YONGE CHARLOTTE MARY

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY, FROM ROLLO TO EDWARD II

Charlotte Yonge

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PREFACE

The "Cameos" here put together are intended as a book for young people just beyond the elementary histories of England, and able to enter in some degree into the real spirit of events, and to be struck with characters and scenes presented in some relief.

The endeavor has not been to chronicle facts, but to put together a series of pictures of persons and events, so as to arrest the attention and give some individuality and distinctness to the recollection, by gathering together details at the most memorable moments. Begun many years since, as the historical portion of a magazine, the earlier ones of these Cameos have been collected and revised to serve for school-room reading, and it is hoped that, if these are found useful, they may ere long be followed up by a second volume, comprising the wars in France, and those of the Roses.

February 28th, 1868.

INTRODUCTION

Young people learn the history of England by reading small books which connect some memorable event that they can understand, and remember, with the name of each king—such as Tyrrell's arrow-shot with William Rufus, or the wreck of the White Ship with Henry I. But when they begin to grow a little beyond these stories, it becomes difficult to find a history that will give details and enlarge their knowledge, without being too lengthy. They can hardly be expected to remember or take an interest in personages or events left, as it were, in the block. It was the sense of this want that prompted the writing of the series that here follows, in which the endeavor has been to take either individual characters, or events bearing on our history, and work them out as fully as materials permitted, so that each, taken by itself, might form an individual Cameo, or gem in full relief, and thus become impressed upon the mind.

The undertaking was first begun sixteen years ago, for a periodical for young people. At that time, the view was to make the Cameos hang, as it were, on the thread furnished by ordinary childish histories, so as to leave out what might be considered as too well-known. However, as the work made progress, this was found to be a mistake; the omissions prevented the finished parts from fitting together, and the characters were incomplete, without being shown in action. Thus, in preparing the Cameos

for separate publication, it has been found better to supply what had previously been omitted, as well as to try to correct and alter the other Cameos by the light of increasing information.

None of them lay claim to being put together from original documents; they are only the attempt at collecting, from large and often not easily accessible histories, the more interesting or important scenes and facts, and at arranging them so that they may best impress the imagination and memory of the young, so as to prepare them for fuller and deeper reading.

Our commencement is with the Dukes of Normandy. The elder England has been so fully written of, and in such an engaging manner for youthful readers, in the late Sir Francis Palgrave's "History of the Anglo-Saxons," that it would have been superfluous to expand the very scanty Cameos of that portion of our history. The present volume, then, includes the history of the Norman race of sovereigns, from Rollo to Edward of Carnarvon, with whose fate we shall pause, hoping in a second volume to go through the French wars and the wars of the Roses. Nor have we excluded the mythical or semi-romantic tales of our early history. It is as needful to a person of education to be acquainted with them, as if they were certain facts, and we shall content ourselves with marking what come to us on doubtful authority.

CAMEO I. ROLF GANGER. (900-932.)

Kings of England.
901. Edward the Elder.
924. Athelstan.
Kings of France.
898. Charles
the Simple.
923. Rudolf.
Emperors of Germany.
899. Ludwig IV.
912. Konrad.

If we try to look back at history nine hundred years, we shall see a world very unlike that in which we are now moving. Midway from the birth of our Lord to the present era, the great struggle between the new and old had not subsided, and the great European world of civilized nations had not yet settled into their homes and characters.

Christianity had been accepted by the Roman Emperor six hundred years previously, but the Empire was by that time too weak and corrupt to be renewed, even by the fresh spirit infused into it; and, from the 4th century onward, it had been breaking up under the force of the fierce currents of nations that rushed from the north-east of Europe. The Greek half of

the Empire prolonged its existence in the Levant, but the Latin, or Western portion, became a wreck before the 5th century was far advanced. However, each conquering tribe that poured into the southern dominions had been already so far impressed with the wisdom and dignity of Rome, and the holiness of her religion, that they paused in their violence, and gradually allowed themselves to be taught by her doctrine, tamed by her manners, and governed by her laws. The Patriarch of Rome—*Papa*, or Father—was acknowledged by them, as by the subjects of Rome of old; they accepted the clergy, who had already formed dioceses and parishes, and though much of horrible savagery remained to be subdued in the general mass, yet there was a gradual work of amelioration in progress.

This was especially the case with the Franks, who had overspread the northern half of Gaul. Their first race of kings had become Christians simultaneously with their conquest; and though these soon dwindled away between crime and luxury, there had grown up under them a brave and ambitious family, whose earlier members were among the most distinguished persons in history.

Charles Martel turned back the Saracens at Tours, and saved Europe from Mahometanism, and his grandson, Charles the Great, rescued the Pope from the Lombards, and received from him in return the crown of a new Empire of the West—the Holy Roman Empire, which was supposed to be the great temporal power. As the Pope, or Patriarch, was deemed the head of all

bishops, so the Emperor was to be deemed the head of all kings of the West, from the Danube and Baltic to the Atlantic Ocean —the whole country that had once been held by Rome, and then had been wrested from her by the various German or Teutonic races. The island of Great Britain was a sort of exception to the general rule. Like Gaul, it had once been wholly Keltic, but it had not been as entirely subdued by the Romans, and the overflow of Teutons came very early thither, and while they were yet so thoroughly Pagan that the old Keltic Church failed to convert them, and the mission of St. Augustine was necessary from Rome.

A little later, when Charles the Great formed his empire of Franks, Germans, Saxons, and Gauls, Egbert gathered, in like manner, the various petty kingdoms of the Angles and Saxons under the one dominant realm of Wessex, and thus became a sort of island Emperor.

It seems, however, to be a rule, that nations and families recently emerged from barbarism soon fade and decay under the influence of high civilization; and just as the first race of Frankish kings had withered away on the throne, so the line of Charles the Great, though not inactive, became less powerful and judicious, grew feeble in the very next generation, and were little able to hold together the multitude of nations that had formed the empire.

Soon the kingdom of France split away from the Empire; and while a fresh and more able Emperor became the head of

the West, the descendants of the great Charles still struggled on, at their royal cities of Laon and Soissons, with the terrible difficulties brought upon them by restless subjects, and by the last and most vigorous swarm of all the Teutonic invaders.

The wild rugged hills and coasts of Scandinavia, with their keen climate, long nights, and many gulfs and bays, had contributed to nurse the Teuton race in a vigor and perfection scarcely found elsewhere—or not at least since the more southern races had yielded to the enervating influences of their settled life. Some of these had indeed been tamed, but more had been degraded. The English were degenerating into clownishness, the Franks into effeminacy; and though Christianity continually raised up most brilliant lights—now on the throne, now in the cathedral, now in the cloister—yet the mass of the people lay sluggish, dull, inert, selfish, and half savage.

They were in this state when the Norseman and the Dane fitted out their long ships, and burst upon their coasts. By a peculiar law, common once to all the Teuton nations, though by that time altered in the southern ones, the land of a family was not divided among its members, but all possessed an equal right in it; and thus, as it was seldom adequate to maintain them all, the more enterprising used their right in it only to fell trees enough to build a ship, and to demand corn enough to victual their crew, which was formed of other young men whose family inheritance could not furnish more than a sword or spear.

Kings and princes—of whom there were many—were exactly

in the same position as their subjects, and they too were wont to seek their fortunes upon the high seas. Fleets coalesced under the command of some chieftain of birth or note, and the Vikings, or pirates, sailed fearlessly forth, to plunder the tempting regions to the south of them.

Fierce worshippers were they of the old gods, Odin, Frey, Thor; of the third above all others, and their lengthy nights had led to their working up those myths that had always been common to the whole race into a beauty, poetry, and force, probably not found elsewhere; and that nerved them both to fight vehemently for an entrance to Valhalla, the hall of heroes, and to revenge the defection of the Christians who had fallen from Odin. They plundered, they burnt, they slew; they specially devastated churches and monasteries, and no coast was safe from them from the Adriatic to the furthest north—even Rome saw their long ships, and, "From the fury of the Northmen, good Lord deliver us," was the prayer in every Litany of the West.

England had been well-nigh undone by them, when the spirit of her greatest king awoke, and by Alfred they were overcome: some were permitted to settle down and were taught Christianity and civilization, and the fresh invaders were driven from the coast. Alfred's gallant son and grandson held the same course, guarded their coasts, and made their faith and themselves respected throughout the North. But in France, the much-harassed house of Charles the Great, and the ill-compacted bond of different nations, were little able to oppose their fierce

assaults, and ravage and devastation reigned from one end of the country to another.

However, the Vikings, on returning to their native homes, sometimes found their place filled up, and the family inheritance incapable of supporting so many. Thus they began to think of winning not merely gold and cattle, but lands and houses, on the coasts that they had pillaged. In Scotland, the Hebrides, and Ireland, they settled by leave of nothing but their swords; in England, by treaty with Alfred; and in France, half by conquest, half by treaty, always, however, accepting Christianity as a needful obligation when they accepted southern lands. Probably they thought that Thor was only the god of the North, and that the "White Christ," as they called Him who was made known to them in these new countries, was to be adored in what they deemed alone His territories.

Of all the sea-robbers who sailed from their rocky dwelling-places by the fiords of Norway, none enjoyed higher renown than Rolf, called the ganger, or walker, as tradition relates, because his stature was so gigantic that, when clad in full armor, no horse could support his weight, and he therefore always fought on foot.

Rolf's lot had, however, fallen in what he doubtless considered as evil days. No such burnings and plunderings as had hitherto wasted England, and enriched Norway, fell to his share; for Alfred had made the bravest Northman feel that his fleet and army were more than a match for theirs. Ireland was exhausted by the former depredations of the pirates, and, from a fertile and

flourishing country, had become a scene of desolation; Scotland and its isles were too barren to afford prey to the spoiler; and worse than all, the King of Norway, Harald Harfagre, desirous of being included among the civilized sovereigns of Europe, strictly forbade his subjects to exercise their old trade of piracy on his own coasts, or on those of his allies. Rolf, perhaps, considered himself above this new law. His father, Earl Rognwald, as the chief friend of the King, had been chosen to cut and comb the hair which Harald had kept for ten years untrimmed, in fulfilment of a vow, that his locks should never be clipped until the whole of Norway was under his dominion. He had also been invested with the government of the great Earldom of Möre, where the sons of Harald, jealous of the favor with which he was regarded by their father, burnt him and sixty of his men, in his own house. The vengeance taken by his sons had been signal, and the King had replaced Thorer the Silent, one of their number, in his father's earldom.

Rolf, presuming on the favor shown to his family, while returning from an expedition on the Baltic, made a descent on the coast of Viken, a part of Norway, and carried off the cattle wanted by his crew. The King, who happened at that time to be in that district, was highly displeased, and, assembling a council, declared Rolf Ganger an outlaw. His mother, Hilda, a dame of high lineage, in vain interceded for him, and closed her entreaty with a warning in the wild extemporary poetry of the North:

"Bethink thee, monarch, it is ill
With such a wolf, at wolf to play,
Who, driven to the wild woods away,
May make the king's best deer his prey."

Harald listened not, and it was well; for through the marvellous dealings of Providence, the outlawry of this "wolf" of Norway led to the establishment of our royal line, and to that infusion of new spirit into England to which her greatness appears to be chiefly owing.

The banished Rolf found a great number of companions, who, like himself, were unwilling to submit to the strict rule of Harald Harfagre, and setting sail with them, he first plundered and devastated the coast of Flanders, and afterward turned toward France. In the spring of 896, the citizens of Rouen, scarcely yet recovered from the miseries inflicted upon them by the fierce Danish rover, Hasting, were dismayed by the sight of a fleet of long low vessels with spreading sails, heads carved like that of a serpent, and sterns finished like the tail of the reptile, such as they well knew to be the keels of the dreaded Northmen, the harbingers of destruction and desolation. Little hope of succor or protection was there from King Charles the Simple; and, indeed, had the sovereign been ever so warlike and energetic, it would little have availed Rouen, which might have been destroyed twice over before a messenger could reach Laon.

In this emergency, Franco, the Archbishop, proposed to go forth to meet the Northmen, and attempt to make terms for his

flock. The offer was gladly accepted by the trembling citizens, and the good Archbishop went, bearing the keys of the town, to visit the camp which the Northmen had begun to erect upon the bank of the river. They offered him no violence, and he performed his errand safely. Rolf, the rude generosity of whose character was touched by his fearless conduct, readily agreed to spare the lives and property of the citizens, on condition that Rouen was surrendered to him without resistance.

Entering the town, he there established his head-quarters, and spent a whole year there and in the adjacent parts of the country, during which time the Northmen so faithfully observed their promise, that they were regarded by the Rouennais rather as friends than as conquerors; and Rolf, or Rollo, as the French called him, was far more popular among them than their real sovereign. Wherever he met with resistance, he showed, indeed, the relentless cruelty of the heathen pirate; but where he found submission, he was a kind master, and these qualities contributed to gain for him an easy and rapid conquest of Neustria, as the district of which Rouen was the capital was then called.

In the course of the following year, he advanced along the banks of the Seine as far as its junction with the Eure. On the opposite side of the river, there were visible a number of tents, where slept a numerous army which Charles had at length collected to oppose this formidable enemy. The Northmen also set up their camp, in expectation of a battle, and darkness had just closed in on them when a shout was heard on the opposite

side of the river, and to their surprise a voice was heard speaking in their own language, “Brave warriors, why come ye hither, and what do ye seek?”

“We are Northmen, come hither to conquer France,” replied Rollo. “But who art thou who speakest our tongue so well?”

“Heard ye never of Hasting?” was the reply.

Hasting was one of the most celebrated of the Sea-Kings. He had fought with Alfred in England, had cruelly wasted France, and had even sailed into the Mediterranean and made himself dreaded in Italy; but with him it had been as with the old pirate in the poem:

> “Time will rust the sharpest sword,
> Time will consume the strongest cord;
> That which moulders hemp and steel,
> Mortal arm and nerve must feel.
> Of the Danish band, whom ‘Earl Hasting’ led,
> Many wax’d aged, and many were dead;
> Himself found his armor full weighty to bear,
> Wrinkled his brows grew, and hoary his hair;
> He leaned on a staff when his step went abroad,
> And patient his palfrey, when steed he bestrode.
> As he grew feebler, his wildness ceased,
> He made himself peace with prelate and priest;
> He made himself peace, and stooping his head,
> Patiently listen’d the counsel they said.
>
> “‘Thou hast murder’d, robb’d, and spoil’d,

Time it is thy poor soul were assoil'd;
Priests didst thou slay and churches burn,
Time it is now to repentance to turn;
Fiends hast thou worshipp'd with fiendish rite,
Leave now the darkness and wend into light;
Oh, while life and space are given,
Turn thee yet, and think of heaven.'

"That stern old heathen, his head he raised,
And on the good prelate he steadfastly gazed,
'Give me broad lands on the "Eure and the Seine,"
My faith I will leave, and I'll cleave unto thine.'
Broad lands he gave him on 'Seine and on Eure,'
To be held of the king by bridle and spear,

"For the 'Frankish' King was a sire in age,
Weak in battle, in council sage;
Peace of that heathen leader he sought,
Gifts he gave and quiet he bought;
And the Earl took upon him the peaceful renown,
Of a vassal and liegeman for 'Chartres' good town:
He abjured the gods of heathen race,
And he bent his head at the font of grace;
But such was the grizzly old proselyte's look,
That the priest who baptized him grew pale and shook."

Such had been the history of Hasting, now Count of Chartres, who without doubt expected that his name and example would have a great effect upon his countrymen; but the answer to his

question, “Heard ye never of Hasting?” met with no such answer as he anticipated.

“Yes,” returned Rollo; “he began well, but ended badly.”

“Will ye not, then,” continued the old pirate, “submit to my lord the King? Will ye not hold of him lands and honors?”

“No!” replied the Northmen, disdainfully, “we will own no lord; we will take no gift; but we will have what we ourselves can conquer by force.” Here Hasting took his departure, and returning to the French camp, strongly advised the commander not to hazard a battle; but his counsel was overruled by a young standard-bearer, who, significantly observing, “Wolves make not war on wolves,” so offended the old sea-king, that he quitted the army that night, and never again appeared in France. The wisdom of his advice was the next morning made evident, by the total defeat of the French, and the advance of the Northmen, who in a short space after appeared beneath the walls of Paris.

Failing in their attempt to take the city, they returned to Rouen, where they fortified themselves, making it the capital of the territory they had conquered.

Fifteen years passed away, the summers of which were spent in ravaging the dominions of Charles the Simple, and the winters in the city of Rouen, and in the meantime a change had come over their leader. He had been insensibly softened and civilized by his intercourse with the good Archbishop Franco; and finding, perhaps, that it was not quite so easy as he had expected to conquer the whole kingdom of France, he declared himself

willing to follow the example which he had once despised, and to become a vassal of the French crown for the duchy of Neustria.

Charles, greatly rejoiced to find himself thus able to put a stop to the dreadful devastations of the Northmen, readily agreed to the terms proposed by Rollo, appointing the village of St. Clair-sur-Epte, on the borders of Neustria, as the place of meeting for the purpose of receiving his homage and oath of fealty. It was a strange meeting which there took place between the degenerate and almost imbecile descendant of the great Charles, with his array of courtly followers and his splendor and luxury, and the gigantic warrior of the North, the founder of a line of kings, in all the vigor of the uncivilized native of a cold climate, and the unbending pride of a conqueror, surrounded by his tall warriors, over whom his chieftainship had hitherto depended only on their own consent, gained by his acknowledged superiority in wisdom in council and prowess in battle.

The greatest difficulty to be overcome in this conference, was the repugnance felt by the proud Northman to perform the customary act of homage before any living man, especially one whom he held so cheap as Charles the Simple. He consented, indeed, to swear allegiance, and declare himself the "King's man," with his hands clasped between those of Charles; but the remaining part of the ceremony, the kneeling to kiss the foot of his liege lord, he absolutely refused, and was with difficulty persuaded to permit one of his followers to perform it in his name. The proxy, as proud as his master, instead of kneeling,

took the King's foot in his hand, and lifted it to his mouth, while he stood upright, thus overturning both monarch and throne, amid the rude laughter of his companions, while the miserable Charles and his courtiers felt such a dread of these new vassals that they did not dare to resent the insult.

On his return to Rouen, Rollo was baptized, and, on leaving the cathedral, celebrated his conversion by large grants to the different churches and convents in his new duchy, making a fresh gift on each of the days during which he wore the white robes of the newly baptized. All of his warriors who chose to follow his example, and embrace the Christian faith, received from him grants of land, to be held of him on the same terms as those by which he held the dukedom from the King; and the country, thus peopled by the Northmen, gradually assumed the appellation of Normandy.

Applying themselves with all the ardor of their temper to their new way of life, the Northmen quickly adopted the manners, language, and habits which were recommended to them as connected with the holy faith which they had just embraced, but without losing their own bold and vigorous spirit. Soon the gallant and accomplished Norman knight could scarcely have been recognized as the savage sea-robber, once too ferocious and turbulent even for his own wild country in the far North, while, at the same time, he bore as little resemblance to the cruel and voluptuous French noble, at once violent and indolent. The new war-cry of *Dieu aide* was as triumphant as that of *Thor Hulfe*

had been of old, and the Red Cross led to as many victories as the Raven standard.

It is said that the word "Exchequer" is derived from the court of justice established by Rollo, so called from the word "*Schicken*" signifying, in his native tongue, to send, because from it judges were sent to try causes throughout the dukedom. It is also said that the appeal from them to the Duke himself, made in these terms, "J'appelle a Rou," is the origin of the cry "*Haro*" by which, for centuries after his descendants had passed away from Normandy, the injured always called for justice. This was for many centuries believed in Normandy, but in fact the word *Haro* is only the same as our own "hurrah," the beginning of a shout. There is no doubt, however, that the keen, unsophisticated vigor of Rollo, directed by his new religion, did great good in Normandy, and that his justice was sharp, his discipline impartial, so that of him is told the famous old story bestowed upon other just princes, that a gold bracelet was left for three years untouched upon a tree in a forest.

He had been married, as part of the treaty, to Gisèle, daughter of King Charles the Simple, but he was an old grizzly warrior, and neither cared for the other. A wife whom he had long before taken from Vermandois had borne him a son, named William, to whom he left his dukedom in 932.

All this history of Rolf, or Rollo, is, however, very doubtful; and nothing can be considered as absolutely established but that Neustria, or Normandy, was by him and his Northmen settled

under a grant from the Frank king, Charles the Simple, and the French duke, Robert, Count of Paris.

CAMEO II. WILLIAM LONGSWORD AND RICHARD THE FEARLESS. (932-996.)

Kings of England.
927. Athelstan.
940. Edmund I.
947. Edwy.
959. Edward.
959. Ethelred II.
Kings of France.
936. Louis IV.
954. Lothaire III.
986. Louis V.
987 Hugh Capet.
Emperors of Germany.
936. Otho I.
973. Otho II.
983. Otho III.

The Norman character was strongly marked. Their whole nature was strong and keen, full of energy, and with none of the sluggish dulness that was always growing over the faculties of the Frank and Saxon; and even to this day the same energy prevails among their descendants, a certain portion of the English nobility, and the population of Normandy and of Yorkshire.

There was a deep sense of religion, always showing itself in action, though not always consistently, and therewith a grand sense of honor and generosity, coupled, however, with a curious shrewd astuteness. The high-minded Norman was the flower of chivalry and honor, the low-minded Norman the most successful of villains—and there has often been a curious compound of both elements in the character of some of the most distinguished Normans whom history has to show.

Old Rollo caused his only son to be highly educated, and William of the Long Sword grew up a prince to be proud of. His height was majestic, his features beautiful, his complexion as pure and delicate as a maiden's, his strength gigantic, his prowess with all the weapons on foot and on horseback unrivalled, and his wit and capacity of the brightest and most powerful. Born since his father's arrival in France, the tales of Thor and Odin, the old giants, and the future Valhalla, wore things of the dark old past to him, and he threw himself with his whole heart into the new faith. So intensely devout was he, so fond of prayer and of the rites of the Church, that Rollo called him fitter for a cloister than a dukedom; but the choice was not open to him, an only son, with the welfare of the Normans dependent on him; and while living in the world, his saintly aspirations did not preserve him from a self-indulgent life at home, or from unjust dealing abroad. But he had many fits of devotion. Once when hunting on the banks of the Seine, he came on the ruins of the Abbey of Jumièges; which had, many years before, been destroyed by Hasting. Two

old monks, who still survived, came forth to meet him, told him their history, and invited him to partake of some of their best fare. It was coarse barley bread, and the young duke, turning from it in disgust, carelessly bestowed a rich alms upon them, and eagerly pursued his sport. He had not ridden far before he roused a huge wild boar, and, in the encounter with it, he broke his sword, was thrown from his horse, and so severely injured, that his servants, on coming up, found him stretched insensible upon the ground. Believing this accident to be the just punishment of Heaven for his contempt for the old brethren, William, as soon as he recovered his senses, desired to be carried to Jumièges, and there humbly confessed his sinful feelings, and entreated their pardon.

His first care, when his health was re-established, was for the restoration of Jumièges, which he built with great splendor, and often visited. His chief desire was to enter the abbey as a brother of the order, but his wish was opposed by the excellent Abbot Martin, who pointed out to him that he ought not to desert the station to which he had been called by Heaven, nor quit the government till his son was old enough to take the charge upon himself, and at the same time encouraged him by the example of many a saint, whose heavenward road had lain through the toils and cares of a secular life.

William yielded to the arguments of the good father, but his heart was still in the peaceful abbey, and he practised in secret the devotions and austerities of the cloister to the utmost of his

power, longing earnestly for the time when he might lay aside the weary load of cares of war and of government, and retire to that holy brotherhood.

In Normandy, his strict, keen justice made him greatly honored and loved, but the French greatly hated and abhorred him, and his transactions with them were sometimes cunning, sometimes violent. He had much of the old Northman about him, and had not entered into the Church's teachings of the sanctity of marriage. Like his father, he had had a half-acknowledged wife, Espriota, who was the mother of his only child, Richard, but he put her away in order to ally himself with one of the great French families, and he had his child brought up at Bayeux, among Norse-speaking nobles, as if he would rather see him a Norseman than a, French prince.

The bold and devout but inconsistent William was the dread of all his neighbors, and especially of Arnulf, Count of Flanders. William was in alliance with Herluin, Count of Montreuil, against Arnulf; when, in 942, he was invited to a conference on a small island in the Somme, and there, having contrived to separate him from his followers, at a given signal one of the Flemings struck him down with an oar, and a number of daggers were instantly plunged into his breast.

