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On the Danish Ballads

ONE[1] great difficulty about the ballads is to understand how they have kept so many of the old fashions of poetry along with so much that is new. Their matter and phrasing are in many respects very ancient. Yet the ballads of Northern and Western Europe are not among the oldest poetical remains; they are centuries later than the old heroic poems in alliterative blank verse, such as *Beowulf* or the poems of the 'Elder Edda'; and they are not only later than these, but they are cut off from them by one of the most decisive revolutions in history—the change from the old alliterative verse to the rhyming measures introduced from France. English and Danish, they have alike forsaken the old national Teutonic forms and taken up the French modes, which came in along with the new dances (*Caroles*) in the twelfth century. But the new ballad measures—the French measures—are often used for very old themes, and always with very old devices of expression. How is one properly to understand this poetic growth, in some things so ancient, in metre and rhyme so absolutely new? The difficulty comes out most clearly when the ballads are compared with Anglo-Saxon poetry or with the 'Elder Edda.' There are no extant Anglo-Saxon ballads; and though the heroic poems of the 'Elder Edda' are like ballads in many things, they are much more ambitious and self-conscious, much more literary, than the *Folkeviser*. How is one to account for the change?

[1] See *Scottish Historical Review*, vol. i. p. 357 (July 1904), for article 'On the Danish Ballads,' by W. P. Ker.

Part of the answer is that the change is there, whether you explain it or not; there is one order of poetry in *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, another in the volumes of Grundtvig or Child. The difference is one that spreads further, and is found everywhere when the tenth century is compared with the thirteenth or fourteenth. No change in the course of history, no Renaissance or Reformation, is so momentous for England and the Northern nations as the change from the older, more purely Teutonic ideas to those of later medieval Christendom, and great part of this revolution is implied in the change of language from an older to a newer type (from 'Anglo-Saxon' to 'Middle English') and in the gradual adoption at the same time of Romance poetry in place of the older German.

This revolution meant progress in some ways, but not universally in all. A great deal was lost and damaged. The Teutonic civilisation of the North had gone far on lines of its own, *e.g.* it had its own systems of grammar and rhetoric, and used them intelligently to good purpose; it had its own ideals of freedom, decency, and the religion fit for a gentleman. Then came a French conquest of the North, which did not need any political Norman conquest to carry it through. The University of Paris, the French romances that King Hacon of Norway admired, the new carols, the doctrine of courtesy—these and many other tides and influences made a new world of the North; the ideas of the 'later Iron Age' were discomfited, even in Iceland, though they are still to be found there, *sub specie aeternitatis*, in the glory of the Sagas. The Northern nations were severely tried by the change, particularly those which had invested most of their capital in the old order of things, viz. Norway and Iceland. In these countries it might almost seem as if their devotion to the old Germanic ideas of freedom had brought down upon them the Prince of this World and his vengeance. Norway, just after it had seemed to be one of the great powers, a strong new monarchy under Hacon, went practically out of existence, and from its high politics, its diplomatic correspondence with France, Castile, and Aragon, sank back to its own firths and valleys and the secular business of timber and codfish, giving up the great game for many hundred years. In Denmark and Sweden political life was vastly stronger, but there was no great strength in literature—apart from the ballads. If the ballads are inferior—as they certainly are inferior in ambition and conscious art—to the

old Northern poetry, this may be only part of the general depression of spirit which is noticeable in other respects in the North, from the thirteenth century onward—*e.g.* in the dying-out of the Icelandic historians; the sterility of authorship in Denmark, after the time of Saxo; the greed and anarchy of the Swedish nobles, and the passive acceptance of Germanic intrusion in Sweden, Denmark, and Norway.[1]

In other parts of history also one hears of emptiness and exhaustion at the close of the Middle Ages, and the decline of Northern literature is not the only thing of the sort. Provençal poetry died about the same time as Icelandic prose; and in Germany, too, after the glories of the Hohenstaufen age there begins the great dearth and monotony where few explorers find their way.

But the ballads are not to be compared with the things that are merely decrepit in the later Middle Ages, the flat moralities, the droning romances, the unceasing, meaningless rhymes. Though they are often childish and illiterate, and touched with the common weaknesses, they are not simply degraded versions of old noble legends, and they cannot be understood by means of any such theory.

They have somehow or other discovered for themselves a form of poetry which is alive, and quite unlike the tedious reiterations, 'abortives of the fabulous dark cloister,' which are so common towards the end of the Middle Ages—Pastimes of Pleasure, and other such misnamed and miscreated things. It is a lyrical form, and, though it was a borrowed form from France, it seems to have taken up, like a graft rose on a briar, the strength of an obscure primitive stock of life, so that the English and the Danes and their kindred were able to sing their own native thoughts and fancies to the French tunes. This may sound mysterious, but it cannot be helped. A mystery may be a positive fact, like any other.

To get at something rather more definite, we may try to classify the ballads—to distinguish between (1) the ballads that have something like them in older Northern tradition, before the introduction of the French ballad measures, such, *e.g.* as *Hagbard and Signy* or the *Finding of Thor's Hammer*; (2) the ballads that are most closely related to the Southern group, French, Provençal, etc. (*v. sup. S.H.R.* i. p. 366); (3*a*) the

[1] Cf. Sars, *Udsigt over den norske Historie*, part 3, *passim*, and especially c. i., on the Hanseatic usurpations.

ballads that are suggested by real events, like *Chevy Chase*; and (3*b*) the ballads that take their plots in a vaguer and less historical way from real life, such as those of cattle-raiding on the Border, or of combats, *e.g. Johnnie of Braidislee*, or of daring lovers, like Lochinvar—very numerous in Denmark, Sweden, and Norway.[1]

1. There is no absolute separation between the older poetry, represented in the North by the 'Elder Edda,' and the later rhyming ballads. Some of the ballads repeat stories that are found in the older poetry, or that are known from Saxo Grammaticus to have existed once in an older form; particularly the ballad of *Thor's Hammer*, which corresponds to the *Lay of Thrym* in the 'Elder Edda,' and has been studied and illustrated in great detail by two eminent Norwegian scholars;[2] the ballad of *Child Sveidal*, which corresponds to two old Northern poems; and *Hagbard and Signy*, a story given by Saxo, and lately described by Dr. Axel Olrik in a fine essay[3] bringing out the difference between the older heroic and the later romantic way of looking at the same matter.

This sort of transposition or translation from an older to a newer poetic form is well known in Germany in the rhyming versions of old heroic themes; in the North also the story of Sigurd and Brynhild passes into rhyme, not with the broad diffuse narrative eloquence of the *Nibelungenlied*, but in the proper mode of the lyrical ballad.

There is so little extant of the old Northern heroic poetry—it all goes easily into one volume—that one may fancy there once were ancient versions of other ballad plots as well, and there are still traces of some of them. The *Hávamál* includes among the adventures of Odin one where he is not triumphant, but defeated as shamefully as the *Baffled Knight* of later comic tradition.[4] It is a strange place to find a story which would seem to be more at home in its later dress and situation, in D'Urfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*. But there are several other documents which prove that *fabliau* plots were well appreciated in the older German days, long before the French or the

[1] There are symptoms of cross-division in this, but less than might be thought; the cross-cutting is chiefly between groups (2) and (3*b*), and most of it can be cured.

[2] S. Bugge and Moltke Moe, *Torsvisen i sin norske Form*, 1897.

[3] *Tilskueren*, 1907, p. 57 *sqq*.

[4] See Child's *Ballads*, No. 112; Danmarks Gamle Folkeviser, 230, 231.

Italians took to writing comic stories. There are old German-Latin pieces with Swabian japes in them, and these, with the Latin *Unibos*,[1] which is *Big Claus and Little Claus*, make it fairly certain that there were many other such things, many more things known and current than ever were put down in writing, and more things written than we know of. 'This may seem to be a truism, but it is nevertheless true,' as the man said in the Schools; it is a commonplace which is sometimes ignored by literary antiquarians, who will argue freely (on occasion) that things not extant can never have existed.

The earlier books of Saxo, founded on poems and stories—Danish and Icelandic—about the year 1200, show what a rich amount of romantic stuff was available then, just at the time when the new carol and ballad fashion was coming in from France. We know that some of his stories—*Hagbard and Signy*, *e.g.*—appear as ballads; it is at least possible that other ballads come from old poems which existed in Saxo's time, though they are not included in his history.

So the origin of some of the ballads may be explained, as translation from the old Northern heroic age to the fashion of the new poetry, the rhyming verse and its refrain which came in along with the French *Caroles*.

In Icelandic books of the thirteenth century one can see, here and there, how the two fashions meet. The new way is exemplified in the *Sturlunga Saga*, in rhyming phrases quoted there, in the ballad burden:

mínar eru sorgir þungar sem blý.

While at the same time the older kind of verse is readily used, for all purposes. There was a time when the popular songs of Norway were in Scaldic verse—precise, artificial. King Sverre quoted one of them, ironically and most effectively, on the lukewarm politics of Norway:

ætla-ek mér ina mæro
munnfagra Jórunni
hvegi er fundr með frægjom
ferr Magnúsi ok Sverri

—which, roughly, might be rhymed thus:

Let Magnus and Sverre debate as they will,
But the lips of Jorunn have my love still.

[1] Grimm and Schmeller, *Lateinische Gedichte des X. und XI. Jh.* 1838.

Sverre, the amazing person of genius—who might, one imagines, have talked on equal terms with either Cromwell or Charles II.—Sverre rather enjoyed this lyrical epigram on his own most serious affairs; he could stand aside from his own game, even when everything was at stake, and watch the temper of the average Norwegian man who did not care for politics. He had tags of poetry in his mind; at another time he quotes one of the old poems of Sigurd. There are about forty years between Sverre's Scaldic quotation and the Icelandic satirical rhymes on Lopt and Sæmund (1221), which show the new fashion coming in:

> Lopt is in the islands
> Picking the puffin's bone,
> Sæmund in the highlands
> —Blaeberries alone.

About forty years later still (1264) comes the ballad refrain already quoted. So one gets, roughly, some few signs of the meeting and rivalry of the two orders, the native old Northern and the new foreign measures—much as one sees the old-fashioned Danish battle-axe giving way to the lance of the new chivalry.

2. The close connexion between the Danish (also the English and Scottish) ballads and those of the Southern group—French, Provençal, Catalan, North Italian—is undeniable, and also very hard to explain. One difficulty is that the Southern ballad stories are generally rather late—springing up at the close of the Middle Ages—though of course the lyrical form, song and refrain, is much older. Where is one to find the course of the stream that brought the French ballads to Scotland and Denmark, but not in anything like the same number to Germany?

Some curious things are ascertainable about other streams and tides of ballad-poetry. The Danish ballads of German origin have been distinguished, and the proofs of their descent made easily intelligible; and there is at least one specimen of a Russian story wandering West, to Sweden and Denmark, and keeping the name Novgorod in it as a sign of its origin.[1] But the likenesses of Danish and French ballads are as obvious as their pedigrees are obscure. It may indeed be taken for granted that the pedigree is not to be sought in Denmark. For the character of the Southern ballads, and of their counterparts among the

[1] *D.g.F.* 468; Arwidsson No. 25; cf. Child's introduction to No. 266, *John Thomson and the Turk.*

Northern groups, is in some respects different from the ballads that belong peculiarly to the North, whether to the Scottish border or to Denmark. They are generally much vaguer—more childish, more dreamy, one might say—than our ballads. The actors are often nameless—simply the mother and her children, or the daughter of the king; and often where there is a name, Marguerite, Renaud, Pernette, it tells nothing particular. The ballads of the North have much more of an historical look about them, to say the least. A large number are actually founded on real historical events. Many of them, especially in Denmark, are concerned with a world in which serious political and civil business is understood—something like the world of the Icelandic Sagas (as may be seen later), with grand juries, wardship and marriage, trespass, the law of landlord and tenant. Of all this there is little trace in the South.[1] There is not the substantial background of real interests that there is in the Border ballads, in the *Geste of Robin Hood*, and, very commonly, in Denmark. Their ambitions—the kind of life and scenery they imply—are much more like those of the simpler fairy tales.

Now ballads of this sort are fortunately known in the North also; and it will be found, as we might expect, that where there are correspondences between French and English (or Danish) ballads, they generally fall within this order—as may be seen by a reference to the previous essay on this subject.

The vaguer, less historical looking ballad is certainly an old kind; it is closely related to other old lyrical families where there are personages not named by any definite name, like the shepherdesses in the *pastourelles*, or the lady and her lover in the *aubades,* and the watchman on the tower. One is led to ask whether the French ballads may not be older than the end of the Middle Ages, to which the best authority, that of Gaston Paris, assigns them—whether it may not be a plausible thing to suppose that the ballad fashion was understood in France, at least as early as in Scotland or Denmark. The common opinion seems to be that while the *carole* form—song and refrain and dance—came up in the twelfth century, it was at first and for a long time used without any definite story; merely with sentiments and ideas:

When that I was a little tiny boy,

[1] That is, in the French group of ballads: the Castilian ballads have a character and history of their own.

According to this theory, the *carole* form remained purely lyrical in France, and the narrative or epic use of it began among foreigners, whether English or Danish or other—anyhow not in France. It is noted[1] that in Iceland the original French lyrical type was kept pure from narrative, in contrast to the fashions of Denmark.

On the other hand, it is remarkable what a close likeness may be found between some of the late French ballads and some of the oldest French narrative poetry. There are many ballad features in the *Chansons de Geste*, particularly in the oldest. For example, the old French epic of *Le Roi Gormond* is written in a kind of verse that has survived for centuries; it is just the same in the old epic and in the traditional ballad that Gérard de Nerval heard and wrote down, in *Les Filles du Feu*, of St. Nicholas and the three children:

> Il était trois petits enfants
> Qui s'en allaient glaner aux champs.

And the epic, like the ballad, has a refrain—

> Quant il ot mort le bon vassal
> Ariere en chaça le cheval;
> Puis mist avant sun estendart
> Nen la li baille un tuenart.[2]

The lately discovered *Chançun de Willame*, the rude original of the epic of *Aliscans*, has many ballad devices in it. It has a refrain, with variations, *e.g.*:

> Lunsdi al vespre
> En bataille reneiad Deu celestre
> —Joesdi al vespre
> Nad que xv. anz si li donad grant terre.

And even nearer to the common ballad type are the repetitions in *Willame*. The *Chansons de Geste*, like the ballads generally, are fond of repeating the same thing in different phrases; only there is this difference, that the epics take more time about it; they move more slowly in larger circles, and we may have thirty or forty lines or more, before the period comes round again. The ballad repetitions come quickly—after two lines, or

[1] *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, ii. 389: lyrical *danz* separate from the epic *vísur*.

[2] *Le Roi Gormond*, ed. Scheler, l. 4, 37, 61, 83, etc. *Nen* is 'Naismes' and *tuenart* = 'shield'

four—and in this old epic *Willame*, for once, the periods are short and more like those of the ballads, *e.g.*:

Si cum li ors ses viere fors del argent
Si sen eslistrent tote le bone gent
Li couart sen vont od Tedbald fuiant
Od Vivien remistrent tuit li chevaler vaillant
Al chief devant fierent comunalment.

Si cum li ors del argent sen turne
Si sen eslistrent tut li gentil home,
etc. (l. 327 *sqq.*).

This play of the gold and silver, with the things put in different order when they are repeated, is exactly like the ballad convention:[1]

Now shalt thou never yelpe, Wrennok,
At ale ne at wine
That thou hast slawe good Robin
And his knave Gandeleyn.

Now shalt thou never yelpe, Wrennok,
At wine ne at ale
That thou hast slawe good Robin
And Gandeleyn his knave.

A later passage is still more lyrical, and it is one of the fine things in the poem: Girard cursing his useless weapons (l. 715 *sqq.*):

Ohi grosse hanste cume peises al braz
Nen aidera a Uiuien en larchamp
Qui se combat a dolerus ahan
—Dunc la lance Girard en mi le champ.

Ohi grant targe cume peises al col
Nen aidera a Uiuien a la mort
[Qui se combat . . .]
—El champ la getad si la tolid de sun dos.

Ohi bone healme cum mestunes la teste
Nen aiderai a Uiuien en la presse
Ki se cumbat el archamp sur lerbe
—Il le lancad et ietad cuntre terre.

Ohi grant broine cum me vas apesant
Nen aiderai a Uiuien en larchamp
Qui se combat a dolerus ahan
—Trait lad de sun dos sil getad el champ.

So much at least we can say: that whether or not there were ballads like *Saint Nicolas* or *Le Roi Renaud* in France in the

[1] *V. supr. S.H.R.* i. p. 376, and Gummere, *The Beginnings of Poetry*, and *The Popular Ballad*, *passim*.

twelfth century, there were at that time in France all the elements wanted for ballad poetry as it is found in later ages. There were the metres, the refrains, the dances; and there was also, as is proved by these examples from *Gormond* and *Willame*, the habit of using lyrical ornament and ballad graces along with narrative poetry.

Further than that it is perhaps hardly safe to go. The great difficulties of the problem are there still, in the want of any early French originals for the later ballads: 'we know not all the pathways.'

3. Much has been done recently in Denmark for the philology of the ballads, which is part of their history. Dr. Axel Olrik and Dr. Ernst von der Recke (to both of whom I am deeply indebted in many ways) have studied the vocabulary of certain ballads and brought out some notable results.[1] It is not my purpose here to describe these in full, but to call attention to one particular inference of Dr. Olrik's which has special interest for readers in this country, and some importance for the history of historical ballads, though the ballad in question (*Riboldsvisen* = *Earl Brand*) is not historical in the same way as *Chevy Chase*.

The Danish ballad of *Ribold* has long been known as one that has the closest relation with an English version. The ballad of *Earl Brand* goes beyond the mere identity of *plot*, and in one instance uses the same *rhymes* in the same place as the Northern versions.[2] Now Dr. Olrik in a comparison of different versions of the Northern ballad—Icelandic, Norwegian, Danish[3]—is able to determine certain rhymes in the old Danish language as the originals from which the various dialects have chosen their own peculiar forms; these dialects often wresting the sense when the sounds fail them. Thus the Icelandic versions derived from the Danish have to alter the Danish endings when they do not give the proper Icelandic rhyme; on the other hand, the Icelandic versions have sometimes kept the likeness of old Danish inflexions which disappeared pretty early from the Danish

[1] Ernst von der Recke, *Nogle folkeviseredaktioner*, 1906. Dr. Recke has made a collection (unpublished) of all the parallel passages in the Danish ballads—an immense work, on which he has based his reconstruction of some of the poems. His *Folkevisestudier* (in *Danske Studier*, 1907,) call attention to Faroese elements in Danish ballads, thus proving some fresh things about the Western influence in Denmark, of which so little is certainly known.

[2] See Child, Introduction to *Earl Brand*, No. 7.

[3] *Danske Studier*, 1906, p. 40 *sqq.*, p. 175 *sqq.*

language. It seems to Dr. Olrik possible that the ballad may have been first composed among Danes of North England in the twelfth century, and transplanted thence to the home countries, Denmark and Norway.

This opinion will perhaps be found surprising and unacceptable by English historians who are not accustomed to the Danish estimate of the ballads—to the high rank and the antiquity that Danish, as compared with English writers, are ready to ascribe to the ballads. English scholars as a rule are disinclined to allow any very early date to the ballads. 'Reliques, but not really very ancient,' seems to be the common sentiment; *Robin and Gandeleyn*, which is fifteenth century, is comparatively old. But in Denmark the fifteenth century is late, and the best ballads are supposed to come from the thirteenth, or even earlier. As the principal Danish MS. authority for the ballads, the 'Karen Brahe' folio, c. A.D. 1550, is only about a century older than Percy's MS., it would seem as if some justification or explanation were needed. It is not wanting, and the linguistic demonstration just referred to may be taken as part of the proof.

