le corps lui 3 estoit
tut moyl de saunc, A grant affrai dit en criaunt, "Ma
dame est mort!" A quele parole, Elda & qui estoient
enpresent, tont abais de la parole, come ceus que riens
ntendirent de 6 la felonie, accrauns, "lumer! lu-
mer!" trouerent la goule hermigild hidoueement
trench, & le corps tut envolupe en saunc. Et quant
tous acrierent la crueute, en demandaunt de constaunce
la verite, cist tretur, 4 que auoit fait la felonie, hugement
surmist la mort sur la pucel, & par countenaunce que
la mort 4 lui estoit plus pres a quer ce as autres, sail a
toute 5 pars come home arage, tanqe il estu troue le cotel
la ou il auoit mesmes 6 musce ; & deuant tont mons-
traunt 7 le instrument de la felonie, a huge crie apela la
pucel de tresoun. Mes Elda, qi ne poiet 8 cele crueute
penser de la pucel, bonement la defendi. E cil maueys
en haste prist entre mayns le liuere lesuesqwe, 9 Lucius,
auant nome, questoit liure des Ewangeiles, qe 10 les
seintes femmes, hermyngilde & constaunce, chescune
nuyt par deuocioun auoient encoste 11 eles ; & sur cel
liure iura, en criaunt, si dieu lui eydeit 12 & le Ewangelie
& son baptmes, que ia 9 nouelement auoit resceu, que
Custaunce fu la felonesse, mordrere La dame. 13 a peine
auoit fini 14 la perole, qe vne mayn close, com poyn de
homme, apparut deuant Elda Et quant questoient en
presence, & ferri tiel coup en le haterel le feloun, que
ambedeus lez eus lui enuolerent de la teste, & lez dentz
hors de la bouche ; & le feloun chai abatu a la terre.

1 mitant. 2 &. 3 tretes. 4 lamour de la dame. 5 de touz. 6 il mesmes auoit.
7 demonstraunt. 8 poit. 9 del Euesque. 10 quel. 11 encostes. 12 aidast. 13 fist la felonie pur mour-
derer la dame. 14 parfini.
And thereupon a voice said in the hearing of all, "Against the daughter of Mother Church thou wert laying a scandal: this hast thou done, and I have held my peace." And because the coming of the king was near, therefore Elda would not give judgment on the treason until his coming, and put the felon into prison.

Then within a few days judgment was given by the king that he should die. Then the king—for the great love which he had to the maid, and for the miracles shown by God—the king Alle caused himself to be baptized by Bishop Lucius aforenamed; and wedded the maid, who conceived by the king a male child.

Then after half a year, news came to the king that the people of Albania, who are the Scots, had passed their bounds, and warred on the king's lands. Then by common counsel the king gathered his host to rebut his foes. And before his departure towards Scotland, he committed Queen Constance his wife to the keeping of Elda, the constable of the castle, and Lucius, bishop of Bangor, and charged them that when she was delivered of her child they should hastily let him know the news. And above all things he charged them that the queen should be quite at her ease. At that time King Alle's mother was still living, a fair lady and proud of heart, who right mortally hated Constance the queen. For she had great disdain that King Alle had, for the love of a strange woman whose lineage was unknown to him, forsaken his former religion which all his ancestors had loyally and entirely kept. Moreover great envy had wounded her heart, that Constance, by all people, rich and poor, was, without comparison of her or any other lady in the land, more highly praised for goodness and holiness and marvellous beauty. And
Et a ceo dist vne voiz en le oyaunce de touz: "Adversus filiam matris ecclesieponebas scandalum; hec fecisti & tacuit." Et pur ceo que la venue [le Roy fu pres, pur ceo ne voloit Olda jugement done sur le tresou ieskes a sa venue]; Et mist le felou en prisoun. Puis deyns poys de 3 iours, par le Roi fu le° iuggement done de sa mort. Puis le Roi—pur le° grant Amour qil auoyt a la pucele, & pur les miracles par dieux moustre—le Roi Alle soy 4 fist baptizer del Euesqe lucius, avant nom; Et esposa la pucele, que conceut del Roi [vn] enfaut madle. 5

Puis a vn demy aan passe, vint 6 nouele al Roy que lez gentz de Albanie, que souont 7 les escotz, 8 furent passes lour boundes & guerrirent les terres le Roy. Dount par comun counsil, le Roi assembla son ost de rebouter ses enemis. Et auant son departir vers escoces, 9 baila la Reine Constaunce, sa femme, en la garde Elda, le° Conestable du 10 chastel, & a lucius, leuesqe 11 de Bangor; si leur chargea que quant ele fu deliueres denfaunt, qui lui feisoient 12 hastieuement saoir la nouele. Et sur totes riens 13 leur charge que la reine fut a totes sez eises. 14 vngore a cel tems estoit la mere lui Rois Alle en vie, [bele] dame & fere de corage, & que trop morteument heyl 15 constaunce, la reine. Qar grant dedeyne 16 auoit que le Rois alle auoit pur lamour vne femme estrange, & qi lynage lui nestoit pas conu, sa primer ley guerpi, quele touz ses auncestres auoient loialment e enterement 17 gardez. Dautre part graunt 9 enuye lui 8 auoit le quer naure, que constaunce estoit de toutez 18 gentz, riches & poueres, saunz comparison de lui ou de nule [autre] de la terre, plus grantement preise de bounte & de seintite & de merueilouse beauté. Et

1 loye. 2 † non. 3 dez. 4 se. 5 masle. 6 vient. 7 sonant. 8 escotez. 9 Scoce. 10 del. 11 Euesqe. 12 feissent. 13 touz riez. 14 touz choses eisez. 15 mortelement hay. 16 enue. 17 loialment & enterement auoient. 18 dez touz. 16 enue. 17 loialment & enterement auoient. 18 dez touz.
it seemed to her that her praise and glory were already brought to naught for the great esteem of Constance. And her wrath increased greatly at the songs which the maidens of the land made and sung of her. The mother's name was Domild. Then when God and nature would, Constance was delivered of a male child, a beautiful child and great, well begotten, well born; and at his baptism he was named Maurice. Then Elda and Lucius hastily sent the king gracious news of the queen who was well and hearty, and of her child of which she was delivered. At that time Domild, the king's mother, was at Knaresborough, between England and Scotland, as in an intermediate place. It came to pass that the messenger sent by Elda and Lucius went through Knaresborough in order to carry and tell the king's mother good news, as he reasonably supposed. And when she heard the news, she feigned very great joy in the sight of the people, and gave the messenger right great and rich gifts, to show her joy. But she thought more than she said; for that night she made the messenger so drunk with an evil drink which laid hold of his brain, and bound his senses so strongly, that he lay as if insensible, and as a dead man. Then, by the assent and advice of her clerk, she opened the messenger's box, and opened the letters sent to the king by Earl Elda and Bishop Lucius, and counterfeited them under the same seals, and wrote, in the names of the said lords, other letters bearing such import: that the Queen Constance, delivered into their keeping, after the king's departure was changed in manner and condition, as into another creature; for she was an evil spirit in form of woman; and the wonders which she wrought, and which seemed to be
DOMILD COUNTERFEITS THE LETTERS.

lui fu auis qe sa^1 loaunge & sa glorie fu ia anentize^2 pur le grant pris de constaunce. Et mout lui^3 encriut sa ire [de] les chaunsounez que les pucels de la terre fesoient & chauntoyent de lui. la Miere auoit a noun domulde. Puis quant dieux & nature volcien, constaunce fu deliueruez de vn enfaunt Madle,^3 bel enfaunt^6 &^9 graunt,^4 ben engendre, bien nee; & al baptisme fu nome Moris. Puis Elda & lucius hastiuent maundez noueles gracieusez^5 al Roy de la Reigne, que fu sein &^8 heite^6, & de son enfaunt dount ele^8 estoit deliuerees. A cel temps estoit Domulde, la mere le Roy,^6 a knaresbourgh entre Engleterre & Escoce, auxi come en lieu^7 mene. A-vint^8 que le Messager, maunde par Elda & lucius, ala par knaresbourgh pur^9 porter & nuncier a la mere le Roi bone nouele, com il quidoit par resoun. Et ele ouye^10 la nouele, feynt^11 trop grant ioie engard de^12 gentz, E al messager dona trop grauntz dounz & richez en moustraunce de ioie. Mes plus pensa que ne dit; Qar cel neuyt enyueri taunt le messager de vn maliciousse beyuere,^13 que lui purprist la cerueile & si fort le^14 lia les sens, qil iuient^15 com^16 saunz sens, & come homme mort. Puis, par lassent & le conseil de soum clerk, ouery la boiste le messager & ouery les lettres, maundez al Roy par le Counte Elda e leuesqe Lucius, & les fausa de-soutz mesmes les^17 seales, E escript^18 en lez nouns^19 les ditz seignurs autres lettres, tiele sentence portauce:^20 que la Reigne constaunce, baille en^21 leur garde, puis le departier le Roi fu en manere & en condiccion chaunge, come en vn auter creature; qar ele fu malueise espirit en fourme de femme, dount les merueiles que ele fist, que semblent^22

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1 sonz.
2 anentee.
3 † bien.
4 † &.
5 nouvelle gracieuse.
6 dez Roys.
7 M.S. la, S. lieu.
8 auient.
9 † &. 10 & come ele oy.
11 fesoit.
12 en agarde dez.
13 boire.
14 luy.
15 ieut.
16 † home.
17 ceux.
18 MS. escript, S. escript.
19 † de.
20 portantz.
21 a. 22 qi sembloiuent.
miracles, were the deeds of the evil spirit in her body.

"Whereunto witnesseth the child born of her, which resembles not a human form, but a cursed form, hideous and doleful. And therefore, sir king, that shame might not come to your person and to your royal honour, for a show, we caused another child to be baptized, and named him Maurice; and the other demoniac form we have shut up privily in an iron cage, until it please your lordship to send word back what is to be done, to your honour, with Constance and her hideous offspring. These marvels we have written to your lordship with sorrow and tears, according as we were charged by your lordly commandment to send you all the truth concerning your wife and her delivery; and the thing is unknown to the bearer of these (letters), who supposes he knows other than he does know." Then, in the morning, the messenger arose, quite sick and ill-at-ease through the badness of the drink which had envenomed his brain; and, after false embraces and false promises of Domild, he went his way, being charged to return, on his departure from the king, by the same road. And when he was come to the king, he related to him, by word of mouth, true and joyful news. But the letters brought back his pain, and made him to be disbelieved, for the king, when he had looked at the letters, hastily overtaken with great sorrow and deep thought, forbade the messenger, with great threats of punishment, to speak anything of his wife or the child. And immediately he wrote back to Elda and Lucius, replying to the letters which he supposed he had received by their sending and commandment, that although the news was to him marvellous, and, saving the grace of such honest men writing, almost incredible, he commanded that, without all contra-
THE KING ANSWERS THE LETTERS.

miracles, furent faitz del mauueys espirit\(^1\) en son corps. "A quei testmoyne lenfaunt de lui nee, \(que\) ne recemble pas a fourme de homme, mes a vne maladite\(^2\) fourme, hidouse & dolorouse. Et \(pur\) ceo, sir Roi, \(que\) a ta persone ne vensist\(^3\) a hountage & a ton real honoure, feynus\(^4\) en moustrance vn autre enfaunt baptize,\(^5\) \(&\) le nomamez\(^6\) Moriz; \(&\) laутre fourme demoniac auoms\(^7\) priuement ferme en vne cage de feer, taunque il plese a ta seignurie remaunder \(que\) nous estoit fere\(^8\) a toun honoure, de constaunce e de sa hidouse engendrure. Cestes merueyles escruions\(^9\) a ta seignurie ou dolour \(&,\) lermes, solonc \(que\) nous sumus\(^10\) chargiez \(par\) ton seignuriel comandement a\(^11\) toy totot\(^6\) la\(^2\) verite maundier de ta femme \& de sa delierance; \& al portour de\(^12\) cestes la chose est desconue, \(que\) autre quide\(^13\) sauoir qil ne seet." Puis a matyn se leua le messagier, tut malade \& deheite pur la malice del boire, \(que\) lui auoit la ceruel enuenime, \& apres fauez enbracementt \& fauez promesses de Domylde, sen ala son chemyn, charge de retournier, a son departier del Roi, \(par\)\(^9\) mesme le chymyn. Et quant il\(^6\) estoit al Roi venuz, de bouche lui counta veritable noulle \& joyouse. Mes lez lettres lui firent\(^14\) retournier a dolour, \& lui fist nouncreable; qar lui Rois quant [il] Auoit les lettres regarde, hastiument suppris de grant dolour \& parfond pensee, defendi\(^15\) al Messagier\(^16\), a\(^17\) grantz manacez\(^18\) de peyne, \(que\) riens de sa femme ne del enfaunt parlat. Et meyn-tenaunt rescrit a Elda \& lucius, en responaunt a les lettres qil entendi auer receu de leur maundement \& comandement,\(^19\) \(que\) tout le\(^20\) fusent les noulles merueylouses \&, sauue la grace de si lele gentz escruant, a poy noun creables, comaunda qa sauntz nule countre-

1. fesaunces dez malueis espirit.
2. maudit.
3. venisist.
4. feimes.
5. baptiser.
6. luy nomez.
7. anoms.
8. vous estez a faire.
9. escruoms.
10. fumes.
11. de.
12. du.
13. \(\dagger\) de.
14. la lettre luy fist.
15. descendi.
17. oue.
18. minasses.
19. commandoit.
20. lez.

human form, and her child a
hideous monster.

On the morrow the messenger rises and goes his way, being charged to return by the same road.

The king replies to the letters,
diction, they should have his wife safely kept, and advise him of her,¹ until his return. Then, with these letters, the foolish messenger returned at an evil hour, by the way of Domild, and when he was come there he complained bitterly of the king's behaviour and manner. But the traitress comforted him greatly with her false show; and that night she made him drunk, as before. And after she had opened and looked at the king's letters, she perceived that this order was by no means favourable to her. Then, under the same seal of the king, she wrote to Elda and Lucius, in the king's name, with such import, as if to make answer to the first letters sent by them: that since one may, in a strange country, often hear more news than at home in the neighbourhood, therefore by reason that he had heard news of Constance, his wife, that if she abode in the land it would come to war and destruction of all the land by foreign nations, therefore he commanded Elda, on pain of forfeiting his life and his lands and whatever he had, and of disinheritance of all his lineage, that within four days after reading the letters, he should cause a ship to be prepared and victualled for five years with food and drink for Constance, and have put in the ship the same treasure which was found in her former ship, and that she, with her child Maurice, should be exiled in the same manner in this ship without sail, or oar, or any other device, as she entered the land. And the same thing he commanded Lucius, bishop of Bangor, on pain of perpetual imprisonment. Then when the said lords had received these letters they showed great grief and sorrow. And because the blessed lady perceived their manner quite changed and

¹ Keep him acquainted with her state.
DOMILD'S FURTHER TREACHERY.

31

dit feisent sa femme sauvement garder, & le moustre de luy, tank a son retournier. ¶ Puis que estes lettres retourna le fol messagier a male hourer par Domylde, & quant estoit la venuz, durement se pleynout de la chier le Roi & de son semblant. Mes la treteresse mout le conforta de son fauz semblant; e cele nuyt len-yueri come autre foitz. Et puis que le aults le lettres le Roi ouert & regarde, aperceut que cel maundement ne lui fut de riens favorable: dount de-soutz mesme le seal au rei, Escrip a Elda & lucius en la persone [le Roy], en tiele sentence, com par respouns fere a les primers lettres par eus maundez: Qe pur cee que en estrague pays put homme souent noueles oyer plus que a meson en veisenage, pur cec par la resoun qil ault nouel oy de Constaunce, sa femme, que si ele en la terre demorat, cee aundreit a guerre & destruccioun de toute la terre par estrague naciouns, Et pur cee comanda a Elda en forfeiture de vie & de sez terres & quant qil ault, & deshe[rit]ement de tout son linage, qe deynz quatre iours apres lez lettres luez, feit aparailler vne neef & vitale pur cync aunz de manger & boire pur constaunce, e en la neef mettre mesme le tresour que fu en sa primer neef troue, & que en mesme la manier en cele neef, sauntz sigle & sauntz nauirouen ou sauntz nul autre engyn, fut oue son enfaunt. Moris de la terre exile, comme ele en la terre entra. & mesme la chose comanda a lucius, euesqe de Bangor, sur peyne de perpetuel enprisonement. Puis quant lez ditz seignours auoient estes lettres rescceu, grant duel & grant dolour demeneient. Et pur cee que la beneite dame aperceut leur semblant trop chaunget &

his wife to be safely kept till he comes back.

The messenger returns to Domild, and is again made drunk.

The traitress opens and reads the letters; and writes in the king's name,

["* leaf 48, back"]

commanding

dita, on pain of death,
to prepare a ship
and store it with provisions for five years, and
to banish Constance and her son therein.

Elda and Lucius are full of sorrow.

Constance perceives it,

1 plenoit. 2 † lourd. 10 Et. 11 poit. 18 fist. 19 † de. 20 MS. enuirouen, S. nauirouen. 21 fiz. 22 lez. 23 dolour. 24 doul en auoient.

3 se. 4 deessouz. 5 † aultez fait. 12 oyer noueles. 13 † que. 14 deuindroit. 15 en. 16 maunda. 17 desheritesement.
Man of Law's Tale, Une

sad, and because no message had come to her from the king, she suspected the death of her lord; and with great prayer she besought them that no truth should be hid from her. Then the messenger told her that the king made him so hard an encounter, that he would hear no word concerning the lady or the child. Then the lords showed her the king's letters with great sorrow and tears. But Constance, full of God, and ready for all his will and ordinances, said to them, "Never may the day come that the land should be destroyed for me, and that ye, my dear friends, should have death or trouble for me! But since my banishment pleases God and my lord the king, I must take it in good will, in hope that God will bring a hard beginning to a good end, and that He will be able to save me on the sea, who, by sea and land, is almighty."

Then, on the fourth day, she was exiled with Maurice, her sweet son, who learnt seamanship young.

And so much sorrow and crying and weeping was in the city and town, of rich and poor, old and young, when they heard the sorrowful tidings, that no heart can think it; for all people lamented her. And, albeit he had no fault, all men cursed King Alle. And after her ship was already brought by other ships upon the high sea, where neither England nor any other land appeared to them, the mariners with great grief mended her to God, praying that she might again return to the land with joy.

Then God guided her ship unto the sea of Spain towards the eastern country, under a castle of an Admiral of the heathen. This Admiral had for his seneschal a renegade from the Christian faith, named Thelous. This man, when he saw the lady brought from her ship, with her son,
mournes, & que a lui nul maundement nestoit\(^1\) del Rois
venuz, soucha la mort son seignur; & a grant priere
lour requist que nule verite Luy fut celee. Lors lui
dist lui messagier que lui Rois lui\(^2\) fist si dure enconquer\(^3\)
qil ne voleit de la dame ne del enfant nul parole oyer.
Puis\(^4\) les seignurs ly ouent les lettres le Rois monstre ou
grant dolour & lermes. Mes constaunce, pleyn deu\(^5\) &
prest a totes sez voluntes & a sez ordinauncez, leur dist,
"Ia ne veigne ceo\(^6\) iour qe pur moy la terre fut\(^7\) des-
trut, & que pur moy\(^8\) mes cheres amyz ensez mort ou\(^8\)
moleste. Mes puis que a dieu plest, & a\(^9\) mon seignur,
le Rois, mon exil, a bon gree le doys prendre en esper-
auence qe\(^9\) dure commencement amenera dieu a bon fyn,\(^10\)
et qil me purra en la\(^a\) mere sauner, qi en mere & en
terre est de toute puissance."

\(\text{If}\) Lors le quart iour fu ele exile oue Moriz, son
douz\(^11\) fitz, qi Iouenes aprist marinage. Et taunt de do-
lour &\(^12\) crie &\(^13\) plour fu en la cite &\(^14\) ville, de\(^15\) richez
& pouers, veuz\(^16\) & Iouenes, quant oyrent de\(^o\) la dolou-
rouse nouvel, qe nule quore ne le\(^o\) pount\(^17\) comprendre;
qar touz gentz la weymentent.\(^18\) & tut ne vst il\(^19\) coupe,
al\(^20\) Roi Alle, touz\(^21\) maudisoient. Et puis que sa neef
par autre nauie estoit ia amene en le haut Miere, ou ia
Engeleterre ne autre terre lour apparust, les mariners a
grant dolours\(^22\) la comaunderent-a dieu, en priaunt qe
vnqore peit ele a\(^23\) ioie a la terre retourner.

\(\text{IIf}\) Lors dieu gy a sa neef tanque en la Mere despayn,
envers la terre del orient, de-souz vn chastel dun Ad-
miral de\(^24\) paens. Cist admiral avoit le\(^o\) soen\(^25\) seneschal
vn renee de la foy christiene, Thelous nome. Cist, 
quant vit la dame de sa neef amene,\(^26\) oue son fitz,
before the Admiral, had great pity for her; and, through him, she was very graciously received. And after she was well refreshed with meat and drink, in the evening she would not lodge anywhere but in her ship; for they were heathens, and she had her hope rather to float on the waste sea under the steering of God, than to lodge among the enemies of God. Then God, who never fails his friends in tribulation, gave her grace before the Admiral; for he commanded the aforesaid Thelous, his seneschal, to take care of her, so that no evil or annoyance should come to the lady through any one. And Thelous, right glad and joyous of the charge, at dead of night went down alone, bearing great treasure of gold and silver and precious stones. And when he had acknowledged his fault to the lady, in that he who had been a Christian was a renegade traitor towards God for fear of death and lust of earthly honour, he prayed her that he might put himself with her into the hand of God to return somewhere to his faith, by the grace of God, among Christians. Then, by the help of his friends, being put-off from land, they came to the high sea. And the enemy, who every-where strives to work ill, moved the renegade knight with grievous temptation to entice the lady to consent of sin. But God, to whom she had given her heart by faith (or from childhood), would not suffer her to assent to such evil. Then, when this Thelous would force her by heavy threats, she restrained his folly by reason; for the child Maurice, as it was already full two years since he was exiled from England, might have understanding and remembrance of a thing done in his presence. This then was her pretext to defend herself from sin. And she begged Thelous to look on all sides whether he might see no land, and when they might reach
deuanta laadmiral, grant pite en auoit & par lui fut mout graciouslyment rescue. Et apres que ele estoit bien refete de manger & de boire, asséir ne voleit par allions mes en sa neef herbergier; qar il estoient paiens, & ele meuz auoit sa esperanca en la gast mere soutz le gouvernement dieu floter, que entre les emmys dieu herberger. ¶lors dieu, qi a ses amys ia ne faut en tribulacioun, lui dona grace deuanta Ladmiral; qar il comanda a lui auant dist Thelous, son seneschal, qe il en eut cure, que mal ne moleste par nuly avensist a la dame. Et Thelous, de la garde trop lee & iouis, en la nuuyt parfounde descendii soul, portauent grant tresour dor & dargent & peres precioysez. Et quant auoit reconu a la dame son erroor, que cil que auoit este cristien fu tretur renees enuers dieu pur pour de mort & pur cueitise de terren honoun, lui prii qil se peut ou lui mettre en la meyn dieu pur retourner ascun lieu a sa foy par la grace dieu entre christiennes. Puis, par eide de sez priuez aloynez de la terre, vindrent a haut mere. E enemy, qi par tut sen-force de male fere, moueit le chiusalier renee a grenouse temptacioun de ticer la dame a consent de pesche. Mes dieu, a qi ele auoit done son quore daffiance, ne la voleit suffrier assentir a tiel mal. Dount, quant cist Theolous par dures manacez la voleit afforciere, ele refreint sa folie par resoun; Qar lenfaunt Moris, que ia estoit de dois aunz entiers puis qil estoit exiles Dengleterre, poiet auoir entendement & memorie de chose faite en sa presence—Adonqe dount ceste fut sa colour pur soi defendre de pesche—e prii a' thelous qil auisat de tote parz, si puett nule terre veer, Et quant a la terre puis-

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The admiral gives his seneschal Thelous charge to take care of her.

Thelous confesses his sin in renouncing his faith, and begs to go with Constance to some Christian land.

Being tempted by the devil, he tries to entice her to sin; but she excuses herself on the child's account.

Constance then begs him to look out for land;

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1 asoir. 2 MS. mout, S. meuz. 3 sperance. 4 † des. 5 treset. 6 mestre. 7 † lez. 8 en le. 9 tout enforce. 10 tempter. 11 defauance. 12 & ele luy respount par resouws sages & bels si dit. 13 memoire. 14 presence puit auenir graunt peril. 15 que sanisa par touz pars sil peust.
THE LIFE OF CONSTANCE.

Man of Law's Tale, line 36 the land, in a suitable place, she would perform his desire. And he, upon this promise, very anxious, standing on the forepart of the ship, looked on all sides whether he could not see land. And while he was most anxious, line 922 Constance, to save her chastity, came privily behind his back, and thrust him into the sea.

Within this time, King Alle, already possessed of the victory in Scotland over his enemies the Picts, line 876 hastened with great desire and grief into England; for it was told him by the goers to and fro that his blessed wife, Constance, was already banished from his land, by his commandment, with her son Maurice. And as the king went his way through cities and towns, by day, in England, there came against him men and women, children and old men, and reviled him with crying and reproaches, throwing upon him and his men mud and filth and great stones; and women and naked children, in mockery, showed him their hind-quarters; and so severe was the persecution, that it behoved him and his host thenceforward to take their journeys by night. Then, when he was come to the aforesaid castle, in great fear of his life, he caused Elda line 878 and Lucius to be called, asking in great wrath where his wife Constance was, whom they called an evil spirit in form of woman, and what had become of the demoniac monster, his child. And they, abashed at the word, said they knew naught of such thing, but that his wife was good and holy, and his offspring fair and graceful. And he, like a madman, asked them what reason moved them to send him such treasonable letters, as he could openly show them. Then, the line 882 letters of both sides being seen, the king knew nothing of the letters which he saw sealed with his own seal; no more did they of the other side. Then they
RETURN OF KING ALLE.

sent attendre, en lieu couenable, parfrois son talent. Et
cil, sur ceste promesse mout curios, estaunt en le uant
partie de la neef, de toute pars auisa si nule terre puit
veer. Et taunt com fu plus *curious, constaunce, pur
sa chastite sauuer, priuement luy vient rere au dos, ele
lui tresbucha en la mer.

Deyns cest temps, le Rois alle, ia esploite de la victo-
torie en Escoce de lez picteis, sez enemis, a grant desir
e dolor se hasta en Engleterre ; quar counte ly estoit
par entre alauntz que sa beneyte femme, constaunce, ia
estoit par son comaundement de sa terre oue son fitz
Moris exilez. ¶ Et com ly Rois erra soun chemyn par
citez & viles, de iour, en Engleterre, luy vindrent en-
contrarius hommes e femmes, enfauntz e veilars, e le
reuilerten de crie e le-dengge, gettauntz sur lui & les
seuns tay & o ordure & grosse peres, e femmes & en-
fauntz deuexz par despit luy mostrent lour derere ;
et taunt dure fu la persecucioun, que lui couenoit & son
ost desoremes de nuyt prendre lour iourneis.
Puis, quant il estoit al auant dit chastel venuz a grant
poure de sa vie, fist apeller Elda & lucius, a grant
 felonie demandaunt ou fu sa femme, Constaunce, qil
apellerent maneyes espirit en fourme de femme, e ou fut
deuenuz le demoniac monstre, son enfaunt. Et cil,
abays de la parole, se discent riens sauoir de tiel chose,
Mes que sa femme estoit bone & seynt, & sa engendrure
bele & gracieuse. ¶ Et cil, com homme arage, lour
demanda que resoun lour moueit si tresonels lettres
a lui maundar, com apertenment lour poiet moustrer.
Puis, veuz lez lettres dun part & dautre, ia le Roy les
lettres riens ne conysoit qil vist de son seal asseliez,
Ne ceaus del autre part auxint. Dount dautre part

and when he is most intent, Comes behind
him and pushes him overboard.

King Alle on his return from Scotland is

maltreated by the people of England.

Arrived at the castle, he sum-
mons Elda and Lucius;

and asks what made them
write such
treasonable
letters.

1 la haut. 2 touz. 3 sil peust nulle terre. 4 a dos & le. 
5 puteus. 6 luy. 7 † lez. 8 † douce. 9 encourtrantz. 10 luy. 
11 de lendenge. 12 MS. dles, S. & les. 13 moustreren. 
14 oue. 15 auoit. 16 celle. 17 soue enfaunt nee. 18 meuoit. 19 purroit. 
20 quex il. 21 ceux dautre. 22 lautre.
could not suspect treachery in any quarter but that of the messenger. And he at last said that he felt guilty of no treason, nevertheless he freely acknowledged to them his drunkenness at the court of Domild, the king's mother; and if there were treason, there was the source. And the king, now quite inflamed with wrath, began to travel by night, until he came to where his mother was. And when he had gone in to his mother, who was asleep, he cried out at her with a hideous voice, "traitress!" and commanded her hastily to show the letters which she had treacherously counterfeited. And she, suddenly overtaken with fear, and seeing the king like a man out of his wits, holding the naked sword over her, and well knowing she was guilty of so great a treachery, without more delay, begging for mercy, acknowledged all her crime. And the king, with great fierceness, told her that he would have no mercy upon her but as her treason required. "For you had no pity on me, nor on my wife, nor on my child, neither will I ever have pity on you." And with that he cut off her head and (hewed) her body all to pieces, as she lay naked in her bed. Then Alle solemnly made his vow before Lucius, the bishop of Bangor, that never more would he marry wife, until the mercy of God should send him news of Constance.

Then this Constance, the third year after she had drowned Thelous in the sea, which was the fifth year of this exile, as she was floating on the sea, beheld afar a wood as it were appear to her. And as her right good and courteous guide, God, steered and guided her ship nearer and nearer, at last she perceived that it was the masts of a great navy, which lay in the haven of a city by the sea. And when the mariners saw a ship so marvellously floating on the sea, they supposed that
ne sauoient soucher la tresoun mes ver le Messager.
Et cist finaument dit de nul tresoun se senti coupable, Nepurquant
bien longu reconust de sa yuere se en
la court dommyd, la mere le Roi; & si tresoun fust,
la fu la source.1 Et le Roi, ia tut enflaume de ire,
comensea de nuzy errer, taunque il vyn2 ou sa mere
estoit. ¶ Et quant il3 estoit entre sur sa mere ia en-
dornis, oue hidouse voiz la escria, "tretresce!" Et lui
comaunda hastiuentement mostrand les lettres q5 ele6 auoit
treitrousement4 fausse. Et ele, sudeinmente suprise de
pour, & veaunte le Roi, com homme hors de senz, ten-
aunt5 lespie nue outre lui, & bien sachaunt sei coup-
able de si grant tresoun, sauntz plus de releces, en9
priaunt mercy, reconissoit toute sa felonie. Et le Roi,
a6 grant ferte,7 ly dist que nul8 mercy9 nen aueryt9
mes9 com sa tresoun demaunda. "Qar de moy, ne de
ma femme, ne de mon enfaunt vous nen auiez pite,10 ne
ieo de vous ia pite nauery."11 Et a ceo ly coupa la
teste e le corps ut apeces,12 com ele iut nue en sou
lit. ¶ Lors alle solemnemement fit son vou13 deaunt
lucius, leuesque14 de9 Bangor,9 que iammes femme ne
esposereit, taunq le misericorde dieu ly enuies at
ne15 de constaunce.
¶ Puis ceste Constaunce, le tiers aan16 apres que ele17
auoit neey theolous en la mere, qe fu le quinte an de
cest exil, come ele fu flotaunt sur la mere, regardoit de
lois18 luy apparem on vny boys. E com son trebon &
courteis giour, dieux, gouerna9 &9 gya sa neef plus pres
& plus, a la fyn aperceut que ceo estoient mastes de
vne19 grunde nauie, qe reposa en le port de vny cite sur
la mere. Et quant les mariniers virent vne neef si
me[r]uelousement sure la mere flotaunt, sucherent que

1 source.
2 vuent.  3 quex.
4 tresserousement.  5 teignaunt.  6 od.
7 ferite.  8 ticle.
9 auroit.
10 ne auoistez pitie.
11 auera.  12 a peces.
12 awove.
14 Leuesque.
15 nouvelle.
16 la tierce an.  17 qil.
18 loigne.
19 MS, mastode vne, S. mastes dune.

The messenger
is examined,
and acknowledges
his drunkenness
at Domild’s
court.

The king goes to
his mother and
commands her to
show the letters.

But the king
will have no
mercy on her,
and hews her
to pieces as she
lies in her bed.

In the fifth year
of her exile,

Constance meets
with a great
fet riding in a
haven.
it had been a ship quitted by the mariners through storm. But when they were come nigh, they found a woman, and a child of five years, richly furnished with treasure, but full poor of victuals. And after the mariners had spoken with the lady, they brought her and her child into the city, to a palace, where a senator of Rome, not unknown to the maiden, was harboured. This man was called Arsemius of Cappadocia, a very wise and worthy knight, and greatly excelling in letters, and of the Emperor Tiberius Constantinus, the father of Constance, much loved and familiar. He, when he saw Constance, by no means knew her, which the lady took in great joy. And she knew him well enough; for often enough had she seen him in the house of the emperor, her father. This Arsemius was leader of all that navy. And after he had asked the lady several questions as to her condition and fortune, and she had wisely answered him, without revealing anything concerning her lineage or the emperor, (that) since her fortune was not all gracious as regarded the world, though it pleased her as regarded God, and since she was married to a rich lord, who had begotten the child, (but) to whom she, by her fortune, was not pleasing in all points, therefore she suffered such penance. And after he had asked her name, she had answered him that she was named Couste; for thus the Saxons called her. Then the lady asked him what was the meaning of that great fleet which he led. And he answered her that it was the Emperor Tiberius’s fleet, sent by him to the Holy Land, against the Saracens, who had treacherously murdered his daughter Constance, and a great number of the Christians, and the Sultan and his allies, who were friends to the Christians; and he told her that, on all sides, God had given them happy achievement over their enemies; for the Sultaness was burnt, and of the Saracens,
CONSTANCE BROUGHT TO ARSEMIUS.

The mariners bring the lady and her child to a palace, where she finds a senator whom she knows, though he does not recognize her.

The mariners bring the lady and her child to a palace, where she finds a senator whom she knows, though he does not recognize her.
more than eleven thousand were slain, but never a Christian in his host was lost or wounded; and that all the bodies of the Christians, who were murdered by the Saracens, he and his host had found, except only the body of Constance, who, according to the Saracens' saying, was drowned in the sea. Then the maiden besought him that she might pass, under his conduct, to Rome. And Arsemius, with great joy, granted (it) her, and took into his keeping her, and her son, and all her treasure.

And after he was come to Rome, he commended Couste to his Roman wife, Helen, the daughter of Sallustius, the brother of the Emperor Tiberius, and the uncle of Constance. This Helen, the cousin of Constance, loved her cousin, and Maurice her kinsman, so tenderly that she had no other joy so great in her life. And maybe her joy would have been increased, if Constance had told her all the truth. Then Constance, with her son Maurice, abode twelve whole years in the company of Arsemius and Helen, a lady of all holiness and truth. And Arsemius and Helen, who had no offspring, claimed Maurice, in love and nurture, as their son and heir. At this same time, Alle, king of England, by the advice of Lucius, bishop of Bangor, and Elda his seneschal and constable, went with (his) men to make his pilgrimage to Rome and have absolution from the pope for the slaughter of his mother. At the same time, he committed the keeping of his kingdom to Edwin his son, who was the third king after him. And when Alle was seven days' journey from Rome, he sent Elda forward to make honourable provision. And when Elda was come to Rome, and had inquired where the king of England and his people might honourably lodge, he was answered that Arsemius, the senator of the city, was nobly endowed with several castles
ALLE GOES ON A PILGRIMAGE TO ROME.

He and his host had found the bodies of all the murdered Christians except Constance.

Arsenius takes her to Rome and recommends her to his wife Helen, Constance's cousin.

Constance and her son remain twelve years with Arsenius.

Then King Alle makes a pilgrimage to Rome to get absolution from the Pope.

Elda is sent forward to find honourable quarters for the king.

ne fuist.
2 MS. en, S. &.
3 les ditz dez.
4 Arsenius od.
5 qils estoient.
6 Arseni[us].
7 bountee.
8 Arsenius.
9 engendrure auoient.
10 lour.
11 † encontre luy.
12 enquis.
13 ou[e].
14 responde.
15 Arsenius.
16 de Rome.
17 dez.
and fair palaces. Then, at that news, Elda went to Arse-
mius to beg it; and he kindly caused him to be shown
his castles and manors, which were already emptied,
without any delay. And after Elda had chosen hon-
ourably for the king, Arsemius returned thence to his
palace. And when he had entered his wife's chamber,
where Constance was, he asked them if they wished to
hear news, and told them that Alle, the king of England,
would come to the city within ten days, and would be
lodged in his castles; and for that cause he (the king)
had sent a great count and castellan, his marshall.
And when Constance heard the tidings, for secret and
hidden joy she fell down in a swoon. And after her
spirits had returned to her, on their asking what ailed
her, she excused herself by the weakness of her brain,
which came to her at sea. Then, before the said ten
days, when King Alle was coming near the city of
998 Rome, Arsemius the senator, who was to receive him
within his castles, went to meet him honourably with
all the knighthood of Rome and the rich Roman
citizens, and received him courteously. And as the
senator's wife Helen, and Constance, stood upon a
tower fitted with steps, that they might see the king
of England, and look at the knights (or cavalcade), a
knight who had seen the king upon the road before his
coming to the city, and who was appointed to show the
ladies the king's person, showed them the person as
he rode under the tower, and said, "Ladies, that is
King Alle." And the king, hearing his name men-
tioned, looked upwards. And when Constance saw
his face, she fell down in a swoon near Helen, who
supposed it to be naught but weakness. At this
time of the king's coming to Rome, Maurice began
teaus e bieus paleys. ¶ Puis a ceste nouele, Elda ala a arsenius\textsuperscript{1} de cee prier; \& il bonement ly fist mou- strer\textsuperscript{2} sez chasteus \& maners questoient ia veudez, sauz nul demoraunce.\textsuperscript{3} Et puis que Elda aoit pur le Roi honurablement choisi, Arsenius\textsuperscript{4} sen est retourne a son paleys. Et puis que il estoit en la chambre sa femme entre, ou estoit Constance, lour demaunda si eles voleyt noueles\textsuperscript{5} oyer; Et lour counta que alle, Roys dengleterre, deynz lez dis iourz vendret en\textsuperscript{6} vile, \& ser-reit herberge en sez\textsuperscript{7} chasteus; \& a cee aoit maunde vn grant counte \&\textsuperscript{8} chasteleyly, son Mareschalle. Et quant Constance oy la nouele, de\textsuperscript{9} priuee e celee ioie, chey en paimesoun. Et puis que sez espiritz luy\textsuperscript{9} estoient reuenuz, a lour demaunde\textsuperscript{10} que ele deuoit, se acundut \textit{par} febllesse de sa\textsuperscript{11} seruele que luy auent en la mere. Puis eynz\textsuperscript{12} lez dist\textsuperscript{12} dis iours, quant le Rois Alle fust en\textsuperscript{13} uenuant pres\textsuperscript{13} a\textsuperscript{13} la Cite de Rome, Arsemius\textsuperscript{14} le senatour, qy\textsuperscript{15} ly\textsuperscript{15} deuoit receyuere deins sez chasteus, ly ala enuountraunt honurablement ou tote la chivalrie de Rome \& oue les riches citeseinz Romeyns, e ly receust curtesement. Et come la femme le senatour, heleyne, e Custaunce, esteirent\textsuperscript{16} sur vn brezage\textsuperscript{17} ordine de gre, que eles\textsuperscript{18} puissent vere le Rois dengleterre, \& auiser la chiuache,\textsuperscript{19} vn chiuachier que aoit veu le Rois auuant\textsuperscript{20} sa venu a la Cite\textit{par} chemyn, e qestoit assigne pur les dames mouster la persoun le Roy, lour mostra la\textsuperscript{21} persoun, com il chiuacha de-soutz le Bretage,\textsuperscript{22} Et dit, "veez si, dames, luy Rois Alle." Et lui Rois, oyaunt son noun nomer, reguarda vers mount. Et quant Constance vist son visage, chey\textit{empres}\textsuperscript{23} heleyne paume, qi ne quidoit autre mes feblesse. A cee\textsuperscript{24} temps de la venuz\textsuperscript{25} le Roi a Rome, comensca and choses the castle of Arsenius. Constance on hearing the news swoons for secret joy. Arsenius and the chivalry of Rome go out to meet the king. Constance sees her lord from a tower, and falls down in a swoon.

\textsuperscript{1} Arsenius. \textsuperscript{2} moustre. \textsuperscript{3} demerant. \textsuperscript{4} Arsenius. \textsuperscript{5} nouvelle. \textsuperscript{6} la. \textsuperscript{7} ceux. \textsuperscript{8} del. \textsuperscript{9} paumsoun. \textsuperscript{10} demaunda. \textsuperscript{11} ceruelle. \textsuperscript{12} deinz. \textsuperscript{13} de. \textsuperscript{14} Arsenius. \textsuperscript{15} qil. \textsuperscript{16} esturent. \textsuperscript{17} brezarche. \textsuperscript{18} lez. \textsuperscript{19} chiuachie. \textsuperscript{20} deuawnt. \textsuperscript{21} sa. \textsuperscript{22} brezarche. \textsuperscript{23} de. \textsuperscript{24} ceste. \textsuperscript{25} venue.
his eighteenth year. He was secretly instructed by his mother Constance, that when he should go to the feast with his lord the senator, he should leave all other things and put himself before the king of England, when he should be seated at meat, in order to serve him, and that he should stir nowhere out of the king's sight, and that he should strive well and courteously to serve him; for he greatly resembled his mother. Then, when the king beheld the child standing before him, he was greatly struck by the resemblance, and asked him whose son he was; and he answered him that he was the son of Arsenius the senator, who sat on his right. And upon the king's asking, the senator told him that he held him (Maurice) as his son, because he had made him his heir.

And he knew his mother well, but not his father; for his mother would never acknowledge that to him, in the time of twelve years. And the youth knew him not; for the mother and he were sent into exile when he was but ten weeks old. Thereupon the king asked the youth his name, and he answered that his name was Maurice. Then the king became very thoughtful, both on account of the name and the resemblance in the face, and for the sayings of the senator. And he asked the senator, if he pleased, to show him the lady, the youth's mother. And he answered him that she was in his house. Upon this the king, greatly com-

forted, caused the meal to be hastened. And when he was come down to the senator's palace, his wife appeared, who was coming towards him with the senator's wife. And the king, after he had greeted the lady of the palace, for certain knowledge, went to embrace and kiss his wife. And such open demonstration of love made he, that the senator, and the lady, and all that were there, were not a little astonished. And at that the king cries out aloud, "I have found my wife!"
moris son diéseotisme aan. Cist estoit aprés priuement
de sa mere Constance, qa, quant il irret a la feste ou
son seignur le senatour, que, totes autres choses lëssetz,
se meit1 de-uaunt le Roi dengleterre, quant il fust assis
a manger, pur lui seurier; Et que de nule part se
remuat hors del regard al Roi, e qe il se afforsat bien &
curteisement lui9 seruir; quar il9 durement resembla sa
mere. ¶ Puis, quant li Rois lenfaunt regarda,2 esteaunt
deuaunt lui, trop fu supris de la resemblaunce,3 & ly
demaunda q14 fitz estoit; 5 & ly responundi qil estoit6
fitz a9 Arsenie,7 le senatour, qi ly site8 a destre. E a
sa demaunde,9 ly senatour lui dist qe son fitz lui tient10
il, pur ceo qil lauoit11 fait son heir. E sa mere sauoit
il bien, mes noun pas son pere; quar vnkes sa mere ceo
ne lui voleit reconstre, en le temps de dozze aunz. E
le Iuuencel ne sauoit; qar la12 mere e luy estoient mys
en exil, quant nestoit forge de dis symaynes. ¶¶ A ceo
le Roi demaunda del Iuuencel13 son noun; Et il re-
pondi que son noun fu Moris. Dount le Roi deuent en
grant pense, e9 del noun, & de la resemblaunce de
visage, E pur le14 ditz le senatour; Et demanda del
Senator, si ly plust fere moustraunce de la dame, la
mere le15 Iuuencel. E il16 lui respondzi que ele estoit
en sa mesour. Sur ceo le Roi, trop counforte, fist
hastier le manger.17 E quant il estoit descendu al paleys
le Senator, parust sa femme, qe lui venoit encontre
oue la femme le Senator. E lui Rois, apres qil auoit
la dame del paleis salute, par certeyn conisaunce ala sa
femme embracer & beisire. Et taunt apert moustraunce
damour18 lui fesoit, que le senatour & la dame, & quanqe
i19 esteient, ne esteient pas poi merues. Et le Roi a
ceo, tut en haut escric, "Ieo ay troue ma femme!"

1 mist. 2 regaraund lenfaunt. 6 le. 7 Arsenie. 13 del Iuuencel demanda.
3 semblance. 4 quel. 8 seoit. 9 demanda. 14 lez. 15 del.
5 MS. repeats: e li de-
maunda qil fitz estoit. 10 le tynt. 11 auoit. 12 sa. 16 ele.
19 de lamour. 19 ia.

Maurice is in-
structed by his
mother to serve
King Alle at the
feast, and not to
stir from him.

The king is
struck with the
lad's resemblance
to his wife, and
asks him whose
son he is.

When Constance
appears, the king
embraces her
and cries out,

"I have found
my wife!"
Then Elda and Lucius greeted the lady, and with
great joy, thanked God, who never fails those who
put their trust in Him. On the morrow, the king
went to take his absolution for the death of his mother.
And after he had told the Pope Pelagius, forenamed,
all the adventures, the pope returned thanks to God.
Then, after the king had dwelt forty days at Rome,
one night Constance besought him to request the em-
peror, who dwelt twelve leagues from Rome, that he
would do him the honour to be pleased to eat with him
at Rome. And as the request pleased the king, Constance
charged her son Maurice with the message; and told
him, if the emperor would not grant him his petition,
that then he should beseech him for the love he bore
the soul of his daughter Constance; for then she well
knew that the emperor would not deny him his request,
as he did no one who, for his daughter's soul, prayed
him for anything. And then, when Maurice was come
before the emperor, with the honourable company, and
had done his message on behalf of the king his father,
the emperor, greatly smitten with love for the youth,
said to his knights, weeping, "God! how marvellously
that youth resembles my daughter Constance!" And
then he gave Maurice great gifts, but would not grant
him his petition; because, for the grief which he had
taken for his daughter whom he thought dead, he
would never after eat at a joyful feast nor hear min-
strelsy. Then Maurice prayed him according to the
form aforesaid; and the emperor granted him. It came
to pass on the eve of St John the Baptist, her birthday,
when the feast was to be made on the following day,
Constance said to the king, that for his courtesy he
should ride honourably to meet the emperor, to receive
puis Elda & Lucius ouent salue la dame, & a grant ioie ouent dieu mercy, que iames ne faut a 1 ceus que ly 2 ouent affiance. 3 Lendemayn le Rois ala prendre son absolucion del mort sa mere. Et puis qil auoit counte al pape pelagie, auant nome, tote les aventure, Le pape rendi grace 4 a dieu. Puis apres quaunteer iours que lui Rois auoit demore A Rome, vne noet 5 ly priant Constance qil demaundast 6 al Empere, que demorrad de Rome a 9 dozze lieus, qil vousist 7 lui lire lonur 8 que lui plust oue lui manger a Rome. E puis que la priere plust au Roi, Constaunce charga son fitz Morice del mesager 9 ; Et lui dist, Si Lemperour ne lui granttast poynst sa priere, que dount ly request 10 pur lamour qil auoit al alme sa fille Constaunce ; qar dount 11 saoit ele bien qe lemperour ne lui dencroit 12 pas son 13 demaunde, com a nuly ne 14 fist qe pur lamour 15 sa fille 16 rients lui priast. Et 17 puis, quant morice estoit deuaunt Lemperour venuz, oue la 18 compagnie honorable, & auoit son 19 message fest de part le Rois son pere, Lemperour, trop suppris de lamur del 17 Iuencel, dist a sez chualers en ploraunt 18, "Dieu ! com cel 19 Iuencel meruelousment resemble ma fille Constaunce!" Et puis qil auoit 20 a Morice done 20 grauntz doues, mes ne lui voleit otreyer sa priere, pur 20 ceo 20 que 20 pur le doel qe il auoit pris pur . sa fille, quil quida morte, 21 vnques apres ne voleit a feste de ioie manger ne Mynistraucie oyer. Dount lui priant morice solom la fourme auaunt dist ; e lempour 22 lui granta. A-vynt 23 la veil seynt Iohan le 20 Baptiste, la feste de sa natuiete, quant la fest 24 se deuoit ferle iour ensuant, Constaunce dist al Rey, 25 que a sa curtesie 26 cheuachast honuradement encontre lemperour, pur lui

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1 as. 9 qen luy. 10 adoneques luy requist. 10 il dona.
3 esperance. 11 doneque. 21 qe quida ele estre mort qe.
4 graces. 12 denyeroit. 13 sa. 22 † tost. 23 Auent.
5 nuyt. 14 le. 15 sa alme. 24 le Maungerie.
6 maundast. 16 sa. 17 luy. 25 † & luy priat. 26 † qil.
7 vensist. 8 honour. 18 emplorant. 19 cist.
9 message. 20 la.
him in the city; and so it was done. And when the noble chivalry of Rome, with the citizens, came honourably in the company of the king, Constance begged her lord to alight from his horse to meet the emperor, whom she already saw coming near. And Constance, before all the company, took her lord the king with her right hand, and Maurice her son with the left, and came and greeted her father in these words: "My lord and dear father Tiberius, I, Constance, your daughter, thank God, who has granted me life even unto this day, that I see you in health." And after the emperor had heard and seen his daughter, he had his heart seized with never so sudden joy, that well nigh he had fallen from his horse; but King Alle and his son Maurice supported him. Then with good right they made great joy. And Constance told her father all her adventures, and how she had dwelt already twelve years in the house of the Senator Arsemius and Helen, who then for the first time recognized her cousin, her uncle's daughter. Then, after other forty days were passed, when King Alle returned thence into his own country, the Emperor Tiberius, by the consent of Pope Pelagius and all the senate of Rome, on account of his old age, took Maurice as his companion in the Empire, and appointed him his heir. And he was named Maurice of Cappadocia, because of Arsemius who was from Cappadocia, as is said before, at the beginning of this story. This Maurice was called by the Romans in Latin, "Mauritius Christianissimus imperator," that is to say, "Maurice the Christian emperor." Then Alle the king of England, the ninth month after he had come to England, rendered his soul holily to God. And nigh half a year after, Constance, who was in great honour
Constance Reveals Herself to Her Father.

The king and his company go out to meet the emperor.

Constance addresses her father.

Who is so overjoyed that he well nigh falls from his Lorsse.

Constance tells her father all her adventures.

Forty days after, King Alle returns to England. Tiberius, on account of his great age, makes Maurice co-emperor.

Alle dies.

Receyuer en la Cite; & en-si fu fest. Et quant la noble chivalrie de Rome ou lez citezeynz vindrent en la compagnie le Roi honurablyment, Constaunce pria son seignur1 descendre de son destrer e" encuentre Lempour,2 que ele ia vit3 venier depres.4 E Constance, de-vaunt tote la compagnie, prist son seignur le Roi, en la5 meyn destre & morice son fitz en la synistre,6 & vyent son pier sauer en cest paroles: ¶ "Mon seignur & beau pere Tiberye, ico, Constaunce, vostre fille, mercy dieux, que vnoire a ceo7 iour mad graunte la vie, que ico vous veye en saunte." E puis que lempour out8 sa fille oy e vieu, com9 ia de si sudeyne ieoye auoit le quore suspri, que apoï estoit de son destrer trebuche; Mes le Roi Alle10 e son fitz Moris le susporterent.11 Dount a boun dreit, grant ioie demenerent. E Constaunce counta a soun pere12 totes sez auentures, e comen ele auoit ia dozee aunz demore en la mesoun al senator Arsemie13 & heleyne, que ore primerement reconuseyt sa nece, la fille son vnce. ¶ Puz apres autre9 qarante iours passetz, quant le Roi Alle sen retourna en son pais,14 lempere15 Tiberie, par assent le16 pape pelagie e de tout le senat de Rome, pur sa veillesse,17 prist morice compaignon de18 Empire, e lui clama son eyr. E estoit Moris de Capadoce nome pur Arsemie19 questoit de Capadoce, com auant est dist al commencement de cest estoire. ¶ Cist moris fu20 apelle de21 Romeyns en latin, "Mauricius christianissimus imperator."22 Ceco est23 a dire, "Morie, Le christien emperor." ¶ Puis Alle, le rei dengleterre, Le neofime moys apres qil estoit venuz en Engleterre, rendy lalme a dieu seintment.24 E apoy apres25 vn demi aan, Constaunce, que en grant honour Constance

1 † le Roy. 2 † &. 3 veut ia. 4 den proeeas a pee. 5 sa. 6 senestre. 7 cest. 8 vst. 9 bien conu. 10 Allee. 11 luy supponerent.

12 † lempour. 13 Arsenie le senatour. 14 vers Engleterre. 15 lempour. 16 lassent del. 17 S. puis pur sa veillesse after Tyberie.

18 del. 19 Puis Arsenye. 20 estoit. 21 dez. 22 Empe/ator. 23 cest. 24 † & deuoutement. 25 pres.
and love with all the land, returned to Rome by reason of the news which she heard of her father's sickness. The thirteenth day after her coming, Tiberius died holily in the arms of his daughter, and rendered his soul to God. And she, a year after, departed to God, in the year of the incarnation five hundred eighty and four, on St Clement's day; and was buried at Rome, near her father, in the church of St Peter. And Elda, who had brought Constance back to Rome, whilst returning to England, died devoutly at Tours, and was buried by Lucius, bishop of Bangor aforesaid, in the church of St Martin. Then Lucius returned to his church of Bangor. The body of King Alle, king of England, was buried in the church of St Amphibius at Winchester, where he died.
& amur estoit a tote la terre, returna a Rome pur la returns to Rome.

nouele que ele1 oy de la maladie son pire;2 le tres-
sime iour apres3 sa venu, morust Tiberie seintement Tiberius dies.
deyns les bras sa fille,4 & rendi lalme a dieu. E ele apres vn5 aen trepassa6 a dieu, Laan del incarnacion Constance dies.
cync Cent octaunte quarte, le iour seynt clement.

† E fu7 enterre a Rome prede8 son pere, en leglise de seint pere. Et Elda, que awoit Constaunce remene a Elda dies.

Rome, en retournaunt vers9 Engletere, morust deouute-
ment a tours, E par Lucius, Euesqe de Bangor, auant dit, fu enterre en lesglise10 seyn Martyn. Puis Lucius retourent a sa Esglise [de Bangor. le corps le Roy Allee, Roy dengleterre, fuist enterre en laglise seint Amphibe a] Wyncestre, ou il morust.

1 quel. 5 dune. 9 enuers.
2 † &. 3 de. 6 trepassoit. 10 † de.
4 † Constance. 7 † ele. 8 pres.
2.

The Tale of

The Wife of Mereluas the Emperor

(FROM SHIRLEY'S MS. OF THE EARLY-ENGLISH VERSION OF THE GESTA ROMANORUM, Harl. 7333)

CONTAINING ANALOGUES OF

The treason that the false knight wrought Constance

(Group B, l. 619, l. 591-617),

AND OF

The renegade steward's attempt on her chastity

(Group B, l. 914-24).
Mr Thomas Wright's note on Chaucer's *Constance*, in his edition of the Canterbury Tales, is as follows:

"The Man of Lawes Tale .. was probably taken direct from a French Romance. All the incidents in it are of frequent occurrence in medieval stories. The whole story is found in Gower; and a similar story forms the plot of Emare (printed in Ritson's Metrical Romances) [thus far Tyrwhitt]. The treachery of King Alla's mother enters into the French romance of King Offa, preserved in a Latin form by Matthew Paris. It is also found in the Italian collection, said to have been composed in 1378, under the title of *Il Pecorone di ser Giovanni Fiorentino* (an imitation of the Decameron) giorno X, No. 1. The treason of the knight who murders Hermengilde is an incident in the French *Roman de la Violette*; and in the English metrical romance of *Le bone Florence of Rome* (printed in Ritson's collection); and is found in the English *Gesta Romanorum*, c. 69 (ed. Madden), joined in the latter place with Constance's adventure with the steward. It is also found in Vincent of Beauvais, and other writers. Gower's version appears to be taken from the French chronicle of Nicolas Trivet, MS. Arundel, No. 56, fol. 45 v°."

Following this information, I add to Trivet's Constance, the *Gesta Tale* of "Merelaus the Emperor" from Shirley's Harleian MS. 7333, which Sir F. Madden suggests was written by a scribe Impingham, as that name is signed at the end of one of the poems (*Gesta Rom.*, ed. Madden, Roxburghe Club, 1838, p. xiii, note at foot).

This Tale was versified by Occeleve, who called Merelaus, 'Gerelaus'; and Warton quotes Occeleve's lines describing how the 'feendly man' stabs the Earl's child, and then puts the bloody knife into the sleeping Empress's hand,

For men shoulde have nooth othir deemyng,
   But she had gytil ben of this murdring.

( *Warton*, i. 296, ed. 1871.)

The author of the *Gesta Romanorum* was, says Warton (i. 297), 'Petrus Berchorius, or Pierre Bercheur, a native of Poitou, who died prior of the Benedictine convent of Saint Eloi at Paris in the year 1362.'

Following Merelaus in the present volume, is Matthew Paris's story about the intercepted letters from his life of Offa the First, in Wats's edition. Miss L. Toulmin Smith has read both our prints with their originals.

F. J. Furnivall.
Merelau the Emperour.

[Harl. MS. 7333, leaf 201, col. 2.]

Merelau regnyd a wise Emperour; and he had weddide\(^1\) to wife he kyngys dowter of Hungery, he whiche was a faire woman, and fulle of werkis of mercy. So in a certeyne tyme, he Emperour as he lay in his bed, purposid to visite he holy lond; and perfore in he morowe he callid to him he Empresse, and his brothir, and penne he saide, "Dame, it may not be laynd, or helid, or kepte fro he, that I wolle to he holy lond; pat is my ful purpose; and perfore I ordene and sette he in my stede, for to rule and gouerne he Empire, in worship to me, and profite to my peple." Thenne saide she, "Sithen it may be noon othir way, be it don as pou wolt haue it, and I shal be turtile in your absence pat hadde lost hire make; for I trowe pat ye wolle turne home azen in goode helthe." The Emperour confortid hire with faire and swete wordes, and kiste hire, and tooke his leve, and passid his wey. Whenn he was gon, his brothir wex prout, and depresside riche and poore, and 3it stirid the Emperesse to synne; but she, as a goode woman shulde do, seide pat she wolde not by no way assent to synne, as longe as hire

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\(^1\) The scribes's curls and crosses—though often probably, if not certainly, mere flourishes—to final d, f, g, h, ll, n, p, r, are represented by an italic e.
husbonde livid. But he wolde not leeve so, but euermore stirid hire perto, whenne þat he myȝte fynde hire by hire oone. At þe laste, whenne þe Empresses sawe þat he wolde not be carectid, ne amendid of his foly, she callid to hire iiij. or iiij. worthi lordis of þe Empire, and saide to hem, "Seris, ye wete wele, þat my lord maad me þe principalle of his Empire, and þat his brothir shulde be stiward vndir me, And þat he shulde not do withoute me; And he depressithe, as ye see wel, poore and simple peple, spoilithe riche and grete, and moore harme wolde do if* þat he myȝte; for þe whiche I charge you, þat ye strongly bynde him, and caste him in prisone." Thenn þæ i said þei, "Certenly, he hathe do mekill Iville sith he went, And þe fore with glad hertis we shulle fulfille your wille." Anoone þei laide hondis vpon him, and bond him in þe prisone, with bondis of yre; and þe fore he was many day. So at þe laste word come, þat þe Empour was in comynge home; and thenn thought he to him selfe, "If my lorde come home, and fynde me here, he wolde spere the cause of myne enprisonement, And thenn she wolde telle him þe cause, howe þat I temptid here to synne, And thenn shalle I neuer haue grace of him, and happily lese my life." And thenn anoon he sent a message to þe Emprasse, payinge hire þat she wolde fowche safe to come to þe prisone, and speke with him a word. Whenne þe Emprasse hurde þe message, she com down and askid of him what he wolde. Thenn he said he, "Gentille lady, haue mercy on me, for if my lord fynde me here, I am but ded." "If y knewe," quok she, "þat þou wolde leeve thy foly, and þat I myȝt fynde þe a goode honest man, þit þou shuldist haue grace." And he saide "þis;" and þe perto he made surte of feithe. Thenn she brouȝt him out of the prisone, and gert bathe him, and clyppe him, and shave him; and thenn she araide him in precious
prodigies, and saide to him, "Brothir, nowe take þi palfray, and come with me, and ride with me asenst our lord." The Empresse rood to meete with him, with þis stiward, and many othir lordis and mynystris, in a grete multitude. And as thei were ridinge þer ran an hynde in the wey, with a swifte pase; And þenne alle þat sawe hire svyde aftir with houndis, as hard as thei myȝte, So that noon was lefte with þe lady, but only þe stiward. And when he sawe þat, he said, "Dame, heere biside is a prive forest, and it is longe sith I lovid you; go we nowe þidir, and lat me play with the." Thenne saide she, "Sey, foole, howe menyst þouni dude I not ȝistirday deliuer þe out of prisone, for þoun sholdist leeve thi folly, and nowe þoun turnyst þer to soone a þen? I telle þe nowe as I dude afore, þat þer shalle noon do it with me but myne husbonde, þat may chalange it by lawe." Thenne saide he, "For sothe and but þoun assent to me, I shalle hong þe by þe heire vp on a tre here in þe forest, wher neuer noon shalle mete with þe, And so þoun shalt haue a fowle ende." Thenne saide she, "And þoȝ þoun smyte þe hed fro my body, and vse in me alle maner of tormentis, þoun shalt neuer compelle me to synne." Thenne he nakid hire evene to þe smok, and honge hire by þe heeris vp on an Oke; And he bond hire horse by þe tre. And whenne he hadde done þus, he rood to his felowis a þen, and saide, þat a grete multitude of peple had stolyne and Ravishshid þe lady from hym; And þerfore was maade grete sorowe ouer alle þe Empire. Aftir, within thre days, ther huntyd an Erle in the forest; And as þe houndis ronne after þe wolfsis, thei felte a sauour, and lefte hire rennynges, and tooke hire cours vnto þe tre. Whenne þe Erle sawe þat, he merveilide hiely, and smot þe horse with þe sporis, and pursuyd, tille he com to þe tre where þe lady henge. And whenne þe Erle sawe hire honge ther by þe heeris,
takes pity on her, he hadde gret compassione of hire, by cause hat she was so faire; And saide to hire, “Sey, woman, what art pou, and whi hongist pou pus?” And she was on live, by pe mirakille of god, and saide to him, “I am a woman of straunge contre, and howe I honge here I not; god wot!” And thenne saide pe Erle, “Whose horse is pis, pat stondithe by pe tre?” “Sir,” quop pe lady, “it is myne.” The Erle trowid she was some grete gentille woman, and hadde of hire pe more pite; and saide to hire, “A! deere frend, pou semyst a gentille woman) and dame. I haue at home a litille childe to dowter, and if pou wolt vndirtake to norishe hire vp, and teche hire, pou shalte be delineryd fro pis peyne, and per to haue goode Reward.” Thenne saide she, “Sir, in as moche as I may I wille fulfille your wille.” pe Erle took hire downe, and brouȝt hire to his castelle, and took his douȝter in to hire kepinge; and therfore she lay in pe same chambr pat pe contesse lay in. And pe contesse hadde a dameselle ligging by-twye hire and pe Empresse, and ever nyȝt was list brennyngge pere in a lampe; and she bare hire so wel, pat she was lovid of alle men. But pis Erle hadde in his halle a stiward, and he lovid moche pe Empresse, and ofte tyme spake to hire of synfulle love, And euer she answerid to him ayen, and saide, pat she hadde y-made a vowe to god, pat she shuld neuer love noon by suche maner love, but him pat pe lawe of god wolde pat she lovid. Thenne saide pe stiward, with gret indignacione, “pou wolt not graunte me by no way?” Thenne saide she, “No, what wolle ye more pevof! I wolle kepe pe vowe pat I haue maade to god.” The stiward zede away, and poȝte, “I wolle be vengid of pe, if I may.” It happid in a certeyne nyȝte, pat pe dore of pe Erlis chambr was I-lefte opyne; & pe stiward perceyvied it, and went in, And fonde alle on slepe. And whenne he fond alle on slepe, he lokid aboute by
liȝt of þe lampe, and sawe þe bed of þe Emperesse; And whenne he sawe þe Emperesse liggyng with the Erlis douȝter, he drowe out a knyfe, and cutte the throte of the childe; And themne putte priuylige þe knyfe in the hond of þe Emperesse, for intent þat þe lord, whenne he wakid, myȝt see by the lyȝt of þe lampe þe blody knyfe, And deme in his herte þat she hadde slayyne þe childe with hire owne knyfe, And so to give hire ывать dethe. Aftir alle this, þat þe stiward hadde slayyne þe childe, and putte þe knyfe in the hond of þe Emperesse, It happid þe contesse to wake; and as she lokid vp, and out of the bed, she perceyvéd howe þat þe Empresse hadde in hire hond a blody knyfe. And with þat sïȝt she was ny ouȝt of mynde, and saide to hire husbond, with an hye vois, “Ser, ser, awake, and loke to þe bed of þe lady, And see what she holdithe in hire honde!” The Erle wakid, and lokid to þe bedde; and whenne he sawe þe blody knyfe, he was not a litille troublid in spirite, and cride to hire, and saide, “Awake, þou woman, what is þat in thi honde?” Themne þe Emperesse awoke thorowly cryinge, and þe knyf felle out of hire honde; and she lokid aside, and sawe þe childe dede, and felte þe bed fulle of bloode. Thenne she cryde with an hye voys, and saide, “Out allas! my lordis douȝter is slayne!” Whenne þe countesse hurde þat hire douȝter was dede, she cryde to hire lorde with a soroufulle voys, and saide, “Go sle þis deville or woman, whedir she be, that þus hathe slayne our douȝter.” And then þe countesse spake to þe Empresse, and saide, “It is opynly seeynye, þat þou hast kilde my childe with þi knyfe, and with þynë owne hondis, And þerforþ þou shalȝe have a fowle dethe.” Themne saide þe Erle to hire, with gret sorowe of herte, “Woman, if dred of God were not, sothely I wold Smyte thynë hed fro þe body with my swerde; sithen I sawid þe fro dethe, and þou now hast sees her child in the Empress’s bed, cuts its throat, and puts the bloody knife in the Empress’s hand.

The Countess wakes;

sees the knife in the Empress’s hand,

wakes the Earl, who sees it too,

and then the Empress wakes,

sees the child dead, feels the blood, and cries, ‘The child is slain!’

The Countess tells the Empress she has killed the child, and she shall die for it.

The Earl re-proaches her for her ingratitude,
slayne my doubtre. Neuertheless for me shalt pou haue noone harme; but sone, I charge pe, go out of my contre, for if euuer I fynde pe after pis day in myne counte,1 sothely pou shalt neuer ete bred." Thus Empresse was fulle of sorowe, and dude on hire clothis, and took hire palfray, and rood toward pe eest; And as she so rood by pe way, she sawe a paire of Galowis on pe lefte hond, and cacchepollis ledynge a man for to be ded. The Empresse mevid thorowe pite, smot the hors with the sporis, and went to the Iebet, and saide to pe cacchepollis, "Deere frendis, I am redy to bey pis man fro dethe, if pe wolde saue him for mede." "3is," quo pei So pe lady accordid with hem, and savid pe man; and thenne saide pe lady to him, "Deere frende, be nowe fro hense forward a trewe man, sithe I savid pi life." "3is, lady," quo he, "and that I bihote pe." And so he folowid pe lady. And whenne pei were come ny a cyte, the lady saide to him, "Go afore in to pe cite, and Ordayne for me an honest hostery." And he so dude; and she dwelte in pe cyte by many days, And men of the cite had hye mervail of hire fairenesse, and ofte tyme spake to hire, for doynge of synne, but pei myȝte not spede. Happid soone aftir, pat pe come a shippe, I-chargid with many maner of marchaundise; and whenne pe lady hurde speke perof, she sade to hire servaunt, "Go to pe shippe, and loke if pou see ony goode clothis for me." The servaunt entrid the shippe, and fonde per many diuerse precious clothis; And he saide to pe maister of the shippe, pat he shulde come, and speke with his lady. The maister grauntide. The servaunt ȝede home agayne, and tolde hire howe pe maister wolde come. So pe maister come to hire, and worshipfully salusyd hire; And pe lady spake to him for cloth the for hire werynge, and he grauntid hire. So pe servaunt ȝede azen with him to pe ship; and than pe maister
saide to him, "Deere frend, I wolde shewe to the my consail, if I may triste pe; and if pou wolde my consail kepe, sothely I shalle wele reward pe for thi mede." Then saide þat othir, "I wolde swere vpon a booke, þat I shalle kepe thi consail, and þerto helpe pe, in alle þat I may." Then saide þe maister, "I love hire more þan pou wolt leve, ther is in hire suche a fairnesse, and þefor I wold give alle the goode þat I haue, for to haue of hire my wille; And if I may haue hire by thyne helpe or consail, do aske of me what þou wolt, and I shalle pay pe." Thenne saide the seruaunt, "Telle me how þou wolde I dude, þat she were at me." Thenne saide he, "þou shalt go to hire, & say to hire, þat I wolle not late out my clothe by no way to no creature, and so make hire come to me to shippe; But late hire not come to shippe tille tyme þat ther rise a gret wynde, for thenne I shalle leede hire away with me, and she shalle not scape." "This is a good conseil," quép þe traitour; "but give me my mede, And then I shalle fulfille your wille." When the traitour hadde receivid his meede, he went to his lady, and tolde hire howe þe maister wolde not sende his clothe oute of his shippe,—"But he prayd you, þat ye wolde come downe to þe watir, and þer þe shulle see and haue clothis at your owne wille." The lady trowid þe traitour, and went to þe ship; and when she enterid þe ship, þe traytour seruaunt aboode with oute. And then þe maister, seynge a gret wynde to rise vp, he sette vp sayle, and feste rowyde; And when þe lady perceyvid þis tresone, she was gretyly mevid in mynde, and saide, "What kynyns tresone is þis, þat þou hast y-do to me?" "Nay," quép he, "it is noone othir tresone but þat I shalle comune with þe fleshely, And wedde þe to wife." Thenne saide she, "Sir, I haue maade a vowe to god, þat I shalle neuer do þat trespace, but with him þat I am bounden to in lawe." "Sey not so,"
and says he'll throw her into the sea unless she yields to him.

She asks for a place to prepare herself in.

Then she kneels, and prays God to keep her from sin.

At once a tempest rises, and drowns all on board except the Empress and Shipmaster.

She escapes to a Nunnery, and heals many sick folk.

The Emperor's Brother is a leper.
The Earl's Steward is deaf and blind.
Her former Servant is lame.
The Shipmaster is half mad.

The Emperor brings his Brother to the Empress's Nunnery.
The nuns go in procession to meet him.

quod he; "you art nowe in myddes of pe see, and per-for but you consent to me, I shalle caste pe in myddes of pe watir." Thenne saide pe lady, "Sithe it shalle be so, ordwaye me a place in pe ship, And I shalle do by wille or I dye." The maister trowid to hire wordis; And she drowe a curteyne, when she was in, betwyne hir and him; And thenne she knelid down, and made hire prayeris to god in theise wordis, "My Lord god, pat hast y-kept me fro my 3owthede, kepe me now in pis hour, pat I be not filid, pat I may give pe my sowle with a clene hert." When pis orisone was y-maad, per ros vp so gret a tempest in pe see, pat pe shippe brake, and alle were A-dreynt, except pe lady And pe maister. The lady drowe to a bord, the whiche bare hire to the lond; and pe maister tooke an othir bord, and so passid to pe londe, But neithir of hem knewe of otheris saluatione. The lady went to an Abbaye of nonnys, and ther she was worshipfully receivid; and dwelte per longe, and livide an holy life by longe tyme, in so moche pat god lent hire grace pat she heelid many syke folke; And perfore alle syke in every syde pe Abbay drowe thedir to be heelid, And ioyefullwy were sped. Nowe pe brothir of hire husbonde pat hongid hire by pe heire, was a foul lypre; the kny^t pat slowe pe Erlis dou^ter, and putte the blody knyfe in hire hond, was def and blynde; the servuaunt pat hadde bytrayd hir, was haltynge; And pe maister of pe ship was halfe out of mynde. When pe Emperour hurde telle, pat suche an hooly and a vertuys woman was in suche a place, he saide to his brothir, "Deere frende, go we to pat abbay, pat pe hooly woman may heele pe of pi lipre." Thenne saide he, "3a, lorde, if I shulde." Anoon withoute tareynge, the Emperour, in his owne persone, tooke his brothir, and went to pe nonnys; And when the nonnys hurde telle of the Emperours comyng, Thei went ayenst him with procesioun.
enspered of \textit{pe prioresse}, if \textit{pat} ther were ony suche an hooly woman theryne among hem, And she saide "3a," And he baade, \textit{pat} she shulde come forthe; And thei maade hire come forthe, and speke \\textit{with} \textit{pe Empour}. The emperesse hydde hire face with a wympille, for she wolde not ben y-knowe; And so she come to him, and worshipfully she salusid him. And thenne \textit{pe Empour} saide to hire, "Faire lady, can ye heele my brothir of lepre? If ye conne, aske of me what ye wolle, and ye shulle haue it." The Empresse lokid abowte hire, and she perceyvid that \textit{pe} brothir of \textit{f}e Empour stood \textit{per} a foul lepre, and wormys sprong out at \textit{pe} visage on eche syde; And for \textit{pe} Empour was ther \textit{with} his sike brothir, alle syke peple \textit{pat} was ther abowte come thedir to be heelid. And thenne saide \textit{pe} Empresses to \textit{pe} Empour, "Ser, if ye gaf me alle your Empire, I may not heele your brothir, but if he were confessid Amonge alle \textit{pe} peple." The Empour turnyde to his brothir, and baad hym make opyne confession, \textit{pat} he myzt be clanside. Thanne he maade confession of alle his life, Except howe \textit{pat} he hongid \textit{pe} Emperesse by \textit{pe} heyris, that that wold he not towche of. Thenne saide \textit{pe} Emperesse to \textit{pe} Empour, "Sir, If I putte medecyne to him, it is but veyne \textit{pat} I do, for he is not sit fully confessid." Thenne \textit{pe} Empour turnyde to his brothir, ande saide, "\textit{Dou} 30man\textit{d}, what soory wrecchidnesse is in pe? Seist \textit{Dou} not wele, \textit{pat} \textit{Dou} art a lothely lypre? wolt \textit{Dou} not telle alle forthe, \textit{pat} \textit{Dou} may be maade hoole & clene? Shryve \textit{pe} anoone, or ellys \textit{Dou} shalt be putte out of my company for euermore." "A! lord," quop he, "I may not shryue me, tyl tyme \textit{pat} I haue surte of \textit{pi} grace and mercy." Then saide \textit{pe} Empour, "What! hast \textit{Dou} trespassid vnto me?" "3is, sir," quop \textit{pat} othir, "I haue hiely trespassid ayenst you, and \textit{perfore} I aske mercy or I shalle sey

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what it is." The Emperor thought no thynge of pe Empresses, for he trowid pat she had ben ded many day afore; And perfore he saide to him, "Telle boodely what pou hast trespassid ayenst me, for dowteles I for-
vize the it." Thenne saide he, howe pat he stirid pe Empresesse to synne, and perfore hongid hire by pe heerys. Whenne pe Emperor hurde pat, he was ny wood in herte, and saide, "A! false harlot, veniaunce of god is falle vpone pe; and if I hadde knowynse this byfore, I shulde hane put pe to pe fowlist dethe pat ony man myȝte haue." Thenne saide pe knyȝt, pat slowe pe Erlys douȝter, "I wote not of what lady pe spekyn, but ther heng a lady by the heyre in suche a forest, and my lord pe Erle took hire downe, and brouȝt hire to his castelle, to be his norishe; and I lay aboute to synne, and for I myȝt not haue my wille of hire, I slowe my lordis dowтер, as she lay slepinge with hire in pe bed; And þenne I putte þe knyſfe in þe hond of þþ entil woman, for she shulde bere þe blame þer of; And perfore þþ Erle putte hire out of his Erdedom, but I not whedir she becom, after þat tyme." Thenne saide þe thefe, þe traitour, "I knowe not of what lady ye speke, but þer was a faire lady þat saived me frome dethe, fro þe iebet, when I sholde haue be hongid, and paide for me a grette summe of money; and aftir þat I falsly bitraide hire to a maister of a ship, þat he shulde haue hire to his concubyne; and whenne I hadde vndir a gret trayne brouȝt hire to his ship, he sette vp sayle, and ladde hire away; but what bifelle aftirward I ne wist, ne whedir she bicone." Thenne saide þe maistir of þþ ship, "Sothely and suche a lady received I into my ship, by deceyte of hire servaunṭ; And whenne I was with hire in myddys of þþ see, I wolde haue synnyd with hire, and she turnyd hire to praïynge; and when she hadde maad hire praïeris, þenne þer ros a tempest, & brake þþ ship, and
[aH] was dreynt, and I socourid me withe a bord, and so I was brough to londe; But what become of pat lady, whedir she was dreynt or savide, I not." Then cryde þe Emperesse with an hye vois, and saide, "þe ben alle cleene confessid, and þerfore I wolde now medecynys put to you." And so she heelid hem alle. Thenne þe lady shewide hire face among hem alle. Whenne the Emperour hadde knowliche of hire, he ran for gladnesse, and halsid hire, and kist hire, and wepte right soore as a childe for gladnesse, and saide, "Nowe blessid be God, for I haue founde that I haue hiely desiride!" And withe moche ioy brouȝt hire home to þe palys, and faire life endid, in pes and in charite.

Morality.

To our gostely purpos þis Emperour is our lorde ihesu crist; the wife is þe sowle of man; The brothir of þe Emperour is man, to whom god þivithe cure of his Empire, scilicet of his body, but principally of þe soule. But thenne þe wrecchide fleshe ofte tyme stirith þe soule to synne; But þe soule, þat lovithe god afore alle thinge, And ever withsonde þe synne, and takith þe power, scilicet resone and vndirstondinge, and suche a fleshe þat wolde not be obedient to þe spirite, he makith to be prisonid in þe prisone of penaunce, til tyme þat he wolde obey vnto resone. Thenne þe Emperour is to come home fro þe holy londe, scilicet crist comithe to a synner, scilicet puttith him in þe mynde of a synner. Thenne þe synner thenkithe on him, and crieth for grace; And as ofte tyme as he hathe hope þat he hathe grace, he is bolde to synne ayen; But a-yenst suche a man spekithe Scripture, and seyðeth þus, Maledictus homo qui peccat in spe, Cursid be þe man þat synnithe in hope. And so þe soule ofte tyme enclineth

he was wreckt, but saved on a board.

Then the Empress heals all these sinners, and shows her face. The Emperor knows her, kisses her, takes her home; and they live and die in peace.

The Spiritual Meaning of this Story.

The Emperor is Christ. The Empress is the Soul of man; the Emperor's Brother is man, whose flesh stirsa the Soul to sin.

The coming from the Holy Land is Christ's coming to a sinner.
The going to meet the Emperor is the meeting God at Easter.

On the road the sinner sins;

the flesh stirs the Soul to sin;

and the man gets hung on the oak of worldly love.

The Earl hunting is the Preacher,

who brings the Soul to Holy Church, to teach his daughter, Conscience.

The Earl's Steward is the Pride of Life,

which slays the Conscience.

to it. And latithe it go out of pe prisone, trustyng, and perfore wasshith the of alle pe filthe, and clensis the it with goode vertuys, and makith it go opyn pe hors of charite, & to ryde in goode werkis, pat he meete with god in pe day of Pask. But ofte tyme pe synner trespassthe by pe way, in pe hooly tyme, And an hynde arisithe vp, scilicet dilectacioun of synne, and alle pe wittys rennythe after, thorow werkyng of synfulle werkys; And houndys, scilicet shrewde thowtys, enermore berkith, and entisithe so, pat a man, scilicet pe fleshe, and pe soule stondithe and abidithe stille, and livithe to-geder withoute ony vertu. Thenne pe fleshe seith pe fat, and what doith he but stirithe pe soule, which is pe spouse of crist, vnto synne. But pe soule, pat is so lovid and weddid to god, wolle not leeve god, ne graunt to synne; And perfore pe wrecchid fleshe ofte tyme spoilithe a man of his clothinge, scilicet of goode vertuys; and then he hongithim vpon an oke, scilicet wordly love, by pe heire, scilicet by Ivel, and be wronge couetise, till tyme pat ther come an Erle, scilicet a prechour or a discrete confessour, in pe forest of pis wordle, for to hunte thorowe prechynge and goode con-seilynge, berkyng and shewinge of holy scripture; and so he bringithe pe lady, scilicet pe soule of man, to his house, scilicet hooly chirche, to norissh his dowte, scilicet conscience, in weriks of mercy. This Erle hath a lampe, scilicet a confessour or a prechour, And biforn the ye of his herte pe lampe of hooly scripture, yn pe whiche seith he knowlychinge of pe soule, and vertuys in servinge. The stiward, pat askid hire of synne, is pryde of life, the whiche is stiwarde of pe wordle, by pe whiche many ben deceyvid; but pe soule, pat is so biloivid with god, wolle not assent to pryde; but ofte tyme he proferith to a man a purs fulle of gold and siluer, and castithe a-fore his yene, and so he sleith pe the dameselle, scilicet hooly conscience; and perfor it is
wretyn þus, Munera excecant oculos iudicum, et per-
uerunt sapientes, ita quod veritas vel equitas non
potuit ingredi, set stetit a longe, et iudicium re-
trorsum conversum vidit, this is to say, 3iftis bland-
ithe þe yene of iugis, And perueritithe or turnithe into wers
wise men, so þat trueithe or equite myght not entery, but
stood afarre, and sawe þe dome turnyd bacward. And
suche ben to be put out of þe lape of holy chyrche, as was
þe lady from þe Erdome. Nowe she roode alle one, and
saw a man lad to þe iebette.  

Sons perverted
by gifts are put
out of Holy
Church.  

When thou seest
a Soul led to
death by sin,
do like the
Empress;
spur to it and
save it!

Help thy neigh-
bour out of the
ditch!

But many return
evil for good,
like the
Empress's
servant.

Woe to them!

The maister of þe ship is þe wordle, by the whiche
many ben deceived in þe see, scilicet yn þe wordle. þe
ship is brokyne as ofte tyme as a man chesithe wil-
fully pouerte, And for cause of god obeiythe to his
prelat; And thenne he hatith þe wordle, and alle his
couetise, for it is vnpossible bothe to plese god and þe
wordle. The lady þede to þe selle; so þe sowle
turnythe to hooly life fro worldly vanyteys; And so

The Shipmaster
is the world,
which can be
wreckt by vows
of poverty.

As the Empress
went to the
Nunery,
so the Soul should turn from worldly vanities, and then all its diseases will be cured.

Not till the Soul is cleansed, can she go with her spouse, Christ, to the Palace of Heaven.
al-le the wittis, by which the soule was troubelyd and slayne, by diuerse infirmitieys, as yene by wrong couetise, herynge by baebitinge, as glad for to here baebiters, and baebitynge and detracciouz, and so of othir. And pefore pe soule may not Iville be seeyne with crist, hire spouse, tille tyme pat pe yene be openyd, the eeris ben 3ivyne, and turnyd to helthe, and so of othir wittis. And if pat it come þus abowte, dowteles pe sowle shalle go with crist, hire spouse, to þe Palys of Heuene. Ad quod nos ducat! Amen.
3.

King Offa's intercepted Letters

and banisht Queen,

to compare with King Alla's

in Chaucer's "Man-of-Law's Tale."

FROM

MATTHEW PARIS'S LIFE OF OFFA THE FIRST.
King Offa's intercepted Letters and banished Queen,  

Part of Matthew Paris's  

Life of Offa the First.

1 Acquiescens igitur seniorum consiliis et sapientium persuasionibus, coepit totius Regni habenas irreprehensibiliter, inmodi laudabiliter, habenas moderanter et sapienter gubernare. Sic igitur subactis hostibus Regni universis, viguit pax secura et firmata in finibus Anglorum per tempora longa, precipue tamen per spatium temporis quinquennale. Erat autem jam triginta quattuor annos ætatis attingens, annis prosperè pubescentibus.

Et cum Rex more juvenili, venatus gratia per nemora frequenter, cum suis ad hoc convocatis venatoribus et canibus sagacibus, expeditus peragrasset, contigit die quadam quod aère turbato, longè à suorum caterva semotus, solus per nemoris opaca penitus ipsorum locorum necon et fortunæ ignarus, casu deambulabat. Dum autem sic per ignota diverticula incunctius oberraret et per invia, vocem lachrymabilem et miserabiliter querulam haud longè à se audivit: Cujus sonitum secutus, inter densos fruitices virginem singularis formæ et Regii apparatus, sed decore venustissimam, ex insperato reperit. Rex vero rei eventum admirans, qua se

So, listening to the counsels of his Elders, he began to rule wisely, being now thirty-four years of age.

Hunting one day, a storm came on, and he was separated from his company.

As he wandered by strange bypaths, he heard a piteous voice; following which he found in the thicket midst a maiden of exquisite beauty and royally costumed.

1 Matthew Paris (Wats's ed. 1684), Vita Offæ Primi (pp. 965-968).
ibis ageret et querelæ causas, eam blandè alloquens, cœpit sciscitari. Quæ ex imo pectoris fìebilia trahens suspiria, Regi respondit. Nequaquam in auctorem sed in seipsam reatum retorquens; "Peccatis meis" inquit "exigentibus infortunii hujus calamitas mihi accidit. Erat autem Reguli cujusdam filia qui Eboracensibus præerat. Hujus incomparabilis pulchritudinis singularum eminentiam pater admirans, amatorio daemon seductus, cœpit eam incestu libidinoso concupiscere, et ad amorem illicitum, sepe sollicitare ipsam puellam minis, pollicitis, blanditiis, atque muneribus adolescentulæ temptans mollire constantiam. Illa autem operi nefario nullatenus adquiescens, cum pater tamen minas minis exaggeraret & promissa promissis accumularet, munera muneribus adaugeret; juxta illud Poeticum, Imperium, promissa, preces, confudit in unum:

elegit magis incidere in manus hominum, et etiam ferarum qualiumcumque, vel gladii subire sententiam, quam Dei offensam incurgere, pro tam gravi culpa manifestam. Pater itaque ipsam sibi parere constanter renuentem, evocatis quibusdam malignis hominibus quos ad hoc elegerat, præcepit eam in desertum solitudinis remotæ duci, vel potius trahi, et crudelissima morte condemnatam, bestiis ibidem derelinqui. Qui cum in locum horribis et vastæ solitudinis pervenissent, trahentes eam seductores illi, Deo ut creditur inspirante, miserti pulchritudinis illius eam ibidem sine trucidatione et membrorum mutilatione, vivam, sed tamen sine aliqua victualium alimento (exceptis talibus quæ de radicibus et frondibus vel herbis colligi urgente ultima fame possunt) dimiserunt."

Cum hac Rex aliquandiu habens sermonem, comitem itineris sui illam habuit, donec solitarii cujusdam habitacionem reperissent: ubi nocte superveniente quiescentes pernoctaverunt. In crastinum autem solitarius
illeviarum et semitarum peritus, Regem cum comite sua usque ad fines domesticos, et loca Regi non ignota conduxit. Ad suos itaque Rex rediens, desolatae illius quam nuper invenerat curam gerens, familiaribus et domesticis generis sui sub diligentı custodia commissit.

Post hae aliquid annis elapsis, cum Rex coelibem agens vitam mente castus et corpore perseveraret, Procæs ditionis suae, non solem de tune presenti sed de futuro sibi periculo praecaventes, et nimirum multum solliciti, Dominum suum de uxore ducenda unanimiter convenerunt; ne sibi et Regno, successorem et haeredem non habens, post obitum ipsius imminens periculum generaret. Aetatibus enim juvenilis pubertas, morum maturitas, et urging Regni necessitas, necnon et honoris dignitas, itidem postularunt. Et cum super hoc negotio sepius Eegem sollicitarent, et alloquerentur, ipse multoties joculando, et talia verba asserendo interludia fuisse vanitatis; Procerum suorum constantiam dissimulando differendoque, delusit. Quod quidam advertentes, communicato cum aliis consilio, Regem ad nubendum incunctabiliter urgere coeperunt. Rex vero, more optimi Principis, cijus primordia jam bene subarraverat, nolens voluntati Magnatum suorum resistere, diu secum de thori socia, libra profundae rationis, studiosè copët deliberare. Cunque hoc in mente sua sollicitius tractaret, venit forte in mentem suam illius juvenculæ memoria, quam dudum inter venandum invenit vagabundam, solam, feris et prædonibus miserabiliter expositam; quam ad tutiora ducens, familiaribus generis sui commiserat alendam ac charius custodiendam. Quæ, ut Rex audivit, moribus laudabiler redimita, decoris existens expectabilis, omnibus sibi cognitis amabilem exhibuit et laudabilem. 

Hæc igitur sola, relictis multis, etiam Regalis stemmatis, sibi oblatis, complacuit; illamque solam in matrimonium sibi adoptavit.

who on the morrow conducted the King and his companion as far as his own territory. The maid was now entrusted to the care of certain courtiers. Some years after, his nobles, anxious for the present and the future of the kingdom, entreated him to marry.

But he joked the matter aside.

At last, further pressed, he began to consider, and presently bethought him of the maiden he had found in the woods, of whom all that knew her spoke with love and praise; and her he took to wife.
In due time she bare to him lovely children, both boys and girls;
and the land was strengthened, and was glad;
and the King held in high honour, both at home and abroad.

Those terms being sworn on the Gospels, King Offa set off to the North country with a numerous host of horsemen;

Then it came to pass that the King of the Northumbrians, sore harassed by the Scots and certain of his own subjects, prayed Offa to succour him, offering to marry his daughter and acknowledge him his sovereign.

Cùm autem eam duxisset in uxorem, non interveniente multa mora, elegantissimae formae utriusque sexus liberos ex eadem procreavit. Itaque cùm prius esset Rex propria severitate subditis suis formidabilis, Magnates ejus necnon et populus ejus universus hæredum et successorum apparentia animati, Regni robur et laetitiam geminarent. Rex quoque ab universis suis, et non solùm propè positis, imbè alienigenis et remotis, extitit honorì, venerationis, ac dilectionis. Et cùm inter se in Britannia, (quæ tunc temporis in plurima Regna multifariam divisa fuisset) Reguli sibi finitimi hostiliter se impeterent; solus Rex Offa pace Regni sui potitus, feliciter se sibique subditos in pace regebat et libertate. Unde et adjacentium Provinciarum Reges ejus mendi- cabant auxilium, et, in necessitatis articulo, consilium.

Rex itaque Northam-Humbrorum, à barbaræ Scotiae- rum gente et etiam aliqua quibus suorum graviter et usque fermè ad internecionem percussus, et propriae defensionis auxilio destitutus, ad Offam regem potentem Legatos destinat; et pacificum supplicans, ut præsidii ejus solatio contra hostes suos roboretur, tali mediante conditione, ut Offae filiam sibi matrimonio copularet, et non se proprii Regni, sed Offam primarium ac principem preferret, et se cum suis omnibus ipsi subjugaret. Nihil itaque dotis cum Offae filia rogavit, hoc sane contentus premio, ut à regni sui finibus barbaros istos potenter et frequenter experta fugaret strenuitate.

Cum autem Legatorum verba Rex Offa suscepisset, concilio suorum fretus supplicantis voluntaş ac precibus adquievis, si tamen Rex ille pactum hujusmodi, tætas sacro-sanctis Evangeliiis, et obsidum traditione, fideliter tenendum confirmaret. Sic igitur Rex Offa, super his conditionibus sub certa forma confirmatus, et ad plenum certificatus, in partes illas cum Equitum numerosa multitudine proficiscitur. Cum autem illuc pervenisset,
timore ejus consternata pars adversa cessit, fugae praesidio se salvando. Quam tum Rex Offa audacter prosequutus, non prius destitit fugare fugientem, donec eam ex integro contrivisset; sed nec eo contentus, ulterius progreditur, barbaros expugnaturus. Interea ad patriam suam nuntium imperitum destinavit ad primates et præcipuos regni sui, quibus totius ditionis suæ regimen commendaverat, et literas regii sigilli sui munimine signatas, eidem Nuntio commisit adeperendas. Qui autem destinatus fuit, iter arripiens versus Offae regnum, ut casu accidit inter eundum, hospitandi gratia aulam regiam introivit illius Regis, cujus filiam Offae sibi matrimonio copulaverat. Rex autem ille, cum de statu et causa itineris sui subdolè requirendo cognovisset, vultus sui serenitate animi versutiam mentitus, specie tenus illum amantissimè suscepit: et velamen sceleris sui querarent, à conspectu publico, sub quodam dilectionis prætextu, ad regii thalami secreta penetralia, ipsum nuntium nihil sinistri suspicantem, introduxit: magnoque studio elaboravit, ut ipsum vino aestuanti madentem, redderet temulentum, et ipso Nuntio vel dormiente vel aliquo alio modo ignorante, mandata domini sui Regis Offae, tacitus et subdolus apertis et explicatis literis perscrutabatur, cœptique perniciosè immutare et pervertere sub Offæ nomine sigillum adulterans, fallace àque et perniciosas literas loco inventarum occultavit. Forma autem adulterinarum hæc est quæ subscribitur.

"Rex Offa, majoribus et præcipuis regni sui, salutis et prosperitatis augmentum; universitati vestræ notum facio, in itinere, quod arripuit, infortunia et adversa plurima tam mihi quam subditis meis accidisse, et majores exercitus mei, non ignavia propria, vel hostium oppugnantium virtute, sed potius peccatis nostris justo Dei judicio interiisse. Ego autem instantis periculi causam pertractans, et conscientiae meæ intima perscrutand and speedily crushed the enemy, and advanced into their land.

Meanwhile, he sent home dispatches to his regents. The bearer of them, a dull-headed fellow, chanced to call in on his way at the Court of that very prince who had wedded Offa's daughter; and he, having learnt from the messenger all about his mission, received him with a show of friendliness; and withdrawing him to his Innermost chamber, there made him well drunk, and then unfolded and perused the letters he carried.

In the place of those he found he substituted these others:

'We hereby make known to our peers that in our expedition we and ours have met with many reverses, not through any cowardly of ours nor yet by the value of the foe, but by the judgment of God on account of our sins.'
MATTHEW PARIS'S LIFE OF OFFA THE FIRST.

Taking thought, we conjecture that it was a blind and accursed thing to marry that damnable witch without the consent of our Court. Wherefore let her and her children be conveyed to some desert place, and left to perish." The messenger went on his way.

His missive caused much stupor and amazement.

But the magnates dared not disobey it.

The Queen and her children were sent off into a savage desert.

The executioners slew and hacked in pieces the children; the mother they spared, moved by her passing beauty.

A hermit, passing across the waste in the twilight, heard the woman's wail tatus, in memetipso nihil aliud conjicio Altissimo dissipere, nisi quod perditam et maleficam illam absque meorum consensu uxorim imperito et infelici duxi matrimonio: Ut ergo de malefica memorata voluntari vestra ad plenum, quam temerò offendi, satisfiat, asportetur cum liberis ex ea genitis ad loca deserta, hominibus incognita, feris et avibus aut sylvestribus praedonibus frequentata; ubi cum pueris suis puerpera truncata manus et pedes exemplo pereat inaudito." Nuntius autem mane facto, vino quo maduerat digesto, comos jam sui effectus, discessit: et post aliquot dies perveniens ad propria, Magnatibus, qui regno Regis Offæ præerant, litteras Domini sui sigillo signatas exposuit. In quarnm auditu perfecta Mandati serie, in stuporem et vehentissimam admirationem universi, plus quam dici possit, rapiuntur. Et super his aliquot diebus communicato cum Magnatibus concilio deliberantes, periculosum ducebant mandatis ac jussionibus Regis non obtenerare. Misera igitur seducta, deducta est in remotissimum et inhabitabilem locum horribilis et vastae solitudinis; cum quà etiam liberi ejus miseri et miserabiles, queruli et vagientes, absque misericordia, ut cum ea traherentur occidenti, judicium acceperunt.

Nec mora, memorati Apparitores matrem cum pignoribus suis in desertum vastissimum traebant. Matri verò propter ejus formam admirabilem parentes, liberos ejus, nec formæ nec sexu atati vel conditioni parentes, detruncarunt membratim, imo potius frustratim crudeliter in bestialum feritatem saevientes; completaque tam crudeli sententia, cruenti Apparitores ociûs revertuntur. Nec mora, solitarius quidam vitam in omni sanctitate, vigiliis assiduis, jejuniiis crebris, et continuis orationibus, duens heremiticam, circa noctis crepusculum có pertransiens, mulieris cujusdam luctus lachrymabiles et querelas usque ad intima cordis et
ossium medullas penetrativas, quas Dominus ex mortuorum corporibus licet laceratis elicit, audivit. Fantulantorumque vagitus lugubres nimis cum doloris ululatibus quasi in materno sinu audiendo similiter annotavit. Misericordia autem sanctus Dei motus, usque ad lachrymarum aduberem effusionem, quò ipsa vox ipsum vocabat, Domino ducente pervenit. Et cum illuc pervenisset, nec aliud quàm corpora humana in frusta detruncata, reperisset; cognovit in Spiritu ipsa alicujus innocentis corpus, vel aliquorum innocentium corpuscula, extitisse, quæ tarn inhumanam sententiam subierunt. Nec sine Martyrii palma ipsos, quorum hæ exuviae, ab hoc sæculo transmigrasse suspicabatur. Auxilium tamen pro Dei amore et charitatis intuitu postulatum non denegans, se pro illorum reparatio prostravit in devotissimam cum lachrymis orationem, maximè propter vocem coelitus emissam, quam profectò cognovit Deum per linguas cadaverum pro tulisse. Piis igitur sanctus commotus visceribus, ignéque succensus charitatis, ex cognitione ejus, quam, ut jam dictum dudum viderat, habuit, factus hilarior, pro ipsis flexis genibus, inundantibus oculis, junctisque palmis oravit, dicens: "Domine Jesu Christe, qui Lazarum quadríduanum ac fætidium resuscitasti, imò qui omnium nostrorum corpora in extremo examine susc tabis, vestræm oro misericordiam, ut non habens ad me peccatorem, sed ad horum innocentum pressuras respectum piissimum, corpuscula horum jubeas resuscitari, ad laudem et gloriam tuam in sempiternum, ut omnes qui mortis horum causam et formam audiverint, te glorificent Deum et Dominum mundi Salvatorem."

Sic igitur sanctus iste Domini, de fidei sui virtute in Domino præsumens et confidens, inter orandum, membra precisa recolligens, et sibi particulæs adaptans et conjungens, et in quantum potuit redintegrans, in partium quamplurimum, sed in integritatem potius, and also piercing cries which the Lord made proceed from the corpses;

and, reaching the scene, found nothing but maimed bodies.

Then, specially for he knew that it was God that had put that voice into them, with streaming eyes he prayed, saying:

'O Lord Jesus Christ, who raised again Lazarus, and shalt at the last assize raise us all, I pray Thee bid that these little bodies be raised again, for Thy glory and praise evermore.'

Then, full of faith, as he prayed, he gathered together the mutilated limbs, and, so well as he might, recombined and set them,
and signed the Cross over them.

The mother's heart revives; the children return to life in all their beauty.

The hermit took them all to his own dwelling, and cherished them with all care;

and there they abode.

After two months King Offa came back home, flushed with victories.

For a long time the Council said nothing, or what was feigned, of the Queen's absence.

At length the King, marvelling that his wife came not to welcome him, questioned them more imperatively;

delectatus Domino rei consummationem, qui mortificat et vivificat, commendavit. Conjuncta igitur corpora signo Crucis triumphali consignavit. Mira fidei virtus et efficacia; signo Crucis vivificæ et orationis ac fidei servi Dei virtute, non solòm matris orbatae animus reparatur, sed et filiorum corpuscula in pristinum et integrum naturæ sunt reformata decorum; necon et animæ mortuorum ad sua pristina domicilia sunt reverse. Ad mansiunculae igitur suæ septa (à qua elongatus fuerat, gratia lignorum ad pulmentaria de-coquenda colligendorum) ipse senex; qui prius detruncati fuerant, Domino jubente integri vivi et alacres sunt reversi, Ducem sanctum suum sequentes pedetentim. Ubi more patris, ipsam desolatam cum liberis sibi ipsis restitutis, alimentis quibus potuit et quæ ad manum habuit, piæ ac misericorditer confovebat.

Nesciens ergò quò migraret, Regina cum suis infantulis intra vastissimam heremum cum memorato solitario, diu moram ibidem orationibus, vigiliis, ac aliis sanctis operibus ejus intenta et jamjam convenienter informata, et edulio sylvestri sustentata, continuabat. Post duorum vero mensium curricula, Rex Offa victoriosissimus domum victoriosissimus domum lactis remeavit, spolia devictorum suis Magnatibus Regali munificentia gloriose distribuendo; veruntamen, ne lachrymæ gaudia Regis et eorum qui cum eo adventerunt miserabiliter interrum-perent, consiliarii Regii quæ de Regina et liberis ejus acciderant, diu sub silentio cautè dissimulando, et causas absentiae ejus fictas annectendo, concelabant. Tandem cum Rex vehementer admiraretur ubinam Regina delituisset, quæ ipsi Regi ab ancipiti bello revertenti occurrisse gaudenter teneretur, et in osculis et amplexibus cæteris gaudentiïs triumphatorem adven-tantem suscepisse; sciscitabatur instantiïs et torviïs et proterviïs, quid de ipsa fieret vel evenisset. Sus-picabatur enim eam morbo detentam, ipsamque cum
liberis suis Regis et aliorum hominum, ut quiete vacaret, frequentiam declinasse. Tandem cum iratus nullatenus se velle amplius ignorare, cum juramento, quid de uxore sua et liberis evenisset, vultu torvo et at last one of the servants told him all. asseruisset, unus ex aeditis omnia quae acciderant, de tyrannico ejus mandato, et mandati plenaria executione, seriatim enarravit.

His auditis, risus in luctum, jubilus in singultus, flebiliter convertuntur, totaque regia ululatibus personuit et mæroribus. Lugensque rex diu tam immene infortunium, induit se sacco and he put on sackcloth and ashes. et mandati plenaria executione, seriatim enarravit. His auditis, risus in luctum, gaudium in lamenta, Then his laughter became wailing; tyrannico ejus mandate, et mandati plenaria executione, seriatim enarravit. His auditis, risus in luctum, gaudium in lamenta, Then his laughter became wailing;
prosperitate, Deo gratus, qui tot in te congrisit beneficia, Cœnobium quoddam fundare, vel aliquod dirutum studeas restaurare: in quo dignē et laudabiliter Deo in perpetuum serviatur; et tui memoria cum precibus ad Dominum fuis, cum benedictionibus semper recentre recolatur." Et conversus ad Reginam, ait; "et tu, filia, quamvis mulier, non tamen muliebriter, ad hoc regem accendas et adhincas diligentem, filiosque tuos instrui facias, et ut Dominum Deum qui eos vitae reparavit, tueri libertates."

Sanctus autem ad cellam reversus, post paucum temporis ad incolatu hujus mundi migravit ad Dominum, mercedem aternam pro labore temporali recepturus. Rex autem citò monita ipsius salubria dans oblivion et inuerie, ex tunc otio ac paci vacavit: prolemque copiosam utriusque sexus expectabilis pulchritudinis procreavit. Unde semen regium a latere et descensu felix suscepit incrementum. Qui completo vitæ suæ tempore, post ætatem bonam quievit in pace, et regaliter sepultus, appositus est ad patres suos, in eo multàm redarguendus, quòd Cœnobium votivo affectu repromissum, thesauris parendo non construxit. Post victorias enim à Domino sibi collatas, amplexibus et ignaviae necnon avaritiae plus æquo indulsit. Prosperitas enim sæcularis, animos, licet viriles, solet frequenter effecinare. Verutamen hoc onus humeris filii sui moriturus apposuit: qui cum devota assecutione illud sibi suscepit. Sed nec ipse Deo averso collucita, prout patri suo promiserat complevit; sed filio suo hujus voti obligationem in fine vitae suæ dereliquit. Et sic memorati voti vinculum, sine efficacia complementi de patre in filium descendens, usque ad Tempora Pineredi filii Tuinfreth suspendebatur. Quibus pro pena negligentiae tale evenit infortunium, ut omnes

but urged him to found a Monastery, or to restore some ruined one, and exhorted the Queen to inflame her husband to this thanksgiving act, and to instruct her children to supplement it with endowments.

The Saint went back to his cell, and presently passed to the Lord. The King forgot all his wholesome counsel. He enjoyed peace and repose. He begat copious children of both sexes, and died and was laid by his fathers. On his death-bed, he enjoined upon his son that duty he had himself neglected; who, in spite of his promise, neglected it also, and bequeathed it to his son; and so the fulfillment of that vow was postponed down to the times of Pinered, son of Tuinfreth.
It was a penalty for this negligence that all the kings whom Offa had subdued, brake away from his sway and that of his posterity. Principes, quos Offa magnificus edomuerat, à subjectione ipsius Offæ, et posteritatis suæ procaciter recesserunt, et ipsum morientem despexerunt, quia, ut prædictum est, ad mortem vergens, deliciis et senii valetudine marcuit enervatus.
4.

Two French Fabliaux

like

Chaucer's Reeve's Tale.
NOTE FOR THE 'ORIGINALS AND ANALOGS OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.'

The story of Chaucer's Reeve's Tale is to be found in a tract entitled: 'De generibus ebriosorum et ebrietate vitanda,' etc., anonymous, published in 1516, probably at Erfurt. The second Conclusio contains a section: 'alia historia de duobus studentibus,' which agrees with the Reeve's Tale, except that the two clerks form a plot to make drunk the miller's wife and daughter deliberately. The tract is reprinted in 'F. Zarncke: die deutschen Universitäten im Mittelalter, 1857,' where I came across it by accident.—J. V. Scholderer.
DE GOMBERT ET DES DEUX CLERS.

PAR JEAN DE BOVES. 1

[Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque nationale de Paris, nos. 837 (olim 7218) for the text, et 2168 (olim 7989. 2.) for the readings at foot; collated by Mons. H. Michelant.]

En cest autre fable parole
De ii. Clers qui viennent d'escole;
Despandu orent leur 3 avoir
En folie plus qu'en savoir;
Ostel quistrent chies un 5 vilain;
De 6 sa fame, Dame Guilain, 7
Fu l'uns des Cler, lues que là vint,
Si fols, que 10 amer li convint;
Mes ne set coment 11 s'i acointe,
Quar la Dame est mingnote 12 et cointe;
Les iex ot vairs comme 13 cristal.
Toute nuit l'esgarde à estal 15
Li Cler, si qu'a paine se 16 cille;
Et li autres ama sa fille,
Qui adès i avoit ses iex.
Cil mist encor s'entente miex,
Quar sa fille est et cointe et bele,
Et je di qu'amor de pucele,
Quant fins cuers i est ententiex 22
Est sor toute autre rien gentiex, 23

1 (Printed in Méon's edition of Barbazan's Fabliaux et Contes, vol. iji, p. 239-244, Paris, 1808.)
2 vinrent, MS. 2168. 3 s'orent lor
4 plus et 5 prisent chies .1.
6 et 7 Gilain
8 (dès que, aussitôt que.—Burguy, Gram. ii. 384.)
9 Et li uns des cler quant il
10 sa fame a 11 sot comment
12 ert mignote
13 s'ot vairs les iex com un
14 jour.—Barbazan.
15 (fixement.—Burguy.)
16 que s'en merveille
17 si qu'adès i tenoit
18 s'entente encore
19 la fille ert et jouene 20 amours
21 li 22 ententiex
22 seur toutes amors est gentiex
While the wife feeds her baby in a cradle, the First Clerk takes out of the fire-shovel, the ring it hangs by.

All evening the Second Clerk makes eyes at the wife, Dame Guile, Gombert puts the Clerks in a bed near his own; and his daughter has a bed to herself. When the others sleep, the First Clerk goes to the daughter's bed,

Comme li ostors au tercuel.  
i. petit enfant en berceul.  
Paissoit la bone fame en l'aistre.  
Que qu'ele entendoit à lui paistre,  
Uns des Clerz lez li s'acosta,  
Fors de la paele  
L'anelet dont ele pendoit,  
Si le bonta lues en sou doit  
Si colement que nul nel sot.  
Tel bien com sire Gomers ot  
Orent assez la nuit si oste ;  
Lait boill, matons et composte,  
Ce fu assez si come à vile,  
Cele nuit, fu moult Dame Guile  
Regardée de l'un des Clerz ;  
Ses iex i avoit si aers  
Que il ne s'en pooit retrere,  
Li prejudom qui ne sot l'afere,  
Et n'i entendoit el que bien,  
Fist lor lit ferte pres del sien,  
Ses coucha, et les a couvers.  
Lors se couche sire Gomers,  
Quant fu chaueze au feu d'esteule,  
Et sa fille jut toute seule.  
Quant la gent se fu endormie,  
Li Clerz ne s'entroublia mie,  
Molt li bat li cuers et faele ;  
A tout l'anel de la paele,  
Au lit la pucele s'en vint.  
Oiez comment il li avint ;

---

1 (L. accipiter. Burguy.)  
2 com est li faucons au tercuel.  
3 (Je crois que le sens de ce vers complet le vers précédent, c'est à dire: la pucele est à la mère que le tiercelet est au faucon.—P. Paris.)  
4 bercheul  
5 (foyer, cheminée.—Burguy.)  
6 Entrues  
7 au  
8 L'uns  
9 les  
10 le palet  
11 l'anel a coi.  
12 bunta en son sen  
13 nus  
14 sires  
15 la nuit assez  
16 Lai bouli  
17 "C'est à dire, ce fut assez pour la campagne, pour une maison de village."—P. Paris.)  
18 Bien fu toute nuit dame Gile.  
19 (perf. part. of adherere, àerdre (L. adherere) joindre, s'attacher.—Burguy, Gloss., & Gram, ii. 121.)  
20 retraire  
21 Li prodrom  
22 qui bien cuidoit fere.—Barbazan.  
23 Nes  
24 ke  
25 faire  
26 ses  
27 Puis se coucha  
28 caues  
29 (Estenlestraw.—Cot.; L. stipula.)  
30 Et quant la gent fu.  
31 L'uns des Clerz ne s'oublia.—Barbazan.  
32 MS. 837 omits this line 47, & 48, de la pucele  
33 Or oiez comment
Lez li se couche, les dras oevre:
"Qui est-ce, Dieu, qui me descuevre?"
Dist-ele, quant ele le sent:
"Sire, por Dieu omnipotent," Que querez-vous ci a ceste 3 eure?"
"Suer," dist il, "se Diex me sequeure," N'ai talent qu'ensus de vous voize, Mès tesiiez, vous ne fetes noise, Que vostre pere ne s'esveille, Quar il cuideroit ja m'eruelle;
S'il savoit que o vous giusse, Il cuideroit que je eusse.
De vous fetes mes volentez; Mes se mes bons me consentez, Granz biens vous en vendra encor, Et si airez mon anel d'or, Qui miex vaut de quatre besanz; Or sentez come il est pesanz,
Trop m'est larges au droit manel." Et cil li a bouté l'anel
Ou doit, si qu'il passa la jointe, Et cele s'est pres de lui jointe, Et juré que ja nel' prendroit, Toutes eures, mi tort, mi droit,
L'uns vers l'autre tant s'amolie, Que li Clerz li fist la folie.
Et quant il plus l'acole et baise, Plus est ses compains a mal aise, Quar resouvenir li fesoit;
Ce qu'à l'un paradis estoit, Samboit à l'autre droiz enfers.
Lors se lieve sire Gomers,
S'ala à l'uis pissier toz nuz;
L'autres Clerz est au lit venuz,

1 descuevre 2 ales vous ent
3 C'aves vos che quis a cest
4 fait 5 sequeure
6 pooir 7 vos
8 taisies .. faites. (For vous Bar-

bazan has si.)
9 qu'ave vos jeusse
10 ja ke jeusse
11 vos faites mes volentes
12 Mais
13 vos mon bon.— Barbazan.
14 consentez 15 vos en venra
16 s'aur ez 17 besans
18 sentes mon com il est pesans

52 gets in by her,

56 tells her to be quiet, and not wake her father.

64 If she'll yield to him, he'll give her his big gold ring.

68 He puts it on her finger,

72 and then swives her.

80 The Second Clerk doesn't like lying still.

84 The Second Clerk

19 Il m'est grans (menuel, petit.—
P. Paris. Barbazan prints 'manel').
20 Atant 21 El doit si li passe
22 envers 23 Si
24 umelie, MS. 837. 25 plus acole
26-26 C'à la dame ne peut venir;
Car cil il fait resouvenir,
Cui il ot faire ses delis.
Ce qu'à l'un semble paradis
27 à l'autre samboit droiz enfers
28 dont se leva
29 si s'en ala pissier tous nus
30 Et li
moves the baby's
cradle to his own
to day, marred to morrow.'—Cotgr.)

bed.  
(bois de lit, bord du lit.—Burguy.)

A l’esponde 1 par dedevant  

Prist le berçuel 2 tout l’enfant,  

Au lit le porte oh a 3 gëu.  

Or est Dant Gombert decëù; 4  

Quar adës 5 à coutume avoit, 6  

La 7 nuit quant de pissier venoit,  

Qu’il tastoit au berçuel premier. 8  

Si come il estoit coutumier, 9  

Lors vint 10 tastant sire Gombers  

Au lit, mës n’i 11 pas li bers;  

Quant il n’a le berçuel trové, 12  

Lors se tient à musart prové;  

Bien 14 cuide avoir voie marie. 15  

“Li maufe,” dist-il, “me tarie, 16  

Quar en cest lit gisent mi oste!”  

Il vint à l’autre lit encoste,  

Le bers i truevo 17 et le mailluel,  

Et li Clerjs jouste le pailluel 18  

Se trest, que nel’ truist le vilain. 19  

Quant il n’a sa fame trovée,  

Cuide qu’ele soit relevée,  

Pissier, et fere ses degras. 22  

Li vilains senti chaus les dras,  

Si se couche entre deux linceus;  

Li sommans li fu près des ex,  

Si s’endormi isnel le pas;  

Et li Clerjs ne s’oublia pas,  

O la Dame s’en vait couchier,  

Ainz ne li lut 23 son nez mouchier,  

S’ot esto trois fois assailie.  

Or a Gombers bone mesnie,  

Moult le mainent de male pile,  

"Sire Gombers,” dist Dame Guile,  

can’t find it,  

As he can’t find  
his wife, he thinks  
she’s gone to ease  
herself; so he lies  
down, and is soon  
asleep.  

The Second Clerk  
then goes to Dame  
Guile, and enjoys  
himself so much  

10 (MS. 2168 puts in here, ‘Car li  
clers l’en avoit osté,’ and leaves out l. 96.  
12 (The Clerk got out of bed, and  
kept near it.)  
19 se tient que li vileins nel sente  
20 l. 104—173.  fenillet effacé dans  
le MS. 2168 et [presque] illisible.—  
H. Michelant.  
21 (Il faudrait engrain, afligté.—  
P. Paris.)  
22 (Faire ses degras, se décharger  
le ventre: L. degravare.—Burguy.)  
23 (did not let her)
"Si viex hom comme estes, et frailes,
Moult avez anuit esté quai1es.¹
Ne sai or de qui vous souvint,
Pieça mès qu'il ne vous avint;
Ne cuidiez-vous que il m'anuit?
Vous avez ausi fet anuit
Que s'il n'en fut nus recouvrers,
Moult avez esté bons ouvrier
N'avez gueres esté oiseus.‖
Li Cler qui ne fu pas noisus,
En fist toutes voies ses buens,
Et li lese dire les suens:
Ne l'en fu pas à une bille.
Cil qui gisoit avoec la fille,
Quant oû assez fet son delit,
Penssa qu'il rira à son lit:
Ainz que li jors fut esterliez,
A son lit en est reperiez,
La ou gisoit Gomers ses ostes.
Cil le fiert du poing lez les costes
Grant cop du poing, a tout le coute;
"Chetiz ! bien as gardé la coute!"
Fet-il, " tu ne vaus une tarte;
Mes ainz que de ci me departe,
Te dirai ja grande ² merveille."
Atant sire Gomers s'esveille, ³
Esranment s'est aperçu;
Qu'il est trahis et decius ⁴
Par les Cler et par lor engiens.
"Or me dî," dist-il ⁵, " dont tu viens!"
—"Dont?" dist-il, si nomma ⁶ tout outre:
"Par le cul dieu, je vieng de foutre,
Mès que ce fu la fille l'oste,
Pris en ai devant et encoste;
Aforé ⁷ li ai son tonnel,
Et se li ai doné l'anel
De la paletete de fer."
"Ha! ce soit de par cels d'enfer,"
Fet-il, "à cens et à milliers.
A tant l'aert par les illiers.
Si le fiert du poing lez l'oise.
Et cil li rent une joie.⁹

¹ (chaud, L. callidus.—P. Paris.)
² mainte
³ Si s'est tantost apercheux.
⁴ souspris et decheus.
⁵ fait il ⁶ nomma
⁷ (Afforer. To pierce or set abroach a vessell of wine, &c.—Cotgrave.)
⁸ (illier côte, flanc ; de ilia.—Bur-guy.)
⁹ (jove, soufflet.—Burguy.)
Dame Guile tells her supposed husband that the Clerks are fighting,

and the Second Clerk goes and helps the First to pommel Gombert till his back 's as soft as his belly.

Then the Clerks bolt.

**Moral.**

Let no man with a pretty wife let a Clerk sleep in his house.

---

Que tuit li oeil \(^1\) li estincelet,
Si durement s'entrejaelent
Entr'eis, qu'en diroie je el?
C’on les pèust en un tinel \(^2\)
Porter tout contreval la vile.

"Sire Gombert \(^3\)," dist Dame Guile,
"Levez tost sus, quar il me samble
Que no Clerks sont meslé ensamble,
Je ne sai qu'il ont à partir."

"Dame, je's irai departir."

Lors s'en vint li Clercs cele part,
Trop i dut estre venuz tart,
Que ses compains ert abatuz,
Puisque cil i fu embatuz.
Le pior en ot Dans Gomers,
Quar il l'ont ambedui aers: \(^5\)
L'uns le pile, l'altres le fautre.
Tant l'ont debouté\(^6\) l'un sur l'autre,
Qu'il ot, par le mien escientre,
Le dos ausi mol que le ventre.

Quant ainsi l'orent atorné,
Andui sont en fuie torné,
Et l'uis lessent ouvert tout ample.
Cis fabliaus monstre par example,
Que nus hom qui bele fame ait,
Por nule proiere ne lait
Clerc gesir dedenz son ostel,
Que il li feroit autretel;
Qui plus met en aus, plus i pert.
Ci faut li fabliaus de Gombert.

Explicit de Gomers et des .ii. Clers.

---

\(^1\) c'andoi li oel
\(^2\) (Tinel, Tine: A Stand, open Tub, or Soe, most in vse during the time of Vintage, and holding about foure or five paillefulls, and commonly borne, by a Stang, between two. — Cotgrave.)

\(^3\) (Le Clerc qu'elle prend pour Gombert.—P, Paris.)

\(^4\) fin du MS. 2168.—H. Michelant.

\(^5\) (aherdre, aërdre, empoigner.—Burguy.)

\(^6\) (Deboutre, to put, thrust, or drive from.—Cotgrave.)
THE MILLER AND THE TWO CLERKS.

[From MS. Berne, No. 354, fol. 164, v. Read with the MS. by the Librarian of the Berne Library. First printed by Mr T. Wright in his Anecdota Litteraria, p. 15.]

Dui povre clerc furent jadis,
Né d'une vile et d'un pais;
Conpeignon et diacre estoient
En un boschage, o il menoient,
O il orent esté norri,
Tant c'uns chier tans lor i sailli,
Con il fait moult tost et sovant;
C'est domage à la povre gent.
Li clerc virent la mesestance;
Si en orent au cuer pesance,
Ne il ne sevent conseiller,
Car il ne sevent rien gaaignier,
N'en lor pais, n'en autre terre;
Honte auroi ent de lor pain querrer,
Tant por lor hordre, et tant por el.
Il n'avoient point de chatel
Don se poissent sostenir,
Ne il ne sevent oü ganchir.
Un diemanche, après mangier,
Sont alé devant lo mostier;
Iluec se sont entretrové,
Puis s'en sont de la vile alé,
Por dire un po de lor secroi.
Li uns dist à l'autre, "Antan moi!
Nos ne nos savons conseiller,
Car ne savon rien gaaignier,
Et voiz la fain qui nos destraint,
C'est une chose qui tot vaint;

[leaf 164, col. 2, line 2] Two poor Clerks

4 lived in a forest;

8

12 they couldn't
earn any-
thing, and

16 they'd nothing
to live on.

20

24 One asks the
other

[leaf 165, col. 1]
what they're to do.
The Second says,
"Let's borrow a sack of wheat
from a friend of mine."

The First says,
"And I'll take my brother's
mare, and we'll turn bakers."

So they take their wheat to the mill,
which stands quite alone.