The Flemings made their escape in safety, leaving the bleeding corpse upon the island, where the Normans, who had seen the murder, without being able to prevent or revenge it, reverently took it up, and brought it back to Rouen. Beneath the

robes of state they found it dressed in a hair-cloth shirt, and round the neck was a chain sustaining a golden key, which was rightly judged to belong to the chest where he kept his choicest treasure; but few would have guessed what was the treasure so valued by the knightly duke of the martial name, and doubtless there were many looks of wonder among the Norman barons, when the chest was opened, and disclosed, instead of gold and jewels, the gown and hood, the sandals and rosary, of a brother of the Benedictine order.

He was buried beside his father, in the cathedral of Rouen, amid the universal lamentations of his vassals; and his greatest friend and counsellor, Bernard the Dane, Count of Harcourt, fetched from Bayeux his only child, Richard, only eight years old, to be solemnly invested with the ducal sword and mantle, and to receive the homage of the Normans. [Footnote: This is the Norman legend. The French Chronicles point to Norman treachery.] The bitter hatred of the French to the Normans could not but break out in the minority.

To the surprise of the Normans, Louis IV., king of France, suddenly arrived at Rouen, to claim, as he said, the homage of his young vassal. On the following day, Richard did not, as usual, appear beyond the walls of the castle, and there were rumors that he was detained there by order of the king. Assembling in great numbers, the Rouennais came before the castle, shouting loudly for "Richard! Richard! our little Duke!" nor could they be pacified till Louis appeared at the window, lifting young Richard

in his arms, and made them a speech upon the gratitude and admiration which he pretended to feel for Duke William, to whom he said he owed his restoration to the throne of his fathers, and whose son he promised to regard as his own child.

On leaving Rouen, Louis claimed the right of taking Richard with him, as the guardian of all crown vassals in their minority; and Bernard de Harcourt, finding it impossible to resist, only stipulated that the young Duke should never be separated from his Norman esquire, Osmond de Centeville, who on his side promised to keep a careful watch over him. Richard was accordingly conducted to Montleon, and made the companion of the two young princes, Lothaire and Carloman, and for some time no more was heard respecting him in Normandy. At last arrived a message from Osmond de Centeville, sent in secret with considerable difficulty, telling the Normans to pray that their young duke might be delivered out of the hands of his enemies, for that he was convinced that evil was intended, since he was closely watched; and one day when he had gone down to the river to bathe, the queen had threatened him with cruel punishments if he again left the place. Bernard immediately ordered a three days' fast, during which prayers for the safety of the little duke were offered in every church in Normandy, and further tidings were anxiously awaited.

In the meantime the faithful squire was devising a plan of escape. He caused the young Richard to feign illness, and thus obtained a slight relaxation of the vigilance with which his

movements, were watched, which enabled him to carry to the duke's apartments a great bundle of hay. At nightfall he rolled Richard up in the midst of it, and laying it across his shoulders, he crossed the castle court to the stable, as if he was going to feed his horse, and as soon as it was dark he mounted, placing the boy before him, and galloped off to a castle on the borders of Normandy, where the rescued prince was greeted with the greatest joy.

The escape of his ward was followed by an open declaration of war on the part of Louis IV., upon which the Count de Harcourt sent to Denmark to ask succor from King Harald Blue-tooth, who, mindful of Duke William's kindness, himself led a numerous force to Normandy. Bernard, pretending to consider this as a piratical invasion, sent to ask Louis to assist him in expelling the heathens. Louis entered Normandy, and came in sight of the Danish host on the banks of the river Dives, where Harald summoned him to leave the dukedom to its rightful owner. Louis desired a conference, and a tent was pitched between the armies, where the two kings met.

Bernard advised the King of France not to bring Herluin de Montreuil to this meeting, since the Normans considered him as the occasion of their duke's death; but the French replied that no Dane should hinder their king from taking with him whomsoever he pleased. While the two kings were in the tent, Herluin, seeing a knight from the Cotentin, with whom he was acquainted, went up to him and inquired after his health.

The Danes asked who he was, and the knight replied, "Count Herluin, who caused Duke William's death;" whereupon the wild Danes rushed upon him, and killed him with their battle-axes.

A general conflict ensued; the French were put to flight, and by the time the kings came out of the tent, the battle was decided. Louis mounted his horse in order to rejoin his troops, but the animal ran with him into the midst of the enemy, where Harald caught his bridle, made him prisoner, and delivered him to four knights to keep. While, however, they were engaged in plundering, he made his escape, and had ridden four leagues when he met a soldier of Rouen, whom he bribed to hide him in an island in the Seine, until he could find a fit opportunity of quitting Normandy. Harald and Bernard, however, by making strict inquiries, discovered that the soldier knew where he was, and seizing the man's wife and children, threatened to put them to death if he did not put the king into their hands. Louis was accordingly delivered to them, but they shortly after released him on receiving his two sons as hostages.

The younger of the two princes died shortly after his arrival in Normandy; and anxiety for Lothaire, the remaining son, induced his father to come to terms with the Normans; and, at St. Clair-sur-Epte, Louis swore to leave Richard in undisturbed possession of his lands, and to extend the limits of the duchy as far as the banks of the Epte, after which the young duke paid him homage, and restored his son to him.

Richard then returned to Rouen, which he had not visited

since he had been carried to the French court, and was greeted with great joy by the citizens, who were much delighted by his appearance, the height of his figure, and the beauty of his countenance. The King of Denmark was also received by them with great enthusiasm, who, after spending some time at Rouen, returned home.

At the age of fourteen, Richard was betrothed to Emma, daughter of Hugh the White, Count of Paris, a nobleman whose increasing power had long been a subject of jealousy both to the court of Flanders and to the King of France. On hearing of the intended connection between these two mighty vassals, they united their forces to prevent it, and called in the aid of Otho, Emperor of Germany, and Conrad, King of Burgundy.

While Louis and Conrad attacked the Count, Otho and Arnulf entered Normandy, and laid siege to Rouen, but on the way thither were attacked by an ambuscade under the command of the young Richard himself, who now for the first time bore arms, and greatly signalized himself, putting the Germans to flight, and killing the Emperor's nephew with his own hand.

Otho still advanced and invested Rouen. Wishing to know what resources the city contained, he sent to ask Richard's permission to enter it, in order to pay his devotions at the shrine of St. Ouen. His request was granted, and in passing through the streets he perceived that the city was so well defended that he could not hope to take it. On his return to the camp, he told his council that he intended to make his peace with the Duke

of Normandy, by delivering up to him the Count of Flanders, the author of the expedition. His council, however, persuaded him that this would be a disgraceful action; and Arnulf, receiving some hint of his proposal, in the middle of the night quitted the camp with all his men, and returned to Flanders. The noise of his departure awoke the Germans, who, imagining themselves to be attacked by the besieged, armed themselves in haste, and there was great confusion till morning, when, perceiving The departure of the Flemings, they set fire to their camp, and took the road to Germany. The Normans, sallying out of the town, harassed the rear, killed a number of them, and took many prisoners, and a great quantity of baggage.

In 954, Louis was killed by a fall from his horse, and was succeeded by his son Lothaire, who inherited all his dislike to the Normans, and especially hated the young duke, the companion of his boyhood, whose fame had so far exceeded his own, both in feats of arms and skill in government, and who, though only twenty-three, had been chosen by the wise and great Count of Paris as the guardian of his children, and the model on which his sons were to form themselves.

Twice did Lothaire, in conjunction with Count Thibaut de Chartres, a young nobleman who envied the fame of Richard, attempt to assassinate him at a conference; and the former, despairing of ridding himself of him by treachery, assembled an army of fifty thousand men, entered Normandy, and besieged Rouen. Here Richard, in a sudden night-attack on his camp,

dispersed his forces, and took a great number of prisoners, all of whom he released without a ransom. Then, pursuing his advantage, he entered the county of Chartres, but he was obliged to return to his duchy, to defend it against a powerful league of all the neighboring princes, formed by the king.

Fearing to be crushed by so mighty a force, he sent to ask succor from his old friend, the king of Denmark, who, though too aged and infirm to come himself to Normandy, equipped a numerous fleet, and sent his best warriors to Richard.

The ravages which they committed compelled the king to send the Bishop of Chartres to sue for peace, but he would not venture into the camp without an escort from the duke, lest, as he said, "the Danish wolves should devour him on the way."

On his arrival, he implored Richard to have compassion on the French, who suffered dreadful miseries from the Danes; and the duke, always desirous of peace, willingly engaged to treat with the king, and withdrew his forces into Normandy, to the great disappointment of the Danes, who had expected to dethrone Lothaire, and to place the gallant Richard on his throne. They were much surprised at the moderation of the demands which he, a conqueror, made to the humiliated Lothaire, only desiring to be left in quiet possession of his inheritance, and that a pardon should be granted for all injuries committed on either side during the war.

Lothaire gladly agreed to these terms, and the remainder of Richard's life was spent in peace. Such of the latter's subjects as

had been trained to arms in the constant wars during his minority, found employment in combats with the Greeks and Saracens in Italy, where the twelve sons of a Norman knight, named Tancred de Hauteville, laid the foundation of the kingdoms of the Two Sicilies. Their place was supplied by the Danish allies, who, full of admiration for the Fearless Duke, were desirous of embracing his religion, and living under his government. Thibaut de Chartres came to Normandy to implore his pardon, and was received with such kindness that he was overcome with shame at his former conduct.

Richard was a stern but honorable man, and the courage and ability which he displayed throughout these wars made a great impression on his Danish allies, who were induced, in great numbers, to adopt the religion of the Fearless Duke, and to live under his government.

How the truly great man takes his revenge, was indeed shown by Richard the Fearless, the last time he took any part in the affairs of the nation. It was when Hugh Capet, Count of Paris, once his ward, had been raised to the throne of France by the authority of the Pope, and having received the homage of every crown vassal excepting Arnulf of Flanders, proceeded to ravage his county and seize his towns. Arnulf, completely reduced, saw no hope for himself except in throwing himself on the mercy of Duke Richard, the very man whose father he had murdered, and whom he had pursued with the most unrelenting hatred from his earliest childhood. Richard had but to allow royal justice to

take its course, and he would have been fully avenged; but he who daily knelt before the altar of the Church of Fescamp, had learnt far other lessons. He went to Hugh Capet, and so pleaded with him, that he not only obtained the pardon of Arnulf, but the restoration of the whole of his county, and of both his cities. Thus, without doubt, would the saintly William Longsword have desired to be revenged by his only son.

Richard Sans Peur lived nine years after this, spending his time, for the most part, in the Abbey of Fescamp, in devotion and works of charity, and leaving the government to his eldest son, Richard the Good. He is thus described by a Norman chronicler who knew him well in his old age: "He was tall and well-proportioned, his countenance was noble, his beard was long, and his head covered with white hair. He was a pious benefactor to the monks, supplied the wants of the clergy, despised the proud, loved the humble, aided the poor, the widow and the orphan, and delighted in ransoming prisoners."

He caused a stone coffin to be made for himself in his lifetime, and placed in the Church of Fescamp, where, every Friday, he filled it with wheat, which was afterwards distributed among the poor. In this Abbey he died in 996, desiring to be buried outside the church, close beneath the eaves, "where," said he, "the droppings of water from the roof may fall on me, and wear away the stains of earthly corruption."

His daughter Emma is often mentioned in English history as the wife of Ethelred the Unready, and afterward of Knut. She

has often been much blamed for this second marriage with the enemy of her country, but it should be remembered how nearly the Northmen and Danes were connected, and that Knut was the grandson of her father's ally, Harald Blue-tooth.

The great event of Richard's time was the above-mentioned recognition of Hugh Capet as King of France. The Caroline race were Franks, chiefly German in blood, and had never fully amalgamated with the race called French, a mixture of Roman and Gallic, with only an upper stratum of the true Frank. When the Counts of Paris obtained the throne, and the line of Charlemagne retired into the little German county of Lotharingia, or Lorraine, then France became really France, and a nation with a national sovereign. Still it was a very small domain. Provence was part of the German Empire, so was Burgundy; Anjou, Normandy, and Brittany were almost independent, though owning a sort of allegiance to the king who reigned at Paris.

CAMEO III. YOUTH OF THE CONQUEROR. (1036-1066.)

Kings of England.
1016. Knut.
1036. Harold I.
1039. Harthaknut.
1041. Edward the Confessor.
Kings of France.
1031. Henry IV.
1039. Philip I.
Emperors of Germany.
1021. Conrad II.
1039. Henry III.
1055. Henry IV.

Richard, called the Good, son of Richard Sans Peur, does not seem to have been in all respects equal to his father, nor did much that is worthy of note occur in his time.

He died in 1026, leaving two sons, Richard and Robert, both violent and turbulent young men, the younger of whom was called, from his fiery temper, Robert the Devil. After a fierce dispute respecting Robert's appanage, the two brothers were suddenly reconciled, and, immediately afterward, Richard died, not without suspicion, on the part of the French, that he had been poisoned by his brother.

The Normans gave little heed to the calumny, and, in fact, the open, generous temper of Robert was by no means likely to belong to a secret murderer. The splendor of his court, and munificence of his gifts, acquired for him the name of Robert the Magnificent, and the following, among other instances, is recorded of his liberality:

When attending mass at the Abbey of Cerizy, his own foundation, he one day remarked a stranger knight, when asked for his alms at the offertory, reply sadly, that he had nothing to give. He beckoned to a squire, and sent him to present the poor stranger with a purse containing a hundred pounds, which the knight immediately offered on the altar. After the mass was over, the sacristan came to ask him if he knew bow large the sum was, or if he had given it by mistake, to which he replied, that he had offered it wittingly, since it was for no other end that the Duke had sent it to him. His answer was reported by the sacristan to the Duke, who instantly sent the high-minded stranger a second purse, containing the same sum for his own use.

Robert founded nine monasteries, and made large gifts to all the churches in his duchy, entreating the prayers of the clergy and of the poor, for the pardon of the sins of his youth; but his conscience was ill at ease, and in the sixth year of his dukedom he resolved to go on pilgrimage to the Holy Land, a journey which was then even more perilous than in subsequent years, when the Crusades had, in some degree, secured the safety of the pilgrims, and he seems to have been fully persuaded that he should never

return alive.

His chief care was for the welfare of his son, William, a boy of seven years old, whose situation was the more precarious, because there was a stain on his birth, his mother being the daughter of a tanner of Falaise, so that it was more than probable that his right to the succession would be disputed by the numerous descendants of Richard Sans Peur. Robert did his best to secure his safety by calling together the vassals to do homage to him, and placing him under the especial protection of Henry I. of France, at whose court at Paris he left him.

Robert then set out on his pilgrimage, with a few companions, all wearing the coarse garb of pilgrims, with staves in their hands, and their feet bare. As they were passing the gates of a small town in Franche Comté, Robert walking last, an insolent warder, tired of holding the gate open, struck him such a blow on the shoulders with a halbert that he reeled under it, but so changed was his once violent temper, that, seeing his friends about to revenge the insult, he called out, "Let him alone; pilgrims ought to suffer for the love of God. I love his blow better than my city of Rouen."

The next time Robert was heard of, was in humble guise, with staff and wallet, when he received the blessing of the Pope at Rome; but afterward, when he entered Constantinople, he appeared in all his wonted magnificence. He rode to the palace of the Greek Emperor on a mule, shod with golden shoes, so slightly fastened on as to be shaken off amongst the crowds who surrounded him.

He travelled onward through Asia Minor, though attacked by a fever, which obliged him to be carried in a litter by Moorish slaves—as he himself expressed it to a Norman pilgrim whom he met returning, "to be carried by devils to Paradise." Safely arriving at Jerusalem, he there paid the entrance-money for a multitude of poor pilgrims, whom he found shut out because they were unable to pay the large toll demanded by the Saracens; and after performing the accustomed devotions at the different consecrated spots in the Holy City, he set out on his return to Normandy. His health was already impaired by the fatigues of the journey, and he died at the city of Nicaea, in the year 1035. There, in the now profaned sanctuary, where was held the first general Council of the Church, rests, in his nameless and forgotten grave, the last of the high-spirited and devout Dukes of Normandy.

From the time of the departure of Duke Robert, dangers crowded round the ducal throne of his child; nor were they, as in the stormy minority of Richard Sans Peur, perils chiefly from enemies without, met by a band of vassals, strong in attachment to their lord. The foes who threatened the young William were of his own family, and his own subjects, and there was none of that generous temper, even amongst his chief supporters, which, in the case of his great-grandfather, had made the scenes of war and bloodshed in which he was brought up, a school not of valor alone, but of the higher virtues of chivalry.

The Norman barons, greatly altered from what they had been

in the days when the justice of Rollo prevailed, lived shut up in their strong castles, making war on each other, like independent princes plundering the poor, and committing horrible cruelties, entirely unrestrained by the guardians of the Duke. These, indeed, seemed to be the especial mark for the attacks of the traitors, for his tutor and seneschal were both murdered; the latter, Osborn, Count de Breteuil, while sleeping in the same room with him. Osborn left a son, William, called from his name Fils, or Fitz Osborn, who grew up with the young Duke, and became his chief companion and friend.

It is wonderful that William himself should have escaped death, when so completely unprotected; but he was preserved through all these dangers for the task which was prepared for him; and at a very early age, his numerous troubles had formed his character in the mould fittest for him, who was to be the scourge of England, and yet the founder of its greatness.

He was not sixteen when he first showed of what temper he was. His great-uncle, the Count d'Arques, had set up a claim to the duchy, and was besieged in his castle at Arques by Walter Gifford, Count de Longueville, when the King of France succeeded in sending him such considerable reinforcements and supplies, that Longueville sent information that he should be obliged to raise the siege. The tidings reached the Duke, at his hunting-lodge of Valognes. He stood for a few moments in deep thought, and then called for his horse, only saying to his knights these few words, "*Qui m'aime, me suive!*" "Let him who loves

me, follow me!" and rode off at full speed. He distanced all his followers, rode all night, only stopping to take a fresh horse, and in the evening of the next day arrived quite alone at the camp before Arques, swearing never to leave it till the castle was in his hands. The siege was continued with vigor, and, in a short time, it was surrendered, the Count taking refuge in France.

From this time William took the direction of affairs into his own hands, and, by his firmness and ability, succeeded in restraining the excesses of his lawless vassals, though their turbulence, and the severity of his own silent and haughty disposition, made their submission very unwilling. When he was about twenty, a dangerous conspiracy was formed against him by his cousin, Guy of Burgundy, and a number of his chief vassals, who intended to seize him at his hunting-lodge at Valognes, put him to death, and raise Guy to the dukedom.

The conspirators met at Bayeux, the day before their intended treachery, and, whilst dining there, called in to amuse them a half-witted man named Gillos, and the plot was, inadvertently, mentioned in his presence. The duke, when passing through the town, had shown the poor man some kindness, and no sooner did he understand the intended treachery, than he left the hall, and set off for Valognes, where he arrived just before midnight, and, finding all gone to rest, began to batter the door with a stick, shouting for the Duke. At first, William could not believe the story, but Gillos seemed so much in earnest, that he deemed it advisable to go and see what had given rise to the report, and,

muffling himself in a cloak, ran down stairs, himself saddled his horse, and rode toward Bayeux. Before he had gone far, he heard the trampling of horses and clanking of weapons, and, concealing himself among the trees, saw that the poor fool's information was perfectly correct, for the whole band of traitors passed by exactly as they had been described. Upon this, he changed his course, and turned toward the coast in the direction of Falaise, his birthplace, and the town most devoted to his interests. The dawn of morning found him with his horse so weary that it could hardly stand, at the entrance of a small village, still at a considerable distance from Falaise, and ignorant of the road. At that moment a gentleman came out of the principal house, and the instant he beheld the young horseman, travel-stained and covered with dust as he was, he exclaimed, "St. Mary, my Lord, what can have brought you here in such a condition?"

"Who are you, who know me so well?" asked William, in reply.

"By my faith," was the answer, "I am called Hubert de Ryes. I hold this village of you under the Count de Bessin. Tell me, boldly, what you need; I will help you as I would help myself."

Accordingly, Hubert de Byes took him into his house, gave him some refreshment, and provided him with a fresh horse, sending his three sons with him as guides, whilst he himself remained to misdirect the pursuers, William safely arrived at Falaise, and, in memory of his escape, is said to have caused his path to be traced out by a raised bank of earth, part of which is

still in existence.

Rallying his faithful subjects around him at Falaise, and obtaining aid from the king, William met the rebels at Val des Demes. One of them came over to his side before the battle, and, having previously sworn that the Duke should be the first man whom he would strike, he began by giving his armor a slight blow with the point of his lance, considering it necessary thus to fulfil his rash oath to the letter. The rebels were totally defeated, and either submitted to William's mercy, or went to join their countrymen, who were engaged in the conquest of Sicily.

This was the last attempt made by the Normans to resist their Duke, whose authority was now fully established; but it was not long before a war broke out with his powerful neighbor Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, which, however, would scarcely deserve mention, but for the curious terms in which a challenge was sent by the Duke to the Count, who had come to raise the siege of Domfront.

"Tell the Count of Anjou," said he to William Fitz Osborn and Roger Montgomery, his messengers, "that if he attempts to carry victuals into Domfront, he will find me before the gates, mounted on a bay horse, and with a red shield. And that he may know me the better, I shall have at the point of my lance a streamer of taffety, to wipe his face withal."

In the battle which followed, a few days after, William fulfilled his threat, by overthrowing the Count, who escaped with difficulty, with the loss of part of an ear, and was soon after

obliged to conclude a peace.

William married Matilda, daughter of the Count of Flanders, and of a sister of Duke Robert the Magnificent; and having omitted to ask the dispensation from the Pope, which was required on the marriage of such near relations, his uncle, the Archbishop of Rouen, laid them both under sentence of excommunication. William sought for an advocate to send to Rome to plead for their absolution, and his choice fell upon Lanfranc, a native of Lombardy, who had been bred as a lawyer, and was possessed of great learning and talent, but had chosen to embrace the monastic life, and had selected the Norman abbey of Bee as the place of his profession, because the monks there were very poor, and very strict in the observance of their rule. Lanfranc, at the Duke's desire, travelled to Rome, and there succeeded in obtaining the confirmation of the marriage, and the absolution of the bride and bridegroom, on condition of their each founding an abbey, and jointly building a hospital for the blind.

In accordance with this command, Matilda built the beautiful Abbaye aux Dames at Caen, where her eldest daughter, Cecile, afterward took the veil, and William founded, at the same place, the Abbey of St. Stephen, of which Lanfranc was the first abbot. But fair as were the proportions of that exquisite building, noble as were its clustered columns, and rich as were the zigzag mouldings of its deep arches, its foundation was insecure, for it was on iniquity. It stood on ground violently taken from a number

of poor people; and where could the blessing of Heaven have been?

Twenty-three years afterward a grave was dug in the noble choir of St. Stephen's Church, and William's corpse was carried through the porch, followed by a long train of nobles, knights, and clergy, but by not one of his numerous children. The requiem was chanted, and orations were made in praise of the Duke of Normandy, the King and Conqueror of England, the founder of abbeys, the builder of churches, when suddenly the cry of "Ha Ro!"—the Norman appeal for justice—was heard, and a man in mean garments stood forth, and spoke thus: "Clerks and Bishops, this ground is mine. Here was my father's hearth. The man whom you praise wrested it from me to build this church. I sold it not. I made no grant of it. It is my right, and I claim it. In the name of Rollo, the founder of his family, and of our laws, I forbid you to lay the body of the spoiler therein, or to cover it with my earth."

The Bishops were obliged to promise satisfaction to the man, and to pay him on the spot sixty pence as the price of the Conqueror's grave. But, even then, his bones were not permitted to rest in peace. In the course of the civil wars of France, his tomb was twice broken open by the Huguenots, the first time rifled of the royal ornaments in which he had been arrayed, and the second, the spoilers, disappointed of their expected prize, cast out the mouldering bones, and dispersed them.

CAMEO IV. EARL GODWIN. (1012-1052.)

Kings of England.
1013. Swein.
1014. Knut.
1015. Ethelred the Unready (restored).
1016. Edmund Ironside.
1018. Knut.
1036. Harold I.
1039. Harthaknut.
1041. Edward the Confessor.