But the chief arguments are drawn from the historical ballads, of which there are many, and of such a sort that they must have come from an original direct impression, like *Chevy Chase* or *The Bonnie Earl of Murray*, and not from any versifying of the chronicles, like the ballad of King Leir. There are some very curious evidences of antiquity in Grundtvig's work on the historical ballads, which are mostly in his third volume.

Here is an example.[1] Some of the Danish ballads have a plot like *Lochinvar* or *Katharine Janfarie*—the story of the brave lover who carries off the bride from the craven (or simply respectable) bridegroom. Now this sort of adventure has actually happened more than once, as Landstad, the pious collector of the Thelemarken ballads, explains in one of his notes. If one comes upon a Danish ballad of this kind[2] with nothing peculiarly historical, nothing definite at all beyond the commonest names—Nilaus, Fru Mettelille, Herr Peder—naturally one is not drawn to look for a definite historical origin. It would seem absurd on the face of it: like going to St. Pancras Church to enquire for the graves of Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy Belle. But this same ballad in a Norwegian version has other names in it, and they are historical, though slightly damaged. The bridegroom is Torstein Davidson, the hero is Falkvord Lommannson—so in

[1] *D.g.F.* iii. p. 715. [2] *D.g.F.* 180

Thelemark; and a Swedish ballad has Falken Albrektsson in the same story. Now Grundtvig shows that the Norwegian and Swedish tradition has preserved one historical fact which is lost in Danish. The true name is Folke Algotson or Lawman's son—*Dominus Folcho filius Domini Algoti Legiferi Vestgothorum*—who in March, 1288, carried off the Lady Ingrid,[1] betrothed to David Thorsteinsson the Danish seneschal.

Besides the ballads that deal with important historical personages, kings and queens and dukes and marshals, there are the ballads which are historical in a different sense, as being at any rate founded on real life, and using no scenery, motives, or ideas but such as might be familiarly known in ordinary business by the audience of the ballads. This kind has been compared above to the Border ballads of cattle driving and the like—*Jamie Telfer*, *Parcy Reed*—not because the incidents are much alike, but because each group has the same sort of relation to actual life, and the same sort of difference from the more vague and fanciful poems, the fairy ballads. It is here—in the ballads that deal with familiar life, whatever may be the historical truth of their stories—that one gets to understand the class of people among whom the ballads were composed. Nothing could be clearer or more to the point than Dr. Olrik's description;[2] it may be supplemented from other historians.[3]

The Danish ballads do not belong to 'the people' in the ordinary meaning of the term. They have come down to the common people, in those Jutland homes where so many of the

[1] The historical ballads have long been the subject of investigation and description in Denmark; the most convenient introductions to this part of history are those in Streenstrup, *Vore Folkeviser*, and in Axel Olrik's *Danske Folkeviser i Udvalg* (1899). English readers must prepare for shocks to their historical prejudices when they enter this ground with the guidance of these interpreters. Instead of the ballad chronology to which they are accustomed here, beginning perhaps with the Robin Hood quotation from *Piers Plowman*, they will find the Danish historical ballad already declining before *Piers Plowman* is begun. The adventure of Niels Ebbeson befell in April 1340; the ballad is not long after, and the ballad, good as it is, has some of the symptoms of old age; there is rather more of prose alloy than in the best of the earlier ballads, and the lyrical refrain is wanting. 'From about the year 1400,' says Dr. Olrik, 'the historical ballads fall off, both in number and in poetical value.'

[2] *Danske Folkeviser i Udvalg*, *Indledning*; esp. p. 16 *sqq.*, 'the scene of the ballads—the knight's garth,' and p. 20 *sqq.*, 'classes of society.'

[3] Cf. Erslev, *Valdemarernes Storhedstid*, p. 199 *sqq.*, for the growth of the Danish Franklin class (*Herremænd*) in the time of Valdemar Seir (+1241); Steenstrup, *Danmarks Riges Historie*, i. p. 794 *sqq.*; Erslev, *ibid.* ii. p. 223 *sqq.*

old poems have been found surviving, but originally they belonged to the gentry—a gentry not absolutely cut off nor far removed from the simpler yeomen. A number of causes, the historians tell us, contributed to raise and establish in Denmark a strong and numerous class of small freeholders, who were thriving most about the date 1200, and who were naturally the chief patrons of the new French carol fashion and the chief audience for the new lyrical ballads. The ballad, instead of being a secondary or degenerate form of poetry in Denmark, is for a long time—from the twelfth to the fifteenth century—the principal, almost the only form. The ballads are not rude rustic travesties of older more dignified stories; though some, perhaps many, of the older stories may survive among the ballads. They are, for Denmark in the thirteenth and fourteenth century, what the older heroic lays of the 'Poetic Edda' had been before them in the Northern lands, what the *Chansons de Geste* had been in France; that is to say, the proper and sufficient form in which to put all the noblest stories and thoughts. The Danish ballads take the place of earlier heroic poetry; they do the same sort of work, and receive the same sort of honour. This is what distinguishes them from the English and Scottish ballads as we know them, which with all their heroic character are never anything like the chief poetical form of their day, but have to compete with all sorts of more ambitious, more pretentious, literary forms. This is what makes the peculiar historical interest of the Danish ballads; in Denmark the ballad flourished as it did nowhere else, *and was used as the form and vehicle of original heroic poetry*—with the applause and favour of the whole nation, but more especially of the country gentlemen and their families; a favour that lasted, as we know, among the ladies of Denmark down to the seventeenth century at any rate.

The difference in literary conditions between England and Denmark in the Middle Ages between 1100 and 1600 is very marked. It may be described simply as the absence in Denmark of almost everything that makes the variety of English literature in those centuries. In Denmark, it is true, there are some rhyming romances, versions of the stories that everyone wanted in every land; *Floris and Blanchefleur*, *Iwain the Knight of the Lion*; but these were comparatively late of coming, and though they have a strong outward likeness to many English romances of the same date, this kind of fiction never had anything like

the vogue that it had in England. There is nothing in Denmark corresponding to the great English alliterative poems of the fourteenth century, nothing like the lovely English songs. There is not even any great supply of the cheapest and commonest medieval wares, the homilies, the moralisings, the popular expositions of science or history. The fact that Sir David Lyndesay's *Monarche* was translated into Danish rhyme seems to show how great the famine was. And so by this strange partiality of fortune the Danish ballad was left in possession of the ground, and of all the imaginative strength and substance to be found in the Danish people, gentle or simple.

What happens is so wonderful that one has to be cautious in describing it, for fear of seeming extravagant. It hardly seems a plausible thing at this time of day to believe in a Platonic idea of a ballad, a type remaining essentially the same, but repeating itself in various forms in this world of appearance. Yet this theory would account for the facts. There is something more in the ballad form than a mere pattern of verse or habit of phrasing. It includes, very often, the gift of original imagination; new poetical things are made in the ballad form, utterly unlike the common medieval hackneyed repetitions, the interminable dreariness of professional romance.

To bring out, in English, anything like the value of the Danish ballads would require the finest poetical skill. Something much more prosaic is all that can be attempted here. Abstracts of stories are generally unreadable, but occasionally they may prove something. What is to be proved here is that the Danish ballads, besides all the themes that may have been inherited either from earlier heroic literature or from simple folk-lore, had the power of taking up new plots from the Danish life of the Middle Ages. And, further, it may be argued that this originality of the ballads (which can be shown partially by means of abstracts) makes them much more important than they are generally considered among the orders of medieval poetry. There is something like a new spring of epic poetry here in Denmark in these new inventions of the ballad authors. They recall, with fresh stories, the talent for tragedy that is so strong in the poems of the 'Elder Edda.'[1] The adventures and incidents, the matter of the stories, will also be often found resembling the Icelandic Sagas, where the tragic spirit has other ways of

[1] See Heusler, *Lied und Epos* (1905) and especially the description there of the *Marsk Stig* ballads.

going to work. It may be objected here, perhaps, that feuds and vengeances such as are the principal substance of the Icelanic Sagas and of many Danish ballads are too common over all the world to be particularly noticeable anywhere. But, on the contrary, the surprising thing about great tracts of medieval (and other) literature is that they fail to provide any good imaginative treatment of those common motives. They are well represented in the Sagas, in some of the *Chansons de Geste*, in many of the chroniclers in different languages, in the poems of *Bruce* and *Wallace*. But they are generally wanting, or poorly handled, in the great body of popular romance, the hackneyed stories of 'Bevis and Sir Guy.' The Danish ballads are very different from those poor strolling players of chivalry. Here follow the summaries of a few of them.

Nilus[1] is travelling home with his bride when they are caught in a storm in the heath, and have to look for shelter. Hedingsholm is too far, Fredelund is nearer where the uncle of the bride lives, her mother's brother, Sir Peter. But Nilus has killed another of her uncles, and it is not safe to look for mercy from Sir Peter. However, they take this course. Sir Peter receives them, and reminds them of the blood-feud, but promises peace to Sir Nilus at the cost of the lives of his sister's sons, who are with him on the journey. It is a weakness in the story (to our ways of thinking) that Sir Nilus delays till his nephews are killed before he draws his sword; because it is Sunday, and he has made a vow in the Holy Sepulchre not to draw his sword on a Sunday. But now he fights, hewing with his sword till it breaks at the hilt, and he gets his death-wound. Then he rides home, and his sister waits him at the gate. He tells her of the death of her two sons and of his own mortal wound, and asks her to be kind to his bride. 'How can I be good to your bride,' she answers, 'when for her I have lost my two sons and my brother?' Then Sir Nilus died, and his bride died with him.

De legte en Leg, og Legen var alt udaf Vrede: 'They played a game, and the game was all of anger.' So the refrain, as usual, interprets the sentiment of the poem.

Liden Engel[2] reminds one of the Icelandic stories of burning houses. Engel carries off Malfred in spite of her family, and

[1] *Nilus og Hillelille. D.g.F.* 325; Olrik, *Udvalg*, No. 32, and introduction, p. 29.

[2] *D.g.F.* 297; Olrik, *Udvalg*, No. 33.

is pursued by her brother the Lawman. He and she, and Engel's men along with them, who have eaten of his bread, take refuge in St. Mary's Church, and are besieged there; then Malfred's mother advises the besiegers to burn the church. Malfred is saved; those within place her on a shield and lift it with their spears to the church window, and so she escapes with her hair burnt and her clothes scorched; Engel and his men are left in the church.

Afterwards Malfred bears a son, who grows up and avenges his father. Refrain:

Mon ingen Dag vil oplyse?

'When will it be day?'

Ebbe Skammelson[1] begins like some of the Icelandic sagas of rivalry, where the slow treacherous man wins the bride of the more adventurous. Here the rivals are two brothers. Peter gives out that his brother Ebbe is dead, and marries his brother's betrothed. Ebbe (warned like so many others by bad dreams) takes leave of the king's court and rides home, but comes too late to the wedding feast. His two sisters are the first to meet him, and their conversation is touching, in a ballad which otherwise is one of the fiercest of them all. The one bade him stay; the other bade him ride: 'If thou linger here to-night it will be sorrow for us all.' He was turning to ride away when his mother came and laid hand on his rein, and kept him. At night, in the bride's procession, Ebbe went before her and carried a torch; in the gallery he spoke to her and asked her if she remembered her troth. The bride remembers, but she will not break her new oath, and refuses to follow Ebbe. Then he kills her, and after that his brother, and wounds his father and mother; and therefore is Ebbe Skammelson a wanderer on the earth:

Fordi træder Ebbe Skammelsön saa mangen Sti vild.

One of the best of all the sorrowful ballads is *Hr. Jon og Fru Bodil.*[2]

Young Sir John wakens at midnight, troubled with bad dreams. His wife tries to keep him out of the post of danger in war, but in vain; he himself will carry his red banner. The parting between them is told simply: all the king's men were riding through the greenwood, and never the fair lady's hand was

[1] *D.g.F.* 354; *Udvalg*, No. 44. [2] *D.g.F.* 144.

withdrawn from his saddle-bow till the time came to part; she took Sir John in her arms and bade him remember that she carried his child under her breast. In the war, where many a brother was slain, Sir John came by his death. His lady wakens from a dream; she has seen him, his fair hair running with blood, and goes out and meets them bringing home his body. 'His foes had made him ill to ken,' but she knew him from a scar on his finger that he had made with her scissors as they sat at the betrothal feast. 'All Denmark cannot pay her for her loss,' is the refrain.

This ballad has not the tragic problem, the conflict of motives, found in those previously summarised. But its simplicity, truth and pathos are nevertheless good proofs of the life and virtue of ballad poetry in Denmark.

The ballads on definite historical events or personages prove the same thing, the active original power of the ballad in shaping stories.[1] It can hardly be questioned, by anyone who takes the trouble to think about the matter, that there is this strange excellence in the ballads, this power, not merely of repeating old motives, but of turning the substance of daily life into poetry. There is the same gift in this country, in the Border ballads, but it has been obscured by accidents and prejudices; whereas in Denmark the accidents of culture and literary tradition have been mostly in favour of the ballads, have saved them from unfair competition, and fostered them with the best life of the nation through many centuries.

W. P. Ker.

[1] Cf. Heusler, *op. cit.*

A Border Ballad

THE ballad which follows comes from the Ashmole MSS. in the Bodleian Library (volume xxxviii. p. 124). The volume is described in the catalogue as 'a large collection of miscellaneous English poetry made by one Nicholas Burghe, who was in 1661 one of the Poor Knights of Windsor.' Most of the poems it contained were written between 1600 and 1660. This one is simply described as 'A Scottish songe,' and there is no indication of its date or authorship. Mr. G. M. Stevenson, who has kindly supplied the footnotes explaining the words of the ballad, points out that the dialect shows clearly that the ballad was written in Northumberland and not in Scotland. He adds: 'The spellings "faytinge" for "fighting," "may" for "my," "crayn" for "crien" I have noticed before, and others of the same sort, as "trayall" for "trial," "thayne" for "thine," "bay" for "by," "Chrayst" for "Christ," "layfe" for "life," etc., but it appears to be still a philological puzzle how it arises. It appears in Scottish MSS. about the middle of the 16th century, and is found on tombstones down to the 18th. One, dated 1778, in a churchyard in Fife, has the following "Fair wel, a lang fair wel, *may* dear."'

The ballad refers to the murder of William Aynsley of Shaftoe in Tynedale—'Amsey' is evidently an error made by the seventeenth century transcriber. The incident is mentioned in a letter from Sir Robert Carey to Secretary Cecil, dated August 13, 1598. He says, enumerating various 'unlawful acts' recently committed by Scottish borderers: 'A companye of Rotherfords of Scotland . . . with others their assotiats came in to England and Cruelly murdered a very honest gentleman, his name Wylliam Aynsley, took away all the goods he had, and conveyed his brother out of England in to Scotland with them, and at this Houer he ys their prysoner. They had no quarrell to him, but onely in Defence of his goods he was

thus cruellye murdered' (State Papers, Borders, vol. 37; Calendar, vol. ii. p. 553). A pedigree of the Aynsleys is given in Hodgson's *History of Northumberland*, part ii. vol. ii. p. 210, and some notes on their property at Shaftoe on p. 293. The widow, into whose mouth this ballad is put, was a daughter of Guy Delaval of Horton, a cadet of the Delavals of Seaton Delaval. Mr. H. H. E. Craster, to whom I owe this information, suggests that Broughton may possibly be Burradon or Burraton in Coquetdale. To the best of my knowledge the ballad has not been printed before.

C. H. Firth.

Lament, Ladyes, Lament,
Lament, Northumberland,
My Love is fra mee rent,
Was doughty of his hand;
Forth i' the feyld faytinge,[1]
The formast o' the Chease,
The Scote him slue by slyght,
Myen ene[2] deare Loue, ah las!

Lere, Lere, ryng terre roe,
Lere, Lere, ryng terre roe,
La Lere, ryng terre roe ran (?)
Oh hone hone o riea.

A squier of high degree,
The Lerd of Shafton toune,
Sweet William of Amsey,
My Love was sonn[3] brought doune.
When that I sleep, I seene,[4]
When that I weke, hees gean,[5]
Parting gud Companye,
My Chamber all alene.

Lere, Lere.

O all yee tyndell men,
Chriast giue you may runn wood,[6]
Which first this frea[7] begune,
In Broughton whear it stood;
Fra[8] twa nightes and ene day
Had may[9] Leue[10] byne[11] fra the please,[12]
I had bine[11] blist fra[8] Aye,
That now done crayn,[13] ah las!

Lerre.

[1] fighting. [2] own. [3] soon. [4] see him. [5] he is gone.
[6] madly, wildly. [7] fray. [8] for. [9] my.
[10] love. [11] been. [12] place. [13] cry.

Fra wele[1] witt *and* wisdome,
Yee, and fra wele[1] gam and glee,
Yee, and fra wele[1] all hartye fredome
A mongest gud Companye;
For a gayne I mun neuer see
The grunde of a' my grease,[2]
I'le leaue my bebes a lene,[3]
And lett them crayn,[4] Ahlas!

Lerre, Lere.

His brether is come home,
Sounding in my bernes ears
Some tydinges hele[5] bring mee,
My mourning for to chere;
For ther's noe gud nor geare
That my Corpes con embrace;
When I thinke of my deare,
It gers[6] me crayne, ahlas!

Lere.

I trust In god aboue,
And I trust that I mun heare
Manye a Scottish woman
Mourning for her deare:
I'ale[7] gang tell[8] a Chappell cleane
And his dead Corpes I'le embrace,
I'le leave my babes alene,
And lett them Crayne, Ahlas!

Lere, o Lero, Laero.

[1] farewell. [2] grace. [3] alone. [4] cry.
[5] he will. [6] gars, causes. [7] I shall. [8] till = to.

The Order of the Golden Fleece

THE Toison d'Or, though one of the most celebrated of the Orders of Chivalry in Europe, was by no means the first to be instituted. If we are to believe Favine, a body of knights or warriors was established so long ago as A.D. 726 by Charles Martel under the name of the Order of the Gennet (a kind of wood marten) to commemorate a victory over Aldiramo, a Moorish commander, in whose army a rich store of these furs was found. Another French Order, that of Our Lady of the Star, was founded by Robert 'the Devout' in 1022. The Order of St. Saviour of Montreall was founded by King Alphonso of Arragon in the year 1120. These and many other ancient Orders are now extinct, but of those still in existence may be mentioned the Spanish Orders of Calatrava (1158), St. James of Compostella (1175), and Alcantara (1214). Portugal has the Orders of St. Benedict of Aviz (1147) and St. James of the Sword (1175). Another Order which has come down to the present day was originally founded by Amadis 'the Green,' Count of Savoy in 1355, under the name of the Order of the Snares of Love, in honour of a bracelet received from a lady made from the tresses of her hair; but his grandson Amadis, afterwards Pope for a time under the title of Felix I., re-constituted it in 1434 with the more decorous designation of the Order of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. In England the Garter was founded by King Edward III. about 1340 in honour of Lady Salisbury. It was not for nearly a century after this that the Order of the Golden Fleece had its origin, being established by Philippe le Bon, 10th January, 1429-30, the day of his marriage with Isabel of Portugal. What the origin of the title was has been the subject of much discussion. That it was taken from the colour of the tresses of a fair but frail maid of Bruges, as is often related, is hardly likely, seeing the Order had its origin on the marriage day of its founder, and was established for

the encouragement of virtue and good living; in fact, its statutes have almost a religious character. The pagan legend of Jason and the scriptural story of Gideon have both to do with fleeces, but it is not easy to see how an Order of chivalry should be named after either. Another theory is that the Golden Fleece typified the staple industry of Flanders at the period, the trade in wool being the chief industry of the country. But it is improbable that a chivalric Order would take its rise from so prosaic a source.