They throw their sack inside the door, and turn
their mare into a meadow.
One Clerk stays at the Mill, while
the Second goes to fetch the Miller

Nus ne se puet de li defandre,
Ne nos n'avon rien nule o prandre:
As-tu nule rien porveu
Par quoi nos soions maintenu?"
L'autre responpt, "Par saint Denise,
Je ne te sai faire devise,
Mais que j'ai un mien ami,
Je lo que nos aillon vers li,
Por prandre un setier de fromant,
A la vante que l'an lo vont;
Et il m'an querra les deniers
Moultinguemant, et volantiers,
Jusq'à la feste saint Johan,
Por nos giter de cest mal an."
Li autres a lors respondu,
"Il nos est très bien avenu ;
Car j'ai un mien frere ensemant,
Qui a une grasse jumant ;
Je la prandrai, pran lo setier,
Et si devandron bolangier ;
L'an doit tote honte endosser
Por soi de cest mal an giter."
Ensí lo font, plus n'i atant,
Au molin portent lo fromant :
Li molins si loin lor estoit,
Plus de .ij. liues i avoit ;
C'estoit lo molin à choisel,
Si sooit joste un bocheel:
Il n'ot ilueques environ,
Borde, ne vile, ne maison,
Fors sol la maison au munier,
Qui trop savoit de son mestier.
Li clerç ont tost l'uis desfermé,
Si ont lo sac dedanz gité :
Après ont mis en un prael
La jumant, joste lo choisel.
Li uns remest por tot garder,
L'autre ala lo munier haster,

1 Septier de bled. The Septier of corne (viz. Wheat, Rye,
or Barlie) containes, in most places, two Mines, or twelue
Boisseaux \[b. = 20 pounds, somewhat lesse than our London
pecke, & a halfe\], or the twelfth part of a Muid: In weight it
comes to 220 pounds sayes Nicot; but Vigenere vpon Linie
makes that the weight onely of Rye; and says, that the
Septier of wheat weighes 240 pounds.—Cotgrave. The English
sack of wheat is only 3 bushels, but weighs 280 Ibs of corn,
meal, or flour; a sack of wool weighs 364 Ibs.
2 bosche, boschet, bosquetel, petit bois.—Hippeau, Glos.
A SECOND FRENCH FABLIAU LIKE CHAUCER'S REEVE'S TALE

Que il les venist avancier;
Mais il s'an fu alé mucier;
Bien ot les cleris veu venir,
Je cuit à aux voldra partir.

Chiélo munier en vient corant,
La dame a trovée filant:
“Dame,” fait-il, “por saint Martin,
O est li sires do molin?”
Bien fust que il nos avançast.”

“Sire cleris, point ne m'an pesast;
En ce bois lo porroiz trover,
Se il vos i plaiat à aler,
Qui est ci joste ce molin.”
Et li cleris se mest au chemin,
Querre lo vait moult vistemant.

À son conpeignon qui l'etant
Poise moult qu'il demore tant:
En la maison en vient corant:
“Dame!” fait-il, “por amor Dé,
O est mon conpeignon alé?”

“Sire, si aie je hantor,
Il en vait querre mon seignor,
Qui orandroit issi là hors.”

Ele et bien ce mestier a-mort.
L'un des cleris après l'autre envoie,
Et li muniers aquiaut sa voie,
Si vien au molin auraliant,
Lo sac lieve sor la jumant,
O sa fame qui li aida,
En sa maison tot enporta:
Tant a en sa maison1 mucie,
Puis est au molin repaire;
Et li cleris ont tant cheminé
Qu'il sont au molin torné:

“Munier,” font-il, “Dex soit o vos,
Por amor Deu, avanciez nos.”

“Seignor,” fait-il, “et je de quoi?”
“De nostre ble qu'est ci, par foi.”

Qant durent prandre lo fromant,
Ne trovent ne sac ne jumant.
L'un d'ax a l'autre regardé:
“Q'est-ice? somez-nos robé?”

“Oul,” fait ce l'uns, “ce m'est vis:
Pechiez nos a à essil mis.”
Chacuns esrie, “Halas! halas!
Secorez nos, saint Nicolas!”

1 granche, grange, barn, l. 315.
"What's the matter?" says the Miller.

"We've lost our all.

Where can we go to find it?"

"In the wood near the mill."

The Clerks start.

The First Clerk says, "it's no use seeking; goods come and go like straw.

Let's go and lodge at the Miller's."

They go there, and ask the Miller to take them in.

He says they must sleep on the floor; and they agree.

"Fait li muniers, "Qu'est-ce c'avez?"
Por quoi si duremant criez?"
"Munier, ja avon tot perdu;
Malemant nos est avenu,
Car n'avan ne jumant ne el.
Tot i estoit nostre chatel."
"Seignor," fait-il, "n'en sai noiant."
"Sire," font-il, "ne vos apant
Fors tant que de nos asener
Quel part nos poissiens aler
Querre et tracier nostre domage."
"Seignor," fait-il, "en c'est bochage:
Ne vos sai-je pas conseillier;
Mais en cel bois alez chercher,
Qui ci est joste cest molin."

Li clerc se mestent au chemin,
Maintenant sont el bois entré,
Et li muniers s'an est alé.

Li uns clerz à l'autre parla:
"Certes," font-il, "voir dit i a,
Fou1 est qui en vain se travaille;
Avoir vient et va comme paille,
Alons nos hui mais herberjier."
"Nos ? en quel leu?" "Chiés lo munier,
O nos alon en cel molin,
Dex nos doint l'ostel saint Martin!"

Errant vindrent chiés lo munier;
Lor venir n'avoir-il point chier,
Ainz lor demande an es lo pas:
"Que vos a fait saint Nicolas?"
"Munier," font-il, "ne un ne el."
"Or gaaigniez autre chatel,
Car de cest estes vos trop loin,
Ne l'auiroz pas à cest besoing."
"Munier," font-il, "ce puet bien estre:
Herberjiez nos, por saint Servestre, [leaf 166, col. 1]
Ne savon mais hui o aler."
Et li muniers prant à panser,
Or seroit-1 pires que chiens,
S'il ne lor faisoit aucun bien
Del lor, car il lo puet bien faire.
"Seignor," fait-il, "ni fors l'aire,"
Ice auiroiz, se plus n'avez."
"Munier," font-il, "ce est assez."
Li vilains n'ot pas grant cointie,

1 Fol, fols, fous, fos, for, faux, fax, subst. is adj. fou.—Burguy. 2 Aire: f... the floore of a house or barne.—Cogt.
Il n’ot que soi cart de maisnie,
Sa file, q’an doit mettre avant,
Sa fame, et un petit enfant.
La fille estoit et bele et cointe,
Et li muniers, qu’el ne fust pointe,
En une huche¹ la metoit,
Chascune nuit, o el gisoit,
Et l’anfermoit par desus,
Et li bailoit, par un pertius,
La clef, et puis s’aloit cochier.
A noz clers devons repairier:
La nuit, quant ce vint au soper,
Li muniers lor fait aporter
Pain et lait, et eves, et fromage;
C’est la viande del bochage.
Aus .ij. clers assez en dona;
L’um o la pucele manja,
L’autre o la dame et lo munier.
En l’artre² ot un petit andier,³
O il avoit un anelet,
Que l’an oste sovant et met.
Cil q’o la pucele manja
De l’andier l’anelet osta;
Bien l’a et repost et mucié,
La nuit quant il furent cochié,
Li clers de li grant garde prist;
Bien vit que li muniers li fist;
Con en la huche la bouta,
Et par dedesus l’anferma;
Con il li a la clef bailliée,
Par un pertuis li a lanciée.
Qant il furent aseuré;
Il a son conpaignon bouté:
A la fille au munier parler,
Qui est en la huche enfermée.”
“Viax-tu," fait-il, “faire mellée,
Et estormir ceste maison?
Verité est, tu ies bricon,
Tost nos en porrooit mal venir.”
“Je ne voldroie por morir,
Que je n’aille à li savoir

¹ *Huche*: f. A Hutch or Binne; a kneading Trough, or Tub; also a Mill-hopper.—Cotgrave.
² *Andier*, s. m. (V. lang) Landier (kitchen fire-dog, andiron) espèce de chenet (fire-dog). Suppl. to Dict. de l’Acad. Franç.
CH. ORIG.
A la huch vient erranmant,
Un petit gratre; et el l'antant:
"Q'est-ce," fait-elle, "là defors?"
"C'est celui qui por vostre cors
Est si destroiz et mal bailli,
Se vos n'avez du lui merci,
Jamais nul jor joie n'aura.
C'est celui qui o vos manja,
Qui vos aporte un enel d'or,
Onques n'austes tel tresor;
Bien est esprové et sau
Que la pierre en a tel vertu,
Que ja fame, tant soit legere,
Ne tant par ait esté corsiere,¹
Qui chaste et pucele ne soit,
S'au matin en son do i l'avoir.
Tenez, ge l' vos en fas presant."
Errant cele la clef li tant,
Et il desferme errant la huché,
Dedanz se met, ele s'acluche;
Or puent faire lor deduit,
Car ne trovent qui lor anuit.
La fame o munier, ainz lo jor
Se leva d'enprès son seignor;
Tote nue vait en la cort.
Par devant lo lit trescort
Au clere, qui en l'aire gisot.
Li cler au trespasser la voit;
Qant il la vit, si l'esgarda,
De son compaignon li manbra,
Qui en la huché fait ses buens;
Moult convoite faire les suens;
Pansa que il la decevroit
Au revenir, se il pooit:
Puis repansoit no feroit mie,
²Tost em porroit sordre folie.
Un autres angin li est creuz:
S'anpré est de son lit chauz,
A l'autre lit s'an va tot droit,
Là o li muniers se gisot,
S'el me porroit de rien valoir."

¹ From L. cursus (and so a gadabout, coureuse, street-walker), or L. corpus; cp. Fr. Corser. To imbrace, take, or hold, by the bodie; to catch, take, or lay, hold of the bodie.

—Cotgrave.

² Tost em porroit sordre
Folie sordre folie MS. sic.
L'enfant à tot lo briez² aporte,
Li clers tire à l'enfant l'oroille,
Et l'enfes crie, si s'esvoie;
Cele ala à son lit tot droit
Qant ele o cil estoit;
³Puis est erranmant retornée;
Au cri de l'enfant est alée;
Lo briez trove, don s'aseure,
Puis solieve la coverture,
De juste lo clerc s'est cochié,
Et cil l'a estroit embracée;
Vers sol la trait, formant l'acole,
A son deduit tote l'afole;
Si sofre tot, si ne mervoil;
Et l'autres clers si s'aparoille,
Qant il oit lo coc chanter;
Car il cuidoit trop demorer.
De la huche s'an est issu,
Puis est droit à son lit venuz,
Lo briez trove, si s'esbaist;
N'est pas mervoil s'il lo fist.
Il ot peor, et ne porqant
Un petit est alez avant,
Et qant ij. testes a trovées,
Erranmant les a refusées.
A l'autre lit, o se gisoit
Li muniers, s'an va cil tot droit;
De juste li s'estoit cochié,
Ne s'est pas encor esveilliez,
Ne ne s'est mie aparecez.
"Conpainz," fait li clers, "que fais-tu?"
Qui toz jorz se test rien ne valt;
Or sai-je bien, se Dex me salt,
Que j'ai eu boene nuitié.
Moult est la pucele envoisée,
La fille à cest nostre munier,
Moult par si fait mal anvoisier,
Et si fait trop bon foutre en huche.
Conpeignon, car va, si t'i muce,

When the Wife comes back, the Clerk makes her child cry,
she goes to the cradle, and lies down in the Clerk's bed.
He creeps to her, and amuses himself.
The First Clerk, at cock crow, gets out of the bin, and comes to his bed; but finds the cradle by it.
So he goes to the other bed,
and says to the Miller, "Mate,"
I've had a good night,

¹ bres berceau.—Hippéau, Glossaire, 1866.
² This line is made two in the MS.
³ This line makes two in the MS.

[leaf 167, col. 1] and 2 heads in it.
and swive the Miller's Daughter 7 times, all for an andiron ring."

The Miller seizes him by the throat, but the Clerk soon nearly kills the Miller.

His wife says the Clerks will strangle one another. Her bed-fellow says, "Let 'em."

As soon as the Miller escapes, he goes to light the fire; sees his Wife with the other Clerk, and calls her a proved whore.

She says she's one thro' guile, whereas he's a proved thief,

as he's stolen the Clerks' corn and mare.

The Clerks then thrash the Miller, take their mare, and wheat, and grind it at another mill.

Et si pran do bacon ta part;
Assez en a jusqu'à la hart;
Par .vij. foiz l'ai anuit corbée,
Des or sera boene l'asnée,
El n'a fors l'anel de l'andier;
Si ai je fait bien mon mestier."
Qant li muniers entant la bole,
Tantost prant lo clerc par la gole;
Et li clerz lui qui s'aperçoit,
Tantost le met en si mal ploit
A po li fait lo cuer crierer.
Et la dame auluiat à boter
L'autre clerc, qui o lui gisizo.

"Sire," fait-éle, "ce que doit
Serviaux, car nos levon tost sus,
Jà s'estrangeil ent clerc laissus."
"Ne te chaut," fait-il, "lor ester,
Lai les musarz entretuer."
Il savoit bien, si n'ot pas tort,
Que ses compainz ere plus fors.
Qant li muniers pot eschaper,
Tantost cort lo feu alumer;
Et qant il sa fame aparçoit,
Qui avoc lo clerc se gisizo:
"Or sus," fait-il, "pute provée,
Qui vos a ici améée 1
Certes il est de vos tot fait."
"Sire," fait-éle, "autremant vait,
Car se je suis pute provée,
Par engin i sui atornée;
Mais vos estes larron prové,
Qui en cez clerz avez emblé
Lor sac de blé et lor jumant,
Don vos seroiz levé au vant.
Tot est en vostre granche mis."
Li dui clerc ont lo vilain pris,
Tant l'ont folé et debatu, 1
Par po qu'il ne l'ont tot nolu;
Puis vont modre à autre molin.
Il orent l'ostel saint Martin,
Et ont tant lor mestier mené
Q'il se sont do mal an gité.

1 foler, maltraiter blesser, meurtrir, tuer, .. du latin fuliare .. d'apres le subst. fullo onis (foler faire des folies, railler, moquer, dire des injures) : debatre, débattre, agiter, frapper.—Burguy. Affoler. To foyle, wound, bruise, or hurt sore with blows.—Cotgrave.
NOTES BY MR HENRY NICOL ON THE TWO FRENCH FABLIAUX.

De Gombert et des Deux Clercs.

Text. p. 87, l. 18. amor should be amors, to be grammatical; but the text is evidently late enough to excuse such a fault.

l. 29. Similarly nul should be nus.

l. 88. The other reading, E vous, is required to make grammar.

l. 103. le vilain should be li vilains, but this would spoil the rhyme; from the note it is clear the text has been altered by the scribe.

l. 110. Final x is regularly used for us; indeed some think it is only a corrupted mode of writing these two letters, and originally had nothing to do with x, just as our old y in ye, y' is not the Latin y, but the thorn. This seems to be very probable; in any case the forms iex (l. 12) for ieu, miex (l. 16) for mieus, &c., show that the modern French ux is a barbarism.

l. 114. lut is an impossible form here, though it may be MS.; it ought to be lait or leit.

l. 143. grande for grant is late Old French; the proper feminine is like the masculine (Latin grandem in both cases). The other MS. gives mainte, which suits metre and grammar.

l. 145. Esraumment is often found in print, but the original form is -amment (iterante mente).

l. 170. je's is a contraction, through jel's, of je les. departir is here active, as in the original reading 'till death us depart,' for which do part is a modern corruption.

Notes. p. 87, n. 4. If plus et replaces plus quil' the line has a syllable too many.

n. 16. I cannot make que s'en merveille fit.

p. 88, n. 12. This reading also does not seem to make sense.

p. 89, n. 28. The sense requires done, not dont.

p. 90, n. 2. The reading gives a syllable too few; in any case besch ought to be berch, though the MS. may have the former (and of course ought to be followed if it has); see n. 17.

n. 15. M. P. Paris's note on voie marie seems to me out of place; no doubt marvoie is common, and has the meaning he gives, but in this case marie is a participle. The construction is 'bien cuide avoir marie la voie'; 'he thinks he has missed his way.'

p. 91, n. 1. I very much doubt whether quailes is only another form for chaud, from callidus. In the first place, gu for Latin c before a, which generally becomes ch, is unheard of; in the next, ai for a, except in cases of attraction, or before gutturals and nasals, is equally unknown. However, I have nothing better to suggest.
The dialect of the MS. printed as text seems to be ordinary late Burgundian; that of the one given in the notes is certainly Picard (*seur* for *sor*, *berchuel* for *berguel*, *caufes* for *chaufez*, *puchel* for *pucel*, *carie* for *charie*, &c.).—H. N.

The Miller and the Two Clerks.

Text. p. 93, l. 6. *chier* ought properly to be *chiers*.

1. 12. This has a syllable too many; probably *il* ought to be omitted.

1. 35. This is too short; *je ai* for *j'ai* would suit.

1. 90. *à mort* may be MS., but is neither sense nor rhyme; *amors* (participle of *amordre*) would be nearer the former, and quite the latter.

1. 93. *auramant* I cannot make out; it may be for *erraumant* or *erramant*.

1. 100. This line is too short; *Qu'il* for *Qu'il* would do.

1. 141. *an es lo pas* = *in ipsum illum passum*.

1. 154. This line is too short, and unsyntactical; *nient* for *ni* would set it right.

1. 159. MS. *fîle* for *fille*. Yet MSS. are generally careful to mark the liquid *l* by doubling, except when final.

1. 165. Another line too short; *par dedesus* for *par desus* would suit; see l. 186.

1. 166. *pertius* for *pertuis* may be a license for the rhyme; l. 188 has the right form.

1. 171. This is too long; the plural *eves* makes no sense, and the singular *eve* would admit the elision and make the verse scan.

1. 174. *L'um* for *L'un* is odd; *m* for *n* rarely occurs, except before a labial.

1. 176. *artre* ought to be *astre*, to make something intelligible.

1. 226. Another line too short; *par dedevant* for *par devant* would do.

1. 236. *em* is quite right, as the following word, *porroit*, begins with a labial, though I see *en porroit*, l. 197.

1. 237. This is too long; *autre* for *autres* would do, though strictly we ought to have *uns autres angins*.

1. 241. The form *briex*, which also occurs l. 249 and l. 261, has its *r* transposed.

1. 271. *aparceuz* is grammar, but does not rhyme with *tu*.

1. 300. *fors* is likewise grammatical, but not a rhyme to *tort*.

1. 318. *molu* seems a mere mistake for *molu*; the first form does not exist, as far as I can discover.

The dialect is Burgundian, as shown by *poïssions* for *poissiennes*, *secroi* for *secret*, *porroz* for *porrez*, *oroille* for *oreille*, &c. The frequent *lo* for *le*, accusative masculine of the article in the singular, points to the neighbourhood of the Provençal language, as the text is too modern to allow us to consider that the old form could otherwise have been preserved.—H. N.
"Soon after the age of Berchorius [the compiler or collector of the 
Gesta Romanorum, who died in 1362], a similar collection of stories, of 
the same cast, was compiled, though not exactly in the same form, pro-
fessedly designed for sermon-writers, and by one who was himself an 
eminent preacher; for, rather before the year 1480, a Latin volume was 
printed in Germany, written by John Herolt, a Dominican friar of Basil, 
better known by the adopted and humble appellation of Discipulus, and 
who flourished about the year 1418. It consists of three parts. The 
first is entitled 'Incipient Sermones pernotabiles Discipuli de Sanctis 
per anni circulum.' That is, a set of sermons on the saints of the 
whole year. The second part, and [that] with which I am now chiefly 
concerned, is a Promptuary, or ample repository, of examples for com-
posing sermons; and in the Prologue to this part the author says that 
saint Dominic always abundavit exemplis in his discourses, and that he 
constantly practised this popular mode of edification. This part con-
tains a variety of little histories. Among others are the following. 

erescent. 

The third part contains stories for 

for sermon-writers, consisting only of select miracles of the Virgin Mary. 
The first of these is the tale of the chaste Roman empress [Merelaus's 
wife: see above], occurring in the Harleian manuscripts of the Gesta, 
and versified by Occleve; yet with some variation. This third part is 
closed with these words, which also end the volume: 'Explicit tabula 
Exemplorum in tractatulo de Exemplis gloriose Virginis Marie contem-
torum.' I quote from the first edition, which is a clumsy folio in a 
rude Gothic letter, in two volumes; and without pagings, signatures, or 
initials. The place and year are also wanting; but it was certainly 
printed before 1480, and probably at Nuremberg. The same author 
also wrote a set of sermons called 'Sermones de tempore' (containing 
stories in the Gesta, Boccaccio's Decameron, Parnell's Hermit, &c.)."


1 For the second edition is at Nuremberg, 1482, fol. Others followed, be-
fore 1500.

2 "The only edition I have seen, with the addition of the Sermones de 
Sanctis, and the Promptuarium Exemplorum above-mentioned, was printed 
by M. Flaccius, Argentin, 1499, fol. But there is an earlier edition. At 
the close of the last Sermon, he tells us why he chose to be styled Discipulus; 
—because, 'non subtilia per modum Magistri, sed simplicia per modum Dis-
cipuli, conscripsi et collegi.' I have seen also early impressions of his 
Sermones Quadragesimales, and of other pieces of the same sort. All his 
works were published together in three volumes, Mogunt. 1612, 4to. The 
NARRATIO DE QUODAM SENESCALLO SCELEROSO. ¹


"Taking everything that's cursed, and given to the Devil."

A poor man curses his calf for not going straight to market; but not with his heart, so the Fiend can't take it. But when some poor folk curse the Seneschal with all their heart, the Fiend carries him off.

¹ Printed by Mr Thomas Wright in the Archeologia, vol. xxxii. Now re-read with the MS. by Miss L. T. Smith.
DE ADVOCATO ET DIABOLO.1

Homo quidam crat diversarum villarum advocatus, immisericors, avarus, faciens graves exactiones in sibi subditos. Die quadam, cum propter exactionem facien-
dam ad villam unam properaret, diabolus in specie hominis se illi in itinere sociavit, quem tam ex horrore quam ex mutua collocutione diabolum esse intellexit. Ire cum eo satis timuit; nullo tamen modo, neque orando neque cruce signando, ab eo separari potuit. Cumque simul pergerent, occurrat eis homo quidam pauper porcum in laqueo ducens. Cumque porcus huc illucque diventeretur, iratus homo clamavit, "Diabolus te habeat!" Quo verbo auditum, advocatus sperans se tali occasione a diablo liberari, ait illi, "Audi, amice: porcus ille est tibi datus; vade tolle illum." Respondit diabolus, "Nequaquam mihi illum ex corde donavit, et ideo illum tollere non possum." Deinde transeuntes per aliam villam, cum infans feret, mater in foribus domus stans, turbida voce dicebat, "Diabolus te habeat! quid me fletibus tuis inquietas?" Tune advocatus dixit, "Ecce bene lucratus es animam unam! tolle infantem, quia tuus est." Cui diabolus, ut prius, "Non mihi illum dedit ex corde: sed talis est consuetudo hominibus loquendi, cum irascuntur." Incipie-
bitur autem appropinquare loco ad quem tendebant, homines a villa longe videntes, et causam ejus adventus non ignorantae, omnes una voce simul clamabant, dicentes, "Diabolus te habeat, ac diabolo venias." Quo auditu, diabolus, caput movens et cachinnans, ait advocato, "Ecce, isti dederunt te mihi ex intimo corde, et ideo meus es." Ac rapuit eum in ipsa hora diabolus, et quid de eo fecerit ignoratur. Verba mutuae confabulationis ac facta istius, per famulum advocati, qui secum fuit in itinere, declarata sunt.

1 This story is printed in the Selection of Latin Stories, edited by Mr Thomas Wright for the Percy Society, Early Eng. Poetry, vol. 8, p. 70. He says he took it from the printed Promptuarium Exemplorum, which was compiled in the early part of the 15th century. (The English version of the Alphabetum Narrationum—stories for quotation in sermons, &c., is in Addit. MS. 25,719, Brit. Mus., and the Latin, which differs from the Promptuarium Exemplorum, is in Harl. MS. 268.)
A STORY LIKE CHAUCER'S PRIORESS'S TALE,
FROM THE
Fortalitium Fidei. Lugdun. 1500, fo. eeviiii.
The third expulsion of the Jews was from England.

In Lincoln a poor widow had a little son Alphonsus, whom she sent to learn grammar and music; and a 'religious' gave him his meals.

The boy was ten years old, and daily went to church, to school, to meals, and home at night. He so liked the anthem, *Alma Redemp- toris*, that he sang it night and morning through the Jews' street.

Tertio iudeorum expulsio fuit a regno anglie, enius expulsionis causa duplex assignantur quam primam legi in quibusdam miraculis sub ordine qui sequitur. In li[n]onia, ciuitate regis anglie, accidit quoddam miraculum quod deus voluit ostendere precibus beate virginis. Unde mulier quedam vidua et paupercula, filium quendam nomine alfonsum habebat: quem tradidit ad docendum primas litteras, et postquam scitit legere, tradidit imbuendum rudimentis grammaticalibus, & in musica; qui licet in grammaticalibus processerit, in musica tamen gratissimus erat. Et quia predicta mulier paupercula erat, recommendavit ilium coidam religioso sui generis: vt devictu saltern ipsi provideret: & ita factum est, quia quotidie post lectiones suas recipiebat suam refectionem cum predicto religioso. Erat autem predictus puér etatis annorum .x. enius erat consuetudo ordinata: vt primo quotidie iret ad ecclesiam, deinde ad scolas, & hora reflectionis, vt dictum est, ad domum religiosi; nocte vero ad matris domicilium se conuertebat. Cum autem sepe in ecclesia illam præclaram antiphonam "Alma redemp- toris" audiret cantare, tantam devotionem conceptit in virgine beata, et sic menti impressit predictam antiphonam, quod quocunque iret de die et de nocte per vicos et plateas, more puero[m], supradictam anti-

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1 This book was composed in 1459, says the 1485 edition of it. It is given by Hain, &c., to Alphonsus a Spina.

"Prohemium in Fortalitium fidei Fol. i. ¶ Incipit prohemium fortalicej fidei: conscripti per quendam doctorem eximium ordinis minoris. Anno domini M.ccccix. in partibus occidentis. Et primum ponitur scribentio intentio."


In the text above, from the 1500 edition, the expansions of the printed contractions are not italicised as usual.
 phonam alta voce dulcissime cantabat, transitus autem eius erat, cum iret ad domum matris vel rediret ab eadem, per vicum quemdam indeorum; qui audientes frequenter predictam virginis cantationem ab ore iuuenis, quidam illorum habuit querere a quodam docto Christiano, quis esset sensus illius cantationis, cum eius cantus tam dulcis esset. Et vt cognouit quod illa erat antiphona quedam, que ad laudem et honorem virginis beate marie, matris redemptoris iseu Christi, veri messie, decantabatur a fidelibus in ecclesia, concepit dolorem & peperit iniquitatem, quod consilium habuit cum suis complicibus, quorum corda diabolus possidebat: quomodo predictum infantem mortui tradereat & occiderent. hora ergo opportuna obseruata, cum paruulus predictus alta voce cantando predictam antiphonam transiret per eorum vicum, subito, sicut a ruginentibus leonibus, raptur, & reclusus in domo quadem, de modo mortis eius tractaverunt. Et diffinitum est inter eos, quod eius lingua, cum qua beatam virginem laudabat, extraheretur per oppositam capitis partem, secundo quod extraheretur etiam eius cor, cum quo cogitabat predictam cantationem, et vitlmo quod corpus eius proiceretur in loco profundissimo et immundissimo, fetoribusque pleno, qui locus erat eorum continua latrîna, vt nullatenus signum eius inveniri posset: et factum est sic. Sed virgo beata, quae mater est misericordie et pietatis, nec obliuioni tradit seruicia quod eunque sibi factum, statim sic ille deuotissimus suus cantor in predicto loco fetido fuit proiectus, asseit presens eodem, et posuit in e[...] ore lapidem quendam preciosum, qui locum lingue suppleret, et statim cepit cantare, sient prius, predictam antiphonam, immo melius & altius quam primo, nec aliquando cessabat de die, nec de nocte, a predicto cantu; et tali modo stetit in predicto loco paruulus ille quattuor diebus: cum

A Jew askt a Christian doctor what the song meant.

It's an anthem in h-nour of the Virgiu, Christ's Mother.'

The Jew plots with his fellows.

They seize Alphonsus,

cut out his tongue,
tear out his heart, and throw his body into their lakes.

But the Virgin comes to the dead boy,
gives him a precious stone for a tongue;
he at once begins to sing Alma Redemptoris, and keeps on for 4 days.

1 This is in the early French Ballade that Franciscus Michel publisht in his Hugues de Lincoln, 1834. After the Jews have crucified young Hugh, and 'Agim le Ju' has stabbed him on the cross, they bury the boy's corpse in the ground, but next morning find it on the top of the grave. Then they consult, and agree

Qu le cors de l'enfant
Geté fut demeintenent
Et à chambre privé tut puant:
Mulf furent fols et mescrânt.

But next morning the body is found on the seat of the privy. Then it's thrown into a fountain behind the Castle of the City, but rises from the bottom, and is found by the Christians.
Meantime his mother seeks him, throughout the city,
and at the end of the 4th day goes through the Jewry, and hears her son's voice.

She cries aloud;
folk come with the Judge;
broke into the house, find the boy, and take him out, always singing, tho' he is dead.

They bear him to the Cathedral, singing still.

The Bishop celebrates Mass, and prays that this secret may be revealed.

Then the dead boy stands up on his bed, takes the precious stone from his mouth, and tells his tale, and how the Virgin had made him sing while he was dead.

Then he said he was going to be with the Virgin in heaven.
He handed his stone to the Bishop, gave up the ghost, and was buried in a marble tomb.

vero mater eius viderebat, quod [ut] consueuerat ad domum eius non veniret, celeri gressu ad domum supradicti religiosi peruenit, ac deinde ad escolas, nec poterat inuenire. Disceirebat vidique per ciuitatem anxia mulier, si posset alicubi inuenire filium suum; et disponente deo, in fine quattuor dierum predictorum, mulier illa transituit per vicum illum in quo filius suus fuerat occisus, et in latrinam proiectus, & ecce vox filij sui cantantis dulcissime cantationem illum virginis quam sepissime ab eo audierat insonuit in auribus eius. Quo audito, clamoribus magnis predicta mulier clamar ceptit, et congregate sunt multe gentes, et cum eis index ciuitatis, intraverantque domum illam in qua vox illa audiebatur, & finaliter inuenitus est inuenis in loco predicto, & extractus; nec vnum cessabat a cantu illo dulcissimo, licet mortuus foret. Inditique alii vestimentis per dominos qui ibidem venerant, notificatum est episcopo ciuitatis, qui ilico veniens ad spectaculum precepit quod poneretur honorifice in quodam lecto, et sic deductus est cum solenni processione et magni honore ad ecclesiam cathedralem predicte ciuitatis. Semper tamen continuabat canticum suum; convenientes ergo in vnum ad predictam ecclesiam, dictus episcopus celebravit et fecit solennem sermonem, preceptituque omnibus audientibus quod deputatas funderent orationes, va precibus beate virginis deus dignaretur revelare hoc secretum. Finoito vero sermone, placuit altissimo et sue beatissime mari, quod fuit detecta impijssimorum iudeorurn pridito et crudelitas, quia eadem hora surrexit paruulus ille & iste, et stetit pedes in lecto in quo iacebat, et extraxit ab ore suo vnum preciosissimum lapidem, dixitque omni populo, leta et hylari facie, qualiter sibi acciderat, sicut dictum est, et quomodo virgo beata ad eum venerat, et posuerat dictum lapidem in ore eius, vt non cessaret mortuus ab eius lande: et vt ostenderetur gloria filij sui in salutem credentium, et perdictionem odientium & incredulorum. post hec autem vocavit ad se episcopum, et dedit sibi pacem similiter, & mari: et facta expiditione ab omni populo, certificauit eos quod ascendit ad celos in societate virginis gloriose, & tradidit predictum lapidem preciosum episcopo, vt poneret cum alij reliquis in altari. Quo facto, signaculo sancte crucis se insignuuit, & coaptans se lecto, animam tradidit salvatori; qui honorifice sepultus fuit in quodam sepulchro marmoreo, quod multo tempore preciosos lapides, vt fertur, enamauit quo[u]que quedam pestifera heresib ibidem orta fuit.
7.

How Reynard caught Chanticleer,

the source of Chaucer's "Nun's Priest's Tale,"

from the French of

Marie de France and the Roman du Renart.
As the original of Chaucer's famous Tale of Chanticleer and Pertelote, Tyrwhitt pointed out the Fable of the Cock and Fox by Marie de France. Since then, Mr Thomas Wright has called attention to the enlargement of that Fable in the French Roman du Renart, as the more immediate source of Chaucer's story. That our poet, in this instance as in all others, adorned what he touched, and brightened his original with his own cheery spirit and humorous skits, will be evident to all who read the French Fable, and its expansion now first printed separately, from Méon's edition, for English readers. That the French writer of the Roman also 'improved' the estoire from which he took his tale, may well be supposed, just as that estoire writer probably toucht-up his original, which was no doubt Marie de France's Fable, translated from the English of King Alfred. Certain it is that, if the Roman writer was serious in his appeal to an estoire as his authority for the Cock's dreaming (l. 1382-4), that authority cannot have been Marie's Fable, which does not contain the dream. If, however, the estoire reference was only chaff, then lines 29-35 of the Fable, as compared with lines 1696-1704 of the Roman du Renart, render it probable that the Cock and Fox story in the latter was taken immediately from the Fable.

The incidents of the story as told by Chaucer are better arranged than in the French Roman du Renart, where the Cock's seizure is directly foretold by his wife, and the Cock listens to the Fox's flattery after he has just missed losing his life by him. The picturesqueness and reality of the story, too, are much enhanced by Chaucer; but then the French writer does not make his Cock quote learned Latin treatises on dreams. Still, il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute; if a saint can walk one step with his head under his arm, there can be no objection to his walking a mile; and so Chaucer must not be blamed for carrying further the hint of his foregoing story-tellers, especially as his episode of the dream contains the happiest touches of humour in the whole Tale. M. Méon doesn't name the MSS. from which he prints, further than to say they are 'Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi des xii\textsuperscript{e}, xiv\textsuperscript{e} et xv\textsuperscript{e} Siècles;,' and as to what parts come from what MSS., all that M. Méon says is, "L'ordre des branches n'étant pas le même dans les douze manuscrits sur lesquels j'ai collationné ce Roman, j'ai cherché à en établir un qui les liât ensemble de manière à en former un tout; je désire que la classification que j'ai adoptée soit jugée la plus convenable. Autant qu'il m'a été possible, j'ai profité des variantes que m'offraient quelquefois ces différents manuscrits, et j'en ai augmenté mon texte."
REYNARD AND CHANTICLEER, FOR THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE. 113

Confound such editing! I say. M. Paul Meyer says that in 1835 Chabaille published a 'Supplément au Roman de Renart,' in which he gave, at pages 65-7, some various readings to Mémon's text, and at p. 391 some corrections (one on l. 1580), with this list of MSS. in the National Library which contain the Cock and Fox Story:—

Fonds français 371 (formerly 6985-4, langé 68), fol. 34 c.
"  " 1,579 (formerly 7607), fol. 8 d.
"  " 1,580 (formerly 7607-5), fol. 20 b.
"  " 12,584 (formerly Suppl. fr. 98-14), fol. 59 a.
"  " 20,043 (formerly Saint-Germain 1980), now out of the library, lent abroad.

Chabaille also mentions two MSS. in the Arsenal Library.

As to the original story, Professor Bernhard ten Brink writes me this letter:

"Dearest Sir,

"Though the story of Reinardus and Isengrimus, no doubt, is founded on original German traditions, as may be proved by the names of the chief heroes occurring in it, yet it is chiefly to France and to Flanders that we are indebted for the original poems belonging to this cycle. The first part (about 10,000 lines) of the 'Roman du Renart,' as edited by Mémon, is thought to have been written at the beginning of the 13th century; but it was preceded by earlier poems on the same subject, and written in the same language, as we may infer from the existence of two Latin poems, and one German, belonging to the 12th century, all of which appear to have been drawn from French sources. They are:

"1. Isengrimus, composed about 1100 in Artois, or the southern part of Flanders. It contains but two stories, and probably has come down to us in a fragmentary state.

"2. Reinardus Vulpes, about 1148—1160, composed in a monastery in the neighbourhood of (Gent or) Ghent. It seems to be a recast of the Isengrimus, and contains twelve stories. Though founded on French traditions, and probably drawn from French sources, these two poems can't be said to have been translated from the French. But we possess a faithful translation from an early French 'Roman du Renart' in

"3. Reinhart Fuchs, by Heinrich der Glichezaere or Glichesaere, after 1150. This translation in its original form has perished, with the exception of three fragments (ll. 588—981, ll. 1524—1596, 1831—1901), but there exists a younger version or recast of it, made in the 13th century, in which nothing material seems to have been altered. In this manner the German 'Reinhart Fuchs' represents an earlier phase in the development of the French 'Roman du Renart' than the poem of Pierre de St Cloud in the first part of Mémon's edition.

"The story of the Cock and the Fox occurs in Reinhart Fuchs as well as in Reinardus Vulpes, and may have occurred also in the lost
parts of *Isengrimus*. In *Reinhard Fuchs* we have the dream, but not in *Reinardus Vulpes*. Respecting the epigrammatic conclusion of the story in Marie de France, and the 'Roman du Renart' (Méon), I make no doubt but both borrowed it from some earlier author. In *Reinhard Fuchs*, l. 162—169, we read something very nearly approaching to it. But we find it in terms almost identical with those used by Marie in a Latin collection of *Esopian* fables in a MS, at Götingen, Cod. theolog. 140, fol. (15th century), see Oesterley, *Romulus*, Berlin, 1870, p. 108. On the whole, Marie de France must have worked after an original of a character very much resembling that collection. But I'll copy the whole fable from Oesterley:


The same story, you know, is found in other medieval collections of fables. I don't know whether it occurs in MS, Royal, 15 A. VII. (Brit. Museum), as I cannot look this moment into Dr Eduard Mall's paper, 'Zum Romulus,' Jahrbuch für roman. u. engl. Lit., XII, p. 18—28. It does, it would be interesting to compare that version with the two other ones. (The Royal MS, 15 A. VII. is said to belong to the beginning of the 13th century, whereas the MS. of Götingen is of the 15th century, but the latter is much more complete than the former.)

A proof of the popularity of the story of the Fox and the Cock in France during the 12th century is to be found in the *Roman d'Alexandre* (cited by J. Grimm, Reinhard Fuchs, p. excevii.)

'Li Grezois les engnient, com Renart fist le gal,
Quil saisir par la gorge, quant il 'chantoit clinat.'

"Yours most sincerely,

"BERNHARD TEN BRINK."

After what Prof. Ten Brink has said, I suppose he and the scholars of the Continent will pooh-pooh any claim of England to the origination

1 No, it doesn't.—F.
of the Cock and Fox story; yet, inasmuch as no version of Aesop containing this story has yet been found which is so early as King Alfred's time, England can, at present, show the best primâ facie title to the authorship of the fable. In the 13th century Marie de France translated a set of Aesop's Fables (Ici cumençejie ysope), she says, from the English of Li reis Alurez—King Alfred, whose version of Aesop is lost,—and among these is the following fable of the Cock and Fox, which was printed by Tyrwhitt in his 'Introductory Discourse to the Canterbury Tales,' § xxxvii:—

1 "The name of the King, whose English version she professes to follow, is differently stated in different MSS. In the best MS., Harl. 978, it is plainly Li reis Alurez. In a later MS., Vesp. B. xiv, it is Li reis Henrius.* Pasquier (Recherches, i. viii, c. i.) calls him Li roy Anuert, and Du Chesne (as quoted by Menage, v. ROMAN) Li Rois Mires; but all the copies agree in making Marie declare, that she translated her work 'de l'Anglois en Roman.' A Latin Aesop, MS., Reg. 15 A. vii,† has the same story of an English version by order of a Rex Anglie AFFRUS."—Tyrwhitt.

That readers may judge for themselves on this point, I print here the wind-up of Marie's Fables from the Harl. MS. 978, leaf 67, col. 2. (cp. Roquefort, II. 401.)

A finement de cest escrit‡ que en romanz ai treite e dit,
Me numerai pur remembrance:
Marie en nul; si sui de France,
Put cel estre, que cler plusur [vis/67, bk]
Prendreint sur ens mun labur;
Ne ouil que nul sur li de,
E il fet que fol ki sei ublie,
Par amur le cunte Willame,
Le plus vailliant de nul realme,
M'entremis § de cest liure feire,

In her proem to her 'Esop' (Harl. 978, leaf 40, col. 1; cp. Roquefort, II. 60) Marie says again of Aesop, and of the flower of chivalry and courtesy ('le cunte Willame'), who askt her to translate her book,

Esop escrirt a sun mestre,
Qui bien cuust lui e sun estre,
Vnes fables ke ot troucês
De griu en latin transitatés.
Meruelle en eurent li plusur,
Qu'il mist sun sen en tel labur;
Mes n'i ad fable de folie,
V il nen ait philosophie
[Es*] Essamples ki sunt apres,
V des cuntes est tut li fez.
A mei ki deî la rime faire,
N'auenist nient a retraire

E del engleis en romanx treire. 12
Esope apelum cest liure,
Qu'il transcïata e fist escrire;
Del griu en latin le turna.
Li reis Alurez, qui mut l'ama,
Le translata puis en engleis;
E ieo l'ai rimé en francedis
Si cum ieo poi plus proprement.
Ore pri a deu omnipotent,
Ke a tel oure puise entendre,
Que a lui puisse m'ame rendre.

* I cannot find this name in the Cotton MS., but Harl. 4333, if 66, col. 1, l. 1, has 'Li reis Henir,' The Cotton MS. has no epilogue as in the Harl. MS. 978 (see leaf 32, back); and all its Proem, except the last 8 lines, is lost; see leaf 19. Our Cock Fable is on leaf 31, near the foot. (If 56, bk, col. 1, of Harl. 4333.)
† Delinde rex anglie affrûs in anglicea linguaenum transscripti precepti (leaf 77, col. 1, l. 9-10).
‡ Every final ‡ has a tag.
§ Meintemur, Harl. 978; Mientemis, Harl. 4333.
|| The accents are in the MS.
** leaf 40, col. 2.

12 Plusurs paroles que i sunt;
Mes nepurc, cil me sumunt
Ki flurs est de cheualerie,
D'enseignement, de curtesie;
Ne auil lesser, en nule guise,
Que n'i mette travaul e peine,
Ki que m'en tienge pur uilene**
De fere mut pur sa préece;
Des fables ke esopus escrist,
qu'a sun mestre manda e dist.
To a Cock, 
crowing,

comes a Fox,

and praises the 
Cock's 

voice beyond 
all others, except 
his father's, who,
when he crowed,
shut his eyes.

The Cook then 
shuts his eyes 
too, to crow 
better;

and the Fox 
seizes him, and 
carries him off. 
The shepherds 
and doze chase 
the Fox.

The Cook says, 
'Tell 'em you 
have me, and 
won't let me go.'

The Fox opens 
his jaws to do 
tubs, 
and the Cook 
dies up in a tree. 

[leaf 56, back]
The Fox thinks 
he's been a fool, 
and curses the 
mouth that 
speaks when it 
ought to be 
silent.

The Cook says he 
ought to curse 
the eye that shuts 
when it ought to 
watch.

This fools do: 
speak when they 
should be silent; 
say nothing when 
they should 
speak.

D'vn coc recunte, ki estot\footnote{I print these tags of this early French MS. to show that the like tags in later English MSS. are almost certainly valueless, though they often come where a final e ought to be. Far oftener they are used where an e could never have followed.} 1 

Sur un femer, e si chantot. 

Par de lez li uient\footnote{I print these tags of this early French MS. to show that the like tags in later English MSS. are almost certainly valueless, though they often come where a final e ought to be. Far oftener they are used where an e could never have followed.} un gupilz, 

Si l'apela par muz beaus diz. 

"Sire," fet il, "mut te uei bel ; 

Vne ne ui si gent\footnote{I print these tags of this early French MS. to show that the like tags in later English MSS. are almost certainly valueless, though they often come where a final e ought to be. Far oftener they are used where an e could never have followed.} oisel. 

Clere uoiz as sur tute rien, 

Fors tun Pere, que io ui bien : 

Vne oisel meuz ne chanta ; 

Mes il le fist meuz, kar il cluna." 

'Si puis ieo fere,' dist li coco ; 

Les eles bat', les oiz ad clos, 

Chanter quida plus clerement. 

Li gupil saut, e si l[c] prent ; 

Vers la forest\, od lui s'en ua, 

Par mi un champ \, v. il passa, 

Curent apres tut\' li pastur ; 

Li chiens le huent\, tut\' entur. 

Veit\' le gupil, ki le cok tient', 

Mar le guaine si par ens uient. 

'Va,' fet li coecs, 'si lur escrie, 

Que sui tuens, ne me larras mie.' 

Li gupil uolt\, parler en haut\', 

E li coco de sa buche saut ; 

Sur un haut\' fus\' s'est\' muntez. 

Quant\' li gupilz s'est\' reguardez, 

Mut par se tient\' enfantillé, 

Que li coco l'ad si engimé. 

De mal talent\' e de dreit ire 

La buche cumence a maudire, 

Ke parole quant\' deuereit\' taire. 

Li coco respunt, 'si dei ieo foire, 

Maudire l'o\'i ki uolt\' cluiner 

Quant\' il deit guarder e guaiter 

Que mal ne mienge a lur seignur !' 

Ceo funt\' li fol tut\' li plusur ; 

Parolent quant\' deuient\' taiser, 

Teisent\' quant\' il deuient\' parler.

\footnotetext{I print these tags of this early French MS. to show that the like tags in later English MSS. are almost certainly valueless, though they often come where a final e ought to be. Far oftener they are used where an e could never have followed.}
Si comme Renart prist Chanteleer le Coc.

Il avint chose que Renart
Qui tant est plain d'engin et d'art,
Et qui moult set de mainte guile,
S'en vint corant à une vile.
La vile s'eoit en un bos,
Moult i ot gelines et cos,
Anes,1 malzarz, et jars et oes ;
Et mesire Costant Desnoes,
Uns vilains qui moult ert garniz,
Manoit moult près du plaisçiz.
Plentéive estoit sa mesons :
De gelines et de chapons
Bien avoit garni son ostel,
Assez i avoit un et el :
Char salée, bacons et fîches,
De ce estoit li vilains riches.
Moult par estoit bien herbergiez ;
Tout entor estoit li plaisiez ;
Moult i ot de bones cerises,
Et plusors fruiz de maintes guises,
Pomes i ot, et autre fruit :
Renart i va por son deduit.
Cest cortil fut moult très bien clos
De piez de chesne aguz et Gros :
Hordez estoit d'aubes espines.
Dedens avoit mis ses gelines
Dant Costant por la forteresce,
Et Renart cele part s'adresse :
Tout coïement, le col bessié
S'en va tot droit vers le plaisié.
Moult fu Renart en grant porchaz,
Mès la force des espinaez
Li destorbe de son afere
Si qu'il n'en set à quel chief trere ;

1 Latin anas, a duck. Jars is a gander.

1270 comes to a home- stead
1274 with many cocks and hens, and Constant Desnoes owns them all.
1278 Well stockt is his house with bacon, &c.,
1286 and he has many fruit-trees.
1290 His yard is well fenced with oakstubs plasht with hawthorn ; and in it are his hens,
1294 The Fox tries to get into it,
1298 but the thorns stop him.
Ne por luitier ne por saillir
As gelines ne puet venir.

Acroupiz s’est enmi la voie,
Moult se doute que l’en nel’ voie.

Porpense soi que se il saut
As gelines et il i faut,
Il ert vécuz, et les gelines
Se repondront soz les espines ;
Si porroiet estre tost sorpris
Ainz qu’il éust gueres conquis.
Moult par estoit en grant effroi.
Des gelines velt trere\(^1\) o soi
Qui devant lui vont pasturant.
Et Renart va le col baissant :

El retor del paliz choisist
Un pel froissié, dedenz se mist ;
Là où li palis fu desclos
Avoit li vilain planté chos
Renart i vint, outre s’en passe,
Chaoir se laisse à une masse
Por ce que la gent ne le voient,
Mès les gelines s’en effroient
Qui l’ont oï à sa chéoite ;
Chascune de foir s’espoile.

Qant sire Chantecler li cos
En une sente lex le bos,
Entre deus piex en la raiere
Estoit alé en la poudrier,\(^2\)
Moult fierement lor vint devant,
La plume el pié, le col tendant ;
Si demande par quel reson
Eles s’en fuient en meson.
Pinte parla qui plus savoit,
Cele qui les gros oés ponnoit ;
Et près du Coc juchant à destre,
Si li a conté tout son estre,
Et dist, “paor avons éue.”

‘De quoi? avez chose véue?’
“Oïl.” ‘Et quoi?’ “Beste sauvage
Qui tost nos puet fere domage
Se ne vidions le porpris.”

‘Ce est naienž, jel’ vos plevis,’
Ce dist li Cos, ‘n’aisez peur,
Mès soiez tres toute aséur.’

Dist Pinte, “par ma foi jel’ vi,
Et loiaument le vos aï
Que je le vi tout à estrous.”

\(^1\) \text{treres,—Méon.} \quad \text{\(^2\) \text{Pouldriere, dust.—Cotgrave.}}
'Et comment le vêstes-vous?'

"Comment? Je vi la soif branler
Et la feuille du chol trembler
Où cil se gist qui est repost,
Qui tout domageroit les noz."

'Tais, sote!' ce repson li Cos,
'Jà Renart n'aura si dur os
Que ceens s'ost mucier ne mettre,
Ne s'en oseroit entreinetre:
Nostre paliz n'est pas si viez
Ja par Renart soit despeciez.

Treves avez, jel' vos otroi,
Que par la foi que je vos doi
Je ne sai Putois ne Gorpil
C'osast entrer en cest cortil,
N'est se gas non, tornez ariere.'

Atant se trait en sa poudriere,
Mes il n'est mie asurez,
Sovent regarde de tozlez.
Moult se contient or fierement,
Mes il ne set c'à l'oil li pent;
Il se dountast d'aucune chose,
Mès la cort ert si bien enclose,
Riens ne doute, si fist que fox;
L'un oil overs et l'autre clox,
L'un pie cranpi et l'autre droit,
S'est apoiez delez un toit.
Là où li Cos est apoiez
Come cil qui ert anoiez
Et de chanter et de veillier,
Si commença a sommeillier.
Au sonmeiller que il fesoit,
Et el dormir qui li plesoit,
Commença li Cos à songier,
(Ne m'en tenez a mençongier,
Que il songa, ce est la voire,
Trover le poez en l'estoire,)
Que il vécit ne sai quel chose
Qui iert dedenz la cort enclose,
Qui li venoit enmi le vis,
Einssi con li estoit avis;
Si en aovit moult grant friçon.
Et aovit un ros pelicion
Dont li ourlet estoient d'os,
Si li vestoit à force el dos.
Moult fu Chantecler en grant paine
Del songe qui si le demaine

and saw the
cabbage leaf
tremble, where
he's lying."

'Hold your
tongue, silly,'
says the Cock;

'tour paling isn't
so old

that fulmart or
Fox can get in
here.'

But still Mr Cock
doesn't feel
comfortable;

he keeps one eye
open, and one
leg straight,
props himself
against a roof;

Then he dreams
(Don't think I
lie: it's all in the
Story)

that he sees a
thing in the yard,

with a red-furred
pellese bordered
with bones, which
he forces on the
Cock's back.

Chantecler is
greatly troubled

1 Don't les guéules, MS. 371; gules, MS. 1530; cf. v. 1479.—P. Meyer.
about his dream, the pelisse and the collar;

Endemantiers que il someille,
Et du pelicon se merveille
Dont la chevesce\(^1\) ert en travers,
Et si li vestoit à envers.
Estroite en estoit la chevesce,
Si qu'il en ert en grant destresce,
Et de pêor c'est esveilliez;
Mès de ce est plus merveilliez
Que blans estoit desoz le ventre,
Et que par la chevesce i entre
Si que la teste iert en la faille,
Et que la queu en la cheveçaille.
Por le songe s'est tressailliz,
Que bien cuide estre maubailliz.

and says, ‘Holy Ghost, protect me!’

Con cil qui pas ne s'asëure,
Et vint corant vers les gelines
Qui estoient soz les espines ;
Jusqu'à eles ne se recroit.

Then he runs off
to his hens under the hedge,
calls Pinte aside,
and tells her
he’s frightened of being treacherously carried off by a bird or a beast.

A une part l'a apelée :
‘Pintain, n'i a mestier celée, 
Moulst sui dolenz et esmarriz,
Grant pêor ai d'estre traiz\(^2\)
D'oisel ou de beste sauvage
Qui trop me peut fere domage.’

‘Avoi!’ dist Pintain, ‘biaz doz sire,
Ce ne devriez-vous pas dire ;
Mal fetes qui vos esmaiez ;
Si vos diré, ça vos traiez.
Par trestoz les Sainz que l'en prie,
Vos resembllez le chien qui crie
Ainz que la pierre soit chëue.
Dont avez tel pêor éue ?
Or me dites que vos avez.”

Why,’ says
Cockie, ‘I've had a dream,

‘Qoi!’ fait li Cos, ‘vos ne savez,
Orains songé un songe estrange.
Delez le trou de cele grange

---

1 Chevesce, chevesce, chaperon, collet, la partie de l’habit qui entoure le cou; ouverture supérieure de la jupe d’une femme : de capitium (from caput). Chevesce était aussi le nom d’une partie du harnachement du cheval.—Burguy.
2 trais is traditus, not tractus.—P. M.
Vi une vision moult male
Par quoi vos me véez si pale;
Tout le songe vos contéré,
Jà riens ne vos en celeré.
Sauriez m’en vos conseillier?
Avis me fu el sommeillier
Que ne sé quel beste venoit
Qui un rous peliçon portoit
Bien fet, sans cisel et sans force,
Sel’ me fesoit vestir à force :
D’os estoit fete l’orléure
Toute blanche, mès moult ert dure.
Le poil avoit defors torné
Le peliçon si atorné ;
Par la cheveçaille i entroie,
Mès moult petit i arestoie.
Le peliçon vesti einsi
Et puis après le desvesti
Por la que qui ert deseure.
Lors m’esveillai à icelle heure.
Çà sui venuz desconseilliez.
Pinte, ne vos en mervelliez
Se li cors me fremist et tremble ;
Mès dites moi que vos en semble.
Moult sui par le songe grevez ;
Par cele foi que me devez
Savez-vous qu’il senefie ?
Pinte responz où moult se fie :
“Dit m’avez,” fet ele, “le songe,
Mès, se Dieu plet, ce ert mençonge ;
Neporquant jel’ vos voiz espondre,
Que bien vos en sauëz respondre.
Cele chose que vos véistes
El someillier que vos féistes
Qui le rous peliçon portoit
Qui einsi vos desconfisoit,
C’ert li Gorpiex, jel’ sai de voir.
Bien le poez aparecevoir
Au peliçon qui rous estoit,
Et que par force vos vestoit.
Les goles d’os erent les denz
A qui il vos metra dedenz ;
La chevesce qui n’estoit droite,
Qui si vos ert male et estroite
Ce est la goule de la beste
Dont il vos estraindra la teste :
Par ileuques i enterroiz
Sanz faille que vos le verroiz,
Lors sera la queue deseure;  
Eissi ert, se Diex me seccure.

C'iert li Gorpil qui vos prendra  
Parmi le col qant il vendra,
Ne vos garra argent ne ors,
Et le poil ert torne defors:
C'est voir que tot jors porte enverse
Sa pel qant il plus pluet et verse.

This is what your dream means;  
Or avez oï sanz faillance
Du songe la senefiance;  
Tot seurement le vos di

and it'll all happen to you before noon.  
Que aïnz que soit passé midi
Vos avendra, ce est la voire;
Mèes se vos me voliez croire,
Nos retourerions ariere,
Car il est meuciez cà deriere
En cel buisson, jel' sai de voir,
Por vos trair et decevoir.'

The Fox is hid in the thicket  
Qant il ot oï le respons
Del songe que cele ot espous,
Ne m'as dit riens où ge gaingne,
Je ne croi mie mal m'eu viengne,
Jâ n'auré mal por itel songe,'
"Sire," fet-ele, "Diex le donge!
Mèes s'ainsi n'est con je vos dit,2
Je vos otroi sans contredit
Que ne soie mès vostre amie."
'Bele,' fet-il, 'ce n'i a mie,
A fable ert le songe tornez.'

The Cock says  
A cest mot s'en est torneez
En la poudrière au souleil,
Et commença à cliner l'oïl,
Ne doute que Gorpil s'i mete.
Mès Renart qui le siecle abete,
Sitost con il oï la noise,
Besse la teste, si s'acoiuse;
D'une pierre a fait orillier
Si commença a someillier,
Chantecler s'est aséurez.

1 Sic, MS. 1579; sequeure, MS. 371 and 1580.
2 Sic Meon, from MS. 1579; but MSS. 371 and 1580 have com vos ai dit, which is better.—P. Meyer.
Moult fu Renart amesurez
Et veziez à grant merveille;
Et qant il voit que cil someille,
De lui s’aprimé sanz demeure
Renart, qui tot le mont aqœure,
Et qui moult sot de mavès tors:
Pas avant autre, sanz escors,²
S’en va Renart le col bessant,
Se Chantecler par atent tant
Que il le puisse as denz tenir,
Il li fera son gieu partir.
Qant Renart choisi Chantecler,
Il le vodra, s’il puét, haper ;
Renart saïli qui est legiers,
Et Chantecler saut en travers,
Renart choisi, bien le conut,
Desor un fumier s’arestut.
Qant Renart vit qu’il ot failli,
Eorment se tint à mal-bailli;
Lors se commence à porpenser
Conment il porra Chantecler
Engingnier, qar s’il se remue
Dont a-il sa proie perdue.
"Dant Chantecler," ce dist Renart,
"Ne fuiez pas, n’aiez regart,
Moult par sui liez qant tu es sains,
Que tu es mes cosins germais."
Chantecler lors s’aseura,
De la joie un sonet chanta.
Ce dist Renart à son cosin,
"Membre[z]-vos mès de Chanteclin
Le bon pere qui t’engendra?"
Onques nus Cos si ne chanta;
Tel voiz ot, et si cler ton,
Que d’une liue l’oïot-on,
Et moult chantoit à longue alaine
Les deus eulz cloz et la voiz saine;
D’une grant lieue l’en l’oïot
Qant il chantoit et refrenoit."
Dist Chantecler, ‘Renart cosin,
Volez me prendre par engin.’
“Certes,” ce dist Renart, “non voil,
Mès or chanz, si clingniez l’oil;
D’une char somez, et d’un sanc;
Miex vodriez estre d’un pié manc
Que vos mesface tant ne qant,
Que tu es trop près mon parent.”

² *tout sans cors, MS. 1580, which seems better.—P. Meyer.*
The Cock tells the Fox to draw off a little, and he'll sing.

Dist Chantecler, 'pas ne te croi,
Un poi te trai en sus de moi,
Et je diré une chançon ;
Naurai voisin ci environ
Qui bien n'entende mon fauset.'

Then the Cock does sing one, verse, with one eye shut.

"Oh, that's nothing to Chantecler," says the Fox, "he sang with both eyes shut, and you could hear him over the hedge.

The Cock then shuts both eyes, and sings,

and the Fox seizes him by the neck, and runs off.

Pinte laments over the Cock.

"I told him how it 'd be,
and he thought me a fool.

His pride has betrayed him.

Would I were dead! I've lost my Love!"

Mrs Desnoes opens the door,

and calls her hens.

1 Sic Méon, and MSS, 1579, 1580; but MS, 12584 has 'tous dis.'—P. Meyer.
L'une ne l'autre ne recepthe.
Qant voit que venues ne sont,
Moult se merveille qu'elles font:
Son Coc rehuche à longe alaine,
Renart voit qui si mal le maine;
Avant passe por lui rescorre,
Et Renart commença à corre.
Qant el voit qu'el ne rescorra,
Porpense soi qu'ele fera.
“Harou!” s'escrié à plaine goule,
Et vilains qui sont en la coule,
Qant il sent que cele bret,
Tantost se sont cele part tret,
Si li demandent que ele a.
En soupirant lor aconta,
“Lasse! trop m'est mesavenu!”
‘Comment,’ font-il, ‘c'avez perdu?’
“Mon Coc que cil Gorpil enporte.”
Ce dist Costant, ‘pute vieille orde
C'avez vos fet que nel' préistes?
“Sire, que est-ce que vos dites?
Par les Sains Dieu je nel’ poi prendre,
Ne il ne me volt pas atendre.
‘Sel’ ferissiez?’ je n'oi de quoi.
‘De cel baston?’ et je ne poi,
Car il s'en va le grant troton;
Nel’ prendroient deus chien breton.”
‘Par ou s'en va?’ “Par ci tout droit.”
Li vilain corent à esplot,
Et tuit crient, “or ça, or ça!”
Renart l'oï qui devant va:
Qant Renart l'ot, si sailli sus;
Si qu'à terre ne fiert li cus.
Le saut c'a fait ont cil oí,
Tuit s'escrient, “oci, oci!”
Costant lor dist, ‘or tost après!’
Les vilains corent à eslès.
Costant apele son mastin
Que l'en apeloit Mal-voisin.
Au corre c'ont fait l'ot veu,
Et Renart ont aparècu.
Tuit s'escrient, “vez le Gorpil!”
Or est Renart en grant peril;
Et le Coc, se il ne set d'art.
‘Comment,’ fet-il, ‘sire Renart,
N'ez-vous quel honte il vos dient
Cil vilain qui si fort vos huient?
Costant vos suit plus que le pas;
Car li lancez un de vos gas
A l'issue de cele porte;
Qant il dira 'Renart l'enporte'
"Maugré vostre," ce poez dire;
Jà nel' porrez miex desconfire.'

N'est si sage qui ne foloit.
Renart, qui tot le mont deçoit,
Fu deću à ceste foiz,
Car il cria à haute voiz,
"Maugré vostre," ce dist Renart,
"Enpor-ge de cestui ma part,
Maugré vostre en ert-il portez!"

Li Cos qui ert touz amorzez,
Qant il senti laschier la bouche,
Bati ses èles, si s'en touche,
Et vint volant sor un pomier,
Et Renart fu seur le terrier,
Grains et marriz et trespensez
Du Coc qui li est escapaz.

Chantecler a gité un ris,
'Renart,' sét-il, 'que vos est vis?'
De cest siecle que vos en semble?'
Li lechières fremist et tremble,
'Si li a dit par felonie,
"La bouche," sét-il, "soit honie
Qui s'entremet de noise fere'
A l'eure qu'el se devroit tere!"
Fait Chantecler, 'et je le voil,
La male goute li crië l'oïl
Qui s'entremet de soomeillier
A l'eure que il doit veillier!

Cosin Renart,' dist Chantecler,
'Nus ne se doit en vos fier:
Dahez ait vostre cosinage!
Il me dut torner à domage;
Renart traître,alez vos ent,
Se vos estes ci longement,
Vos i lerez cele gonele.'

Renart n'a soing de la favele,
Ne volt plus dire, ainz s'en retornè,
Que ileques plus ne sejorne.
Besoingneus est, s'á le cuer vain.
Par une broce lez un plain
Renart s'en va toute une sente,
Moutel est dolement, moutel se dementede
Du Coc qui li est eschapez,
Que il ne s'en est saoulez.
MR HENRY NICOL'S NOTES TO "HOW REYNARD CAUGHT CHANTICLEER."

**Title.** I do not know why Méon has got Roman du Renart; *Renart* is here always a proper name, gorpil being the general one, so it does not require an article. Bartsch and Burguy have de.

p. 115, l. 3 of note. I do not know where Tyrwhitt got *Li reis Alured*, which is half nominative, half accusative; the MS. has correctly *Alurez*. I need hardly remark that both derivation and metre (in the quotation you give, l. 16) require *u* to be read as *v*: *Alurez*.

1st extract, l. 8. This is too long; either il should come out, or seiuble be s’uble.

l. 20. This is too long; Ore should be Or.

I find Bartsch has printed your 2nd extract from Roquefort’s edition, which is from a MS. partially written in another dialect; here it is.

Izopes escrit a sun mestre, | plusurs paroles que i sunt.
---|---
i bien quenust lui e sun estre, | meiz nepurquant cil m’en sumunt
unes fables k’il ot truves, | qui flourz est de chevalerie,
de griu en laitin translatees; | d’anseignemenz, de curteisie:
mervoille en urent li plusur | 16 et quant tex hum m’en ad requise,
k’il mist sun sens en tel labur; | ne voil lessier en nule guise
mes n’i ad fables ne folie, | que n’i mette travel e peine.
u il n’ad de filosofie | or ke m’en tiegne pur vileine,
as essamples qui sunt aprés, | 20 mult deit fere pur sa preiere.
u des cuntes sunt li grant fes. | ci cummencerai la primiere
a moi qui la rime en doit feire | des fables k’Ysopez escrit,
n’avenist noient a retreire 12 | k’a son meistre manda et dist. 24

l. 1. ‘Esopes’ here, as it is nominative, is preferable to the Harl. ‘Esop,’ and makes metre.

l. 5. Bartsch has correctly urent, making metre.

l. 10. This suggests *sunt* for the Harl. *est*, rather than *tuz* for *tut*.

l. 17. This gives *tex hum* for *tel hume*, making grammar and metre.

l. 20, 21. The Harl. has much the best reading.

l. 23. I see here k’Ysopes, for *ke esopus*, making metre.

p. 116, l. 3. *un* should be *uns*, for grammar.

l. 6, 9. Metre requires *Unques* for *Unc*.

l. 9. *oisel* requires a *z*.

l. 10. This is too long; *Mes le* for *Mes il le* would do.

l. 14. gupil requires a *z*.

l. 18. The *s* of chiens is ungrammatical.
128 REYNARD AND CHANTICLEER, FOR THE NUN’S PRIEST’S TALE.

1. 19. le gupil, being nominative to Veit, should be li gupilz.
1. 20. guaina. I think a future, not a perfect, is clearly required.
1. 23. goupil again ungrammatical. The MS. has ou here, not u as elsewhere.
1. 25. This is too short; se est for s’est would do.
1. 29. dreit should be dreite, ire being feminine.
1. 32. foirc should be faire.

1. 1274. Costant should be Costanz, for grammar; but the text is clearly so late that it is useless remarking these frequent errors.
1. 1276. plaiséiz should have ss here as elsewhere.
1. 1277. Plenteive, rather Plenteive. In this, and all the other cases where é is merely put for ë, I should print ë.

p. 119, l. 1361. The capitals to Putois and Gorpil seem out of place;
the same with Coc, l. 1335. When the proper names Chantecler, Renart,
are used it is another thing; but here the nouns are used quite inde-
finitey.
1. 1383. songa must be read songea, but MSS. seldom mark the dis-
tinction; some would put sonja.

p. 120, l. 1401. c’est should be s’est; but the MS. may be wrong.
1. 1406. This is too long; Et la for Et que la would do.
1. 1422. Here and l. 1427, Pintain is the accusative (L. pintám), and
should be nominative, Pinte; in l. 1420 it is correct.
1. 1430, diré for dirai, and similar forms elsewhere, are decidedly
late Old French.

p. 122, l. 1488. secoure is odd; it should be sequeure, as it is hard.
1. 1517. The t of dit is quite uncalled-for; the scribe seems to have
determined to make at least an eye-rhyme to contredi.
1. 1523, soulei should be soulail (a common dialectic form) to
rhyme to oil, which cannot be eil.

p. 124, l. 1610. four should be tous, to agree with dis.
1. 1625. Rousete ought to have ss.
1. 1626. The p has no business in recepte (rhyming with Rousete).
As M. Paul Meyer says it is the reading of MS. 12584, we must put it
down as an ‘etymological’ spelling of the 15th century.
8.

Two Italian Stories, and a Latin one,

like

Chaucer's "Pardoner's Tale."

1. CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES.
2. THE HERMIT, DEATH, AND THE ROBBERS.
3. THE TREASURE IN THE TIBER.
Tyrwhitt first pointed out that one of the *Cento Novelle Antiche* contained a story which might have served as the germ of the *Pardoner's Tale*. This *Novella* is here reprinted from an early edition, 1525 A.D., which may be the first, if M. Panizzi's note in the Grenville copy in the Museum is to be trusted. As another like story is substituted in the edition of 1572 for the first Christ one, I have reprinted the second story too.

Ritson says that the *Cento Novelle Antiche* are of much higher antiquity than the tales of Boccaccio (1871 ed. of Warton, iv. 339). But whether he had seen any 13th-century MSS. of them is to be doubted.

A sixteenth-century Latin version of a story like the Pardoner's is given by Morlinus, and reprinted at p. 134.

1 I haven't lookt at the intermediate editions.
Two Italian Stories, and a Latin one, like Chaucer’s “Pardoner’s Tale.”

1. CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES.

From

Le Ciento Novelle Antike. 1525. [No. LXXXIII.] p. 35.

Come Cristo, Andando un giorno co disciepoli suoi per un foresto luogo, uidero molto grande tesoro.

2. THE HERMIT, DEATH, AND THE ROBBERS.

From the

QUI CONTÀ D’VNO ROMITO CHE ANDANDO
per un luogo foresto trouo molto grande Tesoro.

Andando vn giorno vn Romito per vn luogo foresto: si trouò vna grandissima grotta, laquale era molto celata, et ritirandosi verso là per riposarsi, pero che era assai affaticato; come e'giunse alla grotta si la vide in certo luogo molto traluere, impercio che vi hauea molto Oro: e si tosto come il conobbe, incontanente si partio, & comincio a correre per lo diserto, quanto e' ne potea andare. Correndo così questo Romito s'intoppo in tre grandi scherani, liquali stauano in quella foresta per rubare chi unque vi passaua. Ne gia mai si erano accorti, che questo oro vi fosse. Hor vedendo costoro, che nascosti si stauano, fuggir così questo huomo, non hauendo persona dietro ch'el cacciasse, alquanto hebbero temenza, ma pur se li pararono dinanzi per sapere perche fuggiua, che di cio molto si marauigliauano. Ed elli rispose & disse. "Fratelli miei, io fugg la morte, che mi vien dietro cacciando mi." Que' non vedendo ne huomo, ne bestia, che il cacciasse, dissero: "Mostraci chi ti caccia: & menaci cola ove ella è." Allhora il Romito disse loro: "venite meco, & mostrer-rollau," pregandoli tutta via che non andassero ad essa, impercio che elli per se la fuggia. Ed egli volendola trovare, per vedere come fosse fatta, noi domandauano di altro. Il Romito vedendo che non potea piu, & hauendo paura di loro, gli condusse alla grotta, onde egli s'era partito, e disse loro, "Qui è la morte, che mi cacciana," & mostro loro l'oro che e'era, ed egli il conobbero incontanente, & molto si cominciarono a rallegrare, & a fare insieme grande sollazzo. Allhora accomiatarono questo buono huomo, & egli sen'ando per i fatti suoi; & quelli cominciarono a dire tra loro, come elli era semplice persona. Rimasero questi scherani tutti e tre insieme, a guardare questo hauere, e incominciarono a ragionare quello che voleano fare. L'uno rispose & disse. "A me pare, da che Dio ci
ha data così alta ventura, che noi non ci partiamo di qui, insino a tanto che noi non ne portiamo tutto questo hauere." Et l'altro disse; "non facciamo così. l'uno di noi ne tolga alquantu, & vada alla cittade & vendalo, & rechi del pane & del vino, et di quello che ci bisogna, e di ciò s'ingegni il meglio che puote: faccia egli, pur com' elli ci fornisca." A questo si accordarono tutti e tre insieme. Il Demonio ch'è ingegnoso, e reo d'ordinare di fare quanto male e puote, mise in cuore a costui che andava alla città per lo fornimento, "da ch'io sarò nella cittade" (dicea fra se medesimo) "io voglio mangiare & bere quanto mi bisogna, & poi fornirmi di certe cose delle quali io ho mestiere hora al presente: & poi anuelenero quello che io porto a miei compagni: si che, da ch'elli saranno morti amendue, si sarò io poi Signore di tutto quello hauere, & secondo che mi pure egli è tanto, che io sarò poi il più ricco huomo di tutto questo paese da parte d'hauere:" et come li venne in pensiero, così fece. Prese viuanda per se quanta gli bisogno, & poi tutta l'altra anueleno, et così la porto a que suoi compagni. Intanto ch'ando alla cittade secondo che detto hauemo: se elli pensoe & ordinoe male per uccidere li suoi compagni, accio che ogni cosa li rimanesse: quelli pensaro di lui non meglio ch'elli di loro, et dissero tra loro. "Si tosto come questo nostro compagno tornera col pane et col vino, et con l' altre cose che ci bisognano, si l' uccideremo, & poi mangeremo quanto uorremo, e sara poi tra noi due tutto questo grande hauere. Et come meno parti ne saremo, tanto n'haueremo maggior parte ciascuno di noi." Hor viene quelli, che era ìto alla cittade a comperare le cose che bisognana loro. Tornato a suoi compagni incontante ch'el videro, gli furono addosso con le lance et con le coltella, & l'ucciseró. Da che l'hebbero morto, mangiarono di quello che egli haua recato: & si tosto come furono satolli, amendue cadder morti: & così morirono tutti e tre: che l'uno vecise l'altro si come vdito hauete, & non hebbe l'hauere: & così paga Domenedio li traditori, che egli andaron caendo la morte, & in questo modo la trouarono, et si come ìlino n'erano degni. Et il saggio sauiamente la fuggio, e l'oro rimase libero come di prima.

The second proposes that one shall go to the town, buy bread and wine, and all things needful. But the crafty Devil puts into the heart of the Robber who goes to the town that he shall feed himself, poison his mates, and then have all the treasure, and be the richest man in that country.

Meantime the other Robbers plot to murder their mate as soon as he comes back with the bread and wine, and then share the treasure.

Their mate returns from the city, and they murder him at once. Then they eat the food he's brought, and both fall dead. Thus does our Lord God 'quite traitors. The Robbers found death. The wise man red, and left the gold free.
3. THE TREASURE IN THE TIBER.


De illis qui, in tiberi reperto thesauro, ad invicem conspirantes, ueneno & ferro periere.

Nouel. XLII.

The Wizard learnt from the spirits that a treasure lay hid in the Tiber. On its being found, part of the company go to a town near, to fetch food and liquor. These conspired to buy poison to kill their fellows. The others, meanwhile, conspired to kill them;

which on their return they do.

And then, eating of the poisoned cates, themselves perish.


Thus Nouella indicat: nec esse de male cogitandum: nam quod quis seminat, metit.

1 Corrected by the Paris edition of Morlinus's works, 1855, in the Bibliothèque Elzevirienne, which I did not know of when the text above was first set. ² facunditate, orig.
9.

The Tale of the Priest's Bladder

(A Story like Chaucer's Summoner's Tale.)

being

LI DIS DE LE VESCIE A PRESTRE

par

Jakes de Basiw.

---

M. Sandras, in his Etude sur Chaucer, 1859, p. 237, first called attention to this analogue of Chaucer's Summoner's Tale: "Ce qu'il y a de saillant dans ce poème, la convoitise des frères disputant aux héritiers légitimes ou à d'autres religieux, le legs d'un mourant, sert de matière à un fabliau de Jacques de Baisieux, traduit par Legrand d'Aussy, publié par Méon, et analysé et commenté dans le XXIIIe
volume de l'Histoire littéraire de sa France (article de M. Victor Leclercq). La scène du poème anglais, au lieu d'être à Anvers, est transportée à Holdermesse ; la plaisanterie du curé mourant fait place à un tour d'un autre genre, et approprié à la grossièreté d'un vilain. Mais plusieurs passages sont imités fidèlement. On peut voir dans ce fabliau, dont la première moitié seule est lisible, ce que devient un faible germe secondé par le génie. Le discours du Jacobin, fort bien esquissé d'ailleurs par le trouvère de Flandres, est dans Chaucer un chef d'œuvre à mettre en parallèle avec une page quelconque de Molière.

L'ordre de St. Dominique... a fourni à l'audace des trouvères une seule aventure : c'est beaucoup. Il n'y avait guère parmi eux que Rutebeuf qui, avec sa fougue ordinaire et, comme il dit, sa tête folle, eût osé braver les terribles frères. Jacques de Baisieux, qui paraît être du Baisieux de Flandre plutôt que de celui de Picardie, leur reproche aussi l'ardeur qu'ils manifestent en toute occurrence à recueillir les successions, et qui avait fini par faire croire qu'un mourant, s'il ne les prenait pour exécuteurs, perdait son âme. Nous ne savons s'il eut à se repentir d'avoir fait le Dit de la Vessie du curé.

Le curé, près de mourir d'hydropisie (Entropikes et devenus, l. 15), avait compris dans son testament, outre ses parents pauvres et les gens du village, non loin d'Anvers, où il avait sa cure, les orphelins et les infirmes, les béguines et les cordeliers. Survient alors deux quêteurs jacobins du couvent d'Anvers, qui voudraient bien n'être pas oubliés non plus : "Vos ne m'orelez pas justement," &c. (see 112-131, below).

Comme ils insistent, malgré le soin qu'il prend de leur répéter plusieurs fois qu'il a tout donné ; comme ils vont jusqu'à demander que le moribond réformé pour eux son testament, le curé, de plus en plus mécontent, leur promet enfin un joyau précieux, mais dont il ne peut se défaire avant sa mort. Grande joie au couvent, dès qu'on y apprend cette nouvelle ; on se fait servir flans, pâtés, les meilleurs vins ; on sonne toutes les cloches, comme pour recevoir un corps saint. Au point du jour, cinq frères, pleins d'espoir et d'impatience, entournent le lit du testateur, qu'ils trouvent encore vivant, et qui les engage à convoquer, comme témoins de l'accomplissement de sa promesse, le maire et les échevins. Après d'assez longs discours, où il fait déjà pressentir la punition de ceux qui l'ont menacé des tourments éternels s'il ne leur donnait quelque chose, il annonce qu'il va déclarer quel est ce joyau qu'il leur réserve après lui : [his bladder, line 287, below.] Les moines, baissant la tête, s'en vont sans rien dire, et tout le pays se moque d'eux. Le trouvère, en finissant, a la hardiesse de se nommer.—L'Hist. Littéraire de la France, Vol. 23, pp. 156-7.

1 I haven't been able to find these. M. Sandras often indulges in gammon.

2 What this means, I can't guess.

3 "Voyez le texte anglais (v. 7384—7709). Le début du discours est emprunté aux Gesta Romanorum, comme l'indique M. G. Brunet, dans sa récente édition du Violier des histoires romaines, p. 311." Gammon again, if not dishonesty : the fact is, that the story of the 'irons potestate,' who had 3 knights killed for nothing, which Chaucer tells from Seneca in 28 lines, beyond the middle of the Summoner's Tale, D 2017-2042, is also told in the Gesta Romanorum of Eraclius a wise Emperoure reignynge in the citee of Rome, p. 194 of the Early English version, ed. Madden, Roxb. Club, 1838. M. Brunet rightly says in his note, p. 311, "Cette anecdote est, pour le fond des choses, empruntée à Sénèque (De ira, 1, 8). Chaucer l'a reproduite dans un de ses contes de Canterbury. Vois le Somnoures Tale, v. 7599."
En lieu de fable vos dirai
Un voirs, ensi k'oi dire ai,
D'un prestre ki astoit manans
Deleis Anwiers : li remanans
Estoit mult biaus de son avoir,
Car plains estoit do grant savoir ;
Si n'avoir pas tot despendut ;
A amassier avoir tendut,
S'estoit riches hors et mobilés ;
Buez et vaches, brebis et blèces,
Avoit tant c'on n'en savait conte.
Mais li mors, qui roi, duc, ne conte
N'espargne, l'ot par son message
Somont al naturel passage.
Entropikes3 ert devenus,
De nul home n'estoit tenus
Ki li promesist longe vie.
Li prestes qui out grant envie
De bien morir et justement,
Mande tost et isnelement
Son doien et toz ses amis ;
Son avoir entre lor main mis
Por donner et por departir
Cant ilh verront que departir
De son cors estovra l'ame.
Jowel, cossin, pot, ne escame,
Cuette, tuelle, neiz une nape,
Brebis, moutons, buef, ne sa chape

3 M. Victor Leclerc translates 'Entropikes' by 'près de mourir d'hydropisie.' He doubtless reads 'Eutropikes,' and holds that to be 'hydropique.'
among the people he names.

And open letters are written and sealed in witness thereof.

Two Jacobin Friars come to the Priest, ask how he is, handle him, and think he must die.

Friar Lewis says, "We can't cure him, but he ought to give our house £20 to mend our books.

"True," says Friar Simon.3

Ne li remaist que tot ne donne;
Et nome chasconne persone
À cui ilh wet c'on doinst ses chozes.

Descouvertes, et non pas closes
Lettres saeler et escrire
En fist, que ne le vos puis dire
Plus briemt; quant qu'il avoit
Il dona tot quant qu'il savoit,
Con chil qui n'avoit esperance
D'avoir de son mal aligance;
Car sa maladie er amere.

Atant se sont d'Anwier dui frere
De Saint Jake1 issu por prechier,
Qui mult se wellent estachier
Cant aucun desviuet ravoient.
Cele par tot droit ont lor voie,
Si sunt chil le prestre venus;
I estre quidarent retenus
Al mangier, à joie et à feste,
[Loi un vers manque.]
Si c'autrefois esté i furent;
Mais ne mangierent ne ne burent,
Car malade ont trové le prestre.

Nonporquant li ont de son estre
Demandé, et de son afaire.

Ses mains manient, son viaire,
Ses piés, ses jambes regarderent,
Et tot son cors mult bien tansterent;
Si lor sembla bien par droiture
C'avoir ne poist de son mal cure,
K'i ne l'en coviene morir.

Trop lonc tans l'a laisié norrir;
Si n'est pas legiers à curer.

"Mais desir nos covient curer,"
Dist l'uns à l'autre, "c'est passé,
Ke de l'avoir k'a amassé
Doinst à nostre maison vingt livres,
A le por refaire nos livres;
Se nos le poons ensi faire,
À nos prius devera plaire,
Et si seront liet no frere."

"Vos dites voir, par Dieu no pere;"
Frere Lowis, or i parra
Liqueis miez à lui parlera,

1 Jacobin: m. A Jacobin, or white Frier.—Cotgrave.
2 See 'Frere Lowis, frere Symons,' I. 249, below.
Et mostrera nostre besongne:"
Al prestre qui out grant esoingne
De maladie ont dit sans faille:
"Sire, chis maus mult vos travaille,
Vos nos sembleis mult agreveis,
De vostre ame penser deveis;
Doneis por Dieu de vostre avoir."
Dist li prestes, "ne puis savoir
K'ai caché sortout ne cote,
Neis les linchues à coi me frote,
Ke tout n'aie por Deu doné,"
"Coment aveis-vos ordené,"
Dient li frere, "vos besongne ?
Li Escripture nos temongne
C'on doit garder à cui on done,
S'enployiet est à la persone
À cui on wet aumone faire."
Li prestes respont sans contraire :
"J'ai à mes povres parentiaus
Doné brebis, vaces et viaux,
Et as povres de cele vilhe
Ai doné ausi, par Saint Gilhe,
De bleis qui vaut plus de dis livres;
Par ce ke je soie delivres
De ce ke j'ai vers iaus mespris;
Car en toi iaus mon vivre ai pris.
Si ai doné as orfenines,
A orfenins et à beguines,
Et à gens de povre puisance;
Et si ai laisiet por pitance
Cent souz as freres des cordeles."
"Ces amuenes se sunt mult beles:
Et as freres de no maison
Aveis-vos fait nule raison?"
Ce dient li doi frere al prestre.
"Nai voir." "Ce comment puet estre?
En maison a tant de preudomes;
Et à vos prochain voisiens somes;
Et si vivons mult sobrement;
Vos ne moreis pas justement;
Se del vostre ne nos laiïes."
Li prestes trestous esmaïés
Respont: "par les celz de ma teste,
A donner n'ai ne bleif ne beste,
THE PRIEST'S BLADDER; FOR THE SUMMONER'S TALE.

Or ne argent, chanap ne cope."
Chascons des freres li rencope,
Et li mostre, par exemplaire,
K'ilh puet un de ses donts retraire
Et rapeler, por iaus doner.
"No nos vorimes mult pener
Ke vostre ame fust adrechie,
Car chaiens a esté drechie
Soventes fois bien notre escuele;
Et li amuene si est biele
Ki est à nostre maison mise.
Nos no vestons nulle chemise,
Et si vivomes en pitance :
Ce sache Diex, por la valhance
De vostre argent nel' disons mie."
Li preste l'ot, si s'en gramie,
Et pense qu'il s'en vengera,
S'ilh puet, et qu'il les trufera :
Mar le vont or si prés tenant.
As freres respont maintenant :
"Appenseis sui, doner vos welh
Un jowel ke mult amer suel,
Et aime encore par Sains Pier;
Je n'ai chose gaires plus chiere,
Milh mars d'argent n'en prenderoie
Et se je bien haités estoie,
Je n'en voroi mies avoir
Deus cens marchies d'autre avoir.
Diez vos a chaiens asseneis;
Vostre prieus me ramineis,
Si vos en fera conissanche
Ains que de vie aie faillance."
Li frere, sans duel et sans ire,
Ont respondut "Diex le vos mire!
Cant valeis-vos que revenons,
Et nostre prieuz ramenrons?"
"Demain, je sui ou Diex plaisir,
Vo promesse deveis saisir
Ains que je trop agreveis soie."
Atant ont acueilli lor voie
[p. 20, col. 1]
The Friars go
to-morrow.
back to Antwerp,
tell their
Chapter.
A grand feed is
ordered on the
À un prestre ke nos savons 164
Malade chi à une vilhe."
Frere Nichole et frere Gilha, 168
Frere Guilhiame et frere Ansiaus
Vinrent oir ces mos nouviauz
Ki mult forment lor abolissen.
De ces grans poisons mander fisent,
Viez vin novel, fions1 et pasteis;
Chil grans mangier fu mult hasteis;
Chaseuns de lui bien aisier pense,
Ne burent pas vin de despense,
De boire et de mangier bien s’aisent;
Por le prestre le hanap baisent
Ki le jewel lor ot promis.
Cant en lor testes orent mis
De ce bon vin, grant feste fisent,
Lor cloches sovent en bondissen
daus con ilh i awist cor sain.
N‘i a voisin qui ne se saint,
Et se merveilling qu’il aloient.
Qui miez miéz as preschers s’avoient
Por la grant merveilhe esgarder.
Nus d’iauz ne se savoit garder
De mener vie deshoneste,
Car chascons a ferre la reste
De bon vin et de lor pitance.
A lor diverse contenance
Et al maintieng et à lor estre
Semblerten bien hors de sens estre;
Chascons ki les voit, s’en merveilhe.
Et frere Lowis s’aparailhe
De demander con faitement
Il poroienc plus sagement
Al prestre querre lor promesse.
Demain anchois c’on chante messe
Se fera bon metre à la voie;
Dist chascons, "se Jhesu m’avoie,
Anchois ke li mors le sorprengne,
Si comment ke la choze prengne,
De nos don aions conissance:
Nos i arons mainte pitance,
Si s’en doit-on mult bien pener.
Frere Lowis, lesqueis miner
I voreis-vos, or le nos dites?"
"Frere Guilhiames li ermites 208

Friars: m. Flawnes, Custards, Egge-pies.—Cotgrave.

Frere Lowis asks how they can best get the Priest’s promise out of him.
They settle that next day the Friars shall set off.
Friar Lewis and Friars William.
Nicholas, and Robert, (with their breviary), but not their Prior.

So in the morning the Friars go off (though before night they wish they'd stopt at home),

salute the Priest, and ask if he's better.

The Priest welcomes them, and says he hasn't forgotten the gift for them;

but they must fetch the Sheriffs and Mayor,

and then he'll tell 'em what and where the jewel is.

Friar Robert fetches the Sheriffs and Mayor.

The Priest says, "My friends, yesterday Friars Lewis and Simon came to preach to me,

[p. 21, col. 1]
Et après si me demanderent
Se j'avoie pensé de m'amé,
Et je lor dis par nostre Dame,
Ke j'avoie trestot donet.
Ilh demanderent s'ordiné
À lor maison rien née avoie ;
Et je dis 'non.' Se Diex m'avoie,
Il ne m'en estoit sovenu.
Or estoient trop tart venu,
Je n'avoie mais que doner.
'Non,' disent ilh, 'trop malmené
Vos voi ; mavaisement moreis
S'en cestui propoz demoreis,
Se vos ne nos doneis del vostre' :
Et je, par sainte patenostre,
Ne welh pas morir malement ;
Si ai pensé si longement
K'apenseis me sui d'une coze
Ke j'ai en mon porpris encloze,
Ke j'aime mult, et ting mult chiere ;
Mais je lor doin en tel maniere
K'ilh ne l'aront tant con vivrai,
Car onkes ne le delivrai
En autrui garde qu'en la moie.
Sachiés ke durement l'amoie
Et amerai toute ma vie.
Sans convoitise et sans envie
Lor done chi en vo presence,
Et que nus n'i amene tenche."
Dient al prestre li cinc frere,1
"Dite quel chose c'est, biaz pere !"
"Volentiers voir ; c'èst me vesie !
Se vos l'avoîtes bien netoié;
Miez que de corduan varra,
Et plus longement vos durra ;
Se porciens ens metre vo poivre."
"Nos avei-vos ci por dechoivre
Mandeis, fos prestes entesté ?
Avoir nos cuidiés ahomeis,
Mais n'en aveis, par Saint Obert,
Bien nos teneis or por hobert !"
"Mais vos, por beste me teneis
Cant les dons que je ai doneis
Me voleis faire recolhir ;
Bien me faites le sanc bolir,
Ki voleis que le rapiele ;

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1 Only 4 are mentioned, l. 206-211.
when I told you
I'd nothing for you."  

Bien vo di que pot ne paele,
Ne riens néc à doner n'avoie.
Or me voleis mettre en tel voie
K'en vos soit miex l'amouene aise
K'en liew û je l'ewise misse,
Por ce que de tos melior estes."

The Jacobins go home with
sorry face;

and the neigh-
bours all laugh
at 'em about the
cheat of the
Bladder,

that they feasted
over.

Jakes de Baisiw
ryned this joke
because he
enjoyed it.

At the end of his translation of this story, which he calls La Vessie du Curé, M. Legrand d'Aussy says (Fabliaux ou Contes, vol. iv, p. 184): "Ce testament burlesque et dérisoire est encore une de ces plaisanteries dont on fait communément honneur à Jean de Meung. Fauchet la lui a attribuée, d'après une chronique d'Aquitaine; et nos compilateurs anecdotiers, peuple ignorant et amoureux de la singularité, l'ont copiée, sans examen, d'après Fauchet. Jean, selon celui-ci, avoit, par son testament, légué aux jacobins de Paris des coffres qu'il disoit renfermer toute sa fortune; mais d'étout à condi-
tion qu'ils célébreroient un service pour le repos de son âme, et qu'ils ne les ouvriroient qu'après le service célébré. Ils lui en firent un magnifique; mais les coffres ne contenoient que des ardoises; et quand ils vinrent à les ouvrir et qu'ils se virent dupés, ils entrèrent dans une telle colère, qu'ils exhumèrent le corps. Fauchet ajoute que le parlement vengea le poète, et qu'il obligea les moines de lui donner dans leur cloître une sépulture honorable.

Il pourrait bien en être de cette historiette comme de celles de la plus pute et du cœur mangé. Je suis convaincu au moins que, si Fauchet eût connu les deux fabliaux qu'on vient de lire, tout dépourvu qu'il eût de goût et de critique, il eût été frappé de l'imitation.

Dans le Paragon des nouvelles, fol. 56, Wlespiegle joue à un curé un tour pareil à celui du fabliau,"
NOTES TO THE TALE OF THE PRIEST'S BLADDER,

BY MR HENRY NICOL.

Title, p. 135, l. 4. Le for la is not uncommon, but the text seems to have the latter.
1. 6. Jakes should be Jake, being accusative; see l. 41, de Saint Jake.

p. 137, l. 2. voirs should be voir, being accusative.
1. 4. Similarly Anwiers should be Anvier, as in l. 40.
1. 6. do ?de; the preposition without the article seems more suitable.
1. 10. The form blées is unknown; it ought to be bleis or blés. The rhyme-word moblès is right enough.
1. 22. As there are several people, I should have expected maine; not maine. mis ought to be mist, but this would spoil the rhyme.
1. 24. I suppose ilh is in the MS., as lh occurs several times later on; but I do not understand it. lh is the regular Provençal representation of the liquid l, French ill, final il; but I have not heard of its being found in French except in some very old MSS. Here, too, the word has the common l in French, not the liquid; so what the lh means I cannot guess. Provençal has the identical form here, of course liquid.
1. 25. This is too short; estovera, which is not uncommon, would do.

p. 138, l. 35. The line is too short; que il for qu'il would suit.

1. 44. par should be part; the initial of the following tot may have caused the omission of the final t.
1. 45. chil (= ceux) makes no sense; probably it ought to be chies (= chez). venus, being nominative plural, ought to be venu or venut.
1. 46. This is too long; the removal of I, the change of quidarent to quident, or that of retenus to tenus, would put it right. quidarent for quiderent occurs in some MSS., but here -erent seems the form in all other places. retenus should be retenu or retenu, as above.
1. 56. tasterent for tasterents seems unknown, and has no support in etymology (taxis).  
1. 59. It strikes me that the initial K'i ought to be Ke; I cannot construe the line with Ki or K'i. K'il would make sense.
1. 62. desir should be desirs.
NOTES TO THE TALE OF THE PRIEST’S BLADDER.

I. 69. The line is too short; probably no should be nostre.

P. 139, l. 82. linches: linçol (shirt) occurs in early Old French.

I. 95. As vaunt is singular, bleis should be bleif, as in l. 116.

I. 108. Also too short; puet-il for puet would do.

P. 140, l. 117. chanap I do not know; hanap (cup), as in l. 176, is probably meant.

I. 122. Such a form as vorimes I do not know; the usual one is vorëmes, in this dialect.

I. 125. notre for nostre is late, or a mistake.

I. 132. preste should be prestes.

I. 139. aime for aim (1st sing.) is late, and is not needed for the metre. Sains should be Saint.

I. 143. voroi is clearly a mistake for voroë, which is wanted for syntax and metre.

I. 151. revenons should be revenrons, to suit ramenrons, next line.

I. 153. Dieu should be Dieu.

I. 163. libres for lievres is a case of etymological spelling, which I hope is of the 15th century. gaangniets for gagnë is, on the other hand, two or three centuries earlier; it makes the line too long, so I suppose gangniets is meant. Deux is, I suppose, an extension of MS. ii.

P. 141, l. 171. fions I do not understand; the metre will allow of only one syllable, so flons may be meant. This, however, is doubtful; the only forms I know are Old French flaons, modern flans.

I. 172. mangier should be mangiers.

I. 181. This is too long; ilk or i might be removed. sais should be saint.

I. 183. merveillent does not agree with saint of the preceding line.

I. 188. ferre ought to be forré (fourré), as this would give some meaning.

I. 200. Jhesu should be Jhesus; probably the MS. has a contraction.

P. 142, l. 214. This means, ‘we do not require our prior.’ The priest asked the friars to bring him, but they do not. Thus there are only 4 friars, not 5, as l. 285 says.

I. 215. oriet I do not know; ariet (arrayed) would make sense.

I. 216. son should be sont.

I. 221. Anwiers should be Anvier.

I. 229. As don is masculine, La should be Le.

I. 245. I have met with prumierement for premiérement, but never with premiérement.

I. 247. I think Sangnor should be Saingnor or Seingnor; a occurs for e before nasals, but hardly for ei or ai.

P. 143, l. 259. donet rhyming on ordiné is a useless archaism.

I. 266. malménë does not rhyme with doner of the line before; but malmener does not suit the syntax as well.

I. 267. The voi here I do not understand, as it ought to be plural (disent ilh). To change it to voir (= vrai) suits the sense, but not the construction of the line before.
I. 275. Here is *aime* for *aim* again; but it is wanted for the metre; though *je aim* would do.
I. 283. done for *don* is in the same case; *vostre* for *vo* would make it up.
I. 285. note. The poet has clearly omitted one of the names in ll. 206-211; in l. 242 four friars are mentioned, besides Robert, who had gone to fetch the sheriffs, &c.
I. 286. *dite* should be *dites*.
I. 287. *me* for *ma* is not uncommon, like *le* for *la*; but the *a* form seems the regular one in this text.
I. 288. *This* is too long; *vos* might be struck out.
I. 293. entesté should be entestés (or -teis) for grammar and rhyme.
I. 301. Here again it seems that *Kt* should be *Kt*. The line is too short; probably *je* should be inserted between *que* and *le*. *le* itself ought to be *les*, to agree with *dons* before.

p. 144, l. 312. The derivation of *en-aís* is doubtful; its meaning, according to Burguy, is *environ*, à peu près, presque; he gives only *anaises*, *enaises*.
I. 315. I do not know the form *Jacobíns* for *Jacobins*.
I. 319. *nex* I do not know, and I cannot hit on a probable emendation.

The dialect is, on the whole, Picard, but mixed with other forms. Many forms are late, others early; only an examination of the MS. could determine its age, but I think it must be a late copy of something early, from the mixture of forms. The original editor talks of XII and XIII centuries; the poem may be of either date, but I do not think the text given can be earlier than the last half of the XIV. The dialect seems to agree with the scene of the poem; but such forms as *îlh* (= *il*), *valhance* (l. 130, = *vaillance*) look as if taken from the Provençal *îlh* and *valhansa*. In the absence of the MS. I cannot attempt precision.
10.

Petrarch's Latin Tale of Griseldis

(WITH BOCCACCIO'S STORY FROM WHICH IT WAS RE-TOLD)

THE ORIGINAL OF

Chaucer's "Clerk's Tale."
Tyrwhitt, in § xx. of his *Introductory Discourse to the Canterbury Tales*, says, "The Clerk's Tale is in a different strain from the four preceding. He tells us, in his Prologue, that he learned it from Petrarch at Padua; and this, by the way, is all the ground that I can find for the notion that Chaucer had seen Petrarch in Italy. It is not easy [unless we are content to suppose that Chaucer did not needlessly lie] to say why Chaucer should choose to own an obligation for this tale to Petrarch rather than to Boccaccio, from whose *Decameron*, Day X, Novel 10, it was translated by Petrarch in 1373,¹ the year before his death, as appears by a remarkable letter, which he sent with his translation to Boccaccio, *Opp. Petrarch.* [p. 601, ed. 1554, and] p. 540-7, ed. Bas. 1581. It should seem too from the same letter that the story was not invented by Boccaccio, for Petrarch says, 'that it had always pleased him when he heard it many years before,' whereas he had not seen the *Decameron* till very lately.'

I see no good outward reason why Chaucer should not have met Petrarch in 1368-9 at Milan. Chaucer might have gone with his old master, Lionel, Duke of Clarence, to Milan, where the Duke married his second wife, Violante, the daughter of Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, Petrarch being at the marriage-feast. Prince Lionel had 475 men in his retinue, and his first wife's old page might well have been among them, without being specially named. Chaucer's pension on May 25, 1368, was not received *per manus proprias* as it was on Nov. 6, 1367 (Works, i. 95). The inward argument that there is no Italian allusion in his *Dehte of Blaunche* of 1369-70 is not necessarily strong. At any rate during his Italian embassy in 1373, Chaucer may have met Petrarch.

I call the attention of readers to the 'Note' at the end of Petrarch's Tale, by my friend Mr J. W. Hales, on Chaucer's treatment of the story, and on the characters of Griselda and the Marquis. Mr Hales has also kindly revised the Latin text, and sidenoted part of it.

¹ See Sir Harris Nicolas's comments on this letter in his *Life of Chaucer*, Works, ed. Morris, i. 11-13: "The precise time when Petrarch translated the Tale of Griselda is uncertain. Two much earlier copies of that Letter are in the British Museum, one in Gothic characters without date, and another printed at Venice in 1493; but in neither of those copies does the latter part of the translation, containing the date, occur. That the date was not printed literally in the editions of 1554 and 1581 is evident from the figure '6' being used instead of a Roman numeral."
Here is the ‘remarkable letter’ that Tyrwhitt refers to:—

[Petrarchae Opera, Basil. 1581, p. 540, corrected by Ulrich Zell’s edition of about 1470 A.D.]

Franciscus Petrarca Ioan. Borcatio .S.

Ibrum tuum, quem nostro materno eloquio ut opinor olim iuuenis edidisti, nescio quidem unde uel qualiter, ad me delatum uidi. Nam si dicam legi, mentiar, siquidem ipse magnus ualde, ut ad uulgus & soluta scriptus oratione, & occupatio mea maior, & temporibus angustium erat; idque ipsum, ut nosti, bellicos undique motibus inquietum, à quibus & si animo procul absim, nequeo tamen fluctuante Republica non moueri. Quid ergo? Excucurri sum, & festini uiatoris in morum, hinc atque hinc circumspecti nec subsistens. Animaluerti aliubi librum ipsum canum dentibus lacessitum, tuo tamen baculo egregie tuaque voce defensum. Nec miratus sum. Nam & uires ingenij tui noui, & scio expertus esse hominum genus & insolens & ignauum, qui quicquid ipsi uel nolunt uel nesciunt uel non possunt, in alijs reprehendant, ad hoc unum docti & arguti, sed elingues ad reliqua. Delectatus sum in ipsos transitu, & si quid lasciniie liberioris occurreret, excusabat etas tunc tua, dum id scriberes, stilus, idioma, ipsa quoque rerum leuitas & eorum qui lecti talia uidebantur. Refert enim largiter, quibus scribas, morumque varietate stili varietas excusatur. Inter multa sanæ iocosæ & lenia, quædam pia & gruai reprehendi, de quibus tamen diffinitinæ, quid iudicem, non habeo, ut qui nusquam totus inhæserim: at quod uerè accidit eo more currentibus, curiosius aliquantol quæm catetera libri principium finemque perspexi; quorum in altero patriæ nostræ statum, illius scilicet pestulentissimi temporis, quod praé omnibus nostra ætas lugubre ac misera mundo uidit, meo quidem iudicio, & narrasti propriæ & magnificæ deplorasti. In altero autem historiam ultimam & multis precedentium longè dissimilem posuisti, quam ita mihi placuit meque detinuit, ut inter

Your book which in your youth, as I think, you published in our mother tongue, I see has reached me. I cannot say I have read it. It is a big book, and I have little time, and that little is disturbed by war commotions; so I have only run it over.

I have noted that it has been attacked, but well defended by you.

With my glance at it I have been delighted.

Amidst many levities, I have marked some things of graver tone.

Naturally, I turned specially to the beginning and the end.

At the beginning you have told well the story of that terrible plague-time;
at the end a story
that charmed me.

I learnt it by
heart, to repeat
to my friends.

Then it occurred
to me that it
might delight
those who did not
know Italian.

So one day I set
myself to trans-
late it, hoping
you would be glad
for me to do so.

I have given it in
my own words,
with just a few
changes.

To you I wish to
dedicate this
version.

Tot curas, quae penè mei ipsius immemorem fœcere,
iliam memoriam mandare uoluerim, ut & ipse eam animo,
quotiens uellem, non sine uoluptate repeterem, et amicos
ut sit confabulantibus renarrarem, si quando alicub
tale incidisset. Quod cum breui postmodum fecissem
gratiamque audientibus cognouisse, subitò talis inter-
loquendum cogitatio superuenit fieri posse, ut nostri
etiam sermonis ignaros tam dulcis historia delectaret,
cum & mihi semper ante multis annos audita placuisset,
&tibi usque adeò placuisse perpenderem, ut uulgari
eam stilo tuo censueris non indignam & fine operis,
ubi Rhetorum disciplina ualidiora qualibet collocari
iubet. Itaque die quodam, inter varios cogitatus, animum
more solito discerpenst & illis & mihi ut sic dixerim
iratus, uale omnibus ad tempus dicto, calamum arripiens,
historiam ipsam tuam scribere sum aggressus, te haud
dubiè gauisurum sperans, utrò rerum interpretatem me
tuarum fore. Quod non faciè alteri cuieunque praest-
terem, egit me tui amor & historia: ita tamen, ne
Horatianum illud poetico artis obliuiiserer:

Nec uerbum uero curabis reddere fidus
Interpres:

Historiam tuam meis uerbis explicui, [1]imò alicubi aut
paucis in ipsa narratione mutatis uerbis aut additis,
quod te non ferente modò sed fauente fieri credidi. 1]
Quæ licet à multis & laudata & expetita fuerit, ego rem
tuam tibi non alteri dedicandam censui. Quam quidem
an mutata ueste deformauerim an fortassì ornauerim, tu
iudica; illuc enim orta illum redit, notus index, nota
domus, notum iter, 2 ut unum & tu noris, & quisquis
hæc leget, tibi non mihi tuarum rationem rerum esse
reddendam. Quisquis ex me quæret, an hæc vera sint,
hoc est an historiam scripserim an fabulum, respondebo
illud Crispi: Fides penes auctorem, meum scilicet
Ioannem, sit. Hæc praefatus incipio.

1-1 These words are not in Ulrich Zell's edition.
2 Ulrich Zell's edition omits "ut unum." What do the edi-
tions of 1554 and 1581 mean, or wish to mean, by the phrase?—
J. W. H. (It is a common enough phrase in English, though
not of much use—"that you and our readers may know one
thing—that, &c."—H. H. G.)
PETRARCH'S TALE OF GRISELDIS

(FROM FRANCISCI PETRARCHÆ OPERA, BASILEÆ (1581), p. 541, AND BOCCACCIO'S (ed. 1827-34), FROM WHICH PETRARCH RE-TOLE IT.)

Francisci Petrarchæ V. C. de Obedientia ac fide uxoria Mythologia.

Est ad Italie latus occiduum Vesulus ex Appennini is ingis mons unus altissimus, qui uestice nubila superans liquido sese ingerit aetheri, mons suapte nobilis natura, sed Padi ortu nobilissimus, qui eius a latere fonte lapsus, exiguo orientem contra solem furtur, mirisque mox tumidus incrementis, breui spacio decursu, non tantum maximorum unus annium, sed fluuiorum à Vergilio rex dictus. Liguriam gurgite violentus interseat, dehinc Aemiliam, atque Flaminiam, Venetiamque discriminans, multis ad ultimum & ingentibus ostijs, in Adriaticum mare descendit. The country

\( \text{On the west of} \)

Italy is a very high mountain

\( \text{where the Po} \)

is warm and pleasant, and is called Piedmont. The land of Saluces lies there,

\( \text{ruled by} \)

Marquisæ, of whom the first, Walter, was a noble and illustrious man, but too fond of hunting, and hated marriage.

\( \text{The country} \)

\( \text{is warm and pleasant, and is called Piedmont.} \)

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Già è gran tempo, fu tra’ marchesi di Saluzzo il maggior della casa un giovane chiamato Gualtieri, il quale essendo senza moglie e senza figliuoli, in niuna altra cosa il suo tempo spendeva che in uccellare e in cacciare, nè di prender moglie nè d’ aver figliuoli alcun pensiere avea,
At last his subjects remonstrated:

You please us, and we shall always be happy under you; but one thing we ask, that you think of marriage at once.

Your youth passes, old age and death will follow.

You may leave the choice of your wife to us; we’ll get you a fit one. Free us from the fear of your dying without a successor.

Marquis Walter answers: I’ve never thought of marrying; but I

ab ipsis quoque coniugij consilijs abhorreret. Id aliquamdiù taciti cùm tulissent, tandem ceteruam illum adeunt, quorum unus, cui uel auctoritas maior erat uel facundia, maiorque cum suo duce familiaritas, “Tua (inquit) humanitas, optime Marchio, hanc nobis praestat audaciam, ut & tecum singuli quoties res exposcit deuota fiducia colloquamur, & nunc omnium tacitas uoluntas mea uox tuis auribus inuehat, non quod singulare aliiquid habeam ad hanc rem, nisi quod tu me inter alios charum tibi multis indieiciis comprobasti. Cùm meritoigitur tua nobis omnia placeant, semperque plauerint, ut felices nos tali domino judicemus: unum est, quod si à te impetrari sinis teque nobis exorabilem prebes, planè felicissimi finitimorum omnium futuri sumus, ut coniugio scilicet animum applies, collumque non liberum modò sed imperiosum legitimo subijcias ingo, idque quàmprimum facias: volant enim dies rapidi, & quamquam florida sis ætate, continuè tamen hunc florem tacita senectus insequitur, morsque ipsa omni proxima est ætati. Nulli númeris huius immunitas datur, aequè omnibus moriendum est, utque id certum, sic illud ambiguum, quando eneniat. Suscipe igitur, oramus, eorum preces, qui nullo tuum imperium recusaret, querendæ autem coniugis studium nobis linque; talem enim tibi procurātum, quæ te merito digna sit, & tam claris orta parentibus, ut de ea spec optima sit habenda, libera tuos omnes molestia sollicitudine quæsumus, ne si quid humaniæ tibi forsan accideret, tu sine tuo successore abeas, ipsi sine utiuo rectore remaneant.” Mouerunt pie preces animum Viri, & “cogitis (inquit) me, amici, ad id quod mihi in animum nunquam uenit; delectabat omnimoda liber-

di che egli era da reputar molto salvo. La qual cosa a’ suoi uomini non piaceendo, piu volte il pregarono che mogle prendesse, acciocché egli senza crede nè essi senza signor rimanessero, offrendosi di trovar-gliele tale e di sì fatto padre e madre discesa, che buona speranza se ne potrebbe avere ed esso contentarsene molto. A’ quali Gualtieri rispose: “amici miei, voi mi stringete a quello che io del tutto aveva disposto di non far mai, considerando quanto grave cosa sia a poter trovare chi co’ suoi costumi ben si convenga, e quanto del contrario sia grande la copia, e come dura vita sia quella di colui che a donna non bene a sè conveniente s’abbatte. E il dire che voi vi crediate a’ cos-tumi de’ padri e delle madri le figliuole conoscere, donde argomentate di darlami tal che mi piacerà, è una sciocezza; conciò sia cosa che io non sappia dove i padri possiate conoscere, nè come i segreti delle madri di quelle, quantunque pur cognoscendoli, sieno spesse volte le
tas, quae in coniuigio rara est. Caeterum subiectorum voluntatibus me sponte subjicio, & prudentiae uestrae fisus & fidei: Illam uerò quam offertis querendae curam coniugis, remitto, quamque humeris meis ipse subeo; quid unius enim claritas conferat alteri? Sæpe filij dissimihi sunt parentum. Quiequid in homine boni est, non ab alio, quam à Deo est. Illi ergo & status & matrimonij mei sortes, spersans de sua solita pietate, commiserim; ipse mihi inueniet, quod quieti meae sit expediens ac saluti. Itaque quando uobis ita placitum est, uxorem ducam, id uobis bona fide polliceor, uestrumque desiderium nec frustrabor equidem, nec morabor: unum uos mihi uersa uice promittite ac seruatu, ut quamcumque coniugem ipse delegero, cam uos summo honore ac ueneratione prosequamini, nec sit ullus inter uos, qui de meo unquam iudicio aut litiget aut queratur. Vestrum fuit me omnium quos nouistis liberrimum, iugo subjicisse coniugij; mea sit iugi ipsius electio, quacunque uxor mea erit, illa, cuu Romani principis filia, domina uestra sit." Promittunt unanimiter, ac laetè nihil de futurum, ut quibus uix possibile videretur optatum diem cernere nudiarum, de quibus in diem certum magnificentissimè reparation domini uibentis edictum alacer susceperunt. Ita à colloquio discessum est, & ipsi nihilominus emam ipsam nudiarum curam domesticis suis imposuit, edixitque diem.

Fuit haud procul a palatio uillula paucorum atque inopum incolarum, quorum uni omnium pauperis Ianicola nomen erat, sed ut pauperum quoque tuguria nonnumquam gratia coelestis inuisit, unica illi contigerat Griselidis nomine, forma corporis satís egregia, sed pulchritudine morum atque animi adeò speciosa, ut nihil suprâ. Hec parco uichtu, in summa semper inopia educata, omnis inscia uoluptatis, nil molle, nil tenerum cogitare didicerat, sed uirilis senilisque animus uirginem latebat in pectore. Patris senium inextimabilis refouens give way to you.

Only, I'll choose my wife myself.

To please you, I'll marry at once: but you must promise to reverence my wife, whomssoever I may choose, as if she were a Roman prince's daughter." They promise.

Walter orders preparations for his marriage, and fixes the day for it.

Not far from his palace dwelt a very poor man, Ianicola, with an only daughter Griselidis, lovely and good.

Poorly brought up,
she had a man's mind.

figiuloe a' padri e alle madri dissipili. Ma, poichè pure in queste catene vi piace d' annodarmi, e io voglio esser contento: e acciocchè io non abbia da dolemti d' altrui che di me, se mal venisse fatto, io stesso ne voglio essere il trovatore, affermandovi che, cui che io mi tolga, se da voi non sia come donna onorata, voi proverete con gran vostro danno quanto grave mi sia l' aver contra mia voglia presa mogliere a' vostri prieghi." I valenti uomini risposon chi' erano contenti, sol che esso sì recasse a prender moglie.

Erano a Gualtieri buona pezza piaciuti i costumi d' una povera giovinetta, che d' una villa vicina a casa sua era, e parentogli bella

CH. ORIG. 11 ¹ p. 542.
She took tender care of her father, and did all her duties well. Her had Walter often seen, had noted her rare virtue, and resolved that he'd marry none but her.

No one knows whence the bride is to come, though Walter prepares jewels and dresses for her. The wedding day comes; no bride is named; folk wonder.

charitate, et pauculas eius ones pacebat, et colo interim digitos atterebat, uicissimque domum rediens, oluscula et dapes fortune congruas preparabat, durumque cubicum sternebat, et ad summum angusto in spatio totum filialis obedientiae ac pietatis officium explicabat. In hanc unguenculam Gualtherus sepì illâc transiens, quandoque oculos non iuuenili lasciuia sed senili gravitate defixerat, et uirtutem eximiam supra sexum supraque setatem, quàm uulgi oculus conditionis obscuritas abscondebit, acri penetratar intuitu. Vnde effectum, ut et uxorem habere, quod unquam antè voluerat, & simul hanc unam nullamque aliam habere disporeret. Instabat nuptiarum dies, unde autem uentura sponsa esset, nemo nouterat, nemo non mirabatur; ipse interim & anulos aureos & coronas & balteos conquirebat, uestes autem pretiosas & calceos & eius generis necessaria omnia, ad mensuram puella alterius, qua statura sue persimilis erat, preparari faciebat. Venerat expectatus dies, & cum nullus sponsae rumor audiretur, admiratio omnium uelhementer excreuerat, hora iam assai, estimò che con costei dovesse potere aver vita assai consolata; e perciò, senza più avanti cercare, costei propose di volere sposare: e fattosi il padre chiamare, con lui, che poverissimo era, si convenne di torla per moglie. Fatto questo, fece Gualtieri tutti i suoi amici della contrada adunare, e disse loro: "amici miei, egli v' è piacint o piace che io mi disponga a tor moglie, e io mi vi son disposto, più per compiacere a voi che per desiderio che io di moglie avessi. Voi sapete quello che voi mi promettereste, cioè d' esser contenti e d' onorar come donna qualunque quella fosse che io togliessi: e perciò venuto è il tempo che io sono per servire a voi la promessa, e che io voglia che voi a me la serviate. Io ho trovata una giovane secondo il cuor mio assai presso di qui, la quale io intendo di tor per moglie e di menarliami fra qui a pochi di a casa; e perciò pensate come la festa delle nozze sia bella, e come voi onorevolmente ricever la possiate, acciocché io mi possa della vostra promession chiamar contento, come voi della mia vi potrete chiamare." I buoni uomini lieti tutti risposero ciò piacer loro, e che, fosse chi volesse, essi l' avrebbero per donna e onorerebbonla in tutte cose sì come donna. Appresso questo tutti si misero in assetto di far bella e grande e lieta festa, e il simigliante fece Gualtieri. Egli fece preparare le nozze grandissime e belle, e invitavi molti suoi amici e parenti e gran gentili uomini e altri dattorno: e oltre a questo fece tagliare e far più robe belle e ricche al dosso d' una giovane, la quale della persona gli pareva che la giovinetta la quale aveva proposto di sposare; e oltre a questo apparecchiò cinture e anella e una ricca e bella corona, e tutto ciò che a novella sposa si richiedea. E venuto il dì che alle nozze predetto avea, Gualtieri in su la mezza
prandij aderat, iamque apparatu ingenti domus tota
feruebat. Tun Gualtherus aduentanti uelut sponse
obuiam prefecturam domo egreditur, prosequente
uiorum e matronarum nobilium caterua. Griseldis
omnia quae erga se pararentur ignara, peractis quae
agenda domi erant, aquam e longinquo fonte connect-
tans, paternum limen intrabat, ut expedita curis alios,
ad uisendam Domini sui sponsam cum puellis comiti-
bus properaret. Tun Gualtherus cogitabundus ince-
dens, camque compellans nomine: 'Vbinam pater
eius esset,' interrogavit; quecum illum domi esse
rererenter atque humiliter respondisset, "Tute (inquit)
ad me ueniat." Venientem senculm, manu pre-
hensum, parumper abstraxit, ac submissa uoce, "Seco
(quit) me Iacolica charum tibi, teque hominem fidum
nou, & quacunque mihi placeant, uelle te arbitror;
unum tamen nominatim nosse uelim: an me quem
dominum habes, data mihi hac tua in uxorom filia
generum uelis?" Inopino negotio stupefactus senex
obriguit, et uix tandem paucis hiscens, "Nil (inquit)
aut uelle debeo, aut nole, nisi quod placitum tibi sit,
quod Dominus meus es." "Ingridiam soli ergo (in-
quit) ut ipsam de quibusdam interrogem, te presente."
Ingressi igitur, expectante populo ac mirante, puellam
circa patris obsequium satagentem, & insolito tanti
hospitis aduentu stupidam innuere, quam ijs uerbis
Gualtherus agreditur: "Et patri tuo placet (inquit) &
mihi, ut uxor mea sis. Credo id ipsum tibi placeat,
sed habeo ex te quereere, ubi hoc peractum fuerit, quod
mox erit, an uolenti animo parata sis, ut de omnibus
tecum mihi conueniat, ita ut in nulla unquam re a
mea uoluntate dissentias, & quicquid tecum agere

Then Walter sets
out; many follow
him. Griselda is just
carrying-in some
water, to be in
time to see the
Bride, when
Walter calls her,
asks for her
father,

and says to him,
'I know you are
my liege man,

but will you give
me your daughter
to wife?'

'As you please,
Sire.'

'Let us then ask
her.'

'Griseldis!
Your father and
I will that you
be my wife. But
first I ask you
whether you'll
always do my
will in everything
without any sign
of resistance.'

terza montò a cavallo, e ciascun altro che ad onorarlo era venuto: e
ogni cosa opportuna avendo disposta, disse: "signori, tempo è d' andare
per la novella sposa": e messosi in via con tutta la compagnia sua, per-
vennero alla villetta: e giunti a casa del padre della fanciulla, e lei
trovata, che con acqua tornava dalla fonte in gran fretta, per andar
poi con altre femmine a veder venire la sposa di Gualtieri. La quale
come Gualtieri vide, chiamatala per nome, cioè Griselda, domandò dove
il padre fosse. Al quale ella vergognosamente rispose: "signor mio,
egli è in casa." Allora Gualtieri smontato, e comandato ad ogni uom
che l' aspettasse, solo se n' entrò nella povera casa, dove trovò il padre
de lei, che avea nome Giannucole, e dissegli: "io sono venuto a
sposar la Griselda; ma prima da lei voglio sapere alcuna cosa in tua
presenza:" e domandò se ella sempre, togliendola egli per moglie,
s' ingegnerrebbe di complacergli, e di niuna cosa, che egli dicesse o
She answers, 'Yes, I will never even think against your will, and will not murmur if you bid me die.' Enough, says Walter; leads her out, declares her his wife, and bids his people love her.

He has her clad anew,

and crowned, so that the people hardly recognize her.

Then Walter weds her, and takes her to his palace on a snow-white palmyre.

Soon, by God's grace, she seems as if bred in an Imperial court; she is loved and reverenced by all,

uolnero, sine ulla frontis aut uerbi repugnantia te ex animo volente mihi liceat." Ad hec illa miraculo rei tremens, "Ego mi domine (inquit) tanto honore me indignam scio: at si noluntas tua, sique sors mea est, nil ego unquam scien, sed etiam cogitabo, quòd contra animum tuum sit, nec tu alicui facies, & si me mori insseris, quòd molestè feram."