The Danish conquest of England, although the power of the kings of that nation continued but a short time, made great changes in the condition of the country. The customs and laws that had hitherto been observed only in the lands granted by Alfred to the Danes, spread into almost all the kingdom, and the civilization which the great king had striven so hard to introduce was well-nigh swept away.

England might be considered to be in three divisions—the West Saxon, subject to the laws of Alfred; the Mercian, which had a law of its own; and the East Anglian and Northern portion, where the population was chiefly Danish, and which was therefore more under the immediate power of the Danish

kings. Under them, London became the royal residence, instead of Winchester, and several words in our language still attest their influence upon our customs. Of these is the word Hustings, for a place of public assembly; and the title of Earl, for which the English language afforded no feminine, till it borrowed the word Countess from the French, reminds us that the Northern Jarls were only governors during the king's pleasure, and that their dignity conferred no rank on their families.

Under the Danish kings, the other divisions of England fell under the rule of three great Earls. The Danish Northumbria was ruled by the great Northman Siward Bjorn; Mercia was governed by the house of Leofric, an old noble family connected with the ancient line of Mercian kings.

There were many of this family named Leofric, and it is probably of the one living at this time that the curious old tradition of Coventry belongs, which related how his wife, the Lady Godiva, rode through the town with no covering but her abundant hair, to obtain from him the remission of the townspeople from his oppressive exactions—a story of which the memory is kept up at Coventry by a holiday, and the procession of the Lady Godiva.

Wessex had become the portion of Godwin, son of Ulfnoth, and great-nephew to the traitor, Edric Streona, the murderer of Edmund Ironside. There is a story, probably a mere fiction, that this family was of mean origin, that Ulfnoth was a herdsman of the south of Warwickshire, and that Godwin first rose to

distinction in the following manner: Ulf, a Danish Jarl, who had married a sister of Knut, was separated from the army after one of the battles with Edmund Ironside, and after wandering all night, met in the morning with a youth driving a herd of cattle. He asked his name, and the reply was, "I am Godwin, the son of Ulfnoth; and you, I think, are a Dane."

Ulf confessed that he was, and begged the young man to show him the way to the Severn, where he expected to find the fleet.

"The Dane would be a fool who trusted to a Saxon," answered Godwin; and when Ulf continued his entreaties, he explained that the way was not long, but that the serfs were all in arms against the Danes, and would kill both him and any one whom they found guiding him. Ulf offered the young herdsman a golden ring for his reward. He looked at it a moment, then said, "I will take nothing from you, but I will be your guide," and led him home to his father's cottage, where he was hidden through the whole day. At night, when he prepared to set forth, Ulfnoth told him that Godwin would not be able to return, since the peasants would kill him for having protected a Dane, and therefore begged that the Jarl would keep him among his own people, and present him to the King.

Ulf promised, and this, it is said, was the foundation of Godwin's greatness; but there is great reason to doubt the tale, and it is far more probable that the family was anciently noble. Godwin married Gyda, the sister of Ulf, and thus was brought into near connection with Knut; but Ulf, his patron and brother-

in-law, soon after was killed in one of those outbursts of violence and cruelty to which Knut seemed to return whenever he went back to his own savage North.

Knut had been defeated by the Swedes at Helge, and was at Roskild, when he was playing at chess in the evening with Ulf, and, making an oversight, lost a knight. He took the piece back again, changed his move, and desired his opponent to go on playing; but the Jarl, choosing to play chess on equal terms or not at all, threw down the board, and went away.

"Run away, Ulf the Fearful!" said Knut.

Ulf turned back, and answered, "Thou wouldst have run further at Helge river! Thou didst not call me Ulf the Fearful when I came to thy help while the Swedes were beating thee like a dog."

Knut brooded on the offence all night, and in the morning sent his page to kill the Jarl. The page found him at his prayers in church, and therefore refrained; but Knut sent another of his followers, who slew him as he knelt.

Godwin had, before this, gained too much favor to be likely to fall with his brother-in-law. He was with the king on an expedition against the Wends, and on the night before an intended battle, made a sudden attack without Knut's knowledge, and completely routed them. His talents were so much appreciated, that he received the great Earldom of Wessex, the portion of England least under the power of the Danes, and where the old line of Alfred was most loved and regretted, since

it was their hereditary kingdom.

For this reason Godwin was desirous to maintain the Danes in England after Knut's death, and to keep the scattered royal line at a distance. Harthaknut, whom the will of his father had called to the succession, was absent in Denmark, and Godwin caused his brother, Harold Harefoot, to be crowned in haste, though the Archbishop would not sanction the usurpation, placed the crown and sceptre on the altar, and forbade the bishops to give him their blessing.

Alfred and Edward, the two sons of Ethelred the Unready, had in the meantime been brought up under the protection of their uncle, Richard the Good, of Normandy, dwelling for the most part in those beautiful Abbeys of Fescamp and Jumièges, which had been endowed by the piety of the Dukes, and where they grew up in godliness and virtue, with gentle manners and civilized tastes, far unlike to those which prevailed in their native land. Robert the Magnificent was a great friend to them, and his death on his pilgrimage made their abode in Normandy far less peaceful and secure.

Soon after the coronation of Harold Harefoot, they received a letter purporting to come from their mother, Emma, widow of Knut, inviting them to assert their claim to their father's throne. Edward, with a band of Normans, met his mother at Winchester, but he could not keep his followers from plundering the country; and finding little hope of success, gave up the attempt, and returned to Normandy. Alfred landed at Sandwich, in Kent, and

was so well received by the Archbishop and people, that Godwin, becoming alarmed, had recourse to treachery, pretended to own him as king, and conducted him to Guilford. Thither King Harold sent his Danes, who seized the prince's followers, after Godwin's men had dispersed them through the town and stupefied them with drink. Every tenth man was killed, the rest were sold for slaves, and Alfred himself was carried to Ely, where his eyes were torn out, and he died of the injury. His mother, Emma, fled to Bruges, and this makes it probable that either she never sent the letter at all, or was only the innocent instrument of Godwin's desire to rid himself of the royal family; but her son Edward believed her to have been knowingly concerned in this horrible transaction, and never regarded her as guiltless of his brother's death. It is possible that Godwin may also have been free from treachery, and have meant well by the prince.

Her other son, Harthaknut, left Denmark to join her at Bruges, intending in the spring to drive Harold from the throne; but death was beforehand with him. Harold died in 1040, and Harthaknut had only to come to England to take possession of the crown. Both these young men were, at heart, savage Danes; and the first deed of Harthaknut, on his arrival, was to satisfy his vengeance for the usurpation of his throne and the murder of Alfred, by causing Harold's corpse to be taken from its grave, the head cut off, and the body thrown into a marsh. He threatened to punish Godwin, but the Earl averted his wrath by the present of one of the long serpent-like keels prized by the Danes, the prow gilded,

and the crew of eighty men, each fully equipped, and with a gold bracelet on the left arm.

Harthaknut was pacified by this gift, and contented himself with sending for his surviving half-brother Edward from Normandy, and treating him as became the Atheling. The wild, half-heathen court of Harthaknut was a strange and bewildering change for the gentle Edward, whose habits and tastes were only suited to the convent where he had spent his early days, and who found in the rough affection of his Danish brother his only protection from the fierce spirits around. His grief and dismay were great when, after he had spent a few months in England, he heard that Harthaknut, at the wedding-feast of the daughter of the Dane, Osgood Clapa, from whom Clapham is named, had died suddenly, immediately after an excessive draught of wine.

Edward found himself left without protection in the hands of the fierce men who had murdered his brother. He was forty years old, and of an inactive, timid disposition, which unfitted him for taking any bold measures in this emergency; his affections were in the convents of Normandy, and with the young son of his friend, Duke Robert, and he earnestly entreated Godwin to allow him to return in safety thither.

The Earl, however, saw that neither Saxons nor Danes would submit to the authority of one who was not of royal blood, and that the best hope of preserving the power he had acquired in the latter reigns, was by setting up a weak king, and governing in his name. He therefore replied by tendering his submission

to Edward, and promising to support him on the throne, on condition that he would marry Edith, his daughter, so fair, so gentle, and pious a lady, that it was a saying, "Even as the rose springs from the thorn, so springs Edith from Godwin." She was very learned, and Ingulf, who afterward was the secretary of the Conqueror, and Abbot of Croyland, loved to remember how, when he was a boy come from his convent-school to visit his father at the court, the Lady Edith would send for him, examine him in his studies, and end by causing her maiden to count out three or four coins into his hand, and sending him to the royal larder for refreshment.

Edward was thus placed upon the throne, and every act performed of his own free will showed his gentleness and desire for his people's good. At the request of Edith, he abolished the Danegeld, or money raised first to bribe the Danes, and then as their tribute; indeed, it was said that he had seen a vision of an evil spirit dancing on the gold thus collected. He made new laws in hopes of preventing crime, and set so strict an example of attention to every rule of the Church, and giving alms so largely, that he gained the love of his people, and fixed his memory in their hearts so strongly, that he was revered as a Saint, and the title of Confessor was given to him, though it properly only applies to one who has suffered everything short of martyrdom, for the sake of the Christian faith.

The times were too rude and violent for a king of so soft a mould: crimes were committed which he had no power to

restrain, and, weak-handed and bewildered, he seems to have acted in great matters much as he did in the following adventure: He was lying on his bed, when a person came into the apartment, and, thinking him asleep, stole some money out of a chest. The King let this pass; but when the thief returned for a second handful, he quietly said, "Sirrah, you had better take care, for if Hugolin, my chamberlain, catches you, he will give you a sound beating." Hugolin soon came in, and was much concerned at the loss. "Never mind," said the King; "the poor man wants it more than we do."

The sons of Godwin were growing up rude, high-spirited young men, who presumed on their connection with the King to hold him cheap, and laugh at him to his face. Sweyn, the eldest, was the worst, and at last caused himself to be banished from the realm by the crime of carrying off the Abbess from the Convent of Leominster. He then spent the life of a pirate, in the course of which he visited the coast, and, while pretending to attempt to be reconciled to his family, treacherously murdered his cousin Biorn. After six years he repented, went barefoot on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and died while returning. The other brothers were stained with no such enormities, but they were dreaded and disliked by the King, who naturally turned to the friends of his youth, the Normans.

Norman dresses and customs were introduced, the King's own handwriting was in the foreign character, and he expressed his assent to the laws by appending to them an impression of

his seal, after the fashion of the kings of France. He likewise invited many of his old friends from Normandy, gave some of them lands in England, where they built fortified castles, and bestowed the bishopries and abbeys upon Norman ecclesiastics. Great discontent arose upon this, and Godwin and his sons took advantage of them to gain popularity, by strenuously opposing everything Norman, and maintaining, as they said, the old English customs.

Eustace als Gernons (the Whiskered), Count de Mantes, who had married the King's sister, came to visit Edward. At Dover a squabble took place between his followers and the townspeople, in which several persons on both sides were killed. Edward ordered Godwin to chastise the townspeople, but, instead of this, the Earl collected an army, and marched upon the King himself. They would have made him prisoner but for Leofric of Mercia, and Siward, Earl of Northumbria, who both came to his rescue, and drove Godwin and his family into exile.

Edward now felt himself truly King of England, and was able to enjoy a short visit from the Duke of Normandy, who came to see him, and probably then first conceived the hope of obtaining the crown of the ill-governed and divided country that seemed ready to fall a prey to the first vigorous enemy.

Earl Godwin was not long in assembling his friends, and making a descent on the coast. All Kent and London rose in his favor, and Edward was obliged to permit his return, and be reconciled to him.

Very shortly after his return, he was struck with a fit of apoplexy, while feasting with the King at Easter. He was borne from the table by his two eldest surviving sons, Harold and Tostig, and died five days after, in the year 1052. The Norman chroniclers give the following account of his death: One of the cup-bearers, while serving the King, happened to make a false step, but saved himself from falling by the foot, at which Godwin observed, "See how one brother helps another!"

"Yes," said the king, "so would my brother have helped me, had he lived."

"I know you suspect me of his death," replied Godwin, "but may God, who is true and just, cause this morsel of bread to choke me, if I am guilty of his murder."

Scarcely had he spoken the words before he fell back, struck by the hand of Heaven, and never uttered another word. Much doubt has been cast upon this story, since it comes to us through Normans, who were great enemies of his house. There is, however, nothing incredible in it; and other instances have been known of persons who thus defied and brought upon themselves the judgment of Heaven, in the full course of their crimes.

There is a propensity in these days to exalt the character of Godwin, as if he had been an honest supporter of the old English habits against foreign innovations. It is an entirely mistaken view, since Godwin climbed into power by the favor of the enemies and destroyers of his country, murdered the prince of the ancient line, and throughout the reign of the lawful successor disturbed

his peace, and attempts at civilization, by factious opposition. Norman customs would have done far less harm to England than the Danish invaders among whom Godwin had contentedly spent the best years of his life. He seems throughout to have listened only to his own ambition, and to have scrupled at nothing that could promote his interest. Eloquence, and attention to the humors of the nation, won for him wealth and power that rendered him formidable to the King, and he built up a great name and fortune for himself, but brief and fleeting was the inheritance that he bequeathed to his sons. In fourteen years from his death only one of his brave band of sons survived, and he was a miserable captive, who spent his whole existence in the dungeons of his chief enemy. It seemed as if nothing that Godwin had acquired could be enduring, for the very lands he left behind him no longer exist, his chief estate on the coast of Kent was swallowed by the sea, and now forms the dangerous shoal called the Goodwin Sands.

"Wise men also die and perish together, as well as the ignorant and foolish, and leave their riches for other.

"And yet they think their houses shall continue forever; and that their dwelling-places shall endure from one generation to another, and call the lands *after their own names*."

Far more enduring have been the memorials left by the meek Edward the Confessor, though he had no son to carry on his name. He had vowed, during his exile, to go on pilgrimage to Rome, but the Witenagemot refused to consent to his leaving

England, and he sent the Archbishop of York to ask the advice of the Pope, Leo IX., who recommended him to perform some work of piety at home.

This was the foundation of the Church of St. Peter's, in the open country, at the west end of London, and therefore called Westminster. It was built with all the skill of Norman architects, and occupied several years. Edward's last illness prevented him from being present at its consecration, and he was represented there by his wife, but he soon found his rest there. It was dedicated on the Holy Innocents' day, 1065, and he was buried there on the 5th of January following. His memory seemed to give an additional sacredness to the spot in the eyes of the loving English, and the pavement round his tomb was worn away by their knees.

CAMEO V. THE TWO HAROLDS. (1060-1066.)

Kings of England.
1041. Edward the Confessor.
1066. Harold.
Kings of France.
1059. Philippe I.
Emperors of Germany.
1055. Heinrich IV.

The death of Godwin did not at first seem likely to diminish the power of his family. Harold, his eldest surviving son, was highly endowed with mental powers and personal beauty and prowess, and was much preferred by Edward the Confessor to the old Earl himself. He obtained all his father's lands, and, shortly after, distinguished himself in a war with the Welsh, showing, however, that vainglory was his characteristic; for he set up mounds of stones along the course of his march, bearing the inscription, "Here Harold conquered."

The earls who had hitherto balanced the power of the Godwin family, were, about this time, removed by death. Leofric, of Mercia, and his son Algar, died within a few years of each other; and Algar's sons, Edwin and Morkar, were as yet young and timid. Old Earl Siward Biorn fought his last battle when

he assisted Malcolm Canmore in overthrowing the murderous usurper, Macbeth, in Scotland. In the battle, Siward's eldest-son, of the same name as himself, was killed. The father only asked if his death-wound was in front, and when he heard it was, "I heartily rejoice," said he; "no other death is worthy of my son."

He himself was obliged, much against his will, to die in peace. "I am ashamed," he said, "after so many battles, to die like a cow; case me in my armor, gird on my sword, put on my helmet, give me my shield and battle-axe, lift me to my feet, that I may die like a man!"

The fierce old Earl's younger son, Waltheof, was a mere child, and the earldom of Northumbria was therefore given to Tostig, the son of Godwin, but he so misgoverned it that he was, by command of the King, sent into exile by his brother Harold, whom he thenceforth regarded with the utmost hatred.

Harold stood so high in favor, both with King and people, that his views began to take a still loftier flight, especially after the death of Edward the Stranger, the only grown-up person excepting the King who inherited the blood of Alfred. The stranger had indeed left an infant son, but his rights were entirely overlooked. The King wished to leave his crown to his cousin William, Duke of Normandy; and Harold, trusting to the general hatred of the Norman race, hoped to secure it for himself, much in the same way as Hugh Capet had lately dethroned the line of Charles le Magne in France.

Edward the Confessor, desirous of a affording William some

means of curbing Harold's ambition, sent to him as hostages Ulfnoth and Hako, a son and grandson of Godwin. Harold, however, contrived to extort permission to go to Rouen, and request their liberation, and set out from Bosham, in Sussex. A storm wrecked him in Ponthieu; he was taken captive by the count of that district, who gave him up to William in exchange for a considerable manor, and thus, though he entered Rouen in state, he found himself, instead of the ambassador of the King of England, in effect the prisoner of the Duke of Normandy.

He was treated with great courtesy, accompanied William on an expedition against the Duke of Brittany, and gave great help to the Normans by his personal strength, when some of them were in danger, in crossing a river, and, apparently, was in high honor; but William was determined not to miss the advantage chance had thrown in his way; and when Harold, alter spending some months at Rouen, proposed to return, he, in the first place, insisted on drawing up a treaty of alliance and friendship with his good friend the Earl of Wessex, to be sworn to on both sides. Very distasteful must this promise of friendship have been to Harold, since the first article required him to assist the Duke with all his power in obtaining the crown of England upon Edward's death; but he found it impossible to resist, and declared himself perfectly willing to engage himself as required.

An oath taken on the relics of the Saints was, at that time, considered as more binding than one taken on the Holy Scriptures; and William commanded that the most honored of

these remains should be collected from various churches and placed in a chest, covered with cloth of gold on which a copy of the Gospels was laid. Harold, laying his hand on the book, swore to observe the treaty faithfully; and when he had so done, William removed the cloth and showed him the relics, at the sight of which he turned pale and trembled—a sure sign, as was thought by the Normans who stood round, that his conscience would not allow him to break an oath which was believed to have thus acquired double force and sanctity. Yet Harold soon proved that no oaths can bind a man who will not be bound by his simple word.

A few months after his return from Normandy, he was standing by the bedside of the dying Edward the Confessor, importuning his last moments with entreaties to him to declare his successor.

"Ye know, full well," said the poor old King, "that I have bequeathed my kingdom to the Duke of Normandy; nay, some be here who have sworn oaths to him."

Harold pressed him for some other answer, and he replied, "Take it, Harold, if such be thy will, but the gift will be thy ruin. Against the Duke and his barons no might of thine will avail thee."

"Fear not for me," replied Harold, joyfully; "I fear neither Norman, nor aught else."

"May it fall to the most worthy!" was the faint answer of Edward. His thoughts began to wander, and he uttered many passages of Scripture speaking of desolation and destruction,

which were afterward regarded by his subjects as the last prophecies of their saintly king. He died two days afterward, and, on the feast of Epiphany, 1066, Harold assumed the crown. The coronation was solemnized by Alfred, Archbishop of York; but whether the absence of the Primate Stigand was occasioned by his dislike to the usurpation, or by the sentence of excommunication under which he had been laid by the Pope, is not known. Be that as it may, there was little joy to welcome the accession of Harold; the people were full of melancholy forebodings, excited by the predictions of King Edward, as well as by the appearance of a comet, then supposed to denote the approach of misfortune; the great earls, Edwin and Morkar, were his enemies, the nobles envied him, and stood aloof, significantly relating a story of his boyhood, when he is said to have met with a severe fall in a foolish attempt to fly from the top of a tower with wings of his own contrivance. There is a Spanish proverb which, in truth, suited Harold well: "The ant found wings for her destruction." The bitterest of all his enemies was his own brother, Tostig, who, having been banished partly by his means, on account of his misgovernment of Northumbria, was living in Flanders, whence, the instant he heard of Harold's coronation, he hastened with the tidings to Normandy; and not thinking William's preparations speedy enough to satisfy the impatience of his hatred, he went to Norway, where he found a willing ally in Harald Hardrada, the last sea-king.

A curious story is told of the childhood of this Harald

Hardrada, who was the half-brother of the kingly St. Olaf, being the son of the haughty Aasta and the peaceful Sigurd Syr. When Harald was about three years old, St. Olaf was on a visit to his mother, and calling to his little brothers, took the two eldest, Guttorm and Halfdan, one on each knee, and looked at them, with a fierce countenance, at which both the little boys were frightened, and ran away to hide themselves. He then took Harald on his knee, and put on the same fierce look at him, but the child looked boldly up in his face in return. As a further trial of his courage, the king pulled his hair, upon which the little fellow undauntedly pulled the king's whiskers, and Olaf said, "Thou wilt be revengeful, some day, my friend."

The next day, Olaf found his little brothers at play; the two eldest building little barns and enclosing cornfields, and Harald lying by the side of a pool of water, in which he was floating small chips of wood.

"What are these?" asked the king.

"My ships of war," said little Harald.

"Ha! my friend," said the King, "the time may come when thou wilt command ships."

He then called the other two, and asked Guttorm what he would like best to have.

"Corn land," said he.

"And how great wouldst thou like thy corn land to be?"

"I would have the whole ness (peninsula) that goes out into the lake sown with corn every summer."

"And what wouldst thou like best?" he asked of Halfdan.

"Cows," said the boy.

"How many wouldst thou like to have?"

"So many, that when they went to the lake to drink, they should stand as tight round the lake as they could stand."

"That would be a great house-keeping!" said the king; "and now, Harald, what wouldst thou have?" "Followers."

"And how many of them?"

"Oh, so many as would eat up all Halfdan's cows at a single meal!"

Olaf laughed, and said, "Here, mother, thou art bringing up a king."

In fact, Guttorm and Halfdan followed the quiet life of their father, but Harald was of far different temper. When Olaf returned from his exile in Russia, young Harald, who was scarcely fifteen, joined him with all the followers he could muster, and insisted on taking part in the battle of Stiklestad.

Olaf told him he was too young; but Harald boldly answered, "I am not so weak but I can handle the sword; and as to that, I have a notion of tying the sword to my hand;" and then the brave boy sung out some verses, composed on the spur of the moment, according to a talent often found among the Northmen, and highly valued:

"Our army's wing, where I shall stand,
I will hold good with heart and hand;

My mother's eye shall joy to see,
A batter'd, blood-stain'd shield from me.
The brave young skald should gaily go
Into the fray, change blow for blow;
Cheer on his men, gain inch by inch,
And from the spear-point never flinch."

Olaf saw plainly that his high-spirited mother had infused her own temper into her youngest son as entirely as into himself, and yielded his consent that Harald should take part in the battle. It was a mournful beginning for a young warrior. Harald beheld the fall of his noble brother, and was himself severely wounded. He was led from the field by a faithful bonder, who hid him in his house; but the spirit of the young minstrel warrior was undaunted, and, during his recovery, he sung thus:

"My wounds were bleeding as I rode,
And down the hill the bonders strode,
Killing the wounded with the sword,
The followers of their rightful lord.
From wood to wood I crept along,
Unnoticed by the bonder throng;
'Who knows,' I thought, 'a day may come,
My name may yet be great at home.'"

As soon as his wounds were healed, Harald took refuge in Russia, and thence travelled to Constantinople, where he became one of the renowned guards of the Greek Emperor,

composed of hired Northmen and Saxons, and called Vaeringer, or Varangians, from the word *Wehr*, a defence. He went from Constantinople to the Holy Land, bathed in the Jordan, paid his devotions at Jerusalem, and killed the robbers on the way. Strange stories were told of his adventures at Constantinople, of the Empress Zoe having fallen in love with him, and of his refusal to return her affection; upon which she raised an accusation against him, that he had misapplied the pay of the Vaeringers, and threw him into prison, whence, as the story related, he was freed by a lady, who was commissioned to rescue him by St. Olaf, his brother, who appeared to her in a dream. She brought him a rope ladder, and he escaped to his ship, broke through the chains that guarded the harbor, and sailed northward through the Black Sea, composing on his voyage sixteen songs in honor of Elisif, the Russian king's daughter, whom he married on his arrival at Novogorod. He obtained with her great riches, which he added to the treasures he had brought from Constantinople.

St. Olaf's son, Magnus, was reigning in Norway, and Harald Hardrada designed to obtain from him a portion of the kingdom, to winch, by the old Norwegian law, every descendant of Harald Harfagre had an equal claim. Harald united with his cousin Swend, who had been dispossessed of an earldom by Magnus, and they advanced together; but Harald was inclined, if possible, rather to decide the matter by a treaty, than by force of arms; while Swend, on the other hand, wished for war and revenge.