Whatever may have been the cause which suggested the name to its founder there is no doubt that the Order at once took a high place amongst similar institutions. Its statutes, ninety-four in number, were animated by a spirit of exalted morality, and were far removed from the ideas which accounted for the origin of some other Orders, such as that of the Snares of Love already mentioned. They provided from the very first that the Order should be a very exclusive one: it was to consist of twenty-four knights, 'gentlemen of name and arms and without reproach': they were not to be members of any other Order except in the case of Princes who were Chiefs of some Order of their own country. The collar and badge to be worn were rather peculiar, and their origin is as mysterious as the name of the Order. The collar consisted of double fusils, as they are styled in the statutes, furisons according to modern heraldic terminology, or in ordinary language steel strikers, such as were erstwhile used for striking flints upon for the production of fire; these double fusils were joined together and with a little stretch of imagination formed a double B for Burgundy: each pair of these fusils were connected by a flint stone from the four corners of which issued flames of fire. Suspended from the collar was the figure of a lamb or sheep, in allusion to the name of the Order. It is interesting to note, as an instance of how such decorations were considered part of the usual apparel of their owners, that it is expressly provided in the statutes that the collar was to be worn every day except when it was in the hands of the jeweller for repair, under penalty of having a mass 'de quatre sols' said, and contributing an equal amount in the cause of religion. In war, however, it was admissible to wear the Toison without the collar. In later times, as will be mentioned shortly, it became the fashion to have a representation of the collar of the Order engraved

on the cuirasses of the armour itself so that it ran no risk of being snatched away in the heat of battle or tourney. The actual wearing of the collar in every-day life was found to be rather inconvenient, as indeed might have been expected, and at a very early period in the history of the Order the knights permitted themselves to wear the Toison only suspended by a narrow ribbon of silk.

The other statutes of the Order can only be briefly alluded to. They contained provision for reciprocal duties between the Sovereign and the knights. On the one hand the latter were bound to assist their chief personally for the defence of the Christian faith, the maintenance of the Holy Mother Church or of the Apostolic See, while, on the other hand, the Sovereign engaged himself not to undertake any war without first consulting the knights of the Order. Amongst themselves the knights were to live in all love and fraternity: if by chance there was any disagreement between individuals, the matter was to be submitted to the decision of a Chapter, and on no account were the adversaries to resort to violence. In war the first duty of a member was, if necessary, to go to the succour of a fellow knight; and one of the most rigorously exacted rules was that if a knight showed any cowardice on the field of battle he was dismissed the Order. This was very strictly interpreted: when Count Mansfield on one occasion surrendered in the face of overwhelming odds, though he fought gallantly all the day, he was deprived of his collar. In each Chapter of the Order an inquiry was held as to the conduct of all the members, including, as Philip was careful to provide, that of the Sovereign himself, in order to show a good example. The affairs of the Order were superintended by four officers: the Chancellor, who was always a prelate; the Treasurer, who took charge of the relics, costumes, charters, etc., of the Order, and presumably the funds also; the Greffier, who kept two books, one of which contained, along with the statutes and portraits of the founder and the twenty-four original members, a chronicle of all the doughty deeds done by the knights; in the other was inserted an account of all their faults and shortcomings and the penalties therefor inflicted by Chapter. The last officer was Toison d'Or King of Arms, whose duty it was to execute all official notifications and to collect for the use of the Greffier a true account of the honourable exploits of the knights.

The Chapters were functions of great ceremonial: in fact, so elaborate were they that comparatively few have been held. The first took place at Lille in 1431, and the last, which was the twenty-third, at Ghent in 1559. The first evening the knights, arrayed in scarlet robes trimmed with fur, attended vespers in the Cathedral, where their arms were displayed on panels. The next day (which ought to have been St. Andrews day, he being the Patron Saint of the Order, but this was not always adhered to) they again went in their scarlet robes to church, where their names were called over by the King of Arms, and each knight deposited a piece of gold on the altar. After a sermon by the Chancellor they returned to the 'ostel' of the Sovereign, where they were entertained to a sumptuous banquet. The repast concluded they changed their brilliant costumes for robes of black, and returned to church for vespers. Next day, still clad in 'dule weeds,' they again attended church, where there was a service in memory of the dead. The names of all the members living and dead were called over: when the name of a defunct member was called the King of Arms solemnly said 'Il est mort,' and placed on the altar a candle blazoned with his arms alongside those of the other members. After hearing the *de profundis* recited the knights returned as before to dinner, and then, clad in robes of white damask, they once more returned to church for vespers. On the third day, habited as they pleased, they assisted at a mass of Our Lady, and then, but not till then, and after dinner, they got to business. Each member had to swear that he had done nothing unworthy of the Order since the date of the last Chapter, but in addition to this, each had to retire while his Sovereign and fellows sat in judgment on him. If he had done any wrong he was reprimanded and punished, but if nothing was reported to his discredit he was congratulated and urged to do still better. Lastly, the Sovereign himself retired while his conduct was subjected to the same examination, and it is interesting to know that some home truths were occasionally told to him on his return. No less than six remonstrances were addressed to Charles the Bold in the Chapter held at Brussels in 1468; but though he is said to have received them with benignity, and to have made promises of amendment, they do not appear to have influenced his future actions much. The Emperor Maximilian was censured at Bois le Duc in 1481, and received his admonition

with deference. Even the great Charles V. fell under the reproach of the Order for laxity in the management of the affairs of his kingdom, and for having undertaken difficult enterprises, such as the expedition to Tunis and Algiers, without having consulted his fellow-chevaliers.

After the business of the Chapter was over a series of jousts, tourneys, dances and other entertainments followed. These were always on a scale of great magnificence: on one occasion, for instance, fifty-one painters laboured for a month at the decorations in connection with the holding of a Chapter, while at Bruges, at a similar ceremonial in 1468, Charles the Bold employed no less than a hundred and thirty-six painters and twenty-nine sculptors; and when we consider that even at that early period art was at a very high level in the Netherlands, we may be sure that seldom, if ever, has mere temporary decoration been executed by such a brilliant band of workers.

The actual history of the Order is somewhat peculiar. Founded, as has been mentioned, in 1429 by Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, it at once rose to a high rank among the chevalier orders of Europe. Himself a brave prince and a munificent patron of art, he attracted to his Court the most distinguished men in art, in letters, and in war. If the description of the Low Country in his days by Philip de Commines as a veritable terrestrial paradise sounds like extravagant eulogium, there can be no doubt that it was celebrated for the many eminent persons in all departments of knowledge which it produced. Philip le Bon died in 1464 and was succeeded by his son, Charles the Bold, who had received the collar of the Order in 1433. He left an only daughter, Marie, who was married to Maximilian, Archduke of Austria. On her death Maximilian continued to administer her estates as tutor of his son, Philip, and also entitled himself Chief and Sovereign of the Order. This was not done without protest from the knights of Flanders, and after he had become King of the Holy Roman Empire it was agreed that Philip and not his father should have the style to which he pretended. Maximilian in 1496 made a proposal that he should found an Austrian Order of the Toison d'Or which should in some respects be separate from, but supplementary to, the Burgundian Order, and that they should hold Chapters in common, the Burgundian Order as the older

of the two having precedence. The suggestion does not appear to have been carried out: it was not received with favour, and Philip was established as the head of the Order; but dying young very shortly after his formal confirmation he was succeeded in the sovereignty of the Order by his son, afterwards the Emperor Charles V. In his day the number of members was largely increased, and complaint was made as to its being too freely bestowed on Spaniards to the detriment of the knights of the Netherlands. On the abdication of Charles his son, Philip II., became chief: he held the twenty-third and last Chapter at Ghent in 1559. The successors of Philip after the Netherlands were lost to Spain continued to administer the Order as a purely Spanish institution, but after the death of Charles II., the last of the Hapsburg dynasty in that country, the Emperor Charles VI. claimed to be head of the Order, as heir of the Austrian house and direct descendant of Maximilian and Marie of Burgundy. He carried off the archives and instituted the Order in Vienna with great magnificence in 1713. Philip V. of Spain contested his claim, but as the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 gave no ruling on the subject of the sovereignty of the Toison d'Or, the Order has since that date been given in both countries.

It has had a long array of distinguished names on its roll of members, but it is impossible within the limits of a paper like the present even to glance at them. The patriotic Scot, however, is proud to be able to include the name of one of the Kings of Scotland in that illustrious company. In 1534 the Emperor bestowed the Order on King James V. by his ambassador Godeschalco, the King having already been the recipient of the Garter from Henry and the St. Michael from Francis I.

In a subsequent article notice will be taken of the magnificent collection of relics of the Order and cognate objects which were exhibited at Bruges last year.

J. Balfour Paul.

M. Anatole France on Jeanne d'Arc[1]

FRANCE has at this hour no more distinguished man of letters than M. Anatole France. Before he became a novelist and essayist, and a moralist in his own way, he had been, I believe, a trained student of history. When a man of his great qualities and exquisite style devotes years to the study of Jeanne d'Arc, we expect much from him, and much for her. These expectations are not fulfilled to the heart's desire. M. France has been industrious; perhaps no works and documents relative to Jeanne, nothing that illustrates her environment—political, social, religious, legendary, and biographical—has escaped his research. But his inaccuracies are a constant marvel; and his inconsistencies are no less surprising. While in a few passages he recognises the noble character of the Maid, as a rule he finds, often he unconsciously invents, pretexts for pointless sneers at herself and her inspiration. Why he adopts this line I can only guess, but why he fails all along the line it is easy to understand. M. France, for all that I know, may dislike Jeanne because she is a favourite of the clergy (though the Church is in no hurry to canonise her), or because she is dear to all patriots (and patriotism is apt to be military). But he fails, because in the character and career of the Maid there is no act or word which deserves a sneer—unless she is despicable because she shared the religious beliefs of her age.

Of M. France's inconsistencies let us take a typical example from the second and third pages of his preface. 'We all know the value of the replies of the Maid' (at her trial in 1431). 'They are heroic in their sincerity, and, *le plus souvent*, are translucently clear' (p. ii).

That is true. Turn to page iii. 'It is certain that but a year after date she had only a confused memory of important facts in her career. *Enfin*, her perpetual hallucinations made her, *le plus*

[1] *Vie de Jeanne d'Arc*, vol. i. Calmann Lévy, Paris.

souvent, incapable of distinguishing between the true and the false.'

Were ever two such statements offered in two consecutive pages? The Maid is heroically sincere, and cannot distinguish between truth and error. Her replies are as clear as crystal, and as obscure as her incapacity to discern the truth can make them! This is an early but a fairly adequate specimen of the mental bewilderment of Jeanne's historian.

M. France ends the last chapter of his first volume with the words, 'Behold her, from the beginning, and perhaps for ever, a prisoner within the blossomed wood of legends'! This is the keynote of his book; Jeanne is a legendary personage.

From his opinion I venture to differ absolutely. It appears to me that concerning scarcely a human being, dead for nearly five centuries, do we know so much, and know that much so certainly, as about Jeanne. The contemporary myths concerning a person so wonderful are wonderfully few, and their flowers have long ago withered and fallen into dust. What remains, and will remain, is her genius, her character, her imperishable achievement. These are easily to be discerned in her own replies to her judges between February 22 and the day of her martyrdom, at the end of May, 1431. Her words are recorded by the clerks of her enemies, and they bear witness to her courage, her faith, her purity of heart, her untaught sagacity, even to her sense of humour. *Hilarem vultum gerit*, as was said in her happy days by one who saw her. If we had no other evidence than the authentic record,[1] written day by day, of her replies, we could not but confess that this illiterate girl of nineteen (or of twenty-one, she was born in 1410, 1411, or 1412) was a paragon.

Again, the evidence of scores of witnesses of all ranks, from priests and peasants to princes, who knew her in most stages of her existence, evidence taken on oath in 1450-1456, is, as to her character, precisely in accord with her own replies to her judges. She was brave, they say, devout, pure, her manners were noble, she was charitable, kind, as loyal as Montrose, and gifted with extraordinary enthusiasm and energy. The evidence of 1450-56 is late, indeed, it was taken a quarter of a century after her death, and it was given at an inquiry intended to clear her character, and to prove that her king,

[1] The record is not always fair, when we can compare the original French with the official Latin translation.

Charles VII., had not been beguiled by an impostor, had not tampered with a sorceress or daemoniac. Allowing for these facts, none the less all the witnesses are consistently in accord with the words of Jeanne herself. Indeed, nobody, it may be presumed, doubts that she was chaste, pious, generous, the soul of honour, brave, and (as M. France now and then acknowledges) practically sagacious and well advised.

When we know all this, in copious detail, about a girl who was burned alive at Rouen three hundred and seventy years ago, how can it be said that the Maid is 'from the first, and perhaps for ever, a prisoner in the flowery forest of legend'?

If people of various factions, at various times, have conceived of Jeanne as 'a warrior Maid, yet a peaceful one, a *béguine*, a prophetess, a sorceress, an Angel of the Lord, and an ogress,' what does that matter to us or to her? The legends of Jeanne as a 'witch' and an 'ogress' have long gone the way of such hostile contemporary scandals about all distinguished persons, from Sir William Wallace to Bonaparte, 'the Corsican ogre.'

It seems, then, to be the aim of M. France to prove that Jeanne is an inscrutable legendary being, that she was moved like a puppet by priests, that she was a cheat, and a very honest girl, and that we cannot know her as she was in fact.

Following Jeanne from her infancy in her father's house at Domremy, separated only by the churchyard from the church, what did legend do for her success, which M. France regards as based on legend? Again, did the prompting of priests, as her biographer supposes, start her on her mission? In March-April, 1429, when Jeanne had reached the Dauphin, and was being examined for three weeks before the clerical legists at Poitiers, people were sent to her own country to collect information. Probably through them such tales were gathered as Perceval de Boulainvilliers wrote (June 21, 1429) to some foreign prince.[1] On the night of her birth, the Epiphany (1410?-1412?) the villagers felt strangely joyful, they knew not why, and the cocks crowed all night. At that season, in fact,

'The lusty bird takes every hour for dawn,'

and crows accordingly.

The wolves did not touch the sheep that she shepherded; foes did not attack Domremy, which suffered, in fact, but seldom, though there was constant anxiety. Then comes the tale of how,

[1] *Procès*, v. 114-121.

after a victory in a foot race, Jeanne heard a Voice, and saw a brilliant cloud. The voice bade her go on her mission. This, save for the foot race, is very much what Jeanne told her judges in 1431. But Boulainvilliers says nothing of her visions of her three Saints, nor are they ever mentioned in any records till Jeanne confessed them, refusing to give all details, to her judges at Rouen. They were unknown in France, except apparently to the Dauphin. I think that M. France does not remark on this sacred reticence of the Maid. Boulainvilliers says that she spoke of the Voices to her curate in confession. She denied this at her trial, though it was in her interest to say that she had confessed. If she did not, the inference was that she knew her Saints to be fiends in disguise. Could she have said truthfully that she consulted her director, she would have done so.

Thus legend fell far below the facts, as Jeanne understood them.

M. France says that, in legend, she was born 'on the night of Christmas day,' 'and in her cradle had her adoration of the shepherds' (p. 542). The shepherds, says Boulainvilliers, were '*ignari nativitatis puellae*,' did not know of her birth—and Twelfth Night is not Christmas day! M. France is perpetually mythopoeic; he keeps on inventing legends not to be found in his authorities. Wild birds fed from her lap, says Boulainvilliers. And why not? Thoreau was not singular in the intimacy of his acquaintance with wild birds; I myself have been oddly favoured by their familiarity. Jeanne was said to have averred (she denied it) that she would find a lost pair of gloves, was said to have found a stolen cup, to have known that a priest was an immoral man, to have noticed that a priest was deliberately offering her an unconsecrated wafer. Even her judges hardly touched on these prodigies in their questions. Most of these legends, and all the most puerile or extraordinary, are found in Morosini's reports, and not in authentic records. Such trash was current about every one who roused the popular fancy. The influence of Jeanne was not based on such fables, but such fables gather round persons of influence, as round Montrose.[1]

If you scrape together all the popular legends about Jeanne, you are surprised by their scarcity when compared with the miraculous healings, flights in the air, and conflicts with the devil, of the contemporary St. Colette, of St. Theresa, of St.

[1] See the prodigies attending him recorded by Patrick Gordon, *Britain's Distemper*.

Joseph of Cupertino.[1] Jeanne performed no miracles, and claimed to perform none. She healed nobody, nor tried to heal any; she was not 'levitated,' the devil did not jerk her chair, like the chair of St. Colette, from under her!

The childhood of Jeanne, in fact, was that of a good, charitable, devout, industrious peasant girl, in a village sometimes as much in danger of attack as every farmer's house was, from Liddel to Tyne, during four hundred years. She was ardently patriotic, a listener to sermons, which then often dealt with saints, with ghosts, with prophecies, with the distress of the country, the cruelty of the English, the sorrows of the Dauphin, who had never been anointed with the sacred oil from the miraculous *ampulla* of St. Remigius at Reims. All this was the soil of the flower of her inspiration.

To her judges in 1431 she said that when she was about thirteen she 'had a Voice to direct her.' It came from the right when she was in her father's garden, from the side of the church, separated, as we saw, from the house only by the churchyard. She also saw a bright light (the 'shining cloud' of Boulainvilliers). At first she was in doubt and fear, finally she recognised that the speaker was St. Michael, later accompanied by the two lady saints, Katherine and Margaret.

On this subject the spirit of myth has taken possession of the critical M. France. He writes, 'She saw St. Michael sometimes by some pillar of a church or a chapel, in the guise of a fair knight, with coroneted helm, shield, and coat of arms, piercing the demon with his lance . . . She knew the angel by his arms, his courtesy, and his noble maxims.'[2]

In the pages of the *Procès* quoted Jeanne *refuses to answer* any question on the aspect of St. Michael, nor can I find any description by her of the angel. She refused on seven later occasions to gratify the curiosity of her judges.[3] Yet M. France knows in what shape and costume she saw the angel.[4] He also

[1] See France, *La Légende de la Première Heure*, pp. 534-553.

[2] For the first of these strange statements M. France quotes (pp. 34, 35) *modern* authors; for the last he cites *Procès*, pp. 72, 73.

[3] *Procès*, i. pp. 89, 93, 171 (she believed in him because of his teachings), 173 (he was in the shape of a right good man), 218, 249, 268 (she said that the saints were crowned and fragrant).

[4] France, pp. 34, 35.

knows that nobody knows! He writes, 'Whether she would not or whether she could not, she never gave her judges at Rouen a clear and precise description.'[1]

The counsel of the Voice, in the statement of Jeanne, 'bade her govern herself well, go often to Church,' and said 'it was necessary that she should go into France.' This command was given two or three times weekly. M. France says that she 'was *perpetually* hallucinated.' She concealed her visions from her curate and all other ecclesiastics,[2] and revealed some only to Robert de Baudricourt, captain of the neighbouring town of Vaucouleurs, and to the King.