"Satis est" (inquit ille); sic in publicum eductam populo ostendens: "Hæc (aet) uxor mea, hec domina nostra est, hanc colite, hanc amate, & si me charum habetis, hanc charissimam habetote." Dehinc, ne quid reliquiarum fortunæ ueteris nouam inferret in domum, nudari eam iussit, & a calce ad verticem nouis uestibus indui, quòd a matronis circumstantibus ac certatim sinu illam gremioque fuentibus uerecunde ac celeriter ad impetrum est. Sic horridulam uirginem, indutam, laceramque comam recollectam manibus comitantque pro tempore insignitam gemmis, & corona uelut subita transformatam, uix populos recognouvit; quam Gualthe-rus anulo pretioso, quem ad hunc usum detulerat, selle niter despansaunt, niveisque equo impositam, ad palatium deduci fecit, comitante populo & gaudente. Ad hunc modum nuptiae celebrante, diesque ille lattissimus actus est. Breni dehinc inopi sponse tantum diuini favoris affulserat, ut non in casa illa pastoria sed in aula imperatoria educat atque edocta uideretur, atque apud omnes supra fidem chara & venerabilis facta esset, nixque his ipsis, qui illam ab origine none-facesse, non turbarsi, et s' ella sarebbe obbediente, e simili altre cose assai; delle quali ella a tutte rispose di sì. Allora Gualtieri, presala per mano, la menò fuori, e in presenza di tutta la sua compagnia e d' ogni altra persona la fece spogliare ignuda, e fattisi quegli vestimenti venire che fatti aveva fare, prestamente la fece vestire e calzare, e sopra i suoi capegli cosi scarmigliati com' egli erano le fece mettere una corona, e appresso questo, maravigliandosi ogni uomo di questa cosa, disse: "signori, costei è colei la quale io intendo che mia moglie sia, dove ella me voglia per marito:" e poi a lei rivolto, che di sè medesima vergognosa e sospesa stava, le disse: "Griselda, vuo'mi tu per tuo marito?" A cui ella rispose: "signor mio, sì." Ed egli disse: "e io voglio te per mia moglie;" e in presenza di tutti la sposò. E fattala sopra un pallaflern montare, onorevolmente accompagnata a casa la si menò. Quivi furon le nozze belle e grandi, e la festa non altramenti che se presa avesse la figliola del re di Francia. La giovane sposa parve che co'vestimenti insieme l'animo e i costumi mutasse. Ella era, come già dicemmo di persona e di viso bella, e così come bella era divenne tanto avvenevole, tanto piacevole e tanto costumata, che non figliuola di
tantus, persuaderi posset Iancile natam esse; tantus erat uitea, tantus morum decor, ea uerborum grauitas ac dulcedo, quibus omnium animos nexus sibi magni amoris astrixerat. Tantaque non solum intra patrios fines, sed per finitas quasque provincias, suum nomen celebri praeconio fama uulgabat: ita ut multì ad illam uisendam uiri ac matronae studio fuerentur concurrent. Sic Gualtherus humilì quidem sed insigni ac prospero matrimonio, honestatis summa domi in pace, extra uerò summa cum gratia hominum uiiuebat, quodque eximiam uirtutem, tanta sub inopia latitantem, tam perspicaciter reprehendisset, uulgo prudentissimus habebatur. Neque uerò solers sponsa muliebria tantum hac domestica, sed ubi res posceret, publica etiam obitat officia uiro absente, lites patriae nobiliumque discordias dirimens atque componens tam grauius responsis tantaque maturitate & judicij æquitate, ut omnes ad salutem publicam demissam ceelo feminam praedicarent. Neque multum tempus effluxerat, dum grauida affecta, primum subditos anxia expectatione suspendit, dehinc filiam enixa pulcherrimam, quamuis filium maluisissent, tamen uotina fœcunditate non virum modò sed totam patriam latam fecit. Cepit, ut fit, interim Gualtherum cum iam abactata esset infantula, mirabilis quedam, quam laudabilis doctiores iudicemt, cupiditas satiis expertam charæ fidem coniugis experiendi altius & iterum atque iterum retentandi. Solam igitur in thalamum seuoca-

Giannucole e guardiana di pecore pareva stata, ma d’ alcun nobile siguore; di che ella faceva maravigliare ogni uom che prima conosciuta l’ avea. E oltre a questo era tanto obbediente al marito e tanto servente, che egli si teneva il più contento e il più appagato uomo del mondo; e similmente verso i sudditi del marito era tanto graziosa e tanto benigna, che niun ve n’ era che più che se non l’ amasse e che non l’ onorasse di grado, tutti per lo suo bene e per lo suo stato e per lo suo esaltamento pregando: dicendo (dove dir soliano Gualtieri aver fatto come poco savio d’averla per moglie presa) che egli era il più savio e il più avveduto uomo che al mondo fosse; perciocchè niun altro che egli avrebbe mai potuto conoscere l’ alta virtù da costei nascosa sotto i poveri panni e sotto l’ abito villese. E in breve non solamente nel suo marchesato, ma per tutto, anzi che gran tempo fosse passato, sepp ella sì fare, che ella fece ragionare del suo valore e del suo bene adoperare; e in contrario rivolgere, se alcuna cosa detta s’ era contra l’ marito per lei quando sposata l’ avea. Ella non fu guari con Gualtieri dimorata, che ella ingravidò, e al tempo partori una fanciulla, di che Gualtieri fece gran festa. Ma poco appresso entratogli un nuovo pensier nell’animo, cioè di volere con lunga esperienzia e con cose intollerabili provare la pazienza di lei,

so great is her grace, her gravity, and sweetness.

Her fame is raised abroad. Walter enjoys a happy home, and is held wise for having discerned Griseldis’s qualities. She attends to state affairs as well as home, and sets disputers at one. She bears a beautiful daughter. Walter resolves to try his wife’s faith. He reminds her
of her former state,
says he loves her, but his nobles don't, and he must give way to them, and get rid of her child.

She must yield, and show the patience she has promised.
'I and my girl are yours. Do with us as you will.'

You alone do I desire, or fear to lose.'
Walter goes, and sends one of his servants to Griseldis,

who tells her that he must obey his master and take away her babe.

tam, turbida fronte sic alloquitur: "Nosti, o Griseldis, neque enim presenti fortuna te præteriti tui status oblitam credo: nosti inquam, qualiter in hanc domum veneris. Mihi quidem chara satis ac dilecta es; at meis nobilibus non ita, præsentim ex quò parere incepi, qui plebei Domõnæ subesse animis fuerunt iniquissimis. Mihi ergo, qui cum eis pacem cupid, necesse est de filia tua non meo sed alieno iudicio obsequi, & id facere, quo nil mihi possit esse molestius. Id enim uerò te ignara nunquam fecerim, uolo autem tuum mihi animum accomodes, patientiamque illam praestes, quam ab initio nostri coniugij promisisti." Iis auditis, nec urbo mota, nec uilitu. "Tu (inquit) noster es Dominus, & ego, & hæc parva filia tua sumus; de rebus tuis igitur fac ut libet, nil placere enim tibi potest, quod mihi displiceat. Nil penitus uel habere copio uel amittere metuo, nisi te, hoc ipso mihi in medio cordis affixum, nunquam inde uel lapsu temporis uel morte uellendum. Omnia prius fieri possunt, quam hic animus mutari." Lætus ille responsor, sed dissimulans uisu moestus abscessit, & post paululum unum suorum satellitium fideissimum sibi, cuius opera gravioribus in negocijs uti consueuerat, quid agi vellet edoctum, ad uxorem misit, qui ad eam noctu ueniens, "Porc (inquit) ò domina, neque mihi imputes, quæ coactus facio. Scis sapientissima, quid est esse sub dominis, neque tali ingenio predictæ quamuis inexpertæ dura parendi necessitas est ignota: iussus sum hanc infantulum accipere;" atque eam hic sermone abrupto, quasi crudelè ministerium silentio ex-

primieramente la punse con parole, mostrandosi turbato e dicendo che i suoi uomini pessimamente si contentavano di lei per la sua bassa condizione, e specialmente poiché vedevano che ella portava figliuoli; e della figliuola, che nata era, tristissimi, altro che mormorar non facevano. Le quali parole udendo la donna, senza mutar viso o buon prononimento in alcuno atto, disse: "signor mio, fa' di me quello che tu credi che più tuo onore e consolazion sia; chè io sarò di tutto contenta, sì come colei che conosco che io sono da men di loro, e che io non era degna di questo onore al quale tu per tua cortesia mi recasti." Questa risposta fu molto cara a Gualtieri, conoscendo costei non essere in alcuna superbia levata per onor che egli o altri fatto l'avesse. Poco tempo appresso avendo con parole generali detto alla moglie che i sudditi non potevan patir quella fanciulla di lei nata, informato un suo famigliare, il mandò a lei, il quale con assai dolente viso le disse: "madonna, se io non voglio morire, a me conviene far quello che il mio signor mi comanda. Egli m'ha comandato che io prenda questa vostra figliuola e ch'io . . . . , e non disse più. La donna udendo le parole, e
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primens substituit. Suspecta uiri fama, suspecta facies, suspecta hora, suspecta erat oratio, quibus etsi clarè occasum iri dulcem filiam intelligenter, nec lachrymulam tamen ullam nec suspirium dedit, in nutrice quidem, nemum in matre durissimum. Sed tranquilla fronte puellulam accipiens, aliquantulum respexit, & simul exosculans, beneditix, ac signum sanctæ crucis impressit, porrexitque satelliti: "vade (ait) quodque tibi Dominus noster iniunxit exequere. Vnum quœso, cura ne corpusculum hoc fœæ lacerent, aut uolucre, ita tamen, nisi tibi contrarium sit praecipsum." Reuersus ad Dominum, cum quid dictum, quidue responsum esset exposuisset, & ei filiam obtulisset, uehementer pa-

terna animum pietas mouit; suspicium tamen rigorem propositi non inflexit, iussitque satellitii obnolutam pannis, cistse in iunctam, ac iumento impositam, quieta omni quota possit diligentia Bononiam deferret, ad sororem suam, quæ illæ Comitì De Panico nupta erat, eamque sibi traderet alendam materno studio, & charis moribus instruendam, tanta preterea occultandam cura, ut cuius filia esset, à nemine posset agnoscri. Uit ille illico, & sollicitud quo impositum ei erat impleuit. Gualtherus interea, sepe uultum coniugis ac uerba considerans, nullum unquam mutati animi perpendit indicium; par alacritas atque sedulitas, solitum obse-

quiurn, idem amor, nulla tristitia, nulla filiae mentio, nunquam siue ex proposito siue incidenter nomen eius ex ore matris auditis. Trausserant hoc in statu anni quattuor, dum ecce granida iterum filium elegantissi-
mum peperit, laetitiam patris ingentem atque omnium amicorum. Quo nutrici ab urbe post biennium subdutco, ad curiositatatem solitam reuersus pater, uxorém rursus vede

vedendo il viso del famigliare, e delle parole dette ricordandosi, com-

prese che a costui fosse imposto che egli l' uccidesse: per che presta-

mente presala della culla e basciatala e benedettata, come che gran noia nel cuor sentisse, senza mutar viso in braccio la pose al famigliare, e dissegli; "te', fa' compiutamente quello che il tuo e mio signore t' ha imposto; ma non la lasciar per modo che le bestie e gli uccelli la divo-
rino, salvo se egli nol ti comandasse. Il famigliare presa la fanciulla, e fatto a Gualtieri sentire ciò che detto aveva la donna, maravigliandosi egli della sua constanza, lui con essa ne mandò a Bologna ad una sua parente, pregandola che, senza mai dire cui figliuola si fosse, diligentemente allevasse e costumasse. Sopravvenne appresso, che la donna da capo ingravidò, e al debito debito partò un figliuol maschio, il che carissimo fu a Gualtieri. Ma, non bastandogli quello che fatto avea, con

maggior punta trasfisse la donna, e con sembiante turbato un di le

She thinks he means to kill her child, but neither cries nor sighs.

She blesses it, bids the man obey his orders, but not let beasts or birds tear her little one's corpse.

Walter, on hearing this, is moved, but tells his man to take the child to his sister, the Countess of Pavia, and charge her not to tell who the baby is.

Walter studies his wife's face and words, but finds her love still the same; she never names her child.

Four years go by, and she bears a son. Two years after, Walter
affatur: “& olim (ait) audisti populum meum aegro nostri
trum ferre connubium, presentim ex quo te fecundam
cognouere. Nunquam tamen egregius, quam ex quo
marem peperisti, dicunt enim & scis ad aures meas
murmur hoc peruenit, obuncte igitur altero, Ianiculo
nepos nostri dominabitur, & tam nobilis patria tali
domo subiacet. Multa quotidie in hanc sententiam
iaecantur in populis; quibus ego & quietis audius, & ut
uerum fatear mihi metuens permoueor, ut de hoc in-
fante disponam, quod de sorore disposui. Id tibi pre-
nuncio ne te inopinus & subitus dolor turbet.” Ad
hac illa: “dixi (ait) & repetio, nihil possum seu uelle,
seu nolle nisi quue tu, neque uerbo in ijs filij quiequam
habeo praeter laborem; tu mei, & ipsorum dominus, tuis
in rebus uire tuo utere, nec consensum meum queras,
in ipso enim tuae domus introitu ut pannos, sic &
voluntates affectusque meos exui; tuos indui; quacun-
que ergo de re quiquid tu uis, ego etiam uolo: nempe
quae si futuere tuae voluntatis essem prescia, ante etiam
quiquid id esset, & uelle, & cupere inciperem, quam
tu uelles; nunc animum tuum, quem preueniire non
possum, liberos sequor: fac sententiam tibi placer_e
quod moriar, uolens moriar, nec res uilla denique nec
mors ipsa nostro fuerit par amori.” Admirans feminine
constantiam, turbato uallu abijt, confestimque satelli-
tem olim missum ad eam remisit, qui multum excusata
necessitate pareri, multumque petita uenia, siquid ei
molestum aut fecisset aut faceret, quasi immane
scelus acturus possebit infantem. Illa eodem quo
semper uultu, qualiuunque animo filium forma corporis
atque indole non matri tantum sed cunctis amabilile
in manus cepit, signansque eum signo crucis, & bene-
dicens ut filiam fecerat, & diuiicule oculis inherens,
atque deosculans, nullo penituis signo doloris edito,
petenti obtulit. “Et tene (inquit); fac quid iussus es,
disse: “donna, poscia che tu questo figliuol maschio facesti, per niuana
ghisia con questi miei viver son potuto, si duramente si rammaricano
un che nepote di Giannucolo dopo me debba rimaner lor signore:
di che io mi dotto, se io non ci vזור esser cacciato, che non mi con-
vegna far di quelle che io altr volta feci, e alla fine lasciar te e pren-
dere un’ altra moglie.” La donna con paziente animo l’ ascoltò, nè
altro rispose se non: “signor mio, pensa di contentar te, e di soddis-
fare al piacer tuo; e di me non aver pensiere alcuno, perciocchè niuana
cosa m’è cara se non quant’ io la veggo a te piacer.” Dopo non molti
di Gualtieri in quella medesima maniera che mandato avea per la figli-
uola mandò per lo figliuolo, e similmente, dimostrato d’ averlo fatto
unum nunc etiam precor, ut si fieri potest, hos artus teneros infantis egregiis protegas a uexatione uolucrum ac ferarum." Cum ijs mandatis reuersus ad Dominum, animum eius magis in stuporem egit, ut nisi eam nosset amantissimam filiorum, paulo minus suspiciari posset, hoc femineum robur quadam ab animi feritate procedere, sed cum suorum omnium ualde, nullus erat amantior quam uiri. Tussus inde Bononiam profisci, & illum tulit, quo sororem tulerat. Poterant rigidissimo coniugi haec benevolentiae & fidei coniugalis experimenta sufficere: sed sunt, qui ubi semel inceperint non desinant, imò incumbant, hereante proposito. Defixis ergo in uxorem oculos, an uilla eius mutatio erga se fieret contemplabatur assidue, nee ullum penitus inuenire poterat, nisi quod fidelior illi indies atque obsequentior fiebat, sie ut duorum non nisi unus animus uideretur, isque non communis amborum, sed uiri duntaxat unius, uxor enim per se nihil, uel uelle, ut dictum est, nihil nolle firmauerat. Caeperat sensim de Gualtero decolor fama crebrescere, quod uidelicet effera & inhumana duritie, humilis penitentia & pudore coniugii filios iussisset interfici, nam neque puere comparabant, neque ubinam gentium essent ullus audierat; quo se ille uir alioquin clarus & suis charus multis infamem odiosum-que reddiderat. Neque ideò trux animus flectebatur, sed in suspecta severitate experiendiquestaque duru illa

uccidere, a nutricar nel mandò a Bologna, come la fanciulla aveva mandata. Della qual cosa la donna nè altre parole fece, che della fanciulla fatte avesse: di che Gualtieri si maravigliava forte, e seco stesso affermava nium' altra femmina questo poter fare, che ella faceva. E, se non fosse che carnalissima de' figliuoli, mentre gli piacca, la vedea, lei avrebbe creduto ciò fare per più non curarsene, dove come sa via lei farlo cognoabbe. I sudditi suoi credendo che egli uccidere avesse fatti i figliuoli, il biasinarvano forte e reputavanolo crudele uomo, e alla donna avevano grandissima compassione. La quale con le donne, le quali con lei de' figliuoli così morti si condoleano, mai altro non disse se non che quello ne piaceva a lei, che a colui che generati gli avea. Ma, essendo più anni passati dopo la natività della fanciulla, parendo tempo a Gualtieri di fare l' ultima pruova della sofferenza di costei, con molti de' suoi disse che per niuna guisa più sofferir poteva d' aver per moglie Griselda, e che egli cognosceva che male e giovenilmene aveva fatto quando l' aveva presa, e perciò a suo poter voleva procacciare col papa che con lui dispensasse che un' altra donna prender potesse e lasciar Griselda, di che egli da assai buoni uomini fu molto ripreso. A che null' altro rispose se non che convenia che così fosse. La donna sentendo queste cose, e parendole dovere sperare di ritornare a casa del padre, e
Twelve years after his daughter's birth, he sends to Rome for a false bull, and says it lets him put away Griseldis and take another wife.

Griseldis hears of this, and waits patiently for her lord to decide. He sends for his children; and the girl is set down as his new bride.

The Count of Pavia sets out with the girl and boy. Walter says publicly to Griseldis,

"My people force me to take another wife. She is on her road here. Give way to her. Take back your dowry, and go to your old home."

libidine procedebat. Itaque cum iam ab ortu filiae duodecim annus elapsus esset, nuncios Romam misit, qui simulatas inde literas apostolicas referrent. Quibus in populo uulgaretur, datam sibi licentiam à Romano Pontifice, ut pro sua & suarum gentium quiete, primo matrimonio reacto, aliam ducere possit uxorem: nec operosum sane fuit alpestribus rudibusque animis quidlibet persuadere. Quae fama cum ad Griseldis notitiam peruenisset, tristis ut puto, sed ut quae semel de se suisque de sortibus statuisset, inconcussa constitit, expectans quid de se ille decerneter, cui se & sua euncta subiecerat. Miserat iam ille Bononiam cognatum que roguerat, ut ad se filios suos adduceret, fama undique diffusa uirigenim illam sibi in coniugium adduci. Quod ille fideliter executurus, puellam iam nubilem, excellentem forma praeclaroque conspiciam ornatu, germanumque suum simul annum iam septimum agentem, ducens cum eximia nobilium comitia, statuto die iter arripuit. Haec inter Gualterus solito, ut uxorem retentaret, ingenio, doloris ac pudoris ad cumulum, in publicum adducet coram multis, "Satias (inquit) tuo coniugio delectabar, mores tuos non origine respiciens: nunc quoniam, ut uideo, magna omnis fortuna seruitus magna est, non mihi licet, quod cui ubique licere agriculte. Cognunt mei, & Papa consentit, uxorem me alteram habere, iamque uxor in uia est statimque aderit. Esto igitur forti animo, dansque locum alteri, & dotem tuam referens, in antiquam domum aqua mente reuertere. Nulla homini perpetua sors est." Contrà illa, "Ego (inquit) mi domine, semper scui, inter magnitudinem

forse a guardar le pecore come altra volta aveva fatto, e vedere ad un' altra donna tener colui al quale ella voleva tutto il suo bene, forte in sè medesima si dolea; ma pur, come l' altre ingiurie della fortuna aveva sostenute, così con fermo viso si dispose a questa dover sostenere. Non dopo molto tempo Gualtieri fece venire sue lettere contraffatte da Roma, e fece veduto a' suoi sudditi il papa per quelle aver seco dispensato di poter torre altra moglie e lasciar Griselda. Per che, fattalasi venir dinanzi, in presenza di molti le disse: "donna, per concession fattami dal papa, io posso altra donna pigliare e lasciar te: e perciocchè i miei passati sono stati gran gentili uomini e signori di queste contrade, dove i tuoi stati son sempre lavoratorì, io intendo che tu più mia moglie non sia, ma che tu a casa Giannucolo te ne torni con la dote che tu mi recasti, e io poi un' altra, che trovata d' ho convenevole a me, ce ne menerò." La donna udendo queste parole, non senza grandissima fatica, oltre alla natura delle femmine, ritenne le lagrime, e rispose: "signor mio, io conobbi sempre la mia bassa condizione alla
tuam & humilitatem meam nullam esse proportionem, meque nunquam tuo, non dicam coniugio, sed servitio dignam duxi, inque hac domo, in qua tu me dominam fecisti, Deum testor, animo semper ancilla permans. De hoc igitur tempore, quo tecum multo cum honore longè supra omne meritum meum fui, Deo & tibi gratias ago; de reliquo, parata sum bono pacatque animo paternam domum repetere, atque ubi pueritiam egi, senectutem agere & mori, felix semper atque honorabilis uidua, qua uiri talis uxor fuerim. Nouræ coningi volens cedo, qua tibi utinam felix adueniat, atque hinc ubi incun-dissimè degebam, quando ita tibi placitum est, non inuita discedam: at quid ibes dotem meam mecum ut auferam, qualis sit uideo, neque enim excidit, ut paternæ olim domus in limine spoliata meis, tuis induta uestibus ad te ueni, neque omnino alia mihi dos fuit, quam fides & nuditas. Ecce igitur ut hanc uestem exuo, anulumque restituo, quo me subarasti, reliqui anuli & uestes & ornamenta quibus te donante ad inuidiam aucta eram, in thalamo tuo sunt: nuda ex domo patris egressa, nuda itidem reuertar, quod quid indignum reor, ut hic uterum, in quo filij fuerunt quos tu genuistis, populo nudus appareat. Quamobrem si tibi placet, & non aliter, oro atque obserco, ut in precum virginitatis, quam huc attuli, quamque non refero, unicam mihi camisiam lingui iubeas, earum quibus tecum uti soleo, qua uentrem tuæ quondam uxoris opperiam." Abundabat uiro lachryme, ut contineri amplius iam non possent, itaque faciem auertens, e combustionem tibi unicam habeto, ut erbis trementibus uix expressit. Et sic abijt

vostra nobiltà in alcmo non convenirs, e quale che io stata son con voi, da voi e da Dio il riconosce, nè mai come donatolmi mio il feci o tenni, ma sempre l' ebbi come prestatomi. Piachevi di rivolterlo, e a me dee piacere e piace di renderlovi. Ecco il vostro anello col quale voi mi sposaste, prendetelo. Comemadeti che io quella dote me ne porti che io ci recai: alla qual cosa fare, nè a voi pagatore nè a me borsa bisognere nè somiere, perciocchè uscito di mente non m' è che ignuda m' aveste. E, se voi giudicate onesto che quel corpo, nel quale io ho portati figliolosi da voi generati, sia da tutti veduto, io me n' andrò ignuda; ma io vi priego in premio della mia virginità, che io ci recai e non ne la porto, che almeno una sola camicia sopra la dote mia vi piaccia che io portar ne possa." Gualtieri, che maggior voglia di piagnere ache che d' altro, stando pur col viso duro, disse: "e tu una camicia ne porta." Quanti dintorno v' erano il pregavano che egli una roba le donasse, chè non fosse veduta colei, che sua moglie tredici anni e più era stata, di casa sua così poveramente e così vitupero-

' I have been your servant, not your wife; a handmaid here, and not a mistress, I thank you for the honour you've done me, and will go and die where I was bred, happy to have been your wife. To your new one I give place willingly.

As to my dowry, it was but faith and nakedness. Here are your garments, jewels, and your ring. Naked I came, naked I will go; but the womb that bare your children, people should not see naked. For my maidenhood give me one shift, to cover your wife's womb.'

Walter weeps and consents.
Griseldis goes, in her shift only, silent amid the crowd's laments, to her father's house. He, who had always thought that Walter would put her away, had kept her old gown, and now put it on her. She stayed with him some days, showing no sign of sadness, when the Count of Pavia's near coming was announced. Walter sends for Griseldis, tells her he wants his guests well received and placed, and that he relies on her to see everything properly done.

samente uscire, come era uscirne in camicia. Ma in vano andarono i prieghi: di che la donna in camicia e scalza e senza alcuna cosa in capo, accomandatili a Dio, gli usci di casa, e al padre se ne tornò con lagrime e con pianto di tutti coloro che la videro. Giannucolo (che creder non avea mai potuto questo esser vero, che Gualtieri la figliuola dovesse tener moglie, e ogni di questo caso aspettando) guardati l'aveva i panni, che spogliati s'avea quella mattina che Gualtieri la sposò: per che recatigliele, ed ella rivestitiglisi, a' piccioli servigi della paterna casa si diede, si come far soleva, con forte animo sostenendo il fiero assalto della nimica fortuna. Come Gualtieri questo ebbe fatto, così fece veduto a' suoi, che presa aveva una figliuola d'uno de' conti da Panago; e facendo fare l'appresto grande per le nozze, mandò per Griselda, che a lui venisse. Alla quale venuta, disse: "io meno questa donna, la quale io ho nuovamente tolta, e intendo in questa sua prima venuta d'orarla; e tu sai che io non ho in casa donne che mi sappiano accominciare le camere nè fare molte cose che a così fatta festa si richeggiono; e perciò tu, che meglio che altra persona queste cose di
meos nosti, optimè suscipiendorum locandorumque hospitum curam sumes." "Non libenter modo (in-
quìt illa) sed cupidè, & hæc & quæcunque tibi placita sensero faciam semper, neque in hoc unquam fatigabor aut lentescam dum spiritus hius religiæ usque super-
runt;" & cum dicto, seruilia mox instrumenta corripi-
ens, domum uerrere, mensas instruere, lectos sternere,
hortarique aliasceperat, ancilæ in modum fidélissimæ. 
Proximæ lucis hora tertia, Comes supervenerat, certa-
timque omnes & puellæ & germani infantis mores ac 
pulchritudinem mirabantur. Erantque qui dicerent 
prudenter Gualtherum ac feliciter permutasse, quod et 
sponsa hæc tenerior esset, & nobilior, & cognatus tæm 
peciosus accederet. Sic feruente connuìj apparatu, 
ubique presens omniumque sollicita Griseldis, nec 
tanto casu dejecto animo nec obsolete uestis pudore 
confusa, sed sereno nultu intranti obvia puellæ, flexo 
poplite seruilem in modum, unultuque demisso reuerenter 

She says she'll do it, not only willingly, but eagerly. 
She sets to work, arranges tables, strews beds, &c. 
The Count arrives. All admire the girl 
and her brother. Some say 
Walter's made a 
good change. 

Griseldis sees to 
everything, 
regardless of her 
old clothes, 
humbly welcomes 

casa sai, metti in ordine quello che da far ci è, e quelle donne fa' invitare 
che ti pare, e ricevile come se donna qui fossi: poi, fatte le nozze, te ne 
potrai a casa tua tornare." Come che queste parole fossero tutte coltella 
al cuor di Griselda, come a colei che non aveva così potuto por giù l' 
amore che ella gli portava, come fatto avea la buona fortuna, rispose: 
"signor mio, io son prestà e apparecchiata." Ed entratasene co' suoi 
pannicelli romagnuoli e grossi in quella casa del qual poco avanti 
era uscita in camicià, cominciò a spazzar le camere e ordinare, e a far 
porre capoletti e pancali per le sale, a fare apprestare la cucina, 
e ad ogni cosa, come se una piccola fantichella della casa fosse, porre le 
mani; né mai ristette, che ella ebbe tutto acconcio e ordinato quanto 
si convenia. E appresso questo, fatto da parte di Gualtieri invitare 
tutte le donne della contrada, cominciò ad attendere la festa, E venuto 
il giorno delle nozze, come che i panni avesse poveri in dosso, con 
animo e con costume donnesco tutte le donne, che a quelle vennero, e 
con lieto viso ricevette. Gualtieri, il quale diligentemente aveva i 
figliuoli fatti allevar in Bologna alla sua parente, che maritata era in 
casa de' conti da Panago (essendo già la fanciulla d' età di dodici anni, 
la più bella cosa che mai si vedesse, e il fanciullo era di se) avea man-
dato a Bologna al parente suo pregandol che gli piacesse di dovere con 
questa sua figliuola e col figliuolo venire a Saluzzo, e ordinare di menare 
bella e orrevole compagnia con seco, e di dire a tutti che costei per sua 
mogliere gli menasse, senza manifestare alcuna cosa ad alcuno chi ella 
si fosse altramenti. Il gentile uomo, fatto secondo che il marchese il 
pregava, entrato in cammino, dopo alquanti dì con la fanciulla e col 
fratello e con nobile compagnia in su l' ora del desinare giunse a 
Saluzzo, dove tutti i paesani e molti altri vicini dattorno trovò, che at-
tendevan questa novella sposa di Gualtieri. La quale dalle donne
her new mistress, and receives the other guests so courteously that all wonder at her dignity and grace.

Walter asks her what she thinks of his new bride.

"None more beautiful. May you live happy with her! But do not pierce her heart as you've pierced another's. She cannot suffer like me.

Walter can bear it no longer:

'I have tried you enough, my Griselda!'
spectata mihi fides est tua, nec sub celo aliquem esse puto, qui tanta coniugalis amoris experimenta perceperit." Simul haec dicens, charam coniugem laeto stupore perfusam & ululat e sommo turbido exerrectam, cupidis ulnis amplexitutur, " & tu (aet) sola uxor mea es, aliam nec habui, nec habebo; istam autem quam tu sponsam meam reris, filia tua est; hic qui cognatus meas credebatur, tuus est filius; quae diuisim perdi ductabantur, simul omnia receptisti. Sciant qui con-
trarium credidere me curiosum atque experientem esse, non impium, probas coniugem, non damnasse, occultasse filios, non mactasse." Hae illa audiens pene gaudio examinam & pietate amens iucundissimis que cum lachrymis, suorum pignorum in amplexus ruit, fatigatque osculis, pioque gemitu madecacit; raptimque matronae alacres ac fauentes circum fusae, uilibus exutam suis, solitius uestibus induunt exornantque, plaususque laetissimus & fausta omnium uerba circum-
sonant, multoque cum gaudio & fletu ille dies celeberrimus fuit, celebrior quoque quam dies fuerat nuptiarum. He embraces her, and says, 'You alone are my wife; no other will I have. Here is your daughter; there your son. I have but tried my wife, not condemned her; hidden my children, not killed them.' Griseldis rushes into her children's arms, and smothers them with kisses. She is dressed anew, and all is joy.

moglie, ne perciò in alcuna cosa men che ben parlava, la si fece sedere allato, e disse: "Griselda tempo è onai che tu senta frutto della tua lunga pazienza, e che coloro, li quali me hanno reputato crudele e iniquo e bestiale, conoscano che ciò, che io faceva, ad antiveduto fine operava, vogliendo a te insegnar d' esser moglie, e a loro di saperla torre e tenere, e a me partire perpetua quiete mentre teco a vivere avessi; il che quando venni a prender moglie gran paura ebbi che non mi' intervenissem: e perciò, per prova pigliarne, in quanti modi tu sai, ti punsi e trafissi. E perchè io mai non mi sono accorto che in parola nè in fatto dal mio piacer partita ti sii, parendo a me aver di te quella consolazione che io disiderava, intendo di rendere a te ad una ora ciò che io tra molte ti tolsi, e con somma dolcezza le puntu ristorare che io ti diedi. E perciò con lieto animo prendi questa, che tu mia sposa credi, e il suo fratello per tuoi e miei figliuoli. Essi sono quegli li quali tu e molti altri lungamente stimato avete che io crudelmente uccider facessi, e io sono il tuo marito, il quale sopra ogni altra cosa t' amo, credendomi poter dar vanto che nono altro sia che, si com' io, si possa di sua moglier contentare." E così detto, l' abbraccii e baciò, e con lei insieme, la qual d' allegrezza piegna, levatasi n' andaron lè dove la figliuola tutta stupefatta queste cose sentendo sedea: e abbrac-ciatala teneramente, e il fratello altresì, lei e molti altri, che quivi erano, sgannarono. Le donne lietissime levate dalle tavole, con Griselda n' andaron in camera, e con migliore agurio, trattile i suoi paunicelli, d' una nobile roba delle sue la rivestirono, e come donna, la quale ella eziandio negli stracci pareva, nella sala la rimenarono. E quivi fattasi co' figliuoli maravigliosa festa, essendo ogni uomo lietissi-
She and Walter live long, her father is honoured in the palace; her daughter nobly married; and her son succeeds his father.

I have retold this tale, not to put before our matrons an inimitable example of patience, but to excite all readers to constancy and firmness under trial.

Multosque post per annos ingenti pace concordiaque uixere, & Gualtherus inopem socerum, quem hactenus neglexisse uisus erat, ne quando conceptae animo obstaret experienciae, suam in dominum translatum in honore habuit, filiam suam magnificis atque honestis nuptiis collocavit, filiumque sui domini successorem liquit, & coniugio letus & sobole.

Hanc historiam stylo nunc alio retexere uisum fuit, non tam ideò, ut matronas nostri temporis ad imitantam huins uxoris patentiam, que mihi uix imitabilis uiletur, quam ut legentes ad imitantam saltam femina constantiam excitarem, ut quod hec uiro suo praestitit, hoc præstare Deo nostro audeant, qui licet (ut Jacobus ait Apostolus) intentator sit malorum, & ipse neminem tentet. Probat tamen & sepe nos, multis ac grauiibus flagellis exercerii sinit, non ut animum nostrum sciat, quem scirem antequam crearemur, sed ut nobis nostra fragilitas notis ac domesticijs indicij innotescat; abunde ergo constantibus uiris assipserim, quisquis is fuerit, qui pro Deo suo sine murmure patiatur, quod pro suo mortali coniuge rusticana hec muliercula passa est.

Vrsit amor tui, ut scriberem senex, quod iuenis uix scripsissem, nescio an res ueras, an fictas, que iam non historie, sed fabellæ sunt, ob hoc unum, quod res tuæ, & à te scriptæ erant, quamuis hoc praueidens, fidem rerum penes auctorem, hoc est, penes te fore sim praefatus: & dicam tibi, quid de hac historia, quam fabulam dixisse malim, mihi contigerit. Legit eam primum communis amicus Patainus uir altissimi ingenij, multi-

mo di questa cosa, il sollazzo e 'l festeggiare multiplicarono e in più giorni tirarono, e savissimo reputarono Gualtieri, come che troppo reputassero agre e intollerabili l' esperienze prese della sua donna; e sopra tutti savissimamente tenner Griselda. Il conte da Panago si tornò dopo al quanti di a Bologna, e Gualtieri, tolto Giannuccolo dal suo lavoro, come suocero il pose in istato, sì che egli onoratamente e con gran consolazione visse e fini la sua vecchiaia. Ed egli appresso maritata altamente la sua figliuola, con Griselda, onorandola sempre quanto più si potea, lungamente e consolato visse. Che si potrà dir qui, se non che anche nelle povere case piovono dal cielo de' divini spiriti, come nelle reali di quegli che sarien più degni di guardar porci, che d' avere sopra uomini signoria? Chi avrebbe, altri che Griselda, potuto col viso non solamente asciutto ma lieto soffrire le rigide e mai più non udite pruove da Gualtieri fatte? Al quale non sarebbe forse stato male investito d' essersi abbattuto ad una che, quando fuor di casa l' avesse in caniccia cacciata, s' avesse sì ad un altro fatto scuoterle il pelliccione, che riuscita ne fosse una bella roba.
PETRARCH'S LETTER ON THE TALE OF GRISELDIS.  } CLERK'S TALE.  171

Plicisque notitiae, & cum epistole medium uix transisset, subito fletu praecunctus substitit: post modicum uerò cum in manus eam resumpisset, firmato animo perlecturus, ecce iterum, quasi ad condicium redivis, lecturam gemitus interrumpit. Fassus itaque se non posse prodesse, eam unu corum comitum docto satis uiro legendam tradidit. Quod accidens quosum alij traherent incertum habeo, ego in optimam partem traxi, mitissimumque uiri animum intellexi; uerè enim homo humanior, quem ego quidem nouerim nullus est. Redijit illo flente, ac legente ad memoriam Satyricum illud:

—mollissima corda
Humano generi dare se natura fatetur,
Quæ lachrymas dedit; hec nostri pars optima sensus.

Post tempus amicus alter noster Veronensis, sunt enim nobis ut reliqua, sic amici etiam communes, audito quid alteri inter legendum accidisset, eandem legere optauit. Gessi merem ingenioso, & amico uiro, legit eam totam, nec alicubi substitit, nec frons obductior, nec uox fractor, nec lachrymae, nec singultus interuenere, & in finem, "Ego etiam (inquit) flessem. Nam et pax res, & uerba rebus accommodata fletum suadebant, nec ego duri cordis sum, nisi quod ficta omnia credidi, & credo. Nam si uera essent, qua usquam mulier, uel Romanam, uel cuiuslibet gentis hanc Griseldim æquaturn sit: ubi queso tantus amor coniugalis? ubi par fides? ubi tám insignis patientia atque constantia?" Iis tunc ego nil respondi, ne ren à iocis amicique colloquii festa dulcedine ad acrimoniam disceptationis adducearem: erat autem prona responsio: esse nonnullus, qui quæcumque difficilia eis sint, impossibilia omnia arbitrarentur, sic mensura sua omnia metientes, ut se omnium primos locent, cum tamen multa fuerint fortæ & sint, quibus essent facilia quæ uulgò impossibilia uidereuntur. Quis est enim exempli gratia, qui non Curium ex nostris, & Mutium, & Decios: Ex externis autem Codrum, & Philenes fratres, uel quemiam de fœminis sermo erat, uis uel Portiam, uel Hipsicrateam, uel Alcestim & harum similis non fabulas fictas putet? Aquis historiae uere sunt. Et sanè, qui pro alio utiam spernit, quod non spennere, quid non pati possit non intelligo. Cæterùm & illam, & alteram duas magnas epistolæ ad te non peruenisse nunc sentio: sed quid faciam? Pati- oportet, indignari licet, non ulcisci. Apparuit ecce per Cisalpinam Galliam tædiosissimum hoc hœminum genus, custodes passuum, imò pestis nunciorum, qui literas a Paduan, a man of great ability and various learning, read it; but weeping broke down at the middle. He tried again, but could not get on; and had to give it to one of his retinue to read.

Another friend of Verona read it on to end unmoved.

I did not then reply, but I had an answer ready: That some men judge what is possible by their own capacities. Have we not had Curias, Mutius, the Decii? And others, Codrus, Porcia, Alcesto, who belong truly to history?

But I now see that that [?] letter and another have not reached you.

This is through
THOSE ACCUSED
FELLOWS WHO WILL READ ALL OPEN LETTERS.

AND SOMETIMES KEEP THEM.

SUCH MEDDLING
OFTEN STOPS MY WRITING Altogether.

MOREOVER, I GROW
OLD AND WEARY.

AND SO NOW I SAY TO YOU, AND ALL MY CORRESPONDENTS, GOOD-BYE.

I ONCE PROMISED
I WOULD WRITE SHOR LT; BUT BETWEEN FRIENDS silence is EASIER THAN BREVITY.

Adieu, my friends; adieu, letter-writing.

APERTAS INTOISPICIAN T & MOROSISSIMÊ CONTEMPLENTUR, QUOD DOMINORUM FORSAN IISSUS [sic] EXCUSAT, QUI SIBI OMNIA CONSEJ, TREPIDA AC SUPERBA UITA, DE SE & CONTRA SE OMNIA DICI PUTANT, ATQUE OMNIA NOSES VOLUNT. ILLUD NIHIL EXCUSAT; QUOD SI QUID IN LITERIS IPSIS INVENIUNT, QUOD AURES ASININAS MULCEAT, SOLEBANT QUIDAM IN TRANSCRIBENDO TEMPS TERERE, & NUNCOS DETINERE, NUNC CRES-
CENTE LICENTIA, UT DIGITIS SUIs PARCANT, ABIRE ILLOS IUBENT SINE LITERIS, QUODQUE GRAUISSIMUM TÆDIUM GENUS EST, HIC ILLI MAXIME FACIUNT, QUI NIHIL INTELLIGUNT: SIMILES IJS, QUORUM AMPLA & PRECEPS GULA EST, & LENTA DIGESTIO, QUI MALE ALETUDINI PROXIMI SINT OPORTET. IMPORTUNI-
TATUM TALIUM NEMO ME STOMACHANTIOR, NULLUS IMPATIEN-
TIOR, ITA UT SEÆ ME A SCRIBENDO DIUERTERIT, SÆPE QUO SCRIPSERIM DOLORE COÆGERIT, QUANDO CONTRA HOS PRÆDONES LITERARUM NULLA UNDVCÆ ALTERIUS PATET OCCASIO, TURBATUS OMNIBUS, ET REIPUBLICA LIBERTATE PESSUNDATA. SANÆ HUIIC TÆDIO ACCEDIT ATAS, & LASSITUDO RERUM PENÆ OMNINUM, SCRIBENDIQUE NON SATIETAS MODÔ, SED FASTIDIUM, QUIBUS INJUNCTIS INDUCOR, UT TIBI AMICE, & OMNIBUS QUIBUS SCRIBERE SOLEO, QUOD AD HUNE EPISTOLAREM STYLUM ATTINET ULTIMUM, VALE DICAM, TAM NE USQUE IN FINEM ME, QUOD DIUTIUS IAM FECERUNT, À MELORÍ STUDIO SCRIPTURÆ FRAGI-
LIORES IMPEDIENT, QUÂM NE AD HOMR NUM BEULONUM MANUS INEPTISSIMAS SCRIPTA NOSTRA PERUENIANT, QUORUM SIC SALTEM AB INUÆJS TUTUS ERO, SI QUANDO UEL TECUM UEL CUM ALIJS SCRIPTO OPUS SIT, SIC SCRIBAM UT INTELLIGAR, NON DLECTOR. PROMISERAM MEMINI IN QUADAM ORDINIS HUIUS EPISTOLA, ME DEÎNCEPS IN EPILÔS BREUIUS SCRIPTURÆM, DECLUI IAM TEMPORIS URGENTE PENURIA, PROMISSUM IMPLEERE NON UALII, MUTQUE FACILIS, UT INTELLIGI DATUR, SILENTIUM CUM AMICIS EST, QUAM BREUILOQUIUM; TANTUS EST, UBI SEMEL INCEPIMUS, ARDOR COLLOQUENDI, UT FACILIS SUPERI, NON COÆPISSE, QUÀM FREARE IMPETUM ĂEPTI SERMONIS. SED PROMISSUM, NONNE SÁT PROMISSUM IMPLET, QUI PLUS PRESTAT? ERAI CREDÔ, DUM PROMITTEREM, OBLITUS CATONIS ILLUD APUD CICERONEM LATÈ NOTUM: QUOD NATURA IPSA IOQUACIOR EST SENECTUS. VALETE AMICI, VALETE EPistolæ, INTER COLLES EUGANEOS .6. IDUS JUNIAS M CCC LXXIII.
MR J. W. HALES'S NOTE ON CHAUCER'S

CLERK'S TALE.

CHAUCER has followed Petrarch's version very closely throughout his poem, noticeably in his treatment of Wautier, and in the comment towards the end:

This story is sayd, not for that wyves scholde, &c.

Petrarch's version, though mainly founded on that of Boccaccio, as he expressly states, differs from that 'Novel' in several important ways.

For the mere form the 'novel' is certainly to be preferred. Petrarch's Latinity is by no means faultless. Sometimes it is marred by grave solecisms; seldom, or never, does it attain any complete fluency and grace. He is not, nor was it in the nature of things that he should be, absolute master of an instrument that was, in fact, foreign to his hands. He was not to that manner born. His own conceptions of his Latin skill were a delusion. Would that he had had the wisdom of David, who declined moving to battle in arms he had not proved! A translation of the old story that stirred him so deeply—"qua ita mili placuit meque detinuit ut inter tot curas quae pene mei ipsius immemorem facem illam memoriam mandare voluerim ut et ipse eam animo quotiens vellem, non sine voluntate repeterem et amicis ut sit confabulantibus renarrem, si quando tale accidisset"—if given metrically in his mother tongue, could scarcely have failed to have added glory to his own renown, and to that of the literature of which he was, and is, so brilliant an ornament. But even through the not immaculate medium of Early Renaissance Latin the exquisite beauty of the old story shines out with a piercing effulgence, just, indeed, as the fairness of the heroine herself, when we first see her, could not be hid for all the mean cottage in which she lived obscurely with her father, and the sordid dress that marked and befitted her humble rank. And certainly it was from that version that Chaucer formed his rendering, whether or not he had previously been attracted to the tale by any viva voce recital of it heard in some personal interview with Petrarch.

For the spirit, Petrarch seems to have entered more profoundly into the proper motive of the tale than did Boccaccio. Boccaccio grows
somewhat impatient and angry with Gualtieri, even as Ellis, in a mis-
apprehending contrast he draws between Griselda and the Nut Brown
Maid. Probably Chaucer, too, when maturer, would not have tolerated
him; but Chaucer, when he wrote the Clerkes Tale, had not yet
acquired that breadth and comprehension of view—that wide and
catholic survey—that habit of independent realization, which charac-
terize his more perfect works; he still wrote with the subservience of
the disciple rather than with the authority of the master; he took what
food the gods provided, or seemed to provide, and aimed at an obeisant
and faithful reproduction. Petrarch retold the story in the medieval
spirit in which he had originally found it; for the Decameron revived
it in his mind, not first made it known; when the Decameron reached
him, he bethought him how 'mih i semper ante multos annos audita
placuisset.' And in that same spirit Chaucer accepted, and echoed it.
Now it is the characteristic of the unsophisticated medieval litterateur
that he deals with one idea at a time. It would often lead to a highly
injurious conclusion to attach at all equal moral importance, or rather
any moral importance, to the subordinate parts of what he sets forth.
The central lesson is kept well in view; the others must look to them-
selves. The principal figure is brought into relief with enthusiasm; on
the mere surroundings and background little or no care is spent. Thus
many of the stories the Knight of the Tour Landry tells his daughters
are sound enough at the core; but as wholes are anything but edify-
ing—are not only not moral, but immoral and contra-moral. The mind
of the hearer, as of the reciter, is supposed to be fixed on the main
notion, and so incapable of seduction by any lateral matters of a less
exemplary sort. So, when the Trouvère sang of Friendship in Eger &
Griselda, he did not, when concentrated on that noble theme, deem it his
concern to see that other virtues were not violated, provided that one
was honoured and glorified. And so in the story of Griselda, if we
would read it in the spirit of the day when it became current, we
should not vex ourselves into any righteous indignation against the
immediate author of her most touching distresses. The old story does
not make the Marquis a monster in human shape; indeed it represents
him as a man of a noble and loveable nature; if he is not so, then even
in the end Griselda reaps no earthly reward in permanently securing
his admiration and love. And yet this Marquis perpetrates inexpress-
able cruelties; he is a very wolf, ruthlessly teasing and tearing the
gentlest of lambs. The explanation is in accordance with what has
just been said; the patience of Griselda is the one theme of the tale,
and nothing else is to be regarded. In relation to her the Marquis has
no moral being; he is a mere means of showing forth her supreme
excellence; a mere mechanical expedient. He is no more morally
than a thorn in the saint's footpath, or a wheel, or a cross. Surely it
is vain to be wroth with him who rages against the mere fire that en-
folds the Martyr, or the nails that pierce the hands of a crucified
Believer? Indeed, nothing in the tale is of any ethical moment but.
the carriage of the heroine herself. The eyes and the heart of the old century when she first appeared were fastened devoutly on that single form, and let all else go by. She is widly obedience itself, nothing else. Before that virtue all other virtues bow. It enjoys a complete monopoly, an absolute sway. Other moral life is suspended in this representation of it. She has but one function; for her there is but one sin possible, and that is to murmur. She is all meekness, all yielding, all resignation.

Such a figure has comparatively few charms for us of these latter days. But it pleased the world once—even down to Shakespeare's time, who himself portrayed it in one of his earliest plays: Catherine in the Taming of the Shrew is a phase of Griselda. Perhaps in ages when much most ignorant abuse of women prevailed in literature—abuse springing mainly out of the vile prejudices and superstitions of the medieval Church—some such figure might have been expected to arise. It is the figure of a reaction. The hearts of men refused to accept the dishonouring pictures so often drawn of their fellow mortals. They rose in a loyal insurrection against lying fables of essential wantonness and of shameful obstinacy. To such chivalrous rebels the pale, sad, constant face of Griselda showed itself as the image of far other experiences and histories; and they gazed on it as on the face of their Saint. With an infinite reverence they saw her still calm and quiet in the midst of anguish, with heart breaking, but lips uttering no ill word, with eyes that through the tears with which kindly nature of herself would relieve the terrible draught of sorrow still looked nothing but inalienable tenderness and love.

In Prof. Child's English and Scottish Ballads, vol. iv., may be found the ballad of Patient Grissel. (Prof. Child is certainly wrong in saying that Boccaccio derived the incidents from Petrarch.) This ballad is the work of Thomas Deloney, a mere day-labourer in verse-making of Queen Elizabeth's time, and is worthy of its author. A play on this subject, written by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton, has been printed by the Shakespeare Society. Another play of earlier date is lost; as also probably an older ballad than that by Deloney.

With the incidents in the third temptation of Griselda, when she 'waits' at the new wedding of her husband, and at last finds that the supposed bride is her own daughter, should be compared the old ballad of Fair Annie. There, too, the heroine performs a like service, not without much weeping, for a fair lady who has come from over the sea to wed the Fair Annie's lover. At last it is found that this new comer is the Fair Annie's sister, who nobly refuses to marry at her expense; and so all is made well. See Lord Thomas and Fair Annie in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border; see also Herd's, Motherwell's, and Chambers' Collections. Scott points out that 'the tale is much the same with the Breton romance called Lay le Frain, or the Song of the
Ash.’ He also states that ‘a ballad agreeing in every respect with that which follows exists in the Danish Collection of ancient songs entitled Kempe Viser. It is called Skias Anna, i.e. Fair Annie, and has been translated literally by my learned friend, Mr Robert Jamieson. See his Popular Ballads, Edin., 1806, vol. ii., p. 100.’ See Lai le Fraine, 305, and Weber’s Metrical Romances, vol. i. See a translation of the Danish ballad in Prior’s Ancient Danish Ballads, iii. 298—306, and Appendix II in that volume.

J. W. Hales.
11.

Five Versions of a Pear-tree Story

like that in

Chaucer's Merchant's Tale.

from

1. Adolphus's Latin, 1315 A.D.
2. The Appendix to Esop's Fables, ab. 1480 A.D.
3. Carton's English, translated 1483 A.D.
5. Boccaccio's Decameron.
Tyrwhitt says, "The scene of the Merchant's Tale is laid in Italy, but none of the names, except Damian and Justin, seem to be Italian, but rather made at pleasure; so that I doubt whether the story be really of Italian growth. The adventure of the Pear-tree I find in a small collection of Latin fables, written by one Adolphus, in Elegiac verses of his fashion, in the year 1315." Tyrwhitt printed this Pear-tree fable, all except 9 lines; and Mr Thomas Wright printed the whole in his Latin Stories for the Percy Society: with a prose version from the Appendix to Æsop's Fables, printed in 1480 A.D. Both are reprinted here, for convenience of reference, with the English fable next mentioned by Tyrwhitt: "The same story is inserted among The Fables of Alphonsus printed by Caxton in English, with those of Æsop, Avian, and Poggio, without date; but I do not find it in the original Latin of Alphonsus, MS. Reg. 10 B xii, or in any of the French translations of his work that I have examined." (It is nearly the same as the Æsop-Appendix fable.)

M. Edélestand du Méril says that the story is without doubt of Eastern origin,—see his note on page 183,—and M. Sandras (Étude, p. 243) states that M. Victor Le Clerc pointed out in the 'Histoire littéraire de la France', vol. xxii. p. 62, the Comedia Lydiae as the common original that Boccaccio and Chaucer may have followed. But of course the fable existed separately before it was workt-up in the Comedia, and was more likely to have been adapted by Chaucer and Boccaccio from its separate form.

1 Of Adolphus himself we seem to have no other information than that furnish'd by the poem. He states that he composed it in 1315, and he dedicates it to Ulric, then a celebrated professor in the University of Vienna in Austria. T. Wright's Pref. to Latin Stories, p. xii.

2 The second among the fables of Adolf.
1. The Blind Man and his Fair Wife.

[Fabula I.

Coecus erat quidam, cui pulcra virago. Reseruans
Hanc puro purum, ne lu[d]at haec alias.
In curtis viridi resident hi cespite quadam
Luce. Petit mulier robur adire pyri.
Vir fauet, amplexens mox robur ubique lacertis,
Arbor adunca fuit, qua latuit iuuenis.
Amplexatur earn, dans basia dulcia. 
Incepit colere, vomere cum proprio.
Audit vir strepitum. Nam crebro carentia sensus
Vnius, in reliquo, nosco, vigere solet.
Heu miser! clamat: "Te laedit adulter ibidem!
Conqueror hoc illi qui dedit esse mihi."
Tune Deus omnipotens, qui coiididit omnia verbo,
Qui sua membra probat, vasc'la velut figulus,
Restituens aciem misero. Tonat illico; "Fallax
Femina! cur tanta fraude nocere cupis?"
Heu, mihi, quam fraude mulier mala varia sordet.
Integra iura thori non tenet illa viro;
Alterius segetes semper putat vberiores.
Yo confinis vbera magna tenet.
Alterius thalamo mala credit inesse sapinum,
Quamvis sit spado, nil valeatque thoro."
Percipit illa virum. Vultu respondet alacri:
"Magna dedi medicis; non tibi cura fuit.
Ast, ubi lustra sua satis uda petebat Apollo,
Candida splendescens Cynthia luce mera,
Tunc sopor irrepsit mea languida corpora: quadam
Astitit. Insonuit auribus illa meis:
'Ludere cum iuuene studeas in roboris alto.
Prisca viro-dabitur lux cito, crede mihi.'
Quod feci. Dominus ideo tibi munera lucis
Contulit: idcirco munera reddde mihi."
Addidit ille fidem mulieri, de prece cujus
Se sanum credit. Mittit & omne nefas.
Esse solet nullum peius muliere venenum.
Excolit hanc, adamat vir, [arant?] alter eam.

A blind man's pretty wife asks him to go to a Pear-tree. She climbs up to a young man there, who ploughs her.
The blind man hears the noise, and scolds his wife.
God gives him his sight again.
He reproaches his wife bitterly.
She says she spent much on doctors for him in vain;
then in sleep she was bidden to play with a youth up a tree, and her husband would be cured.
This she did, and he is whole.
He thanks her.
A blind man sits with his pretty wife one day near a pear-tree. She climbs up to get some pears; and a young man up there before her, embraces her. When they are at work, the blind man hears the noise, reproaches his wife, and asks Jove to give him sight. Jove does so; and the man announces his wife again. But she at once invents a lie, and says she thanks the Gods for hearing her prayers.

In answer to them, Mercury, by Jove’s command, bade her copulate on a pear-tree, and then her husband would get back his sight. So he ought to thank her for it. He believes this, and makes her presents.

3. A Fable of a blynd Man and his Wyf.

[From "The book of the subtyl hystoryes and Fables of Esope,¹ which were translated out of Frensshe in to Englysshe by wylliam Caxton at westmynstre. In the yere of oure Lorde M.CCCC.lxxxiiij," leaf cxxxiiij.]

The xii fable is of a blynd² man and of his wyf

There was somtyme a blynd man whiche had a fayre wyf / of the whiche he was moche Ialous / He kepe her so that she myght not goo no wher / For euer he had her by the hand / And after that she was enamoured of a gentil felawe / they coude not fynde the maner ne no place for to fulfylle theyr wyll / but notwithstanding the woman whiche was subtyle and Ingenyous couceylled to her frende that he shold come in to her hows / and that he shold entre in to the gardyn and that there he shold clymme vpon a pere tree / And he did as she told hym / and when they had made theyr enterpyse / the woman came agyne in to the hows / and sayd to her husband / My frend I praye yow that ye wylle go in to our gardyn for to disporte vs a lytel whyle there / of the whiche prayer the blynd man was wel content / and sayd to his wyf / wel my good frend I will wel / lete vs go thyder / And as they were vnder the pere tree / she sayd to her husband / My frende I praye the to lete me goo vpon the pere tre / And I shalle gader for vs bothe some fayre peres / Wel my frend sayd the blynd man / I wylle wel & graunt therto / And when she was vpon the tree / the yong man begaun to shake the pere tree at one syde / and the yonge woman atthe other syde / And as the blynd man herd thus hard shake the pere tree / and the noyse whiche they made / he sayde to

¹ The fables of Avian begin on leaf evi; those of Alfonce on cxx, back; those of Poge the Florentyn on leaf cxxiiiij.
² Caxton's final d here is always q.
The blind husband abuses her, and prays for sight.

Jupiter gives it him, and he sees his wife swived.

But she tells him she's done it to get him his sight.

Venus promist it her if she'd please her young man. This she has done, and her husband sees. He believes and thanks her.

them / Ha a cuylle woman / how be it that I see hit not / Neuertheles I fele and vnderstande hit well / But I praye to the goddes / that they vouchesauf to sende me my syght aseyne / And as soone as he had made his prayer Jupiter rendryd to hym his syght aseyne And whanne he sawe that pagent vpon the pere tree / he sayd to his wyf Ha vnhappy woman / I shalle neuer haue no Ioye with the / And by cause that the yonge woman was ready in speche and malycious / she ansered forthwith to her husband / My frend thow arte wel beholden and bounden to me / For by cause [of me] and for the lone the goddes haue [to me they haue] restored to the thy syght / wherof I thanke alle the goddes and goddesses / whiche haue enhauencd and herd my prayer / For I desyryng moche that thow myght see me / cessd neuer day ne nyght to pray them / that they wold rendre to the thy syghete / wherfore the goddess Venus vysybly shewed her selfe to me / and sayd / that yf I wold doo somme playsyr to the sayd yonge man / she shold restore to the thy syght / And thus I am cause of it And thence the good man sayd to her / My ryght dere wyf & goode frende / I remercye and thanke yow greteley / For ryght ye haue and I grete wronge.


Talibus expletis¹, mentitur Lydia morbum² 
sponte sua morbi taedia ficta trahens. 
Forte salit vena; palpat, sed physicus haeret: 
mentitur medico saepe dolentis amor.
Morbus adest dubius et fallax passio, cum vult; 
illa calet, quando friget, et aegra jacet. 
Sic ludens deludit amor, sic Lydia fallit arte mali medicum, fraude doloque virum. 
(H)ortus erat praecinctus aquis, celeberrimus umbris arboreis, miti germine poma ferens. 
Fons fluit in medio; ramis³ loca fontis opacat una pirus, vere gaudia veris habens. 
Ut relevet febris aestum vitique calorem, 
huc tendit languens Lydia laeta dolo; 

¹ Lydia, desiring Pyrrhus, has more than once sent her maid Lusca to induce him to gratify her. He refuses at first, but then agrees to consent if Lydia will get him her husband's favourite hawk, five hairs of his beard, and one of his teeth. All these she obtains, and sends to Pyrrhus; then claims her reward, appoints the time and place for it, and gets it, as the poem proceeds to tell.

² Cette histoire du poirier enchanté qu'ont racontée aussi Boccace, l. l, [VII. ix.] et La Fontaine, l. II conte 7, est sans doute d'origine orientale; car elle se retrouve dans le Bahar Danush, t. II, p. 64, et quoique le recueil n'ait été rédigé que dans l'an de l'hédschire 1061 (1650 de notre ère), les contes dont il se compose étaient certainement connus bien auparavant. Nous n'indiquons cette analogie que d'après Schmidt, Beiträge zur Geschichte der romantischen Poesie, p. 81, et M. Keller, Li romans des sept sages, p. CCII, car nous n'avons pu trouver le travail de Scott dans aucun des dépôts publics de Paris, et nous ne possédons que la réimpression de Weber qui en a rejeté, comme trop libre, tout le Tirrea Bede.

³ ramus, orig.
Et dux et Pyrrhus aegre comitatus tur euntem:
dextra quod Pyrrho fit, data laeva duci.
Pone subit Lusca; tacito sibi garrula risu
respondet, gratis fraude favente joici;
Rictibus ora trahens, Decioque ciconiát1 usu:

nonaribus obductis cimbalat2 aegra pedem.

Sistitur hic, faciesque loci succinmit amori:
laudantur flores, et placet unda sonans.
Visus velle notat; facies suspiria prodit;
dux ait: "Ascende; collige, Pyrrhe, pira."3

Pyrrhus ad alta piri surrepit, Lusca profatur:
"Jam meliore piro succute, Pyrrhe, pira."

Inque piro Pyrrhum succernens Lydia lustrat:
arboris4 in fructu fructus amoris erat.

"Parce, precor," Pyrrhus clamat, "dux, parce pudorem;
non honor est istis sollicitare locis.

"Hic amor est praeceps; hoc est non sana libido;
Lydia, dux, alibi posset anhela quati.

"Sunt tibi, dux, thalami; sunt et loca talibus apta;
fac, sed ne videam rusticitatis opus."

Miratur Decius quod habetur5; ludiera Lusca
subridens, digitum comprimit ore suum.

"Arbor habet vitium," suspirans Lydia dixit,
"alta quidem visum flectere saepe solent."

Dux inquit: "Descende cito, descende! Quid haeres?"

"In terra poteris parcere," Pyrrhus ait.

Descendit Pyrrhus, et adhuc: "Dux, parce," precatur,

Dux ait: "Experiar (totiens fantasmata fallunt6) an moveat Pyrrhus ludicera sive pirus."

1 Ce verbe, que ne donne pas le du Cange de M. Henschel, se comprend aisément lorsqu'on se rappelle ce passage de Perse, sat. 1, v. 58:

O Jane, a tergo quem nulla ciconia pinsit
Nec manus auriculas imitata est mobilis albas
Nec linguae, quantum sitiát canis apula, tantum:
usò signifierait Selon l'usage: mais nous croirions volontiers qu'au moins ce dernier mot est altéré.

2 Ce verbe ne se trouve dans aucun dictionnaire, et nous serions tenté d'y voir encore une corruption: évidemment le poète a voulu dire: Inclinant la tête en avant, la maladie traîne le pied.

3 Probablement dans ces vers et dans l'avant dernier de la pièce, pira a un double sens trop obscène pour que nous cherchions à l'expliquer: voyez le du Cange de M. Henschel, t. V, p. 266, col. 2.

4 a thoris, orig.

5 habent, orig.

6 Il y a dans le MS.: fallunt fantasmata.
A LATIN PEAR-TREE STORY; FOR THE MERCHANT'S TALE. 185

Scandit utque simul, et dux et Pyrrhus anhelans:
hic repit ramis; cruribus ille subit.
Est in utroque labor; laetus tamen iste laborat:
dum quattit iste\(^1\) pirum, concutit iste femur.
Minatur Decius et, vix sibi credulus, haeret:
plus stupet incertis, certior illa videns.
Et notat et dubitat, premitt et gemit, insidiatur \(\text{(sic)}\);
vix credens oculos desidet ipse suis.
"Aut sic est, aut fallor," ait, "et visus inane
ventilat, aut vigilans somnia visa puto.
Sic mihi, sic illi visum fuit et mihi plus est;
nescio si lusit, et puto, ludus erat.
Tot mora damna facit, faciet mihi jam mora damna;
ut video ludens, ludor et ipse videns."

Imputat hoc ramis Decius frangitque quatitque:
Sepe quidem, Pyrrhe,\(^2\) sunt pira missa piro.

Labitur ergo citus, et dux et Pyrrhus, uterque,
alterius studio fallere facta studens.
Dux ait: "Aut furor est, aut hoc molimine fallor."
Lydia: "Nec Pyrrhus me movet, immo pirus."
Ut vidit\(^3\): "Fateor, vidi verumque putavi;
sed tamen hic video certius esse nihil.
Ut dixi tibi, dux, vitium fuit arboris; illa
(esse potest) alios ludificabit adhuc."
"Cujus culpa manet; quia sic malus error obumbrat,
sit pirus excisa!" dux jube; icta, ruit.

Lusca tegit risum; Pyrrhus, pira; Lydia, mentem;
infelix unus fit sibi fraude trium.

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\(^1\) lege 'ille'
\(^2\) Peut-être faut-il lire Pyrrho, au datif.  

Then Pyrrhus at once copulates with Lydia in earnest.
The duke sees, but thinks it a mere ocular deception, just such as Pyrrhus had suffered.

'\(^3\) It is all the tree's fault,' says Lydia.
So the duke has the tree felled.

[From the "Decamerone," Giornata settima, Novella ix. 1 Ed. 1827-34, tom. iii, p. 257.]

La donna preso il dente, tantosto al suo amante il mandò. Il quale già certo del suo amore, sè ad ogni suo piacere offerse apparecchiato. La donna, disiderosa di farlo più sicuro, earendole ancora ogni ora mille che con lui fosse, volendo quello che proficuro gli avea attenergli, fatto sembiente d'esser inferna, ed essendo un di appresso mangiando da Nicostrato visitata, non veggendo con lui altri che Pirro, il pregò per alleggiamento della sua noia, che aiutar la dovessero ad andare infino nel giardino. Per che Nicostrato dall'un de' lati e Pirro dall'altro presala, nel giardin la portaron, e in un pratello a pié d'un bel pero la posaron: dove stati alquanto sedendosi, disse la donna (che già aveva fatto informar Pirro di ciò che avesse a fare): "Pirro, io ho gran desiderio d'aver di quelle pere, e però montavi suso e gittane giù alquante." Pirro prestamente salitovì cominciò a gittar giù delle pere, e, mentre le gittava, cominciò a dire: "he' messere! che è ciò che voi fate? e voi, madonna! come non vi vergognate di sofferirlo in mia presenza? Credete voi che io sia cieco? Voi eravate pur testé così forte malata: come siete voi così tosto guarita, che voi facciate tali cose? le quali se pur far volete, voi avete tante belle camere: perché non in alcuna di quelle a far queste cose ve n'andate? e sarà più onesto, che farlo in mia presenza." La donna rivolta al marito dice: "che dice Pirro? farnetica egli?" Disse allora Pirro: "non farnetico no, madonna; non credate voi ch'io veggia?" Nicostrato si maravigliava forte, e disse: "Pirro, veramente io credo

1 This tale and the Comedia Lydiae must be from the same original. Though Boccaccio calls the nobleman Nicostrato, he keeps the names Lidia, Lusca, Pirro, for the wife, maid, and lover.
che tu sogni." Al quale Pirro rispose: "signor mio, non sogno nè mica, nè voi anche non sognate, anzi vi dinemate ben sì, che, se così si dimenasse questo pero, egli non ce ne rimarrebbe su niuna." Disse la donna allora: "che può questo essere? potrebbe egli esser vero che gli paresse ver ciò ch'e' dice? Se Dio mi salvi, se io fossi sana, come io fu' già, che io vi sarrei su, per vedere che maraviglie sien queste che costui dice che vede." Pirro d'in sul pero pur diceva, e continuava queste novelle. Al qual Nicostrato disse: "scendi giù;" ed egli seese. A cui egli disse: "che di tu, che vedi?" Disse Pirro: "io credo che voi m'abbiate per ismemorato o per trasognato: vedeva voi addosso alla donna vostra (poi pur dir mol conviene), e poi discendendo, io vi vidi levarvi e porvi costi dove voi siete a sedere." "Fermamente," disse Nicostrato, "eri tu in questo smemorato; chè noi non ci siamo, poiché in sul pero salisti, punto mossi, se non come tu vedi." Al qual Pirro disse: "perché ne facciam noi quistione? io vi 'pur vidi; e, se io vi vidi, io vi vidi in sul vostro." Nicostrato più ognora si maravigliava, tanto che gli disse: "ben vo' vedere se questo pero è incantato e che ch'è su vegga le maraviglie;" e montovvi su. Sopra il quale come egli fu, la donna insieme con Pirro s'incominciarono a sollazzare. Il che Nicostrato veggend'o, cominciò a gridare: "ali, rea femmina! che è quel che tu fai? e tu, Pirro, di cui io più mi fidava?" e così dicendo cominciò a scendere del pero. La donna e Pirro dicevano: "noi ci seggiamo;" e lui veggiando discendere, a seder si tornarono in quella guisa che lasciati gli avea. Come Nicostrato fu giù, e vide costoro dove lasciati gli avea, così lor cominciò a dir villanìa. Al quale Pirro disse: "Nicostrato, ora veramente confesso io che, come voi dicaviav davanti, che io falsamente vedessi mentre fui sopra 'l pero; nè ad altro il conosco, se non a questo che io veggi, e so che voi falsamente avete veduto. E che io dica il vero, nium' altra cose vel mostri, se non l'aver riguardo e pensare, a che ora la vostra donna, la quale è onestissima e più savia che altra, volendo di tal cosa farvi oltraggio, si recherebbe a farlo davanti agli occhi vostra. Di me non vo' dire, che mi lasciavi prima squartare, che io il pur pensassi, non che io il venissi a fare in vostra presenza. Per che di certo la magagna di questo transvedere dee procedere del pero; perciocchè tutto il mondo non m' avrebbe fatto discredere che voi qui non roste colla dona vostra carnalmente giacuto, se io non

Pyrrhus declares he is not.

Lydia says that if she were well she'd get up the tree to see what Pyrrhus means.

Nicostratus bids Pyrrhus come down, and asks him what he saw.

'You are out of your senses; we've never moved.'

[1 p. 226]

'But I saw you.'

'Well, I'll see whether the pear-tree's enchanted,' says Nicostratus, and climbs up it. His wife and Pyrrhus conjoin, Nicostratus upbraids her, and comes down.

The lovers separate, and sit apart.

Nicostratus sees them as he'd left them, but abuses them. Pyrrhus tells him that as he declared Pyrrhus had seen falsely, so has he, Nicostratus.

'Is it likely your excellent wife would outrage you before your own eyes?'

Or that I would either?

Depend on it, this is the pear-tree's fault, All the world couldn't have made me believe

BOCCACCIO'S PEAR-TREE STORY; FOR THE MERCHANT'S TALE. 187

CH. ORIG. 13
udissi dire a voi che l'egli vi fosse paruto che io facessi quello che io so certissimamente che io non pensai, non che io il facessi mai." La donna appresso, che quasi tutta turbata s'era, levata in piè, cominciò a dire: "Sia colla mala ventura, se tu m'hai per sì poco sentita che, se io volessi attendere a queste tristezze, che tu di che vedevi, io le venissi a fare dinanzi agli occhi tuo. Sì certo di questo che, qualora volontà me ne venisse, io non verrei qui, anzi mi crederei sapere essere in una delle nostre camere in guisa e in maniera, che gran cosa mi parrebbe che tu il risapessi giuammi." Nicostrato, al qual vero parea ciò che dicea l'uno e l'altro, che essi quivi dinanzi a lui mai a tale atto non si dovessero esser condotti, lasciatte stare le parole e le riprensioni di tal maniera, cominciò a ragionar della novità del fatto e del miracolo della vista, che così sì cambiava a chi su vi montava. Ma la donna, che della opinione che Nicostrato mostrava d'aver avuta di lei si mostrava turbata, disse: "Veramente questo pero non ne farà mai più niuma, né a me né ad altra donna, di queste vergogne, se io potrò; e perciò, Pirro, corri e va' e reca una scure e ad una ora te e me vendica tagliandola, come che molto meglio sarebbe a dar con essa in capo a Nicostrato, il quale senza considerazione alcuna così tosto si lasciò abbagliar gli occhi dello intelletto: ch'è, quantunque a quegli che tu hai in testa paresse ciò che tu dì, per niuma cosa dovevi nel giudicio della tua mente comprendere o consentire che ciò fosse." Pirro prestissimo andò per la scure, e tagliò il pero. Il quale come 2 la donna vide caduto, disse verso Nicostrato: "poscia che io veggi abbatuto il nimico della mia onestà, la mia ira è ita via;" e a Nicostrato, che di ciò la pregava, benevolmente perdonò, impunendogli che più non gli avvenisse di presumere di colei, che più che sè l'amava, una così fatta cosa giuammi. Così il misero marito schermito con lei insieme e col suo amante nel palagio se ne tornò, nel quale poi molte volte Pirro di Lidia, ed ella di lui, con più agio presero piacere e diletto. Dio ce ne dea a noi!
12.

The Legend of St Cecilia

the original of

Chaucer's "Second Nun's Tale,"

in four versions:

1. The Latin of Jacobus a Voragine, ab. 1200 A.D.
2. The French of Jehan de Vignay, ab. 1300 A.D.
3. The Early English of Ashmole MS 43, bef. 1300 A.D.
Tyrwhitt pointed out in his Introductory Discourse, § xxvii, that Chaucer's Second Nun's Tale was 'almost literally translated from the life of St Cecilia in the Legenda Aurea of Jacobus Januensis,' or Jacobus a Voragine, Archbishop of Genoa, at the end of the 13th century. Tyrwhitt should have said 'freely' for 'literally,' as Chaucer cuts out dull bits, expands pretty ones, alters phrases, and treats his original at 'his own sweet will.' Mr Robert Bell—or rather his Chaucer-editor, Mr Jephson—stated in a note to the first stanza of the Second Nun's Tale, on p. 6, vol. iii, of his edition of Chaucer, that "The opening stanzas against idleness are taken from Jehan de Vignay's introduction to his French translation of the Legenda Aurea, which was probably Chaucer's original throughout." I therefore reprint here this introduction, to show that Chaucer's opening stanzas were not 'taken' from it, though the hint of them may have been. I also reprint the French Life to show that an instance occurring within the first dozen lines of the Latin text, which is in Chaucer (st. 17, G. 113-119) and is not in Jehan de Vignay, negatives the Jephson-Bell suggestion that the French text was Chaucer's original. Other instances of this are noted in the text on after-pages.

"La Legende doree et vie des Saintcs et Sainctes translatee de latin en francoys Nouuellement Imprimce a Paris. [A.D. 1513.]

Prologue.

Monsieur sainct hierosme dit ceste auctorite. "Fays tousions aucune chose de bien, que le dyable ne te trompe oyseux." Et sainct augustin dit an liure des moynes & de leurs oeuvres, que 'nul homoine puissant de labourer ne doit estre oyseux.' Pour laquelle chose, quant ie, frere Iehan de vignay, euz fait et acomply le mirorer des hystoires du monde, & translate de latin en francoys, a la requeste de trespuissante et noble dame, ma dame Jehanne de bourgongne, par la grace de dieu royne de France, ie fuz tant esauby a laquelle oeuvre ie me mettroye apres tres hauete & longue oeuere comme l'auoie faicte par denant. Et pour ce que oyseute est taat blasmee que sainct Bernard dit qu'elle est mere de truifes / marraste de vertus : et qui tresbuche les fors homunes : et fait estanindre vertu & nourrir orgueil, et fait la voye d'aller en enfer. Et Cassiodore dit que 'la pensee de celuy qui est oyseux ne peut penser a anltres choses que aux viandes pour son ventre.' Et sainct bernard dit en vne epistre, 'quant il nous commi-

1 Touching Tyrwhitt's note on the parenthetic lines, G. 270-283, observe that they are in the French. He says, "Ver. 15738. And of the miracle] I should have been glad to have met with any authority for leaving out this parenthesis of 14 lines, which interrupts the narrative so awkwardly, and to so little purpose. The substance of it is in the printed Editions of the Latin Legenda aurea, but appears evidently to have been at first a marginal observation, and to have crept into the text by the blunder of some copyist. Accordingly it is wanting in Caxton's Goldene Legende, and, I suppose, in the French Legende Dorée, from which he translated. The author of the French version had either made use of an uncorrupted MS., or perhaps had been sagacious enough to discern and reject the interpolation."—Tyrwhitt.
endre rendre raison du temps oyseux, quelle raison en pourrons nous rendre, quant en oysuete ne en temps oyseux n'a cause de mille raison.' Et orosper dit que 'celuy qui vit en oysuete, vit en maniere de beste mae.' Et pour ce que l'ay ven les auctoritez qui blasment & desprisent oysuete, ie ne veul estre oysueux: mais me veul mettre a tel oeuvre comme l'ay a constume. Et pour ce que saintct Angustin sur vng pseaulme dit que 'bonne oeuvre ne doit pas estre faicte pour pnaor de peine, mais pour amour de droicicr: & que c'est vraye & somneraine franchise.' Et pour ce qu'il m'est adnls que c'est sonnerain bien faire entendre aux gens qui ne sont pas litterez la natuuite / les vies / les passions & les meurs des saicct; et aucunz faitz notoires des temps passez, me suis ie mis a translaten en francoys la legende des saints qui est dicte 'legende doree': car ainsi come l'or est plus noble sur tous les autlres metaux; assiz est ceste legende detenne pour plus noble sur toutes les autlres. Si pri ce glorieux pere de paradis qu'il lui plaise a moy donner sens / temps et espace, de parfaire deuent cest oeuvre commencee, si que ce soit a la louange de son glorieux nom & de toute la court celesticci: et am profit de l'ene de moy: et a l'edification de tous cenux et celles qui la liront et orrorn lire. Amen."

I do not know who first pointed out that the 6th, 7th, and 8th stanzas (G. 36-56) of Chaucer's 12-stanza Preamble to his Second Nun's Tale were a translation, with variations, of either the first twenty-one lines of Dante's Paradiso, Canto xxxiii, or perhaps their original in some Latin prayer or hymn, if any:—

Chaucer lines

36 Vergine madre, figlia del tuo figlio,
29 Hurnil & alta più che creatura,
   Termine fisso d'eterno consiglio.
3 Tu se' colei, che l'humana natura
   Nobilitasti si, che'l fu' fattore
40-1 { Non si adegnò di farsi sua fattura.
41-2 { Nel ventre tuo si raccese l'amore;
43 Per lo cui caldo ne l'eterno pace.
44 Così è germinato questo fiore.
45 Qui se' a noi meridiana face
   Di charitate: & giuso intra mortali
   Se' di speranzz fontana viuace.
46 Donna se' tanto grande, & tanto vali;
   Che qual vuol gratia, & a te non ricorre,
53-4 { La tua benignità non pur socorre
55-6 { A chi dimanda; ma molte flate
15 Sue disanza vuol volar senz' ali.
50-1 { Liberamente al dimandar precorre.
   In te misericordia; in te pietate;
   In te magnificentia: in te s'aduna
   Quantunque in creatura è di bonitate.

1 Chaucer's lines 45-49, in his 7th stanza, differ a good deal from Dante's lines 9-15. Prof. Longfellow printed Chaucer's lines in his notes to his translation of the Paradiso,
DE SANCTA CÆCILIA.

[Her Name explained.]

Four derivations:

1. A heavenly lily.
2. A path for the blind.
3. Heaven, as revolving round, and burning.
4. Wanting in blindness.
5. Heaven of the people.

Cæcilia, quasi caeli lilia, vel caecis via, vel a caelo et lyæa. Vel Cæcilia, quasi caecitate carens. Vel dicitur a caelo et leos, quod est populus. Fuit enim caeleste liliwm per virginitatis pudorem; vel dicitur liliwm, quia habuit canorem muniditiae, viorem conscientiae, ordorem bonæ famæ. Fuit enim cae·cis via per exempli informationem, caelum per jugem contemplationem, lyæa per assiduum operationem. Vel dicitur caelum, quia, sicut dicit Ysidorus, caelum philosophi volubile, rotandum et ardens esse dixerunt. Sic et ipsa fuit volubilis per operationem sollicitam, rotunda per perseverantium, ardens per caritatem succensam; fuit caecitate carens per sapientiae splendorem; fuit et caelum populi, quia in ipsa tamquam in caelo spirituali populus ad imitantium intueretur caelum, solem, lunam et stellas, id est sapien·tie perspicacitatem, fidei magnanimitatem et virtutum varietatem.

[The Legend about her.]

Cæcilia, virgo praeclarissima, ex nobili Romanorum genere exorta, et ab ipsis cunabilis in fide Christi nutrita, absconditum semper evangelium Christi gerebat in pectore, et non diebus neque noctibus a colloquis divinis et oratione cessabat, suanque virginitatem conservari a domino exorabat. Cum autem euidam juveni, nomine Valeriano, desponsata fuisset, et dies nuptiarum instituta esset, ilia subtus ad carnem cilio erat induita, et desuper de auratis vestibus tegebatur, et cantantium organis illa in corde soli domino decantabant dicens: "fiat, domine, cor meum et corpus meum immaculatum, ut non confundar;" et biduanis et triduanis jejuniis orans commendabant domino, quod timebat. Venit autem nox, in qua suscepit una cum sponse suo cubi·culi secreta silentia, et ita eum alloquitur: "o dulcissime atque amantissime juvenis, est mysterium, quod tibi
DE SAINCTE CECILE.

(Feuillet .ccxxv. sign. d. ed. 1513.)

† L'interprétation du nom saincte cecile.

Cecile est autant a dire come lys du ciel ou voye des aueugles: ou elle est dicte du ciel & de lya: ou elle est dicte ainsi come non aueugle: ou de leos: c'est a dire, peuple. Et elle fut lys du ciel par pure virginite, et par ce qu'elle eut blancheur de nette, & resplendence de conscience, & odeur de bonne renommee. Elle fut voye aux aueugles par exemple d'information / et elle fut ciel par bonne contemplation.

[See st. 1. 113-119 of Chaucer's Second Nun's Tale . . .

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .]

Celle ne fut pas aueugle:

car elle eut clarte de sagesse. Elle fut ciel du peuple:
car on1 pouoit regarder en icelle le ciel espirituel pour ensuuir l'autre ciel, & veoir en icelle le soleil, la lune, & les estoilles de sagesse par le regard de soy: et par la grandeur de la diuersite de vertu.

† Legende de saincte cecile.

Cecile fut tresnoble virge nee du noble lignage de romme, & fut des le herceau nourrie en la foy de iesucrist, et portoit toujours en sa poictre l'envagile de nostre seigneur mussee dedens son cuer. Ne elle ne cessa iour & nuyt de aorer ne de parler de nostre seigneur, et de le prier que il luy gardast sa virginite: et toutesfoys sesamys luy donnerent pour mary vng iouuenceau nomme valerien. Et quant le iour des nopces fut estabity, elle auoit la haire vestue a sa chair, & estoit dessus paree de vestemens d'or. et quant les instrumens chantoient, elle chantoit a nostre seigneur en son cuer. "Sire, mon cuer & mon corps soient sans macule si que ie ne soies confuse," & ieusna trois iours en se commandant a nostre seigneur, qu'elle doutboit. Et lors vint la nuyt, qu'elle entra en sa chambre avec son espoux, & elle l'arraisonna ainsi. "O tresdoulx amy, bel iouuenceau, ie ay vng maistre, que ie te Cecilia was of noble Roman descent, and ever prayed to God to keep her a virgin. She wore a hair shirt under her marriage robes, and told her husband Valerian on the first night.
confitear, si modo tu juratus aserras, tota te illud ob-
seruantia custodire." Jurat Valerianus, se illud nulla
necessitate detegere, nulla prodere ratione. Tune illa
a\it: "angelum Dei habeo amatorum, qui nimio zelo
custodi\it corpus meum. Hic si vel leviter senserit, quod
tu me polluto amore contingas, statim feriet te, et
amittes florem tuae gratissimae juventutis, si autem
cognovert, quod me sincer\o amore diligas, ita quoque
diliget te sicut me, et ostendet tibi gloriam suam."

Tunc Valerianus, nutn Dei correctus, ait: "si vis, ut
cedam tibi, ipsum angelum mihi ostende, et si vere
probaver, quod angelus sit, faciam quod hortari; si
autem virum alium diligis, te et illum gladio feriam."
Cui Caecilia dixit: "si in Deum verum credideris et te
baptizari promiseris, ipsum videre valebis. Vade igitur
in tertium millarium ab urbe via, qua Appia nuncupat-
tur, et pauperibus, quos illic invenies, dices: 'Caecilia me
misit ad vos, ut ostendat tibi sanctum senem Urbanum,
quoniam ad ipsum habeo secretas mandata, quae perferam.'
Hunc, dum tu videris, indica ei omnia verba mea; et postquam ab eo purificatus
fueris et redieris, angelum ipsum videbis." Tunc
Valerianus perrexit, et secundum signa que aceperat,
sanctum Urbanum episcopum intra sepulchra martirum
latitantem invenit; cumque eii omnia verba Caecilia
dixisset, ille manus ad cœlum expandens cum laetymis
a\it: "domne Jesu Christe, seminarii casti consili,
suscepse seminum fructus, quos in Caecilia seminasti,
domine Jesu Christe, pastor bone, Caecilia famula tua
quasi apis tibi argumentosa deservit; nam sponsum,
quem quasi leonem feroecem accepit, ad te quasi agnum
mansuetissimum destinavit." Et ecce subito apparuit
senex quidam niveis vestibus indutus, tenens librum
auris litteris scriptum. Quem videus Valerianus pra
nimio timore quasi mortuus ceedit, et a sene levatus,
sic legis: " unus Deus, una fides, unum baptism, unus
Deus et pater omnium, qui super omnes, et per omnia,
et in omnibus nobis." Cumque hae legisset, dixit ei
senior: "credis ita esse an adhuc dubitas?" Tunc
exclamavit dicens: "non est aliud, quod verius credi
possit, sub celo." Statimque illo disparente, Valerianus
a sancto Urbano baptisma suscepit, et rediens, Caeciliam
cum angelo loquentem in cubiculo invenit. Angelus
autem duas coronas ex rosis et liliis in manu habebat,
et unam Caeciliae, at alteram Valeriano tradidit, dicens:
"istas coronas immaculato corde et mundo corpore
1 Feuillet .cxxxv. back. 2 'This holy old Urban.'— Chaucer.
diray se tu me iures que tu le garderas en secret de tout ton pouvoir." & valerien iura qu'il ne le descouvriroit pour nul besoing, & lors celle luy dist. "L'ay vng ange de dieu amy, qui garde mon corps a trop grand amour: et se il sentoit que tu me touchass es par nulle amour desordonnee, il te frapperoit tantost si que tu perdrois tantost la fleur de ta jeunesse / et s'il sait que tu m'aymes de pure amour, il t'aymera ainsi come moy, et si te demonstrera son amour." & valerien, corrique par la vouente de dieu, dist. "Se tu veulx que ie te croye, monstre moy celye ange: & si ie voy proprement que ce soit vng ange, ie feray ce que tu requers; & sec est vng aulitremomme, iete occiray et luy d'unglaine."

Auquel cecile dist. "Se tu crois au vray dieu, & tu es baptise, tu le pourras bien veoir, va en la voy qui est nommee apicene, a trois mille de la cite de romme: & diras aux poures que tu trouueras: 'Cecile m'a enuoye a vous que vous me monstre vrbain, vng sainet home ancien: car ie luy ay a dire vng secret qu'elle luy mande': & quant tu le verras, dy luy toutes mes parroles: & quant tu 1ersas baptise de luy, tu verras adonc l'ange." Et quant valerien s'en alla a vrbain pape, qui se mussoit dedens les sepulchres des martyrs, & luy eut dit toutes les parroles de cecile, vrbain tendit les mains & dist. "Sire isuescrit, seneur de conseil droitcurier, recuey le fruit de la semence que tu semas en ta benoiste ancelle cecile. Sire isuescrit, cecile ta chamheriere te sert ainsi come la mouche a miel en accroissant tousjours: car son espoux, qu'elle print cruel comme vng lyon, elle enuoye a toy comme vng tresdoulx & tresdebonnaire seigneur." Et tantost apparut entre eux deux vng ancien homme, vestu de blance vestemens, qui tenoit vng liuie escript de lettres d'or: et quant valerien le veit, il cheut de paur ainsi come mort, & celuy ancien home le leu, et luy leut. "Vng dieu: vnc creance, vng baptisme, Vng dieu, pere de tous, et est sur tout & en tous lieux," & quant il luy eut tout leu, il luy dist. "Croy tu estre ainsi, ou se tu doutees encors?" & valerien dist. "Il n'est chose qui puisse estre creue plus vrayement soubz le ciel: & tantost il se desapparut, & valerien receut baptisme, & retourna, et trouua en la chambr ceceile parlant a l'ange; & l'ange tenoit en sa main deux couronnes de roses [&] de lys, & bailla l'une a cecile, & l'autre a valerien:" et dist: "Gardez ces couronnes de cveur & de corps net sans macule: car ie vous les apporte de dieu de paradis; ne

that an Angel lovei her, and would kill him if he polluted her.

Valerian, he said, 'Show me this Angel.'

She bade him go to St Urban and get baptized; and then he'd see the Angel.

Valerian found St Urban, who thanked God that Cecilia had turned her spouse.

To them appeared an old man from heaven.

Valerian profest belief in God, was baptized by St Urban, and, going home, saw Cecilia's Angel, who gave them each a crown of roses and lilies.
Valerian aske
t that his brother
might know the
truth.

At once the
brother,
Tiburtius, came
in, and asst why
he smelt roses
and lilies.

Valerian told
him he could see
em if he believed
In God and
renounced idols.
(St Ambrose
attest this
miracle of the
crown of roses.)

Cecilia converts
Tiburtius,
kisses his breast,
and tells him to
be baptized

by St Urban,
"What! by him
who is to be

DE SANcta Cecilia. SECOND Nun'S TALE.
custodite, quia de paradiso Dei eas ad vos attuli; nec
unquam marcescent, nec odorem amittent, nec ab alis,
nisi quibus castitas placuerit, videri poterunt. Tu
autem, Valeriane, quia utili consilio credidisti, pete
quodcumque volueris, et consequeris." Cui Valerianus:
"nihil mihi in hac vita exstitit dulcius, quam unicus
fratris mei affectus, peto igitur, ut et veritatem ipse
meum agnoscat." Cui angelus: "placet domino petitio
tua; et ambo cum palma martirii ad dominum venietis.
"Post hoc, ingressus Tiburtius, frater Valeriani, cum
nimium rosarum sensisset odorem, dixit: "miror, hoc
tempore roseus hic odor et liliorum unde respiret; nam
si ipas rosas vel lilia in manibus meus teuerem, nec sic
poterant odoramenta tanta mihi suavitatis infundere;
confiteor vobis, ita sum refectus, ut putem me totum
subito immutatum." Cui Valerianus: "coronas habe-
mus, quas tui oculi videre non prævalent, floreo colore
et niveo candore vernantes; et sicut me interpellante
odorem sensisti, sic et, si credideris, videre valebis.
"Cui Tiburtius: "in somnis hoc audio, an in veritate
ista tu loqueris, Valeriane?" Cui Valerianus: "in
somnis usque modo futus, sed jam nunc in veritate
manemus." Ad quem Tiburtius: "unde hoc nosti?" Et
Valerianus: "angelus domini me docuit, quem tu videre
poteris, si tu purificatus fueris, et omuiibus ydolis abre-
nuuntiaveris." (Huic miraculo de coronis rosarum
Ambrosius attestatur in præatione sic diceus: 'sancta
Cæcilia sacre celesti est dono repleta, ut martirii palmam
assumere; ipsum mundum est cum thalamis exsecrata;
testis est Valeriani conjugiis et Tiburtii provocata con-
fessio, quos, domine, angelica manu odoriferis floribus
coronasti; viros virgo duxit ad gloriarmundus agnovit,
quantum valcat devotioni castitatis." Hec Ambrosius.)
Tune Caecilia evidenter ostendit ei, omnia ydola esse
insensibilia et muta, ita ut Tiburtius responderet ac
diceret: "qui ista non credit, pecus est." Tune Cæcilia
osculans pectus ejus dixit: "hodie te fatore meum esse
cognatum, sicut enim amor.Dei fratre tuum mihi
conjugem fecit, ita te mihi cognatum contentus faciet
ydolorum. Vade igitur cum fratre tuo, ut purifica-
tioneum accipias et angelicos vultus videre valeas." 
Dixitque Tiburtius fratri suo: "obsecro te, frater, ut
mihi dicas, ad quem me ducturus es." Cui Valerianus:
"ad Urbanum episcopum." Cui Tiburtius: "de illo
Urbano dies, qui totiens damnatus est et adhuc in

1 Say what thee list, and thou shalt have thi boone.—
Chaucer.
2 leaf 225, back, col. 2.
elles ne fleuriront ia, ne ne perdront leur odeur ; ne elles ne pourront estre veues d'aultres s'ilz n'ont chasteete. Et valerien, pour ce que tu as creu profitable conseil, demande ce que te voultras. Et valerien dist, "Il ne m'est rien tant douce chose en ceste vie comme la bonne voulentere d'un mien frere que l'ay : iete prie qu'il congerisse ame moy la voye de verite." Et l'ange luy dist, "Il plaist a nostre seigneur ce que tu requiers, & vous viendrez tous deux a nostre seigneur par martyre." Et apres ce, tybricien, frere de valerien, entra en la chambr, & sentit tresgrart odeur de roses, & dist. "Le m'esmerueille que ie sens en ce temps odeur de roses & de lys ; car se ie tenoye roses & lys en ma main, si ne pourroyent elles donner greigneur odeur ; ie vous confesse que ie me senses soubdainement mue." Auquel valerien dist, "Nous auons couronnes que tes yeulx ne peuvent voir, qui sont de couleur ros&e & blanches comme lys ; & sicne tu sens l'odeur par moy, tu le pourras voir se tu crois." & tybricien dist. "Est ce songe que tu as ouy, valerien, ou se tu dis en verite ?" Et valerien respondit. "Nous auons este iusques icy en songe ; mais nous sommes maintenant en verite." & tybricien dist. "On l'as tu prins !" & valerien dist. "L'ange de dieu me l'a apprius, que tu pourroies voir se tu estoyes purifie & tu voyes renonce a toutes tes ydoles." (Et ces miracles des couronnes tesmoigne ambroise en son preface & dit. "Saincte cecile fut remplie du don du ciel, que elle print peine de martyre & despit le monde & ses delitz / & de cest tesmoing valerien son mary, & tiburcius son frere, que nostresseigneur couronna par la main de l'ange de fleurs odorans ; & la vierge meua ces hommes a gloire : & le monde si congruent combien denotion de chastete vault.") Et adone cecile leur monstra clereament que toutes les ydole sont nues et sans sens, si que tybricien rendit & dist. "Qui ne croit ainsi, il est beste." Et adone cecile luy baisa la poictrine, & dist. "Aoujourd'hui te confesses estre mon cousin, tout ainsi comme l'amour de dieu a fait conoindre a moy ton frere, tout ainsi le despit des ydole te fera estre mon cousin. va done avec ton frere pour recevoirpurification, quetu puisses voirle visage desanges." Et adone dist tybricien a son frere. "Je te prie, mon frere, que tu me dies a qui tu me veulx mener." & valerien luy dist. "A vrbain euesque." et tybricien dist. "Dis tu de celuy vrbain qui tant de fois a este condamme, & demeure encore en vng lieu secret ; & s'il estoit trouue il seroit ars, & nous auerc luy, & quant nous querons la diuinite qui se tapist es cieulx, nous encourons la

Valerian askt that his brother might know the truth.

At once the brother, Tiburtius, came in, and askt why he seelt roses and ilies.

Valerian told

Cecilia converts Tiburtius,

kisses his breast,

and tells him to be baptized

by St Urban.

'What! by him who is to be burnt if he's caught? We shall be burnt too.'
latebris commonorat? hic, si inventus fuerit, cremabitiur; et nos in illius flamnis pariter inovolveitur, et dum quærimus divinitatem latantem in coelis, inurremús fuórems excessentem in terris." Cui Cæcilia: "Si haec sola esset vita, justé hanc perdere timeam; est autem alia melior, quæ nuncam amititü, quam nobis Dei filius ennarravit. Omnia enim, quæ facta sunt, filius ex patre genitus condidit, universa autem, quæ condita sunt ex patre procedens spiritus animavit. Hic igitur filius Dei in mundum veniens verbis et miraculis aliam vitam esse nobis monstravit." Cui Tiburtius: "certe unum Deum esse asseris, et quomodo nunc tres esse testaris?" Respondit Cæcilia: "sic in una hominis sapientia sunt tria, siclicet ingenium, memoria et intellectus, sic et in una divinitatis assentia tres personæ esse possunt." Tunc cepit ei de adventu filii Dei et passione prædicare, et multas congruitates ipsius passionis ostendere. "Nam ideo," inquit, "filius Dei est tenus, ut genus humanum dimititur peccato detentum; benedictus maledictur, ut homo maledictus benedictionem consequatur; illud se patitur, ut homo ab illusione daemonum liberetur; spineam coronam accepit in capite, ut a nobis sententiam auferat capitalem; fel suscipit amarum, ut sanaret hominis dulceæ gustum; exspoliatur, ut parentum nostrorum nuditatem operiat; in ligno suspenditur, ut ligit prævaricationem tollat." Tunc Tiburtius fratri suo dixit: "miserere mei, et perduc me ad hominem Dei ut purificationem acceipiam." Ductus igitur, et purificatus, angelos Dei sepe videbat, et omnia quæ postulabat, protinus obtinebat. Valerianus igitur et Tiburtius elemosinis insitiebant; et sanctorum corpora, quos Almachius praefectus occidebat, sepulturae tradiebant. Quos Almachius ad se vocans, cur pro suis sceleribus damnatos sepelirent, inquisivit. Cui Tiburtius: "utinam illorum servi essemus, quos tu damnatos appellas! Qui contemserunt illud, quod videtur esse et non est, et inveniunt illud, quod non videtur esse et est." Cui praefectus: "quidnam est illud?" Et Tiburtius: "quod videtur esse et non est, est omne, quod in hoc mundo est, quod hominem ad non esse perducit; quod vero non videtur esse et est, est vita justorum et paena malorum." Cui

1 Chaucer, like the Latin, gives this speech to Cecilia: 'To whom Cecilie answerde boldely'.
2 Here again Chaucer follows the Latin and not the French: 'By word and miracle liche goddes sone, When he was in the world, declared heere,' &c.
forcencerie ardant es terres:” & valerien dist. “Se ceste vie estoit seule, par raison doublezons nous a la perdre: mais il est vue meilleure vie qui ne peut estre perdue, laquelle le filz de dieu nous raconte: car toutes les choses qui sont faictes, le filz engendre du pere fist; & toutes les choses faictes du saict esperit viennent du pere viuifie; & ce filz nous demonstre au moude vide autre vie estre.” & tyburcien dist. “Tu affermes vng dieu estre; & comment congois tu maintenant estre trois dieux?” & cecile reponoit. “Sicome en la sagesse d’un seul homme sont trois choses, c’est engin, memoire, & entendement; ainsi que vne essence de diuinite sont trois personnes.” Et adone luy prescha de l’aduenement & de la passion de dieu, et luy demonstra moult de convenablez de la passion: car elle dist “Pour ce souffrit le filz de dieu a estrc tenu, qu’il delaissast aller l’humain lignage qui estoit detenu en peche. Le benoist fut maudit affin que homme maudit eust bénédiction. Il souffrit estre despit, affin que l’home fut hors du despit du diable. Il eut en son chief couronne d’espines, affin qu’il ostast l’home de capilla sentence. Il receut le fiel tresamer, affin qu’il rendist a l’home son doux gust. Il fut despouille, pour courir la nudite des premieres peres. Il fut pendu au fust de la croix, affin qu’il ostast le trespasement & l’outrage du fust de vie.” Et lors tyburcien dist a son frere, “Ayes pitie de moy, & me meine a l’homme de dieu, si que je receuie purification.” & lors le mena, & fut purifie. Et tantost apres il veoit souuent les anges de nostre seigneur, & aouoit tantost ce qu’il requeroit. Et lors valerien & tyburcien se mirent a aumones faire, & ensepeuissisoient les corps saictz que almachien faisait decoller. Et almachien les appella, & leur demanda: pour quoy ilz ensepeuissisoient les corps des damnez pour leur felonnes,” auquel tyburcien dist. “Ma vouluente fut que nous fussions seruiteurs d’eeceux que tu appelles damnez: car ilz despri-srent ce qui est veu estre, & n’est pas: c’est tout ce qui est en ce monde qui demeine l’home a non estre. & ce qui n’est pas veu estre, & est: c’est la vie des justes & la peine des mauvais.” & le preoust dist. “Je ne cuide pas que tu parles de ta pensee.” Et lors commanda valerien estre amene deuant luy, & luy dist. “Pour ce que ton frere ne parle pas de

She shows him how there are 3 Gods in one, and how Christ suffered.

‘He, the blessed, was cursed, to win main blessings;

be was despoiled, to clothe our fathers.’

Tiburtius is baptized and sees angels.

He and Valerien are taken before Almachius, questioned by him,

and reproved for their errors.

3 Feuillet .ccxxvi. sign. d. ii.
4 Chaucer leaves out the next statement.
5 Chaucer, like Caxton, cuts out the following discussion, saying only that Almache ‘hem opposed, and knew alle here entente.’

1 Feuillet ,cxxxvi. col. 2.  
2 Chaucer translates a line here.  
3 on.  
4 orig. mon.  
5 Chaucer begins to translate again.
saine pensee, par aduenture pourras tu donner responce plus sagement. Il m'est aduis que vous foliez trop qui refusez les ioyes, & connoitez les choses contraires a ioye."

Et lors valerien dist "L'ay veu au temps de grace iouer les oyseaux & se mocquoient des ouuriers & des laboureurs, mais au temps d'este, quant les gloryeux fruitz estoient venus, les laboureurs s'esioysssoient & ceulx qui les avoient mocquez pleuroient. Et ainsi faictes vous orendroit: vous vous mocquez maintene1nent de ce que nous sous-

& valerien dist. "Vous estes hommes nudi: & non princes: nez en vostre temps, pour mourir hastie-


ment vous hastez vous d'aller a la mort ainsi come se ce fust vng conuy?" auquel valerien dist. "Se tu nous pro-

metz que tu croisiers en dieu, tu nous verras apres la mort:" & maximien dist. "Ie soye ars & enflambe de feu se ie ne confesse celui vray dieu seul que vous adorez, s'il aduienct ce que vous dictes." Et lors maximien & toute sa mesgnie & tous les bouchers creurent en dieu, et furent baptizez de sainct vbain. Et quant l'aube du iour appa-

rut, cecile s'escria en disant. "Mout ioye, cheuailers de ieascrict: oestez les oeuvres de tenebres, & vestez les armes de lumiere." Et adone les sainctez furent menez a quatre mille de la cite a l'ydoile de iupiter. & lors maximien iure par son serment qu'il veit les anges a l'heure de leur passion: car ilz furecut decollez ensemble,
The brothers are beheaded, and Maximus sees their souls borne to heaven.

Maximus is beaten to death.

Almachius has Cecilia brought before him, and bids her sacrifice or die.

She tells the weeping folk around her that she'll change her vile body for a glorious one.

She converts them, and above 400 are baptized.

She dares Almachius, and tells him that his power is a mere bladder of wind.

that she will not deny God.


1 leaf 226, back.

2 Chaucer follows the Latin rather than the French.
that he can only take life, not give it; he is but a minister of Death, and his gods but stones.

Almachius orders her to be cast into a boiling bath; and, as that doesn't burn her, to be beheaded. The headsman strikes 3 strokes, and leaves her half dead. She gives her goods to the poor, converts many folk, and asks St. Urban to turn her house into a church, which he does, and buries her with the bishops, A.D. 223.

DE SANCTA CECILIA. SECOND NUN'S TALE.

est potestas?" Et illa: "contra veritatem publicam probo te nunc esse mentitum, vitam enim viventibus tollere potes, mortuis autem dare non potes; es igitur minister mortis, non vitae." Cui Almachius: "jam depone amentiam et sacrificia Diis." Cui Caecilia: "nescio, ubi oculos amiseris; nam quos tu Deos dicis, omnes nos saxa esse videmus; mitte igitur manum et tangendo disce, quod oculis non vales videre." Tunc iratus Almachius jussit eam ad domum suam reduci, ibique tota nocte et die jussit eam in bulliente balneo concremari. 

"Quae quasi in loco frigido mansit, nec medicum saltem sudoris persensit. Quod cum audivisset Almachius, jussit eam in ipso balneo decollari. Quam spiculator tribus ictibus in collo percussit, sed tamen caput ejus amputare non potuit, et quia decretum erat, ne quartam percussionem decollandus acciperet, eam semivivam cruentus carnifex dereliquit. Per triduum autem supervivens, omnia quae habebat, pauperibus tradidit, et omnes quos ad fidem converterat, Urbano episcopo commendavit dicens: "triduanas mihi inductas postulavi, ut nos tuæ beatitudini commendarem, et hanc domum meam in ecclesiæ consecrare," Sanctus autem Urbanus corpus ejus inter episcopos sepelivit, et domum suam in ecclesiæ, ut rogaverat, consecravit. Passa est autem circa annos domini CC et XXIII tempore Alexandri imperatoris. Alibi autem legitur, quod passa sit tempore Marci Aurelii, qui imperavit circa annos domini CCXX.
vies aux vifs : mais tu ne peulx pas donner vie aux mors : & adonc tu es ministre de mort, & non pas de vie." A laquelle almacien dist. "Ouste ta forcenerie, & sacrifie aux dieux." & cecile dist. "Je ne scay se tu as les yeulx perdus, car ceulz que tu dis estre dieux, nous voyons tous que ce sont pierres. Metz donc ta main a ta teste, & prens a taster ce que tu peulx veoir." Et lors almacien courrouce, la commanda mener en sa maison : & la fist nuyt & iour estre en vng baing tout bouillant ; et elle estoit la tout ainsi come en vng frot lieu, & ne sentit oncques vng peu de sueur. Et quant almacien la ouyt, il commanda qu'elle fust decollee en ce baing. Et le martyrre frappa trois fois sur elle, et ne luy peut oncques couper le col. et pour ce qu'il estoit ordonne que ceulz qui estoit decolleur ne ferist le quart coup, ceulz la laissa demye morte & toute sanglante. Elle suruesquit trois iours, & donna tout ce qu'elle auoit aux poures, & tous ceulx qu'elle auoit convertis a la foie, elle recommanda a l'uesque vrbin, disant. "L'ay requis terme de trois iours pour recommander ceulx cy a ta beatitude : et pour ce que tu consacres ma maison en vne eglise." Et sainct vrbin ensepuelit son corps entre les euesques : et dedia sa maison en vne eglise, sicomme elle luy auoit prie. 1 Et elle souffrit mort enuior l'an de nostre seigneur deux cens xxiii. au temps de alexandre empereur. Et on lit ailleurs qu'elle souffrit mort au temps de marc aurelien qui fut emperour enuior l'an de nostre seigneur sept cens et vingt.

1 Chaucer leaves out the rest.
Here foloweth of saint Cecyle byrgyne and marter & fy[r]ste of hyr name.

Cecyle is as moche to say as the lylve of heuen / or a waye to blynde men / Or she is sayd of celo and lya / or ellys cecilia as lackyng2 blyndenes / Or she is sayd of celo that is heuen / and les that is peple / she was an heuenly lylve by clennes of vyrgynyte / a waye to blynde men by Informacion of example / heuen by deuoute contemplacion lya by besy operacyon / lackyng blyndenes by shynyng of wyseedom / and heuen of the people / For the people behelde in hyr as in folowyng the spyrtyuel heuen / the sonne / the mone and the sterrys / that is to say / shynyng of wyseedom / magnamytye of feythe / and dyuersyte of vertues / Or she is sayd a lylve for she had the whytenes of clennesse / a good conscience / and odoure of good fame / Or she is sayd heuen / for ysodore saith that the phylosopres sayen / that heuen is meuable / rounde / and brennyng*. In lyke wyse was she moeyung* by besy operacyon / rounde by persueuraunce / and brennyng* by fyry charyte /

1 The colophon to this 1st ed., on folio CCC CCCC xliii, is, "Thus endeth the legende named in latyn legenda aurera / that is to saye in englysshe the golden legende / For lyke as golde passeth in valewe alle other metalles / so thys legende excedeth alle other bookes / wherin ben conteyned alle the hygh and grete festys of our lord / the festys of our blessyd lady / the lynes passyons and myracles of many other sayntes / and other hystoryes and actes / as al allonge here afore is made moneyon / whiche werke I haue accomplisshed at the commaundemente and requeste of the noble and payssaunt erle / and my special good lord Wyllyam erle of arondel / & haue fynished it at westmestre the twenty day of noyembre / the yere of our lord M / CCC / lxxxij / & the fyrst yere of the regnye of Kyng Rychard the thyrd

2 Caxton's g has a curl more like our c's.  
3 folio CCC lxxviiij.
AN EARLY-ENGLISH LIFE OF ST CECILIA.

[Ashmole MS. 43, leaf 185, back.]

St Cecilia loved Christ from her cradle.

When she was married to Valerian, she wore a hairshirt under her robes, [leaf 180] and she prayed Christ to keep her unspotted.

At night she told Valerian that an Angel loved her, and would kill him if he tried to rob her of her maidenhood.

Valerian said she must show him the angel.

If it were a man, he'd kill him and her too. [I MS. b 313] Cecilia told Valerian that if he'd believe in Christ he should see the Angel.

S

Eyn Cecile of noble kunne: i bore was at rome.

Our lord crist heo louede wel: ar heo fram cradel come

Heo lette hire baptiste stilliche: as we si[n]d cwrpe ivrite.

3erne heo bed ihesu crist: hire maidenhood to wite.

4poru hire frendes strengpe: isposed heo was to a man.

Of grete nobleie & richesse: pat het valerian.

pis maide werede robe of pal: & clopes swipe riche.

Gerlans & tresours al of golde: pe here next hire liche.

Wen pe menstrales songe hor song: of hor menstrasie.

pis maide stilliche song of god: & seyynte marie.

Of pe sauter heo song pis vers: pat mest was In hire bozt.

'Let lord myn herte vn-wemmed be: pat In be confounded nozt.'

As heo was any3t in riche bedde: wip hire lord ibrozt.

Sone hadde pis folie mon: of folie hire bisoft.

"Suete heorte" quap pis maide: "our loue pat pou hast to me.

Grante pat ich pe mote telle a lute priuete. 16 & pat ich me mote scryue to pe: as conseil priue"

"Tristiliche pou mist" quap pis oper: "to sope iche bihote pe."

"Suete heorte" quap pis maide: "In warde icham ido."

An angel is my wardeyn: & my lefmon also.

Vaste he stont her by me: & 3if he vnderlyte.

pat pou by-nome my maidenhood: uor noaping he nolede lete.

pat he nolede harde Smyte: & by-nyme pe miȝte

Vor al pe nobleie pat pou hast: pe ne halt noȝt aȝen him fiȝte

Ae 3if he sopetrepat pou lonest me: In good lif & clene.

He wole 3e wite as he do p me: & eche vuel fram pe zene"

"3if pou wolt, lefmon: pat ich ileue pis."

pe angel pou most sewe me: pat ich him ise iwis.

3if ich mai pat sope ise: pat pou hast pat sope ised

In clannesse ichulle 3i wille do: al after 3i red.

3if 3i ise pat In folie lonest: an noper peny me.

I nele bileue uor noaping: pat I nele him sle & pe." 32

"Swete heorte" quap pis maide: "3if pou wolte inter Angel ise.

pat most byleue on ihesu crist: & icristned be.

3if pou wolt so pou mist him ise: & wite he wole ous fram helle & so grete Iotte worp of our loue: pat no tonge ne mai telle."

Ac 3e mile hemne pou most go: to pe wei of apie 37
Of saint Cecilye

Aynt cecilye the holy vyrgyn was comen of the noble lygnage of the Romayns / and fro the tyme that she laye in hir cradle she was festrid and nourished in the fethye of cryste / and alle weye bare in hir breste the gospel hyde / and neuer cesseyd day ne nyght from holly prayers but recomaundyd to god all weye hir vyrgynyte / and when thys blessyd vyrgyne shold be spoused to a yonge man named Valeryan / & the day of wyddyng was comen / & was cladded in ryal clothes of golde / but vnder she ware the hayre / and she heeryng the organes makynge melodey she sange in hir herte onelye to god sayeng / O lord / I beseeche the that myn herte and body may be vnde-fowled so that I be not confounded / and every second and thyrde day she fasted commendyng hir self vnto our lord whome she dredde / the nyght cam that she shold goo to bedde wyth hir husbond as the custome is / and when they were bothe in theyr chambre allone / she sayd to hym in thys manere / O my beste belouyd / and swete husbond / I haue a councylyl to telle the / yf soo be that thow wylt kepe it secrete / and swere that ye shal bewrye it to no man / to whom valeryan sayd / that he wold gladly promyse and swere neuer to bewrye it / and thenne she sayd to hym I haue an angell that loueth me / which euuer kepeth my body whethere I slepe or wake and yf he may fynde that ye touche my body by vlyonye or foule and pollute loue / certeynly he shal anone slee you and so shold ye lese the floure of your Yongthe / and yf soo be that thou loue me in holy loue and clyen-nesse / he shall loue the as he loueth me & shal shewe to the his grace / Thenne valeryan corrected by the wylle of god hauynge drede sayd to hir / yf thou wylte that I beleue that thou sayest to me / shewe to me that angell that thou spekest of and yf I fynde very-able that he be the angell of god / I shal do that thou sayest / and yf so be that thou loue another man than me / I shal slee bothe hym and the with my swerde / Cecylye answenyd to hym yf thou wylt bylyene & baptyse the / thou shalt wel now see hym / goo thenne forthe to via appia whiche is thre myle out of
d

She came of noble Romans, and was alwaies a Christian.

When she was to be married,

she prayed God to keep her pure.

When she had to go to bed with her husband Valerian,

she told him an Angel loved her, and would kill him if he polluted her.

Valerian said,

'Show me your Angel, and I'll not touch you.'

Cecilla bade hym

1 col. 2, folio CCC lxxvii.
He was to go to the Apollan Way,
and found St. Urban among the martyr's tombs.

Valerian went, and

[leaf 186, back]

St. Urban thanked God that Cecilia had tamed Valerian. An old man appeared from heaven and handed Valerian a writing, 'One Lord, one faith, one baptism,' &c.

Valerian believed it, St. Urban baptized him, (if MS is) he went back to Cecilia, and found an Angel with her, who had 2 garlands of roses and lilies.

Illices for Cecilia's maidenhood, roses for her martyrdom.

Valerian asked that his brother Tybors might turn Christian.

\[\text{pou schall be wynde pouere men on ihese crist crie.} \]
\[\text{Sei pat ich pe to hem sende: pat hi pe tche anon.} \]
\[\text{To Seyn Urban pe olde mon: vor pou most to him gon} \]
\[\text{& priue conseil wip him speke: uor he pe schal baptise.} \]
\[\text{[pen angel pou schalt penne ise & he schal ous bope wise.]} \]
\[\text{Valerian aros anon: as our lord him zef wille.} \]

To pe stude pat pis maide bad: uorh he wende wel stille. 44 pis pouere men him teiute anon: to pe olde mon Seyn Urban. In an old stude uor-let: per as ne com no man. Among olde puttes & burles: as me cristene men preu. After pat hi Imartred were: ware meeny iknev. To is fet he vel adoun: anon so he to him com. & sede pat cicile him sende pudere to ese cristendom. "Loureit Ihered be mi zite": sede Seyn Urban.

"Is pis pe luper werreour: pat me clepep valerian. War cicle habbe Imad him: pat was er so wilde. & more tiraunt pen eu wolf: as a lomb puse milde." To com per go a suype olde mon: & aliist from heuene per. Hor wip wite vestemene: a supe uair writ he ber.

\[\text{[leaf 186, back]} \]


"Heonestou" quaep Seyn urban: "pat pou dest her ise" "pe nys nopine" quaep pis oper: "pat bet to lene be." After pis wite mon he bihuld: he nuste war he bicom. Seyn Urban him nom anon & saf him cristendom To Seyn Cicile he wende azen: po he hadde ibe per li-fulle He vond hire chambre liȝt wippiane: & swipe suote smulle. He uond Cecile his gode spouse: & an angel bi hire stonde. Briilore pen eny leome: to gerlans he huld an honde. Of rosen & of lylion suote: pat on cicile he toke.

\& pat oper ualerian as we fi[n]dep in boke. "Witep pis" he sede "In trewe loue: wip chast body & cleene Ich hem habbe fram heuene ibrozt: our lord it dop you lene. Vor welluwe ne olde neuer hi nellep: ac euer ilaste pe two maner florues pat per bep: nellep neuer hor heu caste.

\[\text{po lilie tokenep youre maidenhod: pat is so wit & suote.} \]
\[\text{pe rose bitokenep youre martirdom: vor peron deie 3e mote.} \]
\[\text{& vor pou dest valerian cicile red sone. Wat pou of my lord bist: he wole grante pi bone."} \]

80 'I ne wilny nopine so muche" sede ualerian.

"As pat tybors my broper: were cristeneneman." "My lord wolde" quaep pis angel: "3eue him pulke grace. pat bope 3e schollep at one tymbe be: Imartred In one place."
this towne and ther thou shalt fynde pope urban with poure folkes / and telle hym thyse wordes that I have sayd / and when he hath purged you fro synne by baptesme / thenne when ye come ageyn ye shal see the aungel / and forthe wente valeryan and fonde this holy man vrbane lowtyng emonge the buryellys / to whom he reported the wordes that cecylye had said / and saynt vrbane for ioye gan holde vp his honde and lete the teerys falle out of his eyen / and said o almyghty god? Ihesu christ sower of chaast councyeyle and kep of vs alle / Receyue the fruyte of the seed / that thou hast sowne in cecylye / For lyke a besy bee she seruyth the For the spouse whome she hath taken whycha was lyke a wode lyon / She hath sente hym hyther lyke as a meke lambe / and wyth that word apperyd sodeynlye an olde man y-cladde in whyte clothes / holdyng a book wryten wyth letters of golde / whome Valeryan seyng? for fere fyl doun to the grounde as he had been deed? Whome the olde man reysed and toke vp and redde in this wyse / One god? one foythe / one baptesme / One god? and fader of alle / abonen alle / and in vs alle euery where / 1 And? when this olde man had redde this / he sayd byleuest thou this or doutest thou it say ye or nay? / Thenne valeryan cryed? sayeng? ther is no thyng trewer vnder heaven / thenne vanysshed this olde man aweye / Thenne valeryan receyued? baptesme of seynt vrbane and retorned? home to saynt cecylye whom he fonde wythin his chambr spekyng? wyth an aungel / and thys aungel had two crownes of roses and lylyes / which he helde in his honde / of whiche he gafe one to cecyly and that other to valeryen seyng? kepe ye thys crownes wyth an vndefowled? and a clene body / for I haue brought them to you fro paradysy / and they shal neuer fade ne wydder / ne lose theyr sauour / ne they may not be seen but of theym to whom chastyte pleasyth? & thou valeryan by cause thou hast vsed? prouflytable councyeul / demaunde what thou wylt / To whom valeryan sayd? There is no thyng in this world? to me leuer thenne my brother / whom I wold? fayne that he myght knowe this veray trouthe wyth me / to whome the aungel sayd? / thy petycyon pleseth our lord? / and ye bothe shal come to hym by

1 folio CCC Ixxvii (sign. bb j), back.
The Angel vanished.

Tybors came, and asked where the smell of roses and lilies came from.

Valerian told him from invisible garlands.

Tybors supposed his brother was dreaming.

Valerian said he had only just been awoken by God's angel.

Cecilia told Tybors that his idols were only wood.

and that he must become her brother, and be baptized by St. Urban.

Cecilia speaks of the joys of the future life.

Tybors asks to be led to St. Urban.

He is baptized, and sees the Angel.

Pe angel wende wiþ pis word: me nuste war he bicom. 85

pis two clene pinges wiþ Ioie Inou: hor eiþer to oper nom

Tibors com to pe chambre: to speke wiþ is brother pe re

He stod stille & bihuld aboute: as he nuste war he were. 88

"Broper" he sede "hou gep pis: pis tymne of pe zere.

So suote smul ne smulde ich neuer: me pencp as ich do here

Bei pis houes were vol of rede rosen: & of wite liulion also

I ne miþte hem verisore smul: me pencp pech ich nou do. 92

So vol icham of pis smul: & so muche it is In my poȝt.

Bat I not icham sodenlich: In oper witte ibroto."

"Leue broper" quaþ valerian: "gerlans we habbeþ here.

Of floures bat pou ne mizt ise: bote pou were our Iuere

Ac so as pou hast pecn suote smul: þer-of þoru our bone.

zif pou wolt bileue as we dop: þou mizt hem ise some.

"Leue broper" quaþ pis oper: "weþer is it sop þis

Oper ich stonde in metynge: & mete þat it so is. 100

"In metynge" quaþ valerian: "we habbeþ euþr ibe.

Nou we beþ verst of slepe awaked: nou we mowe nerst ise."

"Suxtou bet nou" quaþ pis oper: "þen þou hast er ido.

"Ze" sede valerian: "wel me bi-houþep so 104

Vor my lordes angel of heuene: hap þeume se izt

& vor our loue he wolde þe also: zif þou wolt bileue ariþt"

þo sede þis holi maide "tybors leue broper.

Wat beþ þis maumentes bote wrecheþe: þou suxt non oper.

Ne suxtou hou it is monnes were: Imad of old tre.

þing þet ne mai him sulue helpe: hou mai it helpe þe

"Noping nys soþer" quaþ tubors: "þen þat þou hast ised.

Woder he weþer þen eny best: þat nolde do þi rede. 112

Seyn Cecile him custe anon: "leue tybors" heo sede

"To dai þou schalt my broper be: vor þou wolt do bi rede.

þoru clene loue of good bileue: þi broper my spouse is

þerþerou þou schalt bicomce also: my broper wan þou art his

Myd valerian þou most go to þe bispoc vrbàn

& be icristned & do also: as he þe rede can."

"Is þat vrban" quaþ thybours: "þat so þerne hap ibe isozt.

þat zare hap ibe fleme & ihud: & zif he were uorþ ibrozt.

Verborne he scholde & we also: zif we wiþ him were

& so þe wole we heuene soþe: verborne we miþte here." 121

"& zif þer nere" quaþ þis maide: "souleman bote þis lif.