One evening, as the two allies were sitting together, Swend

asked Harald what he valued most of all his property.

"My banner, Land-Waster," answered Harald.

"And wherefore?"

"It has always been said that this banner carries victory with it, and so I have ever found it."

"I will believe in that when thou hast borne it in three battles with thy nephew Magnus, and won them all."

"I know my kindred with king Magnus," answered Harald, "without thy recalling it; and though we are now in arms against him, our meeting may be of another sort."

They came to high words, Swend reproaching his ally with breaking his agreement. Harald distrusted his intentions, and, at night, did not, as usual, sleep in a tent on the deck of his ship, but left a billet of wood in his place. At midnight a man rowed silently up to the side of the ship, crept up to the tent, and struck so violent a blow with his axe, that it remained sticking in the wood, while the murderer retired to his boat, and rowed away in the dark.

Harald, convinced of this treachery, deserted Swend, and went to join Magnus, who met him in a friendly manner, and invited him, with sixty of his men, to a banquet.

After the feast, Magnus went round the table, distributing gifts of robes and weapons to the sixty men; but when he came to Harald, he held up two sticks, and asked which of them he would choose. Harald took the nearest, and Magnus declared that therewith he gave up to him half his power and land in Norway,

making him of equal right with himself, and only reserving the first seat when they should be together at any time.

Harald sent for all the treasure he had brought home, declaring that they would likewise divide their riches; and the gold was weighed out, and placed in two equal heaps, each on an ox-hide. But Magnus had no riches to contribute, for he said that the turmoils in the country had so impoverished him, that all the gold he possessed was the ring on his finger, which his father, St. Olaf, had given him at their last parting. Even this, Harald said, smiling, perhaps belonged rightfully to him, since it was, at first, the property of his father, Sigurd Syr. However, the two kings parted amicably, and reigned together without disagreements of any consequence, for the remembrance of St. Olaf seemed always to be a link between his son and brother. Magnus, the more gentle of the two, died just as his uncle had led him to enter on a war of ambition with Swend, King of Denmark.

Norwegian traditions relate that he dreamt that his father, St. Olaf, appeared to him, saying, "Wilt thou choose, my son, to follow me, or to become a long-lived and powerful king, at the cost of a crime that can never be expiated?"

"Do thou choose for me, father," he answered.

"Then follow me," replied the spirit.

Magnus awoke, told the dream, sickened, and died, leaving the whole of Norway to Harald Hardrada, and declaring that it would be just not to molest Swend in his possession of Denmark.

Harald reigned prosperously, until, in an evil hour, he received

Tostig, the son of Godwin, and listened to his invitation to come and invade England, and revenge him on his brother Harold. He fitted out a great armament, sailed up the Humber, plundered and burnt Scarborough, defeated the young earls of Mercia and Northumberland, and summoned York to surrender.

The citizens, dreading an assault, promised to yield the next day; and, accordingly, early in the morning, Hardrada, Tostig and a small band of followers, set out from their camp at Stamford Bridge, on the banks of the Ouse, to receive the keys. The day was bright and warm, though late in September, and the Northmen had left behind them their shirts of mail, and only bore sword, shield, and helmet; even Harald himself had left behind his hawberk Emma, and only wore a blue robe embroidered with gold, and a rich helmet.

As they were approaching the city, they suddenly beheld a cloud of dust, and beneath it the glitter of armor, glancing, as the Norwegians said, like sparkling ice. As they came nearer, they could distinguish the red dragon standard of Wessex, proving that there was the king whom they had supposed to be far away on the south coast, watching to prevent the landing of William of Normandy.

Though taken by surprise, outnumbered, and half-armed, Hardrada did not lose courage. He sent messengers to summon the rest of his men, and planting in the midst his banner, Land-Waster, ranged his troops round it in a circle, with the ends of their spears resting on the ground, and the points turned outward.

Twenty horsemen, in full armor, advanced from the Saxon army, and one of them, riding close up to the circle, called out, "Where is Earl Tostig, the son of Godwin?"

"He is here!" replied Tostig.

"Thy brother salutes thee, offers thee peace, his friendship, and the Earldom of Northumbria; nay, rather than not be friends with thee, he would give thee the third of his kingdom."

"If he had held this language a year ago," replied Tostig, who knew the speaker but too well, "he would have saved the lives of many men. But what will he offer my noble ally, King Harold Sigurdson?"

"Seven feet of English earth," answered the horseman, proudly scanning the gigantic figure of the Sea-King, "or maybe a little more."

"Then," said Tostig, "King Harold, my brother, may prepare for battle. Never shall it be said that the son of Godwin forsook the son of Sigurd." It must have been a strange look that passed between those two brothers, thus on the verge of a deadly strife, each surrounded with dangers that could scarcely be averted, and but of late actuated with bitter hate, but, at the decisive moment, that hatred giving way, and their hearts yearning to each other, with the memories of long-past days, yet both too proud to show how they were mutually touched, too far pledged to their separate parties to follow the impulse that would have drawn them once together in love. It was too late; the battle must be fought—the brothers' deeds had decided their lot.

The Saxon horseman rode off, and the Norwegian King asked, who was the man who had been speaking so well.

"It was King Harold Godwinson," said Tostig.

"Why did I not learn this sooner?" said Hardrada. "He should never have had to boast of the slaughter of our men."

"It may have been imprudent," said Tostig, "but he was willing to grant me peace and a great dominion. If one of us must die, I had rather he should slay me, than I slay him."

So spoke Tostig, who had, of late, been rushing from country to country to stir up foes against his brother. Surely he would have given worlds to check the ruin he had wrought, though his sense of honor would not allow him to forsake his ally.

"He is but a little man, but he sits firmly in his stirrups," returned Harald Hardrada; and then, to cheer his men in their desperate case, he chanted aloud one of his impromptu war-songs:

"Advance, advance,
The helmets glance;
But blue swords play
In our array.

"Advance, advance,
No hawberks glance—
But hearts are here
That know no fear."

"These verses sound but ill," said the Sea-King, interrupting himself; "we will make some better;" and, careful of his verses as a Skald in his last battle, as well as in his first, he sung:

> "In battle morn we seek no lee,
> With skulking head and bending knee,
> Behind the hollow shield;
> With eye and hand we guard the head,
> Courage and promptness stand instead,
> Of hawberk, on this field."

It was his death-song. Early in the battle his throat was pierced by an arrow; and learning his death, Harold Godwinson sent once more to offer Tostig pardon, and leave to the Northmen to return home; but they refused quarter, and Tostig would not forsake them. The other Northmen from the ships joined them, and the fight raged with more fury than ever in the "death-ring," as the Skalds termed it, round the banner Land-Waster. Tostig fell there, and only a few fled to their ships, protected by a brave Norseman, who stood alone to guard Stamford bridge, then only consisting of a few planks, till an Englishman crept under, thrust up his spear, and slew him from below.

However, Harold's condition was too critical to allow of his wasting his strength on a defeated foe; he allowed Hardrada's son to return unmolested to Norway with his fleet and the remains of his army, and he gave great offence to his men by not sharing the plunder of the camp with them.

So died the last of the Sea-Kings, by the last Anglo-Saxon victory.

CAMEO VI. THE NORMAN INVASION. (1066.)

The Duke of Normandy seems to have considered himself secure of the fair realm of England, by the well-known choice of Edward the Confessor, and was reckoning on the prospects of ruling there, where the language and habits of his race were already making great progress.

On a winter day, however, early in 1066, as William, cross-bow in hand, was hunting in the forests near Rouen, a horseman galloped up to him and gave him, in a low voice, the information that his cousin, King Edward of England, was dead, and that Earl Harold of Kent had been crowned in his stead.

With fierce rage were these tidings given, for the bearer of them was no other than Tostig, who attempted to bring the Normans against his brother, before seeking the aid of Harald Hardrada in the north.

No less was the ire of the Norman Duke excited, but he was of too stern and reserved a nature to allow his wrath to break out at once into words. Sport, however, was at an end for him; he threw down his cross-bow, and walked out of the forest, his fine but hard features bearing so dark and gloomy an expression, that no one dared to ask what had disturbed him.

Without a word, he entered the castle, and there strode up

and down the hall, his hands playing with the fastenings of his cloak, until suddenly throwing himself on a bench, he drew his mantle over his face, turned it to the wall, and became lost in deep musings.

His knights stood round, silent and perplexed, till a voice was heard humming a tune at a little distance, and the person entered who, more than any other, shared the counsels of Duke William, namely, William Fitzosborn, Count de Breteuil, son of that Osborn the seneschal who had been murdered in the Duke's chamber.

The two Williams were of the same age, had been brought up together, and Fitzosborn now enjoyed the office of seneschal, and was on a more intimate footing with his lord than any other was admitted to by the dark and reserved prince. All the knights gathered round him to ask what ailed the Duke.

"Ah!" said he, "you will soon hear news that will not please you;" and as William, roused by his voice, sat up on the bench, he continued: "Sir, why hide what troubles you? It is rumored in the town that the King of England is dead, and that Harold has broken his faith, and seized the realm."

"You are right," replied the Duke. "I am grieved at the death of King Edward, and at the wrong Harold has done me."

Fitzosborn answered with such counsels as his master would best be pleased to hear. "Sir, no one should grieve over what cannot be undone, far less over what may be mended. There is no cure for King Edward's death, but there is a remedy for Harold's

evil deeds. You have warlike vassals; he has an unjust cause. What needs there, save a good heart? for what is well begun, is half done."

William's wishes lay in the direction his friend pointed out, but he was wary, and weighed his means before undertaking the expedition against so powerful and wealthy a state as England. His resources seemed as nothing in comparison with those of England; his dukedom was but a petty state, himself a mere vassal; and though he had reason to hope that the English were disaffected toward Harold, yet, on the other hand, he was not confident of the support of his own vassals—wild, turbulent men, only kept in cheek by his iron rule, without much personal attachment to one so unbending and harsh, and likely to be unwilling to assist in his personal aggrandizement.

He paused and calculated, waiting so long that Tostig, in his impatience, went to Norway, and tried to find a prompter for Harold. Messages in the meantime passed between Normandy and England without effect. William claimed the performance of the oaths at Rouen, and Harold denied any obligation to him, offering to be his ally if he would renounce the throne, but otherwise defying him as an enemy.

Having at length decided, William summoned his vassals to meet at Lillebonne, and requested their aid in asserting his right to the English Crown.

When he left them to deliberate, all with one consent agreed that they would have nothing to do with foreign expeditions.

What should they gain? The Duke had no right to ask their feudal service for aught but guarding their own frontier. Fitzosborn should he the spokesman, and explain the result of their parliament.

In came the Duke, and Fitzosborn, standing forth, spoke thus: "Never, my lord, were men so zealous as those you see here. They will serve you as truly beyond sea as in Normandy. Push forward, and spare them not. He who has hitherto furnished one man-at-arms, will equip two; he who has led twenty knights, will bring forty. I myself offer you sixty ships well filled with fighting men."

Fitzosborn was stopped by a general outcry of indignation and dissent, and the assembly tumultuously dispersed; but not one of the vassals was allowed to quit Lillebonne till after a private conference with William, and determined as they might be when altogether, yet not a count or baron of them all could withstand the Duke when alone with him; and it ended in their separately engaging to do just as Fitzosborn had promised for them; and going home to build ships from their woods, choose out the most stalwart villains on their estates to be equipped as men-at-arms and archers, to cause their armorers to head the cloth-yard shafts, repair the hawberks of linked chains of steel, and the high-pointed helmets, as yet without visors, and the face only guarded by a projection over the nose. Every one had some hope of advantage to be gained in England; barons expected additional fiefs, peasants intended to become nobles, and throughout the spring preparations went on merrily; the Duchess Matilda taking

part in them, by causing a vessel to be built for the Duke himself, on the figure-head of which was carved a likeness of their youngest son William, blowing an ivory horn.

William, in the meantime, sought for allies in every quarter, beginning with writing to beg the sanction of the Pope, Alexander II., as Harold's perjury might be considered an ecclesiastical offence.

The Saxons were then in no favor at Rome; they had refused to accept a Norman Primate appointed by Edward; and Stigand, their chosen Archbishop, was at present suspended by the Court of Rome, for having obtained his office by simony: the whole Anglo-Saxon Church was reported to be in a very bad and corrupt state, and besides, Rome had never enjoyed the power and influence there that the Normans had permitted her. Lanfranc, Abbot, of St. Stephens, at Caen, and one of the persons most highly esteemed by William, was an Italian of great repute at Rome, and thus everything conspired to make the Pope willing to favor the attempt upon England.

He therefore returned him a Bull (a letter so called from the golden bull, or bulla, appended to it), appointing him, as the champion of the Church, to chastise the impious perjurer Harold, and sent him a consecrated banner, and a gold ring containing a relic of St. Peter.

Thus sanctioned, William applied to his liege lord Philippe I. of France, offering to pay homage for England as well as Normandy; but Philippe, a dull, heavy, indolent man, with no

love for his great vassal, refused him any aid; and William, though he made the application for form's sake, was well pleased to have it so.

"If I succeed," he said, "I shall be under the fewer obligations."

When he requested aid from Matilda's brother Baldwin, Count of Flanders, the answer he received was a query, how much land in England he would allot as a recompense. He sent, in return, a piece of blank parchment; but others say, that instead of being an absolute blank, it contained his signature, and was filled up by Baldwin, with the promise of a pension of three hundred marks.

Everything was at length in readiness; nine hundred ships, or rather large open boats, were assembled at the mouth of the Dive; lesser barks came in continually, and counts, barons, and knights, led in their trains of horsemen and archers.

All William's friends were round him, and his two half-brothers, the sons of Arlette, Robert, Count of Eu, and Odo, the warlike Bishop of Bayeux. Matilda was to govern in his absence, and his eldest son, Robert, a boy of thirteen, was brought forward, and received the homage of the vassals, in order that he might be owned as heir of Normandy, in case any mishap should befall his father on the expedition.

Nothing delayed the enterprise but adverse winds, and these prevailed so long that the feudal army had nearly exhausted their forty days' stock of provisions; knight and man-at-arms murmured, and the Duke was continually going to pray in the

Church of St. Valery, looking up at the weathercock every time he came out.

On the eve of St. Michael, the Duke's anxious face became cheerful, for a favorable wind had set in, and the word was given to embark. Horses were led into the ships, the shields hung round the gunwale, and the warriors crowded in, the Duke, in his own Mora, leading the way, the Pope's banner at his mast's head, and a lantern at the stern to guide the rest.

By morning, however, he outstripped all the fleet, and the sailor at the mast-head could see not one; but gradually first one sail, then another, came in sight, and by the evening of Michaelmas-day, 1066, the whole nine hundred were bearing, down upon Pevensey.

Those adverse winds had done Willium more favor than he guessed, for they had delayed him till Harold had been obliged to quit his post of observation in Sussex, and go to oppose the Northmen at York, and thus there was no one to interfere with the landing of the Normans, who disembarked as peacefully at Pevensey as if it had been Rouen itself.

William was almost the first to leap on shore; but as he did so, his foot slipped, and he fell. Rising, with his hands full of mud, he called out, "Here have I taken possession of the land which by God's help I hope to win!" Catching his humor, one of his knights tore a handful of thatch from a neighboring cottage, and put it into his hand, saying, "Sir, I give you seizin of this place, and promise that I shall see you lord of it before a month is past."

The troops were landed first, then the horses, and lastly the carpenters, who set up at once three wooden forts, which had been brought in the ships prepared to be put together. After dinner, William ordered all the ships to be burnt, to cut off all hope of return. He continued for several days at Pevensey, exercising the troops: and viewing the country. In one of these expeditions, he gave, what was thought, a remarkable proof of strength; for on a hot day, as they were mounting a steep hill, Fitzosborn grew faint and exhausted by the weight of his ponderous iron hawberk. The Duke bade him take it off, and putting it on over his own, climbed the hill and returned to his camp wearing both at once.

His landing, though he saw no one, had in reality been watched by a South-Saxon Thane, who, having counted Ins ships and seen his array, mounted, and, without resting day or night, rode to York, where, as Harold was dining, two days after the battle of Stamford Bridge, he rushed into the hall, crying out, "The Normans are come! they have built a fort at Pevensey!"

No time was to be lost, and at the dawn Harold and all his army were marching southward, sending a summons to the thanes and franklins of each county as he passed, to gather to the defence of the country.

His speed was too great, however, for the great mass of the people to be able to join him, even if they had been so minded, and they were for the most part disposed to take no part in the struggle, following the example of the young Earls of

Mercia, Edwin and Morkar, who held aloof, unwilling alike to join Harold or the Normans.

When Harold reached London, his army was so much lessened by fatigue and desertion, that his mother, Gytha, and his two youngest brothers, Gyrtha and Leofwyn, advised him not to risk a battle, but to lay the country waste before the Normans, and starve them out of England. Harold answered, with the generous spirit that had been defaced and clouded by his ambition, "Would you have me ruin my kingdom? By my faith, it were treason. I will rather try the chances of a battle with such men as I have, and trust to my own valor and the goodness of my cause."

"Yet," said Gyrtha, "if it be so, forbear thyself to fight. Either willingly or under force, thou art sworn to Duke William. Thine oath will weigh down thine arm in battle, but we, who are all unpledged, are free to fight in defence of our realm. Thou wilt aid us if we are defeated, avenge us if we are slain."

Harold disregarded this advice, and was resolved to lead the host himself; he gathered his followers from Kent and Wessex, and marched southward.

CAMEO VII. THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS. (1066.)

The first night after leaving London, Harold slept at Waltham Abbey, and had much conference with the Abbot, who was his friend, and appointed two Monks, named Osgood and Ailric, to attend him closely in the coming battle.

On the 12th of October, Harold found himself seven miles from the enemy, and halted his men on Heathfield-hill, near Hastings, the most advantageous ground he could find.

On the highest point he planted his standard bearing the figure of a man in armor, and marshalling his Saxons round it, commanded them to entrench themselves within a rampart and ditch, and to plant within them a sort of poles, on the upper part of which, nearly the height of a man from the ground, they interwove a fence of wattled branches, so that while the front rank might pass under to man the rampart, the rear might be sheltered from the arrows of the enemy.

These orders given, Harold and Gyrtha rode together to a hill, whence they beheld the Norman camp, when for a moment Harold was so alarmed at the number of their tents that he spoke of returning to London and acting as his mother had advised; but Gyrtha showed him that it was too late; he could not turn back from the very face of the enemy, without being supposed to fly,

and thus yielding his kingdom at once.

Three Saxons presently came to the brothers who had been seized as spies by the Normans, and, by order of William, led throughout his camp, and then sent away to report what they had seen. Their story was that the Norman soldiers were all Priests, at which Harold laughed, since they had been deceived by the short-cut locks and smooth chins of the Normans, such as in England were only worn by ecclesiastics, warriors always wearing flowing locks and thick moustaches.

Several messages passed between the two camps, William sending offers of honors and wealth to Harold and Gyrtha if they would cease their resistance; but when all were rejected, he sent another herald to defy Harold as a perjured traitor under the ban of the Church;—a declaration which so startled the Saxons, that it took strong efforts on the part of the gallant Gyrtha to inspirit them to stand by his brother.

This over, William addressed his soldiers from a little hillock, and put on his armor, hanging-round his neck, as a witness of Harold's falsehood, one of the relics on which the oath had been taken. He chanced to put on his hawberk with the wrong side before, and seeing some of his men disconcerted, fancying this a token of ill, he told them that it boded that his dukedom should be turned to a kingdom.

His horse was a beautiful Spanish barb sent him by the King of Castile; and so gallantly did he ride, that there was a shout of delight from his men, and a cry, "Never was such a Knight under

Heaven! A fair Count he is, and a fair king he will be! Shame on him who fails him!"

William held in his hand the Pope's banner, and called for the standard-bearer of Normandy; but no one liked to take the charge, fearful of being hindered from gaining distinction by feats of personal prowess. Each elder knight of fame begged to be excused, and at last it was committed to Tunstan the White, a young man probably so called because he had yet to win an achievement for his spotless shield.

The army was in three troops, each drawn up in the form of a wedge, the archers forming the point; and the reserve of horse was committed to Bishop Odo, who rode up and down among the men, a hawberk over his rochet and a club in his hand.

On went the Normans in the light of the rising sun of the 13th of October, Taillefer, a minstrel-knight, riding first, playing on his harp and singing the war-song of Roland the Paladin. At seven o'clock they were before the Saxon camp, and Fitzosborn and the body under his command dashed up the hill, under a cloud of arrows, shouting, "Notre Dame! Dieu aide!" while the Saxons within, crying out, "Holy Rood!" cut down with their battle-axes all who gained the rampart, and at length drove them back again.

A second onset was equally unsuccessful, and William, observing that the wattled fence protected the Saxons from the arrows, ordered the archers to shoot their arrows no longer point blank, but into the sky, so that they might fall on the heads of

the Saxons. Thus directed, these shafts harassed the defenders grievously; and Harold himself was pierced in the left eye, and almost disabled from further exertion in the command.

Yet at noon, the Normans had been baffled at every quarter, and William, growing desperate, led a party to attack the entrance of the camp. Again he was repulsed, and driven back on some rough ground, where many horses fell, and among them his own Spanish charger. A cry arose that the Duke was slain; the Normans fled, the Saxons broke out of their camp in pursuit, when William, throwing off his helmet and striking with his lance, recalled his troops, shouting, "Look at me! I live, and by Gods grace I will conquer." All the Saxons who had left the camp were slain, their short battle-axes being unfit to cope with the heavy swords and long lances of their enemies; and taught by this success, William caused some of his troops to feign a flight, draw them beyond the rampart, turn on them, and cut them down. The manoeuvre was repeated at different parts of the camp till the rampart was stripped of defenders, and the Normans forced their way into it, cut down the wattled fence, and gave admittance to the host of horse and foot who rushed over the outworks.

Yet still the standard floated in the midst of a brave band who

—

> "Though thick the shafts as snow.
> Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
> Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
> Still fought around their King."

All who came near that close-serried ring of steadfast Saxon strength were cut down, and the piles of dead Normans round them were becoming ramparts, when twenty knights bound themselves by an oath that the standard should be taken, spurred their horses against the ranks, and by main force, with the loss of ten of their number, forced an opening. Ere the ranks could close, William and his whole force were charging into the gap made for a moment, trampling down the brave men, slaughtering on all sides, yet still unable to break through to the standard.

> "Till utter darkness closed her wing
> O'er their thin host and wounded King."

Man by man the noble Saxons were hewn down as the Normans cut their way through them, no more able to drive them back than if they had been the trees of the forest. Gyrtha, the true-hearted and noble, fell under the sword of a Norman knight, Leofwyn lay near him in his blood, yet still Harold's voice was heard cheering on his men, and still his standard streamed above their heads.

At sunset, that well-known voice was no longer heard, and the setting sun beheld Tunstan the White perform the crowning achievement of the day, uproot the standard banner of Normandy that the morning beams had seen committed to his charge. Not an earl or thane of Wessex was living; and heaps of slain lay thick on Heathfield hill, and the valley round a very lake of blood. Senlac,

or Sanglac, was its old name, and sounded but too appropriate to the French ears of the Conqueror, as, in a moment of sorrow for the fearful loss of life he beheld, he vowed that here should stand an Abbey where prayer should be made for pardon for his sins and for the repose of the souls of the slaughtered. Darkness came on; but the Saxons, retreating under its cover, were still so undaunted that the Normans could hardly venture to move about the field except in considerable parties, and Eustace of Boulogne, while speaking to the Duke, was felled to the earth by a sudden blow.

In the morning, Gytha, the widow of Godwin, who had lost four children by the perjury and ambition of one of them, came to entreat permission to bury. Gyrtha and Leofwyn lay near together at the foot of the banner. Harold was sought in vain, till Edith of the Swan neck, a lady he had loved, was brought to help in the melancholy quest.

She declared a defaced and mangled corpse to be that of Harold, and it was carried, with those of the two brothers, to the Abbey of Waltham, where it was placed beneath a stone bearing the two sorrowful words, "Infelix Harold."

Years passed on, and the people had long become accustomed to the Norman yoke, when there was much talk among them of a hermit, who dwelt in a cell not far from the town, in the utmost penitence and humility. He was seldom seen, his face was deeply scarred, and he had lost his left eye, and nothing was known of his name or history; but he was deeply revered for his sanctity, and

when Henry Beauclerc once visited Chester, he sought a private interview with the mysterious penitent.