We see that the visits of the Saints lasted from Jeanne's thirteenth year, probably 1424, or 1425, till, unable to resist their importunities, she began, in the spring of 1428, to proclaim her mission, *without plainly revealing her experiences.*

M. France explains the origin of her idea of 'going into France' thus: 'She was in relation with a number of ecclesiastics, very capable of recognising her singular piety' (which all witnesses attest), 'and her gift of seeing things invisible to the common run of Christians. Their talk with her, if it had been recorded, would no doubt reveal to us one of the sources of this extraordinary vocation of hers. One of them, whose name will never be known, prepared for the King and Kingdom of France an angelic defender.'[3]

To reach this conclusion, M. France had to leap over the fact cited by himself (p. 50), that Jeanne concealed from all ecclesiastics her gift of 'seeing things invisible to the common run of Christians.' Consequently M. France is not justified in saying that a number of ecclesiastics knew of her visions, and that one of them 'initiated' her into her mission. The ecclesiastics knew nothing about her visions, but, in 1428, three or four years after the visions and voices began, they, and all her neighbours, knew that she was determined 'to go into France.'

M. France proves his theory of a clerical inspirer of her mission thus:

Two witnesses, more than twenty years later, averred that, in 1429, when Jeanne was at Burey, a village near Vaucouleurs, she said to one of them (a kinsman of hers, Durand Laxart or

[1] France, p. xxxiii.

[2] *Procès*, i. 128, and note 1.

[3] France, p. 54.

Lassois), 'is it not said of old that France shall be ruined by a woman and restored by a maid?'[1]

In another version, from a woman of Vaucouleurs, Jeanne said in her hearing, 'Have ye not heard the prophecy that France is to be ruined by a woman, and restored by a maid *from the marches of Lorraine*?'[2] (February, 1429.)

M. France, not, perhaps, observing that Jeanne's words (the woman's version) were spoken in February, 1429—whereas the visions, unknown to the clergy, began in 1424, or 1425—argues that Jeanne heard of this prophecy, itself 'a forged prophecy,' from one of his clerical suspects. It was the origin, or one of the origins, of her mission. For no peasant, he reasons, was likely to know about the prophecy, much less would a peasant add to it the words 'from the marches of Lorraine.'[3] 'This *addition topique*,' says our author, 'cannot be the work of a ploughman, and reveals an intelligence skilled in governing minds and directing actions. The prophecy thus completed and thus pointed, comes from a cleric, whose intentions are obvious. Doubt is no longer possible' on that head (p. 52).

Aimable sceptique! The witness '*remembered having heard the saying before!*' It was 'the clash of the country side.'

One of the clerical judges in the examination of 1450-1456, a divine and legist of note named Jean Brehal, speaks of the oak wood, near Domremy (*bois chesnu*), 'of old styled *nemus canutum*.' He then seizes the opportunity not to verify his references, and quotes from the *Historia Bruti*, that is, *Le Roman de Brut*, a prophecy really attributed to Merlin by Geoffrey of Monmouth, in his *De Prophetiis Merlini*. 'From the *Nemus Canutum* will come a maid for the healing of evil.' But the point is that, according to Brehal, the prophecy *won its way into folk lore*, like the other predictions of Merlin, Nostradamus, Thomas of Ercildoune, 'the red-faced Nixon,' the Brahan seer, and a host of mediaeval visionaries, lay or ecclesiastical. In Brehal's words, *vulgaris ex antiqua percrebuit fama*, 'an old popular rumour arose' about a marvellous maid who should come from

[1] M. France, pp. 67, 68, dates this remark before Jeanne went for the first time to Vaucouleurs, in May, 1428. On reading the testimony of Lassois carefully (*Procès*, ii. p. 444) it seems to me that he is speaking of her second visit to Vaucouleurs, in January and February, 1429. Lassois goes on to tell how Jeanne got clothes from him, and went to a shrine of St. Nicholas, and proceeded to visit the Duc de Lorraine; all this was in 1429.

[2] *Procès*, vol. ii. p. 447.

[3] France, pp. 51-55.

the oak wood of Domremy, 'which the prophecy of Merlin not a little confirms.'[1]

In my opinion the prophecy of Merlin filtered down into folk lore, and so became known, by 1428-1429, to Jeanne.

Now, as to the prophecy, there is no proof that Jeanne knew of it before she came to Vaucouleurs and Burey in 1429. Nor is it possible for any one who knows the popular vogue of prophecies, in England, Scotland, and France—those of various nuns and monks, of Merlin, of Thomas the Rhymer, and so forth—to be certain that such predictions did not reach the populace, in sermons, in sayings, in popular rhymes. The battle of Prestonpans, in 1745, was called the battle of Gledsmuir, to fit a prediction of Thomas the Rhymer.

As to the prediction about a Maid from the marches of Lorraine, it seems to be a combination of two predictions. One is that attributed to a female visionary, Marie d'Avignon, whose prophecies, says Quicherat, 'made a great noise at the beginning of the fifteenth century.'[2]

She told Charles VI. that France would suffer much sorrow, that in visions arms and armour were shown to her, that she, in terror, refused to accept them, that she was told not to be afraid, they were not meant for her wearing, but for a Maid who would come after her, bear the arms, and free France. At Poitiers, in March-April, 1429, a professor of theology, Jean Erault, mentioned this story to Jean Barbin.[3]

The prophecies of Marie d'Avignon were widely known, 'firent grand bruit.'

As to 'the marches of Lorraine,' a Latin prophecy of Merlin, about a victorious Maid *ex nemore canuto*, made much stir after the first successes of Jeanne.[4]

Near Domremy was the *Bois Chesnu* (oak wood), visible from Jeanne's garden, translated *nemus canutum* by her accusers. The real name, given by Jeanne, was *bois chesnu*, 'oak wood.' When Jeanne went, in March, 1429, before her King, 'some asked her whether there was not a *nemus canutum* near her home, because prophecies said that a marvellous Maid was to come thence, but she had no faith in this prophecy.'[5] If we believe the witness, who, more than twenty years after date, said that Jeanne, in 1429, spoke of a prophecy of a martial

[1] *Procès*, iii. 339, 340. [2] *Ib.* iii. 83 note 2. [3] *Ib.* iii. 83, 84.
[4] *Ib.* iii. 341, 342. [5] *Ib.* i. 68, 213.

Maid 'from the marches of Lorraine,' then, by 1429, she had heard a mixture of the prediction of Marie d'Avignon with that of Merlin about *nemus canutum*. After so long a space of time, the witness's memory may have been erroneous. But suppose it correct, we learn no more than that, from somebody, lay or cleric, *after Jehanne had announced her mission*, she heard of the prophecy. This might confirm her belief in herself, or she might quote the prophecy to convince others, but the prophecy was not the origin of her mission. That arose in her visions, which, by 1429, had attended her for four or five years. Nor did a cleric forge the prophecy, and tell her of it to make her start on her course, because he knew she was a visionary; for she had, as she says, kept secret from all the appearances and voices of the Saints, nor are the saintly apparitions ever alluded to till she confesses them to her judges in 1431.

At most, we can say that, after Jeanne had announced her mission to France, she heard of a confirmatory prediction. As for the clergy, one of them had exorcised her, lest she might prove a daemoniac, and this man had been her confessor.[1]

M. France, believing that a fraudulent priest was her 'initiator,' writes: 'Meanwhile Jeanne lived in the full tide of illusion. Ignorant of the influences' (clerical) 'which beset her, incapable of recognising in her Voices the echo of a human voice, or *the voice of her own heart*, she answered timorously to her Saints, "I am a poor girl who can neither ride nor fight."'[2]

It was to 'the voice of her own heart,' or rather of her own subconscious genius, manifesting itself in the 'automatisms' of Voices and forms of the heavenly counsellors, that Jeanne listened —recalcitrant, disobedient, till they overcame her. The clergy knew nothing about them.

She knew of Robert de Baudricourt, captain of Vaucouleurs, the nearest walled town loyal to France. To him the Voices bade her go, in May, 1428. She asked help from the husband of her cousin Jeanne, a man named Lassois, living at Burey, near Vaucouleurs, six miles from Domremy, less than three miles from Vaucouleurs. Lassois took her to the bluff humorous Captain; and here M. France gives an example of his critical powers. Bertrand de Poulengy, who escorted Jeanne from Vaucouleurs to the Dauphin at Chinon, was present at the

[1] *Procès*, ii. 446, 447. [2] France, p. 54; *Procès*, i. 52, 53.

interview, and, more than twenty years later, reports Jeanne's words to Baudricourt.

'She said that she had come to him from her Lord, that Baudricourt might warn the Dauphin to keep himself well, and not give battle to his enemies, *because her Lord would give him succour about mid Lent*,'[1] that is, in March of the following year, 1429. This was explicit; Jeanne came to the Dauphin in March, 1429, and relieved Orleans (not being besieged in May, 1428), on May 8, 1429. M. France assures us that 'her rebuffs by Baudricourt did not humiliate or discourage Jeanne; she regarded them as proofs of the authenticity of her mission, imagining that her Voices had predicted them to her.' For this illusion, which is new to me, he cites *Procès* i. 53. At first I thought that there is nothing of what M. France finds in the passage cited. Jeanne there says that her Voices told her that she would recognise Baudricourt, though she had never seen him before, and she did recognise him; no great miracle! I remain uncertain as to the exact sense of a phrase on which M. France relies.

M. France (p. 71) treats Jeanne's message to Baudricourt thus: he cites the speech of Jeanne down to the word 'enemies,' omitting the prophecy italicised above.

'Assuredly Jeanne spoke on a new command of her Voices. And it is worthy of attention that she repeated, word for word, what sixty-five years earlier, not far from Vaucouleurs, a free peasant of Champagne had said . . . . while he worked in the fields, the Voice had said to him, "Go, warn the King of France to fight none of his enemies." This was a few days before the battle of Poictiers.'[2]

M. France avers that the message of the peasant, before Poictiers, was appropriate, but that the message of Jeanne, in May, 1428, was inappropriate. Her King was not likely to offer battle. There were sieges, skirmishes, rescues, but the Dauphin did not need, like the wary Scot, to cry, 'Haud me, haud me, or I'll fecht.' The English were preparing a new attack on France; they hesitated between an assault on Angers or on Orleans.

'Jeanne spoke on the advice of her Archangel and Saints, who, as concerning the war and the state of the kingdom, knew neither more nor less than herself.' But Jeanne had, somehow, a right fear that the chivalry of France would not fight a battle

[1] *Procès*, ii. 456. [2] Luce, *Chronique des Premiers Valois*, pp. 46-48.

as she understood fighting. 'Everyone knew too well how these people set about it' (p. 73).

As I understand M. France, Jeanne had been instructed, doubtless by one of the clever priests, in the words of the peasant of sixty-five years agone. Not till he has delivered himself of all this criticism does M. France let Jeanne finish her sentence: 'Before mid Lent my Lord will send succour to the King.' The famous old peasant of sixty-five years ago had not said *that*; still less, if possible, did he fulfil the prediction which he did not make. Jeanne, and her Voices, had a certain originality!

M. France himself now enters 'the blossomed forest of legend,' and culls a flower of his own finding. He tells us that when Jeanne, in March, 1429, came to Chinon, bearing that aid which she had promised in May, 1428, she was interviewed by some clerics. She would only say that she was to relieve Orleans (the siege had begun in September, 1428), and to lead the Dauphin to be crowned at Reims. 'Before these churchmen, as before Baudricourt at Orleans, she repeated, word for word, the message of the *vavasseur* of Champagne, sent to King John just as she was sent to the Dauphin Charles.' Then M. France gives again, at full length, the story of the tiresome peasant (pp. 187-189). His authority for Jeanne's repetition, at Chinon, of what the peasant had said, is *Procès*, vol. iii. p. 115, and he repeats the story which he abridged on p. 72. There is not, in *Procès*, iii. 115 (evidence of Simon Charles), a single word about Jeanne's warning the King not to hazard a battle! It would be odd if there were, as she had come expressly to demand that he should hazard a fresh force in an attack on the English besiegers of Orleans.

M. France has added a myth to the myths which he condemns.

When M. France thinks that he has discovered a blunder committed by Jeanne, he seems to chuckle inwardly, and he likes to repeat the story of his discovery again and again. Meanwhile, as the advocate of Jeanne, I also smile when M. France's valuable trouvaille is an illusion of his own, an illusion rather apt to be recurrent in his work, unless my eyes deceive me.

Hunting always for the mysterious cleric who prompted Jeanne, M. France finds another proof of his agency in

Bertrand de Poulengy's report, already cited, of her first conversation with Baudricourt (May, 1428): 'Jeanne said that the Kingdom of France is not the Dauphin's' (*non spectabat Delphino*), 'but her Lord's, yet her Lord wished the Dauphin to be [crowned] King, and hold that Kingdom in trust' (*in commendam*). The Dauphin, as Andrew Melville said to James VI., 'was Christ's silly vassal.'

All this, says M. France, '*donne à penser*. These ideas were the ideas of the most pious men in the kingdom, as to the government of realms by our Lord. Jeanne could not have found, by herself, either the word or the fact; she was visibly primed (*endoctrinée*) by one of those churchmen whose influence we have detected in the affair of a Loraine prophecy, and whose trace is totally lost' (p. 74).

Now Poulengy's evidence is given in a Latin translation, hence the appearance of the words *in commendam*. We have no reason to suppose that either he or Jeanne said *in commendam*. Grant that she said *en commande*, that is, 'in trust,' since the doctrine that God is 'King of Kings' was current in Catholic Europe as later in Presbyterian Scotland, did Jeanne need a furtive clerical private tutor to instruct her on the point? Even if she used as *technical* the term *en commande*, what prevented her, a church-frequenting girl as she was, from hearing the phrase in a public sermon?

The clergy knew nothing, we repeat, of her visions; when she came to Vaucouleurs and was exorcised as perhaps a daemoniac; they then knew her errand, but they did not suggest her mission.

M. France decides (p. 207) that the 'false prophecies' about the Maid from Lorraine were 'the means by which they set the young inspired girl at work. . . . Do not let us be too much moved by the discovery of these pious frauds without which the miracles of the Maid would not have been produced.'

We are not moved at all!

The Maid may, conceivably, have heard it said, in a sermon, or in conversation, that there would come a conquering virgin from the marches of Lorraine. Yet the statement might arise, not from fraud, but from the mediaeval habit (with which M. France should sympathise) of not verifying references. We have a case in point. A friar of Longueville Caux, Migiet, was one of Joan's judges, though a friendly judge, in 1431. Some twenty years later he deponed that, 'some time or other,

he had read in some old book or other the prophecy of Merlin that a virgin was to come from some *nemus canutum* or other, *in Lorraine*.' [1]

In this vague way the *nemus canutum* of Merlin was identified with the *bois chesnu* of the marches of Lorraine, and men thought that they had read, 'in some old book,' what was not and could not be in any book of Merlin's prophecies. There was no need of 'pious frauds.' The habit of not verifying references leads all who cultivate it into erroneous ways.

I have said enough about the 'pious frauds.' They did not set the Maid to work. If there was any deliberate and purposeful contamination of the prophecies of Merlin and Marie d'Avignon, the effect was, when once she reached the Dauphin, to increase men's inclination to give her a chance. Her 'miracles,' as M. France sometimes sees, and says, were due to no 'pious frauds,' but to 'her own courage and good will' (p. 366).

'She brought to weak, wretched, selfish, and suffering men, the invincible force of love and faith, and self-sacrifice,' not 'plans of campaign, and warlike ruses' (p. 307). Of this he himself gives ample proof, as we are to see; yet he thinks that, on one occasion, she was a deliberate impostor!

We have now to consider the conduct of Jeanne at Chinon, whither, with a small company of men at arms and grooms, Baudricourt sent her in March, 1429. Two days later Charles received her, and all the world has heard how she at once recognised him, poorly dressed it is said, in the crowd of courtiers. 'He took her apart, and examined her for a considerable time' (p. 197).

We come to the story that she told him a secret which filled him with joy. This is the famous 'Secret of the King' which her judges vainly tried to extract from her.

Jean Pasquerel, her confessor, told the story, more than twenty years later. He says that he was not present, but heard the fact from the Maid, who said to Charles, 'I tell thee, from God, that thou art the true heir of France, and son of the King'; which Charles probably doubted. Charles then told the courtiers that Jeanne had imparted to him some secrets which none knew or could know save God (*Procès*, iii. 103).

If so, Charles, who, M. France says, was sceptical in the matter, was very credulous. But Pasquerel's evidence, so long

[1] *Procès*, iii. 133.

after date, and given his love of the marvellous, goes for little. Jeanne did not tell Pasquerel all that she told the King, or Pasquerel was reticent.[1] Her squire, d'Aulon, who was not present, says she told the King 'some secret things; what they were I know not.'[2]

Basin, in his *Histoire de Charles VII.*, says that Dunois told him (1. pp. 67, 68) what he himself had heard from the King. The secret communicated by the Maid was one which she could only know through divine intervention.[3] The usual story of a strange secret has also this amount of evidence (M. France refers to the sources, but does not give their contents). In 1516 Pierre Sala published his *Hardiesses des Grands Rois*, or, at least, finished it. He says that, in 1480, he was of the Chamber of Charles VIII., and knew Monseigneur de Boisy, some time Chamberlain of Charles VII., and then sharing his bed. In great privacy Charles told de Boisy the words of a secret prayer made internally by him, asking God whether he was or was not legitimate? This secret the Maid told to the King at their first interview. Some ten years later, the King unmasked the False Pucelle, who pretended to be Jeanne, by proving her ignorance of this secret.[4] Now, in connexion with this feat of Jeanne, it is to be noted that, at her trial in 1431, she told her judges that she had predicted to Charles her arrow wound, not destined to be fatal, at Orleans (May 7, 1429).[5] Of this prophecy there is proof, *recorded before the event.* On April 22, 1429, a Monsieur de Rotselaer was at Lyons, and (April 22) he wrote to the Counsellors of the Duc de Brabant that Jeanne had predicted 'that she will be wounded by an arrow in fight before Orleans, but will not die of that wound.'[6] M. France says that the prediction 'is undeniable,' but does not add to the prophecy of the wound, the prophecy that it will not be fatal.[7] My point is that de Rotselaer adds that Jeanne 'said to the King *several other things which he keeps to himself, secretly*' (*penes se tenet secrete*).

We thus have evidence, not observed on by M. France, that as early as April, 1429, at least, there was believed to be a secret between Jeanne and the King. If she had merely told him that he was the son of the late King, it was an

[1] *Procès*, iii. 103. [2] *Ib.* p. 209. [3] Quicherat, *Procès*, iv. 350.
[4] *Procès*, iv. pp. 277-281. [5] *Ib.* i. 79.
[6] *Ib.* iv. 426. [7] France, p. 351, note 1.

audacious thing to do, but need not have impressed him much —she might merely be stating her private opinion,—unless, as Pierre Sala put it, 'elle fit son messages aux enseignes dessus dictes' 'she corroborated her mission by the proofs given above,' namely, by reference to his mental prayer.

What the King said, after his first meeting with Jeanne, to his Council, M. France quotes from her equerry, d'Aulon, who was not present. 'She said that she was sent from God to recover his Kingdom.' The Dauphin did not add that she 'had revealed to him a secret known only to himself.' Perhaps he did not say so, but d'Aulon adds that she *had* told to Charles secrets, unknown to d'Aulon.