Fol he were þat it wolde lese: vor eny strif.

An wen þer is so muri lif: þat we schulleþ her-after auonge.

Fol is þat nele an wule be wo: to be In Ioie so longe."

"Leue broper" quaþ thybours: "ich bische þe

Lede me to pulke gode monne: & haue mercy of me." 128

þat o broper ladde þat oper: to þe bispoc Vrban

& let him vorsake is folle bileue: & bicom cristene man.

Tibours þo he com aþen: þen angel he sei anon.
the palme of marterdom / and anone tyburce his brother

and he, Tyburce, at once comes in,
came and entryd in to thys chambre / and anone he felte
the swete odour of the roses & lylyes / and meruaylled
fro whens it came / Thenne valeryan sayd we haue
crownes whyche thyn eyen may not see and lyke as by
my prayers [thou] hast felte the odour of them / so yf
thou wylt byleue / thou shalt see the crownes of roses
and lylyes that we haue / Thenne cecylye and

and hears of heaven, the abuse of idols, &c.,
valeryan began to preche to tyburcyen of the ioye of
heuen / and of the foule creaunce of paynyms / the
abusyon of ydolles / and of the paynys of helle whiche
the dampned suffre and also they prechyd to hym of
the Incarnacion of our lord and of hys passyon / and
and of Christ,
dyd so moche that Tyburcyen was converted and bap-
and is baptized by St Urban,
tysed of saynt vrbane / and fro than forthon he had so
moche grace of god that every day he sawe aungellys/

Cecilia, being a woman, has to stay at home. [leaf 187, bk] The brothers go out, bury martyred Christians, are caught in the act,

but Cecile him hadde bihote! In þe chambre wip hire gon. Cecile, vor heo womman was! atom heo moste abide. 133

Ac þis breþeran þat were men! aboute wende wide. & wen me martred cristemen! þuder hi wolde gon.

& stele to wen hi miȝte best! & burie hem anon [don. bi-uore þe Justice hi were ibroȝt! me lefte hem wat hi wolde

Ho made hem so hardi! to ben þe emperours fôn. As hi burede twei gode men! þat Imartred were.

Come þe emperours men! & nome hem riȝt þere. þe misbileued trechours! þat were aȝen our lawe.

þat wip riȝt Ingemenent of londe! were ibroȝt of dawe. “Sire, we wolde,” queþ þis oper! “þat we wur>i were

Hor knaues uort he habbe ibe! þat ȝe lette quelle þere. Hi bileuede þing þat noȝt nas þei semblance hadde

& toke þat was aworþ! & no semblance nadde. Vor þei worldes wele habbe semblance! uor soþe noȝt it nys.

& þei þe blisse of heuene penche lute! uor soþe muche it is.” “Belainys,” þe Justices seden! “þe me þeneþ wode.

Wyrpe he it to habbe wo! hose keþep noȝt of gode.” “In wynter,” quæþ valerian! “i defenden sitþeþ & drinkeþ.

To busemar hi liȝþ þe þetilien! þat aboute gode swynkeþ. In heruest wen hi move! vair corn repe

In meseesi hi move go vp & doun! vor hi nabepþ newþ a greþe

& we scholleþ uor our travaill! þi blisse repe atenende.

Wen þe schulleþ uor our Iode! wepynge to helle wende” “Eke we,” quæþ þe Justice! “þat lordes scholde be.

Beþ lasse worþ þen suche wrehces! þat nolleþ newþ ipe.” “Certes” quæþ valerian “þou art lasse itold

þen a beggare aȝen god! ne be þou ne so bold!” 160 “Belamy,” quæþ þe Justice! “I ne keþe noȝt of þi Ianglinge.

Dop þoure sacrifice anou! oper me schal þou to deþe bringe.” “Certes” queþe þis gode men! “þou ne bringest ouþ nouþ þerto.

þe Justice hem let anou! In strong prison doþ!” Maxime þe gailer het! þat hem In warde nom.

So þat he & alle his! þorþu hem cristene bicom

Seýn Cecile com bi þe prison! loude heo gan grede.

“Wat dop þe, stalwarde knyþþes! cuþþ þoure stalward hede. Fîþþ þou outlawliche! to bliue þis derkhede.

 þat þe were In þe weie ibroȝt! þat to cler liȝþ þou wole lede.” Amorwe þe maunþ þis gode men were ibroȝt.

þe Justice hem het do sacrifice! ac þo hi holde noȝt. 172 Hor heden he het bôp of smyte! & maxime sei War angles hor soulen nome! & to heuene bere an hei.

To þe Justice he eode anou! “cristene icham” he sede “Ich seiþ þe gode menne soulen! angles to heuene lede.” 176 þe Justice him let nyme anou! naked he let him bete.

Wip stronge scourgen vaste iboudez! vorte he gan þat lif lete.

The Justice orders the Brothers to sacrifice.

They refuse, and are put in prison, where they ouer their jailer.

Cecilia bids them show their stalwartness. They refuse to sacrifice to idols, and are beleived.

Maxime sees their souls taken to heaven, declares himself a Christian, and is scourged to death.
and alle that euer he requyred of our lord he opteyned / 
After almachius prouoste of rome / which put to deth many crysten men herde say that tyburcyen & valeryen buryed cristen men that were martered / & gave al their good to pour peple / he called them tofore hym / & after longe dysputacion he commaunded that they shold goo to the statue or ymage of luppyter for to doo sacrefyse / or ellys they shold be byheded / & as they were ledde they prechyd the feyth of our lord to one called maxyme / that they converted hym to the cristen feyth / & they promysed to hym that yf he had veray repentance & ferme creauwce that he shold see the glorye of heuen / which their sowles shold receyue atte hour of their passyons / & that he hym self shold have the same yf he wold byleue / Thenne maximus gate leue of the tormentours for to haue them home to his hows / & the sayd maximus with al his howshole / and alle the tormentours were torned to the feyth / thenne came seyt cecyllye thyder with preestys & baptysed them / and afterward when the mornynge came saynt cecyllye sayd to them / Now ye knyghtes of crist / caste aweye fro you the werkes of darknes & clothe you with the armes of lyght / & thenne they were ledde four myle out of the towne / & brought tofore thymage of Iuppyter / but in no wyse they wold do sacrefyse ne encence to thydolle / but humbly with grete deuocion knelye doun & there were byheded / & saynt cecyllye toke their bodyes & buryed them thenne maximus that saw this thyng said that he sawe in the houre of theyr passyons aungels clere shynyng / & her sowles ascende in to heuen whyche the aungels bare vp / wherfore many were converted to the cristen feythe / & when almache herde that maxyme was cristened / he dyd do bete hym with plomettes of leed so lange tyl he gane vp hys spyryte &

Almachius, Provost of Rome,

orders Valerian and Tybure to sacrifice to Jupiter, or be beheaded.

They convert their tormentors, and Maximus and his household.

They refuse to sacrifice to Jupiter, and are beheaded.

Cecilia burles them.

Almachius has Maximus besten till he dies,

1 folio CCC lxxiij, back, col. 2.
The Justice orders her to be put into a caldron of water, and boiled to bits.

The folk mourn that the lady will lose her life.

Cecilia is taken before the Justice, who abuses her, and asks her of what descent she is.

"Of better than you," says Cecilia; "you ask like a fool, and shall not turn me from Christ."

"How dare you call me a fool, with my power?"

"Your power is only a bladder of air, that'll shrunk at a prick."

"Proud woman, can I not give you death or life?"

"No," says Cecilia, "only death to my carcasse."

[Leaf 188]

Bate bethi thiseste wip-boute toun; to got Cecile nort gon.

pis pro holi martins: to-gadere heo burede anon. 180

Heo was some Inome & ilad: byuore pe Justice po.

"Wart" he sede "hou gep pis: bep per zut screwen mo.

Artou valerianes wif: bi pe fei ich owe mahon.

Bote pou oper do, pi wite hen: worp sone ibroght adon.

Of wat kun artou icome; pat so folliche pe dop lere."

"Of betere kuwe" quap pis maide "pen pou euer were

In wuch maner lif quap pis oper: a penestou pi lif lyue.

pou axst as a fol quap pis maide: & such vnuere me schal pe zine

Vor & loue pou schalt ise: wen pou wost pen ende. 189

pat pou ne schalt from ihesu crist: enes myn herte wende."

"Hou com it to pe" quap pis oper: "to be so hardi her.

To clepe me fol pat am pi maister: ne suxstou my poer."

"Pi poer wreche" quap pis maide: "worp sone ibroght bi-hinde

Vor it nys bote as a bledodore: iblowe uol of wynde

pat be ipriked wip a pricke: awei it scrynkep al.

Also wip a lute sekenesse: pi wreche caroine schal.

"Pi poer pat pou zelpest of: worp turne suye pe lute."

"Hou gep pis" quap pe Justice: "dame, wenne comep pi prunte.

Ne mai ich pe zene dep & lif: ne suxstou wip pin eie."

"Cerets sire" quap pis maide: "pou luxt per of wel heie.

A wreche caroine pou miyte zene dep: pat wel schort is. 200

Ac of lyue pou miyte noping zene: pi sulue nozt iwys.

Wen pou miyte dep zene: me bence bi pur riht.

"Dame" quap pe Justice: "of pi godhede ne kepe ich nozt.

Do sacrifice to oure gode: ower pou worst to depo ibroght."

"Pi seist pat ich gidi am?" Seyn Ceceli sede. 209

"Ac pou art gidi & eke bylnd: I sene on pi rede.

Schole ich honoure pine godes: pat bep of ston & tre

I lef zif ich segge sop: zif pou miyt nozt ise. 212

Bote pou be bylnd pou miyt ise: pat pis ping sop is.

3if pou it suxst & leuest it nozt: gidi pou art iwys.

Vor gidi he is pat nele ileue: pat he suc bylnd eie.

& as gidi mon & bylnd pou schalt: In helle pyne deie."

126

bo verde pe screwe as he were wod: & het pis maide take.

& lede hire to an out hous: & a gret fur make.

& per ouer a led uol of water: & al amide hire caste

& sebe hire pe wule per wole: a lym of hire ilaste.

220

bo pis lugement was izeue: & me hire uorp ladde

Wimmen & men pat it iseie: loude hi wope & gradde.

"Alas" hi sede "a pis1 zong ping: & a pis1 vair creature.

Schal nou zene hire zonge lif: & deie jour fure."

224

"Bep stille" quap pis holi maide: "uor me ne wepe ze nozt.
deye/whos body Saynt Cecyllye buryed by valeryan and Tyburcyan/and after almache commaundedthat Cecyllye shold be brought vnto hys presence for to doo sacrefyse to Iubyter & she so prechyd to them that came for hyr that she converted them to the feyth which wepte sore / that so fayr a mayde & so noble shold be put to deth / thenne she said to them / o ye good yonge men it is noo thyngye to lese the yongthe / but to chauenge hit / that is to gyue claye and take therfore golde / To gyue a foule habytacle and take a precyous / To gyue a lytel corner and to take a ryght grete place / God rewardeth for one sympyle / an hondred folde / byleue ye thys that I haue said And they sayd / we beleue cryste to be veryy god whiche hath suche a seruaunte / thenne saynt vrbane was callyd and four hondred and moo were baptysed / Thenne almacheus callyng tofore hym saynt cecyllye said to hir / of what conkeleyon arte thou / & she sayd that she was of a noble kynrede / To whome almacheus sayd / I demaunde the of what relygyon arte thou / thenne cecyle said / thenne begannest thou thy demaunde folyly that woldest haue two answers in one demaunde / To whome almache sayd / Fro whens cometh thy rude answer / & she sayd / of good conscience and feyth not fayne / To whome almacheus sayd / knowest thou not of what power I am / and she sayd thy power is lytel to drede / for it is like a bladder ful of wynde / whiche wyth the pryckynge of a nedle is anone goon aweye and / come to nought / Tho whome almacheus sayd / in wronge benganst thou / and in wronge thou perseueryst / Knowest thou not how our prynces haue gyuen me power to gyue lyf and to sle / & she sayd now shal I proune the a lyar ageynst the veray trouthe / Thou mayst wel take the lyf fro them that lyue / but to them that been deed thou mayst gyue no lyf / Therfore thou arte a mynystre / not of lyf / but of dethe / To whome almacheus sayd now laye a parte thy madnes / and do sacrefyse to the goddes / To whome cecylye sayd / I wote neuer where thou hast loste thy syght / for them that thou sayest ben goddes / we see them stones put thyn hande / and by toucheung thou shalt lerne that whiche thou mayste not see wyth thyn eyen / Thenne almacheus was wrothe and commaunded hyr to be ladde in to hyr hows / & there to be brente in a brennyng bayne

and then orders Cecilia to be brought to him, and to sacrifice to Jupiter.

She converts those who come to take her,

and 400 are baptized.

Almachius asks Cecilia of what religion she is,

and warns her of his power. She says his power is like a bladder full of air;

he cannot give life, but only take it.

He tells her to sacrifice to the gods.

She says they are stones.

He orders her to be put into a burnyng bath,

1 folio CCC lxxix, col. 1.
‘Nay, I lose not my young life, I go to life. A short death will bring me to life without end.’ She is cast into the boiling water, plays with its waves, preaches, and converts 400 men. The Justice orders her to be beheaded. The killer hits her 3 times, but doesn’t quite cut her head off, and he leaves her half slain, shrew that he was! 

Cecilia goes about with her head half off, gives her goods to the poor, 

turns men to Christ; and begs St Urban to make her house into a church. 

On the 3rd day she dies, saying that she goes to Jesus. 

This was A.D. 223. 

Let us pray God to bring us to joy. 

Mi zonge lif ne lese ich noyt: ac to lyue ich worpe ibrost
A sorte deip ich schal anounge: & lif wipbounten ende. 

Fol were pat nolede so: god him me sende’” 228 

Me caste hire In pe sepende water: per-Inne al nyzt he sep
pe lengore per-Inne heo was: pe verrøre heo was hire deip

Mo per four hundred men: bicompe per cristene In pe place.
pe Justice isei pat me ne misje: In such deip qulle hire nozt
He let smyte of hire heued: pat heo were to depe ibrost.
pe quellare hire smot wip is mayn: pre sipe in hire suere.
He ne smot it nozt uolliche of: pe deip was ibost dere. 236
No quellare ne moste bi pulke daie: smyte ouer brie.
Half slave hi bileude hire so: hamward he gan hic.
Nou an vuel stude god it wolde: vor he was a scrwe.
Wo dude he pe holi maide: guiteles so hire to hewe.

& beleue hire so half alyue: welle wo him be.

Vor ho muste of no deol per me misje ise.
is holi maide eode aboute: hire heued half of ismyte.
pat was halc quic & halc ded: pat renpe it was to wite.

& pouere men mucho of hire good: delede wip hire honde.
Hit was a uair grace of god: pat heo misje enes stonde.
Heo prechede & to ihese crist: mony good mon wende.
& alle to Seyn Vrban pe bispoc: to baptise heo sende. 248
& bed him pat he schulde hire hous: pat heo wonede Inne.

Halwy In our lordes name: & a chirche per bygynne.
& burie per hire suete bodi: & pat our lordes service
Vpe is poer per-Inne were ido: In alle wise

pe pridde day after hire martirdom: pis maide adoun lay.
& prechede cristene men: & bed hem habbe good day.
& sede “nou ichabbe ido: al pat my wille is to.
Wende ichulle to ihese crist: & ve schulle also” 256
pis was two hondred 3er: & pre & twenti rïst.
After pat our lord was In is moder alïst

Nou bidde we oure suete lord: uor hire holi martirdom.
To bringe ous to pulke Ioie: pat hire soule to com. 260
which hir semed was a place colde & wel attemperyd / thenne almachyus heeryng that / commmaundedyd that she shold be byheded in the same bath / Thenne the tormentour smote at hyr thre strokes / and coude not smyte of hyr heed / & the fourth stroke he myght not by the lawe smyte / and so lefte hir there lyeng halfe a lyue / and halfe dede and she lyued thre dayes after in that manere / and gaue al that she had to poure peple / and contynuely prechyd the faythe al that whyle / & alle them that she convyrtyd she sente to vrbanefor to be baptysedyd / and sayd I haue axed respyte thre dayes that I myght commende to you thys soules / And that ye shold halowe of myn hows a chyrche / and thenne at the ende of thre dayes she slepte in our lord and saynt vrbanewyth his deckenes buryedyd hir body emonge the bysshoppes / and halowedyd hir hows in to a chyrche / In whyche vnto this day is sayd the servyce vnto our lord / She suffred hir passyon aboute the yere of our lord two hundred and xxiiij in the tyme of alexaunter thempour and it is redde in another place / that she suffred in the tyme of marcij aurelij whyche regned aboute the yere of our lord two hundred and twenty Thenne letes dewytelye praye vnto our lord that by the merytes of thys holy vyrgyne and marter saynt cecyly we may come to his euerlastyng blisse in heuen amen /

Thus endeth the lyf of Saynt Cecilye vyrgyne & marter.

1 folio CCC lxxix (sign. bb ij), col. 2.
13.

The Story of Constance

(FOR CHAUCER'S MAN OF LAW'S TALE)

ENGLISH IN A MS. OF ABOUT 1430—1440 A.D., BELONGING TO SIR A.
ACLAND-HOOD, BART., FROM THE FRENCH CHRONICLE OF
NICHOLAS TRIVET, AFTER 1334 A.D. (see p. iii, 1, above).
When the Constance story from Trivet was printed as the first "Original" in this volume, no Early English of the French was known, and so Mr Brock put his modern version opposite Trivet's. But since then, Mr Alfred J. Horwood has, in the course of his searches for the Historical Manuscripts Commission, come across a mid-15th-century translation, on vellum, of the French Chronicle, belonging to Sir Alexander Acland-Hood, Bart. Mr Horwood's offer (by Sir A. Acland-Hood's permission) to have the Constance story copied for us, at our cost, I gladly accepted, and he has kindly read both copy and proof with the MS. Mr Brock has added some references on the variations of the English version from the original French text.

The figures outside the text refer to the lines of Chaucer's Man of Law's Tale, numbered from l. 1 of its Headlink or Prologue.

Chaucer's story differs from Trivet in a few particulars; see pages vii—x above.

F. J. F.

17 November, 1875.

1 The volume wants its last leaf. The now last one ends with the siege of Caen.
The Story of Constance.

1. The yere after the incarnacioun Dlxx. Tiberie Constantyn heelde the Empyre xxiiij. yere: a good cristen man and a religious, unto whom god encreased hys tresoures, for the grete almesdesed the whyche he ded || for all that Tresoure the whyche Narset Patrice gadered togeder and heeped, he founde hit, and departed that amonge pore men. ¶ And in hys tyme, that ys to sey, the ix. yere of his empyre, Benoit heelde the See papale, a Romayne be nacion, .iiiij. yere .vj. dayes. And the See was then vacaunt vij dayes. ¶ And in the tyme of thys Tiberie, seynt Gregory,—Notary of Rome, and afterward pope,—dwellyng at Constantinople for the besynesse and nede of hooly churche, wrote the bokes moralles uppon the booke of Job, at the request of leander, bysshop of hyspaly. And in the presence of the emperour Tiberie, that booke was rehersed, and gretly renamed. 2 ¶ And in the tyme of thys Benoit, the pope now named, and of thys Gregory, Chylderen weir brought to Roome out of Englond for to be solde, the whyche were the Brytons childrene. and amonge alle other that come to by chyldrene, come seynt Gregory, the whyche at that tyme was Archedeken of the Court of Rome. ¶ And then seynt Gregory axed 'of whens and of what contre tho chylderen were.' And men answered to hym, and seyde that 'they were of Engelond.' And than seynt Gregory axed 'of what contre.' And men answered to hym, and seyde, that 'they were of Deram, 3 and that her kynges name was Alle.' Than seyde seynt Gregory that 'be ryght they myght be fulle welle called Engles or Anglys men, for they, for her beaute, myght wele be lykened to the Aungeles. ¶ And that they of Deram myght wele be named delyuered from wrethe, latine. Deram, vel de Ira ¶ And that the sugettes of kyng...
Alle myght cornere to syng Alleluya. And anone seynt Gregory was
so supplysed of the Beaute of thoo children, the whyche there were
named Angeles, he gate leue of the Pope Benoit to go in to Engeland
tor to conuerte hem unto the feyth of holy Chirche. But the Cite-
zeins of Rome disturbelyd hym, and made hym come ageyne whan
he was goyng. ¶ And in the tyme of thys Emperoure Tiberie, the
Cote of oure lorde Ihesu Criste was found by a Iewe, in the Cite of
3ephat, nat fer from Jerusalem. And in hys tyme, hermengild, the
son of kyng lemgild kyng of Visegeois Ethenys wedded the doughter
of kyng Sigeberd. And by hys wyfe he was drawn to the ryght
feythe of Cristen men. for the whyche cause hys fader, the whyche
was an herytyk by the doctrine of the Arriens, was angry and ryght
wrothe. ¶ And for cause that he myght not withdawe hys son from
cristen feythe, he made hym to be slayne with a ax in prison opon
an Ester Eyn. And anone after dyed hys wycked fader. And
than regnyd hys son Ricared, the whyche forsoke the eueH feythe of
hys fader, And sewed the belefe of hys brother, the whyche was
than a martir, And made clene hys Reame from heresy Arriane, be
Icaunder, bysshop of hispale beforeseyde. ¶ Than after Benoit
pelagie heelde the see papale a Romayn by nacion .x. yere .ij.
monthes and x dayes. Thys Pelagy was sacred pope without com-
maundement of the prince for cause that the lombardes had beseged
Rome. and noman myght go oute of that Cyte. Thys Pope Pelagie
made chaunge the preface of the masse .ix. tymes in the yere. that ys
to sey at Cristemassee and at the Twelf day At Ester And at the
Ascensioun at Witsontide and at the Trinite And at the festes of
the Crosse and of the aposteles and in the tyme of lentoû. ¶ And
in his tyme the pestilence of the flank, that ys to sey the hoche,
come oute and slewe many a man and chylde of Rome; the whyche
sekenes, fewe men ascaped hit than. And of thys sekenes dyed the
pope Pelagy And than after was the see vacaunt .vij. monthes and
.xxv. dayes. ¶ And\(^1\) in the tyme of thys Tiberie Constantyne the
Emperoure as som Cronicles seyene there was a full worthy knyght
of the contre of Capadoce called Morys. Thys Morys was chosen by
the forsayde Tiberie to be Emperour with hym. and he gau to hym

\(^1\) Here begins the French extract, p. 3.
Constance hys doughter to be hys wife, And called hym\(^1\) hys Eyre. But as the olde Chronicles of Saxons sayeth, Thys Morys was but of xvij. yere age when he was ordeynyd by Tiberie un to the Empere, a full gracious yonge man, and of a merueylous strengthe of hys age, and of a wyse wytte, and of a sharpe. ¶ Thys Morys after the story of Saxons was the son of Constance, the daughter of Tyberie of a kyng of Saxons, Alle before named, \(^2\)the whyche was the secund kyng of Northumber, and was seyde of Cappodoce. \(\dagger\)for xij. yere he was norysshed in the Courte of the Senatoure Tarquinus of Rome, the whyche was of Cappodoce. Wherfore hit ys to know that thys Tyberie Constantyne, as longe as he gouerned the Court and the prouinces of the empyre under the Emperour Istynye, as hit ys before sayde at the begynnyng of the xlvj. storye, begate of hys wyfe ytalie a doughter called Constance. ¶ And for that cause that he had non other chylde, \(\dagger\)with fuyt grete diligence made her to be taught the Cristen feythe, by wyse masteres knowyng the vij sciences, the whyche beth logyke, naturel, moral, astronomy, Geometry, Musique, perspectiue, Whyche bethe the philosophies seculiers ynamed and cleped. And made her to be taught in diuerse langages. ¶ Than whan she was entird in to the xiiij. yere of her age, there com unto her fader Court Tiberie, marchaunts paynemes oute from the grete Sarasin neym, brynging fuyt diuerse and ryche merchaun-dyes, to whom Constaunce come doune for to anyse her ryches. And so she axed hem of hem of her londe and of theyre belene. And whan that she understode that they were paynemes, she preched them the cristen feythe. And than whan they had assented to the feythe of Cristen men, she made hem to be baptised, and to be taught parfitely in the feythe of Ihesu Cryst. Than they returnyd and went houme unto her londe. And than when they knowlagyed her feythe before her neyghbores and her kynrede Sarazins, they were accused to the grete Sowdan of theyre feythe. And than after that they were brought before hym, they were reproued by the wyse men of that lawe, forcause that they wolde beleve open a man crucified and mortale. But than after, when they had sufficiently defended the lawe of Ihesu Crist ageynst the paynemes, the whyche cowde ner

\(^{1}\) Fr. la clame, p. 3. \(^{2}\) p. 90.
wyst more to sey un to hem, ¹neyther in no wyse alley nothyng by
reason ageynst hem,¹ began to preye the mayde Constaunce, the
whyche had converted hem, of her hygh and so nobuH prudence, and
of so grete and meruelous beaute and ientilnesse with grete nobles
of blood. By the whyche wordes the Sowdan gretyly suppressed in
the loue of that maydene. And also, he beyng then a man of yonge
age, sente than ageyne in aH haste, the same cristen men the whyche
were so converted to the feythe. And with theym A Admirah, A
payneme, with a fuH grete Aray And richesse un-to the presence of
Tiberie, and specially un-to hys daughter,² askyng that mayden Con-
staunce in mariaghe with fuH grete promesses of peese and aliaunce
betwene the parties of Cristen peple and of the Sarayyns. ¶ And
than whan Tiberi hadde counsayle of thys Demaunde, and specially of
pope Iohan (of whome hit ys abouesayde in the xlvj. storye), and
also of other men moost reputed of wysdom in aH holy churche,
¶ And also the Romayns of aH the Senat of Roome, they answered
to the Admirah and to hys messangers: "That yef the Sowdan
wylled hymself to assent for to forsake hys maummetes, and hys un-
trew mescreaunces and false beleue, And that he wolH rescuue bapteme,
and the lawe of Ihesu Cristye." Than to thys couenaunt Tiberie
assented to the aliaunce, but to nothing elles in other fourme. ¶ And
upon thys, Tiberie sent hys letters to the Sowdan, and gretyly
worshypped the Messangers. ¶ And than the sayd messengers, at
here commynge hooyme to the Sowdon, prayed the mayden Constaunce
above aH thynge, and her noblesse, and the kynges courte, with aH
the ientilH Chivalrye of the nobuH emperoure Tiberie. ¶ And than
the Admirah, before the Sowdon and before aH his counsayH,
avowed hymself to the cristen feythe, yef the Sowdan wylled assent
therto. ¶ Than after, withlyn fewe dayes the Sowdan sent ageyne
the same Admirah, and fuH solempne Messagers of the grettest and
the moste worthyst of hys londe, And in theyre Conduit .xij.
chylde Sari^ens, the sonnes unto the grete Sarayns hostages, unto
Tiberie, in fourme of suerte for hys daughter. And to thys he sent
hys assent, hygh and lowe, of the ordinaunce of cristen men. And

¹ neyther . . . . hem, not in the Fr. See p. 5.
² richnesses § presentz a Tyberie § sa file, p. 5.
to thys the Sowdon sent hys letteres fuH weH sealed, and for to haue An entiere and a hoole pees among aH cristen men, And the Sarazens, and also free passage for to goo and com frely with her marchaundises, and for to vysyte the holy place of the sepulture of oure lorde, And the mount of Caluary, and of Bedleem and of Nazareth, And the vale of Josophat, And aH other holy places withyn the marches of hys power. And he aboundenyd the Cite of Ierusalem un to the lorde hys of crysten men, for to enhabyte hem and to dweth yn. And also strenchey to the Cristen Bysshopes And to theyre clergeye, to preche and to teche the pepuH of that londe the ryght feythe, and for to cristen and baptise, and to make churches; and moreover for to destroy the temples of the Maumettes. And onop thys, the Sowdon sent hys letters to the pope, and to the Clergy, and to Tiberie also, and to the mayden Constaunce, and to aH the Senat, with ryche yeftes and tresoures, and for hys meyny fuH grete expenses. ¶ Then onop thys maundement and sendyng, aH pepuH acorded hemself anone. And in that tyme that mayden Constaunce was sent oute of her house, and from her faders place, and oute from aH knowlege, among the straunge barbarins with fuH grete heuynes and muche pitefuH wepynge, and grete compleynyd of aH the cite of Rome. And in that viage and ioryme there was a bysshop CardinaH sent, And a preest Cardinal with grete number of Clergie, And a Senatoure of Roome with fuH nobuH Chyualry and wyth fuH grete and ryche aray and with grete nomber of cristen men, the whyche went wythi hem, and som in pilgremage, And som other for theyre heretauynse and seise of the Cite of Ierusalem. ¶ Than hit happed fuH mys- chenously that the Sowdoun Modur, the whyche that tyme leued, of whoos lyfe, Allas, was grete pite, had nat the wyH of god be. She, seyng and considering that her wyked lawe was in poynyt to be destroyed by cristen men the whyche were comen in to Sarazaneyn, she bethought herself of Cursednes and of treason. ¶ And than, after she had made a pryuy and a secrete aliaunce of Covenant with vij. Sarazyns, the whyche abounded hemself for to lyue and to dye in that quereth meued of her son. ¶ When she herde the commyng of that mayden and of the cristen peple A lytell wythyn the

1 p. 91, 2 en la querete, Mist a son fyz, p. 9.
lond, she began for to thanke god, And with her false feynysse to preyse god, that she had at that tyme purpose to resceyn the lawe of cristen men. And there she swere as a false forsworne creature, that full grete whyle she had be in that wylle for to haue resceyued the cristen lawe. ¶ Than finaly prayed her son the Sowdawn, that he wolde graunt to her the first festes, before AH the festes of the nobull Espousalys and weddenges. ¶ And the Sowdan hymself thanked her mucho, and graunted to her desyre. ¶ Then was that mayden and the cristen men resceyued of the Sowdon and of his moder with full grete worsyp and mucho grete nobleys. ¶ And the first day of her commyng was the festes purueyde for in the paleys of the Sowdan; and the meete and dyner was ordeynyd thys: That in the halys of the Sowdan moder1 shulde abyde aH the men cristene and Sarizins; And also in the hales and in the feeste of the Sowdan2 shuld be but onely the women, aH bye dyde the vij. Sarazins, the whyche were hired for that tresoun, and ordeynyd for to serve from oo festes un to the other.3 ¶ And than tho vij. Sarazins hyred, whan the feeste was most lusty and pleasaut, they come yñ armed, with a grete multitude of theyre Aliaunce and consentours, upon the men the whyche were sette at mete. And after, by the ordinance of thys Sowdons moder, they slew aH the cristen peple, bothe man and woman, but onely reseryuyng that mayden Constaunce. And there they swewe the Sowdan and the admirale, and aH other converted to the feythe. And thoroughgh aH the Court, as many as they myght fynde of the comone peple of cristen men, they put hem unto dethe. But among hem aH, iij servauntes of cristen men escaped Anoon first whan they harde that affray; And in aH haste they come to Rome, and tolde to the Emperoure that grete myschefe and myscheuous dede, and the grete tresaun, And the dethe of hys doughter Constaunce, as they than understode. And then, for these tidinges, the Emperour, with aH the Clergy and the Senat, was gretyly ameued and affrayed; And grete sorow and heynynesse was made here fore thorowgh aH Rome. ¶ And than thus in thys maner of wyse aboode Constaunce alone, aH dismayed among her enemyes. ¶ Than after,

1 li soudan, p. 11.  
2 le soudane [sa miere], p. 11 and footnote.  
3 del vne feste & del autr, p. 11.
whan Constaunce wold nat for no feere promes of ryches, neyther of yeftes, neyther also for no manassyng of peyne, neyther of dethe, reney and forsake the cristen feythe, That Sowdenesse, the deuyH membre, bethought herself of a new torment with aH her false cruelt wyH. ¶ Nat for that the purueaunce of god, the whyche sayled neuer to folke hauynge her fuH trust op on hym. Thys mayde Constaunce trustyng op on aHmyghty god, made a shyp for to be stored wyth vytayle of a maner of Brede, the whyche ys called Bisquete, and with pesyñ and Benys, and wyth Sugor and hony and wyne for her sustenaunce for .ijj. yere. And in that Shyp she had do put aH the Ryches and tresoure the whyche the Emperour Tiberie had sent with that mayde Constaunce hys daughter. ¶ And than in that shyp, that ungoodly Morderes the Sowdans Moder, put 2 that mayd Con staunce, withoute pooles or Orys, and withoute any maner of helpe of man. And thus thyys Constaunce was led amonge other shyppes, unto her shyp was come in to the hygh see from the syght of aH maner londe. And then aH the Maryners left her allone, And com maundad her to the iiij. wyndes. But oure lorde god was her guyde and mariner; for be hool. .ijj. yere she was led be god in the grete Occiane, where aH that tyme she sawe neuer man neyther shyp, neyther had neuer confort of creature; but onely god comforted her, and was her fuH counsayle. ¶ Than after, in the viij. monethi of the foure yere [it befel] that god—the whyche gouerned that holy mannys shyp, Noe, in the grete diluuie, that ys to say, Noes flood,—sent a wynde fuH propise and couenable, and draue the shyp in to 505 Englund, under a casteH in the Reame of Northumberland bysyde humber. And the shyp arryued and come to londe on Cristemas euen. And when the marineres, the whyche were nere the brynke of the londe in her shyppes, sawe thys meruayle, that ys to say, a mayden fuH fayre, and of a fuH ienteH futere, but gretyly discolorad with a straungue atyre, And wele stored with fuH grete tresoure, They went than to the kepar of the casteH, whyche than was a Saxoñ, and hys name was called Olda,—for at tyme the Brytons had lost the lorde shyp of the ysle, as hit ys before saide in the ende of the .xlv. story,—And there they tolde hym that meruayle. ¶ And than Olda fuH 512

1 Dount eþe [that is, the Sultaness] fist, p. 11; 2 p. 92.
curteysly come doune to that mayden Constance, and salued her, and axed of her 'where she was bore, And of what place.' And she answered to hym and sayde that 'she was a Saxonesse, and born in Saxon.' And she spake redyly the tonge of Saxoñ, whyche was the langage of Olda, as she was full weß taught in many diuerse languages as hit ys abouesayde. And also that mayden seyde, 'as for Creaunce and beleue, that she was of the cristen feythe.' And as touchyng her lynage, she sayd that 'she was bore and bred of the ryght ryche folke and worthy.' ¶ And be her langage she sayde that 'she was geuen in to Mariage unto a grete prince; And for that cause that her mariage displeased the grete astates of that londe, for that cause she was in such maner exyled.' And among all her sayynges she wold nat be a knowen of Tibery the Emperoure, her fader, neyther of the Sowdan; for the auentury of that morder of the Sowdan and of the cristen men was than knowne thorow aß londes. And whan that Olda had herde her so resonably speke hys langage, and found with her so grete tresoure, [he] supposed weß that she was daughter of som kyng of Saxones beyonde the see, as of Alemayne, or of Saxonie, or of Suece, or elles of Denmark. And with full grete ioy füH curteysly rescuyyd her with full muche Reuerence and grete worshyp in to hys CasteH. And the tresoure that he had found with her, he locked hit fast in a grete Coffin, under .ij. lockes, of the whyche lokkes he tooke the mayde the oo key, And kept the other with hymself, And commaunded to hys felyshyp that they shulde make that mayde good chere worshypfully in her chamber. ¶ Than after a lyteH whyle, after whan she was weß strengthened and recomforted with good metes and drynkes, and weß comforted with bates and with other easementes for her body, And had rescuyued ageyñ her beaute and her fayre colore; And she was of a meruelous semelynes of body, And passed in beaulite of vertuous aß other, as god had predestinat her to grace, and to vertew, and to temptacion and to ioye. ¶ Than whan hermigild the wyfe to Olda aper-seyued her nobuß lyfe and vertuous conuersacion. She caste her herte and grete lune unto that mayde that nothyng myght breke her purpose neyther her wyH. ¶ Than whan many tymes they .ij. had

1 E'elc lui resoundi en sessoneys, p. 13.
spoke to geder, opon a day, as hermygylde rehersed the holy wordes of the mayden, The mayde Constaunce answered and sayde to her: "Yef ye wyff consent un to me, and do after my cousayle, ye shal be as good as I am." And than hermygild answered to her: "to that I may neuer atteyne or com to; ffor ye be in thyse erthe withoute pere or vertew." And Constaunce than answered and sayde: "to suche vertew ye may full whele come to, yef ye woH beleue in that god, the whyche ys lorde of aH vertu." ¶ for that tyme hermygild and Olda her housbond, and the other Saxons the whyche had the dominacioun and gouernaunce of the londe, were yet at that tyme paynemes. ¶ And euermore hermygilde mekely and deuoutely herde the doctrine and techyng of the Cristen feythe by the mowthe of Constaunce whyche taught her of the myghtfuH puissance of god, And of the makyng of aH the worlde, and hys grete vengeaunce that he toke for syn by the grete Noes flood, And after opon grete Citees, when they sonke doune in to helle for syn with men and beesetes, And aH thyns whyche were withyn hem. ¶ Than after Constaunce shewed to her the grete lof of god, as in hys byrthe, and of grete and goodly mekenesse in hys dethe and passyon, and of the vertue of hys hygh godhede, and hys resurreccion and of hys ascensyon, And aH the nature of oo soule god and iij. persounes, And of the glorious commyng of the hooly goost. ¶ And than afterwarde whan thus many a day Constaunce had taught hermygylde the feythe of god, and the .vij. sacramentes and also the .x. commaundementes, she taught to her the loue and the zele of the icy of heuen, and also the pynys of helle. ¶ Than hermygild, after thys holsome doctrine and goostly techyng, deuoutly prayed to Constaunce that she myght be baptizd after the fourme of holy churche. But for that cause that her housbond was a payneme she myght nat wele at that tyme to pursewe here purpose. ¶ And than hit happed thus, As Olda and hermygild and also Constaunce shulde walke opon a day on theyre disporting toward the See syde, to see the fyssheres fysshe in the see, There com ageynst hem a poore cristen Briton aH blynde. Thys Bryton was straunge to aH men, but he was wele taught by the hooly goost. And the blynde man began to calle and crye before aH folk there:
“hermigild, the wyfe of Olda, and the disciple of Constaunce, I pray and beseeche the, in the name of Ihesu uppon whom thou beleuest, that thou make me the sygne of the Crosse uppon myn eyen, the whyche bethe blynde.” ¶ Than, at thys poore blynde man request, hermigild was sore affrayed and agast; but than Constaunce, understondyng and hauyng in mynde the vertu of god in the wordes of the blynde man, comforted hermigild, and seyde to her: “Dame, hyde nat that vertew that God hathe gene to yow.” ¶ Than hermigild, before Olda and hys meyny whyche that folowed hym, with her good fethy and stedfast belefe, made opon the eyen of the blynde man the marke and sygne of the hooly crosse, and seyde to hym in her langage of Saxon: “¶ Buson man, in Ihesu name, uppon the roode yslawe, haue thy syght!” ¶ And the blynde man recouered hys syght anone, and sawe wele and fuH clerely. ¶ Than whan Olda had see thus, he merueled gretely where that hys wyfe hermi-
gild had lerned to do so fayre a mastry. And than after, she sayde and answered un to hym, that ‘yef he wolde take hede to her coun-
sayle, that he shulde do suche a merueyle, and a more greter.’ Than hermigild and Constaunce cesed nat to preche to Olda, and unto aH hys meyny, the fethy of Ihesu Criste; and they resceuuyd that poore bryton, and they gane to hym hys sustenaunce, for the lome of Ihesu Cryste. ¶ Than Olda fuH ioyfully resceuued the doctrine of the fethy; And be her comun assent, sent priuylly that seyde Bryton in to Wales, where than was the most parte of the Brytons fled (as hit ys beforeysayde in the ende of the .xv. story,) for to bryng from thens a bysshop of Britayne, the whyche myght and wolde baptize and cristen Olda and hys wyfe, with her meyny euerychone. And in the mene tyme Olda made to be breste doune theyre Mahouns, the whyche they had worshipped, and commaunded hem to be cast awey aH a ferre. ¶ Than thys pore Bryton commynge ageyne from walys, brought with hym lucius, oon of the bysshops of walys, and of the Cite of Bangor. ¶ Thys bysshop lucius, after that he had assayed and proued that Olda with hys wyfe and with hys meyny were enformed after the ryght fourme of the fethy, thankyng almyghty god fuH deuoutely, And baptized there to the nombur of iiiij. score

1 quarauntisme quinte, p. 19.
persons and .xi. Than Olda, be a grete avysement and pryuy counsayl of hymself, wente un to hys lorde Alle, the kyng of Northumberlond before named; And in pryuy counsayle he tolde hym of that mayde Constaunce, as to hym, whych be gret affiaunce of trowthe and of wytte had kept her Sourayne of the reame after the kyng. And whan the kyng had herkened aH hys semyng priuyly in counsayle betwyxt hem bothe, the kyng than desyred muche to see and speke with that mayde Constaunce; and for that desyre he promysyd to Olda that he wolde come pryuyly and to visite her. And in that men tym, a knyght of Saxon, of the meyny of that Capitayne Olda, amonge aH other than baptized, to whom Olda had take the kepyng of hys Castell un to hys commynge ayene, was by pryuy temptacion supprysyd in loue of that mayden Constaunce. And for cause that in the absence of Olda aH the kepyng was take to hym, be a fuH eueH entereprys and temptacion of the deueH, he wente, and sought, and besyed hym to haue that mayde Constaunce to assented to hym in flesshly syn. And than afterwarde, whan she had reproved hym oon tym and other, And the thr Ryder tym with a fuH grete herte she revyled hym, and sayyng to hym that he was lyke an hounde, in soo moche as hee, after the hooly sacrament of Baptyme, wolde returne a gayne to hys foule syn.

Than he, douted that he was accused of hys mysdete to hys lorde Olda at his commynge home ageyne, purposed hym fuH cursydly with a cursed pursiunce. For in the most restynge tym of the nynght, At whych tym Olda shuld enter in to hys Castell with the commynge ageyne from the kyng, And when hermigilde and Constaunce were strong a sleepe after theyre grete wachynge and grete prayers, that same traytoure, the whyche gafe hymself aH to geder in to the deueH handes, cutte a to the throte of hermigil hys lady, besyde Constaunce, whan she was strong a sleepe in the same bed. And whan he had fuH done his felony, he hyd hys knyfe, aH blody, under the pylowe of the mayden Constaunce. And than a lytte whyle after Olda entred in the castell, and in grete haste wente yn to hys wyfys chambre for to teH her tydinges of the kynges commynge. And than Constaunce, the whyche with hys noyse was a waked, and

p. 94.
trowed that hermigild, that lady, slepe, And meued her hande for
to awake her. And whan she felt that her body was al moyst of
bloode, with a full grete and hydous afrye she sayde thus, crying:
"My lady ys dede!" ¶ At the whyche worde, Olda and aH tho
that were aboute hym in presence, were soore abasshed, and full
sory, as they that knewe nothyng of that felony, and cried and asked
after lyght. ¶ And than whan the lyght and toorchys brennyng

605 come there, they founde the throte of hermigild hydously cut, and
the body aH to-wrapped in bloode. ¶ And than whan aH peple had
seen and ascried that cruelte, in askyng of Constaunce the' crowthe,

620 ¶ That false Traytour the whyche had do that felonye, hugely sur-
mysed and put that tresoun uppon that mayden Constaunce, And
with a full grete and hasty contenaunce. And for cause that the
dethe wente nere hys herte then to any other body, he skypped
aboute the house as a woodman, un to the tyme that he had founde
the knyfe, there where he hymself had hyd hit. And than before
aH folke he shewed the instrument of that felony wythe an huge
noyse and crye, ¶ And appeled that mayde Constaunce of that trea-
soun. ¶ But Olda, the whyche myght nat thynke that cruel dede
done of that mayde, defendyd that myschefulle dede full goodly on
the maydons behalfe. And than that wyked traytour in a full grete
haste toke betwyxt bothe hys handes the boke of the byshopp lucius
before named,—the whyche was a booke of the Gospelles, whyche
booke the holy wemen hermigilH and Constaunce euery nyght for
grete devocion had hit aboute hem,—And than opon that Booke he

667 swore, crying: "As god myght hym helpe, and the hooly gospelle,
and his bapteme the whyche he had rescued late, that the mayden
Constaunce was the morderesse and felonesse of that good lady."
1 And anethe he had nat full fynyssed hys langage, but that hys oo
hande appered closed as the fyste of a man, before Olda, And before

669 aH pepuH that were there in presence, And the false felon smote so
hymself opon hys haterH that bothe hys eyen fyH oute from hys2
hede, And the teethe oute of hys mouthe, And that felon felle euen
doune to the erthe.1 And than sayde a voyse frome heuyen, in the

1-1 Contrast the French, p. 23, a peine . . . a la terre. This passage
differs from the French more than any other. 2 MS. hys hys.
heryng of aH men): "If Aduersus filiam matris ecclesie ponebas scandalum! hec fecisti, et non tacui." And for cause the kynges comyng was nere, therfore Olda wolde nat geue no iugement uppon that treason un to hys commyng. And Olda set that feloun than in prysoñ. Than after, withyn a fewe dayes, by the kyng was the iugement geuen opyn hys dethe. ¶ Than after, the kyng, for the grete loue that he had un to that mayde, and for the myracles shewed for her before god, Alle made hymself to be baptized of the bysshop lucius before named, And wedded that maydene, the whyche coneyed be her husband kyng Alle a soñ. ¶ Than hit happe that halfe a yere after, come tidinges to the kyng that the peple of Albanie, with a greete Oost, whyche ys the londe of Scottes, were passed theyre boundes, and made grete werre opyn the kynges londes, that by the kynges comon counsayyle there was assembeled a grete Ooste opyn kyng Alle syde for to resyste hys enemyses. ¶ And or the kyng went towarde Scotland, he betoke his Quene Constaunce hys wyfe in to the kepyng of Olda, ConstabyH of hys CastetH, And to lucius the Bysshop of Bangor, And charged to hem that whan she as sone were deliuere of her chylde, that they in aH haste possyble myght haue tidinges thereof. And also, aboue aH thynges in the worlde as hee coude thynke in hys best wyse, that the Quene shulde haue aH maner thyng that she coude desire, And aH ease that myght be thought. ¶ And yet at that tyme was kyng Alles moder alyfe, a lady in fayre poynß, And a fuH feerse and cruH in corage, And the whyche hated dedly Constaunce the Quene. for she had fuH grete disdeyn and scorne that her soñ the kyng Alle, shulde take a woman of a straunge londe, And moreouer that her linage and byrthe was nat knowen to her, And also the kyng her son shulde forsake hys fyrst lawe, the whyche aH hys Auncestirs had 1fuH entierly kept and holden. ¶ And on the oo party she had fuH grete enuy, and sore hit hurte her at her herte, that Constaunce was so wele beloued with aH pepuH, riche and poore, withoute eny comparison of her, And more worshypped and made of for here goodnesse and for her hoolynesse, and her merueylous beaute. And her spiteous stepmoder supposed euer, and went,2 that her praysyng and glory of her grete

1 p. 95. 2 weend, thought.
worship was hyghly empeyred and diminusyd, for that grete pryece
and honoure the whyche peple gafe to that Quene Constaunce.

722 Constaunce was deleyuered of her fayre Chylde, the whyche was a fuH
fayre son, And wele begeten, and fuH weH borne, ¶ And at the
foonte stoen was named and called Morys. ¶ Than Olda and
Lucius, in aH the haste that they myght, sente these gracious tydinges
to the kyng Alle, howe the quene—blessed be god!—was hoole and in
goode poynt, and was deleyuered of here fayre son. ¶ And than at
that tyme was DomilD the kynges moder at knaresburgh, a Castelle
betwyxt englonde, as in a mene place betwyxt bothe. hit happed than

729 that the messanger, the whyche was sent to Olda and Lucius, wente
by knaresburgh, for to bere tydinges, and telle to the kynges moder,
the IoyfuH spede and good deliueraunce of the quene. And as he
wente and supposed by hys reasone that he shulde have of her, good
yfetes and grete thanke for hys tydinges. And in deede she feynyd
herself fuH ioyfuH before aH pepuH for the tydinges, And gafe to the
messanger fuH grete yfetes, and ryght ryche, and made hym grete
erere, And shewed herself fuH mery and ioyfulle. But that false
woman thought other than she sayde. ¶ ffor that nyght she made

743 the messanger drunke with a fuH meruelous drynke, the whyche so
toke hys breyne, And so toke frome hym hys wyttes and hys mynde,
that he slept lyke a dede man. Than after, by the assent and the
counseyle of her untrew Clerk, they opened the Messangers box, and

746 unded the letteres the whyche were sente to the kyng by Olda, and
Lucius the byshop abouesayde. Than thyss untrew stepdame and
her Clerk falsed and contriued other false letteres under the same
scales, and wretten in the names of the sayde lordes, other letteres
bering suche sentence: "That the Quene Constaunce, the whyche
was taken to hem to kepe after the departying of the kyng, she was

754 chaunged bothe in maner and in condicion, as hit were aH another
creature; ffor she was an eueH spirite in a wommans lykenes, whereof

1 weend, thought.
the meruailes thynges that she ded, the whyche were lyke to
myracles, they were but the disseytes and the dedes of wycked
spirites in her body; unto the whyche wyttenesseth the chylde that
she bore, the whyche ys nat semblaut to the lykenes of a man, but fourmyed and myshape thyng, to heuy and to shamefull to sey or to
speke. And for thys cause, sir kyng, for cause that there shulde
come no shame ne vyleny to thy persone, And to thy royal astate
and honoure, we have made in monstrauence an other chylde to be
baptized and cristened, And we haue named hym Morice; And the
other foule shapyn thyng, after the feendes shappe, we haue pryually
kept hit, and made hit faste in a Cage of yron, un to the tyme that
hit may please thy lordehyp to sende to us what we shal do with
aff, and to thy worship, of Constance and of her hydous engend-
drue. thys meruelous fortune we wryte to the, with full grete heuy-
nesse of herte, and with full sore weppyng, as we were charged by thy
full hyff and lordly comauaundement for to sende to the all the trouthe
of thy wyfe and of her deliueraunce. And to the brynger of these
letteres hit ys nat known, for he weneth that he knowe more than
he can." ¶ Than the messanger arose from hys bed uppon the morow,
aff seake and eueff at ease, for the malyce and the fume of the drynke,
the whyche anoyed soore hys brayne. And than after many false
flateringes and untrew promyses of Domild, he wente hys way un
to the kyng. And the messanger was charged by her that he shul
come ayene by her at hys retornyng from the kyng, and the same
way that he went. ¶ And whan thys messaunger was come to the
kyng, he tolde to hym be mouthe all the trouthe, and trewe tidinges,
and full ioyouse. But the letteres so false contruyed as hyt ys
before sayde, made all hys wordes to be torned un to grete heuy-
nesse, And made hys langage to be of no credaunce. ¶ for why,
when the kyng had red and loked uppon the letteres, he was full
hastily taken with a full grete thought and pensyfull heuynesse.
And there he defended to the Messanger, uppon hys indignacioun,
and under a grete peyne, that he shulde speke nothynge, amonge
men of hys Courte, of hys wyfe Constaunce ner of hys chylde. And

1 Mes les lettres lui firent retournr a dolour, & lui fist noncreable. p. 29.
2 p. 96.
759 anone the kyng wrote agyne to Olde and to Luciues the bysshop, in answering to the letters the whych he supposed and wente had be sente to hym by her maundement and commanded, the whych were to hym ful merueylyous tidinges and ful heuy; and nat with stonding he wroote to hem, and commanded that 'withoute any delay, or any maner akyne saying, that they shulde do make hys wyfe to be kepte safe, And her monster, un to hys comynge hom.'

764 Than with thees letters come akyne that foole the messanger with an eych lapp be Domylde un to the Cassh of knaresburgh ayene. And whan he was come theder, he compleyned soore to her of the heuy chere that the kyng made to him, and of hys ungoodly semblaunce, nothyng meryne comfortable. But that treyteresse Domild was passyngly comforted with that worde, Whan he reheared to her that the kynge made hym suche a semblaunt with ungoodly chere:1 ¶ And that same nyght she made hym drunke, as she ded the other tyme before. Than that false woman, whan he was a sleepe, unded hys box with letteres, as she ded before, and loked opon and considered ful wel that the kynges commandement was nothyng [un]favorable to the quene Constauce.2 Than under the same kynges seale she wrote to Olde and Luciues, as hit [were] by the kyng hymself in hys oune person, in suche sentence, As be the answere had to the first letters sent be him: "¶ That ofte tymes in a ferre Contre and straunge, a man may oft tymes here tidinges souner than at hoome at hys neyghbores house. And for cause that he had herde tidinges of Constauce hys wyfe, that yef she abood styH in hys londe, there shulde soone com suche werres and so grete pepH of strauengeres to destroye hys londe to be enhabited with folk of straunge nacions, Wherefore he commanded to Olde, in peyne of forfayteur of hys lyfe, And of hys londes and goodes, and of aH that he had, And also under peyne of disherita-

799 and vytyale thereyn for .v. yere, of mete and drynke, for Constauce and her chylde; And in the same shyp to be put the same tresoure

1 Mes la treteresse mout le conforta de son fauz semblaunt. p. 31.
2 ne lui fut de rien favorable. p. 31.
the whyche was found in her first shyp; And in the same manner-
wyse, without poole or Oore, orells any other maner engyne or
habilment for a shyp, And her chylde Morys to be put withyn the
shyp with her, And soo she to be exiled oute of the londe as she
com in." ¶ And thys same commaundement was commaunded to
lucius, the bysshop of bangor, open the eyne of perpetuall em-
prisonement. ¶ And than when these lordees nad rescued these
letteres, they made (god woote) full grete sorow and muche heuy-
nesse. ¶ And than, for cause that blessed lady Constaunce sawe
and aperseyued theyre heuy semblant, and her coloures so chaunged,
and with so greete a mornyng chere, And also than when the messanger
come ageyne, that she had no tokyn neyther sendyng from the kyng
her husband, supposed anoyn that her souuerayn lorde shulde be
dede, And required the messanger to telle her trouthe, with oute
cconcelyng of any thynge. ¶ Than the messanger sayde to her that
the kyng made to hym so harde and heuy countenaunce, that he
wolde nat heere speke worde, neyther of yow his lady, neyther of
youre chylde, in any maner that myght be.' Than the lordees come
to the good lady Constaunce, and shewed to her the kynges letteres
with a fulH heuy chere, and soore wepyng. ¶ Than Constaunce,
replenysshed with aH goodnesse, and aedy to aH theyre wylles to
fulfyH, and also fullH redy to obey theyre ordinaunce, sayde to hem
with a meke and a fulH lowly sprynte: "God forbede euuer that suche
a day shuld come, that for me the londe shulde be destroyed! And
also that for me, ye, my fulH dere frendes, shulde suffer dethe,
orells hauie or suffer any disease for my sake. But syth hit pleseth
god, and to my souuerayn lorde the kyng myne exyle, me oweth for
to take hit with good wyH, in trust and hopyng that thys harde
begynnyng God woH conuey hit to a fullH good endyng, And that
he, almyghty, may saue me in the see, the whyche ye aH puissant
bothe be See and londe." ¶ Then the .iiiij. day thys nobuH Quene
Constaunce was exyled, with moryce heri fayre soyn, the whyche
toke the See fulH yong. And suche an heuynesse and Crye and
wepyng pepuH was in the Cite and in tounes, of ryche pepuH and
poore, oolde folke and yong, that no tung neyther herte myght com-
prehende hit; for aH pepuH made grete lamentacioun, and leyde
grete blame to the kyng Alle, and cursed hym soore. ¶ And than when her shyp was led forthe with another Nauiy in to the hygh see from the syght of Englonde, orelles of any other londe, The marineres with grete heynnesse commanded her to god, And prayed god that she myght weH come to londe with her son Morye, and with muche ioye. ¶ Than god gouerned and gyded her shyp unto the Spaynysshe See, towarde the londe of the Este, under a CastelH of a admiraH of paynemés. Thys Admirah had hys stewarde, Oon a Renegat of the Cristen feyth; Thelous be name. Thys Thelous, when he sawe that lady in a shyppe, he wente therto with bootes, and brought that lady oute of her shyp, wyth her fayre son, before the Admirah, the whyche had grete pyte, booothe of her and of her chylde, And she was graciously rescued of hym. And than after warde than she had dynd and weH refresshed herselfe, she wolde nat at nyght be loged in none other place saue in her shyppe, for cause she wolde nat to moche be consaunnt with the paynemes. ¶ And she had leuer to floter in the wylde see, under the sauegare de god, and under hys gouernaunce, then for to be herbored with goddis enemyes. ¶ Than oure lorde god, the whyche fayleth neuer in tribulacioun to hys be-loued frenedes, gau to her suche grace before the Admirah, that he commaunded to the forsayed Thelous, hys stewarde, that he shulde hane the kepyng of her, and charged to hym that she shulde hane her desyres withoute any greuaunce or disease. ¶ And thys Thelous, the Stewarde forsede, was fuH glad and ioyfuH hereof, and in the derke nyght he wente doune to here alone, and bore to her grete tresoure of golde and syluer and of precious stones. And when thys Thelous had be with thys Quene Constaunce a lyteH whyle, he began to knowlache un to her hys grete erroure, spekyng to her fuH de-nouitely, and meuyng under nethe fuH falsely. And in somoche as that he was sometyme a cristen man, and that he was ageyne god a treytyoure Renegat, And for drede and feere of hys lyfe, and for couetyse of erthely worshype, ² prayed her that yef she myght [take him] with her, that he myght be sette ageyne in to the handes of god, and that he myght torne ageyn to cristen feythe ² be her good payeres towarde

¹ p. 97.
²-substituted for ² p. 35 above.
god, and for to be nombred amonge cristen men. And than pryuyly, by thys Thelous helpe, the shyp wente fer from londe un to they come to the grete Sec. And then the gostely enemy, the fende, the whyche enforseth hym euer to do euell, meued that Thelous, the knyght Renegate, to greuous temptacion, And for to entyse that good blessed lady to bodyly syn. But oure lorde god, to whome she had geueñ aH her herte to of youte, wolde nat suffer her to assente, neyther to consent, to suche a wyked dede. ¶ Than when thys wycked Thelous, by harde manasses and hys grete strenghthe had wyH to afforce her, than she refreynyd hys gret foly by thys reason, for cause that her Chyld Morye, the whyche was of the age of .ij. yere aH fuH syth the tyme that she and he were exyled oute of Engelonde, myght wele understonde, and to hoolde in mynde yef they .ij. dede suche an horrible dede in Morice presence. And thys was her coloure to defende her, and for to preserue her from synne. Than she prayed thys Thelous that he shulde loke as ferre as he myght, And anyse hym opon aH partes, yef that he myght see any londe. And when they myght come to londe in couenabel place, she wolde fulfyH hys desyre. And than thys Thelous was hasty for thys promes. And than he wente in to the fornest party of the shyppe and ayused hym al a boute yef he myght see any londe. And then when he was moost busyest, Constaunce, in sauyng of her chastite, pryuyly come behynde hys backe, and tumbeled hym doune in to the see.

¶ Than after, witlyn a lyteH whyle kyng Alle had expleted the Victory in scotlonde of the puteus hys enemeys; And then with a fuH grete desyre and muche heynynesse, for cause of hys quene Constaunce, hasted hym in aH haste in to ynglonde, for cause why, hit was tolde hym of folke that come betwene howe that thys blessed lady Constaunce was by hys commaundement exyled oute of hys londe with her fayre son Morys. ¶ And as the kyng wente and come by day by the hygh weyes, by Cytees and by tounes in ynglonde, there come men women and Chyldren and oolde folke crying and reuylyng the kyng and caste foule harlatrye opon hym with grete stones ayenst hys breste. And men women and chylderen despoyled hemselfe naked for despyte, and shewed to hym her pryuytees be-
hynde. And the kyng had so sore persecucioun of hys pepuH, that he must nedes take hys iornyes by nyght and nat by day. ¶ And than when the kyng come home to hys CasteH with fuH grete drede and feere of hys lyfe, he made to be called to hym Olda and lucius

878 with fuH grete angor and wrethe, askyng of hem where they had do hys wyfe Constaunce, the whyche they wrote to hym and called her a wycked spyryte in fourme of a woman. And also where was be come her chylde, the whyche [they] sayde that hit was a monstre Demoniac. ¶ And here-to than Olda and lucius answered fuH soore abasshed and a-baude of thys langage. And they sayde playnely un to hym, 'that they knewe neuer ¹ suche a thyng, but that the lady Constaunce was an holy woman and a fuH good, And that here en-
gendrure was fuH fayre and gracious.' And the kyng, as a man almoste oute of hys wytte, asked of hem ¹ what maner resonoun mened hem for to sende to hym suche unresonables letteres as opynly and apertely he myght shewe there to hem.' Than when these letteres

882 were seen from the [o] parte un to the other, than the kyng merueled how that suche letteres were sealed bothe with hys seale and with othere mennys seales. ¶ And they coude nat thynke howe thys treason myght be, but consentyng the Messager. ¶ And so that messenger was called forthe, the whyche answered utterly, and sayde that ¹ he was neuer knowyng neyther culpable in nowyse in that

886 treason. Neuertheles he knowyled weele of hys drunkenesse in the court of Domyld, the kynges moder, at knaresburgh; And yef there were any treason do, hit was purposed there.' ¶ And than the kyng anone aH inflamed with sorowe and angryre, began euen at the derke to go theder. And he sesed neuer unto the tyme that he come to hys moder', the whyche was that tyme abedde and a slepe. And with an hyduous voyse the kyng cryed and sayde to hys moder: "Thow false treyteresse! I commaunde the, that anone in aH haste, that thow shewe me these letteres, the whyche thow haste as a false Treyteresse shulde do, feyneyd and falsed." ¶ And anone sodenly she, soore afrayed and suppysyd with grete feer'; and she seyng the kyng as a woode man withoute hys wytte holdyng a naked swerde ouer her',—And she knew wele howe she was gylty and culpable of

¹ p. 98.
so hygfi and grete treasoun—without eny mo wordes or rehearse, she kneled adoune, and asked hym forgeuenesse and mercy. And she knowleched hit, and tolde to hym aft the felony, and howe she dede. And than the kyng with a grete feersenesse sayde to her, that she shulde haue suche mercy as suche grete treason asketh and demaundeth. "for thow, of me, neyther of my wyfe, neyther opon my chylde, thow haddest no pite, ne I shal never haue pyte opon the." And with that worde he smote of her hede, and hacked her body aft to peces as she laye naked in her bedde. Than kyng Alle made solemply hys a-vowe before lucius the Bysshop of Bangor, that he wolde never wedde wyfe, neyther have to do with any woman, un to that tyme that god, thorugh hys moche mercy and grace, wolde sende to hym tydynges of Constaunce hys wyfe.

Than after, thys Constaunce, the thryd yere whan she had drowned Thelous in the see, the whyche was the fyfte yere of her exyle, as she was floteryng in her shyp opon the See, she lokd aft a ferre, And she thought she sawe a Nauye in the see, as hit had be a grete wode. And as her fuß moste nobull Guyde,oure lorde God, conueyed here shyppe here and here, And at the laste she aperseued that they were mastes of a fuß grete nauye, the whyche nauye rested in an hauen under a grete Cite opon the see. And when the mariners sawe suche a shyp so merueylously floteryng uppon the see, they thought that hit had be som voyde shyp withoute marineres, And so drouen by tempestes. But when they were come nere, they aperseued a woman in the shyp, and also a chylde of v. yere age, rychely stuffed with tresoure, but fulle pore of vyeteles. And after that the mariniers had spoke with that lady, they brought her and her son in to the Cyte of the paleys of a senatoure of Rome, the whyche that lady Constaunce knewe fuß wel. Thys senatours name was called Tarquinus of Cappadoce, a fuß wyse knyght and hardy, and a fuß excellent man of letterure, And a grete frende and secrete to the Emperour Tiberie of Constantyne, the fader of Constaunce. Thys senatoure Tarquinus, whan he sawe Constaunce, had no maner knowleche of here, the whyche she was weles apayde of, and toke hit to grete ioy. And Constaunce knewe hym fuß

1 Arctemius, p. 41.
wele, for ofte tymes she had seen hym in her fader the Emperours house. Thys Tarquinus was duke and Capteyne of aH that hoole Nauey. ¶ And than when he axed the mayden many demaundes of her dwelling place and of her fortune, she answered euer' full wysely to hys axyg withoute any maner discoueryng of her lynage, or elles of the Emperour her fader'. ¶ And she sayde, 'for cause that her' fortune was nat in aH things gracious after the worlde, though hit were as god wolde haue hit; And in so moche as she was moryed to a ryche lorde, the whyche had begote her' son opon her', to whom she was nat moste plesaunt in aH poyntes, and for that cause she suffered suche penaunce.' And after whan the Senatoure axed what was her name, she answered and sayde that her name was called Conste; ffor so the Saxons called here. Than thys lady Constaunce axed that Senatour, 'what shulde do that grete nauey, of the whyche he was Duke and Capyteyn of, and what hit amounted.' ¶ And he answered to her' and sayde, 1'That hit was the nauey of the Emperour Tiberie, sente by hym at hys coste in to the hooly londe, And ayenst tho false Sarrazyns, the whyche treytoresly had mordred and sleyne hys doughtre Constaunce with grete nombre of cristen peple, with the Sowdon and hys Allyes, the whyche were frendes to cristen men.' And more ouer the Senatour' sayde to her' that 'on euery partye as they wente, god sente to hem gracious victory of here enemies. ¶ ffor the Sowdns moder, that false morderesse, was brent, and there were slayne of the sarrazyns mo then xj. M1.; and, blessed be god, there was nat one cristen man slayne ne hurte in hys oste. ¶ And also that he had founde aH the bodyes of cristen men the whyche were slayne, and mordred by the Sarazyns, safe onely the body of Constaunce, the whyche after the seying of the Sarazyns was drowned in the see.' ¶ Than Constaunce prayed that nobuH Senatoure that hit myght please to hym that she myghte be conduyte, and to haue sewre passage, un to Rome. ¶ And the senatour' with a ioyful wyH rescued her' in to hys warde, with her son and aH her tresoure. And than when they were come to Rome, he recommended Conste, that ys to sey, Constaunce, unto hys wyfe Elyne, a Romayne, the daughter of Salustius, the brother un to the

1 p. 99.
Emperour Tiberie, and the uncle to Constance. ¶ Thys Elene, Nece and Cosyn germane to Constance, lounyd so tendurly her Nece, and Morice her Cosyn, that they had neuer suche a ioye in aH her lyfe. And yet myght that more to be encresed, her ioyfulH loue, yef she had bewreyed herself to her nece, And tolde to her aH the trouthe. ¶ Than Constaunce, with her son Morys, dwelled in the compayny of Arsenie Tarquine and with Eleyne xij. yere. aH hoole a lady of grete holynesse and of muche deuocioun. And thys Arsenius and Eleyne, the whyche that had none issue of her bodyes, toke and had Moryce in so grete loue and tendernesse, that they called hym here son and here eyre. ¶ And than in that tyme Alle, the kyng of ynglonde, by the counsayle of lucius the bysshop of Bangor, and Olda his Constabyl, wente with hys peple to make hys pylgremage at Rome, and to rescuyue hys absolucrioun of the pope for the sleyng of hys moder. And in that tyme in hys absence, he betoke the kepynge of hys reame to Edwyn hys soñ, the whyche was the thryd kyng after hym. ¶ And when Alle was xij. dayes iornes frome Rome, he sente Olda before, for to make worshypfuH pурueaunce ayenst hys commynge. And than when Olda was come to Rome, and had enquired where the kyng of ynglonde myght be worshypfully loged and herbored, hit was answered un to hym, 'that Arsenius, the senatoure of the Cyte of Rome, was nobully and rychely endowed of many fayre CasteH and paleys.' Than Olda wente to Arsenius, and prayed hym that he wolde goodly shew to hym of hys Castelles and paleys in the whyche the kyng of Engelonde myght be loged in at hys commynge. ¶ And than Arsenius assigned to Olda of the moost goodly places that he had, the whyche Olda had chosyn fuH worshypfully for the kyng. Than whan Arsenius come home to hys paleys, and was gone in to hys Chambre where hys wyfe Eleyne and Constaunce was, asked of hem 'yef they wolde heere any newe tydynges.' And they were weH apayde for to heere good tydynges. And than Arsenius tolde to hem veryly that 'Alle the kyng of ynglonde withyn x. dayes shulde come to toune; And that he shulde be loged in hys CasteH. And for that entent he sente un to hym a grete Erle and a worthy Capetayn, hys oune MareschaH.' ¶ And when Constaunce herde these tydynges pryuyly for ioy fyH
doune plat for ioye almoste in a swoune. " And than when her sperytes were come to her, folke that were a boute her, asked her, 'what come to here, and what she eyled.' And she sayde that hit was febelnesse of her breyne, that she toke when she was in the see. ¶ Than withlyn x. dayes, when kyng Alle was comyng nere to the Cyte of Rome, Arsenius that nobuH senatoure, whyche shulde rescuye hym withlyn hys castelles, rode ayenste hym worshipfully with aH the Chyualry of Rome, and with aH the ryche Cytezeyns of the Romaynes. And there they rescued thys kyng Alle of ynglond fuH worthyly and curteysly. ¶ And as Eleyne, the senatours wyfe, and Constaunce, stoode an hygh aboue A Galilee ordeyned opoH hyghi Greeses so that they myght see the kyng of ynglond, and to avyse the Chyualry with her worshipfully aray in rydyng with aH the pepuH, there come a worthy knyghte the whiche had seen the kyng before hys comyng to the Cyte by the wey, And the whyche was assigned for the ladies, to shewe to hem the kynges persone, shewed to hem where that he roode under the tresaunce of that Galilie, 1 And the knyghte2 called to the ladies and sayde: "See nowe ladies, kyng Alle!" ¶ And the kyng, heryng hys name called, loked up aH an hyghi. And than when Constaunce sawe hys vysage, she felle doune plat besyde Eleyne, the whyche she supposed ded hit for febelnesse. ¶ And than at that tyme of the comyng of the kyng to Rome, Moryce began to enter in to hys .xvij. yere. Thys Moryce was taught pryuly of hys moder Constaunce, that when he shulde go to the feeste with hys lorde the Senatoure, that aH thyng lefte, he shalH putte hymselfe before the kyng of Englund when that he were sette to hys mete, and that he were diligent in aH thynges for to serue the kyng. And that in nowyse he remeued hymself fro the kynges syght. ¶ And that he serue hym wele and curteysly, ¶ for thys Moryce was passyngly lyke hys moder'. Than when the kyng sawe the chylde stonde before hym, he bethought hym much of hys resemblaunce, And axed hym 'whos son he was.' And he answered to hym fuH curteysly, and sayde that 'he was the son of Arsenie the Senatoure, whyche sate opoH hys ryght hande.' And when Moryce had sayde so, the senatoure sayde to the kyng, that 'he holdethi 1 p. 100. 2 MS. kynghte
hym for hys son, for somoche as he hathe made hym for hys eyre; And hys moder wyst that fuH wele, but nat hys fader;\footnote{Mistranslated; the Fr. has: \textit{E sa mere savoit il bien, mes noun pas son pere}, p. 47.} ffl or hys modere wolde neuer telle who was hys fader, in aH the tyme of thys. xij. yere. And Moryce knewe nat, for hys moder and he were exyled when he was nat but .x. wokes of age.' Than asked the kyng of thys yonge man, 'what was hys name:' and he answered and sayde to hym that hys name was Moryce. \footnote{\textit{E quant il estoit descendu al paleys le Senator, parust sa femme, qe lui venoit encontre oue la femme le Senator}, p. 47.} Than the kyng was in a grete thought and pensyfH, bothe of the yonge mannes name and of the semblance of hys vysage un to hys wyfe, hys owne moder; And also for the wordes of the Senatour, the whyche he tooke goode hede of before; And axed of the Senatoure 'yef that he knewe the chyldes moder', that hit myght lyke hym, that he myght see her.' And the senatoure answered to the kyng that 'the chyldes moder was in hys place there.' \footnote{\textit{E quant il estoit descendu al paleys le Senator, parust sa femme, qe lui venoit encontre oue la femme le Senator}, p. 47.} And than the kyng hasted faste for to see her, and hyed hym in aH haste that he myght frome hys mete. \footnote{\textit{E quant il estoit descendu al paleys le Senator, parust sa femme, qe lui venoit encontre oue la femme le Senator}, p. 47.} And than the Senatoure wente doune in hys paleys, and commaunded hys wyfe to come doune with Constaunce in her moste goodly atyre and aray to see the kyng.\footnote{\textit{E quant il estoit descendu al paleys le Senator, parust sa femme, qe lui venoit encontre oue la femme le Senator}, p. 47.} And assone as the kyng aperseyued that lady Constaunce, he salued her in hys moste goodly wyse. And be fulle very certeyn knownlache that anone he knewe her, he wente and tooke hys wyfe Constaunce in hys armes, and ofte tymes kyssed her. And there the kyng shewed so opyn shewyngs of loue un to her, that the senatoure and hys wyfe and aH tho that were there, meruclcd muche thereof. \footnote{\textit{E quant il estoit descendu al paleys le Senator, parust sa femme, qe lui venoit encontre oue la femme le Senator}, p. 47.} And than the kyng with an hygh noyse and cry, in an hygh voyse sayde thus: "I have found my wyfe!" Than come Olda and Lucius, and knelyng opon here knees, salued that lady Constaunce. And they had fuH grete ioy, and thanked god fuH hyghly, the whyche fayleth neuer to hem the whyche trustyn opon hym. \footnote{\textit{E quant il estoit descendu al paleys le Senator, parust sa femme, qe lui venoit encontre oue la femme le Senator}, p. 47.} Than opon the morow the kyng wente to take hys absoluciozm for the dethe of hys modere. And than after, when he had tolde the pope pelagie before named, aH these auentures, he assoyled hym, and thanked hyghly god. \footnote{\textit{E quant il estoit descendu al paleys le Senator, parust sa femme, qe lui venoit encontre oue la femme le Senator}, p. 47.} Than .xl. dayes that the kyng had a-byden in rome,
upon a nyght Constance prayed hym, 'that he wolde vouchesafe to sende to the Emperour Tiberie, whyche that dwelled oute of Rome at that tyme but xij. myle, that he wolde do to hym the worship for to come and to dyne with hym at Rome.' ¶ And the kyng was ful wele payde with Constance for her prayer and desyre. ¶ And than Dame Constance charged her son Moryce with the message, and seyde to hym that 'he shulde pray the Emperour, opon the kynges of ynglond behaluc, that hit myght please hys hygynesse to come dyne with hym. And yef the Emperour wolde nat graunte to hys prayer, that than he shulde require hym, for the loute that euer he had to the soule of hys doughter Constance;' for than she wyste wel that the Emperour wolde nat deny hym hys askyng, as he ded to no man that prayed hym of any thyng for hys doughter soule. ¶ And than whan Moryce was come before the Emperour, with a fuH honorable company, and had do hys message from the kyng hys fader. The Emperour was supprised in grete loute towarde that chylde Moryce, And seyde to hys knyghtes, wepyng with a fuH heuy herte, "God, how thys yong man ys fuH lyke in semblance to my doughter Constance!" And than after he gave grete yeftes to Morice. But the Emperour wolde nat a longe whyle graunt his prayeres, for cause he tooke suche a fuH grete heuyynesse for his doughter Constance, the whyche he supposed that dede was, that neuer syth that tyme he wolde come to feste, neyther heere mynstralles ne mynstralsy. ¶ Then ageyne with fuH grete prayer, and after the forme abouesayde, he besechd the Emperour aboue sayde; the whyche than graunted to hym hys axyng. ¶ Than hit hAPPED that thys feste shulde be holde opon seynt Iohan ys day the baptyst. ¶ And than Constaunce seyde to the kyng, that she supposed that hit were grete curtesy, And that hit shulde muche please the Emperoure that he wolde rescueyue hym in to the Cyte, and for to ryde agenst hys commyng. And so the kyng Alle dede; and with the nobuH Chyualry of Rome, and with the Cytezeyns, rode fuH honorably to geder with a worthy company. And so Constaunce

1 p. 101.

2 A-eynt la veill seynt Iohan le Baptiste, la feste de sa nativite, quant la feste se devoit fere le iour ensuaynt, Constaunce . . . , p. 49.
rode with the kyng, and with that peuH, and her son Morice also. And than when Constaunce sawe the Emperour come nere, she prayed the kyng that he wold vouchesafe to alyghte of hys stede ayenst the Emperour, whyche ded so. ¶ And than Constaunce, before all the company, tooke her lorde in her ryght hande, And Morice her son in her lyfte hande; and she come and kneele doun, and salued her fader by these wordes: “¶ My lorde, and my fatere fader Tiberie! I, Constaunce your doughtre, thanke hyghly oure lorde god, that yet at thys day hathe graunted to me my lyfe that I may see ye nobull persone in helthe.” ¶ And than anone when the Emperoure had herde hys doughtre, and knewe her voyse and her persone wele, he toke to hym so soden ioy that almoste had fall doun bacwarde from hys stede. But the kyng Alle and hys son Morice sawe that, and supported hym. Than, god knowetli, there was grete ioy in that blessed metyng. And than Constaunce tolde her fader all her auentures, and howe she had dwelled x dayes in the house of the senatoure Arsenie, And with her Cosyn Eleyne, the whyche knew nat that she was her nece, unto that tyme. ¶ Than after other .xl. dayes passed, whan the kyng Alle returned ageyne homwarde in to ynglond, The Emperour Tybery, by the assent of pope Pelagy and of the Senat of Rome, for cause of hys age, toke Morice, his doughter son, for to be hys felowe to gouverne the Emprye; And made hym to be called hys Eyre apperaunt. And than he was called “Morie of Capodoce” for that skele, why that he was brought up with that Senatoure Arsenie, the whyche was of Capodoce, as hyt ys before sayde at the begynnynge of thys story. Thys Morice was called of the Romaynes in latyn, ‘Mauricius, christianissimus Imperator,’ the whyche ys to sey, “Morice, the moste cristen Emperour.” Than Alle the kyng of ynglond, the .ix monythe after that he was come in to ynglond, yelded up hys soule to god fulH holyly and with full grete deuocion. ¶ And than all moste halfe a yere after Constaunce, the whyche had euerie grete loue and worshyp unto all ynglond, torned agene, and wente to Rome, for cause that she had tydynges that the Emperoure her fader was seke and in poyn of dethe. And than the .xiiij. day after her comyng to Rome, Tiberie her fader

1 dozze, p. 51.
deseased ful holyly betwyxte the Armes of hys doughter, and yelded up hys soule to god. ¶ And Constaunce herself desesed the yere after. The yere was the yere after the incarnacioun Dlxiiiij. opon seynt Clemente's day. And she was buried at Rome besyde her ffather the Emperoure in seynt Petir Churche. ¶ And than Olda, the whyche brought Constaunce un to Roome after the dyssease of kyng Alle, in returnyng ayene towarde ynglonde, dyed ful holyly and devoutely at the Cite of Toures of Tureyne; And be lucius the bysshop of Bangor abonesayde, was buried in the churche of seynt Martyn at Toures. ¶ Than lucius come home in to ynglond ayene, un to hys Churche of Bangor, and leued dyesere yeres after. And the body of kyng Alle was buried in the Churche of seynt AmphibeH, at the Cyte of Wynchestre, where he deseased.
The Boy killed by a Jew

FOR SINGING GAUDE MARIA!

VERSIFIED BY

GAUTIER DE COINCY.

FROM THE HARLEIAN MS. 4401,

leaf 146, back, col. 1;

COLLATED WITH POQUET'S EDITION OF GAUTIER DE COINCY'S

MIRACLES DE LA SAINTE VIERGE

(Paris 1857), col. 557.
The Harleian MS. 4401, lettered on the binding *Miracula B. U. M. Metro Gallico*, and ascribed in the Catalogue (A.D. 1808) to the 14th century, consists of 189 vellum leaves (numbered in pencil figures), written in two columns of about 40 lines each. It begins, without a heading, on leaf 1, col. 1, with Gautier de Coincey's Prologue (Poquet, col. 3, l. 1), at first, on account of the large A, written in half lines:

A la loenge et a la gloire
En remanbrance Et en memoire;

and ends on leaf 189, back, col. 2 (Poquet, col. 639, l. 392), in the middle of a Miracle (C'est dou clerq qui laisa sa fame por nostre dame sainte marie) with:

Estoupe est horn & feu & flame
Tost est espris hom de tel fame
Tex estoupes pres de tel feu.

So some leaves are missing at the end; after this Miracle Poquet gives two more, and some other poems. On leaves 3—5, 106—8 of the MS. are some songs with the music. The Abbé Poquet's edition is from a MS. of the Seminary at Soissons; a description of this MS., and of thirteen others (all in Paris) of the many in existence, will be found in his Introduction, pp. ix, xix. The original Latin text of the Miracles also exists in various MSS. (P. Meyer, *Rapports*, 1e partie, p. 15.)

Though the Harleian MS. offers a text of this Miracle decidedly inferior to the Soissons one, it has been deemed advisable to print it, instead of reproducing Poquet's copy of the other. It is always desirable that accurate copies of the different MSS. of a text should be accessible to scholars, that they may have all the evidence for determining its original shape; that the Society has not in this case chosen the best unpublished one, is the result of that MS. not being in London. The present print will be of interest to editors of English, as a French specimen of the mistakes which creep into MSS. by repeated copying, even when the scribes are native, and the language can have presented little or no difficulty. As the readings of Poquet's MS. (excluding, as a rule, differences in orthography and in the use of the nom. and acc. cases) are given in the footnotes, there will generally be little trouble in correcting the mistakes of the Harleian; though in two or three cases (as in ll. 247, 553-4) both MSS. agree in bad metre or rhyme. Poquet's MS. (supposing his print to be correct) is itself by no means devoid of errors, from almost all which the Harleian is free; in ll. 2, 72 (a), 112, 188, 223, 421, 563, 628 (d'ireut), 629, 647, 664 (ou), 717, for example, the Harleian reading is preferable, or even indispensable—an instance of the common fact that a MS. may be comparatively bad and yet far from critically worthless. For the print being a correct copy of the MS. and the variants, as well as for discoveries, punctuation, and expansions, I am responsible; I may note that though a is often quite distinct from u, the last letter of ll. 677-8 is ambiguous.

The Abbé Poquet, who derives his dates from the *Chronicon Sancti Médardi*, states (Intr., p. xxxiv) that Gautier de Coincey, probably of a noble family of that place, was born in 1177; became a monk of St. Médard in 1193, and prior of Vic in 1214, which office he held when he translated the Miracles, was made grand prior of St. Médard in 1233, and died in 1236.

July, 1876.

HENRY NICOL.
THE BOY KILLD BY A JEW
FOR SINGING GAUDE MARIA.

*C'est d'un cleric que li iuif tuerent qui chantoit ["leaf 146, back, col. 1]
Gaude maria.

Sainte escriture nos esclaire
C'on doit courir & c'on doit taire
Les secret de toi & celer,
& les deu eures reueler.
Les eures sont merueilleuses,
& a oir moult deliteuses.
la lettre dit en moult de leus
Que ses seinz est deu merueilleus.
& qant li rois puissanz & pius
& loing & pres est moult lius,
Miracles & meruoilles maintes
fait por ses sainz & por ses saintes ;
biens est buisnarz & se meruoille
Se mainte merueillant meruoille
fait ior & nuit por la pucelle
Qui l'alaita de sa memelle,
Qui le norri, qui le berça.
de pitié tout me tresperça
Qant ie le ui & oï primes
.1. miracle douz & saintime
Q'an angleterre fist iadis
'li puissanz rois de paradis.

1 This line is 2 in the MS.
2 om. (Poquet).
3 The initials are written apart from the words they head.
4 le roy
5 dieu inserted.
6 Qu'en
7 en
8 de
9 qui
10 lui
11 saintismes

CH. ORIG. 18
There was once in England a poor woman, who loved the Virgin, and had to work for her living.

She had one son, a beautiful child, whom she sent young to school.

The Virgin made him learn well and fast, so he could soon sing and read.

He sang so well

1 por essaucier le non sa mere.
1 Come2 raconte ma matere,
2 Que3 iadis une poure fame,
3 Qui moult amoit la douce dame,
4 En la contree d'angleterre.
5 Tant par iert poure que porquerre
6 Sa sustance li couenoit,
7 En la uile ou ele manoit.
8 .I. 4 tot sol fil4 auoit, sanz plus,
9 Qui tant iert biaux & genz que nus
10 Ne remiroit sa belle face,
11 Ne li donast moulte de sa grace ;
12 Moulte iert5 biaux li anfes ieunes,
13 Ancor soist6 il norriz d'amosnes.
14 Son poure enfant la poure fame,
15 En l'enor deu & nostre dame,
16 Moulte ione fist 7 la poure metre,
17 Son anfanc7 a letres metre.
18 la mere deu, qui entremetre
19 Se uost d'aidier le clerconcel,
20 dedanz son cuer en .i. moncel
21 Amoncela si grant sauoir,
22 Q'an demi an li fist sauoir
23 Plus c'un autre ne set8 en quatre.
24 Ne l'estuet pas ferir ne batre,
25 Que9 tant par est de cler angien
26 Q'an oubliance ne met rien
27 de riens qu'apreigne n'oeie dire ;
28 Tost sot10 chanter & tost sot10 lire.
29 de bien chanter est lors si duiz,
30 Que11 chançonnetes & conduiz
31 Cante si afaitiement,

1 These lines transposed.
2 Ce me
3 Qu'out
4 seul enfant
5 estoit
6 fust
7 Not in the print.
8 sout
9 Car
10 set
11 Qui
Que clerc & lai communalment
& trestuit cil qui chanter l'ont,
Sa clere ouiz & son chant loent.
Vne ouiz a si tres piteuse,
Si² plaisant &³ si deliteuse,
Ce dist chascons qui chanter l'ot
Que c'est la ouiz d'un angelot.
*Ainz mais si faite meloudie
de tel enfant ne fu oie.
Qant ouit li anfes c'on le iot⁴
& que chascuns uolentiers l'ot,
de biau chanter tant plus⁵ se paine.
A son mengier chascuns l'enmoine⁶
& il i ua mout uolantiers.
les demis pains & les antiers,
les pieces de char & l'argent,
& quanque li donent la gent,
porte a⁷ sa mere li cles⁸ iones.
"d'autrui reliez, d'autrui aumosnes,
M'auez,"⁹ fait il, "norri, ma⁹ mere.
Mais foi que doi l'ame mon pere,
Souant de¹⁰ duel le cuer me serre
Qant ie uos uoi uostre pain querre.
Mout durement au cuer me point ;
dorenauant n'en¹¹ querrez point.
Ce uos pleuis,¹² ma douce mere,
Se dex me saue na¹³ uoiz clere
& il me¹⁴ salue & gart¹⁴ sain,
Il n'iert ia iors que plain mon sain
Ne uos aport tout sanz dotance
de pain, de char & de sustance.
Se deu plaist, bien nos fornirons

¹ communalment ² tres inserted. ³ om. ⁴ lot ⁵ mout tos ⁶ le maine ⁷ om. ⁸ clors ⁹-⁹ nourri, fait il, tout. ¹⁰ le ¹¹ Corr. in MS. from men ¹² je ¹³ ma ¹⁴-¹⁴ garde sauf et

56 that all who heard him praised his voice and singing.
60
[* leaf 147, col. 1]
64 When the child heard these praises, he took still more pains,
68 and was invited to meals, where he received bread, meat, and money.
72 He brought all to his mother,
76 and told her he hoped she would not long have to work.
80
84
THE BOY KILLED BY THE JEWS;

By his singing he earned enough for himself and his mother.

One of his songs was the Gaude María.

88. Au molin, mais n'au for n'irons,
Se deu plaist & la bone1 dame." Ainsi la lasse2 bone fame
Reconforte li clerçonniaux.3 la ou de gent uoit les monciaus,
Chançonetas & conduiz chante ;
Par biau chanter toz les anchante.
Tant fait ses chans & sa noiz clere
Que bien fornist lui & sa merc.
Entre ses4 biaus chans qu'il sauoit
le biau respons5 apris auoit
de la purificacion
Qui gaude maria a non ;
il diz en est douz & piteus
& li chans biauz & deliteus.

[4 col. 2]

which he sang so touchingly.

as to make many weep.

He was so good and sensible

that all loved and praised him.

Every evening

1. douce 2. povre 3. clerçonciaus 4. les 6. qu'inserted.
6. plusieurs 7. communement 8. serrez 9. saches
10.10. noter en ses sages 11. En aie 12. qu'il inserted.
Ne s'an reuoist ueoir sa mere.
de lui noue le moult amere
Orra par tens la bone fame;
Or an soit garde nostre dame.

C'il qui ne set barat ne guille
.I. ior ioant aual la uille
Se na avec ses compaignons;
Tant q'an la rue des gaignons,
C'est a dire des faus iudex,²
Venuz en est a .i. grant iex,³
Ou moult de clerc uenu estoient.
de lui grant feste quant le uoient
font chevalier & clerc⁴ & lai.
Tuit li prient que sanz delai
de nostre dame .i. petit chant.
Si tost con comance son chant
de totes parz les genz acorent
& de pitié li plusor plorent;
Que⁵ tant chante⁶ piteusemant
Que tuit dient communalmant⁷
Qu'il⁸ chante bel & outre bien.

Nes li uiuf, li felon chien,
'I sont uenu avec les autres.

⁹Venu i a de⁹ felons uiuautres
 .I.¹⁰ qui de honte¹¹ formia¹²
Quant o'i gaude maria.
Qant an gabrielem le uers
Ot le uiuf fel & paruers
le grant oprobre a toz iuis,
'Erubescat iudec infelis¹³
¹⁴Qui dit Christum ex ioseph
Semine & natum,'¹⁴

¹ Ornamental letter. ² gieus ³ gieus ⁴ cler ⁵ Car
⁶ chantoit ⁷ communement ⁸ Que ⁹-¹⁰ Un en y va des
¹¹ om. ¹² tout inserted. ¹³ judec infelis ¹⁴-¹⁴ Qui dit Christum
Ex Joseph semine esse natum.
that he wished to kill him, but was afraid of being killed himself.

So he waited till the crowd had dispersed, and enticed the child into his house, saying that if the child would sing his beautiful song again,

Moult pres se qu'a que d'un baston Ne l'a feru par mi le chief.
Mais il voit bien que a meschief de s'anredie conuandoit; A morir lors li couandroit, Ia ne uerras mais l'andemain, Se il met sor l'enfant la main. N'a en la uile home ne fame Qui moult ne l'aunt por nostre dame, de qui chante si doucement.

Celui qui de l'anuenimeement de l'anemi est antouchiez, Qant li pueples est desfouchiez, l'enfant atrait an la meson; doucement l'a mis a raison, Moult le losange, moult l'acole. "Clerçons," dist il, "a bone escole As conuersé, ce m'est aus, Que onques mais si a demis Ne chanta anfes con tu chantes.

Par ton bel chant la gent anchantes; Moi meesme as tot anchante. Hui par as tu si bien chanté C'onques mais clers miauz ne chanta.

An cel respons si douz chant a, & tant est biaux & bien ditez, li cuers m'en est toz apitez. foi que doi l'ame mon pere, Miauz an sera ta pourre mere, S'an ma maison uiens avec moi. *par le grant deu an cui ie croi

Cel respons ooil ancour;
1 Tout le cuer me fait esoir
Toutes les foiz que chanter t’oi.
Ta mere por l’amor de toi
liuerrai toz ses estouoirs."

9 bien cuide que ce soit tot ouoirs
li las anfes, li clerçonnez;
Si simplement con uns angelez
le iuif suist an la maison.
Tel cruialte ne fist mais hom;
lor q’anclos l’a dedanz la porte
vne coignée lors li aporte,
& tel li donne de la hache,
Que morte en fust une grant uache.
li clerçons chiet toz porfanduz,
Contre terre s’est estanduz;
Par mi la bouche clere & belle
li saut le sanc & la ceruelle;
Touz est froez & esmiez.
Cil qui mar fust onques criez,
dedanz son huis plus tost qu’il puet
fait une fosse, si l’enfuet;
la terre chauche & rahonie.
la soue uie soit honie.
Moult est dolante & esplorée
Qant de son fil la demorer
Voit la lasse de bone fame.
plorant depre nostre dame
de son anfant daint estre garde;
Se sa douçor ne le regarde
Moult se doute ne l’alt perdu.
Elle a le cuer si esperdu,
& si li defaut & desmant,
Elle s’escrie trop durement.

1-1 Le cuer me fet tout 2 l’ om. 3 cuides 4 om.
5 sa 6-9 tost 7 sa 8 tenre 9 povre 10 la 11 Qu’ele s’en orient
Come desuee ua plorant 1
Aual la nille tout corant 2
Assez le trace, assez le quiert,
Assez demande, assez anquiert
& ça & la & sus & ius.

When she heard nothing of her child,
& qant la lasse 3 ne uoit 3 nus
Nule nouelle n'en set 4 dire,
par .i. petit ne s'ocit d'ire.

Moult est dolante, moult est morne;
A son repaire s'en retorne.
Son anfant moult regrete & plaint;
A nostre dame se complaint,

She spent the night weeping,
lasse pour, lasse mendie;
lasse, lasse, plus de .c. 9 foiz;
las, 10 las, mes 11 cuers, qui si est 12 froiz
desoz mes lasses de memelles,

and imploring the Virgin to aid her.
Me dist i'orrai 13 froides nouvelles
Se cil non 14 fait qui tout puet faire.
Sor lui met ie tout mon afaire,
& sor sa douce chiere mere." 15

Next day she resumed her search.

Par la cité quest 16 son anfant.

1 courant  2 plorant  3-3 voit que  4 soit
6 These lines transposed. 6 Mort 7 et mort 8 le ins
9 mil 10 Mes 11 de 12 m'est 13 qu'orrai
14 n-el 15 mere chiere 16 quiet
"Riens n'en sauomes," font li auquant,
"Mais bien sauons, par ueriite,
N'a clerc ne lai en la cite
Qui n'en eust au cuer pesance
S'il auiot nule mesestance."
Auquant redient, " bone fame,
Vos filz ersoir de nostre dame
Chanta assez a uns grant ieux
En la grant rue des iuex.
Moult chanta bel, moult chanta bien;
Mai li iuif, li felon chien,
Li fax gaignon, li felon uiautre,
"I uindrent ausi con li autre;
de toutes parz i asemblerent.
Il puet bien estre qu'il l'amblerten
A l'anuitier qant s'an aloit;
Que moult le cuer lor esuolloit
& moult en erent mat & triste
Com en lor rue & en lor triste,
Meesmement deuant aus toz,
Chantoit le haut plaissant & douz
de la dame que heeNt tant.
S'il ont tué n'ocis l'antfant,
descouuert iert & reuexez;
Ia murtres ne sera celiz."
Auquant redient, "n'est pas doute
Iuif l'antfant n'amoient goute,
Que il chantoit de nostre dame
Si doucement, n'ere hom ne fame
Qui toz li cuers n'en apitast.
Mais quiconques s'i delitast,
Il ne se delitoient point;
Que moult lor cuit & moult lor point,
and hoped the Virgin would reveal the matter;

Qant nus l’anore & nus la loe.1

la douce dame ceste chose

Reueler doint2 par sa puissance.

On les doit toz sanz delaience

bruin en flame3 & an tisson,

S’il est ainsins con nos dissons." 288

Communement par la cite

Esmeu sont & escité

Moult duremant de cest afaire.

Ne set que dire ne que faire

la dolante de bone fame ;

dou tot s’enprent4 a nostre dame,

& bien li dit tout en apert

Que s’elle ainsi son anfant pert,

Jamais nul ior n’aura fiance

En sa douçor, en5 sa puissance.

Assez doulousses, assez 1ermante,6

Moult se conplaint, moult se demante,

Moult est en grant esmarriture ;7

"Ne nos sai pas la multitude

de sa tristece raconter.8

Mais quant nostre dame racorder9

Se vest a li de son anfant,

.I. miracle fist si tres grant

Que touz li monz s’en merueilla.

la lasse fame assez ueilla

deuant l’ymage nostre dame ;

la cheitiue de pouré fame

Mainte soignie10 i a portee ;

de ueillier est toute amortee.11

Tant a12 ueillie, tant a oré,12

Tant a gemi, tant a ploré13

Que ne peut mes mengier ne boiure.14

1 l’aloise 2 daint 3 flammes 4 se prent 5 n’en
6 lamente 7 amartude 8 recorder 9 acorder
10 soignie 11 avorte 12 oré 13 ploré 14 boire
Moult sont dolant clerç & prouoire
dou biau clerçon qui est periz,
Qui tant iert\(^1\) douz & seriz
& qui tant iert bien antechiez.

"Cist granz murtres, cist\(^2\) granz pechiez,
\(^3\)N'iert mie longuement\(^3\) celez.
Que dex nost qu'il fuss reuelez
por son saint non glorefier,
por croistre & por manefier
le non la\(^4\) glorieusse mere."

Ce me reconte ma materre
C'uns iors ala, li autres uint,
biem em passerent plus de .xx.,
Ainz que nouelle fuss oie
de coi fuss \(^6\)auques esioñe\(^5\)
la dolante qui sanz seior
paumes batant\(^6\) & nuit & ior
Aual la uile aloit criant,
& nostre dame depriant
Qu'ele la mort li otroiast
Ou son anfant li anuoiast.\(^7\)

Si con deu plot, .i. ior auint
Q'an la rue des iuis uint
la chestiue paumes batant,
Gent par som braire asamblant\(^8\)
Qu'il an i ot plus de .x.\(^9\) mille.

"Effree est toute la uille,
& tuit se tienent\(^10\) celle part.
"fuiez, fuiez,\(^11\) li cuers me part,"
dist\(^12\) la lasse, "ce m'est aux.
fix douz, fix douz, se fussiez\(^13\) uis
Ne fussiez\(^14\) pas tant demoré.
filz douz, murtri & acoré\(^15\)

1 estoit 2 est 3-3 Longues ne puot estre 4 sa
5-5 lie n'el joie 6 batoit 7 renvoiast 8 assembla tant
9 deus 10 traient 11 Fiz, fiz, fiz 12 Fait
12 fusses 14 N'eusses 15 acovré
She exclaimed that the Jews had killed her son,

T'ont cist\(^1\) uif, cist\(^1\) puant chien.

filz douz, le cuer me dist moulit bien

[^2]Qu'en ceste rue t'ont tué.


Trop\(^3\) est dure ta matere,

Qant ne paroles a ta mere,

Qui ci s'ocit & ci\(^4\) s'afolle,

A tout le mains une parole."

lors chiet pasmee en mi la rue ;

Ses cheuex trait, ses cheuex rue,

Som piz debat & sa forceille.

"dur cuers, dur \(^5\) cuers, dur cuers," dist\(^5\) ele,

"Trop me fait mal & trop me grieue\(^6\)

Con tu ne faux\(^7\) ou tu ne crieues

En .ix. parties ou en .x.

ha, mere au roi de paradis,

In\(^8\) t'auoie ge\(^9\) commandé tant

A jointes mains mon las d'enfant ;

Ie le t'auoie tant\(^{10}\) donné,

A letres mis & coroné,

por seruir toi & ton douz fil.

Q'an as tu fait, dame, ou est il ?

di moi, di moi, ou est il donques ?

ha, mere deu, ce n'auint onques\(^{11}\)

Que fist perdue &\(^{11}\) adirée

Chosse\(^{12}\) qui a toi fist liure\(^{13}\)

Ne\(^{14}\) commandee entre tes mains.

\(^{15}\)ha, mere deu, cest Cest\(^{16}\) or dou mains

di moi, a toi\(^{17}\) n'a point d'estrif\(^{17}\)

Se tu randre le me\(^{18}\) uiax uif.

\(^{19}\)Ren le moi tost o uif ou\(^{19}\) mort,

Ou tu m'enuoies tost la mort."

---

\(^1\) cil\(^2\) These two lines are not in the MS.\(^3\) par inserted.\(^4\) qui si \(^5\)—\(^5\) durs, fait \(^6\) greues \(^7\) Quant tu ne fens\(^8\) Je\(^9\) om.\(^{10}\) tout\(^{11}\) n'\(^{11}\) Riens\(^{12}\) atirée-

\(^{14}\) Ou \(^{15}\) This line is two in the MS.\(^{16}\) om.\(^{17}\)—\(^{17}\) n'ai nul estrif \(^{18}\) ne le \(^{19}\)—\(^{19}\) A tout le mains rent le moi
lors est pasmee sanz plus dire.
Tant a doulor & tant a d'ire,
& tant est perss, noire & tainte,
Que chacsuns dit qu'elle est estainte.
de toutes parz la gent\(^1\) aqueurent
Qui de pitié tenrement plorent,
& de la mere & de l'enfant
Ont grant pitié petit & grant.
Mais de la lasse pourre fame
prist grant pitié\(^2\) a nostre dame ;
por\(^3\) cele triste tristece
Mua en ioie & en leece.
\(^4\) Quant celle gent fu\(^4\) assamblée
Qu'a cel\(^5\) grant duel est aunee,\(^6\)
par le plaissir de nostre dame
li filz a la lasse de fame,
Qui enterrez estoit & morz,
par grant uertuz, par grant effort\(^7\)
dedanz la\(^8\) fosse s'escria,
Le respons Gaude maria
Encomança\(^9\) a si haut ton
& a si cler q'ainz\(^10\) n'oi hom
Si haute uoiz ne si tres clerce.
Qant son enfant oï la mer,\(^11\)
Come desuee en haut s'escrie,
"douce dame, seinte marie,
I'oi mon anfant, i'oi mon anfant."
Adonc i ot temoste grant
& escrie en moulte de lius,
"Or au\(^12\) iuiz, or au\(^12\) iuiz,\(^13\)
Qui nos\(^14\) clerçon nos ont emblé."
& clerce & lai sont assamblé ;
Chies le iuif\(^15\) moulte tost s'embatent,

\(^1\) les gens \(^2\) Grant pitié prist \(^3\) ce ins. \(^4\)-\(^4\) Queque cele grant
\(^5\) A ce \(^6\) iert assemblee \(^7\) effors \(^8\) sa \(^9\) Et commença
\(^10\) ainz \(^11\) mere \(^12\) aus \(^13\) gieus \(^14\) no \(^15\) les iuiz

She fell in a swoon,

[\(^*\) leaf 149, col. 1]

and the bystanders, taking her for dead, sorrowed over her and her son.

But the Virgin made the child,

who was dead and buried.

sing the Gaude Maria in a loud voice.

His mother screamed as if she were mad, that she heard her child.

There was a great tumult, and all set upon the Jews.
The Jews bolted their doors, but to no purpose.

"N'est nus qui\textsuperscript{8} nouelle lor en die ; & s'ont tuit la melodie \textsuperscript{424}

When the Jew who had killed the child heard his voice,

he was much frightened, and locked himself in.

But the people forced the door, and after searching the house, were astonished at not finding the boy, though they heard him sing.

\textsuperscript{1} batent \textsuperscript{2} om. \textsuperscript{2} roillent \textsuperscript{4} moutil tost \textsuperscript{5} repoillent \textsuperscript{6-8} querre \textsuperscript{7} n'aillent \textsuperscript{8} om. \textsuperscript{9} plus \textsuperscript{10} juis \textsuperscript{11} l'ont \textsuperscript{12} om. \textsuperscript{13} nus ins. \textsuperscript{14} Quant \textsuperscript{15} ert occulte \textsuperscript{16} porte \textsuperscript{17} Ausi la froent \textsuperscript{18} delai \textsuperscript{19-21} Se saillent enz a fine \textsuperscript{20} Tournoiant \textsuperscript{21-21} trouver ne poons
Q'anniez sommes tuit de querre.
& il reviennent droit a l'uis.
"Ici desoz chante en .i. puis,"
font li auquant, "si con nus samble."
lors le deffuent tuit ensamble,
& si le trouent en la fosse,
Ausins roont come une cosse.
A 4 ausins le trouent sauf & sain,
Con se l'eust dedanz son sain
la mere deu 5 l'a bien 5 gardé.
bien l'ont demi ior regardé 6
Ançois que saaulé s'an soient.
& cil & celes qui le queroient 7
l'esgardent tuit par 8 grant meruoille.
la 9 face auoit 9 ausi uermoille,
A 10 ausi rouane, 11 ausi belle,
Come une 12 cerisse 13 nouelle.
"Tant uiennent gent de 14 grant pooir
de totes parz por lui uoeir
Qu'a poines 15 i puet nus auenir.
Qant la mere le puet tenir,
Si le tient cort, si le tient chier,
Que pou i lait nului 16 touchier.
A la lasse de bone fame
Samble 17 bien qu'elle soit plus 18 dame
Que roine n'empereriz,
Qant ses anfes 19 qui ert periz
20 fu deuant li & an 20 sa brace.
.C. foiz li baisse front & face;
Si grant ioie a dedanz son cuer
Qu'elle ne puet a nesun fuer
.I. tout sol mot parler ne dire.

1 Quant enuie sunt 2 reviennent tuit 3 il aucuns 4 om.
5-6 ades 6 esgardé 7 voient 8 a 9-9 facete a
10 om. 11 et inserted. 12 est 13 ou fleur inserted. 14 a
15 Que peu 16 puet nuli 17 moult inserted. 18 que plus soit
19 son enfant 20-20 Estraindre puet dedenz

They returned to the door,
and thinking his voice came from beneath,
they dug under it,
and found the child safe and sound,
with his face as red as a cherry.
Crowds came to see him, but his poor mother would hardly let anyone else touch him.
She thought herself better than queen or empress.
when she again embraced her son.
The boy had round his head a writing describing the miracle; and his face, which had been cut to pieces, was perfectly healed.

When asked to tell who had killed and buried him, he said that when the people had left, a Jew enticed him into his house, and struck him with an axe;
Ne sai s'il m'enfoi en terre,
Que l'ors qu'il m'ot feru el some
Le m'endormi, c'en est la some.
Si grant talant de dormir oi,
Ancor m'est uis dormi ai poi ;
Ne m'esueillasse por nule ame.
Mais deuant moi uint nostre dame
la douce mere ihesu crist,
Qui m'esueilla & qui me dist
Que ie trop pereceus estoie,
Qant son bel respons ne chantoie,
Ainsins con ie soloie faire.
là douce mere debonaire
Atant se departi de moi,
& ie au plus haut que ie poi,
Encomençai le bel respons.
Or uos ai tot dit & responyt
Tot mon afaire, tot mon estre."
Atant s'escrient clerc & prestre,
"Sonnez, sonnez, sonnez, sonnez;
Ainz puis l'ore que dex fu nez
plus biau miracle mais n'auint."
Se .x. langues auoie ou .xx.
Ne seroit pas par moi retraite
la grant ioie qui i fu faite.
Mainte grant closeio i ot sonnee ;
Glorefie & reclamee
fu moult la mere ihesu crist,
Qui cest tres douz miracle fist
par sa tres douce pité.
plusors iuif de la cité
lor iusdeal uie deguerpirent ;

1 Car ou cu Qu'enéor qui inserted. 6 om.
7 peu une Qu'assez dame que j'onces
10 son dit tout espous & ins. Puis le biau jor
19 la ont Glorefié Moul fu pieté
22 par judaisme
THE BOY KILLED BY THE JEWS;

de cuer amerent & seruirent

those who did not, were killed.

He does well who well serves the Virgin;

Let us serve her day and night,

for she defends from adversity all whom she loves,

those who do not are beasts and monsters.

those who did not, were killed.

de cuer inserted. 2 au roy 3 macéré 4 virge 5 om. 6 qui inserted. 7 These lines transposed. 8 si 9 monstre 10 ame 11 om. 12 qui inserted. 13—13 om. 14 Soions 15 ardant 16 lui 17 Gardons 18 Ceans 19 clerç 20 ou 21—21 et sert de 22 En
Qui vulentiers en chante & lit.
Qui de li chante volantiers,
En paradis\textsuperscript{1} uole antiers
& deuant deu ua toz montez.
Saintes ne saint si grant bontez
fere ne puet con nostre dame;
Grant bonté fist la pour e fame
de son anfant quant li randi.
Ne\textsuperscript{2} sai pas s’il\textsuperscript{3} se randi,
*Ne quel\textsuperscript{4} uie puis il\textsuperscript{5} mena,
*Que\textsuperscript{6} en mon liure plus n’en a ;
Mais esperer n’os\textsuperscript{7} ne ne puis
*Qu’il ne fust moult prodrom\textsuperscript{8} puis.
Asotez fust trop sotemant
S’il ne serui deuostemant
la douce mere ihesu crist
por la bonté que’le li fist.
& sa mere moult refu\textsuperscript{9} sote
S’anuers li\textsuperscript{10} ne fu moult\textsuperscript{11} deuote
& tote a li\textsuperscript{12} ne s’otroia.
les chandoilles bien emploia
Qu’ele port\textsuperscript{13} deuant s’ymage.
Entendre doiuent tuit li sage
& bien\textsuperscript{14} doiuent apercevoir\textsuperscript{15}
Que cil & cele font\textsuperscript{16} sauoir,
Qui metent\textsuperscript{17} soua\textsuperscript{18}nt granz poigniees\textsuperscript{19}
&\textsuperscript{20} granz tortiz &\textsuperscript{20} granz poigniees
defuant l’ymage nostre dame;
Si\textsuperscript{21} con fist la pour e fame
Qui mainte belle & mainte grant
En i porta por son anfant.
bone\textsuperscript{22} chose est de luminaire

\textsuperscript{1} touz ins. \textsuperscript{2} Je ne \textsuperscript{3} si \textsuperscript{4} quele \textsuperscript{5} om. \textsuperscript{6} Car \textsuperscript{7} nous
\textsuperscript{8}\textsuperscript{2} Moult tres prodrom qui ne fust \textsuperscript{9} refu moult
\textsuperscript{10} puis inserted. \textsuperscript{11} om. \textsuperscript{12} lui \textsuperscript{13} enporta \textsuperscript{14} le inserted.
\textsuperscript{15} tuit savoir \textsuperscript{16} cele fait \textsuperscript{17} met \textsuperscript{18} a inserted.
\textsuperscript{19} soingnees \textsuperscript{20} les \textsuperscript{21} Ausi \textsuperscript{22} Haute
&¹ sages est qui le puet faire;
Qui enlumine sainte eglysse,
& qui esclaire au deu² seruisse.
Mais ie uoi moult certes de cens
Qui uain en sont & pereceus;
Meemement tuit li plus riche
d'amuler³ deu tuit⁴ li plus chiche.
biens est an nos si amortiz⁵
Que granz cierges & granz tortiz⁶
Volons ardoir desor⁷ nos tables;
Nes⁸ por ⁹ chanter chançons ou⁹ fables
Volons ardoir, qui qu'il anuit,
Granz cierges iusqu'a¹⁰ mie nuit.
Mais sor la table ou nos couchomes
le cors ihesu crist & leuomes,
N'ardomes fors mocheronciaus
& cirotions¹¹ & cirocotians.¹²
Fi, que dirons con¹³ les uielletes
"Qui souler n'ont ne clemisetes,"¹⁴
En deu anorer se deportent
& granz chandoilles i¹⁵ aportent,
Que gaaignent a filochier.
fit,¹⁶ que diront, "a,¹⁷ fi, lochier;
doit dex de uos hochier¹⁸ la teste.'
les uielletes chascune feste
les chandoilles granz i¹⁹ alument;
& nos les mocherons qui fumewt
& les cierges li alumons,
de coi l'autel tot enfumons.
Aucun conois, par saint ciquaut,²³
A cui²¹ si petit de deu²¹ chatt,
Qu'a ses messes, qu'a ses matines

¹ que ² om. ³ D'alumer ⁴ sont ⁵ amordis ⁶ tordis
⁷ de sus ⁸ Nous ⁹ cointir et lire ¹⁰ desqu'a
¹¹ cirgetons ¹² cirgonciaus ¹³ quant ¹⁴ chemisetes ¹⁵ li
¹⁶ Fi ¹⁷ dirons fi ¹⁸ souvent ¹⁹ granz chandeles li
¹² Sicaut ²¹—²¹ de deu moult petit
Art chandoilles\(^1\) si frarines  
Que\(^2\) n'i a cire se tant non,  
C’un po daube\(^3\) limaignon.  
& qant d’aucun uiant feste faire,  
Tel clarté,\(^4\) tel luminaire  
Qu’il art tortiz et cierges poinz.\(^5\)  
Em buisnardie est bien empoinz;\(^6\)  
& \(^7\) bien set il\(^7\) quant se porpanse,  
Ce m’est ausi, que musarz panse.  
bienn a les iex dou chief forez\(^8\)  
prestres qui art tortiz dorez  
desor\(^9\) sa table come\(^10\) il soupe;  
& .i. cierge\(^11\) farssi d’estoupe,  
Qui ne puet randre que\(^12\) fumiere,  
Art deuant la uraie lumiere,  
Qui tant est bele, sainte\(^13\) & monde,  
Qui tout\(^14\) enlumine le\(^14\) monde,  
Selenc l’escriture deuine,  
de fine limiere\(^15\) anlumine.  
Encor conos ie\(^16\) tel menesterel\(^17\)  
Qui arderoit sor\(^18\) son autel  
Moult uolantiers, par saint romacle,\(^19\)  
Se uergoigne n’auoit dou siecle,  
Chandoile\(^20\) de uache ou de buef.  
bienn art tortiz d’uit ou de .ix.  
Qant se deschauce sor sa couche ;  
* & sor\(^21\) l’autel met ou\(^22\) il couthe\(^23\)  
le cors son criator & lieue,  
Chandoille si corte\(^24\) & si brieue,  
Grant\(^25\) ne porroit\(^26\) estre ne\(^27\) longue  
Ne par aucent ne par ditongue ;

---

1 chandeletes  2 Qu’il  3 le inserted.  4 fait inserted.  
5 pains  6 en pains  7-7 moult set bien  8 cuer froiz  
9 De sus  10 quant  11 ciergot  12 fors  13 vraie, saine  
14-14 homme venant ou  15 vraie lumiere  16 om.  
17 menestrel  18 sus  19 sainte Tiele  20 Chandeles  
21 sus  22 om.  23 couche  24 Si courte chandele  
25 Que  26 pas ins.  27 om.
he has eight or nine torches in his bedroom,
but burns in church a candle thinner than a fly's foot,
which will not keep alight without snufing.

At St Bartholomew's altar he has hanging a piece of coarse cloth,
 gnawed by rats and mice;
I have seen a whiter asphilt.
His bed is splendid,
his altar bare.

Unless the cock crows,
Cerberus will not hear vespers or matins.

There is more light in his room than in his monastery.

& s'est ancor si chetiuete,
Si tres aigre, si tres maigret,
Que grale est plus que piez de mouche;
Ia n'ardera s'an ne la mouche.
& nequedant ie ai moult chier
Que ses doiz arde a les mouchier;
Que5 bien demostre a son afaire
Que de deu n'a6 gaires 7 que faire.
8 Ne l'apostres saint bertemin
8 Ne prise .i. grain de min ;
A son autel pant .i. bouraz
Qu'a tot rongié soriz & raz ;
Aucune foiz, par seint richier,10
Auxe uoutis11 est & parez,
Ses autex nus et esgarez.

His bed is splendid, his altar bare.

12 & qui en gap,12 ie n'em puis rire ;
& ie ai13 droit, que14 bien puis dire
Que c'est ordre15 preposterus.
li portier d'enfer cerberus,
Ausi come10 porter puet fros,17
Nul tans, se ne li chante coc,18
N'orra ia uespres ne matines,
Se li deables 19 ne's a dites,19
porquis sont20 de fer ou21 d'arain
par seint lucien de biauzez,
Il est pereceus & mauauxiz.
En sa chambre a plus luminaire
C'an son mostier, par saint hylaiere ;
Qant boiure uiaut mestre ysorez,

1 haingre 2 se on 3 les mauche 4-4 j'ai voir monchier
5 Car 6 Qu'il n'a de dieu 7-7 affaire
8 These two lines not in the print. 9 ou 10 Andrier
11 vestuz 12-12 Qui qui engast 13 j'ai grant 14 car
15 ordo 16 il inserted. 17 froc 18 chantent coc
19-19 ne matines 20 Por cuisses 21 et
Tortiz poinz\(^1\) & pipelorez
Alumer fait deuant sa coupe.
Por le cuer beu, deu moie coupe,
Pres ua ie\(^2\) ne di\(^3\) meruoilles.
'deu, deu, tu dorz ou tu somoilles
Quant tex menestex ne cranantes\(^4\)
Qant tu tonnes ou\(^5\) tu uantes.
Vers le siecle est trop despissanz,\(^6\)
&uers toi est si tres tandanz,
Si tres auers, si tres eschars,
Qui s'il\(^7\) auoit chargié .ij.\(^8\) chars
de bone\(^9\) cire fine\(^10\) & clere,
N'en auroit ia tu ne ta mere
biau cierge ne bele chandoille.
& s'il auoit .ijij.\(^11\) muis d'oiille,
Ne sera\(^12\) ia plaie sa lampe.
Ne sai se la soriz i rampe,
Ne se li rat par nuit la uoid,\(^13\)
Que\(^14\) ie la uoi mout souant uoide.
Ou ce fait espoir la mostoiile,
Qu'ausi\(^15\) dit an que moult aime\(^16\) oile.
par seint soupliz de pierrefonz,
Ne sai se l'eiue fort\(^17\) au fonz,
Que\(^18\) ie uois\(^19\) ai bien an couant
Que blancohir la uoi\(^20\) souant.
Ia\(^21\) n'iert ia tiex que\(^22\) s'an resqueue
Que sa lampe n'ait blanche queue.
& pandu i a,\(^23\) par seint pierre,
An lieu\(^24\) de plomee vne pierre,
Qui souant la uiaut alumer,
Ainz li\(^25\) couuient l'eiue tumer,\(^26\)

1 pains\(^2\) om.  2 fines inserted.  3 menesterex n'acravantes
4 quant inserted.  5 despendans  7 Que cil \(^8\) x
9 fresche\(^10\) nete\(^11\) xxx\(^12\) N'en seroit\(^13\) vuident
14 Car\(^15\)  Ausi\(^16\) qu'asimme moult\(^17\) sort\(^18\) Car
19 vous\(^20\) li voit\(^21\) Il\(^22\) qu'il\(^23\) pendue ja
24 lui\(^25\) i\(^26\) lumer

700 I wonder God does not strike him dead.
704 [* leaf 151, col. 1]
708 If he had two loads of wax,
712 neither God nor the Virgin would have a good candle or a full lamp.
716 Perhaps the rats drink the oil at night,
720 for I often see his lamp empty;
724 or perhaps a weasel devours it.
728 I do not know if the fountain in the convent gives water;
738 his lamp is very dirty, and has got a stone instead of a lead weight,
THE BOY KILLED BY THE JEWS; PRIORRESS'S TALE.

So that it is like a magpie,
only its tail is white instead of black.
Do not be offended if I have jested a little;
I sometimes say a word at the end of these miracles,
which makes those laugh who had wept at the story.

May we be stirred up to the love of the Virgin,
as were those of the town where the boy was brought to life!

Que li plunions i puist pungier.
l'autrier li dis, "maistre hugier,1
2 & qui ta2 lempe bien espie,
Elle resamle trop bien pie.
Mais tant i faut, ce est la noire,
Que queue a blanche & pie3 noire."
S'un petit ai ici bordé,
Ne uos em poit,4 por amor dé.
Aucune foiz a la parclos

de ces miracles, de5 tel chose
Sor aucun mot ou ie m'enbat,
Ou ge meesmes moult m'esbat,
On6 ie refaz7 a la foiz rire

*Ceuz8 qui i'ai fait plorer & rire.3
de ces miracles i a tex
Qui tant sont douz & deliteus9
Qu'a10 plusors genz les cuers apitent
& a plorer les genz11 escitent.
Cele que nois tant recitant,
par sa doucor nos escitant,12

Q'ainsi soiomes escitez13
Con cil furent14 de la cíte
Ou le clercon resucita.
A s'amor toz les escita,
& 15 uos ausint toz nos15 escist.
Or aus autres finez es cist.

1 Hungier 2 Que si sa 3 est inserted. 4 griet pas
5 di 6 Et dont 7 faiz
8-9 dont plourer ai fait au lire 9 tant piteus 10 Que
11 aucuns 12 escit tant 13 escité 14 furent cil
15-15 nous touz ausi y
15.

The Paris Beggay-boy murdered by a Jew

For singing

"ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER!"

An Analogue of Chaucer's Prioress's Tale.

From the 'MIRACLES OF THE VIRGIN' in the Vernon MS.
In the Bodleian Library, about 1375 A.D.

Edited by

Dr. Carl Horstmann,
Of Sagan, Silesia,

Editor of Altenglische Legenden, Gregorius, etc. etc.
Of Chaucer's Prioress's tale, the following analogue and older version exists among the "Miracles of Oure Lady," which I have just publisht in Herrig's "Archiv für neuere Sprachen" from the celebrated Vernon MS. It is much to be regretted that of these beautiful stories only nine are left, the ninth still unfinished; for the whole set, according to the index at the beginning of the Vernon MS., originally amounted to no less than 42. The titles of these are printed on p. 279-280 from the index. The present tale is the second, with the title "Hou je Iewes in despit of vre lady prewe a chyld in a gonge." And truly, even when compared to Chaucer's tale, this older version has its poetical beauties—in its singular sweetness, its warm, true and tender religious feeling, its simple and natural language, its light and easy flow. Its general tone is of a more popular kind, whereas Chaucer's poem is more elaborate, exhibiting more art and culture. In some respects I even give the preference to this older version. In the story told there are some slight differences.