It is said, that when the hermit lay on his death-bed, he owned himself to be Harold, son of Godwin, once King of England for seven months. He had been borne from the bloody hill, between life and death, in the darkness of the evening, by the two faithful monks, Osgood and Ailric, and tended in secret till he recovered from his wounds.

Since that time he had been living in penitence and contrition, unknown to and apart from the world, and died at length, trusting that his forty years' repentance might be accepted.

If this tale be true, what a warning might not he have bestowed on the young prince Henry, destined to run a like course of perjury and ambition, and to feel it turn back upon him in the dreariness of desolate old age, when "he never smiled again." Had not the penitent Harold more peace at the last than the king Henry?

The same story is told of almost every king missed in a lost battle.

Arthur, borne away to die at Avalon, and believed to be among the fairies; Rodrigo, the last of the Goths, whose steed Orelio and horned helmet lay on the banks of the river, and whose name was found centuries after on a rude gravestone, near a hermitage; James IV., whom the Scots by turns hoped to see return from pilgrimage, and pitied as they looked at Lord Home's border tower; the gallant Don Sebastian, the last of the glorious race of

Portuguese Kings, never seen after his shout of “Let us die!” in the tumult of Alcaçer, yet long looked for by his loving people —of each in turn the belief has arisen among the subjects who clung to the hope of seeing the beloved prince, and dwelt on the doubt whether his corpse was identified. In the cases of Harold and Rodrigo—generous men tempted into fearful and ruinous crimes—one would hope the tale was true, and that the time for repentance was vouchsafed to them; nor are their stories entirely without authority.

Harold had three young children, who wandered about under the care of their grandmother, Gytha, at one time finding a shelter in the Holms, those two islets in the British Channel, at another taking refuge in Ireland, whence they at length escaped to Norway, and the daughter married one of the Kings of Novgorod, the beginning of the Empire of Russia. Ulfnoth, the only remaining son of the bold Godwinsons, was the hostage that Edward the Confessor had placed in the hands of the Duke of Normandy; he was seized upon once more by William Rufus, and remained in captivity till his death. The Conqueror kept his vow, and erected the splendid Battle Abbey on the field that gave him a kingdom. The high altar stood where Harold’s banner had been planted, and the enclosures surrounded every spot where the conflict had raged.

They were measured out by the corpses of Normans and Saxons. The Battle-roll, a list of every Norman who had borne arms there, was lodged in the keeping of the Abbot, and contains

the names of many a good old English family which has held the same land generation after generation, English now, though then called the Norman spoiler, but it is to be feared, that the roll was much tampered with to gratify family vanity. Battle Abbey was one of the greatest and richest foundations. The Abbot was a friar, and, according to the unfortunate habit of exempting monasteries from the Bishop's jurisdiction, was subject to no government but the Pope's; and this led to frequent disputes between the Abbot and the see of Winchester.

It was overthrown in the Reformation, and is now a mere ruin; but its beautiful arches still remain to show that, better than any other conqueror, William knew how to honor a battle-field. There is but one other Battle Abbey in the world—Batalha in Portugal—which covers the plain of Aljubarota, where Joao I. won his kingdom from Castile; and as his wife was a daughter of John of Gaunt, a most noble and high-minded princess, it is most probable that she suggested the work after the example of her great ancestor; nay, when the visitor enters the nave, and is reminded by the architecture of Winchester, it seems as if Philippa of Lancaster might have both proposed the foundation, and sent to England for the plan, to the Architect and Bishop, William of Wykeham.

Nor is Battle Abbey the only remaining monument of Hastings. Matilda's own handiwork prepared her thank offering of tapestry, recording her husband's victory; and this work, done as it was for a gift to Heaven, not a vainglorious record, still

endures in the very cathedral to which she gave it, one of the choicest historical witnesses that have come down to our times. We might be apt to regret that she did not present her work to Battle Abbey, where it would have been most appropriate; but as the Puritans would most likely have called it a Popish vestment savoring of idolatry, we are consoled by thinking it probably owes its preservation to her having chosen to give it as a hanging on festival days to the Cathedral at Bayeux, the see of her husband's half-brother, Odo, who shared in all the toils and dangers of the expedition, and whom she has taken especial care to represent for the benefit of the townspeople of Bayeux; for wherever we find his broad face, large person, shaven crown, and the chequered red and green suit by which she expressed his wadded garment, his name is always found in large letters; and he is evidently in his full glory when we find him, club in hand, at the beginning of the battle, and these words worked round him: *Odo Eps.* (episcopus) *baculum tenens, confortat pueros*. He was one of the bad, warlike Bishops of those irregular times, and brought many disasters on himself by his turbulence and haughtiness.

Matilda's tapestry is a long narrow strip, little more than half a yard in breadth. It begins with Harold's journey to Normandy, and ends unfinished in the midst of the battle; and most curious it is. The drawing is of course rude, and the coloring very droll, the horses being red and green, or blue, and, invariably, the off-leg of a different color from the other three, while the ways in which both horses and men fall at Hastings make the scene very

diverting.

Her castles, houses, and more especially Westminster Abbey, are of all the colors in the rainbow, and much smaller than the persons entering them, and yet in every figure there is spirit, in every face expression, and throughout, William, Harold, and Odo, bear countenances which are not to be mistaken. Harold has moustaches, which none of the Normans wore. There we find Harold taking his extorted oath; the death of King Edward, the Saxons gazing with horror at the three-tailed comet; the ship-building of yellow, green, and red boards, cut out of trees with most ludicrous foliage; the moon just as it is described; the disembarkation, where a bare-legged mariner wades out, anchor in hand; the very comical foraging party; the repast upon landing, where Odo is saying grace with two fingers raised in benediction, while the meat is served on shields, and fowls carried round spitted upon arrows. Then follows the battle, where William is seen raising his helmet by its nose-guard, and looking exceedingly fierce as he rallies his men; where horses and men tumble head over heels, and where, finally, Matilda broke off with a pattern of hawberks traced out, and no heads or legs put to them. What stayed her hand? Was it her grief at the conduct of her first-born that took from her all heart to proceed with her memorial, or was it only the hand of death that closed her toil, her womanly record of her husband's achievements?

The border must not be forgotten. It is a narrow edge above and below. At first it is worked with subjects from Phaedrus's

fables (on having translated which was rested the fame of Henry's scholarship), and very cleverly are they chosen; for, as if in comment on Harold's visit to Rouen, we find in near neighborhood the stork with her head in the wolf's mouth, and the crow letting fall her cheese into the fox's jaws.

Matilda did not upbraid the Normans by working the Parliament of Lillebonne, but she or her designer surely had it in mind when a herd of frightened beasts was drawn, an ape in front of them making an oration to what may be a lion, as it is much bigger than the rest; but as Matilda never saw a lion, the likeness is not remarkable.

Further on are representations of agriculture, sowing, reaping, &c. Wherever there is a voyage, fishes swim above and below, and in the battle there is a border plentiful in dead men.

The Bayeux tapestry—the "Toile de St. Jean," as it is there called, from the feast-day when the cathedral was hung with it—remained unknown and forgotten, till it was brought to light by one of the last people that could have been expected—Napoleon. He was then full of his plan for invading England, and called general attention to the toile de St. Jean, to bring to mind the Norman Invasion, and show that England had once been conquered.

So she had, but he had to deal with the sons of both victors, and of those who were slain. Now vanquished, Norman and Saxon were one, and by the great mercy of Heaven upon their offspring, the English, not one battle has been fought, since

Hastings, with a Continental foe upon English ground.

May that mercy be still vouchsafed us!

CAMEO VIII. THE CAMP OF REFUGE. (1067-1072.)

King of England.
1066. William I.

In the fen country of Lincolnshire, there lived, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, a wealthy Saxon franklin named Leofric, Lord of Bourn. He was related to the great Earls of Mercia, and his brother Brand was Abbot of Peterborough, so that he, and his wife Ediva, were persons of consideration in their own neighborhood. They had a son named Hereward, and called, for some unknown, reason, Le Wake, a youth of great height and personal strength, and of so fierce and violent a disposition, that he disturbed the peace of the neighborhood to such a degree that he was banished from the realm. His high spirit found fit occupation in the armies of foreign princes: and pilgrims and minstrels brought home such reports of his prowess, that the people of Bourn no longer regarded him as a turbulent young scapegrace, but considered him as their pride and glory.

After a brilliant career abroad, Hereward married a Flemish lady, and was settled on her estates when the tidings reached him that his father was dead, and that his aged mother had been despoiled of her property, and cruelly treated, by a Norman to whom William the Conqueror had presented the estate of Bourn.

No sooner did he receive this intelligence, than he set off with his wife, and, arriving in Lincolnshire, communicated in secret with his old friends at Bourn, collected a small band, attacked the Norman, drove him away, and re-instated Ediva in his paternal home.

But this exploit only exposed him to further perils. Normans were in possession of every castle around; his cousins, the young Earls Edwin find Morkar, had submitted to the Conqueror; Edwin was betrothed to Agatha, William's daughter; and their sister Lucy was married to an Angevin named Ivo Taillebois bringing him a portion of their lands, in right of which he called himself Viscount of Spalding. Their submission had availed them little; they, as well as Waltheof, Earl of Huntingdon (son of Siward, and husband of the Conqueror's niece, Judith), were feeling that a hand of iron was over them, and regretting every day that he had not made common cause against the enemy before he had fully established his power. Selfishness, jealousy, and wavering, had overthrown and ruined the Saxons. Each had sought to secure his own lands and life, careless of his neighbors. No one had the spirit of Frithric, Abbot of St. Alban's, who blocked up the Conqueror's march with trunks of trees, and when asked by William why he had injured his woods for the sake of making an unavailing resistance, replied, "I did my duty. If every one had done as much, you would not be here." According to their own tradition, the men of Kent, coming forward, each carrying a branch of a tree, so that they advanced unperceived, "a

moving wood," so encumbered William's passage that he could not proceed till he had taken an oath to respect their privileges. London, too, preserved its rights, owing to the management of a burgess, called Ansgard, who conducted the treaty with the Normans and would not admit them into the city till its liberties were secured.

William himself was anxious to be regarded not as a conqueror, but as reigning by inheritence from the Confessor. For this cause, when Matilda was crowned, he caused a Norman baron, Marmion of Fontenaye, to ride into the midst of Westminster Hall, and, throwing down his gauntlet, defy any man to single combat who denied the rights of William and Matilda. He himself took the old coronation oath drawn up by St. Dunstan, and pledged himself to execute justice according to the old laws of Alfred and Edward.

But William, whatever might be his own good intentions, was pressed by circumstances. He had lured his Normans across the channel with hopes of rich plunder in England, and knight and squire, man-at-arms and archer, were eager for their reward. Norman, Breton, Angevin, clamored for possession: families of peasants crossed the sea, expecting, in right of their French tongue, to be gentry at once, and lords of the churl Saxons; while the Saxons, fully conscious of their own nobility, and possessors of the soil for five hundred years, derided them in such rhymes as these:

"William de Coningsby
Came out of Brittany
With his wife Tiffany,
And his maid Manfas,
And his dog Hardigras."

But the laugh proved to be on the side of the new comers, and the Saxon, whether Earl, Thane, Franklin, or Ceorl, though he could trace his line up to Odin, and had held his land since Hengist first won Thanet, must give place to Hardigras and his master. And though our sympathies are all with the dispossessed Saxons, and the Normans appear as needy and rapacious spoilers, there is no cause for us to lament their coming. Without the Norman aristocracy, and the high spirit of chivalry and adventure thus infused, England could scarcely have attained her greatness; for, though many great men had existed among the unmixed Anglo-Saxon race, they had never been able to rouse the nation from the heavy, dull, stolid sensuality into which, to this day, an uncultivated Englishman is liable to fall.

One Norman, the gallant Gilbert Fitz-Richard, deserves to be remembered as an exception to the grasping temper of his countrymen. He would accept neither gold nor lands for the services he had rendered at Hastings. He said he had come in obedience to the summons of his feudal chief, and not for spoil, and, now his term of service was at an end, he would go back to his own inheritance, with which he was content, without the plunder of the widow and orphan.

For it was thus that William first strove to satisfy his followers. Every rich Saxon widow or heiress who could be found was compelled to marry a Norman baron or knight; but when there proved to be not a sufficiency of these unfortunate ladies, he was obliged to find other pretexts less apparently honorable. Every noble who had fought in the cause of Harold was declared a traitor, and his lands adjudged to be forfeited, and this filled the Earldoms of Wessex and Sussex with great numbers of Normans, who counted their wealth at so many Englishmen apiece, and made no scruple of putting their own immediate followers into the manors whence they thrust the ancient owners. As to the great nobles, they were treated so harshly that they were all longing, if possible, to throw off the yoke, and make the stand which they should have made a year ago, when William had won nothing but the single, hard-fought battle of Hastings.

Some of the Norman adventurers took great state on them, all the more, probably, because they had been nobodies in their own country. One of the most haughty of all was the Spalding Viscount, Ivo, whose surname of Taillebois seems to betray somewhat of his origin in Anjou. He was noted for his pompous language and insolent bearing; he insisted on his vassals kneeling on one knee when they addressed him, and he and his men-at-arms took every opportunity of tormenting the Saxons. He set his dogs at their flocks, lamed or drowned their cattle, killed their poultry, and, above all, harassed a few brethren of the Abbey of Croyland, who inhabited a grange not far from Spalding, to such

a degree, that he obliged them at last to retreat to the Abbey, and then filled the house with monks from Anjou; and though the Abbot Ingulf was William's secretary, he could obtain no redress.

Such a neighbor as this was not likely to allow the re-instated Ediva to remain at Bourn in peace, and Hereward found that he must continue in arms, for her protection and his own. He placed his wife, Torfrida, in a convent, and, collecting his friends around him, kept up a constant warfare with the Normans, until at length he succeeded in fortifying the Isle of Ely, and establishing there what he called the Camp of Refuge, as it gave shelter to any Saxon who had suffered from the violence of the Normans, or would not adopt the new habits they tried to enforce.

The weak, helpless, and aged, were sheltered by the monastery and its buildings; the strong, enrolled in Hereward's gallant band. Some of them were of higher rank than himself, and in order that he might be on a par with them, as well as with his Norman enemies, he sought the order of knighthood from his uncle, Abbot Brand.

The Normans in general were knighted by lay nobles, and though their prince, William Rufus, received the order from Lanfranc, they would not acknowledge Hereward as a knight, though they could not help respecting his truth, honor, and courage; and it was a common saying among them, that if there had been only four men like him in England, they should never have gained a footing there. No wonder, when he never hesitated to fight singly with seven Normans at once, and each of his

five principal followers was a match for three. They were Ibe Winter, his brother-in-arms; Eghelric, his cousin; Ital; Alfric; and Sexwald.

Many fugitives of high rank did Hereward receive in his Camp of Refuge. He had nearly been honored by the presence of his hereditary sovereign, Edgar the Etheling, but the plan failed. He did, however, shelter his two cousins, Morkar and Edwin. They had suffered much from the insolence of the Normans, and experienced the futility of the promises in which they had trusted, until at length they had been driven to join a rising in the North. It had been quickly suppressed, and the worst of all the cruelties of the Normans had avenged it, while the two earls, now become outlaws, fled to the Camp of Refuge. Thence Edwin was sent on a mission to Scotland, but on the way he was attacked by a party of his enemies and slain, after a gallant resistance. He was the handsomest man of his time, and his betrothed, Agatha, was devotedly attached to him; it is even said that the stern William himself wept when the bloody head of his daughter's lover was presented to him. A curious gold ornament has been of late years found in the field where Edwin was killed, and antiquaries allow us to imagine that it might have been a love-token from the Norman princess to the Saxon earl.

Another fugitive in Hereward's camp was the high-spirited Abbot Frithric, whose steady opposition to the illegal encroachments of the Normans had given great offence to William. Once Frithric had combined with other influential

ecclesiastics to require of the Conqueror another oath to abide by the old English laws, and thus brought on himself an accusation of rebellion and sentence of banishment. He assembled his monks, and told them the time was come when, according to the words of Holy Scripture, they must flee from city to city, bade them, farewell, and, taking nothing with him but a few books, safely reached the Camp of Refuge, where he soon after died.

Thorold, the new Norman Abbot of Malmesbury, kept a body of archers in his pay, and whenever his monks resisted any of his improper measures, he used to call out, "Here, my men-at-arms!" At length the Conqueror heard of his proceedings. "I'll find him his match!" cried William. "I will send him to Peterborough, 'where Hereward will give him as much fighting as he likes."

To Peterborough, then, Thorold was appointed on the death of Hereward's uncle, Abbot Brand, while the poor monks of Malmesbury received for their new superior a certain Guerin de Lire, who disinterred and threw away the bones of his Saxon predecessors, and took all the treasure in the coffers of the convent, in order that he might display his riches in the eyes of those who had seen him poor.

Yet all the Norman clergy were not such as these, and never should be forgotten the beautiful answer of Guimond, a monk of St. Leufroi, such a priest as Fitz-Richard was a knight. William had summoned him to England, and he came without delay; but when he was told it was for the purpose of raising him to high dignity, he spoke thus: "Many causes forbid me to

seek dignity and power; I will not mention all. I will only say that I see not how I could ever properly be the head of men whose manners and language I do not understand, and whose fathers, brothers, and friends, have been slain by your sword, disinherited, exiled, imprisoned, or harshly enslaved by you. Search the Holy Scriptures whether any law permits that the shepherd should be forced on the flock by their enemy. Can you divide what you have won by war and bloodshed, with one who has laid aside his own goods for the sake of Christ? All priests are forbidden to meddle with rapine, or to take any share of the prey, even as an offering at the altar; for, as the Scriptures say, 'He that bringeth an offering of the goods of the poor, is as one that slayeth the son before the father's eyes.' When I remember these commands of God, I am filled with terror; I look on England as one great prey, and dread to touch it or its treasures, as I should a red-hot iron."

Guimond then returned to Normandy, uninjured by the Conqueror, who, with all his faults, never took offence at such rebukes; but the worldly-minded clergy were excessively affronted at his censure of their rapacity, and raised such a persecution against him that he was obliged to take refuge in Italy.

As soon as the news arrived at the Camp of Refuge that the warlike Thorold had been appointed to Peterborough, Hereward and his hand hastened to the Abbey, and, probably with the consent of the Saxon monks, carried off all the treasures into

the midst of the fens. Thorold, with one hundred and sixty men-at-arms, soon made his appearance, was installed as Abbot, and quickly made friends with his Norman neighbor, Ivo Taillebois.

They agreed to make an expedition against the robber Saxons, and united their forces, but Thorold appears to have been not quite as willing to face Hereward as to threaten his monks, and let Ivo advance into the midst of an extensive wood of alders, while he remained in the rear with some other Normans of distinction. Ivo sought through the whole wood without meeting a Saxon, and returning to the spot where he had left the Abbot, found no one there, for Hereward had quitted the wood on the opposite side, made a circuit, and falling suddenly on Thorold and his party, carried them off to the fens, and kept them there till they had paid a heavy ransom.

In 1072, the fifth year of the Camp of Refuge, it had assumed so formidable an aspect, that William thought it necessary to take vigorous measures against it, more especially as there had been lately a commencement of correspondence with the Danes. The difficulty was to reach it, for the treacherous ground of the fens afforded no firm footing for an army; there was not water enough for boats, no station for archers, no space for a charge of the ponderous knights, amongst the reedy pools. William decided on constructing a causeway, and employed workmen to cut trenches to drain off the water, and raise the bank of stones and turf, under the superintendence of Ivo Taillebois. However, Hereward was on the alert, harassing them perpetually, breaking on them

sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, in such strange, unexpected ways, that at last the viscount came to the conclusion that he must have magic arts to aid him, and persuaded the king to let him send for a witch to work against him by counter spells. Accordingly, she was installed in a wooden tower raised at the end of the part of the causeway which was completed, and the workmen were beginning to advance boldly under her protection, when suddenly smoke and flame came driving upon them. Hereward had set fire to the dry reeds, and, spreading quickly, the flame cut off their retreat, and the unhappy woman perished, with many of the Normans.

Again and again were the Norman attacks disconcerted, and all that they could attempt was a blockade, which lasted many months, and might probably have been sustained many more by the hardy warriors, if some of the monks of Ely, growing weary of the privations they endured, had not gone in secret to the king, and offered to show him a way across the Marches, on condition that the wealth of the Abbey was secured.

Accordingly, a band of Normans crossed the fens, took the Saxons by surprise, killed a thousand men, and forced the camp. Hereward and his five comrades still fought on, crossed bogs where the enemy did not dare to follow them, and at length escaped into the low lands of Lincoln, where they met with some Saxon fishermen, who were in the habit of supplying a Norman station of soldiers. These Saxons willingly received the warriors into their boats, and hid them under heaps of straw, while they

carried their fish as usual to the Normans. While the Normans were in full security, Hereward and his men suddenly attacked them, killed some, put the rest to flight, and seized their horses.

Collecting others of his scattered followers, Hereward kept up his warfare from his own house at Bourn, continually harassing the Normans, until at length he took prisoner his old enemy, Ivo Taillebois, and, as the price of his liberty, required him to make his peace with the Conqueror. This was good news to William, who highly esteemed his valor and constancy, and could accuse him of no breach of faith, since he had made no engagements to him. Hereward was therefore received as a subject of King William, retained his own estate, and died there at a good old age, respected by both Saxons and Normans.

There is, indeed, an old Norman-French poem, that declares it was for the love of a noble Saxon lady, named Alftrude, that Hereward ceased to struggle with the victors. According to this story, Alftrude, an heiress of great wealth, was so charmed by the report of Hereward's fame, that she offered him her hand, and persuaded him to make peace with William. It is further said, that one afternoon, as he lay asleep under a tree, a band of armed men, among whom were several Bretons, surrounded and murdered him, though not till he had slain fifteen of them.

But this story is not likely to be true, since we know that Hereward was already married, and the testimony of more than one ancient English chronicler declares that he spent his latter years in peace and honor. He was the only one of the Saxon

chieftains who thus closed his days in his native home—the only one who had not sought to preserve his own possessions at the expense of his country, and who had broken no oaths nor engagements. His exploits are told in old ballads and half-romantic histories, and it is not safe to believe them implicitly, but his existence and his gallant resistance are certain.

Many years after, the remains of a wooden fort, the citadel, so to speak of the Camp of Refuge, still existed in the Isle of Ely, and was called by the peasantry Hereward's Castle. The treacherous monks of Ely were well punished by having forty men-at-arms quartered on their Abbey.

Of the captives taken in the camp, many were most cruelly treated, their eyes put out, and their hands cut off; others were imprisoned, and many slain. Morkar, who was here taken, spent the rest of his life in the same captivity as Ulfnoth, Stigand, and many other Saxons of distinction, with the one gleam of hope when liberated at William's death, and then the bitter disappointment of renewed seizure and captivity. If it could be any consolation to them, these Saxons were not William's only captives. Bishop Odo, of Bayeux, whom William had made Earl of Kent, after giving a great deal of trouble to his brother the king, and to Archbishop Lanfranc, by his avarice and violence, heard a prediction that the next Pope should be named Odo, and set off to try to bring about its fulfilment in his own person, carrying with him an immense quantity of ill-gotten treasure, and a large number of troops, commanded by Hugh the Wolf, Earl

of Chester.

However, Odo had reckoned without King William, and he had but just set sail, when William, setting off from Normandy, met him in the Channel, took his ships, and making him land in the Isle of Wight, and convoking an assembly of knights, declared his offences, and asked them what such a brother deserved.

Between fear of the king and fear of the Bishop, no one ventured to answer, upon which William sentenced him to imprisonment; and when he declared that no one but the Pope had a right to judge him, answered, "I do not try you, the Bishop of Bayeux, but the Earl of Kent," and sent him closely guarded to Normandy.

Another Norman state-prisoner was Roger Fitzosborn, the son of William's early friend, who had died soon after the Conquest. Roger's offence was the bestowing his sister Emma in marriage without the consent of the king, and in addition, much seditious language was used at the wedding banquet, where, unhappily, was present Waltheof, Earl of Huntingdon, the last Saxon noble.