M. France does not state the contemporary evidence for the belief, existing in April, 1429, that Jeanne told a secret to the King. He says that her party pretended that her words, 'You are true heir of France and son of the King,' answered a secret doubt in His Majesty's bosom, a doubt which made him think of abdicating. He wonders why the Dauphin perturbed himself, as lawyers could assure him that his claim was legally valid. However, he sees that Charles's doubts were not as to the *legality*, but as to the *justice* of his claim. Next M. France asks, 'If painful doubts tormented him, how can we believe that he got rid of them on the strength of the word of a girl concerning whom he knew not yet whether she was sane or mad, knew not but that she might be an emissary of his enemies? This credulity is not in accordance with what we know of his suspicious nature. His first thought must have been that the clergy must have "coached" (*endoctriné*) the young girl' (pp. 198-199). M. France has not observed that, according to what Charles told de Boisy, who told Sala; and according to what Charles told Dunois, who told Basin, Jeanne impressed Charles by the corroboration of the secret which was only known to himself and God.

That is the point which M. France has overlooked. Without the strange corroboration the words of Jeanne could not have caused the King to rejoice.

The evidence, I think, taken with Jeanne's obstinate silence about it, at her trial, suggests that she did tell Charles something which, in his opinion, could not normally be known to her. His prayer was made *mentally*, and could not be overheard and communicated to Jeanne by some chaplain addicted to pious frauds.

In any case, Charles was so far impressed that he handed Jeanne over to a commission of clerical legists, who, for some weeks, in a manner odious to the Maid, examined her at Poitiers. M. France expends many pages in proving that they were all sorely impoverished by the war, and therefore ready to catch at any straw to save them from ruin at the hands of the English, who were then tightening their hold on Orleans. That city, and with it all France south of the Loire, was endangered, for, in February, 1429, the English had cut up the Scots, and utterly demoralised a large French contingent led by Clermont, at the Battle of the Herrings, near Rouvray. The English, in fact, were 'bluffing.' They had only from 4000 to 3000 men, and could not stop small convoys of provisions from entering the city. But no effort was being made to raise the siege, and the brave townsfolk did all but despair. The clergy at Poitiers, however poor and desperate and superstitious, were in no hurry to decide, and returned, after six weeks, no more than a kind of open verdict on the Maid.

The King, they said, ought not to reject her—though he had only her word for her promises, wholly uncorroborated by signs and miracles—nor ought he lightly to believe in her. He has examined into her character, it is blameless. Of her birth 'some marvellous tales are asserted to be true.' He has asked for a sign, she has refused to give any, but promises to give one at Orleans. She should therefore be taken, under respectable guidance, to Orleans, with the relieving force.[1]

For hungry superstitious priests, this is a sensible verdict. 'Let her go to Orleans, if she does no good, she can do no harm.' She was not going in command, though she went armed, with her banner. We need not trouble ourselves about her sword, which, as she believed, she knew, in some clairvoyant way, to be buried in front of, or behind, the altar of St. Katherine at Fierbois. It was found and sent to her, whether, as in Shakespeare, it was picked out of a heap of old weapons, votive offerings, or whether Jeanne's account was correct. There is no contemporary external evidence, as there is in the case of the prophecy of her wound, and the affair of the King's Secret.

When Jeanne reaches Orleans, with an army and a great convoy (April 29), M. France's treatment of his theme becomes unintelligible to me. He is confused between his two perspectives. On one hand he wishes to reduce Jeanne and her achievements

[1] *Procès*, iii. 391, 392.

to the lowest possible or impossible dimensions. On the other he has glimpses of her greatness. 'It was supposed that all was done by her, that the King had consulted her in everything, whereas, in reality, the advisers of the King and the leaders hardly ever asked her advice, scarcely listened to her, and exhibited her when it seemed *à propos*' (p. 536).

M. France keeps harping on this string, but the evidence which he cites contradicts him at every turn, and the testimony is that of the leaders themselves, Dunois and the Duc d'Alençon. I shall cite the evidence as occasion arises.

He tells us that, at Orleans, in a moment when the excited townsfolk, 'in the absence of captains and men at arms, waited only a sign from her to charge and break themselves against the English forts, despite her warlike visions she made no sign. Child as she was, ignorant of war and of everything, she had the power and the goodness to prevent the disaster. She led the crowd of men, not against the forts, but to the holy places of the city' (p. 323). 'It was then that she showed herself, good, wise, equal to her mission, and truly born for the salvation of all.'

M. France has elsewhere said that Jeanne understood fighting in another fashion than the chivalry of France. We see how she understood it: to strike swiftly, to strike hard, to hold on with unabated tenacity, to abstain from battle when battle meant disaster—that is how the Maid understood fighting. Jeanne brought to a demoralised country and city the first principles of the art of war.

M. France, in one page and in one mood, acknowledges the military merits of the Maid, in another mood and another page avers that the Captains did not consult her, but led her about because she was reckoned 'lucky' (*chanceuse*).

He says, rightly or wrongly, as to the strong English fort of St. Loup, that no serious attack was intended by Dunois and the French tacticians. The forces were to make a diversion, and contain the English in St. Loup while a convoy from Blois was ferried across the river. Jeanne was not told of this purpose, 'of this Dunois did not breathe a word to the Maid' (p. 331), and she lay down to sleep beside her hostess in a room where her equerry was also slumbering. He was awakened by the noise she made as she leaped up from her rest. 'My Voices tell me that I must go against the English, but not *where*.'

'Her Saints had only told her what she knew herself,' says M. France. They *did* know while she slept that there was fighting to be done, and she, M. France has said, did not know.[1] She galloped with d'Aulon to the fort of St. Loup. Thanks to the energy and courage of Jeanne, now for the first time under fire, 'what was meant for a diversion became an attack, and was driven home.' The attack succeeded; St. Loup with all its defenders was taken. This was, M. France says, entirely due to the conduct of Jeanne (p. 336).

As for the great fort of the English on the further bank of the Loire, the Tourelles, some of the French, on approaching that hold, said, 'A month would not suffice for the taking of it' (p. 350). But Jeanne prophesied that the French would take it in a day, and would return to Orleans *by the bridge*, of which two arches had been destroyed. Jeanne did lead the attack, and was seriously wounded; the arrow-shaft stood a handbreadth out behind her shoulder. Later in the day, when Dunois had actually sounded the retreat, she induced him to command a last charge. So they *did* listen to her. She seized her banner beside the fosse, she bade the men charge once more, when her banner touched the wall, and they carried the position, returning to Orleans by the bridge, which they repaired. So says Dunois.[2]

M. France says (p. 366), 'Even so were fulfilled all her prophecies, when their accomplishment depended on her own courage and good will.' This being so, why does M. France keep denying it? There was no miracle, of course; there was only a military miracle. Dunois had abandoned all hope of accomplishing the task, but Jeanne caused it to be accomplished. Jeanne knew, as he has shown us, how to turn a mere diversion into a successful assault, how to lead men to a final attack on a strong fortress; and she knew, as M. France has told us, when to abstain from fighting and avoid disaster. Verily she was no mere *porte-bonheur*, but an invaluable leader.

When Talbot retired from Orleans, on May 8, the day after the fall of the Tourelles, he drew up his army in array, and offered battle. The Maid declined the offer (the leaders obeying her), whether from aversion to bloodshed, or because, in the open field, the archers and men-at-arms of England were still, in her opinion, too strong for French forces greatly superior in numbers. The Captains—'who scarcely ever took

[1] D'Aulon, *Procès*, iii. 212. [2] *Procès*, iii. 8.

Jeanne's advice'—were probably wise when they *did* take it on this occasion. Few weeks passed before the great Dunois again refused to fight Talbot's force, in battle array, on a fair field, though Jeanne wished to charge.

The Dauphin, in his letters to the towns, declared that the Maid 'had always been personally present at the achievement of all these successes.' M. France says, in his grudging manner, 'her part in the victory was in nowise that of a captain; she had no command.' None the less she played the part of a captain, of a staff officer, and of a leader; nay, of commander-in-chief. *She* decided that Talbot should not be met on May 8. Sometimes M. France acknowledges all this, again he withdraws his acknowledgment (p. 372). His book is thus a tissue of incoherencies; his portrait of the Maid is an unintelligible blur.

For weeks after the relief of Orleans the French leaders knew not where to look for the English army which Fastolf had been leading to reinforce the English. Jeanne had struck too swiftly, and the French had no intelligence of Fastolf's movements. Jeanne's one wish was to lead Charles to his coronation at Reims. The Duc d'Alençon deponed that he had sometimes heard the Maid saying to the King, 'I will last a year and little more, and they should think how they may use that year well.'[1]

M. France quotes, and does not dispute this pathetic prophecy. Jeanne's year reminds us of the year of Montrose. In Jeanne's heart the belief in the brevity of her day was deeply rooted, and when her year was over, in Easter week 1430, she heard in the moat of Melun her Voices tell her that she would be captured before Midsummer (1430).[2] They spoke sooth. It is not my business to discuss here the source of these strange veridical premonitions. Jeanne believed that part of her mission was (if she were *sans empêchement*) to release the Duke of Orleans from his captivity in England,[3] yet she knew, in the spring of 1430, that she would be presently a captive herself.

Anxious as she was to urge on the King, Jeanne sought him among his counsellors,[4] one of whom, d'Harcourt, asked her to explain what she meant by '*her Conseil.*' Dunois, who was present, reports her reply, for which the Dauphin also asked. She said

[1] *Procès*, iii. 99. [2] *Ib.* i. 115. [3] D'Alençon, *Procès*, iii. 99.

[4] She certainly was not a Member of the Privy Council.

that 'when she was vexed because she was not readily believed as to what she told from God, she was wont to go apart and pray to Him, complaining of their disbelief, and, her prayer finished, she heard a Voice saying to her, '*Daughter of God, go on, go on, I will be thine aid!*' ; and ever when she heard that Voice, she was used to be very glad, yea, would desire always to be in that state, and, what is more, in repeating these words of her Voices, she exulted marvellously, lifting her eyes to heaven.' So said Dunois.[1]

Can any scene be more natural, or more simply and veraciously reported? The words of the great Dunois are marked with the seal of truth ; they prove, too, that d'Harcourt, Dunois, Machet (the confessor of the Dauphin), and the rest (except, apparently, the Dauphin himself), had never heard of the three Saints, nor did Jeanne now tell them anything. M. France, however, who, as the author of *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, knows women better than Dunois did, writes, 'These eyes, swimming in tears' (he has added the tears), 'this ravished air, which amazed Monseigneur le Bâtard, were no extasy, they were a sham extasy' (*l'imitation d'une extase*). 'It is a scene full of artifice' (on Jeanne's part) 'and of innocence' (on the part of Dunois and the rest).[2]

I am sorry to be obliged to copy these words. In another passage, dealing with the same scene, M. France compares Jeanne to a medium imployed by the credulous Dr. Luys. He writes that 'Dunois, with strange want of discernment, tells a tale' (*historiette*) 'to prove that Jeanne had visions, while the anecdote, in fact, would persuade us that this young peasant was a clever humbug (*simulatrice*), and gave, at the request of the nobles, a view of her trance, like the Esther of the regretted Dr. Luys' (p. xxiii). Yet M. France says, 'I have raised no doubts as to the sincerity of Jeanne. She cannot be suspected of falsehood' (pp. xxxviii, xxxix). What can he mean?

I suppose that Esther was 'a trance medium,' like Mrs. Piper. But Dunois made no effort to prove that Jeanne 'had visions,' he said no word about visions. Nor did Jeanne, as he describes her, give '*le spectacle de l'extase.*' Trance and ecstasy imply unconsciousness in the subject to the external world. Jeanne merely looked gratefully and gladly upwards. That is all. She was not unconscious of her surroundings, nor did she feign to be ; she went on speaking in reply to questions. I know

[1] Dunois, in *Procès*, iii. 12. [2] France, pp. 391, 392.

nothing of the medium who beguiled Dr. Luys, but I have read, *ad nauseam*, descriptions of the hideous convulsed trances of Mrs. Piper, and other modern seeresses, who, while unconscious, speak in feigned voices. I know no evidence that Jeanne was ever seen *en extase*, real or feigned. I do not envy M. France's gift of odious suggestion. But he might be consistent. He speaks of running the risk of not displaying all the beauty of the heart of Jeanne (p. lxxxi); and her beautiful heart, he says, permitted her to give a deliberate burlesque of all that she held most sacred and kept most secret.

M. France as he goes on gathers more blooming legends, visible only to himself, in his enchanted forest. 'She prophesied, and, like other prophets, did not always announce things that occurred. . . . She said, "Before the day of St. John the Baptist, 1429, there will not be an Englishman, howsoever strong and valiant, visible in France, in the field or in the fight"' (p. 402). For this amazingly absurd prediction, M. France quotes the account given in the books of Brabant of the letter of de Rotselaer (April 22, 1429. *Procès*, iv. 426).

The passage does *not* contain a single word about the disappearance of the English from France before St. John's Day, 1429. That is M. France's privately grown flower of fable. He also cites the reports of Morosini, often a mere chaos of silly stories; but how can he have found this marvel,—the prediction of the disappearance of the English from France,—where it does not exist? The prophecies reported on April 22 by de Rotselaer, and recorded from his letter by the clerk of Brabant, are: 'She will save the people of Orleans, will drive the English from the leaguer, will herself be wounded in battle before Orleans by an arrow, but not unto death, the King will be crowned this summer at Reims, and other things she says which the King keeps within himself secret.' All these things were fulfilled.

The other, the unfulfilled prophecy, M. France has found, with similar stupidities, in Morosini, and has attributed it to the evidence of de Rotselaer. It is M. France who is—unhistorical, not Jeanne, who (in this case) is a false prophetess. 'The doctors explain,' says M. France, 'how the prophecies of veritable prophets are not always veridical.' Perhaps it does not need a Doctor of Divinity to explain how the historical assertions of M. France are not always—historical!

Sir Walter Scott, 'to the indignation of Mr. Alexander

Peterkin,' says Lockhart, maintained that chivalry was no part of the character of Robert Burns. I fear that the same must be said of M. Anatole France, as regards his treatment of a passage in which Jeanne really made a false prophecy.

On June 8, 1429, Guy and André de Laval, of the great Breton house, had ridden to join the Dauphin, and, meeting Jeanne, Guy described her in a letter to their mother. M. France asserts their motive for joining the army to have been desire of gain. 'Having great need of gain, the young gentlemen offered their services to the King, who did not give them a crown piece.'

So greedy of gain was Guy de Laval that he writes to his mother, 'There is no money at Court, or very little, wherefore, Madame my Mother, as you have my seal, spare not to sell or mortgage my land. . . .' That is the point which M. France, in his eagerness to blacken the chivalry of his country, overlooks. The young men had come in, unsummoned, for love of King and country, and did not spare to sell their lands, for honour's sake.[1]

Laval met the Maid, who offered him wine, and said that she had sent his mother a little gold ring, 'in consideration of her fair renown' (*sa recommandation*). But M. France's explanation is that Madame de Laval 'had doubtless asked for some object which Jeanne had touched' (pp. 395, 404). Surely he knows that Jeanne used to laugh at the people who asked her to touch them with her ring. 'Touch yourself with your own!' she was wont to say.

The finest contemporary tribute to Jeanne is that of Guy de Laval: 'Elle semble chose toute divine de son fait, et de la voir et de l'ouïr'; 'To see her and hear her, she seems a thing all divine of her nature.' These words are omitted by M. France. Here is her false prophecy, 'She called for wine, and said that she would soon *give me wine to drink in Paris*,' a point to be remembered. Deserted and thwarted by her King, Jeanne failed to take Paris. She lay all day wounded before the wall, they carried her off, still crying them on to another assault.

Meanwhile, she was in the full tide of victory. She was struck on her light helmet by a heavy stone as she climbed a scaling ladder in the assault on Jargeau, but she returned to the attack, and the place was taken. As usual, she was

[1] *Procès*, v. 109.

consulted by the leaders, when the English, after the fall of Jargeau and the evacuation of Beaugency, concentrated, Fastolf joining Talbot. The French army and the invaders were now in touch. 'Then the Duc d'Alençon asked Jeanne what he ought to do,' says Dunois. 'Have you good spurs?' she answered. 'Are we to turn our backs?' 'No, but the English will make no resistance, and you will need spurs in the pursuit.'[1] This was exactly what occurred, not then, but next day. The English made no resistance.

There was no battle on that day, the French holding a hill, which the English did not attack. On the following day, the French had lost touch of the English. We have an account of events from the pen of Wavrin, who served with Sir John Fastolf in an affair unfortunate for that knight, who took discretion for the better part of valour.

The French took the field, Wavrin says, with La Hire, Xaintrailles, and others leading the advanced guard; d'Alençon, Dunois, and the Maréchal de Rais led *la battaille*, the main body. 'Some of the princes and chief leaders asked the Maid what she thought it best to do.' She bade them advance, the English would be beaten. D'Alençon says that she cried, 'The good King will have the greatest victory he has had for long. My Counsellors tell me that they are all ours.'[2]

The leaders, says Wavrin, asked Jeanne where they would find the English? She answered, 'Ride forward, *you will have good guidance*.'[3] They had!

Thus writes Wavrin. M. France says that Jeanne, against her desire, was with the rear-guard, under Laval and de Rais. 'She did not lead the men-at-arms, the men-at-arms led her, holding her, not commander, but a luck-bringer' (*porte-bonheur*).

This is his opinion: however often Jeanne leads a charge, she is still in the rear, 'for luck.' However often the evidence asserts that her advice is sought, it is *not* sought, she is only a *mascotte*.

For her position in the rear, M. France cites 'Lettre de Jacques de Bourbon,' *Revue Bleue*, 13 Feb. 1892, Wavrin, and Monstrelet. We have also the evidence of her page, Louis de Coutes (*Procès*, iii. 71). 'La Hire led the advance-guard, at which Jeanne was very angry, because she much preferred to have the burden of

[1] Dunois, *Procès*, iii. 10, 11.

[2] D'Alençon, *Procès*, iii. 99.

[3] Wavrin, *Procès*, iv. 419, 420.

leading the *avant-garde*.' As a rule, Jeanne was at the front. At the battle of Pathay (like the clans at Killiecrankie, or at Prestonpans, who implored Dundee, and compelled Prince Charles, not to lead the charge), the French kept the Maid in the rear. On the great airy plain the English were invisible, hidden, says M. France, in a gorge or ravine. The van of the English, led by a knight with a white standard, were moving on Janville; the artillery and transport followed, then came the main body under Talbot and Fastolf, and last, a strong English rear-guard.

The English patrols told Talbot that, unseen themselves, they had seen the French. He sent out scouts, who confirmed the news, a great French host was galloping towards them. Talbot sent his advance-guard, transport and artillery towards the long *haies* near Pathay. He came to a pass between two strong hedges, and, dismounting, he meant to line the pass with 500 chosen archers: he would hold it till his advanced guard and main force united. His archers were ordered to fix their long pikes in front of their position.