At the end I add a short poem on a similar subject, from MS. Harl. 2251, which mostly contains poems of Lydgate; it is there found together with Chaucer's Prioress's Tale, which the writer seems to have ascribed to Lydgate. It tells that a monk, Dan Joos, who had been a fervent honourer of Mary, constantly saying the five psalms in honour of the Virgin, is found dead with a rose, inscribed Maria, springing from his mouth, and two pairs of roses from his eyes and ears. Evidently this poem, written in the same metre as the Prioress's Tale, is an imitation of Chaucer's poem by Lydgate. The artificial style, the long-drawn sentences, and the many relative conjunctions, form quite a contrast to the simple language of the Vernon poem.
[INDEX TO THE]

MIRACLES OF VRE LADY.

(leaf) C.xxiiij.

[Vernon MS., leaf i, back.]

1. Hou þe cite off croteye was delyuered of þeir enemys by vre lady coote.

C.xxiiiij.

2. Hou þe Iewes in despit of vre lady þrewe a chyld in a gonge.
3. Hou an holy hermyt prayde a synful woman pray god for hym.
4. Hou a Iew putte his sone in a brennyngge ouene for he was communed wit oþur cristene children on þe pask day.

C.xxv.

5. Hou a man for ache cut of his foot and was heled a-þeyn by vre lady.
6. Hou a Iew lente a cristenemon moneye and took vre lady to borow.
7. Of a prest þat lay by a nonne.

C.xxvj

8. Hou vre lady þaf mylk off heore pappes to a man þat hadde þe squynacye.
9. Of an incontinent monk þat was drowned and rered aþeyn by vre lady to lyf.
10. Of a clerk þat wolde everey day segge þe fynue ȝoyes of vre lady.
11. Hou vre lady dude þe ossys of a sextresse fyftene þeer for a nonne.

Cxxvij.

13. Of a deuout knyt off kyrkeby.
14. Hou a wommon slow heore dountour hosebonde and was damned to þe fyür and delyuered by vre lady.
15. Hou þe deuel took lyknesse of a wommon and seyde Ite was godes modur.
16. Hou out of a monkes mouth aftur his deeth grew a lilie and in every leef was wryten wyt large lettres of gold. Aue maria.
17. Hou a nome furat to grete vre lady and ful in apostasye.
19. Of þys · antynene Salue regina.

21. Hou vre lady was a medewyf in þe churche of seynt michel in monte tumba.
23. Of a deuout clerk þat died in drenkelenschipe & was wyrned sepulture.

24. Of a þef þat was þre dayes hanget and saued by vre lady.
25. Of a prest þat coude non oþur masse but Salue sancta parenys.
26. Hou þe deuel in liknesse of a bole and of oþur bestes encumbrede a monke for he was ones drunke.
27. Of a woman off Rome þat conceyued bi heore owne sone & slou heor child.

28. Off a child þat weddede an ymage of vre lady.
29. Hou at þe cite of Tholuse þe priuets were knowe of Iewes.
30. Hou vre lady zaf to seynt Bonyte þe bisschoph holy vestemens.
31. Hou þe deuel in fals liknesse of seynt Iame made a man cutte of his prīue membres.

32. Of a monke of Cisteus þat vre lady took in heore armes and custe hym.
33. Hou Constantyn þe Emperour ordeynede for euere-mor in seynt petre churche at Rome in wyrschip of seynt petre a lampe wyt Baune perpetuely brennyngge.
34. Of seynt fulbert þe bisschop þat made þe Storye and þe legende and oþur tretys off þe natiuite of vre lady.
35. Of a mayden þat was cald Musa.

36. Of a malicious priour of seynt sauuyours of þe cite of papye.
37. Of seynt Ierom bisschoph of papye.
38. Of a whyth corporaus was intynt wit red wyn in seynt Micheles churche þat his cald cluse.
39. Hou vre lady taute a clerk hou he schulde seyge heore complyn.
40. Of þe schrewedness of Iustynyen þe emperour.
41. And why þe feste of þe puryficacioyn was ordeyned.
42. Hou an ymage of þe child off vre lady taute anþer child and preyde hym to come dyne wyt hym.

¹ MS. membres.
The Paris Beggar-boy murdered by a Jew.

[Vernon MS., leaf 123, back.]

(Illuminated picture, with scrolls bearing these words:—
Requiem eternam &c.
Alma redemptoris mater
Salve sancta parens.)

Wose loue wel · vre ladi,
Heo wol quiten his wille wel whi,
Opur in his lyf · or at his ende:
pe ladi is · so freo and hende.
Hit fel sum tyme · in Parys,
As witnessep in holy writ · storys,
// In þe Cite bi-fel pis cas:
A pore child was · of porchas,
þat wiþ þe Beggeri · þat he con wynne
He fond sumdel what · of his kinne,
His fader · his Moder · and eke him self;
He begged in Cite · bi eueri half.
// þe child non opur Craftus couþe
But winne his lyflode · wiþ his Mouþe:
þe Childes vois · was swete and cler,
Men lusted his song · wiþ riht good cher;
wiþ his song · þat was ful swete
He gat Mete · from strete · to strete.
Men herked his song · ful likyngly:
Hit was an Antimne · of vre lady,
He song þat Antimne · eueri wher,
I.-Called · Alma Redemptoris Mater,

1 This is our 'somehow', in some way, the interrogative used as an indefinite pronoun.
2 begging. Cp. Chaucer's Prol. 256, 'His purchas was wel bettre than his rente:' the proceeds of his begging. Fr. Pourchas: m. Eager pursuit, earnest chace after; diligent solicitation, or vehement following of a matter.—Cotgrave.
He sang it so delightfully that the Jews hated him.

And one Saturday

a Jew enticed the beggar-boy into his house, and cut his throat. But the boy still went on singing his Anthem.

So the Jew threw him into a privy. But still the boy sang on.

His Mother expected him, as usual, at noon.

He sang it so delightfully that the Jews hated him.

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a Jew enticed the beggar-boy into his house, and cut his throat. But the boy still went on singing his Anthem.

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His Mother expected him, as usual, at noon.

Fat is forprightly to mene:
Godus Moder, Mylde and Clene,
Heueue 3ate and sterre of se,
Sawe þi peple from synne and we¹.
Fat song was holden deyteous,
þe child song hit from hous to hous.
For he song hit so lykynglye,
þe Iewes hedde alle to hym Envye.
Til hit fel on Aseters day
þe Childes wey porw þe Iewerie lay:
þe Iewes hedden fat song in hayn²,
þerfore þei schope³ þe child be slayn.
So lykingly þe Child song þer
So lustily song he neuer er.

On of þe Iewes Malicious
Tilled⁴ þe child in-to his hous.
His Malice þere he gan to kuype:
He Cutte þe childes þrote alswiþe.

// þe child ne spared nout for þat wrong,
But neuer þe latere song forþ his song;
whon he hedde endet, he eft bi-gon,
His syngyng couþe stoppe no mon.

// þer-of þe Ieuh was sore anuyet,
Leste his Malice mihte ben a-spyet.

þe Ieuh biþouhte him of a gynne:
In-to a gonge put fer wip-Inne
þe child a-doun þer-Inne he þrong.
þe child song euere þe same song,
So lustily þe child con crie
Fat song he neuer er so hyȝe,
Men mihte him here fer and neer:
þe Childes vois was so heiz and cleer.

E Childes moder was wont to a-byde
Everty day til þe Non tyde,

¹ A.Sax. wea, woe.
² Fr. haine, hate.
³ schemed, plannd.
⁴ enticed.
The Paris Beggar-Boy Murderd by a Jew. Priorress's Tale. 283

pen was he wont to bringe heom mete,
Such as he mihte wiþ his song gete.
Bote þat day was þe tyme a-past.
perfore his Moder was sore a-gast.
wiþ syk and serwe in eueri strete
Heo souhte wher heo · mihte wiþ him mete.
// Bote whon heo com · in-to þe Jewery,
Heo herde his vois · so cler of cry.
Aftur þat vois · his Modur dreuh;
wher he was Inne, þerbi heo kneuh.
// þen of hire child · heo asked a siht.
þe Jew wiþ nayted1 him · a-non riht,
And seide þer nas · non such child þ[e]rinne.
þe childes Moder · 3it nolde not blinne,
But euer þe Moder · criede in on
þe Ieuh seide euere · þer nas such non.
// þen seide þe wommon · þou seist wrong,
He is her-Inne, I · knowe his song.
þe Ieuh bi-gon · to stare and swere
And seide þer com · non such child þere.
But neuer þe latere · men mihte here
þe child song euere · so loude and clere,
And euer þe lengor · herre · and herre,
Men mihte him here · boþe fer and nerre.
// þe Modur coude · non or pur won:
To Meir · and Baylyfs · heo is gon,
Heo pleyeþ · þe Ieuh hap don hire wrong
To stelen hire sone so · for his song;
Heo preyeþ · to don hire lawe · and riht,
Hire sone don come · bi-fore heore siht,
Heo preyeþ þe Meir · par Charite
Of him to haue · freo lyuere2.

As he didn't come,
she sought him everywhere.
In the Jewry she heard his voice,
and askt to see him;
but the Jew said her boy wasn't in his house,
and swore to it.
But still þe boy kept on singing.
So his Mother went to the Mayor and Bailiffs,
and prayd them to give her her boy.

1 Old Icel. neita, deny: 'naytyne or denyyne, Nego'.
Prompt. Parv. 351; and naitid, Apol. 77.
2 delivery, and in l. 102. Compare the old law-phrase,
'livery of seisin', delivery of possession.
The Mayor summoned the Citizens,

and when they got to the Jewry, they all heard the boy's voice.

The Jew couldn't deny his guilt.

The boy was found in the privy, and phild up, with his throat cut.

The Jew was killd.

The Bishop came, and in the boy's throat found a fair lily on-writ

// penne heo tellep · pe Meir a-Mong

The Jew couldn't deny his guilt.

Hou heo lyuep · bi hire sone song.

// pe Meir pen hap · of hire pite,

He tellep hem · of pat wommons sawe,

And seif he mot don · hire pe lawe,

And hotep hem · wip hym to wende,

To Bringe pis wommons cause to ende.

// Whon pei cum þider, · for al heore noyse

Anon pei herde · pe childes voyse,

Riht as an Angels vois · hit were,

þei herde him neuer · synge so clere.

þer þe Meir · makep entre,

And of þe child · he askep lyuere.

// þe Ieuy may nouzt · þe Meir refuse,

Ne of þe child · hym wel excuse,

But nede he moste · knouleche his wrong,

A-teynt1 · bi þe childes song.

// þe Meir let serchen hym so longe,

Til he was founden · in þe gonge,

fful depe I.-drouned in fulpe of fen.

þe Meir het drawe · þe child vp þen,

wip ðfen and ffulp · riht foule bi-whoruen2,

And eke þe childes prote · I.-coruen.

Anon riht, · er þei passede forþere,

þe Ieuy was Iugget · for þat Morþere.

And er þe peple · passede in sonder,

þe Bisschop was comen · to seo þat wonder.

// In presence of Bisschop · and alle I. fere

þe child song euere · Iliche clere.

// þe Bisschop serchede · wip his hond:

wip-inne þe childes prote he fond

A · lillie flour, · so briht and cler

So feir a lylie · nas neuere sezen er,


2 enwrapt, coverd: wheruen, to turn.
with guldene lettres · eueri wher:
Alma Redemptoris · Mater.

// Anon þat lilie · out was taken,
þe childes song · bi-gon to slaken,
þat swete song · was herd no more.
But as a ded cors · þe child lay þore.

// þe Bisschop · wip gret solempnete
Bad bere þe cors · þorw al þe Cite.
And hym self · wip processiou
Com wip þe Cors · þorw al þe toun,
with prestes and clerkes · þat couþen syngen,
And alle þe Belles · he het hem ryngen,
wip torches Brennynge · and cloþus riche,
wip worschipe þei ladden · þat holi liche.
In-to þe Munstre · whon þei kem¹,
Bi-gonne þe Masse · of Requiem,
As for þe dede · Men is wont.
But þus sone · þei weren i-stunt,
þe Cors a-Ros · in heore presens,
Bi-gon þen · Salue sancta parens.

// Men mihte wel witen · þe soþe þer-bi :
þe child hedde i-seruet · vr swete ladi,
þat worschipede him so · on erþe her
And brouhte his soule · to blisse al cler.

// perfore i rede · þat eueri mon
Serue þat ladi wel · as he con,
And loue hire · in his beste wyse :
Heo wol wel quite him · his seruise.
Now, Marie, · for þi Muchele miht
Help vs to heuene · þat is so briht.

¹ Came. Compare Songs and Carols (from Sloane MS. 2593), ed. T. Wright, for the Percy Society, 1856, p. 40, poem XXXIV, st. 5:

Quan they kemy in into that plas
Ther Ihesu with his moder was.
The dialect is East-Midland, with the initial x (xal = shall),
seen in some of the Lynn Guild returns (E. E. T. Soc., 1867).
So too Quan is East-Midland.

CH. ORIG. 20
The Monk who honour'd the Virgin.

MS. Harl. 2251, leaf 70, back.

O Virgin,
O welle of sweetnes, replete in every vein,
That almankynd preserved hast fro defile,
And al our Ioye fro langour didest restrayne.

flower of Nazareth,
At thy nativity, o flour of Nazareth,
When the holigost with his swete broth
Gan to espire, as for his chosen place,
For love of man, by influence of his grace,

bestow a drop of thy grace on me to help me write this ditty,
¶ And were Inviolate, a bright henely sterre,
Monge celestynes Reigneng, withouten memorye,
That be thyne emprise in this mortal were
Of oure captiuite gatest the ful victory:

that I may not spoil thy Miracle,
¶ That only my Rudenes thy myracle nat deface,
Whiche whilon sendest in a devout abbeye
Of an holy Monk thurght thy myght and grace,
That of al pite berest both lok and keye:

Thou rewardest those that love thee.
¶ Ensample of whiche here is in portreyture,
Withouten fable, Right as it was in dede.
O refuge and welth to every creature,

Help thy Clerk, in this his need.
Thy clerk to further help now at this nede,
For to my purpos I wil anon procede,
The trowth to Record I wil no lengger tary,
Right as it was, apoynt I wil nat varye.
Vincentius · in his speculatif historia\nOf this saide Monk · makith ful mensoun.
Vnder the fourme to yow · as I rehearse shal\nThat be a gardyn · as he romed vp and down,
He herde a Bishop of fame · and grete renown
Sayeng fyve psalmys · in honoure of that flour
That bare Ihesu Crist · oure alther redemptour.

In whiche psalmes · stondyng eche in hir degre,
Who so lust take hede · in synguler lettris fyve
This blessid name maria · there may he see,
That first of all our thrallom · can deprive,
To the haven of deth · whan we gan to Ryve,
And fro the wawes · of this mortal see
Made vs tescap · from aH aduersite.

Distinctly in latyn · here may ye rede echone
Folowyng these baladis · as for your plesaunce.
To whom the Bissop · had seyd his meditacion,
The monke anon delitetli · in his remembranc
And thought he wold · as his most affiance
Cotidially with hem only oure lady please,
That from aH grevaunce · his sorwis myght appease.

And therewithal · he writeth hem in his mynde
So stidefastly · with devoute and high corage,
That neuer\(^1\) aday aword · he forgate behynde,
But seyd hem entierly · in to his last age,
His olde gyltis · both to asofte and swage;
After his mantyns · as was his appetite,
To seyn hem euer · was his most delite,
Therto his diligence · with al his hert and myght,
And forth contynued · in his devoute wise.
Til at the last · it be-fille vpon a nyght:
The hole covent · at midnyght gan a-Rise,
As is her vsage · to don to god servise.
So whan they were · assembled ther in genera\(l\),
The supprour\(^1\) · beholdyng aboute onera\(l\),

As is his office · that non of them were absent,
But of Dane Iose · he cowde no wise espie.
He rose hym vp · and privelich he is went
In to hys chambre · and there he fond hym lye
Dede as a stone · and lowde he gan to crye:
"Help, quod he, for the love · of oure lady bright,
Dan Ioos, oure brother · is sodainly [dede] to nyght!"

\(^1\) MS. nereuer
The monks saw

If The covent anon ganne Renne · half in drede,
Til they behelde · whan passid was theyr affray,
Out of his mouthe · a Rose both sprynge and spredo,
Fressh in his coloure · as any flour in may,
And other tweyne · out of his eyen gray,
Of his Eris as many · ful freshly flouryng,
That neuer yit in gardyn · half so fayre gan spryng.

This Ruddy Rose · they have so long behold,
That sproung fro his mouthe · til they hau[e]" espayed
Ful fayre I-graven · in lettris of bourned gold
Maria ful curiosly, as it is specifyed
In bookis old · and anon they have hym hyed
Vnto the temple · with lawde solemnite,
Beryng the Cors, · that al men myght it [se].

Whiche they kept · in Royalte and perfeccioun
Sevene dayes in the temple, · there beyng present,
Til thre Bishoppes, · of fame and grete Renowne,
Weren comen thynder · right with devout entent,
And many another clerk · with hem by on assent,
To sene this myracle · of this lady bright—
Sayeng in this wise · with al theyr hert and myght:

"yowre blynde fantasies · now in hertis weyve
Of childish vanyte · and lete hem ouer slyde,
And lovith this lady · that can no wise discyeve!
She is so stidefast · of hert in enery syde
That for youre nedis · so wonderly can provyde,
And for yowre poyseye · these lettres .v. ye take
Of this name maria · only for hir sake,

"That for youre travaile · so wele wil yow avaunce,—
Nought as these wymmen · on whiche ye don delite
That fedith yow al day · with feyned plesaunce,
Hid vnder Treason, · with many wordes white,
But bette than ye deserve · she wil yow qwyte,
And for ye shal nat · labour al in veyne,
ye shul have heavene. · ther is nomore to seyne.

"whos passyng goodenes · may nat be comprehendl
In mannes prudence, · fully to determyne,
She is so perfite · she kan nat be amended,
That ay to mercy · and pite doth enclyne."
Now benyng lady, · that didest our sorwes fyne,
In honoure of the · that these psalmes Rede
As was dane Ios · so quyte hem for hir mede! AMEN.

Page torn here.
16.  

The Damsel's Rash Promise:

INDIAN ORIGINAL
AND SOME ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN VARIANTS
OF
Chaucer's Franklin's Tale.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.
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THE DAMSEL'S RASH PROMISE:

INDIAN ORIGINAL AND SOME ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN VARIANTS OF THE FRANKLIN'S TALE.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.

The oldest known form of Chaucer's well-told tale of the chaste Dorigen is probably found in a group of Indian fictions entitled, *Vetāla Panchavinsati*, 'Twenty-five Tales of a Vetāla,' or Vampyre, which are incorporated with the great Sanskrit collection, *Kathā Sārit Sāgara*, 'Ocean of the Rivers of Story' (of which some particulars hereafter), but they still exist as a separate and distinct work, though considerably abridged, in most of the vernacular languages of India: in Tamil, *Vedāla Kadaī*; in Hindi, *Bytāl Pachīśi*, etc. The Tamil version has been done into English by B. G. Babington, and the Hindi version by Capt. W. Hollings. This is the Vetāla story, from Professor C. H. Tawney's translation of the *Kathā Sārit Sāgara*, published at Calcutta, Vol. ii. p. 278:

Indian Original.

There was an excellent king of the name of Virabahu, who imposed his orders on the heads of all kings: he had a splendid city named Anangapura, and in it there lived a rich merchant, named Arthadatta; that merchant prince had for elder child a son called Dhanadatta, and his younger child was a pearl of maidens, named Madanasena.

One day, as she was playing with her companions in her own garden, a young merchant, named Dharmadatta, a friend of her brother, saw her. When he saw that maiden, who, with the full streams of her beauty, her breasts like pitchers half-revealed, and three wrinkles like waves, resembled a lake for the elephant of youth to plunge in, in sport, he was at once robbed of his senses by the
arrows of love, that fell upon him in showers. He thought to himself: "Alas, this maiden, illuminated with this excessive beauty, has been framed by Mára, as a keen arrow to cleave asunder my heart." While, engaged in such reflections, he watched her long, the day passed away for him, as if he were a chakrawáka. Then Madanasená entered her house, and grief at no longer beholding her entered the breast of Dharmadatta. And the sun sank red into the western main, as if inflamed with the fire of grief at seeing her no more. And the moon, that was surpassed by the lotus of her countenance, knowing that that fair-faced one had gone in for the night, slowly mounted upward.

In the mean while Dharmadatta went home, and thinking upon that fair one, he remained tossing to and fro on his bed, smitten by the rays of the moon. And though his friends and relations eagerly questioned him, he gave them no answer, being bewildered by the demon of love. And in the course of the night he at length fell asleep, though with difficulty, and still he seemed to behold and court that loved one in a dream; to such lengths did his longing carry him. And in the morning he woke up, and went and saw her once more in that very garden, alone and in privacy, waiting for her attendant. So he went up to her, longing to embrace her, and falling at her feet, he tried to coax her with words tender from affection. But she said to him, with great earnestness: "I am a maiden, betrothed to another; I cannot now be yours, for my father has bestowed me on the merchant Samudradatta, and I am to be married in a few days. So depart quietly: let not any one see you; it might cause mischief." But Dharmadatta said to her: "Happen what may, I cannot live without you." When the merchant's daughter heard this, she was afraid that he would use force to her, so she said to him: "Let my marriage first be celebrated here; let my father reap the long-desired fruit of bestowing a daughter in marriage; then I will certainly visit you, for your love has gained my heart." When he heard this, he said: "I love not a woman that has been embraced by another man;—does the bee delight in a lotus on which another

1 Anas casarca, commonly called the Bráhmany duck. According to the Hindú poets, the male has to pass the night apart from its female.—C.
bee has settled?" When he said this to her, she replied: "Then I will visit you as soon as I am married, and afterwards I will go to my husband." But though she made this promise, he would not let her go without further assurance; so the merchant's daughter confirmed the truth of her promise with an oath. Then he let her go, and she entered her house in low spirits.

And when the lucky day had arrived,¹ and the auspicious ceremony of marriage had taken place, she went to her husband's house and spent that day in merriment, and then retired with him. But she repelled her husband's caresses with indifference, and when he began to coax her she burst into tears. He thought to himself: "Of a truth she cares not for me," and said to her: "Fair one, if you do not love me, I do not want you: go to your darling, whoever he may be." When she heard this, she said slowly, with downcast face: "I love you more than my life; but hear what I have to say. Rise up cheerfully, and promise me immunity from punishment; take an oath to that effect, my husband, in order that I may tell you."

When she said this, her husband reluctantly consented, and then she went on to say, with shame, despondency, and fear: "A young man of the name of Dharmadatta, a friend of my brother, saw me once alone in our garden, and, smitten with love, he detained me; and when he was preparing to use force, I, being anxious to secure for my father the merit of giving a daughter in marriage, and to avoid all scandal, made this agreement with him: 'When I am married, I will pay you a visit, before I go to my husband;' so I must now keep my word, permit me, my husband; I will pay him a visit first, and then return to you, for I cannot transgress the law of

¹ Asians have a profound faith in lucky and unlucky days, and the professors of the pseudo-science of astrology are highly respected by all classes. Before setting out on a journey, or performing the marriage-ceremony, or indeed commencing any important matter, the almanac and the astrologer are consulted to ascertain the precise lucky moment. In one of the Buddhist Birth-Stories, a man having missed making a good match for his son, because he had been told by a spiteful astrologer, whom he consulted, that the day proposed for the nuptials was inauspicious, a wise old fellow remarked: "What is the use of luck in the stars? Surely, getting the girl is the luck!" and recited this stanza:

"While the star-gazing fool is waiting for luck, the luck goes by;—
The star of luck is luck, and not any star in the sky."—C.
truth, which I have observed from my childhood.” When Samudradatta had been thus suddenly smitten by this speech of hers, as by a down-lighting thunderbolt, being bound by the necessity of keeping his word, he reflected for a moment as follows: “Alas, she is in love with another man; she must certainly go; why should I make her break her word? Let her depart! Why should I be so eager to have her for a wife?” After he had gone through this train of thought, he gave her leave to go where she would; and she rose up, and left her husband’s house.

In the mean while the cold-rayed moon ascended the great eastern mountain, as it were the roof of a palace, and the nymph of the eastern quarter smiled, touched by his finger. Then, though the darkness was still embracing his beloved herbs in the mountain caves, and the bees were settling on another cluster of kumudas, a certain thief saw Madanasenā, as she was going along alone at night, and rushing upon her, seized her by the hem of her garment. He said to her: “Who are you, and where are you going?” When he said this, she, being afraid, said: “What does that matter to you? Let me go; I have business here.” Then the thief said: “How can I, who am a thief, let you go?” Hearing that, she replied: “Take my ornaments.” The thief answered her: “What do I care for these gems, fair one? I will not surrender you, the ornament of the world, with your face like the moonstone, your hair black like jet, your waist like a diamond, your limbs like gold, fascinating beholders with your ruby-coloured feet.”

When the thief said this, the helpless merchant’s daughter told him her story, and entreated him as follows: “Excuse me for a moment, that I may keep my word, and as soon as I have done that, I will quickly return to you, if you remain here. Believe me, my good man, I will never break this true promise of mine.” When the thief heard that, he let her go, believing that she was a woman who would keep her word, and he remained in that very spot, waiting for her return.

She, for her part, went to the merchant Dharmadatta. And when he saw that she had come to that wood, he asked how it

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1 In Sanskrit the moon is feminine, and the sun masculine.—C.
happened, and then, though he had longed for her, he said to her, after reflecting a moment: "I am delighted at your faithfulness to your promise: what have I to do with you, the wife of another? So go back, as you came, before any one sees you." When he had thus let her go, she said: "So be it," and leaving that place, she went to the thief, who was waiting for her in the road. He said to her: "Tell me what befell you when you arrived at the trysting-place." So she told him how the merchant let her go. Then the thief said: "Since this is so, then I also will let you go, being pleased with your faithfulness: return home with your ornaments."

So he, too, let her go, and went with her to guard her, and she returned to the house of her husband, delighted at having preserved her honour. There the chaste woman entered secretly, and went delighted to her husband; and he, when he saw her, questioned her; so she told him the whole story. And Samudradatta, perceiving that his good wife had kept her word without losing her honour, assumed a bright and cheerful expression, and welcomed her as a pure-minded woman, who had not disgraced her family, and lived happily with her ever afterwards.

When the Vetála had told this story in the cemetery to King Trivikramasena, he went on to say to him: "So tell me, King, which was the really generous man of those three—the two merchants and the thief? And if you know and do not tell, your head shall split into a hundred pieces." When the Vetála said this, the king broke silence, and said to him: "Of those three the thief was the only really generous man, and not either of the two merchants. For of course her husband let her go, though she was so lovely, and he had married her; how could a gentleman desire to keep a wife that was attached to another? And the other resigned her because his passion was dulled by time, and he was afraid that her husband, knowing the facts, would tell the king the next day. But the thief, a reckless evil-doer, working in the dark, was really generous to let go a lovely woman, ornaments and all."

The grand story-book, Kathá Sarit Ságara—which is not only a perfect storehouse of Indian folk-lore, but contains the prototypes of
many of the tales in the *Thousand and One Nights*, and the probable
originals of a very considerable number of European popular fictions
—was composed, in Sanskrit verse, by Somadeva, towards the end of
the eleventh century, after a similar work, entitled *Vrihat Kathá*,
the 'Great Story,' written by Gunadhya, in the sixth century, accord-
ing to Dr. Albrecht Weber. It is not to be supposed that Gunadhya
was the actual inventor of the tales in his collection; many of them
bear internal evidence of Buddhist extraction, and some have been
conclusively traced to such sources. Apart from this, the circum-
stance that his work, as represented by that of Somadeva—for no
copy of the original *Vrihat Kathá* is known to exist; but Somadeva
is careful to inform his readers that his book "is precisely on the
model from which it was taken; there is not the slightest deviation,
only such language is selected as tends to abridge the prolixity of
the work"—the circumstance that the collection contains one entire
section, or chapter, of the celebrated Indian apologues, commonly
known in Europe as the 'Fables of Bidpai,' or Pilpay (first trans-
lated out of the Sanskrit into the Pahlavi, under the title of *Kalilag
and Damnag*, during the reign of Núshírván, king of Persia, sixth
century), is sufficient to show that Gunadhya, like the compilers of
the *Arabian Nights*, selected from earlier works such stories and
fables as suited his purpose, and wove them into a frame-story. And
although no copy of the *Vetála* Tales in Sanskrit has, I believe, yet
been discovered in separate form, there can be no doubt that it was
originally a distinct work, by some ascribed to Sivadasa, by others to
Jambaladatta; and in the opinion of the learned and acute Benfey,
the materials of the stories are of Buddhist origin, and they may
therefore date as far back as the second century before Christ. In
the Mongolian form of the *Vetála* tales, the Relations of Siddhi Kúr,
which constitute the first part of *Sagas from the Far East*, by Miss
M. H. Busk, derived mainly, if not wholly, from Jülg's German
translation, little more than the general plan has been preserved; it
is, moreover, a comparatively recent work.
Benfey’s opinion, that the Tales of a Vetála are of Buddhist extraction, seems partly confirmed by the existence of a Burmese version of the foregoing one, in a small collection which was rendered into English thirty-five years ago, by Captain T. P. Sparks, under the title of *The Decisions of Princess Thoo-dhamma Tsari*, Maulmain, 1851. This work, like most of the Burmese books, was translated from the Páli, and the tales comprised in it are therefore of Buddhist adaptation, if not invention; yet they may have assumed their present forms in the Burmese language at a period subsequent to the composition of Somadeva’s *Kathá Sarit Ságara*. In many instances where the same stories are found in the writings of the Bráhmans, the Buddhists, and the Jains, it does not follow that one sect copied from another; but it is most probable that they were derived from common sources, and more or less modified to adapt them to the doctrines peculiar to each sect. However this may be, in the absence of any Buddhist version of our story the date of which is positively ascertained to be earlier than the sixth century—when the *Vrihat Kathá* was originally composed—the Vetála tale, as above, must be considered as the oldest, notwithstanding the unquestionable antiquity of the Buddhist fictions generally. In the following Burmese version, from Captain Sparks’ translation of the *Decisions of Princess Thoo-dhamma Tsari,*¹ the tale, it will be observed, is interwoven with another, to which it may be said to be subordinate, being related for the purpose of discovering among four persons the one who had stolen a part of their joint property; a form which differs from the Vetála story, but has been reproduced in several Asiatic derivatives, and in at least one European variant:²

¹ “It is not very clear,” says the Translator, “why this title should have been given to the book, for the name of the Princess does not occur before the close of the fourteenth story. One explanation given me is, that it is so called from the Princess having collected the various decisions, and published them together with a few of her own. Another, that the book originally contained the decisions of the Princess only, but that in process of time others were added by different hands, whilst some of her own were lost. I am inclined to favour the latter opinion.”

² The notes to the story, excepting a few which are placed within square brackets, are by the Translator.
URING the era of Thoomana, four Brāhmans—named Mahā Brāhmaṇa, Meedze Brāhmaṇa, Khoddiha Brāhmaṇa, and Tsoola Brāhmaṇa—resided in the country of Thinga-thanago. Each of them possessed one hundred gold pieces. As they were going to bathe they agreed to put their money together, and accordingly three of them did so; but the youngest, entertaining a fraudulent design, concealed his in a separate spot, and expecting that from so doing the three others would divide their portion with him, made as if he had placed his money with theirs, and went with them to bathe. When they had all four come up out of the water, they found the property of three of the Brāhmans, but that of the youngest was missing. “How is this?” said he. “My money is gone, but yours is still here: will you give me part of yours?” They demurred against this, saying: “No one has been here; if your money has disappeared from the place where we all deposited ours, why should we make it good?” So they went to the judge of a neighbouring village for a decision. He gave judgment as follows: “It is not right that the money of one should be missing out of the stock deposited by all four; therefore let that which remains be divided equally between you.” The three Brāhmans, being still exceedingly averse from a division, went before the governor of the district, who referred them to the chief nobleman. He sent them before the king of the country, who confirmed the decree of the village judge. The three Brāhmans, being still not contented, said that they were dissatisfied. Then the king made the chief nobleman undertake the case, saying: “Hey, my lord noble, completely dispose of this case within seven days, or I will deprive you of your rank, and confiscate your property.” The nobleman, in great alarm, called the four Brāhmans, and diligently inquired into the affair; but being unable to make anything of it, he became exceedingly sorrowful and distressed. His daughter Tsanda Kommārī, observing the dejected condition of her father, asked him, saying: “My good lord and father, why are you so sad?” He said: “Ah, my dear daughter, I am

1 The thirteenth Buddha.  [2 Great, Middle, Small, Tiny.]
compelled to undertake the case of the four Brāhmans, and if I fail to dispose of it within seven days, I shall be degraded from my high estate; for this cause am I sorrowful." Tsanda Kommárí replied: "Fear not, my father; I will manage to detect the thief;—do you only build a large pavilion." The noble did as she desired, and having placed each of the Brāhmans in one of the four corners, Tsanda Kommárí stood in the centre. When the evening was past, she asked the Brāhmans to let her hear them discourse upon any subject with which they were acquainted, selected from the wisdom contained in the eighteen branches of knowledge, the hundred and one different books of the Lauka Nidí, the Lauka Widú-wiekza, the Lauka Bátha, the Lauka Yatrá, the Lenga Thohtika, the Wiennau Treatise on Medicine, and the Pintsapoh Yauga Nidan. The Brāhmans replied: "Lady, we are unable to perform what you ask, forasmuch as one amongst us bears a deceitful heart, and none of us can say which of the four it is; we can no longer, therefore, to our shame and confusion, exercise the Brāhmanical functions. But you, being brought up at the feet of your noble father, are well versed in knowledge, and having all the questions that arrive at the court from the four quarters of the globe, deign now to speak to us for our instruction." Said she: "O teachers, I know nothing; but, if you wish it, I will relate a tale:

"In the olden time, a prince, a young nobleman, a poor man's son, and a rich man's daughter were being educated together in the country of Tekkatho.\(^1\) As the rich man's daughter was noting down the lesson of her teacher, she dropped her style,\(^2\) and, seeing the prince below, she said: 'Just give me my style.' He replied: 'I will give it you; but you must make me a promise, that soon after you return to your parents you will let me pluck your virgin flower.' She made him the required promise, whereupon the young prince handed her the style, and she said: 'I will certainly come to you.'

\(^1\) The Páli name of Tekkatho is Tekkathela, or Tekkasela; and we know that Kha corresponds to the Sanscrit K śa, so the Sanscrit name is Teksheela, which is the famous Taxila of Ptolemy, in the time of Alexander the Great, "the largest and wealthiest city between the Indus and the Hydaspes."—*Notes on the Ancient History of Burmah*, by Rev. F. Mason.

\(^2\) Used for writing on the palm leaf.
"On the completion of her studies, the rich man’s daughter returned to her parents and the prince to his own country, and, his father dying, he ascended the throne. When the rich man’s daughter had attained the age of sixteen, her parents married her to the man of her choice. Then she said to her husband: ‘My lord, I am now your wife, but suffer me to go for a short time to get absolved from a certain promise which I have made.’ Her husband inquiring why she asked for permission to leave him, she replied: ‘When I was at school in Tekkatho, I made a promise to a young prince, that after I returned to my parents I would speedily visit him.’ Her husband, reflecting that, although she had been given to him in marriage by her parents, still the power of a promise is extremely great both upon priests and laymen, granted her leave to go. Then she wiped her husband’s feet with her hair, and, after decking herself in handsome clothes and ornaments, departed on her journey.

"As she was travelling along, she fell in with a thief, who, on seeing her, grasped her hand, saying: ‘Where are you going? What business has a woman to be travelling alone? My young lady’s life, as well as her fine clothes and jewels, is my property now. But where do you want to go?’ The rich man’s daughter replied: ‘True, they are your property. As to where I am going, when I was at school in Tekkatho I made a promise to a young prince, that I would visit him soon after my return home; and as, if I break my promise, I shall fall into the four states of punishment and never arrive at the abode of the just, I asked leave of my husband to whom my parents had given me in marriage, and have come so far on my way.’ The thief, on hearing this answer, bound her by a promise, such as she had given to the prince, to present herself before him on her return, and when she had done as he required, he let her go.

"After escaping from the thief, as she was travelling onwards, she came to a banyan-tree, the guardian Nat of which¹ asked her

¹ [In Burmese mythology, Nats correspond to the ogres of our nursery tales, the trolls of the Scandinavians, the jinns and jirits (genii and aires) of the Arabs, the dēvs of the Persians, the rākshasas, vetālas, and pisachas of the Hindús.] The following extract from the sixth chapter of the first volume of the Damathat, the Burmese version of the Laws of Manú, elucidates this
whither she was going. She replied: 'My lord Nat, I have come into thy presence for no other cause than this.' Then she related to him her story as before. The Nat bound her by a solemn promise, such as she had made to the prince, to appear before him on her way back, and then let her depart.

"When she arrived at the palace, the guardian Nat, as a mark of respect for her fidelity to her engagement, throw wide the gates for her to enter, and she appeared in the presence of the king, who asked wherefore she had come. 'O king,' she replied, 'I am the rich man's daughter, who made you a promise when we were being educated in Tekkatho. On my returning home, my parents bestowed me in marriage, and, with the permission of my husband and lord, I am come to you.' 'Wonderful!' cried the king; 'you are true to your word, indeed!' Then, after highly commending her, he took magnificent presents and gave them to her, saying: 'I make an offering of these in homage to your truth,' and allowed her to go.

"The rich man's daughter, laden with wealth, arrived in time at the banyan-tree, when she cried out, with a voice like a karawich: 1 'O lord Nat, guardian of the banyan-tree, sleepest thou or wakest thou? I have discharged my promise to the prince, and am now on my own way back. My life is in thy hands; behold, I have not departed from my word, and here I am.' The Nat, on hearing her voice, said: 'Damsel, it is a hard thing for one who has just escaped with life from the hands of an enemy to place himself again in the power of his foe—to die.' She replied: 'If, through over-fondness for life, I were to break my promise, and pass on without coming to you, I should fall into the four states of punishment, and never attain the mansions of the just.' Then the Nat made her an offering of a jar of gold, in homage to her fidelity, and telling her to enjoy it to the end of her life, suffered her to depart.

"After leaving the banyan-tree, she came to the abode of the part of the story: "'It has been the invariable custom, in every successive world, when the young leaves of a tree first appear above ground, for a Nat to apply to the king of his order for permission to inhabit it. After the tree has been allotted to the Nat, it is a law, that if any person heedlessly comes to take shelter under it, or breaks, or injures it, and neglects to make an offering to the hamadryad, the latter has a right to devour the offender.'"

1 A fabulous bird, supposed to have a remarkably melodious voice.
thief, whom she found fast asleep; but, although it would have been easy for her to take advantage of this and make her escape, she awoke him, saying, 'My lord thief, my life is yours, and the wealth I have brought with me is yours also. I am here according to my promise, and have not disobeyed your will.' The thief exclaimed: 'This is wonderful, indeed! You have kept the hardest promise in the world. If I were to do any injury to such a person as you, some grievous misfortune would be sure to happen to me. Speed you on your way.' So he let her go, and she returned in safety to her husband, to whom she related all that had happened to her. Her husband, when he had heard her narrative, gave her praise for all that she had done.'

When the story was finished, Tsanda Kommári asked the four Bráhmans which of the persons mentioned in it they each thought most worthy of praise. The eldest Bráhman said: "I approve of the prince, because his conduct was wonderfully in accordance with the ten laws, which it is the duty of kings to observe, inasmuch as he refrained from plucking his promised flower." The next Bráhman gave his opinion in favour of the guardian Nat of the banyan-tree, saying: "I laud him, because he presented to the rich man's daughter a jar of gold; and where any man would have found it difficult to keep his passions under control, he, a Nat, was able to restrain them." The third Bráhman said: "I praise the husband, because, being like water in which an exceedingly pure ruby has been washed, he curbed his desires, and when his wife asked his permission to depart he allowed her to go. That man's mind must have been an

1 These are: (1) To make religious offerings; (2) to keep the commandments; (3) to be charitable; (4) to be upright; (5) to be mild and gentle; (6) not to give way to anger; (7) to be strict in the performance of all the prescribed religious ceremonies; (8) not to oppress; (9) to exercise self-control; (10) not to be familiar with inferiors. [The second of the above is, to observe the Five Precepts of Buddha, which are: (1) Not to do murder; (2) not to steal; (3) not to commit adultery; (4) not to drink intoxicating liquors; (5) not to do anything which is evil.]

2 The meaning of this I conceive to be, that as water would contract no impurity from a bright gem being immersed in it, so the husband's heart, into which the beauty of the bride had sunk, imbibed therefrom no stain of sensual passion.
FOR THE FRANKLIN'S TALE.

extraordinary one indeed!" The youngest Bráhman said: "I think most of the thief, because it is the nature of robbers to risk even their lives to gain a livelihood. For such a man not to covet clothes and jewels, gold and silver, and to allow them to pass through his hands without retaining them, shows his excellence; therefore I bestow my meed of praise on the thief."

A young lady, who was Tsanda.Kommári's attendant, when she had heard these opinions, said [privately]: "O daughter of our lord, three of the Bráhmans, and I also with them, applaud the prince, the Nat, and the husband, but the youngest Bráhman gives the honour to the thief." The nobleman's daughter, on hearing this, replied to her attendant: "The disposition of the youngest of the four Bráhmans prompting him to consider the thief as the most to be commended, because he gave up, without coveting, the wealth which had actually come into his hands, shows that the missing money is in his possession. Therefore, my sister, do you disguise yourself so as to resemble me, and go to the youngest Bráhman and say to him:

'The reason of my coming to you is this: The words which the three other Bráhmans have spoken are nought but folly, while your wisdom is great. You are a young man and have no wife; therefore I have come to marry you. How, then, can we contrive to live together? I am in dread of my father; your property is lost, and I come to you empty-handed; so, if we remove together to another place, we shall be without the means of subsistence."

Her attendant, on being dismissed with these instructions, on meeting the young Bráhman, addressed him as she had been taught. The Bráhman was greatly rejoiced at her words, and said: "Dismiss your anxiety. I have not lost my property; it is still in my hands. I only pretended it was gone in order to obtain a share from the others. There is enough for our support, even if we should go to another part of the country." She reported the words of the Bráhman to her mistress, who went to her father and told him that she had ascertained that the lost money was in the young Bráhman's hand, and if he would give her a sum equal to that which was missing she would recover it. The nobleman gave her what she asked for, and she placed it in the hands of her attendant, desiring her to
go to the young Brāhmaṇa and show him the money, and speak to him according to the instructions which she then gave her.

The attendant went to the young Brāhmaṇa, and, showing him the money, said as she had been taught: "Let me see how much you have got. Mine is but a small sum, therefore add yours to it, and then, if we elope together, we shall at least have enough to eat and drink." The Brāhmaṇa gave her his money, which, on receiving, she conveyed to her mistress, who, rejoicing greatly, said to her: "Now go, my sister, to the three other Brāhmaṇas, and ask them to give you their money, telling them that you will put it by, and all four of them shall obtain full satisfaction. She went to the Brāhmaṇas and asked them for their money, as she had been told, to which they consented, and gave it to her.

The nobleman's daughter then reported to her father that she had in her hands the money of all the Brāhmaṇas. He went to the king and said: "O king, I have recovered the money which was the cause of disgrace to the four Brāhmaṇas," and on the king inquiring by what means he had succeeded, he stated that it was his daughter who had contrived to find it out. The king sent for the nobleman's daughter and the four Brāhmaṇas, and asked them for an explanation. Then the nobleman's daughter said: "This is a deceitful and a fearful business! These four Brāhmaṇas are gifted with wisdom, and as the nature of us unregenerate mortals is the slave of covetousness, anger, and folly, I will recite this apothegm: First, the ear hears, and this tempts the eye to look; the lust of the eye, being indulged, excites the lust of the heart, and thus the soul becomes wedded to this world; then it loses its wisdom, and without consideration falls into the commission of evil deeds, as a consequence of which, it suffers for ages in subsequent transmigrations." Having thus spoken, she laid down the four shares of money before the king, who ordered the owners to take what belonged to them. Each of the Brāhmaṇas took his share; but when three of the shares were gone and the youngest took the one which remained, "What!" cried the king, "the young Brāhmaṇa said that he had lost his money, and yet here it is back again!" The nobleman's daughter answered: "At first he himself hid his money, but now he has himself brought it to
light; therefore the four Brāhmans have each their own again.”—
The Nat’s daughter, who was the guardian of the royal umbrella,1 cried aloud: “Well done!” and the king, struck with admiration at the wisdom displayed by the nobleman’s daughter, and considering that she was well qualified to examine and settle the various matters of importance brought by the royal ambassadors from all parts of the world, made her his queen. Therefore judges should take this story as an example, and exercise wisdom in examining and deciding the causes before them.2

It is not uncommon to find incidents of what are separate tales in some countries, and even two or more entire tales, fused into one in other places; and we have an instance of this in the highly-diverting story of Ahmed the Cobbler, in Sir John Malcolm’s *Sketches of Persia*, chap. xx., as related to “the Elchee” by the Shah’s own story-teller, the latter part of which is a variant of our story; the preceding incidents similar to those in the well-known German tale of ‘Doctor Allwissend,’ in Grimm’s collection. Ahmed the cobbler, in consequence of a series of lucky chances, by which he gets a reputation for supernatural sagacity, is married to the king’s beautiful and clever daughter, with whom he lives happily, till an untoward thing happens, which is the subject of the following

1 [The umbrella is in most Asiatic countries the symbol of sovereignty.]
2 Lady Verney, in an interesting paper, entitled “Bits from Burmah,” in *Good Words*, for March 1886 (pp. 180-2), gives a somewhat different and much shorter version, as related by “a young Burmese, come to England for his education,” who appears to have altered the story to render it in accordance with his conception of our double-distilled English morality, representing the princess as obtaining her parents’ leave to set off and take back her promise before her marriage with the man to whom they had engaged her; and when the young Brāhman tells the damsel, who professes love for him, that he had his own share of money hidden in the forest—“thus was the whole matter made clear; the thief was punished, and the lady was made a judge.” Lady Verney adds: “The story is interesting, as showing an honourable feeling for a given word, and for the light it throws on the position and respect shown to women.” But the same story is well known, as we shall see presently, in countries where “respect for women” is at a sad discount,
THE king of Sistán had sent an emerald of extraordinary size and brilliancy as a present to the king of Irák. It was carefully enclosed in a box, to which there were three keys, and one of them was given in charge to each of the three confidential servants employed to convey it. When they reached Ispahán the box was opened, but the emerald was gone. Nothing could exceed their consternation; each accused the others; as the lock was not broken it was evident one of them must be the thief. They consulted as to what was to be done; to conceal what had happened was impossible—the very attempt would have brought death on them all. It was resolved therefore to lay the whole matter before the king, and beg that by his wisdom he would detect the culprit, and that he would show mercy to the other two. . . . [At length the king summons Ahmed into his presence, in whose skill in astrology his Majesty had great faith—albeit it was "as nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity"—and commands him to discover within twenty days who stole the emerald: should he succeed, he should receive the highest state honours; by failure his life should be forfeited. Ahmed is in despair; for how could he expect to escape by another lucky chance? He confides the matter to the princess, his wife, who undertakes the task for him; and this is how she performed it:]

The princess invited the messengers from the king of Sistán to her palace. They were surprised at the invitation, and still more at their reception. "You are strangers," she said to them, "and come from a powerful king: it is my wish to show you every attention. As to the lost emerald, think no more of it; it is a mere trifle. I will intercede with the king, my father, to give himself no farther concern on the subject, being convinced that it has been lost by one of those strange accidents for which it is impossible to account." The princess entertained the strangers for several days, and during that time the emerald seemed to be forgotten. She conversed with them freely, inquiring particularly of Sistán, and the countries they had seen on their travels. Flattered by her condescension, they became confident of their safety, and were delighted with their royal
patroness. Seeing them completely off their guard, the princess turned the conversation one evening on wonderful occurrences, and, after each had related his story, said: "I will now recount to you some events of my own life, which you will, I think, deem more extraordinary than any you have ever heard:

"I am my father's only child, and have therefore been a favourite from my birth. I was brought up in the belief that I could command whatever the world can afford; and was taught that unbounded liberality is the first and most princely of virtues. I early resolved to surpass every former example of generosity. I thought my power of doing good, and making everybody happy, was as unlimited as my wish to do so; and I could not conceive the existence of misery beyond my power to relieve. When I was eighteen I was betrothed to my cousin, a young prince, who excelled all others in beauty of person and nobleness of mind; and I fancied myself at the summit of happiness. It chanced, however, that on the morning of my nuptials I went to walk in a garden near the palace, where I had been accustomed to spend some hours daily from my childhood. The old gardener, with whose cheerfulness I had often been amused, met me. Seeing him look very miserable, I asked him what was the matter. He evaded a direct answer; but I insisted upon his disclosing the cause of his grief, declaring at the same time my determination to remove it. 'You cannot relieve me,' said the old man, with a deep sigh; 'it is out of your power, my beloved princess, to heal the wound of which I am dying.' My pride was roused, and I exclaimed: 'I swear!'—'Do not swear,' said the gardener, seizing my hand. 'I do swear,' I repeated, irritated by the opposition;—'I will stop at nothing to make you happy; and I farther swear, that I will not leave this spot until you reveal the grief which preys upon you.' The old man, seeing my resolution, spoke with tremulous emotion as follows: 'Princess, you know not what you have done! Behold a man who has dared for these two years to look upon you with an eye of admiration: his love has at length reached this pitch, that without you he must be wretched for ever; and unless you consent to meet him in the garden to-night, and become his bride instead of that of the prince, he must die.' Shocked by this unforeseen
declaration, and trembling at the thought of my oath, I tried to reason with the old gardener, and offered him all the wealth I possessed. 'I told you,' he replied, 'beautiful princess, that you could not make me happy: I endeavoured to prevent your rash vow; and nothing but that should have drawn from me the secret of my heart. Death, I know, is my fate; for I cannot live and see you the wife of another. Leave me to die. Go to your husband; go to the enjoyment of your pomp and riches; but never again pretend to the exercise of a power which depends upon a thousand circumstances that no human being can regulate or control.' This speech conveyed a bitter reproach. I would have sacrificed my life a hundred times, sooner than stain my honour by marrying this man; but I had made a vow in the face of Heaven, and to break it seemed sacrilege. Besides, I earnestly wished to die undeceived in my favourite notion, that I could make all who came near me happy. Under the struggle of these different feelings, I told the gardener his desire should be granted, and that I should be in the garden an hour before midnight. After this assurance I went away, resolved in my own mind not to outlive the disgrace to which I had doomed myself.

"I passed the day in deepest melancholy. A little before midnight I contrived to dismiss my attendants, and, arrayed in my bridal apparel, which was covered with the richest jewels, I went towards the garden. I had not proceeded many yards, when I was met by a thief, who, seizing me, said: 'Let me strip you, madam, of these unnecessary ornaments: if you make the least noise, instant death awaits you.' In my state of mind, such threats frightened me little. I wished to die, but I wished, before I died, to fulfil my vow. I told my story to the thief, beseeching him to let me pass, and pledging my word to return, that he might not be disappointed of his booty. After some hesitation he allowed me to proceed.

"I had not gone many steps when I encountered a furious lion, which had broken loose from my father's menagerie. Knowing the merciful nature of this animal towards the weak and defenceless, I dropped on my knees, repeated my story, and assured him, if he would let me fulfil my vow, I would come back to him as ready to
be destroyed as he could be to make me his prey. The lion stepped aside, and I went into the garden.

"I found the old gardener all impatience for my arrival. He flew to meet me, exclaiming I was an angel. I told him I was resigned to my engagement, but had not long to live. He started, and asked what I meant. I gave him an account of my meeting with the thief and the lion. 'Wretch that I am,' cried the gardener; 'how much misery have I caused! But, bad as I am, I am not worse than a thief, or a beast of prey; which I should be, did I not absolve you from your vow, and assure you the only way in which you can now make me happy, is by forgiving my wicked presumption.'

"I was completely relieved by these words, and granted the forgiveness desired; but having determined, notwithstanding the gardener's remonstrances, to keep my word to the thief and the lion, I refused to accept his protection. On leaving the garden the lion met me. 'Noble lion,' I said, 'I am come, as I promised you.' I then related to him how the gardener had absolved me from my vow, and I expressed a hope that the king of beasts would not belie his renown for generosity. The lion again stepped aside, and I proceeded to the thief, who was still standing where I left him. I told him I was now in his power, but that before he stripped me, I must relate to him what had happened since our last meeting. Having heard me, he turned away, saying: 'I am not meaner than a poor gardener, nor more cruel than a hungry lion: I will not injure what they have respected.'

"Delighted with my escapes, I returned to my father's palace, where I was united to my cousin, with whom I lived happily till his death; persuaded, however, that the power of human beings to do good is very limited, and that when they leave the narrow path marked out for them by their Maker, they not only lose their object, but often wander far into error and guilt, by attempting more than it is possible to perform."

The princess paused, and was glad to see her guests so enchanted with her story that it had banished every other thought from their minds. After a few moments she turned to one of them, and asked:
"Now which, think you, showed the greatest virtue in his forbearance —the gardener, the thief, or the lion?" — "The gardener, assuredly," was his answer, "to abandon so lovely a prize, so nearly his own."
"And what is your opinion?" said the princess to his neighbour. "I think the lion was the most generous," he replied: "he must have been very hungry; and in such a state it was great forbearance to abstain from devouring so delicate a morsel." "You both seem to me quite wrong," said the third, impatiently. "The thief had by far the most merit. Gracious heavens! to have within his grasp such wealth, and to refrain from taking it! I could not have believed it possible, unless the princess herself had assured us of the fact!"

The princess, now assuming an air of dignity, said to the first who spoke: "You, I perceive, are an admirer of the ladies;" to the second: "You are an epicure;" and then turning to the third, who was already pale with fright: "You, my friend, have the emerald in your possession. You have betrayed yourself, and nothing but an immediate confession can save your life." The guilty man’s countenance removed all doubt; and when the princess renewed her assurances of safety, he threw himself at her feet, acknowledged his offence, and gave her the emerald, which he carried concealed about him.

The story also occurs in the celebrated Persian collection, entitled Tuti Nāma (Parrot-Book), composed by Nakhshabi about the year 1306, after a similar old Persian story-book, now lost, which was derived from a Sanskrit work, of which the Suka Saptati (Seventy Tales of a Parrot) is the modern representative. In this work a parrot relates stories, night after night, to prevent a merchant’s wife from carrying on an amorous intrigue during her husband’s absence. According to an India Office MS. text of Nakhshabi’s Tuti Nāma, the twelfth story is to this effect:

Another Persian Version.

One day a poor street-sweeper finds among a dust-heap a very valuable gem, in lustre equal to that of the sun. He resolves to present it to Raja Bhoja, in the expectation of being suitably
rewarded. On his way he associates with four men who happen to be travelling in the same direction. At noontide they all repose beneath a tree, and while the poor man is sound asleep his companions steal the gem out of his purse. When he awakes and discovers his loss, he says nothing about it to them, and they resume their journey. Arriving at the capital, the poor man obtains an audience of the rājā, to whom he recounts the whole affair. The rājā sends for the four travellers, and questions them concerning the gem, but they stoutly deny all knowledge of it, at which the rājā is much perplexed. But his clever daughter undertakes to ascertain whether they really stole the gem, and with this object invites them to her private apartment, and gives them many rich presents; and after chatting pleasantly with them on various subjects, she relates the following story:

"In Mázandarán there formerly dwelt a rich merchant who had a very beautiful daughter. One day during the vernal season she went to a garden, accompanied by her female slaves, and sauntering by a plot of roses, observed with admiration one flower of pre-eminent beauty and odour, which, like the rose of her own face, was thornless. Then she said to the gardener: 'Bring down that rose and give it to me.' Quoth the gardener: 'Fair lady, this charming rose does not come into your hand without a recompense.' The lady demanding to know its price, the gardener replied: 'Its price is this, that you promise to meet me in this garden on the night of your nuptials.' Having set her heart upon possessing the beautiful rose, the lady gave her solemn promise, and, receiving the flower, retired from the garden with her attendants. Some time after this, the merchant married his daughter to a young man of his own choice, and when the wedding guests were gone, and she was left alone with her husband, she told him of her promise to the gardener, at which he was not a little astonished, but gave her leave to keep her promise. So she went forth in her wedding garments, adorned with priceless jewels, and as she proceeded she was met by a wolf, which would have devoured her, but she told her story, how she had obtained her husband's leave to keep her promise to the gardener, and Allah softened the wolf's heart, and he allowed her to pass on un-
injured. She next met a robber, to whom she also told her story, and the robber, albeit she was covered with gems of price, and completely in his power, bade her proceed on her way. When she entered the garden, there was the gardener pacing to and fro, but on her telling him how her husband had freely consented to her request to be permitted to keep her appointment, and how the wolf and the robber had let her pass on untouched, the gardener at once freed her from her promise, and respectfully conducted her back to the dwelling of her husband, with whom she lived in peace and happiness ever after."

The râjâ's daughter, having finished her story, then says to the four travellers: "What puzzles me is to say which of those four individuals exhibited most generosity." One replies, that the husband must have been a fool to give his wife liberty to meet another man on her wedding-night; another, that it was folly on the part of the wolf to let slip such a prey; the third, that the robber was a mere blockhead to refrain from taking her jewels; and the fourth, that the gardener was an idiot to relinquish so tempting a prize. The princess, having heard the men express such sentiments, concluded that they must have stolen the gem, and when she communicated this opinion to her father the râjâ, he caused all four to be bastinadoed until they confessed their guilt and delivered up the jewel. Then the râjâ gave rich gifts to the poor man, and hanged the four rascals.

1 In the Turkish version of the Tütî Nâma the story is told with a few variations from its Persian original. The precious stone is found by a peasant while ploughing his field. He is advised by friends to offer it to the Padishah of Rûm (Room: Asia Minor, or the Western Empire); for should the sultan come to know of his "find," he might take it from him, and charge him with having stolen it. He joins three travellers on the road. In the story of the damsel's rash promise, the scene is laid in Damascus; her name is Dil-Fûrûz, i.e. "inflaming the heart with love"; her attendants attempt to pluck the rose, but it is beyond their reach. The gardener gallantly plucks it, and presents it to the young lady, who then asks him what he should wish in return. When she meets him in the garden on the night of her nuptials, and tells him of the generosity of her husband, the wolf, and the robber, he says that his sole object was to try her: "I am thy slave," he adds, "and the gardener of this place, and the gardener protects the flowers," implying, of course, that she was "herself the fairest flower!"
There is a somewhat different version in the *Bahá'R-i-Dánush*, or Spring of Knowledge, a work written in the Persian language, by 'Ináyatu-'lláh of Delhi, A.H. 1061 (A.D. 1650), the materials of which are avowedly derived from old Indian sources, to which indeed they are easily traceable. Dr. Jonathan Scott, who published a translation of this entertaining romance in 1799, seems to have had rather hazy notions of what kind of stories were fit to be presented to the English readers of his time, since he has given in the Appendix a meagre abstract of our story, without a word of explanation. This is Scott's outline of what may be called an

**Indo-Persian Version.**

Kámgar, the son of a powerful sultan, having excited the jealousy of his father's vazír, the latter procured his banishment, by accusing him of rebellious designs. The prince, accompanied by his friend, the vazír's son, a young merchant, and a jeweller, departs for a foreign country. On the road, the jeweller is prompted by avarice to steal four valuable rubies, which the vazír's son had brought with him as a resource against distress. On finding that he was robbed, he complains to a court of justice; but the judges are unable to fix on the thief. The vazír's son is then recommended to have recourse to a learned lady, who was celebrated for unravelling the most knotty cases.

She first calls the prince to her, and tells him a story of a person who, on discovering his friend was in love with his wife, and not being aware that she was also in love with his friend, prevails on her to go to his house and gratify his passion. On the way she is stopped by thieves, who seize her jewels, but upon her informing them of her uncommon errand, and promising to return, if they would but delay their plunder till she has visited her lover, they let her go. When she reaches the house, she discovers to her husband's friend who she is, and the lover, resolved not to be outdone in generosity, conquers his passion. She returns to the thieves, who are so impressed by her performance of her promise that, instead of robbing her, they make her a present and conduct her home in safety.
The prince, at the conclusion of this story, bursts into applause of the extraordinary friendship of the husband, the virtue of the wife, the forbearance of the lover, and the generosity of the thieves. Then the lady relates the same story separately to the vazir's son, the merchant, and the jeweller. The latter exclaims involuntarily, that the thieves were very foolish in letting such a rich prey escape from their hands. Upon this the lady accuses him of the robbery, but promises not to expose him if he will give up the rubies, which he does, and she returns them to the vazir's son without disclosing who had stolen them. The rubies are then offered for sale in the city, when their costliness exciting suspicions against the honesty of the prince and his friends, who were disguised as pilgrims, they are taken up and carried before the sultan of the country. The vazir's son now discloses the rank of his master, upon which the king marries him to his daughter, and appoints him successor to his kingdom.¹

¹ It is unfortunate that Scott has not given this story more fully. So far as can be seen from his abstract, as above—and I greatly doubt its accuracy—there does not appear to have been any promise made to the lover by the lady. The husband, on learning that his friend is enamoured of his wife, "prevails" upon her to visit him—a circumstance which seems reflected (as my friend Dr. David Ross, Principal of the E. C. Training College, Glasgow, has pointed out to me) in a Senegambian popular tale:

There once lived two shepherds who had been close friends from boyhood. One of them married, and the other built his hut adjoining that of the wedded couple. One day the bachelor, looking through a chink in the party wall, discovered the young wife making her ablutions (as David the Hebrew king beheld the beauteous wife of Uriah), and instantly fell in love with her. Such was the force of his passion that he became seriously ill, and took to his bed. Marabouts, old wives, doctors—all failed to discover his disease. At length he confesses to his friend that he is deeply in love with his wife. The husband is at first horror-struck, but soon conquers his marial feelings, and arranges a plan whereby his friend should gratify his desire, and yet his wife be no wiser, when all was done. He will rise from bed to look after the fire kept burning all night in the courtyard; meanwhile his friend will go into the house, and the wife won't know but he is her husband. The husband accordingly goes out during the night, and the wife presently receives the friend with kindly embrace, ignorant of the subterfuge; but he immediately repents of his design, repulses her, and runs out—friendship thus triumphing over lust. When the husband re-enters the house, he is secretly rejoiced to hear his wife reproach him for his recent coldness and disdain. His friend after this soon recovers his health and takes a wife to himself.¹

As might be expected, the story is known to the Jews, and in
more than one version. No doubt, many of the fine apologues,
parables, and tales contained in the Talmud are genuine inventions
of the rabbins, but it is also certain that they drew freely from
popular fictions of Indian origin, for striking illustrations of their
apothegms and maxims of morality. The learned M. Israel Levi has
given two Jewish versions of our story in Mélusine¹ (1885), tome ii.,
c. 542-6; one of them is from a commentary on the Decalogue (Eighth
Commandment), an anonymous work of the 10th century, and the
substance of it is as follows:

 Hebrew Version.

IN the time of Solomon three men travelling in company were
surprised by Friday evening, so they deposited their money
together in a secret place.² In the middle of the night one of them
rose up, stole the money, and hid it elsewhere. When the Sabbath
was ended they all went to unearth their money, but found it had
disappeared. They then began to accuse each other of the theft, but
at length agreed to lay their dispute before Solomon for his judg-
ment. The king told them that he would give them a decision on
the morrow. This affair troubled the king not a little, for he thought
to himself: "If I do not clear up this case, they will say, 'Where,
then, is the wisdom of Solomon?" So he meditated in what manner
he might surprise the thief by his own words. When the three men
recalls the old Greek story of Stratonice, daughter of Demetrius Poliorcetes,
who at the age of 17 (in B.C. 300) was married to Seleucus, king of Syria, and
her step-son Antiochus becoming deeply enamoured of her, Seleucus, in order
to save the life of his son, gave up Stratonice in marriage to the young prince.
A precisely similar tale is related by Arabian historians of a nephew of the
sultan of Jorjun, whose love for one of his uncle's women was discovered by
the celebrated Avicenna (Abú Sina) feeling his pulse while describing the
rarities in the palace, and perceiving an uncommon emotion in his patient
when he mentioned the apartment of the lady;—the sultan made his nephew
happy.

¹ Mélusine: revue de mythologie, littérature populaire, traditions, et
usages. Dirigée par H. Gaidoz et E. Rolland.—A bi-monthly journal, pub-
lished at Paris.
² It is said the Jews are prohibited by their laws from carrying money on
the Sabbath, which commences at nightfall on Friday, and ends at the appear-
ance of the stars on Saturday.
appeared again before him next day, he said to them: "You are skilful and intelligent merchants; give me, therefore, your advice on a matter which the king of Edessa has submitted to me, desiring my opinion thereon:

"There lived in Edessa a young man and a young woman who loved each other, and the youth said to the damsel: 'If you please, we shall agree by oath that should I engage myself to thee, after such a time thou wilt marry me, and that if during that period another should wish to espouse thee, thou wilt not marry him without my permission;' and the damsel swore accordingly. At the end of that period she was betrothed to another man. And when the husband would use his rights, she refused, and told him that she must first obtain the permission of her former fiancé. Then they both went together to that young man, carrying gold and silver; and the damsel said to him: 'I have kept my oath;—if you wish, here is money: free me from my engagement to you.' The youth replied: 'I release you from your oath, and you are free to marry your fiancé. As for myself, I will take nothing; go in peace.' On their way home, an old robber threw himself upon them, and bore off the damsel, with her jewels and the money she carried, and he would have violated her, but she said: 'I pray you, allow me first to relate my story,' which having concluded, she added: 'Now if that young man, whose years might have been some excuse for him, subdued his passion, how much more incumbent is it on you, an old man, to do likewise—master your feelings, in obedience to the laws of God, and sin not!' The old robber was moved by her words, and allowed her to depart with her fiancé; moreover, he restored to them all their property.

"Now," said Solomon, "this is what I ask of you: which of those three was most worthy of praise—the young woman who kept her word; the young man, who gave her permission to marry, without accepting anything in return; or the old robber, who, having the power to take all they had, and to violate the damsel, yet conquered his passion, and took nothing from them? Tell me your opinion, and I will afterwards decide on the subject of your dispute.' One of the men replied: "I praise the youth who gave permission
to the girl, for he had long loved her." The second said, in his turn: "I praise the damsel; for women do not usually keep their word even to their husbands when they sleep together, and the mind of woman is fickle. But she kept her word." The third said: "I praise the old man, who took their property, and could have violated her without any one being able to prevent him. Nevertheless he refrained from all sin, and restored the money he had taken from them. So I consider him as a pattern of a just man." Solomon then said: "Thou hast judged well, wherefore cleanse thou thy soul, and deliver the treasure to thy companions, for it is thou who didst steal it; and if thou dost not, I will cause thee to be cast into prison, where thou shalt remain all thy life." The man immediately went and took the treasure from its hiding-place, and restored it to his companions, who thanked the king for his judgment. And this is why it is said that Solomon was the wisest of men.

The other Jewish version given by M. Lévi—placed first in his article in Méliusine—differs very considerably in the principal details from all those already cited, while preserving the fundamental outline of the original story:

Germano-Jewish Version.

A CERTAIN pious man left his three sons a locked coffer of gold, desiring them not to open it except in case of necessity. One of them in turn took charge of the coffer, and another of the key. The three young men swore in presence of the community that they would conform to their father's instructions. After his death they divided their heritage, without touching the contents of the coffer. The youngest son, having soon dissipated his share, came to his brothers and demanded that the casket should be opened in order that he should receive his portion of the treasure; but the eldest preferred lending him 5000 florins to violating their father's orders. At the end of another year the youngest brother was again without money, and the second lent him 5000 florins. During the third year he had spent everything, but it was now his turn to take
charge of the casket, while the key was kept by the second brother; so he made a key, opened the casket, took out all the gold, and put a large stone in its place. The following year it was the eldest who kept the coffer, and the youngest, having once more dissipated all his means, went and said to his two brothers: "You see I am always unlucky in business, therefore you must now consent to open the casket, for my condition is truly necessitous." The casket was then opened in presence of the people, and only a great stone was found within it. Quoth the youngest with effrontery: "Friends, you are now witnesses of the manner in which I have been treated by my brothers. They have stolen the money, and that is why they would never open the casket. It is no wonder they have become rich." Those who were present said: "We cannot decide this matter; but be persuaded by us: go and lay your case before the rabbi." Accordingly the three brothers went to the rabbi, who, after hearing the arguments of each at length, said to them: 1 "My friends, you must stay here a while, for I cannot give you an off-hand decision. In the mean time, as I see you are very learned, I wish to consult you upon a case regarding which they have asked my advice from Egypt:

"In that country there were two rich men, who had each a child. These were betrothed from the cradle. At last the parents died, leaving each of the children 3000 pieces of money. Very soon the young man, being a gambler, had spent all his fortune, so that not a coin was left him. On the other hand, the damsel possessed every virtue and was most beautiful. The date fixed for the marriage arrived, and the damsel sent to ask her betrothed to prepare. The youth answered that he declined the marriage; that she should be better with some other man, who pleased her, for a husband; and that it was enough for him to remain poor, without making her share his misery. Finally, the damsel sent for a poor student and said to him: 'I wish to marry thee; but first I desire to see my former fiancé, and ask him if he is willing to obey the advice of his

1 I purposely omit an incident which precedes the rabbi's hearing of the brothers' dispute, and which belongs to a distinct cycle of fictions—that of 'The Lost Camel,' familiar to every school-boy.
father and marry me. Should he decline, you will be my true betrothed, and we shall marry.' The poor student was overjoyed, and readily pledged himself as required.

"The damsel, attired in velvet and silk, sought out her former betrothed. 'Dear fiancé,' she said, 'I entreat you, do not persist in your design; have no fear—I have money enough for us both.' He replied: 'I cannot break off my bad habits, and I do not wish to squander thy fortune, so that thou also shouldst become unhappy.' Eight days after she returned, dressed in gold and silver; and the same conversation again took place. Still eight days later she went once more, covered with pearls and diamonds, and accosted him with the same entreaty. The youth replied: 'May God grant thee His blessing and prosperity! Choose whom thou wilt. I will not be guilty of the sin of dragging thee to ruin.' This time the damsel returned and married the student. The hour of going to bed arrived, and they were walking in the street. Now in those days there were in Egypt many robbers, who were wont to carry off married people without anybody knowing what had become of them. The chief of the robbers offered violence to the bride, but she said to him: 'Will you, for so small a matter, forfeit your portion in the future world?' The robber was moved with pity, and sent her away in peace and safety.

"Now," continued the rabbi, "I am asked which of the three acted best—the first betrothed, the bride, or the robber? I cannot reply to the question, and as you are very intelligent, give me your opinion, so that I may solve this problem." The first replied: "The betrothed acted best in not wishing to spend his wife's money." The second said: "It is the bride, who was unwilling to disobey the paternal will." The youngest said in his turn: "It is the brigand, who subdued his passion, sent them away without injury, and did not keep their money, for he might have rightly done so." Then the rabbi exclaimed: "Praised be God, who allows nothing to be concealed! Young man, you are covetous of the money which you have not seen—how much more of that which you have seen!" And the young man confessed that he had fabricated a false key.
Radloff, in his great collection, *Proben der Volksliteratur der türkischen Stämme des Süd-Siberiens*, vol. iii. s. 389, gives a version, from the Kirghis dialect, which may have been transmitted through the Persian or the Jagatai; or, more probably, through a Mongolian (Buddhist) medium:

**Siberian Version.**

Once on a time there was a rich man who had three sons, and when he died they inherited 300 roubles. Their cattle having perished, they buried the money and took service in a foreign country. At the end of three years they returned home, and when they went to dig up their money it was not to be found; and they said one to another: "Who could have taken it? No person but ourselves knew of our burying the 300 roubles." After mutual accusations they at length agreed to seek the prince and submit their dispute for his decision. And when they had stated their case to the prince, he said to them:¹ "Listen; I will tell you something, after which I will decide your affair:

"There were two men, one of whom had a son, the other a daughter. The two children were sent to the same school and studied together. And one day the boy said to the girl: 'If we were betrothed to each other it would be a good thing.' By-and-by their parents betrothed them. In course of time the father of the young man died, and the damsel said to him: 'If my father does not give me to you, I will reserve my virginity.' When she went home she was betrothed to another young man; and the bridal couch being prepared, her sister-in-law conducted her in to her husband, whom she thus addressed: 'Master, I have somewhat to ask of you; will you grant it to me?' He replied: 'Ask, and it shall be given.' Then said she: 'With your leave, I speak. When I was at school there was with me a young lad, and we studied together. We entered into a mutual engagement, that if I did not keep my promise,  

¹ Previous to this, the incident of 'The Lost Camel' occurs, as in the Germano-Jewish version, and it is followed by another interpolated story, also a member of a distinct cycle of popular tales, with which we need not here concern ourselves.
he would complain of me to God; and if he did not keep his promise I would complain.' The husband answered: 'Go, and keep the marriage-night.'

"Then the damsel put on man's clothes, and, mounting a horse, proceeded to the dwelling of her first betrothed. 'Are you in?' said she. 'Who is there?' he answered from within. 'I made you a promise,' said she, 'and have come to keep it. My father would marry me to another; and when I said to my husband, "I have a lover; let me seek him," he gave me leave. I make thee a present of my virginity; for that purpose have I come hither.' The young man replied: 'What advantage would that be to me? Your husband has shown a great spirit in sending you to me, and I shall also be magnanimous. He would suppose that I had all along been intimate with you. Return to your husband. Farewell.' On her way home the damsel was met by forty robbers, to whom she related her story. The robbers having consulted together, one of them said: 'Let us forty enjoy her turn about.' But the youngest said: 'Let her alone; why should we embarrass ourselves with her? The intentions of this young woman are pure, with those of her husband and her first betrothed. Shall we act as beasts? Let her go.' Then the robbers exclaimed with one accord: 'She may return to her husband's house.' And when she had reached home her husband took her to his own country."

The prince then asked the eldest of the brothers: "Which, think you, was the best of the three?" He replied: "It was the husband." "You are right," said the prince. "And you," addressing the second—"which did well and which did ill?" Said he: "The best was the young man who studied with her." Lastly the prince asked the same question of the youngest, who answered: "Sire, the husband was wrong, and the first fiancé was wrong; the forty robbers were right, and had I been one of them I should have enjoyed her forty times." Thereupon the prince said: "It is thou who hast stolen the money, so give it up; for thy opinion is the worst." "Sire," then said the two others, "we are much obliged to you." After this they returned home, and the youngest brother produced the money he had stolen.

FOR THE FRANKLIN'S TALE. 321

CH. ORIG. 23
In the same form our story is found in the Turkish collection, Qirg Vezir, the 'Forty Vazir,' a work said to have been composed in the 15th century by Shaykh Záda, after an Arabian story-book of unknown authorship and date, which seems no longer extant. The frame, or leading-story, of this collection, with which eighty tales are interwoven, is similar to that of the Book of Sindibád, and its European imitations, commonly known as the History of the Seven Wise Masters—of which the oldest version is a Latin prose work entitled Dolo-pathos; sive, de Rege et Septem Sapientibus, by a monk named Johannes, of the abbey of Alta Silva, in the diocese of Nancy, about A.D. 1180, which was rendered into French verse, a century or so later, by a Trouvére named Herbers: A young prince having repelled the amorous advances of his step-mother—or, in the Eastern versions, of one of his father's women—she, like Potiphar's wife with Joseph, accuses him to the king his father of an attempt upon her virtue. The king at once orders his son for execution, but alternately reprieves and condemns him, in consequence of his counsellors, or vazirs, day after day, and the lady, night after night, relating to him tales of the wickedness of women and of men, until at length the innocence of the Prince is made manifest, and the lustful lady is fitly punished.¹ Our story is thus related in the Book of the Forty Vazirs, according to Mr. Gibb's complete translation recently published, the first that has been made in English:

Turkish Version.

IN the palace of the world there was a king, and he had three sons. One day this king laid his head on the pillow of death, and called those sons to his side, and spake privately with them. He said: "In such a corner of the palace I have hidden a vase full of pearls and jewels and diverse gems; when I am dead, do ye wash and bury me, then go and take that vase from its place and divide

¹ An account of the several Eastern and Western versions is given in the Introduction to my edition of the Book of Sindibád. The author of the Forty Vazirs has taken little besides the idea of the leading story from its prototype; it is not only a most entertaining story-book, but is also of great value in illustrating the genealogy of popular fictions.
its contents." The king lay for three days, and on the fourth day he drained the wine of death and set forth for the Abiding Home. When the princes had buried their father according to his injunctions, they came together, and went and beheld that in the place of those jewels the winds blew. Now the princes began to dispute, and they said: "Our father told this to us three in private; this trick has been played by one of us." And the three of them went to the cadi and told their complaint. The cadi listened, and then said to them: "Come, I will tell you a story, and after that I will settle the dispute:

"Once, in a certain city, a youth and a girl loved each other, and that girl was betrothed to another youth. When the lover was alone with that girl, he said: "O my life, now thou comest to me, and I am happy with thee; to-morrow, when thou art the bride of thy betrothed, how will be my plight?" The girl said: "My master, do not grieve; that night when I am bride, until I have come to thee and seen thee, I will not give the bridegroom his desire." And they made a pact to that end. Brief, when the bridal night arrived, the girl and the youth went apart; and when all the people were dispersed, and the place was clear of others, the girl told the bridegroom of the pact between her and the stricken lover, and besought leave to fulfil it. When the bridegroom heard these words from the bride, he said: "Go, fulfil thy plight, and come again in safety."

"So the bride went forth, but while on the road she met a robber. The robber looked at her attentively, and saw that she was a beautiful girl like the moon of fourteen nights: never in his life had he seen such a girl, and she was covered with diverse jewels such as cannot be described. Thereupon the bridle of choice slipped from the robber's hands; and as the hungry wolf springs upon the sheep, so did the robber spring upon that girl. Straightway the girl began to sigh, and the robber felt pity and questioned her. So the bride related to the robber her story from its beginning to its end;

1 The judge and magistrate in Muslim cities, who performs the rites of marriage, settles disputes, and decides civil and criminal cases, according to the Kurán.
whereupon the robber exclaimed: 'That is no common generosity! nor shall I do any hurt or evil thing to her.' Then said he to the girl: 'Come, I will take thee to thy lover.' And he took her and led her to her lover's door, and said: 'Now go in and be with thy lover.'

"Then the girl knocked at the door, and that youth, who lay sighing, heard the knocking, and went with haste, and said: 'Who is that?' The girl answered: 'Open the door; lo, I have kept my plight, nor have I broken it: I am come to thee.' The youth opened the door and came to the girl, and said: 'O my life, my mistress, welcome, and fair welcome! how hast thou done it?' She replied: 'The folk assembled and gave me to the bridegroom; then all dispersed, and each went his way. And I explained my case to the bridegroom, and he gave me leave. While on the road I met a robber, and that robber wished to stretch forth his hand to me, but I wept, and told him of my plight with thee, and he had pity, and brought me to the door and left me, and has gone away.' When the youth heard these things from the girl, he said: 'Since the bridegroom is thus generous, and has given thee leave to fulfil thy plight with me, and sent thee to me, there were no generosity in me did I stretch forth my hand to thee and deal treacherously;—from this day be thou my sister: go, return to thy husband.' And he sent her off.

"When the girl went out, she saw that robber standing by the door; and he walked in front of her, and conducted her to the bridegroom's door. And the girl went in, and the robber departed to his own affairs. While the bridegroom was marvelling, the bride entered, and the bridegroom leaped up and took the bride's hands in his, and they sat upon the bed. And the bridegroom turned and asked the bride her news; and she told all her adventures from their beginning to their end. And the bridegroom was pleased, and they both attained their desire. God grant to all of us our desire. Amen."

Then quoth the cadı: "O my sons, which of those showed manliness and generosity in this matter?" The eldest youth said: "The bridegroom, who, while she was his lawful bride, and when he had spent thus much upon her, and was about to gain his desire, gave the girl leave. What excellent generosity did he display!"
The middle youth said: "The generosity was that lover's, who, while there was so much love between them, had patience when they were alone in the night, and she so fair of form and in such splendid dress, and sent her back. What excellent generosity: can there be greater than this?" Then asked he of the youngest boy: "O you, what say you?" Quoth he: "O ye, what say ye? when one hunting in the night met thus fair a beauty, a torment of the world, a fresh rose; above all, laden with many jewels; and yet coveted her not, but took her to her place—what excellent patience! what excellent generosity!" When the cadi heard these words of the youngest boy, he said: "O prince, the jewels are with thee; for the lover praised the lover; and the trustful the trustful; and the robber the robber." The prince was unable to deny it, and so took the jewels from his breast and laid them before the cadi.1

It is very curious, to say the least, to find this Turkish version current in much the same terms among the peasantry of the West Highlands of Scotland. How did it get there? I have not met with any similar story in Norwegian or Icelandic collections, yet I suspect that it is not unknown in the Far North, and if so, it was probably introduced into the West Highlands by the Norsemen:

1 The History of the Forty Vezirs; or, the Forty Morns and Eves. Translated from the Turkish, by E. J. W. Gibb, M.R.A.S. London: G. Redway, 1886. (The Lady's Eighth Story, p. 105.)—In the German translation of the Arabian Nights, made by Dr. Habicht and others, from a manuscript procured at Tunis, and published, in 15 small vols., at Breslau in 1825 (Nachent und eine Nacht, arabische Erzählungen, zum erstenmal aus einer tunesischen Handschrift, &c.), a number of tales from the Forty Vezirs are inserted—vol. ii., 173-186—one of which, entitled the History of the Sultan Akshid, is similar to the above; but the leading story is greatly expanded: The Sultan causes his funeral obsequies to be performed while he is yet alive, in order that he should profit by the lesson which such a ceremony was calculated to impress on his mind—the vanity of earthly grandeur; soon after which he dies, and so on. This story, however, as also the others taken from the Forty Vezirs, does not properly form a member of the Arabian Nights: and that they were re-translated into Arabic from the Turkish is evident from the fact of their exact agreement with those rendered into French from a Turkish MS. by P. de la Croix. Moreover, they do not appear in the printed Arabic text, commonly known as the Breslau Text, which had not been edited when the German translation of it was published.
THERE was once a farmer, and he was well off. He had three sons. When he was on the bed of death he called them to him, and he said: "My sons, I am going to leave you: let there be no disputing when I am gone. In a certain drawer, in a dresser in the inner chamber, you will find a sum of gold; divide it fairly and honestly amongst you, work the farm, and live together as you have done with me;" and shortly after the old man went away. The sons buried him; and when all was over, they went to the drawer, and when they drew it out there was nothing in it.

They stood for a while without speaking a word. Then the youngest spoke, and he said: "There is no knowing if there ever was any money at all." The second said: "There was money surely, wherever it is now." And the eldest said: "Our father never told a lie. There was money certainly, though I cannot understand the matter."—"Come," said the eldest, "let us go to such an old man; he was our father's friend; he knew him well; he was at school with him; and no man knew so much of his affairs. Let us go to consult him."

So the brothers went to the house of the old man, and they told him all that had happened. "Stay with me," said the old man, "and I will think over this matter. I cannot understand it; but, as you know, your father and I were very great with each other. When he had children I had sponsorship, and when I had children he had gostje. I know that your father never told a lie." And he kept them there, and he gave them meat and drink for ten days. Then he sent for the three young lads, and he made them sit down beside him, and he said:

"There was once a young lad, and he was poor; and he took love for the daughter of a rich neighbour, and she took love for him; but because he was so poor there could be no wedding. So at last they pledged themselves to each other, and the young man went away, and stayed in his own house. After a time there came another suitor, and because he was well off, the girl's father made

1 Goistidheachd, or goisteachd: office, or duty, of godfather.—Gaelic Diet.
her promise to marry him, and after a time they were married. But when the bridegroom came to her, he found her weeping and bewailing; and he said: 'What ails thee?' The bride would say nothing for a long time; but at last she told him all about it, and how she was pledged to another man. 'Dress thyself,' said the man, 'and follow me.' So she dressed herself in the wedding-clothes, and he took the horse, and put her behind him, and rode to the house of the other man; and when he got there, he struck in the door, and called out: 'Is there man within?' And when the other answered, he left the bride there within the door, and he said nothing, but he returned home. Then the man got up, and got a light, and who was there but the bride in her wedding-dress. 'What brought thee here?' said he. 'Such a man,' said the bride: 'I was married to him to-day, and when I told him of the promise we had made, he brought me here himself, and left me.' 'Sit thou there,' said the man; 'art thou not married?' So he took the horse, and he rode to the priest, and he brought him to the house, and before the priest he loosed the woman from the pledge she had given, and he gave her a line of writing that she was free, and he set her on the horse, and said: 'Now return to thy husband.' So the bride rode away in the darkness in her wedding-dress. She had not gone far when she came to a thick wood, where three robbers stopped and seized her. 'Aha!' said one, 'we have waited long, and we have got nothing, but now we have got the bride herself.' 'Oh,' said she, 'let me go: let me go to my husband; the man that I was pledged to has let me go. Here are ten pounds in gold—take them, and let me go on my journey.' And so she begged and prayed for a long time, and told what had happened to her. At last one of the robbers, who was of a better nature than the rest, said: 'Come, as the others have done this, I will take you home myself.' 'Take thou the money,' said she. 'I will not take a penny,' said the robber; but the other two said: 'Give us the money,' and they took the ten pounds. The woman rode home, and the robber left her at her husband's door, and she went in, and showed him the line—the writing that the other had given her before the priest, and they were well pleased.
"Now," said the old man, "which of all these do you think did best?" So the eldest son said: "I think the man that sent the woman to him to whom she was pledged was the honest, generous man: he did well." The second said: "Yes; but the man to whom she was pledged did still better, when he sent her to her husband." Then said the youngest: "I don't know myself; but perhaps the wisest of all were the robbers who got the money." Then the old man rose up, and he said: "Thou hast thy father's gold and silver. I have kept you here for ten days; I have watched you well. I know your father never told a lie, and thou hast stolen the money." And so the youngest son had to confess the fact, and the money was got and divided.¹

We now come to European versions more closely resembling the Franklin's Tale of Dorigen, which the poet represents that worthy as professing to have derived from a "Breton lai," and which, notwithstanding, some "annotators" of Chaucer still assert to have been borrowed from Boccaccio. The illustrious Florentine first introduced it in his prose tale of Filocolo, which recounts the adventures of Florio and Biancofiore, a favourite subject with the courtly minstrels of Europe in medieval times. He reproduced it in his Decameron, Gior. x., Nov. 5, as follows, according to the translation revised by W. K. Kelly (Bohn's edition):

Boccaccio's Italian Version.

IN the country of Frioli, which, though very cold, is yet beautified with many pleasant mountains, fine rivers, and crystal springs, is a place called Udine, where lived a worthy lady, named Dianora, the wife of a very agreeable man, and one of great wealth, called Gilberto. Now she had taken the fancy of a great and noble lord, called Ansaldo, one of extraordinary generosity and prowess, and known all over the country, who used frequently to solicit her with messages and offers of love, but in vain. At length, being quite wearied with his importunities, and seeing that he still persisted, notwithstanding her

¹ Campbell's Popular Tales of the West Highlands, vol. ii. pp. 16-18: 'The Inheritance.'
repeated denials, she resolved to rid herself of him by a novel and, as she thought, impossible demand. So she said to his emissary one day: "Good woman, you have often told me that Ansaldo loves me beyond all the world, and have offered me great presents on his part, which he may keep to himself, for I shall never be prevailed upon to a compliance in that manner. Could I be assured, indeed, that his love is really such as you say, then I should certainly be brought to return it. Therefore, if he will convince me of that by a proof which I shall require, I shall instantly be at his service." "What is it, then?" quoth the good woman, "that you desire him to do?" "It is this," she replied; "I would have a garden in the month of January, which is now coming on, as full of green herbs, flowers, and trees laden with fruit, as though it were the month of May. Unless he does this for me, charge him to trouble me no more, for I will instantly complain to my husband and all my friends."

Ansaldo, being made acquainted with this demand, which seemed an impossibility, and knowing that it was contrived on purpose to deprive him of all hopes of success, resolved yet to try all possible means in such a case, sending to every part of the world to find out a person able to assist him. At length he met with a magician, who would undertake it for a large sum of money; and having agreed upon a price, he waited impatiently for the time of its being done. On the night of the first of January, therefore, the cold being extreme, and everything covered with snow, this wise man so employed his art in a meadow near to the city that in the morning there appeared there one of the finest gardens that ever was seen, filled with all kinds of herbs, flowers, trees, and fruits. Ansaldo beheld this marvellous creation with infinite pleasure, and, picking some of the fairest fruit and flowers, he sent them privately to the lady, inviting her to come and see the garden which she had required, that she might be convinced of his love, and fulfil the promise she had made, as became a woman of her word. The lady, seeing the flowers and fruit present, and having already heard from many people of this wonderful garden, began to repent of what she had done. But with all this repentance, being still desirous of
seeing strange sights, she went thither with many more ladies, and, having highly commended it, returned home very sorrowful, thinking of her engagement. Her trouble was too great to be concealed or dissembled, so that her husband at last perceived it, and demanded the reason. For some time she was ashamed to speak, but being constrained at last, she related the whole thing. Gilberto was greatly incensed about it, till, considering the upright intention of his lady in the affair, he began to be somewhat pacified, and said: "Dianora, it is not the act of a wise and virtuous lady to receive any messages, or make any conditions with regard to her chastity. Words have a more ready admittance to the heart than many people imagine, and with lovers nothing is impossible. You were highly to blame, first to listen, and afterwards to consent; but, as I know the purity of your intention, and to free you from your engagement, I will grant what nobody else would do in such a case. For fear of this necromancer, who, by Ansaldo's instigation, may do us some mischief if you disappoint him, I consent that you go to Ansaldo, and, if you can by any means get quit of that tie with safety to your honour, that you endeavour to do so; otherwise, that you comply in deed, though your will be chaste and pure."

The poor lady wept bitterly, and showed great reluctance, but he insisted upon her doing as he said. So, early in the morning, without any great care to make herself fine, she went with her woman and two men-servants to Ansaldo's house. He was greatly surprised at hearing the lady was there, and said to the wise man, "You shall now see the effect of your skill." So he went to meet her, and showed her into a handsome room, where there was a great fire, and after they had sat down, "Madam," he said, "I beg, if the long regard I have had for you merit any reward, that you will please to tell me why you come here at this time, and thus attended." She blushed, and replied, with eyes full of tears: "Sir, it is neither from love nor from regard to my promise, but merely by my husband's order, who, showing more respect to the labours of your inordinate love than to his honour and mine, has forced me to come hither; therefore, as it is his command, I submit to your pleasure." If Ansaldo was surprised at the sight of the lady, he was now much
more so at hearing her talk thus; and, being moved with Gilberto's generosity, his love was changed into compassion. "Madam," he said, "Heaven forbid that I should ever take away the honour of a person who has showed such pity for my love. Therefore, you are as safe with me as if you were my sister, and you may depart when it seems good to you, upon condition that you tender your husband, in my name, those thanks which you think are due to his great generosity, requesting him, for the time to come, to esteem me always as his brother and faithful servant." The lady, overjoyed with this, replied, "All the world, sir, could never make me believe, when I consider your character, that anything could have happened on my coming hither, otherwise than it has now done; for which I shall always be profoundly grateful to you." She then took her leave, returned to her husband, and told him what had happened, and this proved the occasion of a strict friendship between him and Ansaldo.

The necromancer now being about to receive his reward, and, having observed Gilberto's generosity to Ansaldo, and that of Ansaldo to the lady, said, "As Gilberto has been so liberal of his honour, and you of your love, you shall give me leave to be the same with regard to my pay: knowing it then to be worthily employed, I desire it shall be yours." Ansaldo was ashamed, and pressed him to take all or part, but in vain. On the third day the necromancer, having made the garden vanish, and being ready to depart, Ansaldo thankfully dismissed him, having extinguished his inordinate desires purely from a principle of honour.

"What say, you now, ladies?" [demands Emilia, the story-teller;] "shall we prefer the dead lady and the love of Gentil, grown cold, as destitute of all hope, to the liberality of Ansaldo, who loved more than ever, and who was fired with the greater expectation, since the prey so long pursued was then in his power? It seems to me mere folly to compare the generosity of Gentil with that of Ansaldo."¹

¹ Dr. Reinhold Köhler, in Oriental und Occident, ii., 318, has pointed out that a similar tale, evidently taken from Boccaccio, is found in an anonymous work, Johann Valentin Andreae's Chymische Hochzeit Christiani Rosencreutz, anno 1459; Strassburg, 1616. It occurs among other riddles, or stories to
There seems to me no good reason to believe that Chaucer adapted his tale of Dorigen from Boccaccio. Chaucer was not the man to ascribe the materials of any of his charming tales to other than the real source, or to lay claim to "originality" of their invention; on the contrary, he declares, in the opening of his Assemble of Foules, that

Out of olde fieldis, as men saith,
Comith all this newe corne, fro yere to yere;
And out of olde bookis, in gode faith,
Comith all this newe science, that men lere.

The tale of Griseldon he emphatically says (through the Clerk) he heard Petrarch relate at Padua, and his version agrees closely with Petrarch's Latin variant of Boccaccio's novel. Had he taken Boccaccio's tale of Dianara and Ansaldo for his model, he would most probably have acknowledged the fact. But he tells us (through the Franklin) that it is one of the old Breton lays; the scene is

"In Armorik, that clepid is Bretaigne;"

which are appended questions to be solved. A lady of rank is wooed by a young nobleman. "Sie gab ihm endlich den Bescheid: werde er sie im kalten Winter in einen schönen grünen Rosengarten führen, so solte er gewert sein, wo nicht, solle er sich nimmer finden lassen." He travels far and wide to find some one who would effect this for him, and at last chances upon a little old man, who engages to do so for the half of his goods, and so on, as in Boccaccio. "Nun weiss ich nit, liebe Herren," says the story-teller, "wer doch unter diesen Personen die gröste Trew möchte bewiesen haben."

In Chaucer, the Franklin, having ended his story, thus addresses his fellow-pilgrims:

"Lordynges, this questioun wolde I axe now,
Which was the moste free, as thinketh yow?
Now telleth me, or that I fither wende,
I can no more, my tale is at an ende."

So, too, in the conclusion of the version in Boccaccio's Filocolo: "Dubitasi oro qual di costoro fusse maggior liberalità," &c. And in the Sanskrit story the Vetāla asks the king: "Now tell me, which was the really generous person of those four?" Indeed, the same question occurs in all the versions cited in the present paper, and it reminds one of the "nice cases" said to have been decided in the Provençal Courts of Love—though, according to Mr. Huesler, such courts never existed.

Manni, in his Lat. del Decam., ii. 97, cites an anonymous MS. where it is said that Boccaccio's story is found in a collection much older than his time, and adds that Giovanni Tritemio relates how a Jewish physician, in the year 876, caused by enchantment a splendid garden to appear, with trees and flowers in full bloom, in mid-winter. A similar exploit is credited to Albertus Magnus, in the 13th century. The notion seems to have been brought to Europe from the East, where stories of saints, dervishes, or jogis performing such wonders have been common time out of mind.
all the names in the poem are Breton;¹ and instead of the task
imposed by the lady on her lover being to produce a blooming garden
in January, it is to remove the dangerous rocks from the coast of
Brittany. Chaucer's treatment of the story is immeasurably superior
to that of Boccaccio, which is throughout very artificial, exhibiting
none of those fine touches which render the old English poet's tale
so pleasing from beginning to end.² This is precisely the sort of
story which Marie de France would have selected for versification;
and in my mind there is no doubt that Chaucer's source was a
Breton lay or a fabliau.

Another gratuitous assertion of one of Chaucer's critics is that
Boccaccio's novel "is unquestionably the origin of a story which
occupies the whole of the twelfth canto of Orlando Innamorato, and
is related by a lady to Rinaldo, while he escorts her on a journey,"
That Boiardo was familiar with Boccaccio's story is likely enough;

¹ "Penmark," says Mr. Robert Bell in one of the notes to his edition of
the Canterbury Tales, "is to be found in the modern maps of Brittany,
between Brest and Port l'Orient. Penmark is from Pen, caput, and mark,
limes, regio; the first element of the word enters into many Welsh names, as
Penman Mawr, the great headland. Cairrud means the red city : Cair, a
city, is found in Carnarvon, Carlisle, and Carhaix in Brittany. Droguen, or
Dorguen [Chaucer's Dorigen], was the name of the wife of Alain L. Aurelius
is a Breton name, derived from the Roman colonists. Arviragus is apparently
a Breton name latinized, as Caractacus from Caradoc, and is found in Juvenal,
Sat. iv. 127."

² The poem of Chaucer abounds in striking passages; for example:

"Love will nought ben constreyned by maistre.
Whan maistre commeth, the god of love anone
Beteth his winges, and fare wel, he is gon."

Observe Spenser's audacious plagiarism of these lines, as follows (F. Q. B. iii.
c. i., st. 25):

"Ne may love ben compel'd by maistery;
For some as maistery comes, sweet love anone
Taketh his nimble winges, and farewel, away is gone."

And Pope's (by no means his only plagiarism):

"Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies."

Butler, in his Hudibras, has thus expanded Chaucer's sentiment:

"Love, that's too generous t' abide
To be against its nature tied;
For where 'tis of itself inclined,
It breaks loose when it is confined;
And like the soul, its harbourer,
Debarred the freedom of the air,
Disdains against its will to stay,
But struggles out and flies away."
but he may also have known another version current in his day, of which he made use. Be this as it may, his tale is very different, in all the important details, from that of Boccaccio, and much more interesting, as may be seen even from the following abstract of it:

**Boiardo's Italian Version.**

A KNIGHT named Iroldo had a lady-love called Tisbina, and was beloved of her as was Tristan of Iseult the queen: he loved her so that morn and even, from break of day to nightfall, he thought of her alone, and had no other care. Hard by dwelt a baron, accounted the greatest in Babylon; rich, and generous, full of courtesy and valour; a gallant lover and a frank-hearted knight. His name was Prasildo. And one day he was invited to a garden where Tisbina with others was playing a strange kind of game: one held his head bowed in her lap, and over his shoulders she waved a palm-bough, and he had to guess whom it was she chanced to strike. Prasildo stood and looked at the game. Tisbina invited him to take part in the beating, and finally he took that place, for he was quickly guessed. With his head in her lap, he felt so great a flame in his heart as he would never have thought; he took great care not to guess right, for fear of having to rise from thence. Nor after the game and festival departed the flame from his head. All day and all night long it tormented him, drove sleep from his pillow, and the blood from his cheek. Love banished every other thought from his heart: only those who have felt this passion can understand the description. The hunting-horses and hounds he delighted in are all gone from his thoughts. Now he delights in festive company; gives many banquets; makes verses and sings; and jousts and tourneys often with great steeds and costly trappings. If he was courteous before, he is a hundred-fold so now; for the virtue that is found in a man in love is ever increasing; and in life I have never found a good man turn out bad through love. So was it with Prasildo, who loved much. For his go-between he found a lady who was a close friend of Tisbina, and she beset her morning and evening, nor was she disconcerted at a repulse. But, in brief, the haughty one bent neither
to prayers nor pity; for in sooth it always happens that pride is joined to beauty. How many times she urged Tisbina to accept her good fortune, which might not happen again:

"Delight thee, while thy leaf as yet is green,

For pleasure had is never lost again.

Youth, which is but a point of time, should be spent in delight; for as the sun dissolves the white snow, and as the vermeil rose loses all too soon her lovely hue, so flies our age, incurable as a lightning-flash." But in vain was Tisbina assailed with these and other words. And the sovran baron fell away as fresh meadow-violets pale in wintry weather—like glittering ice in the living sun. He feasted no longer as was his wont, hated all pleasure, and had no other diversion than often sallying forth and walking alone in a bosky wood, bewailing his ruthless love.

A morning fell when Iroldo went a hunting in that wood, and with him the fair Tisbina; and as they went each heard a woful voice and breaking tears. Prasildo mourned so gently, and with so sweet a speech as would have subdued a rock to pity. He called upon heaven and earth to witness his love, and resolved to die for her. He bared his sword, and called continually upon his dear delight, wishing to die on Tisbina's name; for by naming her often he thought to go with that fair name to Paradise. But she and her lover well understood the baron's lament. Iroldo was so kindled to pity that his whole visage showed it; and he now concerted with the lady how to mend his woful case. Iroldo remaining concealed, Tisbina feigns to have come there by chance. She appears not to have heard his plaints; but seeing him reclined among the green boughs, she stops awhile as if alarmed. Then she said to him: "Prasildo, if you are my friend, as you have already shown that you love me, abandon me not in so great need, for else I may not escape. And if I were not at the last extremity, both of life and honour, I would not have made you such a request. For there is no greater shame than to refuse the deserving. Hitherto you have borne me love, and I was ever dispiteous; but in time I will yet be gracious to you. I promise this on my faith, and assure you of my love, if what I ask be done. Hear, now, and let not the deed seem hard to thee:
Beyond the forest of Barbary is a fair garden, which has an iron wall. Herein entrance can be had by four gates: one Life keeps, Death another, another Poverty, another Riches. Whoso goes therein must depart by the opposite gate. In the midst is a tree of vast height, far as an arrow may mount aloft; that tree is of marvellous price, for whenever it blossoms it puts forth pearls, and it is called the Treasure-Tree, for it has apples of emerald and boughs of gold. A branch of this tree I must have, otherwise I am in heavy case. Now you can make it clear if you love me as you have declared: if I obtain this pleasure by your means I will love you more than you love me, and give myself to you as reward of this service—count it for certain."

When Prasildo understood the hope held out to him of such a love, fuller of ardour and desire than before, he fearlessly promised all. Undoubtedly he would have promised every star, the heaven and its splendour, all air, and earth, and sea. Without delay, in a habit strange to him, he set out on his journey.—Now know that Irolfe and his lady had sent him to that garden, which yet is called the garden of Medusa, so that the long time and travel might efface Tisbina from his mind. Besides that, when he got there, that

1 This is a very ancient and wide-spread myth. In the Kathā Sarit Sāgara we read of trees with golden trunks, branches of jewels, the clear white flowers of which were clusters of pearls; golden lotuses, &c. Aladdin, it will be remembered, found in the cave where was deposited the magic lamp, trees bearing "fruit" of emeralds and other gems of great price, with which he took care to stuff his pockets. In the medieval romance of Alexander we are told how the world-conqueror josted with Porus for his kingdom, and having overthrown him, he found in the palace of the vanquished monarch innumerable treasures, and amongst others a vine of which the branches were gold, the leaves emerald, and the fruit of other precious stones—a fiction, says Dunlop, which seems to have been suggested by the golden vine which Pompey carried away from Jerusalem. The garden of King Isop, as described by Geoffrey, in the Tale of Beryn (Supplementary Canterbury Tales, Ch. Soc., p. 84) had a similar tree:

"In mydward of this gardyn stant a feire tre,
Of alle maner levis that under sky [there] be,
I-forgot and I-fourmyd, eche in his degre,
Of sylver, and of golde fyne, that lusty been to see."

As the treasures coveted by the Arimaspians were guarded by griffius, and the golden apples of the Hesperides by a dragon, so this garden of Isop was kept by eight "tregetours," or magicians, who looked like "abominabill wormys," enough to frighten the bravest man on earth,
Medusa was a damsel who kept the Treasure-Tree;—whoever first saw her fair face forgot the cause of his journey; but whoever saluted, or spoke to, or touched, or sat beside her, forgot all past time.—Away he rode, alone, or rather, accompanied by love. He crossed in a ship the arm of the Red Sea, passed through all Egypt, and got among the hills of Barca, where he met a hoary palmer, and talking with the old man he told him the occasion of his journey. The old man reassures him, and tells him how to enter by the gate of Poverty (for those of Life and Death are unused). He informs him of the nature of Medusa; bids him have a mirror with him, wherein she may see her beauty and so be chased from the garden; to go without armour and with all his limbs bare, because he must enter by Poverty’s gate. He must go out by the gate of Riches, by whom sits Avarice. Here he must proffer a portion of the branch. Prasildo thanks the palmer, and departs. In thirty days he reaches the garden, and covering his eyes with the mirror, so as to avoid seeing Medusa, he enters. Coming by chance upon her as she leans against the trunk of the Treasure-Tree, she looks at herself in the mirror, and terrified at seeing her cheeks of white and red transformed into a fierce and horrible serpent, she flies through the air away. He breaks off a lofty branch, descends, and issues by the gate of Riches.

Hastening home, Prasildo sends word to Tisbina that he has fulfilled her behest, and begs to see her, that he may show her the branch. She is overwhelmed at the news of his return. Iroldo, coming to see her earlier than usual, overhears her lamentation, and they embrace in despair. He bids her keep to her promise, which he induced her to make, but to wait until his death, which will be this very morning. He will not outlive his shame. Tisbina reproaches him, and declares that she will not survive him. They agree to take a painless poison and die together; a few hours being allowed for the fulfilment of her promise to Prasildo. An ancient physician supplies the poison, of which Iroldo drinks half, and Tisbina drains the cup. She then goes to redeem her word. Alone with Prasildo, he marvels at her wretched looks, and she tells him the whole truth. He is overcome with sorrow, and reproaches her
for not having trusted to his generosity. However, he will not survive her; and so there will be the strange thing, unbefallen before, of three lovers at once "in inferno." Tisbina replies that she is so vanquished by his courtesy that she would gladly die for him. During the short time she has got to live, she would go through fire for him. In great grief, and having resolved for death, Prasildo gives her one kiss and lets her depart, after which he casts himself, in tears, on his bed.

Tisbina recounts the interview to Iroldo, who lifts his hands to heaven in thanksgiving for such virtue, and while thus engaged Tisbina falls, for the poison works sooner in delicate veins. A chill seizes him to see her dying; he cries out against God and heaven, Fortune and Love, that they do not kill him out of his misery. Meanwhile Prasildo is moaning in his chamber, and an old physician comes and insists upon seeing him. His chamberlain (for none else would venture to disturb him) persuades Prasildo to admit him. Then the leech tells him that he had been asked for poison by a maid-servant of Tisbina's, and has learned all. But it was simply a mild sleeping-draught he had given. Prasildo, reviving like blossoms in sunshine after storm, hastens to Tisbina, finds Iroldo there, and tells him the grateful news. Iroldo relinquishes all claim to Tisbina, and will not be gainsaid; so he departs, leaving her to Prasildo. When Tisbina comes to herself, she at first swoons with grief to hear that Iroldo is gone; but in the end she is content to take Prasildo.

"We are all alike," adds the fair story-teller; "we yield at the first assault, like rime beneath the heat of the sun."

Two English Plays.

Beaumont and Fletcher adapted our story for the stage, under the title of 'The Triumph of Honour,' a member of Four Plays in One, written probably about the year 1610. Henry Weber, the editor of the works of these dramatists, says that the idea of the plot of this play was taken, "as Langbaine observes," from Boccaccio's novel of Dianora and Ansaldo; but both he and Langbaine seem to have overlooked a more likely source, namely, Chaucer's
tale of Dorigen. In the 'Triumph of Honour,' Martius, a Roman general, is deeply enamoured of Dorigen, the chaste wife of Sophocles, Duke of Athens, and desires her love-favours, when she exclaims indignantly (pointing to "a rocky view before the city of Athens")—

"Here I vow unto the gods, these rocks,
These rocks we see so fixed, shall be removed,
Made champain field, ere I so impious prove
To stain my lord's bed with adulterous love."

Martius consults his brother Valerius, who undertakes, should Dorigen still continue obstinate in her resolution—

"By my skill,
Learned from an old Chaldean was my tutor,
Who trained me in the mathematics, I will
So dazzle and delude her sight, that she
Shall think this great impossibility
Effected by some supernatural means."

The virtuous Dorigen is not to be moved by the passionate appeals of Martius; she again assures him—

"My vow is fixed,
And stands as constant as these stones do, still;"

upon which Martius exclaims:

"Then pity me, ye gods, you only may
Move her by tearing these firm stones away!"

Instantly, by means of the "grammarie" of Valerius, the rocks disappear. Dorigen declares she will no longer serve the gods, if they are capable of such iniquity, and, going home, acquaints her husband of the whole affair. The duke consoles her—it is a bad business, but she must not be forsworn; let her keep her word, but don't let Martius know that he consents. Dorigen, disgusted at her husband's want of proper spirit in such circumstances, then pretends that she had all along loved Martius, and, on quitting her husband, gives vent to these mordacious words:

"I must
Attend him now. My lord, when you have need
To use your own wife, pray, send for me;
Till then, make use of your philosophy!"

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1 Dunlop also considers that Boccaccio's story gave rise to Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Triumph of Honour,' as well as to Chaucer's 'Franklin's Tale' and the 12th canto of Boiardo. He must have read them all very superficially.
She goes to meet Martius, and declares to him her purpose to kill herself rather than yield to his desire, and Martius, struck with such a proof of her virtue, releases her from her promise.—The play is not happily conceived, and abounds in bombast.

Part of the plot of a comedy, printed in 1620, entitled *The Two Merry Milkmaids, or the best words wear the Garland* ("as it was acted with great applause by the Company of the Revels"), namely, the promise given by Dorigena to Dorillus, of his enjoying her, when he should bring her in January a garland composed of all kinds of flowers, seems founded on Boccaccio's novel, yet the heroine's name is that of the lady in Chaucer's version.

There are doubtless other European variants, derivatives, or imitations of the ancient Indian story of Madanasena's Rash Promise yet to be discovered; meanwhile I must content myself with the foregoing contribution to the literary history of the Franklin's Tale. We have seen that in all the Asiatic variants the original has been inserted in a leading story of stolen treasure, and that this form reappears in the Gaelic version; but it was probably also brought to Europe at an early period as a separate story, which I consider is represented best in Chaucer's Franklin's Tale, and it may have become current in Italy through imitations of a *fabliau* or a Breton *lai*.

**Glasgow, September, 1886.**
17.

The Enchanted Tree:

ASIATIC VERSIONS AND ANALOGUES

OF

Chaucer's Merchant's Tale.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.
INTRODUCTORY—THE BRAHMAN WHO LEARNED THE FIFTH VEDA

INDO-PERSIAN VERSION OF THE PEAR-TREE STORY

TURKISH VERSION

ARABIAN VERSION

THE OFFICIOUS FATHER-IN-LAW

SINHALESE STORY OF WOMAN'S WILES

LA SAINERESSE

QUEEN YSOUDE AND SIR TRISTREM

THE PEASANT IN THE TREE
THE ENCHANTED TREE:
ASIATIC ANALOGUES OF THE MERCHANT’S TALE.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.

Introductory—The Brahman who learned the Fifth Veda.

CHAUCER’S diverting tale of “old January that weddid was to
freshè May” belongs to the Woman’s Wiles cycle of fictions,
which were so popular throughout Europe during mediæval times, and
seem to have had their origin in the East, where sentiments unfavour-
able to the dignity of womanhood have been always entertained. A
very considerable proportion of Asiatic fictions turn upon the luxury,
profligacy, and craft of women: ever fertile in expedients, they are
commonly represented as perfect adepts in the arts of deceiving and
outwitting their lords and masters when bent upon gratifying their
passions. It is probable that this class of tales became popular in
Europe in consequence of the Crusades, through which the westward
stream of Asiatic tales and apologues was largely swelled. Stories of
female depravity and craft, which are traceable to Persian and Indian
sources, often occur in the earliest collections of exempla, designed
for the use of preachers; yet it is curious to observe that in many of
the tales abusive of women current in mediæval Europe—whether in
the form of fabliaux or novelle—a churchman is the paramour who
escapes through the woman’s artifices.

The Indo-Persian analogue of the Merchant’s Tale, referred to by
M. Edélstand du Meril (see ante, p. 183, note 2) as occurring in the
Bahár-i Dánush, forms a subordinate member of the eighth of the
“strange tales and surprising anecdotes in debasement of women, and
of the inconstancy of that fickle sex,” related to Sultan Jehángír by
his courtiers in order to cure him of a passion which he entertained
for a princess whose personal charms had been described to him by a wise parrot. The story commences in this florid style, according to Dr. Jonathan Scott's translation: "In the city of Banáres, which is the principal place of adoration to the Hindú idols, there lived a young Bráhman, the tablet of whose mind was void of the impressions of knowledge, and the sleeve of his existence unadorned by the embroidery of art. He had a wife eloquent of speech, who exalted the standard of professorship in the arcana of intrigue. In the school of deceit she could have instructed the devil in the science of stratagem. Accidentally, her eyes meeting those of a comely youth, the bird of her heart took its flight in pursuit of his love." But her noodle-husband is too often in their way, so she devises an artful plan for getting quit of him for a time. One night she turns away from his proffered endearments with well-affected discontent, and on his asking the cause of her altered demeanour towards him, she replies that her female neighbours had been chaffing her about his gross ignorance, and that she is in consequence ashamed to meet with them again. The simple fellow, hearing this, at once girded up his skirts, and set out in quest of knowledge, and long and far did he travel. In every city and town where he heard of a Bráhman eminent for his learning, he obtained leave to wait on him, and at length his mind became enriched by the comprehension of the four Vedas. Returning home, his wife greets him with much apparent joy and affection, and begins at once to bathe his feet. Meanwhile her lover is expecting her to visit him as usual, and, becoming impatient, sends a trusty messenger urging her to hasten to his loving arms. The woman, now resolving to get rid of her husband once more, after expressing her thanks to the gods that he has returned in health and safety, says to him: "Doubtless thou hast

1 Veda: root, ved, "know": divine knowledge. The Vedas are the holy books which are the foundation of the Hindú religion. They consist of hymns written in an old form of Sanskrit, and, according to the most generally received opinion, they were composed between 1500 and 1000 B.C. But there is no direct evidence as to their age, and opinions about it vary considerably. Some scholars have thought that the oldest of the hymns may be carried back a thousand years farther. They are four in number: Rig-veda, Yajur-veda, Sama-veda, and Atharva-veda; the last being of comparatively modern origin. —Dowson's Hindú Classical Dictionary.
attained an ample portion of all sciences, and acquired a rich share of accomplishments, but I request that thou wilt relate to me the particulars of thy learning, that a doubt which I have in my mind, in respect of one science, may be done away, and from this apprehension my heart gain perfect satisfaction. I trust that thou hast a perfect knowledge of this science, though others may be wanting." The Brâhman, with all exultation and vanity, said: "O my fellow-self and sharer of my griefs, sorrow not now, for I have learnt the four Vedas, and am chief of learned professors." The wife exclaimed: "Woe is me if thou hast not learned the Fifth Veda!" Quoth the Brâhman: "Why, woman, it has been ascertained by the most learned masters and pandits that the Vedas are four; wherefore, then, sayest thou there are five?" The woman instantly, on hearing this speech, beating the hands of mortification against each other, cried out: "What an unlucky fate is mine! Surely in the volume of decree happiness was not affixed to my name, but in the divine records the impression of disappointment stamped on the pages of my lot!" Greatly distressed by these words, the husband asked what was the cause of her despair. She replied that the râjâ had then a difficult case before him, the solution of which depended upon the Fifth Veda, and that day had summoned all the Brâhmans to his court. As they were ignorant of the Fifth Veda they had been imprisoned by order of the râjâ, and it was decreed that if during the night they could not solve the problem, they should on the morrow be dragged through the streets to execution. Assuredly word of his arrival would soon reach the râjâ, and he should become another victim, unless he at once escaped, while his presence in the city was unknown to any but herself, and went forth to acquire the Fifth Veda. The poor fellow lost not a moment in setting out on a second pilgrimage, and reaching the outskirts of a city, he sat down to rest beside a draw-well, to which presently came up five ladies. Observing his toil-worn and woe-begone appearance, they began to question him as to whence he had come and whither he was going, upon which he disclosed all the circumstances; "and as they possessed perfect skill in the Fifth Veda, on hearing his story

1 Or the Tirrea Bede, as in Scott.
they expanded their mouths with laughter, for they guessed that his wife was an able professor, and, in order to follow her own pleasures, had committed the simple man to the desert of pilgrimage. Taking pity on his forlorn condition and ignorance, they said: 'Ah, distracted youth and poor wanderer from the path of knowledge, although the Fifth Veda is as a stormy sea, nay, even a boundless deep which no philosopher can fathom by the aid of his profound wisdom, yet comfort thy soul, for we will solve thy difficulty, and expound to thee the mysteries of this science.' The Bráhman expressed his joy and gratitude at meeting with such learned ladies, and they thereupon agreed that each day one of them should engage to disclose to him a section of the Fifth Veda.

Next day one of the ladies conducts the simpleton to her house, and introduces him to her husband and mother-in-law as her sister's son. Then she gets ready a variety of food and liquors for his entertainment; and at night, having left her husband on some pretext, she comes to the young Bráhman, and makes him an offer of her love-favours, which he rejects with expressions of horror and indignation. She then assumes a frowning look, and calls out in a loud voice, as if she was about to be violated. Her female neighbours crowd into the apartment, and the lady, having at the same moment upset and split a dish of rice and milk, said to them: "O my sisters, this youth is my nephew, and he was drinking some rice and milk, when all at once a chill struck his heart, and he fainted—that is why I called for assistance." Her friends, having comforted her, took their leave, when she addressed the Bráhman: "O thou inexperienced man, see what a calamity hung over thee! Quick, now, and do my desire." Remediless, he complied, after which she dismissed him, saying: "Ah, thou dead-hearted creature, this is one section of the Fifth Veda, in which I have instructed thee. Be cautious that thou errest not again."  

1 In some texts of the Book of Sindibád—the Syriac, Sindiban; the Greek, Syntipas; the Hispano-Arabic, Libro de los Engannos et los Asayamientos de las Mujeres; 'Book of the Deceits and Tricks of Women'; the Persian, Sindibád Náma, etc.—this story is told of a philosopher who had compiled a book of Woman's Wiles. When the lady's friends have retired, she asks him: "Hast thou written down all this in thy book?" and on his replying that he had not, she exclaims: "In vain, O man, have you laboured, for you have
On the second day another of the learned dames took him to her house, and said to her husband that a certain greengrocer's wife had bragged of his varied accomplishments, but chiefly of his being able to milk a cow with his eyes blindfolded, and not spill a drop from the vessel, and that she herself had laid a wager with the woman that he (her own husband) could do the like feat, wherefore she had brought this young man to act as an impartial witness. The husband very willingly consented to have his eyes blindfolded, and while he was engaged milking the cow, the lady beckoned to the young Brāhmaṇ, who quickly advanced, and studied the second section of the Fifth Veda. When she had finished her instructions, she untied the band from her husband's eyes, and congratulated him on his success, and he, simple man, was equally rejoiced that he had accomplished so difficult a task as milking a cow with his eyes blindfolded.

On the third day another of the ladies, "who by her wiles could have drawn the devil's claws," took the Brāhmaṇ under her charge, and having placed him in a lodging, went to her own house, where she pretended to have a most severe pain in her stomach, and declared that she was dying. Her husband was much concerned, and proposed going off at once to fetch a physician, but she said: "Don't go away; but place a curtain between us, that I may send for a female friend who is skilled in the cure of this complaint." The curtain was soon fixed, and the husband seating himself respectfully outside it, employed himself in prayers for the recovery of his wife, who sent word to the Brāhmaṇ to cover himself with a long veil and enter as a woman. He comes without delay, and in due form prescribes for her complaint, which having relieved, he then retires to his lodging with the blessings of the husband.

We have now reached the fourth section of the Fifth Veda, which is an accomplished nothing, and have never fathomed the machinations of women!" Then the sage burnt his book, returned home, and took a wife. The story is somewhat differently told in the Persian text—see my Book of Sindibad, from the Arabic and Persian, pp. 83—87, and pp. 255—263 where analogous stories are cited.
I n d o-P e r s i a n V e r s i o n o f t h e P e a r-T r e e S t o r y.

T h e f o u r t h l a d y , t h r o u g h d r e a d o f t h e a r r o w o f w h o s e c u n n i n g , t h e w a r r i o r o f t h e f i f t h h e a v e n , t r e m b l e d i n t h e s k y l i k e a r e e d , h a v i n g b e s t o w e d h e r a t t e n t i o n o n t h e p i l g r i m B r á h m a n , d e s p a c h e d h i m t o a n o r c h a r d , a n d , h a v i n g g o n e h o m e , s a i d t o h e r h u s b a n d : " I h a v e h e a r d t h a t i n t h e o r c h a r d o f s o m e c e r t a i n h u s b a n d m a n t h e r e i s a d a t e - t r e e , t h e f r u i t o f w h i c h i s o f r e m a r k a b l y f i n e f l a v o u r ; b u t w h a t i s y e t s t r a n g e r , w h o e v e r a s c e n d s i t s e e s m a n y w o n d e r f u l o b j e c t s . I f t o - d a y , g o i n g t o v i s i t t h i s o r c h a r d , w e g a t h e r d a t e s f r o m t h e t r e e , a n d a l s o s e e t h e w o n d e r s o f i t , i t w i l l n o t b e u n p r o d u c t i v e o f a m u s e m e n t . " I n s h o r t , s h e s o w o r k e d u p o n h e r h u s b a n d w i t h f l a t t e r i n g s p e e c h e s a n d c a r e s s e s , t h a t h e w e n t t o t h e o r c h a r d , a n d , a t t h e i n s t i g a t i o n o f h i s w i f e , a s c e n d e d t h e t r e e . A t t h i s i n s t a n t s h e b e c k o n e d t o t h e B r á h m a n , w h o w a s p r e v i o u s l y s e a t e d e x p e c t a n t l y i n c o r n e r o f t h e g a r d e n . T h e h u s b a n d , f r o m t h e t o p o f t h e t r e e , b e h o l d i n g w h a t w a s n o t f i t t o b e s e e n , e x c l a i m e d i n e x t r e m e r a g e : " A h , t h o u s h a m e l e s s R u s s i a n - b o r n w r e t c h ! w h a t a b o m i n a b l e a c t i o n i s t h i s ? " T h e w i f e m a k i n g n o t t h e l e a s t a n s w e r , t h e f l a m e s o f a n g e r s e i z e d t h e m i n d o f t h e m a n , a n d h e b e g a n t o d e s c e n d f r o m t h e t r e e , w h e n t h e B r á h m a n , w i t h a l a c r i t y a n d s p e e d , h a v i n g h u r r i e d o v e r t h e F o u r t h S e c t i o n o f t h e T i r r e a B e d e , w e n t h i s w a y :

T h e r o a d t o r e p o s e i s t h a t o f a c t i v i t y a n d q u i c k n e s s .