Roger, finding himself in danger, broke out into open rebellion, but was soon made prisoner. Still the king would have pardoned him for the sake of his father, whom William seems to have regarded with much more affection that he be stowed on any one else, and, as a mark of kindness, sent him a costly robe. The proud and passionate Roger, disdaining the gift, kindled a fire, and burnt the garment on the dungeon floor; and William,

deeply affronted, swore in return that he should never pass the threshold of his prison.

Waltheof, who was innocent of all save being present at the unfortunate feast, might have been spared but for the wickedness of his wife, Judith, William's niece, who had been married to him when it was her uncle's policy to conciliate the Saxons. She hated and despised the Saxon churl given her for a lord, kind, generous, and pious though he was; and having set her affections on a young Norman, herself became the accuser of her husband. Waltheof succeeded in disproving the calumnies, and the best and wisest Normans spoke in his favor; but the spite of Ivo Taillebois, and the hatred of his wife, prevailed, and he was sentenced to die.

He was executed at Winchester, where, lest the inhabitants should attempt a rescue, he was led out, early in the morning, to St. Giles's hill, outside the walls. He wore the robes of an earl, and gave them to the priests who attended him, and to the poor people who followed him. When he came to the spot he knelt down to pray, begging the soldiers to wait till he had said the Lord's Prayer; but he had only come to "Lead us not into temptation," when one of them severed his head from his body with one blow of a sword.

His body was hastily thrown into a hole; but the Saxons, who loved him greatly, disinterred it in secret, and contrived to carry it all the way to Croyland, where it was buried with due honors, and we may think of Hereward le Wake attending the funeral of the son of the stalwart old Siward Biorn.

As to the perfidious Judith, she reaped the reward of her crimes; she was not permitted to marry her Norman lover, and he was stripped of all the wealth she expected as the widow of Waltbeof. This was secured to her infant daughter, and was so considerable, that at one time William thought the little Matilda of Huntingdon a fit match for his son Robert; but Robert despised the Saxon blood, and made this project an excuse for one of his rebellions. Matilda was, however, a royal bride, since her hand was given to David I. of Scotland, the representative of the old race of Cerdic, and a most excellent prince, with whom she was much happier than she could well have: been with the unstable Robert Courtheuse.

CAMEO IX. THE LAST SAXON BISHOP. (1008-1095.)

Kings of England.
1066. William I.
1087. William II.

The last saint of the Anglo-Saxon Church, the Bishop who lived from the days of Edward the Confessor, to the evil times of the Red King, was Wulstan of Worcester, a homely old man, of plain English character, and of great piety. The quiet, even tenor of his life is truly like a "soft green isle" in the midst of the turbulent storms and tempests of the Norman Conquest.

Wulstan was born at Long Itchington, a village in Warwickshire, in the time of Ethelred the Unready. He was the son of the Thane Athelstan, and was educated in the monasteries of Evesham and Peterborough. When he had been trained in such learning as these could afford, he came home for a few years, and entered into the sports and occupations of the noble youths of the time, without parting with the piety and purity of his conventual life, and steadily resisting temptation.

His parents were grown old, and having become impoverished, perhaps by the exactions perpetrated either by the Danes, or to bribe them away, retired from the world, and entered convents at Worcester. Wulstan, wishing to devote himself to the

Church, sought the service of the Bishop, who ordained him to the priesthood.

He lived, though a secular priest, with monastic strictness, and in time obtained permission from the Bishop to become a monk in the convent, where he continued for twenty-five years, and at length became Prior of the Convent. The Prior was the person next in office to the Abbot, and governed the monastery in his absence; and in some religious orders, where there was no Abbot, the Prior was the superior.

Wulstan's habits in the convent show us what the devotional life of that time was. Each day he bent the knee at each verse of the seven Penitential Psalms, and the same at the 119th Psalm at night. He would lock himself into the church, and pray aloud with tears and cries, and at night he would often retire into some solitary spot, the graveyard, or lonely village church, to pray and meditate. His bed was the church floor, or a narrow board, and stern were his habits of fasting and mortification; but all the time he was full of activity in the cause of the poor, and, finishing his devotions early in the morning, gave up the whole day to attend to the common people, sitting at the church door to listen to, and redress, as far as in him lay, the grievances that they brought him —at any rate, to console and advise. The rude, secular country clergy, at that time, it may be feared, a corrupt, untaught race, had in great measure ceased to instruct or exhort their flocks, and even refund baptism without payment. He did his best to remedy these abuses, and from all parts of the country children were

brought to the good Prior for baptism. Every Sunday, too, he preached, and the Worcestershire people flocked from all sides to hear his plain, forcible language, though he never failed to rebuke them sharply for their most prevalent sins.

The fame of the holy Prior of Worcester began to spread, and on one occasion Earl Harold himself came thirty miles out of his way to confess his sins to him and desire his prayers.

About the year 1062, two Roman Cardinals came to Worcester with Aldred, who had just been translated from that see to the Archbishopric of York. They spent the whole of Lent in Wulstan's monastery; and when, at Easter, they returned to the court of Edward the Confessor, they recommended him for the Bishop to succeed Aldred; and Aldred himself, Archbishop Stigand, and Harold, all concurred in the same advice. The people and clergy of Worcester with one voice chose the good Prior Wulstan; his election was confirmed by the king, and he received the appointment. He long struggled against it, protesting that he would rather lose his head than be made a Bishop; but he was persuaded at last by an old hermit, who rebuked him for his resistance as for a sin. He received the pastoral staff from King Edward, and was consecrated by his former Bishop, Aldred.

As a Bishop he was more active than ever, constantly riding from place to place to visit the different towns and villages; and, as he went, repeating the Psalms and Litany, his attendant priests making the responses; while his chamberlain carried a purse, from which every one who asked alms was sure to be supplied.

He never passed a church without praying in it, and never reached his resting-place for the night without paying his first visit to the church. Wherever he went, crowds of every rank poured out to meet him, and he never sent them away without the full Church service, and a sermon; nay, more—each poor serf might come to him, pour out his troubles, whether temporal, or whether his heart had been touched by the good words he had heard. Above all, Wulstan delighted in giving his blessing in Confirmation, and would go on from morning till night without food, till all his clergy were worn out, though he seemed to know no weariness.

His clergy seem to have had much of the sluggishness of the Saxon, and were often impatient of a temper, both of devotion and energy, so much beyond them. If one was absent from the night service, the Bishop would take no notice till it was over; but when all the others were gone back to bed, he would wake the defaulter, and make him go through the service with no companion but himself, making the responses. They did not like him to put them out, as he often did on their journeys, while going through the Psalms, by dwelling on the "prayer-verses;" and most especially did they dislike his leading them to church, whatever season or weather it might be, to chant matins before it was light. Once, at Marlow, when it was a long way to church, very muddy, and with a cold rain falling, one of his clergy, in hopes of making him turn back, led him into the worst part of the swamp, where he sunk up to his knees in mud, and lost his shoe; but he took no notice until, after the service was over, he had

returned to his lodgings, half dead with cold, and then, instead of expressing any anger, he only ordered search to be made for the shoe.

Wulstan took no part in what we should call politics; he thought it his duty to render his submission to the King whom the people had chosen, and to strive only to amend the life of the men of the country. He was in high favor with Harold during his short reign, and was for some time at court, where the fine Saxon gentlemen learnt to dread the neighborhood of the old Bishop; for Wulstan considered their luxury as worthy of blame, and especially attacked their long flowing hair. If any of them placed their heads within, his reach, he would crop off "the first-fruits of their curls" with his own little knife, enjoining them to have the rest cut off; and yet, if Wulstan saw the children of the choir with their dress disordered, he would smooth it with his own hands, and when told the condescension did not become a Bishop, made answer, "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

Aldred, Wulstan's former Bishop, now Archbishop of York, was the anointer of both Harold and William the Conqueror. He kept fair with the Normans as long as he could, but at last, driven to extremity by the miseries they inflicted on his unhappy diocese, he went to William arrayed in his full episcopal robes, solemnly revoked his coronation blessing, denounced a curse on him and his race, and then, returning to York, there died of grief.

Eghelwin, Bishop of Durham, gave good advice to Comyn,

the Norman Earl, but it was unheeded, and the townsmen rose in the night and burnt Comyn to death, with all his followers, as they lay overcome with wine and sleep in the plundered houses. The rising of the northern counties followed, and Eghelwin was so far involved in it, that he was obliged to fly. He took shelter in the Camp of Refuge, was made prisoner when it was betrayed, and spent the rest of his life in one of William's prisons.

Our good Wulstan had a happier lot, and spent his time in his own round of quiet duties in his diocese, binding up the wounds inflicted by the cruel oppressors, but exhorting the Saxons to bear them patiently, and see in them the chastisement of their own crimes. "It is the scourge of God that ye are suffering," he said; and when they replied that they had never been half so bad as the Normans, he said, "God is using their wickedness to punish your evil deserts, as the devil, of his own evil will, yet by God's righteous will, punishes those with whom he suffers. Do ye, when ye are angry, care what becomes of the staff wherewith ye strike?"

He had his own share of troubles and anxieties, but he met them in his trustful spirit, and straight-forward way. At Easter, 1070, a council was held at Winchester, at which he was summoned to attend. He was one of the five last Saxon Bishops; Stigand, who held both at once the primacy and the see of Winchester; his brother, Eghelmar, Bishop of Elmham; Eghelsie, of Selsey; and the Bishop of Durham, Eghelwin, who was in the Camp of Refuge.

Two cardinals were present to represent the Pope, and on account of his simony, Stigand was deposed and imprisoned, while Eghelric and Eghelmar were also degraded. Yet Wulstan, clear of conscience, and certain of the validity of his own election, was not affrighted; so far from it, he boldly called on the King to restore some lands that Aldred of York had kept back from the see of Worcester.

Thomas, Aldred's successor, claimed them by a pretended jurisdiction over Worcester, and the decision was put off for a court of the great men of the realm, which did not take place till several fresh appointments had been made. Lanfranc, the Italian, Abbot of Bec, had become Archbishop of Canterbury, and was, of course, interested in guarding the jurisdiction of the Archiepiscopal see.

Wulstan, in this critical time, was exactly like himself. He fell asleep while Thomas was arguing, and when time was given him to think of his answer, he spent it in singing the service of the hour, though his priests were in terror lest they should be ridiculed for it. "Know you not," he answered, "that the Lord hath said, 'When ye stand before king and rulers, take no thought what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak.' Our Lord can give me speech to-day to defend my right, and overthrow their might." Accordingly, his honest statement prevailed, and he gained his cause.

There is a beautiful legend that Lanfranc, thinking the simple old Saxon too rude and ignorant for his office, summoned him

to a synod at Westminster, and there called on him to deliver up his pastoral staff and ring. Wulstan rose, and said he had known from the first that he was not worthy of his dignity, and had taken it only at the bidding of his master, King Edward. To him, therefore, who gave the staff, he would resign it. Advancing to the Confessor's tomb, he said, "Master, thou knowest how unwillingly I took this office, forced to it by thee. Behold a new king—a new law—a new primate; they decree new rights, and promulgate new statutes. Thee they accuse of error in having so commanded—me of presumption, in having obeyed. Then, indeed, thou wast liable to err, being mortal—now, being with God, thou canst not err. Not to these who require what they did not give, but to thee, who hast given, I render up my staff. Take this, my master, and deliver it to whom thou wilt."

He laid it on the tomb, took off his episcopal robes, and sat down among the monks. The legend goes on to say, that the staff remained embedded in the stone, and no hand could wrench it away, till Wulstan himself again took it up, when it yielded without effort. The King and Archbishop fell down at his feet, and entreated his pardon and blessing.

Such is the story told a century after; and surely we may believe that, without the miracle, the old man's touching appeal to his dead King, and his humility, convinced Lanfranc that it had been foul shame to think of deposing such a man because his learning was not extensive, nor his manners like those of the courtly Norman. Be that as it may, thenceforth Lanfranc

and Wulstan worked hand in hand, and we find the Archbishop begging him to undertake the visitation of the diocese of Chester, which was unsafe for the Norman prelates. One great work accomplished by the help of Wulstan was, the putting an end to a horrible slave-trade with Ireland, whither Saxon serfs were sold, not by Normans, but by their own country people, who had long carried it on before the Conquest. Lanfranc persuaded William to abolish it, but the rude Saxon slave-merchants cared nothing for his edicts, until the Bishop of Worcester came to Bristol, and preached against the traffic, staying a month or two at a time, every year, till the minds of the people of Bristol were so altered, that they not only gave up the trade, but acquired such a horror of it that they tore out the eyes of the last person who persisted in it.

The favor and esteem with which Wulstan was regarded did not cease, but he was obliged to spend a life of constraint. The Archbishop made him keep a band of armed retainers to preserve the peace of the country, and they were new and strange companions for the old monk; but as he thought his presence kept them from evil, he did not remain aloof, dining with them each day in the public hall, and even while they sat long over the wine, remaining with them, pledging them good-humoredly in a little cup, which he pretended to taste, and ruminating on the Psalms in the midst of their noisy mirth.

These were the days of church-building—the days of the circular arch, round column, and zigzag moulding; of doorways whose round arch, adorned with border after border of rich or

quaint device, almost bewilder us with the multiplicity of detail; of low square towers, and solid walls; of that kind of architecture called Norman, but more properly a branch of the Romanesque of Italy.

Each new Roman Bishop or Abbot thought it his business to renew his clumsy old Saxon minster, and we have few cathedrals whose present structure does not date from the days of the Conqueror or his sons. Walkelyn, Bishop of Winchester, obtained a grant from William of as much timber from Hempage Wood as could be cut in four days and nights; whereupon Walkelyn assembled a huge company of workmen, and made such good use of the time, that when the king passed that way, he cried out, "Am I bewitched, or have I taken leave of my senses? Had I not a most delectable wood in this spot?" where now only stumps were to be seen.

Wulstan had always been a church-builder, and he renewed his cathedral after the Norman fashion; but when it was finished, and the workmen began to pull down the old one, which had been built by St. Oswald, he stood watching them in silence, till at last he shed tears. "Poor creatures that we are," said he, "we destroy the work of the saints, and think in our pride that we improve upon it. Those blessed men knew not how to build fine churches, but they knew how to sacrifice themselves to God, whatever roof might be over them, and to draw their flocks after them. Now, all we think of is to rear up piles of stones, while we care not for souls."

Wulstan lived to a great age, survived William and Lanfrane, and assisted to consecrate Anselm. In the last year of his life he kept each festival with still greater solemnity than ever, and his feast for the poor overflowed more than ever before; his stores were exhausted, though he had collected an unusual quantity, and his clergy begged him to shut the gates against the crowds still gathering; but he refused, saying none should go empty away, and some gifts from his rich friends arrived opportunely to supply the need. The Bishop sat in the midst as feasting with them, now grown too feeble to wait on them, as he had always done hitherto.

At Whitsuntide, 1094, he was taken ill, and lingered under a slow fever till the new year, when he died in peace and joy on the 19th of January. His greatest friend, Robert, the Bishop of Hereford, a learned man, understanding all the science of the time, a judge, and a courtly Lorrainer, yet who loved to spend whole days with the unlettered Saxon, came to lay him in his grave. He received, as a gift from the convent, the lambskin cloak that Wulstan used to wear, in spite of the laughter of the gay prelates arrayed in costly furs, keeping his ground by saying, that "the furs of cunning animals did not befit a plain man." He went home to Hereford, and soon after died, having, it is said, been warned in a vision by St. Wulstan that he must soon prepare to follow him.

CAMEO X. THE CONQUEROR. (1066-1087.)

In speaking of William, the Norman Conqueror, we are speaking of a really great man; and great men are always hard to understand or deal with in history, for, as their minds are above common understandings, their contemporary historians generally enter into their views less than any one else, and it is only the result that proves their wisdom and far-sight. Moreover, their temptations and their sins are on a larger scale than those of other men, and some of the actions that they perform make a disproportionate impression by the cry that they occasion—the evil is remembered, not the good that their main policy effected.

William was a high-minded man, of mighty and wide purposes, one of the very few who understood what it was to be a king. He had the Norman qualities in their fullest perfection. He was devoutly religious, and in his private character was irreproachable, being the first Norman Duke unstained by licence, the first whose sons were all born of his princess wife. He was devout in his habits, full of alms-deeds; and strong and resolute as was his will, he kept it so upright and so truly desirous of the Divine glory and the Church's welfare, that he had no serious misunderstanding with the clergy, and lived on the most friendly terms with his great Archbishop, Lanfranc.

He was one of those mighty men who, in personal intercourse, have a force of nature that not merely renders opposition impossible, but absolutely masters the will and intention, so that there is not even the secret contradiction of mind. We have seen this in his dealings with both his own Normans and the Saxons who came in contact with him. His presence was so irresistible that men yielded to it unconsciously, but when absent from him they became themselves again, and in the reaction they committed treason against the pledges they seemed to have voluntarily given to him.

He was stern, fiercely stern. His standard and ideal were very high, such as, perhaps, only the saintly could attain to. The men who never quarrelled with him were Lanfranc, Edgar Atheling, and William Fitzosborn. The first was saintly and strong; the second, honest, upright, and simple; the third was endeared by boyish memories, and to these, perhaps, may be added Edward the Confessor and good Bishop Wulstan.

Many others William tried to love and trust—his uncle Odo, his own son, Earls Edwin and Morkar, Waltheof, the sons of Fitzosborn; but they all failed, grieved, and disappointed him. None was strong, noble, or disinterested enough not at one time or other to be a traitor; and, perhaps, his really honest, open enemy, Hereward le Wake, was the person whom he most valued and honored after the above mentioned.

And though his affection was hearty, his wrath when he was disappointed was tremendous. And his disappointments were

many, partly because his standard was in every respect far above that of the men around him, and partly because his presence so far lifted them to his level, that, when they fell to their own, he was totally unprepared for the treachery and deceit such a fall involved.

Then down he came on them with implacable vengeance, he was so very "stark," as the old chronicle has it. Battle, devastation, plunder, lifelong imprisonment, confiscation, requited him who had drawn on himself the terrible wrath of William of Normandy. There were few soft places in that mighty heart; it could love, but it could not pity, and it could not forgive. He was of the true nature to be a Scourge of God.

Hardened and embittered by the selfish treasons that had beset his early boyhood, and which had forced him into manhood before his time, he came to England as one called thither by the late king's designation, and, therefore, the lawful heir. The Norman law, a confusion of the old Frank and Roman codes, and of the Norwegian pirate customs, he seems to have been glad to leave behind. His native Normans must be ruled by it, but he was an English king by inheritance, and English laws he would observe; Englishmen should have their national share in the royal favor, and in their native land.

But the design proved impracticable. The English had been split into fierce parties long before he came, and the West Saxon, the Mercian Angle, and Northumbrian Dane hated one another still, and all hated the Norman alike; and his Norman, French,

and Breton importations lost no love among themselves, and viewed the English natives as conquered beings, whose spoil was unjustly withheld from them by the Duke King.

Rebellion began: by ones, twos, and threes, the nobles revolted, and were stamped out by William's iron heel, suffering his fierce, unrelenting justice—that highest justice that according to the Latin proverb becomes, in man's mind at least, the highest injustice. So England lay, trampled, bleeding, indignant, and raising a loud cry of misery; but, in real truth, the sufferers were in the first place the actual rebels, Saxon and Norman alike; next, those districts which had risen against his authority, and were barbarously devastated with fire and sword; and lastly, the places which, by the death or forfeiture of native lords, or by the enforced marriage of heiresses, fell into the hands of rapacious Norman adventurers, who treated their serfs with the brutal violence common in France.

Otherwise, things were left much as they were. The towns had little or no cause of complaint, and the lesser Saxon gentry, with the Franklins and the Earls, were unmolested, unless they happened to have vicious neighbors. The Curfew bell, about which so great a clamor was raised, was a universal regulation in Europe; it was a call to prayers, an intimation that it was bedtime, and a means of guarding against fire, when streets were often nothing but wooden booths thatched. The intense hatred that its introduction caused was only the true English dislike to anything like domiciliary interference.

The King has left us an undoubted testimony to the condition of the country, and the number of Saxons still holding tenures. Nineteen years after his Conquest, he held a council at Gloucester, the result of which was a great "numbering of the people"—a general census. To every city or town, commissioners were sent forth, who collected together the Shire reeve or Sheriff —the Viscount, as the Normans called him—the thegus, the parish priests, the reeves, and franklins, who were examined upon oath of the numbers, names, and holdings of the men of their place, both as they were in King Edward's days, and at that time. The lands had to be de scribed, whether plough lands or pasture, wood or waste; the mills and fisheries wore recorded, and each farmer's stock of oxen, cows, sheep, or swine. The English grumbled at the inquiry, called it tyranny, and expected worse to come of it, but there was no real cause for complaint. The primary object of the survey was the land-tax, the Danegeld, as it was called, because it was first raised to provide defences against the Danes, and every portion of arable land was assessed at a fair rate, according to ancient custom, but not that which lay waste. The entire record, including all England save London and the four northern counties, was preserved at Winchester, and called the Winchester Roll, or Domesday Book. It is one of the most interesting records in existence, showing, as it does, the exceeding antiquity of our existing divisions of townships, parishes and estates, and even of the families inhabiting them, of whom a fair proportion, chiefly of the lesser gentry, can point

to evidence that they live on soil that was tilled by their fathers before the days of the Norman. It is far more satisfactory than the Battle Roll, which was much tampered with by the monks to gratify the ancestral vanity of gentlemen who were so persuaded that their ancestors ought to be found there, that they caused them to be inserted if they were missing. Of Domesday Book, however, there is no doubt, as the original copy is still extant in its fair old handwriting, showing the wonderful work that the French-speaking scribes made with English names of people and places. Queen Edith, the Confessor's widow, who was a large landholder, appears as Eddeve, Adeve, Adiva—by anything but her true old English name of Eadgyth. But it was much that the subdued English folk appeared there at all.

The most real grievance that the English had to complain of was the Forest Laws. The Dukes of Normandy had had many a quarrel in their Neustrian home with their subjects, on the vexed question of the chase, their greatest passion; and when William came into England as a victor, he was determined to rule all his own way in the waste and woodland. All the forests he took into his own hands, and the saying was that "the king loved the high deer as if he was their father;" any trespass was severely punched, and if he slaughter of any kind of game was a more serious thing than murder itself.

Chief of all, however, in people's minds, was his appropriation of the tract of Jettenwald, or the Giant's Wood, Ytene, in South Hants. A tempting hunting-ground extended nearly all the way

from his royal city of Winchester, broad, bare chalk down, passing into heathy common, and forest waste, covered with holly and yew, and with noble oak and beech in its dells, fit covert for the mighty boar, the high deer, and an infinity of game beside.

With William's paternal feelings toward the deer, he thought the cotters and squatters, the churls and the serfs, on the borders of the wood, or in little clearings in the midst, mischievous interlopers, and at one swoop he expelled them all, and kept the Giant's Wood solely for himself and his deer, by the still remaining name of the New Forest.

Chroniclers talk of twenty-two mother churches and fifty-two parishes laid waste, but there is no doubt that this was a monstrous exaggeration, and that the population could not have been so dense. At any rate, whatever their numbers, the inhabitants were expelled, the animals were left unmolested for seven years, and then the Norman king enjoyed his sports there among his fierce nobility, little recking that all the English, and many of the Normans, longed that a curse should there light upon his head, or on that of his proud sons.

CAMEO XI. THE CONQUEROR'S CHILDREN. (1050-1087.)

The wife of William of Normandy was, as has been said, Matilda, daughter of Baldwin, Count of Flanders. The wife of such a man as William has not much opportunity of showing her natural character, and we do not know much of hers. It appears, however, that she was strong-willed and vindictive, and, very little disposed to accept him. She had set her affections upon one Brihtric Meau, called Snow, from his fair complexion, a young English lord who had visited her father's court on a mission from Edward the Confessor, but who does not appear to have equally admired the lady. For seven years Matilda is said to have held out against William, until one twilight evening, when she was going home from church, in the streets of Bruges he rode up to her, beat her severely, and threw her into the gutter!

Wonderful to relate, the high-spirited demoiselle was subdued by this rough courtship, and gave her hand to her determined cousin without further resistance; nor do we hear that he ever beat her again. Indeed, if he did, he was not likely to let their good vassals be aware of it; and, in very truth, they seem to have been considered as models of peace and happiness. But it is much to be suspected that her nature remained proud and vindictive; for no sooner had her husband become master of England, than

she caused the unfortunate Brihtric, who had disdained her love, to be stripped of all his manors in Gloucestershire, including Fairford, Tewkesbury, and the rich meadows around, and threw him into Winchester Castle, where he died; while Domesday Book witnesses to her revenge, by showing that the lands once his belonged to Queen Matilda.