The scheme was good. The archers in the narrow pass would roll up the chivalry of France, as the English archers of Balliol laid the charging Scots in heaps as high as a lance, at Dupplin. The cavalry of England would then finish the French, who knew not where to look for the enemy. But Jeanne had promised that the French should have *bon conduit*. They were galloping *moult raidement*, with mounted skirmishers ahead, unconscious of the presence of the enemy, when the foremost riders startled a stag, which ran through the hidden lines of English archers. Doubtless they loosed their arrows, certainly they raised the view halloo, *ung moult haut cry*, says Wavrin. The scouts of La Hire drew bridle, and sent prickers galloping back to La Hire. 'We have found them; form and ride,' they cried. The English of the advanced guard, not yet at the hedges, hurried to reach them; but they came too late, and, seeing Fastolf's force spurring towards them, thought that they were the French, and were on them. They all fled, and the archers lining the hedges left them empty and ran. The French cut them down, Talbot was taken, his five hundred archers were speared, and Fastolf, seeing that the battle was lost, rode off, lamenting. 'The French could take and slay at pleasure.' There was, as Jeanne had said, no resistance.[1] She had made this prediction on the previous day, when the English

[1] Wavrin, *Procès*, iv. 419-424.

offered battle in the plain, while the French refused to accept it. The prophecy then seemed impossible to the French leaders, but the chapter of accidents, with the intervention of the stag, caused it to be fulfilled to the letter. Nobody can deny that Jeanne was 'lucky.'

It is the habit of M. France, as regards the Maid, 'to seek knots in a rush,' as the mediaeval proverb ran, *quaerens nodum in scirpo*. Here is a sample.

'The little saint committed a strange error.' It amounted to this, a friar, sent to her by the Duc de Bretagne, spoke of the Duc as 'our lawful lord.' 'The Duc is not my lawful lord,' she replied, 'The King is my lawful lord.' If she said any of this at all, she said, 'The *Dauphin* is my lord.'[1] M. France labours this notable blunder of 'the little saint'!

Next, the little saint, and her big saints, are ignorant, says M. France, of geography. Had they known geography they would, after Pathay, have attacked the English in Normandy, or attacked Paris. M. France says that Paris was defenceless. Bedford, Regent for Henry VI., thought the town as good as taken, and shut himself up in the tower of Vincennes (p. 451).

Though the leaders 'hardly ever consulted or listened to' Jeanne, they did, says Dunois, consult her about the plan of campaign; he seems to place the date after Pathay. Lords of the blood royal, he says, and captains (himself and d'Alençon probably), wished the King not to go to Reims, but to invade Normandy. But Jeanne was for Reims, on the score that, the King once consecrated, the forces of his adversaries would keep diminishing.[2] Finally 'all came into the Maid's opinion.'

This is the less wonderful as M. France himself, on reflection, sees that, demoralised as the English were, 'the French in Normandy would have had to tarry long round towns very strongly fortified (*villes très fortes*) which a petty garrison sufficed to guard . . . and the Royal treasury could not defray the expense of these costly operations,' while 'Normandy was ruined, bare of cattle, bare of crops' (p. 453).

These very obvious difficulties, in the Norman campaign, which at once occur even to the civilian, account for the decision not to attempt to work military miracles in Normandy. M. France makes all these reflections himself on p. 453. On p. 450 he had ascribed Jeanne's preference of the Reims to the Norman campaign on the ground of that ignorance of geography which

[1] *Procès*, iv. 498. [2] Dunois, in *Procès*, iii. 12, 13.

she shared with her Saints. The sneer is pointless! But M. France had already enjoyed it in his preface. 'It was not Jeanne who drove the English from Orleans; if she helped to save Orleans, she retarded the deliverance, for her march to Reims caused the loss of the opportunity to recover Normandy' (p. xlix). Yet (p. 453) he shows that Normandy probably could not have been recovered.

The silly 'little saint' knew enough to know that she must strike at Paris, at the heart of the English dominion. She said so, as we saw, to the young de Laval before June 8. Jeanne had her idea, to have the Dauphin crowned and secure the loyalty of his people by the ceremony. It cost the expenditure of all her amazing energy to move him from his castles on the Loire.

M. France says that the nobles did not want to finish the war, did not wish to risk themselves; and these facts, not Jeanne's ignorance of geography, caused the loss of precious time after Pathay. Though 'the leaders scarcely ever consulted Jeanne,' she no sooner overcame the Dauphin's calculated skill in delay, and dragged him to Reims, than she urged an instant march on Paris, which was not reinforced, needed new works and fortifications, and would have fallen. But the King's delays, and, later, his diplomacy, ruined the strategy of the Maid. The little saint's ideas (setting aside the policy of the Coronation) were intelligent, were soldierlike. As to the disputable point of the Coronation, M. France himself writes, 'It might be said' (*on pouvait dire*) 'that Charles de Valois would receive more force from a drop of oil than from ten thousand lances' (p. 457).

As all these things were so, what is it that ails M. France against the little saint? Her ideas being correct, or as good as any others in the circumstances, why does he gird at the Maid? He seems to seize in haste at every opportunity to sneer, and then, as he goes on writing, he finds that there was nothing to sneer at. But he leaves his gibe in its position.

We hear nothing of any proposal, after Pathay, to strike instantly at Paris. The idea does not appear to have occurred to Dunois; what practical difficulties may have existed we know not. Meanwhile Bedford was left free to recruit and call in garrisons; Beaufort in England mobilised his crusading army, and was about to launch it to reinforce Paris. Jeanne dragged the King from the Loire through the cities garrisoned by the Burgundians in Champagne; they yielded on easy terms at

Troyes, after a demonstration led by the Maid. She was called into Council, *contre l'habitude*, says M. France (p. 496). *Her* habit seems to have been to enter unsummoned.

The Coronation was the great day of her joy, on which the shadow was already falling.

M. France continues to sneer and to be inaccurate. He says (p. 520), 'In one of her dreams she had once given a glorious crown to her King; she expected this crown to be brought into the church by heavenly messengers.' The reference offered is *Procès*, i. 108. As too often, there is no such matter in the passage cited. Possibly M. France meant to refer to an unintelligible passage in *Procès*, i. 91. If so, he has added 'the heavenly messengers.' The allusion is probably to the confessed allegory of a crown borne by angels, an allegory which Jeanne used as cover for the real Secret of the King. But see Morosini, iii. 160, 161. That secret, as it indicated his doubt of his own about his legitimacy, she would never reveal.

As is well known, on July 31, 1429, Jeanne obtained from the King exemption from taxation for Domremy and Greux, a neighbouring village, an exemption which is said to have lasted till the Revolution. The document exists and is published.[1]

M. France writes that the Maid's father 'did not come to Reims merely to see his daughter ride about in man's attire.' (How sympathetic!) 'He came to ask the King for the exemption from imposts. This request, which the Maid transmitted to the King, was granted' (p. 524). He refers to the document in *Procès*, v. 137-139, which pages contain nothing about the request of Jacques d'Arc! The King merely says that he grants the exemption at the request of the Maid, considering her great, high, notable, and profitable services, which she has done and daily does.

M. France next cites passages from *Procès*, i. pp. 141, 266, 267. He gives much needless trouble, for the passages have to be sought, not in volume i., but in volume v.

His last sneer, in this place, is directed at the Saints who 'could not penetrate into the *chancelleries* of France and Burgundy,' which were hatching schemes fatal to the Maid's future efforts, especially to the attack on Paris (p. 507). But it appears that the Saints *had* their inklings of the brewing treason, for, as M. France says, Jeanne 'had already dark presentiments.' She said to a man from her neighbourhood, one Gérardin, that

[1] *Procès*, v. 137-139.

'*she feared nothing but treachery.*' She was not deceived in this presentiment.[1] 'The net was laid, and the snares were set.'

M. France ends with a chapter on the rise of legends, repeating much that he has said before, even things that are inaccurate, and especially dealing with the curious fables in Morosini (vol. iii.). We have seen that M. France throughout plays—much more zealously than the official in the recent *Procès* for the canonisation, the part of *Advocatus Diaboli*. He does his best to display 'the seamy side' of Jeanne. He tries, how unsuccessfully I have shown, to prove that she had very little part in the great military successes of her country. He labours to detect in the clergy the initiators of her mission. He endeavours to demonstrate that she was a false prophetess, and her errors depend on his own inaccuracies. He dogmatically states that, on one occasion, she deliberately deceived the King's advisers. I have proved that she made no such pretence as is alleged by M. France, and I have never been so much struck as now by the singular success of her predictions, which to me seems beyond the range of fortuitous coincidence. Have I been too hard on the inaccuracies of M. France? Again and again we have shown that his most damaging attacks fail because they are based on his own errors.

Without the visions and Voices, there would have been no Jeanne d'Arc. These influences, against her will, and after her long resistance, made her 'go into France.' These predictions of hers, that she would relieve Orleans, crown the King at Reims, herself be wounded by an arrow, but not fatally, under Orleans wall; that, at Pathay, the English would be defeated without resisting, and so on, made her prestige, gave new courage to her party. Without the Voices, she would never have left her home, would never have been allowed to display that example which

> 'Turned the coward's nerves to steel,
> The coward's blood to fire.'

M. France has his defence, as to his many fatal inaccuracies. In his preface he tells an amusing tale of a fiend named Titivillus, who daily took to Satan the changed or omitted letters in the work of copyists, to be charged against the salvation of the blunderers. I have played the part of Titivillus, collecting some of the errors in a book which '*prétend à l'exactitude.*' The printer's devil will have a hand in all books; but citations

[1] Gérardin, in *Procès*, ii. 423.

of authorities which do not contain the evidence attributed to them, evidence essential to the author's arguments, cannot be fairly charged on that scape goat, the compositor. I have only noted a few of the inaccuracies of M. France. Let any reader compare his pages about the Maid's breach of promise of marriage case with the pages in the *Procès* which M. France cites. Let any one compare his pages 116, 117 with his authorities; and his pages 316, 317 with his authorities. New legends are invented by M. France at every turn, because he reads the authorities incorrectly, or gives the wrong references for facts which I can nowhere find.

M. France tells us how difficult it is for the historian to inhabit two worlds at once, that of 1429-1431, and that of the twentieth century. Perhaps he dwells too much in our own age, is too deficient in chivalrous generosity, and, so far, fails to understand the candour of the Maid, who was no fraudulent medium, but, in character and genius, a world's wonder, while her apparently supranormal faculties are a problem not to be solved by a gibe. For my own part, I confess that I see the Maid, not as M. France does (in some passages, in others he gives her due praise), but as did the young, brave, and generous Guy de Laval, the kind and courteous son, the tennis player, the knight who beheld the Maid with the eyes of youth and loyalty. *Elle semble chose toute divine de son faict, et de la voir et de l'ouïr.*[1]

A. Lang.

[1] *Hilarem gerit vultum*, 'her face was glad,' says Perceval de Boulainvilliers. She had 'a sweet low voice, an excellent thing in woman.' 'Elle parlait en assès voix de femme' (Guy de Laval). '*Vocem mulieris ad instar habet gracilem*' (Perceval de Boulainvilliers, *Procès*, v. 108, 120).

The Abbey of Inchaffray[1]

IN 1847 the Bannatyne Club printed the Register of the Abbey of Inchaffray, with an appendix of charters, illustrating the history of the Earldom of Strathern. The present volume of the charters of the Abbey was issued this year by the Scottish History Society. A comparison of the two volumes shows a great advance in the study of Scottish history.

Mr. Cosmo Innes—to whom all lovers of charters cannot be too grateful—edited the earlier volume; he had to content himself with a copy of the Register, itself compiled as late as the fifteenth century; he saw only a few of the original charters, because access to the Dupplin charter chest was then denied. Mr. Innes followed the fashion of the day; he gave the bare text without notes; he did not attempt to date charters; he did not translate them; and what is more to be regretted, he did not explain what the charters meant even when the meaning was obscure and the text corrupt; he did not identify the lands granted to the Abbey. Mr. Innes' silence arose partly from a certain disdain of the ignorance of the ordinary reader and from a feeling that the few who would read the book did not need assistance, and partly from a modest (perhaps a proud) hesitation to commit himself to a decided opinion on doubtful points, for above all things he disliked controversy.

His preface, however, like all he wrote, revealed his great knowledge of, and sympathy with, early-medieval Scotland. It is picturesque and sentimental, and though he did not trouble himself greatly as to the details of the grants of the poor churches and the marshy lands of Inchaffray, and did not tell

[1] *Charters, Bulls, and other Documents relating to the Abbey of Inchaffray.* Edited by W. A. Lindsay, K.C., Windsor Herald, John Dowden, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Edinburgh, John Maitland Thomson, LL.D. Scottish History Society, vol. lvi. Edinburgh: T. & A. Constable. 1908.

much about the granters or the witnesses, he as editor of that and many other Scottish monastic chartularies furnished a later generation of charter students with abundant material for which they must be grateful.

Dr. Dowden, the Bishop of Edinburgh, was almost the first in Scotland to adopt the newer and better methods of Bishop Stubbs and Mr. Round, and in the 'Chartulary of Lindores'—an admirable work—he showed an example which has been nobly followed by the editors of the present volume on Inchaffray. They have discarded registers and copies, and have printed from originals only, being more fortunate than their predecessor, for the Earl of Kinnoull has generously opened to them the treasures of his charter room. The book is enriched by facsimiles of the more interesting deeds; the seals are pictured and even the colour of the tags is noted.

The charters are arranged by Mr. Maitland Thomson according to their approximate dates. I think I would have transposed a few here and there, but Mr. Thomson's authority on such matters is eminent. Mr. Lindsay, the Windsor Herald, gives an interesting history of the Earls of Strathern and of other benefactors, and explains many difficulties. Bishop Dowden (most learned in Scottish ecclesiastical history) contributes a history of the Abbey and lists of the Abbots of Inchaffray and of the Bishops of Dunkeld and Dunblane, and an abstract of and notes to each charter. Mr. Maitland Thomson with infinite care prepared a map showing the Abbey lands, which he has in most cases identified, and added many important notes. I wish the Index had been better done.

The result of these united labours is a book delightful to all who care for charters and for the details of life in medieval Scotland, and it cannot fail to be useful to students of history.

The low ground between Wester Fowlis and Madderty, through which runs the sluggish Pow, was (until the middle of the eighteenth century) a marsh almost impassable except in dry weather; out of this low land, near Madderty, there rises a mound, called from ancient times an island—the Insula Missarum, Inchaffray.

Dr. Dowden suggests that long before the foundation of a priory the island was occupied by a fraternity of hermits. I doubt whether the charter from Bishop Symon quite supports his

view—the church of St. John which the Bishop granted to Isaac was founded by and dedicated at the instance of Earl Gilbert after the death of his son. If there was a fraternity there from the old Celtic time, it is certain that at the close of the twelfth century the brethren of the Isle of Masses acknowledged the authority of Rome and were subject to the local Diocesan. The earliest charter is a grant of the church of Inchaffray by the Bishop of Dunblane and his successors, and the next is a letter to the Hermit and brethren by Pope Innocent III. in 1200, which show that the religious in Inchaffray were in accord with, and did not claim to be, independent of Rome.

Gilbert, Earl of Strathern, in 1198 buried his eldest son there and founded a chapel dedicated to St. John. He entrusted it to Malis, a hermit, and asked him to select men to live there according to the rule of St. Augustine. Malis was the first Prior and ruled over a small house, for the number of ordinary canons does not seem to have exceeded eleven. In the year 1221 Prior Innocent was advanced by the Papal Legate to the dignity of an Abbot; he was 'blessed' by the Bishop of Dunblane, on whose diocese the Abbey lay.

To endow the new monastery Earl Gilbert gave the patronage and the tithe of many of the churches in Strathern; he also gave tithe of his revenues and of the food brought to his own kitchen. He gave many lands in Madderty and in other places. The Earl's brother and later members of the family were benefactors, while other magnates, such as Tristram of Gorthie, Nigel de Lutoft, and the Bishops of Dunkeld added land and churches. There are so few early charters of lands in Argyllshire and the Hebrides that it is especially interesting to read grants in the thirteenth century of the churches of Kilmorich on Loch Fyne, of a church in an island of Loch Awe and of a church in North Uist. The Abbey acquired houses in Perth to which they were careful to secure a road.

These endowments ought to have yielded an income sufficient for a small monastery, but the Abbey seems always to have been poor. From the tithes of the churches the Bishop of Dunblane was awarded a share, and as early as 1234 the canons were not in possession of the churches of Strageith Fowlis, Trinity Gask, Monievaird and Dunning. The Abbot and canons were not strong enough to resist their stronger lay neighbours; perhaps they were extravagant, careless and bad managers. They sold

and feued their lands, and successive Popes issued orders that lands improperly alienated should be restored.

The only abbot of Inchaffray who lives in history is Maurice, who, taking with him a relic of St. Fillan, accompanied King Robert the Bruce's army to the battle of Bannockburn. Sir Walter Scott, founding on Bowers' narrative, relates how 'the Abbot of Inchaffray walked through the ranks barefooted, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to Heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, "They kneel down—they are asking forgiveness!" "Yes," said Ingelram de Umfraville, "but they ask it of God, not from us; these men will conquer or die upon the field."'

Thus at least one abbot of this little monastery was of use to Scotland. Maurice was afterwards promoted to the Bishopric of Dunblane.

Of the abbots of many houses there are abundant records, but little is known of the lives of the resident monks and canons.

Did they lead idle, useless lives? There is no trace in these charters of a school taught or encouraged by them. It is not recorded that the brethren cultivated any of their lands. From the isolated position of Inchaffray, they could not be hospitable to travellers. The abbey had many churches, the rectorial tithes of which it drew, and which had to be served by vicars or chaplains. Canons regular were not usually ordained as priests. I do not know if any of the canons of Inchaffray could or did say mass, or attended to the spiritual needs of their churches. If they did, there was occupation for them.

Still, we may believe that this abbey, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries (to quote Mr. Cosmo Innes), 'was fit for the time. It kept alive the flickering light of literature. It gathered together and protected the spirits too delicate for a rough season. . . . It was the sphere of mind when all around was material and gross.'

The title-deeds of a religious house, like those of a private family, seldom throw much light on the condition and manners of the vassals and labourers of the ground.

The Earl of Strathern, the founder of the abbey, and the patron, perhaps the founder, of the Bishopric of Dunblane, was of the Celtic race; his ancestors were the great men of the district. Earl Gilbert married a lady of the Norman family of D'Aubigny. It may be gathered from these charters that he

favoured the introduction of southern customs and the closer union of the churches and monasteries of his district with Rome. He lived at Fowlis, near Inchaffray. His castle has been razed to the ground, but the site, near Castletown farm, is still obvious on the verge of a steep cliff, from which its north wall rose; to the south there is a gentle slope of fine green turf.

Less than a mile to the south, and in sight of the abbey, is the 'Sairlaw,' the Moot hill of that part of the Earldom; and when the Earls hanged any of the abbey tenants, their bodies hung there in public view, while their personal goods were given to the abbot and canons.

In the beginning of the thirteenth century the landowners in Strathern were almost all Celts. One of them, Gillecolm of Madderty, held the office of Marshal under King William the Lion, and was the keeper of the King's Castle of Heryn, which I take to have been Auldearn, in Moray. Mr. Cosmo Innes suggested that Gillecolm the Marshal was a robber who infested Lothian, and who was killed by Roland of Galloway in 1185, but the suggestion cannot be accepted. It is plain that the Lord of Madderty was not a robber but a trusted servant of the King. He betrayed his trust, however, surrendered the castle of Heryn and joined the King's mortal enemies, and his lands of Madderty were forfeited and given to Earl Gilbert of Strathern. It is probable that this happened during the insurrection of the Earl of Orkney between 1195 and 1197, in which latter year the King, near Inverness, defeated Roderick and Torphin, the sons of Earl Harold. The Earl of Strathern gave the church of Madderty to the priory of Inchaffray and the Bishop of Dunkeld added the church land called 'Abthan' which owed service to the See of Dunkeld. Madderty was one of the detached parishes of that diocese, the history of which it would be interesting to discover. Ultimately the abbey acquired almost the whole of Madderty, and there it had its principal grange.