T h e w i f e , h a v i n g a r r a n g e d h e r p l a n d u r i n g h e r h u s b a n d ' s d e s c e n t f r o m t h e t r e e , s a i d : " S u r e l y , m a n , f r e n z y m u s t h a v e d e p r i v e d t h y b r a i n o f t h e f u m e s o f s e n s e , t h a t , h a v i n g f o o l i s h l y s e t u p s u c h c r y , a n d n o t r e f l e c t i n g u p o n t h y o w n d i s g r a c e — f o r , e x c e p t i n g t h y s e l f , w h a t m a n i s h e r e p r e s e n t ? — t h o u w o u l d s t f i x u p o n m e t h e c h a r g e o f i n f i d e l i t y . " T h e h u s b a n d , w h e n h e s a w n o p e r s o n n e a r , w a s a s t o n i s h e d , a n d s a i d t o h i m s e l f : " C e r t a i n l y t h i s v i s i o n m u s t h a v e b e e n m i r a c u l o u s . " T h e c o m p l e t e l y a r t f u l w i f e f r o m t h e h e s i t a t i o n o f h e r h u s b a n d g u e s s e d t h e c a u s e , a n d i m p u d e n t l y b e g a n t o a b u s e h i m . T h e n , i n s t a n t l y t i e r v e r s t r o u n d h e r w a i s t , s h e a s c e n d e d t h e

1 T h a t i s , t h e p l a n e t M a r s .
2 T h e A s i a t i c s h a v e a v e r y c o n t e m p l i b l e o p i n i o n o f t h e R u s s i a n s , e s p e c i a l l y o f t h e f e m a l e s , w h o m t h e y b e l i e v e t o b e v o i d o f c o m m o n m o d e s t y . O u r e a r l y E u r o p e a n v o y a g e r s h a v e e x p r e s s e d t h e s a m e i d e a . — N o t e b y t h e T r a n s l a t o r .
tree, and when she had reached the topmost branch she suddenly cried out: "O thou shameless man! what abomination is this? If thy evil star hath led thee from the path of virtue, surely thou mightest have in secret ventured upon it. Doubtless to pull down the curtain of modesty from thine eyes, and with such impudence to commit such a wicked deed, is the very extreme of debauchery!" The husband replied: "Woman, do not thus ridiculously cry out, but be silent; for such is the property of this tree, that whoever ascends it sees man or woman below in such situations." The cunning wife now came down, and said to her husband: "What a charming garden and amusing spot is this, where one can gather fruit, and at the same time behold the wonders of the world." The husband replied: "Destruction seize the wonders which falsely accuse a man of abomination!" In short, the devilish wife, notwithstanding the impudence of such an action, escaped safely to her house; and next day, according to custom, attending at the well, introduced the Brāhmaṇa to the ladies, and informed them of her worthy contrivance.  

The fifth lady—from whose cunning, quoth our author, the devil would own there was no escaping—takes the young Brāhmaṇa to her dwelling, where she feigns madness. Acting on her previous instructions, he plays the part of a physician, and declares that the lady is possessed of an evil spirit. He causes the house to be swept and cleansed, and perfumes to be burnt. Finally he has her placed in a close litter, which he also enters, and while four men carry the litter four times round the court of the house, to the strains of musical instruments, he learns the last section of the Fifth Veda, and is dismissed with the compliments of all the friends of the family on having so skilfully caused the evil spirit to depart out of the lady.

"On the following day the artful lady conducted the Brāhmaṇa to the well, and related to her companions the wonderful adventure; on which they applauded, and allowed her superiority in the mysteries

1 Although the original of this story has not hitherto been discovered, so far as I am aware, yet there can be no question of its being of Hindu extraction, and I think it very probable it may be found in the Suka Saptati, whence other tales have been taken into the Bahr-i Dānush.
of the Fifth Veda over themselves. The five ladies, who might be considered as the five senses of cunning, now dismissed the Brähman, saying: 'Thou hast now attained a full knowledge of the Fifth Veda, its depth and its difficulties; also, how well instructed thy chaste wife is in the science, and for what she has made thee a wanderer in the road of pilgrimage.'"

The Brähman now hastened home in a great rage, twisting his whiskers. On his arrival, his wife readily guessed from his manner towards her that his eyes had been opened to her conduct, but behaved herself with meekness. At night, unable to resist the importunities of her lover, when her husband was asleep she left a female friend to supply her place by his side, and after putting out the lamp went to her paramour. The Brähman, waking soon after, in a rage at the woman's not replying to his addresses (for she was afraid to speak lest he should discover the deceit), rose up, and taking a sharp knife cut off her nose, believing she was his wife, and then lay down to sleep again. The wife, returning from her lover, learns from her friend what had happened to her, and having sent her away, retired into a corner, and prayed to the gods that if she was free from vice her nose might be restored. The Brähman, hearing this extraordinary petition, at once arose, and lighted a lamp that he might see whether her nose proved the truth of her words. Finding it unhurt he was overwhelmed with shame, humbly begged her pardon, and now regarding her as the most virtuous of women, lived contentedly with her the rest of his days. A similar device, it will be remembered, occurs in *Gil Blas*, B. II. ch. vii., in the story of the young barber of whom the fair Mergellina, the languishing spouse of old Doctor Oloroso, is deeply enamoured. Her duenna, Melancia, has contrived to introduce the youth into the house at night, and the eager dame, after telling him of her stratagem, laughingly adds: "But the most pleasant part of this adventure is, that Melancia, understanding from me that my husband commonly sleeps soundly, has gone to bed to him, and this very minute supplies my place." "So much the worse, madam," says the timorous youth; "I cannot approve of this invention; your husband may awake and perceive the cheat." "He cannot perceive it," answers she with precipitation; "do not be uneasy on that score.

The incident of the woman's confidante losing her nose occurs in the Sanskrit form of the Fables of Pilpay (or Bidpai), entitled *Hitopadesa*, or Friendly Counsel, ch. ii. fab. 6. Guerin's *fabliau* of "Les Cheveux Coupés" (Le Grand, ed. 1751, tome ii. p. 280) is somewhat similar, and seems to be
As a notable example of the craft and depravity of women, the story of the Enchanted Tree is related to the sultan by one of his sage ministers in the Turkish romance of The Forty Vazîrs, some account of which is given in my preceding paper, p. 322.

**Turkish Version.**

_THERE_ was in the palace of the world a grocer, and he had a wife, a beauty of the age; and that woman had a leman. One day this woman's leman said: "If thy husband found us out he would not leave either of us sound." The woman said: "I am able to manage that I shall make merry with thee before my husband's eyes." The youth said: "Such a thing cannot be." The woman replied: "In such and such a place there is a great tree; to-morrow I will go a-pleasuring with my husband to the foot of that tree; do thou hide thyself in a secret place near that tree, and when I make a sign to thee, come." As her leman went off her husband came. The woman said: "Fellow, my soul wishes to go a-pleasuring with thee to-morrow to such and such a tree." The fellow replied: "So be it." When it was morning the woman and her husband went to that tree. The woman said: "They say that he who eats this sweet-meat sees single things as though they were double." And she ate some, and gave her husband some to eat. Half-an-hour afterward the woman climbed up the tree, and turned and looked down, and began: "May thou be blind! may thou get the like from God! Fellow, what deed is this thou doest? Is there any one who has ever done this deed? Thou makest merry with a strange woman under the eyes of thy wife;—quicke, divorce me." And she cried out. Her husband said: "Out on thee, woman, hast thou turned mad? There is no one by me." Quoth the woman: "Be silent, imitated in one of the Tales of the Men of Gotham.—Dr. Jonathan Scott says this story of the Tirrea Bede (Fifth Veda) "was probably originally written by a Hindû of inferior caste," and he had been told that "the asking of one of those privileged and sacred personages whether he had studied the Fifth Veda is often done by wage when they find him ignorant and insolently proud of his high descent." There is, however, no special reason for supposing the story was not composed by a Brâhman: many tales in the Kâthâ Sârit Sûgâra are about foolish and ignorant Brâhmans, and that work was not written by "a Hindû of inferior caste."
unblushing, shameless fellow! Lo, the woman is with thee, and thou deniest." Her husband said: "Come down." She replied: "I will not come down so long as that woman is with thee." Her husband began to swear, protesting, and the woman came down and said to him: "Where is that harlot?—quick, show her me, else thou shalt know." Again the fellow swore, and the woman said: "Can it be the work of the sweetmeat?" The fellow said: "May be!" Quoth the woman: "Do thou go up and look down on me, and let us see." Her husband clutched the tree, and while he was climbing the woman signed to her leman. The fellow looked down, and saw the woman making merry with a youth. This time the fellow cried out: "Away with thee! Out on thee, shameless youth!" The woman said: "Thou liest." But the fellow could not endure it, and began to come down, and the youth ran off.1

Our story of the Enchanted Tree is also found in the Breslau printed text of the Arabian Nights, edited by Habicht and Fleischer from a Tunisian MS., and published in 12 vols., 1825-43. It forms one of a series of tales enclosed within a frame-story, which seems imitated from that of the Book of Sindibád (or the Seven Vazírs): Er-Rahwan, the prime minister of King Shah Bakht, had many enemies who were eager for his ruin, being envious of the great confidence which the king reposed in him. It chanced one night that the king dreamt that his vazír had given him a fruit which he ate and died therefrom. The king sent for a famed astrologer to interpret this dream, and he, having been bribed by the enemies of Er-Rahwan, told him that it signified his favourite minister would slay him within the ensuing twenty-eight days. Shah Bakht then summoned the vazír to his private chamber, and disclosed to him his dream and the astrologer's interpretation thereof; and Er-Rahwan, perceiving that this was a stratagem of his enemies, at once devised

1 From Mr. Gibb's complete translation of the Qíræ Vezír Túrîkhi, or 'History of the Forty Vezírs.'—Regarding this interesting story-book, Sir Richard F. Burton writes to me as follows: "I think that the original was Persian, not Arabic, and that from Persian it was translated into Turkish;—the general tone of the work suggests this to me. When Easterns speak of Arabic texts, it is usually to show that they are of the Ulema."
a plan whereby he should save his life and defeat their machinations. Professing himself ready to submit to death, he begged as a last favour that he should be permitted to spend the evening with the king, and on the morrow his majesty should do with him as he thought fit. Shah Bakht, who still loved the good vazir, gave his consent, and that night Er-Rahwan told him a story which so pleased him that he respited the vazir for a day, in order that he should hear another story which Er-Rahwan offered to relate. In this way he entertained Shah Bakht each night until the fatal twenty-eight days were past, when the malice of his enemies was made manifest. On the ninth night Er-Rahwan related the following story (according to Mr. Payne's translation):

**Arabian Version.**

THERE was once of old time a foolish, ignorant man who had wealth galore, and his wife was a fair woman who loved a handsome youth. The latter used to watch for her husband's absence, and come to her, and on this wise he abode a long while. One day as the woman was private with her lover, he said to her: "O my lady and my beloved, if thou desire me and love me, give me possession of thyself and accomplish my need in thy husband's presence, else I will never again come to thee nor draw near thee what while I abide on life." Now she loved him with an exceeding love, and could not brook his separation an hour, nor could endure to vex him; so when she heard his words, she said to him: "[So be it] in God's name! O my beloved and solace of mine eyes, may he not live who would vex thee." Quoth he: "To-day?" And

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1 Similar to this is the frame of an Indian romance, *Alakeswara Katha*, in which four ministers of state are falsely accused of entering the royal harem, and they relate stories to the king which disarm his wrath, after which their innocence is established; and that of the *Bakhtyār Nāma*, a Persian romance, in which ten vazirs seek the death of the king's favourite, Prince Bakhtyār, who saves himself for ten days by recounting to the king notable instances of the fatal effects of precipitate judgments, when he is discovered to be the king's own son, and the wicked vazirs are all put to death.

2 The Breslian printed text of the *Arabian Nights* is so very corrupt that Mr. Payne, in such of the tales as he has translated, attempts to "make sense" by occasionally inserting some words within square brackets.

CH. ORIG.
she said: "Yes, by thy life," and appointed him of this. When her husband came home, she said to him: "I desire to go a-pleasuring." And he said: "With all my heart." So he went till he came to a goodly place abounding in vines and water, whither he carried her, and pitched her a tent beside a great tree; and she betook herself to a place beside the tent, and made her there an underground hiding-place [in which she hid her lover]. Then said she to her husband: "I desire to mount this tree." And he said: "Do so." So she climbed up, and when she came to the top of the tree she cried out and buffeted her face, saying: "Lewd fellow that thou art! Are these thy usages? Thou sworest [fidelity to me], and liest." And she repeated her speech twice or thrice. Then she came down from the tree, and rent her clothes, and said: "O villain! if these be thy dealings with me before my eyes, how dost thou when thou art absent from me?" Quoth he: "What aileth thee?" And she said: "I saw thee swive the woman before my very eyes." "Not so, by Allah," cried he. "But hold thy peace till I go up and see." So he climbed the tree, and no sooner did he begin to do so, than up came the lover [from his hiding-place], and taking the woman by the legs [fell to swiving her]. When the husband came to the top of the tree, he looked and beheld a man swiving his wife. So he said: "O strumpet! what doings are these?" And he made haste to come down from the tree to the ground [but meanwhile the lover had returned to his hiding-place], and his wife said to him: "What sawest thou?" "I saw a man swive thee," answered he. And she said: "Thou liest; thou sawest nought, and sayest this but of conjecture." On this wise they did three times, and every time [he climbed the tree] the lover came up out of the underground place and bestrode her, whilst her husband looked on, and she still said: "O liar! seest thou aught?" "Yes," he would answer, and came down in haste, but saw no one; and she said to him: "By my life, look and say nought but the truth." Then said he to her: "Arise, let us depart this place, for it is full of Jinn and Marids."[1] [So they returned to their house] and passed the night [there]; and the man

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[1] For a full account of the jinn (genii), marids, ifrits, and other kinds of beings, see Lane's Arabian Nights, vol. i. pp. 26—33.
arose in the morning assured that this was all but imagination and illusion. And so the lover accomplished his desire.¹

It is obvious, I think, that there is a close connection between this last version and that from the Forty Vazirs, as seems also the case of many other stories peculiar to the Tunisian (Breslau) text of the Arabian Nights, of which variants are found in collections of the early Italian novelists—a circumstance which may perhaps serve to throw some light on the introduction of Eastern fictions into the south of Europe.—In the Turkish story of the Enchanted Tree, it will be observed, the lover expresses to his paramour his fear lest her husband discover their secret on-goings, upon which she undertakes to sport with him in presence of her spouse, and no harm should come of it; while in the Arabic version it is the lover who makes this proposal to the woman, which is doubtless a corruption of the original, as represented in the Forty Vazirs.—A bulky, if not very edifying, volume might easily be compiled of analogous stories, both Western and Eastern; but it will be sufficient in the present paper to cite only a few of the more remarkable “examples” of Woman’s Wiles, one of which is the story of the meddling father-in-law, occurring in the Persian Sindibád Náma,² the Tútí Náma,³ and the Sanskrit Súka Saḍpáti⁴:

The Officious Father-in-Law.

One day as a shopkeeper’s wife was sitting on the terrace of her house a young man saw her, and was enamoured. The woman perceived that the youth had fallen in love with her, so she called him to her and said: “Come to me after midnight, and seat yourself under a tree that is in my courtyard.” After midnight the youth repaired to her house, and the woman got out of bed and went to

² Second tale of the Fifth Vazir.
³ Eighth Night: story of the Fifth Vazír.
⁴ Fifteenth Night.
him, and slept with him under the tree. It happened that the shopkeeper's father, having occasion to go out of the house, discovered his son's wife asleep beside a strange man, and he took the rings from off the woman's ankles, saying to himself: "In the morning I will have her punished." But the woman, soon after awaking, discovered what had occurred, and she sent away the youth, and going to her husband awoke him, and said: "The house is very hot; come, let us sleep under the tree." In short, she slept with her husband in that very spot where she and the young man had sported together. And when her husband was fast asleep, she roused him again, saying: "Your father came here just now, and taking the rings from off my ankles carried them away. That old man, whom I consider as my father, how could he approach me at the time I was sleeping with my husband, and take away my ankle-rings?"

In the morning the husband was wroth with his father when he came showing the ankle-rings and disclosed how he had seen his wife with a strange man. The son spake harshly to his father, saying: "In the night, when, on account of the heat, my wife and I were sleeping under the tree, you came, and taking the rings from my wife's legs, carried them away—at that very time she awoke me and informed me of the circumstance."¹

¹ However this story may have come to Europe, it occurs, in a slightly modified form, in the Heptameron—a work ascribed to Margaret, Queen of Navarre, but it is believed that Bonaventure des Periers, who succeeded the celebrated Clement Marot as her valet de chambre, had a principal hand in its composition: An officious neighbour, looking out of his window, discovers a lady and her gallant in the garden. When the lady finds that she is thus watched, she sends the lover away, and going into the house, persuades her husband to spend what remains of the night in the same spot. In the morning the neighbour meets the husband, and acquaints him of his wife's misconduct, but is answered: "It was I, gossip, it was I," not a little to the gossip's chagrin.

It is perhaps not generally known that a highly "moral" operetta based on this tale was performed at Covent Garden Theatre in 1825, entitled 'Twas I, which is thus outlined in the Lady's Magazine, vol. vi., p. 755: Georgette Clairville, a pretty paysanne, belongs to the household of a farmer named Delorme. It is the custom of the village to give a marriage portion and a chaplet annually to the most innocent and virtuous maiden, so declared by the unanimous voice of the inhabitants. Georgette is announced as entitled to the prize, to the great indignation of one Madame Mag, an envious old maid, whose window overlooks the farmer's garden. In one of her ill humours she detects the light-hearted farmer snatching a kiss from his servant, and exclaiming aloud, shuts the casement. Conscious of having been seen,
Thus far, according to Kádéri’s abridgment of the Táti Náma, but in the original work of Nakhshabí, as well as in the Suka Saptati, the father-in-law is by no means satisfied with his son’s assurance of the woman’s innocence. He cites her to the Tank of Trial at Agra, the water in which had the property of testing whether a person spoke truth or falsehood: if the former, the person when thrown into it floated, and if the latter, he sank to the bottom.¹ Now the woman well knew what her fate would be if she swore falsely, so she requested her lover to feign madness, and to grasp her at the moment she was to undergo the trial, which he did accordingly, and was quickly beaten back by the assembled multitude. Then the woman, advancing to the edge of the tank, cried: “I swear that I have never touched any man except my husband and that insane fellow who assaulted me a moment since. Let this water be my punishment if I have not spoken the truth.” Thereupon she boldly leaped into the tank, and the water bore her on its surface. So she was unanimously declared innocent, and returned home with her husband, who had never questioned her fidelity.²

The artful device of the woman in the Persian tale, of getting rid of her simple husband by despatching him to learn the Fifth Veda, finds an analogue in a story current in Ceylon, which is thus translated in The Orientalist, vol. ii. (1885), p. 148:

Delorme brings his wife into the same situation, and contrives to be as gallant to her as to Georgette. Of course, when the old lady makes her accusation the wife exclaims “’Twas I,” and Madame Mag is drummed out of the village as a slanderer. A male servant of the same farmer, the lover of Georgette, is also made unconsciously serviceable in the same exclamatory way, and he is rewarded with her fair hand.—The chronicler adds, that in the performance of this dainty operetta Madame Vestris played the part of the village heroine, and some pretty airs were sung by her in an agreeable manner.

¹ It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that suspected witches were also “tested” in this manner in England and other European countries in the bad old times.

² This incident reappears in the mediaeval “Life” of Virgilius, and in the ancient romance of Sir Tristrem (or Tristan). For analogous tests of chastity I take the liberty of referring the “curious” reader to my forthcoming work, Popular Tales and Fictions: their Migrations and Transformations (Blackwood), vol. i., p. 172 ff.
Once upon a time there lived in a certain country a husbandman. The paddy-crop of his field being ripe, he built a small watch-hut near it, and lived in it for four months, on the look-out for trespassers. At the end of that time he reaped and threshed his crop, and returned home. Towards evening, on the day of his return, his wife called to him, and said: "Did you hear of the order that was proclaimed this day in the village by beat of tom-tom?" He answered in the negative. So she went on to say: "An order was made that every field-owner should instantly repair to his watch-hut, and, though there be no crop to take care of, he should remain in it for full six months." He believed this story, and very reluctantly returned to his watch-hut, and remained there. It chanced that a sportsman called at his hut, and asked him: "Why are you staying here at such an unusual season?" The simple fellow replied: "Do you not know that an order was proclaimed throughout the village that every field-owner should remain in his watch-hut for full six months, even though there should be no crop to watch over?" Quoth the sportsman: "No such order has been made; but it seems that your wife has taken advantage of your credulity, and imposed on you. The fact is, she is carrying on an intrigue, and this is only a trick of hers to keep you out of the way." The peasant then began to swear to the fidelity of his wife; and after the sportsman had long argued with him in vain, he said: "If you would ascertain the truth of what I say, go slowly some day and see whom you will find in the house, and make yourself sure about the matter." He consented to this, and went as directed; but, as he walked very slowly, day dawned before he reached his house. When the sportsman called again, and inquired what he had seen at his house, the noodle told him how he was surprised by the dawn. "How so?" "Because I walked slowly." The sportsman explained that he meant he should walk fast when he started, and go slowly when he neared the house: he should try again. This time the blockhead started to run at the top of his speed, and when about a mile from his house he walked very slowly, so that once more it was
daylight before he reached home. Again the sportsman called, and learned of this fresh failure. "You are certainly a queer fellow," he said. "I've sent you twice. Now try a third time. Listen, and do exactly what I tell you. Run from this place as fast as you can, and when you get to the fence near your garden, halt a while, walk with measured steps, then call to the inmates of the house, and see whom you find there." Reaching the fence, the poor fellow's garment got caught by one of the palings; he suspected that it was his wife's paramour who had come behind and seized him. So he bawled out: "Let me alone! let me alone! I assure you I did not come here as a spy." Hearing these words, the wife and her paramour got out of the house; the latter concealed himself, and the wife, having loosed her simple husband, at once began to scold him for coming at such an unusual hour; warned him of his danger if the king were to know; and then extolled her own virtuous conduct. Thereupon the wittol went back to his watch-hut, and spent the rest of the six months, in season and out of season.

A*unique* example of the wiles of women is found in the *fabliau* entitled *La Saineresse*, of which Le Grand has furnished a very modest and very unintelligible abstract. Barbazan gives it in its original form, as follows:

*La Saineresse.*

D'un borgois vous acont la vie,
Qui se vanta de grant folie,
Que fame nel' poroit bouler.
Sa fame en a oi parler,
Si en parla priveement,
Et en jura un serement
Qu'ele le fera mençongier,
Ja tant ne s'i saura gueter.
Un jor erent en lor meson
La gentil Dame et le preudon,
En un banc sistrent lez à lez;
N'i furent gueres demorez,
Es vos un pautonier à l’uis
Moult cointe et noble et samboit plus
Fame que home sa moitié,
Vestu d’un châinsse dealié,
D’une guimple bien safrenée,
Et vint menant moult grant posnée;
Ventouses porte à ventouser,
Et vait le borgois saluer
En mi l’aire de sa meson.

Diex soit o vous, sire preudon,
Et vous et vostre compagnie.
Diex vous gart, dist cîl, bele amie:
Venez seoir lez moi icy.
Sire, dist-îl, vostre merci,
Je ne sui mie trop lassée.
Dame, vous m’avez ci mandée,
Et m’avez ci fete venir,
Or me dites vostre plesir.

Cele ne fu pas esbahie,
Vous dites voir, ma douce amie,
Montez là sus en cel solier,
Il m’estuet de vostre mestier.
Ne vous poist, dist-èle au borgois,
Quar nous revendrons demanois;
J’ai goute és rains moult merveillouse,
Et por ce que sui si goutouse
Mestuet-il fere un poi sainier.

Lors monte après le pautonier,
Les huis clostrent de maintenant.
Le pautonier le prent esrant,
En un lit l’avoit estendue,
Tant que il l’a trois fois foutue.
Quant il orent assez joué,
Foutue, besi et acolé,
Si se descendent del perrin,
Contreval les degrez enfin,
Vindrent esrant en la meson;
Cil ne fut pas fol ne brïçon,
Ainz le salua demanois.
Sire, adieu, dist-il au borgois.
Diex vous sant, dist-il, bele amie;
Dame, se Diex vous beneie,
Paiez cele fame moulï bien,
Ne retenez de son droit rien
De ce que vous sert en manaie.
Sire, que vous chast de ma paie
Dist la borgoise a son Seignor.
Je vous oi parler de folor,
Quar nous deus bien en convendra,
Cil s'en va, plus n'i demora,
La poche aux ventouses a prise.
Le borgoise se r'est assise
Lez son Seignor bien aboufee.
Dame, moulï estes anfouée,
Et si avez trop demoré.
Sire, merci por amor Dé,
Ja ai-je esté trop travaëllie,
Si ne poie estreb sainie,
Et m'a plus de cent cops ferue,
Tant que je sui toute molue;
N'onques tant cop n'i sot ferir
Conques sanc en péust issir;
Par trois rebînées me prist,
Et à chascune fois m'assist
Sor mes rains deux de ses pecons,
Et me feroit uns cops si lons,
Toute me sui fet martirier,
Et si ne poi onques sainier.
Granz cops me feroit et sovent,
Morte fussent mon escent,
S'un trop bon oignement ne fust.
Qui de tel oignement éust,
ointment can have no pain.
And when she (he) had hammered me, she salved my wounds—
great and ugly ones, so that I'm quite cured.
I like such ointment;
it issued from a gutter, and so
descended into an orifice."

Quoth the citizen,
"My fair friend, for once you've had
good ointment."
He didn't see the joke, and she
wasn't ashamed to tell of the
lechery;
for all the trick she'd played him,
she must also tell it him.

He's a fool, then, who swears by his
head and neck that woman can't
cuckold him, and that he
knows how to prevent it.
But there's not in this country
a man who's so
clever woman
won't outwit him,
when she who
was bad in the
back cuckolded
her lord at once.

Jà ne fust més de mal grevée,
Et quant m'ot tant demartelée,
Si m'a après ointes mes plaies
Qui moulta par erent granz et laies,
Tant que je sui toute guerie:
Tel oingnement ne haz-je mie,
Et il ne fêt pas à haïr,
Et si ne vous en quier mentir.
L'oingnement issoit d'un tuiel,
Et si descendoit d'un forel
D'une pel moulta noire et hideuse,
Mais moulta por estoit savoreuse.

Dist li borgois, ma bele amie,
A poi ne fustes mal baillie,
Bon oingnement avez-éu.
Cil ne s'est pas apercéu
De la borde qu'ele conta,
Et cele nule honte n'a
De la lecherie essaucier.

Por tant le veut bien essaier,
Jà n'en fust paié à garant,
Se ne li contast maintenant.

Por ce tieng-je celui à fol
Qui jure son chief et son col
Que fame nel' poroit bouler,
Et que bien s'en sauroit garder.
Mais il n'est pas en cest païs
Cil qui tant soit de sens espris
Que mie se péust guetier
Que fame nel' puist engingnier,
Quant cele qui ot mal es rains
Boula son Seignor preimerains.

Explicit de la Saineresse.¹

Keller, in the elaborate einleitung to his edition of the French metrical version of the Romans des Sept Sages, written in the 13th century, refers to a number of variants of "The Enchanted Tree," some of which have but a remote resemblance to the story, such as an incident in the romance of Tristan (or Tristrem), which occurs in Fytte Second, stanzas 86 to 93 of Scott's edition of the version in the Auchinleck MS. (Advocates' Library, Edinburgh):

**Queen Ysoude and Sir Tristrem.**

The interviews between Tristrem and Ysoude are discovered by a dwarf, called Meriadok, concealed in a tree. The dwarf advises King Mark to proclaim a great hunting match, and, instead of going to the forest, to conceal himself in the dwarf's hiding-place. Meriadok is sent to Tristrem with a pretended message from Ysoude, appointing a meeting. Tristrem, suspecting the deceit, returns a cold answer. The dwarf tells the king to put no confidence in his message, for Tristrem will certainly meet Ysoude that night. Mark having climbed into the tree, the two lovers meet beneath it, but, being aware of the king's presence from his shadow, they assume the tone of quarrel and recrimination. Tristrem charges Ysoude with having alienated from him the affections of his uncle, the king, so that he was nearly compelled to fly into Wales. Ysoude avows her hatred of Tristrem, alleging as the cause her husband's unjust suspicions of their criminal intercourse. The dialogue is continued in the same strain; Tristrem beseeching Ysoude to procure him a dismissal from the court, and she engaging, on condition of his departure, to supplicate Mark to endow him with suitable means of support. The good-natured monarch is overwhelmed with joy and tenderness at the supposed discovery of the innocence of his wife and nephew. Far from assenting to Tristrem's departure, he creates him high constable, and the grateful knight carries on his intrigue with Ysoude without farther suspicion for the space of three years.

The twelfth tale in Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles, entitled "Le Veau," is also included by Keller among analogues of our story, as to which the reader may judge from the following abstract and extract:
The Peasant in the Tree.

"L' A douziesme nouvelle parle d'ung Hollandois, qui, nuyt et jour, à toute heure, ne cessoit d'assaillir sa femme au jeu d'amours; et comment d'aumentre il la rua par terre, en passant par ung bois, soubz ung grant arbre sur lequel estoit ung laboureur qui avoit perdu son veau. Et, en faisant inventoire des beaux membres de sa femme, dist qu'il veoit tant de belles choses et quasi tout le monde; à qui le laboureur demanda s'il veoit pas son veau qu'il cherchoit, duquel il disoit qu'il luy sembloit en veoir la queüe." . . . "Et comme il estoit en ceste parfonde estude, il disoit: 'Maintenant, je voy cecy! je voy cela! Encores cecy! encore cela!' Et qui l'oyoit il veoit tout le monde et beaucoup plus. Et, après une grande et longue pose, estant en ceste gracieuse contemplacion, dist de rechief: 'Saincte Marie, que je voy de choses!' 'Helas!' dist lors le laboureur sur l'arbre, 'bonnes gens, ne veez-vous point mon veau? Sire, il me semble que j'en voy la queue.' L'autre, ja soit qu'il fust bien esbahy, subitement fist la response et dist: 'Cette queue n'est par de ce veau.'"

The model of both Boccacio's and Chaucer's tales seems to have been the version found in the Comedia Lydiae, or one similar to it. The story may, perhaps, exist in some of the great mediaeval monkish collections of sermons, or of exempla designed for the use of preachers, such as the Sermones of Jacques de Vitry; the Liber de Donis of Etienne de Bourbon; the Promptuarium Exemplorum of John Herolt; the Summa Prædicantium of John Bromyard. In the absence of any Eastern version representing the cuckolded husband as being blind and having his sight miraculously restored to discover himself dishonoured, we must conclude that this form of the story is of European invention. It is needless to add that Chaucer's tale of January and May is incomparably the best-told of all the versions, whether Asiatic or European.

Glasgow, October, 1886.
18.

The Innocent Persecuted Wife:

ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN VERSIONS

of

Chaucer's Man of Law's Tale.

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THE INNOCENT PERSECUTED WIFE:

ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN VERSIONS OF THE MAN OF LAW'S TALE.¹

BY W. A. CLOUSTOM.

In my last paper, stories are cited of the profligacy and craft of women; this is devoted to "the other side"—to stories of the depravity of men, and the patience and long-suffering of virtuous women, as typified by Constance, the noble heroine of Chaucer's Man of Law's Tale. The story of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar (whom Muslims call Zulaykhâ), which forms the subject of several beautiful Persian and Turkish poems, has its prototype in an Egyptian romance of two brothers, Satú and Anapú, written 3000 years ago, of which a copy on papyrus is preserved in the British Museum; and the ancient Greek classical legends as well as Indian and other Asiatic fictions furnish many parallels: e. g. Phaedra and Hippolytus, Antea and Bellerophon, Sarangdhara and his stepmother Chitrângdí, Gunasarman and the wife of King Mahásena. "Alas!" exclaims Somadeva, "women whose love is slighted are worse than poison!" But numerous as are the analogues of the story of Potiphar's Wife, there exist also some tales in which men are represented as playing the like shameful part against women, the most remarkable and wide-spread of which is that of the Innocent Persecuted Wife—the pious Constance of most European versions. The story is related with variations of details in at least three different texts of the Book of the Thousand and One Nights; and this is how it goes in the Calcutta and Bûlák printed Arabic editions, according to Sir R. F. Burton's rendering:

¹ See also, ante, pp. iii—xii, 1—84, and 221—250.
AMONG the children of Israel, one of the kázís had a wife of surpassing beauty, constant in fasting and abounding in patience and long-suffering; and he, being minded to make the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, appointed his own brother kází in his stead, during his absence, and commended his wife to his charge. Now this brother had heard of her beauty and loveliness, and had taken a fancy to her. So no sooner was his brother gone, than he went to her and sought her love-favours; but she denied him, and held fast to her chastity. The more she repelled him, the more he pressed his suit upon her; till, despairing of her, and fearing lest she should acquaint his brother with his misconduct whenas he should return, he suborned false witnesses to testify against her of adultery; and cited her and carried her before the king of the time, who adjudged her to be stoned. So they dug a pit, and seating her therein stoned her, till she was covered with stones, and the man said: "Be this hole her grave!" But when it was dark, a passer-by, making for a neighbouring hamlet, heard her groaning in sore pain; and, pulling her out of the pit, carried her home to his wife, whom he bade dress her wounds. The peasant-woman tended her till she recovered, and presently gave her her child to be nursed; and she used to lodge with the child in another house by night.

Now a certain thief saw her and lusted after her. So he sent to her, seeking her love-favours, but she denied herself to him; wherefore he resolved to slay her, and, making his way into her lodging by night (and she sleeping), thought to strike at her with a knife; but it smote the little one, and killed it. Now when he knew his misdeed, fear overtook him, and he went forth the house, and Allah preserved from him her chastity. But as she awoke in the morning, she found the child by her side with throat cut; and presently the mother came, and, seeing her boy dead, said to the nurse: "Twas thou didst murther him." Therewith she beat her a grievous beating, and purposed to put her to death; but her husband interposed, and delivered the woman, saying: "By Allah, thou shalt not do on this wise." So the woman, who had somewhat of money with her, fled
forth for her life, knowing not whither she should wend. Presently she came to a village, where she saw a crowd of people about a man crucified to a tree-stump, but still in the chains of life. "What hath he done?" she asked, and they answered: "He hath committed a crime which nothing can expiate but death or the payment of such a fine by way of alms." So she said to them: "Take the money and let him go;" and, when they did so, he repented at her hands and vowed to serve her, for the love of Almighty Allah, till death should release him. Then he built her a cell, and lodged her therein; after which he betook himself to woodcutting, and brought her daily her bread. As for her, she was constant in worship, so that there came no sick man or demoniac to her, but she prayed for him and he was straightway healed. When the woman's cell was visited by folk (and she constant in worship), it befell by decree of the Almighty that He sent down upon her husband's brother (the same who had caused her to be stoned) a cancer in the face, and smote the villager's wife (the same who had beaten her) with leprosy, and afflicted the thief (the same who had murthered the child) with palsy. Now when the kází returned from his pilgrimage, he asked his brother of his wife, and he told him that she was dead, whereat he mourned sore, and accounted her with her Maker.

After a while very many folk heard of the pious recluse, and flocked to her cell from all parts of the length and breadth of the earth; whereupon said the kází to his brother: "O my brother, wilt thou not seek out yonder pious woman? Haply Allah shall decree thee healing at her hands." And he replied: "O my brother, carry me to her." Moreover, the husband of the leprous woman heard of the pious devotee, and carried his wife to her, as did also the people of the paralytic thief; and they all met at the door of the hermitage. Now she had a place wherefrom she could look out upon those who came to her, without their seeing her; and they waited till her servant came, when they begged admittance and obtained permission. Presently she saw them all and recognized them; so she veiled and cloaked face and body, and went out and stood in the door, looking at her husband and his brother and the thief and the peasant-woman; but they did not recognize her.

CH. ORIG.
Then said she to them: "Ho, folk, ye shall not be relieved of what is with you till ye confess your sins; for when the creature confesseth his sins, the Creator relenteth towards him and granteth him that wherefore he resorteth to him." Quoth the kází to his brother: "O my brother, repent to Allah and persist not in thy frowardness, for it will be more helpful to Allah relief." And the tongue of the kází spake this speech:

This day oppressor and oppressèd meet,
And Allah showeth secrets we secrete:
This is a place where sinners low are brought;
And Allah raiseth saint to highest seat.
Our Lord and Master shows the truth right clear,
Though sinner froward be, or own defeat:
Alas, for those who rouse the Lord to wrath,
As though of Allah's wrath they nothing meet!
O whoso seeketh honours, know they are
From Allah, and His fear with love entreat.

(Saith the relator,) Then quoth the brother: "Now I will tell the truth: I did thus and thus with thy wife;" and he confessed the whole matter, adding, "and this is my offence." Quoth the leprous woman: "As for me, I had a woman with me, and imputed to her that of which I knew her to be guiltless, and beat her grievously; and this is my offence." And quoth the paralytic: "And I went in to a woman to kill her, after I had tempted her to commit adultery and she had refused; and I slew a child that lay by her side; and this is my offence." Then said the pious woman: "O my God, even as thou hast made them feel the misery of revolt, so show them now the excellence of submission, for thou over all things art omnipotent!" And Allah (to whom belong Majesty and Might!) made them whole. Then the kází fell to looking on her and considering her straitly, till she asked him why he looked so hard, and he said: "I had a wife, and were she not dead, I had said thou art she." Hereupon she made herself known to him, and both began praising Allah (to whom belong Majesty and Might!) for that which He had vouchsafed them of the reunion of their loves; but the brother and the thief and the villager's wife joined in imploring her forgiveness. So she forgave them one and all, and they worshipped
Allah in that place, and rendered her due service, till Death parted them.¹

In the Breslau printed edition we find the story told at much greater length, and with additional incidents which this version has exclusively, though they have their equivalents in other Asiatic and in most European variants. It forms one of the tales related by the Vazir Er-Rahwan to King Shah Bakht (18th Night of the Month)²:

Second Arabian Version.

THERE was once a man of Nishábúr, who, having a wife of the utmost beauty and piety, yet was minded to set out on the pilgrimage.³ So before leaving home he commended her to the care of his brother, and besought him to aid her in her affairs and further her wishes till he should return, for the brothers were on the most intimate terms. Then he took ship and departed, and his absence was prolonged. Meanwhile, the brother went to visit his brother's wife at all times and seasons, and questioned her of her circumstances, and went about her wants; and when his calls were prolonged, and he heard her speech and saw her face, the love of her gat hold upon his heart, and he became passionately fond of her, and his soul prompted him to evil. So he besought her to lie with him, but she refused, and showed him how foul was his deed, and he found him no way to win what he wished; wherefore he wooed her with soft speech and gentle ways. Now she was righteous in all her doings, and never swerved from one saying;⁴ so when he saw that she consented not to him he had no doubts but that she would tell his brother when he returned from his journey, and quoth he to her:

² For an account of this series of stories, see ante, pp. 352, 353.
³ To Mecca and Medina.
⁴ She meant "yes" when she said "yes," and "no" when she said "no."
“An thou consent not to whatso I require of thee, I will cause a scandal to befall thee, and thou wilt perish.” Quoth she: “Allah (extolled and exalted be He!) judge betwixt me and thee, and know that, shouldst thou hew me limb from limb, I would not consent to that thou biddest me to do.” His ignorance\(^1\) of womankind persuaded him that she would tell her spouse; so he betook himself of his exceeding despite to a company of people in the mosque, and informed them that he had seen a man commit adultery with his brother’s wife. They believed his word, and documented his charge, and assembled to stone her. Then they dug her a pit outside the city, and seating her therein, stoned her till they deemed her dead, when they left her.

Presently a shaykh of a village passed by the pit, and finding her alive, carried her to his house and cured her of her wounds. Now he had a youthful son, who as soon as he saw her loved her, and besought her of her person; but she refused, and consented not to him, whereupon he redoubled in love and longing, and his case prompted him to suborn a youth of the people of his village and agree with him that he should come by night and take somewhat from his father’s house, and that when he was seized and discovered, he should say that she was his accomplice in this, and avouch that she was his mistress, and had been stoned on his account in the city. Accordingly he did this, and coming by night to the villager’s house stole therefrom goods and clothes; whereupon the owner awoke, and seizing the thief, pinioned him straitly, and beat him to make him confess; and he confessed against the woman that she was a partner in the crime, and that he was her lover from the city. The news was bruited abroad, and the people assembled to put her to death; but the shaykh with whom she was forbade them, and said: “I brought this woman hither, coveting the recompense of Allah, and I know not the truth of that which is said of her, and will not empower any one to hurt or harm her.” Then he gave her a thousand dirhams\(^2\) by way of alms, and put her forth of the village. As for the thief, he was imprisoned for some days; after which the folk

\(^1\) “Ignorance” (jahl) may here mean wickedness, folly, vicious folly.—B.

\(^2\) About twenty-five pounds.
interceded for him with the old man, saying: "This is a youth, and indeed he erred;" and he released him from his bonds.

Meanwhile the woman went out at hap-hazard, and, donning a devotee's dress, fared on without ceasing till she came to a city, and found the king's deputies dunning the townsfolk for the tribute out of season. Presently she saw a man whom they were pressing for the tribute; so she asked of his case, and being acquainted with it, paid down the thousand dirhams for him and delivered him from the bastinado; whereupon he thanked her and those who were present. When he was set free he walked with her, and besought her to go with him to his dwelling. Accordingly, she accompanied him thither and supped with him, and passed the night. When the dark hours gloomed on him, his soul prompted him to evil, for that which he saw of her beauty and loveliness, and he lusted after her and required her of her person; but she rejected him, and threatened him with Allah the Most High, and reminded him of that which she had done with him of kindness, and how she had delivered him from the stick and its disgrace. However, he would not be denied, and when he saw her persistent refusal of herself to him, he feared lest she should tell the folk of him. So when he arose in the morning, he wrote on a paper what he would of forgery and falsehood, and going up to the sultan's palace, said: "I have an advisement for the king." So he bade admit him, and he delivered him the writ he had forged, saying: "I found this letter with the woman, the devotee, the ascetic, and indeed she is a spy, a secret informer against the sovran to his foe; and I deem the king's due more incumbent on me than any other claim, and warning him the first duty, for that he uniteth in himself all the subjects, and but for the king's existence the lieges would perish; wherefore I have brought thee good counsel." The king gave credit to his words, and sent with him those who should lay hands upon the devotee and do her to death; but they found her not.

As for the woman, when the man went out from her, she resolved to depart; so she fared forth, saying to herself, "There is no way-faring for me in woman's habit." Then she donned men's dress,
such as is worn of the pious, and set out and wandered over the earth; nor did she cease wandering till she entered a certain city. Now the king of that city had an only daughter, in whom he gloried and whom he loved, and she saw the devotee, and deeming her a pilgrim youth, said to her father: "I would fain have this youth take up his lodging with me, so I may learn of him lere and piety and religion." Her father rejoiced in this, and commanded the pilgrim to take up his abode with his daughter in his palace. So they were in one place, and the princess was strenuous to the uttermost in continence and chastity and nobility of mind, and magnanimity and devotion; but the ignorant tattled anent her, and the folk of the realm said: "The king's daughter loveth the pilgrim and he loveth her." Now the king was a very old man, and destiny decreed the ending of his life-term; so he died, and when he was buried, the lieges assembled, and many were the sayings of the people and of the king's kinsfolk and officers, and they counselled together to slay the princess and the young pilgrim, saying: "This fellow dishonoureth us with yonder whore, and none accepteth shame save the base." So they fell upon them and slew the king's daughter in her mosque without asking her of aught; whereupon the pious woman, whom they deemed a youth, said to them: "Woe to you, O miscreants! Ye have slain the pious lady." Quoth they: "O thou fulsome fellow, dost thou bespeak us thus? Thou lovedst her and she loved thee, and we will assuredly slay thee." And quoth she: "Allah forbid! Indeed the affair is clear the reverse of this." They asked: "What proof hast thou of that?" and she answered: "Bring me women." They did so, and when the matrons looked on her they found her a woman. When the townsfolk saw this, they repented of that they had done, and the affair was grievous to them; so they sought pardon of Allah, and said to her: "By the virtue of Him whom thou servest, do thou crave pardon for us." Said she: "As for me, I may no longer tarry with you, and I am about to depart from you." Then they humbled themselves before her and shed tears, and said to her: "We conjure thee, by the might of Allah the Most High, that thou take upon thyself the rule of the realm and of the lieges." But she refused and drew her back; whereupon they
came up to her and wept, and ceased not supplicating her till she consented and undertook the kingship.

Her first commandment was that they should bury the princess and build over her a dome, and she abode in that palace, worshipping the Almighty and dealing judgment between the people with justice, and Allah (extolled and exalted be He!) vouchsafed her, for the excellence of her piety, the patience of her renunciation, and the acceptance of her prayers, so that she sought not aught of Him to whom belong Majesty and Might but He granted her petition; and her fame was bruited abroad in all lands. Accordingly, the folk resorted to her from all parts, and she used to pray Allah (to whom belong Might and Majesty) for the oppressed, and the Lord granted him relief, and against his oppressor, and He brake him asunder; and she prayed for the sick, and they were made sound; and in this goodly way she tarried a great space of time.

So fared it with the wife; but as for the husband, when he returned from the pilgrimage, his brother and his neighbours acquainted him with the affair of his spouse, whereat he was sore concerned, and suspected their story, for that which he knew of her chastity and prayerfulness; and he shed tears for the loss of her. Meanwhile, she prayed to Almighty Allah that He would establish her innocence in the eyes of her spouse and the folk, and He sent down upon her husband's brother a sickness so sore that none knew a cure for him. Wherefore he said to his brother: "In such a city is a devotee, a worshipful woman and a recluse, whose prayers are accepted; so do thou carry me to her that she may pray for my healing, and Allah (to whom belong Might and Majesty) may give me ease of this disease." Accordingly, he took him up and journeyed with him till they came to the village where dwelt the shaykh, the old man who had rescued the devout woman from the pit and carried her to his dwelling and healed her in his home. Here they halted and lodged with the old man, who questioned the husband of his case and that of his brother, and the cause of their journey, and he said: "I purpose to go with my brother, this sick man, to the holy woman, her whose petitions are answered, so she may pray for him, and Allah may heal him by the blessing of her orisons." Quoth
the villager: "By Allah, my son is in parlous plight for sickness, and we have heard that this devotee prayeth for the sick and they are made sound. Indeed, the folk counsel me to carry him to her, and behold, I will go in company with you." And they said: "'Tis well." So they all nighted in that intent, and on the morrow they set out for the dwelling of the devotee, this one carrying his son, and that one bearing his brother. Now the man who had stolen the clothes and forged against the pious woman a lie, to wit, that he was her lover, sickened of a sore sickness, and his people took him up and set out with him to visit the devotee and crave her prayers, and Destiny brought them all together by the way. So they fared forward in a body, till they came to the city wherein the man dwelt for whom she had paid the thousand dirhams to deliver him from torture, and found him about to travel to her, by reason of a malady which had betided him.

Accordingly, they all journeyed on together, unknowing that the holy woman was she whom they had so fouly wronged, and ceased not going till they came to her city, and fore-gathered at the gates of her palace, that wherein was the tomb of the princess. Now the folk used to go in to her and salute her with the salaam, and crave her orisons; and it was her custom to pray for none till he had confessed to her his sins, when she would ask pardon for him and pray for him that he might be healed, and he was straightway made whole of sickness, by permission of Almighty Allah. When the four sick men were brought in to her, she knew them forthright, though they knew her not, and said to them: "Let each of you confess and specify his sins, so I may crave pardon for him and pray for him." And the brother said: "As for me, I required my brother's wife of her person and she refused; whereupon despite and ignorance prompted me, and I lied against her, and accused her to the townsfolk of adultery; so they stoned her and slew her wrongously and unrighteously; and this my complaint is the issue of unright and falsehood, and of the slaying of the innocent soul, whose slaughter Allah hath made unlawful to man." Then said the youth, the old villager's son: "And I, O holy woman, my father brought us a woman who had been stoned, and my people nursed her till she
FOR THE MAN OF LAW'S TALE.

recovered. Now she was rare of beauty and loveliness; so I required her of her person, but she refused, and clave in chastity to Allah (to whom belong Might and Majesty), wherefore ignorance prompted me, so that I agreed with one of the youths that he should steal clothes and coin from my father's house. Then I laid hands on him and carried him to my sire and made him confess. He declared that the woman was his mistress from the city, and had been stoned on his account, and that she was his accomplice in the theft, and had opened the doors to him; and this was a lie against her, for that she had not yielded to me in that which I sought of her. So there befell me what ye see of requital.” And the young man, the thief, said: “I am he with whom thou agreedst concerning the theft, and to whom thou openedst the door, and I am he who accused her falsely and calumniously, and Allah (extolled be He !) well knoweth that I never did evil with her; no, nor knew her in any way before that time.” Then said he whom she had delivered from torture by paying down a thousand dirhams, and who had required her of her person in his house, for that her beauty pleased him, and when she refused had forged a letter against her, and treacherously denounced her to the sultan, and requited her bounty with ingratitude: “I am he who wronged her and lied against her, and this is the issue of the oppressor's affair.”

When she heard their words, in the presence of the folk, she cried: “Praise be to Allah, the King who over all things is omnipotent, and blessing upon His prophets and apostles!” Then quoth she to the assembly: “Bear testimony, O ye here present, to these men's speech, and know ye that I am that woman whom they confess to having wronged.” And she turned to her husband's brother and said to him: “I am thy brother's wife, and Allah (extolled and exalted be He !) delivered me from that whereunto thou castedst me of calumny and suspicion, and from the folly and frowardness whereof thou hast spoken, and now hath He shown forth my innocence of His bounty and generosity. Go, for thou art quit of the wrong thou didst me.” Then she prayed for him, and he was made sound of his sickness. Thereupon she said to the son of the village shaykh: “Know that I am the woman whom thy father delivered
from strait and stress, and whom there betided from thee of calumny and ignorance that which thou hast named." And she sued pardon for him, and he was made sound of his sickness. Then said she to the thief: "I am the woman against whom thou liestd, avouching that I was thy leman, who had been stoned on thine account, and that I was thine accomplice in robbing the house of the village shaykh, and had opened the doors to thee." And she prayed for him, and he was made whole of his malady. Then said she to the townsman, him of the tribute: "I am the woman who gave thee the thousand dirhams, and thou didst with me what thou didst." And she asked pardon for him, and prayed for him, and he was made whole; whereupon the folk marvelled at her enemies, who had all been afflicted alike, so Allah (extolled and exalted be He!) might show forth her innocence upon the heads of witnesses.

Then she turned to the old man who had delivered her from the pit, and prayed for him, and gave him presents manifold, and among them a myriad, a Budrah;¹ and the sick made whole departed from her. When she was alone with her husband, she made him draw near unto her, and rejoiced in his arrival, and gave him the choice of abiding with her. Presently, she assembled the citizens and notified them his virtue and worth, and counselled them to invest him with management of their rule, and besought them to make him king over them. They consented to her on this, and he became king, and made his home amongst them, whilst she gave herself up to her orisons, and co-habited with her husband, as she was with him aforetime.²

The story as found in the Wortley Montague MS. text of The Nights, preserved in the Bodleian Library (vol. vii. N. 900—911), a translation of which forms one of the Additional Tales in Jonathan Scott's edition of our common version of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, published at London in 1811 (vol. vi., p. 376 ff.), differs materially from the foregoing, especially in the conclusion:

¹ A myriad: ten thousand dînars; about £5000.
Third Arabian Version.

IN the capital of Bagdád there was formerly a kázi, who filled the seat of justice with the purest integrity, and who by his example in private life gave force to the strictness of his public decrees. After some years spent in this honourable post, he became anxious to make the pilgrimage to Mecca; and having obtained permission of the khalif, departed on his pious journey, leaving his wife, a beautiful woman, under the protection of his brother, who promised to respect her as his daughter. The kázi had not long left home, however, when the brother, instigated by passion, made immodest proposals to his sister-in-law, which she rejected with scorn; but, being unwilling to expose so near a relative to her husband, she endeavoured to divert him from his purpose by argument on the heinousness of his intended crime, but in vain. The abominable wretch, instead of repenting, again and again offered his incestuous love, and at last threatened, if she would not comply with his wicked desires, to accuse her of adultery, and bring upon her the punishment of the law. This threat having no effect, the atrocious villain suborned witnesses to swear that they had seen her in the act of infidelity, and she was sentenced to receive one hundred strokes with a knotted whip, and be banished from the city. Having endured this disgraceful punishment, the unhappy lady was led through Bagdád by the public executioner, amid the taunts and jeers of the populace; after which she was thrust out of the gates to shift for herself.

She found shelter in the hut of a camel-breeder, whose wife owed her great obligations, and who received her with true hospitality and kindness; consoling her in her misfortunes, dressing her wounds, and insisting on her staying till she was fully recovered of the painful effects of her unjust and disgraceful punishment; and in this she was seconded by her honest husband. With this humble couple, who had an infant son, she remained some time, and was recovering her spirits and beauty, when a young driver of camels arrived on a visit to her host; and, being struck with her beauty, made indecent proposals, which she mildly but firmly rejected,
informing him that she was a married woman. Blinded by passion, the wretch pressed his addresses repeatedly, but in vain, till at length, irritated by her refusal, he changed his love into furious anger, and resolved to revenge his disappointed lust by her death. With this view, he armed himself with a dagger, and about midnight, when the family were asleep, stole into the chamber where she reposed, and close by her the infant son of her generous host. The villain, being in the dark, made a random stroke, not knowing of the infant, and instead of stabbing the object of his revenge, plunged his weapon into the bosom of the child, who uttered loud screams; upon which the assassin, fearful of detection, ran away, and escaped from the house. The kázi's wife, awaking in a fright, alarmed her host and hostess, who, taking a light, came to her assistance; but how can we describe their agonizing affliction when they beheld their beloved child expiring, and their unfortunate guest, who had swooned, bathed in the infant's blood. From such a scene we turn away, as the pen is incapable of description. The unhappy lady at length revived, but their darling boy was gone for ever.

Relying on Providence, the kázi's wife resolved to travel to Mecca, in hopes of meeting her husband, and clearing her defamed character to him, whose opinion alone she valued. When advanced some days on her journey, she entered a city, and perceived a great crowd of people following the executioner, who led a young man by a rope tied about his neck. Enquiring the crime of the culprit, she was informed that he owed a hundred dinars, which, being unable to pay, he was sentenced to be hung, such being the punishment of insolvent debtors in that city. The kázi's wife, moved with compassion, immediately tendered the sum, being nearly all she had, when the young man was released, and falling upon his knees before her, vowed to dedicate his life to her service. She related to him her intention of making the pilgrimage to Mecca, upon which the youth requested leave to accompany and protect her, to which she consented. They set out on their journey, but had not proceeded many days when the youth forgot his obligations, and giving way to the impulse of a vicious passion, insulted his benefactress by addresses of the worst nature. The unfortunate lady reasoned with him on the
ingratitude of his conduct, and the youth seemed to be convinced and repentant, but revenge rankled in his heart. Some days after this they reached the sea-shore, where the young man perceiving a ship, made a signal to speak with the master, who sent a boat to the land, upon which the youth, going on board the vessel, told the master that he had for sale a handsome female slave, for whom he asked a thousand dinars. The master, who had been used to purchase slaves upon that coast, went on shore, and looking at the kázi's wife, paid the money to the wicked young man, who went his way, and the lady was carried on board the ship, supposing that her companion had taken the opportunity of easing her fatigue by procuring her a passage to some sea-port near Mecca: but her persecution was not to end here. In the evening she was insulted by the coarse offers of the master of the vessel, who, being surprised at her refusal, informed her that he had purchased her as a slave for a thousand dinars. The lady told him that she was a free woman; but this had no effect upon the master, who, finding tenderness ineffectual, proceeded to force and blows, in order to reduce her to submit to his desires. Her strength was almost exhausted, when suddenly the ship struck upon a rock, and in a few moments went to pieces. The kázi's wife, laying hold of a plank, was washed ashore, after being for several hours buffeted by the waves.

Having recovered her senses, she walked inland, and found a pleasant country, abounding in fruits and clear streams, which satisfied her hunger and thirst. On the second day she arrived at a magnificent city, and on entering it was conducted to the sultan, who inquiring her story, she informed him that she was a woman devoted to a religious life, and was proceeding on the pilgrimage to Mecca when her vessel was wrecked on the coast, and whether any of the crew had escaped she knew not, as she had seen none of them since her being cast ashore on a plank; but as now the hopes of her reaching the sacred house were cut off, if the sultan would grant her a small hut and a trifling pittance for her support, she would spend the remainder of her days in prayers for the prosperity of himself and his subjects. The sultan, who was truly devout and pitied the misfortune of the lady, gladly acceded to her request, and allotted
her a pleasant garden-house near his palace for her residence, at
which he often visited her, and conversed with her on religious
subjects, to his great edification and comfort, for she was really
pious. Not long after her arrival, several refractory vassals, who
had for years withheld their usual tribute, and against whom the
good sultan, unwilling to shed blood, though his treasury much felt
the defalcation, had not sent a force to compel payment, unexpectedly
sent in their arrears, submissively begged pardon for their late
disobedience, and promised in future to be loyal in their duty. The
sultan, who attributed this fortunate event to the prayers of his pious
guest, mentioned his opinion to his courtiers in full divan, and they
to their dependants. In consequence of this, all ranks of people on
every emergency flocked to beg the prayers of the devotee, and
such was their efficacy that her petitioners every day became more
numerous; nor were they ungrateful, for in a short time the offerings
made to her amounted to an incalculable sum. Her reputation was
not confined to the kingdom of her protector, but spread abroad
through all the countries in the possession of the true believers, who
came from all quarters to solicit her prayers. Her residence was
enlarged to a vast extent, in which she supported great numbers of
destitute persons, as well as entertained the crowds of poor people
who came in pilgrimage to so holy a personage as she was now
esteemed. But we must now return to her husband.

The good káźi, having finished the ceremonies at Mecca, where
he resided a year, visiting all the holy places around, returned to
Bagdád; but dreadful was his agony and grief when informed that
his wife had played the harlot, and that his brother, unable to bear
the disgrace of his family, had left the city, and had not been heard
of since. This sad intelligence had such effect upon his mind that
he resolved to give up worldly concerns, and, adopting the life of a
dervish, wander from place to place, from country to country, and
visit the devotees celebrated for their sanctity. For two years he
travelled through various kingdoms, and, at length hearing of his
wife's fame, though he little supposed the much-talked-of female
saint stood in that relation to himself, he resolved to pay his respects
to so holy a personage. With this view he journeyed towards the
capital of the sultan, her protector, hoping to receive benefit from her pious conversation and prayers. On his way he overtook his treacherous brother, who, repenting of his wicked life, had become a dervish, and was going to confess his sins and ask the prayers for absolution of the far-famed religious woman. Time and alteration of dress—both being habited as dervishes—caused the brothers not to know each other. As travellers, they entered into conversation, and, finding they were bound on the same business, they agreed to journey together. They had not proceeded many days when they came up with a driver of camels, who informed them that he had been guilty of a great crime, the reflection upon which so tormented his conscience as to make his life miserable; and that he was going to confess his sins to the pious devotee, and consult her on whatever penance could atone for his villany, of which he had heartily repented, and hoped to obtain the mercy of Heaven by a sincere reformation of life. Soon after this the three pilgrims overtook a young man, who saluted them, and inquired their business; of which being informed, he begged to join their company, saying that he also was going to pay his respects to the pious lady, in hopes that through her prayers he might obtain pardon of God for his most flagitious ingratitude, the remorse for which had rendered him a burden to himself ever since the commission of the crime. Continuing their journey, they were joined in a few days by the master of a vessel, who told them he had been some time back shipwrecked, and since then he had suffered the severest distress, and was now going to solicit the aid of the far-famed devotee, whose charities and miraculous prayers had been noised abroad through all countries.

The five pilgrims accordingly journeyed together, till at length they reached the capital of the good sultan who protected the kâzi's wife. Having entered the city, they at once proceeded to the abode of the female devotee, the courts of which were crowded with petitioners from all quarters, so that they could with difficulty obtain admission. Some of her domestics, seeing they were strangers newly arrived, and seemingly fatigued, kindly invited them into an apartment, to repose themselves while they informed their mistress of their arrival; which having done, they brought word that she would
see them when the crowd was dispersed, and hear their petitions at her leisure. Refreshments were then brought in, of which they were desired to partake; and the pilgrims, having made their ablutions, sat down to eat, all the while admiring and praising the hospitality of their pious hostess, who, unperceived by them, was examining their persons and features through the lattice of a balcony at one end of the hall. Her heart beat with joyful rapture when she beheld her long-lost husband, whose absence she had never ceased to deprecate, but scarcely expected ever to meet him again; and great was her surprise to find him in company with his treacherous brother, her infamous intending assassin, her ungrateful betrayer the young man, and the master of the vessel to whom he had sold her as a slave. It was with difficulty she restrained her feelings; but not choosing to discover herself till she should hear their adventures, she withdrew into her chamber, and, being relieved by tears, prostrated herself on the ground, and offered up thanksgivings to the Protector of the just, who had rewarded her patience under affliction by succeeding blessings, and at length restored to her the partner of her heart.

Having finished her devotions, she sent to the sultan requesting him to send her a confidential officer, who might witness the relations of five visitors whom she was about to examine. On his arrival she placed him where he could listen unseen, and, covering herself with a veil, sat down on her masnad to receive the pilgrims, who, being admitted, bowed their foreheads to the ground, when, requesting them to rise, she addressed them as follows: "You are welcome, brethren, to my humble abode, to my counsel and my prayers, which, by God's mercy, have sometimes relieved the repentant sinner; but as it is impossible I can give advice without hearing a case, or pray without knowing the wants of him who solicits me, you must relate your histories with the strictest truth, for equivocation, evasion, or concealment will prevent my being of any service: and this you may depend upon, that the prayers of a liar tend only to his own destruction." She then ordered the kází to remain, and the four others to withdraw, as she should, to spare their shame before each other, hear their cases separately.
The good kázi, having no sins to confess, related his pilgrimage to Mecca, the supposed infidelity of his wife, and his subsequent resolve to spend his days in visiting sacred places and pious personages, among whom she stood so famous; that to hear her edifying conversation and entreat the benefit of her prayers, was the object of his having travelled to her abode. When he had finished his narrative, the lady dismissed him to another chamber, and then heard one by one the confessions of his companions, who, not daring to conceal anything, related their cruel conduct to herself, as above-mentioned, little suspecting that they were acknowledging their guilt to the victim of their evil passions. After this, the kázi's wife commanded the officer to conduct all five to the sultan, and inform him of what he had heard them confess. The sultan, enraged at the wicked behaviour of the kázi's brother, the camel-driver, the young man, and the shipmaster, condemned them to death; and the executioner was about to give effect to the sentence, when the lady, arriving at the palace, requested their pardon, and, to his unspeakable joy, discovered herself to her husband. The sultan complied with her request, and dismissed the criminals; but prevailed upon the kázi to remain at his court, where for the rest of his life this upright judge filled the high office of chief magistrate, with honour to himself and satisfaction to all who had causes tried before him; while he and his wife continued striking examples of virtue and conjugal fidelity. The sultan himself was unbounded in his favour towards them, and would often pass whole evenings in their company in friendly conversation, which generally turned upon the vicissitudes of life, and the goodness of Providence in relieving the sufferings of the faithful, by divine interposition, at the very instant when ready to sink under them and overwhelmed with calamity.

Closely resembling this third Arabian version is the Story of Repsima in the French translation of the Persian Tales of the Thousand and One Days, made by Petis de la Croix, and published after his death.1 It is stated in the preface that these tales were

1 An English translation, from the French, by Ambrose Phillips, was published early last century, and reprinted in vol. ii. of Weber's Tales of the East, 1812.
adapted by a dervish named Mukhlis (Mocles, according to the French transliteration of the name), who was famed in his day for piety and learning, from a collection of Indian comedies, of which a Turkish translation, entitled Al-Faraja Badal Schidda, or Joy after Affliction, is preserved in the Paris Library; and that Mukhlis, having converted some of these comedies into tales, inserted them in a frame-story, and entitled his work Hazár ú Yek Rúz, or the Thousand and One Days. In the year 1675 Mukhlis permitted Petis to make a transcript of his book, and it is said that in his translation he was assisted by Le Sage, the celebrated novelist— which sufficiently accounts for the Frenchified style of the narratives—and that "nearly all the tales were afterwards turned into comic operas, which were performed at the Théâtre Italien." That these tales are not, as many have supposed, mere French imitations of Oriental fictions is evident from the fact that a Persian manuscript in Sir William Ouseley's possession contained a portion of the Hazár ú Yek Rúz (see his Travels, ii., p. 21, note). But the statement that they were taken from Indian comedies, of which a Turkish translation exists, is utterly absurd, since these tales are not generally of a "comic" or humorous character; and my learned friend Mr. E. J. W. Gibb informs me that he does not know of any comedies in Turkish, and that there are no Turkish works which have been translated direct from any of the Indian languages, though it is quite likely that there is a Turkish version of the Persian Tales of the Thousand and One Days. The frame, or leading story, of this collection is as follows: Farruknaz, daughter of the king of Kashmir, was renowned far and wide for her extraordinary beauty, and many great and wealthy princes were suitors for her hand in marriage, but she steadily refused every one, having an insuperable aversion from men, in consequence of a dream, in which she saw a stag taken in a snare, and disentangled by his mate; and the doe soon after falling into the same snare, instead of being delivered from it, was abandoned by the stag. The princess concluded from this dream that all men were selfish, and repaid the tenderness of women with ingratitude. Her father the king was vexed to find Farruknaz day after day refuse the most eligible suitors, and her nurse, Sutlumeme, having
informed him of the cause, undertook to conquer this unnatural prejudice of the princess, by relating to her stories which should not only divert her, but show her that there have been constant lovers among men, and induce her to believe that such still exist. To this proposal the king most willingly consented, and the nurse at once began to recite to the princess tales of true and faithful lovers, with the most gratifying result.\(^1\) The idea of this frame-story seems to have been taken from a tale in Nakhshabi's *Tūtī Nāma,\(^2\) in which an emperor of China dreams of a beautiful damsel, whom he had never seen, and despatches his prime minister in search of her—even should he have to travel to the world's end—who, after much toil and trouble, at length discovers the beauty in the person of a princess, who has a great aversion from men, ever since she beheld in her garden a peacock basely desert his mate and their young ones, when the tree in which their nest was built had been struck by lightning: she considered this as typical of the selfishness of men, and was resolved never to marry. The crafty vazír, having ascertained this from a hermit whom he met on his way, prepares a series of pictures, and obtaining an interview with the princess, shows her, first, the portrait of his imperial master, and then a picture of a deer, regarding which he tells her a story to the effect that the emperor, sitting one day in his summer-house, saw this deer, his doe, and their fawn on a bank of the river, when suddenly the waters overflowed the banks, and the doe ran off in terror for her life, while the deer bravely remained with the fawn and was drowned. This feigned story, so like her own dream, struck the princess with wonder, and she at once gave her consent to be married to the emperor of China.

\(^1\) It is to be observed, that while the Sultan of the Indies, in the *Arabian Nights*, entertains a deadly hatred of women, yet Shahrazád relates her stories with no other design than that of prolonging her own life from day to day—she makes no attempt to combat her lord's prejudice by telling him stories of woman's fidelity; on the contrary, many of her tales one should suppose rather calculated to confirm the sultan in the bad opinion he had formed of "the sex." In this respect the Persian collection is more consistent than its celebrated prototype, since Sutlumeme's recitals all more or less set forth the pains and toils and dangers which men undergo for the sake of the damsels by whose charms they have been ensnared.

\(^2\) For some account of the *Tūtī Nāma see ante*, p. 310.
18. THE INNOCENT PERSECUTED WIFE:

Persian Version.¹

In days of yore a merchant of Basra, named Tamfm, had a virtuous wife whose name was Repsima, whom he loved fondly, and by whom he was beloved. Having to go on a trading voyage to the coast of India, he left his brother in charge of his house during his absence. This brother soon falls in love with the chaste and pious Repsima, but his incestuous suit is rejected. In revenge, he causes her to be convicted of adultery, by means of four suborned witnesses, and she is condemned to be buried alive, which is done accordingly. A robber coming past, she entreats to be released, and he takes her to his own house, where a negro slave becomes enamoured of her great beauty, declares his passion to her one day when the Arab and his wife happened to be gone abroad, and is indignantly repulsed. In order to cause her destruction, he cuts off the head of the Arab’s child one night, and places the knife beneath Repsima’s couch. Next morning he accuses her of the murder, but neither the Arab nor his wife could believe her capable of such a horrid deed. They send her away, with a gift of a hundred sequins. She comes to a certain town, where she lodges with an old woman. One day going to the baths, she sees a man being led to execution; pays sixty sequins and obtains his pardon. This man follows her—for she leaves the town, wishing to avoid the admiration of the people for her generosity—at first out of gratitude, but he soon falls in love with her, and she rejects him. There happened to be a ship ready to sail; the captain was still on shore; and this ungrateful scoundrel sells Repsima to the captain for three hundred sequins. The captain takes her on board his vessel, notwithstanding her protestations that she is a free Muslim woman; he solicits her love-favours, and at last attempts to force her, when a great tempest arises suddenly; the vessel goes to pieces, and only Repsima and the captain are saved, but are landed at different parts of the coast. Repsima relates her adventures to the people of the island on which

¹ As Petis’ French translation has divested the original of most of its Oriental colouring, and the English version made from it is certainly no improvement, I content myself with an abstract of the story, including all the principal incidents.
she lands, who give her a place of abode, where she lives retired, spending several years in prayer. The folk venerate her for her great sanctity.

In course of time the queen of the island died and left the throne to Repsima. In this capacity she also did well and wisely; fasting frequently; sick folk had recourse to her; she prayed and they were healed. Queen Repsima built hospitals for the poor, richly endowing them, and their fame was noised abroad, wherefore the sick came thither from all quarters. One day it was told her that there were six strangers who wished to speak with her; one was blind, another was dropsical, another was paralytic. Repsima consents to receive them, seated on her throne, with her face concealed by a thick veil. Her husband Tamím comes forward, leading his blind brother, and relates how, on his return from his trading voyage, his brother had informed him of his wife's crime and punishment, and that he had brought him to her majesty in order that he should be cured of his blindness. Repsima asks: "Is it true that the woman who was buried alive did betray thee? What dost thou think of it?" Tamím replies: "I cannot believe it, when I bring her virtue to my remembrance." Then the Arab with his paralytic negro slave makes obeisance; the ship-captain, who is dropsical, and confesses his crime of buying a free Muslim woman and attempting to force her to yield to his lust; and the young man whom she had rescued from death, and who had sold her to the captain, states that he is haunted day and night with furies. Next day the merchant's brother and the negro confess their wickedness, and Repsima having fervently prayed to Heaven, all the afflicted ones are immediately cured of their maladies. After this Repsima causes Tamím to sit in a chair of gold, and offers him one of her fairest female slaves in marriage, and that he should live at her court. Tamím at this bursts into tears, and says he can think of no other wife than his beloved Repsima;—he will spend the rest of his days in mourning over the place where she was buried alive. Repsima now lifts her veil, and Tamím recognises his own wife, who embraces him and relates her adventures in presence of the assembled courtiers. Then she gives rich gifts to those persons who had used her so ill, and whom she
had healed of their diseases and ailments. The laws of that kingdom would not permit Repsima to resign the throne in favour of her husband, she tells him, but in future he will dwell with her and share all her good fortune.

It seems to have hitherto escaped notice that to this group also belongs one of the tales in the Persian romance entitled Bakhtyār Nāma (see ante, p. 353, note 1), the date of which is not precisely ascertained, but it was probably composed before the 15th century, since there exists in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, a unique manuscript of a Turkī version, written, in the Uygur language and characters, in the year 1434, an account of which, together with a French translation of the story in question, is furnished by M. Jaubert in the Journal Asiatique, tome x., 1827. An Arabian version of the romance is found in the Breslau-printed text of the Thousand and One Nights. In 1800 Sir William Ouseley published the Persian text with an English translation, under the title of The Bakhtyar Nameh, or Story of Prince Bakhtyar and the Ten Viziers; and in 1805 M. Lescallier printed a French rendering, Bakhtiar Nameh, ou Le Favori de la Fortune: conte traduit du Persan. Farther particulars regarding the different versions are given in the Introduction to my (privately printed) edition of Ouseley's translation, from which the following story is taken, with some explanatory notes from the Appendix: it may be entitled

The Vazir's Pious Daughter:

A PERSIAN ANALOGUE.

THERE was a certain king named Dādīn, who had two vazirs, Kārdār and Kāmgār; and the daughter of Kāmgār was the most lovely creature of the age. It happened that the king, proceeding on a hunting excursion, took along with him the father of this beautiful damsel, and left the charge of government in the hands of Kārdār. One day, during the warm season, Kārdār, passing near the palace of Kāmgār, beheld this lady walking in the garden and

1 By a droll typo, blunder, in the article on Sir Wm. Ouseley in Allibone the title is given as "Prince Bakhtyar and the Ten Virgins"/
became enamoured of her beauty; but having reason to believe that her father would not consent to bestow her on him, he resolved to devise some stratagem whereby he should obtain the object of his desires. "At the king's return from the chase," said he to himself, "I will represent the charms of this damsel in such glowing colours that he will not fail to demand her in marriage; and I shall then contrive to excite his anger against her, in consequence of which he will deliver her to me for punishment; and thus my designs shall be accomplished."

Returning from the chase, the king desired Kárdár to inform him of the principal events which had occurred during his absence. Kárdár replied that his majesty's subjects had all been solicitous for his prosperity; but that he had himself seen one of the most astonishing objects of the universe. The king's curiosity being thus excited, he ordered Kárdár to describe what he had seen; and Kárdár dwelt with such praises on the fascinating beauty of Kámgár's daughter, that the king became enamoured of her, and said: "But how is this damsel to be obtained?" Kárdár replied: "There is no difficulty in this business. It is not necessary to employ either money or messengers; your majesty has only to acquaint her father with your wishes."

The king approved of this counsel, and having sent for Kámgár, mentioned the affair to him accordingly. Kámgár, with due submission, declared that if he possessed a hundred daughters they should all be at his majesty's command; but begged permission to retire and inform the damsel of the honour designed for her. Having obtained leave, he hastened to his daughter, and related to her all that had passed between the king and himself. The damsel expressed her dislike to the proposed connection; and her father,

1 The lithographed Persian text, published at Paris in 1839, reads: "He said to himself, 'Kámgár is an ascetic (zábíd) and a religious man (pársá), and would not give me his daughter.'"

2 The lith. text adds, "and, in conformity with the law of Muhammed (sháritat), obtain her consent"—a proof that the lady had attained marriageable age, since the consent of a girl not arrived at the age of puberty is not required.

3 The lith. text: "The daughter said, 'I am not worthy of the king; besides, once in the king's service, I cannot [devote myself to the] worship [of] God the Most High; and for the least fault the king would punish
dreading the king's anger in case of a refusal, knew not how to act. "Contrive some delay," said she: "solicit leave of absence for a few days, and let us fly from this country." Kāmgār approved of this advice; and, having waited on the king, obtained liberty to absent himself from court for ten days, under pretense of making the preparations necessary for a damsel on the eve of marriage; and when night came on he fled from the city with his daughter. Next day the king was informed of their flight, in consequence of which he sent off two hundred servants to seek them in various directions, and the officious Kārdār set out also in pursuit of them. After ten days they were surprised by the side of a well, taken and bound, and brought before the king, who in his anger dashed out the brains of Kāmgār; then looking on the daughter of the unfortunate man, her beauty so much affected him that he sent her to his palace, and appointed servants to attend her, besides a cook, who, at her own request, was added to her establishment. After some time Kārdār became impatient and enraged at the failure of his project; but he resolved to try the result of another scheme.

It happened that the encroachments of a powerful enemy rendered the king's presence necessary among the troops; and on setting out to join the army, he committed the management of affairs and the government of the city to Kārdār, whose mind was wholly filled with plans for getting the daughter of Kāmgār into his power. One me.'" The Turki version says: "Kerdār was the father of a maiden of beauty so perfect that one could not find in the whole world anything to vie with it; and she was so pious that not only did she recite the Kurān all day, but she passed the nights in prayer. Impressed by the greatness of her devotion, King Dādīn became enamoured of this maiden without having seen her, and he demanded her of her father in marriage, and he promised to advise her. He did so, but she replied; 'Passing my life in prayer, I cannot agree to become a great lady, and my ambition is limited to the service of God.'"

1 According to the litho. text, in place of a cook, "in the service [of the late vazir Kāmgār] there was a good man (Khāqqir) who had acted as a spiritual guide (buzurg), whom the king did not admit in his harem. This holy person, who had been constantly at the side of the daughter, wrote a letter [to this effect]: 'Do thou confirm the reward of service, and speak to the king about my wish, in order that he may admit me into thy service, seeing that I should perish from disappointment.' . . . [The king gave his consent.] . . . And the daughter continued her devotions in peace and tranquillity." In M. Lescallier's version the individual in question is described as a *bonffon*, or jester—scarcely the sort of person suitable for the companion of such a devout young lady.
day he was passing near the palace, and discovered her sitting alone in the balcony; to attract her attention, he threw up a piece of brick, and on her looking down to see from whence it had come, she beheld Kárdár. He addressed her with the usual salutation, which she returned. He then began to declare his admiration of her beauty, and the violence of his love, which deprived him of repose both day and night; and concluded by urging her to elope with him, saying that he would take as much money as they could possibly want; or, if she would consent, he would destroy the king by poison, and seize upon the throne himself. The daughter of Kámgár replied to this proposal by upbraiding Kárdár for his baseness and perfidy. When he asked her how she could ever fix her affections on a man who had killed her father, she answered that such had been the will of God, and she was resolved to submit accordingly. Having spoken thus, she retired.

Kárdár, fearing lest she should relate to the king what had passed between them, hastened to meet him as he returned in triumph after conquering his enemies; and, whilst walking along by the side of the king, began to inform his majesty of all that had happened in his absence. Having mentioned several occurrences, he added that one circumstance was of such a nature that he could not prevail upon himself to relate it, for it was such as the king would be very much displeased at hearing. The king’s curiosity being thus excited, he ordered Kárdár to relate this occurrence; and he, declaring it was a most ungrateful task, informed the king that it was a maxim of the wise men, “When you have killed the serpent, you should also kill its young.” He then proceeded to relate that one day during the warm season, being seated near the door of the harem, he overheard some voices, and his suspicions being excited, he concealed himself behind the hangings, and listened attentively, when he heard the daughter of Kámgár express her affection for the cook, who, in return, declared his attachment for her; and they

1 Bálkhána, a latticed window in the upper storey of the harem—whence our word “balcony.”

2 Thus Sa’dí in his Gulistán (Rose-Garden), i. 4: “To extinguish a fire and leave the embers, or to kill a viper and preserve its young, is not the act of wise men.”
spoke of poisoning the king in revenge for his having killed her father. "I had not patience," added Kárdár, "to listen any longer." At this intelligence the king changed colour with rage and indignation, and on arriving at the palace ordered the unfortunate cook to be instantly cut in two.\(^1\) He then sent for the daughter of Kámgár, and reproached her for her design of destroying him by poison. She immediately perceived that this accusation proceeded from the malevolence of Kárdár, and was going to speak in vindication of herself, when the king ordered her to be put to death; but being dissuaded by an attendant from killing a woman,\(^2\) he revoked the sentence, and she was tied hands and feet, and placed upon a camel, which was turned into a dreary wilderness, where there was neither water nor abode, nor any trace of cultivation. Here she suffered from the intense heat, and from thirst, to such a degree that, expecting every moment to be her last, she resigned herself to the will of Providence, conscious of her own innocence. Just then the camel lay down, and on that spot where they were a fountain of delicious water sprang forth; the cords which bound her hands and feet dropped off; she refreshed herself with a hearty draught of the water, and fervently returned thanks to Heaven for this blessing and her wonderful preservation.\(^3\) On this, the most verdant and fragrant herbage appeared around the borders of the fountain; it became a blooming and delightful spot, and the camel placed himself so as to afford the lady a shade and shelter from the sunbeams.

At this time it chanced that one of the king's camel-keepers was in search of some camels which had wandered into the desert, and without which he dared not return to the city. He had sought them

\(^1\) A horrible mode of putting a culprit to death, and peculiar, it is said, to the criminal code of Persia.

\(^2\) The Persians seldom put women to death, as the shedding of their blood is supposed to bring misfortune on the country. But when found guilty and condemned, the injunction prescribed by the law, of another man's wife being never seen unveiled, is strictly observed, by conducting the culprit, enveloped in the veil habitually worn by her, to the summit of a lofty tower, and throwing her thence headlong.

\(^3\) This two-fold miracle does not occur either in the Turkı (Uygor) or the Arabian versions: in the former an old woman mounts the damsel on a camel, takes her to the desert, and leaves her there; in the latter this is done by one of the king's eunuchs.
for several days amidst hills and forests without any success. At length coming to this spot he beheld the daughter of Kāmghār and the camel, which at first he thought was one of those he sought, and the clear fountain with its verdant banks, where neither grass nor water had ever been seen before. Astonished at this discovery, he resolved not to interrupt the lady, who was then engaged in prayer; but when she had finished, he addressed her, and was so charmed by her gentleness and piety, that he offered to adopt her as his child, and expressed his belief that, through the efficacy of her prayers, he should recover the strayed camels. This good man's offer she thankfully accepted; and having partaken of a fowl and some bread which he had with him, at his request she prayed for the recovery of the camels. As soon as she had concluded her prayer the camels appeared on the skirts of the wilderness, and of their own accord approached their keeper. He then represented to the daughter of Kāmghār the danger of remaining all night in the wilderness, which was the haunt of many wild beasts; and proposed that she should return with him to the city and dwell with him in his house, where he would provide for her a retired apartment, in which she might perform her devotions without interruption. To this proposal she consented, and, being mounted on her camel, returned to the city, and arrived at the house of her companion at the time of evening prayer. Here she resided for some time, employing herself in the exercises of piety and devotion.

One day the camel-keeper, being desired by the king to relate his past adventures, mentioned, among other circumstances, the losing of his camels, the finding of them through the efficacy of the young woman's prayers, the appearance of a spring of water where none had been before, and his adopting the damsel as his daughter. He concluded by informing the king that she was now at his house,

1 The litho. text reads: "I will prepare an oratory (sawma'd), and make ready for thy sake the means (asbāb: furniture) for devotion (asbāb-i'ibāda)"—such as a prayer-carpet (ṣaḥjāda), having a mark upon it pointing towards Mecca, the kibla of the Muslims, or point to which they direct their faces in saying their prayers, as Jerusalem is that of the Jews and Christians: within the mosque it is shown by a niche, and is called el-mihrāb. There should also be a fountain of running water (for ceremonial ablution) and a copy of the Kurān.
engaged day and night in acts of devotion. The king on hearing this expressed an earnest wish that he might be allowed to see the young woman, and prevail with her to intercede with Heaven in his behalf. The camel-keeper, having consented, returned at once to his house, accompanied by the king, who waited at the door of the apartment where the daughter of Kâmgîr was employed in prayer. When she had concluded, he approached, and with astonishment recognized her. Having tenderly embraced her, he wept, and entreated her forgiveness. This she readily granted, but begged that he would conceal himself in the apartment, whilst she should converse with Kârdâr, whom she sent for. When he arrived and beheld her with a thousand expressions of fondness, he inquired in what manner she had contrived to escape death, and told her that on the day when the king had banished her into the wilderness he had sent people to seek her and bring her to him. "How much better would it have been," added he, "had you followed my advice and agreed to my proposal of poisoning the king, who, I said, would endeavour to destroy you as he had killed your father! But you rejected my advice, and declared yourself ready to submit to whatsoever Providence should decree. Hereafter," continued he, "you will pay more attention to my words. But now let us not think of what is past: I am your slave, and you are dearer to me than my own eyes!" So saying, he attempted to clasp the daughter of Kâmgîr in his arms, when the king, who was concealed behind the hangings, rushed furiously on him and put him to death. 1 After this he conducted the damsels to his palace, and constantly lamented his precipitancy in having killed her father. 2

1 This, it seems to me, is quite after the manner of a modern European play or novel—when in the catastrophe the "villain" is made to unmask himself by a pious ruse of "injured innocence." I cannot call to mind a similar scene in any other Eastern tale.

2 In the Turkí and Arabian versions King Dádín (or Dádbín) deservedly meets with a very different fate. It is the cameleer of the King of Persia who is looking for his strayed beasts, when he discovers the fair devotee. He tells the king on his return how he had recovered the camels at the intercession of a pious maiden in the wilderness. The king visits her—even causes a tent for his own use to be erected beside her; and having heard her story, he sets out with a great army and takes prisoner King Dádín and the wicked vazir Kârdân—as he is called in those texts. After confession of his crimes the vazir is taken to the same desert where the maiden had been left, and there
The oldest written form of the story seems to be found in the *Contes Dévots*, a collection of miracles of the Virgin Mary, first composed in Latin, in the 12th century, by Hugues Farsi, a monk of St. Jean de Vignes, from which selections were rendered into French verse by Coinsi, a monk (afterwards prior) of St. Médard de Soissons, who died in 1236. Coinsi's version is reproduced in Méon's *Nouveau rec. de fabliaux, etc.*, tome ii. pp. 1—128. Under the title "De la bonne Impératrice qui garda loyalement la foi du mariage; aliás, de l'Empereur de Rome qui fit le voyage d'outre mer," Le Grand has given an *extrait* of it, which is substantially as follows:¹

**Early French Version.**

An emperor of Rome was going on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre to fulfil a vow that he had made during sickness. Before setting out, he left the administration of his kingdom to his brother, but in such a manner that the empress his wife should have a general control, and that nothing of importance should be done without her consent. This brother, during the absence of the emperor, becomes enamoured of the empress. He declares his passion to her, which she rejects with indignation; but he is so insolent that at last she causes him to be arrested and shut up in a tower. Some time after this the emperor returns, and the lady, in order to spare him the grief he must have suffered at seeing his brother in prison, and not being herself able to reveal the cause to him, sets the brother at liberty. Instead of being grateful for this leniency, the brother, resolved to be revenged on the empress, accuses her to the emperor in her presence of gross misconduct, adding that she had caused him to be shut up in the tower because he opposed her improper desires. The too-credulous husband at once condemns his wife to death, and delivers her into the hands of three knights, ordering them to go and throw her into the sea. But when they are about to obey his command, they hesitate from respect and compassion. They content-

dies of hunger and thirst. King Dadin is beheaded for the murder he had committed, and his kingdom is given to the faithful servant who urged that the maiden should not be put to death.

themselves by exposing the empress upon a barren rock in the midst of the waters, at the same time stripping off her upper garments, in order to be able to assure the emperor that they had put her to death. In this plight she has recourse to God, and especially to the Virgin, whom she had always faithfully served. The Virgin appears before her, assures her of her protection, and shows her an herb, the virtue of which was such that any leprous person who should drink [an infusion] of it should be infallibly cured, provided that he confessed without reservation and repented of his sins. Just then a galley, driven by the winds and freighted with passengers who were going on a pilgrimage, approached the rock. They were surprised to find there a beautiful woman en chemise, and questioning her as to the cause of her being in such a forlorn condition, she answered as she thought fit. Then they provided her with clothes, and took her into the vessel. When the pilgrims arrived at their destination, the lady went on shore, and lodged in the house of an old female devotee, where she worked for her livelihood. The sovereign of the country was leprous, and she healed him by means of the herb. All who had the same disease came to her and were likewise cured.

At length these wonders multiplied to such an extent that the noise of them reached Rome. Since the calumny against the empress, the brother-in-law who had aspersed her fair fame had suffered from a frightful leprosy which consumed his flesh and caused his skin to shrivel up. All the remedies employed for his cure had produced no good effect; and when the emperor heard of the wonders performed by the foreign lady he despatched an ambassador to the king of the country to request him to send her to his court. The lady arrives, covered with a large veil, and announces to the sick man that if he wishes to be cured he must make to her a full confession of all his sins. He feigns to consent to this, but keeps silent regarding the calumny by which he had injured his sister-in-law, and therefore the herb has no effect. The lady then reproaches him for wishing to deceive Heaven, and warns him that he cannot be healed so long as his conscience remains sullied. The love of life at last overcomes him; he confesses with a loud voice that not
only was the empress innocent of the crime of which he accused her, but that it was he himself who was guilty of incestuous love for her. At this avowal all the courtiers burst into tears, lamenting the loss of the virtuous empress. Her husband, who had rashly condemned her and wished her dead, is horror-struck. Without making herself known, the lady attempts to console him, but he answers that he can never be consoled for his loss, moreover, he will be doubly unfortunate, since henceforth his subjects will hate him. "But this wife," says she, "whom you have lost, you loved her then very much?" Then the emperor broke forth into eulogiums of her goodness, her sweetness of disposition, and the many other virtues of the empress. Suddenly she raises her veil and shows herself. They throw themselves into each other's arms. The lady then relates her strange adventures, and how she had been protected by the Virgin. The three knights who had saved her life receive each for reward a thousand marks of silver. The brother, at the moment of his confession having been healed of his leprosy, is pardoned by the emperor, but ordered to depart out of the kingdom. At the same time, in compliance with the precept of the evangelist, to return good for evil, he gave him much money. As to the two spouses, they loved one another the rest of their lives: they both devoutly served our Lady, and merited at their death that she should open Paradise to them.1

Contemporary, or nearly so, with Coinsi was Vincent de Beauvais, who was born in 1190 and died in 1264, and who gives the story in two parts (Speculum Historiale): cap. xc., "De Imperatrice cujus castitatem à violentia servorum eripuit," and cap. xci., "De alio casu consimili circa eandem Imperatricem," which are joined together in the following translation:

1 A French "mystery," of the end of 14th or beginning of 15th century, generally agrees with this; but the knights simply affirm their obedience, and produce no proof. — See Momnerque and Michel: Théâtre Français au moyen âge, p. 365.
Vincent of Beauvais' Latin Version.

A ROMAN emperor lived in loving union with his legal spouse, celebrated for her noble bearing, beauty, and chastity. He sets out, with her consent, on an extended tour of the world, including visits to the sacred places. He commends her in his absence to his younger brother; but the latter falls violently in love with her, and so wearies her with his importunity, that at last she pretends she will consent. Meanwhile she causes a tower to be prepared, in which she places two young men and two girls to act as servants, and attaches ropes by which supplies may be drawn up. She invites the youth to go with her to this tower. He is overjoyed, but just as he enters she shuts him in and leaves him there with the attendants, and thus she is once more at peace. Five years after the emperor's return is announced: she is very glad, and orders the towns on the route to be decorated, sets free the youth, and prepares to receive her husband. But the youth hastens on, and first meets the emperor. When asked why he is so worn, pale, and broken-down, he replies that the empress is an abandoned woman, whose embraces are open to all, and whose attempts upon himself he had resisted, so as to draw on him the dire punishment of imprisonment in a tower. The emperor falls down in astonishment, and does not recover for an hour. Next morning the emperor arrives at his capital. The empress, advancing towards her husband, receives a blow in the face from him, and he straightway orders two slaves to take her away into a dark wood and put her to death. They accordingly lead her off, but, considering that a fairer woman could not be found in the world, they resolve to enjoy her before fulfilling their orders. As they attempt to violate her, she looks to heaven and begs aid from God and the Holy Virgin Mary. Her cries are heard by a nobleman and his retinue on their way to visit Rome and the apostolic shrines, and are at first supposed to be those of some wild beast caught in a net; but on discovering the true cause, the two lustful slaves are slain and the empress saved.

On being asked who she is and why the two slaves should have made such an attempt upon her, the empress conceals her dignity,
and in a humble tone asks the nobleman to take her with him as a servant. He does so; she is well received by his wife, and their only son is committed to her care for his education. She attends to him with greater solicitude than if he had been her own; she avoids all gaiety and frequents the church, but not even there does the evil spirit cease to tempt, yet in vain. A certain captain of the court sought to obtain favours of her by fair words and many promises. But she assured him, by the love of their lord, whose brother he was, that she declined to have anything to do with him. Where-upon the wretch considered how he might kill or drive away a woman who held him so lightly in esteem. He goes, led by the devil, in the dead of night, to the room where she slept, with the child in her bosom, quietly cuts the child’s throat, and having placed the knife in her hand, steals off. The blood flows down the bed and over the woman, causing her to awake, and with wild cries she summons the mother and father of the child, who rush in along with the whole household. The wicked homicide comes also, with feigned tears, and, addressing his brother, says she is an abandoned wretch, who had been adjudged to death in another country, and urges that she should be at once committed to the flames. But the “noble hero and his wife” will not consent. They commit her to some seamen at the nearest port, with instructions to carry her beyond the seas to another country. The sailors are taken with her beauty, and in the course of the voyage make unchaste proposals to her. She repels them, upon which they offer her the choice of granting their wishes or of being drowned in the sea. She accepts the latter. They, however, leave her on a lonely rock in mid ocean. Three days are spent by her on that spot, without sleep or food. At last she sinks into a brief slumber, when the Holy Virgin Mary appears to her, commends her constancy, which she says has been perfect under every trial. As a reward she is told to gather the herbs under her head, and whatever leper she gives to drink of a decoction thereof shall be healed in the name of the Lord.¹

¹ We are not informed how the lady got away from the rock; and the subsequent incidents of her curing her penitent persecutors and her re-union with her husband are omitted. It is evident that Vincent did not take his materials from the slightly older French story, in which the murder of the

CH. ORIG.
Dunlop—who does not appear to have known of Trivet's *Life of Constance*—says, in his *History of Fiction*, that Chaucer's Man of Law's Tale is taken from Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, *Il Pecorone*, Day I, nov. 10, of which he gives the outline as follows:

**Ser Giovanni's Italian Version.**

The Princess Denise, of France, to avoid a disagreeable marriage with an old German prince, escapes into England, and is there received in a convent. The king, passing that way, falls in love with and espouses her. Afterwards, while he is engaged in a war in Scotland, his wife brings forth twins. The queen-mother sends to acquaint her son that his spouse has given birth to two monsters. In place of the king's answer, ordering them to be nevertheless brought up with the utmost care, she substitutes a mandate for their destruction and also for that of the queen. The person to whom the execution of this command is entrusted allows the queen to depart with her twin children to Genoa. At the end of some years, she discovers her husband at Rome on his way to a crusade; she there presents him with his children and is brought back with him in triumph to England.

There can be little doubt that this novel was adapted from Nicolas Trivet's *Life of Constance*, whose Chronicles were written at least 40 years before Ser Giovanni began to compose his work, in 1378 (it was not printed till 1558), while the *Canterbury Tales* were probably written very soon after, if not some of them before, that date.—A number of later Italian versions seem to have been directly or indirectly derived from the French. Of these, two miracle-plays, cited by D'Ancona in his *Sacre Rapp.*, vol. iii.,¹ are peculiarly interesting; one is the *Rappresentazione di Santa Gugli-*

elma, written by Antonia, wife of Bernardo Pulci, at the end of the 15th century:

Italian Miracle-Play of Santa Guglielma.

THE King of Hungary, newly converted to Christianity, determines to marry, and having heard of the beauty and worth of Guglielma, daughter of the king of England, sends an embassy, consisting of his brother and some noblemen, to demand her hand. She objects, having resolved to dedicate her virginity to Christ, but ultimately is persuaded by her parents to consent. Guglielma induces her husband to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and desires to accompany him, but he refuses to take her, and leaves her to rule the kingdom in his absence, commending her as queen to the obedience of his brother and the nobles. The king's brother makes an attempt upon Guglielma's virtue, but is repulsed, and he resolves to be avenged. On the king's return, his brother goes to meet him, and answers his inquiries after Guglielma by accusing her of disgraceful conduct. The king, plunged into grief, directs him to do justice upon her. His brother accordingly gives orders to burn her; but she is released by the executioner at the stake, and only her clothes are burnt, on the condition that she quits the realm forthwith, so that the executioner's disobedience may not be discovered. In the desert the Virgin Mary appears to her and comforts her, promising that all her torments shall, by her constancy, be turned into joy. Two angels procure her a guide (padrone) and escort, and provide her with a ring as a means of paying them for their services. She heals one of her escort of a disease. The guide leads her to a nunnery, in which she is received as a sister, calling herself simply by the name of "Sinner," and praying the abbess to inquire no farther after her name, origin, and history. She is made a doorkeeper, and heals many blind and sick. The king of Hungary's brother is stricken with leprosy by the judgment of God, and the king sends for his physicians. They declare that the disease cannot be cured speedily or without great expense. A servant advises the king to send away the doctors, and take his brother to be healed by Guglielma at the nunnery; so he commits the realm to his nobles,
and taking his brother to Guglielma, prays her to heal him. She recognizes them, but they do not know her. She consents to pray for the sick man’s restoration to health, but says that he must first declare in the king’s presence whether he ever in his life injured him, at the same time requesting the king to forgive him any offences which he might confess, which the king promises to do. His brother then confesses his double crime of tempting Guglielma and afterwards falsely accusing her to the king and causing her to be burnt to death. The king forgives him, upon which he is healed at Guglielma’s prayer, and he vows himself to the service of God. Guglielma takes off her veil and discovers herself to the king, and tells him how she had escaped death, and of her subsequent adventures. She returns home with the king and his brother, and the king, giving up his kingdom, retires with his wife and brother to the desert, where they become hermits.¹

D’Ancona also notices an obscure play, or poem, of the 16th century, entitled “Del duca d’Angio e de Costanza so mojer,” from an account of it by Adolfo Mussafia, contained in the Atti dell’ Accademia di Vienna, 1866:

Italian Miracle-Play of the Duchess of Anjou.

Louis Duke of Anjou, while being hospitably entertained by the Doge of Venice, falls in love with and marries his daughter Constance. Going to the Holy Land, he commits her to the care of his nephew Glifet, who tempts her, but she resists and flees. Glifet, however, gets her again into his power, and, unable to effect his wishes, gives her in charge to four ruffians to put her to death. Arrived in a wood, they release her, taking her shift and dipping it in the blood of a wild beast which they slew on purpose, and produce it to Glifet as proof of their obedience. Constance obtains shelter with a washerwoman, and is afterwards taken into the service of a

¹ For this and the following abstracts and notes from D’Ancona I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. E. Sidney Hartland, who has an able and almost exhaustive paper on a cognate cycle of tales, which he aptly entitles “The Outcast Child,” in the Folk-Lore Journal for October, 1886.
countess, whose clothes she had washed. The countess commits her only son to her care. The count’s nephew, Girardetto, falls in love with Constance, and after tempting her ineffectually, to revenge himself, he gains access by night to her room and strangles the count’s little son, sleeping by her side, and in the morning accuses her of the murder. He advises the count to burn her to death, and scatter her ashes to the winds; but at the countess’s intercession her life is spared, and she is abandoned in her shift on a desert isle. There an angel appears before her, and gives her a pot of ointment, informing her that she should leave the island on the following day. She is taken off by a pirate, who conducts her to Spain, to the monastery of the Madonna del Poggio, where she is admitted as a servant, and obtains a great reputation for sanctity. She begins to heal all manner of diseases by means of the ointment, and her fame spreads far and wide. Meanwhile, her husband returns from the Holy Land, and Gliuet makes him believe that she had fled without leaving a trace. On hearing of this, the duke falls sick, and Gliuet is presently stricken with leprosy. They are advised to go to Spain, to the monastery of the Madonna del Poggio, in order to be cured. Accordingly they go thither, and after confession of all their sins are cured by Constance, who then makes herself known to the duke, and she pardons the count for the evil he had done her.

In discussing the obscure Italian poem of which the foregoing is an abstract, D’Ancona divides the plot into three heads:

I. A prince confides his wife to his brother, who seeks to seduce her; and she, by the traitor’s wickedness, is brought into great peril of her life.

II. The innocent lady is saved by a gentleman, who receives her into his house and places his son in her care; but one of the family, enamoured of her and repulsed, slays the child and accuses her of his death, in consequence of which she is again exposed to apparently certain death.

III. The lady is once more saved, and endowed with power of curing the sick. They who have injured her are attacked by disease, and having made confession of their crimes are healed by her.
Spanish Version.

AFTER citing as belonging to this group the "Rapprisentazione di Santa Guglielma," D'Ancona, referring to a number of MSS. and editions, mentions "La Peregrina Doctora" of Juan Miguel de Fuego, 18th century (Romancero general, ed. Duran, Madrid, 1849-51, and the 10th and 16th vols. of the Biblioteca de autores españoles, Nos. 1269-70). The scene is laid at Lisbon. The cut-throats employed by the husband to put Ines de Hortocarrero to death come to a fight among themselves for the possession of her, and the chief is killed. After an apparition of the Virgin Mary, Ines flies, and a lion conducts her to a cave. The ruffians cut out the eyes and heart of their dead chief and carry them to the husband in proof of having executed his commands, but recount the truth to his brother Frederic, the calumniator of the lady, who goes to the cave, but is repulsed by the lion, who wounds him in five places. The Virgin appears again to Ines, and gives her the ointment as usual. Ines returns to Lisbon, and cures many sick persons, among them Frederic, now repentant, and is finally recognised.

German Versions.

THE legend of Ildegarde (Grimm: Deutsche Sagen, ii. 102; Bäckström, ii. 266) preserves the simplest form of the story. Even the supernatural is wanting in it. In the wood is a gentleman who saves the lady from the hands of the ruffians, and the medical art which she afterwards so happily practises she had learned long before.

D'Ancona refers to three German versions: (1) a poem of the 12th century (Kaiserchronik: ed. Massmann, v. 11,367, ed. O. Schade, Berlin, 1853); (2) a prose version taken from a MS. of the 15th century (Haupt.: Altd. Bil., i. 300; Wackernagel: Lesebuch, i. 987); and (3) an old print of the 16th century, preserved in the Imperial Library at Vienna; which tell the story thus: Narcissus, king of Rome, and Elizabeth, his wife, have two sons, both called Theodoric. Their parents having died, the pope orders that he shall reign who first takes a wife. Crescenza, daughter of the king of Africa (or, as
in the 3rd version, of Octavian the emperor), is demanded by both the brothers in marriage. She chooses Theodoric, the ugly but virtuous brother. Setting out on an expedition, the ugly husband confides his wife to his brother, who, having sought to seduce her, is imprisoned in a tower, but afterwards set free. Hence he calumniates Crescenza to her husband on his return, and the latter causes her to be flung into the Tiber, whence she is drawn by a fisherman in his nets and taken to his own house. Reproved for not having caught any fish during the day, the fisherman relates what has happened, and Crescenza goes then to the court of a certain duke. (In version 3 it is the Virgin who conducts Crescenza to the fisherman's cottage, where she is to change her clothes, and the duchess, having seen her, takes her away.) The duke's minister falls in love with Crescenza, and on being repulsed ill-treats her. She suffers all with patience, but the minister, to revenge himself, kills one of the duke's sons, aged three years. The duke delivers Crescenza into the minister's hands, who causes her to find a miraculous herb. Crescenza offers to cure the duke and his minister on their confessing their sins. They are cured, but the duke causes the minister to be thrown into the water. (In version 3 the Virgin saves Crescenza and gives her the herb, and the duke pardons his minister at the desire of Crescenza.) She then returns to Rome and heals her husband at once and his brother after confession, and is recognised. Soon after this Theodoric and Crescenza separate and end their lives in the cloister.

Other Italian Versions.

There is another Italian narrative of the 14th century, found in Novelle d'incerti autori del sec. XIV., Bologna, Romagnoli, 1861, p. 31, in which are combined the two principal events: the brother-in-law's treachery and the murder of the child. It also contains the apparitions of the Virgin, the lion which shows the deserted lady the way, and the miraculous cure of the brother-in-law. After the reconciliation the lady builds two convents, one for monks and the other for nuns, to which she and her husband respectively retire.—The story of the Duchess of Anjou (D'Ancona remarks) agrees fully with
none of these versions. It is a new version, which is distinguished from all others by the intelligent selection of the events, and their clear and simple connection. There Glifet is not brother but nephew of the husband. Apparently the intention is to excuse in a certain measure the crime by the greater youth of the culprit. This is the more evident in those places in which the struggles which Glifet sustains are recounted. In short, a more regular and truthlike development is here found than in the other versions. Is the merit (asks D'Ancona) of this to be awarded to the Italian versifier, whose power of expression is so small, and whose introduction is out of harmony with the design of the poem? The names of persons and places point to France, and he conjectures that the poem was derived mediatly or immediately from the French.

The foregoing observations appear to be in substance those of Mussafia in publishing the Italian poem "Del duca d'Angio et de Costanza so mojer." D'Ancona farther contributes the following: It is stated in the Illustrazione storico-monumentale-epigrafica dell' abbazia di Chiaravalle of Michael Caffi (Milan: Gnocchi, 1842), p. 110: "Four centuries before our Guglielma (the Bohemian), another of the same name and with similar vicissitudes rendered famous the land of Brunate in the territory of Como. She also called herself a king's daughter, she also led a religious and beneficent life, and died with the fame of sanctity and miracles. More fortunate than the Bohemian, or more circumspect in her behaviour, she aroused no suspicions of her teachings, and no sentence came to disturb the peace of her ashes. At Brunate her memory is ever held in veneration. Childing and suckling women, who have her as their advocate with the Dispenser of Mercies, go thither to make or to perform their vows." A note to this says: "After 795 Teodo, king of Hungary, married Guglielma, daughter of the king of England, but having gone very soon to Palestine, he left the kingdom and his wife in the care of his brother. The latter tempted in vain his sister-in-law's honour, and to revenge himself of the repulse accused her to his brother of infidelity. She was condemned to death, but succeeded in eluding the vigilance of her guards, flying in disguise. She was found by the
huntsmen of the king of France, who took her before their prince. He received her at his court, where a steward fell in love with her, and finding her intractable to his desires, accused her of infanticide, and she was again condemned to death. She is liberated, and goes to Italy, to shut herself in a nunnery, where by means of an exemplary and austere life she acquires a reputation for sanctity and wonder-working. Moved by this her great fame, the king of Hungary, having come to ask her forgiveness, takes her back to his own country, and there she piously ceased to live. At Morbegno and at Brunate she is venerated with special devotion.” An account of her life, written by one Padre Andrea Ferrari, is in the Vatican. Pietro Monti, the present incumbent of Brunate, writes me concerning this Guglielma as follows (Oct. 11, 1842): “There still is at Brunate a tradition that a lady from beyond the mountains, by name Guglielma, came in former times and lived here for many years, having been compelled to leave home by domestic misfortune, and that her husband, having heard of her, came and led her back to her own country. In this parish church is a fresco of her, venerated by pious persons, who come hither in certain months of the year, which appears to me to be of date of 1450, or thereabouts. In 1826 the wall in the church adjoining the picture was demolished, and there I saw many other figures (previously covered with a layer of mortar) which formed a retinue to the picture still existing. They related the story of Guglielma—that is, how she left her husband’s house, came to Brunate, and there lived a solitary life, clad in sackcloth, and usually with only one little maid-servant, in company with a crucifix and an image of Our Lady. There were some lines of Latin in Gothic characters, few words of which, however, I could put together and read. It was a sin that a hundred years ago the builders covered with mortar these old pictures of the 15th century, and partly ruined them by the fresh mortar. In 1826 it was believed that in that state [in which they then were] they could not be preserved. The convent of Brunate was founded by certain sisters Pedraglio, of Como, about the year 1350, as appears by memorials in my possession, and by the brief of Pope Martin V. of the 6th April, 1448. Guglielma, however, came here some centuries before the foundation
of the convent, and certainly before the 10th century; but according to tradition, where the nunnery was afterwards erected she passed part of her life in a private and obscure condition. The tradition here concerning Guglielma is very ancient, and so much as I have heard of it from the ‘oldest inhabitants’ agrees with a document sufficiently authentic, old, and in print, in my possession, and very rare, which makes Guglielma to have lived long before [the year] 1000. In this are noted her country, husband, her saintly and heroic Christian virtues, and the vicissitudes of her life, afflicted by private calamities. More I will not say of her, because when I have time I intend to publish a life of her.”

D’Ancona, referring to the foregoing communication from the priest of Brunate, goes on to say, that he had written to Como to ascertain whether the incumbent had ever carried his intention into

1 The simplicity of this worthy ecclesiastic’s account of the saintly, wonder-working lady is very refreshing. He claims a high antiquity for the local tradition, but one should like to know something definite regarding the “document, sufficiently authentic, very old and rare,” which represents the pious Guglielma to have lived (at Brunate) long before the year 1000, and with which the narratives of the “oldest inhabitants” agreed. Not even the fresco of the lady-saint on the wall of the parish church—not even the whole series of mural pictures which the masons ruined by covering with mortar—is to be received as evidence that the “tradition,” so far as concerns Brunate, is founded in fact. That a story of universal popularity such as that of Guglielma should be pictured on a church-wall is not at all surprising; and through the pictures it would in course of time naturally become identified with the locality.

Nothing indeed is more common than to find world-wide stories localised in different countries, from Iceland to Ceylon, from Portugal to Japan. Thus, for example, the “legend” of the Pedlar of Swaffam—who had a dream of buried treasure which was realised, and whose picture, with his wife and three children, was, quoth Sir Roger Twysden, “on every window of the aisle” of Swaffam church, in memorial of his benefactions to that edifice—this story, which Blomefield has reproduced in his History of Norfolk, is not only known in Holland and Germany, but is found in the works of Arabian and Persian writers who were gathered to their fathers centuries before Swaffam church was erected. The Welsh “tradition” of Gellert the faithful hound, whose tomb “with stately sculpture decked” is shown even unto this day, was known in India thirteen hundred years ago, and has been domiciled in the south of France for many centuries. Our nursery tale of Whittington and his Cat was related by Wasif the Persian historian, and moreover was current in different countries of Europe long before that Worshipful Lord Mayor of London town was born. The fabliau of ‘Le Sacristan de Cluni’ is reproduced by Heywood in his History of Women, under the title of ‘The Faire Ladie of Norwich,’ and again in Blomefield’s History of Norfolk, where the murderer of the amorous monk is, strangely, represented to have been Sir Thomas Erpingham. So much for local “traditions”!
effect, or if anything could be found among his papers; and he obtained the following information, extracted from the papers of Pietro Monti: A life of St. Guglielma was printed at Como by Niccolo Caprani, episcopal printer, 1642, collected by M. R. Padre Frate Andrea Ferrari of S. Donato, and incumbent of the church of S. Andrea at Brunate. Frate Andrea says at the beginning of this life that he was induced to write it by having a little book accidentally fall into his hands, which treated of the life of the saint, and adds that he made search in the library of the Vatican, where the same life was found described substantially in the way in which he had printed it, little different from that described in the above-mentioned book. There it is related that Teodo, king of Hungary, in the year 795, took to wife Guglielma, daughter of the king of England. A short time after his marriage he went to the Holy Land, having left Guglielma and his brother in charge of the kingdom. The brother, having in vain attempted his sister-in-law's honour, accused her to the king of adultery. She was therefore condemned to be burnt, but the executioners only burnt her clothes and an animal, and permitted her to flee from Hungary. Having reached a desert, she was there first tempted by the huntsmen of the king of France, and afterwards conducted by them before the king, who gave his first-begotten son to her charge. The seneschal, having in vain asked her in marriage, to revenge himself strangled the king's son, attributing the crime to Guglielma. She is condemned to the flames. Two angels miraculously deliver her, lead her to a certain river, and consign her to a pilot. While she sails she has a vision of the Virgin Mary. She heals by blessing divers sick persons who are in the vessel. She makes known to the captain of the ship her desire to live in a convent, and he, who is nephew of the abbess of a nunnery in his own country, complies with her wish. Thither, through the fame of her miracles, the sick flocked from various parts of the world. Afflicted by leprosy, the brother of the king of Hungary and the seneschal of France come, and are set free from their disease. At this news the king of Hungary and the king of France hasten to the nunnery, and there the saint makes herself known to her husband, with whom she returns to her kingdom, where in life and after death
she works many miracles, chiefly curing headache (!). Frate Andrea, however, at the beginning of her life, says that there are few who esteem Guglielma among the saints, but her picture in the church of S. Andrea is held in great veneration, that women who want milk are persuaded that they obtain daily favours by means of her intercession, and that her pictures are seen in divers churches painted with a crown on her head.

From a comparative analysis of the numerous versions and variants of the ancient and wide-spread story of the Innocent Persecuted Wife it will be very evident that, while the fundamental outline is the same in all, Trivet's tale, with its direct derivatives by Gower and Chaucer, is a considerably elaborated form, and that the versions in the Contes Dévots and the Gesta Romanorum most closely preserve the Asiatic story in the principal details. In Trivet, and in the romance of Emare, however, there is introduced an incident which properly belongs to another but cognate cycle of tales, that, namely, of the malignant mother-in-law telling her son that his wife is a demon and her child a monster. In the group I refer to, envious sisters, co-wives, or mothers-in-law send the heroine's newly-born babes away to be killed, substitute puppies, cats, stones, or bits of wood, and make the husband believe she has given birth to such objects—as in the beautiful tale of the 'Swan Children' (afterwards expanded into the romance of 'Helyas; or, the Knight with the Swan') in Dolopathos, the oldest European form of the History of the Seven Wise Masters; in the Pleasant Nights (Le Notti Piacevoli) of Straparola, iv. 3; in the German tale (Grimm) of the 'Three Little Birds'; in the Norse Tale (Dasent) of 'Snow White and Rosy Red'; in the French tale of 'Les Trois Filles du Boulanger' (Mélusine, i. 206); in the tale of 'The Envious Sisters,' with which our common version of the Arabian Nights concludes; in the Indian tale of 'Truth's Triumph,' Miss Frere's Old Deccan Days, and that of 'The Boy with a moon on his forehead,' Bahari Day's Folk Tales of Bengal; in the third tale of the Tamil romance Madana Kāmarājā Kadai, etc.
The story as found in the Contes Dévots corresponds so closely with the Gesta version that we might conclude it was the source of the latter, but for one or two important differences, which render it probable that both were independently adapted from oral tradition. In the Gesta the lady is entrapped into a ship under pretence of showing her some clothes for sale; the master threatens to force her to comply with his desires; she prays to Heaven; a tempest rises, and all on board are drowned excepting the lady and the shipmaster. This does not occur in the Contes Dévots, but exact parallels to it are found in the third Arabian version and the Persian tale of Repsima, the sole difference being that the lady is sold as a slave to the shipmaster. In Trivet's tale the lady sails away with a seneschal and pushes him into the sea to save her chastity.—The murder of the child does not occur in the Contes Dévots, but is found in Vincent of Beauvais, the Gesta, the Italian poem of Santa Guglielma, the German versions, the Persian tale of Repsima, and in the first and third Arabian versions (where the child is killed accidentally in the attempt to murder the lady); in Trivet and its derivatives, it is Hermingild, the wife of Elda, who is slain; and in the second Arabian version theft is substituted for murder.—The imprisonment of the brother-in-law occurs in the Contes Dévots, Vincent of Beauvais, the Gesta, and the German versions.—For the miraculous cures performed in the persons of her evil-doers in nearly all the variants, we find in Trivet the restoring of his sight to a blind Briton by Hermingild, at the desire of Constance, making the sign of the cross on his eyes.—The German versions seem to have exclusively the incident of the lady being cast into the Tiber, and drawn out by a fisherman in his net.—The Gesta story is the only European version which agrees with the Eastern forms in the incident of the lady saving the man from the gallows—from the bastinado in the second Arabian, where the man, instead of inveigling the lady on board a vessel, makes a false charge against her to the sultan; but in the first Arabian the man builds the lady a cell, then betakes himself to woodcutting, and brings her food daily. The lady's disguising herself as a dervish, her associating with the princess as her spiritual director, and the murder of the latter are details peculiar to the second Arabian
version; while the third Arabian is singular in representing the evil-doers as afflicted with remorse, not with diseases, for their crimes. To conclude: I am disposed to consider the Innocent Persecuted Wife as of Hindú, if not of Buddhist, extraction; and the Persian tale of Repsima, though found in a work of much later composition than most of the European versions, may perhaps best represent the original form of the tale.

GLASGOW, November, 1886.

NOTE.

In the first Arabian version, p. 368, last line, the lady, on quitting the house of her rescuer, is represented as having "something of money with her," but we are not told how she came by it: evidently the copyist has omitted to state, as in the second version, that the shaykh gave her a thousand dirhams; and this is also left out of the third version.—The incident, which occurs in the third Arabian and the Persian versions, of the lady being put on board a vessel as a slave, and solicited by the master bears some resemblance to that which happened to the wife of Placidus, as related in ch. 110 of Swan's *Gesta Romanorum*, and the Legend of St. Eustache, in the Greek martyr acts, to which the story of the Innocent Persecuted Wife is near akin.
19.

The Robbers and the Treasure-Trove:

BUDDHIST ORIGINAL AND ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN VERSIONS

OF

Chaucer's Pardoner's Tale.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.
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THE ROBBERS AND THE TREASURE-TROVE:

BUDDHIST ORIGINAL AND ASIATIC AND EUROPEAN VERSIONS
OF THE PARDONER’S TALE.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.

FEW stories were more widely diffused over Europe during mediaeval times than that which Chaucer represents the Pardoner as relating to his fellow-pilgrims on the way to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, of the three “riotours” who found a treasure, and perished through their own cupidity. How this simple but impressive tale was brought to Europe—for it is of Asiatic extraction unquestionably—has not been and may never be ascertained. We have already seen (ante, p. 131) that it forms one of the Cento Novelle Antiche, the first Italian collection of apologues and short stories, compiled, it is supposed, in the 13th century. Wright conjectures that Chaucer drew the materials of his Pardoner’s Tale from a fabliau, and it is probable that such was also the source of the Italian novella. We should have expected to find the story occurring frequently in the voluminous monkish collections of exempla, but my friend Professor T. F. Crane, of Cornell University, Ithaca, U.S., who has been long engaged upon a work on Mediæval Sermons and Story-Books, informs me that he has not hitherto met with it in any of them, which is passing strange, since it is well adapted for popular recital, its moral being so obvious.

The original form of the story seems to be one of the Buddhist Birth-Stories, entitled “Vedabbha Jātaka,” the 48th of Fausbøll’s edition of the Pāli text of the Jātaka-book. The meaning of “Birth-Story” has been thus explained: “According to Buddhist belief, every man living has entered on his present life in succession to a vast number of previous lives, in any one of which he may have been a man—king, monk, or goatherd—an animal, goblin, or
deity, as the case may be. For the mass of men, those previous lives have left no trace on memory, but a Buddha remembers them all, and not his own merely, but the previous births of other men. And Gautama, so the tradition runs, was in the habit of explaining facts of the present in the lives of those about him by what they had done in other births, and of illustrating his own teaching by what he had done himself in earlier births. Of the stories which he thus told of his own previous existences, 550 are supposed to have been collected immediately after his decease."—The first to point out the identity of the Pardoner's Tale with one of those Buddhist Birth-Stories was the Rev. Dr. Richard Morris, in the *Contemporary Review*, May, 1881, vol. xxxix. p. 738, and afterwards two other scholars each made the same "discovery" independently: Mr. H. H. Francis in *The Academy*, Dec. 22, 1883, and Professor C. H. Tawney, in the *Journal of Philology*, 1883, vol. xii. pp. 203—8. The Bishop of Colombo, in the *Journal of the Ceylon Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*, 1884, published translations of the first fifty Játakas, the 48th of which, as already stated, is the "Vedabbha," but he does not seem to have recognized it as the original of the Pardoner's Tale. The following is Professor Tawney's rendering of the "Vedabbha Játaka":

**Buddhist Original.**

"He who desires advantage unseasonably, he is afflicted;
The men of Chedi slew Vedabbha, and they all themselves perished."

This the Master, while sojourning in Jetavana, spake concerning that obstinate friar. For the Master said to that friar: "Friar, not only now art thou obstinate, but formerly also wast thou obstinate, and owing to thy obstinacy thou didst disregard the counsel of the wise, and wast cut asunder with a sharp sword, and didst fall dead in the way, and owing to thee alone did a thousand men perish." When he had said this he told the following tale:

LONG ago, when Bráhmadatta was reigning in Benáres, a certain Bráhman in a certain village knew a spell, Vedabbha by name. That spell was indeed of great, of priceless efficacy. When the
moon was in conjunction with a certain lunar mansion, he would repeat that spell, and look up to heaven, and then a rain of the seven kinds of precious things would fall from heaven. At that time the Bodhisattva was studying science under that Brāhmaṇ. One day the Brāhmaṇ left his village, and, taking the Bodhisattva with him, set out for the kingdom of Chedi for some purpose or other. In the way lay a certain forest, where five hundred Sending Thieves way-laid travellers. They took captive the Bodhisattva and the Vedabba Brāhmaṇ. And the reason wherefore they were called Sending Thieves was this: Whenever they took captive two men, they sent one to fetch wealth; therefore they were called the Sending Thieves. And so, if they captured a father and a son, they said to the father: “Go and bring us wealth, and then receive back thy son and depart.” And in like manner, if they captured a mother and her daughter, they sent the mother; and if they captured an elder and a younger brother, they sent the elder brother; and if they captured a teacher and his pupil, they sent the pupil. Accordingly on this occasion they kept the Vedabba Brāhmaṇ and sent away the Bodhisattva. The Bodhisattva respectfully took leave of his teacher, and said: “I will return after one or two days; do not be afraid; and moreover, do this that I advise you. To-night there will be a conjunction of the moon with a lunar mansion that will enable you to call down a rain of wealth; now do not you, fretting under your affliction, repeat the spell, and make a rain of wealth descend; otherwise, you yourself will meet destruction, and these five hundred thieves also.”