The indication of character in a woman who had so little opportunity of independent action, is worth noting, as it serves to mark the spirit in which her children would be reared, and to explain why the sons so entirely fell short of all that was greatest and noblest in their father. The devotion, honor, and generosity, that made the iron of his composition bright as well as hard, was utterly wanting in them, or merely appeared in passing inconsistencies, and it is but too likely that they derived no gentler training from their mother. There were ten children, four sons and six daughters, but the names of these latter, are very difficult to distinguish, as Adela, Atheliza, Adelheid, or Alix, was a sort of feminine of Atheling, a Princess-Royal title, and was applied to most of the eldest daughters of the French and German-princes, or, when the senior was dead, or married, to the surviving eldest.

Cecily, Matilda's eldest daughter, was, even before her birth, decreed to be no Adela for whom contending potentates might struggle. She was to be the atonement for the parents' hasty, unlicensed marriage, in addition to their two beautiful abbeys at Caen. When the Abbaye aux Dames was consecrated, the little girl was led by her father to the foot of the altar, and

there presented as his offering. She was educated with great care by a very learned though somewhat dissipated priest, took the veil, and, becoming abbess, ruled her nuns for many years, well contented and much respected.

The next sister was the Atheliza of the family, but her name was either Elfgiva or Agatha. She enjoys the distinction of being the only female portrait in her mother's tapestry—except a poor woman escaping from a sacked town. She stands under a gateway, while Harold is riding forth with her father, in witness, perhaps, of her having been betrothed to Harold; or perhaps Matilda felt a mother's yearning to commemorate the first of her flock who had been laid in the grave, for Elfgiva died a short time after the contract, which Harold would hardly have fulfilled, since he had at least one wife already at home.

Her sister, Matilda, promoted to be Adeliza, was betrothed to another Saxon, the graceful and beautiful Edwin, whom she loved with great ardor, through all his weak conduct toward her father. After his untimely end, she was promised to Alfonso I. of Castile, but she could not endure to give her heart to another; she wept and prayed continually, but in vain as far as her father was concerned. She was sent off on her journey, but died on the way; and then it was that the poor girl's knees were found to be hardened by her constant kneeling to implore the pity that assuredly was granted to her.

Constance married Alain Fergeant, a brother of the Duke of Brittany, and an adventurer in the Norman invasion. He was

presented with the Earldom of Richmond, in Yorkshire; and as his son became afterward Duke of Brittany, this appanage frequently gave title to younger brothers in the old Armorican Duchy. That son was not born of Constance; she fell into a languishing state of health, and died, four years after her marriage. Report said that her husband's vassals found her so harsh and rigorous, that they poisoned her; and considering what her brothers were, it is not unlikely.

Of the Adela who married that accomplished prince, Stephen, Count de Blois, there will be more to say; and as to Gundred, the wife of Earl Warenne, it is a doubtful question whether she was a daughter of William and Matilda. Her tomb was lately found in Isfield Church, Sussex; but though it has an inscription praising her virtues, it says nothing of her royal birth.

The sons of William left far more distinct and undesirable traces of themselves than their sisters. Robert was probably the eldest of the whole family, and he was his mother's favorite, like most eldest sons. He did not inherit the stately height of the Norman princes, and, from his short, sturdy form, early acquired the nickname of Courtheuse, by which he was distinguished among the swarms of other Roberts. Much pains was bestowed on his instruction, and that of his brothers, Richard and William, by the excellent Lanfranc, and they all had great abilities; but there were influences at work among the fierce Norman lads that rendered the holy training of the good abbot wholly ineffectual. Their father, conscious of his own defective right to the ducal

rank, lost no opportunity of binding his vassals to swear fealty not only to himself, but his eldest son; and from Robert's infancy he had learnt to hold out his hand, and hear the barons declare themselves his men. When the Duke set out on his conquest of England, he caused the oath to be renewed to Robert, and he at the same time showed his love for William, then the youngest, by having him, with his long red hair floating, carved, blowing a horn, at the figure-head of the Mora.

Soon after the Conquest, when Matilda had lately been crowned Queen of England, the fourth son, Henry, was born. He had much more personal beauty and height than the other brothers, and there was always an idea floating that the son born when his father was king had a right over his elder brethren, and thus Henry was always an object of jealousy to his brothers. Passionately fond of the few books he could obtain, he was called Beauclerc, or the fine scholar; and whilst as little restrained by real principle as his brothers, he was able to preserve a decorum and self-command that kept him in better reputation.

The second brother, Richard, however, had no opportunity of showing his character. He died in the New Forest, either from a blow on the head from a branch of a tree, or from a fever caught in the marshes, and is buried in Winchester Cathedral. Perhaps the doom came on him in innocent youth, "because there was some good thing in him."

In 1075, when Robert must have been a man some years over twenty, Henry a boy of nine, and William probably twelve or

fourteen, they all three accompanied their father into Normandy, and were there in the fortress of Aquila, or Aigle, so called because there had been an eagle's nest in the oak-tree close to the site of the castle. Robert was in a discontented mood. The numerous occasions on which he had received the homage of the Normans made him fancy he ought to have the rule in the duchy; his mother's favoritism had fostered his ill-feeling, and he was becoming very jealous of red-haired William, who from his quickness, daring, and readiness had become his father's favorite; and though under restraint in the Conqueror's presence, was no doubt outrageously boisterous, insolent, and presuming in his absence; and Henry, the fine scholar, his companion and following his lead, secretly despised both his elders.

Robert's lodging was suddenly invaded by the two wild lads and their attendants. Finding themselves no better welcomed or amused than rude boys are wont to be by young men, they betook themselves to an upper room, the floor of which was formed by ill-laid, gaping planks, which were the ceiling of that below. Here they began to play at dice; they soon grew even more intolerably uproarious, and in the coarse of their quarrelsome, boisterous tricks, overthrew a vessel of dirty water, which began to drip through the interstices of the planks on their brother and his friends below—an accident sure to be welcomed by a hoarse laugh by the rough boys, but appearing to the victims beneath a deliberate insult. "Are you a man not to avenge this shameful insolence?" cried Robert's friends, Alberic and Ivo de

Grantmesnil. In a fury of passion, Robert rushed after the lads with his sword drawn, and King William was roused from his sleep to hear that Lord Robert was murdering his brothers.

The passion and violence of the elder son had the natural effect of making the father take the part of the younger ones, and Robert was so much incensed, that he rode off with his friends, and, collecting partisans as he went, attacked Rouen.

He was of course repulsed, and many of his followers were made prisoners. He held out in the border counties for a little while, but all his supporters were gained from him by his father, and he at length came back to court, and appeared reconciled. There, however, he had nothing to do, and all the licentious and disaffected congregated round him; he idled away half his time, and revelled the rest, and his pretensions magnified themselves all the time in his fancy, till at last he was stimulated to demand of his father the cession of Normandy, as a right confirmed to him by the French king.

William replied by a lecture on disobedience, citing as examples of warning all the Absaloms of history; but Robert fiercely answered, that he had not come to listen to a sermon; he was sick of hearing all this from his teachers, and he would have his answer touching his claim to Normandy.

The answer he got was, "It is not my custom to lay aside my clothes till I go to bed."

It sent him off in a rage, with all his crew of dissolute followers. He went first to his uncle in Flanders, then to Germany

and Italy, always penniless from his lavish habits, though his mother often sent him supplies of money by a trusty messenger, called Samson le Breton. However, the King found him out, and reproached Matilda angrily; but she made answer, "If Robert, my son, were buried seven feet under ground, and I could bring him to life again by my heart's blood, how gladly would I give it!" The implacable William commanded Samson to be blinded, but he escaped to the monastery of St. Everard, and there became a monk.

Returning, Robert presented himself to King Philippe of France, who was glad to annoy his overgrown vassal by patronizing the rebellious son, and accordingly placed Robert in the Castle of Gerberoi, where he might best be a thorn in his father's side. There William besieged him, bringing the two younger sons with him, though Henry was but twelve years old. For three weeks there was sharp fighting; and, finally, a battle, in which the younger William was wounded, and the elder, cased in his full armor of chain mail, encountered unknowingly with Robert, in the like disguising hawberk. The Conqueror's horse was killed; his esquire, an Englishman, in bringing him another, was slain; and he himself received a blow which caused such agony that he could not repress a shriek of pain. Robert knew his voice, and, struck with remorse, immediately lifted him up, offered him his own horse, and assured him of his ignorance of his person; but William, smarting and indignant, vouchsafed no answer, and while the son returned to his castle, the father went

back to his camp, which he broke up the next day, and returned to Rouen.

Robert seems to have been a favorite with the lawless Normans, who writhed under the mighty hand of his father, and on their interference, backed by that of the French king and the Pope, brought about a reconciliation in name. The succession of Normandy was again secured to Robert, but therewith he was laid under a curse by his angry father, whose face he never saw again.

Other troubles thickened on William. Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the bold, rough, jovial half-brother, whom he had trusted and loved, was reported to be full of mischievous plots. He seems to have been told by diviners that the next Pope was to be named Odo, and, to secure the fulfilment of the augury, he was sending bribes to Rome, and at the same time collecting a great body of troops with whom to fight his way thither. He was in the Isle of Wight, preparing to carry his forces to Normandy, when William pounced, on him, and ordered him back again. It is not clear whether he wished to prevent the scandal to the Church, or whether he suspected this army of Odo's of being intended to support Robert against himself; but, at any rate, he made bitter complaint before the council of the way he had been treated by son, brother, and peer, and sentenced Odo to imprisonment. No one would touch the Bishop, and William was obliged to seize him himself, answering, to Odo's appeal to his inviolable orders, "I judge not the Bishop, but my Earl and Treasurer."

Another grief befell him in 1083, in the death of Matilda, who, it was currently believed, pined away with grief at his fury against her beloved first-born—anger that his affection for her could not mitigate, though he loved her so tenderly that his great heart almost broke at her death, and he never was the same man during the four years that he survived her.

His health began to break; he had grown large and unwieldy, but his spirit was as fiery as ever, and wherever there was war, there was he. At last, in 1087, there was an insurrection at Mantes, supported by King Philippe. William complained, but received no redress. Rude, scornful jests were reported to him, and the savage part of his nature was aroused.

Always, hitherto, he had shown great forbearance in abstaining from direct warfare on his suzerain, much as Philippe had often provoked him, but his patience was exhausted, and he armed himself for a deadly vengeance.

His own revolted town of Mantes was the first object of his fury. It was harvest-time, and the crops and vineyards were mercilessly trodden down. The inhabitants sallied out, hoping to save their corn; but the ruthless king made his way into the city, and there caused house, convent, and church alike to suffer plunder and fire, riding about himself directing the work of destruction. The air was flame above, the ground was burning hot beneath. His horse stumbled with pain and fright; and the large, heavy body of the king fell forward on the high steel front of the saddle, so as to be painfully and internally injured. He was

carried back to Rouen, but the noise, bustle, and heat of the city were intolerable to him, and, with the restlessness of a dying man, he caused himself to be carried to the convent of St. Gervais, on a hill above the town; but he there found no relief. He felt his time was come, and sent for his sons, William and Henry.

The mighty man's agony was a terrible one. "No tongue can tell," said he, "the deeds of wickedness I have wrought during my weary pilgrimage of toil and care." He tried to weigh against these his good actions, his churches and convents, his well-chosen bishops, his endeavors to act uprightly and justly; but finding little comfort in these, he bewailed his own destiny, and how his very birth had forced him into bloodshed, and driven him to violence, even in his youth.

The presence of his sons brought back his mind from the thought of his condition, to that of the disposal of the lands which had become to him merely a load of thick clay smeared with blood. Normandy, he said, must be Robert's; but he groaned at the thought of the misery preparing for his native land. "Wretched," he said, "must be the country under Robert's rule; but he has received the homage of the barons, and the grant once made can never be revoked. To England I dare appoint no heir. Let Him in whose hands are all things, provide according to His will."

This was his first feeling, but when he saw William's disappointment, he added, that he hoped the choice of the English might fall on his obedient son.

"And what do you give me, father?" broke in Henry.

"A treasure of 5,000 pounds of silver," was the answer.

"What good will the treasure do me," cried Henry, "if I have neither land, nor house, nor home?"

"Take comfort, my son," said his father; "it may be that one day thou shalt be greater than all."

These words he spoke in the spirit of foreboding, no doubt perceiving in Henry a sagacity and self-command which in the struggle of life was certain to give him the advantage of his elder brothers; but then, alarmed lest what he had said might be construed as acknowledging Henry's superior claim as having been born a king's son, he felt it needful to back up Rufus's claim, and bade a writ be prepared commanding Lanfranc to crown William King of England. Affixing his signet, he kissed and blessed his favorite, and sent him off at once to secure the English throne. Henry, too, hurried away to secure his 5,000 pounds, and the dying man was left alone, struggling between terror and hope.

He left sums of money for alms, masses, and prayers; and as an act of forgiveness, released his captives—Earl Morcar, Ulfnoth, the unfortunate hostage, Siward, and Roger de Breteuil, and all the rest; but he long excepted his brother Odo, and only granted his liberation on the earnest persuasion of the other brother, the Count of Mortagne.

He slept uneasily at night, awoke when the bells were ringing for lauds, lifted up his hands in prayer, and breathed his last on

the 8th of September, 1087.

His sons were gone, his attendants took care of themselves, his servants plundered the chamber and bed, and cast on the floor uncovered the mortal remnant of their once dreaded master. And though the clergy soon recollected themselves, and attended to the obsequies of their benefactor, carrying the corpse to his own Abbey at Caen, yet even there, as has already been said, the cry of the despoiled refused to the Conqueror even the poor boon of a grave.

CAMEO XII. THE CROWN AND THE MITRE

Kings of England.
1087. William II.
1100. Henry I.
King of France.
1059. Philippe I.
Emperors of Germany.
1080. Heinrich IV.
1105. Heinrich V.
Popes of Rome.
1066. Victor III.
1073. Gregory VII.
1088. Urban II.
1099. Paschal II.

Great struggles took place in the eleventh century, between the spiritual and temporal powers. England was the field of one branch of the combat, between Bishop and King; but this cannot be properly understood without reference to the main conflict in Italy, between Pope and Emperor.

The Pope, which word signifies Father, or Patriarch, of Rome, had from the Apostolic times been always elected, like all other bishops, by the general consent of the flock, both clergy and people; and, after the conversion of Constantine, the Emperor, as

first lay member of the Church, of course had a powerful voice in the election, could reject any person of whom he disapproved, or nominate one whom he desired to see chosen, though still subject to the approval of clergy and people.

This power was, however, seldom exercised by the emperors at Rome, after the seat of empire had been transferred to Constantinople, and their power over Italy was diminishing through their own weakness and the German conquests. The election continued in the hands of the Romans, and in general, at this time, their choice was well-bestowed; the popes were, many of them, saintly men, and, by their wisdom and authority, often guarded Rome from the devastations with which it was threatened by the many barbarous nations who invaded Italy. So it continued until Pope Zaccaria quarrelled with Astolfo, King of Lombardy, and summoned the Carlovingian princes from France to protect him. These Italian wars resulted in Charles-le-Magne taking for himself the crown of Lombardy, and in his being chosen Roman Emperor of the West, by the citizens of Rome, under the influence of the Pope; while he, on his side, conferred on the pope temporal powers such as none of his predecessors had enjoyed.

From thenceforth the theory was, that the Pope was head of the Western Church, with archbishops, bishops, clergy, and laity, in regular gradations under him; while the Emperor was in like manner head of the State, kings, counts, barons, and peasants, in different orders below him; the Church ruling the souls, the State

the bodies of men, and the two chieftains working hand in hand, each bearing a mission from above; the Emperor, as a layman, owning himself inferior to the Pope, yet the Pope acknowledging the temporal power of the crowned monarch.

This was a grand theory, but it fell grievously short in the practice. The city of Rome, with its worn-out civilization, was a most corrupt place; and now that the Papacy conferred the highest dignity and influence, it began to be sought by very different men, and by very different means, from those that had heretofore prevailed. Bribery and every atrocious influence swayed the elections, and the wickedness of some of the popes is almost incredible. At last the emperors interfered to check the dreadful crimes and profanity at Rome, and thus the nomination of the Pope fell absolutely into their hands, and was taken from the Romans, to whom it belonged.

In the earlier part of the eleventh century, a deacon of Rome, named Hildebrand, formed the design of freeing the See of St. Peter from the subjection of the emperors, and at the same time of saving it from the disgraceful power of the populace. The time was favorable, for the Emperor, Henry IV., was a child, and the Pope, Stephen II., was ready to forward all Hildebrand's views.

In the year 1059 was held the famous Lateran Council [Footnote: So called from being convoked in the Church at the Lateran gate, on the spot where St. John was miraculously preserved from the boiling oil.] of the Roman clergy, in which it was enacted, that no benefice should be received from the hands

of any layman, but that all bishops should be chosen by the clergy of the diocese; and though they in many cases held part of the royal lands, they were by no means to receive investiture from the sovereign, nor to pay homage. The tokens of investiture were the pastoral staff, fashioned like a shepherd's crook, and the ring by which the Bishop was wedded to his See, and these were to be no longer taken from the monarch's hands. The choice of the popes was given to the seventy cardinal or principal clergy of the diocese, who were chiefly the ministers of the different parish churches, and in their hands it has remained ever since.

Hildebrand himself was elected Pope in 1073, and took the name of Gregory VII. He bore the brunt of the battle by which it was necessary to secure the privileges he had asserted for the clergy. Henry IV. of Germany was a violent man, and a furious struggle took place. The Emperor took it on himself to depose the Pope, the Pope at the same time sentenced the Emperor to abstain from the exercise of his power, and his subject; elected another prince in his stead.

At one time Gregory compelled Henry to come barefooted to implore absolution; at another, Henry besieged Rome, and Gregory was only rescued from him by the Normans of Apulia, and was obliged to leave Rome, and retire under their protection to Apulia, where he died in 1085, after having devoted his whole life to the fulfilment of his great project of making the powers of this world visibly submit themselves to the dominion of the Church.

The strife did not end with Gregory's death. Henry IV. was indeed dethroned by his wicked son, but no sooner did this very son, Henry V., come to the crown, than he struggled with the Pope as fiercely as his father had done.

It was not till after this great war in Germany that the question began in any great degree to affect England. Archbishop Lanfranc, as an Italian, thought and felt with Gregory VII.; and the Normans, both here and in Italy, were in general the Pope's best friends; so that, though William the Conqueror refused to make oath to become the warrior of the Pope, Church affairs in general made no great stir in his lifetime, and the question was not brought to issue.

The face of affairs was, however, greatly changed by the death of the Conqueror in 1087. William Rufus was a fierce, hot-tempered man, without respect for religion, delighting in revelry, and in being surrounded with boisterous, hardy soldiers, whom he paid lavishly, though at the same time he was excessively avaricious.

He had made large promises of privileges to the Saxons, in order to obtain their support in case his elder brother Robert had striven to assert his claims; but all these were violated, and when Lanfranc remonstrated, he scoffingly asked whether the Archbishop fancied a king could keep all his promises.

Lanfranc had been his tutor, had conferred on him the order of knighthood and had hitherto exercised some degree of salutary influence over him; but seeing all his efforts in vain, he retired

to Canterbury, and there died on the 24th of May, 1089.

Then, indeed, began evil days for the Church of England. William seized all the revenues of the See of Canterbury, and kept them in his own hands, instead of appointing a successor to Lanfranc, and he did the same with almost every other benefice that fell vacant, so that at one period he thus was despoiling all at once—the archbishopric, four bishops' sees, and thirteen abbeys. At the same time, the miseries he inflicted on the country were dreadful; his father's cruel forest laws were enforced with double rigor, and the oppression of the Saxons was terrible, for they were absolutely without the least protection from any barbarities his lawless soldiery chose to inflict upon them. Every oppressive baron wreaked his spite against his neighbors with impunity, and Ivo Taillebois [Footnote: See "The Camp of Refuge."] was not long in showing his malice, as usual, against Croyland Abbey.

A fire had accidentally broken out which consumed all the charters, except some which were fortunately in another place, where they had been set aside by Abbot Ingulf, that the younger monks might learn to read the old Saxon character, and among these was happily the original grant of the lands of Turketyl, signed by King Edred, and further confirmed by the great seal of William I.

Ivo Taillebois, hearing of the fire, and trusting that all the parchments had been lost together, sent a summons to the brethren to produce the deeds by which they held their lands. They despatched a lay brother called Trig to Spalding, with

Turketyl's grant under his charge. The Normans glanced over it, and derided it. "Such barbarous writings," they said, "could do nothing;" but when Trig produced the huge seal, with William the Conqueror's effigy, still more "stark" and rigid than Sir Ivo had known him in his lifetime, there was no disputing its validity, and the court of Spalding was baffled. However, Taillebois sent some of his men to waylay the poor monk, and rob him of his precious parchment, intending then again to require the brotherhood to prove their rights by its production; but brother Trig seems to have been a wary man, and, returning by a by-path, avoided pursuit, and brought the charter safely home. A short time after, Ivo offended the king, and was banished, much to the joy of the Fen country.

Rapine and oppression were in every corner of England and Normandy, the two brothers Robert and William setting the example by stripping their youngest brother, Henry, of the castle he had purchased with his father's legacy. One knight, two squires, and a faithful chaplain, alone would abide by the fortunes of the landless prince. The chaplain, Roger le Poer, had been chosen by Henry, for a reason from which no one could have expected the fidelity he showed his prince in his misfortunes, nor his excellent conduct afterward when sharing the prosperity of his master. He was at first a poor parish priest of Normandy, and Henry, chancing to enter his church, found him saying mass so quickly, that, quite delighted, the prince exclaimed, "Here's a priest for me!" and immediately took him into his

service. Nevertheless, Roger le Poer was an excellent adviser, an upright judge, and a good bishop. It was he who commenced the Cathedral of Salisbury, where it now stands, removing it from the now deserted site of Old Sarum.

Robert had not added much to the tranquillity of the country by releasing his uncle, the turbulent old Bishop Odo, who was continually raising quarrels between him and William. Odo's old friend, Earl Hugh the Wolf, of Chester, [Footnote: See the "Camp of Refuge."] was at this time better employed than most of the Norman nobles. He was guarding the frontier against the Welsh, and at the same time building the heavy red stone pile which is now the Cathedral of Chester, and which he intended as the Church of a monastery of Benedictines. Fierce old Hugh was a religious man, and had great reverence and affection for one of the persons in all the world most unlike himself—Anselm, the Abbot of Bec.

Anselm was born at Aosta, in Piedmont, of noble parents, and was well brought up by his pious mother, Ermengarde, under whose influence he applied himself to holy learning, and was anxious to embrace a religious life. She died when he was fifteen years of age, and his father was careless and harsh. Anselm lost his love for study, and fell into youthful excesses, but in a short time her good lessons returned upon him, and he repented earnestly. His father, however, continued so unkind, and even cruel, that he was obliged to leave the country, and took refuge, first in Burgundy and then in Normandy, where he sought the

instruction of his countryman, Lanfranc, then Abbot of Bec.

He learnt, at Bec, that his father was dead, and decided on taking the vows in that convent. There he remained for many years, highly revered for his piety and wisdom, and, in fact, regarded as almost a saint. In 1092, Hugh the Wolf was taken ill, and, believing he should never recover, sent to entreat the holy Abbot to come and give him comfort on his death-bed. Anselm came, but on his arrival found the old Earl restored, and only intent on the affairs of his new monastery, the regulation of which he gladly submitted to Anselm. The first Abbot was one of the monks of Bec, and Earl Hugh himself afterward gave up his country to his son Richard, and assumed the monastic habit there.

Whilst Anselm was on his visit to the Earl of Chester, there was some conversation about him at Court, and some one said that the good Abbot was so humble that he had no desire for any promotion or dignity. "Not for the Archbishopric?" shouted the King, with a laugh of derision; "but"—and he swore an oath —"other Archbishop than me there shall be none."

Some of the clergy about this time requested William to permit prayers to be offered in the churches, that he might be directed to make a fit choice of a Primate. He laughed, and said the Church might ask what she pleased; she would not hinder him from doing what he pleased.

He knew not what Power he was defying. That power, in the following spring, stretched him on a bed of sickness, despairing

of life, and in an agony of remorse at his many fearful sins, especially filled with terror at his sacrilege, and longing to free himself from that patrimony of the Church which seemed to be weighing down his soul.