The rural population was also of the Celtic race, the names of Gillenam, the Earl's steward, Constantine the Judge, Gillecrist Gal, Duncan son of Malise, Gillebrech Anecol Thane of Dunin, Duncan Thane of Struvin, Macbeth Judex and Macbeth Mor, Duncan and Gillethoma, and the ecclesiastics Malgirte the canon, Gillemure the deacon, Bricius parson of Crieff, and Malise his son, and many other similar names carry us back to a people and a time of which there is little written record.

The lands granted are not described as manors or hides or ploughgates; one early charter grants three, another four, another ten acres of land.

To these small bits of arable lands were attached rights of common pasturage on the unenclosed hills. The canons had pasture for ten kine in one common, for twelve kine and two horses in another, for five kine and one horse in a third. In another they had pasture for twenty kine, sixty sheep and two horses. They had besides rights of fishing and could have made a mill had there been sufficient head water. Probably the lands were tilled and the beasts looked after by neyffs, 'Nativi,' the hewers of wood and drawers of water attached to the soil, who could not leave without their lord's consent and who could be brought back if they ran away. There were serfs too, in absolute bondage, as late as 1278. John Cumyn acknowledged that he had no right to the Abbey's serf, Gillecrist Rothe son of Gillehtheny, with all his issue born and to be born.

All the lands of the monastery were held in free alms exempt from secular service; the abbot had right to hold courts with an ill-defined jurisdiction, in criminal and civil matters, over those who lived on the abbey lands.

Mr. Maitland Thomson discovered in the Vatican, and has here printed for the first time, several Papal Bulls which show the unwearied vigilance of the Papal Court over even a small and remote monastery in Scotland.

When Malise, the last of the Earls of Strathern of the old race, was deprived of the Earldom about the year 1333, the abbey lost the representative of its earliest and best friends. It was then in difficulties, in debt to Maurice de Moravia (a neighbouring magnate of the family which gradually became supreme in Strathern). The abbey assigned to him its land of Balmacgillon and a rent from Abercairney; a few years later it had to pay to him thirty-two marks a year from Dunin. Later, in 1445, the abbot resigned all the lands to the King, and got a charter erecting these into a barony to be held of the Crown for the usual service rendered by other prelates. The poverty of the abbey continued. The canons had to pledge Inchbreky to the Mercers. They had so little control over their lands that they had to get leave to catch eels in the Pow River, and the consent of the King had to be obtained before they could make a little canal to bring their provisions by boat to the monastery.

What is known of the house from about 1442 till the Reformation shows corruption and decay. One abbot resigned, being charged with keeping a concubine in the abbey and wasting the goods. The next three abbots stayed each a short time only. Then it is recorded that three in succession offered to the Pope a hundred gold florins for the office. Times were changed from the days of the thirteenth century.

The last abbot fell at Flodden, and from that time the abbacy was held by absentee commendators who probably screwed all they could get of the rents and tithes and left the canons and the vicars in poverty. The first two commendators were men of rank, the third, John Hamilton, was a boy of twelve years old, and lastly, Archbishop Alexander Gordon acknowledged that when commendator he had resigned Inchaffray in favour of a young child, a Drummond, and had alienated several of the lands.

In favour of this young Drummond, the abbacy was made a temporal lordship with the title of Madderty. There is, I think, no record that the abbey was destroyed and the canons dispersed. Some years after the Reformation the survivors were paid their monks' portions, and when they died no new canons took their places. The church and conventual buildings fell into decay.

The existing ruin is that of a seventeenth century house built on old foundations, above the convent cellar and gateway. It was probably the residence of the first Lord Madderty. His descendant, the Earl of Kinnoull, is in possession of the charters of the abbey, and until recent legislation abolished patronage, the Earls of Kinnoull were the patrons of the parish churches held by Inchaffray. The site of the church is covered with heaps of ruined masonry. If these were cleared the foundations, possibly the tombstones, would be disclosed.

Thus though the charters of Inchaffray are not peculiarly interesting they throw light on the state of a part of Scotland and of the local church in medieval times. They tell us something of the might of the Earls of Strathern, and how, as time rolled on, the houses, both of the Earl and of the monks, decayed and fell.

The book is an excellent one, let not the editors be weary, but let them give us more of the same kind.

A. C. Lawrie.

The Bishops of Glasgow

From the Restoration of the See by Earl David to the Reformation: Notes chiefly Chronological[1]

A.D. 1508—A.D. 1603.

XXX. JAMES BEATON I. (Betoun, Beton, Bethune), first of that name as Archbishop of Glasgow, was at the time of his provision Bishop Elect of Galloway.

Assuming the accuracy of Macfarlane (*Genealogical Collections*, i. 1-35), this James Beaton was the sixth son of John Beaton of Balfour, in Fife, by Marjory Boswell.[2] James's eldest brother, John, was, by Elizabeth Moniepennie, father of David the Cardinal, who was his third son. David's brother, James (second son), married Helen Melville, and their eldest son was James Beaton, the second of that name who held the Archbishopric of Glasgow.[3]

James Beaton was elected to Galloway after the death of George Vaus, who was dead before 27 Jan. 1507-8, for on that day the king attended at a soul's mass for the Bishop of Galloway (*Treasurer's Accounts*, iv. 37, 38). Dr. J. Maitland Thomson has been so good as to furnish me with the following from Notes of Provisions in the Vatican (Vat. Arm. xii. cap. iii. no. xxxx.) '*Candidecase et capelle regie.* Jacobus notarius apostolicus electus fuit ecclesie Candidecase. De rege Scotorum nulla fit mentio 1508 anno quinto Julii II. Idem Jacobus a capitulo fuit postulatus, non tamen a sede apostolica postulationis causa approbatus, sed simpliciter de eadem provisus.' It will be noted that day and month are not given. But Dr.

[1] Continued from *S.H.R.* vol. v. p. 331. See also vol. v. pp. 76 and 203.

[2] Daughter of Sir David Boswell of Balmuto.

[3] David Laing (*Works of John Knox*, i. 13) gives (sufficiently for our purpose) the following notices of James Beaton, the first of the name who held the archbishopric of Glasgow:—A presentation to Maister James Betoun of the chauntory of Cathnes vacand be the deceis of Master James Auchenleck, 17 Sept. and 11 Oct. 1497 (R.S.S. i. ff. 18-19). His name appears among the *Intrantes* at St. Andrews in 1487, and he appears as a Master of Arts in 1493. In 1503 he was Provost of the Collegiate Church of Bothwell, and Prior of Whithorn; in 1504 he was Abbot [more correctly Commendator] of Dunfermline, and a Lord of Session. In 1505 he was Lord Treasurer.

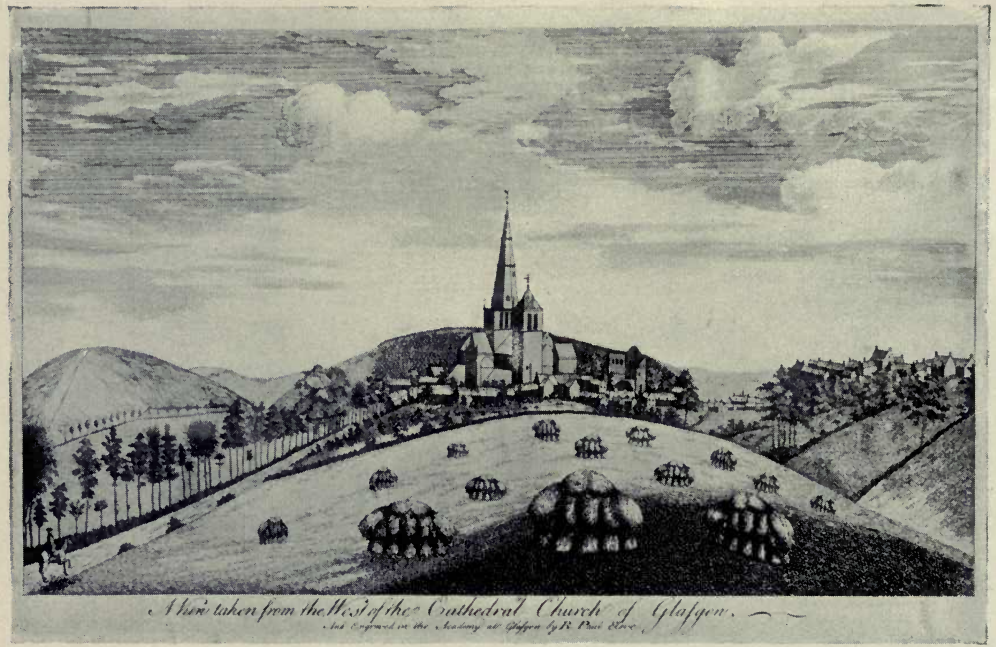
Thomson points out that from the *Obbligazioni* we get the date of Beaton's provision to Galloway as 12 May, 1508.

James Beaton was elected, or postulated, by the Chapter of Glasgow, on 9 Nov. 1508 (Bain and Rogers', *Diocesan Registers of Glasgow*, ii. 232). Master Adam Colquhoun, prebendary of Govan, presented royal letters of supplication, under the sign manual and the signet, to the chapter which was presided over by Master Martin Rede, the chancellor of the cathedral, in the absence of the dean, for the 'election or postulation' of the reverend father James Betoun, bishop of Candida Casa, to be archbishop of the church of Glasgow, which church is void, as is asserted, by the death of Robert, former archbishop. Thirteen canons concordantly postulated the said James. One canon, Master John Gibsoun, prebendary of Renfrew, considered that more time should have been allowed for consideration, but he added that he was sure that if the late archbishop had a choice he would have chosen James Betoun. Gibsoun eventually joined in the vote for Beaton. The following day, Master R. Forman, the dean, protested that no prejudice should arise to him or his successors because the postulation had taken place in his absence.

The uncertainty which still hung over the death of Blacader induces the chapter, on the occasion of Beaton's postulation, to state expressly that their act was not to be in prejudice to the rights of Robert, should he be still alive.

There is a letter of James IV. to Ludovic of Puteoli, secretary of the Cardinal [Dominic Grimani] of St. Mark, 'Protector Scottorum,' dated Jedburgh, 12 Feb., without year, but doubtless, 1508-9, in which the king after acknowledging his receipt of a letter announcing the death of Blacader, goes on to indicate his wish that James might be translated from Galloway to Glasgow, so that he might be able to resign the abbacy of Dunfermline in favour of the archbishop of St. Andrews, Alexander Stewart, the king's son (*Epist. Reg. Scot.* i. 93, 94). Some short time after this must be dated a letter of James IV. to Pope Julius II. from Edinburgh, in which he states that he had already requested his Holiness that James, bishop of Candida Casa and the chapel royal, commendator 'pro tempore' of the monastery of Dunfermline, might be translated to Glasgow, adding the request that Dunfermline might be commended to the archbishop of St. Andrews (*Ib.* i. 95).

Beaton appears as 'elect of Glasgow' 28 Jan. 1508-9 (R.S.S. iii. 201). He is 'postulate of Glasgow, our treasurer' in the king's writ 10 March, 1508-9 (A.P. ii. 277). The papal provision must have come to Scotland early in the year, for the bulls were read at Glasgow on Easter Day, 8 April, 1509; and were formally received by the chapter, the University, and two city bailies, in the name of the citizens (*Reg. Dioc. Glasg.* ii. 278, 279). Dr. J. Maitland Thomson, from the same source as the earlier notice of Beaton's provision to Galloway, supplies the following—'*Glasguen.* Jacobus . . . in archiepiscopum Glasguen. a capitulo concorditer postulatus fuit; sed simpliciter de eadem provisus, nullo etiam supplicante, ac postulatione hujusmodi minime approbata, 1508, anno sexto Julii II.' And from the *Obbligazioni* we learn the date of the translation to Glasgow as 19 Jan. 1508-9.



GLASGOW CATHEDRAL FROM THE WEST.

By Robert Paul; drawn in the Academy of the Brothers Foulis. circa 1760.

He was consecrated, 'ordinatus et consecratus,' at Stirling on 'dominica in albis post Pascha,' 15 April, 1509 (memorandum in *Dioc. Reg. of Glasgow*, ii. 507). The day of the month is correct for the first Sunday after Easter [i.e. *dominica in albis*]. Two days later, 17 April, he took *de novo*, as consecrated archbishop of Glasgow, the oath contained in the Statutes of the cathedral of Glasgow (*Ib.* ii. 276).

He was made chancellor of Scotland in 1513, and appears as such in the rolls of Parliament (A.P. ii. 281).

He was admitted to the temporality of Kilwinning, 10 March, 1515-16 (R.S.S. v. 130); and to that of Arbroath, 17 March, 1517-18 (*Ib.* 132).[1]

He was translated to St. Andrews by Adrian VI. on 10 Oct. 1522 (Brady). The pall was granted 10 Dec. 1522 (*Ib.*).

It is to be observed that, although the Vatican records just cited belong to Oct. and Dec. 1522, Beaton continues to be styled Archbishop of Glasgow well on into the year 1523. As Archbishop of Glasgow he was pursuer in a civil action on 5 Feb. 1522-23 (*Act. Dom. Concil.*). There is a letter of his, as Archbishop of Glasgow, to Christiern, king of Denmark, in April, 1523 (*Epist. Reg. Scot.* i. 337-8). On 2 May, 1523, he is a witness, still as archbishop of Glasgow (R.M.S.). But on 18 June, 1523, he is Archbishop of St. Andrews in the sederunt of *Act. Dom. Concil.*[2] If I may venture on conjecture, I would suggest that possibly some convenience attaching to the Whitsunday rents of both sees may have made it preferable to defer the actual translation as regards the temporality.

Any attempt to recount the important part played by James Beaton I. in the civil history of the distracted times in which he lived would be beyond the scope of these Notes. But a few of the principal facts in his life, while archbishop of Glasgow, may be mentioned. It was he who crowned the infant king, James V., at Stirling on 21 Sept. 1513 (*Dioc. Reg. Glasgow*, ii. 507). He was a leading member of the Council of the Queen Regent. He was present at the 'Generale Counsale,' and appears as chancellor, at Perth, 26 Nov. 1513, when the alliance with France was renewed and ratified, and the request made that Albany might come to Scotland with men and munitions of war (A.P. ii. 281).

After the Queen's marriage with Angus, he is found in the party of Arran. Towards the end of August, 1514, Beaton, then chancellor, was under a temporary cloud: the keys of the Great Seal were ordered to be given to the postulate of Arbroath (Gavin Douglas), and the seal itself, for a time, to the archdean of St. Andrews, Gavin Dunbar (*Act. Dom. Concil.*). Certainly on the 17 and 18 Sept. he is styled chancellor: yet, in a letter addressed on the latter day by the Lords to John, duke

[1] In the forthcoming issue of the *Register of the Privy Seal*, under the editorship of Mr. Livingstone, the references will be for Kilwinning, i. No. 2725; and for Arbroath, i. No. 2975.

[2] I owe the more important of these references to Dr. J. Maitland Thomson.

of Albany, in the list of the Lords' names, the word 'chancellor' after the archbishop's name is deleted, and nevertheless he himself signs as 'Ja. cancellarius.' He is also chancellor in the sederunt of 21 Sept., and the Lords decide on that day that letters should be written to Gavin, postulate of Arbroath, to deliver up the keys of the Great Seal to the archbishop, chancellor, and that the seal itself should be delivered to the archbishop by the Clerk Register (Gavin Dunbar, archdean of St. Andrews) 'becaus the samyn was takin fra him [the archbishop] unorderlie.' A letter on behalf of the Queen is given in to the Lords on 14 Nov. signed by 'Gavinus cancellarius' (*Act. Dom. Concil.*). See also a letter from Queen Margaret to Henry VIII. 23 Nov. 1514 (*Letters and Papers of Henry VIII.*), in which, writing from Stirling Castle, she states that her adversaries detain the Great Seal, and use it 'as they were kings.' About this obscure episode Dr. J. Maitland Thomson has supplied me with the above particulars. It is plain that each of the two parties had a 'chancellor,' but Gavin Douglas had never the absolute custody of the seal though styled 'chancellor' by the Queen. Dr. Maitland Thomson has been so good to express his opinion that the seizure of Beaton and the seal took place between the 2 and 26 Aug. 1514.

Early in 1516, on Arran capturing the castle of Glasgow with its munitions of war, Beaton exerted himself with Albany to procure his pardon.[1]

On the departure of Albany to France, 7 June, 1517, he named Beaton one of the six vice-regents. And when the struggle between Angus and Arran was renewed Beaton is found associated with the latter, and remains an opponent of the Douglases. The familiar story of the archbishop's 'clattering conscience,' told by Pitscottie, and his protection from slaughter by the efforts of Gavin Douglas, is apparently to be assigned to 30 April, 1520 (see George Buchanan, lib. xiv. c. 12). Lesley (p. 115) says the chancellor archbishop of Glasgow escaped from Edinburgh with Arran 'throw the northe loch.' In the following July, Angus attempted to seize the chancellor whom he thought to be at Stirling (*Ib.* 116).

The attempt of Henry VIII. before the translation of Beaton to St. Andrews to secure that dignity for Gavin Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld, belongs rather to the history of St. Andrews than to that of Glasgow, and is not dealt with here. And the same has to be said of the eventful history of the archbishop after his translation to St. Andrews.

Among the acts of James Beaton recorded in R.G. will be found (1) his commission appointing Andrew Lord Gray, justiciar of the king, to be justiciar of the regality of Glasgow for the trial of Alexander Likprivik and his accomplices for the slaughter of George Hamilton

[1] It was in this year that Arran, having obtained a divorce from his wife, married Janet Beaton, a niece of the archbishop (see the note in Pinkerton, ii. 179). She was a daughter of David Beaton of Creich in Fife, and had first been married to Sir Robert Levingston, of Easter Weems. See Balfour Paul's *Scots Peerage* (iv. 360).

within the regality and city of Glasgow, 6 Aug. 1509 (No. 488); and (2) his confirmation of the privileges of the Chapter of the Cathedral, 8 July, 1512 (No. 490).

Leo X., when exempting James Beaton, archbishop of Glasgow, from any jurisdiction of St. Andrews, mentions as his suffragans only the bishops of Candida Casa and Lismore (R.G. p. 531). See what has been said before on this subject, under Blacader (p. 328).

It would seem as though the Chapter of the Cathedral of Glasgow had anticipated some difficulty with Beaton on his appointment, for we can scarcely doubt that it was at their request the archbishop of St. Andrews (Alex. Stewart), 'conservator of the privileges of the dean and chapter of the metropolitan church of Glasgow, specially deputed by the Apostolic See,' appointed on 18 May, 1509, sub-conservators, namely, 'David bishop of Candida Casa, George abbot of Holyrood, and Master Patrick Panter chancellor of Dunkeld and secretary of the king,' to act during his (the archbishop of St. Andrews') absence from Scotland (R.G. No. 487).

On 31 May, 1509, the Chapter of Glasgow consulted on a request from Beaton for a 'subsidy,' or gratuitous contribution, towards the redemption and expedition of his bulls and the relief of his debts. The canons were unanimous in refusing (*Diocesan Register*, ii. 285).

Beaton's seal as archbishop exhibited S. Kentigern with a salmon having a ring in its mouth together with a shield bearing arms: Quarterly, 1st and 4th:—a fess between three mascles; 2nd and 3rd:—on a chevron an otter head erased: Macdonald's *Armorial Seals*, No. 129.