Having given his teacher this advice, he went to fetch wealth.

The thieves, for their part, when the sun set, bound the Brāhmaṇ and made him lie down. At that moment the full round orb of the moon rose above the western horizon. The Brāhmaṇ, considering

1 The seven kinds of precious things are variously enumerated by Buddhist authors. Burnouf, in his translation of the Saddharma Pundarika, gives two lists. The first is from the Saddharma itself, a Northern Buddhist work, and runs as follows: (1) gold; (2) silver; (3) lapis-lazuli; (4) crystal; (5) red pearls; (6) diamonds; (7) coral. The second is from a Southern Buddhist source: (1) gold; (2) silver; (3) pearls; (4) all kinds of precious stones; (5) lapis-lazuli; (6) diamonds; (7) coral.

2 Or Bodisat: a potential Buddha—in the present case, Gautama himself in a former birth.
the heavenly bodies, said to himself: "To-night there will take place a conjunction of the moon with a lunar mansion that will enable me to produce a rain of wealth;—why should I any longer endure affliction? I will repeat the spell and cause a rain of precious things to descend, and bestow wealth on the thieves, and then go where I like." Having thus reflected, he said to the thieves: "Ye thieves, why did ye take me prisoner?" They answered: "In order to get wealth, reverend sir." He continued: "Then, if you desire wealth, quickly release me from my bonds, and have my head washed, and have me clothed in new garments, and anointed with unguents, and adorned with flowers." The thieves, hearing his speech, did so. The Bráhman observed the exact moment of the moon's conjunction with the lunar mansion, and repeated the spell and looked up to heaven. Immediately precious things fell from heaven. The thieves collected that wealth, and tied it up in bundles in their upper garments and started off. The Bráhman followed them.

Then another five hundred thieves made those thieves prisoners. The first five hundred said: "Why do you take us captive?" The second five hundred answered: "To get wealth." Then the first five hundred said: "If you desire wealth, take captive this Bráhman; he looked up to heaven, and made a rain of wealth fall; it was he that gave us what we have here." Then the thieves let those other thieves go, and seized the Bráhman, exclaiming: "Give us also wealth." The Bráhman replied: "I could give you wealth; but that conjunction of the moon with the lunar mansion that enables us to call down a rain of wealth will not take place for a year from this time. If you need wealth, wait, and then I will cause a rain of wealth to descend." The thieves were angry, and said: "What! villain of a Bráhman, after causing a rain of wealth to descend for others, do you bid us wait for another year?" Then they cut the Bráhman in two with a sharp sword, and left him in the road, and quickly pursuing those other thieves, fought with them, and slew them all. Then they divided themselves into two bands, and fought until two hundred and fifty were slain; and in this way they slew one another until only two remained.

Thus those thousand men perished all but two. But those two
men deftly carried off that wealth, and hid it in a thicket near a village, and one remained guarding it, sword in hand, while the other took some rice and went off to the village to get it cooked. Truly this passion of avarice is the root of destruction,¹ for the one who was guarding the wealth said to himself: "When my fellow returns, this wealth will have to be divided into two portions, so I had better kill him with a sword-cut as soon as he arrives." So he made ready his sword, and remained watching for his return. The other said to himself: "This wealth will have to be divided into two portions, so I had better put poison in the rice, and give it to my fellow to eat, and so kill him, and take all the wealth for myself." According to, as soon as the rice was cooked, he ate all he wanted, and put poison in the rest, and set out with it in his hand. No sooner had he put the rice down than the other cut him in two with his sword, and threw his body into a tangled thicket. Then he ate the rice, and fell dead on the spot. Thus, owing to the treasure, all these men perished.

As for the Bodhisattva, he returned in one or two days with the wealth that he was sent to fetch. When he did not see his teacher where he left him, but saw wealth scattered about, he said to himself: "In spite of my advice, the teacher must have caused a rain of wealth to descend, and no doubt they will all have perished." So he went on along the highway. As he was going along, he saw on the highway his teacher cut in two; and he said to himself: "He has lost his life through disregarding my advice." Then he gathered wood and made a pyre, and burnt his teacher's body, and offered flowers to it. And, going on, he saw five hundred men lying dead, and then two hundred and fifty, and so on, until at last he saw only two corpses, and then he said to himself: "Behold! here are a thousand men slain, save only two; there must be two thieves left

¹ Mr. Francis, in his paper on this story in The Academy, already referred to, has pointed out that nearly the same reflection occurs in the Latin story—meaning the singularly corrupted version found in Morlini: "radice malorum cupiditatis affecti" (see ante, p. 134, l. 8)—but he was strangely mistaken in supposing the reflection to be made by the robber: under this mistake, however, he makes right merry, remarking that "it would seem as if the Devil could quote Scripture in Pali as well as in other languages," and calling the robber "a veritable Oriental Pecksniff!"
alive; they will not be able to control themselves. I wonder where they are gone." So, going on, he saw their tracks, where they had entered a thicket with the treasure, and further on he saw a heap of treasure made up in bundles, and a man lying dead upon a plate of rice. Then he understood exactly all the doings of those men, and said to himself: "I wonder where they are gone." So, going on, he saw their tracks, where they had entered a thicket with the treasure, and further on he saw a heap of treasure made up in bundles, and a man lying dead upon a plate of rice.- Then he understood exactly all the doings of those men, and said to himself: "I wonder where the other is," but, after searching, he found him cast away in a thicket, and exclaimed: "Disregarding my advice, my teacher not only lost his own life by his obstinacy, but caused also the death of those thousand men. Truly, those who unseasonably and wantonly pursue their own advantage meet, like my teacher, with utter ruin." And having said this, he repeated the following stanza:

"He who desires advantage unseasonably, he is afflicted;
The men of Chedi slew Vedabbha, and they all themselves perished."

Then the Bodhisattva made the wood resound with this utterance: "Even as my teacher, unseasonably and improperly exerting power, caused a rain of treasure to fall, and thus himself met his death, and became to others the cause of destruction—even so, whosoever, unseasonably desiring his own advantage, shall make strenuous effort, shall himself perish utterly, and shall cause ruin to others." And the sylvan deities applauded him, while he thus set forth the moral lesson contained in the above stanza. Then he deftly removed the wealth to his own house, and continued the rest of his life giving alms, and doing other righteous acts, and when he died, he attained heaven.

When the Master had given this instruction in righteousness, saying, "Friar, not only now art thou obstinate, but formerly also wast thou obstinate, and didst meet with utter ruin," he summed up the Jātaka in the following words: "On that occasion this obstinate friar was the Vedabbha Brāhman and I was his pupil."

From India the story, in all likelihood, passed into Persia, where it assumed a form consistent with the Muhammedan belief in the sacred (but not divine) character of Jesus the son of Mary. In the

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1 The commentator tells us that the Brāhman was called Vedabbha because he knew a spell named Vedabbha—Veddhamanta-casena Vedabbho ti ladhanānam brāhmanam.
12th century Feridu-\textsuperscript{d}-Dín ‘Attár, the celebrated Súfí philosopher and poet, made it the subject of a poem in his Kitab-i Masibat Náma, or Book of Calamities, from a manuscript copy of which, preserved in the Gotha Library, Dr. F. Rückert published the Persian text, accompanied by a German metrical translation, in the Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft (Journal of the German Oriental Society) for 1860, Bd. xiv. s. 280—7, and this is how ‘Attár tells the story:¹

Persian Version.

JESUS, from whom beamed light, came into a village, and an evil man was his path-fellow. At that time Jesus had three loaves of bread, one of which he ate, one he gave to his companion, and one remained out of the three. Now Jesus went forward to

¹ The Súfís are the mystics of Islám.—Mr. F. F. Arbuthnot, in his recently-published work, Persian Portraits: a Sketch of Persian History, Literature, and Politics, gives the following particulars regarding this illustrious poet:

Shaikh Farid-ud-Din Attar, surnamed Muhammed Ibrahim, was a druggist and dealer in perfumes, from which he took his poetical name ['Attár], and only abandoned his shop on becoming a Súfí philosopher. This he did under the following circumstances, as related by Sir Gore Ouseley: Attar was one day sitting at his door with a friend, when a religious mendicant approached, and looking anxiously and earnestly into the well-furnished warehouse, heaved a deep sigh, and shed tears, meditating on the transitory state of all earthly property, and on the instability of human life to enjoy the goods of this world, Mistaking the sentiment uppermost in the fakir's mind, and annoyed by his scrutinizing looks, Attar desired him to be gone, to which the other replied: "Yes, I have nothing to prevent me from leaving your door, or indeed from abandoning the world at once, as my sole possession is this worn-out garment; but, O Attar, I grieve for thee, for how canst thou ever bring thyself to think of death, leaving all these worldly goods behind thee?" Attar was so profoundly touched by the words of the dervish, that he gave up his shop without a pang, renounced all worldly concerns for ever, and commenced the study of Súfism under the celebrated Shaikh Reken-ud-Dín. He continued his studies in the mystic doctrines with such assiduity, that although he was known to be an inimitable poet, he was more famous as the most perfect Súfí, living as a recluse, and absorbed in the contemplation of the Divine Essence.

Attar was born at a place called Shadyakh, appertaining to Naishapur, in the reign of Sultan Sanjar, and is said to have lived to the age of one hundred and fourteen years, of which eighty-five were spent at Shadyakh and in pilgrimages, and twenty-nine in Naishapur. In A.D. 1230, at the siege of Naishapur, the son-in-law of Changez Khan the Tartar was killed, and a general massacre of the inhabitants of that place was made by the Mughals, and Attar was among the number that were slain.
procure water. His companion ate that bread during his absence. Jesus, son of Mary, when he returned, perceived not the bread by the man's side, and said: "What is become of the bread, my son?" The other replied: "I know nothing at all thereof." And then they both proceeded on their way till they came to a sea, and Jesus took the man by the hand and walked with him over the sea. Now when he had brought him across the sea, he said: "O companion! by the might of the Lord—that Lord who has done such a marvel, which marvel no one could do of himself: tell me now, in this place, who is it that ate the bread yonder?" But the man said: "I have no knowledge thereof; why dost thou question me when I know it not?" Jesus now resumed his journey, until there came forth a roe from afar, and he called the little roe near to him, and made the dust and stones red with its blood. He roasted it then, and thereof ate a little; but the other filled himself up to the neck. Thereafter, Jesus, son of Mary, gathered the roe's bones together, and breathed into them with his breath; and the roe came to life immediately, and having adored him, bounded back into the desert. The Saviour-Guide said to the man: "O companion, by the power of the supreme Lord, who has offered thee this proof of His omnipotence, give me now an account of that bread." But he said: "I have never seen the bread; why wilt thou trouble me so long?" Then Jesus led the man on with him as before, until they came to

1 Muslims believe that the breath of the Messiah had the virtue of restoring the dead to life. In the Persian romance of the *Four Darweshes*, a very skilful physician is named 'Isa (Jesus) in allusion to this notion. And in the Persian *Sindibād Nāma* we read: "Sweet, too, is the air of Ja'farābād [a suburb of Shírāz], whose breezes perform the work of the Messiah." The resuscitation of the roe from its bones will recall to storiologists similar incidents in European, and especially Norwegian and Icelandic, folk-lore. A noteworthy analogue occurs in the Older Edda. In one recension of the scurrilous Jewish "Life" of Jesus (*Toldoth Jesu*)—not that published, with a Latin translation and *castigation*, by Ulrico, at Leyden, in 1705, but the version at the end of the second volume of Wagenseil's *Teia ignea Satanae*, 1681—among the first wonders which Jesus is represented as publicly performing, by means of the Ineffable Name (which he is said to have abstracted from the Temple and concealed in the flesh of his thigh) is the raising of a man to life from bones taken out of a charnel-house. And in the Buddhist *Jātakas* we read of a youth who, by his skill in magic, resuscitated a tiger from its skeleton, an incident which has been adapted in the Persian story-book *Tūtī Nāma*, or Tales of a Parrot.
three mounds of earth, and Jesus said a pure and sweet prayer, so that the heaps of earth became pure gold. And he said: "One part, companion, is thine; another is mine; and the third part belongs to him who has secretly eaten that bread." When the man now perceived the gold, it was wonderful what a change came over him. Quickly he exclaimed: "'Twas I who ate that bread; I was an hungered, and ate it secretly in my need." When Jesus heard this confession, he said: "For myself I desire nothing; the three are thine. Thou art of no use to me as a travelling companion; though thou shouldst desire me, yet do I not desire thee." Thus he spake; dejected was he thereat; and so he left the man, and betook himself thence.

A little while passed by, and then there came two men, who, seeing the gold, at once became at enmity with him whom they found on the spot, and who exclaimed: "All this gold is mine." But the two others said: "This gold shall be ours." Between them contention and discord arose, until tongue and hand grew weary thereof. At length the three men agreed that the gold should be shared in three [equal] parts. All three were by this time very hungry; and they could no longer breathe for very weariness. One said: "Life goes before gold. Now I will go to the town, and there procure bread." The other two said: "If thou bringest us bread, verily in death thou bringest us new life. Go, get bread; and when

1 This power of turning earth into gold is often ascribed to holy men in Eastern fictions. Take for example the following lines from the current volume of Captain R. C. Temple's Legends of the Panjâb (vol. iii. pp. 214, 215: "A Miracle of the Holy Sayyid Kabâr, of Jâlandhar"): "After a while a disciple came to the saint, And found him living in the same poor way as before. He said: 'Sir saint, I have a question: Why dost thou dwell poorly now, and art not happy?' Said the saint: 'Pick me up a clod from the fields, And behold my power, granted by the God of Mercy.' When the saint put his hand upon the clod it became golden! Said he: 'God hath granted me all things, but it behoves me still to be dependent on Him.' And again he said: 'The bil is placed there; It is of no use—throw it away.' When the disciple looked at it, he found it as he had left it; Then he saw his fault and craved pardon for his presumption.'

1 Captain Temple explains that "the bil is a kind of receptacle used by fakirs, and consists of the hard rind of the bil (angle marmelos) fruit, the pulp being scooped out so as to form a cup."
thou returnest hither, we will share the gold in three parts as we before agreed.” Straightway the man left the gold to his companions, arose quickly, and began his business. He came to the town, and there bought bread, and for a time ate of it; then he cunningly put poison in the rest of the bread, so that those two might die, and he remain alive, and all the gold be his only. But the two made a covenant on the spot that they would despatch that one, and then out of those three parts make two. As they were agreed, the man came up. The two instantly smote him dead, and then themselves died as soon as they ate the bread.

Jesus, son of Mary, returning to the spot, saw the slaughtered one and the two dead men lying there, and said: “If this gold remain here, untold numbers will perish therefore.” And out of his pure soul he spake a prayer, when, lo! the gold became dust and stones again. Then if gold is indeed better than stone and dust, yet better is gold that is covered with dust.¹

In Mr. M. Cassim Siddi Lebbe’s “Account of the Virgin Mary and Jesus according to Arabian Writers,” contributed to The Orientalist, vol. i. pp. 46-7 (Kandy, 1884), we have a version which appears to be derived from the same source as that of ‘Attár, if not indeed directly from it, although varying in some of the details, and especially in the catastrophe: had Mr. Lebbe stated his authority, the question might perhaps have been easily decided:

First Arabian Version.²

It is related that Jesus was once journeying in company with a Jew, and the Lord proposed that they should put their stock of

¹ The Persian text, with a Latin translation, of a different version, is given by Warner, but without stating the source, in his Proverbiorum et Sententiorum Persicarum Centuria (Leyden, 1644, p. 31): Three travellers find a treasure. One goes to procure food, and so on. Jesus comes past with his disciples, and, seeing the three dead bodies, says: “Hæc est conditio mundi! Videte quomodo ternos hosce tractaverit, et ipse tamen post eos in statu suo perseveret. Va illi qui petit mandum ex mundo!”—This story may be considered as a link between European versions and the Buddhist original.

² I have considerably abridged the first part of this version, as it does not materially differ from that of the Persian poem.
food together, and make common property of it. Jesus had but one loaf, and the Jew had two loaves. In the absence of Jesus (to perform his devotions), the Jew ate one of the loaves, and afterwards persistently denied that he had done so. After Jesus had performed several miracles, each time conjuring the Jew to declare who had ate the loaf, and the Jew persisting there were originally but two loaves, the narrative thus proceeds: They came to a lonely place, where Jesus made three heaps of earth, and by his word turned them into three massive blocks of gold. Then, addressing the Jew, he said: "Of these three blocks, one is for me, one for you, and the other for the man who ate the loaf." The Jew immediately exclaimed: "It was I that ate the loaf, and therefore I claim the two blocks." Jesus gently rebuked him for obstinately adhering to a falsehood, and, making over to him all three blocks, left him and went away. The Jew then endeavoured to carry off the blocks of gold, but found them too heavy to be moved. While he was thus wasting his strength in trying to move the blocks, Jesus returned to the spot and said to the Jew, "Have nothing to do with these heaps of gold. They will cause the death of three men; leave them and follow me." The man obeyed, and leaving the gold where it lay, went away with Jesus.

Three travellers happened soon afterward to pass that way, and were delighted to find the gold. They agreed that each should take one. Finding it, however, a matter of impossibility to carry them, they resolved that one of them should go to the city for carts, and food for them to eat, whilst the other two should watch the treasure. So one of the travellers set out for the city, leaving the other two to guard the gold. During his absence the thoughts of his companions were engrossed in devising some means whereby they should become the sole sharers of the treasure, to the exclusion of the one who had gone to the city. They finally came to the diabolical resolution to kill him on his return. The same murderous design had entered into the mind of him who had gone to the city in reference to his companions. He bought food and mixed poison with it, and then returned to the spot to offer it to them. No sooner had he arrived, than, without a word of warning, his companions fell upon him and
belaboured him to death. They then began to eat the food, which was in its turn to destroy them; and so, as they were partaking of the poisoned repast, they fell down and expired. A little after, Jesus and the Jew were returning from their journey along that road, and seeing the three men lying dead amidst the gold, Jesus exclaimed, “This will be the end of the covetous who love gold!” He then raised the three men to life; upon which they confessed their guilt, repented themselves, and thenceforward became disciples of Jesus. Nothing, however, could make the Jew overcome his avarice. He persisted in his desire to become the possessor of the gold; but whilst he was struggling to carry away the blocks, the earth opened and swallowed him up, and the gold with him.

As the foregoing Arabian story was perhaps adapted from the Persian poem of Ferídu-‘d-Dín ‘Attár, so the second Persian version cited, in note, p. 426, may have been the source of the following, which is found in the Breslau edition of The Book of the Thousand and One Nights (Burton’s ‘Supp. Nights,’ vol. i. p. 250):

Second Arabian Version.

THREE men once went out questing treasure, and came upon a block of gold weighing a hundred pounds. When they saw it they took it upon their shoulders and carried it till they drew near a certain city, when one of them said: “Let us sit in the mosque whilst one of us goes and buys us what we may eat.” So they sat down in the mosque, and one of them arose and entered the city. When he came therein, his soul prompted him to false his two fellows, and get the gold to himself alone. Accordingly he bought food and poisoned it; but when he returned to his comrades, they sprang upon him and slew him, in order that they might enjoy the gold without him. Then they ate of the poisoned food and died, and the gold lay cast down over against them. Presently Jesus, son of Mary (on whom be the Peace!), passed by, and seeing this, besought Allah Almighty for tidings of their case; so He told him what had betided them, whereat great was his surprise; and he
related to his disciples what he had seen. Then quoth Jesus (on whom be the Peace!): "Had these done prudently, they had taken thought for themselves; but they unheeded the issues of events; for that whoso neglecteth precaution is lost, and repenteth."  

In the Arabic texts of The Nights printed at Calcutta and Bulák the story is presented in such a corrupted form that nearly all the features of the original have disappeared, as will be seen from the following rendering (Burton's "Nights", vol. ii. p. 158):

Third Arabian Version.

IN a city called Sindah there was once a very wealthy merchant, who made ready his camel-loads, and equipped himself with goods, and set out with his outfit for such a city. Now he was followed by two sharpers, who had made up into bales what merchandise they could get; and, giving out to the merchant that they also were merchants, wended with him by the way. So, halting at the first halting-place, they agreed to play him false and take all he had; but at the same time each inwardly plotted foul play to the other, saying in his mind: "If I can cheat my comrade, times will go well with me, and I shall have all these goods to myself." So after planning this perfidy, one of them took food, and putting therein poison, brought it to his fellow; the other did the same: and they both ate of the poisoned mess, and they both died. Now they had been sitting with the merchant; so when they left him, and were long absent from him, he sought for tidings of them, and

1 Here one of the disciples relates a short story, which has no particular bearing on the incident. — As Muslims do not believe in the divinity of Christ, though they revere him as the Spirit of God, breathed into the Virgin Mary by the angel Gabriel, he is here represented as applying to Allah for an explanation of the affair. Yet it is curious to observe that in the last version he had foreknowledge that the lumps of gold would cause the death of three men.

2 With reference to the Persian and the two Arabian versions cited above, it should be observed that very possibly a Hindú form of the Buddhist story may have passed into Pahlaví, the ancient language of Persia, and thence into Arabic, after the Muhammedan conquest of that country, from which, as in the case of many other Indian tales, it would return to Persia.
found the twain lying dead, whereby he knew that they were
sharpers who had plotted to play him foul, but their foul play had
recoiled upon themselves. So the merchant was preserved, and took
what they had.

The happy (?) dwellers in the "Vale of Cashmere"—the delights
of which have been chanted by Tommy Moore,

In verses smooth and soft as cream,

albeit he was never there—have a version exclusively their own,
apparently, and one which also varies considerably from the Buddhist
story. Mr. Knowles, in his Dictionary of Kashmiri Proverbs and
Sayings (Bombay, 1885), gives the legend (p. 45) as an illustration
of a Kashmiri proverb; but I suspect that in not a few instances the
story has been made to suit the proverb, instead of the proverb
having its origin in the tale or fable, as, for example, in the case of
the sayings, "To bell the cat," "Don't count your chickens until
they are hatched," etc., the sources of which are well known. In
the following I have condensed a few lines at the beginning, as they
refer only to the Kashmiri proverb:

Kashmiri Version.

ONCE upon a time four men quitted their native land together
in order to seek their fortune. As they journeyed on, it came
to pass that Allah, according to His power and wisdom, caused a
large golden tree to spring up suddenly, which was loaded with rich
clusters of golden fruit.1 Seeing this miracle, the travellers were
astonished, and at once resolved to proceed no farther, but to take
the tree home with them, and be glad for ever. In order to fell the
tree, and cut it up into pieces of convenient size, it was arranged
that two of the party should go to the nearest village and procure
saws and axes, while the two others should remain to guard the
precious treasure; and they went accordingly. The two who were
left to watch the tree began to consult together how they might kill
their partners, and they resolved to mix poison with their bread, so

1 See note on treasure-trees, ante, p. 336.
that, when they ate thereof, they would die, and they themselves should have a double share of the treasure. But the other two, who were going for the tools, had also plotted that they might get rid of their partners left behind by the tree, and they resolved to slay them with one stroke of the axe, and thus have a double share of the treasure. And when they returned from the village they immediately slew them with one stroke of the axe. Then they began to hew down the tree, and soon cut up the branches and made them into convenient bundles; after which they sat down to eat and sleep. They ate of the poisoned bread, and slept the fatal sleep of death. Some time afterward, a party of travellers chanced to pass that way, and found the four bodies lying cold and stiff beneath the golden tree, with the bundles of golden branches ready for carrying away.

Along with Buddhism, when it spread eastwards and northwards, the story reached the plains of Tibet, but—probably in consequence of its having been long transmitted orally from one generation to another before being again reduced to writing—it has now become, in a shadowy form, mixed up with other tales, the product being "admired disorder":

**Tibetan Version.**

In long past times a hunter wounded an elephant with a poisoned arrow. Perceiving that he had hit it, he followed after the arrow and killed the elephant. Five hundred robbers, who had plundered a hill-town, were led by an evil star to that spot, where they perceived the elephant. As it was just then a time of hunger with them, they said: "Now that we have found this meat, let 250 of us cut the flesh off the elephant and roast it, while 250 go to fetch water." Then those among them who had cut the flesh off the elephant and cooked it said among themselves: "Honoured sirs, now that we have accomplished such a task and collected so much stolen property, wherefore should we give away part of it to others? Let us eat as much of the meat as we please, and then poison the rest. The others will eat the poisoned meat and die, and then the goods will be ours." So, after they had eaten their fill of the
meat, they poisoned what remained over. Those who had gone to fetch water, likewise, when they had drank as much water as they wanted, poisoned what was left. So when they came back, and those who had eaten the flesh drank the water, and those who drank the water ate the flesh, they all of them died.¹

One of the Avadānas, or Indian tales and apologues, translated from the Chinese into French by Stanislas Julien, and published, in 3 vols., at Paris, 1859, is sufficiently analogous to be also cited, as a farther illustration of the maxim that “covetousness is the root of destruction:”

The ambition of riches exposes us to a danger as formidable as a venomous serpent. We should neither look at them nor attach ourselves to them. One day Buddha, journeying in the province of Prasirajit, saw a place where a treasure had been deposited by some one, which was composed of a quantity of precious things. Buddha said to Ananda, “Do you not see that venomous serpent?” “I see it,” replied Ananda. At this moment there was a man walking behind Buddha. On hearing these words, he resolved to go and see the serpent. Having observed precious and beautiful objects, he bitterly blamed the words of Buddha, and considered them vain and foolish. “These are very precious things,” said he, “and yet he said that it was a venomous serpent!” Straightway he brought all the people of his house to the spot, and by their assistance conveyed away that treasure, so that his wealth became immense. But there was a man who presented himself before the king, and told him that that person had lately found a great treasure, and had not brought it to the judge. So the king immediately caused him to be cast into prison, and demanded from him the treasure which he had found. He declared that he had spent it all. But the king would not believe him; he caused him to be stunned with blows, and put him to the most cruel tortures. This man recognized too late the truth of the words of Buddha.²

² Avadānas, tome ii. p. 89: the same story, with little variation, also occurs in tome i. p. 60.
These are all the Asiatic versions and variants known to me, and we may now return to European forms of the story, which do not very materially differ one from another. The tale of the Hermit, Death, and the Robber, in the 1572 edition of the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, cited, ante, p. 132, closely resembles the Pardoner's Tale, and it has also a parallel in the old Italian miracle-play of St. Antonio, published in D'Ancona's *Rappresentazione Sacre*, vol. ii. p. 33ff., part of the plot of which is as follows:

**Italian Miracle-Play.**

The Spirit of Avarice places a silver dish in the way of St. Antonio, to corrupt his virtue, "for such a springe will snare the wisest bird." Antonio walks in the desert and finds the basin. He at once perceives the trick and its origin. Avarice, finding his device unavailing, then sets forth a great pile of gold (*monte d'oro*), resolved, should this attempt fail, to give up the game. Antonio finds the gold, and roundly rails at the enemy, whose cunning has in this instance again been foiled.

Two robbers, Tagliagambe and Scaramuccia, meet: the latter asks the news. Trade is so bad that Tagliagambe has not a groat in his purse. Scaramuccia has been robbed of a thousand ducats at Reggio fair. He proposes that they join hands and take to the road. At this juncture Carapello, an old acquaintance, comes on the scene: they welcome him, and it is agreed that the three shall share equally all that they "convey."

The Devil (Satanasso) is introduced, ordering his fiends to soundly cudgel Antonio, whom pain, if not pleasure, may move. They do his bidding. Antonio is comforted by the appearance of Jesus, who promises him world-wide fame and an eternal reward. Healed of his wounds, Antonio walks into the desert, and meets with the robbers, whom he counsels to turn back from the death in

---

1 I suppose the holy hero of this play is the Saint Anthony who preached so fervently that the very fish in the sea popped up their heads above water to listen to him. He was born at Lisbon in 1195, and died at Padua in 1231.

2 Leg-slasher and Skirmisher.
their way. They take him for a madman, and go on. Finding the pile of gold, they laugh at the hermit's simplicity, who had called it Death.

The three robbers agree to draw lots for one of them to go to Damascus for food and flasks of wine, and a pair of balances to weigh the gold. The lot falls on Scaramuccia, who sets off, but on the way reflects on his folly in leaving the others in possession of the gold, and resolves to have it all for himself. He changes his lump for two and twenty ducats, purchases ratsbane of an apothecary, and plenty of victuals and wine, and, having poisoned the viands, he returns. Meanwhile the two others have concerted his death, and as soon as he appears they pick a quarrel with him and despatch him. They then sit down to their meal and dine heartily, particularly commending their late comrade's taste in wine; and while they are considering how they shall extract the most enjoyment from their treasure, the poison begins to work, and speedily makes an end of them.

Avarice, delighted at his success, returns to Satan, full of confidence, and makes his report. He is promised a crown as his reward for having brought three souls below instead of one. An angel closes the show, and dismisses the spectators with a solemn injunction to take warning by the catastrophe, and to direct their eyes upward, seeking God, who is the true riches.

German, French, and Portuguese Versions.

In one German version three robbers murder a merchant for his money; in another three men of Balkh find a treasure; in yet another (Kuhn's Westfälische Sagen, Gebrauche, und Märchen) three Jews commit a robbery, and so on. Hans Sachs in a "Meisterlied," written in 1547, and again in a "Spiel," written in 1555, has the story in a form similar to that of the second Italian version (ante, p. 132), the only variations being that the hermit discovers the treasure in the hollow trunk of a tree, and the robbers, when he has conducted them to the place and warns them that the treasure is Death, thinking he is mocking them, instantly kill him.
M. Pauliu Paris, in *Les Manuscrits français*, tome iv. p. 83, cites a version from a treatise on the Holy Scripture, "blaming the vices and praising the virtues" therein, of the 15th century, in which four rascals find a golden stone, and agree to share it when they have breakfasted. Two of them keep watch over the treasure while the other two go to buy bread, and so on. "Thus may we understand how things of earth are death to those who know not how to use them well; for a hundred men may damn themselves for an inheritance, and the inheritance remain in its place to this day. It is the golden stone which does not die."

In Theophilus Braga's *Contos tradicionaes do povo portuguez*, No. 143, a version is reproduced from the *Orto do Sposo* of Frei Hermengildo, 14th century, in which, as in the old French story, the number of the robbers is four: they open a grave near Rome, and find in it gold and silver, precious stones, and vessels and cups of gold; one of them goes to the town to procure food, for which he gives the largest and finest golden cup, and so on.¹

On comparing the several versions, it will be found that while the principal details of the original reappear in all of them without exception, one of its features has dropped out of the greater number, namely, the Bodisat's warning to the Brähman that his own death and that of others would result from his reciting the treasure-producing mantra. This is represented in the first Arabian version, in which Jesus counsels the sordid Jew to leave the gold; in the first Italian (*ante*, p. 131), in which Christ tells his disciples that the treasure they had discovered was the destroyer of souls; in the second Italian (p. 132) and Hans Sachs, in both of which a hermit warns the robbers that Death (the treasure) is in a certain place; and in Chaucer also, where, however, the "old chorle" does not exactly warn, but rather directs, the three youths where they "may findin deth." In the other versions the evil-doers have no such warning, but the result is precisely the same—they perish through their own cupidity.

¹ I may state that I have in this paper reproduced and re-arranged some of the variants cited in my work on Popular Tales and Fictions.
The writer of a critical paper on the works of Chaucer in the *Retrospective Review*, 1826, vol. xiv., Part II., p. 341, says that “the Pardoner gives first a description of his preachings and his traffic, in such a style as sufficiently to show that it would have required no ‘thinking time’ to prepare him for ‘japes and ribaudry,’ and then a story, not unfit to have formed a part of one of his sermons of vulgar cajollery, which he has described himself as ranting to his customers.” What there is at all approaching “vulgar cajollery” in the Pardoner’s Tale no one but this writer, I will venture to assert, has ever discovered. The tale is, on the contrary, not only in itself striking, but is told by Chaucer in a manner that is superior to any other version in prose or verse. Take for example those incidents which are apparently of our poet’s own invention, and which render the catastrophe still more impressive: A pestilence is raging in a certain city, and three young men, dicing in a tavern, learning that the church-bell is constantly tolling because a “privie theefe” has come and is taking away the lives of the folk, start up and swear they will seek out this traitor called Death, and slay him without fail. They meet an old man, and jeer at him because of his great age and decrepitude. He tells them that though he should walk into India, yet neither in city nor in village should he find any one willing to exchange his youth for his own old age, and so he must continue “as long time as it is Goddes will,” for Death will not have him, wherefore he walks about like a restless caitiff, vainly knocking with his staff on the ground (which is his mother’s gate), saying, “Dear mother, let me in!” Then the old man directs the three “riotours” to an oak-tree, at the foot of which they would find Death, who would certainly not be afraid of them. The charge, or insinuation, made by the “retrospective” reviewer, that the Pardoner’s Tale is flippant, is of course utterly absurd. True to his character, the Pardoner represents himself as indulging in japes and ribaldry in the course of his trade; but he goes on to say that though he is a sinful man, yet he can tell a moral tale, and then follow a long series of just reflections upon various vices and sins, in which there is assuredly nothing of the nature of “vulgar cajollery.”

Glasgow, December, 1886.
20.

The Tell-Tale Bird:

LATIN SOURCE, OTHER EUROPEAN VERSIONS, AND ASIATIC ANALOGUES

of

Chaucer's Manciple's Tale.

By W. A. Clouston.
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THE TELL-TALE BIRD:

LATIN SOURCE, OTHER EUROPEAN VERSIONS, AND ASIATIC ANALOGUES OF THE MANCIPLE'S TALE.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.

The Manciple's Tale, simple though it be in construction, is of peculiar interest to students of the history of popular fictions. In its more elaborate form—which is of purely Eastern origin—it belongs to the Woman's Wiles Cycle of tales, as will be shown in the course of this paper. Chaucer adapted his story from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book II, Feb. 9, where it is thus told:

**Latin Source.**

"AN, quæ per totam res est notissima Lesbon, 591
Non audita tibi est, patrium temerâsse cubile
Nyctimenen? avis illa quidem; sed conscia culpa,
Conspectum lucemque fugit, tenebrisque pudorem
Celat: et a cunctis expellitur aethere toto."

Talia dicenti; "Tibi," ait, "revocamina," corvus,
"Sint, precor, ista malo: nos vanum spernimus omen."
Nee cœptum dimittit iter; dominoque jacentem
Cum juvente Hæmonio vidisse Coronida narrat.
Laurea delapsa est, audito crimine, amanti;
Et pariter vultusque Deo, plectrumque, colorque
Excidit: utque animus tumida servebat ab ira;
Arma adsueta rapit; flexumque a cornibus arcum
Tendit; et illa suo toties cum pectore juncta
Indevitato trajecit pectora telo.
Icta dedit gemitum, tractoque a vulnere ferro
Candida pœniceo perfudit membrâ cruore;
Et dixit, "Potui pœnas tibi, Phœbe, dedisse;
"Haven't you heard how Nyctimenon became a
bird, for incest?"

"A plague on your omen,"
quoteth the raven, and tells his
lord of Coronis
and a young
Harmonian.
The god in wrath
bent his bow,
and sped the shaft.

She drew it forth:
"I might have
first brought
forth, Phœbus."
Sed peperisse prius: duo nunc moriemur in una."
Hactenus; et pariter vitam cum sanguine fudit:
Corpus inane animse trigus letale sequutum est.
Pœnitet heu! sero pœnæ crudelis amantem;
Seque, quod audierit, quod sic exasperit, odi:
Odi avem, per quam crimen causamque dolendi
Scire coactus erat; nervumque, arcumque, manumque
Odit, cumque manu, temeraria tela, sagittas:
Collapsamque fovet; seraque ope vincere fata
Nititur; et medicas exercet inaniter artes.

He groans to see her on the pyre;
Vidit, et arsuros supremis ignibus artus;
Tum vero gemitus, neque enim celestia tingui
Ora liceet lacrimis, alto de corde petitos
Exidit: hand aliter, quam quum, spectante juvenea,
Lactentis vituli, dextra libratus ab aure,
Tempora discussit claro cava malleus ictu.
Ut tamen ingratos in pectora fudit odores,
Et dedit amplexus, injustaque justa peregit;
Non tuli in cinereis labi sua Phœbus cosdem
Semina: sol natum flammis utoque parentis
Eripuit; gemineque tulit Chironis in antrum:
Sperantemque sibi non false premia linguae,
Inter aves albas vetuit considere corvum.

Gower has also, and avowedly, taken this fable into his Confessio Amantis, Book III, as follows, according to Harl. MS. 3869, lf. 101:

**Gower's Version.**

Phœbus had a lover

Phebus, * which makp pe daies lihte,
A loute he hadde, which po¹ hihte

* Quia litigantes ova sua cohibere nequiant hic ponit Confessor Exemplum contra illos qui in amoris causa alterius consilium reuelare presumunt. Et narrat qualiter quedam anis tunc albissima, nomine Corunu, consilium domine sue Coruide phæbo denudant; Vnde contigit non solum ipsam Cornidem interfici; set et corunm, qui antea tanquam nix albus fuit, in piceum colorum pro perpetuo transmutari. [Sidenote, in red, in the MS.]

¹ Then,
Cornide, whom a-bouen\(^1\) alle  
He ples\(\text{e}\)p \(\cdot\) bot what schal befalle  
Of loue, \(\text{per}\) is noman know\(\text{e}\)p.  
Bot as fortune hire happez \(\text{prowe}\)p,  
So it befell vpon a chance,  
A zong knyht tok hire aqueintance,  
And hadde of hire al \(\hat{\text{p}}\)at he wolde.  
\(\text{Bot a fals bridd, which sche hap holde}\)  
And kept in chambre of pure 30\(w\)pe,  
Discoenerep al \(\hat{\text{p}}\)at euere he cow\(\text{p}\)e.\(^2\)  
This bri\(\text{d}\)des name was as \(\text{po}\)  
Corvus, \(\text{pe}\) which was \(\text{panne}\) also  
Wel more whyt \(\text{pan}\) eny Swan;  
And he \(\hat{\text{p}}\)at schoo\(\text{t}\),\(^3\) al \(\hat{\text{p}}\) at he can  
Of his ladi, to phebus seide.  
And he for wra\(\text{p}\)pe his swerde outbreide,\(^4\)  
Wip which Cornide anon he slowh;\(^5\)  
Bot after him was wo ynowh,  
And tok a full gret repentance;  
Wherof, in tokne and remembrance  
Of hem which vsen wicke\(^6\) speche,  
Vpon pis bridd he tok pis wreche:\(^7\)  
That \(\text{per}\) he was snow-whyt tofore,\(^8\)  
Euere afterward colblak \(\text{per}\)fore  
He was transformed, as it schewep.  
And many a man \(\text{zit him beschrewep}\),\(^9\)  
And clepen\(^{10}\) him into pis day  
A Raven, be whom \(\text{zit men mai}\)  
Take euidence, whan he crie\(\text{p},\)  
That som mishapp it sign\(\text{c}\)he\(\text{p}\).

\(\text{Be war,}\) \(\text{per}\)fore, and sei \(\text{pe}\) best,  
If \(\text{pou wolt be p\(\text{e}\)}\)l\(\text{f in reste},\)  
Mi goode Sone, as \(\text{I.}\) \(\text{pe}\) rede.\(^{11}\)

\(^1\) Above. \(^2\) Knew. \(^3\) "Shoot": imp or progeny of the devil.  
\(^4\) Drew out. \(^5\) Slew. \(^6\) Wicked; false. \(^7\) Revenge.  
\(^8\) Before; up to that time. \(^9\) Curseth. \(^{10}\) Call. \(^{11}\) Advice; counsel.
Gower, it will be observed, gives the story, not only as a warning to his "son" to be circumspect in his speech—to avoid tale-telling, if he would live in peace—but also to account for the croak of the raven being considered as ominous of approaching misfortune to him who hears it. Chaucer follows his original more closely by simply telling the fable to explain why "crowes be alle blacke," and he has a serio-comic reflection on restraining the freedom of women, employing the illustrations of the caged bird and the pet cat.

But long before the time of Chaucer and Gower the fable of the Tell-Tale Bird had come into Europe in a different form and from another source, namely, an oral version of one of the tales in the Book of Sindibád, brought from the East probably during the later crusades, and included in the Western form of that celebrated work, known generally in Europe as the 'History of the Seven Sages of Rome.' It does not occur in the earliest version, the Latin work entitled Dolopathos (see ante, p. 322), which, indeed, may be regarded as unique; but it is found in the oldest French metrical version, Li Romans des Sept Sages, written probably towards the end of the 13th century, which Dr. Adelbert Keller published, at Tübingen, with a most learned and elaborate Einleitung, in 1836. The story begins with line 3150 of the MS. preserved in the National Library, Paris, and on p. 121 of Dr. Keller's edition:

THE HUSBAND AND HIS MAGPIE.

Oldest French Version.

CHIL riches hom ot vne pie,
De lui est bien drois, que vous die;
El parloit si apertement,
Et si tres entendablement,
Autressi comme che fust fame;
Grant parole en fu par le regne.
Eu vne gayole molt biele
De fier, ki fu faite nouuicle,
Fu enserree cele pie,
Ki tant fu sage et ensaignie;
A vne chaine ert fremee
La gayole de fier doublee;
Vers le toit lavoit on pendue,
Si estoit en biele veue;
Il ne valsist pour nul chatal,
Que nule riens li feist mal.

En lostel ot mestier molt grant,
Tuit le haoient li serghant;
Il ni eust riens mescheue,
Que tout ne fust par li conte,
Ne fait, ne dit chose en tresor,
Que tout ne deist au signor.
La dame ne fu tant hardie,
Kele issist hors sans compaignie,
Sal neust deus hommes ou trois,
Et sen reuenoit de manois,
La pie le gardoit si fort,
De son dru li tolt le deport.
Molt le haoient li serghant
Communalment petit et grant,
Et la dame molt le haoit,
Mais mal faire ne li osoit.

Un ior ni fu pas le signor,
Ne de ses hommes li plusior;
La dame remest et la pie
A sa maisnie a escherie.
Ele se sist et pourpensa,
Confaitement sen venger.
Ele en apiela un serghant,
Et cil en uint ali errant:
Puis mege point fier en toi?
Oil, ma dama, par ma foi.
Astu veu, de cele pie
Ne me lait mener druerie,

fastened with a chain,
hanging from the roof.
Hated by the servants for telling tales,
so that the wife dared not go abroad alone,
for the pie told all.
One day the man goes from home,
so she'll punish the pie.
Calls a servant.
"You see how the pie won't let me play with my friend."
Ne puis a mon ami parler,
Baisier, ioir, ne acoler;
Sestu ore, que te feras?

Sempres par nuit ten monteras
Pardedesus cele maison,
Et si le me descueure enson,
Puis ten descen sor le planchier,
Menuement le fai perchier,

Cue et graiuele porteras,
Par les pertruis les jeteras,
Si que la pie soit moillie,
Et quil traie male nuitie;

Et un maillet desus ferras,
Plain poing de candoilles tenras,
Ki seront molt bien alumees,
Par le pertruis seront mostrees,

Quele cuide, che soit ores
Et meruilleuse tempestes.

All this is done,
Chil en fist son commandement,
Sor la maison monta errant,
Et a tout auoc lui porte,
Chou que la dame a deuise;

Onques ne fina toute nuit,
Or ot la pie mal deduit.

And the pie has a sad night.
Quant la gaite corna le jour,
Et li serghans tout sans trestour
De la maison sen descendii,
Et maintenant le racouuri,

Et la dame refist leuer
Isnielement sans demorer
Son ami, ki od lui gisoit.

La dame molt bien li disoit,
Kil se hastast dapparillier.

Saying "good-bye."
Lors se leua le cheualier,
Et se vesti hastiuement,
Puis semparti isnielement,
Congie demande, si senua,
Mais la pie li escria:
Sire gerart, li fils tierri,
Maluais plait nous aues basti.
Pour coi natendes mon signor,
Quant vus gisies auoec soisor?
Honte grant uous en auenra;
Je li dirai, quant il venra.
Cil semparti, il remanoit.
Es vus le signor, ki venoit;
De son palefroi descendii,
La dame auoit lestrier saisii,
Entor le col li mist ses bras,
Et dist, kele amoit son solas,
Molt se gaboit bien del baron,
Quele nel prisoit un bouton.

Li cheualiers sesmeruilla,
Que sa pie alui ne parla;
Droit a la gaiile en venoit,
Sa femme ioustè lui estoiit.
Li sires apiela sa pie:
Que faites vous, mehaut amie?
Comment vous est? niestes vous sainne?
Dites le moi por sainte helainne!
Vous solijes amoi parler,
Et molt grant ioie demener;
Or vous voi si coie et si mue,
Et si pensiue et esperdue.
Sire, lochoisons est honeste,
Tant sui batue de tempeste,
Conques toute nuit ne fina;
Ne que liane, caumolin va,
Ne de plouuoir, ne de venter,
Ne desloidir, ne de tonner;

80 the pie cries,
"Sir Gerard, son of Thierry, has served up an evil dish: I'll tell the master."

85

90 The master comes;

95

He wonders at the pie's silence.

99 "What's the matter, sweet-heart?"

100

105 You used to amuse me, and now you are coy and mute."

110 "I've got cause: all night I've been beat with rain, wind, thunder and lightning;
and your wife lay
with Gerard, son
of Thierry."

Says the Dame,
"Don’t believe it!

See if it has
rained!

The moon shone
all night,

so much so that
the knights com-
plained of it."

He thinks the pie
has been false;

opens the cage,
takes the pie and
kills it.

"Fly to the devil!
for thou’st often
made me wroth
with my wife."

Presently he
sees the roofing
removed;

calls for a ladder,
Un sien sorghant luës apiela:
Une eschidie maporte cha!
Que par ihesu, qui ne menti,
Je cuic, ma femme ma trai.
Et cil a leschidie aporée,
Droit au feste si la leuëe.
Li sires est amont montes,
Que plus ne si est arestes.
Vne palu auoit veue,
Ki de leuë fu espandue,
Et le maillet i regarda,
Et la cire, kil degouta
Des candoïles, com le seriant
Les aloit desus bauloiânt.
Or seït il bien sans trecherie,
Qua tort auoit occis sa pie.
De maintenan atrait lespee,
Si a sa femme decolee;
Or a il fait comme li leus,
Pour un damaige en a fait deus.

"For, by Jesus, my wife is false!"

155 He climbs to the roof,

160 sees the mallet
and the wax from the candles.

165 Now he knows he has killed the innocent pie,
and cuts off the wife’s head.

For one wrong he has done three.

170

In the 14th century an English metrical version was made from the French under the title of The Proces of the Scyyn Sages, the only copy of which exists in the Auchinleck MS., preserved in the Advocates’ Library, Edinburgh, and it is printed in the third volume of Henry Weber’s Metrical Romances of the 13th, 14th, and 15th Centuries. As Weber’s editions of the old romances are not always accurate, the story of the Burgess and his Magpie, which follows, has been collated with the original in the Auchinleck MS. by Mr. J. T. Clark, of the Advocates’ Library, for whose kind services I take this opportunity of gratefully acknowledging my indebtedness:

1 Ellis, in his Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, gives an epitome of another version, from the Cotton MS. folio in the British Museum; and Wright edited, for the Percy Society (vol. xvi.), a different MS. preserved in the University Library of Cambridge. Our prose version, first printed by Wynkyn de Worde (c. 1505), and afterwards by William Copeland (c. 1550), was made from a French translation of the Latin prose work entitled Historia Septem Sapientum Roma, composed soon after the introduction of printing.
There was a rich burgess in Rome, who had a fair but fickle wife. He had a pie that could talk in French, and told her lord of his wife's intrigues. One day when the burgess was from home, the wife sent for her lover, who came privily for fear of the pie. The pie cries out "You're here for no good; I'll tell."  

A burges was in Rome toun, A richeman, of gret renoun; Marchaunt he was, of gret auoir, And had a wif was queint and fair; But sche was fikel under hir lok, And hadde a parti of eue smok: And manie ben 3it of hire kinne,  

pat ben al bilapped per inne! 

He hadde a pie in his halle, Coupe telle tales alle  

Apetlich, in French langage, And heng in a fair cage, And seph lemmans comen and gon, And told hire louerd sone anon; And, for pat pe pie hadde i-said,  

pe wif was ofte iuel i-paid.  

And pe burges louede his pie, For he wiste he coupe nowt lie.  

So hit bifil vpon a dai,  

pe burges fram home tok his wai, And wente aboute his marchaundise:  

pe wif waited ancn hire prise,  

And sente hire copiner fore; And whanne he com to the halle dore,  

He ne dorste nowt in hie,  

For pe wreing of the pie.  

pe wif him bi the hond hent, And into chaumbre anon thai went.  

"You're here for no good; I'll tell."

1 Auchinleck MS, fol. 60, c, line 6 from foot. 2 Possessions. 3 Neat. 4 Openly; plainly. 5 Hung. 6 Sees. 7 Lord; master. 8 Ill-pleased. 9 Opportunity. 10 Lover. 11 Rashly. 12 Discovering; betraying. 13 Cry.
j)e wif þouȝte schent\(^1\) ȝe was;  
A wrenches\(^2\) ȝhe þouȝte nȝelæs,\(^3\)  
And clepede a maide to make here bed,  
And after, bi hir boþer\(^4\) red,\(^5\)  
A laddre þæ sette þe halle to,  
And vn gode a tile or two;  
Ouer þe pie þæ gan handel  
A cler bacyn\(^6\) and a candel;  
A pot ful of water cler  
þæ schadde upon þe pies swer.\(^7\)  
With bacyn bëting and kandcl liȝt  
þæ bobbed\(^8\) the pie bi niȝt,  
And water on him gan schenche;\(^9\)  
þis was on of wommannes wrenche.  
þo\(^10\) the dai dawn gan,  
Awai stal the yonge man.  
Men vnleȝ dor and windowe;  
The pie hir schok with mochel howe,\(^11\)  
For sche was fain that hit was dai:  
þe copiner was went his wai.  
þe gode burgeis was hom i-come;  
In to þe halle þe wai he nome.\(^12\)  
þe pie saide: “In God Almiȝt!  
þe copiner was her to-niȝt,  
And hap i-don þe mochel schame;  
I-mad an hore of oure dame!\(^8\)  
And ȝit hit had ben to-niȝt  
Gret rain and þonder briȝt;  
Sohchen\(^13\) ich was brid in mi nest,  
I ne had neure so iuel rest.”  
þe wif hap þ þe tale i-herd,  
And þouȝte wel to ben amered;\(^14\)  
\(\text{The wife devises a trick.}\)
\(\text{Calls a maid to her.}\)
\(\text{By means of a ladder they undid a tile or two,}\)
\(\text{flashed a basin and candle over the pie,}\)
\(\text{and shed a pot of water on her neck.}\)
\(\text{At dawn the lover stole away.}\)
\(\text{The burgess comes home.}\)
\(\text{The pie tells him of the lover,}\)
\(\text{and how it had thundered all night.}\)
\(\text{The wife, hearing this, says:}\)
\(^1\) Shamed. \(^2\) Stratagem; trick; wile. \(^3\) Nevertheless. \(^4\) Bother = of both. \(^5\) By their joint counsel. \(^6\) A clear basin—polished so as to reflect the light. \(^7\) Neck. \(^8\) Deceived. \(^9\) Same as skenke, to pour out. \(^10\) Then. \(^11\) Much care. \(^12\) Took: nime = take. \(^13\) Since. \(^14\) Examined; proved innocent: amerian, Sax.
"Sir, you should not believe a pie.

The night was clear, and she says it thundered.

Many a lie she's told, but I'll be revenged of her."

He learns from his neighbours that it had been a fine night.

So he said the pie should lie no more, and broke her neck.

But he is soon sorry, and suspects foul play.

He goes out; sees the ladder; climbs up to the roof; finds the pot with the water, and the other things.

He goes down in a great rage, and with a staff beats his wife out of doors, and bids her go to the Devil.

And said: "Sire, thou hast outrage To leue a pie in a kage! To-niȝt was þe weder fair and cler, And þe firmament wel fair; And she saȝ hit haȝ ben thonder; She haȝ i-lowe¹ mani a wonder; But ich be² awreke of here swipe, Ne schal I neuer ben womman bliȝe!"

The godeman askede his neȝebours Of þat niȝt and of þe ours. And þai saide þat al þat niȝt Was the weder cler and briȝt. þe burgeis saide þe pie Ne scholde him namore lie. Namo wordes he þar spak, But, also swipe, his nekke to-brak. And whanne he seȝ his pie ded, For sorewe coude he no red: He seȝgh³ hir and his cage, He þouȝte⁴ of gile and of outrage. He wente him out, þe ladder he seȝ,⁵ And up to þe halle rof he steȝ;⁶ þe pot wiȝ þe water he fond (þat he brak wiȝ his hond); And mani òper trecherie þat was i-don to his pie. He went him doun, wiȝouten ọp, In his herte grim and wroþ; And wiȝ a gode staf, ful sket, His wife ate dore he bet, And bade hire go, þat ilche day,⁷ On alder⁸ twenti deuel wai!⁹

¹ Laid.  ² But = except, unless.  ³ Beheld.  ⁴ Suspected.  ⁵ Seeth.  ⁶ Mounteth.  ⁷ Sax. stigan.  ⁸ That very day: that very instant: there and then.  ⁹ Alder = of all.  

On the way of all the twenty devils, to hell.—Here the injured husband contents himself with driving his wife out of doors, but in the French version he cuts off her head.
About a century before the monk of Alta Silva composed his *Dolopathos*, a Greek version of the Book of Sindibad, entitled *Syntipas*, was made from the Syriac by one Andreopulos, regarding whom nothing is known; but there is no evidence that the French monk was acquainted with this or any other written Eastern version of the work. With a parrot in place of a magpie our story occurs in all the Asiatic texts of the Book of Sindibad, and this is how it goes in the Greek text as edited by Dr. Eberhard:

**Greek Version.**

There was a man of the tribe of Agarenes [i.e. Arabs] who, being officiously and curiously inquisitive into what was done in his house, purchased a bird which spoke articulately, that which in common parlance is called "parrot." And putting the bird in a cage, he brought and kept it in his house, and charged the bird to watch his wife closely, [saying], "and if, when I am away from home, the woman do aught amiss, take care to tell me." So the man, having charged the parrot in this manner, departed on a journey. But then a certain man entered the house and committed adultery with the woman, her handmaid also being aware of this. Now when the man came back from his journey, he asked the parrot what he had seen the woman doing. The parrot declared to his lord all the licentious conduct of the wife; and the man was sorely grieved, and lay no longer with her. And the wife suspected her own handmaid of having reported her affairs to the man, and calling her, said wrathfully and bitterly: "Hast thou of a truth reported to my husband all that I have done?" And the handmaid swore a great oath that she had not told her master a word about her. "But know, mistress, it is the parrot that has told all about thee to the master." When the woman heard of the bird's accusation, she had recourse to an artifice to prove to her husband that the bird was false. The next night, taking the parrot with his cage where she lay, she set near it an upper millstone and turned it, wherefrom a noise as of thunder was heard; and before the bird's eyes she moved a mirror about, so that it seemed to shoot forth lightnings; moreover, suspending a wetted sponge above the parrot,
she made water to stream upon it. Now the parrot, while all this was going on, hid itself in a corner of its cage, and to the bird it seemed all the night through to rain, and roar, and lighten, and thunder. In the morning the woman's husband went to the parrot, and said to it: "What hast thou seen this night?" And the parrot made answer: "The rain and thunder and lightnings of the night have not suffered me to see what happened this night." Then the man, hearing these words of the bird, said within himself: "Indeed there was nothing true in all that the bird reported to me, but all he told me was false and deceiving, as is plain from what he has just now told me. For nothing has happened this night, nor did rain come down, nor thunders roar, nor lightnings flash; whence also all that the parrot told me about my yokefellow was verily falsehood and deceit."  

The Book of Sindibád is generally allowed to have originated in India, and there is strong evidence that it is of Buddhist invention: if this be so, the classical fable of Phœbus and the Crow must be considered as an adaptation of the tale of the Merchant and his Parrot. It is probable that this idea of a man having a talking bird to watch over his wife's conduct during his absence suggested the plan of the Sanskrit collection entitled Suka Saptati, or Seventy Tales of a Parrot, in which a parrot detains its mistress from an illicit amour on which she was bent, night after night, while her husband is on a journey. This work is a comparatively modern version of a much older book, now lost, which was translated into Persian, under the title of Tâli Nâma, Parrot-Book, or Tales of a Parrot, also no longer extant, but it was re-written, as is stated in some verses at the end, in a.H. 730 (A.D. 1329), by Ziyá ed-Dín Nakhshabí, at the command of a great personage, whom he does not name. Ziyá ed-Dín assumed Nakhshabí as his takhallus, or poetical

1 Here the man neither kills the parrot nor punishes his wife; and in another MS. text of Syntipus (Codex Dresdensis, D 33), also reproduced by Eberhard, we are told that "henceforth he loved his wife better than before, and they dwelt still in concord.—In such wise wrought that all-wicked woman against her husband."—The story also occurs near the beginning of the Arabian Nights, and in the Turkish History of the Forty Vezirs (Gibb).

2 Not 1306, as stated, ante, p. 310.
name, from Nakhshab, or Nasaf, the modern Karshī, a town situated between Samarkand and the river Oxus—probably his birthplace.  

The Tuti Nāma comprises fifty-two tales, and the work has not yet, I understand, been wholly translated into any European language. The twelve first stories were rendered into English "by a Teacher of Persic"—that is, the Rev. B. Gerrans—and published, at London, in 1792, and the translator did not complete his work—perhaps for lack of sufficient public encouragement.  

An abridgment of the Persian text, reducing the number of the tales to thirty-five, made by Muhammed Kadiri in the last century (through which Nakhshab's work is now mainly known in India), was translated into English and published at Calcutta and London, 1800-1, and into German by G. J. L. Iken, Stuttgart, 1837.—In most of the Indian versions (Telugu, &c.) the parrot is a man who has assumed the form of that bird from some cause—in consequence of a curse or otherwise—but this disappears, of course, from the Persian book. As Gerrans' book is now rarely met with outside of great libraries, I here reproduce the introduction and opening tale:

Frame of the Persian "Parrot-Book."

In the joyful days of peace and plenty, when every peasant ate two dates at a mouthful and each camel filled two pails at a milking, there flourished in one of the cities of Hind a merchant, whose name was Mubarak. His warehouses were filled with merchandise, his coffers overflowed with gold, and he counted his

2 Dr. Rieu does not seem to be aware that Gerrans' translation is not complete.
3 A Turkish version of the Tuti Nāma (Dr. Rieu terms it an "imitation," but I am informed by a competent Turkish scholar that it is a fair abridgment of the Persian work) has been translated into German by Georg Rosen, Leipsig, 1858.
4 In other words, in the fabulous golden age, when, saith a Persian poet, "the world was free from the ills of strife, and the eye of the arrow saw not the face of the bow." In Hindū tales the cow and the tiger are often represented as living together in amity, and the earth as yielding its fruits in abundance during the reign of a just rājā.
5 India.
6 i.e. Fortunate.
diamonds by sacks. His house was magnificent and convenient, his attendants numerous and splendid, and his clients as the sands of the shore. But the bowl of his auspicious fortune was embittered by the sherbet of anxiety, and the sunshine of his felicity blasted by the mildew of grief; for though the choicest mirabolans of beauty ornamented his gilded haram, yet to transmit his name to posterity the pearl-string of succession was wanting. To obtain the blessing of offspring, lowly on the dust of humility he prostrated the brow of obedience, and daily offered to the Father of Clemency the grateful incense of prayer. The odour of his supplication gained admission to the durbar of benevolence, and the sterile cloud which had long overshadowed the horizon of opulence disappeared. After nine moons had completely filled their orbs, a son was born in his house, who, in a two-fold degree of perfection, eclipsed the beauty of Yusuf.¹

¹ That is, Joseph the son of the Hebrew patriarch Jacob, whose personal comeliness is celebrated by many Muslim poets and prose writers. According to the legend, the lady friends of Zulaykha, the wife of Potiphar (who was a eunuch, it is said), having reproached her for being in love with the young slave, she invited them to afternoon tea (or its ancient Egyptian equivalent), and, after causing a fruit and a knife to be put in the hands of each lady, she secretly summoned Joseph, at the sight of whose beauteous countenance the ladies in their excitement cut their hands with the knives. Then quoth Zulaykha to them: “Do you now marvel at my love for this Hebrew youth?”

This is how Kadiri’s version begins: “One of the princes of former times, whose name was Ahmad Sultan, possessed much riches and effects, with a numerous army, so that one hundred thousand horses, fifteen hundred chains of elephants, and nine hundred strings of camels of burthen stood ready at his gate. But he had no children, neither son nor daughter. He therefore continually visited the worshippers of God [i.e., devotees, or darveshes], to engage their intercession in his favour; and day and night, morning and evening, was himself offering up prayers for a son. After some time the Creator of heaven and earth bestowed on the aforesaid king a son, of beautiful form, his countenance resplendent as the sun, and his forehead resembling the moon. From the delight occasioned by this event, the heart of Ahmad Sultan expanded like a new-blown rose. He bestowed many thousand rupis and pagodas on darveshes and fakirs. For three months the omras, vazirs, sages, learned men, and teachers in the city were feasted, and he gave away costly dresses.” Here we have—quite unnecessarily, and indeed inconsistently—the merchant Mubarak transformed into a powerful monarch. The want of children is considered by Asiatics as a great disgrace; and by far the greater number of Eastern tales begin by describing the unhappiness of a prince, vazir, or rich merchant, because he had not a son. This is perhaps imitated in the Tale of Beryn (Chaucer Society Publications, Second Series, xx., p. 28, l. 845 ff.), where Fawmus and Agen, in answer to their prayers to Heaven, obtain the “blessing” of an heir after twelve years of wedlock. It does
To this decorator of the mansion of joy Mubarak gave the name of Maymún; and when the season of life had put the down of his cheek to flight, he obtained for him a virgin bride, whose name was Khujasta. The mutual joys of this happy pair were manifested by a thousand marks of delight, and no greater portion of happiness did the Predestinator at any period decree to a lover and a beloved object than that which existed between Maymún the rich and Khujasta the happy. The demon of perfidy never assailed the skirts of their fancy, and the breeze of mistrust ruffled not the surface of their minds; but, equally worthy of each other, they long reposed on the sofa of ease, and quaffed the wine of enjoyment.

One day, as Maymún passed through the bazár, the common crier, by order of the clerk of the market, was offering a parrot for

seem rather strange to find Asiatics lay the want of offspring so much to heart, but their prophets and lawgivers have from very remote times reiterated the imperative duty of "replenishing and multiplying"; and in order to enforce this, the sacred books of the Hindús denounce dreadful punishments in the next world on all who have died without leaving issue. For example, in the Introduction Book (Adi Parva) of the ancient Hindu epic, Mahâbhârata, sect. xiii, we are told of a sage who "once undertook a journey over the world, equipped with spiritual energy. And he visited divers holy spots, and rested where night overtook him. And he practised religious austerities, hard to be practised by men of undeveloped minds. And he lived upon air, and renounced sleep for ever. Thus going about like flaming fire, one day he happened to see his ancestors, hanging head foremost in a great hole, their feet pointing to the sky. On seeing them Jaratkuru (the sage) addressed them thus: 'Who are ye thus hanging head foremost in this hole, by a rope of virána fibres that is secretly eaten into by rats living here?' The ancestors said: 'We are vow-observing rishís [holy men] of the Yayavara sect. We have come by this low state in consequence of want of descendants. We have a son named Jaratkuru. Woe is us! that wretch hath entered upon a life of austerities, and the fool doth not think of raising offspring by marriage. It is for that reason that we have met with this fate.'" The sage (or "fool," as his suffering ancestors termed Jaratkuru) at once sets about the task of begetting a son.—In the same Book, sect. ccxxi, a rishi is thus addressed by celestials: "Without doubt, it is for religious rites, study according to the ordinance, and progeny that men are born debtors. These debts are all discharged by sacrifices, asceticism, and offspring. Thou art an ascetic, and hast also performed sacrifices; but thou hast no offspring. These [celestial] regions are shut against thee only for want of children. Beget thee children, therefore! Then shalt thou enjoy multifarious regions of felicity. The Vedas have declared that the son rescueth the father from a hell called Pût. Then, O best of Brähmanas, strive thou to beget offspring!"—and so he did, and succeeded. One should not have supposed any such commands and threats at all necessary, as human nature is constituted!  

1 i.e. Auspicious.  

2 i.e. Prosperous, fortunate, &c.
The Tell-Tale Bird:

sale. Approaching the vender, he demanded the price, and was answered a thousand dinárs, to which Maymún replied indignantly:

"He must surely be bound with the rope of ignorance who would expend so much money for a bird!" The parrot exclaimed: "O master, before you are acquainted with my qualifications, you have no reason to find fault with my price. If my body is not full of delicate flesh, yet do I possess many accomplishments. The learned are confounded by my eloquence, the illustrious charmed on beholding me, the populace delighted by my loquacity, while my wit is the salt of assemblies. I am neither angel nor apostle, but like them my mantle is green. I am neither húrí nor hermit, but my beauties resemble the one, and my virtues surpass the other. I am neither fakír nor Muslim, but a flying chief and rapid companion. I am no king of mortals; but the verdant earth is my carpet, the summit of the air my throne, and my dominions are the boundless regions which separate the earth from heaven. The concealed actions of good or evil fortune, which are hidden in the womb of futurity from mortals, have been explored by my enlightened eye, and the decrees of the table of destiny are engraved on my retentive memory. To furnish a proof of my prescience, know that before three days shall elapse there will be so great a demand for sandal-wood, by the sale of which, if you listen to my advice, you may pay the sum demanded for me, and gain considerably besides. Purchase me therefore on this condition, that, if after the period I have mentioned, you choose to

1 About five hundred pounds,

2 In Kadiri's abridgment spikenard is substituted for sandal-wood. "The sandal-tree," says Forbes, "is indigenous on the rocky hills of the Onore districts, and if permitted would grow to a tolerable size; but the wood is so valuable that the tree is cut down at an early stage, and we seldom meet with any more than a foot broad. The wood is either red, yellow, or whitish brown; and, from its colour and size, is called the first, second, and third sorts of sandal-wood, each varying in price, the best from 150 to 200 rupis the caury, of 560 pounds' weight. The wood of the brightest colour and strongest scent is most esteemed, having a fine grain, and an aromatic smell which it communicates to everything near it; it is therefore used in small cabinets, escritoires, and similar articles, and no insect can exist nor iron rust within its influence. From the dust and shavings is extracted an aromatic oil; the oil and the wood are used by the Hindús and Parsis in their religious ceremonies, but the greatest part of the wood is reserved for the China markets, where it sells to great advantage."—Oriental Memoirs, vol. i. p. 308.
 retain me in your service, you make good your payment for me with part of your profits, and if not, you may return me to my present master." This marvellous relation of the green-mantled prattler found access to the auditory of Maymún’s approbation, and he bought him on the conditions proposed; after which he purchased all the sandal-wood in the city, and before three days were expired he paid the thousand dinárs with an inconsiderable part of the profit, and added the remainder to his capital.¹

Some days after, as the merchant passed by the same bazár, the clerk of the market was in like manner offering for sale a sharyk,² which he purchased and placed by the side of the parrot, hoping that an agreeable companion would mollify the rigour of servitude, and reconcile him to the confinement of a cage.

When the parrot had given the most surprising proofs of his wisdom and ingenuity, Maymún exhibited him as a prodigy before crowded assemblies, consulted him in all his affairs, and entrusted him with the most important commissions. One day as he sat by his cage, after discoursing on a variety of subjects, the conversation accidentally changed to the advantages of travel, which the green-mantled secretary so clearly proved that his master, though he had never beheld the sea, began instantly to draw on his boots, and make preparations for a voyage.

Then he repaired to Khujasta, and thus addressed her: "Amiable essence of my soul! beloved rennet of my existence! a young man is a slave to the revolutions of time. Autumn robs the rose-tree of

¹ A sagacious parrot often figures in Hindú stories, where it is generally represented as a human being re-born in the form of that bird. In the Bahá'-i Dánish (see ante, p. 313) Jehandar Shah, having learned the magical art of transferring his own soul into any dead body, reanimates a deer, when his treacherous tutor in the art immediately transfers his spirit into the king’s body, returns to the palace, and personates Jehandar. The king afterwards enters the dead body of a parrot, allows himself to be captured by a fowler, and bids him ask in the market a large sum of money for him, which he should certainly obtain. A merchant is induced to purchase the parrot by the sagacious observations which he makes, and the bird soon becomes famous for his shrewd decisions in difficult cases.—The idea of this story was probably borrowed from the Prakrit poetical romance of Vikramaditya, king of Ujjain; and it also occurs in the Káthá Sarít Ságara, the Turkish Forty Vazír, and other Eastern story-books.

² A kind of nightingale that can be taught to imitate the human voice with wonderful precision.
bloom, and the chilling blasts of winter scatter her verdant honours around; yet at the gay return of spring the vital sap re-ascends. But when the autumn of manhood is past, and the winter of old age crowns the heads of mortals with snow, the spring of youth returns no more. While the season of life permits, therefore, I am determined on a foreign expedition, in order to collect the bread of industry from the ocean of immensity; each wave of which rolls wealth to the shore, and the bark of the merchant is surrounded with treasure. A man without riches is fatherless, and a house without money is deserted. He that is void of cash may be considered as a nonentity, and he wanders in the crowd unknown. It is therefore every man's duty to procure money: gold is the delight of our lives; it is the bright live-coal of our hearts—the yellow links which fasten the coat of mail—the gentle stimulative of the world—the complete coining-die of the globe—the traveller who speaks all languages, and is welcome in every city—the splendid bride unveiled, and the defender, register, and mirror of the kings of the earth!"

Nakhshabí, the man who has dirhams\(^1\) is handsome;
A hundred worms gnaw the bowels of the poor;
Gold will be the resuscitation of a people.
The sun ever shines inauspicious on the man without money.\(^2\)

\(^{1}\) That is, money; Scottice, "siller"; Fr. "l'argent." A dirham is a silver coin, about equal in value to sixpence.

\(^{2}\) This eulogium of riches may be compared with the following maxims from the Hitopadesa, in which there is, I think, veiled sarcasm:

"With wealth every one is powerful; through wealth one becomes learned."
"He who has riches has friends; he who has riches has relations; he who has riches is a man of consequence in the world; he who has riches is even a sage."

The Hindú poet Bhartrihari says (Níti Sátaka, 41): "If a man be wealthy, he is of good family, he is wise, he is learned in the Scriptures, he is virtuous, eloquent, beautiful. All the virtues attach themselves to gold."

In the Burmese story-book, Decisions of Thoo-dhamma-tsari, we read that "a man without substance is base and contemptible."

The Arabian poet El-Hariri (ob. 1121 A.D.) thus addresses a gold dínár, in his Makamat, as translated by Preston:

Hail, noble coin! of saffron colour clear,
O'er regions wide who passed far and near!
Thy worth, thy titles, current still remain:
Thy lines the secret pledge of wealth contain;
Successful industry thy steps attend;
Thy aspect bright all welcome as a friend;
Euedared to all, as though thy precious ore
Had e'en been molten from their own heart's core.
"Allowing the advantages of a sea-voyage to be great," replied Khujasta, "and that every surge rolls wealth to the shore, yet the accidents and misfortunes are greater. The merchant of blest independence can never be considered wise, who through a sordid love of gold should leave the port of security, hoist to the gale of accident, and expose himself to a thousand dangers on the ocean of ruin. What is gold, but the manacle of the abject—the chain of the contemptible—the blinder of the covetous—the fetter of lovers—the source of insincere friendship—the gaudy idol of the insensate multitude—the wild plum which ripens with the barley of the hypocrite, and the coined image of the enslavers of mankind? But," continued the lady, "if you are determined upon this expedition, permit me to accompany you; for the sages affirm that the presence of a wife in a voyage will fill the sails with delight and smooth the brow of suspicion."

Maymún rejoined: "O Khujasta, the sages also compare a wife to a threshold: as that is at all times immovable, so a wife should be always at home. Imitate, then, the threshold's constancy, and

Whose purse thou fill'st boldness may display,
Though kindred be remiss or far away;
With thee the great their influence maintain;
Without thee pleasure's sons of want complain.
What heroes thy collected might hath quelled!
With host of cares one stroke of thine dispelled!
How oft an angry churl whose fury burned,
Thy whispered mention hath to mildness turned!
Through thee the captive, by his kin forgot,
Is ransomed back to joy's unmingled lot.
Such power is thine, that if I feared not blame,
I e'en would say, "Almighty is thy name!"

But the same ingenious poet also considered the fascinating piece of metal from a different point of view, saying that it benefits its possessor only when it takes flight, and concluding that—

Wise is he who spurns without delay
Thy proffered aid, and flings thee far away;
Who, deaf to all thy soft enticing tones,
With scorn unfeigned thy sordid love disowns,
And sternly bids thy glittering form begone,
How bright soe'er its false allurement shone."

And William Rowley, in his Search for Money (1609), says that "its best part is but earth, and its too much worshipped greatness, in my poor judgment, is but a bare-legged passage through many acres of briars for a handful of rushes on the other side, being found not worth half the toil." Nevertheless, as learning is never despised by a learned man, so wealth is always appreciated by a wealthy man—the ignorant and the poverty-stricken are of no account!
during my absence communicate all your affairs to the parrot and the sharyk: ask their advice, and transact no concern of moment which exceeds the boundaries of your comprehension without the joint concurrence of these two sagacious birds. Virtue is the child of prudence, and prosperity and safety will be the progeny of attention."

Here the merchant concluded his lecture, and bade adieu to the sweet paste of his affections, who punctually observed all his commands for a considerable time after his departure.

When Maymún had prolonged the moons of his absence, it chanced that as Khujasta was one morning standing on the roof of her house, to inhale the breeze of health, the son of the rájá of the city was passing by with his train, whom she no sooner beheld, but the subtle poison entered at her eyes and pervaded her enamoured frame. The battle-axe of prudence dropped from her feeble hand; the vessel of continence became a sport to the waves of confusion; and while the avenues leading to the fortress of reason remained unguarded, the sugar-cane of incontinence triumphantly raised its head above the rose-tree of patience. The sirdar of the vanguard of tranquillity was overpowered by the hurrawal of passion; and the sultan of inconstancy placed his victorious standard on the citadel of her bleeding heart. If some remaining sparks of honour and duty at first laid the reins of prohibition on the courser of desire, they were finally extinguished by the torrent of inclination, and, resigned to her infamy, she said: "Day is the veil of lovers, and night the season of stratagem to those who long to see an absent favourite. This day, when the extensive carpet of splendour shall be folded up, and the obscure curtain of night let down, I will hasten to the abode of my prince."¹

¹ This incident is related differently in Kádirí's version: "At the end of six months, one day Khujasta, after having bathed herself and adorned her person, was looking out of a window at the top of the house into the street, when a prince of another country, who had travelled into this city, having beheld the glowing cheeks of Khujasta, was distracted with love, and Khujasta also was fascinated at the sight of the prince. The same hour the prince sent a procuress to Khujasta privately, with a message that, provided she would only take the trouble to visit his house any night for four hours, he, in return for this condescension, would present her with a ring estimated at a lakh of pagodas. At first, however, she did not agree to his proposal, but at length
Accordingly, when the season of evening had arrived, and the sun was retired behind the veil of the west, Khujasta removed the veil of modesty from her countenance, and, imagining that her feathered counsellors would, through friendship and complaisance to a lady, commend her resolution and facilitate her departure, she thus addressed the sharyk: "O bird of a thousand songs, a serious accident has befallen me, and powerful obstacles impede the execution of a most important business. This night I am determined to go secretly to the mansion of a lover, and moisten my thirsty soul with the wine of society. What approbation do you show to my purpose, and what indulgence do you give to my expedition?"

The sharyk, with the key of zeal, unlocked the gates of sincerity; expanded the doors of eloquence; and in the most affectionate manner began to exhibit the chapters of precaution. But the manna of his salutary counsel was wasted on an ungrateful soil; for, inflamed with rage, and distracted with impure desire, the daughter of infamy drew forth the unfortunate songster from the cage, and with the rude hand of violence dashed him upon the pavement of death.

After this, glowing with indignation and stained with cruelty, she repaired to the parrot’s cage, and said: "Secretary of the verdant mantle, what advice have you to offer, and what indulgence do you give to my passion?" The bird of sagacity, after clawing his head, ruffling up his feathers, and rubbing his beak on his perch, drew from the treatment of his comrade this conclusion: "If, in the beaten path of sincerity, I unlock the springs of exhortation, I shall experience the sharyk's fate; and if, by unbounded indulgence and ill-timed connivance, I encourage her in her idleness and infamy, we shall both fall from the battlements of honour into the bottomless abyss of ruin. Some plan must therefore be concerted to rescue me from the precipice of danger, extricate her from the labyrinth of incontinence, and secure my master's honour."

the instigations of the procuress prevailed, and she returned him for answer, that as day reveals and night casts a veil over our actions, she would wait upon the prince after midnight."—Gerrans probably omitted the business of the go-between as being "improper"; but by so doing he represented the lady as more depraved than she really was.
The parrot accordingly commiserated her situation, quenched
the fire of indignation with the water of flattery, in these words:
"Immaculate governess! since the table of destiny has decreed that
the eyes of your affection should be transferred from your consort to
a lover, and the bird of disloyalty has built his inflammable nest in
your bosom, pluck the thorn of care from your heart, bind yourself
with the zone of hilarity, and by my powerful mediation you shall
arrive at the tent of delight, and enjoy the musky presence of your
beloved. Should Maymûn return during your absence, and the
particulars of your secret connections be whispered by the breath of
envy, or transmitted on the leaves of explanation, I have an antidote
ready to counteract the poison of malevolence; for the son of
Mubarak will listen to me, like the merchant Purúbal, who believed
his cockatoo, and was reconciled to his wife." Khujasta inquired
what sort of a story that was, and her ingenious secretary proceeded
to gratify her curiosity by relating the tale of

THE PRUDENT COCKATOO.¹

In one of the principal cities of Hindústán there lived a merchant,
whose name was Purúbal, who had a cockatoo of such marvellous
accomplishments that he committed to his care the management
of all his affairs, and made him steward of his household; which
important trust the bird discharged with honour and integrity, and
gave an exact account to his master of everything that passed. It
happened on one occasion that the merchant was obliged to go
abroad on some business, and before leaving home he commanded
his wife to form no connection or transact any business of import-
ance without the advice and approbation of the bird of instruction.
The lady promised faithfully to follow his injunctions, though indeed
nothing was farther from her purpose, for the day after his departure
she became so deeply enamoured of a youth in her neighbourhood
that she entertained him in her house every night, and converted
the nuptial sofa into the couch of adultery. The cockatoo, through
fear, pretended not to observe what was going on, saying to himself,

¹ In Kádirí the story is told of the Parrot of Farukh Beg.
in the words of Shafei,1 "May the blessings of Allah rest on the extremity of my pretended ignorance!"

When the merchant returned, the parti-coloured steward gave a faithful and circumstantial account of all that had occurred in his absence, except the intrigue, which he plunged into the gulf of oblivion and impressed with the signet of silence, charitably concluding that a disclosure of the affair would strip the bark from the tree of union. But in spite of the bird's reticence, his master was soon acquainted with the whole matter from another quarter, for love and musk cannot remain long concealed, as the wise have said. The merchant's wife sorely lamented that the tale of her infamy was thus manifested on the carpet of scandal, and, believing that her husband had been informed of her intrigue by the cockatoo, became inimically disposed towards the bird of intelligence, permitted the seed of rancour to be sown in her heart, which by diligent cultivation ripened into the fruit of vengeance.

One night, seizing the opportunity, she cruelly extracted one of the longest feathers of his wing; another night she spoiled his food; and on a third she plucked him from his cage. The hapless bird, crying aloud for help, brought some of the household to his cage; but seeing it empty concluded that he had been carried off by a cat.2 But fresh disasters awaited him; for the lady, thinking it too much indulgence to kill him at once, disguised herself in a variegated robe, placed a diadem on her head, and drawing her gaudy train like a bird of paradise, ascended a canopy of state, then commanded a slave to tie a string about the foot of the harmless feathered secretary, by which he was suspended from the ceiling, turning round like a darwesh;3 and to augment the horrors of his situation, the one while made a noise like a lapwing, at another counterfeited the crowing of a cock, the cry of a woman in labour, or

1 The founder of one of the four "orthodox" sects of Muslims.
2 In Kadiri's version it is said that the lady "took an opportunity at midnight of plucking off the bird's feathers, and, flinging him out of doors, called out to the male and female slaves of the family that a cat had carried away the bird."
3 One of the "dancing," or twirling, Muslim devotees, whose extraordinary performances are described in Lane's Modern Egyptians, ch. xi, and Lady Isabel Burton's Inner Life of Syria, vol. i. ch. xiii.
the monthly lamentations made for the dead. As when the baleful hail-storm copiously descends on the peaceful flower-garden, the tender shoots languish, the branch is stripped of verdure, the root withers and internally decays; the fragrant volume of the full-blown rose, in fragments torn, becomes the sport of adverse winds, the distressed rose-bud alters, and his green robe is changed into a deadly blue colour; the jasmine, the snow-drop, and the lily that decorates the vale become livid, and the tulip, variegated with white and red, droops like an expiring lover.

Nakhshabí, lament with the people who mourn:
The clamour of a woman is like the sound of a bell;
The lamentations of the populace are sweet to exalted souls.

If the sorrows for the dead and this lady's behaviour to the cockatoo have any analogy, they differ in this particular: for the sages affirm that the departed spirit is insensible of their prayers and complaints, because in the flowery bowers of Paradise, where pleasures are uninterrrupted and eternal, no crevice can possibly remain open to admit the voice of affliction; whereas the poor bird was so deeply affected by the lady's behaviour that it nearly cost him his life. In the neighbourhood was a cemetery, to which the mutilated bird repaired, limping, and made choice of a solitary corner from which he never issued but in the night time to procure himself a scanty meal.

While affairs were in this condition, the infamous behaviour of the lady spread the gloom of melancholy on her husband's brow, and rent the caul of his heart with the briars of distraction. For the loss of his cockatoo he exhibited the energy of woe, and the daughter of adultery he drove from his house; and though reconciliating friends poured the wine of peace and the oil of concord into the wounds of jealousy, he departed not from the basis of his determination.

Nakhshabí, attempt not to move by persuasion the heart afflicted with grief.
The heart that is overwhelmed with the billows of sorrow will, by slow degrees, return to itself.

When the lady saw that the mediation of friends was vain to bind her husband with the zone of reconciliation, she execrated her wretched existence, and, void of hope, departed to the cemetery,

1 According to Gerrans' version, a mosque, but this is evidently an error, and I have substituted cemetery, as in Kádirí.
where she determined to pass the remainder of her days in devotion.

One night, as she rolled on the pavement of sorrow, tormented with the thorn of remorse, the cockatoo exclaimed from a hole in a monument: "Contaminated daughter of lewdness, overwhelmed with the waves of despair, to obliterate thy enormous crimes, and reconcile thee to thy injured husband, the table of destiny decrees that thou, with thine own hand, pluck every hair from thy head, and spend forty days of penance on the dust of contrition." The penitent instantly complied, voluntarily inflicting on herself this ignominious punishment, upon which the bird, coming forth from its concealment, thus addressed her: "The garment with which you clothed me you yourself shall wear. The ground you have cultivated shall yield its increase, and the seed which you have sown you shall reap. I am that innocent bird whom you so unjustly dishonoured and abused. May this oracular monument bear witness, that the punishment I received from your hand you shall, in due measure, receive from me, and the balance of justice shall no longer be suspended in vain. While I conducted your affairs with rectitude, and carefully guarded your bread and salt, and impressed your misconduct with the seal of silence, and disclosed not to your husband the history of your enormities, you treated me as a perfidious accuser, and made the corners of the public bazar and the roofs of the bathing-houses echo my imaginary crimes. How shall I mark the packet of your cruelty with the signet of oblivion or forgiveness? How can I attempt to clothe you with the white robe of innocence, or with the tongue of hypocrisy impose on my master's credulity?"

The next morning, when the imperial golden-winged cockatoo of day appeared on his oriental perch, and the serene sharyk of the night had retired to his occidental cage, the bird of loquacity, resolving to excel himself in generosity, returned to the merchant's house, and with the tongue of congratulation bestowed on him the salām of health. The merchant asked in surprise: "What art thou?" The bird of ingenuity, unlocking the springs of invention, answered: "I am thine ancient secretary, who was torn from my
cage by the fangs of cruelty, and deposited in the voracious belly of a cat." The merchant, struck with wonder, doubted the testimony of his senses, and questioned the bird on the manner of his resurrection, and was answered: "Your innocent and immaculate wife, whom, in the effervescence of your jealous indignation, you turned out of doors, and branded with the name of adulteress, with no other testimony of her guilt than the letter of a calumniator unknown, has now taken up her residence in the neighbouring cemetery. To the virtue of her supplication I owe my restoration to life, and I am now sent to you to be a witness of her chastity, and to testify to the world that whatever has been reported of her lewdness has no foundation in truth." The merchant, full of admiration, exclaimed: "Into what a fatal labyrinth of error has the green-eyed monster of jealousy conducted me! What an unpardonable crime I have committed! My chaste and virtuous wife, whose prayers are so powerful as to raise the dead, has been by me accused of incontinence!" He then hastened to the mosque, prostrated the forehead of obsequiousness on the threshold of contrition; humbly implored pardon for the injuries he had inflicted; imprinted on her face and cheek the salutation of peace; and brought her back to his house with all honour.

The parrot goes on thus every night relating stories to the amorous dame, taking care to prolong his recital until it was too late for the assignation, and on her husband's return—according to Kádiri's version—when the "green-mantled secretary" has informed him of all that had transpired in his absence: the lady's intended intrigue; her slaying the sharyk; and his own clever device to preserve her chastity—of body; that of her mind being, as we have seen, already soiled—he immediately put her to death. Gerrans, in his Prolegomena, says that "all ends well," from which we may suppose that in his text the husband was reconciled to his wife. In one Telágú version (Toti náma cat'halá) the lady kills the bird after hearing its recitals; and in another the husband, on learning what had occurred, cuts off his wife's head and becomes an ascetic—the cruel and foolish man!
This device of a parrot relating diverting stories to keep a wanton wife at home is reflected in one of the Kalmuk tales of Ardshi Bordshi (Sanskrit, Raja Bhoja), where a merchant having purchased a wonderfully clever parrot, for a very large sum of money, leaves it to keep watch over the doings of his spouse while he is abroad; and when the lady purposes going out on the pretence of visiting her female friends, the parrot detains her all night by telling her the story of the woman who swore falsely that she had not dishonoured her husband, and yet spoke the truth in so doing, which will be found, ante, p. 357.

In Professor T. F. Crane's Italian Popular Tales, pp. 167-183, there are no fewer than three stories of a similar kind, which must have been derived—indirectly, of course—from some Eastern, probably Syriac, version of the 'Parrot-Book.' One of these is from Sicily: A merchant who is very jealous of his wife is obliged to go on a journey, and at her own suggestion he shuts her up in the house, with an abundant supply of food. One day she looks out of a window which the husband had inadvertently left open, and just at the moment a gentleman and a notary happen to pass and see her. They lay a wager as to which of them should first speak to the lady. The notary (very naturally?) summons an evil spirit, to whom he sells his soul on the condition that he win the bet. The devil changes him into a parrot, who gains access to the lady's presence, and to entertain her relates three stories. On the merchant's return the parrot is placed on the table at dinner, splashes some of the soup into the husband's eyes, flies at his breast and strangles him, and then escapes through the window. After this the notary assumes his proper form, marries the merchant's widow, and wins his wager with the gentleman.—In a version from Pisa the story is told very differently: A merchant had a beautiful daughter, of whom both the king and the viceroy were deeply enamoured. The king knew that the merchant would soon have to go abroad on business, and he would then have a chance of speaking with the damsel. The viceroy was also aware of this, and considered how he could prevent the king from succeeding in his design. He goes to a witch, and gives her a great sum of money for teaching him how to transform himself
into a parrot. The merchant buys him for his daughter and departs. When the parrot thinks it about time for the king to come, he says to the young lady: "I will amuse you with a story; but you must listen to me, and not see any one while I am telling it." Then he begins, and after he has got a little way in it, a servant enters and tells his mistress that there is a letter for her. "Tell her to bring it later," says the parrot, "and now listen to me." The mistress said to the servant: "I do not receive letters while my father is away," and the parrot continued. After a while, another interruption; a servant announced the visit of an aunt of her mistress: it was not her aunt, however, but an old woman who came from the king. Quoth the parrot: "Don't receive her—we are in the best bit of the story," and the lady sent word that she did not receive any visits while her father was absent; so the parrot went on. When the story was ended, the lady was so pleased that she would listen to no one else until her father returned. Then the parrot disappeared, and the viceroy visited the merchant and asked his daughter's hand. He consented, and the marriage took place that very day. The wedding was scarcely over when a gentleman came to ask the lady's hand for the king, but it was too late. And the poor king, who was much in love with her, died of a broken heart; and so the merchant's daughter remained the wife of the viceroy, who had proved himself to be more cunning than the king.

It is curious to observe the transformations which the Parrot-story has undergone after having been brought to Italy, as in all likelihood it was, by Venetian merchants trading to the Levant in the 14th and 15th centuries, and it is not less strange that the story has not found a place among the popular fictions of other European countries.

A very remarkable form of the Parrot-story is found in one of the numerous legends of the Panjábí hero Rájá Rasálú recited by the Bhats or minstrels, a class rapidly disappearing, and therefore a deep debt of gratitude is owing by all who are interested in the genealogy of folk-tales to Captain R. C. Temple for the valuable collection he is publishing; under the title of *Legends of the Panjáb,*
of which two, if not three, volumes have already been completed (London agents, Messrs. Trübner & Co.). The following version of the Parrot-story is from Captain Temple's first volume: for the notes which have not the letter T appended I must be held responsible:

Panjabi Legend.

RÁJÁ RASÁLÚ having played at Chaupur with Rájá Sarkap for their heads and won, he spared his opponent's life on condition that he should never more play for such a stake, and give him his new-born daughter Kokilán1 to wife, the legend thus proceeds:

Then Rájá Rasálú went to the Mártí hills and there planted a mango branch. There he had the Rání Kokilán placed in an underground palace, and said: "When the mango branch blossoms then will Rání Kokilán arrive at her full youth." After twelve years the mango tree began to blossom and give forth fruit, and the Rání Kokilán became a woman. One day she said to Rájá Rasálú: "What is it that people say happens when you shoot an animal in the jangals?" He replied: "When I shoot an animal with an arrow it falls down in a faint, after running seven paces towards me."

"This is a very wonderful thing," said the Rání, "and I shall not believe it till I see it with my own eyes." So next morning the Rájá made Kokilán ride on a pillion behind him, and he wore some coarse clothes over his own, so that her perspiration should not injure him. In this way he went forth into the jangals to shoot. Presently he shot a deer, and the deer as soon as it was wounded ran seven paces away from him and fell down. "Last night," said the Rání Kokilán, "you told me that when you hit an animal it would fall seven paces towards you, but this has fallen seven paces away from you. Your words have not come true." "My virtue has left me," said the rágá, "because you have been riding on the same horse with me." "I will catch the deer with my hands," said she, "and will bring them to you." And so she opened out seven locks of her scented hair, and sat on a tower of the palace, and the sweet scent filled the

1 i.e. Cooing-dove.
air. Two deer, called Hírá and Nílá, came to where she was sitting, attracted by the scent of her hair, and stood by her. Then Rájá Rasálá determined to try the power of attraction of Rání Kokilán's hair, and frightened the deer with his bow. As soon as the deer Nílá heard the twang of the bow he ran for his life, but the deer Hírá was so attracted by the scent of Rání Kokilán's hair that he remained where he was. "It would be a pity to kill this deer that is so fond of my wife," thought the rájá, "but I will mark him well." He cut off the tail and ears to mark him, and then the deer said to the rájá: "I have not injured thy fields, nor have I broken thy hedge: why hast thou cut my tail? what damage have I done? I am but a deer of the thick jangal; I will bring a thief into thy palace." Saying this the deer Hírá went off to join his fellows, but they cast him out of their herd, because he had no ears or tail. So he became very sorrowful and went into the kingdom of Rájá Hodí, son of Rájá Atkí Mall, where he joined a herd of deer. After a while he brought the whole herd into Rájá Hodí's garden and destroyed it. As soon as Rájá Hodí heard of this destruction he sent in men to catch the deer, and they all ran away except the deer Hírá, who remained hidden in the garden. Presently Rájá Hodí came himself into the garden, and then the deer ran off, followed by the rájá on a horse. The deer led Rájá Hodí to the palace of Rájá Rasálá, in the Múrtí hills, and then said to him: "Why have you followed me so far?" "Why did you destroy my garden?" said the rájá. "I have followed you to kill you." "I destroyed your garden because Rání Kokilán ordered it," said the deer. "Who is she?" asked the rájá. "She is sitting in that little latticed window above in the palace."

When he heard this the rájá looked up and saw the Rání Kokilán, and they began to talk; meanwhile the deer Hírá hid himself in a bush. Said the rání: "O rájá, wandering beneath the palace, art thou a true man or a thief? Art thou an enemy to my rájá? or does an animal stand there?" Hodí replied: "Thieves wear dirty clothes, rání, true men, clean. Nor am I Rasálá's enemy, nor does an animal stand here. I came afar after my quarry; I stand here of necessity." Then he said: "The black rain-clouds
fall from the clouds,¹ what jeweller made thee? O thou of the nose-ornament! O lips red with the betel-leaves! What king's daughter art thou? what king's wife? Leaving thee in the palace, where has the fool gone?” The râní answered: “I fell from no rain-cloud, râjâ; no jeweller made me. My nose is a sword-point;² betel-leaves are on my lips. I am Râjâ Sarkâp's daughter; I am Râjâ Rasâhi's wife: leaving me in the palace, he has gone to hunt in the river-side swamps.” And then she asked: “Where is thy city, râjâ? Where is thy home? What king’s son art thou? What is thy name?” The râjâ replied: “Sindh is my city, râní; Atak is my home. I am Râjâ Atkî Mall's son; Râjâ Hodî is my name.” Said the râní: “The green grapes are ripe; the pomegranate drips: none such as thou can have a footing in the râjâ’s house.” Then said Hodî to her: “Show me how to get to you”; and she pointed out where the steps were, saying: “There is a large stone at the entrance of the staircase; you have only to remove that and come up.” The râjâ did as he was bidden, but could by no means remove the stone, so he said: “I am a pedlar of Sindh; I sell black camphor: take into thy presence what merchandise thy heart doth desire.” Then the Râní Kokilân pointed out another flight of three steps, but Hodî said when he saw the steps: “I am not a bird that I can fly. If you really want me, let down a rope for me to climb up.”³ So Râní Kokilân let down a rope, and Hodî climbed up it. He found in the palace two cages, in one of which was a mainâ⁴ and in the other a parrot.

As soon as the parrot saw Râjâ Hodî he hid his head under his wing and told the mainâ to do the same. And the mainâ did so, while Râjâ Hodî climbed up the rope and got on to the first step. Then she said to the parrot: “Listen, O beloved parrot, loved best of all—listen to my words: stay not here, parrot, where is nor friend

¹ Apparent reference to the dark complexion of Kokilân.—T.
² i. e. I am very fascinating.—T.
³ In the Shah Nâma (Book of Kings), by Firdausi, the Homer of Persia, when Zâl visits the beauteous Râdâba, she lets down her long hair, by which he climbed up to her balcony—but their interview is innocent, for the hero’s “intentions” are perfectly virtuous.
⁴ A hill starling.
nor relative. I have seen a wondrous thing, a crow eating the rája's grapes." "What have you to do with it, mainá?" said the parrot. "Be quiet and hide your head under your wing." Meanwhile Rája Hodí had climbed on to the second step, and the mainá said to the parrot: "Listen, O beloved parrot, loved best of all—listen to my words: I have seen a wondrous thing, a dog eating the rice." But the parrot frightened the mainá again, and meanwhile Rája Hodí reached the third step and called out. Then the mainá said again: "Listen, O beloved parrot, loved best of all—listen to my words: I have seen a wondrous thing, an ass braying in the rája's palace." Then the parrot said to the mainá again: "I have often told you to be quiet, but you pay no attention." But the mainá said: "This thief comes into the house and shouts. This is what makes me angry and prevents me from being quiet." In the meantime the rája had got in, and being very thirsty asked the rání for water. But the water could not be easily got, and they both began to break away the stones at the brim of Rája Rasálí's well to get at the water. After a while Rání Kokilán got up some water in a pitcher and gave it to Hodí to drink. The rája stopped two or three hours with Rání Kokilán and then began to inquire about going away again. "Stay all night," said the rání, but he was afraid and would not stay. So the rání began to weep bitterly, and when Hodí saw her tears he said he would be back in four or five days, and he wiped away her tears with his own hands. Her eyes were covered with kájal,¹ and as he wiped them his hands got black from

¹ Kájal, or káyla, is a pigment applied to increase the beauty of the eyes. An Indian poet tells his lady-love that her eyes have completely eclipsed those of the deer—"then why add káyala? Is it not enough that thou destroy thy victim, unless thou do it with poisoned arrows?" The Arab poet Ibn Hamdis as-Sakali (ob. 1132 A.D.) says: "To increase the blackness of her eyes, she has applied antimony around them, thus adding poison to the dart which was already sufficient to give death." And our English poet Sir John Suckling has thus expressed the same idea:

"'Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill:
'Tis like the poisoning of the dart,
Too apt before to kill."

Thomson's "beauty unadorned" would find no admirers among Asiatics:

"Beauty," says a Persian poet, "decorated with ornaments, portends disastrous
it. "I will be back in three days," said the râjâ as he got ready to

You made me a promise before and broke it,"¹ said the râní,

and when you get among the women of your palace you will forget

me and never return at all." "There are no women in my house,"

said the râjâ. "I will not wash my hands of this kújâl, nor will I
eat again, till I come to eat with you here."

That night Râjâ Hodî started for Atak and reached the bank of
the river Sindh. Being very thirsty, he lay down on the bank and
drank water with his mouth like an animal, for he was afraid of
washing the kújâl from his hands if he used them. A dhôbî was
washing on the opposite bank, and seeing the râjâ drinking like a
wild beast, he said to his wife: "Listen, O wife beloved, loved best
of all—listen to my words: On the far side has come a prince; nor
friend nor company with him. He drinks water like a deer: what
is the matter with his hands?" Said the dhoban: "If you will give
me golden ornaments to wear, I will tell you the real truth of the
matter." "I will give you the golden ornaments when I go home,
if you will tell me the real truth." Then said the dhoban: "Listen,
O beloved husband, best loved of all—listen to my words: On the far
side has come a prince, nor friend nor company with him. A woman
pleased him at night. She wept and he wiped the lamp-black from
her eyes with his hands." When the dhoban said this the dhôbî
gave her a great beating, and she began to weep bitterly. When
Rájá Hodí heard the sound of her weeping he loosed the martingale
of his horse and swam across the river. When he got across he
spoke angrily to the dhôbî: "You foolish washerman, you are a
brave man to go beating your wife in my presence." "Lord of the
world," answered the dhôbî, "she said such unworthy things of you
that I cannot repeat them." Then the râjâ suspected that the
dhoban had knowledge of things that are hidden, and said to her:
"I know thee for a washerwoman; I know thou hast been beaten.

¹ Other versions of the legend state that Hodî frequently visited the young
wife of Rasâlî after he was first conducted to her by the vengeful deer, and it
was evidently to one of those visits that Kokilán alludes when she says, "You
made me a promise before and broke it."
How is she passing the time, dhoban, who is separated from her lover?" Answered the dhoban: "She is making fair her arms, raja: wash thou thy hands. How many husbands has the swan, raja? Young women are in thousands." So Raja Hodí washed his hands, as the dhoban said, and entered into his palace.

Meanwhile Rája Rasálú had come home from hunting, and Rání Kokilán said to him: "O gray-horsed raja! thy quiver full of pearls! thy bow studded with rubies! thy shield studded with diamonds and fastened by a muslin kerchief! riding a prancing horse!—tell me, am I thy wife or sister?" He answered: "I won the stake with care, leaving four ránis behind. I gave thee a garden to thy desire, peaches, mangoes, pomegranates—thou hast fattened on the fruit, rání; thou art fair and well-liking. I, Rája Rasálú, am thy bridegroom; thou, Itání Kokilán, art my wife. For this reason I kept thee unread: thus I know thy character." Saying this, he dismounted and went up to her; and seeing that the brim of the well was broken in, and that there were human footprints about, he said to her: "Who has thrown down the well-brim, rání? Who has broken the platform? Who has taken out the water in pitchers? Who has thrown down the stones? Who has broken into my palace? Footmarks are in the palace-halls! Who has lain on my bed?—the nivár\(^1\) is loose!" The rání answered: "I broke down the well! I destroyed the platform! I took out the water in pitchers! I threw down the stones! The mainá loosened my hair, and the parrot broke my necklace. Releasing myself, raja, I ran away: my footmarks are in the palace. My enemy lay on the bed and loosened the nivár."

When the rání said this the raja beat the parrot, and the mainá said to the parrot: "It is well that the raja has beaten you, because you prevented me from telling him in the beginning the evil deeds of the rání." After this the raja went to sleep, and next morning before the sun was risen he started off for the hunt again, and the parrot said to him: "If we happen into any trouble while you are away, where shall we find you?" He answered: "If anything happens within the next three or four days, I shall be found by the river-side swamps. If anything happens within the next two or

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\(^1\) Cotton tape stretching across the bedstead.—T.
three months, I shall be found hunting in the Kashmir mountains," and then he went away to the river-side swamps.

After two or three days Rájá Hodí came to the palace, and dismounting from his horse to see Ráni Kokilán, the pair laughed together for joy. Then said the mainá to Ráni Kokilán: "The first time you spoke evil of me and the parrot to Rájá Rasálú—what will you say to him now? Believe in God, and leave off playing and laughing with a stranger." But the rání became very angry and said: "I give thee minced cakes, mainá; thou sittest in thy cage and eatest. What hast thou to do with this matter? Be silent! This foreigner will go off to his distant home." The mainá replied: "Eat thy minced cakes thyself, rání. I put my faith in God. My rájá will come, rání: I will be true to my salt." When the mainá had said this the rání exclaimed: "You faithless bird, you have eaten from my hand always. Will you be untrue to my salt? The rájá wanders about in the jangals, and will you rather be true to him?" So she took the mainá out of the cage and cut off her head, and taking the cage she broke it into pieces and threw them away. Then she went up to the parrot's cage to kill him as well. But the parrot spoke caressingly in order to save his life, and said: "Thou didst well to kill the mainá, rání, that was such a backbiter! Female minds are vexed by such things; our masculine minds are above them. Let me out of the cage, rání; I wish to see the king's

1 In another version, which I have before me, the virtuous bird is represented as exclaiming: "What wickedness is this?"

2 Salt is a sacred pledge of hospitality in most Asiatic countries. We have in the well-known Arabian tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, a singular example of the effect of eating salt, even in the mind of a robber. When Morgiana, the faithful slave of Ali Baba, had in the character of a dancer struck a dagger into the heart of a merchant, his guest, and excited the horror of her master for such an act, she threw off her disguise and told Ali Baba that in the pretended merchant Khoja Hussain she had destroyed his cruel enemy, the captain of the robbers, to convince him of the truth of her assertion, she discovered under his robe the murderou poignard, and asked her master the simple question which caused her suspicion of his guest: "Do you not recollect that he refused to eat salt with you? Can you require a stronger proof of his malicious intention?"

3 In the other version it is Rájá Hodí who takes the mainá out of the cage and wrings her neck.
country.” 1 The rání thought to herself that after all he had never said anything against her, and moreover had always corrected the mainá when she had spoken roughly; so considering him faithful she let him out of the cage, and then the parrot said: “Let me go, and I will give the mainá two or three kicks and revenge myself of the annoyance she has given me.” So the rání, being very pleased, let him loose, and then the parrot, to please the rání more, gave the dead mainá two or three kicks and then asked the rání for a bath, “for,” said he, “I am a good Hinde and I have touched a dead body.” The rání, who had now become very fond of him, threw some water over him and wetted him, and then the parrot asked for some food. So the rání mixed flour and sugar and ghee 2 and made cakes of it, which she gave to the parrot to eat. When the parrot had eaten his fill he flew away to the top of the palace and began to weep, and the rání asked him why he wept. “Rání, live for ever,” said the parrot; “but you have killed my friend the mainá, and have made me very miserable.” Said the rání: “Friendly parrot, go not incontinently away. For the one mainá I killed I will give you ten others. For thy God’s sake come back to me. I will take away thy grief; speak not harsh words.”

But though the Rání coaxèd and comfortèd him much he would not remain, and flew off to Rájá Rasálú, who was sleeping under a tree in the hills by the river-side swamps. When he found the rájá the parrot went into a pool, and after making his feathers all wet and draggled, he sat on a branch of the tree just over Rasálú. As he sat there he shook himself to dry his feathers, and the water from them was sprinkled over the rágá, who, thinking it was rain, got up, and then the parrot said to him: “O rágá, sleeping beneath the kikkar tree, take thy sheet from off thy face. The rání has opened her shop and is selling as a trader. A prince who came has fastened her bundle tight.” 3 Answered Rájá Rasálú: “Eight mainás, ten mainás,

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1 In Mr. Swynnerton’s version (Folk Love Journal, 1883, p. 149) the parrot says to the rání: “O queen, the king my master may return unexpectedly. If you will loose me, I will sit on the mango-tree and keep watch.”

2 Clarified butter.

3 In Mr. Swynnerton’s version the parrot says to Rasálú: “Come home at once, and you will catch the thief before he departs.”
a peacock at every window. So many witnesses, parrot: why has the thief entered the palace?” Then the parrot said: “O rájá, the rání has killed the mainá and I only escaped after many devices and stratagems.”

When he heard this Rájá Rasálú fastened his cooking-spit to his girdle and mounted his horse, for when he went shooting he always took two spits with him; on one he cooked his own food which he had killed, and on the other the rání cooked hers. As he was journeying home, he passed Márgalá and neared Sang Jáné, and then his horse got so tired that he could hardly crawl. So the rájá said to his horse: “O Bhaum 'Iráki, you used to fly along like a bird, and now when my enemy has come you have turned lazy and crawl along.” And the horse replied: “Thy spurring breaks my heart, rájá. Injure not my body. The day thou wast born my mother Lakhí brought me forth. When thou wast brought up in the cellar I was fastened there; when thou didst come outside I stood at the door; when thou didst mount me the stakes were never lost. They have broken their oaths, and some day I shall lose my head.” Then the horse Bhaum 'Iráki, thinking his

1 In my other version the parrot, on seeing the fate of the mainá, says to Kokilán: “O rání, the steed of Rasálú is very swift; let me out, and I will give thee timely notice of his approach;” and the rání having opened the cage, away the parrot flew to where Rasálú was hunting, and, alighting on his shoulder, said to him: “O rájá, a cat is at your cream!”

2 “One powerful mark to know heroes by is their possessing intelligent horses and conversing with them . . . . The touching conversation of Achilles with his Xanthos and Balios (II. 19, 400-421) finds a complete parallel in the beautiful Karling legend of Bayard. Cf. also Wilhelm’s dialogue with Luzzat (58, 21-59, 8) in the French original with Baucent (Garin, 2, 230-1), and Begars with the same Baucent (p. 230). In the Edda we have Skrímr talking with his horse (Saem. 28 b.) and Geðrún, after Sigurd’s murder, with Gram.”—Grimm’s Teutonic Mythology, vol. i. p. 392.

Raksh, the famous steed of Rustam, the Persian Hercules, who figures so prominently in the Sháh Náma, although he could not speak, was very intelligent, and understood what his master said to him. In the course of the hero’s “Haft-Khan,” or Seven Labours, while Rustam is asleep a monstrous dragon approaches to devour him. The watchful Raksh neighs and beats the ground so furiously that Rustam soon awakes, but the dragon has vanished, and Rustam upbraids his faithful steed for disturbing his slumbers without cause, and goes to sleep again. Once more the dragon appears, with the same result; yet Raksh was resolved not to move a step from his side, for his heart was grieved and
master to be really in need of him, went cheerfully, and Rájá Rasálú reached his palace in the Murtí hills. There too he found Rájá Hodí.

A flight of sixty steps led down from the palace, and Rájá Hodí had descended thirty of them when Rájá Rasálú cried out to him from below: "O mine enemy, strike me first, and I will see what I can do afterwards." But Hodí replied: "It is not right that I strike you first." Then said Rasálú: "Shoot at me first with your arrow, and I will shoot afterwards, and we will thus shoot alternately." So Rájá Hodí shot an arrow at Rájá Rasálú, but he parried it and cut it in two with his sword. Then Hodí got ready another arrow, upon which Rasálú cried out: "I said you were to shoot the first arrow, and now you are preparing another. Very well, shoot on, and no farther desire can remain to you." And Rájá Hodí shot another arrow, but Rájá Rasálú put it aside with his shield, and then took an arrow from his quiver to aim at Hodí, while the latter got ready a third arrow. So Rasálú said: "Thou didst shoot the first arrow, rájá, and God saved me; thou didst shoot a second, and I was vexed; thou hast got ready a third, and my good luck has come." As he spoke Rájá Hodí's bow broke in two, and he said to Rájá Rasálú: "My standard is at home, rájá; my sword too is at home. I am head of a hundred clans; we are four brothers. Forgive me to-day, and I will come to thy doors no more." Then said Rasálú: "You wretch, have you come on such an evil errand, and have brought nothing to fight with? I will only shoot at you with

afflicted by the harsh words that had been addressed to him. The dragon appeared a third time, and Raksh almost tore up the earth with his heels to rouse his sleeping master. Rustam again awoke and sprang to his feet, but there was now sufficient light for him to see the prodigious cause of alarm, and drawing his sword he attacked the dragon, and with the assistance of Raksh, who bit and tore its scaly side, severed the monster's head.

Kyrat, the charger of Kurroglú, the celebrated Persian robber-poet, was another intelligent horse: "Whenever my enemy sets out from any place against me, Kyrat neighs; when the foe has made half the distance, he grows restless and sneezes; and when at last the enemy is on the point of showing himself, Kyrat digs the ground with his hoof and foams at the mouth." Kyrat dies one hour before his master, and Kurroglú's mourning song for the loss of his favourite steed is considered as amongst the most beautiful elegies in Oriental literature.
this little arrow—be careful that it does not hurt you! And then you can be master of the arrow and everything else for that matter, for I will leave this place for ever."

And Rájá Rasálú shot the arrow at Rájá Hodí, who fell senseless, and he tore out his heart with his hands and stuck it on the spit which had no meat on it; for his own spit had meat on it, but the rání's had none. He took both spits into the palace, and Rání Kokilán asked him: "What makes my lord so pleased to-day?"

He said: "Let us have a great feast. We have hitherto roasted each our own food on our own spits, but to-day I will roast your food and you must roast mine." And saying this he gave the rání the spit with venison on it, and the rágá's heart he had put on the spit he had kept for himself. When the roasting was over they exchanged meat and began to eat, and before the rání had finished her food, she said: "How very good the meat is to-day!" And the rágá replied: "Living, thou didst enjoy him, rání; dead, thou hast eaten his flesh. Why shouldst thou not relish his flesh who did enjoy thee?" The rání quickly threw down the remainder of the meat, and asked: "What are you saying?" Then the rágá took her by the hand to the corpse of Hodí, and when the rání saw it she at first denied all knowledge of it, but at last she said: "Rágá, sitting, he will reproach me; standing, he will abuse me: I too must die with him who is my reproach." So saying, Ráni Kokilán leapt down from the palace wall and was sorely wounded.¹ The rágá lifted her up and tied her on to one side of Rágá Hodí's horse, and the corpse of the rágá he tied on the other side, and sent it away to Atak, Hodí's country. After this Rágá Rasálú set out from Múrat to Siálkot, and here it was that a Jhinwar² took the Rání Kokilán to wife and cured her wounds. And here too after a while she bore

¹ This tale of a husband's savage revenge seems to have been brought to Europe by minstrels who accompanied the armies of the Crusades. It forms the subject of Nov. 9, Day iv. of Boccaccio's Decameron, into which it was avowedly taken from a Provençal source.—See a somewhat different version from Boccaccio's in Isaac D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, under the title of "The Lover's Heart."

² The carrying caste; especially the "bheestie" (bakisht) or water-carrying class.—T.
him three sons, from whom are sprung the three Jhínwar Gots who
 dwell there to the present day, namely, Sabír, Gabír, and Sír.¹

Such is the ghastly tale of Rájá Rasálú and his beautiful but
frail young wife, as chanted by the minstrels of the Panjáb. Rasálú
is no imaginary hero, and it is probable that the main incidents of
the legend are historically true; and in later times the two speaking
birds, the mainá and the parrot, have been introduced into it from
the Tútí Náma for the sake of dramatic effect. It is said that
Rasálú lamented the loss of his young bride—reflecting, doubtless,
when too late, that he had needlessly exposed her to temptation by
leaving her solitary during his frequent hunting excursions—and
caused a magnificent fountain to be erected in her memory, in front
of his palace. The ascent of Rájá Hodí to the rání's chamber has
been a favourite subject of native artists for mural pictures.

¹ The tragedy according to Mr. Swynnerton’s version concludes differently.
It is not the heart but some of the flesh of Hodí that Rasálú cuts off and causes
to be cooked for his wife. When she asks what food it is, as she thought she
had never tasted any so good, he replies:

"What food is this so dainty and sweet?
Alive he languished at your feet.
Now dead and gone, he pleases still—
You eat his flesh, may, eat your fill!
But O may she whose heart is proved untrue,
Ascend the funeral pile and perish too."

On hearing this, the rání leaps from the battlements, and falling on the rocks
is killed. Rasálú throws her body and that of Hodí into the river.—There
can be no doubt that these deviations from the generally accepted legend are of
quite recent date, as is also the introduction of a Muslim washerman and his
wife towards the end.

Glasgow, September, 1887.
21.

The Knight and the Loathly Lady:

VARIANTS AND ANALOGUES

OF

Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale.

By W. A. CLOUSTON.
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THE KNIGHT AND THE LOATHLY LADY:
VARIANTS AND ANALOGUES OF THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.

Gower anticipated the Wife of Bath's characteristic Tale by a few years in his Confessio Amantis, but there seems no good reason to suppose Chaucer to have borrowed from his friend, the two versions differing so very considerably in details, and it is probable that both poets drew their materials independently from a French source, or sources. This is Gower's story, from the First Book of the Confessio Amantis, Harl. MS. 3869, beginning on leaf 34:

Gower's Tale of Florent.

ThER* whas wylym be daies olde [leaf 34]
A woripi knyht, and as men tolde,
He was Neuoeu1 to themperour,
And of his Court a Courteour.
Wifles he was, Florent he hihte;
He was a man pat mochel myhte;
Of armes he was desirous,
Chualerous and amorous;
And, for þe fame of worldes speche,
Strange auentures for to seche,

* The marginal note, in red, is as follows:

Hic contra amori inobedientes, ad commendacionem Obediencia Confessor super eodem exemplum ponit, vbi dicit, quod cum quidam Regis Cizilie filia in sue inuentutis floribus pulcherima, ex eius Nourerce incantacionibus in vetulam turpissimam transformata eexitit: Florenciaus, tunc Imperatoris Claudi Nepos, miles in armis strenuissimus, amorosisque legibus intendens, ipsam ex sua obediencia in pulcritudinem pristinam mirabiliter reformavit. 1 Nephew.
He rode þe Marches al aboute;  
And fell a time as he was oute,  
Fortune, whiche may every þred  
To-breke\(^1\) and knette of mannes sped,  
Schop,\(^2\) as þis knyht rod in a pas,  
That he be strengþe take was,  
And to a Castell þei him ladde,  
Wher þat he fewe frendes hadde.  
For so it fell þat ilke stounde,\(^3\)  
That he hþ wip a dedly wounde,  
Feihtende\(^4\) his oghne hondes, slain  
Branchus, which to þe Capitain  
Was sone and heir; wherof ben wroþe  
The fader and þe moder boþe;  
(That knyht Branchus was of his hond  
The worþiest of al his lond;)  
And fain þei wolden do vengance  
Vpon Florent; bot remembrance  
That þei toke of his worþinesse,  
Of knythode and of gentilesse,  
And how he stod of cousinage  
To themperour, made hem assuage,  
And dorsten\(^5\) noght slen hem for fere.  
In gret desputeison\(^6\) þei were  
Among hemself\(^7\) what was þe best.  
The grandmother  
of Branchus, a sly  
woman, devised a  
plan for causing  
his death without  
blame to them.  
And was græntdame vnto þe dede;\(^9\)  
And sche wip þat began to rede,\(^10\)  
And seid how sche wol bringe him inne,  
That sche schal him to deþe winne,

\(^1\) To break in pieces. \(^2\) Shaped. \(^3\) Same time.  
\(^4\) Fighting with. \(^5\) Durst, dared. \(^6\) Dispute; discussion.  
\(^7\) Themselves. \(^8\) Scarcely walk.  
\(^9\) Grandmother to the dead Branchus. \(^10\) Advise.
Al only of his oghne grant,  
Thurgh strengpe of verray couenant,  
Wipoute blame of eny wiht.  
Anon sche sende for pis kniht,  
And of hire some sche alleide.  
The deþ; and pus to him sche seide:  
"Florent, how so þou be to wyte"  
Of Branchus deþ, men schal respite  
As now to take vengement,  
Be so þou stonde in iuggement,  
Vpon certein condicion,  
That þou vnto a question  
Which I schal axe, schalt ansuere;  
And ouer pis, þou schalt ek swere,  
That if þou of þe soþe faile,  
Ther schal non ðer þing auailé,  
That þou ne schalt þy deþ receine.  
And for men schal þee noght deceine,  
That þou þeroft myht ben auised,  
Thou schalt haue day and time assised.  
And leue saufly for to wende,  
Be so þat, at þi daies ende,  
Thov come aþein wip þin auys.  

This knyht, which worþi was and wys,  
This lady preþ þat he may wite,  
And haue it vnder Seales write,  
What question it scholde be,  
For which he schal in þat degre  
Stonde of his lif in ieupertie.  
Wip þat sche feignep compaigne,  
And seþ: "Florent, on loure it hongeþ,  
Al þat to myn axinge longeþ,  

1 Alleged; charged against him.  
2 Blame.  
3 Besides.  
4 Fixed.  
5 Opinion; answer to the question.  
6 Prays that he may know.
She asks, "What do women most desire?"

Florent returns to his uncle's court, and tells him of his pact.

The wisest men are sent for, but can't agree, each having a different opinion as to women's chief desire.

So Florent must needs go forth to inquire, for he would rather die than break his word.

"What alle women most desire?"

This wole I axe, and in thempire

Wher as pou hast most knowlechinge, Take conseil vpon pis axinge."

Florent ping hath vndertake;

The day was set, pe time take;

Vnder his seale he wrot his op

In such a wise, and forp he go\p

Hom to his Emes Court a\e\in,

To whom his auenture plein

He tolde, of pat' him is befalle.

And vpon pat, pei weren alle,

The wiseste of pe lond, asent,

Bot natheles of on\ sent

Thei myht[e] noght a-corde plat:

On seide pis, anopre pat,

After pe disposicioun

Of naturel complexioun:

To som womman it is plesance,

That to an opre is greuance;

Bot such a ping in special,

Which to hem alle in general

Is most plesant, and most desired

Aboue alle opre, and most conspired,

Such o' ping conne pei noght fynde

Be constellacion ne kynde,

And bus Florent, wipoute cure,

Most stonde vpon his auenture,

And is al schape vnto pe lere;

As in defalte of his answere.

This knyht hath leuere for to dye

Than breke his trowpe, And for to lye

In place per as he was swore,
And schapp¹ him gon aȝein þefore.
Whan time cam, he tok his leue,
That lengere wold he noght beleue,²
And prêp his Em³ he be noght wroþ,
For þat is a point of his op²;
He seip, þat noman schal him wreke,
Thogh afterward men hiere speke
That he par auenture deie.
And þus he wente forþ his weie
Alone, as knyht auenturous;
And in hys þoght was curious
To wite⁴ what was best to do.
And as he rod al-one so,
And cam nyh þer he wolde be,
In a forest, vnder a tre,
He sih⁵ wher sat a creature,
A loþly, wommannynsch figure,
That for to speke of fleisch and bon,
So foul þit syh he neuer non.
This knyht behield hir redely,
And as he wolde haue passed by,
Sche cleped⁶ him, and bad abide;
And he his horse heued a side
Tho⁷ torneþ, and to hire he rod;
And þere he houþe⁸ and abod
To wite what sche wolde mene.
And sche began him to bemene,
And seide: "Florent, be þi name,
Thov hast on honde such a game
That, bot þou be þe betre auised,
Thi dep is schapen and diuised,
That al þe world ne mai þe saue,
Bot if þat þou my conseil haue."
Florent begs her counsel.

"What will you give me if I save you?"

"Anything."

"Good; but first you must promise to marry me."

"That I can't do."

"Away, then, to thy fate."

He promises much goods and lands, but she refuses them.

He ponders the matter, and resolves to wed her, or forfeit his life;

thinking she couldn't live long, and he'd hide her out of men's sight.