Anselm was still with Hugh the Wolf, probably at Gloucester, where the King's illness took place. A message came to summon him without delay to the royal chamber, there to receive the pastoral staff of Canterbury. He would not hear of it; he declared he was unfit, he was an old man, and knew nothing of business, he was weak, unable to govern the Church in such times. "The plough should be drawn by animals of equal strength," said he to the bishops and other friends who stood round, combatting his scruples, and exulting that the king's heart was at length touched. "Would you yoke a feeble old sheep with a wild young bull?"

Without heeding his objections, the Norman clergy by main force dragged him into the room where lay the Red King, in truth like to a wild bull in a net, suffering from violent fever, and half mad with impatience and anguish of mind. He would not hear Anselm's repeated refusals, and besought him to save him. "You will ruin me," he said. "My salvation is in your hands. I know God will never have mercy on me if Canterbury is not filled."

Still Anselm wept, imploring him to make another choice; but the bishops carried him up to the bedside, and actually forced open his clenched hand to receive the pastoral staff which William held out to him. Then, half fainting, he was carried away to the Cathedral, where they chanted the *Te Deum*, and might

well have also sung, “The king’s heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water.”

But though William had thus been shown how little his will availed when he openly defied the force of prayer, his stubborn disposition was unchanged, and he recovered only to become more profane than ever. Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, when congratulating him on his restoration, expressed a hope that he would henceforth show more regard to the Most High. “Bishop,” he returned, as usual with an oath, “I will pay no honor to Him who has brought so much evil on me.”

A war at this time broke out between William and his brother Robert, and the King ordered all his bishops to pay him large sums to maintain his forces. Canterbury had been so wasted with his extortions that Anselm could hardly raise 500 marks, which he brought the King, warning him that this was the last exaction with which he meant to comply. “Keep your money and your foul tongue to yourself,” answered William; and Anselm gave the money to the poor.

Shortly after, Anselm expostulated with William on the wretched state of the country, where the Christian religion had almost perished; but the King only said he would do what he would with his own, and that his father had never met with such language from Lanfranc. Anselm was advised to offer him treasure to make his peace, but this he would not do; and William, on hearing of his refusal, broke out thus: “Tell him that as I hated him yesterday, I hate him more to day, and will hate

him daily more and more. Let him keep his blessings to himself; I will have none of them."

The next collision was respecting the Pallium, the scarf of black wool with white crosses; woven from the wool of the lambs blessed by the Pope on St. Agnes' day, which, since the time of St. Augustine, had always been given by the Pope to the English Primate. Anselm, who had now been Archbishop for two years, asked permission to go and receive it; but as it was in the midst of the dispute between Emperor and Pope, there was an Antipope, as pretenders to that dignity were called—one Guibert, appointed by Henry IV. of Germany, besides Urban II., who had been chosen by the Cardinals, and whose original Christian name was really Odo. William went into a great fury on hearing that Anselm regarded Urban as the true Pope, without having referred to himself, convoked the clergy and laity at Rockingham, and called on them to depose the Archbishop. The bishops, all but Gundulf of Rochester, were in favor of the King, and renounced their obedience to the Primate; but the nobles showed themselves resolved to protect him, whereupon William adjourned the council, and sent privately to ask what might be gained by acknowledging Urban as Pope.

Urban sent a legate to England with the Pallium. The King first tried to make him depose Anselm, and then to give him the Pallium instead of investing the Archbishop with it; but the legate, by way of compromise, laid it on the altar at Canterbury, whence Anselm took it up.

Two years more passed, and Anselm came to beg permission to go to Rome to consult with the Pope on the miserable state of the Church. William said he might go, but if he did, he himself should take all the manors of Canterbury again, and the bishops warned him they should be on the king's side.

"You have answered well," said Anselm; "go to your lord; I will hold to my God."

William banished him for life; but just before he departed, he came to the King, saying, "I know not when I shall see you again, and if you will take it, I would fain give you my blessing—the blessing of a father to his son."

For one moment the Red King was touched; he bowed his head, and the old man made the sign of the cross on his brow; but no sooner was Anselm gone forth from his presence, than his heart was again hardened, and he so interfered with his departure, that he was forced to leave England in the dress of a pilgrim, with only his staff and wallet.

In Italy, Anselm was able to live in quiet study, write and pray in peace. He longed to resign his archbishopric, but the Pope would not consent; and when Urban was about to excommunicate the King, he prevailed to prevent the sentence from being pronounced.

William was left to his own courses, and to his chosen friend Ralph, a low-born Norman priest, beloved by the King partly for his qualities as a boon companion, partly for his ingenuity as an extortioner. He was universally known by the nickname of

Flambard, or the Torch, and was bitterly hated by men of every class. He was once very nearly murdered by some sailors, who kidnapped him, and carried him on board a large ship. Some of them quarrelled about the division of his robes, a storm arose, and he so worked on their fears that they at length set him on shore, where William was so delighted to see him that he gave him the bishopric of Durham, the richest of all, because the bishop was also an earl, and was charged to defend the frontier against the Scots.

He had promised to relax the forest laws, but this was only one of his promises made to be broken; and he became so much more strict in his enforcement of them than even the Conqueror, that he acquired the nickname of Ranger of the Woods and Keeper of the Deer. Dogs in the neighborhood of his forests were deprived of their claws, and there was a scale of punishments for poachers of any rank, extending from the loss of a hand, or eye, to that of life itself. In 1099, another Richard, an illegitimate son of Duke Robert of Normandy, was killed in the New Forest by striking his head against the branch of a tree; and a belief in a family fate began to prevail, so much so that Bishop Gundulf warned the King against hunting there; but William, as usual, laughed him to scorn, and in the summer of 1100 took up his residence in his lodge of Malwood, attended by his brother Henry, and many other nobles.

On the last night of July a strange sound was heard—the King calling aloud on St. Mary; and when his attendants came

into his chamber, they found him crossing himself, in terror from a frightful dream. He bade them bring lights, and make merry, that he might not fall asleep again; but there were other dreamers. With morning a monk arrived to tell that he had had a vision presaging the King's death; but William brayed his own misgivings, and laughed, saying the man dreamt like a monk. "Give him a hundred pence, and bid him dream better luck next time."

Yet his spirits were subdued all the morning, and it was not till wine had excited him that he returned to his vein of coarse, reckless mirth. He called his hunters round him, ordered the horses, and asked for his new arrows—long, firm, ashen shafts. Three he stuck in his belt, the other three he held out to a favorite comrade, Walter Tyrrel, Lord de Poix, saying, "Take them, Wat, for a good marskman should have good arrows."

Some one ventured to remind him of his dream, but his laugh was ready. "Do they take me for a Saxon, to be frighted because an old woman dreams or sneezes?"

The hunters rode off, Walter Tyrrel alone with the King. By-and-by a cry rang through the forest that the King was slain. There was an eager gathering into the beech-shaded dell round the knoll of Stoney Cross, where, beneath an oak tree, lay the bleeding corpse of the Red William, an arrow in his heart. Terror fell on some, the hope of self-aggrandizement actuated others. Walter Tyrrel never drew rein till he came to the coast, and there took ship for France, whence he went to the holy wars. Prince

Henry rode as fast in the opposite direction. William de Breteuil (eldest son of Fitz-Osborn) galloped off to secure his charge, the treasury at Winchester, and; when he arrived, found the prince before him, trying to force the keepers to give him the keys, which they refused to do except at their master's bidding.

Breteuil, who, as well as Henry, had sworn that Robert should reign if William died childless, tried to defend his rights, but was overpowered by some friends of Henry, who now came up to the forest; and the next morning the prince set off to London, taking with him the crown, and caused the Bishop of London to anoint and crown him four days after his brother's death.

No one cared for the corpse beneath the oak, and there it lay till evening, when one Purkiss, a charcoal-burner of the forest hamlet of Minestead, came by, lifted it up, and carried it on his rude cart, which dripped with the blood flowing from the wound, to Winchester.

There the cathedral clergy buried it in a black stone coffin, ridged like the roof of a house, beneath the tower of the cathedral, many people looking on, but few grieving, and some deeming it shame that so wicked a man should be allowed to lie within a church. These thought it a judgment, when, next year, the tower fell down over the grave, and it was rebuilt a little further westward with some of the treasure Bishop Walkelyn had left. Never did any man's history more awfully show a hardened, impenitent heart, going back again to sin after a great warning, then cut off by an instantaneous death, in the full tide

of prosperity, in the very height of health and strength—for he was but in his fortieth year.

A spur of William Rufus is still preserved at the forest town of Lyndhurst; Purkiss's descendant still dwells at Minestead; part of the way by which he travelled is called the King's Lane, and the oak long remained at Stoney Cross to mark the spot where the King fell; and when, in 1745, the remains of the wood mouldered away, a stone was set up in its place; but the last of the posterity of William the Conqueror's "high deer" were condemned in the course of the year 1831.

A Minestead churl, whose wonted trade
Was burning charcoal in the glade,
Outstretched amid the gorse
The monarch found: and in his wain
He raised, and to St. Swithin's fane
Conveyed the bleeding corse.

And still—so runs our forest creed—
Flourish the pious woodman's seed,
Even in the self-same spot:
One horse and cart, their little store,
Like their forefather's, neither more
Nor less, their children's lot.

And still in merry Tyndhurst hall
Red William's stirrup decks the wall;
Who lists, the sight may see.

And a fair stone in green Mai wood,
Informs the traveller where stood
The memorable tree.

Thus in those fields the Red King died,
His father wasted in his pride,
For it is God's command
Who doth another's birthright rive,
The curse unto his blood shall cleave,
And God's own word shall stand.

Who killed William Rufus? is a question to which the answer becomes more doubtful in proportion to our knowledge of history. Suspicion attached of course to Tyrrel, but he never owned that the shaft, either by design or accident, came from his bow, and no one was there to bear witness. Some think Henry Beauclerc might be guilty of the murder, and he was both unscrupulous enough and prompt enough in taking advantage of the circumstance, to give rise to the belief. Anselm was in Auvergne when he heard of the King's death, and he is said to have wept at the tidings. He soon received a message from Henry inviting him to return to England, where he was received with due respect, and found that, outwardly at least, order and regularity were restored in Church matters, and the clergy possessed their proper influence. Great promises were made to them and to the Saxons; and the hated favorite of William, Ralph Flambard, was in prison in the Tower. However,

he contrived to make his escape by the help of two barrels, one containing wine, with which he intoxicated his keepers, the other a rope, by which he let himself down from the window. He went to Robert of Normandy, remained with him some time, but at last made his peace with Henry, and in his old age was a tolerably respectable Bishop of Durham.

Anselm was in favor at court, owing to the influence of the "good Queen Maude," and he tried to bring about a reformation of the luxuries then prevalent especially long curls, which had come into fashion with the Normans of late. Like St. Wulstan, he carried a knife to clip them, but without making much impression on the gay youths, till one of them happened to dream that the devil was strangling him with his own long hair, waked in a fright, cut it all off, and made all his friends do so too.

As long as Henry was afraid of having his crown disputed by Robert, he took care to remain on excellent terms with the Church, and Anselm supported him with all his influence when Robert actually asserted his rights; but when the danger was over, the strife between Church and State began again. In 1103, Henry appointed four bishops, and required Anselm to consecrate them, but as they all had received the staff and ring from the King, and paid homage for their lands, he considered that he could not do so, conformably with the decree of the Lateran Council against lay investiture. Henry was much displeased, and ordered the Archbishop of York to consecrate them; but two of them, convinced by Anselm, returned the staff and ring, and would not

be consecrated by any one but their true primate.

Henry said that one archbishop must consecrate all or none, and the whole Church was in confusion. Anselm, though now very old, offered to go and consult the Pope, Paschal II., and the King consented; but when Paschal decided that lay investiture was unlawful, Henry was so much displeased that he forbade the archbishop to return to England.

The old man returned to his former Abbey of Bec, and thus remained in exile till 1107, when a general adjustment of the whole question took place. The bishops were to take from the altar the ring and staff, emblems of spiritual power, and to pay homage to the king for their temporal possessions. The election was to belong to the cathedral clergy, subject to the King's approval. The usual course became that the King should send to the chapter a *congé d'élire*, that is, permission to elect, but accompanied by a recommendation of some particular person; and this nominee of the crown was so constantly chosen, that the custom of sending a *congé d'élire* has become only a form, which, however, is an assertion of the rights of the Church.

A similar arrangement with regard to the presentation of bishops was accepted in 1122 by Henry V. of Germany, who married Matilda, the daughter of Henry I.

After the arrangement in 1107, Anselm returned to England, and good Queen Maude came to meet him and show him every honor. His last year was spent at Canterbury, in a state of weakness and infirmity, terminated by his death on the 21st of

April, 1109.

A gentle, studious man was the pious Anselm, our second Italian archbishop, thrust into the rude combat of the world against his will, and maintaining his cause and the cause of the Church with untiring meekness and quiet resolution.

CAMEO XIII. THE FIRST CRUSADE. (1095-1100.)

King of England.
William II.
King of France.
Philippe II.
Emperor of Germany.
Heinrich IV.
Pope.
Urban II.

In the November of 1095 was seen such a sight as the world never afforded before nor since. The great plain of La Limagne, in Auvergne, shut in by lofty volcanic mountains of every fantastic and rugged form, with the mighty Puy de Dome rising royally above them, was scattered from one boundary to the other with white tents, and each little village was crowded with visitants. The town of Clermont, standing on an elevation commanding the whole extent of the plain, was filled to overflowing, and contained a guest before whom all bowed in reverence—the Pope himself—Urban II., whom the nations of the West were taught to call the Father of Christendom. Four hundred Bishops and Abbots had met him there, other clergy to the amount of 4,000, and princes, nobles, knights, and peasants,

in numbers estimated at 30,000. Every one's eye was, however, chiefly turned on a spare and sunburnt man, of small stature, and rude, mean appearance, wearing a plain, dark serge garment, girt by a cord round his waist, his head and feet bare, and a crucifix in his hand. All looked on his austere face with the veneration they would have shown to a saint, and with the curiosity with which those are regarded who have dared many strange perils. He was Peter the Hermit, of Picardy, who had travelled on pilgrimage to Jerusalem; had there witnessed the dreadful profanities of the infidels, and the sufferings they inflicted on the faithful; had conversed with the venerable Patriarch Simeon; nay, it was said, while worshipping at the Holy Sepulchre, had heard a voice calling on him to summon the nations to the rescue of these holy spots. It was the tenth day of the council at Clermont, and in spite of the severe cold, the clergy assembled in the open air on the wide space in front of the dark stone cathedral, then, as now, unfinished. There was need that all should hear, and no building could contain the multitudes gathered at their summons. A lofty seat had been raised for the Pope, and Peter the Hermit stood by his side.

All was silence as the Hermit stood forth, and, crucifix in hand, poured forth his description of the blasphemy of the infidels, the desolation of the sacred places, and the misery of the Christians. He had seen the very ministers of God insulted, beaten, even put to, death: he had seen sacrilege, profanation, cruelty; and as he described them, his voice became stifle, and

his eyes streamed with tears.

When he ceased, Urban arose, and strengthened each word he had spoken, till the whole assembly were weeping bitterly. "Yes, brethren," said the Pope, "let us weep for our sins, which have provoked the anger of heaven; let us weep for the captivity of Zion. But woe to us if our barren pity leaves the inheritance of the Lord any longer in the hands of his foes."

Then he called on them to take up arms for the deliverance of the Holy Land. "If you live," said he, "you will possess the kingdoms of the East; if you die, you will be owned in heaven as the soldiers of the Lord; Let no love of home detain you; behold only the shame and sufferings of the Christians, hear only the groans of Jerusalem, and remember that the Lord has said, 'He that loveth his father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me. Whoso shall leave house, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, and all that he has, for My sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and in the world to come eternal life.'"

"*Deus vult; Deus vult;*"—It is God's will—broke as with one voice from the assembly, echoing from the hills around, and pealing with a voice like thunder.

"Yes, it is God's will," again spoke Urban, "Let these words be your war-cry, and keep you ever in mind that the Lord of Hosts is with you." Then holding on high the Cross—"Our Lord himself presents you His own Cross, the sign raised aloft to gather the dispersed of Israel. Bear it on your shoulders and your breast; let it shine on your weapons and your standards. It will

be the pledge of victory or the palm of martyrdom, and remind you, that, as your Saviour died for you, so you ought to die for Him." Outcries of different kinds broke out, but all were for the holy war. Adhemar de Monteil, Bishop of Puy, a neighboring See, first asked for the Cross, and thousands pressed after him, till the numbers of Crosses failed that had been provided, and the cardinals and other principal persons tore up their robes to furnish more.

The crusading spirit spread like circles from a stone thrown into the water, as the clergy of the council carried their own excitement to their homes, and the hosts who took the Cross were beyond all reckoning. On the right or wrong of the Crusades, it is useless as well as impossible to attempt to decide. It was doubtless a spirit of religion, and not of self-interest, that prompted them; they were positively the best way of checking the progress of Mahometanism and the incursions of its professors, and they were undertaken with far purer intentions than those with which they were carried on. That they afterward turned to great wickedness, is not to be denied; some of the degenerate Crusaders of the latter days were among the wickedest of mankind, and the misuse of the influence they gave the Popes became a source of some of the worst practices of the Papacy. Already Pope Urban was taking on him to declare that a man who perished in the Crusade was sure of salvation, and his doctrine was still further perverted and falsified till it occasioned endless evils.

Yet, in these early days, joined with many a germ of evil, was a grandeur of thought, a self-devotion, and truly religious spirit, which will hardly allow us to call the first Crusade other than a glorious and a Holy War.

It was time, politically speaking, to carry the war into the enemy's quarters, and repress the second wave of Mahometan conquest. Islam [Footnote: Islam, meaning "the faith;" it is a barbarism to speak of the faith of Islam.] has often been called the religion of the sword, and Mahomet and his Arabic successors, under the first impulse, conquered Syria, Persia, Northern Africa, and Spain, and met their first check at Tours from Charles Martel. These, the Saracen Arabs, were a generous race, no persecutors, and almost friendly to the Christians, contenting themselves with placing them under restrictions, and exacting from them a small tribute. After the first great overflow, the tide had somewhat ebbed, and though a brave and cultivated people, they were everywhere somewhat giving way on their orders before the steady resistance of the Christians. Probably, if they had continued in Palestine, there would have been no Crusades.

But some little time before the eleventh century, a second flood began to rush from the East. A tribe of Tartars, called Turcomans, or Turks, embraced Mahometanism, and its precepts of aggression, joining with the warrior-spirit of the Tartar, impelled them forward.

They subdued and slaughtered the Saracens of Syria, made

wide conquests in Asia Minor, winning towns of the Greek Empire beyond where the Saracens had ever penetrated, and began to threaten the borders of Christendom. They were very different masters from the Arabs. Active in body, but sluggish in mind, ignorant and cruel, they destroyed and overthrew what the Saracens had spared, disregarded law, and capriciously ill-treated and slaughtered their Christian subjects and the pilgrims who fell into their hands. It was against these savage Turks that the first Crusade was directed.

Peter the Hermit soon gathered together a confused multitude of peasants, women, and children, with whom he set out, together with a German knight named Walter, and called by his countrymen by the expressive name *Habe Nichts*, translated into French, *Sans avoir*, and less happily rendered in English, *The Penniless*. They were a poor, ignorant, half-armed set, who so little knew what they were undertaking, that at every town they came to they would ask if that was Jerusalem. Peter must either have been beyond measure thoughtless, or have expected a miracle to help him, for he set out to lead these poor creatures the whole length of Europe without provisions. They marauded on the inhabitants of the countries through which they passed; the inhabitants revenged themselves and killed them, and the whole wretched host were cut off, chiefly in Hungary and Bulgaria, and Peter himself seems to have been the only man who escaped.

A better-appointed army, consisting of the very flower of chivalry of Europe, had in the meantime assembled to follow the

same path, though in a different manner.

First in name and honor was Godfrey de Bouillon, Duke of Lorraine, one of the most noble characters whom history records. He was pure in life, devotedly pious, merciful, gentle, and a perfect observer of his word, at the same time that his talents and wisdom were very considerable; he was a finished warrior, expert in every exercise of chivalry, of gigantic strength, and highly renowned as a leader. He had been loyal to the Emperor Henry IV. through the war which had taken place in consequence of his excommunication by Gregory VII. He had killed in battle the rebellious competitor for the imperial crown, who, when dying from a wound by which he had lost his right hand, exclaimed, "With this hand I swore fealty to Henry; cursed be they who led me to break my oath." Godfrey had likewise been the first to scale the walls of Rome, when Henry IV. besieged Gregory there; but he, in common with many others of the besieging force, soon after suffered severely from malaria fever—the surest way in which modern Rome chastises her invaders; and thinking his illness a judgment for having taken part against the Pope, he vowed to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Soon after, the Crusade was preached, and Godfrey was glad to fulfil his vow with his good sword in his hand, while Pope and princes wisely agreed that such a chieftain was the best they could choose for their expedition.

Many another great name was there: Raymond, the wise Count of Toulouse; the crafty Boemond, one of the Normans

of Sicily; his gallant cousin, Tancred, a mirror of chivalry, the Achilles of the Crusade; but our limits will only allow us to dwell on those through whom the Crusade is connected with English history.

The Anglo-Normans had not been so forward in the Crusade as their enterprising nature would have rendered probable, but the fact was, that, with such a master as William Rufus, no one felt that he could leave his home in anything like security. Helie de la Flèche, Count de Maine, [Footnote: Robert of Normandy had been betrothed in his childhood to the heiress of Maine, but she died before she was old enough for the marriage to take place. In right of this intended marriage, the Norman Kings claimed Maine, though Helie was the next heir.] took the Cross, and asked William for some guarantee that his lands should not be molested. "You may go where you like," said William; "I mean to have your city. What my father had, I will have."

"It is mine by right," said Helie; "I will plead it with you."

"I will plead, too." said William; "but my lawyers will be spears and arrows."

"I have taken the Cross; my land is under Christ's own protection."

"I only warn you," said William, "that if you go, I shall pay the good town of Mans a visit, with a thousand lances at my heel."

So Helie stayed at home, and in two years' time was made a prisoner when in a wood with only seven knights. Mans was seized, and he was brought before the King. "I have you now, my

master," said William.

"By chance," said Helie; "but if I were free, I know what I would do."

"What would you do, you knave?" said William. "Hence, go, fly, I give you leave to do all you can; and if you catch me, I ask nothing in return."

Helie was set at liberty, and the next year, while William was absent in England, managed to retake Mans. The Red King was hunting in the New Forest when he heard the tidings; he turned his horse's head and galloped away, as his father had once done, with the words, "He who loves me, will follow." He threw himself into a ship, and ordered the sails to be set, though the wind was so boisterous that the sailors begged him to wait. "Fools," he said, "did you ever hear of a drowned king?" He cruelly ravaged Maine, but could not take the city, and, having been slightly wounded, returned to meet his fate in the New Forest.

After this story, no one could wonder that it required a great deal of enthusiasm to persuade a man to leave his inheritance exposed to the grasp of the Red King, who, unlike other princes, set at nought the anathemas by which the Pope guarded the lands of absent Crusaders. Stephen, Count de Blois, the husband of William's sister Adela, took the Cross. He was wise in counsel, and learned, and a letter which he wrote to his wife is one of the chief authorities for the early part of the expedition; but his health was delicate, and it was also said that his personal courage was not unimpeachable; at any rate, he soon returned home.

One of the foremost of the Crusaders was, however, our own Norman Prince, Robert Courtheuse. Every one knows the deep stain of disobedience on Robert's early life; and yet so superior was he to his brothers in every point of character, that it is impossible not to regard him with a sort of affection, though the motto of his whole career might be, "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

Never was man more completely the tool of every villain who gained his ready ear. It was the whisper of evil counsellors that fired his jealousy of his young brothers, and drove him into rebellion against his father; the evil counsel of William led him to persecute Henry, loving him all the time: and when in possession of his dukedom, his careless, profuse habits kept him in constant poverty, while his idle good-nature left unpunished the enormities of the barons who made his country miserable.

But in generosity he never failed; he heartily loved his brothers, while duped and injured by them again and again; he always meant to be true and faithful, and never failed, except from hastiness and weakness; and while William was infidel, and Henry hypocritical, he was devout and sincere in faith, though miserably defective in practice.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.