It is not easy to explain the long delay in filling up the see of Glasgow after the translation of Beaton (10 Oct. 1522). On 31 Dec. 1523, Beaton, now archbishop of St. Andrews, writes to Rome in evident dread that in the appointment of the future archbishop of Glasgow the Pope may exempt him from the Primatial and Legatine jurisdiction of the see of St. Andrews (*Epist. Reg. Scot.* i. 341, see also 343). His fears were justified; see below.

XXXI. GAVIN DUNBAR, son of Sir John Dunbar of Mochrum, by his second wife, Janet, daughter of Sir William Stewart of Garlies, or rather, Dalswinton, and nephew of Gavin Dunbar, bishop of Aberdeen and Lord Clerk Register (Macfarlane, *Genealogical Collections*, ii. 527, 528).[1] He was Dean of Moray and preceptor of the King in 1518 (*Epist. Reg. Scot.* i. 291). He is described by Leslie as 'ane young clerk weill lerned, quha wes the kinges maister' (*Historie*, p. 118). He is described by Buchanan as 'vir bonus et doctus' (xiv. 34).

He was provided to Glasgow by Pope Clement VII. 8 July, 1524, with reservation of a pension of 200 ducats to Thomas Gai. The pall

[1] In the *Scots Peerage* (iv. 152) the father of the archbishop's mother appears as Alexander Stewart.

was granted 29 July, 1524. On 18 Sept. 1524, John Thornton 'in the name of Gavin elect of Glasgow' paid 2500 gold florins (Brady, i. 155).

On the same day as the provision (8 July) Pope Clement VII. granted to Gavin and his suffragans as full an exemption from the Primatial and Legatine jurisdiction of St. Andrews in all particulars as had been granted by Innocent VIII. and Leo X. to Robert Blacader and James Beaton. The bull is printed in full (R.G. No. 494).

SEAL OF GAVIN DUNBAR, A.D. 1524-47.

COUNTER SEAL OF GAVIN DUNBAR.

Though the papal provision was not till 1524, there can be little doubt that Dunbar had, through Albany's influence, been elected to Glasgow in 1523. See the evidence cited by Pinkerton (ii. 222 and 233).

The 'postulate of Glasgow' sat in Parliament on 16 Nov. 1524 (A.P. ii. 285). He had been admitted to the Temporality 27 Sept. 1524 (R.S.S. vii. 93). He is still postulate of Glasgow in Parliament on 14 Jan. 1524-25 (A.P. ii. 285; and R.M.S. iii. 294). He was consecrated at Edinburgh on 5 Feb. [Sunday], 1524-25 (*Diocesan Register*, i. 337). He sat in Parliament on 23 Feb. 1524-25, as 'archbishop of Glasgow' (A.P. ii. 288).

He was made Chancellor, 28 July, 1528.

He ceased to be Chancellor in 1543 (December); the Great Seal given to David Beaton.

He is in Parliament in July and August, 1546.

He died 30 April, 1547 (*Act. Dom. Con.* xxvi. 120).

Additional notes. Within three months of his consecration Dunbar confirmed to the dean and chapter of Glasgow all their rights, liberties,

and immunities 29 April, 1525 (R.G. No. 496). He himself styles Gavin, bishop of Aberdeen, 'noster patruus' *Cambusk.* p. 188.

Relations of the two archiepiscopal sees. An examination of the Bull of Clement VII., dated xi Kal. Oct. 1531 (R.G. No. 499) reveals that James Beaton after his accession to St. Andrews had put pressure on James V., while still a minor, to represent to the Pope that the Bull of 8 July, 1524 (referred to above), was to the prejudice and grave loss of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, and that Clement had thereupon ordained that the privileges and exemptions which had been given to Gavin should not extend to the rights of the Archbishop of St. Andrews so far as they arose from his being primate and *legatus natus.* The date of this ordinance (no doubt expressed in a Bull) does not appear. But on Clement learning at a later time, from letters of the King and information furnished by Albany, that the former letters of the King had been 'extorted' from him contrary to his own wish by archbishop Beaton, the Pope revoked his later ordinance and went back to the arrangement expressed in the Bull of 8 July, 1524. Thus in 1531 Gavin regained all the immunities enjoyed by his predecessors Blacader and Beaton.

Towards the end of Nov. 1535, the archbishop of St. Andrews (James Beaton) when in the town of Dumfries elevated his archiepiscopal cross and blessed the people. A formal protest was made by archbishop Dunbar's official; and it was protested that these acts (which appear to have been done on this occasion with the consent of Dunbar) were not prejudicial to the privileges and indults of Glasgow. The archbishop of St. Andrews asserted, and was not contradicted by the archbishop of Glasgow, that there was an agreement (compactum) between their lordships (R.G. No. 500).

Four years later, on 27 Nov. 1539, the archbishop of St. Andrews (now Cardinal David Beaton) was in Dumfries. The official again made his protest. The cardinal admitted the exemption of Glasgow; and declared that the carrying of his cross was as primate of the kingdom of Scotland, and did not prejudice the rights of Glasgow. He added that he was doing only as his predecessors had done (R.G. No. 502).

There is an important instrument dated Palm Sunday, 5 April, 1544, and executed in the choir of Glasgow Cathedral before the high altar. Dunbar protested that the carrying of Cardinal Beaton's cross in the metropolitan church of Glasgow, or elsewhere in his diocese or province, should not be granted to the prejudice of the exemption of him (Dunbar). The cardinal courteously (*humaniter*) replied that he did not carry his cross, or give benediction, within the church to the prejudice of the exemption granted by the Pope, but solely by reason of the goodwill and courtesy of the archbishop of Glasgow (R.G. No. 504).

The question connected with the elevation of the archbishop of St. Andrews' cross culminated in a disgraceful riot in the Cathedral of Glasgow, if indeed we are not compelled to suppose that on two occasions

there were scenes of violence in the Cathedral due to the same cause. The humorous and graphic pen of John Knox (*Works*, i. 146, 147) has made the story familiar. Bishop Lesley (*Historie*, p. 178) connects the riot and the breaking of the crosses in time with the first coming of 'the Patriarch of Venice' (more correctly, the Patriarch of Aquileia), Marco Grimani, the papal legate, to Glasgow. This would be early in Oct. 1543. But the *Diurnal of Occurrents* (p. 39) assigns a riot in the Cathedral at Glasgow to 4 June, 1545. And that there was an angry and violent scene in Glasgow about this latter time is certain from a letter of Cardinal Beaton to the Pope, dated Linlithgow, 6 July, 1545. He says that Gavin, the present archbishop of Glasgow, has created a scandal. 'For, when I in the company of her most serene Majesty the Queen, and when the most illustrious Governor had come to the city of Glasgow, the said archbishop caused his cross to be borne in my presence.' The cardinal says that to avoid the possibility of a tumult he contented himself with admonishing the archbishop to desist from the practice. But the archbishop, regardless of these monitions, and regardless of a promise which he made to the Governor that he would not bear his cross, surrounded by armed men, entered the Cathedral where the cardinal was at worship, and attempted to attack him, not without risk to his life. The Governor, offended by this very vile conduct, and recalling other offences previously perpetrated by Gavin, would on that very day have brought Gavin to punishment[1] had not the cardinal intreated him with supplication to refer the whole matter to his Holiness.[2] The Cardinal goes on to say that he commissioned Robert Bishop of Orkney and George Abbot of Dunfermline to examine witnesses on this and other crimes of Gavin. When the evidence was reduced to writing he would transmit it to the Pope that such offences should not go unpunished (T. No. 1070). It will be observed that the Cardinal says nothing about the crosses having been broken on this occasion.

There is a note of time in Knox's account of the story which should not be overlooked: he says it was 'at the end of harvest.' On the whole, I am rather inclined to think that the breaking of the two crosses was about Oct. 1543, and that Gavin's later act, related above by the Cardinal, is to be dated in June, 1545. But the matter is very doubtful.

As early as Nov. 1539, Cardinal Beaton had written to his agent at Rome to procure from the Pope a brief that he as Primate of the realm might bear his cross before him 'per totum regnum Scotiae et in diocesi et provincia Glascuensi' (see Sadler's State Papers, i. p. 14).

[1] A letter of the Governor to Paul III., referring apparently to the same incident, says that it was only due to his reverence for the ecclesiastical dignity that he did not bring Gavin to expiate his offence *extremo supplicio* (T. No. 1068).

[2] The Governor's letter is dated Linlithgow xiii. Kal. Junii. Could this be an error for xiii Kal. Julii? Otherwise we cannot accept the date 4 June, 1545, given, as the date of the riot, by the *Diurnal of Occurrents*.

Relations of Gavin Dunbar to the movement for ecclesiastical reform. Gavin was in Parliament at Edinburgh 15 March, 1542-43, and protested in his own name and in name and behalf of all the prelates of the realm present in Parliament against the Act 'that halie write may be used in our vulgar tongue' (A.P. ii. 415. See also R.G. No. 506).

Dunbar was present at the trial of Patrick Hamilton, on whom sentence was pronounced 29 Feb. 1527-28, which sentence he signed (Calderwood, i. 80). In 1539 a Franciscan friar, Jerome Russell, and a youth named Kennedy were tried for heresy before Dunbar at Glasgow, and if we may credit Knox (*Works*, i. 65) he was desirous to spare their lives; but finally, under the pressure of more eager zealots, he consented to their condemnation. Dunbar is said to have taken part in the trial and sentence of five persons accused of heresy, who were burnt on the Castle Hill, Edinburgh, on the last day of February, 1539 (Calderwood i. 125). This was apparently earlier in the year than the trial of Russell and Kennedy. For Dunbar's preaching in the church at Ayr (1545 ?) while George Wishart preached at the Market Cross, see Knox (i. 127).

A difference between Dunbar and a suffragan. Henry (Wemys), who had been provided to Candida Casa 24 Jan. 1526 (Brady), appears to have come into collision with his metropolitan, and to have been subjected to ecclesiastical censure; for, on 7 Feb. 1530-31, after being absolved from certain sentences of the archbishop, he took the oath of obedience to the archbishop. The oath was made by 'the bishop of Candida Casa and of the chapel royal at Stirling' on his knees, and with his joined hands placed between the hands of the archbishop, in the private chapel of the archbishop at his accustomed residence in Edinburgh. Such privileges and exemptions as belonged to him as bishop of the chapel royal were admitted by the Archbishop (R.G. No. 498).

Dunbar's seal exhibited beneath a canopy S. Kentigern with a salmon having a ring in its mouth. Below, above an archiepiscopal cross, a shield bearing three cushions lozenge-ways within a royal tressure. See Macdonald's *Armorial Seals*, No. 811.

After the death of Dunbar (30 April, 1547) the see of Glasgow was void for a considerable time. The Queen designated James Hamilton, 'natural brother of our illustrious Governor' (Arran), proposing that 1000 lbs. Scots should be deducted from the revenues of the See and assigned to David Hamilton and Claud Hamilton, 31 July, 1547 (T. No. 1074). The Vicar General of Glasgow, *sede vacante*, was present at the General or Provincial Council at Edinburgh 27 Nov. 1549 (S.E.S. ii. 82). It was not till nearly three years after the death of Dunbar that the appointment was made of

XXXII. ALEXANDER GORDON 'de nobili etiam comitum genere procreatus,' as he is styled in the Papal provision. [He was son of the Master of Huntly by Jane (natural daughter of James IV.) and brother of the 4th Earl of Huntly.] He, 'clerk of the diocese of Aberdeen,' was provided, 5 March, 1550 (B. 155). Two pensions to clerks (named) of the dioceses of Lyons and Bologna, of 40 gold ducats each were

reserved; and Gordon is allowed to retain 40 marks (Scots), a pension derived from the mensal revenue of Caithness (*Ib.*).

The connexion of Gordon with the see of Caithness may be seen from the following facts. On 12 Dec. 1544, Queen Mary wrote to Pope Paul III. praying, *inter alia*, that he would commit the see of Caithness to the noble youth Alexander, brother of the Earl of Huntly (*Epist. Reg. Scot.* ii. 223). The Pope did not apparently assent to the proposal; but as late as 1547 (R.S.S. xxi. 32) Gordon appears as 'postulant of Caithness.' And as regards the Temporality, so far as the Crown could convey it, it seems to have been recognised as Gordon's, though, as a matter of fact, but very imperfectly enjoyed by him. Robert Stewart, brother of Matthew, earl of Lenox, had been granted (27 Jan. 1542) the administration of the see of Caithness, he being in his twentieth year (B. 140), and in 1548 he and Gordon were both claimants for Caithness. The dispute was settled by a contract dated 6 Aug. 1548, whereby Alexander Gordon renounced his claim in consideration of a pension to be paid out of the bishopric (*Act. Dom. Con. et Sess.* xxv. 32).

Gordon was granted the pall for Glasgow 10 March, 1550 (B.).

Lesley (*Historie*, 242) says Gordon was 'providit and consecret at Rowme archbischope of Glasgw.'

Apparently in 1551 Gordon resigned Glasgow into the hands of the Pope (R.G. Nos. 513, 514, 515); and on 4 Sept. 1551, he receives the title of archbishop of Athens *in partibus*, together with the *commendam* of the monastery of Inchaffray, and leave to retain 500 lbs. Scots, out of the mensal revenues of the bishopric of Caithness (B. 156).

He was appointed to the bishopric of the Isles 26 Nov. 1553 (K.). On 12 April, 1554, Alexander elect of the Isles sat in Parliament (A.P. ii. 603). On 10 June, 1554, he describes himself as 'Alexander be the permissioun of God Archbishop of Athens, postulat of the iles, and commendator of the abbayis of Inchaiffray and Icolmkil' (*Lib. Insul. Miss.* p. lvi); and up to 1562 he appears under this style (*Ib.* 120, 126: see also R.M.S. iv. No. 919).

In 1558-59 (18 March) he received a tack of the Temporality of Galloway during the vacancy (*Ex. Rolls*, xix. 451). He is styled 'Alexander, archbishop of Athens, elect of Galloway and commendator of Inchaffray' 1 Aug. 1560 when he sat in Parliament (A.P. ii. 525). In a letter of the Queen, 26 July, 1565, she styles him 'Alexander, bischop of Galloway' (*Charters of Inchaffray*, Scottish History Society, p. 162). He joined the Reforming party (Knox, *History*, ii. 88), and his further history does not concern us. Except in the Bulls connected with the provision of his successor, his name does not appear in the *Register of the Bishopric of Glasgow.*

XXXIII. JAMES BEATON (Bethune) (II.), son of an elder brother of Cardinal Beaton (R.G. 557).[1]

Provided by the Pope on 4 Sept. 1551. He is said in the consistorial

[1] For family relationships, see under James Beaton (I.).

GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

From Water Colour by Thomas Hearne, about 1775.

entry to be a clerk of the diocese of St. Andrews, and in his 27th year or thereabout (B. 157; and R.G. 568). Another bull of the same date dispenses him for defect of age (R.G. 566). The appointment was at the request of the Queen.

He was made an acolyte[1] and subdeacon on Saturday, 16 July, deacon on Sunday, 17 July, and priest on Wednesday, 20 July, 1552, in the church of St. Lawrence in Lucina by Bortius de Merlis, bishop of Bobbio (R.G. 574-5). The pall was conceded on 24 August, 1552 (*Barberini*; B. 157). He was consecrated on Sunday, 28 Aug. 1552, in the greater chapel of the Apostolic Palace at Rome, by John James Barba, 'episcopus Aprutinensis' (Abruzzo), assisted by John Angestis 'episcopus Noviodunensis' (Nevers), and John Angelus Peregrinus 'episcopus Fundanensis' (Fondi). R.G. 575-7.

SEAL OF JAMES BEATON, A.D. 1551-60.

COUNTER SEAL OF JAMES BEATON.

He died at Paris on April 25, 1603.[2] Certainly he was buried in Paris, in the chapel of our Lady in the church of the college of St. John de Latran,[3] where his tomb was erected, and where the inscription set forth that he was 'sacratus Romae, 1552: Obiit 24 April, 1603, aetatis suae 86.' From what has been said as to his age when he was dispensed for defect in 1551 (which is roughly confirmed by the statement as to his age when, on 22 March, 1545, he was provided to the monastery of Arbroath, being then 'in his twenty-second year or

[1] Indeed the commission was to ordain him *ad quatuor minores, sive acolytatus, . . . ordines.*

[2] He was certainly dying, and too weak to sign his will on the 24 April. See Protocol Book of Glasgow, i. 232. Dr. Bellesheim (*Hist. of Catholic Church in Scotland*, iii. 327) says 'He died at Paris on April 25, 1603, at the age of eighty-three.' As for his age, see above.

[3] See his will printed by Bain and Rogers in *Lib. Protocollorum* (Glasgow), i. 230.

thereabout'), it is plain that the inscription represents him as considerably older than he really was. He died at the age of about 80.

Beaton lived in Paris for more than forty years,[1] and served as ambassador of both Mary and James VI. He was held in such high esteem by the latter monarch that he was rehabilitated under the Great Seal 13 March, 1586-7, and in 1598 an Act was passed by which he was restored to his heritages, dignities, etc., 'notwithstanding that he has never maid confession of his faith, and has never acknawledgeit the religion profest within this realme' (*Act Parl.* iv. 169-70). This was ratified in 1600 without prejudice to the minister's stipends. The castle of Glasgow was not restored, nor the right to appoint the Provost and baillies of Glasgow (A.P. iv. 256).

A few other particulars may be recorded. James Beaton was sent to Paris to study at the age of 14: his uncle, David Beaton, was then in Paris. After his flight to France in 1560 he was in frequent correspondence with Queen Mary, and exerted himself strenuously in her interests. He served as her ambassador; and he collected such revenues as were due to her as widow of Francis II., for which he received a salary. Several notices of Beaton will be found in Pollen's *Papal Negotiations with Queen Mary* (Scottish History Society). It is to be noted that the restoration of Beaton to his dignities, etc., in 1598 was, as a matter of fact, very partial in its effects. He was not reinvested, apparently, in any of the temporalities except the revenues of the regality of Glasgow: see Bain and Rogers' Preface to the *Rental Book* (Diocesan Register), p. 31. He had several preferments in France. His testament is printed by Bain and Rogers (*Diocesan Registers of Glasgow*, i. 230) and he is therein described as 'Archeuesque de Glasco, Abbé de l'Abbaye Nostre Dame de l'Absye en Poictou.' Absie was a Benedictine monastery not far from Rochelle. He bequeathed to poor scholars of the Scottish nation who shall come from Scotland to Paris for the purpose of studying humanity or theology, a house situated in the Rue des Amandiers in Paris, and the whole of his property, moveable and immoveable.

The laudatory elegiac verses in Latin inscribed on his tomb will be found printed in Macfarlane's *Genealogical Collections*, i. 17-18.

From the High Treasurer's Accounts for Nov. 1549, we learn that Master James Betoun, Postulate of Aberbrothok, was ordered to find surety to underlie the laws for treasonable intercomuning with John Dudlie, Englishman, sometime Captain of the Fort of Broughty, and certain persons were sent to Aberbrothoc to require the place thereof to be given over to my Lord Governor's Grace because Master James Beatoun was at the horn.

J. Dowden.

[1] There is a deed in R.G. (p. 588) which might be taken to show that the archbishop was in Glasgow on 5 June, 1581. It professes to be subscribed 'apud Glasgu' and the first signature is that of 'Ja. Glasgw.' But it is most probable that this was the titular archbishop, James Boyd, who died 21 June, 1581 (Scott's *Fasti*, ii. part i. p. 377).