FLORENT, when he pis tale herde, 
Vn-to pis olde wyht answerde, 
And of hir conseil he hir preide; 
And sche a3ein to him þus seide: 
"Florent, yf I for þe so schape 
That þou þurgh me þi deþ ascape, 
And take worship of þi dede, 
What schal I haue to my mede?"

"What þing," quod he, "þat þou wolt axe." 
"I bidde nunere a betre taxe."

"Thou schalt me leue such a wedd1 
That I wol haue þi trowe in honde, 
That þou schalt be myn housebonde." 

"Nay," seip Florent, "þat may noght be."

"Ryd, þanne, for þi wey," quod sche ; 
"And if þou go wipoute rede, 
Thou schalt be sekerliche2 dede."

Florent behihte hire ynowh,3 
Of lond, of rente, of park, of plowh; 
Bot al þat compete sche at noght. 
Tho fell þis knyht in mogh þoght; 
Now goþ he forþ, now comp a3ein ; 
He wot noght what is best to sein; 
And þoghte, as he rod to and fro, 
That chese he mot4 on of þe tuo : 
Or for to take hire to his wif, 
Or elles for to lese his lif. 
And þanne he caste his avantage, 
That sche was of so gret an age 
That sche mai liue bot a while, 
And þoghte put hire in an Ie, 
Wher þat noman hire scholde knowe, 
Til sche wip þe ðep were ouerþrowe.5

1 Pledge. 2 Surely; certainly. 3 Promised her property enough. 4 Choose he must. 5 Overthrown; killed.
And pus pis zonge lusti knyht,
Vnto pis olde loply wiht 176
Tho seide: “If fat non oper chaunce
Mai make my deliuerance,
Bot only pilke same speche,
Which, as pou seist, pou schalt me teche,
Haue hier myn hond, I schal pee wedde!” 180
And pus his trowpe he leip to wedde.1
Wip pat sche frouncep2 vp pe browe:
“This couenant I wol allowe,” 184
Sche seip, “if eny oper ping
Bot pat pou hast of my techyng,
Fro dep pi body mai respite,
I woll pee of pi trowpe acquite, 188
And elles be non oper weie.
Now herkene me what I schal seie:
Whan pou art come into pee place [fol. 335.]
Wher now pii maken gret manace,
And vpon pii comynge abide,
Thei wole anon pee same tide
Oppose3 pee of thin answere:
I wot pou wolt nopyng for-bere 192
Of pat pou wenest be pi best;
And if pou myht so fynde rest,
Wel is, for panne is per nomore;
And elles, pis schal be my lore,
That pou schalt seie vpon pis Moulde4
‘That alle wommen lieuest wolde5
Be souerein of mannes loue:
For what womman is so a-boue, 200
Scche hap (as who seip)6 al hire wille;
And elles may sche noght fulfille
What pinge hire were lieuest haue.’

1 Lays to pledge. 2 Wrinkles. 3 Question; demand from. 4 Mould; earth. 5 Would most dearly, longingly. 6 As folk say.
Then come back to me, without fail."

Florent rides back and at heart, to think of such an ugly bride,

and comes to the castle, to live or die.

The lord comes with his council,

sends for the old dame,

and the covenant is read in presence of all there.

Florent tries other answers,

Wip pis answere þou schalt saue
Thisel, and ober wise noght.
And whan þou hast þin ende wroght,
Com hier æsein; þou schalt me fynde;
And let noping out of þi mynde."

He goþ him forþ wip heuy chiere,
As he þat not in what manere
He may þis worldes ioie atteigne;
For if he deie, he hap a peine,
And if he liue, he mot him bindi
To such on, wicþ of alle kynde
Of wommen is þunsemlyieste.
Thus wot he noght what is þe best;
Bot, be him lief, or be him lop,
Vnto þe Castel forþ he goþ,
His full answere for to 3iue,
Or for to deie, or for to liue.
Forþ, wip his conseil, cam þe lord;
The þinges stoden of record.
He sende vp for þe lady sone,
And forþ sche cam, þat olde Mone.
In presence of þe remanant,
The strengþe of al þe covenant
Tho was reherced openly,
And to florent sche bad forþi,
That he schal tellen his avis,
As he þat woot what is þe pris.
Florent seij al þat euere he couþe;
Bot such word cam þer non to mowþe
That he, for þifte or for beheste,
Myte eny wise his dep arest.
And þus he tarieþ longe and late,
Til þat þis lady bad algate

1 Ne wot: knew not.
2 One, who.
3 M. L. German, mone: aunt; mother; matron. See line 251.
4 On this account.
5 Opinion; answer.
That he schal, for þe dom final,
3if his answere in special
Of þat sche hadde him first opposed.
And þanne he hap trewly supposed
That he him may of noþing zelpe,
Bot if so be þo wordes helpe
Which as þe womman hath him tawht,
Wherof he hath an hope cawht,
That he schal ben excused so,
And tolde out plein his wille þo.
And whan þat þis Matrone herde
The manere how þis knyht answere,
Sche seide: "Ha, treson! wo þee be
That hast þus told þe priuute
Which alle wommen most desire!
I wolde þat þou were afire!"
Bot nathelles, in such a plit,
Florent of his answere is quit;
And þo began his sorwe newe,
For he mot gon, or ben vntrewe
To hire wicþ his trowthe hadde.
Bot he, which alle shame dradde,
GÔ forþ in stede of his penaunce,
And takþ þe fortune of his chaunce,
As he þat was wip trowþe affaited.
T
His olde wyht him hap awaited
In place wher as he hire lefte.
Florent his wofull heued vplefte,
And syh þis vecke wher sche sat,
Which was þe lopliest what
That euere man cast on his yhe:
Hire Nase bass; hire browes hihe;

1 Give. 2 Tamed. 3 Head. 
4 Witch; hag: "A rympled vekke, ferre roune in age, Frownynge and yelowe in hir visage."

Romaut of the Rose, l. 4495; see l. 4285.
5 Low, flat.
Hire yhen smale, and depe set;
Hire chekes ben with teres wet,
And riuelen as an emty skyn,
Hangende doun vnto pe chin;
Hire lippes schrunken ben for age;
Ther was no grace in pe visage;
Hir front was nargh;¹ hir lockes hore;²
Sche lokep forþ as dop a More;³
Here Necke is schort; hir schultres courbe,⁴
That myhte a mannes lust destourbe;
Hire body grete, and nothing smale; [fol. 373.]
And, shor[t]ly to descriue hir al,
Sche hap non lip⁵ wipoute a lack,
Bot lichi vnto þe wollesak,
Sche proferþ hire vnto þis knyht,
And bad him, as he hap behyht,
So as sche hap ben his warant,⁶
That he hire holde couenant;
And be þe bridel sche him seseþ:
Bot godd wot how þat sche him pleþeþ
Of suche wordes as sche speþþ;
Him þenkþ welnyh his herte breþ þþ
For sorwe þat he may noyght fle,
Bot if he wolde vntrew be.

LOKE how a seke man for his hele
Takþ baldemoine wip Canele,⁸
And wip þe Mirre taketh þe sucre;
Ryht vpon such a maner lucre
Stant florent as in þis diete:
He drinkþ þe bitre wip þe swete;
He medleþ sorwe wip likynge,
And lineþ as who seþ deynge.

¹ Her forehead was narrow. ² Hoar, gray.
³ Moor; root; or mulberry (?). ⁴ Curved; bent. ⁵ Limbs.
⁶ Guarantee; protection; saver. ⁷ Knows.
⁸ Gentian with spice.
FOR THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE.

His joupe schal be cast a-weie  
Vpon such on, which, as pe weie,  
Is olde, and loply oueral.

Bot nede he mot, pat nede schal;¹  
He wolde Algate his trowpe holde,  
As every knyht per-to is holde,  
What happ so euere him is befallie;  
Thoh sche be pe fouleste of alle,  
3it to pionour of wommanhiede  
Him fohhte he scholde taken hiede;  
So pat for pure gentilesse,  
As he hire coupe [he] best adresce,  
In ragges as sche was totore,²  
He set hir on his hors tofore,  
And for pe takhe his weie softe;  
No wonder þogh he sikeþ³ ofte.  
Bot as an oule fleþ⁴ be nyhte  
Out of alle oþre briddes syhte,  
Rhiiht so þis knyht on daies brode⁵  
In clos him hield, and schop his rode⁶  
On nyhte time, til þe tide  
That he cam þere he wolde abide;  
And priuely wiþoute noise  
He bringþ þis foule grete Coise⁷  
To his Castell, in such a wise  
That noman myhte hire schappe auise,  
Til sche into þe chambre cam,  
Wher he his priue conseil nam⁸  
Of suche men as he most troste,  
And tolde hem pat he nedes moste  
This best wedde to his wif;  
For elles hadde he lost his lif.  

¹ "Needs must when the Devil drives."  ᵃ Tattered.  
² Sighs.  ⁴ Flieth.  ⁵ In broad day.  ⁶ Shaped his riding.  
The tire-women take off her rags, bathe and clothe her;

but she wouldn't let them comb or cut her hair.

She looked more foul in her fine clothes.

They were wedded that night.

She begins to fondle him,

calls him her husband, invites him to bed,

and offers him a kiss.

The priue women were asent. That scholden ben of his assent.

Hire ragges pei anon of drawe;

And, as it was pat time lawe;

Sche hadde bap, sche hadde rest,

And was arraied to pe best.

Bot wip no craft of combes brode

Thei myhte hire hore lockes schode,

And sche ne wolde nogh be schore

For no conseil; and pei perfere

(Wip suche atyr as po was vsed)

Ordeinen pat it was excused,

And hid so crafteliche a-boute
That noman myhte sen hem oute.

Bot when sche was fulliche arraied,

And hire atir was al assaied,

Tho was sche fouleron to se;

Bot 3it it may non op er be.

Thei were wedded in pe nyht;

So wo-begon was neuere knyht

As he was panne of mariage.

And sche began to pleie and rage,

As who seip: "I am wel wynowh."

Bot he perof noping ne lowh;

For sche tok panne chiere on honde,

And clepe him hir housebonde,

And seip: "my lord, go we to bedde!"

For I to pat entente wedde,

That pou schalt be my worldes blisse,"

And proref him wip pat to kisse,

As sche a lusti ladi were.

His body myhte wel be pere,

Bot, as of poght and of memoire,

1 Sent for. 2 Drawn off. 3 Shed; part; divide.
4 Shorn; have her hair cut. 5 Attire was tried on.
6 Laughed. 7 Began to be gamesome. 8 Calls.
His herte was in purgatoire.
Bot hit for strenghe of matrimoïe
He myhte make non essonie,
That he ne mot algates plie
To gon to bedde of compaignie.
And whan þei were a bedde naked,
Wijpote slepe he was a-waked;
He tornej on þat oþer side,
For þat he wolde his eyhen hyde
Fro lokynge on þat foule wyht.
The Chambre was al full of lyht;
The Courtins were of cendal þinne.
This newe bryd which lay wipinne,
Thogh it be noght wip his acord,
In armes sche beclipte hire lord,
And preide, as he was torned fro,
He wolde him torne aþeinward þo;
"For now," sche seij, "we ben boþe on;"
And he lay stille as eny ston.
Bot euere in on sche spak and preid,
And bad him þenke on þat he seide,
Whan þat he tok hire be þe honde.
He herde, and wnderstod þe bonde,
How he was set to his penauonce;
And, as it were a man in tranunce,
H E tornej him al sodeinly,
And syh a lady lay hym by
Of Eyhtetiene wynter age,
Which was þe fairest of visage
That euere in al þis world he syh.
And as he wolde haue take hire nyh,
Sche put hire hand, and be his leue
Besoghte him þat he wolde leue,

He was in torment, but must bed with her.
He lies awake, turning his face from the foul sight.

1 Plea in excuse. L. essonia, exonia; Fr. exonie.
2 In those days nightshirts were not. 3 Sendal, fine silk.
4 Back again to her. 5 One. 6 Incessantly. 7 Stop.
She bids him choose whether he would have her so at night or by day.

And seip, pat for to wynne or lese,
He mot on of tuo pinges chese:
Wher\(^1\) he wol hawe hire such on nyht,
Or elles vpon daies lyht;
For he schal noght hawe bope tuo.
And he began to sorwe þo
In many a wise, and cast his þoght;
Bot for al þat, þit cowpe he noght
Denise himself whiche was þe beste.

He is at a loss to decide,

And sche þat wolde his hertes reste,
Preip þat he scholde chese algate;
Til ate laste, longe and late,
He seide: “O ße, my loues hele,\(^2\)
Sey what you list in my querele;
I not\(^3\) what answere I schal ʒuie;
Bot euere whil þat .I. may liue,
I wol þat ʒe be my Maistresse,
For I can noght mi selue gesse
Which is þe best vnto my chois.
Thus grante .I. ʒow myn hole vois:
Ches for ous bopen,\(^4\) .I. ʒou preie;
And what as euere þat ʒe seie,
Riht as ʒe wol, so wol .I.”

Quoth she, “Since you give me sovereignty,

I shall night and day be as you now see me.

I’m the king of Sicily’s daughter,

My beaute which þat I now haue,
Til I be take into my graue.
Bope nyht and day, as .I. am now,
I schal alwey be such to ʒow.
The kynges dowhter of Cizile
I am; and fell bot sippe a while,\(^7\)

\(^1\) Whether. \(^2\) Health; salvation. \(^3\) Ne wot; know not.
\(^4\) Us both. \(^5\) Lessened. \(^6\) Sicily. \(^7\) But a while since; a time ago.
(As I. was wyf my fader late)  
That my Stepmoder, for an hate  
Which toward me sche hap begonne,  
Forschip 1 me til I. hadde wonne  
The loue and souereinite  
Of what knyht pat, in his degre,  
Alle opir passe 2 of good name;  
And as men sein 3e ben þe same,  
The dede proeue 3 it is so.  
Thus am I. joures euerno."  
Tho was plesance and ioie ynowh;  
Echon wyf 4 oper pleide and lowh;  
Thei liue longe, and wel þei ferde.  
And clerkes þat þis chaunce herde,  
Thei writen it in euidence,  
To teche how þat obedience  
Mai wel fortune a man to loue,  
And sette him in his lust a-boue,  
As it be-fell vn to þis knyht.  

FOR-þi, 4 my sone, if þou do ryht,  
Thou shalt vnto þi loue obeie,  
And folwe her will, be alle weie.

The chief points of difference between the foregoing and the Wife of Bath's Tale are as follows: In Gower a knight has slain the son and heir of a great lord, whose castle he afterwards happens to come to in the course of his adventures. They dare not openly put him to death, fearing his uncle, the emperor; but the slain man's grandmother induces him to sign a bond, by which he agrees to forfeit his life should he fail to give the answer to a certain question. In Chaucer a bachelor of the royal household is condemned to death for rape. The queen having interceded for him, the king leaves his life at her disposal, who tells him that he shall be pardoned if he answer the question, "What do women most desire?" In Gower the loathly

1 Mis-shaped.  
2 Laughed.  
3 Fared; prospered.  
4 For this therefore.
lady who gives the knight the information of which he is in quest had been bewitched by her stepmother, and resumes her proper form when she is married to the knight; while in Chaucer she is a benevolent fairy, who assumed a hideous form to test the knight's fidelity to his word and save his life.

Judging from the number of versions still extant, this curious tale must have been a great favourite during the middle ages, when it was so much the fashion to decry women and example-books of their profligacy and trickery were rife. The story is the subject of two long ballads in the Percy folio MS., of one of which Prof. Child gives the outline in his English and Scottish Ballads, Boston (U.S.), 1884, Part ii., pp. 289, 290:

The Wedding of Sir Gawain and Dame Yagnell.

ARTHUR, while hunting in Ingleswood, stalked and finally shot a great hart, which fell in a fern-brake. While the king, alone and far from his men, was engaged in making the assay, there appeared a groom, bearing the quaint name of Gromer Somer Joure, who grimly told him that he meant now to requite him for having taken away his lands. Arthur represented that it would be a shame to knighthood for an armed man to kill a man in green, and offered him any satisfaction. The only terms Gromer would grant were that Arthur should come back alone to that place that day twelvemonth, and then tell him what women love best; not bringing the right answer, he was to lose his head. The king gave his oath, and they parted. The knights, summoned by the king's bugle, found him in heavy cheer, and the reason he would at first tell no man, but after a while he took Gawain into confidence. Gawain advised that they two should ride into strange country in different directions, put the question to every man and woman they met, and write the answers in a book. This they did, and each made a large collection. Gawain thought they could not fail, but the king was anxious, and considered that it would be prudent to spend the only

1 Sir Gromer occurs in "The Turke and Gowin," Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall, i., 102; Sir Grummore Grummorsum, "a good knight of Scotland," in Morte d'Arthur ed. Wright, i., 286, and elsewhere.—Madden.
month that was left in prosecuting the inquiry in the region of Ingleswood. Gawain agreed that it was good to be speering, and bade the king doubt not that some of his saws should help at need.

Arthur rode to Ingleswood, and met a lady riding on a richly-caparisoned palfrey, but herself of a hideousness which beggars words; nevertheless the items are not spared. She came up to Arthur, and told him that she knew his counsel; none of his answers would help. If he would grant her one thing, she would warrant his life; otherwise, he must lose his head. This one thing was that she should be Gawain's wife. The king said this lay with Gawain; he would do what he could, but it were a pity to make Gawain wed so foul a lady. "No matter," she rejoined, "though I be foul, choice for a mate hath an owl. When thou comest to thine answer, I shall meet thee; else art thou lost."

The king returned to Carlisle with a heart no lighter, and the first man he saw was Gawain, who asked him how he had sped. Never so ill; he had met a lady who had offered to save his life, but she was the foulest he had ever seen, and the condition was that Gawain should be her husband. "Is that all?" said Gawain. "I will wed her once and again, though she were the devil; else were I no friend." Well might the king exclaim, "Of all knights thou bearest the flower!"

After five or six days more the time came for the answer. The king had hardly ridden a mile into the forest when he met the lady, by name Dame Ragnell. He told her Gawain should wed her, and demanded her answer. "Some say this, and some say that, but above all things women desire to have the sovereignty; tell this to the knight; he will curse her that told thee, for his labour is lost." Arthur, thus equipped, rode on as fast as he could go, through mire and fen. Gromer was waiting, and sternly demanded the answer. Arthur offered his two books, for Dame Ragnell had told him to save himself by any of those answers if he could. "Nay, nay, king," said Gromer, "thou art but a dead man." "Abide, Sir Gromer, I have an answer shall make all sure. Women desire sovereignty."

1 See Note at the end of this paper: "Women desire Sovereignty."
“She that told thee that was my sister, Dame Ragnell. I pray I may see her burn on a fire.” And so they parted.

Dame Ragnell was also waiting for Arthur, and would hear of nothing but immediate fulfilment of her bargain. She followed the king to his court, and required him to produce Gawain instantly, who came and plighted his troth. The queen begged her to be married privately, and early in the morning. Dame Ragnell would consent to no such arrangement. She would not go to church till high-mass time, and she would dine in the open hall. At her wedding she was dressed more splendidly than the queen, and she sat at the head of the table at the dinner afterwards. There her appetite was all but as horrible as her person: she ate three capons, three curlews, and great bake meats—all that was set before her, less and more.

A leaf is wanting now, but what followed is easily imagined. She chided Gawain for his offishness, and begged him to kiss her, at least. "I will do more," said Gawain, and, turning, beheld the fairest creature he ever saw. But the transformed lady told him that her beauty would not hold: he must choose whether she should be fair by night and foul by day, or fair by day and foul by night. Gawain said the choice was hard, and left all to her. "Gramercy," said the lady, "thou shalt have me fair both day and night." Then she told him that her step-dame had turned her into that monstrous shape by necromancy, not to recover her own till the best knight in England had wedded her and given her sovereignty in all points.

1 In the Gaelic tale of "The Hoodie" (Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, i., 63) we find a similar choice. The hoodie, a kind of crow, having married the youngest of a farmer's three daughters, says to her: "Whether would'st thou rather that I should be a hoodie by day and a man at night, or be a hoodie at night and a man by day?" The woman does not leave the decision to him: "I would rather that thou wert a man by day and a hoodie at night," she replies. After this he was a splendid fellow by day and a hoodie at night.—It is a common occurrence in popular tales for the hero to have one shape at night and another by day. Thus in the Norse tale, "East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon" (Daseut), a girl is married to a white bear, who becomes a man every night, and before daybreak changes back into a bear and goes off for the day. And in Indian fictions we often read of a girl being married to a serpent who casts aside his skin at night and assumes the form of a man. When this is discovered by his wife she burns the skin while he is asleep, and henceforth he appears only as a man.
A charming little scene follows, in which Arthur visits Gawain in the morning, fearing lest the fiend may have slain him.¹

On this ballad, Sir F. Madden suggests, was founded that of the "Marriage of Sir Gawaine," which Percy printed, supplying from conjecture the lacunae, in the first edition of his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, 1765, and the two subsequent editions. It is thus given in the Percy Folio MS., edited by Drs. Hales and Furnivall, vol. i., and reproduced by Prof. Child:

¹ This is the scene in the bridal chamber next morning:

715 I telle you, in certeyne,
With the joye & myrthe they wakyde tylle daye,
And thane wolde rise that fayre maye,¹
Ye shalle not, sir Gawene sayde;
Ye wolde lye, & slepe tylle pyrme,
720 And thene lett the kyng calle vs to dyne.
' I ame greed,' then sayde the mayde.
Thus itt passyde forth tylle mid-daye.
' Syr,' quode the kyng, 'lett vs go ande asaye,
Yf sir Gawene be one lyve.
725 I ame fulle ferde of sir Gawene
Nowe, lest the fende haue hyme slayne;
Nowe wolde I fayne preve.
Go we nowe,' sayde Arthoure the kyng,
' We wolde go se theyr vprysing,'

730 How welle that he hathe spede.'
They came to the chambre, alle in certeyne;
' Aryse,' sayde the kyng to sir Gawene,
' Why sleypst thou so long in bede ?'
'Mary,' quode Gawene, 'sir kyng, sicurly,
735 I wolde be glade ande ye wolde lett me be,
For I am fulle welle att eas;
Abyde, ye shalle se the dore vndone,
I trowe that ye wolde say I am welle goone,
I ame fulle lothe to ryse.'

740 Sir Gawene rose, ande in his hande he toke
His fayr lady, ande to the dore he shoke,
Aude opynyde the dore fulle fayre;
She stode in her smoke alle by that syre,
Her her² was to her knees as rede as golde wyre,—

745 'Lo! this is my repayre.
Lo!' sayde Gawene Arthoure vntille,
'Syr, this is my wife, dame Ragnelle,
That sauyde onys your lyfe,'
He tolde the kyng and the queene heme beforene,

750 Howe sodenly frome her shap she dyde torne,
' My lorde, nowe be your leve.'
Ande whate was the cause she forshapene was,
Syr Gawene told the kyng, bothe more ande lesse.

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725 I ame fulle ferde of sir Gawene
Nowe, lest the fende haue hyme slayne;
Nowe wolde I fayne preve.
Go we nowe,' sayde Arthoure the kyng,
' We wolde go se theyr vprysing,'

730 How welle that he hathe spede.'
They came to the chambre, alle in certeyne;
' Aryse,' sayde the kyng to sir Gawene,
' Why sleypst thou so long in bede ?'
'Mary,' quode Gawene, 'sir kyng, sicurly,
735 I wolde be glade ande ye wolde lett me be,
For I am fulle welle att eas;
Abyde, ye shalle se the dore vndone,
I trowe that ye wolde say I am welle goone,
I ame fulle lothe to ryse.'

740 Sir Gawene rose, ande in his hande he toke
His fayr lady, ande to the dore he shoke,
Aude opynyde the dore fulle fayre;
She stode in her smoke alle by that syre,
Her her² was to her knees as rede as golde wyre,—

745 'Lo! this is my repayre.
Lo!' sayde Gawene Arthoure vntille,
'Syr, this is my wife, dame Ragnelle,
That sauyde onys your lyfe,'
He tolde the kyng and the queene heme beforene,

750 Howe sodenly frome her shap she dyde torne,
' My lorde, nowe be your leve.'
Ande whate was the cause she forshapene was,
Syr Gawene told the kyng, bothe more ande lesse.

¹ This is the scene in the bridal chamber next morning:
715 I telle you, in certeyne,
With the joye & myrthe they wakyde tylle daye,
And thane wolde rise that fayre maye,¹
Ye shalle not, sir Gawene sayde;
Ye wolde lye, & slepe tylle pyrme,
The Marriage of Sir Gawaine.

1. **King Arthur** is at Carlisle,
   Keeping a merry Christmas,
   And seemly is to see,
   And there he hath with him Queene Genever,
   *That* bride soe bright of blee.

2. And there he hath with [him] Queene Genever,
   *That* bride soe bright in bower,
   And all his barons about him stoode,
   *That* were both stiffe and stowre.

3. The king kept a royall Christmassse,
   Of mirth and great honor,
   And when . . . . . . .
   * * * * * * *

4. 'And bring me word what thing it is
   *That* a woman [doth] most desire;
   This shalbe thy ransome, Arthur,' he sayes,
   'For Ile haue noe other hier.'

5. King Arthur then held vp his hand,
   According thene as was the law;
   He tooke his leaue of the baron there,
   And homward can1 he draw.

6. And when he came to merry Carlile,
   To his chamber he is gone,
   And ther came to him his cozen Sir Gawaine,
   As he did make his mone.

7. And there came to him his cozen Sir Gawaine,
   *That* was a curteous knight;
   'Why sigh you soe sore, uncle Arthur,' he said,
   'Or who hath done thee vnright?'

8. 'O peace, O peace, thou gentle Gawaine,
   *That* faire may thee befall!
   For if thou knew my sighing soe deepe,
   Thou wold not meruaile att all.

1 'gan, began.
FOR THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE.

9 'Ffor when I came to Tearne Wadling,
   A bold tarron there I fand,
   With a great club vpon his backe,
   Standing stiffe and strong.

10 'And he asked me wether I wold fight
    Or from him I shold begone,
    O[r] else I must him a ransome pay,
    And soe depart him from.

11 'To fight with him I saw noe cause;
    Methought it was not meet;
    For he was stiffe and strong with-all,
    His strokes were nothing sweete.

12 'Therefor this is my ransome, Gawaine,
    I ought to him to pay;
    I must come againe, as I am sworne,
    Vpon the New Yeers day;

13 'And I must bring him word what thing it is
    [That a woman doth most desire.]
    * * * * * * * *

14 Then king Arthur drest him for to ryde,
    In one soe rich array,
    Toward the fore-said Tearne Wadling,
    That he might keepe his day.

15 And as he rode over a more,
    Hee see a lady where shee sate
    Betwixt an oke and a greene hollen;
    She was cladd in red scarlett.2

1 A town in Inglewood Forest, near Hesketh, in Cumberland; sometimes written Tearne Wathelyne.
2 This was a common phrase in our old writers; so Chaucer, in his Prologue to the Canterbury Tales, says of the Wife of Bath:
   "Her hosen were of fyne scarlet red."—Perey.
with one eye instead of her mouth,

and a crooked nose.

She asks, 'Who are you? Fear not me.

Perhaps I may succour you.'

'Succonr me, and Gawain shall marry you.'

At the tarn he finds the Baron,
And then he tooke King Arthur's letters in his hands,
And away he cold them fling,
And then he pul'd out a good browne sword,
And cryd himselfe a king.

And he sayd, 'I have thee and thy land, Arthur,
To doe as it pleaseth me,
For this is not thy ransome sure,
Therfore yeeld thee to me.'

And then bespoke him noble Arthur,
And bad him hold his hand:
'And giue me leaue to speake my mind
In defence of all my land.'

He said, 'As I came over a more,
I see a lady where shee sate
Betweene an oke and a green hollen;
Shee was clad in red scarlett.

'And she says a woman will haue her will,
And this is all her cheef desire:
Doe me right, as thou art a baron of sckill,
This is thy ransome and all thy hyer.'

He says, 'An early vengeance light on her!
She walkes on yonder more;
It was my sister that told thee this,
And she is a misshappen hore.

'But heer Ile make mine avow to God
To doe her an euill turne,
For an euer I may thate fowle theefe get,
In a fyer I will her burne.'

Sir Lancelott and Sir Steven bold,¹
They rode with them that day,
And the formost of the company
There rode the steward Kay.

¹ Sir Steven does not occur (says Madden) in the Round Table romances.
32 Soe did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,  
   Sir Garrett\(^1\) with them soe gay,  
Soe did Sir Tristeram, \textit{that} gentle knight,  
   To the forest fresh and gay.

33 And when he came to the greene forest,  
   Vnderneath a greene holly tree,  
Their sate that lady in red scarlet  
\textit{That vnseemly was to see.}

34 Sir Kay beheld this ladys face,  
   And looked vppon her swire;  
'Whosoeuer kisses this lady,' he sayes,  
   'Of his kisse he stands in feare.'

35 Sir Kay beheld the lady againe,  
   And looked vpon her snout;  
'Whosoeuer kisses this lady,' he sayes,  
   'Of his kisse he stands in doubt.'

36 'Peace, \textit{cozen} Kay,' then said Sir Gawaine,  
   'Amend thee of thy life;  
For there is a knight amongst vs all,  
\textit{That} must marry her to his wife.'

37 'What! wedd her to wiffe!' then said Sir Kay,  
   'In the diuells name anon!  
Gett me a wiffe where-ere I may,  
   For I had rather be slaine!'

38 Then some tooke vp their hawkes in hast,  
   And some tooke vp their hounds.  
And some sware they wold not marry her  
For citty nor for towne.

\(1\) Banier, probably, according to the same authority, a mistake for Bediuer, the King’s Constable—Tennyson’s Bedivere. Bore is Bors de Gaunes (or Gannes), brother of Lionel. Garrett is Gareth, or Gaheriet, Sir Gawaine’s younger brother. \textit{—Percy MS., Hales and Furnivall.}
39 And then be-spake him noble King Arthur,
   And sware there by this day,
   'For a little foule sight and misliking

   * * * * *

40 Then shee said, 'Choose thee, gentle Gawaine,
   Truth as I doe say,
   Wether thou wilt haue me in this liknesse
   In the night or else in the day.'

41 And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,
   Was one soe mild of moode,
   Sayes, 'Well I know what I wold say,
   God grant it may be good!

   * * * * *

42 'To haue thee fowle in the night
   When I with thee shold play—
   Yet I had rather, if I might,
   Haue thee fowle in the day.'

43 'What! when lords goe with ther feires,' shee said
   'Both to the ale and wine,
   Alas! then I must hyde my selfe,
   I must not goe withinne.'

44 And then bespake him gentle Gawaine,
   Said, 'Lady, that's but skill;
   And because thou art my owne lady
   Thou shalt haue all thy will.'

45 Then she said, 'Blessed be thou, gentle Gawaine,
   This day that I thee see,
   For as thou seest me att this time,
   From hencforth I wilbe.

46 'My father was an old knight,
   And yet it chanced soe
   That he married a younge lady
   That brought me to this woe.'
I was witched into the likeness of a fiend.

47 'Shee witched me, being a faire young lady,
To the greene forest to dwell,
And there I must walke in womans liknesse,
Most like a feend of hell.

48 'She witch my brother to a carlish b . . .

* * * * * *

That looked soe foule, and that was wont
On the wild more to goe.'

50 'Come kisse her, brother Kay,' then said Sir Gawaine,
'And amend thé of thy liffe;
I sweare this is the same lady
That I married to my wiffe.'

Kay kisses her,

51 'Sir [Kay he] kissed that lady bright,
Standing upon his featte;
He swore, as he was trew knight,
The spice was neuer soe sweete.

and congratulates Gawain,

52 'Well, cozen Gawaine,' sayes Sir Kay,
'Thy chance is fallen arright,
For thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids
I ever saw with my sight.'

53 'It is my fortune,' said Sir Gawaine;
'For my vnkle Arthurs sake
I am glad as grasse wold be of raine,
Great joy that I may take.'

He and Kay take the lady between them,

54 Sir Gawaine tooke the lady by the one arme,
Sir Kay tooke her by the tother,
They led her straight to King Arthur,
As they were brother and brother.
55 King Arthur welcomed them there all,
    And soe did Lady Geneuer his queene,
With all the knights of the Round Table,
    Most seemly to be seen.

56 King Arthur beheld that lady faire
    That was soe faire and bright,
He thanked Christ in Trinity
    For Sir Gawaine, that gentle knight.

57 Soe did the knights, both more and lesse,
Reiroyced all that day
For the good chance that happened was
To Sir Gawaine and his lady gay.

The ballad of King Henry, which Scott gives in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, "from the MS. of Mrs. Brown, corrected by a recent fragment," may represent an older version than either of the two foregoing. Mr. Child says that this MS. was William Tytler's, "in which, as we learn from Anderson's communication to Percy, this ballad was No. 11. Anderson states that it extended to 22 stanzas, the number in Scott's copy. No account is given of the recited fragment. As published by Jamieson, ii., 194, the ballad is increased by interpolation to 34 stanzas. 'The interpolation will be found enclosed in brackets;' but a painful contrast of its style of itself distinguishes them. They were entered by Jamieson in his manuscript as well." The following is Scott's copy:

**Border Ballad of King Henrie.**

LET never man a wooing wend
That lacketh thingis three:
A rowth o' gold, an open heart,
    And fu' o' courtesey.

And this was seen o' king Henrie,
    For he lay burd alane;
And he has ta'en him to a haunted hunt's ha',
    Was seven miles frae a toun.
He chaced the dun deer thro' the wood,
   And the roe doun by the den,
Till the fattest buck in a' the herd
   King Henrie he has slain.  

He's ta'en him to his hunting ha',
   For to make burly cheir;
When loud the wind was heard to sound,
   And an earthquake rocked the floor. 

And darkness covered a' the hall
   Where they sat at their meat;
The gray dogs, youling, left their food,
   And crept to Henrie's feet. 

And louder houled the rising wind,
   And burst the fast'ned door;
And in there came a griesly ghost,
   Stood stamping on the floor. 

Her head touched the roof-tree of the house;
   Her middle ye weil mot span;
Each frighted huntsman fled the ha',
   And left the king alone. 

Her teeth were a' like tether stakes,
   Her nose like a club or mell;
And I ken naething she appeared to be
   But the fiend that wins in hell. 

'Sum meat, sum meat, ye king Henrie!
   Sum meat ye gie to me!''

"And what meat's in this house, ladye,
   That ye're na wellcum tee?"1 

"O ye'se gae kill your berry-brown steed,
   And serve him up to me." 

1 Te for to is the Buchanshire and Gallovidian pronunciation.—S.
O when he killed his berry-brown steed,  
    Wow, gin his heart was sair!  
She eat him a' up, skin and bane,  
    Left naething but hide and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye king Henrie!  
    Mair meat ye gie to me!"

"And what meat's i' this house, ladye,  
    That ye're na wellcum tee?"

"O ye do slay your gude gray houndes,  
    And bring them a' to me."

O when he slew his gude grayhoundes,  
    Wow, but his heart was sair!  
She's ate them a' up, ane by ane,  
    Left naething but hide and hair.

"Mair meat, mair meat, ye king Henrie!  
    Mair meat ye gie to me!"

"And what meat's i' this house, ladye,  
    That I hae left to gie?"

"O ye do fell your gay goss-hawks,  
    And bring them a' to me."

O when he felled his gay goss-hawks,  
    Wow, but his heart was sair!  
She's ate them a' up, bane by bane,  
    Left naething but feathers bare.

"Sum drink, some drink, ye king Henrie!  
    Sum drink ye gie to me!"

"And what drink's in this house, ladye,  
    That ye're na wellcum tee?"

"O ye sew up your horse's hide,  
    And bring in a drink to me."

O he has sewed up the bluidy hide,  
    And put in a pipe of wine;  
She drank it a' up at ae draught,  
    Left na a drap therein.
"A bed, a bed, ye king Henrie!  
A bed ye mak to me!"  
"And what's the bed i' this house, ladye,  
That ye're na wellcum tee?"
76
"O ye maun pu' the green heather,  
And mak a bed to me."

O pu'd has he the heather green,  
And made to her a bed;  
And up he has ta'en his gay mantle,  
And o'er it he has spread.

"Now swear, now swear, ye king Henrie,  
To take me for your bride!"
84
"O God forbid!" king Henrie said,  
"That ever the like betide!  
That e'er the fiend, that works in hell,  
Should streak down by my side!"
88

. . . . . . . . .

When day was come, and night was gane,  
And the sun shone through the ha',  
The fairest ladye that e'er was seen  
Lay atween him and the wa'.
92

"O weel is me!" King Henrie said,  
"How long will this last wi' me?"
And out and spak that ladye fair:  
"E'en till the day ye dee."
96

"For I was witched to a ghastly shape,  
All by my stepdame's skill,  
Till I should meet wi' a courteous knight  
Wad gie me a' my will."
100

William Tytler's version of this ballad was adapted by Lewis for his Tales of Wonder, under the title of "Courteous King Jamie," ii., 453. A similar ballad, "Of a Knight and a Fair Virgin," is found in Johnson's Crown Garland of Golden Roses, printed about the year
FOR THE WIFE OF BATH'S TALE.

1600. And Voltaire has followed Chaucer in his tale "Ce qui plaît aux Dames."

Scott, in his prefatory note to the ballad of "King Henrie," after referring to its resemblance to that of the "Marriage of Sir Gawaine" and the Wife of Bath's Tale, cites what he considers as the "original," as follows, from Torfæus (Hrolffi Krakii, Hist., Hafn. 1715, p. 49):

Icelandic Version.

HELLGIUS, Rex Daniae, maerore ob omissam confusionem vexatus, solus agebat, et subducens se hominum commercio, segregem domum, omnis famulitii impatiens, incolebat. Accidit autem, ut, nocte concubia, lamentabilis cujusdam ante fores ejulantis sonus auribus ejus obreperet. Expergefactus igitur, recluso ostio, informe quoddam mulieris simulacrum, habitu corporis fœdum, veste squalore obsita, pallore, macie frigorisque tyrannide prope modum peremptum, deprehendit; quod precibus obsecat, ut qui jam miserorum ærumnas ex propria calamitate pensare didicisset, in domum intromisit; ipse lectum petit. At mulier, ne hac quidem benignitate contenta, thori consortium obnixe flagitabat, addens id tante referre, ut nisi impetraret, omnino sibi mortiendum esset. Quod, ea lege, ne ipsum attingeret, concessum est. Ideo nec complexu eam dignatus Rex, avertit sese. Cum autem prima luce forte oculos ultro citroque converteretur, eximiae formae virginem lecto receptam animadvertit; quæ statim ipsi placere cepit: causam igitur tam repentinae mutationis curiosius in daganti, respondit Virgo, se unam e subterraneorum hominum genere diris novercalibus devotam, tam tetra et execrabili specie, quali primo comparuit, damnatum, quond thori cujusdam principis socia fieret, multos reges hac de re sollicitasse. Jam actis pro præstito beneficio gratiss, discessum maturans, a rege formæ ejus illecebris capto comprimitur. Deinde petit, si prolem...
Helgi embraces her, and she exacts his promise to receive their offspring, if any, or danger should follow. From this he departs, when an infant is laid at his door. She comes and upbraids him, but will turn the danger on his son.

From this union Skulda, a woman, who did wonders, was born.

ex hoc congressu progigni contigerit, sequente hyeme, eodem anni tempore, ante fores positam in rudes recipiert, seque ejus patrem profiteri non gravaretur, seecus non leve infortunium insecuturum prædictix: A quo præcepto cum rex postea exorbitasset, nec præ foribus jacentem infantes pro suo agnoscre volnisset, ad eam iterum, sed corrugata fronte, accessit, obque violatam fidem acrius objurgatum ab imminente periculo, præstiti olim beneficii gratia, exempturam pollicebat, ita tamen ut tota ultionis rabies in filium ejus effusa graves aliquando levitatis illius pœnas exigeret. Ex hac tam dissimilium naturarum commixione, Skulda, versutì et versatilis animi mulier, nata fuisset memoriatur; quæ utramque Naturam participans prodigiosorum operum effectrix peribetur.

This Norse tale more closely resembles the ballad of King Henrie than those of Sir Gawaine: in both a king is living in a solitary house when the loathly lady comes knocking at the door, and being admitted gets leave to lie in his bed; on the other hand, in Gawaine's Wedding with Dame Ragnell, as in King Henrie, she has a most voracious appetite, eating and drinking all that is set before her. The story is differently told from any of the preceding in another Icelandic version, of which Prof. Child gives the following abstract:

Another Icelandic Version.

GRIMR was on the verge of marriage with Lopthæna, but a week before the appointed day the bride was gone, and nobody knew what had become of her. Her father had given her a step-mother five years before, and the step-mother had been far from kind; but what then? Griur was restless and unhappy, and got no tidings. A year of scarcity coming, he left home with two of his people. After an adventure with four trolls, he had a fight with twelve men, in which, though they were all slain, he lost his comrades, and was very badly wounded. As he lay on the ground, looking only for death, a woman passed, if so she might be called;
for she was not taller than a child of seven years, so stout that Grímr's arms would not go round her, mis-shapen, bald, black, ugly, and disgusting in every particular. She came up to Grímr, and asked him if he would accept his life from her. "Hardly," said he; "you are so loathsome." But life was precious, and he presently consented. She took him up and ran with him, as if he were a babe, till she came to a large cave; there she set him down, and it seemed to Grímr that she was uglier than before. "Now pay me for saving your life," she said, "and kiss me." "I cannot," said Grímr, "you look so diabolical." "Expect no help, then, from me," said she; "and I see that it will soon be all over with you." "Since it must be, loth as I am," said Grímr, and went and kissed her; she seemed not so bad to kiss as to look at. When night came she made up a bed, and asked Grímr whether he would lie alone, or with her. "Alone," he answered. "Then," said she, "I shall take no pains about healing your wounds." Grímr said he would rather lie with her, if he had no other chance, and she bound up his wounds, so that he seemed to feel no more of them. No sooner was Grímr abed than he fell asleep, and when he woke, he saw lying by him almost the fairest woman he had ever laid eyes on, and marvellously like his true-love Lopðsena. At the bedside he saw lying the troll-casing which she had worn; he jumped up and burned this.1 The woman was very faint; he sprinkled her with water, and she came to, and said, "It is well for both of us; I saved thy life first, and thou hast freed me from bondage." It was indeed Lopðsena, whom the step-mother had transformed into a horrible shape, odious to men and trolls, which she should never come out of till a man should consent to three things—which no man ever would—to accept his life at her hands, to kiss her, and to share her bed.2

The first part of the story of "The Daughter of King Under-Waves" in Campbell's *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. iii., p. 403 f., was probably derived from the same source as that of

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1 See end of note, p. 500.
2 Gríms saga loðsínknna, Rafn, Fornaldar Sögur, ii. 143-152.
the Icelandic tale of King Helgi, the father of Hrolfr Kraki, though some of the details and the conclusion are very different:

Gaelic Version.

ONE dark and stormy night, when the Finn were together, a creature of uncouth aspect, whose hair reached to her heels, knocked at the door of Fionn and besought shelter, but on his looking out and seeing such a hideous being, he refused to admit her, and she went away screaming. Then she went to Oisean, who also refused to let her in; but when she next applied to Diarmaid, he said to her: "Thou art a strange, hideous creature; thy hair is down to thy heels; but come in." When she had entered she said: "O Diarmaid, I have spent seven years in travelling over ocean and sea, and during all that time till now I have not passed a night beneath a roof. Let me come near the fire." "Come up," said Diarmaid; and when she drew near the fire the people of Finn began to flee, she was so hideous. "Go to the farther side," said Diarmaid to them, "and let the creature come to the warmth of the fire." So they went to the other side, but she had not been long at the fire when she sought to be under the blanket beside Diarmaid himself. "Thou art growing bold," said he: "First thou didst ask me to let thee in, then thou didst seek to come to the fire, and now thou askest leave to come under the blanket with me; but come." She went under the blanket, and he turned a fold of it between them. She was not long thus when he started and gazed at her, and saw by his side the finest drop of blood that ever was, from the beginning of the universe till the end of the world. He called to the others to come and see the most beautiful woman that man ever saw, and they were astonished and covered her up. When she awoke, she said: "Art thou awake, Diarmaid?" and he answered: "I am awake." Then said she: "Where wouldst thou rather that the very finest castle thou hast ever seen should be built?" "Up above Beinn Eudainn, if I had my choice," and Diarmaid slept, and she said no more to him.

There went out one early, before the day, riding, and he saw a castle built upon a hill. He cleared his sight, to see if it was really
there; then he saw it, and went home, and did not say a word. Another went out and also saw it, and said nothing. Then the day was brightened, and the two came in, telling that the castle was most surely there. She sat up and said: "Arise, Diarmaid, go up to thy castle, and be not stretched there any longer." "If there were a castle to which I might go," said Diarmaid. "Look out," said she, "and see if there be a castle there." He looked out and saw a castle, and came in, saying to her: "I will go up to the castle, if thou wilt go with me." "I will do that, Diarmaid; but say not to me thrice how thou didst find me." "I will never say how I found thee," replied Diarmaid. So they went to the castle together. That was a beautiful castle! There was not the shadow of a thing that was of use for a castle that was not in it, even to a herd for the geese. The meat was on the board, and there were maidservants and men-servants about it. They spent three days in the castle together, and then she said to him: "Thou art turning sorrowful, because thou art not with thy people; and thou hadst best go to the Finn, and thy meat and drink will be no worse than they are." "Who will take care of the greyhound bitch and her three pups?" said Diarmaid. "What fear is there for them?" said she, and then Darmiaid went away and reached the people of Finn.

The rest of the story is a curious variant of the Cupid and Psyche group of legends. Fionn, Oisean, and another of the Finn, envious of Diarmaid's good luck, which might have been that of any of them had they not refused the woman admittance, visit her one after the other and each obtains of her one of the greyhound's pups. When Diarmaid returns after each of the two first visits, he says to the dog that if his bride had borne in mind how he had found her, with her hair down to her heels, she would not have given away the pup. She asks what he had said, and he begs her pardon; but when he comes back after the third pup had been given away and repeats the same remark, he finds himself without wife or castle, and lying in a moss-hole. He sets out in quest of her, and after much trouble discovers her in a palace under the sea, but his love for her is now suddenly changed into dislike—a curious departure from the usual conclusion of tales of this class.
The old traveller Sir John Mandeville, like Herodotus, is doubtless to be credited, as a rule, when he tells us of what he himself saw, but when he begins a narrative with "men seyn" we may be sure he is simply about to repeat some fabulous account of "antres vast and deserts idle; of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," and other monsters. In the following tale of a damsel transformed into a frightful dragon, he takes care to let us know that it is only from hearsay:

Analogue from Mandeville.

"Some Men seyn, that in the Ile of Lango is 3it the Doughtre of Ypocras,\(^1\) in forme and lykenesse of a grete Dragoun, that is an hundred Fadme of lengthe,\(^2\) as Men seyn: For I have not seen hire. And thei of the Iles callen hire, Lady of the Lond. And sche lyethe in an olde Castelle, in a Cave, and schewethe twyes or thryes in the Zeer. And sche dothe non harm to no Man, but 3if Men don hire harm. And sche was thus chaunged and transformed, from a fair Damysele, in to lyknesse of a Dragoun, be a Goddesse, that was clept Deane.\(^3\) And Men seyn, that sche schalle so endure in that forme of a Dragoun, unto the tyme that a Knyghte come, that is so hardy, that dar come to hire and kiss hire on the Mouthe: And then schalle sche turne a\(^2\)en to hire owne Kynde, and ben a Woman a\(^2\)en: But aftre that sche schalle not liven longe. And it is not long siththen, that a Knighte of the Rodes, that was hardy and doughty in Armes, seyde that he wolde kyssen hire. And whan he was upon his Coursere, and wente to the Castelle, and entred into the Cave, the Dragoun lifte up hire Hed a\(^2\)enst him. And whan the Knyghte saw hire in that Forme so hidous and so horrible, he fleygh he away. And the Dragoun bare the Knyghte upon a Roche,\(^4\) mawgre his Hede; and from that Roche, sche caste him in to the See: and so was lost bothe Hors and Man. And also a 3onge Man, that wiste not of the Dragoun, wente out of a Schipp, and wente thorghe the Ile, til that he come to the Castelle, and cam in to the Cave; and wente so longe,

\(^1\) Hippocrates.

\(^2\) A hundred fathoms long—something like a monster!

\(^3\) Diana.

\(^4\) Rock.
til that he fond a Chambre, and there he saughe a Damysele, that kembed hire Hede, and lokede in a Myrour; and sche hadde meche Tresoure abouten hire: \(^1\) and he trowed, that sche hadde ben a comoun Woman, that dwelled there to receyve Men to Folye. And he abode, tille the Damysele saughe the Schadewe of him in the Myrour. And sche turned hire toward him, and asked hym, what he wolde. And he seyde, he wolde ben hire Limman or Paramour. And sche asked him, 3if that he were a Knyghte. \(^2\) And he seyde, nay. And than sche seyde, that he myghte not ben hire Lemman: But sche bad him gon a\(\text{\'}\)zen unto his Felowes, and make him Knyghte, and come a\(\text{\'}\)zen upon the Morwe, and sche scholde come out of the Cave before him; and thanne come and kysse hire on the Mowthe, and have no Drede; for I schalle do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou see me in Lyknesse of a Dragoun. For thoughghe thou see me hidouse and horrible to loken oune, I do the to wytene,\(^3\) that it is made be Enchaunte-ment. For withouten doute, I am non other than thou seest now, a Woman; and therfore drede the noughte. And 3if thou kysse me, thou schalt have alle this Tresoure, and be my Lord, and Lord also of alle that Ile. And he departed fro hire and wente to his Felowes to Schippe, and leet make him Knyghte, and cam a\(\text{\'}\)zen upon the Morwe, for to kysse this Damysele. And when he saughe hire comen out of the Cave, in forme of a Dragoun, so hidouse and so horrible, he hadde so grete drede, that he fleygte a\(\text{\'}\)zen to the Schippe; and sche folowed him. And when sche saughe, that he turned not a\(\text{\'}\)zen, sche began to crye, as a thing that hadde meche Sorwe: and thanne sche turned a\(\text{\'}\)zen, in to hire Cave; and anon the Knyghte dyede. And siththen hidrewards, myghte no Knyghte se hire, but that he dyede anon. But when a Knyghte comethe, that is so hardy to kisse hire, he schalle not dye; but he schalle turne the Damysele in to hire righte Forme and kyndely Schapp, and he schal be Lord of alle the Contreyes and Iles aboveseyd."\(^3\)

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1. From the most ancient times serpents and dragons were believed to be the guardians of hidden treasure.

2. I give thee to know.

Mandeville's wonderful tale is quite unique. In all other stories or legends of the kind the enchanted person is not apparently permitted to reveal the means by which the spell may be done away; but here the "dragoun" young lady tells all about it to every one who visits her; and it is passing strange that no fortune-hunter could be found bold enough to imprint a kiss on her monstrous mouth, when assured that she should be thereby instantly changed back into her original form of a super-eminently beautiful damsel, willing to reward him with her hand in marriage, and "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice"! Sir John does not give us to understand that this unhappy lady was immortal, so it were useless for any enterprising youth, with an eye on the "main chance," to think of setting forth in quest of her at this time of day.

There is an interesting analogue of the chief feature of the Wife of Bath's Tale in a Turkish story-book of a mystical cast, entitled, "Phantasms from the Presence of God," written, in 1796-7, by 'Ali 'Aziz Efendi, the Cretan,¹ which is to this effect:

**Turkish Analogue.**

A beautiful young orphan girl, exceedingly poor, returning home with water one day, is accosted by a very ugly old man, who asks her to marry him. She consents, for she thinks her condition could hardly be worse. After being married they sail for Abyssinia, where they reside for some little time. One day the old man was gone to the bazaar, and the girl began to long for his return, saying to herself: "Would that my husband were come, that I might talk with him." When the old man came, she ran to meet him with as much joy as if the world had become her own, and when he beheld her longing in her face, and her countenance glowing with delight, he suddenly shook himself and became a young man of seventeen years, a sun of the world—a darling of the age; and he clasped her round

¹ *Mukhayyald-i Ledun-i Jillah-i Giridli 'Ali 'Aziz Efendi.* My friend Mr. E. J. W. Gibb has favoured me with a reading of part of his translation of this curious work, which he is preparing for publication, and from which I have made the abstract of the story that follows.
the neck and blessed her, saying: "O my lady, my Emína, like as thou hast delivered me from this plight, may God help thee in the Hereafter from the torment of hell!" Then he took her by the hand, and they entered the inner room, and the youth addressed her thus: "My lady, I am not of the sons of Adam. I am Retím Shah, king of the fairies of the land of Jábulsá. With us a parent's curse against a child forthwith comes to pass. One day while jesting with my aged mother, I said to her: 'Thou dost not love me.' These words were grievous to her, and she said: 'If God will, my son, may thou assume a vile form of seventy years old, and until a fair girl of the children of Adam desire thy beauty, may thou not return to thy first estate.' No sooner had she uttered this speech than, lo! I assumed that form which thou sawest, and it is full forty years that I have wandered the world in that shape, seeking a cure for my woe. I saw that thy poverty was exceeding great, and as the indications of truth and chastity were visible in thy face, I fancied that I might, with much kindness, in some way win and reconcile thee to myself. And lo! thou hast yearned for me, and, praise be to God most high, my beauty has returned to its old estate. Now am I thy husband, and thy freed slave; henceforth grieve not, nor sorrow for anything. Accept me again as husband, if thou desire; send me away, if thou desire: my loins are girt in thy service till the Resurrection Day." Needless to add that Sitt Emína was more than charmed with her rejuvenated husband, who supplied her with wealth galore, and came all the way from his fairy dominions once every week to enjoy her society.

Sanskrit Analogue.

I do not remember any exact parallel to the Wife of Bath's Tale in Indian fiction, though the step-dame's transforming the damsel into a hideous hag, so to remain until a knight should consent to marry her, which occurs in other versions, has many analogues in such story-books as the Kathá Sarit Ságara, where a celestial being having incurred the wrath of a deity is condemned to be re-born on

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1 How very absurd is the popular notion that Muslims deny the existence of the soul in woman!
the earth in human form, or as a snake or other animal, the "curse," or
punishment, to cease when certain things should occur. This power
of "cursing" is also acquired by holy men—rishis—through the
virtue of their austerities, and they often transform an offender into
some kind of beast. Thus in section the eleventh of the Introductory
Book of the Mahabharata we are told of a rishi who was engaged in
the Agni-hotra, or fire-sacrifice, when a friend in sport made a sham
snake of blades of grass, and attempted to frighten him with it. The
rishi, burning with wrath on discovering the deceit, exclaimed:
"Since thou hast made a powerless snake to frighten me, thou shalt
be turned even into a venomless snake thyself by my curse." The
culprit, well knowing the power of the ascetic, thus addressed him,
lowly bending, and with joined hands: "O friend, I have done this
by way of jest, to excite thy laughter. It behoveth thee to forgive
me, and to revoke thy curse." But this, it would appear, was impos-
sible: the curse itself was irrevocable, and such being the case, rishis
should certainly be careful not to "let their angry passions rise," as
they do so often—in story-books. But the duration of the curse
could be limited, and so the rishi, perceiving the culprit's terror, said:
"What I have spoken must come to pass. But when Ruru, the
pure son of Pramati, shall appear thou shalt be delivered from the
curse the moment thou seest him," and this takes place in the fulness
of time.

Legends similar to the tale of the Knight and the Loathly Lady
seem to be of universal currency and of very ancient date. Have we
not all listened to them in the nursery, and been especially charmed
with the tale of "The Frog Prince"? And there are several parallels
to it among the natives of South Africa. To cite two examples only,
in conclusion:

**Two Kaffir Analogues.**

In Theal's *Kaffir Folk-Lore* a youth refrains from killing a
crocodile, and in return it gives him many cattle and a great
quantity of millet. Then the crocodile said to him: "You must
send your sister for the purpose of being married to me." The
crocodile gave one of his daughters to the young man, and his sister went to the village of the crocodile to be a bride. They said to her: "Whom do you choose to be your husband?" The girl replied: "I choose Crocodile." Her husband said to her: "Lick my face." She did so, and the crocodile cast off his skin and arose a man of great strength and fine appearance, and told her that he had been so transformed by the enemies of his father's house (ed. 1882, p. 37).—In another story (p. 53) a girl goes to be the bride of the snake with five heads, who had devoured her sister because she was afraid of him; and having baked and served him with bread to his satisfaction, he became a man, and she was ever afterwards the wife he loved best.

NOTE.

"WOMEN DESIRE SOVEREIGNTY."

The "self-willed" disposition of women is harped upon by many of our old English authors. In a curious 16th century tract entitled *The Wyll of the Deryll* (Ballad Society Publications) occurs the following bequest: "*Item. I give to all women sovereignty, which they most desire, and that they never lack excuse.*" And, in his *Breviary of Health*, Andrew Borde says of woman: "She is subject to man, except it be there where the white mare is the better horse; therefore, ut homo non cantet cum cuculo, let every man please his wife in all matters, and dispose her not, but let her have her own will, for that she will have, who so ever say nay;"—according to the proverbial lines—

"The man’s a fool who thinks by force of skill
To stem the torrent of a woman’s will;
For if she will, she will, you may depend on’t,
And if she won’t, she won’t, and there’s an end on’t."

It would appear from the above passage from Borde that the wife who ruled her husband was then called the "*white mare*"—in modern times she is termed the "*gray mare,*" and the origin of the expression is thus accounted for:

A gentleman, who had "seen the world," one day gave his son a pair of horses, and a basket of eggs, saying, "Do you travel upon the high-road until you come to the first house in which there is a married couple. If you find that the husband is master there, give him one of the horses. If, on the other hand, the wife is ruler, give her an egg. Return at once if you part with a horse, but do not come back so long as you keep both horses, and there is an egg remaining in your basket." Off went the youth, full of his mission, and called at so many houses without finding the husband really master that all his eggs save one were gone, and riding onward he came to a house where he must make his final trial. He alighted and knocked at the door. The good wife opened it for him and curtsied. "Is your husband at home?" "No," but she would call him from the hay-field. In he came, wiping his brows. The
young man told them his errand. "Why," said the good wife, simpering and twiddling a corner of her apron, "I always do as John wants me to do; he is my master—are you, John?" To which John replied, "Yes." "Then," said the youth, "I am to give you a horse; which will you take?" Quoth John, "I think we'll have the bay gelding." "If we have a choice, husband," said the wife, "I think the gray mare will suit us better." "No," replied John; "the bay for me; he is more square in the front, and has much better legs." "Now," said the wife, "I don't think so;—the gray mare is the better horse, and I shall never be contented unless I get that one." "You must take an egg," cried the youth, giving her the only one he had left, and he then returned home, with both horses, to inform his father how he had sped in his mission.

There is a similar Arabian story told of the Khalif Harún er-Rashíd, who figures so often in the Arabian Nights: how he gave one of his favourite companions a great number of donkeys, one of which he was to present to each man whom he found not to be under "petticoat government"—for it is a mistake to suppose that, although women of a certain class are bought and sold for the harams of Muslims, the actual wife may not sometimes rule her lord very despotically; but on this subject see Lane's Modern Egyptians. The favourite returned without having disposed of a single ass, at which Harún made merry, declaring himself to be the only man in his dominions who was master of his haram, including even his chief wife, Zubaydé. Their conversation happened to take place in a room where they might be overheard by that pious but exceedingly jealous lady, and the favourite saw his opportunity of turning the laugh against the Khalif himself. So he began to describe in glowing terms the personal charms of a girl he pretended to have seen in the course of his journeyings, upon which Harún, in alarm lest Zubaydé should hear this account of the strange beauty, whispered: "Don't talk quite so loud." This was what the companion expected, so he exclaimed in great glee: "O Commander of the Faithful, it is you who must take a donkey!"

Glascow, January, 1888.
The Patient Griselda:

ENGLISH ABSTRACT OF AN EARLY FRENCH VERSION

OF

Chaucer's Clerk's Tale.

By W. A. Clouston.
A noble Marquesse,
As he did ride a hunting
   hard by a forest side,
A faire and comely maiden,
As she did sit a spinning,
   his gentle eye espide.
Most faire and comely,
And of comely grace was she,
   although in simple attire:
She sung full sweetly,
With pleasant voyce melodiously,
   which set the lords heart on fire.
The more he lookt, the more he might;
Beauty bred his hearts delight,
And to this comely damsell
   then he went;
God speed (quoth he), thou famous flower,
Faire mistresse of this homely bower,
Where love and vertue
   dwel with sweet content.

History of Patient Grissell.
THE PATIENT GRISELDA:

ENGLISH ABSTRACT OF AN EARLY FRENCH VERSION OF THE CLERK'S TALE.

BY W. A. CLOUSTON.

In striking contrast to the motif of the Wife of Bath's Tale is that of the Clerk's Tale of the Patient Griselda—such a wife as "ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be!"\(^1\) The admirable note, by Professor Hales, on the characters of Griselda and the Marquis, appended to the Latin and Italian versions (p. 173 ff.), leaves little to be added by subsequent commentators. The tale may indeed be considered as a protest against the abuse of women so common in mediæval literature. But as it stands almost alone, it could have had little influence in causing a reaction in men's minds. It may be that the motif of the tale was rendered abortive from the characters of Griselda and the Marquis being so very much exaggerated, or overdrawn—so much out of keeping with human nature; and one can easily conceive that the Patient Griselda would be often held up by men to their wives in mockery of their sex in general, just as they were frequently twitted by their gross-minded lords with stories of female artifice and profligacy taken from example-books, such as that which caused a "row" between the Wife of Bath and Jenkins her husband—in which, as usual, he came off second-best. My only object in presenting the following translation of Le Grand's prose version of the fabliau of Griselda is to show its close resemblance to Petrarch's Latin story—the details of each run so exactly parallel that either they must have been derived from a common source or one has been taken from the other.

\(^1\) According to Le Grand, in his prefatory remarks on the fabliau of Griselda, Noguier asserts that Griselda is not an imaginary person, but that this Phoenix of women actually lived about the year 1003; and Philippe Foresti, the Italian historiographer, also gives her story as true;—it is just as true as the Italian legend of Santa Gugielma—see ante, pp. 409, 410.
The Fabliau of Griselda.

In Lombardy, on the confines of Piedmont, is a noble country, called the country of Saluces, whose lords have borne from all time the title of Marquis. Of all those lords the most illustrious and powerful was Walter. He was handsome, well made, and endowed with all the gifts of nature; but he had one fault, that of loving too much the liberty of celibacy, and displeased when marriage was hinted to him, which sorely grieved his barons and vassals. They assembled to confer on the subject, and appointed certain deputies to speak to Walter in their name, as follows: "Marquis, our only master and sovereign lord, the love which we bear you has inspired us with boldness to come and speak with you; for everything which you possess is pleasing to us, and we think ourselves happy in having such a master. But, dear sire, you know that years roll and pass by, and never return. Although you are in the flower of your manhood, nevertheless old age and death, from which no one is free, happen every day. Your vassals, who will never refuse to obey you, request you to allow them to seek for you a lady of noble birth, beautiful and virtuous, who would be worthy of becoming your wife. Grant, sire, this favour to your loyal subjects, in order that, in the event of any misfortune befalling your high and noble person, they should not be without a master." To this address Walter, much affected, answered kindly: "My friends, it is true I please myself in enjoying that liberty which one feels in my situation, and which is lost in marriage, if I may believe those who have tried it. Another inconvenience of that union is that we are not sure the children we so much desire are really our own. Yet, my friends, I promise you to marry; and I hope that the good God will give me one with whom I shall be able to live a happy life. But I wish also that you first promise me one thing, namely, that her whom I choose, whoever she may be, daughter of rich or poor man, you will respect and honour as your lady, and that there will be no one amongst you who will dare to blame or murmur at my choice." The barons and subjects promised faithfully to observe what the Marquis their lord demanded of them. They thanked him for having
deferred to their request, and were informed by him of the day for his marriage, which caused great joy throughout the country of Saluces.

Now at a short distance from the castle there was a village in which the labourers dwelt, and through which the Marquis passed when he went to the chase. Amongst the villagers was an old man called Janicola, poor, bowed down by infirmities, and quite unable to walk. Often in a miserable cottage dwells the blessing of Heaven; and of this that good old man was a proof, for there remained to him from his marriage a daughter, named Griselda, with a perfectly-formed person, but a soul still more beautiful, who kindly supported and comforted his old age. During the day she watched the sheep which belonged to them; in the evening, when she had brought them home, she prepared their frugal meal, raised and laid her father; in short, all those services which a daughter should do for a father the virtuous Griselda performed for poor Janicola. For a long time the Marquis had known by common report of the virtue and modest conduct of this poor girl. Often in going to the chase he stopped and looked at her; and in his heart he had already decided that if he ever did marry, it would only be Griselda.

Meanwhile the day which he had fixed for his marriage came round, and the palace was crowded with dames, knights, citizens, and people of every condition. All were making inquiries of each other regarding the wife of their lord, but no one could answer. The Marquis set out from his palace, as if with the intention of meeting his bride, and all the ladies and knights followed him. He wended his way to the village, and entered the cottage of Janicola, to whom he said: "Janicola, I know you have always loved me; to-day I exact a proof of it: grant me your daughter in marriage." The poor man, astonished at this request, humbly replied: "Sire, you are my master and lord, and I should wish whatever you wish." The maiden all this time was standing near her old father, quite abashed, for she was not accustomed to receive such a guest. Then the Marquis thus addressed her: "Griselda, I wish you to become my wife. Your father consents, and I venture to think that you will not refuse; but first answer me one question which I will ask
of you before him: I desire a wife who will be submissive to me in everything, who will only wish what I wish, and, whatever my caprices may be, will always be ready to fulfil them. If you become mine, will you consent to observe these conditions?" Griselda replied: "My lord, I shall be ever willing to do whatever you may please to command. Should you order my death, I promise you to suffer it without complaining." "Enough," said the Marquis; at the same time taking her hand and leading her out of the house, he presented her to his barons and people, saying: "My friends, here is my wife—here is your lady, whom I request you to love and honour as you do myself." After these words he conducted her to the palace, where the matrons took off her rustic garments in order to deck her in a rich dress and nuptial ornaments. Griselda blushed, and trembled all over; and you yourself, after having been seen a moment before in your village, should you suddenly appear with a crown on your head, I am quite sure would not be able to check the same kind of astonishment. The marriage was celebrated the same day. The palace resounded with all kinds of musical instruments; there was everywhere nothing but shouts of joy; subjects as well as their lord appeared to be enchanted. Hitherto Griselda had been much admired for her virtuous conduct, but now, mild, affable, and obliging, she was more loved than she had been esteemed; and, both among those who had known her before her elevation and those who knew her afterwards, there was not one who envied her good fortune.

In due course Griselda gave birth to a daughter, who promised to be one day as beautiful as herself. Although the Marquis and his subjects would have more heartily welcomed the advent of a son, there was great rejoicing throughout Saluces. The infant was nursed in the palace by its mother; but as soon as it was weaned, Walter, who had devised a plan for testing his wife's obedience, although, charmed day after day by her virtues, he loved her more and more, entered her chamber, and, with the air of a man troubled about something, spoke to her as follows: "Griselda, you have not perhaps forgotten what was your condition before becoming my wife. I had, however, almost forgot it myself, and my tender love for thee, of which thou hast received many proofs, might assure thee of
it. But for some time, and especially since our child was born, my vassals murmur, and even haughtily complain of being destined one day to become the vassals of a grand-daughter of Janicola, and I, whose interest it is to preserve their friendship, am now compelled to make to them a sacrifice which pains me grievously. I would not act, however, until I had forewarned you; and I come to ask your permission, and exhort you to exercise that patience which you promised me before becoming my spouse." Griselda humbly replied, without showing any tokens of grief: "My beloved lord, you are my lord and master; my daughter and myself belong to you; and you may command me in anything, for I shall never forget the obedience and submission which I promised and owe you." Such moderation and gentleness astonished the Marquis. He retired with a look of the utmost pain, while in his heart full of love and admiration for his wife. When he was alone he called an old servant, attached to him for thirty years, to whom he explained his plan, and sent him at once to Griselda. "Madame," said he, "deign to pardon the sad commission which I have undertaken, but my lord requests your daughter." At these words Griselda, recalling the conversation which she had recently had with Walter, concluded that he had sent the man to take away her child and put it to death. She stifled her grief, nevertheless, restrained her tears, and without making the least complaint or uttering a sigh, took the infant out of its cradle, looked at it tenderly for a long time, then making the sign of the cross on its forehead, and kissing it for the last time, she handed it to the servant. When Walter learned from his servant of his wife's courage and submission, he was full of admiration of her virtue; but when he took the infant in his arms, and saw it cry, his heart was so moved that he was on the point of relinquishing his cruel trial. Recovering himself, however, he commanded his trusty servitor to carry the infant secretly to his sister, the Countess d'Empêche, at Boulogne, and desire her, in his name, to bring it up under her own care, but so that nobody—not even the count, her husband—should have knowledge of the secret. The servant accordingly delivered the child to the countess, who caused it to be privately educated, as her brother had desired.
The Marquis continued to live with Griselda as before, and often did he look on her face to discover whether she nourished either grief or resentment, but she always showed him the same love and respect, never betraying any symptoms of sadness, and neither in his presence nor absence referred to her daughter. Four years had thus passed, when Griselda gave birth to a son, which completed the happiness of the Marquis, and the joy of all his people. Griselda nursed this infant as she had done the other; but when it was two years old Gautier resolved to make another trial of his wife's patience, and came to tell her of his barons' dissatisfaction, in almost the same words he had formerly ascribed to them regarding her daughter. O what agony must that incomparable woman have felt at that moment, when reflecting that she had already lost her daughter, and now saw that her little son was about to be also taken from her! What it must have been I need not tell the tender mother—not even the stranger could at such a sentence have refrained from tears! Queens, princesses, marchionesses, women of all degrees, hearken to the answer of Griselda to her lord, and profit by the example: "My dear lord," said she, "I formerly swore to you, and still swear, never to wish anything that you do not wish. When, on entering your palace, I threw off my poor garments, at the same time I resolved to know no will except your own. If it were possible for me to guess at anything before it was expressed, you would see your slightest desires foreseen and fulfilled. Command me now in whatever you please. If you wish my death, I agree to it; for death is nothing in comparison to the unhappiness of displeasing you." Walter was more and more astonished. Any one who had not known Griselda so well would have concluded that such firmness of soul was merely want of feeling; but he, who was frequently a witness of her tenderness while she was nursing her children, could ascribe it only to the love which she had for himself. The Marquis sent his old servitor again to Boulogne with his son, where he was brought up along with his little sister.

After two such cruel proofs Walter ought to have felt certain of his wife's submissiveness to his will, and refrained from afflicting her farther. But his was one of those jealous hearts which nothing can
cure, for whom the grief of others is a source of pleasure. As for Griselda, she not only appeared to have forgotten her double bereavement, but showed herself more than ever tender and affectionate towards her husband, nevertheless he purposed to make a still more severe experiment of her obedience. His daughter was now twelve years of age, and his son eight, and he sent a message to his sister the countess, desiring her to bring them to him; at the same time he caused it to be noised abroad that he was about to divorce his wife in order to take another. This news soon reached Griselda. She was told that a young person of high birth, and beautiful as a fairy, was coming to be wedded to the Marquis of Saluces. Whether she was astounded at this, I leave you to decide. Meanwhile she continued to wait on him whom she was bound to obey in everything which he imposed upon her. Walter sent for her, and in the presence of his barons thus addressed her: "Griselda, during the past twelve years I have been pleased with you as my wife, because I have looked at your virtue instead of your birth. But I must have an heir—my subjects demand it; and Rome permits me to take a wife worthy of me. She will arrive here in the course of a few days, therefore prepare to give up thy present position. Take thy dowry with thee, and summon up all thy fortitude." Griselda replied: "My lord, I am not ignorant that the daughter of Janicola was not suited for your wife; and in this palace, of which you made me the lady, I take God to witness, that every day, whilst thanking him for that honour, I felt myself unworthy of it. I leave, without regret, since such is your will, the place where I have been so happy, and I return to die in the cottage where I was born, and where I shall still be able to render my father those services which I was forced to delegate to a stranger. As for the dowry of which you speak, you well know, my lord, that with a pure heart I could only bring you poverty, respect, and love. All the dresses which I have worn here belong to you. Allow me to leave them, and take my own, which I have preserved. Here is the ring with which you wedded me. I came away poor from my father's house, and poor shall I return thither; only wishing to carry with me the honour of having been the irreproachable wife of such a husband."
Marquis was so moved by these words that he could not keep back his tears, and was forced to go out to conceal his emotion. Griselda left all her beautiful dresses, her jewels, and head-ornaments, and putting on her rustic clothes returned to her own village, accompanied by many barons, knights, and ladies, who were bathed in tears and regretted so much virtue. She alone wept not, but walked on in silence with head bent down. They arrived at the cottage of Janicola, who did not appear astonished at the event. From the first the marriage had caused him to fear that sooner or later the Marquis would grow weary of his daughter and send her back to him. The old man tenderly embraced Griselda, and, without exhibiting anger or grief, thanked the ladies and gentlemen for their condescension in having accompanied his daughter, exhorting them to love their lord sincerely and to serve him loyally. But imagine the sorrow which the good Janicola must have felt when he reflected that his daughter after such a long period of pleasure and luxury should be in want during the rest of her life; this, however, gave Griselda no concern, and she cheered her father's spirits.

In the mean time the Count and Countess d'Empêche, with Walter's two children, and attended by a great company of knights and ladies, were drawing near Saluces. The Marquis, to complete this last trial, sent for Griselda, who immediately came on foot and in the dress of a peasant. "Daughter of Janicola," said Walter to her, "to-morrow my wife arrives, and as no one in my palace knows so well as you what can please me, and I wish to receive her with all honour, as well as my brother, my sister, and the others who accompany her, I desire you to superintend all arrangements, and especially to attend upon my new wife." "Sire," replied Griselda, "I have received such favours from you that as long as God permits me to live I will consider it a duty to do whatever may give you pleasure." She then went and gave the necessary orders to the officers and servants of the palace, and herself made ready the bridal bed for her whose approaching arrival had caused her own expulsion. When the young lady appeared, Griselda, instead of showing any signs of emotion, as one might have expected, went out to meet her, saluted her respectfully, and conducted her into the nuptial
room. By a secret instinct,\(^1\) for which she could not account, she was delighted with the company of the young people, and never grew weary of looking at them and admiring their beauty.

The hour of feasting arrived, and when all were assembled at table the Marquis sent for Griselda, and showing her his bride—who to her natural brilliancy added a dazzling dress—asked her what she thought of the lady. "My lord," replied she, "you could not choose one more beautiful and virtuous; and if God hear the prayers which I offer up for you every day, you will be happy with her. But in mercy, my lord, spare this one the painful anguish which another has endured. Younger and more tenderly brought up, her heart would not have the strength to sustain such trials, and she might die of them." At these words tears fell from the eyes of the Marquis. He could dissemble no more; and admiring that unalterable gentleness and that virtue which nothing could weary out, he exclaimed: "Griselda, my dearly beloved Griselda! this is too much! To try your love, I have done more than any other man under heaven has dared even to imagine, and I have only found in you obedience, tenderness, and devotion." Then drawing near to Griselda, who suddenly lowered her head at these encomiums, he clasped her in his arms, and bedewing her with his tears, he added in presence of the numerous assembly: "Incomparable woman! you only are worthy of being my wife, and such you alone shall ever be! You, as well as my subjects, believed me the executioner of your children. But they were simply removed some distance from you. My sister, in whose hands I entrusted them, has just brought them hither. Behold, there they are! And you, my daughter and son, come and throw yourselves at the knees of your honourable mother." Griselda could not bear with so much joy coming upon her suddenly; she swooned, but when the assistance which was lavished upon her brought her back to consciousness, she took the two children, covered them with kisses and tears, and held them long pressed to her bosom. Every one of the assembled guests was

\(1\) This absurd notion of "blood speaking to blood" frequently occurs in Asiatic fictions; it has no more foundation in fact than the other superstition that a dog will recognize his old master after many years' absence—as to which, see Byron!
affected even to weeping. At length cries of joy resounded, and that festival which had been prepared in honour of Walter's new wife became a triumph for the patient Griselda. The Marquis caused old Janicola to be brought to the palace of Saluces: Walter had only appeared to neglect him till he had made trial of his daughter, and he honoured the good man during the rest of his life. Walter and Griselda lived for twenty years longer in the most perfect concord. They saw their children married and their offspring; and after Walter died his son succeeded to the estate, to the great satisfaction of all his subjects.¹

The differences between the French and Latin versions, it will be seen on comparison, are few and immaterial: for the Countess d'Empêche, at Boulogne, Petrarch has the Countess of Pavia; and while in the fabliau Griselda is represented as putting on her old peasant dress before leaving the palace, in the Latin story she returns to her father's cottage in her shift only, and her father had kept her old gown, expecting she should be sent back some day. In other respects both stories tally. As Petrarch plainly states that he was familiar with the tale long before he had read it in the Decameron, we may, I think, safely conclude that he knew it from a fabliau, which was probably also the source of Boccaccio's novel. Le Grand remarks, that Boccaccio has omitted the affecting and ingenuous address of the vassals to their lord, in order to induce him to marry, and the touching picture of Griselda's attentions to her bedridden father; and it seems to me that the existence of these incidents in the Latin story is alone sufficient evidence that it was not adapted from the version in the Decameron. Boccaccio is credited by Le Grand with "some taste" in rejecting the "improbable" statement that old Janicola, who required to be helped in and out of bed daily, lived twelve years "after being abandoned"; but Janicola was not altogether abandoned to his fate, since Griselda, when about to quit the palace, speaks of him as having been cared for, though not by one of his own kin.

Whether the tale of Griselda was originally composed in France, it seems certain that it was first dramatized in that country under the title of *Mistere de Griseldis*, of which a copy in MS. is preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. In England it formed the subject of a drama, entitled *Patient Grisel*, written towards the end of the 16th century, by Thos. Dekker, Hy. Chettle, and W. Haughton, which was reprinted in 1841 for the (old) Shakspere Society. As a puppet-play it was a popular favourite so late as the year 1770, according to Thos. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*. Under date, August 30, 1667, Pepys enters in his *Diary*: “To Bartholomew fayre, to walk up and down; and there, among other things, find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-play (Patient Grizzell), and the street full of people expecting her coming out. I confess I did wonder at her courage to come abroad, thinking the people would abuse her; but they, silly people, do not know the work she makes, and therefore suffered her with great respect to take a coach, and she away without any trouble at all.” One cannot help also “wondering” whether my Lady Castlemaine, while seeing the puppet-play performed, thought of another Griselda, who had left her country to become the neglected and insulted consort of the heartless and sensual Second Charles—probably not! In Pepys’ day the name of Griselda, or Grissel, seems to have been as proverbial for patience as that of the Man of Uz. Butler in his *Hudibras*—the wit and humour of which, by the way, had no charm for Pepys, since he tells us “it hath not a good liking in me, though I tried by twice or three times’ reading to bring myself to think it witty”—speaks of

“—— words, far bitterer than wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel stir mood.”

1 Before the Restoration the Diarist was a Presbyterian, or an Independent; and it is said that he suggested as a text for a sermon on the execution of King Charles, “The memory of the wicked shall rot”—a circumstance which, in after years, when he was “making his pile,” gave him no little concern, lest it should come to be known by “old Rowley.” He was all his life a Dissenter at heart, as is evident from many passages in his *Diary*, and hence Butler’s incomparable satire of the Presbyterian Knight who “went a colonelling” wooed his smiles in vain.
Examples of patient, dutiful wives, like Griselda, are almost as rare in Asiatic as in European popular tales, though we have seen something of the kind in versions of "The innocent, persecuted Wife" (ante, p. 368 ff.); and in the earlier literature of India—before it could be affected by baleful Muslim notions regarding women—there occur several notable tales of faithful, virtuous, obedient wives. A queen who figures in the Kathá Sarit Ságara (Tawney's translation, vol. i., p. 355 ff.) presents some resemblance to Griselda. The wives of King Virabhujá, envious of his favourite, queen Gunavará, conspire to cause her destruction. They tell the king that she carries on a criminal intrigue with Surakshita, the superintendent of the women's apartments in the palace—it is the gossip of the whole haram. The king thinks this impossible, but resolves to test them both. He sends for the young man, and with assumed anger, accuses him of having killed a Bráhman; 1 so he must at once go to the holy places, and not return until he has cleansed his soul of the sin. The young man, with every token of astonishment in his countenance and protesting his innocence, quits the royal judgment-hall and sets out on his pilgrimage. "Then the king went into the presence of that queen Gunavará, full of love, and anger, and sober reflection. Then she, seeing that his mind was troubled, asked him anxiously: 'My husband, why are you seized to-day with a sudden fit of despondency?' When the king heard that, he gave her this feigned answer: 'To-day, my queen, a great astrologer came to me and said: "King, you must place the queen Gunavará for some time in a dungeon, and you must yourself live a life of chastity, otherwise your kingdom will certainly be overthrown, and she will surely die." Having said this, the astrologer departed; hence my present despondency.' When the king said this, the queen Gunavará, who was devoted to her husband, distracted with fear and love, said to him: 'Why do you not cast me this very day into a dungeon, my husband? I am highly favoured if I can benefit you, even at the sacrifice of my life. Let me die; but let

1 The most heinous crime that can be committed by a Hindú. The Bráhmans have interpolated the Mahábhárata with numerous passages exalting their own caste: priestcraft is the same everywhere!
not my lord have misfortune. For a husband is the chief refuge of wives in this world and the next." Having heard this speech, the king said to himself, with tears in his eyes, 'I think there is no guilt in her, nor in that Sarakshita; for I saw that the colour in his face did not change, and he seemed without fear. Alas, nevertheless I must ascertain the truth of that rumour.' After reflecting thus, the king in his grief said to the queen: 'Then it is best that a dungeon should be made here, queen.' She replied: 'Very good.' So the king had a dungeon, easy of access, made in the women's apartments, and placed the queen in it. And he comforted her son by telling him exactly what he had told the queen. And she for her part thought the dungeon heaven, because it was all for the king's good. For good women have no pleasure of their own; to them their husband's pleasure is pleasure."—Needless to add that the innocence of the devoted queen and of the young man is made manifest in the end.

We have a noble example of a faithful wife in Sitá, the spouse of Ráma, as portrayed in the great Hindú epic, Rámayana. She thus pleads with her husband for leave to accompany him into banishment, according to Sir Monier Williams' rendering of the passage:

"A wife must share her husband’s fate. My duty is to follow thee Where'er thou goest. Apart from thee, I would not dwell in heaven itself. Deserted by her lord, a wife is like a miserable corpse. Close as thy shadow would I cleave to thee in this life and hereafter. Thou art my king, my guide, my only refuge, my divinity. It is my fixed resolve to follow thee. If thou must wander forth Through thorny, trackless forests, I will go before thee, treading down The prickly brambles to make smooth thy path. Walking before thee, I Shall feel no weariness: the forest-thorns will seem like silken robes; The bed of leaves a couch of down. To me the shelter of thy presence Is better far than stately palaces, and paradise itself. Protected by thy arm, gods, demons, men shall have no power to haunt me. With thee I'll live contentedly on roots and fruits. Sweet or not sweet, If given by thy hand, they will to me be like the food of life. Roaming with thee in desert wastes, a thousand years will be a day; Dwelling with thee, e'en hell itself would be to me a heaven of bliss."¹

¹ In similar language Adam, after learning that Eve had plucked the forbidden fruit, says to her:

"If Death Consort with thee, Death is to me as Life."—Paradise Lost.
So, too, in the beautiful episode of the *Mahābhārata*, the tale of Nala and Damayanti, when Nala proposes that his wife should leave him to his fate in the forest, and return to her parents, Damayanti replies (Dean Milman's graceful translation):

"Truly all my heart is breaking, and my sinking members fail,
   When, O King, thy desperate counsel once I think on, once again.
Robbed of kingdom, robbed of riches, naked, worn with thirst and hunger,
   Shall I leave thee in a forest, shall I wander from thee far?
When thou, sad and famine-stricken, thinkest of thy former bliss,
   In the wild wood, O my husband, I will soothe thy weariness,
Like a wife is no physician; in a state so sad as thine,
   Medicine none is like her kindness—Nala, speak I not the truth?"

And in the tale of Dushmanta and Sakuntala, which is the subject of a fine drama by Kalidasa, who has been styled the Shakespeare of India (another episode in the *Mahābhārata*), we are told that "she is a true wife whose heart is devoted to her lord. The wife is man's half. The wife is the first of friends. They that have wives have the means of being cheerful. They that have wives can achieve good fortune. Sweet-speeched wives are as friends on occasions of joy. They are as mothers in hours of sickness and woe."—Sentiments such as these are very seldom found in the writings of Muslims.

NOTE.

Two English versions of the Tale of Griselda will be found reprinted in vol. iii. of the Percy Society publications. One is a prose tract entitled: "The Ancient, True, and Admirable History of Patient Grisel, a Poore Mans Daughter in France: shewing how Maides by her Example, in their Good Behaviour, may marrie Rich Husbundes; and likewise Wives by their Patience and Obedience may gain much Glorie. Written first in French" &c. London, 1619; the other is in ballad form and entitled: "The Pleasant and Sweet History of Patient Grissell, shewing how she, from a Poore Mans Daughter, came to be a great Lady in France, being a Patterne to all Vertuous Women. Translated out of Italian." London, n. d. The editor considers that both are at least as old as 1590, and they "are in truth vernacular productions, the incidents only being derived either from one language or from the other." But I think the prose version bears unmistakable evidence of having been to a considerable extent translated from the French version of which an abstract is given in the foregoing paper.

GLASGOW, March, 1888.
ADDITIONAL NOTES.

"Les Mille et un Jours: Contes Persans," pp. 385-387.—M. Galland was accused by scholars of having himself invented a number of the tales in his Mille et une Nuits, because they were not to be found in any of the known Arabic texts of the Elf Layla wa Layla, or Thousand and one Nights; but M. Hermann Zotenberg has lately shown that the substance of them was communicated to the illustrious Frenchman by a Maronite of Aleppo, while on a visit to Paris. Another eminent French orientalist, M. Petis de la Croix (1643-1713), is commonly believed to have translated his Mille et un Jours: Contes Persans direct from a Turkish story-book entitled Al-Faraj ba'd al-Shidda," or Joy after Distress; and I am confident that his integrity in this respect will yet be as clearly vindicated. To Chaucer students this question can possess little interest, except such as may attach to the version of "The Innocent Persecuted Wife" found in that work of P. de la Croix, of which an abstract is given, ante, in pp. 388-390; but pending the results of an investigation, now in progress, as to the source whence the tales in Les Mille et un Jours were derived, I take this opportunity of placing on record all that has been as yet ascertained.

(1) The work entitled Les Mille et un Jours: Contes Persans was first published, as a translation, by Petis de la Croix, at Paris, in five small vols., 1710-1712. It was reprinted in the Cabinet des Fées, tomes xiv. and xv., Geneva and Paris, 1786. The following is from the "Avertissement" prefixed to the 14th vol. of the Cabinet des Fées: "Nous devons ces Contes au célèbre Dervis Mولاد [i.e. Mukhlis], que la Perse met au nombre de ses grands personnages. Il étoit chef des Sofis d'Ispahan, et il avoit douze disciples, qui portaient de longues robes de laine blanche. Les grands et le peuple avoient pour lui une vénération singulière, à cause qu'il étoit de la race de Mahomet; et ils le craignoient, parce qu'il passoit pour un savant cabaliste. Le roi Schah-Soliman même le respectoit à un point, que si par hasard il le rencontroit sur son passage, ce prince descendoit aussitôt de cheval, et lui alloit baisser les étriers. 1 Moled étant encore fort jeune, s'avisa de traduire en Persan des comédies Indiennes, qui ont été traduites en toutes les langues orientales, et dont on voit à la bibliothèque du roi une traduction Turque, sous le titre de Alfaraga Badal-Schidda, ce qui signifie la joie après l'affliction. Mais

1 This Turkish story-book is wholly different from the Persian work, derived from an Arabic collection bearing the same title, of which a brief description is given in Dr. Rieu's Catalogue of Persian MSS. in the British Museum, vol. ii., p. 750, and which comprises nearly 300 short stories and anecdotes, mostly of the times of the early Khalifs.

2 European monarchs used to assist church dignitaries to mount and alight from their horses or mules, the poor priest-ridden creatures!—not the mules and horses, but the monarchs, I mean.
le traducteur Persan, pour donner à son ouvrage un air original, mit
ces comédies en Contes, qu'il appela *Hezaryeh-Rouz*, c'est-à-dire, Mille
et un Jour [*sic*]. Il confia son manuscrit au sieur Pétis de la Croix, qui
était en liaison d'amitié avec lui à Ispahan en 1675, et même il lui
permis d'en prendre une copie."

The passage, in the foregoing extract, in which Mukhlis the darvesh
is said to have adapted the tales from "comédiens Indiennes, qui ont été
traduites en toutes les langues orientales," including the Turkish, under
the title of *Al-Paraj ba'd al-Shidda*, is rather ambiguous. Probably the
meaning is, not that the so-called Indian comedies, but the Persian
Tales of Mukhlis, have been translated into several Eastern languages.
The statement of the Ispahaní darvesh to Petis de la Croix, that he took
his tales from Indian sources, may be fairly considered as a pure fiction.
Persian authors often pretend that they have obtained their materials
from learned Bráhmans, when they actually took them out of the
Arabic; though several Persian works of fiction have certainly been
translated direct from the Sanskrit, such as the romance of Kamáłta
and Kármarupa.

In the "Avertissement du Traducteur" prefixed to the second vol.
of *Les Mille et un Jour* as reprinted in the *Cabinet des Fées*, t. x.v., we
find the Persian author and his work referred to as follows: "Comme
Dervis Moclés s'est sans doute proposé de rendre son Ouvrage aussi utile
qu'agréable aux Musulmans, il a rempli la plupart de ses Contes de
faux Miracles de Mahomet, ainsi qu'on le peut voir dans quelques-uns
de ce Volume; mais je n'ai pas voulu traduire les autres, de peur
d'ennuyer le Lecteur. Il y a des Contes encore qui sont si licencieux,
que la bienséance ne m'a pas permis d'en donner la traduction. Si les
Mœurs des Orientaux peuvent les souffrir, la pureté des nôtres ne saurait
s'en accommoder." He adds: "J'ai donc été obligé de faire quelque
derangement pour l'Original, pour suivre toujours la même liaison des
Contes. On passe tout d'un coup du 203e Jour au 960e. Mais ce passage
se fait de manière qu'il ne sera senti que de ceux qui s'amuseront à
compter les Jours. Pour les autres Lecteurs, ils ne s'en appercovront
pas, et ils liront le Livre entier sans faire réflexion que les Mille et un
Jour [*sic*] n'y sont pas tous employés."

(2) There are, I understand, seven MS. copies of the Turkish collec-
tion, *Al-Paraj ba'd al-Shidda*, preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale,
Paris. M. E. Fagnan, lately of that Library and now professor in the
École des Lettres, Algiers, has kindly furnished me with the titles of the
42 tales contained in one of these—No. 377, *anc. fonds*—which he thinks
was written about the end of the 9th century of the Hijra (say, a.D.
1480), of which at least one-fourth are also found in *Les Mille et un
Jours*; the 30th tale being similar to the story of Rapsima, of which I
have given an epitome, *ante*, p. 388 ff.; and that Petis de la Croix did
not take this story from the Turkish book seems evident from the
circumstance that in the latter the name of the heroine is not Rapsima
but Aruiya, which is also her name in the same story found in a
collection, without a title, written probably about the beginning of the
17th century, described in Dr. Rieu's *Catalogue of Persian MSS. in the
British Museum*, vol. ii. p. 759, second col. (Or. 237), and p. 760, where
it is entitled "The Arab, his wife Aruiya, and his brother."¹

¹ Possibly this MS., which has several of the tales in Petis' work, is similar to
that referred to by Sir William Ouseley in his *Travels*, vol. ii. p. 21, note: "On the
(3) The only ground, apparently, for supposing Petis de la Croix to have taken the tales of the *Mille et un Jours* from the Turkish story-book *Al-Faraj ba'd al-Shidda* are: (1) That the transcript which he is said to have made of the Persian text while in Ispahân has never been discovered; and (2) that they are found in the Turkish collection. And the charge of imposition on the part of the learned Frenchman would seem to be strongly supported by the existence of a copy of the Turkish book dating more than two hundred years before the time when he is said to have obtained the *Hazâr û Yék Rûz* from the author himself. But it would be utterly absurd to suppose for a moment that the Persian work was derived from the Turkish: all the story-books in the Turkish language are translations from the Arabic or Persian. The tales in *Al Faraj*, &c., like those in the Persian MS. without title, by Hubbî, above referred to, are not connected by a leading or frame-story, as is the case of those in the *Mille et un Jours*, while the sequence of the tales is different in all the three. It is possible that the Ispahânî darvæsh adapted his tales from some Arabic or an older Persian collection, and inserted them in a frame-story, after the plan of the *Arabian Nights*, the title of which he also imitated.

Whatever may have become of Petis de la Croix' transcript of the *Hazâr û Yék Rûz*, several of his tales are found in Persian; his work did not appear till some years after the publication of his *Contes Turcs* (1708), a portion of the *Qîrîq Veziî Târikhi* (History of the Forty Vâzîrs), so what possible object could he have had in issuing a translation of another Turkish collection as "Persian Tales"?

Galland informs us in the "Avertissement" to the 9th vol. of his *Mille et une Nuits*, that the tales of "Prince Zayn al-Asnâm and the King of the Genîi" and "Codadad (Khudâdâd) and his Brothers" were inserted in the preceding vol. without his knowledge; and M. Zotenberg, in his interesting essay, "Sur quelques Manuscrits des Mille et une Nuits et de la traduction de Galland," prefixed to an Arabic text of the well-known tale of "Aladdîn; or, the Wonderful Lamp" (Paris, 1888), says that these two stories were translated by Petis de la Croix from the Turkish, and were intended to appear in his *Mille et un Jours*. They are certainly found in the Turkish *Al-Faraj*, &c. But M. Zotenberg is apparently not aware that the story of Zayn al-Asnâm also occurs in the Persian collection without a title, by Hubbî, described in Dr. Rieu's

same plan as these Tales [i. e. the *Arabian Nights*] a Persian author composed the *Hazâr û Yék Rûz*, or Thousand and one Days, a collection of entertaining stories, of which Petis de la Croix published a French translation, sufficiently accurate, though differing in some proper names from my manuscript containing part of the original work. Thus the fair Recitâma of *Les Mille et un Jours* (four 95°) is styled Arûshî in my copy, and her husband, goes to Misr, or Egypt, not to the 'côte des Indes,' as in the printed translation."—In the work of Petis de la Croix, however, the name of Arûiya is that of the heroine of another tale ("Histoire de la belle Arûya"), in which she cleverly entraps three city dignitaries who wooed her to unholy love.

1 I have before remarked (p. 386) that a tale somewhat similar to the frame of the *Mille et un Jours* is found in the Persian *Tûtî Nâma*, which may have been imitated by Mukhlî. There is a Telîgâ collection, written on palm-leaves, entitled *Kayûrâbahu Charîtra*, now in the Government Library, Madras, which seems formed on the same plan. It is thus described by Dr. H. H. Wilson in his Catalogue of the Mackenzie MSS., vol. i., p. 328: "Story of the marriage of Kayûrâbahu with Mrgâukavati, daughter of the king of Lîta, or I. r. In order to induce the prince to seek her hand, the minister, Bhûgarâyana, repeats a number of apologies and tales, which constitute the composition."
Catalogue, where it is the 12th tale, and is entitled “Zayd al-Ihtishám, the King of the Jinns, and the slave Mubarak”; and it may be assumed that both the tales in question were in the Persian text translated by P. de la Croix. But M. Fagnan will probably ere long clear up all this mystery, and, as I believe, at the same time show that the learned French orientalist, like Galland, has been most unjustly accused of literary fraud.

The Enchanted Tree, p. 348, 351, 353.—There is a characteristic version of this story in the Masnavi—of which great work Mr. E. H. Whinfield has recently published a very useful epitome—by Jelál ad-Din Rúmí, the celebrated Sáfi, or Muslim mystic, and founder of the sect known as the Dancing Darveshes, who was born, in Balkh, A.D. 1207, and died, at Qonya (the ancient Iconium), A.D. 1273. As in all the European versions, it is a pear-tree which the woman climbs up, and when at the top she pretends that she sees her husband act the part of a catamite with a vile sodomite. He replies: “Come down at once! Your head is dizzy—you are stark mad!” When she has come down, her husband climbs the tree, and she at once clasps her gallant to her breast. The husband cries out: “O vile harlot!” and so on. Quoth the woman: “No one is here but myself. You are mad—why do you talk so foolishly?” He continues upbraiding her, and she answers: “It is all owing to this pear-tree. When I was at the top of it I was deluded just as you are. Come down at once, and see for yourself that no one is here.”—In his notice of this story, Mr. Whinfield has modestly omitted the woman’s accusing her husband of pederasty, the unnatural vice to which Persians and Turks, and indeed Asiatics generally, are said to be much addicted.

A tale somewhat resembling that of the Third “Veda”—ante, p. 347—occurs in an Urdu book of stories turning on the deceits of women, entitled Nauratan, or the Nine Jewels, described by Captain R. C. Temple in a valuable paper on the Bibliography of Indian Folklore, in the Folklore Journal for 1886, p. 285: A man had a chaste wife, over whom he kept strict watch, despite her remonstrances, so she played a trick on him by way of retaliation. She pretended to be very ill, and declared that no one could prescribe for her complaint but her old nurse, who was sent for at once, and between the two a plan was concocted to “pay off” the husband for his causeless jealousy. Nothing could cure her, they said, but a jar of magic (jádí ká matká), which the husband must bring overnight and take away next morning to a place which the nurse would point out. The man paid 500 rupis for the jar of magic, and brought it home as ordered, though it was very heavy—and no wonder, for it contained a young man, who remained with the lady all night. In the morning, while it was still dark, the husband carried off the jar of “magic,” but on the road he stumbled and tipped the young man out, breaking the jar, whereupon he got a good thrashing. Returning home, he was delighted to find his wife perfectly cured, and afterwards left her in peace, and never did he know what had happened to him.—This is just the sort of tale which the old Italian novelists would have delighted to recount, had it been known to them.

The Robbers and the Treasure-Trove, p. 418 ff.—Through the Arabs this story was doubtless introduced into Barbary. Under the
title of "Les Trois Voleurs" M. René Basset gives it in his *Contes Populaires Berbères* (Paris, 1887), the only variation from the Arabian version being that instead of three men killing a lump of gold, three robbers kill a traveller and take his money, as in the version from Westfalia, cited in p. 434.

**Changing Earth into Gold**, p. 425, l. 2, and note.—In an Indian story-book, described by Dr. H. H. Wilson in his Catalogue of the Mackenzie Oriental MSS., "a poor Jangam having solicited alms of Kinnarajá, one of Báśava's chief disciples, the latter touched the stones about him with his staff, and converting them into gold, bade the Jangam help himself." And in Dr. R. Mitra's *Sanskrit Buddhist Literature of Nepál*, p. 100, we have another instance: "When Dhar-masri was very young, Dipankura, who was passing by, asked to be given what he could afford with good will. He gave a handful of dust, which was instantly changed into gold."—The spittle of St. Helena is said to have possessed the virtue of turning earth into the same precious metal: Christian as well as Muslim hagiology owes much to Buddhist legends.

**The Tell-Tale Bird**, p. 442 ff.—A different form of this story was also current in Europe during mediaeval times. It is thus told in ch. xvi. of *The Book of the Knight de La Tour Landry*, compiled for the instruction of his daughters; one of the publications of the Early English Text Society:

"Ther was a woman that had a pie in a cage, that spake and wolde telle talys that she saw do. And so it happed that her husbone made keepe a grete ele in a litelle pond in his gardin, to that entent to yene it [to] sum of his frendes that wolde come to see hym; but the wyff, whanne he feste was oute, saide to her maide, 'Late us ete the grete ele, and y wille saie to my husband that the ouer hathe eten hym;' and so it was done. And when the good man was come, the pye began to telle hym how her maistresse had eten the ele. And he yode to the ponde, and fonde not the ele. And he asked his wyff wher the ele was become. And she wende to haue excused her, but he said her, 'Excue you not, for ye told me, for the pye hathe toke the ele.' And so ther was gret noyse betwene the man and his wyff for etinge of the ele. But whanne the good man was gone, the maistress and the maide come to the pie, and plucked of alle the froudes on the pyes hede, saieing, 'Thou hast discovered us of the ele'; and thus was the pore pye plucked. But euer after, whanne the pye sawe a balled or a pilled man, or a woman with an highe forheide, the pie saide to him, 'Ye spake of the ele.'—And therfor here is an ensaumple that no woman shulde ete no lycorous moreelles in the absens and without weting of her husbond, but yef it so were that it be with folk of worshippe, to make hem chere; for this woman was afterwards mocked for the pye and the ele."

In the *Masnavi* of Jelál ad-Dín, Book First, we are told that a parrot kept by a grocer chanced to overturn a jar full of oil, and the man, enraged at the loss of so much of his valuable stock-in-trade, struck the unlucky bird and knocked out all its head-feathers. For a long time after this the parrot sulked on its perch, and the oil-man regretted his severity towards it, sorely missing the bird's prattle, which had amused

1 Yene, Give. 2 Yode, Went. 3 Wende = ? hoped. 4 Weting, knowledge; cogniscance. 5 But yef, unless. 6 Hem, them.
both himself and his customers. One day, however, the parrot began
to speak again. Seeing an old bald-headed darvesh stop at the shop
and ask alms, the bird called out to him: "Have you also upset an
oil-jar?"—This story found its way into Italy in the 15th century, when
it assumed this form: A parrot belonging to Count Fiesco was discovered
one day stealing some roast meat from the kitchen. The cook, full of
rage, ran after the bird with a kettle of boiling water, which he threw
at it, completely scalding off all the feathers from its head. Some time
afterwards, while Count Fiesco was engaged in conversation with an
abbot, the parrot, observing the shaven crown of his reverence, hopped
up to him and asked: "What! do you like roast meat too?"—A parallel
to the old English version in the Knight's "Book" is found in the Rev.
J. Hinton Knowles' Folk-Tales of Kashmir, a recent addition to Messrs.
Trübner's "Oriental Series."

The Knight and the Loathly Lady, p. 483 ff.—The inventive
power of dramatists seems to be very limited. Even at the present day
a French play has been based upon the Wife of Bath's Tale, as will be
seen from the following paragraph which appeared in a recent issue of
the St. James's Gazette:

"M. Claretie (a Paris correspondent says) has had a really happy
thought in asking M. Theodore de Banville to read his one-act piece,
'Le Baiser,' to the committee of the Comedie Francaise. A few weeks
ago the correspondent gave an account of a company of amateurs who
devote their talents exclusively to the interpretation of hitherto unper-
formed dramatic works. 'Le Baiser' was the chief attraction of the
last of the soirees given by M. Antoine, the chief actor and director of
the troupe: Pierrot is about to enjoy his mid-day meal in solitude when
there appears an old woman, on whom he takes pity, and she requires
him for his kindness by asking him for a kiss. Her appearance is not
tempting, but Pierrot accedes to her request, whereupon the old crone
straightway regains her lost youth and beauty. She had been con-
demned to grow old on earth until the kiss of a young man should
restore her to her place among her sister-spirits. Pierrot, Pygmalion-
like, of course falls in love with the beauty which he has evoked into
new life, but the fairy turns a deaf ear to his supplications; and when
she hears the voices of her companions calling to her in the clouds she
spreads her wings and is lost to view."

"O most lame and impotent conclusion!" Why did M. Claretie
not make the fairy bestow some reward on the gallant youth who had
the hardihood to kiss her shrivelled lips, and thereby restore her to her
original form? In a folk-tale she would assuredly have bestowed on
her deliverer a supernatural gift, or gifts—for the fairies of popular
fictions are never ungrateful for services rendered them, but repay their
benefactors most liberally. The dramatic effect of the fairy's ascent
to the clouds is doubtless very fine—but I cannot help sympathising
with poor Pierrot!

The nursery tale of "The Frog Prince" has been already mentioned
as analogous to the Wife of Bath's Tale (p. 522), and I may as well
reproduce here a curious Scotch version, partly in recitative and partly

1 For an English variant, see Memoir of Rev. R. H. Barham, prefixed to 3rd
Series of the Ingoldsby Legends, 1855, pp. 131—133.
in verse, given by Robert Chambers in his collection of Scottish Songs; an old Annandale nurse being the story-teller:

"A poor widow, you see, was once baking bannocks; and she sent her daughter to the well at the world's end, with a wooden dish, to bring water. When the lassie cam to the well, she fand it dry; but there was a padda [i.e. a frog] that cam loup-loup-loupin, and loupit into her dish. Says the padda to the lassie, 'I'll gie ye plenty o' water, if ye'll be my wife.' The lassie didna like the padda, but she was fain to say she wad tak him, just to get the water; and, ye ken, she never thought that the puir brute wad be serious, or wad ever say ony mair about it. Sae she got the water, and took it hame to her mother; and she heard nae mair o' the padda till that night, when, as she and her mother were sitting by the fireside, what do they hear but the puir padda at the outside o' the door, singing wi' a' his mich:

'O open the door, my hinnie, my heart,
O open the door, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

Says the mother, 'What noise is that at the door, dauchter?'—'Hout!' says the lassie, 'it's naething but a filthy padda,'—'Open the door,' says the mother, 'to the puir padda.' Sae the lassie opened the door, and the padda cam loup-loup-loupin in, and sat down by the ingle-side. Then out sings he:

'O gie me my supper, my hinnie, my heart,
O gie me my supper, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

'Hout!' quo' the dauchter, 'wad I gie a supper to a filthy padda?'—
'Ou, ay,' quo' the mother, 'gie the puir padda his supper.' Sae the padda got his supper. After that out he sings again:

'O put me to bed, my hinnie, my heart,
O put me to bed, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

'Hout!' quo' the dauchter, 'wad I put a filthy padda to bed?'—'Ou, ay,' says the mother, 'put the puir padda to his bed.' And sae she put the padda to his bed. Then out he sang again (for the padda hadna got a' he wanted yet):

'O come to your bed, my hinnie, my heart,
O come to your bed, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

'Hout!' quo' the dochter, 'wad I gang to bed wi' a filthy padda?'—
'Gae'wa, lassie,' says the mother; 'e'en gang to bed wi' the puir padda.' And sae the lassie did gang to bed wi' the padda. Weel, what wad ye think? He's no content yet; but out he sings again:

'Come, tak me to your bosom, my hinnie, my heart,
Come, tak me to your bosom, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i' the meadow, where we twa met.'

'Lord have a care o' us!' says the lassie, 'wad I tak a filthy padda to my bosom, dae ye think?' 'Ou, ay,' quo' the mother, 'just be doing
your gudeman’s biddin, and tak him to your bosom.’ Sae the lassie did
tak the padda to her bosom. After that he sings out:

‘Now fetch me an aix, my hinnie, my heart,
Now fetch me an aix, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i’ the meadow, where we twa met.’

She brought the axe in a minute, and he sang again:

‘Now chap aff my head, my hinnie, my heart,
Now chap aff my head, my ain true love;
Remember the promise that you and I made,
Doun i’ the meadow, where we twa met.’

I’s warrant she wasna lang o’ obeying him in this request! For, ye
ken, what kind o’ a gudeman was a bit padda likely to be? But, lock-
an-daisie, what d’ ye think? She hadna weel chappit aff his head, as
he askt her to do, before he starts up, the bonniest prince that ever was
seen. And, of course, they lived happy a’ the rest o’ their days.”

In the German version (Grimm’s collection) a princess accidentally
drops her golden ball into a well, and a frog puts up his head and offers
to restore it to her on condition that she’ll love him, let him live with
her, eat off a golden plate, and sleep on her couch. She promises to do
all the frog requires, in order to get back her golden ball. At night the
frog comes to her door and chants:

‘Open the door, my princess dear,
Open the door, to thy own true love here!
And mind the words that you and I said
By the fountain cool in the greensward shade!’

She opens the door, and after the frog has supped off a golden dish, he
sleeps on her couch till morning, when he goes away. This happens
three nights in succession, but when the princess awakes on the third
morning, she is astonished to see, instead of the frog, a handsome young
prince, gazing on her with the most beautiful eyes she had ever seen,
and standing at the head of her bed. He then explains how he had been
enchanted by a spiteful fairy, and so on.

The close affinity which these Scotch and German tales bear to that
of the Wife of Bath, and more especially to our first Icelandic and the
Gaelic versions, to the Wedding of Sir Gawain and Dame Ragnall, and
to the ballad of King Henrie, is very evident; and the nursery form of
the story may have been adapted from a more complex version, in which
the grand question of “What do women most desire?” is not quite
suitable for the little ones.

In another of Grimm’s Kinder und Hausmärchen, entitled “Der
Goldene Vogel,” and called in one of our English translations “The
Fox’s Brush,” three brothers set out, in succession, in quest of a golden
bird for their father. The two elder ill-use an old fox they meet on
their way, and are consequently unsuccessful; but the youngest (usually
the favourite of Fortune in fairy tales) is kind towards the fox, who, in
reward, carries him to the place and instructs him how to obtain the
object of his search; and the adventurous youth not only brings home
the Golden Bird, but a beauteous princess as his bride. “After the
marriage, he went one day to walk in the wood, and there the old fox
met him once more, and besought him, with tears in his eyes, to be so
kind as to cut off his head and his brush. At last he did so, though
sorely against his will; and in the same moment the fox was changed
into a prince, and the princess knew him to be her own brother, who had been lost a great many years, for a spiteful fairy had enchanted him with a spell that could only be broken by some one getting the Golden Bird and some one cutting off his head and brush."—The same story, under the title of "The Golden Bird," is found in the second series of Sir G. W. Dasent's Norse tales, called, not very aptly, \textit{Tales from the Fjeld}. And there is one very similar in the Wortley Montagu MS. Arabic text of the \textit{Thousand and One Nights}, preserved in the Bodleian Library—I think it is told of the Sultan of Yemen's Three Sons.—Not farther to multiply instances, I may mention that in the mediaeval romance of \textit{Cleriadus}, the hero, among other exploits, subdues a lion that had ravaged all England, but turns out to be a gallant knight, metamorphosed by the malevolence of a fairy.

\textbf{The Patient Griselda,} p. 528 ff.—Dutiful, obedient, submissive husbands are not usually held up, either in fiction or in real life, as models for imitation: on the contrary, they are the subjects of ridicule and infinite jest. Whether it be true, according to the old saw, that "he who has a wife has a master," I cannot say, for—

"I'm a plain man, and in a single station!"

But I strongly suspect that there exist—and have always existed—at least amongst ourselves, far more "gray mares" than Griseldas. And in these double-distilled days, when we hear so much about "Woman's Rights," I can readily conceive the utterly contemptuous feelings of one of the "Shrinking Sisterhood" (not to put too fine a point upon it) while reading the tale of the peasant girl who became the lawful wife of a prince, and submitted to the removal of her children—their very destruction, as she believed—and to be degraded from her high estate, without a murmur of remonstrance—"the poor, spiritless creature!" methinks I hear some "strong-minded female" exclaim: "Why, she did not deserve to have her children restored to her and to be reinstated in the palace!"

In fairy romances there are many instances of male Griseldas; for it is common, when a man is to be united to a supernatural being of the other sex, for the latter to impose upon him, as the condition of their union, unquestioning submission to whatsoever she may please to do or say. One example will suffice, especially as it presents some resemblance to the Tale of Griselda, as regards her children. It is the second tale of \textit{Les Mille et un Jours} (concerning which work I have told all I know in a preceding note), and is entitled "Histoire du Roi Ruzvânschâd et de la Princess Cheheristanî"; and it is also found in the Turkish story-book, \textit{Al-Faraj}, &c., No. 4, under the title of the "Story of Rûdzvânshâd, the Chinaman, and the Sheristâni Lady"; and also in the Persian collection, without title, written by Hubbi, preserved in the Brit. Mus., No. 15, "Ruzvânsâh and the Daughter of the Peris." In this tale, King Ruzvanshâd, of China, falls deeply in love with a surpassingly beautiful damsels, who proves to be Sheheristâni, daughter of the King of the Genii; and after numerous adventures he is finally married to the charmer—"the torment of the world," to employ the regulation Eastern phrase—on this condition: He must blindly comply with her in all things. Should she do aught that may seem strange or be displeasing to him, he must be careful not to blame or reprove her for it. Quoth he:

\textbf{CH. ORIG.} 38
"So far from blaming any of your actions, my beloved, I swear to approve of them all"; and so they settled down to the duties of wedded life. In the fulness of time the lady gives birth to a son, beautiful as, &c. &c. &c. Ruzvánshád was engaged in the chase when the joyful news was brought to him, and "he returned with all speed to the palace to see the child, which at the time the mother held in her arms near a great fire. He took the little prince, and after having kissed him very gently, for fear of hurting him, he returned him to the queen, and she immediately cast him into the fire; when on the instant the fire and the new-born infant disappeared. This wonderful occurrence troubled the king not a little. But how great soever his grief might be for the loss of his son, he bore in mind the promise he had given to the queen. He indulged his sorrow in silence and retired to his closet, where he wept, saying: 'Am I not very wretched? Heaven grants me a son. I see him thrown into the flames?" and so on, and so on. Within the following year a daughter is born (whose beauty, of course, neither tongue nor pen could describe), and the queen delivers it to the tender mercies of a great white she-dog, who vanished with the royal baby. Still poor King Ruzvánshád said nothing—he suffered in silence. In course of time his territories were invaded by the Moguls, and he bravely went forth at the head of his army to repel the insolent foe. Sheheristáni appears unexpectedly, accompanied by her fairy attendants, whom she causes to destroy all the food which has been brought to the camp. This proved more than her hitherto submissive spouse could endure, and he demanded to know why she had thus exposed his entire army to certain starvation. And now the beauteous Sheheristáni condescends to explain her former conduct with regard to the children. "The great fire," said she, "was really a wise salamander, to whom I entrusted the education of the young prince. The white she-dog was a fairy who has instructed the princess in all accomplishments." Then she ordered the children to be brought to her, and the king on beholding their grace and beauty was quite ravished. He presently finds, however, that the most severe affliction is in store for him. The queen proceeds to explain that she caused the food to be destroyed because it had been poisoned by the chief of the commissariat, who had been bribed to do so by the enemy. "And now," says she, "I must take away our children and leave you for ever; since you have broken our compact by questioning one of my actions"; and before the poor king could say "Jack Robinson," the charming Sheheristáni and the children vanished! After some time, however, they were all reunited, and lived long and happily.—And may such also be the lot of all who read this true story!

GLASGOW, May, 1888.

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CHAUCER’S ‘SQUIRE’S TALE.’

I may here mention that I am engaged in collecting materials for an Essay on the ‘Squire’s Tale,’ as an Introduction to John Lane’s ‘Continuation,’ which has already been issued to Members.

W. A. C.
APPENDIX.

A COMPLAINT AGAINST FORTUNE.¹

[Shirley's vellum MS. Harl. 7333, leaf 30, back.]

Here next folowith a Lite of Tretys by Wey of compleint Ageins Fortune.

Fortune alas; alas what haue I gylt
In prison; thus to lye here desolate
Art thou the better to haue thus yspylit.
Nay nay god wote. but for pou wilt debate
With euery wight. eiwer erly or late
And art chaungeable eke as is the mone
From wele to woo thou bringest a man ful. sone.

For like a whele that turnyth ay aboute
Now vp now doun; now est west north & south
So farist thou now. pou drivest ynne & oute
As don the wedris oute of the wyndis mouth
In the no trust is secher² / thou art so selcouth [² or en]
And canst neuer stiff where abide.
When men wene sekir to be. pou makest hem slide

¹ This was sent by accident to the printer, and set. So it's just put here to get rid of it, as more or less an illustration of Chaucer's Fortune.
APPENDIX.—A COMPLAINT AGAINST FORTUNE.

I wote ful wele both lordis prince and kyng
Thou hast or this welewors I-ouerthrowe.
Thi condition is ever so varying
That now you laughist . & now you makist a mowe
Alas fortune who may the trust or trowe
But yet I pray . that in somme manere wise
So turne thi whele . that I may yit arise.

Why nad I rather died an Innocent/
Or seke in bed ful ofte when I haue layn
Than had my name be paired not me shent
Better hit had be so . Ian thus to haue me slayn
But what to stryve with the it may not geyn
And yit thou wotest/ I suffre and shame.
For that / that I god wote am not to blame.

But whō a long hit were . wold I wete
That wrongfully I lye thus in prison
Saturnus or Mars . I trow I may hit wyte
Or some unfortunate constellacion
But this I wote as for conclusion
Be it by destyny or fortune chaunce
In prison here I suffre moche myschaunce.

P eas of thi wordis pat are both lewid & nyce
Wenest thou . pat god chastith pe for noughit
Though you be giltes I graunt wele of this vyce
Hit is for synnes pat thou hast forwrought
That now perauntre full liteH are in thi thought
Therfore be glad . for hit is writen thus
Maxima etemin morum semper paciencia virtus
APPENDIX.—A COMPLAINT AGAINST FORTUNE. iii

¶ Thow wotest wele eke god chastisethi whom he lovith
That of his grace pe graunt be oon of thor
Eke who pat wiH be saued hym behovith
Suffre in this world aduersite or he go.
Thus fortune grace wynne for present woo.
The best conceyt eke I can yeve the.
Esto forti Animo cum sis dampnatus unquam.

¶ Fare wele fortune pan & do right as pe liste
Complayne wiH I now. to the Sustres thre.
That when I crope oute of my modirs cheste
Forthwithi anow thei shope my desteney
Cloto come forthi. what seist thou let se
Wilt thou no lenger pe stace of my lif holde
Or be my yeris come vp. dey I shulde

¶ If it be so the nombre of my daies
Be comen vp. that I may not hem pace
Why nadde I than by othir maner weyes
Ordeyned me to dye. in othir place
And not in prison / is there non othir grace
Wille. lachesis my threde no lenger twyne
Be-ster the than & aH my sorow fyne.

¶ And Antrapos pat makis an ende of aH
Cut off the threde. wherto wilt pou tarye
And help me hens sith I nedis. shaft
That men to Chirch my corps myght carye
And my soule to god & seint mary
I now be-take / and pray hem yeve me space
My rightes. AH to receive or I pace.
APPENDIX.—A COMPLAINT AGAINST FORTUNE.

"The worste o't the/that grevith me so sore
Is that my fame is lost & aH my good los
And spredith wyde euer lenger the more
As wele amongeth my frendis as my foos
For wykked sclaundry that is no wise be close.
But with the wenges of envy fleth a lofte.
There as good los slepith fuH stiH and softe.

"Whan I was fre . and in bounchief at ese
In company ouer aH where I went
No man seid þan . þat I did hem displesë
Ne worthie was no thing to be shent.
And thus with faire wordis was I blent
And he þat seid wold me neuer faile.
I myght for him synke or saile.

"Thei wold me onys not yeve a draught of drynke
Ne say þренд . Wilt þou aught with me.
The soth is said . such frendship sone dotth synke
That from his frend sleeth in aduersite
And wiH not bid / but in prosperite
Suche fayned frendis lord þere be fuH many
Fy on her flatteryng / þai are not worth a peny.

"I haue no ffrende þat wilt me now visite
In prison here to comfort me . of care
Of sorow y-now I haue . of ioy but lite.
Fare wele my blys . & aH my welfare
To telle my sorowe / my wittes be aH bare.
There is no man can teH my heuynesse.
Saue oonly · Ekko / that can bere me witnesse.
APPENDIX.—A COMPLAINT AGAINST FORTUNE.

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"Now & oure lord / pe kyng of blis Thesus" Shuld with his fynger here on erth write. Amongés hem that me accusen) thus I trow thei wold on me haue liteH dispite And with her mouthis say but right alite Nomore ðan ded ðe men. ðat soughten wrecche Vpon the woman. ðat take was in spouce breche.

[Leaf 102]

"Fy on this world it is but fantasiese Seurete is non. in no degré ne state Aswele a kyng as a knafe shal dye Not wetynge where ne whan-e early or late When men be meriest. alday deth seithi chek mate There is no man shal here alway abide The richest man eke / from his good shal slide.

[Leaf 106]

"Then best is þus/ þe world to set at nought And mekely suffre al ðaduersite. That may vs vaile of synnes we haue wrought In mede encresyng or relesynge parde. Of peynes which in purgatory be And so wille I be glad. so god me save To suffre men me wrongfully deprave

[Leaf 109]

"Ther is nomore I se now at eige ðes fayned goddis & goddesse. vaile right nought Fortune & eke thi Sustresse I defie For I wiþ go to him. ðat me hath bought To whom I pray and euer haue be-sought My synnes alH/ þat he wold relesse. And furthermore yit pray I or I cesse."
APPENDIX.—A COMPLAINT AGAINST FORTUNE.

¶ Ah holy Chirche þat is þi veray spouse
Benigne lorde kepe from all damage
And make thi people to be vertuous.
The for to serve in euery maner age
With fervent loue & hertes hool corage
And alle þat erre; oo lord in any side
Or þou do right/ let mercy be her guyde

¶ And stedfastly þou make vs to perceyver
In veray feith & hooly Chirche beleve
And vs to blys bryng þat lastith euere
And mary vs help. bothi morow and eve
And of this world when we take oure leve.
Or þat the fende oure soulys þan betrappe
Helpe blisful quene. & couer vs with thi lappe.

¶ Lette not be spilt. þat thi sone dere bought
Vpon þe crosse with detli and woundis smert./
And namely hym þat his synnes forthought
Here in þis lyf. with meke & contrite hert./
And þe of grace. to aske ay vpstert./
Now lady swete I can nomore now say
But rew on me. and helpe me when I dey

¶ Explicit le compleint Agein Fortune./
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